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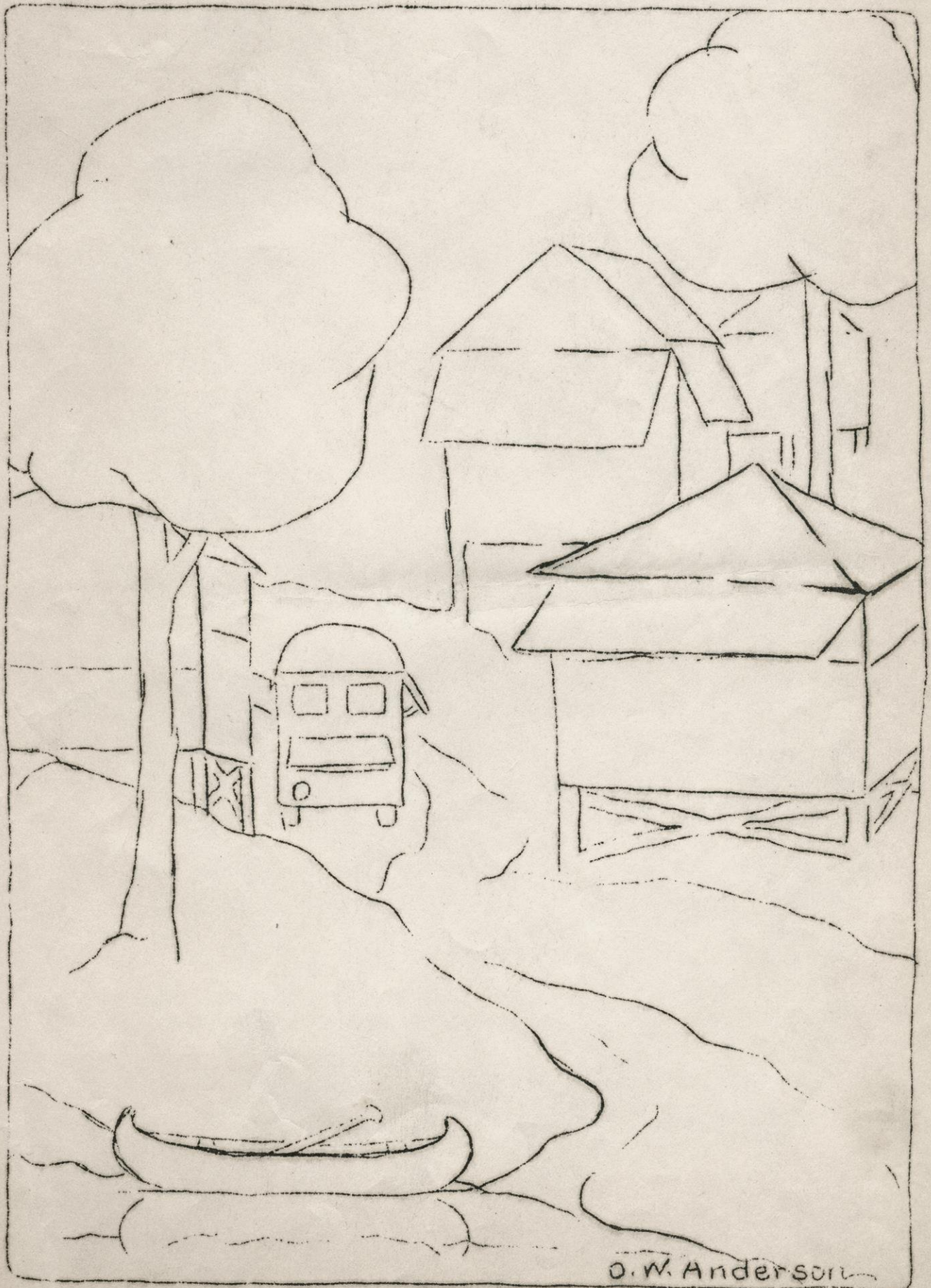
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1936

GALLISTELLA BREEZES



GALLISTELLA BREEZES

JULY 1936

GREETINGS FROM SUMMER SESSION DEAN

Gallistella Breezes is such a seductive name, and Camp Gallistella is such a pleasant place on these hot evenings, when city pavements continue to radiate the heat acquired during the day, that I anticipate an increase in the population of the colony next year that will put this year's growth to shame.

Many obstacles have been overcome in the twenty-four summers of the camp's history. From a thoroughly primitive camp spot without transportation facilities for campers, for supplies or for mail; without lights, garbage disposal, or adequate supervision; and with both mosquitoes and poison ivy providing abundant stimulations which were more irritating than agreeable, the camp has progressed to its present flourishing status. At the same time, no great capital investments have been made necessitating high rentals. It has been the constant aim of Supt. Gallistel to contribute everything possible to the well being of the colony and at the same time not to destroy the simplicity of camp life at its best.

In this aim he has been most ably supported by a highly intelligent municipal government, set up by the campers themselves, which has worked in full harmony with him and Mrs. Gallistel and furthered in every way the social aims and interests of the colonists.

Next summer will mark the quarter century milestone of the camp's existence. It has a long and creditable past. We are very proud of it and of its success, and we wish it a longer and yet more glorious future.

S. H. GOODNIGHT

MAYOR LUDWIG SAYS:

Unavoidably, at Camp Gallistella large numbers of people are thrown into a much closer, more intimate association with others than they ever are at home. Our common use of wells, bathing beaches, study halls, sanitary facilities, roads, and post office make it especially necessary that all of us cooperate with others in every way possible, and that we live up to the letter of any camp regulations.

