

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.

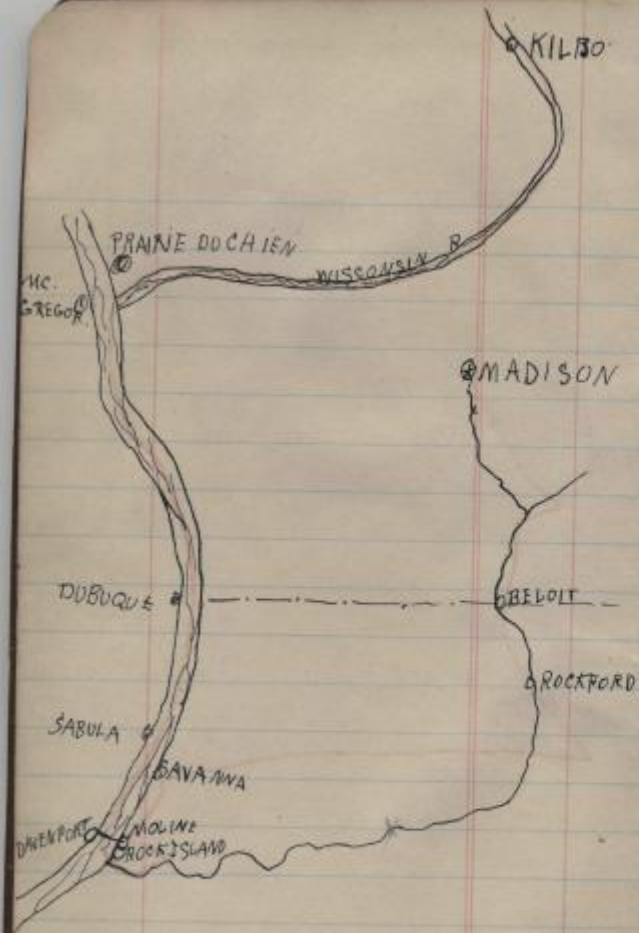
MEMBERS."

"PUCKS" Anderson.
"CHUB" Fowler.
Sid Jackson.
"Pick" Reynolds.
"STUB".

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



Summer of 1903.





"Rucks" the triumph man

After much deliberation & consultation the 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. In 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 desisted from this pastime to rubber at the high buildings in the numerous cities through which we sped on our jaunt to Kelowna.



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 Devil's 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 &



⑧
 "would it closed for the night." Puck's & I then hiked up to the main 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 the first part down? ??? over the chain 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, &



⑨
 had to go out & see about 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 dells which were great, & paddled through a cave which we thought was "boat" cave.

When one 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 "Pucker" & "Cluck" wanted rest 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 overland 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 Menimac & 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 hump to keep up with them. We reached a fine island just above Okauch 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 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 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.

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? 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 ^{egg} 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 shore & 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} 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 Bosobel, 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



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greatest 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.

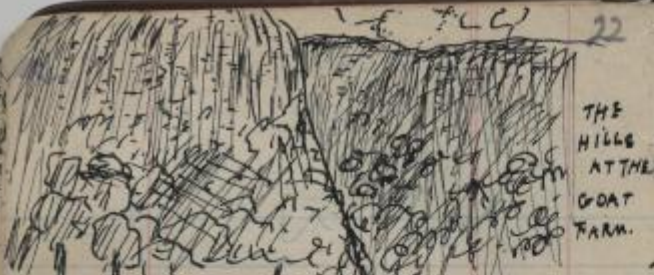
It is run by a man
about seventy years old.
Baytown & Wauzeka
were MILES back from
the river. It had been
cloudy all day and when
we got just above Wauzeka
it began to rain like
peased lightning. ~~We~~
all got under rain



coats except "Chub" and I, & we put oil clothes around us but the rain went through them like water through a sieve. We finally reached a smooth level bank and on landing we nearly had a hippicamous 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. "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 in the night & thought for a little while that we were in the canoe drifting down stream.



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We pulled to the other kids & in poking around struck the sides of the wagon box & then we knew where 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 one fifty feet high right at this place & we all climbed up it, & it wasn't no picnic either.

