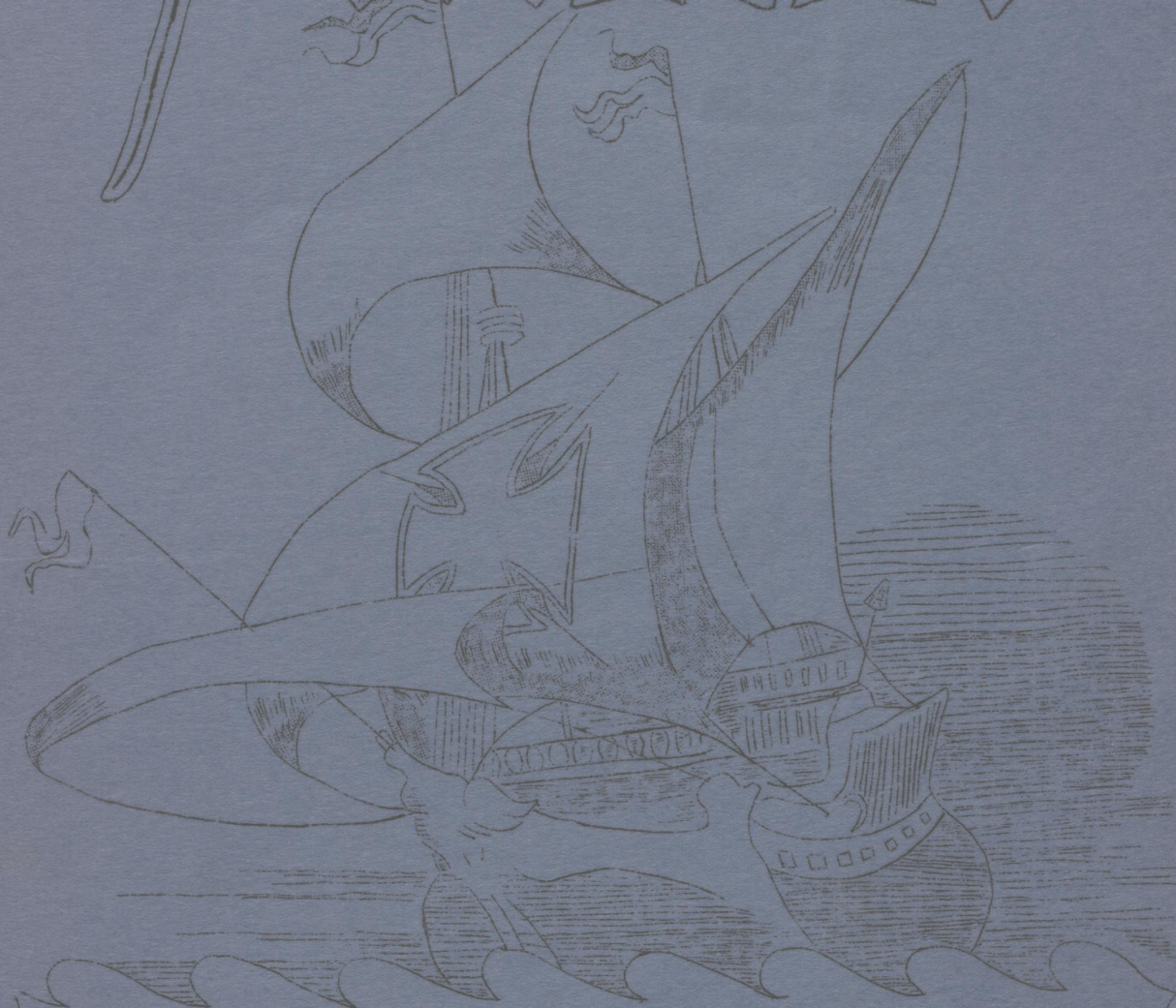


The PARK



LEXINGTON TRANSIENT BUREAU

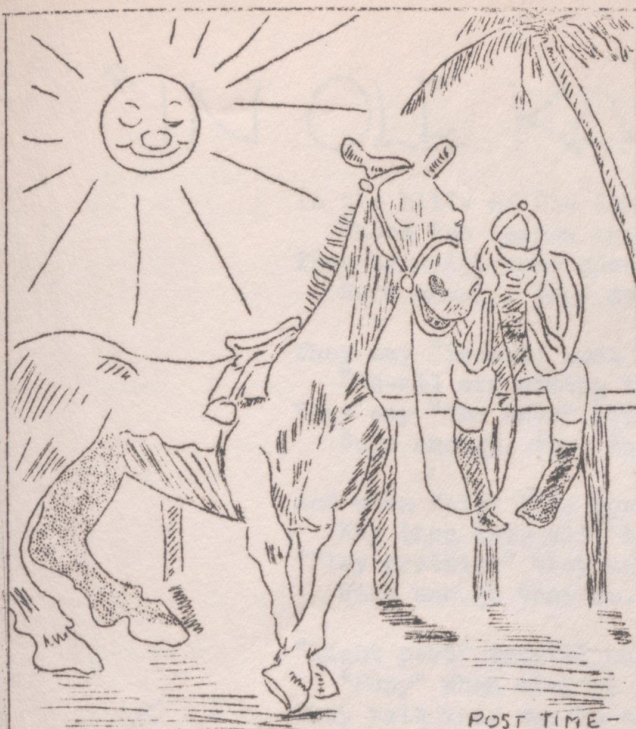
— LEXINGTON, KY. —

FEB. 15 — NUMBER 12 —

LIBRARY
U OF KY

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY



The ARK

LEXINGTON, KY.

FEB. 15 - 19012-

EDITOR
FRANK PERRY

ARTIST
W. SCHONEMAN

The ARK is published twice each month, the stencil cutting and mimeographing being done by and through the courtesy of the State Office, Kentucky Emergency Relief Administration, Louisville, Ky.

