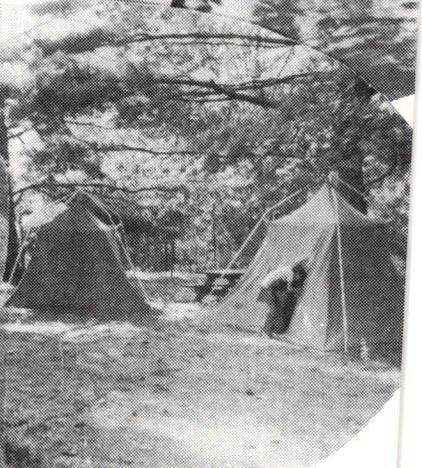
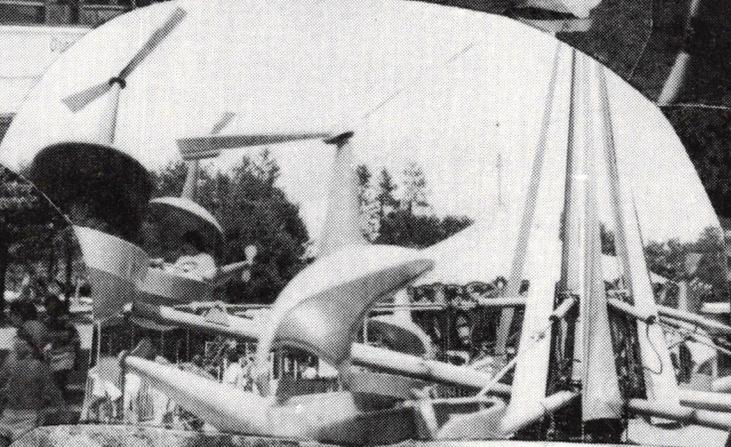


# TRIPPING 1977



As I begin to write this, a chipmunk scurries under my feet picking up scraps that fell from a hurried lunch. He stuffs his cheeks, cocks his head to get a better look at me, and then runs off to his home. In a way, he is like the campers who have had a good camping experience this summer. They had some fun and made memories that they will store for the winter.

# TRIPPING

Our summer began with the Ghost Valley trips. The old deer skull that has hung there for seven years still swung on its tattered piece of twine, its curse as strong as ever. Maurice dared to take it down---he had bad luck the rest of the summer. Neil touched it and became ill on the last trip. The number of persons that nearly lost swim suits was tremendous, and those who did will never forget it. You do remember, don't you Jeff? Mike? and Greg?

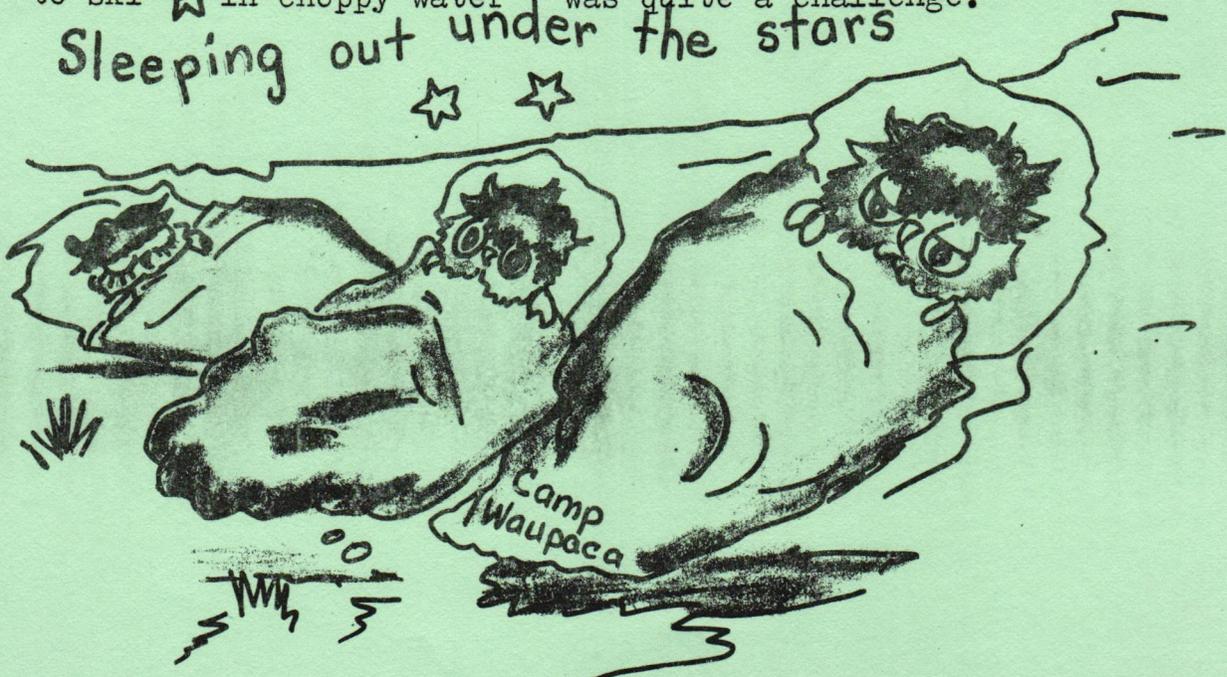
You have to watch Greg eat a Hoggie steak to see someone who really enjoys good food. As far as an outstanding cook, I think we'd have to choose Robert Garfinkle. The best eggs for the year were prepared by Kevin Schulman--and eaten by him, of course. It was a bad year for marshmallows. If we were Chinese, it could be called the Year of the Crispy Critters. But to Scott and Elliott, black is the way we like marshmallows, anyway. Watching the corn explode in our new popper was fascinating.

