

**A CHRONICLE
OF HISTORICAL EVENTS
IN RECOGNITION OF THE
THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
*GLIDDEN DRIVE ASSOCIATION,
INC.***

Compiled by Mary Clarke and Joanne Conklin

Original drawings by Mary Clarke

With **Sherman Bay Addendum**

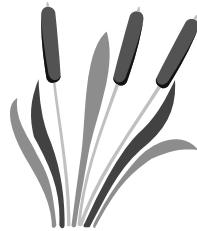
by Henry Scheig



*Strange that so few ever come to the
woods.*

*I went to the woods because I wished
to live deliberately.*

- Henry David Thoreau

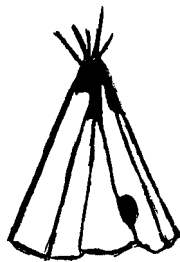


A CHRONICLE OF HISTORICAL EVENTS OF THE *GLIDDEN DRIVE ASSOCIATION, INC.*

In 1969 the National Geographic Society discovered Door County, calling it “A Kingdom So Delicious.” One of the choicest morsels in this smorgasbord is the Glidden Drive area.

What past events occurred to develop this unique region?

Before Wisconsin was admitted to the Union in 1848, it was a wilderness under the dominion of the British and French, inhabited by Indians. In 1787 it became part of the Northwest Territory, then was organized into the Territory of Wisconsin in 1836. By that year there were transfers of titles in what is now Door County, including a one-fourth interest in 257 acres, for which the Territorial Governor paid \$182.34. Enter the settlers and speculators!



In 1851 Door County was defined and organized as a county, and shortly the value of lands was fixed: improved lands \$3 per acre; unimproved lands \$2.50 per acre; pine lands \$6 per acre.

The township of Laurievile was organized in 1860, but at a protest meeting, citizens were not in agreement with the name. It was decided to choose the British name for the greatest battle of the Crimean War — Sebastopol. Later the Russian spelling was adopted, so it became Sevastopol.

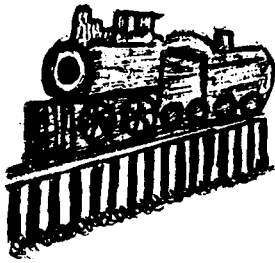
Potawatomi Indians lived along the western shore of Lake Michigan, and had a summer camp in a clearing just south of the present Glidden Drive, now named Onanguisse. Years later settlers found hundreds of arrowheads, and pieces of decorated pottery in the sandy soil. Mr. Neville of the Neville Museum in Green Bay brought workmen to sift the sand for relics, which have been displayed in the museum.



The area was heavily wooded with virgin pine and cedar. Before 1884 a lumber company owned by Mashek and Horn moved in to harvest the timber, hiring Indians and settlers from the region. They named the harbor “Lily Bay” for Mr. Horn’s daughter, Lily.

The firm built a large camp, erecting a steam mill, boarding house, general store, blacksmithy, and a pier about 100 feet wide, which extended 400 to 500 feet into water twelve feet deep. Using both sides of the pier, as many as nine ships at a time could dock, be loaded with logs and lumber, and set sail for lake ports. On the shore, awaiting transport, lumber was piled eight feet high. Pine logs, thicker than a man’s body, cost \$3.00 a thousand.

Because Green Bay waters froze in winter, Goodrich boats from Chicago docked at Lily Bay with supplies for Sturgeon Bay stores, and these goods were hauled to town by horse and wagon.



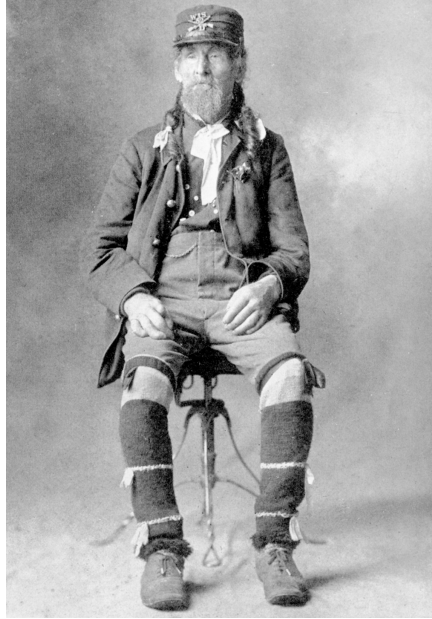
When the railroad bridge was to be built across the waters of Sturgeon Bay, extending the Ahnapee and Western Railway Co. into town in 1894, all of the iron and steel for the bridge arrived at Lily Bay, and was hauled to town by the father of John Wester, grandfather of Ed and Ted Wester, whom we will meet again in the next century.