The Transient Bureau is not responsible for any of the views or opinions expressed in this magazine, nor is the accuracy of any statement made herein guaranteed.

*****LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

EDITORIAL

Just like the horse and jockey in the upper left hand corner, most of us are patiently waiting for the races to start.

Come to think of it, the horse could represent our ability and reputation. Trouble is, there's not many race tracks in operation just at present, and maybe our horse is getting old, or broken down and winded, or we've been ruled off the course. In that case we're in a helluva fix.

Anyway, we're all here in the receiving barn, waiting for the races to start - each of us thinking if we could find a "spot" we could win out. Oats and exercise are furnished to us regularly, but we all wish somebody would start the races again.

We've been running around just for the fun of it for some time now, but it's getting to be pretty monotonous racing for a non-existent purse. There isn't much we can do about it, and most of us need new "racing plates" before we could start, and if the Track Manager doesn't open up a few tracks soon our horses will all have spavins, and be no good at all.

We have an idea there's a lot of us thinking seriously of putting our horses through a sausage grinder and making hamburger out of them - and to hell with the races. But what'll we do then if the races should start up again? It's the only horse we'll ever have. Oh, well. 'tsk, 'tsk, Gee up, Dobbin.

"IN OLE KAINTUCK"

In the hills of Old Kentucky
Where the meadow grass is blue,
They have all some queer expressions
Sure enough, they do.

They say "You-all must come see us"
"We-all are aiming to,"
They say "You favor like your Ma"
Sure enough, they do.

And when folks like you indeed
Why then they all "brag on you,
"Play pretties" they call childrens toys,
Sure enough they do.

"Right pert" they'll say when well
"Puny" when they're sick or blue,
They talk this way in ole Kaintuck,
"Sure 'nuff" they do.

-Chester Kuntz
Camp Blue Licks.

MY SWEETIE "

My sweetie, for grammar, will never be noted,
When she went to school she was never promoted.
She gives the King's English a terrible shot,
When she whispers "I seen it" or says "I aint got".
She always says "was" when she ought to say "were",
And she says "saw" for "seen", and pronounces "far" "fur".
She always says "done" if the right word is "did",
And she blows her infinatives clear off their lid.
Oh, she dont care a hoot about gender and tense,
And most of her talk is plumb lacking in sense.
But I'll never stop loving my sweetie, I wont,
For she's never been known to say "stop it" or "dont".

-Swiped.

Messalina was no lady, Cleopatra's ways were shady,
Yet they were, the histories show,
Interesting gals to know.



SEZ YOU!

Marcus(Gabriel)Petersen held his usual Sunday Night Service and the boys will be good for a week.

Sergeant John(Wristwatch)Mohun has added several pictures to his collection and a muzzle loading gun. Also a pair of Bolshevik boots.

George(Boxes)McNabb takes a morning workout each day and has gained one pound. He will fight at 116 lbs.

The Allen House has been improved by the addition of a few nails in the sidewalls.

Bill(God's gift to women)Campbell has fallen in love again for the last time.

One of Lt. Crutcher's bird dog pups has gone to the happy hunting grounds.

McNabb Hall is the most popular place in camp - but no magazine to read.

Fighting(Blinky)Evans is the best piano player in camp.

Finley(Bull Tamer)Hill will soon be back again under the "Big Top".

Chas.(Cartoonist)Crouch helped the boys in NO.19 tent win the dollar prize for the best kept tent.

Lloyd(Next please)Wells, has laid in a new stock of Wilson St. perfumes.

John(Broadaxe)Boles is still keeping the home fires burning.

John (Roadbuilding)Henderson is boss of the rock pile.

John(Baker)Hanson kneads the dough and will soon return to the "Big Top".

A calendar on the second floor of the blockhouse has been the cause of much temperature raising lately.

Wanna buy a duck - six bits?

Boots - boots - boots. A sale of knee high leather boots, in stock for twenty-five years in Carlisle, at a dollar a throw - and now the camp looks like a bank of Russian Volga boatmen.

Bob(Sherlock)Swafford is training Stubby to be a bloodhound.

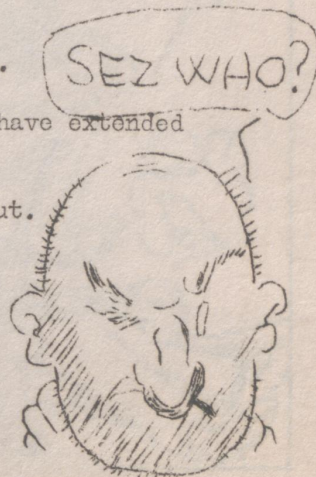
Claude Porter and Raymond Hunter - the razor blade twins - have extended their beat to include Blue Licks.

F.E.(Fixit)Smith knows where a flock of "wild" ducks hang out.

Soldier(Smiling)Howard is still Chief Guard.

"Doc" (Have a pill) Goss is down with the flu.

Bill(Wisocrack)Munhall is expecting a raise. Ha! Ha!



The Log Book

Down in Memphis they've opened a school for barbers, and have classes in cartooning, lettering, draftsmanship, bookkeeping, music, salesmanship, mathematics, public speaking, penmanship, clay modeling, sign painting, and other subjects. Over a dozen bureaus have classes in the above and other subjects for the benefit of the clients. Wait until we get into our new quarters and maybe we'll be able to brag about our educational facilities also. Or is it all worth while?

In Montgomery, Ala., the bureau has secured a lease on the Elmore Hotel. Larger and warmer quarters were needed for the rapidly increasing case load. Hot and cold running water and maid service?

