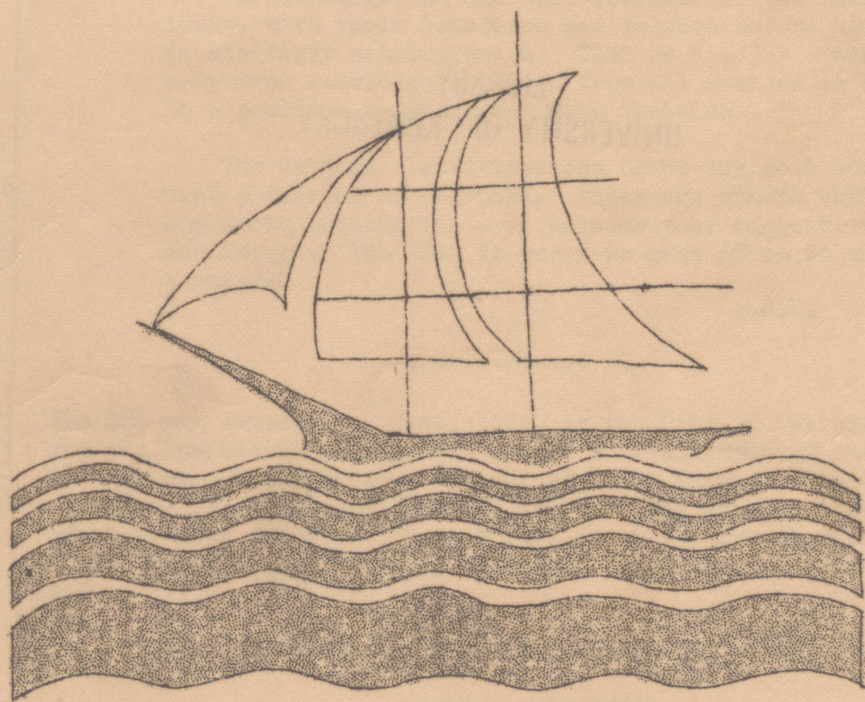


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THE ARK

LEXINGTON DIVISION

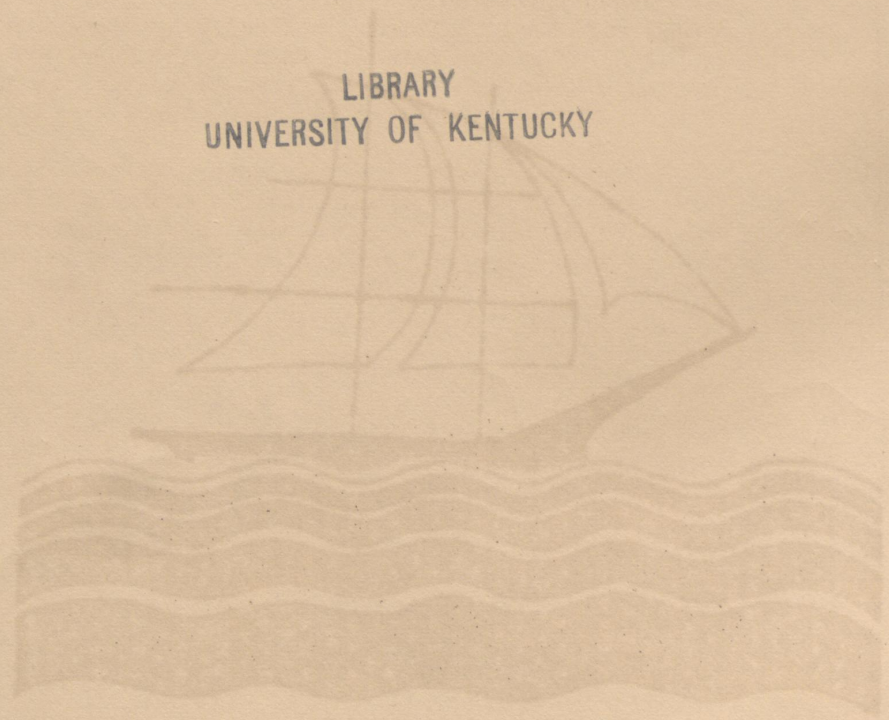


KENTUCKY TRANSIENT BUREAU
SEPTEMBER no. 4-1934.

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KENTUCKY TRANSMITTAL BUREAU
SEPTEMBER 1934

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BY THE MARK ----- FIVE!

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When a ship is in strange waters the lead line is frequently used to determine the depth of the water and to discover hidden dangers.

We are using the same idea on our Camp and Center Rating Page in this issue. It gives a graphic picture of conditions in the bureau as the men in the bureau see them. We believe that if the idea is consistently and courageously carried out all over the country by other bureau papers, that it will improve conditions for all of us.

We believe that the Directors of the Bureaus would appreciate a rating page in the same way that a business man would appreciate a balance sheet of his business. No Director can successfully operate his bureau unless he has the viewpoint of the transients, with their interests and welfare before him as his first consideration. That is his job - and only from knowledge obtained from all sources is he in a position to judge and make decisions.

The various classifications cover the most essential points as we see them. There are others that are worth considering - we welcome your suggestions, and for what the idea is worth we pass it on to other bureaus.

--F.P.

The ARK was launched in June, 1934, in the City of Lexington, Ky., for the inspiration, instruction, and entertainment of the clients of the Lexington Transient Bureau, of which Captain Albert C. Wolfe is Divisional Director. The ARK is published monthly, and is mimeographed under the supervision of Mr. Frank P. Linkenberg, at the State Office of the Kentucky Emergency Relief Administration, Louisville, Ky.

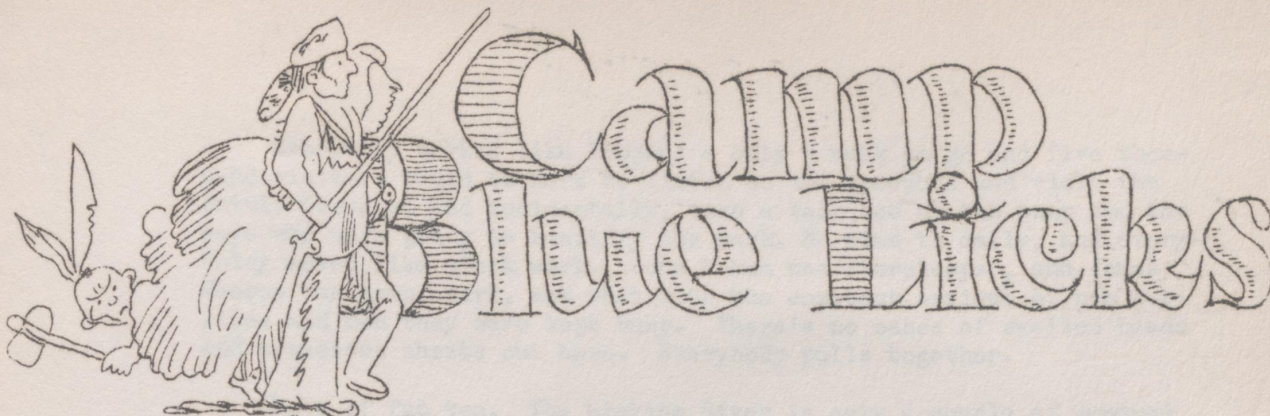
SEPTEMBER - N U M B E R F O U R - 1934

Frank Perry
Editor

Ed Brady
Illustrator.



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Captain Wolfe drove his Buick up the slopes of the ridge over a rocky road until he came to the top. A fairly level spot met his glance - just about room for twenty squad tents to be laid out in Company formation. It was the beginning of the new Transient Camp from Lexington, forty one miles away, and this was the Blue Licks Battle Ground, historic because of the men who had fought and died here in the last battle of the Revolution, between the redskins and the pioneers. Their last camp had been made on this very spot, and the dead lie in a common grave only a few yards away down the slope.

The place was still practically a wilderness, covered with underbrush and rocks. An immense amount of labor would be necessary to make this place into a camp, but it was an ideal spot. Plenty of shade trees, no mud, good water down at the Museum, far enough away from the road to be secluded, and plenty of outdoor work cleaning up the underbrush and making driveways through the park. Better still, this project was of definite value to the community. Blue Licks is a State Park of great historic interest, and the work to be done will be worth thousands of dollars to the State.

