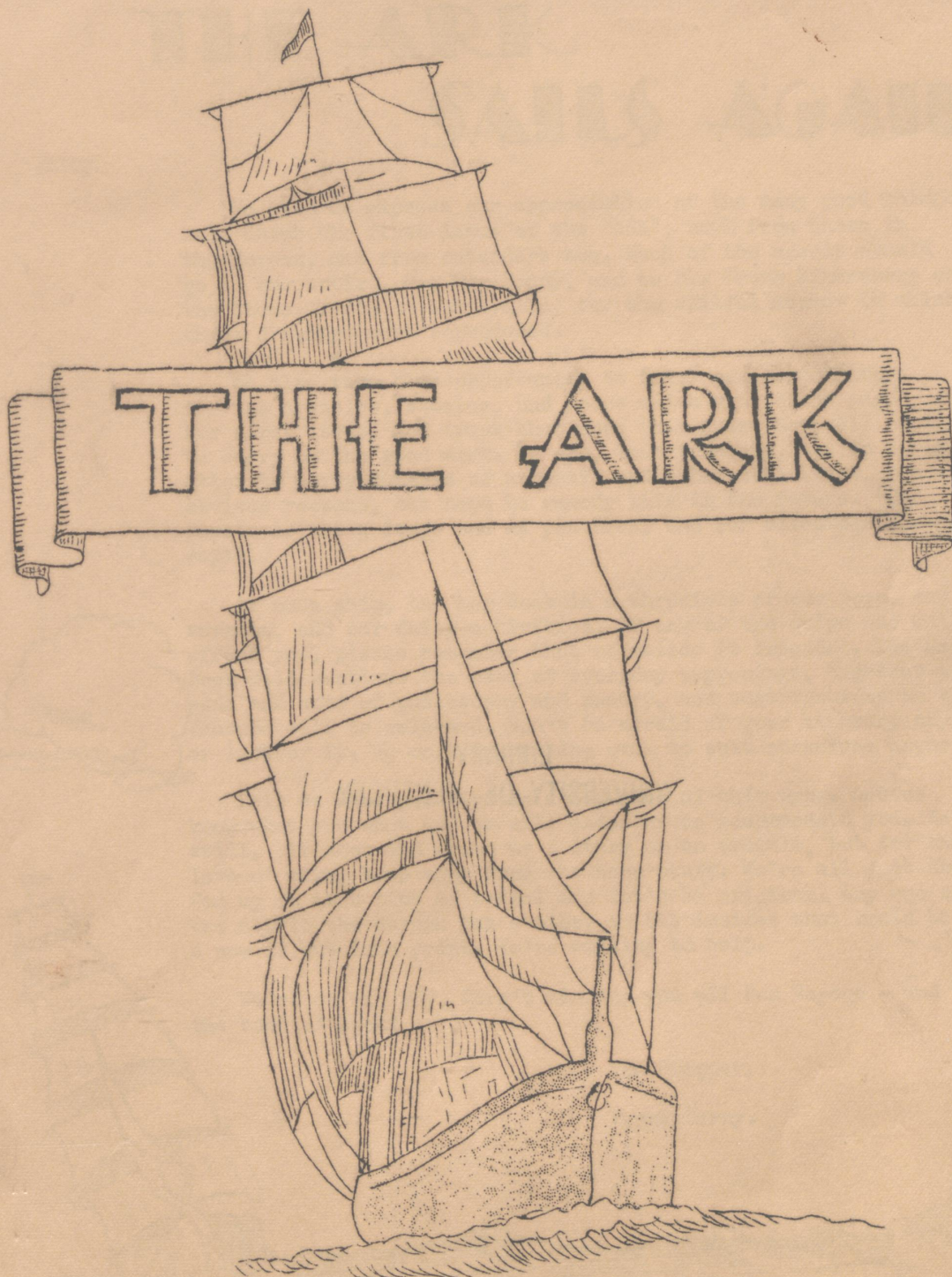
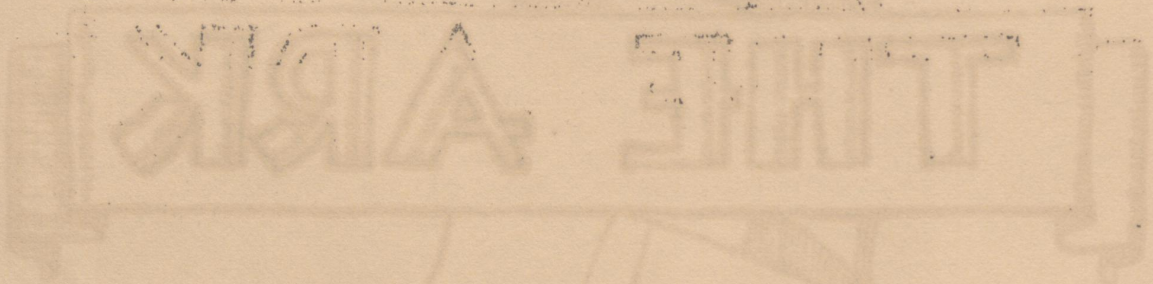
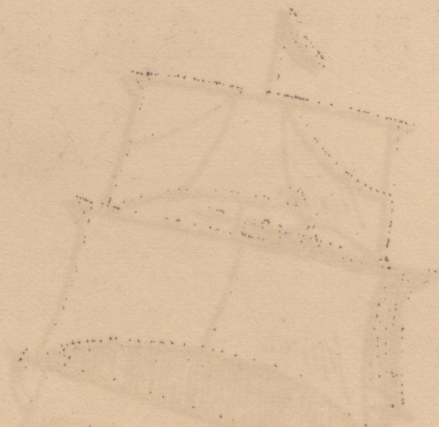




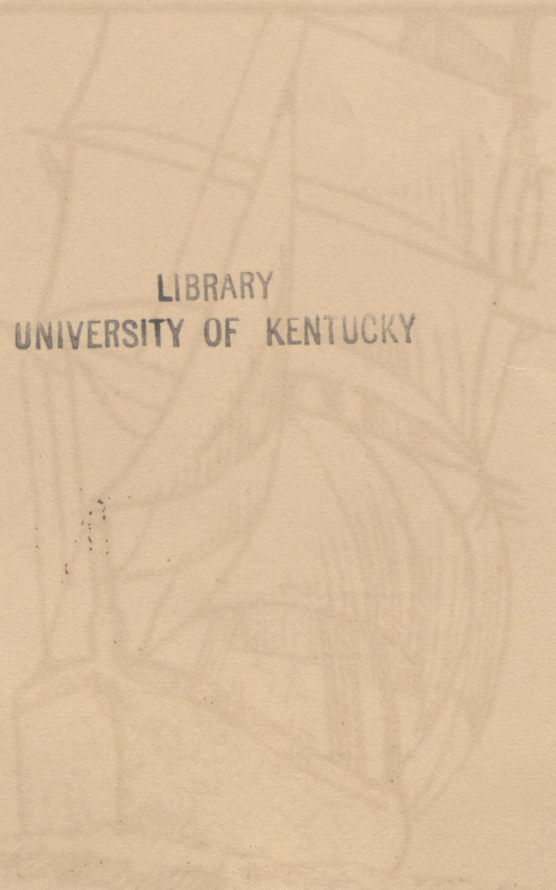
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THE ARK SAILS AGAIN!

We wish to express our appreciation of the many good things said about the first issue of the "ARK", both from those in the Bureau, and from outsiders too. Much of the credit should go to our artist, Mr. Ed. Brady, and to Mr. Frank Linkenberg of the State Office at Louisville, for the skilful manner in which these drawings were reproduced.

We also take this opportunity to thank our contributors for the articles, stories, and poems which graced the pages of our first issue, and trust that more than ever they will continue to carry on the good work. We are, unfortunately, not in a position to carry details of athletic and other activities, for obvious reasons, but hope to remedy this in the future. Our Bureau is not a large one as you know, and our clientele changes rapidly.

As on a ship, the Log Book is a chronicle of our joys, our sorrows, and our daily activities. If any of the quips and sallies offend you, please remember that no malice is intended. The Log Book will continue the news of everyday happenings, together with odds and ends of philosophy and poetry, and contributions to this feature will be welcomed. Don't be afraid of your literary style or lack of it. We work everything over to suit ourselves anyhow!

Tell us what you like in a magazine of this type. Let us know what you want and we will endeavor to accommodate you. Better still, sit down and write us a story or an article, but for the love o' miko, keep away from the hobo stuff. We're all just about fed up on that line of trips! And let's be original. Any one of the men in the Bureau has a story in his insides that would be a wow if put into print. We're willing to help.

We're on our way. Here's wishing you all Bon Voyage - and the best o' luck!

