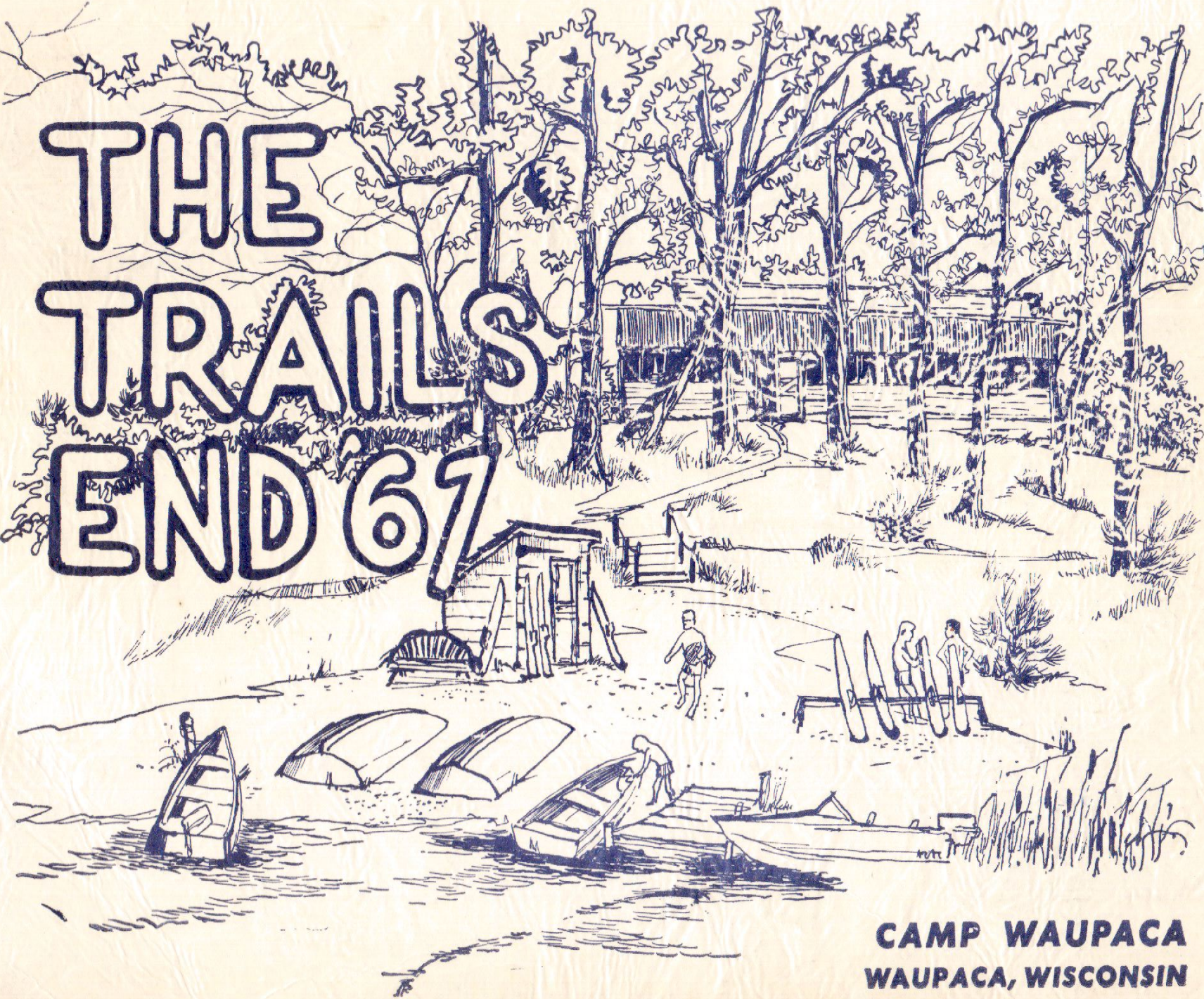


THE TRAILS END 67



**CAMP WAUPACA
WAUPACA, WISCONSIN**

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TRAILS END '67

Trails
End '67

Dear Campers, Counselors, Parents and Friends,

I look upon the summer past as eight weeks of fun, emotions, excitement, experiences, and learning. After eavesdropping on conversations in most of the cabins in camp, I know others agree with me.

Camp Waupaca is a lesson in life. We have been pleased in an environment with many of our good friends, a few boys whom we have never met before, and even some with whom we feel we may never see eye to eye. We take classes which we have great interest in, a few which we know nothing about, and some which we never wanted to. We play games which we always play at home, a few which we never knew existed, and even some we never imagined we'd want to play. And yet, not only are our good friends still with us, but so are those we never met before and some we never thought we'd want as friends. Not only have certain classes whetted our tastes for more learning, but others are beginning to realize new found interest, and still others are much more rewarding than we'd ever thought them to be. Not only has our baseball game improved, but we have found a desire to play many new games and developed an interest in those we had never bothered developing an interest in before. This, above all, is Camp Waupaca.

The Trails End '67 has been designed to remind you of what you have enjoyed, learned, and worked on during the summer of 1967. Two months from now, two years from now, or even twenty years from now. The Trails End '67 will remind you of old things improved, new things tried, and unwanted things attempted.

I know we share an interest in Camp Waupaca. It is our home for two months of the year. Every so often, remember it during the other ten.

I'm looking forward to seeing all of you next summer. Best of luck in school this year.

Sincerely,

Allen Schaeffer
Allen Schaeffer
Editor
Trails End '67



A Memo from

As the 1967 camping season comes to an end there is a feeling of both sadness and happiness: sad that the eight weeks have gone by so quickly - happy of many accomplishments of this season.

Camp Waupaca always has and will continue to improve its facilities and program. Past history talks of the many campers who have enjoyed the summer at Waupaca and the wonderful memories they will carry with them. This season is an example of the great progress that has been made in the program, improvements in the Dining Hall, bathrooms, athletic fields, Rec Hall, tennis courts, basketball court and new equipment.

Campers arriving on Sunday, June 25th, were pleasantly surprised at the changes that had been made. It wasn't too long before they unpacked and started registering for classes that were to be started on the following day. Both campers and counsellors eagerly looked forward to digging into the program.

Our program this year was very inviting. Several different classes were offered. You will be reading about these classes in this year book. Our goal was for each boy to develop new skills. We feel proud of this progress. We know the boys share our pride in what they have learned.

Camp does not end with the train ride home August 18th. In fact, camp continues on through the year. It is our hope that campers practice what they have learned at camp; to make use of their social learnings, to continue developing athletic skills, and above all - to

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learn to live with others.

We thank the staff for their success. Working in a camp is more than a full time job. The staff shoulders great responsibilities from sunrise to sunrise. We are grateful for the extra effort put forth by the staff. You are to be complimented for a job well done.

To you, the camper, we hope this has been an enjoyable summer. As the warmth of the summer months begins to fade and the other seasons display their beauty, we can once again look forward to the sounds of "We are the kids that come from Stratton Lake!" Have a good year. See you real soon. It was a wonderful pleasure sharing the summer with you.

Manny and Lill Desnet
Manny and Lill Desnet

Directors

Arnie Bernie
Arnie Cassei and Bernie Cohn

Co - Directors

C A N D

As usual, a good portion of our campers enrolled in our Land Sports classes, - and for a good reason: too! Five different land sports and activities were offered. They were baseball, soft ball, soccer, track and field, and conditioning. Basketball and football were offered, but had limited appeal and were dropped from the program.

The Land Sports instructors were Rick Priant and Dennis Hanson. Rick taught baseball, track and field, and conditioning. Dennis taught soccer and softball.

The classes are set up to teach the basics in each sport. For example, in baseball we teach throwing, catching, and hitting. After achieving a minimal degree of skill we advanced to teaching the game at different positions. At these positions, basics are taught for time positions. They are taught the different ways to make a double play. Running bases and sliding are taught also.

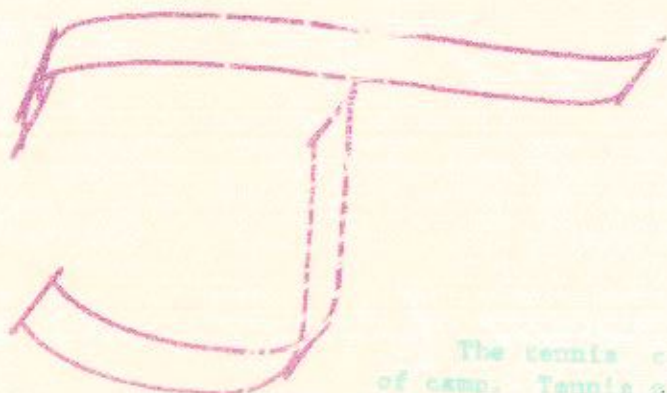
Soccer class was also run on the same format. Kicking and tapping were taught first; heading was next. Then after some degree of skill was achieved, positions were taken up and then game strategy.

The boys had good equipment to work with too. A lot was purchased in the way of soccer balls, baseballs, basketballs, etc. The fields had two all metal backstops erected. Next year, a permanent baseball diamond backstop will be built and the infield improved. The athletic outlook is quite bright.

Rick Priant



S P O R T S



The tennis courts this year were one of the most popular areas of camp. Tennis classes involved a large percentage of the campers. The courts were resurfaced and enlarged so that now there are three full doubles courts instead of two singles and one doubles court. Even so, classes were filled to capacity.

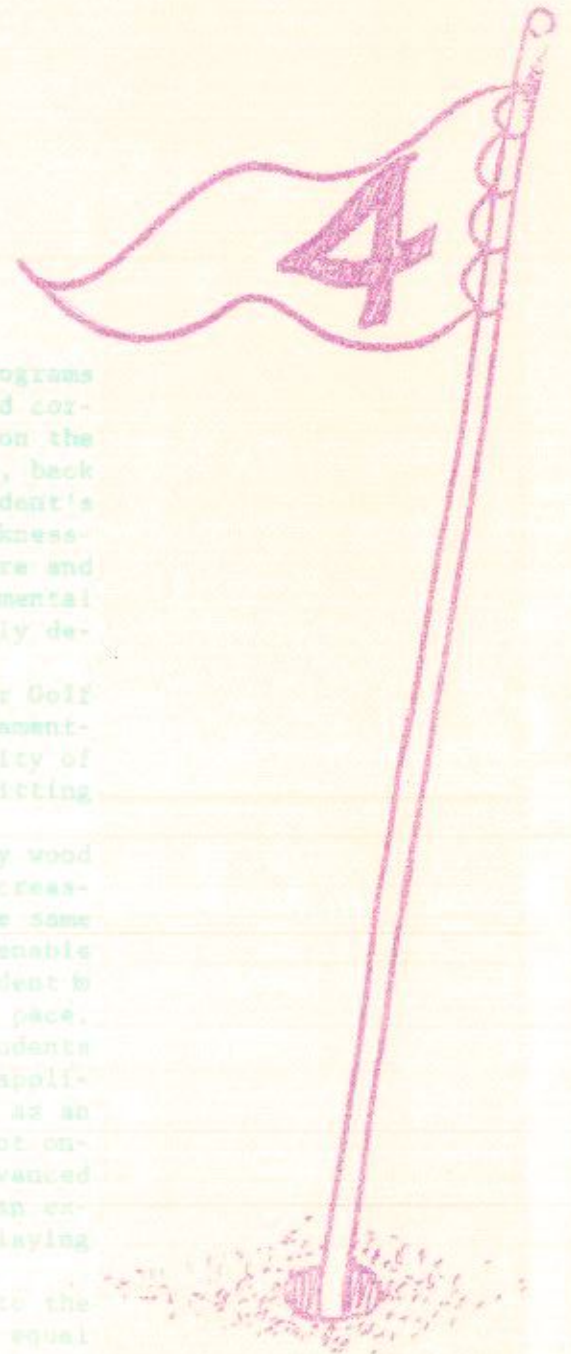
During the hour long class, each boy would rally five to ten minutes with one of the instructors. The rest of the time was spent practicing with another camper. Most of the boys were just starting out in tennis, so instruction was aimed at teaching the basic forehand groundstroke. Since there was only three hours of instruction per week per class, emphasis was on learning to hit the forehand consistently rather than the forehand and the backhand haphazardly.

