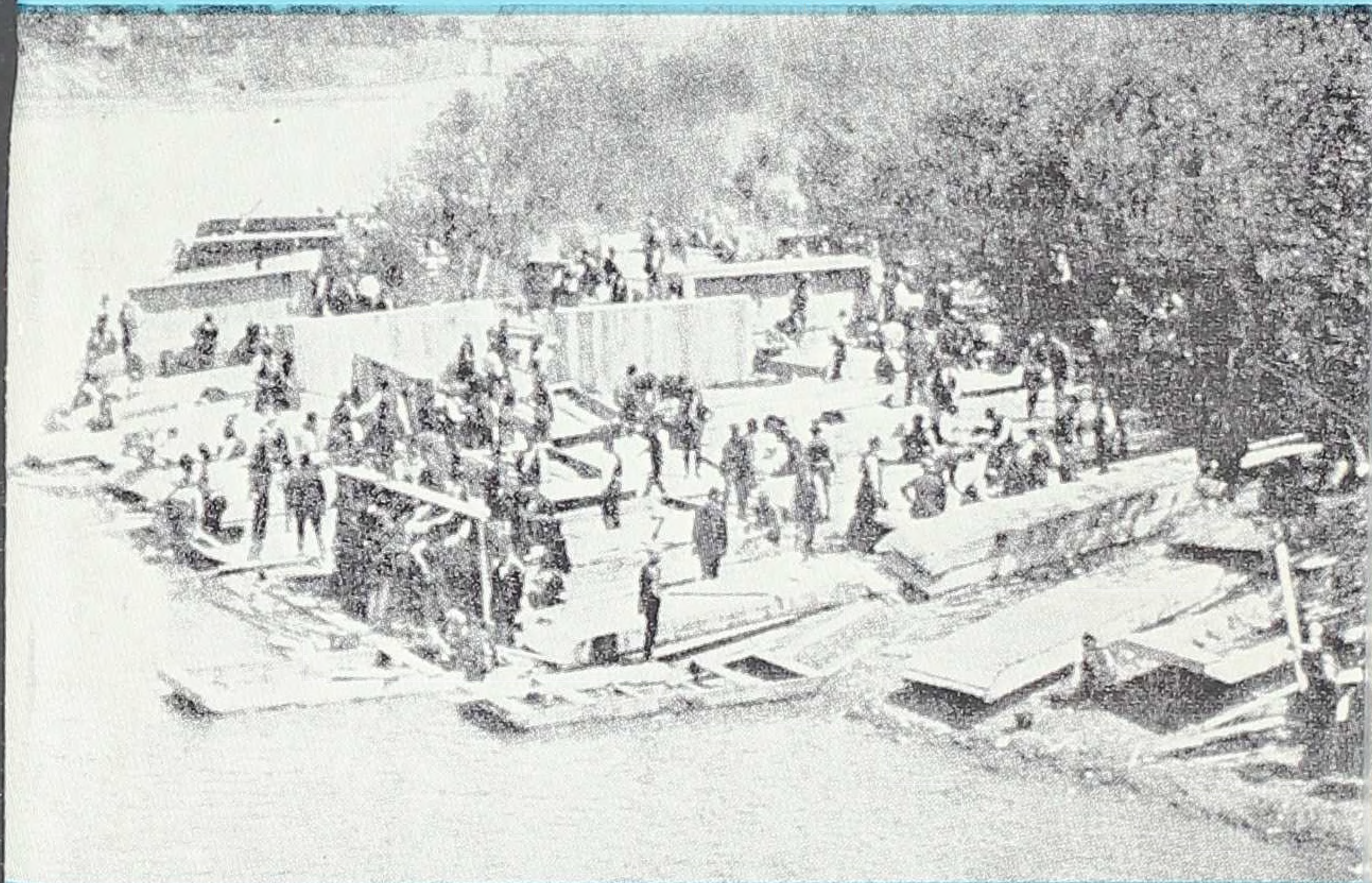


The **PALIMPSEST**



Building Kelly's Navy for the trip down the Des Moines.

Jack London and Kelly's Army

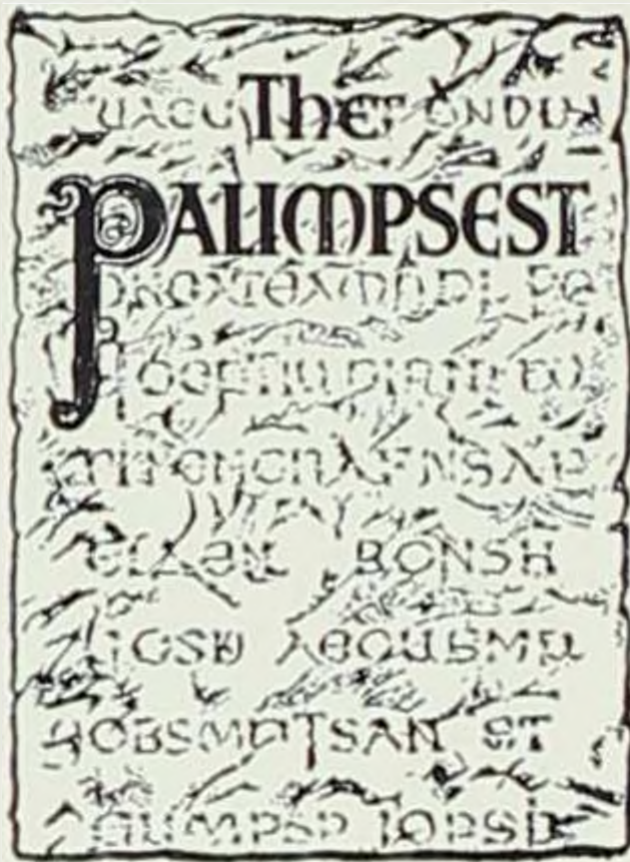
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SPECIAL JACK LONDON ISSUE



The Meaning of Palimpsest

In early times a palimpsest was a parchment or other material from which one or more writings had been erased to give room for later records. But the erasures were not always complete; and so it became the fascinating task of scholars not only to translate the later records but also to reconstruct the original writings by deciphering the dim fragments of letters partly erased and partly covered by subsequent texts.

The history of Iowa may be likened to a palimpsest which holds the record of successive generations. To decipher these records of the past, reconstruct them, and tell the stories which they contain is the task of those who write history.

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Illustrations

Many of the illustrations shown are on the spot photos by the *Harper's Weekly* staff in Iowa. Russ Kingman of the Jack London Square Association furnished the more recent London family pictures. Pictures of Jack London's father and mother come from Charmian London's *The Book of Jack London*.

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William J. Petersen is superintendent of the State Historical Society and has been editor of *The Palimpsest* since 1948. Jack London, famous American storyteller, died in 1916. John E. Briggs was editor of *The Palimpsest* from 1922 to 1945.

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THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

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Kelly's Army Comes To Iowa

Kelly's Industrial Army, made up of unemployed laborers from the San Francisco area, grew out of the Panic of 1893. The so-called "Army" numbered about 1,500 men when it left California in a train of 24 boxcars at the insistence of the California police. After some harrowing experiences in Nevada, Utah, and Wyoming, the Union Pacific finally reached Omaha but the train was "not permitted to enter the town" and consequently dropped the Industrial Army off at Council Bluffs. At this point Kelly's Army became a problem for the State of Iowa and for every community it was likely to pass through. It was generally agreed that the simplest thing to do was to feed the men and get them across the State as quickly as possible by train.

Unfortunately, four railroads—the Milwaukee, the Rock Island, the Northwestern, and the Burlington—refused to carry Kelly's Army across the State when urged to do so by Governor Frank D. Jackson. The Milwaukee declined to transport

them upon any other basis except in "passenger cars upon payment of regular rates." The Northwestern felt it could not assume the responsibility of carrying them at "nominal rates" in boxcars. "Permit me respectfully to suggest," President Marvin Hughitt concluded, "that the cure of the evil which now exists in the vicinity of Council Bluffs is not to transfer to some other locality, the unlawful assembly which subsists by intimidation and travels by the forcible appropriation of rail-property, but should disband."

President R. R. Cable of the Rock Island advised Governor Jackson:

I am advised that a body of 1,000 or 2,000 men are on their way from Omaha to Weston, Iowa, for the purpose, we understand, of enforcing the demands of Kelly and his men. We shall expect protection to our property and employees against the unlawful acts from these men of Kelly's army.

C. E. Perkins of the Burlington Railway wrote Governor Jackson as follows:

I am advised by Mr. Blythe, our counsel, that our company would subject itself to heavy penalties should we carry the body of men called Kelly's army into an adjoining state. I regret to refuse any requests from you, but it is impossible for us to assume the responsibility of complying in this instance.

It is interesting to reflect that had the four major trunk lines each carried 400 to 500 of Kelly's men they would normally have discharged them at

Dubuque, Clinton, Davenport, and Burlington. The four units would then have had to reassemble at some agreed upon rendezvous in Iowa. In the event they determined to make Keokuk their final rendezvous, as ultimately transpired, scores of communities in eastern Iowa would have been visited by contingents of the Industrial Army moving south from Dubuque, Clinton, and Davenport. Since the railroads did not agree to transport Kelly's Army across Iowa it is not likely that they would have carried the men to Chicago.

Since Kelly's movement eastward was thwarted by the railroads' refusal to transport his men to Chicago, the only alternative left was to walk, aided by wagons to carry their food and supplies, as well as their sick and footsore. Jack London was a prime example of the latter.

On April 21, Gen. Kelly issued the following appeal from Council Bluffs:

To the People of Iowa: Desiring to move eastward as fast as possible, and desiring also to abide by the laws of the land, I am forced to ask on behalf of the industrial army for aid in obtaining horses, wagons and harness sufficient to help us across the country, all other means of locomotion having been denied us save those of nature. I will make this my appeal to the citizens and liberty loving people of the great states of Nebraska and Iowa. Will you assist us in obtaining this aid?

Yours respectfully,

Charles T. Kelly,

General of the Industrial Army.

General Kelly found the people of Weston and its vicinity enthusiastic and generous. His reception was so heart-warming that he did not find it difficult to turn down a Union Pacific engine and freight cars that had been stolen in Council Bluffs. His refusal was warmly applauded by the press and all law-abiding citizens. Iowa newspapers reported this story and gave complete coverage on the progress of the Army across the State:

OMAHA, April 21.—General Kelly deserves all the good words said of him and conveyed to the readers, and more. He displayed the rarest of judgment and fortitude when he declined to put his men on board a train stolen at Council Bluffs by the engineers and firemen of the Union Pacific. It was a Union Pacific engine with Union Pacific cars, on the Rock Island track. Kelly declined it because he said he had not yet broken any law and did not intend to start here. There was great excitement here all day and it was intensified at nightfall by the news that a train had been captured to relieve Kelly. Crowds thronged the streets and an immense open air mass-meeting was held. Rumors of calling out of federal troops, of state troops, of deaths in Kelly's camp and of every conceivable nature kept the crowd on a tension hard to understand. But no unusual disorder ensued, and as if by a miracle the clash that seemed inevitable was avoided.

At 10 o'clock next day not a move had been made by the Kelly commonwealers at Weston and the frenzied rescuers from Omaha and Council Bluffs had disappeared completely from view. The wild work of the day before seemed to have wearied the crowds and they were late about congregating. The continued freezing weather also had the effect of cooling the hotheads to a certain

extent, as did the announced determination of General Kelly to move his army east across Iowa by means of wagons.

NEOLA, April 23.—General Kelly has begun his "on to Chicago" movement and camped in a little grove just east of Neola, under a blue sky and the warmest weather which his shivering army had seen for three weeks. He ended his day's march with a spectacular welcome which will be the talk of Pottawattamie county for the next decade. His 1,800 commonwealers were escorted over the winding clay road by the farmers, many of whom came twenty-five miles, with brass bands. It was the strangest spectacle Iowa ever saw. Well in front of the long line of battered humanity rolled the eighteen wagons of provisions, loaded heaping full, and as many more wagons were waiting in front of Neola city hall. They were the substantial evidences of the Iowa farmers' movement to feed and care for Kelly's army until the Mississippi flows across the line of march.

AVOCA, April 23.—Kelly's reception here to-night was fully as flattering as that which was accorded him at Neola. Company C rejoined the army during the afternoon, and after an abject personal apology from each member Kelly mustered them back "into the service." To-day Kelly consented to outline to the Associated Press representative his plans. Should the army be refused an approach to the capitol, Kelly will upon his arrival in Washington, he said, take four of his men and make a personal appeal to Congressmen Pence, of Colorado; McGuire, of California, and Senator Allen, of Nevada. Through their efforts he hopes to be allowed to draw up his men where the law-makers of the Nation "must see them." The two congressmen are already pledged to present a memorial in our behalf.

OUR DEMANDS

as set forth in the memorial will be about as follows: We will ask that the commission already in existence to look after redeeming the arid lands in the West, be instructed to proceed with the work. We will ask that the men in the great army of unemployed be put to work on irrigation. My idea is that by the time those arid wastes are wrested from the sage brush and jack rabbit, and begun to bloom, the men who have worked there will have saved enough money to carry them through the first year of farming. They can settle on the lands they have reclaimed, and, within a short period, will have developed from homeless wanderers into steady farmers and property owners. That, in substance, is our demand. If we can only get to Washington, if we can let the law makers see we are bread winners, honest and sincere, we will be successful in our mission, for our demands are not unreasonable. We will combine with Coxey if we can reach Washington, but if not we will go alone.

ATLANTIC, April 25.—Special: Peace reigns in the Kelly army again. At a meeting this afternoon the differences between General Kelly and Col. Speed were adjusted satisfactorily to both. Col. Baker was also restored to his former rank and all the leaders are again on good terms. This afternoon the opera house was jammed full of people to hear addresses by General Kelly and Colonel Speed. General Kelly was heartily applauded when he appeared at 3 p.m. He said that his strength in the cause increased as the distance to Washington became shorter, but that his physical strength was nearly used up. He said this movement had two objects: First, the universal hope of every man bettering his condition and that of his fellowmen; second, that he had a 4-year old boy at home whom he wished to have a better chance in

life than his father had. Gen. Kelly said three-fourths of the members of the army are American born, some of the members fought for the country in the sixties, and many sons of veterans were in the ranks of his army. He believes the great voice of the common people would make those in power remedy existing evils and to give every man the product of his labor and an opportunity to labor. In ten years all classes of human slavery will be ended. He said the army wanted to put into effect the golden rule. Col. Speed and Col. Baker made short addresses. At 4 o'clock the meeting was dismissed by the Glee Club singing "Nearer My God To Thee."

ADAIR, April 27.—One hundred and twenty one Sacramento men were missing when Kelly massed his industrial army for the march. The men had asserted that they would walk no farther, and as soon as breakfast was over folded their tents and silently prepared to steal rides. They said they would not rejoin the army at Stuart, but Kelly was confident that the seductive influence of the commissary would bring them back. Kelly waited until almost 9 o'clock for teams, and then, discouraged, ordered the army forward telling them to take the railroad instead of the wagon road if they wished.

"But do not interfere with the trains," he commanded. "If you do, you cannot go farther with me."

The bugler blew a faint blast and the companies moved forward. There were no cheers from the townspeople, no flowers for the general. The men tramped silently along the soggy road and at the first turn fully 250 of them reached the railroad and began a tie calculation.

Fight Between Two Men.

The monotony of the start was relieved by an interesting one-round mill between two of the industrials, who punched one another with marked energy and who pro-

tested loudly when their comrades separated them. One of the Council Bluffs advance committeemen, R. O. Graham, became convinced that further efforts to secure wagons for transportation would be useless and returned home. The farmers in the vicinity are much less inclined to haul the men than those further west, and Graham became convinced that the army is billed for a foot march to Des Moines. Kelly spent considerable time in organizing his base ball team and expects to do battle on the diamond when he reaches Des Moines. A camp artist is preparing a banner for the club, bearing the inscription, "Industrial Nine, Slide, Kelly, Slide! On to Washington!"

STUART, April 28.—Kelly's army began a forced march to Des Moines this morning with smiling skies and full ranks, the Sacramento men having straggled back. The march began with 1,250 men in line. Dinner was served at Earlham, eleven miles from Stuart, and another meal was taken at Van Meter. Shortly after passing Earlham, Kelly announced flatly that he would go no further until wagons were furnished to carry his men.

VAN METER, April 28.—After an hour's work, the people of Earlham succeeded in getting sufficient teams for the baggage and sick, and Kelly ordered the army forward. He was much pleased with his success in compelling the farmers to furnish wagons. The army started on the last stretch of the forty-one miles at 8:30 to-night, with the expectation of reaching Des Moines in the morning. The army straggled into Van Meter during the afternoon, some in wagons, some on the road and others on the railroad tracks. The men were footsore from the hot and dusty twenty-mile journey from Stuart, but were determined to go ahead and urged Kelly to lead them on. A camp was made in a grove on 'Coon River, and within fifteen minutes 500 men were shouting and splash-

ing in midstream. Kelly wired the Des Moines reception committee to send out wagons to meet the men during the night. He said he would make the city by 3 o'clock in the morning, and thus give the men time to rest and prepare for the reception they expected to receive from the laboring men there. The night march is as interesting to the people along the route as it is wearying to the men, and all night long little crowds gathered to see the unique procession go by.

Many people in Des Moines were preparing to greet the Industrial Army. Labor, of course, planned a warm reception, as did the Populist followers of James B. Weaver, who was on hand. City and State officials formed a part of the reception committee that was expected to give Kelly and his men a "triumphal entry" into Des Moines at 11 or 12 a.m. on Sunday—April 29th.

Unfortunately, a heavy rain and a pitch black night served to "so completely scatter" the Army that it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon before half to two-thirds of the men put in a bedraggled appearance at the camp. An immense meeting was held in front of the court house where Kelly and General Weaver spoke. On Monday night Kelly was wildly cheered when he spoke at the Trades Assembly Hall. By May 1 much of the excitement and glitter had worn off and serious thought began to be given as to just how the Industrial Army was to get moving out of Des Moines.

Kelly and His Men

Harper's Weekly of May 5, 1894, reported as follows on Kelly's appearance and background:

The head of the crusade was called "General" Kelly, who turned out to be simply a small, pale, intellectual-appearing, and rather pensive-looking man. Fortunately, his authority over the rabble, which was made up by him in a few days, and which was without any other restraint than that imposed by his word of command, was excellent. . . .

In San Francisco he was a printer and student of sociology. When the army, which was enlisted in a few days, wanted a leader, it chose him. He was merely a creature of circumstances and of the moment, but the caravan ought to be grateful for the luck which sent it a man of such cool judgment. He counselled moderation and throughout his army maintained the utmost tranquility.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly of May 3, 1894, quoting from the *Cheyenne Leader*, said:

Kelly is a mild-mannered young man of thirty-two years, a printer by trade, who has been for a long time out of employment. His hair and mustache are brown, and his complexion as fresh as a school girl's. His vices apparently are few. He declined a drink of Bourbon with a gesture when proffered by a wicked citizen. He said he used no tobacco when offered a cigar. He is evidently a man of considerable refinement and culture.