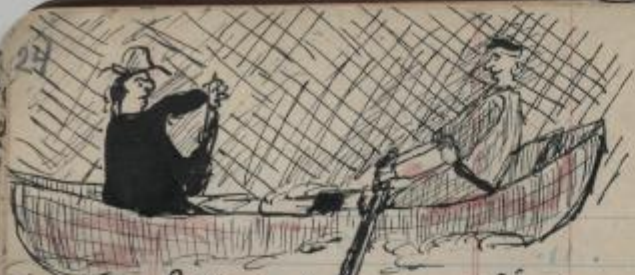
We got a swell view from the top. "Chub" & I came down to retrieve our logs before "Pucks" & Sid, who stayed up to roll rocks down like a couple of two year olds. When they got back they washed out the canoes



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, ~~as~~ 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 ginwale
in his obstruperous efforts
to pill time. When they
got things fixed we
all meally 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 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 Steam boats 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 flared 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. I 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 for shell,
One shell is enough

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

They juddled with all their speed & 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 humphed along.

But when they stopped for camp one night
It looked for a while like thunder & fight.



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

oil of fenugreek for mosquitoes

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Tuesday Aug 4th and started across
the town to leave a rail. "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



Myohann.



clog



U.S. Louise



to see the sights. We
 were the whole show. If we
 had put up our tent and
 charged admission ~~for~~ ex-
 hibiting the ferocious ^{Missouri} 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



BORN PLUG

BATTLE AX PLUG

Behind it were the largest ~~pile~~ 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 dredge 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 Banks robbery, 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 high, dark hair, dark complexion, blue coat, black shirt, striped grey pants, low shoes & slipper, brown hat, weight 150.

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



ARREST AT GUTTENBERG

~~Went to the arrest at Guttenberg~~
 but, no persons on & weighed
 123.

"Lucks" nearly had
 seventeen bids 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

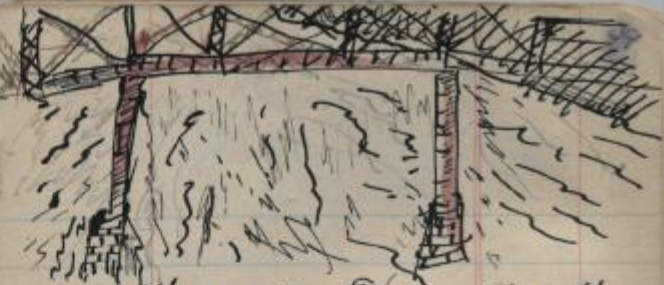


THE MUSSER & RAMBO
 from Stillwater to Davenport

U. RAH RAH
WISCONSIN.

finally got off. "Tuckie" +
Did gave the Wisconsin
yell! We paddled about
eleven miles then camped
in a well grassy, soddy place
below Cassville. In the
noon 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 knothed + 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 & hauled 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. We but it was swell everything tip top. After supper the Roovers



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

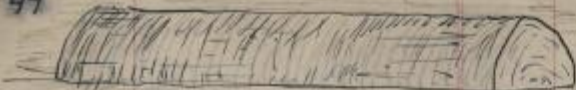
We then drew sticks to see
which should stand 1st
watch. The choice fell
on me so the rest retired
while I sat on the dynamo
in the engine room of the
Remo & wrote thru days,
& part of the nights, log.

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

The boat Rambo 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 "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 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 or 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 slugs 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 ones on the bow. This central nigger is to warp the boat sideways & thus give it a different

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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 dry for
it.

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

Jos. Hanley
St Paul Park
Minnesota
St. West Rambo
Andrew Donaldson
Chief Eng.
Hinono
207 Main St. Minn

James Welch
Hinson
Hinson
Frank Conrad
LaCrosse
This

Capt. Wm York
Fulton
Ill.
Stm Messer.

Capt. Woodson.



The two boats connected
with the raft the Roovers were
on have quite a history.
The Rambo the oldest has
sunk several times and
smashed rafts as well as
done other stunts of note.
One of its smokestacks
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

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 certainly had made a mess of it that time. We 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 ^{been} ~~got~~ moved along the opposite bank. "Puck", "Chub", & I took the two canoes over to the Rambo. It was



a duck & 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



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 "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 & shelleac.

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 & joddled 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 ^{know} made up.

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 snells from Shan
boats are ^{cut in} snell. The boats
roast up on them & roast down
another.

We had a small breakfast
& got warmed up freezing
all night.