Tennis requires a great deal of hand - eye coordination so a beginner did exceedingly well if he learned the proper form for a forehand return.

Outside of classes there was a tournament for the entire camp. Over sixty boys signed up to participate in four different age groups.

Sheldon Weiss

Golf



This season's Golf program surpasses all previous Golf programs in its ability to give the special attention needed to find and correct each student's mistakes. The emphasis has been placed on the basic part of the swing. The major check points are the stance, back swing, down swing, and follow through. We explore each student's swing attempting to locate its weak points. By learning the weaknesses of a certain swing, it is possible to project into the future and find the difficulties the swing may develop. If these fundamental mistakes are checked early, the chance of a bad habit eventually developing is drastically reduced.

Before a student can move to a more complicated part of our Golf program, he must show the ability to control and master the fundamentals. On this more advanced level, we examine the possibility of teaching special shots such as hooking, chopping, fading, and hitting both high and low.

From the most basic iron shot to the exactness of a fairway wood shot, each student is taught with a series of instructions of increasing complexity. Understandably, no two students will have the same level of interest and the same learning capacity which would enable them to progress at the same rate. For this reason, each student is treated individually so he can move from step to step at his own pace.

Many times during the season a few of the more advanced students were taken to a nearby course for an exercise in the practical application of the lessons being taught to them. This started out as an experimental program which has now become a camp policy. This not only gives the students a chance to practice under the more advanced varying circumstances of a demanding course, but also provides an extra stimulant necessary to pep up the students' interest in playing golf.

This by no means indicated that our Golf program is geared to the more advanced golfer. On the contrary, our program caters to an equal distribution of students in the beginning and advanced stages.

Riflery

This summer, the rifle program was headed by Wayne Towne. Assisting him was John Crist and Phil Steinberg.

Nearly one hundred campers participated in riflery classes during the camp season. All received instruction in gun safety, parts of the rifle, and shooting procedures. This instruction and all shooting on the range was with .22 calibre rifles.

Many campers were able to learn to shoot well enough to qualify for an N.R.A. (National Rifle Association) classification, or were able to improve upon the classification which they already held. One camper, Gary Alpert, also passed the necessary tests to become a licensed National Rifle Association Apprentice Instructor.



John Crist





Archery is one of the most stimulating, fastest growing sports in the country. It's a sport immediately rewarding to the novice and is still rewarding to the older shooter.

In Archery, like every other sport, skill, form and proper technique counts more than physical prowess.

The equipment is relatively simple and very powerful. But more important than score or form is safety. Just as in riflery, you can have more fun if you are playing it safely.

Any person picking up a bow for the first time is bound to feel like a stranger in a foreign land. Very likely, he has been influenced by the lore and legends about William Tell, Achilles, and Robin Hood.

King John, when forced to sign the Magna Charta, was confronted by a force of archers. But this sport is no longer used for war, but for target shooting and hunting, which is an enjoyable pastime for many.

This year more than score, form and stance safety were stressed a lot.

The governing body for archery is the National Archery Association, who's motto should be every archer's. "Think, look, and be sure"

Phil Steinberg

Archery

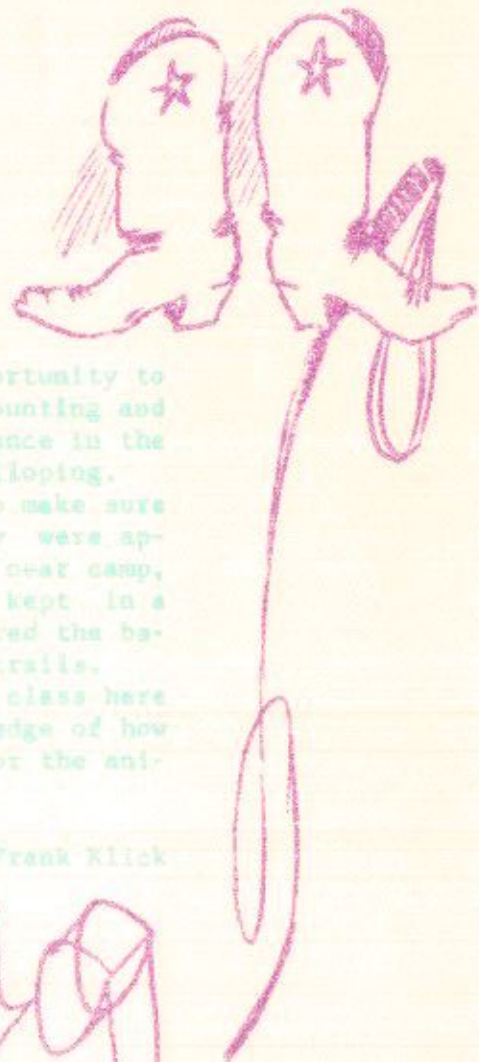
Horseback Riding

During his stay at camp, each camper is given the opportunity to learn how to bridle and saddle a horse, the proper way of mounting and dismounting, how to turn a horse, and how to keep his balance in the saddle while the horse is walking, trotting, cantering or galloping.

The experienced riders were first checked out by me to make sure they had general and good control over the horse. If they were approved, then they were allowed to ride along scenic trails near camp, led by a guide from the stables. The beginning riders were kept in a ring for their lessons until they showed me they had mastered the basic points of riding. Then they, too, were allowed on the trails.

Needless to say, Horseback Riding was a most popular class here at Camp Waupaca. Many boys will go home now with a knowledge of how a horse should really be ridden, as well as a true respect for the animal.

Frank Klick



Crafts

1967 was a great summer for Crafts. Before the summer began, the entire shop was remodeled and repainted.

A display along one new wall not only added to the decor of the shop, but also showed the campers many of the new projects of wood, leather, metal and clay that could be completed in the shop.

In addition to the remodeling of the shop and new work bench which was added along one wall, the existing machines were relocated so as to use the shop space to greater advantage.

Almost all new tools were purchased to restock the shop and replace tools that were either too old or were not serviceable any more.

At the beginning of the camping season, because of the need to have hooks to hang various articles on in the cabins, each camper completed a doweled hanger for use in the cabin.

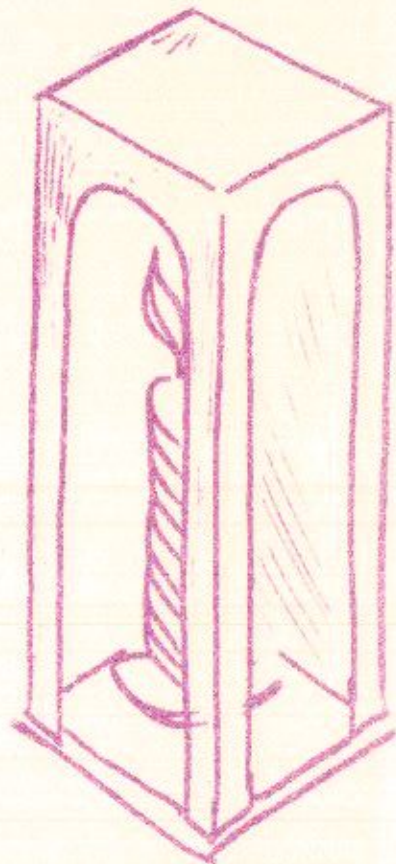
The second project for the younger camper was chosen because of its popularity. It consisted of three carefully painted plywood parts which, when assembled, made up the new camp emblem, the "Waupaca Bird."

Projects beyond the first two for the younger campers were individually chosen.

The most popular projects for the older campers were metal-- wood combination ducks in flight and a wood lantern which is a copy of an ancient lantern.

Other projects completed in the shop were memo rolls, copper tooling, leather belts, wallets and key cases, birch log book ends and letter holders, lamps, book racks, animal cages, clay articles and the old stand by, lanyards.

None of the projects made in Crafts this year were kit projects. Each camper completed projects that in the beginning were nothing more than the basic materials.



Jerry Zavada

Photography

These days, the camera seems to be everybody's handy gadget. Every other boy at camp owns a camera. Everyone wants to record special events, unusual sights and remembrances; photography is the favorite way of creating a record.

But too few people had any real understanding of photography, its possibilities and its limitations. In our Photography course, the basics of theory and practice were taught so understanding and improved abilities may grow within the amateur photographer.

We observed the "camera obscura", and then made a working model pin-hole camera. We discussed cameras, lenses, shutters, and films and then went out and shot pictures. While shooting the pictures, we talked about the camera angle and composition. We discussed the developing process; we mixed our chemicals and developed our films. A photograph was also made - that's photography without the aid of the camera. The camper-photographer learned that by controlling his objects and lighting on photographic paper, he can create new and exciting photographic images. We discussed enlargers and the enlarging process and then made enlargements of our negatives.

Within a limited time period, we tried to achieve some measure of art and science that can be quite complex. Enthusiasm for the program was high, and perhaps classes were over-crowded for the limited working spaces of the dark room. For this reason, we plan on having a larger and improved dark room facility for next year.

Chuck Cooper



Nature

No. Wayseeker, I have watched your struggle to find the pathway and I know that you will love the things that belong to it. Therefore, I will show you the trail, and this is what it will lead you to: a thousand pleasant friendships, a greater love for living things, the many secrets of the underbrush, the health of sunlight, suppleness of body, the unafraidness of the night, the delight of deep water, the goodness of rain, the story of the trail, the knowledge of the swamp, the sloofness of knowing,--and yet, more, a crown and a little kingdom measured to your power and all your own.

But there is a condition attached. When you have found a trail you are thereby ordained a Guide. When you have won a kingdom you must give it to the world or lose it. For those who have got power must with it bear responsibility; evade the one, the other fades away.

This is the pledge that I am trying to keep; I want to be your Guide. I am offering you my little kingdom.

