



# SPECIAL EVENTS



## MOUNTAINMEN'S MIXUP



It was overcast and windy as the clans gathered on the shores of Lake Stratton, but mountainmen would never let a little rain interrupt a fued. There were six in all; six clans that would settle at last; who was king off the mountain. The McCoys and Wakefields had begun the fight the day before and they were soon joined by The Green Mountain Boys, The Wood Ticks, The Swamp Rats and The Stump Jumpers.

The first event was the Blind Billie Race. Gary Grossman put the Green Mountain Boys into an early lead as he swam blindfolded from the center of the lake to an official on shore. The contest tightened at dinner when Mike Dunkleman won the Miss Dogpatch Beauty Contest with Joel Rosenwasser and Stu Osher placing second and third.

Then it was back to the waterfront for the Muleskinners War, the Strip-tease Swim, the Greasy Watermelon Shuffle, the Gold Diggers Dive, the Moonshiners Race and the Freckled Frog Relay. The lead changed hands again and again as the sky grew darker and an ominous rumbling was heard to the north.

The clans were lining up for the Ridge Runner Relay as the lightning and rain began. The Clan Heads gathered and agreed for the first time in their lives; not even mountainmen could brave a storm like this.

The mountains around Waupaca were uneasy that next day; the fued was not yet settled and unprotected clan members avoided the ravines and gullies. By evening the clans were fighting mad, glaring at each other over the sand. There were only three contests left; The Ridge Runner Relay, the Super Chicken Joust and the Gunnal Jump.

As the last event began the Wood Ticks and the Stump Jumpers were neck and neck. The clan heads stood on the sterns of their canoes and bounced their way towards shore. Chief after chief fell into the lake, but finally the Wood Tick canoe reached shore. They were King of the Mountains!

## RED, WHITE AND BLUE TRACK MEET

This year's Red, White and Blue Track Meet was an exciting affair with a record number of contestants in all age groups. There was fierce competition for most of the championships with only a few points separating the winners from the second and third place finishers. The events were exciting and some of them will probably reach camp immortality, especially the soccer goal score, major league pitch, obstacle course and marathon. Winners in the different age groups were:

- 7-8 David Mogil
- 9 Blake Horwitz & Bryan Friedman
- 10 Rusty Hamel
- 11 Ben Fox
- 12 Joel Rosenwasser
- 13 Alan Wax





## TRIPPING PROGRAM

The first week of tripping began at the Crystal River campsite. The great little rapids bounced our inner tubes from rock to rock as we rode safely through the "white water." Cabins 1 through 6 were there 100% and most of the boys from cabins 7 through 10 came along.

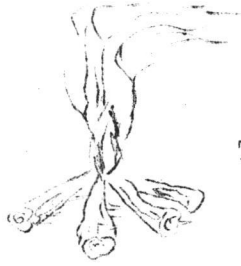
At night we roasted marshmallows, popped popcorn and told stories. For many of the campers it was the first time they had ever been in a tent overnight. It was very hard to fall asleep, but the sound of the river lapping against the bank soon lulled us all away to dream land.

Everybody was up at 6:30 for a grand breakfast of bacon and eggs; toast and cereal. Boy was that good! Wayne could hardly keep up with the demand. In short order four dozen eggs were gone. Dark toast, burned toast, charred toast with lots of butter and jelly. We never had it so good!

For fishing, there was no better place than the miles of water at Ledger Lake. We all tried to learn how Bill Moore caught fish after fish with ease. David Feltman thought he had the secret when he set his bobber to the same depth and carefully threaded a worm on his hook. As the bobber bounced, David and his canoe partner, Randy Refkin, grew excited. Down it went and David pulled in a monster from the deep...a two inch bluegill!

After using up 20 dozen worms and hooking every weed in the lake, we were a little discouraged. Then from the far side of the lake came a cry. Benjie Zalay's canoe was being pulled toward deep water. He had hooked a big one. Minute by minute we watched the battle as Zalay fought the fish. The closer Ben brought the fish to the boat the louder he yelled. Then all at once the pole went straight and a loud scream echoed over the lake. The big one got away.

