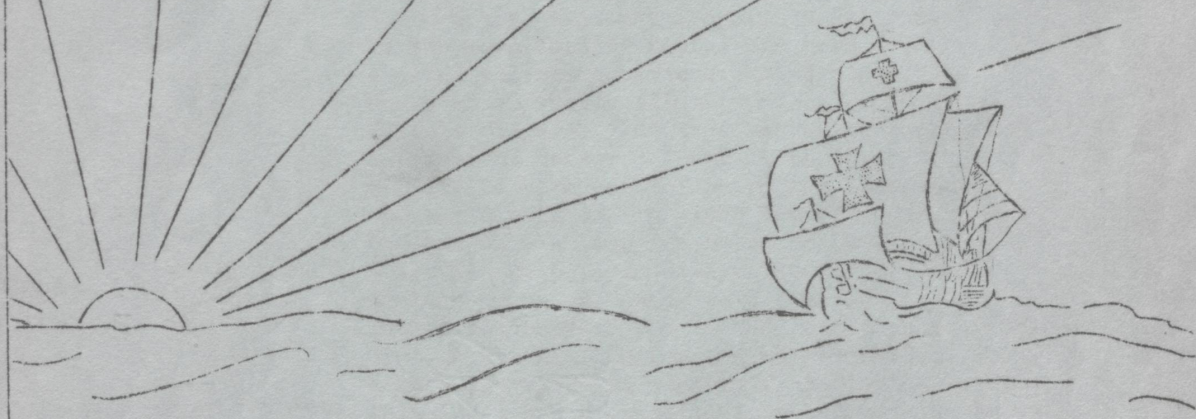


THE

ARK



~ LEXINGTON TRANSIENT BUREAU ~
LEXINGTON, KY.

OCTOBER 31st
No. 5 - 1934

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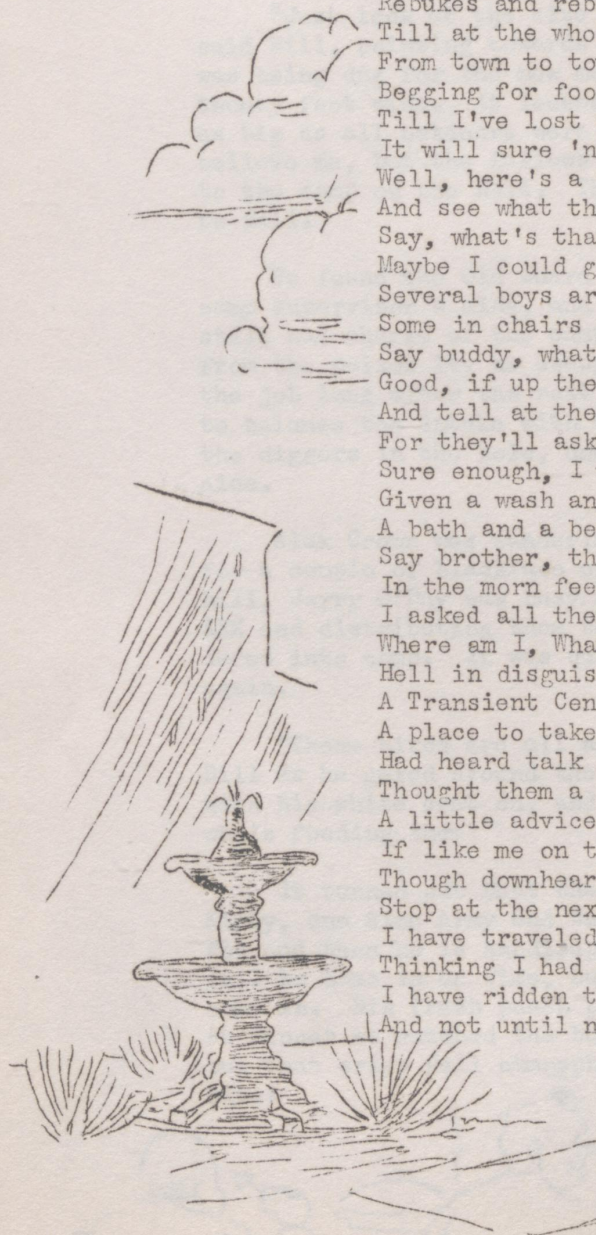
ee

Peace o' Mind

99



is getting dark, night is coming fast,
Have covered many miles since night before last,
Little have I eaten for the past two days,
Only a handout on the ways.
Dirty and hungry and sleepy I be,
Aint there no haven for the likes of me,
Rebukes and rebuffs I have received galore,
Till at the whole world I feel darn sore,
From town to town many miles I've trod,
Begging for food and begging a job,
Till I've lost all faith and most of my hope,
It will sure 'nuf drive me to drink or dope.
Well, here's a town, guess I'll walk around,
And see what there is in it to be found,
Say, what's that place across the street,
Maybe I could get a bite to eat,
Several boys are sitting around,
Some in chairs and some on the ground,
Say buddy, what's the chance to eat,
Good, if up the stairs you chase your feet,
And tell at the office the service you need,
For they'll ask you questions before you feed.
Sure enough, I was treated fine,
Given a wash and sent to dine,
A bath and a bed I got later that night,
Say brother, that was a heavenly delight.
In the morn feeling rested and good,
I asked all the questions that I could,
Where am I, What's all this about?
Hell in disguise, but it's heaven no doubt,
A Transient Center I found it to be,
A place to take care of poor guys like me.
Had heard talk of Transient Centers some,
Thought them a flop for hobo and bum.
A little advice I am willing to give,
If like me on the road you did live,
Though downhearted you be and forgotten your pride,
Stop at the next Center and there reside,
I have traveled the country from Florida to Maine,
Thinking I had nothing to lose and nothing to gain,
I have ridden the "Rattler," and ridden the "Blind,"
And not until now have I found PEACE OF MIND.



Alfred H. Blastock.

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CAMP BLUE LICKS

BATTLEGROUND

Barnacle Bill, out of a clear sky, decided we should go to Camp Blue Licks Battleground and give it the once over again. It's been over a month since we visited the camp - and what a difference we found!

"Just look at the size of the hole the boys have dug," said Bill, pointing towards the museum. Sure 'nuff, a basement was being dug for the new museum, about forty feet long and twenty feet wide. It looked to be about eight feet deep. Rocks as big as all outdoors were being hauled out by four teams, and believe me, but the fellows were plenty tanned. We passed on up to the camp on the Hill. The sight of work is very distressing to Bill!

We found the Old Guard there in full force. Sharpe was camp supervisor's aide, and of course does all the work! Mohun still had charge of the camp supplies, and his feet had recovered from the poison ivy he stepped into out at Elkhorn. He stays on the job long after the rest of the camp has gone to sleep, trying to balance the intake with the outgo. Walter Camp was bossing the diggers in the hole, and Clarke is still the chief medical aide.

Alex Crown was wandering around without a shirt on, looking for a couple of blackface comedians for his show, and down the hill, Jerry O'Day was busy writing autographs on copies of the ARK and distributing them to a group of fair maidens who had wandered into camp. It was quite like old times to moot the gang again.

"These birds are all as fat as butter," remarked Barnacle Bill as he gazed around the camp. "Look at Fields over there, with his white coat on, and John Orr with two chins. Gosh, who's feeding them?"

It turned out that the chef is none other than Alfred Kirby, one time Army and Navy cook, and he knows his onions. Now and then he is handicapped for a meal when the supplies fail to come in on time, but he makes up for it when they do come in. His fresh peach pies are something to dream about. At dinner we watched the boys coming back for seconds - boy, but that crisp fall atmosphere sure puts an edge on the appetite!



CAMP BLUE LICKS

Everybody had the walking stick fever! Straight sticks, bent sticks, curved sticks, painted sticks, and naturals were everywhere. The technique is to avoid tripping over them as one leaps blithely from rock to rock, but most of the boys have mastered the swing of it. We expect to see an epidemic of spats and monocles on our next trip out! The guards are more circumspect and tote clubs - just to be carrying something! At night the guards call out from their posts - "All's well, O.K. here" - and one of them even yodeled it!

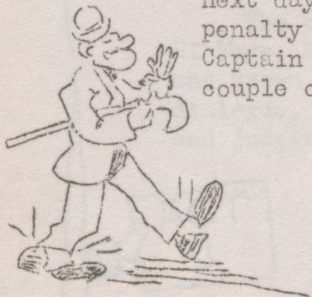
But that was the first night. We understand that Lt. Crutcher has 'em under control now, with a very efficient force. They patrol the grounds day and night and keep the Sunday crowds from running autos through the camp, among other duties. Blue Licks has plenty of visitors, on account of it's historic interest, and the camp is a never failing source of interest on it's own.

Plenty of activity in the building line at camp. "What's that building over there?" asked Barnacle Bill, pointing to a two story structure that was almost completed. It turned out to be a water supply storage tank, a store room, and a cooling plant in the making. It will be there long after Blue Licks Camp has gone back to the Indians. The gang put things together to stay, and they are building a shower room and a washhouse.

The next on the list is a mess hall and kitchen, and Rod Dougherty showed us the plans. He also drew the plans for the store house. Very versatile is Mr. Dougherty and he never gets inflated. He also has a walking stick. We walked about and inspected things while the boys waited for Captain Wolfe to arrive with the pay - for today was payday!

It was after dark when the Captain arrived - via the hitch hiko route! It seems that the Captain's car skidded into the ditch about five miles down the road, and a friendly passerby brought the Captain into camp. The truck set out with about ten men who promptly picked up the car and set it back in the road so no harm was done. The Captain is very popular at any time - more especially on pay nights!

