



Gallistella breezes: camp newsletter. 1955

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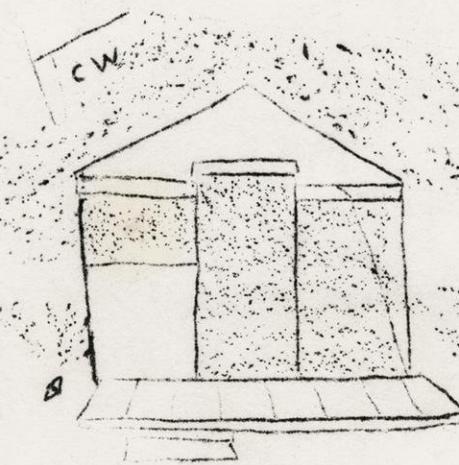
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1955

The Breezes



DEDICATED TO
THE MEMORY OF
BOB LEE

Published annually by the citizens of Camp Gallistella,
Madison, Wisconsin. August 12, 1955.

STAFF

Editor - Rae Johnson
Assoc. Editor- Lylas Durnford
Society Editors- Lucille
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Old Timers- Enid Stover
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Madeline Elkow
Distribution- Dave Skipworth
John Elkow

Mimeographing Courtesy of
Summer School Office

* * * * *

In Memoriam

This 1955 Breezes is
dedicated to the memory of
Robert A. Lee, of Cuyohoga Falls,
Ohio,

Bob's death from polio in
September 1955 came as a shock
and a sorrow to us all. Bob and
his wife, Van, were excellent
campers, and loyal citizens of
Camp Gallistel. Bob had served
the camp in several official
capacities, including a term
as Mayor. We remember him for
that, but even more we remember
his bigness- his ready, freindly
smile- how he loved to go after
the "big ones" at night up by
Picnic Point- how ready he was to
help when you needed him- his
steady, quiet sinserity- all the
things that go to make up a
great guy. We who have known
you salute you, Bob, and you, too,
Van. You have left a void here
at camp that will never be filled.

Mayor's Message

It doesn't seem possible
that it's about time to pry
the boards apart and fold the
tarp for another year. This
has been the shortest summer
of the six I've been here,
probably because I've worked.
Editor, please underline
that word.

But it has also been
a good summer, full of the
happy experiences of people
living to-gether with the
same aims and purposes: those
of wanting to further our
educations, live close to
nature (very close at times),
be with our families, and
live as economically as possibl
I think we get more than this
out of it when we consider the
campfires, singing, free fish,
swimming - - - there's no end
to these extra benefits, so
I'll just add, and wonderful
neighbors. That's the things
I think we'll remember about
the tent colony the longest,
the people.

Thanks to everyone,
Gallistels and officers
included, for their help in
making this a summer we hate
to see end. Jimmy doesn't
want to go home until he
"sees the lake all ice."

May your memories of
camp be rich and pleasant
ones. Lil and I wish you a
pleasant coming year.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Town Meeting for 1955

To the sound of clanging horseshoes the 43rd annual meeting meeting of Camp Gallistel was opened by Jo ne'Lloyd Johansen, our illustrious mayor, Wednesday night, June 29, 1955- 7:30 p.m.

The first order of business was the introduction of members of camp platform by platform, the head of the family (the man of the house, that is) speaking at the completion of this, Mr. & Mrs. Gallistel were introduced. Mr. Gallistel, and the Andersons who will occupy the cottage while the Gallistels are away for a trip after the Fourth of July. Mr. Gallistel brought the attention of the campers to the list of rules.

Art Willett read the story, written by Mrs. Gallistel, of the camp for the last year Breezes. This tells the story of the camp from its inception.

The minutes of last years camp meeting and the two executive meetings and treasurer's report were read and approved.

The election of officers resulted in:

Mayor- Roscoe (Ike) Hastings
Clerk-Treas.-Virginia Willett
Post-mistress-M.Vail
Recreation- Al Johnson
Editors- Rae Johnson &
Lylas Durnford
San. Comm.- C. Larson
Street Comm.-J. Wesley
Constable-D. Durnford
Historian-A. Willett

The mayor read instructions for the proper use of sanitary facilities and practices at the water front. Poison Ivy was discussed.

