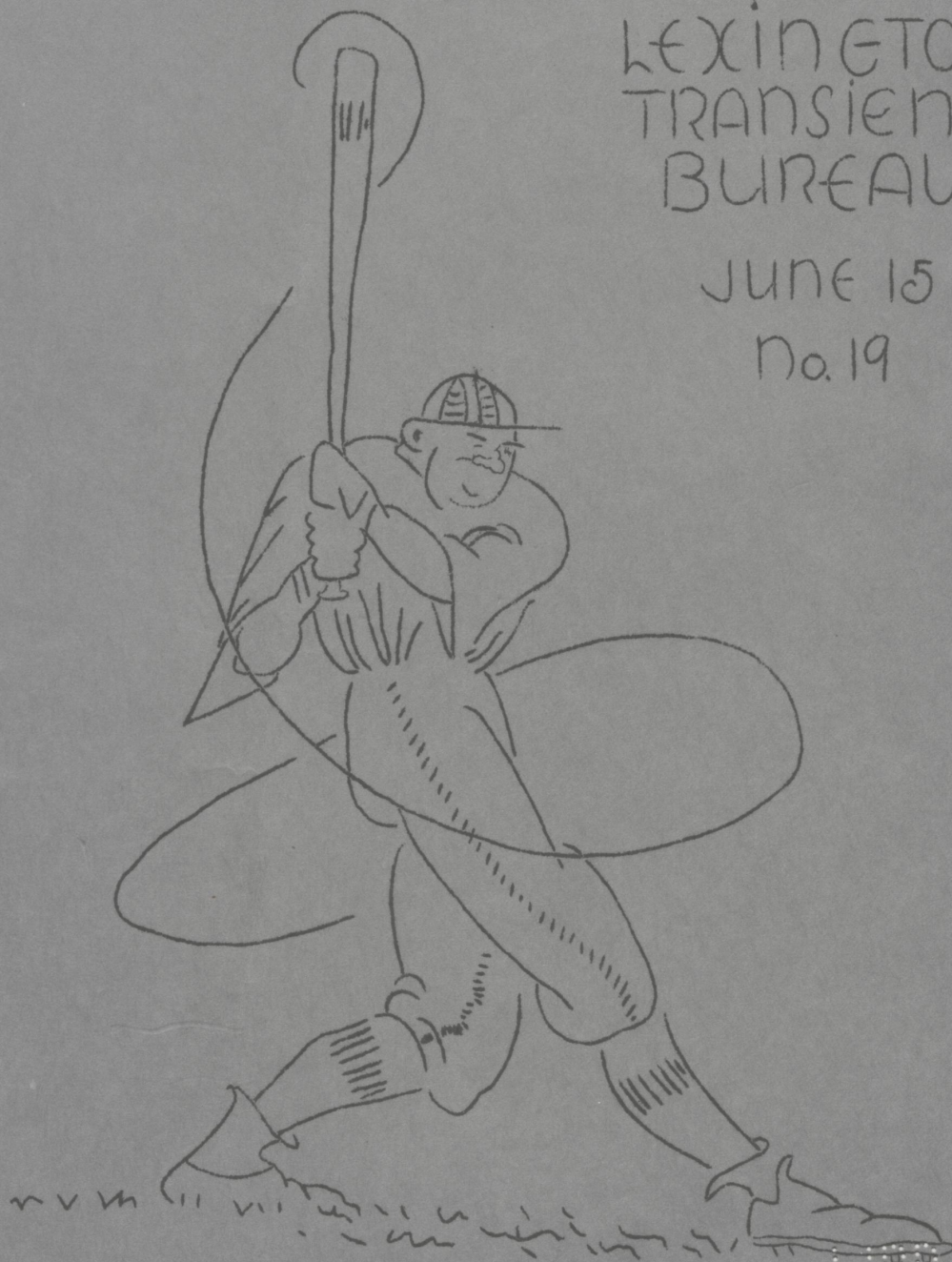


THE AARK

LEXINGTON
TRANSIENT
BUREAU

JUNE 15

No. 19



LIBRARY
U OF KY

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

Y8A98LJ
VX 70 U

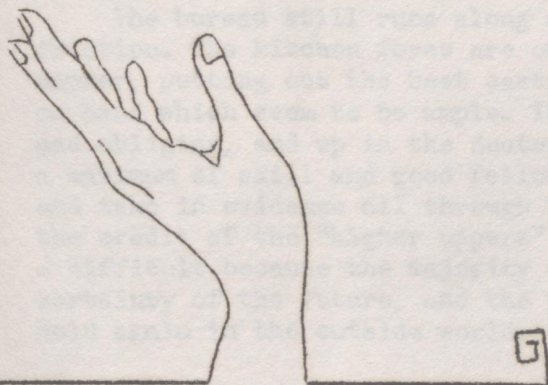


LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

LEXINGTON KY.

JUNE 15th

No. 19



The ARK is published twice each month; the mimeographing and stencil cutting being done by and through the courtesy of the State Office, KERA, 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.

Editor
Frank Perry

Artist
Jack Blake

EDITORIAL

From all indications, both in the transient press and from grapevine rumors, it appears the transient set-up will be included in the new works program - right away.

Apparently there will be some restrictions. Men who are floaters, who have registered in camp or shelter since May 31st, may not be eligible. Any man using an alias may not be considered for any jobs on the program. This last qualification will eliminate about 90% of the transients!

Something has to be done about this - we can't stay here forever. So we have devised a scheme whereby we can all leave the bureau under our own power and find ourselves a job.

We all know we can't do a thing with only a dollar or so in our pockets - we need a front and some cash. Here's a way to get it.

Each pay day, let's all chip in half a buck, throw it in a hat, draw numbers, and the winner takes all. This should amount to about fifty dollars. The winner can leave with a decent stake and the chances are his luck will hold good and he'll find a job.

- "Barnacle Bill"

P.S. Of course, there's a hook to this. We shall expect 10% of the kitty for promoting the idea, and the first grab out of the hat!

