

# PLACES TO GO, THINGS TO SEE AND DO

I'm back again, and, after all that activity, I'm ready for a great Waupaca meal over in the mess hall, but during rest hour I have to take my medication over at the infirmary. I've heard there's a few trips going out so we can find out about them, too. And after free period we have the camp play, STRATTON. Why don't you all come along? Oh, by the way, I've got to stop by the office to check how Dean and Jeff are doing on painting the Rec Hall. While I'm doing that, why don't you take a ride on one of our go-karts? See you soon . . .

## The 1971 Tripping Program

In spite of cold and rain the program began with cabin overnights. There can be no doubt that the hike to the site was fun. There were trout in the brook, deer and fox in the fields. We were a little hushed and quickened our pace as we passed the old vacant (haunted?) house. It was also fun to look at the beams exposed in the old abandoned barn.

After a week of hiking, it seemed only fitting to sit for awhile, so we took off in our canoes and tubes on the Crystal River. Half-way down the river our balogniz sandwiches tasted like nothing we had ever had before. It may have been because there was a bull nearby. Swimming in the current was great--and swamping in it--wetting. One trip we had to cut a wire, another to avoid Arnold the pig's relatives who came to the river's edge to greet us. The biggest obstacle in the river was a herd of dairy cows that came down for their daily swim. We would have stopped to milk them, but we didn't have our milk pails. And at the end of the trip who can describe the beautiful Lake Weyauwega as anything but muck!

Because one lake is muck it is not true that all lakes are muck. So we tried the Chain-o-Lakes with the CITs. The sky was overcast and gloomy, but the casino and its arcade lay ahead. With stout paddles and strong canoes, we pushed forth. At our destination, tragedy! The hamburger stand was closed! We had no choice, but to forge the countryside for something to eat. With stout hearts we trudged to the Busy Bee about half-a-mile down the road. As we ordered our hamburgers with relish or all (no other combinations) Thor let loose a blast and we were instantly drenched.

Now it came to pass there had been six root beer mugs, but low, there appeared only five. So there was a great whaling and gnashing of teeth and, low, even though the sixth mug appeared, we could not use the phone.

Drenched to the skin, wet to our ears, we signaled the camp via Bell's little booth at the Casino and were saved--some reluctantly as they had runners on first and third, or were about to destroy Chicago on a night bombing raid.

The next morning the rain continued to pelt down, so the only thing we could do was call off the fishing trip. The afternoon brought clear skies, so out we went. This time to catch the great Northern Pike. Fate was against us. Chavin and Zalay caught their paddles in a wave and started something. Then, let me see, who was it that caught that 5mph sign?

Late that night, without fish, without dry clothes, but Tickman and Osher were filled with cotton candy--Perlmutter boasted a hole in one--Horwitz and Fleischer fished the longest--and Wagner and Schwartz were the wettest.

With fair weather we headed at last to Ledges Lake and the Land of the Menomonies. It was here that Arnie Samotny earned his title as the big fisherman, catching a good-sized perch. David Schaps was thought to be the winner of a little fishing contest with a 1½ pound blue gill--but then came David Berkson with a 23 inch, 2 pound Great Northern Pike.

While the fishing was good, it was tame entertainment compared to the rapids of the Wolf River at Rustic Campsite. It was there that Keith Bear discovered that when you hang to tow through the center of a tube you may reach the bottom of the river painfully. Others who displayed their guts and nerve were David Berkson, Mike Nosanov, Stan Friedel, Paul Goldstine, Arnie Samotny, and Ron Kaine.

Then we decided if you can fish in a lake you can ski on top of it. So we had our ski trips--7 miles of skiing without a stop. Mike Chavin proved to be the master of the single ski--until Smitty drove the boat.

Skiing from one side to the other, jumping the wake and out-running the Indians, everyone had all the skiing they could stand. Some very tired boys returned to Camp Waupaca--asking for another trip.

Now the Olympic Day was near at hand and the teams had to practice, so we discovered the falls and rapids at Little Hope. It's a different kind of swimming when you face the rolling waters of the Crystal. By swimming forward in a life jacket you find yourself being pushed back down the stream so you must push a little harder.

Have you ever been completely surrounded by water? Well Mike Chavin, Steve Orloff, Craig Clotiaux, Mike Nosanov, Cory Rodriguez, Stan Friedell, Rosemary Clotiaux, Lise Scheer, and others have. There is an air pocket under the Little Hope Dam and all you have to do is sit in it and you are surrounded by water. Then all you have to do is stick out your feet and whosh--you're in the rapids. Great fun and a good, hot day cooler!

Next we went to Michigan. Our annual Sylvania trip was on us before we hardly knew the season had begun. The weather was bad--but we were in good spirits. The first stop on our trip was Eagle River to take a break from the bouncing truck ride. We also had to buy some peanut butter and jelly, as the camp had run out. Then we made our run for the border. We almost made it. Right in front of a filling station, with the nose of the truck almost on the border, cough, chug, out of gas. Refueled and reoiled, we were once more on the road.

At Watersmeet, Michigan, we discovered we had about fifteen minutes to make it to the registration center. Smitty and Dave went ahead. We registered for the same site we have had for the past two years on Crooked Lake. Mike Chavin and Ben Zalay lead the way.

By 7:30 we were set up and supper was on. But where was the peanut butter and jelly? Ron Tickman said it was on the truck. Then we discovered we only had two trick matches left--they belonged to Dan Feingold. We didn't know if we could face another day without our peanut butter and

jelly, so Smitty and Dave went back to the truck for these supplies. Although they found matches, there was no peanut butter and jelly.

