

THE CHIRUP

Week 2

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The second week of camp has gone by in a flash! Each year, as alumni and visitors from all over the world come to visit for the Fourth of July, this particular week reminds us that Sangamon is truly a lifelong community.

The sun came out in full force for a packed schedule of competitions and celebrations this week. On Saturday, all of camp descended on the pasture for Frank Buck Day, and each cabin vied for the highest point total in a variety of classic Sangamon events. On Tuesday, campers searched the woods for hidden staff in Capture the Counselor. Then, in the evening, old and new friends gathered together for the long-awaited bonfire and fireworks show. Finally, Sangamon and Betsey Cox let loose on the dance floor at this week's social.

It is hard to believe that there is only one week left in the session! However, if next week is anything like this one, it is sure to be full of sunshine, excitement, and plenty of laughter.

—The Editorial Board

What happened this week?

Lots of Cat Names!

Today, I'm going to write about naming the new cats at the farm. We have so many ideas for names, like Simba, Upa, Snape, and Hades. There are three girls and one boy. Two are striped, and two are black. The only way you can tell them apart is by size. The cats are quite playful and cute, and I love them all. I liked one's original name, Burger King. So far, the other possible names are: Orion, Coursette, Aqua, Katakuri, Neon, Jeffrey, Oswald, Nets, and Red Sox. That's just some of them, and I know I'm excited to know the names when they are decided.

Max Lavelle (Cabin 5)

Busy Days

Yesterday was July 4th, a very busy day. I biked to the Wooden Barrel to buy food and ride down hills, practiced my form at archery, captured camp counselors for ice pops, ate great BBQ at the Farn-a-que, ran a variety of relay races, and watched the huge bonfire and fireworks. It was a great day!

Justin Woods (Cabin Breeze)



A Letter Opener to Be Proud of

Yesterday, with the help of Locky and Nathaniel, and the many miscellaneous tools in the forge, I finished a letter opener. I tested it on a spare envelope from the office, and it worked! Even though it looks more like a butter knife than a letter opener, I am still proud of it.

Jake Larner (Cabin Breeze)

Learning to Sail

Today, I went on a sailing trip to Lake Champlain. We packed food, water, and a towel, then drove for 45 minutes. When we got to the dock, we learned about each part of the boat and climbed aboard. We started to sail, and we all took turns steering and acting as crew. About halfway through, we ate wraps to power us through the beaming sun and strong winds. We learned many different types of knots, and we got a point if we mastered one. Overall, the trip was very fun, and it was a good learning experience. Plus, we had a chance to eat ice cream!

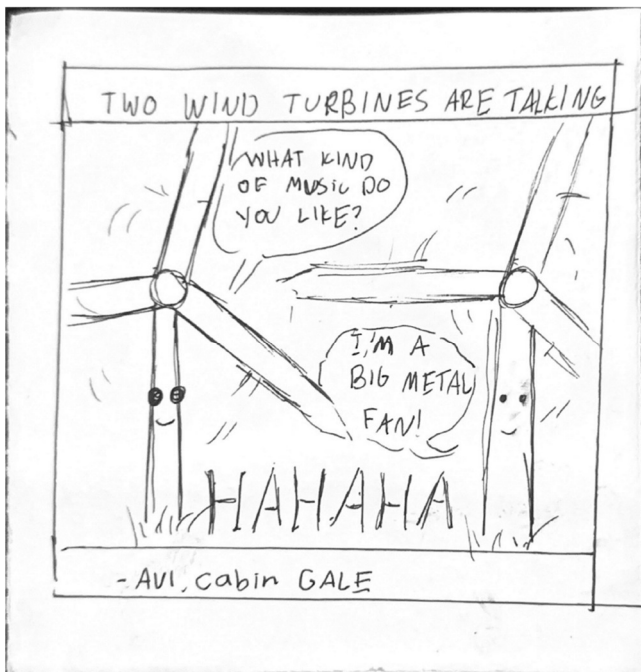
Matteo Serrano (Cabin Blow)

Creative Musings

Slowly Refilling the Meat

As I finished slowly shredding the zest of the bovine vertebrae into my tortilla-based dish, my camp guardian Nate graciously requested that I refill the medium container of Animalia and Plantae carcasses and juices. Before I completed the task, however, I took 6 minutes and 27 seconds refilling my taco with said animal and plant carcasses before my guardian, Nate, forced the verdict upon me to fill the medium container of animal and plant carcasses immediately. I reluctantly conceded and filled it up.

Zaid Malcolm (Cabin Blow)



Definitive Proof that Sticks are Logs

So, I know what you're thinking: "Sticks can't be logs!" However, to determine whether sticks are or are not logs, we must first determine what a log is. Now, a log is the body of the tree cut down. But what is the body? Well, the body of the tree is where the roots end. This may seem intimidating, but think about it. Visualize the uprooted tree near the archery range. Can you tell me where the roots end? No! Since we don't know exactly where the roots end, that means that the body of the tree is undefined. That means that any part of the tree could be the body! Roots could be the body! Leaves could be the body! And, of course, branches could be the body! Now, saw off that branch and you have the body of a tree that was taken down. Or, as we determined earlier, a log. Sticks are logs.

