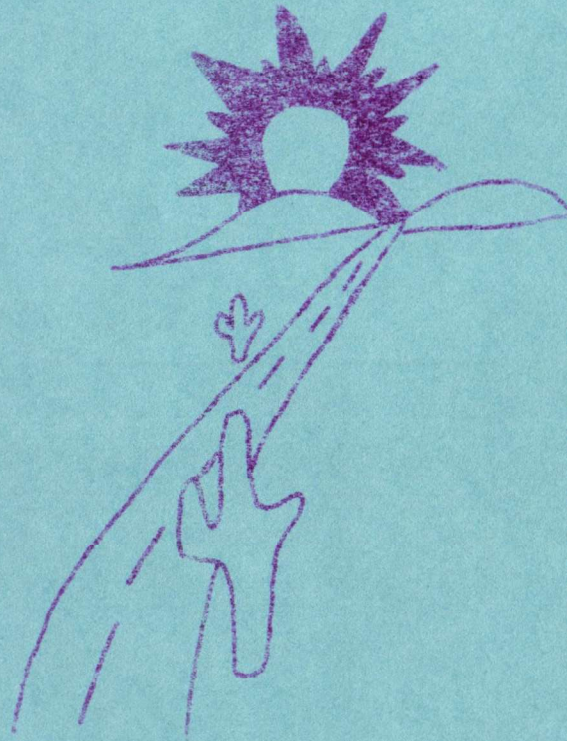


ACTIVITIES



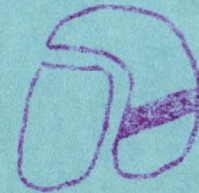
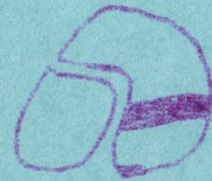
Mini-Bikes



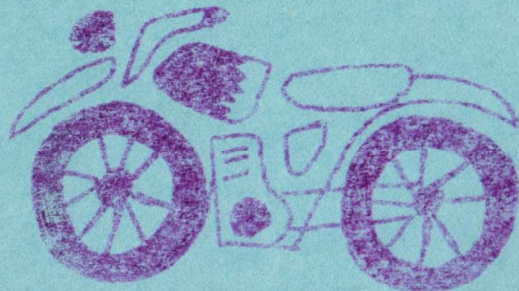
Well, Manny did it again this year! He added two new mini-bikes to the mini-bike program, the Blue Rupp, and the Red Scamp.

The blue Rupp proved to be the most powerful machine and was very popular among the campers. The Green Rupp from last year still held its own and saw many hours of useful service in spite of its oil burning.

A new venture was started this summer in the Mini-Bike program, and that was the Mini-Bike Riddle. A hint was given about a certain location in camp where a slip was stashed which would entitle the finder to a free mini-bike session. The campers really thundered out out of the mess hall after they felt they had figured it out. The Mini-Bike program saw many hours and many happy participants and a lot of younger boys learned how to ride a mini-bike for the first time.



