



Gallistella breezes: camp newsletter. 1947

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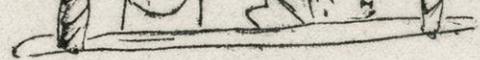
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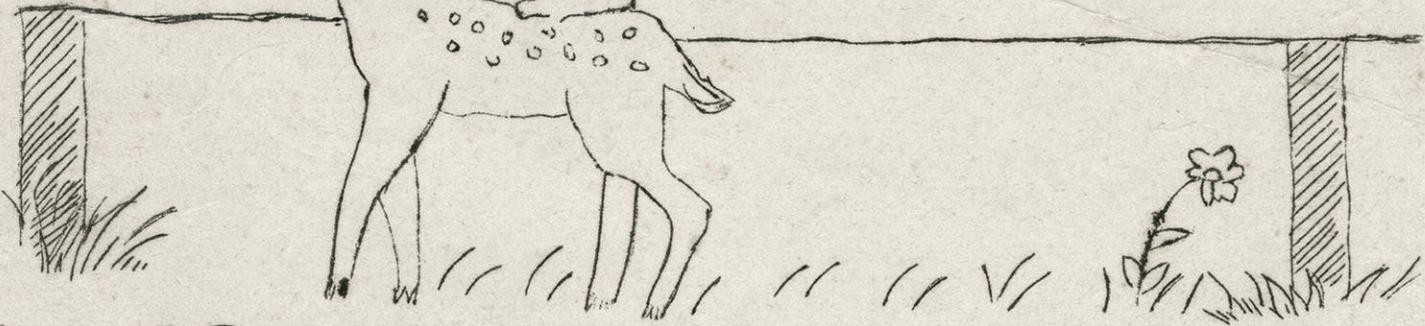


CALLISTELLA



BREEZES

1947



A. A.

FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF SERVICE WE DO APPRECIATE

At a Christmas party a number of years ago the following poem was composed:

When tuneful chimes broadcast Noel
From station A to Boscobel,
I meant to send a rhyme, as well,
To Mr. Albert Gallistel.

Let's go!

Just turn the knob to Gal
Or Lis, or Tel,
But rhymes are scarce as hydromel,
Or diamonds in an oyster shell.

And so--

I took my trusty old umbrell,
I looked in many a flowery bell,
I plucked the quivering asphodel,
To make a rhyme for Gallistel,
But no!

I saw a hermit in his cell,
He said to me, "You might as well
Expect to see icebergs in H---
As find a rhyme for Gallistel.
What ho!"

Then how shall I my grief dispel?
My heart expires, my reins rebel.
I searched the town for caramel.
There are no rhymes for Gallistel,
You know.

I gave it up, I wish him well--
May everything with him excel--
But when we meet, as once befell,
I simply say to Gallistel,
Hello!

To this Betty Cass added:

Don't give it up, just ask a belle!
Or Betty Cass, or Little Nell.
I need to drop some ballast, well,
So does Mr. Gallistel!

THINGS I LIKE AT CAMP

The way it looks before a storm,
going fishing, swimming and boating.
I have had fun at camp this year.

Judy Plumb

Good Neighbors

I don't think one could find better neighbors any where in the world than here. We share our happiness and misfortunes as one.

To which we rise to add:

When summer breezes waft and swell
Right out along this fairy dell,
We mean to send a rhyme, as well,
To Mrs. Albert Gallistel.

Let's go!

Just think of days as hot as --
(these)
And nights that all your bones do
freeze
If fears arise that you can't
quell,
Our Mrs. G will all dispel.
That's so!

When kids all start to yelp and
yell,
And Jello will refuse to jell,
And you almost long for a padded
cell,
Then tell it all to Mrs. Gallistel.
She'll know!

If rain comes pouring down pell-
mell,
And kids in lab school don't excel,
If others camp where you want to
dwell,
Then send for Mrs. Gallistel.
She'll go!

If the paper comes too late to see,
If lightning strikes your favorite
tree
Or perch won't bite--on bended
knee
Just tell your tale to Mrs. G.
Some Mo!

If the going's tough for quite a
spell
If spider webs are in the jell,
And chipmunks in your cabin dwell,
Then shout, "Oh, Mrs. Gallistel,
Do so--and so."

To which we add:

We don't give up, we know full
well
When campers all their joys do
tell,
That summers here are unexcelled,
Our thanks to you, Mrs. Gallistel.

To one who has been long in
city pent
'Tis very sweet to look into the
fair
And open face of heaven--to
breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue
firmament.

THINGS YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW ABOUT CAMP GALLISTELLAOrigin and Name

There is no better place where one can combine education with vacation than here in the colony which is 35 years old this summer. The camp was founded in 1912 by Emeritus Dean--then Prof.--S. H. Goodnight, who saw possibilities of this lovely location after the University bought the Eagle Heights farm and had no use for the hillside down to the lake. It has become as he planned, a rustic vacation spot where students could bring their families to stay while they are in summer school.

The naming of the place was clever. Mrs. Gallistel wanted it to have an Indian name, and even suggested names herself, but the campers did not agree. They held out for her husband's last name combined with her first, Eleanor, and so the camp became known as Camp Gallistella.

Number Accommodated

The cost here is low, yet it is only the love of camp life that could keep people coming year after year as they now do. Mrs. Gallistel, who has been coming here herself since a few years after it was founded, charmingly calls to mind many outstanding people who have been her summer neighbors. She estimates that over the 35 years, more than 4,000 people have enjoyed this camping experience, people hailing from every state in the Union and from countries such as Alaska, Hawaii, Australia, and Bermuda.

Progress

Originally the University carried the students to and from the campus by motor boat; likewise the mail was brought by boat; hence the reason for "Marine Service" as being a part of the address listed in the folder. But now with modern invention coming to camp as it gets everywhere, students travel by car, bicycle or bus, and the mail comes by car. Yes, a few of the more ambitious ones hike occasionally the $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles into class just for the fun of it.

The University provides platforms so that the tents will have a level floor, but the campers furnish all their own equipment--tents, beds, furniture of all types, and what have you. Some folks have built up

so as to have some real comforts of home--glass windows, porches, sinks, iceboxes, linoleum, and the like. On the grounds are two pumps, two study halls electrically lighted, garbage collection, and rest rooms. What more could campers ask for?

Families Smaller

There is a capacity for 60 families, but due to the urgent demand for teachers in summer jobs, this year only 19 platforms are built up. The total population is 61 (including the Gallistels); 40 adults and 21 children. It is interesting to contrast the difference in sizes of families over the years. In the early days there averaged 5 children per family; now there is an average of 2 plus per family. But a family, large or small finds enjoyment along with education here.

Congratulations to Mr. Bratland, Mr. Carlson, and Mr. George Johnson who will receive their Masters' degrees in education at the close of this summer's session.

Visitors at the John Brush tent the first week of camp were Mr. Brush's parents, the Reverend and Mrs. E. C. Brush and their daughter, Frances. Reverend and Mrs. Brush are missionaries in India who were spending a furlough here. Frances is a student at the teachers' college in Indiana, Pa.

