



25 Years of Tops!

Weekend III / Waterpark!

Let's set up by the fallen tree.

(John's suggestion, rejected silently, daily)

Oh, damn straight, Gary's going to hear about this.

(Gary, President of Steak and Shake USA, wanted to know of our printed clearly comments.)

Everyone's afraid of the aspici.

(Webster's: "A clear jelly typically made of stock and gelatin and used as a glaze or garnish or to make a mold of meat, fish, or vegetables." Us: The goo on the stilchester. Spoken around 2:30 a.m. in Room 214.)

Sans moo.

(All the world's a Steak and Shake. As Elizabeth liked it, her coffee was without cream.)

Faux Pho.

(What they would make at the Vietnamese diner downtown if they ran out of the real thing.)

Stew reminds me of soup.

(At the Vietnamese diner downtown. Context unclear.)

My what a pretentious bag of cheese. And look what she's carrying.

(Bryan with the set up, Deb with the punchline.)

You don't have to go around, Ed. You have a Yukon.

(Advice from Elizabeth to Ed, in response to the recognition that a lawn separated the current from a desired location.)

They're where the beach towels used to be.

(Question from Deb Dicke: "Excuse me" -- asked at the Target whilst attempting to accouter ourselves with swimming finery -- "but can you tell me where the swimsuits are?")

Excuse me, but I didn't order the falafel.

(Or mayhap these be so-called "hash browns" referenced in the menu of victuals. {Spoken while breaking fast at the Steak and Shake.})

Weekend V: Ewww Lake Evergreen

Hoffman: I think Springfield has been pooh-pooed. Schneider: I already poohed it.

Hence the name Lake Evergreen ... This looks and smells like what's at the bottom of a port-a-potty. We now know why they call it Lake Evergreen.

Uncle Herschel's colitis was acting up. | Cracker Barrel offered ol' Unc's favorites for breakfast. The choice of Metamucil or Pepto-Bismol was at least appreciated.

The knorks never really took off. | Sporks, on the other hand ...

My son is dead? | And the winner of the Sofia Coppola Unexpected Inflection award goes to ...

It doesn't have to be funny to be good comedy | John Kieken

Weekend VII: Match Game 1675

"I'm such an ass** ... Oh, I'm so drunk."**

– Quoth Mike. First stated around 6:07 p.m. at the marina and then again 38 more times for the next hour and a half. Submitted by John K.

"I know all about your kind of people."

– Mrs. Dale Gribble. Submitted by YOS

"I kind of went in a different direction."

– Deb Dicke, as Brett Somers. Submitted by Beth

"Pace yourself; it's going to be a long night."

– Mary Jo. Was she talking to the room or to the guests down the hall? Or maybe to the nebbish desk clerk who eventually stuck half his head into the room at 2:30 a.m. and made gratuitous suggestions concerning volume levels. Submitted by Beth.

Erudite Juvenilism

– Steve's characterization, for his mother Nora and Uncle Richard, of the spirit of Weekend. Hmmm. It seems we may be oxymoronic. Perhaps without the oxy.

"But you still haven't told me where the dog was."

– Mr. Dale Gribble. Submitted by Deb

Weekend VIII | River Tubes / Allen Ludden

“Looks like seventeen years of vegetarianism out the window.”

(Yes, Beth, Sharon’s “tuna” salad will do that to you.)

Robert the Doll. (It is critical with this one to enunciate in a Hagean baritone.)

“Peaseblossom!” (Mike liked saying that, a lot, with corresponding flourish.)

“Can I get a bit of the Kurosawa?” (Requesting a favorite soundtrack from Beth’s 50-cent plastic flute.)

“Well, I must have had someone in the bar this morning who worked at a cheese factory.” (Waitress at Puempel’s, after Bryan’s discourse on the bacterial relation between limburger and body odor.)

“Shine on, shine on Sturgeon Moon ... !”

“Oh, just get an armload of food.” (Instructions to Bryan on his way to buy fixin’s for breakfast.)

“Oh, is there paperwork to fill out?” (Melissa, on seeing Top Ten entry forms being completed.)

