A Tale of Three Stories; Camp Waupaca Lore
Complied by Detective Paul "The Frog" Warshauer
(Metzdorff, Levin and Saunders)

As Warren Tells It: (To Warshauer. Notes were taken and the original notes are locked in a Mayonnaise jar on the porch of Barney Town)

I always hated AJ Levin. He was a spoiled little brat. He upped and left one summer because he couldn't ski every day every hour. One year at parent's day his Dad came up and they packed him up and off he went, the spoiled little shit.

We tried to accommodate his skiing but Camp Waupaca had a well-rounded program and kids should try all different activities.

I told him to go to a water-skiing camp but my pleas fell on deaf ears. He wouldn't listen, the little shit.

Why would his father allow him to get away with such behavior?

Lennie brought some wind surfers to camp. He talked Manny into getting a few of these new devices but after some CITs peeked through a window and looked at Lennie's wife while she was in the shower, Lennie decided not to come back to camp. Lennie was a little shit. Anyway.

AJ wanted to go windsurfing one day; I think this was after Lennie and his wife, who was a Nurse, the mean bitch, were gone. So someone else was doing the windsurfers. AJ went out, after I told him he shouldn't because the wind was too rough. He snuck out… I am not sure who let him go, but it was someone, let him go and he got trapped on the other side of the lake. Well, I told him that he shouldn't go and he got stuck so I took the boat over and told him he would have to paddle back to shore, the little shit. I mean after all he should learn a lesson. Some other person who lived on the lake felt sorry for the little shit, she towed him back to camp. I told her that although she was trying to do good, it would have been better for AJ to have learned his lesson.

Warren Metzdorff, April 16, 2002

As A.J. Levin Tells It: (To Warshauer. Notes are available anytime anywhere)

I always hated Warren Metzdorff. He was a lousy ski boat driver anyway. I left camp one summer at parent's day during the fifth week to go off to Meyers Basketball camp. I did NOT leave because I was irritated at Camp or at Warren. Warshauer was a cool counselor and taught me to sail. He then made me an admiral. He promoted himself to Commodore, though; No catching his ego! The basketball camp sucked so I came back to Waupaca the next year, too. Manny did not like to sign up five week campers so we made a secret deal with him; Warren, as usual, must not have been in the loop.

The next year my friend Scott Fox busted his knee right before the Early bird trip. His knee was so messed up he had to go home. I went with him as he was my best friend and he would have had a miserable time at home doing nothing. I stayed with him. I was 11 or 12.

One year during the Olympics I won the silver medal, not the gold. I was pissed. I will always blame Warren. He was driving the boat and I had hoped that John Morris would drive me. John knew how to get me airborne on a flying dock start. I think Warren rigged it so that the Wanty boy would win. Gentiles stick together.

Regarding the wind surfing deal. Kenny Saunders took me out after Warren said he could not watch all of us at the same time. Kenny and I went into the big lake and I do recall getting stuck. Warren drove the boat over to us but did NOT pick me up. I think that Kenny went for help and got a nice neighbor to haul us both back. When we got to the channel, Kenny sailed back, I let the nice boat driver tow me back to shore.

AJ Levin, April 20, 2002

{Kenny Saunders corroborated AJ Levin's story via cellular telephone April 20, 2002}