

# Axe and Saw

Alumni Newsletter - Fall 1993-Spring 1994  
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## The Pig Roast

There they were. Through the clouds and pouring rain you could distinguish the two swine slowly roasting over a blazing hot fire. Attended by those who bravely faced the forces of Momma Nature, the pigs were being carefully done to perfection. Inside the cabin wet clothes hung from every available chair, and the hearth of the fireplace looked like a sale on boots and socks. Those who were off the Swine Duty for the time being found other ways to amuse themselves. There were card games, mind games, and a few dedicated souls who actually did homework. The itch for adventure was in the air though, and around 1 am a brave troop set off for the natural bridge to explore the wonders of the cave.

Fending our way through the night and misting rain, we found the entrance. We all filed in despite the threat of raccoons, spiders, and general filth. The little expedition was a success for the two who found the end of the cave while the rest of us happily waited for their imminent return.

The actual day of the festivities was also infested with drops falling from the sky, but all went well. Except, that is, for around 8 am when our ever so subtle president (may he live forever) deemed it time to arouse us from slumber by the melodious sound of pots and pans banging together. At that moment thoughts of impeachment and death ran through everyone's minds. The time for the dinner arrived and went well - the pigs were quite succulent. The ensuing battle with the pig remains (fat and that general stuff) was also quite an experience. The turn out was a fair one, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the meal. Yet another successful yet rainy Pig Roast pulled off by the club.

-Angie Stone

## Rock Climbing

On October 3, Angie Stone, Kim Starke, Josh Meeder, Rich Conley, Mark Simmons, and Brian Montgomery, a.k.a. Outing Clubbers, made another perilous journey to the land where rock climbing legends are made. No, ladies and gents, it wasn't such ludicrous areas as K2 or even Garden of the Gods. Yes, these clubbers went for the ultimate: McConnells Mills State Park.

We managed to find a few challenging spots to set up. One belay included a steep overhang. Josh Meeder made the first attempt. After several minutes of climbing, Josh, deciding that the climb was too easy due to lack of handholds, fell off the rock and swung valiantly into the surrounding treetops. His decision affected everyone else in the group, who, while making the attempt, decided to take a similar swing out into the forest.

All the while, Angie Stone was snapping pictures of our follies to be later used as blackmail. Before leaving, we tried to rectify our reputation as climbers by trying a few holds on the side of a rock called "Mission Impossible". Though this again proved futile, great fun was had by all. Our trip concluded with a nutrition stop at Burger King before returning to reality.

-Brian Montgomery

### Pringrove Trips

This January, the two traditional trips of Outing Club members and Alumni embarked on the long snowy drive to Algonquin Provincial Park. To those who had experienced Pringrove before, the return to Doc Kase's cabin on Brule Lake was a longed-for hiatus. Both veterans and first-timers alike were reluctant to leave at the end of the week.

On the second trip, there was a phenomenal amount of wood cutting to do. We also topped off the ice house with blocks lifted from the sub-zero waters of Brule.

For recreation, the theme of the week was night hiking. One evening, some of the more daring campers braved the midnight cold and wind in tents. To get clean, most of us took the polar-bearing plunge. Nonetheless, a good hot shower (or several as the case may be) was the first priority upon returning stateside.

As always, we look forward to next year. Thanks Doc!

-Jennifer Beam

### Pringrove Poetry

The following poem is considered a masterpiece in the annals of Outing Club literature. The author, Diedreich Paul Von Lehe III, was not a member of the O.C. or a student at Grove City College. Paul served as a legal trainee in the office of Attorney Major Thomas J. Morris III while Tom was on active duty with the Marine Corp. Paul accompanied Tom and his wife Beth on the 1986 winter trip to Doc Kase's Pringrove Lodge. Everyone who was on this trip will always remember Paul for his great sense of humor. I believe this was the first time Paul had ever seen snow. He has left this poem for all who have been to Pringrove to enjoy. Thanks Paul, for coming our way.

