
THE AXE AND SAW

Spring 1999



A Note from the President:

This semester has been a fun-filled one, full of many memories that I'm sure that we'll all cherish for a lifetime. Little incidents that we will look back on years from now and chuckle at. (Think of all the ones that you have from your club days.) Think of all the hikes and the campfires, food cooked over a roaring fire (or sometimes a thin wisp of smoke), stories and jokes, and smiles, nights out at the cabin, but most importantly the people you met and the friendships you made.

I have always found solace and comfort out at the cabin and in the people that haunt it. I love to get to meet alumni and hear them talk about what they did when they were in the club. It is awesome how the club is such a family. I have been able to keep my sanity through hard times (recovery from major knee surgery) due to the support of everyone in the club. Everyone was always there to help me, and most importantly keep me out of trouble, such as hiking or doing anything that would harm my knee.

Many new friendships have been made this semester as we have been able to get to know each other, especially the newer members, better. This year's Freshman class seems to be a strong one for the club. They are very enthusiastic and many are game to try almost anything (Dangerous!). They will be an excellent class to continue the OC tradition!

The close of the school year again finds us saying good-bye (or better yet, until we meet again – probably at the cabin) to the Seniors. This class has been a special part of my life for the three years which I have known them. They have been the ones to look to for advice and have been part of many memorable times. We will truly miss them and I wish them all the best of luck!

Megan Arzt '00 (President '99)

"I learned early that the richness of life is found in adventure. Adventure calls on all the faculties of mind and spirit. It develops self-reliance and independence. Life then teems with excitement."



Minister, Educator E. Kase II Dies at 93

Edmond Kase II's long and varied life included work as a minister, professor, college president, New Mexico Tech editor and state investment officer.

But his favorite time was summers spent at the family's remote cabin in Canada with relatives and friends and, over the years, hundreds of former students.

A resident of Santa Fe for more than 35 years, Kase was weakened recently by pneumonia. He died Sunday at his home; he was 93.

He was preceded in death by his wife of 64 years, Mildred Mote Kase on August 17, 1992 and by his sister, Mabel Cook Faltermayer.

Dr. Kase was born in Philadelphia, PA on December 2, 1905. He received his undergraduate degree, Master's, and Ph.D. degrees from Princeton University in Princeton, NJ, a Bachelor of Theology degree from Princeton Theological Seminary, and an honorary LL.D degree from Rider College in Trenton, NJ.

He was pastor at Grove City College in Grove City, PA from 1938 to 1945, professor at Wilson College in Chambersburg, PA from 1945 to 1951, president of Western College for Women in Oxford, OH from 1951 to 1953, editor of mining publications at New Mexico Institute of Mining and Technology in Socorro from 1953 to 1958, and New Mexico State Investment Officer from 1958 to 1961.

He was an experienced canoeist and camper, an avid bridge player, and a life-long member of Rotary International, having been a member of the Rotary Clubs of Grove City, Chambersburg, Socorro, Santa Fe, and Huntsville, Ontario. Kase prided himself on perfect attendance at the weekly meetings. When he was at the cabin, Kase would have to paddle several miles in a canoe across a lake, walk two miles to his car and then drive for about an hour to the meeting, his son said.

Longtime friend Carl Turner of Santa Fe said Kase was a strong, well-educated outdoorsman who "got along with everybody. He and I did a lot of work with the Boy Scouts, camping and hiking in the Gila Wilderness."

Kase's son, District Judge Edmund Kase III of Socorro, said his father was known for "touching the lives of many, many people all over this country and in Canada."

Judge Kase said his father loved to exchange letters for more than 50 years with his former students.

"He performed many weddings for them, including some at the cabin," Judge Kase said. "He was loved by his students." He will be sadly missed by his family and many friends.

Memorial services were held on Saturday, January 16, 1999 at 2:00 p.m. at the Macey Conference Center in Socorro with the Rev. Phil Preston officiating. Interment was at the Laurel Hill Cemetery in Philadelphia. A memorial service will be held in September at the family cottage in Algonquin Provincial Park in Ontario, Canada where he had many friends and many fond memories. For those who wish, memorial donations may be made to the Rotary Foundation, the Socorro Public Library, or the charity of your own choice.

