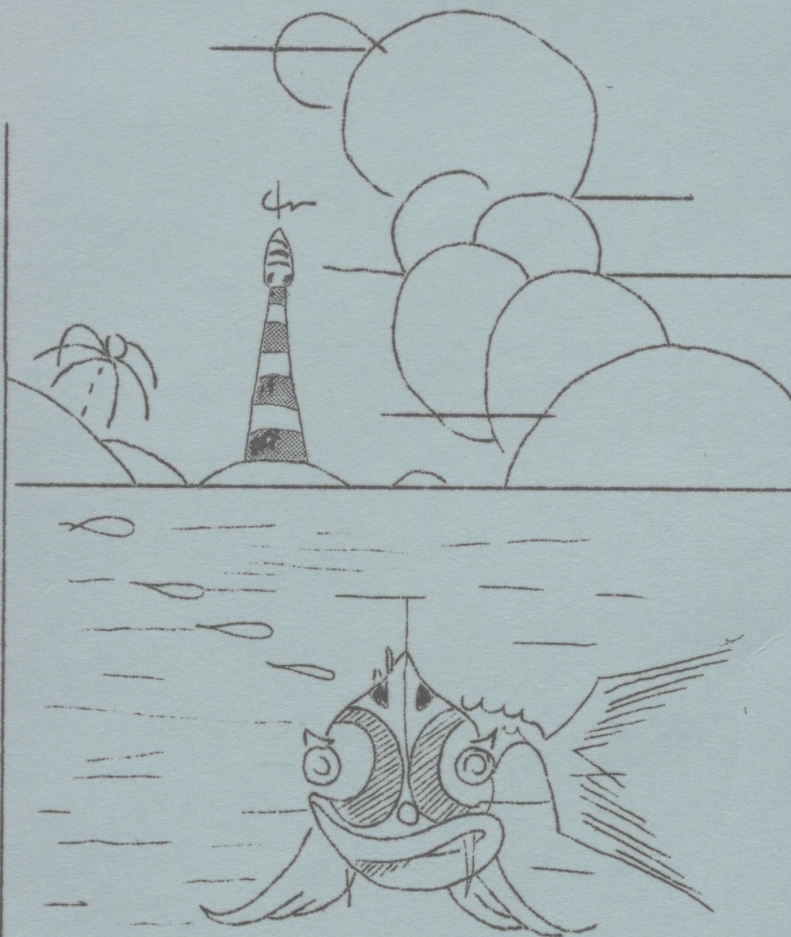


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The AIRIK



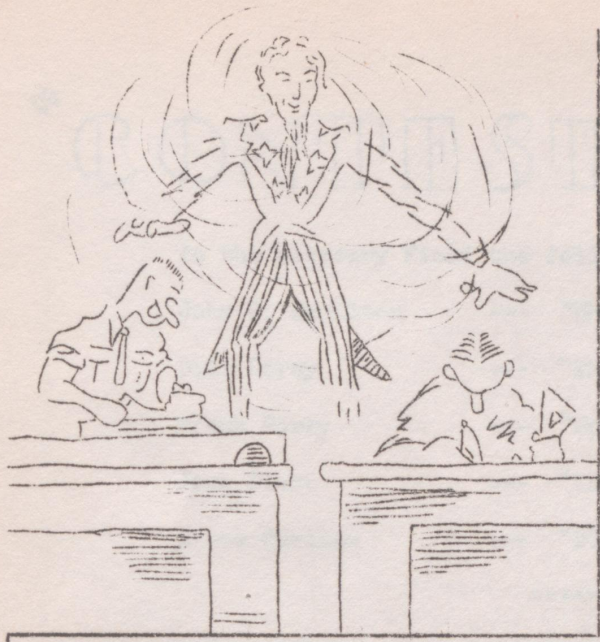
LEXINGTON TRANSIENT
BUREAU

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THE ARK

LEXINGTON, KY.

May 15 - - - - No 17.

Editor
Frank Perry

Artist
Jack Blake

The ARK is published twice each month, the stencil cutting and mimeographing being done by and through the courtesy of the State Office, Kentucky Emergency Relief Administration, Louisville, Ky.

The Transient Bureau is not responsible for any of the views or opinions expressed in this magazine, nor is the accuracy of any statement made herein guaranteed.

EDITORIAL

As an example of what can be done under adverse circumstances - a couple of young fellows in Ohio have built up a career and a business while serving time in the "pen". Today, once more free, they are enjoying the fruits of their efforts.

We're not advocating that you immediately dash out and bust in a drug store window so you can be sent to the "pen" to learn a profession. What we wish to point out is that we shall have a manual training school in the bureau very soon. A lathe, some tools, a band saw, and a set of drafting instruments have been requisitioned.

This is only a beginning. To those interested, this school may open up an avenue of lucrative employment in the future. Its up to us to take advantage of this interest in our well being.

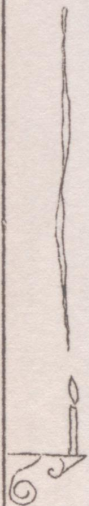
To consider the bureaus merely as boarding houses where we can earn our keep by putting in thirty hours a week is to take a very limited view of the situation. The bureaus are generously providing opportunities - its up to us to take advantage of them. Let's go!

- "Barnacle Bill"

"Pretty good, Bill," we agreed, "are you going to enroll?"

Bill gazed out of the window with pensive eyes towards the Lexington race track. "I wish they would put on a couple of Professors who knew something about parlays," he sighed.

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CONTEST AWARDS

In the Literary Field the following prizes were awarded:

John S. Hamilton	---	"What's on your mind"	---	\$1.00
Bill Carey	---	"The Sand Pile"	---	.50
Frank Perry	---	"Transient Bureaus"	---	.50
Jack Blake	---	"The C.C.C."	---	.25
Bruce Carlton	---	"Different Bureaus"	---	.15

Prizes were awarded in The Handicraft Division as follows:

Joe Engessor	---	"Wood Inlay"	---	.60
Joe Snarsky	---	"Wood Carving"	---	.60
Walter Sweet	---	"Weaving"	---	.60
Jack Blake	---	"Tapestry Design"	---	.60
Jerry Schultz	---	"Pencil Sketch"	---	.60

Note: The Judges felt that each entry in the Handicraft Division represented a different class and could not be judged against each other. Also that each showed enough skill to justify receiving an equal share of the prize money.

