



Glidden Drive Association

Around The Drive...

By The Old Beachcomber

If it's fall on the Drive, can winter be far behind? Ground has been broken for two new houses, one major remodeling job and several small ones.

Our summer Pig Roast was a success! Over 100 people came to Sevastopol Town Park for food and fun, followed by fulsome frolic on the baseball diamond with John Hunter showing off his skills as pitcher.

Wednesday, September 19, at The Hitching Post, Investigating Sergeant Terry Vogel from the Sheriff's office spoke to 25 Drive residents about the neighborhood watch program. He gave us some very good ideas for security.

If you were unable to attend, an audio CD with Vogel's speech and audience questions is available free to any GDA member from Laddie Chapman.

A GDA Board meeting was held Thursday, October 25. Items discussed were winter and summer dinner plans, large-item trash pickup,

the need to raise dues in the future, and designating some funds in the treasury as "contingency reserve".

The winter dinner plans have not yet been finalized, but the most likely date will be Saturday, February 16, 2002. Invitations will be sent to all members as soon as we know the exact details.

The next Board meeting is scheduled for December 11. If you have any item that needs attention, please contact your favorite Board member before that date.

The new Glidden Lane signs have been posted near Fischer Creek where the Lane intersects the Drive.

It may seem premature, but Mary Scheig is thinking ahead to next summer already. She wants to let everyone know that Maxwellton Braes has a 9-hole Women's Golf League playing from June through September every Thursday at 3 PM. This is a friendly, "relaxed" group of golfers, she says - does that mean it is easier to cheat on the score? For



Herb Klein helps out in the housing market, bird-wise



John Hunter makes his pitch

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George and Shirley Gemberling

Neighbors You Should Know

By Tim Comeford

George and Shirley Gemberling were married in Jackson, Michigan in June, 1949. The weather was warm. They went to Chicago where at 98 degrees it was very warm; air conditioning was virtually unknown at that time. As George was sweating, looking at the Chicago Tribune, he read an ad with the headline AIR CONDITIONED DOOR COUNTY, so they decided to come up though neither of them knew anything about the area.



George Gemberling, ca. 1985

Arriving in Door County, while looking for a place to spend their honeymoon, they stopped at the newly-built Hitching Post to find something to eat and a place to stay. They were told of a cabin which belonged to fisherman John Sternard and his wife, Lucille, on Whitefish Bay. They rented it first

for their honeymoon, then for over 30 years of vacations.

George stated that in those years one hardly ever saw anyone else on the beach. It seemed a good number of people who did come were from St. Louis, here to escape those steamy summers along the Mississippi River. And he recalled that the only road south of Glidden Lodge was little more than ruts.

During the rest of the year they lived in Alliance, Ohio. George worked for 35 years for North American Phillips, eventually becoming a vice president. The plant produced small electric motors, 60,000 a day at its peak. Shirley and George raised four children and can now boast of 12 grandchildren. Every summer they get lots of family coming to visit.

In the 1970's they bought the lot where their present house stands, building it when George retired in 1982. They moved in January of 1983 during a blizzard. George recalls that he did not think the truck would make it, but it did.

In those days Glidden Drive was nearly deserted in winter. They had previously only been here in the summer and once in the fall. It was quite some time before they met their first neighbor, the Deans, and this was not until March.

This quiet might have been what propelled them to attend a Sevastopol Town Board meeting in 1984. They were the only non-Board members there. The Board was getting ready to develop the park near the high school and George questioned that they were about to add the half-million dollar cost to the tax bills. He ended up on the Park Board and his first assignment was picking out rocks from the field. He wore out a few pairs of gloves and his back.

They became involved in the community. Shirley volunteered for the hospital auxiliary and gift shop and was hospital Treasurer for a number of years. She also served on the board and was Treasurer of the Glidden Drive Association. Utilizing her nursing skills as a RN, she volunteered at the Red Cross blood bank for over 10 years.



George Gemberling in front of the Hitching Post, probably in the 1950's

George kept busy by serving as President of the Glidden Drive Association, and as a Board member of the Door County Property Owners Association, Birch Creek, Lions Club, and Door County Memorial Hospital Foundation.

