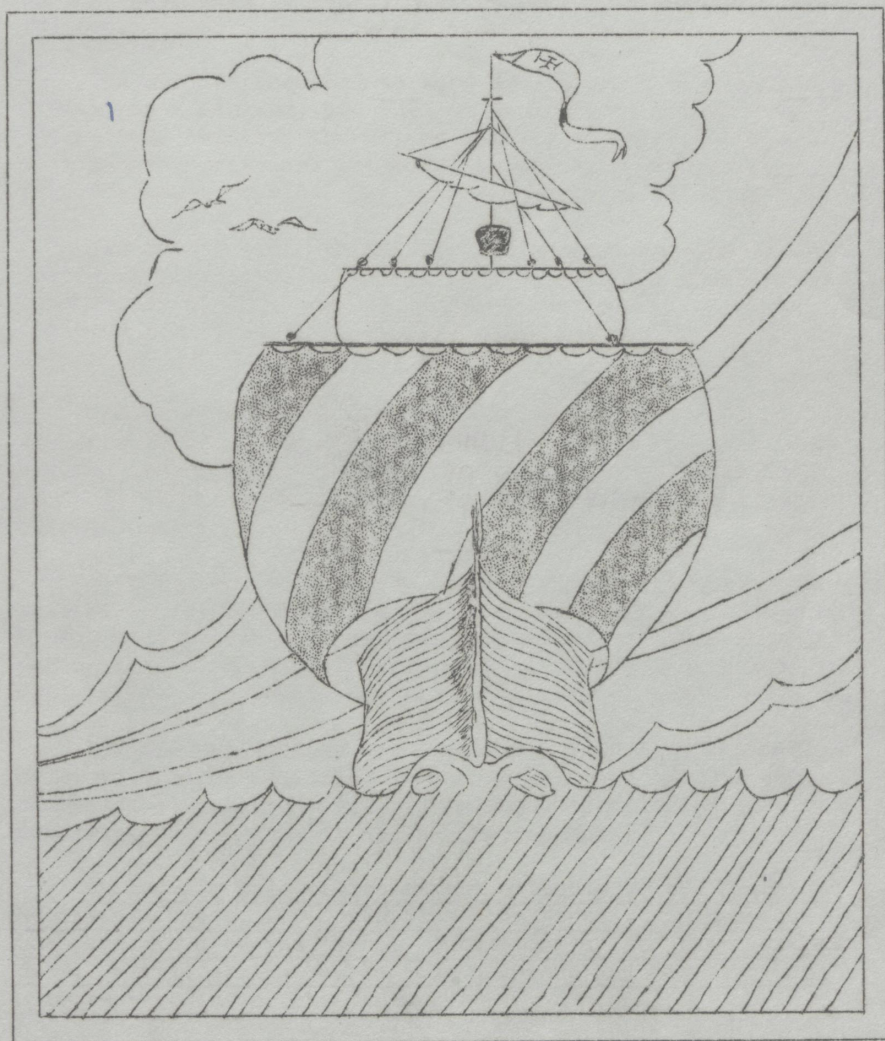


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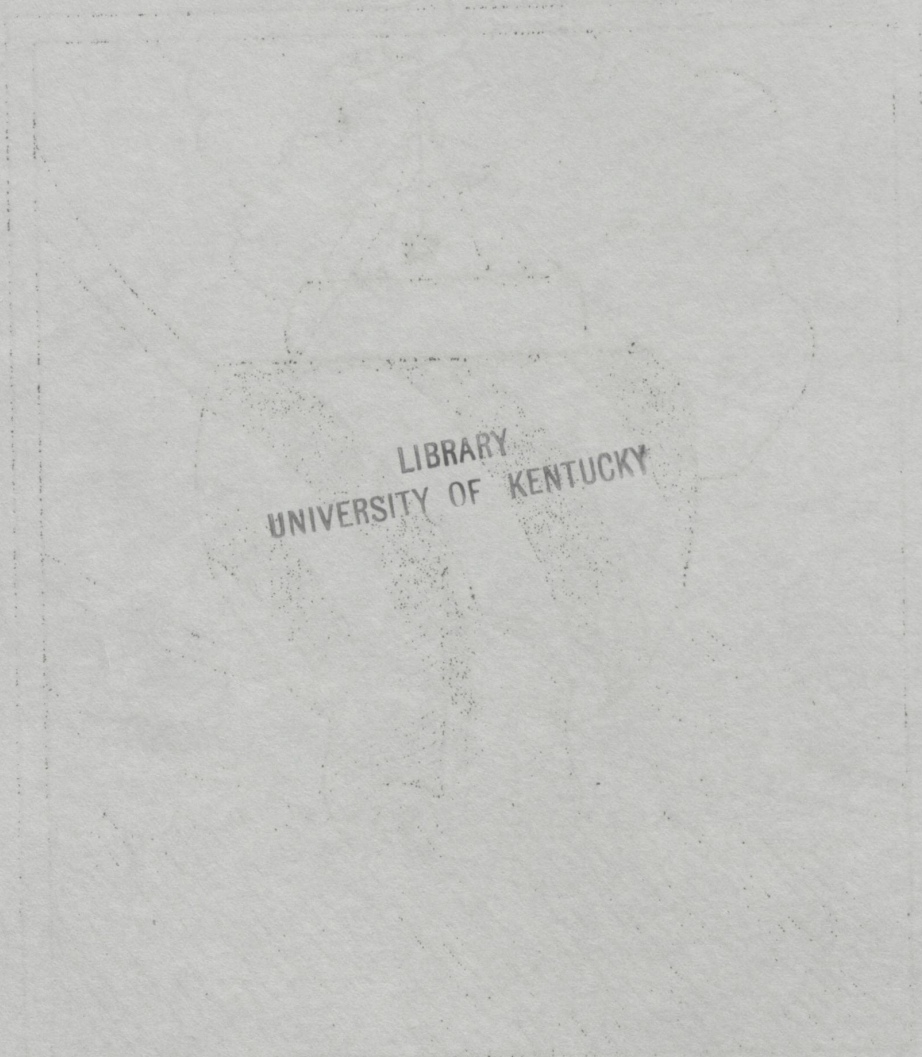
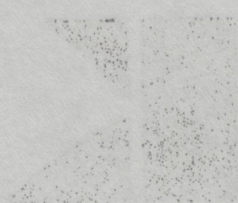
THE ARK



