

TRIPS

1976





Tripping is that wonderful experience of going to different places and seeing different things. It is a most enthusiastic program and one which all campers--young and old alike--enjoy.

The following pages will help you remember your great trips--so read on and remember.



T R I P P I N G

Our overnight trips to Ghost Valley and Hartman Creek State Park were enjoyed by many of the campers--especially those from the younger cabins. During these trips, we swam at the waterfall with innertubes, which was enjoyed by everyone. Our menu for dinner was usually shish-ka-bobs cooked by the campers themselves. We had marshmallows and popcorn as evening snacks by the campfire while Wayne was telling ghost stories.

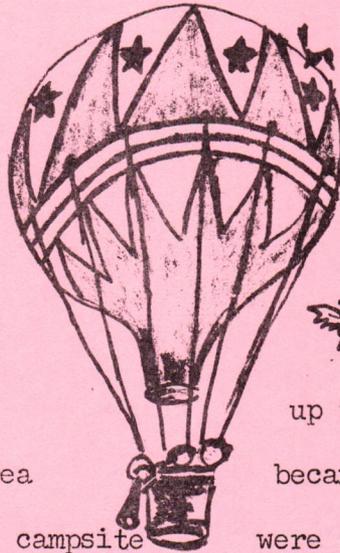
Afternoon Playak trips on the Crystal River were quite popular, partly because of the scenic beauty but mostly because everyone got wet.

Ski trips at Hidden Campsite on Pine Lake gave some of our campers a different type of skiing experience on a very beautiful lake. The Beaver Patrol led by Ricky Weinberger was initiated here on the first of these two trips.

The Early Bird Trip had enough activities to keep all fifty-five campers busy. We swam at ou Devil's Lake State Park campsite. From there we went to Tommy Bartlett's Water Show at Wisconsin Dells. They had a thrilling selection of ski stunts, Tahitian fire dancers, and a sound effects man. We rode the Wisconsin Ducks the next day, which can travel on both land and water. We saw the Lower Dells on them by way of the Wisconsin River. We finished up with a shopping spree in the Dells and a visit to the Family Land Amusement Park.

All too soon the summer ends. The last shish-ka-bob is cooked. The last campfire story is told. The tents are folded and put away for another year. Until we pitch our tents again, may you all have the best of health.

Wayne Towne,
Tripping Director
and
Dan Voglesong,
Tripping Assistant



EARLY

Devil's Lake, July 25, 1976

Four counselors began to set up tents as fast as they could. Soon a forest area became a tent city. Towering high above the campsite were the south west bluffs of the park.

Three o'clock in the morning, July 26, 1976, the park rangers woke us up to tell us we had some empty tents. Also that they were looking for two blond young men, one named Ralph. After they checked on Larry Keen and Ron Zilafro, they left.

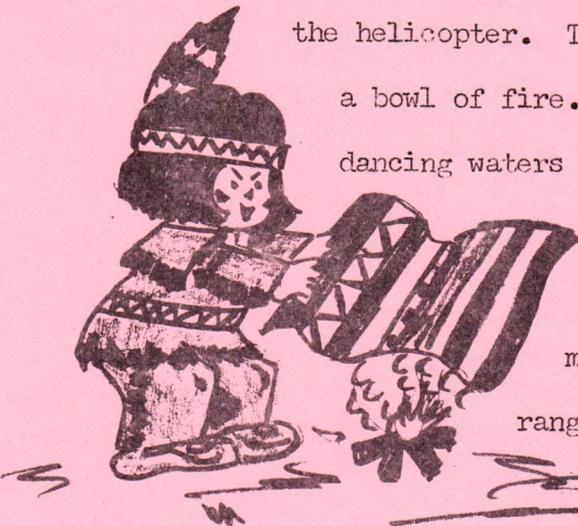
11:45 July 26, 1976, the campers arrive in a light rain that delays lunch until 1:35. Everyone is wet so we go swimming. Some of the boys climb on some boulders. All wish to climb the bluffs.

The Early Bird Trip is on its way. After dinner it's the Bartlett Water Show. What a show it is! The skill and daring of the skiers. The man who swings by his toes from

the helicopter. The fire dancer who sits in a bowl of fire. And then the beautiful dancing waters fountains. All too soon we return to camp.