For several years, George was also the transportation coordinator for Donor Eyes. His duty was to see that these eyes got to Milwaukee. Sometimes this was under trying circumstances. One particularly stormy night in November, he had just returned when he got a call to take a second trip.

Though life may be a little quieter now, Shirley and George have their granddaughter, Tiffany, living with them; she is a senior at Sevastopol High School. She is also a diver on the Combined Sturgeon Bay High School Swim Team. With this and other activities, they love having her with them because she is doing a great job helping to keep them young.

George and Shirley love the scenery and tranquility of the lake and of Glidden Drive. They still enjoy greeting friends and neighbors as they return for the summers. They are glad they saw that ad in The Chicago Tribune.



GEORGE & SHIRLEY GEMBERLING

The Sternard "Big Cottage." This one had hot and cold running water and an indoor toilet.



GEORGE & SHIRLEY GEMBERLING

The Sternard "Little Cottage." It had only a hand pump in the kitchen for water and an outhouse for a bathroom, but it was rented all summer.

Around the Drive...

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more information, call Marilyn Peterson at (920) 854-4657 or write her at 11249 Frontier Rd., Ellison Bay, WI 54210. Marilyn can also be reached by email: mdpeterson@dcwis.com.

Sevastopol News

A Special Town Meeting was held November 19 to consider the tax levy for 2002 and a budget of \$812,246 was approved. This includes a tax levy of \$456,104 and will result in a mil rate of \$1.20, slightly down from the previous year's mil rate of \$1.23. (The mil rate is the amount of tax paid by property owners per thousand dollars of valuation.)



LADDIE CHAPMAN



LADDIE CHAPMAN

Working up an appetite before pigging out

The biggest single item in the 2002 budget is \$270,000 for road construction. First Responders will be allotted \$10,750, which will allow purchase of additional defibrillators.

Northeast Asphalt blacktopped the wrong part of Bechtel Road, a section that had been paved only three years earlier. The Town was presented a \$24,500 bill for the mistake, but so far has only authorized a \$7,500 payment.

The summer's \$4200 Whitefish Bay Dock dredging proved useful for only a few days during a fishing tournament. After the first storm, the boat ramp became unusable due to sand fill. At least one sailor

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Around the Drive...

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had to have his vehicle extracted from the sand by a tow truck.

"Ken and Barbie's Dollhouse," a small house on Bark Road owned by Ken and Barb Weist, was bought by Larry Hawkins, who owns land behind the Hitching Post. Since Bark Road is so narrow, it was decided to move the house by way of the beach to the Whitefish Bay boat ramp, then to Hawkins' land for permanent installation.



LADDIE CHAPMAN

On the move to new quarters

Door County News

Some of the new signal lights are now in operation on the 42-57 bypass around Sturgeon Bay. The intersection at County T has not yet been altered, but the Michigan Street crossing is a little safer.

A County property tax increase of 17% is expected next year just to pay for the proposed new Justice Center alone. For this and other reasons, many taxpayers are upset and a grass-roots effort is underway to recall 18 County Supervisors. We will try to keep

GDA members informed of the events in this matter on our web site.

Charter Cable claims they are on schedule to roll out the new digital service county-wide in early December. This includes "Charter Pipeline," the high-speed Internet access service, and at a price quite competitive with ordinary dialup service. Current subscribers should be receiving literature in the mail very soon.

Let's Be Careful Out There!

We live in an area that is highly vulnerable to fire, even in times when the forest is not dry. If your house is aflame, as past experience has shown us, fire trucks aren't able to get here fast enough to save much. That's why it's vitally important that we not take chances – be **really sure** ashes are extinguished before discarding them, and be **really careful** where that is. Ashes stay hot much longer than you expect, and a grove of pine trees might not be the best place to empty that barbeque!



LADDIE CHAPMAN

The pumpkin delivery wagon at the Farmer's Market, Sturgeon Bay

In Memoriam

Jeanne Pennington

Jeanne Yvonne Pennington, 80, 4160 Glidden Dr., died October 24, 2001 at her home. She was the wife of the late Dr. F. E. (Gene) Pennington, a former president of the Glidden Drive Association.