KENTUCKY TRANSIENT BUREAU
NOVEMBER-15- - - - 1934 - - - - NUMBER-6-
LEXINGTON, KY

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KENTUCKY TRANSIENT SERVICE BUREAU.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

LET'S UNDERSTAND
EACH OTHER.

You have a job now. You've signed up to work for Uncle Sam. The job will provide you with sleeping quarters, plenty to eat, clothing, medical attention, recreation, a dollar in cash each week to start, and the chance to meet some real fellows.

You will be required to work five hours a day, six days a week, as a minimum, and the job assigned to you will be within your ability. There's no charity attached to this - it's a Government work project designed to carry you over this depression period. You work for what you receive.

You may be sent out to one of the camps to work on a public work project, or assigned to work in the dormitory, kitchen, or dining room. If you have any special ability let your supervisor know of it. I may help you to get a better job and higher pay.

The rules are made for the good of all. You will be required to follow them the same as if you were working for private interests. Nothing will be done here to humiliate you - if you work in harmony with the system that has been established.

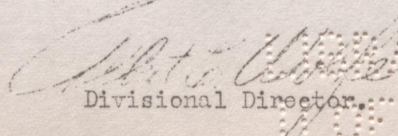
Read the bulletin boards at the Center. Read and contribute to the magazine which is published for your benefit. A copy will be given to you for the asking. Do your part in making this a worth while opportunity. If you are sincere in applying to this bureau for work, you will cooperate with us.

Certain precautions are necessary. Your clothing will be sterilized on admission to the Center, and persons with communicable diseases will be isolated. Cleanliness is a necessity here - same as in the Army or Navy.

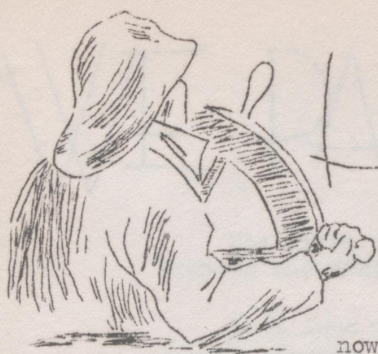
On leaving this office report directly to the Transient Receiving Center, 150 North Limestone Street, and present the card given to you, by the intake worker, to the clerk on duty. He will assign you to your quarters and acquaint you with the routine of the Center.

NOW IT'S UP TO YOU! BEST OF LUCK.

Cordially,


Divisional Director.

10334



HARD A' PORT

The ARK has been published monthly up until now, with about thirty pages to each issue. From now on the ARK will report twice a month, with 15 pages to each issue instead of the usual 30.

This policy will place us in line with the majority of bureau publications. Quite a number of the weekly magazines are adopting the semi-monthly policy, which gives them more time for the preparation of features and the gathering of news.

So we're off on the starboard tack, with all sail set, still searching for the Port of Peace and Prosperity. Lend a hand men - help work the ship - sing out from the lookout - all hands on deck - we're going places and we need your help. Dont hang back!

The ARK is published for the entertainment and inspiration of the men of the Lexington Transient Bureau, Lexington, Ky. The mimeograph stenciling and printing is done by and through the courtesy of the State Office of the Kentucky Emergency Relief Administration, Louisville, Ky.

The Transient Bureau as such, is not responsible, and does not agree with all the opinions that are expressed in this magazine, which is written by Transients for Transients.

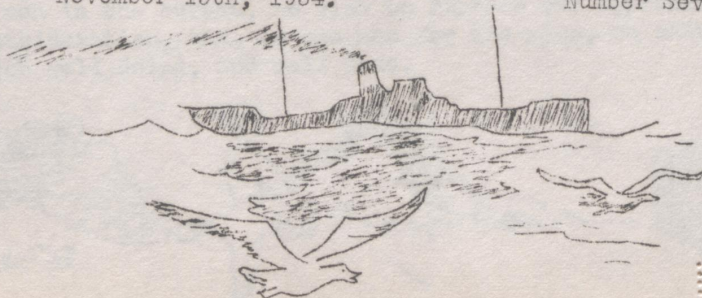
Editor
Frank Perry.

Artist
Walt. Schonemen.

LEXINGTON TRANSIENT SERVICE BUREAU
Lexington, Ky.

November 15th, 1934.

Number Seven.



"WE PAUSE to REVIEW"

The first issue of the ARK was published last June. Since we started the cruise many changes have occurred in the bureau.

Last June we had only the Center, with crowded sleeping quarters, scanty showers, no camps, no dentist, no radio, work projects limited to the Center, an average of 100 men daily, no transient magazine. The food, doctor's service, clean linen, are the same and we received from .90¢ to \$2.80 per week.

