
THE AXE AND SAW

Volume 76, Issue 1

Fall 2014

Grove City College Outing Club

www.gccoc.org

Joscelyn Seaton & Rachel Schmidt

Greetings Alumni!

This fall was another great semester to be a part of the Outing Club! Actives traveled far and wide to seek adventure. We canoed in Canada, backpacked in three different states, and even found new places to explore in Western PA.

This Axe and Saw issue is unique in several ways. The first aspect being that several of the stories have been retold by two people instead of just one. We hope you enjoy learning about our adventures from the different perspectives.

The second special feature is that many new members penned these stories. They wrote about how club events played a pivotal role in them joining the club and how outings allowed them to try things that they had never tried before. We hope their stories remind you of your first experiences with the club and the lifelong friendships that you made through it.

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Letter from the President

Hello Outing Club Alumni!

This has to have been one of the most beautiful falls that Western Pennsylvania has ever been blessed to experience, and the Outing Club has taken full advantage of the conditions.

Summer break ended with a canoe trip to ZEC Kipawa, which was the perfect kick-off to the semester. Upon returning to campus, the club welcomed many new members who have fit right in and have wasted no time in participating in a plethora of exciting outings (of which I hope you will enjoy reading all about).

The fall semester is chronically busy for the club, and this one was no exception. The yearly canoe trip on the Allegheny was spectacular and surprisingly very warm! This semester has also seen a good bit of backpacking in the club, with trips to the Dolly Sods in West Virginia, Mount Rogers in Virginia, and Springer Mountain in Georgia. In keeping with past events, the club also continued the tradition of having a fall party with an "Olympics," which is always a great time.

The pig roast was earlier than usual again this year, which was definitely a

major reason for the gorgeous weather. The roast went very smoothly, much to my relief, and I would like to thank everyone, especially alumni, who pitched in and helped! Besides a small crisis with the supply of firewood, the roast was much less eventful than expected! At the pig roast, over one hundred students, faculty, and alumni joined us in the festivities. We all had a wonderful time. If you weren't able to make it this fall, we would love to see you next year!

I have enjoyed my time as president of the club this fall, and I feel extremely privileged to have had the opportunity to lead the finest club at Grove City College. 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. Please sit back, relax, and enjoy as we regale you with anecdotes of our escapades throughout this fine fall semester.

~Evan Avery '16

ZEC Kipawa: Making New Friends

Adventuring out into the Canadian wilderness came with its share of excitement and nerves. For the trip, I had a variety of minute goals with which I hoped to obtain a successful trip. Goal #1: Don't die. Goal #2: Don't get left behind and be forced to live in the woods for the rest of my life and learn how to speak moose. Goal #3: Have fun. I had no idea when I embarked on this journey that I would add yet another goal to my list of trip necessities.

If you know me at all, you know that I have a deep attachment to all living creatures (all of which I have a desire to snuggle with). I also am known to want to experience all that life has to offer. Upon beginning the journey through the various lakes and rivers, I discovered a new experience that was awaiting me within the clear, clean waters!

As an aside, on the trip, I was obsessed with everything Canadian – Canadian water, Canadian air, Canadian stoplights, etc. I only just convinced myself to part with the Canadian water from water bottle a few days ago before the Dolly Sods trip.

So, in these delectable waters were leeches! These adorable, small creatures began to show themselves and their friendliness by attaching themselves onto my fellow adventurers' feet. I yearned to have the opportunity to experience this special and unique part of our trek. Daily I would walk along the shoreline calling to my future friends; I went for long swims from island to island in search of these little beauties. Alas, the last day came along, and I had still yet to build a friendship with a leech. Tom Morris '77 graciously offered to lend me one of his large leech friends that he was taking home in a Ziploc bag. He mentioned that the tiny terror was in need of a feeding. I did not feel that this would be an authentic way to experience the leech phenomenon so I declined his offer.

