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THE ARK
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THE EDITORIAL

An editorial may be an elucidation of a policy, an expression of the editor's personal views, or just a few plain screwy remarks.

This edition of the ARK is decidedly screwy. In the first place we have suffered lately from the heat -

In the second place we have had the toothache for a week.

In the third place we have had two teeth extracted.

In the fourth place no one has bothered to write anything for the ARK - they just didn't feel like it.

In the fifth place all our parlays ran second when we bet them to win.

In the sixth place "Check 'em out" Carroll has gone to Blue Licks and the place is quiet as a tomb and gets on our nerves.

In the seventh place we secured a dozen back numbers of "Field and Stream" and went away on a mental vacation fishing up in the northern lakes and we haven't got back yet.

In the eighth place we haven't any idea if the new works program is going to do us any good, and if they do give us a job it will be digging ditches - we did that in France once and we didn't like it.

In the ninth place we have been bothered with flies.

In the tenth and last place we have a lot of chigger bites to scratch because we went out to Camp Blue Licks and took Stubby, the airodale pup, out into the woods to help us pick blackberries.

And we consider the above reasons good and sufficient excuses for not writing an editorial.

- "Barnacle Bill".

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CAMP HIGHLIGHTS

- SCANDAL DEPT.

From Camp Lake Reba:

We have just about all the trees cut down and space cleared out to start building a temporary kitchen and dining room. Have two big tents set up, and expect more out there about the end of July.

Mr. Holmes was here the other night and said he intends to make this place a model transient camp, the finest in the state and on a par with any camp in the country.

All of the men here seem to be very well satisfied. The meals are excellent, but of course we are still staying at the boarding house while working at the camp site.

A notice has been published in the Richmond Register by the Water Company to the effect the grounds of Lake Reba have been taken over by the Federal Transient Camp, and that no bathing or fishing will be allowed. All violators will be prosecuted. This is being followed out to the letter by Bob Swofford and Lee Merritt who are patrolling the place night and day.

Wonder just who was the prominent doctor is that was caught fishing by them the other night, in company with a city fireman? Yes, the boys are on the job!

A Fish story will have to go with Camp Reba. Frank Smith and John Vigg stayed at the lake to fish the other night - we can fish in the upper lake you know. They arrived at the boarding house without any fish. Smith said they caught 18 and John said they caught 13. After a lot of kidding, John said he told Smith to throw it in the creek as they passed.

Lt. Crutcher has abandoned his riding boots and blossomed out in a pair of shorts. Went out to the camp about 3 A.M. the other morning. Parked himself in the hammock and just about got to sleep when he fell out turning over. Spent the rest of the night in the tent and said all was O.K. but for a bombing raid by a party of mosquitos.

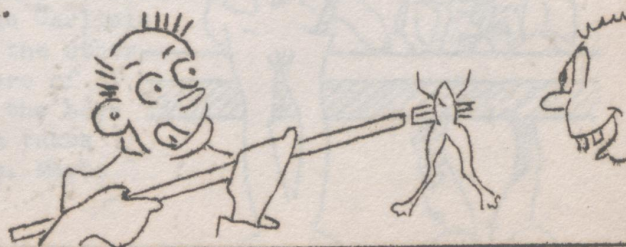
Bob Swofford caught a snake one day last week which measured a little over three feet long. He treated the boys to an exhibition of how to kill one. Simply by biting it's head off. Believe that one or not.

Several of the boys stayed out to the lake one night and went frog hunting. Came in the next morning with fourteen. Frogs legs are really good eating.

The latrine has been finished and a deep pit dug. A two foot ditch is being dug from the road to camp for the water pipe. Dozens of trees have been cut down and the ground cleared. That's not bad for the few men we have here. More coming next week.

What the hell, this ought to be enough for a page. Going to hit the feathers. So long.

Bruce Carlton.



..... LEAVES From the Log book

Apparently nobody went around to the N.R.S. and registered, so Louisville sent up a couple of Registrars who did the job in first class style. We noticed the questions were chiefly directed to find out what qualifications each man possessed along the lines of construction or clerical work. Of course, many of the men will be a long way from here in a few weeks from now and will never know if a job materialized or not. But at that, the government will get a true picture of the class of men in the bureau - and something may turn up.

Bill Carey, who writes articles for the ARK on occasion telling the big shots just what's the matter with the country, has just had his faith in human nature given a severe set back. Bill left some bozo in charge of the carpenter shop for a short while, and when he got back the bloke had left with all Bill's clothes. We are expecting another vitrolie article from Bill regarding property rights!