The Skipper,

Frank Perry.

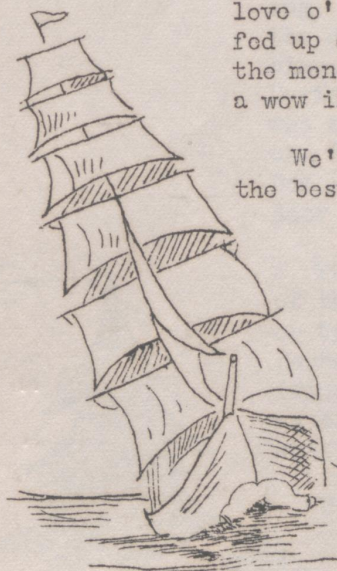
Frank Perry
Editor.

Edw. Brady
Illustrator.

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

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FOR THE NEW MEN

The unemployment problem is just as much a reality here as elsewhere, and hundreds of local men and women daily walk the streets vainly looking for work that cannot be found. Because of this condition, Transients are discouraged from seeking employment here. There are few opportunities for a stranger to become absorbed into the local life of Lexington.

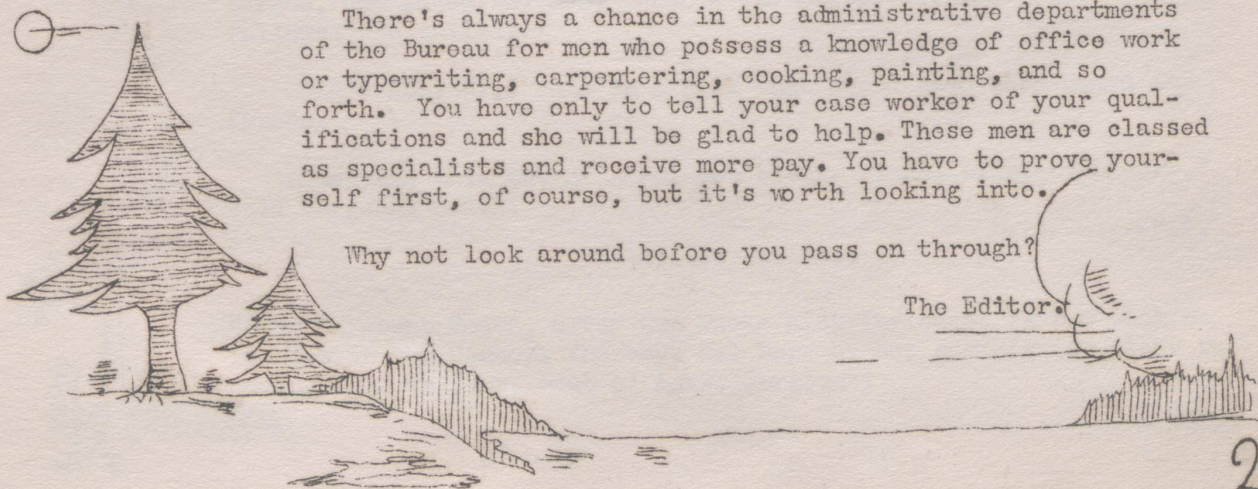
We find that about 50% of those who register here stay only 24 hours or less. To these men we should like to make a suggestion. Camp Roosevelt, located near Paducah for young men between the ages of 15 and 21, is the best thing yet. It has a splendid location, new buildings, and 300 acres of grounds; with a swimming pool, tennis courts, and other outdoor sports. You will have a chance to learn a trade and equip yourselves for the future in a good job. It's a real opportunity, and worth looking into. Photographs in the lobby of the main office will give you some idea of the surroundings. Some restrictions and qualifications necessary for your own protection, of course. See Miss Adams or Captain Wolfe about this.

For the older men there's Camp Pakuneki, situated about twenty miles from here on the Kentucky River. It's a Boy Scout Camp, with a large mess hall and small cabins, way out in the country, with plenty of time for fishing, swimming, boating, and other sports. The general maintenance of the camp and road takes up about 30 hours a week of your time, and you will find a regular bunch of fellows out there. During July, the camp will be moved to Georgetown, where the men will build a couple of dams. Something to do with the Fish Conservation people we understand, not a Boulder Dam project! Good swimming and fishing, and plenty of outdoor sports too.

There's always a chance in the administrative departments of the Bureau for men who possess a knowledge of office work or typewriting, carpentering, cooking, painting, and so forth. You have only to tell your case worker of your qualifications and she will be glad to help. These men are classed as specialists and receive more pay. You have to prove yourself first, of course, but it's worth looking into.

Why not look around before you pass on through?

The Editor.



VALEDICTORY

The shrill blast of a whistle echoed through the woodlands of Camp Pakuneki. From all directions the men came running, to fall into line on a level spot behind the mess hall. Sergeant Smith's face was a study in grim lines.

"Men," said the Sergeant in an even voice, "I have news for you. On the Doctor's orders I have tendered my resignation to Captain Wolfe, and I expect to be relieved within a day or so. You have been good workers; you have never complained even though you had good cause at times, as when the commissary supplies were delayed, and when the opening days at camp were trying to all of us. I wish you all the best of luck. Carry on, men."

But not a man moved! Each was thinking of the times when Sergeant Smith had helped out in the little things that mean so much - a cigarette here - a few dimes there - the cheery remark that revives the spirit of the downcast - the absolute fairness of the Sergeant in all things.

They were thinking of the man who had carried on through more than thirty years in the Marines, the man who could obey as well as command. The man who could hold the respect of a crowd of men gathered together from all parts of the country, from all walks in life; men of all ages; and without the restraining regulations of the army at his back, had welded together an efficient unit that regarded everything as part of the day's work; to be endured without complaint and without praise unless well deserved. Not a man in the ranks but felt as though he were losing a friend and a counselor.

"Barnacle Bill" stepped forward one pace from the ranks and saluted. "May I speak a few words on behalf of the men Sergeant?" he requested. "Carry on," said Sergeant Smith.

"We hate to see you go Sergeant," said "Barnacle Bill." "We shall miss that whistle of yours and the way you blow it. We shall miss the way you bawl us out - we shall miss the sulphurous salutation to the laggard and the guy who tries to get in good." He hesitated; turned, and faced the men. "What's the matter with Sergeant Smith, fellows?" he called.

"HE'S ALRIGHT," came in a yell that could have been heard in Tyrone.

"Get the hell out of here, you blank, blank, blankety blanks," said Sergeant Smith.

--F.P.

Note: Sergeant Smith, after two weeks sick furlough, is now back on the job at the Center. The boys all hope he can see his way clear to coming back to Camp. Best o' luck, Sergeant!



Drifting Ghosts of the Past

They call us Transients as they pass us/by,
And little we know of the future;
Transients we all may be yet heading the same,
Down to the end of the Trail;
Life, with it's treasures and sorrows leaves us
Harried and haunted.

Like wraiths from the tombs of the dead and forgotten
. Such are we of today;
Sleeping like embers of burning coals under the ashes
of life - forgotten and gone;
Crooping steadily onward towards the goal of Death
Drifting ghosts of the past.

Once across life's pages we wrote a message there
In scarlet and gold of fame;
But Death in his race with Time across Life
Marked us as his own;
Living as men who have died and yet no place
To lay down and call it ended.

Onward we drift in hell's darkest torture yet living
In dreams of the past;
The living world floats before us as we reach out
Cold clutching hands;
To mirages of faces passing unknown endlessly onward
Strange and unseeing.

Hear us, the marching feet of ghosts from the past
Drifting along to oblivion;
The endless wandering of men without souls helpless
In the maelstrom of life;
Caught in the sweep of the tide of eternity
Drifting ghosts of the past.

--F.P.



TOMORROW

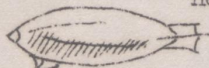


From the dim past of half forgotten yesterdays, we see the silent shapes of men who once were the powerful leaders of life and commerce; but today are only the slowly drifting ghosts of former glories, drifting aimlessly toward the defeat of death.

With their passing we shall see great changes. Few other points within the memory of mankind will be as great a change as this earth will witness in the coming days; and those who have the power and courage to face this hardest test of humanity can rightly be called worthy of the title "MAN."

The weaker and less progressive will be left behind - classed again as in the Middle Ages - slaves to those who rule them. A new type of Universe will come into existence; one of science overshadowing superstition. Many and varied religions will disappear, and a new religion, based on actual fact found to be true by science, will take a firmer hold; casting aside as useless what we have all believed because someone told us so. Today, the trend towards a thing being proven before it is accepted will help this change.