Bob Bowen



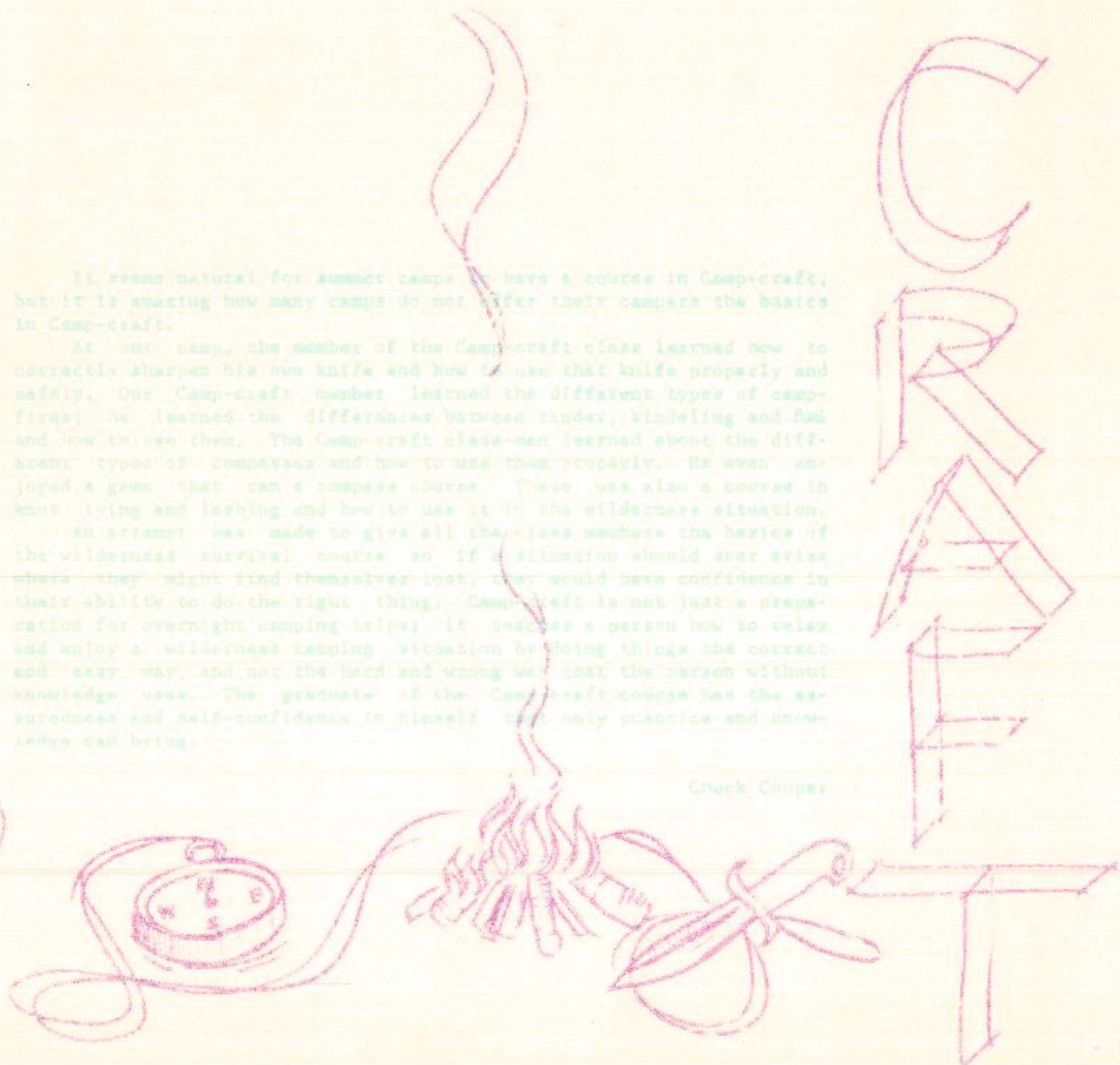
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It seems natural for summer camps to have a course in Camp-craft, but it is amazing how many camps do not offer their campers the basics in Camp-craft.

At our camp, the member of the Camp-craft class learned how to correctly sharpen his own knife and how to use that knife properly and safely. Our Camp-craft member learned the different types of camp-fires; he learned the differences between tinder, kindling and fuel and how to use them. The Camp-craft class member learned about the different types of compasses and how to use them properly. He even enjoyed a game that ran a compass course. There was also a course in knot tying and lashing and how to use it in the wilderness situation.

An attempt was made to give all the class members the basics of the wilderness survival course so if a situation should ever arise where they might find themselves lost, they would have confidence in their ability to do the right thing. Camp-craft is not just a preparation for overnight camping trips; it teaches a person how to relax and enjoy a wilderness camping situation by doing things the correct and easy way, and not the hard and wrong way that the person without knowledge uses. The graduate of the Camp-craft course has the assurance and self-confidence in himself that only practice and knowledge can bring.

Chuck Cooper



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Year after year, the person who has the dubious honor of writing this little paragraph exclaims, "Yes, this was the best year for skiing in Camp Waupaca history!"

Well this year it really was.

In all the areas of the ski program, unprecedented levels of achievement have been reached.

The program, because of tremendous interest, was expanded to include a Ski Show for Parents' Week-end, a regulation slalom course for the advanced skiers, and a new set of trick skis.

It was necessary to buy the trick skis because of the unusually large number of old campers who have the ability to learn and perform competition tricks.

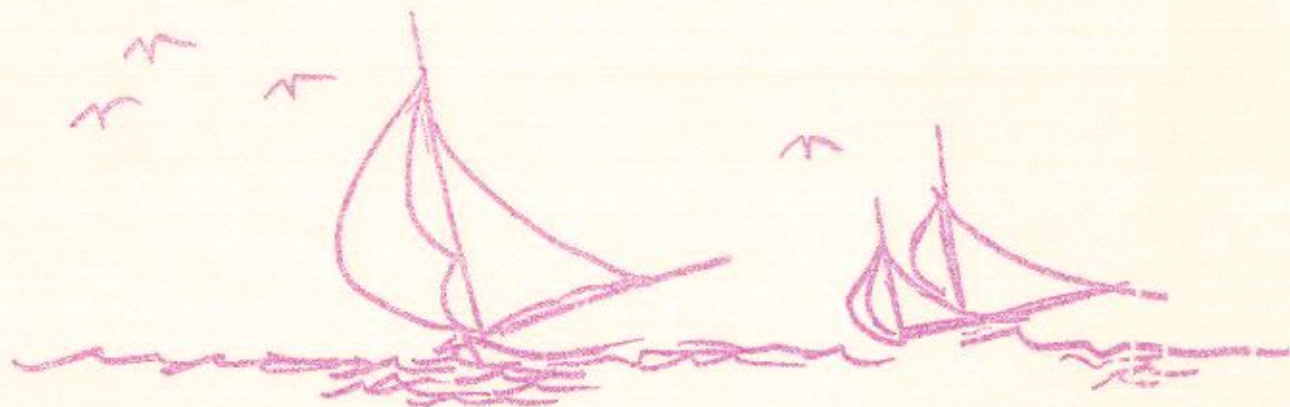
But just as important, at least from our point of view, is the record number of new skiers this year. Twenty one boys from 8 to 13 made their first attempt to ski this summer - and all but one are now working on various tricks for their Beginner and Intermediate Skier classifications.

The reason for this rather remarkable increase in the number of skiing campers is due to many factors, among which are the addition of a second ski instructor, Jim Payant (a very able skier in his own right), the frequent use of Big Stratton Lake for perfecting tricks, and just plain hard work on the part of all 47 skiing campers.

At this rate I can only say, "Look out, Tommy Bartlett. Here comes Camp Waupaca!"

Water Skiing

S M A L C R A F T



This year, one of the most popular additions were the two new styrofoam sailboats, known as the "Sea Snarks." The campers had many good times sailing them on Stratton Lake, including the times when they toppled over on windy days.

In the Boating classes, the campers learned to use some methods of rowing, and what to do in case of capsizing in the rowboats. In the canoes, we covered paddling, several ways to right a canoe after tipping, and safety precautions to be used any time in boating.

A quick inventory of the boats shows that we have eighteen rowboats, five canoes, four wooden sailboats (prams), and two Sea Snarks. There was hardly a day during a free period that many of the boats were standing idle.

In the future, the camp hopes to increase its number of small sailboats to accommodate more campers.

Reg Owens

Skin Diving

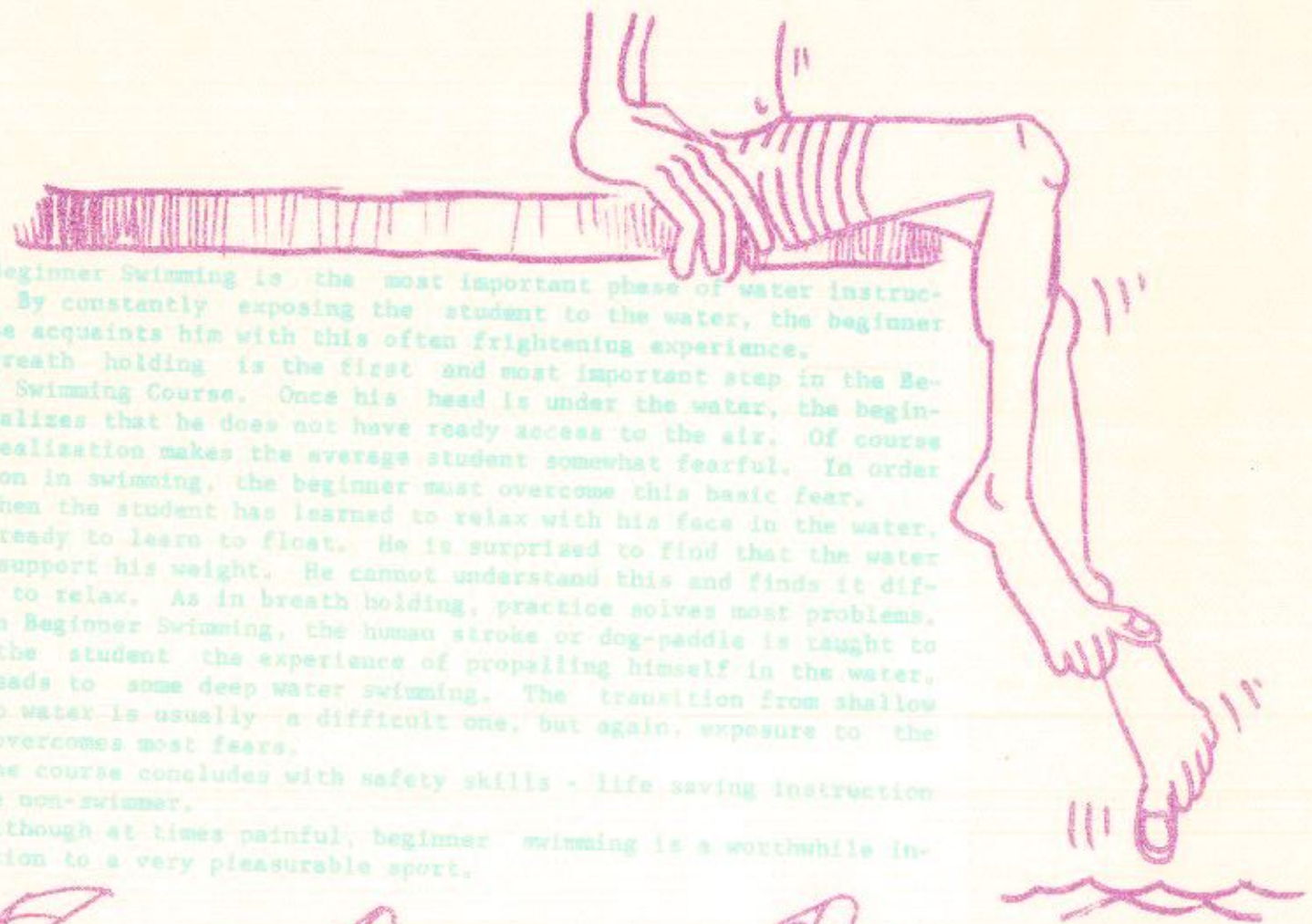
They call it skin diving, snorkeling, scuba, reefing; it's known by many names, but what it amounts to is exploring the bottoms of lakes, rivers and seas with as little equipment as possible. Here at camp, the boys have taken to calling the class Scuba because it prepares them for the self contained breathing apparatus. At the beginning, the boys demonstrated their swimming ability. They must be an Advanced Swimmer in the General Swim group. The boy must demonstrate a lack of fear of the under-water world and show-off his breath holding ability. When this has been done, then the serious classwork may begin.

