Milton

Field

Henry

Cicero

Washington

Jefferson

Dwight

Henry

Byron

Emily

Emily

Shirley

Hawthorne

Longfellow

Whittier

Byron

Greek

Roman

Druid

King

June 15

1922
Thump! Thump! "What the devil is that?" I asked sleepily, and awake to stare at a flashlight. "Well, what do you want, Buddy," I asked. "I was only a cop, who merely wanted to know my family history and why I was sleeping in Tennyson Park."

June 15: Started at 4:00 A.M. Operated locks myself. Started in rain and wind. Then moon and half way to Waukegan. High wind—white caps. Had to make for shore—got acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Whitson—supper and fishing with them.

June 16: Breakfast with Whitson's. Hung out warm. Started 8:00 High wind. Did not get out of L. W. until 4:00. Could not find outlet and had to fight wind. It was wonderful. Caught a big fish, found old shack on Tannah Bank. Ate supper.

June 17. Wind, dark, dreary. Cold. Stayed here. Had nice cornmeal mush. Supper of peets, boiled beans. Was all discouraged until late. My nice supper. Read history, studied two German lessons. Dreamed a lot about Arthath. Never an unworthy thought enters my mind when she is in it. And every night her picture and wind my watch is a source of inspiration to me.

June 19. Chipman and I start out, he to help me pass dams. The Jones gave me $3 to help me out, packed up a lunch and told me sometime to help out somebody else. - Sounds well. We passed four dams, Strongton, Steubenville, Homburg, and Fulton. At Fulton, spent two hours during passage way between canoe, lost on in soft water, divee after it, had glorious adventure wading & swimming back and forth in the deaning way. After little ways past, we camped in rice yards, had supper, wandered up to farm house to sleep in barn, they put me in a bed, and told to leave when ever we wanted to. Ireamed all night long about Andacht. Saw some beautiful scenery, shot a lot of rapids, had to go lunker, wade and pull canoe in places.

cocoa. Reached Jamesville at two for we stopped to
share - mailed letter home. Chipman left me &
set out for his home 2 ½ miles away. Hired Ward
Bros. Transfer Co. $5 postage canoe 1 ½ miles
around the two dams. Charged $5.00. When Ralph
Chipman left me he gave me $1.00 to help me
along. 2 full passes that along Dammore money.
Went dam river 4 miles. Stopped at Charles
Kilmer's farm for canoe had hole in it &
needed patching. They are ideal people. Had sup-
er with them & slept in bed. Breakfast

A.Y. Jamesville, Chas. Kilmer
June 21 Split big pile of kindling, put patch on canoe
left it to dry, went to bath, got a ride, Mother, 18, 19, studied
German, helped dig foundation trench for saw mill, went to Jamesville with folks, met Harry
For, milked cow, pumped water, painted
canoe, set fish line, studied psychology.
Day by day Ashlath grass more lively and
unattainable in my thoughts, I wish I had
have done to deserve her.

As for these gifts of money, I'm not taking charity, yet to refuse would hurt them, so I'll accept, return it later, and also pass on the gift. I am capable of caring for myself, but people doubt it because of my limp.
June 23: Started at 5:00 A.M. Absolutely discouraged, ready to give up everything. Leg was lame from twisting it last night. Man at shop showed me 6 buffalo. Have to worry about my eats, no tent, no money, and afraid that I will get no benefit out of trip. Camped on river bank, read two chapters of history, slept in winner of divided buffalo. Filled my mess chest. Studied German lessons. Dreamed great shadows of my future. I wonder how much I will accomplish. Supper: bread, cold meat, cocoa. Started letter to Andath & Zelma. Am making Andath's address. No contact to night. Foecky is my roof.

I want so much, receive so much, but do so little in this world. If I could only give more.

June 25 – Sunday. Milked 9 cows by 6:20. After breakfast took cows to pasture, shared, read Tolstoy’s “Resurrection.” A picture of Russian life showing corruption of government, immorality, ignorance of people. Brought cows up from pasture at dinner. Sores on farm and found that somebody had taken things out of carraige and examined them. Had broken over of box to get inside. Apparently nothing missing. My feeling was an intense desire to get hold of culprits and beat him. Seven cows in upper, split kindling, helped bottle milk.

Watching 15 yr. old Ruth Jones and her actions toward her indulgent mother, I am learning to recognize the faults and their causes which I don’t want in my children.

An idea for a speech suggested by Tolstoy. Threaten the world we have riches and poverty, luxury and starvation, anger and suffering side by side. It is not right. The poor ye shall have with ye always, it does not necessarily.
mean the poor in worldly goods. But what is the remedy? I know not, some that education paves the way for progress & the up-lifting of the race.

When I think of my dear ones & the weight & hard labor of Sarah Jones, how I used to think that I would not have a girl, how I would feel like forgetting about them, I now believe that the only trouble was my uncertainty about myself, whether I was worthy, whether I could have any hope — but now, I am determined and I only wish Deborah would understand how much she is to me.

June 30th. Worked, watched some finished novel, and American Magazine. Contained articles by successful men telling how they attained their success. According to their formula, I’m well started for I have faith in self, a definite aim, am willing to work, can utilize my time, and know the reason why I want to do the things I have mapped out. But in this I am no different than other men for they are the same. I am an iron mind.
The question is, can I take the raw within me and turn it into delicate finished machinery of service to mankind.

I am writing a serial letter to Andath i.e., I am writing a few lines on one page then continuing a few lines on another, etc. I wonder how she will like it.

Every time I think of how Jelma says that Andath is not pretty, it makes me angry. I cannot seem to have anything said against her, yet I have no right to do so. Often, I tend to wonder what she thinks of me. I amount to so little, and there are so many of far more worth than I.

June 27. Studied psych. while waiting breakfast. Wrote letters to Doc, Jelma, Andath. Car to mother. Studied German. down pastime, while waiting supper after. The serial letter to Andath finished. I think she enjoys reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it. When it comes to writing a five-month letter to Doc all my human seemed to have deserted me. Last summer, I could write response, this summer, it seems to be...
more serious in what I write, not because I want to necessarily, but because I can't be otherwise. There seems to be more worthwhile things in my life, and I feel stranger, with less time for nonsense.

Warm it all! Every time I think of those momoy gifts she couldn't get. Yet I had to take her in order to avoid wounding their feelings. Better be my feelings hurt than those of others. However, I shall more pay them on. I am able to struggle my way entirely without charity and I aim to produce as much as I consume more in fact.

I bought out and this picture, the one she painted in the "Badger" for me. I hope her face has a beautiful well-developed face. Wonder if she smiled as she painted that picture in the Badger as she is in the picture itself.

James wrote Zelma an "interesting" letter. Studied German and went over all I had studied to make sure I knew it. Got acquainted with young fellow fem
Rockford Canoe Club. He showed me some stumps about paddling. Told me he this girl intended to take their honeymoon trip in a canoe. A splendid idea.

Helped pick cherries after milking. Mrs. Jones would like to keep me all summer. Can not do it. Work is too hard on me. Am amazed to be moving.

June 29. Washed out canoe - discovered life preserver and bicycle lamps had been stolen. Spent whole morning at it. After dinner talked to couple kids. Put winter’s on paddle. Failed to move it that way.

Thought this morning about the meaning of farming that is the monotonous that the farmers do arise. They do not seem to know that there is a mental as well as a physical side to life. Their minds are always at rest. They sit, but do not sit thinking, and they work with their minds abroad. If they are reading a newspaper, and see a, their minds...
ceased functioning. They allow themselves to grow in the habit of not letting their minds function unless they have some definite visible and tangible object upon which to apply it. As a result they become plain and simple in their mental enjoyments. The simplicity of country life is far from being a virtue - often a vice, for it is a sign of unused brains.

Tonight milked seven cows in a hurry. Mrs. Jones' hired man is tired and cranky, seemingly so. But the curious part is that it is infections. Even I keep thinking how nice it would be to punch some of it out of him. He asked me, Jones what she thought I was doing. She said, "Your board," so it stand. Told her I'd leave in morning she said, "Why don't you have to night (7:30). Yet she was complaining about a neighbor being close. I wonder if I can get her to pack up a lunch for me.

Well, she has been an interesting study, and I have learned considerable of human nature through her. She neither casts down nor slates. She
merely means nothing to me. It should not be so.

Studied German — dreamed great dreams. May the one greatest of all come true.

June 30. Mrs. Jones, after much hesitation, dallying, etc., finally offered me $25. To stay 3 more days. Refused. Finally offered me $50 to stay to day — accepted. Counted money with me. $8.52. 4.66 given me, $60 spent, $3.62 be earned, making a total of $9.62. — Started with $4.97.

Decided that I will take Sophomore composition if I am permitted to write on subject of my own choice. That way I can develop my theme by expressing them and doing it fully.

Was thinking about this so-called struggle for life — for subsistence. So-called because it is really a struggle to acquire property that must be left behind. To work and slave to acquire a few acres of land means to put your life into oneself.
don't. It should not be so.

Mrs. Jones is all together too close one regards board but the labor is worthy of his hire + debt plenty.

In Wells' "Outline of History" came across statement that no political change or revolution came about without bettering existing conditions. This made me think about Socialism in Russia.

Studied a lot of German, got acquainted with a lot of caddie boys from the golf links went in swimming with them.

Am well satisfied here for I have produced far more than I have consumed.

