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THE ARK

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ISSUE!



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THE ARK

LEXINGTON, KY.

NO 24 - SEPT. 15th

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L.C. Richardson

The ARK is published twice each month, the stencil cutting and mimeographing being done by and through the courtesy of the State Office, Kentucky Emergency Relief Administration, Louisville, Ky. The Transient Bureau is not responsible for any of the views or opinions expressed in this magazine, nor is the accuracy of any statement made herein guaranteed.

EDITORIAL

Well, it's here. The end of the bureaus is in sight. The days of drifting around looking for non existent work are at an end.

Uncle Sam has cried 'Halt', and also found a solution of our problem. Men who refuse to establish themselves at some Center will be classed as vagrants, and we have an idea they will be treated accordingly by the public and the police.

The transient press has repeatedly emphasized the need for some such action if transiency was to be suppressed, and has offered dozens of solutions, from cash doles to work camps and beyond. The happy solution seems to lie in putting transients to work on government projects that will not conflict with private interests.

We understand the Kentucky Transients will be employed on a huge project at Fort Knox, building an immense vault for storing the gold in the U.S. Treasury. Regular PWA wages will be paid, and the project will employ 1500 men in many trades and professions for a period of two years. This will indeed be a monument to the transients that will endure for all time.

At last the time has come when men who are willing and anxious to work can find employment on a real constructive project at more than mere subsistence wages. The richest country in the world, with unlimited natural resources, an educated and ambitious citizenry, can not afford to wait any longer for private interests to start the wheels of industry. The government is going ahead.

Within a hundred years all banking, transportation, and utility systems will be government owned and operated, and "government by the people, of the people and for the people shall not perish from this earth."



DRIFTERS

I am bloodbrother of all drifting things
That ride the wind and tide, or on swift wings
Cry down the pathless blackness of the nights,
Guided by restlessness and phantom lights
Of will o'wisp's bourne by lost frantic souls,
Futile seekers of far shifting goals.

We see strange sights, learn curious truths,
Find lotus lands and taste the fruit that soothes
Our fretted spirits for a blissful while
In vague enchantment on an idle dreaming isle,
But leaves us craving, seeking once again
Veiled distances. We know the stabbing pain
That makes the desolation haunted loon
Fling maniac laughter to the silent moon,
For once, god cursed, it saw the monstrous joke
Life plays on life: its terror'd reason broke
And so its mocking mirth congeals our blood.

We are the riders of the aimless flood,
Strange human driftwood with wise weary eyes
Watching the brassy tropic suns and shallow empty skies
Of chartless seas. One day is like another day,
And we unhappy, happy...who can say?
We know not what strange port shall be our last,
Nor care.

Today we feast, tomorrow fast,
The treasure found is less to us than treasure sought,
And we most dearly treasure trifles dearly bought,
While all those tender things, love, friendship, home,
That haunt the dreams of us who drift and roam
We trade for worthless star dust which we vainly seek
In nameless valleys lost behind some mist
Enshrouded peak.

By Don Blanding
Author of "Vagabond's House."



~~The Book~~

The folks have been flocking in these past few days. Guess the news of the dead line has gotten around to everybody on the road and it is well to be settled. Its our guess there'll be about half of the men on the road will be left out side. The same thing happened to the five foolish virgins who failed to fill their lamps. Just about 50% of the boys will believe its de troot'!

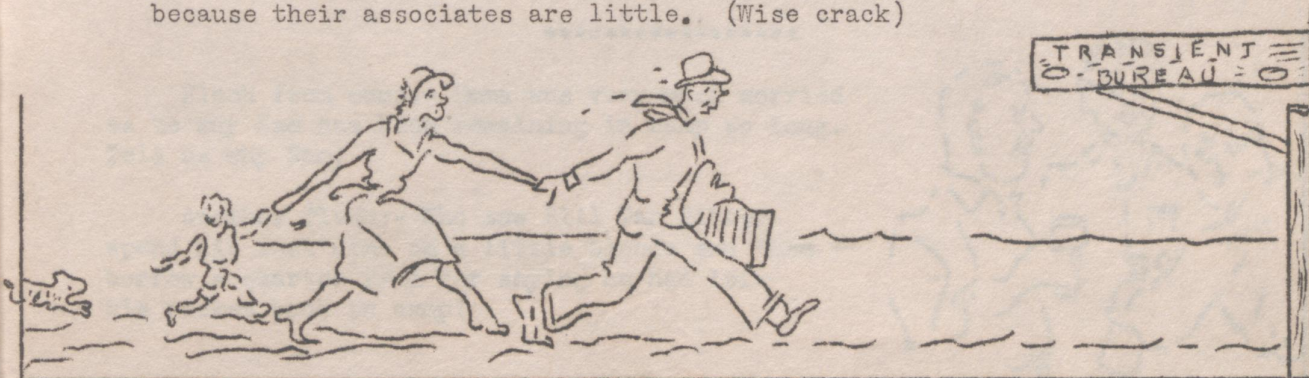
Here's a gag from the Nomad of California that will slip past you unless you scan it carefully: He (To English Waitress) "You roll your R's, don't you?" She: "That's on account of my high heels!"