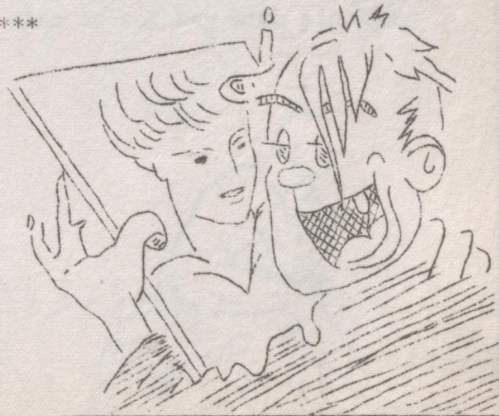
THE JUDGES

Tavner J. Adams -- Carroll Lowe -- Hazel Tuggle

Eleanor Bradley -- Hord Byrd

For full details regarding the next competition read the bulletin board. Congratulations to all the winners. If you cant win a three legged race - get in this. Let the old brain and hand win out for you.

All competitions are open to both the men of the camp and the bureau. Dont get discouraged if you dont win first prize. What may be the berries to the judges may be the nerts to the rest of us, you know!



What's on Your Mind?

What is on your mind? The person who knows - particularly the transient - is fortunate indeed, for he probably has a plan for the future. Social Service Workers, at least those rare few who are sincerely conscientious about their work, would give plenty to know what the transient bureau clients are thinking about. For then it would be possible, if they cared that much, to plan a program of rehabilitation. Even if it didn't work out to that extent at least some of us would have less to grumble about.

Conversations among an average group of transients discloses that most of them got a raw deal somewhere in life. The twin evils of whiskey and women get a large share of the blame. The transients bureaus are "all wet" and soon the Government is going to start paying everybody "fifty dollars a month". For the most part they sit around and discuss bumology; the easiest way to get by in this or that town; where to catch a freight train or the best section to thumb a ride on the highway. And the bureau in some other town is always much better.

But, gain the confidence of the individual transient and it gradually becomes apparent that underneath it all his thoughts are on something much more important. He is thinking about himself and wondering if, and when, he is going to get out of this bewildering mess in which he finds himself. Perhaps he won't admit that the real trouble lies in the fact that he relaxed at the wrong time. Maybe he doesn't even know that. Pointing it out now won't do much good.

The kid who runs away from home to see some other part of the country has always been a problem and always will be. Likewise, the fellow who prefers box cars, jungles, and the open road, to becoming a permanent citizen of some community, will continue to follow his own inclinations. But the homeless, job seeking transient is likely to become a mental pauper unless his mind is stimulated and kept alert.

There can be no question of fact that a man is in a very unhappy state of mind when he first applies for relief. He doesn't know what it is all about, and in most cases he is not told in a way that will contribute to the uplift of his mental condition. Intake departments, overmanned by a lot of aggressive "holier than thou" has beens or never was's, push him around until he finally arrives before the interviewer, or caseworker. This individual is usually overpressed with work, or else is so busy with pinching expenses on the one hand and tugging at the budget with the other, that, barring exceptions, the applicant is quickly converted into a client, and regardless of previous training, background, experience, or present problem, becomes just another case on the records for the total of that day. He walked into an intake office and - although it may have taken several hours - he is fed. The condition of his mind is his own problem.



Professional Social Service Workers talk about "making a plan" - rehabilitation - and kindred subjects, until the meaning of these terms become lost somewhere between textbooks on psychology and figures on the budget. Personnel placements, an important function in the commercial field, is sidetracked for personalities, selfish motives, pure bad judgment, or complete lack of judgment. It is a question whether or not the percentage of problems satisfactorily adjusted by good case work justifies the expense of the system.

The Government has just appropriated a large amount of money for relief purposes. A small part of this will eventually reach the transient. In the meantime, there is not much he can do but wait and hope for gainful occupation.

