



# Glidden Drive Association

## Around The Drive...

By The Old Beachcomber

### Going For The Gold

Our Glidden Drive marathon runners took home 3 trophies in the May 12 Blossom Run in Egg Harbor, with two first-place and one third-place finisher. Fernande and Frank Keller won 1st and 3rd place respectively in their age groups for the 2-mile run, and Gary Henger was the first-place winner in the 5-mile event.



(L-R) Frank & Ferny Keller and Gary Henger show off their trophies

The race was entered by 300 people, with scoring divided by age and sex. Our 3 runners all qualified for the 60-plus age group.

So if you see Frank, Ferny or Gary jogging along the Drive, they're training for next year!

### Association News

Our annual meeting was held on July 7 and the weather permitted us to conduct it outside on the lawn at the Hitching Post.

Rich Kinka was elected to a new 3-year term on our board; board member Susan Mazza was re-elected for a 3-year term and all incumbent officers were re-elected for another year. Board member Chris Vuco declined to run again due to her work load.

A suggestion had been made previously to put some kind of sign at each of the two creeks that cross Glidden and have names, Shivering Sands and Fisher. These would be small enough to be unobtrusive but large enough to be informative. They could be made similar in design to our black and white "Lane" signs, or we could ask the county to erect the small, green ones as used at nearby Geisel Creek.

Although the board had voted to pursue sign erection of some type, the Association membership felt otherwise, and voted to not encourage or place any sign anywhere. "We have enough signs on the drive," said Herb Klein. "We don't need any more."

All the Bylaws amendments were passed as proposed in the May Newsletter after a slight amendment to the last one. New versions of the Bylaws are available on our Web site.

A "Deer Report" was given by Earl Heyrman, who expressed concern that the present over-population is altering the landscape.

Our Summer Pig Roast at Sevastopol Town Park in Institute is expected to be well-attended by over a hundred members. Tom



*please turn to page 6*

Paul and Gretchen Phillips

## Neighbors You Should Know

By Tim Comeford

Both Gretchen and Paul Phillips were born and raised in Ohio. They met in college at Miami University, which Gretchen will tell you was a university before Florida was a state. As a chemist, Paul worked for NCR and was transferred to Appleton in 1973 where he worked for Appleton Papers.

Their first trip to Door County occurred shortly thereafter.



Gretchen and Paul Phillips

Gretchen recalls that most visits were day trips but some involved camping in Peninsula State Park. Gretchen preferred the day trips. In 1984 they bought a cottage on Glidden Drive. In 1993, Paul retired from Appleton Papers and they moved up to the cottage permanently.

Paul was born on a farm and always had a garden wherever they lived. Prior to moving here, he acquired a plot of over three acres on Brauer Road. Here he would have enough space to go along with the fact that he finally had enough time to do all the gardening he had always wanted to do.

Actually he has several gardens. There is a 4300 square foot vegetable garden. That way he can have several varieties of what he wants to grow. For instance, there are seven varieties of tomatoes. A smaller garden features berries such as black, rasp (two kinds), straw and blue. It also contains grapes and rhubarb. Others grow flowers and herbs. He starts many plants in his basement under fluorescent light that is kept on 14 hours a day.

Paul often spends the whole day at his gardens

especially after being gone on a trip. However, if he catches up with the weeding, about three days a week are enough to keep up with it.

The garden produces more fruit and vegetables than Gretchen and Paul can use. They share the bounty with friends and neighbors. Also they take produce to their church where members of the congregation can take home some of the seven kinds of tomatoes.

Meanwhile, Gretchen prefers to spend her time knitting, her main hobby. She knits for pleasure but also to benefit the community. Some of her knitted baby sweaters, hats and dishcloths are donated to her church bazaar or "Grandma's Love Tree" that helps kids who need warm clothing while others are sold. She estimates she produces over 200 hand-knit items a year.

Besides knitting, Gretchen donates her time to several committees of her church and chaired the Apple Bazaar committee. She volunteers to help Habitat for Humanity and was a Ridges volunteer. She was also on the Glidden Drive Association board.

When Paul is not watching his garden or the weeds grow, he keeps busy in several ways. As a singer, he is in three groups, the Peninsula Chamber Singers, Choraliers, and the Sturgeon Bay Methodist choir.

Paul volunteers for Habitat. He served on their board and has helped build their houses since 1995. Recently he joined the board of Sunshine House and he is a Lion.

He also enjoys delving into the family genealogy and is a home brewer. The author is not sure if the former led to the latter.

As to the best part, Gretchen said she always feels like she is on vacation, finds it very peaceful and particularly enjoys the summers. Paul likes it best in the summer, and thinks ours is a unique community full of friendly people.

On the other hand, Gretchen is not real fond of the cross traffic on 57 and Paul doesn't care much for the end of winter because it takes so long to get here.