A boy with organic lung problems is not permitted to enter the class. A boy with a sinus problem is not discouraged from entering the class, but is informed of the limitations this organic problem puts on him, and that he may dive only in shallow water. The camper is informed of all the dangers that can be encountered in this pastime and also the precautions to be taken.

The boy is now ready to work on his Basic Grade Snorkeler Card. The snorkel and mask are now most important pieces of equipment; these the boy must learn to use in complete confidence and must not panic under any circumstances. He must be able to clear a flooded snorkel repeatedly without raising his head out of the water. He must be able to clear a flooded mask repeatedly without coming to the surface. The most difficult test on the Basic Card is the combination panic clearing of both mask and snorkel; when it is least expected, the snorkel is pulled out of the boy's mouth and the mask is knocked away. Then the boy must clear the water out of both mask and snorkel without raising his head out of the water. He learns about hyper-ventilation of the lungs and his underwater hand signals. The final test



Beginner



Beginner Swimming is the most important phase of water instruction. By constantly exposing the student to the water, the beginner course acquaints him with this often frightening experience.

Breath holding is the first and most important step in the Beginner Swimming Course. Once his head is under the water, the beginner realizes that he does not have ready access to the air. Of course this realization makes the average student somewhat fearful. In order to go on in swimming, the beginner must overcome this basic fear.

When the student has learned to relax with his face in the water, he is ready to learn to float. He is surprised to find that the water will support his weight. He cannot understand this and finds it difficult to relax. As in breath holding, practice solves most problems.

In Beginner Swimming, the human stroke or dog-paddle is taught to give the student the experience of propelling himself in the water. This leads to some deep water swimming. The transition from shallow to deep water is usually a difficult one, but again, exposure to the water overcomes most fears.

The course concludes with safety skills - life saving instruction for the non-swimmer.

Although at times painful, beginner swimming is a worthwhile introduction to a very pleasurable sport.

Swimming

Avery

Intermediate

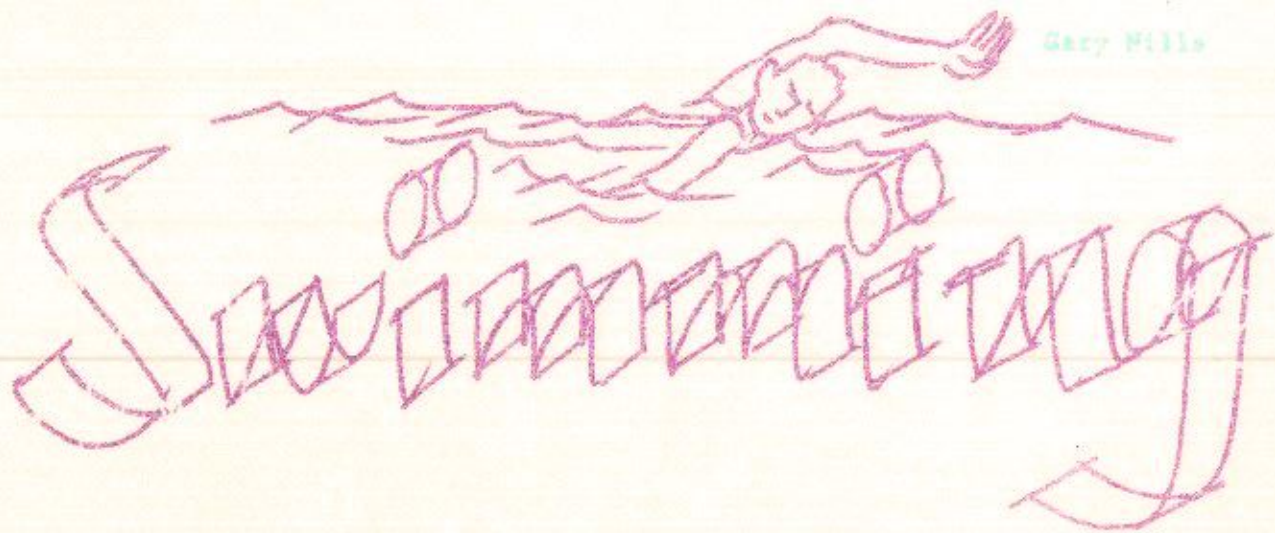
The boys in the Intermediate Class of swimming have been mainly working on new strokes and rescue skills. The strokes are taught with the learning of the leg motion first and then the adding of the arm movements.

The strokes taught consist of the breast stroke, elementary back stroke, American crawl, and the side stroke.

The rescue skills are concerned with saving a person near shore. The boys learn to stretch out either their arm or leg and pull a victim in. Also, they learn to use a long stick or pole to pull in a drowning person that is out of their reach.

I'm happy to say that eleven men have passed Intermediate and have gone on to the Swimmers class. I hope the boys who didn't make it will try harder and practice more in the coming year.

Gary Mills



Swimmers

Swimmers is an important phase of swimming. It prepares the campers for the most important phase of their swimming instruction, Life Saving. In the Swimmers class, the campers learn all the strokes needed to save a swimmer in trouble. The crawl, breast stroke, side stroke, and back crawl are learned. The first three strokes mentioned above are all important in the practice of life saving. The importance of perfecting these strokes become evident to the student when, after Swimmers, he begins his Life Saving course.

The swimmers that come in this class are usually familiar with the strokes taught, but the object of this course is to teach the campers these strokes precisely. The campers find it hard to understand the purpose of perfecting these strokes, but for the most part, the campers do learn the strokes. The campers are taught by means of land drills, water demonstrations by the instructor and by determined practice by the campers. This year has been an eventful year in the Swimmers class. Approximately twenty campers have completed the course of study to advance on to Life Saving. Some of the younger campers who have passed the Swimmers course are too young to go on to Junior Life Saving, and because of the age limit of twelve, were forced by the Red Cross to remain in Swimmers until they are old enough to advance. In most cases, this does no harm to the swimmer, but enables him to further perfect the strokes needed in Life Saving. From this course, the swimmers prepare themselves for the most important phase of swimming - saving the life of another swimmer.

Jim Fayant

Handwritten notes in red ink on the left margin, including a large stylized 'A' at the top and the word 'CAMP' written vertically below it.

An important portion of the Camp Waupaca program has been given to athletics. The majority of classes have been devoted to sports such as baseball, softball, soccer and basketball.

Naturally, after learning skills in these sports, they are put to the test in athletic competition.

Every day of the week except Sunday, Competition is run at Camp Waupaca. It is during this time in Competition that skills and attitudes are put to this test.

The boys are divided into Leagues by age groups. There is no inter-league competition. Each League has four teams, each team having a captain. The teams then pick names. Some of them this past year were Uncle Shelby's V.I.P.s, Octagoons, Electric Rhinos, Quincy Q, SchlibbersSchlabbers and Window Vipers.

If a team is too strong or too weak, the League has a player draft to balance them when possible, the idea being that the team with the most teamwork, spirit and cooperation will win. One of the basic ideas of the athletic program is to teach sportsmanship. The counselors referee the games and will not tolerate unsportsmanlike behavior.

In brief, we are firm believers of the motto: "It is not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game."

Rick Prizant

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Master Caster Associates had another busy and successful summer this year as three major productions were presented to both camp and visiting audiences. Wally and Al produced and directed not only the big fourth and fifth week-end extravaganzas, An Evening at the Guppy, but also presented a "training play" for those interested in the then upcoming big show. A Final Dress Rehearsal was presented the third week of camp, while A Message from Knufe and Cowbby Jones were presented three times two weeks later. To those boys who did such an excellent job - CONGRATULATIONS!!!



A FINAL DRESS REHEARSAL
Director

Stage Manager Mike Rips
First Stagehand Steve Lavine
Second Stagehand Jimmy Schallman
Prompter Lee Schwartz
Utility Girl Larry Malashock
Stepmother Howie Greenblatt
Messenger Girl Paul Warshauer
Elder Sister Mark Greenberg
Younger Sister Stu Sorkin
Fairy Godmother Paul Kuznetsky
Cinderella Steve Rose
Author Bruce Fogel
Paul Steinfeld

