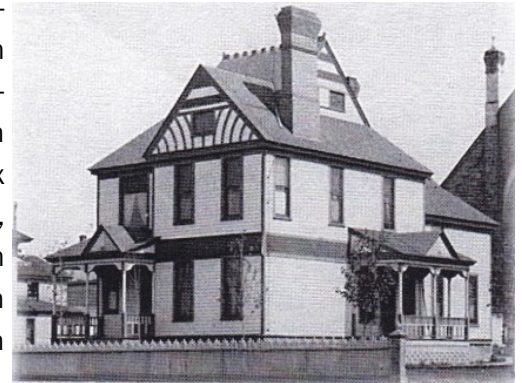


# The Garland City Gazette

## Movers & Shakers with Tory Stroshane

### WALTER R. SUTHERLAND

**W**alter R. Sutherland, born November 17, 1841, was the son of Joseph and Ann McKay Sutherland. He was married to Scottish born Jane Ross in 1872. Together they had six children: Edward Ross, Grace, Walter A., Margaret Marion, Joseph Cook and John Knox. The first two children were born in Iowa and last four children were born in Ashland.



Walter's family immigrated from Canada in 1859. His family had a farm in Otrano, Mitchell County, Iowa. Walter came to Wisconsin and was working in the woods in Juneau County. In 1867, Walter was a bookkeeper for a lumbering company in Dubuque, Iowa. He and his young family lived in Iowa, but then came to live in Ashland. Walter started the Ashland Lumber Company in the west end of the city, the first sawmill in Ashland. Walter served as the secretary for the Ashland Lumber Company and C. F. Sheffield was the President. They furnished lumber for Isle Royal where copper mining was taking place. A later sawmill by the same name was not connected to Sutherland. In 1884, Sutherland bought the Barber mill situated at the foot of Prentice Avenue and named it the Sutherland Lumber Company. He lived at 206 St. Claire, where Our the Our Lady of the Lake parking lot is now. On December 26, 1895, the mill burned and three men died as a result.

Sutherland served as the County Treasurer for a time as well as a cashier for the First National Bank. By the late 1890s Sutherland had moved his family to Seattle, Washington, where he was again involved in the lumber industry. He owned the most valuable property at the head of the East Sound in Seattle and had a seaside cottage there until his death on August 16th, 1900.

#### Inside this issue:

Movers & Shakers:	1
President's Corner	2
Memorials & Donors	3, 4
The Bright Spot	5
Getting Rich in Ashland	6, 7



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### President's Corner with Tory Stroshane

The museum is now open and we continue to answer inquiries and research requests. The web site is finally back in business and the email address or web page is one way to find us. You can also see us on Facebook and Instagram.

Thanks to the loyal support from members and businesses, we were able to paint and refresh the museum walls and do some reorganizing on the main level. We think you will be pleasantly surprised to see the improvements and updated displays.

The Rudy Hagene circus display has been enlarged thanks to the family's donation of more circus wagons. Rudy's hobby became quite a famous collection and we are privileged to display part of it.

We will be hosting a book signing in June for Tom Tardiff's *Growing Up Soo Line* book. It has been well received and as an outlet, the museum Gift Store has sold many copies. We also plan on having the Cemetery Walk on July 4<sup>th</sup>. It will be at Mount Hope Cemetery this summer.

We are open Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays in 2022 with the same hours 10 am to 3 pm. Stop in and see our revamped displays and visit our Gift Shop for unique local themed items.

- Ashland Historical Society  
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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.*

## THANK YOU!



Ashleigh Wadzinski: Newsletter Editor and Cruciverbalist

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## 2022 Business Fund Drive

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Scott Stroshane	Bob and Marge Mateofsky
Tom and Betty Yankee	Jim and Sue Bradle, AHSM Board

## 2022 Memorials

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 Danielle and Ryan Vanderscheuren  
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 Carol Suminski  
 Catherine Tetzlaff  
 Tom Wiberg  
 Anne Wickman  
 Tom and Betty Yankee  
 Tom and Betty Yankee  
 Paul and Deb Zinnecker

### *In Remembrance Of:*

George Basley  
 George Basley  
 George Basley  
 George Basley  
 George Basley  
 George Basley  
 George Basley  
 George Basley  
 George Basley  
 Tony Basley  
 Don and Josie Bloomquist  
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 Barbara Brose  
 Bobby Brose  
 Bobby and Jack Brose  
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 Leif and Juanita Erickson  
 Carl and Ursula Hambach  
 John and Donna Harrison  
 Cap and Sig Holter  
 Jerry Jack  
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 Chris Nemece  
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 Betty Preston  
 Betty Preston  
 Susan Ropiak  
 Sarah Sandin  
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 Frank and Mary O'Brien Taggett  
 Leonard Tarasewicz  
 Elden Tetzlaff  
 Becky Lou Wiberg  
 Craig Wickman  
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# The Bright Spot

With Jim Goeltz



*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.*

When Dad opened the old Bright Spot in 1923, he took over the building that was previously Tom Kenneally's saloon. Due to Prohibition the saloon was closed in 1921.

