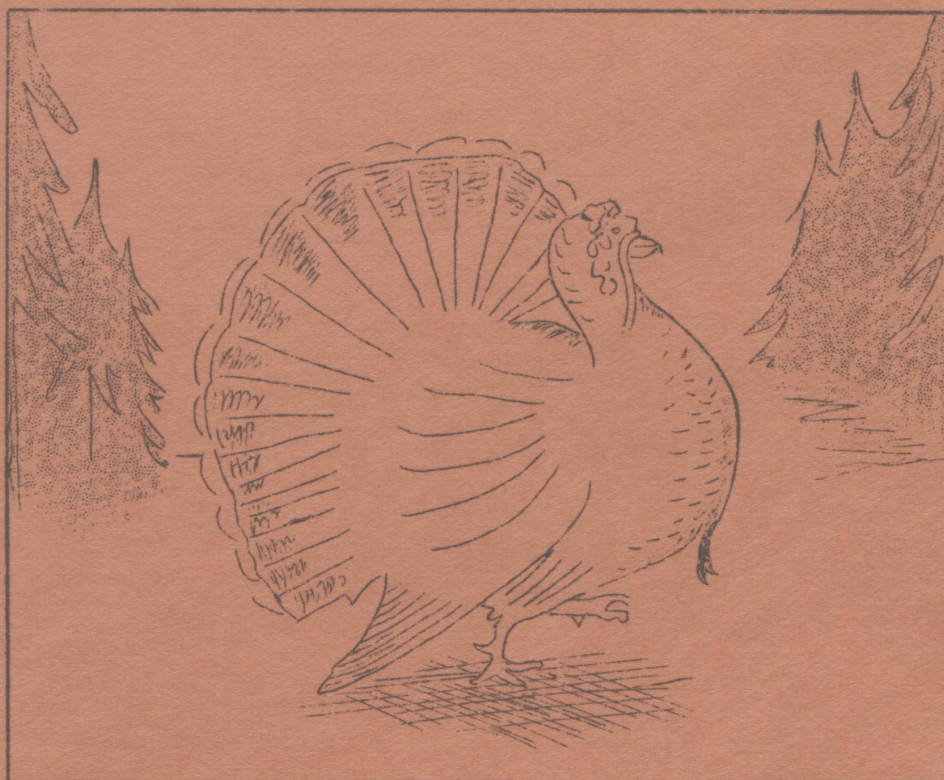




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"(CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY)"

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Barnacle Bill stood looking at a brand new car drawn up to the curb - shining and resplendent.

"There's money in that sort of thing," he remarked.

"What sort of thing?" we asked. We had a vague idea that Bill was considering the snatch racket, which was against our principles. We had been all over the country and had managed to make a living and we couldn't see this one!

"We're going to polish autos," said Bill. "We'll make up our own polish and then hit the suburbs. Today is Friday, and lot's of people will want their cars polished for the week end. Let's go."

Led by Bill's impetuosity, we chipped in our few cents for half a dozen cakes of Bon Ami and a half gallon jug. We mixed the Bon Ami in the back of a filling station, and borrowed some clean rags from the attendant. On impulse, Bill poured in a bottle of red ink that the attendant had no use for, and we had a pink mixture that made fenders shine like nobody's business.

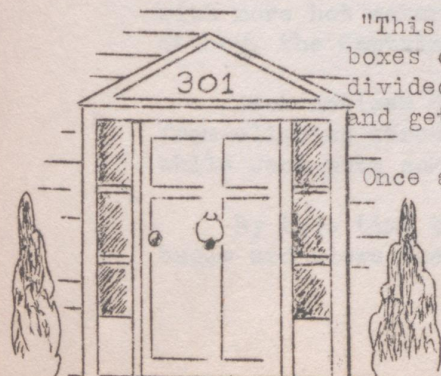
We spent some time looking for a place to start, and finally decided on a neighborhood of nice homes with garages in the back. We planted the jug and rags behind a bush and started out to canvas - ignoring the places where the garage was evidently used for chickens!

"Pardon us, madam," we said to the first lady who answered the door. "We haven't anything to sell. My partner and I are in business as auto polishers. We have a very special mixture that is not greasy, will not scratch the finish, and gives a brilliant lustre. There's no need to wash the car before we polish - our system takes care of that - and as a special inducement we shall be glad to polish your car for 35¢, and that includes the windows too!"

The lady gave us a mean and dirty look, and then slammed the door in our face. We found out afterwards that the finance company had taken away her car the day before! But one failure did not daunt us. That day we polished a dozen cars, and secured orders for as many more for the next day. We polished darn near all the cars in the neighborhood - many times being recommended to people who had first turned us down.

"This business is almost as good as painting mail boxes or street numbers," said Barnacle Bill as we divided up the money. Let's go down to Thompsons and get us a turkey dinner."

Once again we had licked old man starvation!



Medical doin's in camp

The medical tent at Camp Blue Licks lies back from the company street about fifteen feet, surrounded by a white-washed rustic fence and some rocks. A wit once termed it the "nigger graveyard". Jack Clark is still looking for him!