Andersons entertained twenty-eight members of the Blackhawk Canoe Club from Rockford, Illinois, with a picnic supper, Sunday, June 28.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Shutt of Wooster, Ohio, spent a few days in camp as guests of Al Johnsons. Since they were in camp as campers, Mr. Shutt has become an agent for the Northwestern Mutual Life Ins. Co. of Milwaukee, where he recently attended the annual meeting.

THE CALL OF THE CANVAS

2/

1/ There's a place on Lake Mendota,
Just beyond the Double Drive,
That fills my heart with longing
When the first warm days arrive.

Guess it's the music of the
hammer
That keeps ringing in my ears
Nailing down that flapping canvas
When the first real blow appears.

3/

Oh, it's not a place that's fancy;
"Hot" and "cold" may take a while;
But it can be real convenient
Once you've fixed things up in style.

4/ So this is your first summer?
Well, you've got lots in store;
Folks used to come a flocking
In the days before the war.

5/

I remember back in '35,
Or maybe '34,
Sixty families were nothing,
Thick as knotholes in the floor.

6/ Folks say they come to study,
That's the purpose, more or
less;
No harm in going fishing though,
Or taking a morning dip, I
guess.

7/

Here's where the youngsters, as
little tykes,
First learned how to swim;
A tree shack house or a nature walk
For good measure, was thrown in.

8/ "What's there to keep us busy?"
Did I hear you say?
Oh, now, surely you must have
heard
Of good old W. P. A.

9/

Then we have to meet the mailman,
A very popular fellow
With all of the folks whose summer
address
Is good old "Camp Gallistella."

10/ Yes, it's named for the folks
who made it,
Which isn't more than right;
Since they carried out the dream
Of Professor Scott Goodnight.

11/

I'm sure you'll like our Tent Colony,
Unless you're mighty queer,
Probably join our Old Timers' crowd,
Coming back year after year.

12/ 'Course we've missed a summer
now and then,
More urgent things to do,
But we're fond of the place as
'er were
Back in '22.

13/

Guess it's the call of the canvas
That whispers in our ear,
And starts us packing up for camp
When June rolls round each year.

----- Old Timer

The Sosteds of Madison,
former campers, have been out here
to enjoy fishing along the camp
shores.

Mr. Anderson took off from
class the beginning July 6, to act
as supervisor of Children's Week
Camp sponsored by Good Templar
Organization at I.O.G.T. Park,
Geneva, Illinois.

TWO CAMPERS ENTER HOSPITAL

Two of our camp members are
taking vacations from our camp
and our company. One, Mr. Earl
North, underwent a spinal
operation, and the other, "Dick"
Riek is in a quarantine home
with scarlet fever. Both are
recovering very nicely.

WHAT Do You SAY?

Just what causes the mysterious noises which seem to come from the lake so often? Campers for years have been stopping with their menial tasks half finished to listen to the rumbling, thundering, booming, and rearing, and to speculate as to just what it is.

Some of the logic-minded geniuses of camp are of the opinion that it is caused by water rushing into deep caves and crevices under the bank, while others, equally brilliant in educational fields, declare it is the ghost of old Morley trying to break loose from his chains.

These two surmises alone might leave the soundest mind in quite a quandry, but that is not all.

One of the camp socialites (we will not bother with intelligent adjectives after this, considering them understood and therefore superfluous) declares it is thunder and lightning under the lake. Now, readers of sane mind and sound body, stop, shut your eyes, and think. Could it be that gods of the lake are trying to equal the thunderstorms we upper world people experience several times during a camp year, wind, thunder, and all?

A few romancers from the daisy field have been heard to declare it

is "moon-pull" on the lake as a result of thoughtless farmers planting potatoes in the light of the moon.

Quite a number of "good citizens of Wisconsin" believe it to be the echo from Paul Bunyan's axe, while others defend with equal vigor the theory that it is not the echo of the axe, but of the big blue ox's thundering hoofs as he tore over what is now Madison in the romantic days of yesteryear.

Bedraggled and worn out university students have been known to affirm that it is the dying gasps of a "mad" prof who foolishly undertook to explain "purpos-ing" to a grad student.

The economic-minded citizens desperately in need of something to fill them, say it is the water rushing into the "vacuumed" pockets of desperate citizens who jumped into the lake because of the swift rise in the cost of living.

Others vow it is an old Indian chief beating on his tom-tom. It seems some one tried to tell him he'd have to quit when he died, but he's too stubborn to let them know they were right. What do you think?

FIRSTS

Flying Saucers

To the list of this year's firsts perhaps the Flying Saucers created the loudest and longest talk. Two "Flying Saucers" were reported seen over Madison Tuesday, July 9, but no one in the Tent Colony could boast of even imagining he had seen one.

Goodyear Blimp

Much excitement was created when the Goodyear blimp with its spectacular electrical news-carrying sign appeared over Madison, Thursday, July 17. It is the largest airship ever flown in this section of the country and is equipped with the most modern electric sign display ever carried in the sky. The letters, 18 ft. tall, travel across the 180 ft. length of the sign. The letters and words move from right to left across both sides of the blimp. The big bird truly thrilled all those who hailed it as a first in reporting the news.

The Bendix Washers

Along the washer line--en route to the clothesline--the trend this year has been toward the automatic Bendix washing machine, located at various places in the university district. What a boon to camp wives! For thirty cents, without effort, a ten pound load of clothes is ready for the line in a short time.

Electrical Storms

This has been the year of electrical storms. A tree close to the North's platform was struck during the June 28 storm, and the tamarack tree by the Lee platform was struck during the July 26 storm. It so happens that this is each family's first year in camp.

* * * * *

Hail to the Officers

Saluting our Mayor, Mr. Plumb! As Director of Student Personnel Services at the University of Minnesota, Duluth Branch, he keeps busy during the day--and sometimes far into the night. With music a lifelong interest, he rests his soul by playing his flute in the college orchestra. With most of his requirements for his doctorate fulfilled, he hopes this winter to write his thesis and then be able to add that "Ph.D." in the spring.

Mr. Anderson, the Street Commissioner, teaches at the Henry Freeman School at Rockford, Illinois. It is a school for handicapped children. His latest hobby is color photography. Mr. Anderson, by the way, is the champion old timer of us all, 16 summers.

Mrs. Johnson, Clerk, is from Wooster, Ohio, where she works in a gift shop part-time, which along with keeping house for two growing boys and one husband, keeps her quite busy. She has preserved her usual bright smile through a whole string of minor mishaps this summer, including storms, falling dishes, poison ivy, flaming stoves, etc.

Earl North, Editor-Elect of The Breezes, received his B. Ed. at White-water, and his M.A. at Wisconsin. Since his discharge from the Army, he has been teaching English, and holds the position of Chairman of the English Department and heads all forensics at Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin High School.

