

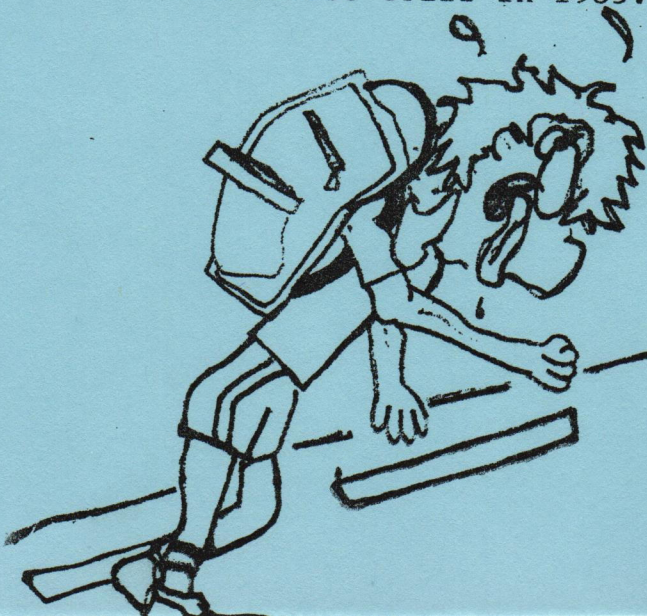
Tripping

For the second year in a row I was privileged to work in a new exciting area at Camp Waupaca. The camping and tripping programs offer the boys a unique opportunity to develop new skills in outdoorsmanship.

The waters of the mighty Crystal River located a scant 2 miles from Camp tested our mettle with its hairpin turns, swiftly flowing rock gardens, and long torturous endurance paddles across still lakes. Our efforts were rewarded at trip's end where we played and swam in the waterfall at Little Hope. Many boys learned the secrets of the waterfalls and air pocket, and mastered the technique of entering and breathing while under the falls then shooting out down the spillway to be deposited in the calmer waters down below. Some even dared using the rope to get in under the falls. Either way the challenge netted much joy.

Camping trips also offered a new perspective on outdoor life to our eager young pioneers. 90% of our kids availed themselves of the opportunity to try a more rugged lifestyle in the wilderness of Hartmann Creek State Park. Skills stressed were proper equipment care, tent set-up, firewood selection, axemanship, fire building, (can we do it with one match, or the flic of a bic?) outdoor cooking & camp cleanup. All interested guys were encouraged to try their skills in any or all of these areas. For the most part we were blessed with pleasant weather and we took advantage of swimming and hiking opportunities. Some groups were even fortunate enough to have friendly neighbors with whom we could socialize with over a late night campfire. Thanks should go to Bob, the park naturalist for fun and informative astronomy lessons each evening. He even showed a group of boys a Great Horned Owl and we got to pet him.

All in all a great summer, men! Have a good year in school and look forward to next year to new adventures on the wilderness trail in 1985.



Rick Poole,
Tripping Director,
Camping Director,
South End of Camp Director,
Resident of the Tee-Pee.

Early Bird

Well, the 1984 Early Bird is over and it was probably one of the best ever. An interesting thing was that all eight weekers attended. It started out on a rainy and gloomy Monday morning where some of us were worried that we would never get out of Camp. But it soon cleared up and Big Mike's bus from Plainfield arrived. We boarded and started to leave when we realized we had left Jason Charles behind. He made it though after a quick trip. Seth even brought his cookies for the trip. A little while later after a screaming bus trip, we arrived at the Dells and rolled into Mirror Lake State Park. Wayne Towne, Paul Warshauer, Rick Poole, and Mike Euer were the guides for the trip. Most of the tents were set up before we got there, and the CITS made sure that no Campers were sleeping in their lot.

We ate dinner, set up our sleeping bags and gear inside the tents, then discovered the swings, the dreaded tire, and ultimate Frisbee. Many a weary soul was spun around on that tire! The yellow bus arrived at the campsite and we left for our tour. We had a choice for the movie and chose Conan: The Destroyer. Chris Thake and Eric Genin inquired as to who the girls were near the roller rink. They seemed to be staring at them. We had Popcorn and drinks courtesy of the Frog who vended the stuff from behind the counter. Afterwards we left the incredibly large Del Rio Theatre, (which holds a whopping 40 people) for Noah's Ark Amusement Center for a game of Miniature Golf. Mike Levinson didn't exactly make friends with the golf ball. Jim Feinstein tried everything to get the ball in the special hole to win a free game. Mitch Bass did win one...questionably.

