

WCN Donates Money to Documentary Project

WCN was contacted recently and asked to donate money for a KCTS TV documentary which is in the planning stages. The documentary will be about the life of Marty Hoey. Marty was a well-known woman climber who died in a tragic accident on Mt. Everest in the early 80s. KCTS is contacting numerous organizations to solicit money in order to get the project started. The board met and agreed to donate \$1,000, and we are the first organization to contribute!

Here is the response from Karen Cuthbert at KCTS:

Thank you so much. . .we will do everything within our power to make this happen. Since this really matches your mission and you've given birth to it financially I want to reiterate it's your baby too and want you and WCN to be a part of this whole process. . .It would be very cool to meet with all the group. . .I gave one of the calendars to the daughter of a colleague (she's 13) whose involved with "Passages." She climbs and sea kayaks. She was absolutely thrilled.

See the related article on the next page about Marty Hoey.

Sisters Commune on the Sisters

Following an awesome trip to Redmond, Oregon to ski Mt. Bachelor in March, most of us couldn't wait to get back for some spring skiing on the Sisters, which were in clear view during the long lift rides up Bachelor. Summer solstice weekend saw us gathered once again around the kitchen table of Mary Yocom, the Hostess with the Mostess, poring over maps of the South Sister and putting the final touches on trip logistics.

We were down to a much smaller group, and looked to be one person smaller when Clare developed a violent illness just minutes away from Mary's. (No offense, Mary.) Clare, Mary, Jan Brigham (our new WCN member from Bend—welcome, Jan!), Nancy, Amy Baernstein, and myself made a cozy group of three hikers and three skiers.

Amy, also a relatively new member of WCN, had been lurking about on the listserv when she read about the trip and took the plunge to join us on a trip.

continued on page three



Left: Colleen Hinton, Jan Brigham, Nancy Kim, Amy Baernstein, Mary Yocom



Above: Nancy with her new pink (no red!) fab skis

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).

The Marty Hoey Story

About the Proposed Documentary

Synopsis

This one-hour documentary special looks back at the life of world-class mountain climber Marty Hoey, who was to be the first American woman to conquer Everest—but instead tragically fell to her death approaching the summit.

Twenty years after her death in 1982, Marty's name surfaces over and over again as expedition members now write their memoirs and acknowledge her extraordinary spirit that embodied the essence of the sport. Marty was a woman that not only broke new ground on mountain slopes, but forged a name for herself in a time when mountain climbing truly was a man's sport. She was revered, adored, even romantically loved by those who came to know her. "It's time to tell Marty's story," said one of her fellow climbers in a recent interview. "She deserves it, she earned it."

World-class climbers eager to participate as principal interviews include Jim Wickwire, Lou Whittaker, Phil Ershler and Dick Bass. Marty grew up in the shadow of Mount Rainier, where family and friends recall her path to the farthest limits. A key participant is Marty's mother, Mar Hoey, who knew her daughter's drive courted danger. "Some people are not meant to live a long life. Marty pushed herself to the absolute edges. She wouldn't have it any other way."

Archival footage, personal artifacts, family photos, and the places to which she aspired visualize Marty's past. The memory of Marty and her inspiration live on—life-long lessons to be articulated in film.

The Marty Hoey Story is to be distributed nationally by American Public Television/

Boston, serving all 350 public television stations nationwide. The presenting station is KBTC/Tacoma, the public television station Marty grew up with.

Funding Plan

The budget for the documentary is \$135,000. Production is to be funded from a variety of sources, from corporate underwriting (70%), foundation/non-profit (20%) and private contributions (10%).

Additional uses of the content for funder benefit include video for web streaming; home video/DVD in-store product sales; feature article for use in magazines, catalogs, newsletters, annual reports, and other corporate communications; and possible special screenings and events with climbers who were close to Marty.

Time for Renewal!