When I think of Ardath I often feel that she is too good and pure and holy for me to even speak to her. Yet I want her to love me much.
July 1. Summary of stay at Jones. - Wain't good enough for a bed—I was given a place on floor of porch to sleep. Got up at 4:45 to milk, milked at least 5 cows, usually 6 or 7. Drive cows a good 3/4 mile, watched 'em, ate a cold lunch of 6 sandwiches, drove cows again at 3:15; fed 'em grain, milked usually 8 out of the 16, helped bottle milk, picked carcass and between times I studied. Worked 5 1/2 days, came to settle up. Mrs. Jones informed me I had played a sturdy mean trick for demanding $0.50 for my work, carefully inculcated me, and then gave me the $0.50. The hired man George felt so bad about me being so treated that he was willing to pay me. His sympathy brought tears to my eyes. The other hired man, the first I met took me. Jones paid because he hated me as I had in watching commorated him for harder work which he didn't like. George is an old man, a grandfather, a man with a big heart. Left Jones at 8 o'clock, paddled to
Rockford, tied up, went to East Side Army Store. That was closed on Sat. Fellow came by in motorcycle to store. As he was then going to the armory store, I rode with him. He gave me a ride through town. Took me way over west side. At army store then got end pole for 5.75. Left it tried to find way back alone. Wandered around for 1 hour. Inquired way & got back in a hurry.

At dam made friends with engineer of power house. Went to see manager but cause portage he refused. Came back to engineer. He got 2 friends of his to carry canoe around for me. Had to walk rapids and pull canoe. Had a lot of cheerful kindly questions & greetings thrown at me & paddled 10 miles on more down river, camped on bank. A young fellow setting there & gave me a tent to use. He helped me figure out the frame of setting up tent. Finally had one up in real & I finished setting up tent. Had it splendidly done. Set up more...
W H Lenten of Rockford Ill.
1917 to Mam

cut wood for fire, started building the cabin Dad gave me - two ft. box. a
father & son art joy riding stopped to talk to me for I was alongside of road.
treated me to cookies & gum. Got out of bed
and started writing to Ardath. Two men
came along in a truck. Stopped to talk
& me. Looked like rain, so they told me
that I must come over to their place on the
island for the night. Told 'em 2 wld. After
eating some of meat took down tent & paddled
over to island. They came down & helped me
unpack & pull up camp. They are two lads
with beards the size of burrs. Had me sit
down to supper with them, a dashboard, potatoes,
bread, milk, eggs. Showed me a cot
with a nice spring. Told 'em about Microwave, + how they called. They live here
practically the year around.

The river is getting more +
more beautiful. High wooded banks, oak,
shoe, ash, box elder, willow, buckthorn, maple,
dogwood, thornapple, + trees I don't know
also, all along in mines are big islands so that I never knew for sure whether I was looking at the shore or at an island camps all along the way adding a human touch. My camp was on a gently sloping river bank in a nice grove. Behind me was a high wooded bluff, with the road at its foot. The river was wide, smooth and swiftly flowing. The opposite bank was a high wooded hill with different shades of green of the various kinds of leaves making a beautiful picture. And everywhere there the air, bees, birds, were humming and flies were flitting and singing — a beautiful world.

July 2 Bill and Marvin are their names. When I awakened they asked "Well, how'd you sleep?" I answered "Fine." After awhile they looked out one smilingly and said, "You talked a lot in your sleep about your girl." I whirled around and facetiously, "What did I say?" "I don't remember now," said that
you were writing him a letter.

Had a fine breakfast with em. Helped wash dishes, & after that visited with em telling em about Aunt Winfred, about my studies, told em to use powdered sulphur for chiggers.

Bill & Marvin are two bachelors. Bill is a stock buyer, Marvin a dummer, field shoe boy, cook, general assistant. They are about 25 yrs. old & are all heart. They are greatly worried about my limp & want me to stay rest of summer & rest. A few days ago, Bill picked up a stray little chicken. Now the chicken answers to name of Pete, the whether he is a is it she is a Peter or Petress is not known. This morning, as I sat in the porch, Pete climbed up my leg, & after trying to eat my foot, button, finger nails & teeth, he cuddled down & went to sleep. Having that made the cat jealous, so she did likewise & then Tige the dog asked permission to lie on my feet & wag his tail. Bill looked on & said, "Well Pete looks pretty good today."
"Washed him yesterday, he was so dirty."
After while Pete changed his coat and Bill's cap. I saw a big beetle in the garden, went and captured it. I squatted on porch, waving hand, called 'hey Pete'. Pete opened his eye and looked at me. "A moving hand", he thought, "why that must mean something to eat" and jumped down and raced into the beetle. Ignite a scrap and just as Pete killed him, he fell thru hole in floor. Poor Pete! He looked so disconsolate that I said, "Well never mind, old Tom, Hey Pete, come along with me to garden hey Pete and we'll get some more hey Pete. We trotted out - hey Pete - and hey Pete came here - lifted up some boards - hey Pete, right here and Pete valiantly ascended conquered and devoured about 15 big black bugs. "Well, that ought to kill him up," said Bill, "hey Pete, come here and go to sleep" and Pete did."
Behind the house is an old turkey gobbler who labors under the impression that he has a beautiful voice & a magnificent strut. Both Bill and Marvin think so too — they bought him a few weeks ago, thought he'd be nice to have around. "Bob" is "the darndest ornery hog you ever saw," but the like him just the same. A gold finch alighted on garden fence — Jack called, "Say, see that bird? Isn't it pretty?"

I helped Jack dig potatoes. While he was washing & peeling them, I helped Marvin prepare beet greens. Marvin made dandy New Englander for dinner.

In forenoon a party of 9 Italians came for a picnic. Bill thought in over to island & they turned the table over to party for dinner. Burt Marvin watching the Italians, who talked their own language incessantly. "Well," said Bill, "I guess they're enjoying themselves..."
in spite of that jabber. All day the two men enjoyed themselves watching the Italians enjoy themselves. The Italian had liquor with them and kept treating Bill and Marvin. After they had gone, about 5:00, 3 roughneck friends of the two, as they called themselves, came out to island bringing liquor and were all intoxicated. I was introduced to 'em, and the bottle began passing freely. Pretty soon they were all intoxicated to a mandolin incoherent stage. One was inclined to be suspicious of me, the others defended me. A typical remark of the suspicious one, "I don't care if the kid (me) is all right, Marvin, if you've ever read the "Flaming Forest", you know that he came from a reform school because I have the great outdoors the rest that can't. Marvin would say, "The kid is all right and he's a friend of mine and he's got a home with me and when I stand, he stands." Then turning the suspicions are said, "Say kid, let me tell you something, I beg..."
you most humble pardon because I love the great outdoors. If you have ever read the "Flaming Forest" you know you're in a bunch of good fellows. Thus it went on. But I soon got away and went to bed. I could not help laughing at the serious manner in which they conversed and the absolute idolatry of their maudlinism, and yet I felt miserable and sorry for such a state of the intelligent human mind.

I fell asleep, thinking of what I meant to make greatest in my life.

July 7. Slept until called. Never a sign that night on either of the two. Bill went to work early. Marvin, who puts Pete to bed every night, didn't mind and apologized for doing it so late in the day—5:30. Washed dishes after that—washed clothes—shirt.
Trousers, B. V. D.'s handkerchiefs, canvas shoes.

Everything here is scrupulously neat.

Turned canoe over, everything all right—no holes. Fearfully windy—would lie hard paddling.

And, the third partner came over, he is just like them. The three are continually joking and jolling each other.

Went out for canoe ride, found a place at end of island where current was too swift for me to paddle up.

They call me "The Kid."

Write letters to Zelma, Andath, Trotter, cards to Sarah, name, Blakie, Symons.

Letter to Zelma contained nothing but the last sentence of my trip story down here—statement that having written the end of my story nothing left to do but seal envelope and send it. Second letter contained regret for so doing. Third letter contained story—just got up and let Pete in—he thinks it's bad time.
Am here alone—Bill & Calcutt selling calves.
Maw out helping a farmer.
Told Andy that I found her picture in Badger. There isn't a decent enough word in the language to use in writing about her.

Pete is on my neck trying to find eats & a roast andチェック quite pleasantly. The way he tweaks my ear is frightening.

In writing to mother I wrote we awhile lot of times. It's writing a lie to her, but it's better that she should lie than she should worry about me.

My wash is dry but it doesn't look like what mother used to do.

cucumbers, vine, bread, strawberries, dumplings.

But the dumplings weren't as good as and they at last chicken dinner. After dinner, two of their friends showed up — drunk. Later, a drunken came over — liquor passed, all became more or less "intoxicated." Demudly a speech from me. After much erasion went out and talked. Then in their drunken way decided since I was a cripple, to give me money — $1.20. One of 'em got the idea he was a chiropractor, wanted to cure me. Couldn't get idea out of his head and run away to keep him from having me all over. Got my arm suppurt. Cal came and brought him some in came. They all had a many drunken time. I went to bed. Finally they came in, tried to get go to bed with him. I got up and put him out. Singing yelling, laughing and falling around they were Cal slept with me.

Duing 8pm, Eman. 9am Eman
Andath, Dec, + Zelman. I don't feel at ease unless I am writing her a letter. I wonder what her letters will be like.

Bill is an ex-conv.-
conv-keeper & he craves the
drunken, idiotic, society of
intoxicated men, even when he
is sober. How can a man's mind
degenerate like that?

Judge. The men were still drunk. Got up at
5:30. Dressed, packed up canoe. Ate
breakfast. One of the friends tried to give
me a dollar—persuaded him to keep
it so I could write for it if I needed it.

How I don't taking money! Cal heard the
conversation & came & picked a dollar
in my pocket. Nothing to do but
accept it. But I can feel truly grate-
ful to Cal—he is the best of men.

Bill & Mary gave me jam, sugar
bread, tomatoes. Want one to write
and to come back & visit em. I certainly like them. Paddled on all the way around the drummers right around thru knew about me - told me to take good care of myself, to get well not to go to far & to way back to visit em all. - Friendliness & kindness of human nature - it made me feel happy.