Just before the pay off the Captain made a speech. It was about the evils of spending the hard earned bucks on moonshine, and he was so sincere about it that the speech brought forth a round of applause. The boys even refused to buy any likker that night - and wonder of wonders - only three birds got lit up the next day. Of course, they went down the road, but it wasn't that penalty that kept the boys from drinking - it's just that the Captain is well liked and gives everybody credit for having a couple of brains, and that's appreciated.



CAMP BLUE LICKS

All the tents are floored now, and the grounds are cleared up from dead leaves. There's lots of carpenter work to be done, and some pipe fitting too, but the camp has enough skilled labor to do any job that turns up. A new well has been brought in near the museum that promises to rival the Famous Blue Licks Spring - now dried up - and hundreds of visitors on Sunday carried away gallons of it. It tastes like hell!

Sunday was the day that Alex Crown put on his big show - a Crowning Event, he called it in the billing, and it was held in the amphitheatre where the speeches are made on celebration days. We all gathered there with a couple of hundred visitors to see what it was all about. Alex had been toting the makeup box around for days, to keep Jerry O'Day from using the cold cream on his complexion, and Crown and his gang adjourned under the stage to get ready.

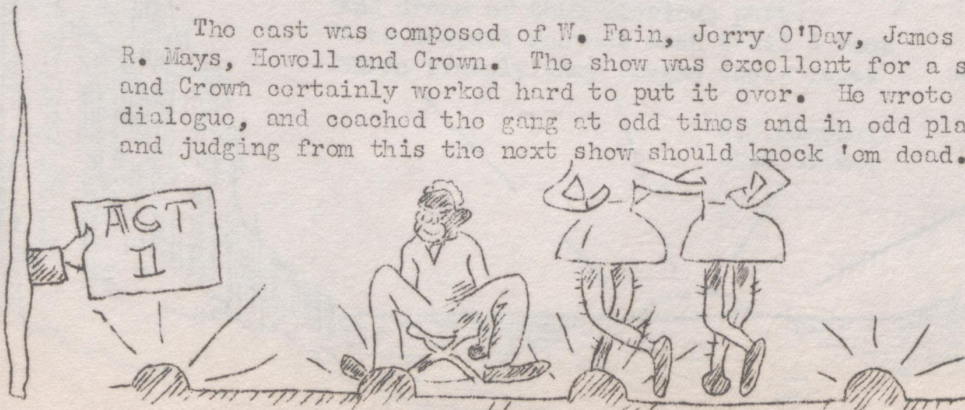
The first act was a blackface act, and Reed and Howell did thior best with it, but forgot one of the jokes on account of nervousness. They will put on a good act next time as they have the technique, and they needed the experience. Next time they will wow them, just watch.

After that came a mind reading act, with Crown in the audience, and James Clark on the stage, wrapped up in a couple of sheets and towels and painted up like Mao West! The act went over good, especially when one of the visitors picked up a frog from under a log and almost broke up the show by wanting to ask the questions himself. The act was well done, and had everybody guessing - including Clark!

Murder in a Transient Bureau was the next act. The murder was committed while we were looking at a blonde stepping over a log, so we missed that part, but we certainly heard the corpse fall on the cot! Lots of good gags were pulled, including a remark "Why couldn't it have been Marlo!" Marlo got a kick out of that one.

Some of the visitors were a little mystified over the next act, which showed St. Peter at the gates of Heaven, in the person of Alex Crown. The gags were all on the fellows in camp. They were razzed plenty but in a good natured manner, and all the unrated men went to heaven while the rest went to hell. It was a good show, and as Crown remarked, "We haven't any music, not even a piano," so all the acts were talkies.

The cast was composed of W. Pain, Jerry O'Day, James Clark, R. Mays, Howell and Crown. The show was excellent for a starter, and Crown certainly worked hard to put it over. He wrote all the dialogue, and coached the gang at odd times and in odd places, and judging from this the next show should knock 'em dead.



CAMP BLUE LICKS

The people around the camp are friendly to the fellows in camp, and some of them have a standing invitation at the home of Mr. McConnell, whose teams haul rocks and dirt on Project 20. They can be found any night sitting on the porch talking, or inside the parlor singing hymns - believe it or not! Mr. McConnell plays the pipe organ with skill, and it's a real treat to listen. There's something about a real home that wakes up old memories, and such hospitality as is freely given at the McConnell's is more than appreciated.

It's getting a little chilly in the evenings and the mornings until the sun comes up, but the leaves are still on the trees and the changing colors are something to go miles to see. Camp fires were in evidence - what is a camp without a fire? - And many were the yarns that were told. Some of the boys badly need warmer clothing, but that is being taken care of as fast as can be done.

Our last night in camp found us prowling through the woods on our way back from the McConnells. The air was still and the moon was shining bright, with millions of stars overhead. A faint mist was settling in the hollows, and the chill of autumn was over all. Across the fields came the strains of Taps, the last long drawn out note echoing against the rugged hillsides.

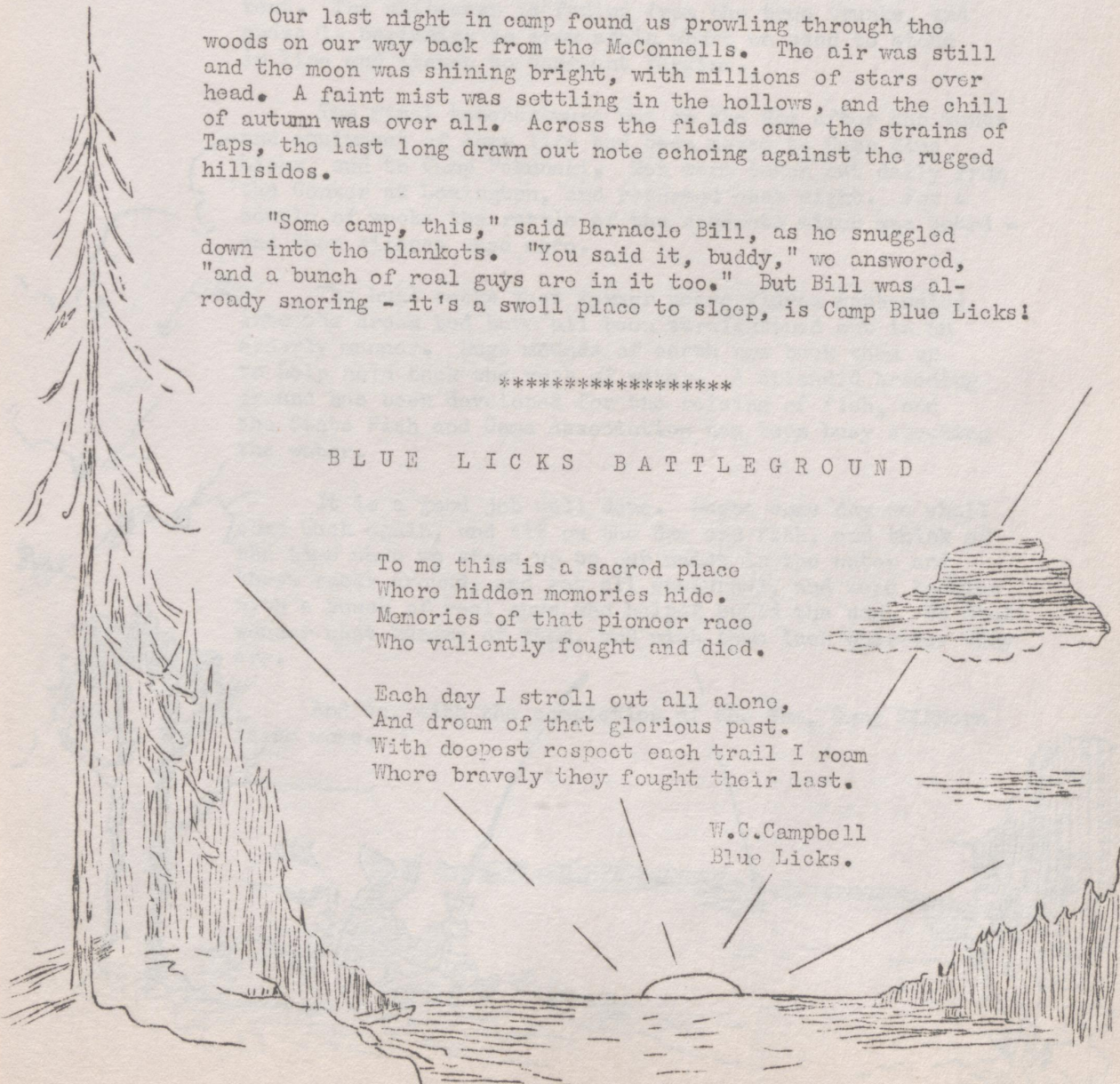
"Some camp, this," said Barnacle Bill, as he snuggled down into the blankets. "You said it, buddy," we answered, "and a bunch of real guys are in it too." But Bill was already snoring - it's a swell place to sleep, is Camp Blue Licks!

BLUE LICKS BATTLEGROUND

To me this is a sacred place
Where hidden memories hide.
Memories of that pioneer race
Who valiently fought and died.

Each day I stroll out all alone,
And dream of that glorious past.
With deepest respect each trail I roam
Where bravely they fought their last.

W.C. Campbell
Blue Licks.



Passing of Camp Elkhorn.

The water roars over the dam at Elkhorn now - instead of through it! A beautifully clean sweep of concrete over rocks is holding it back, and millions of small fish are having a swell time in the water back of the dam - mobbe!

