THE AXE AND SAW

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Spring 2019

Grove City College Outing Club

www.gccoc.org

Trevor Iltis and Grace Shook

A Message From the Secretaries:

The Spring Semester is drawing to a close and with this time of changing seasons comes another issue of the Axe and Saw. For this next year, Grace Shook and I will be the two Alumni Secretaries for the club. Over the past few months many fun and exciting adventures have happened, and we look forward to many more years of outdoor fun with everyone. We both hope that you all will take the time to read and (hopefully!) enjoy this issue of the Axe and Saw.

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Message From the President:

Megan Lawson

Hello Outing Club Alumni!

Wow what another eventful semester with Outing Club! We began the spring semester with a lot of snow and many new officers! We held a fantastic Valentine's Day dinner, with the men cooking some perfect steaks

and the ladies decorating the cabin and sewing their Outing Club patches onto flannels. We then had a very eventful March with the spring break trip, pie baking and the famous Beast Feast. The spring break trip started out with great intentions but ended with the trip members exploring all of the games the cabin currently owns. Side note, if you want to play a slightly confusing but fantastically fun game, I highly recommend Parkology. This investigation of the games led to the purchase of Catan! The pie sale was a great success with the addition of new pie flavors including peanut butter pie, as well as chocolate pie. The Beast Feast was also a blast with an abundance of different beasts, including beaver! Many other adventures have been held out at the cabin this semester. and for some there will be many more to come. As our seniors leave and go out into "the real world" we wish them luck and hope that they will soon return for both Homecoming and the Pig Roast.

Freshman Reflection

Trevor Iltis

As a freshman coming into Grove City this fall, I had absolutely no idea the Outing Club even existed until I was drawn to the one display at

the org fair which differentiated itself from the masses by festooning itself with colorful tents and outdoor gear. Being from Maine and an outdoors enthusiast myself, I was immediately drawn in and mindlessly scribbled my name on the clipboard. In that moment Outing Club was just one of the many other clipboards I had put my name down on, and I had no idea that it would become such a significant part of my extra-curricular activities here at school. At the new member outing to the cabin, I remember being overwhelmed and intimidated as my somewhat shy person was thrust into a new and unfamiliar environment. The cabin was rustic and exciting, and a welcome change of scenery after feeling constrained by campus. Despite my initial jitters, it quickly became clear that I had nothing to worry about as I and the other freshman were swarmed by dozens of friendly people who were very excited to meet us. From then on, I began to go to meetings and became more involved until I was a full-time member. As the year passed, I participated in many events from manning the concession stand, to the pig roast in the fall, to the Valentine's dinner in February among other things. Through all of these things I have made many new memories and friends through this club, and I can't wait to see what other exciting things the next three years of Outing Club holds in store for me!

Stitching in Stitches and Valentine's Dishes

Josh Bauder

A fantastic turnout, a great meal, and fun had by all made for one of the best Valentine's Day dinners in a while. Twenty-five people turned out for the chilly February evening. The men arrived early and got a roaring fire going while destringing beans and scrubbing potatoes. The planned menu for the evening was pan fried steak, sautéed green beans with caramelized onions, and boiled red potatoes with parsley flakes and butter. The ladies did not know any details of the menu until being served for, one, it was based almost solely on what was on sale that Friday, and two, the men would not have any expectations put upon the meal other than that it should taste good if the ladies did not know what they were supposed to be eating. This turned out to be a keen foresight.

Soon after the womenfolk had broken out the streamers and paper hearts and had made the dining room fit the occasion, an appetizer of Gouda and dill Havarti cheeses were brought out to keep the rumbles at bay. To keep themselves occupied while the menfolk cooked, the ladies and Bryan brought out their club patches to sew onto flannels. The conversations in the dining room were many and mottled, but the warm buzz of laughter more than anything hovered over the room and carried into the kitchen where the men were busy at work.

