

The Garland City Gazette

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The Chapple Publishing Dynasty—Generations in the Industry

The Chapple family newspaper dynasty started in La Porte, Iowa when William Chapple ran the local newspaper The La Porte City Press there.

William Chapple was one of 17 children who lived in Walton on the Thames, England. Thirteen of the Chapple family came to America. William fought in the Civil War and eventually married Louisa Mitchell. They had four sons who all started in the newspaper industry. The sons were Joseph Mitchell, William Henry, John Crockett and Bennett. The “Crockett” came from William’s wife who shared an ancestor with Davy Crockett.

After William’s wife passed away, he became the commander of the G.A.R. (Grand Army of the Republic) in Ashland and the creator of the Naval militia for the state.

Joe Mitchell Chapple had been running a newspaper in North Dakota when he felt the need to be in an area where a boom was starting, so he came to Ashland and started working for Sam Fifield who first started the Ashland Weekly paper in 1872.

In 1888, after Joe Chapple convinced Fifield to make it a daily newspaper, Fifield sold the paper to Joe. Joe eventually chose to switch to magazine publishing and turned over the Ashland Daily Press to John Crockett Chapple’s capable hands.

Another brother, Bennett Chapple, was the editor of the Ashland Daily Press (ADP) and was the first newsman to break the story of the assassination of President William McKinley.

Both Bennett and Joe Chapple authored several books. Joe and William Chapple went into magazine publishing in Boston. Joe became a lecturer and Bennett ended up as a vice president of Armco Steel in Ohio. Will stayed in the publishing business.

MYRTA CHAPPLE—Longtime Newspaper Woman

The ADP was sold several times and was eventually sold to Myrta Bowman Chapple, the wife of John Crockett Chapple. Together they ran the paper for over 50 years. Myrta continued to run the paper after John C.’s death in 1946 and in 1973, Myrta was recognized as having one of the longest newspaper careers of any woman in the nation at that time. Part of her education took place in France. Along with her longtime newspaper career, Myrta was involved in many civic

Continued on page 3

Ashland Historical Society
Board of Directors

Tory Stroshane, President

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Mission Statement

The Ashland Historical Society, a non-profit volunteer organization promotes the appreciation of local history and pride of community through a visual connection to the past by collecting and preserving memorabilia and artifacts, stories and traditions and by functioning as an educational resource.

President's Corner by Tory Stroshane

December is the time you want to renew your membership to the Ashland Historical Society. Memberships run from January 1 to December 31. If you are not sure if you have renewed yet, you can email the museum or call to check on it.

The museum will be closing for January, February and March, but you can still email us or contact us by phone.

Thank you for your continued support.

Farewell to the Bright Spot Column

This December issue is the "Swan Song" for Jim Goeltz's articles based on the Bright Spot business his father ran for many decades and local sports stories over the years.

We at the Ashland Historical Society wish to thank Jim for his many years of submitting historical and sometimes hysterical articles for the Gazette. Jim's sense of humor comes through in his style of writing. At the age 94 on December 13th, he deserves his second retirement!

Born to Earl and Margaret Goeltz, Jim grew up mostly on a small farm at the end of MacArthur Avenue. Jim's early experiences were brought to life in his stories, as well as his dad's.

Hired by John Chapple, Jim started out writing sports articles for the Ashland Daily Press in 1946. Jim was the person who helped to coin the name Oredockers in 1946 for the Ashland High School sports teams formerly known as Pur-Golders. Jim wrote for the Press for four years while he attended Northland College and also occasionally over the years.

Jim joined the Army in 1950 and made a 30-year career out of it, serving twenty-five of those years on overseas assignments. He and his wife Sheila have three sons, plus grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

During the All School Reunion this past July, he and classmate Mary Ann Stenman Van Vlack rode in the parade as the oldest AHS class represented.

New Gift Shop Items

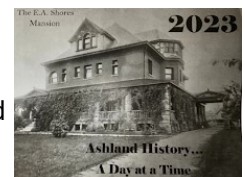
The AHSM Gift Shop has a variety of local and fun gifts for your holiday shopping pleasure. Below are just some of the ideas you might want to check up on.

The 2023 History a Day at a Time Calendar.

Handknit scarves in school colors, Harry Potter colors and more.