Jack has charge of the medical tent, and assists Dr. E.B. Hettler of Carlisle who visits on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. Dr. Adams, of the Center, performs the major operations. Putting it this way makes it seem as though Jack has little to do - but don't believe it. Here's a morning's work as we saw it once:

Here's a young fellow coming in with a nail in his hand. The wound is quickly disinfected, bandaged, the patient borrows a cigarette and leaves contented.

Lieutenant Crutcher drops in with his poisoned hand. Jack fixes up a bucket of hot water and the Lieutenant sits on a cot with his hand in the water, smoking a cigarette.

The tent flaps open to admit a chap suffering from a cat fish fin imbedded in his hand. Jack pulls it out, disinfects the wound, bandages it up, the patient borrows a cigarette, and then leaves. Jack provides some more hot water for the Lieutenant.

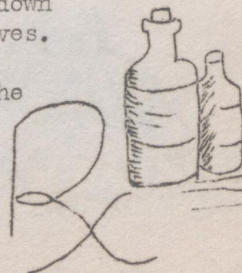
The next man comes in limping. He has let a rock fall on his foot and his big toe is mashed. Jack pulls off the shoe, amidst much cussing, and wraps up the toe. The patient borrows a cigarette and limps off.

The next man is a non-transient. He has lime in his eyes and has been working as a stonemason down at the museum. He is quickly set at ease, his eyes washed out, and he reclines on a cot until he can be taken home. He provides his own cigarettes. The Lieutenant is given more hot water and relaxes again.

A young fellow comes in with the stomach ache and wants an aspirin. Jack prods him in the stomach and diagnosed the case as appendicitis. He is placed on a cot and sent to Dr. Adams, and Jack watches him go regretfully. The Lieutenant is provided with more hot water, the finger is lanced, bandaged, and then Stubby, the Captain's Airedale pup wanders in.

Jack notices that Stubby has his tummy all scratched up from climbing through barbed wire fences. We all hold him down while Jack puts some compound on the scratches, Stubby leaves.

By this time the morning has gone, so Jack gets out the bugle and blows the recall.



THE CAMPFIRE

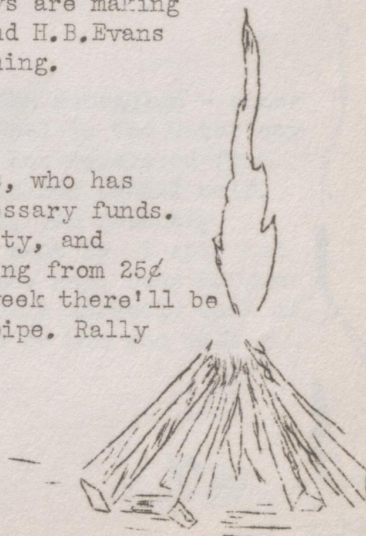
On the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month - which happens to be Armistice Day - the first snowflakes of the season fell on Camp Blue Licks. Not nice, soft, juicy flakes - they were small hard driving snowflakes that blew across the knob on which Camp Blue Licks is located - and they drifted under the tent flaps but nobody cared! The stoves kept the tents nice and warm and everybody had plenty of warm clothing. Let winter come - we are prepared.

Quite a change in the clothing situation. Everybody works extra hours for clothing credits at 30¢ an hour and the system is working fine. Clothing is issued only on the basis of need. Lined jackets, heavy socks, heavy long winter underwear, pants and shoes - and are they welcome!

Walter Camp and his crew of carpenters are building a mess hall and cook house. It's an immense affair about 30 feet long and 20 feet wide at it's narrowest part. It is being put up in sections so that it can be moved if necessary, and when finished it will sure beat eating in the mess tents these cold mornings. Not that anyone complains - one of the first things you notice about this camp is the high morale of the men. The men who are building the mess hall are putting in plenty of overtime.

Halloween passed quietly in camp, but some of the boys went down to the school that evening, where a good time was had by all. John Gilbert, William Fain, Chas Fields, Robert Sprouse, and H.B. Evans attended in costume. By the way, the camp boys are making the grade at school with bells on. Thomas Munroe and H.B. Evans spelled down the Carlisle delegation the other evening.

Last week the school needed coal, so Mrs Paris, who has charge, held a pie auction to get together the necessary funds. The pies were baked by the residents of the community, and William Fain auctioned off the pies at prices ranging from 25¢ to a dollar each. About \$8.00 was collected. Next week there'll be another pie supper to raise funds for a new stove pipe. Rally round boys.



THE CAMPFIRE

A big improvement at camp is the sawdust that has been heavily distributed throughout the streets and by-paths. John Henderson and his policing detail are going from dawn to dark keeping the camp spic and span. The water system is fully installed, with three big tanks supplying the camp and bath house. Howard Rockard has done a swell job of plumbing out here, and bath night is every night with plenty of hot water. Ain't life grand!