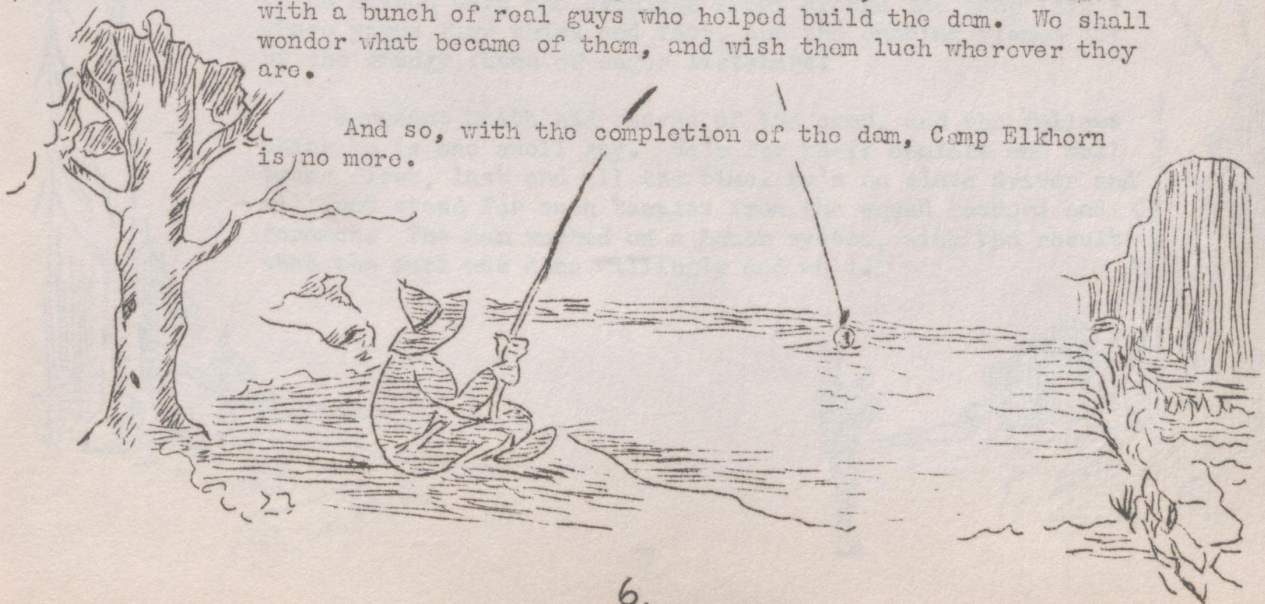
The camp is demolished, and now nothing remains of the camp site except the little flower gardens and the white washed rocks that once graced the entrance to each tent. The whitewash is fading from the tree trunks, and grass is beginning to grow again where we used to stand in line and listen to Sergeant Perkins.

The final touches were put on the dam after the tents and equipment of camp life had been moved to Camp Blue Licks, and to Camp Pakuneki. Men were taken out daily from the Center at Lexington, and returned each night. For a couple of weeks the rattle of the concrete mixer was heard - and then silence once more.

The huge rocks that former negro slaves manhandled into the creek bed have all been straightened out in an orderly manner. Huge mounds of earth now back them up to help hold back the rush of water. A splendid breeding ground has been developed for the raising of fish, and the State Fish and Game Association has been busy stocking the water.

It is a good job well done. Maybe some day we shall come back again, and sit on the dam and fish, and think of the time when we stood up to our waist in the water and threw rocks around, and got all sunburned, and were buddies with a bunch of real guys who helped build the dam. We shall wonder what became of them, and wish them luck wherever they are.

And so, with the completion of the dam, Camp Elkhorn is no more.



CAMP PAKUNEKI

— a review —

Camp Pakuneki was the first camp organized out of Lexington, back in June, 1934. For thirty days the boys worked out there, and they were a swell crowd of fellows at that. The time was spent in cleaning up, cutting woods, and getting things in shape for the Boy Scouts who occupy the camp during the month of July every year.

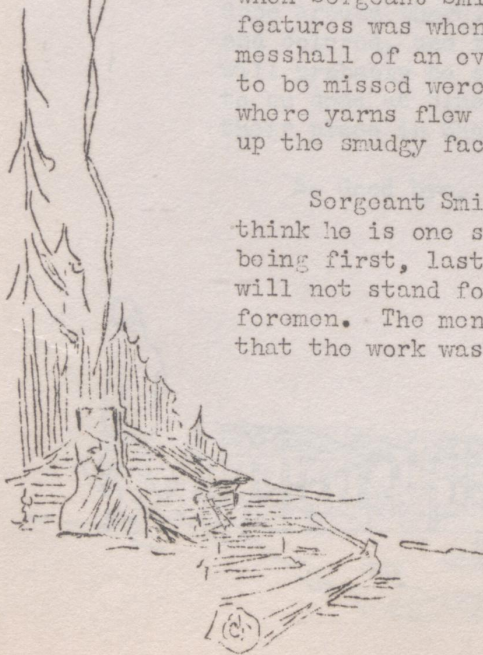
Pakanooki, as the boys called it, is in a picturesque setting. It is located on the banks of the Kentucky River, about twenty miles from Lexington, and is reached by a winding road through the hills. The river flows through deep rocky gorges at this point, and the sleeping cabins are located on the Hill-sides. The cabins are small, and are hidden in a mass of foliage from the cypress trees and sycamores. Stone paths and a rustic bridge connect them to the mess hall.

On October 1st, the camp was closed, and the forty odd men were transferred to Camp Blue Licks. Sergeant Smith and his merry men hated to leave the camp, and no wonder!

The river is both wide and deep and offers splendid facilities for sports. An enclosed floating crib, built by the Boy Scouts, was used by the non swimmers, and a number of row boats were available to those who liked that form of sport. The fishing is good at this point, and many of the men spent their spare time hauling in cat fish and white perch.

They didn't go in for ball games at the camp because there isn't any level place to play, but they did play hand ball, and card games - and maybe the colored men shot craps when Sergeant Smith wasn't around! One of the most enjoyable features was when the boys gathered around the piano in the messhall of an evening and gave an impromptu concert, and not to be missed were the evenings spent around the camp fire - where yarns flew thick and fast, and the dancing flames lit up the smudgy faces of eager listeners!

Sergeant Smith had charge of the camp, and the fellows think he is one swell guy. He's for their comfort and well being first, last and all the time. He's no slave driver and will not stand for such tactics from the squad leaders and foremen. The men worked on a honor system, with the result that the work was done willingly and well.



CAMP PAKUNEKI - A Review

Work projects consisted in rebuilding the road to the highway, about a mile and a half of rough mountain road being put in good shape for travel. Other work details were cutting wood, carrying water, building a spring, building paths, some carpenter work, and mess hall, guard, and clerical details.

Men did not check out often - there was something about this camp that was different. It was more like a family of men than a transient camp. For one thing, there were no swelled heads out there and no politicians - as the Sergeant called them - and no stool pigeon system. The Sergeant can find out all he wants to know for himself, and thirty years in the Marines has taught him how to handle men.

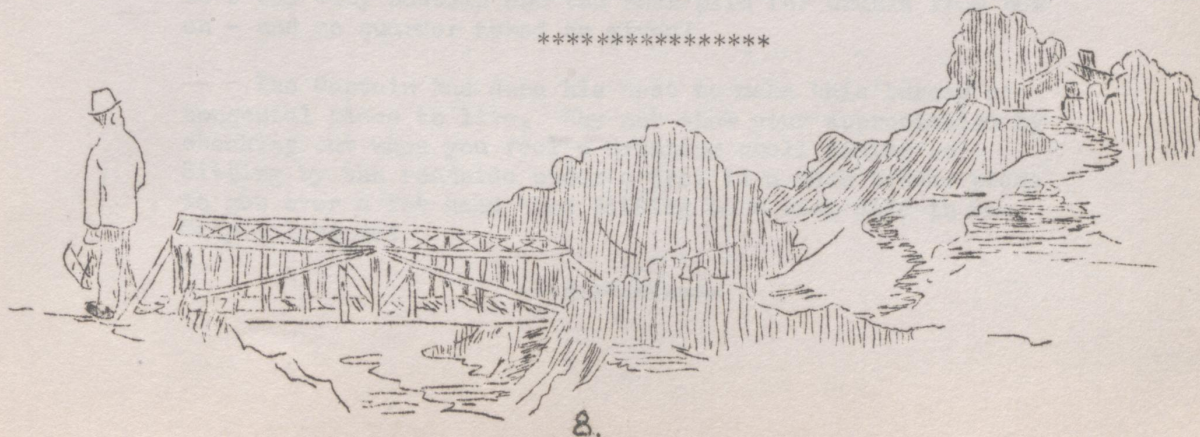
The food was good and there was plenty of it. The tables were set for six men to a table, and colored men waited on the tables and washed the dishes afterwards. The meals were served the same as would be in any boarding house, and the men sat at their own places at the tables. They fell in line when entering and left when they were through.