At Byron mailed cards to
No. 2 P. Zelma.

A furious wind & killing works paddling. However jiggled back & forth hunting gull shots.

A mile above Oregon is famous Black Hawk concrete statue by Theodore Taft.

Stopped an island to eat bread & marmalade. A fellow on canoeing stopped to talk. He a college mate of Rasmussen of Stoughton. Name Beveridge. Had splendid visit.
He decided to help me over dam. Paddled down 8 where he parked his canoe, then he came in mine. Another man, crippled in the hand—"cripple," said he, "anger to help another"—helped Beveridge portage canoe. We portaged luggage. Beveridge wanted to go along; said good camping spot on island miles down. Came down—shove here, so he planned for yank & blankets will stay all night. He is a wonderful fellow.

Talk about being fortunate. All three in one stroke of good fortune after another. Every piece of bad luck is really good luck & most of it comes doubled up. Had a splendid supper, fixed up beds in one of the shacks. We both wrote letters—T. & Coraeth, Zelma & Ida.

Grande View (correctly spelled). Talked to Summer. They are Yankee stock & intelligent people. Will talk without being made D. Interested in my trip - address me as good morning, Professor, which above their skirt.

Paddled 25 miles & arrived at Wixom 8:30. Pretty tired. Camped on Banks above dam. Went up to post office. I let my card read from Ardalh, Zelma, Doc. Sarah, Home. Read Ardalh's first, and in fact that was the only one I could keep in my mind. Doc advised me not to go strolling with any one girl, am too young & should wait. However Ardalh is the only one to convince me of that.

In her letter she reminded me of the fireflies of Van's Park on the night of Tuoord League party. I was mighty hoping that night.

Sleep in canoe. Dreamed everybody was trying to get me to give up Ardalh, but I
Stuck to her.

July 7. Got a man to help me on dam for $2.50. Went up post office in hopes of more letters. None, mailed a post card—0.10. Beloit for forwarding. Weighed myself .01, only 113 lbs. Made me feel miserable. And supper last night of cocoa, bread & Mrs. Jane's marmalade—eat more or work less?—I started out feeling as unhappy as could be—so little mail one of Arthath's letters is at Beloit—no good sleep, and a rainy miserable looking day. Oh well, the discipline does me good.

Set striking out for Sterling 15 miles. Cooking cocoa on river bank.

Arrived here about 5 o'clock. Talked to clammers, they pointed out a spring of water. paddled to west side of river a few rods above dam and camped and set up tent. Then sat down to write to Arthath.

Ford came along—Mrs. Williams, Jack & Virginia. They are tanning their rowboat.
invited with me two hrs. Told 'em everything they wanted to know. Made good friends of 'em. After they left, had supper of cocoa, bread, marmalade. Wound watch by campfire light. Rolled up in blankets, buttoned tent flaps, went to sleep.

The wind blew furiously after dinner. Had almost a mile & a half bad to paddle in face of wind thru sunken stumps & logs - a hard dangerous. Do not try only for shallow shallow - job. Made 8 miles in all.

Stirling is on west side of river - Rock Falls on canal - east side.

July 8. Rose 6:30. Breakfast 7:30. Oatmeal - porridge. Fished up, started writing Andath. Williams came on for few minutes. Finished Andath's letter, just finished a letter to Mrs. got out my Pay & studied. 10 minutes of boiled beans. Ate & studied. At 6:00 P.M. Williams & a Miss Wolvin. They came for a primic supper. I contributed strawberry jam. They had a big beefsteak. Roasted
that over the fire. A glomerous supper - potatos, chips, cheese, pie, beans, sandwiches, bananas. After supper took Virginia & Miss Harris canoeing up river about a mile. Total weight in canoe about 5-50. Furnished 113 - Miss Harris 25-0. After words gave Jack a ride. Came back & were lying on bank talking - had my hands under my head for a pillow. Mr. Williams shared a pillow under it. Mr. Williams told stories of his experiences camping - a crowd of boys came out to see us, his friend fired a shot gun among trees and the whole crew became scared - "that's shoots!". Another time, after telling ghost stories they heard something creeping, creeping up to the tent - nearly paralyzed. Oh - I was their dog. He told these stories very cleverly & all of us had a fine time. Jack told me I was pretty because I kept calling their attention to the fireflies. To me they are most beautiful & wonderful works of God. How much scar -
July 9. - Mrs. G. Wohlwerth, Mr. & Mrs. T. J. Clancy, Mr. & Mrs. E. McLaughlin, Miss Dorothy Bierkson.
On picnic July 9-22 (of Clinton, N. Y.)

Arose 5:30 - breakfast, shared tidied, sat down to write, Zelma & study. Passers-by stopped to talk. A hearty dinner of beans. About 1:30 party in car came along, asked me if they could eat there. Said "sure." After they had eating one came over and told me I must come over and get acquainted & eat. - You bet. So I met the above people, had a splendid dinner. After, took Miss Bierkson & another out canoeing. The wind was furious & they were scared. Once I paddled hard for five minutes without making head way against the wind. Finally I got back to shore. A jolly witty bunch.
not for a good time. Wished me lots of luck at a good time. They all admired my coat of tan.

Went back to studying. About 5:00 Williams appeared to have a picnic. As it had looked like rain I had turned tent around carefully tucked it and fixed up for rain. And when they came it was raining hard & I was in tent day dreaming & listening to patter of drops. They were going in swimming, so I undressed in tent & the fire of us went in. When I was about to go in, I saw way out in water a whippoorwill went out screamed it. It was raining all time we were in water. Swam & floated with water beating down on face & waves washing over. Compact dressed & had supper - sandwiches, fruit salad, potato chips, cookies - I surely filled up. As they left, gave me some potato chips & wished me good luck, asked me to write. I promised.
Fired up canoe, tipped in side, chest under it quite far up shore. Raining, crawled in tent. Started to wind watch - steam broke. However looked at picture + went to sleep.

Several times during night I awakened - wind blowing hard + raining furiously. A glorious day - every minute enjoyed.

July 16 Awakened warm + dry. Tent 0.1. Here washing of water - crawled out & looked canoe + chest - a gran - water had risen about 30 or more inches, chest half full of water, box crackers spoiled. Clothing wet, sugar all wet, oatmeal a little wet, a sorry looking sight. Threw canoe, washed it out & pulled it up on high bank, unpacked chest + threw things up. Somehow or other, this calamity was too interesting to feel bad about. Just dry things in chest, took wet clothes up to farm & drove upon invitation to Nijen.
Trying to dry crackers. Helped cut a log in front of house. Williams came over to see how I was. Gave me eggs & apples. Mrs. Snyder at farm gave me 3 eggs & some potatoes. Gave Mrs. Williams my watch to have it fixed. Took art picture first. Took kids out in canoe in afternoon. Studied Roy. Dog came more potatoes. Had supper of oatmeal with egg beaten in it at about 6:30. Williams came — watch repair was 50c. We all went out boat riding. Took Virginia in canoe — had a philosophical talk with her — she prefers flippancy — thinks me odd because I like to work — her idea of life is money — good time — no cares. She has horses & dogs — cares nothing for the fireflies, the croaking of frogs, the singing of the tree toads. The quiet of the evening. After we got back, Mrs. Williams felt me a half can of cherries & a lunch for tomorrow & asked me to return. She is a mighty fine woman and I certainly like her. Dreamed of all things for an emergency, went to bed thinking about dreams of Sundays.
July 11. Rained last night but everything O.K. Got water, breakfast & despite cloudy weather packed up & started. At first dam, "Huny" let me through the locks - a kind, friendly looking man. At second dam, I made my first single-handed portage. Had to lift up a walled bank 4 ft. & let it down 5'. Chest was hardest. Took me 45 minutes. Sprinkling. Paddled a short distance, began to rain again. Pulled under a bridge between two poles and let it rain. Had started at 9:00 left the bridge in excellent spirits at 11:30. The sun was shining brightly, soon dried my tent & walls. Had this morning suffered during first week, I would have been heartbroken & totally discouraged. This morning forever I considered it just an interesting little part of the trip. The river is narrow with lands like this A.M made 30 miles, paddled easily. The current is frightfully swift. One day splendid sunny day. 2 more
little cottage called "Shady Rest." Will have supper of boiled potatoes & eggs & will sleep on porch. After supper I fried some apples Mr. Williams gave me. I wonder what kind of sauce they'll make for dinner tonight.

This is a beautiful evening. Everything is quiet and peaceful. The river is rushing by so swiftly yet without a sound, the sun is shining, everything getting ready for sleep. Yet the birds are singing, especially in Shady Rest behind me. In the distance a Rooster keeps calling. As for me, I am sitting in a chair before the campfire, over which is a lamp. Boiling, the fire is burning brightly, and I am writing this.

All day long I have thought of Arthath. My every thought of her draws me closer to her. She is the first person I ever met whom I couldn't compel...
to follow me. She is my equal, has just as strong a will, and we have the same ideas and purposes. We think alike even and alike under similar conditions; yet we have our own individuality, personality with different thoughts and desires and will.

Just saw a beautiful delicate magpie alighted in my hand. To monts, the prettiest little creature I ever saw—the work of God.