Probably due to the heat, dust, and general discomfort of the past few days, an unusually large number of complaints about violating camp regulations have been brought to the attention of the camp officers. It is rather significant that one camper complained about a second camper's violating one camp rule; and within the same day, camper number two charged camper number one with violating an entirely different rule. The moral of this story is that all of us tend to obey only those rules we believe should be enforced, and do not recognize that others believe in enforcing some of those we ignore.

In our camp, only a few rules have been laid down. We depend upon the good judgment of all to obey every rule, in order that we may get along with a maximum of good will and a minimum of friction. Let us make the 1936 camp the best as well as the biggest in the history of the University of Wisconsin.

WELCOME TO CAMP GALLISTELLA!

Greetings to all, new-comers and old-timers of all ages. May you have a happy, healthful, useful summer.

The season is short, so we hope you will make it as pleasant as you can with joyous play, worthwhile study, kindly human contacts; and be as generous and thoughtful of each neighbor as Nature has been to all of us in giving us our beautiful cool lake, our lovely green shade trees and sweet-voiced song birds.

STELLA GALLISTEL

LOOKING UP THROUGH TREES

(Dedicated to Camp Gallistella)

Into a pale sea of morning
the waking trees
dip leafy fingers,
and softly hold them
out to dry.

Whispering, whispering
low in the wind -
I cannot hear what they say -
perhaps, if I keep trying,
I can understand.

Down-filtering light
touches
the vibrant leaves
into golden
translucence;
Limpid green light
sifts over my face,
covers me
with the cool calm
of the forest.

It seems
I have lain here
always,
shall lie here always -
a naiad prisoner of
the trees.

HELEN HARDMAN

GALLISTELLA BREEZES

VOLUME V.

July, 1936

Published by the Citizens of Camp Gallistella

Madison, Wisconsin

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Editor-in-chief ---Marion Conant
City Editor -----G. K. Young
Economics -----C. W. Failor
Classified Ads ----May Jaquith
Sports -----E. R. Holloway
Personals -----Ethel Wilson
Woman's Section ---Grace Gardner
Junior Section ----Irene Tedrow
Chipmunk Chatter --Gladys Nicholson
Emma Lou Bender
Isabella McLeary
Cover Page -----O. W. Anderson

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Marion Stowe
Ina Dunwiddie
C. W. Failor
Katherine Holl-
oway
Census Workers ----Jennette Wade
Ina Dunwiddie
Esther Myers
Retha Bollinger
Hilda Anderson
Gladys Nicholson

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

"Has the mail come yet?" "I wonder if I got a package." "Is there any mail for me?" These are some of the queries heard around the east end study hall every week day at ten. At one time the women of the Colony gathered on the pier every morning awaiting the arrival of the mail boat. Many interesting stories are told; for instance, when on an especially rough day, the mail man couldn't make the pier and threw the mail ashore. The string broke, and letters were broadcast on the water; but nothing daunted, every woman there jumped in, clothes and all, and rescued the precious mail.

With the growth of the camp, the method of handling the mail has also changed. When platforms were few, Mrs. Gallistel acted as postmistress, delivering the mail in person. For several years now the mail has come by car, and volunteer postmistresses from the camp meet the mail man each morning with the outgoing mail, receiving in exchange a heavy pouch and numerous packages. The mail is then arranged alphabetically in boxes at east end study hall and is called for by the various campers.

Those who have volunteered to expedite the mail service this summer are -- Mrs. Dunwiddie, Mrs. Slimmer, Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. Holloway, Mrs. Meyer and Mrs. Wittich.

Another type of volunteer service is that of the messengers, a service carried on by responsible children in camp. They call at the Gallistel cottage at stated times during the day, where they are given messages Mrs. Gallistel has received over the telephone.

Miss Bonnie Mae Ludwig has organized the messenger service this year; the following boys and girls are her assistants. Robert Seymour, Lane Bauer, David Frew, Carlos Cooper, Jerry Butts, Helen Seipp, R. Bollinger, L. Bauer, F. Dunwiddie.

MANY OFFICERS REELECTED

Camp election on June 30 was the first get-together of the season. Presided over by Ernest Ludwig, last year's mayor, and opening with Mr. Gallistel's cordial and humorous greetings, the meeting became a social as well as a business event. The following officers were elected:

Mayor -----Ernest Ludwig
Clerk -----Isabelle McLeary
Treasurer ----Louis Slimmer
Constable ----A. L. Wilson
Street Comm.--Lorin Evans
Conservation Com.--H. Fielding
Athletic Dir.-E. R. Holloway
Editors -----Marion Conant
Lela Mae Evans

Aldermen:

Ward I. ----Asa Clark
Ward II.----R. H. Myers
Ward III.---R. V. Bollinger
Ward IV. ---O. W. Anderson
Ward V. ----J. S. Nicholson

Postmistresses:

Ina Dunwiddie
Althea Fielding
Esther Myers
Nina Slimmer
Katherine Holloway

COMMUNITY SINGING SUCCESSFUL

Maurice Sayre, Platform 17, Music Supervisor of Whitewater, Wisconsin, proved his ability as a director of group singing, first at the camp picnic July 9, and twice again at the Sunday evening song fests. A mixed chorus of beautifully blended voices, the singers stood silhouetted against the sunset and charmed the picnickers with their first number, "In the Gloaming". "Finiculi, Finicula", "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny", "Long, Long Trail", and such popular numbers as "Moonlight and Roses" were sung by chorus and audience together.

Mr. Sayre will lead sunset sings every Sunday at eight. His programs consist of songs requested by the group.

Chipmunk Chatter

-3-

WANTED: a new tail light at platform 15.