All School Reunion t-shirts and many other shirts and sweatshirts.

More Gift Shop Items pictured on page 8



**Ashland
Historical
Society
Museum
Hours**

*Thursday, Friday,
Saturday
10 am to 3 pm*

Chapple Continued from page 1

groups and taught French at Northland College during World War I. The Chapple family lived for over 50 years at 700 Seventh Avenue West. In 1978, the avenue was named Chapple Avenue in tribute to the Chapple family's contributions to the city.

THE SQUIBBER

John Crockett Chapple came to Ashland when he was 13 to work as a "printer's devil" for the Bayfield Press, also owned by Sam Fifield. He soon came to Ashland where he stayed for his career of 57 years with the ADP. A prolific writer, he was known as "The Squibber". His Squibber editorial column came out on Saturday. His son, John Bowman, labeled him the Will Rogers of North Wisconsin because he had a great sense of humor that was reflected in his writing. Besides his years at the ADP, John C. served as Ashland's postmaster for 13 years and as a state assemblyman. He also worked in Boston for a very short time around 1912. John C. led the Presbyterian Congregational Church choir for over 40 years and he was very active in community affairs and organizations.

John C. and Myrta's children were John Bowman Chapple, Joseph Mitchell Prentice Chapple, Marian Chapple, Myrta Grace Chapple, and Paul Knickerbocker Chapple.

John Bowman worked for the "Press" for 75 years. He married Irene McDonnell and they had three children: Jeanne, Alice, and John D. His daughter Alice and son John D. also worked for the Press for several years.

John B. Chapple served in WWI as an Army Lt. He went to UW-Madison for one year and then to Yale. While attending Yale College, John became enamored of the concept of socialism and spent time in Russia. He lost his belief in their system and returned to America with an immense sense of patriotism and thankfulness for what our democracy stands for.

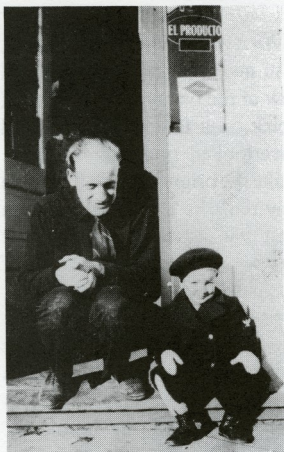
John B. ran for the U.S. Senate twice, Wisconsin governor once and congress once. Although he was not successful at those runs, he continued to have an active role in politics as well as in his community. John B's career led him to become the unofficial historian for Ashland.

He wrote about days past and had a column that featured stories from 10, 20, and 40 years before from earlier newspapers. He served in many capacities for local organizations.

John was named Ashland VFW Man of the Year in 1969. Counting the multi-generational involvement in news and publishing, the Chapple family has left an indelible mark on Ashland and the nation.

Stop by the Ashland Museum to see John B. Chapple's desk.

Chapple pictures on page 5



Dad and I on the stoop on the south side of the store. I used to sit here many times watching the trains come and go and the traffic move up and down 7th Avenue.

The Bright Spot by Jim Goeltz

If I remember correctly, I think it was about 15 years ago when we held our final “kaffee-klatch” at the Golden Glow. By “we” I refer to a group of local high school athletes from the 30s and 40s. After Bill McAuliffe was discharged from the Army in 1945, he became a first sergeant of the local National Guard 724th Engineer Battalion. I kept in touch with him during my 30-year Army career from 1950 to 1980. When I would come home on furlough, I’d drop in on him. After I retired, we lived in western Iowa and would come to Ashland over the 4th of July. One day Bill suggested to me that I meet with his group on either the 3rd or 5th of July. His group consisted of himself, Leo Martell (DePadua 1936. Leo played on that undefeated DePadua team and was invited to the National Catholic high school tournament in Chicago.), John Drolson (AHS 1941), Sam Armstrong (AHS 1942), Harley Bassford (AHS 1942), and, of course, Bill McAuliffe (DePadua 1942). All were veterans from the “greatest generation”.

Bill invited me, as a sports reporter, to join the group. We would take over a section of the Golden Glow and have several pots of coffee and a few sweet rolls. We opened foot-lockers and told lies. There was no agenda, just whatever came up. I obtained plenty of information for my articles, which I reported free-lance for the Daily Press.