Government of nations will give way to one Universal Government, with a language welding into one the many fragments that at present exist. Like the pure metal that is poured from the crucible; so will this new nation pour forth from the melting pot of humanity, cleaner and stronger than the mass that entered; the waste cast aside never to be used again.



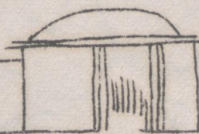
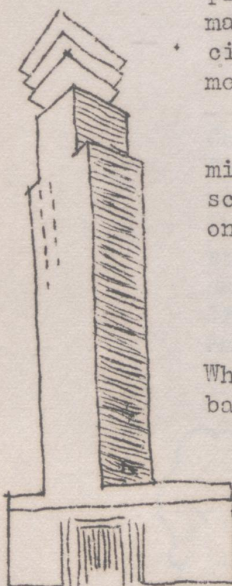
War will be a thing of the past due to the welding of nations, brought about by the councils of the women of the world. Women will play a much larger part in the new universe than ever before, and marriage as we know it today will cease to exist with the full emancipation of womankind. They will lead in the fields of science and medicine, with an equal footing in the councils of mankind.

The human being will emerge from the present chaos cleaner in mind and body than ever before. Under the able direction of medical science, the unfit will be destroyed, leaving only the clean to carry on the work of reproduction.

Li Ming Darcy
Camp Pakuneki.



What ! No changes in the work of reproduction Li? No test tube babies? Well, well, - that's good news!





The Low Down

News item from "The Kentucky City" for June, 1934: "Installation in the Police Bureau of Records and Identification of a new system of fingerprinting of prisoners, known as the Harry Battley Single Print System has begun. Louisville is one of the first cities in the United States to install it."

The Captain of the Police Force looked out of the window. A truck, loaded with boxes and crates, had drawn up to the entrance of the station house, and the expressman was busy unloading.

"Whatta ya got, Bill?" asked the Police Captain. The expressman peered at the labels. "Some stuff from New Scotland Yard. Looks like a lot of finger printing dope to me. Goin' to finger print everybody in town? Gosh, but these things are heavy." He grunted as he lifted a heavy case. With the combined efforts of the entire police force, the shipment was soon in the station house.

"Hey, lend a hand here," called the Captain to his Lieutenant, "let's look this over and see what we have. Here's a book "Why, Where, and How to Fingerprint." What does it say?"

The Lieutenant looked the shipment over. "Looks pretty good to me, but we aint got nobody to finger print much around here. We gotta have somebody to practice on you know. Aint no good going down to the jail house and finger printing them guys. We got the goods on them anyhow."

The officers went into a conference. "Do you think we could get the whole town to come around and be finger printed?" said the Captain. "Holy Smoke, that's an order," answered the Lieutenant. "Say, what about those guys over in the Transient Bureau. They would do to start with, and we might pick up a couple of bums to pay for the trouble. Suppose we go over there and see the boss."

"The Boss" was not much in favor of the idea, it seemed. "You see, Captain, it's this way. This Bureau is a part of the Rehabilitation Program, not a clearing house for police activities. I don't see why we should turn these men over to you to finger print. In most cases, they are working men out of a job, and they come here only as a last resort. There's about two million others just like them in this country, and that's a lot of people. Better let us handle this in our own way. If we turn it over to you, you'll be down here every time something happens, photographing and measuring, and getting the place a bad name. These fellows are'nt like old time bums; they're in a different class,

--cont'd.



THE LOW DOWN

they're working for what they get, and they don't complain. There isn't a crook in a carload as far as I can see, and if there was, and he's not wanted by the police, he's better off here trying to get back on his feet than being chased all over the country, driving him back into crime. So long, Captain. Hope you see the point."

The officers went back to the station house to figure out a new angle. "That guy's tough," said the Captain. "Let's go down and see the Editor of the "ARK". Maybe he can figure something out." They found the Editor busy as usual, doing his best to guide public opinion through the editorial columns, printing all the news that's fit to print, and leaving out all the news that would be detrimental to the interests of the "advertisers", as editors will, all the world over!

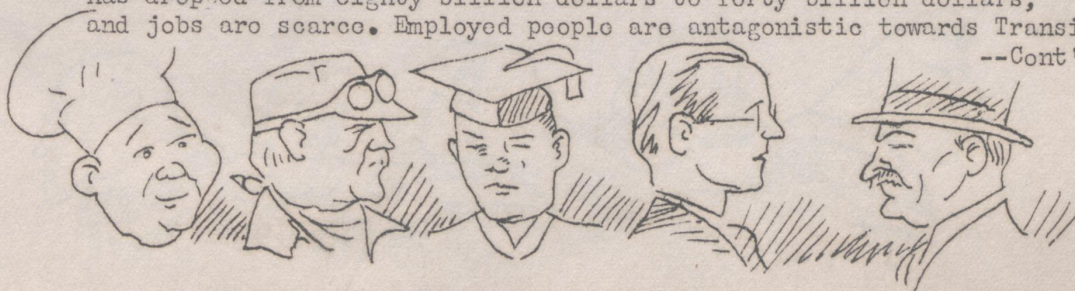
He listened to their story. "So you want to practice on the fellows in the Transient Bureaus, Eh? Well boys, that's O.K. by me, but let's analyze the situation. We have about five thousand citizens from our State looking for work in other States, and about the same number from other States looking for work here. I guess there's about two million men jumping around the country right now, and they don't stand a ghost of a chance of getting a job."

"I've been around some of these Bureaus and talked to the men. They work just as hard for a dollar a week as the CCC boys do for a dollar a day. Day in and day out they go through the same routine, no friends except among their own kind, no home life or comforts, they live according to rules and regulations, and they eat and wear what is given them. They behave themselves on the whole about as well as the rest of the population, and you won't find many bums among them. A bum won't work thirty hours a week for his keep and a dollar; he can bum that much in an hour any evening. In my opinion these fellows deserve credit for carrying on and not rocking the boat."

"As for these Bureaus being a haven for criminals, criminals don't mix with these fellows. In the first place, these men haven't the inclination to steal, they would rather work for a living; but if a man does go wrong, he usually goes wrong in a big way through desperation. The percentage of men in this class is small; the criminal usually starts something before he ever gets into a Transient Bureau. They have a habit of checking up on the men in a bureau, and it isn't long before they have the low down on them. The rule seems to be that a man can stay as long as he behaves himself, and I can't see anything wrong in that."

"These men are victims of a condition over which they have no control, and for which they are not to blame. The national revenue has dropped from eighty billion dollars to forty billion dollars, and jobs are scarce. Employed people are antagonistic towards Transients

--Cont'd.



THE LOW DOWN

being located in their midst. The local unemployed are a sufficient menace to the stability of their jobs."

"What has been done so far for these Transients is only an experiment; a blind groping for a solution to a problem that will be with us for some time. Remember, these Transients are classed as unattached men, men without families, and they are footloose for that reason. Under present conditions, they can't find work no matter where they go, and we should face that fact. They will not stay at home to live on friends and relatives, hence they take to the road."

"In my opinion, they should be put to work on public projects similar to the CCC, away from the cities, at work of which they are capable of doing, and be paid in accordance to the value of this work to the community. To expect those men to do routine work around a Transient Center for a dollar a week and their keep, and be satisfied, is asking too much of human nature. We are a constructive people - and must be constructively employed to be contented."

"After the labor market has become active, these Transients could be returned to their home States, to their home towns, to their own localities. The National Reemployment Agencies could be used as a barometer of labor conditions to control this factor."

"But what about the bums, the wont works, the drunkards, the dope fiends, the petty thieves? Seems to me they can't be classed as workmen out of a job," said the Captain.

"You policemen can handle them in your own way," went on the Editor. "The Bureaus could easily be used as a sieve to sort them out and you would be welcome to them. But you wont find them out by finger printing them. There's no such thing as a criminal finger print that I know of. Finger printing may discover the criminal after the crime is committed, but even hanging wont deter men from committing a crime unless you hang them first."

The officers looked at each other and grinned. "A big help you turned out to be," said the Captain, rising. "Well, we gotta practice on somebody with this new finger printing outfit. Come on, let's go, Lieutenant. We'll start on the fellows they chuck out of the Bureaus, first thing in the morning. So long, Mr. Editor."

Note: Nothing like the above ever happened! It's only a fantasy, but maybe some progressive editor will read it, to the end that intelligent and constructive editorials may be written that will point to a solution to the Transient problem, and also be in keeping with the spirit of the New Deal.



Miscellany

REVERIE

Gay - as gypsies by day,
Dreamers all - at night;
Visions of Home and Mother,
Come with the camp fire's light.

WANDERLUST

You are everything to me,
Imaginary - or real;
You come in the Springtime,
You leave me in the Fall.