Mayor's advice: What should one do in case a severe wind storm comes up suddenly? To prepare for this emergency, each member of the family should be drilled to take his station immediately, and several dress rehearsals should be held. To make a really sporting proposition of a storm at night it is a good idea to hide the hammer and flashlight just before retiring and instruct the children to park their toys around the edges of the tent. A few laths with the nails in them add to the thrills as you put down the flaps in the dark. If the storm breaks in the meantime, have the man of the house stand at the northeast corner of the platform pitting his weight against the storm, and have the wife brace the middle upright on the north side. The best place for the children is up in the car. One word of caution should be added. It is advisable to wear pajamas when you expect a wind storm at night, because one man had a rather disastrous experience when his night-shirt turned inside out.

The oiling of the springboard calls for poetry:

Now that old springboard is silent.
Hushed at last its early call.
But that clang will live forever,
In the memory of us all.

Have you ever heard the Wisconsin Nightingale warbling in the morning? If not, visit platform 17 at 6:30 some morning.

The best thing about the wardrobe necessary for camp is the great number of things which are not necessary.

Anyone wanting fish cleaned, bring them to Mrs. Moore at platform 6.

When we hear those big feet going "thump, thump" down the pier in the wee hours of the morning, we sometimes wonder whether Howard is in them or whether they have been trained to go by themselves.

By signs and observations, most of the young men-and-old-who picnic across the gully have met their Waterloo.

Dean Goodnight still believes that someone swam under water, took off the fish, and attached a piece of junk to his line. Whatever it was, it certainly gave him a good night.

Have you noticed the young Young and his harem? Sh-- We think a little competition has begun.

One of the Colony members just can't remember the Jaquith name, so he calls them Mr. and Mrs. Bisquick.

Don't ever let Ludwig tell you he isn't absent minded. One of those 106 in the shade days Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig drove down town, and no matter how fast they drove, they seemed to mind the heat more and more. After driving all over the city trying to get cooled off they discovered the heater had been on full blast all the time!

The Oakleys are training a pet chipmunk which is called Fido because it keeps all the other chipmunks away. Before the end of the summer they plan to have it singing "On Wisconsin".

THE ANNUAL PICNIC 1936

Along towards six p.m. July the ninth
The trek toward Walnut Grove began with zest.
Whole families passed weighed down with babies, chairs,
Bowls, dish pans, tables, blankets, and the like -
And on the face of everyone a smile.
We joined the happy throng, and joked with those
Who fell in step beside us, laden too.
Arrived at Walnut Grove we found it not
As hot as we had feared 'twould be;
Indeed a breeze was blowing from the lake
Across the sloping hillside where we sat.
Full soon we joined the lines to fill out plates
With all the good things heaped on tables five.
The lemonade dispenser filled our cups.
"There's more for second helpings," Ludwig yelled.
And then the struggle with ice cream began:
Sharp knives were even used - it was so hard.
(Not hard to take. Oh no! It tasted grand.)
And were we full? And was it good? Oh boy!
As twilight stole along on starry wings
We gathered round to watch the program gay.
A childish voice brot on the chuckles when the
It cried in accents loud, "I like the horse the best."
And laughter met the Duke who boldly vowed,
"I'll get the kitten for the cat, oh ho!"
With speeches, music, drama, and the like
We passed a pleasant evening by the lake.
And after joining in a merry sing,
We turned toward home quite sure that summer school
Was fun for us who camped at Gallistella.



Sports Section

By Athletic Director Holloway Athletics, under the new political organization of Camp Gallistella have taken on a new color this year. It will no longer be east end against west end, but rivalry among chosen teams - a fact which, it is hoped, will make keener competition and encourage better camp spirit. Two games have already been played, starting the season. Regular games will be played every Tuesday and Thursday evenings at the field across the road from the camp.

For details of the proposed tennis tournament, see the bulletin boards. If interest warrants, boys' and girls' and women's tournaments will be organized as well as men's.

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" ARE GONE FOREVER

It must be this centennial that makes me think of the old days. Since Tom got his Master's, I don't spend my vacation there any more, but the other night we drove out, hoping we might see someone we knew. When we reached the Tent Colony, or at least where it used to be, there was a big sign, CAMP GALLISTELLA. "Tent Colony" used to be good enough for us in the old days". When we drove in, a young man stopped us. "This is one way traffic".

"Well, I'm only going one way. Who are you?"

"I'm the Conservation Commissioner. We can't take chances on having the chipmunks run over". "Well, Jim, little did I think I'd ever live to see the day when they'd protect those pesky little creatures. I haven't forgotten how they almost ate us out of house and home. Why, they even built themselves a house out of the inside of my bedroom slippers.

All along the road cars were parked. Not much like the old days when the only way you could get to town was by boat at twenty-five cents a ride on the Corixa, The boat was named after some little water bug. On stormy days it didn't come, and then we had to walk. Why, I've even heard Mrs. Schlosser tell how she used to wheel her baby buggy to town and bring back her provisions.

Jim, you wouldn't know the old place. The Daisy Field, where the cows used to graze, is full of tents like paper palaces. There was a time when a lean-to tent was the thing, or maybe later on you'd see a few of these army tents with the sides bowed in to fit the platform. But some of these folks don't use a tent at all, nothing but a fly with paper round the bottom.

We started down the road toward the ravine; "Walnut Grove", they call it now, and there were trailers of every description. Along came a portly fellow with a big star on his chest, and here was Art Wilson!

"Hey, Art! What are you wear-

Watch for the opening of the camp horse-shoe pits which will probably be ready for use soon.

Swimming is in unusually high favor during this hot weather. Instruction for those who wish it will be arranged for by the athletic director. Watch for class announcements on the bulletin board.