They both agree that this is a great place to live. No matter what interests we have, I think we all can agree on that.



Paul tends his garden on Brauer Road



## The Eagles Have Landed

# Right In Our Own Back Yard

By Herb Klein and canoe partner Cal Bonnivier

On an early spring outing to our favorite local canoe route (Haberli Road entry on Geisel Creek, across Dunes Lake to Shivering Sands Creek and return), we were pleased to see the ospreys had come back to their nest in the big dead pine snag. Or were they ospreys? The light was not good – they looked larger, the nest seemed bigger. A week later, armed with binoculars, we saw the white heads and yellow beaks. The nest was occupied by bald eagles! One sat on the nest while the mate perched in a tree a short distance away.

On subsequent canoe trips, one eagle chick could be seen and food request cries sounded like a young chicken peeping. The parent regurgitates food in the chick's mouth until the cries abate.

Neighbors have observed these bald eagles finding fish on our Lake Michigan shores. There's an abundance of fish for these opportunistic birds.

On our last trip back in early July, the chick was almost adult size and moved vigorously about the nest as both adults watched from nearby trees. The chick has young-adult plumage – mottled dark feathers and a dark bill – unlike the older parents' more solid colors.

Think of it – we've traveled as far as Alaska to observe our national bird and here we have a new (and we hope returning yearly) resident pair of bald eagles in our back yard – the Shivering Sands area. So keep an eye open for bald eagles when using the front yard – Glidden Drive.

The ospreys have relocated on the top of the northernmost of the two unused blue Harvestore silos on the Gilbert farm along County T.

But there's some bad news – the exotic milfoil seaweed has found its way into Dunes Lake making pad-



EARL HEYMAN

dling extremely difficult on the July visit. Unless we get some good rains to raise the level of the lake it will probably be impassable until late autumn.



EARL HEYMAN

## Dune Thistle (*Cirsium pitcheri*)

*Courtesy Ursula Peterson, Endangered Species Specialist*

The dune thistle is one of five Wisconsin native thistle species. These thistles are non-invasive, require native plant habitats, and are in some cases quite rare.

The dune thistle is found in several sites around Lake Michigan and a few sites on Lake Superior. It is a federally threatened species because it requires the dune habitat that humans are altering for housing, recreation, and other purposes. The life cycle of the dune thistle can take 7 - 10 years to get to flowering and seed production. Meanwhile, the developing plants may also be pulled and sprayed due to the lack of information about these thistles.

You can help protect this rarity of nature by allowing the plants on your property to complete their life cycle. The seeds can then move into new habitats and continue the species in your area.

To report your thistle population or for more information, please contact Carolyn Rock, naturalist at Whitefish Dunes State Park at (920) 823-2400 or Ursula Petersen, Endangered Species Specialist at DATCP, at (608) 224-4538.



A Dune Thistle specimen found blooming in the Glidden Drive area

LADDIE CHAPMAN

Chicken Little Was Right

## The Sky Is Falling

By Ed and Loretta Allen

Walking along the south end of Glidden Drive, we came across a strange object under some trees. At first glance, it appeared to be a shoebox, but closer examination revealed a white styrofoam box with little wires coming out of it. Feeling certain it wasn't a bomb, but wondering if it might be a space-age animal trap, we took it home. Under a cardboard flap, was a tightly folded envelope. Opening it, we found we had a "radiosonde" in our possession, and instructions on how to return it to the National Weather Service.

Within the next week, we found three other radiosondes on the beach and learned that Laddie Chapman had also found one. What are these things, and where did they come from?

A call to the National Weather Service Office in Green Bay provided the answers — but still left us amazed that we'd find four radiosondes in two weeks, when we had never seen one before in 40 years of hiking the Lily Bay shore.

A radiosonde is the instrumentation package that is lifted aloft by weather balloons released from Green Bay twice a day at 6:00 AM and 6:00 PM. There are 92 such sites in the U.S., 69 of them in the lower 48 states and more internationally, all releasing balloons at the same time each day. This is part of an "Upper Air Data Program" that has been going on since the late 1940s.

The device measures temperature, humidity and atmospheric pressure. An onboard transmitter continuously sends the readings every six seconds to the receiving station in Green Bay. There, a computer sifts through the data for information. For example, as the balloon passes through a cloud layer, changes in humidity give a measure of the cloud's height. By tracking the position of the balloon, the computer determines wind speed and direction. All the information is passed on to a computer bank in Maryland, which combines it with input received from other sites to forecast the weather and create maps.

At launch, the weather balloon is about 6-feet tall and 5-feet in diameter. Filled with hydrogen or helium, some of the balloons climb to 100,000 feet and may stay up 90 minutes. As they rise, they expand to room-size before finally exploding. A small orange

parachute opens, and the spent balloon and instrumentation package float back to earth. In the case of the Green Bay station, most end up in Lake Michigan. For the cost-conscious, each balloon and radiosonde sets the government back about \$130.

