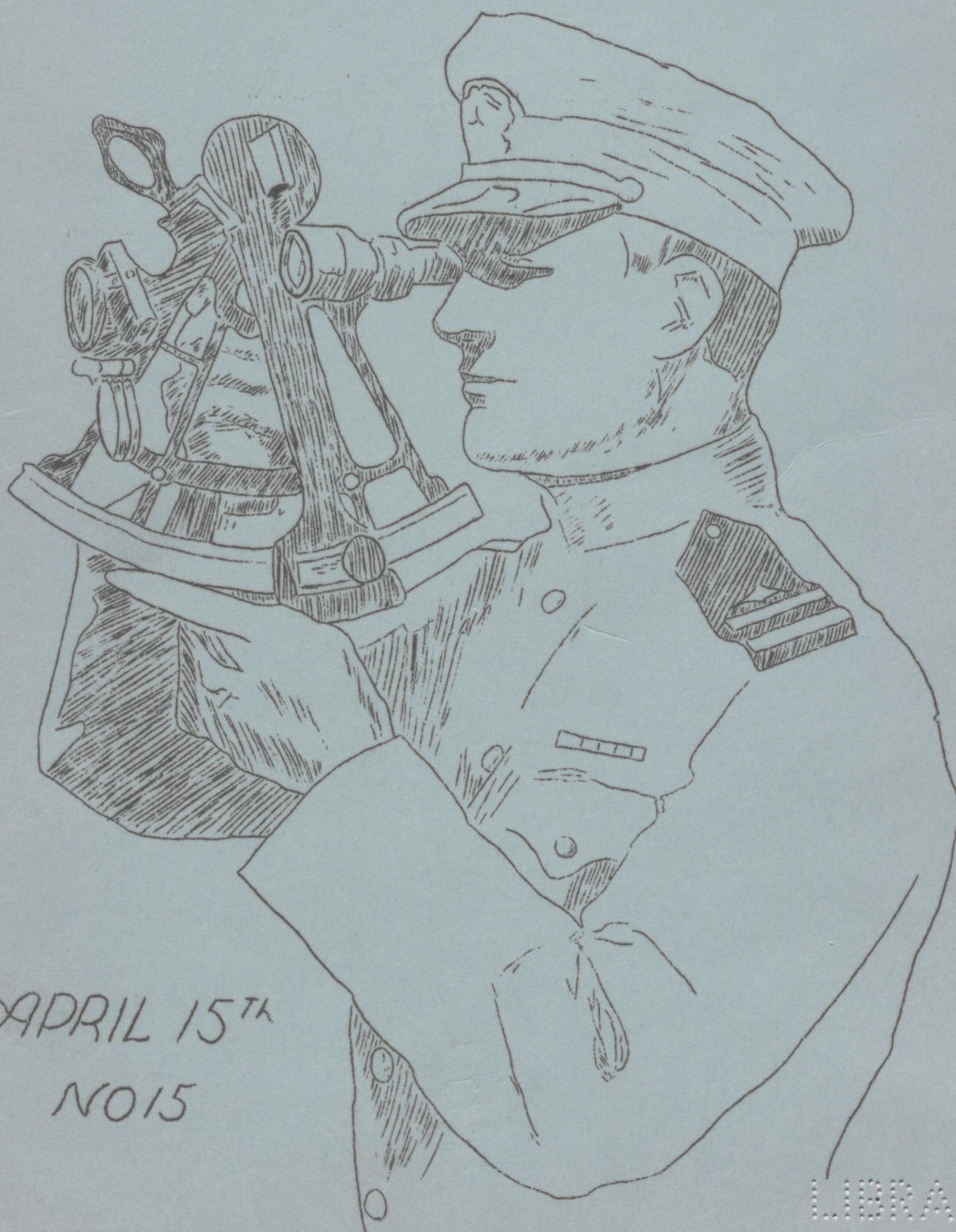


15

The ARK

LEXINGTON TRANSIENT BUREAU



APRIL 15TH

NO 15

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The ARK

LEXINGTON, KY
APRIL 15 - NO. 15

Editor
Frank Perry

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Walt Schoneman.

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EDITORIAL

We've been thinking about that four billion, eight hundred and eighty eight million dollars to be spent on work relief.

There's lots of us hoping we shall have an opportunity to click on one of those jobs - even fifty dollars a month is something these days.

Not much to wish for? Well, that's about as far ahead as most of us have been planning these many days - just one step ahead!

Not so long ago we used to plan ahead for a heluva a long way. But that was before the ill wind of the depression blew all our plans over the horizon.

So we took to the ARK as the best place to be in a bad storm. Now the sun is coming up after a long night of darkness, and we can see ahead again. In the distance looms the Port of Peace and Prosperity and the smiling shores of the Land of Opportunity. It will feel good to get back again. Wonder if they'll let us go ashore?

If they do - we'll put five bucks on Omaha for the Kentucky Derby!

-"Barnacle Bill"

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The OPEN ROAD

An open road and a wide road
That leads at last to the sea -
This is the meaning of summertime,
And the meaning of life, to me!