We have not had a membership renewal for some time, so decided to start a more regular cycle. Your dues help allow us to fund the journal project, produce a newsletter (we are making an effort to have the newsletter come out more regularly) as well as hold WCN hosted special events like the retreat held in winter 2001. From now on, WCN dues will be \$25, and the membership cycle will run from June-June.

To renew, retroactive from last June, send a check for \$25 made out to WCN, to Sonja Bring at:

**1538 17th Ave E.
Seattle, WA 98112**



Sisters, continued

(During the ride home to Seattle, Amy admitted she had not been fully prepared for the WCN Initiation Rite in response to her casual yet generous offer—Sure, I can drive...—of having three boisterous WCNers cram themselves plus their ski/camping gear into her brand new Subaru. Not to mention the very creative use of roof space, sans roof racks, involving, as I recall, the crucial role played by one of Mary's older bed linens.) After another fine dinner served by Chef Mary, we all packed into Jan's much-admired Eurovan to head a couple of miles out of town to watch a gorgeous Solstice sunset over the Cascades.

Early Saturday morning, Clare was feeling no better, poor lass; we tucked her up in bed, instructed her not to open the door to strangers, and to gather her strength to see if she could make it to do the short hike in to base camp to join us that evening. (The eternal optimists.) It was a perfect day, and we hiked up from Devil's Lake, hitting snow almost from the get-go, to the Moraine Lake vicinity and set up camp on the snow. After declaring and gobbling "First Lunch," we set off for the summit.

Down to two skiers, Nancy and I, and three hikers, Mary, Jan and Amy, we soon split into these two groups, as the hikers were in the mood for a more leisurely outing and weren't sure they were going to bag the summit. For Nancy and I, the summit and the skiing beckoned, and it promised to be a long day. We had been worried there might not be enough snow to ski continuously from the summit; from base camp, it looked as if we might just make it. However, as the afternoon progressed, clouds began forming and the skies to the south and east turned dark and ominous, though the fair-weather gods continued to lord it over South Sister Herself. At the base of the final mile-long cinder ridge to the summit, we decided to ditch our skis

and make a dash for the summit before the ominous clouds and distant thunder got much closer. Somehow, continuing to climb with lightning rods strapped to our packs was not the popular vote. What a slog up that last mile up the cinder track! It goes on forever, and in fact we finally gave in and declared Second Lunch halfway up the trail, marveling at the thunder and lightning still some distance away, that didn't seem to be moving any closer to us. However, low clouds had started coming in from the west, circling and obscuring the summit, and we hastily continued upward, just making it to the top when we began getting pelted with hail.

Luckily, this didn't last long, but we decided not to proceed further around the crater rim to get to the true summit, which Mary had told us was only a couple of feet higher but about .75 mile further! We hurried back to our skis, by which time the sun had reappeared, we could see for miles, and it was hard to believe we had been pelted on in a white-out just about 45 minutes earlier.

OK, if you thought this sounded like fun up until now.... imagine this: 5 p.m. No one else on the mountain. Nice, cool temperature, hardening up the previously slushy snow. Gorgeous sunshine to skier's right, beautiful rainbow skier's left. Base camp clearly visible, as a tiny dot down below. The smell of a scrumptious dinner being prepared by the Hikers and awaiting the Skiers, wafting up the mountain (OK, maybe THAT part was hallucination). Nancy and Colleen, the infamous Domino Twins, with brand new matching skis (some say pink, we say red, Tua Big Easys) whooping and hollering as they make perfect tele turns all the way back to base camp. (We actually did have to take off our skis a couple of times to cross some bare rocks—vowing to do it a month earlier next time.)

A happy reunion with the Hikers, who had sensibly turned back at the first sign of the thunderstorm, and a most welcome dinner later, we barely crawled into our tents after a very long day. The inevitable couple of forays out of the tent during the night were rewarded with the sight of the almost full moon in a clear sky. Sunday... ah, the joy of sleeping in, followed by a leisurely breakfast, on another beautiful day in the central Oregon Cascades. The Sisters vowed to return to visit the other two sisters to the north, in various ski trip configurations.

