

**THE
DIFFICULTIES
OF
EARLY TRAVEL**

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by

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Introduction

I realize that this is quite a lengthy article, but is important because it gives people today a good view of something we know little about – travel in the “old days.” Today we can hop in our cars, hit the interstate and in a short time, compared to back then, be at our destination. But travel was vastly different in the past.

My mother, born in 1919, grew up on a ranch in Powderville, Montana, about 60 miles southeast of Miles City, Montana. Groceries were purchased in Miles City. Their travel was in a Ford Model T. The road was gravel and laid out on the contour of the land, which meant that there were no “cuts” through the hills. No matter how steep the climb was the old Model T had to make it. The gas tank was located in front of the dash board and was gravity fed to the carburetor. Mom said that many times they had to turn the car around and back up the hill to keep the gas flowing to the engine. And sometimes the three kids had to tie a rope to the front bumper and help to pull the Ford up a hill. Also, with the roads being gravel and those primitive tires being what they were, flat tires were a common problem. Dad told me that one time he bought two new tires and one had a blow out on the way home, when he lived in Nebraska. When I asked about the warranty he said there was none. Given these issues at trip to town took the better part of a day.

But the old Model T made things quite a bit better. Before the advent of the automobile travel was by riding a horse, in a buggy pulled by a horse, a wagon pulled by a team or in a stage coach. My grandfather married my grandmother in Denver, then brought her to his ranch located at Powderville. They came by train to Miles City, then by stage to Powderville. Since the travel was slow they could not make the 60 mile trip in one day, so spent the night at a mid-way stop over called BeeBe, MT. So you can see that the Model T made things a whole lot better.

Today the Interstate highway system has given us a whole new perspective on travel. In early 1964 I applied for a teaching position in Prophetstown and was asked to attend an interview in March. We were living with my wife’s parents in Steger, Illinois. Since there was no Interstate we drove on Illinois Route 6 and ended up being terribly late, since there was no Google Maps to tell us how long the trip would take. The school board was waiting to meet with me, but decided I was not coming and returned home. There were no cell phones, so we stopped in Anawaan and called Ted Gapinski the superintendent, telling him we were on the way. He got Don Frary and Don Dewey, both school board members, to meet with me and, fortunately, I was hired.

Take a trip through the following article and, if nothing else, it will make you appreciate what we have today.

In 1908, William W. Davis published a book entitled *History of Whiteside County, Illinois, from Its Earliest Settlement to 1908: Illustrated, with Biographical Sketches of Some Prominent Citizens of the County.*, Pioneer Publishing Company. This is taken from that source with some additions by the editor.

DIFFICULTIES OF EARLY TRAVEL

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.” - Isaac Watts

First catch your rabbit, was the standing advice in the cook books before directions were given for cooking the quadruped. So the men of the east considering removal to Illinois had before them the serious proposition of getting there. Around them were their native hills, a thousand miles to the west the virgin prairies, but lying between a region of difficult travel like unexplored Ethiopia in the ancient geographies.

Two general routes were open to the eastern emigrant: From New England by the Erie Canal and lakes to Chicago; from Pennsylvania by canal and the rivers. The points inland had, of course, to be reached by wagon. A few illustrations may give a good idea of the Jericho road our pioneers had to traverse. In the spring of 1831, **John H. Bryant**, brother of the poet, set out for Illinois from Cummington, Mass. At Albany he took a boat on the Erie canal, and reached Buffalo in seven days, a trip now made in almost as many hours. The lake at Buffalo being full of ice, he was obliged to hire a team to Dunkirk. Then by wagon to Warren on the Allegheny River in Pennsylvania. He found quarters with an English family who were making the voyage in a craft called an ark down the stream to Pittsburg. This occupied seven days. From this city by steamboat to St. Louis, and thence up the Illinois River to Naples. He was now within twenty-two miles of his destination, Jacksonville, and completed the journey on foot. The whole trip occupied five weeks, and cost \$60 [About \$2,206 in 2025 dollars]. Now you can make it in a Pullman car in thirty-six hours. The next year he and brother, **Cyrus**, rode to Princeton, in Bureau county, on horseback.