By the way, the carpenter's shop has emigrated across the street into another building, which will give the gang room to move around. The Handicraft School will be located there, and it won't be long now until the boys are turning out some plain and fancy carpenter work. Read the ad. somewhere ahead about this and join up.

One of our old members, Lee Fowler, recently of Camp Foster, Fla, dropped in the other day. He left here for New York a few weeks ago, and was fortunate enough to run across an old employer who had a job for him. He is now traveling several states doing redecorating work for some chain store branches. Says he met Overman in Rochester, N. Y., driving a company car and back on his old job. Also mentioned seeing "Brown" For in Trenton, N.J. "Grey" Fox left for a couple of weeks but returned without finding any job, and Dean Burke did the same thing. The boys keep trying.

Some of the Center boys and some from the Camp played ball against the Carlisle Division of the National Guard the other day and won the game with a score of 31 to 5. Somebody must have given the boys a shot of "hipe" or whatever it takes to make such a phenomenal score. Maybe they're good!



Can you imagine it? Bruce Carlton, who went over to Camp Lake Reba to be first aid man, has fallen hard for a blonde. Bruce has had to lay his campaign with cake and forethought, so he takes the little girl to church. Nothing like a good impression to start with, and we understand Bruce takes the whole family along with him on his moonlight walks. S'matter Bruce, don't they trust you?

Charlie Watson reported the above. Now Bruce Carlton reports that Charlie Watson has a case on the little girl who lives down-town not far from where the boys board. We have heard it's so serious the boys are considering getting "Preacher" Calloway down from Blue Licks. What about the red head in Lexington, and the little girl over in Carlisle, Charley? Are you going to be a Mormon or sumpin'?

Since, "Check" 'em out" Carroll went to Blue Licks the place has been as quiet as a graveyard. We have had no riotous drunks, everything runs smooth as silk, and the boys seem to be in a coma. We appreciate the peace and quietness, but we sure miss the arguments.

Here's the May 15th Federal Transient Census. Unattached males total 148,854, which includes 19,763 state cases and 12,602 local homeless. There are only 4,989 unattached females, which total includes 819 state and 435 local homeless. The total number of individuals in transient families is 133,018. Which gives a grand total of 286,871. On April 15th last the grand total was 306,364. Some of them must have clicked on jobs - or died!

We have no meals lines in this bureau, or meal tickets. The monthly card system is used and all the men have to do is enter the dining room at the proper time and sit down at a table. Waiters bring the food to the table. The office men and routine men sit at certain tables if they wish, the outside work project men at other tables, and the newcomers sit at other tables. Most of the men group themselves according to their own preference as to companions. The routine is similar to any boarding house - no red tape and no bull dozing. Come to think of it - everything around the bureau is operated on the basis that the men here are neither convicts, morons, or pigs. We appreciate it.

The magazines appearing in the reading room are from the Ferguson News Company on N. Mill St. They are very welcome, consisting as they do of fiction never more than a few weeks old. Intake Worker Blastock promoted these magazines, and he's also worked hard to keep the ball-team operating. That's no easy job with so many check outs.

Maybe it might be a good idea to pass this item up, but somehow we think it should be in the record, if only as an example of the damage that can be caused by thoughtless wise cracks. It seems that a weekly published at Richmond and called the "One Timer", carried an article headed "Tramp Camp Comes to Richmond". The occasion was the opening of Camp Lake Reba - a project where the boys will do much work strictly for the benefit of Richmond for the usual one dollar per. Lt. Crutcher took the matter up with the Chamber of Commerce, with the result a letter of apology was published in the regular newspaper, the "Richmond Register", and also in the "One Timer". So we'll let it go at that.

Here's a sidelight on the origin of transients. While nearly two thirds of the unattached transients come from cities east of the Mississippi River, family groups come, most frequently, from the cities west of the Mississippi River. With unattached transients, New York was the state most frequently reported, and Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Ohio followed in the order named.

The attendance to the religious services conducted by Allen Calloway at Camp Blue Licks is steadily increasing. Among the men attending are many who have excellent voices, and it is truly inspiring to hear those beautiful hymns sung in the stillness of the gathering dusk.

Our mural painter, Jerry Shultz, out at Blue Licks, has secured the job of painting an immense canvas depicting pioneer life, which will be hung in the museum. We understand, that through the efforts of Mrs. Emma Guy Cromwell who has charge of the State Parks, Jerry will be paid at the rate of thirty dollars a month for the job. He is also custodian of the grounds, and is supposed to keep the grass cut on the lawn in front of the museum. Herry is a real artist. We have no idea how good he is at cutting grass.