Remember that chap who was around the Center for awhile with his guitar? Worked in the office, filing. Well, he's landed a job with a show playing at the Ben Ali. We saw him in the Blue Bird the other evening, surrounded by a bevy of beautiful chorus girls, having the time of his life. Whyin hell didn't we learn to play the guitar and sing!

Rode the hurricane deck of a bucking horse, rode the blind of a train. Lived the life of a lumber jack, crossed the bounding main. Where ever I've gone I've played the game, tried them all and now, gone and fell in love with an aeroplane, gonna learn to fly somehow. For the gait of a hoss is awful slow, a train won't pass where I want to go, a boat's no good off the water you know, that's why I want me a plane. James McDonald, James is loarning to fly out of a book and is confining himself strictly to a milk diot when ever possible! Happy landings.

We have just heard via the grape vine route the camp has four expert boxers who wish to make a match with some of the boys from the Center. Don't get rash, country boys, we city slickers eat 'em up raw on pay nights and don't care who we fight. We even pick on Jerry Grant!

Walt, would you mind drawing a picutre of me knocking the hell out of John Carroll and Bill Carey for that lousy cartoon they got up about me the other day? That's right, give 'em a coupla black eyes. Fine!



THE LOG BOOK.

Mr. Herman Pekarsky, formerly State Director of the Kentucky Bureaus, has left for Michigan where he will take up a position as county case-work supervisor. He'll supervise the spending of half a million dollars a month, with a staff of one hundred people. Mr. Holmes, of the Paducah bureau, succeeds Mr. Pekarsky. This relief business is getting to be one of the major industries of the country. We've about come to the conclusion we started in at the wrong end of the business!

Went over with "Doc" Brown to the colored men's quarters over on Upper Street the other day, to "look" at a couple of sick men. Found the boys using bottle caps for checkers, and a pack of greasy playing cards. That seemed to be the only form of amusement they have outside of bashing each other up with bottles occasionally. Jim Taylor, who has been around here for quite some-time now and seems to be a pretty decent sort of chap, asked us to say something in the ARK about it. Here 'tis, Jim.

Since January 1st, the transient bureaus of Pennsylvania have been taking care of the local homeless, who are classified as home guards. They are living at the bureaus. Hence the demand for bigger and better shelters all over the country. Prosperity is just around the corner!

Mr. Robert Johnson - all bureau officials are Mist'ers - the founder of Time - in whose pages he would probably be called a tycoon - he also founded Fortune, two of the leading news magazines of the country, has been appointed Director of Relief for the State of Pennsylvania. We used to pay a dollar a copy for Fortune in the good old days! Mr. Johnson succeeds Mr. Eric Biddle, who goes out with the old administration which leaves behind the problem of finding four and half million dollars of relief funds unaccounted for. Must be a transposition or something!

Nick Stockas our chef, is taking a course in beauty treatment, starting with facial. He heard beauty is only skin deep so decided to investigate. The first step was to fall face first into an apple pie - transient size-fresh from the oven. It worked! Now Nick is growing a nice new complexion. Tough luck all round Nick, but everything is for the best. Just think how much more beautiful you'll look when the bandages are removed!

No alms, I ask; give me my task:
Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a man,
To work, and not to beg.

-Contributed.

And not a word about brains!

5.



THE LOG BOOK

In Washington, D.C., the transient bureau is really going in for renovating and rebuilding. The Canal Street Lodge has been completely transformed into the most modern shelter of any bureau in the United States. The place will house 800 men when completed, says "Contact". On to Washington, where the best is none too good!

Every now and then some bird gets located in the wrong job - usually on the kitchen force or the guard detail. Some men are constitutionally unable to resist the impulse to act snotty when given a little authority, and one of these days we are going to bean one of these pests. (Contributed). Let's know in time, old timer, and we'll lend you a hand! Nothing like a little fuss occasionally, and you are I are one hundred percent perfect!

They're teaching transients the way to find gold, out in Arizona. Special courses by the Arizona State Government, with able assistance from the University of Arizona. The gold diggers of Broadway have not yet been called on for advice, although they might be able to give the boys a few pointers later on. Inasmuch as the Blue Grass has always been associated with race horses, why not a course here in picking winners? We have several clients who could qualify as professors, and we'll guaranty a large and enthusiastic class.

There's one man around here who knows how to get things done, and that's Sergeant Smith, who holds down the job of Building Superintendent. He's in all places at once, but never gets the boys riled up - he understands human nature too well. All day long the new Center is a beehive of industry; getting things in shape. The boys are doing all the painting, plumbing, carpentering, and general work around here. That's a lot better than scrubbing floors and polishing woodwork. Everybody is tickled to death to have constructive work to do.

Over in Rapid City, South Dakota, the men work thirty three hours a week for their keep, and get thirty dollars a month as wages. This is an item we culled from "Contact" of Washington. Sounds phoney to us, but we do know the boys get paid with checks - they're kicking about having to pay a service charge to get them cashed. The "Leader", a bureau paper from Rapid City, says so, but never mentioned the size of the checks - as if we care!

The ARK has been overdue this past couple of weeks, and we were afraid she had run aground or fouled a snag or sumpin! Seems they have been extra busy down in Louisville, where the ARK is mimeographed, and just couldn't get to the job. Coming through on time now. Well, almost!



THE LOG BOOK

The transient bureau at Knoxville, Tenn., is moving into a new administration building; business has increased to the point to where additional room was necessary. Bigger and better bureaus are being begun belatedly. Ouch!

Our bureau has been visited by some of the notables of the bureau world recently. All in one day we were inspected by Mr. O.L. Holmes, new State Director, Miss Kahn, State Casework Supervisor, and Mr. Brett, of the Transient Work Division of Washington, D.C. Mr. Holmes was very much impressed by our new bureau. As he did not make himself known, the carpenters went on pounding with hammers and nails, the painters kept on painting, the plumbers kept on plumbing, and various other details went about their work just the same; not until Mr. Holmes had gone did we even know he had been there.