Three o'clock in the morning July 27, 1976. A ranger flashes his night light in the windows of a

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suspicious looking Volkswagen van. He discovers a character from a strange land with a "Ya-all" accent. After Mike Euer tells him that it's a beautiful day at Camp Waupaca, the ranger is convinced that Mike is a part of our group. Foiled again in his relentless pursuit of law breakers, the ranger moved on.

Up early to catch a ride on the Ducks. They are really World War II landing craft, nicknamed "Ducks." A hour and a half goes by swiftly when you are having fun. Into Fern Dell and then onto the river. Our drivers move the Ducks at break-neck speed. Dell Creek was never so low, but we made it into artificial Lake Delton. Once over Suicide Hill, the trip is finished.

Wisconsin Dells, playground, souvenir capital of Wisconsin, the kids shop awhile, the counselors have their picture taken, and the arcades fill up fast.

After lunch, Familyland, and its many rides and go-kart tracks takes up the afternoon.

The weather was hot so a cool dip in Devil's Lake feels real good. Then it's back to keep the raccoons out of the bus and to bed.

As the campers drifted off to sleep a silence fell on the campgrounds. On the side of one tent there came a scratching sound. The raccoon foiled at the bus was looking for candy some had purchased that day. The alarmed campers soon spread the word and Mike's van was filled with sweet, sticky goodies that poured from the tents.

Three o'clock in the morning of July 28, rain began to fall. By 7:30, the campground was deep with water. It came up through the tent floors; it poured in the doors; it got us wet.

8:35, it's off to a great breakfast at MacDonalds. Back at camp, we dried out and await another Early Bird next year.

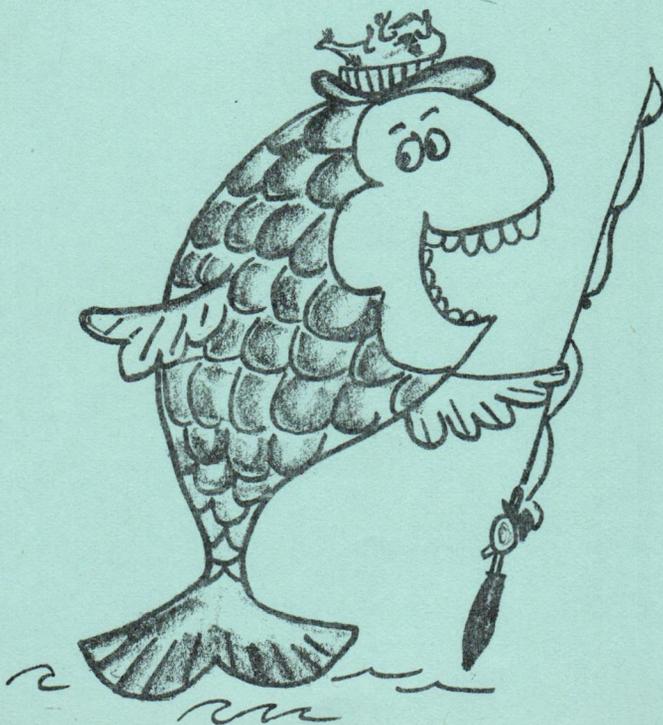
Three o'clock in the morning of July 29, 1976, absolutely nothing happened in connection with the Early Bird, and we all slept well.

This year the campers had a great deal of interest in going out fishing on our own Lake Stratton. At times the fishing was tremendous with Kal Larson and George Lamm catching six Northern Pike in one hour. Two of these fish were larger than twenty-five inches.

A couple of the more successful fishermen this year were: Andy Harvey, Mike Denenberg, Jeff Bornstein, Mike Bernstein, Rob Garfinkle, Mike Savin, Steve Jaffe, and Cylus E. Kropsy. Among them they caught some Northern Pike, large-mouth Bass, Rock Bass, Yellow Bass, Perch, and Crappie.

The lake itself is spring-fed and produces some surprisingly good fishing. Thus, fishing is an enjoyable way to spend free time while at camp.

Geroge Lamm,
Fishing Instructor



F I S H I N G