

# Chock Full o' Nuts

Fall  
2006

The newsletter of Women Climbers Northwest

## Recent Trips

A large group of about 10 of us spent a fun-filled weekend in early April rock climbing in Vantage. We climbed some easy routes in the Feathers area on Friday afternoon, then headed off to the less crowded Sunshine wall, where we climbed some impressive 5.10s. Several dogs accompanied us, including Sonja's little miniature Dacshund Roxie, who likes to burrow into packs while watching the action.

A rainstorm came through on Saturday afternoon, and we all quickly retreated to our tents. Then, a party inside Mary's car erupted, where we drank wine and ate a mysterious Indian snack of unknown ingredients.

An "untalent" show was had on Saturday night around the fire. The rain cleared up around 8, but it was still cold and blustery. Dawn's parents were vacationing in the area and kindly picked up pizza for all of us so we didn't have to cook. How nice!

Sunday morning dawned and a beautiful sunny day ensued. We climbed more routes. A fun weekend was had by all.

## Join the WCN email list!

**If you would like to keep in touch with other women to plan trips, or just to discuss a particular issue, join the WCN e-mail listserve.**

**To subscribe to the list, send a message to: [majordomo@scn.org](mailto:majordomo@scn.org)  
Keep the subject line blank. In the body of the message, type:  
subscribe womenclimb**

## Methow Valley Ski Trip

**T**he second weekend in February, a group of us left on what now, after 3 years in a row, has seemed to develop into the annual Methow Valley Nordic hut trip. Our fun, festive group was comprised of me, Dawn Chapel, Mary Yocom, Elaine Powers, Cath Carine, and Lovorka Knezevic.

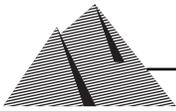
The weekend provided a joyful break to the relentless rain and heavy mountain snows and whiteout we had experienced for most of the beginning of the winter. En route, as we crested over Blewett pass, glorious blue skies and ponderosa pine scented crisp air greeted us. As we arrived in Cashmere, we stopped at the hidden gem of the Anjou Bakery and enjoyed scrumptious pastries.

After a brief stop in Winthrop to pick up our ski passes and peruse the racks at Winthrop Mountain Sports for deals, we parked the car and were off. We climbed up the steep twisting trail to Fawn hut, most of us eventually taking our skis off, since it was too much work trying to herringbone up the icy slope with our skinny skis while carrying full packs. Elaine was the only one who managed to ski the whole way up. She was wearing heavier back country skis just for the hike up, and was carrying her skate skis. The route to Fawn was only 3 miles, so even though it was a lot of work, did not take much time. We arrived to find Mary already there, her arrival preceding us by several hours. In characteristic Mary style, she had generously tidied up the place, sweeping the mouse poop out and rewashing the dishes (since there was apparently mouse poop scattered amongst them)

We ate splendidly, carrying mounds and mounds of heavy food in since we did not have far to go. The huts are stashed with



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About the club: **Women Climbers Northwest** is a nonprofit organization formed in 1983 to promote climbing and other wilderness activities among women. Our roots are in rock climbing and mountaineering, but women of all outdoor persuasions are welcome. In other words, girls really do want to have fun!

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*Liability Waiver: Participants agree to assume all risks associated with their participation in events coordinated or publicized by Women Climbers Northwest (WCN).*