The new Mayor, Mr. Hasting announced a council meeting to be held to-morrow evening at platform 23.

The meeting split into ward groups for the election of alderman: these are Don Churchill for West Ward; Alex Donaldson for East Ward.

Respectfully submitted,
Virginia Willett, Clerk

* * * * *

The Junior Council
by Carol Willett

The names of the councilor are: John Elkow, Ann Elkow, Bob Floriano, Carol Willett, Tom Willett, John Willett, Dave Skipworth, Robert Skipworth

Our first council meeting was in the Mayor's house at 7:30 p.m., Tues. the 5th of July.

We first elected officers
John Elkow was elected Pres.;
Carol Willett- Secretary
Tom Willett-Safety Officer.

We proposed that we have a 9:00 p.m. swim for everyone 10 year of age & older. Each swim will have an adult to supervise.

(continued on next page)

The Junior Council(Cont.)

We next discussed the hollyhock plan. Hollyhocks will be distributed to each tent to be planted. This project is to improve the looks of the camp.

For the picnic Thursday, June 7th, the council planned a "scavenger hunt" plus some entertainment. The council also cleaned Sam Hill Park for the event,

A father & son horse shoe tournament and a square dance were thought of if enough people would participate.

A sign will be made and hung up over the road to advertise coming events. The meeting was then adjourned.

* * * * *

Saturday, July 23, the day of the water carnival, the Junior Council had a picnic at Sam Hill Park. Mrs. Elkow provided the wieners and buns.

Bob Floriano and Tom Willett camped out in a pup-tent over night and cooked their own breakfast at 6:00 a.m. the next morning. They plan to camp out nine more times this summer to complete some of Bob's Boy Scout work.

Also for recreation some of the boys have been making sails to put on the two big tractor tubes.

* * * * *

Life in Camp

by Mr. & Mrs. Gallistel

We have had sunshine and rain, peaceful calm and boisterous winds. We have had many happy days and a few of sadness wholesome activities and worry-some sickness. We have had many pleasant visitors and a few intruders. We have had joyous life and grievous death. We have had many Newcomers and many Old Timers, but now all are Old Timers, having shared all of these things of Life in our little world.

The Gallistels are proud to have lived with you this summer and all the summers before.

We hope there will be, in the future, many more summers of Life in Camp.

* * * * *

Old Timers

The Sam Gregorys of Evansville, Indiana, former campers here, spent three weeks at Camp Gallistella while Jo Anne Attended the Wisconsin All-State Summer Clinic. Jo Anne was a flutist in the Cardinal and Texas bands. Jean was married Easter Sunday to Wilbur Dremstedt of Evansville. Jean and Wilbur live in Indianapolis where her husband is a senior in dental college.

* * * * *

WAS IT COLD?

By Lee Churchill

"What was it like out there last winter?" "How did you all make out last winter-- pretty cold?" These are the questions our summer neighbors are greeting us with; now in the warmth of July we can take a bit of time to let you know how it was out here in the little grey cottage we call Laugharne.

Yes, it was cold. I suppose that having it twenty below only two or three times during the season is considered not too extreme a winter for this part of the country but in the little cottage those days the air seemed fairly bracing. Actually, the coldest spells for us were when the wind was off the lake; the hill affords quite a bit of protection against winds from the south. But even though the house became cold with icy north winds it could be quickly heated. Our heating consists of the burning of bottled gas in a little heating stove. This plus the gas burned in the lamps and cooking stove would regularly raise the temperature from about 40 or 50 degrees at our arrival home in the evening to 90 degrees within fifteen or twenty minutes. Of course the same magic works in the summer too, as anyone who has dropped by at suppertime will testify. To be a bit more exact, the 90 degrees was the temperature up by the ceiling. Down around our poorly insulated floor the temperature remained a cool 40 or 50. That accounts for the fact that we are the only people in Madison with an open, indoor, automatic deep freeze! (Temporarily out of order) It is the floor near the outside wall, and in one of the coldest snaps we froze three eggs there in our floor deepfreeze. This cold floor and tropical ceiling Don says, calls for the following ensemble: heavy woolen socks, thick wool trousers over heavy underwear, and a very thin teeshirt. So to answer the question about the cold a little more exactly-- yes from the floor to the waist, no from the waist to the ceiling.

