
THE AXE AND SAW

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Grove City College Outing Club

www.gccoc.org

Rachel Kenney & Natalie Jordan

Greetings, Alumni!

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This is Natalie and I's first year as members of the Outing Club and now we are the Alumni Secretaries! It is safe to say that joining the Outing Club has been one of the best decisions I have made in my college career and I wish I had made it sooner! Not only was I finally able to go on my first backpacking trip, something I have always wanted to do, but I have created many new friendships with the awesome members of this club.

This semester has included a plethora of activities such as numerous backpacking trips, swing dancing, a trip to D.C., and many fun times at the cabin. I hope that you will enjoy reading about the memorable experiences we have had as a club this year!

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Letter from the President

Alex Kiselica '17

Dear Outing Club Alumni,

Even though we experienced a warmer and shorter winter than previous years at Grove City College, the Outing Club was still able to experience snow on all of the trips this semester. After returning from a very satisfying winter break, the Outing Club started in full swing. As many new members joined the club, new opportunities presented themselves to the club for all to partake in. Similar to last year, the club was able to participate in the County Market's Valentine's Day Madness Sale. This effort by the club allowed us to get involved in the community by bagging groceries for the shoppers and earn some money on the side. This year we also had our Second Annual Spring Pie Sale. Under the direction of Kate Perry and her hard-working team, we were able to make over 100 pies in one weekend. Our "secret" recipe was brought out of the vault, and the pies were enjoyed by both students and faculty.

I would like to thank all of the alumni that have been a part of the club this semester. The generous sacrifice of your time has allowed the club to grow and participate in activities that it would not be able to do without your commitment. The Beast Feast this year had over thirty-five people that had plenty to eat. Thanks to

Tom and several other alumni, there was plenty of good food to go around. The club really appreciates everyone who helps out, because we realize that the cabin couldn't exist without your hard work! As the semester winds to an end, the club will lose some great seniors that have helped to make the club what it is today. I wish each and every one of them success as they go into their chosen careers. I encourage them to remain active alumni in the many years to come.

The Outing Club has participated in numerous events this semester, and we are already looking to next semester's prospects. Clubbers have been involved in snowy backpacking trips in Virginia and Pennsylvania. We have also had smaller events, such as game nights at the cabin and bowling nights on campus. We have held numerous dinners that include the Valentine's Day dinner, the Beast Feast, and a Senior dinner. All of these events and more have given us the ability as a club to come together and spend quality time to create everlasting friendships. As we celebrate another successful semester, I wish everyone a safe and happy summer, and I look forward to seeing everyone at Homecoming, and especially at the Pig Roast.

Regards,

Alexander P. Kiselica '17

Valentine's Day Dinner

Brian Miller '19

Saturday, February 17 the Grove City Outing Club held its annual Valentine's Day Dinner. The men cooked the food for the women. The cabin was decorated with cut out hearts with heart felt messages written on them and streamers of white, pink, and red. Before everyone arrived to enjoy the scrumptious meal there was chocolate dipping. During this time many things were dunked. There were Oreos, marshmallows, strawberries and grapes. Yes, grapes were dipped into chocolate and they were very good even though it seems to be a strange combination. After the chocolate everyone arrived and we sat down and enjoyed a delicious meal together. After consuming steak, potatoes, bacon, and chocolate covered everything, we played hearts until most people retired and went back to campus.

Washington D.C. Trip

Maddi Romano '19

Over Spring Break, the Outing Club had a group that went down to Washington DC. We stayed with a member's family while we were there. We went to the city on the first day and explored the Museum of Natural History, looking at a lot of really cool exhibits. We then walked around the city to look at a few of the memorials. My favorite moment of that day was what we called "The Most American Thing Ever," we were all standing on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial when we spotted a bald eagle flying overhead. A bald eagle, the very bird that is the symbol of freedom and beauty flying in our nation's capital over the memorial of one of our nation's greatest presidents. It was really cool, and most likely, a once in a life time experience to see that.

We spent the next day in Old Town Alexandria, it was a really cool place. We had lunch in an Italian restaurant and walked around looking at the shops.