The company store carried shoes, yard goods, groceries, and in the basement, barrels of sugar, vinegar, and whiskey. On St. Patrick's Day the green flag was raised above the store, and glasses of whiskey were hoisted in the camp.

In 1894 the lumber company moved its operations to Whitefish Bay, leaving the pier, whose upper structure was destroyed in a few years by winter storms. Small pine and cedar trees, and pine stumps four feet in diameter remained, as well as the boarding house, which was eventually razed. Parts of it were used to build a cabin at Onanguisse.

One of the colorful characters living north of the camp was Joe Mardin, a Civil War veteran. He had bought land near Shivering Sands Creek in 1893, where he built a shack. South of the creek he planted apple trees, some of which still remain, though his vegetable garden and hay fields have been completely overgrown.

He was known as “Wildcat Joe Mardin” because he trapped wildcats, then collared and chained them near his shanty. He also captured skunks, using their oil on his long, braided hair, which was trimmed with ribbon. He was very generous with his menagerie, taking it to county and state fairs, and send crates of skunks to the Chicago World’s Fair on a Goodrich steamer. The vessel pitched, the skunks objected, as did the captain, throwing crates and occupants overboard.



“Wildcat Joe Mardin”

Two years after he purchased the property Joe announced that nothing less than \$500,000 would be an inducement to sell. He envisioned the area as a “capital place for a summer resort.” To further the idea he built a four-story hotel, using lumber he found on the beach, fastened with bolts, spikes, wire and twisted iron. He named it “Castle Romance,” but for whom? Pigs occupied the lowest floor, geese were on the second. The third was furnished with beds, chairs, a stove, and a piano for the comfort and entertainment of guests. Pet ducks nested on the top floor penthouse.

For some time he was busy building a bridge over the creek for the convenience of all, and planning a system of boulevards to, and around Mud Lake. Perhaps that was his last dream, for in 1909 he was found in his rocking chair, with his feet in the oven.

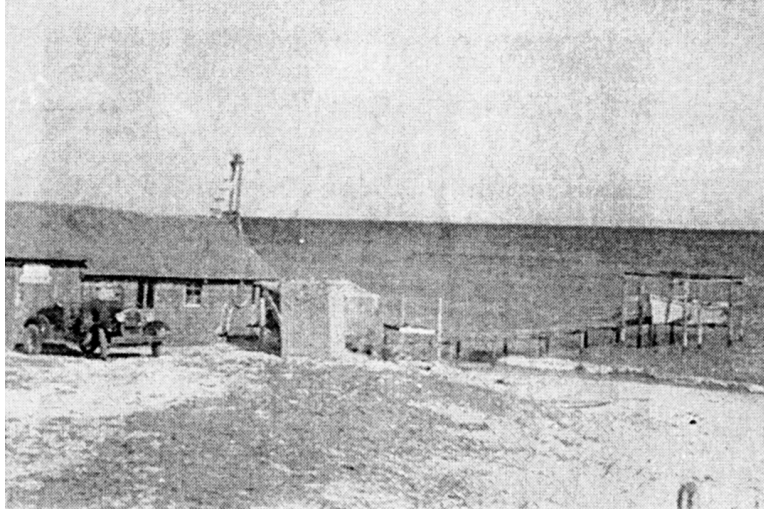


Since there was no foundation under the hotel, it soon collapsed, to musical accompaniment.

The Joe Mardin property — 43 acres — was purchased at auction by the Reverend Samuel Groenfeldt, the father of Reverend John Groenfeldt, who lives just south of Glidden Drive at Onanguisse. The only access to Joe's property was an overgrown logging trail, so the elder Groenfeldt drove his horse and buggy along the beach. Choosing Joe's favorite site and using the best of the lumber from "Castle Romance," he built the first summer home on Glidden Drive in 1913.

