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By Dan Oseran

It was a balmy Tuesday and I remember it well… I had just finished doing Manny's morning breathing exercises and kindly chucking at the famous comb-over blowing in the wind when another camper decided that we'd ditch cabin cleanup to go find Silas Cropsy, the Mike Mires style former camper turned horror who supposedly lived in a cabin somewhere behind the Archery Range. The lore was too tempting and we nervously anticipated our adventure. After eating in the mess hall and filling up the bug-juice ("if you kill it you fill it"), we set out on our adventure. We got to the Tetherball pole before Ron Levine asked us where we were headed. Just taking the long way to Cabin 6.

So many memories of camp Waupaca…
Who remembers Las Vegas Night when that Tornado hit the camp??? The mess hall doors were opening and closing like they were controlled by a Poltergeist, the lights went off and the wind howled louder than a 747 over a chicken coup. It all ended in 10 minutes. "No, it wasn't a tornado," said Mike. "It was just high winds." High winds my touchas. I saw the old aluminum row boats in the trees and ski docks more twisted than bitter beer face. All happened on Las Vegas Night - talk about craps.

Speaking of craps, why were there always daddy long legs spiders in the bathrooms?

I know who really stunk up Hobo night.
The CIT village was the best place to live.
The Olympics (Who didn't like the spray painted metal washer medals that signified supremacy?).
The Blue/White War.
Tribes.

And how 'bout, July 4th, the morning where Paul Warshaur became Paul Revere and drove his red motor bike around camp informing us of the British arrival. (Paul apparently got to Waupaca just before the Beatles made it big).

Hopefully I've gotten a couple of laughs and "oh, yeah" remembrances out of you.

You know when Paul called me and asked me to write a little ditty about Waupaca, a few things went through my head. I thought about the fact that I hadn't actually thought about Waupaca in 15 years. But I had.

I've never done any acting, but I know I could because of the Paul's Waupaca Theater. We were doing Austin Powers way before their time. Whenever I am outside for a long period on a hot day, I instinctively know to "drink lots and lots of water" to prevent dehydration (thanks Maxine). I like to go hiking and camping and although I'm no crocodile hunter, my first experience with nature was in the area around Straton Lake. I work in the computer industry now and my first computer exposure was with the Apple II computers at Waupaca. I only signed up for computers because it was the sole air

conditioned room at camp. You name it, Archery, Rifflery, Capture the Flag, frog hunting, and although Warren could never get me to stand up on Water skis – I've seen it done.

Thanks to all the other campers and counselors who made Waupaca a great place.