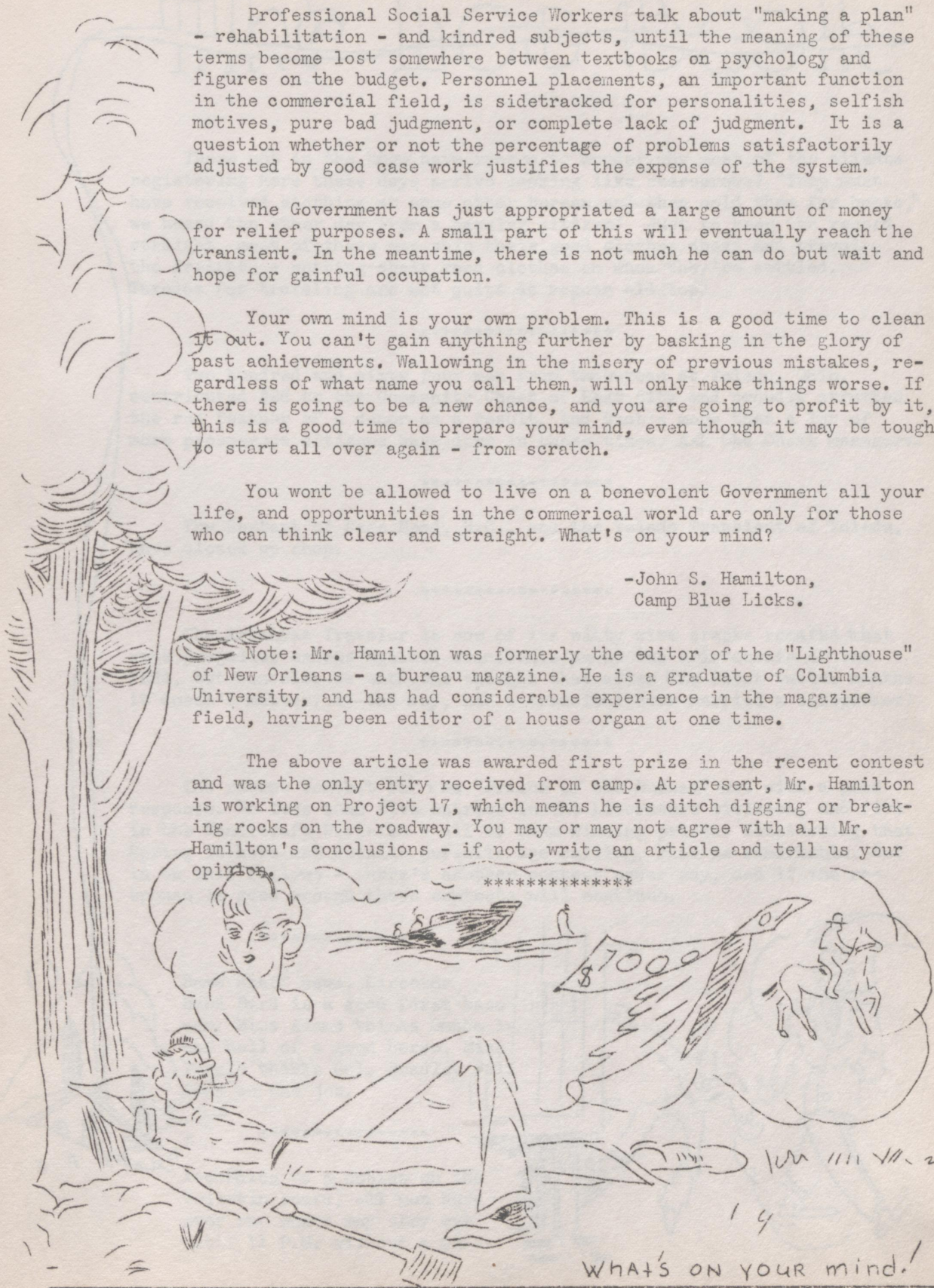
Your own mind is your own problem. This is a good time to clean it out. You can't gain anything further by basking in the glory of past achievements. Wallowing in the misery of previous mistakes, regardless of what name you call them, will only make things worse. If there is going to be a new chance, and you are going to profit by it, this is a good time to prepare your mind, even though it may be tough to start all over again - from scratch.

You won't be allowed to live on a benevolent Government all your life, and opportunities in the commercial world are only for those who can think clear and straight. What's on your mind?

-John S. Hamilton,
Camp Blue Licks.

Note: Mr. Hamilton was formerly the editor of the "Lighthouse" of New Orleans - a bureau magazine. He is a graduate of Columbia University, and has had considerable experience in the magazine field, having been editor of a house organ at one time.

The above article was awarded first prize in the recent contest and was the only entry received from camp. At present, Mr. Hamilton is working on Project 17, which means he is ditch digging or breaking rocks on the roadway. You may or may not agree with all Mr. Hamilton's conclusions - if not, write an article and tell us your opinion.



The Log Book

Those not in the know have reason to wonder why most of the clients registering here these days arrive looking like scarecrows! "They must have received clothing at some other bureau and then sold them for booze," we heard the other day from a passing citizen! Just to keep the record straight, most of these men ship their good clothes ahead and travel the freights - putting their good clothes on when they're settled. Tuxedos for traveling are not quite de reguer old top!

Two hundred and sixty four men from the bureau at Toledo, Ohio, contributed \$26 to the Community Chest of that city and proudly strutted the red feather of a donor as a result. And that's more than a lot of more prosperous citizens have done in these times. Ask the Chest managers!

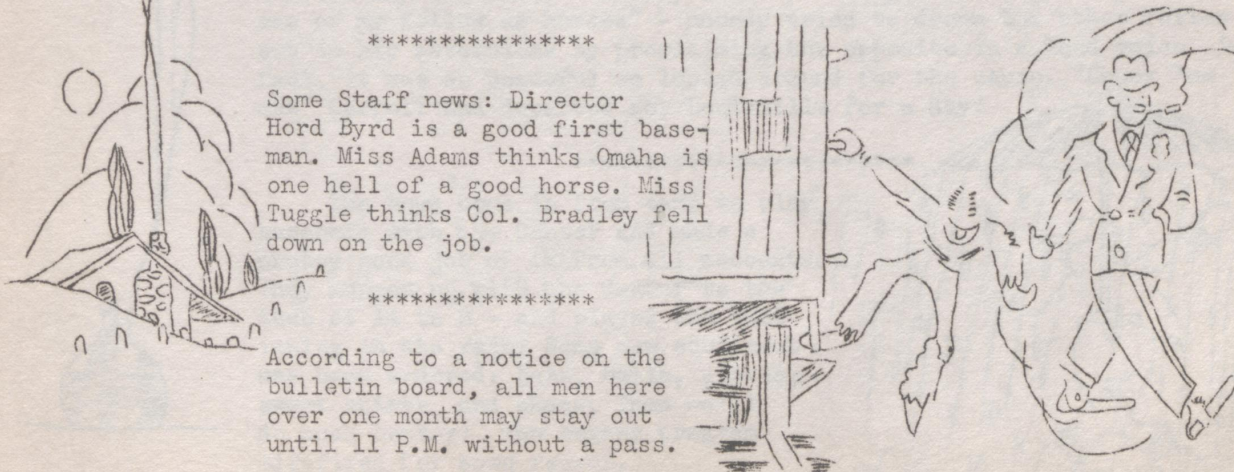
The Sextant of Nags Head, N.C., and the Toledo Transient of Toledo, have closed up shop.

The Arkansas Traveler is one of its witty wise cracks remarks that some prejudice exists against transients amont the aristocrats of the FERA, but consoles us with the thought that after the first twelve months it doesn't matter! By the way, has a transient ever married a caseworker?

The recent contest for the "Brains of the Bureau" met with a good response. No less than five entries in the Literature Division, and five in the Handicraft Division - all of them winning prizes. Considering that Spring is here and outside pursuits are calling, this is remarkable. Get in on this fellows - there's another contest under way, and if the response is good enough these contests will continue.

