



THE TROUT LAKE MONSTER STRIKES AGAIN! (Otherwise known as Big Foot Breaks a Foot)

Here is the story of how a poor man from Hillsdale had a trepidous scrape with sheer grizzly danger!

Q. Mr. James Dolan, the noted physician, I realize you're badly shaken, but could I ask you some questions about the horrid demise of your foot?

A. Yes.

Q. Could you describe the monster for our impatient readers?

A. Yes. He was a shadowy thing.

Q. What was the first thing you thought of when you saw the monster?

A. My foot hurt.

Q. What was the first thing you did when you saw the monster?

A. I shouted.

Mr. Dolan was beginning to shake now, as if he was reliving the ghastly moments of his recent past. I calmed him down and we proceeded.

Q. At what approximate time did this ghoulish chapter of you life take place?

A. Between 2:00 and 3:00 AM.

Q. Could you explain the broken chair in you cabin for our skeptical readers, please?

A. The chair has been broken for a couple of days.

Q. Next summer, are you planning to return to Timlo and be in proximity to that wretched beast, the Trout Lake Monster?

A. Yes. I will not let my fear overcome me.

Q. After the oft celebrated inescapable deed was done, is it true that Al Johnson valiantly and courageously extricated you from the clutches and throes of that unscrupulous monster?

A. No, Al just scared it away.

Q. Are you sure Al wasn't the monster?

A. Yes, I'm sure.

Thank you, Mr. Dolan.

Eric D. Carlson

A TRIP TO SCHROON LAKE

We started at 9:30 in the morning with Barks, Alan Walker and Fred McConnell as the driver. When we got to the camp site, Alan, Philip Krause, Stu and myself cooked lunch. Later we went swimming almost all day because we were going on a hike the next day and since it rained we couldn't do anything else. Andy Lopez fell in the water with his clothes on. Richard and Andy went fishing with the other kids and every time they threw the hook in the water, they would catch a fish. Later we ate soup and Chicken a la King. Barks made a campfire and told ghost stories and we roasted marshmallows. The next day we went swimming with Barks again.

Jaime Oller

THE MIXER

On Monday night, cabins 7, 8, 9, and 10 were driven over to Pine Log to attend The Mixer. It was with some trepidation that the Timlo Braves dismounted their Green Gherkin van, but the warm welcome of the Pine Loggers set them at ease.

Josh's spear-chucker music had to be an improvement on the distorted mish-mash with which the freeze dance began and soon almost everyone was jumping and jiving around the floor. Eric Carlson surely was mix master of the night--did he miss one dance?

Chris Benco and Greg Johnson showed that even the smoothest operator has to have time to pick up technique; what Doug lacked in technique he made up in enthusiasm, courage and stomped toes. Towards the end of the evening, Larry Glance showed his virtuosity with his lobster sidestroke. Noticeable for his absence was J. D., but Bambi and the Australian who works in the craft shop held the floor during a smoochy slow, slow dance. Bob and Max, Ken and Robin considered the possibilities and did it.

The verdict--a great start to a new era in camp life. Our thanks to those who arranged the dance.

Your Roving, Romping Reporter.

CAMP TIMLO VICTORIOUS

On Monday night, Camp Timlo encountered their first inter-camp competition of the year. The opponents were a Warrensburg Little League Baseball team. When all the shouting died down, Timlo came out on top 8 to 0 in a four inning stint. The heroes were John DeHoust and David Propp who paved the way to victory.

DeHoust led the hitting department with a double and a 2-run triple. John's triple started off the scoring in the bottom of the second with his 3-base blast. Propp, on the other hand, held the opponents to two hits while striking out six. Propp had some tight situations with walks he gave up, but he always came through in the clutch with his timely strike-outs.

The infield should also be mentioned. They only gave up one error and produced some good fielding. Around the horn were "Little Abe" Lincoln Sokolski at third, John Boinis at short-stop, Billy Terzi at second and Tom "Boog" Lapham at first. The catcher was Mike Coster, who celebrated his deeds at the mixer after the game. The outfield consisted of DeHoust in left, Jon Sokol in center and David Benco in right.

After the game, head coach Dave Parry with his assistants Steve Voytowich and Paul DeVito expressed their pleasure over the team's abilities. But Dave summed it up by saying that the team must improve when they play the larger camps in the area. Again, though, Dave remarked that the team's victory was a great way to begin the season.

Steve Voytowich

EARLY MORNING

Walk out some morning before the bell rings and just absorb the birds singing joyfully for those patient enough to listen. The soft sweet dew on your toes feels cool and refreshing. Smell the pine needles. You can almost taste the aroma of breakfast drifting spritely from the Lodge. You see the lake; it seems so tranquil, doesn't it? In fact, the impressions one gets may be many and varied, but if you look closely, there is an aura of peace and serenity about you not found any other time of day. This is why my favorite time of day is in the early morning.

Eric D. Carlson

HEAD COUNSELOR'S CORNER

Junior Life Saving instruction began today, July the 17th, at 6:15 AM. Anyone from the ages of 11 to 14 can participate in the course and I would like to encourage anyone eligible to join the class. Campers will be instructed in basic water safety and rescue. Tonight, a special lecture will be held and mouth-to-mouth resusitation will be demonstrated on ResusAnne. All waterfront personnel, counselors and others interested are encouraged to attend.

Bob Shlichenmaier