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The ARK

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY



LEXINGTON-TRANSIENT-BUREAU

MARCH-1ST-NUMBER-13

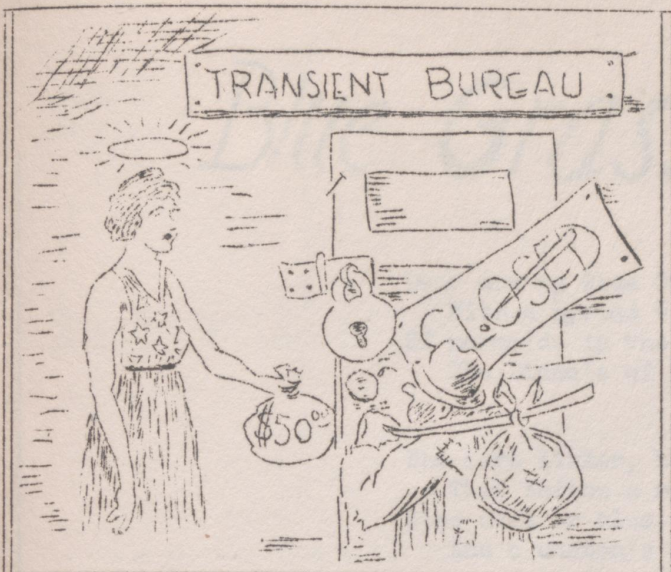
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THE ARK LEXINGTON, KY

EDITOR FRANK PERRY ARTIST WALT SCHONEMAN

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EDITORIAL

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It costs \$461.25 to keep a man in jail for a year.

If we chisel off some odd figures to make it easier, we find it costs about \$8.75 a week. Because the Transient Bureau has more supervisors, probably feeds better, and a greater overhead, we can safely assume the average weekly cost of each transient to the Government to be around \$10.00 a week.

The number of transients on the rolls at any one time seems to be about 250,000 - let's say 300,000. At \$520.00 a year each, they cost the Government just \$156,000,000.

We have talked to many transients, and all of them have said "If I had \$50.00 in cash, the transient bureau could go jump in the lake" - or words to that effect!

So we've figured out a way for the Government to save \$141,000,000 during this year - provided the bureaus run that long. Just give every transient on the rolls \$50.00 in cash and tell 'em to get to hell out of the joint. Then lock the doors to be sure they won't try to sleep there that night!

This will cost \$15,000,000 which is a big saving over \$156,000,000.

We offer this plan to the Government free of cost - not even a sales tax. We'll even throw in a bonus for the case workers - they're all broke too!

Even if the boys spent the rest of the year in jail after they've spent the \$50.00, the Government could still save on the deal!

Which is more than we can do!

115433

- "Barnacle Bill"

Blue Grass Dreams

Dear are my Blue Grass dreams,
With a myriad tingling thrills,
Of mermaids in the streams,
The Diana's of the hills.

The corn likker, beer and wine,
That soften a maiden's smiles,
Eyes dark or blue, that shine,
And a wanton's passionate wiles.

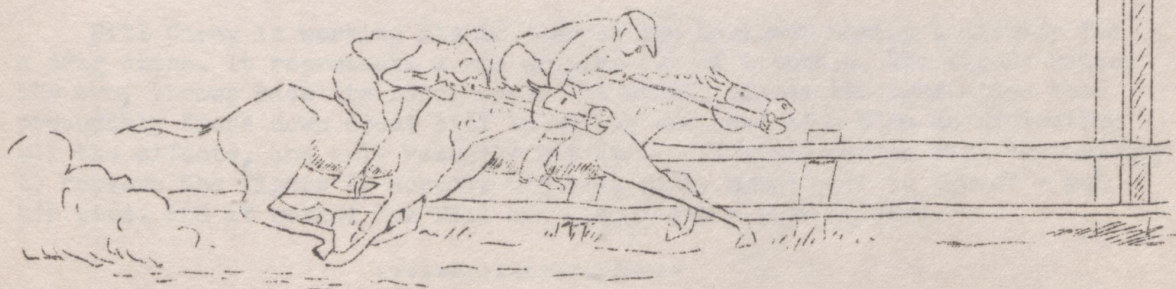
The perfume of silken hair,
Velvet skin, smooth, milk white,
A rose lit, silken lair,
Soft lips that cling in the night.

The feel of a pair of dice,
Thrill of a good poker hand,
The best of what's naughty but nice,
That a rounder can understand.

Placing a bet on a "hoss",
Watching him lead round the bend,
Then in the stretch its a loss,
But he wins by a nose in the end.

Dear are my Blue Grass dreams,
Whether peaceful sad, or gay,
Time sweetens memories, it seems,
And I hope it is ever that way.

-Bill Carey.





LEAVES FROM LOG BOOK

Lt. Saunders should be in the promoting business. Through his connection with the Boy Scouts, he is promoting 10,000 books for the library. Each Boy Scout has promised to go home and collect from the family archives all the books he can find lying around - five books to each Boy Scout is the quota. Hope they don't all decide to bring Ladies Home Journals! Thanks a lot, Lt. and Boy Scouts. We worked long and hard last summer to make Camp Pakuneki a pleasant place for everybody, and we know you won't fail us.