The Peelers Brigade consisting of Wm. McFarland, Robert Tidwell, and Noah Spalding, have a tent of their own where they can peel spuds in comfort. The dishwashers have a roof over their heads - it was formerly the roof of the old wash stand at the foot of the hill. They are more comfortable now, with a fire behind them for heating water. The dishwashing is in charge of Otmer Bosworth - and they're all doing a fine job of it.

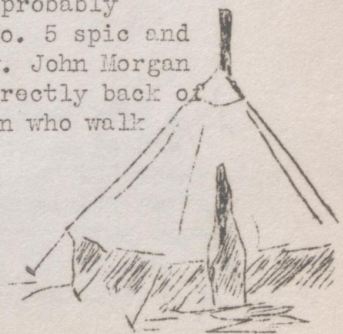
George McNab is having a hell of a time keeping the flambeaus alight these cold and windy nights. We've heard him cussing as light after light was blown out by the wind, but George stays right on the job regardless. John Boles, as Irish as they sound, is a one man wood detail for the camp fire and can be seen dragging around huge logs. Is he related to the movie actor we wonder?

Lloyd Wells is our camp barber de luxe. He's installed in the bath house with hot and cold running water close handy, and he has an assortment of hair tonics that make the place smell like Wilson St. Lloyd has run off all competition and is busy all day long. He is very obliging and will cut your hair long or short and shave you as well as any barber in a Grand Hotel. Ed. Gibson keeps the bath house in order and sweeps up the hair. Lloyd was formerly in a tent with E. Henry, the shoe maker, and Ed. Dowell the tailor. Both are good men and always ready to keep the boys clothes and shoes in repair.

The water detail has been cut to one man - John McCracken - since the installation of the big tanks, and Thomas H. Noel is the water boy to the men on the work projects. Jefferson Roland has recovered from his attack of asthma and is back on guard duty, his own genial self. Chas. Helton - or is it Trout? - is in No. 10 tent, you probably know him as the "Briar Hopper". Mike Sharpe keeps tent No. 5 spic and span at all times - he is a cement specialist by the way. John Morgan - or is it Davis? - is in tent No. 4. That's the tent directly back of the supply tent that houses a bunch of red blooded he men who walk around camp in the dark in their night shirts!



ALL'S WELL!



THE CAMPFIRE

The Lightning Bug Brigade, socalled because of their habit of flashing lights around while on guard duty, have been having a chilly time of it lately. Some of them are equipped with flash lights - not all of them - and one of the men, we think it was the Dutchman, wanted to borrow a light to investigate a strange something prowling along outside the fence. It was only a cow! But think, it might have been a lion or something!

Things are running very smoothly around the camp these days. "Soldier" Howard is back on the job as chief guard, and John De Garnett was acting ohief of the guard while "Soldier" was away. What it takes to trap rabbits John sure has got, and he also knows where to look for possums. Bob Swafford can spot a rabbit sitting down - which same is mighty hard to do - but Kirby can't shoot them sitting down! Alfred Kirby is camp steward and on the job with a smooth running crew. John Polston, Chas. Edwards, and Eugene Worts are in the cook house, and Lindsey D. Mullins is 2nd steward. They are putting out some well cooked sturdy meals with plenty of variety.

F.E.Smith carved out a beautiful sword from a walnut log and it was presented to Lieutenant Crutcher with full military honors at the evening formation. The Lieutenant is very proud of it, and he also has a couple of hand carved daggers and an inkstand that were presented to him by the boys. Both the Lieutenant and Mr. Dally, the camp superintendent, now have their quarters in the "block house". Very cozy and warm, if a trifle crowded, and there's eight tons of water over their heads in the tanks. But they both have a clear conscience!

Jerry O'Day was out on pass the other day and returned twenty minutes late. He was confined to camp for four days, but says the overtime was worth it! The camp has broken out with a poetry rash, and Jerry has an attack too. Marlo is back on the job again after an absence of several weeks where he was getting in the crop we understand. He will soon be at the top of the list again. Stephen Whitney expects to leave soon, having received his back compensation, and will buy himself a new suit and go places. Most of the trouble makers around camp have been having a hard time of it, as public opinion around here is in favor of throwing them out. There's a splendidly class of men in camp these days and everybody wants to keep it that way.

John Mohun, supply sergeant, went to town and returned with a trick coffee percolator and a pair of spats that reached up to his knees - very chic and comfortable. John calls the roll and addresses the men in a quiet voice that can be heard down at Blue Licks! Don't be surprised if he breaks out with a bow and arrow one of these days and goes rabbit hunting all over the hillsides. He has the finest flow of language of any one in camp. He loves to take a bath at 11:30 P.M.

THE CAMPFIRE

Work is progressing along fine. The museum is now being fitted with a concrete floor, the caretaker's house is almost finished, the auditorium grounds have been filled in and work is under way on the superstructure. Otis McConnell has charge of a gang of men who are tearing up a hillside to get building rocks, and a number of paths are being laid out in all directions. After awhile, a road will be started that will run entirely around the camp. Lots of work yet to be done in Blue Licks Camp.