Do dogs pee in the water while they’re swimming – or poop, for that matter? ... Good boy, Lenny! Good boy! ... No, downstream, downstream! ... Oh, that’s just *nasty*. (The final comment from Hage.)

“Oft won, never washed.” (Ed’s troubling observation on the GoH.)

“Is that Homeric or classical Greek?” (Bryan, binoculars in hand, being queried about the words on the prop Port-O-John on stage.)

What exactly is the definition of ‘armload’? (An Ed-xistential question, from the unit of measure that firewood is sold by at the resort. Many advanced degrees never found a satisfactory conclusion.)

“Going to hell in a Rachel Ray Waste Bowl.” (Bryan, updating a classic.)

“Screw you guys; I’m getting on that canoe.” (Sayeth Deb during our strung-together tube tour, referring to the offer she received from a passing and presumably more handsome group.)

“Aris-toph-anes?!” (Bryan’s dramatic reading while docenting the Allen Ludden Papers tour.)

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“Don’t f*%# a whore without a condom, and don’t put your purse in a urinal.” (Hage’s proposed solution to 80 percent of the nation’s public health issues.)

Weekend IX | Weekend Olympiad / The Lodge

Why can’t anyone make a decision? | *Alex – so wise so young. From Deb.*

You’re lucky I didn’t have my bare ass on that one. | *Andrea, shortly after the sublime sound of a whoopee cushion echoed through the ballroom.*

That’s not bug spray. It’s Easy Off Oven Cleaner. | *Mike at APT. From Bryan*

I believe in pleasure units! | *Andrea*

Guys, what about the swale!? | *Safety Officer Andrea wants no twisted ankles. From John.*

Seriously, you are going to have to stop that. | *Chris, presumably supine and in near whisper, apparently not appreciating his 11:55a wake-up call courtesy of Alex, a microphone and an amplifier. From John.*

Sure, I never mind a little Cockburn. | *And variations of same. It is believed Scott introduced us to this game.*

Weekend X | Clam Bake!

Q. You mean there are drinks that don’t have alcohol in them? A. Yes, those are called “mixers”. (Mike with the Q. Hage, the A.)

Bivalves don’t wear hats. (Chris deconstructing “Clam, I Am.”)

I’ve been in your underwear for 15 minutes. (Mary Jo to brother John; a reference to the scavenger hunt, mind you. From Steve.)

Smell Cap Bone. (John Hoffman’s charades clue. Think: Infamous gangster. From Beth)

Weekend XI | Family Game Night

Shhhhh! | An especially snobby and bossy crane foundation visitor, with her advice to a Weekender contingent. From Elizabeth

I will go to bed and cease to be your entertainment. | Chris in the center of the smoking rotunda, just after being awakened by the laughter that followed a sleep nod. From Elizabeth.

It's like looking at the dead popes. | Bryan and/or Mike, upon viewing the microbrewery in the basement through the floor windows of the Corner Pub/Bakery/Brewery. From Elizabeth

If cranes are on your bucket list, check it off now. | Quoth Bryan

I don't think a horse is an ungulate. | Said Chris

Don't worry, I'm not looking at your wife's ass ... even though it's in my face. | John to Chris. We were playing Twister. From Jaime

"The one problem is that the oven's been leaking gas from a lot of different places." | An admonition we received after the kitchen remodeling.

Weekend XII | The Twisted Olive Supper Club / Canoes

I think I just prevented cancer for the rest of my life. | Chris, after burying his head into Mike's giant bag of greens

Is this our pie? | Chris

Whose f*ing pie do you think it is? Do you think people just drive around Wisconsin dropping off pies?** | Mike

Yes. | Chris

It's not emasculatingly pink. | Bryan, referring to a rose wine

It looks like this is the big sandbar on the map, which means we're already about 40% done. The trestle's probably right around that bend. | John, off. Way. But the big sand bar at this point becomes a fully stocked one for the next overconfident hour.

No one's looking. | Mike, while John finds his level in the river after several upstream carafe tips. Blazizzle-filled-carafe tips, to be precise.

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I am. | Nearby canoer. See Top immediately above.

I really enjoyed the canoe trip. | Bryan, the last Weekender one would have expected to and the only Weekender who did deploy this sentence.