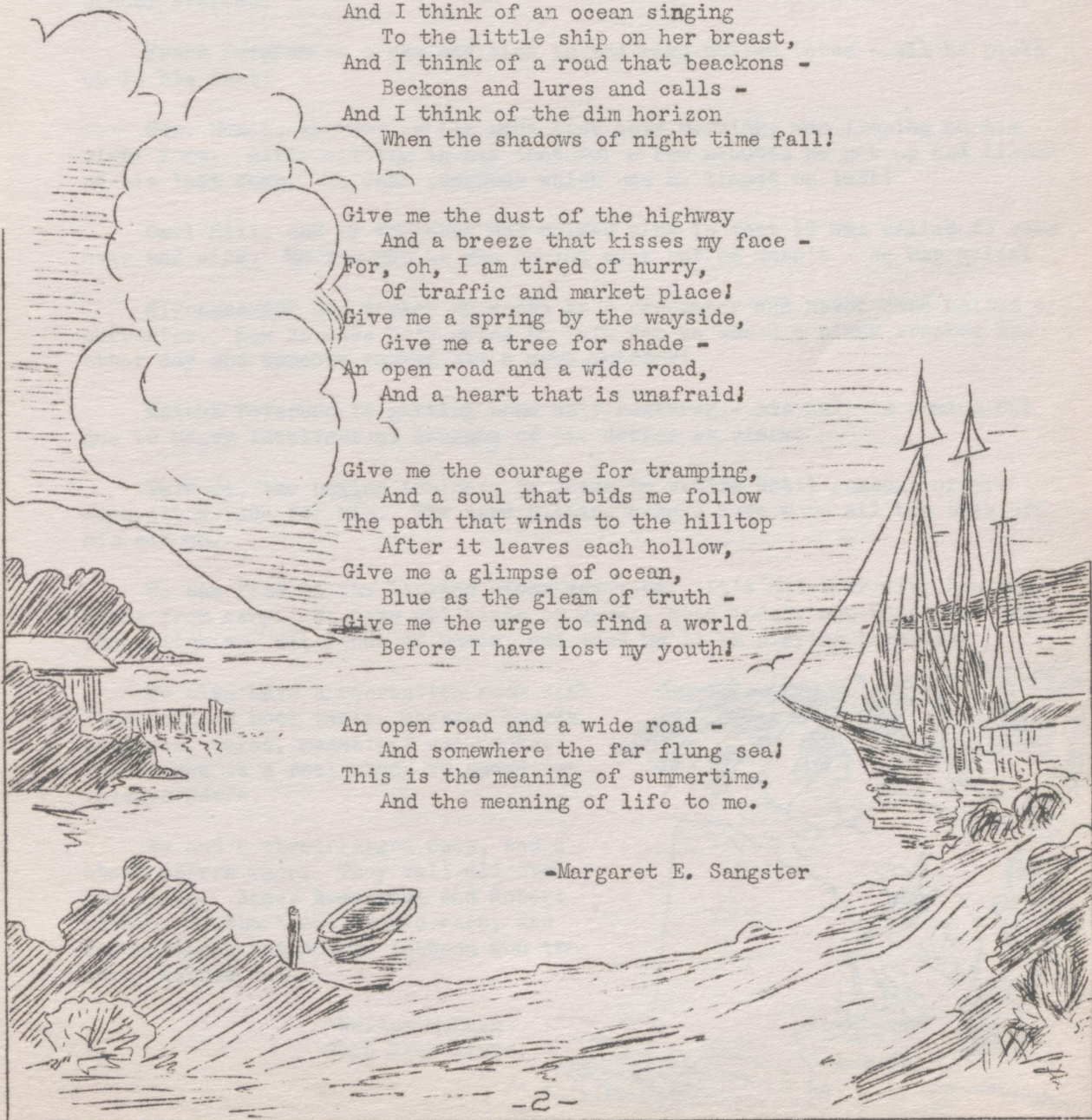
For I am weary of cities
When the sunlight slants from the west,
And I think of an ocean singing
To the little ship on her breast,
And I think of a road that beckons -
Beckons and lures and calls -
And I think of the dim horizon
When the shadows of night time fall!

Give me the dust of the highway
And a breeze that kisses my face -
For, oh, I am tired of hurry,
Of traffic and market place!
Give me a spring by the wayside,
Give me a tree for shade -
An open road and a wide road,
And a heart that is unafraid!

Give me the courage for tramping,
And a soul that bids me follow
The path that winds to the hilltop
After it leaves each hollow,
Give me a glimpse of ocean,
Blue as the gleam of truth -
Give me the urge to find a world
Before I have lost my youth!

An open road and a wide road -
And somewhere the far flung sea!
This is the meaning of summertime,
And the meaning of life to me.

-Margaret E. Sangster



CAMP CRACKS

The transient said to the ground foreman, do we break rocks on this road or do we work this road all around?

Replied the foreman to the transient, my lad you break rocks on this road until no more rocks can be found.

Replied the transient to the foreman, I will roam this wide world over and search from town to town,

Until I find a transient bureau where no rocks are to be found!

Speed Dawkins rides a fast motor cycle but he is not so fast in the ring - Rawson's gloves were always in his face!

There's a lot of talk of the school at Blue Licks, but I wonder if there's not some lady there. Ed. Gibbons has not missed a single night since the school started.

Frank Pergram is a new addition to the camp police force - all he picks up is his feet!

Geo. Hamil, who was on the sick list this morning, was limping on his right foot. After sitting in his tent for a few minutes he got up and limped on his left foot. He cant remember which one he limped on last!

Carl Hill, one of the boys who helped sing in tent 19 was called to come over and sing. We thought he was coming over but he wasn't - he was going!

Kirchgessnor has worked 20 years as a carpenter and never been called a carpenter. Now he says he's going to quit for he sawed a plank crooked the other day and someone called him a wood butcher!

Marcus Petersen is getting some hair restorer - his hair is coming out due to heavy intellectual demands of his duties as clerk!

Talbert, the boxing trainer, is going to retire until someone orders some elbow pads for him. The hard hitting boxers have worn all the skin off his elbows.