In addition, Rev. Frank Ramsey, 3rd OC president will conduct a memorial service at the Outing Club cabin, Saturday, July 17th at about dusk. The roof work will be scheduled accordingly.

Rock Climbing

Many moons ago, a bold group of college students from the Outing Club decided to go rock climbing at an indoor gym. We left at approximately 1:27pm from West Lobby, although we had planned on leaving at 1:00, due to several pee excursions, we left a slight bit later than expected. Finally we 19 students started on our journey to Climb North, located in Pittsburgh. We traveled in 3 cars that legally should only hold 11 people, but we are resourceful here at the Grove--who said trunks and roof racks are only for bags? (just kidding)

We all followed our fearless and semi-clueless leader, Dan. It's amazing how hard it can be to try and find, much less actually follow a go-cart (Honda CRX) among 10 other cars on the road. After countless times of losing and reacquiring him along the way, we finally decided, after driving for an hour and a half, and knowing that it should normally take barely over an hour to get to the climbing gym, that we had obviously overshot the our turnoff by a "slight" bit. After turning around in a Burger King parking lot (they're always there when you need a good parking lot to turn around in) and backtracking 20 minutes we finally came to the junction that we so unknowingly drove right past. After about a mile of weaving roads up, down and loop-de-loops, we arrived at Climb North. YEA!!!!

Once there, we signed away our rights to sue the pants off the gym if we fall down after tripping on our shoelaces and break a finger. Those who didn't have any gear were given our "harnesses", which were just as entertaining to watch people try to figure out how they went on as you trying to put an ox in the seat of a school bus. It can be done but it takes 5 people and 2 hours. After we were all harnessed up and went through our course on, "how to not drop the guy on the rope on his head when he falls." We all passed with flying colors and were all climbing soon enough. We all had a wonderful time climbing and laughing at our various attempts at walls. A few people decided to "rough-it" and lose their climbing shoes and climb barefoot--it still seems too painful for me to try. After about 5 hours of climbing on the various top-roped walls and also some bouldering around the cave, we all decided to get some food. We tried a couple different locations but they were all packed, since it was 9 at night on a Saturday night, so we ended up at Chi-Chi's and had a wonderful group meal. Surprisingly enough, there were no food fights--the occasional flying chip but nothing too bad. After raiding the local Chi-Chi's we decided to go for some more fun. We went to see a movie. After arriving at the local theater, we all decided on "There's Something About Mary." It was a crudely entertaining movie; but then again we were all exhausted, so we would probably have laughed at a documentary on the Dewey Decimal System. Then we all went home to the wonderful Bubble.

Eric Bergum '01



The Next Best Thing

Since Mother Nature wasn't providing the right stuff for winter fun, club members resorted to the artificial joys of winter. On the last Saturday of January, eighteen club members and friends took to the great indoors for ice-skating at Hess' in New Castle. The two hours of DJ enhanced skating brought entertainment and exercise to skaters of all levels. The range included everyone from Miss 'I've never skated before in my life' to Miss 'I was born wearing ice skates' and was rounded out by Mr 'Hockey is fun because you get to beat people'. Most people managed to work up an appetite hurdling mobs of junior high students and senselessly circle skating like rats in a cage. A stop at the local Eat-N-Park on the return journey assured a satisfying night and more laughs for all.

Jen Chyko '01

Work Outing Number One

Another work outing, what fun. Well, truthfully, they always are fun. This was the first work outing of the new year, and it was certainly a cleaning event. We mopped the floors, beat the rugs, cleaned the kitchen, cleared the roof and gutters and removed all of the large chunks of dirt with which we didn't want to share the cabin. A large volume of wood was also chopped and stacked.

I don't remember much about the weekend, as it was a couple of months ago, but I do remember a tree being removed. I heard a quite a distinct shriek, and then I realized that it had actually been preceded by a thud. We almost lost our porch that day, giving those standing close by quite a fright, but the tree fell safely inches away.