ERV KASIAN

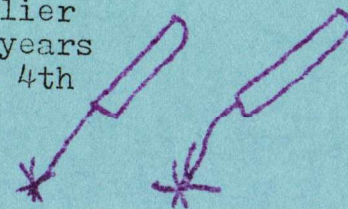
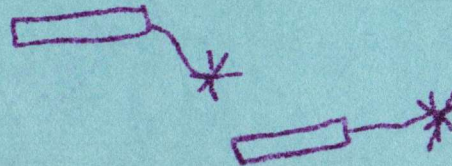
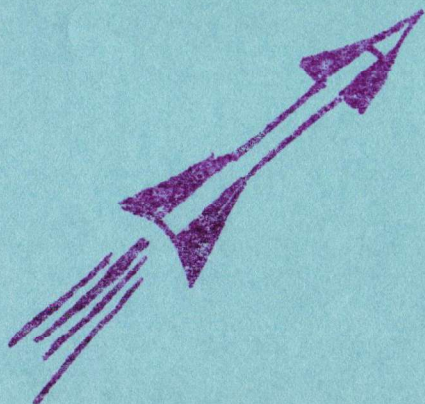
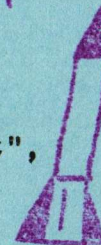
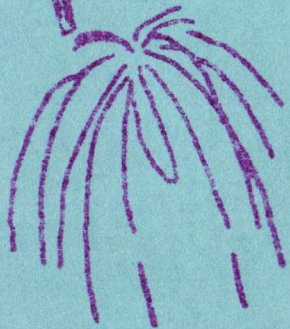
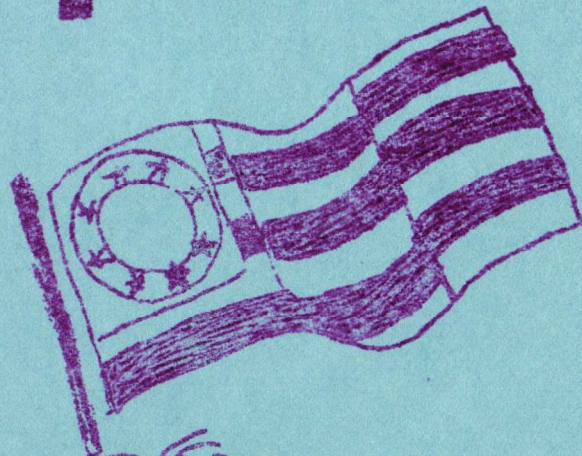


4th Of July

Bang! Pow! Crackle! 4th of July came quickly this summer as campers filled the tennis courts filled with campers eager to see the fireworks explode this year. Before that tho, the big 4th of July play went on stage in the Mess Hall. "A Fourth Back in Time," traced highlights of the American Revolution through two time travellers. They met a number of celebrities from that time, and converse about their concerns. Many campers "tried-out", and all in the play did a good job. The cast:

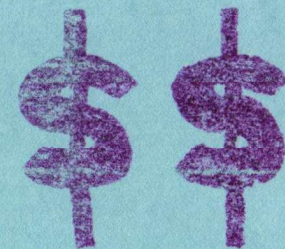
Announcer: Michael Lurie
Fips: "Wild" Bill Engerman
Zach: Jon Mintz
Ben Franklin: Victor Shyman
Patrick Henry: Dave Harvey
Tom Paine: Todd Laff
Schlock: Richard Sklare
Betsy Ross: Ben Teifeld
John Hancock: Andrew Harvey
Gen. Howe: David Peiser
Paul Revere: Ralph Saunders
Martin Johnson: Joe Bosco
General Morgan: Sam Rosenwasser
George Washington: Kenny Saunders
General Burgoyne: Charlie Lissner

Production directed by Paul Warshauer. The play was written by Wayne Towne from an earlier script performed here at camp a number of years ago. All seemed to have a good time and the 4th of July ended with a bang again in 1975.