However, one by one they passed away. Leo was the elder of the group and his daughter took him to Italy to see the Vatican before he passed on. John would arrive accompanied by a daughter or son. Johnny Drolson lasted a couple of meetings after I joined and then he passed away. Sam Armstrong was next to go. Harley used a wheel chair and a walker so I picked him up for a couple meetings. We always kidded Harley about the time in a DePadua game when (he maintained) that an elbow caught Hugo Ledin on the chin. I can still see Harley’s dad George, the superintendent of schools, escorting Harley off the court. After Harley passed on, it was only Bill and myself left. It got so Bill couldn’t drive anymore so our final meeting was held at Bill’s house and hosted by his daughter. Bill passed on a few months later.

Before Bill left us, he sent me a note in which he was writing about a basketball game in Bergland, MI in the UP. But I’ll let Bill relate the story in his own written words: “It was early January in the 1940 s, with the temperature about 15-20 below zero in Bergland, Michigan. After we played and won a game and after showering and dressing, we entered the gym from the locker room, where a Donkey basketball game was in progress between the locals. Game time was one 8-minute quarter. The announcer suggested a game between Bergland and DePadua. Being brave and foolish, we coaxed Coach Knoblauch to delay our departure a bit.

The game began. I was on a donkey named Dolly or Daisy. This critter had an aversion to moving. As the contest moved up and down the floor, we remained in one place facing neither basket. The mule’s owner and I tried everything but Dolly/Daisy was not moving. The eight minutes were about up when I, at last, received a pass from a teammate. I had a chance to be a hero. Ala Kareem, I launched a hook shot from mid-court. It hit the rim, bounced away and as I remember we lost the

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Bright Spot continued from page 4

game 5 to 0. It was a shutout. Being good sports, we were awarded ten dollars. Coach agreed to stop in Ironwood at a café where we blew the whole ten!

A side note from Bill:

“Make of it what you wish! It, the game, will never go down in the annals of basketball history, but it overshadowed the memory of many a regular season game.”

I found out that Bill Biglow (AHS 1941) was still living in Ashland with his wife. A month or so later I called him about a meeting when I came up to Ashland. Bill’s reply: “I don’t know if I want to talk to you—everyone you write about dies.” Of course, he was joking a bit, but the next year I came to Ashland I met with Bill and his wife. We had coffee and rolls and touched all the bases. He gave me good info for an article. Then he passed on shortly after that.

Unfortunately, I think this will be my ‘swan song’. I have a bit of difficulty putting the right words together and my typing skills are not what they used to be. Needless to say, the past few years I have very much enjoyed bringing my thoughts to Gazette readers. I just hope the readers have found in my articles some memories of Ashland and the area. – Jim



Chapple pictures continued from page 3



John B. Chapple’s desk at the museum



JOHN C. CHAPPLE



John B. Chapple and his mother, Myrta Chapple

The Ashland Daily Press staff to the right. John B. and Myrta on top left, John’s daughter Alice Chapple Boland 4th from right in bottom row. Ken Todd center back row and Tom Boland in front of him. Howie Pearson in front of Myrta. Ken and Howie were longtime employees for the ADP.



Memories of the East End and West End Skating Rinks

by Jim Bradle and Tory Stroshane

By Jim Bradle

Even though I grew up on the East End skating rink, I will start with some memories that I'm sure apply to both the East End and the West End Skating Rinks. I have nothing but fond memories of the wintertime ritual of dusting off the old figure skates once the city showed up and hooked up those beautiful hoses to the fire hydrants and covered the rink with water which soon turned into a fresh, shiny coat of ice. As soon as I heard the first 45 record was being spun and the scratchy music began exuding from the speakers on the warming shack, off I would go across the street to the skating rink. Skaters would start showing up from all around the neighborhood, many with their skates' laces tied together and wearing them over their necks. The girls would have their pom poms bouncing or bells jingling on their skates. Even though the first day of skating brought about extreme pain in the area of my ankles, I would continue on into the darkness until closing time.