If interest warrants, a water carnival can be arranged with swimming races, canoe tilting, out board racing, and diving contests.

Fishing is always popular at camp. Mendota gives many a thrill to the sportsman, especially to Benny Olson, who made the prize catch of the season, a garfish 39 inches long.

"Oh, I'm the constable," he grinned. "Now there's some sense to that," I thought. "It always seemed a shame for that figure to go to waste." He told me they have a whole village government now. All the time we were visiting I saw men and women going by in shorts, and I thought how shocked folks were when I came to camp in my knickers.

One face I did miss was Bosco, that big white Russian wolf hound that used to steal the meat out of the ice box; come to think of it, I didn't see any dogs there; maybe they are not allowed. I'll never forget the night Lockhart's collie killed a skunk under Gallistella's cottage. And that reminds me of the year the whitefish died in the lake and they hauled them away by the truckload.

Yes, Jim, times have changed out there, but everybody seemed to be enjoying it just as we did. I hope I'll live to see the day when young Tom goes to summer school, and I can go along and just fish.

--Old Timer

CHIPMUNK SONG

Two (~~Make up your own tune~~)
Two little chipmunks sitting on a rail,
Sitting on a rail, rail
Each had a fluffed out feather for a tail,
Feather for a tail.
One jumped down and ran to town,
With a letter for the mail,
A letter for the mail.

One little chipmunk sitting all alone,
Sitting all alone,
Picked up a nut and thought it was a bone,
Thought it was a bone.
This I know is all quite so,
Cause I heard it on the phone,
I heard it on the phone.

A small perch stole Mrs. Slimmer's fish hook. After having changed into his bathing suit, one of the small Slimmers jumped into the lake, caught the fish, and returned both hook and fish to Mrs. Slimmer.

We wonder what Mr. Wilson was doing in Lover's Lane the other

Personal Mention

Mr. Harry Adams, in the Walnut Grove was called home on July 3 because of the serious illness of his son, Richard. Peritonitis followed an appendectomy. Tho Richard is now out of danger, Mr. Adams has returned to his home for the rest of the summer. He expects to be in camp next year with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Boltz, former camp residents from Beloit, Wisconsin, are in Boulder, Colorado, this summer, where Mr. Boltz is attending summer school.

Barney, our Camp Life Guard of 1934-1935, was graduated last February. He received his degree in Agriculture and Horticulture.

Mr. Ralph Wolford, who was in camp Gallistella last year, is in southern California this summer with his family, where he is attending summer school. A baby girl, Carolyn, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wolford last Jan.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Canutson of Penyon, New York, former colonists, plan to be here next summer.

Dr. Richard G. Black, 3625 W. 64th Pl., Chicago, Ill., is employed as chemist at the Cardinal Laboratories. Dr. and Mrs. Black and their son Bruce were residents of the camp for several summers.

Campers were glad to welcome the return of Mrs. Lorin Evans from Madison General Hospital, where she underwent an appendectomy. Tho the Evans' family have now returned home to Indiana, they expect to be in camp next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Johnson and family of Dunkirk, Indiana, former residents of camp, are on a short trip thru the East. They were unable to be here this summer due to a building program for Mr. Johnson's school, but plan to be here next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Thomas and son, David, of Grinnell, Iowa, stopped at camp July 7 to call on friends of past summers. Mr. Thomas is now Field Agent at Grinnell College.

The Tent Colony has lost some of its old and valued residents with the departure of the Pratt family. Mrs. Pratt was Editor of the Gallistella Breezes for the past two summers and is now employed in the Public Library at Oklahoma City. Mr. Pratt will complete his medical work at the University of Oklahoma.

Mrs. Sayre was chosen to accompany the university-produced opera directed by Prof. Manning of the summer session faculty. They have found it impossible to give the opera, but Mrs. Sayre is continuing to play for Prof. Manning's classes.

The following families report blessed events since the last edition of The Breezes:

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Slocum--
a daughter, Jean Mae

Mr. and Mrs. Homer De Long--
a son, Norman Homer

Mr. and Mrs. L.W. Ensign--
a daughter, Joan

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Lovedale
a daughter, Arlita

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Thielman--

ANNUAL PICNIC BETTER THAN EVER

Dean and Mrs. Goodnight, Mr. and Mrs. Gallistel and family, and our Camp Life-Guard, Howard Weiss, were guests of honor at the annual Camp Gallistella picnic on Thursday, July 9. Encouraged by the warm weather, the citizens of the camp were in good mood to relax from their studies and enjoy an evening of good fellowship at the Walnut Grove. Credit for the preparation and serving of the dinner of hamburgers, creamed potatoes, salad, baked beans, ice cream, cookies, and lemonade belongs to the refreshment committee, the Mesdames Ludwig, Anderson, McLeary, Beiser, and Holloway.

A program introduced in Mayor Ludwig's jovial manner consisted of a short talk by Mr. Gallistel followed by Dean Goodnight's greetings, in which he encouraged the members of the colony to make special preparations for the celebration next summer of the silver anniversary of Camp Gallistella. Mrs. Conant announced the staff of the "Gallistella Breezes" and made a plea for contributions.