The last full day of our trip we went for a hike up "Old Rag". This was my favorite part of the trip. The days leading up to that day, were very cold and cloudy, but on that day the sun came out and the temperature got up to about 60 degrees, we had really lucked out. The hike was different compared to other hikes I have gone on, at about the half way point up the mountain, the hike turned into more of a rock climb. It was definitely a struggle, most of the rocks were still covered in snow and ice, so it was very slippery, but when you got to the peek it was totally worth it. The view was absolutely breathtaking, and the peek had many large rocks that you could climb up on to look out from. When we finished the hike I remember being so sore, but if I was given the chance to do that hike again, I would not hesitate to do it.

Hiking at Old Rag

Sarah Scuvener '19

On February 20th, several outing clubbers traveled to Virginia to hike Old Rag Mountain. We met at the parking lot around 10:30 am and walked the short distance to the trail head. The trail began with a series of switchbacks that ascended the wooded side of the mountain.

Despite anticipating many other hikers on an abnormally warm February weekend, we passed a large amount of groups already heading back down the mountain. Reaching the boulder scramble portion of the hike, we realized why: more snow lay on the hillside at the higher altitude, and the path was patchworked with thick sheets of ice, slick and partially melting as the day warmed. From there, our progress was often slowed by large parties of hikers bottlenecked at difficult or icy lengths of trail.

Later, we stopped for lunch at one of the overlooks, which offered a good view of the surrounding hills, now far below us. Although we became concerned about the length of daylight left, many of our group continued to the summit. The view was complete and uninterrupted. Old Rag rose taller than the surrounding mountains, which stood like frozen ocean waves, gradually melting into a flat blue horizon that joined the sky a spectacular distance away. It was a view well worth the work.

To return, we followed the same route back down the icy slopes. The descent was much faster and included fewer other hikers, much unintentional, un-controlled ice skating, and a few well aimed snow balls.

What do Tanning Beds, York Peppermint Patties, and Near-Hypothermic experiences have in common?

Alex Metzger '17

Nothing, but unrelated things happen quite frequently in Outing Club adventures. These unrelated events simultaneously occurred during a weekend escapade to Dolly Sods Wilderness. This trip attracted *nineteen* outing clubbers, active members and alumni alike. Surprisingly, we also returned with nineteen outing clubbers, mostly unscathed.

For the first unrelated item on the list, we must travel down memory lane to the time when five car-bound outing clubbers, including yours truly, felt the call of nature, and I don't mean the call to go backpacking, so we stopped at a gas station that had restrooms. It was a quaint little convenience store, and by quaint I mean *highly suspect*. Firstly, for the time of night and how few customers were present, there were way too many employees on the clock. Secondly, they had a "deli" that sold sandwiches at very affordable

prices. This aspect turned out to be less suspicious than I thought, as I boldly consumed a made-to-order roast beef sub with no ill effects. Thirdly, bringing us to the first unrelated item, this convenience store also advertised a tanning bed. *Sure, guys, let's go fill up the car, grab a bag of Doritos, and get a tan while we're at it.* I didn't actually see said tanning booth, but I saw a makeshift room with a paper sign taped to the door that stated "Tanning Bed" in handwritten letters. Honestly, I was about ready to rid myself of my Grove City-induced ghostly complexion, but I decided that I didn't want a tanning booth to be the last place I was seen.

As to the second unrelated item on the list, I remembered that when one bites into a York Peppermint Patty, that one gets the sensation of being on a frozen mountaintop. Why, do you ask, would I want that sensation if I were already on a frozen mountaintop? I ask myself that same question all the time. Long story short, I bought and packed with me a 1-lb bag of York Patties as my primary snack. Longing for calories, I finished the entire bag during the two-day trip. I no longer want the peppermint patty-induced sensation.