"Did you have any trouble getting to town"? is another frequent question. "No, not until spring," is the honest answer. Don was able to cycle in to his classes every day last winter since the snow plow clears the road by the middle of the morning. He heard a lot of comments about red nose and ears from friends who passed him in cars but his record of getting through deserves a citation from the Post Office. It was not till March and supposedly lamblike spring that we had trouble. It wasn't

downy wool that fell thick around us but a full-scale blizzard that drifted into waist-high banks. Since the chain came off Don's bike when he tried plowing his way, he couldn't get through but had to wait out a few hours until the roads were cleared. During the winter several people suggested that he skate in to Med School, but I understand that when one is out of touch with the lake conditions, -not having a radio, it is a very easy thing to start to skate to school and then hit a thin place and go in up to the knee. I understand that it is very easy; off Picnic Point, in particular. Yes it was possible to get in to town last winter with only an adventure or two.

"But don't you get lonely out there?" I expect that it will be a little lonesome when Tent Colony friends leave in the fall but of course there are the ice fishermen. Why, hardly a weekend would go by when dozens of them wouldn't huff and puff their way past Laugharne; how could one feel alone when each passerby would make sure to be close enough for a peek through the windows. No, we weren't lonely in the winter. And in the spring it was Don and I who became the intruders. We were the unwilling and unwanted guests at numerous May afternoon picnics. You just can't become invisible and muffle the squeak and noise of the pump even if blankets and sunbathers are spread out all around. The hand-holders were cordial though and we got to meet quite a few of them when the mud was thick enough for them to use our phone for calling a towtruck. Since we had unofficial neighbors all the year long we never did get lonely. But it was mighty nice in the later spring to see people looking over the platforms and then shortly arriving with a trailer full of house. It was nice when our first neighbors moved in, and after waiting a bit we had a whole friendly neighborhood around us. That is one of the things that makes us prefer the summer to the winter here at Laugharne.

* * * * *

Lean & Sleek

The grunt and groan squad was reorganized this year. The sagging boards on platform 3 attest to the determination of the Gallistel Glamour Girl's to stay that way. Exercises were led by Celia Wesle and Lylas Durnford.

Get Acquainted Potluck Supper by Celia Wesle

In spite of numerous obstacles, the potluck was achieved and enjoyed by the campers on Thursday, July 6.

The first deflection from its possible success was the spread of flu through the camp, which happily had abated somewhat before the date arrived.

Six year old Marguerite Wesle broke out with measles the day before the event removing her mother from the working committee and temporarily demanding Bryna Donaldson's time on Thursday afternoon from making punch in order to take two-year old Janice Donaldson and little Maria Wesle for Globulin shots.

The mayor's wife, Lil Hastings, who had offered to make picnic coffee had left camp with our regrets and with a chicken-pocked Jimmy.

Lucille Johnson, though suffering with a badly smashed thumb from a rock which fell while building steps to their pier contributed gas, energy and time by shopping and coffee making though she was not originally a committee member.

Then it was discovered that the chosen date was also that on which the University Players opened with "Yes M'Lord"

for which several campers, including the committee chairman, Virginia Willett had tickets.

When the chairman was approached with the thought that maybe this was a bad time to have a potluck and we should have waited, she responded with, "People have to eat anyhow; life must go on!"

With such a useful and courageous philosophy, the weather could not help but contribute a beautiful evening.

The campers responded with a wonderful array of hot dishes which in our city of limited ovens was truly a surprise and the program chairman, Al Johnson gave us happy after-dinner entertainment.

Following a welcome by the Mayor, Ike Hastings, and some words of caution regarding poison ivy and the use of the pier, the Willett trio; Carol, Tim and John gave a pop-bottle concert playing and singing "Goodnight Sweetheart".

Al Johnson, with the help of Muff Johnson, divided the children for scavenger hunts, which uncovered, among other things an arachnid, a ten penny nail, and a polmate leaf.

Following this was community singing accompanied by Celia Wesle and her guitar.

* * * *

Water Carnival
by C. Steinmetz

When the sun peeked out from behind the rain clouds on July 23, the annual water carnival got under way. The afternoon of fun was organized by Al Johnson, athletic director, while Art Willett acted as M.C.