At story time, we sat and watched the flames flicker and learned about Big Moe, the Golden Arm, Big Brother, the Carroobs, the Valley Ghost, the Interlopers, the Monkey's Paw, and more.

The falls are still sending the swirling, frothing waters down the Crystal River. Remember the force of it as it tears at our swim suits that sends tickly bubbles around our bodies. Can there be more fun than that on a hot day?

How about the ski trips to big Pine Lake? The water speeding under the skiers as the shoreline and other boats became a blurr. The chance to kick a ski or cut a big wake, or see if you are good enough to ski in choppy water was quite a challenge.

Sleeping out under the stars



Until next year, let's store our memories and bring them out whenever we meet. That way, the good times of this summer will be with us forever.

Wayne Towne,  
Tripping Director

# EARLY BIRD

As one who has been on them all, I would have to say this was the best Early Bird Trip ever. It certainly was not the weather, because it rained every day. It was probably because we had the best combination of campers and counsellors ever.

We started with a great hot dog lunch instead of the usual cold cut sandwiches. A fine afternoon at the beach with swimming and Nerf-ball football. A steak supper, and we were off to the Tommy Bartlett Water Show. As the people in the reserved seats got drenched, we sat dry in the sheltered bleachers and munched our popcorn.

Back at the cabin at Devil's Lake, we were dry as could be and slept until the cry of "Daylight-in-the-swamp" rattled the rafters. After a quick breakfast, it was off to the Ducks. "What should we feed the ducks?" asked Jeff. A few suggestions were offered by his fellow campers.

The rain falling on our shopping trip did nothing to discourage our interests. The arcade lights flickered and the fudge sales soared. All too soon we were back on the bus heading for Familyland.

Boy, were those new Go-Karts super! We could hardly wait to try the new track. There was a faster-than-ever ferris wheel, a new shooting gallery, and, of course, the bumper cars. The big prizes this year were bottles of Pepsi---and we won a lot.

Back at Devil's Lake there was a glow-in-the-dark frisbee game with Jim Weber and Chris Matt. The card sharks gathered around Mike and Cliff. One Match (George Lamm) and Ron Davis set up a blazing campfire and helped some of the campers out roast marshmallows. All too soon it was lights out once more.

