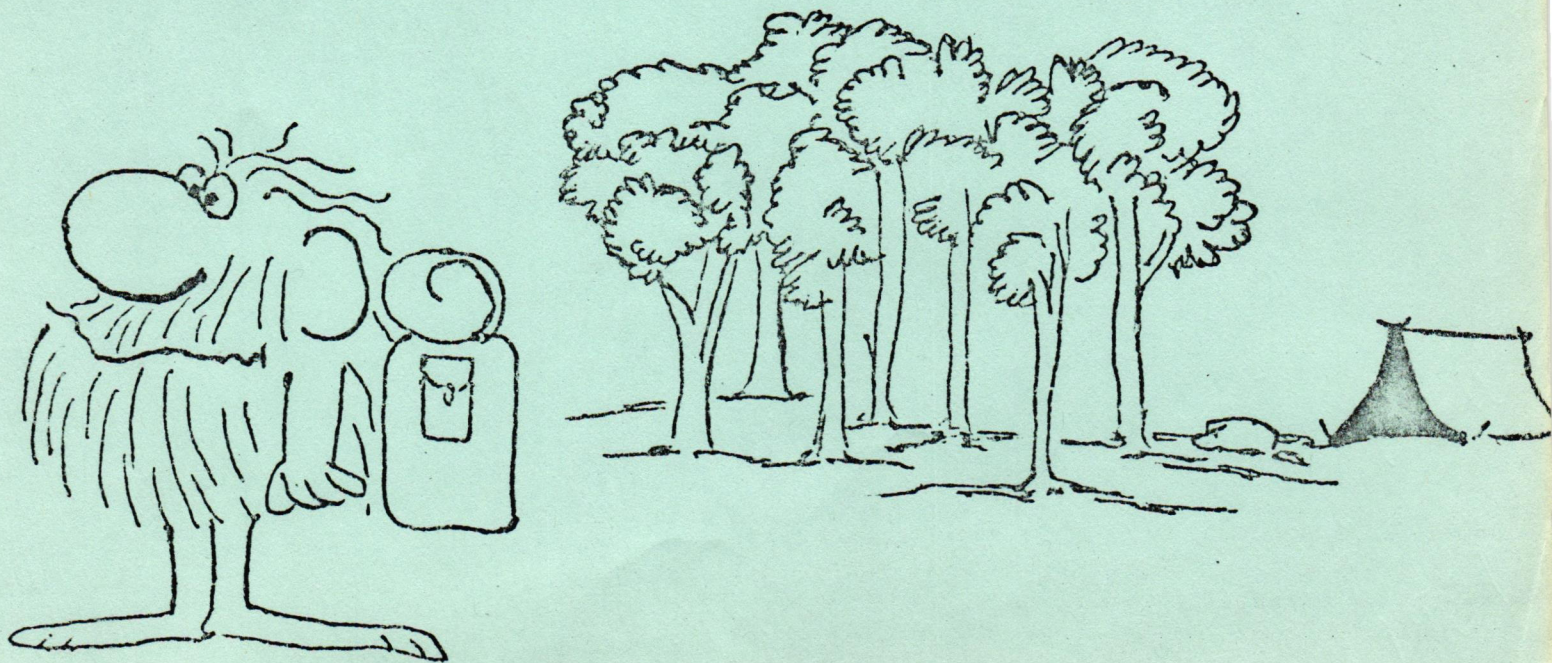


Tripping

The camping program at Camp Waupaca expanded this summer with longer trips and use of a new camp site. Leaving camp in mid-morning and returning in time for dinner the following day, each cabin rode the Little Blue Bus to nearby Hartman's Creek State Park. The park is 1200 acres of hardwood forests, several lakes, open fields and orchards, and one large beaver pond and dam. The forests are unique with the many decades - old white pine trees scattered throughout. Wildlife is abundant in the area, ranging from squirrels, chipmunks, and raccoons to deer, fox, owls, hawks, and of course "Lions and tigers and bears! Oh my!"

The trips were designed to provide the campers with as much experience as possible in the necessary skills of camping - tent pitching, knot tying, fire building, and cooking - and an opportunity to explore the natural world on their own. Tree climbing was a favorite of many, as several of the large white pines proved to be excellent climbing trees, including the largest tree in the park right next to our campsite. Several cabins hiked to the beaver pond and across the dam, finding the many large fallen trees to be a good obstacle course. Many laughs were had over those whose footwork in the swamp surrounding the pond landed them ankle or knee deep in the muck.