A horse and rider diving act was provided by two Italian comedians; Spaghetti (Duke Elkow) and Macaroni (Joe Johanson)

Jim Willett's competition was not to be seen as he zoomed across the finish line in the 6 years and under life-jacket race (he was the only entry).

Carrying home bright colored ribbons of victory were the following:

1. Novice race for women
 1. Virginia Willett
 2. Enid Stover
 3. Margie Stocking
2. Underwater balloon blowing:
 1. Tom Willett
 1. Mr. Stocking
 2. John Elkow
 2. Mr. Willett
 3. D. Skipworth
 - Mr. Stover
3. Life jacket - 6 yrs. & under
 1. Jim Willett
4. Swimming race 8 yrs. & under
 1. Betsy Willett
 2. Joe Donaldson
 3. Marguerite Wesle
5. Swim race-9 yrs. & 10 yrs.
 1. Robert Skipworth
 2. John Willett
 3. Margy Stocking
6. Swim race - 11 & 13 yrs.
 1. Tom Willett
 2. Lucy Gallistel
 3. Kitty Stocking

7. Swim race 14 & 19 yrs.
 1. David Skipworth
 2. John Elkow
 3. Carol Willett
8. Open swim race
 1. Duke Elkow
 2. Dave Skipworth
 3. LeRoy Floriano
9. Open Swim race for women
 1. Lucy Gallistel
 2. Kitty Stocking
 3. Madeline Elkow
10. Plunge for distance
 1. Duke Elkow
 2. Joe Johanson
 3. Leroy Floriano
11. Watermelon scramble-draw
12. Peanut scramble
 1. Jane Jones
 2. Kitty Stocking
 3. John Elkow
13. Undress
 1. John Elkow
 2. Carol Willett
 3. Tom Willett

Mr. & Mrs. Gallistel, their son and his family were guests.

* * * * *

While the Gallistels were on their Wyoming trip, the cottage was occupied by the Anderson family, -Darwin and Vi, Valerie (13) and Ron, (15) plus Valerie's pal, Karen Toiten. Ron caught a beauty of a fish, Valerie a beauty of a sunburn. At camp fire and pier as well as after telephone call we enjoyed getting to know the

* * * * *

Twenty-Five Years Ago

Twenty-five years have passed since Mrs. Smith and I with our three boys, including Floyd Jr. - all are married, two in Educational work and one a Medical Doctor and have presented us with seven grandchildren to date! - first spent a summer in the University Tenting Colony, later known as Camp Gallistela, Now Floyd Jr. is spending his twelfth summer here with his family. We have just spent a delightful week visiting them- attending some meetings at the University, playing with the two grandchildren, night crawler hunting on the Blackhawk Golf Course, perch fishing, swimming and just plain camping under canvas.

Contrasting the then and now, there were sixty some families here from twenty-three states that summer. The daisy field was a spacious meadow now grown up to brush & trees with the only really open space now a cindered parking lot. The south half of the colony was free of brush and was an open grass lot with a few trees. Tranluscent screening and bobinette was not in use hereabouts, but canvas, cheese-cloth, tar-paper and metal screen dominated in construction work. The south study hall and toilets had not been erected. There was a fine swimming pier at the present site plus a fishing pier further south near where platform No. 40 now is. There were a couple of scows, a few canoes, a kayak or two, and a couple of folding

canvas boats, plus children made rafts instead of the present array of splendid out-boa rd motor boats to a palati yacht. No surf-boards, water skis, roaring out-board motor swim-fins, goggles and snorkel tubes, but a life guard on dut at the swimming pier every day and evening who taught all age how to swim.

By way of comparison, the fewer families of today are every bit as congenial and the "student" of the family just as eager to get as much education as can be afforded . There is the group of children of all ages and more are expected as was the case of yore! It rains, the storms blow off from Lake Mendota, and the sun shines and sets just the same. We carried our water and garbage, cleaned the toilets, got our mail- used to be delivered here by boat, Marine Service and had the same super camping experience just as is done today. Every one lived frugally and fully. Mumps, measles and other minor invasions would from time to time demand our interest. Floy Jr. fell out of a swing and br his arm" which his mother set with the aid of a berry crate so that it need no further medical attention!

Mrs. Smith & I have had a splendid week here enjoying the reminiscing.