You make me live like a gypsy,
Your soothing presence I feel;
Though - I cannot see you,
Each Spring I hear your call.

TO AN OLD FLAME

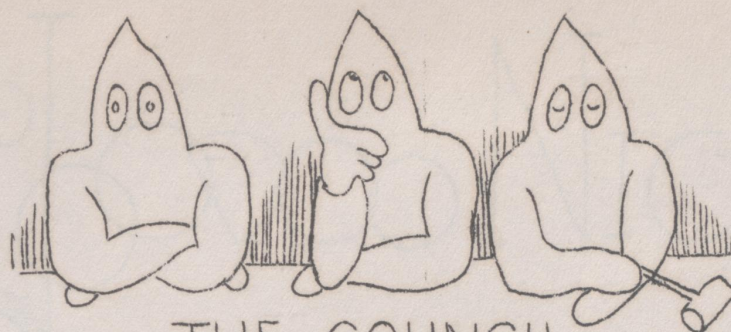
To you - my thanks for guiding me
Through this world's bitter college
You were so good to know,
To you my dear - indeed I owe
all of my acquired knowledge
of Life, of Love, - and Woo!

TOMORROW

This depression shall not daunt me,
Shall not chain me to "Hell's" floor;
For I shall climb, up back again,
To heights - I knew before.

I shall not lose my courage,
Though weaklings 'round me whine;
I know that, perhaps tomorrow,
The sun - again will shine.

- Wm. Schmidt
Lexington, Ky.



THE COUNCIL OF THE MYSTERIOUS THREE

The Council of the Mysterious Three has jurisdiction over the misdoings and complaints of the men of the Bureau. If you have a complaint to make - put it in writing and turn it over to Mr. Stagg. If you have been accused, your side of the question will be heard impartially. The Council will decide for or against you; affix a penalty or acquit you. All penalties are subject to appeal to Captain Wolfe.

The Council meets on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 3 P.M. to hear complaints and pass judgment. Judges will be appointed each month from the men in the Bureau.

This method of procedure enables any member of the Bureau to state his case before an impartial jury, and eliminates any suggestion that judgment is dispensed arbitrarily and without consideration of all the facts. These are a few of the cases tried recently:

E.M. Accused of creating a disturbance in the dining room. Evidence showed that E.M. was late at mealtime and objected to losing his piece of cake for desert. There simply wasn't any more and he refused to believe it. E.M. was proven to have stayed late at work without authority. Penalty - to be on time for meals in future, and if unavoidably detained, to bring note from official detaining him, after first notifying the Steward. Later - chocked out for insubordination.

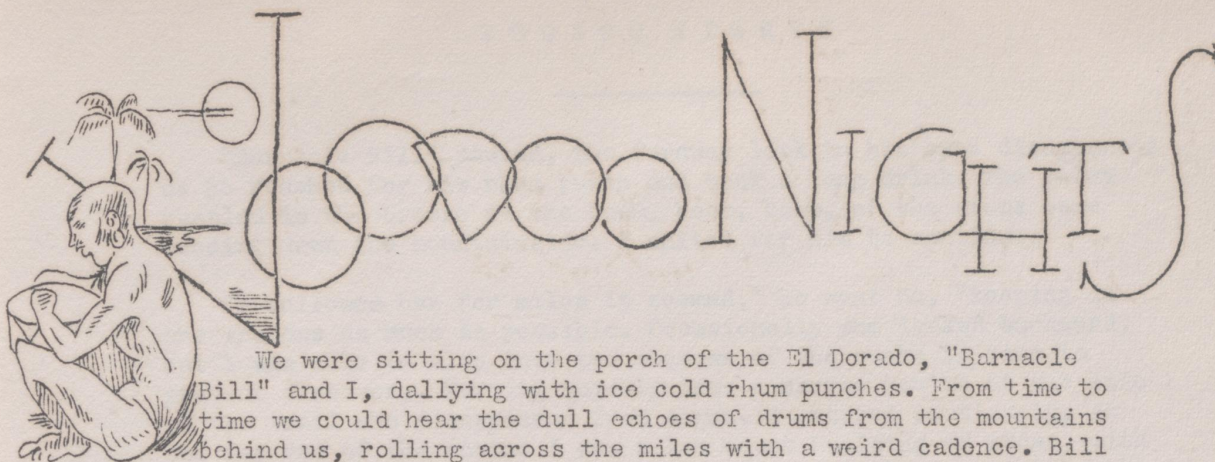
J.S. Accused of wondering if he could get away with a couple of sheets and sell them. Evidence showed that the wondering was done aloud in the presence of several witnesses. Penalty - not to be allowed in sleeping quarters between rising and retiring unless accompanied by guard. Later - chocked out of own accord.

H.H. Accused of using general wash basin - Iso. case. Refused to submit to jurisdiction of court and stated that his attorney would defend his case next sitting of court. We understand that H.H. left for Washington to take the matter up with the President.

L.W. Accused of exceeding his authority as foreman. An exceedingly mixed up argument that ended in L.W. being acquitted to the relief of everyone concerned, including his accuser! Chocked out few days later.

--F.P.





We were sitting on the porch of the El Dorado, "Barnacle Bill" and I, dallying with ice cold rum punches. From time to time we could hear the dull echoes of drums from the mountains behind us, rolling across the miles with a weird cadence. Bill shivered, although the night was warm, and looked apprehensively over his shoulder into the shadows cast by the tropical moon.

"Haiti, the Island of Black Magic," mused "Barnacle Bill". "Strange things are happening up there in the mountains tonight. It was just such a night as this, many years ago, that I first came in contact with Voodoo mysteries, and to this day, I am not sure if what I saw actually happened."

He lapsed into silence, and his gaze wandered to the "ARK", anchored below us in the quiet harbor. A shift of the night breeze brought the throbbing of the drums louder and closer, to die away with the falling wind.

"She was a beautiful girl," went on Bill. "Her name was a musical one, Lolita; the daughter of a French planter and a negro mother. By some queer chance, little of her negro blood showed on the surface. Her dark eyes and exquisite form enchanted me when I first saw her, standing in the patio of her father's hacienda back in the hills. I was there on a business trip, scouting for mahogany. From the very first we both felt that attraction for each other which could only be consummated by a mingling of our passionate embraces. For weeks I stayed there."

"One night I gave her a beautifully carved bracelet I had picked up in Haiti. A marvelously proportioned green enameled serpent wound its sinuous length over the broad silver background of the ornament, and her eyes dilated with emotion when she saw it. With gasping breath and heaving bosom she clasped the bracelet on her forearm. I was amazed at the change in her appearance, as gathering up the folds of her dress, she disappeared into the hacienda without a word. The night was still young as I retired to my room, to ponder over the strange effect of the bracelet upon Lolita. It was most uncanny."

"Shortly before midnight, I was aroused from my reverie by a movement at the edge of the palms that bordered the roadway in front of the hacienda. Moving noiselessly from shadow to shadow, I saw Lolita, dressed in flowing robes of white, the bracelet glistening in the moonlight as she turned and looked backward before disappearing into the dense undergrowth beyond the road. Something in her features, plainly to be seen at this distance, caused me to start from my seat. In place of the tropical languor of her dark eyes, I saw the eyes of a demon! Buckling on my heavy revolver, I stumbled down the stairway and followed."

--cont'd

"Barnacle Bill" paused, the faraway look in his eyes disappeared as he reached for his rum punch and took a long drink. The palms rustled in the breeze as the boom, boom, boom, of the drums came echoing down the mountainside. I waited for him to continue.