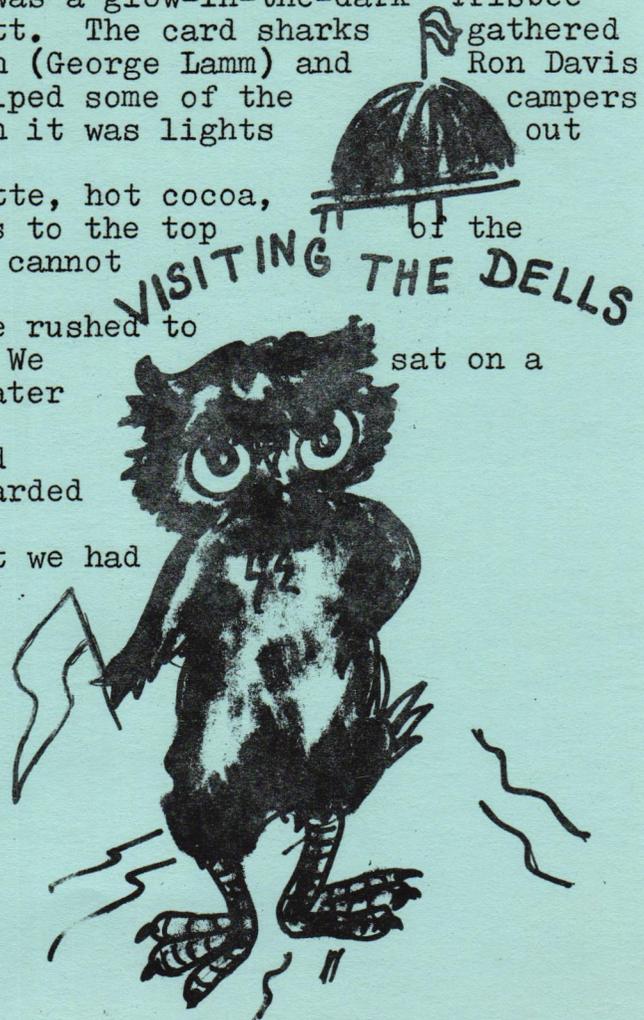
Lazy breakfast of egg omelette, hot cocoa, beef fry, and toast. Then it was to the top of the mountain. The view from the top cannot be beat.

After lunch and clean-up, we rushed to the water slide. Was it great! We sat on a thin foam pad and, whoosh--the water carried us down the hill.

Rain closed the Go-Karts and Super Slide so we reluctantly boarded the bus for camp.

Camp was still the same, but we had changed. We had been on the greatest Early Bird ever, and the fun we had came back with us. Everytime we talked about the trip we enjoyed it again. Now we look forward to next year.

Wayne Towne,  
Tripping Director

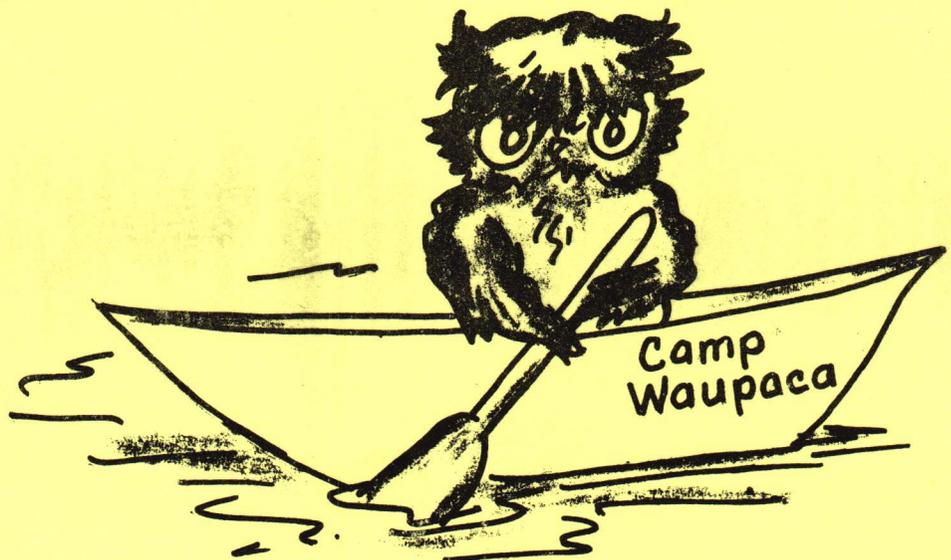


# BOATING

This summer was especially good for boating. Even when it was raining and windy out on the lake there were many brave souls trying their skill, man against nature, to accomplish the unaccomplishable. The sail boats were manned by such brave souls as Paul Prale, Joel Wendahl, Ken Robbins, and even some counselors-in-training tried their skill to ride the rough water and windless Big Lake Stratton, and got stuck! Nice try! Whether for fishing at dawn, day and dusk, canoe races in the big events, sailing during free time, or just reminiscing on the lake by yourself, one finds out that boating, also known as Small Craft, not only have the right of way on the lake, and not only have to have preservers on them, but they will give you an experience one cannot compare to spending the summer in the city.

Therefore, when one finds himself daydreaming about camp next winter when the ole wind howls and the snow flits through the air, he can remember that warm summer day when the lake was filled with boats from Camp Waupaca's shores.

Bon Voyage!



