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# THE ARK



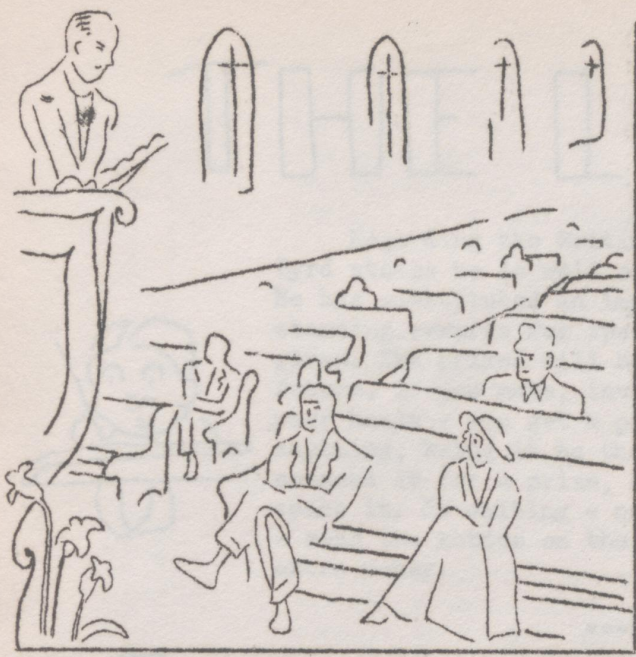
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# THE ARK

LEXINGTON KY.  
JUNE 1 - No. 18

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## EDITORIAL

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We've discovered a solution for all our present ills - it's so simple there must be a catch to it!

Instead of the present system under which everybody labors to be good in soul and thought and mind and body, so they will go to heaven when they die - let's believe we're all coming back to earth again!

Not once - but many times, and in different nationalities and sexes. Let's believe we're going to be rewarded for all the kind things we do and say, for all the help we give others, by coming back on this earth to live a fuller life next time.

If we believed this - millionaires would leave all their money to orphan asylums, gangsters would help old ladies across the street, employers would do away with child labor, everything would be shared equally and there would be no wars, no want, no people working all their lives - only to die in the poorhouse!

For all we know this might be the real idea in living!

-- "Barnacle Bill"

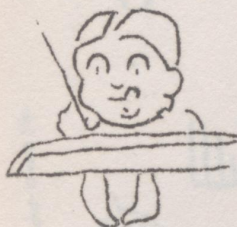
"That's a swell idea, Bill," we agreed. "How about the loan of half a buck until payday? We need help!"

"Get to hell out of here," said Bill. "The idea is for the other fellow to do the helping - not me!"



# THE LOG BOOK

Regarding the Writing and Handicraft Contests, Director Hord Byrd states he is well satisfied with the quality of the response. He has substituted an improvement however. Instead of contests, standing rewards for special achievements in these lines will be given. The prizes will be about the same as in the contests. In future, if you make, invent, draw, paint, or execute anything with your hands - you get a prize. If it's good enough! If you write anything, bring it to the ARK and if its good we'll personally recommend it for a prize, and we'll help you spell, punctuate, and space it. No waiting - no delay! Come on you so-called brainy guys - read the notice on the bulletin board and get busy and make some extra money.



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The Vocational School in Handicrafts is being held up on account of lack of space. This will be remedied in about ten days. The lathe, the band saw, the drafting instruments are here, and some other things necessary for the school, and the time spent in school will be allowed on work hours we understand. Full details will be given out very shortly. Here's a chance to learn a trade fellows. Get next!



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Something about our contributors to this month's ARK. Bruce Carlton, who wrote "The Ebony Stick", is a graduate of Stanford, and has had several stories accepted by Liberty. He is orderly in the hospital. James R. Rogers is a very old man who has since checked out because he would not take the "Shots". He has turned in reams of poetry. Paul Hock is a likable chap out at camp. We know nothing of his background but we have seen him wrestle and he's good - very good. John S. Hamilton, formerly editor of the Lighthouse, has since checked out. Barnacle Bill is still with us!



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Four of our boys secured work with a carnival show the other day. It had been raining steadily for several days - was still raining in torrents when the show boss drove up to the Center and asked for workers to put up the tents. He got all he wanted right away and the boys made an extra dollar and got a good soaking. And some people say that 80 percent of the boys would turn down jobs if they were offered! We're willing to bet the same guy who said it would not have worked in the rain and the mud for eight hours and come back smiling!







Some of you may remember Walter Camp. He was one of the pioneers of Camp Blue Licks and worked there as carpenter. Walter worked hard through those early days of the camp, and bossed the building of the mess hall and other buildings. He also built the row boat "Nellie". His brother, Roy Camp, was here a few days ago and reports Walter died over in Indiana a short time ago. Hail and farewell - he was a good scout.

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Shorty Williams left us for New York and got as far as Huntington, W. Va. Landed in the hoosegow there for twenty days - riding a C & O freight! Better catch the 10:30 P.M. freight fellows and get to Huntington in daylight! Just a tip - Shorty caught the afternoon freight.

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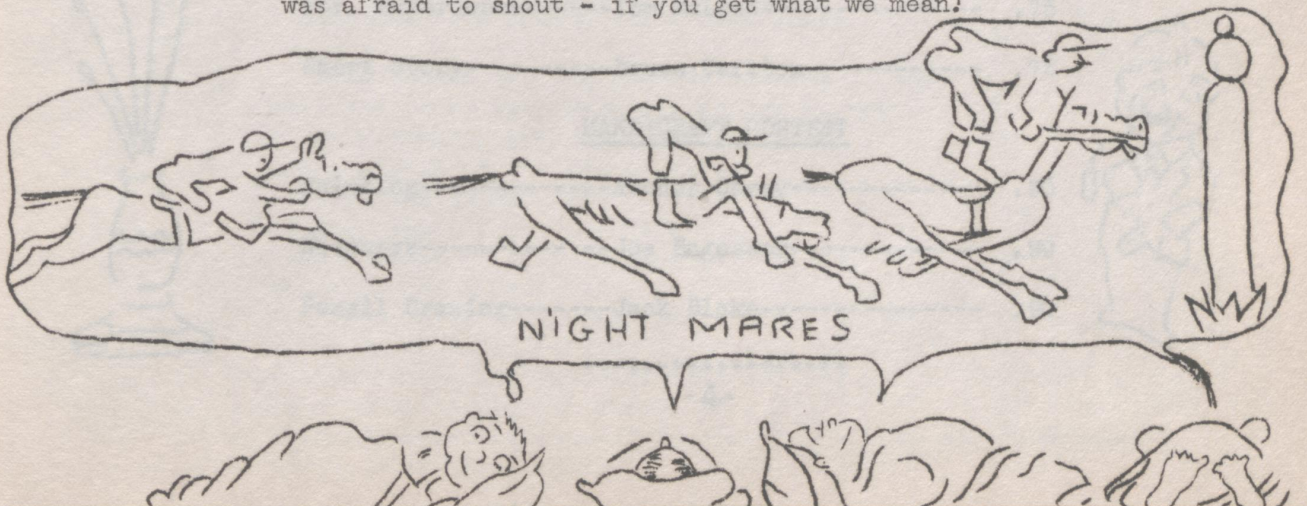
Goodness! - the case load jumped up to a couple of hundred the other day. Several days of rain, a circus and a carnival, trouble up in Ohio and Illinois, and maybe spring fever. Had to spread 'em around on the floors and dozens went down to the "Sally". But we stood the strain even though the floors did sag a little! Wherein lies that prosperity got to?

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"Since the Federal Transient Bureaus refuse to take fingerprints of their "guests", there is nothing in the world to prevent the five convicts who escaped from Frankfort Reformatory the other day - or any other fugitives from justice or criminals - from traveling about the country from bureau to bureau, getting "three squares" a day, clothing, shelter, and \$1.00 a week spending money, or work if available. Police are helpless when a Federal "social service" bureau refuses to co-operate with them."-----From a Louisville newspaper.-----We almost broke into tears when we read the above - we felt so sorry for the poor policemen!

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"Check 'em out" Carroll lost his voice the other day. He went to the hospital for a dose of Sal Herpatica and "Doc" Barton gave him all that was left in the bottle. It wasn't long before Carroll was afraid to shout - if you get what we mean!







See by the papers the "veterans" are contemplating a bonus march on Washington. Well, if they're anything like the bunch that got together for the last bonus march there's nothing for Congress to worry about. A couple of tear gas bombs will chase them away! The "vets" have certainly been getting the best of it through this depression - the CCC's are full of them, and special camps are all over the country where they get \$30 a month. We can't see where they have anything to kick about. We were sap enough to volunteer into the Canucks in the early days - otherwise we would be yelling too for a bonus!

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Just to show what can be done under adverse circumstances - a young fellow who has been in this bureau for several months, working for a dollar a week, has been able to complete his schooling at the University and has also been able to put away a tidy sum from raising chickens and selling them. He was financed by outsiders. He put in his thirty hours a week and asked few favors. Rather a quiet fellow and with little to say for himself. Wants to be a County Farm Agent some day.

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The Feraplane, of Clovis, N. Mex., has no appointed editorial staff. They write, form, and print their magazine in their own time outside of their regular work routine. Who do? Why Farrell, Boxwell, Raney and Fay. The "Four Aces of the Skies". More power to them, they put out a real magazine. Whatsamatter with their Director? Can't he recognize talent when he sees it? May swipe your poem, Farrell. Do you mind?

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Here's the results of the last Writing and Handicraft Contest - the camp boys never got a look in!

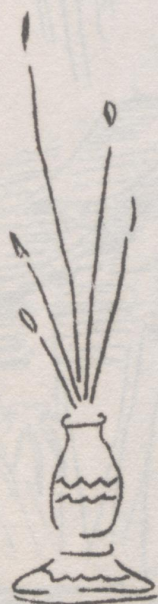
#### WRITING CONTEST

|                      |                      |        |
|----------------------|----------------------|--------|
| Poems-----           | James R. Rogers----- | .50    |
| Editorial-----       | Frank Perry-----     | \$1.00 |
| Per. Experience----- | Tom McLeod-----      | .75    |
| Short Story-----     | Bruce Carlton-----   | .75    |

#### HANDICRAFT CONTEST

|                     |                   |     |
|---------------------|-------------------|-----|
| Painting-----       | Archer Carey----- | .90 |
| Woodwork-----       | Joe Engessor----- | .90 |
| Pencil Drawing----- | Jack Blake-----   | .90 |

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# EVERGLADE BLUES

We stood on the outskirts of Miami, Barnacle Bill and me, with our solitary two dollar bill. That was all that was left of our bank roll.

"Let's hitch hike over to Tampa," suggests Bill, "and see what we can find." Pretty soon an old ramshackle Ford comes along without a top. There's an old guy inside with a corn cob pipe in his mouth, and he stops with a clatter and opens the rear door. "Hop in," he says, "I'm going to Tampa. Will that be O.K. with you?" It certainly was!

We whizzed along the Tamiami Trail all that morning until we came to a concrete road that branched off to the left and went down into the Everglades. "I'm going down this way a piece," says the old man. "Will be gone about two hours. Do you want to come along and wait, or will you take a chance on another pick up?" After looking at the cars roaring past, we decided to tag along with the old man. "What's the hurry?" said Bill.

So in an hour the old man pulls up at a trail, locks the car and leaves us to look at the scenery. He barges his way through the saw grass, carrying an empty sack and we figured he was after moonshine. There was nothing in sight but the blue sky, miles of saw grass, hammock clumps covered with trees and palms, and flocks of white herons.

The canal at the side of the road was full of jumping fish, but we had nothing to catch 'em with and the sun was hot. We got out of the car and walked around and explored. We chased snakes into the water, and being thirsty, we tasted it. It was fresh. No cars passed along this road and everything was still and quiet. It began to get on our nerves. "Wish that guy would hurry up and come back," said Bill.

We were getting hungry, and finally decided to go down the trail taken by the old man and look see. The trail ended on the bank of a canal winding through the saw grass which was over our heads. "Must have taken a boat," mused Bill. We made out way back to the road as the mosquitoes were pretty thick down there.

By and by the sun gets to sinking in the West and we're damn good and hungry by now. We have nothing with us to eat and a search of the car provided nothing but an old razor blade. We had shipped our clothes ahead and had on only the usual whites. Soon it was dark, and the mosquitoes came after us in millions so we lit a fire and sat in the smoke. The wild cats and 'coons howled all around us, the mosquitoes bit us and we were pretty damn miserable.





Along about midnight we got fed up. "To hell with this," said Bill, "let's walk back to the Tamiami Trail. This guy must have got bit by a snake and we're liable to be here forever." So we started back towards the Trail.

We got there about daylight and pretty soon the cars started to whiz by. It was a long straight stretch of road and everything went by at ninety miles an hour. After a couple of hours of thumbing we gave up and started to look around for something to eat. Bill spied a soft shell turtle at the edge of the canal and makes a dive for it. It ended with both of us falling in the canal - but we finally got the turtle.

We cut the damn thing's head off with the razor blade after getting bit a couple of times, and threw it on a fire to roast. We looked like hell now - unshaven, muddy and dirty, and our faces swelled up with mosquito bites. But that turtle tasted good, and curious people in cars passed us and wondered what we were up to. But nobody stopped to give us a lift. We caught another turtle that evening and roasted him over the fire. We might as well have been on a desert island.

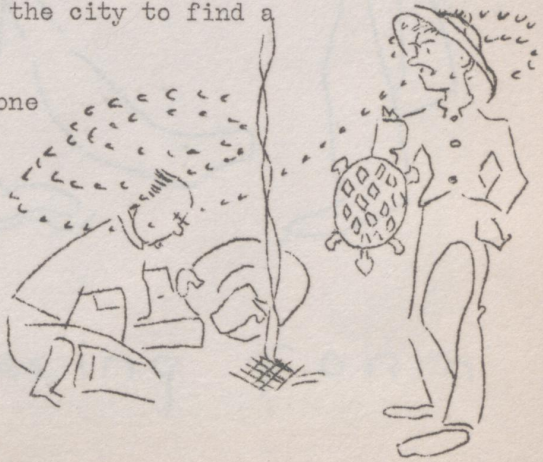
After the mosquitoes got thick that night, we started to walk to Tampa. The cars whizzed past faster than before. We spent the night slapping at mosquitoes and cussing cars and ourselves. Towards morning the mosquitoes let up a little and we caught another turtle and roasted him over a fire. This turtle business was getting monotonous. There was nothing in sight that even looked like a house - we were well in the middle of the Everglades.

If we looked tough yesterday we took the cup today for beauty! Our whiskers stuck out all over our faces, our whites were most any color but white, we were sunburned and our faces swelled to twice the usual size with mosquito bites. "You look like hell," said Bill, as he grinned through his whiskers.

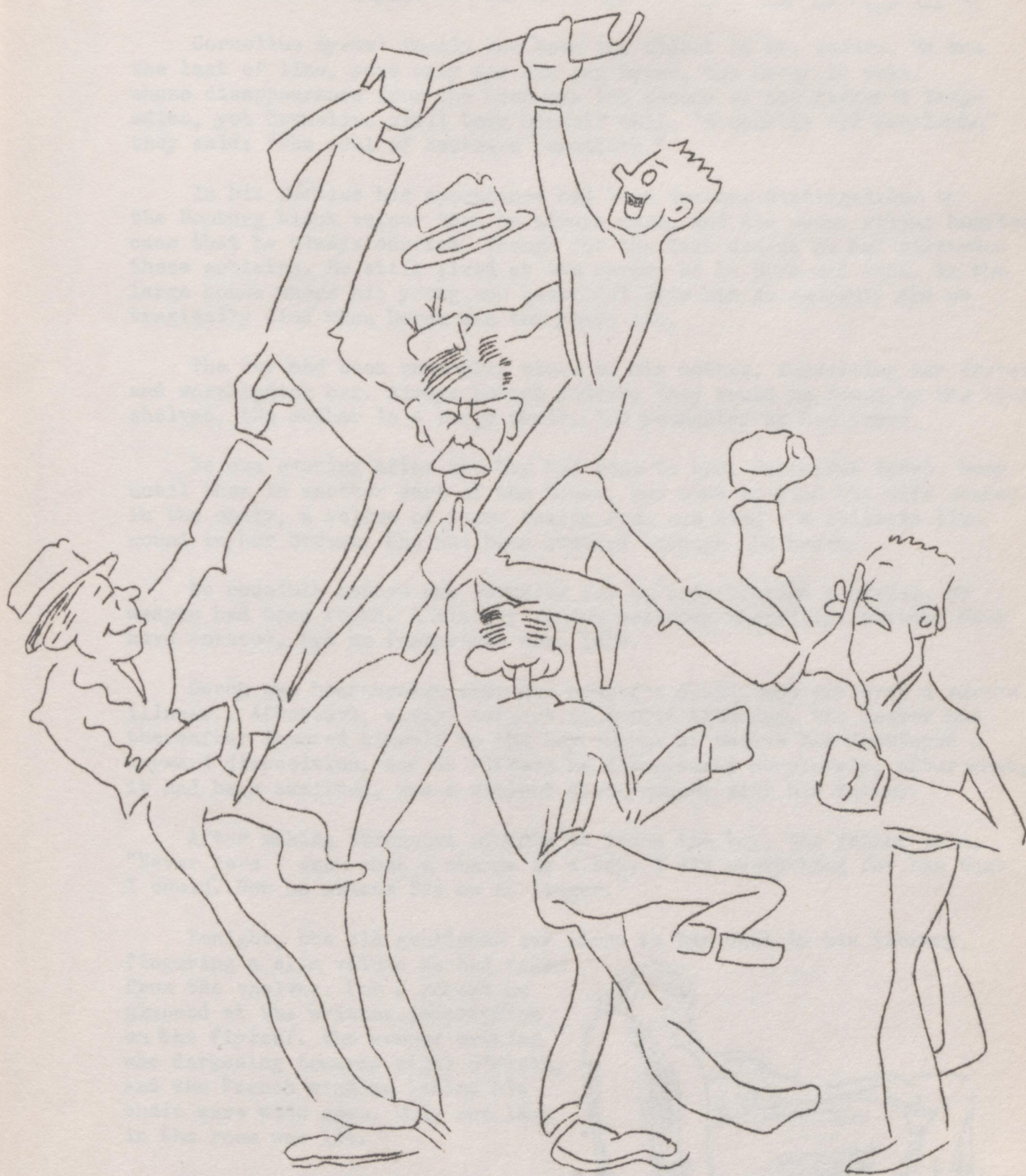
Towards noon, while we're plodding wearily down the Trail, thinking of ham and eggs and cold beer and coffee and things; a car halts with a clatter and we look up to see the old man who had ditched us down the road! "Holy smoke!" he exclaimed, giving us an incredulous look, "what in hell happened to you guys?" We tumbled wearily into the back seat and listened to his explanation about how he had got on a drunk with his moonshine friends in the "Glades." We're asleep when he barges into Naples and knocks off a wheel against a lamp post or something. We set off to the city to find a garage man.

At the edge of town we find one and sends him out to the old man. Across the street we see a lunch stand and we stagger wearily over and perched ourselves on a couple of stools.

"What'll it be gents?" says the guy behind the counter. "I've got some damned good turtle soup today!"







CARROLL BUYS A RACING FORM



# THE EBONY STICK

Cornelius Ayres' family had been the oldest in St. Thomas. He was the last of line, save only for his son Derek, the ne'er do well, whose disappearance from the town was the second of his father's tragedies, yet Cornelius still bore himself well. "A courtly old gentleman" they said; "the soul of Southern puncilito."

In his forties his appearance had been further distinguished by the Homburg black velour that he always wore, and the ebony silver handled cane that he always carried, though for the last decade he had discarded these articles. He still lived at the corner of La Brea and Vine, in the large house where his young and beautiful wife had so suddenly and so tragically died when Derek was ten years old.

The boy had been unusually close to his mother, inheriting her tastes and worshipping her. Always before bedtime they would be found by the bookshelves, the mother in a large chair, the youngster at her feet.

So one evening after the boy had gone to bed, Cornelius Ayres, busy until then in another part of the house, had come to find his wife seated in the chair, a volume of poems fallen from one hand - a stiletto like wound in her breast. She had been stabbed through the heart.

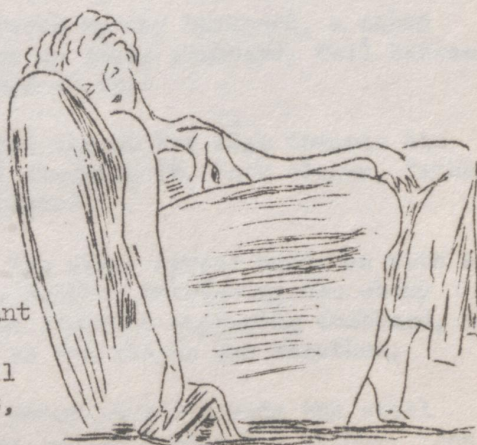
No possible motive was revealed for so cold-blooded a murder. No weapon had been found. A library window was open where the intruder must have entered, but no footprints were left.

Derek was heartbroken over his mother's death, and suffered a severe illness. Afterward, always subject to morbid brooding, the father had thereafter devoted himself to the boy. Derek at twelve had developed a wayward disposition, and at fifteen he disappeared completely, after what, it had been admitted, was a violent disagreement with his father.

After making strenuous efforts to trace the boy, the father said, "Never have I seen such a change in a boy. I did everything for him that I could. Now he exists for me no longer."

Tonight, the old gentleman sat alone at his desk in his library, fingering a slim volume he had taken from the shelves. For a moment he glanced at the written inscription on the flyleaf. The summer evening was darkening towards eight o'clock, and the French windows behind his chair were wide open. Only one lamp in the room was lit.

Now, impatiently turning over a page of the book, he saw a shadow slant across it. He swerved around in his chair. In the dark window stood a tall figure dressed in a summer linen suit, with a Panama hat and walking stick. Ayres exclaimed "Who are you, sir? What do you mean" - his hand was in the drawer.





The other removed his Panama with a sweep. "It's Derek, father. I have come to report. After ten year's search I have found him. For a long time he had lived abroad. I engaged his friendship. Or does that interest you?"

All color had left the old man's face. "You have the advantage of me," he said. "I have not the slightest idea of whom you are speaking."

"No?" answered Derek. "Perhaps I can explain--" Suddenly he broke off as his glance fell on the book the old man had been reading. "Why, that's what she was reading that night, wasn't she?"

"I don't know what you mean!"

"I mean - the night - you killed her." Derek's voice was taut.

"Stop!" cried the elder Ayres. His hand came out of the desk drawer with something gleaming. With a quick movement Derek disarmed him, thrusting the pistol into his pocket. Cornelius shuddered back into his chair, his lips writhing.

"Not two murders, father," said the son. "Though I can see you've been expecting me all these years. I have a few words to say to you. Before you married my mother she knew Morton Conley, the poet, the author of the book you were reading."

"You thought they were lovers," continued the son. "You were wrong. If I hadn't proved that to my satisfaction I would not be here. But you were ruthless. Murder of the utterly innocent is the worst murder of all. Here's the only letter my mother ever wrote to Conley. It's hardly incriminating, telling as it does of her happiness with you. He gave it to me voluntarily. Read it!"

Cornelius lurched forward, his glance traveling toward an ebony cane standing in the corner - an ebony cane with a silver handle. Derek reached the cane before the old man could grasp it.

"So, you have never let it out of your sight through all these years," Derek remarked. "I have always known. Even as a child I felt it. You even talked to it when you thought you were alone. Once, spying on you, I heard. Then, I knew."

"You're mad. Insane; I--"

There came a metallic click and Derek sprang backward, a naked rapier in his hand. The ebony cane, now an empty scabbard, fell between them. The elder Ayres stooped and picked it up.

Derek turned the rapier quickly and thrust its edge towards his father. "Perhaps you made a bad job of cleaning it. Look closer, father. It almost looks like - rust - on the blade!"

The stick of the sword fell from the elder Ayres' hand, as with a choking cry, he crumpled to the floor. Swiftly retrieving the ebony sheath, Derek returned the blade to the innocent appearing scabbard, the silver ring around the handle snapped as the weapon was sheathed.

"Well, father, this is goodbye." Derek paused beside the still figure, stooped and placed the faded letter beside his father. Then, without a backward glance at the huddled shape that did not move, he stepped to the window, out into the night.



# VERBODEN

We have gathered up all the "Dont's" around her and put 'em in one place so you can digest them. Here they are. "Check 'em out" Carroll says you'll either mind them - or out you go!

Dont shave or wash between 8 to 9:30 A. M. and 1 to 1:30 P. M. - the help need the sinks to fill wash buckets, and the sinks need to be cleaned sometime!

Dont smoke in the dining room - if you do the help will smoke too - and drop ashes all over the food!

Dont hang around the kitchen - give the boys room to accumulate things for the hash!

Dont hang around the front of the building - the cop on the beat says he's getting tired of stumbling over feet and pedestrians cant get by!

Dont spit on the floor - it makes things slippery - even if it does make you feel at home!

Dont go to bed - if you're over forty - without visiting the corner room. The sign on the door says "Gentlemen" but dont let that stop you - barge right in! If you must swim, go out to camp!

Dont come past the gate to the office except on business. Find another hang out - the boys must work sometimes. This doesn't apply to those who wish to bring items of interest to the ARK - we never work!

Dont get caught drunk or drinking. Do it down the track and sleep it off in a box car. It's the calaboose - not a check out - for this offense.

Dont sit on the pool table - the sides might fall off!

Dont go into the dormitory between 6:30 A. M. and 9:30 P. M. - some of the men object to having their shoes and clothing thrown through the windows to an accomplice below while they are working. When we're all together its catch as catch can - an even break!

Dont hang around the boiler room. This "Dont" will soon be off the list as the weather gets warmer.

Dont drink all the cream off the milk before it goes into the coffee - this applies only to the kitchen and dining room help. The rest of us never get a chance!

Dont forget to see the doctor when notified. You may need overhauling or sumpin' - it's free!

Dont forget to answer the roll call at 8 A.M. and 1 P.M. - it's the only way to find out if you are still around and someone else may get your bed!

Dont smoke in the dormitory - we dont care if you burn but we need this place to sleep in!

That's all - Oh, dont think that "Check 'em out" Carroll wont do it!



# "CHINK" MITCHELL to HANG!

- John S. Hamilton

The rumblings about laundryman William Mitchell being a Chinaman finally developed into a roar on Wednesday, May 14th, and exploded in the form of a warrant, sworn out by Work Supervisor John Henderson, charging Mitchell with being a native of China who had gained entrance into this country without the knowledge of immigration officials. Henderson explained that as a native of Erin he objected to a Chinaman using an Irish name!

Before a packed audience of men, women, and children, residents of Blue Licks and surrounding counties, and members of the camp, the prisoner was led before what is sometimes called the bar of justice by "Sheriff" Bob Swafford. To accommodate the large crowds, a special court was arranged in the Blue Licks Schoolhouse. Hon. Ed Sampson, Democratic Nominee for Assembly, presided. A mixed jury of twelve citizens was selected from the audience.

Court was called at 6:30 P.M. by Clerk of Court H. Brooks. The first witness was John Henderson, who testified he had known the defendant about three months; that the defendant had worked for him and proved a good worker, but he had shown tendencies of Chinese heritage and that he, Henderson, did not like Chinese. As the witness took the stand, the defendant said something about "his pants", pointing to those Henderson was wearing. This seemed to confuse John, but under the skillful leading questions of the prosecuting attorney he soon regained his composure. Defense Attorneys Lewis Kirchgessner and Paul Hock tried in vain to shake the witness' testimony. John said Mitchell was a Chinaman and he didn't like Chinese.

"Soldier" Benjamin Moore swore he served three years in the U. S. Army during 1912 - 13 - 14. One on the Mexican border and two in China. He testified a chink ran a laundry near the army post where he was stationed at Laredo, Texas, who was one and the same defendant because both men had large front teeth with a wide separation in the middle. The defendant showed his contempt for the witness at this juncture by exposing his teeth to the audience. The witness claimed a knowledge of the Chinese language and stated he had heard Mitchell praying in Chinese in his tent one night. Paul Hock, leading for the defense, tried to confuse the witness by asking him to prove his knowledge of the Mongol tongue and carry on a conversation with the defendant. "Chink" Mitchell shouted "Chop Suey Chow Mein" at Moore, but he refused to answer.

Ralph Walker was the next witness for the state. According to Walker Mitchell had given every indication of being a Chinaman while in the dining room because he frequently asked for a second helping of rice. A pair of chop sticks was introduced as evidence, Walker stating he had taken them from Mitchell during a meal. They were made of red paper, about as long as a pencil. Mitchell only smiled.

The defense called the accused as their first witness. Visibly shaking from the effect of the trial the grey haired, aged, and decrepit





old man required the help of his lawyers to shuffle into his seat on the witness stand. He testified he was born in Pekin, China, November 10th, 1865; that he came to this country January 1930, and his occupation was "Washee, washee, alla time washee." It developed he was a friend of the President, that he was in this country incognito with official sanction, and that he had not been on the Mexican border twenty-four years ago.

E.C. Calloway, who claimed to be a personal body guard of the "Chink", was called to the stand and testified while rambling around the world in 1930 he had "run into" the job and had been in the employ of One Low Lung ever since. The prosecutor tried to confuse the witness by making it appear that he had landed in China before he said he had left New York, but like a true knight of the road, Calloway had a ready answer for all questions about his movements and whereabouts at given times. When asked where he had landed, Calloway replied "In jail".

The next and final witness was John Hamilton, wearing a gold looking badge. He stated he was a secret service man, detailed by official instructions to guard One Low Lung and report any attempts at molestation by his enemies. The defense brought out that Mitchell landed in U.S. territory in 1930 and had been peacefully working as a laundryman.

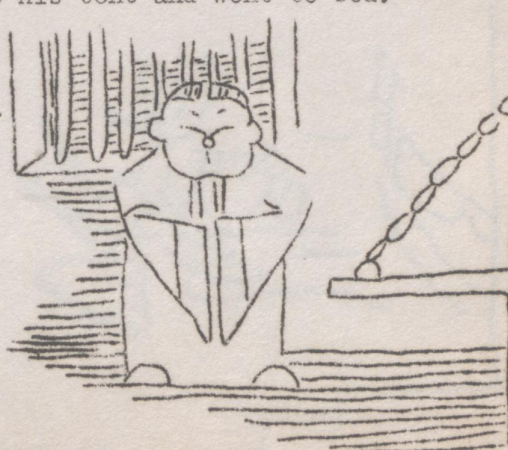
Early in the trial Prosecutor Preston objected to the presence of Kirchgessnor on the defense counsel on the grounds he had previously been found insane in the same court. Kirchgessnor countered that it was true he had been found insane, but had since been declared cured, and that Preston at that moment was under suspicion of being "touched in the haid" and that he, Kirchgessnor, was Preston's legal guardian! The Court laughed, but the damage had been done.

Completing the appeal for the defense, Paul Hock pointed out the age and past good record of Mitchell; the fact that he was the best laundryman in camp; that he had intended no wrong in assuming an Irish name; that he had enemies who were plotting against him; and that he shouldn't be banished from camp because several of the men owed him money. The Prosecution used one minute allowed for rebuttal to harangue the defense about their psychopathic tendencies, their nationality, and raised a technical question about the absence of a Presidential seal on the White House documents.

The jury retired for about two minutes and returned with an admission one of them had been ill and had not heard a word of the trial. Then they announced a verdict the prisoner should be hanged. Everyone in the court was trying to talk at the same time. The judge sentenced the prisoner to be hanged but failed to set the date for execution, and during the excitement the bewildered "Chink" slipped off to his tent and went to bed.

Chief Defense Counsel Kirchgessnor stated he was going to apply for a new trial and a change of avenue - or whatever it was lawyers ask for when they lose a case. One of the jurors was heard to remark "inasmuch as a Chinaman wasn't wanted in Blue Licks why wish him on another country - better hang him." And that seems to have been the concensus of opinion.

Mitchell is an actor. His portrayal of a persecuted bewildered Chinaman would have brought credit to a Barrymore.





# RATS

One of the first rules laid down by officials at the head of the Transient Service Bureau was that no favors were to be shown to any transients - that all were to be treated alike.

Yet what camp or bureau has not it's few members whose actions are that of servility to the officers in charge? To anyone with any authority, they will fawn on, and if the chance is offered to them, will tell all they may know or guess about other members, in the hope they will be noticed - and favored.

Their stakes are a quarter or half dollar extra a week; their very soul is on the block as a forfeit. They are despised for their depravity - and the name for them is RAT.

If a concensus of opinion could be obtained on just what is the lowest form of depravity into which a person can sink, the majority of answers would be that it was the crime of kidnapping. As a rule, only the wealthy are the victims of this crime. The people engaged in this form of crime are willing to risk their lives in order to obtain a large stake.

But they are despised for their depravity - and the name for them is RAT.

The only good thing one can say in their favor is that they ask no favors when caught and take their medicine like men.

There are hundreds of transient bureaus and camps located in the United States. To many of the transients these camps and bureaus have become home. Tired and discouraged because of the knowledge their ability as workers is not desirable to any wage payer, they have accepted the last resource offered to them; that of selling their ability to the United States.

The only thing the Government asks of these men is that they labor thirty hours a week and conduct themselves as decent American citizens. They are asked, in other words, to prove that they are men.

There should be no place for RATS in the Transient Bureaus!

Paul Hock  
Camp Blue Licks.





# COMPETITION!

"The Transient" is published bi-monthly by the National Association of Travelers Aid and Transient Service, 1270 6th Avenue, New York. Since most of it is about transients - from the social workers viewpoint - let's review the May issue. To settle the argument, bi-monthly means every two months.

The first item is a request to subscribe - at \$2.00 a year, six issues. This takes the place usually occupied by the editorial of the average transient publication. Will probably produce more concrete results at that!

The next article tells of the value of the work done by transients in California - \$106, 203.06 worth of improvements to the state in one month as the result of 265,509 work hours. Describes the class of work done, including the cutting of 562 cords of wood. This is a recent news release. That six cents of work on the total is intriguing!

Now comes "Be a good neighbor". Describes how transients have been neglected in the past by charitable organizations, and points out the need for co-operation with the Federal Government since the government has assumed the care of the transient. A call to the agencies to "get in on this" we presume. Cleverly written.

Then comes an article "Words as signposts to attitudes and prejudices." Recommends the use of the word "unattached" instead of "transient" or "homeless". Will lead to a better attitude towards transients, says the article. Well, "transient" still fits - here today and gone tomorrow!

"National developments and trends in transient and homeless care" is the imposing title of the next article. Some highlights:- An informal group in Cincinnati interprets to the police judges the needs and problems of transients who have been arrested, and is responsible for changing the attitude of Cincinnati newspapers towards the transient situation. Another:- A review of fingerprinting practices in different states. Follow up study being given this one. Another:- Touches on the low morale among transient staffs because of the uncertainty of the FERA program.

Then comes "The Unattached in the New Program." Review of the Committee's letter to Harry Hopkins, FERA administrator, giving the committee's thinking on this matter. Recommends prevention of transiency; a place on the work program for transients; Federal care of unemployable transients. A lengthy article, urging the importance of the continuation of Federal aid to transients.

"Transients in January and February, 1935." comes next. Gives the findings of FERA research division in thirteen study cities. Among other things, states 85% of unattached





transients given relief in February were new cases, and only 15% reopened cases. Also states the number of unattached transients steadily declined from 25,160 to 19,008 between October 1934 and March 1935 in these cities, all large cities throughout the country. Report states a majority of unattached transients were stable and productive workers before migration.

In a box on another page, the Federal Transient Census of April 15 shows 252,072 unattached males, females, and individuals in transient families - only 124,553 unattached males. Including state and local homeless men, women, and children, the grand total is 306,364 on the Federal transient rolls. This total does not include the staff.

"Journalism in Transient Bureaus," written by two students of the School of Journalism, University of Missouri, is an article describing the Transient Press. A microscopic examination of the bureau magazines, mentioning several by name. Apparently some of the magazines came out of the group sent to the national contest almost a year ago. Transentinel, Campfire, Highway Citizen, Blackforester, Wayside, and the Nomad are specifically mentioned.

The exchange departments are quoted as being the life of many transient publications. States the magazines are far more frank and outspoken than the traditionally free college press over which so much controversy has flared of late. Some of the country's best artists and humorists are in transient camps according to this article. We quote the closing paragraph:

"If the tenor of these papers is any gauge of the camp atmosphere, it must surely be wholesome, honest, progressive, and ambitious, and these citizens of the highway must be cheerfully doing everything in their power to improve a difficult situation."

All in all, these two students of journalism did a very good job in describing the activities of the transient press.

In another article mention is made of the sending of transients to the Alaskan settlement and states "One of the most outstanding accomplishments in carrying out this project has been establishing of CCC levels of pay for transients." Amen to that, brother!

All the above, and more, in twelve pages, printed of course. Not a single cartoon, picture, or even an ad. A copy should be in the library of every bureau.

The "Transient" compares favorably with the transient press in make-up, information, readability, and interest. Written by social workers for social workers, the magazine gives a picture of conditions on both sides of the fence. Humorous? Well, not quite!





# Summer Pastimes — and Summer not!

We are publishing this information for the benefit of those men who intend to travel extensively this summer. You will find the following diversions at the bureaus in these localities. No need to go it blind - set yourself a program and learn as you earn - your board!

San Antonio, Texas. - Be a finger print expert - give and take proposition open to all comers - assisted by the local sheriff. Fine for mind and body control. Large classes. Everything free!

Fort Morgan, Alabama. - Join the Gulf Fishing Club. Learn to catch oysters, sand crabs, sand dabs, and sand itch. Listen to the ocean moan. Far away from the bright lights - a perfect rest cure. Bring your shade tree!

Fort Eustis, Virginia. - Learn to be a Ship Captain on the Leviathan soon to be moored on the parade ground. Learn to box the compass on the best boat on the beach. Free uniform - chance of a lifetime - all the girls love a sailor!

New Orleans, La. - Be an Art Student - live models from the Vieux Carre. Bring your own smokes as the models do their own smoking.

Des Moines, Iowa. - Learn to fly. Glider Club now starting. Plain and fancy nose dives - Dip-plomas to all who qualify - ashcans to those who dont!

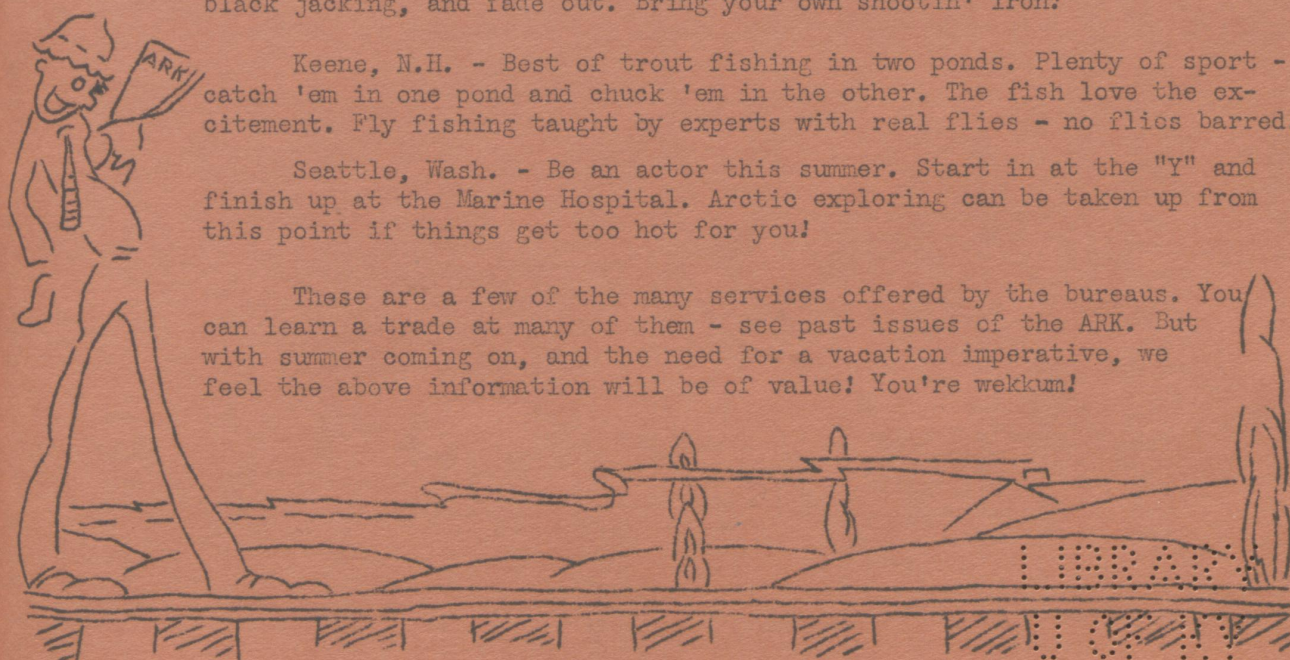
Nags Head, N.C. - Fishing season now opening. Free fishing tackle and bring your own worms or your little brother! Beach parties every evening picking up (shotgun) shells. Short swim to Europe and all points East!

Prescott, Arizona. - Dont be a gold bricker all your life - learn to be the real thing out there. Free lessons from noted gold diggers. All the atmosphere of a mining camp - crap shooting, snipe shooting, black jacking, and fade out. Bring your own shootin' iron!

Keene, N.H. - Best of trout fishing in two ponds. Plenty of sport - catch 'em in one pond and chuck 'em in the other. The fish love the excitement. Fly fishing taught by experts with real flies - no flies barred!

Seattle, Wash. - Be an actor this summer. Start in at the "Y" and finish up at the Marine Hospital. Arctic exploring can be taken up from this point if things get too hot for you!

These are a few of the many services offered by the bureaus. You can learn a trade at many of them - see past issues of the ARK. But with summer coming on, and the need for a vacation imperative, we feel the above information will be of value! You're welkum!





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