Some Staff news: Director Hord Byrd is a good first base man. Miss Adams thinks Omaha is one hell of a good horse. Miss Tuggle thinks Col. Bradley fell down on the job.

According to a notice on the bulletin board, all men here over one month may stay out until 11 P.M. without a pass.



The obscure ruling regarding the cash allowance has resulted in some dissatisfaction and a number of check outs. Heretofore, the top rate has been three dollars, scaling down by halves and quarters to one dollar. It seems that only 20% of the payroll is to be allotted to the men in the higher brackets, which resulted in the top pay being cut to two dollars. This week it was two fifty. It seems to us it would be more satisfactory if rated jobs received a stipulated sum - it would be conducive to greater harmony in the bureau. Never could understand why the scale changes all over the country!

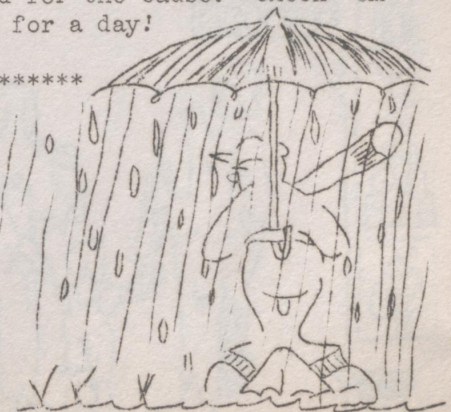
"The press the country over is far from friendly to the social work philosophy of relief administration. Back of propaganda, and receptive to it is a large and restive body of worried taxpayers alarmed at the proportions of "this business of relief", and convinced that it can and must be deflated. What is needed is a new, aggressive and united assertion of the values at stake. Survey.

Seems to be impossible to get any information from Camp these days. Should be some one capable of writing up the doin's, but they simply wont come across. We can go out for a couple of days and get enough news to fill a book, so the old gag of "nothing happens" wont go. Why not appoint some one as Camp Correspondent? We heard a former editor of the "Lighthouse" is digging ditches out there - well, maybe he wants to!

The pool table is now in operation at the Center - neatly covered with green baize by bureau men and a swell job was made of it. The playing periods have been arranged so the colored clients get a chance to play. Heard that some of the white boys were peeved the other evening when a game was broken up with only a few minutes to go. Compromise a little, Mr. Attendant!

For the greater part of one day peace and quiet reigned around this bureau and around the office of the ARK. Nobody came in and started any arguments - nobody said "I told you he would win, he was one of my follow up horses" - nobody tried to drown the other fellow out in his assertions by proclaiming the opposite in a loud voice. In fact, it was so peaceful we looked around for the cause. "Check 'em out" Carroll had departed for Louisville for a day!

The boys come in from camp to play baseball with the Center and made a pretty good job of it from all accounts. They mopped up with the Center to the tune of 14 to 3 - and played the last inning in the rain! Some new equipment has been ordered; bats, balls, gloves, sweat shirts, and shoes. Then we'll do much better! The boxing program missfired for some reason.



AAARRRAH!

What would happen if relief was suddenly discontinued in the Transient Bureaus?

This probability has aroused endless discussions among bureau clients. Would the clients march on to Washington, or roam the countryside again as individuals? Would the discarding of the bureaus have any effect on the political situation, in view of the fact that these men have no voting power? Would the Government save money by throwing these men on their own resources?

Let's assume that the 250,000 inmates of the bureaus are thrown out into a cold and unfeeling world to sink and swim. At first, being without leaders, many would aimlessly wander over the countryside, the cities would be flooded with pan handlers, many robberies would occur, and for the first few weeks many thousands would be caught up in police drives against vagrants.

The average transient is an individualist, and concerted mass action is foreign to his nature. In isolated cases, groups would organize under some local leader and march on Washington. In practically every case these leaders would be paid Communistic agitators who would gather up their quota of marchers from the mission soup lines. Few of these groups would reach Washington - the police would break them up - but considerable newspaper notoriety would be achieved which would make for political capital - and unrest!

Innumeral smaller groups would form all over the country. These groups would engage in criminal activities such as hold ups, robberies of stores and warehouses and other crimes of violence. One successful coup, and these groups would break up, to reform as other groups, to be finally absorbed into our prison population.

Hunger - not anger, would be the principle driving cause behind these activities. With the labor market remaining stagnant, there is no alternative for men without resources but to starve, steal, or beg. Few will starve, many will beg until increasing police activity fills the jails and prison farms to overflowing. A minority will steal - but this minority will exact a heavy toll in property and lives. A smaller number will find work - ousting others from jobs at less pay, causing further disruption in the social system.

Increased Communistic activities will become evident in the opening up of bread lines in the large centers of population, and marches and demonstrations through the streets would become a daily feature - the procession always winding up at the Communistic soup kitchen. Police activity would result in riots and bloodshed, and the floating population of homeless wanderers will flock to these disturbances in thousands - in the hopes of loot, food, and excitement.



All over the country, as the pressure became greater and starving men more desperate; riots, window smashing, and the looting of stores would increase - and not all the looting and window smashing would be done by homeless men! Their ranks will be recruited from the local population of idle men - inflamed by example and inspired by the spirit of hopelessness towards the future which will be evident on all sides.

Agitators by the hundreds will spring up who will endeavor to marshall the isolated groups of homeless men into a concerted march on Washington. An increasing number of local idle men and veterans will join these demonstrations, and the original army of 250,000 bureau clients will swell to immense proportions. The issue will no longer be between who shall eat and who shall not - but will become a huge political demonstration!