You'll pay for all you've received from the bureau in the form of taxes if you ever get a job on the outside. Here's the reason: 91.8% of the population have incomes of less than \$5000, and more than 60% have incomes falling below \$2000. Those with incomes beyond \$10,000 represent only 2.3% of the total population. Anyone can see at a glance that the public debt and all future indebtedness must be paid by the mass of the people, those who receive small incomes and by no stretch of the imagination can be called wealthy.

In North Dakota the FERA is now the WPA. Due to the subsequent change in paymasters, the bureaus payrolls were three weeks late.

Lowry Park Camp at Tampa, Fla., now has a weekly program of educational sound pictures. Short subjects covering music, sports, educational guidance, travel and history are presented. These are subjects not often shown in commercial theatres.

The superiority of some men is merely local - they are great only because their associates are little. (Wise crack)



The boys of Camp Schrader of Illinois, are not permitted by the citizens of Killown to remain in town after 8 P.M. This curfew law is a direct result of the actions of a few men in camp. There's nothing can be done to curb the few in any camp who disregard all laws of decency and fair play except to "check 'em out". Wonder where'll they'll go after the dead line goes into effect.

Jimmy Braddock, heavy weight boxing champion, visited the transient bureau in Memphis recently and gave a short speech: "In the prize fight arena, if a man is down too long he is out. In life, he gets a better break. He may be down, but he is never out until he admits it himself. It may sound odd, coming from a boxer, but my message to you is - keep your chin up." Jimmie is still one of the boys.

We went to Richmond the other Saturday night to give the town the once over. About 7500 people live there, and about another 2000 come in from the surrounding countryside on Saturdays. Found Fix-it Smith and Foggy Oderman sitting on the Court House steps. We talked about cabbages and kings and watched the girls go by. After awhile, Fix-it bought some cantoloupes from a wagon at the curb and we ate them sitting on the steps, strewing the debris on the lawn among the other trash. A three mile walk back to camp finished up the evening. Ho, hum!

Stubby, the airedale pup is an expert worm digger. Bill Van Bibber, Robert Lee, and the Editor were seen by Roy Davidson sitting at the foot of a bank at camp picking up worms that Stubby was industriously digging out with his nose and all four feet. Calls of encouragement such as "Get 'im Stubby" kept the pup on the go for half an hour, and by that time the worm can was filled. Then they wouldn't let Stubby in the boat!

Together with Lee and Dizzy Dean we went frog gigging on the lake in the one and only boat allotted to the boys. Lee, being young, strong, and husky, was elected to row the boat through the weeds. We got about sixteen frogs some of them via the socking route - over the head with an oar. Brought 'em back to the Center to be cooked. They won't cook a damn thing for you out at camp.

Flash from camp:- Emma was very much worried as to why Sam has been remaining in camp so long. Tell us why Sam!

Another flash:- Who saw Bill Van Bibber spend his last dime on a little blonde and then borrow a quarter from her saying he had left his pocket book in camp?



It has been recorded that "Automatic" Red and Barnacle Bill have gone into cahoots with the double top system. Red shoes only running horses, he says, and if Red will shoe the horses that the system calls on to win, then of course they will win! What most of the horses need is a swift kick in the pants when they start!

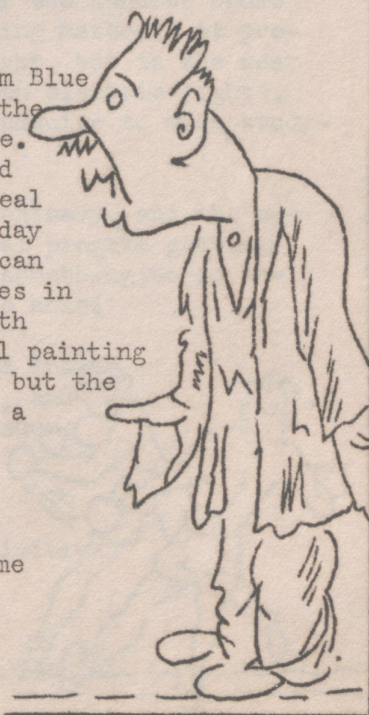
The boys in camp are very much interested as to whether or not wedding invitations will soon be in order for Sugar Boy Watson and the "Skipper." The "Skipper" is moving a double bed into his new quarters, and has made several trips to Blue Licks we hear. Sugar Boy received a letter written in red ink or was it heart's blood? - and we know the gal called him "her blonde headed baby".

