

A GUIDE TO THE WAUPACA TRAILS, CONTINUED

TRIPPING TRAILS

Our next group of trails are the tripping trails.  
(No, these are not the ones that Stu Sorken walks on.)

During the summer of 1970, many campers explored these trails, which led to many exciting adventures to such places as the Wisconsin Dells, Eagle River, Wisconsin, and Sylvania. The trail also led to places closer to camp, such as the Crystal River, and the tee pee.

At this point, I wish to turn over the next few pages to the master of the trails, our tripping director, Wayne Towne. Lets all follow him as he takes us down the tripping trails. Everyone in the yellow bus? Yep! Lets go!

EARLY BIRD

One has often thought that it is the early bird that catches the worms. We were fortunate this year in the fact that no one got sick at all, even car sick.

The trip started on Monday with a bus ride to the Mirror Lake State Park just outside Wisconsin Dells. After setting up camp and eating lunch, the campers went into the town and took the Duck trip of the lower Dells. This excursion lasted slightly more than an hour and was very enjoyable.

Following this trip, the group returned to the campsite for a swim and supper. Later Monday evening the trippers returned to town to see the Tommy Bartlett Water Show. This extravaganza included examples of sky diving, trick skiing in addition to its highlights--Polynesian dancers and the Dancing Waters.

The Polynesians performed several impressive dances. Their show-stopper was the Samoan Fire Dance in which a man twirls a flaming baton. The real highlight of the show, however, was the Dancing Waters. This was a beautiful phenomenon of colored lights and varying water fountains.

The following day, after a good night's sleep and a good outdoor breakfast, the trippers spent some free time in Wisconsin Dells window shopping and souvenir hunting.

Tuesday afternoon included a trip to Baraboo and the Circus World Museum. Here the campers were entertained by circus parades, acts, sideshows, and other various amusements.

Tuesday was the campers' favorite night. The agenda included riding go carts and super slides. The happening of the night occurred when Sammy Belson ran into a fence and Mike Brown, thinking this was normal, ran over the track attendant in order to reach the fence.

After breakfast on Wednesday, the campers returned to Wisconsin Dells for one last ride on the go carts and one last slide down the fiberglass ramps before their trek back to Camp Waupaca.

The campers arrived back at camp just in time for supper. Wednesday night.

Craig Fuller

#### THE TRIPPING PROGRAM, 1970

This year our tripping program was varied and gave each camper a choice of trips. We camped out on an abandoned farm, floated on the Crystal River, canoed and fished the Chain of Lakes, canoed from Waupaca to Weyewega, canoed and fished at Eagle River, camped out on the Crystal River, took

in Whispering Pines Park, fished in the Sylvania Forest, and took in the Wisconsin Dells. Many boys were involved in three or more of these trips.

Our in-camp program consisted of a cook out demonstration, a tent in the camp out ring, and over night in the tee pee. Thirty-six boys used the tents in camp to get the feel of the ground. Seventy boys used the tee pee to see how the Indians did it.

With over 140 boys to keep happy with trips and loads of equipment to repair and clean, the tripping program has been very full. With careful planning and new plans, we may have more tripping next year.

W. H. Towne,  
Tripping Director

#### EAGLE RIVER

"What can I do, Manny, I have forty boys who want to go to Eagle River?"

"Take them," Manny replied.

That is how a trip normally planned for twenty boys got started this year. Because of the campsite we felt it would be best to make two trips, so we split the trips into one group of twenty-one and another group of twenty-two.

On the first trip, fishing was poor for everyone except Skippy Shein. Skippy caught ten jumbo perch the first day of fishing and another stringer full before he left.

Even though the fishing wasn't so great the animals were. Our old campsite was occupied by Camp Timberline boys. That's no problem for Camp Waupaca boys because we could easily clear out a new one. The site we chose was not entirely unoccupied as there was a young porcupine in a

birch tree there, and as darkness came in upon us, there arose hords of winged insects--mosquitoes, gnats, and black flies. As we sat around our campfire, we discovered a pair of minks also lived in the area, as they paid us a call.