The ton and a half truck worked overtime, with James Burton at the wheel, bringing up supplies and men. Twenty men had to be detailed to clean up and police the amphitheatre grounds for the annual celebration of the Blue Lick Battle and the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Daniel Boone. This left only about twenty-five men to put up the tents, build latrines, build a cookhouse, floor the tents, build tables and benches, and do the thousand and one things that must be done to make a wilderness habitable for the men.

The Captain has a way with him. He's a regular army captain, 399th Infantry, U.S.A., and he doesn't argue about trifles, and when he says a thing he means it. He's the kind of guy who would lead in going over the top, and has that quality belonging to all leaders - when he appoints a man to a job, that man usually makes good. He's Divisional Director for this outfit, and when a fellow leaves here it's only because of his wandering feet - not dissatisfaction with the bureau. We're explaining this for the benefit of the new men - to the rest of us it's old stuff. It's the reason so much work was done in such a short time and with only a limited number of men.

Many of the men had seen service in the army, and to them the camp routine was no novelty. George Bennett and Walter Camp were busy from early morn to dark with hammer and saw. Ogden Sheppard, the camp cook and steward, baked pies and fixed up wonderful meals over a camp oven made out of rocks and a piece of sheet iron until the cookhouse could be completed - and believe me, but Ogden sure knows his stuff!

Everybody worked like Trojans - only a week to go and five thousand visitors would be here to listen to the speeches and visit the Battle Grounds, and incidentally, take a look see at the camp and the boys who were going to beautify the park. No time to dally, and everything moved like clock work. John Mohun was storekeeper, and James Sharpe was camp clerk, and what with the constant arrival of new supplies and men they were kept busy. There's no cases of swelled heads and transient chests out here. Everybody pulls together.

Lots of fun too. The Licking River is only a couple of hundred yards away with a fine bathing beach. Baseball bats and boxing gloves provide entertainment in plenty, and there's a recreation tent with cards, games, and dozens of magazines. We are short of lanterns, but a good light can be obtained from a wick stuck in a bottle of kerosene, and when James Clark blows taps on the bugle, it means a night of sound refreshing sleep. To many of the men, this camp life is a revelation after being in the stuffy atmosphere of the Center in Lexington - and as for the food, there's no comparison. It's real cooking, and plenty of it for everybody, no stinting here. This place feeds better than the Center and there's a reason - you can eat like hell out here in the open under the cedars and sycamores!

Not much time for military ceremonies. We salute the flag when passing headquarters tent, and we stand formation for meals and roll call, and we wend our way in single file to the cookhouse where the efficient kitchen staff dish out the meals in cafeteria style. We eat in mess tents - there's white uniformed mess attendants to keep things clean, and the foremen and specialists have their own tent. They correspond to Noncoms in the regular army, and everybody receives the same food. The outfit is more like a family than a group of transients from all over the country - and that's because of the way things are handled around here.

A week has gone by since the day the Captain drove up the hill. Let's see what has been accomplished. Eighteen squad tents are erected, the headquarters and supply tents are floored and braced with shelves built. A five holer latrine has been built in Chic Sales best style, with nails to lift the lids - said nails having a playful tendency to scrape the backs of the unwary, a delicate touch of George Bennett's own devising! A cookhouse now stands in all it's glory, with a real cook stove and shelves and everythin'. Acres and acres of woods have been cut, and hundreds of yards of driveways have been cleared of loose stones. We have settled down to a steady routine, not bad for a week's work with only forty five men or so - and we mustn't forget the hospital tent with James Clark in attendance, his bottles and lotions and cots in neat array, waiting for casualties which so far have not developed.

And now comes the great day - the celebrating of the Battle of Blue Licks which took place one hundred and fifty two years ago between the pioneer Kentuckians and a force of Indians led by Canadian officers. From all accounts it was a bloody battle. The dead lie in a common grave covered with rocks to keep the wolves away. This ground carries history with every yard. Daniel Boone made salt at the Blue Licks just a short distance from camp and was captured by the Indians there. His son Isreal was killed in the Blue Licks battle, and a museum on the grounds is filled

with historic mementoes of the early settlers and Indians as well as some fine specimens of mastodon teeth and tusks dug up not far from here. Mr. W.J. Curtis has charge of the museum, and his never failing politeness and fund of information is always available to the boys of the camp free of charge.

Early on the morning of the 19th the visitors began to arrive. Many of them were descendants of the early pioneers who took part in the battle. Speeches were made from the rustic grandstand in the amphitheatre, and a band played Kentucky melodies at intervals to give the speakers a chance to rest up. We listened with the rest of the boys while Governor Ruby Laffoon of the State of Kentucky lauded the exploits of the bygone heroes, and Mrs. Emma Guy Cromwell made speeches lauding the efforts of the boys in the camp, and other speakers lauded everybody else.

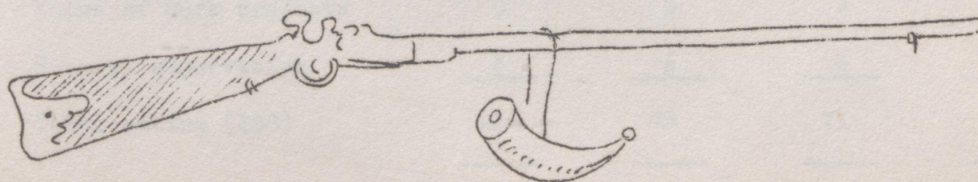
It was a great day all round, and just about everybody on the grounds visited the camp. Ed Brady was discovered sitting on his cot with a peculiar expression on his face - he said he knows now just how a freak feels in a sideshow! The trouble was - he was dazzled by the display of beautiful Kentucky belles who passed and repassed his tent - probably wondering what a captive artist thinks about! And many of the same Kentucky belles were escorted around by Mac and the rest of the boys, with evident satisfaction to all concerned!

In between times the Captain roamed around on a beautiful horse loaned from the Blue Lick Stock Farms down the road, keeping his eye on things in general. These Kentuckians are hospitable people, there will be no friction in this vicinity. The Blue Lick Hotel has Saturday night dances too, and some of the boys have already found themselves partners for the weekly frolic. This camp has all the things necessary to make a successful camp - and it won't be Captain Wolfe's fault if things don't go right.

The sun was setting as the exercises came to a close. Slowly the visitors turned homeward as the melancholy strains of "My Old Kentucky Home" drifted softly and sadly across the scene - to be followed by the wild notes of "Dixie" and rebel yells, and closing with the old and merry tune of "Turkey in the Straw". It was a great day for the Kentuckians, and it was a great day for the camp. The folks for miles around have a better idea of just what we are trying to accomplish in beautifying the lovely scenes of the Blue Licks - and they are a friendly and hospitable people.

We're doing something worth while for the Commonwealth of Kentucky, and Blue Licks Camp is a real camp for real men.

F.P.



HOW WE RATE

We are rating the Center and the Camps according to the qualifications outlined below. The awards are as follows:

Very good-5, Good-4, Fair-3, Poor-2, Very poor-1, None-0.

<u>Qualifications</u>	<u>Center</u>	<u>Camp Blue Licks</u>	<u>Camp Pakunoki</u>	<u>Camp Elkhorn</u>
Cleanliness	5	5	5	5
Lavatory facilities	3	5	5	5
Bath facilities	5	3	3	3
Indoor recreation	3	3	2	3
Outdoor recreation	0	4	4	3
Issuance of clothing	3	3	3	3
Payday on time	4	4	4	4
Sleeping quarters	3	4	5	4
Fire hazard precautions	5	5	5	5
Washing and drying clothes	2	4	5	4
Food quality	5	5	5	5
Cooking & quantity	3	5	4	4
Canteen service	0	0	0	0
Clean bed linen	5	5	5	5
Medical attention	5	4	4	4
Dental attention	5	4	4	4
Vocational education	0	0	0	0
Re-employment facilities	0	0	0	0
Value of work projects	0	5	3	4
General supervision	<u>5</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>5</u>
Total rating (100)	<u>61</u>	<u>73</u>	<u>71</u>	<u>70</u>
Average number of men	65	50	30	25

WHO CARES

We have our own answers,
As we walk the tracks and hop the freights
From East to West and back again,
Going nowhere - just going!
Salvaging a bit of bread and sausage
From marked kitchen doors
And sleeping in a jungle of huts
Made out of tin cans.

Not what we expected - not exactly!

