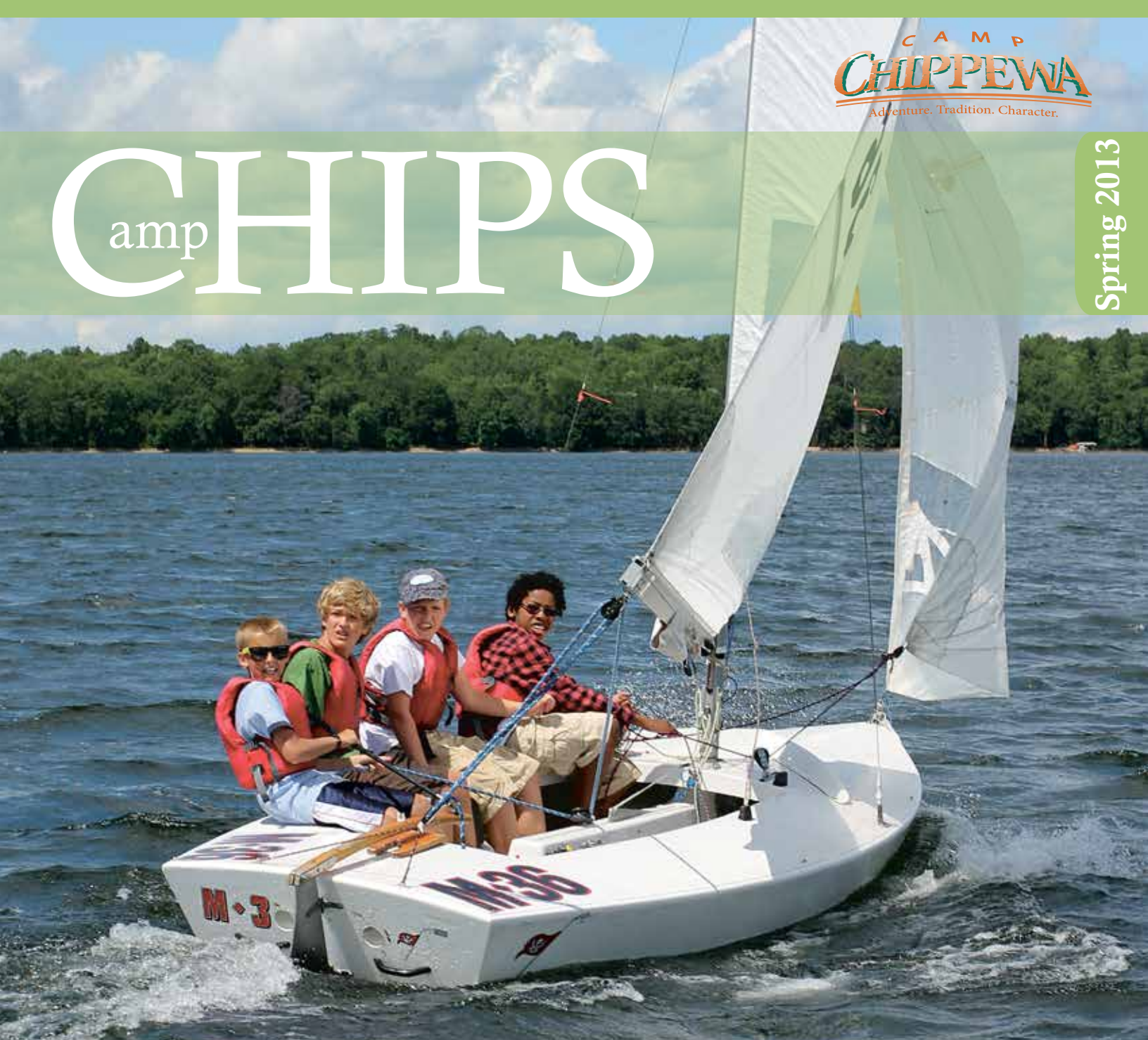


C^{amp}CHIPS



Where do all the Chippewa boys come from? The best answer is they come from one home and travel to another. Camp Chippewa on Cass Lake becomes a boy's home for 2, 4 or 8 weeks. Counselors become brothers and parents all rolled into one. Mary Keely in the kitchen becomes your grandmother. Phil becomes your favorite uncle when he takes you to Dairy Queen for an ice cream treat. Chippewa becomes your Camp family for awhile.

Returning campers are looking forward to getting up on the wakeboard, passing a rank in archery or even acing JP on Bear Paw tennis court. New campers will learn how to make a perfect corner on their beds for inspection. They'll figure out when to hit the thrill mat or if they prefer, the calm on the chill mat. Everyone will learn that when the call for scatter ball comes out on the very first night of camp,

the cheers will echo through the forest. Who will win the first game of Scatterball 2013? Only time will tell and it won't be long now.

