

THE ARK

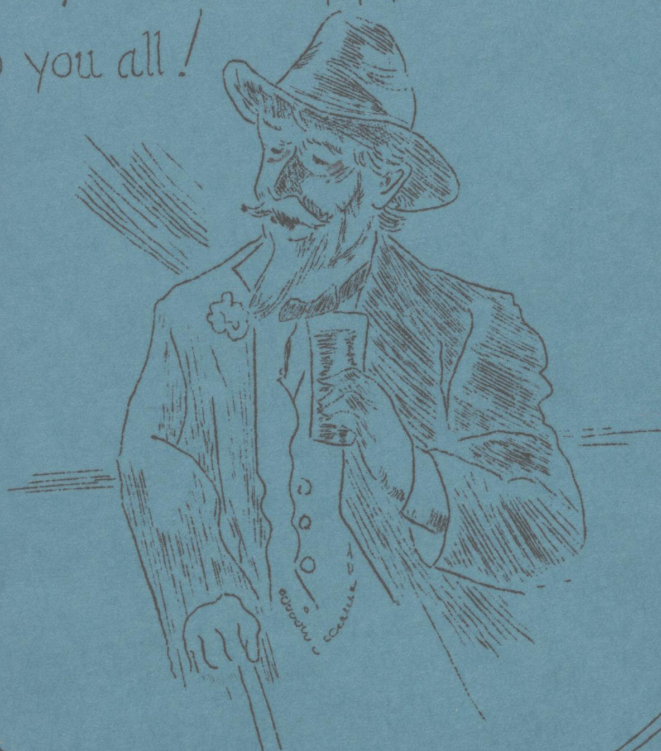
KENTUCKY-TRANSIENT-BUREAU-JAN. 1st-NO 9-- LEXINGTON-- KY.

Frank Perry
Editor.

Walt Schonemen
Illustrator.

1935

Well, Suh, A Happy New Year
to you all!



The ARK is published semi-monthly, the mimeographing and stencil cutting is done by and through the courtesy of the State Office of the Kentucky Emergency Relief Administration, Louisville, Ky. The ARK is the unofficial publication of the Lexington Transient Bureau, Lexington, Ky.

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GOODBYE - & GOOD LUCK

Captain Albert C. Wolfe left on the 15th for Harrisburg, Pa., where he will undertake the duties of Director. Just a news item to some people - but to us it means the losing of a wellwisher and a friend.

We all know the Captain has pulled for us many a time when the future looked dark. A humanitarian at all times, with the best interests of the men his chief interest; approachable and democratic, with none of that abominable "I'm a paid employee and you're a transient" attitude, with a good word for the men to outsiders - "There are no bums in this bureau, they're all working men and there's only about thirty days between the average employee and the relief rolls" - in words, thoughts, and deeds, the Captain has always been on our side.

The Captain made a special trip out to Blue Licks Camp to say goodbye to the men. As the old familiar landmarks passed by for the last time, the Captain's thoughts ran back to the beginning of things. He talked of the hectic early days in the Center, the opening of Camp Pakuneki, then Camp Elkhorn, and afterwards, Camp Blue Licks. Visions of Blue Licks came to his mind as we drove along.

The camp equipment thrown down helter skelter with John Mohun sitting on a pile of blankets and bedding out in the open. Walter Camp and his gang pitching tents. The hurried bustle and confusion of that first week when men worked from dawn to dark to get things into shape. The cooking over a log fire. Then the continued improvements as the camp began to take shape, such as floored tents, storerooms, the messhall, sawdust on the company streets, the fireplace, the water system, the bath house and showers, the new kitchen.

The men who had helped build up the camp have always held first place in the affections of the Captain, and many were the stories he told of them. He gave full credit to many of the men, now gone, for the way in which they turned to and put Camp Blue Licks on the map. His own part in the making of the camp was not touched upon.

We all gathered in the messhall after supper as the bugle call rang out the assembly. In a straight forward talk - as man to man - the Captain said goodbye. He thanked the men for their co-operation in building up the camp, for the high degree of morale in evidence, and asked for a continuation of the same spirit under our new director, Mr. Hord Byrd. He never said a damn word about the fight he has continually put up for our welfare, the budget plan, clothing issues, better food, housing accommodations, increased payrolls, and the hundred and one other things that have made for our comfort and welfare.

But we remembered these things, and at the conclusion of the speech a roar of applause went up from the men. Slowly the Captain turned away and walked to his car - men came up and shook hands, bidding him goodbye and good luck - then the car roared away, with Camp Blue Licks only a memory now to the Captain. We hate to see you go, Captain - but the ARK wishes you Godspeed and good luck - and a Happy New Year.

OUR POET'S PAGE

GROUCHY GEORGE McNABB!

This is not a love poem, like silly lover's write,
Nor a song of dreaming of love's pure delight,
It's just a story of a man who is a perfect crab,
And to start with we'll dub him, Grouchy George McNabb.