Reflecting on my Canadian journey, I realize that many of my goals came to fruition. I did indeed avoid death. I had not been forced to join a community with the moose, and I had the most fabulous outdoor experience of my life. My final goal of meeting a friendly leech was not a success and I will have to return again in order to check that specific goal off of my bucket list. In closing, I may not have found a leech, but at least I will always have a friend in Saxon.

~Robin Lawson '15

A Canadian Canoeing Adventure

How about a week-long canoeing adventure in the Canadian wilderness? Count me in. The week before school started, the Outing Club went to ZEC Kipawa with alumni and students. Below

is my brief account of the many adventures that were experienced during this week.

The first day of canoeing was a learning experience for me, since I had only canoed a few times in the past. I learned from the alumni the techniques to be used, and by the end of the week I had improved considerably.

During the second day of paddling, the party barge was created. This vessel was made with three canoes held together by one person in the middle. The outside paddlers provided power while the middle boat steered. Although the party barge was a bit slower, we still kept up with the single canoes for the most part.

Swimming was great in the cool Canadian waters. I heard that people occasionally got leeches, and I was quite terrified of getting one of them too. One afternoon, I went for a nice swim and walked back to my tent to dry off when I looked down and saw a big leech. After I ripped it off, I quickly got over my fear of leeches. I even found a few more over the course of the week.

You may think we did not have good food with our limited supplies in the backcountry, but that would be incorrect. The food, prepared by Mac, was delicious! Lauren and I woke up early a few mornings, so we had the opportunity to make the delicious cream of wheat or oatmeal for breakfast that day. We even had brownies in the middle of the week, made in a mud oven. I also ate more pudding that week than ever before in my life.

Have you ever played the card game called Hearts? This awesome card game was played nearly every evening. One game of double hearts (played with seven people, in this case) lasted three days!

The night paddle on the last night was beautiful. The stars were so bright and

the water so still that it looked as though the sky extended into the water. During these paddles across the lake, I connected with God in the beauty of nature. This canoeing adventure was a refreshing time spent with great friends.

I am so thankful to be a part of Outing Club, where we can enjoy the great outdoors and build lasting friendships!
~Rachel Schmidt '16



Back from Left to Right: Cory Kirchhofer '15, Tim Mahoney '09, Anna O'Neil '15, Andrew Baur '13, Robin Lawson '15, Rob McKnight '15, Lacey Lobdell '16, Evan Avery '16, Abby Friel '16, Josh Glessner '15, Lauren McGarvey '15, Jared Matthews '15, Rachel Schmidt '16, Josh Butler '02, Aurora Butler, Tom Morris '77, Mike McElhaney '01, Alex Kiselica '17. Front from Left to Right: Laura Gibson '12, Cory Gibson '99, Adam Neff '06

A New Member's Perspective on the Club

To put it simply, the Outing Club is one of the best things that has happened to me at Grove City College. I found GCCOC through a classmate and the club fair at the beginning of the year. I was intrigued by the description of hiking, canoe trips, and the cabin that the club and alumni possess. After the New Member Outing, I knew that this was the club for me.

The New Member Outing involved stuffing as many students as possible into one cabin (and a few tents) and then embarking on a sweet night hike. I had not experienced a night hike until that evening and there isn't anything quite like it. You are on a forest trail with people, but all you

can see is the ground. You barely get to look at anyone and yet you talk about everything. It was great! I went on the long route that went to the river and once we got back, we somehow managed to fit everyone inside the cabin to play cards by the lamp light, which was a little difficult but fantastically rustic. I don't think I had laughed so much since I had gotten to campus, and I really liked the type of people who were in or joining GCCOC.

The Outing Club helped me get through the rough transition into college. I got to get off campus on weekends, which is a great breather and relaxer, and there is a lot of homemade food that the students make, with the height of food being at the Pig Roast. That was another great event. I have never seen so many pies before or a pig on stack. The Pig Roast was an interesting chance to see professors, alumni, and friends. Through the Outing Club, I've met a lot of my closest friends, and I am super excited to be a part of the club for this year's upcoming events and for the next four years! Outing Club is the Best!