We heard that Miss Kahn went out to camp and was delighted with the improvements since her last visit. Mr. Brett was understood to be looking for new work projects out at Camp, and seemed satisfied with what had been accomplished. May be the nucleus of a C.C.C. camp out there. Nothing official, however.

After months and months of grinding out bureau news and staid editorials, the staff of The Nomad, San Francisco, Cal., went nuts. They threw in all the pornographical pictures, ribald articles, and risque stories that had been lying around the office, and made up a magazine whose ill fame will reverberate around the bureaus for all time. They obeyed that impulse - and what an edition! Freud would attribute the symptoms to a repression complex. If all the bureau magazines could go haywire for just one time, what an uproar there would be. The Nomad called itself the Gomad for this special occasion. Clever, quite!

Over in Altoona, Pa., they have a Saturday night Bingo game for all hands. Prizes to the winners of course. Now there's a game we can all play, and we're passing the idea along to Lt. Saunders for what it's worth. Make it a penny ante game and we'll give a half of the "take" to the recreation fund!

Out in Des Moines, Iowa, they're still taking men out of the bureau and putting them on the sixty dollar a month payroll. No, don't rush over there boys - the place is full up and running over. The little picture over to the right shows us up in the tower, looking for our ship to come in. As we forgot to send one out, we are liable to be up in the air for quite awhile yet.



CONTACT

Drawing a story out of Cliff Gidley is like taking up a collection in Scotland. One of Cliff's likable traits is that he doesn't talk much about Cliff! What little you get out of him, like a transient cook's dinners, lack any fancy trimmings.

Before Cliff decided to work in the ARK's galley, back in 1923 this was, a fellow named "Heinie" Schaller acquired various airplane parts about the time the Great Lakes Training Station moved East. Cliff helped "Heinie" in the work of putting this to that until they had a crate that would fly. That gave Cliff the flying bug.

Cliff went over to Toledo where he took a training course under Hoit Bodar. Soon after that he landed a job flying the mail from Boise to Salt Lake City, and from Boise to Pasko. He lasted for a period of two years and four months until he cracked up. That's all there is to tell according to Cliff.

Night flying? "Yes, but signal lights are pretty well set." Storms and fog? "Of course, but a fellow soon gets to know his routes and landings." Forced landings? Well-

"There was a time I sweated plenty for awhile. I was trying out a Stearman plane at Boise, and the mechanic forgot to fill up the tank. When she puffed out and quit cold we were up over the hills, with no spot to land in sight. Not like sitting on a running board and waiting for a push to a gas pump.

"Well, when we couldn't keep up any longer, I took a chance and aimed for a loop in a winding road near a settler's cabin. No power to pull up her nose as we hit made it hard, but we didn't quite do a flip flop. Had to take the wings off and get her towed in."

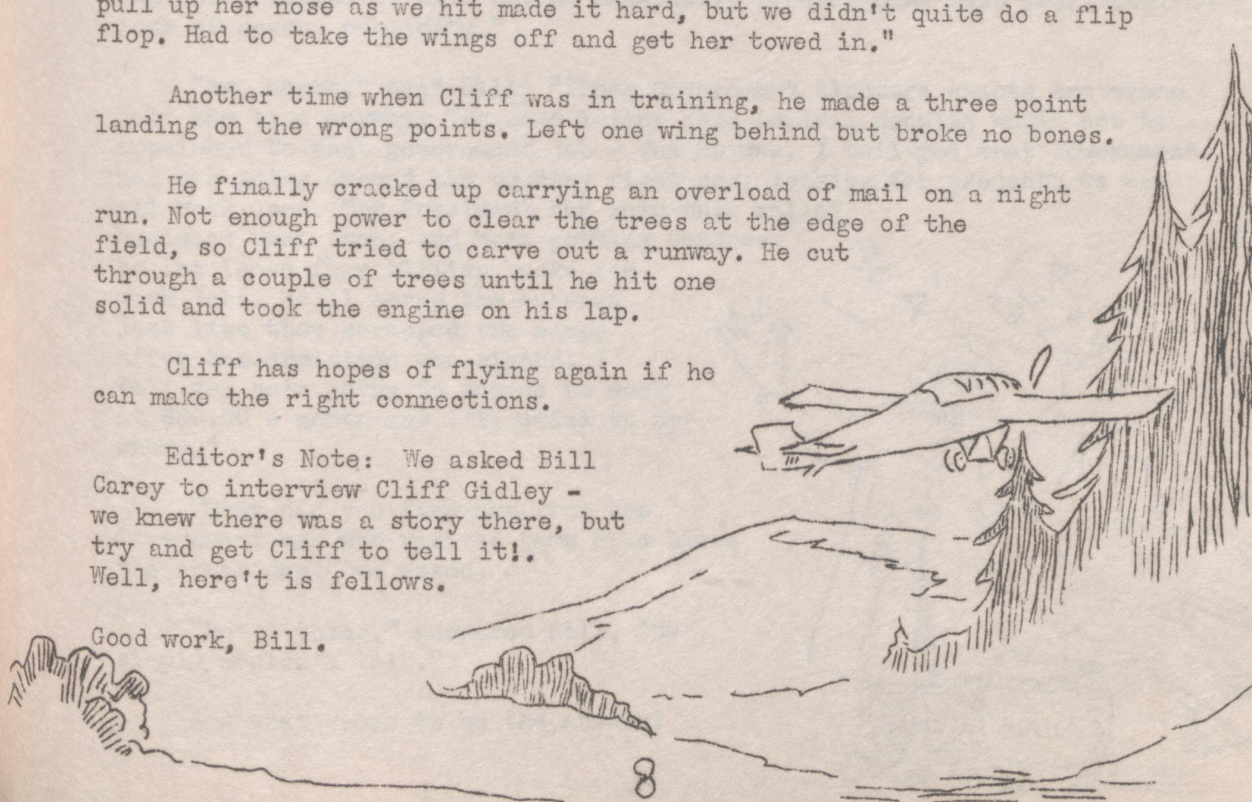
Another time when Cliff was in training, he made a three point landing on the wrong points. Left one wing behind but broke no bones.

