
THE AXE AND SAW

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Grove City College Outing Club

www.gccoc.org

Rachel Kenney & Natalie Jordan

Greetings, Alumni!

When Rachel and I were looking to join GCCOC our junior year, we were hoping to bond with other outdoor enthusiasts as well as try new activities we wouldn't be able to try otherwise. We have now made it to our senior year, and it's hard not to be sentimental about the club! Our initial reasonings for joining the club have been surpassed with numerous additional blessings. Some of these additional blessings include partaking in the rich history and shared interests of the club's various members past and present, and the ability to escape campus life and rest in silence at the cabin. Although this year has proven unique due to cabin renovations, it is clear that the bonds amongst the club's members create GCCOC - all cheesiness aside, a change in geography did not prevent the club from enjoying time together. There is also an adaptability demonstrated in the club's members that would make our rugged founders proud. Whatever the circumstance, we made the most of difficult situations. Even though we couldn't use the cabin for the pig roast as per tradition, our president did a wonderful job taking what he was given and planning a successful pig roast. All in all, Rachel and I are proud to have been a part of the Outing Club, and it was a privilege to serve as your alumni secretaries!

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Letter from the President

Alex Kiselica '17

Hello Outing Club Alumni!

Surprisingly like last year, Grove City College and the surrounding area has experienced a lot of favorable weather this fall. The warm weather, which lasted into the beginning of November, has allowed for some of the best weather for our trips.

With the start of a new semester the club had the pleasure of welcoming many new members into our family. These new members of all ages fit right in and wasted no time in participating in the exciting outings that we have had. I know I speak for the rest of the group when I say that we look forward to seeing what they will bring to the club in the coming years.

As always the semester was a busy one for the club, especially with the renovation of the cabin. Our annual new member dinner was held on lower campus with a fire pit, volleyball, lawn games and lots of food! This semester has also seen a good bit of backpacking in the club with trips to the Adirondacks in New York, the Shenandoah Mountains, and the Laurel Highlands Trail in Ohio Pyle, PA. The club also participated in the fall party with “Olympics,” out at the local Grove City Memorial Park. This event included one-legged racing, log throwing, and lots of good food!

While the annual pig roast was not held at the cabin for the first time in its history, it still went very smoothly and was a great time. I would like to thank everyone, especially Kate Perry and Madi Romano, who took care of preparing all of the food and pies. The pig, chickens, pies, and side dishes were delicious, as evident by the little leftover food. It was great to meet everyone who was able to make it out, we ended up hosting around a hundred students, faculty, and alumni. I hope to see everyone again next year, especially if you were not able to make it this year!

I have truly enjoyed my time as president of the club these past two years. It has taught me so many valuable lessons and I am truly honored to have lead the best club on campus. The memories that I have had and will continue to have while being a part of the Club will be memories that I remember for the rest of my life. I hope that in reading all about the fantastic outings that have happened this semester, you will be able to reminisce about your time in the club.

An Adirondack Adventure

Alyssa Black '18

Labor Day weekend is always a long-awaited break. Even with only five days of classes under our belts, the three day break is much needed. This year, nine of us decided to use this opportunity to travel over seven hours to the Adirondack Mountains in New York for a backpacking trip. It was nearly midnight when we

(finally) found the campsite, and it was rather chilly, but the sky was clear and the stars were incredible. The next morning we packed up and set off for High Falls, our next camp location. Along the way, we carefully avoided any plant that could potentially be the poisonous wild parsnip that several signs warned us about at the trail head. A few miles into our trip, we took a short excursion to High Rock. It was indeed a rock, but it was not in fact very high.

When we arrived at High Falls, we discovered the only empty lean-to was across the creek. The top of the waterfall seemed to be an easy enough place to cross. It was solid rock on each side with an “island” that stuck out in the middle. It was only a small jump from one side to the island and again to the other side. Wanting to avoid any wet packs, wet persons, or an unfortunate fall down the waterfall, we devised a plan to throw our packs from one point to another. The plan was working excellently – then one of the female members decided to give pack throwing a try. As she began to throw it, she realized she did not have enough force behind the pack for it to make it across, so at the last second she kept ahold of it. However, she had made it past the point of no return and she and the pack started going across. Many cries of horror and disbelief were shouted out as we were only feet from the waterfall, however the female member kept a tight hold on her pack and effortlessly stepped to the other side, avoiding disaster. Having made great time, we then proceeded to set up camp, explore the area, and enjoy some rest along the rocks.

