



Andrea Romsos

## Snow, cold are snags to loving winter

I'm Andrea and this is my life (Chapter 25):

Well, it's February, and it's still cold and snowy out. This is the time of year that I hate the most, especially when we get the first snowstorm of the year the last day of January.

What was up with that? It had to be the most depressing sight ever when I woke up Friday to see snow-covered roadways and sidewalks. I just wanted to stay in bed all day and not have to do anything. (To make matters worse, I had to be at work at 6:30 a.m. I'm usually still sound asleep at that time.)

January and February have to be the worst two months of the year. It's too cold to do anything outside unless I want to freeze to death, and I'm sick of being cooped up in the house.

By the end of February, I'm so depressed that I want to crawl in a hole and not come out. But then things start to get better — the days get longer and warmer, and there are signs of life outside.

I'm going through cabin fever really bad right now. I need to have spring come — and fast. I'm sick of these dreary days and the long, cold nights.

I like the sunshine and when it stays light out until mid-evening. I like to go home at night and see the daylight fade away — not go home in the dark night.

When I get home at night and it's dark out already, I don't feel like doing anything but sleeping. I'm so unproductive during the winter months.

I long for the days when I can go home, grill out and sit outside and enjoy the nice summer temperatures.

I'm sick of being so cold all the time that I cannot stand it. But you know in the summer I'll complain about it being too hot and humid — I always do.

Even though I'll complain about it being too hot and too humid, I still like the summer better than the winter. There's just so much more that I can do during the summer — hiking, grilling, swimming and other activities.

I hate winter so much. I was so happy this winter when there wasn't any snow. I just hope this past snowstorm is the only big one that we have all winter.

Today is Groundhog Day, and I wonder if the famous groundhog is going to see his shadow or not. I hope he doesn't, so he'll stay out and spring will come — if only it was that easy.

Let's all think spring and try to make it through the rest of winter the best we can.

E-mail Andrea at [aromsos@fdlreporter.com](mailto:aromsos@fdlreporter.com).

CONTACT: Aaron Ramponi, Presentation Editor  
PHONE: (920) 922-4606 ext. 274  
E-MAIL: [aramponi@fdlreporter.com](mailto:aramponi@fdlreporter.com)

[www.fdlreporter.com](http://www.fdlreporter.com)

# YOUR LIFE

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## YOURLIFE

# Galloping into the world

## First Clydesdale born at farm after 4 attempts

By Sharon Roznik  
THE REPORTER'S  
SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

TOWN OF FOREST — Icy puffs of breath, like small clouds, filled the barn shortly after midnight in the Town of Forest east of Fond du Lac.

Tim Wiskow grabbed towels, soapy water, whatever he thought he might need. The night was bitter cold and the baby was coming.

Majestic, the first live foal born at Whisper Hill Clydesdales on Poplar Road, weighed 150 pounds when she slipped into the world and into Wiskow's life on Jan. 24. Ever since purchasing a pair of fillies in 1999, a healthy Clydesdale foal has been his dream, and his path to a future in the rare equine world of Clydesdales.

The newborn Clydesdale is something to neigh about, especially in these parts, Wiskow said. Within a hundred-mile radius of Fond du Lac, perhaps three other farms harbor this special breed of draft horse made famous by the Anheuser-Busch beer company.

Judy Larson of Larsons' Famous Clydesdales in Ripon wholeheartedly agrees with Wiskow that a newborn Clydesdale is truly special. The breed known as the "gentle giant" is rare because of the difficulties it has reproducing. Since bringing home his first pair of 15-month-old Clydesdales, Rose and Cher, from the Larson farm, Wiskow said he lost three Clydesdale foals in a row before Majestic was born.

"Fifty percent of the Clydesdales born are born without antibodies," Larson said of a condition that wasn't discovered in the breed until nine years ago by researchers at the University of Michigan. "That means there is a 50 percent mortality rate for newborn foals."

As Wiskow takes Rose and Majestic for a walk through the snow-covered fields of his parents' 47-acre



ABOVE: Tim Wiskow exercises with Rose and her newborn Clydesdale, Majestic, recently at his farm on Poplar Road, east of Fond du Lac. Fifty percent of newborn Clydesdales do not survive because of lack of antibodies, according to Judy Larson of Larsons' Famous Clydesdales in Ripon. Wiskow lost three Clydesdale foals in a row before Majestic was born. BELOW: Majestic marches around five days after her birth.



Tim Wiskow



hobby farm — the five-day old filly a jumble of long legs plowing through snow — he talks about his childhood dream and a fire that put his horse-life on hold, until now.

"When I was a kid, my parents, Arnette and Darrell, lived five miles from here. For a combination sixth birthday/Christmas present, my parents promised me a horse, but I had to wait until spring. In 1977, on St. Patrick's Day, the house burned down, my parents moved into the city, and my dreams of having a horse were shattered," he said.

Twenty-two years later, after his parents built their new home in the country, Wiskow fell in love with the two brown-haired fillies at Larsons, purchased an oversized horse trailer with a seven-foot ceiling, and the rest is history. The pair cost Wiskow \$5,000, he said.

Learning as he went along, Wiskow helped train Rose and Cher to pull carts and wagons. In the next year or so he intends to start his own business with



Majestic, who was born Jan. 24, sticks close to her mother while walking around at Tim Wiskow's Poplar Road farm in the Town of Forest, east of Fond du Lac.

## Roosters attacked my mom

I am Langdon Divers, a 100-year-old old Fond du Lac native who learned about chickens when I was about 6 years old.

