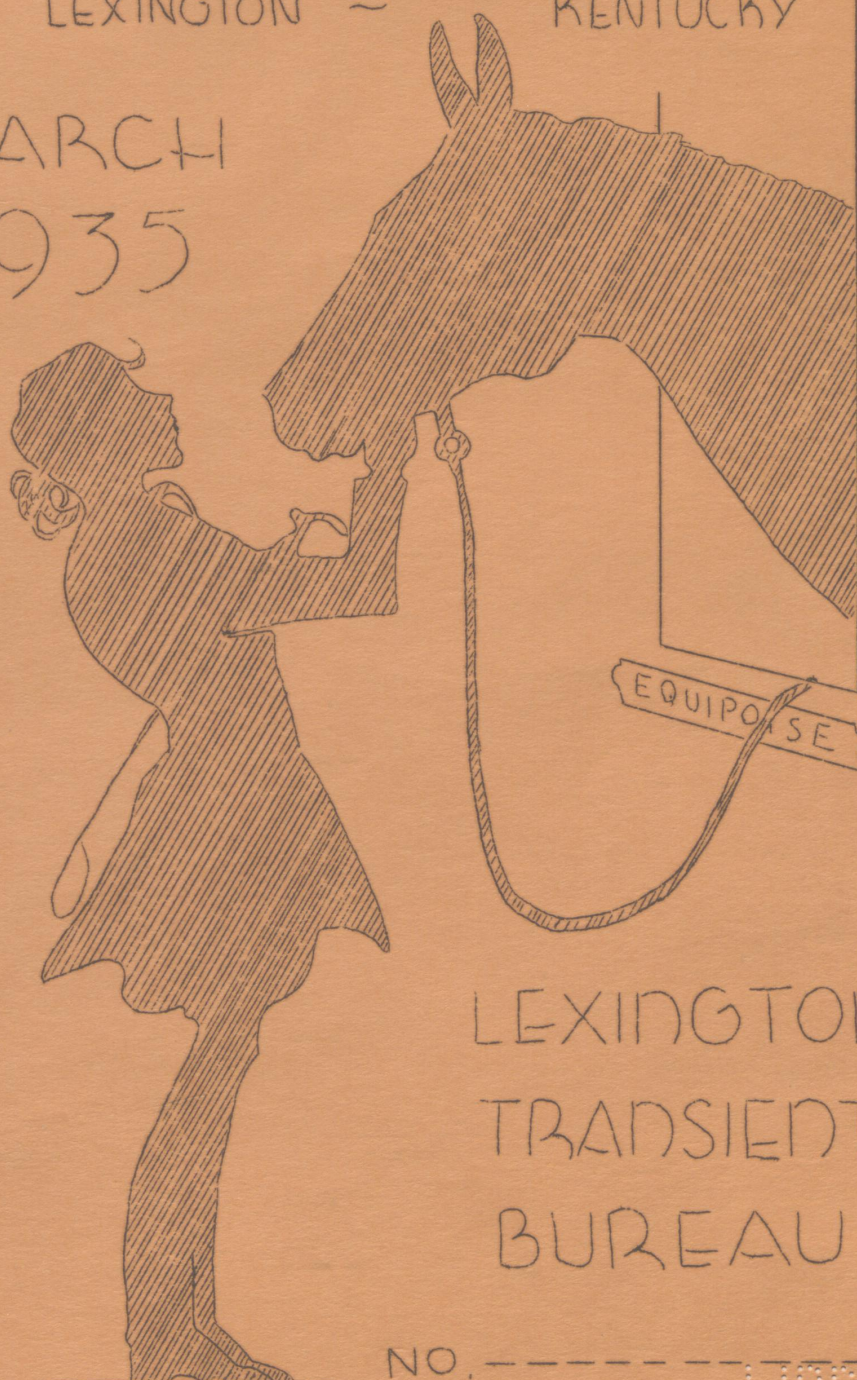


THE ARK

LEXINGTON

KENTUCKY

MARCH
1935



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TRANSIENT
BUREAU

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THE ARK

LEXINGTON, KY

MAR 15th - NO-14

Editor
Frank Perry

Artist
Walt Schonemen

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EDITORIAL

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

Hungry, homeless, friendless, with no occupation or training, and nothing to lose except the liberty to starve - why don't individuals steal and rob when confronted with such a condition?

The answer is - many of them do!

Those with intelligence know the percentage is against them. The bureau has solved the problem - we need not steal or rob - we can still live, still retain our liberty after a fashion and wait for better times. Those of us with some vocation or trade hope to again take up where we left off, when the deluge came along.

But what of the individual with no training or ability along any particular line when the bureaus are discontinued? Statistics have proven they are potential law breakers or public charges. Can nothing be done for these men? The cost of keeping a man in jail far exceeds the cost of teaching a man a trade or vocation. From this angle alone the project is well worth while.

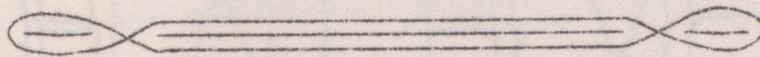
In the majority of the bureaus nothing is done to improve the mental condition of the inmates. With the many unemployed teachers, professional men and craftsmen available, it would be a simple matter to organize an educational program.

Of course, we'll live and learn and die and forget it all, but the younger men might get a kick out of it!

- "Barnacle Bill" -

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OPPORTUNITY



Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my
footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I
penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and
passing by
Hovel and mart and palace -
soon or late
I knock unbidden once at
every gate!

If sleeping awake - if feasting
rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate.
And they who follow me reach every
state
Mortals desire, and conquer every
foe
Save death; but those who doubt
or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and
woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly
implore,
I answer not, and I return no more!

-John James Ingalls.

They do me wrong who say I come
no more
When once I knock and fail to
find you in;
For every day I stand outside
your door,
And bid you wake and rise to
fight and win.