Regarding the third unrelated experience, this trip required everyone to cross wide stretches of knee-deep streams. Many strategies were employed to cross to the other side, some more successful than others. A particular anonymous member whom I shall call Tatt Merry, came up with the clever idea to surround his booted legs with 30-gallon leaf bags and march across the stream, theoretically keeping his feet dry. The plan worked for about one third of the journey, then the bags ripped and began to fill with water. I decided not to use that strategy. Some travelled upstream to find a shallower crossing. We are still determining their whereabouts. The majority of us, including myself, decided to perform an arctic rite of passage where one boldly walks through an icy stream in one's bare feet. It worked fine for almost the first half of the journey, then that cold feeling kicked in, that kind of numb sensation that includes excruciating pain when you knock your frozen limb against a boulder in the stream. Halfway across the stream, the water was past my knees, and the rocks were slippery. Grovers dislike nothing more than Slippery Rocks. The fear of falling in the water gripped me, but I had a choice to make: I could either stop to cry until my feet

froze off and I drifted away, or I could ignore the pain, embrace the fear, and trudge onward. I have never been more thankful for dry land. Surprisingly, everyone made it across all of the creek crossings without falling in.

Thus ends the account of the three unrelated items of our adventure. We also climbed mountains and stood in awe of Creation and stuff, too.



Pie Baking

Becki Krupp '18

When I think of pies, I think of my grandmother. A small kitchen and a homemade apple pie with ice cream. I think about wallpapered rooms and soft carpet and stories from years ago. But when the Outing Club makes pies, nostalgia comes second to flour-covered hands and pie crust. We laughed and mixed and covered and labeled and worried, and in the end breathed a sigh of relief. To summarize our efforts, I picked out some important numbers...

3 days of orders. From Wednesday to Friday, the orders kept rolling in.

9 kitchens. Once we realized the incredible number of pies and recognized the need for multiple ovens, the search began. Luckily, we were able to find many willing friends to assist in the endeavor.

10 hours of work. We began to prepare crust at 1 PM on Sunday. Eventually, we ran out of room in the kitchen, so we split our crew into two kitchens and worked to fill the pies and add the top crusts. Then we moved the pies to the ovens, and began baking!

110 UFOs on the back porch. We covered all of the pies and labeled them to be delivered the next

morning. As we labeled, we placed them on the back porch. The aluminum foil covering them reflected the light from inside the house, and it looked like we had an army of aliens coming to invade. After the pies were labeled, we sorted them by delivery time and brought them back into the dining room.

110 Pies. Crust made, pies filled and baked. Covered and labeled and sorted and delivered. Done.

Driving Incident on the Way to Georgia

Jake Dudt '17

Back in the fall of 2014, a bunch of us from the club headed down to Georgia to hike a portion of the AT. There were multiple cars going, and we all planned to meet down in North Carolina at Evan Avery's house and strike out early the next morning. My then girlfriend and I were heading down together with another clubber in his car. We got off to a little later start than the others that day, because I have to finish work.

I cannot remember exactly, but I think we started off with an ETA of 1:00 am. Everything was going well on the way down. We were just having a good time listening to music and making conversation. We made very good time, expecting to possibly arrive earlier than expected. We got off the larger highways, cruising along some winding two lanes in North Carolina.

At around 12:00 am, we were running low on gas, but thought we had just enough to make it to Evan's. Well, we were wrong. We ran out of gas with the needle still above the empty line. Dumb car. To make the situation worse, we were in a rural part of the state. Thankfully, though, we pulled into a lone gas station just as the engine sputtered out. But to add insult to injury, the gas station was closed. Realizing that getting gas there was not going to happen, we thought through our options. There were three of them. One, call Evan and ask him to bring some gas to us. Two, wave people down as they drove past. Three, push the car out of the gas station and down the hill, trying to get down the road as far as we could and possibly to another gas station.

Our ever-positive and enthusiastic driver was less than thrilled at the prospect of calling Evan and asking him to bring some gas for us. It

was a violation of his ego or something. Instead, we opted to flag someone down for help. After a few vehicles passed without result, we realized that this option might not work. No one really wants to stop for a few frantically waving individuals at 12:00 am! Still not wanting to call Evan, we decided to try to make it to another gas station. This was a longshot, but we went for it anyway.

