

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.

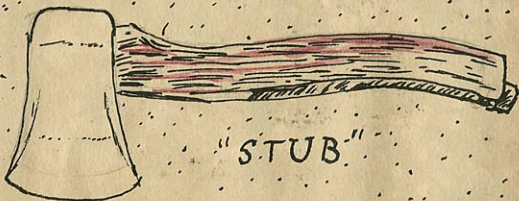
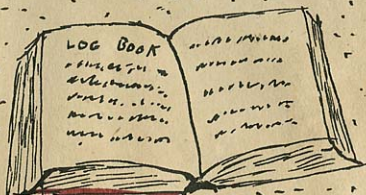
"CHUB" Fowler.

Sid Jackson.

"PICK" Reynolds.

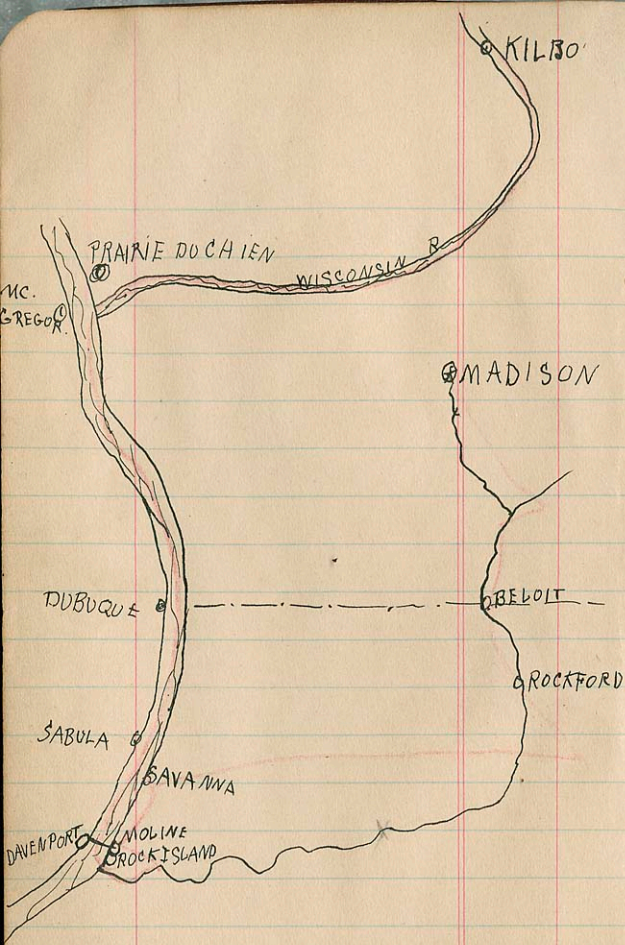
"STUB."

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



"STUB"

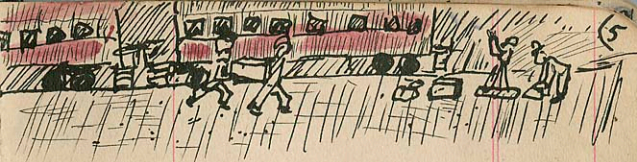
Summer of 1903.





"Rucks" the triumph man

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 equipment 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
& kindly told us our
little fun would cost
~~us~~ 5 cts per corner. This
nearly broke our hearts,
consequently we dis-
sisted from this pastime
to rubber at the high
buildings in the num-
erous laties through
which we sped on our
jaunt to Kelbourn.

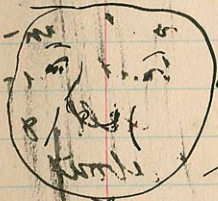


At portage we hiked over to another train & stood on the platform of a car, to Kelbourn.

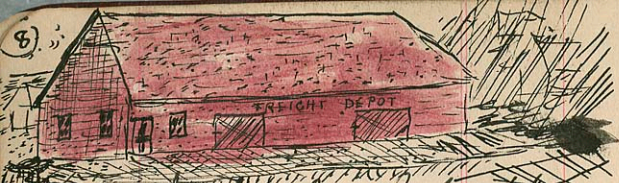
On arriving there we tore clown to the boat landing to catch the boat before it left for the dells, & then had to wait about two hours there. We

finally started up the dells! & saw all the great sights including -
Witches gulch & the Devil's Jug. As we found that the boat would not get back to Kelbourn 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 cer-
tainly far enough & it
was.

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



found it closed for the night. "Puck's" & I then hiked up to the man's house & wonder of 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 "Puck's" & I made three trips down over the the 25 foot dam? ???? to our place of rest for that night, which we called camp "darkness".

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 suc-
ceeded & embarked on our
long journey.

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

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



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 everything out of the canoes & under cover & then undressed & went in swimming during the rain.

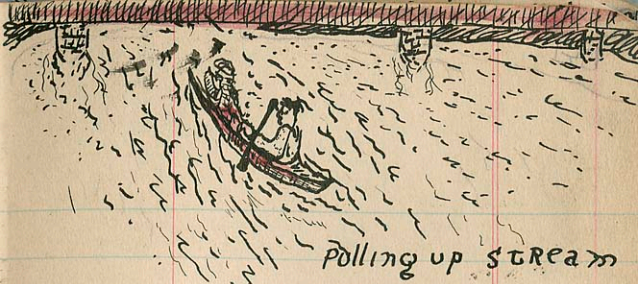
We had a picnic in the sand. When the rain stopped we again embarked & about six arrived at Portage. We went about a mile below the bridge & then as we could not find a camping place & as "Puck" & "Club" wanted us to we started to row back up



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

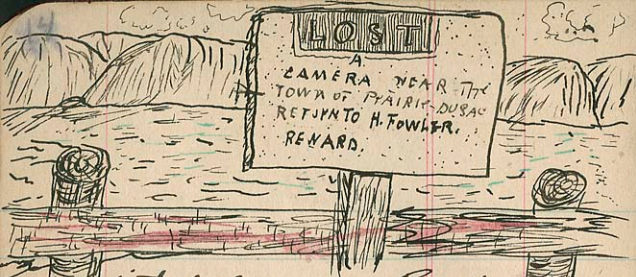
We broke camp next morning & Sid & I went out and mailed cards & bought butter. Such a measly town I never saw before.

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



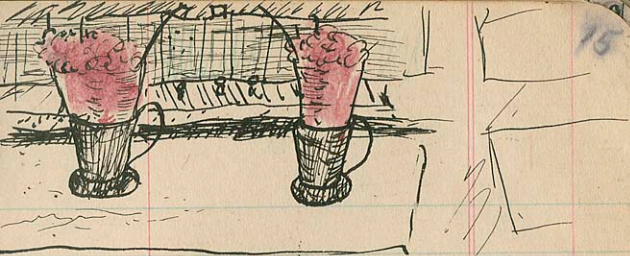
We rowed along together for company. They got stuck on sand bars more than we did. We all stopped at Merimac & went up to the Great town to get some ice cream sodas, but they were scarce. One of the U. W. fellows bought some swell bitter sweets?