He growls in the morning, when all the world seems gay,
He growls at the morning sun for promising a new day,
He growls in the evening when camp fires are bright,
He growls at the stars, because they give us light.

We try our best to please him, may the Lard bless his soul,
But how can we do it, if it's hot he wants it cold,
And when it's cold he wants it warm, or else he wants it hot,
He's always wanting to get the things that he cannot.

Now this story has no moral, but we hope it has an end,
It just goes to show you the different type of men,
In all my time of traveling, I've seen them good and bad,
None of them can ever equal, Grouchy George McNabb.

Author unknown!

(Posted on the bulletin board at camp.)

GEORGE McNABB'S REPLY TO HIS TRADUCERS

The boys are growing childish, you can see it every day,
"Boop, boop de doop" they sing, as they got in the way,
They should be on the rock pile, heaping up the mound,
They don't worry me at all, empty barrels make most sound.

I do my best to keep the camp cheerful and bright,
I light all the lanterns, and patrol them every night,
I try to keep the peace, and I never will complain,
But these empty headed nincompoops are giving me a pain.



LEAVES FROM LOG BOOK

"Transients, wandering from city to city and depending on Uncle Sam for their needs, will be "left out in the cold" under a new plan to modify that form of relief. William Plunkert, director of the national transient division of the emergency relief administration, announced that transient aid will be replaced by a form of support for the "local homeless". He said three times more money will be needed for the new program, but predicted it will be in effect in six weeks. This is an AP news item from New Orleans, fellows. Captain Wolfe said "carry on" and hold your horses - it's a change for the better. More later.

Copied from the Carlisle Mercury of Nov. 29th. "The adult education class is progressing nicely, with Mrs. Lilian H. Paris as teacher - Boys of the Transient Camp are enrolled, some fifteen. - The largest percent of these boys are well educated - Dr. J. W. Clark, of the camp, who has had nine year's experience as a government doctor studying the hygienic conditions in the Oriental countries has lectured to the class twice in the last month." Well, boys, after a boost like that from Mrs. Paris there'll be no stopping us!

Fellows, we all know where we can go to get a break at any time. It's Harrisburg, Pa. - nuff sed.

We are one tent short on the Battlegrounds, it was discovered by Bob Swafford when making his rounds. He jumped in the Ford, and drove off hell bent, to capture the man who stole the tent. He drove through Maysville, how the engine did roar, and passed through Paris at half past four. Give him a hand for Bob made a try, but the Battlefield still is one tent shy! Up Guards, and at 'em! (B.M.)

The one man band - the gentleman we refer to is a local country lad from the rocky hills of North Carolina. It seems that he is the life of Blue Licks Camp - that is, musically speaking. Since his enrollment into the camp he certainly has proven his ability. Also to the townsfolk of Blue Licks, last Thursday night, Dec. 6th, which went over with a bang. Therefore, the remainder of the camp are willing to give him all the encouragement possible, and we take off our hats to you "Hick Henderson." (Handley)

THE LOG BOOK

John C. Mohun has been appointed Camp Superintendent's Aide, effective Dec. 1st. His duties will remain the same since he is already doing everything the same as before. It was felt that John was entitled to something so they made him what he is today, but John is very democratic, and is probably one of the best liked men in camp - although he does roar and raise hell. They can't give him any more money to go with the title, but the next time he will undoubtedly be made a duke or an earl or a field marshall! Happy New Year old top!

F. E. Smith plays the banjo. He can play any tune you call for but they all sound alike to us until he tells us the name! But it makes grand music just the same, and his end of the camp sounds like a vaudeville circuit in full blast, with those old time mountain songs. Joe Morgan, our concrete mixer who turned cook - and the best pastry maker on the grounds - howls like a coyote when it comes to the chorus part! He do make good pies though!

The guards will soon be supplied with a time clock system and will have to walk around trying to find the keys on the tree trunks. It will be in the nature of a treasure hunt maybe, with the boys spending half the night finding the new locations. Swell idea to keep them on their toes. Jerry O'Day told us. Jerry is the guy who jumps over George McNabb's bed and hollers Boop, boop de doop!

By the way, Jerry went rabbit hunting down the river bank and wandered for miles. Finally he got the idea the camp was on the other side of the river - although he had no idea as to when he crossed the river and his feet were still dry! Had to pay a farmer a dollar to bring him back to camp. Camp was just around the next bend we understand! Yes, he shot no rabbits.

If you fellows missed going down to the school house the other evening you missed a treat. Mr. Dally gave a speech on philosophy, which is a very deep subject and only given in the best colleges. He made everything quite plain to the boys and is expected to drop in often. One of the boys explained it as something in the brain which makes us do things. Maybe that's what's the matter with Ernest Mullens!