The ice-skating rink was a panoply of activities and people. It ranged over the years from the professional skaters, such as Gibby Hendriksen and Therese Mitchell Stroshane, Joyce Metternich and Tommy Gilbertson, Yosh Secord, the Starr sisters, and more, to those who spent more time on their gluteus maximus than on their skates. There were always a multitude of games happening at once around the rink, whether Crack the Whip, Red Rover Red Rover, Keno, Jail Tag, Steal the Flag, and more. There would be the groups forming carts, where one person squatted in front and holding the skates of the second person, who had their hands on the knees of the first person, and then a third person that would push from behind. When two or more carts were formed, speed was built up on each cart and a crash would ensue between all of the carts, usually ending in hoots of laughter. Around the edges of the rink, you would see those that built up too much speed and lacked great turning skills, who would hit the edge of the ice and ultimately go airborne into the snow bank. If things got a little rough, you would hear the PA system kick in, interrupting the song playing, and the offenders being warned by name to shape up. Probably the most played game on the skating rink was the game of love, where many neighborhood romances sprouted and where many dates were had over the years. Using the familiar songs from the 45s that were playing in the background, the boys would skate with one arm around the girl's waist and the other holding the girl's hand. When the snow starting falling and covered the ice, out came the heavy wooden snow plows, which were pushed around the rink by skaters.

When frostbite got the best of the skaters, it was time to head inside the warming shack, walking with your skates across the wooden floor to the stove and plopping down your wet wool mittens on the heater, resulting in the smell of steaming wool mittens. If you had the money, it was then time to buy an Orange Crush or RC Cola, a bag of chips or a candy bar, such as a Mallo Cup. If you didn't have enough money, you pooled your pennies with your friends until you got enough for a pop, and then passed the bottle around to each investor to take a swig of pop.

East End Skating Rink—Jim Bradle

As I mentioned in the beginning, I grew up catty-corner to the East End Skating Rink, located at 5th Street East and 17th Avenue East. In the 1950s, this was home to

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Skating Continued from page 6

the Skating Carnival. This was a pretty big deal back then and very well attended. We spent most of our free time in the winters on this rink. Many a time we played hockey with just brooms and a ball. The skating rink was surrounded by the homes of our buddies, including the Kontnys, Sanders, Ronnings, Griffiths, Kupczyks, Dawsons, Gregoires, Ketchems, Sturgals, Mills, Gervaises, Pufalls, Drolsons, Harrisons, Winklers, Mattsons, Ericksons, Phillips, Kontnys, Prentices, Arringdales, Bietkas, Zaks, Daughenbaughs, and many more. The warming shack over the years was run alternately by the very patient Frank Nemec, Harry Bietka, Kane Sturgal and Paul Gervais. The parents in the neighborhood all had their own personalized signals to let their children know it was time to come home. My mom's signal was to start blinking the light on the front porch. In order to give us more skating time, we would unscrew the bulb on the porch light before heading out to skate. The Prentices' dad would ring a big bell. Harry Bietka, when not working in the warming shack, would yell from his grocery store a block away so loud that you would have been able to hear it from 10 blocks away.

West End Skating Rink—Tory Stroshane

The West End skating rink was located between Vaughn and Seventh Avenue West on land donated by Garnich & Sons Hardware behind their building. In the summer, it served as a baseball field. When the ball park was torn down, they left the dressing room which then served as the warming shack for the rink. The warming shack was run by Emmett Sullivan in the 1950s and later by Snooky Bouchard and then Lester Gallagher in the 1960s. It was a quick skate across the street to the Bright Spot. Jim Goeltz recalls that many of the young people who skated at the rink would flock over to the Bright Spot during a skating session or when they finished. On those cold winter days and nights, old faithful Nellie Miller would serve them hot chocolate. Also popular along with the hot chocolate were individual fruit pies (5 cents) and maybe a half dozen package of Christie's Bakery donuts (15 cents). But hot chocolate was the favorite. Nellie had that hot chocolate machine going overtime. She served it with marshmallows, too.

I grew up three blocks from the west end rink and two blocks from the ravine on 6th Street and Seventh Avenue West that we called Shores' Hill, named for the Shores mansion that took up most of the block. Growing up in that neighborhood, my siblings, friends, and I loved to slide at the hill and hear the music from the skating rink. Hjalmer Sandstrom and his brother Wally owned the Home Electric appliance store and we were lucky enough to have refrigerator and stove boxes to slide with.

