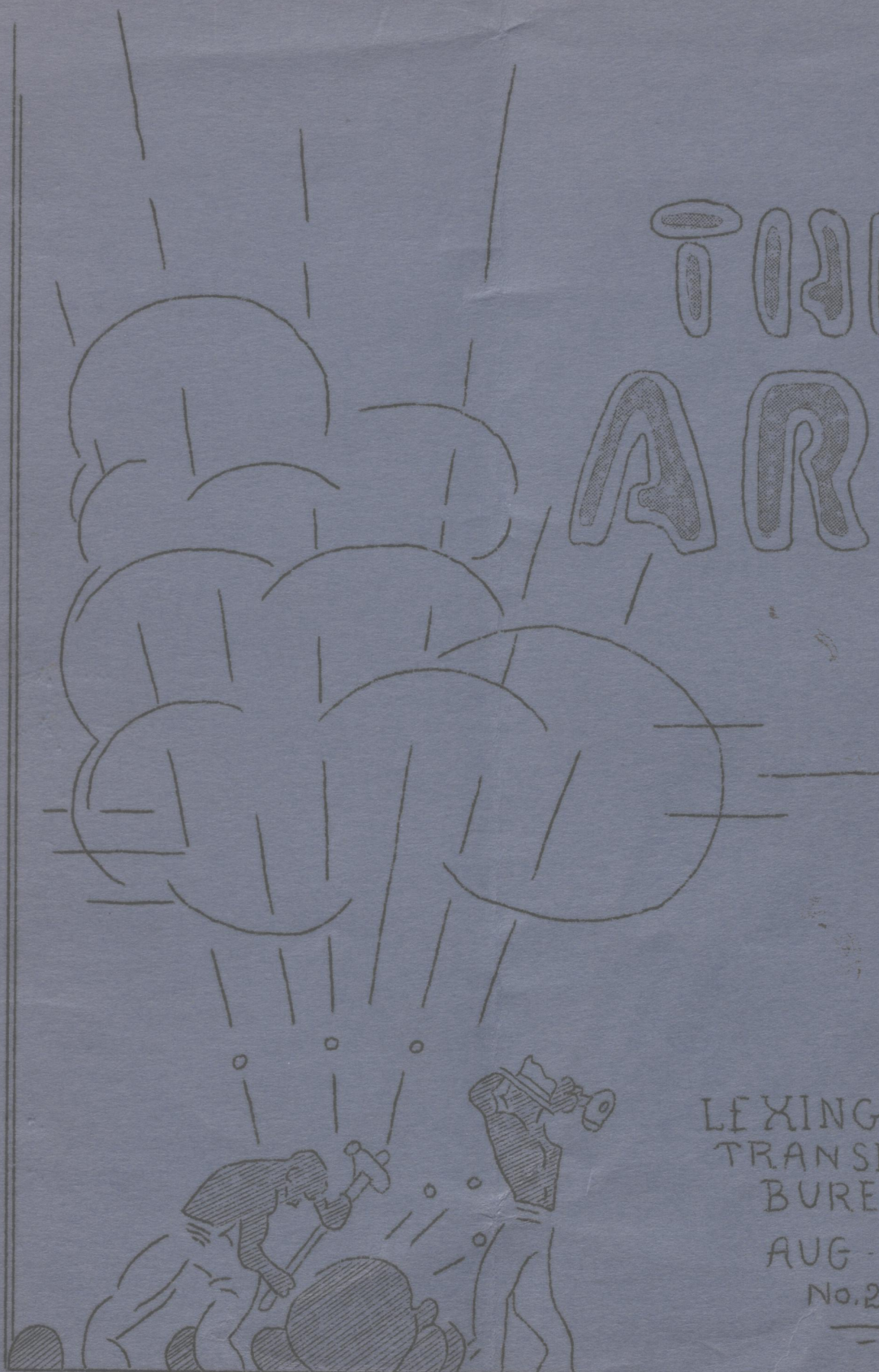


THE ARK



LEXINGTON
TRANSIENT
BUREAU

AUG -15
No. 23

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

LIBRARY
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KENTUCKY EMERGENCY RELIEF ADMINISTRATION
KENTUCKY TRANSIENT BUREAU
NINTH and BROADWAY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

NOTICE

AFTER 8:00 P.M., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1935

NO MORE APPLICANTS WILL BE ACCEPTED IN KERA

TRANSIENT BUREAUS.

O. L. Holmes
O. L. HOLMES
Director Transient
Activities

90938-1

THE ARK

Editor

Frank Perry

AUGUST 15TH -1- NUMBER 23

Assoc. Editor

L.C. Richardson.

The ARK is published twice each month, the stencil cutting and mimeographing being done by and through the courtesy of the State Office, Kentucky Emergency Relief Administration, Louisville, Ky. The Transient Bureau is not responsible for any of the views or opinions expressed in this magazine, nor is the accuracy of any statement made herein guaranteed.

EDITORIAL

The clouds are lifting! The uncertainty of the future is giving way to a more stable outlook. On every hand we can see evidence of the coming prosperity.

In Florida, men from the transient camps are being drafted into the Civilian Conservation Corps by the hundreds. Out on the Coast, they are sending men up into Alaska to help out the colonists, and at regular CCC pay. A news dispatch states definitely that transients will be included in the CCC and the WPA. Already the bureaus in Florida are being called State Relief - a change of name that is significant.

