"Ducks" the triumph man.

After much deliberation and consultation the River Rovers got all their outfit together and packed and down to the depot. Then it was found that our boxes of camping equipment could not be checked as baggage. After hustling to beat the hand and wearing out 300 miles of shoe leather we got...
our outfit aboard the train (we even tried to hile 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 lts per corner. This nearly broke our hearts, consequently we dis-sisted from this pastime to rubber at the high buildings in the numerous lattis through which we sped on our jaunt to Kilbourn.
At postage we took 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 cliffs then had to wait about two hours there. We finally started up the cliffs & saw all the great sights including Witches gullet & 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 Killbourn. We asked every
one we met how far it
was to it. 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 &
point it closed for the night. "Puck" & I then hiked up to the main house & wondered. 

He came back about a mile & got our canoe & helped get our express 

for us. We then nearly 

from our backs, getting 
it down to the river about 

of our 80 ft. then "Puck" & 

I made three trips down 

over the dam to our place 

visit 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 dudet traps in the canoes. At last we succeeded & embarked on our long journey.

We sped down through the lower dills 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.

He gave 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 pickles 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, weeps & dead heads to beat the sand. About 3 o'clock it began to rain; we paddled it where got everything out of the canoes & under cover & then undressed & went remaining 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 at "Rocks" & Club, we started to row back.
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 dreadfully late before we got supper & I went to bed.

We made camp next morning & Sid & I went out round mailed cards & bought broth. Such a Nearly town I never saw before.

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