Charlie Kirkman (Cabin Blow)

Hikes and Trips

Lake Monsters

The Apprenti went on a trip to watch the Lake Monsters, Vermont's very own baseball team. They were playing the Nashua Silver Knights. It was a close-fought game with the Lake Monsters breaking a 2-2 tie in the eighth inning by scoring 3 runs.

However, the game was only the warm-up to the main event; the hotdog race. The \$0.25 hotdog was racing the \$3.25 hotdog around the pitch. The \$0.25 hotdog ran away with it and won the race convincingly. The Apprenti all had a great evening out!

- The Apprenti

SOCCER TRIP

In this past week, I went with 19 other people from camp to a semi-professional soccer game. The match was between a Vermont team and a New England team. It was a close game at the start, but Vermont got the ball and ran it off the field. They scored four times, but then the other team stole the ball and scored. At the end of the game, the New England team got very tired and slowed down. The Vermont team used that to their advantage and won!

Owen McCardle (Cabin Gale)



White Rocks

Today, I went on a hike to White Rocks. We saw a toad and a really cool rock garden. We learned about a 600-mile hike that goes through Vermont. Then, we saw a guy who said the last eight days of his journey were very annoying because of the rain. He said he saw two bears and a rattle snake.

Liam Boston (Cabin Blow)





Story Time with Noll

THE GOUDA LIFE

A growing boy took a bite of gouda. But what was the reason for eating this poor gouda? What is the justification for taking a long, cheesy life?

Betty the cow sat in her pen. It was raining outside. The flowers and grass folded under the pressure of the rain. The rain steadily pounded the poorly constructed cow barn. The calves shivered under the leaky roof, and Betty quaked as the thunder raged above. She knew the calves would end up as a prime rib steak, or some other product for these villainous humans.

When the next day rolled around, she slowly grazed the dampened grass. The calves played in the grass, and their parents watched vigilantly. Betty was called in to be milked by the farmer, who was named Farmer Grimace. Betty waddled out and watched the calves.

The milk was sold to Das-Donald Cheese Inc. It was then pasteurized and processed. The milk wondered what this dark place was. A man took the milk off of the moving ground in the bright room and put it in a dingy warehouse. The milk sat alone contemplating as much as milk does about what was happening.

A couple months later, the milk had become gouda. The gouda, now much wiser, sat still. A couple hours had gone by since the purple man had taken other wheels of cheese out of the cellar. The gouda noticed two large purple hands reaching for it. The purple man fumbled the gouda and it started cascading toward the floor. The gouda fell on a large parmesan slice and started careening toward a wall. The door, clearly visible, was close by. The gouda made a hard right. A cloud of dust shimmered in the light as the purple man started chasing the cheese. The gouda dodged a block of mimolette and squeezed between the cheddar and gorgonzola, then flew off a ledge of very smelly brie. The gouda smacked the door, and it slammed shut. Behind the speedy wheel, right as the gouda thought it was free, a tall man with a long hat and a mask picked up the cheese and dashed away. Two days later, the gouda found itself in a basket in a market in The Netherlands. A boy grabbed his favorite snack and handed the merchant his due amount.

The justification for eating the gouda: it tastes pretty gouda.

Noll Flynn (Cabin Breeze)





WEEKLY COLUMNS

The Story of a Very Hydrated Man: The Life and Times of Yannick Notermans

Part 2: A Mysterious Apparition

Despite the aerodynamic design of his Dutch bicycle, the harsh sunlight and intense thirst was too much for Yannick. He grew dizzy and fatigued, and eventually collapsed on a patch of grass at the side of the road. The bicycle's wheels spun silently as Yannick drifted out of consciousness.

All of a sudden, a giant man towered over Yannick, eclipsing the sun for several square kilometers of Dutch countryside. Yannick trembled in his clogs.

"It is I, Ed Large," bellowed the humongous fellow, "sacred protector of Camp Sangamon sign-up sheets. I appear before you foretelling disaster. The Netherlands will soon be without water, and only you, Yannick Notermans, can save it. Venture to Camp Sangamon, home of the mythical Hydration Station, where the water flows like water. There, you will find the solution to life's greatest struggle: dehydration."

Yannick awoke from his dream in a daze. *What a large man*, he thought. Despite the small glass of water that had mysteriously appeared at his feet, he was unconcerned by the revelation he had just received. He promptly quenched his thirst, then picked up his bag of tulip bulbs and hopped on his bike. Within a few minutes of pedaling, the Tulip Festival was finally in sight...

STEEZY'S STATECRAFT

Sanga-Bill Proposal: H.Res.1922

Resolved, That upon adoption of this resolution Camp Sangamon shall hereby repeal the previously enacted ordinance, Reg. 5-25-22(1), which states the following:

"Basketball is not an activity."

Sanga-Volatility

- GRMC is up 50%
- Banana Telecommunications is up 14%
- Old Cabin 6 is down 100%
- New Cabin 6 is up 85%





From:



CAMP SANGAMON