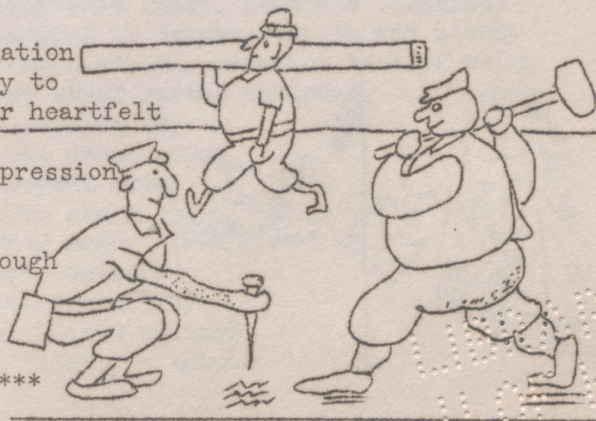
Not that the transients as a class have waited for the turn of the tide. We have watched men in this bureau save up their nickles and dimes until they have got together a stake - and gone out and got jobs. Some of them have got good jobs. We get letters day after day from these men.

They are the doves bringing back the olive branches, showing the waters are receding. The depression is slowly but surely passing on. When the Works Program gets fully under way we shall see an unprecedented activity throughout the country in all lines of business. It is inevitable.

The bureaus have been islands in the flood - ARK's of refuge to which many of us came in hunger and despair. We have worked to earn our keep, and those of us unable to work have done their share willingly and well. We have taken things as we found them - and in his heart every man is grateful.

To those at the head of this nation who have worked hard and unceasingly to bring order out of chaos we give our heartfelt appreciation. A new day is dawning, and America will emerge from the depression stronger and greater than before.

In other words, it seems as though we are all going to work soon - and will get paid for it!





MEMORIAL DAY

Blue Licks State Park.

The annual memorial services were held at Blue Licks State Park, Sunday, August 18th. At this time, the museum, shelter and lodge, and other improvements effected by our transient camp were formally presented to the State of Kentucky.

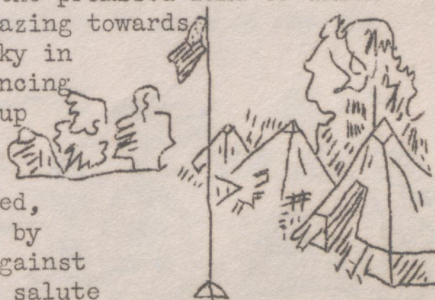
In spite of the rainy weather, a crowd of approximately two thousand persons gathered for the ceremony. A group of transients who had served on the project were also present. The occasion furnished a wonderful opportunity to show a representative group what can be done and what was done with transient labor, and throughout the services and the conversations of various groups and speakers there was an enthusiastic appreciation for the work the transients had accomplished.

Mrs. Emma Guy Cromwell, Director of State Parks, Judge Sam Wilson, who accepted the improvements in the name of the Governor of Kentucky, Judge Ross and Judge Cochran, who were also speakers, were fully appreciative of the fact that the project could not have been accomplished on the money appropriated had it not been for the labor that was furnished by our transient camp.

Mr. Holmes, State Transient Director, was one of the principal speakers on the program. A draft of his address follows:

"One hundred and sixty years ago a band of hardy pioneers, miles and miles from home and loved ones, struggling against overwhelming odds, gave their lives to gain this territory that we who followed might live in peace and security. These men we call pioneers, adventured into a strange, hostile country to escape from intolerable conditions or lack of opportunity at home, roughly dressed, uncouth of speech, unwashed and unshaven, but men, sharing hardships and unafraid. We admire them for their resourcefulness and courage, and today, without fear of danger, we meet to praise the heroic deeds of that generation.

Here in a virgin wilderness, lush with luxuriant cover of blue grass, gathered wild game seeking to taste the mineral waters we call Blue Licks. Down from the mountains, almost encircling this knoll, flowed a beautiful river teeming with fish, furnishing an avenue of transportation and plenty of easily secured food. It seemed that here was the promised land of which they dreamed. We can picture them as they stood gazing towards the west as the setting sun painted the evening sky in gorgeous tints. It seemed that heaven was pronouncing a benediction upon them. They were a reverent group of men and recognized and were grateful to their Creator. Their life was not easy, and they were driven to desperation as their crops were destroyed, their homes burned, and their families terrorized by the aggression of blood thirsty savages incited against them by possessors of wealth and power. Today, we salute them for the valiant fight they made.



Now we stand here in safety, free from any lurking danger, and admire the beautiful memorial that is erected where they died. We appreciate the beauty and comfort that makes this gathering a pleasant one. Let us then consider the men of today whose skill and labor has produced this environment.

Men from many states, dissatisfied or discouraged with conditions at home, started out to find better conditions elsewhere. Some of them have lost their crops, their homes, and even their loved ones. But this was not at the hands of painted savages against whom vengeance could be wreaked. We no longer have these to fear. However, an insidious economic change, favorable to possessors of wealth and power, has just as effectively reduced large numbers of our people to destitution. And there is no one upon whom blame can be attached or from whom recompense can be exacted. Victims of circumstances, unwilling to burden their relatives, unwilling to sacrifice self respect, they too became pioneers in new surroundings. Hostile public opinion, narrow selfish local officials persecute them until at times they are embittered against their fellow men. Away from home, wanderers, they are without voice or vote to better their condition.