But we say it is worse
To stifle the hope in our hearts
Than to give us poor rations;

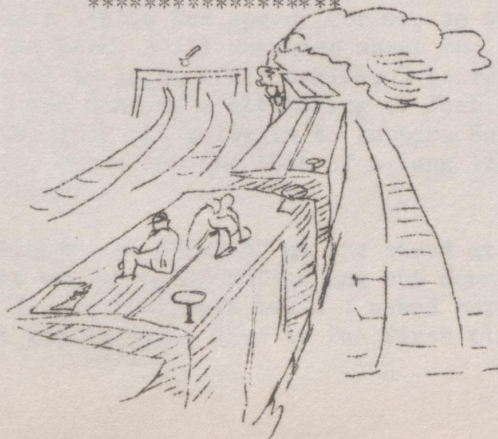
And we say to the man who urged:
"Cook up a war - that will take care
of these boys," -
If we are to be killed,
Let it be fighting this stupid arrangement
That makes us tramp the tracks and beg for bread!

Don't tell us there is not enough to go 'round!
We have seen the full granaries on our travels,
And passed orchards where they burned the oranges.

But one day last winter
We stopped a passenger train
In good hobo style - stood squarely
In front of the engine - thirty of us -
Until she slowed down.

We had a swell ride that day!

Marion Craig Wentworth
in "Today"



What, no Indians?

...a crazy tale

"They're trying to find out your real name," we called to Barnacle Bill as he passed our office door the other morning. "Maybe you can give us a little information. How about it?"

Bill paused and looked around the office.

"I suppose you've heard how I came to be at this bureau," said Bill, reaching for the makins' on our desk. We made a quick grab at them but missed. Bill is quick on the uptake. "No, tell us," we said resignedly.

"The first person I met here was a good looking dame with big brown eyes. "Send in another man," she hollers from her cubicle. I got up off the bench in the hallway and looked around. Over a doorway was a sign - "Miss Adams". She was sitting at a table with a sharp pencil and a sheet of paper in front of her. "What's your name? Where are you from? How long are you going to stay? What can I do for you? How did you get here?"

"I was in a daze. "Barnacle Bill," I said. "O.K. Bill," she went on. "Take this down to Limestone Street and tell 'em I sent you." She handed me a paper reading 'We Understand'. I looked the paper over on my way out. It was quite a short story and occupied me all the way across town. Damn if I didn't almost get run over at the corner of Main when I came to the part about joining in the civic, social, and economic affairs of the community. My tuxedo was in hock up in Chi - here was a hell of a mess!"

There was nothing about getting paid in the story, so when I got over to Limestone Street, I asked a little guy who stood so straight up he almost leaned over backwards. "Say, buddy, when do we get paid?" In a voice you could have heard over at Dudley School he said, "When you have been here two or three weeks." "I'm Sergeant Smith," he went on. "Grab that broom and sweep down the stairs, and then go down the basement and move all the potatoes over, then go up on the fourth floor and make up all the beds, and then wash up all the dishes. After that you can knock off for a smoke. Have you a smoke? I guess not, well here's a dime."

"All this was a little too speedy for me, so when no one was looking I went over to the park, still thinking about the civic and social affairs I was going to join. After awhile, I heard a great commotion from the direction of the Center, a clattering of feet coming down stairs, so I figured that the gang was going in to supper. Sure 'nuff, when I got back to the place, there was the last of a long line going through the doors of the cafeteria.

"A little blonde got ahead of me and stood at the end of the line - picked up a plate and a mug of coffee and sat down at a table. I sat down with her. "Do you stay here too?" I asked hopefully. "No," she said, sweetly. "I just got in line, this is the first time I have been here."

"How much do they charge for meals? I think I'll eat here often. They have a nice class of people eat here."

"Look here, Bill," we expostulated, "seems to me you are getting off the track. What's all this got to do with telling us your real name?" Bill heaved a deep sigh and reached again for the makins' but we were too quick for him. "It was fate," he went on. "After that we went to all the civic and social affairs together, mostly sitting in the park and reading in the library, with an occasional prayer meeting by the court house on Saturday night. It was a gay life."

"The last time I saw Blondie she was sitting on a bench in the park talking to a tall fellow with a little moustache, so I decided to go to camp. I went over to see Captain Wolfe about it, but he was in Paducah, or Louisville, or Blue Licks Camp, or Camp Elkhorn, or Camp Pakuneki, I forget which. He is on the go so much you have to catch him on the fly. But the next time I went he was all there, dressed up in his army uniform and looking swell with boots and spurs on and everythin'. "Hollo, Bill," he says, how would you like to go to camp for a look see?" "Fine," says I, and away we went in the Captain's car.

"On the way out to camp the Captain sold me on the idea of sticking around for awhile and saving my money, and learning bookkeeping. He's a great guy for wanting us fellows to stick around, maybe he gets a commission on the number of days we stay here! Anyway, five minutes with him and you think you are in the army. You start saluting him before you know it, and he's got an idea most of us are regular guys and not bums at all! But where the hell are we?"

"Your'e in the Captain's car on the way to camp, you poor sap," we told him. "But that's not telling us your real name."

"Oh, yes, I remember," he went on. "It was a very successful camping trip. We fished and hunted all over the place, and Sergeant Smith got a kink in his back from throwing a fifty pound rock at Lester Day for putting in the letter J backwards on a work project sign. They have a nice bunch of fellows out at the camp, and we hated like hell to see the Captain come out one day. "How about it, Bill?" he asked. "Great," we answered. "That's fine," said the Captain, "do you want to go back now?" "Sure," we said, "thanks for the buggy ride." And so here we are back in the old spot.

"And what happened to Blondie while you were gone?" we asked with some interest. "Oh, she's still sitting on a bench in the park, with Lloyd Wells this time," he answered, "but I've got my eye on a brunette now. We're going in for these civic and social affairs in a big way as soon as I get my raise to take care of the economic aspect of things. I have about decided to go up to Cincinnati and get me a room and board for a couple of weeks. I simply can't stand the Center after being out at camp. So long, see you later." Reaching for our last of the makins' he was gone!

Now we come to think of it - he never did tell us his real name!

--F.P.



Statistics from F.E.R.A.

The National Organization of F.E.R.A. recently held a conference in Kansas City, Mo. Here's some of the facts and figures they swapped with each other:

In 1933, 261 transient centers, and 63 transient work camps were established, for which the Federal Government allotted \$3,775,555.00.

In December, 1933, 228,000 persons were given service; 156,000 of these persons were white males, 207 Indians, 1,153 Mexicans, 9,965 negroes, and 60,000 in family units.

In March, 1934, 138,243 cases were closed for the following reasons: 3,930 assimilated locally, 684 secured permanent care, 5,746 sent to camps, 3,786 transferred to legal residence, 1,175 transported to relatives, 2,482 secured work, 9,249 left because of definite plans they had made, and 33 died.

102,000 refused the plan or left the camps of their own accord. The officials cited that "this is definitely a weakness in our program and shows that some place along the line we need to strengthen it."

Recommendations adopted ask for a continuation of the work as long as conditions warrant it; medical and hospitalization care, congregate shelters to be maintained for those who need supervision, and single men to be domiciled in furnished rooms and boarding houses.

A protest was also voiced against the attitude in many communities to regard the shelter as a depository for unwanted labor where men can be cared for cheaply, kept from competing for jobs, or of placing such shelters remote from cities conveniently out of sight of citizens, and where the clients have no opportunity to make normal contacts and improve their conditions by their efforts.

All of the above was gathered from "Transient Comment", of Moline, Ill. under the date of August 11th, 1934.

No doubt the full report on the conference carried much more in the way of facts and figures, but there's enough there to show which way the wind is blowing. We must give full credit to the fearless manner in which the problem has been tackled, and the recommendations made above show that the conference is on the right track.

The Transient Bureaus were established to help Transients out of one hell of a mess; wandering around the country, broke, disheartened, hungry, desperate, and nothing in sight but plenty more of the same thing. While the bureaus are run primarily for the benefit of transients everything will be all O.K., but the minute they are run for the benefit of the people who run the bureaus - then that will be the time to shut them down and try something else. Everything seems to be under control!

--F.P.

Missing Page(s)

Citadel Christophe

"A BLACK MAN WHO BECAME KING"

As our ship glided into the beautiful Bay D' Acule, Cape Haitien, we noticed a small dot on a distant mountain top. As we drew nearer the dot began to take on the shape of a gigantic ship. We asked a fellow passenger what it could be.