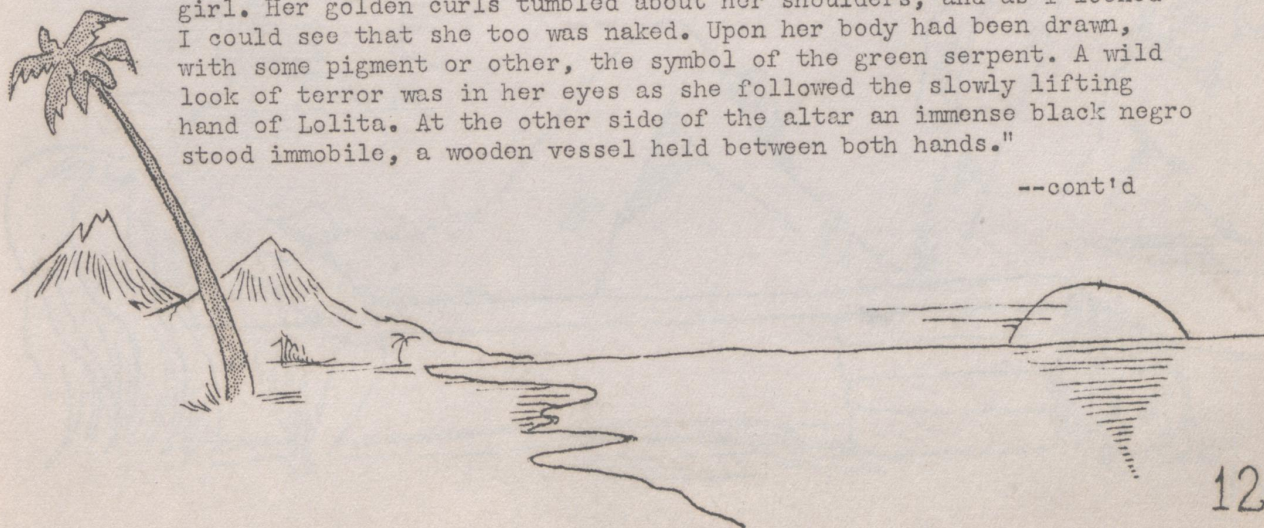
"I followed her for miles it seemed," he went on, "keeping in the shadows as much as possible. Occasionally she looked backward, but I was able to slip into the shadows of the rocks in time to prevent discovery. Turning quickly into a narrow ravine at the side of the trail she disappeared from sight. I entered cautiously. At the far end of the ravine I saw a low squat building of stone, with narrow windows high up near the thatched roof. All was quiet as the grave."

"I stood there for some time trying to come to a decision. Should I go through with this strange adventure, or return to the hacienda? After all, I knew little of Lolita, and had about decided to return, when suddenly a piercing shriek came from the building, together with the thudding boom,boom,boom, of Voodoo drums. A wild chorus of voices, raised in a weird chant broke out. Throwing caution to the winds, I made my way to the rear of the building, and scrambling upon a sloping rock, I gazed through one of the narrow windows upon a sight that almost froze my blood. A dozen naked black figures were dancing wildly around a low altar of stone; their eyeballs rolling, the perspiration flowing in streams over their bodies, their arms flung upwards. At the foot of the altar sat two old crones, black as midnight, their doubled up fists and open palms alternately striking the drums held between their knees."

"In the fitful light of blazing torches I saw Lolita, the dull ivory of her naked body in strange contrast to the others. The glare in her eyes fascinated me; they were rolling and bloodshot and her lips were drawn back over her white teeth in a horrible manner. She was approaching the altar from the side with the stealthy steps of a tigress, and in her right hand she held a long keen knife. The chanting increased to a shrill crescendo as the drums throbbed and roared, echoing from the walls in a pandemonium of sound."

"Stretched upon the altar, bound hand and foot, was a young white girl. Her golden curls tumbled about her shoulders, and as I looked I could see that she too was naked. Upon her body had been drawn, with some pigment or other, the symbol of the green serpent. A wild look of terror was in her eyes as she followed the slowly lifting hand of Lolita. At the other side of the altar an immense black negro stood immobile, a wooden vessel held between both hands."

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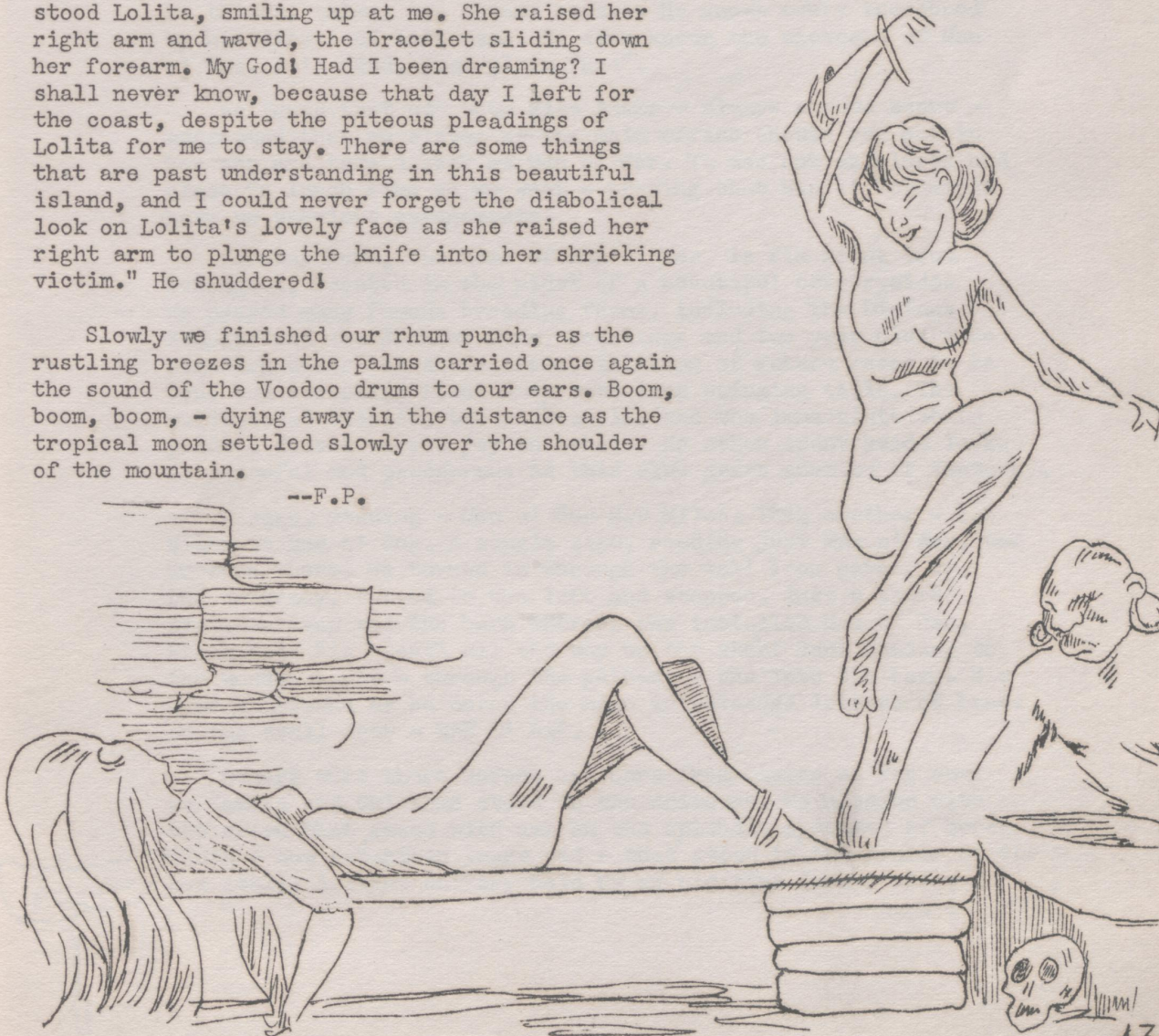
"I realized with a shock of fear and loathing that I had stumbled upon a Voodoo sacrifice, and that beautiful, lovable Lolita was evidently a High Priestess of the Cult: that murder would soon be committed before my very eyes. But I could not move - I was spellbound with horror. I watched Lolita raise her right hand, the bracelet sliding down her forearm. The immense black, with a ghoulish look on his face, stooped down to catch the blood of the human sacrifice."

"Scream after scream ripped from the throat of the victim! Louder and louder came the roar and throb of the tom toms! Wilder and wilder raged the chant of the frenzied and gyrating negroes! Closer and closer came the keen knife to the breast of the shrieking girl! I could stand no more. Thrusting my revolver through the open window, I fired and fired again, until the gun was empty. Turning, I ran from the building, down the ravine, blindly and without direction. Suddenly I was falling, falling, through space into darkness - a crash - and I knew no more."

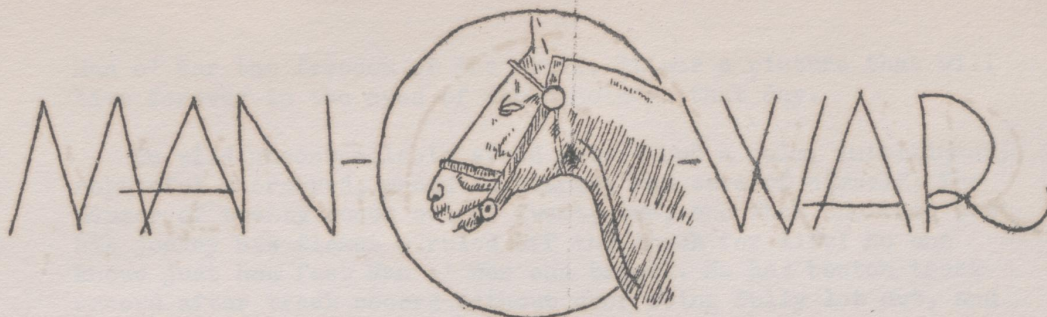
"The sunlight was streaming into my room as I staggered weakly from my chair. I looked with amazement through the window into the patio. There stood Lolita, smiling up at me. She raised her right arm and waved, the bracelet sliding down her forearm. My God! Had I been dreaming? I shall never know, because that day I left for the coast, despite the piteous pleadings of Lolita for me to stay. There are some things that are past understanding in this beautiful island, and I could never forget the diabolical look on Lolita's lovely face as she raised her right arm to plunge the knife into her shrieking victim." He shuddered!