Mrs. Lee, Associate Editor, (who as you know, took over the entire job in the absence of Mr. North) says she has taught so many years that she doesn't like to count them. At present she is teaching grade school at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Robert Lee, Constable, is big enough to handle the job very competently. Another ex-Army man, who saw plenty of action in the European Theatre, he teaches chemistry at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Mrs. Brush, our postmistress--a Bostonian by birth, and a product of the Girls' Latin School, has become a mid-westerner by ten years residence in Oberlin, Ohio; Chicago; and Ames, Iowa, where she received her doctorate in nutrition.

Clarence Carlson, our 1st ward alderman hails from Hudson, Wisconsin. After teaching in northern Wisconsin, he migrated to Milwaukee, his present home in the middle 20's, as a teacher of geography and a coach of swimming.

Werner Held, ward 2 alderman, after serving 3 years in the Army, is teaching high school in Kremlin, Montana. He is taking education and math. this summer.

EVERYBODY HAPPY AT ANNUAL PICNIC

With temperatures clinging to the 95-degree mark and an anxiously awaited cold front struck in Rochester, Minn. campers held their traditional picnic, Wed., August 6. The committee, Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. Johnson, and Mrs. Held, culminated days of preparation by last minute cooking and ice-chopping, all done literally by the sweat of their brow.

Tradition was well adhered to in the abundant menu. The spicy goulash on buns was well worth Mrs. Johnson's noble sacrifice of many valuable minutes in the sun. Potato salad, scalloped corn, tomatoes, carrot strips, lettuce, hot coffee, cold lemonade, cookies, and the Borden Co.'s welcome donation of ice cream gave all a feeling of satisfaction.

We were honored to have as guests Dean and Mrs. Fowlkes and Nancy, and Mrs. Gallistel, all of whom gave thanks for their meal by brief speeches.

The program was prepared by Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. G. Johnson, and Mrs. Held. Everyone was charmed by the little songs and finger plays given by the littlest children, and their Camp Gallistella written by Leann Thomas. Leann also recited When Ma Had Upped Her Hair and The Pee Little Thigs. The enticement of elderberry wine and the good intentions of the aunt in Arsenic and Old Lace were vividly brought to mind again by Jim Johnson's presentation of a scene from the play. After a flute solo by Chas. Robinson, we turned from complacent spectators to vigorous participants in singing and folk dancing, the latter led by Mr. Dahlke. We fittingly closed the program by a dip in the lake.

The camp picnic, in itself great fun, made us feel the warm friendship, convincing us again that "This is the way to live."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

We, the campers at Camp Gallistella, are such a happy family, that everybody knows everybody else. Many are veterans of the camp, and this is, no doubt, "old stuff" to most of them, but just for the record we'll tell you how one family (the Helds) came to be at Camp Gallistella this summer (their first). Back in the 30's Werner came to visit his mother when she was attending summer school here. "Like Mother, like Son," the young Helds came to camp.

Early last winter we started preparing for the trip by purchasing a trailer, a Navy tent 14x14, a kerosene stove, and other necessary camping equipment excepting cots for Mother and Daddy, who had planned to spend a summer of luxurious comfort sleeping on inner-spring beds.

We proceeded to load the trailer about May 15, approximately 8 ft. Consequently, at the last minute we gave up our dream of comfort and relieved the trailer of several hundred pounds of beds. It is fortunate we did this since we had to tow our trailer over 2,000 miles of every kind of road imaginable enroute to camp....We are sleeping on cots.

Sunday, June 1, in the late morning, we arrived in camp and proceeded to erect the tent despite a drizzling rain which in a very short time became a steady downpour which lasted for several days. Our troubles were many that first day: the tent platform was wet, no dry wood available, all of us very tired from a long trip, and it was necessary to carry out things in the rain down to the platform. Pandemonium reigned. Despite all this, within a few hours the fire was crackling in the wood stove, the platform was starting to dry out, and things began to look up.

We have enjoyed the summer and are looking forward to coming back next summer, circumstances permitting. After all this freedom of space and fresh air, we will surely feel confined this winter.

The Big and Little Helds.

The campers prepared and sent a box of assorted fruits to Earl North in the Wisconsin General, and to Dick Riek in the quarantine home.

SQUIRRELY NOTES

By P-nuts

When Jim Johnson oils his casting rod, he believes in getting every part. He oiled it one day, and that same day it slipped right out of his hand as a result of the oil he put on the handle.

The other day I informed the Mayor that I stole some gasoline from him one evening when he wasn't there. He said, "That is fine, P-nuts, I stole some worms from you yesterday when you were gone."

While on a picnic for the teen-agers and myself, Janet Johnson was worried that she would not get back by dark as she was told to do. She consoled herself by saying that it stays light for quite a while after dark.

Mrs. Plumb went for a pail of water one morning, and while there she thought that she would look for mail. She did. She noticed that there was mail for her neighbor Myers. So wishing to assume the proper neighborly attitude, she took it along to give to Mrs. Myers. She picked up the pail of water she had placed on the steps; she stumbled with it and got the mail and herself nice and wet with the cold cold well water.

Mrs. Al Johnson had a little accident with her cupboard one day. It seems that it fell to the floor. For a while after that she and her husband were asking the neighbors for any extra dishes they might have.

NEW LIFE BOAT ARRIVES

Mr. Gallistel drove to Green Bay, July 14, to see and approve the new University life boat. The next week the big boat was delivered by truck. The gleaming white structure of the boat was quite a spectacle to those who saw it first. Campers who have seen it being propelled along our shores by its 3,000 horse power engine will agree that the captain in charge of it should be a proud man as he looks out of its cozy cabin to the shores of Lake Mendota.

CANDY AND NUTS

Candy to:

Those who perform the "extra duties" in camp.

Postmistress Brush and her assistants for their faithful service this summer.

Leann Thomas and Rodney Johnson for their baby tending. The lucky mothers say they do an excellent job.

Oscar Anderson, our Street Commissioner for well lighted roads and less traffic from the daisy field.

Our faithful corp of messengers. Every family appreciates the unflinching services of these young people who serve in all kinds of weather.

The women in Ward 2 for the lovely party on platform 39 and the young ladies for sponsoring the children's party in the daisy field.

Mr. Robert Lee, our Constable, for knowing who is in each car and why it enters camp. This keeps many "aliens" out.

Mrs. North and Mrs. Lee for performing the important duty of census-taking.

MEET THE CITY DADS

Though it took a lot of maneuvering and many speeches from the empty platforms, after a long and strenuous campaign, Valworth Plumb finally landed the Mayorship, but we hear his campaign tactics haven't helped him to land any fish this year.

Mrs. A. Johnson, a social luminary in slacks, hails from Wooster, Ohio and was chosen to serve as clerk-treasurer. She must have a reputation for sterling character or she would not have been trusted with the unbounded resources of the Gallistella silver mint.

Mr. Robert A. Lee has been misnamed. They certainly should have made that middle initial "E" for the simple reason that, as constable, he has performed many of the duties of a general, and has always conducted

AND

Nuts to:

The people who sing till 3 a.m. in the daisy field.

The people who cannot read (the signs at the top of the hill).

The ants that crawl all over our tents.

The many and varied insects which seem to delight in decorating us with small red bumps.

The algae which at times makes the lake so uninviting.