"That is the famous old Citadel Christophe," he said, "built as a monument to a black man's pride. It was built by King Henry 1st, a poor black slave who made himself king of all western Haiti. It was started by him but never finished. Some say it was built as a means of defense, and some say it was built to show the world what a poor black slave could do. That hunk of stone has quite a history."

Immediately on landing we looked up our friend Bill, with an idea of learning more about the old Citadel. In no time at all we had made arrangements to start out the following morning with him and make a trip up there. We spent the evening at the American Club, drinking rum punches and talking over old times in the Island of Black Magic. Early the next morning, after a hearty breakfast at the Club, we climbed into friend Bill's old ramshackle flivver and started out for the famous Citadel.

After a pleasant nine mile drive through the country we came to the little village of Milo. Here Bill stopped the car. "Here's where the climbing starts," he said. Soon we were attracted by the ruins of an immense castle. "Say, what's this?" we inquired. "Oh, that's King Christophe's old summer palace," said Bill, "it's known as the Palace San Souci. Over there on your right is an old mission built years ago, and still used for worship."

We looked over the ruins and dreamed of the tales of past glories these old walls could tell if they could only speak. We were brought back to reality by a yell from Bill. "Say, come on you fellows, let's get under way before it gets hot." So taking a last lingering look we followed Bill up the trail.

As we struggled up the steep mountain, Bill reminded us that most all the guns that were in the fort up above had been brought up this same trail, and brought up by man power alone. "I don't see how they ever did it," grunted one of the party. "Oh, Christophe had a way with him," said Bill. "I've heard that he would put a hundred men to carrying one gun, and if they couldn't carry it he would shoot ten of them, then it was up to the other ninety to carry on. If they couldn't do it, why he just shot ten more. It was a matter of carrying the guns or getting shot, so they usually carried them."

As we climbed higher and higher, we noticed many wild orange trees.

"Are they any good?" we asked Bill. "Sure," he said, "try one." We did, and found them delicious. We collected a number and continued on our way. After climbing for what seemed ages, but which proved to be only about three hours, we rounded a sharp curve, and there right before us was an immense building of stone, with old guns peeping out of the walls. We were met at the entrance by a grinning Gendarme.

"Come," he said, "I will show you around." We followed him through a large wooden door and up a flight of stairs into the guest room. Here we were asked to sign the visitors book, a book containing the names of many famous people. As we passed out of the guest room we were amazed at the largeness of a vast courtyard; it was fully five hundred feet long and three hundred feet wide, while on all sides were the towering walls of stone. These walls are several feet thick and were built of stone taken right out of the mountain.

As we passed around the walls we noticed that there were massive cannon every few feet. Many of these guns had the initials of Napoleon on them. There were many old rifles of the flintlock type, as well as a few pistols. After we had completed our round of the guns, our guide said he would take us up on the walls, but warned us not to go too close to the edge as it was a long drop. After one look, we told him not to worry. As we passed along the walls we noticed a trench cut in the center which was used to collect rain water for the fort's supply of water.

As we came to a narrow place we were told that it was here that Christophe marched a company of soldiers over the cliff, to show that he had discipline in his army. To use the Gendarme's own words, Christophe just said, "Forward March" and over the side they went. Bill took a peep and said, "Well, I'm glad I wasn't in his army." "Come," said the Gendarme, "I'll show you more." We were then taken down to the old prison on the first floor. As we stumbled through the darkness with only the flickering light of a flash light to guide us, we could almost hear the cries and groans of the prisoners who died in these very chambers. All along the walls were fastened chains with leg and arm bands, and here the prisoners of war, and Christophe's enemies were shackled up and left to die.

"Let's get out of here," said Bill, "it's too gruesome." We climbed up some old wooden stairs to the sunlight, and then to the powder vaults. There was an immense quantity of powder and shot stored away in the vaults, and it would have been impossible to capture the fort when it was first built. Of course, as a means of defense it is now absolutely worthless, but what a monument to a black man's power! It is hard to believe that a poor black slave could rise to such great heights of power and glory as these ruins indicated.

King Henry Christophe the First, we salute your memory!

W.J.McClimmon.



Every week, the Company with the best rating for orderliness and cleanliness receives a chicken dinner, at Yuma, Arizona; so says the Sanduno.

California is combining many of the smaller camps into units of 400 or more men, and establishing them as vocational training schools. The men will be instructed in various mechanical trades and other subjects, such as drafting, aeronautics, and other kindred subjects. Instructors for these schools and shops will be drawn from the transient group, and also from unemployed educational workers, according to the Nomad of San Francisco, Cal.

They have a community savings bank at the Montgomery Transient Camp at Blacksburg, Va., according to The Mountaineer. This savings plan is taken advantage of by a large number of men. The plan is not compulsory, but money deposited must stay in the bank for at least one week. Any amount may be deposited.

They had a meeting of the staff at Albuquerque, New Mexico, to discuss their problems and eliminate friction, according to the Weekly Gossip. The results of the meeting will drastically change the relationship between the Case Work Department and the client - to the client's advantage it is said.

The Transient Times of Shreveport reports that efforts are being made to place qualified young men from the transient centers into colleges and universities of Louisiana free of tuition costs, the Centers furnishing board and lodging and the regular cash allowance. Experimental stage we understand.

The weekly Jamboree programs are starting again, according to the Main Line of San Jose, Cal. The shows are composed largely of outside talent from local people, as well as acts from bureau inmates. We think this would be a great idea if it could be universally adopted - the townsfolk would get a better slant on what a Transient really is. They would get plenty of applause anyhow!

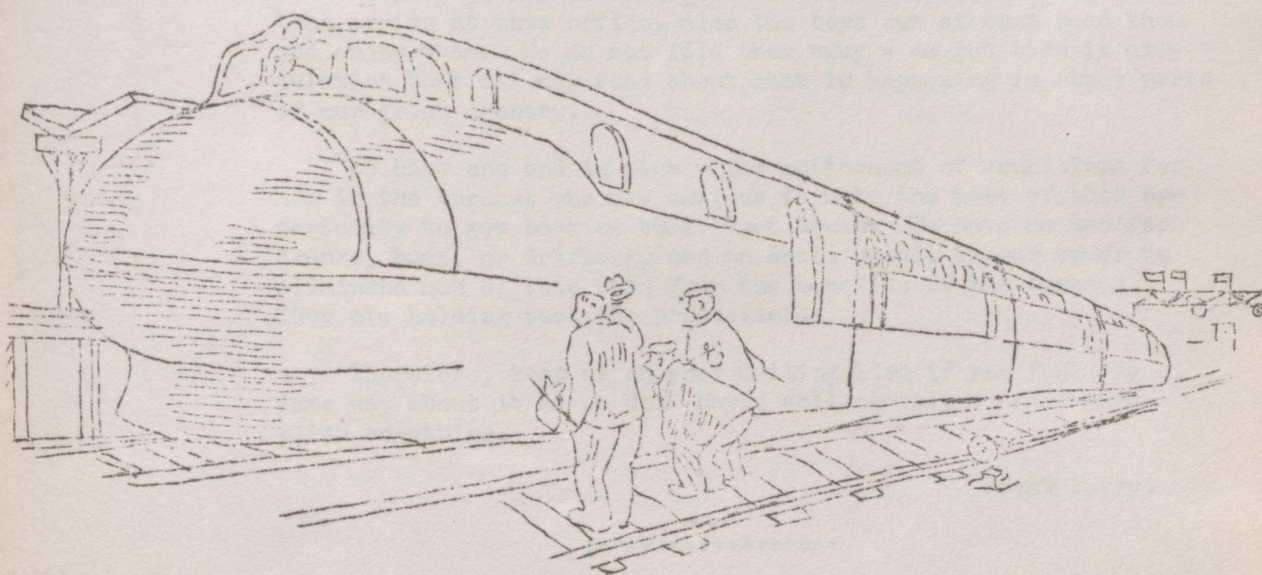
Checkmate!

For twenty years we've ridden the rods,
And now it's come to this.
These now fanglod trains are hell on wheels,
Looks like we'll give 'em a miss.
The road ain't what it used to be,
In days of old it was wild and free,
But what the hell can ya do with 'e,
Said Barnacle Bill; the sailor.

The times have come to settle us down,
In a little camp by the shore.
We'll ask Uncle Sam to give us our chow,
And a sack of tobacco or more.
Nothing to do now but wiggle our thumbs,
They've sure put the kibosh on all us bums,
We can't ever ride 'em no matter what comes,
They cried as they looked at the trailer.