The Bataan Death Canoe. | Chris

Technically we did not capsize. | Ed

He's lying. | Beth, after Chris has gotten four and a half words into our tale of bumping into Bob Riverside at the convenience store

Good lord, man, give your physiology a little credit. | John's advice to an impatient Mike as our eyes adjusted to the night. From Bryan

Rice-a-phoney. | John, referring to the attempt to dry out Ed and Sharon's cellular devices.

Come again | Sign on the Don Q Inn door, which, after going through the creepy tunnel and hall of barber chairs, seemed less a friendly suggestion by the proprietors and more our own puzzled questioning.

Weekend XIV | Burr House / Victorian Game Night

That killed in Spring Green. | Our attempts to entertain at the Ewing Estate ended with mixed results. DD

A Dither in Burr House. | Deb's suggested title for the book version of our jaunt.

Mary Ann still needs to talk with you. | Surly lodge owner not happy with his guests. Deb thankfully averted the lecture.

Burrrr House is a very very very old house (old house!) ... Paint peeling off the walls. Dust bunnies in the halls ... With two guys in the yard. Not working very hard ... With mold spores in the rugs, look out for those bed bugs. | Apologies to CSNY. The Collective.

Thus Blows the Grand Seigneur. | Those Victorians sure knew how to use a parlour. As well as a bag of floor and laps.

I just dinglebelled my shorts. | The dangers of removing a jester hat while holding a glass of wine. JH

Looks good ... | Burr House owner's announcement upon bringing out breakfast: Was never clear if she intended an exclamation point or a question mark.

Weekend XV | Vaudeville Murder Mystery

“When Pushkin comes to shovekin.” | Mike

“Why did you come here? ... Towanda around.” | Tommye

“All at the same time?” | Tommye after our server went through the exhaustive list of possible burger condiments at Kick’s in Towanda.

“In 50 years I’ve never seen a duplicate, Ed.” | Said prior to the first of three charade Oz’s

“Oh dear, here comes Mrs. Vrooman with her loaf cart.” | The Queen, despite her better judgment, commands me ...

The Lobster Lover’s Lament (Genre: Country/Western). “The window shades are drawn, my wife’s face is drawn, the bank man says my account is OVER-drawn. But my butter ain’t hardly drawn at all. What’s a man to dip his two-tined fork in?”

“Nothing with a tail or a foot” | Bryan’s wine buying guide

“Everyone knows we’re wending.”

“They call me the Butcher of Bloomington.” | Richard II, aka the artistic director.

“This replica plaque honoring that replacement tree ...”

Weekend XVI | Beverly Hillbillies Mystery Night

- **You don't even have to have a line to be a bad actor.** | Mike M, speaking of the skittish bit players.
- **This Indignation Meeting is hereby called to order.** | We learned that when people felt irked in the 1800s, they got together and whined. We intend to revive the tradition.
- **It's rude to do email at the table.** | Bonnie to Fran, after we encouraged her to take out her phone to help her figure out various functions.
- **And when I first opened the bed and breakfast, I realized people would be walking right into my area. So I built a wall.** | From a tour of the Burr House, our earlier haunt, we learned clearly what the owner thinks of people like us. From Bryan

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- **And the embalming surgeon might also sign up the subject for a trial New Yorker subscription and then observe carefully to see whether he ultimately renews or cancels.** | The Civil War undertaking demonstration offered many, many tests to confirm demise. Others we wondered about: Shave and a haircut, start a knock-knock joke, take the subject to a black-tie concert and watch his reaction ...
- **You put your hair away, and we'll take the cheese out.** | YOS with the annual cheese conveyance quote. Deb still had her Ellie Mae costume on. From DD.

Weekend XVII | Paint 'N' Sip / Allerton Estate

“What the hell, Odell?” | Tommye, with an update of “To wander around.”

“That’s not retro. It’s what it is.” | Mick’s observation of the Café 110 décor – and winner of the Most Insightful Comment about Art and Life Award.

“Chicken ain’t up.” | PT’s Barbecue. In life, sometimes the second choice is the best choice. Oh those heavenly ribs.