Cold winds and cloudy sky greeted us the next morning. Mike Nosanov caught one of the four fish we were to get, a 12 inch small mouth bass. No one else had any good luck. At noon we held a meeting and decided to try for lake trout at High Lake.

At High Lake we marvelled at the clear, blue-green water of the lake. The wind blew us helter-skelter on the lake, making fishing difficult. Then in mid-afternoon, a scream echoed across the lake, "I've got a fish, a big one!" Mike Chavin, Ron Tickman, and Ben Zalay were going wild. It was evident by the looks of Mike's pole he had latched on to something. Smitty and Wayne started over with a net, rapidly shouting instructions.

Before they reached the scene, Mike handed the pole to Ben and grabbed his line. As he hauled the large fish into his boat, the lure tore loose from the fish's mouth and the fish fell into the canoe.

Oh, boy, what a fish! Six and one half pounds--twenty-four inches long! Lake trout with a capital T.

After that everyone tried a little harder and the Dare Devil lure became very popular. But it was not in the cards to catch fish. Though we tried hard for the rest of the trip, we could not land another large game fish.

Dave Kalscheur, our uninitiated fisherman, caught a 4-inch throw-back perch and lost something big. Stu Frankenthal had a very large pike up to the side of the boat, but the boy with the net knocked the fish back into the water instead of into the net. Of course, there are other stories--all too sad to mention, but they will be told and retold as the nights grow as long as the missing fish.

Wednesday it rained--the sun was shining--but it rained. We had alot of wet gear, so we held a meeting. Should we come home? The vote was unanimous, no!

Thursday we fished all day and explored Mountain Lake, East Bear Lake, West Bear Lake, Kerr Lake, and High Lake. Between East Bear and West Bear on the portage is a part of Camp Waupaca. Perry Becker rammed with his head, and severely damaged a canoe held by Smitty. Luckily the canoe still floats and Perry only lost a little scalp.

Although the weather had been cold and wet, we were sad to leave on Friday. It's good to be back at Waupaca, but it's fun to see bald Eagles, wild bear, Canadian Jays, and other animals in their own areas.

Monday we had visited Thompson Lodge. Haunted by bats and squirrels, not to mention the dead raccoon in the basement, it stands on Clark Lake for its last summer. We explored its 10 bedrooms, main hall, gym, furnace room, coolers, kitchen, sport room and halls. The building is put together like a set of Lincoln Logs--without nails. The only fasteners are brass screws.

The lodge is being moved this winter to Loana, Wisconsin, by Jim Connor to be a part of the Lumber Jack Special Museum. Maybe, one day, we can visit it there. I think I will always remember it as the place Mitch Ferdman learned to do an imitation of a dead mouse.

The lodge is silent, the woods and animals calm, because Benjie Zalay, Mike Chavin, Ron Tickman, Perry Becker, Keith Perlmutter, Bill Pochis, David Schaps, Randy Refkin, Mitch Ferdman, Mike Nosanov, Steve Shyman, Paul Goldstine, Ron Kaine, Rich Feingold, Dan Feingold, Stu Frankenthal, Dave Kalscheur, Smitty Smithart, and Wayne Towne have left.

The Dells of the Wisconsin River beckoned us, come and see. So it was Early Bird time. The thrills of the Bartlett Water Show with sky diving, water ski jumping, and the lovely girls was first on our trip. It was a good show marred only by a jumping accident and a spill. We will always remember Ken Robbins and Larry Rubin going the klick-klack dance with Nari, one of Doug A. Lee's, Heni No Nos.

The old World War II ducks still give the most thrilling scenic ride at the Dells. Next year someone will be sure to remember the "Rock bass" and the state of Illinois on the rock walls of the river. It seems every duck entered Lake Delton wet.

It was fun to buy souvenirs for the folks back home. The real thrills of down town Wisconsin Dells were the arcades. The dimes and quarters disappeared fast and all too soon it was time to leave.

An afternoon trip on the Upper Dells proved so relaxing some of the younger campers fell asleep. As the captain of our boat said, then he let Stu Osher take over the wheel, "You never had it so good."

Our day was not yet complete. After supper we raced to the go-kart track and super slide. Some guys tried the moon walk and bounce mobiles. Lil and Beth proved the speed demons of the kart track--beaten only by Steve Ornoff and Al Mandel. Nobody flipped for the super slides like Smitty but Bruce Osher ripped a hole in his pants--you all know where.

Boy did we sleep that night! Lazy day breakfast and hustled down the tents, we still wanted more of those go-karts and super slides. After that we came home tired, but very happy.

No more than we got back and the last four weekers need to try their luck fishing and their skill on water skiis. We were up at Legend Lake again. This time fishing was very poor. Murray Rudenberg caught a keeper perch and Cory Rodriguez came up with a lot of them to throw back.

The ski champ was Mark Horwitz and a fine second place went to Sam Marcus. Everybody that went had all the skiing he could take. There were lots of spills and some real, clean fun.

For supper, we had steak or lamb chops, which ever you wanted. If you doubt it, ask Mike Dunkleman, who will tell you the best steak comes from a lamb.

With one week of trips left, we took to the river---with Playaks. This trip was so great that even the nurse couldn't resist. At the end of the trip we relaxed at the Little Hope Dam.

Then we did the supreme! We canoed to our campsite on the Crystal River and stayed overnight. The roast beef in the old Dutch ovens never tasted better. Even the carrots were all eaten. What a trip!

The Special overnighiter went to the same place. This time we floated into the campsite on inner tubes. After supper we took a side trip to Weyauwega to play on the swings and merry-go-round. Back at the campsite, we did a little nude bathing---skinny dipping.

It was so much fun we managed to get in another swim the next morning. Then it was back to camp. The tripping season was over, and the tents were put to bed.

Wayne Towne  
Tripping Director