Today we have better organized sleeping quarters, good showers, a good dentist, a radio, a cooking school, transient staff at boarding houses, the impounded pay system, and the camp. We also have the same good food, doctor service, clean linen, and we receive from \$1.00 to \$3.00 per week, with many more men on the high rate scale of pay, and the medium of your expression - the ARK.

The clothing situation remains about the same. We have had two camps in operation which provided superior living conditions to the Center with it's dull routine, and today we have Camp Blue Licks, which started from a hurriedly constructed camp consisting of tents without floors and crude cooking accommodations, to the efficient place you see today.

The number of men on the rolls has increased from an average of 100 daily to more than twice that number but the Staff has been decreased. Last June the Staff consisted of 15 persons including the Doctor; today, more work is being done with a Staff of 11 persons all told. The clerical work and regular routine duties are being done in part by transients who have been with the bureau for months.

Back of all the activities stands Captain Albert C. Wolfe, our Divisional Director. He is the man who must take all the blame and all the credit for everything that happens in the bureau. His untiring efforts to improve conditions for the men deserve our commendations and thanks. Not a man in the bureau but can count on the Captain to go to the bat for him. He is always willing to give a transient a break.

In reviewing the past six months we find that conditions in the bureau have been constantly improving, and that the Captain is doing all that is humanly possible for us. Captain Wolfe, on behalf of the men in the bureau, we wish to express our appreciation of your consideration, and, as one man for the many, we salute you, for a job well doing, and well done.



OUT AT CAMP

Not a word from camp for a couple of weeks, and we had appointed Bill Campbell as the official reporter! We decided to go out there for a look see, and found Bill composing songs. That's a job in itself so we let it go. It was still early in the afternoon so we took a walk around to gather what news could be found lying around loose.

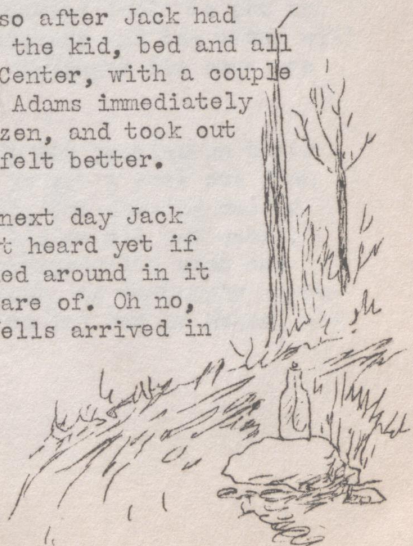
Here comes John Mohun who has charge of the stores and a thousand and one other things. He's the slickest looking bloke around camp, with his tie and khaki slacks and his sun hat all painted up to keep out the damp. Looks like a swaddy in India. Great guy. Carrying a riding crop now as the walking stick craze seems to have gone out of fashion. Says nothing happens out of the ordinary round here!

We noticed Walter Camp coming from behind a tent with a pair of oars. Said he had built himself a boat out of scrap lumber, so we went on down to the river to look that over. It was a damn good boat, but the river was muddy, so we refused the invitation to go fishing. Stubby, the camp Airedale pup had come along too, so we set off across the fields to look up a few rabbits, while Walter continued up the river to look for catfish and things. Not a thing in sight and no wonder!

When we got back to camp we met Bob Swafford with half a dozen nice fat rabbits he had shot that afternoon. Bob said he had a bee tree lined up that he was going to chop down Sunday - the better the day the better the honey - and we promised to go along. We have seen Bob cut down honey trees before, and we made up our minds that we would be quite a long way off by Sunday!

Jack Clark was in the hospital tent when we got down to his end of camp. He was prodding some kid in the stomach with his finger. The kid said he had the stomach ache, so after Jack had looked him over he called for the truck, threw the kid, bed and all into it, and away it went, forty miles to the Center, with a couple of willing helpers to hold the bed steady. Dr. Adams immediately got out his knife and fork, slit the kid's weazen, and took out an appendix a yard long. The kid then said he felt better.

That was a pretty good diagnosis, so the next day Jack sent another man in with tonsilitis. We haven't heard yet if Dr. Adams cut this chaps throat or just swooshed around in it with a swab, but we'll bet he was well taken care of. Oh no, nothing much happens around this camp! Lloyd Wells arrived in the offing so we got after him for news.



— OUT AT CAMP —

Lloyd Wells is helping Jack Clark - we don't know just what his official job is, but we do know that he is a good barber. He cut our hair for nothing, so we promised to advertise him! He was in the Center for a long while, then took a trip around the country, and finally came back home. Says he likes the camp just fine, and now has two chins. Blondie please note! There are two other barbers in camp - Professor Bickle and A.E. Mullens and they're good too. You pay your money and you take your choice!

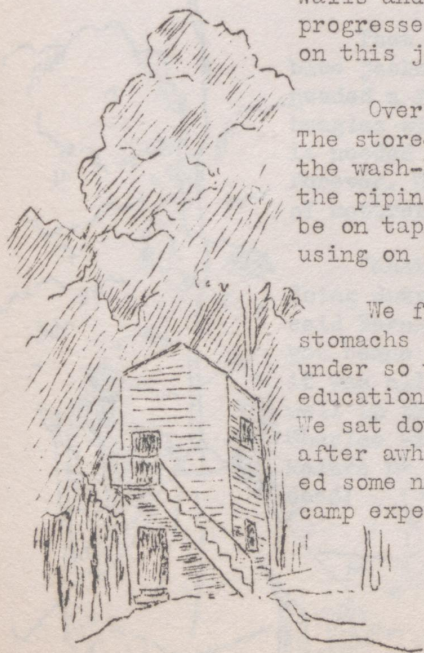
Of course we took a run down to the Big Hole where the new museum is being built, and found the hole all dug out and some relief workers busy pouring cement into forms to make the walls of the basement. Whitney was on the job across at the Auditorium where a stone retaining wall has been built behind the old rustic grandstand where the speakers stand and laud everybody on the days that they do the lauding.