A leader with vision offers a haven safe from the buffeting world, wherein these men can find themselves and work to establish esteem of fellow men, and regain the self respect that is theirs. We have here tangible evidence of this work. Laboring through the snows of winter, the rains of spring, and the burning sun of summer, living in discomfort which is strange to most of us, they have created an enduring monument not alone to those early pioneers but to themselves, the present day pioneers we call "Transients."

It would take too long to recite the peculiar skill of different artisans we have had; I merely recite that one man of outstanding ability is at this time commissioned to paint murals upon the walls of yonder building, portraying the lives of those early pioneers.

And these men are reverent. Here in camp by flickering oil lights, these men, removed from churches and their uplifting contacts, have met under leadership of one of their own workers and studied the Bible and sung songs of praise and worship. Standing outside the building as one of these devotional meetings was in progress, feeling the very walls vibrate as the words of that magnificent hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers" fairly burst into the night, a feeling that maybe these men had better understanding of spiritual things than city church members came to me. These are the men who builded this shrine.

With the passing years this spot may be obliterated, our words today are bourne to oblivion by the passing breeze. Our names will not be mentioned on the pages of history, but historians of the future will have much to say of the results of the policy that made such work as you see around you here possible.

When the passage of years enables an evaluation to be made of the in-



fluence and changes wrought in the life of our nation some historian will point out that 'About 1931 all civilization seemed about to disintegrate, governments were toppling, demagogues were seizing power, and even in the United States, rumblings against oppression could not be stilled. A small group had become possessed of enormous wealth and power, and controlled policies of the government. Suffering of mankind increased and a revolution seemed imminent. At this time a leader appeared. He revived a doctrine that had not been preached in nineteen hundred years, and proclaimed that human happiness and decent living for the masses was paramount to the immense wealth of a few; that natural resources belonged to all the people and could not be exploited for the benefit of a few. He was acclaimed on all sides and at once put his policies into effect. After much opposition, the results of his program proved the far seeing wisdom of his course. We of today can hardly understand the attitude of indifference to greed and waste that existed at that time. The name of that leader was Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

During Mr. Holmes's speech, the audience listened with rapt attention, leaning forward to catch the phrases as they fell from the speaker's lips. We consider this speech a most outstanding contribution to the cause of the Transient, a clear exposition of the principles involved, genuine and sincere, and delivered with an understanding heart. It is a masterpiece.

The Blue Lick's ~ ~ Work Project

The General Assembly at Frankfort, Kentucky, some years ago appropriated funds to erect a monument commemorating the Battle of Blue Licks. At this time there was also funds appropriated to build a small museum, however, funds were never available for any other improvements. The 1933 General Assembly in Frankfort appropriated \$22,500 to be used in developing the park. This fund was turned over to the State Park Board to administer. After a detailed study the State Park Board decided that while this amount of money was sufficient to furnish the necessary amount of money for the improvements, it did not allow for the necessary labor.

An agreement was made between the State Park Board and the Kentucky Transient Bureau to furnish the necessary labor for the project. In a recent address to the Kentucky Chapter Daughters of American Revolution, Mrs. Emma Guy Cromwell, State Park Director, stated the improvements which will have been affected at the completion of the project are valued by the State at \$50,000. It can be seen, therefore, that the transient camp has added materially to the value of the improvements.

The Transient Camp was opened August 9th, 1934. It was closed August 20th, 1935, the final touches being placed on the project on this date.



The Lee Book

Captain Albert C. Wolfe, former Director of this bureau, paid us a visit recently while on a vacation. He took pains to look up all the old members, and expressed his approval of the set-up here in glowing terms. The Captain was very popular while in charge here, and still has the pipe given to him by some of the boys when he left. Captain Wolfe now has charge of a C.C.C. camp in Wisconsin. He was accompanied on his vacation by his wife, a very charming lady.

The cooks are partial to experimenting in cake baking in the afternoons occasionally. Just as a suggestion, we might mention the boys in the hospital ward would appreciate their efforts if they had the opportunity. The days and nights are long drawn out for them - and anything to break the monotony would be welcome.

Washington was troubled by reports that several Middle Western States had thrown thousands of heads of families off relief rolls, with the object of forcing workers into the harvest fields. In the meantime, the Department of Agriculture reported that farm labor is plentiful, and that there has been no difficulty anywhere in filling all jobs offered. What is this? - more political skullduggery?

The St Petersburg Division of the Transient Bureau has closed. All now remaining of the model set-up is Disston Lodge, home for the aged. In the future, it will operate under the jurisdiction of the Tampa Bureau. The men of Crescent and Pelican Lodges were transferred to Valparaiso and Tampa Shores. And we were all fixed to winter down there!

Miss Adams has returned from her vacation looking remarkably fit and well. We tried to find out where she has been, and all we could get out of her was that she had had a swell time dancing and so on. Our artist depicts her having the time of her life on the dance floor. Well, she never gets mad - much - and takes life as she finds it. We shall have to go in hiding for a week when she sees this picture!

This week should mark the end of Camp Blue Licks. The boys are going out every day and returning each night - busy cleaning up the debris and putting on the final touches.



