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THE ARK LEXINGTON JULY 1 No 20

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EDITORIAL

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What have the bureaus accomplished since their inception well over a year ago?

Well, for one thing, they have put the mission soup lines out of business, cured many cases of social disease which would have run their course unchecked, made conditions fairly easy for the boys and girls who wish to travel - and provided hundreds and hundreds of jobs for people as social workers.

The medical attention received by the clients is an outstanding achievement. Next comes the saving in money to the taxpayers - many of the boys would be in jail for years ahead but for the bureaus. Starving men would riot and steal - we would, anyhow. We have no starving men.

Nothing has been given away. Every man in the bureau earns his keep after a fashion. Look over the work projects if you doubt this. Of course, it's mostly elementary work like digging ditches and breaking rocks. The bureau has been a great leveler.

There's no class distinction to speak of among the clients. Lack of a dollar makes all men equal - brings them down to elementals - right down to earth.

And only the dollar can lift them up again.

- "Barnacle Bill"

"That's telling 'em," said Bill, "They think we must all be ditch diggers."

"That's alright as far as it goes," we agreed. "But how can we get ahead on this business of relief?"

"You'll have to go to college and learn to be a social worker," said Bill. "All the best people are doing it."

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THE DOLERS

Revolution? From what?

That kind!

The sick souls

Herding like hogs in the dark to be rid of the
man's burden of living their forefathers won
for them!

Rid of Liberty! - rid of the hard choice! -

The freeman's choosing of the freeman's journey!

Running as lost hogs run - from the fear of loneliness.

Hunting for one thing only - for the herd -

For the smell of the herd boar's rump against their
noses! -

The reek of the rest: a safe life without dignity:

Death in the comfort of each other's dung:

Safe from themselves: safe from the risk and the
run of their own lives.

What can men like that destroy or injure?

What can they do? What's to fear from them?



LEAVES FROM THE LOG BOOK

"All Transient Relief Clients should register with the National Re-employment Service in order to become eligible for work assignments to projects under the new Work Relief Program. Registrations will be taken at the National Reemployment Service, Dudley School Building, Lexington, Kentucky, during the period of June 24th to June 29th." Official Notice. No more - no less.

Several strange pets have been brought in from camp recently, including a duck, a skunk, and a young buzzard. Someone placed the buzzard on Doyle Smith's bunk, and now Doyle is looking for the culprit to foot the laundry bill!

72 men attended a Mission Service the other evening in the dining room - June 27th. The Mizpah C.E. Fellowship of the Broadway Christian Church sponsored the occasion. Miss Perkins (formerly with the bureau as a clerk), H.T. Page, W.L. Woods, and Mrs. W.E. Carringer spoke on Honesty, Patience, Love and the Bible. The hymns were sung lustily by all hands, led by A.L. Boatright who conducted the Services.

We have heard that every bureau has a "G" man among the clients whose identity always remains unknown. His principal duty is not to pinch murderers and other malefactors, or to snitch on irregularities in the store room, or even to question the operation of the bureau as a whole. His duty is to keep the Administration advised as to the tendency of the clients to formulate, preach, or advocate Communistic doctrines. That would be our idea of a job with nothing to do!

We remember reading recently of a transient in Tulsa who promoted a million dollar tank concern, a ten room office suite with \$600 worth of furniture, a \$11,000 home with \$700 worth of linen and \$3,000 worth of furniture, a stenographer, a housekeeper, and a valet. All done with the aid of mirrors and a phoney bank book showing deposits of \$437,000, together with phoney telegrams showing he was a heavy stockholder in an eastern tank concern. The housekeeper wrecked everything. Unpaid after a week's work, she went to the police. Officers who arrested him found in his pockets a handful of snipes, and a dental order from the local transient camp. These women! - 3 -



We have just heard that Lester B. Day, who sign painted after a fashion around the bureau for almost a year and then left for Indiana, has secured a job as accountant and traveling auditor for some financial concern in that state. That's real news these days. The salary - \$250.00 per month.

The two Jockeys have secured a job at a local stock farm and will be breaking in yearlings for some time to come - unless they fall off and break their necks! Several men have secured jobs lately, one as publicity man with a carnival, another as a motordome rider. Also a number of men have left with horses from the Lexington tracks to the Northern Circuits. John S. Hamilton, formerly with the Lighthouse, has written in from Chicago, and Peter Doane, formerly with the Cross Roads, passed through here the other day.