~Margi Haiss '18

A Canoe Trip Down the Allegheny

Earlier this semester, I went on my first official outing with the Club: canoeing down the Allegheny River. I didn't have much experience in the art of the canoe, but I joined the club to find new and exciting adventures, so I decided to give it a shot...

I came to realize that organizing and transporting around 20 people and their water vessels to the riverside can be a very time-consuming ordeal. To pass the time, I skipped stones, caught tadpoles, and unintentionally tore the arms off of mating crayfish. After the eternal wait, the time arrived to shove off, two people to each canoe. My partner and I mounted our shiny metal floating steed and began

paddling with all of the manly strength we could muster. After about a minute of intense exertion, we succeeded in paddling in a circle. Maybe canoeing would take a little bit more finesse than I had anticipated... After receiving a tutorial from fellow rowers, I began to understand the teamwork involved in keeping the canoe straight. After nearly flipping the canoe, continuing to move the canoe in a circle, and making other mistakes, my partner and I succeeded in moving the seafaring vehicle in our intended direction.

We paddled down the river, rather uneventfully for quite some time. I have no way of actually knowing how long we had been canoeing, but all I know is that the rowing started to feel less like fun and more like a chore. To my great relief, I began to see canoes in the front of the pack landing on the river's edge. As we approached the landing spot, the current sped up dramatically, shooting us down the river as if the rapids did not want us to trespass on its shore. Recognizing this battle against the elements, my partner and I paddled ferociously in the direction of the shore. We barely made it. We had to turn the canoe completely around and paddle upstream to the landing. Ones who had already securely landed welcomed us to the little peninsula. We climbed out of our canoes, dragged our vessel to shore, and cheered on those who still had to fight the rapid current. Others weren't as successful as we were in reaching the shore, but eventually everyone made it safely to dry land.

After a brief rest, I begin to receive word of a nearby waterfall, just a quarter-mile hike into the woods. We all made a unanimous decision to explore this prospect and started trudging through the woods. After a brief hike/swim through a creek, we reached our destination. The waterfall reached a height of around 20 feet. Water slowly trickled down a cliff of

layered rock into a deep and clear pool. The cool water from the stream felt quite refreshing, but I thought it much too cold for swimming. Other members of the group felt otherwise. A few members came prepared in their swimming attire. While a few jumped into the frigid water, the rest of us laughed as they submerged themselves into the deeper-than-expected pool and came up screaming. To be honest, the only thing that kept me from joining in on the fun was the fact that I did not have swimming clothes that would dry quickly, so I contented myself with climbing up and down the rocks on the sides of the waterfall. The time eventually came to continue the journey, so we headed back to the shoreline and took off down the river.

The second half of the journey seemed lacking in excitement, so many of us decided to make our own fun in the form of a “party barge.” This barge consisted of up to 6 canoes and kayaks held together as we moved down the river. Though this method of transportation slowed our progress tremendously, nobody cared since we were all having fun, well, except maybe for the one guy in the front pulling all of us along. After struggling down the river in our current formation, we decided it best to disband the juggernaut and travel as independent vessels. The remainder of the trip consisted of paddling, looking at the water, paddling, looking at a rock, paddling, waving to people on motor boats, paddling, chatting a little bit, and more paddling. Finally, we saw people far in the distance pulling off at the final stop of the journey. As we approached the shore, we all started to feel the exhaustion resulting from the hours on the water. We pulled our canoes ashore, staggered around in delirium for a bit, and then noticed that there was food available for us. Food. I had forgotten that people generally eat the stuff to survive.

We all gathered like a pack of wolves around the fare provided and consumed it gratefully. After we were all satisfied, some of the group went to gather the cars to take us home while the rest of us sat, unable to do much of anything else. Many fell asleep on a concrete driveway while waiting for the cars to arrive. Once the rides showed up, we loaded up the canoes, loaded ourselves in cars, and ended the day’s adventure.