P.S. We are pleased to report that the Sick Sister fully recovered from her Violent Illness right around the time that we returned to Mary's.

—Colleen Hinton

Join WCN!

Join the 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 Keep the subject line blank. In the body of the message, type: subscribe womenclimb END.

Join the mailing list:

To get on the newsletter mailing list, send \$25 along with your name and address to:

Sonja Bring
1538 17th Ave. E, Seattle WA 98112



Suze Hikes 50 on her 50th



Well, it's done. Those that were able to come had a wonderful time, and the rest were either there in spirit or in our thoughts. While you might think having 2 somewhat dour male wranglers pack, cook and wash dishes for 5 women would be odd, it was great. They quit worrying about us within the first few hours.

We walked through gorgeous country: some flowers still in bloom, lupines, asters, gentians, monkeyflowers; some blueberries in fruit;

much geology in prominent evidence: garnet schists, granodiorites, a bit of serpentine barrens; distant views of Glacier Peak, Mt. Daniel, "Mountain Rainier", and many more. We were blessed with good weather, only one misty afternoon. We scrambled the mighty Ladies Peak and lounged at many Ladies' lakes and passes: Mary, Florence, Augusta, Ida, et al. There were no Scrabble or Old Bachelor games played, but there was Singing—at least after consuming the 27-year-old port.

There was a great deal of eating: the salmon dinner, the steak dinner, the Basque chicken dinner, the links and apples in blanket breakfast, the French toast dutch oven pudding breakfast all stand out in my mind.

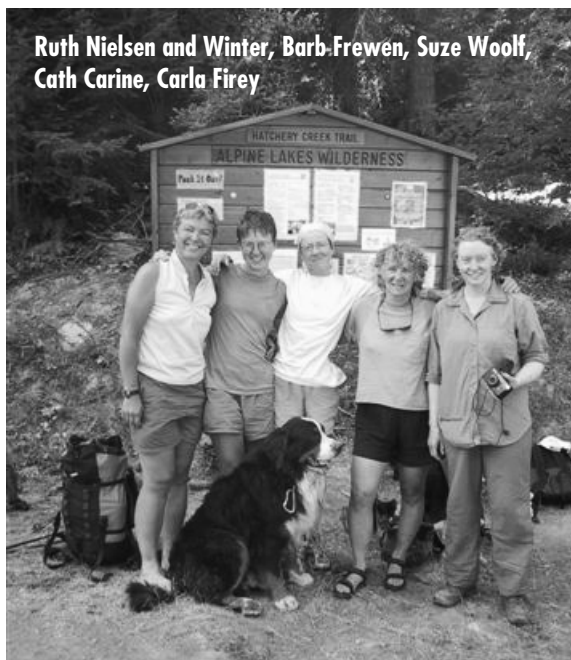
No one lost weight on this trip, and luckily no vegans came. It was a protein-fest that would take me months to equal in the city. Winter, the wonder Bernese Mountain Dog, was much loved by all, not least because he was the warmest body to cozy up to. He was happiest whenever The Pack was all together, but any herding was completely polite. He thought the leftovers were pretty keen, too.

I feel some guilt toward the wider circle of folks that could have come to a large urban party, but selfishly delighted by this small, mobile, 6-day event. If there is anything I've learned from this and other trips, it's how precious those times are, when you are suspended from stress and responsibilities, surrounded by the beauty of wild places

and the warmth of long friendships, at peace with your own history. Perhaps one doesn't need the decades to arrange such occasions, but it certainly made it easy to justify.

The total hike equaled approximately 49 miles, and about 16,000 vertical feet of elevation gain. I'll be hoping that health and well-being continue for all, and that we remain able to do these things again.