The building fronted on 7<sup>th</sup> Avenue West, had a large front bay window, an awning, and slanted doors on the south and north sides. Inside there was a wooden lattice work which encircled the display counter which came up to meet the bottom of the bay window. This created plenty of room to display merchandise. Under that display counter Dad could store his paper bags which came in small to large size. Dad would decorate that area with various displays according to the season. His vendors—whether candy or ice cream or tobacco products—would give him display items. He would add various colors of crepe paper to add to the displays.

There was a wooden table attached to the floor of the display which could be propped up to hold Sunday newspapers. And, believe me, there were plenty of Sunday papers to be sold arriving from Chicago, Milwaukee, Duluth and Minneapolis/St Paul. If I remember, the Milwaukee Journal was the biggest and most popular of the Sunday papers. During the week we'd receive the 'Tuesday funnies' and the 'Wednesday funnies'. That was my nickname for them. Tuesday, we received for sale the advance copy of the Chicago Tribune and on Wednesday would be the advance copy of the New York Times. The latter was a tabloid and a big seller to Ashland's 'high rollers'. Dad built his business around ice cream and the newspaper trade, candy, and tobacco products.

I don't remember when that display area was removed but my guess would be the early 1940's. When all that was removed, Dad filled that area with a large candy case and a heated, mixed nut case. The candy case had pound-size boxed chocolates which sold well to husbands for their wives' birthdays or anniversaries.

To start up the business, Dad leaned heavily on Bridgeman-Russell ice cream from Duluth. He sold bulk and brick ice cream and cheerios and popsicles. And he had the means to serve sundaes and malted milks. Candy, ice cream and tobacco products—that was his business along with the newspapers. And he made money. Another very popular product put out by B&R was their quart-size ice cream rolls. The rolls were wrapped in mixed nuts and the center reflected the holidays—a tree for Christmas, a bell for New Years, flag for Memorial Day, a turkey for Thanksgiving. Before opening the Bright Spot, he worked for the Chicago Northwestern Railroad in Chicago as a dispatcher.

And when I was little, he bought a Lionel train set for me which he put up in the 'back room' of the flat upstairs where we lived.

My last word—Nellie Miller. She worked for Dad for over 40 years. Some customers claimed her the 'malted milk queen'. Dad said he made them for profit and Nellie made them for the customers. Nellie was a good one. Dad could leave the store for a week and when he returned Nellie had the business in ship-shape.

## GETTING RICH IN ASHLAND with Tom Stanley

Ask anyone over 50 from Ashland what their town is famous for and nearly everyone will have wood products and iron ore on their short list. The two industries grew up together in the last quarter of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, helping populate the town and giving the waterfront the characteristic 'Ashland look' that was familiar for generations and is only in recent history been transformed. What old Ashlander would ever forget the ore boats loading up twenty-four-seven at the docks that stretched into the bay or the pulp logs that filled eighty acres awaiting transfer to railroad cars to be sent downstate and made into paper. Today, even the evidence of these great industries is mostly a memory. The pulp hoist has been transformed into the Ashland Marina and the last ore dock standing is now just a base that stretches into the bay, yet protecting the shoreline.

As a kid growing up in Ashland, I had the distinct privilege of working in both industries, first as a coal passer on the ore boat S.S. Jay C. Morse and later as a poler on the booms at the Ashland pulp hoist at the foot of Ellis Avenue. These two jobs were instrumental not only in the valuable experiences they provided as a young kid, but in the high wages they paid. It seemed as though I was getting rich.

I had moved to Ashland from Ontonagon, Michigan in late 1944 with my parents and was enrolled in Mrs. Geisert's first grade class at Wilmarth School. Less than a year later, I was playing with some pots and pans on the kitchen floor in our second floor flat on Ellis Avenue when my mother came in and said: "Well, Tommy, you'll always remember this day. World War II ended on your birthday." It was my seventh birthday and, of course, I have always remembered it. This event marked the beginning of the postwar world in Ashland.

As a kid, I did a little hunting, a lot of fishing and ball playing and a lot of knocking around town. As a family, my parents and I spent many days picnicking in the woods around Delta and Bayfield. One time near Bayfield, a mother bear and two cubs walked nonchalantly along the dirt road near our improvised picnic site, not more than 20 feet from us. It was years before I realized what an extraordinary event that was. There were a couple of experiences that were pure Ashland that maybe some boys didn't have; riding in the engine of a train on the night run from Antigo to Ashland and spending two nights in a winter logging camp in the Upper Peninsula, which I understood was the last one operating there.

At Ashland High School, where I graduated in 1956, there were two notable experiences. One was in my freshman year, where our band, directed by Francis White, won the national recording contest sponsored by Twentieth Century Fox in conjunction with the movie *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, the story of the life of John Phillips Sousa. I played third trombone in that band. The other was my senior year when our football team coached by Jim McGuire compiled a record that qualified as the greatest team in school history to that point and one of the greatest ever, eight wins, no losses or ties, 282 points scored to 14 for the opponents. I was substitute halfback on that team.