The next day, we again packed up and safely crossed the water. Having an even shorter hike ahead of us than the day before, we decided to take a short excursion up Cat Mountain. The hike up the mountain turned out to be a little more difficult than we expected, especially with our packs on, but we made it to the top soon enough, and the view was very well worth it. As we were sitting there, eating lunch, some gnats began to bite. Before long, we were all going “bug crazy” and quickly made our way off the mountain top.

Our next campsite was much easier to get to, and was even by a lake. We spent some time swimming, but the most fun was in our attempt to catch fish. Several methods were tested, from bare hands to rock traps, but these were

unsuccessful. One member used some fishing line and a hook that we found, as well. With some, patience, this method did result in success, as he was able to catch a fish. The rest of the evening was spent taking naps, playing cards, and enjoying a campfire. The following day we had a short hike out before our long car ride back to Grove City.

All in all it was a rather relaxing trip in one of my favorite places. The trail was a pretty easy hike, though it had a few exciting obstacles – in one place the trail was a fallen tree that went over a pond and in other places the trail followed along a beaver dam. It was a great way to spend our first weekend back “on” campus.



Fall Break

Joshua Bauder '20

As a freshman, this fall break trip was my first Outing Club outing. I've been backpacking before, and I knew what to expect, but every trip is unique, and every group of people with it. The trail was beautiful and had numerous waterfalls and overlooks. The trek was an adventure, but the trip up was even more of one.

We left for Shenandoah National Park at six on Thursday morning. We had packed up the cars the night before, and so all we had to do was arrive, dressed, and ready to go. I was assigned to ride in Madi's car which was a little old green Volvo which she called the Green Bean. My impression of this peculiarly named mechanized legume was a little uneasy from the moment I arrived: the hood was up and multiple fluids were being added to the brakes, oil, and transmission departments that lived in the back of the car. Once we all finally arrived by the mail boxes behind the PLC, we got in our cars. Madi turned the key and this little Green Bean let out a roar

from its meek frame, rumbling like a car much older or masculine than its name implied. Despite this brief but somewhat startling moment, the car carried on its way to the highway without an issue, leading the caravan of vehicles.

Early on while on the highway, Alex, a senior and the current club president, who was sitting shotgun, was talking over the trip details with Madi, who was the main planner of this trip and was so for the first time, ensuring both for her nerves' and for the trip's sake that everything had been packed, planned, and taken care of. During this conversation the topic of the route came up; the route that we were driving to the park had us going on a very expensive toll road in just a few moments. It appeared that google had switched the route a little before Madi showed the other drivers back by the mail boxes to this toll road. One car was quickly and easily contacted, the other not so much. Alex called every member of the other car, all of which did not answer. He then called again, but none of them answered. When the exit for the alternative route came, the last car missed it and that was the last we saw of them, until we arrived at the park.

Just after getting on this new road Madi noticed, or took notice, of a mysterious warning light on her dash that none of the passengers had seen before. Alex dug through the glove compartment that was as packed as the car itself, found the manual, and flipped through its numerous pages to find what this bizarre symbol meant. In short, she was somehow running low on coolant, but had no problems with engine temperature. For the rest of the drive, we would stop frequently to top off the coolant, which of course could be found in the complete auto liquid stash in the back.

Madi's phone does not do well with functions other than that directly related to a phone's original purpose. This is very much the case with google maps. When an exit was fast approaching, her phone over heated and shut down. I pulled my phone out and we used it for a long while until it was about to die. Again this happened when we were amidst a more intricate sequence of exits and turns. Madi's phone was put back into commission just as mine was shutting off, but it again steadily got warmer.