To help prepare for your new home, Camp has sent all the information to assist you on your journey. When in doubt, look to the website for packing lists, travel information and medical forms. If you still have questions, call or send an email to the camp office. We'll be happy to help.

As tournaments end and the school year wraps up, plan ahead. No matter how far you travel from one home to the other, you'll be welcomed to the Camp Chippewa family for the summer. Welcome home.

– Mike Endres, Director





Who's Who 2013

James Williams New Hope MN
Zylon Allen Modesto CA
Terrence Moran Chicago IL
Grant Auer Prairie Village KS
Henry Jones Mission Hills KS
Sean White Mequon WI
Jack Zwillenburg Kansas City MO
Charlie Mahoney Milwaukee WI
Tommy Mahoney Milwaukee WI
Levi Selness Golden Valley MN
Sam Charri Winter Park FL
Ashton Thomas Cresthill IL
Sam Hirsch Sandy UT
Bryer Thiessen Moundridge KS
Matan Diermeier-Lazar Wilmette IL
Harrison Purdum Grand Rapids MN
Bernardo Mendez Montemayor
Mexico City MX
Rodrigo Mendez Montemayor
Mexico City MX
Collin Patton Duluth MN
Ian Patton Duluth MN
William Newton Highland Park IL
Brau Diaz Fernandez Torreon MX
Champ Diaz Fernandez Torreon MX
Marshall Hales Winnetka IL
Mauricio Trevino Torreon MX
Sam Junkermann Cos Cob CT
Liam Junkermann Cos Cob CT
Jean Majani Le François MQ
Cooper Smidt Houston TX
Miles Allen Evanston IL
Drew Moesel Milwaukee WI
Will Moesel Milwaukee WI
Jack Henry Patterson Evanston IL
Christian Calian Evanston IL
Sam Calian Evanston IL
Blake Hoffman Lawrence KS
Hunter Verbeck Emerald Hills CA
Nathaniel Verbeck Emerald Hills CA
Sam Boeschen St. Helena CA
David Hermann Flagstaff AZ
Spencer Oakley Lake Forest IL
Lars Fyhr Houston TX
Magnus Fyhr Houston TX
Stephen Stearns Wilmette IL
Jameson Davis Chicago IL
Quinn Davis Chicago IL
Hank Williams Tulsa OK
Punisa Lekovic San Marino CA
Luka Lekovic San Marino CA
Henry Patton Dallas TX
Calvin Wang Quincy MA

continued on back cover



'Round the Mark

- Canadians are stacking up for first session. 34 new and returning Voyaguers will head north to untouched wilderness of Ontario and Manitoba. The Churchill will see seasoned veterans — **Grant Auer, Jacob Endres, Drew Moesel, Cooper Smidt, Bryer Thiesen, and Robert Treuer**, lead by Zach Kramer and Ben Howard — head to The Bay. The Kopka voyaguers will bask in the Valley of the Gods. The Sandford canoeists will marvel at the clearest waters of Sandford Lake and 14 first-time trippers will navigate the lakes of the Quetico Provincial Park.
- Chippewa gatherings, events and Rendezvous were a blast. We may have missed your city this year, but plans are in the making to see you next fall or winter! The highlight was hitting the slopes of Breckenridge. Or was it the waves in LA? iFly in Salt Lake City? I think it was "Scatterball" in KC.
- From July to September, San Francisco will play host to the America's Cup sailing races. This summer Camp Chippewa will be hosting its version of the Chippewa's Cup. Who will be our top skipper? Whistle up a wind and see who wins.
- 'Rounding the Mark and heading toward the finish line could not happen without the support of so many Chippewa families. Our sincere appreciation for all that you do to help organized events and rendezvous. Without you, your outreach to new families and connections, the Camp Fires would not burn as bright. Thank you.

