

THE ARK

LEXINGTON
TRANSIENT
SERVICE
BUREAU

Lexington—Ky.



August ~ Number 3 ~ 1934.

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IN THE DOG WATCH

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The ARK is sailing peacefully along over a smiling sea with all sail set and the wind off the starboard quarter. Two bells has just struck in the second dog watch, and all hands are gathering on the fo'castle head; smoking, yarning, and discussing the happenings of the day and what's going on in the world.

"Now you take these Transient Bureau," said "Barnacle Bill." "There's lots to be said both for and against them." He paused, and spit over the windlass. "To some men they are just stopovers on a jaunt around the country, and to others they have become a hangout that is destroying all their initiative. To most of the men however, they are an oasis in the desert of unemployment. Some of these men have ideas."

"Well, I've got a few ideas I'd like to broach," calls out Ed Brady from the chartroom, "but I'm too busy to put 'em down in writing. "Me too," hollers MacInvailla, sliding down a backstay from the crows nest. "And me," cries out Jerry O'Day coming forward from the lazarette with a jug of limejuice.

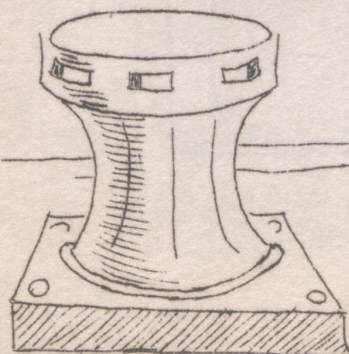
And so they come! Half of the crew have ideas, and the other half just eat, drink, and are merry! But they are ready to explain to all and sundry just what they think of the situation. We'll let the boys who are still on watch get an earful of this talk around the windlass on the fo'castle head, and while some of it may be tripe and some of it wisdom, at least it's just about what the boys are thinking and saying out loud!

The Skipper will take it down as it comes and also take all the blame! So gather round me hearties, and put in your oar next time if you want to. It's your privilege, and there's plenty of room on the fo'castle head. "Steady on your course, keep her full and bye."

Frank Perry
Editor

Mimeographing work
supervised by Frank P. Linkenberg
at State Office, Kentucky Emergency
Relief Administration, Louisville, Ky.

Ed Brady
Illustrator



DRIFTERS!

We heard that this was a good
Bureau! No work, good oats, and
Plenty of clothes for the asking.
Now they want to send us out
To a camp, to sweat and toil
Working on a dam!



Not what we expected - not by a dam site!

We ate somehow
When we had our freedom;
And laid down in the shade
When we got good and ready;
And we stemmed our smokes alright!

So what the Hell - let's go!

WORKERS!

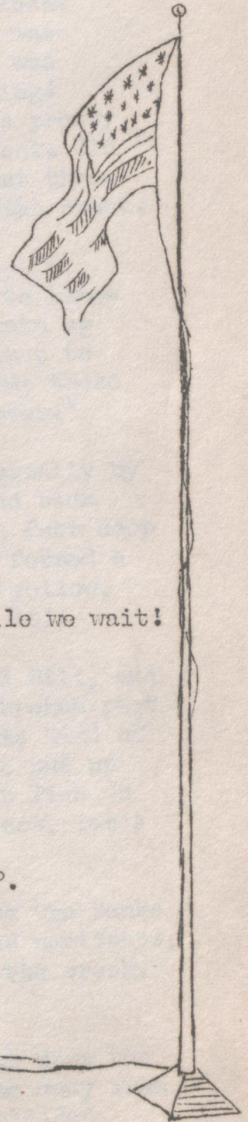
At dawn we rise
Salute the Flag
Another day is born.
We gird ourselves
To do a good days work
Before the sun goes down.

Waiting for better times - and working while we wait!

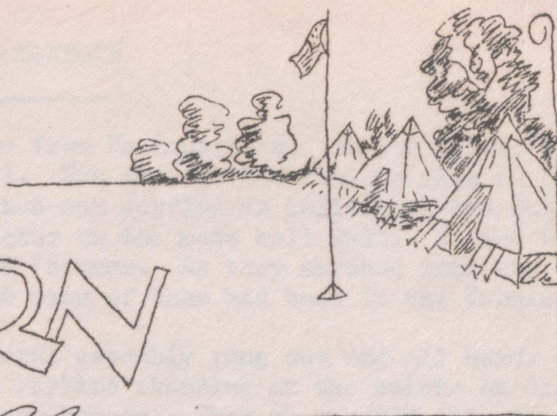
We have no money
To pay for what we eat;
But we have strong right arms
And a willingness to work;
And that's a fair exchange!

So what the Hell - let's go!

--F.P.



CAMP ELKHORN



Camp Elkhorn is situated on Elkhorn Creek, about ten miles from Lexington and four from Georgetown.

We found "Barnacle Bill" sitting on one of the fourteen blocks cut from derelict tree stumps that are used as camp chairs. He was pushing a match stick into the ground - out of sight! The camp was so spic and span that we felt like wiping our feet before entering! All the tree trunks were whitewashed, and the khaki tents made a pretty picture against the green background of the trees lining the creek. Old Glory waved from a pole near the Headquarters tent. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and most of the men were swimming in the creek. I asked Bill how he liked the camp.

"It's swell out here," he answered. "I wouldn't go back to Limestone Street on a bet. We sleep under cover every night, and wake up feeling like a million dollars! No smelly socks and dirty clothes to sleep next to, and no bad air. We get plenty to eat, and the way these boys work is a caution. Let's go down to the dam and look it over."

The dam was a hundred yards away. It had been built originally by slaves, but the center had washed away years ago. The rocks had been cleared from the bed of the stream, and the water was about two foot deep at this point. Up stream the water was over six foot deep and formed a good swimming hole. A recent storm had made the water a muddy yellow, but that made no difference to the fellows splashing around in it!

"We shall have a concrete mixer here in a few days," said Bill, and then we shall build forms and pour concrete and rocks in this broken part of the dam. We have several men here who are familiar with this kind of work, and they are taking charge of it. Down stream we plan to put up another dam about two hundred yards away. The idea is to plant fish in the pools formed by the dams. There's a fish truck coming in now, let's see what they have."

A truck with half a dozen big cans in the back drew up to the banks of the creek. We watched them bail out hundreds of catfish and newlights, all about four inches long, and all hands helped dump them in the creek. Soon there'll be good fishing here!

"We've cleaned up all that hillside," said Bill. "We cut down the woods in that bottom too and we've built up this end of the dam away from the creek and filled up a lot of hollows with earth. We've unloaded several truck loads of rock and built walks all over the place. We have a fire going all the time to burn the trash and to heat water for the kitchen. Must be about chow time now. Let's go back."

CAMP ELKHORN

Just then a bugle call came from Headquarters. It was Clark, an ex-marine, sounding the mess call. Men came on the run, to line up on markers in an orderly manner. Each man carried an individual tin cup, which were kept in a screened locker on the mess hall wall. It was the first mess of the Specialists and Foremen. As they marched into the mess hall it was easy to see that many of them had been in the Service!

Half an hour later the general assembly rang out and all hands fell into ranks for retreat, Sergeant Perkins standing at the salute as Old Glory was hauled down with military honors. Then we marched into the mess hall to do justice to a good hearty supper, served cafeteria style, with plenty of seconds - and did we eat!

We fished for awhile after supper but without any luck, and then we gathered around the piano in the mess hall as the boys put on an impromptu show. Langley, the cook, used to be with Al G. Fields Minstrels and was a show all by himself! We wound up the evening singing all the old time war songs. Plenty of veterans here as well as young fellows!

"They initiate the new men that come in," said Bill. "We duck them in the creek after dark in their night shirts. It helps to make them feel at home and part of the gang. Just wait around until lights out and see some fun." Shortly after the Delco plant was shut down, bottles of kerosene with cloth wicks made their appearance on the grounds to light up card games and provide light for the patrolling guards. Afterwards came taps, and all was quiet.

