



LARC

NUDE VIEWPOINT



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Lake Associates Recreation Club

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AFFILIATED WITH THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR NUDE RECREATION, IT'S NORTHWEST REGION, AND THE INTERNATIONAL NATURIST FEDERATION – PARTICIPATING WITH THE NATURIST SOCIETY. LAKE MCMURRAY RECREATIONAL RESORT – HOME OF LARC

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CELEBRATE THE SEASON OF NUDE RECREATION

WEAR YOUR 'LUCKY' BEADS and TRINKETS AT THE LARC MARDI-GRAS DANCE MARCH 26, 8:00 PM



Contents

The President's Message.....	1
Birthdays.....	2
Editorial Comment.....	2
Stormy Weather.....	3
Mardi Gras.....	4



Come Out - Come Out - Wherever you Are!

Well, I don't have to tell you it has been another crazy winter here at LARC and we have had more than our share of cold and snow. But the winter is ending quickly and I am sure all you “bares” need to come out of hibernation, replenish those appetites with good food, and get yourself ready to have some fun. The Board has spent a number of hours lining up the activity calendar for this coming season and I think it is right down the line with all the things you like to do. You should have received the calendar in an email by now so you know what I'm talking about. I hope you have already started making plans to have fun with all your fellow LARC members at all these events and activities. You have the dates, mark your calendars. Remember, we always need helping hands to make all these event even more fun and easy to do so please don't be shy about helping out when you can.

As my last year as your President, one of my goals this season is to really make an effort to share our wealth of fun with more than just us usual folks. A few of us visited other clubs in the area last year to develop closer relationships and let them know they are always welcome to come and visit us. It is a first step and was warmly received. Having the convention here last season also helped in this regard. I would encourage all of you to visit other clubs in the region and show them what fun people we are. Also, let's really start thinking about welcoming new members into the warm “way beyond Facebook” friendships that we share here at LARC. I want to propose a challenge to each of you to do what you can to recruit one new member this coming season. This means that you get some of those Guest Pass cards from the LARC office, write your name on it and give it to a friend. Once that card is in their hands, there is a good chance they will come and visit us. Simple. We are going to be continuing with our every Friday Meet & Greet Wine & Cheese campfires which is a perfect way for new visitors to meet many of us and see firsthand what a social bunch of good people we are.

With all that said, I am truly hoping to see ALL of you on March 26 & 27 for the Tent Up Party, the Mardi Gras Party, the Potluck Lunch and our first General Membership Meeting. Tell a Friend... Bring a Friend, let's have FUN!

—Keith



MEMBER'S BIRTHDAYS

MARCH: 1, Lloyd A. , **1,** Tim H., **2,** Tom S.
5, Lynne L., **9,** Elizabeth Y., **10,** Glenna M.
25 , Julie I., **25,** Donna S., **31,** Shawn W.

APRIL: 4, Dan B., **4,** Cheryl S.,
15, John L., **17,** Nancy S., **18,** Claudia L.,
26, Linda L., **28,** Gary P., **30,** Peri W.

MAY: 7, Patty K., **11,** Tara K., **11,** Ben W.,
16, Jan A., **18,** Tom B., **19,** Robert G.,
21, Gary Y., **26,** Ed H., **27,** Kate W.,
28, Bill F.



A very important
**GENERAL MEMBERSHIP
MEETING**

March 27, 1:30 PM

We need your vote on changes to our constitution, as specified in the by laws .

This is your opportunity to participate in clarifying our fundamental organizing principles.

You will want to be there.

As a warm up to the above—

And a necessary one it is!

On MARCH 26,

**WE WILL RESURRECT THE TENT
AND HAVE A LUNCH**

But that's not all folks!

*We will be setting up for our annual
MARDI-GRAS DANCE*

(see p.4)

And like they say on T.V.—

But wait—THERE'S MORE!!

**OUR FAMOUS POT LUCK LUNCH
AT 12:30 PRIOR TO THE
MEMBERSHIP MEETING;
HOW CAN YOU RESIST??**

Winter of my discontent (A cry for help!)



I hope you can help me have a more positive attitude.

You know, like help me focus forward toward the warm, sunny weather ahead, instead of looking back over this past winter. I've been "hunkered down" in my cave for 'way too long. If you're not a kid, *What good thing does one do with snow?*

Not that it snowed all winter, but when it wasn't snowing, it was cold, windy and wet. Good time to stay indoors wrapped in a blanket. Thinking . Good time to write my memoirs, me thinks!

Looking back at my life, I realize that weather has played a very minimal role. I remember so few days in my life when weather made any difference to me at all. Until Now.

For my high school career, I attended a boarding school which was right on the beach in Southern California. Memories are full of sunshine, sand and surf. I'm sure you're starting to feel sorry for me already.

Of course I did have to attend classes during certain hours of the day, and we had to wear uniforms: *Wool pants, shirt and necktie to class, bathing suits to the beach.*

This might have something to do with my being a nudist today!