We have heard that "Soldier" Howard, recently promoted to the staff, is contemplating buying a house on Fruit Street. Joe Freeman, our church going member, and Supt. Ed Rice, the sheik of Carlisle, are constantly seen admiring different points of interest on the same street. Are they going into the real estate business?

"Check 'em out" Carroll is back on his old job of Building Supt. at the Center after a strenuous month at Camp Blue Licks. He lost seven pounds out there but has gained it all back in contemplation of a raid on the Chicago Bottoms where he has a number of friends. His popularity has increased by leaps and bounds since the boys found out he doesn't check 'em out as fast as his conversation would indicate. Doyle Smith played God while Carroll was away and made all the noise around here - and he used to be so quiet!

Jerry Schultz came into town the other day from Blue Licks where he is painting a mural on the walls of the museum for thirty dollars a month, paid by the state. Says he has not received any money for two weeks and ran out of provisions. He had been living on corn meal mush and eggs. He says a chicken laid an egg every day behind the museum, and he found the corn meal in a can up in the block house. After filling up the wrinkles in his stomach he went back to the job. Hitch hiked both ways we understand. Funny part was he brought an oil painting in with him to submit in the contest for a dollar - but the contest has been over for some time. He's a hell of a business man, says we!

Picture of a man who objected to seeing his name in the ARK under suspicious circumstances!



"ON PLEASURE BENT"

- work & play at camp

Going to be some real doin's in the recreational and educational department at camp if all goes well. A special recreational director has been appointed, Mr. Riffie B. Taylor, who will have charge of these activities.

We met him the other day out at camp and he's a genial chap with an ideal background along these lines. He's had thirteen year's experience coaching and teaching in State schools, with an additional two years as educational director in the U.S. Army. He lives in Richmond and comes out to the camp every day.

A basket ball team will soon be formed to play the High Schools in this vicinity - playing away from home every other week on Fridays. At the present time the boys are working to make a ball ground, cutting down trees and leveling off the spot ready for practice. Basket ball and volley ball, boxing and wrestling, will soon be the order of the day - with a diamond ball field planned for next spring.

Vocational training will be provided for most any kind of trade, and elementary subjects will be included such as reading and writing, using teachers from the F.E.R.A. rolls of the County. Six typewriters will be available for those wishing to practice and there'll be plenty of books available.

As a matter of fact, over two hundred books and fifty magazines have been promised by various churches and clubs in Richmond through the instrumentality of Mr. Taylor, with more to follow. The recreation hall should soon be finished, and this place will be used as a library and well as for holding school classes.

Lt. Crutcher has already brought into camp over two hundred books and magazines, so there should be no dearth of reading matter. At present the boys have to do all their reading in daylight, but in the near future the barracks will be built all fitted out with electric lights. The kerosene lamps at present being used are not conducive to much studying at night!

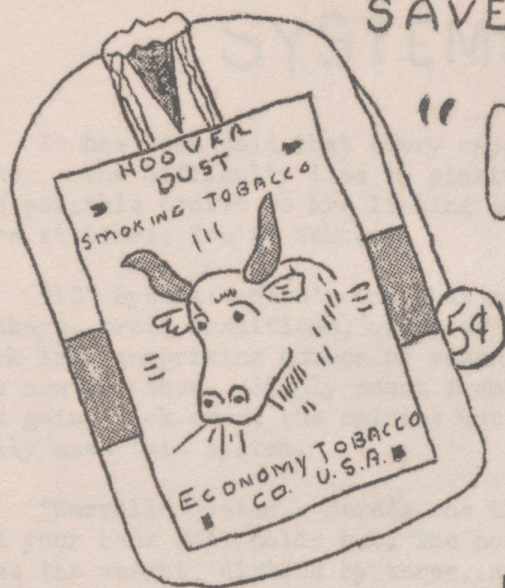
What with the handicraft school with modern machinery, and the educational classes, to-day nothing of the recreational program getting under way, it appears as though the boys will have something to do beside wondering if the other fellow has an ace in the hole!



We wish Mr. Riffie B. Taylor all the luck in the world with his undertaking, and predict that he will make a huge success of it. He has what it takes.

So rally round fellows and join in the sports and educational activities that will soon be in evidence





SAVE WITH -

"HOOVER
DUST"

-TODAY!

AROMAH!

FLAVAH! CHEAPAH!

TRY THIS WILD, SMELLOW, AND FRAGMENTS OF TOBACCO. BUY IT FOR YOUR FRIENDS AND SAVE MONEY * GIVE IT AWAY AND SAVE MONEY. HOOVER DUST IS MADE OF THE RICHER, FINER, AND CHEAPER BLEND OF THE VERY BEST SKUNK CABBAGE LEAVES. WE USE ONLY THE CENTER OF THE PLANT, GRINDING IT UP FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE, AND WE THROW AWAY NOTHING. WE SAVE AND YOU SAVE. HOW CAN WE SELL IT SO CHEAP? WE DUNNO! ASK DAD, HE KNOWS.