Soon the grounds took on the appearance of a Ku Klux convention. Figures in white gowns appeared mysteriously in groups with much whispering, Clark, Crown and O'Day, who had charge of the ceremonies, soon had the new men out of their cots and were escorting them to the banks of the creek. Down the banks they went, one at a time, to stand in water up to their knees, and then sit down. Howls of delight went up as one after another of the men went through the ceremony! It was all good natured fun, and a chap who had been hiding behind a tree came forward of his own accord with a grin!

And then to bed, with threats from the ducking committee that our turn would come at four A.M. We grinned, knowing that only dynamite would get those birds up at that hour! Sure enough, when we went around at four thirty the next morning and doused their faces with ice water, they only pulled up the blankets and never even woke up! It's one grand place to sleep is Camp Elkhorn. Even though John Aldrich did fall over a fly trap the night before and let all the flies out!

Today was a working day. We have seen men work before, and for real money, but this outfit had the place looking like a beehive - and they seemed to like it. Even the section foremen with red bands on their arms worked just as hard as anybody else. "What the hell," said Jesse Ward. "I'd rather work than stand around anyhow." On the bulletin board, held there with three inch nails in lieu of tacks, was a notice that foremen and section leaders need only supervise. But not this gang!

There's lots of experts in camp, too, who really know their stuff. We saw Pat Landers put up a thirty foot flag pole set in cement, and Walter

CAMP ELKHORN

Camp build fly traps, and Hughes build a wharf, and Lester Day paint signs, and a dozen others, including John Aldrich in his cowboy hat and tanned face, all doing their bit with enjoyment. We should have to call the roll to name all the men who did their bit that day!

That evening we watched R. P. Rife cut hair. He has all the trimmings of a real barber shop, and once cut General Pershing's hair, for which he received a five franc tip, which he still has by the way. James Burton was busy scanning the bill of fare to see if oatmeal appeared for breakfast! He hates to wash oatmeal bowls! He would rather play ball as he has done before in the big leagues. Jack Clark was showing some of the boys a few wrestling holds - he knows them all - and doing it so that the boys would learn something. All over the grass they rolled, but "Doc" Kidd was on the job to paint up the scratches!

Over in another part of camp, Jerry O'Day and Alex Crown were putting on a boxing exhibition. These boys know their stuff and don't think that it wasn't appreciated! A local man came around the other evening to try the gloves on with Jerry - and he hasn't been around since!

They have a rating list on the bulletin board that is changed daily. Stars are given for obedience to orders, cleanliness of person and cot, attitude around camp, and ability at work assigned. The top rating is five stars in each classification, and the men gather around each evening to see how they rate, with some good natured kidding coming from all sides! Sergeant Perkins keeps pretty close track of each man, and always gives a good word of praise to the men who have excelled that day, as well as a warning to the sluggards, and there's not many of them!

The colored section must not be overlooked. Walter Jackson, who was formerly a Pullman porter, is always doing his stuff with the ice water at just the right time! And Edwin Duffy, his rival, has a shoe shine box set up. Jim Taylor is foreman of the colored detail and these boys are on their toes all the time. They have their own tents at the end of the line, and they compare favorably with the others in orderliness and cleanliness.

Tobacco is at a premium out here! There should be some system arranged whereby the men could be issued tobacco at intervals, as some of the men must put in a couple of weeks before receiving any pay. You will find no cigarette butts lying around the camp! They are smoked to a frazzle and then carefully rubbed into the ground and covered over, or put in the incinerator. Every morning before breakfast all hands police the grounds, and every stick, dead leaf, burnt matches, or paper, is picked up and burned.

"There's not much discipline round here," said Barnacle Bill, "just enough to keep things straight you know. We shall have an inspection tomorrow morning about ten o'clock when Captain Wolfe comes out, and everything will be all shipshape for him. These fellows certainly take a great pride in keeping the camp clean. Wish we had the equipment for a ball game though." He looked with regret at a level place across the creek. "All we need is a few mitts." We marvelled that men could work so hard, five hours or more a day, out in the sun moving rocks and digging holes and still feel like playing ball!

CAMP ELKHORN

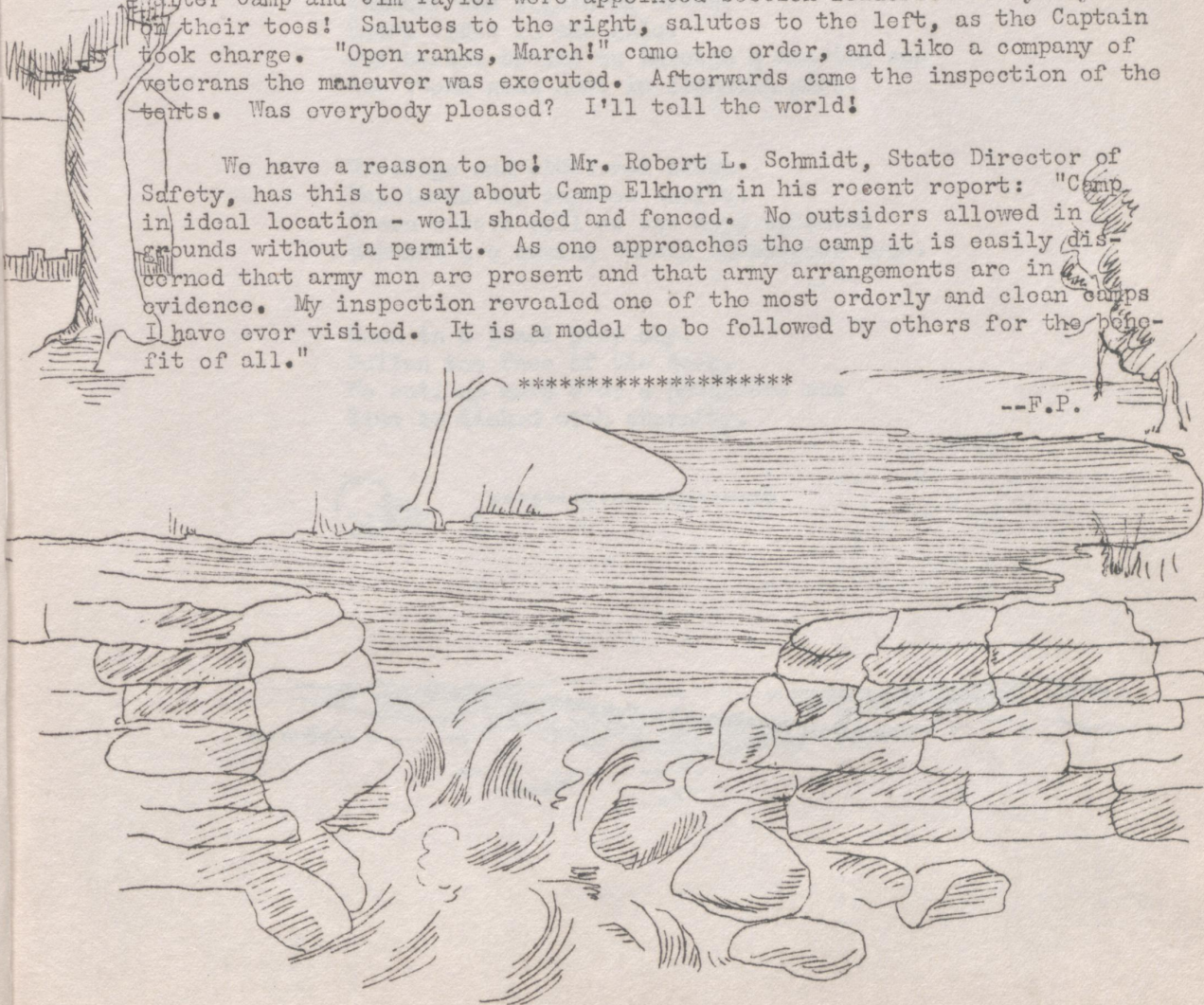
"Here comes Miss Adams to give out the clothes and shoes," said Bill, looking towards the main gates. Sure enough, she drove in with a flourish, and soon the men in need of clothing and shoes were explaining their wants to her in the Headquarters tent. They receive vouchers which can be exchanged at the cross road store just outside the camp. Work clothes and good heavy shoes are a necessity out here!