#### Methow, continued

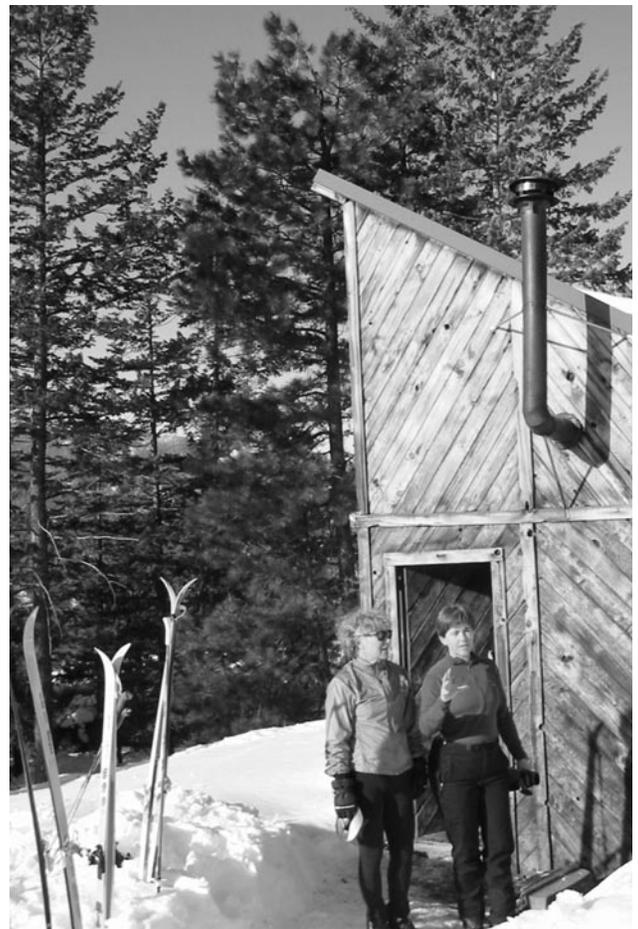
cooking utensils, and have sleeping platforms and a wood stove. So, they are definitely a huge step up from winter camping. Fortunately, we did not have to carry water, since the trail system maintains a stash at the huts. On a previous trip, Elaine lamented about having to bring the “Gandhi bag.” This was a water bag that would leak and spill all over unless you gently tipped it over just right. You had to use “passive resistance” to get the water to flow—hence the name Gandhi. Dawn carried a gigantic bottle of wine, and Cath carried “boxed wine.” Elaine also carried the entire Cranium game, a substantial and bulky weight of at least 5 pounds. We then had cocktail hour, accompanied by a huge spread of hors d’oeuvres. Dinner that night was a pasta dish. Mary brought homemade raspberry pie and chocolate cake. (yum yum)

The next day another beautiful sunny day awaited us. We skied for several hours for about 12 kilometers one way up and down rolling hills, and had lunch at Rendezvous hut, overlooking the entire Methow Valley. The trails were in great shape—no ice or bare spots like last year. Elaine and I skated while everyone else was on classic skis.

That afternoon Elaine and I arrived first back at Fawn hut. Elaine Field and Lisa were waiting for us there. They were on a ski trip with another group, were staying at a bed and breakfast in Mazama and skied up for the day to say hello. The rest of the group soon joined us, and we enjoyed another cocktail hour and



Cocktail hour inside the hut



Elaine gives Cath a skate lesson



## Member Profile: Pam Turner

**Full name:** Pamela Ann Turner

**Age:** 45

**Where did you grow up?** As you may have noticed I've never grown up but I was raised in Bellevue, WA (Hey, no jeering—we were poor.)

**Siblings:** Two older brothers. I was the simultaneously tortured and overprotected little sister.

**Live with any other two-or four-legged beings?** I live with a stinky, dirty, defiant, geriatric dog named Ollie who I love like crazy. Watch out, she knows how to use diarrhea as a weapon.

**Name of my first pet?** A fish named Fishy.

**First and current job?** First: Lifeguard.  
Current: Paramedic/Firefighter for the city of Bellingham.

**College?** Yes. BA from Western Wa U.

**Creative outlets?** Dressing myself, driving, making lists, responding to interview questions.

**How did I become involved with WCN?** I became a member about 20 years ago through friends of friends. Then my membership expired about 19 years ago. Fortunately I was reinstated about four years ago after reconnecting with B. Buys at a time when my life was falling apart and I was deciding I needed some new playmates.

**How many pairs of shoes do I own?** Eleven on this mornings count. My favorite are my 8 yo Rossi's which I've used as dress shoes, work shoes, slippers and snow boots. They do it all.

**Favorite over the counter pain med?** Well, I take alot of Ibuprofen but if I lived in Canada I think I'd be buying those 222's.

**If stranded on a desert island, what 3 CD's would I choose and why?** That's an impossible question! If I must choose I guess I'd say these three: Bonnie Raitt —The Bonnie



Raitt Collection—because Bonnie is so amazingly talented and creative. Eva Cassidy—Eva by Heart—because Eva's sweet voice melts me. Jami Sieber—Lush Mechanique—because I love Jami and I love the cello and I love the way Jami plays the cello.

**Favorite poem?** *The Journey* by Mary Oliver. I'm very much a Mary Oliver fan.

**Last book I read?** *Blink* (The Power of Thinking without Thinking) by Malcolm Gladwell. Interesting theories on how people size things up and make decisions in the blink of an eye.