The picture in the lower right hand corner represents "Check 'em out" Carroll as he looked on his return from Camp Blue Licks where he has been superintending the removal of the camp. He seemed to be glad to get back to civilization (!), and has already noted some changes that can be made. We respectfully refer his attention to the fact that we used to be proud of our dining room routine, and something should be done to prevent the men crowding around the doorway like hogs around the feed trough. Also, please have somebody blow the whistle so we can get down there in time to eat. That's all we can think of right away. It sure was quiet while you were away!

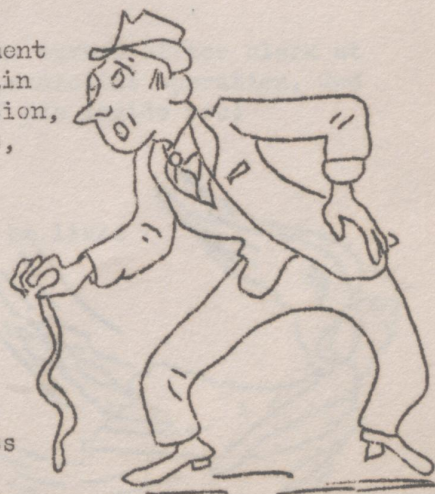
Speaking of dining rooms - remember when transient magazines used to print their menus and brag about the cooking? Well, we haven't noticed any bouquets being thrown for lo, these many weeks. The shoe is on the other foot - most of the mags say theirs is the worst feeding joint in the country! Nick, our Chef, does the best he can with what he has, but now we only get coffee once a day, butter now and then, and canned beef most all the time. Pie is a thing of the past! But the place is very clean - and when the gee gees come in we buy ourselves a steak!

The ARK goes into every state in the union. Some of you may wish to communicate with friends in other camps or bureaus. In cooperation with other transient magazines, the ARK offers its columns for this purpose, and readers will be notified of all replies.

Some changes in the transient relief policy in Florida according to the Pioneer, of Yukon. Each new applicant must have positive proof of his identification on registering. Transients will not be admitted to any of the state work projects until they have resided in the state for one year or more. Transient camps will henceforth be referred to as state relief camps. The Transient Bureau at Jacksonville closed its doors August 1st, and the bureau at St. Petersburg several weeks ago.

The active lists of the National Reemployment Service Bureaus throughout the country now contain the names of over 7,000,000 applicants. In addition, there are 10,000,000 names on the inactive lists, including ours and Foggy Odersmans, we presume!

277 men were placed in employment last month in Omaha through the efforts of the placement service in the bureau. This is the first we have heard of any bureau doing anything to find work for the men outside of the bureau - the usual procedure is to forbid clients to look for work locally. More power to them.



They're having some trouble here in Lexington getting together a fund of \$20,000 to take care of the county unemployables. In spite of newspaper ballyhoo and other publicity, the fund is only half subscribed. Seems as though the people have little cash. What will happen when all unemployables throughout the country are thrown on county and state relief? Let the transient bureaus take care of them will be the cry!

Remember Paul Hock? He left not long ago, hitch hiking to Washington. Got a pick-up and drove the car most of the way. The man owning the car was a big shot in the Forestry Service and promptly got Paul a job in his office after a few days. You never can tell!

The colored gang has been cleaning up in the local cemetery and Potter's Field these last couple of weeks, under the able direction of Simon Legree-Vincent Quickel. They've been filling in sunken graves, and also cutting grass on the highways and byways around Lexington. Figured on an hourly basis, they're doing about \$90.00 worth of work every week for the benefit of Lexington.

I just heard Jerry O'Day, formerly at Camp Blue Licks as timekeeper, and who left to go up into Ohio on a boxing tour, has lost one of his arms in an accident. Details are meagre - the news coming from Captain Woolfe on his recent visit. Tough luck. The girls at Blue Licks were crazy about Jerry.

We've just met Dr. Adams on the stairs. He said "I thought I was immune, but some worthless -- has stolen my glasses out of my car while it was parked in front. They cost me thirteen dollars and are of no use to anybody but me". He was mad. Doc's regular, and no one who knows him would so such a lousy trick. If the finder will return them, no questions will be asked.

Our former reporter, William Van Bibben, who turned office clerk at camp, has just arrived in the hospital for an appendicitis operation. God help you Van if the Doctor finds those glasses of his inside you!

Foggy Oderman has flown off to camp. Says he likes the hills and the rain and the great outdoors, and besides, he can lay off the horses out there and save up a little money. Move over Foggy, we're liable to be out there most any time. Maybe we could save some money out there too!

7.



HERE'S SOME NEWS -

- ABOUT THE WORKS PROGRAM.

Washington, Aug. 16th (AP). The Federal Government today began scrapping its most unusual experiment in relief, overnight shelters and rural camps for those who took to the open road in search of jobs or adventure.

Those able to work will get jobs in the Civilian Conservation Corps or some other work relief agency. The remaining twenty per cent who are unable to work will be sent home, to be cared for by the State or community like other "unemployables".

In announcing the new policy yesterday, Harry L. Hopkins was quick to deny that his transient program had been a failure. It had not interfered with the supply of harvest labor, he contended, and "it was the first time in America that anybody had undertook to do anything about these people wandering about looking for jobs".

The Civilian Conservation Corps will absorb those between 18 and 28, or have war records, and the Works Progress Administration is expected to provide for most of the others.

