

***GREAT RIVER RUMBLE 2010***  
***Part II***

Again they woke to pouring rain  
And fireworks mid-dark,  
And wind the *Rumble* awning gained  
But thoughts of cooler sparked.

**Now Wednesday**, with the wet gear packed,  
And Clinton their day's goal,  
Don Krambeck in the morning yacked  
In well-healed Clinton droll.

At mile 9 they stopped to eat --  
Down a lifeless lily trail,  
Where a park emerged due flood's retreat  
Aft nature's showered wail.

Then out the path of broken blooms  
They pulled to Clinton pool;  
In 6 more miles lock 13 loomed  
But the sky began to drool.

Then exiting the Clinton lock  
The parlous path was tight;  
By tug and barges they were blocked  
And a boat encountered plight.

But soon they hit the landing dock,  
Were greeted by a band;  
Quite cool! With sound more blues than rock  
And always good to stand.

2 dozen restaurants they could dine --  
Jasmine's to Hardees,  
And after dark the park was fine,  
The fountain hued and free.

**Then Thursday morning, August 5,**  
They ate at Happy Joe's;  
In afternoon Le Claire arrive  
And silly hats bestow.

The morning found them in a slough,  
Then mile 7 broke,  
At mile 12 a lunch they'd do,

An upstream park they stroked.

At 16 miles they stopped to swim --  
An isle with sandy beach;  
At 20 miles were mooned by "Jim",  
The landing now in reach.

The levee's where they pulled their boats,  
Then ate at Sneaky Pete's,  
Then talk of *Lands and Waters* rote  
Downstairs from where they'd eat.

Le Claire's in-famous for its trains,  
Their whistling all through town,  
And morning Mary Jo abstained  
For bellies danced around.

**Now Friday** and the longest day --  
To quit in Illinois,  
And in a kayak was Don K? --  
A 91-der boy.

Were battles with the Shoquoqon,  
A corps of Stream Machines,  
Locks 14, 15 set upon,  
Rock Island magazine.

Andalusia, Illinois,  
The river now heads west,  
They camped up from the boat ramp's buoy --  
Near sea wall they did rest.

And "*Rumble* showers" for those so bold,  
For warm these showers not;  
The last night ... soon just mem'ries hold,  
Elverna conjured thoughts.

**Then Saturday**, their last day, broke  
And folks went to the Lion's Club  
For grub for breakfast and for lunch  
To munch at noon a hero sub.

They oared from out 'Dalusia's shore  
And for 2 hours they westward pressed  
And park they rested 'breast 2 barges  
Charged with cleaning litter's mess.

The barge boss was Chad Prergracke  
And he motored to the *Rumble* boats  
And noted some from TV show  
While *Rumblers* sensed their final strokes.

6 miles to go without a lock  
To dock in middle Muscatine;  
They've seen the 'Sippi this trip's last,  
Now fast the *Rumblers* lean and mean.

A search and rescue escort craft  
With aft and fore its flashing lights  
Did brighten more the days afore  
And bore the boats to landing site.

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