By Floyd Smith, Sr.

* * * * *

The Storm

What appeared to be a dramatic climax to the heat wave turned out to be just another one of Madisons noted storms on the eve of July 31st.

The wind and rain brought much excitement and many broken branches to Camp Gallistel. Probably the most exciting occurrence was helping to rescue the equipment and motors from two boats whose owners landed them at our dock during the worst of the storm. The comment was made that the waves on Lake Mendota were as high as those of Lake Superior on a calm day. It was also said that if the ants were watching they had the laughshells found by Bob Skipworth, a on us that time--Gallistel folks necklace of shells strung by really scattered--people in boats did too!!

In the calm coolness (?) of Monday morning our camp youth recovered some very expensive equipment amounting to, including the motor, nearly five hundred dollars. We are to be rewarded at our camp picnic-- "Pete" (I'm sorry I can't supply business, along the road between the whole name, there was just too much going on to get it!) isproceeds were 71¢. With this, supplying all the pop we want. We're well rewarded I'm thinking

Let's not forget the town folk--Wesles' supplied a bit of drama also! I hear most everyone from their end of town was out in the rain holding down their tent. Celia was much disturbed--she wasn't home for the actual excitement, she

arrived home for the mess!

Johnsons, the younger ones, survived with only a soaked bed and broken mirror. Did I say "only"?

And thus endeth the account of "the Storm"---

* * * * *

Private Enterprise in the Tent Colony

by Lucille Johnson

The store had a variety of handmade and hand gathered objects for sale. There were were watching they had the laughshells found by Bob Skipworth, a folks necklace of shells strung by John Willet, a snail, paper plates and paper napkins decorated by Marguerite Wesle, Betsy Willet and Karen Larson. Jann Johansen contributed two boxes of candy cigarettes and Marguerite brought cold coolade and paper cups.

After about five days of business, along the road between platforms 21 and 23 the store proceeds were 71¢. With this, Betsy and Marguerite co-managers, gave a party for their parents, their helpers as well as the Al Johnsons and the mayor, Ike Hastings and his family.

Bedecked with aprons, the little hostesses passed out cold drinks (red or green), cheese crisps, candy and cookies to the

(continued on next page)

company seated about the Willet's by-the-lakeshore fire-place. Guests brought more candy, drinking cups, and guitar music.

With the return to camp of Debbie Ferris, a trading post has been operating on platform 4 which offers in any beautiful natural objects like mosses, berries, flowers, acorn pipes gathered from the woods.

One of the major rewards of camp life for young parents is the broadening of their children's pleasure-and-learning sources from factory made objects to the very abundant natural ones.

MOTHERHOOD

Happy little Janice
trotting 'round the house
Momie gently follows,
quiet like a mouse.
Baby's hands are precious
to her loving mother.
Who saves an egg from one hand,
Her China from the other.

By B. Donaldson

Mr. Gallestel has always been afraid of fires. One day he brought home a fire extinguisher from the University.

Some time later Mrs. Jones hurried up and found the roof was on fire. She had hung her dish towel up, and had put a pot of beans on to cook. The

The towel had been too close to the stove.

Mr. Gallestel said to Mrs. Lockhart, "Come on." Let's go get the fire extinguisher." So they ran to the cottage and got the fire extinguisher. It was a large one on wheels.

They both took hold of the long handle and dragged it down to platform 21. By the time they got there the fire was out, and the canvas had burned completely, but nothing else was hurt.

It all looked funny with the roof off and everything else standing.

This happened about thirty years ago.

By Nancy Stover

HEADLINERS

CAMP GALLISTEL made the front page of the Capital Times on Thursday, August 4. The wives and kids of Bud Hardrath, Amza Vail, Al Johnson, Art Willett & Jo Johansen graced the center columns with action shots showing how to beat the heat. The reporting was excellent- accurate and vivid. However, thin-skinned kids with heat rash made outsiders wonder just how cool it was out here.

* * * * *

The Annual Camp Picnic

Thursday, August 11 at 6:30 was the date of the annual camp picnic. It was held close by the Floyd Smith platform. The committee was Lucille Skipworth, Jean Johansen, Lil Hastings, Lucy Johnson, Rae Johnson

CHIPPER THE CHIPMUNK

Chipper Chipmunk flicked his not too bushy tail and scurried up the branch where Chester was hiding.

