

Chairman of
County Board



CHARLES W. BRUCE, a substantial Merrill citizen, has been officially connected with the Heineman Lumber Company for many years. In recognition of his ability as a leader, he was elected last spring as alderman-supervisor from the Third Ward and at the annual meeting of the board of supervisors, was chosen chairman of the board. Mr. Bruce served on the school board for many years, and the present High School was built during that time. He has served in many community projects; but the outstanding one was chairman of the building committee of the Holy Cross Hospital. When a job needs painstaking care Mr. Bruce can fill the bill, and in the line of sports C. W. is a fine fisherman.

Jesse Munro
Was Pioneer
Homesteader

Jesse M. Munro, who owns and operates a Jersey dairy farm in the town of Skanawan, on the old Highway 10, came to Lincoln county with his father and step-mother when he was 15 years old. He at once set out to get into the farming business, took up a homestead, "proved up" on it and sold the land.

Later on he bought 100 acres in Section 29, Town of Skanawan, where he has lived ever since.

He has erected his home and farm buildings in a beautiful grove of evergreen trees.

At De Pere, Wis., April 12, 1873, Mr. Munro was united in marriage with Miss Lena Cowing, and the two have trod life's pathway happily together since that beautiful day.

Mr. Munro has taken an active part in the government of the town of Skanawan. He has served as chairman of the town, which means also member of the Lincoln County Board of Supervisors, for thirteen years; ten years as assessor; and twenty-two years as a member of the school board. This shows that Mr. Munro has done his part as a good citizen. Mr. Munro was the second Lincoln county farmer to join Virginia Falls Lodge No. 228, F. A. M. of Merrill.

As a member of the Committee on Poor of the County Board of Supervisors for several years, having charge of the County Home and Farm. Mr. Munro was always solicitous about the welfare of the inmates of the home and the poor generally.

VOYAGEURS CALLED
WISCONSIN RIVER
RAPIDS "BULLS"

There was Little Bull at Mouth of Big Bull at Wausau. Jenny Bull at Jenny and Grandfather Bull, the big rapids northwest of Merrill.

The French voyageurs, traveling back and forth in the interest of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, are responsible for the many "Bulls" on the Wisconsin river. The roar of the water at the rapids, recalled to the voyageurs the roar of the male bovines in their home country. Naturally they came to name the rapids "Bulls."

was believed that was the purpose of his hanging around, waiting for father to return.

"The Indian family had camped the previous sugar, and all the information anyone could get out of the dead Indian's squaw, was that he started out to hunt one stormy morning, and came back at night with this piece of silver.

"Later such men as Han Streeter and Albert Bradford attempted to learn further facts from the squaw, but were not successful." Some men put in months in that section hunting for the silver mine, but never found it. The squaw claimed that she had never seen the silver specimen before he came home that night with it.

Indian As Honest As White Man
"Both the Indian and the white man were honest in those days. One could leave anything anywhere for weeks, and it would be where it was left, when wanted. Father had occasion to test the honesty of the Red Man many times, in those days, and always found him square.

The traits of treachery of the Indian seems to have come largely from association with the white man.

And thus endeth what is probably the most personal recital of actual participation in the early history of the "Village of Jenny," yet published, and well worthy of a place in the scrap-book and among the archives of those who possess a keen interest in the past history of the City of Merrill.

Song of the Wilderness

Hark! Hark! Hark!
I am the Spirit
I am the Spirit of the wilderness
The wilderness of wealth.
Here wild beasts of the forest
preyed by stealth.

Monarchs of Majesty towering
to heaven.

Boundless in extent.
Repaired and cared for by Providence

For a people yet to come.
I stand on historic hills.

View rivers that move unbound,
Unharnessed, unchallenged to the sea.

Far distant I behold the sparkling
sky blue waters.

That glacial basins fill.
Heroic harmony of wondrous
woods and water.

Listen! Listen! Listen!
In the silence of the great unknown

I can hear the rush of barks
from foreign shores

Missionary men braving the
perils of voyage

To explain to the strong savage
Who roams his happy hunting
ground

The mystic mystery.
God and mankind they serve.

My dream is broken
My life is disturb'd.

Pioneer progress must come in
its day

A spirit uncurbed.
Now comes the trader and
trapper

Their treasure to take
Pioneer people following the
poets

Beckoned by a bountiful boast
Reaping rewards from green
covered glades.

Monarchs of metal riding on
bands of steel

Taking to market the product of
industry's mills.

I can see!
I can see cities made lovely by
choice and by chance

Far flung acres of farms
Fruitful and faithful to harvest.

Lowling kine in crystal creeks
Songs of the cities—songs of the
fields

Beauty and music in both.
Mankind well served.

A wilderness no more
But many a happy year in store
Now we will unfold the story.

GEORGE B. SHAFER, is one
of the longest-time-in-one-location
business men in the city, having
spent 37 of his 42 years' residence
here at his Mill street store; and
by reason of which he has won
success. Mr. Shafer has other in-
terests, one of which is being
president of the Lincoln Canning
company. Mr. Shafer is a member
of the Masonic Order, and seldom
misses a meeting. His
father, F. N. Shafer, was one of
the early clothing dealers in the
city.

hired a three-seated rig, and
started after the Indians.