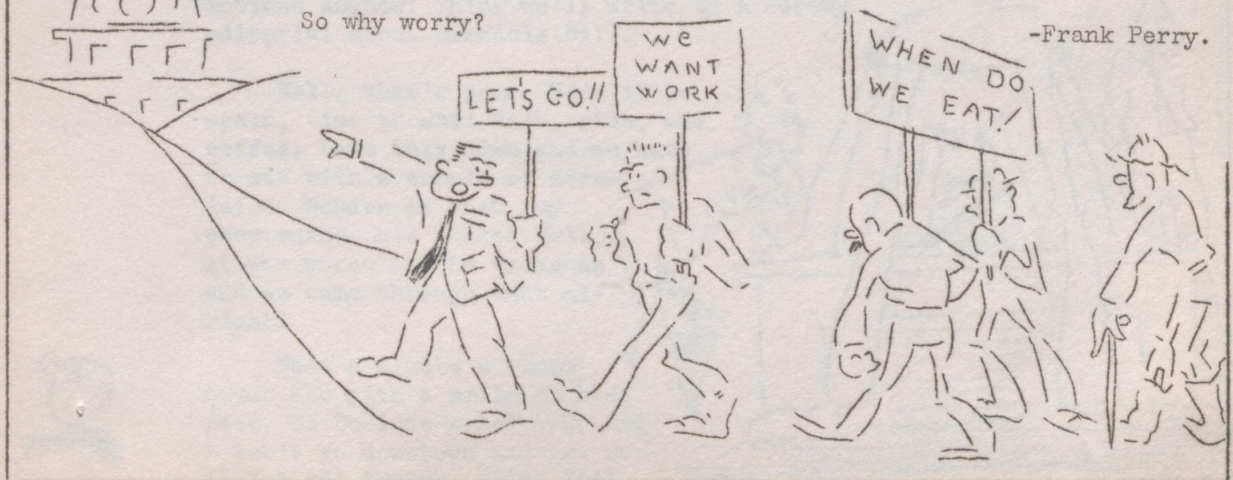
This will be the opportunity for which certain political demagogues have been waiting. Backed by the rising tide of indignation from the stable population of the country - they will ride into power. And then will come a Dictatorship similar to those in existence in Europe today. The vast army of unemployed will be drafted into a mobile force similar to the Brown Shirts of Germany - fed, drilled, and clothed for one purpose only - to keep the Dictator in power by force of arms!

If you think all this is fantastic and impossible, then refresh your memory by reading up on your history. The French Revolution was a hunger strike; so was the Russian, and so was the Chinese. Add modern education to the revolution of today, remember that Russia will and does finance propaganda aimed to destroy the capitalistic class. Remember that people must eat - and that starving men are desperate men. Back of all revolutionary upheavals stands the specter of hunger!

No, the bureaus will not be discontinued overnight. They may be disbanded slowly, but only as the records show a decrease in the number of men on relief. Keep the homeless men fed and there will be no danger of revolution from that source. The Government is aware that this condition is dynamite, and will not take action until the business trend is definitely upward - and by that time many of the bureau clients will be employed.

So why worry?

-Frank Perry.



AN EDITOR'S DAY



Eight o'clock - there's the roll call! Bunch of men going out to the Narcotic Farm to work. The colored contingent already cleaning up and almost finished. Men waiting to see the caseworker for clothing. The day has begun - up to the office.

What's news? Want to see the editor of the ARK? Alright, barge in and shut the door. The more the merrier. Got a match? Gimme a smoke! Here's some more spinach - bureau mags - gotta read them all! Maybe we can swipe something out of them. Who won the first at Churchill? Oh well, I knew that nag was a bust but I listened to Carroll!

Are we going to play baseball this afternoon? Sure, stick around for awhile. More scandal - transient seen walking down town with some girl from across the tracks! Here, dont take that magazine away with you - you mug! Get to hell out of here, you guys. We gotta work.

How about that cover for the next ARK? Something cheery and simple. Make up a page of sketches too while you're about it! What's that? The fire alarm. Take a look outside Blake and see if any smoke is coming up from the basement. Just a false alarm - just testing the horns! Nuts! So you're leaving today, are you Shorty? Well, drop us a line and tell us how the other bureaus are getting along. Write us an article about it!

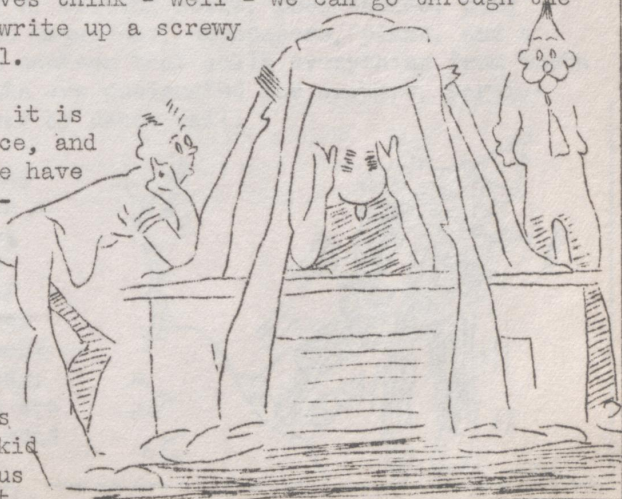
What's that? You want us to print your poem? Sure, leave it here. Hells Bells - another copy! Some of you guys dont care a hoot about copy-rights, do you? Gotta go down and get some tobacco. Have we heard this one? No, spill it George. Haw, haw. Nerts, cant put that one in the ARK. Goes through the mails. Holy smoke - its time to eat - not a darn thing written so far this morning!

What? - they're cutting the pay of the big shots? Oh, just those on the allowance. That includes us! The joint is going to hell. Why dont they start the work program or something. Alright, check out buddy, we wish you luck, but dont go up into Ohio. They're cutting out everything up there. Hey, Mac! Going down town? Put half a buck on Dodiado wilya? If he comes in I'll buy a steak for supper!

Pretty good sketches kid! Listen, will you birds get out of the office so we can hear ourselves think - well - we can go through the motions anyhow! Think we'll write up a screwy editorial about Barnacle Bill.

Well, that's done. Here it is again, time to eat! Hash, rice, and coffee. Late this time and we have to sit with a couple of aire-dales. Wonder if that guy ever washes his hands? Well, it was worse in the trenches and we came through that alright!

Wait a minute - there comes Mac with a smile on his face. So Dodiado wins! O.K. kid - let's go downtown and get us that steak supper. Bring that poem up tomorrow buddy - we're on our way!