A Memoir, Part 2

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 the conclusion of Sharon's story. Part One was in the August 2001 Newsletter; available on our web site or by request.

— Laddie Chapman

The War Comes Home

It was wartime and the little town of Sturgeon Bay soon became a bustling community of strangers. The shipyards gave jobs to many. The depression was over and everyone helped the war effort. American, English and French sailors practiced their marching down the streets. Mexican nationals came to pick cherries. At the end of the war German prisoners worked the orchards.

School children became patriotic and collected things. The school bus was crowded as we carried our bundles to the school collection bins. Newspapers were stacked and tied. While we waited for the school bus, we'd use the bundles as snow sleds.

Aluminum was scarce. Every piece of metal from chewing gum wrappers to toothpaste tubes was saved. Milkweed was gathered in gunnysacks to be used in life jackets. In the school basement was a rope-making machine and during cold and rainy recesses we'd twist long lengths of rope for the Army.

Rationing made us aware that the world was changing. Mama planned her shopping list around her ration

books. Each family was allowed stamps for meat, sugar and gasoline — without a stamp you couldn't purchase these products.

We knew that the practice air raids could become real. Defense plants brought money to a community but also the prospect of retaliation from the enemies.

One day our parents decided to leave us girls alone while they went shopping for an hour or two. Nancy and I felt very grown up. We were instructed to stay in the house and keep the doors locked.

We looked out of the windows and stared in disbelief. Heading towards our beach were strange boats. Surely they were German U-boats. How would we protect ourselves? We thought about arming ourselves with kitchen knives, but soon realized that men could easily grab them away from us. The best solution was hiding under the daybed. With great relief, we came out when our parents returned. How they laughed when they heard our frightening tale. There in our bay were fishing boats from a fleet unfamiliar to us. Our whole afternoon of freedom had been lost to an imaginary enemy!

The Seasons Change At Whitefish Bay

During the winter we were very much alone, but June brought the summer people. The Jacksons came from Chicago with their grandchildren to their cottage next to ours. Farther down the beach, the Bielfeld boys arrived

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A wartime ration book

to spend the summer in their beautiful chalet. Every day new visitors came to stay at the Lodge. Soon the beach was full of vacationers.

Nancy and I watched as the kids swam to the large raft that was anchored in front of our house. How we wished we could swim out to join the fun. Soon we found ourselves being carried out into the water. Bud Bielfeld grabbed each of us under his arms. He swam out to the raft while assuring us that we'd soon learn how to swim. In a few days we could swim out ourselves and could join the other kids at playing blindman's bluff under the raft.

As the summer days grew hot, boredom set in and we began having fights. The beach became a battlefield. Forts were built in the sand and pinecones became our hand grenades. We'd dig deep holes in the sand and fill them with sharp sticks. Then we would cover it with a beach towel and dare the enemy to step across the line.

One day our foes found a new weapon. As we walked through the woods, a huge gorilla came running after us. It growled at us and chased us into our own yards. It terrified us for several days. Then the mask fell off and we found out it was just Bud!

Not far from our house was Lauscher's Fish House near Whitefish Bay Creek. We'd spot their boats coming in from the lake and would start our walk. By the time we'd get there, the boats would be in. We'd watch the fish come tumbling in from the nets. Seagulls would screech and dive around the tables as the men cleaned the lake trout and whitefish. Into boxes of ice went the fish to be sent to fine restaurants in Chicago.

I really didn't like fish. Picking out bones from my food was a waste of time. The Lauschers gave us a new treat, whitefish livers. We'd bring



Bielfeld's Chalet cottage in Whitefish Bay. It was decorated inside and out. Some bedrooms were accessed by a ladder along the side of the living room. As you looked down from the 2nd story you saw on the living room beams the words, "Good night, Sleep tight." There was a tree that grew through the roof and a white polar bear rug on the floor. Along the front of the chalet were big tiles picturing scenes from *Ferdinand*, *The Bull*, a Disney movie that Mr. Bielfeld had worked on. Later the images were replaced with a blue painting of a Dutch scene.

a coffee can and they'd give us the juicy morsels for free. They tasted so good and didn't need a ration stamp.