LIBRARY
U OF KY



LEAVE ✓ FROM THE LOG BOOK



The bureau still runs along smoothly with the least possible friction. The kitchen force are on the job in a quiet efficient manner, putting out the best eats to be obtained from the supplies on hand which seem to be ample. The dining room crew are cheerful and obliging, and up in the doctor's shop everything is done with a maximum of skill and good fellowship. There's a spirit of give and take in evidence all through the bureau. All of which is to the credit of the "higher uppers" in handling a difficult situation - difficult because the majority of the men are on edge from uncertainty of the future, and the inability of most to get a foothold again in the outside world.

A new deal in the canteen - Ed. Reed now in charge with a complete supply of most everything, including several kinds of candy, package cigarettes, "Hoover" dust, and razor blades. The genial Ed of the firm of Reed and Barton, has promised to keep the quality up and the prices down, with the best of service. Patronize the canteen fellows - it's a great convenience.

Three young men arrived in town the other day, and registered into the bureau. Nothing unusual in this - but they arrived in a taxi. They first called up from downtown and found they had only a few minutes to get to the bureau before registration closed. So they chipped in their few nickels and called a taxi - thus saving themselves a night in the open. All three were ex C.C.C. boys.

Everything runs along smoothly for a spell and then up crops a couple of riotous drunks. It means a check out fellows, and sometimes a spell in the calaboose. We read in the "Dynamo" of Chattanooga how the drunks are carefully put to bed in a special room until they have cooled off, and the officials claim this procedure is very satisfactory to all concerned. It has saved the bureau from much notoriety, and the spectacle of the "Black Maria" driving up to the bureau is now a thing of the past. Well, maybe they drink a different brand of hooch down there!

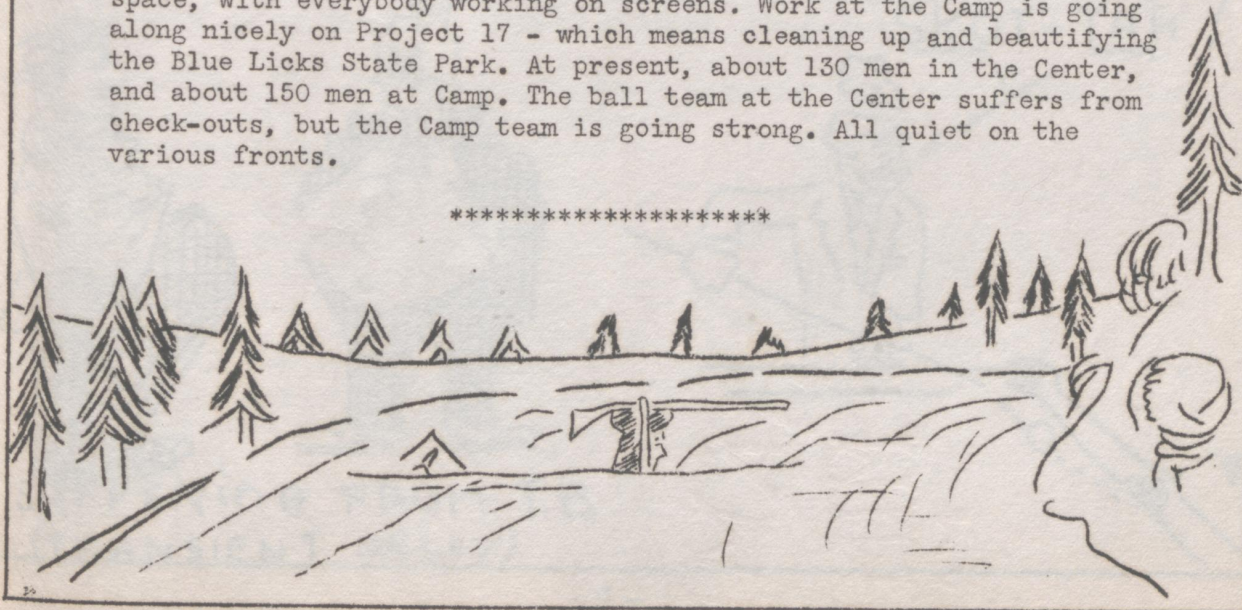
The weary looking old man you see walking around with a long thin stick is no other than our old friend "Check 'em out" Carroll who is recuperating from an attack of neuritis or sumpin'. Says we have all given him a pain in the ankle!