About 75,000 transients are now being cared for, compared with the maximum of 200,000 some time ago.

-News Dispatch.

There you are fellows - the first semi-official news of what will happen to the transients and the bureaus. We are skeptical of the figures, as anybody knows the number of unattached transients could not have decreased by half since the last count a short time ago.

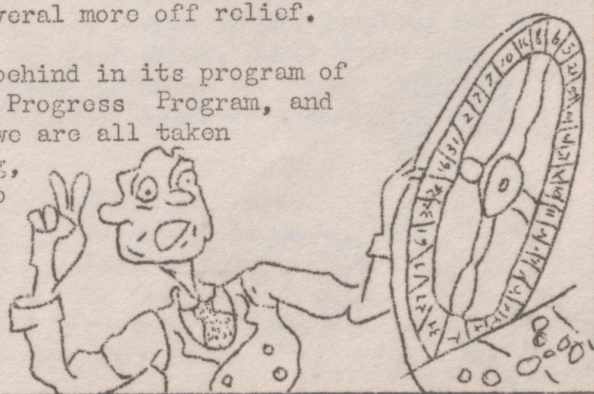
No doubt we shall hear some news through the regular official channels before so very long which will set all our doubts at rest. Something is in the wind evidently. Just keep on pluggin' and you may draw a lucky number and get a job!

Many of the younger men are from families on relief in other cities, and quite a number of the older men have families. These cases will undoubtedly be disposed of first, since one man put to work in this manner will take several more off relief.

The administration is far behind in its program of putting men to work on the Works Progress Program, and it may be several months before we are all taken care of. But something is coming, and we are all looking forward to the day when we can get a decent day's wage for a decent day's work.

Let's hope it won't be long coming!

8.



HOOP'S te DOO!

- THE SCANDAL DEPARTMENT.

Charley Watson ran his truck into a brick wall while driving to Richmond and successfully knocked down the wall without hurting anything else but the truck. The front was all bashed in. "It was an accident" said Charles.

Carl Pitman, truck drivers assistant, draw a new pair of overalls and put them on.

Bill Jones, new intake clerk, came up to the ARK office today. "Have you any ARK's we can cut up for memo pads?" he asked. We buried the body.

E. Fate, in charge of the dining room, herds the boys to their seats with eclat and eclan - he used to be a sheep herder.

R. Sellers operates the time clock all hours of the night. The other evening he came around to borrow our flashlight to find the flashlight he had mislaid while looking for the time clock. You figure that out.

Ed Reed, in charge of the canteen, says he has a millionaire friend in Lexington who offered to give him two suits. Ed refused - says the man weighs 250 lbs. Ed weighs 98 lbs.

Lloyd Maxey has had two fits in a row - he found out that Ed refused the suits and Maxey had a customer for them. The customer was Potter, out at camp.

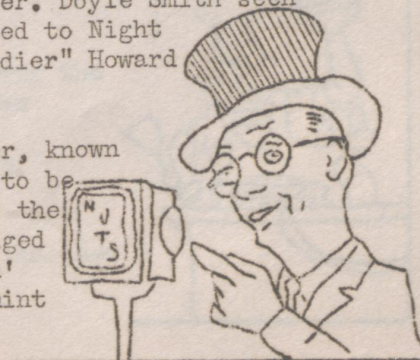
Joe Snarsky came in from camp the other day, accompanied by Stubby, the airedale pup. Stubby climbed all over us and Joe borrowed some cigarettes. Stubby doesn't smoke.

William Van Bibben only had a tummyache - not appendicitis. They are keeping him a few days longer under observation - says he has pains in the head. Maybe horns growing from eating so much canned beef.

Jack Blake left us a few weeks ago to join the CCC - Cross Country Chiselers - he is on his way from Coast to Coast to Coast.

With the "Big Shots" - Davidson moved from the Center to Camp to act as Labor Supervisor. Gidley slept in his Ford all night, couldn't get it up the hill after a rain. Taylor still has charge of the supplies and is taking inventory. Henderson slipped out from under. Doyle Smith seen with a blonde the other evening. Smithson promoted to Night Watchman. "Check 'em out" has a stiff neck. "Soldier" Howard and Sam Preston slated for a break.

Last, but not least by any means, Lt. Crutcher, known around the camp as "The Skipper" and you've got to be popular to get a nickname - has been promoted to the staff of Governor Laffoon. He is now a full fledged Kentucky Colonel with a commission and everythin' We all join in congratulations - and make it a mint julep!



⁰⁰ Take it - or leave it ! ⁰⁰

YOU TAKE IT- AND LIKE IT.

If you think it's fun to run around the country, living off the transient bureaus, then get a load of this:

"After a long cold ride on a freight from Newark, N.J., in a blinding snow storm, I arrived at Harrisburg, Pa. It was in the middle of November. I walked seven miles through deep slushy snow in quest of the transient shelter. The registration office was located in the old Y.M.C.A. building. In a few moments I was engaged in giving my life's history as a preliminary to receiving service.

But I was to be badly disappointed. The registration clerk was called into another office to answer the telephone. While he was absent, I reached over and picked up the registration card and looked it over. At the very bottom of the card was the notation "Left of own accord". I will admit I was surprised. I wasn't even inside yet!