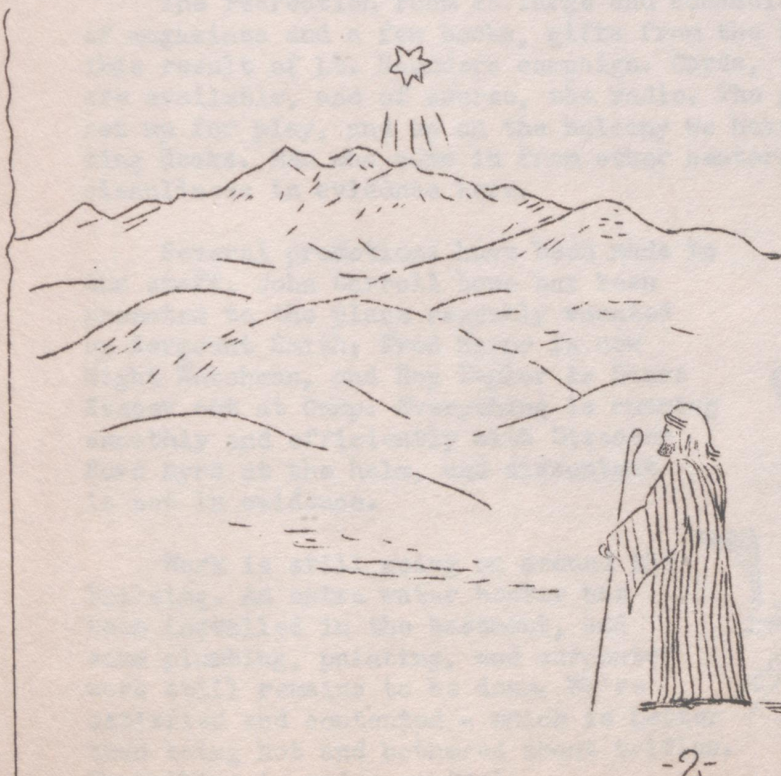
Wail not for precious chances
passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on
the wane!
Each night I burn the records
of the day;
At sunrise, every soul is born
again!

Though deep in mire, wring not
your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say
I can!
No shame faced outcast ever
sank so deep,
But yet might rise and be again
a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth
all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribu-
tion's blow?
Then turn from clotted archives
of the past,
And find the future's pages
white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee
from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be
forgiven.
Each morning gives thee wings
to fly from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy
feet to heaven.

-Walter Malone.



BUREAU REVIEW

The bureau has settled down into a steady routine once more. The hectic days of moving from Limestone Street are over. The shouting and the tumult dies, and with the exception of the voice of "Check 'em out" Carroll", all is peace and quiet.

Now that we're settled, let's look things over and see what we have. The double deck bunks are stored in the basement and single cots are being used all over the building. Up on the third floor, the space has been divided with wall board partitions to separate the beds into groups.

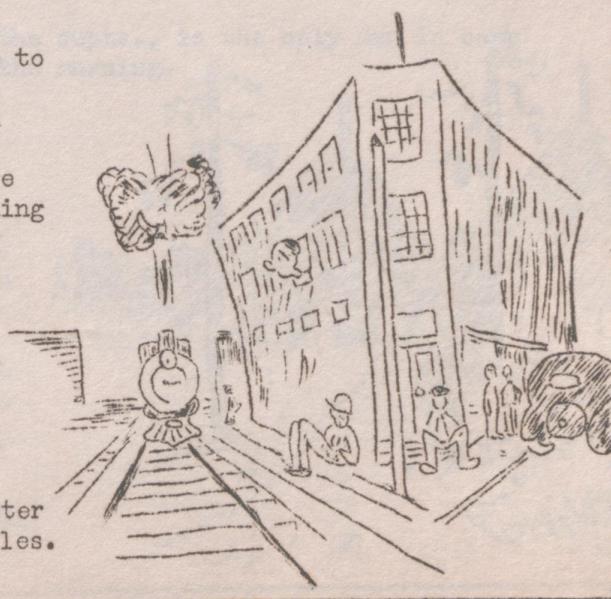
In the dining room we sit at the tables instead of lining up cafeteria style, and waiters really wait on us. The tableware is sterilized, and the upmost effort is made to keep everything spic and span. We have one of the most pleasant and sanitary dining room and kitchen in the country. Every precaution is being taken to avoid an epidemic. The cooking is good, but the portions are not large and there's no seconds to speak of. But we get enough in the majority of cases.

The V.D.'s are now sent to camp and return each week for treatment. The boys are doing well and like Camp life much better than in the Center. The Iso quarters, the rooms for minors, and a room for the regulars are all located on the second floor. Down in the basement, the colored contingent are abiding temporarily and they use a portion of the recreation room. Only the regulars and drifters are to be found around the building these days, which makes for polyglot company at meal times. All newcomers must leave for camp or check out.

The recreation room is large and commodious, and we have plenty of magazines and a few books, gifts from the Boy Scouts and the tangible result of Lt. Saunders campaign. Cards, checkers, and dominoes are available, and of course, the radio. The pool table will soon be set up for play, and up on the balcony we have a reading room and writing desks. Men who come in from other centers remark on the absolute cleanliness in evidence here.

Several promotions have been made to the staff. John Carroll Lowe has been promoted to the place recently vacated by Sergeant Smith; Fred Harpe is now Night Watchman, and Roy Taylor is Store Keeper out at Camp. Everything is running smoothly and efficiently with Director Hord Byrd at the helm, and discontent is not in evidence.

Work is still going on around the building. An extra water heater has been installed in the basement, and some plumbing, painting, and carpenter work still remains to be done. We're satisfied and contented - which is better than being hot and bothered about trifles. Everything is under control.



CAMP CRACKS!

-by Walter McLain

In the kitchen we have the best cooks that have been at Camp Blue Licks. There's always plenty of seconds for a hungry man, and the cooks don't frown and say there's no more but just how much buddy - and there's always a smile with this crew of cooks and waiters and the food is always of the best. (Pretty good crowd at the Center, too, Buddy - Ed)

In the kitchen we have Joe Davis as Steward, Tom Scott as Assistant Steward, Jerry Simpson as Pastry Cook, Joe Baker as First Cook, Ed Miller as Night Cook, Eugene Sanders as Second Cook, and George Henderson as Head Waiter, and a lot of other good guys as assistants.

Marcus Petersen, Asst to Supt Dally, started furnishing free tobacco for the boys who did not make the pay roll - and made several of the boys flip him nickels to keep up the supply.