Camp Blue Licks is indeed as much a picturesque spot as well as it is historical. From the top of the hill upon which the camp is located, one can see the rolling Licking River far down in the valley; the green of the uncut hay mixed with the dark tilled soil and the vivid coloring of the native wild flowers. Also, there are the white farm houses with their bright red barns and their grotesque but stately windmills. Kentucky is truly a place where a poet may rhapsodise.

Canada now has a series of work camps similar to CCC and transient camps in this country. If any member of the bureau has any experience of these camps, come up and tell us about it.



LOCAL HOMELESS

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

Scene: Moaning pines and hemlocks, weeping willows, sighing branches, rustling bushes, and other noisy vegetation. Curtain rises on Eve, down front center, trying on various sizes in fig leaves, fore and aft.

Eve: (Throwing down a handful of fig leaves, thus creating great excitement in the audience) Think I'll change my dressmaker. I'm getting fed up on fig leaves.

(Enter Adam in light morning suit of bluegrass) Adam: Wherenell's m'overcoat?

Eve: (Expression changing to one of contempt): You were soused last night. You tore it up. Since you found out that hops can be used for something else beside clothes you've been on a tear. You'll get us checked out of this joint yet.

Adam: Well, you got us checked out of the last place. Can't check us out any more anyhow - there's no place to go.

Eve: Don't be so sure. They can tell us to go t'll. (Picks up some poison ivy leaves and gives them a thoughtful look)

Adam: Hey, watch your step with that stuff. First thing you know you'll be in the Iso ward or sumpin. Where's Cain?

Eve: He went to Carlisle last night on a pass and hasn't come in yet. Said he was going to pick up a rib.

(Great racket coming from direction of Blue Licks. Loud voice singing "Twas fathers love of garlic that drove all the skunks away)

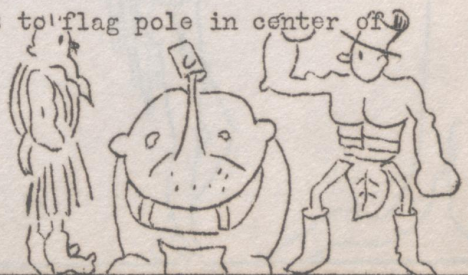
(Enter Cain, carrying assortment of lingerie and basket of empty bottles. Riding very docile rinocarpus with side saddle. Has on pair of riding boots like Charlie Watson)

Cain: Greetings, governor. Drag forth the royal stepladder and I will alight.

Adam: Get t'ell off there and give an account of yourself, you overgrown bottle baby. You ought to have been a night watchman or a milkman so you could do your stuff to good advantage.

Cain: (Sliding down and hitching rinocarpus to flag pole in center of camp): When do we eat, and if so, what?

Eve: I'm sorry, honey, but we can't eat until Abel comes back from Camp Lake Reba with the can opener.



Adam: What's he doing with it?

Eve: Draw your own conclusions. What do you think he wants a can opener for?

Adam: I think he's running around with them hussies.

Eve: What hussies you talking about. You know we don't mix with those kind of people. First thing you know he'll have to marry the girl.

Cain: (Rousing out of a deep meditation) Well, a fellow's got to get himself a wife from some place. Wheren'ells that old serpent? I wanna get a pint off of him.

Adam: You lay off that serpent, he's caused enough trouble around the last place we was at. Lookit that fig leaf of yours - all tore, and the press gone clean out of it. Ain't you ashamed to appear in front of your mother looking like that?

Cain: What's the difference - we're only camping out, ain't we? (Exits singing):

"Some guys are noted for stories they write,
And others get prestige in art.
A few find renown by making men think,
Two wheels and a board make a cart.
But when you discover the truth of this rot,
Quite a lot you'll find never was known,
However, on one thing you couldn't go wrong,
My Dad pulled the original bone."

Adam: There he goes, throwing up that old gag again. One of these days I'm going to whale the tar out of him.