Leslie's Weekly also noted Kelly's Army, saying it was much better organized and disciplined than Coxey's detachment from Massillon, Ohio:

Besides General Kelly there are two colonels, an aide-de-camp, sergeant-major, twenty-two captains, the same number of sergeants and lieutenants, a chief of commissary with twenty-five aides, a hospital steward with six aides. The men take no obligation upon joining the army except to obey their officers and the laws of the States through which they may pass.

It must have been reassuring to many Iowans to read the pledge taken by each member of Kelly's Army before they were permitted to join the widely advertised "Industrial" group. This pledge stands in sharp contrast to the actions of many of the protest groups of the 1960's that disrupted campuses, killed policemen, set fire to property, and in general pillaged, robbed, and destroyed goods and property of every kind and description. It was reported by *The Weekly Gate City* (Keokuk) of May 24, 1894:

The Pledge.

Every member of the army carries a blue pasteboard card folded once, which contains a description of the holder and the pledge he signs. One was shown the reporter of which the following is a description. On the front appears the following: "United States Industrial Army; Regiment, First; Company, Pioneer; Captain, Harry Hart." There is a picture of an eagle in the center of the page. The inside has the following: "No. 8; name, Park Meredith, occupation, broom maker; Description—

Hat $7\frac{3}{8}$, weight 158, height $5:11\frac{1}{2}$, leg 34, waist 33, enlisted at Ogden, Utah, April 11, 1894." On the back is the following: "Remember Your Obligation Pledge! I hereby swear to support the constitution of the United States and of the Industrial Army; to obey all the orders that may be said, sent or handed me by those authorized so to do; to render cheerful support and assistance to all officers and comrades of the army; to not intentionally violate any law of the United States or any state or territory in which I may be, or aid or abet any riotous conduct; to respect the right of property and law and order; to never act in any manner to bring discredit upon the Industrial Army of the United States."

The Make-Up Of Kelly's Army

Even before President B. O. Aylesworth of Drake University appeared on the scene in Council Bluffs, efforts had been made at various points along the way to analyze the make-up of Kelly's Army. In Utah, for example, it was found that a majority of the Army was composed of native-born Americans—contrary to the general expectation. The average age of the men was 24 and the total number at Ogden was 968.

These figures differ from the census taken by Drake students, working under President Aylesworth. The political make-up of the Army when it reached Des Moines was found to be 196 Democrats and 218 Republicans. No mention was made of Populists. They further found that 206 of 863 men interviewed were foreign-born. President Aylesworth and his students obviously were

unable to interview all of the 1,500 men said to have come from Council Bluffs to Des Moines. In another sampling of 425 men interviewed, they found 83 different trades represented as follows:

Miners	43	Day laborers	43
Farmers, farmhands	31	Cooks	19
Painters	17	Railroad men	18
Carpenters	15	Ironworkers	13
Clerks	11	Machinists	10
Engineers	10	Bakers	8
Blacksmiths	8	Shoemakers	9
Barbers	7	Teamsters	7
Waiters	6	Porters	6
Bricklayers	6	Butchers	5
Sailors	4	Bookkeepers	5
Stone cutters	4	Stone masons	4
Boiler makers	5	Firemen	3
Quarrymen	3	Grocers	3
Electric engineers	3	Harness	3
Tinners	4	Brass workers	3
Steam fitters	3	Bridge builders	3
Wood Choppers	3	Stenographers	2
Slate workers	2	Stove mounters	2
Plumbers	2	Bookbinders	2
Merchants	3	Conductors	2
Telegraph operators	2	No trade	2
Upholsterers	2	Printer	1
Horse trainers	2	Gun smith	1
Tailors	2	Bottler	1
Gardners	2	Decorator	1
Lumbermen	2	Engraver	1
Ditchers	2	Miller	1
Coopers	2	Jockey	1
Coachmen	2	Hostler	1

Laundryman	1	Fish marketman	1
Roofer	2	Engine wiper	1
Paper maker	1	Dairyman	1
Wood carver	1	Confectioner	1
Brick burners	2	Carriage maker	1
Hustlers	2	Saddler	1
Mineralogists	2	Ranchman	1
Comb maker	1	Sheep herder	1
Plasterer	1	Surveyor	1
Rope walker	1		

Eighty-three trades in a total of 425 men examined.

Although President Aylesworth received much publicity because of his reactions to Kelly's Army his ideas were not shared by all professors. Dr. Stetson of Des Moines College held decidedly different views, according to the *Iowa State Register* of May 4:

Dr. Stetson gave a chapel talk to the students of Des Moines College yesterday on the industrial army movement. He defined the objects for which the united "armies" are moving toward Washington, and said that there is undoubtedly something in their argument for a living petition, since written ones are usually cast aside. "The Kelly Army," he said, "is a fair type of the others, but the near view of them does not help their cause. Undoubtedly some of them are worthy, but I venture to say that if you go there you will have the impression that these men are poor and needy, but are not animated by any high moral purpose. The bad disposition made of the camp refuse and the filthiness of the cooks are a strong picture against the army. No men with a determination animated by high moral purposes will live like swine. Any man in

charge who permits this is a long way from a hero. I say these things because so much has been said on the other side. Their demand for free food and transportation is upon a principle utterly false. The business of the government is not to furnish employment to all at \$2.50 per day. The very hour that the United States agrees so to do, that hour it goes out of existence. There is no more dangerous doctrine preached in America to-day than to say that these men are heroes. Our treatment of them ought not to be on that basis. I pity them but I do not respect them. No man can join this army without having stamped upon him 'the tramp.' We have no right, however, to deal with them in a spirit of harshness, but rather in sorrow for men who present such a sad plight as do these 6,000. The movement is due largely to the dangerous doctrine of paternalism in government which has been preached of late by Edward Bellamy and others. If you sympathize with these men, do so from right reasons."

The 6,000 figure quoted above is obviously wrong. Although 1,500 men are said to have left California the number interviewed at Ogden, Utah, was only 968. At Council Bluffs-Neola the "Army" was placed at 1,800 while 1,250 were chronicled in the line of march at Stuart. The total interviewed by Drake students was 863—which should be fairly correct because of the long sojourn in Des Moines. It was estimated that 1,400 started down the Des Moines River. The actual figures for Kelly's Army in Iowa probably ranged from 900 to 1,100.

The Industrial Army In Des Moines

Once in Des Moines, Kelly's Army found the Capital of Iowa a delightful haven in which to sojourn. Des Moines was the largest city in Iowa in 1894. It had a large labor force, much of it unionized, and all sympathetic to the Industrial Army. Kelly himself was a popular speaker and appeared frequently before church, labor, and civic groups. While enjoying these social contacts, he was constantly soliciting money, food, and the everyday necessities of life. Meanwhile, everyone from Governor Jackson down was making every effort to find a way to move Kelly and his men out of Des Moines and Iowa.

The idea of using the Des Moines River as a highway for moving Kelly's Army out of Des Moines and Iowa came after every other means had met with failure. General James B. Weaver and Chairman A. P. Lowery were at their wits end when they sought out Governor Jackson. According to the *Register* of May 4, 1894:

Governor Jackson met the men squarely and by a plain, straightforward statement convinced every man present that he had done the best that could be done, not for the army itself, but to relieve the people of the state from the burden of caring for it. The governor said this matter had

been on his mind much longer than any other man in Des Moines had thought of it. He read some of the telegrams that had been passed between himself and the railroad presidents showing the efforts he had made at Council Bluffs to secure transportation and how the railways had refused, all of which has been published before. . . .

"The question is, what to do now. The only thing we have now is regular passenger rates. I will lay before the executive council your petition for a subscription from the state to help pay this transportation, and I will make one other effort to get the army transportation by rail from here to the Mississippi river."

Turning to Gen. Weaver, the governor asked if Kelly would take a boat and go on at once if he was transported to the Mississippi river and furnished a boat there. Gen. Weaver replied that he was sure Gen. Kelly would gladly accept this offer if it would be presented at once. "Then let me know as soon as you find out and I will make the effort," said the governor. This declaration was received with hearty applause. Gen. Weaver thanked the governor for his consideration and assurance of help, which was warmly approved by the men present. They went away certain that Gov. Jackson had done and would do all he could to help get the army out of the state. They came to find fault and went away to praise.

Gen. Kelly soon sent word to the governor that he was most anxious to move on and that he would gladly accept any transportation by rail to the Mississippi river.

So the negotiations for transportation were actively renewed by Gov. Jackson, and Chairman Lowery, of the citizens' committee, began to negotiate for the boat to take the army down the river. Gov. Jackson said he would not ask any railway to take the army to the river unless the boat was ready to take it right from the station when it arrived.

Possibly the most colorful day in the story of Kelly's Army grew out of the decision to build boats with which to allow the men to float down the Des Moines River to Keokuk and then on down the Mississippi to St. Louis. The Army's stay in Des Moines had been a costly one—to the tax-payer, to the almsgiver, and especially to the Des Moines laboring men, who while sympathetic to Kelly's Army, could ill-afford to feed it from their own slim family larder, and yet could not afford to let these jobless adventurers stay in Des Moines and perhaps rob them of their own jobs.

Once the idea had been accepted to float the Army down the Des Moines, it remained only to raise the money with which to buy the lumber and other material needed to construct the boats in which to send the men on their way. The *Iowa State Register* of May 11, 1894, declared:

The boats are eighteen feet long, six feet wide and one foot deep. The sides are of two inch plank, the bottoms of one inch boards. The 2x4s run lengthwise on the inside of the bottom. Over these are nailed five 1x4 strips across the bottom, secured to the sides. A false bottom of 30 inches is then run lengthwise of the boat. The cracks are thoroughly caulked and tarred. The boats are strong and thoroughly seaworthy. With thirteen men in they draw but six inches of water.

What of the cost of these crudely constructed craft? According to the *Iowa State Register*, General Kelly put up \$500 for the lumber which was

sold at cost to him by Gilcrest Bros. of Des Moines. Besides the lumber, the expenditures as of May 11 were \$20 for nails, \$36 for tar, \$22.50 for oakum and cotton, and \$10 for lunch for the men on Monday. At the last minute it was found each boat would need 100 feet of three-quarter inch rope, or a total of 15,000 feet.

Since Kelly's Army provided the labor, and this would probably have cost as much as the lumber and other material, one might hazard a guess that a single boat might have cost between \$6 and \$7. Then, if 150 was the exact number of boats (and different figures are given) the total cost, including donated labor, would be around \$900 to \$1,050 for the entire flotilla.

It was one thing to build the boats for Kelly's Army in the capital of Iowa. It was another thing to see that the men did not go empty-handed. The following circular was sent to towns along the Des Moines:

Kelly's Army On The Move!

The army of unemployed men, 1,400 strong, under the leadership of "Gen." C. T. Kelly, are floating down the Des Moines river in a fleet of one hundred and fifty boats and will camp over night at, or near, May, 1894. As chairman of the citizen's committee, of Des Moines, Iowa, I appeal to the people of Iowa, along the route, to not let them starve. Go and see them, and take with you bread, crackers, meat, sugar, coffee, potatoes, boiled eggs and anything they can eat. It requires 1,400 loaves of bread, 1,000 pounds of meat, and 50

pounds of coffee to make the men one day's food. Help them. Help them.

A. P. LOWERY, Chairman
Citizen's Committee

That things were not running as smoothly as hoped for was noted by the *Register* of May 11, 1894:

While Gen. Kelly has criticised the citizens' committee, now that he and his army are safely out of town, it is only fair to say that during the past two or three days his generalship has consisted largely in escorting about the two infatuated women who are with the army, much to the neglect of the latter. It seems to be the commencement of the old, old story and Kelly will find worse snags ahead with this army than those in the Des Moines river unless he changes his course. There was no system or order about the starting Wednesday morning. Every man went in his own appointed time and in his own appointed way. No one knew exactly what to do, and some of the men drifted down through pure ignorance. Even about so important a matter as the commissary department there was only a harum skarum arrangement. As far as Kelly was concerned the navy might as well have been without a commodore. The result was that Wednesday night while the vanguard rested near the mouth of Camp Creek, the Polk county line, about one and a half miles above Runnells, the rear end was fully six miles this side of that point, and Kelly, the devil himself did not know where he was or what he was about, but all the men in the barges ahead supposed he was bringing up the rear some place below Des Moines with "them women."

There can be little doubt that the presence of

"them women," who had helped steal a train in the Omaha-Council Bluffs area, had raised many a critical eyebrow. A critic reported in the *Iowa State Register* the two "young ladies" with Kelly's Army "wear stockings worth \$2.50 a pair in spite of the fact we are on the verge of summer."

Little wonder that the following comment appeared after the "Army's" departure:

Kelly's army left Des Moines Wednesday as it came in, that is, straggled and blundered along without the least semblance of organization or order of any kind. The boats began to leave before 9 o'clock. There was no restraining the men from getting into the boats that were completed and pulling out. Gen. Kelly was busy at the navy yard attending to the provisions, the finishing of the few boats not yet completed, and in getting as much money as he could from the crowd.

Gen. Kelly ordered that the boats should be rounded up just below the packing house dam to await the order to start, which he said would be about noon. But they paid no attention to his orders and went right on down the river, it was such fun—at first!

While Gen. Kelly kept up his complaint about not getting enough provisions to last him on the way to the first town, the fact is that a very generous supply was worked by private donations, of large and small quantities.

The satisfaction in the city upon the departure of the enormous white elephant was intense. Every one was glad, but most of all the poor laboring men, who have been bearing the burden.

From Des Moines To Keokuk

The journey down the Des Moines River by the nondescript Industrial Army was witnessed by thousands of Iowans. Newspapers had been lavish in their coverage of the exploits of General Kelly and they continued to publish daily accounts as the Army, now referred to as "Navy," floated slowly down the Des Moines. While each community did its best to feed the men, the following excerpts from various points along the way clearly indicate the apprehension felt and the necessity for keeping Kelly's "Navy" a safe distance from the towns. The larger towns were prepared to resist, with special police, any attempt of the huge fleet to dock at their doorsteps. Kelly, being a peaceful man, was aware of the problem, and invariably agreed to anchor his boats at a designated point.

PRAIRIE CITY, May 11—Special: Gen. Kelly left Runnells last night at 11 o'clock. Yesterday a delegation of citizens of Runnells, upon learning of his arrival near there, waited upon him and offered him a purse of \$75 to make a speech in the little town hall. The offer was accepted, and a meeting, consisting of the usual songs and speech-making was held at 7:30. At the conclusion of the entertainment preparations were made for the departure. The men who had grown tired of Kelly's talk

and repaired to the camp to sleep, were roused and the start made at 11 o'clock. The river was rough, and on account of snags and sand bars but little progress was made, at 3 o'clock but seven miles having been accomplished. The order was given to halt. An order to break camp was issued at 6 o'clock. During the night one boat capsized and the occupants deserted and started at once for the open country. At noon boats could be seen stopping at every farm house begging for supplies, but with little success. A strong wind from the southeast retarded the progress of the fleet very much, and made rowing a necessity. The first boats containing General Kelly and crew arrived at Red Rock about 3 o'clock. General Kelly at once began to solicit food for the hungry army, but

MET WITH A COLD RECEPTION

from the hard working farmers who had come to see the sights and not to contribute. Finding begging of no avail, the general tried his persuasive powers by threatening to allow the men to help themselves. This being met with no encouragement, he agreed to purchase supplies. A veal, two hogs and three cases of eggs were bought and paid for by Kelly at the regular market price. Preparations were made for lunch which was served at half rations. The men, although very tired and sore, bear with their privations fairly well and to-day when camp was sighted many songs, ranging from "After the Ball" to "Pull for the Shore," could be heard. The great majority are talking of reaching Washington in time to celebrate July 4, but a large number are looking forward to St. Louis as the end of their journey and a haven of rest.

TRACY, May 12.—Special: Kelly's army passed here this afternoon and will camp at the iron bridge eight miles south of this place. Oskaloosa will feed the army at the bridge Sunday and thousands of people will witness

the sight. The banks are lined with people watching the army as they pass. The Rock Island road had a special train and force of men guarding the bridge across the river at Harvey station up the river three miles. Col. Speed passed through to Given last night.

EDDYVILLE, May 14.—At 4:30 Kelly's fleet appeared in sight at the bend, one mile north, and over 2,000 people swarmed on the bank of the river and on both the wagon and railroad bridges. A landing was made just below the bridge near town, and the boats were unloaded and fires built for a camp, but the city authorities made them break camp and a second camp was pitched one mile down the river. Eight hundred loaves of bread and other provisions were furnished them. General Kelly made a short speech in front of the Penick hotel to a small crowd last evening, thanking the people for their hospitality, and returned to camp and at 11 p.m. the fleet started down the river en route to Ottumwa. There was more or less begging at the private houses by members of the army yesterday evening, but without very good success.

OTTUMWA, May 14.—The mayor and city council met Kelly at Eddyville and told him he would be furnished provisions if he would pass through the city and camp three miles below; if not, he could not enter the city. Kelly accepted the terms and moved from Eddyville early this morning. The city is guarded by two hundred extra officers. The Kelly boats began to arrive at 11 o'clock. Ten thousand people were in town to see them. The boats were floated under guard to the camp. A plentiful supply of provisions was furnished.

There was a small sized riot at the Kelly camp this evening. The mayor of Ottumwa hired and paid for the grounds for the army to camp on. When the teams ar-

rived the owner of the ground demanded an admission of 10 cents to enter. After a number had paid Kelly arrived and demanded that it be stopped. The owner refused, and Kelly ordered a guard of twenty men to hold the gate open. When the men attempted to shut it a scuffle ensued between the industrials and the employees of the owner of the grounds. It was soon stopped by the mayor who decided in favor of Kelly, who opened the gates.

OTTUMWA, May 16.—There is much excitement in Eldon over Kelly's army. As a boat was coming down the river the citizens hailed it for purpose of supplying provisions. The deputy sheriffs employed by the Rock Island rushed down to prevent the landing. A stone was thrown at the Kelly men, breaking the ribs of one and knocking another unconscious. At another point the Rock Island deputies attempted to prevent a landing and a pitched battle ensued. Conductor Charles Martin was struck on the head and it is thought his skull is fractured. Two Kellyites were arrested and will be tried this afternoon.

ELDON, May 15.—To-night 100 boats of Kelly's army camped half a mile below the city, the rest scattered on shoals, rocks and sand bars, ten miles above. The Rock Island run all the engines out of the city, taking this precaution against an attempt to steal a train. Deputy sheriffs in profusion had orders to allow no Kelly men to land. One boat did so, a deputy ordered it on. Words passed and the commonwealers threw rocks at the sheriffs, whereupon two men were arrested and gave bond to appear in the morning.

KEOSAUQUA. May 16.—Special: Kelly's army camped this evening at Pittsburg, and will pass Keosauqua to-morrow morning. All is quiet on the Des Moines.

KEOSAUQUA, May 17.—The advance boats of Kelly's fleet reached here at 7 this morning. No one was allowed to land, and they camped a half mile below town. The people furnished 600 loaves of bread, a hundred pounds of coffee and a fat beef.

BONAPARTE, May 17.—The first boat of the Kelly fleet slid over the dam at 3 o'clock this afternoon, and by 8:30 all were over, with no damage beyond wetting a few men. A large crowd witnessed the passing of the dam. Bonaparte and Farmington gave 1,600 loaves of bread, two beeves, some coffee and a few beans.