The people who think we live out here because we can't afford to have a roof over our head. Can't they see we're crazy about it?

The clothes that just will get dirty twice as fast as they should.

himself as a gentleman too. He has marched out more trespassers and sent more rebels away from the gates of the colony than any other constable in the history of the camp.

Mr. Oscar Anderson, who has for 16 years been a close neighbor to the most highly advertised nightclub in the country, better known as the Daisy Field, is getting even this year with the big posts which make it impossible to take a car between camp and this exclusive place of recreation. This helps to keep the overflow of all-night parkers out of his backyard.

The only man ever elected to edit the "Breezes" got fired. It seems he carried a canoe too much to suit his cranky back. He ended up in the hospital, while Mrs. Lee, the constable's wife, was chosen to "play general" with the Breezes.

Mrs. John Brush, the "calmest mother in camp" (of course she only has one, which may be the reason) is trying to be calm and keep her job as postmistress running smoothly.

MEET THE CITY DADS (cont'd.)

Mr. Carlson, alderman for ward 1, should be well able to enforce law and order in his ward as he has no family to exhaust his disciplinary powers on. At least not here in camp anyway.

Mr. Held, Alderman of ward 2, big game hunter from Montana, is capable of shooting law-breakers on sight. So tow the mark, citizens!

WINTERINTERLUDE

Intertentcolony

Have you ever sat in your cozy little shack and had some character flatten his nose against your window and screech, "Good gosh, someone lives there?"

Have you ever been standing perspiring in the middle of your sad shack and watch a quarter inch of ice form on your windows?

Have you ever pumped water in a Wisconsin blizzard when ice would form on the bucket before you left the pump?

Have you ever walked a mile in 14 inches of snow with your wife breaking trail and your beard freezing solid?

Have you ever heard ice booming in the dead of winter night when 18-inch sheets on the lake started shifting?

Have you ever had a rabbit, a cat, a rat, squirrels, and other assorted animals living under your house at the same time?

Have you ever crept out from under four blankets in total darkness at six a.m. to discover dismal- ly that your beautifully banked fire was stone cold and your clothes were equally as warm?

Have you ever lugged 78 bottles of milk and all your other food, laundry, clothing, light, gas, books, mail, etc. by foot for a whole winter.

Have you ever had the wall of your house catch fire by an over- exuberant Signal Oak and your nearest neighbor a half-mile away and the nearest fire station on the moon--then wonder how you got it out?

Have you ever seen a mouse so cold and desperate that it nibbled at frozen dishwater and was quite unaware of a curious finger, then have you bashed its head in with a hammer and wondered for a week why you did it?

Have you ever seen an early winter morning so still that you

could hear the "plouf" of the snow dropping from the twigs, snow that gave to desolate naked trees a white beauty quite beyond description?

Have you lived so as to be healthier than you were ever before, and laughed silently at those who pitied you?

Have you ever had a really unique experience quite off the beaten track?

Well, we have, we winter- interluded intercolony.

The Hovers

Ben Olson, who as a 10-year old dubbed Mr. Seipp "Skipper" was here on his way to an assignment at a factory in Canada. After graduation from Harvard, he joined the engineering staff of Babcock-Wilcox of Barbarton, Ohio. He reports that his mother is still teaching and enjoys fishing as much as she did the summer she pulled in the gar fish. Betty is married and has been teaching in Cleveland.

The Flanders family of Naperville, Wisconsin, called on Mrs. Gallistel a few days ago.

The Ellston Loofboro family of Jancsville were in camp to spend an evening with the Plumbs to celebrate Jimmie's third birthday.

Mr. Kenneth Hines of Rock- ford, Illinois visited at the Anderson's several times this camp year.

Jim Johnson has been cad- dyng at the Blackhawk Country Club near here this summer. He was also a model at an art school for a time.

Leann Thomas has ushered for each of the University plays this year.

Alan McCain of Oshkosh spent a week with his uncles, "Peanuts" and Bob.

Miss Stella Virginia Totlock of Terre Haute, Indiana spent a couple nights in camp as a guest of the Myers.

JOYS AND SORROWS OF CAMPERS 15 YEARS AGO

In 1932 there was a great demand for platforms. In January you began writing for one, and were lucky to get it; and if you wished to keep it, you spoke for it for the next summer, then and there. All the platforms, 55 of them, were occupied. I began way down by the lake. My pal and I had No. 5. So close to the lake we were that we had a pail on a wire trolley run down into the lake to get washing water.

These were the days when broilers for 45¢ each, milk at 10¢ a quart, blueberries at 10¢ a quart were brought to your tent-door. In the colony that summer were two young couples, just married, whose husbands let their hair and beards grow--it reminded one of Oberammergau, where all the actors of the passion-play walked about with primeval growth. Whether the two young husbands did it for economy or to impress their wives with their manly adornment, we never found out, but since one couple lived way up on the hill, the other down by the lake, they were at once labelled: Upper and Lower Jesus.

The father-in-law of Mrs. Lower Jesus was a clever carpenter, and made on a weekend visit a charming kitchen cabinet, two stools, and a table out of orange-crates. Every one came to admire them--this miniature household was the show-place of the camp.

Boys grew on trees in the colony at that time--at least I thought so, when a boy perched in the willow tree outside my tent in the wee hours of one fine morning--but it was my son, Werner, who had hitch-hiked it here from Massachusetts to visit Mom, so he waited in the tree for her to wake up --her car was locked.

A charming spirit of neighborliness reigned in the camp. When a bad windstorm had ripped half of our flimsy summerhut away, all our neighbors rallied to nail it up again in no time.

When we had wishes or troubles, Father Gallistel ironed them out. Mrs. Gallistel was always a kind, gracious hostess with a friendly word for everyone. Miss Gallistel was the bathing beauty of the camp (Could she swim and dive!) while young Mr. Gallistel entertained (and worried) the campers with his daring rides in his small sailing boat. It tipped over once in a while, but he managed to swim to shore.

One lady-camper made ice cream to sell. Unfortunately she often forgot the cream but doused it in-

stead with pink coloring that tasted like fish. Oh, yes, fish--that reminds me of our worries that one summer. It was the year when many of the fish died in the lake. No one knew why--there were theories and bets about it--fact was: by thousands they swam, white belly-side-up on the lake and drifted ashore, where they spread their gentle perfume till campers and college trucks picked them up and drove them to distant fields where they made the little flowers grow.

-Hilde K. Held

LAST TO ENTER CAMP

The Dunwiddies, the last family to enter camp, yet one of our oldest camp families arrived July 11, amid the rain.

They came for Mr. Dunwiddie to attend a series of conferences which have been held at the University. First was the fifth annual Audio-Visual Education Institute, sponsored jointly by the Bureau of Visual Education and the School of Education, during the week of July 15. The second was the Superintendents and Principals Institute, July 21-25. The last one, Institute on School Buildings was August 5-7.

Marion Anderson, Walter, and four-year-old "Kenny" are spending the summer with Marion's parents.

