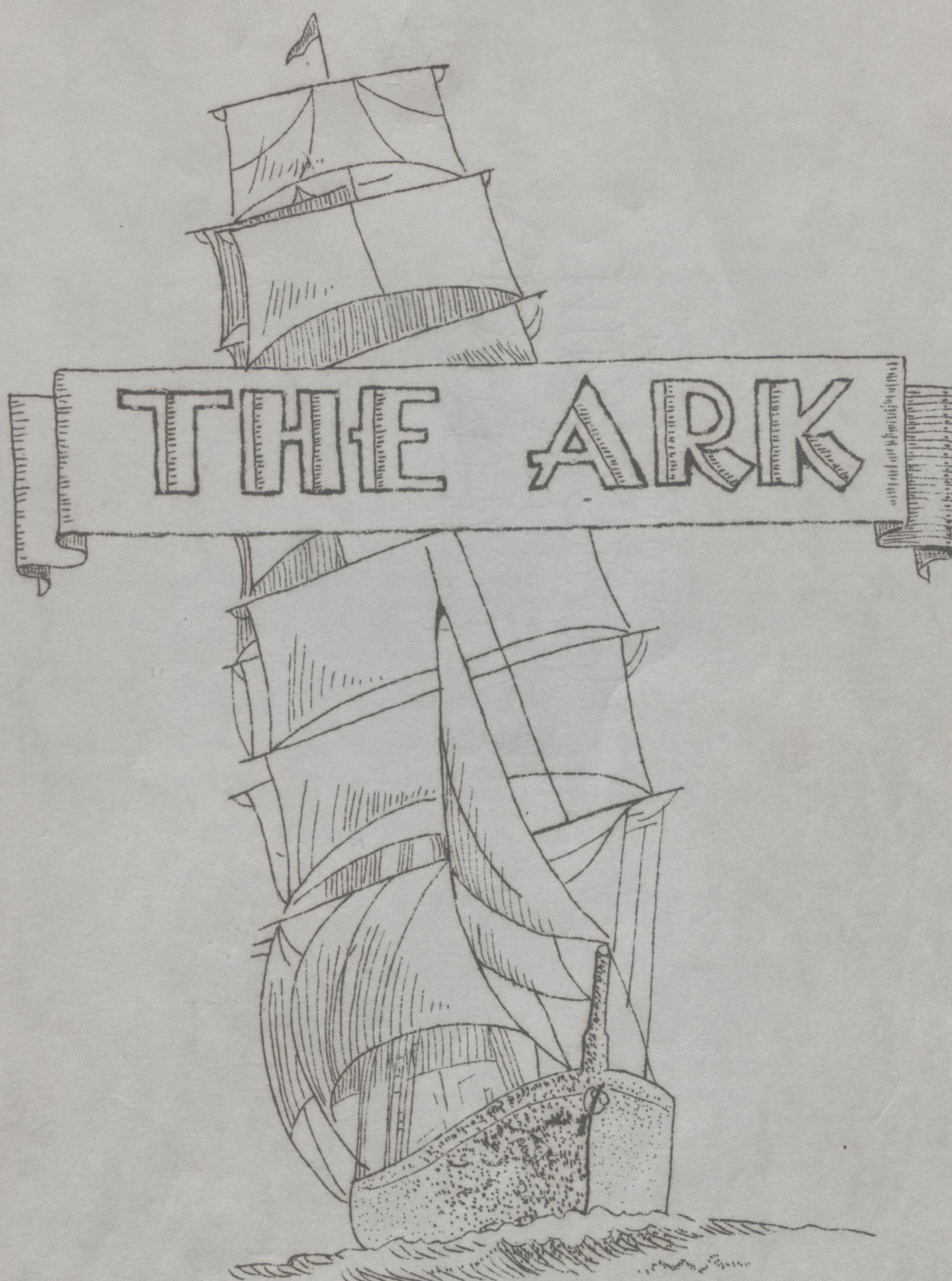




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# THE LAUNCHING OF THE ARK

Our old friend "Barnacle Bill" had been looking over a "Trade Paper" from another Bureau. He appeared to be deep in thought !

"We need a magazine," said Bill suddenly with much conviction.

"O. K. Bill," we assented, "and soon we'll have a camp, and baseball games, and fishing, maybe. We've lots of poets, and artists, and writers, and guys like you; all regular fellows. We'll start something !"

With fellows like Bill we have waded the marshes of the lowlands; hitch-hiked across the plains; rode the "reefers" over many rocky roads; and sailed the seven seas. We are a goodly company of beachcombers - a sturdy crew of adventurers. Why not build ourselves a ship ?

We gave Bill a digest of our thoughts.

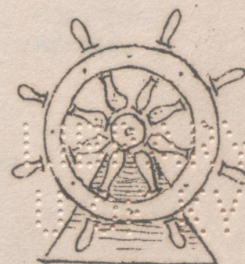
"I think the idea of calling the "mag" a ship is alright," said he, after deliberation. "Suppose we call it the "ARK." We have quite a menagerie on board." Bill has a crude sense of humor !

"Not only that," we countered, "but the ARK was a good place to be in when things were looking pretty wet! Besides, the ARK was drifting around for quite a while before coming to rest - and so did we! The ARK was also the original New Deal; and we're all in the same boat !"

So we are building a ship - of good stout timbers from our minds and hearts; "Heads too," says Bill. A ship that will carry us onwards to the goal we are seeking; a ship that will carry a cargo of thought, fun, and inspiration. Like the ARK of old, we shall sail the Sea of Adversity until we come at last to the Port of Peace and Prosperity !