But back to the subject of weather. Between high school and college I worked as a landscape grunt; which meant that I marched behind a lawnmower many hours per week. I remember most of the complaints about the weather from my fellow workers, was that it was boring. The weather forecast on most days could have been a recording, "Mostly cloudy," they would say, attempting to make it sound different. When I moved up here to the Seattle area in the mid 60's, I remember being confronted with dense fog on several occasions. Still boring, except when I got lost.

The other thing I remember was the rain. Not that it rained all the time, just more than I was used to, being from California. Light rain mostly, so I actually remember the rain only a few times, when it was Really coming down. (Once, especially, when I was looking for an address in Maple Valley)

I was working in "outside sales" which meant that I drove all over the area which is (it says here) a good way to learn a part of the country which was new to me. But again, the new guy with a map is not an even match with downpours. But eventually I did learn the area enough to get around without getting lost too often. But alas, from then on, my jobs were indoors behind a desk, instead of behind the wheel of my car.

So, the bottom line is, I have not been living at the effect of the weather most of my life, until now.

Retirement (read that, sagging body, mind and spirit) has made me more weather dependent. What does one do during a winter like this? Watch TV? Play solitaire? How do I write that up in my memoirs?

I used to watch the news. But that gets boring, if not depressing. Even the weather reports! Political news? Boring! The executives at Fox news are saying that even local boy, Glenn Beck is getting boring! His ratings are down. Not my fault; I wasn't watching already.

I do *read* some things. One newspaper or internet poll after another, just like on TV. Worse than reruns! Boring!

Then the AANR Bulletin arrives with a photo of a guy all smiles, stretched out nude on his deck lounge with snow and ice piled all around. This to cheer me up? The caption says that it's 19 degrees, which means not much different from my deck the other day, but no thanks! Maybe 30 years ago!

Then Jack and Cassandra send me a picture of themselves on the beach

—see Editor's p.4

And the Wind Howled

It was a Monday night when we experienced the first major storm of the season. The wind and rain attacked with a vengeance... Thunder exploded, first in the distance, and then close, then right overhead... we'd seen the TV weather reports (Carl has all three networks timed in his mind to get all the reports sequentially nearly every time).

"Possible T-showers"....check. "Low pressure off the coast, moving south from Canada"... check. "Colder weather moving down from Canada thru the Frazer Valley"... check... and "Winds in excess of 25 mph"... check... and then OOPS!

None of the weathermen (nor ladies) predicted the intensity of those winds, which, instead, exceeded 45 mph, sustained, and had gusts of 50-65 and even 70+ mph, briefly.

The lights flickered several times from about 7:00 p.m. and then just before 9 they went out... and stayed out... We lit flashlights and candles and an oil lamp for light for nighttime preparations. We set the battery alarm clock, put unrinsed dishes into the dishwasher and set the coffee pot... no electricity also meant no water so I was glad of a case of bottled water... we'd have a single flush for each toilet, so best to make it count. We turned off the power strip to the computers and tried to remember which lights were on. We left a tall pillar candle in a dish in the bathroom for a nightlight and were glad we had it several times during the night.



And the wind raged... one bedroom window was open a tiny crack. It hummed and whistled... it howled. We could hear small fir branches hitting the roof. A neighbor's garbage can tumbled into his metal garage door. Dogs farther down the street barked incessantly. Monty, our Bernese mountain dog, hunkered down, afraid of what he could hear, but not see. Strangers see his intimidating size, but we know him as a "cannis wimpis". I stepped out on the porch and saw that the skies were clear in places with scudding clouds. The moon cast dancing shadows across the lawn and suddenly disappeared. Then the wind caught the door and, ripping it out of my hand, slammed it against the wall behind me.

Under an extra blanket in bed, we listened to the Aeolian music, the howls through the window, but knowing that the swaying trees were at the other end of the house, we soon drifted to sleep feeling safe enough. The storm continued until well after midnight, and woke us several times.

The grey morning brought no power, so we dressed in the semi-darkness, had instant coffee with water from the seldom used tea kettle and had bread and peanut butter for breakfast, instead of the fruit and protein smoothies we normally enjoy.

We were glad for the "camping" items we had, the butane lighter for the propane kitchen stove, and should it be needed for dinner, a manual can opener and plenty of bottled water.

Leaving for work, the streets were littered with garbage can lids, leaves and small branches. Here and there a larger branch or a tree thrust an end into the road. Utility crews had worked through the night and were still laboring. I brought my cell phone charger and was able to charge it at work. At home again several hours later, the power was still out and I curled up on a sofa with a fleecy robe on over my clothes.

I'm sure we were better off than some trying to "make do" without power, but I knew that we'd have to do better still, if the power was off longer. Nineteen hours as "pioneers" was inconvenient.