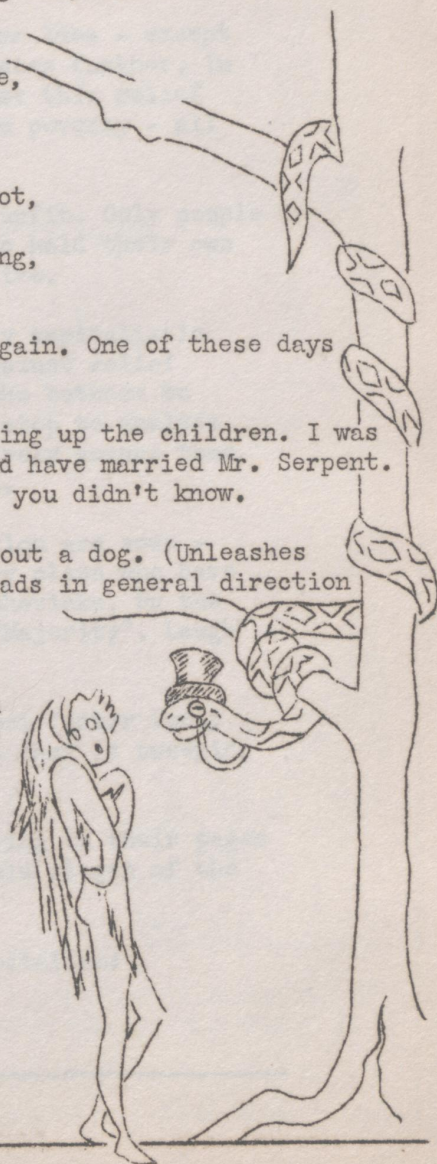
Eve: (Weeping): There you go again, always beating up the children. I was a fool to marry you in the first place. I should have married Mr. Serpent. He was a nice man. He showed me a lot of things you didn't know.

Adam: Crying again. Well, I got to see a man about a dog. (Unleashes rinocarpus from flag pole, climbs aboard and heads in general direction of Carlisle)

(Eve watches him leave and then dries her tears, picks up discarded fig leaves and arranges them tastefully fore and aft. Then walks over to the bushes, looking around to see if anybody is watching.)

Eve: It's all O.K. Mr. Serpent - come on out and tell me if you like the fit of my new fig leaf pegnoir.

C U R T A I N.



INTOLERANCE

- we tell 'em dept.

Some years ago we remember Thomas A. Edison making the remark that within a hundred years poverty would be abolished from the face of the earth.

At that time we had no idea that in a few short years over thirty-five million people would be directly and indirectly on the relief rolls. We seemed headed for perpetual prosperity.

The remark was brought to mind by reading that just over two hundred years ago about 80,000 vagabonds and beggars were hanged in Europe in one country. They thought this drastic method of treatment would end poverty. Capitalists did not believe in this relief business if it cost money.

The cannibals of New Guinea have the same idea - except they eat the candidates for relief, going a step farther. In his heart the capitalist who cries out against this relief business believes there's only one way to end poverty - all poor people should be destroyed.

Because they breed more people who are unfit. Only people who are intellectually and physically able to hold their own and not get on relief should be allowed to live.

This is the philosophy expressed in many capitalistic newspapers and magazines in their tirades against relief measures. The unthinking man in the street who bothers to read the editorials in such papers does not stop to analyze the thought underlying these tirades - he merely senses them, and if he is on relief he gets sore about it.

Thus the seeds of communism and revolution are sown - not by radicals and fanatics, but by the very class who have most to lose from the activities of the bolsheviks. By the way, the word "bolshevic" in Russian means "Majority". Laugh that one off!

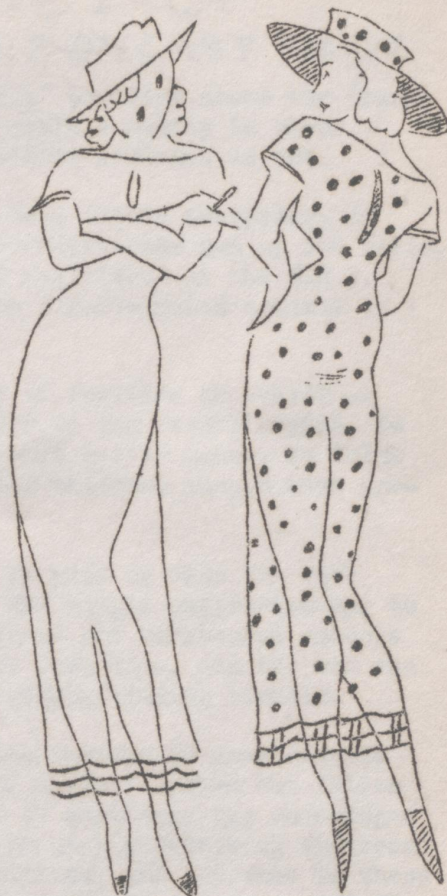
The capitalistic press is the most potent factor today in causing the wave of unrest and discontent that is sweeping the country.