Gold Rush

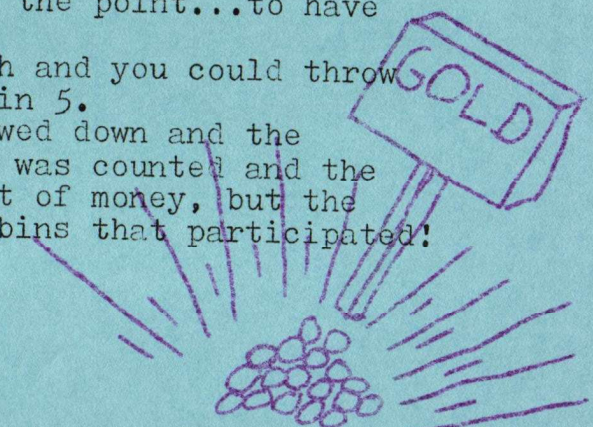
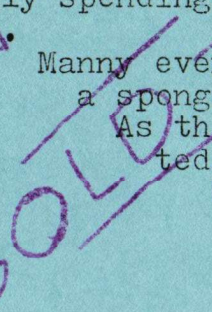
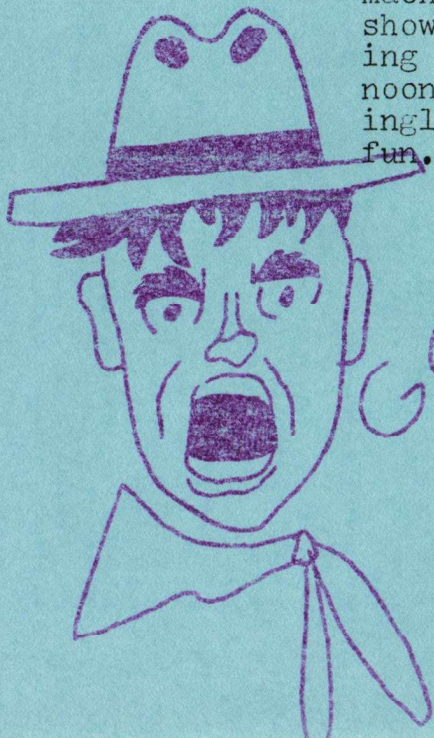


It was red gold that dried under the sun this year in anticipation of the 1975 Gold Rush. Two scraggly buzzards came into camp looking for prospectors to help them find gold in the fields. Eb and Zeke told about the "hunting of the golf eggs, a patient burrow, and looking for some guy named Tex." Needless to say, they told everyone where to find the gold, and campers scattered to gather gold up in anything that resembled a container; plastic shopping bags, duffle bags, shoe boxes, gym bags, even raincoats. The honest assayers weighed the gold to the nearest one-half pound and paid as much as \$250. a pound depending on all conditions. Robberies scared the daylights out of the assayers who peaceably handed over their precious gold.

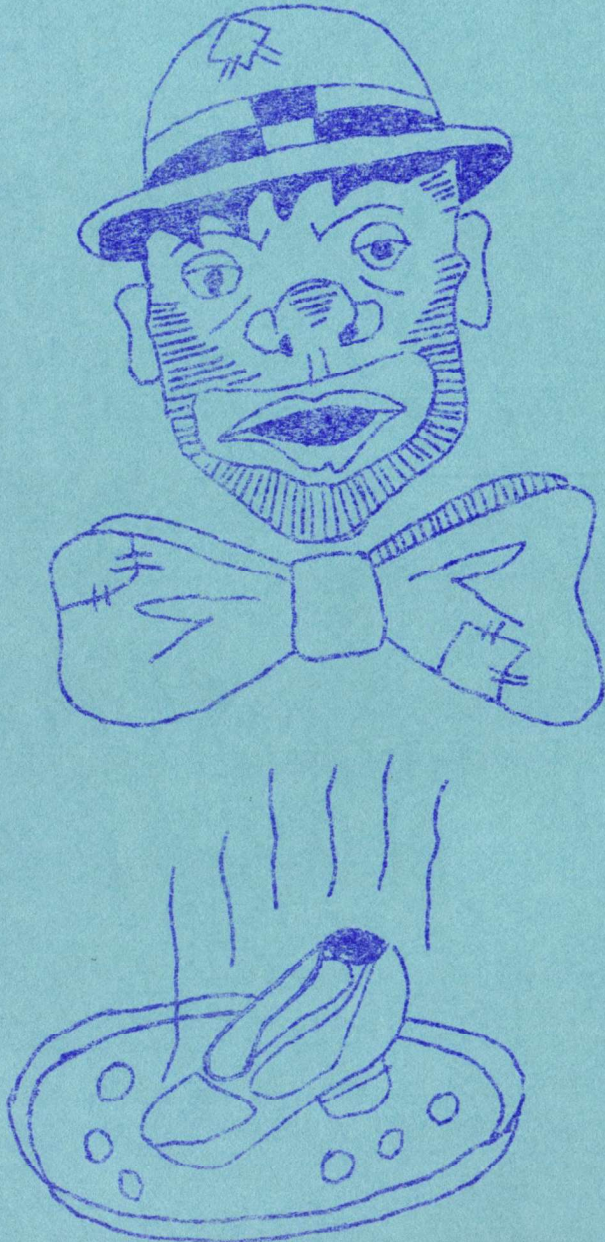
As money was handed out, the booths began to operate. Everything from miniature golf to a money maze, shave the baloon, to dunking machines, skeeball, guess the number of shells, casinos and puppet shows, and penny tosses and pie throws. Booths grew from mid morning with plenty of rope, crepe paper and ingenuity; by mid afternoon, campers and counsellors were running from area to area seemingly spending everything they had. But that was the point...to have fun.