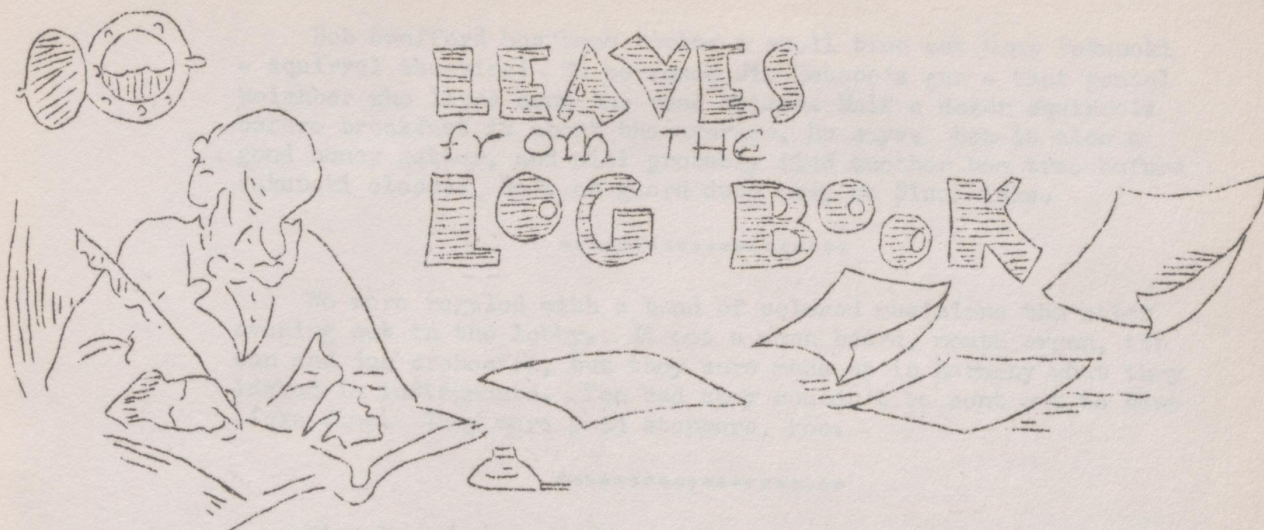
The Sergeant ate in the mess hall with the men - at the foremen and squad leaders' table. He ate the same food, and if the service was not up to his standard the waiters and cooks sure heard about it. "Those men have hard work to do," said he, "and they want food that will stick to their ribs. See that they get it," were his orders.

Strangely enough, the camp life went on without any hard and fast military system as is common in other camps. The guards were for the purpose of keeping fire patrol more than for keeping the men under control, and while the lighting arrangements consisted mostly of kerosene flares, and there was no indoor recreation to speak of, yet the camp had it's own fascination for the men. Not a one but wish the camp could have remained open for the winter.

Camp Pakuneki was a pleasant camp and lots of work was done around there. They were a bunch of good men, both white and colored, and they got along fine together. The colored men will probably be sent to Camp Purchase. However, there's work to be done at Blue Licks, and the same crowd will soon find their place in that camp, and things will go on as before.

So Good bye, Pakuneki - Hail, Blue Licks!





Over a period of months we have watched many a man lose his job in the bureau because of a drunken spree - to be cast into the outer darkness, sometimes to wind up in the City Jail.

They were all regular fellows when sober, and some of them went for long periods of time before blowing up, but eventually Demon Rum got the best of them, and - blooie!

Why? Is it the strain of transient life, this continued trying to get by, doing without the many things formerly considered so necessary? No loving woman's smile - no welcome home from little children's voices - no stability of friendship - no place to call their own in the ever changing world of transient life?

Possibly so. We are all human - not one of us but have our faults. Many of these men who lost out once held good positions in the outside world. Has the strain of bureau life and its limitations cracked them as the world war once did the same to thousands? Maybe it's the imperfect vessel that gives way under stress, and nothing can be done about it!

There's one thing we are sure of. The guy who is sap enough to try drowning his sorrows in drink - and expect to get away with it in this bureau - sure has another think coming. Better take your pay - go down the road - and keep on going! It's the City Bastile and the rock pile for drunks from now on - and no quarter asked or given!

The Captain has done his best to make this bureau a congenial place to live. Why not show your appreciation by checking out when you feel a drinking spell coming on? Sitting by the roadside under a tree is a much better place to get over a fat head than sitting on a rock pile in the City Calaboose!

THE LOG BOOK

Bob Swafford has been having a swell time out Camp Pakuneki - squirrel shooting! He borrowed Jim Estopp's gun - that genial neighbor who lives down the road apiece. Half a dozen squirrels before breakfast is about the average, he says. Bob is also a good honey getter, and will probably find another bee tree before Pakuneki closes. He's on guard duty now, at Blue Licks.

We were regaled with a band of colored musicians the other evening out in the lobby. It was a wash board, mouth organ, tin can and jug orchestra, but they sure made up in harmony what they lacked in instruments. Too bad they couldn't be sent out to Blue Licks Camp. They were good stoppers, too.

Miss Perryman is leaving on a short vacation this week - to the western part of Kentucky. She said that the strain of listening to the Baron Munchausen yarns that the clients put out these days has been a little too much. She wants to get back to the simple life for a day or so. Happy daze!

Lester Day, our sign painter out at camp, was busy painting a large flat stone. It had a white background, and as we watched him put in the lettering in large black letters, we realized it was intended for a headstone on a grave. It was for ourselves - and ended with the caption - "Cum up and see me sumtime". Lester says he is getting it ready for the time when it will be needed - which wont be long if we dont quit razzing him about his lettering, sez he!

Allon Overman, who checks everybody into the dining room, secured a pass to the Lexington Trots the other day and came back all wild eyed. He says the most beautiful women in the world were at the race track, and the fastest trotting horses, and the people all had a good time, and he wished to heaven that he had a hundred dollars so he could play the races! So do we!

Ed Reed has his bailiwick on the third floor functioning like a clock. The Deacon and Ed take turns about in looking out of the window across to the apartments on the other side of the street to see if the red head has come back from the country - at least so we have been told, but you can't believe everything! Let's know when she comes back Ed and we'll be over.



THE LOG BOOK.

Another man leaves the bureau by the marriage route! He met a girl while out at camp, fell in love, she fell in love with him, got him a job with his prospective father-in-law, he made good, and - presto, wedding bells. Now, if this chap had not stuck, but had gone on jumping all over the place from bureau to bureau, he would still be single. There's a lesson here somewhere fellers! We wish you the best of luck and congratulations, Shotgun!

A chap in the Center asked Mr. Blastock for a pass, as he wanted to go to a picture show. The pass would entitle him to stay out until 11.30 P.M. William Wylie overheard part of the conversation and asked for a pass also. About half an hour later he was back in the office. "Mr. Blastock," said he in injured tones, "Ah's been to every show in town, an' dey tells me dis pass aint no good!"

We heard today that someone applied for admission to the bureau by the name of Noah Perry. Why didn't we think of that name? It would have been perfect - Noah Perry is Skipper of the ARK - well, nobody would have believed it, so we'll let it go.

Some of the boys were indulging in feats of strength in the recreation room the other evening, pulling arms and legs off and all that kind of thing. Charley Unites was persuaded to get down on all fours against the wall in the hallway, then told it was impossible for him to raise his leg - the one against the wall. He promptly and proudly raised his leg. "Now bark like a dog", said Herman Keding. Was Charley peeved!

For the last couple of months we have noticed a number of books on the piano in the recreation room. Investigation shows that they were a gift from the local library. The promotion was made by our old friend Mr. Stagg - and while they were old copies they were still new to many of the boys who have been reading them diligently. It's deeds like this, friend Stagg, that endear us to you, even though you do cross your fingers when you pass us by!

We removed the front covers from about fifty of the magazines that reach us each week from other bureaus, and placed them on the walls of our baliwick - office to you - overlapping the covers because of lack of space. They make an imposing array, and the occasional outside visitor stands in awe of the display of talent which these covers imply. The "body" of the magazines, of course, went out to camp along with all other issues. The "soul" remains with us!

THE LOG BOOK

Walter Camp, believe it or not, is a lady killer! We have seen the letters that Mary wrote. We have even seen the check she sent him. We have even seen the proposal of marriage she wrote. And Walter is still out at camp - can it be that he is spoofing us?

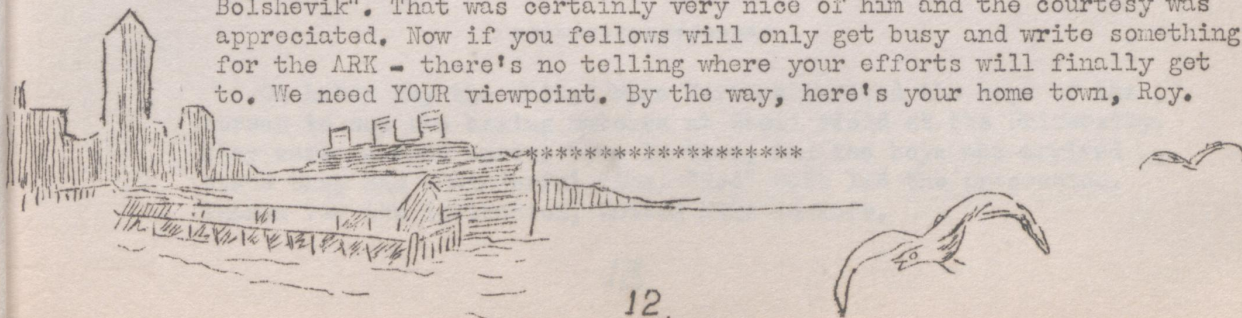
George Bennett is one man that pops up all over the place whenever any special work has to be done - like fixing a roof, putting in pipe lines, installing electric wiring, or fixing the kitchen sink! George has had a varied career all over the world as an engineer, and he takes things as they come and never complains. He has a fund of stories - get him to tell you the one about the rabbit.

At different times we have asked about something or other in the Bible, and couldn't find a Bible to verify it. But now our troubles are over - Miss Perkins has donated a Bible to the Center, and as usual, has never even mentioned it to anybody. No excuse now fellows!

Alex Crown came into the office today all excited - he was going home he said. What will the camp do now without an athletic and social director to get up the shows and games and meet the girls? We dunno - probably go all to pot. Well, Alex did his best and we wish him luck in little ole N'Yawk. We understand that he has secured a job with an uncle in Brooklyn who runs a pawn shop. By the way, did he collect all his loans before he left?