Maintaining the cabin is a privilege for us, and we are always thankful to the alumni for providing it for us. I am not an avid inscriber of events in the cabin journal. My best memories are not about the cabin, but about my friends. These memories do not usually involve the cabin in any way. The cabin is, however, where I have become close to some of my best friends. Late nights talking around the table or by the fire, or long hikes of idle chat. I will be joining the ranks of you alumni in a very short while. As I leave I will miss the cabin, but not forever, what I will truly miss are the many reasons it has given me to return. So I hope to see you all there.

Ryan W. Mitchell '99

From the Outside

The masses gathered young and old, from both the past and the future to a place where time stands still. As of a single mind, they descended from the woods to the place of meeting. Like bees to and from their hive, groups fled to the trees and returned. Dodging and weaving, ascending and descending, over fences and under logs, off the trail and of the trail, and off the trail... then to the warmth of the fire and a hot drink. The front yard became the battlegrounds for an indiscriminating genocide of cans and bottles. Millions were sacrificed regardless of age, race, ethnic origin, social and political beliefs, religion, or gender (?). The kitchen became a laboratory where reactants were casually tossed together. Death to the average man, but for these hearty folk, the by-products were consumed as fuel (survivor reports to follow). Men, with security clearance of course, labored over what, to the untrained eye, resembled the key component to the propulsion systems of a Martian warship. To the relief of the UN, the federal government, and the world it was merely a faulty gas valve. Mystery becomes real as darkness falls around the group. Those venturing out must ask themselves if they can truly distinguish between friend and foe, bear and tree. It's times like these that the quiet stargazer or even the human shaped

icicles under the tree call themselves at home. For those on the inside, it was just another cabin weekend.

Kate Terpening '02



Skiing

Ah, Valentine's Day, a holiday typically evoking thoughts of flowers, hearts, chocolate, and skiing. Skiing? Well, if you're in the Outing Club, it's a perfect way to spend your holiday. This particular Valentine's Day, seven brave souls ventured to night skiing at Seven Springs: Josh Butler, Brent Bassler, Ryan Mitchell, Lucas Franklin, Dan Wiley, Andrew Wiley, and myself. It had snowed for a couple of days earlier that week, so the snow was pretty good. It wasn't quite powder, but it was half way there, which was good considering I spent most of the time falling into it. The night was clear and the slopes were fairly uncrowded. Ryan, Josh, Brent, and Lucas all stuck to skiing and seemed to have a really good time. Dan bravely took upon himself the task of teaching his brother Andrew and myself to snowboard. We all wound up pretty bruised, but it was a lot of fun.

Megan Foley '02



Winter Camping

February 20-21, 1999

It was a cold morning and the promise of snow for the weekend had only fueled the fires of our hearts to brave that strange phenomenon known as winter camping. "Why in the world would you want to go camping when it's cold out?" and, "I'll be thinking of you when I'm sleeping in my warm, comfortable bed," were just a few of the responses that I got when I explained what my plans were for the weekend. Winter camping – there really is nothing like it. What other winter sport offers you the opportunity to freeze your butt off, eat beans, and play with fire to your heart's

content? That's what I thought too, and that's why we went winter camping. The few brave souls that ventured out into the wild were: Betsy Pluss, Megan Foley, Ryan Mitchell, Brooke Eifert, and myself. We decided to hike a ways to get all warmed up for the freeze-a-thon that was coming. Starting from the second parking lot past Dewoody Road, we hiked about 3 miles or so (no GPS toting geeks to tell us that it was exactly 3.26729 miles) down to the Allegheny River and found a beautiful place to camp that had lot of dry wood (that was a large factor in deciding upon the specific place). So, while Mitchell enthusiastically voiced his pessimism pertaining the probability of us actually getting a fire going, the rest of us found wood and started getting some hot chocolate going on the camp stove. It managed to get REALLY COLD that night - about 5 degrees or so. Fortunately, we had a four-man tent that could fit five in a pinch. The night was spent all curled up next to each other for warmth. The morning brought more hot chocolate, and the attempts of the blind people in the group to thaw out their contacts. Just leave 'em in! So, we then ate a quick breakfast, and hiked back to campus - just kidding, I really mean our cars.