—Suze Woolf



Ruth Nielsen and Winter, Barb-Frewen, Suze Woolf, Cath Carine, Carla Firey



WCN Member Profile: Nancy Kim

Where were you born? Pittsburgh, PA

Where do you live? How long/native? If not native, what brought you to your current hometown? Seattle. Lived here since December 1995. Mountains lured me here.

Any Significant Other, Partner or Spouse? Meg Hudson, she's pretty significant.

Any kids or pets? Dylan, also known as the twenty-pound puss, named after the poet

Educational background? Bachelor of Arts in Comparative Literature, University of Pennsylvania

Ethnic or cultural heritage? Korean

How tall are you? Just under 5'6"

Occupation? How long? Construction. Just started, and will continue until I get into the Seattle Fire Department.

What do you like most about your work? What do you like least? Like physical labor and learning new skills. Dislikes, ask me again in a few months.

Would you rather do some other type of work, and if so, what would it be? I am testing for the Seattle Fire Department.

What places have you traveled to, and/or where would you like to go? France, England, Scotland, Italy, Korea. Would like to go to Ecuador and Nepal.

How do you presently spend your free time? I have been writing a book. This past year, I've also spent a lot of time training for the SFD, working on the WCN Climbing Journal and hanging out with partner, friends and family. Outdoor recreation aside, I enjoy eating, reading, laughing and cursing.

When did you join WCN? Through whom or how did you become connected with the group? Fall 1996. I learned of WCN through Rachel Da Silva's book, *Leading Out*, and got in touch with Lisa Haug.

What are your favorite outdoor activities, seasonally of course? Skiing in the winter and spring, hiking and climbing in the summer and moping in the fall.

What was your most memorable trip and why? Eldorado stands out not only because I just climbed it in Sept., but also because of the great company, lack of other people, dramatic summit ridge, full moonrise over Forbidden.

However, I won't likely forget this summer's climb of the West Ridge of Stuart. That unplanned bivy at 9,000 ft. on the granite ledge was so incredibly comfortable. Why I continue to take a sleeping pad, bag and tent I'll never know.

What was your worst trip and why? Whitewater rafting trip when I twelve. Fell out, slammed against sharp rocks and got stuck under the raft for what seemed like an eternity.

What quality(ies) do you most prefer in an adventure companion? Sense of humor (i.e. laughs at my jokes)

Who are your favorite writers? Dylan Thomas, Italo Calvino, and Arundhati Roy spring to mind. I love poets Anne Carson and Naomi Shihab-Nye. I admire the clean prose and linguistic economy of Wallace Stegner, though I prefer his non fiction to his fiction.

What title(s) are you reading now? Thumbs up/thumbs down, and why? *Empire Falls* by Richard Russo, *South of the Limpopo* by Dervla Murphy, *Modern Carpentry* by Willis H. Wagner. Recently read *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle* by Haruki Murakami which kept me in my tent for hours. Funny, bizarre, unpretentiously philosophical.

What is your favorite cocktail, wine or recreational beverage? Dark Belgian beer, red wine, esp. Oregon Pinot Noirs, Zinfandels

Favorite food or meal? A fresh piece of fish grilled

What would surprise your friends most to learn about you? Long before I shaved my head, I wore Laura Ashley dresses.

When and where were you happiest? Here and now.

How would your friends describe your character/personality? Extremely witty and brilliant, engaging and charismatic, positive, kind-hearted, terribly modest, prone to hyperbole. Perhaps I should add profane and loquacious.

What, if any, is your motto? Don't toot your own horn.

What CD's or type of music have you been listening to most recently? Van Morrison, Lucinda Williams, Johnny Cash, Hugh Masekela

Toilet paper: roll over the top or from underneath? Neither, I usually just throw a roll in the basket of magazines next to the throne. (Meg says this is a lie. I use the last of it and don't replace it.)