Down through the years

Camp Chippewa's first year	1935	Cap Endres 1st director of Camp Chippewa
Camp leaves Strawberry Point and locates in the wilderness of tall pines between Cass & Buck Lakes	1937	Ice house becomes the first construction project at camp
Electricity comes to Camp Chippewa	1951	Goodbye old ice house
Jerry Graham's first summer at Chippewa	1952	His job, making sure there was wood in the kitchen for the cook stove.
JP becomes 2nd director of Camp Chippewa	1962	
Cap, at age 80, shoots a "golden tassel," six golds at 40 meters	1973	
January 1st found David Margolis and Mike Endres joining the Polar Bear Club by swimming in Lake Michigan	1980	On a recent hunting trip Dave Kohler bags a nine point buck
Charlie Beeler's skippering strategy wins out in regatta at Camp Thunderbird	1986	Since 1999 his strategy as chairman of the board of the Camp Chippewa Foundation still has us on a winning course
Sentinel Pine on Star Island dies	1989	We'll climb it no more
Mary Keely takes command of the Chippewa Kitchen	1992	She "cooks from scratch" and we enjoy daily fresh baked bread, monster chocolate chip cookies and are introduced to the world-famous haystack
Beltrami officially names the woodsy lane off County 12 as "Cap Endres Road"	1997	
On the last day of camp, strong winds from the south destroyed the Cass dock, washed the sailboats off their lifts, and drove waves across Cass Court	1999	Next summer a brand new, state-of-the-art dock was in place
Now that GPS is a fact, the camp address had to have a number	2001	Rural route we are not, 22767 Cap Endres Road we are
Michael Thompson becomes the 3rd director of Camp Chippewa	2002	
First alumni canoe trip finds CJ and Brian Endres leading out a crew including Jeff and Bo Norris, Dick Rubenstein, Fritz Tagatz, Peter Kornman, Dick Sattler, and Bill Lewis	2004	Next alumni canoe trip with CJ in 2012, down the rapids on the Turtle River
On January 21st the temperature at Hook Island fell to 46 below zero	2011	Almost as cold as the year in Paul Bunyan's logging camp when it was so cold that coffee in a logger's cup froze so quickly it was still warm
Mary Keely still at it in the kitchen	2012	Jerry Graham still at Silent Isle & Hook Island
Mike Endres becomes the 4th director of Camp Chippewa	2013	

Camp Dates 2013

Full Season
June 19th to August 12th

First Session
June 19th to July 15th

Second Session
July 17th to August 12th

Badger Camp I
June 19th to July 2nd

Badger Camp II
July 17th to July 30th

www.CampChippewa.com



800-262-1544 www.CampChippewa.com

A Parent's Guide for Letting Go . . . and Managing Our Camp Worries

I remember the first time my husband called me from Camp Chippewa. He was visiting camp with Roger Thompson, one of his best friends from college. I was at home in Los Angeles with our two-year-old, Ben. He said "I know you've heard Roger talk about how great Chippewa is, but I am here right now, and we have to send Ben here."

As a child development and parenting specialist, who was working on my dissertation on attachment, not to mention a very protective mom of my first-born, I said, "No way. I can't imagine ever sending him that far away from us for two weeks."

As Ben got older, Roger kept talking to us about how his years at camp as both a camper and counselor significantly influenced who he is (and we very much like who he is). Scott kept going back to visit camp on his trips to visit Roger in the summers, and I read the research on how mastery and overcoming challenges builds resilience and self-esteem.

When Ben was old enough to go to camp, even though I knew all of this, I was still reluctant and anxious to send him. I worried it would be too hard for him. That he'd be too homesick to manage. That he'd need something and I couldn't help him. Even as I write this, I can still feel these feelings and how vulnerable it felt to let him go. So how did I manage *my* separation anxiety and my worries about Ben (and later my second son, Luke) going to camp? What converted me from my nervous reluctance and made me such an evangelistic proponent of sleepaway camp? There were lots of factors, but here are a few:

Time in nature away from electronics

Studies show that the stress hormone cortisol decreases significantly when people spend time in nature. And while I'm not anti-electronics, I do love knowing that my boys will be spending significant amounts of time this summer in Cass



Lake and the woods, without access to any video games or social networking or even email.

Learning to work as members of a community

At Chippewa, kids stay in cabins with others from different regions and walks of life. They set tables together, perform daily rituals, and build deep friendships with kids they might not otherwise be friends with. Not only are they exposed to different types of people, but they have to find ways to get along with them, and to work with them as they develop new relationships.

Risk-taking opportunities in a safe environment

Especially as they move towards adolescence, boys need to test their limits. At camp, they can take these risks under the watchful eye of adults, proving themselves in positive, nurturing environments. That means they'll be much less likely to feel the need to test themselves in more dangerous, destructive ways at home.

The caring hands of Chippewa leadership

The staff and leadership at this camp are loving and safe. Our new Directors, Mike and Mary, know and love kids. J.P. and Cammy and all the other family members and long-time legacy people come year after year because they love camp, enjoy kids, and are gifted at making camp a place where relationships and skills are built. This summer, I'll be training the counselors before the campers arrive, focusing on how to foster development and help boys have a great experience through providing emotional support. This camp is clearly intentional. After all, how many camp counselors get training on brain development and attachment relationships!?

Resilience produced by dealing with homesickness

A few days after Ben left for camp that first summer, we received a heartbreakingly sad letter telling us how homesick he was. I'd never heard my introverted, intensely private athlete use words like the ones that filled those letters. One dramatic quote — "These are my tears as I write this," with dark stains circled on the page — bordered on Victorian literature. Who was he, Emily Bronte?

This homesickness was incredibly difficult for him, and for us as well. However, when he returned home two weeks later, he said of getting through the homesickness, "That was the hardest thing I've ever done, and I did it!" It was resilience in the making. He was stronger and more independent, and he had formed a new piece of his identity that let him know he could handle difficult emotional experiences.