Gum Shoe Swafford of the Camp Police Force is getting a reputation detecting the boys coming in not on pass and with an overload of corn.

William Wilson interne at the first aid station should have been a pile driver by the way he inoculates the boys for fever.

Chapman the Camp Tailor can do the least work and get the most money of any man in camp.

John Mack says if they want him to have his weekly pay check just bring it to him - he does not want to be bothered walking after it.

Joe Snarsky, Timekeeper, wants a sunshade for his head as the sun bleaches the nice hair he has!

Camp Blue Licks has become the official kennel for all the stray dogs in Central Kentucky.

J.W.Dally, Camp Supt, carries black jack, sawed off shotgun, club, and knife for the ghosts going around after dark.

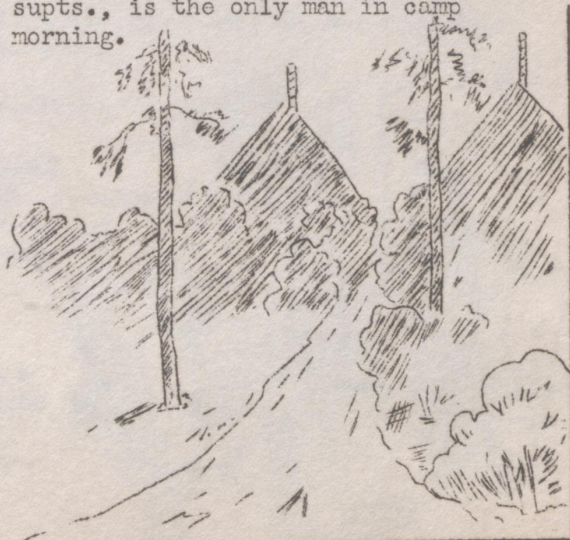
James Handley, who dog robs for the supts., is the only man in camp who gets his breakfast at 9. A.M. in the morning.

Lt. Crutcher gets very military after a hard west wind blows the leaves around the tents.

Dr.Nick Henderson of the first aid is getting popular as the mountain crooner with his guitar and songs.

Jack Davis Morgan has a hard time keeping up with his sleep of day times and his many girl friends at night.

John Henderson, Camp Policing Detail Chief, is retiring soon to start a cigarette factory with the butts he has collected.



LEAVES FROM THE LOG BOOK

The cover on this month's ARK is dedicated to Equipoise - that brave little horse who came home to Lexington the other day. As "Salvator" expresses it: "Unbeaten? Nay! No Sunday steed was he, parading down the line of least resistance; No matter how immense the odds might be, he never dodged the weight, the track, the distance." We can all learn something from Equipoise. Salut!

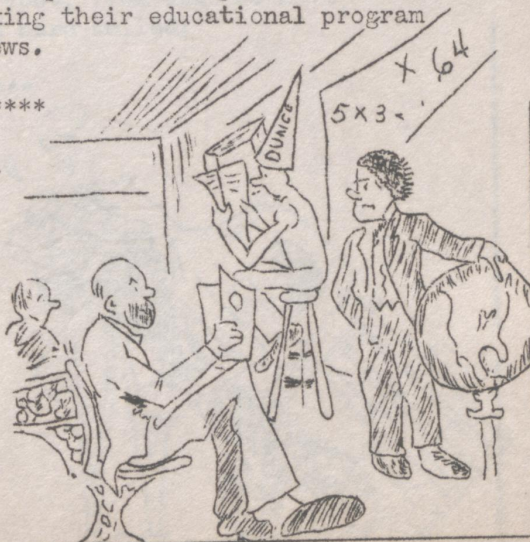
The Critics Page of Contact by Neville carries an interesting article. He argues the position of Caseworker could either be eliminated or changed definitely to that of dispenser of relief largesse. We quote his closing paragraph: "And why the widespread public disinterest and antipathy? Is this not rather paradoxical in view of the widespread economic distress everywhere? Perhaps if the work is directed towards helping an individual retain his self respect, to uplift him morally, to keep up his mental and physical being, public antipathy would change to a decided appreciation of transients and the bureaus." Yes buddy, we were cut off the budget plan also! He puts up a good argument on the first premise.

A technical and trade school is being inaugurated in the Washington D.C. Bureau, which will do more towards helping men than any Caseworker could ever do!

Atlanta's educational department now has a new unit known as the "Bureau of co-ordination and vital statistics." Its purpose will be to assemble data covering each class, progress made by pupils, and all the necessary information that will reveal at all times just what is being done by the pupil, any class, and the entire department. Copies will be sent to the Caseworkers. Atlanta is sure taking their educational program seriously. "Pilgrims Progress" prints the news.

The Mid West Breeze is making an appeal for confidence in the editorial policy of the transient press. Well taken. It's our opinion that in the majority of bureaus any news detrimental to the prestige of the bureau officials is suppressed, and the opinions of the clients are emasculated. Very few of the transient magazines give a true picture. We have always been fortunate in that the ARK is uncensored except for salacious remarks, and things around here seem to be satisfactory to the majority. We're for you, Mid West.

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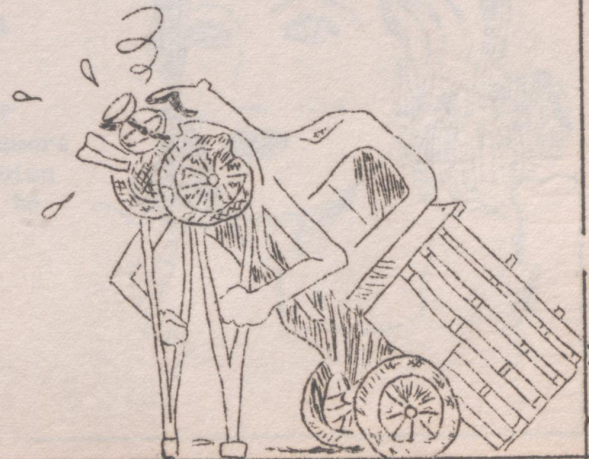
James McDonald is still learning to fly out of a book and so is Fox, the brown Fox. The fact that Gidley is a pilot, and Riley put in his time too at the controls does not deter them - or even the news that a private pilot lands his plane at St. Petersburg, Fla., and enters the bureau broke! Its hard to get these maestros of the joy stick to talk, but Riley was in the Foreign Legion, and also in the American Air Force in Franco. In one bombing raid his squadron lost four planes out of seven.