"Ho there, Bill ! " - "Ahoy there, Jack ! " - "Lend a hand ! " - "Let's all pull together ! " - "Drive that spike home ! " - "Caulk this seam ! " - "Give a hand to these halliards ! " - "Hoist the Blue Peter ! " - "She's moving boys ! " - "We're on our way ! "

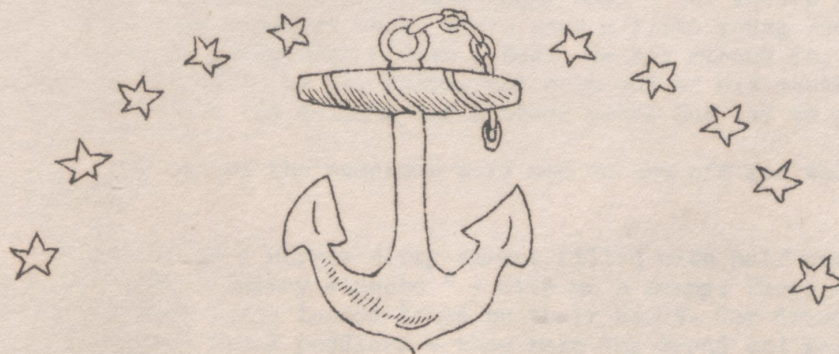
And so the "ARK" is launched !





# “THE CARGO”

|                                           |                |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Cover Design and Art Work -----           | Edw. Brady     |
| Launching of the ARK -----                | Frank Perry    |
| The Island I Can't Forget -----           | W.J.McInvailla |
| Some things in Life are Free (Poem) ----- | Wm. Schmidt    |
| Life in a Transient Homo -----            | Alex Sandusky  |
| The Mountaineer -----                     | Frank Perry    |
| Leaves from the Log Book -----            | Frank Perry    |
| The Roamers (Poem) -----                  | Henry Smith    |
| Bulletin Digests -----                    | Frank Perry    |
| News Flash -----                          | News Print     |
| Land in Sight -----                       | Frank Perry    |
| The Advance on Camp Pakuneki -----        | Frank Perry    |
| The Camp Fire -----                       | Li Darcy       |
| Ahoy ! -----                              | Frank Perry    |



Launched at Lexington, Ky., June, 1934, and sailing under the supervision of Captain Albert C. Wolfe, Regional Director. Dedicated to the clients of the Lexington Transient Bureau for their entertainment, instruction, and inspiration.

JUNE            N U M B E R            O N E            1934

Frank Perry  
Editor.

Edw. Brady  
Artist.

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



# "The Island I can't Forget"



" As darkness falls the twinkling stars appear  
To shine their truly dazzling silver lights,  
And now begins the strain you'll ever hear  
The haunting lullaby of tropic nights. "

Away down South in the Caribbean there is a little island - the land of Black Magic - the Republique d' Haiti; a beautiful land of swaying palms and dusky maidens. Dawn is breaking as it appears in sight above the horizon.

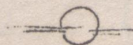
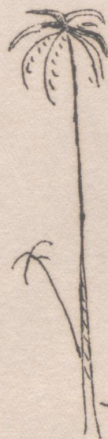
Our ship is gliding through a peaceful sea. Through the morning mist we can see in the distance the beautiful city of Port au Prince, surrounded by stately palms. In the background rises a chain of lofty mountains lit with rosy gleams from the rising sun.

As our ship nears the harbor, we are greeted by a score of small boats loaded with bananas, sandals, rum, and many other articles. These native merchants are mostly old men, who earn a meager living peddling their wares to foreign ships for a few cents a day. There are other boats; boats loaded with young boys - the divers for coins. Let's throw them a penny! Look, there goes a lithe young body over the side! He is going down - down - down. He has missed it, and is coming up. No! there he is, taking the coin out of his mouth. He is smiling at you and calling for another coin. But let us go ashore.

We take one of the numerous cabs and we are off for the Hotel d' France.

We travel up a narrow dirty street filled with half naked natives who are crying " Bumway sincobe " - Give me a penny. There are many others carrying large loaded trays on their heads. Our driver tells us they are the bread peddlers - they bake the bread and peddle it to the ones who are not lucky enough to own their own ovens. Now we are away from the waterfront and are coming to a large beautiful park; the famous Champ d' Mars.

It was here that a former ruler was torn limb from limb by his angry subjects - now his statue stands out proudly from the center of the park. It was also here that our own United States Marines pitched their tents when they first landed in Haiti.



-cont'd.





Just above us and overlooking the harbor are many beautiful mansions; some of them are over a hundred years old, having been built by slaves during the reign of King Christophe, the First. They are owned by the aristocrats of the island, some of whom are very wealthy and have been educated in the best schools of Europe. They are now living in splendor in the land of their birth.

As we leave the park we come into a beautiful winding road bordered by rows of stately palms. Our cab is stopping; what can be wrong? Ah ! there's a gendarme coming over swinging his club and looking very important. Looks like a pinch ! He looks us over and says: " Bumway cigaro Americano " - Give me an American cigarette ! We give him a pack; he gives us a big smile, says " Massie Boucou " - Many thanks - and we continue on our way.

We arrive at the hotel at last and we decide to look the bar over while our bags are being taken to our rooms. A dignified looking stranger introduces himself as Mr. James Gordon of the American Sugar Company, and soon we are all good friends. Mr. Gordon invites us to dinner at the " Eldorado," at this time a famous rendezvous for the demi mondaine and social elite alike - now the Social Club of the Marines.

We take another drive through the palm bordered Champ d' Mars and soon come to our destination. From the patio of the " Eldorado " we can see the whole of Port au Prince. There's the President's Palace, a beautiful building of white marble, the ball park with it's large grand stand; old Fort Nationale, built many years ago to protect the city from pirates; the waterfront with it's large ocean liners; the peaceful sea; and the sun slowly setting in the West.

We sit at a very old hand carved table and slowly sip our whisky and soda, while our friend Mr. Gordon tells us of his six years on the island. We are served a delicious dinner consisting of many American as well as native dishes.