We turned in that night to sleep under cover, with a cool breeze blowing under the tent flaps, although back in Lexington the city was sweltering in summer heat! In no time at all it seemed, it was daylight and we turned out in response to the bugle call, refreshed and ready for a good breakfast. "Red" Daugherty knows his stuff alright, and the meals are well balanced. After breakfast, an hour was spent in cleaning up the camp, and then Sergeant Perkins, the Camp Supervisor, released us for the weekly inspection by Captain Wolfe.

"Here comes the Captain," called out "Barnacle Bill." The assembly call rang out clearly as the Captain drove in, and the men fell in line on the markers. While the Captain was in Headquarters tent, Bob Swafford, Walter Camp and Jim Taylor were appointed section leaders. Everybody was on their toes! Salutes to the right, salutes to the left, as the Captain took charge. "Open ranks, March!" came the order, and like a company of veterans the maneuver was executed. Afterwards came the inspection of the tents. Was everybody pleased? I'll tell the world!

We have a reason to be! Mr. Robert L. Schmidt, State Director of Safety, has this to say about Camp Elkhorn in his recent report: "Camp in ideal location - well shaded and fenced. No outsiders allowed in grounds without a permit. As one approaches the camp it is easily discerned that army men are present and that army arrangements are in evidence. My inspection revealed one of the most orderly and clean camps I have ever visited. It is a model to be followed by others for the benefit of all."

--F.P.



THE SQUALL



Blue are the skies above,
White are the drifting clouds.
We sail alone o'er a boundless sea
Time seems linked with eternity.

Fragrance of tropic isles
Beauty of starry night.
Storm clouds gathering o'er the lee
The moonbeams glide on a darkening sea.

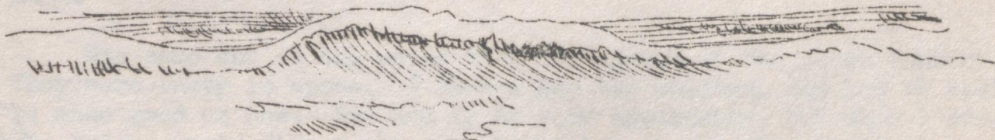
Thunder and lightning flash,
Death rides in the gale.
Our barque speeds on through a heaving sea
The storm gods howl in fiendish gloe.

Wreckage and cluttered docks,
Halliards and canvass adrift.
Green waters roll as the deep upheaves
Hatches are caving 'neath thunderous seas.

Dawn in a pearl grey sky,
Sullen the face of the deep.
We sail no more o'er a boundless sea
Time is linked with eternity.

--F.P.





CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

"You don't have to knock on back doors to get a bite to eat if you use your head. There's plenty of ways to get by and have money in your pockets too if you know the ropes," said "Barnacle Bill."

We were sitting at the edge of town, Bill and me, waiting for some goof to pick us up and take us to the next stop. We had struck up a conversation when I had bummed him for a smoke. Bill pulled a bundle out of his pocket; I noticed it contained a small can of black enamel, a small brush, some sandpaper, a bottle of turpentine, and a few clean rags.

"Now you take this outfit," said "Barnacle Bill." "I got all this for a quarter at the ten cent store. I bummed it off the manager - told him what I wanted it for and promised I'd come back with the money next day. He was a good hearted cuss and I paid him back too!" He folded the bundle back together with a satisfied grunt.

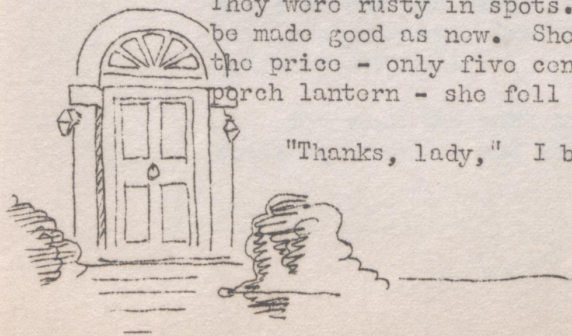
"But what do you do with it?" I asked. Bill looked down the road, and then across the street to the neat group of bungalows. "Don't look like there's any traffic this morning, so we might as well get busy and make a few dimes," he said. "Now I'll take this side of the street and you take the other." He explained the plan to me and off we started.

I walked across the street and looked at the first bungalow. There, sure enough, was a black enameled letter box fastened to the gatepost. It was rusty and dirty, and needed cleaning and painting. I went up to the door and rang the bell.

"Good morning, lady," I said with a smile, to the young housewife who answered the door. She smiled, but kept inside the screen door. "I haven't anything to sell," I went on, "and I'm not asking for anything to eat." I grinned as I said it! "But my partner and I are two sign painters out of work, and we are painting up mail boxes and porch lights. You'd be surprised what a difference it will make in the appearance of your mail box and your porch lanterns when we get through with them. We clean them, sandpaper them, and put a fresh coat of good quality black enamel on them so that they look as good as new. We are experts at this madam, and we leave no mess behind.

She came out on the porch then and looked at the porch lanterns. They were rusty in spots. I showed her the mailbox, and how it could be made good as new. She had to be sold apparently, but when I stated the price - only five cents for the mail box, and five cents for each porch lantern - she fell for it!

"Thanks, lady," I beamed, "My partner will be along in just a



CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

minute. Would you mind telling me the name of the lady next door?" She did, and also told me the names of the most likely prospects up the street, including her sister who lived four blocks away! I looked across the street. There was "Barnacle Bill," busy scrubbing away at a mailbox with a piece of sandpaper.

I went across and told him of my success. "That's fine," he chuckled. "Now you work up the street and I'll be right behind you. When you've got half a dozen lined up, drop back and help me sandpaper the boxes. We ought to clean up today."

It was a pushover! We cleaned and painted mail boxes and porch lanterns to a fare you well! Some gave as much as a quarter, although we always stated our regular prices. Seems as though people are willing to help a bloke along if he is only trying! One kindhearted old lady invited us in for lunch, and gave us an extra half dollar for painting up her fire irons!

After four hours we decided to call it a day. We had well over five dollars between us. "Now we'll go back and pick up that ride," said "Barnacle Bill" as he opened a fresh packet of Camels!

---F.P.

— EN PASSANT —

The ARK is published monthly, the contents being made up here in Lexington and everything in the magazine is original - by that, we mean not copied from other magazines. The mimeographing is done at Louisville, and it takes over two weeks to get the magazine into circulation from the time it leaves our hands.

We have found that local news of the men is out of date by the time the ARK is printed - most of them we write up have left the Bureau! So we must confine ourselves as much as possible to matters of policy as they affect us all, and to articles that may be interesting and instructive, as well as inspirational.

There's about eighty-five men out at Camp Elkhorn, and about sixty men at the Center, so we have around a hundred and fifty men on the rolls at any one time. But about seven hundred and fifty men register here every month. Over fifty percent of them leave within forty-eight hours of arrival!

Now read the next article - "Barnacle Bill" tells you why men are drifting around - and suggests a remedy!

--F.P.



BARNACLE BILL GOES BOLSHEVIK!

You would get an idea from some people that we get a swell deal when we enter a Transient Bureau!

We do. We get a lot of regular meals and a place to sleep, and we do some work for it and we receive some pants, and shirts, and socks and shoes for the asking - and after awhile - a dollar or so a week to buy smokes and razor blades with.

When we enter a bureau we are mentally measured by the common denomination - the bum! And as bums we start off. After awhile our talents help us up to a better job to as high as three bucks a week. But we still eat, sleep, and have our being on the same level as the bums who came in last night with venereal diseases, and who sleep within fifteen inches of us, and whose clothes, placed within an inch or two of our noses on a camp stool, smell out loud with body odor!

So we drift off after a week or two. There isn't any use staying after we have received an outfit and a pair of shoes. We'll never get out of the hole unless we make a break. But what the hell can we do? We came here broke and we leave here broke. There's nothing the Director or the caseworkers can do about it - they have their jobs in the scheme of things and they fill their jobs well and they hate like hell to see us go!

It's taxpayers money that has been keeping us. The caseworkers don't give it to us. We don't even earn it because most of the work we do has no value. Millions have been given to farmers for ploughing under cotton and wheat, and millions have been disbursed to others under the guise of PWA-CWA and the CCC. Millions have been donated to us that we might eat and sleep.