Dress

Rehearsal

COWBOY JONES

Jones

Flower Fred

Sugarplus

Sunset Sandy

Sandytoes

Blossom Bill

Dirty Dan

George

Mel

Sam

Pete

Hiram

Zeke

Sassafras Sal

Bartended

Sals Gals

The Kickline

Perry Becker

Dave Behm

Jimmy Schallman

Sid Karlin

Steve Lavine

Lee Schwartz

Buzz Malashock

Bill Field

Steve Ross

Paul Ringel

Mike Rips

Larry Lifson

Greg Kraenow

Paul Steinfeld

Eddie Goldberg

Bruce Fogel

Jon Smith

Dave Kerstein

Stu Sorkin

Ira Pierstein

Joel Hyman

Denny Uslander

Dick Bernstein

Cowboy Jones



A Message

From Khufu

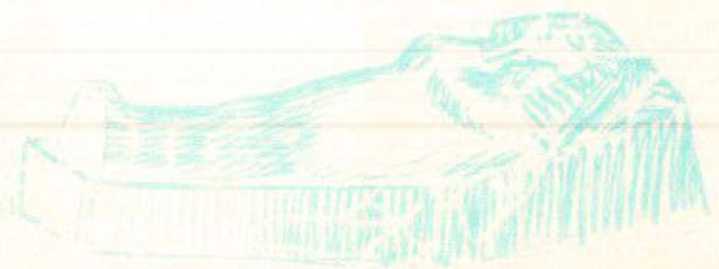


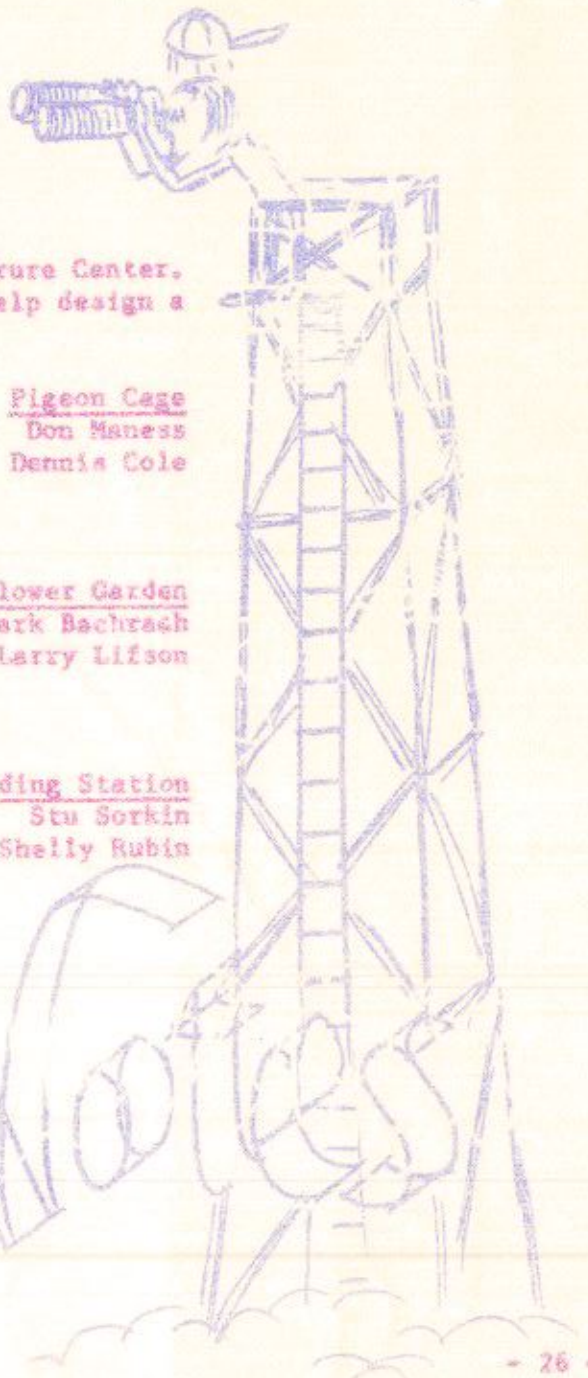
A MESSAGE FROM KHUFU

- Arthur (5th Week) Mark Schullman
- Arthur (4th Week) Mark Bachrsch
- Ben Mike Shepard
- Butch Jordy Leff
- Herman Larry Weiss
- Khufu Harold Jasser

CREWS

- Lighting Rick Passman
- Stage Manager Marc Levy
- House Manager Skippy Schein
- Curtains Bruce Vega
- Program Usher Matthew Kaplan
- Scenery Crew Steve Rose
Mike Rips
Buzz Malashock
Bill Field
- Painting Paul Ringel
Larry Weiss





Construction has progressed as never before in the Nature Center. The following boys have given much of their free time to help design a part of the Area and then construct it.

Observation Tower

Steve Rose
Jeff Lewis
Paul Steinfeld
Bob Reich
Jon Smith
Paul Warshauer
Mike Gordon
Scott Sloan
Rick Passman
Steve Schwartz

C.I.T. Assistants

Steve Rose
Joe Hecht

Nature Trail Quiz Winners

Dave Friedman
Steve Lavina
Dave Morris
Joe Hecht

Pigeon Cage

Don Maness
Dennis Cole

Flower Garden

Mark Bachrach
Larry Lifson

Bird Feeding Station

Stu Sorkin
Shelly Rubin

Nature Notes

Memories

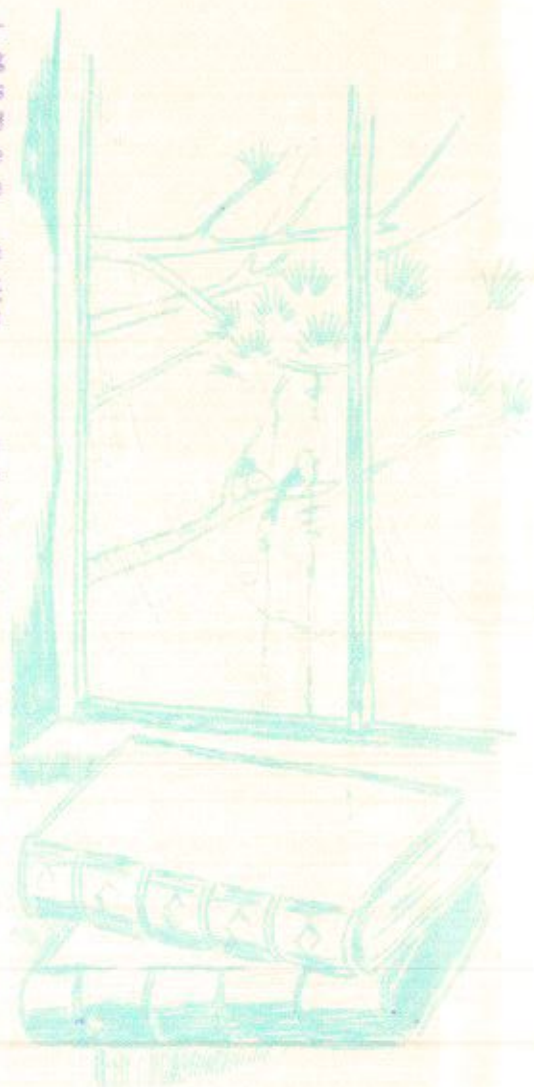
"The Minnesota Ontario border lakes country, a favorite wilderness area for modern canoeists, has a long, colorful history dating from the time of the first French-Canadian voyageurs about 250 years ago. In their frail bark canoes the voyageurs, serving as guides and canoe-men for explorers and fur traders, made their way through the border waters that were part of a great internal waterway system, the St. Lawrence - Superior route to the Northwest."

from The Prologue
Portage into the Past
by J. Arnold Bolz

The idea of a wilderness trip into Canada germinated in the latter weeks of the 1966 camp season. It was the speculation of Wayne Towne, Rifleery instructor for some years at the camp, that such a trip was long overdue. Others of us were inclined to agree with him. It was not until a mid-winter meeting of that year that the staff, after inquiries made to considerable outfitters, realized the direction that the expedition would eventually take. And a pioneering expedition it was for Camp Waupaca - the first of its kind in the history of the camp. We were indeed all quite unaware of the problems we could have encountered on such a venture. For some of us, it was our first such trip. It was, so to speak, a "feet first" expedition.

By the early weeks of the 1967 season, plans had been laid. The Canadian Border Outfitters, located at Ely, Minnesota, was our choice. A list of potential camper candidates was drawn up. Counselors were approached and others applied for supervision of the trip. Other than Wayne Towne and myself, Chuck Cooper, who had travelled into Canada, was the third man added to our party.

Once our reservations were confirmed, the staff predetermined a series of prerequisite survival tests for the campers to be completed over a series of weeks before departure. In addition to water safety and canoeing, the art of portaging, camp craft, and first aid were reviewed. Camp cookery, we thought, could be better learned in the act-



ual practice. Game fishing, one of the group's biggest aspirations, had begun earlier in the summer with the initial purchase of equipment, some coaching by myself, and practice.

As the summer progressed, the list of camper candidates multiplied and grew. We were delighted. We wanted this initial Canadian venture to prove successful. We had set a minimum of eight boys in order to move the trip out. By the fifth week, we were sure of ten boys. Our group now consisted of Paul Ringel, Rick Passman, Steve Rose, Steve Schwartz, Larry Weiss, Shelly Weiss, Charles Uslander, Harold Jesser, Dick Bernstein, and Bill Field. Bruce Vega and Buzz Malashock were added the sixth week and now our retinue was complete.

The last week was one of unbridled anticipation. Shoes, hats, sunglasses were bought in town, final tests were completed, personal gear was prepared and packed, health exams were completed, and the departing day was here.

It was a bright day early that morning. Last minute scurrying mostly by myself, was evident. In the rush of the weeks gone by, tripping, dramatics and other responsibilities had prevented a thorough research into my own needs for the trip. This I realized later to be fatal, as I not only had overpacked clothing, but underscored fishing gear.

Sunday chicken dinner, a staple here, amply filled our stomachs. You could easily tell us apart at that meal - booted, jeans, some with sheath knives, hats and parkas.

Fond farewell and adieu, and the camp bid us bon voyage to the tune of Auld Lang Syne.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 6th

1:30 P.M. - There was a heavy drizzle as we departed camp. The Chevy wagon secured with sleeping bags and tents followed close to my Buick as the journey began. Wayne drove the wagon. Chuck Cooper was to leave later that day and arrive by Greyhound Bus.

Was all well? That would be the byword for some days to come. The departure route had been chosen. Route 10 through Waupaca, Stevens Point and Marshfield. There we would pick up Route 13 and head directly north.

Our first check point was Spencer, four miles out of Marshfield. It was to be a "water stop" but as the filling station attendant soon discovered, twelve mouths craved the contents of his vending machines. The rain had not subsided; it was alternating torrents with drizzles.

We headed on toward our first pre-determined stop at Medford. I had packed a snack box of grapes, apples, cookies and candy bars before we left.

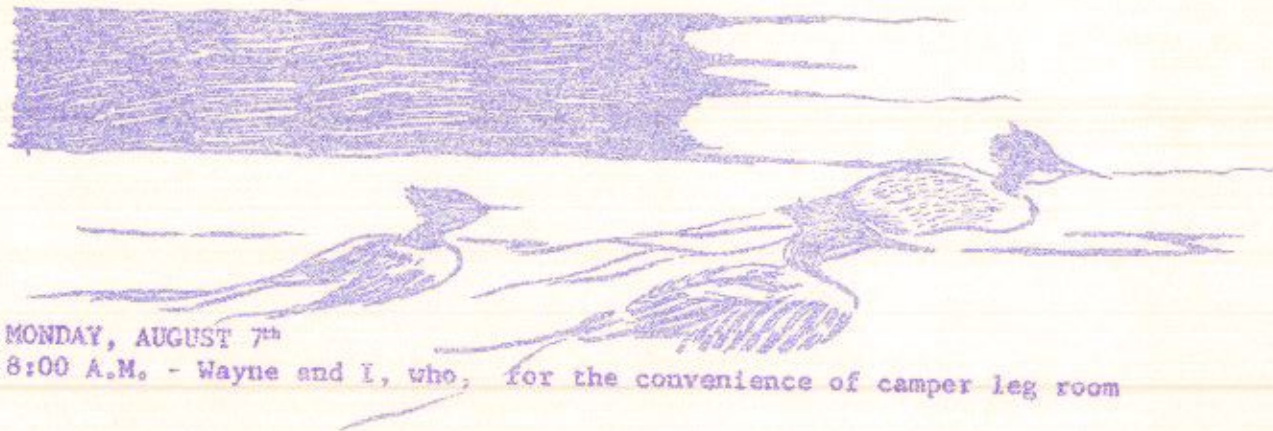
There was a downpour as we stopped by the Wayside. A shelter, however, provided us the space for leg stretching and a snack. As I looked around, I saw happy faces, ready to try just about anything. So, not far from the shelter was another with a well, and there we headed before moving on. All was well...well, almost all. Wayne, in wild anticipation of that quenching liquid, slid, or was it "reared" his way to the pump - and in his Sunday dress.

As we headed farther north, the towns became more frequent, but much smaller and somewhat poorer in decorum. The sun would shine, now and then, and the scenery began to take on an opulence. Tall pines and firs, valleys and sloping hills.