So that’s what a canoeing day-trip feels like. Refreshing, exciting, educational, scary, and exhausting. If this is how all of the outings with the Club are like, I’m sorry I didn’t join last year.

~Alex Metzger ‘17



Back from Left to Right: Alex Metzger ‘17, Andrew Baur ‘13, Karli Feaster ‘18, Emma Hosack ‘18, Sam Kibler ‘16, Annie-Laurie Holfelder ‘16, Lauren McGarvey ‘15, Rachel Schmidt ‘16, Josh Kegel ‘18, Sam Whiting ‘18, Danny Downward ‘18, Jonathan Worobey ‘17, Ali Kjergaard ‘17, Evan Avery ‘16, Alex Kiselica ‘17, Chris Nan ‘16, Joscelyn Seaton ‘16, Rob McKnight ‘15, Cory Kirchhofer ‘15, Josh Glessner ‘15. Front from Left to Right: Robin Lawson ‘15, Matt Leatherow ‘16, Allison Beggs ‘17, Cory Gibson ‘99

Pig Roast: The GCCOC Family Reunites

For the Outing Club, the pig roast seems to be our homecoming. Alumni return home to the cabin, and we as actives host a feast. Old friends are reunited, and they exchange many a story and a laugh. Alumni and actives, who have never met, heartily greet each other just because the other is part of their beloved Outing Club family. Together, we all reminisce and are

renewed by the indescribable peace and comfort that we find in the cabin.

As a junior in college, I know that in a few more blinks, I will graduate and leave this wonderful college. And what's scary is that Grove City will move on without me. It will change. My dorm will no longer be my dorm. My favorite library study table will no longer be "mine." Professors will come and go, and Rockwell may be torn down. But one thing comforts me as I look to the future. The cabin will always be there. She will always open up her doors to me and to whoever else seeks out her warm embrace. She will always be the place where I've had my best memories while at Grove City College. She will always be my second home. She will always look the same. She will always smell the same. And she will continue to be the same even though the world continues to change.

Like I said before, this pig roast was a homecoming. When recently-graduated OC friends (Jed Seltzer '14, Stephen Cann '14, and Andrew Baur '13) returned to the cabin for the pig roast, it was as if we all were welcoming them home. In the prior weeks, we had awaited their arrival with excitement, and now we were able to see them! We hiked (and bushwhacked!), stargazed, sat around the campfire, and enjoyed the various pig-roasting activities. All in all, it was so great to see them! It was just like old times.

During the pig roast, actives also had the opportunity to meet with the many alumni that are still involved with the club. I thoroughly enjoyed hearing about their adventures with the club and the adventures that they continued to have post-college. Through some fireside chats, I learned that Sarah Green '09, Matt Green '10, and Adam Neff '06 live near me, that they enjoy many of the same hikes and local attractions that I love, and that Sarah Green works with my favorite high

school biology teacher. It's a small world! Additionally, on the eve before the pig roast, I had the chance to hear many more of the club's tall tales, and this round of storytelling made my night (I could listen to stories for hours and hours!). Yet although I enjoyed each of the individual conversations that I had with alumni, the biggest impression that the alumni made on me was the fact that they all had continued to remain close friends after college. How incredible is that?! The friendships made in the Outing Club are lifelong.

Another memorable part about this pig roast was that my family came to visit. They finally got to see the cabin, meet my GCCOC friends, and have a small taste of what it is like to be an outing clubber! My brothers got to go on one of Jed Seltzer's signature night hikes complete with bushwhacking and some impromptu climbing. They also watched shooting stars at the Christmas tree farm and participated in the glories of an early morning pig roast shift. My mom and dad enjoyed talking with alumni, sitting around the campfire, and walking around the cabin. I enjoyed seeing how both alumni and actives welcomed my family (and other clubber's families) to the cabin and sought to have some great conversations with each of them. My dad had such a great time that he asked when the next pig roast would be!