Have just received the news from Miss Atkins that Captain Albert C. Wolfe, formerly Director of this bureau, is now Camp Commander of a CCC camp at Crandon, Wisconsin.

The boys are certainly making a good job of painting around the place. The prevailing color scheme on the walls - and the boys - is a light cream upper with a chocolate lower and a band of black between. Very clean and artistic looking.

Well, all the double deck bunks are ne pas, which means - out. On orders from Washington. Back to the single cots, to the relief of the oldsters who had a heck of a time keeping a footing on those upper decks, to say nothing of the hazardous flight up there. Something about meningitis, and air space, or sumpin'. All the knives, forks, and spoons must be soaked in some chemical after washing, which will insure most of us from inhaling more than the usual quantity of germs around here. And something else - must be three feet space for each man at the dining-room table, and not less than two and a half feet across the table. Plenty of fighting room for elbows.

Bill Carey is working nights down in the basement making a display for a drug store. It represents a man drining out of a bottle. The figure raises its arm, throws back its head, opens its mouth, closes its eyes - and then presumably drops down dead! Bill is having one heck of a time co-ordinating all the effects, and only recently hit upon a flexible medium with the ability to restore the figure to normal. His best girl, Mabel - or is Agnes? - put him wise. And it works! Now Bill has a real job - Best O'Luck.

Women have more of what is termed good sense than men. They cannot reason wrong, for they do not reason at all - Hazlitt.

Ask George Bennett to tell you the story of the fly and the piece of sugar! It's a gambling game played on the transatlantic Liners. Everybody in the game buys a piece of sugar which is placed on the table, and then a big blue bottle fly is released. Whichever lump of sugar the fly alights upon first - the owner of the sugar collects the pool. There's a way to insure the fly alighting on your piece of sugar first - ask George for the secret - we can't tell you here. It's good!

Spring is in the air. The boys in camp are leaving fast but there's always newcomers to take their places. John C. (Fighting) Mohun has heard the call of the steamboats, and Bill (Wisecrack) Munhall's crispy comments will be heard no more at the window of the supply office. The pile of winter sheep skin lined overcoats gets less and less as guards come and go - but Stubby goes on forever.

Mac McClure has made some card tables for the recreation room with checker board tops. Lt. Saunders is digging up boxers, checker players, domino experts, and ping pong hounds and is getting them organized. This Center will really be a place to live after awhile, and men will be able to spend an evening enjoyably. The poker players will probably find a quiet spot of their own, and magazines and books should soon make their appearance on the scene. Writing tables will be provided so the boys can write something for the ARK! V. Raleigh is dishing out the checkers and cards and has promised to write us all about the doings around the recreation room.

Giveaway day on sheep skin lined coats today. Director Hord Byrd called the men into the office who have been working long and hard to get the new Center into shape, and made them a speech. In appreciation of their untiring and willing efforts to get things done. Director Byrd gave every one of the men a new sheep skin lined coat with no strings attached. The men expressed their appreciation in a burst of applause. We were busy typing up the payroll in the next office at the time and missed the finer points - but everybody seemed well satisfied all round. 'Tis practical thoughtfulness like this that men appreciate.

Dizzy Dean and Charley Watson, our ever polite truck drivers, have been on the go night and day - they say. Couple of genial guys anyway, Have a cigarette pal!

A coupla fellers arrived too late to register last Saturday night and had to sit on the doorstep until the place opened. At intervals they warmed their hands over an oil flare in the center of the street marking a broken spot in the pavement. Better catch those early freights or stay where you are over Sunday fellers. Most of the bureaus are closed to registration over the week end.



They're signing up men for future Government work jobs at Greenwood, S.C. When signing up, the applicant is asked what he is best fitted to do. The "Optimist" states they have several bank presidents, railroad executives, and a flock of stock brokers on hand. So that's where my pals of the Florida boom days are hanging out.

Jerry O'Day, one of the dozen or so who have checked out of Camp Blue Licks at opportune times, is now in Kenton, Ohio, doing some ham and egg boxing. Says he wants to get in touch with all those he owes any money and he'll pay it, pronto. Nice boy, Jerry.

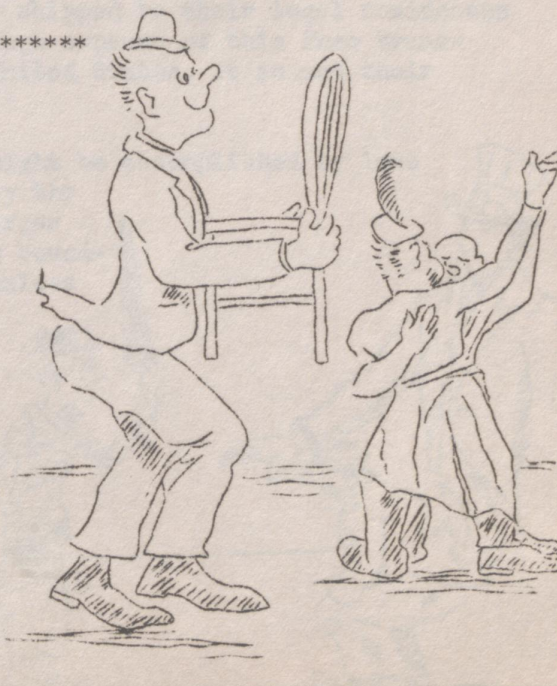
The local Center at Davenport, Iowa, is now a receiving center with a three day limit. A camp has been opened six miles north of town to take care of about two hundred men. At this writing the place is filled.