NEW ZIPPER
PACKAGE?

NO SIR! THE SAME OLD SACK. ZIP, AND IT'S OPEN, AND IT STAYS OPEN! USE THE EMPTY SACK TO HOLD YOUR SAVINGS OR THROW IT AWAY - AS IF WE CARE! ALMOST ENOUGH PAPERS WITH EACH SACK AND NEVER ANY GUM ON THEM. YOU NEVER FIND ANY HOOVER DUST SNIPES IN THE GUTTER - THERE'S A REASON!



CELLAPHANE
WRAPPED?

NO SIR! HOOVER DUST NEEDS NO PROTECTION - IT HAS A DRYNESS ALL IT'S OWN. SMOKE A DOZEN CIGARETTES AND NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MORE COSTLY ONES. YOU WONT NEED A BLIND FOLD TEST TO PROVE THIS. ALL THE GIRLS ARE CRAZY OVER HOOVER DUST - THEY CAN USE IT FOR SNUFFING.

SMOKE
IT IN THE SUNSHINE

THE
PERFECT
CIGARETTE

CHEW
IT IN THE RAIN -

"YOUR NOSE KNOWS"

SYSTEMS THAT WIN!

- YOU CAN'T LOSE NOW -

It has been said that every race horse wins according to some System or other - the difficulty lies in picking the right system! For your eddification and possible profit we are listing some of the most popular ones in use around here at times. You're Wekkum!

"13" System:- Here's one that requires no figuring, no consideration of jockeys, track conditions, odds, or anything else, but you'll find it will work in a surprising number of cases - and the payoff will make your eyes pop out now and then. Simply count from one to thirteen starting with the top horse and going back over, the entries until you stop on thirteen. That's the horse! Sally uses this system.

"Carroll" System. Here's one that will win unless the horse dies or is retired and your bank roll holds out. The horse with the lowest number of beaten lengths, less the weight, divided by three, and the addition of a secret formula known only to Carroll, will enable you to say "I got him". Of course, you do not have to bet the horse!

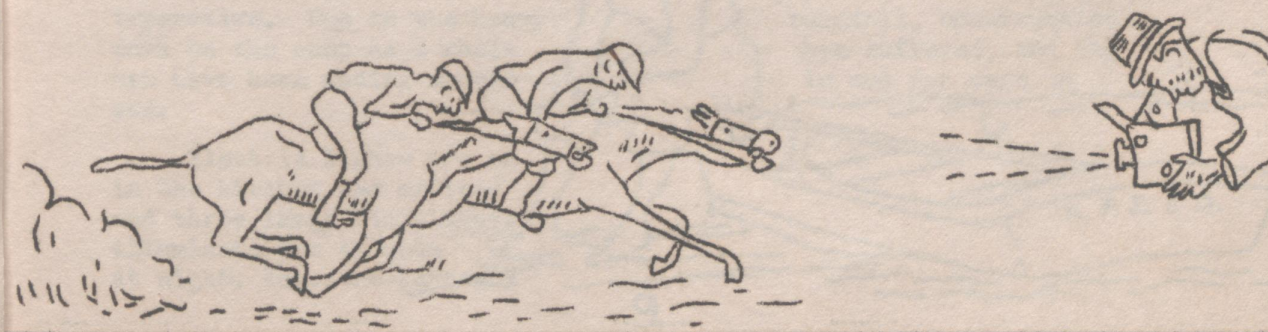
"Woody" System. Watch for a horse on "the line", whatever that is, and if his odds change do not bet him. Of course, the marker will occasionally put down the odds all wrong and you'll have a pleasant surprise when the horse pays off a hundred to one and you only expected two to one! Part of the formula consists in gazing at the odds board for hours at a time before making the bet.

"Skottar" System. Nicks favorite system. First of all get someone to rate the horses, then take the three top choices and bet one of them to show. Now and then, for a little excitement, bet the bottom one to win - it will be sure to show. A win parlay of three odds-on favorites starts off the day.

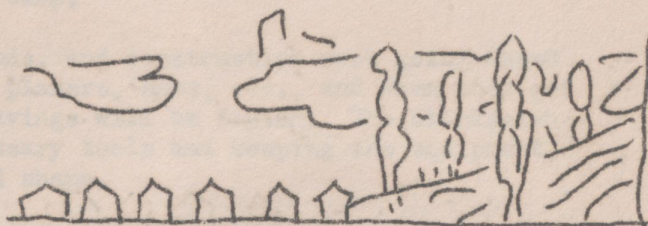
"Double Tops" System. The statisticians delight! Weights on and off, beaten lengths, distance fore and aft, track conditions, the price of silver, and the nodes of the moon all enter into the calculations. Ask Barnacle Bill for full details - he's the only one who knows the answer!