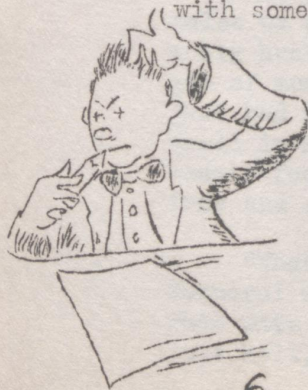
The room was cozy. The soft shaded lights were turned very low. A whispering breeze was gently brushing the leaves on the trees outside, letting the moon light filter through and cast dreamy pictures on the window pane. They were sitting by the fireplace, alone, and the fire had died to red glowing embers casting witchy shadows about the room. They were alone, just she and he. He was holding her close, looking into those beautiful eyes, and noting the soft red lips that were turned up appealingly to his. Pressing that warm throbbing body pulsing with life close to his own, the atmosphere was electrified with tensity. Their minds were centered on the same point, each waiting for the other to break the tension - which one was going to put some more wood on the fire - says Jerry O'Day!

Tent No. 11 has a crew of glee singers. Must be some real talent in there as the voices harmonize splendidly and it's great to listen to them. They should be able to get a show together with little effort, and put on a real show when the mess hall is finished.

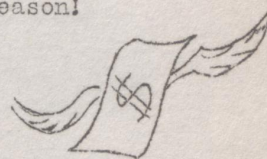
William Edwin Fain, camp clerk, wrote a poem about feeling blue, and Jerry O'Day wrote several, mostly about love in the moon light. Leone Bennett, of the Center, has written a dozen, and we are thinking of bringing out a special edition for all these poets. Even Mac wrote one. It isn't spring - must be the hunting season!

EXTRA*****EXTRA*****EXTRA

Captain Albert C. Wolfe came into the ARK office a few moments ago with some real news. Here 'tis:



The Captain will give one dollar (\$1.00) as a prize for any article written by a member of the bureau (Transient Only). No poetry, no stories, no jokes, - just a plain article about the way you feel about this bureau and the effect it has had upon you, together with any constructive criticism you might wish to throw in for good measure. To hell with the grammar and the fancy words; it's the thought that counts. Pen, pencil, or typewriter - no holds barred. Consolation prizes of packets of cigarettes to the non-winners. All entries must be under the wire not later than December 15th. Give your stuff to Mr. Dally or Sergeant Smith and address it to the ARK. Come on - let's go!



"OVER *the* TOP"



We were sitting around the camp fire out at Blue Licks, on Armistice Day, and got to talking about the war. "How does it feel to go over the top?" someone asked Barnacle Bill.

Barnacle Bill grunted, spit in the fire, and slowly filled his pipe. "Well, it ain't no picnic," he asserted. "I remember the first time well. It was back in '16 on the Ypres front, and we Canadians had been shoved about a bit, and anxious to get a bit of our own back."

"We stood at dawn in the bays and on the firing steps with bayonets fixed and all the junk we possessed on our backs," went on Bill. "We had been served with a double issue of rum a short time before on an empty stomach, and we were kidding each other and smoking our last fags, waiting for the word."

"Everybody up," called out the Sergeant as the word was passed down the trench. I scrambled up and then overbalanced backwards as my sore feet struck the parapet - my feet were swollen from standing in mud and water for over a week - and I was mad as hell when I landed in the mud and corruption in the bottom of the trench. I heard my buddy laughing as I went down, but I was soon up and scrambling through the wire into the open.

"The trench we were after was about three hundred yards away - it had been lost just before we took over, and we had to wait for reserves before going after it. The reserves were in the second line, waiting for us to do the dirty work.

"It was muddy as hell out in front - big shell holes full of water that we had to scout around, and the barrage started as soon as we left the trench. It was one hell of a noise with those shells howling over our heads. Jerry started to let go right away with some heavy stuff, and there we were, right in the middle of it.

"It was pretty foggy, and what with scouting around the shell holes we soon began to get mixed up. I had a buddy, called Montana, a big husky guy, and he got smacked right in the face with a big gob of mud from a shell burst. He looked so funny and got so mad I just had to laugh. He tripped over a bloke who had got a piece of shell in his stomach, and his insides got all tangled up with Montana's feet. I can still see him now, kicking out and trying to get free and scraping the mud off his face.

"What the bloody 'ell's goin' on 'ere? hollered our Cockney Corporal who butted in about that time. We were all half drunk, what with the rum issue and being scared too, and everybody was cussing like hell, and falling down in the mud and getting up again, and

OVER THE TOP.

some of the fellows were throwing off their packs. That mud was something terrible to get through.

"All this time the shells were banging about and a lot of the fellows were down. Men who go down under shell fire go down with big holes in them, and they don't look a pleasant sight. They can't keep from hollering and screaming, and they kick around, and fall in the shell holes, and cuss something awful.

"On account of the mud we had to take our time in getting along, and about half way across my feet hurt so much I tripped and fell in a shell hole. It was full of water, and my rifle went in too. I tried to feel it with my feet, but couldn't so let it go. I hollered to Montana and the Corporal to help me out, we were still pretty close together, and they dragged me out.