We can fish in the Licking River any time. It's not over five hundred yards from camp. We have all kinds of games, both indoor and outdoor. Horse shoe pitching, all kinds of races, and soon we'll be playing baseball.

We also have a recreation room with Ping Pong, a pool table, checker boards, dominoes, cards, magazines and books. This makes it a real place to spend our leisure hours.

We had a three legged race, and a wheel barrow race. They fell all over the place. James Armstrong and Robert Steele won the three legged race, and James Wilson and Shorty Johnson won the wheel barrow race.

-Walter McLain
Camp Blue Licks.



Leaves from the LOG BOOK

The canteen is now open and operating successfully with John Peace in charge, Tobacco, matches, cigarettes and candy are the standbys, and the profits go into the recreational fund. Very convenient and doing quite a business we understand.

The Boys at Camp Weaver, N.C. have all been given a 50% increase in pay says the "Sextant" - and makes no statement as to how much that might be. Items like this leave us all a twitter!

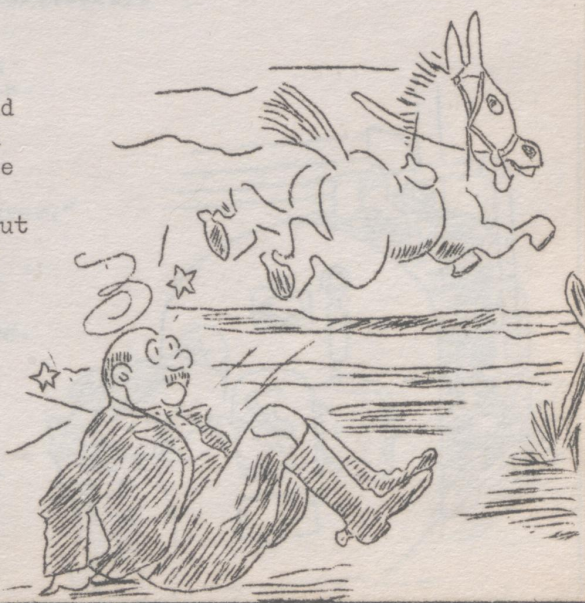
Dizzy Dean, our esteemed truck driver, was eating in solitary state the other morning at the reserved table in the dining room. In comes Florend, who gazes at him in concern. "What's the matter," he asked. "Are you isolated?"

Pay day has been coming along with perfect regularity - every Friday. Which same is much better than it used to be when it came along anywhere from Monday to Monday.

When hunger stalks the daywind and night is stark and chill,
Then marrow bones run hollow, the heart turns numb and still;
Song is an empty comfort, laughter an echo sound;
Conformity's a whiplash to drive tame beasts around;
Love runs thin and bitter, faith is a brittle thing,
For . . . if the stomach's empty, how can the spirit sing?

The editorial staff of the Wigwam in Paducah received a fifty cent cut. A meeting was called and the news hawks and what not decided to walk off the job and snag a rattler to Topeka. Their allowance cut was restored before they reached the railroad yards. That reminds - we were cut 50 cents too, but let off office detail!

To 'ell with the 'orses, I'll
buy me a 'at!



With the coming of Spring, many of the boys are making plans to buck the outside world once again. Several of the old timers have left to seek their fortunes in distant places with the aid of small bank rolls carefully saved up from payday to payday. Maybe poker hands helped a little! We wish 'em luck.

Walter McLain sends in some good stuff from out at camp. Ken Rawson must be too busy boxing - this bird can really write if he would only take time out to do it. Bill Carey usually comes across with something or other - but most of the boys let it go at that. If you want to see your name in the paper - write something!

Over in Springfield, Ill., they are starting a new system in the Intake. Each client will be required to sign an affidavit that he requires emergency relief. The affidavits will be made out in the form of an application and will be witnessed by a notary public. One for day duty and one for night duty. Must have had some chisellers over there.

"Brown" Fox has a yen for pork chops - and anything else that's eatable around the place. We heard he sat up until two o'clock one morning waiting for "Grey" Fox to come downstairs to the boiler room and fry some pork chops over the fire. But something went wrong with the schedule. "Grey" Fox cooked them in the kitchen and ate them all himself. These night workers have funny appetites - must be the climate. "Dimples" has been seriously considering cooking the cat!

Here's another bureau taking up education in a big way - Nashville, Tenn. Aircraft, art, auto electric, business, carpentry, elementary subjects, high school subjects, landscaping, radio, shoe repairing, tailoring. The Dixie, a first class bureau magazine published there also states geology and college subjects review have been added.

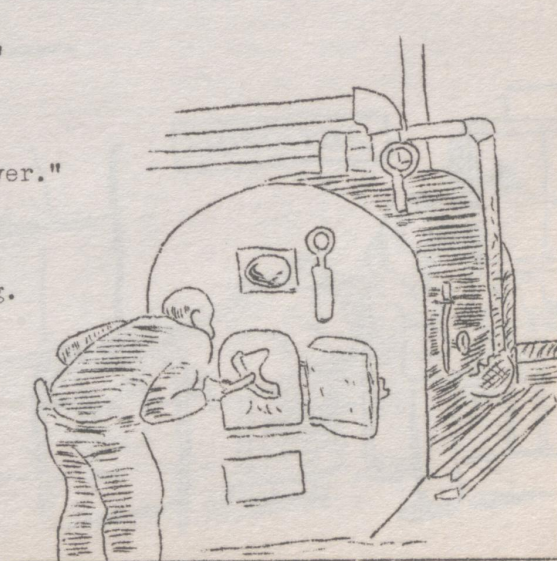
"What's the difference between a beautiful girl and a piece of cheese?"