The following epistle was mailed in the other day unsigned: "One of the boys seems to be leaving. A girl is trying to persuade him to stay. A truck is waiting to give him a lift. He kisses the girl goodbye. Stubby, the Airedale pup comes running up to see what it is all about. Probably thinks he is going rabbit hunting with the boy. But instead he gets a pat on the head. While the truck moves away, the girl and Stubby stand and gaze after it with tear filled eyes and wonder if they will ever see their pal again." Bet that's from Bill Campbell. Can't imagine Stubby with tears in his eyes, but you might have given us the girl's address, Bill!

Twas seven thirty of a Saturday evening, March the 9th to be exact, and Dizzy Dean and Charley Watson were rolling down the road from camp to town at a speed of thirty-eight miles an hour - the governor was working. Suddenly twin lights appeared far ahead, weaving from side to side and also bobbing up and down, indicating great speed on the part of an approaching car. Dean pulls off to the side of the road, but the oncoming car crashes into them. It was a Chevrolet. The impact threw the truck into the ditch. A drunken negro staggers out of the car, a bottle dropping from his pocket. Another negro remained in the car, his chest crushed against the wheel. Dean and Watson scramble out of the truck cab, Dean with a badly cut hand, and Watson scared to death, both bruised and shaken. The negro died at eleven thirty that night. Dean called the sheriff at Paris, Ky., No arrests. Luckily no men were being transported in the truck.

We have noticed the beginning of a migration of young boys again, similar to what happened last summer. The recent balmy spring weather has brought them out. The paternal policy of patting these kids on the head and sending them home by bus, will no doubt, be in evidence again also. Most of them need a swift pat on another spot, from what we have seen of them. But we're getting old maybe - and hard boiled!

The Wind Jammer of Florida takes a few sly pokes at the Conference of Bureau Officials at Clearwater, and the cover bears the remark: "Uncensored and unexpected. First edition, - and no doubt, the last." Good clean fun and real art work. The "Idiotorial" expresses our feelings too. Especially the "Nerts" part!



There's nothing wrong with the American system of rewarding individual accomplishment with material gains, except a limit should be established above which all material gains should accrue to the government. We thought all that out without the aid of mirrors or sleight of hand! So did Huey Long. Then we boiled it down to cases and realized the individual should have a say. If the government limited incomes to a certain amount and the income stopped through no fault of the earner should the government be compelled to keep up that income to the certain amount previously earned? Barnacle Bill thinks this matter should be straightened out before he gets started!

The height of something or other comes from the New Orleans Bureau where we learn that Clyde Hemmingway, brother of Ernest Hemmingway the author of "Farewell to Arms," is night cook at the Camp.

Since our regular truck has been placed hors de combat, we are using a hired dump truck shaped something like a bath tub in size until the regular Ford truck can be fixed up. Must be very convenient to dump the boys out when they get to camp. Must find out about this!

A Director and a Caseworker were walking around a transient camp and every time they passed a man or group of men the Caseworker would say "The same to you". This procedure finally aroused the curiosity of the Director who asked the Caseworker the meaning of this quaint formality. "I haven't been around this camp for several months for nothing" said the Caseworker. "The Peak" of Colorado. The old army gag, Eh What!

When I'm dead and in my grave, weinies, weinies, will I crave.
And on my tombstone I want wrote, "Strings of weinies went down my throat."

"Brown" Fox, who yells ferociously in the dining room when calling out names for Camp, walked to the post office to get a letter from his girl - no letter! "I walked a mile and a half," he said, "and she can go to hell." "We'll sell you a perfectly good letter from our best girl for a packet of Camels! We'll even have Walt draw a picture of her, and believe us but she's a beauty! We swiped her off Shorty. That will put an end to these rumors that "you ain't got no girl". Don't mention it! Always big hearted we are and ready to help a guy out of a tight spot!



Charles Crouch, who put in twelve years as a florist, has planted the arrow shaped plot of ground in front of the building with flowers and grass. It was just a pile of ashes before, but will soon blossom like a rose. Good work, Charles. Now there's an argument going. Nick wants to plant cabbages in the center plot!

Camp Superintendent J.W.Dally of Camp Blue Licks is leaving us for Louisville where he will be a caseworker, we understand. This will leave Lt. Crutcher as Acting Superintendent at Blue Licks. Lt. Saunders is leaving to take over a position with a local distillery, traveling the central part of Kentucky. Bon voyage.

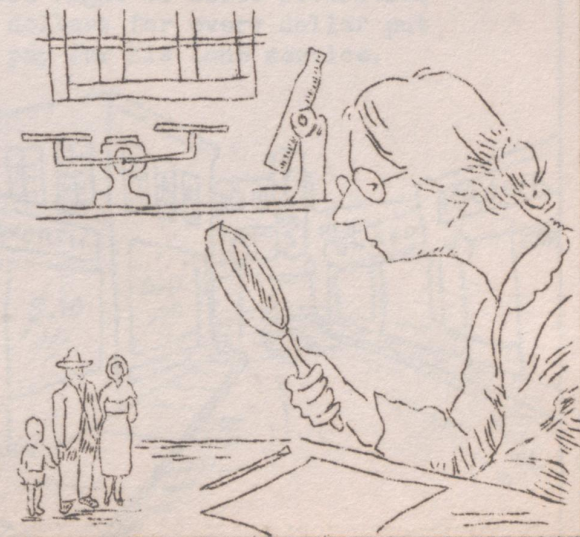
Another man added to the Staff from the ranks. This time its Dizzy Dean. As a truck driver he was a good one, so he's promoted and is entitled to eat at the reserved table along with the big shots.

This bureau is running smoothly and efficiently with a minimum of rules and regulations which is appreciated by all. There's no monkey business allowed however, and "Check 'em out" Carrol is fully qualified to handle the situation if anyone tries to get tough. We all like the new regulations in the dining room, and a high morale is in evidence, and no discontent.

Professor J.Johnson of the Morton High School Night Classes came around the other evening and gave a talk on current events that was enjoyed by all. Over fifty of the boys gave rapt attention as the policies of the government were discussed, and world events elucidated.