Every now and then some mention is made in other bureau papers regarding the rate of pay of the clients. Out in Arizona they've stopped all payments temporary; in Florida the rate is from .25¢ up to \$3.00; in Illinois the amount seems to be .50¢ a week; in North Carolina it still appears to be .90¢; in New Orleans they have self maintenance men on \$6.50 a week. Variations occur in most every camp and bureau all over the country. We wonder why the discrepancy. Seems to be no valid reason why all transient bureaus can't operate on the same basis.

The Washington bureau(D.C.) has promoted free theatre passes for the boys. They also have dancing lessons and a debating class. Commercial and technical courses are offered, with languages, literature, history, and social study. If the various musical instruments around the bureau can be co-ordinated, they'll also have an orchestra. Just getting into their stride for a long session of bureautitis, it seems!

Fort Worth, Texas, is operating a new camp at Stephanville. All men must have their fingerprints made before being sent out to camp. The usual \$1.00, \$2.00, and \$3.00 ratings will prevail. This Division is also taking a census of all men over sixty years of age for the proposed New Deal pension set-up.

Fort Eustis, Va, the camp with 2500 transients, is guaranteed because of an outbreak of spinal meningitis among the men.



"WE - TRAMPS!"

Evelyn Harvey, in the St. Valentine issue of the Saturday Evening Post, has something to say about the transient bureaus. Her claim for authority is based on four years Disaster Service with the American Red Cross, and three years with the RFC and the FERA. Time spent with the FERA is not stated. We reprint the following extracts from her article for your possible edification or amusement:

"The transient bureaus established throughout the country to take the tramps off the highways and byways - or so the government optimistically planned - have had a tendency to increase the wanderings of the footlose travelers. Now a tramp can go comfortably from coast to coast. In a string of camps and shelters stretching from Maine to California, he is well fed, clothed, treated free of charge by doctors, and supplied with glasses and other mechanical devices to aid his ills - devices, which, in many cases, he does not really want, and will either lose, sell or give away when he hits the road again.

"He is well treated, entertained by radio and moving pictures. A barber cuts his hair and shaves him, a shower bath makes him clean before he dons the new suit, which, if it does not suit his fancy, he can generally manage to exchange for another at a different shelter. If he likes a camp, he can stay as long as he wishes, and will earn a nominal sum for the work that he does while there. When he tires of one shelter he moves at will to the next.

"There are certain authentic instances of men who have made the rounds of camps and shelters in one state three or four times. Often with a great deal of naivete, they tell of traveling across the country by easy stages. In their philosophy is little evidence of their responsibility as social beings, little idea that they have any obligation toward the government that is taking care of them. Some of the older men have never earned an honest penny in their lives, but have managed to exist, by hook and crook, off the public.

"The hundreds of transients actually shipped to their legal residences are not concerned in the least over the huge expense of this free transportation that is going on all over the United States. It is not their money; they should worry.

"The ending of transient migration might be accomplished by laws fathered either by state legislation or by the Federal Government, forbidding public charges without legal residence from crossing the boundaries of the states in which they live, unless they can show proof that they have definite promise of work in the state where they wish to go, or that their proposed journey is a legitimate one and will not involve the expenditure of public funds. Unattached men in the transient camps and shelters should be held there until they are rehabilitated in some manner - certainly they should not be permitted to return to the same camp or shelter repeatedly or even twice, unless there is a



satisfactory reason for their appearance. Such a ruling would seem to lie within the jurisdiction of the Federal Transient Bureau. In one camp, 75% of the men were more than fifty years of age. As there was little likelihood of their being able ever to earn a living, they should have been held permanently in this camp, unless the officials desired that they should take to the road once more, depending on public charity to take care of them. As the government has expended huge sums in building these camps throughout the United States, should it not go a step farther and compel transients to remain in them?"

A TRANSIENT'S REPLY

Madam, to anyone conversant with the true status of the inmates of the transient bureau or camp, your diatribe is ridiculous, untrue in many particulars, and your "remedy" childish; the product of an immature mind.

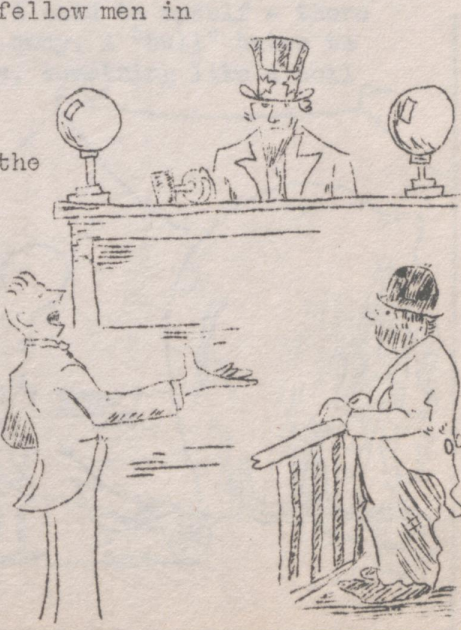
Men, wiser than you, have considered the impounding of thousands of men in concentration camps, compelling them to stay there until "rehabilitated in some manner" - aside from the humanitarian principles involved, - as being a decidedly dangerous proposition. As long as men are left mobile, they cannot be organized, they cannot become the menace to a community they undoubtedly would become if virtually imprisoned against their will because of a condition which they dimly realize is not of their making.