The boys are still cutting off the ends of their fingers down in the kitchen. It's pretty hard to keep one eye on the carrots and the other on Miss Polly Kesheimer, a charming and beautiful student from the University of Kentucky who is studying to be a dietitian. She scans the menus every morning and takes notes while the boys look soulfully on. Just for the experience. She's democratic and ambitious and should go far in her chosen profession.

We have a rattlesnake skin tacked on the door of the ARK sanctum which was donated by Lee Fowler, recently of Camp Foster, Yukon, Florida. The skin acts as a barometer. On dry days it's tight as a drum - on cloudy days it's all limp and discouraged. On stormy days it rattles! Very interesting - quite.

The sedan was parked on the side of the road and as the man drew near he could hear the noises of a struggle within. He could hear a rustling, and the muffled panting of a man. The body of the car swayed slightly too and fro. He heard a curse, and again the muffled panting. He crept softly around to the side and looked into the window and saw - a man trying to fold a road map the same as it had been. The looker in was Bob Swofford, the man in the car was Dizzy Dean. Foiled!

On the walls of King George's study at Buckingham Palace, London, hang three mottoes. They are:

"Teach me to be obedient to the rules of the game."

"If I am called upon to suffer, let me be like a well bred beast that goes away to suffer in silence."

"Teach me to win if I may; if I may not win, then teach me to be a good loser."



As a starter for the new camp at Richmond, about 16 men will be sent ahead to erect tents and get things in shape for the men coming from Camp Blue Licks. Bruce Carlton is going along as first aid man, and will also operate the canteen. For the first week everybody will live in a boarding house about a mile from Richmond. The new camp will be located at the water works, about four miles from Richmond.

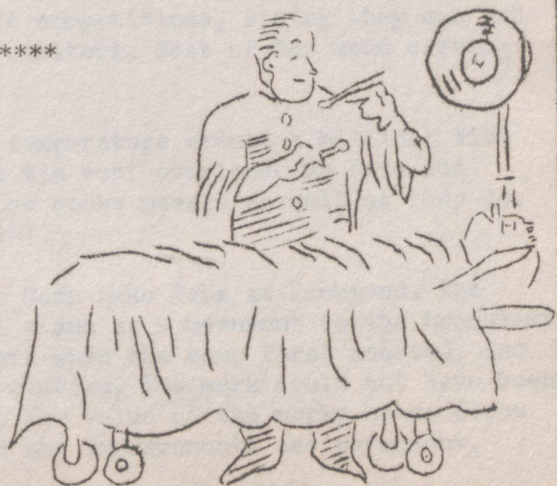
A delegation of embryo social workers from over the state visited the bureau the other day and were shown around. We are at a loss to know just what information a social worker could acquire in a transient bureau, as most of the men are not social cases, merely men out of work because there's no work to be had. What we need is a delegation of employment experts.

Some more changes in the bureau. The colored contingent will be moved out of the basement into the carpenter's shop, and the carpenter shop will be moved down into the basement - which will make room for the Handicraft School. The colored boys will have their own quarters, the intake office being moved to make room for a recreation room for colored. We know the boys will appreciate the change.

"Check 'em out" Carroll is going to Camp Blue Licks for a few weeks to holler at the boys taking down the messhall and other buildings for removal to the Richmond camp. Lt. Crutcher will have charge at Richmond, and Doyle Smith will be at the Center with his whistle. We have no idea how we shall survive the peace and quiet!

The Special Achievement Reward, which has taken the place of the competitions, has not brought in the response expected. New men are not taking advantage of this opportunity to gather in a few extra shekels. So far this month, awards have been made as follows: Bill Carey, .60¢, article, Bruce Carlton, .60¢ short story, Joe Engessor, .60¢ handicraft, and Jack Blake .50¢ drawing. This is a poor showing considering the caliber of the men here. The camp has fallen down completely on this contest business. Snap out of it fellows, for the honor of the good old T.S.B. Full details on the bulletin board for those interested.

The case of Thomas Monroe is unique in the annals of medical science from all accounts. Tom was brought in from camp suffering from an obscure disease, and on account of Tom's age, his chances for surviving were considered very slim. Careful attention and expert medical care under the direction of Dr. Adams have worked wonders, and although at this writing Tom is still not quite in the clear, his chances for recovery are very good. Only about one case in eight hundred have recovered we hear.