Mama, Nancy and I decided we'd go along the beach to the Fish House. We usually walked along the road. Just before we got to the fishery, we found a creek ran down from the woods into the lake. There was no way to cross it. Mama saw the icehouse perched high in stilts. From its door was a steep slide. Since it was dry, we used it for our get-away. Mama pushed and tugged us kids up the long slide. When we got to the top, we brushed the sawdust from our clothes and coolly walked out the front door of the icehouse. The

fisherman looked at us in bewilderment. I wonder if they ever found out how we appeared.

Soon the summer ended and we knew our friends would be gone for another year. The fighting stopped and the woods became silent again.

Winter was such a beautiful time. The dark pine trees outlined in whipped-cream snow set a background for the deer and rabbits that came into our yards. The lake itself brought surprises, too. As each wave broke on the shore, it froze instantly into white volcanic cones. New waves burst forth through the top hole and the spray froze into a lacy pattern.

Grandpa Plays The Part

That year instead of Christmas at Grandpa's in Wausau, the entire Trittin clan came to the lake. Even some of my uncles were able to get off on furloughs from the Army. The wives of the others came along, too.

Grandpa was a very proper person. He would never leave his home without a white shirt, tie, and dark three-piece suit. Life was serious for Grandpa; frivolity was of the Devil. But at the lake, he became the fun-lov-



Winter at Glidden Lodge: on the beach...



...and on the dock: Sharon and her father

ing Grandpa that a kid dreams of. Nancy and I stood in wide-eyed wonder as Grandpa went down the hill on our sled. The twinkle in his eyes showed that he enjoyed being free from those who, he thought, expected him to always be the perfect Christian gentleman.

I remember the evenings with Grandpa. We'd sit by the fire and play "Go to the head of the class." Grandpa would play it, for it had a spinner, not dice. How could I ever forget that *Hiawatha* was written by Longfellow?

Grandpa gave me little hints as we played the game. "He wasn't a short fellow like me," he'd snicker. And soon my eight-year-old mind figured out, "Longfellow!"

After Christmas, we drove Grandpa to Appleton to visit his brother, Carl. There we saw the first issue of "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer." Grandpa laughed until tears ran down his face. Nancy and I knew he considered it an honor that this red-nosed creature was named Rudolph like him.

That Christmas was my favorite. I learned that it wasn't the presents or the tree; it was the time when the family was close and we were one.

School Days And A Bear!

Every weekday morning, Nancy and I waited for the school bus and Daddy usually stood with us. This was our only time together since he left for work before I came home from school. He'd wake up early, put on his boots and his red mackinaw jacket over his long, striped night-shirt and wait for the bus. I would plead, "Please, Daddy, go back. I don't want the kids to see your nightshirt!" Daddy would teasingly wait until the bus came around the bend and then would fade into the forest.

One morning, I begged to go by myself. I didn't know Nancy was sick that morning and no one would be on the road. As I stood there, I saw something come out of the woods and start down the road — a bear! I was too afraid to run into the woods to the house. The closest refuge was Schmock's back porch. Their family was still asleep and never knew that I spent what seemed like an eternity, crouched in a corner on their porch. I finally got enough courage to run home. No one ever believed I saw a bear but as I look back over forty years, I am still convinced of what I saw. Like any child, I had a vivid imagination; if I had imagined a bear, I would have made him six feet tall, but, whenever I see a bear at a zoo, I know that is exactly what I remembered.

The best time of each school day was recess and lunch. There wasn't a cafeteria — everyone carried a lunch pail. We heard of big-city schools having hot lunches so the teachers decided we'd be progressive, too. The older girls in home economics cooked the meals. Whether we liked it or not, we ate their food, from excellent to failures. Lunch was served on someone's mom's tablecloth, silver and best dishes. It just wasn't any fun, so we all went back to lunch-bucket food.

After lunch we played. Our favorite place was the little woods behind the school. The older boys and their girlfriends would head down the special paths and promise us little ones a beating if we followed. Our time was spent playing house. We found a group of young saplings, tied the tops together and piled brush around it, making a super teepee. The inside was furnished with old rusty buckets for chairs and a bleached cow's skull hung over the entrance. When the teepee became too crowded, we built a second house. Under a tree, beyond the ball field, we dug a deep hole and packed dirt around the edges to form benches. We laid branches over the hole and covered it with sod. It was a great hideout unless it rained.