THE LOG BOOK

I rode on an engine from Bismarck to Fargo, I rode in a box car from Texas to Maine. I rode a patrol wagon once in Chicago, from Toul to St. Mihiel I rode in a plane. I rode a troop ship that sailed from Hoboken, with thousands of soldiers three decks under sea. There's marks on my body still left as a token where millions of cooties rode over me. I rode a frog train that stopped every crossing, and peasants bummed smokes from my pals in O.D. A.W.O.L. with no second louies bossing. I rode in the subway of wicked Paree. I have ridden with a laugh, sometimes with a curse, but the last ride I take will be in a hearse. (H.B. Evans)

Think the old timers who can be trusted not to run off will be presented with permanent passes, allowing them to go down to the store and other places without the necessity of getting a pass. This applies to Blue Licks Camp. No passes are necessary at the Center, unless you want to stay out after 9:30 P.M.

Some team mates: Bob Swafford and Ballard Woods - George McNabb and Thomas Monroe - Frank O'Brian and F. E. Smith - John Boles and Mike Sharpe - John Henderson and Thomas Noel - These boys all possess the true spirit of comradeship and we wish them all a happy New Year.

O.L. Coons is the new bugler at camp these days. Frank Duggins, who held the post, left with regret and a few other things, including Mohun's flashlight, by mistake. Mr. Mohun says please return the flashlight and all will be forgiven!

Wm. Bunting and Ed Taylor are building a fireplace in the messhall. It's going to be one of those fancy affairs, very artistic, with the rocks laid out in diamonds and squares and all kinds of fancy designs. They are both bricklayers and are making a good job of it, in spite of having to use pieces of tin for trowels. The mess hall has been built up with rock around the base boards, and when it's painted it will be the best looking building for miles around. And will that fireplace be welcome!

More news. A model barracks will be built to house 16 to 20 men, the first of a series. It will be located on Wolfe Blvd., which is the winding road leading up the hill to Main St. Afterwards the barracks will be built where the tents now stand and we shall all have a better chance to get acquainted with each other after working hours.



THE LOG BOOK

Over on Short St., the Boy Scouts have been collecting discarded toys and are fixing them up for distribution this Christmas. Some of our men from the Center are helping on this job of rehabilitation the toys, including McClure, Carey, Mills, Costello, LaPointe, Haker and Potter. No, these boys are not to be included with the toys, although they have about as much red, blue, green, yellow and orange paint on themselves as some of the wagons - but they are all doing a good job and doing their bit to make things happy for the kids.

Lexington sure has the Christmas spirit these days. Loud speakers, connected with the local broadcast station, are on many of the light standards on the main stem, and gay music and Christmas carols pour forth at frequent intervals. At night, colored lights in streamers decorate the streets; all part of the pageantry of Yuletide.

Out at camp, in tent No. 8, they have a real bohemian crowd. Marcus Petersen and Ken Rawson are the literary gents of the crowd, and James Handley and Clinton Lancour specialize on art work. In Headquarters, Fain and Evans write poetry, and in Tent 13, Jerry O'Day takes a stab at both prose and poetry. Bill Campbell holds forth somewhere in the cooks and stewards tent and writes lyrics. Bill Munhall, in the supply tent, can dash off witty sayings and fol de rol, and Bill Carey and Chas. Crouch, at the Center are no mean hands when it comes to a cartoon or two. The crew of the ARK are well represented in both art and science, since John Mohun and James Clark have gone for radio in a big way. We thank them all for their efforts to make the ARK the best Transient paper in the country. Happy New Year fellows.

Then, on the other end of the scale, we have the men who are unable to write. Lt. Crutcher is organizing a class to teach those men the art of signing their names to the pay roll instead of making a mark.

Miss Perryman has just received orders to report to Louisville and is leaving this morning as we go to press. We shall miss her cheerful personality around the office. More later.

As we write this the camp is deep in snow, and the woods are beautiful. The tents are warm and comfortable and so will be the messhall when the fireplace is finished. Most of the men are equipped with enough clothing to keep them warm, but many of them need shoes. About half of the men had to be excused from work on that account, but we understand that shoes and clothing are arriving from Louisville in sufficient quantity to take care of everyone.

THE LOG BOOK

Some of the boys are disturbed regarding the effect of the new set up, and are wondering if their former employers will be contacted. Such is the stigma attached to being a client of a transient bureau, many are contemplating leaving rather than have their plight brought to the attention of former employers or friends. Those who gave fictitious names and false information are wondering what will happen to them! Putting in thirty hours a week for board and lodging, a buck or so, and necessary clothes should be recommendation enough - they say.

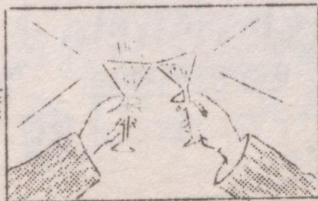
Miss Adams' car had a bent front bumper, caused through being towed. George Bennett fixed it up, but was at a loss to account for it - the car moved easily. "I was sitting in the car at the time," explained Miss Adams. "Oh, that accounts for it," said George. Now he wonders why he can't get any orders for new socks!

The impounded pay plan has been discontinued, and the pay roll reduced on orders from Washington - at least, that is the effect of the new order. The details have not been fully worked out at the time of writing this.