"Now what's all the fuss? he asked.

"Just look where I'm pointing and you'll see".

"But Chester, "he said staring. "They look like people. A man, a woman and a cute little boy."

"I noticed them this morning, but maybe they won't stay. I didn't know they allowed people here.

"I didn't think they did either," answered Chipper worried. "But they're not on our platform so forget it."

"You don't suppose they'll hurt us?" asked Chester. "I guess Chester and Chipmunk spent not, "he said answering his own question. "We'll leave them alone and they'll leave us alone."

"Sure, comforted Chipper. "I'm going to bush out my tail. Maybe I could get it just a little bit prettier."

The next few days Chester Chipper watched the people busy at work.

"What do you suppose they're doing," asked Chipper.

"I think they're building a house, but I wonder why he's tacking the paper over the wood. It'll be hard for him to chew at it that way."

A week later some more people came, and then more. And then it happened.

"Oh Chester what will we do. sobbed Chipper.

"Our dream house. It's all over. The shade will be taken up,

we'll never find the acorns, oh why do those people have to live on our platform." wailed Chester.

Chester and Chipper walked slowly drooping their not too bushy tails behind them.

"I guess we could stay in a tree for awhile." said Chester. "We don't really need to

dig our hole yet." Chipper just nodded as he slowly climbed the tree.

"This is good enough" said Chester when they had reached the second branch."

"This way we can look out onto our old platform."

Chipper just sighed.

"It doesn't seem like an awful lot of work for what you get. I wonder why they don't dig holes."

"And look at that dirty little girl. I suppose she'll only get dirtier under ground" said Chester.

"I suppose it's nicer on top of the platform than under it."

"That's the reason they build a house the way they do. Then they can see the lake and the trees. Why, they can even watch their children while they're playing."

"Let's just sit and watch them awhile." said Chipper.

"Three days later Chipper came bursting up the tree to see Chester.

"You'll never guess what happened."

(continued on next page)

"You got your tail to fluff." Old Timers
said Chester.

"Oh no, much more important
than that. Follow me," Chipper
ordered. Chipper raced down
the tree and across the road
with Chester close behind him.
Suddenly Chipper stopped.

"But this is our platform
and the people..."

"Shh" ordered Chipper.
Listen. Do you hear anything?"

"No" answered Chester.
Chipper quietly crept closer
toward the house, quickly
squeezed through a hole in the
paper house.

"Come on", he called to
Chester. "I've fixed lunch for
you."

"Lunch?" asked Chester
squatting down. Once you eat
peanut butter sandwiches you'll
never go back to acorns again,"
said Chipper.

"The way I've got it figured
Both families can live here.
Every afternoon they go for a
swim and all we have to do is
move in, and leave before they
get back."

"Now that is neat. These
peanut butter sandwiches are
good. Let's bury some instead of
acorns," said Chester. Chipper
nodded.

"They've got lots of other
good things too. Just help
yourself. And so the Donaldsons
and the Chipmunks spent a very
happy summer.

News of old timers comes
from many parts of the continent.
Here in Madison the Malcolm
Salingers have settled down, and
bought them a home. Their new
baby gives them a family of
three daughters. Mr. Salinger
is working in Personnel at the
Veteran's Administration. The
Zaitz family, Tony and Mary,
the tree boys and Susan, just
over one year old, are settled
in University Houses for the
year 1955-1956 for that final
year before doctor's orals.

Al Johnson, visiting with
Dr. Wittich, head of the audio-
visual department, reports that
he was out here in 1925. His
Uncle, Arnold Wittich, who was
here in 1939 and 1940, passed
away three years ago.

