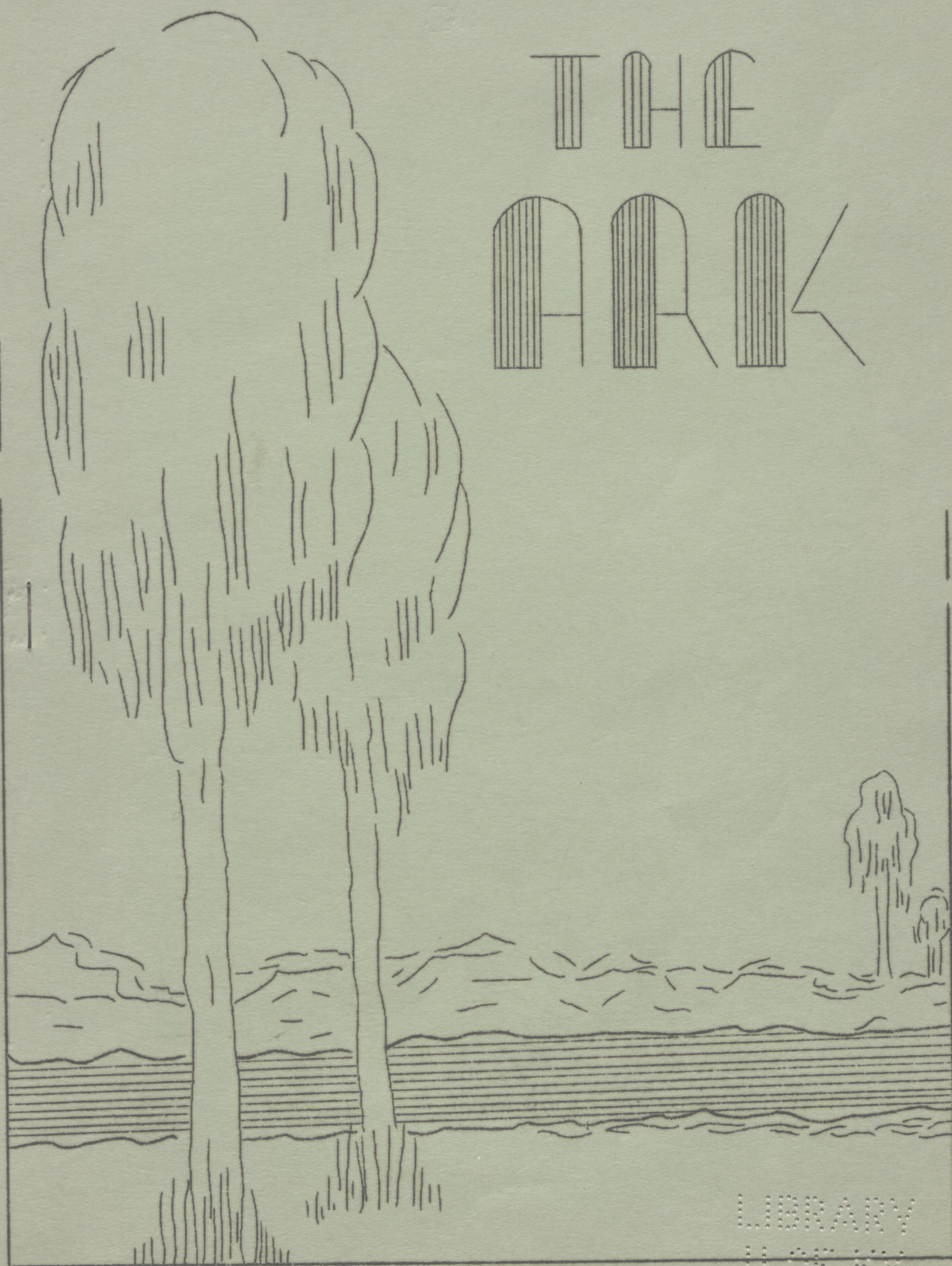


THE ARK



LIBRARY
U OF KY

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

Y9A9B11
Y9A9B11



THE ARK



Editor
Frank Perry

LEXINGTON, KY.

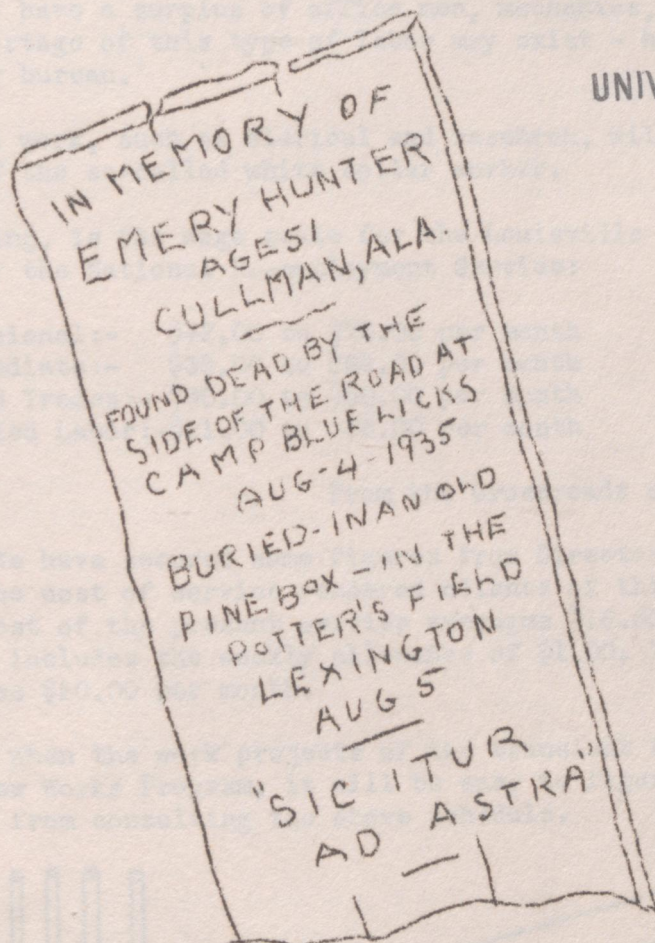
NO. 22 - AUGUST

Assoc. Editor
L.C. Richardson

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

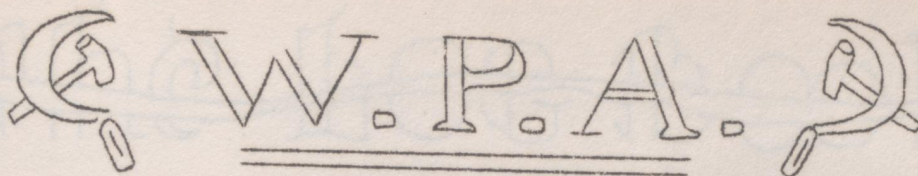
EDITORIAL

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY



JOURNEY'S END.

LIBRARY
U OF KY



During the past week, interviewers from the Kentucky Emergency Relief Administration of Louisville have been registering all clients who were in the bureau before July.

The Federal Interviewers will use the eligibility list furnished by the State officials in the selection of men for forthcoming work projects. Priority, in work assignment, will be given to clients who were on the relief rolls before, or during, the month of July.

It is expected that a central labor bureau later will be established which will act as a clearing house for the distribution of certain classes of professional and skilled workers. For instance, one area may have a surplus of office men, mechanics, etc. In another, an acute shortage of this type of labor may exist - hence the necessity of the labor bureau.

Special work, such as clerical and research, will be created to take care of the so-called white collar worker.

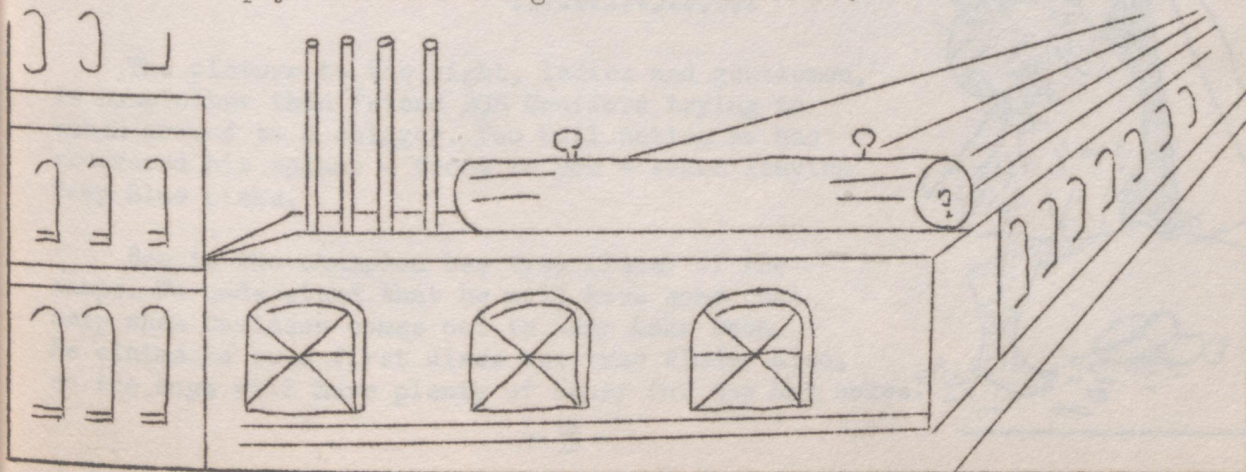
Following, is the wage scale for the Louisville District - as furnished by the National Re-employment Service:

Professional:-	\$42.00 to \$75.00 per month
Intermediate:-	\$38.00 to \$68.00 per month
Skilled Trades:-	\$30.00 to \$50.00 per month
Unskilled Labor:-	\$21.00 to \$35.00 per month

From the Crossroads of Louisville.

Note: We have secured some figures from Director Hord Byrd regarding the cost of service rendered clients of this bureau. In Camp, the cost of the present service averages \$16.00 per month, and this amount includes the weekly allowance of \$1.00. In the Center, the cost averages \$20.00 per month.

If and when the work projects of the transient bureau are placed under the New Works Program, it will be easy to figure out the difference in pay from consulting the above schedule.



The Log Book

There's seven hundred people starving in Lexington, and the city is trying to get together a fund of twenty thousand dollars to take care of them. Under these circumstances, the kibosh has been placed on fellows doing extra work around town after they have finished their daily tasks around the bureau. Some of the boys have been picking up a few stray nickles in this way - but from now on it's out.

Last Sunday morning the kitchen force were all working with towels wrapped around their faces. We saw them from the outside and investigated - it looked like a clinic! We found Nick and his gang getting ready to prepare that famous breakfast dish "Hard boiled fried eggs". Some of the eggs were a little aged in the wood it seemed. "Howinel can I do anything with these?" says Nick. "Shot-tar." By the way, the kitchen gang have improved wonderfully - they really know how to fry eggs just the way mother used to do. Taking them by and large, they are a pretty good bunch and do the best they can with the five tons of canned beef we have on hand. They can take it! - as well as dish it out!

"Slim" Carter, who worked in the basement washing and ironing shirts and pants to get together a going away stake, has written in from a small town in Kansas and says he's landed a job as chauffeur for a small family of two old people with oodles of money. They have two cars, and "Slim" gets twenty dollars a week, uniforms, room and board. Says he feels like one of the family. It can be done, fellows.

One of the camp members, having read in the papers there was to be a local storm during the night, resolved to stay up all night as he was extremely afraid of storms. However, he went to sleep, and was terrified more than ever when he woke up and realized what had happened. Supposed he had been struck!

The picture to the right, ladies and gentlemen, is none other than friend BOB Swofford trying to reach around to a chigger. You will notice he has recovered his aplomb - front to you - since leaving Camp Blue Licks.

Bob is the champion bee tree finder of the camps. We understand that he will have some real help when Davidson comes out to Camp Lake Reba. He claims to be a first class bee tree finder also, so the boys will have plenty of honey for the hot cakes.



We now have two brand new coffee urns in place of the boiler that did duty before. We have noticed an improvement in the coffee - the urn must have a mud strainer - but it seems to us the boys must still drain the cream off the milk! Must put our 'G' man on the job!

The paper flower business has picked up. One bureau member is leaving to get married - he and his wife are going to make flowers. Another is leaving to sell 'em. You've seen the kind - red and yellow blossoms with green paper leaves in a paper covered pot. But we have been told they sell like hot cakes. All of which bears out our contention - transients must make their own jobs. Good luck, fellows.

We remarked in a recent issue of the ARK we had written about everything under the sun except birth control, and promised we would look that up. After thinking things over we have come to the conclusion we don't need to know anything about birth control - at least, not in a transient bureau!

Noah Spaulding has written his first epistle for the ARK - after a long life spent mostly in taming wild animals in a circus. Noah has been out at Camp Blue Licks a long time, and now bursts forth with this; "In the State of Old Kentucky in the good old days gone by, in the Battlefields of Blue Licks where the work is about all done. July 20th - 1935." We thought Noah was going to write a history of the place, but that's all that came into the office. How about the rest of it, Noah?

Another man gone from one government payroll to another - Orville Cors has gone back to the Marines for another hitch. Another arrival came here a couple of days ago and secured a job working in a garage as helper at thirty one cents an hour after scouring the town over. Overjoyed to get the job.

The picture on the right depicts "Fix-it" Smith sitting in a boat on Lake Reba with Lt. Crutcher battling with one of the giant bass to be found (?) in the lake. We understand they fought a terrific battle all one evening and well up into the night, but "Fix-it" couldn't get the bass into the net so they had to cut the string - we mean line.

The fish have been biting fairly well on catalpa worms. The best worms are caught in the evening while they crawl up and down one's back as one sits under the catalpa trees with which the camp grounds are covered.



Part of the educational program offered at Blue Licks are the lessons in Pokerology. There are many students, but few of them graduate. The Monte Carlo down in the Sylvan Dell gets a great run at times but it all seems to circulate around among a few. You've got to be an expert before you tackle those past masters.

One of the convalescents at Camp Blue Lick was Paul Hock, one of the office force. He is seriously affected with lollypopitis. The only way he could be treated for a scratch in a ball game was for "Doc" Pain to tell him he had some lemonade in the hospital, and then have four guards hold him! By the way, we saw more men walking around with lollypops in their mouths out at camp than we do drinking!

"Check 'em out" Carroll, who had charge at Blue Licks while the camp was being dismantled, says we have got him in dutch. He says he's not a tough, hard boiled, s-----h, like we have made people think he is. Alright, we apologize. You're not tough, you're not hard boiled. All kidding aside, "Check 'em out" gives lots of the fellows a break, and we like his straight forward remarks a lot better than some of the under cover stuff we have heard at different times around here.

Sport news for expiring Camp Blue Licks: The camp played a double header with a team from Carlisle with disastrous results. Both games were lost to the tune of 19 to 6 and 6 to 2. We thought the camp had the game on the hip by now.

The annual contest for first at the head of the stairs leading into the mess hall was still going on when we left, and will be renewed at Camp Lake Reba in a few days.

Dominoes and cribbage still hold the limo light in minor sports, with horse shoe tossing still in demand.

We are glad to report that Joe Snarsky won first prize of \$1.00 for his exhibition in handicraft, which was a beautifully hand carved block. He also sucks lollypops in his spare time.

The picture on the right represents our esteemed editor - he esteems himself - as he will doubtless look in a few more weeks of playing the horses. He has lost everything but his loving disposition, and winter is coming on. Florida editors in need of talent please get in touch with him at once, as he expects to leave real soon. His talent consists in picking winners that win next time out - a variation of the Carroll System.



WE DO OUR PART

Theorecically, every man who went out to Camp Blue Licks contributed \$14.00 to the value of the park improvements. That's only theory of course. We know some guys who ate that much in two days and then left!

Actually, the 2000 men who have been on the roll call of Camp Blue Licks put in 78,000 hours building roads, building the museum, the care taker's house, the assembly shelter, stone paths, bricklaying, plumbing, planting shrubbery, and so on. Much of it was skilled labor. The total value of the improvements to the park amounts to \$37,500 - which is quite some improvement. The average number of men sent to camp per month was 247 - and the average daily roll call was 125.

At Camp Pakuneki, which operated three months, the boys put in 4,646 hours building a road to the camp site - a Boy Scout Camp. The value of the job was \$1,400., and the camp averaged 47 men per month.

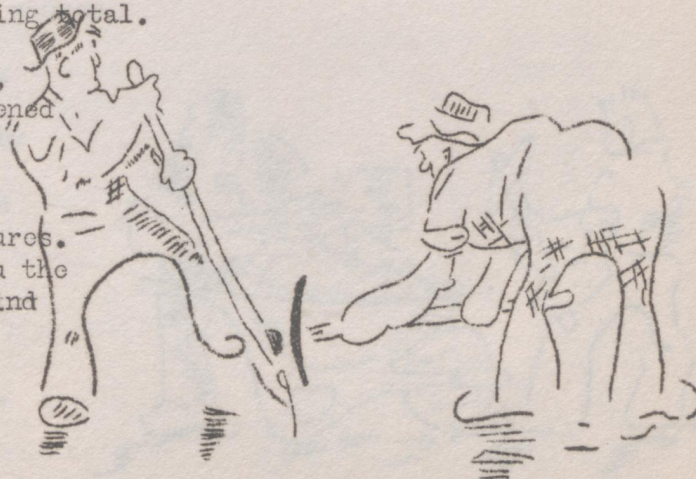
At Camp Elkhorn, which ran along for a couple of months with an average of 115 men per month, the boys built a dam for fish conservation. They put in 5,511 hours on the job which was valued at \$2,000.

Around the Center, 11,000 hours were put in making desks, files, tables, chairs, screens, etc, to the value of \$3,500. Ten men per day were employed at this. Some of the boys put in 1,216 hours painting and decorating two school buildings in Lexington, to the value of \$1,200. The bureau also supplied office help to the N.R.S. which would have cost \$1,000. At the University of Kentucky, bureau men put in 1500 hours landscaping, digging ditches, to the value of \$500.

When we all moved over to the new Center, 13,764 hours work was necessary to make the place over ready for occupation. Painting, plumbing, electrical work, carpenter work, etc, was done to the value of \$4,000. The Narcotic Farm project called for 9,360 hours labor at landscaping, road grading, digging drainage ditches, etc, to the value of \$3,000. The toy project last christmas called for 600 hours, value \$200.

All of which makes an imposing total. If the boys are having an easy time of it, as some people think, then it's time they were enlightened to the true facts of the case. We are making a record of these figures as evidence the bureaus are a long way from being rest cures. On the next page we're giving you the figures in full and in detail. Kind of a balance sheet, as it were.

We think we earn what we get.



BALANCE SHEET

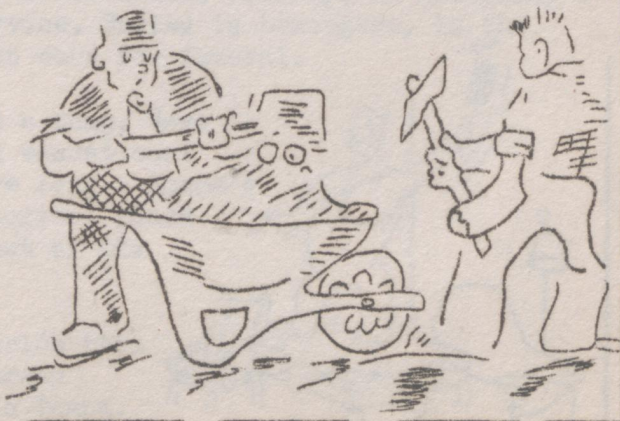
We haven't made these figures out of our own head - they are part of the official record of this bureau from April 1934, through June 1935.

<u>Work Project</u>	<u>Hours</u>	<u>Value</u>
Camp Blue Licks	78,000	\$37,500
Camp Pakuneki	4,646	1,400
Camp Elkhorn	5,511	2,000
Shop Work	11,000	3,500
School Buildings	1,216	1,200
Office Help, N.R.S.	3,300	1,000
U. of K. Improvements	1,500	500
Center Improvements	13,764	4,000
Narcotic Farm	9,360	3,000
Toy Project	<u>600</u>	<u>200</u>
Totals	128,897	\$54,300

The above figures do not include Camp and Center maintenance - only work projects of definite value to the community or bureau. Over two hundred thousand work hours were required to maintain the Camp and Center in addition to the above.

The largest project was, of course, in Camp Blue Licks. This park has been turned into a thing of beauty and a joy forever, mainly through the efforts of the Lexington Transient Bureau.

It was a good job well done.



BUREAU REVIEW

Bill Carey and his gang have finally got around to putting up the screens, the rubber gaskets having arrived at last. The colored quarters over the garage are completed and occupied. The colored men now have their own quarters and recreation room adjacent.

The daily threat to "check you out" if we don't do this or if we do that has not been so much in evidence lately - temporary let up possibly. It seems to have little effect on the boys - they come and go so fast we can't keep up with them. Five tons of canned beef on hand, and the cooks having a time trying to figure out ways to make it palatable. Most of the boys coming here from the larger bureaus say this is the best small town bureau in the country.

Work projects include projects at the Narcotic Farm and some cleaning up for the City of Lexington. Men are being sent out to Camp Lake Reba most every day, and Blue Licks is rapidly being closed out. Then "Check 'em Out" Carroll will be back. We're looking forward to a tornado of activity. It has certainly been quiet around here the past few weeks!

The Richmond Register carried a peach of an article about the new camp. Written by Gibson Prather, reporter for that journal. Articles of this type are rarely seen in newspapers - written with understanding and skill, and intensely interesting.

No changes of major importance. One improvement could be made. Separate the men in the dining room by personal appearance - the dirty ones with their own kind. No excuse for not being clean in this bureau. Education, ability, and background are lost in the bureau shuffle, men are either clean or dirty. Unwashed, unshaven, hairtousled men, with dirty clothing, are out of place in the dining room sitting with clean, self respecting men.

Much discussion going on regarding putting bureau men on the W.P.A. - but nobody overly optimistic. Guards and cooks moved down to second floor. As we write this the roll is 108 at the Center, and 153 at the Camps. Miss Adams and Miss Bradley are on vacation. The ARK is days late in getting back from Louisville - must be pretty busy down there.

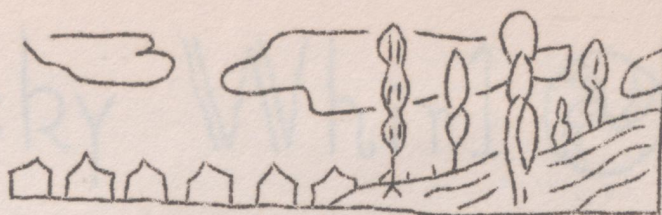
First death on the bureau records - Emery Hunter, found dead on the road near Camp Blue Licks. In bureau for only a few weeks. Dr. Gray, of Everybody's Church, Lexington, officiated at the service. Buried in Lexington, in the Potter's Field, relatives being unable to care for funeral.

Handicraft School seems to have hit a snag. Have heard Camp Lake Reba will have a splendid educational and recreational program under way before long - There's two years work there building the dam. Logical place for an educational program - they move out of the Center too fast.

If you're thinking of moving to Florida this winter, please be advised the St Pete Bureau has been discontinued and the men sent to Tampa.



CAMP ~ LOG



Work is progressing right along under the able direction of Sam Preston, labor foreman. We now have water and lights. About 2000 feet of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch pipe has been run from the power house to the kitchen, and the lights are in the kitchen. The office building will soon be finished. At this writing the men are still living in tents, but work will commence immediately on the barracks.

The men are behaving themselves as well as can be expected, and we have had very few check outs. Everyone seems to be very well satisfied and contented. Everybody is working hard to get the camp lined up, and after hours the boys spend most of their time fishing off the dam. The big ones have not yet started to bite.

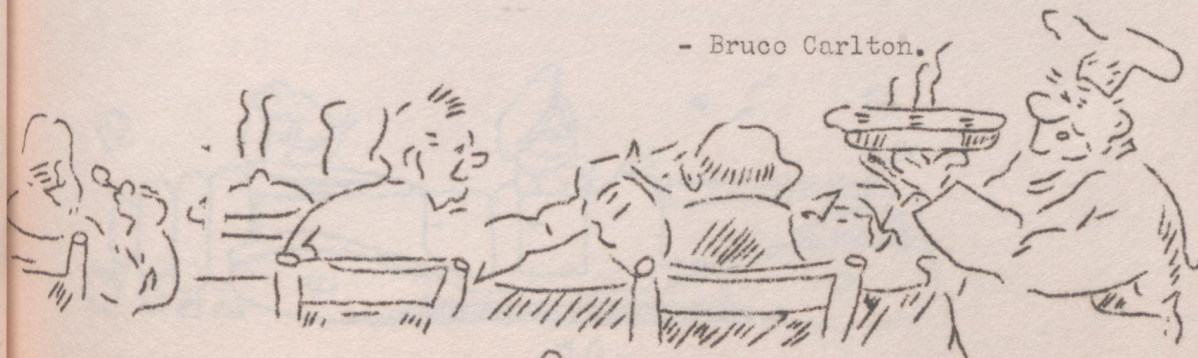
One night last week, while Bob Swafford and Lee Merritt were patrolling along Irvine Pike, they spotted a negro coming down the road carrying a large sack on his back. They hollered and asked him what he had, and he dropped the sack and ran. An investigation of the sack turned up 27 chickens with their necks twisted. They called the local police, who came out at once. The chickens belonged to a farmer a short distance up the road. The negro escaped, but Bob and Lee got a nice write-up in the local paper. Wonder what would have been said if they hadn't caught the thief in the act?

In some mysterious way two, of Queen's puppies disappeared for a few hours the other morning, and was George McNabb hot? The air was blue for awhile. One remark he made was "The guards can catch chicken thieves but can't see anyone take the puppies out" - and more that cant be printed! But the puppies finally turned up.

Amongst the arrivals in the last bunch from Camp Blue Licks was John Peace. The Orderly in the hospital can now get up and go to bed on schedule, as John is first in the morning and the last at night to call for first aid. He has tried out all the pills, and is now starting on the liquids! But John's O.K.

The Editor came out over the week end and made arrangements to go out on the lake with Fix-it Smith to catch some frogs. They both waited around until eight o'clock that night, then decided to lay down for an hour until after taps. Nothing was seen or heard of either of them until seven o'clock the next morning, when they were observed coming out of their tents fully dressed. The night air had been too much for them, and the frogs are still croaking!

- Bruce Carlton.



The Lucky Whirl

After Barnacle Bill and me cleaned up on the water hyacinth deal we went on up the line to Jacksonville, sitting on top of the world again. We registered at the Windsor Hotel, facing the park. It was a swell joint with a large front porch.

"We've got to think up something to make money," said Bill. "It's still cold up north, and we'll need a stake by the time the weather breaks." And with that he lapses into a coma. We were sitting on the porch at the time, watching the cars drive by.

We got to thinking there was a lot of cars going by. If we had only a nickle for each car that passed the hotel we would soon be rich. We passed the idea on to Bill. He mulled it over in his mind for a spell.

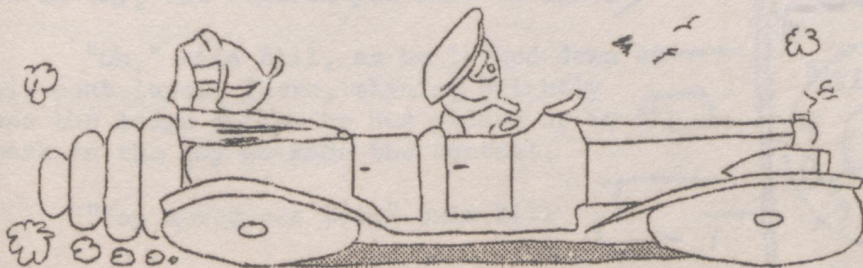
"I've got it," he shouted suddenly. "Let's go." With that he tears off across the park in the direction of a filling station. "All these cars buy gas," said Bill, "and that's where we'll get 'em." His foot kicked something lying in the grass. Bill stooped and picked it up - it was a lodge emblem. He stuck it in his coat lapel. "You never can tell," said Bill.

We talked to the owner of the filling station - an independent, not company owned. He admitted he had been using a premium deal to get business - five gallons of oil with each hundred gallons of gas bought. He admitted it did not appeal to tourists.

"We've got an idea that will pull every car that passes, into your station to buy gas," said Bill. "It will cost you less than your present method, and it won't cost you a dime to try it out. We'll be back in a couple of days." We left him standing with his mouth open!

"I got the idea from looking at that clock," said Bill, when we got back to the hotel. "Here's the idea. We'll have a board made, about three feet square, with a circle in the middle, and numbers around the circle reading from one to zero. That's ten numbers.

We'll put two arrows on a pivot, with the tip of one painted red. The idea is to spin the arrows, and where ever the arrows stop will give a number, the red one indicating the first number. It's exactly a 100 to one shot - saw one in a gambling house once. If the arrows stop on the day's date - the customer gets five gallons of gas free."



The idea was too complicated to put over without a demonstration so we went ahead and placed an order for a sample board, very highly colored, with two flashy metal arrows. We also had a four by six foot banner made, reading "Free Gas Today". In quantities of one hundred, we could get the complete outfit for five dollars each. The sample cost us fifteen dollars which we figured to be a conservative selling price.

With the complete outfit ready, we went over to our filling station prospect. "Here's the way it works," explained Bill. "You hang this banner on the outside of the station. The customer drives in. You tell him to spin the arrows, and if they stop on today's date he gets five gallons of gas free. See, today is the fifth, so if both arrows stop on the five he wins and gets five gallons of gas. If the date is the fifteenth, the red arrow must stop on the one, the other on the five. It's very simple, and it's just a hundred to one chance he'll hit. The customer risks nothing. We explained it over and over.

He agreed to try it out for a day, and we hung around to see that everything went alright. "This guy owns fifty stations," said Bill, "and if it clicks we're all set." That banner sure stopped the cars. They poured into the station from all directions, and by one o'clock the boss had to order more gasoline. None of the customers had hit the right number, but they all had lots of fun. The deal had quick action.

It appealed to tourists and natives alike. Some of them had their cars greased, some had their oil changed, some used the board to match for drinks. Business was certainly booming around the joint!

At the end of the day he had sold twice as much gasoline as any day that month, and only given away ten gallons. He was tickled to death with the idea, and we closed an exclusive contract with him for two boards for each of his fifty station, at the rate of twenty-five dollars a station. He paid half cash; the balance to be paid on delivery. The deal would show a profit of seven hundred and fifty dollars, and he was financing the deal!

At the end of the week we had the boards all ready to deliver. The customer was still satisfied. He had given away a hundred gallons of gasoline, sold barrels of oil, greased dozens of cars, and trebled his business! He handed us the check for the balance with a grin. "that's the best deal that ever came down the pike for me," he admitted.

"How did you figure we would fulfill our end of the contract?" ask Bill. "For all you could tell, we might have gone on with that first deposit."

"Just a gamble on human nature," said the guy. "I noticed your lodge button that first day, and figured you were alright."

"Oh," said Bill, as he looked down at his coat lapel. There, shining brightly was the lodge emblem he had picked up in the park on the day we made the contact.

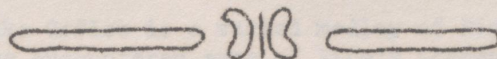
"You never can tell" said Bill

FREE GAS TODAY



College of Fine Arts.

"EARN WHILE YOU LEARN - OH YEAH!"



WHAT A ~ ~ FACULTY

"DOC" BRUCE CARLTON.

HIS COURSE IN FIRST AID FOR THE POCKET
BOOK WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION ALONE.
THE DADDY OF THE DOPESTERS.

"FOGGY" ODERMAN.

AUTHOR OF ASTROLOGY AS AN AID TO PICKING
WINNERS. HE GETS THEM OUT OF THE CLOUDS.

"SOLDIER" HOWARD.

DEAN OF DICEITIS. KNOWS HOW TO
SHOOT THE WORKS. HIS COURSE WILL
SET YOU UP FOR LIFE.

"DIZZY" DEAN.

PROFESSOR OF POKEROLGY.
MASTER OF THE MARKED CARD.
RIDE THE ROAD TO RICHES WITH DIZZY.

~ ALL SPECIALISTS ~

"They'll Pull You Out of The Hole"

DONT LET THIS DEPRESSION GET YOU DOWN! DONT WASTE YOUR TIME BEMOANING YOUR
HARD LUCK. DONT LET THIS OPPORTUNITY PASS - JOIN UP WITH US AND MAKE PASSES
ALL THE TIME. YOU CAN WIN! YOU CAN MAKE GOOD! YOU CAN BE SOMEBODY! DAY AND
EVENING CLASSES. BE READY TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE NEW PAY ROLLS. ONE PRICE
TO ALL - 5¢ TO \$5.00. ASK THE FACULTY - YOU CANT LOST!

Three Fraternities.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

RATTLE & ROLL "BLUE LICKS"

"ACE IN THE HOLE" - LAKE REBA

"TWO ON THE NOSE" - LE XINGTON



"Intake Highlights."

A day in the Intake Office is a varied medley of Ripley's "Believe it or not's". Here, too, are encountered some of life's tragedies as well as some rollicking roles of humor.

A few days ago a young man entered the office and signified he wished to register for care. After being duly registered by the case worker, he was handed a meal ticket and told to "sign meal tickets here" - the case worker indicating the line for his signature. The young man calmly picked up the pen and signed the words "meal ticket" in an excellent show of penmanship.

Then there's the case of the aged minister who sat in the registration waiting room reading the Bible. The intake clerk deftly rolled a cigarette and asked for a match. The minister stopped reading for the moment and lectured on the evils of tobacco. In due time he was registered and sent to the bath room. Arriving at the head of the stairs leading to the bath room, he made it known in no uncertain language that he did not come here to take a bath and then proceeded to the door and on his way.

Many men are addicted to the use of one or more aliases. A young man having assumed an alias was being questioned rather hurriedly by the case worker, who suddenly asked his father's name. He as suddenly blurted out "J.O. _____" "J.O. What?" queried the case worker. Thereupon the young man forgot momentarily and gave another name. Emerging from the registration office the young man was possessed with a different name, address, new parents, A modern Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. What!

Another veteran of the road - there twenty years by his own admission - was being registered. After finishing the necessary registration, the client asked about supper. Upon being told by the case worker that it was too late for supper, the 76 year old veteran lustily exclaimed, "What! You want me to stay with you and try to treat me that way?" And out he went!

This transient life is also, peppered freely with tragedy. Witness the case of the 16 year old boy who had run away from home. He came into the waiting room looking pale and haggard. His reply to the usual questions came in a husky whisper. He hadn't eaten for over two days he admitted, and was almost crying with weakness. The dining room was closed for the night, but one of the night watchman gave him part of his supper - and the look on his face and the tearful thanks were well worth the sacrifice.

-Vincent Quickel, Intake.



The Phantom



The following items arrived surreptitiously the other morning - at early dawn, to be exact. This signifies The Phantom was on the job all night. He has certainly gathered up a lot of dirt for just one night's work. We accept no responsibility. Here 'tis:

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

We, the members of Camp Lake Reba, wonder why our "Doctor" is called "Daddy" - could it be possible that he is buying dolls for a fair Miss in our city, for the consideration of calling him "Daddy"?

We are also interested in a certain chant, that we heard next door to our boarding house thru all hours of the night, such as this: "I pray to Dod to make Mom let me call the Doctor man "Daddy".

Could this be Bruce?

CARNIVAL ! ! ! !

Our favorite truck driver, Sugar Boy Watson, with his bride to be, Sylvia, went over to the carnival at Richmond, one night recently to make "Whoopee".

This cooing couple was accompanied by his future in-laws. Mother, Father, Grandmother, and Grandfather. A great time was had by all, as it was the night after pay day.

Incidentally, there was a tremendous down pour of water. The inlaws, having the interest of the bride to be at heart, demanded that Charles take them to their domicile immediately.

They rode in a taxi - and "Sugar Boy" walked thru the down pour!

CAMP

We wonder why is it that Supt. Edward Rice wants to go back to Blue Licks to have his shoes half soled?

We wonder what fair damsel (B---k) that our ace guard Lee Merritt was interested in the other night, when Fix-it Smith and Robert Holley came singing into camp? Clanging boat chains and stringing fish! Are your intentions honorable Lee? All of your pals are interested!



Saga of ~ ~ Louis the Kid! ✓

Louis the Kid worked a year in the CCC's in Florida, then went to New York on discharge. Tried vainly to find work, and finally went on the road last July. He finished High School a few years ago. Here's what he has to say about some of the bureaus he visited:

"Perfect bureau? Where? If you're looking for the perfect bureau there 'aint no sich animal'-at least, not in my experience. Conditions are better in the small bureaus and camps, but, from the 'Madhouse of Manhattan', where men are content to live in a crowded, unsanitary, poor feeding joint, full of drunkards, dopes, chislers, and no counts - to the almost perfect set-up of Camp Fort Eustis, there's wide range of conditions. Here's what I found:

NEW YORK. Stayed at the 'Muny' two nights. 2200 men. Average of 200 men slept on each floor. One continuous line for meals. Conditions far from clean throughout building. Inadequate recreational facilities. General attitude, 'Let George do it'. Left in disgust of general conditions.

PHILADELPHIA. Stayed at Locust St Shelter three days. 800 men. 350 or so slept on each floor. Sleeping conditions a little better than New York. Lines marched through quicker. Fair supervision, clean conditions. Poor recreational facilities. Waited all day to register.

BALTIMORE. Stayed at Frederick St Shelter one month. The reason? Lost new suit costing \$35.00 in the fumigator. The line was in the hundreds and everybody grabs anybody's clothes when they come out of the fumigator. Bureau refused to make good the suit. Received shirt and pants later, but wore ragged overalls belonging to some one else. 400 men here, about 200 sleeping together on each floor. Splendid cooking. Lines at meal times three blocks long - three shelters eat in same dining room. Front gone now, unable to look for job.

WASHINGTON.D.C. Stayed at Canal St Shelter two weeks. 500 men. Slept on army cots very close together, 250 men to a floor. No ventilation. Walk mile and a half for each meal - good cooking. Long lines. Tried to enter CCC again - refused. Sent to Fort Eustis.

FORT EUSTIS. About 2800 men here. 100 men to a barracks. Neat and clean in dining room with good food well cooked. Army style, with mess kits for each man. Very good supervision. Excellent recreational facilities. Stayed one week, then left to find job. Fort Eustis alright but ontirely out of the world.