Captain Wolfe was the recipient of a beautiful desk set from the staff members; and a Kaywoodie pipe from some of the transients. They all wished the Captain good luck and bon voyage at the depot when he left the other day.

Mr. Hord Byrd, our new Director, is a graduate of the University of Missouri - law and business administration. He has been connected with the transient bureau in Missouri since its inception, having been director of the bureau at St. Josephs and Sedalia. Quiet in manner and a keen observer. Pleasant and courteous, with an agreeable personality, about 35 we should say. Married. We welcome you aboard the ARK Mr. Byrd, and wish you and yours a Happy New Year and success.

Mrs. Crutcher, the Lt.'s mother, and incidently our adopted camp mother, intercepted a pass from Chet Wynn, the University's famous coach, and we now have a real football out at camp. Our thanks for all concerned. The ARK hereby gives them three hearty cheers and a tiger - and wishes all three a Happy New Year.



THE LOG BOOK

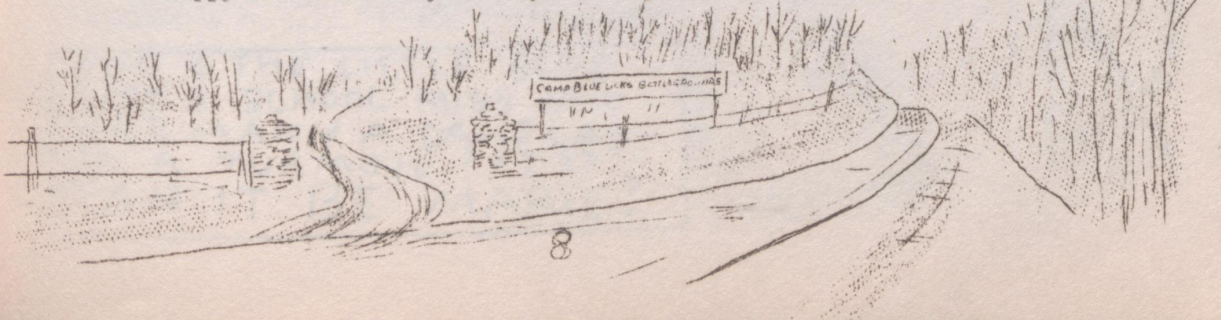
Farrell and Dorsey, out at camp, are planning a trip to the Galapagos Islands next spring. They have the total expense all figured out, including the cost of the sail boat and the provisions. Both are expert sailormen, and are studying navigation so as to be able to find the blooming place. They have an idea where to get hold of the necessary capital through friends and relatives we understand, so don't be surprised if these boys make the headlines one of these days. Best o' luck fellows - wish we could go along.

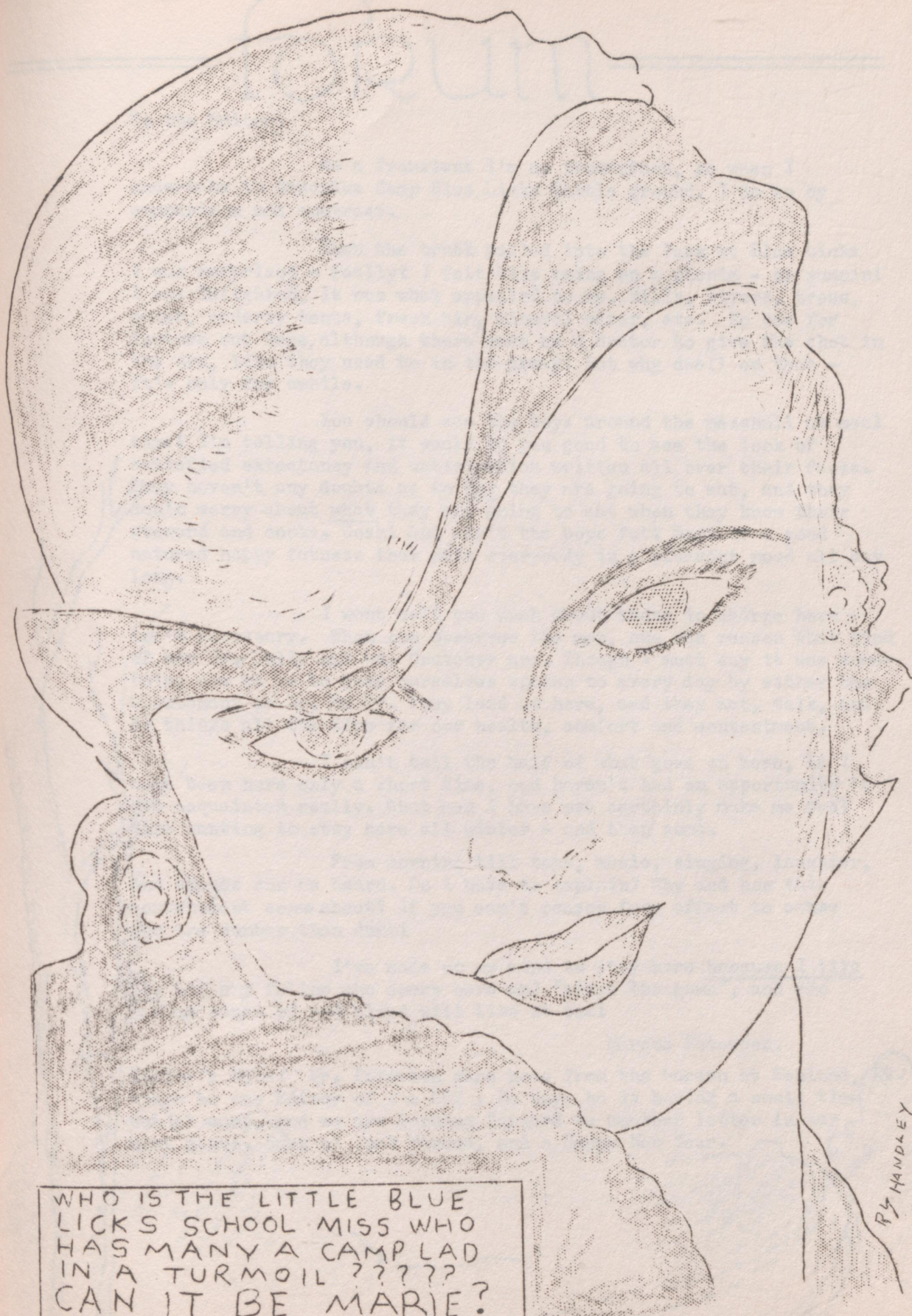
Some premature Christmas celebrations down at the Blue Licks Filling Station, such as the shooting off of giant fire crackers, caused the Lt. to dash in that direction the other evening on the double. It sounded like a war. Stubby, the Airedale pup, wanted to go along too. "Get to hell back to camp", said the Lt. "You'll get shot." Stubby thought it was a rabbit hunt and went back disgusted when he found out different!