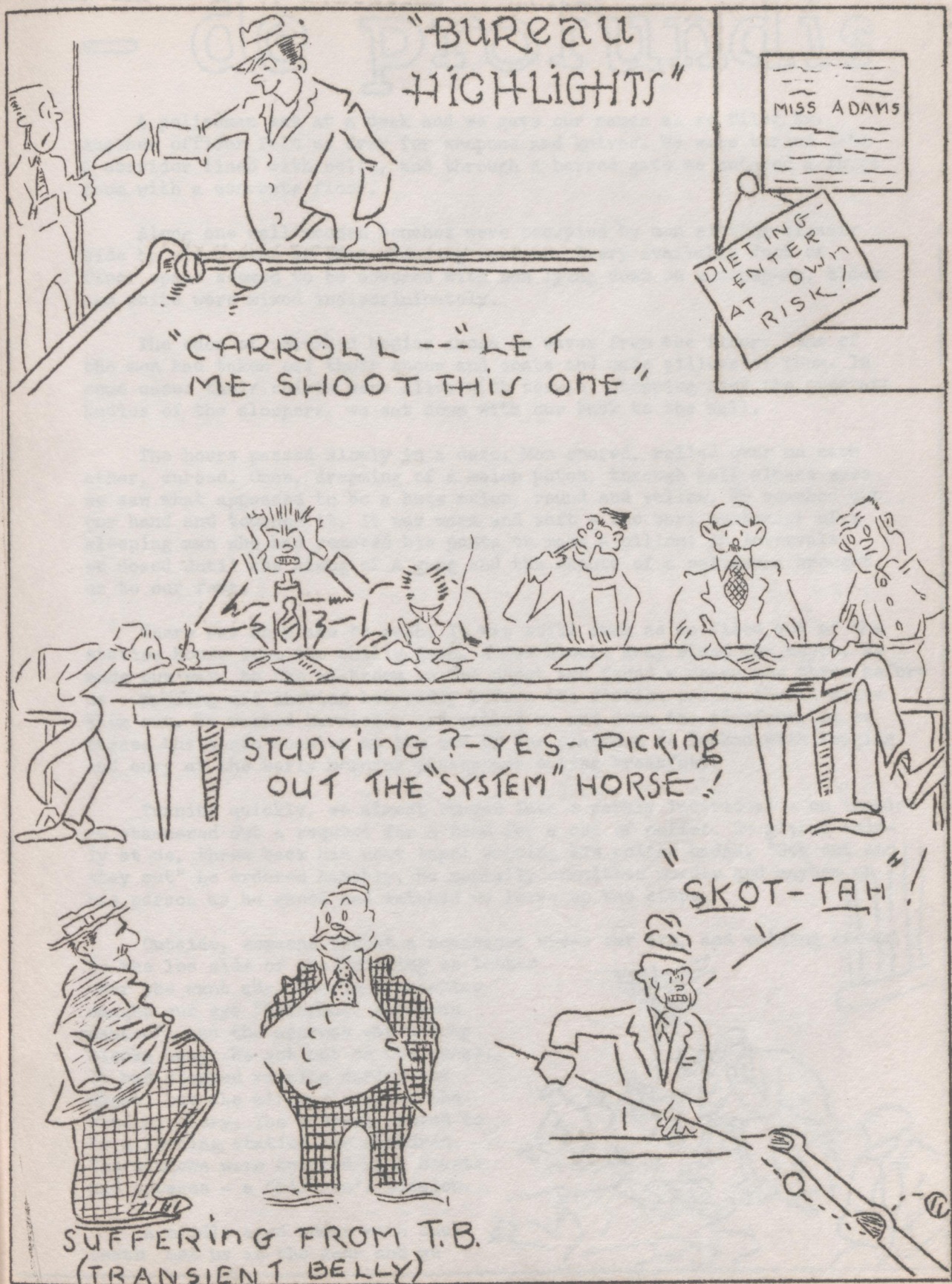
Here's one that J.J. of the Leader missed when he wise-cracked about "Boondoggling" recently in his "Four Bit" column. We have it on good authority, the word "boondoggle" - meaning to make small handy things as a relief project for white collar workers - really comes from Kentucky. In the old days, any minor mechanical device that worked and filled a need was called a "toggle". Daniel Boone made a device consisting of three leather straps to affix his gun to his head while swimming rivers. All the old time hunters in Kentucky copied this device and called it a "Boontoggle". From boontoggle to boondoggle to boondoggling is but a short step. Well, the honor is all yours, Kentucky!

"Social Work is on a parlous spot because it has thus far failed to be understood by the general public - and because social workers have misinterpreted their function in the present crisis. Problems proper to social case work were, and are, the adjustment of abnormal persons to normal conditions - whereas, the relief problems of the depression consist largely of adjusting normal persons to abnormal conditions." Thomas D. Eliot, North Western University. Ain't it the truth, Mister!

Many millions of dollars have been spent on the CCC - and the taxpayers never even raised a howl! That's because the CCC was carefully planned, with a ballyhoo of advertising, and the operation of the CCC camps was entrusted to army officers. The CCC has cost taxpayers many millions more than the transient bureaus, both in wages and equipment, but the work done by the CCC men is approximately the same as in transient camps. The bureaus have suffered by being labeled "Social Work" - the CCC has been enhanced by the label "Conservation." Great is the power of advertising - and words!

About twenty men leave here every day to work at the Narcotic Farm. They work hard, breaking up rocks for the driveways, cutting grass, and so on. Our Handicraft School has been delayed for lack of space, with everybody working on screens. Work at the Camp is going along nicely on Project 17 - which means cleaning up and beautifying the Blue Licks State Park. At present, about 130 men in the Center, and about 150 men at Camp. The ball team at the Center suffers from check-outs, but the Camp team is going strong. All quiet on the various fronts.





- de profundis

A policeman sat at a desk and we gave our names as we filed by. Another officer felt us over for weapons and knives. We were turned into a corridor lined with cells, and through a barred gate we entered a large room with a concrete floor.

Along one wall wooden benches were occupied by men sitting closely side by side, some of them sleeping upright. Every available foot of floor space seemed to be covered with men lying down on newspapers. Black and white were mixed indiscriminately.

The odor of unwashed bodies arose in waves from the floor. Some of the men had taken off their shoes and coats and made pillows of them. In some cases their shirts were alive with vermin. Stepping over the prostrate bodies of the sleepers, we sat down with our back to the wall.

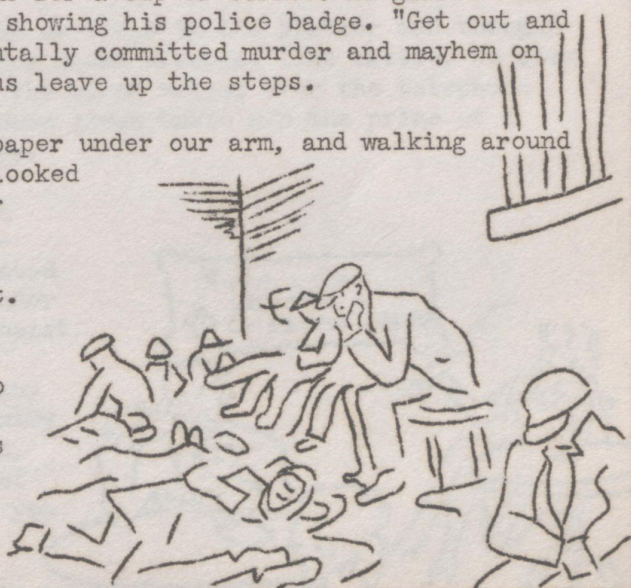
The hours passed slowly in a daze. Men snored, rolled over on each other, cursed. Once, dreaming of a melon patch, through half closed eyes we saw what appeared to be a huge melon, round and yellow. We reached out our hand and touched it. It was warm and soft - the bare posterior of a sleeping man who had removed his pants to make a pillow! At intervals we dozed until the clang of a gong and the shouts of a policeman brought us to our feet.