RICHMOND, VA. Told shelter was crowded and sent to 'Volunteers of America' Shelter. Walked three miles in rain. Food very poor and sloppy. About 35 men, double deck bunks. No heat, No towels, no recreation. Stayed one week here trying to get work.



CHARLOTTE, N.C. Small bureau. Registered in one hour. One meal at Shelter then sent out to camp. Good living conditions and good food. Lived in barracks at camp. Worked on County Road Project. Excellent recreational facilities. Stayed three months, then left on promise of job in Detroit from friend.

COLUMBUS, OHIO. On way to Detroit. Shelter had 800 men. 200 men to a floor. Food fair. Very long lines. Clean bureau, good supervision. Colored and white ate together at same tables. Stayed only one night.

MARION, OHIO. Small bureau - 100 men. Old timers have the best of it here. Sleeping accommodations good. Good food. Fair recreational facilities. Stayed one night.

TOLEDO, OHIO. Large bureau. 1600 men. Registered in thirty minutes at 4.30 P.M., but had to wait until 9 P.M. before eating. Waited until midnite for a blanket, and then slept on a bench in the dining room with seventy five others. Very unsanitary conditions. Long lines at meal times. Colored and white all ate and slept together. Stayed one night. What a bureau!

DETROIT, MICHIGAN. Job failed to materialize. Registered at a dozen concerns and then went to the bureau. Around 2000 men at Fisher Lodge. Colored and white eat together but sleep on separate floors. Use same showers and toilets. Lines at meal times two blocks long. Food fair. Two meals daily and two sandwiches in middle of day. Transients work around shelter for one dollar per week, while local homeless sweep streets for three dollars week -three days a week. Stayed four days, and then decided to head south. Have job promised for November.

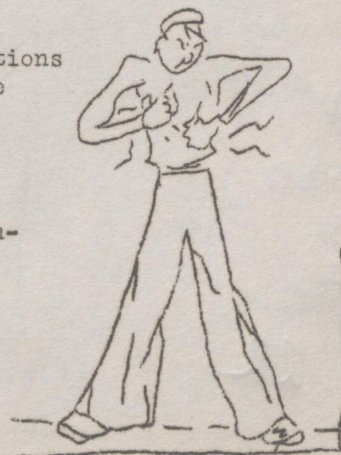
And so Louis the Kid finally lands here, on his way South. We believe his story of conditions in the large bureaus is about right, since it checks with the stories of others. Not a very bright picture of the larger bureaus in the North. We've boiled down his descriptions quite a lot.

No wonder transients do not have the sympathy or respect of newspapers and the public - since most of the descriptions of transient bureaus are drawn from conditions existing in the large centers. No man can keep his self respect or morale under these conditions. But it's the best the social workers have been able to provide.

There's something wrong with the transient service, or men would not be continually on the move from one bureau to another. Some of the reasons are outlined above. The social workers say we should stay put in one place - the newspapers say we won't work. Both are wrong.

Men will work and will stay in one place if conditions are made satisfactory for them, and they don't ask for the world with a fence around it either. All they want are decent living conditions, and a chance to locate a job when the opportunity offers.

The answer is - put the bureaus under the same conditions as exists in the CCC camps. Spend a little more money and get results that will do away with this relief business and return a dividend on the investment in restored morale and real work projects of benefit to the country.



Features

WINDJAMMER, St Petersburg Fla. James Pollitt, Ed
Art work splendid. "Colossal Failure" your best article. Keep coming.

THE NOMAD, San Francisco, R.S.Burton, Ed
The best in the West. Nice Cover. Liked your article "Beaten at his own Game" by Harry Smith.

CONTACT, Washington, D.C. Wm Crawford, Ed.
Oodles of good reading. J.Zauner's "Washington Tours" a knockout.

WOLVERINE, Grand Rapids, Mich. Charles Williams, Ed
Sorry to hear your swan song. Good luck to the new editor. Give us more of James Farrell's writings.

ORIOLE ROUNDUP, Baltimore, Md. Nelson Barlow, Ed.
Like your short snappy editorials. A very neat mag. Come again.

CAPITAL NEWS, Topeka, Kansas, Charles Davis, Ed
"Lawrence of Arabia" a great story of a great adventurer.

BLACK FORESTER, Colo.Springs, Colo. G.H.Campbell, Ed.
A coupla slaps on the back for "Oh, do we misbehave." You tell 'em while we chuckle.

PIONEER, Camp Foster, Yukon, Fla. Fred Conley, Ed
Getting better every issue. "Carry on" by Harold Munck an interesting article.

THE LIGHTHOUSE, New Orleans, La. Richard Pugh, Ed.
Two of the best articles you've published "Human Conduct - It's significance" and "Knight of Old". Give us more like 'em.

DESERT DUST, Phoenix, Ariz, Pat Hayhurst, Ed
Neat work. Wipe the dust off a few more yarns like "Wranglin' the Iron Hoss in Old Arizony". We liked it.

DYNAMO, Chattanooga, Tenn, John P. Lee, Ed
Your editorial sure hit the spot. "Suggestions", by the "Gossiper" another hit. Killing two birds with one stone.

THE PICKUP, Farrandsville, Pa. Francis McKinnery
One of the few C.C.C. publications we receive that is true to camp life. "Pointers on how to get by at the new camp" was good. Happy Birthday.

MAGNOLIAN, Jackson, Miss. H.D.Melton, Ed.
Your editorial on staying put was good. As you say, there's no perfect bureau. May as well stick it out if the joint is halfway decent!

***** L.C.Richardson.



U.S. AIR FORCE
LIBRARY