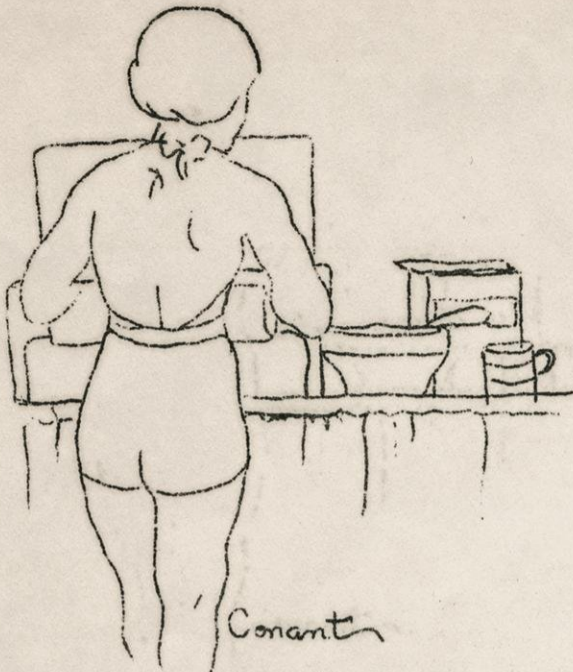
Mesdames Bauer and Bender and Miss Dunwiddie, the program committee, put on an entertainment that pleased everybody by its appropriate simplicity - three selections from A.A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" were dramatized by the children under Mrs. Bauer's expert direction. They were "The King's Breakfast", "Bad Sir Brian Botany", and "I Went Walking", all done with imagination and great earnestness on the part of the actors. "The Fatal Quest", a melodrama directed by Miss Katherine Dunwiddie, was very attractively costumed and amusingly enacted by the young set against the dramatic grandeur of Lake Mendota at sundown. The program closed with singing by a double quartet, whose voices blended and balanced splendidly. Community singing, directed by Mr. Sayre, concluded a perfect evening.

To keep up during hot weather, furnish a supply of salt and sugar in the diet. Salt is lost in perspiration. Sugar is needed for quick energy. Modern industrialists furnish their

manual laborers with salt and sugar solutions to prevent heat prostration. Mr. Gallistel gives his workmen sodium chloride tablets in summer.

Women's Section

CAMP HINTS



A Simple Cooling System:

Build a wooden framework enclosure about size of convenient ice box. Cover sides, bottom, and top with screen to keep out chipmunks. Cover sides with burlap and allow free ends from top to dip into bread pan containing water. Keep pan filled with water.

Principle: Water will be drawn to sides and evaporation will take place. The hotter the day, the cooler the interior, as evaporation will be more rapid.

Hang food in bags on the tent ridge poles to keep away from ants.

Ant Killer - Can of "Sodium Fluoride"

How Eddy kills flies:

Wait until ten o'clock at night when the flies are resting on the ceiling of your trailer, then swat them as they seem a little dopey. About four o'clock in the morning they revive. Lie on the lower bunk and swat and pretend they are rains.

How to kill insects:

Spray with B.K. every morning and evening.

Get Skeet Scoot for mosquito bites.

Gipsy cream is recommended for sunburn and heat rash. -- Mrs. Wilson

To avoid ironing:

Use rayon knit underwear.

Wear seersucker

(Or use any other kind and don't iron it!)

Mrs. Slick hangs her children's clothes carefully on the line and stretches them in shape as they dry. Not bad!

Use three division plates; they save dishes.

RECIPES

Macaroni and Salmon Loaf

Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ pkg. macaroni in salt water and drain. Add 1 can salmon broken into small pieces, 2 well beaten eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt. Mix well. Put into buttered baking dish and top with buttered cracker crumbs.

Elderberry Pan Cakes

Take elderberry blossoms and dip in pancake batter and fry. Very good!

Toastwiches

Butter bread on outside. Place meat between two slices. Fry until brown. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon, cut in squares and fried

crisp, 1 onion diced, seasoning, 1 can golden corn. Simmer over a low flame about $\frac{1}{2}$ hr., then add 4 medium potatoes diced. Continue to simmer until the potatoes are tender. Serve hot. If you desire to make this a more hearty dish, 4 or 5 eggs may be scrambled in the above mixture just before serving. -- Mrs. Ludwig.

Salmon Soup

Brown $\frac{1}{2}$ can salmon in butter. Add milk and seasoning. -- Mrs. Bollinger.

Corn and Hamburger

Brown 1 lb. ground steak and season to taste. Add a can of whole kernel corn, 2 tomatoes; simmer 5 or 10 min. -- Mrs. Hubbard.

Drink milk chocolate for a mid-afternoon lift. Quite easy -- just add Hershey's chocolate syrup to cold milk. A ten cent can of Hershey's Chocolate syrup is enough for three quarts of milk.

A nutritious sweet for children:

Chocolate Oatmeal Cookies

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. butter or substitute

1 c. sugar

1 egg (unbeaten)

pinch salt

2 sqs. chocolate

1 c. sifted flour

$\frac{1}{4}$ c. milk

2 tsp. baking powder

$1\frac{1}{2}$ c. oatmeal

Drop on buttered tin and bake in moderate oven. These cookies are quickly and easily prepared and because of high iron content, are a healthful sweet. -- Mrs. Wade, Former Nutritionist, Red Cross

Hunter's Stew

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon. Fry

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ham. Dice and brown in bacon fryings.

1 can tomatoes. Simmer one hour.

Before serving, add 1 can lima beans a drained can of corn, either canned or cooked spaghetti. Serves 12.

Sloppy Weather Potatoes

Dice bacon and brown.

Add to diced potatoes.

Cook until potatoes are tender.

--- Mrs. Hubbard.

Corn Souffle

1 T. butter 2 c. corn pulp
1 T. flour yolks of 2 eggs
1/2 cup milk whites stiffly
1 tsp. salt beaten
1/8 tsp. pepper
Melt butter, add flour, mix well.
Add milk and seasonings. Cook un-
til thick, add corn pulp, cool,
add egg yolks. Fold in whites.
Bake in greased casserole about 30
minutes in a moderate or slow oven.