Samuel Willard in his Reminiscences in Illinois from 1830 to 1850, says his father went from Boston to Carrollton, Greene County, in March and April, 1831, taking twenty-seven days to reach Bluffdale. He with wife and three sons, traveled by stage and steamer till they reached Pittsburg, and then by boat on the Ohio, Mississippi, and Illinois [rivers]. A canoe up a “sloo” [A “sloo,” or slough was a low lying area of land covered by water. Illinois had many of them, but most have been drained and turned into farm land.] brought them to the end of water travel, with a walk of two miles to the house of a friend. Household goods went from Boston to New Orleans and were brought north by boat, arriving months afterward.

The father and mother of **Henry Holbrook** traveled from Steuben county, New York, in 1838, in a buggy drawn by one horse, while the family and goods were conveyed by two. At Erie, Pa., a large box was shipped on a sailing vessel. After a tedious trip of five weeks, suffering severely from exposure, they arrived at Genesee Grove in December. **Edward Richardson** was in company, traveling the whole distance on foot. The vessel was wrecked, but a part of the goods were received a year later. **Col. Ebenezer Seely**, one of **Portland’s** strenuous pioneers, had his eventful experience in early transportation. With his own family and those of **John Reed** and **Henry Brewer**, he floated down the Allegheny and Ohio rivers to Louisville, where he took a steamer for St. Louis, and thence to Rock Island, arriving June 4, 1835. After much effort he secured a team to take his family to **Portland**, and a ferry boat to bring his goods from Rock Island.

Sometimes the trip from the East was made on horseback by men who wished like Joshua to spy out the land, and make a leisurely survey of the conditions. In this way, it is said, the father of **Hugh Wallace** rode from Pennsylvania, and selected the land for **Hugh, Elijah** and **Hamilton**, who afterwards occupied it.

Nathaniel G. Reynolds, Prophetstown, came from Buffalo to Detroit by water, thence to Chicago by team. From Chicago to Rock River only an Indian trail, and for forty-four miles before reaching **Prophetstown**, not a house in sight. This was in 1835.

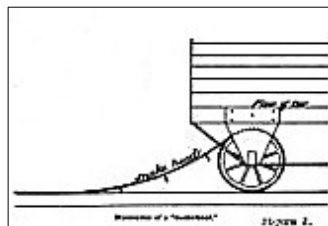
As there were no bridges across the smaller streams, it was often necessary to swim the horses. This was especially dangerous in time of high water, when even creeks became raging torrents. **Peter Cartwright**, the celebrated Methodist preacher, who had half of Illinois for his circuit, was often obliged in meeting his appointments, to swim the flood, and dry his clothes on the other side.

Another tremendous bugbear was the sloughs or in western dialect, "sloos." They were, in some respects, more troublesome than the streams. These could be forded or swam, if the current was not too swift. But the slough was sometimes an impassable barrier. If a team got stuck in the morass, nothing could be done unless more power could be secured. The mire was deep, tough, sticky. So teams traveled in company, and by doubling up, the wagons could be jerked through the swamp. These sloughs occurred in the hollows of the prairies, and travelers who rattle along today over our graveled roads have no idea of the profanity that rang from these treacherous bottoms.

James Talbot, who settled in Jordan [Township] in 1835, in coming to the west sailed down a small stream in a flatboat to Pittsburg, where he took a steamer down the Ohio and then up the Mississippi and Illinois river to Peoria. He remained there until his removal to Jordan, and made the overland trip in an ox-wagon drawn by three yoke of cattle. Ten to fifteen miles a day were the allowance for an ox-team. One mode of conveyance was a yoke of oxen at the wheel, and a horse in the lead driven by a whip. **David Hazard**, who came to **Lyndon** in 1837, brought his family and goods from Pennsylvania, nine hundred miles, in twenty-eight days, all the way by team.

Even as late as 1851, travel in Illinois was no luxury. With his father, the writer made the trip from Lancaster, Pa. By rail to Johnstown, and then one hundred miles by canal to Pittsburg. Down the Ohio, stopping at Cincinnati and Louisville, to St. Louis, up the Illinois to Naples, by rail to Springfield. On our return to the east, by boat up the Illinois to Peru, thence by stage to Dixon and Sterling, and after a short visit, continuing our journey by stage to Aurora, where we again struck rail for Chicago. These stages were simply two horse wagons with canvas covers and curtains, and hard seats that made you sore at the end of the ride.

