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I attended Camp Waupaca in the summer of 1961. There were already several Omaha kids going to camp at that time. I remember clearly going to my friend Steve Katzman's house to see camp movies and meet Skipper Kuklin, although I can't honestly say that I remember Skipper from that time. Interestingly, I held the hupa at Steve's wedding in the same living room 14 years later, but that is another story.

Camp recruiting took place in December or January, looking out the window today; I can see the allure that the slides of Stratton Lake had for my folks. Omaha is a frozen waste at best, this time of year. In the summer the weather is hot and humid. The idea of spending a lot of time outside in the summer, even to a kid, is unappealing. Affluent kids, who went to camp, went away. To most of us this meant Wisconsin.

Skipper was a man with serious Nebraska roots. There was a sizable Kuklin family encampment in Lincoln and Skipper went to the University of Nebraska and was a member of one of the Jewish Fraternities. During the 1940s, very few Jewish individuals went out of the state to college. Since the fraternities were more or less restricted, the Jewish guys at the University Nebraska had grown up together and eventually moved together into the same neighborhood in Omaha.

This insular Jewish community of the 1950's was the nucleus of Camp Waupaca's Omaha connection. I lived within easy walking distance of most of the kids who went to camp from Omaha. We certainly went to the same grade school and later junior high. Our fathers and mothers were friends, old neighbors, or cousins. Skipper's connection here grew along these tangent lines.

Camp Waupaca was relatively easy to get to from Omaha. We flew to Chicago and joined the mass of Chicago kids sometimes going by bus and at least once by train. My first year we flew to Chicago, stayed overnight in a downtown hotel (very cool) and took the train to Appleton. Chuck Cooper had the dubious honor of meeting us and shepherding us to camp. In later years, as air service improved, we flew to Stevens Point on

North Central Airlines. If they owned any planes besides DC-3s we didn't see them. Although they obviously had a huge effect on my cousin John Rosenberg a camper who ultimately became an airline pilot.