

Mini-Bikes

Two mini-bikes from last year were replaced by two better ones, one of which, the "Green Rupp" proved to be the most popular amongst the campers. A new trail was added half way through the camp and was aptly dubbed the "bumpy one".

Many thanks go out to the wonderful helpers that worked on the mini-bike trail--Scott Hamel, Charles Cole, Alan Wax, Ben Teifeld, Brian Friedman, David Gassell, Marc Margolis, Phil Barish, Steve Ornof, Gary Ornof, Steve Fishman, and Steve Rosenberg.

The mini-bikes will be repaired and tuned up over the winter and one new one will be added for the 1975 season.

--ERV KASIAN--



Hobo Day

Bums from all over camp assembled at the flag pole one evening for Hobo Night. Cabin reports were given and everybody rushed out to the soccer fields for a delicious dinner, served in $\frac{1}{2}$ milk cartons.

Judging for the Hobo-iest cabin then occurred and cabins 2 and 7 tied for the win. Many different and unusual costumes appeared that evening, most using charcoal, rags, dirt, and anything else that could be ripped apart and used for the evening.

The big cabin talent night was next, at the Tyrone Guppie Outdoor Theatre and Waupaca has never seen the likes of it since! Cabin 1 put on a "courtesy" scene with Bob Melford as a rude waiter. Cabin 2 did two short skits, the Bud Driver & I Gotta Take a Wee with Todd Laff. The second scene with Richard Berg was entitled My Lost Wallet (The Light's Better Over Here). Cabin 3 did an Evening at the Roost with Gary Denenberg doing a fine imitation of Ray Krysh. Cabin 4 performed the Royal Papers with Charles Cole. Other cabins did original work from the Odyssey, adapted by "Wild" Bill Engerman. Cabin 8 did a revival of greaser music from the 1950s, and cabin 9 did a fine job with the Noon Time Announcements at Camp Waupaca starring campers as staff. (Ricky Weinberger got his famous start as Erv Kasian. Cabin 10 did a This is Your Life skit, and Cabin 11 attempted an awards show with Richard Trester as moderator. The winner went to Cabin 14 who did a fine parody of the water-front entitled Blazing Paddles. Everyone had a good time as the program closed with the setting of the Hobo sun.



The ODD COUPLE started from an old script I had lying around from High School. I thought because of the size, (unfortunate problems with large plays at Waupaca) and the humor, it would be suitable for performance. I then sat down with Neil Simon's play and went over it again deciding to use only the first act, which stands very well in itself.

Auditions came and 1/5 of the camp showed up! A little over 30 boys auditioned very well for five rolls. Especially in the younger cabins I could see that Waupaca had plenty of un-tapped talent.

I cast the following boys and they did an outstanding job of interpretation and fulfillment of the comedy!

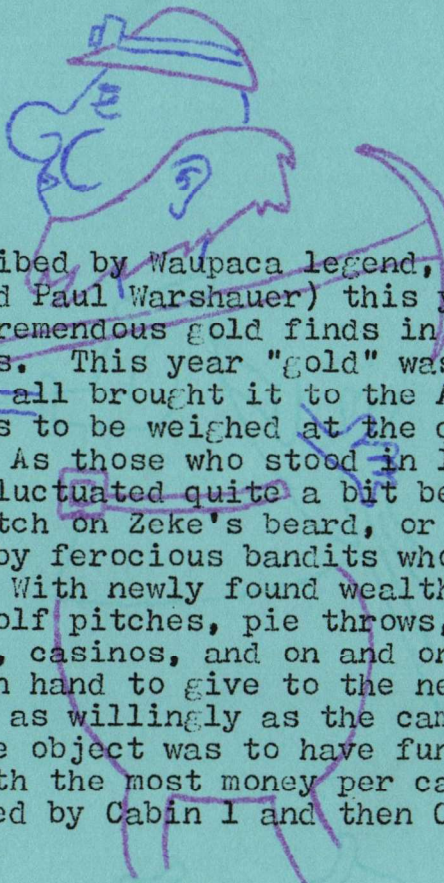
Felix Ungar.....	Mike Lurie
Oscar Madison.....	Danny Parker
Vinnie.....	Jonathan Mintz
Murray.....	Verne Noparstak
Roy.....	Dan Goroff
Speed.....	Larry Schaner

Directed by Paul Warshauer
Lighting by Craig Clotiaux
Art Work by Ken (Soul) Robbins

All in all, every one that worked with the show learned something important about performing, projection and diction!

