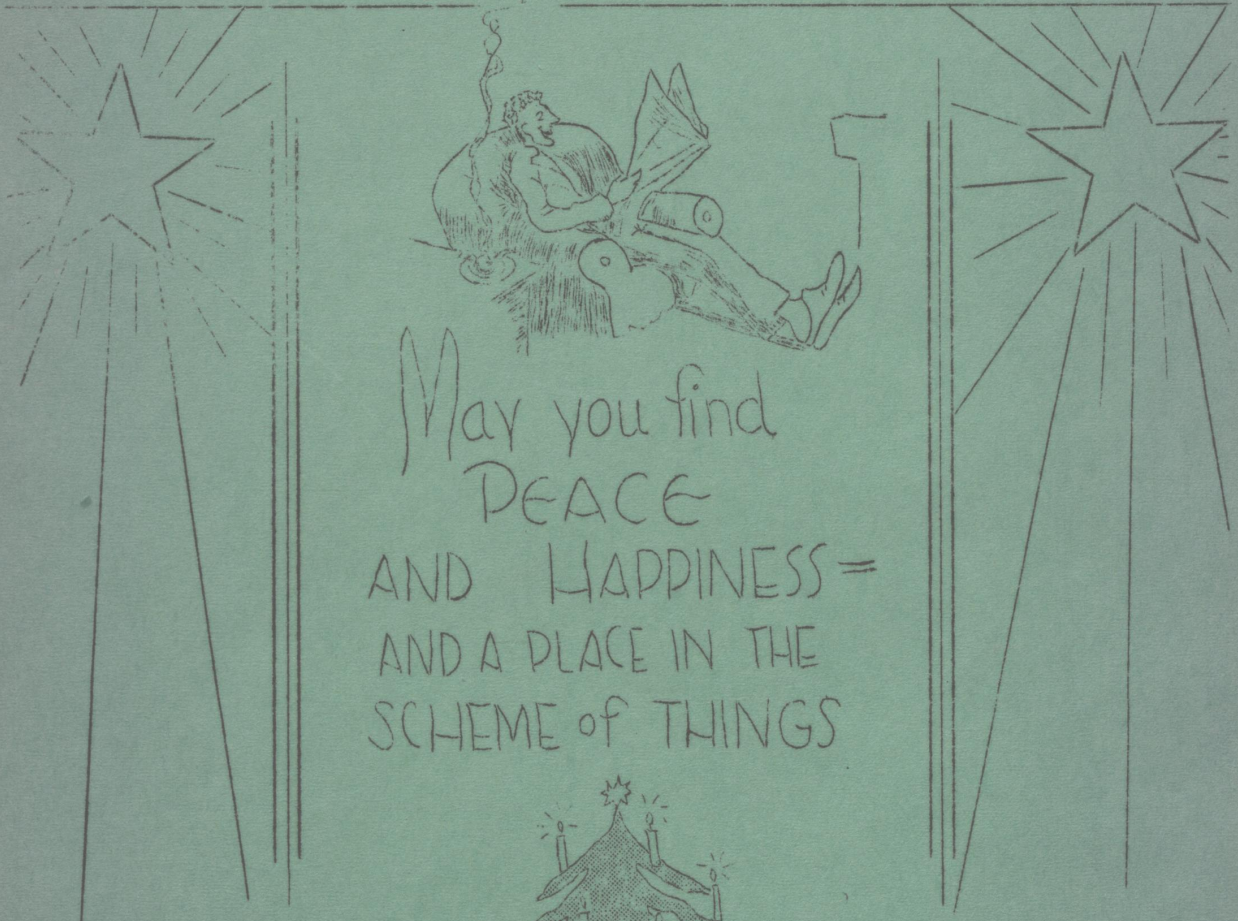


THE ARK



LEXINGTON-TRANSIENT-BUREAU - DEC. 15 - NO 8 -- LEXINGTON, KY.



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Leaves from the

LOG BOOK

Are you fellows reading the WIGWAM, the KEY, and the CROSS ROADS, our Kentucky bureau papers? They're among the best of the bureau papers in the country. We receive a number of copies of every issue; you'll find them out at camp and in the recreation room. Read 'em, and then contribute to the ARK. We'll have to go some to keep up with them.

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY
LIBRARY

We had a swell time out at camp, fellows, and enjoyed every minute of Thanksgiving Day. We understand you had a real turkey dinner in the Center with all the trimmings and we are sorry we couldn't be with you to write it up. Nobody volunteered to do that, and as we can't be in two places at once, we just had to let your shindig go. Come on Bill Carey - why not be a reporter?

We haven't been able to run down the rumor to it's source, but we have heard we may be supplied with pillows one of these days. Knife edge pants and crinkled coats will then be out of fashion around the bureau! According to the Cross Roads, Louisville has been supplied with pillows for some time. How about it?

Any of you remember Bill Schmidt. He now has a job in New York City firing a boiler in an apartment house. He left Erie when the work order went into effect, and hitch-hiked over to Wilmington. Said the entrance rules are very strict there, meals very good. Stayed there three days. Had an article printed in the Metronome, September issue. Been on a regular job now for two months. Wrote some good poetry for the ARK. Best regards Bill, will send the back numbers of the ARK.

Just to keep the record straight, all articles and items unsigned are the product of the editor, and we hereby take all the blame. We sign the names of the contributors to all other items, and give full credit to anything swiped from other journals. Barnacle Bill is only an imaginary character, very helpful to argue with, point a moral, or adorn a tale. "Captains of Industry" is a true record of a couple of transients who fought the depression outside the bureau for over a year. Who cares?