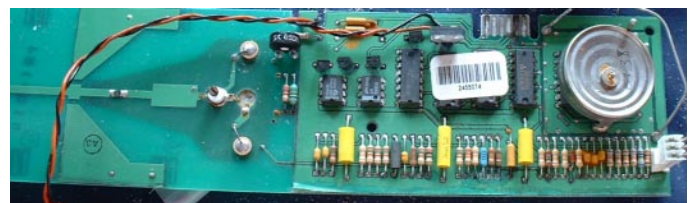
We asked Dan Clark of the National Weather Service why satellites hadn't replaced balloons and he replied that a combination of satellite and radar will be the wave of the future. Today's technology isn't yet capable of giving the stream of measurements collected by the radiosonde. Bob Sanders said sensors are beginning to be placed on commercial aircraft and may eventually supplant balloons.

Those of you flying from Austin Straubel Airport may be concerned about being in a jet which encounters a weather balloon. Dan assured us that the regular launch time is well known to traffic controllers, and planes in the area are notified at the time of each launch.

As you hike along our drive and shoreline, keep your eyes open for pieces of sky. There's more to come!



The radiosonde package as found on the beach



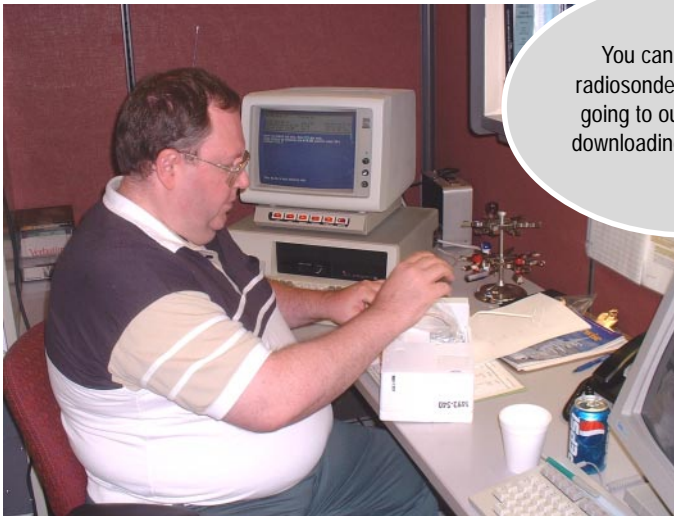
The electronics inside: sensors and a radio transmitter



Weather data from many sources is interpreted by meteorologists at the Green Bay NOAA office

ALL PHOTOS BY LADDIE CHAPMAN





Bob Sanders prepares the next radiosonde for launching



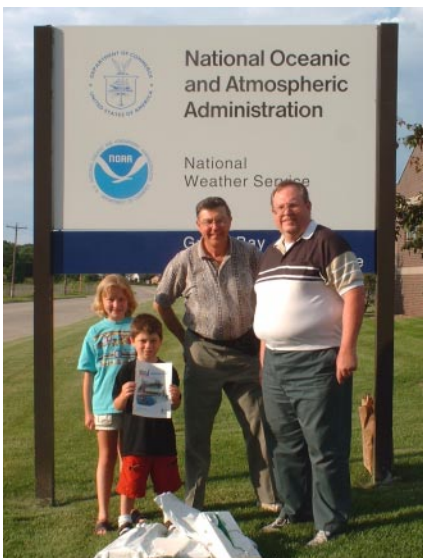
Bob attaches a parachute to the balloon as it is being filled with gas



The sensors and transmitter are checked before taking the unit outside



Ready to launch. Don't forget to let go!



At the Green Bay NOAA office: (L-R) Rachel, Nicholas & Ed Allen, Meteorologist Robert Sanders

*When Ed Allen told me about finding the radiosondes, even though we could have mailed the innards back to the Weather Service in the envelopes supplied, I suggested we make a ceremonial visit to Green Bay, return the parts and see if we could watch a balloon launch. Ed contacted NOAA (National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration) and meteorologist Robert Sanders volunteered to show us around. Ed, Loretta, their grandkids Rachel and Nicholas Allen and myself were treated to a demonstration of the entire process. These pictures show how it works.*

— Laddie Chapman



Going out of sight! Probably on its way to Glidden Drive

ALL PHOTOS BY LADDIE CHAPMAN



## Around the Drive...

(continued from page 1)

Girman is handling details and good weather is in the forecast.

We would like to welcome these new members to our Association: Joan Shiels (4605 Glidden), Dennis and Sharon Winter (3999), and Peter and Ellen Scrivner (4304). New Glidden Lodge members (4676) are Tom Waskiewicz and Mary Caraher, Diane L. Vogel, and David and Joan Zoller.

The next Board meeting is Tuesday, August 21, 9 AM, at the Hitching Post. Please contact any board member if you have an item that needs attention.