There was no place to wash. It was still dark as we filed out of the station house into the chilly dawn. A few blocks away stood the depot. We made our way to the washroom in the depot and found a dozen men there before us - washing and shaving hurriedly before the station police should drive them out. We washed hurriedly and walked up and down the platform. As we passed the lunch counter at the end of the platform we looked with longing and envy at the early morning passengers eating breakfast.

Turning quickly, we almost bumped into a portly individual - on impulse we stammered out a request for a dime for a cup of coffee. He glared coldly at us, threw back his coat lapel showing his police badge. "Get out and stay out" he ordered harshly. We mentally committed murder and mayhem on his person as he stood and watched us leave up the steps.

Outside, someone thrust a newspaper under our arm, and walking around to the lee side of the building we looked over the want ads. One in particular caught our eye "Telephone salesman wanted", and the address was thirty blocks away. We set out on the quest. It had stopped raining during the night, but the air was raw and the wind blustery. The address proved to be a feeding station for children. The windows were covered with hearts and crosses - a Children's Mission.

A middle aged woman with buck teeth met us at the door and we



explained the reason for our calling. We were doubtful as to this being the proper place, but we were soon set at ease. Salesmen were wanted to solicit donations to help feed the slum children. In a room upstairs, bare of everything but a few tables and chairs were three phones.

At one of the tables sat a frowsy blonde in her thirties, talking with a dulcet voice into the phone. The woman with the buck teeth handed us a sucker list containing the names of people who donated various sums to charity. We listened to the spiel of the blonde for a few minutes to get the hang of it, and then called the first name on our list. It was a Jewish name, and the notation alongside said he was good for ten dollars.

With the typewritten spiel in front of us, we made the request for funds to help feed the starving children of the slums, and the pangs of our stomach put realism into the words. "Send your messenger around about ten o'clock and I'll have something for him" came the reply. The woman with the buck teeth smiled, and the frowsy blonde cursed the tightwads on her list. She had been on a binge the night before and the pathos had gone from her voice. Beginners luck for us!

The commission was 25% of the "take". We called the list of names, and by noon had solicited over thirty dollars. When the messenger returned with his collections, we collected our share and left. Of the total secured, none went to the children we found. The woman with the buck teeth solicited stale bread, meat, vegetables, and cake from stores and wholesale houses. About forty slum children living in the immediate neighborhood ate their midday meal in the mission room downstairs. It was a good racket, and the "take" averaged a hundred dollars a week clear of expenses.

We caught a street car downtown and entered a lunch room. A huge steak and we felt much better. We mused over the situation of hungry starving men walking the streets, while crooks under the guise of philanthropists waxed rich. Across the street was a poolroom, and through the ventilator came the voice of the race caller. We entered unchallenged, and found a hundred men poring over racing forms and placing bets. On impulse we placed a two dollar bet on a long shot. He romped home a winner at twenty to one!

Our luck had changed. That night we slept in the Statler and thought of the poor devils over in the station house sleeping like cattle. We also thought of the saps who listened to the siren voices over the telephone lines, and wondered how many would have given these men the price of a cup of coffee in the name of humanity.

Newspapers attack the transient bureaus in short sighted ignorance - forgetting, the bureaus have eliminated the awful and horrible conditions under which destitute men were forced to exist. The bureaus have helped prevent the spread of disease, and have saved many a man from a life of crime. The country has been spared from riot, bloodshed, and property damage from the hands of bitter, desperate men, and we thank you.



"Just like a Woman"

"There arn't any little things, Sam," said Mona. "A cinder in your eye is as big as a mountain. And what you call a woman's piddling over nothing is usually half the works."

"You think that, Honey," replied Sam, "because you're a natural born fuss budget". And he laughed as he said it.

Mona was Sam Shelby's wife. You couldn't upset Mona, nor could you shake her out of her ways. Heaven knows, Sam tried. He told her once - that was the year he made his pile "You've got a cock eye for details, honey - must be like living with a swarm of gnats biting you. Turn those picayune jobs you do over to other people. I can pay for it."

It was after this they gave up their house and moved to the Biltmore Hotel. Sam's idea of freeing her. But Mona didn't want to be freed. She kept right on puttering.

She was a great bargain hunter, too. Adored pawnshops. On a certain cloudy November afternoon she discovered a new shop, and lingered so long in a delightful dicker over an emerald bracelet, that when she walked out with it in it's little case, darkness had fallen. She managed to find a taxi and settled back.

Jolting, the taxi stopped. A nut was missing, the driver told her, but he would only be a jiffy getting a new one. In a few minutes the door of the taxi swung open and a revolver was thrust into her face.

"Keep your trap shut, lady," a muffled voice directed, "and get out".

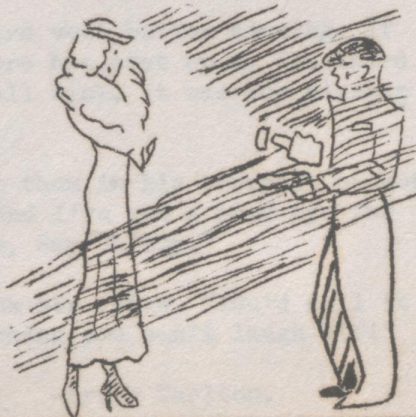
She got out, was gripped by the arm and propelled into a narrow black alley between two buildings. The thief then produced a flashlight and looked her over. What he saw was a mink coat - good skins - open at the throat, a diamond pin, a string of worth while pearls with a naively amazed face above them.

The bandit held the flashlight low and tilted upward. She merely got a view of his vest, from which his dark coat hung away. He wore no overcoat.

Without a word the man took her bag and the box from the pawnshop. Then he said "Take them pearls off".

She pulled her gloves off, slipping them into her coat pocket and removed the pearls. He pocketed them. "Diamond pin." he said. She gave it to him.

"Now I'll take the coat."