Tell me not in ⁵⁷
mournful numbers
Life is but an
empty dream.

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

Did swore 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 Did will take his canoe
& only two can go in the other
skiff.

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

nach Heim.



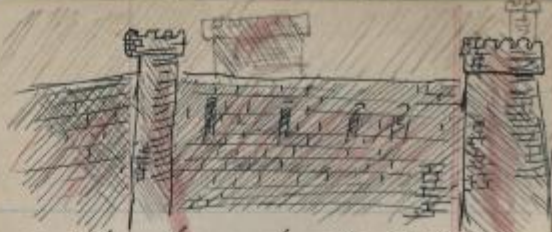
down. The large swells from those big boats are great. The canoes go up and down to beat the sand. At LeClair we struck the rapids. They were very swift in some places.

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



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a different raft from the other we had been on so we hitched on to it. It was composed of sawed lumber instead of uncut 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 than 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



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on the bow boat of the raft. By that time we had reached the *Choline* 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 *Choline* 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 Gort boats, one with a barge, & a large packet coming up the river. Just as they got along side of us one Gort 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 gone 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 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} ~~was~~ the
most brutal & animal faces
I ever saw.

We started up towards
Mr. Hendrichs 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 by and
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.
Hendrichs 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, pads, brushes, turbine wheel 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, captured 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 useless.

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 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, "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. Hendrichs and went down to the boat landing. Sid fixed the saddle he

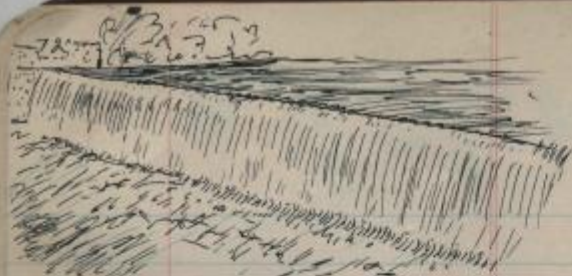


broke, while "Pinks" bought provisions & "Chub" & I loaded up. We started after six and dropped down the river to the canal where we portaged our stuff around the first lock, paddled up the canal about a mile and camped.

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 ^{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. Then was a dam there. The water looked fine flowing over the top of it.



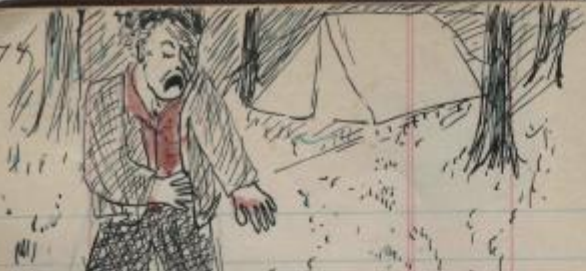
There was a place built for fish to get up over the dam. The water flowed in at the top then back & forth down an incline to the bottom.

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. Woodon 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. Woodon 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.

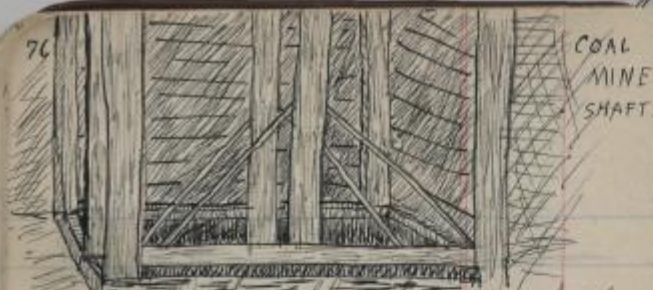
Sid and I cooked some cream of wheat & cooked so blamed much that we nearly died eating it.

COAL

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.

and I hardly know what occurred.

We arrived at the mine.

We hustled into a cage, and shot madly downward into the cold damp bowels of the earth, where 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 touches. An air of deep solemn mystery pervaded the depths.



Every eye gazed at us from out the depths. The darkness struck to our hearts. The cold penetrated to the marrow.