Daniel Wiley '99



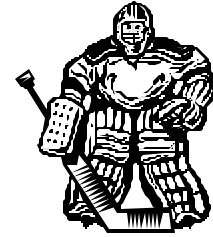
GCCOC attends Pens Game

Monday, February 22 was a hockey night in Pittsburgh, and like any other great spectacle of blood, sweat, and fights, the Outing Club was there to watch! A group of students, anxious for some pre-spring break entertainment, gathered atop the stairs in Alumni at about 5:30 that evening. After waiting for everyone to arrive (and enough drivers to show up) we all piled into our automobiles and got on I-79 headed for the Burgh. Upon arriving at the Igloo, and waiting for everyone to meet back up, we presented the friendly ticket teller with our GCC I.D.s and were allowed admission at a mad fraction of the normal, outrageous, ticket price, thanks to the Student Rush program.

We made it to our seats in just enough time for the National Anthem, and to be able to sit down for the 7:30 face-off between the Pittsburgh Penguins and the Phoenix Coyotes. About three hours and many nacho platters later, the smoke had cleared, the blood was mopped up, and another check was placed in the Penguins "W" column, as

the Pens had defeated Phoenix 4 - 1. After fighting off the mad mob in the parking lot, we made our way to the Eat n' Park in Cranberry for some late night refreshment, before making our return back to the Grove. In the end, I believe a great time was had by all!

Daniel A. Dougherty, '01



Winter Camping II

Brr. What do most normal human beings do when the temperature is expected to drop to about 5 degrees Fahrenheit? Usually get a movie and snuggle up close to someone warm. What do daring Outing club members do? Grab a tent, thermarest, sleeping bag and head out into the woods. That is what Amanda Adams, Tim Archer, Josh Butler, Henry Limmer and I did. We drove to the end of Denison Run Road and hiked up to the overlook. It was a gorgeous, crisp, cool evening. We cooked over our cook stoves and tried to stay warm next to a miserable fire. We found some really nice chopped wood (that was chopped in square shapes). Unfortunately, it must have been recently alive, because it would not burn. It did work great for putting the fire out the next morning. We went on a hike to warm up. The snow was about 8 inches of hard pack, really difficult to walk in. But we did make it to the river and back in time for bed. The next morning we awoke, made oatmeal over the camp stoves, packed up, and hiked out. There is nothing like the look of Grovers heading out to church in the morning and seeing a group of people coming back from camping when it is 5 degrees out!

Cory Gibson '99 (VP Spring '99)





Outdoor Odyssey Cleanup

What did you do on the weekend of March 20 and 21, 1999? Three members of Outing Club went down to Boswell, PA along with five members of Helping Hands. We went down to work (clean, help out, whatever adjective you like) at Outdoor Odyssey, a summer camp for at risk youth. We made it there safely in Bob (I'll explain in a moment) despite missing the turnpike. We simply (well as simply as you can on the freeway) turned around and thankfully didn't miss the exit a second time. Now you're probably wondering what or who Bob is. Well, Bob is my silver '85 VW Vanagon. His full name is Bob O. Wheels which stands for Big Old Box On Wheels. You might want to take note of Bob because he does a lot of things with the outing club, but anyway back to the camp. Upon arriving at Outdoor Odyssey we were first "served" lunch. We were given MRE's and then a guided tour of how to eat them. Ron Lang (Outing Club alumni and staff member at Outdoor Odyssey) collected our tiny Tabasco sauce bottles to add to his collection. (I think he said he was going to make Christmas tree decorations out of them). After the delicious lunch (seriously, I enjoyed it) we divided into two groups to work. Three of us cleaned the soon to be guy counselor's cabin, while the rest cleaned out the back of the kitchen. I don't know what fun stuff the group cleaning out the back of the kitchen found, but we found some pretty interesting things. We came across several mouse nests, and a former occupant of a mouse nest (he had gone to the big nest in the sky). The camp itself is an abandoned Boy Scout camp and hasn't been used in over 10 years. In cleaning the bathroom of the soon to be boy's counselor cabin some "dirt" was discovered in the toilet. Assuming it was just dirt we just vacuumed it up, our noses soon told us differently, though. For the rest of the afternoon the cabin had a rather, shall we say, "unique" smell about it. At the end of the day the cabin had been removed of 10 years of dirt and dust. The back of the kitchen had been entirely cleaned out and was ready for kitchen use. We then drove to Lignite, where Ron (as above mentioned) lives and camped out at his house for the night. After a well-deserved dinner we had a most delicious desert. It was an original recipe by Kate Terpening (class of 2002) which consisted of oatmeal, chocolate chips, and some other stuff (I'm sorry, I don't exactly remember) in a pie form with syrup to top it off. The next morning we headed back to Grove City in Bob. Again we missed the entrance to the turnpike (I personally think Bob doesn't like the turnpike). We did get back to GCC just in time for Sunday brunch. Now let me explain that none of us had