CROTON, Iowa, May 18.—Kelly's army broke camp at 5 this morning. A strong wind accompanied by rain was blowing on the unsheltered men, and all were clamoring for a pull at the oars to keep from freezing. Better time has not been made since leaving Des Moines.

SAND [SPRING?] PRAIRIE, May 18.—Many of the boats of Kelly's flotilla are so far behind that the general decided to go into camp at St. Francisville, ten miles above Keokuk, where roaring fires are now burning, around which the boys are trying to dry their damp clothes and absorb a comfortable degree of heat.

KEOKUK, May 19.—Kelly's army landed three miles below the city on the Missouri shore at 11 o'clock, where provisions were delivered.

Kellyites Float On The Mississippi

KEOKUK, May 20.—Saturday night and this morning the men were busily engaged in lashing their boats together into one large raft, lumber and rope furnished by the citizens of Keokuk being used for the purpose. The raft is twelve boats long and is secure in every way, but owing to the fact that the boats are only six inches deep

they cannot sail on the Mississippi when the wind is up as the water would wash into them. Gen. Kelly made a contract with Parmalee Bros., owners of the steamer J. W. Mills, to tow the fleet to Quincy for \$100. Col. Speed, Gen. Kelly's right-hand man, and local Populist celebrities, spoke to the multitudes on the principles of the commonweal movement. Gen. Kelly spoke at the opera house here Saturday night to about 100 persons. About twenty-five recruits joined the army here.

From Quincy on, large numbers of Kelly's followers defected and by the time St. Louis was reached many of his original followers had melted away. Only a small remnant ever reached Washington and their impact on the Nation's lawmakers was even less than that of Coxey and his Commonweal army. While it traveled through Iowa, however, General Kelly and his Industrial Army was headline news.

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

Tramping with Kelly through Iowa

A Jack London Diary

[This diary, penciled by Jack London while he "bummed" his way over mountains and plains from San Francisco to Omaha and campaigned across Iowa with Kelly's Industrial Army in 1894, is here printed by special permission of Charmian London. Much of Chapter X in her *Book of Jack London*, published by the Century Company, is based upon her husband's "log" of that transcontinental tramp. The diary is fully protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without the consent of Mrs. London and the Century Company.—THE EDITOR]

Friday Apr. 6 [1894] Left Oakland Mole at 4:30 P.M. & arrived at Sacramento at 8 P.M. Went up to the Mississippi Kitchen & had supper. Learning that the Industrial Army had arrived at noon & departed for Ogden at 4. Went down & caught the 10 P.M. Overland bound East.

Saturday Apr. 7. We held her down all night till we arrived in Truckee at 7 A.M. As it was broad day light it was impossible to proceed further. Tho' they were forced to stop the train twice before they succeeded in ditching us. Frank & I then decided to send our valises to Oakland by Wells Fargo. We traded the patent simple file for four square meals. We tried to take the 8 P.M. Overland east, but by a mistake Frank caught her & I was left. But we had agreed that in case of separation we would meet in Wadsworth [Nevada]. About eleven o'clock I caught a freight out,

but slept so sound despite the cold that I was side tracked at Reno without waking up. Staid in Reno all day but did not hear of Frank. Woke up at 3:30 A.M. half froze to death.

Sunday Apr. 8. I climbed out & walked about till my circulation was restored when I sought shelter in the Restaurant. The deaf mute & the ladies edifying conversation. Morning ablutions by the banks of the Truckee River. Mourn the loss of the clothes brush and comb with Frank but still have the towel and soap. Went down the road and watched them load cattle and pigs. Met a Swede on the road and went off & got dinner with him. Watched the Indians gambling & listened to the salvation army & unemployed congregated on the corner. They are making up an army and expect to start east tomorrow. All along the line from Oakland on, we have met hundreds chasing the first detachment of the industrial army. A great many lost it by the unexpected departure so early Friday morning. Took a freight in the evening and made Wadsworth but did not find Frank. I slept in an engine cab down in the yards and was routed out about 4 in the morning when the wipers took possession.

Monday Apr. 9. Went down to the Post office & received a postal from Frank who has gone on to Winnemucca. Gen. Kelly passed through on the morning overland. Met a Doctor who gave me unasked a dollar & invited me to breakfast. He said

my face was familiar, but we could not scrape up any recollections. Am waiting to catch a train across the desert to Winnemucca, where if I arrive on time Frank & I will join the Reno detachment of the Industrial Army & then *On to Washington*.

All along this part of the road the wipers are Chinese & the section hands Italian. I saw the biggest Newfoundland in my life here today. He looks more like a bear than anything else. It is impossible to take a train out till night for all the crews are on to me. I could catch any of them & ride them to the next stop, but I want to catch one clean through. This is the last stop before entering the desert, & I don't wish to be ditched at some lone water tank where I may pass days waiting for a train to stop. I never saw such weather. The days are burning hot & the nights freezing cold. The sky is so clear & the atmosphere so thin that you can see objects at a long distance & are deceived into believing them very close. I thought my face was sea tanned, but it is nothing to this. The sun has peeled the skin off my face till I look as though I had fell into a fire.

All along I have met swarms of people going east & but one going west. I met the curiosity here this afternoon. He is walking all the way from Colorado to Frisco, where he is going to ship to sea. Then I met a Frenchman who has walked all the way from Minnesota to Sacramento & has walked this far back. Now his shoes have given

out, & he proposes to ride the rest of the way. I took the 10:45 train out this evening & made her across the desert to Humboldt where I got ditched. No sooner had the Overland pulled out than an orange special pulled in. I took her out & she ran clear through to Winnemucca a distance of fifty miles without a stop. A spark caught fire in my overcoat & smouldering away suddenly burst into flames. The train was going about 40 miles an hour, and it was quite a job to put it out. My overcoat and coat are ruined. I rode the bumpers the rest of the way.

Tuesday Apr. 10. Arrived at four o'clock & waited till daylight in the European restaurant. Frank's postal said if not in sight to call at the La Fayette Hotel. Did so but no one [knew of] him. Then examined the postmark on the postal card & made it out San Francisco. It looks bad for some body. If I had not delayed at Wadsworth & here, I would have been almost to Ogden. About 9 o'clock went down to Post Office & wrote a letter home. As I was returning met Frank. Great rejoicing & congratulations. The Postmark inexplicable. Frank & I decided to wait this night out in the hopes of joining the Reno detachment. But two trains came through. Sand storm.

Wednesday Apr. 11. It snowed last night. We have decided to let the Reno crowd rip and start on as fast as possible for Ogden. This afternoon Frank & I had an understanding. The road has

no more charms for him. The romance & adventure is gone and nothing remains but the stern reality of the hardships to be endured. Though he has decided to turn West again I am sure the experience has done him good, broadened his thoughts, given a better understanding of the low strata of society & surely will have made him more charitable to the tramps he will meet hereafter when he is in better circumstances. He starts West & I start East to-night. He is safe to go through because he has money enough to tip the brakeman on the line at the rate of 50 cts. a division & have money left to eat on. Shook hands & said good bye 9 P.M. Caught a freight out. Am going to brake coal on the engine from here to Carlin 131 miles.

Thursday Apr. 12. Arrived in Carlin at 3:30 this morning. A little railroad town situated in the midst of the great American Desert, through which I am now traveling. Up to two o'clock no train has passed east except the Overland. I met a Chinaman here and played cards with him while he was waiting to register. There was not a game he did not understand. I took the Overland out about 7:30, riding the blind with two other fellows I picked up with. We made a 45 mile run to Elko & a 23 mile run to Peko where they tried to ditch us. We went out ahead but the brakeman rode the blind out. We waited till the train had almost run by when two of us jumped the palace cars & decked them while the third went underneath on the rods.

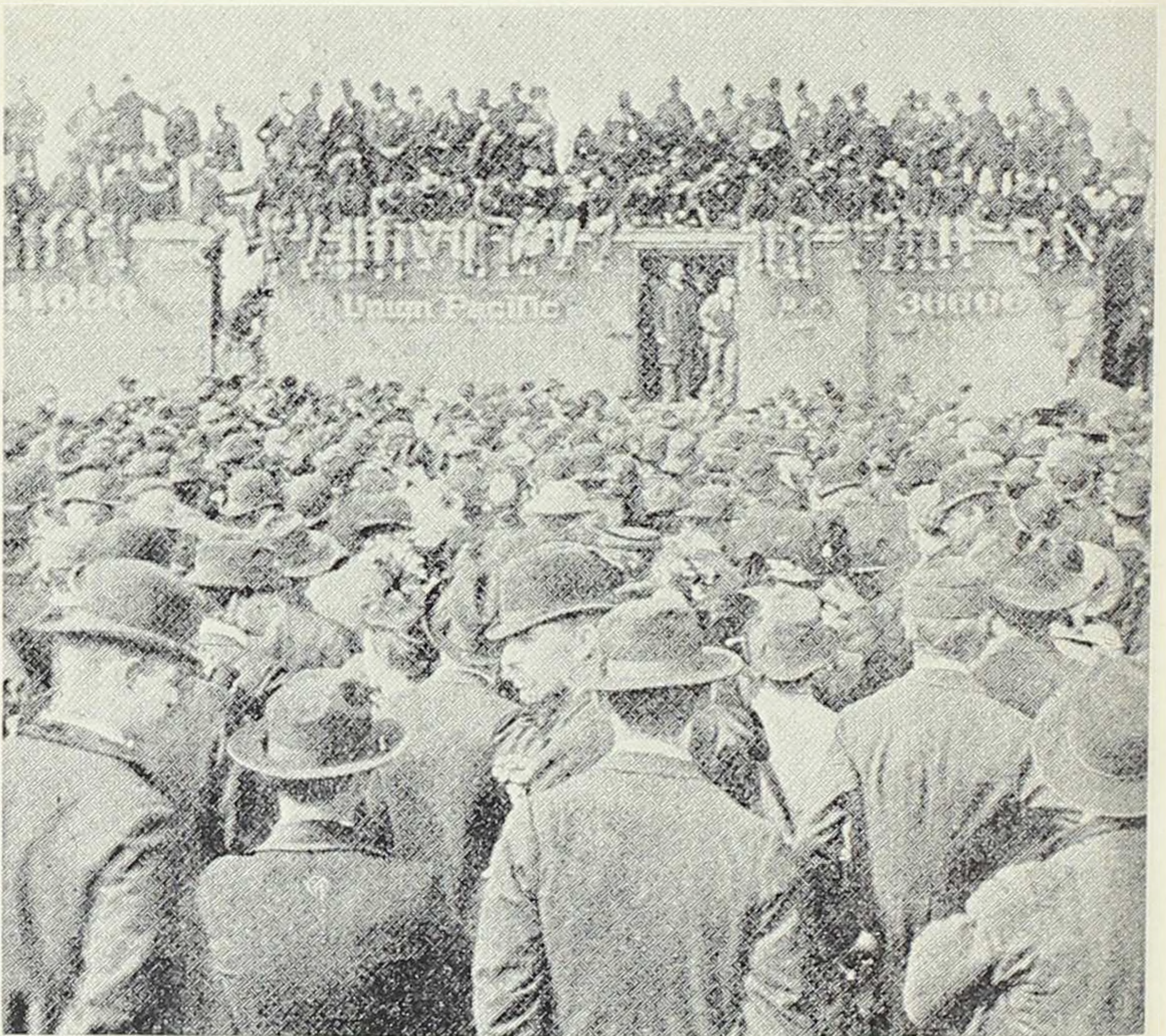


**"General" Charles T. Kelly
Industrial Army Commander
At Council Bluffs**

"'General' Kelly turned out to be simply a small, pale, intellectual-appearing, and rather pensive-looking man. Fortunately, his authority over the rabble, which was made up by him in a few days, and which was without any other restraint than that imposed by his word of command, was excellent. . . ." *Harper's Weekly*, May 5, 1894.

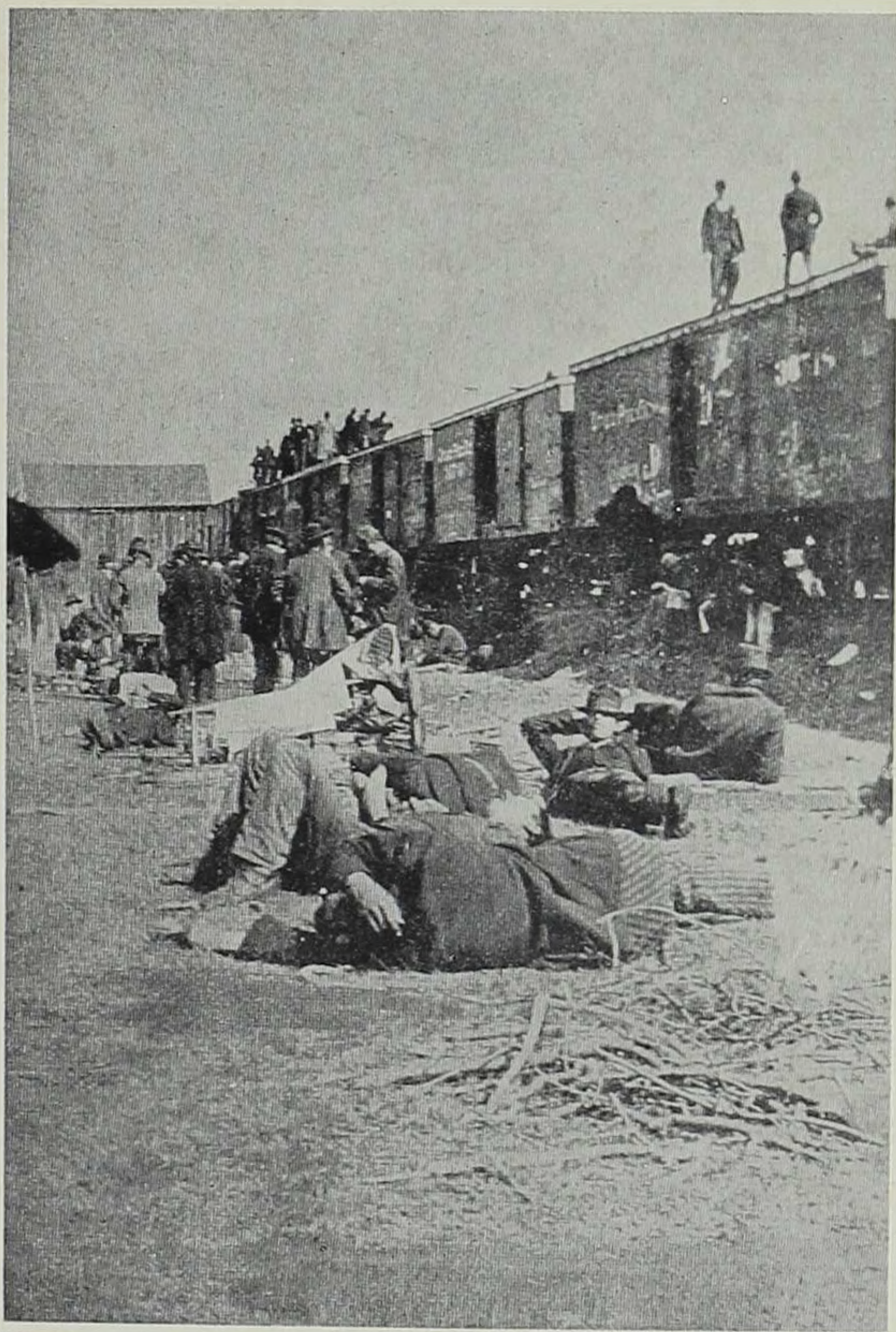


Pictured with a banner reading, "We Demand Nothing But Justice," are General Kelly's staff officers—one machinist, two butchers, one telegraph operator, one stove-maker, one basketmaker, one bookkeeper, two tinner, and three unskilled laborers.

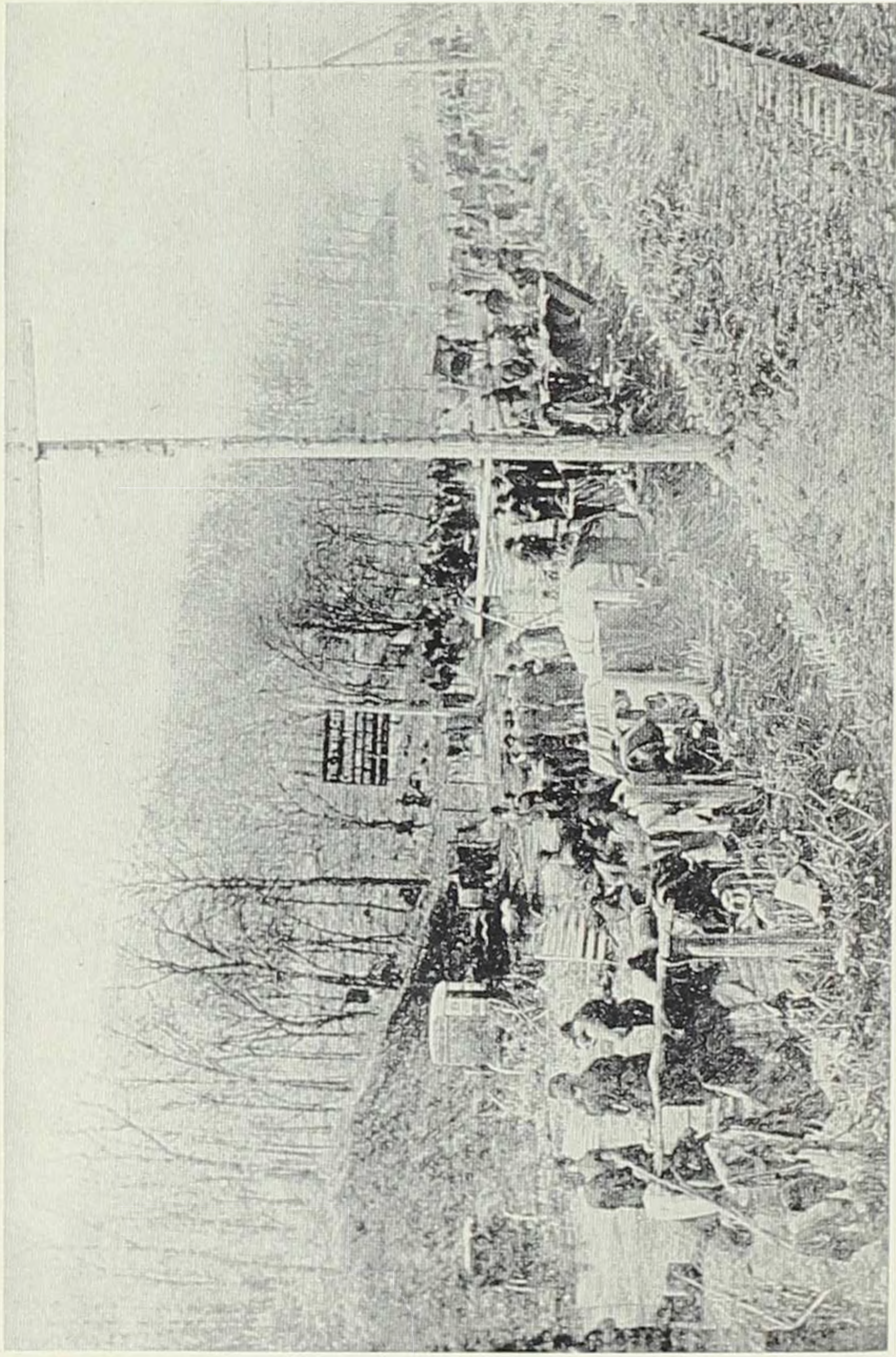


Pictured is the arrival of the Union Pacific train, carrying Kelly's Industrial Army, in the Council Bluffs freight yards, Sunday morning, April 15, 1894.