"I give up."

"And they call you the "Great Lover."

Here come the British, Bang, Bang.

Miss Adams now has a brand new 1935 Chevvy in place of the other car whose handle fell off the other day.



They've discovered a rich gold vein a short distance from the Safford Camp. Operations on the new mine have been made in the utmost secrecy, but it is rumored that quite a few of the lads will be riding home in new flivers - and giving the girls a treat. This comes from way out in Arizona. Well, mebbe so!

Shorty Williams is rushing some one down town these days and is working nights doing up other peoples washing to get the necessary. In the dining room the other evening he was presented with a cradle - we heard he was getting married! How about it Shorty?

There's a commendable tendency to promote men from the ranks to positions of trust in the bureau. On the rolls we now have "Check 'em out" Carroll, Doyle Smith, Dizzy Dean, Fred Harps, Roy Taylor - and we understand Cliff Gidley may be steward out at camp. Cliff deserves the promotion and we hope it materializes.

At Fort Eustis, Va. the camp of 2000 men, they had a track meet featuring 25 events on St. Patricks day. Cash awards totaling \$100.00 were awarded those claiming first, second and third of each event.

The hospital has had its usual quota of sickness - just such cases as mumps and colds and so on. Dr. Adams operated on one of the boys for appendicitis with his usual success, he's done this quite frequently and is very popular with the clients. Although the operation was a very difficult one from all accounts, all went well. We have one of the best equipped and most sanitary hospital wards in captivity, and real service from the attendants, Bishop and Barton. Don't let's forget Ed. Reed.

Seems as though we have two grass widows here since JWD and LtS went away. They both appear to be losing flesh and are grieving their hearts out - so we have been told! But we are skeptical.

Congratulations to Doyle Smith in having attained to the dignity of Night Watchman on the Staff. He is quiet and efficient, and the job has not gone to his head. Harpe has gone to camp as assistant to Lt. Crutcher. Smith takes his place.

'Arriet, 'ave you any 'am?



PIONEERS

A modern Mayflower will sail out soon, carrying a pioneer band of men and women, with tractors, trucks and little children - all bound for a new start up in the fertile Matanuska Valley of Alaska, 125 miles north of Seward.

You bet it's cold up there. The thermometer dips to forty below in winter. In summer, the mosquitos are terrible. Winter and summer, its a long way home.

But a forty acre farm in Alaska is better than a place on the relief rolls elsewhere. At Least that's what a lot of men now on relief feel as they beg for a chance to take their families up to this rural rehabilitation project sponsored by the FERA. From all parts of the country have come requests from modern Daniel Boones. An entire county in Texas wanted to go.

The FERA however, has limited this adventure to people now on relief in Northern Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. It was assumed these hardy people could best weather the cold winters and best understand farming conditions there.

In spite of the government warnings about the hardships, hundreds more applied than could be taken into the group. After pruning the lists, the officials selected 200 families, about 1000 persons, to make the journey. There are many young children in the group for the average of the parents is in the early thirties.

THE GOVERNMENT ALSO HAS SELECTED FROM THE FEDERAL TRANSIENT CAMPS some 400 men, handy with hammer and saw to help in construction work this summer. These men will be signed up from May to October, receiving approximately the C.C.C. basis of pay, \$30.00 a month.

The first detachment of transients, 120 men, will sail out of Seattle April 23. Arrived in the Mantanuska Valley, they will get busy clearing the woods and erecting the tent colony, to be ready for the first detachment of settlers, about 75 families, and the remaining 280 transients who will leave May 1. The remaining 125 families will leave Seattle May 15.

By that time the transients will have some furniture; primitive to be sure, but substantial. They will have erected the community dairy. The tents will all be up. The hospital will have been hewn out of the logs. The homesteaders will start their farms. Each is to have forty acres. And in their spare time they will help the transients build the houses.

The houses will be built of logs. Each will have a parlor and a kitchen; one, two, maybe three bedrooms, depending on the size of the family. There will be running water. And indoor chemical sanitation. A good old fashioned oil lamp will light up the room.

Editor's Note: All the above is by Genevieve Forbes Herrick, who writes for the North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc. - Swiped!



CAPITALISM

"What about that Capitalism you were going to explain?" prompted Barnacle Bill.

"Oh, yes," we answered. "Well, the Capitalist claims Socialism would reduce him to the level of the man with nothing - and that the man with nothing is that way because he has no brains - meaning thought directed along the single path of money making."

"How do you get to be a Capitalist?" asked Bill.

That of course was an easy question to answer! Having read the lives of all the men who have ever amounted to anything in a Capitalistic sense, we felt fully qualified to answer. We had their word for it. We also had ideas of our own which were somewhat different possibly.

"By having the kind of brains able to figure a long way ahead on a business deal and then taking a chance," we explained. "All Capitalists are gamblers. Henry Ford gambles on the ability of the public to buy his cars, and Samuel Insull gambled on the gullibility of the public to take his word that his stocks were good investments. We have other kinds of Capitalists too."

"The bankers, for instance?" prompted Bill.

"Yes, the bankers. They use the public's money, and by mixing it with their brains, and taking a chance, they make money for themselves and the public too. At least, that is the theory of the thing - in practice it sometimes fails because the bankers fail to mix enough brains in the formula!"

"And besides," we continued, "Capital is always scared somebody will do it dirt, so it works on the principle of sock the other guy first. Socialism, meaning the opposite of Capitalism, is rapidly getting the idea and is beginning to take a few socks at Capitalism."