You state a deplorable condition exists, and offer as a remedy the destruction of the effect and not the elimination of the cause. The cause is not far to seek - we can only use what we find in this world. If a certain percentage of us hog most of what is here, then others must suffer. We "tramps" are the visible sores on the body politic - the outward evidence of a condition existing because the major part of the wealth of the country is in the hands of the minority.

History has repeatedly shown that up to a certain point men will endure privation and hardships not of their making, and then, in desperation when no improvement is in sight, will revolt. This country was born in revolution. Your "remedy" of keeping men in camp until they die, or "rehabilitated in some manner", without definite hope for the future, would prove a boomerang. You offer no plans for rehabilitation - only a cry from the tax payers for relief from the burden of supporting their fellow men in distress; a burden which most of us would be only too glad to take up.

We did not choose this method of living, Madam. The conditions of the times have forced the majority of us into it. We could not all of us secure jobs on Government Relief Rolls as supervisors, so we take the next best thing rather than steal or starve. We have no opportunity to contact the outside world to look for work, and very limited funds to sustain us while looking. But we live in hope.

We are of the opinion your article is part of the propaganda aimed at the hindering or destruction of the aims of the present administration. There is such a thing as the prostitution of talent for base ends, and the perversion of the truth to point a moral. You qualify on both counts, Madam. We thank you! - F.P.



WITH THE "BULLS"

Finley Hill tells it. All about working with the circus. We butted into the conversation among the boys around the fireplace in the mess hall out at camp. Finley Hill had the floor.

"And the guy sticks his head in the lion's mouth and the lion bites his head off. I've never heard of a wild animal trainer retiring voluntarily. They all get killed or badly injured, but there's something about the life that fascinates. You can't let go.

"When I first went with the circus it was with Ringling Bros., down at winter quarters in Sarasota in Florida. After a week or so I got to hanging around the elephants. Those big "bulls" had a way with them. Finally I went to the boss. Give me a job with the elephants, I asked him.

"Well, I got it, and they put me on the line. That meant a lot of work with a wheel barrow and a shovel but it was worth it. After awhile, I got to know 'em all by name and how they reacted.

"When the "bulls" are in line, with a chain around a hind foot and fastened to a stake, they swing from foot to foot and the whole line is in motion. When they stop doing this there's trouble in the air, and no chain or stake could hold them if they decided to leave from there. "Old Mom" the leader, used to talk and trumpet to the rest of the gang and keep 'em in a good humor. She was the real boss.

"One morning, I was cleaning up in the line, when all of a sudden - bam - and I was lying twenty feet away. One of the "bulls" had socked me with his trunk and was watching to see what I would do next. I fixed him. I went and got me an outlaw hook and socked it into him behind the ear, and then banged him all around the head. I soon had him squealing for mercy. I was plenty mad and let him have plenty before I quit.

"After I had cooled off I noticed the boss standing a short distance away. Guess he must have seen what happened, and I said to myself - there goes my job. But he never said a word and turned away. A "bull" hates to get socked with a hook because a rising developes, something like a boil and it has to be washed and lanced. It's pretty painful, but you can't train wild animals with kindness.

"Did you ever notice the end of the pole they stick in the lion's cage during a performance? It's painted red. The lion thinks its red hot and backs away. Sometime in his training that lion has bit the end of a real red hot bar - and he hasn't forgotten it!

"Well, it won't be long now until the wagons roll again - and I'll be on the neck of the biggest "bull" in the line, leading the parade. It's a great life!"



IN DRY DOCK

By the time this appears in print it will be history. But right now there's forty men all raising merry hell in the building. Bang, bang, bang, go the hammers - saws are rasping on all sides - slap, slap, slap, go the paint brushes - and the voice of Sergeant Smith can be heard over all. They're still fixing up the new Center over on Third and Walton.

The shower baths have arrived - complete metal boxes - and Kahn and the plumbers are trying to find what pipes go into and out of them. There'll be a grand rush for the showers when the connections are made. Upstairs, the scrubbing gang are doing a grand job and the boys down below got the drippings through the cracks. Downstairs, the dining room is being done over with several coats of paint, and most of the boys have as much paint on themselves as goes on the walls and ceiling. Joe Sikon's principle color is light tan.

Somebody has fastened the mirror to the wall over the wash trough, and all we can see is the top of our heads when we shave. Must have been that long legged Mac. The canteen is beginning to look like a cross between a rabbit hutch and the public library, but it will be all O.K. when its finished, says Harpe. The doctor's office is a symphony in ivory and gold and very efficient looking, and the hospital wards are next in line for a going over. Won't be long now.

Up and down the stairways tramp Jim Taylor and his colored gang; sweeping, carrying lumber, getting in the way, occasionally throwing in a step dance or so for luck. Like a humming bird, never still, and never in one place for longer than a minute is the ubiquitous Sergeant Smith. Down in the fire room, Shorty and Chink Smith are stoking up, Shorty with his little ladder so he can look into the furnace, and George Bennett with his monkey wrenches, turning on this and that.

