

Emmy Levy Crandall January 31, 2001 to August 27, 2015

Was a challenge as a pup ...

... for Pamela, that is.



Pamela took her into the show ring. Does that face look interested? NOT.



.... But she was a champion anyway.





She took a turn at motherhood. Being a beautiful example of an Australian Terrier, she was bred and had a litter. The 5 pups were great, and Emme was a dutiful mother, but you could tell, this was not her calling either. Look at that face.

She went to dog camp – and excelled at all the physical stuff. But that was just for two weeks each year.



At camp nothing intimidated her – not even a scary dog many times her size:



Living in Aspen, hiking was inevitable. We soon learned nothing got in her way she couldn't navigate.



Snow? Look at that face – she’s saying: *“Is that all ya got? No problem.”*



“If we’re gonna do the snow thing, let’s have some fun at it!”



The hikes got more interesting, Emme discovered that rocks were fun to climb on.



And so Emme's passion for hiking got Rick going too ...



... we found a place above Independence Pass, a 1000' climb to a special rocky overhang where we'd hang out, enjoy the views, eat a few Fig Newtons – it was our "zen" hangout.



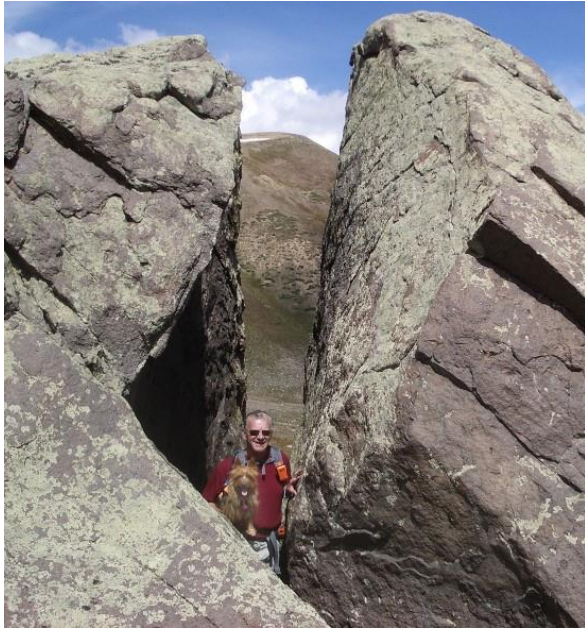
We did a longer hike with my sister Bev, towards Capitol Lake, and found two cows blocking our path, looking aggressive and not moving off.



Emme marched right up to those cows, stared at them and uttered one "Ruffff" and I'm here to say they parted, she marched through, we followed, and soon after the cows were back at it!



Our bouldering got more serious, and we hiked a few modest 13ers – here we were on the approach to Mountain Boy.
... and this was the summit.



What is that face telling you?
She's saying *"Now this is what I want to do!"*

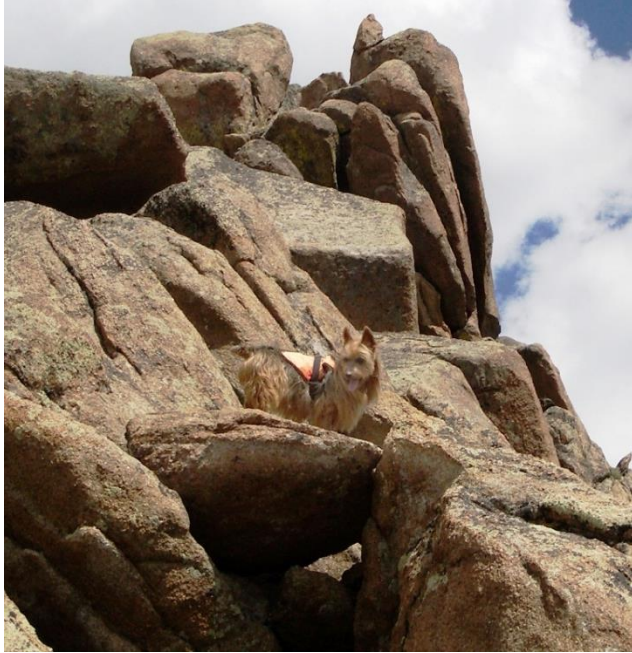


I decided I liked it too – but I needed to lose weight and get a lot fitter for bigger climbs to come. So we hiked and climbed all around Aspen.

We hiked in the snow ...



... we hiked in the rocks:



We hiked to high-mountain lakes:



We hiked into high-mountain winds (this was at Electric Pass):



There the winds were ferocious but she went right to the top and dug in all 20 claws.