The Groenfeldts didn't have too long a buggy ride to get the celebrated whitefish at Wester's. John Wester had purchased a commercial fishing business just north of Onanguisse in 1904. The catches were abundant, and he shipped barrels of salted whitefish and herring to cities along the lake. The water at the pier which he had built was too shallow for a lake steamer to dock, so he had to sail out to the larger boat, transfer the heavy barrels of fish, and pick up the large bags of salt and other supplies. No small task for one man!

By the time his boys, Ed and Ted, were old enough to help, trucks could come some distance from the fish shanty, and be



Wester's fishing dock

loaded by boy-power. With all of their labor, the Westers received one or two cents a pound for the fish.

After the railroad came to town they packed the fish in ice, which they obtained from Mud Lake, and took the boxes to the depot. As roads improved, the fish were picked up by truck and taken to Chicago.

In 1928 the sons took over the business from their father. Ted bought a box mill, and supplied boxes to fishermen from Two Rivers to Gills Rock. After about twenty years Ted sold his share of the fishing business to his brother, Ed, but kept the box factory.

Later he acquired a sawmill, and used that to make boxes, and to saw lumber. His father helped to nail boxes until he was over ninety years of age. Eventually Ted sold the sawmill, but usually wandered over to observe the success of his proteges.

During Ed's fishing days, while she was able, his wife, Lucille had a small store near the fish house, which carried a few staples, soft drinks, and goodies. The real attraction was the slot machine, in which many a coin disappeared, and a few reappeared.

Ed fished for thirty-seven years, until it became unprofitable. Then in addition to selling sand, which the lake waves deposited on his shore, he agreed to be caretaker for homes, and for the easements along the Drive. His fish house was a haven for men from the Drive, where they swapped stories, bought bait and smoked chubs, had their catches cleaned, and lifted a glass.

Chubs became too expensive to sell, but the lure of Wester's Fish House continued as a place to get fishing equipment, to launch a boat, or learn to tie knots from an expert.



The sawmill

John Wester was at rest from his many years of labor in 1970. Ed's booming voice was stilled in 1977, and Ted's quiet chuckle and generous nature were missed by all, when he died in 1990. But that little corner of Door County will always be known as "Westers," at the beginning of Glidden Drive.

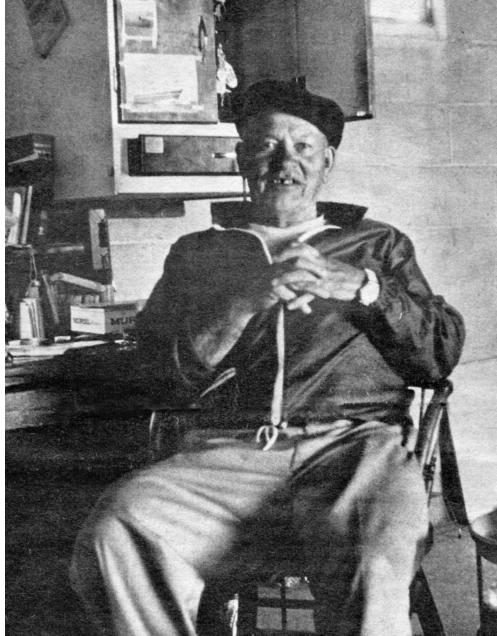


Ted Wester with German Brown Trout

In the mid-twenties Orrin

Glidden, a banker from Michigan City, Indiana visited Door County, staying in Egg Harbor. Always an entrepreneur, he became interested in the development of property west of Alpine Resort. He bought into that expansion, and originated the golf course, which was taken over by Alpine in later years.

In 1928 he purchased lakeshore property south of the Whitefish Bay community. Glidden realized that the stretches of sand beach, heavily wooded land, and cool summers would attract those seeking a perfect location for vacation homes. He hired Ewald Schmock, also from Michigan City, to build a narrow, winding road through the tract.



Ed Wester

Mr. Schmock, with his wife, Babette, and young son, Tom, moved into a small cottage west of where The Hitching Post now stands. In 1929 the Schmocks purchased the property (home, barn, ice house, and dock) of Anton Sternard, a commercial fisherman living south of Bark Road. The home, referred to as

“The White House,” and later as “The Homestead,” was the first building of the complex surrounding the present Glidden Lodge. The barn, which had housed the Sternard cow, was made into a rental cottage, and the Schmocks named it “Indiana” — a link with their previous home.

A camp was built on the grounds to house the men who worked on the building of the road. Mrs. Schmock prepared their meals, earning her well-deserved reputation as a marvelous cook.