showered in over 24 hours and with all the work we'd done our appearances were a little, I'm going to say, lacking. We (or at least I, but I'm sure everyone would agree) found it quite amusing to eat brunch as such in a cafeteria full of good Grovers just back from church. Well, that about concludes my story. I think 1 John 3:18 sums up our trip. "Little children, let us love, not in work or speech, but in truth and action."

Sarah Ristow '01



Snow Igloo

On the weekend of the 20th of February, 1999, we got about 8 inches of nice, let snow out at the cabin. After a tough hike through the heavy snow, Ron Lang, Kate Terpening, Megan Arzt, Ben Hackett, and Eric Kindig decided it was time to build a snow igloo at the cabin. We took seven plastic mattresses outside and stacked them just to the right of the front porch (if you're facing the cabin), just under the roof. We then proceeded to shovel snow off of the roof onto the mattresses and pack it down. Once the igloo was thoroughly packed, we dug an entrance in the front and attempted to pull the mattresses out, leaving a hollow dome. The mattresses were not going to budge because we had nothing to grab onto to pull. We went inside the cabin to thaw and think of a way to get them out. Seeing the Mountain-pie-fireplace-poker-hooks, we got an idea: we went outside, punctured the sides of the mattresses, stuck the fire pokers inside, hooked onto some springs, and yanked. After getting the mattresses out, we were able to go in to the cabin and warm up; it was getting cold out.

That night, we laid out all of our Therm-a-Rests, unrolled our sleeping bags, and crawled in one at a time. I got mighty toasty and tight in the igloo with five people squished in there; remember this was formed by stacking mattresses, so five people were side-by-side in a space the same size as the width of two mattresses and the height of three mattresses. Around 1:30 in the morning (we'd been in the igloo since midnight or so), Ron, lying in his t-shirt and shorts with his sleeping bag open, decided it was just a little too hot in there for him, and bailed. Kate and Eric each had to get up and pee that night, and had trouble getting back into their sleeping bags. Eric got snow inside his, keeping him wet the rest of the night; and Kate couldn't get her bag zipped, letting in a nasty draft. Consequently, they both froze and got up to go inside around 5:15. Ben got up shortly thereafter, and Megan, comfortably toasty, was awoken at 6:30.

It was a lot of fun, but we all learned a few things: Ron learned that 5 in an igloo is too hot for him; Kate learned to keep her sleeping bag closed when it's cold out; Eric learned that he either needs more socks and sweats or he needs to buy a winter sleeping bag; Ben learned that air holes are nice to have in an igloo, or else you get dripped on from the condensation in our breath; and Megan learned that her 10 degree bag will keep her comfortably warm in a 5 degree igloo.

Eric Kindig '00 (Treasurer '99)

Camping When...?

Everyone loves to get off campus every now and again. Sure there is intervis on the weekends, but even after a while you still look for something more. The Outing Club had something to offer, and to make it even better it was something that few people would consider doing...camping out in the snow in the middle of February.

Well, February makes it sound intimidating, but in reality, when a group of 12 hearty souls, two guys and ten girls, met in MAP West to leave, the weather was nice enough to be wearing short sleeve shirts. Of course everyone was well prepared with the necessary things...well, I must admit, toilet paper is never the first thing on anyone's mind.