“Blub.” | Mike attempted a comical reading of the Allerton’s rose bed signage. A nearby crane-sanctuary-like busybody offered an immediate correction.

“I told George Wendt to go pound sand so I could hang out with you guys.” | Hage. Name dropping is an automatic Top Ten.

Hanging cheeses. | Ask Weekender Lu about this one. Let’s just say it involves anatomy.

“Again? How much humility can I stand?” | Wayne’s second GoH win.

Weekend XVIII | Laffstock Comedy Barn Players

Now *that’s* how you keep the bears away. | Weekender Wayne likes show tunes. From the non-play goers

Why would you go to Richland Center? | Lodge Owner Jennifer, mystified

Trip Soup | Entrée at Shifflet's Riverside menu: 'One Trip Soup & Salad Bar.' ('Waiter, can you carelessly walk this around again to make sure it's been properly tripped?') Copy of Strunk and White and an armload of hyphens are being rushed over

I've handled fifth graders before. | Lon, our patient to-a-point Richland Center guide.

The entire weekend was beyond my expectation ... The food was terrible, the conversations were not funny, the people were not friendly. Let's do it again next year. | "Bob" (possible actual initials: MM)

Zip! Zap! Zop! | MJ. Let word go forth of the newest Weekend tradition, ha-ha warm-ups to take place following the mandatory Friday reading of the Articles of War

Biggest Tragedy Since the Taliesin Murders. | Imagined headline if the Weekend stargazers had been less sprightly

I don't see very well. | Driver Tommye breaking the news to her hitchhiker

Did you bring the cheese, Deb? | At Weggy's, Sharon with the annual cheese conveyance quote

Mentholated wines. | Sometimes locally produced may be best consumed by locals.

The Mick Move. | When asked how the ashy chardonnay tastes while still at the winery, inconspicuously rub your upper lip before ending with index finger pointing down

Is that Mistor Fog? | Spoken English can get tricky ... Soup or salad? No, just an average one

I have to finish the other half. | Ed had been called back early by his Celebrity Name Game team while taking a – break

What the hell is the Constitution, let alone the Preamble ... Who the hell is the Lt. Governor of Illinois? And why? | Some of the test takers of the "Know Your Government?" GoH contest did not impress Principal Hoffman. From Wayne.

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Has Mike seen his ducks? | First comment by Lodge Owner Jeff – referring to Mike’s hunt for stamp-contest photos – immediately after nearly transforming four Weekenders into speed bumps on their Perseid-watching beds. From Bryan

Slow the f* down!** | Deb’s blurt immediately preceding the duck query (see above)

We’ve graduated from dithering to equivocating. | Ed, in Richland Center

“Which one is the brake?” | Nursing home escapee Tommye, after her hitchhiker Sharon pleads for a break from their disturbing road trip

Weekend XIX | Aloha Wisconsin

There’s a chaw theme? | Erik, on learning we’re getting buckets.

Vote for Joe! Vote for Joe! | Perhaps not in the Sistine. But our conclaves are more fun: They include group chants. At the election of the first Funnery Sergeant, Office of Coordination and Direction.

We impeached Joe. | Five hours later, our first coup. Lu made the announcement.

I think we made a mistake. | Fran, after seeing the results of impeachment.

Aren’t we where sticks come from? | Erik, on our search for a docent scepter for Bryan.

It’s probably not a good sign that there are chalk outlines of children all around. | Erik at Trail Break Pizza.

Where’s my bra? | Rosemary wants her coconut prize.

So we need to go to Wal-Mart for ammunition and a hula hoop. | Joe’s shopping list.

I can’t keep it up. | Joe. With the second item on his shopping list.

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Weekend 20 | WiFiW

It's the obsession with cheese. | Talking about what we most miss about real-live Weekend, Elizabeth nailed it with an annual cheese-based quote.

You just woke me up. | Tommye on how she's been doing lately.

I use it when I'm in the bathroom. | Tommye on a Fran hat she wears to protect herself from a ceiling air conditioning vent.

Sounds like a personal problem. | When a haiku emerges. From Sue.

I like the little knob on top. | Please see Andrea's hat.

He haikued in his pants. | When a poem just emerges. From Mike.