### Sevastopol News

The Whitefish Bay boat ramp was dredged by Parent during the last week of July to prepare for a fishing tournament at a reported cost to the Town of Sevastopol of about \$4200. But only a week later, in spite of only moderate waves, enough sand had returned to make the ramp unusable again. Jim Huhta's Jimmy, even with 4-wheel drive, was able to get mired in the sand and required a towtruck to extricate it.



Whitefish Bay Boat ramp dredging, good for about a week



Using a "Ditch Witch," the cable-laying crew installs the orange conduit pipe at the roadside

district.

Funds will come from cable franchise fees, a 5% tax on local cable bills. The grant amount approximately matches the accumulated funds to date, but more are expected in August.

Road work bids were awarded at the June 18 meeting, but a question on the legality of some

awards caused the Board to schedule a special meeting on July 12.

To better match budgeted amounts with needed road work, some roads were postponed. The final

list in-

cludes portions of E. Jorns Lane, Michelle Lane, Wildwood Lane, Whitefish Bay, County View, Bechtel and Brauer Roads.

Northwest Asphalt has already started work on Bechtel Road. Perhaps their compass was upside down, for they paved the wrong stretch, a section that had already been done quite recently. No word yet on just who will pay for this mistake.

The Door County Highway Department will be reconstructing the Whitefish Bay Creek bridge over a two-year period.

### Cabling Glidden

The ugly orange paint marks around the Drive have been placed there to assist the Charter Communications crew in finding the old underground video cable. They are replacing it with a newer fiber-optic cable and upgrading the junction boxes. When done this fall, we will be offered faster Internet access service along with improved video with more channels. Work in the Bark Road area has already been completed.

The new cable must be placed underground on the northern half of the drive, since the Wisconsin Public Service poles are too far apart to hang the cable. But the Sturgeon Bay Utilities poles on the south half are closer together and will be used by Charter.



The fiber optic cable will be threaded inside this plastic pipe. This way, should we ever have another upgrade, it can be done without as much disruption and digging



ALL PHOTOS BY LADDIE CHAPMAN

Cherries! What would a summer newsletter be without cherries?

### New Addresses

Ken Pollack, Door County Addressing Specialist, has stated that the fire number changes should be official this month. Seven houses are affected by actual number changes, and even numbers from 4036 to 4052, are now on Glidden Lane instead of Glidden Drive. This

will eliminate the "A" addresses and allow for building between some lots where numbers were too close together. The number changes are:

Old	New	Household Name
3754	3752	Isaksen
3756	3754	Neville
3756A	3756	Fellows
3824A	3826	Allen
3826	3828	Schoenfeld
4435	4451	Pierce
4655	4671	Neuville

## Right On, Target

Our new Target store is open for business just south of Sturgeon Bay. Patric Johnstone pointed out that the parking lot lights are a good "full-cutoff" design, recommended to avoid spilling unused light into the sky.

The tall, new tower not far from County T and the highway was erected by Sprint-PCS, who will soon be offering a new cellphone service in Door County. This is a different and incompatible system to the other two already in existence, so the tower will not improve them. However, Sprint has expressed willingness to rent tower space to other companies; if Cellcom or Cellular One add their equipment to it, this should help reception in the Glidden Drive area.



Open for business



Target's light fixtures minimize light pollution

## It's A Love/Hate Relationship

Do you love the deer we have around us? Hate them? How about raccoons? Do you feed them or do you trap them?

You can read what others have to say in the discussion threads, "How do I scare deer away from my gardens?" and "How can I keep raccoons away?" at *The Straight Dope Message Board* on the Internet.

Not all suggestions are practical, but some are at least amusing.

The exact address is too long to conveniently print here, but you will find links on our web site at [doorbell.net/gda](http://doorbell.net/gda).



TOM GIRMAN

They look like a stuffed and posed display, don't they? But these are real live robins that chose to nest on Tom Girman's front door wreath

## Factoid

The Canada goose population is 120 times larger than in 1970, while their predators' numbers have stood still or declined. Their population explosion has also caused a public health hazard, in the form of increased goose droppings in the water supply.

— *Photonics Spectra*, April 2001



LADDIE CHAPMAN

Tom Girman tries life in the fast (and wet) lane...



LADDIE CHAPMAN

...while Dennis Connolly enjoys a more serene ride



## Fishing With George Arlen

George Arlen has been taking frequent fishing trips to his favorite spot, The Bank, that area on the horizon as seen from Glidden Drive. Recent fishing has been good, with catches of good-sized salmon and lake trout.

George cruises in style on his 31-foot Chris-Craft *Adrian II*, outfitted with the best hi-tech equipment available to fool the fish. So far, it appears to be working.

These pictures were taken on two recent trips with Tom Paschen and Armand (Chum) Nault signed on as crew.