Up on the second floor we have a space railed for the barber, and another space partitioned off for the Iso's to sloop, with their own showers and toilets. Then another partitioned room, and another, and still another. John Carroll Lowe, recently raised to the peerage - we almost said steorage - looks with covetous eyes at the little one on the end. Up on a ladder, with a towel around his head, his eyes closed, is Florita - "ponting" he calls it. Wall board is everywhere - and fresh "pent".

Soon the exodus from Limestone St. will take place and all will be smooth running again. We'll miss the days when we worked from 8 to 12, and from 1 to 4, on real construction work that kept everyone busy and contented, and minds occupied.

But who knows - before long we may all be out on real constructive Government jobs - and even at \$50.00 a month that's something to look forward to!



QUIZZICAL!

Barnacle Bill was caught in a jam. It seemed Investigator John wanted to know why men stick around here in preference to getting out and looking for a job.

"It's this way," said Bill, in explanation. "There's just about thirty percent of us here who are employable, well maybe forty percent. The rest are too old, cripples, diseased, too young, or with bad records - jail birds. This sixty percent is constantly changing, the forty percent stay around quite awhile before they leave."

"This forty percent save their money until they have enough to give them a stake," continued Bill. "Then they move to another town and try their luck at getting a job. They have only a slim chance of getting a job out of the bureau - in the first place their time is fully occupied, then again, the address would kill any deal. You've got to have a front, some money, and an address before you can get a break."

"Right now, in this bureau," went on Bill, "there's plenty of money in hiding." Bill looked down the hallway. "Yes, I can count up to \$85.00 among those dozen men. They're saving up for a front, and they'll all be out of the bureau by spring, hunting jobs. They've tried it before, many of them, and failed to make a go of it, but they'll try it again until they click."

"Why don't they explain their motives to their caseworkers?" says Investigator John.

"That's all right for some," said Bill, "but for a lot of us it means useless investigation of our references that may kill these references at a time when we need them most. Pride comes into account too. That's the reason many of us give false names and information - we do not intend any of our circle of friends or former employers shall find out we are compelled to stay in a transient bureau - we know only too well the stigma attached to these places - mostly because of the actions of a few."

"I think many men give false names and information because they have criminal records," said Investigator John.

"There are criminals here," said Bill, "but the criminals you'll find in a bureau will never become public enemies No. 1. They're only punks and saps, with limited intelligence, and little guts - sneak thieves. We all know the bureau is not in a position to find us jobs. We've got to find out own - and we want this bureau to be only an incident in our lives, not something we must spend the balance of our lives living down. That's why we keep our own counsel and bide our time. If the promised work jobs do not materialize for us, we still have hopes of getting back into the world again. So we save and say as little as possible. Now ask some of the other fellows what they think about it."

SPORT PAGE

Last Sunday, February 17th, twenty-three men scrambled into the truck at the Center and left for Camp Blue Licks. Included in the party was Lt. Saunders and an assortment of boxers, ping pong, domino and checker players. They left us behind with a bad cold to bemoan our fate.

Late that evening they returned, tired but happy and hungry. Jimmy Barker had a couple of black eyes and a strawberry nose, and Jimmy Wallace's head looked to be twice its usual size. The rest looked the same as usual. Ping pong, dominos and checkers leave no scars. After much questing, we located "Speed" Dawkins the referee, who gave us the following write up. "Speed" used to write for Stops and Dashes, the bureau paper from Greenville, S.C. Here 'tis:

"The fights and tournaments at Camp Blue Licks broke about even. The outstanding battle was between Ken Rawson of Camp Blue Licks and Jimmy Barker of the Center. Jimmy was outweighed 18 lbs, and outclassed by a man of vast experience, but Jimmy stayed with him, showing plenty of grit. Jimmy is an oncoming fighter, and should not get discouraged because he lost his first fight in the 4th round when his seconds threw in the towel. He's an up and coming fighter, and we are for you Jimmy - one and all.

The slugging match was staged between Jimmy Wallace of the Center and Kid Fammagelto of Camp Blue Licks. It was a slow fight, but boy, ob boy, when those boys hit each other something had to fall. Each fighter had the other down twice, but this Wallace packed a load of dynamite and T.N.T in either glove. Wallace connected with the House of David's whiskered covered chin in the second round, dropping not only the bearded man - but his trunks hit the deck first. Knocked him right out of his pants! Some lick. The fight ended in the 4th round when the Bearded Beauty of Blue Licks quit."

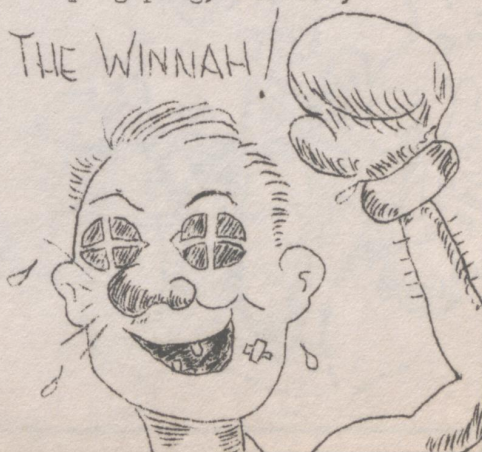
"What about the checker and domino players, "Speed"? we asked.