Tons and tons of earth had been dug from a bank near the parking grounds and moved over in wheel barrows to fill up the hollow. A new grandstand will be built here under the supervision of Mr. Synder, the State Park Engineer. Quite a lot of new men were on the job, and some had gloves and some had varicose veins, and some had straw hats, but they were all doing one hell of a good days work if you should ask me.

The bungalow near the museum, on which quite a number of the old timers had put in a lot of work digging out the basement, was in a fair way to looking like a bungalow, with side walls and a front and back, but no roof. Things have certainly progressed out here during the last month. Relief workers are on this job too, mostly stone masons, and carpenters.

Over on the hill up at camp there was more activity. The store-room and cooling plant is still unfinished and so is the wash-house. Both are waiting on plumbers tools to put in the piping. Won't be long before hot showers and ice water will be on tap, and Mohun can put away the sandpaper the boys are using on Saturday nights at present!

We found a couple of strong sturdy men panting on their stomachs under the wash-house, trying to get a rock out from under so they could lay the drain pipes. The cussing was an education in itself, and the rock was big as all out doors. We sat down and watched them and sympathized with them and after awhile it came out just like a lamb. We certainly learned some new cuss words that we intend to try out on Mohun, the camp expert in such things.



~ OUT AT CAMP ~

We also took a look at the Soldiers Grave as we passed by, and found it had been cleaned up and planted with ever-green vines - probably been many years since it had received such treatment. The whole park is rapidly showing the effects of the work done by the men in camp, and if anybody ever has the nerve to state that transients wont work we shall take him by the back of the neck and bring him out here and rub his nose in the dirt. Even Lester Day works.

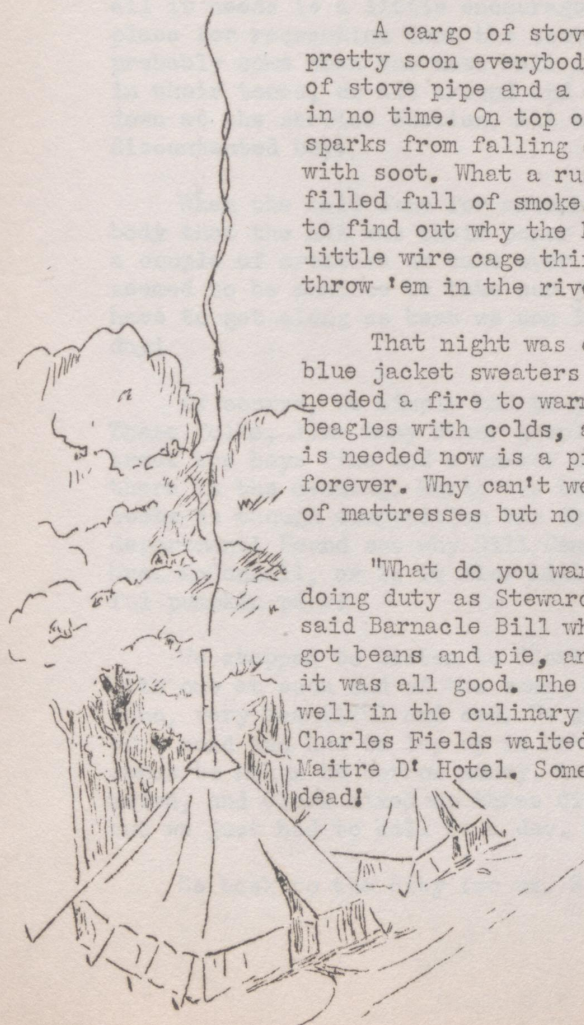
He still paints signs, and tin cups, and muscle shells, and table tops, and looks as fat and sassy as ever. F.E. Smith was tooting on his trumpet and giving heart palpitation to the boys down the hill who thought it was time to knock off work. They haven't quite got used to the practicing of Clark and Smith, and every time they hear a bugle, some of them chuck down their shovels and give Whitney the jitters.

Once Mohun blew a British mess call for the assembly - it's the only tune he can play well - but the boys assembled just the same. We are very informal out at camp, but dont get the idea that Clark and Smith cant toot the bugles. They can! It's just that we don't quite know what they are tooting!

A cargo of stoves for the tents arrived that evening, and pretty soon everybody was busy putting them up. Seven lengths of stove pipe and a dandy pot bellied stove that got cherry red in no time. On top of the pipe was a little wire net to prevent sparks from falling on the tents, and these soon got filled up with soot. What a rush then to knock them off as the tents filled full of smoke. Clark carried his stove out into the open to find out why the hell it smoked - before he discovered that little wire cage thing was the trouble. To hell with 'em - throw 'em in the river!

That night was cold and the stoves were very welcome. The blue jacket sweaters issued out to the men were alright, but it needed a fire to warm things up. Most of us were barking like beagles with colds, and the stoves came just in time. All that is needed now is a pillow for every cot and the boys would sleep forever. Why can't we have pillows? Plenty of blankets and plenty of mattresses but no pillows! Never satisfied!

"What do you want for supper?" asks Alfred Kirby who is doing duty as Steward. "Sugar and spice and all things nice" said Barnacle Bill who probably had his mind on other things! We got beans and pie, and beefstew, and cabbage, and macaroni, and it was all good. The cooks are still on the job and all seems well in the culinary department. Even the coffee was good, and Charles Fields waited on the tables with all the grace of a Maitre D' Hotel. Someday we shall tip him and he'll drop down dead!