THE LOG BOOK

One of the pool tables may be moved out to camp - the one without the green baize. The other will remain at the Center as long as the adhesive tape holds out to sew up the tears on the cloth, or they might both be sold by the owners of the building - it's all undecided. The piano has already gone to a church where the one fingered artists can't get to it. The dominoes are still available.

John Carroll can prove the earth is flat because it's colder on the backside than on the frontside - as demonstrated by a plate. It's very much involved, and includes some remarks alleged to have been made by Admiral Byrd at the North and South poles. It has the endorsement of the Smithsonian Institute we believe, but after listening to John for ten minutes we were so dizzy with the sound and the fury we are ready to agree to anything for the time being!

Do any of you old timers remember Fons Congelli, who used to be time clerk at the Center? Mr. Staggs has heard from Paul Donovan, to the effect that Fons was drowned recently out in Washington. Sorry to hear it.

In "Looking Up", of New Haven, Conn., No. 27, the editor gives the low down on the transient bureaus in a remarkable editorial entitled "The Truth." Here's an extract: "I reluctantly relinquished a life of ease and luxury, to take up the work of being a transient for one year in order to obtain first hand information." According to the article, true facts have been compiled in every State, and will be assimilated and presented to a Committee of Congress in the next session, in order to obtain better conditions for the transient. Dynamite!

We are quitting the feature "Ratings." At best, the report must be at least thirty days old and conditions change rapidly in the bureau. We would be interested in knowing if any other bureau will rate their bureau in the same manner - or any other manner for that matter. Try it, and see what happens.



THE LOG BOOK

John McClure made the Captain a brand new office desk with six drawers. It's a swell looking affair and the Captain promptly moved it into his private office. The Captain is always tickled to death when anything like that happens - he's proud of the demonstrated ability of the men of the bureau, especially when something like this is done without the aid of any special tools or equipment. Mac has also made a number of filing cabinets for the office, and a drafting table for our artist to disport himself upon. All these articles bear the new metal label "Made by Lexington Division, Kentucky Transient Bureau."

George Bennett and his gang have been building a store room in the Recreation Room to hold extra equipment including blankets, socks, shoes, pants, shirts and what not. It's quite an immense affair with shelves, doors, locks, windows, and so on, and if Louisville sends enough things to fill it up we shall be well set for the winter.

Now and then the caseworkers have unusual requests from clients. Miss Perryman interviewed a photographer the other day who drove up in his car and wanted gas and oil to get to Atlanta. Said he knew a man who owned a goat and a cart, and he intended to go into business with him. No gas, no oil, no photos, tough luck!

You would never recognize the old office at Dudley School these days. With partitions, rails, and divisions of space to suit everybody. On the left side of the hall we have the braintrusters - the Captain, Miss Atkins, Miss Tuggle, Ed, Mac, Bill and Leone. They wrestle with the office routine and executive details. On the other side we have Miss Adams, Miss Perryman, Lt. Saunders, Walt, and the editor. Ray Blades stands guard in the hallway. Much more efficient.

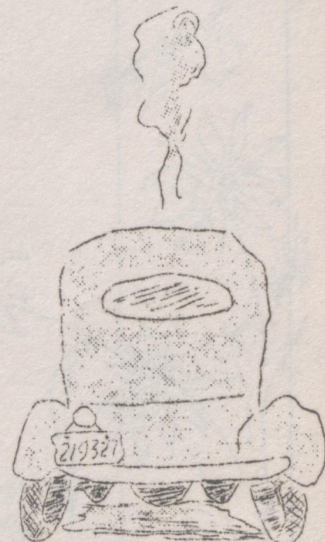
THE OLD RED CHARIOT THAT STANDS NEAR THE SCHOOL

Here's to the crate that stands by the gate,
Up at the old Dudley School,
It's fenders are flopping as if blown by fate,
And it rides like a jumping fool.

The first gear chatters as it pitter patters,
What it needs is one heavy tool,
The body shakes and it certainly clatters,
The Red Chariot in front of the school.

I've heard of a guy who went Bye, Bye,
In that old Red Chariot so famed.
When he got back he let out a sigh,
He can't take it when he rides with M.E.!

Leone Bennett



POEMS

"TO THE GIRLS."

No matter how romantic and how curly is his hair,
Don't tie up with a rambler, don't fall into his snare,
Their voices will quiver when they speak of home,
They'll tell you how the depression has caused them to roam,
They'll tell you they're tired of rambling it's making them sick,
Take it easy girls, take my advice, it's just an old trick.

They will tell you they love you and have beautiful eyes,
They will stage act and tell you all kinds of beautiful lies,
And when you're married and the farm's mortgaged to the core,
He'll grab a handful of box cars and you'll see him no more.
But if you haven't a father and you make a guy delirious,
Go ahead invite him up, I think he might be serious!

Jerry O'day
Camp Blue Licks.