George Arlen at the helm of *Adrian II*



Chum shows Walter Kukulka the best way to reel it in



Walter's catch



The desired end product, ready to grill



Tom's salmon — about 22 lbs?



A Memoir

# My Summer of '42

By Sharon Trittin Gagliano

*While surfing the Net from her current home in Los Angeles, California, Sharon found our Glidden Drive website and read with interest Henry Scheig's article about Sherman Bay. She contacted us by email and shared some of her memories, saying, "As a child I lived at the old Mearns cottage, "Tuckaway," from ages 7 to 10 during the 1940's. I spent a lot of time with my cousin roaming through the woods. One day, as we trekked past Glidden Lodge, we found the site of a burned-out cabin. All that was left was the foundation, a fireplace and an old iron kettle. Of course our imaginations went wild as we suspected this had been the secret hideout of pirates, but maybe this was Sherman's place."*

*When I heard that she had written a memoir of her childhood in Door County for her children, I suggested she let us publish it and she graciously consented. She also supplied the photographs reproduced here from her family archives.*

*Following is Part One. Further installments will be published in other newsletters.*

*— Laddie Chapman*

## We Arrive In Door County

Daddy had originally planned to work in Manitowoc but his shape didn't qualify him as a painter on the narrow submarines. He applied for work at the Leathem B. Smith Company in Sturgeon Bay. For one year he, his brother Reuben and cousin Lawrence commuted weekly from Wausau to Door County.

Then Daddy found a place for his family, so we arrived at the lake in May of 1942. That first day was one of excitement; I was seven and this was our very first move. We pulled into the little road just off Glidden Drive and were met with a most discouraging scene – the driveway to our new home was flooded! We couldn't get our belongings off of the trailer. Uncle Reuben and Lawrence laughed at

our predicament – "Might as well move back to Wausau!"

At that moment a lady with a hearty laugh and a thick German accent came with pairs of hip boots. She was Mrs. Schmock. As we followed her through the yard to the higher ground of our house, she noticed Mom's apprehension and gave us both hope and good advice. "Never fear fire, you can always put it out. Fear water, it can never be stopped," she said.

"But this is just the spring thaw. In a few days the water will be gone and you will enjoy living here."

## Mearns's Tuck-A-Way

That afternoon Daddy left for work and Mom and I were alone in this little house in the woods, Mearns's Tuck-A-Way, our home for two years. We were blessed to have found such a lovely place. Others during those wartime years were living in makeshift shacks, but God had provided us with a beautiful home.

Our backyard was the pine forest. A rock garden with steps led to the back porch. It was long and gloomy, housing the wood box and washing machine. The kitchen with its big, black cook stove soon had the smells of home, as Mama baked kuchen, butterhorns and potato breads.

One dilemma – how would we keep our food from spoiling? There wasn't a refrigerator and there was no ice delivery. But Mr. Mearns devised a unique cooler for us. In one of the cupboards he put a galvanized lining, then he piped artesian well water over the unit and our food kept cool.

The living room was huge, with a stone fireplace next to the kitchen door. On the other side of the fireplace was my favorite spot. I would sit and read the many books and daydream. For everyday meals we sat at the small



Mailman's coming soon!

SHARON TRITTIN GAGLIANO

table near the kitchen, but when company came we used the long picnic table that stood along the opposite wall. Along the front windows were a wicker settee, chairs and a little wicker desk, all painted in a cheery red lacquer. Next to it was a rollaway bed, just right for taking naps. On the floor were big braided rugs, handmade by Mrs. Mearns. The knotty pine paneled walls were accented with large fungus pods that held candles to be used during thunderstorms. The big brown oil heater kept the house cozy and the big windows framed a beautiful view of the lake.

There were three bedrooms. One was filled with the Mearns' family personal belongings. The biggest bedroom was kept for guests and Mama while Daddy and I scrunched into the tiny little one. A heavy beamed bunk bed was built into the room. My parents slept on the bottom and I was on the top.

Off of the living room was a big, screened porch with a swing and a big woven grass rug. The porch faced the sugary sand and our lake, Lake Michigan. This was our house; we paid \$35.00 a month for rent and knew we were in God's perfect place.

## Yecch! Bugs!

The first day that I ventured onto the beach brought a lot of surprises. It was still very cold on that spring morning, so I popped into my bright blue Kladezee jump suit, tied a kerchief around my head, and with sand pail in hand, started out to explore the beach.

The path through the beach grass led to the water's edge. It was so very quiet, just a few gulls screeching overhead and the soft lapping of the waves. I bent down to dig in the soft sand. As I pushed the shovel down, little bubbles burst around it and up popped dozens of bugs. I walked away and tried another spot. Again the little creatures burst forth and soon I saw that the whole beach was alive with creepy-crawly brown animals.