— OUT AT CAMP —

"Passes, passes, who wants passes?" called out Lt. Crutcher from Headquarters tent that evening. All the gang going to school go out and come back on a single pass, which simplifies things. Everybody must have a pass to get out of the gates after six o'clock, and taps is at 9:30 P.M. Not many stay out after that hour unless they are going to the dance down at Blue Licks, or over to McConnells to listen to Otis play the organ. Most all go to bed early.

Lt. Crutcher has a hard time of these cold evenings in keeping warm as his tent is too small for a stove. He tried putting a lamp under a lard pail but that don't work. When it shows he and Mr. Dally who is camp supervisor, intend to build an igloo, or maybe get a couple of the camp's dogs to sleep with them. They are having a hard time of it while the rest of us sleep nice and warm on account of the stoves. They'll find a way!

Since Crown left there's nothing doing in the way of organized recreation. Somebody should come forward and get the boys together again and put on some shows. There's some good talent in camp, and all it needs is a little encouragement. The boys need a larger place for recreation than the tent now in use, but that will probably come when the mess hall is built. Most of them play cards in their tents, or sit around and yarn, or play the slot machine down at the service station. All work and no play makes Jack a discontented boy!

When the call came for assembly we made a speech, telling everybody that the ARK was their paper and won't please someone write us a couple of articles or take over the job of camp reporter. No one seemed to be anxious to take our job off our hands so we shall just have to get along as best we can it seems. Oh well, it was a nice day!

Of course, we simply had to go on over and see the McConnells. These folks, like many other people around Blue Licks, always treat the boys fine and a number of them can usually be found there in the evening. Marlo was there and so was Watson, and it looks as though competition has developed in the dishwashing department! Found out why Bill Campbell goes over there so often. Mrs. McConnell, or is it Miss Lillian, have been making some wonderful pumpkin pies!

We stopped to listen to Clark and Smith sound taps that evening. With one at each end of the camp, the effect was that of a double echo, very beautiful and sad. We got so damn sad we caught one hell of a cold and had to lay up in Mohun's bunk the next day. Everybody comes to Mohun to borrow money, to ask the time, to have their bed moved, and Clark mixed up three different kinds of pills for us, but we just had to call it a day. Too much excitement!

So back to the city for us. See you later fellows!



The TRANSIENT PRESS

Over 500 bureaus and camps have been established throughout the country during the past year. At least 150 publish their own weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly magazine, containing news and views of the bureaus, articles on current topics, and editorials discussing every phase of human existence.

Most of the magazines are mimeographed, and their circulations vary from 50 to 1200 copies, with 15 to 30 pages in each edition. In most cases the entire edition is the work of transients, including the mimeographing, and practically all of the bureaus exchange magazines. Many of them are censored by bureau officials before publication.

The government is not always right according to some of the papers, and criticism of bureau policies are frequently noted. Others laud bureau policies to the skies. The editors occasionally puncture each other with sarcastic wit, or praise a good piece of work as the mood claims them. Every topic under the sun is discussed at some time or other in a transient magazine.

What purpose do these magazines serve in the bureau scheme of things?. In the first place, a record is being made of the activities of the transients by themselves which is undoubtedly being carefully followed in Washington. With an uncensored press - and this press should be uncensored by an edict from Washington - an ever changing picture of transient life is being secured that must be of value to the government in watching the transient problem. A censored magazine is of no value to anyone except those immediately interested - usually officials of the bureau.

In the second place, the transients themselves are vitally interested in their magazines, including those from other bureaus and camps. The competition is keen between editors to produce the best in workmanship and readability. A dominant note in all these magazines is loyalty.

Loyalty to the Flag, to the United States, to the Government. It is expressed in a hundred ways through the pages of these magazines - and when homeless men, fighting their way through the worst depression in the history of this country can still be loyal, then the rest of the country may rest assured we are not on the way to perdition - or even approaching it.





LEAVES FROM THE LOG BOOK



The State of Washington, in conjunction with the States of Oregon and Idaho, hereby serves notice that all bureaus in these States will be closed to the registration of transients on Sundays from now on. In other words, transients will not be taken in on Sundays in the above States. You roamers will have to stay put over the week end where ever you happen to light - it seems this week end closing will soon be universal, it's being adopted by a number of States, including this bureau. It's a measure to halt the movements of transients from State to State. Kindly co-operate, say the Directors of all transient bureaus.

Ed. Reed has been shangied to the fourth floor and the boys sure miss him. If you haven't a Dad, he'll take you under his wing and give you words of advice and courage - even lend you a quarter or a half. He's a real sport - in fact, he's a Noble. Ed has lived a long and useful life and is a Civil Engineer and a good one. More power to him.

"The misery of an old man is of interest to nobody" says an important insurance company in one of it's full page ads depicting an old and broken man on his way to the poorhouse. It's a lie - we can prove it by Sergeant Smith. Just watch that so called hard boiled ex-sergeant of Marines when an old and feeble man is checked into the bureau. We've got your number, Sergeant!

Miss Perkins has done and gone and left. No more case worker for Sergeant Smith, no more borrowing money until payday, no more flowers for Lester Day. We miss you, but we'll be seeing you around the town.

THE LOG BOOK

Ed. Montford writes that he is in California working in a cafe washing dishes - coffee and cakes and five dollars per.

Why does Jerry O'Day carry those gloves around we all want to know? He never wears them. Maybe it's because of that manicure!