Analyze the articles and stories appearing in their pages and you'll read between the lines the same old slogan of the jungle - "Dog eat dog."

Somehow, we don't like this kind of capitalism!



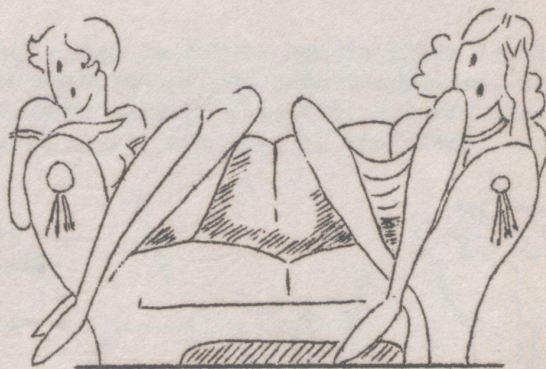
Joe: "I" call my girl Excelsior,"
 Moe: "Because she's your ideal?"
 Joe: "No, because she's the stuff."



"When I was a girl," said the
 mother, "I wore petticoats."
 "Yes," said her daughter, "and
 even then boys would be boys."



"Those gals should be wearing one of
 those labels we see stuck all over the
 place - Made by the Lexington Transient
 Bureau."



"Why don't you like Jack any more?"
 "Oh, he just rubs me the wrong
 way."

THAT WORK RELIEF

- OUR FORCAST DEPT.

We've been reading a lot of "Pollyanna" articles about the transients being put to work on the new wage scale - mostly in other bureau magazines. We have seen or head nothing official as yet.

Before we get too optimistic, let's do a little analyzing. In the first place there's only about 148,000 unattached men on the rolls, and only a small percentage of these have registered at the N.R.S. We are given to understand we shall not be discriminated against in the new work program.

We know there's ten times the number of families on relief as there are transients, and most of them have or can control votes. To this class will go the major part of the work relief money. We think it entirely right that the married men with children should have preference over the single man.

The administration expects business to pick up when the work program gets under way, and also expects the single unattached man to get out and hustle himself a job. Educational and vocational schools have been in existence in many bureaus for some time, and the man who has not taken advantage of them has been simply kidding himself.

During the next six months we can look forward to some drastic changes in the bureau set-ups. The "social worker" system has fallen down - it has not stopped transiency, but if anything, has encouraged it. In the near future, all bureaus will be merely receiving stations for men who wish to accept work camp conditions, and entrance to these work camps will be on a term basis at only a slight increase over the present pay.

No man who will work need starve - we have at least progressed that far along the path of civilization. If he wants to take a chance on hoboeing around the country he will be perfectly free to do so - but the bureaus will not be available for overnight stops or even for a few days rest up.

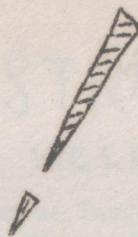
A determined effort will be made soon to return men to their local settlement if they are eligible for work relief and have dependents. The unemployables will be placed under State care if eligible, and efforts will be made to determine just who is really entitled to transient relief among the transients.

The social worker complex will soon disappear from the bureau set-up - the handwriting is on the wall. The day of the efficiency expert is at hand.



EARN Big money!

\$1000000



\$1000

CAN YOU MAKE MONEY PLAYING THE HORSES?

CAN YOU MAKE MONEY DIGGING DITCHES?

CAN YOU MAKE MONEY PLAYING POKER?

CAN YOU MAKE MONEY PLAYING RUMMY?

CAN YOU MAKE MONEY ON THE STEM?

CAN YOU MAKE MONEY SHOOTING CRAPS?

IF YOU COULD YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE!

\$1000

JOIN THE HANDICRAFT & TRADE SCHOOL!

\$10000

GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK. BY THE TIME THIS APPEARS IN PRINT THE HANDICRAFT SCHOOL WILL BE IN OPERATION. ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY WILL BE INSTALLED, INCLUDING BAND SAWS, LATHES, PLANERS, WOOD CARVING TOOLS, DRAFTING INSTRUMENTS, PAINT BRUSHES, SAWS, HAMMERS, AND NAILS. LEARN TO OPERATE ANY OF THE ABOVE INSTRUMENTS AND PUT YOURSELF IN THE WAY OF MAKING A GOOD LIVING. IT'S ALL FREE!



COMPETENT INSTRUCTORS

NOTE: OUR ARTIST PUT IN THE ABOVE PICTURE TO DRAW ATTENTION TO THE AD. THIS IS NOT ONE OF THE INSTRUCTORS!

LET'S GO!

GET BUSY!