On July 15, the Brush, Whitfield, and Held families helped young Jonathan Brush to celebrate his second birthday. They had a picnic supper on a vacant platform. Mrs. Held baked a lovely birthday cake, and husky little "Jonny" blew out all two candles.

The A. W. Krohn family called on the Plumbs early in the summer. They are living in Schullsburg, Wisconsin.

Early in the summer, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Johnson of Dunkirk, Indiana, stopped from a vacation trip to the West Coast. The daughter, Charlene, has recently been married.

The Argraves, who used to live on the platform next to the pier, called in camp recently with their two children.

High Signs of the Summer Social Season

WARD 2 LADIES ENTERTAIN

The ladies of Ward 2 entertained the ladies of Ward 1 and their guests and Mrs. Gallistel at a lovely party Wednesday afternoon, July 23. The party was held on platform 39. The afternoon was spent in chatting, knitting, mending, and doing other handwork.

The paper tearing contest was won by Mrs. Lee, who tore from her paper the shape of the big evergreen tree which stands near their platform. Mrs. Al Johnson won the shoe kicking by kicking her shoe 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft.

Refreshments of lemonade and assorted cookies were served after the contests.

No mother at this party had to worry about her off-spring. They were taken to a little party of their own in the second daisy field. Leann Thomas, Eva Giles, and Janet Johnson supervised the children in games until the mothers brought the refreshments. After each child had eaten 3 or 4 cookies and drunk all the lemonade he wanted, the group played in the Thomas yard until the mothers were ready to go home.

MESSENGERS' PICNIC

The messengers, with chaperones and guests, had a picnic in Vilas Park early in the camp year. Each person took sandwiches and a dish to pass. Everyone had pop to drink. After having duly stuffed themselves with good food, the whole group toured their way home, eating leftovers on the way.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Whitfield, visited the John Brush family from July 14 to 16. They brought with them a sail boat which Mr. Whitfield made, and the two families enjoyed a sail on Lake Mendota. Mr. Whitfield was a high school classmate of Mr. Brush in India and is now attending Kansas State College at Manhattan, Kansas.

The Oscar Anderson family spent Thursday, July 17, at the Milwaukee zoo.

A RETURN TO HIS OLD HAUNTS

Quite a few years ago, and yet not so many either, the Gallistel cottage was often rather thickly inhabited with young people. For several summers one among this gay company was a small, tow-headed boy named Daniel Koehler. He was Mrs. Gallistel's nephew, and for many summers he helped, for a time at least, to liven up the cottage and its immediate surroundings.

At the beginning of this camp year, before the Gallistels had even moved out here, the "cute little tow-head" paid the place another visit. Only he had grown a little, and this time instead of a "little tow-head," a 6 ft. giant invaded the premises. There was another change this time too. He brought with him his brown haired bride. You see, this time he was on his honeymoon.

Daniel is now a first Lieutenant in the Army. In this rank he served in the Infantry all during the war. He was in Iceland for a while; he participated in the Battle of the Bulge and was wounded in France while serving in Patton's Army. He is now stationed at Aurora, Illinois where Mrs. Koehler is a school teacher.

Mr. John Rooney of Kansas City, Missouri visited at the Frank Thomas platform July 22. He brought with him Mr. and Mrs. Harry Woodard of Madison. Both are employed by the Balfour Ring and Pin Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Lee visited the Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wis., July 12. They saw there the largest refracting telescope in the world and attended the lecture. The Yerkes Observatory is a part of the Chicago University.

Miss Nancy North spent her first camp week confined to the home of her grandparents in Watertown, nursing the measles.

KIDDIE KORNER

RIDDLES

1. Why are fish well educated?
2. Where do you go on your 12th birthday?
3. Why is an old man like a window?
4. What three letters make a man of a boy?
5. Why does the air seem fresher in winter than it does in summer?
6. What letter will set one of the heavenly bodies in motion?
7. Why is it right for B to come before C?
8. What are the biggest kind of ants?
9. When may a man be said to break-fast before he gets up?
10. What is the difference between a bee-hive and a bad potato?

Look for the answers at the bottom of the page.

FIND YOURS

Can you find your name or the name of someone in your family in these jumbled letters?

1. Vae Seigl
2. Doryen Nosjhno
3. Earldg Lumpb
4. Thanonja Shurb
5. Dinal Asthmo
6. Nethenk Rawtle
7. Obby Isrobonn
8. Racl Dahkle
9. Bertrö Kier
10. Nynca Torhn
11. Avidd Sohnjon
12. Laupine Dehl

Answers:

1. They have a taste for going in schools.
2. Into your 13th year.
3. He is full of pains (panes).
4. A. G. E. is
5. Because it/kept on ice most of the time.
6. "T", because it will make a star start.
7. Because we must B before we can C.
8. Giants.
9. When he takes a roll in bed.
10. None. One is a bee-holder; a bee-holder is a speck'd 'tatur, and a speck'd 'tatur is a bad potato.

GRANDPA'S OWN TRUE TALE

Before I tell you this, kiddies, you've got to promise me one thing. Don't interrupt me and say, "Well, that couldn't have happened," or "Now are you sure about that?" I'm telling you right now, this is THE TRUTH, just as sure as I'm sitting here telling it to you, and if it isn't, may a bolt of lightning strike down this very tree I'm leaning against.....

Yes, kiddies, gran'pa will finish his story, just as soon as we get this tree cleared away from the road.

Well, as I was saying, it was about 4:30 in the morning, on a calm June day, and I was out in the boat all alone, except for a few (slap!) mosquitoes and lake flies. My one and only bass plug caught on the bottom, and had broken the line when I was trying to pull it up. There I was, no leader, twenty ft. of line on my rod, and nothing but cork, my knife, two hooks, and a sinker. A half-hour's row from home and no bait.

I reached in my shirt pocket and behold I found a stick of gum. I carefully peeled the tin-foil from the wrapper. Before I scarcely knew it, I had made the neatest little plug you ever saw. Quickly I fastened the plug to my line, and added the sinker.

I cast it out about 15 feet. SWISH! SPLAT! SPLASH! As soon as the plug hit the water the biggest bass you ever saw in your life hit it and ran. Tic-tic-tic --now no extra line to play him. Thinking fast, (I always do in a tight spot) I grabbed the knife and cut my anchor rope.

The bass headed straight for camp, with the boat trailing behind. Did I say a half-hour's row home? That was the fastest ten minutes I ever spent! Straight for the pier he headed; I tried to hold the rod in one hand and push away with an oar in the other, but there I was watching my rod and everything being pulled out to sea.

So, kiddies, don't believe this eye-wash about my greasing the rod handle, and watching it sink slowly. This is the truth, so help me!

SPORTS IN REVIEW

Camp Gallistella really had its share of sports this year. On every hot day (and other days, too) in spite of "that darn algae" it seems as if everyone in the whole camp is down on the pier trying to cool off in the refreshing waters of beautiful Lake Mendota. Incidentally, it is famous for its wonderful fishing too. (Paid ad)

Judy Plumb, and David and Janet Johnson have learned to swim this summer, and Jonathan Brush has a good start. Carl Dahlke has taken well to water too.