We departed for County Market to get the essential foodstuffs which would hold us over until Bon Appetite could replenish us Sunday evening. Steak is by far the best thing ever created, even when you have to cook it outside in the snow.

We arrived at the old furnace about an hour and a half before dark. It is a good thing we got there when we did, because a certain pesky tent gave some trouble in assembly because it was so cold. It was nice to have it up though. Some people went and gathered firewood while the rest of us set up camp.

Soon night fell and all of us were gathered around the fire. Dinner was cooked over a period of two hours or so. The potatoes and steak sure hit the spot, along with the soup, corn, beans, and s'mores...who can forget the s'mores?

Then it was time to just relax and talk. Someone pulled out a book of poems and prose and we all listened attentively to that for a good amount of time. The fire provided enough light but to make sure, Dan had his trusty headlamp, which didn't go out until he went to sleep. The occasional camera flash also brightened things up a bit too.

Everyone crawled into their sleeping bags tired and ready for bed, until they hit the cold nylon on the inside. Talk about your rude awakening. Thank goodness for those little hand warmers-just make sure you don't roll over on a hot one in the middle of the night, not that I speak from experience! Morning time came with the sounds of people

out talking by the fire deciding what kind of Pop-Tart they wanted. Personally, I am a big fan of strawberry.

Time came to tear down the tents and clean up the site. Remember, carry in-carry out. A walk up, or rather down if you go by elevation change, the furnace was the last stop and photo opportunity for the group. We then piled into our two small, not off-road vehicles, and meandered down the old dirt roads until we met civilization again. Not once did anyone complain of being cold.

Chad Malone '01



Hey Guys Whatcha Doing Tonight?

MARCH 17---a beautiful night to go swimming, right? Well, Megan Arzt, Megan Foley, Erin, Dan and a poor "suckered in" girl, Sarah, decided to take a crazy idea and, once again, make it happen. We thought that an evening swim would not only be a good study break but we also believed that it would be very invigorating (which it was). We went to the Kennerdell swimmin' hole, took off our warm winter clothes to expose our swim suits and winter white skin. The air was so cold that it gave us all goose-bumps. Next came Megan A. who grabbed our hands and we dove into the water. Wow!!! That was cold, the snow was still on the ground and I could have sworn that there was ice floating down the river. I was thinking that I had had enough of this and I ran out and grabbed my towel. But that was not enough for Megan A., she decided to freeze the water that remained on her body by rolling around in the snow --- then into the water for another go. When we had thoroughly frozen our bodies, we jumped in the car and cranked up the heat. On went the warm clothes, especially the warm socks. What next? Well, how about ice cream at KINGS.? How silly can we be? Well, all in all it was a thrilling, chilling experience and I'll remember to jump right in next time.

Erin Lyon '02





Hill Clean-up

I do not know when it began, but needless to say it began: the cleaning of the hill from the flagpole down to Wolf Creek. Now it has become one of those things that we just always do; a tradition. We always have lots of fun getting dirty and it's good PR with the college.

This year's hill clean-up was initially scheduled for the weekend before Easter break. However, due to awesome mud sliding conditions it was postponed. Sliding down that hill right into the creek would have been a blast, but would have defeated the purpose of cleaning the hill. "Outing Club destroys the hill. Tradition ends."

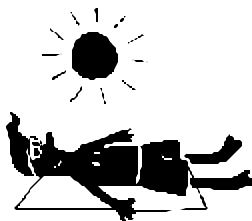
When we were finally able to clean the hill it was a beautiful, warm, sunny day. ☺ The best weather there is! There was a great turnout and more of the brush and stick piles than ever before were annihilated. Most people worked two-hour shifts, but some of us hardy souls stayed even longer, some the whole day. Overall the day was a huge success! Some probably thought that it was work, but I thoroughly enjoyed myself. There is nothing like working outside all day, and having something to show for it in the end. It's one of the best feelings! I sure slept well that night!