Our little farmhouse was about one-fourth mile north of the Scott Street corner, where Highway 175 turns north and goes to North Fond du Lac. The house was on the west side of a narrow gravel road that had very shallow ditches.

Mother let me run all around then, because there was very little traffic — only one or two old cars a day went by. The house was all alone on farmland that stretched in all directions.

My father, a railroad conductor with the Chicago & North Western, raised big Banded Plymouth Rock Chickens for fun. They were so tame I could pet every one of the 12 big roosters that were almost as tall as I was.

My father made regular flocks of the chickens, for they were so tame that they followed him a block away in a field, where he caught a streetcar early in the morning to go on his railroad run. And when he came home about 4 in the afternoon, the chickens would run their legs off to meet him when he got off the streetcar and followed him home.

One cool morning, about 10 a.m., Mother went outside for something on the porch and bolted quickly back in the door with her face scratched and bloody. She thought the big roosters had gone mad the way they flew at her. She made me stay in the house all day.

When my father came home in the afternoon at 4, the chickens ran to meet him in the field as usual and walked home with him. Mother had a hard time convincing him what the roosters had done to her — but her scratched face was proof enough. I remember well that Dad said to my mother, "Well, you go out and do exactly what you did this morning."

So Mother got ready and slowly went out, and the roosters started to fly at her again, but she shut the door before any damage was done. I remember Dad laughed and said, "They don't like your red sweater you put on. Take it off and try again."

She took it off, with much hesitation, and slowly went outside again. The roosters were nice and tame again. I learned then that chickens and birds can distinguish different colors. Amen.



Langdon Divers

## All about Clydesdales

The Clydesdale breed originated in Clyde Valley, Lanarkshire, Scotland, in the mid-eighteenth century, when the sixth Duke of Hamilton imported a Flemish stallion from Flanders, according to information on the Anheuser-Busch Clydesdale Web site at [www.abclydesdales.com](http://www.abclydesdales.com).

The breed developed from the mating of the Flemish stallion with a workhorse mare.

The Clydesdale was bred for hauling coal and doing farm work, and replaced the Shire breed as a carriage horse.

There are an estimated 2,500 to 3,000 Clydesdales in the United States.

Anheuser-Busch maintains the largest herd of Clydesdales in the world, between 225 and 250

horses. Adult mares measure 18 hands (5 feet 7 inches) at the shoulder and weigh up to 2,000 pounds. Male Clydesdales measure up to 19 hands and weigh up to 2,200 pounds.

The most common colors are bay (a deep mahogany brown) and brown, though some are gray and black. White markings on the face, legs and sometimes on the body are typical.

The National Clydesdale Horse Show will be held July 31 through Aug. 3 at Wisconsin State Fair Park in West Allis.

More information on the breed is available through Clydesdale Breeders of the U.S.A. at 815-247-8780, or by visiting its Web site at [www.clydesusa.com](http://www.clydesusa.com).

an eight-horse hitch, participating in parades, competitions, hayrides and what he calls "fairy-tale" weddings.

The 31-year-old Wiskow is employed as an assistant store manager at Culver's in Ashwaubenon, an hour's drive from the farm.

"Part of the Clydesdales' greatness and appeal with people is, of course, their size, but it's also how gentle and tame they are," Wiskow said. "They are shy at first — like Majestic, she is just so full of wonder, exploring the world."

A stallion, J.B.E. One-In-A-Million, known as Wilbur, is Majestic's father. The new arrival brings the number of Clydesdales at Whisper Hill to four.

Because the Wiskow farm has a series of lean-tos instead of a barn, neighbors Linda and Dan Heimermann loaned the mother-to-be their barn for the big event. Rose and her daughter will remain there until the weather warms up. Linda says they are welcome guests.

"This was our first experience having a horse on the farm, so when the baby was born, it was exciting for us," Linda Heimermann said.

Majestic is huge, she said, but already looks forward to human visits and neck rubs.

Kiel veterinarian Hannah

Geyer examined mother and daughter after the birth and gave them a clean bill of health. Geyer said Wiskow's horses are her first Clydesdale patients.

"I think a lot of people who own draft horses don't know very much about them," Geyer said. "They need to educate themselves on how to care for them, and the difficulties that go along with choosing this breed."

Larson, who currently owns 13 horses and hasn't lost a foal on her farm for 15 years, said they go through a lot to keep their babies alive.

"Two weeks before the mares are due we have blood drawn and plasma made. After the foals are born, we have to wait 12 hours after birth to test them for antibodies. If you don't test, they can still die up to two months old," she said.

Their long legs compound an already difficult birth, she added.

Being a new horse owner, Wiskow said Majestic is worth everything he's gone through to get her, including Rose's 324-day pregnancy.

"These are my babies," he said. "When I go out there, they know it's feeding time and come running. It's all pretty exciting stuff to me."

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Featured Dessert:  
Chocolate Ritz Nut Torte

**MONDAY, FEB. 3**  
Ham Loaf  
Sautéed Beef Liver w/Bacon  
Swedish Meatballs on Noodles  
Deep Fried Chicken  
After 4:30: Beef Burrito Plate  
Featured Dessert:  
French Raspberry Pie

**TUESDAY, FEB. 4**  
Stewed Chicken & Dumplings  
Baked Ham  
Deep Fried Shrimp  
Beef Stew  
After 4:30: Chicken Parmigiana  
Featured Dessert:  
Raspberry Rhubarb Pie

**WEDNESDAY, FEB. 5**  
Roasted Loin of Pork  
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