Manny even volunteered for the dunking booth and you could throw a sponge at your favorite camper from cabin 5.

As the sun began to set, the frenzy slowed down and the tedious chore of cleanup began. Money was counted and the CIT's ended up with the most amount of money, but the the real winners were all the cabins that participated!



Hobo



Charcoal went on faces, clothes as ragged and old as you can find 'em, nap-sacks on, and we're ready for Hobo Night. 1975's Hobo night seemed to be the best ever as Wayne Towne drove the hay wagon and tractor with the food and cooks over to the golf field for our Hobo gourmet meal. Delicious Hobo Stew, garlic Bread, and a special dessert were included. Then time for the big Hobo judging contest where Mickey Forman out-bummed the other hobos with the best and most original costume, Jon Schulman coming in a close second, and Brad Balson, Sol Meyers, and Kevin Turner ending up as Bum-runner's up. Paul Warshauer told some "bum legends," and then off to the basketball court with the beds all decorated and waiting for the big bed race. Activities began with egg tossing, the three-legged race, the sack race, the baloon toss, and of course the blindman's rope race near the rifle range. Everyone then rushed to the tennis courts where the Big Bed Race got under way; some stayed on the beds, others fell out, but all assembled at the tennis courts for the baloons. Campers were quite surprised when the baloon toss turned into a counsellor baloon toss and most of the campers got wet. The gluttons then got their chance and they competed to see who could eat their blueberry pie fastest. Every contestants face seemed to be one big mound of pie and whipped cream. But all had a good time as the sun set and hobos returned to their cabins for a good rest.