"It being late before they got
away, and the roads being in bad
shape, they were only able to
reach the top of the Big Eddy
Hill, below Merrill, shortly before
daylight. There they set a small
fire beside the road, with Indians
sitting around it before they
went.

"They started their horses on
the run, as fast as they could go,
and spread the news that the In-
dians had killed the sheriff at
Wausau; and that there was
about a hundred of them at the
top of the Big Eddy Hill."

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went.

"The next heard of the Indians,
they were north of Tomahawk,
headed for Flambeau in a canoe—
Flambeau being the reservation
which was ceded to the Indians in
June, 1868, on which they were
supposed to stay.

"The sheriff recovered and re-
turned to duty in about three
months."

The Lost Silver Mine

One of the interesting and
startling experiences of Mr.
Smith's reminiscences, as told by
him, was the near-discovery of
what was believed to be a valu-
able silver mine, the secret of the
location of which was buried in
the grave with the murdered In-
dian who possessed it, in the Sixth
Ward of this city:

Lighting his pipe afresh, Mr.
Smith settled back in his easy
chair and proceeded to unravel
the following tale:

"Along about 1867, in the fall,
father was out on the river with
a feet of lumber. At the time he
had about one-half of what is now
the county jail block planted to
potatoes. There was a number of
Indians camped in the woods at
what is now the intersection of
Court and Second streets, where
the Warzink home now stands.

"Mother had hired the Indians
to dig the potatoes, as all the
white men were down the river
with lumber. There was one In-
dian and his family who had been
away for several years, living
around Eagle River and Lac Vieux
Desert. Mother knew that there
was an old grudge between this
family and another Indian family
camped there.

"Every time he came to the
house he would ask for father, and
when would he be home? Mother
told the Indian several times that
he had better leave, or they would
kill him if he stayed around.

"He had a specimen of solid sil-
ver, about the size of the palm of
the hand, which he kept rolled up
in a piece of buckskin, and hid on
his person. Every time he came
to the house, he would show moth-
er this specimen of silver, and ask
for father.

FIRST STREET BUSINESS DISTRICT



Looking east from the city hall, this view shows the westernmost angle of the east side business section, with the roof of St. Stephen's church towering over the Danielson building in the right center.

WEST MAIN STREET BUSINESS DISTRICT



Taken from the Badger building looking west. The west side business section extends north on Prospect street from the foreground of this picture and joins Grand avenue, which is shown in another picture in this edition.

laver saw the performance
through the window, grabbed a
stick of wood from the box, and
demanded that the Indians give
back the bill, which had by this
time become a matter of interest
to them. The redskin who held
the bill, refused to give it up, and
Miss Zahn hit him over the head
with the stick, and knocked him
down; rescuing the bill, she took
it back and gave it to whom it
belonged.

"Then the powwow commenced,
when I ran around in front of the
building and into the barroom,
and told what was up. It took
quite some time to get the Indians
pacified. When Alvina came back
to the tavern, Strawbridge told
her to go in the back way and
stay there. Finally Cy. Straw-
bridge and Old Joe Beaseau, In-
dian trader, persuaded them to go
back to their camp, located at the
mouth of Prairie river.

1868 Indian Scare

"In 1868-9," said Mr. Smith,
"when all this territory up through
here was Marathon county, there
were three Indians who were bad
actors, especially when under the
influence of liquor. One was
known as 'Big John,' another as
'Metogomish,' and a third, as 'Ne-
komish.'"

"It was about the last payment
that the government made the In-
dians at Wausau. They got on a
big jamboree one afternoon, on
what was known as the 'Jack
Clark Island,' where the North-
western depot at Wausau, now
stands. That section was noted
for rough and tumble saloons the
whole length of the island, up to
McEachron's grist mill, on the
north end of the island, it having
become an habitual camping place
only for Indians. One was
known as 'Big John,' another as
'Metogomish,' and a third, as 'Ne-
komish.'"

"At this time, the Indians had
got to raising quite a disturbance
on the island. Bill Homerich was
sheriff of Marathon county at that
time, and he went over to the
island to quiet them down, and
arrest them, if they did not be-
have themselves. In attempting
to arrest 'Big John,' the Indian
shot the sheriff through the left
shoulder with a 32 calibre re-
volver, which happened about 4
p. m. one afternoon.

"Wausau being a small burg at
the time, the news spread fast
that the Indians had 'shot the
sheriff,' and they began to make
preparations to go after them. The
Indians, realizing what they
had done, returned to the camp,
got into their canoes; crossed the
river to the east side, and took
the old road leading to Jenny."

"At that time there was a com-
pany of guards that they called
'German Guards,' in Wausau; and
what few rifles they had were
high-powered muzzle-loading af-
fairs.

"While the excitement was
going on, William Schwach came
down from his farm to Wausau,
and met the Indians on the way,
headed toward Jenny. Being so
informed, the 'German Guards'
went to Coon Eddy's livery stable,