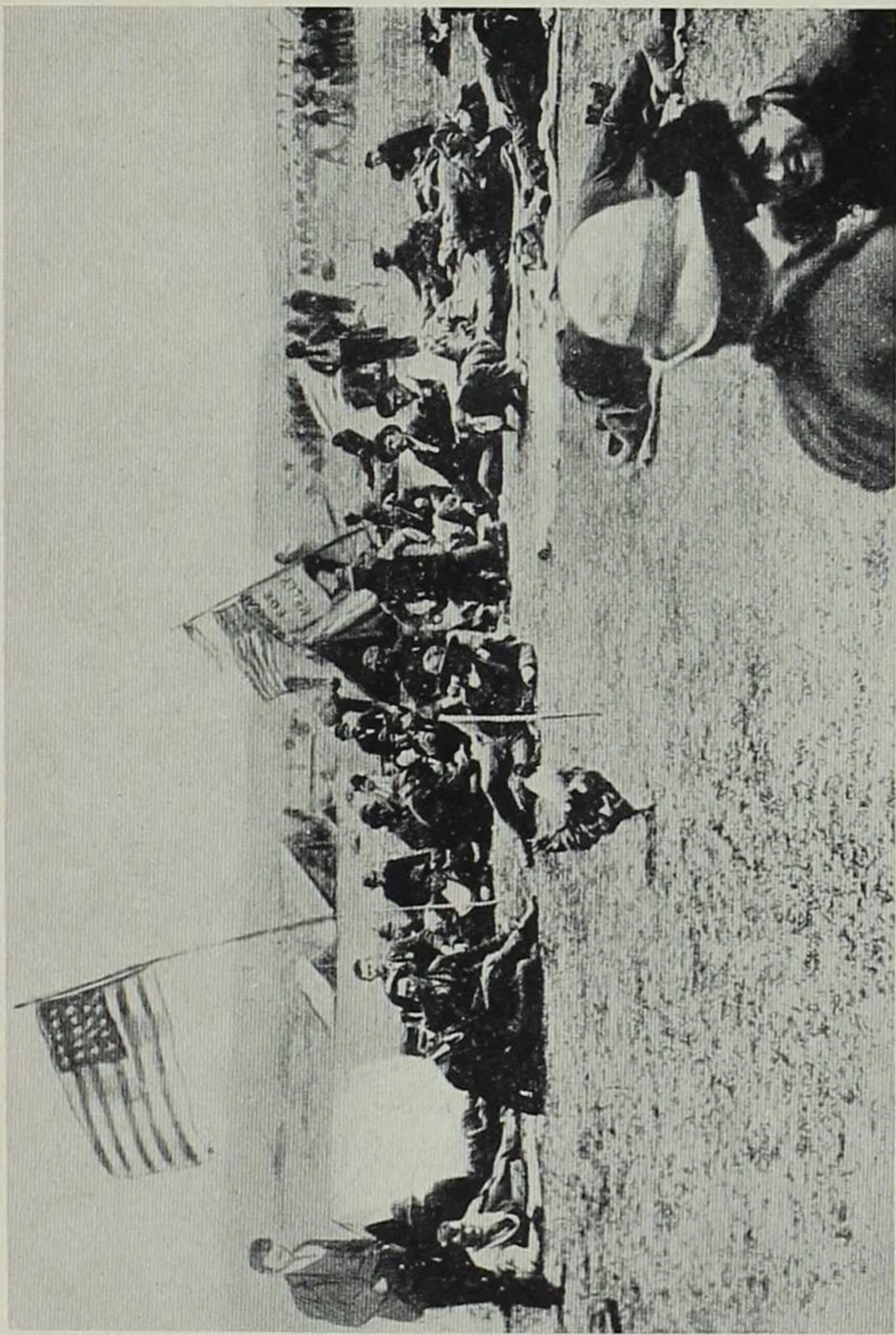
"After some harrowing experiences in Nevada, Utah, and Wyoming, the Union Pacific finally reached Omaha but the train was 'not permitted to enter the town' and consequently dropped the Industrial Army off at Council Bluffs."



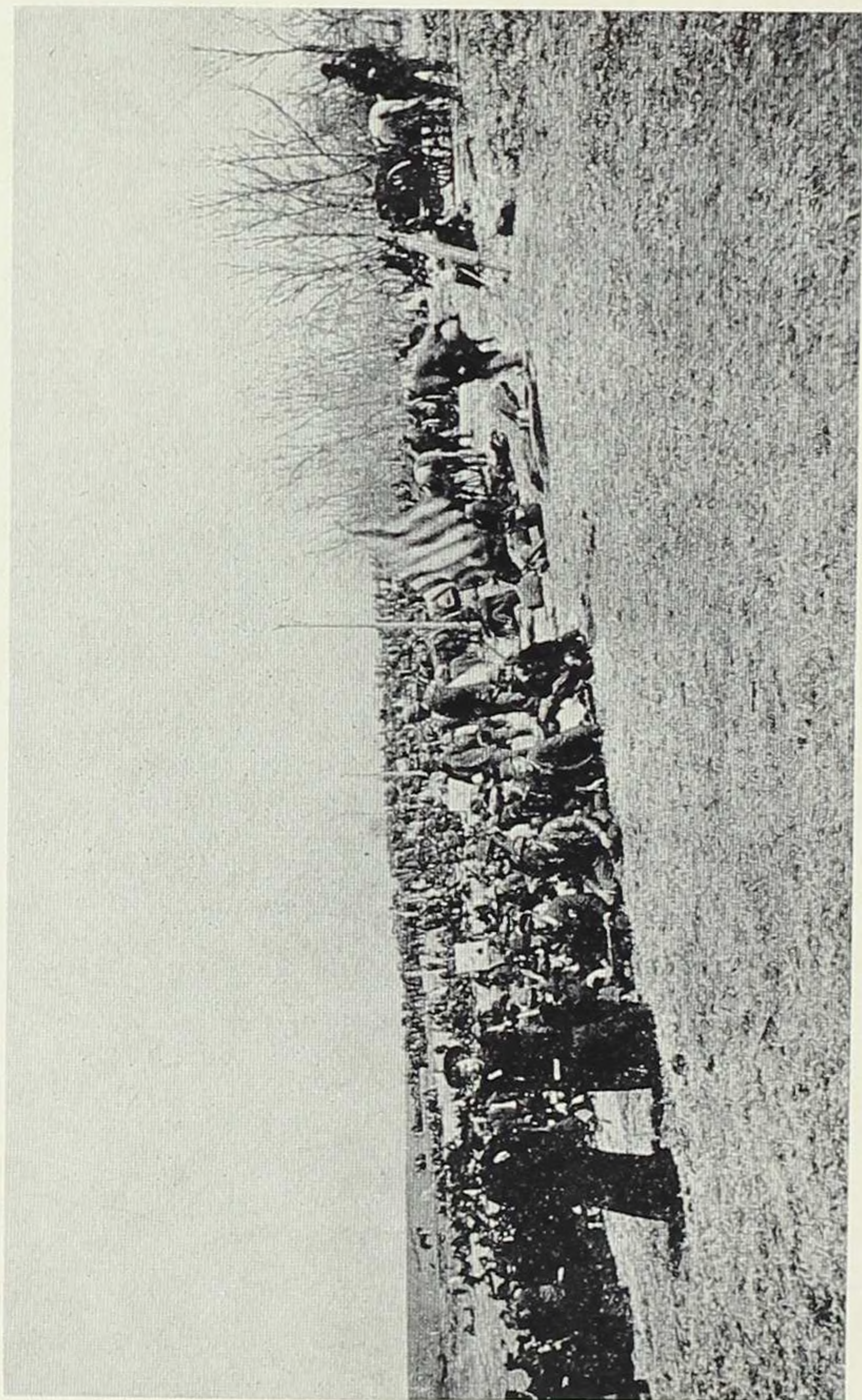
Early morning in the camp in the freight yards at Council Bluffs. This camp continued for several days while attempts were made to find transportation across the state for Army members. It was generally agreed that the simplest thing to do was to feed the men and get them across the state as quickly as possible . . .



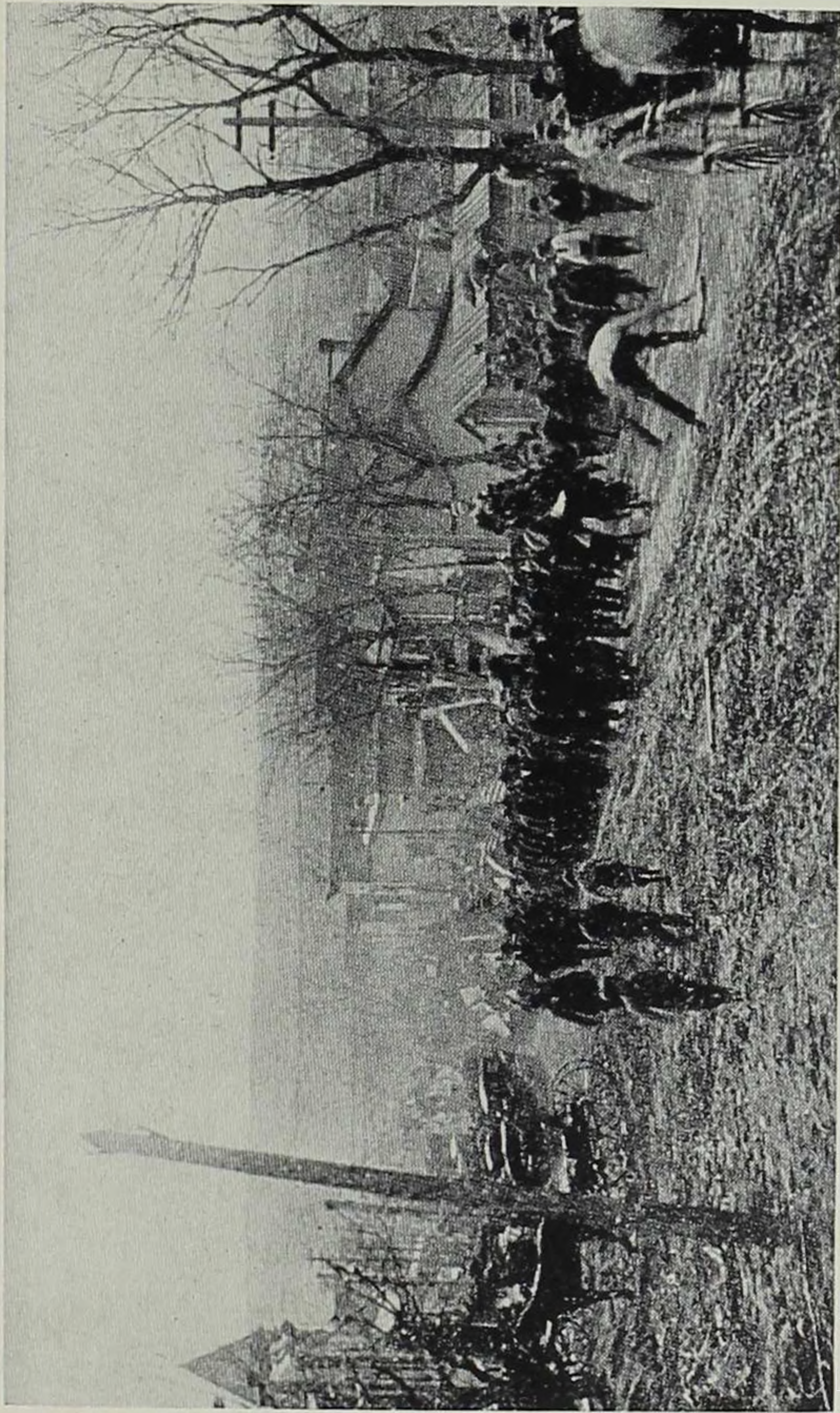
Camp Despair, along the track of the Rock Island, where Kelly's Army was encamped for several days. "Kelly's movement eastward was thwarted by the railroads' refusal to transport his men to Chicago, the only alternative was to walk, aided by wagons to carry their food and supplies as well as their sick and footsore."



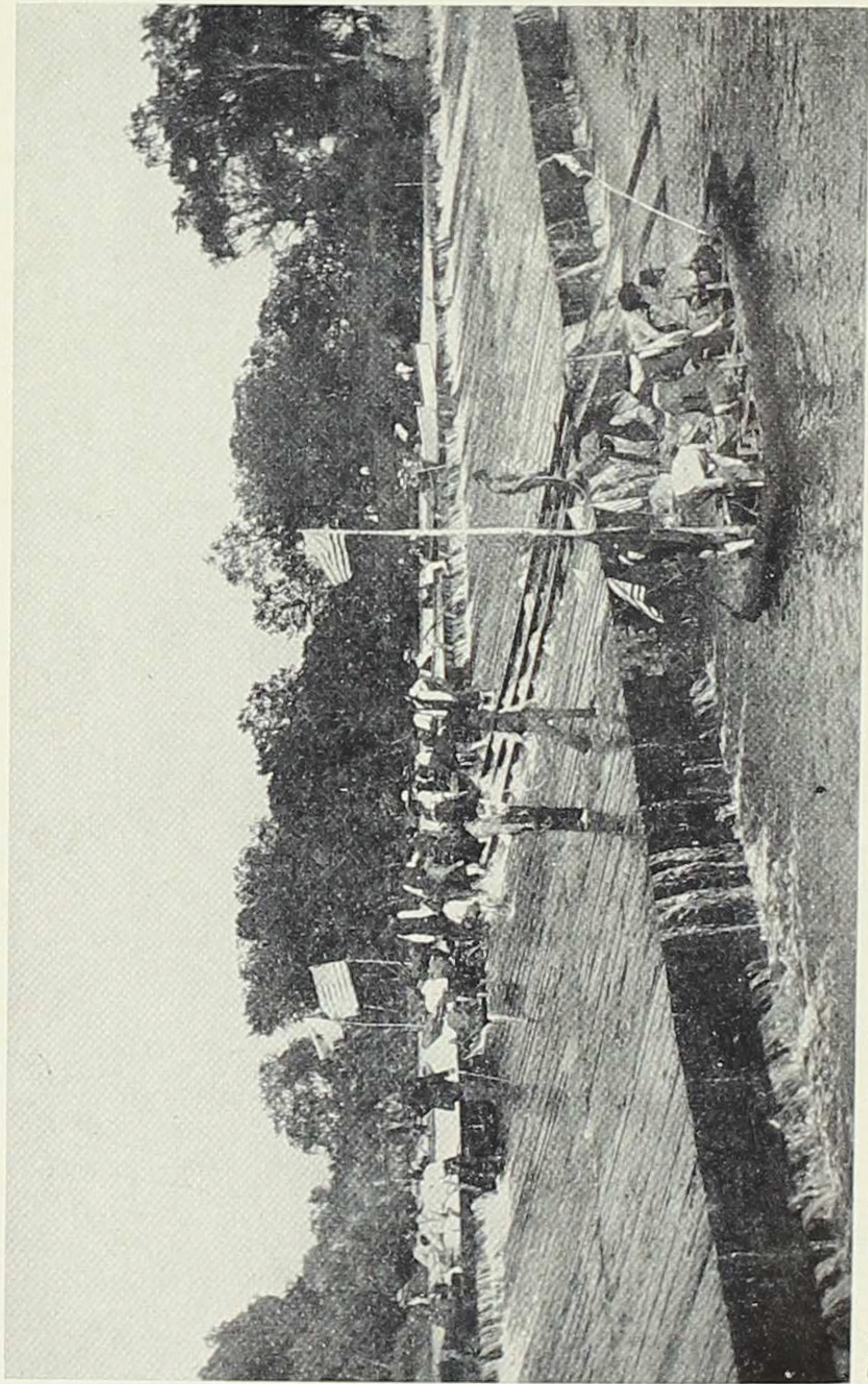
A rest stop on the way across Iowa. Industrial Army member, Jack London, is pictured at the lower right. His diary of this trip is included in this issue of *The Palimpsest*.



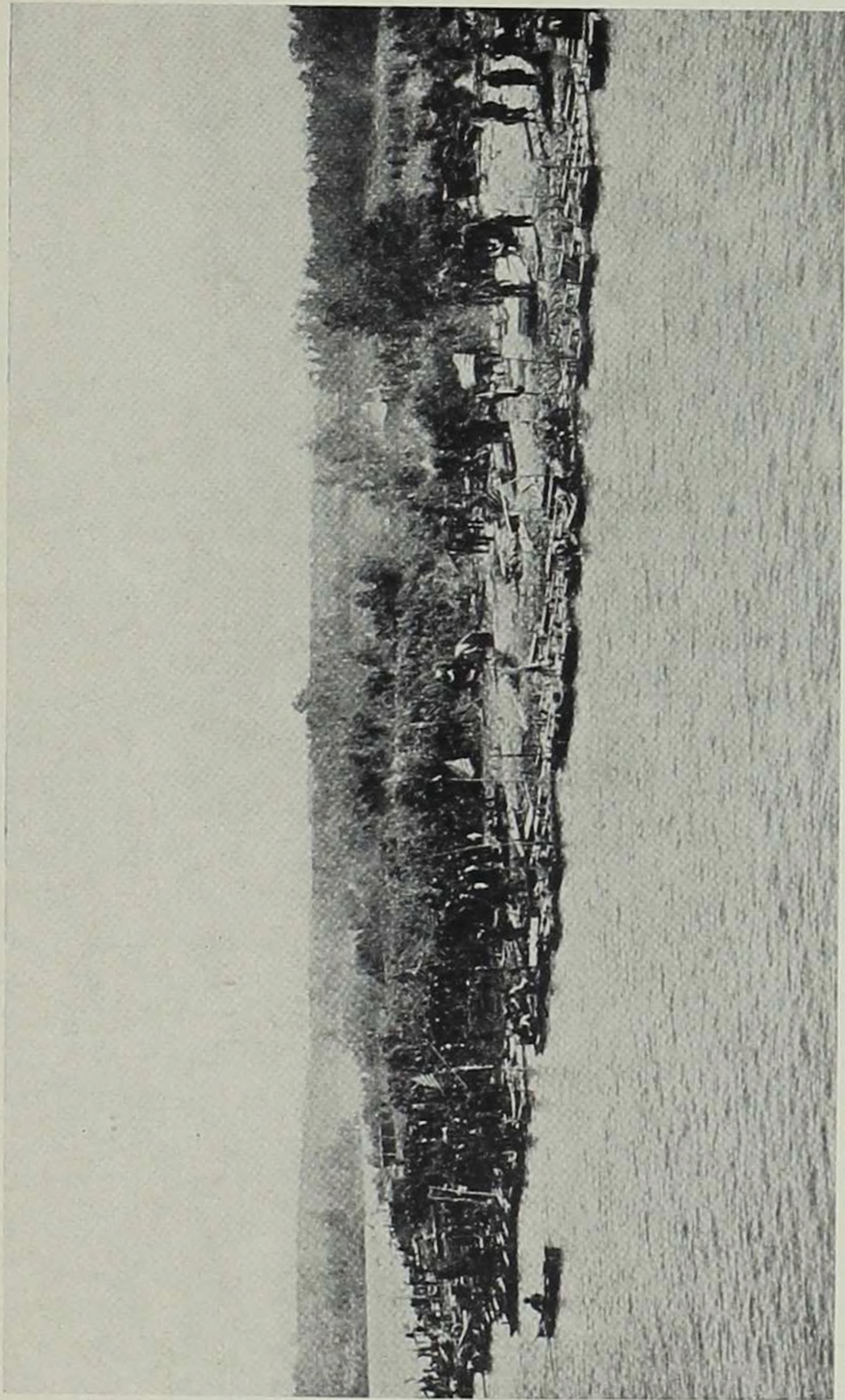
A lunch halt is made near Shelby.