OUT- AT CAMP

We all went out to camp Sunday - about twenty-five of us. Went out to pitch horse shoes, play ball, and swim. It was hot as the insides of hell, but that didn't faze anybody.

We got pretty well sunburned riding in the truck, and more so playing ball, but a good time was had by all. Found a few of the old timers still at camp, and many new faces. The camp pets are still going strong, including three foxes just about big enough to make fur neck pieces - and a cage full of squirrels.

One of the squirrels was extra fat and sassy. Seems a few weeks ago the boys decided this particular squirrel should be placed in a separate cage in anticipation of an interesting family event which seemed to be in the offing. After three weeks, when nothing had happened, the squirrel was examined more closely and found to be not that kind of a squirrel. We understand Lt. Crutcher was responsible for separating the squirrel in the first place, but he claims Roy Taylor is to blame. They are both very touchy on the proposition - and the camp is still laughing!

The ball game was not such a push over as the camp boys expected. If the Center men had practiced up a little during the past week before going to camp the result would never have been in doubt. The score was 12 to 9 in favor of the camp, but they earned the decision.

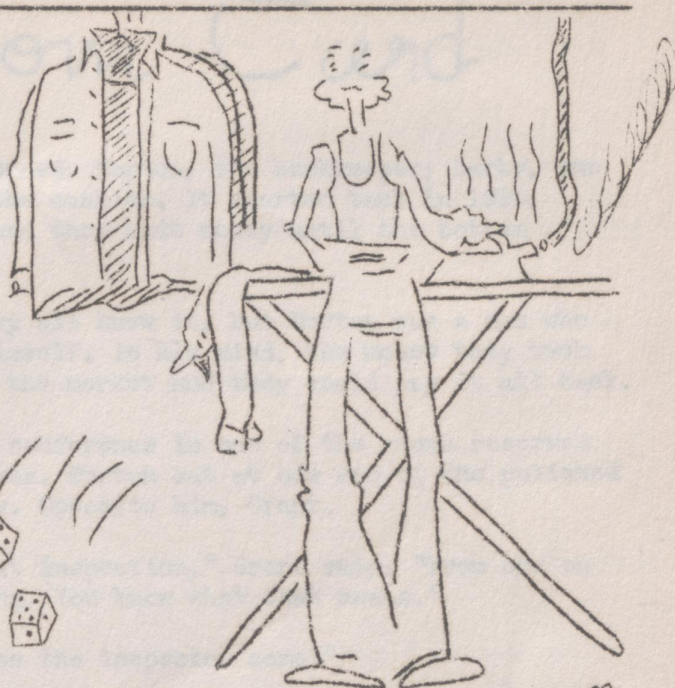
We heard many remarks from the boys in appreciation of the outing which was enjoyed by all. We took advantage of the occasion by yarning with the old timers. George McNabb told how he walked almost to Carlisle to fix some woman's sewing machine, and was paid off with a small lamb and a dozen eggs. He had a heck of a time getting them back, but finally sold the lamb for a dollar and half and the eggs for nineteen cents.

Bob Swafford has been sick and like to have died. He lost twenty-one pounds of surplus weight and looks better. Says he has over a dozen bee trees lined up, but owing to the wet spring the honey is scarce. Bee trees are Bob's specialty. He kept the camp supplied with honey at both Camp Elkhorn and Pakuneki when they were open.

Big John Murphy has turned out some wonderful hand carved boats, and many of the others have done some clever work in the handicraft line - but they won't turn them in for the handicraft competitions, saying they can get more by selling them to local people and visitors. Most of the wood carving shows excellent skill and workmanship.

The kitchen was like an oven with a temperature around a million! With two coal ranges going in full blast and a tin roof overhead, no fans and insufficient ventilation, it's a wonder the cooks manage as well as they do. They said it was all in getting used to it!

The whole camp will soon be moved to Camp Lake Reba at Richmond. The work accomplished at Camp Blue Licks will stand as a monument to the transient camp. To remember the condition of the park when the camp first started, and compare it with what it is today is a revelation. The work could not have been accomplished without the aid of the camp. The value of the work hours alone at .25¢ an hour is well over \$15,000, and the improvements are permanent.