We then embarked and wonder of wonders "Sid & Chub" made us hurry to keep up with them. We reached a fine island just above Oranienburg where



we pitched camp. Puckett 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 to take the camera & a spoon hook of Chubs. As other things are also missing we probably left them there.

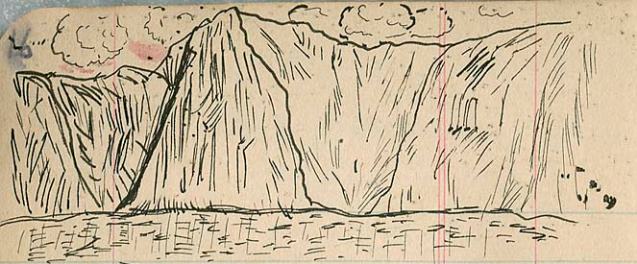
Next morning we continued on down the river, stopping at Sank City, where "Chub" and



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

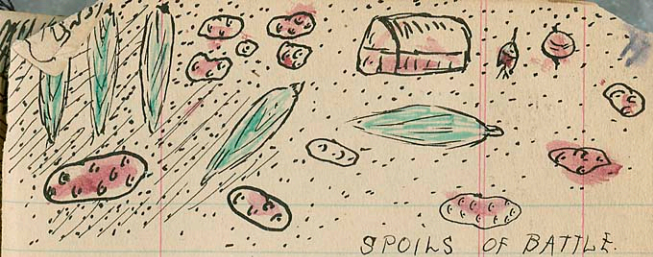
In many parts of the
river, so far there has
been some great scenery.
In places, perpendicular
cliffs rise for over one hun-
dred feet in the air, with
fine trees growing right
out of the side

Power 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 couldn't 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.

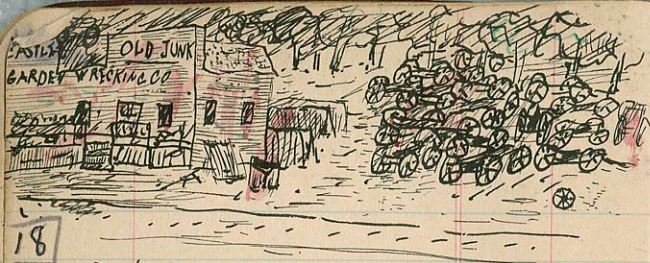
old man there simply swamped us with provisions. He gave us a peck of potatoes, 20 ears of corn, over a quart of onions, and ^{big} ~~a~~ loaf of bread,  all for thirty cents.

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 shores & were now familiar objects.

Our next camp at

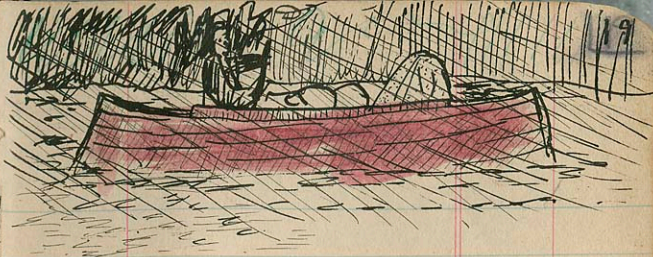


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Camp "Hillside" was a peach.
"Pucks" hiked back up the
river a mile & got grub.

Our jar of beans ~~are~~ ^{is} getting
hippicanoreous. "Pucks" &
Sid put out their set line
again, but did not get a
thing, as the fish were not
dieting on raw bacon.

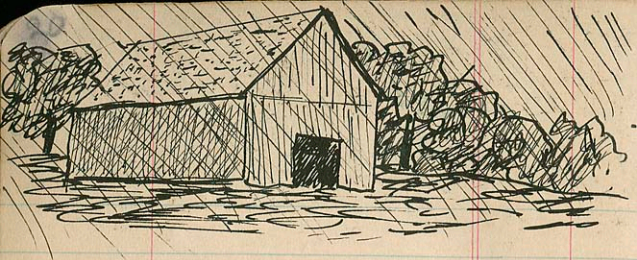
We got off early and soon
reached Boswell, which was
two miles back from the river.
"Pucks" and Sid went up
town. "Chub" and I went
& examined the Castle
Garden Wrecking Company
It was certainly the



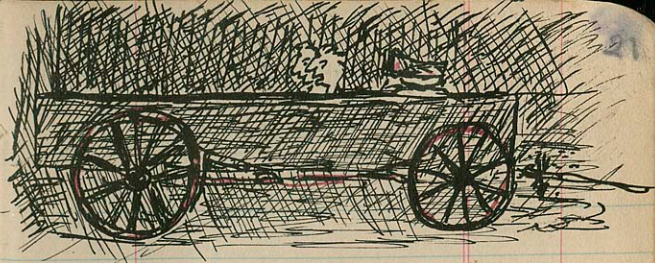
quatest place I ever struck
there were about three
hundred old wagons, bug-
gies, mowers standing
around. Then there were
tons & tons of old trucks
of every kind imaginable.

It is run by a man
about seventy years old

Boydton & Wauyeka
were MILES back from
the river. It had been
cloudy all day and when
we got just above Wauyeka
it began to rain like
greased lightning. ~~We~~
all got under rain



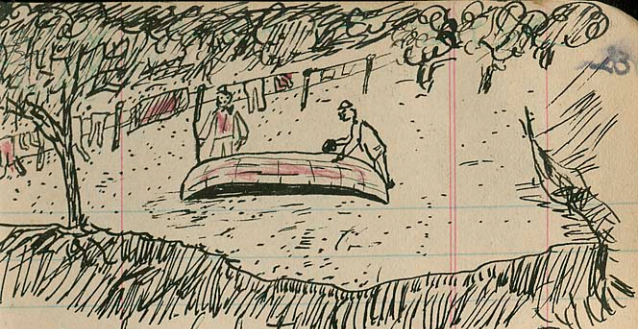
coats except "Chub" and I,
I we put oil clothes around
us but the rain went
through them like water
through a sieve. We finally
reached a smooth level bank
and on landing we nearly
had a hippicaneuous fit, for
wonder of wonders a house
was seen back but a short
distance from the shore. We
ran up to the 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 due of a time getting some supper we went to bed. "Puck" & I slept in the wagon box & it was swell. "Chub" & Iid 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 ^{at the same time} in the night & thought for a little while that we were in the canoe & drifting down stream.