"Give me a penny to buy candy?" said a small girl about five years old, who plays outside our office window. We gave her the penny. "You'd better give me another one," she requested "my little brother will raise hell with me if I don't buy him some candy too!" Heavens above! How quick these kids pick up profanity around here. Must have been reading the ARK!

Editor Roy Pepin, of the ALKI, bureau paper from Seattle, Wash. wrote in and asked permission to use the article "Barnacle Bill goes Bolshevik". That was certainly very nice of him and the courtesy was appreciated. Now if you fellows will only get busy and write something for the ARK - there's no telling where your efforts will finally get to. We need YOUR viewpoint. By the way, here's your home town, Roy.



THE LOG BOOK

GUARD DUTY!

"Whence came ye?" asked the keeper of the gate.
"From a lodge of the holy order of transients," answered our buddy.
"Have you the pass word?" asked the keeper of the gate.
"He has not, but I have it for him," said our buddy. So what?

We now have two trucks for the transportation of supplies and men. That's quite a step ahead from the days just a short time ago when the Captain's car was the only method of getting places. We are picking up men from the Louisville Center, and also from Ashland for the Blue Licks Battleground Camp. This is one swell camp and we extend you a hearty welcome from the ARK. Write in and tell us what you think of the camp.

John Carroll wants us to put an ad. in the ARK for a good cribbage player. He claims he can beat anybody. Well, if loud talk at the top of your voice is an indication of a good player then John has it all over anybody without a doubt! We're telling you this fellas because it's one of the secrets of his success. He gets his opponent all hot and bothered with wise cracks and then runs the match stick up about ten holes. But kidding aside, John seems to have the goods. Here's the Ad.

We have found out that the phonograph out at camp was donated by Miss Perkins, our bureau stenographer who does more work than any two people around this bureau. This is the same little girl who carried flowers around to Lester Day when he was flat on his back at the Center - caused by taking too long a stride in the bath room. The records were supplied by Sergeant Smith, with the exception of one that was purchased by Miss Perkins to see if the phonograph would work.

Frank Casper writes in from Albuquerque and tells us that he met with a slight accident. It seems that he was riding in the open doorway of a freight car when some shine took a pop at him with a pistol, and the bullet went through his cheek and knocked out a couple of teeth. Mouth open Frank? Well, hope you are all O.K. by this time. Better stay put - traveling is dangerous these days!

On Labor Day the United Mine Workers invited the boys of the bureau to see the boxing matches at Stoll Field at the University. They were marched across town in twos, and the boys who arrived state they had a wonderful time. "Red" Webb led the procession. Thanks for the invitation, United Mine Workers.

THE LOG BOOK

We have a new case worker - Mr. John W. Dally. He's not new in the exact sense of the word - he spent ten days here when the bureau was first opened back in February of this year, and was transferred to Ashland. Now he's back again, which is their loss and our gain. Mr. Dally will act as co-ordinator between the camps and the bureau. You'll like him, fellows.

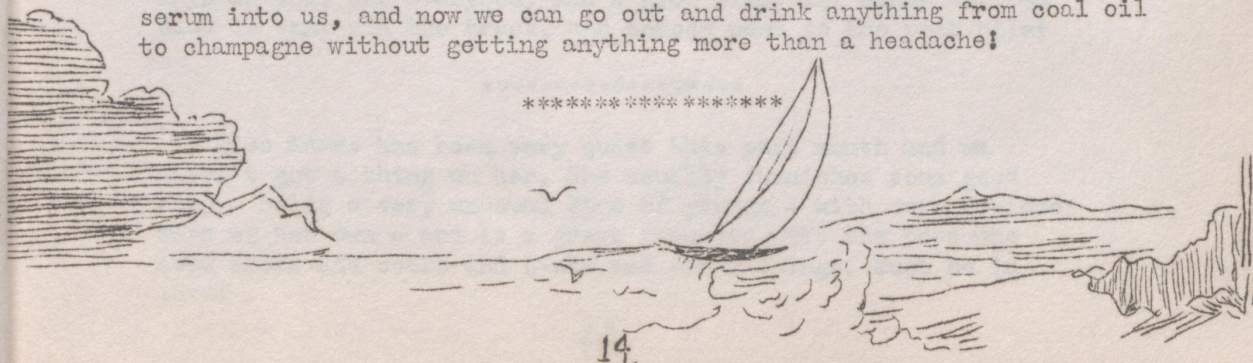
There's something in the air as we go to press about opening another camp. At this time we have no definite information, but if it happens we know that it will be run with the same nerve, skill, and aplomb that characterized elkhorn, Pakuneki, and Blue Licks. More in next issue.

Lt. Crutcher is out at Camp Blue Licks as we write this - getting the guard into shape and keeping his eye on things. He keeps in the background mostly, as Blue Licks is practically a self run camp. He loves camp life and enjoys his job - except maybe on cold nights! He's regular.

We noticed a pleasant looking chap in the recreation room the other evening - busy making sketches. Jerry Grant, Red Webb, and several others were easily recognized. He is a new man and his name is Walter Schonemen - Walt for short. He's illustrating the ARK this month and making a good job of it we think. Ed. Brady is still here, but he is busy catching up with the inventories and receiver's reports, and couldn't find the time. Maybe there's more talent in the bureau - why not try YOUR hand at a poem or article or sumpin'. It's your magazine!

Mr. Blastock, who acts as intake worker at nights in addition to being the building superintendent at the Center - wrote us a poem based on his contacts with the clients. It's called "Peace of Mind", and certainly gets a good angle on a point that hasn't been mentioned very often. Come again.

Dr. Adams finally got us. He pumped three shots of typhoid serum into us, and now we can go out and drink anything from coal oil to champagne without getting anything more than a headache!



THE LOG BOOK

Ashland is the gainer by Mr. Weisfeld who spent three weeks here as intake worker - learning the ropes and putting into practice the things he learned from books at the University of Kentucky. He left here to take up a position with the bureau at Ashland - he has advanced ideas on sociology, is earnest and helpful, and thinks there's a solution to the transient problem somewhere, and says he's going to find it. Best of luck.

Here's an interesting sidelight on the reason men check out. The figures for August showed a 70% check out at Camp Elkhorn - many of the men left to work in the tobacco fields. Camp Pakuneki showed a 15% check out - this camp is isolated. The Blue Licks camp showed a 32% check out - not isolated and some of the men got in on the tail end of the tobacco cutting. When the men had a chance to work at better pay than the camp - THEY WORKED!

Miss Perryman, our soft voiced intake worker who hails from Memphis - the City of Beautiful Women - keeps close track of the cases that come to her attention. Here's some of the reasons given by clients who applied to the bureau - wanted to keep clean - tired of bumming - wanted haven for the winter - no other place to go - trying to find mother - couldn't make a living peddling. Some of the types interviewed - a murderer - a religious crank - feeble minded - a chronic bum - tubercular - arm off - leg off. Well, this is a transient bureau, aint it?

Some changes have occurred in the bureau this month. Mr. Blastock is now Building Superintendent, Mr. Lyttle has resigned, Mr. Dunbar has left, and so did Lt. Frank who had charge of Camp Elkhorn for awhile. The new arrivals on the staff at this time are Lt. Crutcher, and Lt. Saunders. Congratulations and condolences. --and since we wrote this, Mr. Dally.

Sergeant Smith picked out a dozen men at Camp Pakuneki and sent them into town for a half a day for a look see. It breaks the monotony of camp life, furnishes conversation for days on end, and everybody had a good time. All hands arrived back in camp via the truck, and nobody went to the rock pile!

Miss Adams has been very quiet this past month and we haven't got a thing on her. She usually furnishes some good copy - being a very unusual kind of person - with very decided ways of her own - and is a great favorite with the boys who need shoes and socks and pants and other things. Must be in love!

THE LOG BOOK

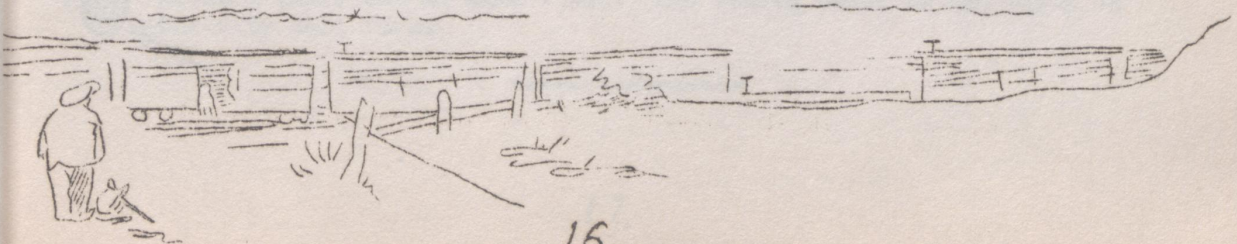
Any of you fellas remember LI Ming Darcy - once clerk for friend Stagg, and afterwards out at Pakanooki where he used to operate a trick typewriter for Sergeant Smith? Well, believe it or not, he's the artist for the Spillway, a bureau magazine down in Sheffield, Ala. Been all over the country looking for trouble and hasn't found it yet, says he in a recent letter. Sends regards to all.

The Transient Breeze, of Springfield, Ill., is well worth reading. You'll find all the latest copies out at camp. Peter Pink, the editor, says he doesn't agree with our article - "Barnacle Bill goes Bolshevik" - says it doesn't cover the situation. We advocated paying the men a dollar a day for ninety days, and holding back seventy-five dollars as a stake. Bet we could all bust loose from the bureau with seventy-five dollars and go places and do things, but Peter is skeptical - says we would all be back in the bureau in no time. Mebbe so! Peter is as a voice crying out in the wilderness - aint we all - no votes, no voice - but what a voice he has! Read his editorials fellas, they're grand.