Sadly they turned and wended their way,
To the Bureau down the street.
The place they had stepped at for years and years,
A haven where all men meet.
Looks like we'll stay here until we die,
We can't catch such crazy trains on the fly,
There's nothing to hold to they said with a sigh,
As they signed their names at the door.

--F.P.



Picture supplied
by Mrs. Dunbar.



...about those Mailing Lists

We have been notified by the editors of numerous Transient magazines that unless they receive copies of the ARK we shall be dropped from their mailing list.

Now for a word of explanation. The ARK is published monthly, - not weekly. The mimeographing is done in Louisville, Ky., and we have no control over the date of issue; all we do is write up the contents, Ed Brady illustrates the pages, and we launch the whole blooming works with a prayer that some day it will arrive in port. We happen to know how busy the State Office is these days, and we consider ourselves lucky if it arrives at all!

If the ARK is dropped from your mailing list you are helping to destroy the very plan that is most helpful to us all - universal and country wide publicity that will carry the news and opinions of the camps and bureaus to a much larger audience than is available in your own little bailiwick.

We consider that we have at least one hundred intelligent readers outside of our own bureau - moulders of Transient and possibly public opinion. We are referring to the editors of the Transient papers to whom we mail a copy of the ARK every month. We shall continue sending out copies of the ARK regardless, and we don't give a darn whether you rate good or bad!

We have plenty of time to read all the Transient Magazines that arrive at this office. Also the boys out at camp read them and enjoy them. We do not file them away - we put them in circulation that all may read about what is happening in other parts of our great country.

We have one end in view - the betterment of conditions for men in the bureaus who are anxious to make the most of this opportunity to get back on their feet again. We have no use for drunks, bums, or driftors, and we shall do all in our power to eliminate men of this type from the benefits of the bureaus. They are holding back the procession.

Therefore, keep us on your mailing list if you feel the same way about it as we do. Maybe collectively we may accomplish something.

Frank Perry.

We Build a Spring

We have a spring at Camp Pakuneki. It's a swell spring, lined with rock, with steps leading down to the water level, and an overflow that runs through a pipe with a splash and a gurgle that is delightful to listen to.

It wasn't that way before we came here. Then it was a shallow basin, frequently overflowed from the river, and the water ran down the hillside into the spring when it rained. It was a very disreputable spring taking it by and large. Sergeant Smith looked it over one day and grunted his disapproval. "We gotta get this damm place fixed up so's we can get a drink of water when we want it." He went back up the winding path along the river to Headquarters to get together a detail.

"Hey, you Jones, and you too Ridley," he called out to two of the colored contingent. "Get a couple of men to help you and fix that spring up. Aldrich, you go along too, and see that they dont fall into the river and drown their damm selves." That was all. A detail was set and the Sergeant knew that all was well. It happens to be his way. Nobody argues about it and the job is always done well.

John Aldrich, the foreman, with Tom Jones and Archie Ridley, and two young colored fellows started out. Up the hillside was a rock wall, and the two boys were kept busy carrying rock down to the spring. Aldrich and the two colored men stood around the depression called the spring and went into a consultation. Jim Estepp, who lives down the road a piece and collects the swill from the camp for his hogs, was also there. They drew diagrams on the river bank. This was going to be a real spring and no foolin'.

"It's this way," said Sergeant Smith. "We'll have to put rocks on the bottom and up the two sides and along the front, with a pipe at the bottom to clean it out, and one three parts up the front wall for an overflow. Then we can pull the plug out of the bottom hole when we want to clean out the spring, and everything will be hunky dory." Estepp picked up a rock and whanged at it with a hammer. It broke in pieces. "Aint that just like a man," soliloquized Jones. "He breaks a rock in the wrong place and then asks God to damm it for him." With grunts and groans and many cusswords the bottom of the spring was cleaned out and rocks laid. Up and down the hillside the two boys trotted, carrying huge flat rocks.

Ridley sloshed about in the spring bottom. Jones stood on the side lines, digging here and there. Aldrich smoked his pipe and talked things over with Estepp. Sergeant Smith had long since gone about his business and everything was going along fine. "Now we're going to build the front wall," said Jim Estepp. "We'll lay this big rock here, and this one there, and these two across the corners for a brace." "Tyin' 'em up," says Jones from the sidelines.

"A couple up here will help too," said Ridley as he plunked down a rock weighing a hundred pounds about half an inch from Jones's foot, causing Jones to gasp in alarm! Ridley stopped out on to the bank, and promptly

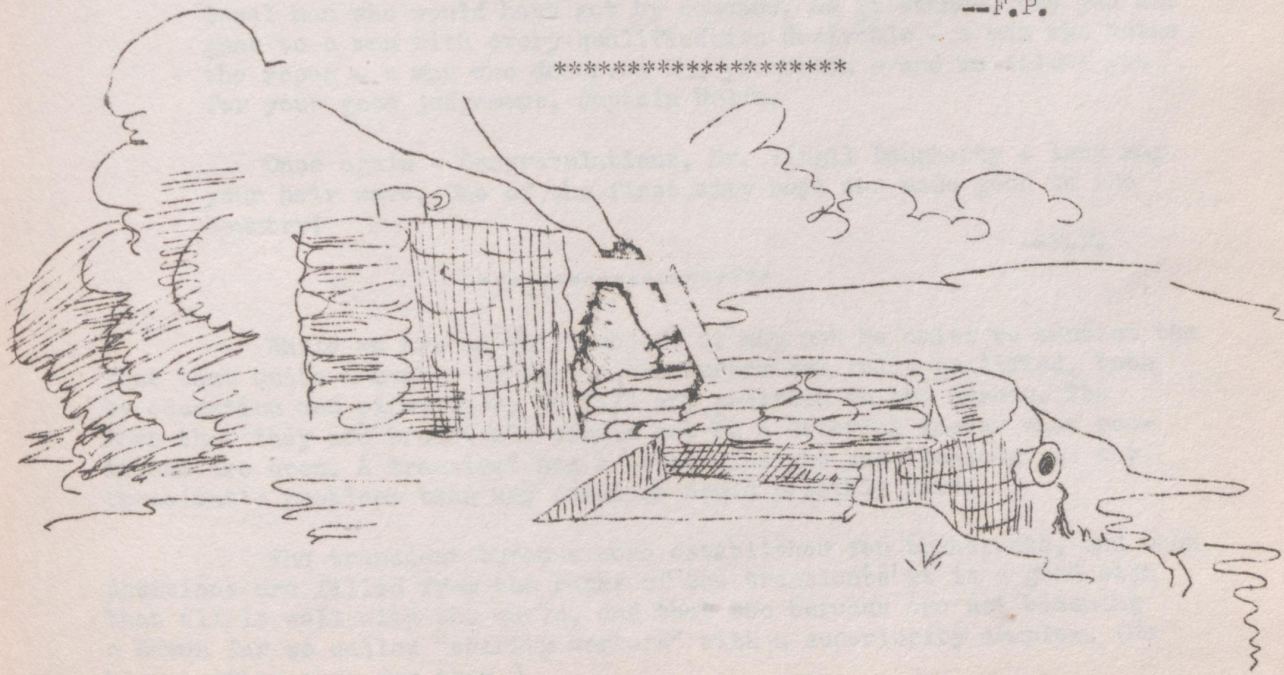
slid down the slippery surface into the river, to the delight of Jones. Aldrich hitches his feet higher up the bank and lights up again. From time to time the boys brought down huge stones. Once Sergeant Smith came down and looked things over. "What in hell are you sweating for Ridley?" he asked, as he looked at Ridley's dripping legs. "He's all steamed up," commented Jones, with a grin. The Sergeant went back up the hill and the work went on. Shortly afterwards the whistle blow - dinner time!

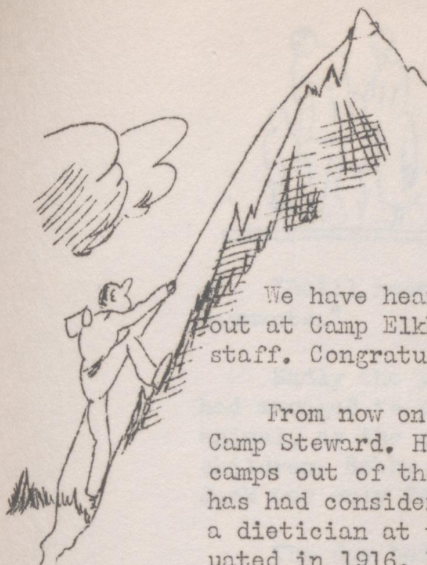
Estopp was a volunteer - not even a member of the camp, but he was interested in seeing the spring built right. He had built hundreds of springs in his time, and had raised a large family too, and some of the boys go up and sit on his porch in the evenings and talk to his daughters. Ward and Woodall have just about got a path beaten up there all of their own. Estopp had agreed to go down in one of the boats and get some sand to mix with the cement. We all went down and admired the spring - there's about twenty-five of us out at Camp Pakuneki - and we made suggestions, and carefully refrained from doing any actual work!