The Editor of the Sandune, Yuma, Arizona, states that seventeen salaried persons (only one lady case worker) take care of a total of 1400 transients - AND THE EDITOR PERSONALLY KNOWS THAT 83% OF THE STAFF HAVE RISEN FROM THE RANKS OF THE TRANSIENTS. The high efficiency rating of the Arizona Bureau is well known to all the men on the road - as well as at Washington, D.C. - and thousands are flocking there. There's a moral somewhere in this, and we take off our hats to the men who are responsible.

Mr. Frank P. Linkenberg, of the State Office at Louisville is mainly responsible for the efficient manner in which the ARK has been mimeographed. We wish him and his able assistants the Compliments of the Season - and our hearty thanks for their co-operation.

To the Misses Adams, Perryman, Tuggle and Atkins we extend our best wishes for their continued prosperity and a Happy New Year. To messrs. Sergeant Adam H. Smith, Blastock, Stagg, Lieutnants Crutcher and Saunders, Mr. John W. Dally, Doctors Adams and Hettler, Dr. Childers and Nick Stockas we extend our greetings for a Happy and Prosperous New Year, and to retiring Director, Captain Albert C. Wolfo, and our incoming Director, Mr. Hord Byrd, we wish them all the luck, peace, and prosperity that 1935 will hold. The same goes for the men in the camp, in the Center and in the office - A Happy New Year to you all, and a place in the scheme of things.





WHO IS THE LITTLE BLUE
LICKS SCHOOL MISS WHO
HAS MANY A CAMPLAD
IN A TURMOIL ??????
CAN IT BE MARIE?

forum

To the Editor:

As a Transient I'm no tenderfoot, so when I undertake to describe Camp Blue Licks Battle ground, I do so by comparison and contrast.

When the truck pulled into the Park at Blue Licks I was surprised - really! I felt like being on a picnic - or sumpin! I was delighted, it was what appealed to me. Hills, rivers, trees, quiet, orderly tents, fresh air, mineral water, etc. No use for doctors' out here, although there must be a doctor to give the shot in the arm, like they used to in the arm-y! But why dwell on that - it's only for awhile.

You should see the boys around the messhall at meal time! I'm telling you, it would do you good to see the look of satisfied extectancy and anticipation written all over their faces. They haven't any doubts as to how they are going to eat, and they don't worry about what they are going to eat when they know their steward and cooks. Gosh! And ain't the boys fat! Sort of a good natured happy fatness that puts everybody in a pleasant mood all day long.

I wont tell you much about those in charge here - isn't necessary. When one observes the men, one can reason what kind of men Mr. Dally and Lt. Crutcher are. Though I must say it was something new to me to hear ourselves spoken to every day by either the Lieutenant or Mr. Dally. They lead us here, and they act, talk, and do things all the time for our health, comfort and contentment.

I can't tell the half of what goes on here, as I have been here only a short time, and haven't had an opportunity to get acquainted really. What men I have met certainly make me feel like wanting to stay here all winter - and then some.

From morning till taps, music, singing, laughter, and shouts can be heard. Do I have to explain? Why and how this contentment comes about? If you can't reason from effect to cause you are dumber than dumb!