The Wigwam, of Paducah, Ky., via Dean Pottitt the editor, takes us to task for printing some of the favorable notices we received about the ARK, and accuses us of playing to the galleries (Sept 15th). A dirty crack was also made about Barnacle Bill and ourselves lying in bed of a morning instead of being out looking for news! That's the kind of a jam you guys get us into by not writing anything for the ARK. Pottitt has seven men helping with the Wigwam!

Oh well, somebody appreciates our efforts - we like to think of it that way, and not that the editor wanted to fill up a blank page! We almost passed out when we noticed that the Excelsior, of Fargo, N. Dakota reproduced our article "Workers vs. Bums". You're very welcome Bob. Thanks for the acknowledgement.

"No task is beneath our dignity if we bring to it that "extra something". No work remains trivial if it is tackled with a proud, conquering attitude of mind", says K.V.F in the Cross Roads of Louisville, Ky (Sept 1st) Joe Sikon who used to, and mebbe still does, wash out the cuspidors down at the center, sure laughed long and loud at that sally. Quit kidding us, Karl!



THE LOG BOOK

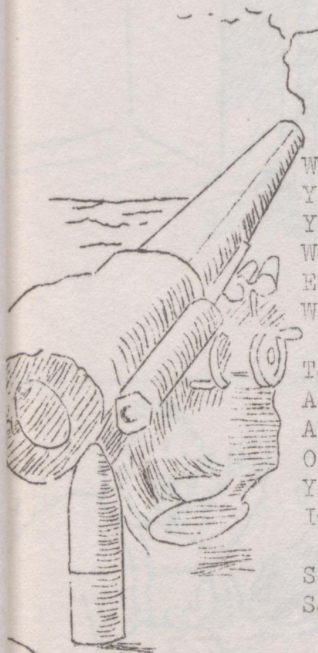
Around the world and back again, you find the most interesting of all the roads - the one that leads back home.

We have noticed that the intake workers have been weeding out the obvious bums and drifters from the applicants who have applied for admission to the bureau. It seems to be a concerted effort to limit the benefits of the bureau to a more worthy class of men - or sumpin'.

We know that many of the men who came here did so as a last resort, and we well know how they feel when they have to stand in line next to men who have obviously never been anything but bums all their lives. Something goes out of our lives then - probably the overrated opinion we have of ourselves!

Bill (W.C.) Campbell is commissary clerk out at Blue Licks and has accepted the job of camp reporter, and also general distributor of the ARK and custodian of other bureau magazines that are sent to the camp. How about a little news, Bill?

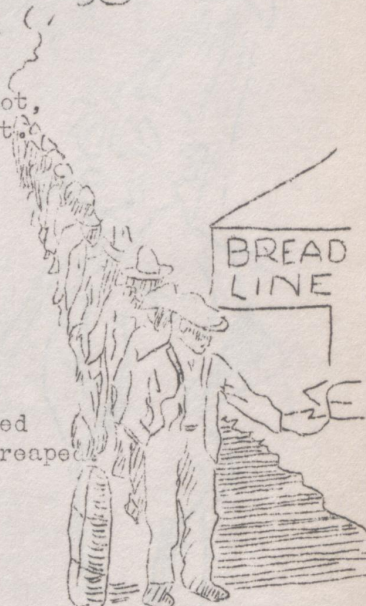
TO A NINE INCH GUN



Whether your shell hits the target or not,
Your cost is five hundred dollars a shot.
You awful thing of noise and power,
We feed you a hundred barrels of flour
Each time you roar. Your flame is fed
With twenty thousand loaves of bread.

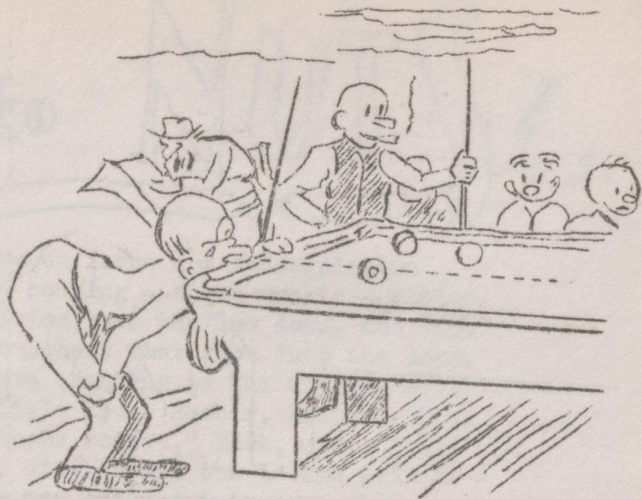
Ten thousand orphaned children roam
A shattered land without a home.
A million mothers writhe in pain
Of unwanted child birth - and again
Your red mouth roars! The dead lie heaped
In a field of grain that will never be reaped.

Silence. A million hungry men
Seek bread to fill their mouths again.



The above poem was turned in to the office of a New York daily newspaper, scribbled on a piece of crumpled paper. The only address given - there was no name - was: The fourth bench to the right in the City Hall Park.

"Aint We Got Fun in our Bureau



IF YOU CAN'T
PLAY
KEEP OFF



"AFTERNOON SIESTA"

Sketches
by WALT.



SOUP to NUTS

Four men on the kitchen force are undergoing an intensive course in cooking - three week's duration. Nick the cook is giving them the low down, and says it ain't nobody's business what goes into the soup. You can hear the boys chanting in the evening after closing hours "Welligle Zoup, Rosbif, Rospok, Opple and Strumbry Pie, Scups Coffee." Nick, who's full name is Nicholas J. Stockas and who is one hell of a good guy, says they are going out to camp when they are proficient. Cheerio, Nick!

They have a perpetual inventory in the kitchen supply room that tells what's on hand at all times. How many tons of goldfish, how many yards of bolony, and so on. Barron is keeping the figures on a large blackboard - at this writing. Lord help him!

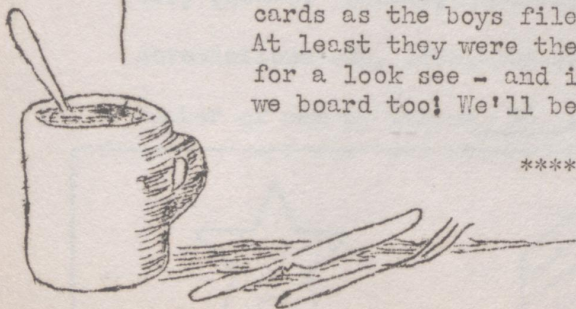
The boys who dish out the seconds are getting peeved at the way you-all barge up to the counter in groups instead of forming a line. Shelly says "Please gents, one at a time for crysake."

The first cook strains the lumps out of the gravy and the second cook puts 'em back in again - otherwise there wouldn't be any gravy. Edwards and Owens, who are the gentlemen responsible at this time of writing, are having a heluva time with the gravy!

A family party left a tip on the table the other evening and Macdonald fainted.

Two girls walked in and sat down at a table - that's because the dining room says "Cafeteria" on the window. They didn't see the small sign reading "Not open to the public". Costellio, who has since gone on a binge and was checked out, put on his tie and waited on them. They wanted to see the menu. Thought the place was a regular dining room!

We certainly have a swell dining room. Overman marks the cards as the boys file in, and all is quiet and orderly. At least they were the other day when we were over there for a look see - and it's the same way at the place where we board too! We'll be seeing ya, fellas.



Ratings

RC.	BL.		
<u>0</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>EDUCATION</u>	Nothing at Center, FERA school near Camp.
0	4	<u>IMPROVEMENTS</u>	None at Center, several at Camp.
5	2	<u>BATHS</u>	Very good at Center, not completed at Camp.
4	2	<u>INDOOR GAMES</u>	Good at Center. Need facilities at Camp.
0	4	<u>OUTDOOR GAMES</u>	None at Center. Need organized sports at Camp.
3	3	<u>CLOTHING ISSUES</u>	Hit or miss system.
3	3	<u>PAY DAY REGULARITY</u>	Anywhere from Monday to Saturday. But it comes!
4	4	<u>SLEEPING QUARTERS</u>	Crowded sometimes at Center. In tents at Camp.
4	2	<u>WASHING CLOTHES</u>	Facilities at Center. Not completed at Camp.
0	0	<u>CANTEEN SERVICE</u>	None at Center or Camp.
5	3	<u>MEDICAL & DENTAL</u>	Equipped at Center, extractions only, aide at Camp.
0	0	<u>VOCATIONAL EDC.</u>	No Government program at Center or Camp.
0	0	<u>RE-EMPLOYMENT</u>	No facilities at Center or Camp.
0	5	<u>WORK PROJECTS</u>	Washee - scrubee at Center, permanent at Camp.
5	5	<u>CLEANLINESS</u>	Conditions excellent at Center and Camp.
5	5	<u>FIRE HAZARD</u>	Precautions taken at Center and Camp.
5	5	<u>FOOD QUALITY</u>	Consistently of high quality.
5	5	<u>COOKING & SERVICE</u>	Consistent at Center, new mess hall for Camp.
5	5	<u>CLEAN LINEN</u>	Consistent at Center and Camp.
<u>5</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>SUPERVISION</u>	Interests of men first consideration.

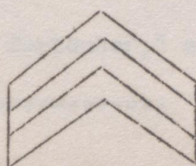
58 - 65

Rating for month ending October 1st, 1934

Very good-5, Good-4, Fair-3, Poor-2, Very Poor-1, None-0.