The call of the old 45s was enticing. At the rink, avoiding the divots on the ice when they hadn't recently flooded it was a challenge and many times, boys tried to trip you leaving the warming shack. When you got tired of skating, you could sit on the big snowbanks that formed the rink edges. Also, after skating for a few hours, wearing your snow boots across the ice to go home was a funny feeling.

Some games on the ice were prohibited, but that didn't stop kids from trying. I recall once that Tom Pingel rode his dirt bike onto the ice after coming up from the road off Vaughn Avenue. And yes, he was yelled at.

Continued on page 8



Rose Bents
Newsletter Word
Processor/Editor

Skating Continued from page 7

The rink was where you could meet new friends, whether from AHS or DePadua. Night time skating added an aura of romance to the rink. Lots of flirting and skating with couples abounded.

In the west end, the train tracks just south of the rink led to the roundhouse which was always a noisy place when the train cars were using it.

When the senior housing units were built, the west end rink was moved to Seventeenth Avenue West.

Before the rinks were established, the lake provided a place to skate when it would freeze smooth enough. Sometimes young folks took the challenge to skate across the bay to Washburn. If you came to an ice crack, you would have to jump it. Unfortunately, there were a few drownings on the bay over the years. The ice can be treacherous.

My mother-in-law and her brothers lived on Water Street and they had their own warming shed and would punch holes in the ice to flood an area to make it smooth to skate on. John Kovach said he and his friends did the same and they would also line up Christmas trees along the area to block the wind and used cardboard boxes to sit on.

These days, the Bay Area Civic Center is the place to skate when the hockey teams are not practicing. Skating indoors on smooth ice is a far cry from what we grew up with. Now if we could only get an indoor swimming pool!



JoAnn Starr, Sandy Erickson, and Nancy Starr at the east end rink.



Therese Mitchell Stroshane and Gibby Hendrikson in one of their performances.

More Gift Shop Items Continued from page 2



Memorials and Donations

Memorials

Jeff Cate by Tim Smith
 Jeff Cate by Tom Frost
 Bruce Dunlap by Kay and Gary Roffers
 Pat Durkin By John E. Snow
 The Jeanne Englan and Florence Derda Families by Cindy Englan Wentz
 Judy Gilbertson by her family
 Eleanore M. Johnson by Lyle Johnson
 Nellie Miller by Jim Goeltz
 Doctors J.W. and B.C. Prentice by Barbara Prentice Moore
 Elizabeth Preston by Eva and Roger Bergman
 Ray and Libby Rikkola by Deborah and Pat Davis
 Bob and Marilyn Skoraczewski by their family
 Jean Smart by Jim and Dee Nemec
 Tom Zinnecker By Mona Antonelli and Larry Horsfall
 By Jim Carnahan
 By Janet Dow
 By Mark and Chris Flottum
 By Kay and Gary Roffers
 By the Sandin Clan
 By John and Donna Uline
 By Michael and Sharon Vaughn
 By Anita and Bob Wilcox

Honoree

John Kovach by Dr. Robert Morelan

Donations

Anonymous
 Bruce. C Bennett
 Tom and Dee Bloomquist
 Tom and Charlotte Chvala
 Jack and Julie Coy
 Thomas Dymesich
 Gloria Jean Gilles
 Tracey and Jack Hogland
 Jane Jauquet
 A.A. Koeller
 Margaret Lutz
 Nancy Tellett-Royce
 Richard and Patricia Van Remortal

Deadline for articles
 in the next
 Garland City Gazette
 March 15, 2023

Thank you to Heart
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THE GARLAND CITY GAZETTE

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Ashland, WI

Permit No. 5

Ashland Historical Society Membership Form

Membership includes family or single member and includes the quarterly "Garland City Gazette" newsletter and 10% off of Museum Gift Shop purchases. Donations, Memorials and Honoring individuals always appreciated.

Member Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Telephone _____ Cell Phone _____

Email _____

Membership is \$15 per calendar year

Designate your gift \$ _____ membership

\$ _____ donation

\$ _____ memorial

\$ _____ honoring

Total Enclosed is \$ _____

Memorial or Honoree name _____ Please print clearly