DO IT NOW!

DON'T BE A TRANSIENT ALL YOUR LIFE = BE SOMEBODY!!!!!!!!!!

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

SELF HELP DEPT.

We had managed to hitch-hike up as far as Tampa from Naples, after living on turtles while crossing the Everglades. Barnacle Bill and me stood on the Lafayette Street bridge looking at the Hillsboro River. We were wondering what to do next.

"Lookit at them pretty blue flowers floating out to sea" said Bill. They were water hyacinths, and huge masses of the blooms were drifting down the river. "They would look pretty in fish ponds," we mused, thinking more of a well fried snapper steak than water hyacinths.

"That's the ticket" said Bill as an idea struck him all of a sudden. He went on enthusiastically. "We'll gather up millions of these things, and sell 'em for a dime apiece up north. They're a drug on the market down here but a novelty up there. We'll advertise for agents and clean up. All we'll have to do is gather 'em up and ship 'em. Let's go!"

So, we went. Our two dollars capital had dwindled down to fifty cents - not much to start a million dollar business with. But little things like that never bothered Bill.

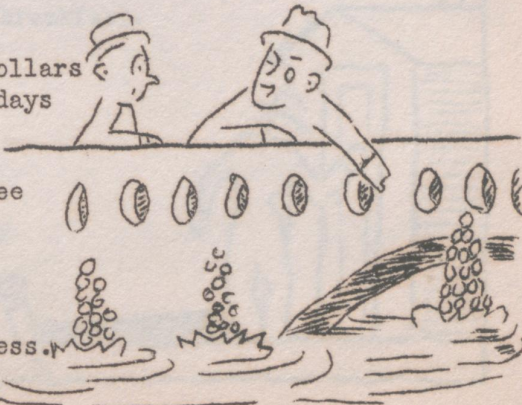
"We'll go over to the library and get some addresses out of the city directories from up north," said Bill as we went along. We spent half a day looking for the names of people who sold gold fish as a commercial proposition. We found quite a number, and also took down the names of a some commercial florists. We had a list of two hundred names when we left the library that evening.

We were sleeping on a vacant house boat moored on the Hillsboro just above Plant Park - we had simply moved in and took a chance. That night we composed a sales letter that would knock your eye out. Then we caught a few cat fish over the stern of the boat for breakfast and went to bed. How to get the campaign started was tomorrow's problem.

Our front was still good so we made the rounds of several establishments who specialized in multigraphing sales letters. We were looking for a partner! On the fifth call we found a confiding soul who agreed to run off two hundred letters, with return order cards, mail 'em for us, and allowed us to use his address. He was to have one third of the profits.

The cost came to around fifteen dollars and that was some promotion for those days of the dying boom. On the principle of never giving a sucker an even break, we borrowed five dollars from him to see us through.

Then we went out and gather up all the discarded egg crates we could find, and waited for the rush of business.



Then we gathered up large bunches of water hyacinths as they floated past our houseboat, and kept them corralled at the edge of the bank. We wanted to have plenty of stock on hand to take care of the rush or orders.

Sure enough, in a few days the orders came straggling in. We promptly shipped the crates out C.O.D. As our sales letter had given instructions how to hire agents to resell the plants from house to house - we soon had more orders coming in.

The chap who was backing us on the deal began to get enthused over the prospects. We went over to the library and dug up more names from the directories of northern cities. He placed them on the mailing list, and pretty soon the orders came in faster than we could cope with them. We had taken up golf and fishing again with the return of prosperity, and considered forming the business into a stock company. With more capital we could cover the whole of the country.

At the same time we would be doing Florida a great favor by ridding the waters of the state from an aquatic pest, which, while being very beautiful to gaze upon when in bloom, at the same time impeded navigation of small boats. We found all this out when we read it up in the library. Bill was trying to find out where all these hyacinths were coming from. He had an idea they had broke lose from somebody's fish pond.

So we drew up a prospectus with all kinds of figures showing how it was possible to clean up a million dollars within a few years from the operation of the business with sufficient capital. We called it the "Water Hyacinth Exporting Company of Florida," and had a printer run us off a dummy prospectus. Of course, it was to be a pre-organization deal as we didn't want to get in dutch with the blue sky laws or anything like that.

We took the prospectus with us back to the house boat that night - we were still sleeping there as nobody had come along and claimed it. The longer we studied over the proposition the more we became sure we had found a gold mine. We put a few finishing touches on the story we intended to tell to the prospects, and then we went to bed. From cleaning up a million dollars in a few years, we had got down to six months. We had the figures to prove it.