Abbreviations -RC, Receiving Center. BL, Camp Blue Licks.

Number of men at Center 80, Number of men at Blue Licks 150



The BRITISH DOLE

"I've been reading in the Public Library," said Barnacle Bill, "and here's some dope about the way they handle unemployment relief in England."

"Spill it," we requested, reaching for the makin's.

"They have the dole system in England, and here's how it works," he went on. "Unemployed persons of either sex receive \$4.25 a week. If a man is married, he receives \$2.25 each week in addition, and .50¢ extra for each child. The money is paid out each week by the Government Employment Exchanges - and all employable persons on the dole must report daily and accept any suitable job offered, or be cut off from all benefits for a period of six weeks."

"But where does the money come from?" we asked.

"Through their unemployment insurance plan," answered Bill. "All employed persons contribute .14¢ each week, the employer chips in with .16¢ for each person, and the government raises the ante by .15¢ more. That makes a total of .45¢ each week that goes into the fund. However, this fund could not stand the strain of the prolonged unemployment situation, so the government had to loan the fund a matter of \$450,000,000. The original idea was to give one weeks unemployment benefit for each six weeks paid in, but now it's a free for all."

"What did you find out about the disposition of men on the dole to shy away from jobs - to depend on the dole for a living?"

"Well, the article stated the lines that form at the windows at which jobs are given out often have to be handled by the police, while the lines waiting for their insurance money were peaceful and orderly," said Bill. "That doesn't seem as though the men wish to get by without working. Seems to me a lot of hokey has been written and said about the dole system that ain't mebbe so."

"So that's the way they do things on the other side?" we remarked. "I heard President Roosevelt speak over the radio the other evening, and he stated America was at least ten years behind England in the matter of social reforms such as old age pensions and unemployment relief, and we must catch up or suffer far worse chaos that at present exists. By the way, where did you read all this, Bill?"

"In 'World's Work' for September," said Bill.

“STAY AWAY”

Things are dull in San Francisco,
On the bum in New Orleans,
Rather punk in cultured Boston
Famed for cod fish, pork and beans.

On the hog in Kansas City,
Out in Denver things are jarred,
And they're beefing in Chicago,
That things there are rather hard.

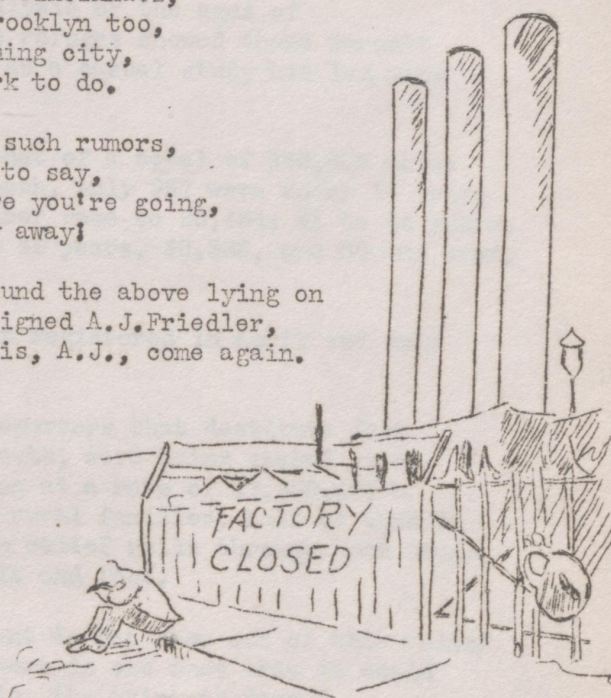
Not much doing in St Louis,
It's the same in Baltimore,
Coin dont rattle in Seattle,
As it did in days of yore.

Jobs are scarce in Atlanta, Ga.,
And through Texas things are still,
And there's very little doing,
In the town of Louisville.

There's a howl from Cincinnati,
And New York and Brooklyn too,
In Milwaukee's foaming city,
There is little work to do.

In the face of all such rumors,
It seems not amiss to say,
That no matter where you're going,
You had better stay away!

At last, a contribution! We found the above lying on
the desk one morning. It was signed A.J. Friedler,
Rochester, N.Y. Well here she is, A.J., come again.



THE JOBLESS ARMY

Mr. William J. Plunkert, youthful Director of transient activities at Washington, was interviewed by newspaper reporters the other day, and here's what they reported:

"Without claiming any of the credit, Mr. Plunkert said he felt that motorists and railroad brakemen would agree there had been a diminution of travel demands during the last year.

"September 15 nearly a quarter million persons were in the camps, the first of which were set up a little more than a year ago. The FERA, which is bearing almost the entire cost of the transient refugees, had spent \$30,000,000.

"There is trouble at times in finding suitable work projects, but there has been a lot of useful work done. Our transients have helped build airports, playgrounds, roads, forest trails; have helped in eradicating fire hazards, and out in Kansas they have furnished the labor to build a couple of lakes.

"The camp at Omaha, Neb., for example, has its own laundry, infirmary, library, shoe shop, kitchens, theatre, and its orchestra, called the "Vagabonds." Boxing matches are staged every Tuesday night and outsiders are charged admission. The camp has raised \$400.00 toward two motion picture talking machines. Other camps, most of them in fact, have similar activities.

"Mr. Plunkert said an analysis of the ages of those who had registered at the refuges showed there weren't as many youngsters on the road as a casual study had led many to believe.

"Figures for April show that of a total of 158,955 males who registered at camps that month, only 957 were under 16 years old. Between 16 and 20, the number rose to 26,464; 21 to 24 years, 29,686; 25 to 34, 45,053; 45 to 49 years, 38,388, and 50 and over, 18,191.

"Approximately 1,700 women registered in April and only 37 of these were under 16.

"Mr. Harry Hopkins told reporters that destitute farm families, half of them in the South, were being staked to a new start through long term loans at a rate of \$7,500,000 a month. He estimated that 80,000 rural families, half of them in the South, had been removed from relief rolls through such loans, used to purchase livestock, tools and food.

"Mr. Hopkins added; "We want to get them out of this relief business. By spending a little more in one shot than it would take to keep them on relief rolls, the trick is done."

"And that's that!"

Design for Living

Up until a month ago, the men on the clerical and specialists staff lived in the bureau - and worked all day at their various jobs - mostly clerical work. At night they slept in the dormitory, among the ever changing personnel of the nightly registrants. They drew their one, two, or three dollars a week, and gazed enviously at the white tablecloths of the restaurants, and at the city crowds on their way to pleasant homes at night.

Such delights of living were not for transients!

Now all this has changed. The eight men on what may be classed as the permanent staff are now living in boarding houses - not transient boarding houses where the bill is paid by the bureau - but in boarding houses of their own choosing. Each week, in addition to their one, two, or three dollars a week pay, each man on the schedule receives a check for \$6.50, \$6.25, or \$6.00, depending on his scale of pay, and he can take this money and find himself a place to live.

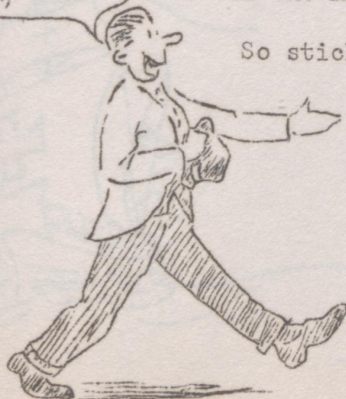
Of course, all the men took their checks, cashed them, and immediately lit out for parts unknown. Like hell they did!

Every man went out and found a place to suit himself and they are all happy and contented, and staying on the job. They are getting to know a few people outside of the bureau, they are making friends, and they are living a more normal life again.

It's an experiment in human nature on the part of Captain Wolfe, our Director of this bureau. It would have been easy to have made arrangements with some boarding house and sent the men there, but they would have still been transients. That's not the Captain's way. The Captain has other ideas too, along liberal lines, for the benefit of all the men in the bureau.

So stick around fellows - and give yourselves a break!

JUST LIKE
OLD TIMES
Huh, what?



BOARD
ROOM



VAGABONDS.

When frontiers died our occupations passed,
Unwanted laborers in the vineyard of the world,
Worthless in man's scheme of things!

Vagabonds! In ancient days
They tortured us. Born freemen,
Greece turned us into slaves,
Rome fed us to the lions,
And we opened the gates of Rome!
We followed the Crusades,
Pillaged and robbed, joined
Robin Hood's merrie men,
Led the van in Wat Tyler's
March on London. Discovered the
World and all it's wonders,
And conquered the West!

We built the railroads,
Cut timber, manned ships,
Fought wars, delved in mines,
Gathered the bounteous harvests.
Burrowed under cities.
Not for us - we vagabonds -
The tedious marts of trade,
The even tempo of ordered living.
We were not made in your mould,
You makers of a nation's destiny.
Yet we built wealth -
After our own fashion!
Now we are vagabonds,
Unwanted since the world began.

Somewhere in God's
Scheme of Things we have a place,
We vagabonds - Perhaps only
For you to say - "But for the
Grace of God, there go I".

--F.P.



"CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY"

"We've got to get hold of some dough," said Barnacle Bill, as he watched a sign painter put the finishing touches on a huge wall sign. "I've got an idea. How much money you got?"

"I've still got a buck left from painting mail boxes," we answered, with some misgivings. "What's on your mind?"

"We're going to paint numbers on doorsteps, or curbstones, or sidewalks," he explained. "We can get some fibre board number stencils, a pot of black and a pot of white paint, and a couple of brushes, if you'll chip in with me. I've done this before, let's go!"