Mrs. Myers is still holding her own as the champion fisherman of the camp, and "Peanuts" McCain runs a close second. Next year they'll have another competitor, Mr. Lee, who has taken up the sport this year. You can see them and about half of the rest of the campers at the "perch patch" catching "jumbos." We used to think 7 or 8 inches was a great size for perch, but now they're pulling them in ten, eleven, and twelve inches long. At 85¢ a pound (retail price), it pays to go fishing.

The Rieks make a family affair of fishing; almost any night you can see Mrs. Riek and her three sons sitting in a row on the pier, pulling them in.

The Plumbs, too, are regular customers, either at the pier or at the "perch patch" in their beautifully painted silver and green boat. (Free ad).

There are quite a few boats in camp including the canoes of the Anderson's, North's, and Rieks'. We must not forget the McCain palatial motor launch, the Johnson's unsinkable and others.

A water carnival like those in past years was hoped for, but next year, when there are more people here we'll have one.

Other popular camp sports have been hiking, picnicking, "night crawling", and showing off the latest in camp equipment. The latter is Mr. Myers' hobby. He gets a lot of the stuff at "The U. W. Warehouse" (the dump).

Last but not least, some of our citizens, namely Eva Giles, have taken up horse-back riding. Hi-yo! Dark brown-with-black-mane-and-tail-away--

YOUNGSTERS TOO LIKE SCHOOL

Rodney Johnson attended Music Clinic this year; and, on July 12 he played the piano and sang alto in their concert.

Quite a number of this year's "Kamp Kids" are attending the Summer Lab. School. They are Judy and Gerald Plumb, Linda Thomas, and Janet Johnson.

Judy is in the second grade, where, she tells us, they study nature, speech, art and other things. Her favorite subject is art.

Gerald is attending the Junior Primary class. They have a great deal of woodworking which seems to be what he likes the best.

Linda Thomas is in the kindergarten group. She is very fond of singing and dancing, or rhythms, as they call them. She also likes to make things from clay and listen to stories.

Janet Johnson attends reading Lab. She says they read and sometimes play games.

Two of our very young are in nursery school. They are Ann Held and Carl Dahlke.

MUSICAL DANCE AUGUST 13

Taking a course in dance production has kept Mrs. Dahlke more than busy this summer. The course is the workshop for the Musical-Dancical scheduled for August 13, in the Union Theatre. The show, entitled "If There Isn't" was written and directed by Shirley Genther of the dance department.

The main aim of the group is to produce a show in which the dancing furthered the idea and action, rather than being a rhythmic after-thought.

Mrs. Dahlke, a dance major here in undergraduate days, is taking an active part in the dancing, and is directing one dance.

She reports the experience to have been very enjoyable, but too time consuming. She is planning to spend next summer "sitting quietly on the pier."

CONCERNING FORMER GALLISTELLANS

Grace Seipp was married on June 24 to Wm. Severson of Madison. Helen took time off from her job in the personnel department of Macy's in New York long enough to serve as maid of honor. Grace and Bill are at home at 440 Hawthorne Court. Bill is working on his master's degree in art.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McCain spent a day recently with Bob and "Peanuts" after they arrived home from a trip through the East. On their visit in camp, they were accompanied by Donna Dunbar Brownell and daughter of Toledo, Ohio, and Christopher Austin, son of Dolores Dunbar Austin of Milwaukee.

Rev. and Mrs. Wilfred Harris and family are living in Fremont, Iowa. A second son joined the family last May, according to Uncles Bob and Lee.

Bill Buys, who lived here with T. B. Fest one summer, has recently received his masters in speech, and this fall will begin teaching at Wisconsin High School. He and his family live at Badger Village.

"Bud" Dollard, former camp life guard, who served as lieutenant commander during the war, is now back in Chicago in radio work. He has been married recently.

John and Jean Foss have been living in Beloit the last year while John attends school there. An operation this past winter seems to have improved John's health considerably.

Bud and Rosemary Burdick are living in Davenport, Iowa where he is in business.

Gerald Wade is with the Bureau of Weights and Measures in Madison.

The Adams family who occupied the shingle house in the west end for several summers live at Bloomington, Illinois, where Mr. Adams does some administrative work along with his teaching.

The Irwins, former campers, have recently bought a house in Madison.

Bert Gallistel, who is a metallurgist with a Minneapolis firm, has recently moved his family into a new home in Spring Park on the shores of Minnetonka.

Dean F. O. Holt, Director of Public Services for the University, and former camper, has recovered from a recent illness sufficiently to resume his duties.

Major and Mrs. James R. Boler (Eleanor Gallistel) are living in Bremen, Germany, where he is in the economic division of the Office of Military Government.

A recent UP dispatch in quoting Prof. Albert Einstein's Opinion on the use of atomic power ended with a quotation by a former Gallistellan. Dr. Calvin Hoover, Dean of the Graduate School of Duke University, said Russia's expansionist policy makes it impossible for the U. S. to surrender its atomic monopoly.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Waffle of Des Plaines, Illinois, brought Donna, Jim, and Scott to camp long enough for them to have a swim the other day. Accompanying them was Peggy Jane, 10 weeks old. They report that Gareth is just back from a cruise to Newfoundland and will return to the University in the fall.

Prof. Chas. Center and family have been frequent callers in camp. They moved to Madison from the East last fall when Mr. Center received an appointment as Associate Professor in the School of Commerce.

R. W. Parsons have moved to Wollaston, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Marilyn Case Wier of Euclid, Ohio, was in camp for a few minutes recently and remarked that camp looked just the same except that it was more beautiful. Her father is in charge of playgrounds in Euclid this summer.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

The following recipes have been tested in our own campers' kitchens and are here offered as simple tasty ways of varying your daily menus.

PORCUPINE MEAT BALLS

1½ lbs. hamburger
 ½ C. uncooked rice
 1 onion, chopped
 3 T. minced green pepper
 1 can tomato soup
 1 can water
 Salt and pepper to taste

Mix together the hamburger, rice, onion, green pepper, and seasoning. Mold into patties or balls. Brown in 2 T. fat. Place tomato soup and water in pan and add meat mixture. For pressure saucepan, cook 15 min. at 15 lbs. pressure; otherwise cook until rice is done.

Lyn North

CASSEROLE

1 lb. round steak, cubed (flour & sear)
 1 C. tomatoes
 4 carrots cubed
 1 can mushrooms
 1 large onion
 ½ C. celery
 1 green pepper
 ½ C. uncooked rice

| | |
|----------------|--|
| 3 T. butter | |
| 2 t. salt | |
| ½ t. pepper | |
| 2 T. flour | |
| 2 C. hot water | |

Sear meat, add water and seasoning. Stir, add vegetables. Cook in slow oven 2½ hours. At 1¾ hrs. add cooked rice. At 2 hrs. add mushrooms.

Esther Myers

GERMAN POTATO SALAD

Cook 6 medium sized potatoes with skins, then peel. Make dressing as follows:

Saute 4 slices bacon cut in small pieces. Remove bacon from fat. Add two T. flour to fat, blending well. Then add one-fourth C. cider vinegar and ¾ C. water mixed, stirring well to prevent lumping. Add 2 T. sugar and 1/2 t. salt, and cook until thick, stirring to prevent burning.