"My dress is awfully thin," she said. "Yes, but it's swell." this was uttered in a female voice. A girl had quietly joined the man. "Take this," he said, and threw the coat over her arm. "I gotta have that dress," the girl announced.

The man removed the dress, leaving Mona appalled and shivering in a satin slip. The next second she was alone. Then she hollered for help.

Magically, a dapper young man appeared, walking briskly. "Oh, madam," he cried, as she stepped from the alley. "I say, what an outrage. You've been robbed." His tone was cultivated, his manner exquisite. He took off his overcoat and put it around her. This left him a tightly buttoned dark suit.

"We'll have to find a taxi," he said.

"Looks like the one I had is gone," Mona remarked. Then, "What we've got to do is find an officer right away."

"Oh, no, madam, I beg of you. You don't know this neighborhood. The police and thugs are hand in glove, believe me. Go straight to your husband. Consult him. I will accompany you, if you will allow me. You are married?"

"Yes," she said. He called a taxi.

When they reached the Biltmore, he said, with a certain formality, "I will go with you to the door of your suite. You can give me my coat there." He told the driver to wait.

In the hotel lobby Mona caught sight of Sam, and a group of Sam's pals. "All of you men come here," she called. "I've got a gentleman you've got to meet." They moved in an astonished body toward her.

"I've been robbed," her calm voice stated, "and this man here did it."

"You're a liar, the woman's a liar. You can search me and prove it."

"Searching won't prove anything," Mona told them. "He had an accomplice. He naturally gave everything to her. Somehow she brought him an overcoat. He's smart. He snapped into another role and dragged me off to give her plenty of time for a getaway - and maybe he was mixing thievery with gallantry. Anyway, he's too smart. I know him by his vest."

"The fellow who robbed me had the third vest button missing. If the third button's gone, he's it." They tore his coat open. The third button hole gaped empty. She held up a small disk. It was the missing button!

"My hands got cold," she said. "I put them in his overcoat pocket. I felt this button and got to thinking - and I've got a good eye for details, as you've admitted more than once, Sam Shelby."

Then the first touch of hysteria shook her voice. "You'd call it a little thing, Sam, but here's one little thing you can't laugh off!"

-Bruce Carlton.

Evolution of a Transient

Huey Long attributes his start in life to the luck of a cold winter night, plus an Oklahoma lumber dealer. He was then 18 years old, stranded in Oklahoma City with about ten cents to his name. For lack of anything better to do he was going to study law at the University of Oklahoma.

To this end he secured a job with a commission house to sell groceries. He was to be paid only when the goods he sold had been delivered. Further more, the firm was in Oklahoma City, the University at Norman, 18 miles away. And Huey had no car fare.

So, about sundown, he got in the middle of the Santa Fe tracks and headed south. It was below zero. Early in the morning he got into Norman. With sunrise, he got busy selling potatoes, and before the day was over he had placed orders for a carload. The commission on the carload was about fifty dollars, and the future Senator from Louisiana figured he could get a ten dollar advance on this.

"But it cost two bits to phone the company in Oklahoma City," said Huey, "and I had not two bits. So finally I took a brand new pocket book I had just got for Christmas and pawned it for two bits. Then I telephoned in the order."

"Sorry," they told me in Oklahoma City, "but we're all out of potatoes."

So Huey decided the University of Oklahoma was no place for him. He went down to the station, ready to walk to Purcell, another 18 miles south. In the station he saw a prosperous looking man who eyed him curiously.

"You live here?" the man asked. "No," said Huey, and told him about the potatoes. "I should have known," he said, "that if I couldn't get a job in Louisiana I can't get one in Oklahoma. I might as well go back."

The prosperous inquisitor offered to lend Huey twenty dollars. "No," said Huey, "I'd never pay it back." Finally, however, he compromised at five dollars - "and then," he explained, "if I can't pay it back you can say 'He was a square guy, he could have taken fifteen dollars more'".

So Huey stuck, and made a hundred a month selling groceries on the side while attending the University. He paid back the five dollars.

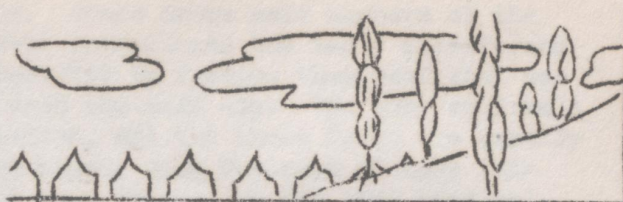
Years later, he traced his benefactor, a lumber dealer named R.O. Jackson, to Miami, where, after the hurricane, he was ruined. Huey, by then a power in Louisiana, lent him a total of \$6,000, finally got him a job in New Orleans, where Jackson now is.

Few loans of \$5.00 have brought a \$6,000 return.

"Washington Merry - Go - Round."



CAMP ~ LOG



George Bishop and Ralph Walker must be entertaining ideas of entering the next Bunion Derby. A few days ago, while viewing a show with the rest of the boys over in Carlisle, they scoffed at the idea of riding back to the Camp on the truck and bravely started back "a pied". They reached Camp the next morning about 8 A.M., with Ralph leaning heavily on George's shoulder. Tak, Tsk!

It is rumored around camp a place is being made for "Supt" Ed. Rice. This is no surprise to the boys who know him, as Ed. is known for his terrific working capacity and the responsibilities he carries are tremendous and stupendous. The little women over in Carlisle must feel proud of you Ed. Eh, What!

The "flivver" El. Gidley and Roy Taylor purchased from the Lieutenant is beginning to blossom out in gay summer attire. It already has four crimson colored wheels and a brand new tire cover, which, if one cares for up to date literature, advertizes a well known brand of beer. All the car needs now is a new body, a new motor, and four new tires. Taking everything into consideration, it isn't a bad buggy for the shape it's in.

Fred Lawson certainly can express himself when the occasion arises. While over in Carlisle the other night, a certain little thing caused him to get quite hot around the collar. Throwing up his guard in true John L. Sullivan style, he announced in a stentorious voice he could "wope" anybody who couldn't "wope" him!