Wherever there were rocks, boulders and walls she went – with the most amazing moves, almost human:



When climbing was out of reach for her short Aussie legs, she jumped:



One thing I learned early – she would not let you lift her up or carry her over a tough spot. She would puzzle out her own route, with amazing results that became apparent when we graduated into climbing fourteeners.

Soon I stopped worrying about where she was – if I didn't see her right away, all I had to do is look up – and she'd be there, patiently waiting for my next move upward.

My son Brett and his dog Amos offered to accompany us up the iconic 14er seen from Buena Vista – Yale Mountain in the Collegiates. Well that started something quite new.

We summited Yale Mountain, 14,196 feet, on September 12, 2007 having climbed 4,300 feet and 4 miles to summit. She was already six years old and I was ... well forget that.



I was tired, but very joyful.

Does Emme look tired? Not in the slightest. After summit, she led me down the whole 4 mile descent.

Then we did Mt. Princeton solo, or just the 2 of us that is:

Princeton summit, 14,197 feet



We did Mt. Antero, 14,269 feet



We did Bierstadt, 14,060 feet, where the boulders were 3 times her size.



And Mount Sherman, 14,036 feet, with Shan Stuart and Laura Welch, both of whom came to expect Emme on each outing.



Missouri Mountain, 14,067 feet was a challenge with its short Class 3 section near summit, but Emme got up it herself. On the way down we got hit with rain and thunder – Emme barked at the thunder but

kept trucking. That's her red rain gear – and look at that careful foot placement!



We were soaked back at the car.

We both loved it.

I had heard there was a place in Colorado where an “average” enthusiast could climb 4 fourteeners in a day. We prepped all summer and Pamela wanted to do her part. So she decided to fund raise for the Aspen Animal Shelter and AKC’s Canine Health Foundation. People pledged money per mountain climbed. Emme got me up the 4th as I was tiring but she flat out refused to go up with the others without me, so up I went, following this small, amazing dog.

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Courtesy photo
Emme the Australian terrier in training to climb four fourteeners.

Hiking for a doggone good cause

Pamela Levy

Emme Levy Crandall, an Australian terrier and resident of the Roaring Fork Valley, is going to attempt climbing four fourteeners on Saturday, Sept. 6.

Emme and her posse including her

human dad, Rick Crandall will depart from Aspen Friday, overnight in Breckenridge, and start off for the hike at 5:30 a.m. They will first ascend Mt. Democrat at 14,148 feet, then on to Mt. Cameron at 14,050 feet, and then on to Mt. Lincoln at 14,286 feet, and finally to Mt. Bross at 14,172 feet.

Emme and Rick have been training all summer for this hike. They would like to make their hike more meaningful by encouraging people to make a pledge for each fourteener to AKC Canine Health Foundation ATCF—to study and better be able to understand the health of our dogs—or The Aspen Animal Shelter. A prayer for good weather would also be greatly appreciated.

If you would like to make a pledge, e-mail AussieAspen@aol.com.

Please send your name, e-mail address and the amount per fourteener and we will send you the results. Thank you so much for your support in advance.



This map shows the route Emme will hike in her quest to summit four fourteeners in one day.

So we went for it. First was Mount Democrat, 14,148 feet. Then Mt. Cameroon, 14,050 feet, and on to the third, Mount Lincoln, 14,286 feet



And we finished with Mt. Bross, 14,172 feet –
Emme got all 4 peaks that day –

and raised over \$15,000!

Over the years we went on to summit other 14ers – Redcloud, Sunshine, Massive, Grays, Torreys, Princeton and more – 17 in all, incredible for such a small dog, but a great companion. She would never let me out of her sight. At times when I'd be the slowest of the group on a climb, she would hike back and forth to spot where they were and then back to me so I could see where they were headed.



She swam, she shooed other dogs off the path, no matter what their size. She basically took control ... and she knew when we'd gotten to summit. She'd look out at the vistas as though she was really appreciating the views. She was constant entertainment.