The lumberjacks started to clear the way for the road just south of their camp. In those tight quarters only small, horse-drawn carts could be used to remove the felled trees. A revolving platform was employed for one cart at a time to be



Orrin S. Glidden
Watercolor by Richard L. Hillebrand, 1938

pulled onto the turntable, which was then rotated. That vehicle was loaded, and pulled off to make room for the next. Sticks and stones probably broke their bones, but the one-track road was completed in 1929, conforming to Ewald's design.



Ewald and Babette Schmock at Glidden Lodge

The southern end of Glidden Drive from Westers' to Goldenrod Lane was subdivided into lots sixty feet wide, and named "Long Beach Plat" — another tie to Indiana. Mr. Glidden Realized the need for restrictions to preserve this prime area, and his foresight has maintained Glidden Drive as a tribute to his name.

With the advent of the Depression Mr. Glidden was unable to retain the property. He died in 1933 after a year's illness, leaving his widow, son, and daughter. The Schmocks, with financial help from family members, were able to gain title to the land.

Their first experience as absentee landlords came with the remodeling and rental of the former Groenfeldt cottage, which they called "Shivering Sands." That spurred them to enlarge

The Homestead to accommodate guests, and to build a couple of cottages on their grounds.

At the same time a few vacation and permanent homes were being built along Glidden Drive, which necessitated supplying electricity to the residences. In 1934 Sturgeon Bay Utilities began service at the south end of the Drive, going north as far as there were customers. Wisconsin Public Service began erecting their poles at the north end in 1935, working south. Eventually they converged south of Goldenrod Lane, with W.P.S. beginning at 3999 Glidden Drive.

The road had been under the jurisdiction of the township, but in 1933 it became a county road. As larger trucks were being used for delivery of building materials, the Drive had to be widened and improved. One section had veered toward the lake



Glidden Lodge entrance

at Goldenrod Lane, going north along the shore for about 600 feet; then, turning away from the water, continued north through the woods. Because this stretch had washed out twice, it had to be rerouted to the present roadway.

There was a group twelve trees forming an island in the center of the road, which Babette had named, “The Twelve Apostles.” With the reconstruction, the apostles were removed and sent forth to spread the word.

By 1938 Ewald and Babette decided that theirs was an ideal spot for a summer lodge. They chose the site of the former workers’ camp for the hotel. With their innate hospitality, perserverance, and Babette’s genius for preparing luscious meals, how could they fail?

They were involved in every aspect of the construction, even to collecting and hauling beach stones that were used in the interior and exterior of the lodge, and in forming the decorative flower beds leading to the entrance.

In a short time more cottages were added, and guests were served three delicious meals each day in the lodge dining room, overseen by the cuckoo clock. Fresh flowers from Mama Schmock’s garden graced every table. A picnic lunch was provided for those away for the day.

Fishing parties appealed to early risers; tennis or hiking to those trying to balance the scale; to family groups—swimming or building sandcastles. After dinner, games, books, and puzzles were available in the lounge, or dancing to the jukebox in the recreation room. A cocktail lounge was added later. No wonder reservations were required much in advance. The Schmocks’

personality, inspired by their German heritage, won friends who returned each year, bringing offspring and kin.

In the early 40's Ewald requested that the gravel road be paved going past the lodge to eliminate dust. The Drive was blacktopped then, in 1½ mile stretches, as monies were available.

With permanent residents on Glidden Drive, the U.S. Postal Service began its appointed rounds. Mail had been delivered as far as Westers,' at first by horse and buggy. Gradually the mechanized route was extended, going north on the Drive only as far as there were year-round homes. Then the carrier turned back, going to Brauer Road, eventually delivering mail to the north end of the Drive, coming in from Whitefish Bay Road, bringing magazines, catalogues, bills, billet douce, and correspondence from the town treasurer.

Following the trend of many resorts, in 1950 the Lodge no longer served lunch. The Schmocks constructed a restaurant at the north end of Glidden Drive — a rustic log building — which they named "The Hitching Post." They had spent winters in Arizona, and collected southwestern pottery and artifacts, with which they decorated the interior. Their son, Tom, was the manager for a time.

In March of 1962 a group of neighbors met to discuss the future of Glidden Drive. They appointed Don Barnes to chair the meeting. He stated that the Schmocks had maintained Glidden Drive as a desirable and attractive place in which to live. It was not fair to put the sole burden of continuing this work on them.