--PAUL WARSHAUER--

Gold



As prescribed by Waupaca legend, Eb and Zeke (Danny Parker and Paul Warshauer) this year appeared to tell of tremendous gold finds in the athletic and soccer fields. This year "gold" was red and still a bit wet, but all brought it to the Assayer's office none-the-less to be weighed at the quoted price of the moment. As those who stood in line will tell, this price fluctuated quite a bit because of wind shifts, an itch on Zeke's beard, or an absence of gold caused by ferocious bandits who cleaned the office out! With newly found wealth, the carnival began with golf pitches, pie throws, balloon shaves, penny tosses, casinos, and on and on. Moneybags Desnet was on hand to give to the needy, and staff participated as willingly as the campers many times--of course the object was to have fun. The winners this year with the most money per camper were the CITs, followed by Cabin 1 and then Cabin 8.

Flush

SONG AND CHEER PAGE

(As we mentioned, spirit is very important at Camp to keep things moving. These are some excerpts from cheers, songs, poems from Mess Hall chatter or Table Talk...)

An Ode To Lambchops

Alas, dear Lambchops, we knew you well,
We'll certainly miss you, As time will tell!
Your fate was sealed, Several days ago,
When a counsellor here, became your foe!
The Counsellor fair, from Southern Ill. U.,
Upon a bed, did place some poo.
We'll miss those cute, and tiny eyes,
That cheery walk, and all those flies!
Oh, -&%\$# Cde To Lambchops! Our love'll never quit,
Our Memories strong, where you left your _____.

Three Jolly Fishermen

There were three jolly fishermen
There were three jolly fishermen
Fisher Fisher Men Men Men
Fisher Fisher Men Men Men
There were three jolly fishermen

Those were the Days, Ray

Once upon a time there was a counselor,
Filled with beer and sex that knew no bound,
Diets, jogging and pills make him heavier,
Ray Kryshki you the poorest sight in town.

Da Doo De Ped Zip

Da Doo De Ped Zip,
Ay De Ped Zip,
Day Wonderful A What,
My Oh My,
Way My Going Sunshine Of Plenty,
Da Doo De Ped Zip,
Ay De Ped Zip,
Shoulder My On Bird Blue Mister,
Actual It's, Fact It's,
Satisfactual Is Everything
Da Doo De Ped Zip Ay De Ped Zip,
Day Wonderful Feeling Wonderful.

Diet Table: Or The Sugarless Sweethearts

Rosemary: "I want you to know the members of the diet table got fat as a public service. Hail to the fat person! Without fat persons there would be no Peace Among Nations!"