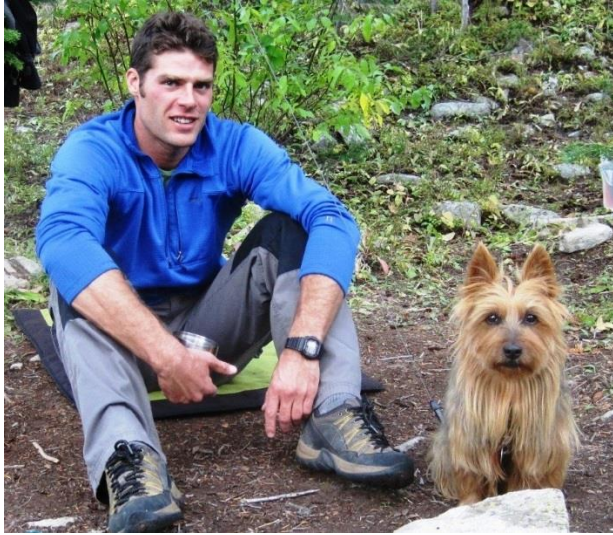


Her last big climb was not a 14er, but a hard, long day indeed. We went for Mt. Sopris and summited on September 25, 2011. That day was 3,280' up from Thomas Lakes camping and 4,860' down and over 14 miles total. She was nearly 11 years old and strong as ever.

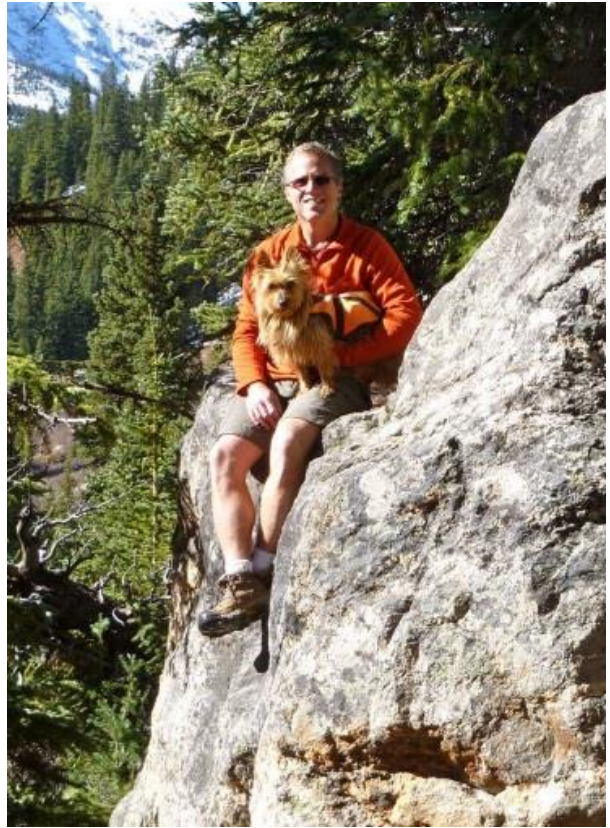


Mt. Sopris at 12,953' and rated Class 2 Difficult

Some of Emme's Climbing Buddies

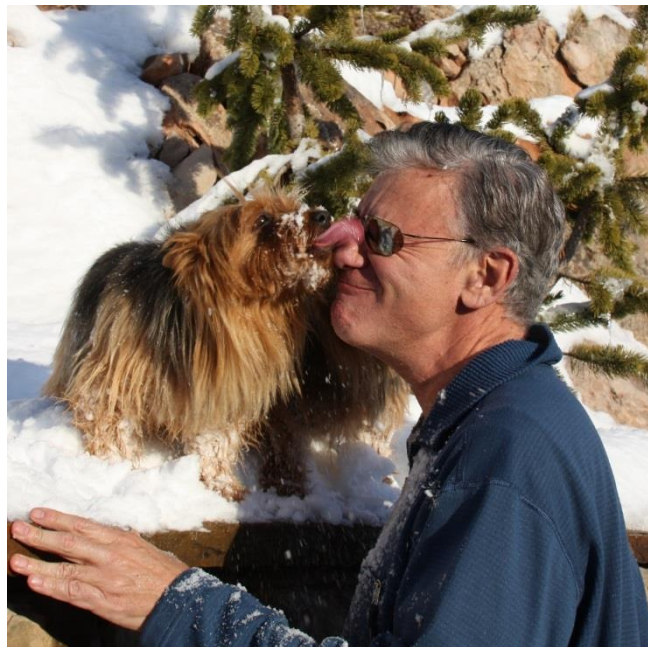


Brett Crandall



Rick Peckham

Shan Stuart



Emme was a dog that never quit in heat, rain, wind, snow, thunder and endless rocks underfoot. She lived for these climbs, she confronted foxes, countless bigger dogs, obstinate cows and even a few bears. She had no idea she was a small dog and she constantly astounded other climbers who couldn't believe she'd climbed with no assistance. You can tell all this by just looking at the faces of Emme from many of "her" mountains. That's a dog with a purpose, a joy and in command.



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