Some of us are humble and thankful, some of us are plain dumb and ask for everything, and some of us are defiant and ask for real work and not charity. We feel that if the bums, the wont works, the driftors and the panhandlers must be fed - that they should be fed for what they are! Look after the halt, the maimed, the blind, but give the other fellows who want to work a real chance!

Here's our suggestion: Let a man stay around a bureau for a month, doing what he can, and let the bureau officials get a line on what he can do - not what he was. Then if he is a worker, and in the opinion of the officials, deserving of the chance, send him out to a camp and let him work like hell at real constructive work of value to the community. Pay him a dollar a day and keep for ninety days, with twenty-five dollars a month going into a savings account. In ninety days the transient rolls will be cleared. That would solve our problem and save millions of dollars for the taxpayer. But the camps and work projects should be under the jurisdiction of the army.

Most of us Transients went go home without a bank roll, and where in hell can we get a bank roll or a fresh start by working for a dollar a week? After awhile when the relief work stops, we shall be left just where we started. Bums once again, and all the millions that have been spent will have become as water over the dam that never turned a wheel!

--F.P.

YARNS

... on the Fo'castle-Head

How easy it used to be to get a job! Back in 1912 we left a ship in a small Florida town with three silver dollars in our pocket, and a swell toothache! One buck went for the tooth doctor, and we made our way to the First and Last Chance Saloon to drown our sorrows in drink. Three sailormen were at the bar, and after the remaining two dollars were spent, we left with them to look at a dredge boat down the bay. The Lord knows how we walked the swinging sand pipes from the shore to the dredge - but we did! And we all got jobs on board too! Them was the happy days!

One time in Buenos Aires we happened into a longshoremen's strike. Our ship had docked, and three of us went down to the Boca Barracas to look see. We saw plenty! In no time at all we were in the midst of a fighting crowd of strikbreakers. A couple of mounted police - those little fellows from the mountains - galloped down opposite sidewalks with a lariat stretched between them, and tripped up everybody in their path. The day ended for us when Jack Harrison - a big Liverpool Irishman from our ship - got drunk and tried to pull one of the police from his horse. The little cop swung at him with his sword - and Jack's head rolled in the gutter. Them was the wild days!

It was a dark and stormy night. We had come off watch at midnight from doing four hours in the stokehold of a tramp steamer. After heaving up the ashes from the cleaned fires, we went back into the bunkers as the forward dock was half seas under. We found that we could pry loose a part of the bulkhead leading into the tween decks - and behind it we found case after case of champagne, loaded in France and destined for some South American port. In four hours time only the chief engineer and the Old Man were still on their feet, the engines had stopped for lack of steam, and we wallowed and rolled through the stormy night with all hands blotto! Nothing ever came of it. Damaged at sea of course!

Do you remember the Mole in the harbor of Odessa in the Black Sea? 'Twas back in 1905 and we had just come in from Constantinople. The Mole was a screaming mass of men, women, and children from the Ghetto, and they were being pushed and prodded into the sea by a howling mob of Russian soldiers and peasants. Back in Odessa, to the left of the hillside on which the town is built, their homes in the Ghetto were in flames. It was a pogrom - a Jewish massacre. We dropped anchor and stood by helpless while hundreds of Jews were butchered and raped less than a hundred yards away. An hour later we were on our way to Nikolief for cargo. In those days we had never seen people die in large quantities, and we felt quite ill about it!

YARNS ON THE FO'CASTLE HEAD

Did you ever work for Edalji Dinshaw in Karachi? He has an island a mile or so out in the Indian Ocean which is used as a coaling station for ships needing bunker coal. About half a dozen white men have their bungalows there, with possibly a dozen native women to each bungalow to do the cooking and washing and so on. Native labor is cheap! Old Annie used to bring a boatload of women and girls from the mainland for each new man to pick from. They came in all shapes and sizes, and the ugliest ones were the best workers. It was surprising how many good looking native women they had on that island!

We once lived in Russia before the war, in St. Petersburg, before it became Leningrad or Petrograd or whatever they call it now! One night we were bored stiff, and happened to remember an old Arab proverb about following the seventh man that passed if you wished to meet with adventure. We tried it out, and the chap we picked on dashed down a dozen alleys before disappearing through a closed door. While we stood in indecision the door opened, and one of the most beautiful girls we have ever met asked us inside - in English! From that chance meeting we secured an entree into a gun running society that was preparing for the revolution, and made much money during the next few months until the secret police got wise to it all!

Do you believe in spirits? We met with a peculiar experience once in Accra, on the Gold Coast of Africa, sometimes called the White Man's Graveyard. A group of traders in oil and copra had inveigled an old witch doctor into giving an exhibition of magic. We watched him go into a trance, and in the vernacular he asked if we knew of anyone named Bob. He couldn't repeat the last name, but this Bob had just passed over very suddenly and wanted to tell us not to sign any papers. We laughed it off, and next day signed a contract to go up country, a trip that ended in the worse case of jungle fever ever seen in that part of the country. Incidentally, two months after the meeting we received a letter from a friend in India stating that an old friend named Robert Gundersen had shot himself. The letter had been mailed about two months ago. You explain - we can't!

We once ran two dollars up to twelve hundred dollars - betting on the geo gees. All done within a period of thirty days, and on the original stake! We met a newspaper man who could pick 'em with uncanny ability but would never bet on his choice. Always at the last minute he bet on something else and lost! If he hadn't left town we should have been a millionaire by this time. Where are you now, John Bennett?

--F.P.



Workers vs. Bums

We noticed an article in "Today" for July 7th, entitled "Bums, plus work, equal Men." The title will give you the viewpoint of the writer, a professional social worker.

The popular conception of a bum is that of a beggar, a wont work, a ne'er do well, a menace; lousy, dirty, and a disgrace to himself and the community. A bum is not a worker; never was and never will be. So all this talk about mixing bums with work and making men out of them is just so much poppycock!

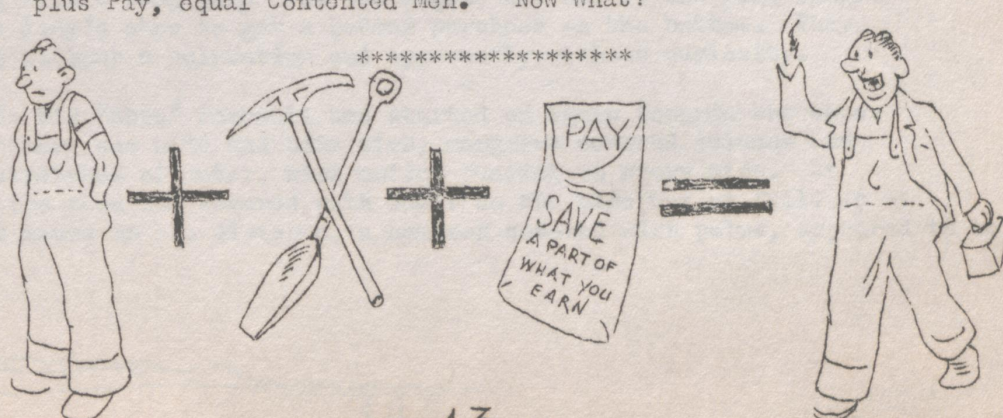
It's all right to cook up a yarn about a kid who ran away from home, bummed around the country until he was lousy, being too dumb to keep himself clean, and then gets sent home by the F.E.R.A. But what about the fellows who are past their last dime and need a front and a job?

The bureaus are full of these kind of men; all regular fellows and just needing a lift to get them over the fence back into productive work. Somehow we never hear any stirring stories of these men. All we hear about is the sooty face kids and the bums and drifters, and what wonderful progress has been made with them!

According to the above writer, the "last census" showed only 99,167 unattached men listed on the rolls. Nowhere in the article was the date of the "last census" given. The Federal Transient Bureaus were established a year ago, and we know from experience that the existence of these bureaus was unknown to many of the inmates of today up until a few months ago or less. How many men are registered today?