Round Steak en Casserole

Slice one or two onions in butter
Cube 1 lb. round steak; simmer.
Add 1/2 pkg. noodles and small can
of mushrooms. Cook until done.

If your men folks are weary of
salads and vitamins, try this easi-
ly prepared French Dressing in a
bowl salad. This dressing appeals
to most men who ordinarily do not
care particularly for salad greens.
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 1/2 tsp. paprika
1/2 cup sugar
1 1/2 tsp. salt

Add 1/2 cup vinegar and slowly
add 1 cup salad oil. Beat with
egg beater until thick. Grated
onion may be added.

Mrs. Wade

Mrs. Conant will be glad to pass
on to inquirers the menus being
used in the U. W. nursery school
for little folks' dinners.

Classified Ads

Wanted: Portable Victrola and
Jungle Jim, #32

Wanted: Old wool bathing suits
for rug making, #48

Wanted to buy: army cot, #50

Wanted to buy: double folding
camp bed and camp chairs, #51

Wanted to buy or rent: canoe, #32

Wanted to rent: a boat by hour or
day #52

Wanted to rent: boat or canoe by
hour, #50

Wanted to swap: loan of two good
irons for use of ironing board.
Striped tent in Grove.

To rent: Canoe at 25 cents an hour.
Striped tent.

To sell: New lumber, cots, etc. #36

To sell: Trailer and camp equip-
ment, #47

To sell: Good four burner kero-
sene stove, #34

To sell: Schult trailers.
Demonstrator for sale. Agent, #57

To sell: Fine new swimming suit, #23

To sell: Fine modern camp equip-
ment as it stands, also good 2
burner camp stove and 2 burner
kerosene stove, #34

To sell: Good ice box, #36

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CAMP

Having never seen the tent
colony grounds or talked to any-
one who had camped there, we felt
like greenhorns as we packed, and
like the unwelcome country cousin
when we arrived. In fact, we did-
n't even know how to reach camp.
The catalog directions were vague,
so we inquired at a filling station
and were given directions with the
parting shot that we "couldn't
miss it." After following the
route indicated, we came upon a
motley assemblage of habitations
which we thought must be our
destination; not a sign of any
kind was visible.

"This must be it", said Friend
Husband with not too much assurance.

(First Impressions Cont'd.)

"Wait", I cautioned, and I'll
ask those girls on bicycles." Alas
the girls turned off before they
reached us.

"Well, I'm sure this must be
it", repeated F. H. with a little
more confidence as he shifted gears
and proceeded down the hill. At
the bottom of the hill stood Mr.
Slocum, whom we knew slightly. Ah
ha! we are right!

"Where will we find Mr. Gall-
istel?" we asked in all innocence.
"Well then, is Mrs. Gallistel a-
round? No? Then what do we do?
It was getting along toward even-
ing and we were anxious to get lo-
cated. After some conversation we
confided the number of our platform

"Well", said Mr. Slocum, "that
is easy; just go to that platform
and make yourselves at home."

As easy as that! Bravely we
started down the lane. Why, most
of the campers have regular cott-
ages! Boy, our umbrella tent won't
look like much besides them. Fun-
ny how the camp is built on a hill-
side! Now I see why the plat-
forms are needed. Wonder why they
leave all that underbrush? S'pose
the skeeters are bad? Isn't the
lake grand? Let's see, our plat-
form should be along here some
where. Still there's none with
that number. We ask all and sun-
dry but can get no definite ans-
wer. "Well, this must be the right
one", decided F. H. who teaches
math and should know how to count.

Tote everything up a jagged
bank. Hurry, because a car might
come along this one way traffic
lane. One did--a dry cleaner's
truck. "Any dry cleaning?" Well
hardly. Drive up the hill and
let the man get thru. Boy, it's
hot! Look at that clever cottage
across there. Bet next year we'll
have a cottage. Where's the hamm-
er? Thank goodness, I brought
some tools and nails. Let's get
some mosquito bar and make a
porch. Wonder who our neighbors
are? How happy everyone seems!
Somebody else is hammering and
sawing, several somebodies, in
fact. Wonder where the beach is?
Isn't the lake pretty? This is
going to be fun.

Junior Section

OVERNIGHT HIKE SCHEDULED



Boys, get ready for an over night hike! Mr. Oscar Anderson has agreed to conduct the older boys on a hike where they will get some experience in the intricacies of selecting a camp site, pitching a shelter in the approved manner, and cooking good chow, not to mention absorbing woods wisdom along the way. Get together, boys, and make this the big event of the year!

JUNIOR ACTIVITIES SHOW VARIETY

PRIZE CONTEST

Boys and girls, take your pencils in hand and try for one of the limerick prizes. Finish the limerick below by making up a last line of your own. Submit to Mrs. Tedrow, #35. Here are the rules:

1. You must be under 14.
2. You must compose the line entirely by yourself.
3. You must submit your line by the evening of July 26 to be considered for a prize.

Limerick

We camp near a lake full of fish
Some people think good in a dish,
So catch me some bait
And I'll fill up your plate,
(-----.)

Each morning there is a trek toward Walnut Grove of youngsters over six, where Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Failor, and others direct games, singing, and stories. Plans for hikes have been suspended until cooler weather. Nature Study has been under Mrs. Wirth's supervision.

NATURE LORE

Can you identify these leaves? Collect them here in camp and make a nature study book. Add others you may find.

TREES

VINES

SHRUBS



(Directions on following page)

Children's Section

PICTURE COLORING (p. 8)

Get out your crayons and see if you can color a very nice picture.