"WHY"

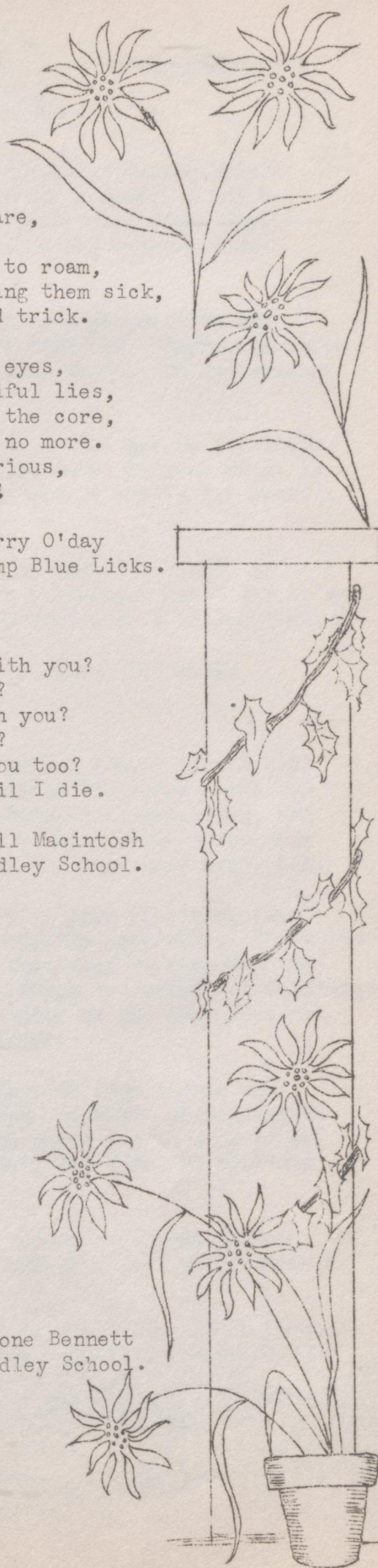
Why were skies always so blue, when I spent a day with you?
Why are skies now so grey, since you have gone away?
Why do all my dreams renew, memories of a night with you?
Why did we have to part, why did you break my heart?
When I know you've said adieu, why can't I forget you too?
Why - Oh please don't ask me why - I'll remember 'til I die.

Bill Macintosh
Dudley School.

"SLEEPING"

I've slept on park benches and also boards,
I've slept on the grass and in old Fords,
I've slept on ships that ply the East Coast,
I've slept in the cabin with the skipper for host.
I've slept on barrels and on garbage cans,
And in dark alleys among the tin cans,
I've slept every place from Maine to Key West,
And in evening clothes and also a vest.
I've slept the sleep of the weary and worn,
I've slept through the blare of a bugle horn,
I've slept in mud holes over in France,
And slept after being kicked in the pants.
I've slept all over this old universe,
And that is all I can put in this verse.

Leone Bennett
Dudley School.



forum

To the Editor:

I've been in this transient bureau nearly three months. During this period I've worked in the dining room for one dollar a week. I had a few clothes when I came here, these clothes are being used every day. Before long they will be gone, and I'll be compelled to replace them with clothes costing one fourth their value.

If any clothing is issued to me I am almost compelled to get down and beg for them. I get up at 4:30 A.M. and quit at 7:30 P.M. There are three of us in the messhall, but only two of us have that shift. We two arrange between us to have some time off.

If I try to get a job on the outside they tell me I will not be permitted to work, yet people leave Kentucky and get jobs in other States. If it is fair for them, isn't it equally fair that others should try to get work in the State of Kentucky?

The general attitude toward a transient is that he should be shot, or hung, or jailed. Give us jobs, a chance to earn a living. Don't try to pen us up as if we were lepers or wolves. Give us a chance at a living wage, not just a mere existence.

James McDonald.

From the Editor:

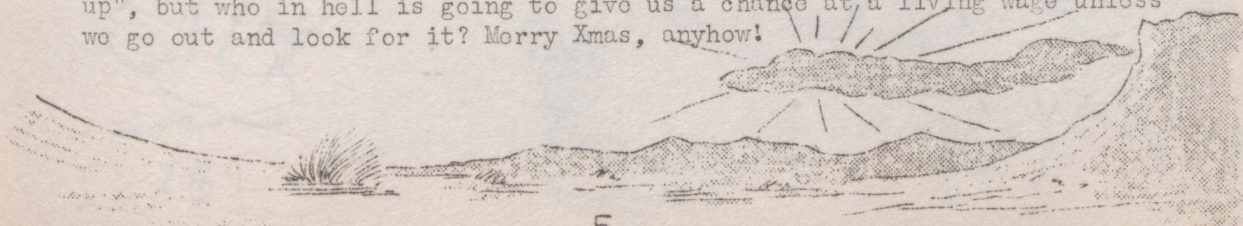
Not much constructive criticism in Jim's letter - more like a cry of anguish! Jim's from Montana, where he homesteaded 640 acres until the springs dried up and the darn place blew away. He's also cowpunched, and done some construction work. Calls the hair on a man's chest - the hair on a man's chest, like most Westerners. He's 35, and came here Sept. 4th.

So far Jim's received a pair of work shoes, a pair of pants, four pairs of socks, a shirt, and two pairs of long handled underwear. The white uniforms formerly used in the kitchen have all been sent to camp and the boys use aprons. Jim objects to the way the clothing is issued - a passionate plea for a pair of pants with one's foot in the door as the lady says no is a little discouraging to one's pride we'll admit!

Maybe Jim should have been put on the impounded list before now but there appears to be no definite system. Maybe it takes perseverance, same as in the movies. Cheer up Jim, you'll get there and be able to go to that aviation school yet. Too bad you couldn't get into the drafting school at the University when you tried.