We went across the street to a hardware and paint shop and invested our scanty capital. We had only a dime left, and if the deal flopped we were sunk. With the fire of desperation in our eyes, we walked across town to a middle class residential section, and eyed the landscape.

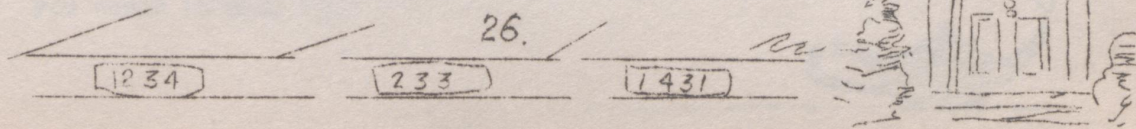
"What about a license, or permission, or something?" we ventured. "Is it O.K. to put numbers on the curbstone in front of a house? Will anybody object?"

"Who cares?" said Bill. "Haven't you ever looked for a house number in the dark on a strange street, and used up all your matches, and disturbed a lot of people? It's a kindness to doctors, and taxi drivers, and messenger boys, and friends, and maybe the police and fire departments. They'll be tickled to death. Let's go!"

We took one side of the street while Bill got busy and painted oblong spaces on the opposite curbstones in front of each house. They were glaringly conspicuous. That got 'em! Only the white space showed; we told the housewives how convenient it was for their friends, we told 'em anything that came into our mind to close the sale. We only had a dime left, and transient bureaus had not yet come into fashion!

We didn't get all the houses, but we got enough to pay for the outfit on that side of the street. The other side was all profit. "Twenty cents is the price lady." It was a rushover after the first few sales!

That night we again had coins to rattle in our pockets, and also some folding money. We had won another fight with the demon of want - and we had his number!



Philosophy - The GOLDEN RULE

"Don't take life too seriously - it's mostly a stuffed shirt proposition," we said to a tragic looking guy who had about decided to bump himself off. We wanted to be helpful!

"Oh yeah!" he replied, "well I've been batting around quite a while and I'm about fed up. When I go out I go out like a light, and you can't tell me any different." He seemed to be quite positive about it.

"Felt like that myself once, out in India," we went on, "but a little Hindu gave us another slant. He had an idea that we lived thousands of lives, all in human form, in all countries, and that we lived them one after another, with brief intervals between lives like a vacation. He figured out the whole business of living was like going to school, taking grade after grade in experience and knowledge derived from living." We stopped for want of breath.

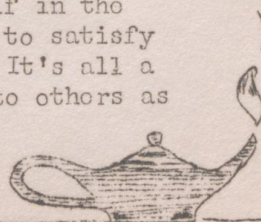
"How did he prove it?" asked the tragic looking guy, with a leer.

"He didn't," we answered. "If it could be proved it would revolutionize the world. Until people got the idea right they would bump themselves off at the least sign of trouble, knowing they could start all over again. They would be jumping from one life to another, just like transients jump from one bureau to another - looking for something better."

"The idea is just a philosophy. Each time we live a life we learn something - sometimes only elementary things like learning that stealing is a violation of the Golden Rule. We learn as a child learns by playing with fire and getting burned. Sometimes it takes dozens of lifetimes before we learn a single lesson."

"You mean we get our fingers rapped every time we do something wrong? Nerts," he expostulated, "I've seen guys who stole everything in sight and got away with it."

"Yes, that's possible, but the philosophy goes further," we went on. "It argues that the punishment may come in the next life. It's a working out of the law of compensation. Every good deed done has it's reward, and every bad one it's punishment, but it may take dozens of lifetimes to work it out. You might kick a cripple in this life and be a cripple yourself in the next life. You might falsely swear a man into jail to satisfy your hate of him, and spend your next life in jail. It's all a matter of balance you see. The Golden Rule - do unto others as you would be done by."



"But when do we get time to balance things, to weigh things up?" he countered.

"The idea is that the balancing is done while we are on vacation between lifetimes," we explained. "When the vacation is over, we come right back and start off on another lesson or continue with the old one. Now if you bump yourself off as you've been intending to do, it will be the same as playing hooky from school. You'll come right back into the same conditions until you have mastered them. You get no relief at all."

"Might be something to it at that," he admitted grudgingly. The idea of coming back into the same conditions he had intended to leave did not seem so good. "Wish you had some proof though." He looked at the sun slowly setting.

"The proof is before you if you can see it," we pointed out. "Repetition in nature is commonplace. Tomorrow the sun will rise again; these trees will lose their leaves, but next spring the leaves will burst forth again. Many spring times will come and go before this tree will reach it's full growth."

"But I'm not like a tree, I move around and I don't want to live forever," he objected.

"Who would wish to live forever?" we agreed. "The thrill of first experiences would soon wear off in a thousand years of living. We are born again in a new environment in order that we may experience, and enjoy and suffer, and learn from a million angles - until the day comes along when we are perfect, when we can sin no more and learn no more."

"Then what?" asked the tragic guy.

"Damn if we know," we admitted. "It's getting too deep for us. Maybe that Hindu bloke had something, but let's have a drink and forget it."

The tragic guy said "O.K."

Ah love, could you and I with Fate conspire,
This sorry scheme of things to grasp entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits, and then
Remold it nearer to the heart's desire.

The Rubaiyat.

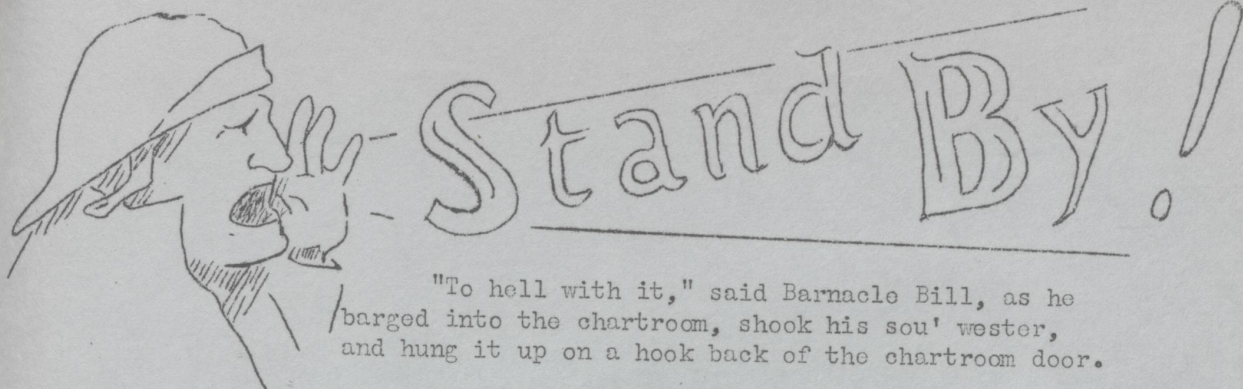
GOOD SHOTS

that hit the mark

"Fire Drill"	Wanderers Weekly, Durham, N.C.
"The Cold Truth"	Camp Observer, Baton Rouge, La.
"Sing Low"	The Log, Galveston, Texas.
"Midwatch Memories"	Bureau Journal, Salisbury, N.C.
"Stranded"	The Beacon, Philadelphia, Pa.
"Living in Hopes"	Sandune Weekly, Yuma, Ariz.
"Why?"	New Deal News, Phoenix, Ariz.
"Want Ads."	Sea Gull, Gulfport, Miss.
"America vs Russia"	Excelsior, Fargo, N. Dak.
"We Rise to Remark"	Cactus News, Austin, Texas.
"Old Timers"	Transient Revue, Spokane, Wash.
"The Transient"	Transient Breeze, Springfield, Ill.
"Going to Chance It?"	Waysider, Boston, Mass.
"Captain, Oh my Captain!"	Mountaineer, Blacksburg, Va.
"Tch Tch - Mr. Parker"	Contact, Washington, D. C.
"Transient Employment"	Wigwam, Paducah, Ky.
"What Liberty?"	Contact, Washington, D. C.
"Choosing Our Road"	Transient Breeze, Springfield, Ill.
"The Checkout"	Transient Transcript, East St. Louis, Ill.

Above are some of the articles, poems, editorials, and cartoons we have enjoyed reading during the past week or so. We pass them on to you. They can be read, along with much other interesting matter, by simply asking for the magazines from other bureaus. Ask for them at the supply tent at camp. Bill Campbell has charge of them.

If any of our readers feel like writing something for the ARK, the above list will give you an idea of what we consider good copy. We have some good talent in our own outfit, why not come across?



"To hell with it," said Barnacle Bill, as he barged into the chartroom, shook his sou' wester, and hung it up on a hook back of the chartroom door.

"What's the matter now?" we asked.

"I'm getting fed up," he answered. "We aint going no place, just drifting around, and it's been four months since we came aboard the ARK. Think I'll lower the long boat and pull out." He stabbed the dividers into the chart on which we plot the course of the ARK.

"Hard a port, shipmate," we warned. "You'll be worse off in the long boat on your own - first thing you know you'll be on the rocks. We're still topside up, and sails are drawing free, the lazarette is full, and so are the water tanks. It's a darned sight better on the ARK than it is on the beach. The flood is still running strong outside."

"Hells bells, of course I know that's so. But can't a fellow blow off sometimes. I want to go places and do things and there's nothing in sight. When is that dove coming back with the olive branch?" He reached for his sou' wester and opened the door.

"It'll be here one of these days," we answered, "and then we can all get out and stretch our legs and get back to work again. Carry on, Bill."

So, with Barnacle Bill still at the helm, the ARK continues on her course, bound for that Port of Peace and Prosperity we are all seeking. Better stay with us shipmates!

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