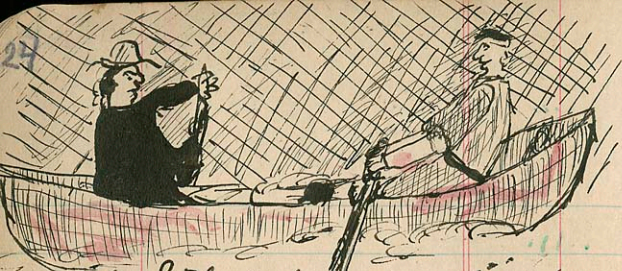
22
THE
HILLS
AT THE
GOAT
FARM.

We yelled to the other kids & in joking
around struck the sides of the
wagon box & then we knew when
we were. In the morning we
spread our clothes out in the
sun, what there was of it,
to dry. There was a hill about
fona 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 retrieve our
logs befr "Pucks" & 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 angora goat farm. When packing up about twelve thirty when our chuds were dry, ~~on the~~ 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 worse 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 DISTILLATION.

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

PRICE Reasonable.

TWO CENTS PER THOUSAND

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

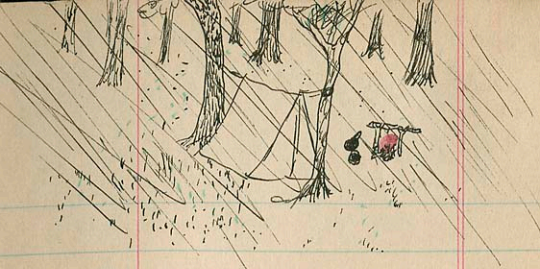
Father of Waters, and
took off our hats & gave
three rousing cheers?

After deliberation we
camped right at the
junction of the two
rivers. We struck a
place where some clam-
mers 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 ar-
rived they said frequent
enjoyable (to them) calls.



In fact they called so often that we were moved 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 & read 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

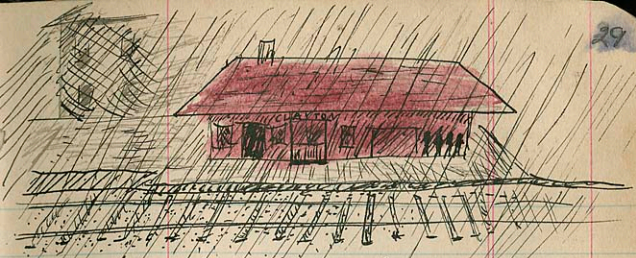
Four merry Rovers one Summer day,
Packed their canoe and joddled away.

They joddled with all their might & might,
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 been a fight.

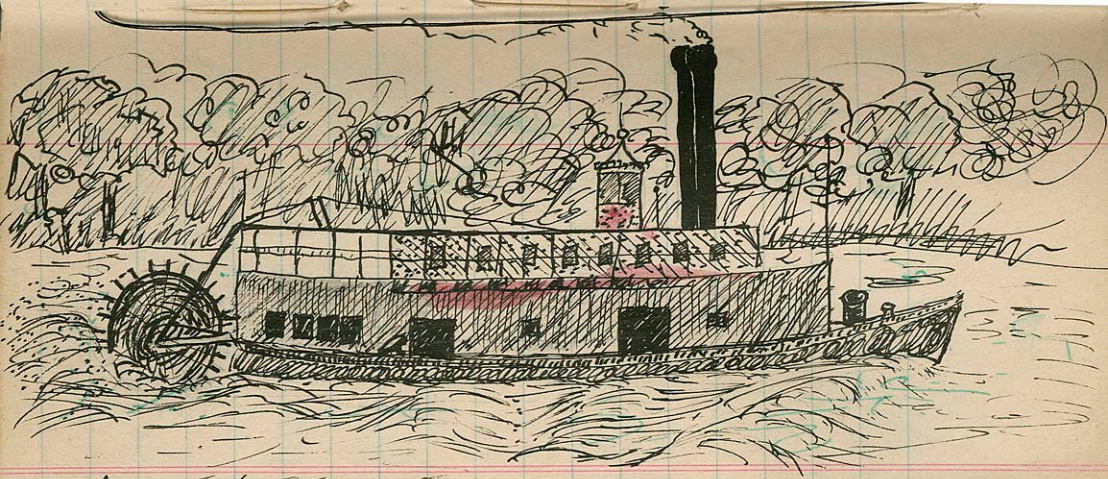


We dried our things awhile and then embarked. It drizzled along for a while and we finally made the little town of Claxton where we stayed at the depot while it rained to beat the cars. We bought grub and started again but got only to Guttenberg when it began to rain again & we camped across from it.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

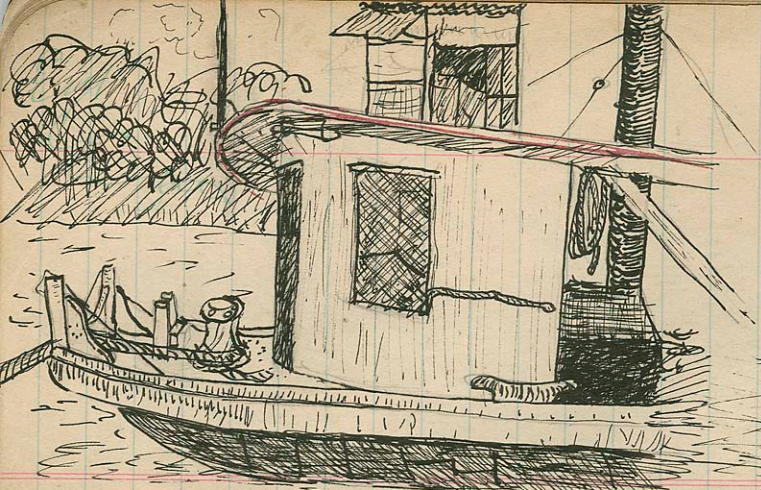
oil of pennyroyal for mosquitoes



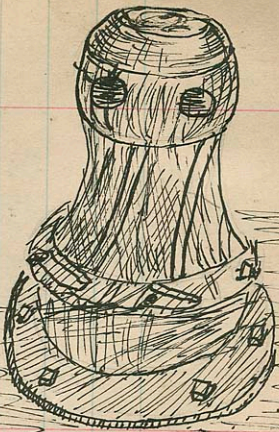
Tuesday Aug 4⁰³ and started across
 to town to leave a jail. "Chub"
 and Sid landed first & the
 first thing to happen, "Chub"
 got arrested. It seems he
 had been in Lancaster Wis &
 shot up the town. We all fooled
 around waiting for some-
 thing to happen. "Pucka"
 nearly tore his shirt when
 he found 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



Wyerhausen,



U.S. Louise

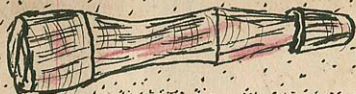


drigger



to see the sights. We
were the whole show. If we
had put up our tent and
charged admission ~~for~~ ex-
hibiting the ferocious ^{Wisconsin} man
killer captured in the
Woods 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, ^{he} 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 light inches, height
dark hair, dark complexion,
blue coat, black shirt, striped
grey pants, low shoes a slippers,
brown hat, weight 150.