Slice potatoes in dish, add diced bacon, 1 T. grated onion, and 2 T. chopped parsley. Add cooked sauce to potatoes, etc., mix well. Keep warm over hot water. Serves 4.

Ina Dunwiddie

If you are short of eggs, you may substitute a full T. of cold water for 1 egg white.

BAKED EGGS AND CHEESE

Line individual baking dishes with yellow cheese. Drop in one or two eggs, season with salt and pepper. Cover with slice of cheese. Bake in moderate oven until egg is cooked and cheese is melted.

Miriam Brush

CREAM CAKE

2 eggs
 7/8 C. sugar
 2/3 C. cream (top milk good)
 1-2/3 C. flour
 2½ t. baking powder
 ½ t. salt
 1 t. vanilla

Put unbeaten eggs in a bowl, add sugar, cream, add vanilla. Beat vigorously. Mix and sift remaining ingredients; add first mixture. Bake 30 min. in cake pan 7 x 10 in. in moderately slow oven (325°F). Frosting recipe below.

Doris Held

SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

1 egg white, unbeaten
 ¾ C. sugar, finely sifted
 2 T. cold water
 ¼ t. cream of tartar or
 1 t. light corn syrup
 Few grains salt

Combine ingredients in top of double boiler. Stir until sugar dissolves, then place over briskly boiling water. Beat with egg beater until stiff enough to stand in peaks (6 to 10 min.). Flavor as desired.

CARROT LOAF

1 C. cooked rice
 1 C. bread crumbs
 1½ C. grated carrots
 1 C. milk
 1/2 C. peanut butter
 2 eggs
 1 T. butter
 1 small onion, diced

Mix and bake in a loaf in oven or steam for 1 hour.

Blanche Johnson

To keep custard pie from soaking, rub the crust with crisco before pouring in the custard.

DELIGHTS OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS

As I sit here at my table under our tent, I am reminded of Thoreau's quotation, "You only need sit still long enough in some attractive spot of the woods, that all its inhabitants may exhibit themselves to you by turns."

Yes, here is our pet squirrel, come to tease us early in the morning by cutting up the pine cones and dropping them on our platform. Sometimes when he drops a whole cone, it seems as if he is playing a game and is really trying to hit us. But at last since we are too busy getting the early morning duties over, he gives up--happy, nevertheless, only to return to the platform later to see if he can find any crumbs that might have dropped from the table.

Close on the heels of the squirrel come the bunnies, three different sizes of them. For a month this summer we delighted in the older ones, but now even if we do thrill at the sight of the cotton tails coming up the path, we are happier still to see the "little one" cavorting around. The rabbits seem to enjoy playing tag and hide-and-seek with each other, caring little for our company, yet still they are our friends.

Perhaps the chipmunks are up to enjoy the crisp morning air too, but usually they are not quite such early visitors, but surely enough all through the day there will be plenty of them here to call. The other day, one I have learned to recognize by his special marking, even ventured an unannounced call inside the tent. I welcomed him as silently and as politely as I could, but he did not choose to stay long. I noticed later that he had far more important business than wasting his time talking to me.

In the trees near by are birds bursting their throats with beautiful songs, appealing to the ear. Their songs are far sweeter than songs from any canary in a cage. I notice the wren most because he gives most freely. He never seems to tire out. Surely for eye-appeal one can't overlook the blue-jay or the humble robin.

Right now I am watching a young robin trying his wings. What a lesson one little bird can give! No matter how old we become, we are ever trying our wings, and it is only when we, like the bird, hop too far that we realize our limitations.

The catbird is an unattractive bird in looks, but he calls on me frequently and is friendly. Apparently he is excited only in the presence of the beautiful blue-jay. Maybe that is

only his inferiority complex coming to the fore, at any rate, there is plenty of noise when the two are in the same tree.

I have noticed a number of other birds, but here I am concerned with only my regular friends.

If one notices carefully (and at times only a glance is necessary) he finds there is no old stick or dried blade of grass too mean to be some crawling creature's palace. However, bugs aren't so friendly (or are they?) nor are they so pleasing to the sight the way I regard them. I have resolved that some day I shall learn to know the names of the prettier insects, but somehow that always seems like a task for tomorrow.

The flowers growing in profusion catch my sight now. The daisies are in abundance. I don't need to go to the Daisy Field; they grow everywhere about me. Right by our platform, growing for our special pleasure, is a clump of columbine and a large bush of Twin Sister, loaded with red berries--poisonous they say, but luscious and tempting looking.

When I tire of all of this, I turn my gaze and there is beautiful Lake Mendota, every day changing, yet every day prettier than the day before. Whether she serves as a wash tub, a bath tub, a swimmers' delight, or a fisherman's paradise, it makes no difference.

We love and appreciate Camp Gallistella. One must live here to know the real joy of living and communing with nature. It is here we are able to say with Emerson:

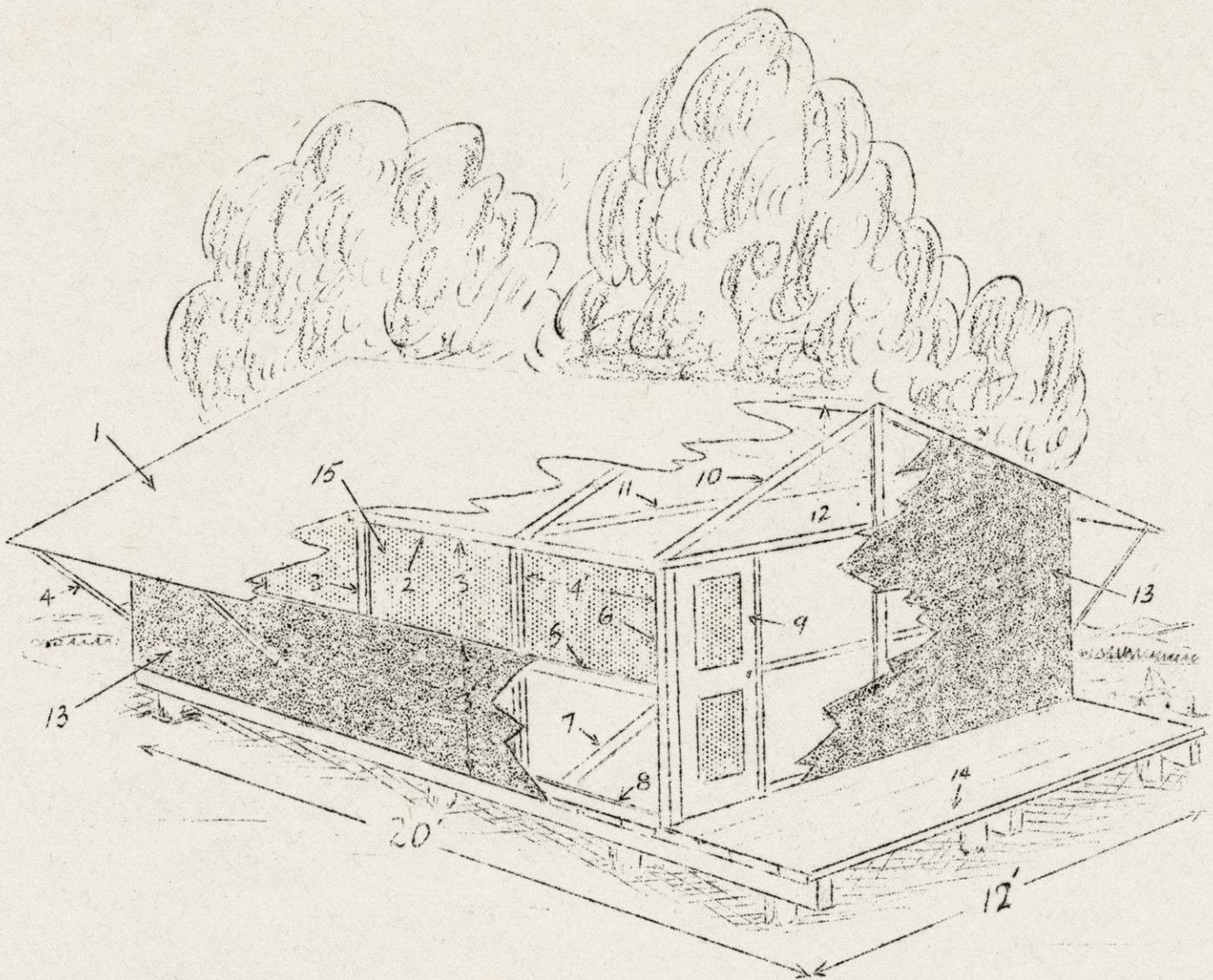
"All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone.