SPECIAL EVENTS



Tripping

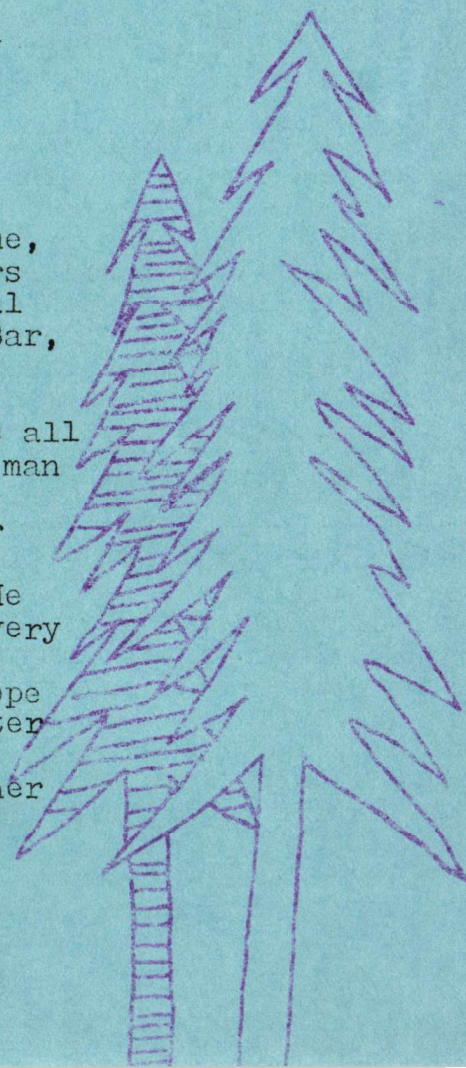
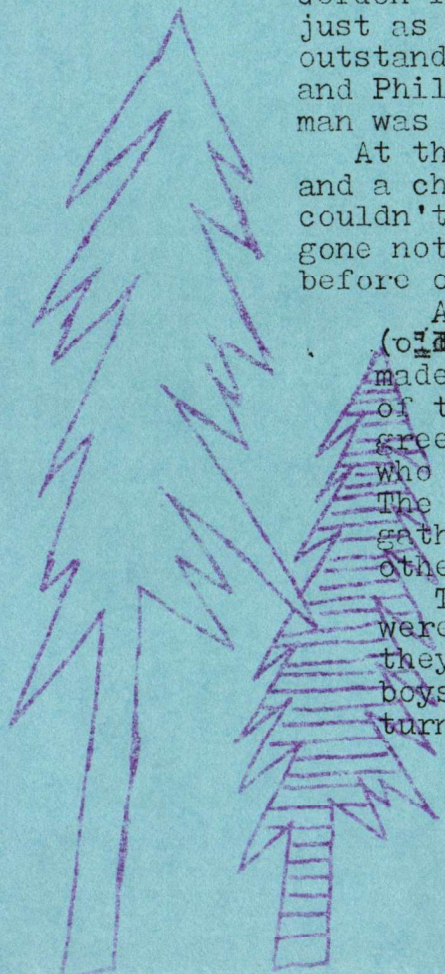
Our tripping program ranges from the river canoe trips to Water-Ski trips. Some brave campers learned to win the battle of the insects, while brave Ricjy Weinberger found sleeping under the stars can be great.

Our first week of trips started at Waupaca and ended in Weyauwega some fifteen miles away by river. This year Larry Gordon found that tipping a canoe and getting wet could be just as much fun as staying dry. Campers who proved to be outstanding with a paddle were: Mark Margolies, Glen Spear, and Phillip Haag. A camper who proved to be a good stern man was Andy Harvey.

At the end of the trip it was always good to see Old Blue, and a charcoal brazier filled with hot coals. The hamburgers couldn't come off the grill fast enough. After they were all gone nothing could be finer than a trip to the Wega Dairy Bar, before our trip home.

A trip to Ghost Valley, the sighting of the ghost, (old Eastman), the hikes, and the harmless grass snakes all made up another week of camping. Andy Dorffman, (snake man of the year) earned his title by capturing some small green decay snakes. One of them was an expectant mother who fulfilled her expectations in our nature center. The outstanding camper for the week was Charlie Cole. He gathered more wood, and helped with more things than every other camper. Thanks again, Charlie.

The first cabins to swim in the current at Little Hope were cabins four and five. As soon as they left the water they all wished to return. As they learned that other boys they knew were going they all tried to catch another turn. Many did return during the summer.



(Tripping-Page Two)

So you water ski? Well lets get on over to Pine Lake and see how long you can do it. It is an opportunity to improve and see what you can do on small strips of wood. As for the camping part, Joe Bosco saved our reputation in a volleyball game against some locals. With coaching by Bill Pochis, and assistance from Warren Metzdorff, combined with the cheerleading of Nancy Desnet, we couldn't lose! On the lighter side of things Brad, (Romeo) Cohen won the hearts of two very young ladies who ran up to him giggling, "You're cute!" But to top that, our cabin nine had a story swapping contest with some 4-H girls and their counsellors. As we sat around the campfire each side took turns telling scary stories.