What everyone was looking forward to were the water rides the next day! When the last people finished MiniGolf, we went back to Mirror Lake and fell asleep.

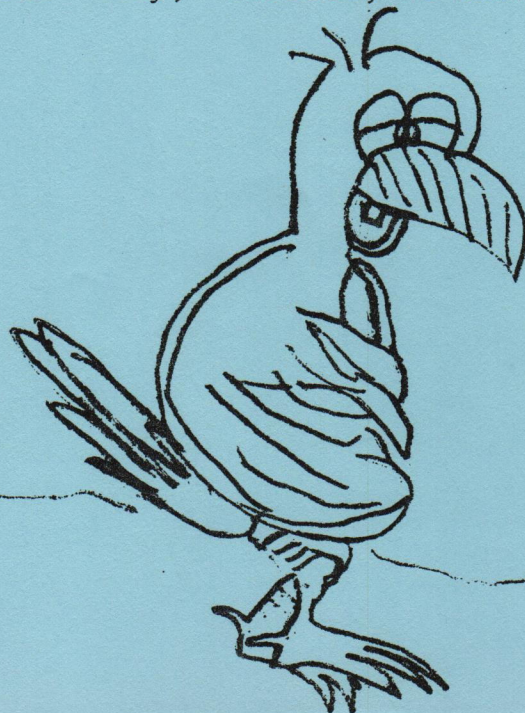


Some of the older boys stayed up and tried to build a fire. Rick Poole helped and in a matter of a few hours we had a blazing kindling fire going. Stories always sound better around a campfire, and Jon Greenspahn, Bobby Schless, and Jason Siegal got a little scared with the darkness and Thump Drag stories.

We awoke Tuesday morning and were greeted by a breakfast of DoNut holes and juice, cereal, milk, and the amenities. The bus rolled in and we all vigorously left for Noah's Ark on an all expense paid, fun filled day of water rides and fun. When we arrived that morning, we were overwhelmed by the short lines and gigantic new water rides. A nice lady gave us wristbands that allowed us to play all day. David Kitzes asked if he could have a special band with a new color. The nice lady told him sorry.

Some of the great rides were the Paradise Lagoon which consisted of three water shoots, two slides, a pool, a cable ride, a high dive, and an innertube walk. Then there were the InnerTube slide, the motor car rides, and the incredible Plunge which had an enormous drop!! Who can forget Brian McCarrall's face as he saw the Plunge the first time?? Or David Weitzenfeld's expression as he plummeted down the water slide for the ninth time?? For lunch that day we had a hot dog and chips with a drink. After lunch we had five whole hours of Noah's Ark. Lots of popcorn, tokens, walking across the innertube at Paradise Lagoon, and the arcades made the time fly by real fast. How was the apple juice, Al Genender? After we said goodbye to Noah's Ark we went back to the campsite for dinner and more swings and tire rides.

We then left for the world's famous Tommy Bartlett Ski, Sky and Stage Show. The first half was all skiing and we yelled "Hey, Theiler, we know your brother!!"



Rick Theiler's brother was one of the hang glider pilots who took off from the shore of Lake Delton behind a ski boat. The second half of the show featured dancing of the South Pacific, space walking, a deadpan juggler, and of course, the dancing waters. Back to camp for some rest after an exciting day. Jim Feinstein was falling asleep on the benches then got to fall into his sleeping bag. We tried to stay up late but our fatigue took over and soon we were all dreaming about the day gone by and what was yet to come--Ducks and Town!!

When we woke on our third and final day of the E.B., we packed our stuff and left for the Wisconsin Ducks. When we arrived everyone said, "Wrong Ducks." We were in for a surprise as we embarked for our one hour wet and wild trip. The new Ducks were exciting and everyone got a chance to drive the Ducks through Lake Delton. But the time went by fast and we left for our shopping trip in town. We parked at the Burger Boy and had to be back by lunch. Lots of people bought ski-glasses, rock shirts, and hats. Fudge was popular as well as trinkets for the folks or friends. There even were political buttons that were funny. But with all the shops and everything there was no time left and we went back to the Burger Boy for lunch. How was the pizza, Adam Moschin?? How's that Space Gun, Mike Margolese? After the lunch we boarded the bus and were bound for Camp. The trip back left us with memories of all that had gone by in a blurr, but we smiled, sta back, and would dream of next year's Early Bird. This ended another episode of Early Bird History and the '84 trip to the Dells.

Scott Rubin
Early Bird Archivist &
Funny Man



Early Bird