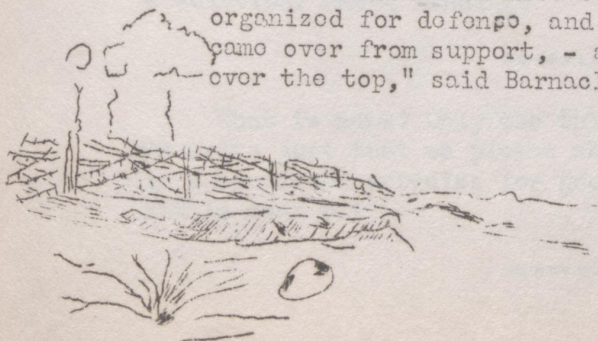
"It wasn't a bit like the way I figured I would go over the top when I joined up. No running and yelling at the charge over a nice smooth field. We kept dodging around shell holes, me without a rifle, and falling down every time a big woosh sounded close. There would be moments of quiet and then shells would bang all around us again. Seemed like we would never get to that trench.

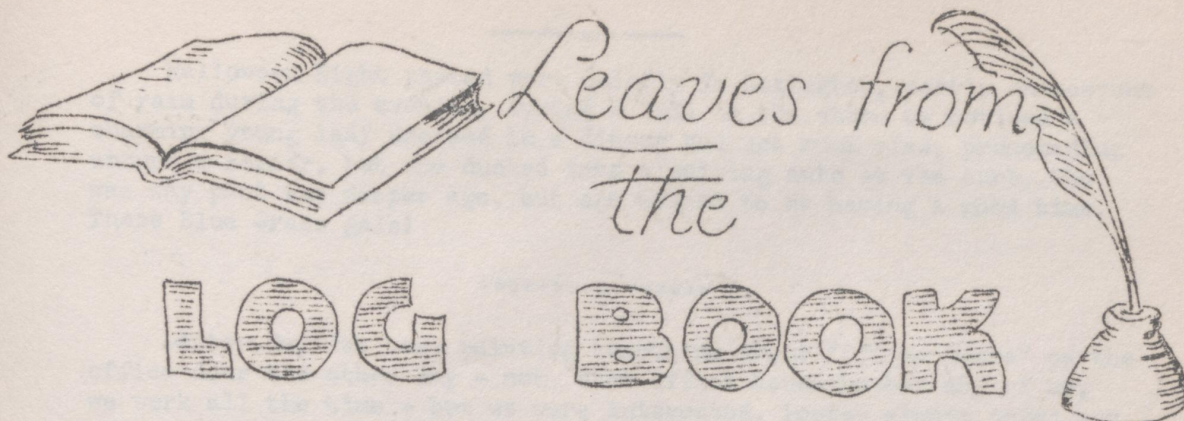
"About this time the shells began to burst way back of the trench, and somebody yelled "Let's go." We couldn't run forward on account of the mud, so we just kept scrambling on as best we could, and Montana got ahead of me a piece and ran smack into a big one. When I got up to him he was all full of holes and the mud had gone from his face and his face with it.

"I still hadn't got me a rifle, so I picked up his. He was kicking around with one leg and the other was just hanging on, so I let him have one through the back of the head as he rolled over. We had agreed to help each other out if either of us lost a leg or was blinded - it seemed the best thing to do.

"There was only about a hundred of us left as we dropped into what had been the trench. Most of it was blown up, and there wasn't a bloody Jerry in sight. We found a dug-out with the entrance blown in and some of us started to shovel the muck away. We made a hole and throw down a few hand grenades. Seemed as though we had captured an empty trench, which was one on us. All that damn mud and hell just to get to an empty trench.

"We started to move over the sand bags and to get the trench organized for defense, and we were all busy as hell when the reserves came over from support, - and that's what happened on my first trip over the top," said Barnacle Bill.





Leaves from the LOG BOOK

Help, help, where's the censor! Well, the boys certainly put one over on us - getting even for all the wise cracks we hand out to them. The cartoon in the last issue of the ARK was put over by Ed. Brady, John Carroll, Sergeant Smith, and some others that we have our eye on. We can take it!. But the Lord help you fellows if we ever catch you slippin!, especially John Carroll. We'll get you yet!

We read in the Louisville Times that 250 CCC workers objected to being transferred to some other camp and beat up the officers in charge of the train. Had to call police and everythin'. For thirty dollars a month and everything found they could ship us around to hell and gone. The boys at camp, who work like hell for a dollar a week would like a chance at some of those CCC jobs. Just give us a trial and see if we object!

Miss Atkins, whose troubles with the Red Hudson run in cycles, is now up against the possibility of the darn thing dissolving before her very eyes. Last week the bumper fell off, a couple of axles broke, and the last fender went the otherday. Well, it provides work for the unemployed!

Our wandering case workers, the Misses Adams and Perryman, have finally located a place to live. They are back in the old spot, but in a different room - and so much cheaper my dear! We were afraid for awhile they were going to become our bureau problem - but like good case workers they found a solution. Happy landings.