IN THE C.C.C.'S

Two years ago, CCC camps were organized for the purpose of helping the younger male generation and their families. A huge undertaking that has proved to be of unlimited value to the United States as well as the young men and their dependents.

CCC has cost the Government a lot of money, yet, through re-afforestation, the government has eliminated the cost of fires, and lives lost by fire in each individual state. In beautifying the states, the forests have been cleared, public parks improved, and new ones constructed. An improvement in fire hazard has been noticed in the thousands of miles of fire roads, fire breaks, telephone lines, many new Ranger stations, lookout towers, and lanes that reach deep into the forests were only horse trails were to be found. Much has been done in rodent control.

In the making of all these projects, thousands of young men have received an education and experience that they may have never gotten otherwise. For those that have talent and ability along certain lines, every effort is made to put them in those various occupations. For instance, some are made operators of tractors, jack hammers, compressors, trucks, etc. Others are made painters, carpenters, planters, cooks, clerks, rangers, and road foremen. Some are put in the hospital ward where they understudy efficient Army and Navy doctors.

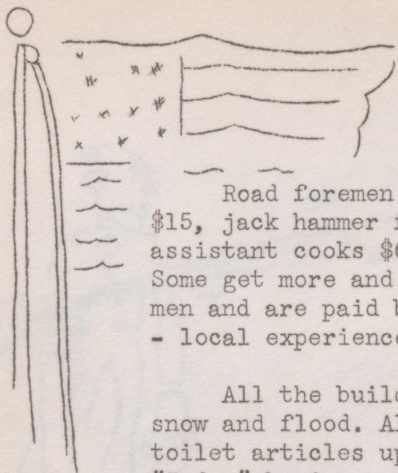
First aid lectures are given weekly. There are also classes in woodwork, aviation, commercial art, diessel motors, and fire fighting. Athletics galore; boxing, baseball, swimming, and horse shoe pitching. Participation in any local league is allowed. In colder climates, CCC men are often seen ice skating, sleigh riding, skiing, or snow fighting. They work hard and play hard.

The CCC is run by efficient reserve officers and foresters. The men are well disciplined and tactfully handled. The CCC men are allotted \$30 a month and \$25 of that is sent to a dependent. This is compulsory. The food is well cooked and there is plenty of it. The kitchen is kept clean and immaculate.

The recreation room consists of writing desks, pool tables, ping pong tables, fireplaces, radio and magazines, newspapers, piano, and a well supplies library. There is a canteen that sells everything from tooth paste to you know what. The profits are designated for smokers, parties held in the mess hall, or some near by dance hall.

The men are allowed to go home every week end unless they live in a restricted area. In that case they are allowed only every other week end off, alternating with one half the camp one week end and the other half the next week end. The men work five days a week, eight hours a day, and one hour off for lunch. There are opportunities for advancement to road foremen and other ratings.





Road foremen receive \$15 a month extra, some cat skimmers get \$15, jack hammer foremen \$6, mechanics, \$6, clerks \$6, swampers \$6, assistant cooks \$6, head cooks \$15, compressor men \$15, and so on. Some get more and some get less, it varies. Carpenters are all union men and are paid by the hour. There are from twenty to thirty L.E.M. - local experience men - these get all their pay.

All the buildings are well kept and constructed to withstand snow and flood. All CCCmen are supplied with complete clothing and toilet articles upon entry. When a man raises his right hand and says "I do," he is a member of the Civilian Conservation Corps. He will not be given a discharge until six months are up unless he has work and gives a written statement from his employer. He can obtain an honorable discharge from the doctor also. The limit of stay is fifteen months. Any man receiving a dishonorable discharge will be barred from further enlistment.

In case of accident while a ward of one of these camps, compensation will be given accordingly. All men are well examined before entry, and those who have contagious or venereal disease, or are above or below the age limit will be turned down.

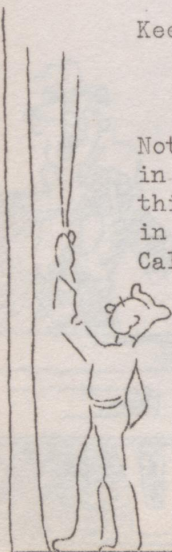
There are many cases of men having all or part of their allotment returned to them, but this is done without the knowledge of the authorities. Also, it is not an infrequent sight to see the relatives of some of the boys drive into camp in expensive cars to visit them. There are numerous cases of young men putting in time during the summer and then leaving for school before their enlistment expires, but the majority are the sons of people who need the allotment.

What becomes of these men when their time is expired and they leave the CCC camps? Many of them wander around the country and are to be found in transient camps. Under present conditions there is no place for them at home. When they have served their time limit there is nothing else much for them to do.

Why does Uncle Sam want all these men in the fighting age? Keeping them well disciplined and conditioned? Just a thought.

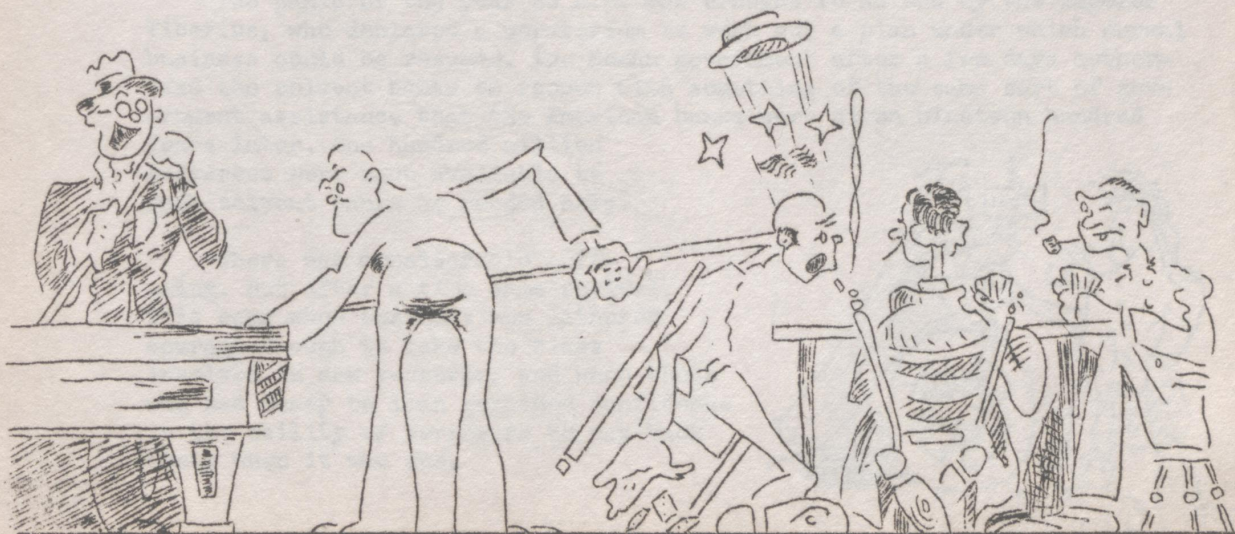
--Jack Blake.