I've made up my mind to stay here because I like it. And any fellow who comes here and "plays the game", and who has an ounce of red blood will like it too!

Marcus Petersen.

Editor's Note: Mr. Petersen came here from the bureau at Ashland, Ky. where he was Editor of the KEY. He says he is having a swell time out at camp, and we are looking forward to another letter in our next issue. Best o' luck Marcus, and a Happy New Year.

"FROM an OLD TIMER"

To the Editor:

This is written by one of the men who was at Blue Licks when it started, and we had some work getting things going. Just to tell some of you fellows who are having a good time out there now how it was.

Well, it was just a patch of woods, and when we got there it was a forsaken place. For three weeks the first men out at Blue Licks worked all day and just as long as we could see, and never thought of how many hours or when we were going to eat. If we got anything, we just sat on the ground and ate it.

We got a few tents up to sleep in and then the stove, and then we went and borrowed some heavy planks for a cover, put four poles up to keep the rain off what few things we had, but we had no lumber to have any sides on, so the rain ruined the first pies we made, but the cook done fairly well, and all the boys were digging and cleaning up to make it look like home, and then in about three weeks we got some lumber and started a kitchen.

Walter Camp and his help worked twelve hours a day until it was finished. We moved in then. We got some more tents and some more bunks, then we had a floor put in the supply tent and in the tent for the clerical force. But to do this we worked in mud and rain and then went to bed in a damp muddy tent.

But through it all we had one man and one friend who was with us from the start and was not afraid to do more than we were doing, and who slept and ate just as we did but had ten times the load on his shoulders as we had, and this man, this friend, was Captain Albert C. Wolfe. You men at Blue Licks should know he went at all times, night and day, to make Blue Licks what it is today and I must say he is one of the finest men I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. Go to him for advice, and he will advise you as only a friend can advise you.

Hello, Mr. John Mohun. Maybe you have forgotten me, but I am your first cook at Blue Licks. Everything is fine here and we have a fair bunch of men. Of course we get some extra men every day, some stay and some go, but I am one who can say that the Transient Relief Service is doing good, and if we had a few more men like Captain Wolfe and Dr. Adams we would advance faster. Dr. Adams is just a wonderful man and he has done a lot to help the men at Lexington and Blue Licks.

Now, to all the old timers, Hello. A Merry Xmas and to the others be a good fellow and do as Captain Wolfe tells you and you will be O.K. A dandy New Year from the first cook at Blue Licks. Give Sergeant Smith my best regards. If you can guess who this is, why some of you fellows write me at Paducah Transient Bureau.

Unsigned.

Editor's Note: Of the six men who went out to Blue Licks Aug. 9th, only one still remains, John Mohun. The others were, Walter Camp, Robert Marlo, James Falone, Tobe Beans, Robert Reynolds.

"Barnacle Bill hears Rumors"

"Rumors in all directions these days," said Barnacle Bill as he barged into our office. We gave him the makings to save time.

"Have just heard that in less than six weeks the entire set up of the transient bureaus will be changed," went on Bill. "In fact, there'll be no more transient bureaus - they'll all be State Projects."

"How will that come about?" we asked with interest.

"State Bureaus will be set up, and men now registered in the transient bureaus will be sent back to their own States. The records will be overhauled to verify a man's residence, and he'll be compelled to enter his own State. Each State will then employ or support it's own citizens."

"How about the men without a legal residence?" we asked.

"Special laws may have to be passed to establish the status of those men. Men with six months residence in a bureau may be entitled to a legal residence in that State. Place of birth, if verified, may be taken into account, or if a naturalized citizen, the place where the papers were taken out may be counted as his legal residence. The laws of legal settlement will need revising.

"What are the advantages of this proposed new set up?" we enquired.

"Transiency as we know it will be abolished. Each State will employ or support it's own citizens. The vagrant will be definitely established as such and treated accordingly. Federal projects can be established which will pay men a living wage, and the States will be required to help pay for them. The stigma of charity will be removed from these projects, and the voting privilege will be restored to thousands of men.

"But this will cost plenty of money," we objected.

"Yes," said Bill, "plenty! But all the money being spent under the present system is merely preventing men from rioting and starving. There's nothing constructive about it. Transients are looked on with suspicion in every State in the Union. Public opinion is against supporting men on government funds who are merely running around the country looking for adventure.

"Besides," went on Bill, "The past twelve months have definitely established the fact that private employment is at a standstill, and transients resent being segregated into camps away from all avenues of possible profitable employment. The government must step in and mortgage the future and provide profitable work for those men. With eighteen million people on relief, the time has passed for tinkering on this problem - we need courageous and efficient business executives on the job."

"They're already on the job," we assured Bill. "It's taken a year to get the proper perspective. Now wait and see."

"Things I get a Kick out of"

"Briar-Hopper" teasing Tackett on the rock pile!

The strange lack of appetite displayed by everybody at meal time.
(Oh Yeah!)

Watching the Indiana truck with a load on pull out of the darndest places (Ask the boys on the rock pile)

"Briar-Hopper" working!