"But how do you get to be a Capitalist?" insisted Bill.

"You have to have money," we admitted. "Getting the money is a problem. Betting on the horses is one way to get started, but so far we have not done much with that idea - we always run out of Capital just before the big winner romps home."

"Is money so important after all?" asked Bill. He was watching a young couple walking down the street, hand in hand.

"Well, come to think of it - some of the happiest times in our life have been when we had only a few dollars and our dreams, and some of the unhappiest have occurred when we had considerable money. So after all, money may not be the important thing in life. We would rather have contentment than riches."

"Nerts," scoffed Barnacle Bill.



"DAWN to DUST"

- AT THE KENTUCKY DERBY

Here it is. The Kentucky Derby. The most important part that thousands have missed. While attending the Derby, many only show up at the races in the afternoon, only seeing the horse which won, which is a great thrill, but they missed the whole show by not seeing them prepare for it.

It is now 4.A.M. on Derby Day, about twelve hours before post time for the world's greatest Classic. Little sleepy eyed jocks arise from their quarters and take the Kings of Sport out on to the track as the sun peeps over the hills. This is their day, and they know it!

We see a few individuals out, railbirds with watch in hand and mouth open, watching the horses as they run by. Owners, trainers, and stable boys are getting ready for the date on every horseman's calendar - the Kentucky Derby.

We are now come to one of the track kitchens and stop for rolls and coffee, and here a few talk about this horse and that one. Beer trucks and pop trucks have started to bring the drinks already. A few people have arrived, the men who keep the grounds in shape, and a few sight seers. The ticket sellers are getting ready to go to their boxes to sell tickets to the thousands who will crown around the windows later on.

Col. Matt Winn entertains a few friends with that famous Kentucky drink - the mint julep. Newspaper reporters and radio men are getting their sound and camera setups in position. It is almost noon now, and a few thousand have already arrived on the grounds. The hot dog stands and beer gardens are getting a big play, and men are selling programs already for the greatest event in racing history.

The crowd is all in gay colors, and many are in sport wear. Some came by bus, some in their own cars, and some walked. About 50,000 people are now on the grounds, and about 35,000 more are expected for this afternoon's classic. This looks like being the biggest crowd in the history of the event.

It is now time for the first race, and many come up to the rail to see the horses, with the jockeys in glistening silks of many colors. The mutuels are getting a big play. The horses parade on to the post and the crowd roars "They're off!" This starts the program for the day. The favorite wins and pays a short price.

Quite a number of prominent people are in the stands. The Vice President of the United States, several Governors of States, with Governor Ruby Laffoon of Kentucky.



And there's Mae West, Clark Gable, and other famous movie stars. Also lots of business men from all over the country who are making this day a holiday. Now and then we meet a few old friends in the crowd as we walk around.

We pass the press box and see they are all busy pecking away at typewriters, and radio announcers are telling the world what is going on in ole Kaintuck on the colorful day. We stop at the club house and see many owners, including Col. Bradley, Mrs. Vanderbilt, and the Whitneys. Many others are there to witness the sport of kings - maybe their colors will grace the winners circle this afternoon.

A few races have passed and the time is almost near for the Derby to be run. About 75,000 people are here now, and millions will listen in on the radio. The crowd is so big that you can hardly move, but somehow we seem to get around. We are not at the paddock looking over the horses for this race. The jockeys are now mounting the horses ready to go to the post, - the next one is the big one.

That race was won by a long shot and a few collect at a good price. The people are getting restless waiting for the big race. There goes the bugle. It wont be long now. The big band in colorful uniforms lead the best three year olds in the country out on to the track with their owners; the jockeys in new silks make a wonderful picture that will long be remembered. The greatest thrill of any horse lover is about to begin.

The horses are now in the stall gate, a new starting maching at the track. Bill Hamilton is the starter, a veteran of many a Derby and a good starter. The jockeys are having a time getting the horses in the gate.

And here they go - the crowd goes wild hollering "They're off!" as the horses rush like lightning past the grand stand to the first turn. One horse takes the lead but is not much ahead. They go down the back stretch like a bullet and make the turn. Jockeys are now trying hard - an honor every jockey wants is to win the Derby.

Now they turn into the stretch almost abreast, all trying to reach the wire first and the jocks are sure trying, using everything they have - and here is the winner.

The big horse is now in the winners circle with a blanket of roses on his neck and a smiling jockey on his back. Photo men with cameras are all set to take his picture, and thousands are still cheering the King of the three year olds for his victory over his rivals. It's a picture never to be forgotten.

One more race and the sun will go to rest. Another great Derby has been run and another great name will go up on the honor list of Derby winners. It has been a great day.

-Mickey Collier.



HORSE THIEF?

Lt. Crutcher has stolen a horse. So the rumors around camp said so. In Kentucky that's a heinous crime, as a thorobred is prized far beyond any immediate member of the family - well almost!

So something had to be done about it. The Lieutenant was arrested and hauled before the Court down in the County School House. His Honor, Judge Sampson presided, with the Honorable Joseph Morgan acting as Court Clerk. The Honorable Marcus Petersen- the cussing preacher - was Prosecuting Attorney, and the Lieutenant acted as his own counsel.

The Prosecuting Attorney called Mr. Snarsky as a witness, who swore beyond all doubt that the Lieutenant had taken the horse from a Mr. Hunter. Mr. Kirchgessnor, the camp carpenter, also upheld the testimony of Mr. Snarsky. Things looked black for the Lieutenant. He hung his head as the Honorable Petersen painted a verbal picture of the evils of horse stealing. Black looks came from every side; even old men and women gnashed their teeth in rage. "Lynch him" came the cry. Order was restored with difficulty.