He finally cracked up carrying an overload of mail on a night run. Not enough power to clear the trees at the edge of the field, so Cliff tried to carve out a runway. He cut through a couple of trees until he hit one solid and took the engine on his lap.

Cliff has hopes of flying again if he can make the right connections.

Editor's Note: We asked Bill Carey to interview Cliff Gidley - we knew there was a story there, but try and get Cliff to tell it!. Well, here't is fellows.

Good work, Bill.



MORE RUMORS

"Well, the President's going to give us fellows jobs at \$50.00 a month," said Barnacle Bill.

"How come?", we asked. This seemed to be another one of those days when Bill was full of information derived from various sources - mostly unreliable.

"Read it in the papers," went on Bill. "It's all set. Some of us will go to C.C.C. camps, some of us will get old age pensions, and some will work on local PWA projects. Guess the State homeless will get those jobs."

"But what about those who are unemployable?" we asked.

"They'll have pensions too," said Bill. "Nobody will be left out in the cold. It won't be long now until we are all out of the bureaus, working on Government projects and saving some money so we can get going again. Four billion dollars will be spread around plenty and we'll all get our share of it."

"Wait a minute, Bill," we remonstrated. "Your statements don't fit in with the facts. Not only here, but all over the country, the bureaus are expanding into new and larger quarters - this information is in all the bureau magazines. The bureaus have also started to take in State homeless, and we've also heard Camp Pakuneki will be opened up again this Spring. Not only that, but a syndicated letter we receive from Washington states nothing definite has been agreed upon regarding the amount to be spent on PWA work, except it will not be materially greater than last year, regardless of recent publicity."

"Aw, nerts," said Bill, "These Government tipsters sheets are wrong half the time anyway. The same letter said Admiral Peoples would not be appointed to that government job - but he was. I tell you that government men are going around the country right now, looking for projects we can all work upon. The President has said this relief business must stop, and he's getting Congress to let loose four billion bucks for work jobs. He'll scrap the bureaus just like they scrapped the camps after the armistice was signed. I tell you he's going to put us to work at \$50.00 a month and I'll stick to my story."

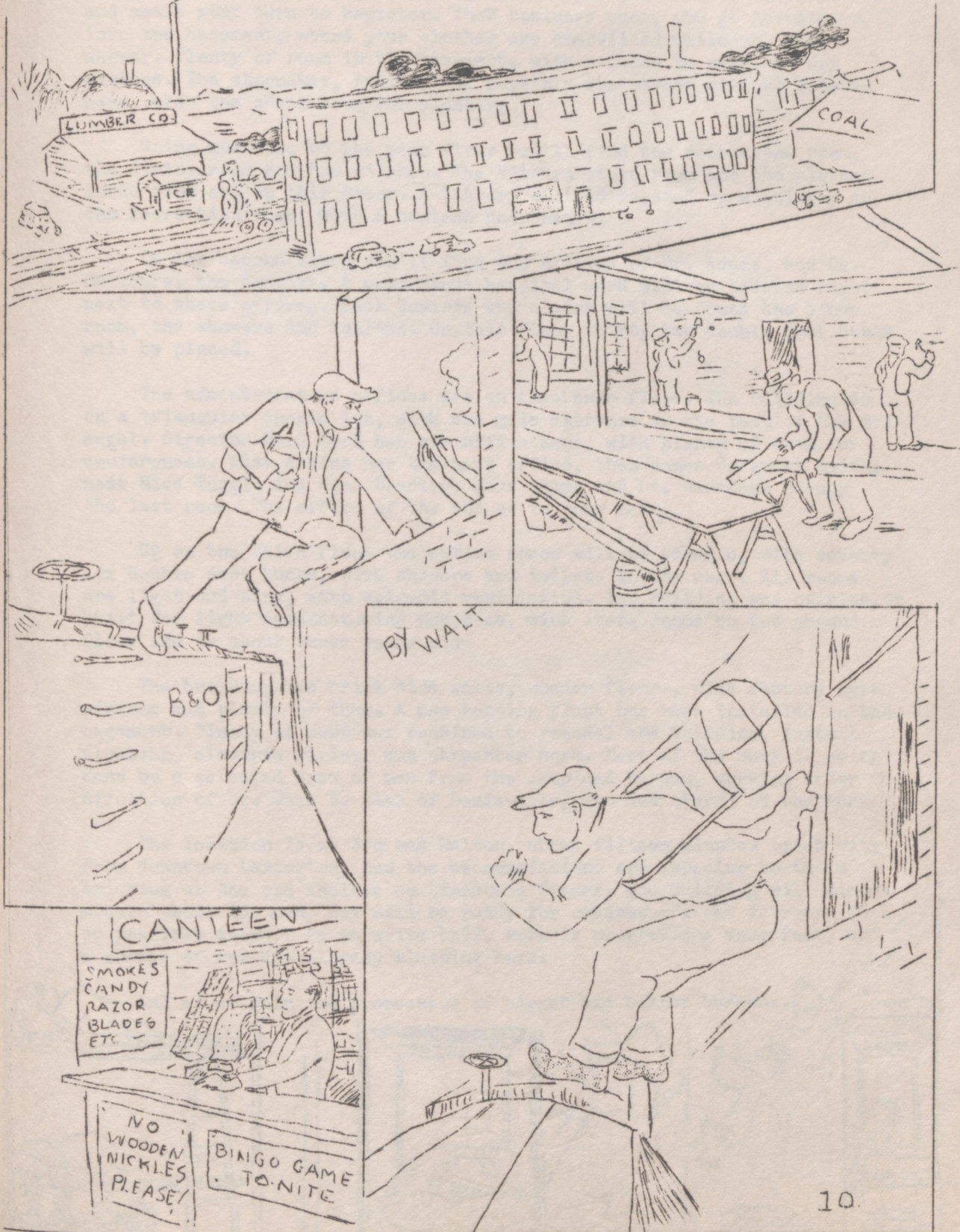
"What did you find out from the Government man who visited Camp Blue Licks the other day?" we asked.

