

Wednesday ~ July the 23rd 2008

Junior Nature Camp – Week 1

Soggy weather doesn't dampen camper spirits

In spite of several hard downpours - both day and night, the pace at JNC as not slowed a bit.

Most of the rain has moved through quickly and been followed by cooler temps and plenty of sunshine. Perfect for all the outdoor fun here at camp. –Ed.

New additions to the bird list

1. Great Blue Heron
2. Canada Goose
3. Mallard
4. Hairy Woodpecker
5. Warbling Vireo
6. Yellow Warbler

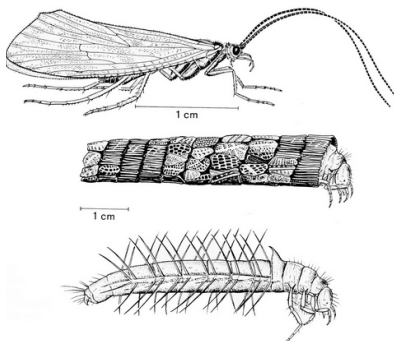
Total for Camp: 48 species

The Caddisfly

The camp enjoyed Kathy Stout's presentation on the Caddisfly. This aquatic insect lives in streams during its larval stage. The larva builds a protective case or cocoon around its body out of small stones in the stream that are attached by silk produced by the caddisfly. After the caddisfly emerges as an adult and leaves its cocoon, Kathy collects the case to create beautiful jewelry. You can find out more about Kathy's research and beautiful art at www.wildscape.com. She can also be contacted at 11 Oak Drive Circle, Wheeling, WV 26003.

- Chris Files Slater

- Adult =>
- Larva in it's casing =>
- Larva removed from it's casing =>



The Ruby-throated Hummingbird

Dave Sapienza - Naturalist

Did you know...

- The nest is about the size of a half-dollar
- The opening of the nest is the size of a nickel
- The female lays two eggs
- Each egg is the size of your pinky finger nail or a small jelly bean
- The nest is made of small grasses and spider webs
- The spider webs make the nest elastic-like
- The babies stretch the nest as they grow
- Babies spend about 21 days in the nest
- The babies are almost the size of the adult bird when they leave the nest

Ways to become more environmentally conscious:

Thanks, campers for all your amazing ideas! –Ed.

- ❖ Buy a car that doesn't use much gasoline - Jack Krivit
- ❖ Use cloth bags at the grocery store - Madeline Madison
- ❖ Recycle everything you can: paper, cardboard, plastic, glass, and cans - Elizabeth Files
- ❖ Turn off the lights when you leave a room - Emma Piotrowski
- ❖ We have solar powered energy and a generator and we drink water we get off the mountain - Stephanie Grindley
- ❖ Wind energy is a good idea and bio-mass - Morgan Lund-Goldstein
- ❖ Walk instead of driving - Chris Hall
- ❖ Composting and reusing - Tony Frances
- ❖ Reuse bottles and use lightbulbs that conserve energy - Brenna Bioni
- ❖ Buy flashlights that don't take batteries and use rechargeable batteries - Hunter Keller
- ❖ We use a showerhead with low flow - Mason Miles
- ❖ Turn water off while shampooing and then turn it back on to rinse. It saves 5-6 gallons of water - Matthew Dingess
- ❖ Carpool to work or for trips, buy items at second-hand stores such as clothes, books, bags, and toys - Julia Miles
- ❖ Buy food locally because it costs less to ship and is fresh - Eli Abbott
- ❖ Get donations, have a sale, and use the proceeds for worthy causes - Ben Taylor
- ❖ Use lunch boxes instead of bags and use public transportation systems - Charlie Meyers
- ❖ Use a wider showerhead to hit more of your body at one time - Michael Gentile
- ❖ Collect rain water in a barrel to use in the garden for watering - Julia Miles
- ❖ Use LED lightbulbs - Eli Abbott

Revolution

By Olivia Hayes
Chapter 2

"Oh, hyu mean hyu fox friend? Dun vorry, she's fine. Vent outside just before hyu voke opp," Gustav said.

"Oh, thank goodness! I thought I was going to have a heart attack! Outside you say?" Grey replied as he dashed for the door.

"Dun hyu dare go out dere!" Gustav yelled. Grey stopped dead in his tracks.

"Why not?" he said in a shaky voice.

"I tink hyu may have seen vat's out dere. De humans have been bombingk de Forest for many years now. Notingk can grow enny more," Gustav said sadly. "If hyu really vant to see, den go ahead. But dun hyu say I didn't varn hyu." Grey slowly opened the door to see nothing but barren wasteland. The only thing that seemed to grow there were endless rows of bunkers and barbed wire. In the distace he saw the ominous building from before, looming over the bunkers with mechanical, godlike leadership.

"What happened here?" Grey asked, still staring at the barren land before him.

