

THE CHIRRUP

Week 8

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That's a wrap! Week three of session three has ended, and with it our summer at Camp Sangamon has come to a close. As sad as we are to leave, we are thankful that we were able to end the summer on such a high note.

This week has been marked by an abundance of adventure off camp and a strong sense of community on camp. On Monday, almost every camper went spelunking in Pittsford's famed Ice Caves. Then, on Tuesday, just as many campers scaled the walls of Rutland's cavernous rock-climbing gym. On Thursday, the campers split into two teams and battled for kickball supremacy during Kamper Kickball. Finally, the week closed out on Friday with a talent show and the annual tree-covered Stockade Banquet.

In this final Chirrup of the summer, all of us at camp want to thank you for being a part of our community, whether as a camper, an alumnus, or simply a reader of this publication. We hope to see you all in the summers to come!

—The Editorial Board

What happened this week?

Throw Stuff Thursday

A little less than a week ago, it was “Throw Stuff Thursday” at Archery. We met up with Betsey Cox and began to throw. We threw spears, arrows, brooms, sticks, you name it! Betsey Cox brought special spears with a special piece that helped launch them surprisingly far. When Milo said “fire at will!” the air filled with things soaring through the air toward the target.

Jude Silverstein (Cabin 4)



Chilly Ice Caves

I went to the Ice Caves, and it was super fun! The hike was about 20 minutes, and there were rocks that we got to jump over. It was really steep, and when we went into the cave it was really chilly. I did the loop in the cave!

Charlie Hamelin (Cabin 1)

Improving at Swim Lessons

After three lessons, I moved up to Bass, which means that I can use the floating dock. Learning the strokes was very hard at first, but they got easier over time. I might try to move up to Pike next!

Patrick Sheehan (Cabin Breeze)

What *else* happened this week?

AMAZING ICE CAVES

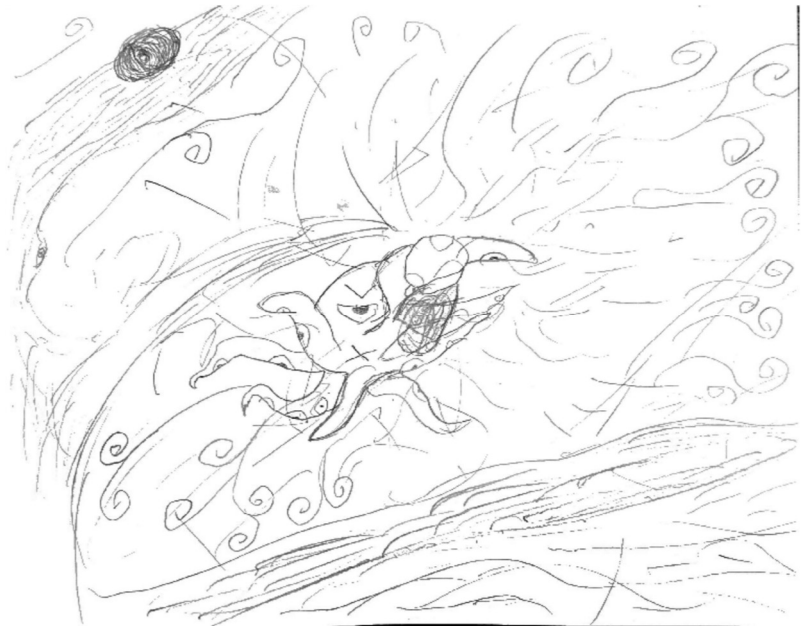
This morning, I went to the Ice Caves, and they were amazing! We got in the van and started driving right there! I was surprised that it was so close to camp. When we got to the trailhead, it felt like any other hike. There was dirt, trees, etc. But as we got farther up, the trail became more unique. The rocks were cold, and there were more rocks than trees. When we got to the cave, we couldn't believe our eyes. At some points it was tiny, and at other points it was huge, but the whole time it was freezing cold!