20,000 families in Detroit were placed on cash relief instead of on commodity relief as an experiment, according to the February "Survey" - a journal for social workers. Here's the result, we quote: "Men clients did not use the cash for liquor, fathers did not leave their families, and the mothers were apparently able to feed their children over the two week period. The relief offices were not called upon to duplicate relief, as was expected. After aggressive enquiries, we could locate only seven families out of 20,000 who had used their money for purposes other than food. Even with these seven cases the money had been used with considerable more imagination than a good caseworker could have supplied."

Remarkable! Apparently these people were normal human beings!



"DECENTRALIZE WEALTH"

In spite of the belief in some quarters all transients are worthless tramps, the fact is there are many of us from many walks of life who can and do think sanely; have known success as well as failure, and have the depth of character to take our present condition cheerfully, the courage to face whatever is to come, and seize even the shadow of an opportunity to get back as producing units in a national prosperity.

Social or business problems are fundamentally the same as they were a hundred or a thousand years ago. Human nature has not changed. The present situation is a repetition of what has happened before when greed, graft, and crookedness in high places were allowed to strangle the public's buying power.

President Roosevelt has said "Decentralize Wealth". How? Not by Bolshevism, Socialism, or any other method of distribution that puts the power of employment in the hands of a few. That is the very thing we are facing today through an unchecked monopoly of business opportunity, creating huge fortunes in the hands of a few, while the working, creating, producing element of humanity are given a less and less portion of the nation's wealth with which to continue purchasing, to continue that circulation of currency that is to business what the circulation of the blood is to the body.

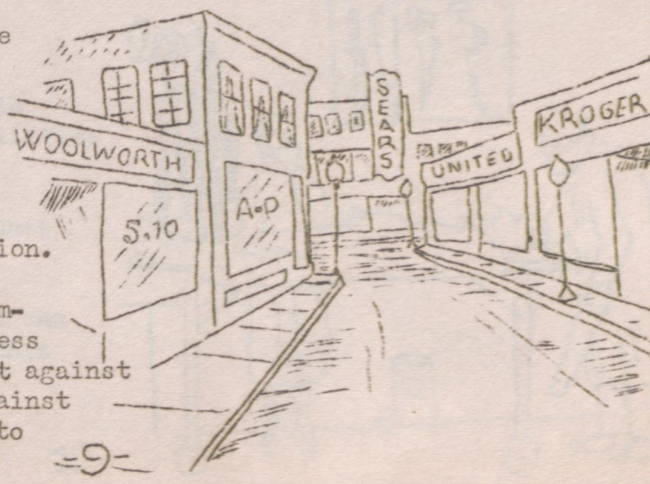
To look for a means to decentralize wealth, let's consider first how that wealth originated. Let's go to the source of the river and then decide which branch can best be controlled and guided into irrigating the dry financial gardens of a starving public.

Due to the vast acreage of open and cheap land here, farming has not been the victim of monopoly. Competition there could not be profitably killed. That branch has not caused centralized wealth, and regulation of the farmer cannot be the means of decentralizing wealth.

Mining, Transportation, Utilities, and Manufacturing as a rule are the rightful field for combinations of capital in order to produce efficiently. However, under Uncle Sam's supervision, they should be forced to reorganize their finances on a basis of actual assets against issued securities, have an annual Federal audit, and expect fair dividends on capital actually invested in the enterprise. They have no more right to issue securities and declare dividends of two, five, or ten dollars for every dollar put in, than a worker has to collect ten men's pay for his lone service.

Merchandising is a branch of the business river that has been almost entirely taken over as the private fishing property of the monopolists, while the host of little merchants who once lined its banks have become what? Slaves of the monopolists, and in many cases forced out of competition.

The men who, by the power of combined capital broke the little business man, forced him into poverty, cry out against the "New Deal" as an infringement against personal liberty etc. Their liberty to



monopolize must be curtailed, as ruthlessly killed as they killed competition. All chain merchandising should be stopped, all forced to sell at a Federally appraised valuation on every retail location. Open the door to hundreds of thousands of men to invest their savings and labor in a self owned business. Men who will live and circulate their profits in the community in which it is collected.

Merchandising is one huge branch of business where monopoly must be stamped out and the opportunity to enter business on a small capital opened for future generations as it has been in the past.

As to Financing as a branch of business, the renters of Uncle Sam's money to Uncle Sam and neighbors across the sea give the dignified banker of tradition the smell of a pole cat and the apparent intelligence of a long eared quadruped. Let the Federal Government cut into the banking business and give the public a chance to borrow and lend to and from a responsible party - themselves.

Let us deposit our savings in the fine new post offices at 4%. Let us go to the Government and borrow to build a home at 5% or 6% and pay \$1.00 for appraisal by the tax office, another two or five dollar fee for examination of title and feel safe from sudden foreclosure without reason.

There is no overproduction, no overpopulation, no lack of work. The greater the population, the more able we should be to consume everything we produce if conditions allow sufficient purchasing power. America has not finished building. We should not be compelled to live merely by dividing jobs with each other.

President Roosevelt - The Senate - Congress - Our People - for God's sake waken to the fact, before bloodshed and chaos results, that individual opportunity in American business must be kept open. We Americans are a race of pioneers, individualists; free men by birth, inheritance and spirit; determined to remain free from the yoke of becoming the slave of any one master, or facing starvation.

We realize the FERA, the PWA, the CCC and similar operations will not bring back prosperity. They are merely the pain killing pills. Social, political, financial, and industrial collapse is inevitable unless drastic remedies are instituted. A major operation is absolutely necessary if we are to obtain relief from our present ills.

Stop chain store merchandising completely.

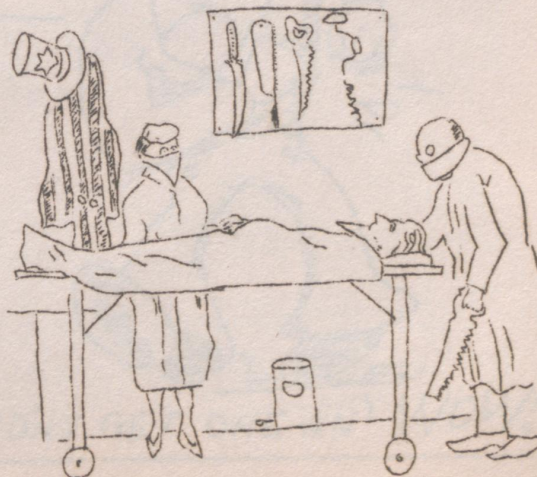
Take over the major part of the banking system.