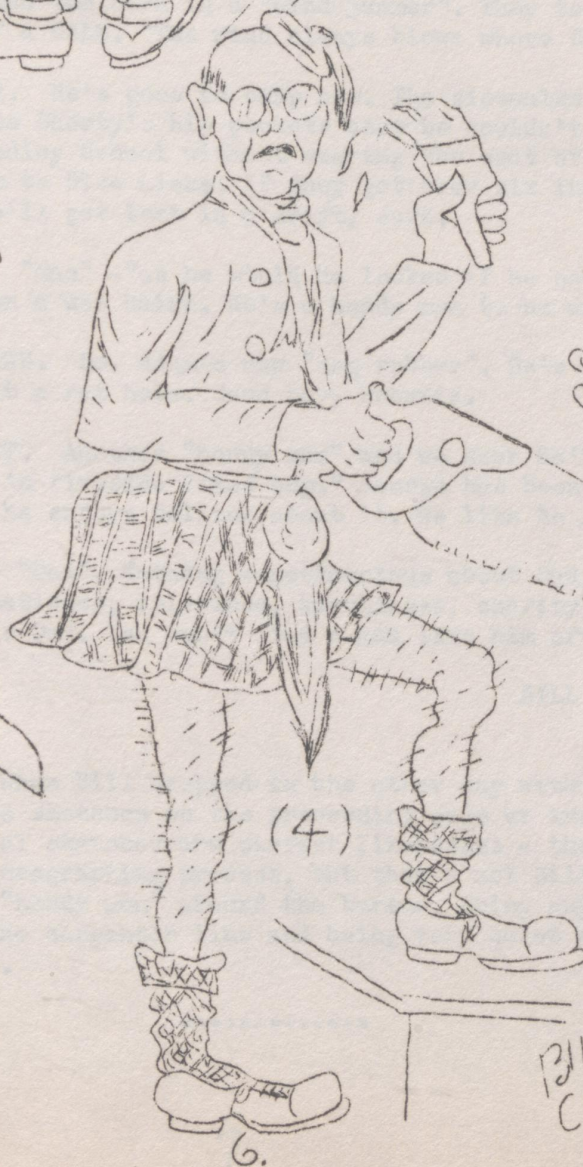
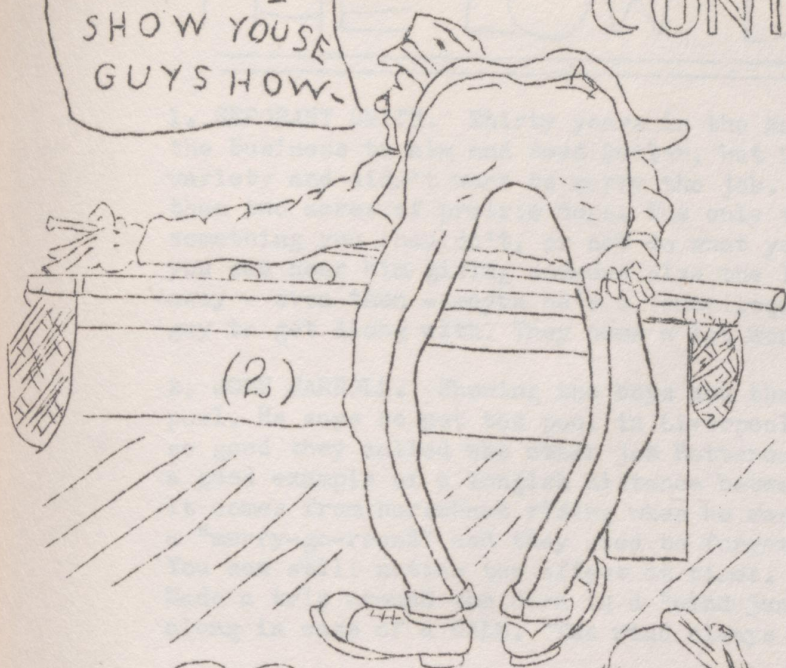
Well, there's 5,000 Kentuckians in other bureaus in other States and there's still a lot of people in this city out of a job. Must respect the regulations Jim.

Sure, we don't like being transients, and we don't like to be "penned up", but who in hell is going to give us a chance at a living wage unless we go out and look for it? Merry Xmas, anyhow!



OUR GUESSING CONTEST

WAIT'L I
SHOW YOUSE
GUYS HOW.



BILL
CAREY

"THE LOW DOWN"

1. SERGEANT SMITH. Thirty years in the Marines. They offered the business to him and Smed Butler, but he said he liked variety and didn't want to marry the job. He pops up more places than two acres of prairie dogs. The only time it's safe to do something you shouldn't, or not do what you should, is when you can hear him giving someone else the lowdown two floors away - even then - maybe he's a ventriloquist! He ain't a bad guy to get along with. They come a lot worse than Sarge.

2. JOHN CARROLL. Showing the boys how they shoot pool in Liverpool. He says he put the pool in Liverpool, built the Amsterdam so good they called the other job Rotterdam. Carroll's legs are a good example of a longish distance between two points. He says it comes from horseback riding when he was young! His Uncle owned a "merry-go-round" and they used to forget to take the kid off. You can still notice the effect at times. He's been a sailor too. Made a trip around the Horn in a "wind-jammer". They took him along in case of a CALM. "The wind always blows where Carroll goes!"

3. SHORTY HUNTER. He's gone to camp now. The sidewalks were built so close to Shorty's hip pockets that he couldn't come down the hill from Dudley School without wearing the seat of his pants so they sent him to Blue Licks. If they get over six inches of snow up there he'll get lost in a drift, sure.

4. JOHN MCLURE. "Mac" - "as he would ha looked if he had na gang awa fra hame when a wee bairn. He's a hondy mon to ha aroun the noo."