"Foggy" System. Here's the long shot system de luxe. After rating all the horses in every way known, taking hours over the job, go down to the bookie joint and pick on two twenty to one shots and parlay them to win. It worked once, and "Foggy" had the world by the tail for a week.

"Tuggle" System. Bet any Bradley horse to win - that's all!



CAMP - LOG



Camp Lake Reba is beginning to hit on all sixes - at least, the boys are working hard out there and most of them like it. The old timers of Camp Blue Licks are much in evidence. The "Skipper" is as popular as ever and never seems to have any trouble in keeping things running smoothly.

Of course, it's no kindergarten out there. There's lots of work to be done and is being done. The office has been completed - it used to be "McNabb Hall" out at Blue Licks - and they've built a porch around it. In the back room sleep the non coms of the outfit - away from the crowd and the strife.

The supplies have been moved into a store room that was formerly the mess hall at Blue Licks, and this place is also headquarters for Davidson who has charge of the construction gang on the roadwork. The same old substitute kitchen still does duty, we believe it was part of the old kitchen at Blue Licks. Nothing is wasted around this camp.

The zoo is still going strong although they almost lost the foxes during a heavy rainstorm one night. The cage was in a hollow that filled with water, and only the heroic efforts of Sam Preston and several others saved them from a watery grave. The coyote, the pigeons, the skunks, the squirrels, are now being provided with regular quarters.

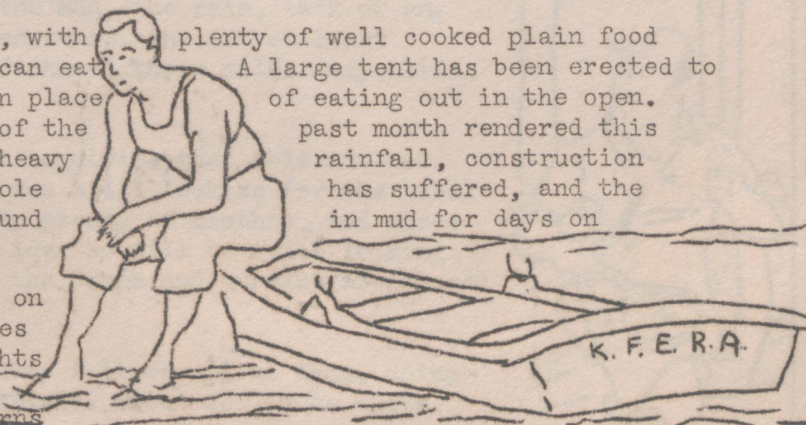
Work on the road into camp is progressing nicely, and the framework has been completed for the recreation room. This will be covered with sheet steel. Preparations are being made to board the floors of the tents for the men. They have been wading through mud and sleeping in mud for low, these many weeks. Relief is in sight.

The bath house is still in the future, or was a few days ago. It is necessary to do down to the spillway of the dam to take a bath, and we have an idea that a little warm water would be appreciated. This is no camp for sissies! However, the camp has a washing machine in charge of Red McGinnis who turns out work rapidly and well.

The cooking is good, with and all the seconds you can eat serve as a dining room in place. The excessive rain fall of the imperative. Due to the heavy work on the camp as a whole men have been wading around end.

Electric lights are on in the kitchen and offices and three large floodlights illuminate the grounds at night. Kerosene lanterns

plenty of well cooked plain food A large tent has been erected to of eating out in the open. past month rendered this rainfall, construction has suffered, and the in mud for days on



are used in the outlying parts of camp.

Plenty of lumber on the grounds, and construction work going ahead fast. Some machinery too, such as planers, saws, etc., and when they get busy out there the sawdust and shavings will be flying. The blacksmith shop is in full swing making necessary tools and keeping the equipment and road working machinery in good shape.

About all we could find in the way of recreation was fishing in the upper lake for sunfish, and some occasional frog gigging on the part of a few. A recent order forbids the cooks to fry any of the fruits of the chase for the men, but a fish fry down at the guard tent is almost a nightly occurrence. Fix-it Smith knows how to make them tasty! Work is progressing on a ball park, and a recreational director has been appointed, so the dearth of recreation will soon be remedied.

At the present time a number of colored are out at camp. They have their own section of camp for sleeping quarters and mess tent, and work together. Most of them are satisfied with conditions. Both Camp Pakuneki and Camp Elkhorn had a contingent of colored men who worked well and satisfactory. Camp Blue Licks was strictly a white camp.

The plans for the future include many improvements over present conditions, with some kind of educational program. We are not sure if the camp will be continued in the event of the transients being employed on the gold vault at Fort Knox. If the camp is disbanded, the road will make a good toboggan slide this winter for the kids of Richmond, and the nightly lovers who used to frequent the banks of the lake will be able to hold their revels once again. Nothing has been done on the original work project which was to build up the dam. All work done so far as been on the camp site.