Judge: hard rain + furious wind. Last night. Awakened—raining on me—cold. Put rain to sleep. This morning few pull of H2O in canes—boiled it out—beans + rice again wet, also clothes. Brought em up and dried 'em on stove. At breakfast of apple sauce—196. of it + crackers. Dinner: another pt. + crackers. Apple sauce was fine. While I was busy drying rice + beans, heard man
outside - talked to him found this place belongs to three grocers from nearby town. He was very friendly, told me about various climes etc. Went back to work, studied History - found all of my books had got wet in the briefcase. But even that couldn't make me feel discouraged or disheartened. Mastered two German lessons - and wrote to Arath and Zelma. Question, ought to write 'em the story or tell 'em. Gave next address as Alton, Illinois. About 5:30 my morning acquaintance again appeared. He had caught two half-heads of good size and thought I'd like 'em for supper. Man! wasn't that dandy, for I had boiled plain beans for supper. He paddled down stream pretty soon returned with a small catfish for me. Wasn't that kind? I hope I can always be as kind to others, as others are to me. Had the three fish and beans for supper and "Königliches Mahl." All day, two wins in front.
of the house and another pair behind have been singing—when do they ever find time to eat.

One hears lots about the simple joys of life—they must be experienced before appreciated. All day the men around in B.K. W's and trousers without a belt. I'm footed—
and I've enjoyed it immensely. That my trousers have a hole in the seat doesn't concern me. Last night when I found I had a bare cot to sleep on an afoot, I felt ecstatic. In fact it was almost—
tabled to death when I found that I had the dry board floor of a porch to sleep on. I'm enjoying this trip more and more. Today I cooked my own meals, I studied hard, I wrote letters and I brought pleasure to that man's life (whom I met this morning) as well as secured pleasure he brought into mine.

All day long dreaming that Virginia Williams and her dumb Mrs. Harris made keep haunting me. I was telling them some of the things & the work I have done in the park and both said, "My, I'd like to read.
about the things you will do in the next ten years — there'll be a lot of them. Now I wonder — what will I have done in the next ten years. I know I will but what.

July 13. Did a washing, cleaned up everything & left at 9:00 at village away left Andathe + Zelma's letter & cards to be mailed. Current my swift river not very pretty. At 3:30 came to summer resort beach. Woman admired my coat of tan audibly. Then volunteered to take my picture. Pulled in for her and after picture was taken gave her and another woman a ride. Found it a fearful task paddling up stream. While talking to woman a man Harry Yoe came along and when I suggested camping he said he'd go with him. All right. He is with father & mother he is 35 yrs. old, man at a dance hall. He is self-educated, read against college and I had to listen to him talk. He was his chance to unburden himself. A man of some education & good judged a largely needed person. He showed me a pretty spring & a hill covered with ferns. — I studied German & watched young people at a camp dance at the main door. Wrote on the included sheets. 36 miles today.
July 14. Left at 10:30. Mary helped me off, gave me his address — H. W. Ross, Geneseo, Illinois — wished me good luck; "Bon Voyage." He hated to have me leave — gave him a ride in canoe. River not pretty but swift. Crammed clay was of foreign extraction - stupid apparently. Reached Rock Island dam at 4:30, and were let through the canal 3 miles long. Reached the Mississippi at 5:43. Felt hot on the river. 4 miles dam. Found camping place, cooked rice, went to bed. Paddled 34 miles. — winging day thought over speech. What shall I do? Taking into consideration the target and attitude of a youth toward life and giving his capabilities and suggesting possible means for them.

July 15. That A. D. said H. Gooding was a hanging around again. However, I took no notice of him. Mailed card changing address from Acton to Beardstown. 36. Winner of beans. Bought a scrubbing brush. 16. A pretty stiff wind — at 7:00, after 25 miles, it got so bad I camped on a sand bar island, just got tent up as I began to rain — a shower. Cooked supper of rice — studied history while cooking & eating. Tired up for night — from #9. Wells. A man thing more of his worldly tangible property than he does of his religion. Proof — invested a man's country, or his wife and a lady, results — result his God & nothing is done.

(5/10)
July 16 - All day long, every day, scarcely a moment, time that I don't think of her. She is to me the expression, the embodiment of all that I ever hope to attain. Andath, Ah Andath.

Rained long & hard last night. Had fine sleep but woke up with back tried. A dull cloudy day so will stop here & study history, and dream of Andath.

There is an old deserted lonely shack near the tent and there is where I'm staying. Have a splendid comfortable seat rigged up of a sawhorse tilted against wall, a peach basket cover as base furnish the seat, a pasteboard box for a footstool. There's not a soul in sight, there is not a sound of a human being. The utter loneliness of this shack, its out of the way location behind the island cave - all go to making it attractive & interesting. And yet, in a short time I will have forgotten it. It has merely come into my life and will pass out again like so many other things. Will it leave any deep trace than the thinking there done under its roof?

Found big brown & black snake curled up beside my tent. Took a heavy club & beat it driving it away for I did not want it as a belt partner. Came back to shack.
and happened to think that I had
undoubtedly injured it, perhaps greatly.
Went back to kill it, thus prevent its
suffering, but it had crawled away. Now
much I regret my thoughtlessness.

A liberal estimate of the trip + a
conservative estimate of number of days
requires 15 miles travel a day to com-
plete trip by 10th of Sept. How will it
turn out?

July 17. 33 miles down river - an island
with a flood-scared old shack with a
rusty but serviceable COT. Nothing hap-

pended day except that I paddled along a
time steering & talked to some fishermen.

I wonder what I will get out of this trip
besides health and strength - Will I get
Self-reliance, an ability to make the
most of any and everything, an ability
to regard hardships as blessings, an ap-
preciation of the monstrosity of woman's
work in getting meals - an ability to
enjoy the simplest of things & to see
much in them. Will it widen any
knowledge of human nature - will it
broaden my mind, as travel is supposed to do. I did some sewing on a rift in my B. V. D.'s. Now I hated to do it, and what an endless distance it seemed the needle has to travel, yet I always rather like to have D. do a job like that. Because I feel the discipline is good for me. — Got new scheme of cooking next day's meals ahead of time — that way rainy weather at least one day's will not matter.

27 miles to go to Burlington — what has and also written to me? — cards to Ralph Chipman, Gertrude, Miss Jennings, Sarah, Prof. Fredder — Marvin.

27/9 James. Mc Carvick

Packed up & left at 7:00.

Reached Burlington at 1:00 — easy paddling & put up jacket for sail & took my time, packed canoe & got 3 letters - two from Andath, one from home. One of Andath's came from Belvid, contained the shell of a hardy. She writes wonderfully interesting & wetly letters. Reafraid all can take but 2 yrs. at the University. Wants to know what I think she should do.
The second letter had first page all written in jumbled columns - I got back at my "improved" letter. Haven't got it read yet!

Camped on levee opposite Dallas City - got acquainted with man James McCormick who is backing id there he keeps breaking up handskeeping 11 go out making his gone one his own eat - prunes - sug or leave - potatoes - bacon - eggs - walker - can you beat that for luck. I am getting more and more things everyday for which to be thankful.

Made 40 miles.

July 19 Left 7:30 - Said goodbye to McCormick nothing happened all night. Broke to 1150 dock except that I put up my jacket for sail - made good time too. At Memphis a man talked to me and pulled up at the lock and told me to come over to lock master's house. Told me to walk to the lock and see if he could not lock in them but I'd have to wait for a boat. Suggested I take it in an enclosed place to one side and leave it there for the night to go them in morning. Did so the for he was lock master helped me pull down to platform and then I went into his house.
of two small launches. These lockers were wonderful things. When lock is filled with water, a foot bridge is lifted to open them. When this is raised again fish are caught in it. Then the two assistant lockmen caught a large fish and showed me their live box and gave me their fish. At about 7:00 a passenger steamer with load of passengers with special guide came up to see the lock. I joined them, got acquainted with two roughly dressed boys, whom I suspected were campers, were going to Burlington & return with came to Alton Ill. We went there power house to get another young man with a disjoined me.

The latter was a fine fellow, but he lacked a quality of being rough, ready, hard, forceful, something I feel comes from hard work. A girl there wanted my picture, she considered me such a to be tolerating a 1000 mile course by all alone. Went down fifty miles fast under with three various tunnels, wonderful works of engineering. The two boys decided to get off & accompany me in morning.
When I got ready to go to bed the lock kept me from entering the room. T. J. Harrington, Redbank, Iowa, (Tim) told me to sleep in one of the buildings, so he and Tally + and Jack, the other two fixed up a cot, and I went to bed. They were so kind & treated me so nice that I was not in a hurry to leave. Jack gave me a sandwich—he is a man, looks like Uncle John, about 5'5, yrs old. Tally, young fellow 35. Tim, 5'5, large, fleshy, cute.

I asked me to do what to write to them + to remember that doctoring was a guessing business, + that when a man in such he only has to much money, of which the doctor near him.

July 20, arose 5:00. Another shift of lockmen on but bony fag about me, were very friendly. Dressed my fish & they gave me a chunk of rice to keep 'em in. Talked to 'em, and as people began to go to work I heard them oozing my race. One girl declared I was a negro, her friend said I was nearly tanned. 5 lemmings of night before came at 7:10. I talked to various acquaintances I made last night had my picture snapped a few dozen times + then when gate opened.
pulled out. The boys Charles Harris and Fred Knotty were watching for me. I read History while they went uptown for supplies.

pulled out of 11th store dinner opposite town on island. I was cook and fried fish. Had jelly, bread, honey, pancakes—a glorious dinner. They told me that I was one of 'em and to share equally with them. We moved on about ten miles and in between islands found a little lagoon, a nice sand bank and a patch of hardwood for the tent. Decided to camp. Cooked supper of fish, eggs, potatoes, bread, honey, coffee. I washed dishes. It was a beautiful day. Grape vine draping trees, pipeline running, water, white sand, quiet lagoon, birds singing. Went to bed in boy's big tent—dangled talked for a long time.