What is news? Only the things that interest us. So we write just what we please about whom we please, and throw in a couple of articles for good measure - that's what the ARK is made of!

THE LOG BOOK

Halloween Night passed very quietly in Lexington, mostly on account of rain during the evening. During a lull in the storm we noticed a charming young lady dressed in a diaper and not much else, promenading around a corner, but she ducked into a waiting auto at the curb. She was way past the diaper age, but she seemed to be having a good time. These Blue Grass gals!

Lester Day was busy painting something about "Office Hours" on the office door the other day - not that office hours bother any of us, we work all the time - but we were interested. Lester always takes our wise cracks in good humor, and we decided to give him a good write up. To our surprise, he admitted to having been a sign painter for three years or more before coming to the bureau. His work has shown steady improvement, and his "Early English" lettering is really a work of art. By early English we don't mean 2nd grade stuff - it's 1st grade. Our compliments so unnerved Lester that he upset a pot of yellow paint on us - but we can take it!

The Main Office is now open from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M. as per the sign, and no more men will be taken in at the Center. Lt. Saunders was here until 1 P.M. the other evening, the clients have piled in from the 9:45 P.M. freight just in time to get into the lobby. Some days we have just a few, other days they come in droves. Nothing doing on Sunday.

Plenty of clothing for the men in camp. Shawl collar sweaters and lined work jackets, as well as shoes and pants. They are mostly sent up in bulk from Louisville, and the sweaters are loaned until you have been here a month. One week's work is required before any clothing is given out. Mr. Dally has charge of the clothing at camp, Miss Adams at the center.

The impounded pay system seems to be working fine. There are now 29 men at camp, and 12 men at the Center, whose pay in part is being held back for sixty days, and we have 76 men who have been on the pay rolls for over sixty days. Our average number on the payroll is about 125, so we have a good leaven of steady workers which helps to keep things running smoothly. At the present time the total enrollment in the bureau is about 175, a drop from last month.

Ray Andrews, guard at the Center, is trying to organize a class to take advantage of the classes to be held at the Morton High School. A variety of subjects to choose from. See Ray about it.



THE LOG BOOK

The Alamo, official publication of the San Antonio, Texas, Division, is replete with long and difficult words such as: Approximately, Stationed, Vocational, Facilities, Incompleteness, Educational, Interested, Centered, Accepted, Civilized, Philosophers, Coherence, Invigorating, Recognize, Intellectual, Unrelated, Specialisms, Furthering, Opportunity, Knowledge, Supervision, Retroactive, Representative-----"nothing but a vehicle for the ramblings of the editor himself". But grand illustrations.

Walt Schonemen, in addition to being the staff artist, is also the official envelope addresser and stamp affixer, as well as doing a lot of other things around the bureau office. When not sketching, he can be found over in the Public Library reading ponderous tomes on very deep subjects. Someday he'll be somebody - maybe the editor of a bureau publication!

Miss Perryman was all set to leave for Louisville on the first of the month, and then found it was not official. She roomed with Miss Adams, and of course they gave up their rooms, which were promptly taken over by someone else. They have been unable to find another place to suit them, and are State Homeless for the time being, with all their belongings in Miss Adams car and no place to go. Being caseworkers, they will no doubt interview each other and recommend a plan!

After reading over a couple of text books on case work, we are of the opinion that there's more to this case work business than appears on the surface. The mental attitude of case workers is entirely different to the man in the street who flips a bum quarter with the muttered remark - poor devil. The case worker is trained to look for causes as to why the bloke is on the bum, and to write it all down for future reference. Off hand, we would say that unemployment is at the bottom of most of our problems - help us to find employment and there'll be little need for caseworkers. No, that wasn't in the books - we thought that one up all by ourselves.

Jack McCormick, who went out to camp today, took with him a number of magazines he had gathered together of his own accord from the Public Library and various news stands around the city. That shows real thoughtfulness on his part, as he intends to donate them to the camp library. The ARK officially thanks all the donors.



THE LOG BOOK

A local boy was willing to fight to have our dentist, Dr. Childers, pull out a tooth! Some bloke came upstairs the other day, somewhat under th weather, and wanted a tooth pulled. After a quiet conversation on the subject, according to Sergeant Smith, the local boy pulled out a large knife and proceeded to slash up the Sergeant's weskit. He inflicted other and sundry injuries upon the person of the Sergeant, none of them of a dangerous nature, and certainly not of the kind to faze the Sergeant who was used to that sort of thing - he having spent 30 years in furrin' parts with the Marines. The bloke now rests in the City Bastile - we understand that his tooth was removed without the assistance of Dr. Childers. The Sergeant now has a large club handy for painless extractions.