The opinion of writers like the above leads to the conclusion that we Transients are all bums! His formula: "Bums, plus Work, equal Men" is all wrong. A bum is not a worker and never will be. The Administration knows by now how close we come to the popular conception of what constitutes a bum - or, if we are what we claim to be, mostly workers in distress and up against it with little chance to improve our condition.

The correct formula, in our opinion is: "Workers, plus work, plus Pay, equal Contented Men." Now What?



Beachcombing in Florida.

Down at the lower end of Florida is a swell place for a beachcomber to hang out. Plenty of fish and oysters and soft shell crabs. Coconuts and palmetto palms. Fresh water in plenty when the tide is out. What more can a beachcomber want?

We discovered it one day last winter. Having nothing to do and not much money, we looked up an "old college chum" who works in a tomato patch when he feels like it, and spends the rest of the time fishing. Loading up the old Ford with our fishing tackle, a few provisions, and our scanty camping equipment, we set out.

We left Miami for the Royal Palm Park in the Everglades, and finally found a narrow road leading south to Cape Sable. Canals bordered each side of the road, and as far as the eye could see stretched saw grass swamps, dotted with small hammocks covered with trees. White herons flew over us in flocks, and the intense blue of the Florida sky, the green vegetation, and the loneliness of it all made an enchanting if desolate picture.

For thirty miles we traveled onward, stopping occasionally to examine the waters of the canals for signs of fish. Huge garfish, six feet long, glared coldly back at us, and big turtles scuttled to the bottom of the coffee brown water. We tasted it. Sweet and fresh and flowing at a steady pace to the sea!

The roadway was of marl, dredged from the canal, rough and uneven and just wide enough for the car. Lord help us if we met anybody coming from the other direction! Nothing to do but back up. We knew there was a duck hunters' camp ahead, and soon the road widened out onto a small hammock, with a few cars parked on the side of the road. The "sports" come down from Miami daily to shoot ducks in West Lake, and are willing to pay ten dollars a day for the use of a boat, a blind, a lunch, and towing back and forth - all of which is supplied by "Abie", a Jewish chap who hails from New Jersey!

He has an army tent there, built on a platform over the water, and he stays during the duck hunting season, making money out of the wilderness! We stopped for a chat while "Abie" supplied us with coffee and sandwiches and much information. We stood and watched a family of Seminole Indians pass by in their cypress canoe, the man poling with a long pole from the stern, the end of the pole shaped like a lady's shoe to get a better purchase on the bottom. They passed without a salutation and apparently without curiosity.

We bid "Abie" farewell and started on again towards the Cape. The scenery was wild and primitive; mangrove covered islands and wide stretches of water, with mullet jumping on every side. At times the road was covered with water as the tide was at full. A slight mound in the distance, a hammock covered with palms, appeared to be



BEACHCOMBING IN FLORIDA.

the end of the trail. We pulled off to the side, under some palms, and looked around. This seemed to be a good place to spend a couple of days.

The pup tent was soon erected, and the primitive camping equipment arranged to suit us. We had a five gallon jug filled with fresh water, and we had lard, baking powder, flour, coffee, sugar, corn meal, potatoes, bacon, and beans. In addition to the fishing tackle we had a carbide head lantern, a five dollar shot gun with a few buckshot and a box of No. 7's, an axe, a couple of crab nets, and a mosquito bar. The pup tent we used as a roof over the beds, made out of Spanish moss. We spent an hour or two getting things in shape for the night, and collecting wood for a fire. So far we had not been bothered with mosquitos.

It was now late afternoon and we decided to do a little exploring. There was no sign of a settlement. "Abie" had informed us that the hurricane of '26 had washed away the few fishermen's shacks that formerly stood there. We noticed a row boat up an inlet, one of "Abies" that had got adrift. We blessed him as we bailed it out with the shell of a horse shoe crab, and looked around for a pole among the driftwood on the beach. No good! So we cut down a sapling pine and pushed off down the beach in water only a few feet deep.

A mile away we came to a cocoanut grove. The palms stretched along the beach in hundreds, the result of a schooner wreck years ago with a cargo of cocoanuts from Cuba. The white sand beach, the palms with fronds rustling in the breeze, and the gently lapping waves gave us the impression of being in the South Seas, but no beauteous brown maidens welcomed us with hula hulas! Only silence and the setting sun. We picked up a dozen fallen nuts, some of them sprouting, to be used as a salad, and looked with longing at the green nuts far above our heads. Well, we would get them some other time. Time now to get back to camp and get supper.

We ate our beans and bacon, and smoked our pipes in contentment, with our backs against a palm tree. The sun was setting in a golden glory, with the shore birds wheeling at the edge of the waves and the fiddler crabs marching in red legions up and down the beach. Mullet jumped in the shallow water off shore. This was the life!

As darkness came on so did the mosquitos! We were soon under the mosquito bar. There's twenty million mosquitos to the square inch when the breeze is quiet, but luckily the breeze usually blows from off the Gulf and keeps them back in the swamps. Tonight was quiet, and the whine of the skeeters sounded like a high pitched buzz saw, incredible to those who have never heard it! Back in the swamps, the screams of wildcats, and the yells of fighting 'coons pierced the shrill of the skeeters at intervals. During the night a breeze came up, and instantly the noise of the mosquitos was hushed, the rustling and clashing of the palm fronds taking it's place. We awoke at dawn, to see the sun rise in rosy gleams through the pearly mist over the water.

BEACHCOMBING IN FLORIDA.

The tide was out, and the flats were split with streams of fairly fresh water from the Glades. We got out the crab nets and waded in the shallow pools left by the falling tide; poking in the sand and under the sea moss with the handles of the nets. In half an hour we had a dozen big soft shell crabs, and four of them went into the pan with a few strips of bacon. We made biscuit with baking soda, and the coffee was a dream! Putting the balance of the crabs in the boat, we pushed off to the edge of an oyster bar down the channel, and waited for the tide to turn.

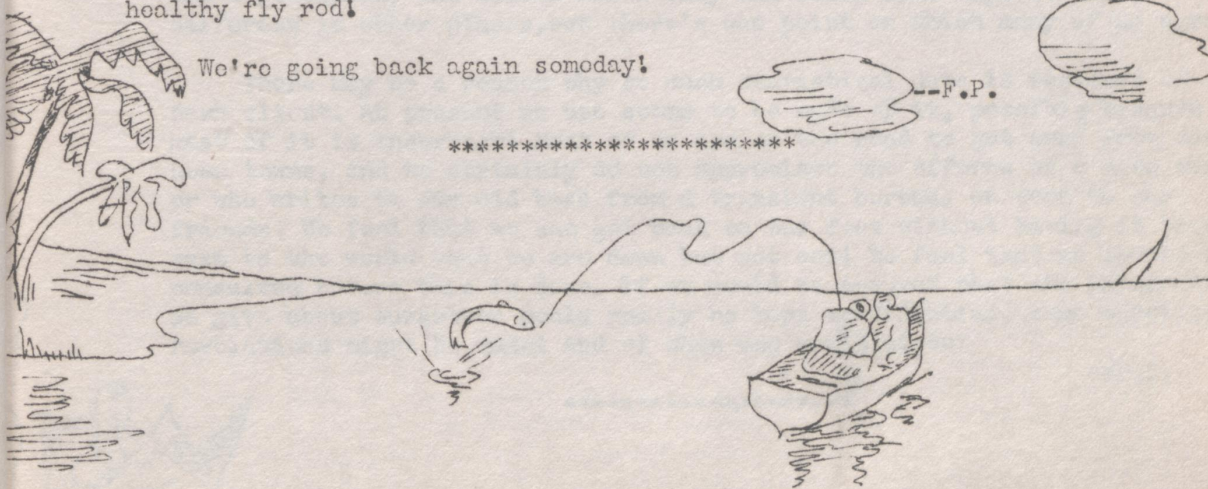
We hadn't long to wait. Baiting up with the crabs, we cast out to the edge of the oyster bar. Wham! What a strike! A redfish, and a beauty, about six pounds. We caught a dozen and dumped them all back again except a two pounder we kept for dinner. Gathering about a bushel of oysters from the bar we returned to camp. And so the days went by. For a month we fished and loafed and explored and had a wonderful time, and we met nobody who interfered with us.