"Not a thing," answered Bill. "He simply wouldn't talk."

And that seems to be the answer!



AROUND THE NEW CENTER



THE NEW CENTER

You can hop off the freight right into the building. Taking the rear entrance and walking up a couple of steps, you turn to the left and await your turn to register. That business over, you go downstairs into the basement, where your clothes are sterilized while you take a shower. Plenty of room in the basement, with a place to wash and dry clothes. The shoemaker, tailor, and possibly the barber will be located here, also the check room for clothing.

Going upstairs to the main floor you'll find the recreation room, the dining room and the kitchen. The kitchen store room and the clothes issue room are on this floor. A library will be located on a balcony in the recreation room, with a canteen underneath.

On the second floor you'll find the offices of Dr. Adams, and Dr. Childers, the dentist. A commodious hospital ward will be located right next to these offices. Back towards the stairs will be found the linen room, the showers and toilets. On this floor thirty two double deck bunks will be placed.

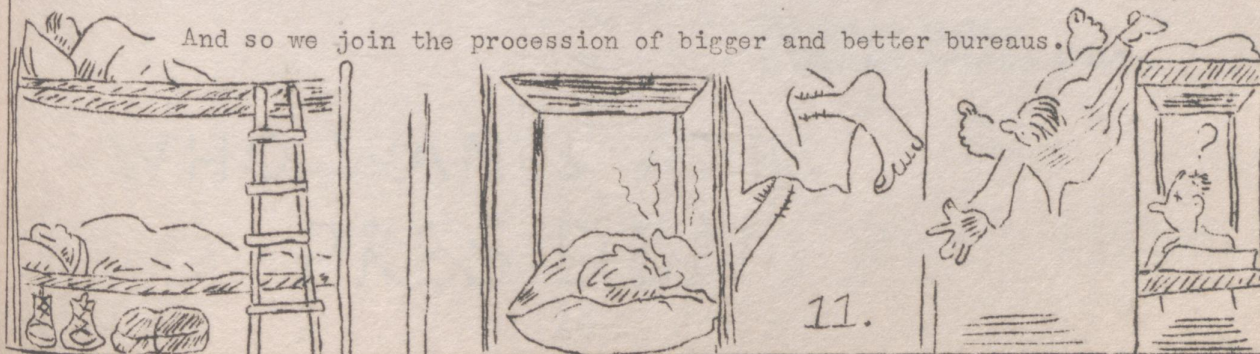
The administrative offices are on this same floor. The building is on a triangular shaped lot, with the main entrance in the peak of the triangle. Director Hord Byrd has his office here, with plenty of room for conferences. Miss Atkins has the next office, then comes Sergeant Smith; next Miss Tuggle and Miss Bradley. Miss Adams and Lt. Saunders occupy the last room. The office of the ARK is to your left.

Up on the third floor the entire space will be taken up with seventy six double deck bunks, with showers and toilets in the rear. All rooms are light and airy, with splendid ventilation. The building was originally built for light manufacturing purposes, with store rooms on the ground floor and is about three years old.

The building has brick side walls, wooden floors, wide factory type windows and plenty of them. A new heating plant has been installed in the basement. Plenty of work was required to remodel the building, install plumbing, electric wiring, and carpenter work. Most of the work is being done by a selected crew of men from the camp and bureau, working under the direction of Mr. John N. Kahn of Louisville, who has charge of the work.

The location is at 3rd and Walton, about fifteen minutes brisk walk from downtown Lexington, and the accommodations are superior to those existing at the old shelter on Limestone Street. The building will accommodate about 250 men, and will be ready for occupancy about February 15th or possibly sooner. As we write this, work is progressing very fast, and a number of men are already sleeping here.

And so we join the procession of bigger and better bureaus.



THE EASY WAY

As time goes on, fewer people will be needed for a given volume of business - this will be due to more efficient equipment and production methods.

So there'll be less work to do. The unemployed will become a multitude. What must be done with them?

A place must be found for them OUTSIDE OF THE ECONOMIC SYSTEM. It will be found in the form of a subsistence homestead community set up by the government. The people who are sent to such a place will pay for their accommodation in the form of simple work under kindly supervision. They will be discouraged from having children, for the latter would have no future and would merely be a burden on the public.

Brook no delay in isolating these economic outcasts. If they are left free to pick up jobs, and then wrest the simpler permanent positions from abler men and women by underbidding the latter, they will slowly upset the whole business equilibrium.

Walter B. Pitkin, Author
"The Chance of a Lifetime."

THE HARD WAY

The accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few as it exists in this country today is condemned as injurious to the general welfare.

In addition to putting men to work, President Roosevelt has a more important problem - the problem of wider distribution of ownership.

But ownership cannot be more widely distributed to the working man without the decentralization of great wealth.

Even though all should be employed, the evil would still exist. That is the problem that must be attacked.

It is reasonable to suppose that President Roosevelt will bring about by means of his broad program a very substantial decrease in unemployment during his tenure of office.

But unless he brings back at the same time a wider distribution of the wealth of the country, the evil of great wealth for the few and small wages for the many will continue to exist side by side, and the lot of the average working man will not be materially bettered.