After dinner we smoke our cigars and drink delicious wines to the accompaniment of a native orchestra. They are playing a slow throbbing Spanish love song; there is a beautiful moon shining through the swaying palms; everything is perfect; we are in a land of dreams. Our minds are running wild; we are drunk with the beauty of the island. We want to stay there forever, but it is time to go. As we return to our hotel we can hear the faint throbbing of the Voo-Doo drums and see the signal fires of the natives far up in the mountains. We are very weary, and so ends our first day in Haiti, the Island of Beauty and Romance.

----W.J.McInvailla.







" SOME THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE "

---

Most things in life are paid for in gold,  
And some things with tears, you see;  
Most things in life were made to be sold,  
Still - some things in life are free !

The things that are free are not a few,  
Since nature has provided you:  
With the songs of the birds in the trees;  
The rustle of leaves, within the breeze;  
The beauty of flowers growing wild;  
The smiling face of a sleeping child;  
The murm'ring melodies of the sea;  
These - are some of life's pleasures free.

Pleasures that we can buy with gold,  
Kindle a fire - that soon grows cold;  
Not so - the view - of a golden sunset;  
Not so - a heart - with nature met;  
The stars and moon, a sky of blue;  
The rising sun, and morning dew;  
The rainbow far, far out at sea;  
These - are some of life's pleasures free.

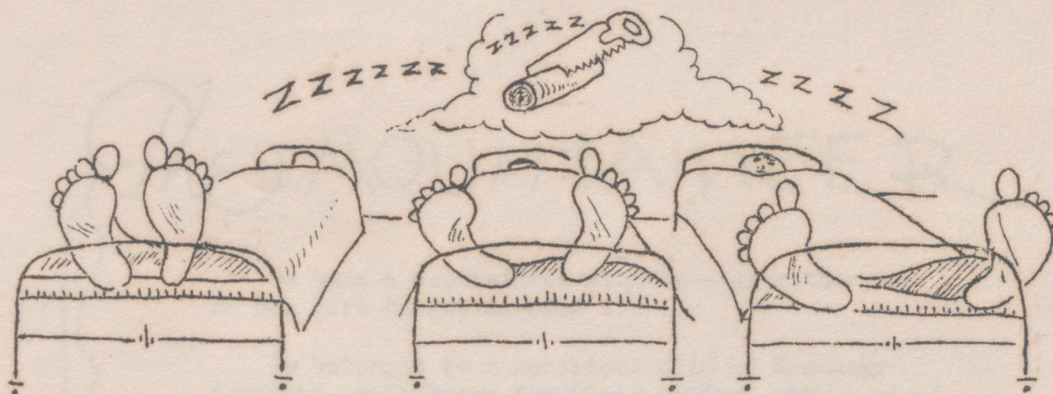
Most things in life are paid for in gold,  
And some things with tears, you see;  
Most things in life were made to be sold,  
Yet - some things in life are free.

---

Wm. H. Schmidt.

The above poem was submitted by Mr. Schmidt  
and was awarded first prize in competition  
with all members of the Bureau. Good for you, Bill !





" LIFE IN A TRANSIENT HOME . "

Every day in the week, the Transient Registration Bureau at Dudley School building is a hum of activity. Here's Mr. Jones, just blown into town from away down in New Orleans, and there's Patrick Murphy from New York - and many others from all parts of the country; arriving by freight, highway, and blind baggage. Some in rags, some wear overalls, and others are dressed like aristocrats.

After registering at the Dudley School, they are sent to the Transient Center, at 150 North Limestone St., where they check in - the same as a man with money checks in at the Phoenix or Lafayette Hotels! They are then requested to take off all their clothes to be hung in a hot furnace, better known as the sterilizer, the purpose of which is to kill body insects such as lice, roaches, worms, etc. !!

Then comes a good shower bath, a clean night gown, and a clean bed. At 9:45 p.m. every man is checked to bed with the exception of the night staff, under the supervision of Mr. Blastock, who takes care of the new customers coming in at all hours of the night. At 10 o'clock dormitory lights are put out and quiet reigns. If any brother happens to snore, he is promptly awakened and bawled out by his fellowmen.

At 6 a.m. we arise, bathé, fold our bedclothing neatly at the head of the bed. At 6:15 Mr. Dunbar, the morning supervisor, checks all beds to see that everything is in good order. In case a guest does not comply with the rules he is reprimanded, or immediately checked out.

Breakfast is served in the transient cafeteria at 7 o'clock, and after breakfast we assemble in the recreation room. At 8 a.m. we are called to order by Mr. Adam Smith, building supervisor, who assigns us to the various jobs in the building. We are required to work four and one-half hours per day, 27 hours per week. We get paid according to the services rendered, ranging from ninety cents per week to \$3.60 per week. Captain Wolfe is the Director of this organization.

We are called hoboes, tramps, and good-for-nothings; however the more intelligent people understand our predicament and treat us as human beings. Here you will find jobless men of all ages and walks of life. Victims of the severest depression in history, the most of us are law abiding citizens.

SKIPPER'S NOTE: Reprinted " as is " from the Lexington Herald of June 3rd, 1934. We understand that the Herald snipped off the latter part of Alex Sandusky's article just when he was hitting his stride ! Transients from other Bureaus take notice. We also eat at 12:15 and again at 6:15. You're welcome !



# The MOUNTAINEER

We have a mountaineer with us - or rather had.  
He has left to get married !

He belonged to a notorious clan of Kentucky feudists, well known for their warfare with a rival clan a number of years ago. He was a medium sized and stooped shouldered gent with a limited education - he could print his name - and apparently came down to the bureau from the mountains to enjoy a session of town life. He had been assigned to a job known in navy parlance as " Captain of the Head, " and had been observed frequently in the neighborhood of Wilson Street on pay nights, giving the girls the once over.

He stayed around here for weeks, drawing his ninety cents each week. The other day he asked Superintendent Smith for the loan of five dollars - the Supe has not yet fully recovered from the shock ! It developed that he had decided to get married, and wanted the money for a license.

Our hero tried other places without success, and we had about decided to take up a collection to help him out, when one day he appeared before the Supe and announced that he was leaving. " Did you get the five dollars ? " asked the Supe.