"Speed" gave a snort - he very evidently didn't give much thought to these sedentic" occupations. After about an hour he returned with three names on a piece of paper. George Hamill, C. Whetsone, and Tom Jones.

"Tom Jones beat everything coming his way in the game of checkers," said "Speed". So far as "Speed" is concerned, boxing is the only game worth while. So from now on he will do all the reporting along this line and we'll have to dig up another reporter for the ping pong, checker, and domino players.

Lt. Saunders is very popular among the boys and he seems to have their interests at heart judging from the expressions we heard from all sides. He has promised some more bouts in the near future which we are all looking forward to.

Boxing seems to have the stage and the limelight. Nobody seems to know who won the checker, domino, and ping pong games, so we'll let it go at that!



"It was a famous victory"

"Gentlemen and others, we have with us tonight, in the North East corner, a small town Hoosier who claims his name is Evans. His fighting name is "Blinky".

"And in the South West Corner we have the one and only "Grouchy George McNabb", the fighting bantam. Watch out George, your false teeth will fall out if you make faces like that at "Blinky". Here, let me have 'em. What, you can't bite Blinky in the clinches without 'em? What the hell is this? Act your age George, even if you are sixty three.

"Alright boys, get set. Bang, there goes the dishpan - I mean the gong. Come on, quit waltzing around. Sock him, Blinky. No, don't sock me - sock George. So you want to shadow box with each other, eh? Time out - Blinky's hiding behind me. Alright, George, I'll hold him while you biff him. Tsk, tsk, George, you should have looked out for that left. Time out while George gets his false teeth out of his throat.

"Here's the second round. Quit making faces, you two. You'll scare everybody out of the hall. Round and round they go, must be a marathon. Hello, they're both reversing without any signals. They're both down. One - two - three - four - they're up and fighting again. Good boys. Hey, they're both fighting me. Now I'm down. One - two - three - four - five - six - lemme up. Alright, you win, both of you. You wanna fight some more? Alright, I can take it.

"Third and last round. That's the stuff boys. Action. Lam into him George, sock him Blinky. Alright, take off the gloves if you want to. They're in the way. No toe holds though. Pull his leg off George. Bite his ear, Blinky. Fine, jump on his chest George. Wait, I'll hold him so you can sock him. Here he is, over here. Ah! a right and a left. They're both down for the count. One - two - three - four - five - six - seven - eight - nine - ten. I win, and I collect the dollar.

"No, it wasn't a frame up. I was better trained than either of them. I fought fair and above board, and I'm willing to meet them both again at catch weights, with or without time out for refreshments. Alright, let's split the dollar if you feel that way about it. O.K. Gentlemen, Fighting Blinky Evans and Grouchy George McNabb will fight again next Saturday night and I'll referee the bout. I thank you one and all for the use of the hall and your kind attention. Don't forget, at McNabb Hall, next Saturday night. Goodnight, boys."

Editor's Note: We have it on very good authority the above is a true and accurate account of the recent fight between the referee, "Grouchy George McNabb" and "Blinky Evans". Maybe!



RECREATION

Hi! there, fellows! This is Vern Raleigh broadcasting from --- what's that --- Who am I? --- Oh! --- I'm just five - five - and - a - half tucked behind the Recreation Room counter of the Lexington Transient Bureau:- Yow-Sah! Right here in the heart of the Blue Grass in 'ole Kentucky, ready to assist -- no! not insist -- in the passing of all spare time congenially.

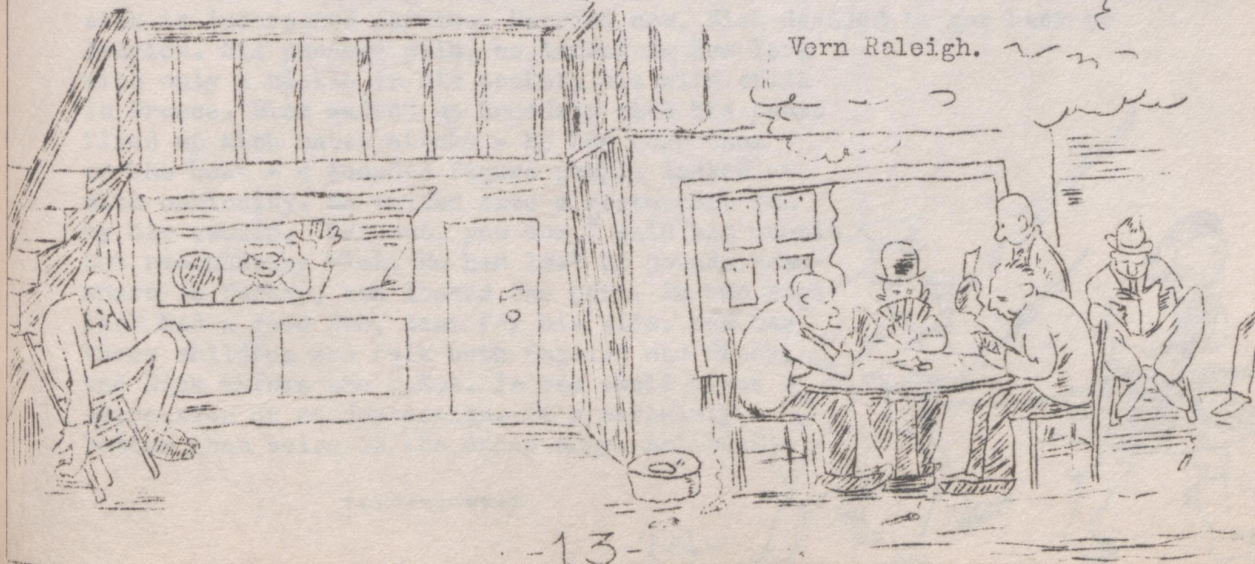
Many decks of cards, domino sets, and checkers are on hand, so don't be backward, boys. 'spress your desires, and here's some inside info'. Two pool tables shall be assembled within a few days for the furtherance of your pleasures. Oh yes! Attention, all you book worms - Lieutenant Saunders promises a library that will be second to none in this grand old mellow state of beautiful women and fast horses.