At night we used the head lantern to shine the eyes of swamp rabbits, knocking them over with a blast of 7's from the shot gun. We cut the hearts from palmetto palms for "Cracker cabbage", and we lived on fish, cocoanuts, oysters, crabs, and shore birds. We could have lived for months at a cost of only a few dollars for flour, sugar, coffee, and tobacco. On occasion we drove up to see "Abie" to get the news of the outside world, and we wished we could go on this way forever!

One afternoon we saw a splashing in the canal across from "Abies" tent. It was a school of baby tarpon! Quickly we unlimbered the old casting rod and put on a red and white wooden minnow. A cast, a terrific tug, and out of the water jumped a baby tarpon about a foot long, to tear up the canal at a mile a minute! A second jump and he was free! A dozen casts, a dozen strikes, but only one caught! A little fellow about ten inches long. Abie was jumping up and down in excitement and yelling directions! What a time we could have had with a good healthy fly rod!

We're going back again someday!

--F.P.



The Commentator

Did you notice the following in Arthur Brisbane's column of July 26th? Well, here'tis: "George E. Allen, who works for the government, spent several weeks investigating poverty, lack of jobs, bread lines, as part of his job. He testifies that 90% of the people in want really want work, also that those hired to deal out jobs or money are "snooty" persons, doing more to antagonize the destitute than to help them." That isn't all Mr Brisbane said, or Mr Allen either, but it's enough! Millions of people read Mr Brisbane's column!

We dont know if Mr Allen visited this Bureau. We do know that we have heard Miss Perryman crying in sympathy with a hard bitten kid who was pulling a fast one to be sent home, although he had traveled some hundred of miles on his own accord. And bluff Miss Adams is always good for an outfit if you really need it. We have seen Mr Blastock at the Center spend an hour with a client trying to get the low down, and taking it by and large, this bureau is pretty lenient when it comes to a lot of things. If you come in here with a chip on your shoulder you are liable to get it knocked off pronto, but what the hell!

Take Captain Wolfe. He has our interests at heart at all times and he's regular and a gentleman. He has no use for drunkards or shirkers, and they have no place here, but the man who is trying to make good will get all the assistance he needs. And Sergeant Smith, the fire eater, still a Marine after all these years and proud of it! All hands like the little devil! Sergeant Perkins out at camp, a different type, fond of lectures, but the boys out there get along fine with him. Also Nick the cook, and Lyttle and Dunbar and Stagg who have lots to contend with. They are all human, and can see our side of the question.

So far the government is running these camps and bureaus merely to keep us from starving in the gutter, or getting mad about things and going bolshevik. They realize that this business is none of our own choosing, and the government is certainly to be commended in securing the right type of person to grant relief. We have had experience with only two bureaus this and one other, and our first case worker was a prince and a gentleman, the second was a lady and acted that way. It may be different in other places, but there's one point on which many of us agree!

There may be a reason why so much statistical data is required of each client. At present no use seems to be made of it, possibly because most of it is incorrect! Most of us are on the road to get away from our home towns, and we certainly do not appreciate the efforts of a case worker who writes to our old boss from a transient bureau, or even to our friends. We feel that we can get back on our feet without having it broadcast to the world that we are down but not out! We feel that we should be consulted before this is done. If we could be assured that the information we give about ourselves would really be kept confidential, some surprising revelations might be made! And of what use would it be?

--F.P.



DEATH IN NICARAGUA!

"Barnacle Bill" gravely saluted me, then burst into a roar of laughter. "Can you beat it?" he yelled. "Here we are, a couple of corporals in the U.S. Marines, and second lieutenants in a spic army at the same time. How does it feel to be a shavetail?" I glanced at myself in the mirror and then at my shiny new riding boots. We were going on patrol in the morning in charge of sixty men. This was in Nicaragua and we had been loaned to the government to serve as officers. We felt very important, and it was lots of fun - but we had lots to learn!

All our men were Nicaraguans with the exception of one man, a Jamaican. Bill and I were the only white men in miles when we pitched our tents at the old La Plata Luna mine several days later. After all the tents were pitched, we decided to do a little exploring and started for one of the old buildings. When we were about halfway, something struck me on my boot with a quick thump. I pulled out my flash light and saw six or seven coral snakes. Bill pulled out his gun and killed a couple of them before they had glided away. A man bit by one of these snakes seldom lives more than a few minutes. I was sure glad I was wearing my riding boots!

That evening Bill was rather quiet. "What in hell is the matter with you," I asked him. "Mac," he said, "something is going to happen, I can feel it in my bones." I laughed out loud. Here we were, on our own, a couple of shavetails in a Spic army and sitting on top of the world! "Nerts," I kidded him. "It's no joking matter, Mac," he went on. "I think we are on the wrong trail for one thing, and I also think that some of our men are getting ready to desert."

Bill didn't have to say any more, as I knew what would happen if our men decided that a life of banditry was better than the life of a soldier. We would be just two more Marines to be shipped back in a wooden overcoat! The next day I watched the men and decided that Bill was right. That night we called the Sergeant into our tent, and asked him what was wrong with the men. At first he wouldn't talk much, but after giving him a bottle of whiskey he opened up. It seemed that a certain bandit leader would like to get hold of our machine gun to make himself President with. So he had sent word via the jungle telegraph that if our men would desert and bring the machine gun along, he would make them all officers and very wealthy. Not so good!

The Sergeant also said that our guide was one of the bandit's own men! We both knew that our lives were not worth a plugged nickle, but we sent the Sergeant to bed very drunk, and decided to fight to the last. We set the machine gun up in front of our tent and stood turn and turn about on watch. In the morning we looked for the guide, but both he and the Sergeant were not to be found. We decided to push on with the patrol, and that evening found us about twenty miles from a small town, with half our force deserters. In this town were about forty Marines, and if we could only reach it before being attacked we would be safe. We decided to march all night.

About 9 P.M., when one of our scouts failed to return, we searched and found his body, or rather, what was left of it. The head and arms were gone. All of the men were getting shaky, and Bill and I were not feeling any too good either! Just ahead was a wonderful place for an ambush, so we decided it would be more prudent to stay where we were than to risk going ahead. We made camp for the night and posted guards and you can bet your life we didn't get much sleep that night!

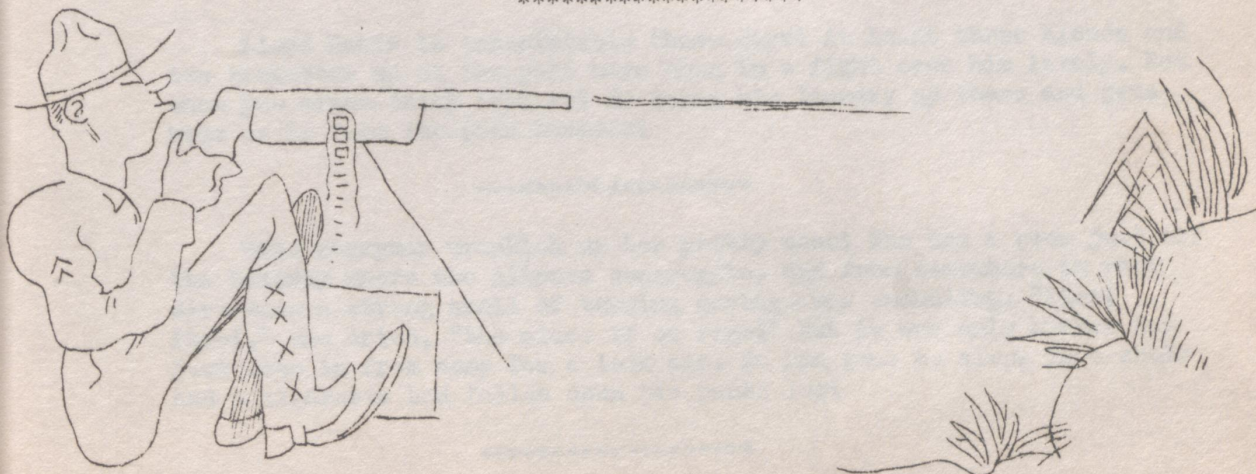
It was just about daybreak when we were attracted by the roaring of an airplane overhead. When we looked up we found that it was a Marine plane carrying supplies to the small town ahead. The pilot saw us and zoomed down, crossing behind the rocky ledges in the trail ahead, and leaning out and waving his arm at us. We were surprised to hear a volley of rifle fire and to see natives running in every direction! They thought the plane was evidently going to bomb them. His action saved our lives! If we had passed between those rocks, nothing could have saved us, not even our valuable machine gun!

