Subj:	**My Year book artical**
Date:	11/30/01 1:15:15 AM Central Standard Time
From:	MG Thor
To:	WarshauerP

When I heard that there was not an article in this book from my era at camp I was compelled to submit. The story of my camp experience and the people that were a part of it were extraordinary. I was an 8 week camper from 1976-1981. It is impossible to put on paper the way I feel and the all the things that went on at camp during those years but I will try to give you a smattering.

I began at camp a cabin 3 kid just trying to make it in a big overnight camp for the first time. My older brother Mike Berke was a CIT in the village. He lived with Ricky Weinberger. It was even at that young age I realized that the CIT Village was the pinnacle of camp Waupaca. I met many campers along the way and graduated to cabin 7 where Ron Levine resided each year. I guess it was an honor to be chosen to be a camper in Ron's cabin as it was rumored that he hand picked each of his campers. I was not what you would call a model camper and found my self in trouble often. I was fortunate enough to have good friends both as campers and counselors. Jeff Rissman, Karamath Khan, Steve Prebish and I were a close group and I remember laughing with them at everything and everyone at camp for years. I still have fond memories of playing basketball on a hot day with Ray Krish officiating the game. He was very strict, and Often ejected me from the game for one reason or another. Ray actually taught me sportsmanship and that it is better to play hard and keep your mouth shut then to sit alone in your cabin all morning. Ray Drank way too much and was a bit of a grump, but a good man inside. Rick Passman, a ski instructor in 1976, dove out of a boat and saved my brothers life from drowning. It is said that Karamath khan, on of the most quality people in this world, jumped down a cliff to save a camper who had fallen to rocks below and lied lifeless during a hiking excursion. It was great fun to compete in all the sports activities against some truly good athletes. Rissman seemed to have the Red white & blue track meet figured out and won the thing just about every year. He was not as good a skier as me, but he sure thought he was. Rick Goldman & Eric Kaplan kept us laughing and are the funniest people I know. (Have lost touch with both by the way.) I had my first beer with Paul Warshauer the eve prior to parents weekend. We drank all night at the rifle range & just to be sure the counselor on duty & visiting parents the next morning would get a laugh, we lined the empties up along the shooting range. I am sure Manny did not find it so funny. Manny was the best camp owner that you could ask for. Always a smile and a pinch on the cheek, reminding me that "I have never had it so good." He was right. In part because of his youngest daughter Beth. She was a beautiful girl and a really good person. We had a relationship at camp my last few years which included excursions on the mini bike trails as well as Mannys cabin. I will never forget those great times.

I learned to water ski at camp and fell in love with the sport. It still remains a big part of my life today. Jeff Rissman and I left camp grounds on the last night of camp with a couple of kitchen girls and a case of beer. When we returned Manny had the police looking for us. Paul gave us the heads up that we were in big trouble and to turn ourselves in. Manny sat us on the porch and gave us a harsh lesson. I can still hear him yelling at us on a some summer nights. He told us we would never return to camp, but Paul somehow managed to talk Manny into giving us a second chance. I think one of the terms was no naked water skiing.

A few random thoughts on my era: Salt pills, running on the sand trails to the fields, the beautiful Lake Straton, Warshauer doing Groucho Marx on a rainy night. Singing fight songs at dinner. The Olympics, one of the greatest camper activities ever invented. Checking your stats on the board. The moment I heard Elvis died I was at the office. Canteen, the stars in the sky in Waupaca Wisconsin, the county fair and Warshauer in the demolition derby, The Merimac for pizza, Great people like Steve Rightmeister, Rich Turrell, Brenda, Sonya & Brett Wanty,Scot Diamond, "Camper" Keith, Phil Goldberg, Joel Fink, Mike Hollobow, Brad Poland, & John Schmitt to name just a few.

Great people, good times and memories to last a lifetime.

Thank you,
Greg Berke

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Greg Berke's Yearbook Article (1976-1981)

When I heard that there was not an article in this book from my era at camp I was compelled to submit. The story of my camp experience and the people that were a part of it were extraordinary. I was an 8 week camper from 1976-1981. I came to camp after my brother Mike had attended for a few years. It is impossible to put on paper the way I feel and the all the things that went on at camp during those years but I will try to give you a smattering.

My parents must have had Manny come to our house. My mother we researched the camp and she found out the director, location was OK. B'nai B'rith connection, high school sorority, Grandma knew Manny! Well rounded camp. Manny with the slides.

I began at camp a cabin 3 kid just trying to make it in a big overnight camp for the first time. My older brother Mike Berke, who is four years older, was a CIT in the village. One of his friends lived in the village with Ricky Weinberger. It was even at that young age I realized that the CIT Village was the pinnacle of any camper's career at Camp Waupaca. I stayed at camp to become a CIT. 3,7,10,15, CIT back to 3 as Cabin CIT.