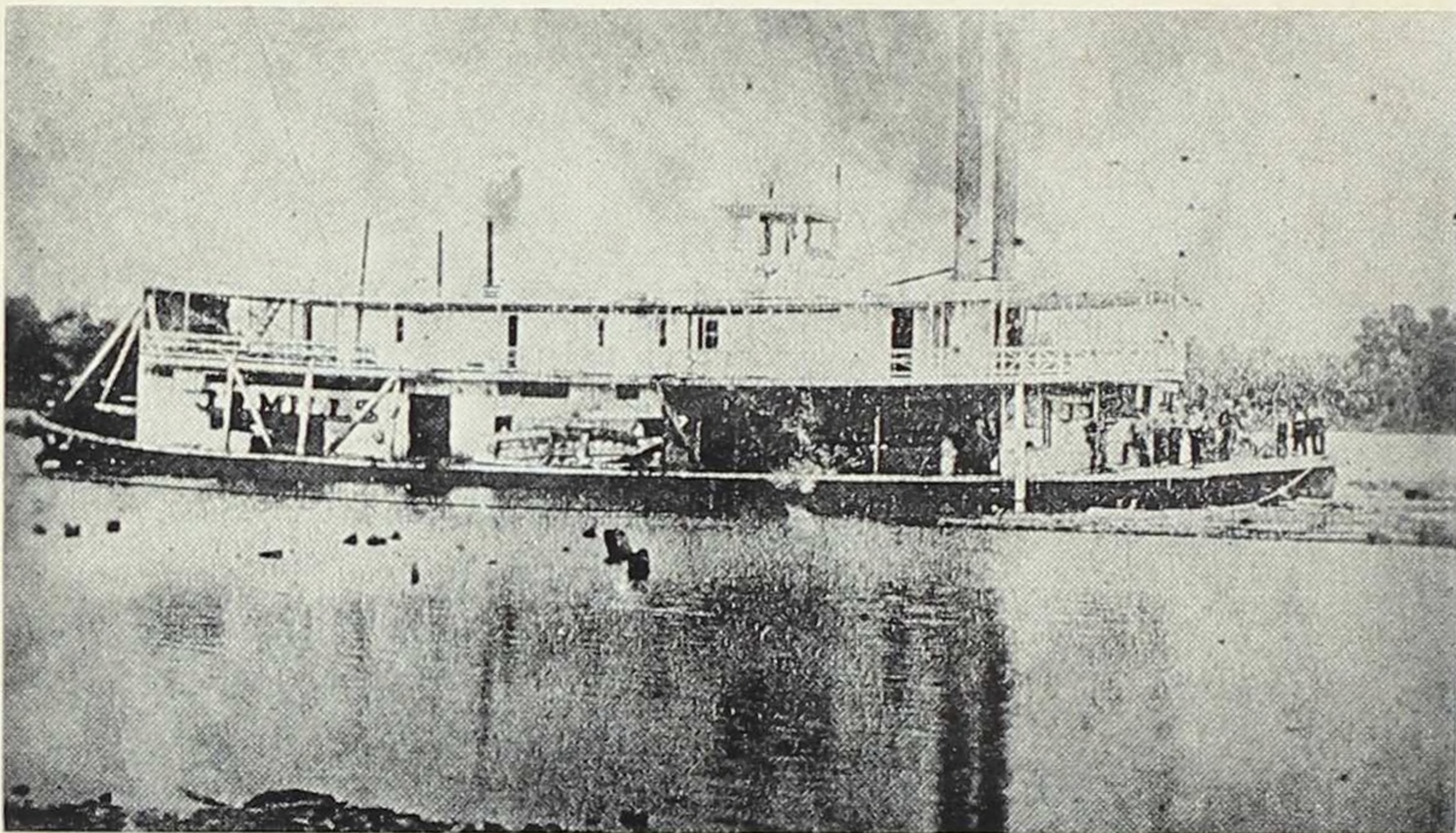
Kelly enters Avoca at the head of his army. "Kelly's reception here to-night was fully as flattering as that which was accorded him at Neola."



Sliding over the dam at Ottumwa. "There was a small sized riot at the Kelly camp this evening. The mayor of Ottumwa hired and paid for the grounds for the army to camp on. When the teams arrived the owner of the ground demanded an admission of 10 cents to enter . . . Kelly demanded it be stopped. The owner refused . . . a scuffle ensued . . . It was stopped by the mayor who decided in favor of Kelly."



Kelly's navy at the mouth of the Des Moines River. "Kelly's army landed three miles below the city [Keokuk] on the Missouri shore at 11 o'clock, where provisions were delivered."



Courtesy Buffalo Bill Museum at LeClaire

"General Kelly made a contract with Parmalee Bros., owner of the steamer *J. W. Mills*, to tow the fleet to Quincy for \$100."

The *J. W. Mills* was an 86-ton sternwheeler built at Paducah, Kentucky, as a coal towboat in 1872. She was 109.7 feet long, 22.2 feet beam, and 3.0 feet depth of hold. W. J. Young and Co. of Clinton bought her in 1873 and placed her in the Upper Mississippi rafting trade for the Young Mills. In 1883 she was sold to the LeClaire Navigation Company and continued in the rafting trade until 1888 when she was sold to Captain Walter A. Blair and Captain John H. Laycock. Captain Blair described the *J. W. Mills* as a "powerful little towboat." The *Dubuque Herald* referred to the *J. W. Mills* as a "faithful little boat" that had "always been a moneymaker." She was sold to Parmalee Brothers of Canton, Missouri, in 1893 and was running in the towing business the following spring when Kelly's Industrial Army arrived at the mouth of the Des Moines. The *J. W. Mills* was chartered by Keokuk citizens to push the boats constituting Kelly's Navy to Quincy. The diminutive craft, then in its 23rd season, played a dramatic role in moving the Industrial Army from the Iowa scene.

At the end of 1894 Parmalee Brothers dismantled the *J. W. Mills* and placed her engines in the *Ottumwa Belle* which they built that year at Canton. The *Ottumwa Belle* was destined to push the last raft from Hudson, Wisconsin, to Fort Madison, Iowa, in 1915, thus bringing to a close the fabulous rafting trade of the Upper Mississippi.

Grover Cleveland, U.S. President
Second Term, 1892-1896

"There are now about a dozen armies in the field and Father Grover must be able to hear the tramp of marching feet . . . It is believed that the president will fill Washington with 'regulars' for any emergency that may arise when the indignant men who voted for him two years ago get to the National capital."



Frank D. Jackson
Iowa Governor, 1894-1896

"A Des Moines dispatch says the opinion at that state house is strongly against the action of Gov. Jackson in calling out the troops to meet Kelly's army. Of course the Republican state officers don't care to be quoted as criticizing a Republican governor but in general conversation they are free to denounce his emulation of Don Quixote."



Gen. James B. Weaver
Populist Candidate for President, 1892

"But Gen. Weaver's patience was exhausted also. He has met with bitter disappointment in this Kelly business. He expected to make a huge amount of political capital out of it and to turn it into a Populist demonstration. But it hasn't worked. His visions have faded away. Responsible for Gen. Kelly's high hopes, Gen. Weaver finds that he has an enormous elephant on his hands alone."



Francis M. Drake
Iowa Governor, 1896-1898

Civil War soldier, railroad builder, Centerville lawyer and banker, Francis M. Drake succeeded Jackson as Governor of Iowa, serving from 1896-1898. He was a founder as well as a great benefactor of Drake University, which bears his name. He was not in accord with the statements made by Aylesworth.



B. O. Aylesworth
President, Drake University

President Aylesworth, in a newspaper interview, said: "The army was then approaching [Des Moines]. It must be fed. Humanity demanded, more, the peace of the city demanded it. I said then let no Iowa man join its ranks. Let it pass quickly on to the mission which it thinks it has. The army has remained too long in the city. Des Moines has maintained her former reputation in the patient care she gives strangers at her gates."





J. S. COXEY.

J. S. COXEY

Kelly's Army was in Des Moines when Coxey's Army arrived in Washington for their big rendezvous on May 1, 1894. Coxey's trip to the Nation's Capitol had been a relatively easy one since leaving his home town of Massillon, Ohio, on Easter Sunday with about 100 men, followed by half as many reporters who gave the "Commonweal of Christ" army plenty of free publicity. Instead of the 100,000 followers Coxey had predicted would follow him into Washington only about 500 men were with him when he arrived for the May Day demonstration. Coxey's parade was cheered by an enormous crowd but when he tried to speak from the Capitol steps he was arrested, fined, and sent to jail for carrying banners and walking on the grass of the Capitol grounds.

CARL BROWNE

Coxey's device to arouse public and congressional interest in two bills he wished to see enacted was a march of a "living petition" of the unemployed on Washington. The idea for such a march was attributed to Coxey's picturesque western associate, Carl Browne. As the result of Browne's curious religious notions the resulting organization was called "The Commonwealth of Christ."

Following the Panic of 1893 the plan Coxey and Browne worked out to save the country called for the enactment of two bills providing for large issues of legal-tender currency to be spent for good roads and other public improvements, thus furnishing work for the workless.



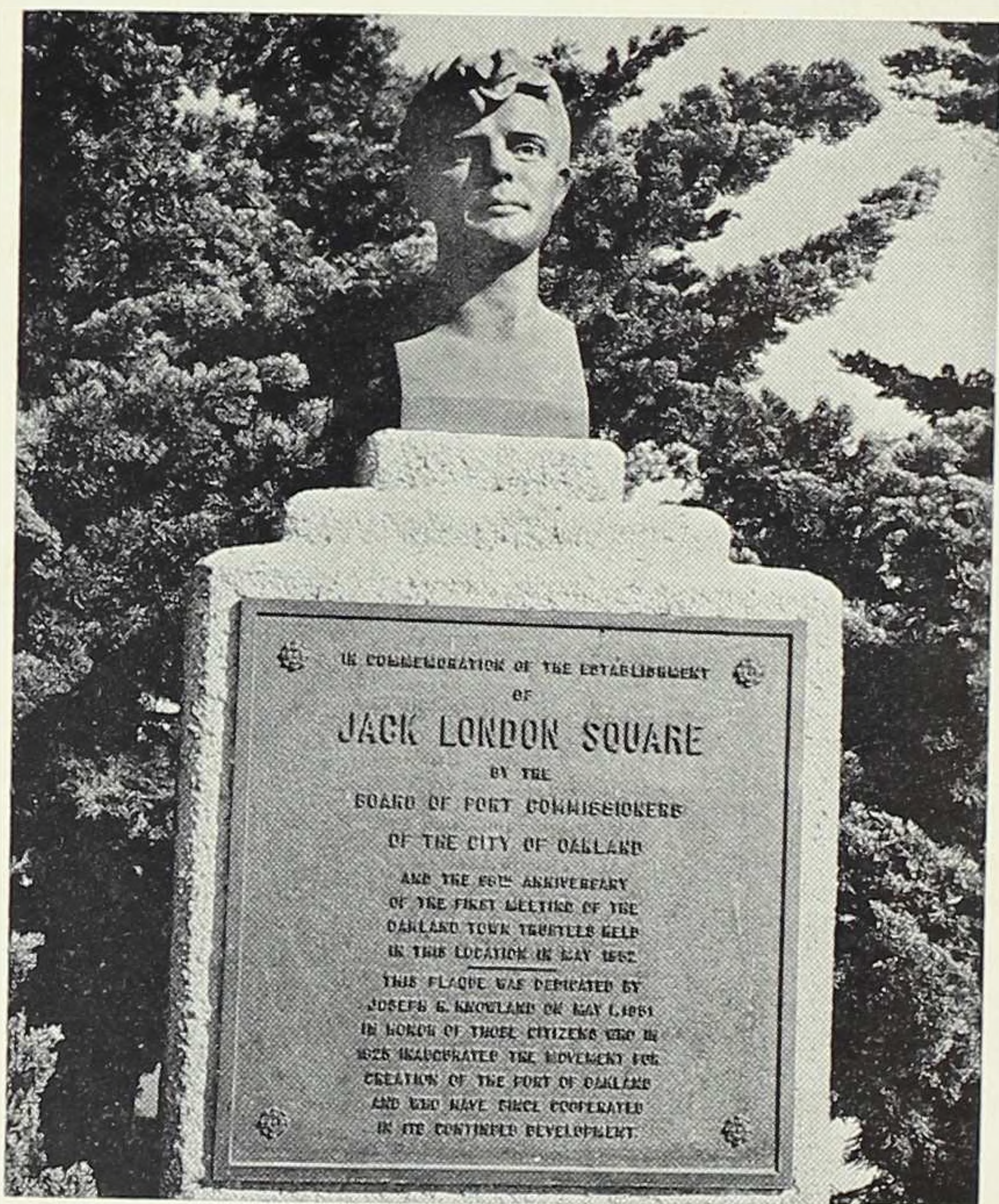
CARL BROWNE.



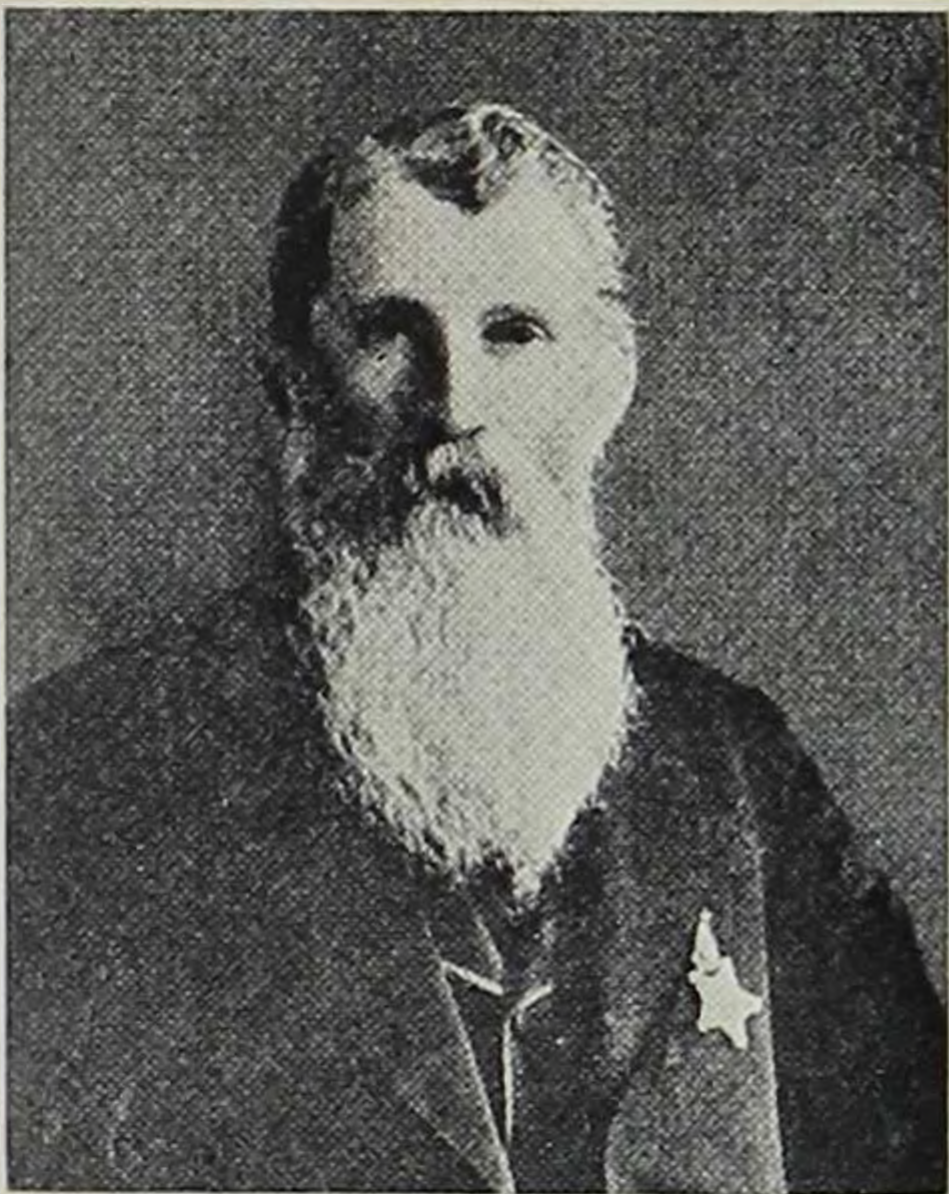
Jack London as he appeared in November of 1916, just 13 days before his death.