When the bandits started firing we answered with a volley from our two auto rifles and our machine gun. That volley cost four bandits their lives and wounded several others. One of the first wounded we came to was one of our own men. He said that he was told that in the bandits army he would be given all the whiskey he could drink and lots of gold. However, so far he had received only one quart of rum and no money. He further stated that if Bill and I had walked into the trap that we would have been shot, and all our men would have become bandits!

I was ready to court martial the whole lot, but the Marine officer in Los Lota said no, that all these Nicaraguans were first on one side and then the other. They are really children he said, and it is up to us to look after them. Well, perhaps he is right, but I was glad to get back to Managua, and was gladder still when I heard that I was leaving on the next boat for the dear old U.S.A., and Bill went along too!

"Well, it all seems like a bad dream," said "Barnacle Bill" as he carefully spit over the side. "It's a darned sight better to go home this way than in a wooden overcoat." You can bet your sweet life that I fully agreed with him!

--W.J. MacClinnon





LEAVES FROM THE LOG BOOK



On another page we have collected some of the good things said about the Ark by fellow editors and well wishers. We thank you one and all for your kind and generous comments on our first effort in the literary field. It's been lots of fun for us, and we certainly have enjoyed reading the magazines from other Bureaus. Wish we could all get together at a convention sometime - say N'Orleans! Wouldn't that be some convention? But there we go - day dreaming again!

Out in the hallway a poor little mother is doing her best to make two rowdy kids behave. She is waiting to see the caseworker, Miss Adams, and in the meantime the baby in the woman's arms is squalling at the top of it's lungs. What that kid needs is a bust in the mouth! Heck! You figure it out. It's too hot to draw a diagram!

John Alrich, of Grand Rapids, is up to his old tricks again! He skimmed Hamberger out of twenty five cents and a pair of shoes. John is floating a company to sell shares in the New Dam Site, and that was Hamberger's contribution for 100 shares of stock. Letting him in on the ground floor, John?

Lloyd Wells is irresistible these days! At least three blonds and two brunettes up at the park have been in a fight over him lately. Not what you might think fellers! He takes his laundry up there and gets bids on it from the fair damsels!

Miss Perryman wrinkled up her pretty nose! She has a room just off the hallway where the clients congregate, and from somewhere in that direction a strong smell of burning garbage was emanating. "Fire! fire!" she cried, "the place is on fire!" But it was only Lester Day just come in from camp for a look see. He had gone to sleep in a chair and a cigarette had fallen down his pants leg!

THE LOG BOOK

Li Ming is no longer with us, but he left us the following prayer, knowing well that we need it! We wish him luck where ever he is, and we honestly promise to be better boys in the future, Li! We'll even burn a couple of "Josh" sticks for you!

Little Gods from faraway land, heed for me just this one plea;
Give to my friends a helping hand, for they need it as much as me.

Life's only a short time at best, help them to enjoy while they may;
Their work and play and rest, watch them each passing day.

Sometimes their footsteps stray, along forbidden and dangerous miles;
Help them back to the better way, teach them the wealth of smiles.

Forgive them the wrong they do, remember they know not the way;
Of this life as they pass through, and what lays at the close of day.

Li Ming Darcy.

We never walk down Main Street if we can help it - at least not around five o'clock in the afternoon. The beautiful women for which Kentucky is famous parade up and down there in all their glory - and our blood pressure wont stand the strain!

We have noticed that some of the bureaus have all kinds of features and departments such as Sports, Library Section, Literary Club, Debating Societies, Theatricals, Movies, Picnics, and so on. Well, we have Shower Baths, Two Pool Tables, a Piano, a Radio, some Ladies Home Journals, and Wilson Street! But we got along!

What would you do with fifty dollars? We asked a number of the men that question the other day. "Buy a suit of clothes and look for a job" was the most popular answer. "Send my wife half and use the rest to find a job with" - "Take a course in a Trade School" - "Bet on the horses" - but the prize of them all was - "I would continue to live at the bureau and not let this sudden wealth go to my head," said Mr Lyttle!

Now and then we are afflicted with S.P.s and T.C.s - stool pigeons and transient chests - and they manage to make life miserable until they are scotched. But everything appears to be going along swell just now - knock on wood! The Council of the Mysterious Three have no cases at all so far this month, but they are still in business, ready and waiting!

THE LOG BOOK

"YELLOW DEATH" - plot by Alexander Crown

Sorry, Alex, but your story took up two pages so we had to cut it down a little! Hope you dont mind! Just so long as we got the main idea of what you are trying to say it will be alright, wont it? Sure! Carry on! Here 'tis:

Grocery clerk sold a story
Left his job to seek for glory.

In Greenwich Village he hung about
Waiting for checks to be sent out.

In envelopes yellow his yarns came through
But checks came through in envelopes blue.

Waiting for checks he began to whine
If no check today I'll drink iodine.

Up the stairs his landlady grunted
And letters and mail under doors she punted.

One for him! - God, it must be blue -
But it was yellow so he was through.

He drank his Iodine, writhed and groaned
Why wasn't it blue, not yellow, he moaned.

The joke was on him, a check was inside
The envelope yellow - they had run out of blue envelopes!

Sergeant Smith is snorting around the Center in fine style these days! Things certainly pick up when he is about. How he did bawl the blokes out who slip off to the park, unbeknownst, as it were, when they should be sweeping the stairs or sumpin! His eagle eye can see from the fourth floor clear down into the kitchen! Second sight, me hearties. But he knows how to make 'em like it!

By the way, this business of selling clothing will be done as long as men have to work for almost three weeks in some cases before receiving any pay. To be nicotine starved is torture, and razor blades and haircuts are not picked up in the park either! The fact that little clothing selling is done here is a credit to these men. We have heard that in some bureaus it is a common thing, but the majority of the men here are regular - they prefer to bum smokes off us!

THE LOG BOOK

The boys at the Center are getting up an entertainment and are rehearsing in the dining room every evening. Ed Brady made up a poster for Overman and Overton who are presenting the show. If the show turns out to be as good as the poster it will be a wow! There are no less than twenty acts - count 'em - twenty! We are looking forward to a great night. More about it later.

Later. It looks as though the entertainment has gone up the creek, as most of the men have left for camp and Overton is in the hospital. A policeman fell over him when he was coming out of a store - the producer was coming out, not the policeman. Anyway it's quite a mixed up affair but Overman will carry on somehow. Best o' luck!

Later still. Well, the Big Show is definately up the creek! Overman lost all his cast to the camp and decided to call it a day. With all that talent the camp should be able to put up a real show. They're a lazy bunch out there - all they do is rastle rocks and fish and swim and get all red and husky!

We'll let you in on one of the acts. It's a tableau, representing "Brittania, the Pride of the Ocean". They had a gal standing on a soap box, in a full flowing choesecloth dress, fastened under the arms with a girdle, and holding a spear and shield in her hands. The dress is draped around the box and the front end is carefully pinned to the bottom of the curtain unbeknownst to the gal, so that when the curtain goes up-----! Of course it wasn't a real gal!

We mailed about eighty five copies of the ARK to other bureaus and hope they will continue to reciprocate, as the boys out at camp are short of reading matter and they get quite a kick out of reading them. We have found them comparing notes as to which bureau they will stop at next - so if you want more clients please make your magazine as interesting as possible, and please, please, describe the eats in detail, and state whether yours is a co-educational institute as it were! We might come too!

We must hand a bouquet to Mr Stagg and his assistants for their genial attitude towards things in general. We have nothing on friend Stagg except that he was recently married and takes a shower bath daily before leaving - and that's no crime! We would hate to be in his office, right across from the sterilizer, on these hot days. The whole gang of them will never get sunburned in there! Why not send them all out to camp, Captain?