After a time the clerk returned. His first words were "I'm sorry, son, but we're crowded. All I can do for you is to give you a ticket for one meal." I accepted the ticket, made out to Davenport's, a restaurant on the main stem. I soon found the restaurant and walked in, sitting down at a table near the door. A waiter approached and said "Are you from the transient bureau?" My answer was naturally, "yes".

He then told me that I would have to sit in the rear, as transients were not served in the front of the restaurant. I immediately did so and asked for a menu. I was told that transients did not place their orders, but that a special meal was prepared for them. Here is their idea of a transient special:

A small amount of baked beans
Two overcooked frankfurters
Two cold hard biscuits
A cup of thin black coffee.

The waiter asked for the ticket. At the sight of the meal, and thinking of the discrimination against transients, thinking of all the questions I had been asked and answered at the bureau, thinking of the long walk through the snow, tired in body and soul, really too hungry to eat, with nothing in view but a night out in the cold, my feelings got the better of me. I tore up the ticket and started out.

"If you've got a dog in back he may eat that. I don't want it". I flung over my shoulder as I left.

Maybe I should have accepted humbly, swallowing the meal with my pride. Maybe I should have taken a piece of lead pipe and waylaid some good citizen and thus secured several meals at one blow. Maybe - but I did no such thing.

I walked back to the freight yard and caught another freight!



- LIVE - LEARN - DIE - AND FORGET IT ALL!

Contrary to the expectations of many casual observers, the transients are fairly well educated. Of all the unattached transients studied in thirteen key cities. One third had graduated from grammar school, and one sixth from high school, according to their own statements.

Native whites show a marked superiority over other racial groups in amount of school completed. 18% of the native white transients had been graduated from high school, a proportion about twice as large as any other racial group.

The lower educational standards of the South are reflected in the findings from Jacksonville, Memphis, Dallas, and New Orleans, where transients have completed the fewest years of formal education.

But the transients registered in Boston have relatively little educational experience, largely due to the high proportion of foreign born and adult seamen among Boston transients.

In the West; Seattle, Los Angeles, and Denver, where the transients are usually young, their educational status is the highest found in any of the cities studied.

The proportion of college graduates among unattached transients is one per cent. Graduates only of high school constitute 13%. Graduates only of grade school constitute 26%.

If we assume there are 150,000 unattached transients on the rolls at the present time, and these figures are substantially correct, then the proportion would be about as follows:

1,500 have graduated from college
19,500 have graduated from high school
29,000 have graduated from grammar school
100,000 have only an elementary education.

We secured the above data from a special report taken of thirteen key cities throughout the country.

The extension of the analysis is our own. We believe it compares favorably with any cross section of the average community, thus proving we are no better and no worse, as a class, than any other group of citizens of this country.

We have no idea how the women would qualify!



= RACING LUCK =

- AND HOW WE NEED IT!

Because of a two dollar mutual ticket, Spearman Lewis was elected Mayor of Surfside, Florida. A couple of seasons back he held the only winning ticket on the Daily Double at Tropical Park which returned him \$2,642.40. He looked around for some vacant property, found what he wanted in Surfside and invested his savings. Since then he has built two houses and started a third. Last month he was elected Mayor by the people of Surfside.

These kind of winners are usually picked by astrologers!

Could you run a ten dollar bill up into a \$15,000 bank roll and a string of horses valued at \$10,000? Well, it has been done by a horseman named Pinkey Kandell. He was a former newsboy. He ran his original stake of \$10.00 almost up to enough to take Bye Bye Mary, the Bradley filly. Almost, but not quite. He had to borrow \$75.00 from a friend in the press box to close the deal. Then he had to borrow the jockey fee - and the horse didn't win!

So the next time out he practically mortgaged the horse for enough to lay a good wager. This time the horse won at telephone number figures. Pinkey is still winning and still claiming horses. He believes in taking chances - and his luck or judgement is still holding good.

"Chicago" O'Brien made a couple of million dollars out of horse racing. It didn't come easy at first. He was a bricklayer's assistant when he was bit by the betting bug - and he went back to laying brick several times to get another stake. When he was broke he made "mind bets" - don't we all - and had to borrow room rent more than once during his early days.

But he made every lost bet a mental asset. He studied every angle. He was out early and late at the track, and when his winning streak came along, it was more the result of painstaking effort, coupled with nerves of steel, rather than luck. He was the best handicapper of his day, and never hesitated to send it in if his figures seemed right according to his angles.

He once bet \$132,000 on a 1 to 12 shot - and lost! It was when Chance Shot was beaten by Herodian. That's just to prove that even an expert can't always be right every time!

He died a wealthy man, near the Saratoga Racetrack, and was betting up to the end. Just like any other business or profession, sticking to it will pay good dividends - if you earn as you learn!

But there's nothing certain in a horse race, so when you hear "Brother, this is a sure thing" - just cross your fingers and pray to Lady Luck. You're going to need it!



Boy's and Girls Together—

— HAVING A VERY GOOD TIME

Charles Watson and Carl Pitman went on a hay ride with the girl friends the other evening. Included in the party were seventeen others, and they went on Pennington's truck. Pennington is the boarding house keeper who took in the boys during the first few weeks at Camp Lake Reba. Here's what Charles has to say about the trip.

"We started off at about 7 A.M. and in less than 500 yards we had run out of gas. Took off again and in 25 miles the generator burned out. We walked around some, while that was being fixed. Started off again and had a blowout. While they fixed that we went down the road to a flowing well, like a herd of cattle after a drink.