None of the men in attendance had ever cooked what they were preparing before that night, and much learning was had by all. The steaks miraculously turned out perfect, and the green beans turned out just the same. The potatoes turned into mashed potatoes, but indeed lived up to the great taste expectation of all in attendance, and no comment was made on their final state because the ladies did not know any better. The desert on the other hand was an adventure all its own.

The planned desert was fresh strawberries (or as fresh as strawberries come in February) dribbled with melted chocolate chips with crumbles of Andes on top. The man in charge of melting the morsels did not know that chocolate gets hard after it melts if left on the heat. By the time it was caught, the chips had metamorphosized to a new creation that could in no way be poured, or even gotten out with a spoon. A scramble was made adding a little of this, a little of that, and little of that other thing to soften the sidewalk in the pot so that it could be eaten without internal organ damage. Upon being served by several menfolk waiters, the ladies loved the "chocolate dip" such that every bowl and spoon with the chocolate on it was licked clean. To any of the many who asked for the recipe, if you must know, it contained some vegetable oil here, olive oil there, water, canola oil, and a dabble of mystery milk to name a few ingredients.

All in all, the evening was great: good company was abundant, laughs bellowed both inside and outside of the kitchen, and good food was had by all.

The Spring Break Trip

Shelley Downward

My favorite part of any Outing Club trip is the unexpected adventures and plot twists along the way, and this trip certainly had its fair share. Our first change of plans occurred before the trip even started! After discovering that a storm was coming through, we decided to go further north to Laurel Highlands to hit snow instead of cold rain. We didn't quite realize how much snow we were in for until we got there, though. Both Katie and Megan showed off their incredible snow driving skills as we attempted to find the trail. We got

stuck in the snow and may have lost traction a couple of times but nevertheless persevered until we found the trailhead. When we finally arrived, the trail was beautifully covered in snow, and we fulfilled my Floridian dreams of snow camping that night. 10 out of 10 would recommend snow for cushioning (besides it being wet and cold). The next day, it snowed pretty much the whole time we were hiking. There were some challenges such as frozen shoes, numb toes, lunch (future note: honey + snow = struggle), and some very cold hikers, but the hike was so worth it. Again, I realize I am a Floridian, but hiking through the snow was gorgeously breathtaking and peaceful. It is incredible to experience so much of God's creation on these trips.

Another twist in the itinerary happened when we arrived at the next shelter area. Due to dropping temperatures, continued snow, water filter issues, stove struggles, and again general coldness, we decided to leave early and go back to the cabin. We stopped at a McDonald's along the way (future note: Bryan + shamrock shake = happiness). At the cabin we did a lot of sleeping, sitting by the fire, and playing board games. We put in many hours of board games between both Monopoly and Risk. Shout out to Micah who conquered the world, but I will also have you know that Megan and I reigned over Africa for a long time. We opened the never-before-played Parkology. It was incredible, so you should go to the cabin and play it because I don't really know how to describe it.

We went hiking down to Stone Bridge one day but were barricaded from getting all the way there by the icy water. Despite this, we quickly switched to plan B and headed toward the Iron Furnace and Christmas Tree Farm. Before we turned around, we had a blast playing with, throwing, and smashing ice along the river. On our way to the Christmas Tree Farm, we thought we were lost a few times, but we found our way there and played in the large Christmas trees.

We had one final unanticipated event. Dr. Gordon had paid us an unexpected visit to the cabin earlier in the week. Then, before we all left, he returned with donuts (blessings)! It was a wonderful end to an adventurefilled trip.