July 22. Left there early, paddled a few miles to Canton, Mo. and there went up fought two loaves of bread. Jack had a sight shot on his rifle. Everybody laughed as we walked along. They were sure I was either a colored man, or an Indian. A fifteen year old boy. Willard Hendrixon, Canton, Mo. Told names and addresses and is going to send a message in the paper about us. Wants us to write them.
From caution we paddled across in a strong wind down stream a short ways and encamped in a nice grass - no dinner. But I cooked beans for supper & studying history - minded 3rd letter by that by - had a little excitement - a bear is living a little ways downstream & boys went there for water & he was unduly curious about our camp & our equipment. Guns were carefully loaded & laid hand. Went to sleep, but the boys were more anxious and stayed awake longer.

July 22. Fearfully windy so stayed. Boys anxious to move. Bacon & bread, beans & rice are our supplies - boys afraid of returning from lack of luxuries. Read History after putting beans on. Also read Bell & this letter. How much I enjoy it and that of her - they keep me desirous of writing. Finished reading the History. At 5:00 D remarked, "Say Jack, I'm getting tired of staying here." My Dutch reply that. "Yes, and I'm for moving out to-night," "I'm with you," I said. So am I said Jack - all right, let's start into supper and pack up." And we did. Supper - we planned canned tomatoes & bean & vegetable soup to gather. fire & cat fish
Dutch caught 7 at 6:45. We started down the river.

During the night. July 23

We guarded our canoes from one river bank to another and guarded against dikes by listening. At 11:00 heavy clouds covered the sky and a wind sprang up. Dutch asked, "What'll we do when it starts raining?"

"Give up our wet table & keep on moving." Answered. However it did not storm & by 12:00 the sky was clear. About 4:00 Jack & Dutch began taking turns sleeping and paddling. Fortunately did not get tired. We reached Point Ill. at 10:00 + Jack got some Vienna sandwiches & soda.

About half past two, as Jack kept falling asleep at the paddle, I tied his canoe to mine & towed them a mile to Hannibal. There I parked alongside of a launch, and went downtown to the hotel bar in my slip, and by means of a powerful electric light nearby, I took my calendar.
ook and mastered a half German lesson during the watch. At 4:00 Jack awakened, and we got washed up, went over to an island, had breakfast, and went to sleep at night. They went over town for supplies, and I收拾ed up bedding. When they got back we paddled to a sand bar - went in swimming and shad and dressed by putting swimming suits rolled down to waist and paddled on. Paddled slow 20 miles on camped on a beautiful shore in Missouri. They bought a chicken, and we had chicken for supper. Also watermelon. We traveled 50 miles in the night.

July 24. Left this morning and paddled to Longmeadow. There they bought supplies, and found out that it is 40 miles to Illinois River. Paddled on a mile or so. It is rather hot, but decided to camp and travel by night. After dinner, I took a few spoonfuls of cocoa and a lot of sugar, some syrup, and some water and made candy. It is cool.
now. Also the eggs - a turtle dove + 3 elk. Fry that + have sandwiches for midnight lunch. Will leave here about 8:30. I wrote a six page letter to Andy.

I wear my watch tied to my belt strapped around my bathing suit + I keep that rolled down around my waist. Also Jim bought a That night.

Started at 8:00. Nice and cool & quiet late. Dutch and Chuck took turns paddling + sleeping. At midnight we had a lunch of bread, turtle dove + some potato chips. Tasty. About 1:30 Dutch and I were gradually + insensibly blown out of the channel by the wind and went lost among islands and trees. However after a little wandering around, I did it upstream against the wind + then found the channel. Later at 3:00 Chuck and I while watching the land marks to keep in the channel suddenly found ourselves right in front of a dike + we were again lost. Then I started upstream again and found the channel when it was very narrow between the dikes & channel. About 11:00 we stopped at a farmer's place to shoot a chicken if possible and find out
our location. He told us we were 30
miles from Grafton at the month of the 3d
That startled me but that meant we had
only traveled ten miles in the night.

We decided he was lying and then we en-
gaged him in a recitation about shaking
tail frogs. When that had been done we
went back to shore and finally shot a big
croaker, which we took along.

July 25. We started night as paddling and
a few miles dam talked to a ferryman
— he told us we still had 30 miles to
go that we had already come 60 in
the night. We stopped at a big high
bluff to eat and I picked the chicken
and skinned a frog. Then we set out again
for Grafton. The day was torridly
hot and we were tired but we travel-
ed slow and at 4:00 we camped
just opposite Grafton. They set up
the tent and I put on the chicken
and was mighty fat. At 5:00
we had supper, chicken, rich
broth and bread. As for that fudge
I made, it turned out to be splendid
toffee — about 3 lbs. All of us all liked
it. Then we wound our watch.
July 26 - Awakened at 9:00 — was well rested. None of me had desire to dress so and breakfast made. — Comfort.

I don't know how the day passed — I unpacked my chest and boxed up surplus stuff to send home. Chuck and I sat at the fireplace. I shored the logs and we turned for bread, water and mail. Came back in a rain.

In the morning a few pictures were taken. We ate supper of chicken and broth and bread had plenty. I had boiled beans but they were untouched. Hutch had me read a letter his girl send him — a good sensible letter. I showed him my war book plus and just handling it and talking to made me feel like going and to sell. Wanted to bed early and Chuck told me about his gang and their good times — so did Hutch. I went to sleep thinking of Adele.

July 27 - Hutch called me at 5:00 — got up at 6:00 — packed up cows, got in water — heated beans for breakfast & called the boys. They got up and went out to look at the line — no fish but Chuck bought two nice fish. Carr, Hutch and I dressed em...
for breakfast. A splendid breakfast. Then the boys gave me one of the
a lot of stamps, envelopes & pencil & thread. I
gave em corn meal & land for their fish & etc.
how usted to say good-bye to them & they to
me, but such things must be done —
I started up the Mississippi D'Booth of
and found it to be a slow, very
slow moving river. However, a good wind
blew against me all the way so I made
but 13 miles — started at 7:00 & quit
at four, for I found an old uninhabited
shack. Will cook on an old stove & sleep
in a bed. All day I have dreamed of
Curtath — what will we do when we again
meet.
July 22. Started at 6:30. Current surprisingly
strong. Talked to a sheller who believed in
practiced thrift. Gave me a good sound talk
on th'fishner — he lived in a houseboat &
cried simply — I enjoyed his talk. Needed
to get home by Sept.1 so on the boat & left the
folks. Fighting the current was hard work &
demanding, but I need the discipline. At
noon decided to camp & eat & slept till night
made some fudge too. No evening left at
At village Hardin talked to an old woman & her husband (75) both abler. We quite interested in one. Left & paddled on long afterward. Suddenly I heard a horrible cracking sound on bank, it stood my hair on end & made me cold. I don't know what it was. However, got used to the sound for heard it lots. At 11:00, got too tired to continue & paddled up to bank & spread out blanket in canoe & slept— went to sleep to the howling of those animals.

July 29. Awakened 4:30—Paddled on—At 7:00 had finished breakfast of rice. At 5:30 & had reached the lock (the first) in the all. There the lock master locked me in. For a mile & a half the wind was with me, then against me. Encouraging to paddle against wind & current. For the current is even worse above lock. 6 miles up I stopped and had dinner. Then I moved on P. A. crossing at village of Pearl. There I got up land because it looked like rain. Got acquainted with a lot of men—a Yankee community—a little girl & her brother interested in me—she spoke "gosh" "shame" etc. She said when she found out I had no bread, Wy. I couldn't.
July 30 - Sunday - Rained hard last night - Looks that way today - will beg men - a fish market here - fish dealer gave me crappie & a catfish for breakfast. Showed washed and dressed up in pair of overalls. Talked to a great number of men - all of the big hearted sort - all interested in me - and wanting to help me. Nelson - one of the fish market, Scott Moore - fisherman, Nelson's father-in-law - Jess, the ferryman. Mack an Irishman with a Yankee wife & two bright children - a girl & boy 10. Nelson gave me fish for all day. His father-in-law and I had a good deep serious talk - Broadcast up on water's return. - Studied Ray - German between whiles. - Mack is the kind of a man that would go hungry in order to give away his last bit. His wife is like him. He caught a 15lb turtle - had me over to sleep, eat melon & eat turtle for breakfast. - It was fine. I must help but feel unworthy of all the kindnesses showered on me.
July 31. Slept late. Tuttle for breakfast. Delicious. Came over to study. Scott Moore took me over to his place to get a lot of apples. Got in a some plum - also tasted a few blackberries. He told me of all of his achievements of which he was proud. Town board for six dredging for village. The grand road which we walked was the result of his effort - his wife showed me athletic medals and trophies won by their son. They treated me to pie & cake. I had my first drink at an old fashioned well with the money bucket at their place. If I ever come again I must visit them. Helen wanted to give me fish for dinner - I was too full. I put a rope on the bell for ferryman at noon & rode over with him. There again met Scott Moore - his wife had fixed up a great basket of food for me. Helen had brought me 3 loaves of bread. Everybody is afraid I will not get well unless I have bread & other luxuries - they hate the sight of my beans & rice. A friend party came up and after they had eaten they thought of inviting me.
Sept 28th. and had a good supper. They too were interested & I proved my claim to the white race by pulling up my bathing trunks. They were astonished at my white skin - one of the men became Jim a cripple traveling for my health tried to give me 50c - studied German all spare moments - mack called me over for more melon - ate a banana much. Had a nice visit with Mack's wife - I really like everyone happy person - am almost tempted to stay here awhile - Why not? It will give me health and strength & that is what I'm after.