" I did, " said our hero. " I got it from a priest. I went around to the priest's house and rang the bell, and his wife came to the door and told me the priest wasn't home ! I went back the next day, and when I told the priest what I wanted it for, he let me have it. I'm leaving today. "

His satisfied look gave place to one of regret as a thought went through his mind.

" I wish Miss Adams had given me that pair of shoes I asked for the other day, " he mused. " They would have looked grand on my honeymoon. "





# Leaves from the Log Book



"Are you married?" asked Miss Adams of a colored client being initiated into the Bureau the other day. "No Miss, but ah's got plenty ob lady frens!" says Booker Hogan.

\*\*\*\*\*

'Twas late at night. A weary straggler appeared at the Portal and asked for admission. "Where are you from?" he was asked. "I'm from Arkansas" replied our traveler. "Where do you live?" was the next question. "Well," said Mr. Mullinix, "the house I did live in burned down and I don't live there any more!" - and life goes on!

\*\*\*\*\*

One of the "boys" received an Irishman's raise the other day. His girl likes shows, and the calamity almost got him down. But trust "Doc" Miles for finding a way out of a bad fix! We hear that he is trying to insure Lester Day in the hope that Lester will fall down and break a leg in the rush for the breakfast line. Then again it may be only a rumor. Watch your step Lester!

\*\*\*\*\*

Who said: "I am not checking in until I am promised MY OLD BUNK BACK, my old job in the office, and \$2.70 a week.?" The bloke in your bunk won't give it up, so now what, Ed?

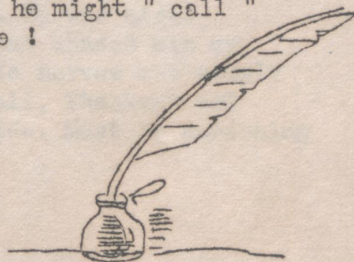
\*\*\*\*\*

Miss Atkins, our Registrar, has a Hudson sedan that's a WOW. The only difference between it and the Fire Chief's car is that it is painted red! She drove it over to Paris the other day - yes, Paris, Ky. - but couldn't turn the darn thing round and had to push a tree out of the way. Why not take a circular trip next time?

\*\*\*\*\*

Li Darcy and Glenn Bledsoe "borrowed" thirty cents the other evening - we can't find out from whom - and went to a picture show. They spent five cents for a sack of "Stud." Now Glenn, who always smokes "Bugler," has a sore throat! We could make a crack about Glenn being a little "horse," but he might "call" our hand. Alright Li, I'll "ride" you next time!

\*\*\*\*\*





## THE LOG BOOK

---

News, fellers ! Mr. Adam H. Smith is an ex-marine with many year's service. He has a Sergeant Major's way of saying and doing things - but he has a heart of gold - and a pocket full of silver. We know of many a dime he has given to " clients " for smokes, or shoe polish, or needles and thread, or what have you - but don't put the bee on him unless you have good cause. His bite can be as good as his bark !

\*\*\*\*\*

By the way, our romantic Henry Garton was seen strutting through the parks recently wearing his best smile. Yes sir ! He carries his straw hat in his right hand, and bows gracefully to the right and then to the left - to the ladies only of course ! 'Tis said our Romeo has made many a feminine heart palpitate - Whatta lad ! Maybe it's love, maybe it's just gigolo business. Anyway, we wish him luck !

\*\*\*\*\*

Alex Sandusky was seen in the library some time ago, very busy writing in a composition book. He was also seen in the park doing the same thing - and was he secret about it ! It developed that he was writing an article about " Life in a Transient Bureau. " We found it all out when the article appeared in the Sunday edition of the Lexington Herald. He is now a full fledged author. We understand that he will receive a check for the effort and intends to donate the proceeds to deserving " clients. " How about that, Alex ?

\*\*\*\*\*

Miss Brinegar, in the main office, blossomed out the other morning in a beautiful creation of yellow lace. Later, she went home at noon, and changed into an equally charming costume of blue ! We understand she expected to receive a letter from " Shorty " Moran that afternoon, together with his picture ! How did we find out about " Shorty ? " Well, we knows all, sees all, and tells youall !

\*\*\*\*\*

John Brinson is back in town from camp. He was night watchman out there and we heard that a wild cat chased him up a tree and he lost a whole night's sleep ! His nerves are simply shattered ! Also our old college chums, Woodall, Thackett and Overton are back from exploring the countryside. Must be something to this town after all !

\*\*\*\*\*



## THE LOG BOOK

---

Ed Brady, " Chartmaster of the ARK, " says our ship should be equipped with all modern improvements; including sails, engines, and wireless, as befits a New Deal ship ! He says the original Ark just drifted around - while we are going places. ! Well, here she is fellers. Hope you enjoy the trip.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bill Schmidt and Hank Smith are writing poetry. Hank dashes off his stuff in running metres, while Bill goes in for the deep stuff. They are disciples of two different schools, but they seem to have the goods. Bill won the first prize, but it was a close call Hank ! What do you think, fellers ?

\*\*\*\*\*

Lowell Kidd, figure juggler at this time at the office, all dressed up without a smoke, is passing an auto salesroom on Main St. Ah, bright idea ! He'll pretend to buy a car. He enters, admires a flivver, the floor salesman offers him a CIGAR and Lowell struts off down the street with an appointment to try out a car next Sunday. Whatta man !

\*\*\*\*\*

" Red Daugherty, " our genial greeter of the dining room, went to the hospital last night. He first of all went to bed but couldn't sleep. We accused him of having a guilty conscience - but it turned out to be gall stones. Hope you soon get well " Red, " we miss you in the " P " - er - Preference line old top !

McInvailla, our Haiti expert, thought that Kidd's idea of bumming smokes was a good one. He tried it out the other evening but fell in love with the car ! He was discovered this morning trying to figure out on the adding machine just how long it will take to save up for the down payment. He has decided to stick to hitch-hiking!