# FISHING

Fishing, the outdoorsman's sport, was the most popular activity on the lake, next to waterskiing.

Northern Pikes, Bass, Perch, Blue Bill, bathing suits, and Sunfish were all successfully landed this summer.

George Lamm caught a big Northern, but one morning at five o'clock, Peter Vogel and Mike Denenberg landed the largest Northern of the summer--22 inches. It was delicious! Right, Mike?

Anyway, whether you caught the big ones, hooked the little ones, or even snagged lake weed all summer, your patience and determination is well admired.

Good job men, no problem.

Ken Robbins,  
Fishing Instructor



# SPECIAL PROGRAMS OF '77



# SPACE DAY

This summer Gold Rush Day was substituted by a new and exciting program "Space Day." With the theme in the stars, cabins planned hard this summer to come up with some brand new, original, and creative booths. From cabin 1's treasure hunt to 3's moonwalk, to cabin 4's haunted spaceship, to cabin 7's space journey, to 9's planet popping booth, to cabin 11's space grams, to the C.I.T.'s space casino, the day was proven to have been a success.

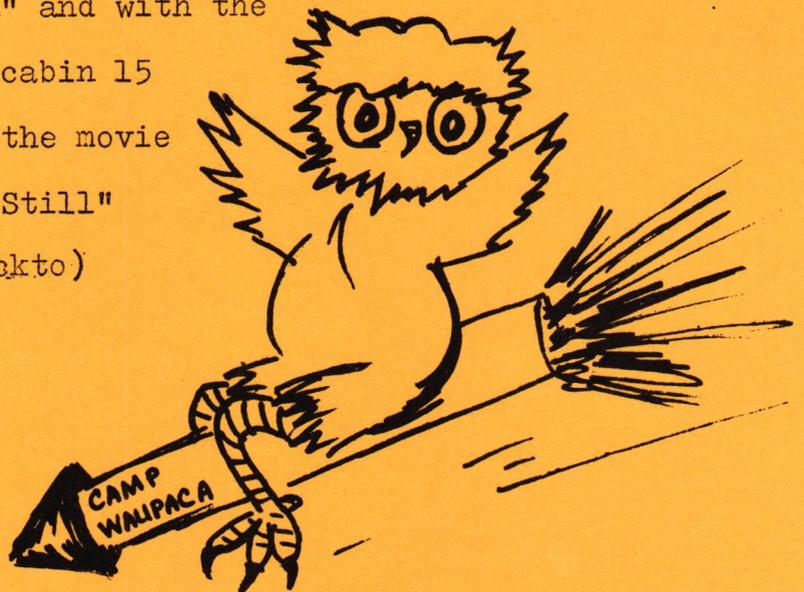
After the arrival of that strange creature right from Star War's bar, and a brief explanation as to why there were thousands of silver rocks all over camp, campers began to collect the rocks in order to cash them in for tokens.

As the booths opened, the enthusiasm of the day was established. Even some older campers began an organization--the GRG--and even went as far as to print up 200 tokens.

The day was a "smash" and with the end of the evening, with cabin 15 as the winners, and with the movie "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (Gort, Klatu, Merada, Niekto) the day came to an end.

Thanks, counselors.

Ken Robbins,  
Special Programs  
Director



# MINI-BIKES

With the wind in their faces and a trail of dust behind them, many happy campers zipped along the boondocks of the Camp Waupaca Mini-bike Trail.

There were four bikes to ride this year, and the most popular among the campers was the "LITTLE BLUE RUPP." The "BIG BLUE MONSTER" was tough to steer but gave one a feeling of real "POWER" under the seat.

It was a real challenge to keep up with the repairs; however, we did make it through the season with two class periods every day.

There will be mini-bikes again next year, and the "OLE TRAIL" is looking forward to this new challenge.

Erv Kasian  
Mini-bike Supervisor  
and Master Repairman



# TETHERBALL

This summer when the tetherball was securely fastened to the rope, the tetherball court became a very popular place in camp. Campers of all ages--short, tall, fat, and thin--all tried their skill at the European game.

Round and round, no ropes! No holding! Thus hours of fun were transmitted as the ball made the players dizzy.

Unfortunately, since there wasn't a class in the field of tetherball, listing the hundreds of campers who have used the courts would be both long and boring. Therefore, I won't list them.

Keep up the tetherball playing in school, and make sure that if a girl challenges you this year, that you win!

Ken Robbins,  
Tetherball Instructor