I met many campers along the way and graduated taura ofr Ron's o cabin 7 where Ron Levine resided each year for many years. I guess it was an honor to be chosen to be a camper in Ron's cabin as it was rumored that he hand picked each of his campers. I was not what you would call a model camper and found my self in trouble often. I was fortunate enough to have good friends both as campers and counselors. Jeff Rissman, Karamath Khan, Steve Prebish and I were a close group and I remember laughing with them at everything and everyone at camp for years. Perhaps I was allowed to stay with Ron's cabin because of my loose affiliation with them. I never would have been allowed on my own. I did do stats for Ron one year which was an honor. Stats were done by campers. Prebish Rissman, Khan, Hollobow and we got to miss first period classes to work in the program office.

I still have fond memories of playing basketball on a hot day with Ray Krish officiating the game. He was very strict, and often ejected me from the game for one reason or another. Ray actually taught me sportsmanship and that it is better to play hard

and keep your mouth shut then to sit alone in your cabin all morning. Ray Drank way too much and was a bit of a grump, but a good man inside. Both Ray ad Ron were goof officials and didn't take crap from anyone. If you were playing basjetball you wanted Ray as an official. He gave us all nicknames while we were playing. Sometimes the names were cute and humorous, other times they were embarrassing. But other games it was great to have Ron. He knew the rules and din;t take crap from anyone. He intimidated most campers but no one talked back to him. The camp breeded the sick competitive edge; competition, cabin clean up was competion,. Two or three leagues were going on. World series, basketball, rugby and everyone had individual stats. You could be ridiculed for having a bad average. Ridicle could follow you through the day.

I won the Brian Piccolo award despite the fact that I was considered a poor sport. I evolved and finally won the award. I won a lot when I was in the village. It was big deal They took your picture and put in on the wall for what we thought was eternity.

Rick Passman, a ski instructor in 1976, dove out of a boat and saved my brother's life from drowning. The life jacket was too big for him and kept him submerged.

It is said that Karamath Khan, one of the most quality people in this world, jumped down a cliff to save a camper who had fallen to rocks below and lied lifeless during a hiking excursion. Perry Goldberg had gotten too close to the edge. It was said that Bob Mowen said silently, "Lord, Manny we finally lost one!"

It was great fun to compete in all the sports activities against some truly good athletes. Jeff Rissman seemed to have the Red White & Blue Track meet figured out and won the thing just about every year. I won't say that he cheated but…

Rick Goldman & Eric Kaplan kept us laughing and are the funniest people I know. I Have lost touch with both by the way and should call them.

I had my first beer with Paul Warshauer on the eve prior to parents weekend. We had a few beers at the rifle range & just to be sure that the rifle counselor on duty (was it mike Lurie?) & visiting parents the next morning would get a laugh. We lined the empties up along the shooting range.

Manny was the best camp owner that you could ask for. Always a smile and a pinch on the cheek, reminding me that "I have never had it so good." He was right. In part because of his youngest daughter Beth. She was a beautiful girl and a really good

person. We had a relationship at camp my last few years which included excursions on the mini bike trails as well as in Manny's cabin. I will never forget those great times.

I learned to water ski at camp and fell in love with the sport. It still remains a big part of my life today. Rissman was not as good a skier as me, but he sure thought he was, although I never skied naked on my birthday at Camp Waupaca. My water skiing mentor was Gordy Adams who with John Schmidt ran a great ski department. Despite Warren's claim about teaching a million campers to ski, Gordy and John were great. Gordy taught jeff and I how to barefoot ski. We had a ski show for many years and Jeff and I attempted a "double barefoot beach start." I was planning and Jeff fell. He will be the first to admit this!

Rissman and I left camp grounds on the last night of camp with a couple of kitchen girls and a case of beer. When we returned Manny had the police looking for us. Paul Warshauer was in the mess hall putting the yearbooks together. He gave us the heads up that we were in big trouble and to turn ourselves in. Manny was furious and sat us on the porch and gave us a harsh lesson. I can still hear him yelling at us on that summer night. He told us we would never return to camp, but Paul somehow managed to talk Manny into giving both of us a second chance. I think one of the terms was no naked water skiing.

A few random thoughts on my camp era:

Salt pills.

Running on the sand trails from the archery field to the far fields, or to the beach, the beautiful Lake Stratton.

Warshauer doing Groucho Marx on a rainy night.

Singing fight songs at dinner.

The Olympics, one of the greatest camper activities ever invented; the medals, the anthems played in the mess hall, the shirts, the flags.

Jeff Rissman beating Warren Metzdorff in an arm wrestling match in the village.

Checking your stats on the board.

The moment I heard Elvis died I was at the camp office.

Canteen.

The stars in the sky in Waupaca Wisconsin

The county fair and Warshauer in the demolition derby,

The Merimac for pizza.

Great people like Steve Reitmeister, Rich Turrell, Brenda, Sonya & Brett Wanty, Scott Diamond, "Camper" Keith (Is my lip swollen) Kundert.

Phil Goldberg, Joel Fink, Mike Holobow, Brad Poland, & John Schmitt to name just a few.

These were great people, good times and memories to last a lifetime.

Thank you,
Greg Berke , camper