-Lee McCoy


The wind blew hard on Brule Lake  
The sky was filled with snow  
The mercury dropped to ten below  
But to the outhouse I must go  
The lanterns out the clan in bed  
And all asleep but me.  
I had no light no way to look  
But man I had to pee

With desperation close at hand  
My eyes float in their sockets  
Then in a flash I soon recall  
And dip into my pockets

## Skiing

Watch out, I'm out of control, I can't stop!!! Such were the cries heard from this years O. C. members on Sunday, February 6, 1994.

This year we had but one trip to Seven Springs Ski Resort. The day luckily was quite warm for the season, and sunny. Approximately 15 people ventured out on the slopes this year, and most of us did not even need a jacket. Early in the day Angie Stone was accidentally ditched (figuratively speaking). We did not find her until lunchtime. Fortunately we found her before hypothermia set in, she just skied on her own. Josh Meeder, snowboarding for the day, was one of the only casualties, actually it was his jacket. He suffered a hit and ski accident, where the unknown skier's ski slashed right through his jacket sleeve. The mogul slope, Goose Bumps, was the most challenging experience of the day.

Nearing the end of the day we all became quite hungry.  Becky Terpening and I (Hans Buehler) had locked our stuff together in a locker. Like a typical woman she had to keep the key because men lose everything. However, it was she who lost the key, or so she thought. But also like a woman she reserved the right to change her mind, and found it. So concluded a joyous day of skiing. Hopefully, next year we'll go skiing twice for twice the fun.

-Hans Buehler

## Caving

Before the winter weather lost it's grip on spring, three brave (or crazed - its all relative) Outing Club members attempted caving at Loyalhanna. Brian Montgomery, Steve Hill, and myself (Jennifer Beam) spent close to an hour in a futile attempt to chop through the ice at the cave's mouth. Failing miserably, we trudged three miles uphill through the snow to Bear Caves. Upon locating the elusive orifice, we had a marvelous time exploring the network of catacombs. But, take my advice: next time wait for spring thaw!

-Jennifer Beam

## Ice Skating

Its the winter and all the ponds are frozen. So what should we do, drive an hour to an indoor ice-skating rink. Maybe this was the reason for the small turnout on this activity. Nevertheless, two true O.C. members, Hans and Becky, saddled up in a CRX and braved the journey to Meadville. Almost as scarce was the population at the rink. There were, however, 15 Amish people and a mob of teeny boppers. We never thought of 20 as old until we skated with these 13 year olds. At first they made fun of Hans when he almost fell, but after Becky chased them around and Hans complimented them on their skating ability, they began to like us. The fun continued for 2 hours until the final whistle for us to clear the rink. At that very moment, Becky ejected and went airborne for 10 feet and landed on her face. We almost accomplished an activity without anyone getting hurt.

-Hans Buehler

My "johnny lite" I quickly grab  
With much glee I shout  
Put on my coat and grit my teeth  
And start my journey out  
I quickly walk, already cold,  
My legs are fully crossed.  
In ten short steps I realize  
I am completely lost.

If I can't find my way there soon  
I know I'm gonna pop.  
"This just can't be!" I screamed aloud  
Now scared down to my core,  
Then take one step and bash my head  
Into the outhouse door.  
Within a flash I'm there inside  
My hands begin to cramp.  
I drop my light go for my fly...  
Too late!... My trousers are damp.

That wind blew hard on Brule Lake,  
And all were dry but me.  
Alone I stood, chilled to the bone  
And drenched with my own pee.

-Diedreich Paul Von Lehe, III

### Calling All Stories!

Attention all Outing Club Alumni! I have begun to compile a history of the club, and would appreciate all anecdotes, statistics, dates, and information that you are able to provide. I am temporarily in custody of several scrapbooks from the 40's through the 70's, but a picture is only worth a thousand words if someone tells the history behind it. I am hoping to get from Lee copies of all yearbook articles that pertained to the Outing Club through the years, and will try to find some articles in local papers from events that I remember. So far, I've put together a rough outline of what I think should be included in the book. If you have any stories that fit into these topics, please pass them along, and if you have ideas for other essential "chapters," let me know!

- founding of the club
- cabin construction and subsequent improvements
- cabin outings
- fundraising
- major outings
- Pringrove

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