All in all, this year's pig roast was a memorable one. It was a feast. It was a homecoming for the alumni – for both the recently graduates and for the more seasoned. It was a warm reception for the professors and guests who had never before seen the cabin. Most importantly, the pig roast was a celebration of the 76 years that the cabin has welcomed Outing Club members inside of her threshold.

~Joscelyn Seaton '16

Mt Rogers: My First Backpacking Trip

From September 15th-18th, I was able to experience my first backpacking trip. Three cars carrying fifteen students set off for the Fall Break trip around Mt. Rogers in Virginia. After about a six hour drive, the group was kindly welcomed into the home of the Seaton family to stay overnight. We then set forth for the trail the following morning. The weather on the first day was not the greatest, to put it nicely. But really what is a backpacking trip without a little rain or snow? There were times throughout that first day where I thought to myself, "Lord, what have I gotten myself into?," but the rest of the group and I pushed along until we reached our campsite at around 5:00. By this time the temperature had dropped significantly to near freezing as Evan Avery '16 gladly pointed out to all of us. We were not able to get a fire started due to the continuous mist and wind, so instead we all huddled together around the cooking pot. After eating, almost everyone was in their tents for bed by 8:00.

The following morning, we awoke to a B-E-A-Utiful sunrise that could be seen atop the mountains for miles since the fog had finally lifted. This had to have been my favorite day, and I think most of the others would agree. We had gorgeous weather and hiked along the ridge of the mountain for the majority of the day. We were able to see and even touch several wild ponies, witness spectacular views, and just enjoy the great outdoors.

On the third day, we awoke to some pop jams (including "Party in the USA") courtesy of Jed Seltzer '14. We were able to make it back to the cars by about noon. Once we finally got going, the tradition of hitting up Olive Garden was continued. I think we all left plenty full with our never-ending PAAASTA bowls. Overall it was an awesome experience, and I am thankful that I had

the opportunity to further develop many new friendships within the club through it. Something in that trip must have made a positive, lasting impression on me, for I have since gone on another backpacking trip to Dolly Sods, West Virginia and hope to go on many more trips in the future.

~Allison Beggs '17



Back from Left to Right: Rachel Schmidt '16, Rob McKnight '15, Josh Glessner '15, Allison Beggs '17, Evan Avery '16, Joscelyn Seaton '16, Lauren McGarvey '15, John Worobey '17. Front from Left to Right: Jared Matthews '15, Matt Terry '17, Danny Downward '18, Bec Burkhart '16, Becki Krupp '18, Liz Burkley '11

Mt Rogers: An Unforgettable Adventure

Over Fall Break this year, the Outing Club took a backpacking trip to Mount Rogers. As the time for committing to this trip drew closer, I started to get a little nervous. This trip would be my first with the club, and although I was excited to get back out to wide open spaces and trails, a small piece of me was nervous about being away with a group of people that I didn't really know.

The first day was foggy and damp, but in a beautiful sort of way. It was almost like the woods were keeping secrets from us. That night, the stinging cold started to bring us closer as a group. As we all stood around the camp stove waiting for dinner to be finished, we commiserated about the cold and the rain. And despite all

of the things we found to complain about, we also found reasons to laugh and smile. The next morning we awoke to a familiar chill, but a clear sky. We could see far out across the mountains, and as the sun rose and began to warm the morning, the secrets that the woods had been keeping from us were revealed. That day we crossed rivers and got to pet wild ponies. The rain and fog of the previous day seemed like a distant memory. That night was windy, but our hearts were happy. Although we had trouble getting the camp stove to light, and even though the wind pulled the stakes from our tents right out of the ground, we sat around a campfire telling stories and jokes, oblivious to the chill of the wind. The final day of our journey was sunny, clear, and beautiful. That day we saw vibrant fall colors, and my appreciation for the wilderness was renewed. As we neared the parking lot, I began to think about all we had just walked through. I thought about the fog and the rain and the mud and the rocks. I knew I was ready for a shower and a good night's rest. But I also knew that I would remember these few days forever.