The teacher rang a small hand bell at the end of recess. If we were lucky, we didn't even hear it and kept right on playing.

Poison Ivy

The forest was full of poison ivy but God protected us children from its awful scourge. We'd run through the woods, forgetting we were told to be careful. Sometimes we'd grab a weed to chew on as we played, then we'd realize we had poison ivy in our mouths.

But Mrs. Schmock wasn't blessed with this immunity. Every spring, she would begin cleaning the yard for her summer guests. To get rid of the poison ivy, she would burn the new plants. The smoke would carry the poison around her legs. By the next day, her legs were swollen and inflamed. Sometimes we could hear her crying in pain from her house to our cottage. She would sit with her feet in a basin with a poison pouring from the deep red cracks in her legs.

None of the guests of Glidden Lodge ever knew how much this lady suffered to make their summers a care-free one.



Glidden Lodge in the 1940's

SHARON TRITTN GAGLIARDI

Thanks, Herb!

Shivering Sands Land Protection Fund Launched

The woods that borders Glidden Drive is a spectacular environmental treasure. It is an area one mile wide and five miles long, bigger than Potawatomi State Park and unbroken by roads. It is home to rare and endangered plants and animals in a surprising variety of different habitats. The Nature Conservancy, hoping to preserve this treasure, has designated the entire woods a project area, named after Shivering Sands Creek.

Glidden Drive residents Herb Klein and Cal Bonnivier have decided to help out. Working with Guenevere Abernathy, who heads TNC's local four-person office,



LADDIE CHAPMAN

Stiff clubmoss. Most of these pictures were taken recently on Linc McGurk's property behind his house. Thanks to Roy and Charlotte Lukes for identifying the moss and mushrooms.

Herb and Cal are starting a "Shivering Sands Land Protection Fund." Herb says, "For years, I've been advocating greater efforts to preserve the area that we all love, and that many of us relocated here to enjoy. In commemoration of my 75th birthday, I'm starting off the fund with a \$10,000 contribution.

"I know this land is worth protecting. This year a new nesting pair of bald eagles chose the Shivering Sands area, and successfully fledged an addition to the eagle population. Land the TNC owns or manages is open for reasonable use such as skiing and hiking. There are two marked entrances on Glidden Drive, across from Pebble Lane and adjacent to 3863 (Phillips). How fortunate we are to live in such a desirable area and to have the world's largest conservation organization actively working to preserve it."



LADDIE CHAPMAN

Old drying turkey tail mushrooms. The new fresh ones have varying bands of different shades of brown, sometimes other colors, and are a bit velvety surfaced.



LADDIE CHAPMAN

Shivering Sands Creek

Herb introduced his idea to a small group on a walk through the ridges, swales, huge pines and hemlocks on a 50-acre tract that will soon belong to the Nature Conservancy. The walk resulted in two Glidden Drive families agreeing to match his \$10,000 start-up contribution. With Cal's \$950 (the "Artist's Share" from the sale of her beautiful Sturgeon sculpture), the Shivering Sands Land Protection Fund starts at \$30,950.

"I hope everyone will want to add to the fund," Herb says. "TNC has a special account number (249-032-9040) that designates the Shivering Sands Land Protection Fund. Please refer to this when making your contribution."

For more information, call Herb Klein at (920) 743-6330 or Guenevere Abernathy at (920) 743-8695.



LADDIE CHAPMAN



LADDIE CHAPMAN

Glidden Drive Association, Inc.

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Two Poems

By Karen Dutil

Karen Dutil bought her house on Glidden Drive in 1990 and moved here full time from Northbrook, Illinois in 1995. She is a retired nurse and midwife. She says, "I quilt, write, do genealogy, visit my 8 grandchildren, garden (I have a 160-acre farm in Kewaunee County and have restored the house to the turn of the century). I am a widow, grieving parent (I lost two of my children) and the Door County leader of The Compassionate Friends."