I hated bugs and this made me very jittery. As I lifted my eyes from the sand, I saw something coming towards me from down the silent beach. It was far away and I could hardly see. Maybe it was a big dog? But as it came closer, it grew bigger. There I stood, a little frightened girl and a big white, wild stallion coming closer and closer. I threw down my bucket and ran

toward the house. The screen door on the porch was latched, but I didn't dare yell for help – I was sure that stallion was chasing *me*! With a mighty yank, I pulled that door right off the hinges. How silly I felt as I stood with that door in my hand and that horse, without even looking at me, kept right on going down the beach!

## First Day Of School

I waited with excitement that first school morning. This was my first time riding a school bus. I stood nervously next to Daddy as the bus came around the corner. All the yellow buses lined up in a row could be very confusing and I worried that I might take the wrong bus. So George, the driver, assured Daddy that he would look for me as I came out of the building after school.

School was very different from Franklin school in Wausau. Kids celebrated their birthdays at school. This was a farming community and school was the only place where children could meet. What fun, starting a new class with a party!

The name of the school was *Sevastopol Consolidated*. How would I ever learn to spell such a complicated name?

When recess came, I dashed out the front doors to play on the fresh spring grass. I was reprimanded and told I must spend the

next day without recess for stepping on the grass.

The long ride home was tiresome. Soon every bump in the road made my stomach turn somersaults and my skin became cold and clammy. I know what was happening; it had happened so many times before. But I knew I would just die if my car sickness came while I was on that bus. When the bus stopped at our driveway, I made a speedy exit and ran for the woods. Filling up on birthday cake had been fun, but not when you ride on a bumpy school bus!

The next day I begged Mama to let me stay home. There were only three more weeks of school left and I knew I would be sick everyday on that bus. So Mama let me stay home until the next fall and I learned to pass up the birthday cakes!

## Playmates

Aunt Wilda and Uncle Reuben came to live at the lake a few months after us, moving into Stroh's house,



Sharon and her Dad, Herbert Trittin

SHARON TRITTIN GAGLIANO



a mile from ours. Nancy was five and Jimmy was a baby. I was so pleased to have cousins to play with.

Their house was small, with a loft for a bedroom. Jimmy soon found how to throw his bottle from his crib down into the kitchen for refills. Nancy was delighted. Halfway between the house and the water was a little dressing room. What a perfect playhouse! But she soon found that it housed a family of daddy long legs. Jimmy would run along the sand, in his baby ways, terrifying us girls with these wiggly creatures. We decided that it wasn't such a great place to play.

Then Uncle Reuben heard that Stauff's cottage was available. It was a lovely old farm house that had been moved to the beach. There was just a cottage between their cottage and ours. Nancy could come and play every day.

We knew that certain flowers grew in special places. It seemed that they had homes and territories just like people.

I loved the wild roses and bluebells that grew in our yard. Maloneys had lady's slippers and down at Bielfelds were the dogtooth violets. Across from Stroh's were the thimbleberries, sweet and juicy. Through the forest were dainty purple violets, red strawberries and snowy white trilliums. Near Mrs. Brown's pasture were yellow buttercups, just waiting to be picked and find their way into an old brown bean pot. The loveliest sight was Lily Bay. The orange tiger lilies against the background of blue waves were picture perfect. Down Glidden Drive, just past the little bridge over the quicksand, was tall, billowy Queen Anne's lace. In the field across from Schmock's garden were little orange flowers with sticky bugs all over them, big blackeyed susans and behind them deep red sumac.

The beach had rockcrest, pink and purple sweetpeas and dandelions. Nancy and I heard that people ate dandelion greens. We carefully pulled the young roots from the sand and added the tiny sweetpea pods and put them in our rusty sand pails. We tried to eat it, but it wasn't quite right. We then tried sprinkling it with make-believe sugar (really sand) and ate the whole thing!

The little woods behind the school had mayflowers and bloodroot. At recess time we would pick some for the teacher.

It was a lovely time. There were few people in the woods and many flowers. Today's children may only look at the flowers and not pick them. They are saving the beauty of the forest for future generations.

## Attack Of The Cows

Looking out the window at the lake was Mama's favorite pastime. She planned to spend the years at the lake doing lots of handwork, but she found that looking out at the ships and the waves was very hypnotizing.

As she swept the floor that day, she stopped to glance at the lake. But instead of the blue water, she saw two cows staring at her through the window. Was she hallucinating? Was this a nightmare? She took a closer look; there on the beach was a whole herd of cows. They stamped around, bellowing and beating holes in the sand with their hooves.

It was early afternoon. Aunt Wilda had just put Gale down for her nap. Until the tiny infant had fallen

asleep, she would send two-year-old Jimmy out to play with his toys in the sand. But this day was different – he refused to go. She pleaded with him, but he stomped his little feet and said, "NO!"