Standing on top of a mountain is an incredible experience. Looking out on the valley below and the mountains all around, I was humbled by the familiar, comforting feeling of insignificance. God had given my legs the power to carry me to the summit and had given me the eyes to see the beautiful colors of the fall and the perfect silhouette of the mountains against a vast sky. Not only am I a small piece of creation, but the open air all around me reminded me of the immensity of our Lord. Standing there, I am reminded that I did not get to where I am by my own power, and I never have. All the heights I've reached in life were because of the grace of God.

As I looked out into the endless sky, I forgot about how sore I was. I forgot

about my slightly damp boots, and the chill of the previous night was as far from my mind as it could be. And I realized, as I sat among my new friends, that I shouldn't have been nervous. This place and these people were exactly what I needed.

Years from now, I'm sure I'll remember the friendships I formed on this trip and the memories I made. I won't remember blisters and soreness and cold, windy nights. And if I do, I'll be able to smile about them, because I wouldn't have experienced the presence of God in the same way if I had stayed on campus that weekend.

"I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me"

Philippians 4:13

~Becki Krupp '18

The Third Annual Outing Club Olympics

This year the Outing club's fall party yet again followed the great tradition of the GCCOC Olympics. At least, that's what I've been told. I'm a freshman this year so I haven't experienced any other GCCOC fall party Olympics. But, I can tell you this: regardless of whenever the GCCOC Olympics were created, I can see why they have continued.

Have you ever wondered what a caber and a rubber chicken have in common? Probably not, but I bet you're now dying to know this philosophical issue. Well, as is the nature of the outing club to solve deep philosophical issues, it has an answer to this problem. The answer? You chuck both of them as far as you can. In all seriousness though, the caber toss and chicken chucking events were lots of fun. Those weren't the only events though, there were still plenty more that followed.

Other events included the three-legged, sack, and human-pyramid race. Let me tell you, you haven't truly experienced

the human pyramid until you turn it into a race. There are two people on the bottom, and then one person holds on for dear life at the top. Then, you crawl as fast as you can. I'm pretty sure this event gave me a permanent pair of work jeans, because the washing machines at the college just won't get the stains out. The three-legged race and the sack race were tons of fun, too. I mean who doesn't love watching people totally wipe out? There was a downside though. I'm pretty sure I don't have finger prints after all the duct tape I had to put around peoples legs. But it was still a lot of fun, and the fun didn't stop there either. More events still followed.

The other events were the egg toss, egg race, and the run. The egg toss was of course great fun. It's great seeing people get splattered with egg when it breaks. Of course, it's not as much fun when you get splattered. I would know, because when we were messing around after the event, I got pegged in the eye with an egg. This of course covered my face with a lovely goopy texture which I then couldn't wash out because I didn't know how to prime the pump, but no I'm not bitter. The egg race was great too; you put a spoon in your mouth and raced with an egg on top of the spoon. The final race, the foot race, I didn't participate in. I let my marathon running team member Evan Avery '16 take the gold on that.

Overall the fall party/ Olympics were lots of fun. I found out that outing club members were very creative. I mean, what sort of Club chucks chickens and races with human pyramids. Oh yea, I forgot to tell you about the pumpkin carving, I mean, if Picasso carved pumpkins they would look like what the club carved. I really enjoyed this event, and as a freshman becoming an active member, this event made me want to be a part of this club even more.
~Danny Downward '18



A fierce game of Tug of War. From Left to Right: Cory Kirchhofer '15, Matt Terry '17, Danny Downward '18, Josh Glessner '15, Matt Freiling '16, Jake Jones '17, Joscelyn Seaton '16, Hunter Weston '17