Michael Thompson, the author of *Raising Cain* and other books about boys, has recently published a book called *Homesick and Happy*. Thompson writes that 95% of kids "experience at least a bit of homesick feelings when they are away from their parents at summer camp. Homesickness is completely normal. If a child loves his parents and has a good home, why wouldn't he feel some longing for mom, dad, the dog or home cooking?" He continues, though, to say that "the paradoxical thing about camp is that even though children sometimes report painful levels of homesickness, they often rate themselves as very happy in the activities of the day."

That's what we saw in our son. And not only that, he ended up loving camp. The next year he called us after two weeks and begged us to allow him to stay for a full four weeks. He loved camp even though it was hard. So in my opinion, the homesickness ended up being one of the best things about camp.

Dr. Thompson makes the argument that kids can't truly form their own identity if they don't have time away from their parents. And I know from my experience that my son returns each summer transformed in all kinds of positive ways.

His letters have shown this resilience along the way. The very next summer, the letters weren't at all about homesickness. They were about hilarious moments and the fun and joy of independence, play, and being fully in the moment of a summer in nature with boys and men who help teach him who he is and who he can become.

This summer may be the time, and Chippewa the place, to let both you and your son learn that he can do this. And YOU can handle it. Even if he struggles a bit, he'll have lots of people caring for him, and plenty of opportunities to lean on others. And you will be giving him the gift of having the opportunity to turn those upset feelings into great triumph.



Character

Today has really been a summation of everything we've learned and accomplished on this trip. We shot whitewater, portaged, fished, told jokes and most importantly we all realized the awesome camaraderie we share as a group. As talk of the end of the trip approaches, I can see how much I'll miss the hilarity of some and the level-headedness of others.

Upon reflecting some more, I realized that this trip isn't just simply a canoe trip. Our group makes it more than that. I could do this trip again and it wouldn't be the same without these guys or Camp Chippewa. It's funny that the Coppermine represents so much of Chippewa's 75 years because it also reflects the future.

Just as we now carry on the traditions passed on to us, so did past counselors pass down the same traditions. The Coppermine may only go out once, but we can carry the spirit and thrill of the river on to trips we will lead someday. Younger campers may not have the chance to go on this trip, but they'll understand the same thrill I felt after shooting Sandstone Rapids or while standing at the peak of September Mountains.

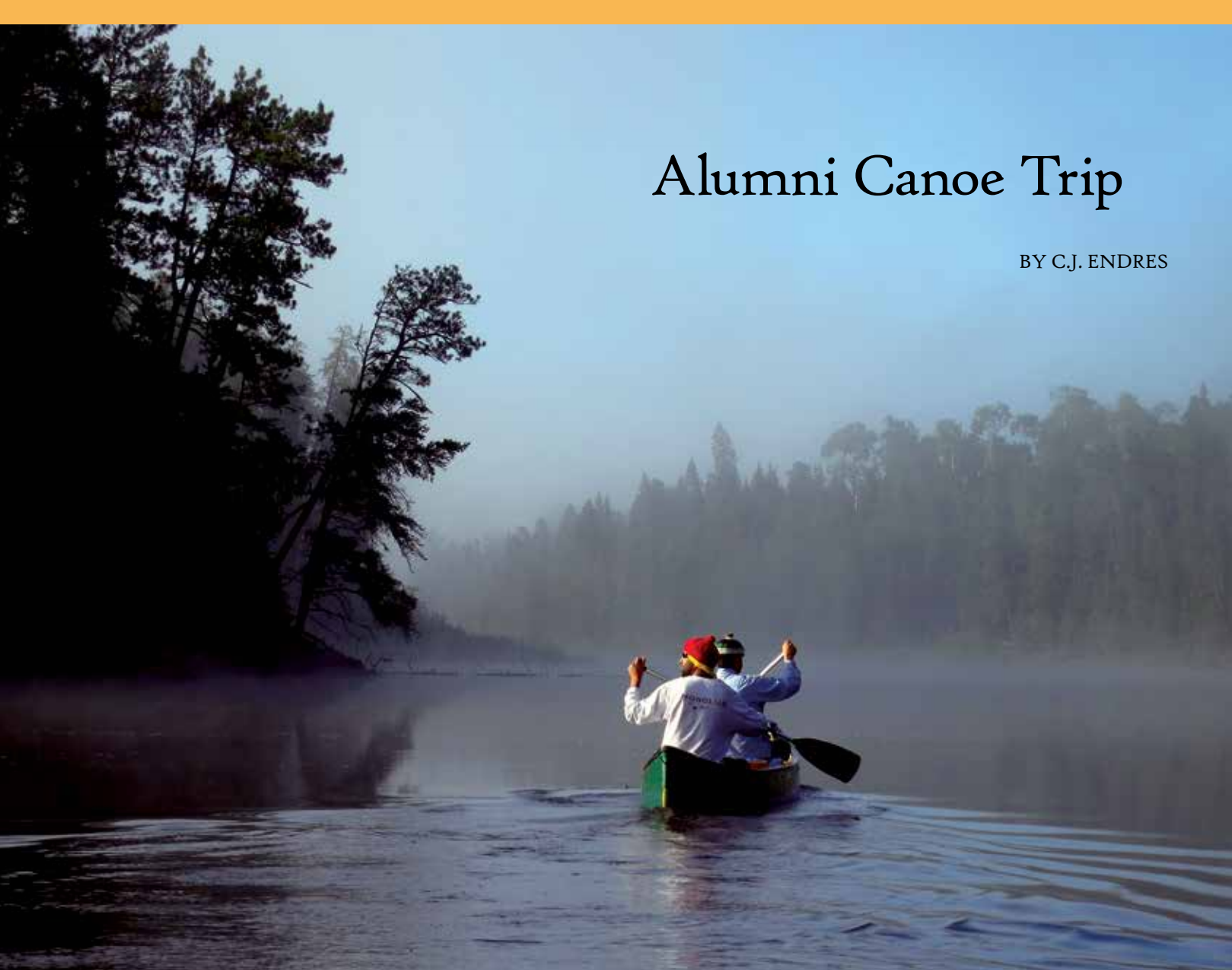
The most important skill any of us have learned on this trip is not the proper way to ferry across a river or the most efficient way to pack wanigans, but how to live with one another and respect each other enough to know when to lead and when to follow. It is this skill more than any other that will allow us to lead trips — whether to Star Island or Hudson Bay.