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## TRIPPING PROGRAM

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Another great catch was made by Warren Baker, who caught a fishing rod. Someone dropped his rod overboard while fishing near a raft and Warren dragged the bottom with his lure, catching the rod and reeling it in.

After all our efforts, though, Bill Moore still came out champion with a couple of 18 inch northerns. The rest of us had to settle for small ones.

As camp entered the third week it was time to break the routine and try a fishing-swimming trip. An what better place is there for this than Hartman Creek State Park? The first gang out was especially happy to have Erv along to tell one of his famous stories, "The Golden Arm."

The afternoon of building sand castles and fishing soon passed. We all took turns helping make the popcorn and then sat still until Erv ended his story. "You got my golden arm."

Outstanding cooks on these trips need to be mentioned. They were: Rusty Hamel, Phil Haag, Larry Wotman and Bobby Jesser.

Each day we tried our luck at the fishing lake with no results. A highlight of the trip, though, was the fine shallow beach. Here we made our sand castles and invented water games. Stu Osher and Steve E. Leviton seemed to enjoy the bouys, which were made from log sections. They were just light enough to ride them like horses.

A new trip idea was born that week when Arnie and Dan Feldstein took some boys for a little jog. The boys enjoyed the running so much they began asking for a trip just to run on. This we were to accomplish a week later.

Thanks are also due for the third week to Paul Goldstein, Peter Fript and Mike Ehrlick for starting the breakfast fire with wet material in the rain.

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## TRIPPING PROGRAM

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Although the toast was a little wet, the eggs watery and the sausage damp, our spirits were high. We all knew that our warm, dry cabins were waiting for us back at camp, so we could ruggedly endure the elements.

There is nothing more enjoyable than a good ski trip, so right after Hartman Creek we were off to Ledgen Lake at Keshena. The overcast sky didn't deter us in the least and once we had our tents up we were at it. It was a little cold so we built a fire to warm our hearts. As the flames licked the wood we had a nice warm place to stay.

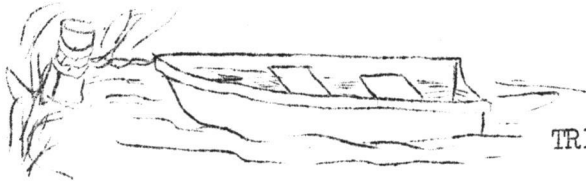
The three mile course Dan laid out was just great. There were only two other boats on the lake and the water was very smooth. And, of course, no trip to Keshena is complete without a visit to Spirit Rock and the rugged campsite.

But as great as that trip was we could hardly wait to get back and run a 12 mile stretch of the Crystal River with the playaks. We could ask for no better leader to pioneer the way than Mike Euer. The hardest part of the trip was getting Mike to leave the typewriter and telephone. Once we were on the river the current and rapids soon supplied a great time.

And at Waupaca a trip isn't complete without a down pour. When we were miles from shelter the sky opened up. With Mike in the lead we went on to finish our trip as bravely as we started...but not nearly as dry.

Well, who cares how dry you are at the end of a trip. At the finish we all dove into the water and took turns in the air pocket under the dam. Our comment; "It's a blast!"

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## TRIPPING PROGRAM

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When new boys arrived in camp during the fifth week, Hartman Creek State Park was chosen as a good site to teach them campcraft. But to give them a chance to meet their new cabin mates first, we took a group of runners to the site. Arnie had assembled all his runners and had promised them the best cross country course ever. The boys responded enthusiastically and we were off to the run.

The rest of the week we hiked, picked apples and swam. At the evening campfires we also popped corn, roasted marshmallows and told tall tales.

The greatest trip of the year is always the Early Bird trip. How can you beat the Tommy Bartlet Water Show, the ducks and Family Land all on the same trip? Then to top it all off, an hour of shopping in downtown Wisconsin Dells.

At the water show the stunts and tricks were better than ever, even though last year's 25¢ coke was now 30¢. Skip Gilverson had learned some new tricks and how about that popcorn vender that skied on his bare feet? Then the jumping boats and let's not forget the clown Aqua.