Railroads were scarce in 1851. The Illinois Central was not made, and here and there only a local line. The T-rail was not in general use [the modern rail], and the road bed was not solid. Engineering was in its infancy. **Dr. Willard** gives a description of their construction. On the ties were laid long wooden beams or stringers, and fastened on top of these were bars of wrought iron, an inch thick and three inches wide. These strap rails were spiked fast, the heads of the spikes even with the rails to avoid a jar to the wheels. When an end of a strap rail got loose and stuck up it was called a "snake head." If it pierced the car floor, as it sometimes did, serious accidents resulted. Engineers carried hammers to nail down unruly snake-heads that threatened danger.



A snake head.

[That flat iron strap on which the early railroad wheels ran could come loose, punch a hole through the bottom of a railroad car and seriously injure or kill a passenger.]

Another comfort very much missed by the early settlers was the absence of religious service. Many had come from the staid communities of the east where churches and Sunday schools were regular features from childhood.

But the sound of the church-going bell,
These valleys and rocks never heard.

They did the best in their power to supply the need. Sunday schools and services were held in homes, and after schoolhouses were erected, ministers were always welcome to preach. The late **Barton Cartwright**, of Oregon had a long circuit extending from Rockford to Rock Island, which he regularly traversed, and many of his appointments were in the country schoolhouses.

The ride of **Sol Seely**, son of old **Col. Seely**, was long a subject of thrilling narrative. After the election in 1836 when Van Buren became president, although only about twenty votes were cast in **Portland Township**, it was necessary to send the returns to Galena, the headquarters, as **Whiteside** then formed part of Jo Daviess County. **Sol** was mounted on an Indian pony, given the precious document to deliver to **John Dixon**, at Dixon's Ferry, where the stage driver for Galena would take charge. Between **Prophetstown** and Dixon, only twenty-eight miles, but nothing but an Indian trail. On reaching a stream west of Dixon, swollen to the banks, although the weather cold and the water icy, **Sol** dashed into the current, and swam the pony across. Arriving at the Dixon house, his frozen clothes were dried, and himself put in proper trim by good **Mother Dixon** for his return next morning. **Sol** spent his later years in Sterling, where his eating house was a popular resort. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism. Meeting him once soon after the Buffalo assassination, he remarked with the utmost gravity, "Well, I saw McKinley this morning." [Referring to the assassination of President McKinley. The wife of **Cyrus Emery** who lived in **Prophetstown** was a practitioner of Spiritualism and held seances here in town.]

HARDSHIPS IN EARLY DAYS

"Shall we be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed thro' bloody seas?" - Isaac Watts

After arriving in the earthly Canaan, the end of the tedious journey, the next question was about a place to live. Sod houses as in Kansas were never attempted. Generally a neighbor offered room until a shelter could be thrown up, but otherwise all sorts of shifts were employed. For instance, **Asa Crook**, who came to **Prophetstown** in 1834, lived in his wagon for three weeks, and then made a lodge, covering it with hickory bark, in which he lived all summer.

But the primitive style of house was the genuine log cabin. **William Dudley's** first cabin in **Lyndon** was only twelve feet square, and yet was large enough for his family of four and a boarder. No drawing rooms or fancy apartments in those days. Puncheons hewn with a broad ax furnished the floors. The spaces between the logs were plastered if lime was to be had. The roofs were not water tight as the shingles were coarse and not jointed. Many amusing incidents of storms that beat through the flimsy canopy. **D. F. Millikan's** cabin in **Lyndon** was covered with bark, basins were set to catch the water at night, and umbrellas were held to protect the sleepers from drenching showers. **Mrs. Mary Wallace** in Sterling relates the same unwilling baptism. Sometimes only an earthen floor in the

cabin, and Mrs. Wallace, who was full of these incidents, tells of the baby rolling from the bed one night, and of the search in the darkness to find him. But these early cabins were roomy, elastic, and no sudden influx of company proved too great for their accommodation. As in the omnibus, always room for one more. Latch string always out.

For two years the writer enjoyed the shelter of a log cabin, and the memory is delightful. It was a novel transition from the boyhood comfort of a substantial two-story brick in old Lancaster. This was the fireside of **Charles Diller** and his good wife, Ann, in Jordan, near Wilson's mill. In the regular family there were father and mother, five children, a girl, two boarders, and myself. A shed for the stove answered for kitchen and dining room. Only one room in the cabin proper, which at night by a curtain swung on wire was turned into two chambers, and a low cot was drawn from beneath the high bed where it stood during the day.