Megan Arzt '00 (President '99)

Easter Break in Virginia

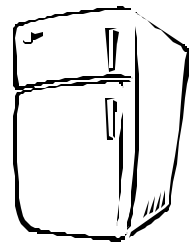
March 26 - March 31

Spring break was approaching, and there was no clear plan of where to go. Of course, we could always go home - but we've been home before, and parents and siblings are just not as much fun as people in the Outing Club. Thankfully, Mindy Richardson invited us down to her beach house in Virginia. It was situated on Smith Mountain Lake, a large reservoir, only minutes from the Appalachian Trail and the Blue Ridge Mountains. Oftentimes you hear of grand adventures on outing club trips, where man and beast tramped through miles of brush to canoe across great



expanses of water where rabbits were killed and eaten for dinner. This was not one of those occasions. This was purely and simply a break. The few people that could get away from their families for a few days were: Kaitlin Domanoski, Noelle Weber, Bethany Cauvel, Ryan Mitchell, Megan Arzt, Andrew Wiley, Mindy Richardson, and myself. We all had a spectacular time fishing (not catching, just fishing), water-skiing (yes, we did water-ski in March), and just messing about in boats. Messing is the correct term, well, because, umm, ahh, the, ahh, boat, hmm, well, it, umm, it sorta sank. Not all the way of course, and it wasn't our fault at all. However, when Mindy came down to wake us all up with a "Daniel, Andrew - The boat's sinking, so would you mind getting up?" we ran down to the dock and started bailing with reckless abandon. Unfortunately, the water was coming on board more quickly than we could bail it out. A call was made to the marina and a guy named Ian came out and smoked cigarettes and said, "your boat's sinking," and, "who's in charge here anyways" So we got the boat fixed and soon were tooling around the lake, fishing like pros, and setting islands on fire. Of course, we didn't just go boating the entire time. One day we went hiking in the Blue Ridge Mountains, and another time we went rock climbing. We also managed to squeeze in a Johnny Long-Torso show (A Grove City Band on tour down south), and even some good people watching at the Poetry Slam (A collection of funky weirdos reading poetry about marijuana and other things). All in all it was an excellent break for all of us, lots of fun times and lots of memories. Thanks for having us down Mindy!

Daniel A. Wiley '99



I Smell Something Funky at the Outing Club Cabin

April 8, 1999

Shortly after Easter Break, it was discovered that the refrigerator at the Outing Club cabin had decided to stop working. Now that was all fine and good, except for the fact that the fridge was filled with food. Upon its discovery, the problem was promptly reported. However, the food was left where it was found to fester for yet another week. At the next meeting of the Outing Club, volunteers were requested to brave the moldy, stinky refrigerator. At this time, Erin Lyon took it upon herself to volunteer Chrissie Scott and Susan Downs for this act of sheer lunacy. For some strange reason, they agreed.

At the appointed time, we approached the fridge armed with sweet smelling bandannas, sponges, and a bottle of Lysol disinfectant spray. When we opened the door, the stench wafted into the next room, at which time everyone else ran out the front door. Oh, the food! Oh, the stench! We almost upchucked as we chucked the contents of the fridge. Among the goodies were rotten milk, five bottles of mustard, and a bag of something we could not identify but was thought to resemble a cousin of Yoda. All went into the garbage, which remains on the back porch as we write this. The refrigerator was scrubbed inside and out and dishes covered with rotten food were rescued. We took a break to have some s'mores, and returned to our work of dousing everything in boiling water. Hope that does it. Sniff sniff. Oh, the smell still lingers. Guess it's time to go!

P.S. Henry, could you go get the garbage? Pleeeeease?