We were awakened the next morning by a loud rapping on the door of the house boat. Some man in a loud voice was demanding that we open up. He turned out to be the owner of the boat who had taken a trip up north, and some friend had told him two suspicious characters were living on his boat. We asked him in for breakfast.

By the time we were through with breakfast he had the whole story of the water hyacinth venture with gestures. Then we went up town and saw our partner, and it all ended with the house boat owner also owning an interest in the water hyacinth venture. We sold the business to the multigraph man and the house boat man. "All you have to do is use your head" said Bill, as we boarded the bus for Jax.



Good Clean Smut!

Dumb Dora is so dumb she thinks
"no kidding" is a slogan for birth
control

"What do you think of the bare leg
fad?"

"Oh, it's alright as far as it goes."

"How do I look, John?"

"Dearest, you look mighty good to me,"
he answered.

"Well," she said with a pretty little
frown, "You musn't let appearances
mislead you."

"I understand that you have been
drinking?"

"Who told you?"

"A little bird."

"I'll bet it was one of those
darned stool pigeons."

"My girl's got a fine mind."

"Too bad. Mine ain't built either."

Then there was the modest old maid
who wouldn't undress with the
Christian Observer in the room.

I know that egg is following me-
Now watch him stop and leer;
I'll wait until he says "Hello,"
Then sock him on the ear.

Man, very hoarse with cold, not
able to talk above a whisper,
knocks at doctor's home and
whispers "Is the Doctor at home?"
The lady also whispers in reply,
"No, come in."

"You may go as far as you like,"
she said softly. So they drove on
eight miles further before starting
back home.

Oh, Bill, please don't park here-

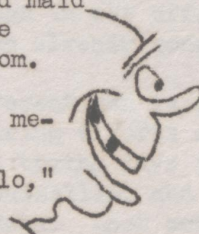
Oh, Bill, please don't park-

Oh, Bill, please don't-

Oh, Bill, please-

Oh, Bill-

Oh,-



"Where were you born?"

"In a hospital."

"Why, was there something the
matter with you"

"Really, my dear, you should
wait for more than three months
before marrying again."

"Yes, but you forget. My husband
was paralyzed for eight months
before he died."

Southern moon, southern belle-
Halitosis, Aw, hell!

This little sheep went to market,
This little sheep stayed at home-
And so we have Virgin Wool.

"I seem to have run out of gas,"
he muttered, "here's where I do
some fast work."

The girl's face, small and white,
was turned up to his, her eyes
glowing dizzily from beneath heavy
lids. Her head swam. Her red lips
were parted and she sighed faintly.
Slowly he bent over her. He was
her dentist.

"I surely like to take these
experienced girls home."

"Well, I'm no experienced girl"

"Naw, and you ain't home yet."

"Jack wants me to wear my new
dress to the hop tonight."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, I'll wiggle out of it some way."

If Mr. Williamson who left his wife
and baby twenty years ago will come
home his baby will kick the hell
out of him - Want ad.

"I dreamed about you last night."

"How did you make out?"

She was just a quarryman's daughter
- you could take everything for
granite.

PASSING OF CAMP BLUE LICKS

Wont be long now until Camp Blue Licks will be but a memory to the boys. Preparations are under way for moving the entire personnel over to Camp Lake Reba, together with all the equipment. The recreation hall has already gone, and work will begin on the mess hall immediately.

Work is still going on around the state park and the rock crusher is busy, with the boys loading rocks into the machine to complete the road around the hill top. This is the final project. When this road is finished, the last touch will have been given to the job. And what a difference in the looks of things!

A little less than a year ago the camp was started with only a dozen men, and with the park in a primitive condition. Since then, a new museum has been built of native rock; a caretaker's house has been erected, a new rostrum has been erected for public speaking, a new road has been built, stone steps have been laid to the the Soldier's Grave, a new park entrance has been formed, the park has been landscaped and ornamental shrubbery and bluegrass planted. The thousands of people who will congregate at Blue Licks next August 19th in the annual celebration will marvel and wonder.

Some of the old timers at camp have stayed to the finish. George McNabb, who acts as midwife to all the cats and dogs who have made their home at camp, and who keeps the lights burning brightly at night is still on the job. So is Noah Spaulding who unjackets the spuds; Jerry Grant who walks around with the aid of a stick, John Peace, now in the galley, and little Joe Snarsky who now has an executive position in the office (he said it was executive)! Many of the other old timers have already gone on to make ready at Camp Lake Reba.