Amidst this phone switching, we left Pennsylvania. The Green Bean managed to toot along at a good steady pace out of Pennsylvania, but it was almost like it hit a wall the moment we entered West Virginia. Madi put her pedal to the floor and the engine grunted and roared, but the speedometer drooped backwards and the acceleration was puzzlingly in the wrong direction. Going up a hill, or a mountain, which somehow seems to be more than half of the time you are in West Virginia no matter the direction, we would be passed by every car on the road, barely managing forty-five in a seventy zone. Looking out the back window we would see a truck that was following us to the park come speeding up behind, but it was really just us slowing down. The driver of the truck at one of the stops later jokingly offered to push us up the mountains.

By now we were more than half way there, struggling up the constant hills, and postponing any adding of coolant, but Madi's phone overheated again. With the other phones in the car not having signal or battery, we came up with a solution: stick it out the window, but not a normal window, stick it out of the roof. What other cars thought when we would roar up a mountain side at a shuttering forty-five miles per hour in our meek green Volvo with a phone sticking out the top like a dorsal fin must have been interesting.

The trip was a blast, beautiful, and memorable. The scenery and the people are something I will long remember, but the trip up there is something I will never forget.

The Great Pie-Baking

Michael Augspurger '18

“Ah Saturday, what a peaceful day” I thought as I woke up. “Oh no!” came the next thought as I remembered that this Saturday was the day of pie baking for the outing club. With the prospect of baking over 50 pies crashing upon my cob-webbed mind, I knew I had to get moving. So I rushed to shower and dress before getting to the Larry House (one of the college's off campus owned houses) to start making pies and baking 'em. As I got there, supplies were being unloaded and the beginnings of crust

making were being prepared. Madi (one of our historians) and Kate (our slightly frazzled VP) were in full logistics mode, checking our supplies and organizing the growing crew of eager volunteers. This was my third pie baking day with the Outing Club and I was ready to start peeling apples. Luckily this year it wasn't raining (unlike last year as Tim and Brian may remember), so peeling the apples on the back porch was going to be fun. We got the peeler and slicer contraption going, which really cuts up the apples quick. Meanwhile, the crusts were being made inside the house and Kate had gone on a last-minute supply run. Once a few Mixed-Berry pies were ready, I was tasked with taking them to East Main (where we had been given access to the many ovens) for baking. Once those had gone into the ovens, Madi sent me, Jake (our Cabin Manager), and Amy back to the church with the supplies to make 10 pecan pies. Once there, I set about preheating the ovens (which involved getting some help to open the ovens and relight the pilots, which weren't supposed to be out). As the ovens were getting hot, Jake and Amy were measuring and mixing the dark corn syrup, sugar, vanilla extract, eggs, and pecans together to make the pies. At one point, we had pies in 4 different ovens across 3 different rooms around the church. After Jake and Amy cleaned up the kitchen, I watched the pies bake and then took them back to the Larry House. As I entered the house, I saw the growing stash of aluminum foiled pies in the living room, but there were still a few more apple pies to be baked, so off I went to the church to put another round of pies in the ovens. I returned to the house for the last time with my delivery of 8 aluminum saucers filled with crispy-crust, gooey, cinnamon apple insides to the living room. The house full of pies and lacking volunteers for the end had come much earlier for many. It was another tiring, exciting pie day for the Outing Club.

As I think back on pie-baking, I know that it can be a bit stressful organizing and planning the baking of 50+ pies in a single day using lots of different ovens and dozens of volunteers. However, I think very fondly of the 3 times I have done it so far and I look forward to next spring, when I hope we can eclipse last

year's mark of 110 pies for fundraising! It's always fun spending time with friends and it's even more fun to accomplish something challenging with those friends. Thank you to all the alumni that made our pig roast this year and for those that couldn't make it, I hope to see some of you next year once the cabin's new foundation is set.

The Finest Olympians

Bryan Miller '19

This year only the elite Olympians joined in the GCCOC Olympics. The Olympics were moved from their original area to Grove City Memorial Park. The weather was great but the ground was wet. Unlike previous years these games were every man for himself. There were games of speed including sack races and three legged races. There were games of skill these included Can Jam and one footed noodle jousting. The final event of the games was carving pumpkins and this activity was intense. There were no knives except for the pocket knives that the members had on them. Most of the competitors made faces but every one of the pumpkins had character. The two pumpkins that were not faces were an owl, created by Bryan Miller, and a manatee, created by Madi. In the end Megan Lawson won with a creatively made face. Because of this, Megan was the winner of one of the two trophies that were given out on this momentous occasion. The other trophy went to Bryan Miller for being the most normal person at the event.