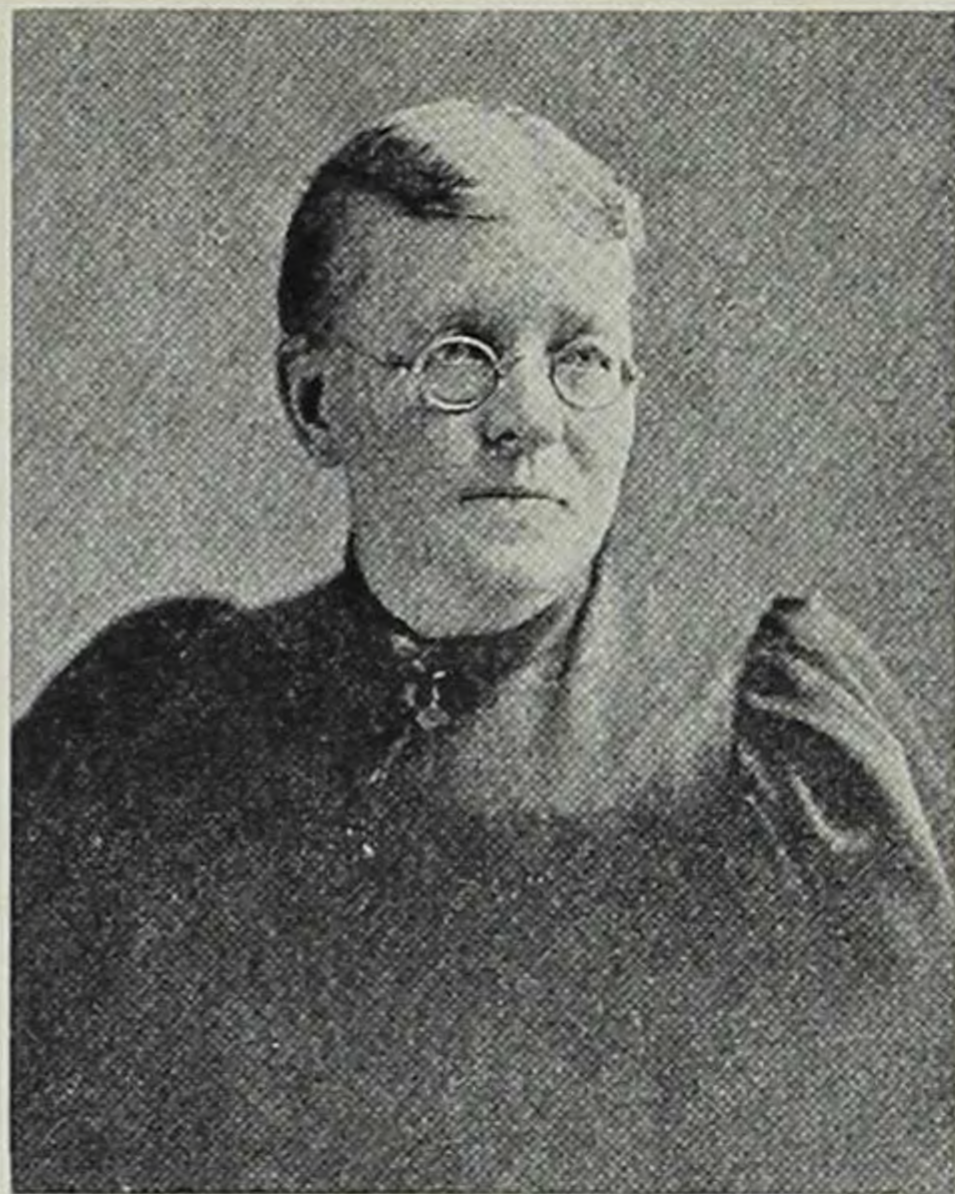
Jack London and his wife, Charmian.



This memorial was erected by the Board of Port Commissioners of the City of Oakland in commemoration of the establishment of Jack London Square. The bust of London was made by Finn Frolich, a good friend of London.

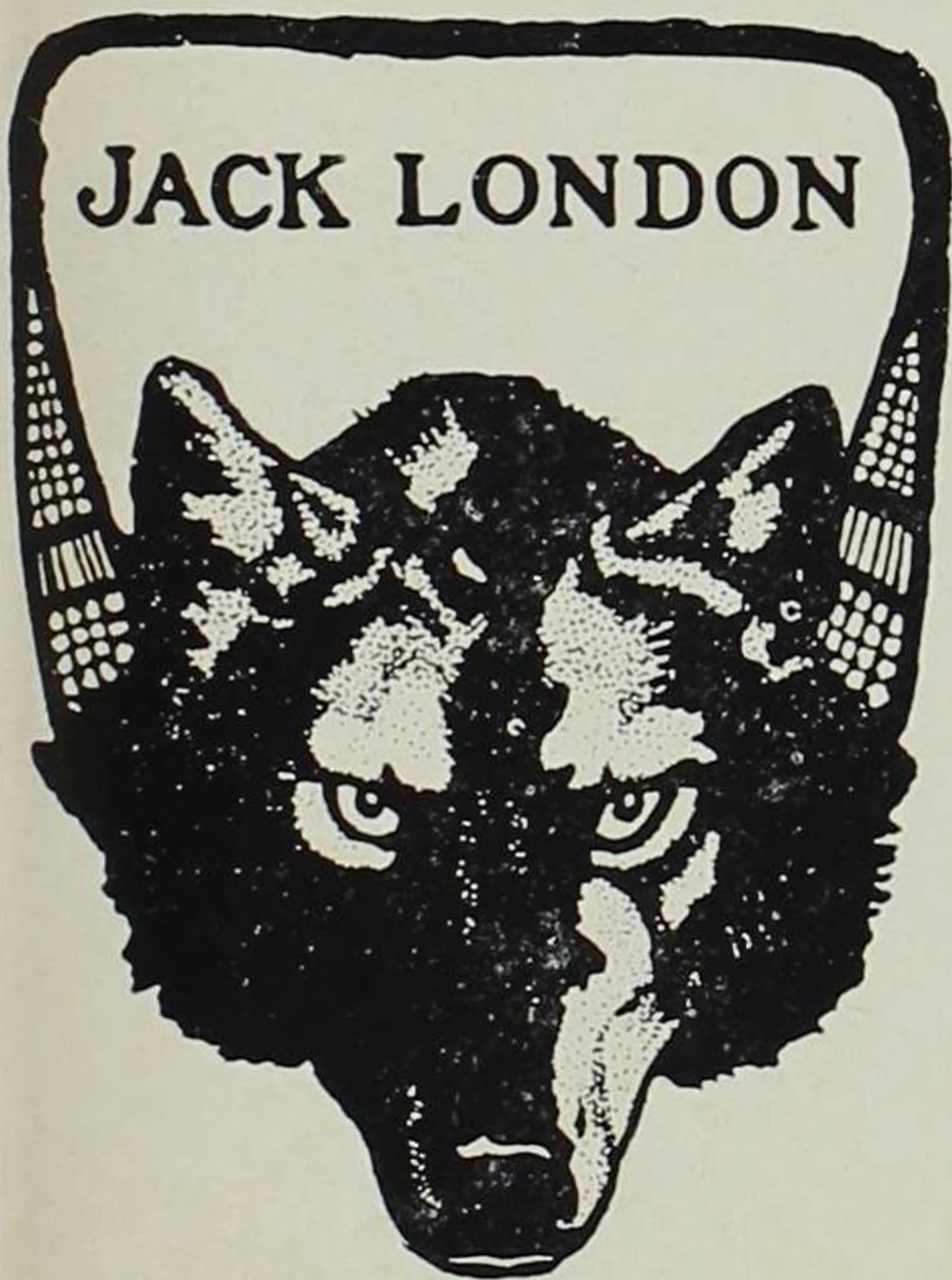


Jack London's Father

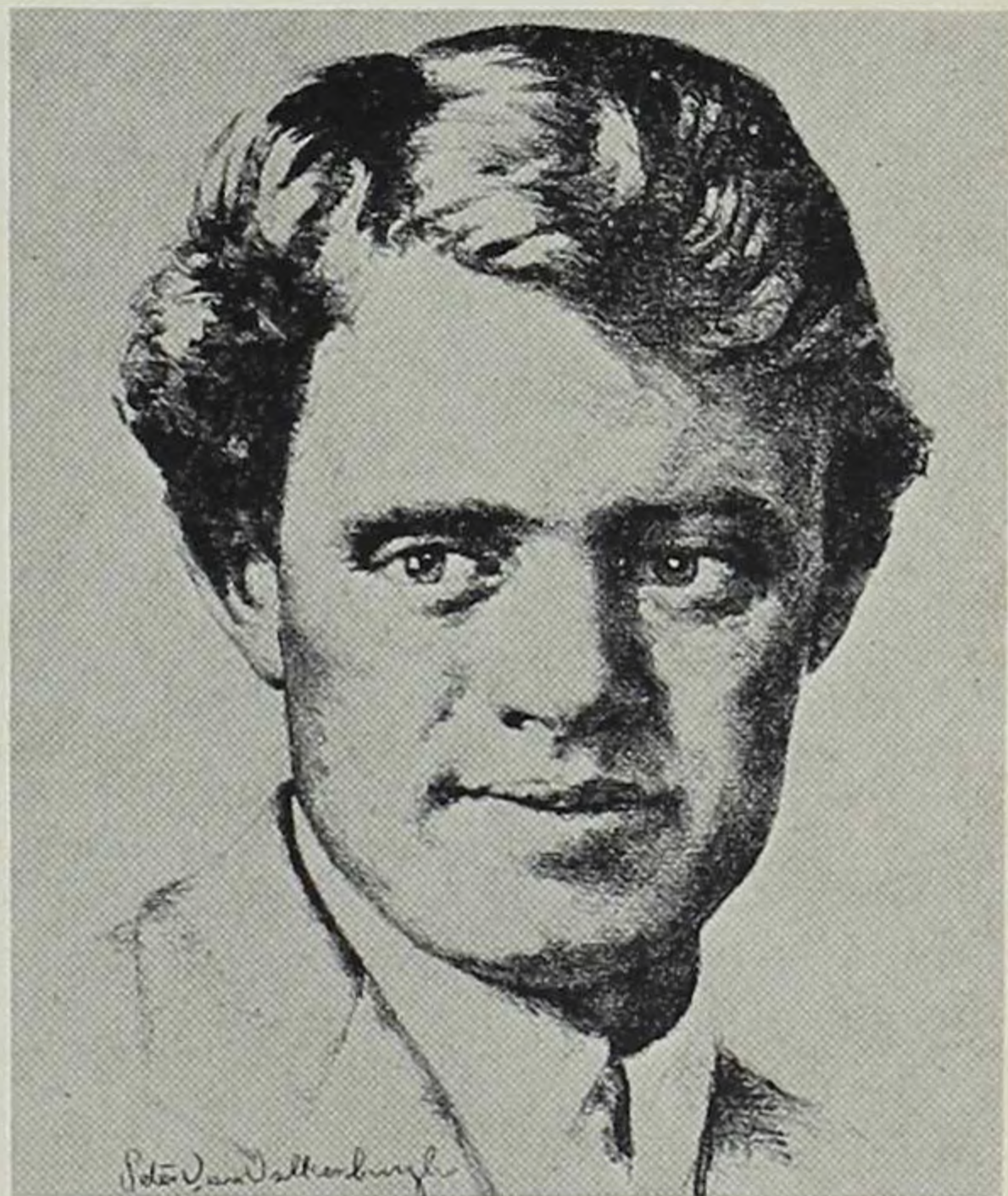


Jack London's Mother

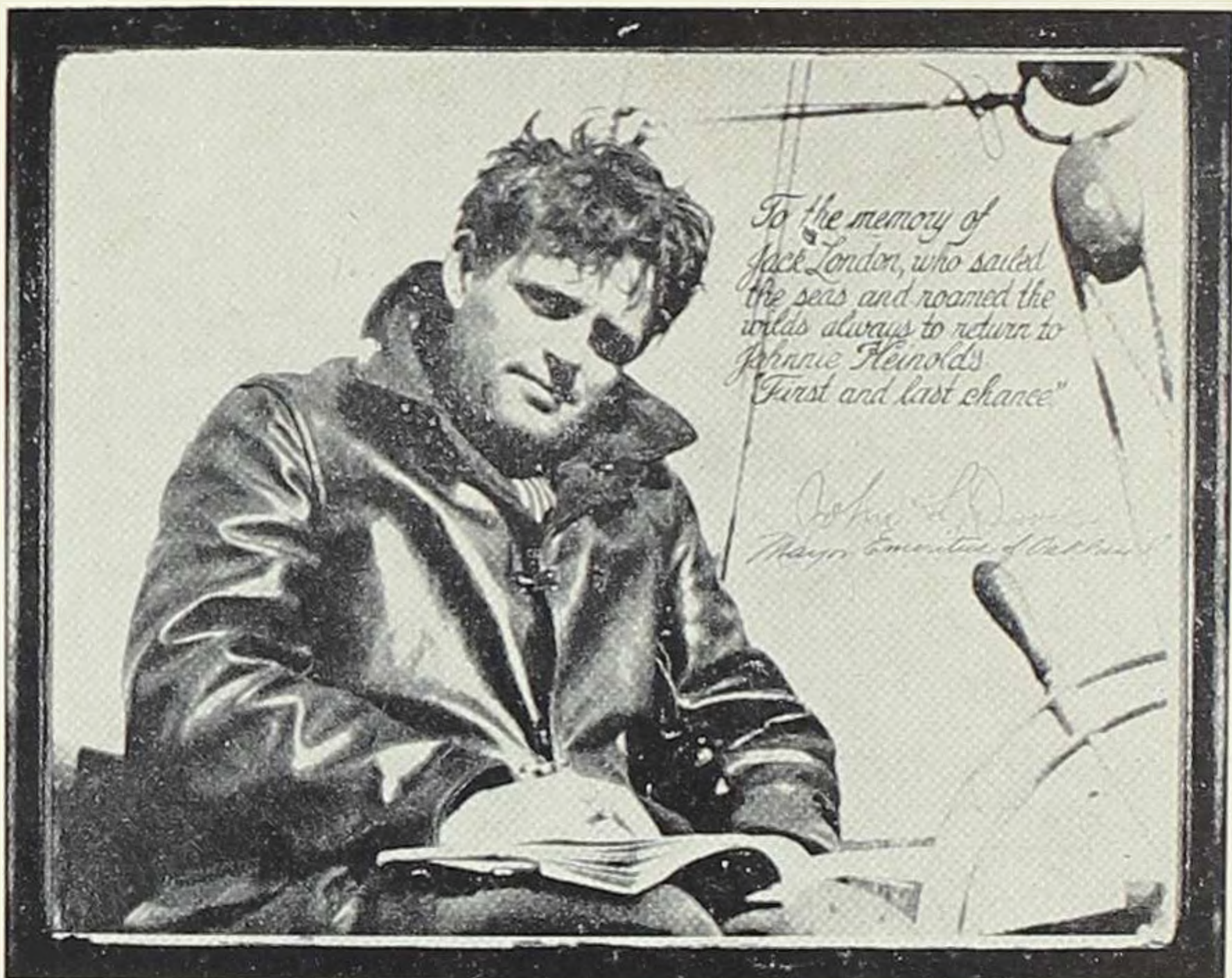
John London and his first wife lived in Moscow, Iowa, for a period of time while London was supposedly superintending the construction of a bridge across the Cedar. In the 1870 Iowa Census, John London is listed as a plasterer. That record also shows the Londons as the parents of 10 children. Jack London, born on the west coast, was the only child born to John London and his second wife.



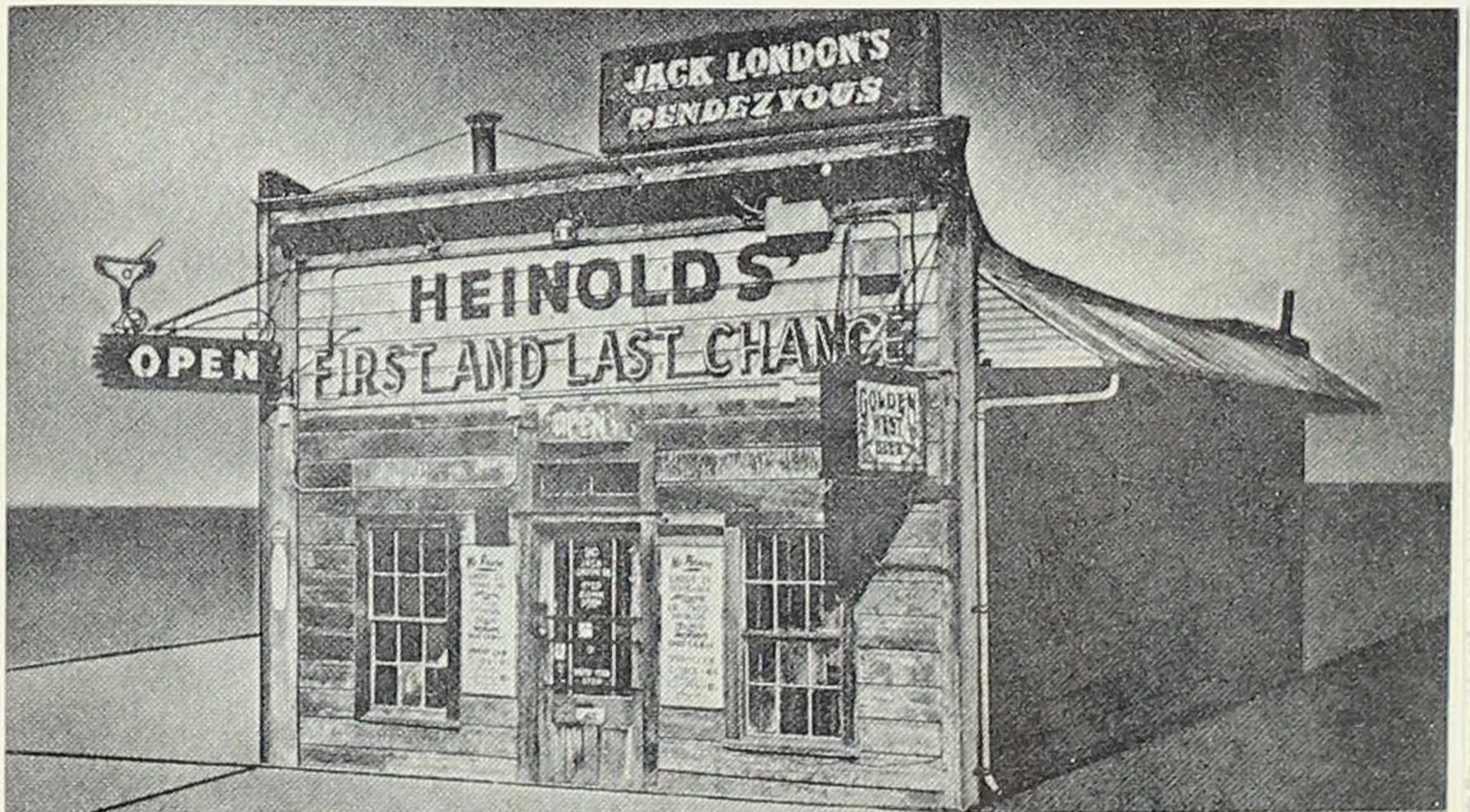
Jack London's famous bookplate.



Jack London as he appeared in 1900. From a sketch by Van Valkenburgh drawn in 1941.



Mayor John L. Davie of Oakland presented this picture of Jack London to Johnnie Heinold, operator of Heinold's First and Last Chance bar. The picture was snapped with an inexpensive camera by Jack's wife, Charmian, from the hatch of the *Roamer*. It is the most popular photograph of Jack ever taken and has been used on posters, in books and in magazine articles.



Original Bar Made Famous by Jack London, Foot of Webster Street, Oakland, Calif.

I climbed forward two cars to the other fellow & [invited him] to come on along the decks to the blind but he said it was too risky. I went forward about five cars & as the brakeman was on the platform I could proceed no further & escaped observation. I waited & when the train stopped I climbed down & ran ahead to the blind. The brakeman again rode her out but I took the next one behind him, & when he jumped off to catch me I ran ahead & took the platform he had vacated. The fellow on the roof with me got ditched, but I made her into Wells, the end of the division where they put on a double header. The brakeman was after us like a blood hound, so I climbed on the engine & passed coal through to Terrace, the end of that division. I arrived at two o'clock, & as the snow was all around, I did not care to proceed further so I went to the round house & slept in the cab of an engine till morning.