They got the sand and brought it up to the spring and dumped it on the bank. Jesse Ward carried a hundred pound sack of cement down the hill - some carry. Ridley is an expert cement mixer, he sloshed about and patted and shoveled and Jones made comments, and the boys carried rock, and the first thing you know the spring was built. Rock walls up both sides and along the front, and three nice steps down to the water. The final daub of cement was placed between the rocks - and there she was! The finest spring within a hundred miles. It was a full day's work, but what the hell, we had accomplished something!

The Sergeant came down and looked at the spring. "That's the best piece of work that's been done around this camp," he said. And everybody felt swell about it, and stood around and admired the handiwork. When the tools were picked up and shouldered, the sun was setting behind the hills of Kentucky. It was a good days work. And that's how things are done at Camp Pakuneki!

--F.P.





EXCELSIOR

We have heard today that "Red" Daugherty, acting steward out at Camp Elkhorn at this writing, has been promoted to the staff. Congratulations, "Red".

From now on he will be known officially as Mr. Virgil Daugherty, Camp Steward. He will have charge of the mess supplies of the camps out of the Lexington Division we understand. Mr. Daugherty has had considerable experience in this line, having studied as a dietician at the University of California, from which he graduated in 1916. He also served three years in the Marines during the World War and after.

Mr. Daugherty has had an adventurous career. For many years he was connected with the movies in the capacity of publicity man, and was responsible for many of the press agent yarns and stunts that have been used to keep players names before the public. He has a host of friends in the theatrical profession and in the business world.

But "Red" came to Lexington the same as you or I. The Bureau was a port in a bad storm, but unlike many others, "Red" did not drift around from Bureau to Bureau. He settled, stuck, and took what was coming, without fear or favor, and without any pull - he won out. He stayed on the job until he made good!

Three hearty cheers for Captain Wolfe in securing this appointment for "Red". It would have been easy enough to have secured a local man who would have got by somehow. As it stands, the job has gone to a man with every qualification desirable - a man who knows the ropes - a man who deserves the promotion - and we salute you for your good judgement, Captain Wolfe.

Once again - Congratulations, Mr. Virgil Daugherty - long may your hair wave. One of the first city boys who made good in the country!

--F.P.

While we are on this subject it may not be amiss to mention the fact that quite a number of men in the bureau are fully qualified, both by education and experience, to fill any position in the bureau. The fact that they are transients should not be a deterring factor when positions are open. A transient has a better insight and knowledge of the transient's problems than any outsider could possibly have.

The transient bureaus were established for transients, and when positions are filled from the ranks of the transients it is a good sign that all is well with the world, and that the bureaus are not becoming a haven for so called "charity workers" with a superiority complex. (We have another name for them.)



ADrift

"We'll have to take the cow mister, you're way behind on your payments."

Sadly the young couple watched as the cow was led away. They had managed to pay fifteen dollars on the purchase price of the animal, as the milk had been a necessity for their three growing children. Bobby was going on seven, Dorothy was three, and baby Jack was only four months old.

The day before their furniture had been taken away with the exception of an old couch which had been occupied the night before by the wife and the baby, the others sleeping on the floor. The man looked across at his wife, a comely woman of twenty-six. Her face was hard and bitter.

"Well," she said, "there goes the last of what we had. What shall we do now?. We cant get along with you working only one day a week on the county, and all our friends and relatives are as bad off as we are."

The man did not reply. He was of the inarticulate type, a cement and tile worker when times were good. Lately they had been trying to get by most anyway, and had not made much of a success at it. He looked at his calloused hands. The solution seemed to be up to him.

"Wife," he answered, "we'll have to get away from here some how. Maybe I can find work at Cold Creek. I can borrow a few dollars from Life Parsons, and Elmer Canthorne will let us go in his truck that far." No decision was made regarding leaving his wife and children with the neighbors; they well knew the conditions existing in their small town, and somehow they felt that they could see things through.

They packed what clothing they had in a big suitcase and started out. On their arrival at Cold Creek they found the same conditions as at home. No chance for a job. A kindly family let them share a room for a week and fed them. Desperate now, they decided to make their way to Akron, with the idea of securing work in a tile plant there. A friendly truck driver gave them a lift to a small town not far away. They were definitely adrift now, and spent the night at the Transient Bureau. They left town the next morning.

It was not easy to pick up a ride. They managed to get within seven miles of a medium sized town, and had walked about that distance between rides. Slowly they trudged ahead, the woman carrying the baby, the man carrying the heavy suitcase, and at times, the three year old girl. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when they arrived in

the town and applied at the Transient Bureau, tired, worn out, and hungry. The sky was dark with storm clouds.

They waited in the lobby until it came their turn to be interviewed. While the wife and children waited in the hallway, the man was ushered into the presence of the caseworker, a woman social worker, well fed, efficient. "Where are you from?" she asked impersonally.

The man boldly stated his case. He wanted shelter for his wife and children. He stated where he stayed the night before, and that they were on their way to Akron where he thought he could get work. Could they be put up for the night, with something to eat?

He was informed bluntly that he could not be taken in, he should have stayed at the last place until a plan could have been worked out for him. He had no business dragging his wife and children around the country, he should be put in jail for doing such a thing. No, the rules were that they could not take anyone into the Bureau who had left another Bureau within the State. The man pleaded.

"Put me in jail for thirty days if you want to, but let my wife and children stay here." His speech was stumbling, he could not state his case properly, he had only one idea in his mind; it was beginning to rain and there was no place for them to go. "Sorry, cant do anything for you. Those are the rules and I didn't make them. Maybe the Salvation Army can do something for you." The wife came in with the baby in her arms, standing, looking, but saying nothing.

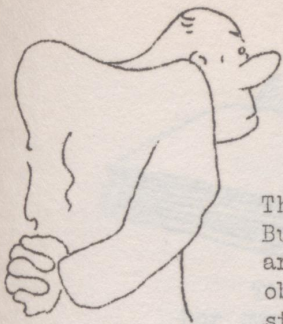
Dumbly the man looked at his wife, then turned towards the door, walked a few steps and came back. "Put me in jail if you want to, but please take care of my wife and kids," he pleaded again. "You have no business running around the country; you had your chance and I cant do anything for you," came the answer.

Together the man and his wife walked out onto the sidewalk, the two children following behind. The baby started to cry, and the woman stopped, facing the building as she unclasped the bosom of her dress. The child stopped crying. The little girl reached up to the man. "I'm hungry, Daddy," she said.

The man did not reply. He turned and faced the building; from the look on his face he was hoping that the caseworker might relent. From the darkening sky came a flash of lightning and a rumble of thunder. The woman gazed at the building with a look of hate and despair. Slowly they turned and walked down the street, the man shifting the heavy suit case to his shoulder as he took hold of the little girls' hand.

And down in the Shelter, four worthless bums were chipping in with the remnants of their payday to buy a bottle of hooch!

--F.P.



The Kibitzer

The writer of this article has been in several Transient Bureaus on a trip from the West Coast to the Middle West, and the opinions herein expressed are based on his personal observations. We print them for what they are worth. We may state in passing that he left the other day and swiped our shirt!

Most of the men who apply at a Transient Bureau arrive in town on freight trains. The men would appreciate the opportunity to wash and clean up a little before being interviewed, and no doubt, the caseworker would have no objection! This may be only a minor detail, but it means a great deal to a man's self respect. Men often have to wait around for hours, according to the size of the city, before being interviewed, and this condition could easily be remedied.

Men are frequently turned down, after waiting hours in a dirty condition, because they state they have registered in other bureaus before. The intake worker should not be the judge. Sometimes it is possible that the class of men in other centers, the attitude of the paid help, or the food, may be such that no client with any manhood would stay at such a center. No man with any intelligence will allow such a thing to happen to him at the next bureau, and this system places a premium on the giving of false information.