Then we turned off the highway onto a county road, and was it rough. It was all Carl Pitman could do to hold his girl on the truck. Soon we arrived at a place called Felling Timber, but really, it looked worse than that. Nobody at home so we went on the back porch for a drink, and somehow Carl dropped the water bucket on his girl friend and she was all wet.

We started back and had a blow out on top of the mountain called Big Hill. Sylvia and myself and Carl and Ida started walking and we walked about three miles and came to a store where we asked for a drink of water, but the man said he didn't handle water. We found a pump but it smelled like rotten eggs. Mrs. Pennington goes over on the porch and lays down to sleep, and someone else goes over on another porch and lays down to sleep. I heard someone say "What the hell is going on out there"? Sounded like a screen door busted.

After a long wait and there in the moonlight we saw something coming down the road with one light, and by the racket it was making you would have thought it was a thrashing machine. It was the truck with another flat tire. About one o'clock we came rolling into, Richmond. Was we glad or was we glad.

Mr. Pennington didn't go along as he had a little painting to do. He did a good job painting a bed even if it was painted red.

Sylvia had several dresses stolen and Mr. Pennington a few shirts so the news is going around Richmond that Sylvia and me took the clothes and hid them and that we are going to run off and get married. Anyhow, I feel that this started from someone close by. Anyhow, if people tended to their own business we would be lots better off.

That's all fellows. Charles wrote it all by himself, but didn't say a word about what they had to eat on the trip.

They must have had something to eat on the trip beside water, but as Charles seems to be very much in love he probably forgot all about eating. Just to keep the record straight, we have our artist draw a picture of each of his girls.

Charles Watson.



"No Spicka da English"!!

A CASEWORKER'S DILEMMA.

This is the story of the caseworker who studied Spanish and was looking for an opportunity to use the language. One day he interviewed a Spanish client with a family. We have translated the Spanish as spoken. Here 'tis:

Caseworker: You have came here? For why?

Client: For strangers the house of you is open. The house -

Caseworker: The name of you? (Glances into hallway and sees rest of family) How many the aunts of you?

Client: The wife of me unconscious is. The girl, the boy, he is too unconscious. (The family had been waiting some time and had gone to sleep).

Caseworker: Yes, Yes, the place you went, the name of the place? What for?

Client: (In a daze by now) The uncle of the wife pay mucho dinero. We come, all. No can find.

Caseworker: What no can find? The name of the place?

Client: the uncle of the wife no can find. Pay mucho dinero - (Smiles brightly) - plenty money! (Pulls letter from pocket and hands it to caseworker)

Caseworker: (Glancing over letter and noticing address is the local post office) You think you here stay? You no money have?

Client: No money have. (Smiles brightly again and calls to his wife that all is well. The children cry, and volume of Spanish comes through the doorway).

Caseworker: (Giving up and dropping into English) What can I do for you?

Client: The letter the uncle of the wife. You no read, I no read, police-man no read, all, all, no read (Picks up letter and shakes it)

Caseworker: (Taking letter and translating slowly) The money is in the telegraph office. Get tickets for family and come on to New York. (Jumps up) Ah! Magnificent! For you I will much do. To New York a train we buy you tonight.

So they all went down to the telegraph office, got the money the wife's uncle had wired, put the family on the train to New York.

Caseworker: Well, my Spanish certainly came in handy alright!

MEMORIES

- of days gone by!

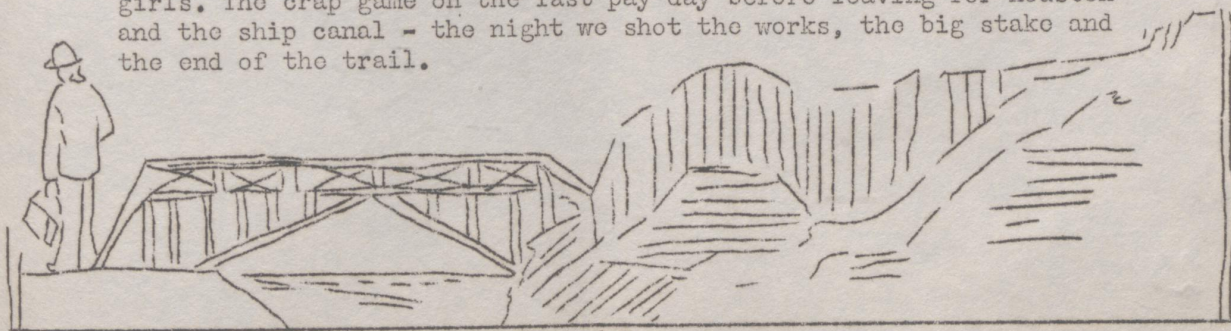
On construction work. A steel bridge, shipped out in sections from England to South America and freighted 2000 miles up the Parana River. Using native "chula" labor as riveters. Living on box cars on the track. The blue river mist rising at night, millions of fireflies, billions of mosquitoes, bad water, fever, hanging on to the bridge with ropes around our waists, falling into space to be brought up with a jerk. 30 pesos a day and hospital bills paid.