We have seen four different men in charge at camp. First came Captain Albert C. Wolfe, whose untiring efforts and genial personality put heart into the men through those first trying days in the rain. Then John W. Dally took charge until he left for Louisville, and after him came Lt. Crutcher who is now building up Camp Lake Reba. Last comes John Carroll Lowe who has the job of mopping up. The project began under Director Albert C. Wolfe - it closes under Director Hord Byrd. It's a job well done.

Behind them the boys are leaving over a hundred thousand hours of work on the park proper, exclusive of work in connection with running the camp. Approximately 2,000 men have passed through the camp, although the number of men actually on the rolls at any one time has never exceeded 175. Men have come and gone - but they've all done their bit.

The people of Kentucky will view with pride the State Park of Blue Licks Battleground on August 19th. Much of the credit for the improvements in the park belongs to the transients - without them the project could never have been completed.

It is our own transient memorial. At .30¢ an hour the value of the transient labor amounts to over \$30,000 and it never cost the State of Kentucky a single dime in State funds.



EXCHANGES

This is the complete mailing list of the ARK. Every two weeks a copy of our illustrious publication is sent to each and every address. In return, we receive a cargo of boosts, knocks, groans, piffle, swiped poetry, and original masterpieces- a miscellaneous collection like nothing under the sun. And we also get the news of what's happening all over the country, to say nothing of the pleasure the boys get out of reading 'em. It's worth the effort.

Alki, Seattle, Washington.
Arkansas Traveler, Ark.
Bantam, Rhode Island.
Beacon, Minnesota.
Brule Outlet, Minnesota.
Black Forester, Colorado.
Buzzer, Michigan
Charleston Palmetto, S.C.
Capital Camp News, Mo.
Cross Roads, Kentucky.
Capital News, Kansas.
Crusader, Iowa.
Cairo Egyptian, Ill.
Contact, Washington, D.C.
Camp Long News, N. Mexico
Daytonator, Ohio.
Desert Dust, Arizona
Dawn, Georgia,
Dynamo, Tennessee.
Exporter, Texas.
Fargo Flyer, N. Dakota.
Friend, Georgia.
Feroplane, N. Mexico.
Gateway, Texas.
Gateway, Florida.
Granite Stater, N. H.
Gunflint Trail, Minn.
Globe Trotter, La.
Globe, Iowa.
Hidalgo, N. Mexico.
Hilander, N. Carolina.
Indian, Nebraska.
Key, Frederick, Md.
Longhorn, Dallas, Texas.
Lariat, Fort Worth, Texas.
Leader, Rapid City, S. D.
Lighthouse, New Orleans, La.
Looking Up, New Haven, Conn.
Log, Kansas City, Mo.
Minot Mirror, Minot, N. D.
Magnolian, Jackson, Miss.
Midwest Breeze, Springfield, Ill.
Mile High News, Prescott, Ariz.



Melting Pot, Spartanburg, S.C.
Navajo, Albuquerque, N. Mex.
New Deal, Macon, Ga.
Nomad, San Francisco, Cal.
Oriole, Baltimore, Md.
Optimist, Greenwood, S.C.
Outlook, Vicksburg, Miss.
Oasis, Tucson, Ariz.
Pine Tree Bulletin, Maine.
Pelican Tribune, La.
Pioneer, Camp Yukon, Fla.
Peak, Colorado Springs, Col.
Pickup, Farrandville, Pa.
Quaker City Trumpet, Penn.
Rattler, Omaha, Neb.
Rambler, Hutchinson, Kansas.
Reveille, Fort Morgan, Ala.
Star Lake Meteor, Wisconsin.
Sand Waves, Tucumcari, N. Mex.
Sooner Trail, Oklahoma.
Santiam Trail Blazer, Oregon.
Sea Gull, Gulfport, Miss.
Stops & Dashes, Greenville, S. C.
Station Eric, Penn.
Sextant, Nags Head, N. C.
Sandune, Yuma, Ariz.
Transient Review, Spokane, Wash.
Transient City, Fort Eustis, Va.
Transogram, Salt Lake City.
Trading Post, Minn.
Tabloid, Toledo, Ohio.
Transet News, Meridian, Miss.
Transcript, Des Moines, Iowa.
Transient Comment, Moline, Ill.
Transentinal, Cheyenne, Wyo.
Transient Journal, Springfield, Mo.
Transition, Wilmington, Del.
Unemployed Cooperator, Minn.
Waysider, Boston, Mass.
Wolverine, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Wigwam, Paducah, Ky.
Windjammer, St. Petersburg, Fla.
That's all - there isn't any more.

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