**Competed in anything?** As a kid, lots and lots of competitive swimming, a fair amount of track and field, some diving and tennis. As an adult, a few triathlons and some soccer. I'd like to compete in a Spelling Bee.

**Outdoor activities?** I think I'd have to put climbing and mountain biking at the top of the list. Skiing, running, road biking, gardening and dog walking are in there too.

**Favorite food?** Coffee. **Favorite food on a trip?** PB and honey sandwiches, anything that Mary makes...and I'd really like to try Sonja's off-the-back- of -the car breakfasts.

**Speak any language other than English?** Dog speak.

**What's the most stressful situation you've ever encountered?** It's a tossup; trying to find Liane's place in Portland with Nancy driving, getting lost on Mt. Erie and having Barb call 911, getting yelled at for trying on socks in the store. Mosquitoes also really stress me out.

**What's in wallet besides cash, cards and ID?** Caffeine pills, phony ID, a picture of Chairman Mao.

**Coffee, tea or milk?** What do you think? : )

**Ever been a vegetarian or member of the Communist Party?** Are you asking me to come out?



# Fall Smith Rock Trip

**M**y Smith Rock guide book fell open to a page marked by a dead insect, perfectly flattened and preserved on the Christian Brothers route descriptions. Having failed to mark my Watts guide, I thanked the ex-bug for reminding me of where I climbed in October 2005 with a delightful group of WCN ladies.

WCN's fall Smith Rock trip has become an annual event on the group's calendar. Last fall, thirteen women headed to Redmond, Oregon for a mélange of fine dining and fine climbing hosted by Mary Yocom of The Yocom Auberge, Chez Mary to those familiar. For those who have never visited, this yet-unrated establishment is part climbers' hostel, part B&B, run by Redmond native and WCN veteran Mary Yocom. It's a fifteen-minute drive to the crags; wine, beer and other spirits are available; the food and entertainment are top notch.

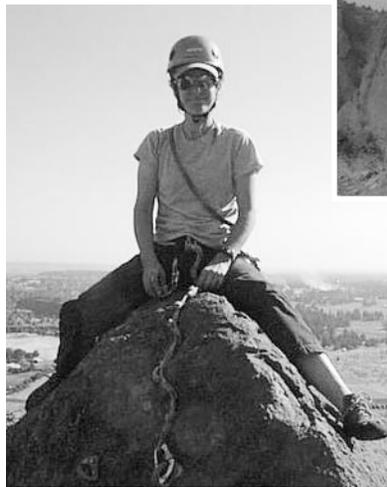
On my most recent sojourn, Mary greeted me and a dozen other women from such far flung places as Copenhagen, Everett, Bellingham and Portland. There were several new faces among the regulars and a special appearance by Colleen Hinton, a South African and American citizen extradited from Burien to Denmark for reasons unknown. I traveled south with Dawn Chapel, her friend Dena and Pam Turner, a Bellingham celebrity featured in this edition of the newsletter. Barb Buys drove down with a few friends in tow, Linna and Gaye, and picked up Liane Owen, World Boggle Champion, in Portland. Even Carla Schauble, who never passes up a chance to get soaked in the North Cascades, decid-



Clare, Nancy and Dee Dee



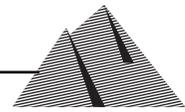
Pam and Liane



Dawn



Carla and Dawn



ed to forgo glaciated terrain to bask in the high desert glory of Smith. She drove my squeaky Toyota pickup from Seattle with Colleen, the aforementioned expat rumored to be on the lam for tax evasion. Clare Parfitt, renowned for her imitation of “Pat” from Saturday Night Live and her pumpkin pie, arrived with a stack of those famous pies to complement Mary’s menus. Elaine Powers happened to be in Bend that weekend, so she joined the crew later at the crags.

Before our arrival at Mary’s, Dawn, Dena, Pam and I squeezed in a few twilight climbs at Smith. Dawn and I had talked about leading some multi-pitch gear routes on the Red Wall, a short jaunt uphill after crossing the river and taking a right. We checked out the climbs and nearly jumped on them, but Pam pointed out that minor detail of time, specifically the lack of it. We walked back down, over to Morning Glory Wall and scaled a couple bolted lines, Light on the Path (5.9) and Five Gallon Buckets (5.8). Oh what lovely buckets! We relished the climbing in the stillness of Smith after hours, with the sun slipping down on the horizon. With climbing appetites whetted, we drove to Mary’s for a cold beer and hot dinner.