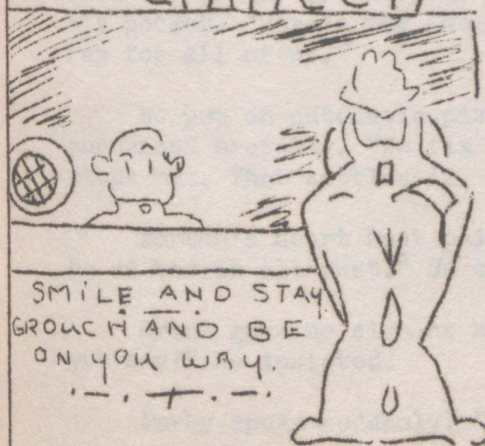


HOW
TO MAKE
MONEY
IN A
BUREAU

RACING
FORM
OMAHA
A
CINCH
HA HA



Canteen



The bottom Card

There were three of them concerned. Morton, the bookkeeper; Darby, one of the Trust Officers; and Grant, the cashier. It started back in 1920, when everything looked so simple, and they made money until the bottom dropped out of the world.

It was crooked, of course. They all knew it, but Morton was a man who never admitted the truth even to himself. In his mind, the money they took was only borrowed. A quick turn on the market and they could pay it all back.

At last they met for a dismal conference in one of the rooms reserved for the holders of safe deposit boxes. Morton sat at one end of the polished mahogany table. At his right, Darby. Opposite him, Grant.

"We can't cover up on this next inspection," Grant said. "From now on any money will be just plain missing. You know what that means."

Morton wet his lips. "When does the inspector come?"

"I've been tipped off he is coming tomorrow," Grant bit the end of his cigar. "Anybody got a match?"

Morton slid his lighter across the table. "There must be some way out," Morton assured him.

He saw contempt in Grant's glance. "We're going to jail, and that's that," he replied.

"It'll be tough on our wives and kids." Darby said.

"Yes, and tough on us too," said Grant. "I am not looking forward to a time in prison."

Morton started. "Surely you don't think prison. Why after all—"

Grant ignored him and turned to Darby with a hard look in his eyes. "Listen," he said, shifting his gaze to Morton. "I've got an idea that will save two of us, and keep us all out of prison." He took a pack of cards from his pocket. "Here's the idea. We deal cards, and the man who loses takes the rap for all of us."

He put an automatic pistol beside the cards. "That's the answer," he announced brutally. "We fix everything so the blame falls on one man. He steps out. That settles it. They can't put a dead man on the stand."

Morton's heart beat painfully in the silence that followed. "It can't be as bad as all that." He suggested, "Let's wait until tomorrow."

Grant gave no sign he had heard. He was looking at Darby. "What do you say?" he insisted.

Darby spoke suddenly. "Alright, I'll take a chance if you will".

Grant took the cards from their case. Suspicion grew in Morton's mind. They were going to fix the deal so he would be chosen as the scapegoat. "It seems to me-" he began.

"Shut up," Grant snarled. "You're in this. I'll deal one card around - high man's elected. That alright?" Grant flipped out the cards face down on the table. Morton put a finger on his. "Get this straight," Grant was saying, "High takes the rap." He turned his card with a quick motion and revealed the eight of spades.

Morton clinched his left hand against his mouth to conceal the chattering of his teeth. His right fumbled and turned up the card - the Jack of Clubs. He swallowed painfully - sure that he had been tricked.

Darby was still scrutinizing the design on the back of his card. At last he lifted one corner and peeked under. He sat back quite still, with his eyes closed.

"Let's see it," Grant said roughly. He reached across the table and turned up the ace of diamonds. "Tough luck", he said, in an odd tone.

Morton saw Grant push the gun over to Darby. "We'll come back tonight and straighten things out," he was saying. After a pause he added, "By nine o'clock we ought to be finished."

Darby took off his glasses and was polishing them. "Don't bother," he said, and slipped the gun in his pocket. "I confessed this morning. I am getting off with two years."

The cashier's face was distorted with rage. "I didn't feel quite right about it," Darby went on pleasantly, "until I saw you deal me that ace from the bottom of the pack." He got up, went around to the door. "They're checking up on my story now. We'll be arrested as we leave the bank."

Grant sprang to his feet, but Darby had gone before he reached the door.