Slowly we finished our rum punch, as the rustling breezes in the palms carried once again the sound of the Voodoo drums to our ears. Boom, boom, boom, - dying away in the distance as the tropical moon settled slowly over the shoulder of the mountain.

--F.P.



MAN-O-WAR



We have seen Man o' War! According to Frank Wilson, that line should be in the center of this page - alone! To him, Man o' War is the marvel horse of the age! The wonder horse of the century! The non plus ultra of track record breakers! The most magnificent morsel of horseflesh that ever graced Kentucky's long list of thorobreds!

Frank Wilson has charge of the figures that show how much each meal costs and why. All day long he adds them up and divides them down - but right along with all that brain work he thinks, talks, and dreams horses. He knows every thorobred by his first and last name. He even knows the nickname of Man o' War. It's "Red, just plain "Red".

We found that out when Miss Adams - always a good scout - suggested that we slaves of the main office should run out in her car and take a look at Man o' War. It was hot as blazes and close to lunch time so we went - praying that Man o' War might have no previous engagements!

Faraway Farm, the home of Man o' War, is six miles from Lexington, located in the midst of a beautiful countryside. We passed many famous breeding farms, including the Dixiana Stables and the Shandon Farm. Yearlings and two year olds were standing under the shade trees, thinking of future races to be won, and switching flies away with long swinging tails. The whitewashed stables, the rock walls, and the immaculate white painted fences were a joy to behold. No other countryside looks so peaceful and prosperous as this blue grass section of Kentucky.

A sign, reading - Man o' War 2.9 Miles. Then another - 1.6 Miles to Man o' War. A single sign, reading just Man o' War, and we were there. We turned in through the tall iron gates, up the driveway, turned to the left and stopped. Just a short distance away was the barn wherein was installed Man o' War. Frank held his breath all the way up the short lane leading to the wonder horse - through the gateway - and into the barn. His eyes glistened as he noted the name in polished letters of brass on the stall door - MAN O' WAR.

Others were there before us. Cars from States as far away as Canada and Oklahoma stood in the driveway. We mingled with the crowd that gazed with awe on the splendid specimen of horse flesh - now seventeen years old - that stood in the center of the box stall. A light halter; held by an old time ducky, allowed

--cont'd



Man o' War the freedom of the stall. It was a picture that will live forever in the eyes of the beholders that day.

No wild uncontrollable steed this - but a calm, intelligent, reposeful thoroughbred, proud in bearing and sure of himself. The winner of twenty races out of twenty one, and that one race cost his jockey his ticket - ruled off the track for life! No one knows just how fast Man o' War can travel. He has beaten track record after track record without ever being fully let out, and has three world records to his credit that have never been beaten in fifteen years. He cannot be bought with money - Mr Riddle has two things that money cannot buy - his wife and Man o' War. But Man o' War is insured for half a million and earns \$125,000 yearly in stud fees.

The old darky was telling of the victories of Man o' War; of his racing stride of twenty seven feet; of the time when John P. Grier gave him the only race of his life; to be beaten in the stretch by a look from Man o' War; and of how John P. Grier had never raced since. Man o' War had broken the fighting heart of John P. Grier in that race!

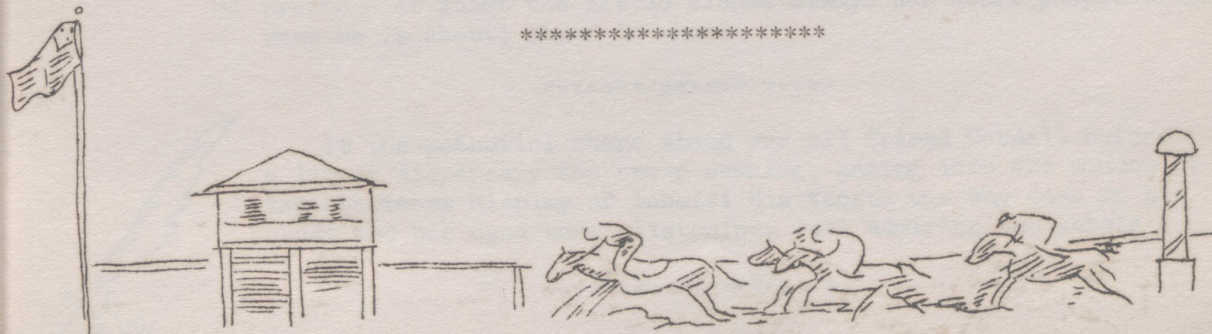
Man o' War looked with flashing eyes on his audience, living again the day of the race when you could have heard a pin drop as the two thoroughbreds fought it out coming down the stretch; the tensed silence to be broken by the roars of the crowd as Man o' War came under the wire - a winner once again!

Frank had joined in with the old darky, telling of this and that incident. The two of them, with eyes glistening and breath coming fast, amid interruptions from each other, lived again the many stirring encounters of Man o' War on the race tracks of the country. Thousands had cheered Man o' War in days gone by, and the roar of the race tracks was in the ears of both as victory after victory was discussed with enthusiasm!

The old darky had recognized a blood brother in Frank; a true lover of horses. He presented the accolade to Frank; the supreme gift that was denied the dozens of visitors that gaze upon Man o' War daily. Swinging Man o' War over with a word until he stood close to the doorway of the stall, he said to Frank, "Yo' can stroke him if yo' want to."

And Frank Wilson wouldn't take a years pay for that privilege right now!

-- F.P.



Leaves from the Log Book



We have decided that the Log Book needs a few pearls of poetry to pop it up, a few witty wisecracks, and some pregnant philosophy for which we are indebted to the folks whose names are attached! We hope you won't stub your toe on them as you amble through these pages, and if you can think up a few gags to help out they will be welcome. But don't spring that one about casting pearls etc. - we thought of it first!

We have been approached by several of the boys lately with suggestions for new rules and also kicking about some of the old ones, but we prefer to remain neutral! We expect to find Heaven that way too, with certain times for harp playing, and flying lessons, and hosannaing and so on - so why get excited!

The drunkard now supinely snores, his load of ale sweats
Through his pores;
Yet when he wakes, the swine shall find,
A crapula remains behind.

-Capt. Wolfe!

We watched a fellow leave the dining room the other morning. He was carrying a pack. When he came to our new screen doors he pushed and he pushed but they wouldn't open! Laying his pack on a chair he returned once more to the attack. If George Bennett hadn't stopped him, he would have barged right through the screen. These are the first screen doors we have seen for some time that open into a room. Quite an idea!

What in heck is a "Twit". We overheard some of the girls in the park talking about Roy Tinker and one of them said something about a "Twit". Maybe Roy can give us the answer. We have noticed that he is pretty good when it comes to giving the girls a run around - at least the little blonde always has heart palpitations when he is about! About to what?

It was pathetic! There stood our old friend Woodall before a liquor dispensary the other evening, gazing into the window at the beautiful display of labels! His tongue was way down on his chest and his eyes were glistening. Just admiring the labels!



THE LOG BOOK

Miss Adams had the measles some time ago and was laid up for several days, to the grief of the guys who depend on her for shoes and socks. She said the Doctor came twice, looked at her, said "Tut, tut!" - and sent a bill for five dollars. It pays to be a Transient feller - Ed Montfort never paid a dime!

"Stars through a mist. Butterfly wings in a flower.
Love's first kiss. Music over water.

Moonlight on the snow. Youth's golden threshold.
The ecstasy of pay day! These are enchanted things!"

- Tavner J. Adams!

Ed Brady goes into retirement for two days and emerges with this: A B C D GOLDFISH L M N O GOLDFISH S A R GOLDFISH C M ?
O I C M What the hell!

Here's a real brain twister for you in your off moments. It can be done so don't give up. An Irishman was given nine trees, to plant in ten rows, with three trees in each row. He asked the advice of Englishman who laughed two days later, a Welshman who gave it up, and a Scot who didn't! This problem has nothing to do with the man who had a dollar, bought a drum for eighty cents, a pair of sticks for fifteen cents, and had a nickle left. He got on a street car and the conductor put him off. Why? No, you don't understand - A man had a dollar-----! Carry on.