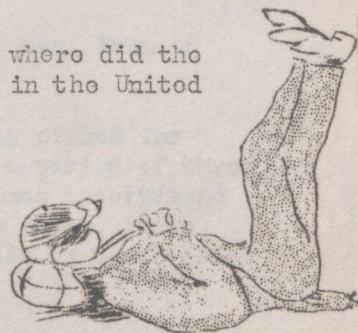
Fred Howard, who works all night chaperoning the incoming clients says he knows just how a ground hog feels. He's inside most of the time and only comes out to get a bite to eat occasionally. One of these days he'll see his shadow - and do a bunk!

W. Liddill was observed walking around the dormitory the other night in pajamas and house slippers. We asked about such an unusual occurence and here's the story: About a couple of months ago Liddill came in and looked the place over, noticed the friendly attitude of everyone, and then hitch-hiked back to his home town and gathered up his belongings which included such things as pajamas and house slippers. He intends to stick it out this winter, which speaks well for our bureau. He has the sterilizer job - incinerator to you!

The teacher asked Johnny what the letters F E E T spelt, and Johnny after much thought, gave it up. "What is it that a cow has four of and I only two?" asked the teacher, trying to give Johnny a break. The commotion caused by Johnny's answer threw the teacher into a nervous spasm.

Our mailing list shows that we exchange with 96 magazines from all over the country, and we have the latest copy of each magazine in our files in the office. If you want to find out what is going on in other bureaus, just come on over. We divide the magazines with the Camp and the Center as fast as they come in.

Bill Carey has been pondering over this problem of where did the money go to that we used to have. He says all the money in the United States is tainted. "Taint yours, "taint mine.



"WE DO SOME RESEARCH WORK"

Just to satisfy ourselves as to the class of men who apply for admission to the bureau, the extent of their education, their occupations and ages - we asked Miss Perryman, our day intake worker - if she would be kind enough to keep a memo record. Being always ready to oblige in things of such nature, she kept a record of the last three weeks in October. Here 'tis:

Of a total of 120 men who were admitted, 20 were classified as skilled workers, 42 as semi-skilled, 34 as unskilled, 6 as clerical workers, 5 professional, and 13 who had never worked since leaving school.

The extent of their education was - 5 attended college, 15 attended High School, 23 Jr. High, 27 passed the 8th grade, 17 passed the 7th grade, 33 never got beyond the 6th grade.

The skilled workers included - Machinists, blacksmiths, welders, electricians, plumbers, carpenters, steam fitters, sheet metal workers, pattern makers.

The semi-skilled workers included - barbers, cooks, painters, bakers, store clerks, truck drivers, seamen, iron workers, and minors.

The unskilled workers included - farm hands, dish washers, janitors, and general laborers.

Clerical workers included - timekeepers, bookkeepers, and general office workers.

The professionals included - salesmen, musicians, draftsmen, circus performer, and a customer's man from a brokerage firm.

The ages ran all the way from 15 to 68 years, the age classifications being as follows: 15 - 20 years (18), 21 - 26 years (32), 27 - 32 years (26), 33 - 38 years (13), 39 - 44 years (10), 45 - 51 years (5), 51 - 56 years (7), 57 - 62 years (4), 63 - 68 years (5).

From 15 to 44 years covered the ages of 99 men. From 45 to 68 years covered the ages of 21 men.

These are not caseworkers figures specially picked for the occasion. They are actual cases taken over a period of three consecutive weeks of the day intake. Miss Perryman interviewed 203 persons during this period, 83 being family cases, state homeless, or chronic drifters. No record was made of these cases for the purpose of tabulation.

"Director tells of Bureau Work"

Captain Albert C. Wolfe, our Divisional Director, was a guest of the Optimist Club at the Lafayette Hotel on Friday, November 9th, and spoke right out in meeting:

"There are many persons on the road today who are not in the class usually considered as bums. The rovers of today include college men, professional men, and others who do not want to apply for relief in their own communities. They have left home with the hope of finding jobs, but in most cases they have found themselves stranded.

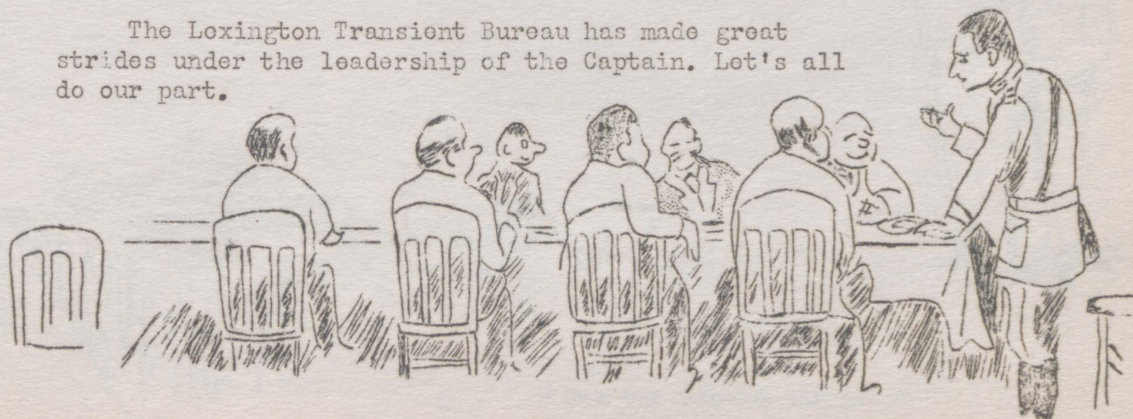
"If these persons were not given aid such as provided by the transient bureau they would present a difficult problem in scores of communities. I believe there has been a reduction in panhandling and applications for relief on the part of non-residents in Lexington since the bureau was established.

