We rowed along together for company. They got stuck on sand bars more than we did. We all stop 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 did "Chuck" make us bump to keep up with them. We reached a fine island just above Prairie Du Sace when
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 book of Chunks. As other things are also missing we probably left them there.

Next morning we continued on down the river, stopping at Sault City, where "Chum" and
I had an ice cream soda and 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 stop 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
old man then simply swamp us with provisions. He gave us a peck of potatoes, 20 ears of corn, over a quart of onions, and 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 flies and enega still lined the shoes & were now familiar objects.

Current camp at
Camp “Hillside” was a place. “Pucks” hiked back by the river a mile and got grub. Our gang beans are getting lippicandorous. “Pucks” and 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 Bordel, which was two miles back from the river. “Pucks” and Sid went up town. “Chub” and I went and examined The Castle Garden Wrecking Company. It was certainly the
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.
I was run by a man
about seventy years old
Boyd town & Whiskey
were MILES back from
the river. It had been
cloudy all day and when
we got just above Whiskey
it began to rain like
peased lightening.
All got kindu rain
coats except "Chub" and I, our 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 hippocaneous 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 flowing rain outside. Do opening our dude we found that
they were stopping rest. We appropriated a few blankets we found in the shed & after having a due of a time getting some suffer we went to bed. "Puck's" & I slept in the wagon box & it was swell. "Chub" said I slept in their sleeping bags & some young lambs kindly came & walked over them & some chickens roasted above In the night both "Puck's" & I woke up in the night & thought for a little while that we were in the same dusting down stream
The hills at the goat farm.

We yelled to the other kids & invited around stuck 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 forty 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 cut our logs & "Puck" & Sid, who stayed up to roll rocks down like a couple of two year olds.

When they got back they washed out the clothes.
and oiled the canvas one.

The place where we were was an angora goat farm. When packing dry about twelve thirty when our chuds were dry, so I happened to look around at "Puck" and mine canoe found it was drifting "cross the bar". After strenuous efforts with a clam sake the canoe was rescued and returned to its berth. We finally got off with sick rowing the canoe. We made hot time for away.
until Sid broke the gunwale in his obstreperous efforts to spill time. When they got things fixed, we all really pulled a long out trying to get to the Mississippi.

We stopped at Bridgeport and bought some graham crackers and a can of cocoa. They charged 35 cents 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 ears 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 toasting cheers?

After celebration we camped right at the junction of the two rivers. We struck a
place where some clam-mush had camped. There
was a very refreshing odo 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 tothem
calls.
In fact they called so often that we were more to vacate the tent and let them have it, as we did not want to be selfish about it.

Lady Steamboats Rig
To go by our camp and continued all night 

Some of them made an awful swell behind them. Some of the boats are simply whales inside.

One last night had a searchlight, which it played on the tanker 

The boat a ways ahead
Yet 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 vote 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 & my fellow's when I am dead.
ATTAR OF CLAM

Two cents for smell,
one smell is enough

Four many Roons one Summer day,
Packed their canoes and paddled away.

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

They passed through the grand Wisconsin Falls,
And made the echoes with many wild yells.

The current was swift, the wind blew strong,
And the men rowed just bringing along.

But when they stopped for a rest one night
It looked for a while like there'd be a fight.
We drud on things awhile
and then embarked. It
drizzled along for a while
and we finally made the
little town of Clapton where
we stayed at the depot
while it rained to beat
the cars. We bought grub
and started again but
just only to Guttenberg when
it began to rain again
and we camped across from
it. "Bucks" got a beefsteak
for breakfast. We were
nearly eaten by mosquitoes
again. We broke camp early.
Tuesday Aug 4
and started across
in town to leave a jail. "Chub"
and Sid landed first & the
first thing to happen, Chub
got arrested. It seems he
had been to Lancaster Wis to
shot up the town. We all stood
around waiting for some-
thing to happen. "Rucker"

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.
to see the sights. We were thewhole show. If we had put up our tent and charged admission, Wisconsin exhibiting the ferocious 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. (Call except "club"). A steamboat, the Clyde of St. Paul, came down with two large rafts that it landed at this town.

The butter factor was our next point of investigation.
Behind it were the largest jules of old clam shells I ever saw.

The marshall or sheriff or whatever he was is the biggest bull headed man I've ever seen.

I laid in the shade to draw pictures & write log in the afternoon while the investigations in the drudgery 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 robbery and exclaimed in a loud voice, "This is not my man."

The description called for a man about 25 yrs of age, five feet eight inches, height dark hair, dark complexion, blue coat, black shirt, striped gray pants, brown hat, weight 150.

Chu's had a white hat, a black coat, striped gray pants, a black shirt, height 5 ft 10 in. dark.
"Jack" nearly had seventeen bricks on acut.

"the delay...happily they

They proved to be dead ones.

Ever 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 of the

Hop I had had during the

Excitement. This had been the

Nightiest day we had

Had for a long time. it was

About five o'clock when we
THE MUSSEY & RAMBO
from Stillwater to Davenport
finally got off. “Crick’s &
I gave the Wisconsin
well. We paddled about
eleven miles then came to
in a small gravy, rocky place
below Cassville. In the
night it rained & blew to
beat the cars. We got up about
half past eight & was a
boat with draft coming
down the river. We hastened
the camp into the boats to beat the
cars. It was nearly by us
but we hastened & caught it
& got aboard.
We ate our breakfast
on the raft. The rest of the morning we lay around & examined the walls & 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 1 o'clock they got a large of coal from shore & coaled up. At each point we passed under the 1st bridge we had seen over the Missouri. It was simply quiet. It was the biggest bridge I ever saw. Right big 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. "Chuck" & I hustled 
y up to the front end of it & 
rained our canoe out onto it. 
There is a sort of guide but 
then 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. Ours and Sid who had padded 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's monument on a high bluff. Its top was like the tower of a castle.

Soon after leaving Dubuque we met a train new excursion boat. It was but it was swell everything tip top.

After supper the Rover...
with the exception of one 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. Even nearly emptied the scuttle but of water for bean so dry. The water was ice cold it was gone.

The boat Rombo in an awful old boat. I have seen about eighty four years service, so you can imagine how it
books. As I write an odor of bilge water comes to
me.

The raft the boys are on is really composed
of two long rafts joined end to end, each tied
with numerous rope lines to form one. The rope
plugs, of which I gave an illustration
are slipped through a thin link chain & then driven into
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. Thus rich lines also help hold the raft together. Booms of logs run across rise of the raft for the same purpose.

In 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 only, 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 and 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 bags 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 and give it a different
direction in pushing against the raft. This helps greatly in steering it.

A very powerful headlight is carried on each back boat to enable the raft 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 and hard to make up for it.