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



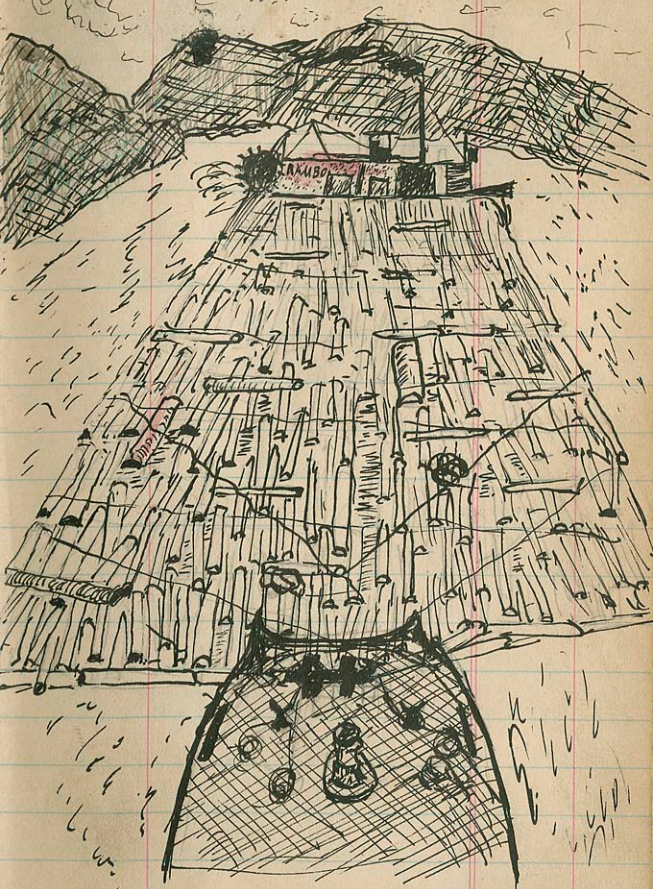
ARREST AT GUTTENBERG

~~Bar, moccasins on & weighed~~
123.

"Lucks" 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 marshal
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



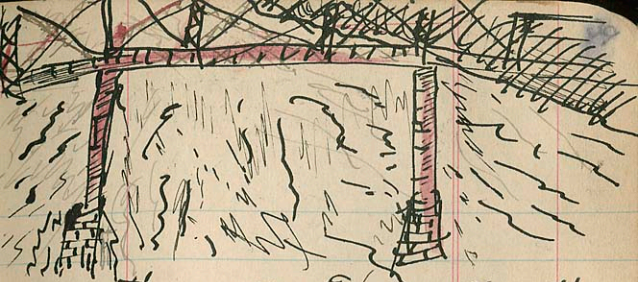
THE MUSSER & RAMBO
from Stillwater to Davenport

U. RAH RAH

WISCONSIN

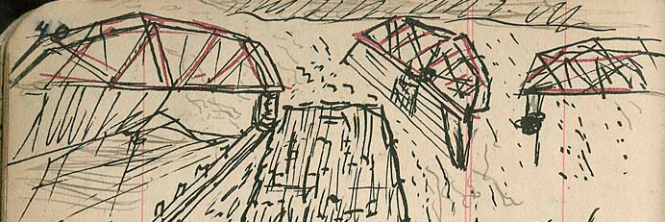
finally got off. "Ouch's" &
did give the Wisconsin
yell! We paddled about
eleven miles then camped
in a swell grassy, soddy place
below Cassville. In the
night it rained & blew to
beat the cars. We got up about
half past eight & saw a
boat with a raft coming
down the river. We hustled
the camp into the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

We ate our breakfast

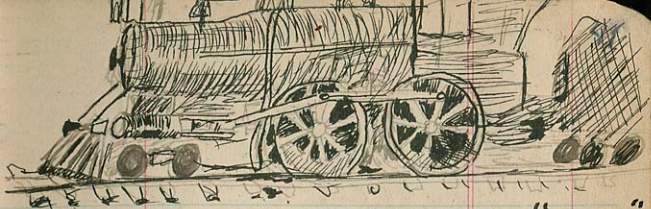


on the raft. The rest of the morning we lay around & examined the works & drank ice water, while the other guys drank beer. The Eastmen all examined our little ax & our knives. We began to get leary of them. About 2 o'clock they got a large of coal from shore & coaled up.

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 &
hailed 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

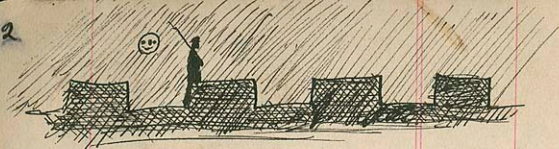


but a slight shaking. Puck and Sid who had paddled ashore, returned with provisions.

Dubuque is a great 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 Dubuque 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. In but it was swell everything tip top.

After supper the Rovers



with the exception of me took
a swim from the raft.

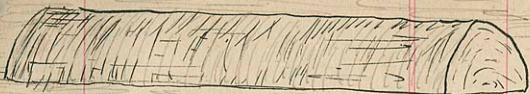
We then drew sticks to see
which should stand 1st
watch. The choice fell
on me so the rest retired
while I sat on the dynamo
in the engine room of the
Remo & wrote the days,
& part of the nights, log.

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

The boat Remo is
an awful old boat. I have
seen about eighty four
years service, so you
can imagine how it

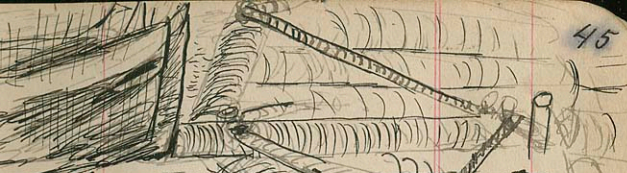
looks. As I write an odor of bilge water comes to me

The raft the "Kovers" 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 to 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 or three inch lines also help hold the raft together. Booms of logs run cross wise of the raft for the same purpose.

On walking on a raft care has to be taken of the ends of logs upon which you 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 flugs 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 different

46
direction in pushing against
the raft. This helps greatly
in steering it.

