

In 1936 he covered the Spanish Civil war as a radio reporter and was first to broadcast from the field of battle.

In 1938, as the world tottered to the brink of war, radio sought a man who could interpret the dispatches that poured from the capitals of the Old World—and found such a man in Kaltenborn.

During the Munich crisis he skyrocketed to a fame that has been his since that time.

Today, the dean of radio's news reporters is an international figure known to millions.

He covered the world's theaters of war as a radio news correspondent during the recent conflict.

He has gone a long way and won many honors since he was a boy in this community.

H. V. Kaltenborn retains the eagerness, vitality, enthusiasm and curiosity that have characterized his progress through the years.

He is the product of an American tradition. He believed that America was a land of equal opportunity for all. He believed that if a man worked hard enough; was willing to make sacrifices and faced poverty and other hard facts of life with courage — perhaps even with a smile — he could get what he wanted. His faith has been justified. He still believes in these things.

By Mrs. Martha Rouleau
1009 Seventh Street

I came to Merrill when I was year and a half old with my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bollinger, and an older brother, William, now in the Town of Scott. That was in 1882.

Dad was a mason by trade and there wasn't much of that kind of work here at that time he took jobs in Athens and other places around Merrill.

We lived on River street first, down near the depot, close to where the round house is now located. About 1885, on an Easter Sunday night, our home, and several others in the block were destroyed by fire. The late Albert Jaeger, who worked for Heinemann's for many years, carried me from our burning home. The old Bu saloon and dance hall, where the fire started, were also destroyed.

Some of our neighbors were George Schroeder, Albert and John Boettch and their parents, and the Schum family.

We then moved to a place right back of where the Consumer's Co-Exchange Store is now located. My grandfather, August Lau, was

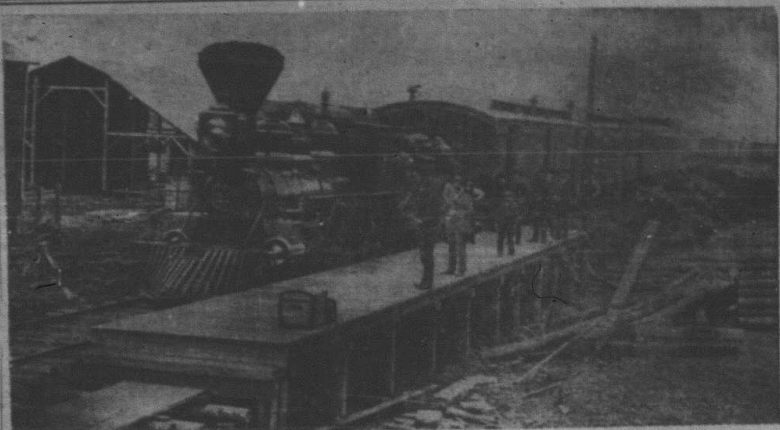
died 36 years ago when he was 36 years old, used to play a violin in the city's first orchestra, conducted by Polzine. He also played for dances and weddings until he was 75 years old. He would go through the count spinning and knitting from cotton and wool and made a specialty making fish nets, fly nets for horses and stockings. He made his own hooks for the net work.

I attended the old Second W. school and recall that Miss Ne Hunter was one of my teachers. M. Lydia Roche taught the eighth gr for a number of years.

I worked for my mother-in-law, Mrs. Eliza Rouleau, for six years.



A wreck which occurred
switch engine was backing



This is a picture of the first train taken as it pulled into the West Merrill depot in 1885. Note the wood on the tender and along the tracks, for this was a wood-burner.

By Mrs. John (Elizabeth) Hooker
119 North State Street

I was born in Racine on January 22, 1860 and came to Jenny 33 years ago as a bride, two days after my marriage in Racine on November 6, 1881 to John Hook, who passed away 12 years ago.

On our arrival in Jenny we spent our first night in the community a boarding house located where the telephone office now stands.

My husband was chief engineer for the Wright Lumber Co., and ran the company's sawmill.

Our first home in Jenny was with the Charles Stange family, just next door to the north of where I now live. There wasn't much on the west side then but trees, stumps, a few shacks and brush.

H. W. Wright lived where Dr. Francis C. Lane now resides and the site of the home of the late Dr. H. C. Hinckley was covered with logs and stumps.

Stimer's boarding house was where the Trinity Lutheran church now stands and many Indians would hang around the neighborhood. It was quite a "whoop and holler" at times with the Indians and their squaws and papposes. The Indians wouldn't hesitate when it came to beating their squaws. The hubbub would continue until the whites drove the Indians across the river. When we baked pies we were careful not to leave them in the windows to cool off. Squaws would wander into the home without any ceremony though they would not take anything.

I went to Racine for the birth of my first child and on my return moved to a place on West Main street next to a roller skating rink where Hansen & Pagel are located at the present time.

There was a livery stable across from where the Badger Hotel now stands and Theilmann had a meat market at the present site. Schram's west side furniture store, Grandma Stange would go out shopping and before leaving would stop in and ask me if I needed anything. She would then bring home her purchases.



Ed. D'worth, one of Merrill's oldest living pioneers. He was born on a farm about four miles east of the city 81 years ago this summer.

chases from Byington's and other stores.

It was lonesome for me in Jenn at first for we knew scarcely anyone except the Wrights, Stanges and Weidauers, whom we had known in Racine.

I recall the excitement of the log drives in the spring and the risk the youngsters used to take playing around on the logs in the river until driven away.

Our first child, Amanda, died when she was four months old and two sons, Ralph and Lester, have passed on.

Two sons, Ray and Walter, are residents of Merrill.

Fishing was good, and there were no rules and regulations to confine the nimrods of the early days, said George Stange, North State street. "As youngsters," recalls George

"we won't take our din nets and
down below the dams and fill up gu
ny sack with bass, northern a
balleves while occasionally a b
muskie would almost break the n
These nets were about eight-fo
square."

"Our swimming hole was in the Wisconsin where Strassheim's net was located. We would swim across the channel while the logs were coming down and at night we would be covered with nitch after riding and playing on these logs."

George, the son of Mr. and M.
C. W. George was born in 1881
Racine and came here when a year
old. He observed his 25th birthday

He lived in the house he now occupies when he first came to Merrimack. For 28 years he lived at 4 West Main street.

Among his earliest memories are those of the large number of Jews to be seen on the west side and the larger number of Indians who seem to make that section of the city their headquarters.

The late Dr. C. C. Walsh was the first surgeon in Merrill to operate on appendicitis. Such operations were about 50 years old.