In nearly all the centers the bath and bed facilities as regards cleanliness are all O.K. but no effort is made to separate the man who will take care of himself, his personal effects and clothing, from the slovenly man who sleeps alongside of him with dirty and foul smelling clothing piled up between them. Certainly a part of a rehabilitative program should provide better facilities for the man who has a personal pride in himself. He should not be forced into a pen with men of the class who will not help themselves.

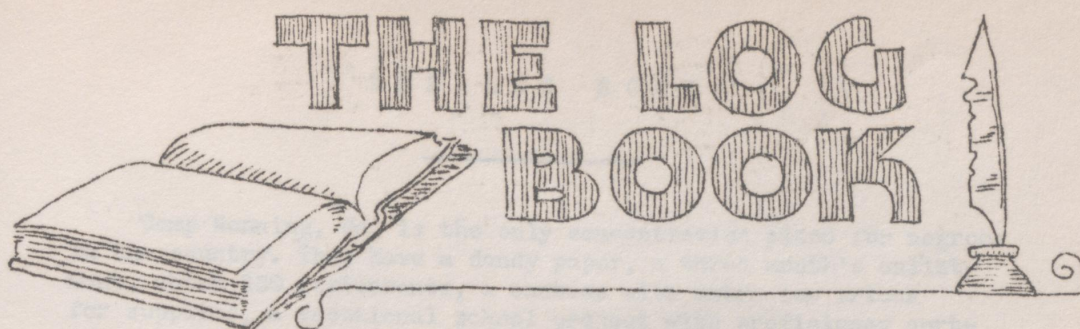
We personally know that a man who has been brought back into his home town through the relief organization has a mark on him which is hard to live down. We have some respect for the man who leaves his home town to seek work rather than hang on to his town's charity, and we think that this type of man should be allowed full latitude in obtaining a position no matter where he may be located.

The camps have nothing to offer the professional and clerical class of men who cannot be rehabilitated by working on a rock pile or road twenty miles or more from any town. These men should be given an opportunity at the sort of work to which they are accustomed, and if they prove competent, should be worked into a responsible position in the bureau, since the only way they can ever hope to get back on their feet again is to accumulate a sum sufficient to see them through a period of looking for employment.

In closing we wish to state that this article is written in a spirit of constructive criticism, with no rancor or personal feelings in it. There have always been mistakes made in something now, and the only way they can be rectified is to consider the opinion of everyone concerned.

W.A. Condon.

THE LOG BOOK



There's a ministring angel around this place who carries her own bouquets around with her. For several mornings now she has left a large bouquet of flowers for Lester Day - who is lying on the flat of his back, he having taken too long a stride in the shower room several days ago. Lester lies in bed all day and all night and admires and smells the flowers at frequent intervals. Now that's what we call real thoughtfulness, and we hereby salute you with twenty one guns - Miss Hallie Perkins, the flower girl of Dudley School.

No meals or sleeps at the Shelter if you come into town on pass from the camps - unless you come in on the line of duty or because of sickness. But who would want to stay at the Shelter after staying at the camps? It's a break fellows!

We have a good one on John Carrol, the feroman out at Camp Pakunoki. He overheard Sergeant Smith tell Odorman to be sure and get a Receiver's Report from the dairyman when he delivered the milk. "Why, is he in the hands of a Receiver too?" says John. John said he would throw us in the river if we reported that!

We're going to tell the truth about what happened out at camp so we can confound John. We caught a fish, in fact we caught several fish! The Sergeant advised that we put them in a saucer and place them in the ice box! Others claim that we fell in the river and came up with them in our hands! We wish to go on record that we caught a two pound fish, as well as several others. We earned it! We dug up fifty cubic yards of dirt to get at that fish worm.

Lee Wotior is store supply man out at camp and he has the cutest little lizard that keeps him company while the boys are out working. He's in a panic most of the time for fear someone will stop on the damn thing, but so far it is still O.K. If you see Lee Making swipes in the air he's not going nuts - he's catching flies for his pet lizard!

THE LOG BOOK

Camp Benning, Ga, is the only concentration place for negroes in the country. They have a dandy paper, a three month's enlistment, about 250 registrants, a canteen with extra low prices for supplies, a vocational school project with proficiency certificates, honor roll, no guards, no camp police, no court docket. Seems as though these boys have something on the ball!

Just received a line from Hank Schmidt, here's his comments. Now in my summer home at Erie, Pa. Stopping at a boarding house, made stops at Ashland, Huntington, Parkersburg - slept on floor while colored slept in bed - Canton, the feeding is great but the beds do a dance - Youngstown, Salvation Army style of breadline - There's no dollar a week here but tobacco twice a week, and you're allowed to work if you can find a job. Best o' luck Hank, ARK mailed to you.

Here's a good one for you whistle blowers, we picked it up out of the New Deal News of Phoenix, Ariz. "A distinct lack of courtesy has been shown in the messhall during the past week. Let's wait until the whistle blows before touching anything on the table." Seems as though they have a real home-like atmosphere out in Phoenix!

Hobo and Transient vernacular - with apologies to the Florida Transient Review. If you cant make out the slang in the poem on the Girl Hitch Hiker, here's a translation: 'bo-hobo, Broad-girl, Gash Hound-girl chaser, Hasher-waitress, One Arm House-quick lunch room, Hop Skip and Jump Joint-dance hall, Gobs-sailors, Notch House -house of prostitution, Sally-Salvation Army, Put the B-bum, town Clown-small town officer, Muff Diver-pimp, Smart Canvass-smooth talk, Hustler-streetwalker, Can-car, Label-license, Bloke-guy, Pitch til you Win-boarding house. Now try your luck!

J.F. Thacker writes in from Brunswick, Md., to say he likes the place fine, and rates as a clerk and intake worker at \$3.00 per. He sends his regards to the boys and states that he also rooms out. They would be a blessing here for us - after we have lain awake all night listening to the snores of Mac and Ed and a dozen others! And there's some guy at the end of the room who explodes about every five minutes!

THE LOG BOOK

A day in the life of Miss Perryman, our intake worker. Arrives at office - buys dictionary from salesman she thought was a transient - writes up face sheets of three clients - cries tearfully with small boy who wants to be sent home - buys picture from lady who is on the bum - turns down three clients who want to stay here - drinks glass of buttermilk and walks round the block - is interviewed on return by Joe the doorman who wants to borrow twenty five cents - writes up two families - writes up several clients - turns down several clients - stays in dark after we have all gone for the day and writes up whole lots of clients - goes home. Next day the same but buys no more dictionaries.

By the way, the Nomad, of San Francisco, Cal., copied Bill Schmidt's poem. "Some things in life are free" and gave Bill and the ARK full credit. Bill ought to feel proud to be on the same page as Bulwer Lytton, Omar Khayyam, Bobbie Burns, and Leigh Hunt! Send in another poem Bill, wherever you are, and we'll print it for you.

That was a bum trick that Jesse Ward played on Woodall out at camp the other day. Ward killed a couple of hornets just outside the cabin door and then walked off. Woodall came out of the door at that time and a mad hornet smacked him on top of the head - knocking him out cold. Ask Woodall if he could draw a cross section of a hornet!

They're telling out at camp that we rowed down to Tyrone and threw one of the oars away! It was this way - Mac couldn't find the North Star so we quit rowing and looked around to find it for him. It was behind a tree, and by the time we had convinced him that it really was the North Star, one of the darn oars had disappeared. Well, we are really used to a sailboat and motor boats and yachts and things like that - but we found the oar next day, and Mac had to paddle back for it! So, that makes things even!

It's no good jumping around fellows in the hope of getting better pay at other bureaus. It's one, two, three dollars a week all over now - so you might as well stick around. Even the food seems to be about the same everywhere else. If you check out at this bureau you can't get in at another in this State, and you can't get back in here. Those are the orders fellows and they are being carried out.

THE LOG BOOK

Jimmy the cook, out at camp, sure knows how to decorate the food. You might call him an interior decorator! He can take any old mess of grub and fix it so that it is really appetizing as well as being well cooked - and that's something a lot of cooks cant do. More power to you Jimmy.

Lowell Kidd figures the fellows out at camp are too healthy. They never get sick and he had nothing to do as aide de camp for Doctor Adams, so they made him messman. The boys are still in good shape so we must put it down to the climate and the cooking. No kiddin', Kidd is one swell messman and sure knows his stuff! ---since we wrote this he has checked out!

Young Oliver works in the kitchen and plays the piano - he also wears smoked glasses at all hours of the day and night. We dont know yet what for! Maybe he's disguised!