Friday Apr. 13. At five this morning the wipers took possession of my bed room & I was obliged to vacate. While looking for another warm spot I found that two knights of the road, arriving during my sleep, had most obligingly built a roaring fire in one of the huge stoves. One of them had a big handkerchief full of fresh buttered, home made biscuits. I sat down, ate a few of them & then slumbered peacefully till seven o'clock. The further I got east in Nevada the more miserable the towns are, & terrance [Terrace] is commencing

to the upward scale I guess, for at last I am in Utah. At two this afternoon I got one of the west bound tourists to lock me in a car bound east. Just before the train started the door was thrown open & a brakeman asked me how much I could "shake up." "Fifteen cents" was my response. I had two dollars & fifteen cents on me and as the two dollars were unbroken I did not propose to give them to him. He said he would carry me down the road a ways but did not take the money. When we had traveled about 50 miles, according to my calculations, the door was again thrown open, & the conductor & brakeman both appeared. After a long consultation they took my gold ring & left me the fifteen cents. The ring was good gold with a fine cameo setting. I got it from Lizzie Connolly.

Saturday Apr. 14. Arrived here [Ogden] at 12:50 this morning. Took a stroll up town, & got supper, then another stroll & at half past two wandered into the Central Hotel where I took a stiff drink and sat, by the night clerk's permission, in a chair till daylight. Ogden is a pretty little town of 18000 inhabitants. It has all the latest improvements. Electric cars, & lights & bituminous rock. It is situated at a good elevation among the Rocky, or rather Wasatch Mts. which are outlining spurs or ranges of the Rockies. One surprising thing is the cheapness of everything. Strolling through the town I noticed several log houses which must have been built during the early days.

Another peculiarity is that so many of the living houses or cottages are built of brick and stone. Perhaps it is because of the deep snows during the winter. It began snowing to day in the morning but cleared up in a few hours. I have given up my proposed trip to Salt Lake City & intend to start to night for Omaha on the Union Pacific. I received 3 letters. Two from home & one from Applegarth. I expected more & arranged with the Post Office to forward them to Omaha.

After spending a pleasant afternoon in the reading room I went down to the U. P. Depot & caught the blind baggage on the 8:15 Express. Just as she was pulling out I met an old friend. We first met in Reno when he & I spent the day together. He is a Swede. We next met in Winnemucca. He arriving just as I was leaving. And now, for the third time, we met while catching the blind baggage. We rode her 75 miles that night to Evanston, a pretty little town just across the line in Wyoming. After we had run a few miles he pushed coal on the engine. About this time the brakeman began to stir us up. There were quite a crowd on the blind. But gradually, station by station they began to drop off. However I made up my mind to hold her down & a pretty time I had of it. I rode the blind, the tender of the engine, the cow catcher & pilots of the double header, the decks & even in an emergency once stood on the platform in the middle of the train.

Sunday Apr. 15. The train stopped at Evans-ton for half an hour, then ran back to Ogden and came around by the Oregon Short Line. The cause was a bad wreck, 11 miles ahead. Coming round a bend through a cut the engine ran into a huge bolder [sic] which had fallen on the track. The engine jumped the track on the side killing the fireman & engineer. A tramp was riding the blind & he jumped off & was not even hurt. The baggage & mail cars fell on the opposite side. The rest of the train was pretty badly shaken up. About 1:30 an engine brought in the two bodies. The Swede & I went over to the electric light works, & going down into a fire room crawled up on top of the boilers & slept till morning, though the heat was intolerable. The snow covers the ground, walks & houses yet though it is rapidly melting. It took but a few hours to patch up the track & by ten o'clock the Swede & me (By a curious coincidence his name is also Frank) captured an Orange Special Through Freight. We rode her the best part of the day & when she stopped at Green River the end of the division, & 111 miles east of here we left the train for a few minutes to get a lunch. I returned with a loaf of bread & chunk of Bologna sausage, I made her out but Frank did not arrive in time. They carried me but one station 15 miles, when I got ditched.

ROCK SPRINGS. It seems to be a mining town. I went to a Saloon, got a glass of beer,

& had a fine wash in warm water. I am writing this in the saloon. It seems to be the wild and wooly west with a vengeance. The soldiers, miners, & cowboys all seem to be on the rampage. At the present moment a couple of cowboys or rather cattle punchers are raising cain generally. One is about 6 foot 4, while the other is a little shorty. I guess I will stay here tonight and tomorrow & take a look at the town & mines. This is the town where rock spring coal comes from.

Monday Apr. 16. I had the hardest job in the world this morning searching for the depot. There are thousands of cars laying on the side tracks waiting for coal, & trains run north, south, east and west of here. I saw a pretty sight here at school time this morning. All the girls going to school wore fascinators & knitted hoods. There was but one exception, & that little girl wore a white sunbonnet.

11 o'clock A.M. A heavy snow is now falling.

I waited all afternoon, but as the trains were late I did not get out till 5:30. I caught the flyer & held her down to the next division, where I got ditched at 9:40. I stayed in Rawling [Rawlins] till 12:30. It was blowing a blizzard by this time & freezing cold. The saloons were all full & poker, stud, horse, faro, craps & roulette were all in full blast. At 12:30 I caught an Oregon Special & climbed into the ice box of a refrigerator car, & you bet it was cold before morning. I arrived at

Laramie the end of division at seven o'clock. It was so cold on the train that night that the brakeman did not care to bother me. I covered 257 miles that night.

Tuesday Apr. 17. Laramie. When I left the train at Laramie the snow was so thick that one could not see over a rod ahead. My feet were so cold that it took half an hour's brisk walking to restore the circulation. Had a good breakfast at the restaurant & at twelve o'clock, as the blizzard was at about its worst, I caught the blind of the flyer, intending to make through to Cheyenne & in the evening make on again. But when I reached Monument the highest point on this line, I overtook the Reno Detachment of the Industrial Army, 80 strong & camped in a refrigerator car, attached to a through freight. I climbed aboard & made myself at home. That night we crossed the line; but it was not till we were well into Nebraska that we ran clear of the blizzard.

Wednesday Apr. 18. Grand Is. Our fare for supper & breakfast was boneless ham, cheese, bologna sausage, bread and crackers. At Grand Island we were taken to the Restaurants & given a fine dinner, though we were guarded by the local police, so that none would escape. We traveled all afternoon & night & arrived at Omaha at 1 next morn.

Thursday, Apr. 19. Omaha, Council Bluffs, Camp Kelly, Weston. We arrived in Omaha at

1 A.M., and were met by a special platoon of policemen who guided us till we were shipped over the Missouri river into Council Bluffs & the state of Iowa. I made up my mind not to march five miles before daylight in the heavy rain out to Camp Kelly situated at Chautauqua park. When we left the cars I deserted in company with the Swede, who I had lost in Green River but picked up about 40 miles to the eastward of Grand Island. We went to sleep in a bar room which was being moved, while the army marched through the mud and storm 5 miles over the country road to Camp Kelly, where they arrived at 5 A.M. I arose at five, said good bye to the Swede, & catching a freight train was eating breakfast in Omaha at 6. I strolled about the town, watched the new post office in process of erection, and on attempting to cross the toll bridge was stopped & sent back. I met a sympathizer who raised a quarter for me & a ride all the way to camp, where I arrived at 10:30 & joined my company. At about 11 the Army was under way, & counter marching before General [Charles T.] Kelly proceeded to march 7 miles to Weston, a little town situated on the lines of the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul, & the Rock Island railroads. The first Regiment of the Reno Industrial Army is the combination I march in, and am in the last rank of the rear guard. The Army made quite an imposing array with flags & banners & Gen.

Kelly at their head astride of a fine black horse, presented by an enthusiastic Council Bluffs citizen. After we had marched about a mile I dropt out & helped a sick man along. He had been in the hospital at Camp Kelly & being convalescent had overestimated his strength. I carried his blankets & assisted him over the trestles. The army took the road with about 12 wagons loaded with food and camp traps. We took the short cut by the R. R. track and he was so weak that he got down & nearly fell into every trestle we crossed. Leaving him seated in a comfortable place sheltered from the rain which was coming down in torrents, I went up to the only store, country store in the town. Never did the storekeeper do such a rushing business. In 10 minutes he was out of cheese, crackers, ginger snaps and all such eatables. In ten minutes after the army had arrived the camps were formed, fires built & dinner under way. Each companys lieutenant goes to the commissary & gets the rations. Though the rain sleet & hail was coming down in torrents, we made quite a meal on stew bread & coffee. As the night came on the wind increased & grew bitter cold, blowing from the north. The men soon scattered in search of lodgings. The owner of an elevator gave permission to occupy it & in less time than it takes to write it, was occupied by 300 men. I soon found a hay loft in a barn, and gradually the men began to straggle in till it was full. By that time Kelly &

officers had been out rustling & lodgings were found sufficient for all, though they were quite surprised when they found our barn full. Just as I was settled comfortably, the muffled cry of a cat aroused me & on digging in the hay beneath my head, found a cat with a litter of kittens. A big Irishman & I pretty near had a fight. He wanted to throw them out in the storm, but I told him when he threw them out he threw me. The cat & kittens stayed. We passed a pretty comfortable night, though the Mick arose with the cold every two hours & woke me up in his efforts to get warm.

Friday Apr. 20. Weston. We had a breakfast of fish, beans, sour crout, coffee & bread. Then I went to the commissary to get a pair of shoes, but they had none. My feet are on the ground. One sole is entirely off & I am walking on my socks. A special train with R. R. officials came down yesterday, & again to day. The Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul commenced to send all of its rolling stock east & train after train of empties cabooses & extra engines flew past us, without stopping. A rig occupied by Mr. [Rev. J. G.] Lemon of some importance in the Christian Home, drove out and arrived covered with mud, & with steaming horses, telling us that the people of Omaha & Council Bluffs had risen en masse & were on their way to demand transportation for the army, of the railroad. Now and again mud covered vehicles would arrive with later news, till at last they came telling

us we were to go out to night on a train obtained by the citizens & which was even then making up. Then when it was authentically affirmed the Army was ordered to obtain rations, make a hurried meal & be ready to take the train. We are the last to obtain rations as we were the last to join the army. At about 8 o'clock a headlight was seen coming down the C. M. & St. P. road. In an instant all the reserve fuel was stacked on the fires, & a grand shout of rejoicing went up to the heavens. About a mile from town the train stopped. The foreman of the section and one of his men were caught in the act of tearing up the track & the man was captured, then the train slowly proceeded into town with men in advance to see that the tracks were all right. The train had been stolen. Three young ladies, induced an engineer's son to take his father's engine. A train of box cars had been picked up & loaded with Omaha & Council Bluffs citizens. However it was too small to accommodate the army & after the citizens & Kelly held a consultation it was decided to march back early next day to Council Bluffs where the people would get us another train. The train stopped about an hour or two & several songs were sung by the girls & boys on the engine, Mr. Lemon, wife & ladies & the citizens & soldiers of the Industrial Army. With tootings of the engines whistle, & amid the shouts of the army the train pulled out, carrying our promise to meet them next

day. A few of the boys tried to take the train in preference to walking, but were soon persuaded to rejoin their companies. I went up to the commissary where I spent the night. The commissary ducks have a fat time of it, but of course they have to work pretty hard. I obtained a blanket and as there were no shoes and it was impossible for me to walk back I arranged so as to ride back on one of the commissary wagons. It was quite a comparison to my quarters of the night before in the hay loft.

Saturday April 21. Weston. At day break all were awake & up. The Lieutenants & men from the different companies were momentarily arriving to obtain their morning's rations. Coffee, sugar, bread, pork & jelly was served out & soon a hundred different fires were brightly burning and as many breakfasts in the different stages of completion. After breakfast a few men from the different companies started to walk back to Council Bluffs but they were overtaken and a detail placed to prevent the rest from following. After breakfast we had quite a commotion in our camp. The captain was no rustler for his men, & they took offense at a board he had had painted in which his name Captain Gorman was conspicuously displayed. After quite an united consultation everything was arranged satisfactorily, & the banner is to be destroyed. Then he took me up to the Commissary with 4 others & tried to get shoes but

there were none. While there a private of Company B. San Francisco, was tried by a drum head court martial, & on being found guilty was drummed out of camp. He was supposed to be a railroad detective, reporter, or Pinkerton. The evidence was strong & he was convicted by a vote of 9 to 4. In the afternoon we were visited by citizens of Neola & Underwood who begged us to march on to their town where we would receive a hearty welcome. After we had speaking & singing we were dismissed to our camps with orders to get the morning's rations at once. The cooks to be up & commence breakfast at four, & all hands to be ready at six for breakfast, & camp to be broke at seven o'clock sharp. The young ladies that stole the train were present & they could not escape without speaking. We had a pleasant time at our camp fire singing song after song & it was not till after eleven that we began to think of sleep.

Sunday Apr. 22. Weston, Underwood, Neola. As soon as breakfast was over I was up to the commissary but could not obtain shoes. Everything was in an orderly confusion. The town was turning out to see us off. Companies were marching here & there to gain their positions, teamsters and wagons were on the go; the commissary officers all life & motion; aide flying in all directions, while the wires were working and on all sides stragglers hurrying to rejoin their companies.

As usual we were last in line. 6 or 7 men deserted from Company A. San Francisco, & remained around their fire. Col. [William] Baker led us back on Gen. Kelly's big black horse & we took their blankets away. We had hardly got underway when I threw away my shoes & walked barefooted into Underwood 6 miles distant, where after a dinner presented by the citizens, I got a pair from the commissary. All along the route enthusiastic crowds on foot, on horses & in double rigs turned out to meet us. After a couple of hours stop we proceeded to Neola the county seat. They sent the militia out to meet us, and it was an apt comparison with the Ogden & Council Bluffs militia. A troop of little children & ladies. We marched through the town with hundreds of citizens joining in our rear to march. It was more like Fourth of July than a peaceful Sunday in a quiet little country town. We marched through the town & down a steep bluff to a picturesque spot alongside of the railroad known as Butler's Woods, where we pitched our camp. Before we broke ranks there was speaking & a welcome by the mayor of the city. We were assured of transportation by 150 farmers wagons on the next morning. As we broke ranks there was a grand scramble up the steep bluffs to a pile of wood, & in less time than it takes to write it every cord had vanished. All afternoon the ladies & gentlemen of the town thronged the camp, mingling with the

boys, & in the evening there was a general rejoicing. In all the camps singing & speaking was going on, the ladies mingling their sweet voices with those of the boys all hoarse from the cold weather & sleeping out nights. The ladies of Omaha & Council Bluffs were still with us with their escorts. In one portion of the camp church was held & a local minister officiated. In another, about a score of germans sent their old country songs echoing throughout the camp. We had our own little time, the principal feature of which was songs & dances by the cooks. At 10 o'clock we started to march to a stable in the town which our second lieutenant had procured for us. We were stopped by the pickets, but Col. Baker came along with quite a jag and a woman on his arm & passed us through. He will most likely be court martialed to morrow.

Monday Apr. 23. Neola, Minden, Avoca. We had an early breakfast, but were prevented from making an early departure by an attempt to break up the army by Col. Baker. He was ignominiously cast out. About half of us took wagons & the other half walked. Of course our company walked. My feet were so tender I could not walk. They tried to get me into a wagon but it was no go. When Kelly came along I spoke to him. But he, not realizing my condition, and thinking I was trying to shirk, told me a wagon would take my shoes for me. As I could not walk I lay down & the

Army pulled through without me. By & by the city Marshall came along & tried to send me on but I told him I was going to stay in town till my feet got well. Then he hurried on to overtake the Army. In a few minutes he returned with a couple of officers of the army who proceeded to bundle me into a passing wagon, & I was on my way to overtake the surgeon's wagon. Just as I climbed aboard about 30 citizens headed by the Marshall braced Baker & told him to take the track & head out. I rode in the doctor's wagon 8 miles to where dinner was served. We passed at 5 miles through the pretty town of Minden. All along the line it resembled a rout or retreat. The S. F. [San Francisco companies] were riding in advance & all along the line the men were scattered in companies, squads, groups, pairs & singles. Our company had no coffee for dinner. That afternoon we arrived in Avoca where we were taken just beyond the town to our camp. Though we looked and were tired when a cottontail was scared up hundreds joined in the chase. The rabbit had no show & was soon captured. Another & another & still another was scared out & captured. None escaped the boys. That night we slept in a barn, where the whole company was treated to a stiff drink of whisky before retiring.

Tuesday Apr. 24. Avoca, Walnut, Marne, Atlantic. We were up early & underway by 9 o'clock. As usual our company was walking while

the S. F.'s rode. I walked 6 miles to the town of Walnut enduring the severest of tortures & I arrived in a most horrible condition. I resolved to go no further on foot. As usual our company had no coffee for dinner. Then Col. [George H.] Speed & Kelly had a row & for awhile it looked as though there would be a general fight. But it was all peaceably settled. Col. Baker withdrawing with about 150 men, but when they marched out both crowds were together. As usual our company walked. We had just had a row & elected as Captain our second lieutenant in preference to Gorman. I dropt out & with about ten others lay in wait to catch the first train. But the marshall getting alarmed raised the necessary wagons & bundled us into them. They carried us 8 miles to Marne the next town. All along the line it resembled a grand retreat. Pots, kettles, frying pans, coats, clothes, blankets, broken down men, & in the town a commissary wagon was stopped & the cook & doctor were unable to proceed with it till the town raised \$2 for the driver. They then provided another team, but about 20 were left. At last after dark 7 of them started to walk, & as the trains went through at full speed, we still stayed. Finally an old soldier provided us with supper & teams to go on to Atlantic, 8 miles distant. We arrived between 9 & 10, & were taken to the commissary where we had supper again. I rejoined my company and went off to bed.

Wednesday Apr. 25. Atlantic. We are to spend the day here. We are all camped in the fair grounds near the race track. Kelly has gone on to Des Moines. No, he did not go. The camp was thronged with citizens all day, & in the afternoon the little troubles were all made up and Baker & Speed rejoined the army. Mr. Lemon was the prime factor in causing their reconciliation. Speed, Baker, Lemon, Goodspeed, the Associated Press & other reporters & a noted lawyer addressed the army. A Game of base ball was also in progress between the Army & Town Boys. The Atlantic boys won with a score of 16 to 12. But the Army boys were not in condition. In the evening I ran the pickets & strolled around town. Just after I returned a brass band marched down & the camp was soon listening to addresses by camp orators & townspeople. Every body expresses a good opinion of the army & a great many were surprised at the gentlemanly bearing & honest appearance of the boys.

Thursday, April 26. Atlantic, Wyota [Wiota], Anita, Adair. We had a slight delay in breakfast by the want of bread but that was soon supplied & by ten o'clock we were under way. Pretty near all our company rode, & I did all day. At 7 miles we passed the town of Wyota, at 14 Anita where we had a dinner furnished by the townspeople & at 22 arrived at Adair where we camped. All the trains are running, with a force of Pinkertons on

& the railroad has issued circulars against seizing of trains. As usual, I ran the Pickets and in company with one Lee saw the town & visited the hobby horses. When we returned we had quite a job to enter. All citizens had been requested to leave camp & if any were to remain they would be arrested & sent to headquarters. If any Pinkertons or detectives are caught it will go hard with them.