I started a checklist: 1. Flashlights where I could easily find them in the dark. Now I have small ones hanging from 3 different door knobs and another in my robe pocket. 2. Safe candles and matches that are easily accessible, along with holders to catch any dripping wax. 3. A long butane lighter for the camp stove, BBQ and/or gas kitchen stove. 4. A couple cases of bottled drinking water and a couple of filled gallon jugs. 5. Baby wipes for personal hygiene. 6. A manual can opener. 7. Assorted canned goods that could make up a meal with minimal heating, such as tuna, chili, fruit and vegetables, soups. Boxed pasta was NOT on that list. It requires water that would be wasted in draining it and sustained heat at a high temperature, more heat from a wood stove than you want or need otherwise. Raman and instant rice would be fine, however. 8. Paper plates and disposable utensils. 9. Extra blankets and clothing, including wool hats (one loses heat thru the head), loose wool socks to wear to bed and mitts or gloves.

This gives me a start for power outages. In the event of a major snow storm, there are a lot more items to include, presuming we cannot leave the house. 1. A week's worth of prescription medicines set aside. 2. A snow shovel. 3. A sign to tape in the window, visible to the street. On one side it says "HELP" in case we need assistance; the other side says "OK" letting anyone know that we're managing all right.

We'll get to know our neighbors better. Some elderly folks or families with young children may not have the amenities to deal with a long power outage or being cooped up during a snow storm. Perhaps suffering in the company of others will change a disaster into simply an inconvenience....or even an adventure! We were ready.

—Pamela M.



UNCLAD ART SHOW RETURNS

The Unclad Art Show “The Fine Art of the Nude” is at Gallery by the Bay, 8700 271st NW, Stanwood - March 12th through 27th this year. The traditional clothing-optional reception is scheduled for Saturday, March 19th, from 7 pm to 9 pm

SPECIAL PROJECTS

As of the first of this year, there is a \$25 per month charge for any additional (above your one) RV/trailer (any type or condition) on your site or anywhere on the grounds. We cannot be a repository for any “special projects” which do not add to the atmosphere of our award winning park.

Questions? Special cases? See Mike.

NUDE SWIMS

If you miss the nude swims in Seattle and you’re looking for a winter nudist activity or you want to support another nude venue, here is your opportunity.

The SLUGS nude travel club has enjoyed monthly winter swims in the Seattle area for several years. The facility they use will be open a second time monthly for other nudists. On the third Saturday of the month from 6 to 10:30, swims will be open to current members of AANR or TNS and to current members of AANR recognized landed clubs. The fee is \$20/ person. Please bring your ID and AANR/TNS/club membership card.

The plan is for the monthly swims to continue through April and resume in the fall.

The swims take place at the Richmond Retreat at 835 NW 190th St. in Shoreline, just north of Seattle. The facilities are all indoors and include a large pool, hot tub, sauna and a gathering room with tea and coffee and tables to sit and chat or play games. If the parking on site fills, you can also park along the street.

For more information, visit <http://therichmondretreat.blogspot.com/> or call (206) 369-6116 or email therichmondretreat@gmail.com

The following is from the Preamble to our club Constitution, with its proposed amendments scheduled to be voted on at the General Membership meeting, March 27, 2011.

We Believe:

In the essential wholesomeness of the human body and regard it neither as an object of shame nor as a subject for degrading exploitation.

That sun, light and air are vital to human life and well-being.

That exposure to these elements is desirable at such times and such places as are fitting and proper for this purpose

We are entitled to enjoy the benefits of such exposure without interference, provided that we do not cause injury to our fellow citizens.



A “COMING OUT” PARTY

Mardi-Gras is a true “coming out” party, for LARC members, when we are “free at last” to unbutton and cast off our textiles of confinement. When restraints are lifted, it is normal to celebrate; and celebrating is what we do.

Don’t be fooled by all the so-called “Mardi-Gras” you see on the internet! Those who think they are being “cool” to bare their breasts to get some beads to wear, are missing the point. We at LARC know how to throw a REAL Mardi-Gras party!

You see, for most people, Mardi-Gras is the last opportunity for excessive revelry before a long fast—and a time of going without. How depressing can that be?

We know better. We have already gone *without* all winter, and for us Mardi-Gras is our First (not last) opportunity of the New Season to shed some, or all of our clothes and enjoy the moment. That moment is March 26!

True, we wear colorful costumes, that usually don’t stay on very long, but that’s where the similarity with the outside world ends. We won’t expect anyone to feel guilty the next day!

This is a time to be glad you are a nudist! So bring snacks (BYOB), bring beads, bring your dancing shoes, and above all, bring your Party Spirit!

A FEW DETAILS: This is the first event of the season, and there is a need for volunteers to help set up. Not only for the party, but starting bright and early Saturday morning when we set up the tent. Those who participate are welcome to enjoy a special lunch as a reward.

And after lunch, there are details to tend to for the party preparation: what’s a party without decorations and a music system?

Start the new year off with the good habit of volunteering...and DANCING!

Editor’s (cont. from page 2)

near where they spend the winter in South Texas. This is supposed to cheer me up? I have a beach about a mile from where I live also, but if I were to pose for a picture there, I’d have to wear a parka.

Now I must thank you for your patience, wading through this therapy session and this issue of the newsletter. We all slogged through this past winter season away from our LARC activities and friends.

Getting back into the more normal “grind” of putting out a newsletter, is just what I needed to get my head back into looking forward to our nude season!

—Jay