But the low loft to which we climbed by a narrow stairs was the main accommodation for the boys and boarders. Three double beds were squeezed together. One window only, and the ventilation was not scientific, but we slept and survived. When it stormed winter or summer, your pillow bore testimony to rain or snow. And the table! If the old settlers had no rugs or lace curtains, they certainly reveled in the good things of the earth. Plenty of their own excellent ham or beef, fresh vegetables, the richest of cream, pies and puddings, banquets and appetites that kings could not command. This was in 1856, and the reign of venison was over. The deer had departed.

These old cabins have naturally disappeared before the changes of time and the ravages of the elements. But this Diller cabin remains. The late **W. A. Sanborn**, who bought the beautiful farm from the heirs, and established an extensive range for the rearing of blooded horses, had the little structure removed to one side, and it is now in fair preservation. In some cases within our knowledge, after modern dwellings were erected on another side, the old cabins were allowed to stand, and used for cribs, corn-cobs, or other purposes. The cabins of **Major Wallace** and **Joel Harvey** at Empire in Hopkins [Township] stood till they tumbled down.

“To what base uses do we come at last!”

On many county fair grounds the old cabin has become of late years a prominent ornament. It is either a real specimen removed from its early situation and set up, or an ingenious imitation constructed of modern logs. At any rate, the conception is happy. What a world of suggestion, of reminiscence, the primitive structure awakens! It is a pleasing landmark of social progress. We think of Lincoln and Garfield, of Daniel Webster's early surroundings. All honor to the log homestead !

What a bliss to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!

While substantial food was plentiful in the form of meat, game, and vegetables, the fruit to which our fathers were accustomed in the east, was sorely missed. No peaches or apples until nurseries were started. Wild plums and crab-apples in the timber, and these were economized to the fullest extent in sauce and pies. Coffee and tea were for company, and wheat or rye did for common use. When mills were distant, wheat and corn had to be ground in hand mills. Buckwheat was prepared in this way for cakes. Tomatoes were at first considered an ornament, and formed no part of table luxury. One funny thing. Dandelions were missed, and someone sent to the east for seed. [Dandelion greens were used in salads.]

One of the sorest wants was the grist mill. The settler had the wheat and corn, but it had to be ground. In 1835 grists were taken to Morgan County, one hundred and fifty miles south. Wilson's mill

in Jordan, built in 1836, was the only mill in the county, and people for forty miles came with their grists. It was a log mill, but made good flour. For clothing, too, various expedients were employed. Hides of deer dried for coats, buckskin for breeches, raccoon skin for caps, moccasins for shoes. Wild bees furnished honey, and skillful hunters could shoot enough game to lay in a supply of meat for winter.

Stoves were few and far between. Chicago was for awhile the nearest point for general supplies, and the trip from **Whiteside** consumed twelve days. Prices, however, were so low, and groceries so high, that a farmer had nothing left on his return, but his limited purchases. He could not haul more than fifty bushels of wheat, which at twenty-five or fifty cents would purchase only the barest household needs. Small stores in time gradually sprang up at Como, Sterling, and other towns to furnish staple articles. Ash hoppers and appliances for soap were soon found to be necessary, and the late **Mrs. Mary Wallace** of Sterling, to her old age took much satisfaction in making the family soap, both hard and soft.

It was a fortunate thing that the people were blessed with good health, for doctors were only to be found in the cities. The country was too thinly settled to afford profitable living to an established physician. Every family was supposed to have a medicine chest or shelf of common remedies, and in almost every community there was some experienced mother who in cases of ordinary disease could administer the proper remedy. Such a nurse was **Mrs. Wallace** or **Mrs. Kilgour**, who were often summoned to the bedside of suffering. For ague, quinine was the ready relief, and for various ailments, calomel or blue pill. Drug stores are a modern luxury.