As the games wound down it was time to eat and the delectable treat that was consumed was walking tacos. The bags were the slide bags which insured that they were closed before shaking. Some people (Jake Dudt) decided to rip of the top before putting everything into the bag and shaking the ingredients together. He learned from this mistake and the next time he got a bag he mixed and then ripped. After eating it was time to relax. Half of the Olympians went over to a swing while the others played a riveting game of B.S. The games were a success this year even

though they could not be at the cabin.



The Glorious Weekend (November 5-6)

Amy Lang '19

6 hours, 52 pies, and 1 rolling pin. Common denominator? The annual pig roast, though we didn't actually roast a pig, but do details actually matter?

What does matter, though, is that I and many other outing clubbers made the rational decision to forgo typical Saturday homework in favor of baking things. A noble endeavor indeed, we began at the Larry House around 10 AM with approximately three times the Crisco we needed and approximately 0.2 rolling pins (a plastic cup we found, until Kate appeared with an actual rolling pin).

In any case, the pie production was off and running in no time. I'd somehow snagged the simple job of getting air bubbles out of dough, which in essence turned into me taking my frustration (brought on by calculus and database management) out on some poor, defenseless pie crust. Things ran pretty smoothly from there on out, aside from that little hiccup at East Main when Michael Augspurger couldn't get the ovens to turn on, I couldn't find anything (even though everything was pretty clearly labelled) and Jake Dudt kept teasing the dark corn syrup for being "corny," but I won't get into that. A few hours, and several trips to and from the apartments, later and we had an abundance of pie and there was so much tin foil that it looked like we were preparing for an alien invasion.

The next day, Katie Ross (secretary, and my roommate) and I, were supposed to cover guard duty at the pavilion for the pig roast. I, a computer science major, was going to use that two hour window (meant for doing nothing but

existing) to teach Katie the fundamentals of C++ (a computer language). White board in tow, we got Madi Romano (historian) to drive us over. Just a side note; while explaining classes and their function in video gaming I actually had a nerd moment so strong I almost cried a little. Once our shift was over, we made a b-line for the swings.

We were all swinging peacefully, Madi having her own nerd moment, until I took a leaf pile to the head and suddenly we were fighting what would go down in infamy as the Great Leaf Battle of 2016. It was every female for herself, no mercy was shown, we all ended up with leaves in our hair (and pants if I'm perfectly honest). The final battle took place as we made one big leaf pile and proceeded to wrestle about in it. After this, though, my plane landing talents were put to use with the extremely important task of directing arriving outing clubbers to the pavilion.

Seeing all the faculty and former/current students goofing off with each other and their dogs at the actual event was unexpectedly therapeutic for a sleep-deprived college student such as myself.

Clean up was surprisingly eventful, as Katie, when she noticed Kate and Alex fixing to dump out the gravy, said, "Don't do that, I'll take some gravy!" and then "We'll take some potatoes!" So now, there's an applesauce container of gravy and a gallon-sized Ziplock bag of mashed potatoes in our fridge. All things considered, what with the cabin being a foot or two off the ground and no actual place to roast a pig, people still showed up and managed to have a good time, so I'd count the event as a success.

The Catch of the Day

Alex Metzger '17

During Labor Day weekend, I had the pleasure to accompany a group of Outing Clubbers for a three-day jaunt in the scenic, yet slightly muddy, Cranberry Lake region of the Adirondacks. My short tale comes from our second afternoon following a short hike. We had a considerable amount of free time on our hands, and our lean-to faced a beautiful lake, so we all spent most of the day on the small, sandy beach. I have come to realize that when I stay out in the woods long enough, deprived of modern

entertainment luxuries, I become a child once again, enthralled by the simplest games. Considering that we had an entire afternoon in which to occupy ourselves, I find myself in the aforementioned state. While swimming, constantly treading water for fear that our feet might touch the soft, muddy floor of the lake, a few of us spot some small fish cruising in the shallows. Watching them casually glide through the aquatic vegetation occupies my interest for a short time, then I return to the terrestrial life.