Swimming in Hartman Lake at the beach was a favorite activity of most of us as well. The sandy beach and clean water were well worth the mile long hike from the campsite. Fishing for six and seven pound bass in Allen Lake in the park proved to be a real fishermans' challenge but a favorite activity of many.



Perhaps the most interesting, adventuresome, and scary activity was the night hike without flashlights into the park forests. There we encountered fireflies, whipperwills, owls, foxfire (a fungus that glows in the dark), strange noises in the night, and the experience of being lost and having to find the way back to camp for marshmallows and popcorn. We all found our way back eventually, though some had their doubts whether we would return. Several campers spent the night out in the woods after the hike and were rewarded with the sight of several large deer close by upon awakening in the morning.

It is hoped that the tripping program can continue to build upon the experiences and skills that the campers learned this year and offer more activities next summer, such as compass orienteering and early morning wildlife hikes. May your trails never end . . .

Dick Rist
Expedition Leader,
Tripping Division

Early Bird

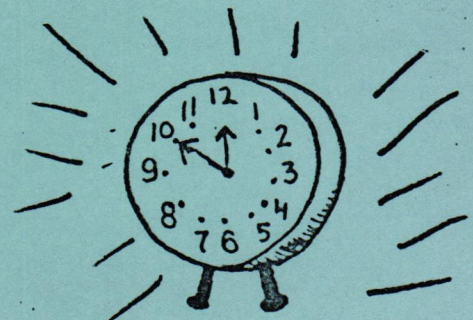
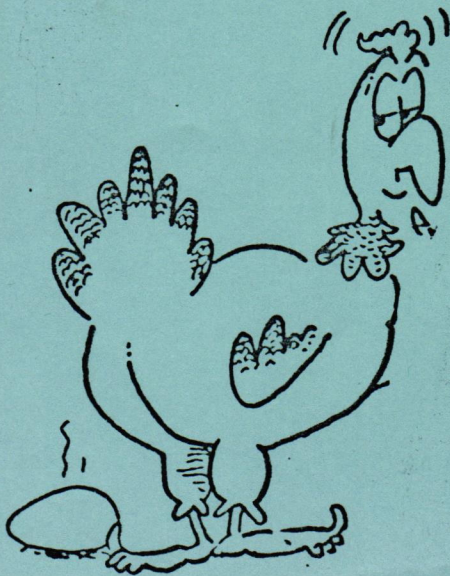
It was a Moment of Madness at the Dells!

Each summer, the boys who signed up for eight weeks of camp before December 31 take a two and a half day trip to the Wisconsin Dells. This year, an unusually large group of boys made the trip - 54 in all. From beginning to end, the moments were made with excitement and fun.

Early on Monday morning, an advance party left to set up camp at Devil's Lake State Park - a mere thirty minute drive from the Dells. By the time the advance party arrived, however, it was no longer "advance" - as the large yellow bus had already arrived! We beat Mike Euer to the office, though, when it came time to register.

We had a quick lunch at the campsite and then most of the Early Birds embarked for a scenic climb and hike on the cliffs overlooking Devil's Lake. Rick Poole and Paul Warshauer led the way up the steepest trail to the top. We saw all kinds of other climbers going the other way, but we still managed to get all the way to the top for a group photo.

Meanwhile, several boys had volunteered to pitch the tents (it sure seemed as if there were a million tents - but actually there was only 16). By the time the hikers had returned, Eric Gould, Joel Feinstein, Dan Greenstein, Tony Davis, and Alan Hochman had camp ready to go. Riding the bus, pitching tents, and hiking sure built up an appetite among the trippers. And it was time for supper! Many thanks to Rich Friedman who helped assemble the new charcoal grill which cooked our meal of hot dogs and beans.



When it started to "sprinkle" - only Mike Euer was prepared (with his fancy golf umbrella). Little did we know that the sprinkle was going to turn into a twenty-four hour deluge. The next day we visited Noah's Ark. Godd timing!

Following dinner, it was off to the Tommy Bartlett Water Ski Show at the Dells. Despite the showers, everyone had a great time, even those who had made the trip previsouly. Remember Wes Harrison and those crazy sound effects? How about the forward and backward sommer-saults off the ski ramp? And then there was that maniac stacking chairs and climbing to the top! And who could forget that daring young man on the flying trapeze - suspended from a helicopter! Then during our treat of popcorn and Coke, other tourists thought Mike Euer was a vendor! And topping it all off, Bob Chase was once again the ski show narrator!