Somehow, the engine turned over, and we pulled out of the gas station, quite literally running on fumes. We made it down the road for another 5min until the engine quit entirely. We tried pushing it over the hill we were on, but that did not get us too far. We resigned ourselves to flagging down cars again. It seemed hopeless. Very few cars came by, and none were stopping for us.

As an answer to prayer, someone finally stopped for us. We were overjoyed about this at first. Then we noticed that these people were a little weird. They were a college couple out on break, similar to us, but they did not seem to be their “normal selves.” Not that we actually knew what their normal selves were like, but... well, you get the picture. They offered to take us to the next gas station and bring us back with gas for the vehicle. We were not going to complain under the situation. The couple did not have enough seats for us all, so my girlfriend and I stayed with the empty vehicle while our driver went with the couple to get gas. As he got into the car, the guy told him “to kick the cans to the side; don’t worry, I’ve been doing this since I was s--ting yellow.” I did not see what kind of cans these were. One could only assume. They drove off.

My girlfriend and I had a good chat in the empty car while we waited. After about an hour, we started to wonder if everything was okay. We figured that they had not been gone long enough yet to call 911, so we waited a little longer. They came back a little later. The next open gas station was about 25 minutes down the road. When our driver got there, the gas station did not sell any gas cans. If my memory serves me right, he solved that problem by buying a 2 liter soft drink, emptying it, and then filling the empty bottle with gas. Slightly illegal, but it worked.

We filled the car, and after thanking the couple for helping us out, we got back on the road. Again, I do not remember the exact time,

but I think we made it to Evan’s between 3:00am and 4:00 am. We got a couple hours of sleep. The next day we started early and went on to have a great trip (minus the 24+ hours of rain). We swore to secrecy that we would not tell anyone about what happened on our drive down. My girlfriend and I had some hilarious moments as the driver dodged and winced at questions about how long it took us. Good memories!

AT Backpacking Trip

Danny Downward ‘18

Easter break was a blast! It was filled with fellowship, food, and ferocious frolicking. Ok, well, I couldn’t think of a word for backpacking that started with an “f” but at least it got your attention. Anyways, it began Friday evening once we all arrived at the Seaton’s home. They were very kind to let us stay the night. Of course, by stay the night I mean cook us an amazing meal, give us delicious foreign fudge, and let us sleep in beds which beckoned us to stay and never leave. After ditching about 20 pounds of extra food and still managing to have 50 pound packs we were ready to start our journey on the Appellation Trail. It was a lovely 40 degrees outside with sunshine and a light breeze, in the valley, about 2,000 feet below us, where we were not backpacking. No, this was an Easter trip, and it just wouldn’t be the same without snow. In the first few hours of backpacking, we experienced snow, sleet, and very cold rain. It was great; we got to try out each weather condition and find out which one made us the coldest. At lunch time we found a nice rock to hide behind. Matt Terry found a particularly nice crevice to bundle up in, shielding him from the assault of icy bombardment coming from the sky. A while after our lunch of summer sausage and cheese wraps we came across some overlooks. We could tell there were miles of beautiful valley landscapes beneath the sea of murky grey which blocked our view. That night, dinner briefly preceded bedtime since there was no fire to keep us outside.

The rest of the trip progressively got better. The second day was beautiful! I thought we had woken up in Narnia or something the way the snow was perfectly fused with the ground and trees. The overlooks were just as gorgeous; this

time we really could see for miles. Due to an injury, we only went eight miles that day. Mrs. Seaton was extremely gracious and picked us up faster than Road Runner escaping Wile E. Coyote. We then left the base of the Priest to go to their house. That night we found out that the secret to chilly mac is hot sauce. Improved weather made the trip get even better. We did day hikes to Crab Treefalls and Humpback Rocks. The falls were incredible with an amazing view at the top. Because of Alex's Grove City shirt and Evan's social abilities we met some Grove City parents, the Holcombe's, and were even offered to have dinner with them if we wanted. We then went to Humpback Rocks. It was breathtaking; the weather was clear, and we nearly had a 360 degree view. The rock looked like the one in the lion king where Rafiki held Simba above the other animals. Finally, we reached our camp site by the Paul C. wolf shelter. This was the best night. We had a roaring fire, a nearby stream, and "NO RULES MASHED POTATOES!" There was a beautiful full moon, and Doctor got a great picture of the moon and fire together. Overall the trip was fantastic; even in the cold it was still fun to get to know the guys better. Plus, as a tough hiker told us, "You got to escape the box man, all ya need is what ya got on yur back to be happy!" In all seriousness though, it was a great opportunity for us guys to enjoy God's creation away from the norm of school and every day stress.