"A Ranger Station ahead" someone shouted. It was a high one. I'd judge about twelve stories. Some of us were not anxious as others to climb the top, particularly since the official proclamation was "Climb at your own risk." Jesser, Vega, and Malashock fought to break the locked door to the observatory above, but to no avail. The countryside could be seen in distance and depth, but we had to move on.

Copper Falls State Park, located in Ashland County, is just 14 miles from Mellon, near the Wisconsin Michigan border. It boasts not only of good camping areas and fine parks, but dual falls with rushing copper colored waters. We arrived here at 5:30, made reservations to tent the night, and were off to explore a bit before supper. On returning to the parking lot, we discovered we had been ticketed. Something about failing to buy car stickers. That being remedied, we were guided to our site and sat up camp.

The weather was still uncertain as we embarked for our evening meal. Mellon was our first choice. It was closest and we were not adverse to supporting local business. However, like many smaller communities, the stars had already been hung and the streets rolled up. Bunny's Bee Hive didn't look exactly like what we had in mind, and so, on to Ashland. There, overlooking Chequamegon Bay of Lake Superior, we supped on hamburgers, cheeseburgers, fries, malts, sundaes, and banana splits. Our choice had been an A & W Root Beer stand. Our car hop, to our surprise and later to our dismay, had mentally calculated our orders, and there were 14 of us! How did she do it? Thirty three root beers later, we filled the autos with petrol and returned to our campsite. The mosquitoes were relatively kind and we slept well that night.



MONDAY, AUGUST 7th

8:00 A.M. - Wayne and I, who, for the convenience of camper leg room

had slept in the wagon, arose to find some already up and breaking camp. The morning dew was heavy and the rain drizzle was still with us.

Mellon was our choice this morning, and there, to the shock and surprise of the two little old lady proprietors of the Driftwood Cafe, we ate our breakfast.

By the time we arrived at Duluth, we had slightly altered our route, and decided to travel the scenic north shore drive on Highway 61. The fog on the lake prevented us from seeing great distances on to Superior, but the magnificent body of water was always to our right. Now and then, an iron ore barge or tanker was sighted and the weather was with us. The sun shone gloriously that afternoon, and after lunch at Millers (another much surprised establishment, which we later discovered was true of most of our restaurants) at Two Harbors, we moved on north, and just out of Castle Danger, we rested and explored one of Minnesota's better hundred and sixty points of interest; Gooseberry Falls State Park. The strata here was different than at Copper Falls in Wisconsin; wider, higher, and with a multitude of side rivelets and rapids. It was a wonderful sight.

Highway 1 is strictly northwoods country in Minnesota. It is winding beyond imagination, with roller coaster dips and plunges. It was the final trek on our journey to our destination in Minnesota, Ely.

It was nearing mid-afternoon as we entered this city. On each side of the main street was headquarters after headquarters of canoeing outfitters; Don Belands, Canoe Country Outfitters, Quetico-Superior Outfitters, and countless others. Ely is perhaps the central departure area for most canoe outfitting in the region. Outstanding, though, was the posh Canadian Waters Outfitters. The elegance of the headquarters, with the ultimate in gear, tackle, food, books and even paintings, seemed somewhat out of place - even in this civilized wilderness.

Our outfitters, unlike the others, had both headquarters and facilities located directly on the departure lake. It was 15 miles from town. 20 miles later, we discovered we were traveling due west on 169 instead of due east.

It was nearing six o'clock when we arrived at the base camp. Bob Carey, owner and director, greeted us warmly, and assigned us to cabins with overnight sleeping facilities. They were rustic cabins, one located directly above the other on a steep incline overlooking Moose Lake. Each slept fourteen, and was equipped with light cooking facilities.

Hunger pangs told us to move on, so back to Ely we headed. Actually, supper at Ely was secondary, for it was there we'd meet the 15th member of our party, Chuck Cooper. Vertins, probably the meeting place of all canoeists, is located in the Hotel Forest. The food and service were excellent. Those who finished sooner toured main street (especially Canadian Waters), the rest of us following suit as we fancied. The bus was a little late, but among the horde of travellers to disembark was that most colorful piece of scenery; Swiss tam, pipe, moccasins, camera over shoulder - the profile of Chuck Cooper.

The beds at the lodge were particularly comfortable that night. We had journeyed over 500 miles in a day and a half, and treated ourselves to early Taps. While the campers were repacking over-anticipated gear in plastic bags, the staff and myself (the staff, by the way, included Junior Counselor Shelly Weiss) reviewed the route to be followed with Bob Carey and Richard Callen, our guide-to-be for the next two days.



TUESDAY, AUGUST 8th

6:45 A.M. - Rise and shine was the call and the air was filled with a wild anticipation even though the sky was overcast.

Moving our personal gear to the Main Lodge, we found our Duluth packs already waiting - some with food and cooking utensils - others filled with tents and sleeping bags. A hearty breakfast of pancakes and bacon satisfied our appetites that morning and we departed cheerfully for the canoe docks. It was only a short distance from Lodge to dock, but those 60 pound Duluth bags somehow seemed much heavier. Steve Schwartz, duty bound to carry his share of the burden, tackled his pack but woefully remained grounded with the pack.

A thunder shower now delayed the call to "Move 'em out!," but finally, rain coated and with life preservers secure and all the gear lashed, five canoes forged onward for the Canadian border. Lead canoe would be Wayne, Bill and Larry. Paul, Ricky and Buzz took second position. Steve Schwartz, Steve Rose, and Shelly were third. Charley and Harold, minus their dead weight (myself) moved into fourth position and Bruce, Dick and Chuck brought up the rear. To alleviate complications at Customs, Dick, our guide, canoe-motored me ahead.

The waters of the lakes to be paddled were rough. Having judged the distance of these lakes to be long, I was quite concerned for they who followed me, paddle in hand.

You pass through Moose, Newfoundland and Sucker Lakes, dotted with a profusion of small islands, before reaching Praxie Portage, the Canadian Customs, and the Ranger Station. We had motored over an hour before reaching the portage. I had wondered whether the rest could map the somewhat confusing route.

Dick left myself and the gear we'd carried at Customs and then returned to tow our party from Newfoundland Lake. While I awaited Customs, permits, and fishing fees, I observed a multitude of other camp groups portaging to and fro in a seemingly endless stream. Many were scouting groups, whose guides and leaders were obviously "old hands" at this business. Their garb and appearance would not have been especially appreciated in the better social centers. There were

small families and other adult parties all converging in the Bay. It was noon, and picnic lunch dotted the beach.

Nearly an hour had passed. Having completed the registrations at Customs, duty fees, travel permits and licenses, I decided to try fishing just below a very fine falls to the left of the beach. Having cast no more than a dozen times, I heard the cry of what I knew to be our party, and I ran to assist them.

The portage was not a long one - less than a mile - but was hilly and rocky. Some of us were even cock-sure enough to portage both 60 pound pack and canoe. Once beached at Inlet Bay, we rested and had a lunch of salami, cheese, Kool-Aid, limpa and white bread and cookies. Limpa bread, we discovered, is a very tasty dark brown loaf bread. It was an especially popular food on the trip. The water for our Kool-Aid came directly from Inlet Lake; so clear and pure, it was difficult to believe. Some of us had tasted "egg water" on an earlier trip, and were leary of drinking directly from the lake. Our fears were unfounded, however, for nowhere during the next four days did we drink water from any other source.

We had not gone three miles when our Guide suggested a spot to be our campsite. It was mid-afternoon, and with the hoisting of our camp flag, we claimed the site as ours. Our Guide, with the assistance of Chuck, Wayne and Shelly, set up the tents - four in all. The rest of us unpacked bags, gathered firewood, and rested before supper.

Meals in the wild no matter what the menu, always taste a lot better somehow. But when the menu is good, they are scrumptious. Steve Rose, Paul Ringel and I were cooks that night. There were char-broiled hamburgers, mashed potatoes, whole corn and milk with chocolate pudding for dessert.

With K.A.P. complete and evening drawing near, our party was ready for the first night's catch. Steve Rose took the first strike. It was small, but it was a Northern. After that, fishing was contagious. Charlie Uslander netted a Bass and two Northern. Bruce Vega boated a Northern, and Shelly Weiss, a fine Bass, a great catch for our first

night, and we retired, well pleased with ourselves.



WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9th

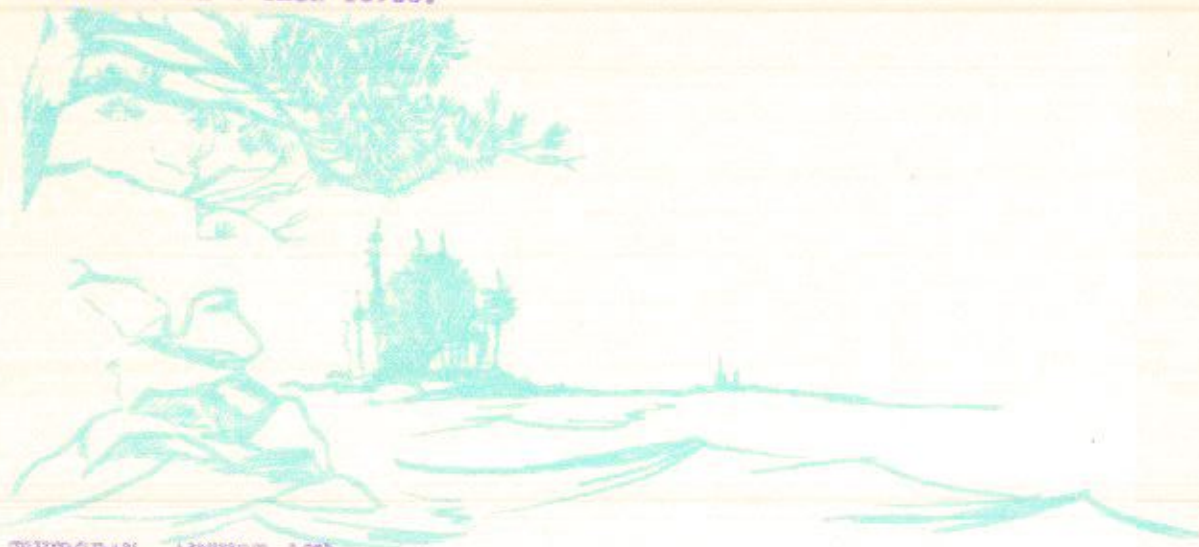
The smell of slab bacon and eggs awakened us early today. Dried fruits, coffee and milk, and breakfast was done. Our party divided to explore the possibilities of moving on to another campsite. Basswood Lake, you see, is a tremendous body of water surrounding several small peninsulas, and is divided into Barley, Miriam, Wind, Hoist, Back, Pipestone, Jackfish, Ranger, and North Bays. North Bay, supposedly the best fishing area, was to have been our second destination. With two portages and through an excellent trout lake named Burke, Cigar Island in North Bay was our choice as campsite. Checking the waters on Barley Bay leading to our first portage, we decided they were too hazardous for our skills.

Just to the northeast of our base campsite on Inlet Bay was a small backwater area with just enough weed vegetation to house the game fish we were after. Paul Ringel got the first catch today - a small Norther. Paul smiles well.