Mt. Shuksan Spring Ski

The sun had emerged promisingly out of bright blue skies that late spring morning as we headed off to climb and ski this beautiful peak. Mary, Nancy and I drove up the night before and camped at Baker lake. Suze, Colleen, and Barb Frewen met us at the trailhead.

Suze commented as usual as to how she was the oldest and slowest among us, and then proceeded to bolt up the trail far ahead of everyone. The rest of us followed behind.

We all had climbed this peak with full packs a few years earlier. A light day pack made a world of difference, and we were able to maintain a rapid clip.

We walked on an open trail along the ridge next to Shannon creek. When the trail started heading steeply up the ridge we hit snow. We all walked rather than skin up with

our skis. Once at the top of the ridge, we were greeted with stupendous views of Baker. This view alone makes Shuksan one of my favorite climbs.

Once at the top of the ridge we traversed gently across a rolling meadow, then climbed steeply up a notch. This was the most iffy terrain in terms of avalanche possibility. The snow didn't seem too unstable,

but we moved carefully. Once at the notch we had to traverse across another steep ridge. When we had attempted a ski trip of Shuksan the year before, there was a ton of loose, wet unstable snow, and we had turned around here. Once on the traverse this time however, it did not seem as bad as it looked.

Then we climbed up to the base of the Sulphide glacier. Mary decided to hang out here and wait for us on the descent, since, without skis, she was not able to move as fast as the rest of us. We could see the summit pyramid ahead of us, and proceeded to walk and walk for what seemed like forever, without appearing to get much closer to the pyramid. After a long slog, skinning up on our skis (which was a very achilles stressing experience) we arrived at the base of the pyramid. Here we found Suze and Barb, who were lounging in the sun eating lunch.

None of us had a burning desire to climb the summit pyramid, since we had all done it before, and besides, we were all eager to ski! The pyramid and all of its gulleys were snow covered and looked a little dicey, especially on the descent.

After gulping down some lunch and putting on our gore tex, we were ready for the RIDE down! It had snowed several inches the week before our trip, and it had been very warm in the last few days. So, although the snow was somewhat heavy, it was still pretty good. There were many climbers up there that day, and amazingly to us, we were one of the only groups who were on skis. Everyone else had to walk down! Poor souls. So, we made first tracks down virgin snow, making flawless turns, flying past the unfortunate roped up climbers! I was surprised at my skiing prowess—



Colleen and Clare on Shuksan, summit pyramid in the background



the snow was very forgiving and soft, but not so soft as to be mashed potato consistency.

After thoroughly enjoying the ski through the open terrain, we arrived back at the woods. All of us except Suze struggled through the trees. Nancy and I both wound up headfirst in treewells. Finally, Colleen, Nancy and I said “screw it,” and took our skis off and walked. We had managed to ski (actually flounder) a little below the trail and spent about 45 minutes walking up and down the ridge trying to locate it again. After some time of bushwalking through brush we found it, and walked the rest of the way out.

We finally arrived back at the car around 6 pm—tired but very satisfied. It had been a stupendous and memorable day in the mountains. And, a long one at that. Our round trip time was 11 1/2 hours, and included 5,700 feet of elevation gain and loss.

—Clare Parfitt

Mt St. Helens, 2002

Every spring, some WCN enthusiasts don daypacks, add skis or snow boards just to make balancing a challenge, and hike up to the volcanic edge of Mt. St. Helens. Last year when we attempted this climb we were turned back because of weather. OK, every climb we attempted in 2001 was a turn back because of weather. So this year we were thrilled to actually reach the “top”. Those attending were Nancy Kim, Clare Parfitt, Ronnie Redstone, and me, Barb Buys.

The day we chose to climb was Mother’s Day. We were not aware of the dress wearing tradition when climbing St Helen’s on Mother’s Day. For the first time WCN climbers were out-dressed. We did not even have a flamingo. Most of the men climbing that day were in dresses as were many of the women. While I was stopped to fix some blisters, I had the pleasure (pleasure?) of seeing a man skiing down without his dress... or his shorts... or anything for that matter. No one else from our group saw this spectacle because they were all hiking ahead of me. (The drawbacks of not sticking together as a group.)