The Sunday Visitor
A National Catholic Weekly.

WHO WANTS TO BE PRESIDENT?

TIDILERS in DOLERS

It's a sad thing to be willing to work - and not be able to get a job.

The heart break of the dark days of this depression through which our country and the world have been passing during the past few years - when millions of men have been out of work - is inexpressibly great.

This vast army of unemployed multitudes are worthy and suffer, beside the need of food and raiment, the humiliation of unrecognized ability to serve, through lack of opportunity.

There are others who are "dolars", content to live upon a dole. There are others who have work, yet as far as the finer things of life are concerned, are utterly unemployed.

Someone has pointed out there are four kinds of workers in life's real task. Tired - Retired - Tiresome - and Tireless. It is surprising to find, when it comes to the task of doing something to make the world a better place to live, how many persons are unemployed.

Not because they could not find plenty to do which would pay large dividends in benefits to self and others, but because they are too lazy, too tired, too selfish; or for some other reason are unwilling to work at making life easier for their fellow men.

These are unprofitable servants.
Don't be one.

D.C.Smith.

Note: D.C.Smith is a stationary engineer by profession - but is fulfilling his own prescription by keeping the joint warm. He fires the boiler downstairs. The sea gulls are emblematic of the higher things in life, says Walt!

We asked Smith, Brown and Jones to give us their ideas of things in general. Smith, who is an obliging cuss, and a pretty good scout, came across with the above. Nice work.



GHOSTS /

//

We have it on very good authority that Chester Kuntz, Guard, saw a ghost back of the Museum the other night, out at Blue Licks Camp. Ken Rawson volunteered to write up the occurrence for the ARK. Here 'tis:

PROLOGUE

In order to really appreciate this absolutely true story, you must pursue the ghastly thrilling chapters alone, on a dark rainy night, in the middle of a field; with a candle as the only lighting power. This story may sound crazy, but as a matter of fact, the author IS a little batty from writing it.

Now are you ready? - Ready for what? you ask - Why the story, you goof. First puff furiously on a cigarette in order to sooth your nerves as you read the blood curdling lines of "The Horror of The Thing."

Chapter One. (Saturated with Thrills)

A horrible scream rent the still night air. It pierced the peaceful midnight quietness of Camp Blue Licks with terrifying clearness. What could it be? Was it Chester Kuntz? Was it Little Red Riding Hood? Was it Tarzan of the Apes? Be patient, all will be revealed in this tale of midnite horror. It wasn't Little Red Riding Hood, and you know dam well it wasn't Tarzan. Light another cigarette.

The guards dozing at their posts were startled into wakefulness, and gazed fearfully into the surrounding darkness. Nick Palfrey swung his club lustily at what he thought was a moving figure - it was an inoffensive tree. Soldier Howard gallops down the Main Street crying "Twelve O'clock and all's hell." A pistol shot echoes over the treetops from the direction of the museum, followed by another piercing scream. Blood ran colder than usual in the veins of the half frozen guards.

Chapter Two (Breath Taking)

Soon Main St. and Broadway were filled with grotesque figures clad in near white nightgowns. Questions flew hither and thither. One naughty man asked, "What the hell is the matter?"

Suddenly Mr. Dally and Lt. Crutcher appeared on the scene, Mr. Dally in a vivid sleeping suit of crimson; the Lt. in a light black nightgown trimmed with purple. The ghastly shrieks came again from the direction of the museum. Everyone ran into a huddle. "What the hell's the matter?" asked Mr. Dally, waking up John Mohun.



"'Tis but a ghost, sir," said John Mohun, from under the bed, and immediately organized an inspection, in a number of the tents. Ishmael Adams was found under the bed because he was too long to sleep on top, and several others were found under rather than on top of the beds. It seems they had lost or mislaid something. No ghost was to be found.

Chapter Three
(The Climax - Read On)

Suddenly three shrieks came from the direction of the Allen House, and then voices. The voice of Bill Munhall, and the Mysterious Visitor.

"Pardon me, Mr. Ghost," said Bill Munhall, "but did I ever tell you what happened to one of your colleagues, who used to hang around here?"

"No," replied the Ghost, suspiciously.

"Well, it was very tragic," said Munhall, sadly.

"Tell me what happened," spoke The Thing, giving his chains a vicious clank.

"He died from drinking sulphur water," Bill's voice had tears in its eyes.

"Then I wont drink any sulphur water," said the Horror triumphantly, giving Ed Gibson a fearful leer and hitting George McNabb and Bill Campbell on the shins with his chains. It looked like an impasse.

Bill tried another angle. "Have you a brother by the name of Horace in Mexico?" he asked, with a glitter in his eye.