Note: Jack Blake is the artist of the ARK. He served fifteen months in the CCC, working as cat skinner, with pick and shovel, or "everything from soup to nuts" as he expressed it. He was foreman for awhile in a sub camp. Says his knowledge is limited to only one district in California.





THERE IS ONE IN EVERY BUREAU



THE PANIC/

In the autumn of a certain year the discovery that highly trusted executive had embezzled a large sum of money caused a great and rich concern to go into bankruptcy. At the same time, two important commodities collapsed, precipitating the failure of a world renowned firm engaged in international trade. Naturally these concerns had been doing business on borrowed money.

When the public was apprized of the identity of the banks which had financed the insolvent firms, depositors formed lines and demanded their money. One bank, which had always been regarded as the "Rock of Gibraltar" couldn't stand the run and was closed. With that event the run spread to other banks having no connection with the bankrupt concerns.

Bankers besieged by their depositors stopped lending money and demanded that those who owed should pay up at once. When notes became due, bankers had to refuse to extend them. Those who had chattels which could be converted into cash sold out, whatever might be the loss in doing so. Good real estate could scarcely be given away.

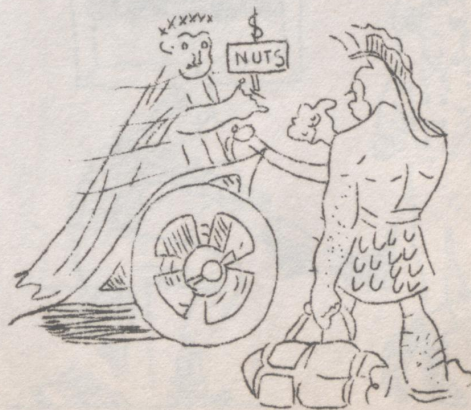
Persons who had fortunes a few weeks before were wondering where their next meal was coming from. The loss at sea of three ships with rich cargoes added to the confusion.

What I have been describing to you is an actual panic which preceded one of the worst depressions the world has ever known. It was not the panic of 1929, however. It did not happen even in this century or on this continent. The time was the year 33 A.D. and the place was Rome.

Rome at this time was enjoying the highest civilization the world had attained down to the 19th century. The firm whose failure was the immediate precipitating cause of the debacle was not Insull and Son, nor Krueger and Toll, but Malthus and Co. who had a home office at Tyre and branches at Ephesus and Antioch. It was not the banks of Detroit nor the Bain chain which had to close, but the great banking house conducted by Quintus Maximus and Lucius Vibo. The commodities which collapsed and caused losses to many people were not wheat and cotton, but ivory and ostrich feathers.

The panic of the year 33 A.D. was brought to an end by the Emperor Tiberius, who declared a moratorium to work out a plan under which normal business could be resumed. The Roman government after a few days authorized the solvent banks to reopen with something of the same sort of government assistance that the American banks were given nineteen hundred years later. One hundred million sesterces were made available to such solvent banks as needed help.

There was considerable suffering. But after a time came revival. This came when business men gathered courage enough to take the risks involved in new ventures, and when those who had money to loan regained confidence in the ability of borrowers to pay back money when it was due.



THEY'RE OFF!

Few people realize just what a jockey does, thinks and talks about before and during a horse race - or knows what goes on, behind the scenes. Here's what happened to me while riding, not so long ago.

That morning I drank a cup of coffee and ate one slice of toast - had to make the weight! I had also ran five miles that morning in a rubber suit. This business of denying oneself is one of the tough breaks of the game.

It had been raining for about five days and everything was mud. The track was hoof deep. The horse I was to ride was a three year old colt and was to carry 105 pounds. "Everything all set" asked the trainer. "Yes", I answered. After talking a minute we started over to the Administration Building. "Will see you in the paddock" I called as I went up to the Jock's room to don my silks.

"What are you riding today, Bug?" asked a first string jock. "Some Day" I answered, "in the second race." "Yes, it will be "some day" when that beetle comes in first," wisecracks another jock. More wise cracks are passed around at my expense. Just as I was sitting down to pull on my boots, one of the older jocks came over, patted me on the back and said "Never mind kid. It's all O.K. They all had the same experience once, don't let it get you". But it does kind of get under your skin at first - this wise cracking!

Time for the second race. We go down with the valet to the weighing room, carrying our tack. "One pound over" says the checker to the first jock. The jock says nothing but you can almost hear what he is thinking'. I step up on to the scales. "Quarter pound over" says the checker. Tough guy - if he could make two hundred he would have to diet for a year!

The valets take our saddles and into the paddock we go. "You're sure going to eat mud today" he says. "Not if I can help it" I answer. In steps the trainer and gives me last minute instructions. "Now break quick and get a good cross hold before you reach the first turn, then hold him about fourth in the back stretch. Keep clear of all interference, because this colt will quit if he gets bumped around. Give him all you have in the stretch and you should be first under the wire".

Just then the Paddock Judge calls out "Mount your horses" - and the valets give us a leg up. In back of me some horse kicks the boards of his stall, and my horse jumps. I pat him on the neck to quieten him, and off we go in the parade to the post - a most beautiful sight!