Aug 1. Still here - Mack wants me - mclain Nelson everybody wants me to stay - didn't feel well when I got up - studied German visited with a lot of folks - got advice about my thing, what to do for it etc. At noon Scott Moore brought me a glass of plum jelly for me. Nelson was up the river fishing and so I took charge of the fish market - sold 3 dollars worth all day came in afternoon he went down river after fish - went up on R.R. Bridge to talk to men up there and look at fish from there. While there
a picnic party came & wanted fish. Came down - among them was a doctor. The party was college bred - I took their pictures. While they were frying fish, I asked if they wanted some meal - they did so. I went over to Mack's & got a 50-cent worth - when I got back, the picnickers said, "Say boy, you've got to eat with us," Will gave you cooking." I readily accepted - they treated me like a guest of honor - that till I could eat no more. After that I cleaned up the place for them and went up to visit the engineer on the bridge. After dark, went up to Mack's visited with his wife, an hour or so, & went to bed. Nelson tried to pay me for the melons - Mack tried to for selling the melons.

Aug. 2 Decided to stay until I had finished reading "Was Edle Blind." Staid in bed till 7:00. Came over, started to study. Patti came up - one man wanted to know if I told fortunes. Nelson's birthday to day & his father came over for a drink - invited me. After I was introduced I suggested making candy. Furnished sugar & cocoa. They were
delighted. Chicken dinner. After dinner took Jewel, Knox + Nelson's sister Anna, of Bedford, 31 M. at new camp - took us up in a small - then we taxy by a motorboat a mile or so. Came down stream talking to them both.

off the channel and went in swimming & diving.

Came out & ate watermelon & played ball - a load of fish came in - went down & helped Nelson dress & take care of him - helped me to clean & lock up and sell in case of

injury. One came. Everybody wants me to stay here a few weeks - I have a half a dozen come here. - now to feed my vanity. "Old

Man Niel" - the most popular man around here seemingly drove up in his car - I met in Sunday. He has told me all about his hunting & fishing trips - everybody does - and a friend of his sitting and talking here with me - the two started to discuss my grid & pluck in making a trip, they said, "I think will surely make good in anything." - I always give that

impression - I'm glad too, then where
to line up to it - but can't - if yes

able.

Talking to Mack - in case some-

thing happens and I have to work this way -

For, there is a chance of my teaching school
down here at good pay.
Suggested that I work here, then train back freight car
. - depends upon the job.

I gave the Knox girl a film of me in the car and she wants me to write.

Nelson left me to dress fish, call, clean up, so he could go home early.


It was as well as "Immensee".

Nelson went to dinner early and was at the fish market, as fish were brought in which I weighed & dressed. Also sold some. Talked to pioneer, took a pictureparlour, had mine taken by a fourteen year old boy, went out in canoe and swam & dived. At evening Nelson came back and in turning over receipt he gave me a dollar for my work which I considered generous pay. I'd rather do it for nothing. Went on to Pearl, Ill. with him for a hair-cut $0.25. Came back over the B. & O. bridge, said Good-bye to Pat McLean the engineer with "Pretty Blue Eyes" who calls me "Boy friend." Ate supper talked to Mack, took down tent, went over to Mack's. There wasmelon, toasted a long time.
Jack Turner (ferryman of Pearl, Ill.)
Joe McCann
Albert Nelson, "Albie" - fish dealer
Howard M. Ely, Jr. - Mack's brother
Pat McCarthy (R.R. bridge men)
"Brown Eyes"
Scott Moore - fisherman

Said good bye at 7:30 - Now we all hated it. Everybody possible then to see me off. Paddled steadily until reached Goody 6 miles. 10:30. There I went up to see Nelson's folks. 5 rooms to dinner. Then they wanted me for supper & might decided to stay. Spent day visiting with Anna, the daughter - 15 yrs. She is a clever, sensible, hardworking girl, won a scholarship in normal school competitive exam. Wiped dikes, looked over Anna's note books & complimented her good work. She wore only a bathing suit for day & part of the time in a sitting room. When Mr. Nelson came in he walked
over to me & said cordially - 'Well, where we got here - how are you?'

For dreamed of Ardath all day - 'Im home sick for her.

Jewel Knox, her brother Ross & chum Keith came over for evening - Keith and Ross both wanted to go. Jewel gave me a sack of pecans.

Wrote letters to Miss Jenning, mother, Zelma, & Ardath.

Aug 5. Left out 8:30. Keith went two miles with me - said he might join me at Beardsdale. About 2 miles up, the fast steel-barge of Paul picked me up with his barge - he was trying a saving - mill engine. The men with the engine - from Pearl knew all about me - even knew I am studying to be a doctor. They took the engine to an island & unloaded it - 3 hrs. work. I sat & watched 'em like a kid - a cripple not a man of brown. A 12 mile Tom - paddledon after they dropped me at Valley City. Paddled for about 8 miles - at 10:30 went to sleep on banks of river in canoe.

Aug 6. Started out at 6:45. A wind to help me. Traveled about 10 miles and then at the lock at Grange of a steamer. The 'Richmond' towing
two barges came along - they fetched me up and threw my canoe in one of the barges. They are going to Persia - a 100 mile lift - just pure fortune that we met in the locker. We supper with 'em - broke up coal for engine. They think - the captain + a girl here, that I'm to keep to bed on this trip + working along - oh wellie - Vanitas vanitatvm at omnia vanitas. After supper it was suggested that we go e-frogging - the captain + two boys Howard + Melvin, + one of the men - Melvin too by name - went in my canoe up a dredge ditch - went up one 4 miles - I handled the stern, & the other took turns holding up the light + spearing. We got 110 frogs, got back at 12:15. About 20.00 worth of frogs.

I spent 84 for a bag of 4.08 fixed the car, & the one dollar Abbé paid me for working in the market which I forgot to set down.

Aug 7. Awakened 11:30 after boat had started - I stepped inside steamer. Got up any helped clean frogs - ate all we could for breakfast + then ate only 27. The people here are - Bob the pilot - James, engineer + his wife, George Kellett + his family, the captain + Melvins, & one other.
Mrs. James M. Bradman
410 East Fifth St.
Beardstown, Ill.

In afternoon the 15 yr. old son Melvin made
me a frog gun - a dandy. - We reached
Peoria at 4:00 - After taking the boys around +
Melvin out canoe riding, we went in swimming -
+ made my first high dive - from the upper
deck - made a good one - While coming
in to Peoria I was upon roof watching
James Bradman + his wife were up there - they
are a dandy couple - we had a good talk -
they gave me some addressed cards to make
sure I write them. In morning Melvin
Schroll asked me to write to him occasionally.
About 6:00, the "Montauk," a canal boat, pulled into Peoria alongside of the "Richard." Captain Hulett knew the captain of the "Montauk," and said he would get me a tow up the canal—told me over & introduced me to Captain LeGault, who said "Sure, I'll take him along—glad to." Was it that mighty fine of Capt. Hulett.

Aug. 8. Packed up my canoe at 5:00 & pulled one to the Montauk. Said good-bye to Capt. Hulett & Bob the pilot, a mighty good fellow. At the "Montauk," my canoe was hoisted aboard & then I made a card for the forwarding of my mail to Rock Falls. Man! How I want my letters from Ardath.

Capt. LeGault insisted I come in to breakfast—wonderful pancakes—wiped dishes. After that I went to the shore. The waves for there was a hard wind, got acquainted with "Stew," the son, Bobbie George, & the small son, Donald, & his chum John. Slept 1½ hrs. before dinner appointed myself dish washer—and had interesting talks with Mr. LeGault. Looked at comic papers—read Sat. Evening Post, looked at the "Illini."
Illinois University which Stewart attends. We stayed one night at Bureau. Stewart gave me a blanket & I slept in the pilot house— a fine place.

Aug. 9. Fine night’s sleep. More fricassées— after dinner I read Evening Post. Shared— while passing through one of the locks, a young ladets the mother of two of them on the boat— I kept on with my reading & let them look me over— they asked me. La Gault, my nationality was. They kept saying me— my boat of ton is attractive— got acquainted with the mother she was the limit, scared to death every time one of the girls went near the edge of the boat. At noon I went in swimming — afternoon, talked to Bobbie who told me about his fishing experiences — The canal rises until it is 210 ft. above level of Illinois River — at one place it is on top of a hill — in another on the side of a hill — in the first 17 miles there are 21 locks — great beds along the side of it — one was alive for 6 months before quitting —

After supper, I washed dishes — wrote a card to Chuck & Dutch — watched Bobbie catch sunfish for bait.

Aug. 10. Had Evening Post all day — Was plumb plummer & plummer.
all day — I see so much to everybody — I have done nothing — I want so much —
more full of taste. I am going to write.

Andath & Zelma mar. Wed. 20. Reached the stop-
ing place of the Montauk at 5:30.
Mailed letter at elevator there. Washed dishes. Wound my watch and slept.

pilot house.

Aug. 21. Left the Montauk & Captain
Le Goelt, Bobble, some Donald
& Stewart of Pekin, Illinois at
7:30. Paddled very slowly up
canal. We docked them into
Rock R. at 11:00. Went after
my mail—16 letters and a
package from Andath — how
happy I feel. Read her letter first
& opened package — it contained
candy & jelly — two glasses of her
own making.

Letter from Doc, Miss Jennings,
Chick, Harold, Mother, and Zelma
set my tent — looks like rain —
while down town I called up the
Williamses.

While I was still a mile down

...
the canal some men in a long
called "Hello there, on your way back?"
How far did you go? Have a good time."
That made me feel like I was getting
home. Then as I walked down the
streets of Booth Falls for my mail two
young fellows whom I didn't remember
came out to inquire about my trip.
That made it seem still more like home.
— Bad news from home again.
Wheeler operated it—had fell in hay rack
and hurt, Clarence had a runaway.
Everyone getting along nicely now.
Hand not heard from Aunt
Winifred about the University, but I'm
going there anyway.
Mrs. Williams and Jack came
on—brought me a lunch, jelly & hot
cocoa. Mrs. Williams told me I was
fleshier, trimmer, and looked more
muscular—she especially admired
my arm & shoulder. Told her when I
had been, what I'd done on the way
and she sighed and said, "My, I wish
I had just one half your courage and grit.
That's the way everybody along the
way speaks—as if I were any
better or greater than other boys like me — but anyway I'm going to do my best to live up to the reputation I'm getting.