Some few changes in the personnel at camp. Priest has charge of the stores and Taylor is superintending the work around camp. Henderson slipped out from under some time ago and "Soldier" Howard is now in charge of the guard as a staff detail, Cliff Gidley has been missing a couple of days as we write. Bob Swafford is now on a shovel detail at his own request he says, and "Foggy" Oderman was seen with a coil of BX cable around his shoulder doing electrical work.

We passed one man checking out and asked him what was the trouble. "To many damn generals around here, and not enough privates," said he. Well, with eleven guards, at least a dozen straw bosses, pass restrictions, the mud, the rain, lack of any kind of recreation, unfloored tents, the ARK at least two weeks behind time, and Richmond three miles away, life must be tough out there!

But we found on further enquiries that this man had been in dozens of camps and was still looking for the ideal camp with good food, no work, plenty of clothes, and three dollars a week. We have an idea he will be still looking for these things long after the camps and bureaus are closed for keeps!

There's a bunch of regular fellows out at camp, doing their best to make a go of things. About 200 as we write.



"WE BURY THE GOLD"

- A LIGHT HEARTED VIEW

They're going to bury all the gold in the country at Fort Knox, and the transients are going to dig the grave.

It will take fifteen hundred men to do this, and we have sixteen hundred men on the rolls in Kentucky. About one hundred of them are classed as unemployables. They will be given jobs of looking over the rail as the others work down in the hole. Who ever heard of a construction job without onlookers!

The reason they picked on Fort Knox was because there's already all kinds of barracks built there, so they can start on the hole at once. It would never do to leave all the gold lying around the country with an election in the offing - the Republicans might get their hands on it. The rest of us will at least know where all the gold has gone to.

Besides, in case of an invasion, the gold would be perfectly safe since no one ever goes into that part of the country, and the Kentucky mountaineers could hold an army at bay between fueds without any trouble. Even if it was accidentally found, no one would know what it was since all trading around there is done by barter. You can't eat gold.

We can think up a dozen reasons why all this gold will be buried at Fort Knox, but offhand we should it was to find employment for the transients. At least, that seems to be the general idea, and we believe that is as good as any. Besides, the place is a long way from any place and the men won't be able to spend their money, so they will save it and spend it some time next summer which will help the elections.

Yes, the men are really going to get paid for digging the hole. We have heard the pay will be anywhere from such and such to so and so, and we are quite sure it will be more than one dollar per.

It's all quite hazy at present, but we have heard the last meal will be served in the Center on the night of October 31st, and Nick and the rest of the boys will serve a bang up supper of weinies and krout. All the caseworkers will go back to the farm, and the boys will go to work.

All of which shows that you may be up today but down tomorrow; that nothing remains in status quo, that the pendulum swings, and that he laughs best who laughs last.

We are putting in an application for the crap shooting privileges on the new gold burying project, and expect to be at work not later than November 1st.



JUST ROAMIN' AROUND

- AND WHAT WE SAW

No matter where your travels take you, you will be very apt to meet with unusual experiences and interesting people. On our travels we have run across several items worthy of note. Here goes:

Columbia, Pa. Inquired of a passerby what the Constable of the town looked like. He pointed out to me a tall lean gent wearing a five gallon Stetson and a handle bar mustache. Approached the gent and asked for a nights lodging in the town hoosegow. He seemed only too anxious to see me in the jug. I was locked in at seven o'clock and released at three the next afternoon. Began to think my visit was permanent until the Constable showed up. He apologized, stating he had to go out of town on important business. But he sent me around to his house and his wife set me up to a good feed. I needed it!

Chicago, Ill. The train had just pulled into the yards. Over seventy five freight passengers aboard. Rounded up by several railroad police, we were marched to the section dining car and given hamburgers and coffee. And we all expected to be pinched, but nothing happened. We were told to beat it!

Enroute to Akron from Toledo. A colored man boarded the freight as she left Akron. One of the fellows called my attention to the fact the man had six perfect fingers on each hand. It's the truth s' help me!

Washington, D.C. On board the R. F. & P. bound for Richmond. Helped an old man at least eighty years old into my private car. A full blooded Sioux Indian. His name was Dr. Wah Wah Wahoo. Related he had traveled all over the entire country looking for a son.

Kansas City. Have you ever visited the cafe here that gives away a free meal if you can recite the Lord's Prayer without a mistake? Well, there's such a place if you care to look it up.

Boston. Have you ever opened a box car door to prepare for a long run and found a dead man staring you in the face? We did. This poor fellow had frozen to death. On his person was found a Bible, a blackjack, a pair of brass knucks, and a set of ivories. He was ready for either place!

Alexandria, Va. Leaving a train here for the seven mile trek to Washington we were surprised to find we could obtain bus checks from the Relief Agency. So, we rode into Washington on the cushions!

Three trains we missed were derailed. That's three times it paid to be late.