\*\*\*\*\*

We had just sat down gracefully in our sanctum the other morning to start the day's work - yes, we work - when a timid knock at the door, repeated several times, attracted our attention. It proved to be a Li Darcy. He wanted to know what time the case workers gave out the cigarettes ! Maybe it was just a gag !

\*\*\*\*\*

" Red " Daugherty is out of the hospital. He had a wonderful time in there by all appearances, and has left a trail of broken hearts behind him ! We understand that he has gone to camp to get away from it all. Tut ! Tut ! and married six times already too!

\*\*\*\*\*



## THE LOG BOOK

---

Bob Swafford is on a diet - a subsidiary diet you might say - as he eats regularly in the dining room at every meal. He has a standing bet that he can eat more bananas and drink more buttermilk than anyone in the Bureau. He is in training now, and yesterday ate fourteen bananas and drank two quarts of buttermilk. We understand that he has a dairy farm up in Michigan, and owns stock in a banana plantation ! Just a new way of drumming up business for the banana barons and buttermilk bozos, fellers !

\*\*\*\*\*

There has been some talk that Miss Perkins, known around the Bureau as Sergeant Smith's caseworker, intends to leave on the 15th. Maybe she is getting married, maybe she is rich, maybe she's going to travel, or maybe she's going to write a story about it all and can't find time here ! She sure do work hard, and long, and late at that typewriter, and we shall miss her plenty. Good Luck !

\*\*\*\*\*

There has been some excitement in the vicinity of the Post Office on Main St the other day. Some said that Mr Ghandi had come to town. After investigating however, it was discovered that the person was none other than our old friend Ed Reed calling at the Post Office in his nightgown - of course the weather was unusually hot !

\*\*\*\*\*

Miss Perryman was interviewing a client the other day who had some difficulty in remembering his name ! "Tell me your name so I can tell your mother " she implored. " My mother knows my name." says young McInvailla !

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr Lytle, our Steward, sure knows his vitamins - enough is enough he says - over indulgence is bad for the insides. That fellow who tried to get away with second glass of buttermilk should thank our Steward for seizing the excess vitamins, thus saving our good friend from severe stomach disorders !

\*\*\*\*\*

The Skipper leaned backwards in his swivel chair and wearily passed his hand across his noble brow. "I can't think today," he moaned. " Today ? " asked Ed Brady. The dirty so and so !

\*\*\*\*\*



# "THE ROAMERS"

We transients are roaming o'er the land,  
Grasping, hoping to make our stand,  
Truly said, we're the salt of the earth,  
Longing for better in the land of our birth.

Here's Ed Brady from New Orleans,  
Had a fortune, plenty of means,  
'Twas in '29, in the great deluge,  
He took the road for his refuge.

There's Jim Weaver from Tennessee,  
Jolly a lad as ever you'll see,  
Too many mouths to feed at home,  
He took to the road and began to roam.

Also Lloyd Wells from Baltimore,  
Savings lost, left him very poor,  
I'll come back, who cares, says he,  
Misfortune and trouble don't worry me.

Wild Li Darcy from Arkansas,  
He left the mule with his old he-haw,  
Gosh darn the luck, I'll ramble around,  
I'll see the country and the towns.

So Glenn Bledsoe pops up from Chi,  
Say: I catch passengers on the fly,  
I'm a regular guy, he proudly boasts,  
I've rode the blinds from coast to coast.

Thanks to the Chief of the New Deal,  
His heart is filled with the best of zeal,  
He's made provision in the F.E.R.A.  
For many homeless that desire to stay.

Praise the Maker up above,  
Pray the Nation be filled with love,  
All, all, is transient here below,  
Unrest and sorrow, where'er we go.

Henry Smith.

This poem - showing much thought - was awarded  
second prize in the contest open to all members  
of the Bureau. Try again Hank !



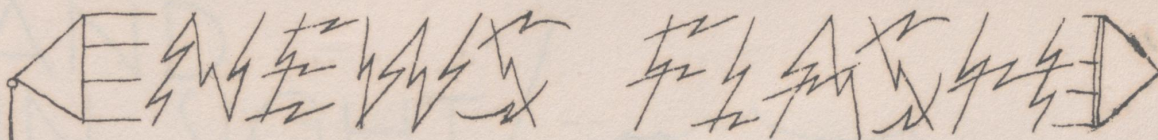




The Bulletin Board is overflowing with notices - they flap in the breeze and hang in festoons. We're giving you the high lights - the details you can read for yourselves !

- 
- March 16th : Schedule of events and time table of procedure in Center - from Reveille to Taps.
- 
- March 19th : No one allowed in dining room except at meal times - must enter in line.
- 
- April 17th : No clothing relief except in extreme emergency. - no cash if you can't behave !
- 
- April 19th : Mostly about drinking and work hours - penalties for disobedience of rules.
- 
- May 5th : Permits to stay out later than 9:45 - chance to see the best girl fellers !
- 
- June 4th : Details of prizes to be awarded for name of magazine and best poems submitted.
- 
- June 9th : See the Doctor when notified - or else !
- 
- June 11th : Special Regional Order. Details of ratings - pay - work hours. Two pages.
- 
- June 13th : No drinking - no panhandling - no petty larceny - or the calaboose for you !
- 
- June 14th : Openings for Veterans in the CCC - must have your discharge papers. Chance to get away from it all !
-





TRANSIENTS GO TO SCOUT CAMP.

UNEMPLOYED YOUTHS WILL BUILD ROAD-----CLEAR UP AREA.

A group of 30 unemployed men left Lexington today for Camp Pakuneki, Boy Scout Camp, on the Kentucky River near Versailles, and will stay for three weeks, until the opening of the Boy Scout Camp period. The establishment of this camp is an activity of the Lexington Transient Service Bureau, of which Albert C. Wolfe is Regional Director. Sgt. Adam H. Smith is camp supervisor and has under him an efficient headquarters corps.