5. E.ROBERTS BROWN. Dr. Adam's new "dog robber". He's on the job like a terrier at a rat hole. Good boy, Brownie.

6. GEORGE BENNETT. Another "hondy mon" and we hear he'll soon have his "ain hairth 'n fireside fixed oop." George has been places and done things and he enjoys telling about it. We like to listen.

7. EDWARD REED. "Dad". Nothing sanctimonious about Dad, but if ever a man had patience, tolerance, kindness, charity, and justice in his heart it's Dad. You won't find a man like him often, boys.

BILL CAREY.

Editor's Note:

When Bill dropped in the other day with the above remarks and those sketches on the preceeding page we knew we had a find. The original sketches are perfect likenesses - they may suffer in the mimeographing process, but that's not Bill's fault. Bill is another "hondy mon" around the bureau, doing anything that comes along in the carpenter line and being very quiet about it all. Come again, Bill.

KITCHEN KLUTS

"It's nobody's business what goes into the soup," says Nick the Chef, otherwise known at home as Mr. Nicholas J. Stockas. We dropped in on him the other day for a look see and found him cutting up beef.

"Plenty biff these days," went on Nick, "but no excitements. Six hundred and fifty pounds of biff t'ree days ago, and four hundred pounds biff today. They kill all the biffs in the drought country and send him here. I feed biff t'ree times day. Bimeby everybody got him horns. George Bennett, he likes biff." Nick went on cutting up biff.

Bill Owens and Carl Carney will soon graduate from the cooking school - experts on biff. Bill Edwards has already gone to camp. Jim McDonald is still making that good coffee, and we noticed quite a number of new faces around. The place is always spic and span, clean as a new pin and order reigns supreme. Mac has got around to the 25th chapter of the book he is reading, and Allen Overman still marks the cards.

Overman got himself in dutch with Ruby, the daughter of Mrs. Burchett. She is a bright kid, and Allen promised her a nickel every time she made 100 in school. This has happened so often that Overman automatically produces the nickel whenever Ruby and her mother come into the dining room - that is, if he has a nickel! Allen is thinking of raising the percentage.

We noticed a young fellow about 16 years old working with the cooks. His name is John R. Jackson and he's from Phoenix, Arizona. He claims he has never been licked in a boxing contest yet. A likely looking youngster who looks like good material for Camp Roosevelt.

We jotted down the menu so the men at camp can make a comparison. Must have eaten most of the beef as it only appears in one meal! Here 'tis:

Breakfast.

Pan cakes and syrup, Corn meal with milk, Bread, butter, coffee.

Dinner.

Beef stew with vegetables, combination salad, Corn muffins, Stewed plums. Bread and sweet milk.

Supper.

Vegetable soup. Pork and beans, Turnip greens, Stewed raisins, Coffee, bread and butter

They're feeding twenty-seven colored men at the dining room these days and an average of sixty white men. The colored men have their own place partitioned off. One meal they ate seven loaves of bread. That was the day James Taylor came to town!



THANKSGIVING DAY

Woopie! Turkey! Football! Speeches! Singing! Visitors! and everythin'. What a Thanksgiving Day we had out at camp!

We played the Carlisle All Stars in the afternoon. A real team of good natured players who ran us ragged all over the field at Carlisle and scored against us until we forgot the score. But we whooped and yelled for our side - and they deserved it.

Only five days to get together a team! Lt. Crutcher coached them on the side of a hill, and in the evenings discussed the rules of the game and drew diagrams on a blackboard. We borrowed the uniforms from Carlisle, but alas - we could not borrow shoes. Our slick composition soled shoes slid around as though the field was made of ice. All we could do was pant and tackle - and how we did tackle!

But let's go back a little. It was decided to have the turkey dinner for supper so all the members of the camp could go to the game. A couple of truck loads of men, including the team, were transported to the grounds at Carlisle. We sang "Mountain Music" the whole short eleven miles. When we saw the opposing team, a quietness settled on our players. We knew we had a battle on our hands!

Carlisle kicked off and put over a couple of touchdowns while we were getting organized. Then we threw ourselves at 'em. Jerry O'Day wore his track shoes - he took them off at the first objection and played in his stocking feet - so they let him put them on again. Jerry tried end run after end run, and that boy can sure run - but our team slid all over the field and couldn't assist much. Donovan tackled in all directions at once - he worked like hell.

Tackett threw a Carlisle player for a loop and then retired with a sprained ankle. Leonard was socked in the middle while waiting for a pass and retired for the rest of the game. Our substitutes went in as players were injured, the injured taking the place of the injured. Gosh, but this was a battle! Joe Morgan limped around on one leg and tackled, Jack Clark made a flying tackle and bounced three yards into the air. Everybody worked like heroes but our shoes did us dirt. Never was such an exhibition of guts!

But everything comes to an end at last, although Mr. Clarke of Carlisle, the linesman, did his best to help us and even got tackled by the Carlisle players. The game closed 39 to 0 in favor of Carlisle. We shook hands all round, and then went back to camp for that delayed Turkey dinner. We had enjoyed the game and everybody had a wonderful time. The Lt. was tickled to death with the spirit displayed by his men.

Here's the list of the players: Donovan, Chapman, Brandenburg, Tackett, H. Chapman, Morgan, Tilly, O'Day, Krolovic, Clark, Lenord, Snarsky, Watkins, Hubbard, Woodall, Edwards, Holcomb, Hatfield, Wilson. They all deserved a double portion of turkey!