You can definitely see the Hob and Dick. | From Act 2, Scene 3 of Coriolanus, blended with a discussion on the shortness of our GoH. Which we will now be referring to as the "woolvish toge." From Mike.

Eat them or put them in your underwear. | For the record, Sue was playing a kindergartener giving bad advice on not losing your keys.

Weekend 21 | The Peach Bellini Casino and Hideaway

Who needs Deb Dicke? | Said entirely in jest, we assure you, as Bryan carried on the Cheese Tradition.

We may be a pharmacy right here. | Sharon, when Tommye realized she didn't bring her pills

The trees started choking the prairies, encroaching. | Docent Grace

Art circles and spotlights? Or silos and septic vents? | Urban vs. rural perspectives perhaps.

Not to change the subject, but is that a septic field? | Jennifer

Weekend 22 | Reaching Our Zenith

Just your name. | MJ after Rob asked what, as a newbie, he should share with the group.

What the hell are you even doing? Why are you bothering? | Ed, watching John cut off tiny slivers of quiche.

Pat. | Our surly, inefficient, officious, indoor-smoking ranger.

Mighty Casey struck out. | Wayne entertained us while we tried coping with Ranger Pat's nonsense.

Stop offering things you don't want to do. | Deb's advice to John

Why develop it if you don't like it? | Wayne, about trying new tastes

I'm going to hit the grape vodka hard. | Bryan as we realized our canoe trip was being rained out

I'm not complaining. I'm just extremely detailed. They are projecting. | Rob with the first ever haikued top.

People need to keep track of their own drinks. | Sue E. with the first ever quote taglined top.

I can't write that here. | Tommye on her Newlywed Game partner's most annoying habit.

I figured out how to blow without putting my lips on it. | Sharon. Possibly referring to the Funnery Sergeant whistle.

Weekend 23 | Camp SwingStar!

I'm a cycle behind. | Erik's t-shirt spoke of our originally planned theme. Or is it looking ahead?

Tell him to stop flashing me. | Sue E. Reference is to a camera light btw.

Who's holding my pants? | Tommye, as we helped her down the fire pit ramp

Who asked for a solo? | Tommye, noting Dave's robust singing

People like you shouldn't have to deal with those lowbrows. | John Hamby correctly assessing our Lake Evergreen experience.

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I see the cupholder but where would I put my champagne flute? | Bryan, speculating what we might have said to the pontoon owners to lead them to think we're "your kind."

He doesn't know how to build stairs. | Tommye, on FLLW's rusticated approach

I'm not a sweet person. | Jen. We believe the reference was to taste in drinks.

Write a tune about mentholated bread. | Erik's suggestion to get in the spirit of lyric creation.

John: Why don't we have a working lunch. Erik: Yeah, that sounds like a vacation. | For the record, John was on the winning Musical Collaboration team.

There's a lot of creative shit to do. | Brett's observation as haikus were being pushed.

Just let it ooze out of you. | John's advice to Brett.

Okay, let's present our buns. | Bryan, speaking of food serving.

This isn't the end of the night? | Sue had been hopeful before John announced, "Before the evening is over, we're going to ..."

What a punt. | John, noting an unusually deep wine bottle indentation.

I have a feeling I'll be sent to an island. Or an apartment in Saudi Arabia. | Erik's concern as his Funnery Counselor term came to an end.

As I didn't get to see everyone's weenie last night ... | Mike during his medal presentation.

Weekend XXIV | Toe-GUH! Toe GUH!

Because a piano is too hard. | Tommye in answer to why she planned to make a rock airplane.

You gotta squeeze and suck | Jennifer. Remember that we were downing Jell-O shots.

You want a little bit hanging out. | Rebecca. Remember that we were tying togas

There's rocks, there's boxes, there's glue. Figure it out. | Sue to John's question whether we would get instruction for the art project.

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You are being judged *all* the time. And quoted. | Sue and Dave, regarding whether our art would be rated.

I'm so bossy, but I'm right. | Jennifer. Entirely agreed.

I want a lot hanging out! | Fred. See toga comment above.

I feel like I'm in the movie "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" | Tommye during toga tying.