Boy

Cap and trousers - Blue
Collar and socks - Orange
Buttons, hair and shoes - Yellow
Waist - Green
Cheeks - Pink

Girl

Cap - White
Collar - Light blue
Waist - Green
Sleeves and skirt - Violet
Upper part of skirt - Yellow
Stockings - Blue
Cheeks - Pink
Hair and shoes - Yellow
Tulips - Bright colors



CAMP NURSERY A BOON TO CHILDREN AND MOTHERS

"More things have been wrought by gossip than this world dreams of." Hamlet would never have said that, but we were at the pump when it started, this children's recreation program that has become so important in the life of Camp Gallistella. With Mrs. Eddy and Mrs. Hardman as inspiration, enthusiasm grew, and organization began. Even the busy Dads gave up a part of their Fourth of July to the erection of a sand-box and swing in Walnut Grove, an outdoor nursery that is the happiest place in camp from eight until ten each morning. Under the direction of Mrs. Hardman, a former Kindergarten teacher, mothers of the little folks take turns one day a week. The program varies with the mother's talents. A mid-morning wash in cool water, a drink, and a cracker keep the little folks fresh and happy even in hot weather.

From this beginning, the mothers hope to develop, year by year, a real nursery school.

In Walnut Camp there's a little girl whose name is Nancy Bell. She did something which provoked her mother, whereupon her mother said, "O you dumb bell!" Nancy said, "Me not Dum Bell, me Nancy Bell."

The birds have nurseries too. You should have seen the mother wren near platform 50 chase an inquisi-

-9- tive gopher round and round the platform. Yes, birds can run as well as fly!

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

Little Minnie Mischief
Is just half-past one,
She keeps me in a quandary
From dawn till set of sun.

I hear the dishes clatter,
Her breakfast must be done-
She's poured her milk upon the floor
So she can say "Aw gone!"

There is some water dripping
Softly pitter-pit-a-pat-
She has turned the basin upside down
To wear it for a hat.

She's thrown her blocks in to the
Put dolly in to swim, fish,
And scattered all her picture books
With vigor and with vim.

She has climbed upon the mantle
To listen to the clock;
She has pulled out all the magazines
To find a "tick, tick-tock."

She has found my sewing basket
And pulled the needles out,
She's snarled the tape, unwound
And scattered pins all round
the thread about.

There's not a sound within the house;
What is she into now?
She's hiding in the corner
With my best book, to hunt a
cow!

Now into bed, your rascal,
I'll have some peace at last.
I tuck her in so snugly
And pin the covers fast -

A squeal of joy falls on my ear,
A little voice triumphant -
She has pulled down the dresser
scarf
To reach her old black "of-fant."
(elephant)

You little rogue, lie down I say,
Under the covers keep;
Your mother's little angel -
When you are fast asleep.
--Helen Hardman



Mrs. Slocum: Betty, your shoulders look so red. I'm afraid you have a bad sun-burn.

Betty: (seriously sniffing over her shoulders) "Yes, Mother, they do smell a little bit scorched."

Teaching is a profession that is hard to get away from at the end of an eight hour (or twenty-four hour) day. There are sets of papers that follow you home, lectures and plans to be perfected for the next day. And there are those advanced degrees to push toward during the long summer "vacation", a period of "idleness" which is the envy of those outside the profession. Therefore among school teachers, hobbies are likely to be true avocations—activities of such absorbing interest that they drag the pedagogue away from his work.

In the camp can be found ample proof of this. Mr. Oscar Anderson's hobby is sculpturing. Mr. Anderson will spend several weeks after the six weeks' session doing research on Lincoln's boyhood in preparation for a statue of Lincoln as a boy carrying a corn-skin cap in one hand and a book in the other. Mr. Anderson is studying sculpturing at Rockford College. Paul is a builder of model airplanes; and won a prize on July 7, in a contest in Madison.

Another "artist by hobby" is Mrs. Newell Conant, who sketched and painted "Models are everywhere." Mrs. Conant says, "in the sandbox stretched out under the trees, walking along the paths." The result of last summer's leisure is a mural, now decorating the cottage on platform 50. Mrs. Conant tells its story: "When the cottage was finally completed after the torrential rains of June, 1935, and the roof was elevated into place, there was great rejoicing; and we named it 'Newell's Ark'. That seemed to call for animals, so with the advice and encouragement of the children in camp, the animal mural was painted."

Among the followers of scientific hobbies, there are Mr. Sayre, Mr. Randolph, and Mr. Oakley, licensed amateur radio operators. Mr. Sayre carried on a regular conversation with a cousin in New Mexico last winter. He has talked with Germany, and to amateurs in many South American countries, in New Zealand, and in the Hawaiian Islands. Mr. Randolph is an amateur astronomer besides being a radio operator. He says that within a week or two we may be able to see the recently discovered comet, and makes a suggestion that those interested in joining a party to observe the stars should see him.

The Barbours, Mr. Bender, and Mr. Slocum study birds. The Barbours say they heard some laughing loons on the lake this summer. For the past eight years Mr. Slocum has had both a National and a State Bird Banding Permit. The bands used are of pressed aluminum bearing a number and the words: "Notify Biological Survey, Wash. D.C." and are attached to the bird's leg. Mr. Slocum has banded about forty species of birds and has received returns from ones that have been retrapped as far south as the state of Mississippi.