Ed. Farrell, Ed. Short, Dave Dorsey, with Bill Campbell as Steward, had fixed up a real Thanksgiving dinner. Just a few days ago the regular

kitchen staff had all walked out in a body because of a disagreement over a doughnut and a guard - or sumpin'; and these boys filled the breech like veterans. The tables were covered with table cloths - sheets to most people - the silver gleamed, and it was a real holiday spirit all around. We had turkey with dressing, candied sweet potatoes, celery salad, pineapple dessert, milk and coffee - speeches! John Wilson and Joe McKenzie waited on the tables, dressed in resplendent white uniforms. Boy, what a dinner - and seconds, too!

Then came the entertainment and the speeches amidst much hilarity. Mr. Dally spoke well of the behaviour of the men at the game, Lt. Crutcher spoke well of his football team, Miss Atkins told how she enjoyed being there as the representative of Captain Wolfe, and Mrs. Crutcher gave a neat little speech that brought a round of applause - although she confessed afterwards that her knees were shaking at the time, but we never guessed it. Unless she is very careful she will be officially adopted as the mother of the camp!

Bill Munhall was the Master of Ceremonies, and introduced John Mohun who was forced to make a speech describing how he tried to get a hat on credit over in Maysville. Noah Spaulding, our potato undresser, used to be in a circus and told how he fought with a lion - losing his red weskit in the fight! He was thankful he was in a transient camp instead of fighting lions.

Alfred Jones, guard in camp, told why girls leave home, and James Clark, introduced as the administration's gift to the ladies, gave thanks because he was a doctor instead of a lion tamer. Donovan told us what a wonderful bunch of football players we had in camp and we gave him a cheer. McNab told us of his baseball days with the big leaguers, and we called on Humpy for a speech which he finished going out of the door, and Mr. James gave us a dissertation on peanuts. We had a merry time of it with lots of kidding.

In between the speeches we were entertained by Hick Henderson of North Carolina, former radio announcer and mandolin player of "Mountain Music". He has a trick outfit of a mandolin and mouth organ which he plays together, and his monologue about the farmer and the Ford brought down the house. Albert Springer gave us a solo accompanied by Henderson. Some talent in camp alright.

It was a swell get together meeting, even though Noah Spaulding was not quite sure if it was dinner or supper! It was only a few minutes to "Call to Quarters" when the meeting broke up, and Frank Duggins blew the call in regular army style with regret. Never had an evening passed so quickly.

At the close of the evening three hearty cheers were given for Captain Wolfe and it was spontaneous. Even the acorns rattled on the tin roof of the messhall like thunder! It was a real Thanksgiving at Camp Blue Licks that we'll all remember for a long time to come, and there's still Christmas to look forward to. Watch our step then!



AROUND the CAMPFIRE

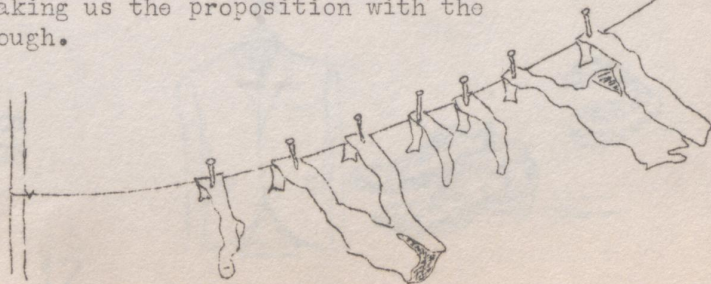
Great doings in camp these days. We have a radio. It's a big six tube outfit loaned by Mr. Ralph Tyree to Lieutenant Crutcher and the camp. The Lt.'s mother, Mrs. Crutcher, bought about \$12.00 worth of batteries and donated them to the camp, and on behalf of the members of the camp, the ARK extends to those responsible for the entertainment possibilities, the best wishes and appreciation of all concerned. Since writing the above, we have been informed that Mr. Tyree died suddenly of a heart attack two days after the radio was brought into camp.

The washing machine is a great institution. It washes every day under the direction of Virgil Howell. Washing is done in relays with two big tubs and plenty of hot water. Howard Rookard, our plumber, has charge of the heating plant and water system, and also does a hundred jobs around the place, including the pipe installations and most of the sheet metal work.

While we think about it, Mrs. Crutcher also donated a couple of sets of Ping Pong outfits. The messhall is used as a recreation hall in the evenings, and a gasoline lantern provides plenty of light. The magazine rack has been moved in, and the boys need some new papers. If anyone sees this who can help out, send them in to Dudley School or call up, and we'll see that they get out there. About twenty of the boys subscribe to a Cincinnati paper, but we need magazines - Westerns!

The messhall is finished but the galley and the store room need some shelving. Cooking goes on just the same however. These are some cooks out at camp and they know their onions. Bill Campbell sees to it that the boys have plenty of seconds at all times. Things are running smoothly in this department. By the time this appears in print the store room will be finished, and the kitchen will be equipped with racks and shelving.

The messhall would be swell if a fireplace was installed. Plenty of rocks and plenty of fellows who would work overtime to build it if necessary. That tin roof keeps the place chilly, and it needs the comfort of a log fire these evenings to make the place popular as a recreation center. Too chilly even to listen to the radio. We understand that Mr. Dally is taking us the proposition with the Captain. Hope it goes through.



AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

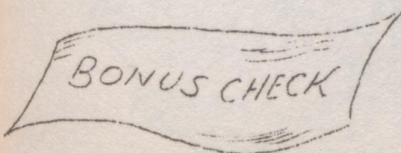
The dishwashers will be in out of the cold at last! A wash rack is being installed in the kitchen, and a window will be cut in the bulkhead so the boys can pass in the dishes instead of going outside. Howard Rookard is building a couple of sheet metal linings to the tubs, and from now on the dishwashing job will be one of the prize jobs of the camp. Warm and comfortable and a darned sight better than that breezy spot out under the trees!

E. A. Mullons and Joe McKenzie are the messhall waiters and they know their jobs. With those snappy white coats they wait on the tables with all the skill of professionals. A couple of quiet efficient boys with none of that "to hell with you" stuff. The mess hall is always clean as a new pin, and the tables are scrubbed to a snow-white finish. We hope these boys continue on the job.

Eugene Wurtz is just about the most versatile man in camp. He is a sculptor - his Crucifixion in wet sand was a work of art - and he made a bow out of a broken pick handle that's as good as any the Indians ever made in Blue Licks. He also makes suitcases and sells them, taking the fittings from old cases. There's an old flivver over on Otis McConnell's place that Eugene will discover some day - and we'll bet he'll make an airplane out of it! (Since checked out!)

By the way, Otis McConnell was seen wearing a pair of Artic overshoes and wheeling a barrow load of dirt down by the North Gate. The temperature was 72 degrees that day - it was Indian Summer - but Otis said he was afraid to take them off for fear of catching cold. Guess he'll be wearing five or six pairs when the snow flies!

Twelve men out at camp received their bonus checks the other day - \$16.00 in a lump sum. Bill Campbell bought a new suit and so did Lindsay Mullins and Ernest Mullens, who also bought some new shoes. About four of the men checked out to try their fortunes in other places, and others went to town and bought such articles as false teeth and banjos. George McNab has new teeth, and we understand that he has fallen in love with a blonde at the Savoy but can't get to first base with her. How about that, Mac?



AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

The Lt.'s son, Young Bill, was out to camp the other day. He's 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ years old and came out to shoot Indians and bears. We understand the Lt. used some deposits in the cow pasture as bear spoor, or evidence, or sumpin'. Bill's all boy and wants to live in a transient camp forever.

Stephen Whitney, whose deferred pay from the army came in not long ago, has written in from Detroit that all is well with him. He now has enough to live on until he can find a job. We wish him luck.

Work at camp shows a steady progression. A roadway around the camp has been laid out and staked, and the men are busy leveling and grading. The museum is beginning to take shape with rock walls; the basement and floor are finished. The Auditorium will soon have the roof on, and the caretaker's house is just about completed. The steps from the monument, up the hill, are all laid, and a retaining wall has been built around the soldier's grave. Plenty of activity in all departments.

L. Pulley and P. Dean are now the only truck drivers and we only have one truck. They are going at all hours of the day and night, quiet and efficient drivers and a credit to the organization. The work requires long hours and they never complain - when they see this they will probably want a raise!

Everybody who possessed twenty one cents last Saturday night went to the picture show at Carlisle, via the truck. About twenty five men produced the necessary, and a pleasant time was had by all. Mr. Dally promoted the outing, and intends to make it a weekly trip; more often if the occasion warrants. We sang all the way in and all the way out, and there's some good talent in the bunch. If we only had a piano out at camp you would hear some singing that would break your heart! How about a show?

Over in England it's a serious offense to serve a man who is under the influence of liquor. ?????????????????????????????????



AW, NERTS!

CAMP DOIN'S

Mr. John W. Dally, the camp supervisor, went hunting with Stubby the Airedale pup. All went well until they spied a rabbit, then with a joyous yell the dog went after the rabbit thinking it was a cat, and having the time of his life, he chased the rabbit away. Mr. Dally returned to the camp down hearted.

The Editor of the ARK came out to camp on a vacation and decided to set a few traps. All was O.K. but the traps were set in a farmer's turkey run. If the editor caught any turkeys he was silent about it. (Editor - no turkeys! That's our story and we're stuck with it!)

Glory be, we are going to eat in the new mess hall Sunday. When we think of those cold winter mornings we sure do appreciate it. A mess hall with a tin roof and everything. And we have a shower bath with hot and cold water, unexcelled since the days of the Roman Empire.

Besides the bath house, we have a gasoline powered washing machine to enable us to have nice clean clothes all the time - providing, of course, you have a change of clothes, though all the boys are taking advantage of the washing machine and going to bed while their clothes are drying.

After all the things said and all the things told, the men in this camp are the best satisfied of all. Even the men in the Center at Lexington all want to come out to this camp. The food cannot be beaten wherever you may go, and the treatment the men receive at the hands of the officials is of the best. They know how to handle men, therefore all is quiet. Drinking is almost a thing of the past.

Bill Campbell is selling tobacco and candy. Charles Fields has been quiet lately about his Montana Moon, and we have a blues yodeler by the name of Fred Bradenburg who keeps everyone awake.

The Flying Dutchman, one of the guards, yells out one night that he wants to go places and must be relieved. Lt. Crutcher, the Sergeant of the Guard, and our leading detective, Bob Swofford all run to help him thinking he is being attacked. The Dutchman snaps on his flashlight, falls down and goes boom over a rock. Much ado. If you want some fun, throw a rock in the direction of the Dutchman some night!

John Mohun and the Lieutenant went hunting, the Lt. with his (t)rusty shot gun and Mohun with his stick. Mohun goes along to carry back the rabbits, if any. The Lt. sees a rabbit, up goes the gun, bang bang, and the rabbit stops and laughs. Mohun runs the rabbit down and makes the kill with his stick. Some team work!