In my junior high school years, I had my first experiences in the working world, the first as a stock boy at Mc Kinney's Rexall Drugstore and the other peddling the Duluth News Tribune. The latter job, that started with seven or eight of us including such adolescent luminaries as Glenn (Skunk) Samuelson, Dick Barry, Hilding Branzell, Gary (Biggie) Swanson, Jerry Zepczyk, Charlie Bratton, Tommy (Mouse) Benedict and Art (Spot) Garfield, trudging through the snow at 5am to the Menard Hotel to fold our papers before delivering them across the West end. It probably qualifies as a signature Ashland job and in my mind seemed to be below zero. I pedaled or trugged three days a on Art Garfield's route.

It wasn't until I graduated from high school that I started the series of summer jobs that made me rich and went a long way to paying my way through the University of Wisconsin-Madison. They also gave me some enjoyable life's experiences at the same time. The jobs lined up this way:

1956-Lake Superior District Power Company, worked on a two-man crew with Don Wiesner that sniffed for subterranean gas leaks in the ancient networks of pipes beneath the city. With our maps, pipe finder and gas indicator, we must have looked very official. We also found many leaks. I kept track of what literally dozens of people thought we were doing. In the spirit of the times, most people cracked that we were looking for gold or uranium. One dad told his son we were looking for communists underground. Like our senator at that time, Joseph McCarthy, we didn't find any of them either. Other workers at LSDP that summer were Rudy Leren, foreman Vern Zak and Superintendent Erland Carlson.

1957-Interlake Steamship Company, S.S. Jay C. Morse, worked the two to six watch as a coal passer in the fire hole helping firemen to keep the fires hot, the steam up and the boat moving. The most strenuous time occurred at the beginning of each watch when we used long iron poles and rakes to break up the clinkers in the open furnaces and pull them out, still burning onto the deck. It was a very hot and smokey part of the job. Remarkably, the fireman that I worked and shared a cabin with was Bob 'Lars' Klein, a friend through junior high who had moved away from Ashland five or six years earlier. In this job, I was a part of the long line of Ashlanders who worked on the lakes at one time or another, quite a number as a career. I enjoyed the work and the scenery from the boat, but missed my friends and the city band and playing left field for the Union National Bank in the city softball league.

1958-Back at the power company as a main and service line repairman, tearing up the street with a jack hammer, digging a square hole and repairing or cutting the line. We probably fixed many of those leaks we discovered in 1956. This was my all-time favorite job-ever. Each hole was different and I was given a great deal of autonomy in getting the job done. I sometimes worked with Alan Larson and Willard Hansen.

1959-The pulp hoist was owned by Consolidated Water Power and Paper Company of Wisconsin Rapids. I was hired as a general laborer that meant I could be moved around as needed. In practice, I averaged about one hour per day doing paperwork in the office and the rest of the time working as a poler (pronounced pole-er) on the booms. Like life on 'the boats', this job was a part of historic Ashland and had worked its way into the city's DNA.

1959-I worked as a tire installer and repairman at Wards for a few weeks before the pulp hoist started up.

Besides the fact that these jobs were mostly performed outside and offered a totally different experience from being a college student, they were notable in that they were quite lucrative. The power company jobs paid, as I recall, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per hour, a good wage for unskilled labor in the 1950s. The ore boat paid the union rate (though the Interlake Steamship Company was not unionized) of \$1.62 per hour with 16 hours of overtime at time and a half. Since we spent little time in port, there were few places to spend the money. The pulp hoist paid a little less than the boats and we worked a 50-hour week with 10 overtime hours.

These wages don't sound like much today, but in supporting my college education, they were a godsend. I should point out that the UW-M tuition was highly subsidized by the State of Wisconsin and in my freshman year was \$56.00 per semester. As other yardsticks go, gasoline was 25 cents per gallon and Mrs. McGuigan at my first rooming house charged \$5.00 per week. I kept track of all my college expenses in my freshman year that totaled a whopping \$760.00, a little more in succeeding years. Considering that I earned close to or over that amount in all my summer jobs, I was able to pay off most of the cost of college with summer jobs alone. With employment in college cafeterias at between \$.90 and \$1.25 per hours (working an average of 20 hours per week) during the school year, I basically paid for four years of college, something that would seem unbelievable to many college students today. Minimum wage was \$1.00 per hour in 1956-1960, more lucrative than it is today. My \$1.54 per hour wage in 1960 at the pulp hoist was the equivalent of \$12.50 per hour in 2012, a handsome return for unskilled labor. I should add that my parents had the means to make up the rest of what I needed for college.



Tom Stanley is also the author of several publications.

*Hoisting Pulp Wood, Pulp Hoisting Operations on Chequamegon Bay, 1872-1972.*

*What a Team, the True Story of (arguably) the Greatest Football Team in Ashland High School History.*

Thank you to  
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**THE GARLAND CITY GAZETTE**

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## 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.

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