Combing the beach, I quickly realize that this place is frequented by fishermen, as evidenced by the occasional piece of fishing line. All of a sudden, I get flash of genius – I could catch one of those fish, and my attention might possibly be occupied until dinner time. I share my idea with the rest of the crew, and many of us band together for this mighty task. Some gather scraps of fishing line, others seek fishing bait, and I go in search of another essential item – a hook. First, I have no luck. I do find an empty can that once held a beverage that would grant a Grover a hefty fine, and I try to fashion a hook out of the aluminum. No dice. The hook kept breaking. Still determined, I go in search of something else that could be used as a fishing hook. After a few more minutes of intent searching, I come across a pale blue fishing line; it seems fairly long, so I decide to retrieve what I can of it. I begin to pull on the line, and behold, before my two eyes I see the most valuable item I could imagine in that moment – a Kastmaster fishing lure, with a hook and everything! Elated, I quickly inform the others who share in my excitement. Another has found a worm for bait. Perfect. Now we have all we need for our quest.

Using a bundle of small sticks as a bobber, I toss the baited lure into the shallows. Not ten seconds later, a small fish bites the lure, but alas, it gets away. Encouraged by the interest in our fishing contraption, I throw the apparatus once again into the aqueous environment. Once again, a fish bites. This time the hook is set! After a brief fight, I bring in a whopper weighing in at roughly 2 ounces, and measuring about 3 inches long. I am beside myself with joy. As it was a team effort, all of us share in a mutual feeling of accomplishment. We set the fish free, and we are

back to where we started: standing on the beach, staring at the lake. During this time, I was completely filled by curiosity and excitement – there was no room for worry about my responsibilities that awaited me back at school. I was a child once again. The afternoon begins to wane, and we start to feel hungry. Time to make some pesto pasta.

Cabin Update

Mark Place '77 Alumni Cabin Manager

After a late start, work continues on the cabin restoration project.

Over the summer modifications were made to the access roads to get specialized equipment down to the yard and the cabin was lifted far into the air by a New Wilmington based house moving company. They also did the rough excavation for the complete basement. How high you ask? The new basement will be standup height under the entire cabin and to avoid excavating more than necessary in the wet area, the cabin will sit ~2 feet higher than it does now. The cabin was up in the air high enough to allow excavators and people to walk around under the lifting equipment! The entire cabin including the chimney was lifted at one time using hand power hydraulic jacks distributed around the cabin under steel lifting beams. Post lift inspection by Trent Denison '77 found zero cracks or breakage in the cabin on multiple visits.

After an unexpected delay, a new cement and block contractor was selected and work has begun on the cement footers to be followed by the new block walls, support piers and fireplace foundation. New footer drains will be installed, utilities will be reconnected and waste sand, rock, mud and old block will be buried out of sight. The new foundation will be backfilled with gravel to encourage better drainage.

The restoration carpenter will start work replacing rotted and damaged wood as soon as there is sufficient space to work around the masonry crew.

It is hoped that the majority of the work will be done by January 1 but that is highly weather dependent and will depend on how extensive the structural work turns out to be.

As soon as the cabin is safe for use we will do an email blast to let everyone know. Until



then please refrain from visiting the cabin as it is an active construction site with many hazards.

Even when the cabin is available for use again, please remember that vehicle access will be limited until road and yard work is done.

Once the foundation and structural work is complete there will still be a great deal of restoration work required next year. The yard and around the cabin will need to be completely finish graded, and a new yard will need to be created. Depending on the weather that work may not even be started until early summer. Work will also need done on the road and trails in as heavy equipment has been going in and out delivering

equipment such as cribbing, beams, block and concrete. Lumber for the porches will also need to come in. As soon as we have a handle on the scope of work, we will be scheduling one or more alumni-student work outings to make it all happen.

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 email Rachel Kenney (if you have not done so yet) indicating you wish to receive the mailing or cut out the card below and mail it to Rachel 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: