LOG BOOK

Log Book

of

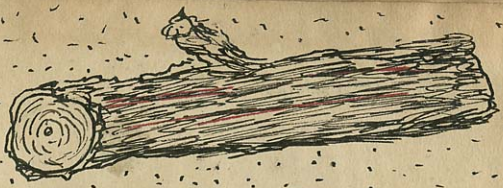
Preston Reynolds

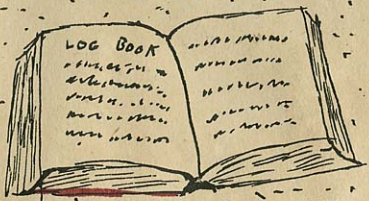
Madison Wis
118 E. Dayton St.

ONE OF THE 4 RIVER ROVERS
ON A TRIP DOWN THE
WISCONSIN,
MISSISSIPPI,
& UP THE ROCK,
&
YAHARRA
RIVERS.

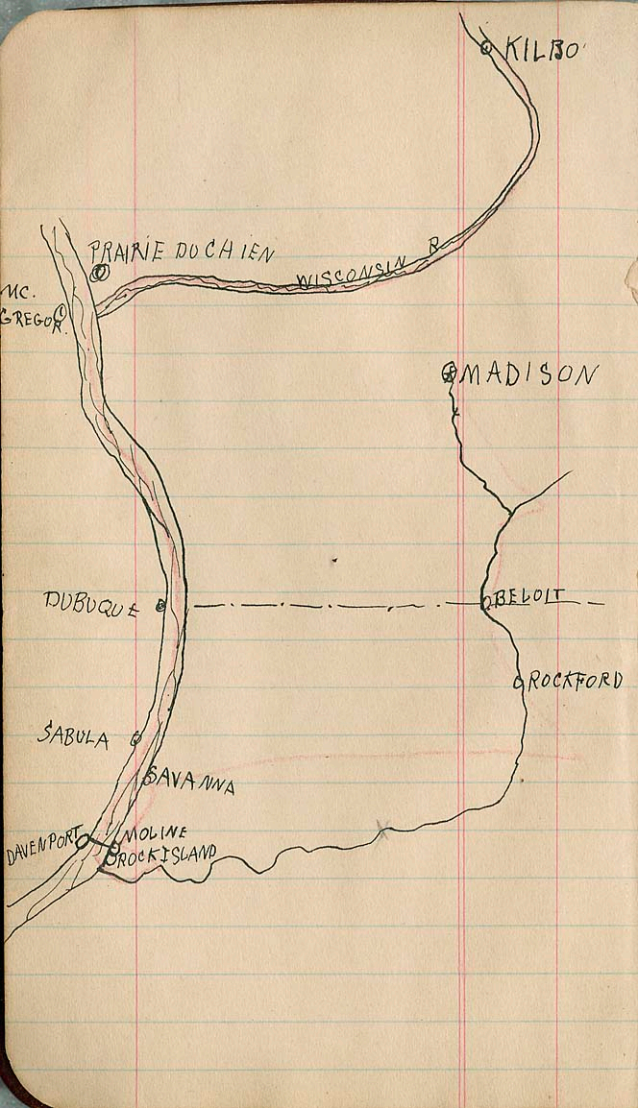
MEMBERS."
"PUCKS" Anderson.
"CHUB" Fowler.
Sid Jackson.
"PICK" Reynolds.
"STUB".

Willed to Syd Jackson in 1915
by Pick Reynolds through
kindness of Chub Fowler



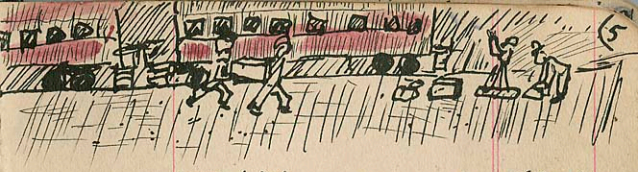


Summer of 1903.


KILBO
PRAIRIE DU CHIEN
WISCONSIN R.
MC.
GREGOR
MADISON
DUBUQUE
BELOIT
ROCKFORD
SABULA
SAVANNA
DAVENPORT
MOLINE
ROCK ISLAND

"Eucks" the triumph mar

After much deliberation & consultation the 4 River Rovers got all their outfit together & packed, & down to the depot. There it was found that our boxes of camp equipage could not be checked as baggage. After hustling to beat the band & wearing out $3. worth of shoe leather we got

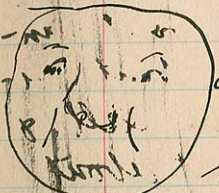


our outfit aboard the train (We even tried to bribe the baggage man). On boarding the train we settled down secured a board & started to play cards. On the midst of our very interesting game the conductor came along & kendly told us our little fun would cost us 5 Cts per corner. This nearly broke our hearts, consequently we desisted from this pastime to rubber at the high buildings in the numerous cities through which we sped on our jaunt to Kilbourn.

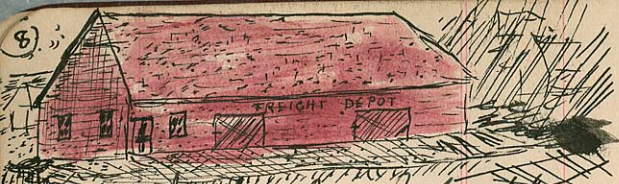
At portage we hiked over to another train & stood on the platform of a car, to Kilbourn.

On arriving there we tore down to the boat landing to catch the boat before it left for the dells & then had to wait about two hours there. We finally started up the dells & saw all the great sights including Witches gulch & the Devils Jug. As we found that the boat would not get back to Kilbourn till very late, we started from the Devil's Jug & walked

to Kilbourn. We asked every one we met how far it was to K. & each gave a different answer. The 1st man said it was one mile and a half, the 2nd man, after we had walked three miles, said it was two miles, and the next said it was one mile, we decided that it was certainly far enough & it was.



We went to the depot but could not get our express, then went to the freight depot &



would "it" closed for the night." Pucks & I then hiked up to the mans house & wondered wonders he came back about a mile & got our canoe & helped get our express for us. We then nearly broke our backs getting it down to the river (a drop of over 50 ft. then Pucks & I made three trips down over the dam to our place of rest for that night, which we called camp "darkness".

(the 25 foot dam?) ????

We finally got settled for the night but as I did not undress, I

had to go out & see what the other side heard, & they heard all kinds of noises.

Next morning we had a roaring old time getting all our duds & traps in the canoes. At last we succeeded & embarked on our long journey.

We sped down through the lower falls which were great, & paddled through a cave which we thought was "boat" cave.

When our unfortunate canoe would stick on a sand bar the other crew would sing "O! Captain

Captain, stop the ship, I want to get out & walk" & give lots of good advice which was never followed.

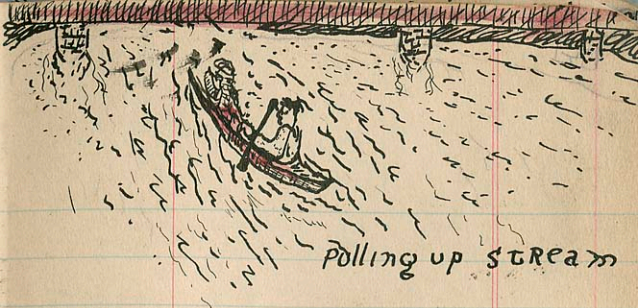
It began to get cloudy & we put in shore & ate dinner & while debating whether to put the tent up in case it should rain, Sid found two pearls in a clam. but lost the largest right away. It was as large as the head of a pin.

We again embarked & shot over sand bars & by snags, sweepers & dead heads to beat the band. About 3 o'clock it began to rain; we paddled to shore got every thing out of the canoes & under cover & then undressed & went in swimming during the rain. We had a picnic in the sand When the rain stopped we again embarked & about six arrived at Portage. We went about a mile below the bridge & then as we could not find a camping place & as "Bucks" & "Club" wanted us to we started to row back a

stream. We pulled & pulled & pulled till we could hardly move against a 10 mile an hour current. "Chub" & Sid had the most of it in the canvas canoe. It was decidly late before we got supper & went to bed.

We broke camp next morning & Sid & I went over town mailed cards & bought butter. Such a measly town I never saw before.

A short time after we left Portage two fellows that attend the U. W. overtook us in a ducke boat. They had come from Green Bay & were going to the Mississippi



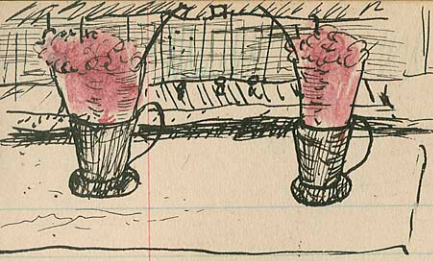
Poling up stream

We rowed along together for company. They got stuck on sand bars more than we did. We all stopped at Merrimac & went up to the Great town to get some ice cream sodas, but they were scarce. One of the U. W. fellows bought some swell bitter sweets?

We then embarked, and wonder of wonders "Kid & "Chub" made us hump to keep up with them. We reached a fine island just above Prairie Du Sac where

We pitched camp. Pucks went over town & bought all the grub he could get, which took him so long that we nearly starved waiting for him. This was a camp "Paradise" in one way & "Paradise lost" in another way, because when we left, we forgot & take the camera & a spoon hook of Chubs. As other things are also missing we probably left them there.

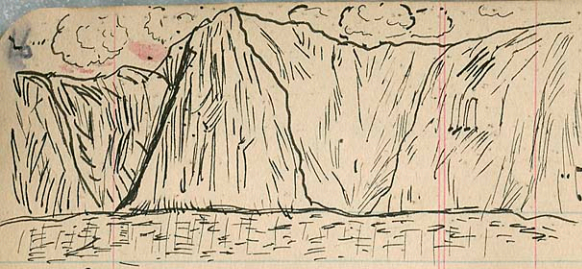
Next morning we continued on down the river, stopping at Sauk City, where "Chub" and



I had an ice cream soda & bought some bread. The next stop was at Spring green bridge where we got some water and corn

In many parts of the river, so far there has been some great scenery. In places perpendicular cliffs rise for over one hundred feet in the air, with fine trees growing right out of the side

Tower hill the next place we struck was very pretty. It is a summer resort



Lone Rock like the rest of the towns along the river, was so far back from it that we couldnt see it. We landed at a farmhouse a little way down the river & replenished our diminishing supplies.

On rounding a big bend about two hours later we struck a ~~mighty~~ mighty? place called Richland City, and one of the swiftest currents in landing we had so far encountered. When we did land, we simply struck a bonanza. An

SPOILS OF BATTLE

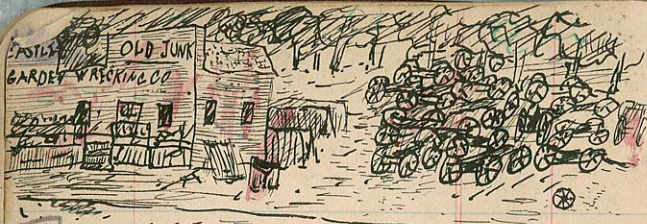
old man there simply swamped us with provisions. He gave us a peck of potatoes, 20 ears of corn, over a quart of onions, and ~~a~~ the loaf of bread, all for thirty cents.

We could hardly tear ourselves away from him, but finally succeeded.

We camped that night at camp "Escape" where we just escaped being eaten alive by mosquitoes

Sand bars and snags still lined the shore & were now familiar objects.

Our next camp at



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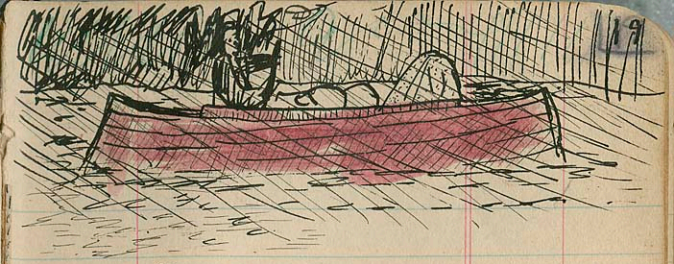
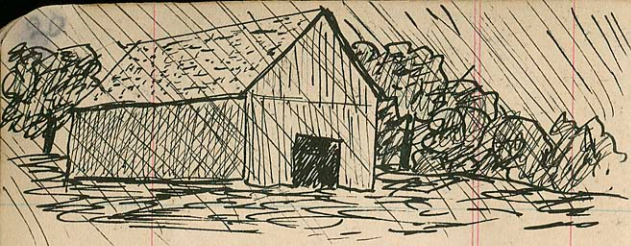
Camp "Hillside" was a peach "Bucks" hiked back by the river a mile & got grub. Our pan of beans ~~are~~ is getting hippicanoreous. "Bucks" & Sid put out their set line again, but did not get a thing, as the fish were not dieting on raw bacon.

We got off early and soon reached Boscobel, which was two miles back from the river "Bucks" and Sid went up town. "Chub" and I went & examined the Castle Garden Wrecking Company It was certainly the

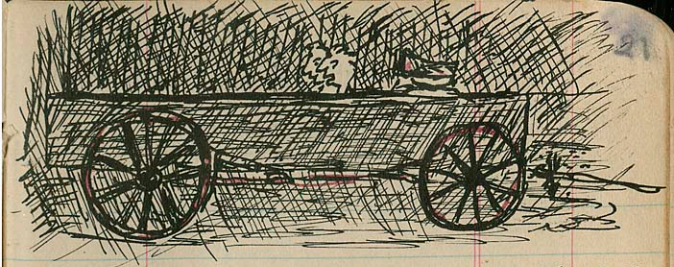


greatest place I ever struck there were about three hundred old wagons, buggies, mowers standing around. Then there were tons & tons of old trucks of every kind imaginable. It run by a man about seventy years old

Baydown & Wanyeka were MILES back from the river. It had been cloudy all day and when we got just above Wanyeka it began to rain like pleased lightening. ~~We~~ All got under rain



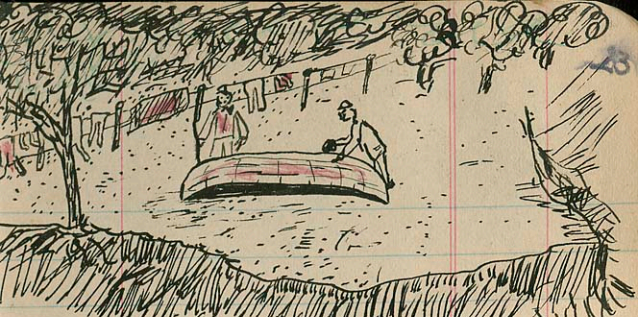
coats except "Chub" and I, & we put oil clothes around us but the rain went through them like water through a seive. We finally reached a smooth level bank and on landing we nearly had a hippicanoeous fit, for wonder of wonders a house was seen back but a short distance from the shore. We ran up to the porch then the man let us occupy the tobacco shed & it was simply swell beside the pouring rain outside. On opening our duds we found that



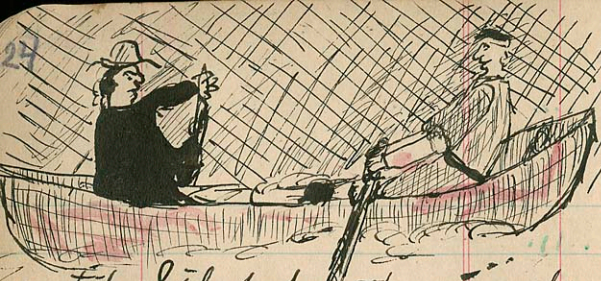
they were sopping wet. We appropriated a few blankets we found in the shed & after having a duce of a time getting some supper we went to bed. "Pucks" & I slept in the wagon box & it was swell. "Chub" & Sid slept in their sleeping bags & some young lambs kindly came & walked over them & some chickens roosted above. In the night both "Pucks" & I woke up in the night & thought for a little while that we were in the canoe & drifting down stream

THE HILLS AT THE GOAT FARM.

We yelled to the other kids & in spoking around struck the sides of the wagon box & then we knew when we where. In the morning we spread our clothes out in the sun, what there was of it, to dry. There was a hill about fone fifty feet high right at this place & we all climbed up it, & it wasnt no picnic either. We got a swell view from the top. "Chub" & I came down to get our logs befo "Bucks" & Sid, who stayed up to roll rocks down like a couple of two year olds. When they got back they washed out the canoes



and oiled the canvas one. The place where we were was an an gora goat farm. When packing up about twelve thirty when our duds were dry, ~~on it~~ I happened to look around at "Pucks" & mine canoe & found it was drifting "cross the bar" After strenuous efforts with a clam rake the canoe was rescued & returned to its berth. We finally got off with sid rowing the canoe. We made hot time for a ways



until Sid broke the gunwale in his obstreperous efforts to kill time. When they got things fixed we all really pulled a lung out trying to get to the Mississippi.

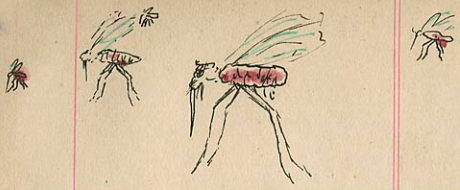
We stopped at Bridgeport & bought some graham crackers & a can of cocoa. They charged 35 cts for an ordinary can, which is more than Madison

After leaving this mighty place we hit the high places in the river to beat the cars until we struck the

The most exquisite perfume made. TRIPLE DISTILATION.
ABSOLUTELY PURE.
PRICE Reasonable.
TWO CENTS Per THOUSAND
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

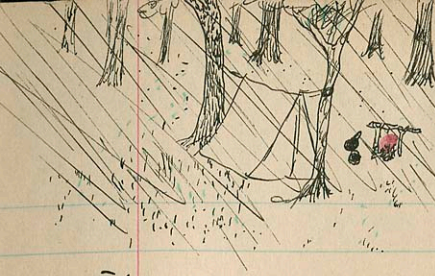
Father of Waters, and took off our hats & gave three rousing cheers.

After deliberation we camped right at the junction of the two rivers. We struck a place where some clammers had camped. There was a very refreshing odor from the old clam shells piled on the bank. At first there were no mosquitoes but when they heard we had arrived they paid frequent enjoyable (to them) calls.



In fact they called so often that we were move to vacate the tent and let them have it, as we did not want to be selfish about it.

Large Steamboats began to go by our camp and continued all night & ~~the~~ morning. Some of them make an awful swell behind them. Some of the boats are simply whales in size One last night had a search light, which it played on the banks & the boat a ways ahead



of it.

I was the first awake and had hardly awakened the others before it began to rain. We dug trenches around the tent to run the rain off & then got inside & had Democrats & wrote our logs. & told Sid how to spell nearly every word in the dictionary which pleased him very much. As it still rained I composed a few memory gems which will be classed with Bryant's & Longfellow's when I am dead

ATTAR OF CLAM
Two cents per smell,
one smell is enough

Four merry Rovers one Summer day,
Packed their canoe and paddled away.

They paddled with all their might and main,
To get as far as they could by night.

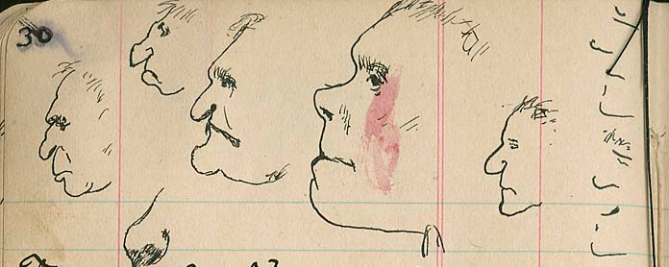
They passed through the grand Wisconsin Dells,
And waked the echoes with many wild yells.

The current was swift, the wind blew strong,
And the merry rovers just bumped along.

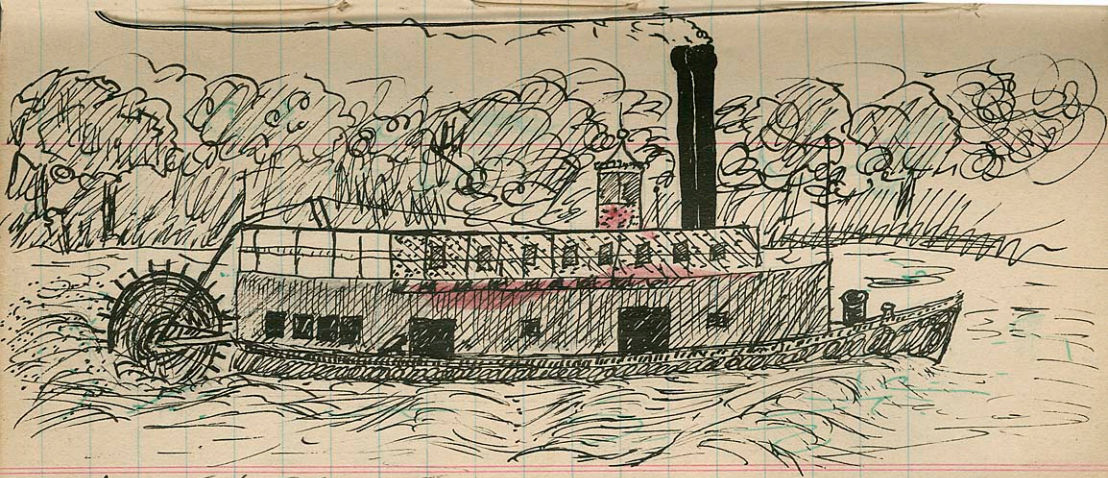
But when they stopped for camp one night
It looked for a while like there'd be a fight.

We dried our things awhile and then embarked. It drizzled along for a while and we finally made the little town of Clayton where we stayed at the depot while it rained to beat the cars. We bought grub and started again but got only to Guttenberg when it began to rain again & we camped across from it. "Pucks" got a beefsteak for breakfast. We were nearly eaten by mosquitoes again. We broke camp early

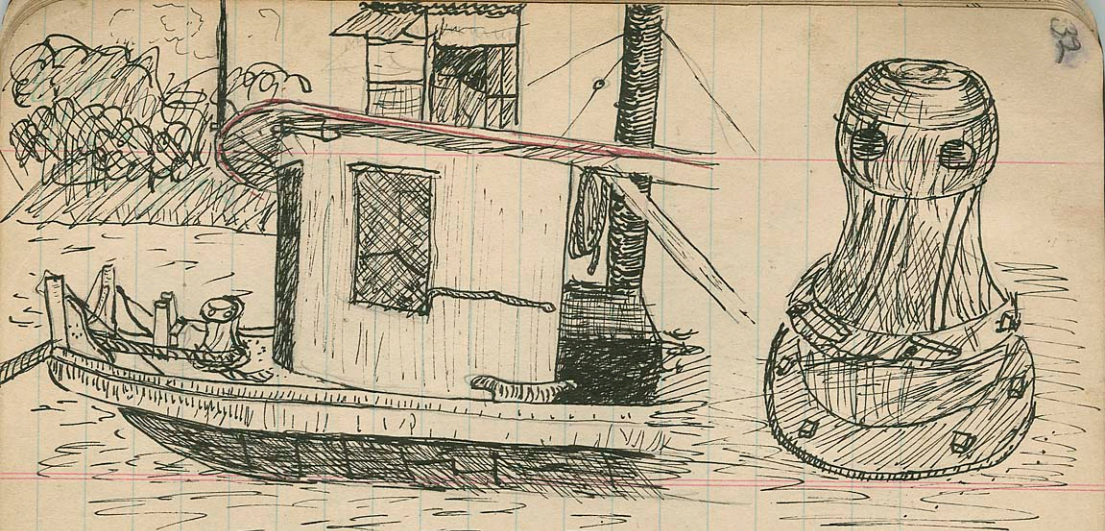
Oil of pennyroyal for mosquito



Tuesday Aug 4th 03 and started across the town to leave a jail. "Chub" and Sid landed first & the first thing to happene, "Chub" got arrested. It seems he had been in Lancaster Wis & shot up the town. We all loafed around waiting for something to happen. "Pucks" nearly tore his shirt when he found we would have to wait about 24 hrs. "Chub" bore up bravely under the sad blow, with tears in our eyes we bade him farewell and started



Wzerhausen.

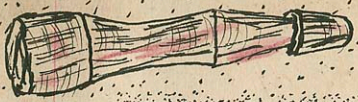


U.S. Louise.

Rigger

to see the sights. We were the whole show. If we had put up our tent and charged admission ~~to~~ exhibiting the ferocious man killer captured in the Wilds of Iowa, we would soon have paid the expenses of the trip. Instead of doing that we had two ice cream sodas and a pop. (all except "Chub"). A steamboat, the Clyde of St Paul came down with two large rafts that it landed at this town.

The button factory was our next point of investigation



BOOM PLUG

BATTLE AX PLUG

Behind it were the largest piles of old clam shells I ever saw.

The marshall or sheriff or whatever he was is the biggest bull headed son of a gun I ever saw

I laid in the shade & drew pictures & wrote log in the afternoon while the investigations in the dreadful shooting at Lancaster proceeded

The clams smelled like the last rose of summer

Finally when a crowd of about two thousand had

collected to view the remains the sheriff from Wisconsin arrived, took one long look at the supposed murderer, but now known as the Bank robber, and exclaimed in a loud voice This is not my man.

The description called for a man about 25 yrs of age five ft eight inches in height dark hair, dark complexion, blue coat, black shirt, striped grey pants, low shoes a slipper, brown hat, weight 150.

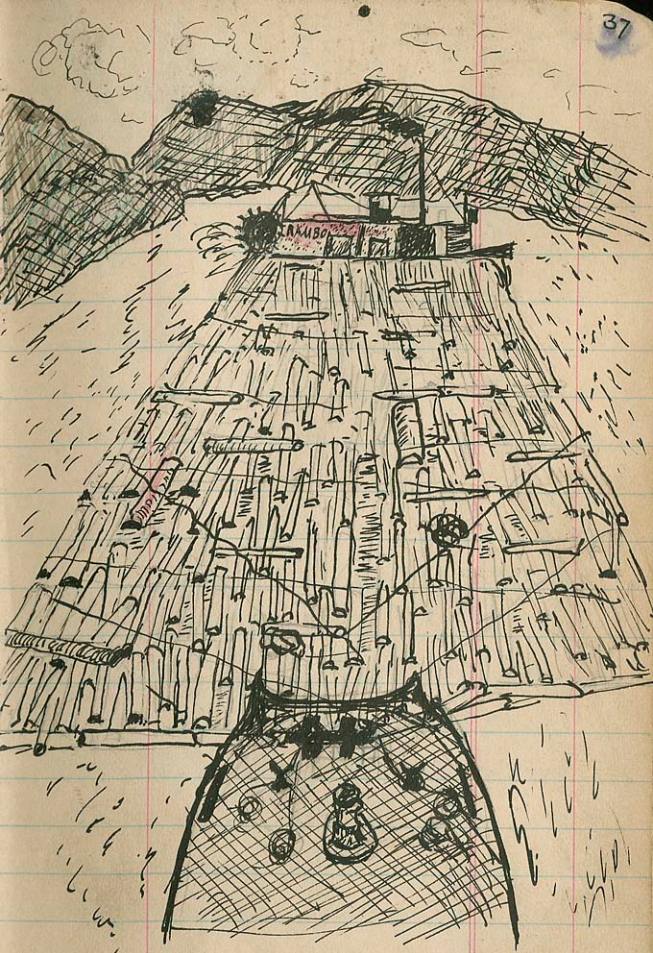
Chubb had a white hat a black coat, striped grey pants, a black shirt, height 5 ft 10 in, dark

ARREST AT GUTTENBERG

[illegible] moccosins on & weighed 123.

"Tucks" nearly had seventeen bugs on acct. of the delay. happily they proved to be dead ones.

Every one in town was laughing at the fool marshall When the performance was over we all adjourned to the soda fountain & celebrated. This made the third soda & 1st pop I had had during the excitement. This had been the brightest day we had had for a long time. It was about five o'clock when we

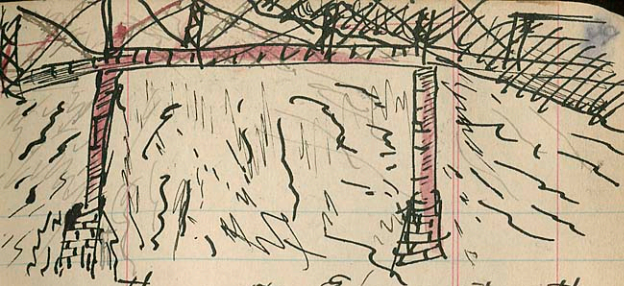


THE MUSSER & RAMBO
from Stillwater to Davenport

U. RAH RAH
WISCONSIN.

finally got off. "Ducks" & kid gave the Wisconsin yell. We paddled about eleven miles then camped in a swell grassy, sody place below Cassville. In the night it rained & blew to beat the cars. We got up about half past eight & saw a boat with a raft coming down the river. We hustled the camp into the boats to beat the cars. It was nearly by us but we hustled & caught it & got aboard.

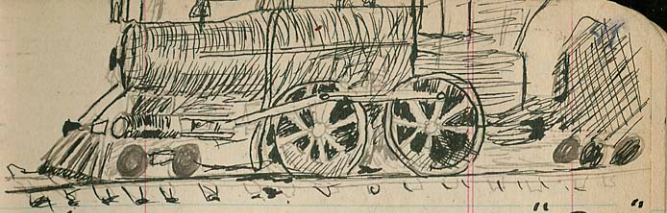
We ate our breakfast



on the raft. The rest of the morning we lay around & examined the works & drank ice water, while the other guys drank beer. The raftsmen all examined our little ax & our knives We began to get leary of them. About 2 o'clock they got a barge of coal from shore & coaled up

At Eagle point we passed under the 1st bridge we had seen over the Mississippi. It was simply great. It was the biggest bridge I ever saw. Right by it was a monstrous old steam

boat that had been put high & dry up on land & turned into a hotel. It certainly looked slick. Three miles below Eagle point bridge we came to Dubuque & two great bridges there. For one of them, the railroad bridge, which is a draw, the raft had to be divided. "Chub" & I hustled up to the front end of it & sailed our canoe out onto it. There is a sort of guide built there of heavy timbers so that rafts etc will go through the draw & not to pieces against the piers. We got safely through with

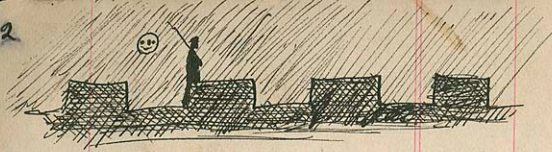


but a slight shaking. Pucks and Sid who had saddled ashore, returned with provisions.

Dubuque is a qual town for railroads. From what we could see of it, it appeared to be quite a place. As we passed down the river we saw Dubuques monument on a high bluff. Its top was like the tower of a castle.

Soon after leaving Dubuque we met a brand-new excursion boat. Jim but it was swell. Everything tip top.

After supper the Rovers



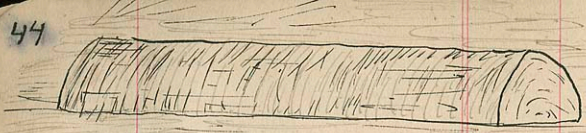
with the exception of me took a swim from the raft. We then drew sticks to see which should stand 1st watch. The choice fell on me so the rest retired while I sat on the dynamo in the engine room of the Reno & wrote the days, & part of the nights, log.

We nearly emptied the scuttle butt of water we been so dry. The water was ice cold & was fine.

The boat Rambo is an awful old boat. It has seen about eighty four years service, so you can imagine how it

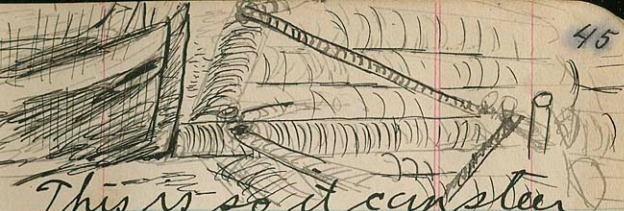
looks. As I write an odor of bilge water comes to me

The raft the "Rovers" are on is really composed of two long rafts joined side by side by boom pins & lines to form one. The boom plugs, of which I gave an illustration are slipped through the ends of a three link chain & then driven in the head in holes bored in the logs that are around the outside of the rafts. Of course plugs are put in some logs in the center of the rafts to make them more stable, but the most are found



around the edges. Two three inch lines also help hold the raft together. Booms of logs run cross wise of the raft for the same purpose.

In walking on a raft care has to be taken of the ends of logs upon which your step will sink & give you a wetting. When you once get started across certain bunches of logs you have to keep going or you will sink. It takes two boats to manage a large raft one, like the Rambo goes in front, the other behind. The one in front goes side ways the whole trip



This is so it can steer the raft back & forth, or rather the front end of it around the bends. The back boat pushes against a large log securely fastened to the raft by boom plugs and lines. The bow of the boat is also connected with the raft by lines.

From each corner of the back of the raft a line extends to the middle of the boat to the nigger, which is a different nigger from the one on the bow. This central nigger is to warp the boat sideways & thus give it a differ

direction in pushing against the raft. This helps greatly in steering it.

A very powerful headlight is carried on each back boat to enable them to travel at night. They throw a beam of light over one thousand feet.

The crews of lumber raft do not have much to do sometimes, while others they have to work quick & hard to make headway for it.

Crew of Rambo / Aug 5. 03 Wed.

Jos. Hanley
St Paul Park
Minnesota
Str. West Rambo

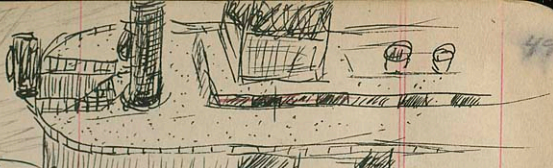
Andrew Donaldson
Chief Eng.
Winona
207 Main St. Winona

James Welch
fireman.
Winona
Minn

Frank Conrad
Lacrosse
Wis

Capt. Wm York
Fulton Ill.
Stm Missouri.

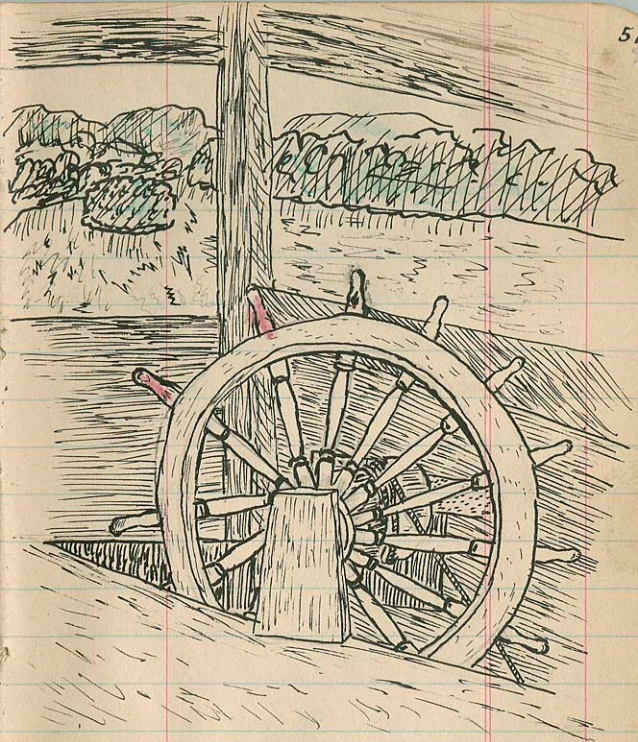
Capt. Woodson.

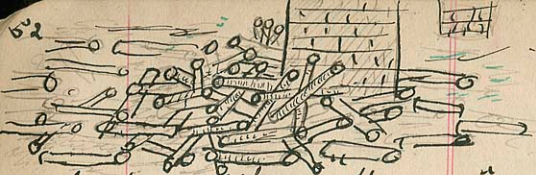


The two boats connected with the raft the Rooses were on have quite histories. The Rambo the oldest has sunk several times and smashed rafts as well as done other stunts of note. One of its smoke stacks is gone, its windows have no glass in places & it looks like the last rose of summer. Still there is lots of work to be got from it. A man has been murdered on the other & it has been in all sorts of scrapes.

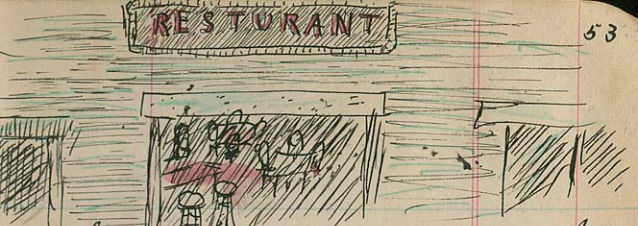
At eleven o'clock my

watch ended and I awoke Sid, & turned in. In the morning we reached Savannah where the raft had to be divided again to go through a bridge. "Chub" & I took the skiff and went ashore to get milk. The part of the raft with our other boat on went through the draw all right, but the other half with the two steam boats To guide it struck one of the stone piers of the bridge A snapping and cracking was heard as the ropes & chains holding the raft together broke. The logs began to pile up in great



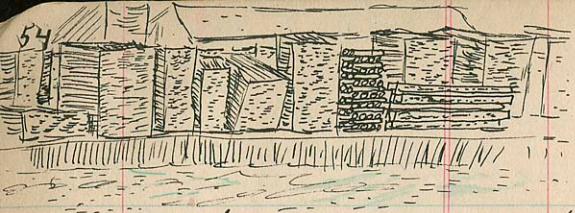


shape. The "Musser" certainly had made a mess of it that time. She began to back & finally got most of the raft clear of the pier, & through the draw. Meanwhile the other half was drifting down stream towards an island. Some of the raftsmen got a three inch line ashore & around a tree which caused the raft to swing up along the bank. The other half with the aid of the two steam boats had ~~got~~ the moved along the opposite bank. "Pucks", "Chub", & I took the two canoes over to the Rambo. It was



a duck & pull back too. We then packed our things on the barge where we had slept & "Cucks" & bid "mended" our saddle We then loaded our canoes & started down river without the raft.

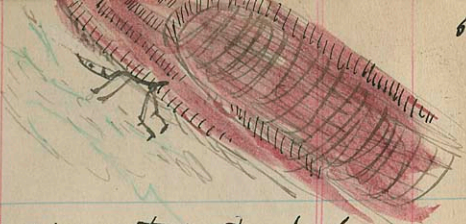
We reached Clinton about noon. "Chub" and I went to see the town first. The first thing we saw was a resturant This was also the last thing we saw, for when we got through with the resturant we had to hike back & let the others go & get some grub. Chub & I chinned the old boat keeper & an old coon



where we left the boats. The old coon was a wise? old cuss. He knew the capitol of Illinois, Galena. What he didnt know wasnt worth knowing.

When "Pucks" & Sid got back from eating we started again. We passed under some swell bridges at Clinton & saw two or three large saw mills.

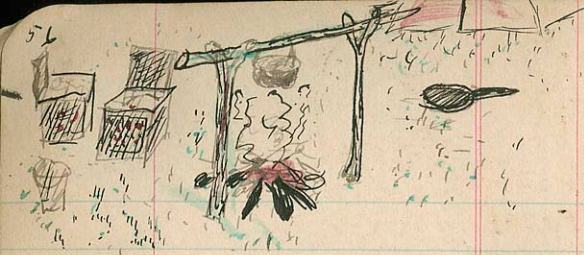
About this time Sid discovered water in the canvas canoe & we put in shore & found a place where the canvas was worn, which we patched



with tire tape & shellac.

When everything was dry we started. We took a big slough to the right of the channel as we left Clinton and cut off about half a mile. When we reached Comanche I got a quart of milk. We ate our supper drifting and did not bother to land. My spoon made a high dive from the boat & disappeared forever beneath the waters.

We drifted & paddled till we reached Princeton about nine o'clock at night. We passed a lot of summer resorts & gave all the



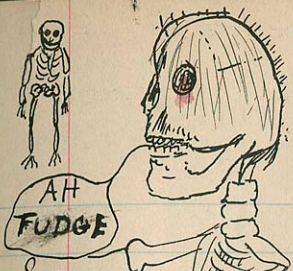
yells we could think of & sang all the songs we knew a mile up.

We camped on a rocky hillside & did not put up the tent, consequently we nearly froze.

"Bucks" & I had a debate from about ten to eleven on who should occupy a certain spot under the tree by our camp.

The long swells from steam boats are getting swell. The boats coast up on them coast down another.

We had a swell breakfast & got warmed up pulling all night.



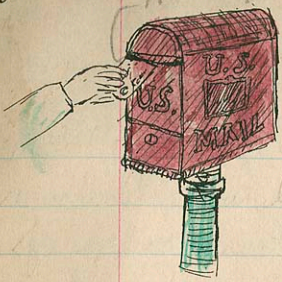
Tell me not in
mournful numbers
Life is but an
empty dream.

Sid was stubborn as a mule & fooled around cleaning the canvas canoe when we might have been on the way.

Sid swears by the bones of his ancestors that he is going to quit at Davenport. If he does one of the other "Rovers" will quit too. It will either be "Chub" or I as Sid will take his canoe & only two can go in the other skiff.

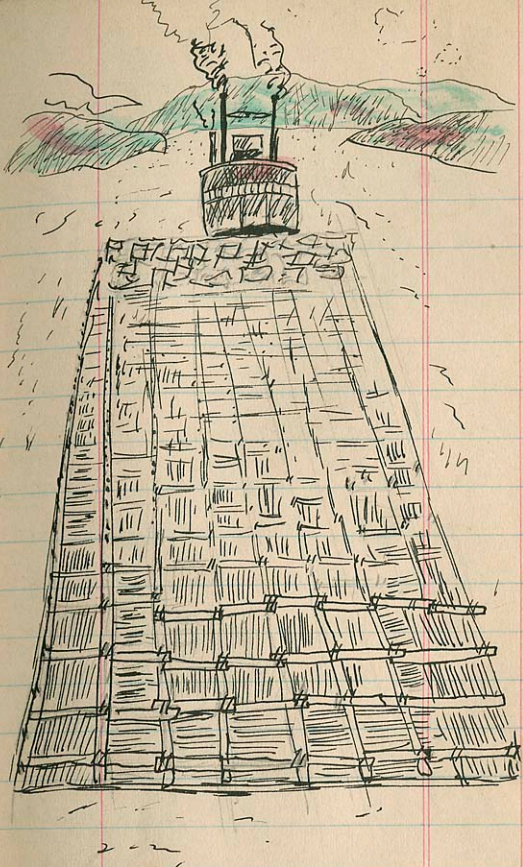
We started at last & reached LeClair where we passed the Quincy going

nach Heim.



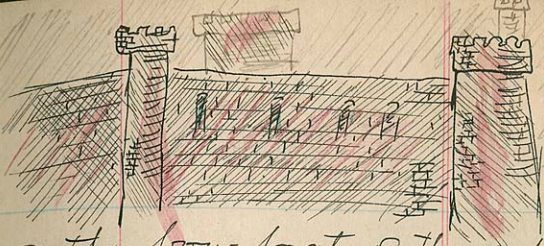
down. The large swells from those big boats are great. The canoes go up and down to beat the band. At LeClair we struck the rapids. They were very swift in some places.

Ever since we had started in the morning, or rather noon, we had seen a large raft following us about a mile back. While we were eating our dinner, which we ate drifting along, this raft overtook us. It was



a different raft from the other we had been on so we hitched on to it. It was composed of sawed lumber instead of unsawn logs. It is hard to describe the way the boards, plank, & timbers were fastened together. There were more connections than on a log raft. There is more risk in rafting lumber that way than in the log. If a raft like that should strike a bridge pier it would be all out and over with the raft. This raft did not have as nice a crew as the Musser & Rambo.

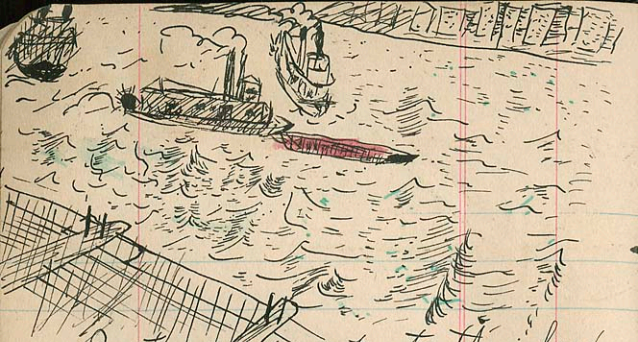
We changed our clothes



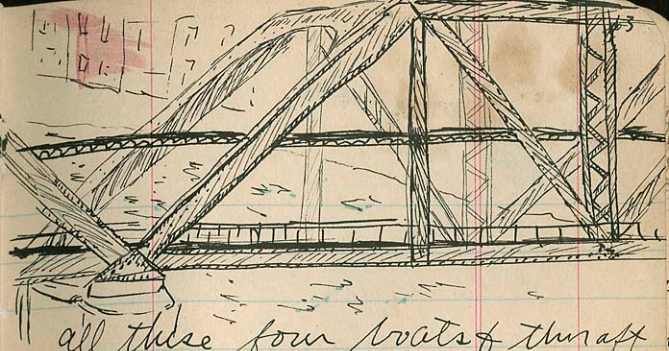
on the bow boat of the raft. By that time we had reached the Moline chains and the swiftest part of the rapids. These chains, as they are called, are really a long line of rocks, parallel to the main channel ~~to change~~ to turn part of the current in part the power house at the Arsenal.

The insane asylum near Moline looked like an old castle.

The channel through the rapids is marked by oblong pyramid piles of rock with lights on top



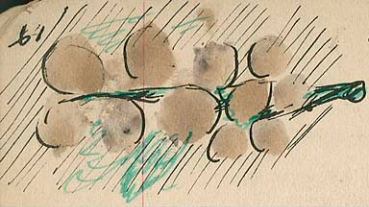
Just as we got to the head of the Arsenal there was a great mix up for a little while There were two Govt boats, one with a barge, & a large packet coming up the river. Just as they got along side of us the Govt boat the Ruth came along side the other with the barge & tried to take it from the other. The blamed barge acted like a regular old tub & started for the raft. It came within one of going into the raft, but the Ruth got it just in time. The swells from



all these four boats & the raft raised a great commotion

Soon after this we left the raft & landed just below the finest bridge I ever saw. There is a double track for railway trains and under that is a wide roadway for two steel railways and two waggon tracks, and two foot ways. It is massive yet simple in construction

We left our canoes at the foot of the bridge at a boat livery and started out to find Mr Hendricks. On our way we



Wild Grapes

stopped to watch the Juniors land at the levee. Her roustabout crew had the most brutal & animal faces I ever saw.

We started up towards Mr Hendricks office when we happened to meet him. He told us where to go & we went & got our mail. After reading our correspondence we started to walk up to his place and view the town in the meantime. We finally found his residence 130 E. 12th St & read papers till Supper

At Supper we ate like

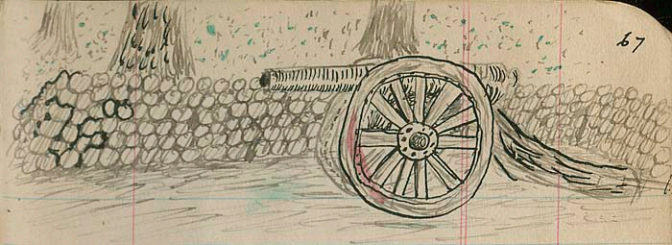
PIGS for it was the first GOOD SQUARE MEAL we had had. It was beyond description. We slept for the first time since leaving home in a bed. It was great. We had a swell breakfast. In fact we cleaned everything there was off the table

After breakfast we went down town and found Mr. Hendricks who took us by car across the river & got us admitted to the Arsenal where he left us. The Arsenal is a very pretty

place with drives, walks, & bicycle paths. The buildings are nearly all built on the same plan. They are the finest machine shop buildings in the country.

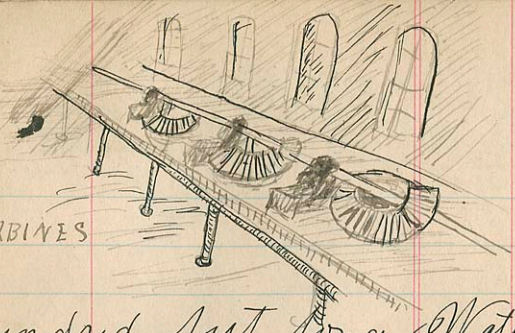
In them we saw the employes making all the articles used in the army and a supper some for the navy. Carved furniture, targets artillery carriages, tongues, saddles, bags, catridge boxes, hair ropes, pads, brushes turbine bevel wheels etc.

At one part of the grounds there are hundreds of round



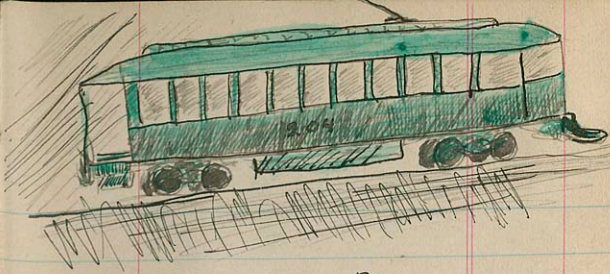
shot weighing five pounds or less filed into a fence. Inside this fence are numbers of old cannons & mortars. cast. and made at different periods. On the side of one good sized brass cannon was a large dent, showing plainly that a shot had struck it a glancing blow. The bore was dented in also making the cannon useless.

We left the buildings and went down to the power house. This is a narrow building about two or three

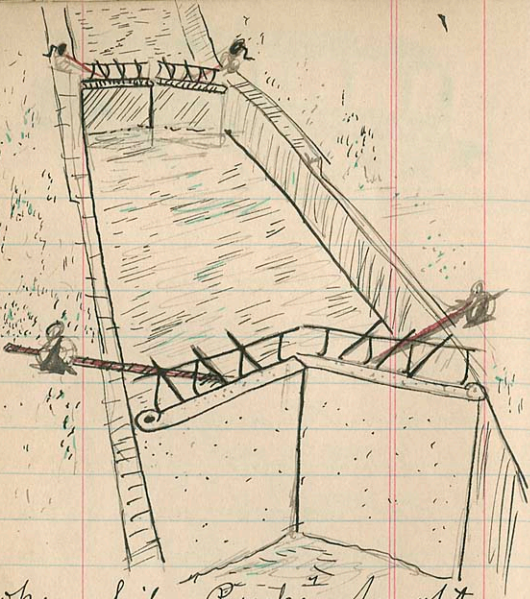


hundred feet long. Water turbines are used to create power. There is an enormous amount of power there. The plant was so made in the first place so that additional wheels could be added without difficulty so that an unlimited amt. of power can be had.

We climbed down a ladder back of the power house when they were putting in new wheels. We could hear the water rushing through those then running



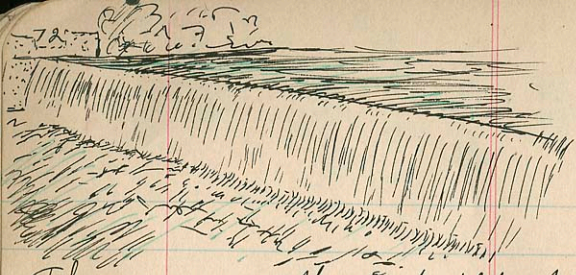
We left the P. House and returned to the bridge where we crossed to Rock Island. We wandered on till we came to a restaurant where we ate an enormous dinner. We then separated, "Club" and I going down to the court house and Post office while the others went down to see a saw mill. We took a car back to Davenport where we got all the information about the Rock River we could, bid good bye to Mr. Hendricks and went down to the boat landing. Sid fixed the saddle he



broke, while "Pucks" bought provisions & "Chub" & I loaded up. We started after six and dropped down the river to the canal where we portaged our stuff around the first lock, paddled up the canal about a mile and camped.

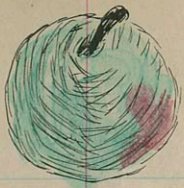
We got a fairly early

start next morning and made the second lock where we had to portage again. We stopped there some time. Further on we came to a large artificial lily pond where there were some monstrous Yellow water lilies growing. We each had secured one when we heard a yell from the bank & were ordered to move on. We did. At the third lock we were locked through & did not have to lug our duds at all. There was a dam there. The water looked fine flowing over the top of it.



There was a place built for fish to get up over the dam. The water flowed in at the top then back & forth down an inclin. to the bottom.

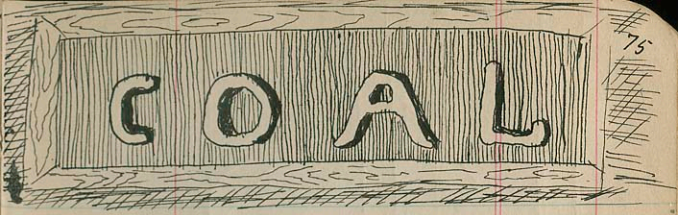
When we got out of this lock we struck Rock River and began our journey homeward. We did not get very far before we stopped at Capt. Woodon where we met a young fellow from Illenois College by the name of McKinley. His grandfather and President McKinleys father were brothers. Him and old



Capt. Woodson had a dispute over it, that was the way we found out. We heard some Graphaphone music then embarked. We soon stopped again for dinner, which was a swell affair. On acct of our many stops we did not make very far that day the ninth of Aug. We struck a swell camping place. Some campers that were leaving gave us some apples. In the night "Chubb" and "Pucks" wanted to feed the fishes. "Pucks" did in fact, but "Chubb"

was tied up so tight in his sleeping bag that he turned loose in the tent. There was great doings for a little while. We adjourned to the grass outside & prayed to sleep again but it was not to be for shortly it began to rain. Happily this did not last long so that all but yours truly tried to sleep.

Sid and I cooked some cream of wheat & cooked so blamed much that we nearly died eating it.



The sick kids finally crawled out & gave us hail Columbia for cooking so much Cream of Wheat.

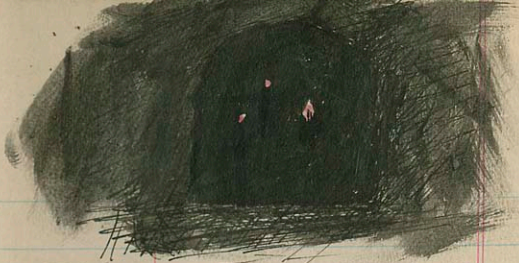
After a great deal of hot air we got the canoes loaded and started. We paddled till half past eleven, when we went ashore and visited a coal mine. We went down the shaft which was ninety feet deep, to us it seemed about nine hundred. Gee but it was a dirty, wet, dark hole we struck.

It all happened so suddenly

COAL MINE SHAFT.

I did hardly know what occurred.

We arrived at the mine. We hustled in to a cage, and shot madly downward into the cold damp bowels of the earth, when we saw a few fiery glowing spots amidst damp slimy walls. Our feet splashed into deep muddy pools that dimly reflected the red glow from the burning torches. An air of deep solemn mystery pervaded the depths.



Fiery eyes gazed at us fro
out the depths. The dark
ness struck to our hearts
The cold penetrated to
the marrow

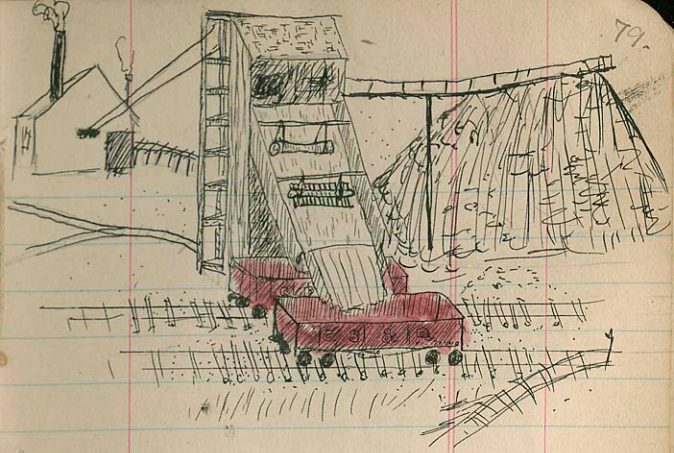
A spirit appeared, big and
black, pushed us again
into a cage and we
shot at a terrific rate
to the surface of the
earth.

The coal on being
blasted out is loaded
into small cars, run
to the shaft & hoisted to
the top of the shaft by

written in a moving buggy

weighed and then dumped down an incline into railway cars below.

After rubbering to our hearts content we started back through the woods to our canoes. We got covered with those little burs. We found a large number of ripe may apples which "Bucks" sampled. When we reached the boats we lay in the shade and rested till about two o'clock P.M. when we got up steam

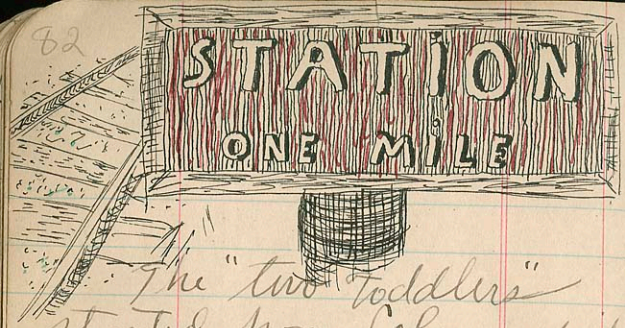


and paddled up the swiftest part of Rock River we had yet encountered. We reached the R. R. bridge at Colona where we folded up the canvas canoe and "Chub" and I packed our duds and

started for Coloma.

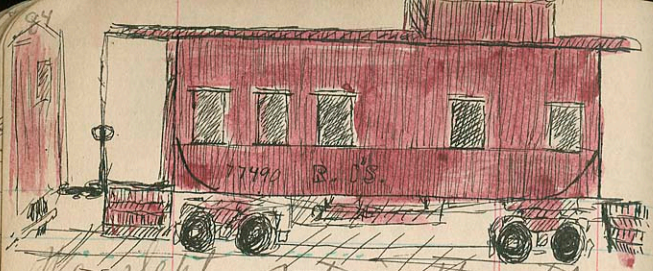
DIED
TWO RIVER ROVERS
COLOMA ILL
AUG 10 1903

CHRONICLES OF THE TWO TIRED TODDLERS ON THEIR RAMPAGE FROM COLOMA, ILL. TO MADISON, WIS.



The "two" Toddlers" started from Coloma bridge up to the town about one mile distant, BUT before we got there we were so blamed tired that we nearly croaked. It seemed about sixteen miles instead of one mile, and as you know 16 to 1 is a poor ratio, so the walking from the bridge to Coloma with a canvas canoe folded up and two large bundles was far from being a Sunday School

picnic. After what seemed hours we arrived at the station with our arms nearly pulled loose. We ate bread & cheese while waiting for our train. We bought tickets for East Millen. We got a good seat and in a few minutes we were there. We found at the depot that we could catch a freight to Savannah which we did after nearly killing ourselves jumping to get our dunnage aboard



We slept, sat on the top of the caboose, and wrote our chronicles alternately. The blamed train did not stop at the depot at Saranac, so we had to lug our stuff way back again to it. We couldnt find any one to tell us when our train went. We put our duds, except the cand in the baggage room. The floor in the mens waiting room was covered with bums sleeping and the stench was something to dream about. We

stood it out doors as long as we could then went in the ladies waiting room where we tried to rest & keep warm. A cop came and asked us a lot of questions but let us stay there.

"Dont you see those signs on the doors?"

"Yes Sir"

"Well what are you doing in here then?"

We got sick in the other room.

"Well stay in here if you

can behave yourselves."

"Where you going?

Madison Wis.

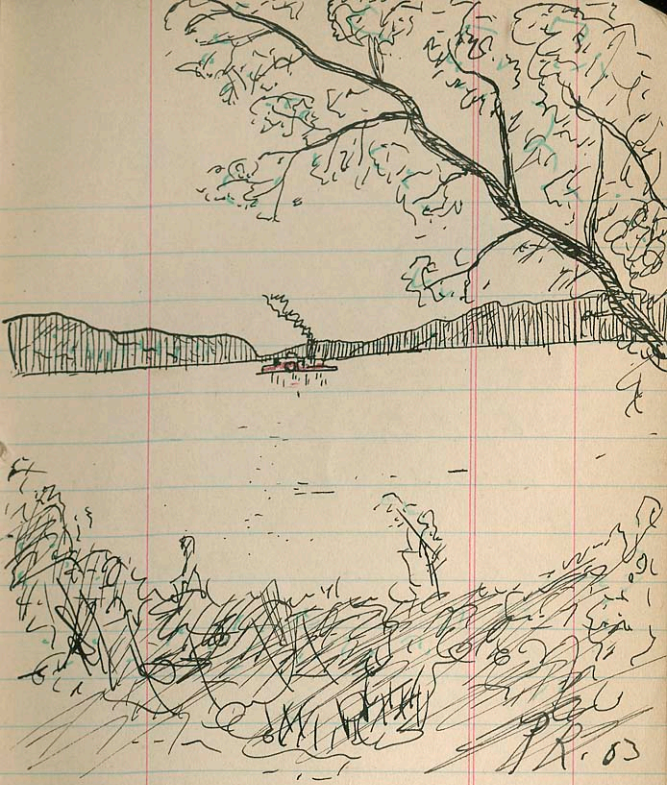
"There'll be a train in a little while, you get on that."

"Yes Sir."