THE LOG BOOK

Frank Casper was the best waker upper we have had so far. At six A.M. his cheery, beery, voice could be heard ringing through the rooms - "All aboard! All aboard! First call for breakfast! Ham and eggs and hot biscuits this morning fellers!" We all dash madly downstairs and find that it's motor oil and toast again! Why not marmalade and toast? There's an idea!

Miss Atkins went all day without a accident on Friday the 13th! She drove the Hudson all over town - well, up to the Post Office and back - and all she knocked down was a gasoline pump and an oil tank! But them aint accidents! They're just mishaps! So far this month the score is two dogs, one child's rubber ball, one fence, one bumper, four fenders, and twenty years off the lives of several car drivers. Not bad! The other morning Dudley School was surrounded by fallen trees, and our first thought was that she had been practicing again! But it was only the result of a little storm the night before! You cant blame Miss Atkins for everything - and she certainly tries!

We have a real bunch of colored fellows here - orderly, hardworking, and law abiding. A credit to any community. They work out at the camp and around the Center, doing their share to keep the wheels going round. We should like to see some contributions from them. How about it?

News! Lowell Kidd has blisters on his hands! We have seen them with our own eyes! Believe it or not!

"DELIVERANCE"

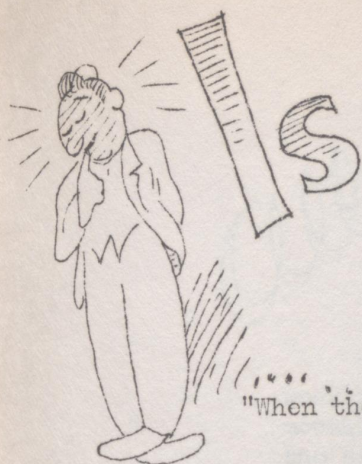
Repulsed and rebuffed, blackjacked and classed as bums,
Homeless and derelict, drifting, caring not what comes,
Defiant, or humble and dumb!

We are the common people, the toilers of the world,
Who built ships and homes, and who once curled,
Deep in the lap of prosperity!

Where are our leaders? Those who once proudly claimed,
To be our masters; they have left us broke and maimed,
Under the wheels of adversity!

Out of the ruck of mediocre minds one stands out,
Whose courage is above them all, and we may shout,
That all may hear - Roosevelt!

--F.P.



IS OUR FACE RED!

"I congratulate you on the ARK. It is more than creditable. The idea is a superbly fine one."

--Father Riley, Prof. English.
Creighton Univ. Omaha, Neb.

"When they launched the ARK - they launched plenty!"

--The Lariat, Fort Worth, Texas.

"A thoroughbred from the blue grass country that took a long lead from the start. Good make-up, interesting stories, well written. Congratulations on the launching of the ARK."

--The Lighthouse, New Orleans, La.

"It's the best publication that has reached our office."

--The Windjammer, St. Petersburg, Fla.

"The ARK is mechanically, one of the most perfect publications arriving at this desk, the mimeographing being evidence of an experienced operator, and the contents well selected and displayed."

--Arkansas Traveler, Fort Smith, Ark.

"You have a real paper."

--Tranzet News, Meridian, Miss.

"You certainly made an auspicious beginning; nice layout, clean printing, good headings, an attractive cover page, and good subject matter combine to make an excellent magazine."

--Transient Times, Shreveport, La.

"One of the best yet."

--Cross Roads, Louisville, Ky.

"Mr. Perry, we congratulate you. Your first edition reveals such a keen imagination, and a sense of composition that we place it among the first in the country."

--Transient Breeze, Springfield, Ill.

"It's a swell magazine all the way through, starting with the title. The articles and illustrations are excellent and the make-up is very attractive."

--Milwaukee Journal, Milwaukee, Wis.

all hands on Deck!

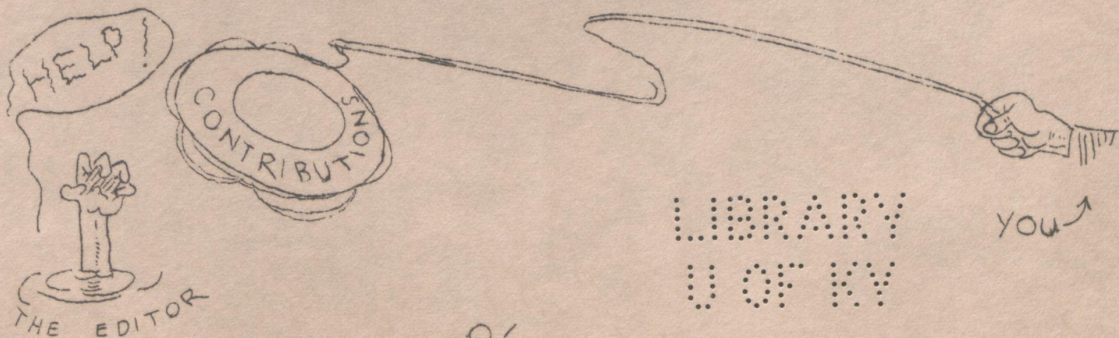
Practically all other Bureau Magazines are published weekly and contain fifteen pages or less. Ours is published monthly for several reasons; such as the necessity of having the printing done in Louisville, no sport news, no recreation news, and because the limited number of men and quick turnover leave most of our news and jokes about them up in the air. We'll admit we're lousy when it comes to jokes and wisecracks - there's a reason!

So if your name doesn't appear in print as often as you might think it deserves, please don't get peeved. There's one good way to get your name in the magazine. Write an article, or a poem, or a story, or draw a cartoon, or a description of your home town - anything! This business of stopping us in an alley somewhere and telling us something good is alright, but we have to write it up and that takes time. With a little co-operation on your part we might rush this magazine out every two weeks. With a whole lot of cooperation we could do it every week - no kiddin'!

We're not sure if Paducah, Corbin, Ashland, and the various camps would be interested, but here's a suggestion: We're willing to print your efforts in the ARK, thus making this a paper of more general interest to a larger number of people. Maybe the powers that be might be persuaded to donate prizes for the best stories and articles contributed. It's worth a trial anyhow! The ARK then would be a State paper and not just a local magazine - and we believe, of greater value to all of us.

In the meantime, if you want to keep this magazine going as a medium of expressing your feelings, abilities, recommendations, or squawks, for the luv o' Mike please do something about it! We've been promised all kinds of masterpieces from sermons to original jokes from Whizbang! Alright, what the Hell - let's go!

--F.P.



All hands on Deck

Practically all other known magazines are published weekly and contain fifteen pages or less. Ours is published monthly for twenty reasons; such as the necessity of having the printing done in Louisville, no agent news, no restriction news, and the limited number of men and quick turnover leave most of the news and jokes about them up in the air. We'll admit we're not when it comes to jokes and wisecracks - there's a reason.

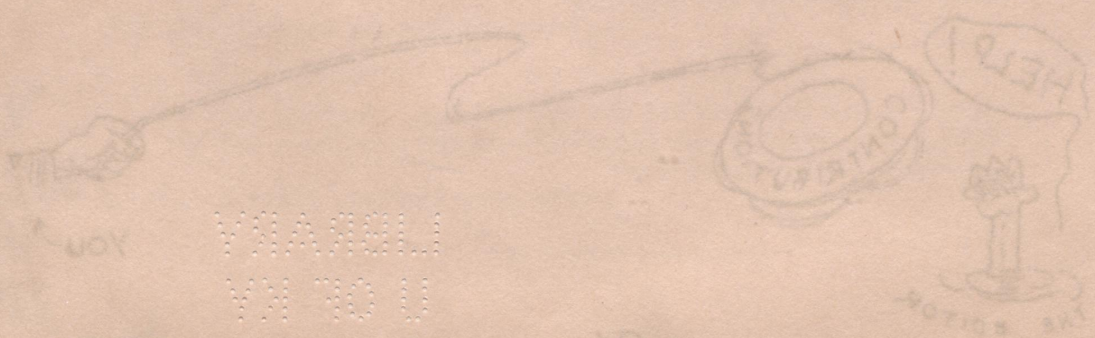
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--7-7-



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