Summer Camp 1964 was much like other summer camps are reported to have been. We spent 12 wonderful weeks in the modern naturally steam heated University cabins, lounged on the shores of beautiful Lake Wappapello, and ate beanie-weenies for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. The K.P.s were overpaid, Ralph Musbach collected board assessments, and everybody (except John Paulsmeyer) became proficient at volleyball. However, there were some rather notable differences this year.

It was rather quickly discovered that library facilities were to be had within a very short drive of Camp. Books were rather few in number, but volume was unlimited at the Wappapello Library. Head librarian Don Manley was always ready with another 12 fl. oz. answer for any student’s problem.

We also decided that we needed a mascot. Since the University Forest is such a stinky place anyway, Fonk, a junior sized skunk, was duly selected. It was generally held that the guys in Cabin 2 were safe in keeping him in his natural condition because “Little skunks can’t fonk you.” This “Old Foresters’ Tale” was rather thoroughly dispelled when Bob Glock mistook Fonk for a big (?) late one night and tried to squash him. McHardy, who unfortunately happened to be sleeping in the general direction of Fonk’s posterior region, took three showers and a sleeping pill before calling it a malodorous night. The next morning Milton Greenstreet provided a solution for the odor problem in Camp—“Burn the damn cabin down.”

Fonk was allowed to stay for a month before being requested to leave. The facts surrounding his departure are rather clouded, but they seem again to revolve around one Bob Glock (some people never learn). It seems that Mr. Glock was trying to put Fonk in his suitcase and Fonk did not desire to do so. We have not yet determined why anyone would want a skunk in his suitcase, but everyone is entitled to his own personal preferences.
Wine, women, and song were rather strikingly absent for most of the inhabitants of Summer Camp, so boredom was somewhat of a problem. During the early part of August some of the troops decided that the boredom could be partially alleviated by copious amounts of the former and latter of the above trio. A good old-fashioned ice cream social was therefore duly scheduled late one dismal Sunday afternoon. Several tourists reported seeing curious forms swinging in the trees along the lake shores that evening, but these reports were largely ignored.

Later that same night Willard (Puddles) Schnurbusch decided to water the flowers in his cabin. We cannot question his intentions, but the results were rather unpleasant as he mistook Bob Lowrey's boots for a couple of daisies.

Lest those who have not been to our fine vacationland in the Ozarks be misled, may we hasten to say that some study is required of the individual student. Occasionally a report must be prepared, and two or three tests will be taken over the course of the summer. Various guest lecturers will expound on runt pigs, mulberry trees, and bottomland hardwoods (including cottonwood). The student is also instructed in the care and usage of the machette (the final e is silent), and introduced to Armstrong's manual. And of course, there is always the sawmill to operate.
Dan Napier in particular became obsessed with the studious aspects of Summer Camp. Dendrology so intrigued him that he decided to try the Engler Prantl system of plant classification on some of the local fauna. A particular female specimen in the vicinity of Snyder’s Ditch seemed to draw his attention. Evidently it presented some unusual problems, for a whole summer of Friday and Saturday night field trips did not seem to have accomplished the job.

Some outstanding students distinguished themselves over the course of the 12 weeks. After learning that trees grow straight up, the Goldbrick Twins, Awsh and Nosh, went on to become outstanding engineering students. It is also rumored that two Logging and Milling students have been asked to return and teach the course next summer. Harry Bredfeldt will teach the operation of the mill equipment, and Conrad Rehagan will give instructions in the art of sawing high quality pine veneer with a circular saw.

Yes, that was the summer that was. It began with a small pain in the arm, then there was a larger pain in the pocketbook, and finally 12 long weeks of pain. Milton Greenstreet became particularly pained when the major portion of the inhabitants of a yellow-jacket’s nest got into his pants. He had neglected to first get out, but he was not long indoining so—on the dead run.

Other things not worth telling did occur, and some things which for various reasons cannot be told also occurred. For greater details any one of the 27 fortunate fellas who went to Summer Camp 1964 may be consulted.

In closing we would like to send a great big friendly hello to Mac’s Pit Bar-B-Q on West Hwy. 67 in Poplar Bluff. You will long be remembered for your unsurpassable hospitality.

“Now the leaf is connected to the twig and the twig is
Upper left: "Is that fifth or sixth for you, Butch."
Upper right: "I didn't know they were grazing cattle, here."
Center left: A hard day's night.
Center: "And there we were, just me and the Karkagne."
Center right: "Is Oak a hardwood or a softwood?"
Lower left: Umgara.
Lower right: "Next time we buy tab tops. I'm tired of lookin' for a church key."