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

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

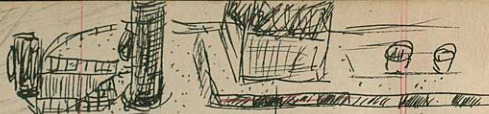
Crew of Rambo / Aug ^{Wed.} 8. 23

Jos. Hanley
St Paul Park
Minnesota
St. West Rambo
Andrew Donaldson
Minno ^{Chief Eng.}
207 Main St. Minn

James Welch
Minno ^{freeman.}
Minno
Frank Conrad
LaCrosse
This

43
Capt. Wm York
Fulton
Ill.
Ste Messer.

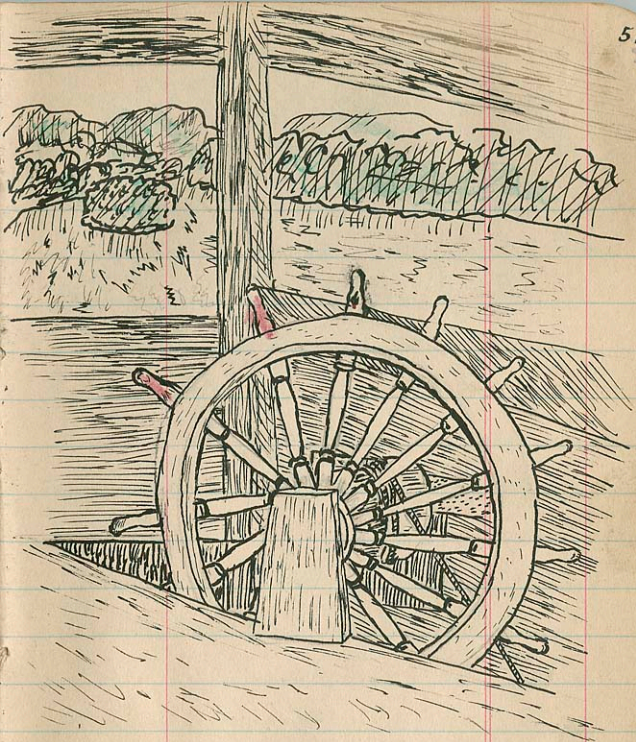
Capt. Woodson.



49
The two boats connected
with the raft the Roovers 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 ~~the~~
all sorts of scrapes.

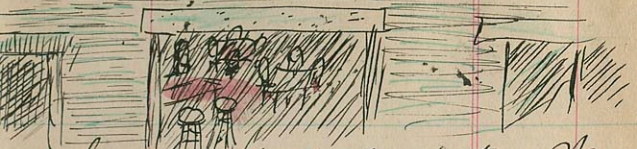
At eleven o'clock my

match ended and I awoke
 Sid, & turned in. In the
 morning we reached Savannah
 where the raft had to be di-
 vided 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 ~~beam~~
 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



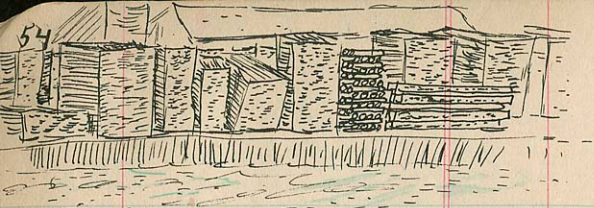


shape. The "Musser" cut-
ainly had made a mess of it
that time. She began to back
& finally got most of the raft
clear of the pier, & through
the draw. Meanwhile the
other half was drifting down
stream towards an island.
Some of the raftsmen got
a three inch line ashore
& around a tree which
caused the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



a dunc & a pull back too. We then jacked our things on the large where we had slept & Puck & Sid mended our saddle. We then loaded our canoes & started down river without the raft.

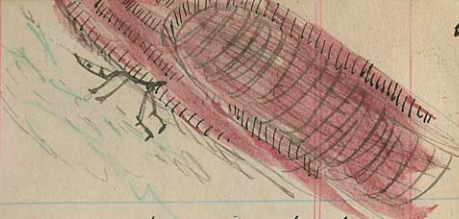
We reached Clinton about noon. "Chub" and I went to see the town first. The first thing we saw was a restaurant. This was also the last thing we saw, for when we got through with the restaurant we had to hike back & let the others go & get some grub. Chub & I chinned the old boat keeper & an old coon



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

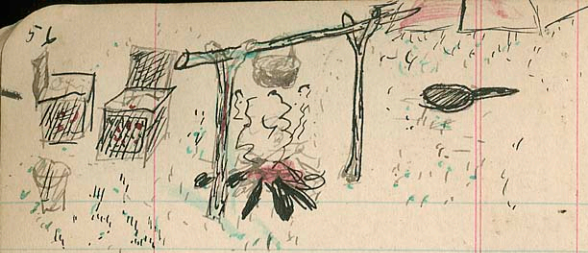
About this time Sid discovered water in the canvas canoe & we put in shore & found a place where the canvas was worn, which we patched



with tire tape & shekac.

When everything was dry we started. We took a big sledge 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 & jaddled till we reached Princeton about nine o'clock at night. We passed a lot of summer resorts & gave ~~to~~ all the



yells we could think of & sung
all the songs we ^{knew a made up,} could.

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

"Pucks" & 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 ^{cutting} swell. The boats
coast up one then coast down
another.

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



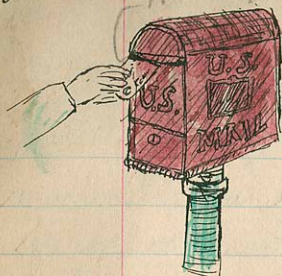
Tell me not in³⁷
mournful numbers
Life is but an
empty dream.

AH
FUDGE

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

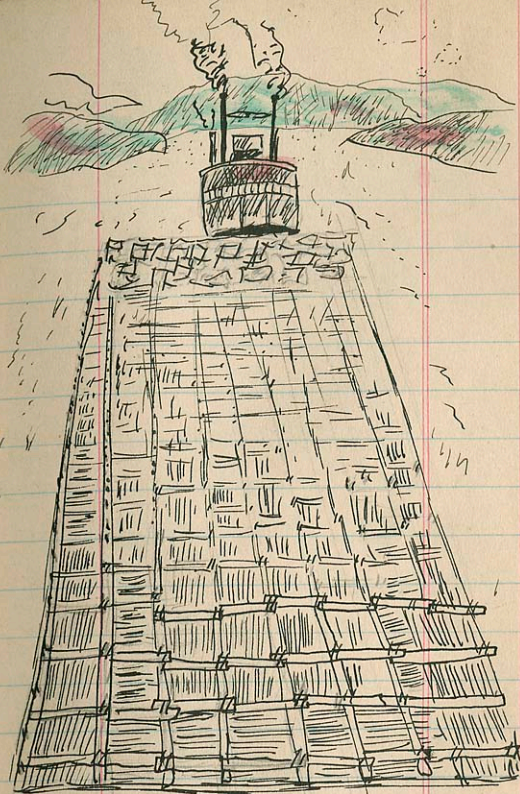
Sid swears by the bones
of his ancestors that he
is going to quit at Davenport.
If he does one of the other
"Rovers" will quit too. It
will either be "Chub" or I
as Sid will take his canoe
& only two can go in the other
skiff.