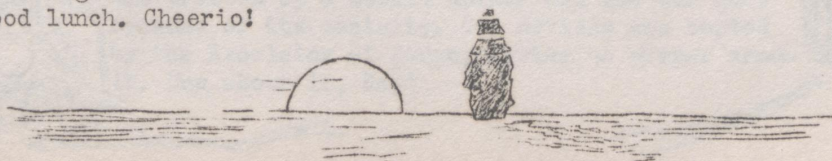
Walt Schonemen, the ARK illustrator, spent a day and a half out at camp drawing pictures of camp life for a portfolio. He's pretty darn good and uses his head in figuring out designs to put in the ARK. Spends considerable time at the University of Kentucky looking up all the books he can find in the Library on art and kindred subjects.

Not that it matters to us - but we read somewhere that Stalin, the Boss Man of Russia, lives in a small apartment formerly occupied by one of the Czar's servants, and receives the maximum salary paid a Communist in Russia, about \$140.00 a month.

Ed. Brady, formerly Art Editor of the ARK, and Mac, his confederate in figures, are the two bright headed boys around the bureau these days. You can see their halo's if you look closely. They dug in and got out the monthly reports at a time when things were going tough on account of shortage of help on the Staff. The Captain wrote 'em a letter of appreciation and they're wearing it next to their B.V.D.'s, proud as peacocks. They're a couple of good guys, really!

What is the Deacon doing around the office so much these past few days? Some say he is getting transportation home, but when we asked him where his home was he replied "Heaven is my home". Sorry Deacon, we cant guarantee you a safe trip and you'll be lonesome. Better let's fix you up for the other place - we're all going there pretty soon by all account.

Miss Atkins has just got through sweeping up in her office sanctum - they chopped the room up and moved the partitions around so all the brain trusters can be together. She found a blue marble, and she doesn't know it yet but we found a quarter where the old shelving stood - and we went around to Mrs. Costillia's and had a good lunch. Cheerio!



THE LOG BOOK

Miss Perryman has been keeping track of the number of men coming before her with a college education. So far this month only three have qualified. Of course, lots of the men who register never tell the truth, but she is not easily fooled in spite of her soft way of talking, and she generally gets the right dope. We thought the percentage would be higher from looking around the bureau!

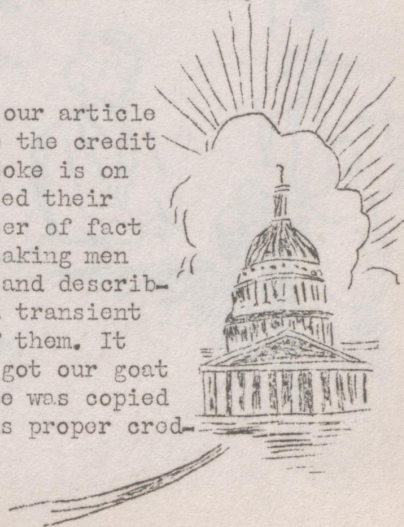
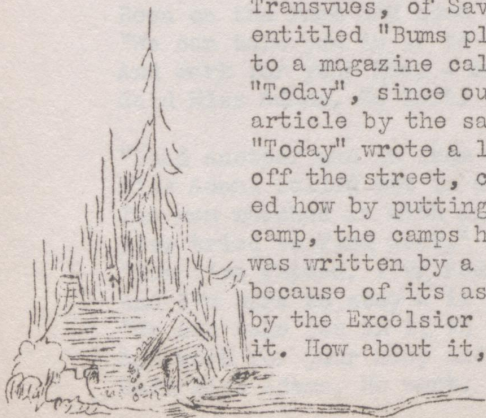
Some men thrive on hardships. Franklin dined on a small loaf in his printing office, Locke lived on bread and water in a Dutch garret, Gideon went barefoot in the snow, Lincoln and Garfield went through untold hardships and misery on their way to the White House - and we raise hell if we have beans too often!

Allen Overman has almost discovered a way to pick out winners! He says if your girl's name is Jean Marie and you can find a horse running by that name - then that horse is a safe bet! Our girl's names always appear in the "also ran" class, but maybe it's the horse's fault. We can vouch for the girls being O.K.

Herman Keding can speak in seven languages. He can say "No", and that's more than a lot of guys can when somebody says "Let's go out and get blotto." Drunkenness goes in spells around this bureau, and it takes a good man to keep his feet on the ground these days. That's something Herman can do and we like him for it.

John Carroll is kicking his heels around the Center these days but we think he is slated for a good job at the new camp when the new camp comes into being. He deserves it. Nothing definite as we write. He's another sober guy and long as Limestone St. He adores those radio programs we think are lousy. If he didn't talk so darn loud we could hear what he has to say - and we love to kid him. Says he's going to get even with us. Ha! Ha!

Transvues, of Savannah, Ga., copied our article entitled "Bums plus Work." and gave the credit to a magazine called "Today". The joke is on "Today", since our article criticised their article by the same name. As a matter of fact "Today" wrote a lousy story about taking men off the street, calling them bums, and described how by putting them to work in a transient camp, the camps had made men out of them. It was written by a social worker and got our goat because of its assinity. Our article was copied by the Excelsior of Fargo, giving us proper credit. How about it, Ray?



THE LOG BOOK

Nevadan, of Reno, prints this one and we think it's good!
Caseworker: "Let me see, what did you say your name was?"
Lady : "Kettle is the name, sir."
Caseworker: "Ah, What a peculiar name!"
Lady : (In vexation) "Yes, yes."
Caseworker: "Then there is a male Kettle? Are there any little Kettles?"
Lady : (Unable to hide her impatience at the continual play on her name) "Oh yes sir. There are five little Kettles, three with spouts!"