Laurel Highlands Backpacking Trip

Joscelyn Seaton '16

Backpacking trips are a wonderful dance between the Outing Club, the weather, and the laws of entropy. This year, snow graced our trip, making us the April Fools. We roasted cinnamon rolls over an open fire, while Jack Frost nipped at

our noses. Needless to say, we laughed a lot during this Laurel Highlands trip.

On Thursday, March 31st, my brother Sam Seaton '22 traveled up to Grove to experience college life and his first backpacking trip. Although he is only a high school sophomore, I am beginning my political campaign to convince him to go to Grove City. He would be the perfect Grover!

On Friday morning, April 1st, Sam visited several science classes with me. One of his conversations with a professor particularly cracked me up. When the professor asked why he was touring Grove City, Sam simply expressed, "I'm excited to go backpacking." Clearly, Sam has already mastered his college priorities! Outing Club is first. School is second. He is a natural Outing Clubber.

Later Friday night, we arrived safely to the Laurel Highlands trailhead. Around the campfire, many a conversation could be heard about finance, old OC trips, and biology. I enjoyed sitting and watching everyone's interactions. The club had changed so much since my freshman year, yet it still had the same rich character that I had encountered upon my first outing. The Outing Club bond was ever so strong. On Saturday, we hiked twelve miles. Our day featured beautifully the small elevation changes of western Pennsylvania, until we arrived at Knee-Buster Hill. Our sixteen member group had the pleasure of making a steep descent for the last two miles. As one Outing Clubber has said before, that hike gave us all "Constitution points plus twenty!"

We arrived at our campsite mid-afternoon. The group had made excellent time. We soon set up our tents, collected wood, filtered water, set up the fire, and realized that... we had left the cooking spoon at the last campsite! This trend seems to be on the rise with the club. It seems as though we have chosen to supplement our dietary fiber intake by cooking with a stick. After dinner, Rachel Schmidt '16 surprised us with cinnamon buns to roast over the fire. Many exclaimed, "The icing is delicious!" I fear we may have spoken too loudly, for soon after, the Outing Club's personal storm cloud contributed its own icing to our trip. It rained and snowed the rest of the night. We all huddled in our shelter and discussed controversial topics the rest of the

night. On Sunday morning, we awoke to find two inches of snow on the ground! Have you not heard the saying that April snow showers bring May flowers?

Reflecting on the Laurel Highlands trip, I am glad that my brother Sam had a chance to join our backpacking trip and see what life with the Outing Club is like. He experienced all of the Outing Club traditions: bad weather, large fires, Olive Garden, and spoon-forgetfulness. His visit prompted my reflection on the future of the Outing Club. He will be a GCC freshman when the current OC freshmen are seniors. His future Outing Club experiences will be characterized by a completely different group of clubbers than I experienced. The only way for us as upperclassmen to preserve the community found within the Outing Club is for us to pour into underclassmen and to train them as future club leaders. Our senior legacy is not the tales of the adventures had in our senior year. Our legacy involves the future of the club. We must prepare others to take our place and encourage them as they make strides to do so. As graduation fast approaches, I cannot wait to return to the Outing Club as an alumnus and to witness how the emerging OC leaders have contributed their own special talents and ideas to the workings of the club.



Joscelyn '16 & Sam '22

Senior reflections on a time well spent in the GCCOC

Evan Avery '16

I am asked occasionally, mostly jokingly but sometimes seriously, whether I am majoring in outdoor studies at Grove City. From all external appearances, it would indeed seem so. My weekends are usually spent gallivanting all over God's creation, and my Facebook pictures are made up almost entirely of scenic overlooks from backpacking trips. And I wouldn't have it

any other way. While the Outing Club has taken up most of my college weekends, these weekends were not wasted. Instead of fritting my free time away watching Netflix or playing video games, I have experienced some of the best backpacking on the whole east coast, have travelled to numerous other areas of interest, and have enjoyed so many wonderful weekends at the cabin.