We started at last &
reached Le Clair where we
passed the Quincey going



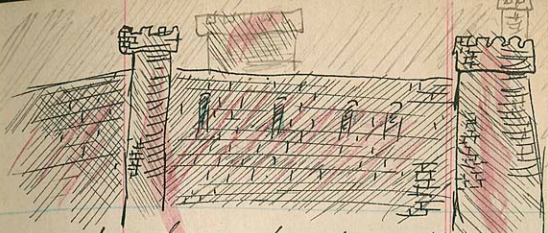
down. The large swells from those big boats are great. The canoes go up and down to beat the band. At LeClair we struck the rapids. They were very swift in some places.

Every 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 un-sawn 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.

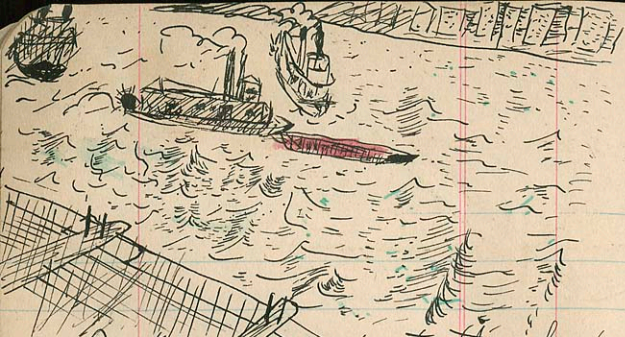
We changed our clothes



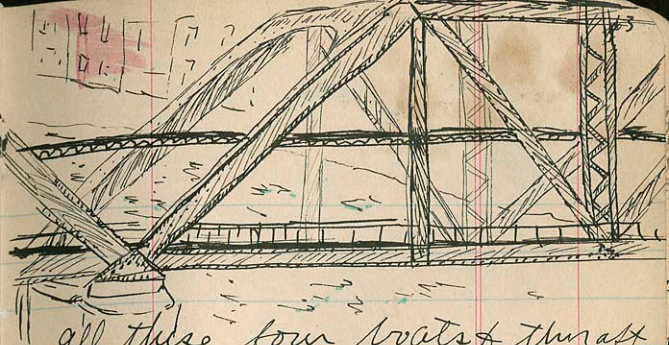
on the bow boat of the raft. By that time we had reached the Moline chains and the swiftest part of the rapids. These chains, as they are called, are really a long line of rocks, parallel to the main channel, to change turn part of the current in past the power house at the Arsenal.

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 one 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 be-
low the finest bridge I
ever saw. There is a double
track for railway trains and
under that is a wide road way
for two street railways and two wagon
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
Hindrichs. On our way we



stopped to watch the Quincy
land at the levee. Her
roustabout crew ~~had~~ ^{had} the
most brutal & animal faces
I ever saw.

We started up towards
Mr Hindrichs 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
mean time. 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.

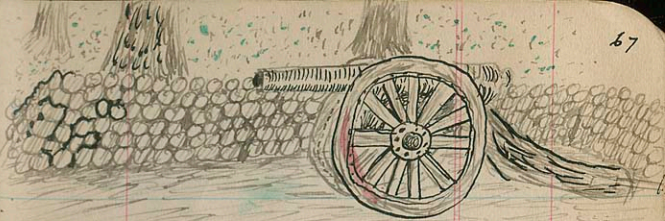
After breakfast we went
 downtown and found Mr.
 Henrichs who took us by
 car across the river & got
 us admitted to the Arsenal
 where he left us. The
 Arsenal is a very pretty



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 I suppose some for the navy. Carved furniture, targets, artillery carriages, tongues, saddles, bags, cartridge boxes, ^{hair} ropes, fads, bushes, turbine wheel wheels etc.

At one part of the grounds there are hundreds of rooms



shot weighing five pounds or less
 piled into a fence. Inside
 this fence are numbers of
 old cannons & mortars, capt-
 ured or 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 use-
 less.

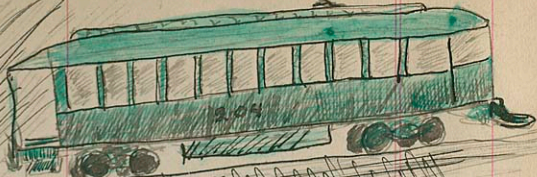
We left the buildings
 and went down to the power
 house. This is a narrow
 building about two or three

TURBINES

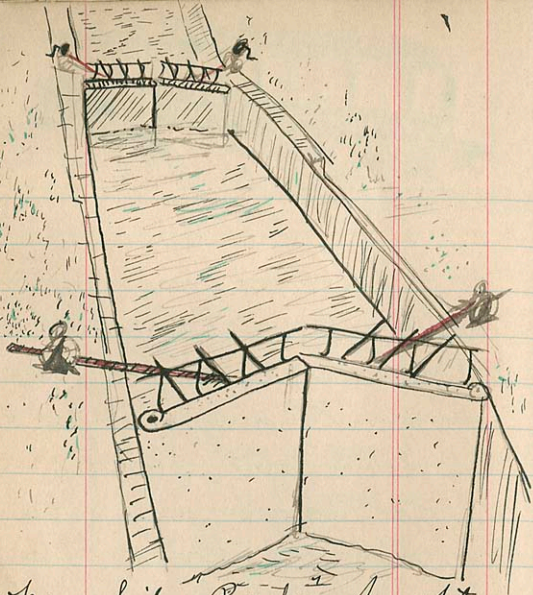


hundred feet long. Water turbines are used to create power. There is an enormous amount of power there. The plant ~~was~~ made in the first place so that additional wheels could be added without difficulty so that an unlimited amt. of power can be had.

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 re-
 turned 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, "Chub"
 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. Henschel and
 went down to the boat landing
 Sid fixed the saddle he

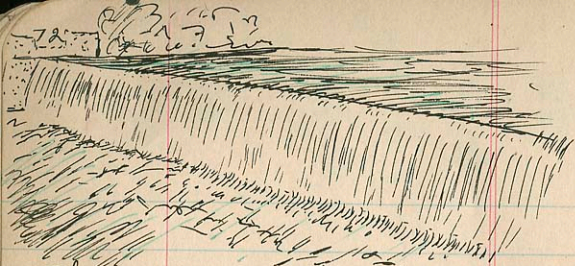


broke, while "Picks" brought
 provisions & "Chub" & I loaded
 up. We started after six
 and dropped down the river
 to the canal where we
 portaged our stuff around
 the first lock, paddled
 up the canal about a mile
 and camped.

We got a fairly early

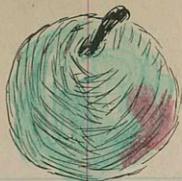


start next morning and made the ~~second~~ lock where we had to portage again. We stopped there some time. Further on we came to a large artificial lily pond where there were some monstrous yellow water lilies growing. We ^{had} each secured one when we heard a yell from the bank & were ordered to move 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 incline 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. Wordon where we met a young fellow from Illinois College by the name of McKinley. His grandfather and President McKinley's father were brothers. Him and old



Capt. Woodson had a dispute over it, that was the way we found out. We heard some Graphophone music then embarked. We soon stopped again for dinner, which was a swell affair.