"The rovers, especially boys and young men, are returned to their homes whenever possible, others, who cannot be returned and are willing to work are transferred to camps, while the bums, those who will not work, are moved out.

"The Lexington Bureau sends many men to the transient camp at Blue Licks State Park where they are employed in cleaning the park, building roads, and other work. Since February, the local bureau has served 4,867 persons."

The speech was reported by the Lexington Leader, and the above extracts are from that paper. We wish to go on record with an expression of our appreciation of the fairness and open minded manner in which the newspapers of Lexington have reported the activities of our bureau, and knowing Captain Wolfe as we all do, we know that he has our best interests at heart at all times.

The Lexington Transient Bureau has made great strides under the leadership of the Captain. Let's all do our part.



DITCH-DIGGER?

What is to become of the skilled and educated workers in the bureau scheme of things?

In any bureau in this country are numbers of men whose talents are lying dormant. Men for whom the present work projects are ill adapted.

President Roosevelt has promised that the human resources of this country shall not be wasted. However, the loss of money and position has reduced many a man to the level of a transient laborer - and the outlook is dark.

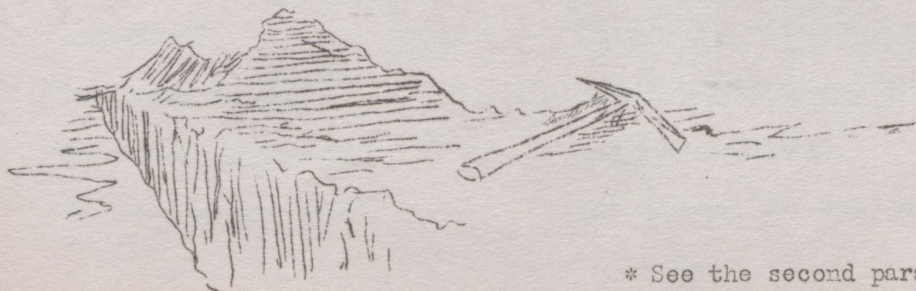
There are not enough rated jobs in the bureau to go around, although it is the policy of the Directors to place men in positions where their ability can be used to advantage.

So we have the anomaly of educated men whose talents are wasted in ditch digging or its equivalent. These men seldom complain, and usually adapt themselves to conditions with a grin - and hide their heart aches!

Their problem cannot be solved by the bureaus under existing conditions. Why not make a place for these men in the CCC? The CCC was organized for conservation. What better place could be found for them?

Conservation of ability. Conservation of self respect. Conservation of morale. The building up of a fund that would enable these men to regain a foothold in their own world.

That would be REAL conservation!



* See the second paragraph in the Log Book section.

GOOD SHOTS

THAT HIT THE MARK



"The New Perspective"	Nomad, San Francisco, Cal.	No. X
"Where do we go from here?"	Crusader, Des Moines, Iowa	No. 2
"Blackforester (All of it)"	Colorado Springs, Col.	No. 37
"Jack Dempsey Interview"	Transcript, Memphis, Tenn.	No. 8
"I'll tell the world"	" " " " "	" "
"A short short note"	Transient Review, Spokane, Wash.	No. 11
"The Camps"	Nevadan, Reno, Nev.	No. 4
"The allowance situation"	Mid West Breeze, Springfield, Ill.	No. 31
"Melting Pot (All of it)"	Spartanburg, S.C.	No. 30
"Spiking a false rumor"	Waysider, Boston, Mass.	No. 4
"From ye editor's pen"	Excelsior, Fargo, N.D.	No. 12
"Editorial"	Transient Times, Yukon, Fla.	No. 43
"A Federal Transient Camp"	Looking Up, Hartford, Conn.	No. 25
"Facts you should read"	Transient Times, Little Rock, Ark.	Nov. 3rd
"Guides - or Guards?"	Lariat, Fort Worth, Texas	No. 31
"The Lost Sheep."	Transient Bulletin, Lordsburg, N.M.	No. 35
"Free Speech"	Davenport, Davenport, Iowa.	No. 8
"Dope"	Lighthouse, New Orleans, La.	No. 8
"Grateful, What?"	Hotel DeMinto Revue, Salem, Ore.	No. 10
"Relief or Work"	Mid West Breeze, Springfield, Ill	No. 32
"Armistice"	Lighthouse, New Orleans, La.	No. 9
"Too young to go."	Rambler, Hutchinson, Kansas.	No. 25
"The Nomad (All of it)"	San Francisco, Cal.	No. X1
"We are just grateful"	The Gateway, El Paso, Texas.	No. 30

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