Incidentally, this department is now in a position to supply writing paper and materials so that you may write "that long delayed letter" home to mother and the folks. Come on, fellows, the pencils have been sharpened - no excuses.

Perhaps there may be something on your chest you wish to discuss or talk about. If so, just ankle over to the counter and spill it in my ears. I can take it. However, you fellows with pet operation scars, don't expect that I should compete with or rival tales of your battles on the operating table. That brings to mind.

Only the other day Dr. Adams was standing only a few feet away from the counter. In his left hand was held a chisel; his right, a saw! and boys, believe it or not, the Doc was looking straight at me with an expression on his face that seemed to say, "How I would like to have you in my office now." It may not be for long fellows - naw-suh!

Vern Raleigh.



ROO-BIFF & BULLETS

"An' dey tie a rope round my middle an' put 'ancuffs on me, an' dey put t'ree soldiers in front an' t'ree behin' an' dey march me back to de war," said Nick, our chef.

Nick Stokas explained it all with gestures. Up and down the kitchen he strode with his hands behind him - living over again those two and a half terrible years he spent in the Greek army fighting the Turks in Asia Minor.

Nick joined up with the American forces in this country, and then, in 1920, after being over in France, decided to go back to Greece and see his mother and get married. He walked right into another war, just in time to be drafted. His citizenship papers were of no value. They put him in the front line trenches to fight the Turks.

The same blood, and horror, and misery all over again only more so - and on beans and black bread. Months of it, then Nick decided to go home to see his mother. He arrived, wounded and half dead from lack of sleep. His mother boiled his clothing while Nick slept for days and nights in a stupor. Then the soldiers came looking for Nick - and Nick took to the hills.

The soldiers camped on the farm, ate all the chickens, then ate all the sheep, took complete possession of the place. After a month of this Nick was captured, marched between soldiers, bound with ropes, back to the firing line again. In vain did Nick display his citizenship papers - they were good only in New York it seemed.

So after awhile, Nick tried desertion again. While in Smyrna, he waylaid a Turkish citizen, put on his clothing but failed to take off his army leggings. Days of acting dumb because he could not speak Turkish, and then Nick was caught again. The leggings gave him away. Back again to the firing line. Fifteen days of marching with only one shoe - the other lost in the mud - with bleeding feet and swarming with vermin he and fourteen others made the long journey. No barracks discipline here - bullets and blood in the hottest section of the line was Nick's portion. Not until he was badly wounded did Nick get back to Athens.

A wire to Washington and Nick was released, with some cumshaw on the side to interested parties. Married now, Nick decided to get back to America. His passage paid, he landed in New York with only a nickle in his pocket, his wife still in Greece. Nick walked up Broadway with his pants fixed up with match sticks - he had torn them on the boat - a bearded figure people looked at with curiosity. He walked into a restaurant run by his cousin. "Get out, you bum," said his cousin, not recognizing Nick. He had lost 35 pounds somewhere in Turkey, and looked the part. In two days Nick had a good job, sent for his wife, now has three children who talk both English and Greek, and Nick thinks the U.S.A. is one swell place - depression or no depression. It's certainly better than being in the Greek Army. Ask Nick!



IN OLE' KAINTUCK'

Kentucky is noted for her beautiful women, fast horses, and brilliant statesmen. She is noted too, for her many feuds and fights.

Man born in the mountains of Kentucky is of feud days and full of virus; he fisheth, fiddleth, cusseth, and fighteth all of the days of his miserable life. He shunneth water as a mad dog and drinketh much mean whiskey.

When he desireth to raise hell he planteth a neighbor and lo! he reapeth twenty fold. He riseth even from the cradle to seek the scalp of his grandmother's enemy, and bringeth home in his carcass the ammunition of his neighbor's wife's cousin's uncle's father in law, who avengeth the dead.

Verily, verily, his life is uncertain, and he knoweth not the hour he may be jerked hence.

He goeth forth on a journey half shot, and cometh home on a shutter all shot.