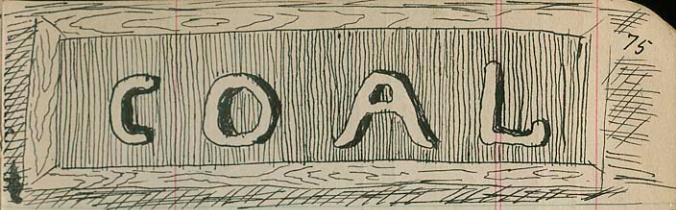
On acct of our many stops we did not make very far that day the ninth of Aug. We struck a swell camping place. Some campers that were leaving gave us some apples. In the night "Chub" and "Puck" wanted to feed the fishes. "Puck" did in fact, but "Chub"



was suddenly 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 & prepared 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.

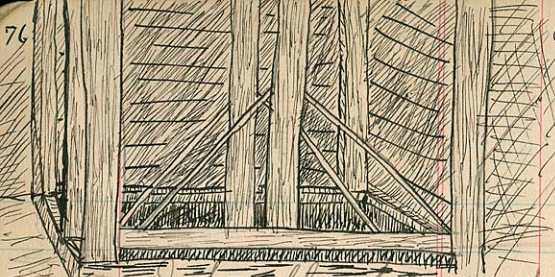
Sid and I cooked some cream of wheat & cooked so blamed much that we nearly died eating it.



The sick kids finally cranked 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



that I 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.



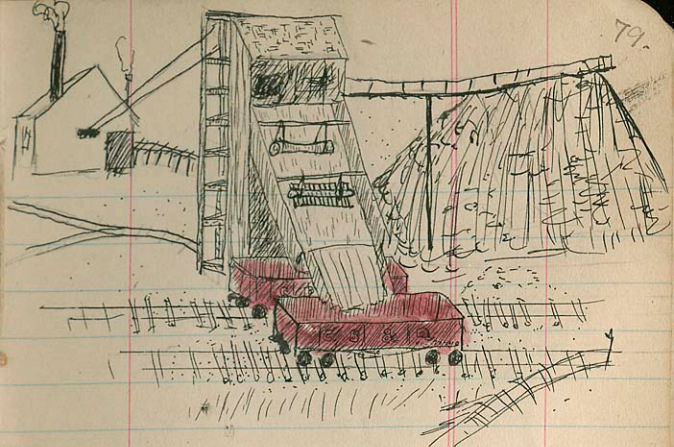
~~Heavenly~~
 Fiery eyes gazed at us from
 out the depths. The damp-
 ness struck to our hearts.
 The cold penetrated to
 the marrow.

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 house.

✱ written in a moving freight
 train.

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
 canoe. We got covered
 with these little burs.
 We found a large number
 of ripe may apples which
 "Puck" sampled. When
 we reached the boats we
 lay in the shade and
 rested till about two o'clock.
 Then we got up steam



and paddled up the swift-
 est part of Rock River we
 had yet encountered. We
 reached the R. & S. bridge
 at Coloma 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 RAMPAZE
FROM
COLONA, ILL. TO
MADISON, WIS.



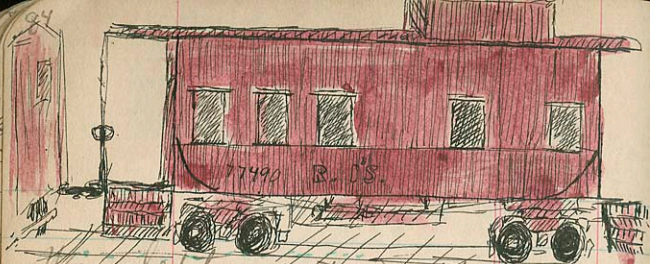
STATION

ONE MILE

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 Colima. 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 Sacacumah which we
 did after nearly killing
 ourselves hurrying to
 get our baggage aboard



We slept, sat in the top of the caboose, and wrote our chronicles alternately.

The blamed train did not stop at the depot ^{at Savannah}, so we had to lug our stuff way back again to it.

We couldn't find any one to tell us when our train ^{next} went. We put our duds, except the cane 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.

"Don't 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 yourself."

"Where you going?"

Madison Wis.

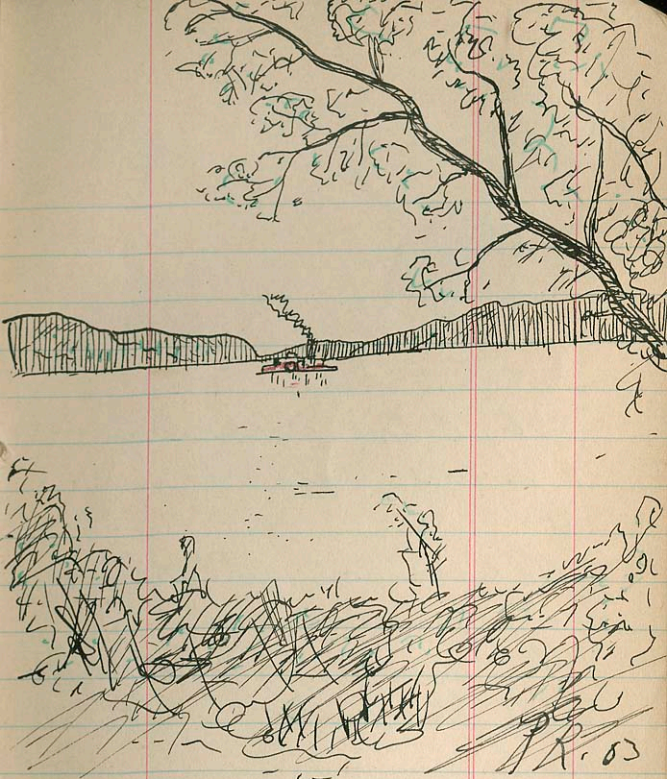
"There'll be a train in a little while, you get on that."

"Yes Sir."

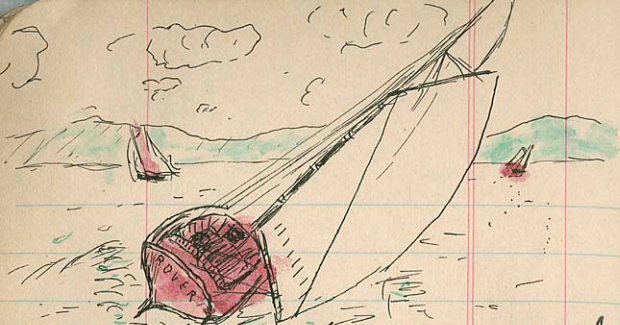
An hour later he sticks his head in the door and yells

"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 fooling around the baggage man (as a



great favor?) checks our
clothes. We then return
to the waiting room.
In 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.