For those of you who haven’t had the pleasure of staying at Oregon’s finest

establishment, imagine waking up to the aroma of fresh, currant scones and coffee. The a.m. spread typically includes sliced fruit—this time it was pineapple—and there is a short-order egg cook with a shaved head standing by to take your order. The hostess in the white chef’s coat has been up since 5 a.m. toiling away for the breakfast shift. Early risers grab a coffee mug and pour a fresh cup from the urn. One by one, the bleary-eyed rise, run to the loo and caffeinate.

*“Heeding the words of the guide book, we savored the final pitch and redubbed the climb ‘Savory Slab.’ ”*

Mary encourages everyone to have some scones and muffins, still warm enough to melt lashings of butter. There is talk of relationships, exercise and age-related injuries, Monty Python and eventually someone notices the beautiful morning light and discussion moves towards climbing agendas.

It is a universal truth: trying to move a big group is a bit like herding cats. After dishes were done, lunches packed and gear assembled, we finally split for the rock. Dawn, Dena, Clare and I headed over to the Red Wall to climb the four-star Super Slab (5.6-Gear), three pitches of pretty super

slab. Dawn led and Clare followed, then I led with Dena following. Heeding the words of the guide book, we savored the final pitch and redubbed the climb “Savory Slab.” After rapping down, we joined our hostess Mary who had been watching and lunched on a nearby rock. We caught up with the other ladies later, hiked over Asterisk Pass, and sought out the classic Spiderman (5.7-Gear). I missed my chance to lead it, though Dawn got on it with Carla and Clare.

While those three were working their way up Spiderman, Colleen and I loped back over to the Christian Brothers and did a handful of routes on “The Beard,” a couple of cracks and a great top rope exercise in flailing on some ridiculously blank and overhanging 5.12.

Dinner at Mary’s was a seasonal and toothsome affair which featured curried butternut squash soup, an autumn classic, a black bean soup and cornbread. Wine and beer flowed steadily. I can’t recall whether or not there were a few rounds of Boggle, but let’s just say there were and Liane won by some outrageous margin, so large it seemed as if the rest of us were shaving points to throw the game. I comforted myself, saying there’s more to life than Boggle. Vog? Volcanic fog, my ass.

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### **Methow, continued**

decadent hors d’oeuvres. Dinner that night, made by Lovorka, was a tasty risotto dish made with asparagus and a rich broth.

That evening, we had a rousing game of Cranium, and laughed and laughed. This game is played by reading a word on a card, then having one person or a team try and communicate what the word is by one of several methods:

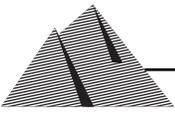
drawing, sculpting, singing, acting it out or deciphering a word puzzle. Some of the memorable moments included my imitation of Elvis Presley, which Elaine got immediately, Mary’s creative drawing to represent Picasso, and Dawn’s sculpting in clay to show an academy award.

That night it seemed like the entire Milky Way was spread before us. We enjoyed the cozy wood stove and took

jaunts outside to gaze up at the stars.

The last day was our trip out. We hauled on our heavy packs again, this time much lighter without all the food, and got into a wide snowplow for the steep twisting downhill. We again paused on the way home at the Anjou Bakery. It was a fabulous trip, one I hope will continue every year as a tradition.

*—Clare Parfitt*



# Surfs Up, Let's Boogie!

Last summer I joined other WCN members to boogie on the waves at Beverly Beach, Oregon. I needed a break from all the weekends of climbing and personally I hadn't ridden waves on a boogie board since I was a teenager in California so I was very eager to try it again. Plus I wanted to see the giant orange sun set on the ocean horizon, again something I hadn't seen in a long time. So Clare Parfitt and I drove down from Seattle to Oregon to meet Mary Yocom and Lee Bowman. The first thing we did was rent wetsuits and boogie boards from the local surf shop and hit the waves. The wetsuits were none too flattering but that didn't stop Clare and I from taking on super hero like postures (Wonder Twins Activate!) Mary of course, I'm convinced has no nerve endings because she was the only person who went in the ocean water with just her swim suit on.