In a few weeks I'll sorely miss camping along the river and talking around our bonfires, but more than that I'll miss the morning wake-up calls and shooting rapids with my canoeing buddy of 30 days. This was off the charts once in a life time experience. But the truth is I would rather canoe anywhere less impressive with this group than without them. What an adventure this turned out to be.

BY CHRIS MALLOY

Alumni Canoe Trip

BY C.J. ENDRES



In July 2012 Camp Chippewa alumni young and old returned to Cass Lake and to the Canadian wilderness. This was the second alumni canoe trip, and it provided an opportunity for the old-timers to return to camp, stay in the new alumni cabin — The Pines — participate in camp activities, enjoy meals in Knutson Hall, and head up to Canada for a 5-day canoe trip.

The men on the trip were: **Andy Howland**, camper for 5 years starting in 1978 and staff for 6 years; **Reid Ecton**, camper for 3 years starting in 1954 and camp doctor for many years; **Craig Slutz**, staff for many years starting in 1968; **Bill Kritzik**, camper for 7 years starting in 1985; **Mike Balistreri**, camper for 7 years starting in 1985; **Bill Lewis**, staff 1971 and 1972; **Tyler Lewis**, camper for 5 years starting in 2003; **C.J. Endres**, camper for 10 years starting in 1963 and many years on staff. All were very experienced Canadian trippers having taken many trips while they were campers and counselors.

Our destination was Ontario's Turtle River/White Otter Wilderness Area. Chippewa campers are familiar with this area which includes Sandford Lake, Elsie Lake, and the

beautiful rapids and water falls of the Turtle River. When Chippewa first took the Sandford Lake trip in 1972 the area was untouched, but now there is a logging road that crosses the river, and we were able to put in at the bridge. Our route was the last third of the traditional Sandford Lake trip.

Mike dropped us off at the bridge, and we were immediately taken by the current of the river to a few rapids, portages, and a nice place to stop for swimming and fishing. Craig and Reid went for an extra swim in one of the rapids. The destination for the night was Gorge Falls, an impressive falls with a beautiful campsite halfway along the portage looking right down on the falls. There is a rainbow over the falls, and the roar of the falls was always with us. We caught a few walleye below the falls which were fried up by Andy (it turned out that he cooked fish at every campsite).

Day 2 brought more rapids, portaging, and lining, and it was good to see Bill and his son Tyler shooting rapids together. The day ended at another campsite on a portage beside a smaller waterfall — this one had about a four foot drop. This was the start of the “blow down” area, where a recent storm had literally blown down countless trees, making it



very difficult to make our way across the portage trails. We had to push the canoes over and under fallen trees that were sometimes three layers deep.

On Day 3 we crossed Jones Lake and Eltrut Lake (“turtle” spelled backwards), and the final portage of the day brought us to spectacular Horse Falls and the perfect campsite on a shelf of clean granite facing the falls. Day 4 was our layover day at this wonderful campsite. We swam in the strong current below the falls, baked good things in the reflector oven, explored the falls, and fished. Andy and Bill caught plenty of walleye and bass, and Reid caught eight walleye on his fly rod casting into the fast water right in front of the campsite. The falls provided many opportunities for photography. A welcome rain storm cooled things off a bit, and after that we had the Voyageur's Reception.