The 2014 Fall Olympics: GCC Edition

The Outing Club was well represented at the Olympics this year. We had lots of returning athletes and many new athletes competing for the titles. We had a vast array of opportunities to display one's athleticism, gracefulness, and strength (or lack thereof, speaking for myself). Events included the following: chicken chucking, tug of war, log tossing, running to the Christmas tree farm, egg tossing, and sack racing. My personal favorite was the egg toss. It's amazing how many times an egg can bounce off the ground before breaking only to explode all over your partner. My apologies, Josh. The tug of war proved to be very entertaining. The yard was quite slick so the losing team not only lost but was subsequently pulled through the mud and grass. We had good competition and lots of laughs. Following the Olympics, we had our traditional fall party. We had a wonderful meal and lots of pumpkins for carving. Outing clubbers are very gifted in carving pumpkins (not speaking for myself). We also roasted pumpkin seeds and had delicious pumpkin pies. It was a wonderful day spent at the cabin.

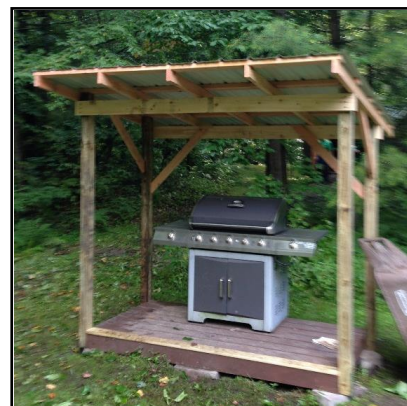
~Lauren McGarvey '15

2014 Summer Recap

Mark Place '77 Alumni Cabin Manager

A somewhat smaller than normal group nevertheless made good headway on a fairly long list of projects. Two core projects were getting a roof over the gas grill and servicing the mower fleet. The new shed roof will both to protect it from the elements and to make it easier to use in inclement weather. That theory was tested several times during the weekend.

Pretty much the entire mower fleet needed advanced service this year from bent valve rods on the tractor to flushing bad fuels from the push mowers to drive line work on the small brush hog. A few reminders need to be shared regarding the power equipment.



1. If the tractor will not start do not move it around without pulling the handle behind the seat above the hitch to avoid damaging the hydrostatic drive. Please alert Cory Gibson or me if there is a tractor issue.
2. Please make sure to use the proper gas in each piece of equipment. All of the mowers take regular unleaded gas but had been filled with chain saw mix that needed to be cleaned out.
3. Plastic gas, kero and mixed gas cans are not critter proof. Please do not use plastic cans for flammable storage

While the gear heads lead by Cory Gibson serviced the fleet a hardy team of Dan Young and Kadene Limmer hauled several cords worth of wood down from various locations around the property for future splitting.

Other projects included the annual assessment under the cabin for both structural damage and for insects and biological damage. Based on the report from Kegan Hangs team we will have several more floor joists to temporarily fix next summer and as reported at the annual meeting we will need to have the entire basement treated for a variety of fungus and mold issues made worse by the wet summer. The area around the spring box was also cleared, the sediment was cleaned out and anew plastic foo-valve assembly was installed. Handles were also installed to allow easier removal of the cover for cleaning and for seasonal opening of the drain valve to limit freezing. An additional light fixture was installed in the kitchen and all of the lights and stoves were serviced and adjusted. Housekeeping included a thorough sweeping, and work in the kitchen by Sue Knectel and her team to make sure things were safe and clean.

While the weather precluded after dinner swims for the first time in many years the slower pace and great meals coordinated by Sue and her team made for a nice weekend. Thanks to all who were able to join the outing.

Yard notes: The very wet summer and aging drain system has made the yard extremely soft. If you do not really need to park in the yard please do not. Hopefully things will firm up before the spring rains.

Range use: The range has had significant use and the back stop is a high priority project for 2015. Please be careful when hanging targets and please clean up both your target debris and your brass. As noted many times before, missed or ignored brass and lawnmowers make a lethal combination.