I'm going to be "that boy will make good"

Started a letter to Ardath and went to sleep dreaming of her.

Will camp to-day. Wrote letter to Ardath, Jelma, Mother, Doc, Sarah, Chick, Nature, and mailed card to James Bradman.

This morning Mr. Snyder's little girl brought over some eggs for my breakfast.

The boy asked if I would like a cabbage. You bet. Studied Geology seat of day.

And cooked beef and cabbage without the beef for supper. At twilight I looked at the deep blue sky as I lay beside the tent, thought of the Maker of it and of all the world, of the smallness of man — I wound my watch — How much? How long?

Aug. 13. Washed, shaved, brushed teeth, felt like a new man. Talked to Mrs. Snyder's passing boy. Yesterday one asked me if I was a Carbon. Studied O'Brien; all forenoon finished book 468 pages.
In the afternoon I laid on the bank and studied German - 2 ½ lessons. — I wonder what will result from this studying. — I've studied while drifting along in the canoe - I've sat in it while pulled up on the bank. I've sat beside the camp fire and studied, I've studied in old deserted shacks on river banks, out in the hot sun — even on board a barge in the Illinois river. I've studied while surrounded by a crowd of curious colored people — I've studied anywhere and everywhere — now I wonder what I will get out of it. If I find it interesting and I know that I am learning — I got almost an education out of Wells' "Outline of History." — The Psychology books told me many things I already knew and explained them and many I didn't know and gave me clear ideas of how to act and why to act. I like this studying because I feel that I am accomplishing something and am adding to my store of that which is to make one of greater service.

Mr. Williams and Jack were over for a few minutes — Mr. D. said, "Well, see you tonight."

I studied German until dark and then I got supper - corned beef and cabbage. — The Williams' family was not present.
Aug 14. I actually had had work to carry on of my blankets at 5:05. Pulled down & packed up, cooked breakfast & pulled out at 10:20. The dam at 5 & 9 mile made good time that around 9:00 I determined to strike out for Reach Oregon. Hardly any current until 3 miles below Reach last 1/4 mile had to work and pull canoe. Bought loaf of bread 5:09 - At the dam where coming down I was helpless - now pulled the canoe up & carried the chest - an utter impossibility a mouth before. It only took me 3/4 hr. - ate dinner & pulled out at 12:00. One man told me when I was reading for Reach, "Why that's at least 35 miles from Reach, why I'd be afraid to start out for those in my john-boat." Man - man - how little faith people have in themselves. He wouldn't undertake 35 miles with his motor boat & I was sentwetching to paddle 5:50 current to speak of above 25 iron for 20 miles. Then at "Grand Deton" there was a fearful current - got a mile lift with a johnboat - in places I couldn't make head way paddling
had to get out & wade for river was shallow. This lasted about 5 miles, that in the wading & paddling alternately. Had supper at 5:45. Desert of sand & candy. Paddled until dark before I got into water sufficiently slow to make appreciable progress. Sometimes I'd discover that I wasn't moving at all -- then I'd have to double my efforts. About 10:00, at middle of river, my canoe struck bottom, and before in daylight I could see a gravel bar. Hopped out & thundered along until I found a two inch depth of water & paddled along for a 1/4 mile -- then paddling -- I knew I was near Ex-jericho's place because of a high rock on bank which I remembered a few minutes paddling & I reached Cable Island where Beveridge & I had camped last July -- remembered recognized it by an overhanging tree -- paddled past up on bank & with blankets in hand went up to the lodge. A camping party then who looked me over with a flashlight then gave me a tent with a cot to sleep in as I was not tired enough to go to sleep right away -- & so lay there dreaming a long time -- I had reached Oregon. That paddled over 5 miles, I was not greatly tired. Man! I'm getting well & strong.
Aug. 15. Went to sleep perhaps 11:00 last night, awakened at 4: went back to sleep, wakened at 5:00-ditto, and after a lot of stretching got up. Looked and laughed, laughed at a comic paper. One of the campers came out and asked me if I was in a hurry to leave - told him no. Then he said, "Well then, I'd like to have you take breakfast with us." You bet. Bacon, eggs, milk, prunes. After breakfast, I called up Beveridge's. Ralph suggested I come up to the house for he is working-his deed came down. He got me. He was tickled to see me and wanted to know about the trip. He says I show improvement physically. He took me to the store where Ralph is and then brought me to the house and introduced me to Mrs. Beveridge. She is working, so wanted to know if I had any soiled clothes — what a thoughtful woman. I read all day. I couldn't help but feel confined and shut in — every time I tried to look out over the country the walls obstructed my gaze. After supper the Mr. + Ralph took me down to canoes to fix up things for the night. Then he got out of office + Ralph after introducing me to friends and taking me along - took me out riding in
cat o' nine-tails like the wind. I enjoyed the ride mightily. Came back
& went to bed.

(Aug 14 — An almost complete account of
stop at island.)

When I drew up to the island, Dean
lights in the lodge and the shacks & I
knew that some party, a large one judging
from lights, of vacationists had rented
the place and that my chances of
getting a bed were not very good, inca-
moch as I arrived at such a late hr. (10:30)
and dressed only in a bathing suit and ap-
pearing after the dark, where it would be im-
possible to get more than flashlight
view of me. I was bound to be an
object of suspicion. However I deter-
minded to ward off suspicion & get a
bed by applying my book agent tra-
ing & the psychology I knew. So, af-
after pulling the canoe up on the
bank, the bottom was all wet from
my dripping feet after wading and
therefore it possible as a bunch,
it took my roll of blankets and
went up to the lodge and called,
despite the fact that I knew he,
was undoubtedly sleeping 3 miles away. "Hey, Beveridge, come out here, I just got in from Sterling and want a bed." A half-dozen men poured out and after they had looked me over with a flashlight, I asked, "Where the devil is Beveridge? I've paddled about 50 miles and I'm tired." Then one of the men said, "I guess you're in the wrong place." For the purpose of confusing them and bringing about a state of indecision, when I could act, I answered in a tone that implied that they were trying to slip something over on me, "What place nothing. This is Cable Lodge and Cable Island, isn't it?" They admitted it and then to complete their confusion and bring about indecision, I said, "Well, I'm pretty thirsty, guess I'll get a drink," and I threw my blankets down on the march. One of the men started to tell me where the pump was, but I interrupted immediately and said, "Why the right around the corner there up on the porch." That remark brought matters to a climax for I could not resist the temptation to take a drink even though I didn't know whether it was the right thing to do.
see them turning their heads toward me another. I was only

knew who I wanted, where I was, but

that I apparently knew as much

about the place as they did. More-

over, the mere thrashing of the

blankets on the game, them the

feeling without their realizing it

that I was at home. This was the

very thing wished, and I stood waiting,

expectancy written in my very

position. Very naturally and

they took the easiest way out of the

matter. One of them spoke up, "Why,

I've got an extra tent here with a

cot in it - if you don't mind, you

can sleep in that." "That's fine,

lead me to it," they to the other.

"Good-night," saying it in such a

way that they would receive the mental

impression that the incident was en-
tirely closed, thus keeping them from

developing fear and suspicion.

Perhaps I could have seemed

lodging by merely asking for it.
Aug 16. Ralph got the day off from work so that he could come along with me up to the "Walk In" Cottage of Bill and Marve. The dam gave us very little trouble. We stopped at Ganymede's Spring below Eagles Nest where the Black Hawk Monument stands. We paddled slowly, and besides, the current was mighty strong. Ralph enjoyed the scenery greatly, and whistled a great deal of the time. Reached Byron at 2:00—paddling harder it seemed that we would never get to the cottage. Finally at 4:30, we arrived...
but just then Dr. Breveridge came to get Ralph. In the leave-taking it was suggested that when they took Ralph to Rican College, they stop to see me. I am to send a card to them to tell them if I'll be home.

Bill and Marv glad to see me knew I was coming because a friend had told 'em I was on the way. Pete has grown into a great big beautiful white rooster, gobbler in mounting and a sorry looking sight. Also, Pete is too independent to eat out of your hand and he roases the dog, cat, & pigs. Other things unchanged.

During my absence, Marv found $120 pearls.

Bill went to town for night.
Marv & I had supper & then he talked to me. Early to bed—tired.

Aug 17. Pumped a barrel of water for Marv while he made swill. Wrote 9 page letter to Ardath. Finished memorizing "I didn't want to play in your yard."

In afternoon I went with Bill
Aug 13. Got up early to help Bill and Mann gather grapes. Left at 5:45 in truck & drove out in country about 16 miles, picking grapes here & there till we had about 1 bushel. Also got 12 bushel plums. Enjoyed seeing the country. Got back before dinner & took a nap. After dinner I packed up my chest, wiped dishes, and wrote a circular letter to Edith - how much I want to see her.

Suddenly Bill asked when I was going home - told him I wasn't sure - he said he was going to Rockford in truck in morning and that he would load car in and take me above the dam. You bet I accepted.

Mann looked through his box of things to see if he had a pearl worth giving me. There was none. — Went to bed early.
so that nobody would be frightened by a chance finding of me sleeping under a nice thickly-leaved tree I had picked out on purpose because of the shade. Get near campfire — girls — yelled "yells" & a man off to one side answered and came over — The man was a 16 yr. 6-fooer in charge of camp — I told him who I was and that I was intending to sleep under a tree — he said, "I've got a log cabin here & two beds — you can have one." You bet! We fixed up my bed, visited, & listened to girls singing songs & rounds.