One of the highlights of the trip was the chance to visit Zempelman's Ice Cream and Fudge Parlors. Our stomachs still ache from that second hot fudge sundae or that two pound box of fudge we bought to send home. Then off to watch "Two Mules for Sister Sara." There is an unfounded rumor that some campers wanted to see "Mash" instead. As we all know who were there, there wasn't one camper who thought an "R" rated movie fit for young eyes.

After a bit of rain we came back with the first group. As the bus had a couple of leaks, the song sung most often on the way back was "Rain Drops Keep Falling on My Head."

A cloudy sky greeted us for the second trip and we had high hopes of no rain. Half way there the wind tore the tarp off. As we pulled into the parking area it began to rain. Luckily it lasted only a few minutes.

The ground was still wet when we arrived at the camp. Fitzrandolph had done a good job of keeping the flaps down on the tents, and they were quite dry. Then someone spotted a granddaddy long legs and sh-sh-sh went the OFF. Everywhere the OFF touched the tent water started seeping through. Thus, there was one wet tent. After we picked up supplies in St. Germain, we settled in for a nice evening's rest.

The next morning we were greeted with bright sun and good fishing. Everyone took to the canoes, some even before breakfast, and while one group explored the river, another group fished.

Paul Ringel and his group of explorers canoed within a few feet of a doe drinking water on their way back to camp. Others saw unidentified animals swimming in the water. Bob Schwartz and Bruce Osher canoed to within twenty feet of a deer standing on the bank.

Gary Klein, Howie Hollander and Others contributed to the growing number of fish on our stringers. Bruce Osher caught, along with a fish or two, several weeds and a log.

That night we made our way into Eagle River. Of all nights to make it in, we had to pick a night when they had a midnight sale. While Wayne took most of the boys to see "Two Mules for Sister Sara," Ringel and Fritzrandolph watched over an enthusiastic group of shoppers.

The next morning was lazy morning in camp. Some boys fished with Fitzrandolph, some stayed in camp with Towne, and others swam with Ringel on the old campsite.

We all wished for more time in this beautiful place, but time had run out and we had to pack and head home.

#### SYLVANIA

Unless you have been in unspoiled wilderness there is no way we could describe our surroundings. Here we camped under pine, cedar, and beech trees in unpolluted air by unpolluted water. The quite noises of nature greet you as you glide over water so clear you can see through it for fifteen and twenty feet.

The adventuresome Waupacans this year were Benjy Zalay, Mike Chavin, Mark Horwitz, Larry Coleman, Sam Marcus, Larry Rubin, Bruce Osher, Ron Tickman, Craig Clotiaux, Joe Janowitz, David Lapins, and Louis Fishbein. We set out early Monday morning for a long, tiresome day. The long, hot

ride in the carry all, a quick stop for lunch, a short stop in Eagle River, a mile and a half canoe ride, setting up camp, and at last, supper; this made Leroy Clotiaux (our assistant tripping director, fishing instructor, general handyman, and short-term camper) say, "Nobody has to rock me to sleep tonight!"

Because of the size of our group we had to take two campsites across from each other. There were families camped out on these sites also. They saw us approach and almost decided to leave. After only one use of foul language, the other campers found us to be good neighbors and we acted like gentlemen.

Early the next morning we began to fish and catch fish--believe it or not. Wayne filleted the morning's catch and we had a fish fry lunch for those who had had good luck.

The heat of the day was building up so we decided to fish later and we took a trip to Thompson Lodge on Clark Lake for a swim. Some boys explored the old log building for a while, then we all took to the most beautiful sand beach anywhere. Craig Clotiaux found an old drift log and soon we were all trying to walk the log or spin each other off. A girls' camp came by and the boys' attention changed from the log and found exploring along the beach great for awhile. Under the direction of Leroy, they found the old generator building for Thompson Lodge.

Deer flies! Ever hear of them? A swarm zeroed in on Bruce Osher and sent him diving into the water. Mike Chavin and Benjy Zalay were next. Soon everyone was staying under the water to keep away from them.

We checked our watches and saw we would have to hurry back because Jim had hot apple pie waiting for us back at

camp. True to his word, Jim had prepared a feast for us. At one end of the table sat three delicious, home made, fresh-baked apple pies. Yum! Yum! Thanks and thanks again, Jim.