"Vat happened? Dun hyu know dere's a var going on?!" Gustav replied.

"What war?" Grey asked, whipping his head around to look at the horse-pig.

"De var between the human und de animals. Ve are fighting for our freedom. No more experiments vill ever be performed on us ever again if ve vin! If not, ve vill have died horoable deaths," Gustav explained. "Ve vant to stop all the madness. Menny uff us have been terribly deformed, und menny others have died. Just look at me, for example. My very existence is a sin. None of us vere meant to be dis vay. Even hyu neffer should have known ennyting of sentience."

"Sentience?" Grey asked, confused.

"Hyu really have been liffingk like a hermit, haven't hyu? Either that, or hyu are just really stupid," Gustav scoffed.

"Sentience means hyu know de difference between right und wrong."

"So you're sentient, right?" Grey asked.

"Ah, dot is a very debatable qvestion. If I und all de other animals know de difference between right und wrong, vy are ve fighting a var?" Gustav said. He would have said more, but Terri had returned from her explorations outside.

"Hey, Gustav, I have a question. Where did the forest go?" Terri asked.

"It vas incinerated. I'm so sorry, but hyu two are all dot's left of de forest," Gustav said, hanging his head.

Suddenly, there came a knock at the door of the bunker.

"Efferybody hide! Hornet's coming!" Gustav yelled at Grey and Terri, shoving them under the bunk bed.

A massive grey hawk entered the room, not even bothering to be invited in.

"We spotted an unidentified soldier outside just now. I saw him enter this building just a moment ago. You know Edward's rules, Gustav. All sentients are to report to armed service. If you are found to be harboring vigilantes, both you and they will be punished to the fullest extent. That means Edward will personally send you all to the front lines! You know how many soldiers come back from the front lines, right Gustav? How many come back?" Hornet said.

"None, Commander Hornet. None effer come beck."

Bird's Eye Perspective

by James Tiu

July 1976 was the first year that I attended Oglebay Junior Nature Camp. My parents' station wagon rumbled across the bridge that spans Middle Wheeling Creek and seperates Dallas Pike (a beautiful spot itself), from the little sliver of heaven that three (or more) generations of campers call "Gisowheco." (The meaning of the word *Gisowheco*, for the uninitiated, is less romantic than one might imagine; I prefer my own translation--"*Place where each generation will learn to love the earth and respect one another*," to the actual Girl Scout-inspired acronym). My parents shepherded me to the dining hall for Junior Nature Camp check-in that inaugural Sunday; I was ten years old, the youngest age eligible. While I was a bit apprehensive about my first week-long stay away from home, my parents encouraged me to "try something on your own," in a safe and educational environment. Up the steps to the dining hall I climbed, then, flashlight and sleeping bag in hand.

My apprehension lessened that afternoon when I met Camp Director Billie Altemus (Jeff's mother) and another Junior Nature Camp legend, Martha Kulp, two leaders who inspired confidence in parents, campers, counselors, and visitors alike. The station wagon rumbled back across the bridge late that afternoon as my parents left and I started a week-long adventure that changed me, in ways small and large. When I left camp after that first week, my visit seemed all too short; I was a more resourceful and more thoughtful person than when I arrived, and happily so. Subsequent years would provide different and deeper lessons, each as special in their own way as the ones I learned that first week. As I approach middle age, the word *Gisowheco* has become, for me, not only a place, but also a state of mind.

Part of the "Gisowheco state of mind" springs from the deep traditions that govern life at Oglebay Junior Nature Camp. Perhaps the first tradition that a new camper notices is the order of daily activities--the "Schedule," that remains unchanged from my arrival in 1976. The schedule is firm but not inflexible: wake-up bell at seven o'clock a.m. (unless the weather has been especially stormy overnight and the bird walk has been cancelled); pledge of allegiance, then breakfast, then clean-up, then a morning educational session. Noon (or so) brings lunch; then, in quick succession the afternoon activities: "Flat-on-Back," (a camp synonym for "nap"), another educational session, free time, showers, dinner, vespers, snack, and (with a drum roll to emphasize its significance), a campfire that starts reflectively, builds to a rousing crescendo, then finishes quietly. Finally, the evening ends with "Lights Out" promptly at 10:30 p.m., or, ahem, 10:45 p.m., or 11:00 p.m. . . or (counselors, sigh here), 11:15 or so.

Gisowheco has instilled in me (among other values), a tangible respect for the wisdom of such an orderly schedule of activities. New campers, I encourage you to reflect on the schedule that governs camp life--it is firm, but flexible. It is ambitious without being unrealistic. It provides both comfort and anticipation. If your experience is like mine, it will help you slip quickly into that "*Gisowheco* state of mind."

Don't forget to check the camp website regularly
www.JuniorNatureCamp.org