Houston - on certain days an Army recruiting officer can be seen in the yards trying to get some of the rail birds to sign on the dotted line.



Lynchburg, Va. This bureau is so close to the railroad tracks you can see the trains pulling out of the yards from the front porch. Several other bureaus are just as convenient, including Lexington.

Louisville, Ky. The train rolling in from Cincinnati carried one of the most unusual passengers I have ever seen. A young fellow, not over eighteen years of age with two cork legs of the same length. He could board or leave a train as well as a man with perfect limbs. He had lost his limbs only last year on the Nickle Plate Road.

Knoxville, Tenn. Then there is the old preacher who comes down to the yards occasionally to see how many souls can be won. It has been said that he converted as many as ten fellows between trains. And that's fast work!

Charlotte, N.C. Then there's the group of farmers near a transient camp here who threatened the lives of the men because they refused to cut corn from sun-up to sun-down for fifty cents a day and one meal.

Wilmington, Del. A small road show disbanded because of lack of funds, started back East via Pennsylvania freight. Not all of the Company of course, but enough of them to pep up the trip with music, singing and dancing.

Monroe, Mich. A well dressed young man boarded the New York Central at Toledo. Instead of going on to Detroit, the fellow "cut the air" at Dearborn and disappeared. Some nerve, what?

St. Louis, Mo. Four young ladies boarded a freight here with a determination to visit Hollywood. Officers who took them off the train reported the girls had come from Boston to St. Louis. When questioned, they said they were "Goin' into the movies". To "Fame on a fast freight" we calls it!

Hobo City Convention. The question is where will the next Hobo Convention be held? Certainly not in Chicago again. Maybe the boys will gather together again in a warmer clime. Reports say this convention will be held in the same city and the same time as the Democratic Convention.

Traverse City, Mich. A girl about ten years of age with her little brother about six were already in the box car when we boarded it. After a while the girl confided they were on a trapping expedition up into the north woods where their daddy used to go. They had left home with two dollars and a large rat trap and expected to clean up like their daddy used to. We have no idea how the expedition came out.

That's all for this time. You can certainly meet with some unusual situations and people while on the road!



L.C. Richardson.

WE SOLVE THE DEPRESSION!

— AND TELL YOU HOW

The total income of Americans has dropped from 83 billion dollars a year to as low as 40 billions - which means the average citizen now has less than half as much to spend as formerly.

The market value of stocks traded in New York Stock Exchange alone has plunged from 90 billions to 32 billions.

Savings deposits have diminished from 28 billions to below 22 billions.

Flotations of new securities in 1929 exceeded 10 billions - last year the amount was far less than two billion.

Our foreign trade amounted to 10 billions - today we do less than 4 billions.

Our national bread line, were its unfortunate occupants to stand in an unbroken line with arms outstretched sideways, would reach almost around the world - or from New York to Los Angeles seven times. There are twenty two and a half million people directly and indirectly on State and Government Relief Projects or doles - living off the country.

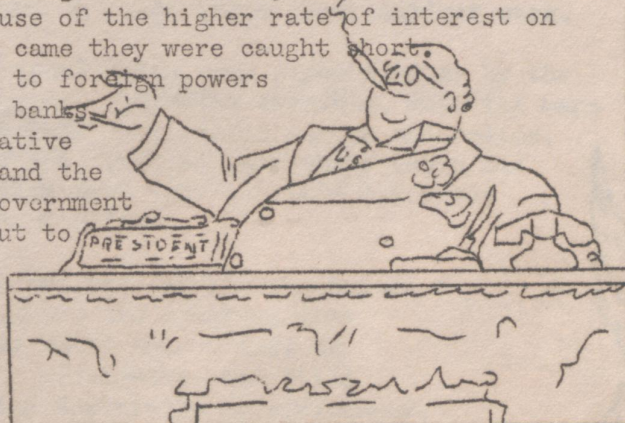
In spite of private interests having fallen down on the job, we still possess almost everything we had in material possessions when prosperity abounded. Factories, machinery, transportation systems, land, vast mineral resources, and people. But that intangible thing we call "credit" is lacking.

How to get back to prosperity! How to restore this "credit" that seems so important to our national well being! Will the social workers find a solution? The politicians? The business men? The capitalists? The bankers?

There you have it - the bankers. Thousands of individual banks all over the country are holding the purse strings of "credit" - the life blood of the nation - without which business cannot be conducted.

Why are they doing this? Because each individual bank must show a profit to it's stockholders. During the 1929 era, most banks loaned money to the stock brokers because of the higher rate of interest on "call money" and when the crash came they were caught short. The unsecured and unsound loans to foreign powers also crippled the style of most banks so now they are playing conservative to catch up - and business and the people suffer. Buying government bonds is an easy way out to show a small profit.

Some day, after all other methods have been tried, we shall have a national banking system!