Camp Chippewa Alumni. Back row: Craig Slutz, Bill Lewis, Tyler Lewis, C.J. Endres. Front row: Andy Howland, Mike Balistreri, Reid Ecton, Bill Kritzik

On the final day we had to go 23 miles to get to the pickup at Mine Centre, so we were up at 5:00 a.m. and off at 6:00. C.J., who has been at this campsite on five previous trips, said, “It is always foggy on Robinson Lake” and as expected we were treated to a surreal paddle through the fog with the sun rising and a dead calm. More photo-ops for Craig. After a few more portages and shooting some rapids, we had flat water the rest of the way. At the end of Little Turtle Lake Mike picked us up in the van for the ride home.

Are you interested in the next alumni canoe trip? Mark your calendar for July 2015, in celebration of Camp Chippewa's 80th anniversary!



They are called the Little People

BY J.P. ENDRES

The day has ended, bannock and walleye fillets have taken care of the voyageurs hunger, while the reflector oven has provided a chocolate cake, slightly overdone on the edges, underdone in the middle, but eaten with relish. A log has brought the coals to a blaze and while the mosquitoes haven't yet made their appearance, it is time for talk around the campfire. Portages were relived, rapids re-run, and the sound of the nearby falls unheard. It was time to talk of the *Mameguesu*.

The Indians call them, the little people. They are about three feet in height and have rather large feet. If Frodo and Bilbo were among them they would probably fit right in. I have never seen the *Mameguesu* — few ever have — but if one listens closely it is said you can hear them laugh. They are not mean — mischievous just might be a better word. Pests might better describe these *little people*.

If you are laboring over a testy portage, a canoe balanced on your shoulders and suddenly notice that one side is heavier than the other, you shift the load to weigh evenly. Almost immediately you find that it once again is not in balance.

The problem is not the canoe nor is it your tiring shoulders. Rather if you had been looking up you might have seen one of the *Mameguesu*, sitting on a tree overhanging your path, waiting for the right moment to drop down on your canoe, then shifting his weight from side to side. As you labor over the portage, cursing the shifting weight he will again take advantage of an overhanging branch to jump off. As you reach the water's edge and you set your load down you look at the canoe and can only shake your head in wonder.

Another of their tricks on the portage comes as you carefully pick your way over rocks and fallen trees, your eyes alert to each obstacle. You spot a smooth stretch only to trip over some unseen object. You might not see him but he was hiding along the trail, waiting to stick out his foot, causing the accident. Again you didn't see him but if you listened carefully rather than offering a mild oath you could have heard the soft laughter.

An encounter I had up on Ontario Lake let me know that I had another visit by the *Mameguesu*. We had paddled down from Scattergood, finishing up with the challenging but delightful let-down from Kinnyu into Eagle Rock Lake. We pitched

out tents, ate dinner, and closed up our camp for the night. Sleep was not hard to come by. In the middle of the night I was suddenly awakened by something that fell across my face. It was the tent. I found my flashlight, stumbled out and surveyed the fallen tent.

The problem? Not one but two tent pegs had been pulled out. Now I know how to pitch a tent and I know darned good and well that those pegs were securely in place. There was no wind to do the job and anyway the pegs were on opposite sides of the tent.

I secured the pegs, making sure they would hold, at least until morning, and returned to the warmth of my sleeping bag. I swear, just before I fell asleep, I could hear a chuckle come from the forest nearby. You tell me. I think I know who the guilty culprit was.

One trick that was not so funny occurred on the Manitou River. We had heard the sound of the rapids well before we saw them, plenty of time to pull over to the bank and beach our canoes. Time to study the rapids before we shot them.

The current was fairly strong so we carefully beached the canoes, drawing them well up the bank so as to ensure their safety. We agreed on the course through the whitewater and headed back to the canoes.

A shout from my bowman alerted me to a rapidly approaching disaster; our canoe was drifting downstream, a short distance from the start of the rocky waterway. I kicked my shoes off, waded out into waist deep water, caught the errant canoe and brought it safely to shore.