The Old Guard are leaving fast these days. Li Ming Darcy is off for China or Cumberland Gap - we are not sure which. "Doc" Miles has gone back East to the folks back home. Henry Garton has left to marry a rich widow. Lee Whitmore has left for the open spaces of the Great North West, and Glen Bledsoe has also gone. Alex Sandusky, Lowell Kidd, and Clayton Harris have also deserted the ship. But still the new recruits pour over the side to take their places!

"A little work, much rest, our share of sorrow.
Laugh, sing and talk - all careless of the morrow."

--Sergeant Adam H. Smith!

THE LOG BOOK

Jerry O'Day has gone to camp. He appeared before Miss Adams with a worried expression on his face before going and wanted to know if he could have a pair of work gloves. "Whatever for?" asked Miss Adams. "Well you see," said Jerry. "I got me a manicure last night." He proudly waved his hands around, and swelp me if Miss Adams didn't faint!

Yesterday was pay day. Retiring to chuck ourselves down on our virtuous couch - we noticed a commotion in the hallway. It was none other than "Mr Zilch", smoking a huge cigar. "The first one in two weeks," says he. Across his chest was a placard inscribed "No ducks on this cigar". An admiring audience had paused to sniff the aroma - and pass on!

Our Steward's instructions to the cook overheard the other day. "For breakfast, stew plenty of peaches. Cook some corn mush. Use some of that stewed corn and the rest of the eggs and make some kind of an omelet. Fry all that bacon and some potatoes too." All Nick needs is a break!

" -----Because we move,
And breathe, and say a few complacent words,
With tongues that are afraid to say our thoughts,
We think we are alive. - But we are dead!

- Ed Brady!

Miss Atkins bounces along these days just as pert as can be! The reason? Well, she can now drive her Hudson without hitting anything more than once, and drove all the way to Paris and back - yes, Paris, Ky. - and even turned around and backed up! That's what perseverance will do for ya, girls!

Out at camp the other Sunday we rowed up the river about six miles to locate a girl's camp. We found the camp but no girls, so we rowed back again. We at least know where the camp is, but as far as we are concerned it can stay there! We haven't met a girl yet we would row six miles up and six miles down a river for in a hot sun! It was Mac's idea, but we think he is cured. At least he is half baked!

THE LOG BOOK

Did you notice a nice looking fellow out at camp the other day carrying a pick and shovel, and wearing a Panama hat? We have been told that it was Bob Swafford. We cant imagine what he was doing unless he was fixin' to dig out a rabbit or a wild cat! Surely he wasn't on his way to work?

"No earthly thrill is greater than the feel
Of fighting fish that strike at tempting bait;
No music sweeter than the song of reel
Or humming line that has to wait."

-- E.A. Dunbar!

Jim Weaver undertook a midnight ride from the Camp to the Center one Sunday night after saying he wouldn't go for hell or high water! The road out was rocky and muddy, and Jim got stuck leaving camp, but we picked him up and started him off afresh. He got as far as the top of the hill, just outside that little white cabin under the pines, and stopped. Had to sleep in the car all night - on guard! We are still wondering why!

McInvailla was in the Marines, and we thought Marines are afraid of nothing. Mac said so! But "Doc" Miles dropped a crawdad down Mac's shirt when he was rowing on the river one day - and was there some excitement! A coupla farmers came running down the bank with shot guns - they thought the Indians were coming - and "Doc" jumped overboard and hid under the boat. Dont show Mac a crawdad unless you want to start something. He aint afraid, they just muss up his shirt!

"Out from the hoary past to the unbidden future
rolling down the Ages, the Brotherhood of Man
continues still. Kings and commoners, freemen
all, bound together with a cable tow and bearing
aloft - the Three Great Lights!

-- A.H. Blastock!

"Where spans the deep blue vault of heaven,
Star spangled, flashing gold;
Where sings the sea her old sweet song,
The tale is never old."

-- Ethel Perryman!

THE LOG BOOK

Our graduates are not forgetting us. The other day a postcard arrived from "Jiggs", who is sojourning in the West - working every day he says. Also one from Fons Congelli and Paul Donovan who have been visiting the Worlds Fair, and are now on their way to the Coast. They all seem to be prospering. Best o' luck!

We awoke at 5 A.M. the other morning and looked across the room. In the morning light a figure was kneeling with bowed head and clasped hands in an attitude of devout humility - in silent prayer. We wondered what some of the sanctimonious ones would have thought of that sight; those who class all Transients as bums and outcasts! It's a mad world, my masters!

"Midnight, when the dreary hoot owl sings,
Black bats, that flutter desolate through space,
Dark clouds, that lower in stormy seas,
Drear unlit margins where the ravens brood,
From all such dreadful things deliver me."

-- Mary Ellen Atkins!

Our weekly trip out to Camp Pakuneki was full of incidents. We found the camp had gone military with a vengeance. Salutes to the right, salutes to the left. Sergeant Fred Perkins, D.E.M.L. was in charge. The way "Red" Daugherty reads out the roll, turns on his heel, salutes, and says "All present and accounted for, sir-r-r" is a caution! For a minute we thought we were in the trenches, and fixin' to go over the top!

Everybody dresses for meals at camp. We used to eat in shorts and undershirts, but now, every body puts on a shirt and pants and shines their shoes and combs their hair - if they have any! The "Bunch" sure look a little more civilized - one week more and they would have been in feathers and breechclouts! But somehow, they dont look natural!

Bob Swafford, the woodsman, located a bee tree on his first day at camp. It was located across the river on top of the bluff, and on Sunday afternoon an expedition consisting of Swafford, Hughes, and several others started out with axes and saws - but the bees won the first bout by chasing them all over the hillside! They went back again after dark and returned with about sixty pounds of honey and plenty of bee stings! Cant keep Bob away from his honey!

THE LOG BOOK

Well, pretty soon all the boys will be leaving Camp Pakuneki for Georgetown. We understand they will build a couple of dams on the Elkorn Creek to hold back the fish, and also will live in a dance hall. Later, we heard that they will live in tents. Later, we heard that they will build three dams to hold a lot of water and will get paid at the rate of a dollar a day. Later we heard that they aint gonna build no dams at all, but a flying field for the Army. Later, that they will all live in pup tents and swimming suits. As a matter of fact, we are not sure what it's all about. Maybe it's just another rumor!

Miss Perryman had just finished reading the manuscript of Voodoo Nights. With popping eyes she burst into the sanctum and inquired breathlessly, "What became of the child?" "What child?" we countered in our bewildered fashion. "Why the child you left on the altar, being stabbed," she said. We promised to rescue the child in our next issue and all is well!

They had a storm at camp not long ago, and half a sycamore tree fell down just outside the White House, Nobody was around - they were either paddling up and down the river trying to get back to camp - or they were in bed with their clothes on! But next day, under the efficient handling of "Red" Daugherty, the whole mess disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. All hands tore it limb from limb and chucked it down a ravine. "And that's that," said "Red" as he dusted off his lily white hands!

"Of all paths a man could strike into, there is at any given moment, a best path for every man - a thing here and now it were of all things wisest for him to do."

- A.C. Staggs!

Well, it seems as though Miss Perkins cant get caught up on her job enough to quit! We never saw such a conscientious gal in all our lives. Morning, noon, and night that typewriter of hers goes clickety clackety blip blip blip. Well, we like to see her around, and so does Sergeant Smith. She's his case worker you know. Long may she stick around.

We have heard that Dick Glancy has had an addition built into the icebox so that he can peel potatoes in comfort!

-- F.P.

THE LOG BOOK

Another uproar in the dining room this morning! It seems that some bloke wanted more milk in his oatmeal. It really was a good breakfast - oatmeal, stewed apples, sausage, bread and coffee, and only one man kicked. But the entire roomful of men were bawled out and told "this is not a hotel and the sooner you men realize it the better." No peace in our family it seems!

While we are still in the dining room, it seems we have a lovely lady from Louisville who makes up the menus. Was she responsible for the motor oil and toast we had the other morning for breakfast? It wasn't really motor oil - it just looked that way. Lady, lady, have a heart!

"Ignorance, always a devil, is a father of devils,
When it has power and fire and hate to play with;
And goes down with the noise of its own house falling,
Always too late to save itself - because it has no eyes."

-- Horace L. Lyttle!

McInvailla pulled a fast one the other day. He was sitting on the Court House steps watching the bicycles peddling by. "I once had a Graham car, and a fellow on a bicycle passed me going over thirty five miles an hour!" It seems the bicycle was going the other way! Afterwards, Mac spent the entire evening leering at the frying size chickens and thinking about Duke U. and his Graham car. Whatta life!

