Me, a camp counselor?

Buck Skillett

If you think half-baking yourelope breeches is a special treat, try being the camp counselor for a month at a blazing hot day camp. This is when you board the bus to Camp Chase and arrive at Camp Chase (C.T.) at Camp Chase, located at Burlington, Connecticut. It was tiny but it also had its own idiosyncrasies.

One day I would wake up around 6 a.m. and trudge the steep hills to the nearest bus stop, and the same route would be repeated at the same time day after day. We were pretty close to the university with our own dormitories, and we could see a large dormitory and a gymnasium.

The highlight of our trip, how it turned out, was a visit to the Jøtulheimen mountains through the University of Wisconsin and the dormitory. We were all pretty excited about the outdoors, and we would have to be tolerated. The rooms were already full and we were forced to leave for the OtherCamp (O.C.) on the edge of a bus, although this felt rather bad. The food was definitely better. Our meals were catered by a local restaurant, and we were able to eat in a restaurant that catered to our needs.

In cheerleading, you have to be very physically fit. Some of my friends and I were unsure about whether we would be able to perform in the camp. We were quite anxious about the short time that we had to do so. However, we did make up for our lack of preparation by working hard and practicing every day. We were happy with our results.

Watching my friends being immobilized on the first day of the camp, I realized that they were indeed experiencing a lot of feelings. Some were encounter with others who didn't feel they could do anything that was not required of us. A few were thinking about their own beds and peaceful hours. I didn't remember my own fear of the darkness, which kept me awake at night and left me exhausted by morning.

The tattoo that we finally decided to get was something I will never forget. I got a tattoo of a palm tree and a taxi. I got it on the back of my right hand. I was looking for something that would mean something to me. I couldn't even remember what it was at the time. I got lost in the paper she was typing. I got lost in the tattoo and past me down the hall, my curiosity fed by the tattoo in my fingers and past me down the hall. I really enjoyed the tattoo, and I still do. I think it's a good thing to have something to look forward to.

Another special activity was "color wars" for a day of fun. The "white" team would wear white clothes, and the "blue" team would wear blue clothes. Most of us felt rather warm, even to the point of sweating. We did an exercise skit, with one girl as a cheerleader, and we could see what it was all about.

In cheerleading camp we learned new dances, cheers and songs to use at our games. You never know what will happen next, and it is something you should definitely experience.