Transfer the railroads, the public utilities, and all transportation facilities to government ownership.

Break down the huge private fortunes by taxation.

Until these things are done there can be no complete financial recovery in this country.

Bill Carey.



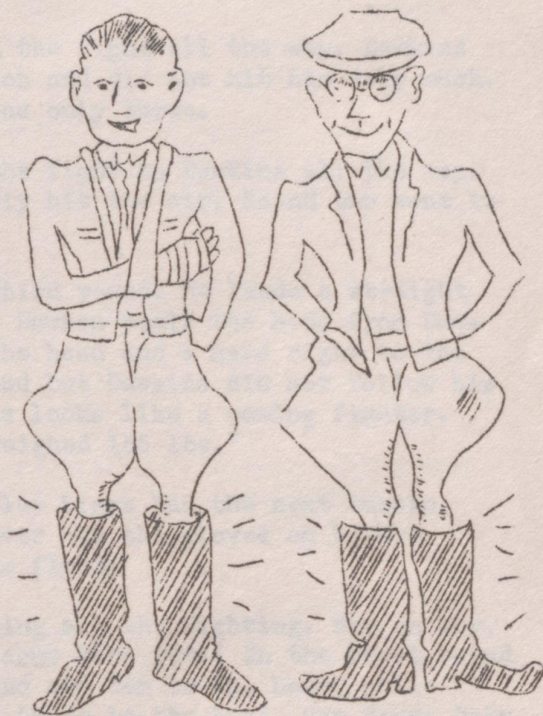
CENTER HIGHLIGHTS

FOUR
DINNERS!

NOT THE LAFAYETTE
BUT OUR OWN
DINNING ROOM

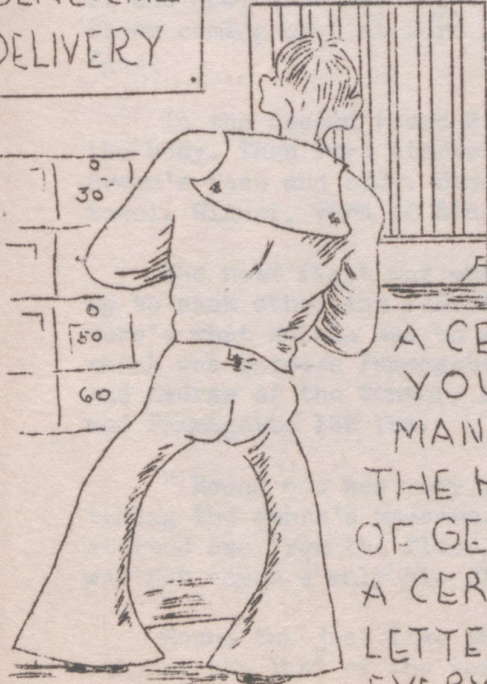


INFLUENCE OF THE BLUE
GRASS ON "DIZZY" DEAN and
CHARLEY WATSON - "HAWSES"

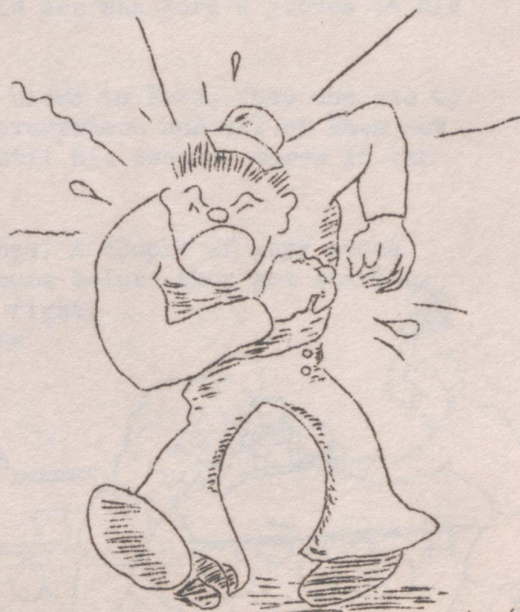


GENERAL
DELIVERY

BY
WALT



A CERTAIN
YOUNG
MAN IN
THE HABIT
OF GETTING
A CERTAIN
LETTER
EVERY DAY IT



DIDN'T GET ONE AN' WOW!

'FIGHTS'

The boys came down from Camp Blue Licks and mopped up with the Center last Sunday. We had a swell rowdy Sunday afternoon that was enjoyed by all. Somebody played dominoes but we couldn't find out a thing about it - the interest was in the fights.

The first fight was between Rawson of Blue Licks and Dawkins of the Center. McLain reported the rounds as follows:

"In the first round Rawson forced the fight all the way. Dawkins seemed to be afraid he would hurt Rawson and did not hit him very much. Rawson landed six easy blows and Dawkins only three.

In the second round Rawson took the fight to Dawkins all the way. There were some hard blows but they only hit the air. Round two went to Rawson.

At last Dawkins wakes up in the third round. He lands a straight to Rawson's chin then they swap blows. Rawson peals the hide from Dawkin's nose, then Rawson lands one to the head and a hard right to the body. Rawson weakened in the third round but Dawkins did not follow his openings up. With more training Dawkins looks like a coming fighter. Rawson was adjudged the winner. Both weighed 155 lbs."