Captain Wolfe must be looking prosperous these days - anyhow he was approached in Versailles by a nice looking lady with a request for a nickle --- "for the local bread line". Just an alibi Captain! It's the uniform that gets 'em every time!

Miss Adams, who is sometimes sceptical regarding requests for clothing, has to be shown. Jerry O'Day wanted a pair of pants the other day and arrived at the office in a suit of white overalls. "Where's your old pants?" she inquired. "I've got 'em on under these overalls." says Jerry. "Pull off those overalls and let's see." ordered Miss Adams. Was Jerry's face red!

"Perhaps this healing thing called kindness - is but God."

-- Hallie Perkins!

Around the World in the Ark.

A'hoy boys, we'll sail the Seven Seas,
Through the spray, on the ocean's breeze,
Cast off from shore, the anchor's aweigh,
On deck the watches, the ship's underway.

We're cruising around the terrestrial ball,
Stopping at all the main ports of call,
Around the globe we'll circumvent,
To where the Occident meets the Orient.

Land Ho! Bermuda's hove in sight,
Beautiful playground of the social elite,
British cruisers, yachts in the Bay,
Vacation spot of the tourist at play.

Next port of call is in the Azores,
The scenery different, Portugese shores,
Dusky natives, bum boats by the score,
Spires of cathedrals on yonder shores.

Heaving in sight, Gibraltar and Spain,
Haughty rock towering o'er bounding main,
The mighty fortress, standing so high,
Mocking the weakness of ships standing by.

All hands on deck, look what's ahead,
Crossroads of the world, old Port Said,
When you go ashore and make your rounds,
Beware, and keep out of the Arab's town.

Into the Red Sea's parching heat,
The ancient scene of Pharaoh's defeat,
Into Aden, Arabia, the port of old,
Where in days gone by, slaves were sold.

Cross Arabian Sea, hit a monsoon,
Mystic India and Bombay soon,
Rainy season, squalls day and night,
And Now Bombay, with Green Hotel lights.

Land of magic, calling your bluff
Mystics plentiful, doing their stuff,
Everything showing the tinge of the East,
Where Hindus, Buddhist, Mohammedans meet.

We sail at dawn for beautiful Ceylon,
Colombo appears on the horizon,
Precious stones of every description,
Passing the tea ranch of Sir Tommy Lipton.

We're leaving this garden of Eden behind,
Singapore's next that crosses our mind,
Scores of 'ricksha's, boys that are fleet,
Speaking all dialects, out on the street.

Manila next in the Philippine Isles,
In Uncle Sam's custody for a while,
Copra plantations, tropical palms,
Beautiful Manila's majestical calm.

Hush! Feel the wind, barometer falls,
Quick breaks the storm, dark as a pall,
Force so mighty, havoc in path,
The mighty typhoon, harbinger of death.

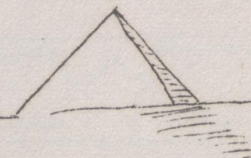
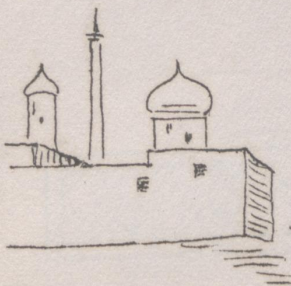
Now down south in southern seas,
Onward bound to the East Indies,
In Timor Sea's beauteous calm,
Scenery of paradise, acts like a charm.

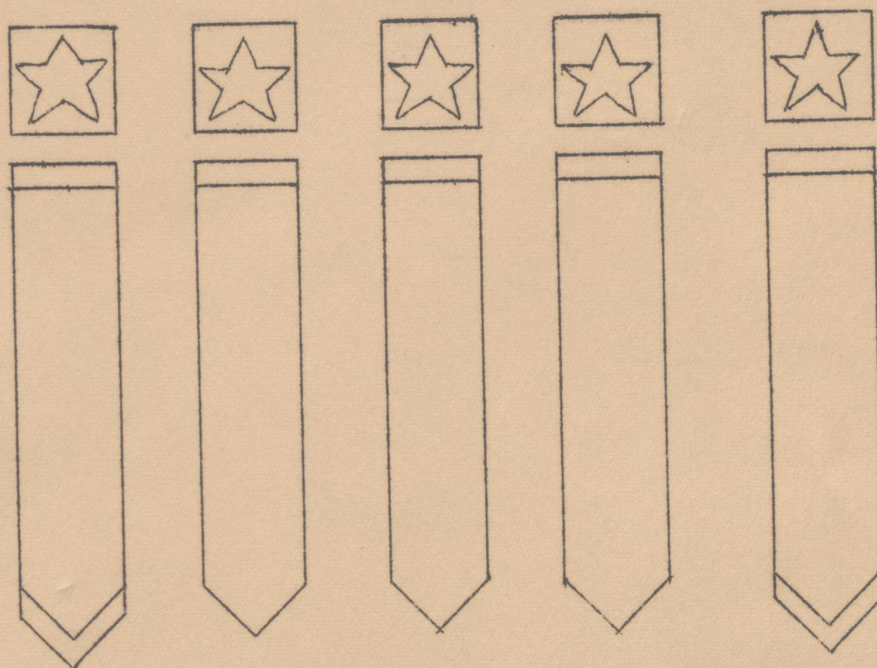
Hoist the Jolly Roger King Neptune's here
Comes aboard with his court, hear us cheer
It's a great tribunal, a great domain,
We're made his subjects, he departs again

Past Hawaii, the gem of the world,
Great Panama Canal, our flag's unfurled,
North we go to God's chosen land,
Freedom and Liberty on every hand.

Hark to the cheers, from those on shore,
From around the world we're home once more,
The ARK'S made fast, the Log is closed,
The old ship rambles, when she goes!

- Henry Smith
Lexington, Ky.





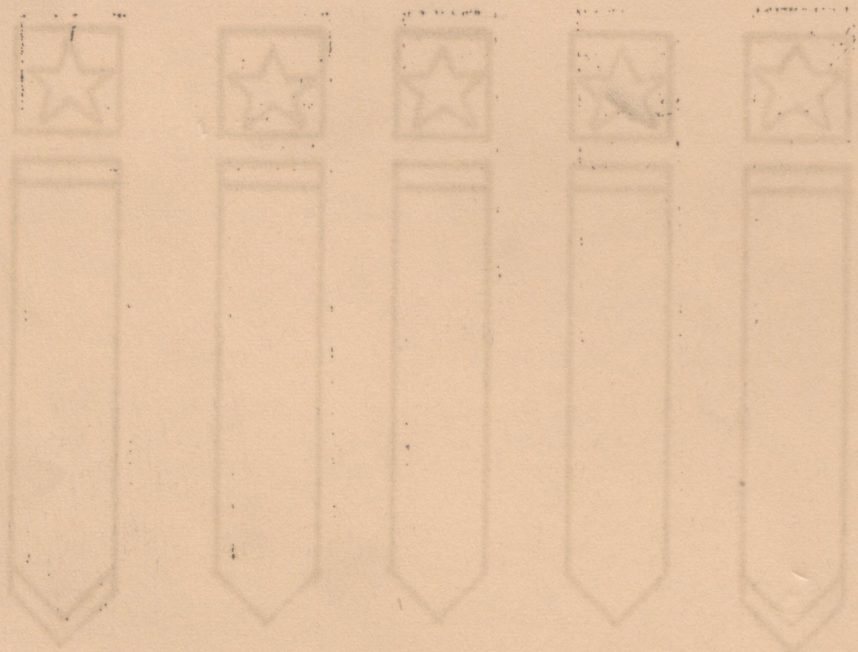
"In vision lies our one hope against chaos; vision which will give our country one mind and one will. America is halfway across it's abyss. Some of us may turn back; some of us will fall; but some of us will go on. We must find in ourselves and in our leaders, the vision and sympathy we need to complete the harmony of a united state."

- Will Durant.

JULY FOURTH
1934

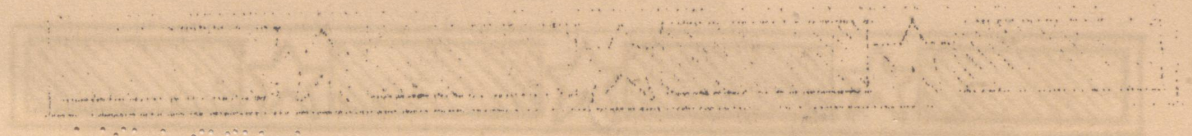


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"In states like our one hope against
about states which will give our country
the right and our will, America is halfway
between this object, some of us may have seen
some of it, but some of it will
be lost. It was found in connection and in
the history, the vision and property of men
to recognize the history of a united people."
- Will Rogers

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