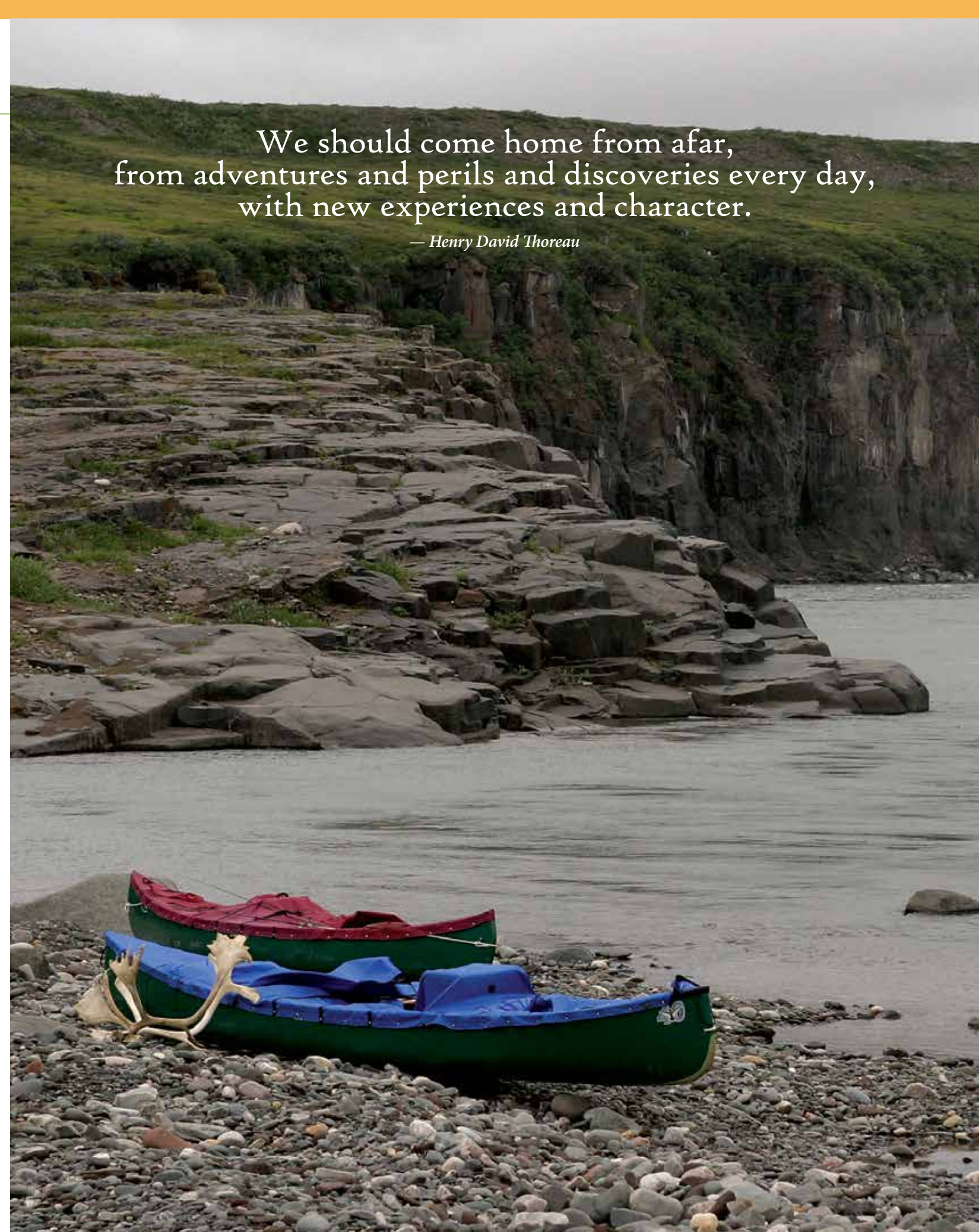
Now I know how to safely beach a canoe and I know full well what happens to a canoe trip when a canoe is lost for whatever reason. That canoe had been safely beached! How did it slide into the river? It didn't slide in by itself. It was pushed.

As we got back into our canoes and headed downriver we enjoyed the singing of the rapids but it seemed to be accompanied by a bit of laughter. I tell you, it was another trick of the *Mameguesu*.

So when you make your first trip into the canoe country of Ontario, know that those with you on the trail are not just fellow campers but the legendary little people of the north country, the *Mameguesu*.

We should come home from afar,
from adventures and perils and discoveries every day,
with new experiences and character.

— Henry David Thoreau





The 60's

Over 50 years ago, Camp had Sunday night hotdog roasts followed by scatterball on Cass Court. One tradition long ago was to eat watermelon and spit the seeds into Cass Lake. These traditions will continue to last another 50 years. Hotdogs, watermelon and scatterball? Count me in!



Thank You

Camp Chippewa Foundation wishes to thank all of those who have contributed so generously and thoughtfully to camp. Your contributions are vital to our success. Because of you, we can keep Chippewa at a limited enrollment. ***Thank you!***

Tad & Diana Allan
Charles & Jenny Beeler
Bryan Camp
Marjorie Coward
Jeff Dizon
Bob & Becky Endres
Brian & Joanne Endres
Chris & Terri Endres
John & Cammy Endres
Mike & Mary Endres
Robert & Esther Endres
Tauquir Fillabeen
Greg & Susan Finn
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Trent & Laurie Guthrie
Glad Hales
John Hales
David Hill
Tony & Barb Hirsch
Mike & Jane Huggins
Thomas Jeffers
Elizabeth Jones
Chris Knapp
Alex Kornman
William Kritzik

Ryan Kubly
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Vincent Martin
Bill & Peggy Mills
Bo Norris & Cathy Houlihan
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Liz Pola
Mark & Barb Quasius
Mr. & Mrs. David Ronk
Steve Rotter
Herb Rubenstein
Kent Seacrest
Chuck & Judy Spencer
Margo Stern
Linus & Jeane Stoll
Bill & Byrdie Thompson
Michael & Natalie Thompson
Roger & Laura Thompson
Ethan Winter
Cindy Wolfer

Fast forward to the year 2035, another summer with bunks filled, Canadian trips completed and an end-of-season 100th anniversary alumni blow-out. Is it difficult to imagine? Probably not, but what exactly will camp be like in 2035? That is the fundamental question we have used as the framework for our 2035 Group.