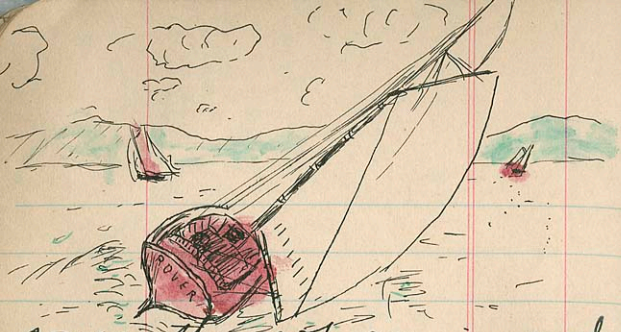
An hour later he sticks his head in the door and yells

"Here's your train."

We hustle out to get our baggage checked, but find that we cannot do it so the train goes off without us. After poling around the baggage man (as a



great favor?) checks our clothes. We then return to the waiting room. Or a few minutes around



comes the cop again. mad as a wet hen.

"Why didnt you boys get on that train"? he snaps out.

"We couldnt get our baggage checked" we replied.

"Well, youve had all night to get it checked, why didnt you?".

"The baggage man wouldnt check it, he said wait till morning."

"Lets see your tickets"? We produce them. He rubbers at them +

hands them back.

"Have you got your baggage checked now?"

Yes Sir.

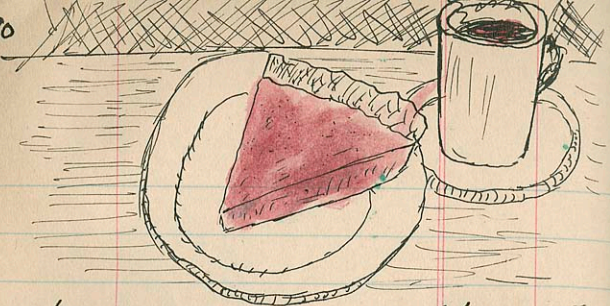
"Well I'll see that baggage man & find out about this."

"You take that five oclock train for Davis Junction" without fail.

(chorous)

We Will.

We then adjourned to the railway eating house and warmed

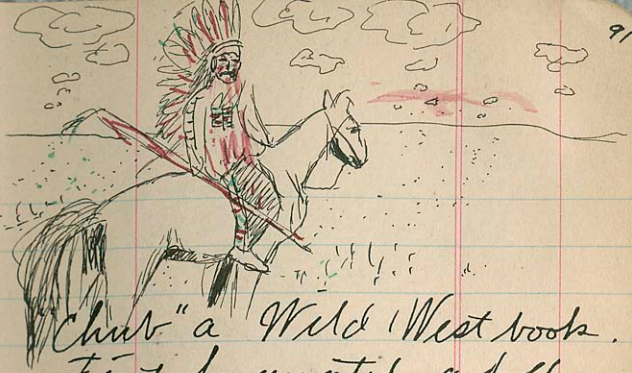


ly on a cup of coffee and a big piece of custard pie.

After partaking of such a sumptous repast as this we felt equal for anything.

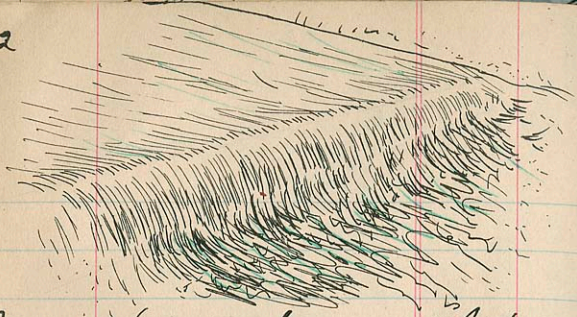
We returned to the Depot & jolled w the cop and the baggage man who seemed to be feeling better themselves.

Our train arrived & we hustled aboard. The news agent sold



"Chub" a Wild West book. First he wantid a dollar seventy five for it but as a special favo he let Chub have it for thirty five cents. It certainly was a peacherine. What thy fellow that wrote it hddnt done wasnt worth doing. I'm going to write a thrilling? story of adventure entitled the "Hair breadths Escapes of the 4 River Rovers or Canoeing on Historic Waterways!" I think

Such fools these mortals be



I would make my fortune on that book, for of course I would write nothing but the truth.(?).

We changed cars at Daves Jct and headed for Rockford where we arrived about seven o'clock. We had to wait here till nine fifteen so we viewed the town.

One dam was all we could see across the river, (we had been told there were about fifty, & that

there were about three miles of river covered with buildings. Our eyes must have been on a strike for we failed to see them.

We visited the Carnegie Library which is not yet completed. It will be a swell building when it is.

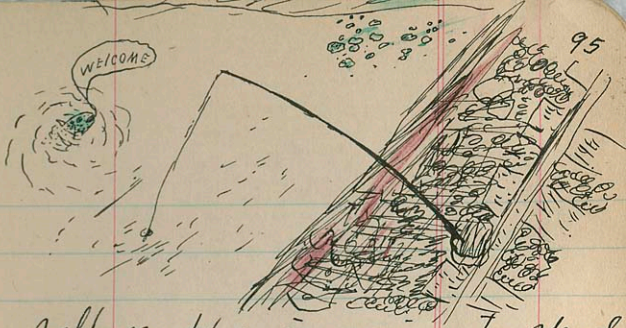
The North Western has a fine depot with a small park beside it while the St Paul has an antiquated old shack built when

Puzzle— Why did all the cops get after us.

Washington was a boy

While waiting from train another (Cop) accosted us. They seemed to have a liking for us or a disliking. We certainly looked like a couple of sports with coats out at the elbows, pants grimy with dirt, hands & face black with the same article and a bum look all around.

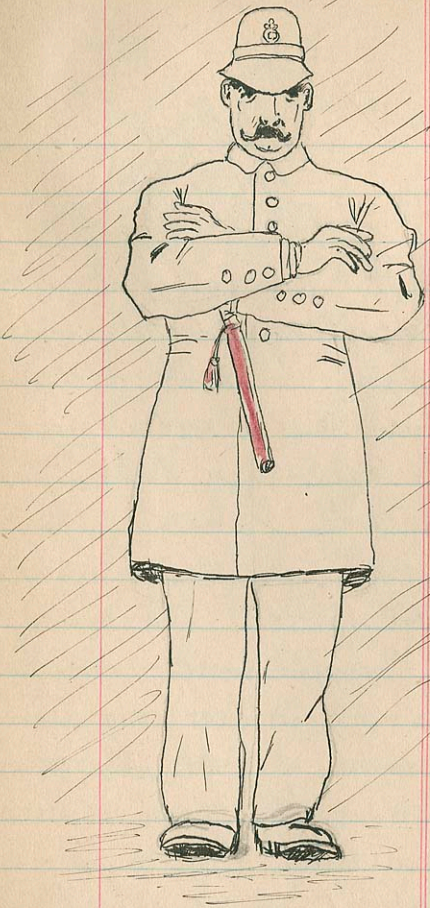
We talked with him about half an hour & found him a pretty nice old



fellow. He is going to spend his vacation at Madison fishing I give a picture of him on the next page.

At 9.15 we left for Beloit & the north. We could not see very much of Beloit.

At Janesville we had to change cars again. There was quite a crowd at the Dept. an excursion or something I guess We spent our time laughing at a crazy loon that was mubbering around there.



We did not have to change at Milton Junction for a wonder but headed straight through to Madison. We went through Stoughton and all the other Cities on the line, reaching Madison about half past eleven.

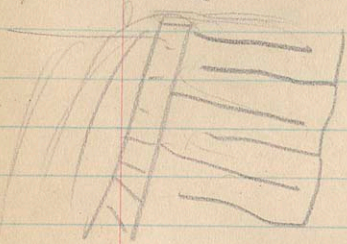
Chub and I hustled the canoe up to Mr. Jacksons and then hiked home to get some dinner.

The folks were surprised to see me

GWR. May	28.	
" Apr 8	10.	
Bag contains " 9	7.	40
small pocket book Apr 9	1	59
A.M.R. Mar.		35
spent	46	30
Apr 17 in small book	2	25
May 13 due pr small bag	2	

rice qt.
broiler
Jam
veal loaf
Jar fruit
corned beef
Walnuts
1 loaf bread

Butter
Mc Candles



(care of)
P. L. Hinrichs
commercial agent
C. M. & St. P.
Davenport Ia

	(about) mi.
Kilbourn to Prairie Du Chien	145.
Mississippi to Clinton	108.
Clinton to Rock Is.	30.
R. Is. to Dixon	75.
Dixon to Madison	120.
Total about	478
	563

1. Kilbourn City
2. Portage
3. Merrimac
4. Sauk City.
5. Galena
6. Janesville (2nd wagon) Iowa
7. Boscobel (from Boydtown 7 mi)
8. Waukesha (7 mi from Big Foot)
9. Bridgeport (2 mi above)
10. Prairie Du Chien
11. Dubuque
12. Savanna
13. Timbuctoo
14. Clinton (Fulton) (Woodman 2 mi)

1150 Vine St. 4 blocks from river

15. Davenport.
16. Rock Island
17. Dixon
18. Oregon
19. Rockford
20. Beloit.
21. Janesville
22. Egerton
23. Stoughton.
24. Madison.