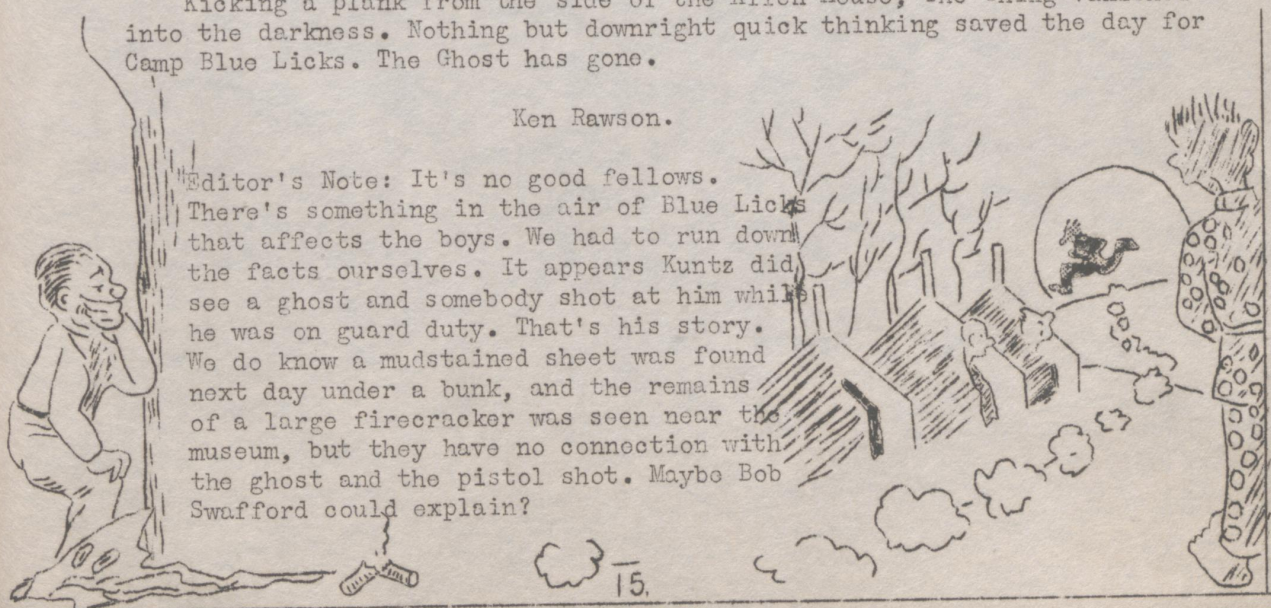
Not wishing to appear ignorant, the Ghost thought a moment, looking very much like Bob Swafford during the process. "No," It answered at last, "but I have a brother in Lexington. They have him in a box in the coffin factory at 3rd and Walton."

"Well, he called up tonight and wants to get in touch with you. Says his blood is dripping out of the coffin onto the boys who sleep on the second floor. He wants some help," said Bill.

Kicking a plank from the side of the Allen House, The Thing vanished into the darkness. Nothing but downright quick thinking saved the day for Camp Blue Licks. The Ghost has gone.

Ken Rawson.

Editor's Note: It's no good fellows. There's something in the air of Blue Licks that affects the boys. We had to run down the facts ourselves. It appears Kuntz did see a ghost and somebody shot at him while he was on guard duty. That's his story. We do know a mudstained sheet was found next day under a bunk, and the remains of a large firecracker was seen near the museum, but they have no connection with the ghost and the pistol shot. Maybe Bob Swafford could explain?



ENTRE NOUS

◁ BETWEEN OURSELVES ▷

Editorial - STOPS & DASHES, Greenville, S.C. No. 19, J.T. McCormic, Ed.
The rolling cadence of this editorial left us spellbound. The music of the words charmed our soul. The logic and truth of this oration touched our intellect and heart strings. It was the berries!

Editorial - THE GLOBE, Davenport, Iowa, No. 3, John Atwood, Ed.
What a way you have of saying your bureau is a hungry one! Clever way to get around the censor, old top. Right?

Editorial - TRANSVUES, Savannah, Ga. No. 21, R.J. Fitzgerald, Ed.
A constructive idea on transient bureau publications - a central office somewhere to winnow the chaff from the wheat of other bureau publications and serve it out again all over the country - the wheat. Nice staff job for some one. Correspondents in the bureaus, we presume.

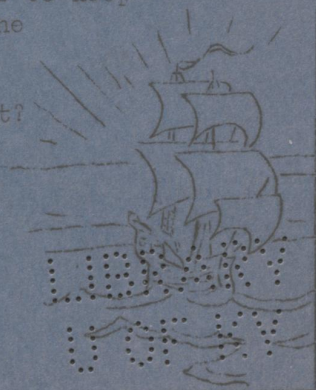
Editorial - TRADING POST NEWS, Itaska, Minn., No. 5, Eric Johnson, Ed.
Half a dozen editorials! Being up in the woods is conducive of much solid thinking apparently. Those ten million guinea pigs may be the nucleus of a mighty army whose voice will revolutionize conditions. Who knows?

Editorial - THE PIONEER, Camp Foster, Fla., No. 3, Roy H. Ferrenbach, Ed.
So we're blooming caterpillars are we, living on hash and clothed in misfit clothing? Odds strewth, varlet, but thy liver needs a purging! Don't make me laugh, we've all that, including going places only when we have permission - every camp has. We also have ice and snow, and a cracked lip, and a reduced budget, and we don't know what tomorrow will bring forth - and you have sunshine, an' fishing, an' bathing girls, an' shows. Aw hell!

Editorial - THE BUREAU JOURNAL, Salisbury, N.C. No. 36, S.V. Pangle, Ed.
"We point with pride, etc." - An appeal to keep the Salisbury bureau going because of the excellent record made in self maintenance. Must be a regular bee hive down there. What do they pay all those workers by the way?

Editorial - THE LIGHTHOUSE, New Orleans, La., Jan. 12th, John S. Hamilton, Ed.
We presume "In the Beam" is your editorial effort. "Let's do this and let's do that" - quite an oration. By the way, we had a fellow here once from Columbia University - nice fellow, but a little screwy. So you feel you should, occasionally, enter into the spirit of the exchange page? 's nice of you. Give our regards to Bob Holden. Thanks.

Editorial - THE WIND JAMMER, St. Petersburg, Fla., No. 28, Bryan J. Boyle, Ed.
We are doubtful if the chief aim of the transient service is rehabilitation. The underlying reason for the bureaus, in our opinion, is to keep starving men from taking the law into their own hands. The bureaus removed this menace, placing no restrictions on the free movement of men from bureau to bureau. Well fed men are less liable to cause trouble. A cynical viewpoint? Yes, but can you point to any majority who have been rehabilitated? The bureaus have not failed in their purpose. They have gone as far as was intended in the scheme of things.



U OF KA
LIBRARY