Brown of the Center and Ford of Blue Licks had the next tussle. Both weighed 138 lbs, but Brown had never had the gloves on before. Here's what McLain has to say about the fight:

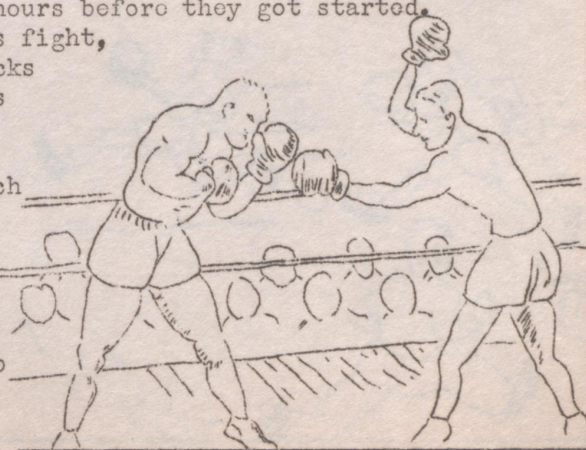
"This was some fight with Ford doing all the fighting. Boy oh boy, has that Brown got the guts? and then some more guts! In the first round Ford landed twenty blows to Brown's head and ten to the body, while Brown landed six blows to the body and three to the head. Can Brown take it and how? That was the best exhibition of pure guts I have ever seen. Brown coming back at Ford and all he could see was Ford's gloves in his face.

In the second round Brown lands two blows to Fords face and one to the body. Then Ford started gloves from everywhere and all of them met Brown's face and body. Brown stayed in until his seconds threw in the towel. Winner, Ford of Blue Licks."

The next fight was one of those things. A couple of guys stood up to each other and fenced around for hours before they got started. Here's what McLain has to say about this fight, which was between Fammagetto of Blue Licks and McGraw of the Center. McGraw 160 lbs and Fammagetto 182 lbs.

"Round one was very tame, with each taking the other's measure. Fammagetto started one from the floor, but McGraw was not there - only his glove.

Round two just like the first only at the last of the round Fammagetto landed a blow on the top of McGraw's head. McGraw came back with a hard jab to Fammagetto's chin.



In the third round Fammagetto swings. Boy oh Boy, McGraw isn't there. Then he lands two on McGraw's back, and they both get into an argument over a cuspidor in the right hand corner and the referee has to take it away from them. McGraw lands a hard right to Fammagetto's chin and was that some sock? Fammagetto lands one on McGraw's head and McGraw lands one on Fammagetto's body. At first the fight was declared a draw and another round demanded. Fammagetto failed to come back. McGraw was declared winner."

The last fight was not even a fight - it was a massacre. Allen of the Center took on McMillan of Blue Licks. They both weighed about 170 lbs, but that was the only way they resembled each other. Here's McLain's version of the affair:

"This fight was a case of the old master coming back to the ring. All McMillan could do to Allen was to land one blow to Allen's glove. Allen landed any time he wanted to on McMillan. McMillan stayed down for the count in the first round."

For the benefit of the boys who read the Racing Form, and like their sporting news written in just that style here's the results boiled down; as we saw it:

1st race - Rawson of Blue Licks
Dawkins of the Center.

Rawson broke on top with Dawkins a close second. In the stretch Dawkins and Rawson were running neck and neck. Rawson put on a spurt in the stretch and won by a bloody nose.

2nd Race - Ford of Blue Licks
Brown of the Center.

Ford broke first on the rail with Brown on the outside. In the backstretch Brown was taking the dust from Ford. Brown was pulled up in the stretch and Ford won in an easy canter.

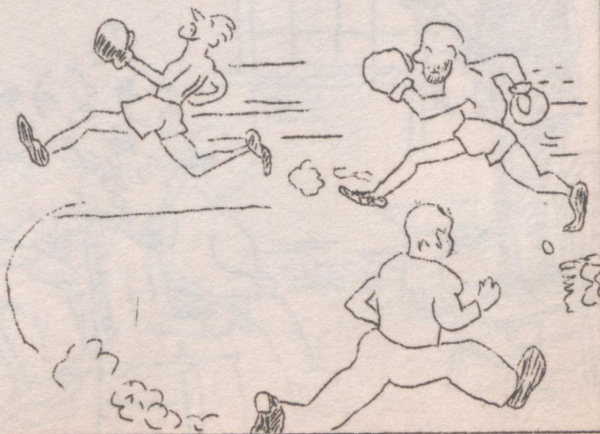
3rd Race - McGraw of the Center
Fammagetto of Blue Licks

Both McGraw and Fammagetto were left at the post looking into the grandstand. Just before the next race started they decided to run, but Fammagetto went the other way so the race went to McGraw.

4th Race - Allen of the Center
McMillan of Blue Licks

Allen was off when the barrier went up, a runaway on class, McMillan quit entering the back stretch.

So that's the results of the day's doings down at the Center. We had a good time even if the matches were not exactly big time stuff, but the boys need a little training. It's up to Lt's Crutcher and Saunders to find the fighters around here and they're having one hell of a time. Volunteer boys, volunteer. Rich prizes for the winners.



Onward and Forward!

Church services were held at the Camp Recreation Hall last Sunday evening at 6:30 P.M. The services were conducted by Marcus H. Petersen - the cussing preacher. The services started with six old time songs, the kind the boys know and enjoy singing. Music was furnished by Charles Crouch on the violin, and Nick Henderson with the guitar.

Petersen read the 15th chapter of Romans, and explained the reading in language we boys could all understand. He did not flower up the reading, but spoke out in plain words and explained the lesson to us. Another thing, although we were not in church, there was better conduct during the service than you see at any church. The boys all come for the good it does them and everyone joined in.

After the reading we had prayers by Marcus Petersen. Then more songs. Not just one song but several until the boys were through singing. So you see, the boys here at camp were taught to go to church by their mothers and fathers. Although we have no church here in camp, we have the recreation hall, and if you had attended service here last Sunday night, you would have felt that the Lord was very near to us boys during the service.