Jack Clark, Dr. Adams medical aide out at camp, and his accomplice, Lloyd Wells, sat in the hospital tent wondering how to play poker without cards. They finally made up a deck out of "case histories" in the files. Jack dealt, and they studied their hands. "What you got?" asked Jack. "I've got three CC pills, and two enemas," said Wells, "what you got, Jack?" "You win," said Clark, "all I've got is three sprains, a cut and a bruise. Take the pot, you'll need it."

Mrs Paris, at school the other night, to Chas. Fields - who was there by accident: "How would you define a transparent object?" "It's a object you can see through," said Fields. "For instance?" asked Mrs Paris. Fields, after much thought: "A doughnut."

Ray Blade, to Bill Newell: "Have you heard the story of the Egyptian guide who showed a tourist two skulls of Tutankhamen, one when he was a boy, and one when he was a man?" Bill Newell: "No, let's hear it."

Miss Adams called out in a voice sublime,
"Send another man in from the end of the line."
The man strolled in all tattered and torn,
His weak chin trembling and his voice forlorn.
"Lady, I ain't ate a thing for over a week,
Been on the road and some eats I seek."
"We can take you in if to camp you'll go,
And work for your keep - or out you go."
Said Miss Adams. He left!



"Send another man in from the end of the line."
Miss Adams called out in a voice sublime.
The man marched in with his head held high,
I've tried to find work," he said with a sigh,
"But I've failed. I've heard of the bureau
And I'm here to stay - if you'll have it so."
"We can take you in if to camp you will go,
And work for your keep and a dollar or so."
Said Miss Adams. He went.

God Bli'me you should have seen our editor of the "ARK," "Prince Perry." He came in last night decked out in "a pair of riding breeches, khaki shirt, and hip boots." If we were acquainted with Al. Smith we would borrow one of his brown derbies and the picture would then be complete. The next thing we expect is to hear that he has asked Captain Wolfe to provide him with a horse so he will be able to ride around Camp Blue Licks Battleground on his visits there and so compete with his more illustrious "cousin" the Prince of Wales.



This page was numbered $11\frac{1}{2}$ and slipped in on the Editor.

The BEND in the ROAD

I am a lonely rambler,
Going from town to town,
Looking for a resting place,
A spot to lay me down.

(Chorus)

Oh, what will I find,
At the bend of the road?
Will it be a happy home,
And a place of abode?
Will I find a sweetheart,
Will my troubles end?
What will I find,
Just around the bend?

Sorrows seem to be my lot,
My troubles never end.
I'm just looking for a home,
Just around the bend.

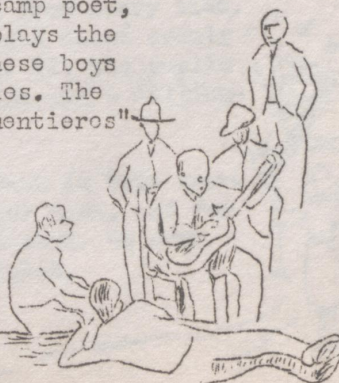
Once I had a happy home,
Just the same as you.
Once I had a sweetheart,
Who was good and true.

But now they have forgotten,
I'm so lonely in this road.
I'll try to find happiness,
At the bend in the road.

--W.C. Campbell
Camp Blue Licks.

The above song with music is a product of our camp poet, Bill Campbell. Together with Fred Warren, who plays the guitar in a manner to make your heart bleed, these boys are setting the woods on fire with their melodies. The song has more verses than "Madamoselle from Armentieros" - but in a different strain.

It's a great camp fire favorite with the boys.
- so we've heard.



SCHOOL NEWS...

It's just a country schoolhouse, with a big stove, kerosene lamps, and black cat's faces pasted on the window shades - but about twenty men from Camp Blue Licks have a swell time there five nights a week learning all about history, geography, and many other things from Mrs Lillian H. Paris, the school mistress.

Not all the pupils are from Camp Blue Licks. There's 69 persons on the rolls, of all ages and sexes and they come from miles around. Everybody sits on benches, and sometimes the discussions are very informal. You can smoke if you wish and ask all manner of questions. Once, when Mrs Paris was explaining about the "Old Masters" by means of reproductions of famous paintings, the questions got around to Admiral Burd by way of the "Madonna"!

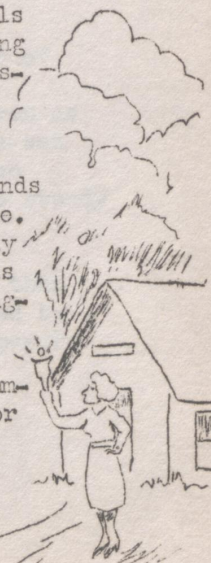
One of the Camp boys, Evans, took up part of one evening with a number of questions of his own devising that went over our heads, and just when we were getting an inferiority complex, Mrs Paris came to our rescue by reciting the poem "The Wreck of the Hesperous". After that came the lesson in pictures and then more discussions. It was a very entertaining evening, and we all acquired much miscellaneous information in a very pleasant way.

This is a FERA school, open in the evenings from 6:30 to 9:00 to the boys from the camp. Their attendance has been pretty regular considering, and to some of them the school is quite an experience. The school is conducted more in the manner of a Forum, and the subjects covered include pretty near everything. No backward scholars here - everybody on their toes looking for knowledge and information.

The roll grows nightly. With ages from 16 to 70, the pupils find something to interest them every evening. Some of the pupils are married, and the children amuse themselves by drawing amazing objects on the blackboards in the semi-darkness while the discussions are going on among their elders. Education is in the air!