Aug. 20: Awakened early but stayed in bed till 7:00. Then we got up & he showed me the three little log cabins there — one of up-right logs — this was one. They certainly were nice little cabins. Planned to start at night away — at 7:30 was already paddling — swift current more wading. The twists and turns and banks of that river seemed interminable — expected to reach Roxton at 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, then gave up & reached it at 11:00 — Waded in water up to hips and pulled canoe up to foot of dam. There, a member of Salvation
Army helped me to postage — told me not to forget the little help I had received on the way.

At 11:30, paddled on — breakfast & dinner.

Took off a can of corn in canoe. Only 4 miles to Beloit — hoped to reach it by 12:30 — by 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 3:30, + then decided if lucky to leave Beloit at 3:00, all this changing of the time due to the ever-increasing swiftness of the current. A fellow on bank told me motor boats could go there in place, but I wanted in water up above moist and swift along by degrees in places. Finally at 2:15 reached dam, paused to rest + get stones out of shoes. Negro boy fishing then asked my destination. Baked if I needed help — you bet!

Unloaded canoe, he grabbed it + walked up the dam + slid it over in a hurry — be carried of shot, loaded canoe + gave me a parting shuck — another thing to be appreciating!

Wind against me and a growing current.

River mighty crooked — it seemed that no one would reach Beloit. I hoped to reach it in time for milking. However 5:00, 6:00 came and passed + I seemed to be no nearer. But at 6:20, sighted the open spot on river bank of their places, at 6:30, I was pulling my canoe. Fred + Otho came
down to welcome me — complimented my appearance & hustled me in to get supper. Mr. Welchman was milking. Mrs. Welchman & Helen glad to see me. Introduced me to another young lady. Mrs. Welchman told me afterward that she was her dead son's sweetheart. Had supper & when dinner went out to shake hands with Mr. Welchman, he was as glad to see me as I him. Complained with pneumonia. — The surgeon will not yet come. Sat & visited until 9:15. Mrs. Welchman asked me to stay a few days & we left here.

Three years ago to-day, I was stricken with paralysis. — No, only the mind — take one made would I change if I could relive my life — as for my limbs, I believe it has taught me much I would otherwise never have learned.

Aug. 21. Woke up after breakfast, went to fliesing with Otto. Then went out in tobacco field to see if I could help to — not experienced enough. Kept Mr. Welchman talking, and he showed me another tobacco field, kept him interested in talking to me & I too was interested as I could be. Then went over to Surgeon will help Otto chisel hole in piece of iron. At 11:00 Helen went to take train at Janesville, Otto, Mr. & I went.
with her, they too are about same birth. Went past Ward Bros. Transfer Co. & stopped to see the man who portaged me—I found that he wasn't there but that he had left word that 'that little lame boy with the cane' was in town. His name is Will Carsschel. Left my regards for him. One of the Ward Bros. knew me & wanted to know how I got along. Made a friend out of him. They want me willing to portage me for nothing—gladly.

Afternoon visited with Fred and helped on the mill a little.

While I was wiping dishes, Mrs. Hilmer told me many things about her dead boy, Charles, sharing me unreasonably that while he was living her very life was wrapped up in him. Even now she cannot forget him. How she has put almost her whole soul in her daughter Helen—shields her, protects her from everything that might even be slightly uncomfortable—even such things as wiping the harder & clumsier dishes. Her greatest pleasure consists in having Helen have a good time. It is the same with Mr. Hilmer—ever so Mrs. Hilmer is the very personification of mother love, so is he.
of Father Lane. Their entire life is bound
of war in Helen.
Aug. 22 - Came walked yesterday - laid on
couch - Mr. Hilmer when he came in had
had a ready joke and smile - he enjoys having
me here as much as I like to be here. Read
Evening Post and various magazines. Wiped
dishes, carried water for house and pumped
water.

In afternoon, a Fuller Brush Co. agent and
a companion of his appeared. Listened to his
chance - it was from - he started off fine
but died in the middle of it and he never so
often talks - when many objections came up
he helped it along instead of merely letting it
die from lack of attention. Also, he allowed
himself to be put on the defensive and he
said there. Even worse he argued. He
had his brushes sold, then by the above
mistake, lost the sale. Worst of all
he lied - he said upon entering that he
had nothing to sell, that he was adver-
tising.

In the evening rode to town of Afton with
Fred and Otto. Discovered that the people
around here are of the clean-minded
intelligent American stock.
Aug. 23. Mr. Kilmer is awfully kind to have me stay and rest up - it's doing you good, isn't it? Helen and her wife are lovers yet - she is always joking and teasing her and she enjoys it inmeasurably.

He, Otto, and Fred are hauling brick for the Songhum mill chimney. I have nothing to do but rest, read and enjoy life.

Helen, who has been away for a few days, called up saying she was on her way home. Her mother was as excited and delighted as could be - so was the grandfather of Fred, Otto, and Mr. Kilmer.

Wrote a long letter to Aunt Winifred telling her of trip and arrangements I'm making for school & my summer activities.

In evening Otto, Fred, Helen & I rode to town for the ride.

Aug. 24. At breakfast table Mr. Kilmer said, "Well, Mild, I've got a job for you." "Fine, what is it?" "Take the hatchet and a box to cut an and knock the old mortar off those bricks in getting from that old building." So that's what I've been doing all day.
I'm tired too. Mrs. Kilmer told me several times - "Better rest awhile, Wilf, no need of getting tired." I went dished from my nose & eyebrows, and Fred looked at me and then asked, "Can you keep your arm, Wilf?"

Fred, Mrs. Kilmer are nice and one of the hired men is a fine character. He is English, says we are dridges, of coffee, yahad, watch, English accent in all words. He is always either looking very pleasant or smiling delightfully, and when he talks, his voice has such a merry sound that it puts me in good humor. He has a splendid wit, as has Mrs. Kilmer, and both are always meeting every situation with an odd witty remark.

Aug. 26. Decided to stay and work on bricks worked steadily from 7:30 to 5:30.
Dreamed of death all the time - of how happy I would be alongside of her when I can be with her, walk and talk with her.
Rode to town with Fred. Back ate watermelon and listen to Mrs. Kilmer and when laughing and talking like two girls chimes.

Sun to start home tomorrow.
Aug 21. Just before breakfast, Mr. Milner came over and dropped a dollar bill in my hand for working on the bricks. I tried to get him to take it back, for I wanted to feel that I had done something for him, but he absolutely insisted that I accept it.

Fred and I tied the canoe on his car, Mr. Milner fixed up a lunch, I shook hands with everybody and promised to try to come down from Madison. Mr. Milner felt bad to have me leave.

I took a train for Janesville, above dam, Fred met canoe in, said goodbye and went out. Made up mind to reach Sparta, 10 miles, up. Stopped at spring we had stopped at on way down; "me," that is, Chippewa & D.

Sailed the Yahara at 12:00 — took me 2 hrs. to make first 3 miles to Franklin.

The bathing suit by trying to pull canoe under fence; across river & current; wind combined churned canoe downstream until fence caught me in my roll. Down, tubing suit. After that I cut fences. Waded & shoved canoe — at horrid current. Portaged Fulton dam alone in less than half hr. At Stebbinsville two
men portaged me. At Blunkirk I got the engine to help me. Reached Stoughton at 9:30. It was fun turning & twisting along the river and watching the city lights disappear and reappearing behind the trees as I came along.

At Stoughton, bumped up against a railroad bridge too low to go under only half way so shaved canoe under side wise that under there, crawled out, took blankets & books & went up to Jones' got there about 10:00. Mr. Jones only was up—hardly knew me—was so dirty he heaved water so I could take bath. Mr. Jones got up out of bed to greet me. Went to bed feeling fine—a real bath. Kind friends—and I had accomplished what I set out to do.

Wound my watch.

Aug 27. Got up early and had breakfast. Tried to pay or rather, return those $3.00 they gave me on down trip. Couldn't get them to take it—told me to pass it on—that is what I will do—will never use it myself. Indeed I do not even...
need it now have to nor would I have used it even if I had needed it.

Called up Ralph Chapman, Mr. Jones put up a nice lunch for me in spite of protests and Ralph and I started out to portage the bridge and dam. I helped at bridge but another fellow helped at the dam. At half past nine left dam at 10:00 Ralph went along to orabists of town. There he got out and I gave him the $1.00 he gave me on down trip. I never used it and wouldn't anyway. mighty glad to return it however I do appreciate the spirit that prompted the gift, even tho I hated the gift itself.

A couple miles up a motor boat gave me a tow to L. Vegman crossword that in 1/2 hr. left lake at 12:00. Between L. Vegman & Wambeek, the river is entirely blocked with logs. However enough water on top so that with hard shoveling the canoe could be shoved over the grass and rushes.

Took me 1/2 hr. to cross lake - stopped at Whitman - they didn't know me they treated me to plum pie and milk -
stayed half hour — set out — talked to many people on why — on Lake Manona I saw a hydroplane rise from land on water.

In going thru locker, a launch came in at same time — asked in for town to middle of L. Mendota — got it. An launch got acquainted with Doctor White of Acacia Fraternity — invited to come to dinner next fall.

In middle of lake I undressed and washed my birthday suit — then shared. While still on Manona, I had placed hat box roll of blankets on chest & staged fire arm upright with camp kettle on it to advertise my return and in case Joe Brooks were canoeing attracted his attention. Paddled up to boathouse.

The End of a 1200 mile canoe trip — 1000 miles paddled — 200 ridden on steamers — worked my way — studied hard —
had good time — injured
about 500 yds physically
sunburned to hue of an Indian
— 1200 miles — and
did it alone — despite doleful
predicting — I’m proud of my trip.

"Something attempted, some-
ing thing done, I has earned a
night’s repose."

May each night’s repose be
earned!