The Lieutenant called on Mr. Nick Henderson, who startled the Court by claiming, in his opinion, Mr. Snarsky had the mind of a two year child. He claimed to have caught Mr. Snarsky sucking on a rubber nipple, attached to a bottle. Mr. Henderson's testimony appeared to carry great weight with the jury. Mr. Henderson is the camp first aid man. His medical license was exhibited in Court and read aloud to all.

Mr. Vance and Mr. Hock also swore to the same and also produced a nipple labeled Exhibit A. Mr. Kirchgessnor was called to the stand and under cross examination it was proved he had gotten up when the bugle sounded taps, under the illusion it was time to go to work. It appeared he had gotten up and dressed and gathered up his tools and was on his way when seen. It was also proved he was afflicted with Coffinitis, or the making of miniature coffins which had been placed in other peoples beds to scare them to death. This is a very disturbing mental disease - due to overwork!

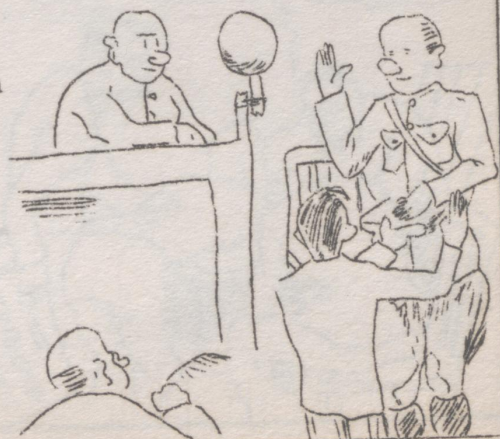
The Honorable Marcus Petersen was also proved to have the habit of getting up in the night and wandering around the camp with a lantern, crying out - Weinies and Sauerkraut. It seems he was affected by the moon - and the weinies.

Mr. Joe Morgan, whose signature was discovered on the warrant, was also proved to have been affected by standing in the steam of cooking weinies and sauerkraut - and therefore was mentally unbalanced. At this time Mr. Hunter was placed on the stand. He wanted to know what the hell it was all about - why couldn't he loan his friend the Lieutenant his horse if he wanted to, without receiving a summons from the Court?

Of course, with this evidence, the Lieutenant was acquitted - but we wonder what would have happened if someone had kidnapped Mr. Hunter!

Mr. Vance and Mr. Hock were sentenced to solitary confinement in tent one, on general principles apparently. Somebody had to be sentenced!

-Walter McLain. -||-



"BUREAU REVIEW"

Everything is Okey Dokey around here. The boys have been held in by the wet weather of the past few days, and new arrivals have been coming in spurts. Out to camp or check out again is the rule. We average from 75 to a 100 men a day now in the bureau, including colored.

Nothing of importance has happened lately. The colored boys are still using the basement as a dormitory, and screens in the recreation room partition off their part. They're quiet and orderly and well behaved. In the dining room, the system of sitting down at the table and having the waiters bring the filled plates to us still persists. Very popular with everybody.

The magazines have been coming in slowly these past few days and no books at all. Looks as though the Boy Scouts fell down on the job of building up the library - but we render thanks just the same. The pool table still needs a green baize cover, but there's plenty of card games and dominoes and checkers. The camp contingent of boxers have not been around lately, but some of the boys went out to camp to see them work out.

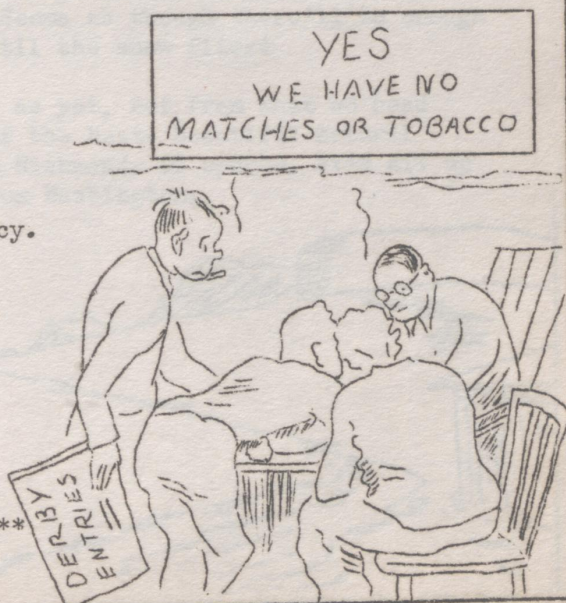
With the coming of the Derby we have a "Paddock Room", a "Jockey Ring", and the "Stables" all in full blast. The ex-jockeys and race track workers here are authorities for what's what - and every day we make mind bets. Some of us - including "Tightwad" - have made millions! It helps to keep our minds occupied.

Not much doing except routine work around the bureau these days. The drinking fountain and the toilet in the recreation room are now operating to everybody's comfort. The weather is still cool enough for the furnace to be in operation, and everybody is kept busy at some task or other essential to the well being of the whole.

The first practice fire drill had us looking out of the window to see whoinel was blowing his horn so long and loud - but everybody was out of the building in record time. Out in front we have a nice little flower garden well under way which will add to the beauty of the place as time goes on.

The food is excellent and well cooked, and the waiters and kitchen crew are courteous and efficient. Everything is as clean as a new pin, and the operation of the bureau is carried on with minimum of fuss and feathers. The darn place seems to run itself - which is true efficiency.