We boarded the bus to return to our "slightly dampened" campsite. (Nothing beats a restful night of sleep listening to the gentle pitter patter of rain on the top of your ~~tent~~ head!)

Upon awakening, we had breakfast in a nearby pavillion and boarded the bus to go to the famous Original Wisconsin Ducks for a ride down the Wisconsin River into Lake Delton. Who will ever forget the narration provided by Rick Goldman and Jeff Rissman based on their previous Dell's experiences? Piano Rock, Hawk's Beak, Suicide Hill, and Dawn Manner were several of the many interesting highlights of the ride on these amphibious relics. Will the driver of one duck ever miss his hat, Paul? Even David Kennedy was amazed at the speed which the drivers reached when negotiating the turns in Fern Dell -- 30 mph on land, 15 mph in the water, and 300 mph off the edge of a cliff!

After the ducks, we were off to town for a couple hours of shopping, roller skating, fudge eating, old time picture taking, souvenir buying and arcade madness! We could have used a new truck to haul back the various prizes, souvenirs, and memorabilia (a \$10 word for "junk") that the campers came away with.

The sun was up overhead, our spirits were high, and our bones were dry. We made our way to Noah's Ark, one of the best amusement parks in the entire Dells area. We were treated to great rides like the Dune Buggies ("Slow down, Robert Katz!" - "Only one ride per customer, Karamath!") Can Am Go-karts ("David Neiman and Greg Berke - quit your bumping!") Bumper Boats ("Hey, Sam Green and Scott Silverman, you look a little wet!"). Then there was the well manicured miniature golf course (with Georgia Ever as the club pro). The afternoon just flew by before we knew it, and then came our scenic ride back to the campsite for dinner.

Nothing beats quarter pounders made by our own chefs over a charcoal fire. Chef Frog and Chef Shockey grilled them to perfection. And the brownies topped off the delicious feast. We had lots of help preparing our meals thanks to John Riff, Ken Lapins, Josh Greenstein, Jim Feinstein, and David Spiwak (among others).

Our next stop was for a boat ride up the Wisconsin River to the Indian Ceremonial. We didn't get the "Clipper Winnebago (or as Eric Kpalan and Steve Reitmeister put it: the "Clipper Scumbago"), but the boys did have fun aboard the "Duchess." The highlight of the ceremonial was the Shadow Maker and Aztec Fire Lancer. What excitement! The CITs went to Baraboo with Dick and Paul to a restored historical theatre to see a non-movie whose title now escapes us. The groups met up and headed back for Devil's Lake for songs around an open fire. Jeff Zeinfeld, Mike Hochman, Steve Ellis, and Steve Warty slept out under a magnificent clear star filled night sky. Jeff Rissman, Steve Prebish, Karamath Khan, and Greg Berke stayed up late around the fire talking about exciting moments on earlier camping trips.

We rose early the next morning for another breakfast; this time we had an extra treat - yummy doughnut holes. Once the gear was packed on the bus, most of the Early Birds left for a morning of sliding; both water and super. We stopped at Noah's Ark for 40 minutes of non-stop zooming down the tortuous chutes of crystal clear water (the newest, fastest, and best slide in town!) Gary Korrub and

Lorne Malin insisted that the left chute was faster, but David Pine and Brad Adelman were sure that the right side was quicker. Everyone had fun. We dried off, and then headed across the street to the super slide! Several boys lost their hats on the slide, and brave, daring Steve Prebish rescued them all by walking back up the slide! Rick Poole, Dick Rist, Joe Shockey, Danny Greenstein, and Joel Feinstein were busily striking camp, but their labors did not go unrewarded. They also got in some time on the super slide!

When we stopped at McDonald's for lunch, Paul suggested that we pull the bus up to the drive thru window. (How about 100 hamburgers to go!) Jim Goldwasser filled up right away and went back for more! Matt Belden couldn't get enough french fries to satisfy his enormous hunger! Vacationing sure builds up an appetite.

On the bus ride back to Waupaca, we looked like a victorious football team returning from the big game of the season: bags of souvenirs everywhere, boys and staff dozing off on the seats, and smiles of contentment on every face.

All agreed: that this year's early bird trip was the best of them all. "And we shall return!"

Dick Rist & Paul Warshauer
Early Bird Archivists