In reflecting upon backpacking adventures over the last 4 years, the club has travelled to, just to mention a few places: The White Mountains, the Shenandoah Valley, Springer Mountain (beginning of the Appalachian Trail), Harpers Ferry, Mt. Rogers, Red River Gorge, The Laurel Highlands Trail, Roan Highlands, Dolly Sods, the Adirondack Mountains, the North Country Trail, Joyce Kilmer, and Oil Creek. Even more trips have been taken besides these, but this should give you a pretty good idea regarding the caliber of the trips.

I have taken away countless lessons from my time spent in the Outing Club, most of which, I would say, I have learned from the plethora of backpacking trips. The following are a few key lessons learned which I feel will serve well in other areas of life.

Firstly, backpacking has taught me the importance of never giving up. Winston Churchill had the right idea. In backpacking, you really can't give up, because if you do, then you are left sitting in the wilderness. I think this tenacity and perseverance is a valuable life skill, and is easily transferable to the workplace and life in general. In addition, along with perseverance, I have found that having a positive mental attitude is what makes or breaks a trip. On all too many trips we have hiked all day in driving rain or snow, camped in freezing conditions, shivered our way to sleep, and lost the cooking spoon. But throughout, everyone continues going on trips because even terrible conditions can be enjoyable with the right perspective.

Learning how to plan a trip is another valuable skill which I will take away from my time in the club. This has already come in handy numerous times, and has greatly aided in planning for the future with regards to other life events such as vacations and cross country adventures.

One of the most valuable lessons learned from backpacking has been the importance of

surrounding oneself with positive influences. It seems that on almost every backpacking trip I have ended up talking to someone else regarding how backpacking solo is enjoyable, but it can't compare to backpacking with a group of close friends. It truly is the fellowship that matters, with the spectacular scenery and overlooks being secondary.

Hopefully this short reflection on my four years in the club has shown how large of an impact the club has had on my college experience, and, indeed, on my life. It is my wish that the club will continue to do so for generations of Grovers to come.

Summer Outing 2016: June 9-12

This year's annual alumni, students, friends and family outing will be in early June so that we can get some critical work done before the cabin and yard is closed for the foundation construction project.

At this this time the cabin and yard will be closed for all activities from ~June 15 until October 15 while the foundation, porches and decks are rebuilt. At various times the road and yard will be a complete mess and the cabin will be up on blocks with no access, gas or water.

Please do not attempt to use the cabin while construction is ongoing. We will post some construction pictures to the web site periodically to keep everyone informed of the progress.

We will be taking care of the annual spring box service, some critical tree removal and the regular servicing of mowers etc. We will also be doing some prep work for the construction project like relocating the grill and shelter.

As always meals will be provided starting Thursday noon and continue through Sunday noon. If you are able to join us please contact Alumni Cabin Manager Mark Place by email mpplace@johnplaceinc.com or phone 412-877-0050 or Sue Knechtel slkgeneral@hotmail.com by June 7th to assist with meal planning and with any dietary concerns.

Shooting at the cabin

The range will be closed during the construction project

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION NEEDED

After discussion with our president and several alumni, we are planning to streamline our mailing list, eliminating those alumni who no longer wish to receive the Axe and Saw. This process will not be completed until 2017, so please be patient.

That being said, we need you to take action!

If you wish to continue receiving the Axe and Saw, please either email Rachel Kenney indicating you wish to receive the mailing or cut out the card below and mail it to me (R M Kenney, address on page 1).

IF WE DO NOT HEAR FROM YOU by Fall 2017, you will be eliminated from the list.

NOTE: This notice will run for the next several mailings. ONCE you have responded, your "vote will be cast" and you will be kept on the list. Thank you!

Yes! I would like to receive the Axe and Saw in the future!

My name is:

Any address changes:

Any comments:

The dates for Homecoming 2016 are September 30th - October 2nd