It was an unhappy day for some of us, though. My \$50 rod, a gift from my 9th Grade '67 class busted, and Charlie Uslander also busted his. Both lures and lines were lost that day. Steve Rose and Steve Schwartz, canoeing a separate area near the U.S. border, hooked on

what was either a 15 pounder or a turtle. In any case, the "object" the canoe some distance and then broke Rose's line.

After supper of chicken stew with all the trimmings, some of us fished the lake again. I switched to fly rod trolling with a gold spinner and a green and red nymph. Much to my surprise the first round of the inlet netted me two fine Northerns. Smaller fish were also caught by our group - especially Wayne, who was netting 3½ inch Northerns on 4 inch lures.



THURSDAY, AUGUST 10th

It was a cool night and we slept well, and for a cool morning, nothing tasted better than hot chocolate and piping hot pancakes. Kitchen utensils were always sand and water cleaned some distance from our drinking area. We nick-named this cleaning area Leech Lake because of the numerous and varied sized leeches which clung savagely to pots and pans, but never a hand. Utensils, especially cups and silverware, were then boiled.

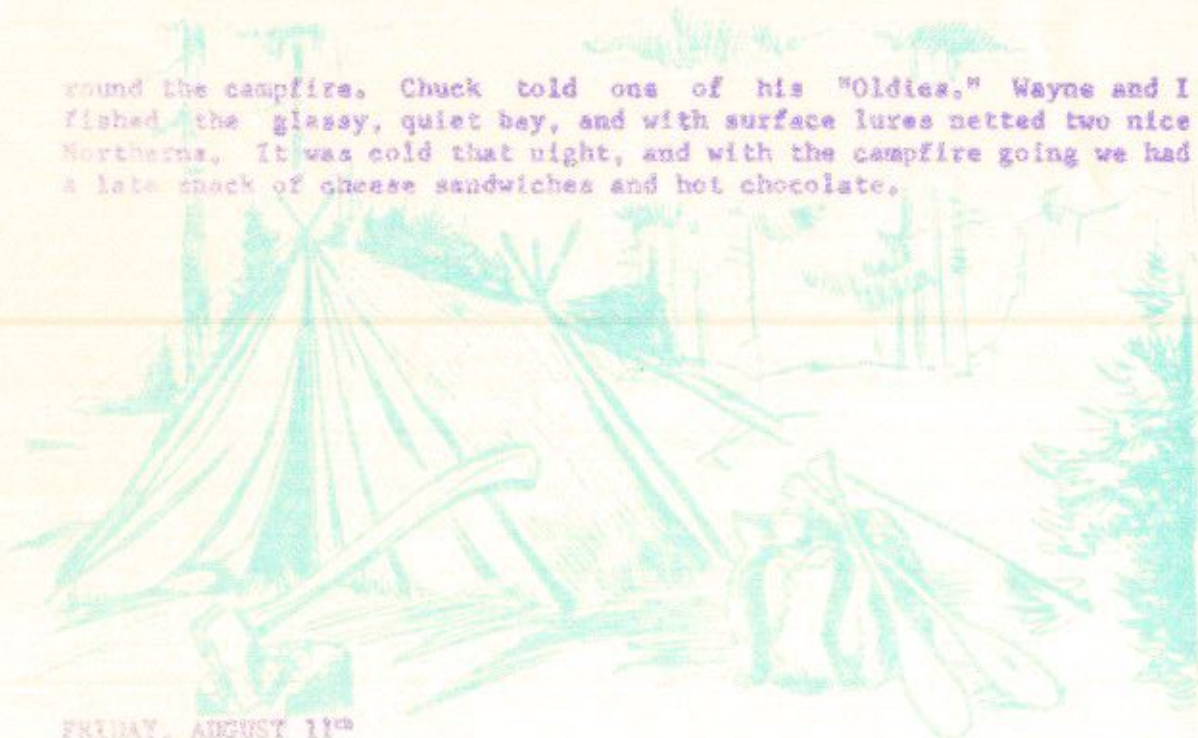
Chuck Cooper, along with Charlie Uslander, stayed back today, built a rock table, and rested...again! Four canoes moved on to what we thought was Miriam Bay. The waters were smooth this day, and we'd wanted to portage to North Bay. Unfortunately, however, our explorer

for the day, Shelly Weiss, moved our party too deep into the lake and we missed our portage point. It was at the first group of islands we approached that Paul Ringel watered the official boundary marker between the United States and Canada. On we went to another point which we nick-named Snakes Point. A small family of *Thamnophis sauritus* (ribbon snakes) nested beneath the rocky ledges. High on that peak we prepared a lunch of beef soup, salami and cheese sandwiches, bug juice and cookies.

Prepared for an uneventful afternoon, we moved along beyond the island to Echo Cove, most of us fishing or trolling. Again, it was the occupants of our canoe (Larry Weiss, Paul Ringel and myself) who discovered a weedy backwater near the north end of this larger bay. Using buctail and daredevil spinners, we slowly examined the waters, some ten to fifteen feet from shoreline. The water was very clear and about five feet deep. I was examining the depths when Paul shouted, "Look at the size of that fish!" A prize Northern had just passed our boat and Paul was just reeling in, when, "Whoop" and Paul had it. My excitement caused much shouting and directing. "Don't lose him! Give him line! This way, Paul. Lead him toward the net!" "I'm scared," Paul retorted. With net ready, Paul skillfully led him toward the boat, and a prize 30 inch 15 pound Northern was his. Paul was shaken and white, and I was tense from the excitement. In my haste to assure landing of this prize, my shouts were heard well across the lake, summoning the remainder of our group who thought us to be in trouble. On approaching, all were amazed at the size of the catch, but particularly Dick Bernstein, who could only exclaim "My God...My God...I didn't believe that fish got that big!" And how wrong Dick was. The smallest record catch for Northerns this season in Basswood Lake was 20 pounds. Shortly thereafter, Steve Rose caught another smaller prize Northern on a daredevil. With hopes of netting one of our own, the party remained another hour longer and then headed back.

It was on our return trip that Rick Passman made his prize catch - an axe! It seems some disraught party dumped much of their gear overboard before we arrived! The axe was part of it. Another rod was lost today - this time Steve Schwartz. Supper tonight was of beef hash and beans, bread, milk and canned fruit. It was story night a-

round the campfire. Chuck told one of his "Oldies." Wayne and I fished the glassy, quiet bay, and with surface lures netted two nice Northernns. It was cold that night, and with the campfire going we had a late snack of cheese sandwiches and hot chocolate.



FRIDAY, AUGUST 11th

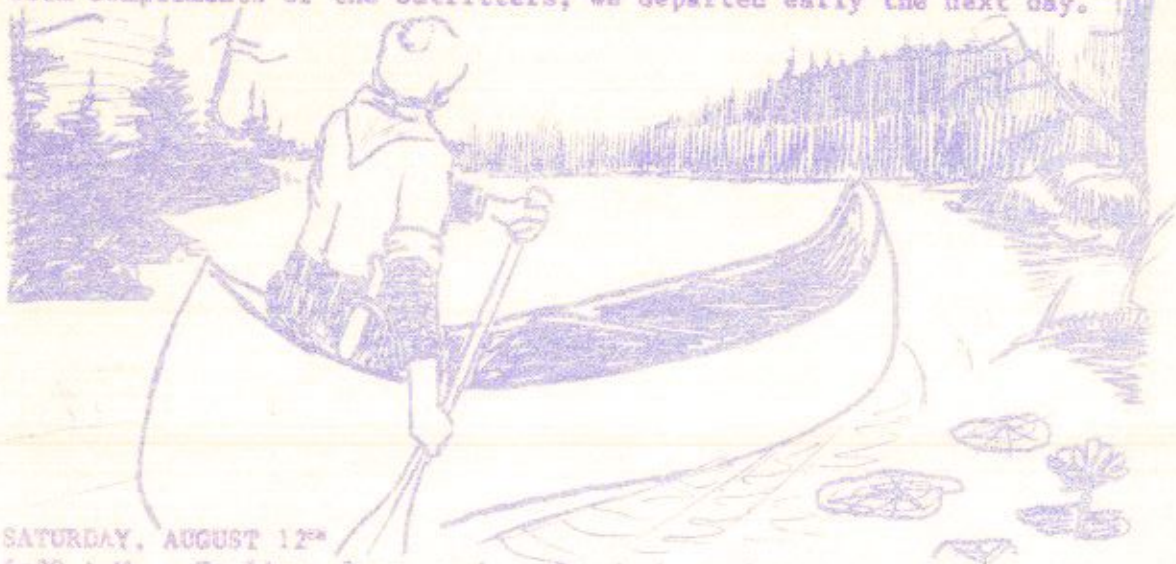
Shortly after breakfast, we began to break camp. Most of our fish catches had been filleted and eaten, but Ringel's prize remained. It was a catch to be shown at home.

A while remained to fish and it was our last chance to fish in Canada this 1967. With Larry Weiss and Dick Bernstein in my canoe, we once more circled our backwater bay and again with a daredevil Larry Weiss hooked the second largest Northern of the trip. We had him in the boat, netted, and I had dehooked him, and just then..out of the boat he jumped. Lunch today was our last meal in Canada. Fish, hash browns and Kool-Aid was our diet and at three o'clock, we departed. I took lead canoe, Wayne middle position, and Cooper trailing. This, we found much later, was to be one of the few mistakes we made on the trip.

The distance to Prairie Portage this time didn't seem nearly as long, nor the portaging as cumbersome.

The lakes were glassy smooth in the U.S. The lead canoe had one man; Wayne's, another. With Steve Rose at bow and Paul Ringel in at stern, we canoed to a small island a third of the way into Moose Lake. Supper was a bit starchy that night, but was good, and was an almost independently prepared camper meal. That meal, and the circumstances, we shall long remember.

We arrived near dark at the outfitters' base camp. We were tired and dirty, and welcomed the warm showers and clean beds. With the warm compliments of the outfitters, we departed early the next day.



SATURDAY, AUGUST 12th

6:30 A.M. - Feeling clean and refreshed, we began our long journey. Home! We broke fast at Vertins again, dropped Chuck at the Bus Depot, once again visited Canadian Waters for souvenirs and a bakery for some limpa eye to bring home.

Our route for this time, because of the need to lose miles and gain time, was set for Highway 169 to 53 South, bypassing Duluth and skirting Minneapolis and Saint Paul. From there, Interstate 94 to Eau

Claire became our goal before stopping for an early supper.

We ate at the Big Steer at Esu Claire and all but Wayne and I, who were pretty exhausted, went go-karting.

Highway 12 through 10 to Stevens Point brought us to the welcome cheers and banners of Camp Waupaca - we were home!

We were home, but we had not forgotten the clear pure lakes, the beautiful sunsets, the wilderness, the otters, deer and stags seen, the unbelievable moonlit nights, the fish caught and those landed, the good cook-out meals, the Ranger Stations climbed, the falls, the endless car games (Roadsign, Gas Station and Bernstein's prize...Volkswagen), the rains and the suns, the great times and the not so good times.

We, the pioneers of the first Canadian Expedition in the history of Camp Waupaca, do swear it to have been well enjoyed and long remembered.