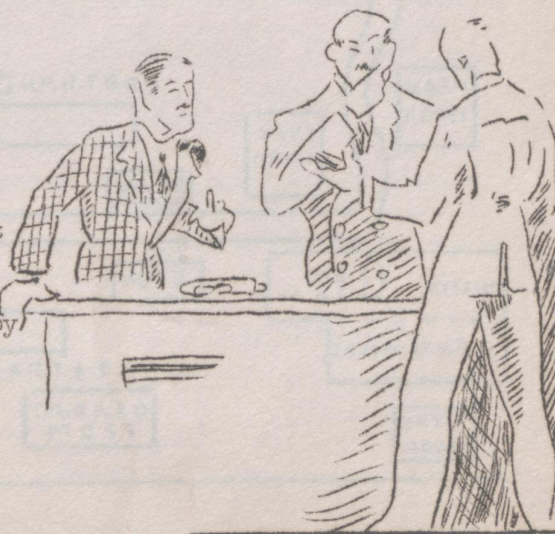
Morton still sat at the table. "The dirty stool pidgeon," he said.

Morton looked at him and derived a curious comfort from the knowledge that he had been wrong - that Darby and Grant had not been in league against him.

"I saw you slip him the bottom card," he said. "I - I appreciate it."

Grant looked down at him. "Why, you dirty rat," he sneered. "I'd have given it to you in a minute, only I knew you wouldn't have the nerve to go through with it."

And down at the corner drug store, Darby was talking to the District Attorney!



CAMP LAKE REBA

Here's a letter from Bruce Carlton, one of the pioneers of Camp Lake Reba, the new camp near Richmond. Sent in to the ARK after the first day on the job.

"Had you been here yesterday you would have seen a 1935 version of the forty niners going up and through Immigrant Gap. The truck was driven across the Dam, through the spillway and right on up the hill, with the men going ahead using double bladed axes and cross cut saws, cutting down trees and clearing the way.

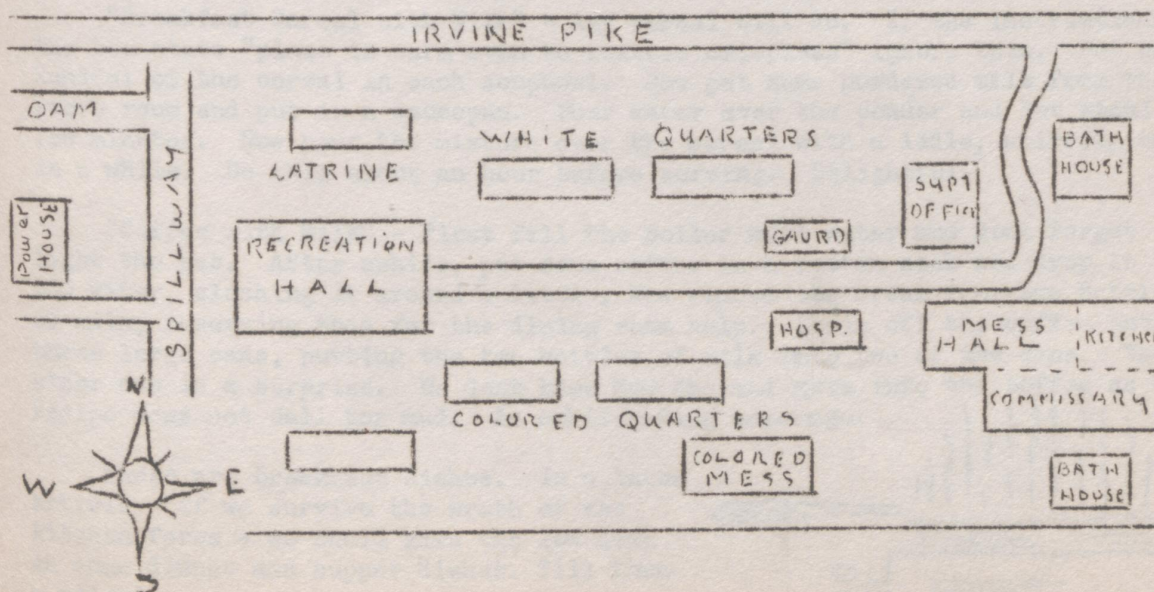
We finally reached the top, unloaded the truck, put up the tent for Bob Swofford the night watchman, tacked up the camp sign, and Camp Reba became a reality.

Talk about a beautiful spot! This is really one. The camp will be situated on top of a knoll overlooking Lake Reba, about two and a half miles from Richmond. The dam divides the lake, leaving part to the North and the other South. We have been informed we can fish in the South part only, and on authority of Lt. Crutcher, the Camp Commander, he says there are plenty of black bass.