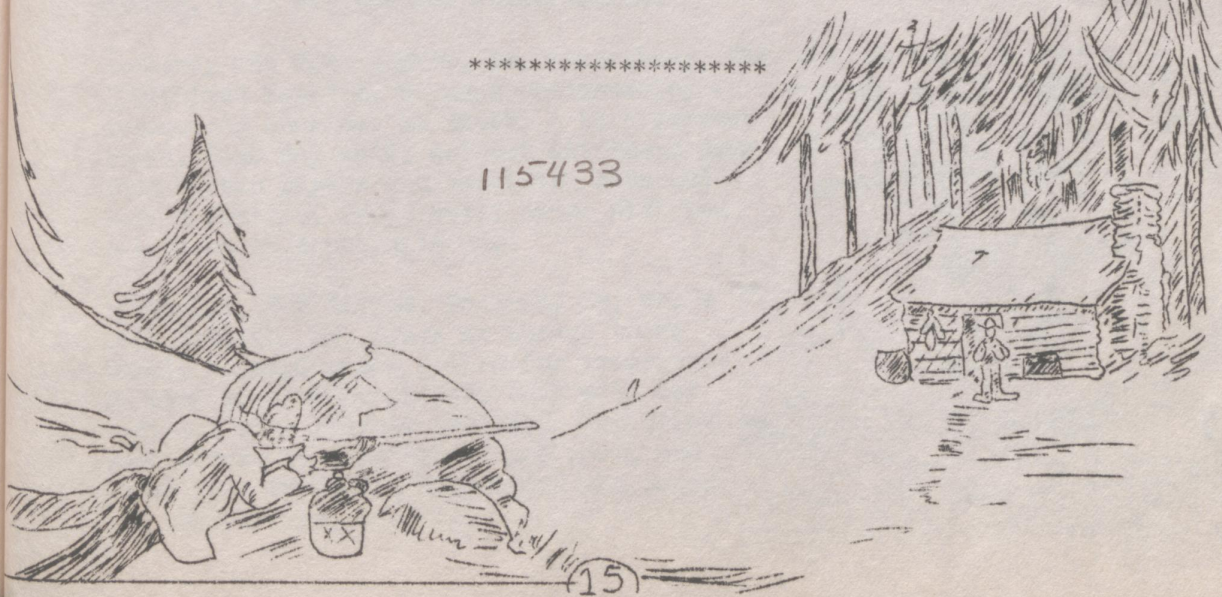
He riseth in the night to let the cat out, and it taketh nine doctors three days to pick the buckshot out of him.

A cyclone bloweth him into his neighbor's wife's bedroom and he finds himself in Abrahams bosom before he has time to explain to the neighbor's wife's husband.

He emptieth a demi-john into himself and a shot gun into his enemy, and his enemy's son lieth in wait for him on election day, and lo! the coroner ploweth up a forty acre field to bury the remains of the clan.

Woe, woe, is Kentucky, for eyes are red with bad whiskey and her soil is stained with the blood of innocent moonshiners!

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ENTRE NOUS

Editorial, TRANSIENT COMMENT, Moline, Ill. No. 4 Frank Payne, Ed.
The six hour day will come. Strikes, riots and bloodshed will attend its birth.
We are still in the embryo stage with undeveloped brains.

Feature, DON HIDALGO, Lordsburg, N.M. Feb. 1st, Billy Cuddy, Scribbler.
"Beware of Mad Bull" is a classic. What would happen if the boys rushed one of these animals some day? We would like to be there.

Editorial, THE MELTING POT, Spartanburg, S.C. No. 37. Tom Clague, Ed.
Tout Au Contraire!

Feature, TRANSIENT TIMES, Little Rock, Ark. No. 42, O.W. Dishaw, Ed.
We got lot of giggles and exclamation marks out of your Bureau News, Witty and informative, no end.

Editorial, THE GLOBE, Davenport, Iowa. No. 4. John Atwood, Ed.
Yours is a bitter denunciation of the present economic system, exceedingly well written and to the point. We respect your courage.

Feature, TRANSIENT REVIEW, Spokane, Washington, No. 27 J. L. Arnold. Ed.
"Broken Toys of the Prize Ring" by Cliff Ford is a smashing series we enjoy, and Roy Arnolds cartoons are also big time stuff. Keep 'em coming.

Editorial, TRANSIENT JOURNAL, Springfield, Mo. No. 40 T.B. Dobyns, Ed.
It's the old story over again. The morale of a camp or bureau is decided by the attitude of the higher ups. A superior attitude, a condescending interest in the problems of the men, sometimes complete indifference - and bang goes the morale. You can't fool the men - they know sincerity when they come in contact with it. Logical and constructive. We agree with you.

Editorial, ALKI, Seattle, Washington. No. 3, by John A. Moore.
We want to read the remainder of the article "What Price Recovery". Well written and to the point. Who is John A. Moore?. "The References of Blinky Bill" by Dan Griffith is a giggle. Whoinel writes your exchange column?.

Editorial, THE LEADER, Rapid City, S. Dak. No. 31 P.D. Mungor, Ed.
While money remains a commodity these evils will exist. Interest and more interest, piled up on top of interest, is one of the many evils of our present economic system. Well written and constructive.

Feature, THE WIND JAMMER, St. Petersburg, Fla. No. 29 Bryan J. Boyle, Ed.
"Southland West" by Raymond Cholmondeley - pronounced Chumley, no doubt, - is a perfect cameo. Some day we'll collect all these gems from bureau papers and republish them and make a fortune. Sure, we'll share with you all. Keep in touch with us.

Editorial, THE WIGWAM, Paducah, Ky. No. 4 Dean Pettitt, Ed. Seems as though there should be employment galore for transients on some government project that will not conflict with private projects. You offer good ideas. We like Sloans art work, and those gals sprinkled throughout the pages are the berries, Cheerio.



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