The Vail clan has three alumni
families, Paul and Eleanor Vail
are working in Oxford, Ohio,
Paul teaching at Miami Universit:
Eleanor at the girls' school
there. Their adopted daughter,
Sara, is going on two. The Emil
Lussows are in Oak Forest, near
Chicago, Emil, who is holding
down two jobs this summer, takes
it easy in the winter with just
one job-- teaching in one of the
large consolidated high schools.
Their Gretchen is almost two
years old. The Irwin Randolphs
are in Milton, Wisconsin

1955 Census of Camp Gallistella

| <u>Name & Address</u> | <u>Children's Names & Age</u> | <u>Platform Number</u> | <u>No. of Years</u> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|------------------------|---------------------|
| Johansen, Lloyd & Jean 724 Blaine Blvd. Racine, Wisconsin | Jan 6 | 14 | 6 |
| Steinmetz, Charles & Mary Lee Fowler St. No. Muskegon, Mich. | Sue 1 | 10 | 5 |
| Stover, Steve & Enid 202 N. Midvale Blvd. Madison, Wis. (Garden City, Kansas) | Nancy 9 Phillip 5 Merrily 7 Sue 2 | 8 | 4 |
| Vail, Amza & Margaret Benton, Wis. | Wm. 1½ | 7 | 2 |
| Gallistel, Albert & Eleanor 1315 Linden Dr. Madison, Wis. | | Cottage | 37 |
| Stocking, Ralph & Elsie 122 Bascom Pl. Madison, Wis. | Kitty 12 Margery 10 | 44 | 1 |
| Grioumowsis, George Address unknown | | | |
| Sanders, Norris Parkway, Oshkosh, Wis. | | | |
| Bertolait Address unknown | | 42 | - |
| Bedren, G. E. Address Unknown | | 33 | |

1955 Census of Camp Gallistella Continued

| <u>Name & Address</u> | <u>Children & Age</u> | <u>Platform</u> | <u>Year</u> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|-------------|
| Larson, Clifford & Marion 531 E. Calhoun St. Springfield, Mo. | Karen 12 | 29 | 1 |
| Hasting, Roscoe & Lil W inslow, Ill. | Jimmie 3 | 28 | 6 |
| Elkow, Duke & Madeline 1758 Troy Ave. Brooklyn, 34, N.Y. | John 15 Ann 12 Ricky 6 | 24 | 3 |
| Willett, Art & Virginia | Carol 14 Tom 12 John 10 Betsy 6 "J.B." 2 | 25 | 2 |
| Wesle, John & Celia 304 N. School St. Normal, Ill. | Marguerite 6 Maria 1½ | 23 | 2 |
| Donaldson, Alex & Bryna 846 S. Pickwick Springfield, Mo. | Joseph 8 Janice 2 | 21 | 1 |
| Pinola, Rudolph & Lois Ada, Ohio | John 2 Douglas 1 | 15 | 1 |
| Swiger, Ottis F Brasch, James D.& Delores | | 30 34 | 1 1 |
| Hardrath, Halvert & Marjorie 214 S. Bayley Ave. Platteville, Wis. | Sarah 2 Sue 3 | 9 | 1 |
| Floriano, Leroy & Genevieve Coleman, Wis. | Robert 12 James 8 John 4 | 18 | 1 |
| Johnson, Alfred & Lucille R #2, Wooster, Ohio | | 19 | 11 |

1955 Census of Camp Gallistella Continued

| Name & Address | Children | Platform | Year |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|----------|------|
| Johnston, Wm. F. & Gladys 1235 Rockdale St. Green Bay, Wis. | Barbara 7 Bruce 3 Bryan 1 | 53 | 5 |
| Gregory, Sam & Eleanor | JoAnne 15 | 52 | 5 |
| Smith, Floyd & Ann Barneveld, Wis. | Brett 1 Roger 8 | 50 | 7 |
| Churchill, Don & Lee 426 N. Charter Madison, 6, Wis. | | 43 | 2 |
| Saez, Alfred & Terry Valparaiso, Ind. | Steven 8 Stanley 5 | 39 | 2 |
| Seng, Mark & Mary Ann Waupaca, Wis. | | 45 | 1 |
| Lewis, Merill Tanty, Lyman Bennett, Al All of Oshkosh, Wis. | | 35 | 2 |
| Skipworth, Lucille, (Mrs. E.T.) 3113 Federal St. El Paso, Texas | David 15 Robert 9 | 33 | 1 |
| Stoll, Roy & Eulalia R. 4, Valparaiso, Ind. | George 5 | 32 | 2 |
| Johnson, Marvin & Rae Boscobel, Wis. | | 31 | 1 |
| Durnford, Dale & Lylas 1514 Euclid Ave. Beloit, Wis. | Dick 8 Deanna 5 Douglas 3 | 16 | 3 |