Friday Apr. 27. Adair, Casey, Stuart. We were under way bright & early, & capturing two wagons started out ahead of the whole gang. We had a fine rustler driving our team. The old farmer ——— the food, sacks of potatoes, & chickens. "You'd better ask the wimmen folks. Here they be." We were left by both wagons in Casey, & after quite a wait succeeded in capturing 1 wagon for luggage. Into which a great many of us also piled. We raised some coffee on the road & cooked a dinner in preference to driving a couple of miles out of our way to Menlow [Menlo] where a dinner was prepared by the townspeople. With a great deal of joking & fun we arrived at Stuart having covered a distance of 23 miles. We rested outside the town waiting for the stragglers to come in before we marched through the town. Then marched through the town to camp. A double line of pickets are on duty to night. We expect to make a forced march of 40 miles to Des Moines

to morrow. As usual the camp is thronged with visitors from the town. A great many ladies are present & a few have brought baby buggies.

Saturday Apr. 28. Stuart, Dexter, Earlham, De Soto, Van Meter. Were under way bright & early. Walked 11 miles through the town of Dexter to Earlham, where we had dinner. My feet are in such bad condition that I am not going on any further, unless I can ride. I will go to jail first. It was impossible to get a ride & I went down to the station. A train left at three o'clock, & playing on the sympathies of the people I raised a ticket & was soon in Van Meter, three miles beyond De Soto. The Army is straggling in but it will be hours before the last arrives. Gen. Kelly intends to push on to Des Moines, twenty miles distant. At nine o'clock in the midst of driving rain, thunder & lightening the Army received orders to march. About half started out in the pitchy darkness. We stormed the pickets stationed on the bridge & gained the town. Three of our company and about a dozen others slept in the Mayor's office.

Sunday Apr. 29. Van Meter, Booneville. At four o'clock we were awakened by a deputy sheriff. All the rest including my three companions walked out the railroad track. I have 8 blisters on my feet & more a coming so I could not walk. I went down to the Coon River, washed and then went to camp where I found three more of our

company. About 400 were assembled & as their appetites increased they proceeded to the commissary. They had no order to issue rations, but when we all came up in a body they saw no show & we all soon had a good breakfast underway. As I can't walk I intended to stay here till transportation is furnished. Ate dinner with the Commissary Cook, & afterwards went down to the river & took a swim. At supper there were about ten of us left besides the Commissary. We were given sausage & coffee but no bread. I was sent up town to raise the bread. I went to the Committee of Safety who were going to give it to me, when two of the head commissary fellows came along. They began to growl at me & I hauled them over the coals in great shape. We got bread. After supper I walked 4 miles to Coonville [Booneville] the next town where I slept.

Monday Apr. 30. Booneville, Commerce, Val. Junc., Des Moines. I walked 15 miles into Des Moines, arriving in camp in time for supper. The Army is encamped at the stove works situated about a mile & a half east of the state capital. In Val. Junction I met a detective belonging to my society. Also a fine lady. We all slept inside of the works. A great many intended to sleep by the fire but a fierce thunder storm arose & there was a grand scramble for shelter.

Tuesday May 1. Des Moines. Stayed in camp at the stove works, though the mayor has ordered

us to move on. A perfect throng of visitors fill the camp, while there are quite a lot of policemen on duty. In the afternoon the Salvation Army held services on the ground floor. Kelly, Baker, Speed & citizens spoke outside while the Des Moines boys & soldier lads played ball. The Army won with a score of 27 to 19. We spent the evening around the fire singing & joking till 11 when we went to bed. It was awful cold.

Wednesday. Was spent in camp. No transportation.

Thursday. The Des Moines Stars defeated the army's nine in a baseball game, 7 to 5.

Friday. They were defeated by the Army boys with a score of 5 to 4.

Saturday. Morning we had two court martials. In the afternoon it was decided by the vote of the Army that we build flatboats, 150 in number, to be 45 [10] feet long & 6 wide. With these we are to go on down the Des Moines river to the Mississippi then on down to Cairo where we start up the Ohio to Wheeling W. Va. within 300 miles of our ultimate destination.

Sunday May 6. Part of the Army went down to the Junction of the Coon & Des Moines River where by night fall 75 boats were near finished.

Monday. We worked all day & at night till 12.

Tuesday. The stove works were abandoned & a camp established at the ship yards.

Wednesday May 9. We got under way, & ran

down past & over a dam 2 miles to a bridge where we waited for orders, till 4:30, by which time over a hundred boats had passed us bound God knows where. Then, as no body appeared we got under way & by seven that night passed every boat & were the first to arrive at Runnells, where about twenty of the foremost camped in the midst of a driving rain. We raised a few provisions & by 10:30 next morning after drying ourselves we got under way. We passed a few boats which had run by us & camped at Red Rock for the night. We are living without the commissary.

Friday May 11. Had an early breakfast & were soon passing boats. There were two 8 hours ahead which were impossible to overtake. Living fine. At 6 o'clock when 3 miles from Harvey where Col. Speed is stationed to stop bad boats, we were overtaken by a rain.

Saturday, May 12 (1894). After getting under way we soon found we were too lazy to paddle so we drifted. As we reached Harvey the fleet overtook us, but bending to the paddles we soon left them tangled up & trying to run a dam. After which we went in swimming & when the boats overtook us we pulled in to the bridge where provisions were to meet us. But by some mistake they were still at Oskaloosa, a town of 16,000 people 7 miles distant. Hundreds of teams were waiting to see us & I guess on Sunday they went up into the thousands.

From Des Moines and all along the banks have been lined with the natives & we would have to go for miles to find a secluded spot in which to bathe or make our toilet. The boat containing our Captain would not recognize us. And late that night when provisions arrived & the first meal for the majority of the boats was about to be cooked, we found we were not in it. The Lieutenant with his boat took our part & we cooked a pretty good meal out of our private commissary. We are going to hold an election tomorrow & as we are the majority we will oust the Captain.

Sunday, May 13. Held an election & the Lieutenant was made Captain. Then our two boats pulled across the river where we washed them out. Our old Captain went to Kelly & raised a roar & soon Kelly, Speed & Baker came across & told us they were going to take our boat away & divide us into different companies, for our going ahead. We told them we would leave in a body & as all stood firm after a talk we were forgiven. So its all O. K. At 1 P.M. we got under way and by evening arrived first boat at Eddyville. We held a vote and instead of sailing all night waited till morning when we pulled on empty stomachs. The rest of the boats have averaged one meal a day since leaving Des Moines & went one stretch of 48 hours.

Monday, May 14. As usual with our two boats lashed together we arrived first at Ottumwa &

went over the dam on an improvised chute. We were taken a couple of miles below the town which numbers 18,000 to camp. That night the different boats started an opposition ferry & the ways of their rustlers reminded me of other days. We charged nothing, for payment was optional on their part.

Tuesday May 15. We were under way at 12 o'clock when the bugle sounded with three police boats & about 50 others ahead of us. We soon passed them all but were stopped by the police boats & ordered astern. In a few minutes as we struck the bad part of the river, which extends for 30 or forty miles, the police boats ran aground, one after the other. We ran past, scraping the bars, shoving big rocks round which the water boiled and foamed, over others with such force as to almost stove us in till we were way ahead of the fleet which was tangled up & stranded in an astounding manner. We ran this 25 miles & then about two more below the town of Eldon to camp. The rest of the boats soon began to string in, but by sun down they stopped arriving & soon the news came that a couple of men had been hurt by Pinkertons at the bridge and the boats were stopping. Two of the detectives were arrested but the R. R. officials instantly bailed them out. By nine o'clock the boats came in all in a lump & they were all greatly excited. If any Pinkertons are captured Woe unto them for the men are getting desperate.

Wednesday May 16. Early in the morning one of our boats crossed the river but 25 Pinkertons refused them landing. In an instant every boat was full of excited men crossing the river while others disdaining such slow traveling were wading the ford, never stopping to even pull off their shoes and socks or roll up their pants. When the P's saw this wild array approaching they all took to their heels but two who maintained their ground. But they were surrounded, & the jam saved them to a great extent though they were still severely punished & their pistols taken away. By that time Kelly gained control of his men, & they returned to camp for breakfast while they gave the P's a good talking to. We left at 12 with Col. Speed aboard & passing every boat were soon in the lead. Baker overtook us in a buggy & came aboard. The Omaha Bee, & 9 others of Co. K's boats together gave us a hard pull but strength and endurance won the day & when we camped alongside the bridge at Pittsburg they were out of sight. The army could not overtake & but 5 boats camped with us.

Thursday May 17. We started early but the army had already passed. By the time we passed Keosochawa [Keosauqua] we had overtaken them & running the rapids with safety found half a dozen stove in & on the beach getting repaired while the pop-corn man lost five hundred cigars & swamped his boat with wife, child & entire out-

fit on board. We received our morning rations & with a fair wind soon passed the fleet. They are getting tired, but once in a while some crack crew gives us a spin to their disgust & our delight. We were the first to go over the dam on a chute prepared by the citizens of Bonaparte. We then went into camp.

Friday May 18. We passed a miserable day on the water with a chilling wind & driving rain. In the afternoon we camped in Missouri where we passed a miserable night.

Comment by the Editor

AN IMPULSIVE YOUTH

One morning just as Jack London shot a hard-folded newspaper into the hallway of a squalid Oakland tenement the fragrant odor of coffee drifted out to the hungry boy. Without a moment's hesitation he traced the appetizing aroma along the narrow passage to the kitchen at the rear. But his friendly greeting, as he followed his nose through the doorway, produced a startling response. The slatternly woman who stood by the stove seized a butcher knife and jumped at the unsuspecting lad. Up an uninviting flight of stairs raced Jack with the woman at his heels. Bursting into a bedroom, he snatched the covers off an abruptly awakened elderly couple just in time to throw the smother of blankets over the head of his angry pursuer and escape.

Boy and man, Jack London ever acted on impulse. Let a notion enter his head and at once he proceeded with the project. There were times, to be sure, when duty held him to irksome tasks, when the business of earning a living repressed his natural inclinations; but the course of his career, the leading events of his kaleidoscopic life, were determined by the whim of the moment.

Thirsting for adventure, he spent his allotted forty years experiencing the romance that most people are content to read about. He enjoyed "living in the concrete" so intensely that ever and anon he thrust distasteful duty behind him and put to sea with the salt spray in his face and the golden light of the western sun in his eyes.

Perhaps the questing spirit was innate in his nature. John London, his father, had started rail-roading in Pennsylvania, married the daughter of an officer of the road, moved to Wisconsin, then to Illinois, and thence to Missouri where he enlisted in the Union army. He returned from the war broken in health to find a home at Moscow, Iowa, where he superintended the construction of a bridge over the Cedar River and tried his hand at farming. For a season or two he gypsied over the prairies in a covered wagon vainly hoping that his wife's health would improve. After she died he moved westward until the ocean stopped his migration at San Francisco. There he married again, and there Jack was born in January, 1876. The years which followed, during the boyhood and youth of Jack London, were filled with hard work, mismanagement, and poverty.

The boy began to learn the worst of life too young. Before he was eight years old he had been made drunk by some Irish and Italian neighbors at a holy-week party. At ten he was selling papers on the streets of Oakland early in the morning and

long after dark at night, catching furtive glimpses of the lurid underworld. He thought of home as the place where he slept. His few hours of leisure were spent in a tiny sailboat on the bay. Perched high on the windward rail of his skiff, with the free west wind in his lungs, he fled from sordid existence ashore and yearned to go to sea.

Having finished school at thirteen, he went to work in a cannery; but the long hours of unrelaxing, mechanical labor were unendurable. Down to the bay he went one day in an insurrectionary mood when he was fifteen, bought a sloop with some borrowed money, and joined the oyster pirates of San Francisco Bay. There was no dull routine aboard the *Razzle Dazzle*, but the traffic she engaged in was a crime and the winds of adventure carried her master far into the realm of human debauchery. Never content in a static condition and disillusioned of romantic glamour by the crude brutality of pirate life, he turned to the dangerous service of the fish patrol—sworn enemy of his former companions. Meanwhile the lure of the open sea grew irresistible. On the day he was seventeen he signed as able seaman on a sealing schooner bound for Japan and Bering Sea.

Back from the voyage, he was persuaded to "settle down" at hum-drum, ill-paid toil in a jute mill. He even took pride in his work for a time. Winter came, and he found a job shoveling coal for better wages, but when he learned that he was

doing two men's work he quit, resenting the merciless exploitation of his strength. Besides cheapening the price of labor, he had been depriving two men of the opportunity to earn a living. Sickened by his orgy of overwork, his revulsion for steady employment returned and he decided to enlist in Kelly's army of weary rebels like himself.

ADVENTURING ON THE ROAD

The vagrant thought was parent to the deed. Youth, zest for experience, and surcease from tedious routine combined to prompt his lark of loafing across the continent. Being a tramp appealed to him as a "delightful whimsicality." So off he went on the Overland Limited in pursuit of Kelly's army of the unemployed.

The diary he kept on his odyssey is a vivid portrayal of the famous "campaign" from the viewpoint of a rear-rank private. He would have thoroughly enjoyed the march from Council Bluffs to Des Moines if his feet had not been so sore. "The hospitable Iowa farmer folk!" he exclaimed thirteen years later in his story of "The March of Kelly's Army." "They turned out with their wagons and carried our baggage and gave us hot lunches at noon by the wayside; mayors of comfortable little towns made speeches of welcome and hastened us on our way; deputations of little girls and maidens came out to meet us, and the good citizens turned out by hundreds, locked arms, and marched with us down their main streets. It

was circus day when we came to town, and every day was circus day for us, for there were many towns." But for "Sailor Jack" the fun began when the army started on its "colossal picnic" down the Des Moines River in flatboats which were "made by the mile and sawed off" ten feet long.

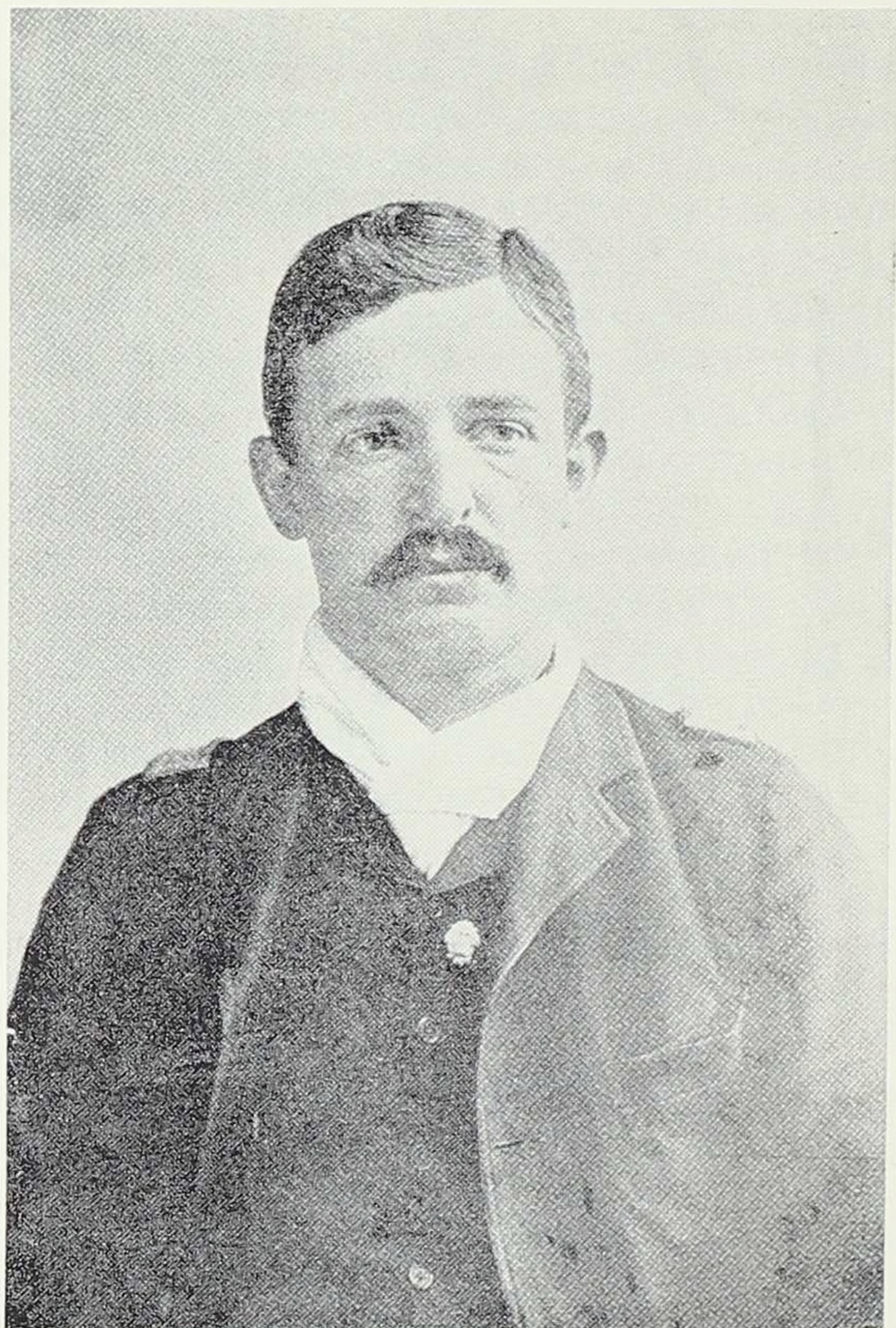
At Hannibal, Missouri, he deserted and went to Chicago to see the World's Fair. After visiting an aunt in Michigan he hopped a freight train and continued "on the bum." At Niagara Falls he was "pinched" for vagrancy and summarily sentenced to thirty days of hard labor in the Erie County prison. Free again, he "beat his way" to Washington, thence to New York, and from there to Boston where cool weather sent him, tramp-royal that he was, "hustling" homeward through Canada, bent upon going to college.

The story of Jack London's ten-thousand-mile tour on blind baggage cars, in side-door Pullmans, and underneath on the rods is told in *The Road*. His character was scarred and his judgment warped by what he saw of social injustice; but he cherished the experience of vagabondage, never ashamed of the alms he asked. He paid for his food with entertainment. "My coming to sit at their table," he said of two pink and white maiden ladies who fed him toast and demi-tasse, "was their adventure, and adventure is beyond price, anyway."

Perhaps he acquired his rare gift for "spinning

a yarn" while "throwing his feet" for "set-downs" and "hand-outs"—for the success of a beggar depends much upon his ability to tell a good story. "In the instant that he is sizing up the victim he must begin his story. Not a minute is allowed for preparation. As in a lightning flash he must divine the nature of the victim and conceive a tale that will hit home. The successful hobo must be an artist. He must create spontaneously and instantaneously—and not upon a theme selected from the plentitude of his own imagination, but upon the theme he reads in the face of the person who opens the door, be it man, woman, or child, sweet or crabbed, generous or miserly, good-natured or cantankerous, Jew or Gentile, black or white, race-prejudiced or brotherly, provincial or universal, or whatever else it may be." In order to live Jack London was compelled to tell tales that rang true. "Out of inexorable necessity," he developed the technique of the short story—one vivid, unforgettable episode; one slice of life, clear and convincing. It made him a realistic romancer, for "realism constitutes the only goods one can exchange at the kitchen-door for grub."

JOHN E. BRIGGS



CHARLES T. KELLY

"In San Francisco he was a 32-year-old printer and student of sociology. When the army, which he enlisted in a few days, wanted a leader, it chose him. He was merely a creature of circumstances and of the moment, but the caravan ought to be grateful for the luck which sent it a man of such cool judgment." *Harper's Weekly*, May 5, 1894.