Might mention we all have had some real old fashioned southern cooking meals at this boarding house we are staying until the camp is fixed up. Breakfast this morning consisted of country fried ham and eggs with good gravy and home made jam. Almost forgot the biscuits. Did we eat?

The tents are to be lined up in streets, with the kitchen and dining hall at the East end, and the office in the center. Recreation Hall to the West. Tents for the negroes to the South and the white men North.

Out this morning hauling rock and leveling off the road getting it into shape to use. The men are going to work six hours a day, five days a week. Writing this in a hurry. More later. Maybe you can use the map layout to give an idea of the camp.



TRANSIENT COOK BOOK

In the pages of the ARK we have covered every subject under the sun except Birth Control and Cookery. For the benefit of posterity we are handing on a few recipes for the Transient Cook Book. They are priceless! We shall have to look up the subject on Birth Control! Here goes for the cook book:

"Hard Boiled Fried Eggs" - As this dish appears but once a week it should be made a very special occasion so no one will forget. Prepared in this manner - no one will. First secure a large pan and place it on the stove, first lighting the gas. When the pan is good and hot, pour in some grease - most any grease will do. When this grease gives off a rich blue smoke, break the eggs by crushing them in your hand and allow them to drop into the grease. Keep doing this until the pan is full of eggs, and allow them to stand on the stove until the blue smoke turns brown. Always cook a few less than the number of guests. Delectable and delicious.

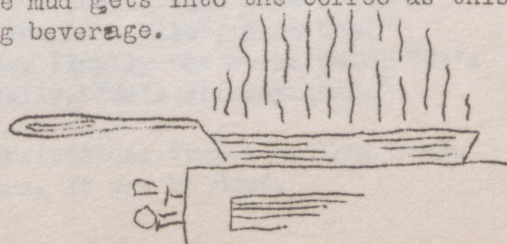
"Scrambled Eggs" - A very economical recipe - sixty eggs will serve one hundred and twenty persons. First toss all the eggs into a large pan, mashing them well, and strain through a sieve to remove most of the shells. Into the residue mix a quantity of corn starch, glancing out of the window occasionally to guess the number of men awaiting breakfast. If more men appear, put in more cornstarch. Now place in pan on stove and stir occasionally - the idea being to mix the rich dark brown burnt part with the light yellow part. Serve one tablespoonful to each person. Exquisite.

"Bacon With Hominy" - First secure some bacon butts from the store room and lay them on the table. With a sharp knife slice in thick slices about a quarter of an inch thick. Never mind using the slicing machine. Place these slices in a pan of cold water and allow to simmer until the water has almost evaporated. Stir occasionally to avoid crispness. Open can of hominy, remove bacon, empty can into pan, stir around some. Serve cold. Very appetizing.

"Breakfast Cereal with Milk" - Any cereal will do. If the instructions on the box state "place in warm oven to restore crispness" ignore this. Put one handful of the cereal in each soupbowl. Now get some powdered milk from the store room and put in a saucepan. Pour water over the powder and let stand a few minutes. Now pour the mixture over the cereal with a ladle, stirring once in a while. Do this about an hour before serving. Delightful.

"Coffee with Milk" - First fill the boiler with water and dont forget to light the gas. After awhile, put some coffee in a cotton sack and drop it into the water, sloshing it around a little. Now remove the cream from two bottles of milk, reserving this for the dining room help. Drain off the coffee into three large cans, putting the two bottles of milk into two of the cans. The other can is a surprise. We dont know how the mud gets into the coffee as this recipe does not call for mud. An exhilarating beverage.

These are breakfast dishes. In a later article - if we survive the wrath of the kitchen force - we shall give the low down on some dinner and supper dishes. Till then - adios!



EVOLUTION OF A TRANSIENT

Stranded in Butte, Montana - out of a job. Previous to that, working as a timekeeper in a rubber factory. Working in the oil fields in Oklahoma, as rodman on a forestry survey, as want ad man on a newspaper, with a barnstorming road show - not much of a background to build up a future. Then starting from scratch, from sleeping down at the "Sally," broke and hungry.

Coming up from all that to be the premier actor on the screen with the world at his feet. Clark Gable, awarded the Academy prize for the best performance of the year in "It happened one night", is the hero.

He's from Ohio, in his early thirties. He spent his early years on a farm, moved to a larger city and attended high school. Bashful and afraid of the ladies, he decided to become a doctor. Attended a premedical school at the University of Akron while working as timekeeper for an Akron rubber concern.