Jude Silversten (Cabin 4)

Picking Up the Animals

On day one of camp, I decided to go down to Farm. It was awesome. They have around 14 animals! Anyways, on the first day, I picked up the kittens, and then I went to see the bunny and the chickens. I played around with them for a while, but I didn't have a chance to pick them up. I made a promise to the animals that I could come back the next day to try to pick them up. When I came back, I was able to pick them up! It was a success!

Anonymous (Cabin 3)



Cary Walker (Cabin Gale)

What do the staff have to say?

My Experience at the Weavery

I first came to work as the Weaving Instructor in 2000 and I stopped in 2010. Before coming, I had the idea that maybe boys are not going to like weaving; however, I was completely wrong. They loved it. It was a popular activity. My first year 2000 I found out that the camp had about 8 big antique looms; nevertheless they hadn't been used for years. In previous years, campers were doing necklaces with hemp; so, I kept that tradition, doing necklaces with hemp. However, at the same time, I started teaching weaving, crocheting, knitting, broi-dering, sewing by hand, bracelets, and so on. As soon as I entered the Weavery, I cleaned the looms and I did the whole setting process, so, the looms were ready for the campers to weave. Additionally to that, I taught campers some art from my country Ecuador, like how to make necklaces and bracelets with beads and with embroidery thread and nylon. I also taught them many different types or creations, like how to do crochet, knitting, embroider-ing, and how to make rugs. Besides, I always told campers that they could make their own creation. Thus, while 8 campers could be weaving on the looms, the many other campers could be weaving with their hands by doing the different creations and developing different skills.

I stopped teaching weaving in 2010 and I came back to camp last summer, during 3rd session 2022. Many projects were done in the looms again during last summer 3rd session and this summer 3rd session. So exciting! When I came back I felt so happy to see that the tradition of making bracelets with embroidery thread has been maintained. I see they have continue with this art. All in all, I feel very happy with every accomplishment campers make. They are very creative and skillful.

Viva Camp Sangamon!

Monica Elva Vaca-Cardenas



What *else* do the staff have to say?

The Boy's a Beaver

He say that I'm good enough,
Grabbing my camera
Thinking 'bout pics that i shoulda done
Now he taking one of me
He making fun of me
That boy is at Weavery
Now that boy is a cap
Pull up to photo cuz thats where it's at, like
Don't open the back
Roll up your film 'fore you pull off the cap
Near a bin and a bin
Turn the lights off cuz we developin'
Read all the signs, don't turn the lights on
If you knock the door, we're gonna respond

And I can't take no pics without you
And I can't develop no rolls without you
If you don't come does that mean we're
through?
I like the photo things that you do

That boy's a beaver,
That boy's a beaver
That boy's a beaver
Coming to periods one through four

Mai-Slay (Cabin 5)

It's Owl Season

"Hooo Hoo Hoo Hooooo!" says the Barred Owl.
They also say "who cooks for you?" "two cats with shoes," "meet you at two," "clam and fish stew," "Minions and Gru," "tall kangaroo," "me and my crew," "we're at the zoo," "to thy heart by true," "pictures I drew," "noonoolooloo," "reborn anew," "covered in glue," "out of the blue," "train go choo choo," "didgeridoo," "ostrich emu," "give me a clue," "control z, undo," "oozing green goo," and many other phrases.

These chatty apex predators can be heard calling to each other, especially on the row. We are so glad to welcome our feathered friends year after year, and we love their catchy choruses lighting up the placid Pittsford post-sundown.

In summary, having barred owls at camp is amazing. We love owls!

Jeffy LeBarge (Local Legend)

Sangacrostic

Special place
Amazing opportunities
Nature all around
Great friendships formed
Activities aplenty
Memories to last a life time
Open to all
New experiences await

Sarah Campbell (Cabin 1)



Camp Dogs

Through Iris' Eyes

I visit the garden on most days. I like to defend it from all the wild rabbits. I could chase the bunnies in there for hours. The humans also help me to locate them, although sometimes I struggle to see the bunnies when the humans point them out. I think the humans might be playing tricks on me, but I go along with it anyway. I visit Gilbert whilst I'm there, but I don't think he likes me very much. Gilbert's fur gets all spiked when he growls at me. He makes me nervous.