On August 1st, this group will return to the camp for the late summer and fall months. During this time, it is hoped that a county road can be built from the camp to the main highway. Plans are under consideration for the establishment of a permanent camp of the CCC type on or near the Camp Pakuneki site, as there are a considerable number of work projects nearby. Vocational training would be given at this camp, which would afford an excellent opportunity for group development, Capt. Wolfe said.

Camp Roosevelt, recently established near Paducah by the Kentucky State Transient Bureau, and named for President Roosevelt, is a camp of this type. The main building on the 300 acre site was formerly a country club, erected only a few years ago, and the camp is equipped with a swimming pool, tennis courts and baseball diamonds. Only normal ambitious boys are being selected for this camp, and will receive training in such vocational courses as automobile repairing, machine shop, wood working, cooking, farming, printing, photography, and possibly in some high school courses. The camp is under the direction of William R. Webb.

According to Capt. Wolfe, such camps are of inestimable value in the prevention of crime and the building of good citizenship.

During May, the Lexington Transient Bureau cared for 759 unattached individuals, and 60 individuals in families (21 families); a total of 819.

Unattached individuals were given 3,364 nights of lodging and were served 9,936 meals. A day's care was given to 68 families and to 4,052 unattached individuals.

During April, a total of 5,208 Kentuckians were cared for as transients in 43 states, including 1,140 in Ohio, 491 in Tennessee, 301 in Virginia, 271 in Illinois, 172 in Alabama and 133 in California.

Skipper's Note: Reprinted " as is " from the Lexington Leader of June 6th, 1934.





# LAND IN SIGHT!



----- THE "ARK" TO LAND  
EXPEDITION ON SHORE TO DISCOVER  
CAMPING PLACE !

The long looked for land appeared in sight yesterday. What appeared to be a fully equipped camp arose above the horizon amid cheers from all hands on board. No time was lost in getting together a selected landing force of about thirty men under the command of Sergeant Adam H. Smith.

The expedition was fully armed to the teeth with beans and bread, knives and forks, baseball bats and boxing gloves. The boys expect to have a good time looking for mermaids along the shores of the river, and if none can be found they will fish and play baseball, raise sunburn and blisters, and maybe write something for the durn Log !

All on board arose early this morning in preparation for the landing. Dr. Adams inspected the men to see if their digestive apparatus was in good working order, and Dr. Childers filed the teeth of a number of the men in preparation for the hardships of eating pie, cake, and fried fish.

Miss Adams equipped the men with all necessary landing gear in the shape of shirts, shoes, and pants; and was she indignant when informed that she could not accompany the men on account of the limited space in the boats ? ! . She lowered her own boat and went along anyhow !

The passage to shore was very rough; the boats rocked from side to side and scrambled eggs will be eaten this evening by all hands on shore. We are awaiting with interest for further details of the expedition, and expect a wireless report from Sergeant Smith most any time.

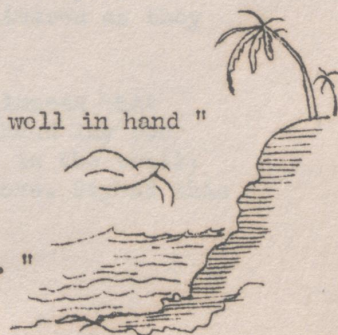
WIRELESS --- WIRELESS --- WIRELESS

From Sergeant Adam H. Smith to  
Captain Albert C. Wolfe :

" The marines have landed and have the situation well in hand "

Wireless from Captain Albert C. Wolfe to  
Sergeant Adam H. Smith :

" That's fine. That's c-o-r-t-a-i-n-l-y f-i-n-e. "





# THE ADVANCE ON CAMP PAKUNEKI



" Halt ! " commanded Sergeant Smith. The cavalcade paused.

" Men, " he cautioned, " you are about to undertake the most desperate venture of your lives. Over yonder hill lies an Indian encampment that must be captured at all costs. Don't throw your lives away recklessly; take every precaution; but remember, there are seven barricades that must be carried."

The Sergeant paused for a long breath, and then blew his trusty whistle. " Forward, men ! " - " Forward, ammunition trains" - "Forward, supply trains" - " Deploy to the left" - " Deploy to the right " - " Carry on, men ".

The advance had begun. Camp Pakuneki would be captured that day - or never !

The trail led up a winding hillside. Huge boulders barred their way, but the men took them in their stride. The hot sun blazed down upon them but never a man faltered.

The first barricade came into view around a shoulder of the hill. A wild yell went up. " Charge ! " cried Sergeant Smith, and with a rush the barricade was carried. Rocks were smashed with the impact of the ammunition trains and supply wagons; men panted with exertion as they struggled onward. Sergeant Smith blew his whistle - the signal for a brief pause in the advance.

So far there were no casualties, and the storming of the Road of Seven Gates began anew after a short breathing spell. Barricade after barricade gave way before the resistless advance of the men from the good ship " ARK "

By now the sun had disappeared behind the clouds; heavy black clouds with threats of lightning in their depths. A rumble of thunder was heard above the tumult; a blinding flash of light; and down came the rain - a torrential downpour that drenched the men to their skins. The wounded shivered as they staunched the flow of blood from mangled limbs.

Sergeant Smith viewed the scene with the calmness that sometimes comes to men in the heat of battle. Ahead lay the last obstacle in their path - a huge depression in the trail; a veritable quicksand; lined with immense boulders. Beyond this



almost impossible barrier stood a huge unweildy gate, heavily encrusted with snarling strands of barbed wire, barring all further passage.

" Men, " said the Sergeant, in a strangely quiet voice, " yonder lies the last obstacle in our way. You have done your best; now you must do even better. I want a volunteer; a volunteer who is willing to throw his life away if necessary, in this one last desperate venture. The supply trains must get through at all costs. The man who volunteers must open yonder gate - and keep it open until the last supply wagon has passed. Who'll volunteer first ? "

As one man the entire company stepped forward. Tears came into the eyes of the Sergeant at this token of their loyalty - even unto death. It was a tense moment !