We Bake It, You Take It

Rachel Glessner

As a junior now in the club, pie baking has become a fun bi-annual event I partake in for the Outing Club. It is always filled with memories and laughs. Just last semester I remember our midnight stroll of carrying a big bowl of pumpkin pie mix across the street to the apartment ovens. This was then followed by watching Josh's and Angelina's innovative way to prevent mixed berry pie spillage, as the rest of us laid on Shelley's apartment floor exhausted and laughing waiting for the pies to bake. These memories were floating in my mind as this semester's pie baking day started. However, this time I was pleasantly surprised how quickly we made 85 pies, with no midnight strolls needed. Even with the added challenge of two new kinds of pies, chocolate and peanut butter chocolate! For me my day started and ended on crust duty. My job was to roll the crust out to fill the crust tins, and to make the tops for both the apple and mixed berry pies. The challenge for those of us on crust duty, was using scraps from previously rolled out crusts to make lattice work and weave it correctly. Which by the end we all did successfully and received compliments on the lattice work from those in the kitchen doing fillings. Hats off to the people helping with crusts! Crust duty also consisted of listening to music, and lots of flour.

For some of us by the end we were covered in flour, as was the table...and the chairs...and the floor. Which made clean-up quite a challenge for Grace Keibler and me, trying to get flour out of the cracks in the table and the cracks in the floor. However, luckily, we were soon given a break from all the crusts and flour, when people came in with bearing gifts of pasta, which tasted good after hours of rolling dough. All in all, Rebecca did a great job with pies, it was definitely a success and a fun experience!

The Beast Feast

Ryan Meyer

The Beast Feast was not short of any beast entrees this year. This feast we were privileged to try beaver meat along with quail, boar, and pheasant. The alumni always provide! We also were able to enjoy a plethora of amazing sides. Thank you to Rebecca for making some delish mashed potatoes and greens! I have always thought of the Beast Feast as the Yin to the Pig Roast's Yang. The Pig Roast thrives on high energy and chaos while the Beast Feast has a calmer, more relaxing night at the cabin feel. I love the

differences between the two events as they both represent different characteristics of the club. The all-in "let's cook an entire pig" mentality of the Pig Roast contrasts well with the small group chilling at the cabin mentality of the Beast Feast. Before dinner, we were able to catch up with one another since the end of the semester has begun to claim our souls. We played games by the fire and put off all thoughts of upcoming assignments. Dinner was incredible and no one chipped a tooth from buckshot. The pitter-patter of the rain only added to a perfect night-in at the cabin with good friends, good food and a much-needed getaway. It's nights like these at the cabin that I will remember and cherish.

The Outsiders

Jeffrey Camloh

(A limerick about GCCOC's intramural volleyball team)

Though we lack the technique and the flair, Utter victory we will declare,

'Cause our skill will suffice-Heck, we've even won twice! But it's C-league, so no one will care. Cabin Update

Mark Place '77

Alumni Cabin Manager

2019 Summer Outing

The annual alumni, students, families and friends outing will be **July 25-28**.

As usual, meals will begin with lunch on Thursday and run through lunch on Saturday. Please contact me at <u>mplace@johnplaceinc.com</u> or by phone at 412-877-0050 by Tuesday July 23rd to assist with meal planning.

Right now, the projects look like additional yard work and prep work for restoration of the outhouses, particularly leveling. I was just at the cabin and the yard is not coming in very fast despite valiant efforts last year we are still at the "essence" of yard level. It has again been a wet Spring and the yard is very wet and soft. Might be time to plant cattails. We may have to review and revise the grading or drainage a bit. Great news is that the basement is bone dry.

We will also service the spring and tune up the mowers in the hope we have a bit more to mow in 2019.

Summer use of the cabin

While the cabin is once again 100% structurally sound, there is still

work in progress such as the wing windows and hopefully work on the fireplaces. As noted above, the yard is still very soft and will not support a vehicle of any size except on the far right and in the gravel area at the top. Please check with Lee McCoy or me before scheduling any outings so we can consult with Chad on his remaining activities.

Also please remember to not leave any food in the fridges after finals. The gas periodically goes off for various reasons and finding a fridge full of spoiled stuff is a very unpleasant experience that Lee and I as well as others have had before.

Use of the range

During a recent visit the range was full of old target materials. Please enjoy the range but allow time to clean up old targets to police up the brass.