Obituary for Michael A Euer

On behalf of the Camp Waupaca Reunion Group, we offer our sincere condolences to Elizabeth, David, and his family.

I met Mike at Camp Waupaca in the late 1960s. He was the waterfront director at the time. Kind, compassionate, and patient, Mike was a great teacher. I earned my Senior Lifesaving badge from the Red Cross and a special award for swimming 50 miles in Lake Stratton during the summer. I watched Mike work with the Beginner simmers and his approach was the same with the older simmers: Patience, great preparation, and amazing knowledge. He had the WSI, a prized certificate that allowed him to teach swimming BUT also to teach lifeguards and other swim instructors. When I attended Northwestern, I enrolled and earned my WSI proudly showing it to Mike when I returned that summer. The class was one of the hardest physical challenges I ever experienced. Naturally, I was built a little differently back then.

Later Mike became the Assistant Director at camp and ran the office. He had many tasks and did them professionally and with a smile. He organized the laundry, the mail, kept the accounts for all manner of expenses called the Canteen, and made announcements on the PA many times during the day. Most campers had never heard a Missouri accent so learned to like the lilting tones of "Tension, tension please, this is the end of first period Monday Wednesday Friday class, Please move to your second period class." Or the legendary announcement, "Worsh up for lunch!"

One of his specialties was silk screening. He made literally hundreds of shirts for many camp programs including the camp Olympics, Blue & White War, and specialty programs like Gold Rush Day, and Spy vs Spy on the Fourth of July. So many screens! He made many team shirts but I felt left out as an official so I requested shirts for the officials. He created a design and printed a dozen official shirts so the other staff did not feel left out. Mike loved the goofy plays I created every year and created props, and occasionally typed the programs.

He was assigned his own cabin and in his refrigerator he had a stainless steel container that read, "Photo chemicals; Do Not Drink." The actual contents were the ingredients for high-powered Martinis! It was an honor to be invited to attend a cocktail party in his quarters. For the new staff it was a special honor to be able to have a drink at camp! I taught Mike the acronym, RHIP. Rank has its privilege. His late wife, Georgia, friends Mike Lurie, Bob Mowen and I would venture into the countryside to visit supper clubs like Peck's Plantation, (in Sun Prairie, WI.)

After Camp Waupaca closed in 1988, Mike found a job at Camp Nock-a-Mixon in Pennsylvania. He asked me if I wanted a job there and we traveled to Kintnersville, PA for a summer that lacked the warmth and charm of our beloved Camp Waupaca. Mike thought he would be the "waterfront director" but it turned out he became a superintendent of the large swimming pool. I had the job of unit supervisor. The camp had 700 campers and was run like a business. There was no Manny Desnet, our beloved boss at Camp Waupaca, and neither of us returned the following summer.

Mike remained my dear friend over the years and we maintained a lively correspondence. I will miss my friend and his distinctive Missouri accent and folksy sayings like, "Skin your own skunks," "Worsh up for dinner," and the use of his "watermelon clap" used to congratulate campers for accomplishments. Mike had

a big heart, a genuine smile, and a sincerely love of teaching both in the formal school setting and I nthe more informal summer camp setting.

Rest in Peace, my dear friend.