A few of the boys were arguing about the number of miles that lie between Winchester and Lexington. Not being able to agree among themselves, they called on "Cab" Calloway to settle the argument. After scratching his head for a few minutes, "Cab" finally had to admit he was stumped as to the exact number of miles, but, to quote the "Cab", "If you boys are interested, I can give you the number of railroad ties".

Theodore "Humpty" Floyd, who acts as orderly to Lieutenant Crutcher, left the key to the Lieutenant's quarters in the lock the other day. Big Bob Swafford, who noted this omission on "Humpty's" part, pocketed the key. The Lieutenant being away for the day, poor "Humpty" had to stand guard over the building all day. Better put your running pants on Bob, for when "Humpty" reads this he may become violent.

The three black crows are no more. These crows were members of the Camp's queerly assorted pets. Some well intentioned but badly misinformed camp member tried to appease their appetites by feeding them beef that was highly spiced, and as a result, they died the next day. The grey squirrels are still capering around in great fashion, and the three foxes are rapidly nearing the stage where they will look pretty upon the neck of some fair maiden. Judging from the way the boys keep running to the camp hospital with punctured hands, the foxes must still be fond of white meat. "Briar Hopper" was bit in eight places the other day, but still insists he will tame them.

A remark overheard in the mess hall: "If you dont like our pork and beans, then whyinel dont you go home and eat your grits and gravy." And did the seedy looking perpetual groucher to whom the remark was intended look guilty - just ask me! Ha. Ha.

It reminds me of the first time I ate in the mess hall. Sitting down to an appetizing plate of swiss steak, I politely inquired of the head waiter if he would bring me some ketchup. Looking me in the eye, he inquired if I ate ketchup at home. "Sure," sez I. "Then why dont you go home and eat it?" sez he. Was my face red!

A large majority of the boys are regularly attending Church Service every Sunday evening down in the recreation hall. "Preacher" Allen Callaway is doing a fine job in making the boys see the light. Orchids to Mr. Callaway for his most sincere endeavors.

We now have a baseball diamond at Camp Blue Licks. Last Friday a detail of camp members went bravely forth to battle with the high weeds that have grown up on the lot, where, at one time the State had intended to locate the Museum. By Saturday, they had dragged the playing diamond and had the bases all in place. They also had erected a screen in back of the catcher's box. So Saturday evening a gang of the boys went out there to christen the field. We chose up sides which we called the "weinies" and the "sauer krauts". Pitching for the "weinies" was a new comer here at camp, Joe Burke, late of Camp Foster down in Sunny Florida. Pitching for the "sauer krauts" was the old dependable Sam Rose. It was a nice game up until the sixth inning, whereupon the "weinies" went on a batting spree. The final score was about 20 - 8 in favor of the good old "weinies". Quite a few good baseball players were discovered during this game, and the boys are all set for the "center gang" whenever they may care to play us.

-Paul Hock
Camp Blue Licks.





Camp Minstrels

The boys at Camp Blue Licks Battleground put on a minstrel show last Tuesday night at the Blue Licks School House. Before a packed house, our Thespianic inclined members cavorted back and forth upon the stage in true showmanship fashion. As this was the first attempt of the boys in putting on a show of this nature, and considering the lack of proper equipment, one must give them a big hand for their sincere efforts. The show was well received by an audience composed of about fifty local residents and a like number from Camp.

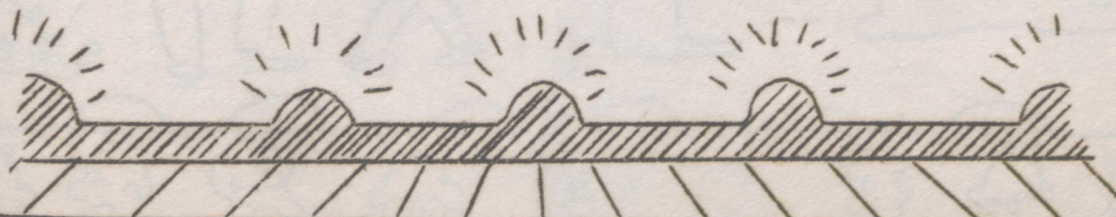
At the beginning, "Atty" Sam Preston, who acted both as straight man and master of ceremonies, gave a short concise speech in which he said he hoped the members of the audience would get an insight as to the caliber of the men who reside here in Camp, and that if they enjoyed the entertainment, then the boys would feel they were well repaid for their efforts.

Following this, the camp quartette, composed of Joseph Freeman, George Bishop, Freddie Ferguson, and Tylmond Jones, started the acts off by singing in a very sweet manner the State's favorite song "My old Kentucky Home."

The next act on the program was a black face sketch, which, to say the least, had the audience rocking back and forth in their seats with laughter. Elvin "Cab" Calloway, who acted the part of the black face, needs bow to no one as his peer, for it was here that he was in his glory. He merely had to act naturally and the trick was done. His weird alibi as to why he was not working for Mr. Jones that day was a corker, and the story how he saved his "Gal" from a big fire over in Carlisle had the audience howling. Sam Preston did a very good job in leading him from one tale to another.

At this point, Joseph Freeman and George Bishop showed the audience how to really harmonize, when they rendered the transient's favorite road song entitled "Let me sleep in your barn tonight, Mister."

William Mitchell, the camp's genial laundry man, was the next black face to grace the stage. Paired with "Atty" Preston, he wise-cracked back and forth jokes on the local boys. There was many a red face in the audience by the time they had finished this act, for they spared no one, not even Camp Superintendent Lt. Crutcher, who, if one was to believe Mitchell, married a sister of twins, and when asked how he told them apart, replied that he didn't try, that he made them watch out for themselves!



"Cab" Calloway and Sam Preston then put on the suit case act. Standing back to back, they both delved into their respective suitcases - looking for a clean white shirt - and while one would pick up an article and ask what it was for, the other would hold up a different article and give the purpose of the article. The high light of this act was when "Cab" picked up a woman's teddy and asked Sam what in the world that was for, and Sam, who at the time was holding up a necklace, replied that he had bought one for a neighbor's wife, and that he was going to take her to a dance and slip it on her in some dark corner of the dance hall.