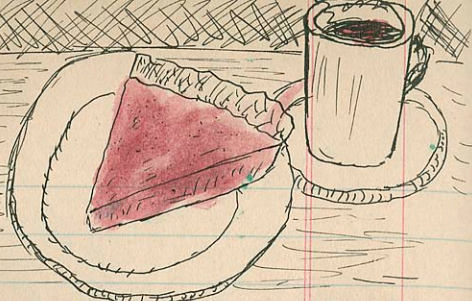
"Well! I'll see that baggage man I find out about this."

"You take that five o'clock train for Davis Junction" without fail.

(Chorus)

We Will.

We then adjourned to the railway eating house and warmed

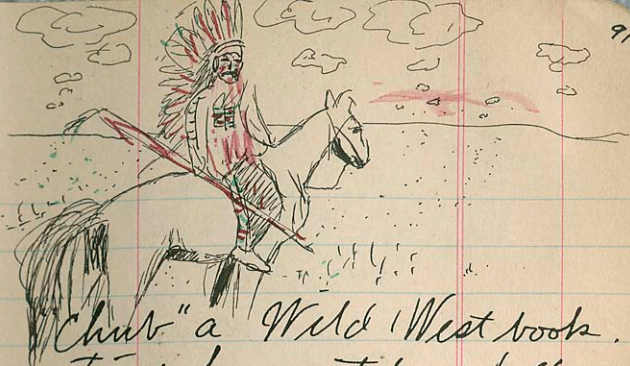


up on a cup of coffee and a big piece of custard pie.

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

We returned to the Depot & jolted up 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.

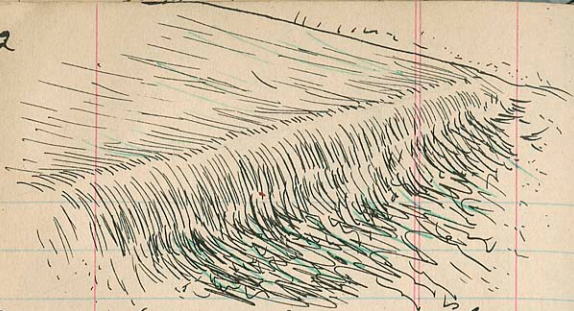
First he wanted a dollar
seventy five for it but as
a special favor he let Chub
have it for thirty five cents

such for the three months
we

It certainly
was a peacherine.

What the fellow that
wrote it hadn't done
wasn't worth doing.

I'm going to write a
thrilling? story of adventure
entitled the "Hairbreadth
Escapes of the 4 River Rovers
or Canoeing on Historic
Waterways." I think



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

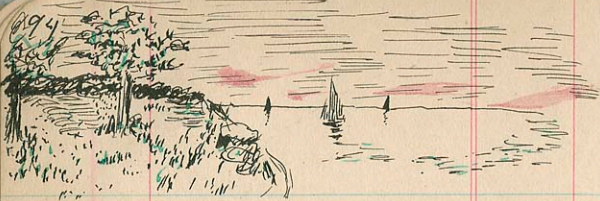
We changed cars at Davis Jc and headed for Rockford where we arrived about seven o'clock. We had to wait here till nine fifteen so we viewed the town.

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.

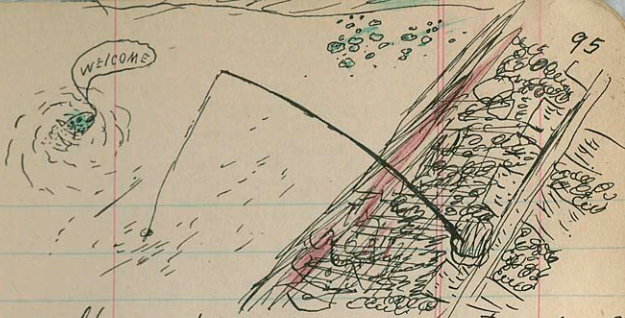
The North Western
has a fine depot with
a small park beside
it while the St Paul
has an antiquated
old shack built when



Puzzle:- Why did all the cops get after us.

Washington was a boy
While waiting for our
train another (Cop) accosted
us. They seemed to have
a liking for us or a dis-
liking. 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.

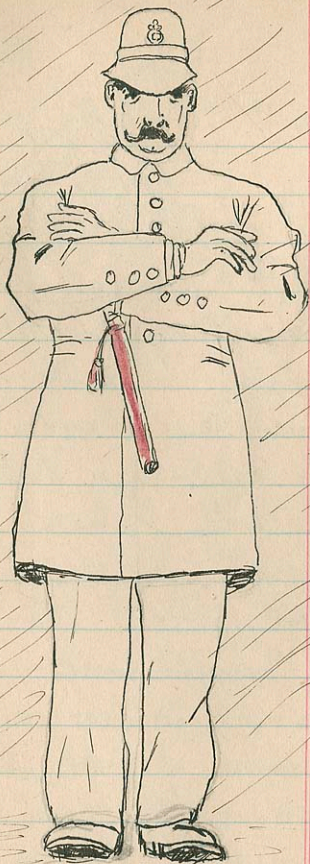
We talked with him
about half an hour & found
him a pretty nice old



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 Depot. an excursion or something I guess. We spent our time laughing at a crazy loon that was rubbing 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.

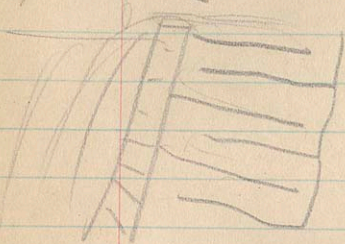
Hub and I hustled the canoe up to Mr. Jacksons and then hiked home to get some dinner.

The folks were surprised to see me

9 WOR.	Mar	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 for small bag	2

rice qt.
broilers
1 can
veal loaf
jar fruit
corned beef
Walnuts
1 loaf bread

Weller.
Chas. Cornells



(Care of)
P. L. Henrichs

commercial agent

C. M. 1871.

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
	553

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---|
| 1. Kilbourn City | 8. Wauzeka 4 mi
from edge of Mississippi River |
| 2. Portage | 9. Bridgeport 2 mi
above |
| 3. Meruac | 10. Prairie Du Chien |
| 4. Sauk City | 11. Dubuque |
| 5. Helena | 12. Savannah |
| 6. Lone rock 2nd wagon bridge | 13. Timbuctoo |
| 7. Boscobell from
Dixons 7 mi | 14. Clinton (Tulsa)
Woodman 2 mi |

1150 Vine St. 4 blocks from
river

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

F3

21-