Hick Henderson's singing and playing.

The boys listening to the school marm reading "Rip Van Winkle".

Springer, with his "Come on, fellows" after roll call.

The looks on some faces when there's no "seconds".

The stupendous things that some of the boys have done on their travels, (truly amazing!)

How uninterested the boys are in their time (Ahem!)

"What'll you take for it?"

"I'll give yuh-----"

Sarge Mohun calling the roll, and the "Here's and "Yohs".

How we hate to quit working at the bugle call.

"Gimme a smoke".

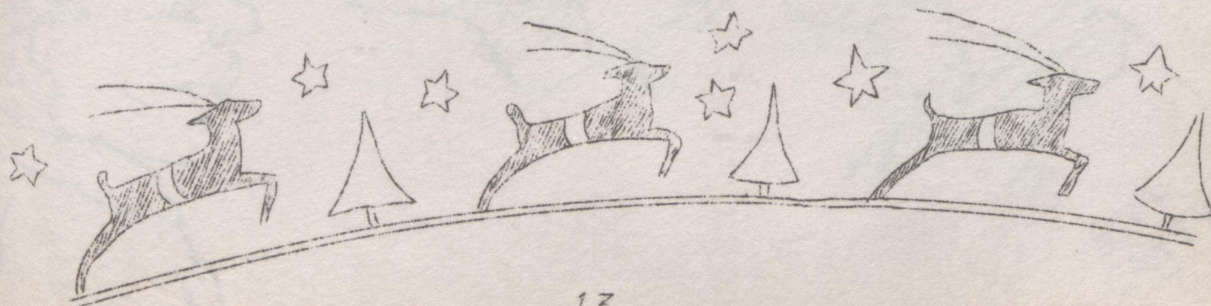
"Save me butts."

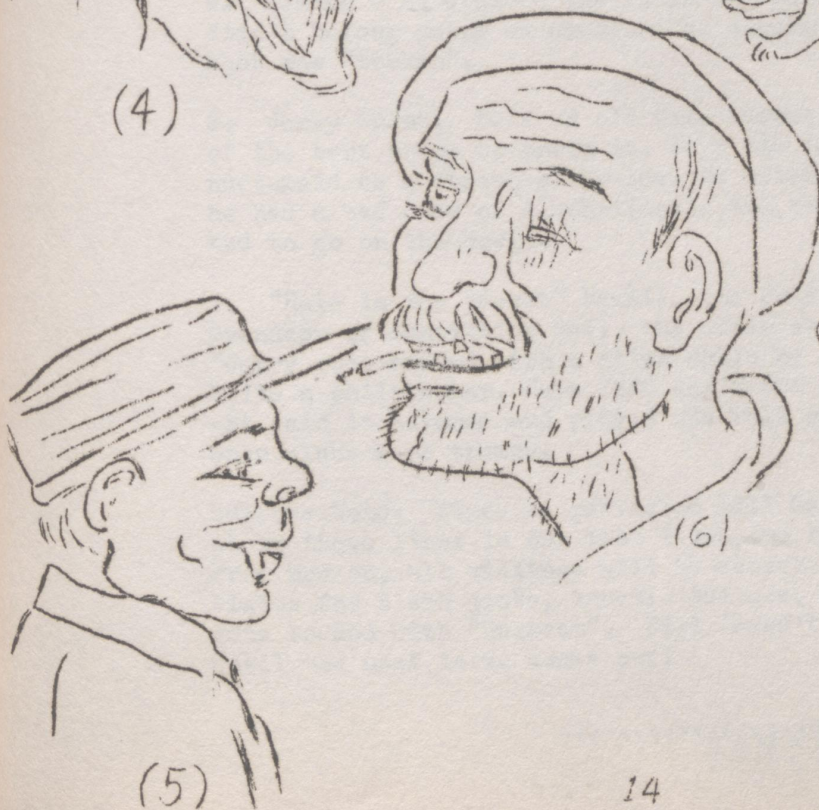
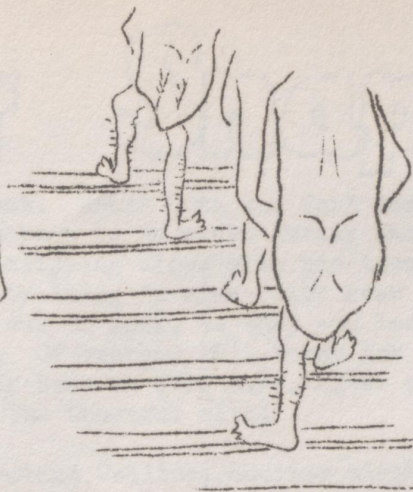
A tailor made cigarette.

That weekly Buck.

Coffee.

Ken Rawson
Camp Blue Licks.