Let's take a look at the stars, said Ken Robbins. And so we did! Robert Garfinkle was the first to spot Venus. Through the telescope, we could see that it looked like a small moon. Then we saw the Apollo-Soyuz vehicles chasing each other. The big dipper and the Milky Way showed themselves too as the sky became a light with God's little candles.

What's a river rat? Ask Glen Spear, Gary Ornoff, Ricky Weinberger, Ricky Fried, Joe Bosco, Steve Alex, Greg Greenstein, Paul Rosengarten, and Alan H. Singer. They're all a club formed in secrecy under the raging rivers of the dam. Want to join? Next year be a river rat!

And too soon its the last week of tripping. Our time for sunner fun is fading fast. We try a ski-play-fish rtip. Some test skills skiing while others try their luck at fishing, others just need time to relax. With the tensts now rolled up and the canoes back in place, we say, "Keep the camp fires of the summer burning in your memory until "next we camp again..."

WAYNE TOWNE AND PAUL HOFFMAN

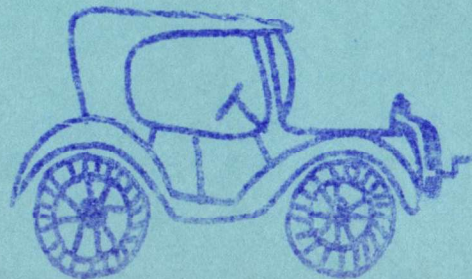
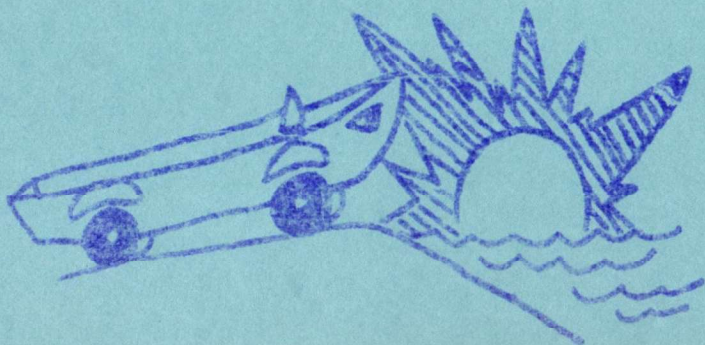
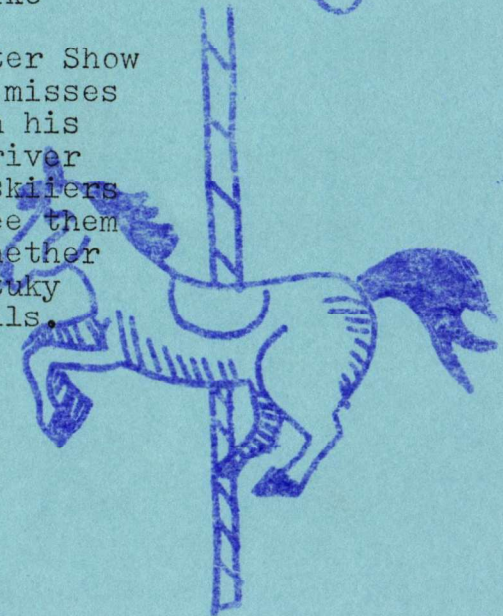
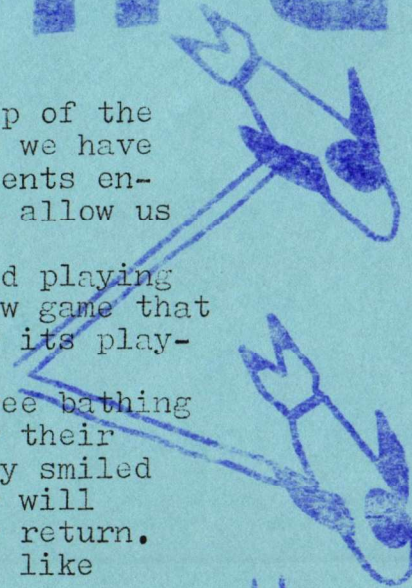
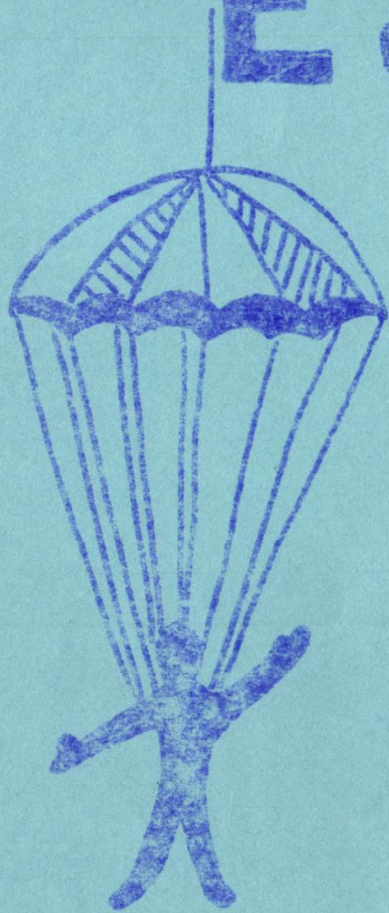
Early Bird