We have at least one philatelist in camp. Mr. and Mrs. Terry work together at the hobby, and limit their collecting to United States stamps, which they think are the most beautiful in the world. The Terrys have practically a complete collection of general issues of Confederate stamps. One of the most prized is a ten-cent Confederate State stamp with the word TEN written out, worth approximately forty dollars. Mr. Terry believes that the policy of Postmaster General Farley in issuing so many new and different kinds of stamps has greatly stimulated interest in stamp collecting, which with many persons is a fine method of saving. (New stamps are purchased in quantities by individuals. They never decrease in value and very often increase greatly.)

We even have a pair of archers among us, with a third, our Mayor, ready to fall under the spell of the twanging bowstring. Mr. Bender and Mr. Wirth make all of their own archery tack—no the least source of the delight afforded by this sport.

Just where a hobby ends and a profession begins is a question. Mrs. Bauer calls herself a monodramatist, writing and producing her own plays.

Mrs. Bauer looks forward to an interesting year. In September she will be studying and writing in New York City. But after Thanksgiving her tours through the United States begin, and continue until the end of May. Some months are already booked solidly. She will be in all of the middle western states, and many of the eastern ones.

Some of the larger clubs and little theatres at which she will appear are Bascom Theatre, Madison; Pittsburgh Playhouse; Sinai Forum, Chicago; American Woman's Association, N.Y. City; Lincoln, Nebraska Woman's Club and many others. She will do several weeks of work for School Assembly Service, Chicago.

When Mrs. Bauer worked in New York on the radio she won a reputation as Miss Juanita Bauer, and uses that name in all her professional work.

--B. Wirth

Mr. Wilson's fish bragging has at last given him a title. The other day he bet Mr. Myers that he could catch twice as many fish in the same length of time as Myers could. But the joke's on Wilson--Myers came in with eight nice fish and Wilson caught two, so now it's "Two-Fish Wilson"!

If you want to tickle your ribs with a good, hearty laugh, ask Swimming Instructor Wittich to put on his Water Circus. We have all heard Greta Garbo talk, but did you ever see her float? And the Egyptian Princess?

COOPERATIVES

Most of us have seen two horses standing parallel--front to rear and rear to front. Since, obviously, a horse can't knock the flies off his own head with his tail, when two horses stand as described above, it's just as good as one horse having two tails. This is actual cooperation--the kind about which I write.

The residents of Camp Gallistella have been much given to cooperation in the real sense. This manifests itself in combinations for transportation and building operations and the town council.

Further cooperation is now possible in still another field--that of consumption. Banded together in a consumers' cooperative buying club--savings could be effected and better quality obtained through mass purchasing power of staple articles, and a convenient source of daily necessities could be made available.

That there are difficulties of no mean importance cannot be denied. Free and open discussion, based on a knowledge of what cooperative buying clubs have done and can do, would do much to dissolve many objections. One hundred percent membership is not essential, however. A half-dozen families can make a start.

For those who are attracted solely by the possibility of large savings on purchases, let it be said that too much should not be expected in this direction. A temporary organization, it would seem, would be most useful in assisting and inspiring those joining to learn of the beneficial influences the movement exercises.

Few people realize the extent to which consumers' cooperation has come in the United States, although all church people have noted the quickened interest manifested in the movement, since last winter's visit of Kagawa.

Wisconsin is a leading state in the movement and Madison has made rapid strides--now having cooperatives dealing in milk, cleaning, and gas and oil, with a coop grocery store and cooperative housing as early possibilities. These are all bona fide consumers' cooperatives, any claims to the contrary by their business competitors notwithstanding.

Consumers' cooperation has come to Camp Gallistella in the realm of informal discussions and conversations (which is the inspiration of this article) and before the summer is over it may be converted into action, feeble to be sure, but no more so than that of the twenty-eight poor weavers of Rochdale who pioneered the movement which, although not a panacea, promises much for the

When you see a wife in Camp Gallistella going into ecstasies over a refrigerator crate which friend husband has brought home for a cupboard or wardrobe, you realize that we are not beyond enjoying the simple things of life.

Who likes figures?

The total number of residents in camp is 214, among whom are 61 children under the age of fourteen. There are 71 families from 11 states:

Wisconsin	-----29
Illinois	-----11
Indiana	-----9
Ohio	-----8
Pennsylvania	-----3
Michigan	-----3
Mass., Mo., each	2
Ala., W.Va., N.Y. each	1

The 1936 census shows the following occupations represented:

6-Biology	1-Agriculture
6-Mathematics	1-Dramatics
5-Superintendents	1-Sociology
4-Principals	1-Anatomy
4-Athletic Coaches	1-Economics
4-Modern Language	1-Physics
3-Speech	1-Art Director
3-Music	1-Music Supervisor
3-Physical Education	1-Orchestra
2-Chemistry	1-Commercial L.
2-High School Principals	1-Engineer
2-Supervising	1-Teachers Col.
2-Students	1-Grade Teacher
2-General Science	1-County Agent
2-English	1-Business Adm.
1-Physiography	1-Junior Col.
1-Geography	1-Vocational
1-Special Education	Counselor
1-Geology	
1-Social Science	

Sing a Song of Orange Crates

Sing a song of orange crates,
coming down the lane;

Sing a song of orange crates,
toted in the rain.

Make them into tables, make them
into chairs--

Make them into cupboards--they'll
fit anywheres.

If you love your wives, men,
bring them crates galore,

Camp won't seem like home, men,
till you've three or four.

No one has too many--such a state
can't be;

I am now quite happy--Bill's brot
six to me.

Stick them in the corner, hang them
on the walls:

You might ask Mrs. Butts what
happens when one falls.

Cover them with paper or an oil
cloth gay;

Use some paint or curtains--they're
handy anyway.

Sing a song of orange crates, all
you lucky wives,

'Cause at Gallistella they simply
save your lives.

--Em Heath