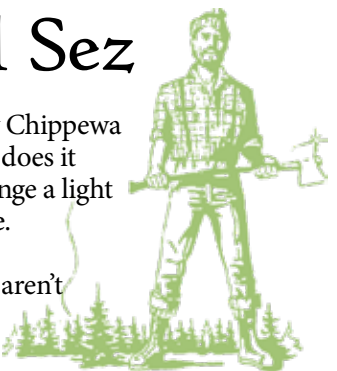
A diverse group of alumni, current moms and dads and staff are helping Chippewa carve the path to our 100th Anniversary. While still more than two decades away, Chippewa looks to this group to help strengthen camp today by envisioning the future. We look for input in one of four areas: Maintaining a program that retains the best of the past while staying relevant for today's campers. Develop and grow an outreach to the alumni. Find ways to continually select and retain the men and women who are the heart and soul of Chippewa. And lastly, secure the professional counsel to review and consider operational budget opportunities and challenges.

A big thank you to those Chippewa alumni, staff and parents who have volunteered for this exciting group. We continue to look for input from those who care deeply for Chippewa. If you have ideas or thoughts you'd like to share, please contact Michael Thompson by email, mkt@campchippewa.com. We would love to hear from you!

Listed are new and renewed donations received since the last issue of The CHIPS, December 2012.
Camp Chippewa Foundation is a 501(c)(3) charitable organization.
All donations are tax-deductible as provided under the law.

Paul Sez

How many Chippewa counselors does it take to change a light bulb? None. Chippewa counselors aren't afraid of the dark.



NASA has launched several Holsteins into low earth orbit. It was the herd shot around the world.



Please consider making a gift to Camp Chippewa

Make checks payable to:
Camp Chippewa Foundation
7359 Niagara Lane North
Maple Grove, MN 55311

Credit cards are accepted online at
www.campchippewa.com

Gifts may be directed to the Chippewa Annual Fund or to one of our two scholarships funds.

For more information, contact:
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For change of address,
please email Mike Endres at
mike@campchippewa.com



Who's Who 2013

continued from page 2

Avery Carlson Minneapolis MN
Thomas Sirodot Le François MQ
Evan Hansen Fort Collins CO
Drew Seyfert Lake Forest IL
Davis Ryan Wilmette IL
Sam Hatfield Inver Grove Heights MN
Charles Horn Pasadena CA
Carlos Capistran Juan Mexico City MX
Tomas Hallsby Batavia IL
Karl Hallsby Batavia IL
Punisa Lekovic San Marino CA
Luka Lekovic San Marino CA
Christopher Ye Beijing CN
Roan Pluta Winnetka IL
Atticus Pluta Winnetka IL
Stephen Levy North Barrington IL
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Eugenio Kuri Muzquiz Mexico City MX
Jack Hesse-Withbroe Lake Elmo MN
Joe Hesse-Withbroe Lake Elmo MN
Henry Miller Fox Point WI
Ben Drape Evanston IL
Manuel Bojorques Santa Fe NM
Gordon Mitchell Richmond VA
Antonio Neal Houston TX
Taylor Gaines Evanston IL
AJ Rosacker Ocean Ridge FL
Ryan Yang Beijing C
Michael Kennedy Milwaukee WI
Will Kennedy Milwaukee WI
Ryan Kennedy Milwaukee WI
Ian Hales Clarendon Hills IL
Isaiah Behnke San Jose CA
Billy Zhang San Dimas CA

Caught reading the Camp Chips

Counselors John Olson and Evan Tomer are caught reading the Chips at Camp Chippewa's Ski Rendezvous last February in Breckenridge, Colorado.

The Camp Chips is sent out far and wide. It may even reach the four corners of the world. As campers, staff, alumni and friends of Chippewa read the Chips, take a moment and snap a photo. Show us where you are! Grand Canyon? Panama Canal? Your back yard? Please send your photos to mary@campchippewa.com and they may be published in the next issue of the Chips!



Notable Quote

*There is a satisfaction in reaching some point on the map
in spite of wind and weather,
in keeping a rendezvous with some campsite
that in the morning seemed impossible of achievement.*

—Sigurd Olson