I get anxious sometimes in crowds; too much eye contact makes me nervous. So I yawn and curl up like a cat, but my sister gives me confidence. She's annoying most of the time though. She always tries to steal my attention and my ball. However, she can never beat me at fetch; she's so slow, and she's always trying to eat the flies. Everyone laughs at us when we play. My sister has fat rolls behind her neck that I can latch on to, but then she just flops on her back and crushes me with her ginormous body. She's so large.

I'm a good dog, and I love camp. There's so much space to run. It's a lot different from my country, and I'm grateful for being adopted into this family. I like the people at camp too. I like it when they speak Spanish to me. I'm a bilingual dog; a smart dog; a good girl.

Liana McCann (Cabin 3)

Harry

He wanders; he sits; he wanders once more. Someone so wise need not do much else. He does what he wants without a care for the thoughts of others. A being beyond our comprehension for certain. He wanders. He is Harry.

Jez McGurk (Cabin Gale)



Dacia McCann (Cabin Gale)

A POEM BY EMILY

Untitled

Over the hills and far away
In the town of Pittsford
Is a child's getaway

A summer camp to be exact
But only for boys
Who are often well packed

A centenary plus one
This legend lives on
With lots of memories and infinite fun

Once a place for young ones to farm
And learn the way of the world
In order to have life's grip firm



Now a place for a summer holiday
With many activities
For all the boys to go cray cray

At the end of the path is the pond
Where boys swim, paddle, and play
And moving up swim levels is how they bond

Sangamon has activities like no other camp
Like Forge and Woodshop
Where the boys create projects like champs

Further up the hill there's lots of noise
From all the farm animals
To aid in the legend for the boys

Bells, whistles, whinnies and neighs
There's riding of all kinds
Or so everybody says

Off the camp is where the vans go
On trips and boating days
How can anyone say no?

A place full of clay, is on the hill
To make pots and mugs
And things that can sit on your window sill

After meals songs are sung
With high intensity
That fills everyone's lungs

Over the hills and far away
In the town of Pittsford
There is a beautiful place to stay

Emily Cooper (Cabin 3)

WEEKLY COLUMNS

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

Part 8: New Beginnings

Ed Large poked his head through a thin layer of clouds in order to speak to Yannick. “The Netherlands thanks you, Yannick Notermans, for your bravery in the face of dehydration. You are truly a Dutch hero.”

“Ed Large,” Yannick responded confidently, “I have done as you asked. I have ventured to Camp Sangamon, home of the mythical Hydration Station, where the water flows like water. I have reawakened the Hydration Station, and I have ended the drought that has plagued The Netherlands. Is my journey now complete?”

“No, my little friend, it is not. The original sign up sheet foretells that the Great Hero of Hydration shall return to Camp Sangamon and serve as lifelong protector of the Hydration Station. To fulfill this prophecy, you must apply through Camp America to be a summer camp counselor. They will take a cut of your salary, but this is a small price to pay in the service of hydration.”

“I accept your mission,” Yannick answered. He gazed upon Mt. Flushmore with a new sense of conviction. He knew that his life had become inextricably intertwined with the land of Camp Sangamon. *One day, maybe I’ll even become office staff*, Yannick thought to himself blissfully.

FRANCHI’S FUN FACT

Pangaea was not Earth’s first supercontinent; rather, at least two supercontinents existed prior to Pangaea: Rodinia (~1130-750 Ma) and Pannotia (~633-573 Ma). Pangaea (~336-175 Ma) was formed as a result of the collision of two massive continents, known as Laurasia (North America and Eurasia) and Gondwana (Antarctica, Africa, South America, the Arabian Peninsula, and the Indian Subcontinent).

Sanga-Volatility

- Kickball Kash is down 14%
- Ice Caves are down 40 ft
- Daylight is down 10.5%



❖ THE CHIRUP ❖

Sangamon!
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CAMP SANGAMON