After discussion Tom Schmock moved that a committee be formed to investigate the best means to organize, and report back to the group.

The committee met within the month, and appointed one of the residents, David Moyer, Attorney at Law, to write By-Laws for the organization. They suggested submitting the name, "Glidden Drive Association" for approval to the residents of the Drive.



Glidden Drive

The first general meeting was held at Glidden Lodge on June 2, 1962. Alan Volkmar was elected President; Richard Vincent, Vice President; Helen Barr, Secretary and Treasurer. A Board of Directors (3) was elected, and the suggested name of the organization was approved.

In the first mailing to all property owners in August, 1962, the stated objective of the association was “to preserve the high character, and hence the value of all property abutting Glidden Drive, including *your* property.” It is only by prohibiting “uses that tend to depreciate the property and the neighborhood, that we can maintain this goal.”

Two years later (1964) the Association was incorporated, so the legal title became, “Glidden Drive Association, Inc.”

Also in 1964 two men were seeking a site to introduce conservation methods, which they had noted in other areas. Glidden Drive was chosen for their project, because it had been so well maintained. John Brogan and William Fairfield named their development “Glidden Drive Estates.” Mr. Schmock sold the available lakeshore lots, and the inland property, most of which was untouched, to these gentlemen.

The “Estates” added fifteen beach access lanes and a hiking trail in the inland side of the Drive. In 1966 John Brogan withdrew from the project.

All existing homes were issued fire numbers in 1967. Newly built homes were to have a number issued by the Town Chairman for the purpose of fire protection.

Just before the Lodge was to open on Memorial Day in 1970, Mrs. Schmock died in her sleep, leaving Ewald, Tom and his wife, Joan, and their two daughters, Constance and Peggy.

Joan had been the home economist for Door County, so was well qualified to continue the operation of Glidden Lodge.



Shoreline near Glidden Drive

The possibility of obtaining Rustic Road classification for the Drive was explored in 1977. In September the Association President was authorized by the Board of Directors to make a decision regarding the Rustic Road status.

A petition was circulated among available residents, and submitted to the Wisconsin Rustic Road Board, requesting that Glidden Drive be designated as a Rustic Road. It was approved in May, 1978. The Drive became the first Rustic Road in Door County, and is that portion of County Trunk "T" between

Brauer Road and Whitefish Bay Road. A tribute to the Glidden Drive Association, Inc.!

In the same year the Logo was chosen and it will appear on all correspondence.

All summer of 1978 Mr. Schmock, who had been afflicted with multiple sclerosis for thirty-eight years, was still greeting guests in front of the fireplace at Glidden Lodge. The following winter he was granted his wish to join Babette.

Only through the dedication and preservation of the Drive by Ewald and Babette could Jens Jensen say, speaking of Glidden Drive, "It is one of the most beautiful stretches of road in the United States." We are in debt to the Schmocks, and all who have followed their commitment.

At the instigation of the outgoing President of the Association in 1979, an important innovation was started — the Neighborhood Watch. Coordinators were selected for each section of the Drive, who were to patrol the area, but everyone was to note any suspicious person, vehicle, or sign of forced entry, and notify the sheriff. Signs were posted at each end of the Drive, stating that this area is protected by Neighborhood Watch Patrol.

The process of supplying fire number was revised in 1979, with the numbers being issued to the builder. A numbered plate and standard would be placed at the roadside.

Tom and Joan Schmock maintained the Lodge, Homestead, and cottages until 1984, when they sold all of their property to James and Shirley Talmadge. Three years later the Talmadges added a sixteen-room unit to the complex.

The Association, attentive to the safety of its members, purchased reflective stickers to be placed on the rear bumper or window of their cars. They are Neighborhood Watch emblems, and show that the car is owned by a Glidden Drive Resident. These stickers were distributed in 1987.

In the same year blue reflectors were placed on trees along the Drive to assist drivers in inclement weather — heavy fog, snow, etc.

There was a change in the speed limit on the Drive in 1990. It was reduced from 35 to 30 M.P.H., at the instigation of the Association.

Unfortunately there was no speed limit, nor warning signs that Mother Nature was becoming exceedingly agitated, and about to unleash her energy with whirling winds, causing much destruction along the Drive. Not satisfied with cutting a narrow path in April, 1970, uprooting trees and ripping every shingle from the lake-side roof of one home, she returned in June, 1985,



1970 tornado damage to Clarke house

leveling acres of trees, and severely damaging more than a half-dozen residences north of Goldenrod Lane.