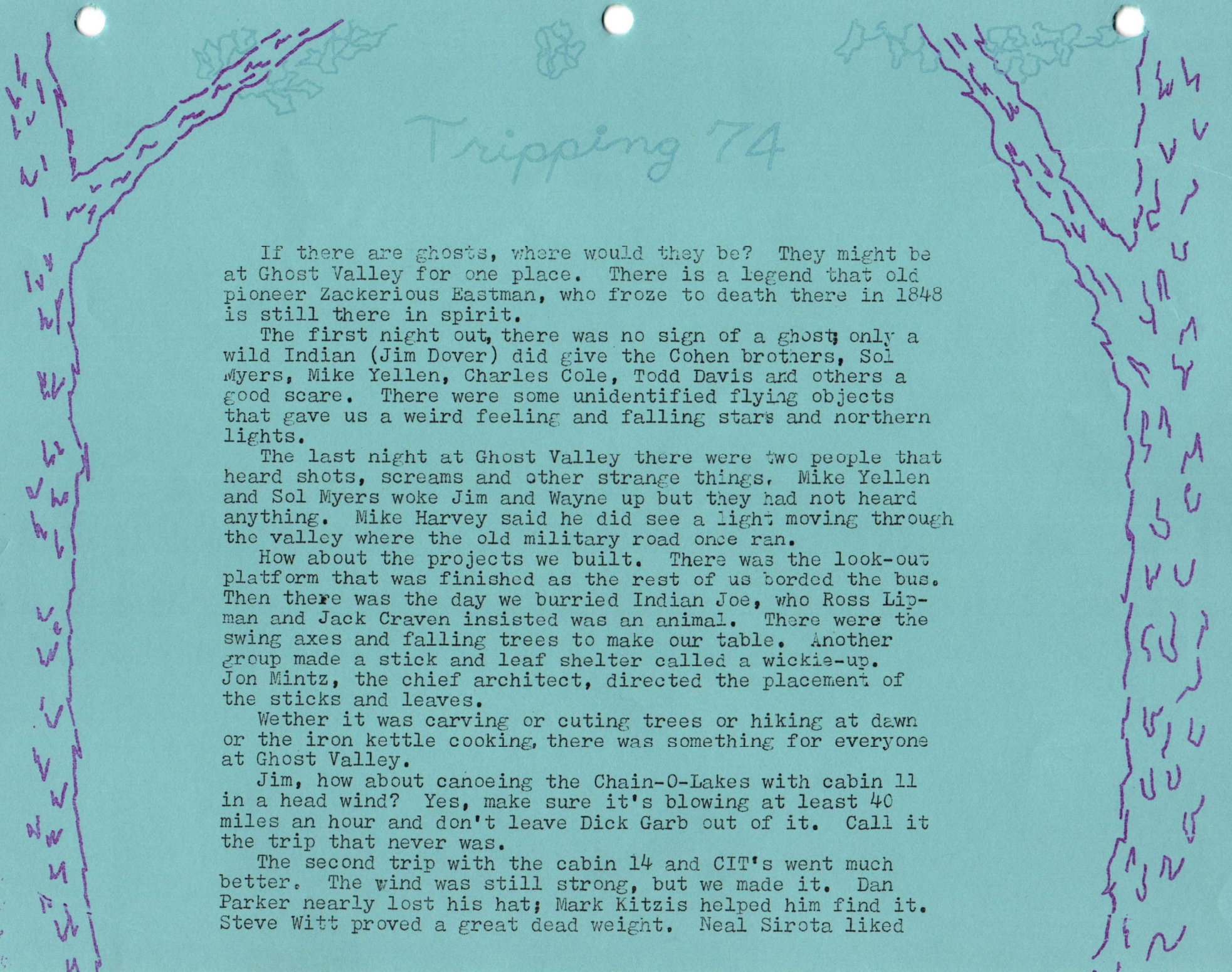
Refs' Cheer

Rhudebego, rhudebego, rhudebego rind,
We are the umpires, what do you find?
Fairness, judgment in every play,
We are the ones who will lead the way.

EARLY

B-B-O





Tripping 74

If there are ghosts, where would they be? They might be at Ghost Valley for one place. There is a legend that old pioneer Zackerious Eastman, who froze to death there in 1848 is still there in spirit.

The first night out, there was no sign of a ghost; only a wild Indian (Jim Dover) did give the Cohen brothers, Sol Myers, Mike Yellen, Charles Cole, Todd Davis and others a good scare. There were some unidentified flying objects that gave us a weird feeling and falling stars and northern lights.

The last night at Ghost Valley there were two people that heard shots, screams and other strange things. Mike Yellen and Sol Myers woke Jim and Wayne up but they had not heard anything. Mike Harvey said he did see a light moving through the valley where the old military road once ran.

How about the projects we built. There was the look-out platform that was finished as the rest of us boarded the bus. Then there was the day we burried Indian Joe, who Ross Lipman and Jack Craven insisted was an animal. There were the swing axes and falling trees to make our table. Another group made a stick and leaf shelter called a wickie-up. Jon Mintz, the chief architect, directed the placement of the sticks and leaves.

Wether it was carving or cuting trees or hiking at dawn or the iron kettle cooking, there was something for everyone at Ghost Valley.

Jim, how about canoeing the Chain-O-Lakes with cabin 11 in a head wind? Yes, make sure it's blowing at least 40 miles an hour and don't leave Dick Garb out of it. Call it the trip that never was.

The second trip with the cabin 14 and CIT's went much better. The wind was still strong, but we made it. Dan Parker nearly lost his hat; Mark Kitzi helped him find it. Steve Witt proved a great dead weight. Neal Sirota liked

the muck at the landing. We all liked the ice cream, soda and hot dogs at the end of the trip.

It is easy to go down-stream on the Crystal River...if you know how. It was on these trips that the Harvey brothers became known as the "Streaking Harveys". But the first "Streaker" was Brad Cohen who jumped into the river for a swim and came up minus his _____.

The rapids and shifting sand bars that make up the river and the trees and branches along the bank saw our smiles, joy and frustrations. There was the hunter with the striped shirt that gave us a scare until we found out Neese and Rodgers had firecrackers. The huge grey crane that flew in front of us most of the way was a sight. Muskrats, turtles many small birds, and deer flies accompanied us most every trip.

After a day on the river, supper and a quick dip in the rapids, it was great to roast marshmallows, pop corn and to tell stories.

Then it's Hartman Creek State Park for a few days. There is the sandiest beach, the greatest hiking trails, and the nicest little water falls in this part of the state. At this trip there were sand castle contests.