Erecting steel grain elevator in Odessa, Russia, before the war. The harbor frozen over, ice boats crushing a channel to the outside, men falling off piling into the water and frozen in a few minutes. On into the simmer, with men and women bathing together in the altogether in the open after the day's work was done. Black bread, vodka, cabbage soup, filth, ignorance, and then the Pogrom - hundreds of Jews slaughtered. But we finished the job on time. 20 roubles a day.

Now in India, at Karachi. Out on the Island checking out bunker coal to the tramp steamers caught short or recoaling. Long lines of native women carrying small baskets of coal on their heads to the lighters - hand to hand loading up the sides of the ships. The cheating count, and the wrathful Scotch engineer who measured his bunkers! Whiskey and sodas. Punkah wallahs, dhobie wallahs, nautch girls covered with coco butter - very slippery! The heat, the monsoon. Empty your shoes of a morning because of the centipedes and scorpions. 20 rupees a day - and backsheesh!

Another grain elevator, this time at Sulina, Roumania, at the mouth of the River Danube. The low flat country, the cold. Men and women with padded underwear sewed on for the winter. Peter the Greek's place, with its band of women musicians, the kerosene lanterns overhead, the long bar. The little Roumanian soldier who cleaned out the place one night with his rifle and bayonet. The gambling houses - somebody killed every week end. The red light district two blocks long, all nationalities. The peasants from up country in boats, trading off fresh vegetables for bars of Sunlight Soap. Thirty ships in line waiting for a grain cargo. Only one main street to the place along the river front, Squat, desolate, but glorious sunsets! 50 francs a day.

Dredging out a dock at Pensacola, Florida. The nightly walk across the swaying pontoons carrying the discharge pipes - and the duckings! Evenings in the First and Last Chance saloon on lower Palafox Street. The wild pay nights spent on Zarragossa Street with the madams and the girls. The crap game on the last pay day before leaving for Houston and the ship canal - the night we shot the works, the big stake and the end of the trail.



-0- Exchanges -0-

THE GRANITE STATER, Keene, N.H. Walter Burbank, Ed
You have made quite an improvement in the past several issues. Got a big kick out of reading "Chain Letter". A clever piece of work.

TRANSIENT REVIEW, Spokane, Washington, D.Hardman, Ed
"The Passing Parade" is absolutely true to transient life. Makes a fella kinda think. The "Hoodoo Review" was another article that should bring you a few comments.

SAND WAVES, Tucumcari, New Mexico, Dave Riley, Ed
"Elmer and Joe" stuff is the easiest thing to write and requires neither skill or ability. Yours is the best of the "Elmer and Joe" papers we receive.

THE LARIAT, Fort Worth, Texas, L.A.Roberts, Ed
"The Feast" by La-Faux-Pas is a good yarn. Mighty neat mimeographing on your August Issue.

PIONEER, Camp Foster, Yukon, Florida. Edwin Connell, Ed
Improving with every issue. Enjoyed your August 15th issue. "The French Market Tiger" and "A Prayer" were real articles.

ALKI, Seattle, Washington. John T.Guerin, Ed
So you didn't like "The Dolers"? Whether you like it or not, it happens to be the general opinion of the public on this subject. "A safe life without dignity - Safe from themselves - Safe from the risk and run of their own lives - Rid of liberty, rid of the hard choice - Rid of the man's burden of living their forefathers won for them". Brutally put - but strong medicine buddy, to make men think. And the truth always stings!

THE PEAK, Colorado Springs, Colo. W.J.Munson, Ed
"Intimate Portrait of a Transient" and "Just Another Elmer" were well worth reading. We consider your magazine far above many in literary quality.

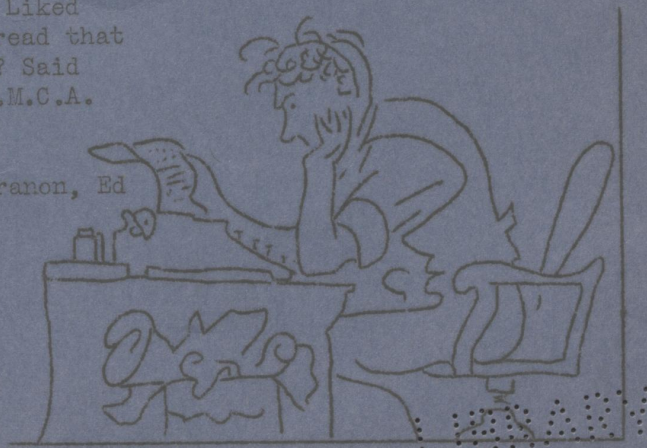
QUAKER CITY TRUMPET, Philadelphia, Pa., M.Roachman, Ed
One of the neatest and most popular publications we receive. Highlights of your August 15th issue were "The Confessions of a Rolling Stone" and "The Red Vocabulary". Keep coming.

THE TUMBLEWEED, Los Angeles, California. John Bell, Ed
We'd like to be with the stroller on his jaunts through Chinatown; Spick Town, and other towns. Liked your story "Breakfast for two". Did you read that article in the Satevpost about the Nomad? Said it was a cross between hobo jargon and Y.M.C.A. uplift! Wow!

THE SPILLWAY, Gardner, Kansas. J.Branon, Ed
Nice mimeographing. "The Camp Chef" and "There is many a slip" very interesting.

All the other magazines on the desk at this time are "Elmer and Joes". See you all later!

L. C. Richardson.



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