Once I arrived at the top, I was able to shoot some video clips of the wind and the scenery. I also was able to get some great shots of Clare and Nancy doing some awesome tele turns. If Nancy had kept the camera running when it was her turn to take footage of me, I also would have some great shots of my tele turns. But, no-o-o-o-o. Speaking of Nancy this was her first time on her new pinkish, she insists they are red, Tua Big Easy skis. Her skiing was greatly benefited by these beautiful pink, not red, skis. We worked hard, skied well and had a great time.

—Barb Buys

Fall/Winter WCN Trip Schedule

Potlucks/Slide Shows:

Thursday, October 31st, 7 pm—Sonja Bring’s and Loren Smith’s, 1538 17th Ave E. in Capital Hill, 322-5592

Slides from their Alaska NWR trip

Date TBD, Sherri Cassuto’s

8121 Latona Ave NE—*Slides from Sherri’s Alaska nature volunteer work*

Wednesday, February 12th, 7 pm—Clare Parfitt’s, 4911

Fremont Ave N #204 206-633-4734 *Slides from Australia—tropical adventures and the outback*

Look for reminders and further details about potlucks on the WCN list serve

Outings:

Sunday, November 17th: Indoor climbing at Vertical World, meet at 12 pm (something to do, instead of moping because there’s not enough snow to ski yet!)

Sunday, December 15th: Snoqualmie Pass skiing. Meet at the Bellevue Way Park and Ride at 9 am. Go East on I-90, get off at Bellevue Way, the Park and Ride is on the right.

Future Winter Trips:

We are in the process of nailing down some dates and details for upcoming winter trips. Possibilities include another ski trip down to Mt. Bachelor in Oregon, and a weekend hut to hut ski trip in the Methow Valley. Look for further details in the next newsletter and on the list serve.

Newsletter Submissions

The newsletter comes out bi-monthly, at the end the following months: September, November, January, March, May, July.

Please send text and photos by the 10th of these months, in order to be included in the next issue.

Email submissions to clarep@drizzle.com
Photos, slides and artwork are also appreciated. They can be sent to 4911 Fremont Ave N #204, Seattle, 98103. Art will be returned by mail.

Classified Ads

Rates for service ads are 10 cents/word for members and 20 cents/word for non-members. Member's equipment ads and notices by WCNers looking for climbing partners—or ski buddies—are free. No graphics. Payment must accompany ad or it will not appear, as we have no billing mechanism.

Women Climbers Northwest

P.O. Box 31223

Seattle, WA 98103

Memorable Fall Larch Hike

This past weekend Elaine Powers and I headed out to Cle Elum to hike near Mt. Stuart.

It was raining in Seattle, but to our delight, as soon as we got over the pass, we had sun and deep blue skies! We decided to do a loop—starting on one trail, then bushwacking up a ridge and traversing the ridge, then connecting to another trail which would form a loop.

As soon as we got to the ridge, at about 6,500, we were thrilled to look across the valley below and see the entire Stuart range, and a whole group of larch trees. I have never been aware of these trees before. Their bright yellow needles were very soft and translucent, and seemed to exude their own light, as if they were glowing from

within. We walked across an entire forest of them, all brilliant yellow. The light was so amazing, I wish I had my camera, and was really inspired to do art!

We enjoyed the views up here for a while, then hiked back down the ridge to connect with the other trail. As we headed West back home, we saw a striking and foreboding black cloud formation hanging over the mountains. The rain was visible cascading out of the clouds. There was a dramatic line of demarcation, you could literally see where the sunlight stopped and everything was in shadow. We drove into this, and back to the Wet (West) side. As we entered the outskirts of Seattle, there was a break in the clouds, and saw a beautiful orange pink sunset.

—Clare Parfitt