.....
Beauty through my senses stole,
I yield myself to the perfect
whole."

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Knutsen and family from Spencer, Iowa, spent a week with the Myers and Fest families.

Miss Ella Semrick from Watertown, Wis. spent two weeks with the Norths.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Robinson entertained his father, mother, and brother from Missouri in the late summer. Mrs. Robinson's mother also visited here, and Bobby returned home with her.



| | |
|----------------------------|--|
| 1. Waterproof tarpaulin | 9. Screen door |
| 2. Plate 1 x 2 | 10. Rafter 1 x 4 |
| 3. Stud 2 x 2 | 11. Rafter tie 1 x 2 |
| 4. Awning support | 12. Ridge pole 1 x 4 |
| 5. Mid-rail 1 x 2 or 1 x 4 | 13. Sisalkraft paper |
| 6. Corner post 2 x 4 | 14. Wood platform (Furnished by U. of W.) |
| 7. Brace 1 x 2 | 15. Fine mesh window screen |
| 8. Kick plate 1 x 4 | |

DIRECTORY

| Plat- form No. | Name | Address | Position at home | Courses at "U" | No. Sum. Here |
|----------------------|--|--|--|---|---------------------|
| 53 | Anderson, Oscar Hilda Walter, Marion Kenneth, 4 | 1314 Revell Ave. Rockford, Ill. | Special Education Instructor | Industrial Arts | 16 |
| 7 | Bratland, Archie M. | 3033 N. Newhall Milwaukee, Wis. | Industrial Arts at Riverside H. S. | Education Guidance | 2 |
| 32 | Brush, John Miriam Jonathan, 2 | 1051 Vance Ave. Coraopolis, Pa. | Studying Teaching | Geography | 2 |
| 7 | Carlson, Clarence | 2942 N. Frederick Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin | Geography Teacher & Coaches Swimming, Riverside | Education | 2 |
| 26 | Dahlke, H. Otto Carl, 3 Ruth Ruth | 190 S. Park Willimantic, Connecticut | Asst. Prof. of Sociology Personnel work on college level Dance Pro- duction | Reading courses | 2 |
| 10 | Dunwiddie, Walter R. Ina | 1016 W. Grand Ave. Port Wash- ington, Wis. | Superin- tendent of Public Schools | Institutes in Visual Educ.; City Supt.; School Bldgs. | 12 |
| 23 | Fest, Thorrel B. | Univ. Colo. Boulder, Colo. | Dept. of Speech U. Colo. | Research | 4 |
| 5 | Giles, George H. Elsie Eva, 16 | Mobridge, S. D. | H. School Teacher in science and biology | Science Speech & H. Ec. | 1 |
| 42 | Held, Werner Doris Pauline, 5 Ann, 4 | Kremlin, Mont. | Teacher of Education Math. and Science | Math. & Math. | 1 |
| 43 | Hover, Robert Lorraine | Rt. 48, Mendota Drive, Madison, Wisconsin | U.W. stud- ent | Sr. in Mech. Engr. | 1 |
| 19 | Johnson, Alfred H. Lucille James, 16 Rodney, 13 | R. D. 2 Wooster, Ohio | Teacher of Math. Basketball Coach at W.H.S. | History Basketball | 3 |
| 6 | Johnson, George J. Blanche DeLores, 19 (not Janet, 13 here) David, 10 Marilyn, 2½ | 2705 N. Downer Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin | Teacher of Science & Chemistry Boys Tech. H. S. | Audio-vis- ual Educ. Curriculum | 1 |

| Plat- form No. | Name | Address | Position at home | Courses at "U" | No. Sum. Here |
|----------------------|---|--|--|---|---------------------|
| 51 | Lee, Robert A. Evangeline | 2054 Third St. Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio | Chemistry Teacher | Chemistry Astronomy | 1 |
| | Evangeline | | English & Reading Teacher | | |
| 20 | McCain, Robert F. Leland T. (brother) | Whitewater, Wisconsin | U. W. stu- dent-works at Union Cafeteria | B.S. in Education | 1 |
| 21 | Myers, R. H. Esther | R 14 Box 617 Milwaukee, Wis. | Chmn. Dept. of Speech, U.W. Milwaukee | U.W. staff Sum. Semes- ter | 12 |
| 40 | North, Earl W. Lyn Nancy, 3½ | 604 Fond du Lac Ave., Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin | English teacher Chmn. of Eng. | English | 1 |
| 22 | Plumb, Valworth R. Genevieve Judith Ann, 8 Gerald, 5 | 1803 E. Fifth Duluth, Minn. | Director of Student Personnel Serv., U of Minn. Duluth Branch | Acoustics Modern Phil. of Educ. Indep. reading | 4 |
| 25 | Riek, Donald H. Alice Robert, 8 Richard, 6 Raymond, 3 | 409 E. Forest Oconomowoc, Wis. | General Science & Biology Teacher | Qualitative analysis & English | 2 |
| 36 | Robinson, Charles Elinor Robert, 5½ | 2929 Univ. Ave. Madison, Wis. | Physics Instructor at U. W. | Research Chemistry | 2 |
| 50 | Thomas, Frank Irene Leann, 16 Linda Lou, 5 | Valley Falls, Kansas | Supt. of Schools | Visual Ed. Lang. Arts | 4 |