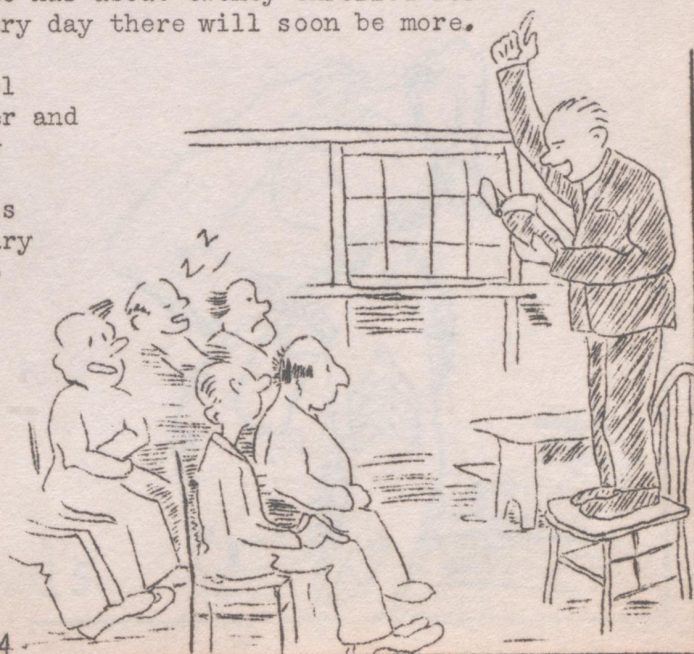
Although there are finer churches, there was more spirit at our church service than I have ever found before. There was twenty-six present, and Marcus Petersen talked just the same as if he had one thousand and twenty six to talk to. Some people do not care to attend church service unless they have some minister with a big name, but us boys are with Marcus Petersen one and all. And speaking for the boys, keep it up Marcus.

Thomas Monroe has started a school here in camp for the boys who cannot write their names. Monroe also teaches any subject that any of the boys want to take up. He has about twenty enrolled for school, and with men coming in every day there will soon be more.

Monroe has started this school with the permission of Lt. Crutcher and Superintendent Dally. He is a very capable teacher, having taught in grade school some years ago, and is prepared to teach all the elementary subjects as well as the advanced - Geography, History, Arithmetic, Spelling, Reading, and Writing.

We are all for you, Monroe and we hope you get the breaks real soon.

-Walter McLain.
Camp Blue Licks.



TADS /

Sergeant Adam H. Smith has called it a day. His resignation became effective March 15th, but its our guess he'll be around to see the boys every now and then, like an old warrior visiting the battlefields. We'll be glad to see you anytime, Sergeant. Sorry to see you go.

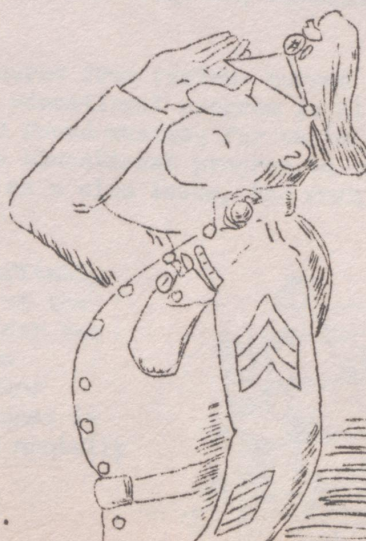
We'll miss that barrack square voice of yours, and that cold glare in your eye that was all part of the job when the shirkers had to be bawled out. And a lot of the boys will miss that friendly pat on the back for a job well done - and there's lots of fellows will be missing smokes because you're not around. You were always good for a touch until pay day - and that went for the newcomers too. Old men and young boys got the preference and the breaks with you - the old ones because their time had passed, and the young ones because they didn't know what it was all about. Not everyone is gifted with an understanding heart!

Things ran very smoothly while you were here Sergeant, and the rules and regulations were not too rigid or restrictive. You always had a good word for the boys, and your thirty year's service with the Marines helped a lot in your understanding of men. The ex-service men among the clients truly appreciated your worth and your ability. Maybe some of the younger men thought you a little abrupt at first contact, but you kept them in line and made 'em like it. You were always fair and just in your dealings.

Camp Pakuneki was a swell place when you had charge of it, and we don't forget how you used to go to bat for us in the mess hall. We showed our appreciation by carrying on just the same when the commissary supplies ran low through no fault of anybody in particular. You were not too proud to eat in the mess hall with us, at the same table, and you ate the same food. You were able to bridge the unbridgeable gap between the clients and the officials without losing caste and respect. Not a man in the crowd but what thought you a regular guy.

First thing you know, we'll be shedding tears all over this damn page, so we'll close with the casual goodbye of the Service - "Goodbye, ---- ---- ---- ---- ----, and we hope you live long and enjoy life. "We're glad to have met you Sergeant, and we wish you the best of luck where ever you go. Salut!

But we still think you'll be back in harness before long!



"LIVE and LEARN"

Philadelphia, Pa. Woodcarving, Freehand Drawing, Sign Painting, Stencil Designing, French, Spanish, English, History and Music, Typewriting, Commercial Art, Geography, Window Decorating, Electricity, Plumbing, Heating, Auto Mechanics, Laundry Work, Algebra, Trigonometry, and Discussion Groups in Current Events.

Washington, D.C. Painting, Carpentry, Steam Fitting, Auto Mechanics, Electricity, Plumbing.

Gulfport, Miss. English, Grammar, Business Letter Writing, Wireless Telegraphy and Radio.

Atlanta, Ga. Art Classes and various trades. No itemized list available. If memory serves, this bureau has a very extensive educational policy in action.

New Orleans, La. Thirty seven men and boys are enrolled in the Radio School conducted by the bureau. Two students have received radio telegraph licenses, second class. This bureau also has an Art Class as might be expected, also a Stenographic Class. The Aviation School has a Booring plane in the class room.

Camp Foster, Fla. Music, Art, Handicraft, Journalism, Dramatics, Book-keeping, Taxidermy, Biology, Spanish, Grades I - 8, Photography, Public Speaking, Current Events, Ball Room Dancing, First Aid, Business English, Auto Mechanics, Salesmanship, Biblical History, Recently a manual training school was started, with two carloads of lumber.

Omaha, Neb. 26 different courses, also a class in welding. The object of the Bellevue Vocational Training School is to offer instruction and training in occupations, trades, and technical professions.

Beaumont, Texas. Show Card and Poster Designing, Typing Class, Carpenter Work, Drafting.

Salisbury, N.C. Typing, Mathematics, Business English, Spelling, Shorthand, Bookkeeping.

All the above information was secured from various bureau magazines published throughout the country. The educational program is either in its infancy, or has been tried out and found wanting for various reasons. The main reason for the failure of the educational program in the bureaus is because education has been treated as a side issue, the work program being the first consideration.

Many of the younger men could profitably employ their time in taking advantage of the program offered by the bureaus. The older men will find they deteriorate rapidly when they let down, and a course in some other vocation may solve their problem. At least it will serve its purpose in keeping them mentally alert.



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