How about those ducks! Still giving us the thrills of land and water travel. Did you get wet when you entered Lake Delton? If you sat in the back seat you did. And chicken wire for a duck fence?

A damp afternoon at Family Land is still a great afternoon. The bumper cars, toboggan, paratrooper, tilt-a-whirl and ferris wheel. Ride as often as you like, there's no tickets to buy and if you want to be really scared, there's the spook house.

As we began the evening meal the rain started. By the time we were ready to go go-karting it had turned into a downpour. The rain began to run into

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TRIPPING PROGRAM

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the doors of the tents and sleeping bags got wet. We all wanted to stay, but the rain wouldn't quite. With no other choice we loaded the bus to go shopping and back to camp.

The last week of camping and the rain was still falling. The temperature dropped to record lows and all the tents were still wet so we decided on a 15 mile canoe trip down the Waupaca River.

A nice, swift current pushed us along. The warm afternoon sun warmed our chilled bodies as we enjoyed the rugged scenery and wild birds. After three or four hours of steering around rocks, shallow pools and dead falls, there is no finer sight than Bill Moore cooking hamburgers for supper. We ate our fill then drove back to camp for the start of the Blue and White War.

Wayne Towne

Tripping Director





## HOBO DAY

On one unusual day this summer, the dining hall was invaded by a bunch of bums looking for a free meal. After it was determined they were just counsellors who had been mooching free meals all summer, the entire camp was invited to the athletic field for a hobo picnic.

The Hobo day activities began that evening with costume preparations and fittings. Dinner, a fine mulligan stew, was served on the far athletic fields and was immediately followed by a costume parade and contest.

The judges then had the difficult task of picking the grubbiest camper from a terrifically dirty field of 131. Eventually one semi-finalist was selected from each cabin. After a heated discussion among the judges as to the originality, authenticity and ingenuity in the use of grime, grease, slime and filth, Richard Leib was chosen and crowned King of the Waupaca Hoboes.

Following the costume contest were the annual hobo game festivities. The little bums delighted in their participation in such going ons as an egg toss, an over and under balloon relay, a cracker eating marathon, cover the spot and other such acts of mild destruction. All in all it was a very enjoyable evening that will be remembered for a long time.





## MINI-BIKES

For the first time in the history of Camp Waupaca, mini-bikes were introduced into the program. The camp bought a three horsepower Whisperjet and a four horsepower Rupp and a long, winding trail was built behind the soccer fields. Great fun was had by all campers 'breezing' along this adventurous trail. There were many chills and thrills and even a few spills, but the word at the mini-bike trail was Fun, Fun, Fun!



## GO-KARTS

The faint sound of distant thunder slowly grows into the earsplitting fury of an earthquake as a pack of highly tuned racing machines roars down the track mixed with smells of burning rubber and high octane gasoline. Crowds of frenzied spectators utter a deafening cheer and go wild as the checkered flag is dropped and a new champion joins the ranks of racing greats.

Well, this isn't exactly what it was like on the go cart track this summer, although we tried. If you closed your eyes and let your imagination wander you just might have seen the scene above as you skidded around a turn with the gas pedal floored as I'm sure many of the campers did this summer.

Fastest drivers this year were Jay Wolff, Mark Weber and David Mogil.