Mama knew this was the time Jimmy spent on the beach. Silently she slipped out of the back door and quietly made her way through the woods. When she got to the house, she found Aunt Wilda trying to get Jimmy to obey. As the two women looked out the window, they saw craters

in the sand and Jimmy's little wagon broken in two by those powerful bovine feet. If that two-year-old had been on the beach he surely would have been killed. God's guardian angels had kept him from harm.

That afternoon, as we came home from school, those cows blocked the school bus and stared at us through the windows. When we got in the house we watched in amazement as the sheriff's posse rounded up the animals on our front yard. Some had to be shot; they were wild on locoweed. The rest were herded back into Mrs. Brown's pasture.

Nancy and I were afraid to go out alone for several days. Who knew, a stray cow might be hiding behind a bush ready to grab us!

## Moeller's Farm

We didn't buy our milk at the store – the Moellers were our source of dairy products. I'd take the mile walk to their farm. If they were not home, they'd leave the back door open and I'd just walk in and get the milk from the icebox. Sometimes when Mrs. Moeller was home, I'd watch her churn butter in her glass churn and she'd let me turn the green handle. I never



Whitefish Bay in the winter of '42

SHARON TRITTINGAGLIANO

did get the thing to turn right. I had more success squeezing the packages of white oleo until the red coloring capsule broke at home!\*

On special days Mama would let me stay and play with Kathy, who lived across from her Grandma Moeller.

## The Mail Disaster

During the winter months, the mailman didn't come down our road. Racks of mailboxes were at the center of the community of Whitefish Bay. When I'd get the milk, I'd also pick up the mail.

Daddy told me to always walk along the road. He explained that in case of a thunderstorm, I'd be safer in the woods. It was early spring and it had been a long time since I had walked the beach. The milk and mail were in my straw basket. Along the waterfront were small dunes of sand and ice. I would kick the edge of them and watch the cracks form in the sand, then I'd jump back as the big piece would crash into the lake. I walked along, pushing more and more piles of sand into the water. Then the fateful end came - I stomped off the edge of an extra-large dune. To my horror, it cracked behind me and I couldn't jump back in time! I hit the water and made a desperate scramble as the milk bottles and letters floated out to sea. I retrieved them all, but saw the ink on the envelopes blur and fade. I was soaked and to add to my troubles, it began to rain. The thunder roared and the lightning flashed through the sky. I prayed hard as I trudged home, as I just knew I'd be punished. When I got to the house, my parents agreed that the scare had been enough of a lesson.

## Ice Cream Makes It All Better

On hot summer days, Mama would give me a nickel for an ice cream cone. I loved the cool, smooth stuff, but to get it I had to take a perilous journey. Mrs. Schmock would sell me a cone in the lodge kitchen. It was just a short walk from our house to Glidden Lodge, but crossing the lawn with guests lounging on gliders and lawn chairs frightened me. I was very bashful and hated meeting strangers.

I found that if I scaled the steep cliffs that hung over the water's edge, I could get to the lodge without being seen. The last time I tried this was with Nancy. She didn't want to go. I convinced her that it was safe; I knew each crack and crevice in that cliff. We were halfway across the rocky ledge when we realized that her little legs didn't reach to the next foothold. She clung frantically to the rocks as the water churned beneath us. "Why did you get me in this stupid mess?" she wailed.



At the front of the cottage, facing the lake. Back row: Herbert and Mabel Trittin, Sharon's parents. Front row: Sharon and cousin Nancy Trittin.

SHARON TRITTING GAGLIANO

I promised her my hand if she vowed never to tell a soul. We soon reached the little path that led to the old rope swing, and sat, exhausted, not wanting to move from our safe spot. But soon the thought of ice cream made us forget our troubles and we raced to get our cones.

*Continued in next issue: Wartime rationing, submarines in the lake and scared by a bear!*

*\*Editor's note: When oleomargarine was invented, Wisconsin saw this product as a threat to their dairy industry, so laws were passed to prohibit selling anything that looked like butter but wasn't. However, the margarine producers supplied a small pill of concentrated food coloring with the white oleo, and the consumer could mix the two at home.*

# WANTED!

Articles,  
Pictures,

Ideas for our next newsletter.

*This rag doesn't write itself, y'know!*

Contact Laddie Chapman (920) 743-8400 or  
musicat@doorbell.net for more info.



## Off To The Races

# Regatta Held

The 4th Annual Shivering Sands Regatta, nicknamed "Regatta De Huhta" to give it an international flavor, was held on July 25. The Huhta family and guests make small boats of their own design out of any material handy, then hold races in Shivering Sands Creek. Rules may be altered at the whim of Grandpa who makes sure that every entry is a winner in its own way.

This year the winner for distance was Yusef, who used a soda bottle as the body of his boat. Other craft were notable for their use of wood, plastic and sparklers.



The nautical entries pose on the Shivering Sands bridge. Some are on fire, but that's just decoration!