A month after that disaster, the bridge over Shivering Sands Creek was rebuilt, closing access to traffic until September — a great inconvenience for trucks needed to remove toppled trees and debris left after the tornado.

A gradual but unrelenting rise in the level of the lake was another evidence of the power of nature. Records of water level along the western shore of Lake Michigan have been kept since 1860. You may be qualified to tell your grandchildren that “I was there” when the highest level was reached in October, 1986 — 581.89 feet. The water covered the beach, and eroded the dune in front of many homes. Some residents, fearing the worst, built retaining walls or had rip-rap placed on the shore to repel destructive waves. By 1987 the level had dropped a foot, and in February, 1992 it was more than three and a half feet lower.



1985 tornado damage to Mitchell's house

The Drive had its share of wind, water and also three devastating fires. In 1957 a home was struck by lightning and burned, leaving only the chimney standing. The owner did not rebuild, but the buyer of the property did erect a home at 3841 Glidden Drive.

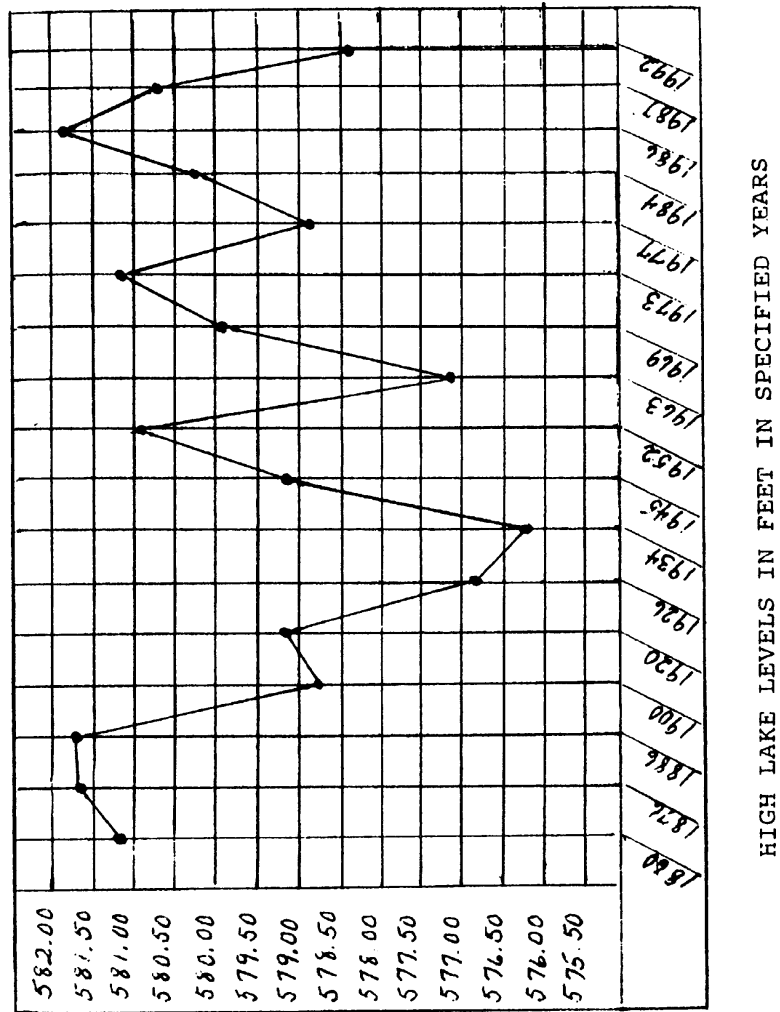
The second home caught fire in the winter of 1969, when it was unoccupied, and was destroyed. The owners did rebuild on the site at 4358 Glidden Drive.

In 1985, when the owners were at their daughter's for dinner before leaving for the south, the home erupted in flames. Their travel trailer was parked at the house and was rescued by neighbors, but the structure at 3959 Glidden Drive was ruined. It was rebuilt by the owners.

Henry David Thoreau wrote, "The voice of nature is always encouraging." That thought seems to be a contradiction, following the previous accounts of devastation, but for those who have lived or vacationed on Glidden Drive, observing wildlife is so stimulating that depressing thoughts are soon dismissed.