Erin Lyon and Chrissie Scott '02

Cabin Cleanup

One beautiful, spring day a few of us went to the cabin to clean it out. Megan Arzt, Sarah Ristow, Bethany Cauvel, and Megan Foley rode down to the cabin in the trailer with the new mattresses provided by the school. We received nineteen new used mattresses and ended up getting rid of four. We discovered that longer mattresses do not fit on the lower bunks and we had to double mattresses on the upper bunks to prevent those sleeping on them from getting stiff necks. The front yard was cleared of all the leaves of the past fall and soon we had a nice, smoky fire to destroy the leaves and mattresses. A new fire pit was constructed by Erin Lyon, Chrissie Scott, and Mike McElhaney. All the windows were washed and the sills dusted of the dead bug corpses. The floors were swept and mopped, although five minutes later it was impossible to tell anything had been done. Some of the members went on an eventful hike, but only minor injuries were sustained. Dinner consisted of spaghetti and sauce courtesy of Erin and Chrissie. Later in the evening we went out and enjoyed a fire in the brand new fire pit, complete with marshmallows for roasting. And I had a great time sitting and talking with Ryan Mitchell, all night long.

Bethany Cauvel '02

Spelunking Expedition to Bear Cave

April 25, 1999

School was nearly over and a group of Outing club members decide to forego their Sunday studies and head down to Bear Cave, south of Indiana, PA. It was a beautiful day to be outside, so we decided to head underground into the depths. Well, eight brave soles trusted themselves to try and find the

cave with me. Only Ryan Mitchell had ever been there and he did not remember the way. After 2 wrong turns that were discovered rather quickly, we found ourselves at the mouth of the cave. Those present were: Sarah Erdos, Tim Archer, Megan Foley, Bethany Cauvel, Mindy Richardson, Ryan Mitchell, Dan Wiley, and myself. As usual the cave was cool and humid and a little muddy. Twisting around rocks, walking on narrow ledges, and wading through underground streams were all part of the trip. Also part of the trip was going around in circles in the cave. Our arrows, which were supposed to point out would often conflict and point in opposite directions. There was a group of 15 high school kids and a guide wandering around through the cave also. Afterwards we went to Eat -n- Park for dinner and begin picking the mud out of our hair. Nothing beats getting muddy underground.

Cory Gibson '99 (VP Spring '99)

Senior Dinner

On Sunday night a herd of Outing Club members meandered over to the cabin for some good food and fun. While waiting for dinner to cook, we all trekked over to the swimmin' hole for some invigorating (in other words freezing, teeth-chattering cold) plunges into the icy depths. Well, some plunged, others (such as myself) looked warmly on in amusement, laughing at our friends' goose bumps. After drying off we all headed back, ready for some good food—and not Bon Appetite.

Kate Terpening was in charge of the menu for this year's senior dinner and she did an excellent job. We had chicken and rice with green beans, bread, salad, and tofu. Yes, I said tofu. I guess that's what you get when you let Kate have free rein. For dessert we had dirt, complete with all kinds of trees, worms, and just nature in general. Actually, it was just cookie crumbs mixed with some pudding and gummy worms and then decorated with some genuine foliage. It was extremely appropriate for an Outing Club dessert.

After dinner we went around the table and had all the seniors speak about what the cabin has meant to them. Then there was the inevitable picture-taking session involving multiple cameras and holding smiles for extended periods of time.

This done, we cleaned up, said goodbye, and headed back to campus. All in all an enjoyable time was had by everyone.

Kaitlin Domanoski '02

There are strange things are done in the
midnight sun

By the men who moil for gold;

The Arctic trails have their secret tales

The use of the Grove City College Outing Club Cabin for the summer of this year 1999 will be the same as past summers. The cabin is available for use during the summer months free of any charge to Outing Club Alumni, active club members, and faculty members. The Outing Club Alumni have first choice. Active club members have second choice, and faculty members have third choice and rental groups have fourth choice. If you come to the cabin on weekdays the chance of someone being there is remote, but weekends are by reservation only. If you reserve the cabin and someone from the Outing Club Family stops by, remember it is a big cabin so make them welcome as you would any friend. Call Lee McCoy for available dates and information.

Lee McCoy
247 Nicklin Road
Grove City, PA 16127
(724) 458-7003



That would make your blood run cold....

The weekend of Thursday, July 15th through Sunday, July 18th there will be a work weekend at the cabin to completely replace the roof. Food and supplies will be provided, but we need all the manpower and time that you can provide. If you can't provide either, we would appreciate any monetary assistance that you can spare. This is a very large project and we need your help. For more information, contact:

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