When the cholera appeared in various portions of Illinois in 1851 or later, the importance of skilled medical treatment was keenly felt. Of course, the epidemic is difficult to overcome even today. Then people were helpless under the scourge, and soon succumbed to the attack. In Carrollton, central Illinois, according to **Dr. Willard**, stores were closed, dead buried in their bed clothes, and all fled who could get away. North of Sterling on the farm now owned by **G. F. Shuler**, several fatal cases occurred, and **Dr. Hamilton Wallace**, brother of Hugh, who was in attendance, was himself a victim.

DISASTERS BY WIND AND WATER

“The wind one morning sprung up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! Now for a leap !
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!” - William Howitt

THE TORNADO OF 1860

Our county has enjoyed a merciful immunity from the horrors of the cyclone on an extensive scale. While this dreadful freak of the elements yearly sweeps many of the states west and south with the besom of destruction, our happy valley, with the exception of a violent storm here and there in the townships, has escaped the widespread ruin of life and property in the long path of the calamity. But there was one terrible visitation. In the lines of the first edition of the Light Brigade:

Long will the tale be told,
Yea, when our babes are old.

We refer to the memorable tornado of 1860. The present generation knows it only by hearsay. It occurred on the evening of June 3, striking the county on the west and moving to the southeast. It began near Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The black masses of clouds, rolling and surging in their fury, the

thunder and lightning, the unearthly din of the advance, conveyed to the beholder the impression of titanic demons in struggle in mid-air. It was the Satanic onset in Paradise Lost.

So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown, so matched they stood.

Camanche, a village in Iowa, on the Mississippi, received the first blow. Ninety dwellings, hotels churches, and stores were leveled, twenty-nine persons killed and many seriously injured. Twenty-four persons were blown from a raft and drowned.

At Albany people were just starting for the evening service when the storm burst upon their devoted heads in all its fury. In a moment the pleasant town was a scene of ruin and desolation. Five persons were killed, most of the houses demolished, many blown from their foundations, few left uninjured. **Duty Buck, Ed. Efner, Sweet, Riley,** and a man unknown, were those killed. This is considered remarkable in a population of eight hundred. As usual, various freaks. Some roofs were entirely stripped of shingles, others in spots of fanciful shapes. One small house carried uninjured for a square. A church bell whirled for rods and landed with only a piece chipped from the rim. The total loss to the town was estimated at nearly \$100,000. [About \$3,853,000 in 2025 dollars.]

From Albany the direction of the tornado was southeast. The upper story of the dwelling of **Mrs. Senior**, in Garden Plain, was dashed to pieces, the two-story residence of **Thomas Smith** was carried a rod from its foundation and left a wreck, the house of **Draper Richmond** torn to atoms, and **Mrs. Richmond** so badly injured that she died in an hour. In Montmorency the house of **Alonzo Golder** roughly shaken, and much of the furniture destroyed. The schoolhouse was annihilated. The dwellings of **Joel Wood, A. J. Goodrich, Mr. Pike, Capt. Doty,** and **Levi Macomber,** were all more or less racked. At Pike's a young girl had her leg broken, and at Doty's, his son his collar bone. The wonder is that amid all the wreckage of the homes so few lives were lost.

In the path of the whirlwind, about eighty rods wide, were exhibited the pranks of the destroyer, so often observed elsewhere. Trees were twisted to pieces, cleared of their branches, or torn out bodily by their roots. Geese, turkeys, and chickens, not killed, were stripped of their feathers, sad and forlorn, answering to Diogenes' definition of Plato's man. The prairie was scattered with boards, furniture, books, goods, utensils, articles of every name which the storm king had wrested from their proper habitat. The remainder of the summer, tramps who wished to excite the sympathy of the charitable, in asking for aid plead their misfortune through the ravages of the tornado.

THE ICE GORGE OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX

"Ye ice falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their plunge!" - Coleridge

Our beautiful Rock River, sparkling in the summer sun, is a treacherous stream. It is not always on its good behavior. It has its moods like a person of excitable temperament.

When good, it is very good,
When bad, it is horrid.

In short, old Rock sometimes gets on the rampage. The oldest inhabitant can recall different years in which high water or ice did much damage to stock, farms, fences, buildings, and various kinds of

property exposed to its ravages. We cannot mention them all, but shall simply recall the season of 1887. Snow and sleighing in January were followed by rains in the first week of February.

Feb. 8 the ice moved off the dam at Sterling, with continued rain. A personal diary furnishes the details.