If no one is watching, can I just give it a tiny push?



Yusef and his boat, the first winner



Grandpa (Jim Huhta) explains the rules.

ALL PHOTOS BY LADDIE CHAPMAN



Before & After

## You Can't Please Everybody Dept.



All it takes is a bulldozer.

### From Real To Plastic

*The following is a letter written to the Door County Advocate and reprinted by permission of the author.*

I need something explained, please.

Could someone out there please tell me why people move to Door County, buy a wooded lot, tear down all the trees to build a huge home — and then put plastic deer on the lawn?

— Cathy Wentz

### New Construction Planned

Herb Nichols will be breaking ground for a new home across from Spruce Lane sometime this summer, although actual house building may not begin until the spring. Logs will be custom-cut in Tennessee and erected by a specialty crew.

Herb has gone to considerable lengths to preserve as many big trees as possible, and will be placing the house well back from the road. His goal is to protect the wooded environment that we are so blessed with here on the Drive. Thanks, Herb!

## Ladies' Luncheon

Lest we forget, the Glidden Drive ladies have their social events, too. These pictures were taken at a recent luncheon.

The next luncheon will be held on Wednesday, Sept. 5, at Stone Harbor. Please call Joanne Huhta at 743-1994 by Friday, Aug. 31, for reservations if you plan to attend. Hope to see you there!







Milkweed, butterflies and a sandy dune go well together

## Did you lose this ring?



This ring was found on the beach. If it is yours, contact Laddie Chapman at 743-8400 or by email: [musicat@doorbell.net](mailto:musicat@doorbell.net)

## Glidden Drive Association, Inc.

### Directors 2001-2002

#### Officers

Tom Jung ..... President  
Tom Girman ..... Vice President  
George Griffith ..... Secretary  
Don Schweer ..... Treasurer

#### Board ..... Term expiration

Laddie Chapman ..... 2002  
Tim Comeford ..... 2002  
Joanne Huhta ..... 2003  
Rich Kinka ..... 2004  
Susan Mazza ..... 2004  
Carl Scholz ..... 2003

# Got Mug?



Effective with any Beverage



Suitable for Indoors or Outdoors



Can be used Right or Left-Handed

**Official Glidden Drive Association mugs** are now available for \$10 each. We deliver free to any Glidden address — call Laddie Chapman at 743-8400 and get yours today!

For shipping to any U.S. address, add \$5 for the first mug and \$2.50 for each additional one in the same package.

## In Memoriam

### To My Neighbors On Glidden Drive



Marlene von Berg (1932-2001)

As soon as you very dear people heard of my wife Marlene's diagnosis of cancer we witnessed an overwhelming outflow of sympathy. Your cards and offers to help were genuinely felt. Your gifts of food were very much appreciated, and I thank you.

She touched the lives of everyone to some degree. To me she was my everything.

Marlene and I were so very fortunate to have picked Glidden Drive as our homesite. I think that this is a street in Camelot where wonderful people live to care for each other. I thank you, dear neighbors for having given Marlene your loving care and sympathy.

— Darrell von Berg

Phillip Lescohier served as a Glidden Drive Association Board member in 1992, Secretary in 1993, and President from 1994-1996.

Phil graduated from University of Wisconsin Law School in Milwaukee and worked as an attorney for International Harvester for many years. He married Helen in 1942 and they moved to Clarendon Hills, Illinois, where he served on the Village, Library and Park Boards. He served on the Hinsdale Federal Savings & Loan Board for 32 years.



Phillip Lescohier (1918-2001)

In 1992, Phil and Helen built a new house at 4086 Glidden. Phil served on the Door County Property Owners (now DPO) Board and helped build the Hope Church addition. He was an avid sailor.

Due to Phil's ailing health, the Lescohiers moved to Lutheran Village in 1999.

Helen can be contacted at (847) 392-5342 or you can write to her at 1225 Luther Lane, Apt. 347, Arlington Heights, IL 60004.

### Glidden Drive Association Newsletter August 2001

Published quarterly in February, May, August and November by the Glidden Drive Association, Inc., P.O. Box 261, Sturgeon Bay, WI 54235

Editor and electronic pre-press composition: Laddie Chapman

Additional valuable assistance: Tom Jung, Tim Comeford, Gretchen Phillips, Jim and Joanne Huhta

The Glidden Drive Association Web Site is at [www.doorbell.net/gda](http://www.doorbell.net/gda), where you will find newsletters (in color!) and other items of interest to members.



Copyright © 2001 Glidden Drive Association, Inc., all rights reserved. Except as otherwise provided by law, this document may not be reproduced, transmitted, stored or retrieved in whole or in part, in any form or by any means now known to exist or yet to be invented, including, but not limited to, photocopying, scanning, recording, transmitting, uploading or downloading without the express written permission from the copyright owner.