FAST
FILLIES



Reaching the barrier and taking our positions, the assistant starter helps me get my horse in line. He breaks out, and the starter pushes him back. He breaks again and the starter hollers "If your horse breaks again it will cost you fifty bucks". I dare not answer him back or I shall be fined alright! My horse rears and the assistant starter puts a twitch on his nose.

Just then the bell clangs and I'm caught half way back of the stall gate. Up go my reins and in go my heels. I throw all my weight on my horses neck and we're off to a bad start! I reach forward to get hold of the twitch, and luckily it drops off without spilling my horse. Down the track we tear - about four lengths behind the last horse - and oh, what mud! Turning in the bend I reach the bunch and take my horse to the middle of the track.

Mud is flying and I can just about see the leading horse. I let my horse out a little, hoping not to burn him out. A hole opens up in front of me and I jab both heels into my horse and make a dive for it. I make it without getting bumped and now for the break. Faster we go, and just then the horse setting the pace falls back. I glance at the horse beside me and notice he is out of breath. I get past him as we hit the far turn.

I get set coming into the stretch and down comes my whip and in with my heels. I am now gaining on the leading horse - and what mud! I am covered from head to foot and so is my horse but he seems to revel in the soft going. Just as we hit the eight pole we draw level with the leading horse. The crowd may be yelling their heads off but none of us notice it!

The leading jock is trying to crowd me to the rail - in about five more strides it will be all over! Just then my horse lets out a burst of speed and we come home in front - by a head!

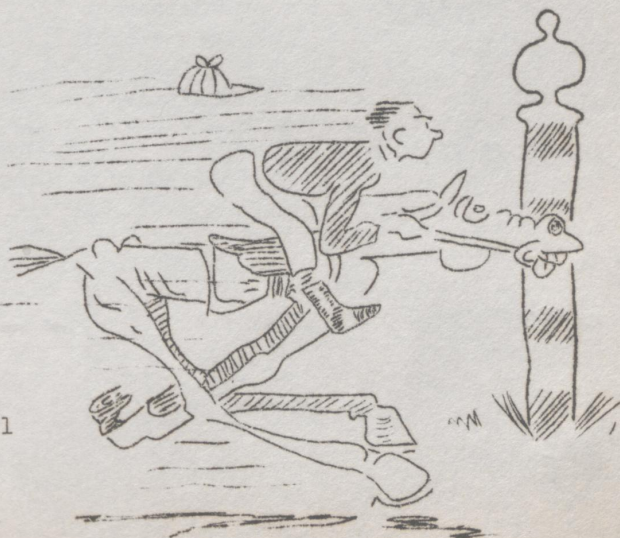
Standing up in my stirrups, I bring my horse to a stop, turn him around and down into the winners circle. The people in the stand give us a great hand and the other jocks are now dismounting. I throw my whip to the valet and jump down, unhitch my saddle and carrying it over my arm I walk through the Judge's stand and step on the scales. Two pounds less than what I weighed fifteen minutes ago!

Coming up the walk, the trainer starts to tell me what I should have done'. Winning does not help you out! I take it anyhow, Oh well, its all in the days work. But I won the race - my first!

- Tom McLeod.

Note: Mac entered the above in the competition now being held. He's only a little runt but very popular around the bureau. He can be found over on the track a block away most every morning - watching the work outs.

Mac has had hard luck, having met with an accident which put him out of the running for quite awhile. He expects to get back into the game very shortly - and if we ever meet him on the track when he's riding we'll put an extra saw buck on his mount for luck!



EXCHANGES

THE LOG - Kansas City, Mo., Herman Olston, Editor. No. 4

We've read your article "Traveler's Directories", and wonder whoinell appointed you censor of other bureau magazines! So, from now on the Log will be the only camp paper available to the men in the Kansas City Transient Camp! You - - - -ass! Check him out!

THE LARIAT, Fort Worth, Texas, R. M. McClay, Editor, No. 7

We have an idea your editorial is closer to the point, written with greater skill, and more logical than the one that aroused your ire in the Fort Worth Star Telegram! Why try to educate these newspaper nit wits who abuse the bureaus? Just razz 'em! They would be in the bread line too, or cheating landladies but for a twist of fate.

THE GLOBE TROTTER, Monroe, La., R. R. Webber, Editor, No. 1

Shake, brother! The "Ballyhoo" of the bureaus has arrived. Your ad, on the back cover caused a dozen check-outs here! But whyinell did you censor Huey Long's name out of the "Ballad of the Bureau"? Tsk, tsk, clever - no end! Weliku!

CONTACT, Washington, D.C., W. H. Crawford, Editor, No. 11

Better than the bureau, we hear! We get a good picture of your bailiwick from the contents, and the features are great. Have you ever interviewed Hiram Abiff?

TRANSIENT COMMENT, Moline, Ill., Frank Payne, Editor, No. 22

How many notice those words of wisdom under your title? We like Edgar H. King's articles and want to read them all. Your mag plenty condensed but very readable - keep coming.

THE WIGWAM, Paducah, Ky., Guy Phillips, Editor, No. 9

Very interesting - full of news - good stuff. But pul - ease lay off the preaching editorials or hire a hall! We like your features - keep coming. Note - our typewriter wont spell worth a damn either!

ALKI, Seattle, Washington, Roy Peppin, Editor, No. 8

Great minds work together! Our cover for this month was practically a duplicate of yours so we changed it at the last minute! Never received your letter - would like to hear from you. Found that Barnacle Bill article in the "Bantam" and appreciate your comment. So it helped your bureau too! "Found - a man" is a smash!

THE WIND JAMMER, St. Petersburg, Fla., Frank T. Davis, Editor, No. 35

The ARK has been called Bolshevik - profane - lousy - punk - good - bad - and indifferent. You're the first one to call it dignified! Just another touch of your originality! How you keep up the quality of your mag is a puzzle to us - must be the climate. Cheerio.

THE GATEWAY, El Paso, Texas, Jack Stanley, Editor, No. 2

Your one word description of the mags unique. Like your size and style. That's all for this time. Selah.

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