" Let me go, sir, " cried " Barnacle Bill ", I'm willing to lay down my life if need be. I'm willing to brave the dangers of the quicksands, the rocks, and the barbed wire gate." Without waiting for a reply, " Barnacle Bill " dashed forward.

Over huge boulders he staggered; through the treacherous quicksand he floundered; until at last, with a stupendous effort he reached the gate. Pausing only for a moment, with herculean strength he lifted the gate and flung it backward, the sweat streaming from his manly form, his breath coming in great gasps !

The whistle blew. " Forward, men " - " Forward, ammunition trains " - " Forward supply wagons " - " Hold on for your lives " called Sergeant Smith. With a roar of engines, and amid the cheers of the men, the last barricade was taken ! The day was saved !

That night " Barnacle Bill " was dubbed the hero of the advance as he laid himself down to sleep in a comfortable bed of one of the charming little cabins that dot the hillsides of Camp Pakunoki !

---

L' Envoi !

" But Skipper ! " remonstrated " Barnacle Bill ", " you've made an adventure story out of it - same as I used to read when I was a kid ! You know it was only a three mile long rough road to the camp. All I did was open the gates for Captain Wolfe and the Sergeant !

" Yes Bill, " replied the Skipper, " but of such things adventures are made. We envy the men who do things - in books; we never meet them in real life, do we ? . And yet right now we are living through a time that will go down in history - why not make our own adventures as we go along ?

" Barnacle Bill " only grunted as he walked away !



# THE CAMPFIRE

## " THE ROAD OF SEVEN GATES "

There's a twisted little trail awinding through the woods,  
Leading to a camp along the banks of a mighty river,  
Seven homemade gateways to poster weary travelers,  
As home their way they wend when day has gone away.

There's a pesky name they have tied to this place,  
From some darned Indian long since dead and buried,  
And by golly they should put that name away,  
Somewhere down deep and left the darned thing there.

Look at all the trouble that Time would not have given  
to you and I right now. No dongoned tongue twisters,  
No, nor no gates to make us climb over and under,  
But by gee, we're glad we're here, Indians, gates, and all !

Li Darcy, Headquarters,  
Camp Pakunoki.

Pronounced: PA\*KU\*NE\*KI PAK\*U\*NEK\*I PAK\*UN\*E\*KI

\*\*\*\*\*

'Twas dawn, quietness reigned. Suddenly a piercing  
blast came from the direction of the mess hall - it was  
Sergeant Smith sounding the reveille on his trusty whistle.  
When the whistle blew the birds commenced to sing, the  
sun began to rise, the river started to flow, and another  
day was born. Men may go and men may come - but Sergeant  
Smith is on the go forever !

\*\*\*\*\*

The Skipper and the 1st mate went out to the camp  
and spent a very pleasant week end. Although they slept  
well, ate well, swam well - one of us at least - walked  
well, photographed well, and looked well; they couldn't  
keep out of the way of the chiggers and got all bit up !  
Just ain't livin' right mebbe !

\*\*\*\*\*

We had our picture taken on Sunday by Captain Wolfe.  
The tattooed men stood up in the front row, and the others  
stood up in the back row - there was no back row ! Lester  
Day had to be moved from the center of the line, as the  
blokes beyond him couldn't be seen on account of his - or  
- " Corporation " We are waiting to see the result Captain !





## THE CAMP FIRE

---

Ogle and Ward went out on a tour of adventure the other morning towards the spring. Ward stopped dead in his tracks. Right in the path was a beautiful copper-head snake - all ready for business ! " Look him in the eye so he wont move, " says Ward, " while I go back to camp and get a piece of string." We are not quite sure how they did it, but they finally arrived with the snake in a box and have been feeding it on flies and potato peelings all day. We believe they intend to put on a snake charming act next Saturday night for the benefit of the new members of the camp.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lowell Kidd, Dr Adams "Aide-de-camp", used to be a ship's doctor we are told. He had a book in which the symptoms were all listed, and a medicine chest with the remedies all numbered. If the symptoms called for a dose of No. 15, the victim received No. 15 and that was that ! One day the symptoms called for a dose of No. 20. Lowell had used up all the No. 20 shining his shoes, so he gave the poor blighter two doses of No 10 !

\*\*\*\*\*

" Wont you have some coffee ? " politely asked Clayton Harris of the boarders at table number six. " Try some of these new potatoes with fresh mint sauce, or some of this roast beef. Maybe you would like a little of the cole slaw, or some more peach cobbler. How about a couple more biscuits with fresh country butter ? ". Clayton sure knows his onions when it comes to " Messing around". Just a sample Sunday dinner out at the camp fellers ! And do we eat - and is it cooked good - I'll tell the world !

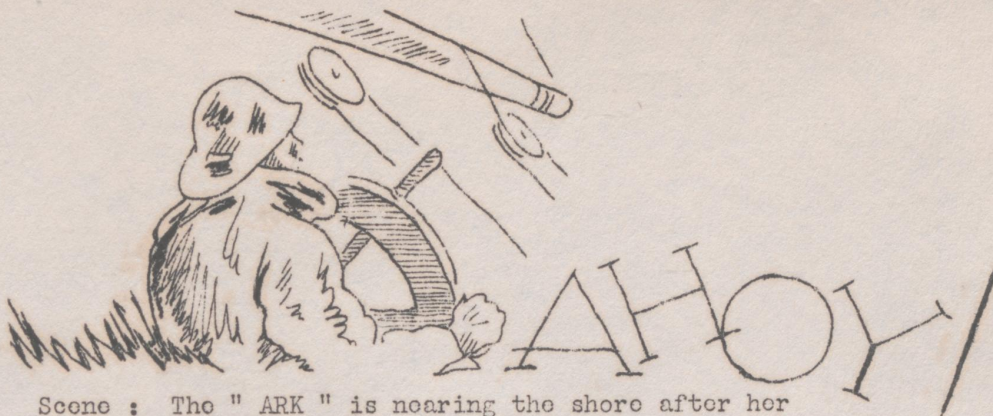
\*\*\*\*\*

George Bennett used to drive a milk wagon we have been told; the kind that is pulled by a horse. That was in the days when he still had a watch. One morning he heard a sweet voice calling from somewhere above his head. He stopped. " Have you the time?" asked the voice. "Yes," says George " but whose going to hold the horse ?"