The phonograph is a swell phonograph out at camp. There's only one record however. One side is called "Throw another log on the fire," and the other "Cinderella," With the perspiration rolling off us in streams, we all sing Throw another log on the fire - it's one song we all know!

The other evening we passed by the colored section's quarters and paused to listen. Boy, if you want to hear some real harmony just come out to Camp Pakuneki some evening. These boys can sing the high notes and the low notes in a way that's worth going a long way to listen to.. They were singing by the light of a kerosene flare, and it sure was weird, and musical, and heart throbbing all in one.

The big cedar stump has gone from the slope near the messhall. All hands cut it down and chopped it up with much strenuous exertion. The road into camp is constantly being worked so that the truck can navigate, and Tom Jones and Archie Ridley have an engineering project of their own under way. They are building a road down to the spring, with culverts and ditches and steps and abutments and everythin'. Some road this!

THE LOG BOOK

A grand salute of twenty one guns goes to Ed. Reed who presides on the third floor these days. He not only makes up each man's bed at night so that he can turn in without the bother of tossing around the blankets and things - but he also makes 'em up the next morning while we are washing up. Ed says what the hell its no trouble, or words to that effect. It's greatly appreciated by all of us Ed - another case of the right man on the right job!

Of all things! We saw a chap this morning washing his face with his hat on in the wash room. Not that it matters, it was his face anyhow - but the fact that he couldn't trust us enough to put his hat down is what hurt our feelings.

They're turning men away right and left this month. About 70% of the applicants got the bum's rush these days when they come here to register - mainly because they merely wish to stay one night, or because they have money - the idea! - or because they have registered at other bureaus within the State and refused the plan. In round numbers it amounts to about 300 men so far this month and there's ten days to go yet. That's one way to cut down the percentage of men who "refuse plan" - meaning, to beat it out of here after a day or so, and it seems as though the days of the transient as such will soon be over. A transient is one who goes from place to place and has no money!

Every now and then we hear of men who are in receipt of pensions from the government and are staying at the bureaus. To our way of thinking that's rubbing it in!

Some of the bureaus, according to their magazines, have instituted a plan whereby a credit is built up that enables a man to draw clothing as a right and not as a gracious charity from some Lord or Lady Bountiful. The proper allotment of clothing is one of the hardest tasks to perform with fairness to all, and the credit system seems to offer a solution. The average credit is \$1.50 per week for each man working, and two weeks credit must be built up before any clothing is issued. The idea is that a man may work for a few months and then take his credits in clothing that will be useful to enable him to secure employment; or he may take up the credits as required. The idea has merit over the hit and miss method anyhow.

It has been reported on good authority that our Registrar, Miss Mary Ellen Atkins, has not run over, into, or onto any single thing this month with her Hudson. All you fellows who took cover in the collar of Dudley School can now come out and enjoy life. The worst must be over!

THE LOG BOOK

We agree with many of the editors of bureau publications that a campaign should be started to educate local newspapers as to the class of men who are in the transient centers. One of our local newspapers from Georgetown gave a writeup of visitors day at Camp Elkhorn, and referred to the place as a camp for down and outers and drifters - well, they didn't call us bums anyway!

George Bennett's stories have a flavor all their own. He tells one about a Cunard liner that was open for inspection by the public. An old lady inspected the ladies room and met the stewardess at the door - with her hand out for a donation. "What for," inquired the old lady. "It's customary to tip when you use the rest room," she answered. "I'll owe it to you," casually said the O.L. as she drifted by. "Bog pardon ma'm," insisted the stewardess, "but this is a Cunardor, not a P & O boat!"

Mac and Odorman rowed down to Tyrone the other day and made a date for next week with two of the town's fairest belles. So they say! Mac says it takes romance and sex appeal to put it over, and after looking at both of them - we wonder!

It's damn funny, but when Sergeant Smith is around everything goes smooth as silk and work is accomplished with a handful of men that we have seen others need a hundred for. And there's no high falutin' notions with him either; the gang out at Camp Pakunoki swear by him and not at him, and you can't drive them away. It ain't the food, it ain't the climate, it ain't the pay - it's just that we like him, that's all.

Houseless and homeless and Godless as well,
Habitant here of this earth made a hell,
Fearing no other for what could be worse,
Living forever 'neath poverty's curse,
God, he's a luxury those can afford,
Who have had plenty and feasts at their board,
Hell and hereafter and devils to come,
Threats that mean nothing to brain that is numb;

But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
at every word;
Methought I heard one calling - CHILD:
and I replied, My Lord.

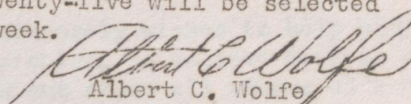
FORWARD!

Within the next few days I am going to select from Squad Members, Squad Foremen, and Specialists Second Class, a group who will be eligible to promotion to Section Foremen or Specialist First Class after the expiration of sixty days, effective on the first day of the sixty day period.

At the end of the sixty days they will receive all back pay, which will be the difference between their present grade and the grade of promotion. These selectees will be required to observe all the rules and regulations and continue their work efficiently. The Director will reserve the right to cancel any selectee from the list due to cause or check out.

Selectees will be required to sign an agreement to the effect that the additional cash will be impounded by the bureau until the expiration of the sixty day period, when they will receive the full amount in cash. He will receive each week only the pay of his present grade.

A merit certificate will also be granted at the end of sixty days, and the promoted candidate will continue to receive pay on the new rating weekly thereafter as long as he chooses to remain with the Lexington Division, Kentucky Transient Bureau. A group of about twenty-five will be selected sometime before the end of next week.


Albert C. Wolfe
Divisional Director
August 23rd 1934

As we go to press we noticed the above memorandum on the bulletin board.

If we analyze the above notice we can see that it signifies a distinct step forward in the handling of the transient problem in this bureau. It is only one of the many improvements that have taken place during the past few months.

When we first came to this bureau four months ago we found a hundred men here - all busy scrubbing floors and polishing woodwork - doing the same thing over and over every day. We found the beds so close together - only fifteen inches apart - that sleeping was a nightmare; it was little better than a pen. The showers were a mere trickle of water. V.D.'s were not isolated properly. Most of us received 90¢ a week and those qualified for more pay were few. Everyone lived on the same level - the dirty and disreputable along with the clean and self respecting. We were all classed the same regardless of education, training, or experience.

The men who stayed with the bureau in preference to running over the country are now getting a break. They rate as noncoms do in the army in most cases. They have earned the right to better pay and better living conditions than the drifters who stay a week or so and then move on with an outfit of clothing to sell for a few dimes. A system of living in boarding houses is now being worked out that will be far reaching in its effect upon the morale of these men. It means the first step - and a long one - has been taken that will put the men selected back onto a footing more nearly approximating a normal way of living than the Shelter could ever offer.

We have seen the camp system developed with Camp Pakunoki, then Camp Elkhorn, and Camp Blue Licks. These camps are not work-houses - on the contrary. They provide good living conditions with recreational facilities; good food and plenty of it, and the work done is of value to the community. Through the camps we have an opportunity to get back into a regular way of living with men who are all regular fellows, and that means better health and a better outlook on life, and companionship. Conditions at the camps are constantly being improved, with greater comforts and more opportunities to all.

At the Shelter the beds have been moved farther apart for our comfort. We have seen the trickle of water from the showers grow to a gushing stream through the expenditure of considerable money. We have seen the dangerous wiring system torn out and a new one installed. We have seen the hazards of fire scotched through the installation of extinguishers and watchman, with time clock patrols. We have noticed that a different attitude develops between the paid help and the transients as they get to know each other; a more brotherly feeling and a more helpful attitude.

We believe that the man who sincerely wishes to help himself will stay here and fight out his problem. We believe that in the near future this bureau will stand out above all others as a haven for the regular guy who is up against it and really needs a helping hand from his fellow men, a hand given with the whole souled grip of friendship - as one man to another.

Men are not being taken promiscuously into the bureau as formerly. A weeding out process is going on that is separating the sheep from the goats. Before so very long this bureau will not be a dumping ground for wasters and drifters, but will be a haven for the man who has self respect and a willingness to work for what he gets. If these remarks hurt the feelings of the bums and drifters - that's O.K. by us.

The bums and the drifters have no place here - they are not welcome and that goes for most of us who are trying to get back on our feet and appreciate the help that has been extended towards us. They are holding back the procession.

--F.P.

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29