On Feb. 9 no cars running on account of wash-outs. The bottom lands southwest of Sterling covered with water, and many cattle lost.

On February 12, mercury fell to 5 degrees below, and the river rose, owing to the formation of ice and obstruction of the current. Houses near the fair ground in Sterling surrounded by water, and families obliged to move out. There was considerable suffering and loss in town and country, the river was frozen again and continued so through February, and not until April did the weather become mild and genial.

But the ice gorge of 1906 broke the record. Nothing so vast or so destructive since the settlement of the country. Perhaps we cannot do better than give a running account of the catastrophe as the news items appeared from day to day in the current issues of the papers. It will bring the occurrence in a more lively and vivid manner to our readers.

Jan. 23. Water in river higher than ever known. Ice at Dixon broke, and beginning to run.

Jan. 24. Continuous gorge between Erie and **Lyndon**, immense lake at **Lyndon**, water far as eye can see. **Mr. Greenman** and family reported shut in, also **Charles Roslief** and family. Ice not only gorged, but frozen solid.

Jan. 25. For twenty miles from Sterling, water in an alarming condition. All factories in Sterling shut down. **Charles Lathe** on an island near Erie within a foot of inundation by water and ice. Ice reported broken at Beloit and Janesville. The **Aylesworth farm**, **George Andrews**, **Henry Lancaster**, **Nathan Gage**, **George Baker**, **George Richmond**, and others near **Lyndon**, mostly under water. At Riverside schoolhouse, **Stella Beeman**, teacher, parents came in boats at noon for the children, and before night the building was surrounded by water high as fences.

Jan. 26. Water only three feet below the floor of Avenue G bridge. The condition is worse at Sterling because of the gorge between dam and Como bottom. Water below dam on level with that above.

Feb. 5. Three degrees below zero. Gorged ice frozen solid.

Feb. 22. River high at **Como**, **Lyndon**, **Prophetstown**. Many factories in Sterling unable to run, others using steam power.

Friday, Feb. 23. This is the big head in this evening's daily. •

FLOOD HAVOC!

One thousand men idle, damage may reach \$150,000! [\$5,330,000 in 2025 dollars.] New Avenue G bridge a wreck, First Avenue bridge condemned as unsafe for travel, city in darkness tonight, gas supply exhausted

The flood now raging is the greatest in history of Rock River. At nine this A. M., a new record, water 2 1/2 feet higher than in Feb. 9, 1887. Sixteen families on First Street homeless. Basements of 32 homes flooded. Damage to Dillon-Griswold wire mill may reach \$15,000. [About \$532,998 in 2025 dollars.] Ice below dam ten to fifteen feet thick. Washout on Northwestern R. R. prevents running of trains. The Burlington R. R. preparing to put trains on bridge to prevent it from moving off. Avenue G bridge all gone, center span first, then the other two sank with a crash.

Feb. 24. Washouts on Northwestern greater than in 1887. A territory ten miles long, five wide, covered with water to west and south of **Como**. Roads leading to **Prophetstown** below from one to five feet of water.

Sunday, Feb. 26. Ice in north channel of Avenue G bridge crushed against the tubular piers, and hundreds of tons of steel swept away like chaff. Then the ice struck the massive plate girders, and in a

moment the six spans slid from the piers and abutments and were whirled down the river. At Spring Creek Slough which comes into Rock River a mile south of **Como**, the ice was piled up twenty feet higher than the water.

March 2. Ice and water gradually receding, but fields and lowlands covered with huge cakes, and the soil overlaid with sand and gravel.

Various steps were taken in Sterling to assist the needy. A relief meeting was called by Mayor Lewis, and a considerable amount subscribed. The Banda Verda announced a concert, and a cantata was given at Grace Church for their benefit.

Of the whole calamity the greatest single loss was the destruction of Avenue G bridge, only completed Nov., 1904. The structure proper with its nine steel spans, 900 feet long, cost \$52,000. [About \$1,868,488 in 2025 dollars.] The grade in the center and the approaches on either side, 600 feet in all, \$20,000. It has since been replaced with commendable promptness, and a description will be found in another place.



The Flood of 1906 covering the road leading to our Rock River Bridge.
Picture taken by Lucetta Swederus. She and her husband, Axel,
owned a grocery store at 308 Washington Street.