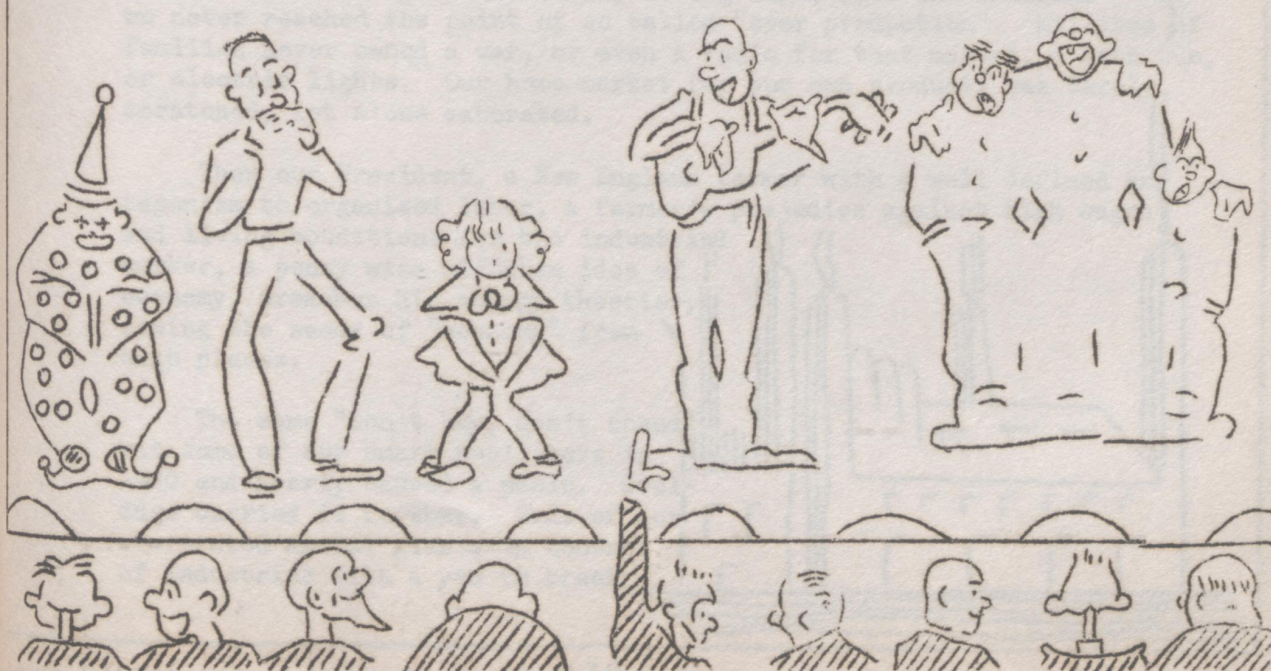
Beatrice Paris, a little miss of about ten years, then thrilled the audience with a tap dance to the tune of Jimmie Wilson's harmonica. She was the only outside talent of the show, and made a very pretty picture on the stage.

Following this act, Sam Preston started to make an announcement, but was rudely interrupted by an old bewhiskered gentleman, who, while slowly ambling up the aisle, demanded in a squeaky country voice, a job in this "Dadburn show". Asked if he could perform, he replied haughtily that he was born on a farm, and so it went on for about ten minutes. First one would wise crack and then the other. The old man was no other then Hiram Moon, a famous actor of yesteryear, and this act was completed when the old man slowly walked back to his seat playing the "Arkansas Traveler" on his harmonica.

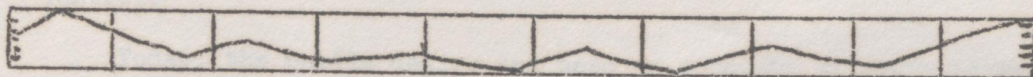
Then the whole cast, with the added attraction of Dave McIntosh to lead them in singing, and Jimmie Wilson playing the guitar, filed out upon the stage and put the finishing touches to the show by singing the closing chorus entitled "Under The Weeping Willow Tree."

Throughout the entire performance, Bee Coleman, dressed in gay clownish clothes, entertained the audience with his goofy actions. He also did a fine job in ushering the town folks to their seats.

- Paul Hock
Camp Blue Licks.



"1928 - 1938"



The pessimists are increasing judging from the talk one hears on every side, which is not a bad sign at all!

We have gone through a period of optimistic waiting - now the people are getting impatient, angry, discontented to the point where they will individually try with real old time energy to pull out of it.

I believe a peak of prosperity equal to that of 1927 - 28 is about due in 1938. The upward trend will be slow until after the next Presidential election - Roosevelt in again by a large margin - then a rapid increase in boom times.

Perhaps my line of reasoning is wrong and my deductions away off. I am only one of many millions with an opinion on the subject. If you figure I'm all wet, tell me about it in the next issue of the ARK.

Business is comparable to the circulatory system in the body. Slow up or stop the circulation of the blood and you are sick or dead.

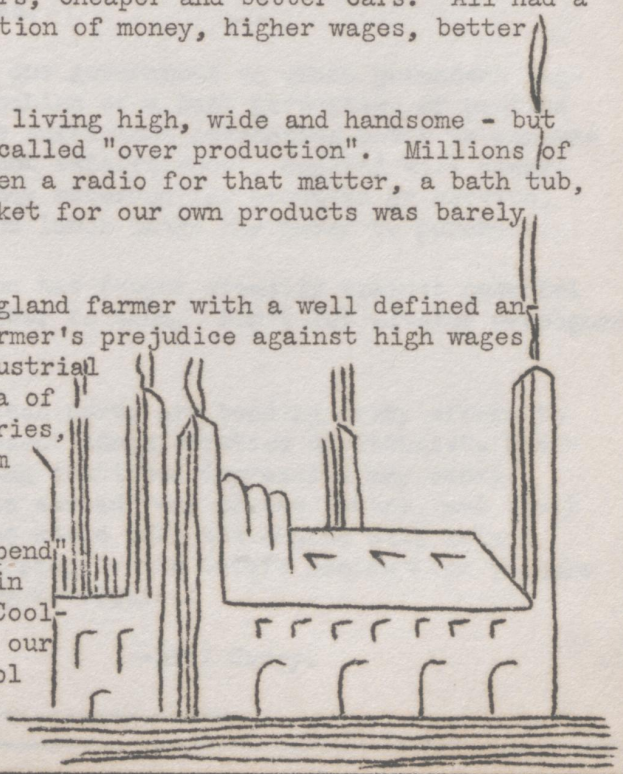
That is exactly what a certain New England farmer in the White House at Washington advocated to our "Captains of Industry" at the peak of prosperous times. War time wages enabled the public to begin purchasing products of which they had never before even dreamed they could own.