Much interest is shown by the local people whenever one of the camp boys gives his version of life and customs in other lands as he has seen it, and questions come in rapidly from every side. The average attendance nightly is about 35, divided about evenly between the men from the camp and local citizens. All the pupils are enthusiastic, with a fine thirst for knowledge and a willingness to co-operate.

This school is really filling a long felt want in this community, and Mrs Paris is to be congratulated on her tact, and for the efficient manner in which the school is conducted. Go down and see her some evening follows, and get acquainted.



Chronic Drifters

In reference to our opinion regarding refusing admission to chronic drifters, we have this to say:

The bureaus have two policies apparently - run them as free hotels where men can stay one night and receive supper, bed, and breakfast; allowing the men to continue on to another bureau without doing a stroke of work - or men must agree to go out to camp and work for his bed and board and a dollar or so a week.

When the bureaus are run as free hotels they encourage transiency, encourage begging on the streets for money to buy tobacco and other necessities, encourage thieving from the inmates to obtain a few dimes for stolen clothing. Many transients have been in dozens of bureaus and their comments to other inmates of the bureau induce transiency in men who would be content to stay.

Our experience with the chronic transient is that he is a nuisance to the caseworker; usually a thief, a drunk, and a troublemaker. The transient who legitimately wishes a night's shelter, and is definately going some place to secure a job or to return home is a rara avis indeed.

On the other hand, the transient who is willing to go to camp will receive fair treatment and companionship among a better class of men than the chronic transient to be found around the Shelter nightly, and will acquire regular habits of working and living, and incidentally, through the impounded pay system, a chance to save a little money that will be a great help in finding employment when the time comes.

For the reasons outlined above, we are in favor of refusing admission to the transients who persist in roaming over the country. If the bureaus are to be run as free hotels - then separate accommodations should be set up for the chronic transient - preferably in a police station. This opinion is held by the majority of the steady working men of the bureau.

When men are afforded every facility to enable them to roam at will over the countryside, being supported by the government in the meanwhile - no wonder the taxpayers are crying "Do away with the Transient Bureau".



"CASE DISMISSED"

Once upon a time we had a Council of the Mysterious Three in the Center who passed judgement upon the misdeeds of the clients of the bureau.

It was a flop for several reasons. The charges brought were trivial - merely a variation of tattle tales - we wrote the council up in the July issue of the ARK. The council is now as dead as the Dodo.

The same procedure has been tried out at Camp with about the same results. A flare up of trivial cases and then - no more.

It was a commendable idea but it will not work. It won't work because the judges inherit the resentment of the victims. It won't work because the cases are trivial - all major cases are pre-judged and chocked out. The only purpose it serves is to create friction.

We hate to admit those facts. We know that Captain Wolfe is vitally interested in the ability of the clients to govern themselves as much as possible in their everyday life and conduct.

But a transient bureau or camp is not a university campus or an army barracks. There's no substantial background, and no comparison of values to be obtained. Men come and go - so do the Staff, and there you are!

We have talked the matter of courts and councils over with a number of the men, and the general opinion seems to be - let the judging be done by the proper authorities, and let that authority be a member of the Staff, not a transient. Then all men will abide by the result.

Most of the troubles in camp or bureau are caused by the drunks, the drifters, the won't works, the agitators. Find a way to keep them out of the bureau - they are easily found out after they are in and it's up to the non coms to report them. That seems to be the opinion of the majority of the men.

And that's that, it seems!





GOOD SHOTS THAT HIT THE MARK



"I am a Transient"	Gulf Scream, Mobile, Ala.	No.4
"America's Greatest Paper Speaks"	New Deal News, Phoenix, Ariz	No.7
"Classified Ads."	Sea Gull, Gulfport, Miss.	No.32
"Why the Discrimination?"	Transient Bulletin, Lordsburg, N.M.	No.30
"Immigrants & Emigrants"	Excelsior, Fargo, N.D.	No.11
"Editorial"	Stops & Dashes, Greenville, S.C.	No.9
"Tale of a Transient"	Chinzup, Blackstone, Va.	No.12
"Caseworkers"	Voice, Montgomery, Ala.	No.9
"Library Stuff"	Sextant, Camp Weaver, N.C.	No.1
"Cactus News" (All of it)	Austin, Texas	Oct 1st
"In the Beam"	Lighthouse, La.	No.5
"What are we coming to"	Transients Echo, Savage, Minn.	No.4
"A Brief Short Story"	Oriole, Baltimore, Md.	No.22
"Wandering Youth"	New Deal News, Phoenix, Ariz.	No.9
"I'm a Bum"	Blackforester, Col.	No.35
"Editorial"	Transient Times, Little Rock.	No.29
"Problem of Entertainment"	Melting Pot, Spartanburg, N.C.	No.28
"Reconcilliation"	Bureau Journal, Salisbury, N.C.	No.21
"Allo Kood"	Hotel DeMinto Revue, Salem, Ore.	No.7
"What are we?"	Davenreporter, Davenport, Io.	No.7
"Outline of Mankind"	Blackforester, Col.	No.36
"Votes for Transients"	Voice, Montgomery, Ala.	No.11
"Alki" (All of it)	Alki, Seattlo, Wash.	No.5
"Editorial"	Novadan, Reno. Nev.	No.3
"Ho's a Bum"	Leader, Rapid City, S.Dak.	No.16

There they are fellows; the best articles, stories, cartoons, and wise cracks that have come in so far this month. You'll find them out at camp in the recreation room.