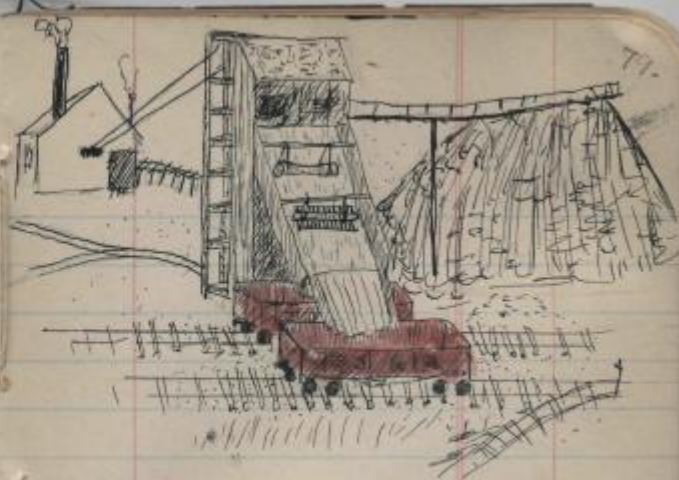
A shunt appeared, big and black, pushed us again into a cage and we shot at a terrific rate to the surface of the earth.

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

written in a moving light

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 bars.
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
COLOMA, ILL. TO
MADISON, WIS.

82



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

83



picnic. After what seems 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 Coloma. 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 Sebecum which we did after nearly killing ourselves hurrying to get our dinner bag aboard.



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

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

We couldn't find any one to tell us when our train went. We put our duds, except the candle 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

85
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 (asa



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



comes the cop again. mad
as a wit 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 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 cof and the
baggage man who
seemed to be feeling
better themselves.

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

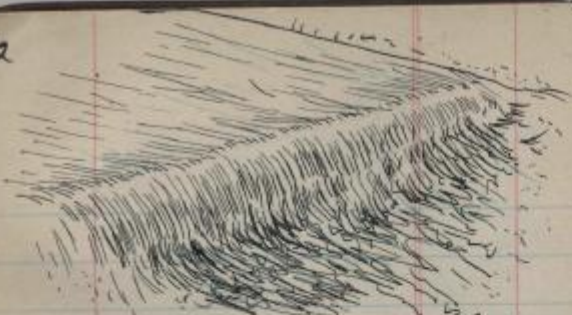


Chub" a Wild West book.

First he wanted a dollar
seventy five for it but as
a special favor he let Chub
have it for thirty five cents.
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 look, for of course I would write nothing but the truth(!?).

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

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.

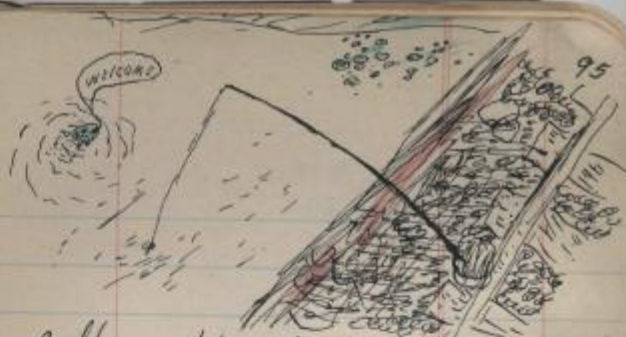
The North Western has a fine depot with a small park beside it while the St Paul has an antiquated old shack built when



Puzzles - 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 & 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 rubbering 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 chiked home to get some dinner.

The folks were surprised to see me

W.R. May 28.

" Apr 8 10.

Boy contains " 9 7.40

small pocket book Apr 9 1 59

A.M.R. all Mar. 35

spent 30

Apr 17 in small book 2 25

May 13 dump for small boy 2

rice qt.
broiler
pan
veal loaf
jar fruit
canned beef.
Walden
1 loaf bread

Wells.
Cannels



(Care of)
P. L. Harnicks

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

2. Portage

3. Miamac

4. Sante City

5. Hellena

6. Lone Rock ^{very long}

7. Osceola from

Brighton 7 mi to Woodman 2 mi

8. Wauzeka 4 mi

9. Bridgeport ^{about}

10. Prairie du Chien

11. Dubuque

12. Savannah

13. Timberlake

14. Clinton (Tulsa)

1150 Vine St. 4 blocks from river

15. Davenport. 16. Beloit.

17. Rock Island 18. Janesville

19. Dixon 20. Egerton

21. Oregon 22. Stoughton

23. Richford 24. Madison.



2022

F3
02