Watching the geese and ducks on the lake, hearing the weird laugh of the loon, with a dividend of seeing swans or a heron — these happenings rouse exhilarating emotions in spring, and pensive ones in autumn.

Songbirds, passing through from early spring to return trips in fall, and those who settle in for the summer, are intrinsic composers, rendering trills, whistles, and chatter, in harmony and counterpoint. Could anyone remain low in spirit after hearing the liquid gold of a wren's song, or marking the swoop of swallows and martins as they snatch their evening meal?



Quoting John Kieran from his *Introduction To Birds*: “Who loves and knows the birds will never lack for company outdoors, and...will be finding old friends and meeting new friends all the days of his life.”

The shoulders of the Drive and the woods beyond present a continuous display of wildflowers. They range in early spring from hepatica, trillium, and dwarf iris, blending into summer's black-eyed susan, cone flower, and tiger lily, to the burst of autumn's queen anne's Lace, wild aster, and goldenrod.

Over all of the blossoms, butterflies hover and light, until the monarchs signal the end of summer weather with their flight to the south.

To come around a curve in the Drive, and see a pair of foxes urging their cub to come off the road into the safety of the woods; to observe that even in the animal world a youngster doesn't always obey, until the honk of a horn persuades it to scramble into the underbrush — *that* is a picture for the memory book.

In the evening or early morning deer can be seen going to the lake for a drink, leaving tracks in the sand. Porky has been



Loon

known to leave a more lasting impression on tool handles, and Bunny shows a penchant for whatever favorite flower has been coddled and nurtured. A skunk's choice meal of grubs is always under a manicured lawn.

Try to outwit a raccoon in its nightly search for goodies in the garden or refuse pile; or a squirrel that craves seed from a well-filled bird feeder. That is a life's work, but what a diverting occupation!

Those who have been entrusted with the protection of this select region — Glidden Drive — should give thought to this observation from Aldo Leopold:

“We abuse land because we regard it as a commodity belonging to us. When we see land as a community to which we belong, we may begin to use it with love and respect.”



Addendum on Sherman Bay

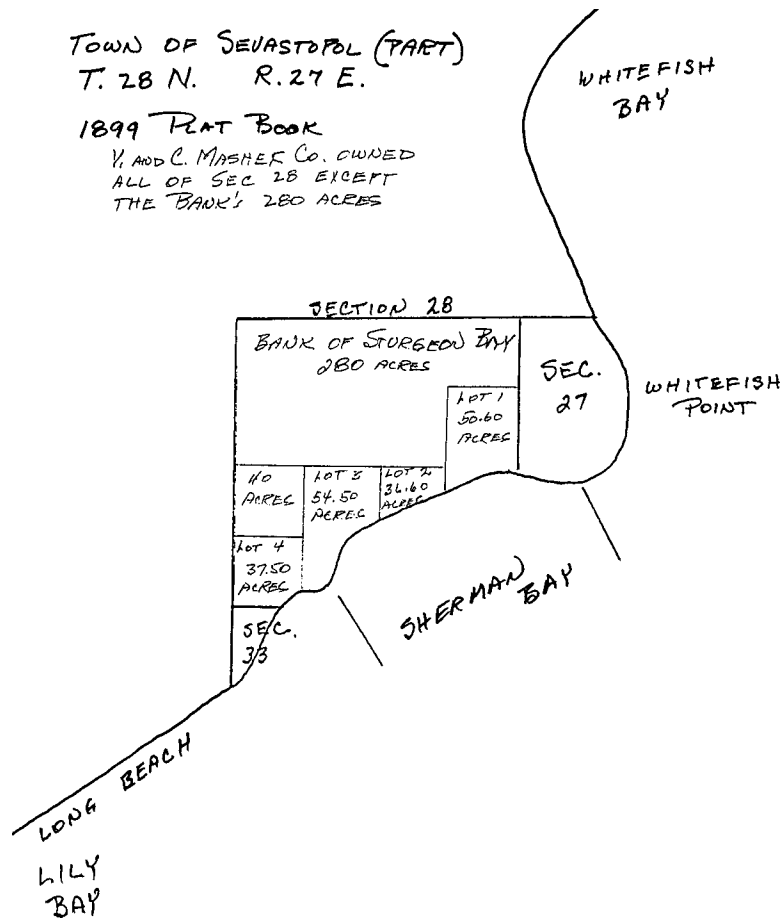
by Henry Scheig

Sherman Bay lies between Lily Bay and Whitefish Bay. It is approximately 1/2 mile across. The central portion is fine sand beach with rock beach at both points. It lies almost entirely in Sec 28, T28N, R27E, the very north (east) portion lying in Sec. 27. The central portion of the bay faces south-southeast.