IN THE CHART ROOM - - where the orders come from

Director Hord Byrd, of the Lexington Transient Bureau, has a unique office - unique in the diversity of interesting objects on the walls, on the floor, on the windows - and maybe a couple on the ceiling. We forgot to look up there!

There's twenty one pictures on the walls, two of them are photographs of President Roosevelt. Among the pictures are crayon drawings by Jack Blake, a pencil drawing of Man o' War by Ed Brady, and drawings of the museum at Blue Licks by Jerry Schultz. Jerry has the job of painting a mural decoration in the museum and is now on the state payroll. High up on the wall over the staff table is a painting by Bill Carey depicting two steeds in mortal combat

Quite a number of examples of handicraft by the men in bureau are on every side. All the pictures are framed, including one containing photographs of Camp Blue Licks. Joe Snarsky has a couple of hand carved plaques on the walls, and "Pop-Eye" Engessor has a hand carved shield on the door reading "Director Hord Byrd". Ash trays galore of all shapes and sizes, all made by men in the bureau.

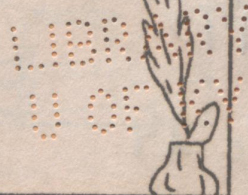
These handicrafts include smoking stands, a wooden chain carved from a two by four about three feet long, riding crops, walking sticks, several desk sets in the shape of boats. The boys have certainly been busy with their pocket knives.

And curios! Fossils from Blue Licks picked up by the men during the excavation of the museum basement. A genuine stone axe picked up on the battlefield by "Fix-it" Smith and fitted with a wooden handle hard to tell from the original. On a wall stand in the corner can be seen enough of these fossils and Indian relics to start a small museum.

Just to show that the boys can make something useful as well as ornamental, the "mahogany" desk at which Director Hord Byrd sits was made by the bureau men at a time when tools were scarce. This desk would look well in any executive's office. Numerous files also bear testimony to the ability of the men to turn out some first class cabinet work.

The room is bright and cheerful being made especially so by the window box full of blooming flowers. The whole ensemble, with the maps on the walls, the colorful pictures, the strange curios and relics, the handicraft work, and the business like staff table and desk form a combination more than a little different from the usual run of offices.

We're willing to bet that in all the bureau offices throughout the country, that not one can equal this office in diversity of objects, and still give the appearance of efficiency.



= Exchanges =

The GLOBETROTTER, Monroe, La., F.E. Smith, Editor.

Your scrap edition was a novel one. You must have put everything but the bureau files into it. "Chute the Works" by Freddie Workman was interesting. Workman is a real parachute plugger.

The GRANITE STATER, Keene, N.H. Walter Burbank, Editor.

One of our favorites. Your covers are always neat. Eulogy to Will Rogers and Wiley Post was simple and nice. A tribute to real Americans.

The OASIS, Tucson, Arizona. George Baxter, Editor.

Why in hell do people fail to sign their names to such articles as "Are you going to leave them there?" We also liked "Talks with the Old Timer". Who told you the men in your camp would be the only persons interested in Western history. We like to know too!

CONTACT, Washington, D.C. William Crawford, Editor.

As always, a very interesting publication. Would certainly like to read "Washington Tours" and "Reminiscences" in book form. We may, who knows?

CAPITAL NEWS, Topeka, Kansas, Charles Davis, Editor.

Fine mimeographing and illustrating in your September 1st issue. Articles written by Earl LaCroix are well worth reading.

The LIGHTHOUSE, New Orleans, La. Richard Pugh, Editor.

For a beginner, we must say the art work in your September 1st issue by Byron Jay was good. You had better chain that fellow to some sturdy object! Ernest Rivers knows his etiquette, but does he visit the library often?

TRANSIENT CITY NEWS, Fort Eustis, Va. Bill Nunn, Editor.

Looks like you fellows are organizing an army all of your own. Your population has increased from 2800 to 4340 in eight issues. Transient City News is the only publication in the State of Virginia issued by the transient press.

DE-TRANSITOR, Detroit, Michigan, L.E. Stockwell, Editor.

Yours is the first transient publication having an actual photographic cover design we have ever seen. We admire your straight from the shoulder remarks pertaining to transient conduct in Detroit. The De-transitor is one of the best in the field.

WINDJAMMER, Tampa, Fla., James M. Pollit, Editor.

Ask Jack Blake what he did with our Speedball Alphabet Book when he left, wilya? Blake has lots of talent for drawing nekked wimmim - get him to draw you a few! Being in new surroundings did not affect your magazine in the least. Frank T. Davis, your former editor, and "Lefty" Johnson of the St. Pete bureau were here recently.

Three new publications have arrived lately. The Blizzard of Herrick, Pa. - The De-Transitor of Detroit, and a copy of the Elks Park Digest of Port Jarvis, N.Y. More power to you all, suh!

L.C. Richardson.



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