Ancient Gnarled Hands

ancient gnarled hands
sculpted by victory and defeat
joy and sorrow
gone are the slim straight fingers
that touched a lovers face
folded hair into a french twist
explored her newborn children
guiding them to breast

bent and crooked now
her hands remember
waving farewell
writing endless poems
catching babies
quilting yesterday
hugging grandchildren

the pain has been more bearable of late
she thinks
as she feeds the hungry fire
she sinks into a rocking chair
and strokes her ancient cat
sorting through memories
as the twilight fades

9/11/2001

i look upon mixed media
passed between friends
a rainbow shattered
structures bent
rubble
broken hearts and butterflies
and silver tears
nearby a shoe
covered with softly fallen ashes
television
brings pain

i see the slanted airplane shaped inser-
tion
in two world trade
repeatedly
denying the reality
wishing it were a video
to be returned

and will this memory be mine to own
for all my life
towers crumbling
under a clear blue sky
now empty of screams
and jumbo jets
which once promised travel
and moved on
to death

Lily Bay Monument Erected

By Nan Krause, *Door County Historical Society*

As part of an ongoing project to commemorate important sites, the Door County Historical Society has placed a limestone monument and plaque at the south end of Glidden Drive briefly describing the history of Lily Bay. The following article by Nan Krause is drawn from Carol Wester and Gertrude Wester Haines' presentation to the DCHS Site Committee, Door County Advocate clippings and other material submitted by the Wester family.

Lily Bay may have been settled in the 1840's. Advertisements in the *Door County Advocate* in the 1880's indicate it had a growth period due to logging and lumbering. A sawmill had been built at Lily Bay in the spring and summer of 1884 by W.H. Horn and V. Mashek; the Bay was named after Horn's daughter, Lily. The sawmill was expected to produce 4-5 million feet of pine and hardwood logs from the nearly forests. Ads appeared appealing to local farmers to help cut and bank the logs in the winter months. The Horn and Mashek partnership was dissolved in October, 1884, and a C. Mashek joined V. Mashek in the businesses. The building of a store, boarding house and three residences near an existing pier at Lily Bay on Lake Michigan shore followed in 1885. There was also a blacksmith shop.

C. and V. Mashek ran a store ad for "Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, Provisions" as well as claiming in the ad that they were the manufacturers of and dealers in lumber, shingles, ties, posts, poles, wood and bark (*Advocate*, Jan. 13, 1887). The Masheks intended to "get out a large amount of cedar for paving posts" for the Chicago market demand. The Mashek store also was the local telegraph office and telephone communications center for Lily Bay. Regular shipping utilizing sailboats and steamers took place in this area for many years.

An ad in the Jan. 7, 1886 *Advocate* for the Goodrich Transportation Company steamer DePere indicated the company would extend its trips through to Lily Bay two or three times per month in the winter depending on weather and ice conditions. Orders could be placed to bring goods up from Chicago for residents with lumber and other wood supplies going back on the return trips.

The Wester family was an early family who lived in this area of Lily Bay. John Wester, Sr., arrived in the county in 1855 from Germany and took up farming in the area. His son, John Wester, Jr., was a commercial fisherman for many years working out of Lily Bay, start-

ing about 1902. He and his sons, Ed and Ted Wester also assisted him in commercial fishing. A fish house was built near the pier and used for many years. Remodeled as a residence, it is still standing at 3704 Glidden Drive.

In the 1940's Ted started making fish boxes delivering them along the lakeshore to local people. Ted also sawed logs for lumber; his sawmill business is still operated by Ralph Smith.

A tape of an interview with Ted Wester, who knew "Wildcat Joe" Marden, and early orchardist and trapper, is available in the Door County archives at the Maritime Museum in Sturgeon Bay. Also available is an interview with John Wester, Jr., done in the 1960's about the last big shipwreck on Lake Michigan in 1889 which John witnessed as a twelve-year-old.



LADDIE CHAPMAN

Christmas Party!

The Haakes "On Ice Pond" would like to invite all Glidden Drive residents and guests to their annual Christmas party!



Glidden Drive Association Newsletter November 2001

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

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



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