But we're all waiting to see what will happen to us when the work relief bill goes into effect, and what part we shall play in this recovery program. If business picks up this bureau will be empty in no time - which is as it should be. Selah!



ON TO RICHMOND

Establishment of a Federal Transient Camp at the Richmond Reservoir on the Irvine Pike was virtually assured today, the Louisville office of the transient bureau having approved the plan.

A project application, made up in Louisville and sent here for the signatures of the members of the Richmond waterworks commission and Mayor Dave Powers, was signed late Monday, returned immediately to Louisville, approved there and forwarded to Washington for final approval.

Establishment of the camp will allow major improvements to the municipal water works plant at a minimum cost to the city of Richmond. Use of transient labor for the completion of the spillway widening project, for raising the lower dam at the Lake Reba reservoir and for moving the pumping station and constructing a filtration plant is contemplated.

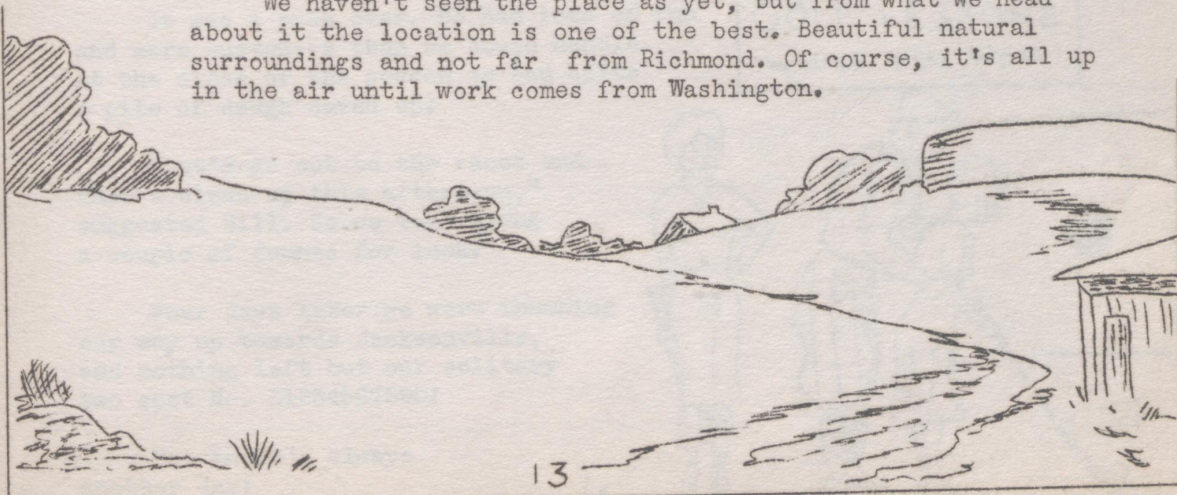
The transient camp location would involve the spending of \$64,729, the project application specified, with work beginning May 1st. It would include the construction of six prefabricated steel buildings and several log lodges. Material for the log lodges is available on the 440 acre waterworks reservation.

A tentative part of the improvement program at the reservoir is the creating of a park site, including the erection of shelter cabins, building of outdoor stone stoves for the use of picnickers, placing of benches for visitors and possibly the building of tennis courts and diamond ball playgrounds. Electric lighting and running water would also be provided.

--Lexington Leader.

There you are fellows - all the latest information about the project over in Richmond. Seems as though there'll be enough work to keep all hands busy until the snow flies!

We haven't seen the place as yet, but from what we head about it the location is one of the best. Beautiful natural surroundings and not far from Richmond. Of course, it's all up in the air until work comes from Washington.



CAPTAINS of INDUSTRY

As the red light changed we crossed the street. With a hundred and fifty bucks we had just won in a crap game - all starting from our solitary two dollar bill No. X1234567890. How different things looked!

"Let's go down to Florida," suggested Barnacle Bill. "It's the beginning of the winter season and there's sure to be something doing. We need a little sunshine anyhow."

So a couple of days later we're parading around on Flagler St, all dressed up in golf togs and giving the place the once over. Plenty of people but not much doing. Our bank roll was low and we had to figure out a way of getting through the season. We went out to the golf course. We're waiting for a couple of dubs to find a ball out in the rough when Bill has an inspiration.

"There's a gold mine right here we can work for the balance of the season, right under our noses," said Bill. "Half of these folks know nothing about golf; they can't hold the clubs right, they hook and slice, they lose balls, and the pro's are too busy to teach them. We're going to do it."

"What the hell," we objected. "Do you think the pro's on this course will let us get away with that? With two dollar green fees the overhead will eat us up. "But Bill was already striding away!

The next day we had completed the arrangements. On a vacant lot right down town near the park we put up a canvas enclosure. A banner hung across the entrance "Golf Lessons While You Wait." Inside the enclosure we had a couple of bull's eyes painted on the back stretch of canvas. You could sock balls to your heart's content - and didn't have to hunt for them.

"Here's the layout," explained Bill. "I'm going inside to wallop balls against the canvas so they'll make a loud noise. You'll talk to the folks who stop, look, and listen. It's two dollars an hour, and we'll teach 'em how to hold the clubs, what clubs to use, how to drive, chip, and putt. Good luck." And with that Bill goes inside and starts wacking balls around. You could hear them hit the canvas a block away.