A friend took him back stage one evening during the performance of a local stock company, and Gable knew then he would never become a doctor. In a short while he was working as call boy without salary, then taking on small parts in which he played for a year. The death of his stepmother caused his father to move to the Oklahoma oil fields and Gable went along. He worked in the oil fields for a year.

The lure of the theatre called again and he joined a stock company in Kansas City. They played in churches, barns, and an occasional theatre. The company finally stranded in Butte, Montana.

He caught a freight out of the city. After days of hardship and hunger on the road he finally arrived at Portland, Oregon. Without money or friends, too proud to write home or to relatives telling of his plight, he went to the "Sally" and stayed there until he secured a job with another theatrical company. The venture lasted two weeks - then stranded again.

Through an employment agency he secured a job as rod man with a party of engineers surveying forest tracts in Southern Oregon. After several months he returned to Portland, and found work as an ad solicitor on a newspaper. Then he worked in the office of the telephone company for a year. He saved two hundred dollars and left for the Coast.

There he bucked the movies, working as an extra one day a week for many months, living on his small capital - often hungry. He carried a spear in "Romeo and Juliet" on the stage of the Los Angeles Theatre. Jane Cowl saw him, liked him, and obtained a small speaking part for him. He worked on the stage again with a Texas stock company - unable to beat the movies. He had to come to New York to get the breaks.

On the stage he played small parts, and his chance came when Louis Macloon gave him the part of "Killer Mears" "The Last Mile". Jane Cowl and Lionel Barrymore saw him from the audience. Finally the woman said: "He's going to far places". The man replied laconically, "He's already gone."

From the "Sally" to the pinnacle of his profession. From a freight train to an Academy Award and a place among the stars. It can be done.

BUREAU REVIEW

The washrooms have been given a coat of cement over the wooden flooring which makes everything more sanitary. The Intake Department has been moved into the elevator shaft - which puts the elevator out of commission but provides a small private office. The old intake office now becomes the recreation room for the colored clients. "Check 'em out" says they might be out of sight but they won't be out of mind - "No crap shooting" sez he.

The Handicraft school is still delayed for lack of space, but that will be taken care of when the colored boys are moved out of the basement into the carpenters shop which is being fixed up for sleeping quarters for colored. Bill Carey and his gang are busy making screens for the windows and doors. We now have two trucks operating, and all kinds of preparations are being made for moving to the new camp at Richmond. Camp Blue Licks will be disbanded when the Richmond camp opens.

Instructions have been given for all hands to register with the N.R.S. at Dudley School in case any jobs may turn up and to be eligible for work under the new Works Program. Up until now, this service has been denied to transients. Nothing definite is promised, but Director Hord Byrd advises all hands to register and stick around.

The canteen is operating successfully under the direction of Reed and Barton and is doing a good business, being well patronized. The food is fair in quantity and quality and some of the boys declare the quantity has fallen off lately, both at the Center and the Camp - the coffee being muddy and the meals containing too much starch. Not enough variety or fresh vegetables. Others, who come in from other Camps and Centers, state this bureau leads all others in good food and cooking. It's all in the viewpoint. Anything looks good to eat when you come in off the road.

Work projects consist mostly of bureau details and work at the narcotic farm where the boys are breaking rocks and building roads. The intake and out go remain about the same. A few men have secured work locally, but the majority stay a few days and are gone again.

Our flower garden in front of the building is flourishing and will soon be a mass of blooms. The Center has been unable to get together a ball team because of the rapid turnover and the lack of interest. The recreation facilities consist of reading, the pool table, and card playing. The camp facilities are far ahead of those at the Center, which is to be expected.

At the present writing the number of men at the Center will run from 100 to 140, and from 150 to 175 out at camp. We have about 25 colored men here at all times - none in camp. The pay scale is \$3.00 top, sliding down by halves and quarters to \$1.00.

No excitement - regular routine - drunks few and far between - about the same class of clients, cook's sons, duke's sons, and other sons. Wish they would start a war. Getting hot. Ho hum! We are all anxiously awaiting the effect of the new work program. Wonder how many men registered at Dudley School?



"PICKING WINNERS"

Lexington has always been a racing center. So has Oshkosh, for that matter. In fact, any place where you can get a bet down is a racing center.