Two sticks of wood and a bit of plastic powered by a huge engine made the fun on the next trip...You guessed it, the water skiing trip. This year there was more time for skiing than ever before. Not only was there the huge beautiful Pine Lake, but there was a crop duster that gave us a real air show. Once he wecooped so low acrost the potatoe feild that his wheel touched one of the markers. The marker flew into the air, the plane shuttered and dipped, then just as it neared a pine grove the plane pulled up.

Did the plane go over or under the light wires? Ask Craig Cloutiaux or Steve Shyman--but only one of them. You see, one will say under and the other will tell you over.

The food was very good, even the local flies enjoyed it. Then one night it rained, and rained and the water rose. The tents didn't leak from the top, but they sure did from the bottom. Even "Ole Blue" leaked, but it did run good enough to take a few wet campers back to dry cabins.

As for the swimming and water skiing, I'll leave that for the waterfront to tell about. And Larry Stern, leave the girl to Dover next trip, okay.

There is no trip like the Early Bird, and that was next.

Back from the Early Bird and it's water ski time again. This time the weather held and the only time we got wet was when we were skiing. Gene-the-knife-Lavine, Brad-cut-em-up-Diamond, Paul-the-killer-Rosengarten and Vern-the-axe-Napar-stack almost burnt us out of a camp site with their wood gathering.

Now the best we saved until last, the big Crystal River Canoe Trips. The first was one and one-half days long. We started at the Red Mill and canoed to the campsite. At the Camp Jim had our fire going and it didn't take long to get the stew on. Have you ever eaten roasted corn fresh from coals? Well, it sure is good. And then Ron Webber found the worm surprise in his...one drawback to roasting corn in the husk.

The tents had to be set up...rapids had to be swam...the popcorn popped...marshmallows roasted and stories told. All too soon it was morning and we were on the river again.

The weather favored us...the current was swift. Marc Zisoók found turtles to hunt and catch on small Common Mud. Mike Weiss found a frog. There were places where the sand bottom made great swimming. How about all the nearly tame Sandpipers who fed along side the stream? We all found time to relax and enjoy the beautiful natural surroundings. All too soon it was over.

A short trip for the outdoorsmen of cabins 1 through 5.

We started at Shadow Lake in Waupaca and ran some of the best parts of the river. Everyone took his turn at paddle and with four in the canoe there was not too much work for anyone.

Last, we had the great playak trips down the Crystal River Rapids. This trip is the one Rosemary always takes. This year we had some outstanding trips. There were few who stayed dry but Sol Myers, Charles Cole, Steve Ornoff and Gary Silbar were among the wettest.

And then it was all over, but not really for the good times we had will be with us always.

The Early Bird...this is the trip of the year. Is there another place like Wisconsin Dells anywhere? It has everything; scenery, go-karts, super slides, and all kinds of rides. There are arcades with all those fascinating machines and judge shops and souvenir shops and ice cream parlours and much, much more.

When the campers arrived at Mirror Lake State Park the tents were up and lunch was ready. It sure seemed good to get off from that cramped bus. The sandwiches were the do-it-yourself kind, so, who can complain?

After the complicated business of tent assignments, we were off to the beach. There were fisbees, baseball, swimming, a girl and a new game invented by Steve Shyman called "shooting the moon". All too soon it was time to eat again. This time grilled hamburgers as only Paul Warshauer and Wayne Towne can make.

Some of us have seen the Tommy Bartlet Water Show many times, but it is still one of the highlights of the trip. Who knows when a performer might slip and fall? The skiers always keep us breathless. Then Doug-A-Lee and his dancers seem to prepare us for the dancing waters at the end of the show.

Almost as soon as we are sleeping soundly, it is time for

cereal, fried eggs and juice. Then it's off to ride the ducks. Through the woods, down the highway, into town, down fern dell and into the water go one and all. What a ride!

"How do you want to enter Lake Delton? Dry or wet?" the guide asked. "Wet" came the unanomeus cry. After he splashed into the lake he told us that was the way he was going to do it anyway.

Down suicide hill, by Dawn Manor and all too soon we left the Ducks.

Now it's shopping in the down-town area. It's great to move in crowds of people again after having been away from the city so long. Then it's lunch and a much needed rest hour.

An amusement park called "Family Land" is our next place of attack. And attack we did. All the rides we could ride for one admission price. Can you beat that? Some of us rode so often that we got a little sick. It was then supper and then some more Family Land.

The trip was just about over the next morning with taking down the tents, packing the bus, and swimming. After a few times on the super slide and go-karts, it was time to get on the bus to Waupaca. What a great way to spend three days!

--WAYNE TOWNE--
Tripping Director