One of the first things I noticed walking on the beach was that someone had stacked some rocks into little cairns, later when I met Lee and her splendid canine companion, Tracer (aka Mr. Tee), I discovered that she had built the cairns to mark a path to a huge fire pit ring that she had put together for the clam bake that was to occur later that evening (more on this later). Meanwhile back in the water Clare, Mary and I were hootin' and hollerin' as we rode wave after wave. I admit the waves were a bit small (only 3-ft) but a few good ones would come in now and then and break with a peel that's so fun to ride if you catch it just right. Lee didn't boogie board, but instead took her kayak out a few times to ride the waves—a nice alternative for staying dry. So, after about 2 hours, having gotten that out of our systems, we dragged our salty and wrinkly pruned up bodies out of the water. A warm shower back at the

camp ground and dry clothes was refreshing.

We then met down at the fire pit on the beach to have our cook-out and watch the sunset. On the menu were clams, corn on the cob, bread, and for desert your choice of black berry pie (courtesy of Lee) or black berry cobbler (courtesy of Clare). Oh, and I must mention that Mary was her usual organized self with all the kitchen stuff labeled and bagged. Her one new addition on the Beach trip, besides the kite which we had a fun go with, was a plastic red bucket she used to haul her stuff in. It reminded me of some character out of a nursery rhyme—Mary and her little red bucket. Okay sorry, I'm getting off the subject here.

Anyway, during the bake out we had a lively discussion about whether clams were considered meat or not. "I'm a vegetarian and do not eat anything

with a face" I declared as I plopped my sorry ass veggie burger on the grill. "But clams don't have faces" replied one of the clearly eager salivating clam eaters. "Well then I don't eat anything with muscle" I firmly stated. I then watched in amazement as the three of them hovered over the cooked clams and sucked and slurped what looked like snot-like mucus down their mouths. It was clearly an intoxicating experience for them that I just did not understand. Still I was a bit jealous of their excitement.





So after dinner and the intoxicating gluttony we settled in around the fire with a glass of wine and watched as the sun slowly descended on the western horizon. It looked like a big egg yoke sitting on the edge of the world. Lee talked about some sort of green flash you're supposed to see right after it disappears. I widened my eyes and looked on intently to try and capture this event but it never happened. The sky just grew darker. We sat around the fire for a couple more hours conversing and watching the stars come out and then we hit the hay.

The next morning I woke with a start to screaming kids at 7 am in the morning!! The campground was a bit more family-oriented than I had anticipated and I guess kids are like flies buzzing around at first daybreak. I hampered out of my tent to find Mary already up and busy as usual. I proceeded to caffeinate myself with some coffee and chat with Mary and eventually Clare got up too—as usual. Lee had to leave that morning for work. So the second day was just me, Clare, and Mary. We spent the first part of the day exploring the tide pools and the Devil's Punch bowl which you can only access at low tide. We saw all sorts of crustaceans; anemones; and other sea life living on the rocky substrate. I was so worried about walking on the rock and crushing some sea creature. We also spotted a few whales off in the distance spouting water. After a nice lunch on the bluffs overlooking the surf we donned on the Wonder Twin outfits again and hit the waves. Again we boogied for two hours until we were just too salty and waterlogged. We then had a wonderful stir fry dinner Mary had prepared—how does she do it? And then we watched another beautiful sunset around a warm camp fire down on the beach and this time I didn't bother looking for the green flash.

—Dawn Chapel



**Mr. Tee and Lee**



**No-nerve-ending Mary**



**Mary in the Devil's Punchbowl**



**Wonder Twin powers...Activate!**

## Smith Rock Trip, *continued*

On Sunday, the group stayed together to explore a less frequented area. Traveling up the Burma Road, we arrived at Staender Ridge, boasting plenty of moderate bolted and trad routes. Bend local Jan Brigham met us there, where we played on cracks and face climbs for the better part of the morning and early afternoon. Incidentally, we had some info on new climbs at Staender Ridge from the Smith addendum, purchased from the local hardware store.

By midday Sunday, most of us had to leave, marking the end of another quality WCN Smith Rock trip. There were plenty of hugs for our sterling hostess, Mary, and Clare's pumpkin pie surplus waned as everyone noshed on slices in the parking lot. Nothing like a sugar boost for the six hour drive back to Seattle.

—*Nancy Kim*

Dawn Chapel, Dena Peel, and Clare Parfitt recently completed the **Ptarmigan Traverse** in the North Cascades. It was incredibly beautiful, remote, and challenging. Here are some pictures from our trip:



**Descending Spider-Formidable Col**



**Mountain goats at  
Kool Aid lake**



**White Rock Lakes camp**

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