Errol Grisard



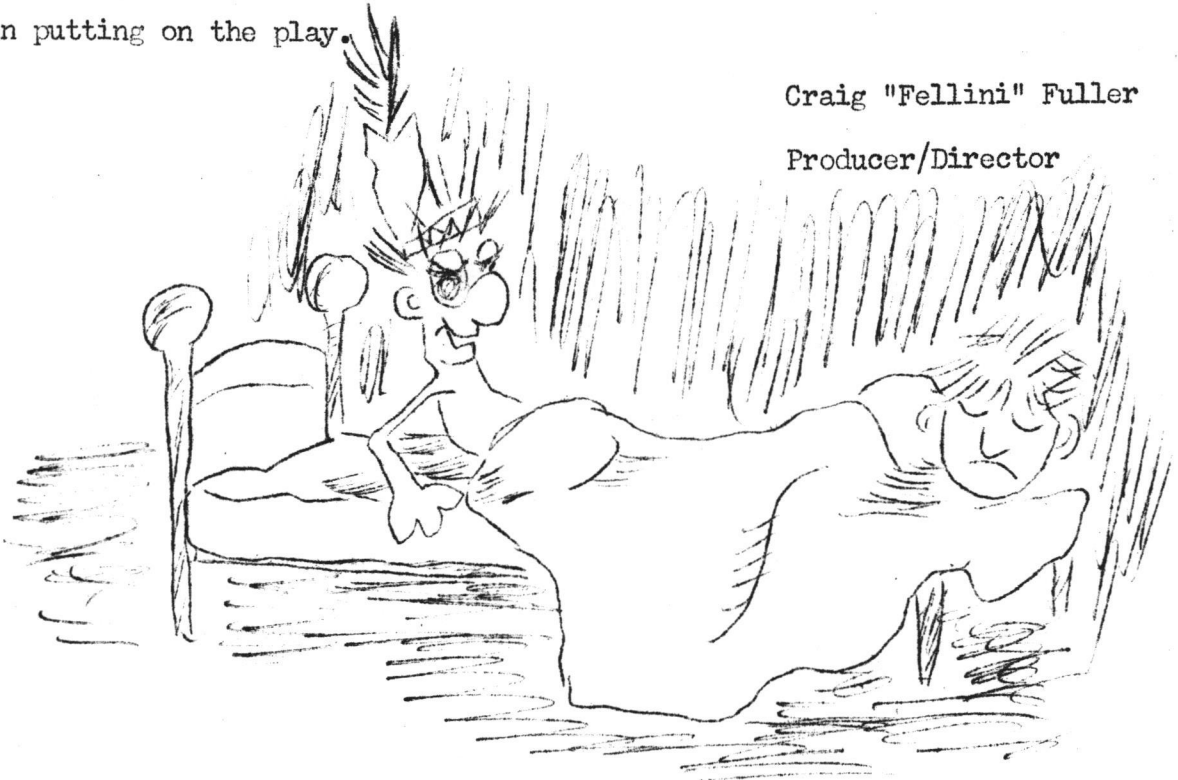
## CAMP PLAY

This year the Cafe La Waupaca Theatre Troupe found a new home in the recently constructed Manny Desnet Theatre, a 400 seat outdoor auditorium and stage complex.

This year's production was a continuation of the Camp Waupaca tradition of movie satires; The Campfather. Due to last minute complications, Marlon Brando had to be replaced by Eliot Zaiken as Don Mantino Desnetoni; the title character. Other outstanding performances were turned in by Earl and Ed Slavin as Stantino Towntoni and Michael Uraninny. Probably the most self-sacrificing performance was Mark Daniel's nude scene in the bathroom and due recognition should now be made of his performance; especially since no one recognized it then!

The entire cast was 26 campers strong and I prefer to thank them as a group, because if I mention them singly it would take too long. Therefore, it will suffice to say thanks to all of you, I hope you had as much fun as I did in putting on the play.

Craig "Fellini" Fuller  
Producer/Director



## DIET TABLE

How heavenly those French Fries smell! And the blue berry pie with ice cream...Yum! But suffer we must and pass when the goodies go by us. It's as easy as starving to death at a banquet if you're on the diet table.

But look at the results! With 13 campers and 1 counsellor at the diet table, a total of 87 pounds were lost. Mike Dunkleman captured first place, losing  $14\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. Kim Goldblatt came in second and Paul Goldstine ran him a close third.

Others on the diet table were Richard Leib, Jon Juron, Gary Grossman, Mike Lurie, Ed Noah, Vic and Steve Shyman, Elliot Zaiken and Larry Martin.

Congratulations to all on the diet table! It takes a lot of self control to pass up the goodies for the entire eight weeks.

Rose Mary Clotiaux

Camp Nurse