More next time, Jack Clark.



STUBBY GOES A HUNTING

In case you don't know, Stubby is the Captain's airedale pup out at Camp Blue Licks. He spends most of his time out in the woods during the day, and sleeps at night under John Mohun's stove. He's not particular though, and will sleep under anybody's stove in a pinch! We'll let him tell about one day's hunting with the editor. Not being able to speak, he only thinks. Here 'tis:

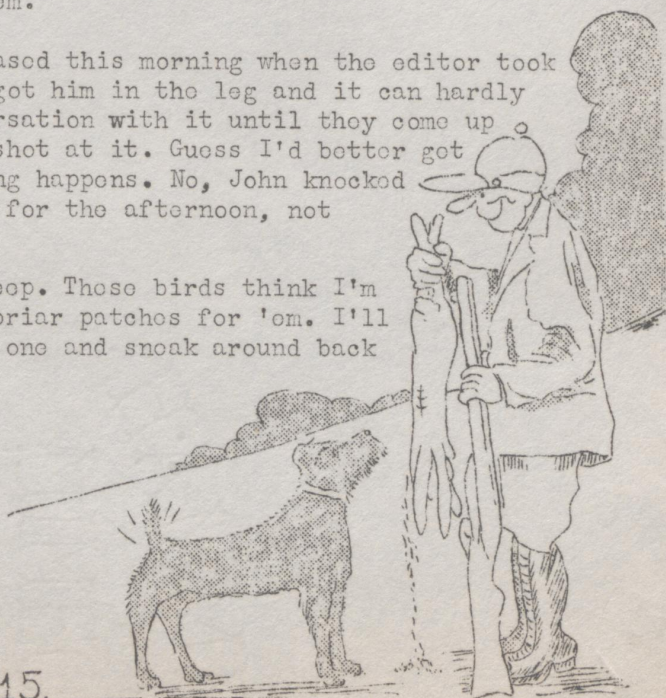
"Well, that's better! Couple of bones, and everybody saved me something. Don't feel much like hunting this afternoon but here comes the editor with Mr. Dally and Lt. Crutcher, and John Mohun. This must be one of those Safaris I've heard about! What? Down the hill again? There's nothing there. The Lt. is pointing at a bush and the editor's backing off a piece. Bang! Well, I'll be durned. He's calling me to look at something. A rabbit! Why, that's the one F.E. Smith shot this morning and Mohun stuffed it with sawdust. Heard about it at noon. The whole camp is lined up along the fence to see the fun. Never fooled me a minute!

"The others have gone back, but Mohun's coming along and he's carrying the gun. Think I'll get one up for him for letting me sleep in his tent. There he goes! Shoot the darn thing John, I'm too full to chase him around. Bang! Missed him. He must have been thinking about how many beds he can put in a tent or something.

"To hell with that rabbit. He went over the hill and that's too far to chase him around. Guess I'll just stick around with them and watch the fun. Those guys are killing all the rabbits I know on this hillside and I won't have anyone to play with if this keeps up. It was the same way the other day when I was out with the Lt. All he could shoot was three legged rabbits. Those guys are lousy. Think I'll go home. To hell with 'em.

"Here's that rabbit I chased this morning when the editor took a shot at him and missed. He got him in the leg and it can hardly walk. Think I'll hold a conversation with it until they come up here. Hope John don't take a shot at it. Guess I'd better get out of the way in case anything happens. No, John knocked it on the head and that's one for the afternoon, not counting the stuffed one.

"I've got to get some sleep. Those birds think I'm going to run through all the briar patches for 'em. I'll fool 'em and go through this one and sneak around back to camp. So long.



GOOD SHOTS THAT HIT THE MARK

"I went to town one day."	Cottonwood Broadcast, Col. Springs, Col.	Nov 11th
"Evening Shadows."	Excelsior, Fargo, N. Dakota	No. 12
"Observations."	Transient Times, Yukon, Fla.	No. 10
"Loan Sharks."	Transvues, Savannah, Ga.	No. 16
"Where do we go from here."	Crusader, Des Moines, Iowa.	No. 2
"The Negro's Voice."	Rockford Bureau Flashes, Rockford, Ill.	No. 6
"Rolling stone gathers no moss."	Transition, Wilmington, Del.	No. 18
"The Sextant" (All of it)	Nags, Head, Camp Weaver, N. C.	No. 4
"Old Age Pensions."	Wigwam, Paducah, Ky.	No. 13
"On your way, drunkards."	Mid-West Breeze, Springfield, Ill.	No. 34
"The Truth."	Looking Up, New Haven, Conn.	No. 27
"Memories."	Cheerio, Cincinnati, Ohio.	No. 53
"The Squirrel Cage."	Vapors, San Luis Hot Springs, Cal.	No. 23
"Editorial."	Novadan, Reno, Nev.	No. 7
"Our Judges."	Pilgrims Echo, Camp Jackson, S. C.	No. 4
"Rehabilitation."	Valley Echo, Savage, Minn.	No. 9
A.D. Robinson's art work	The Nomad, San Francisco, Cal.	No. 12
"Mush for Breakfast	Hotel de Minto Revue, Salem, Ore.	No. 12
"What price censorship."	The Gulf Scream, Mobile, Ala.	No. 7
"Headed which way?"	Alki, Seattle, Washington.	No. 7
"A Reminder."	Bureau Journal, Salisbury, N. C.	No. 26

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Editor,
Frank Perry

Dec. 15th - No. 8.

Artist
Walt Schoneman

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