BILL
CAREY

Center Snapshots

1. A.H. Blastock. Holds down the fort during the dreary night watch. If you happen to be awake during the "wee sma' hours" you'll see him slipping along with his torch and clock. He's getting a good training in case folks ever get their jewelry and silverware out of hock, so they can leave it around the house at night. Of course, it's handy for any married man to know how to slip home at 3:00 A.M., after a lodge meeting without disturbing the trustful wife!

2. Grover Cleveland Collins, another night hawk and just as genial. He's planning to go on the road as a salesman with a line of Mexican jumping beans for farmers in the East. He claims he can sell the hops from the jumping beans to the breweries, and then sell the beans to the government under the new name of "Transient Beans". He formerly sold a line of rubber snow shovels down in Florida.

3. The shirt tail squad up in the attic repenting their sinful ways. The one toasting his tail just N. by E. is yours truly, doing two weeks of bunk fatigue just before Thanksgiving.

4. Old Pop Brown, who had a playful way of decorating the "Head" until Carroll made him swab decks. He has a crop of chin spinach that is rare in this age of barefaced liars. He could market that hay for three dollars a day during the Santa Claus season if they would let him have his pants long enough to close the contract.

5. Alaire - He claimed the title of Professor Bum. Said he didn't belong among us amateurs so checked out since this snapshot was "token".

6. Jerry Grant. He's an old time circus man. Still carries one of the tent props to prove it. Says his last grift was acrobatic nursemaid to a string of hawses. He tried to kiss a pet mare when he had a bad case of alcoholitosis and she didn't like it so he had to go on the dodge.

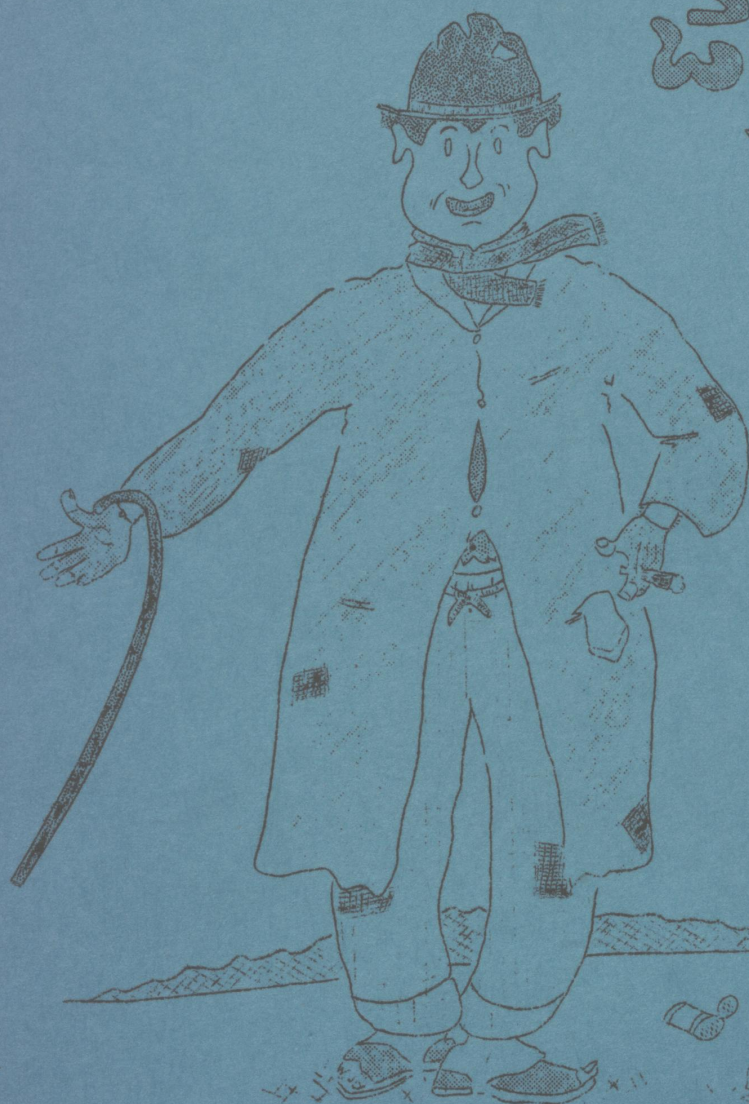
7. "Hole in the pocket" Hamill, the full breed Yiddish Indian. Grandson of Schpitting Bull, the cigar store chief. He says, "Jerry goes around with a stick while he just sticks around." Quite a philosopher. Says life don't owe him a thing, that he got paid in advance and played his roll on the queen of hearts when clubs were trumps.

Bill Carey.

Editors Note: Since we published Bill Carey's last efforts along these lines in our last issue, we have been "on the spot". From now on, all visitors will be searched at the door by Ray Blades for black jacks, knuckle dusters, shot guns, and spray guns loaded with "Bugscat". Bill doesn't live here anymore - until the next issue comes out!

DEDICATED
TO WHOM IT
MAY CONCERN
BY
THE ARK
LEXINGTON, KY

Say! Listen!
If you're
so
DAMN
SMART
Why AIN'T
YAN.



LIBRARY
OF KY
BY CROUCHIE
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