The shore portion of Sec. 28 is designated as Government Lots 1, 2, 3, and 4, with lot 4 being farthest south.

Ewald Schmock referred to this bay as “Sherman Bay” when we bought our property from him in 1958. Long time resident Omer Moeller of Bark Rd. is reputed to have confirmed the name and suggested the bay was named after an old-time owner (prior to 1900). How did it get that name?

Holand and other sources do not refer to any Sherman in the index. It is suggested the authors usually did not include persons who failed to subscribe for copies. However Holand does show a price list for forest products “advertised by Horn and Joseph at *Sherman Bay*” (Vol. I, Pg 84). A search of the records at the Register of Deeds reveals that a Leonard M. Sherman purchased vast amounts of property in the immediate and surrounding area in the 1880’s and 1890’s, mostly at tax sales. Holand (on the page referenced above) states: “When the



best of the timber was cut that land was usually sold for taxes to a woodchopper who would keep it for a year or two whereupon it would again be sold for taxes. The early files of the county papers each year show lists of thousands of tracts of land advertised for sale for taxes.”

My guess is the bay was named after Leonard Sherman. However I could not find any evidence that he ever owned shore property at Sherman Bay. He did form a “Lake Grove Improve-

ment Co.” in 1883 (S D 356) apparently to develop some of his land but I could not find further reference to it. He held power of attorney for many people, and a district attorney Dreutzer appears to have been Sherman’s partner in numerous transactions.

There was a sale of lots 1,2, and 3 on June 16, 1841 to John P. Clarke by patent February 1, 1843. Lot 4, 37.5 acres was sold by patent October 28, 1854. Lots 1, 2, and 3 went from Clarke’s estate July 8, 1889 to V. Mashek & wife. On January 2, 1890 they transferred it to V. & C Mashek Co. On January 10, 1907 it was deeded to Reynolds Preserving Co., and November 1, 1912 to W. H. Joyce. By 1937 all of Sec. 33, 28, and 27 were owned by Olive T. Glidden. The 1899 plat map (the oldest one in existence) indicates the Mashek Co. held Lots 1, 2, 3, and 4 as well as a great deal of property in the area, apparently much of what had been held at one time by Sherman.

In my research I found a number of other items of related interest:

The names of Ehunfeld (sp?) Sherman of Gibraltar and William Sherman appeared but did not seem to relate to this area.

A map created by Tom Hucek, copyrighted 1991, “19th Century Old Door County Settlements” uses the term “Lilly Bay.” He indicates a settlement of “St. Joseph” existed at the junction of County T and Glidden Drive, later named Lilly Bay in honor of the new owner’s daughter (the new owner was Horn), and that a port existed as a major shipping point during the 1870 - 80’s for lumber shipping but also for nursery products from the nearby community of Evergreen. The settle-

ment served as a port for Sturgeon Bay also during the winters with the Goodrich boats making regular visits. In 1884 this settlement had a pier, saw mill, telegraph station, blacksmith shop and general store. It had a post office from 1879-82.

Holand's *History of Door County* includes various references to our area. He refers to Wm. H. Horn who "in company with a Mr. Joseph built a pier a few miles north of the canal, which was a large shipping point for forest products in the 70's and 80's. The village that grew up here was called St. Joseph. When the people of Sturgeon Bay and the northern towns were unable to get the telephone line extended beyond Sturgeon Bay, Horn and Joseph in 1882 personally extended it from Horn's Pier (Clay Banks) to St. Joseph, Whitefish Bay, Jacksonport and Bailey's Harbor, at all of which points they installed operators. When the timber cutting came to an end in the late '80s, Foscoro (a settlement south of Clay Banks near the Door/Kewaunee border), Clay Banks, Horn's Pier and St. Joseph ceased to be shipping points and W. H. Horn moved to other parts." (Vol I, page 443)

— Henry F. Scheig
4130 Glidden Dr.
August 4, 1993