Victrolas, player pianos, automobiles, vacuum cleaners - then followed radio, electric refrigerators, cheaper and better cars. All had a tendency to stimulate the circulation of money, higher wages, better living conditions.

We were on top of the world, living high, wide and handsome - but we never reached the point of so called "over production". Millions of families never owned a car, or even a radio for that matter, a bath tub, or electric lights. Our home market for our own products was barely scratched, let alone saturated.

Then our President, a New England farmer with a well defined antagonism to organized labor, a farmer's prejudice against high wages and living conditions for the industrial worker, a penny wise mistaken idea of economy, preaches his stingy theories, sowing the seeds of "economy" from high places.

The same "Don't buy, don't spend" bit some of our smart publishers in 1920 and nearly caused a panic. Coolidge carried it further. Some of our over-rated mental giants in control of industries with a yen to break



up organized labor, jumped at the idea, laid off tens and hundreds of thousands, cut the purchasing power of the public consuming their products. They deliberately started a business slump that soon got beyond control.

Today, the public desire and need of products of every description is greater than ever before. The normal increase in population has not been balanced by increase in building. Families are crowded in small living space, equipment for home, farm, and factory is wearing out and must be replaced by new.

The hope for a return of prosperity after the next election is based on the fact that even now, in the face of all the retarding pressure the Republican adherents can put forth, the public need of housing is forcing more repairs, re-building, and new building that at any period since the crash of 1929.

As always, the building trades lead the way and they are definitely starting up.

When the question of who's who is settled at the next election, and the enemies of Roosevelt's "New Deal" are forced to admit that the day of unlimited exploiting of labor is ended, "Business" will decide to start producing what the public wants, pay what labor demands, and create a purchasing power. New inventions will come; new and more useful products will be manufactured, and living conditions for the average family improved more than ever before.

The depression has not taught the people to live cheap permanently. It has merely whetted their appetite for the things they have had and will have again. They will start buying and keep buying, improve their living conditions, as fast as products are manufactured and the labor demand creates higher wage scales.

The important thing is for our government to enact permanent legislation to force the re-distribution of a fair percentage of profits among the workers, who must have sufficient purchasing power to consume the products. Without "government interference", capital will always hold out for too much of the money returned for products or service, until the wheel is unbalanced and labor lacks the power to purchase.

The Roosevelt Administration has fought steadily against powerful foes along these lines. More power to them. Don't let adverse propaganda mislead you.

The remnants of the Republican party are bending every effort to discredit the efforts of the present Administration to stimulate business, regardless of what suffering continued depression may cause. Their propaganda will continue to spread fear of the future, and their tightening of credit to those who would take the chance will retard progress until another sound whipping by the voters decide them to make the best of it - or face a bloody revolution!

-Bill Carey.

11E 11D 11I 11J 11K 11L 11M 11N 11O

SEAGULL, Gulfport, Miss., June 1st, L. R. Mason, Editor.

Discusses effect of the new wage scale on public work projects. Says lower scale for South is direct result of Chambers of Commerce advertising abundance of cheap labor. Blames civic leaders for continuation of this condition. Says time is ripe for leaders to fight for higher wages.

CAPITAL NEWS, Topeka, Kansas, June 1st, John Stark, Editor.

Says if transients are discriminated against in the new work program it will be discrimination of the worst sort. Says present arrangement of congregate shelters smacks of the antiquated "Poorhouse". Says the Constitution is founded on equality of opportunity and wants to know what the Administration intends to do for the transients.

CONTACT, Washington, D.C. May 31st, W. H. Crawford, Editor.

Believes transients earn more than they get - that we are not objects of charity or just cases to be handled by a generous government, but upright citizens who are forced to accept work at less than it is worth until an adjustment can be made.

MID-WEST BREEZE, Springfield, Ill., June 2nd, Peter Pink, Editor.

Advocates equal consideration along with other groups of unemployed when jobs are allotted on the new work program. Cites value of work done by transients equipped with meagre facilities and inadequate machinery. Says transient can't rise above present status without adequate pay.

LONGHORN, Dallas, Texas, No. 11, Louis Norman, Editor.

Wants to know what will be done with the men over 45 in the new work program. Says the practical experience of thousands in this class should not be ignored by the works program administrator.

PIONEER, Camp Yukon, Fla., May 25th, Fred Conlin, Editor.

Wants fair wage for transients and a place on the work program. Cites work done by transients and compares pay with PWA and CWA projects. Says present pay is sapping moral fiber of transients.

WINDJAMMER, St. Petersburg, Fla., May 25th, Frank T. Davis, Editor.

Deplores President Roosevelt's veto of bonus on ground of inflation. Says day of reckoning will come in 1936 for overestimating gullibility of the public.

GATEWAY, El Paso, Texas, June 1st, Jack Stanley, Editor.

Revamps transient setup. Advocates stringent rules for registration, segregation, and identification. Wants better living conditions for professional men and tradesmen. Says pay should be in proportion to service rendered. Says particular needs of individual should be taken into account. Says present service is little better than ordinary soup line.

ORIOLE ROUNDUP, Baltimore, Md., Nelson W. Baldwin, Editor.

Editorial about a bunch of faded flowers on a garbage wagon - poetry 'an everythin'. Whatsamarra wid youse guys - spring fever?

LIBRARY
U OF KY

U. OF KY.
LIBRARY