Respectfully,

Wally Tomchek

Wally Tomchek
Tripping Director

Taken from the official 1967 Canadian Log as recorded by Steve Schwartz.

The following pages contain original works from the pens of the potential great authors and philosophers of the next generation. All of these articles were written by Staff Members of Trail's End '67 - All are printed exactly as submitted. Be sure to save them for posterity; who knows how Shakespeare, Chaucer and Salinger started!!!

Literary Pages

IMPROVEMENTS THIS YEAR

This year at camp there have been many new improvements. The basketball courts have been resurfaced and painted. We have new nets and basketballs. The tennis courts have been resurfaced and painted. We also have new nets and balls. On the golf course, there are many new clubs and balls. We have had a new addition to the Mess Hall. In nature, we have had a lot of improvements: an observation deck and three fish ponds. We had a goat for most of the summer, but had to take it back. There are rabbits and guinea pigs. We had 5,000 bees but they escaped. We had go-karts which the whole camp enjoyed.

Jeff Lewis

WHY I LIKE NATURE

The camp's Naturalist is Bob Mowen. Sometimes he takes a few kids out on nature hikes or on trips. We've gone on trips like the one to Aqualand, or the Hatchery in Wild Rose.

Sometimes we make displays like leaf collections or rock collections. We even have some ponds made out of cement. We also build things like cages and traps. Nature is a very interesting class.

Scott Sloan

PROJECT: CANADA

This year is the first year a group of boys are going to Canada. Many counsellors were on this trip. They were Wally Tomchek, Wayne Towne, Chuck Cooper and Shelly Weiss. There were also a lot of campers on the trip.

These boys had lots and lots of training. They had to pass lots of tests to go on this trip. When they left, they planned to drive up to Minnesota and then canoe 80 miles into Canada. This is a one week trip.

Bob Curvey

OUR NURSE, MRS. FIELD

At Camp Waupaca we have a nurse, Mrs. Emily Field. Mrs. Field has two sons who go to camp here. Our Nurse lives in the Infirmary next door to the White House where Manny lives. Mrs. Field gives some boys their allergy shots, treats their wounds and cares for us when we are sick. We have a Diet-table for people over-weight and a Slim-Jim table for people under-weight which are run by Mrs. Field. Many boys now have the correct eating habits because of Mrs. Field. When boys need clothes and shoes, Mrs. Field is the one who takes you in to town. All in all, Camp Waupaca couldn't a finer nurse.

Alan Kulwin

THE NATURE CENTER

This year at the Nature Center there have been many new things, like Pandora, the goat, and the rabbits. Bob Mowen is the Nature Lore teacher. He and the campers care for the different fish and animals. Pandora, who has just left us, is an African goat. The first week Bob got her, she ran way (this was her first time away from her mother, a strange thing for her). When Pandora ran away, she was found one week later near Big Stratton Lake.

There are also rabbits in the Nature Center (one mother and seven babies.) Three babies are gray, like the mother, and the other four are white with gray spots.

There are also many fish in the three Nature Center ponds; most of them have been caught by campers.

Jeff Toibin

THE BIG EARLY BIRD

This year's Early Bird was one of the best yet. The campsite was on Sand Lake. Sand Lake is in Kashena, Wisconsin.

It was supervised by Wally Tomchak, Wayne Towne, and Marc Levy. The trippers gallantly left at 11 o'clock, ate lunch at a restaurant in Shawano, and reached the campsite at approximately 2:30.

This year we had to set up our own tents. After we finished, we had a free swim. The bottom of the lake was all sand and very shallow.

After the swim, we built the fires for dinner. After dinner, half of us went fishing while the other half went for a dip.

Tuesday morning, we woke up at 10 o'clock and then had breakfast.

That morning, half of us went to see Spirit Rock, Bear Trap Falls and Neopit while the rest went fishing.

That afternoon, the other half went to see the Wolf River Dells and Spirit Rock.

That night for dinner we had biscuits, corn on the cob, and chicken.

All night it poured. All the tents leaked. Wednesday morning we found our tents flooded and clothes wet.

We had sausages and pancakes for breakfast. Then most of us packed our things. After that, some of us went to a souvenir shop in Neopit. Then we went to see Smokey Falls. At the Falls, all of us started a mountain climbing club, but only three of us succeeded. Wally and Marc Levy chickened out.

After the rest period, we took a hike to look for gauls and shishkabob sticks. Then we tore down our tents.

For dinner we had shishkabob. After dinner, the truck came and we loaded it. Then we left for camp.

Sid Karlin and Lewis Klein

MOMENT OF MADNESS

There is one day a year a lot of campers look forward to besides Olympic Day, Parents' Week-end and the Blue White War, and that's the wet day when we cannot do anything out of doors, so they call us to the Horseshoe and announce that we are going into the Rec Hall and play various games such as Nok-Mockey, Simon Says, Staring Contests, Skill Ball, Give Away Checkers, Pool, Ping Pong, Pitching Pennies, Chicken Fights, Horse and Goggle and Quiz.

You are given a point for each event you enter and three points if you win, so everyone is running around to different games since you cannot play the same game twice. And so everyone is running wild so they call it Moment of Madness. The winners in the First Division was Cabin 6, Second Division Cabin 11 and Third Division A and B.

The individual winners were Skip Shein, Randy Usan, Lee Schwartz, Harold Jesser, Bruce Fogel, Bruce Vega, Mike Shepard, Steve Rose, and Jerdy Leff.

Steve Lavine

PANDORA THE GOAT

This year Bob Nowan, the Camp Naturalist, bought a goat. The goat's name is "Pandora." The first night, Pandora ran away, but Bob found her a week later by Big Stratton Lake. When Bob brought Pandora back to camp, he chained her up for a while. Then Bob unchained Pandora. Then she roamed around camp eating leaves, etc. At night, Bob chained Pandora up. In the morning, he let her go. August 6th, 1967 Pandora left camp. Since Pandora is six months old now, in four months she will be giving milk.

Bob Garvey

JUNIOR LIFE SAVING CLASS OF '67

The Junior Life Saving Class of '67 had the fine talents of two great teachers named Ron Peterson and Rick Prizant. These classes were made up of 18 boys the first four weeks. These boys had a hard course, but they were qualified to pass this course made up of five sections. The class was made up of kids 12 years or older, but this course was hard for these boys as they were young for that course. The members of the class were Mitch Horwitz, Gary Alpert, Dick Bernstein, Larry Weiss, Paul Warshauer, Stu Sorkin, Paul Steinfeld, Charles Galander, Jim Harris, Richard Garb, Randy Becker, Peter Posner, Mike Gordon, Joel Hymen, Bill Field, Joe Necht, Steve Wine and Jay Lashen.

Ron and Rick taught the class various methods to aid a drowning victim and how to get him to carry him and revive him if necessary. The main purpose of this course is to learn to save a life. But this course is hard, and we are told only 6 of the members of this class will pass. But we are sure the rest will pass next year.

Joel Hymen and Stu Sorkin

SPECIAL DAYS

During the camping season, there are days when the whole camp joins in for fun. These days are very special days for everyone. Some of these are for cabins alone, for certain groups, and even for individuals. Gold Rush Day, Brave Night, Olympic Day, Moment of Madness are just a few. The Blue and White War is the longest special event. It lasts one week. With the special days in the camping season there is bound to be lots of fun.

Jim Field

CAMP WAUPACA'S PLAY SERIES

This year Camp Waupaca put on many plays. They put on plays for Talent Nite, Parents' Week-end, and for just plain fun. The first play of the year was Final Dress Rehearsal, a take-off on Cinderella, directed by the ever-popular Al Schaeffer.

For the parents, Master Caster Associates (Wally and Al) presented a double feature of A Message from Khufu and Cowboy Jones. A Message from Khufu was a mystery drama about three escapees from the Foreign Legion and an archaeologist in the tomb of Khufu. Cowboy Jones, Camp Waupaca's major theatrical production, was first presented in 1961, but was presented again this year. It is a story about two men, Cowboy Jones, played by Perry Becker, and Dirty Don played by Buzz Malashock, fighting over one woman, Sassafras Sal, played by Paul "Porky" Steinfeld. In the end, it turns into a merry free for all when they all make friends and everyone has root beer...with foam!

All in all, Camp Waupaca has had a very good play season this year.

Bruce Fogel and Larry Lifson

WHAT IT IS LIKE TO SKI

At the start you are scared, but after you try the Aquaplane you gain confidence. After the Aquaplane, you go on to water skiing.

Once you know how to ski, you go on to easy tricks like no hands (when you put your tow line between your legs). Then you kick a ski and slalom. Then you try without kicking. Then you go on bananas. They are the skis with no rudder and are smaller.

Matthew Kaplan and Jimmy Schallman

A DAY WITH MANNY

Manny is working his second year in camp. He has a wife, four daughters and a dog. Manny's chores start at 7:30 in the morning. At 7:30 he has a camper blow reveille and then says his famous words, "Everybody up! It's a beautiful day at Camp Waupaca. Half an hour 'til breakfast." Then after flag raising is breakfast which is followed by announcements, and then to Clean-up. "Have you ever had it so good?" is also a famous quote from Manny. Then Manny calls first period class and then after that second period class. Then we have free period, while all through this Manny is usually working in his office. Then we have lunch. Again after the meal Manny and all the counselors who wish may make announcements. Then comes Rest Period. After Rest Period comes third period class and then team competition, followed by a Free Swim. And again Manny is usually working in his office or at the White House. Then another Free Period, followed by dinner. Announcements are made again. He also tells what he has planned for the evening. Then a Free Period until Canteen. Then, after Canteen, Manny calls everyone to the Horseshoe for that night's activity, which is followed by the singing of Taps, led by Manny. Then at 9:30 sharp a camper blows Taps over the loudspeaker and Manny says more famous words - "Good night, everybody!"

Manny has made many improvements this year and I'm sure he has more planned for next year.

Shelly Rubin

Event	Blue	White		
Basketball	50	50		
Tennis	60	20		
Badminton	13	23		
Table Tennis	45	15		
Horseshoes	20	20		
Billiards	20	20		
Archery	18	45		
Riflery	43	30	270	225
Canoeing	24	16		
Rowing 2+C	16	24		
Rowing Singles	16	24		
Back stroke	17	22		
Breat stroke	19	22		
Free Style	22	18		
I.M.	9	21		
Medley Relay	10	20		
FreeStyle Relay	20	-		
Warrior Tennis	-	20		
Warrior Basketb'l	23	-	448	412
Spelling	60	15		
Quis	45	30	553	457
Softball	25	73		
Volleyball	50	50		
Wrestling	10	35	638	617
Songs	101	149	739	766
Football	50	25		
Soccer	25	100		
Slaughter	100	25	914	916
Track Meet	182	143	1096	1059
Tug O' War	45	-		
Treasure Hunt	90	60	12221	1119
Scalp "Em	62	25		
Capture the Flag	-	75		
Water Skiing	10	10	1303	1229
Plays	77½	172½	1380½	1401½
Super Duper Relay	-	100	1380½	1301½

Blue
and
White
are
not

WHITE TEAM WINS!!!!

Big Chief Jack Adams
Little Chief Mark Kattler

EDITOR - Allen Scheaffer

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The Trails End '67

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