That night we filled every stringer in camp with fish. Benjy Zalay was the champ with the legal limit of twenty-five fish. Others who proved themselves were Mike Chavin, Mark Horwitz, Craig Clotiaux, Larry Rubin, Bruce Osher, Ron Tickman, Joe Janowitz, David Lapins, and Louie Fishbein. Sam Marcus and Larry Coleman had fishermen's luck--no fish to clean.

After all that good weather and good fishing---splash! Yep, some rain. We spent most of the morning in our tents. Rain and mist hung over the area, and we all knew why we had carried that heavy rain gear.

After lunch we decided to fish for fun. Mountain Lake is a lake that has been preserved as a lake that no fish may be taken from. We decided to catch some big fish and have a picture taken and return it to the water. Benjy caught a fifteen and a half inch, three and one half pound small mouth bass. We took his picture. Bruce Osher had a fish half as long as his canoe break his line and swim away. Wayne Towne lost a whopper.

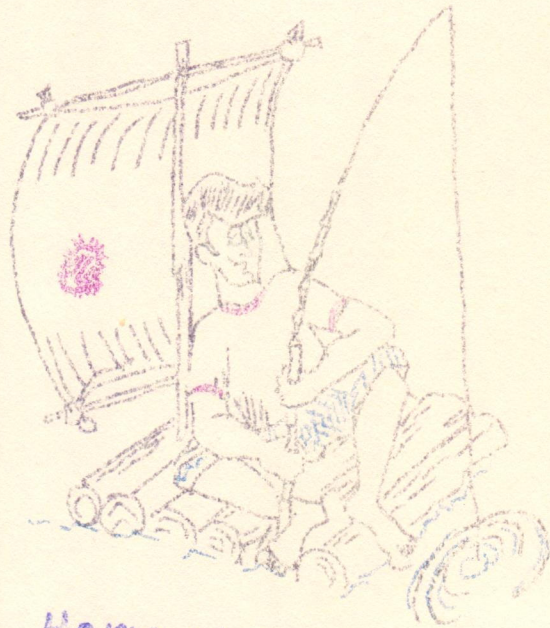
It turned real warm, so we decided to swim--no suits, no people, no problem. Splash and glide it sure is great on a hot day. Skinny dipping with the boys--but if Dad is a counselor--with a camera--a paddle is necessary--right, Craig?

Back at camp to swap lies about the escaped finny--the lullaby of the wind in the trees and before you know it, it's time to pack for home. We have a paddle to hang in the mess hall, but we really need only to see a lake and woods to remember our great trip.

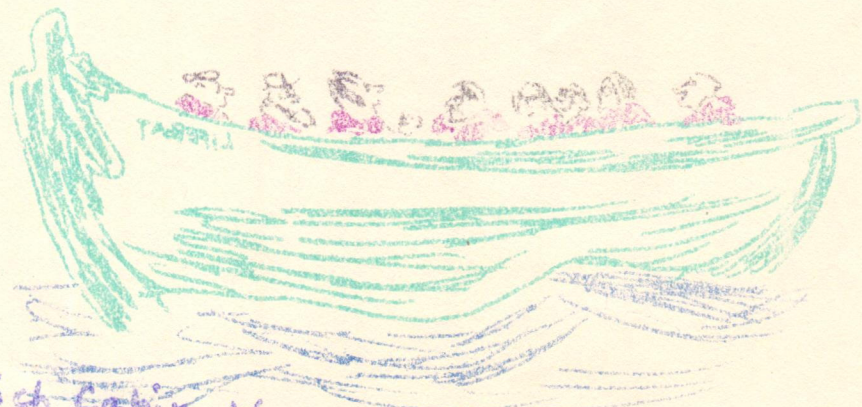
# Heroy's Cartoons



SORRY MOM, I'M OFF  
TO CAMPWAUPACA!



HOME WAS NEVER  
LIKE THIS!



Which Cabin Was in Charge of Paddles?



I don't think I like fishing.



Hope Manny Got  
Message!