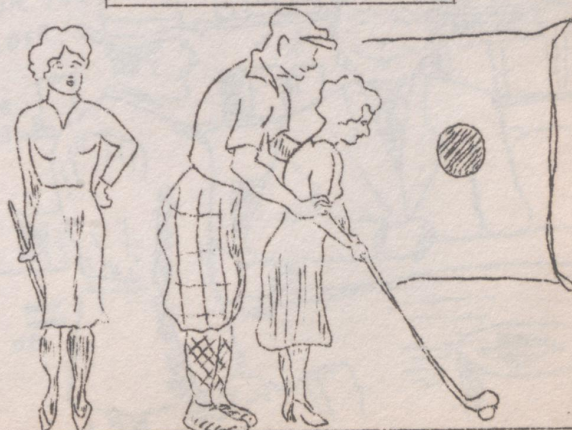
It was a push over. We had lots of fun and more customers than we could handle. At the close of the season we had quite a pile of dough saved up.

"Let's go out to the races and make a clean up this afternoon," suggested Bill. So we took along a couple of femmes for luck!

Four days later we were thumbing our way up towards Jacksonville, and nothing left but our solitary two spot No. X1234567890!

But there's always another day!

GOLF LESSONS
WHILE YOU WAIT





BILLIONS!

--Bill Carey

The sum of \$4,800,000,000 now at the disposal of the government is an amount beyond the scope of the average imagination. Just imagine a factory building 50 feet high, 100 feet wide, and 950 feet long packed tight to the roof with dollar bills and you will have approximately four billion dollars. Divided among 10,000,000 unemployed it would be \$480.00 each.

How much of that \$480.00 will reach the unemployed individual? Where will it go from there?

If relief funds are turned over to State or Civic authorities - well, we have some experience of that in CWA projects! When projects are under Federal control, there is at least a chance of establishing some form of Federal supervision. It isn't that National politics are any cleaner than local, but distance makes the "Big Boss" less vulnerable to the horde of back slapping, hand shaking politicians who are looking for just such huge outlays as so much gravy. Dump those billions of dollars into the clutches of a hord of local political heels and its doubtful if a half of it will reach the unemployed who really need it.

Relief projects should be supervised by carefully picked persons whose capability for the job is the test - not who they know in politics, but what they know about the job. Graft should be made a felony with a good stiff penalty - and enforced.

If a river is to be dammed, see that the man taking charge of the project knows how to dam a river - not just how to dam the men becuase they don't do the thing any better than he is capable of directing it to be done.

If a bridge is to be built, put an engineer in charge who has built that sort of bridge - not some ex-dentist who put cock eyed bridges in people's mouths until he couldn't pay the office rent - but has an uncle in the legislature.

Assuming that the unemployed receive the entire \$480.00 which they will earn, where will it go from there?

Coming to them in driblets, they must use the major part to purchase the cheapest food to subsist on, and under the present layout that means spending their money at the nearest chain store. Twenty-four hours after the meagre payday, the relief funds are on their way to the overstuffed coffers of the huge mercantile monopolies. The rich will get richer -

The real remedy to end the depression is to do away with all chain stores and put 200,000 salesmen out on the road serving 5,000,000 little merchants who will build, live, and spend their money locally - thus keeping it circulating all over the country.

And the Lord help us if the relief funds are distributed through the hands of the average local politician!

THANKS.
FOR THE
ORDER!



THE EXCHANGE

THE PEAK, Colorado. M.D.Hall, Editor.

This magazine has personality, variety, philosophy, and that certain something called "it". That April Fool item was an inspiration. We're swiping "Breadline". Who wrote it?

THE HIGHLANDER, Ashville, N.C. H.E.Ryder, Editor, April 5th.

The "Lost Generation" is sound commonsense. Do not agree with all the conclusions drawn in "Transients - what of the future". Not broad enough - we need jobs at decent wages not camps in out of the way places.

THE DAYTONATOR, Dayton, Ohio, J. Kersey, Editor.

We have to laugh at that gag about transients only costing 60 cents a day. Boloney. Are you the feller who made a crack about it being easy to put out a transient magazine bigger and better and different than all the bureau magazines you have ever seen? Well, Dave Benton is a good artist.

DAWN, Columbus, Ga. F.S.Fansher, Editor, No. 14

We had one here, very prominent, who lectured before a luncheon club on "Hoboes". Only by a twist of fate ---. Well, we get a great kick out of James Scott's cartoons and drawings. Witty and clever, no end.

UTAH TRANSOGRAM, Salt Lake City, R. Sheridan, Editor, April 1st

Two good ones - "Rant, Rave, and Roar," and "Dumb Bells". Plenty of newsy items, lotsa humor. Cumanseeusumtimewilya!

SANDUNE, Yuma, Arizona, John McNamara, April 1st

Talented art work. Plenty news of your bureau. Some guy turned in "Signposts" to us some months ago and we ran it as "Stayaway". Have just heard its about ten years old. Oh, Well!

PIONEER, Yukon, Fla. Frank Laughlin, Editor.

Straight forward editorial. Article on Social Service is the nerts. "It seeks to absorb the transient into society". Camp readings a feature of much interest. Nize pepper.

TRANSIENT TABLOID, Toledo, Ohio, No. 6

Clever mimeograph art work. W. Wylie Young is responsible for some excellent editorials and features. The Staff write ups however, are much too much to the too much - if you get what we mean. But if it amuses you and the other folks its none of our business. Selah!

QUAKER CITY TRUMPET, Philadelphia, Pa. Marshall Roachman, Editor.

Plenty of bureau news, plenty variety good make up. Like it.

THE NOMAD, SanFrancisco, Cal.

This good old standby with A.D. Robinson's art work is the peer of them all.

To the Editor of Alki, Seattle, Wash:
Remember reading somewhere in your mag you had written me a letter. Never received it and wonder where you addressed it.