What is Early Bird? Well, its the biggest trip of the year. For me, its a lot more than making sure we have the campsite reserved, all the food packed, tents enough for everyone, and an itinerary that will allow us to do and see what we want.

There was Bob Marks with a ball in his hand playing Bobbardment, keep away, and ball tag, or a new game that shall not be named, but will be remembered by its players.

Shy Ricky Weinberger will remember the three bathing sweethearts and lost a bet. He may never know their names or addresses, or phone numbers, but they smiled a big smile just for him anyway. Craig Tucker will always remember a lost swim suit, and its slow return. Shake and bakes will be remembered for people like Aram Adler, Sol Meyers, and Ben Teifeld.

I think the early arrival at the Bartlett Water Show is a traditional part of the trip. This year we misses Tommy's expert assistance in parking our bus. In his place the fire dancer from Samoa directed our driver to a special spot in the huge parking lot. The skiers took us on a world tour. There is a thrill to see them on one ski, or no ski as they skim the water. Whether the skiers claim to be mexican bandits, or Kentucky Hillbillies, they can thrill you with their skills.



The Early Bird is getting up early to ride the ducks. The Dells always thrill me. The stone, weathered and shaped in its strange and beautiful way draws visitors from all over the world. So, here we are in the center of it all. The ups and downs add the fun.

A trip to Familyland with all its rides is a great place to spend a hot afternoon. If you are too warm for a ride, then spend some time in the haunted house or arcade. And that counsellor who has been bugging you, well, get into that bumper car-run right into him! Need to add something to the room back home? Just step right up and win a stretched bottle of your choice. All good things become tiresome in 4 hours so the Early Birders trip back to camp.

Hamburgers supreme alla "Gentle" Ben Teifeld and Ricky Weinberger sacrificing over the hot coals until the meat patties are perfect or better. These two campers made the evening meal a feast. A quick dunk in the lake is just what we need at the end of a hot day. Then songs, marshmallows, canteen, and a story complete a fun filled day...LAZY DAY, oh boy! Sleep late and breakfast is eggs, bagles, cereal, and juice at your own leisure. The big shopping spree in town is next. Fudge, cards, wax museum, the arcades, and the smiling young girls will always be a part of what the Early Bird is. The all too soon its lunch, but right before we leave, we must ride the superslide and race the go karts around the trecherous track! As the bus hums along forhome, the steady rhythm rocks many to sleep. Camp was never better. It was great to be gone, but now filled with exciting tales to tell, Camp never looked better.

WAYNE TOWNE

PAUL HOFFMAN
SCOTT HANSON

PAUL WARSHAUER
LARRY LEVIN

BOB MARKS
JAY SIMONS

TRIPS