\*\*\*\*\*

The camp car stopped with a grinding halt. Jim Weaver stopped wearily to the back and started to unload baggage. Suitcase after suitcase was pulled out, all bearing labels of famous hotels and a couple of college pennants. " Who owns this ?" asked Jim. " Me ", says Li Darcy, " dont rub off that label of the Limestone Hotel, I've just had that one printed."





Scene : The " ARK " is nearing the shore after her first cruise as the Skipper addresses the passengers. The voice of " Barnacle Bill " is heard roaring commands as the ship comes to anchor.

Barnacle Bill : " Give a hand to the tops'il downhaul "  
 - " Lower the mains'il " - " Furl the  
 jibs " - " Jump to it you lubbers !"

Skipper: The ARK has completed her first cruise. From month to month - with your cooperation - we shall endeavor to keep our ship sailing on her course - avoiding collisions - carrying on with all sail set. Neat, trim, and swift sailing.

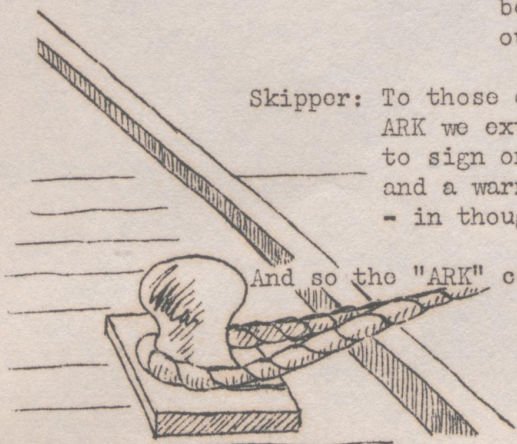
Barnacle Bill : " Lower the for's'il " - " Clew up the royals " - " Hoy you-skin up the ratlins and take a reef in the for'to'gallants'll "  
 " Step lively! me hearties !"

Skipper: The ARK is your ship; built to carry the ideas and thoughts of all of you. We asked you to lend a hand on the ropes, to lend a hand with the steering, to provide her with cargo - each to his ability. You have responded nobly and well.

Barnacle Bill : " Standby to let go the anchor " -  
 " Let go-o-o ! " - " Jump to it you lubbers with a yarn on your chests !"  
 " We're going places next month - better get aboard me hearties for our ship wont wait !"

Skipper: To those of you who assisted in the launching of the ARK we extend our hearty appreciation. To those wishing to sign on for the next voyage we offer a helping hand and a warm welcome; to the end that we may all benefit - in thought - in deed - and in achievement !

And so the "ARK" comes to anchor !





## RAGE AGAINST FINGER PRINTING

(To the Editor of The Courier-Journal):

A Parkland filling station in Louisville was held up by four men recently and three of Louisville's citizens were killed. One of the murderers was registered at the Louisville Transient Bureau.

Instantly an uproar in the editorial columns of The Courier-Journal. Brand all transients! Protect us from assassination!

Of the 4,295 men given shelter by the bureau in Louisville, only one of them is involved in the murders, but that one is taken and used as a yardstick to measure all the others, to condemn all of the misdeeds of one. Finger print them all, cries the editorial writer -- that will keep them from murdering people!

As well finger-print all the ministers of the church; all the college professors; all the editors. Murders have been committed by members of these professions before now, and probably will be again.

Back of all this tirade we sense the inability of the editorial writer to understand the viewpoint of the men of the Transient Bureau. To him they are all criminals and outcasts, aided and abetted in their misdeeds by the officials of the bureau. As a matter of fact, we have artists, poets, writers, accountants, and salesmen in our ranks, as well as laborers and skilled workers. Possibly a few criminals, but we doubt it. The vast majority are law abiding. They are not of the class known as the bum and the criminal--no bum worthy of the name will work - and bureau men are required to work for what they receive; and no criminal worthy of the name would stay in a bureau and work for the pittance the bureau men receive.

After a man's resources are gone he must sponge on relatives, steal, starve, or beg. The bureau provides a haven in which a man may retain his self-respect and live, in the hope that things may take a turn for the better. The bureau is intended to provide a breathing spell in the fight for existence, and not as a clearing house for criminals.

The men of the bureau have committed no crime against society that they should be finger-printed and inspected by the police. Many of us fought and killed for an ideal; lived in mud and slime for months; fought our way back to a temporary security; only to be later engulfed in the quicksands of the depression. Many of us are driven to the bureau before we have had a chance to get a start in life; some use the bureau as a temporary stopping place in a ceaseless search for employment over the country. Few of us would stay at a bureau if it could be avoided, but hungry men are desperate men.

Over 5,000 Kentuckians received relief in transient bureaus in States other than Kentucky during last May. Possibly many of these men had criminal records, but we have our doubts, as every man who has stayed at a bureau knows all registrants are reported to the police by name and description sufficient to identify any wanted character. The men of the bureau are not anxious to harbor criminals in their midst.

Thank God we have a Chief Executive with the courage to provide this simple haven for the harassed and forgotten man; and a State transient director farsighted enough to realize that the common run of men are honest and should not be branded for the shortcomings of the few. Mr. Pekarsky is not interested in branding men; he is interested in rehabilitating men; helping them regain their place in society, in a sane, conservative manner that enables the men of the bureau to retain their self respect.

We have our own idea why detectives walk through the bureau trying to identify criminals -- they are looking for Dillinger!

Lexington, Ky.

FRANK PERRY

Copied from the Point of View Column, June 22nd publication of The Courier-Journal, Louisville, Kentucky.

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