Many of the boys have had trouble in picking the winners - even when they pick 'em to show. We are going to help them out by giving a digest of some of the popular systems in use - absolutely foolproof. They have the endorsement of "Check 'em out" Carroll - who always has the winner - and Foggy Oderman, who seldom hits. These revelations should undoubtedly be the means by which many of the boys can get a stake together - so they can leave to look for a job or play more horses.

The "Carroll" System is very simple. All you have to do is write down the name of a horse you think will win, and then, if he doesn't win, you keep betting him until he does. The system will produce 90% winners - the other 10% will die of old age getting there.

The "Foggy" System consists of parlaying any two twenty to one shots together to win, preferably horses in maiden or two year old races. Strange as it may seem, this method once paid a limit parlay. Since then, Foggy has played "safe" and picks horses to show - picking on every other race to bet. So far he has won as much as he has lost, but Foggy expects to live a long time and while there's life there's hope.

The "Editor's Method" is guaranteed to bring in 100% winners. There's a winner in every race - sometimes two of 'em. With this method we once picked a horse that paid off 250 to 1, something no other method will do. It can be worked with a small capital or a large one; on wet or dry tracks; maiden or stake races; and never fails to produce the winner.

We are willing to divulge this method for the small sum of two bits per divulge. On second thoughts, as we are positive no one here has two bits, this being Wednesday, and therefore couldn't run down the price on the horse to amount to much, we'll give you the method positively free gratis and for nothing. Here it is:

Play every horse in the race to win - simple isn't it?

You can't expect a horse to run well unless you give him your whole hearted support. You must put some pep into the thing when the bookie is giving the calls during the race. One of the chief reasons the darkies at our favorite bookie joint down the street win so often is because they help the horse out. They stand around and pray fervently, snapping their fingers and rolling their eyes as the horses come into the stretch. We believe a concerted yell from all hands would help considerable. Must look into this. Nick only says "Skotar" - The horses wont run for "Skotar" - ask Nick.

We have told you how to play the races to pick winners. How to play the races and make money at it we dont know. Personally, we think there's more money to be made shooting craps - if we can use our own dice!



TRANSIENTS and the work program

Of course, being a transient, what you think or what I think, or what's published in our magazine won't make a hell of a lot of difference to the rest of the world. But here's what I think of the transients chance on the work program.

We transients are the "dogs" of any relief program that has been, or will be put over. We get absolutely no favorable publicity by the press, local police, or neighbors of the bureau. The conduct, habits, and appearance of the few worst of us is the low standard by which we are all judged. Then, too, we are of no use to local politicians, and consequently have no "drag" to help get anything worth while on their work projects.

I believe the best plan for any transient who has a "home town" is to get there, register as a voter, go see his local political "boss", and get into the "work program" through the P.W.A. - or something. The C.C.C., the Boy Scouts, the Pool Room Home Guards - even the local "Souse Club" rate better than the transients.

The only thing left for the homeless nomads - the men without family or home town connections, is to mend our fences the best we can. Begin, like charity, at our "home", the transient bureau and camps, co-operate with Directors in making our surroundings and personnel clean and decent enough to command respect. Make our place a tough spot for drunken trouble makers, lousy bathless bums, chislers and thieves.

It's up to us to help in this by self discipline, by example, by friendly encouragement to the new men who get the "spirit", and a damned cold shoulder to the man who is a disgrace to what for the time being we must call "home". Remember, the public judges us by the worst. Let's help to make our worst a little more fit to be judged by.

Our next bet is to gain what publicity we can by refusing to be ashamed of the fact we transients. Invite people to visit our place and let them find conditions not a scratch house, full of worthless bums as they imagine, but clean living quarters for men who are worthy of a place in the nation's work program.

An effort should be made throughout the country by Directors and Transients to gain publicity of a favorable nature. Try to push our side of the story over with the press and public. See that the work we have done received mention even at this late date. Put on a campaign of organized publicity similar to that given the C.C.C.

Urge the fact we want a place in the work program, a place to work at an existing wage and to hell with the man who won't work. The tougher conditions are made for the old type of filthy bum who won't wash or work, never has or never will, the better for the majority of transients.

If we want anything more than the old dollar a week out of the new work program, I believe we'll have to put in real effort to get it, and the logical medium for publicity is the bureau magazine. Send in your opinions men, and let the Administration know what you are thinking about. Only in that way shall we ever achieve lasting results.

• • • FEATURES • • •

NOMAD, San Francisco, Cal., June 15th, R. S. Burton, Ed.

"News Siftings" - skillfully written caustic comments on the "Drones Breadline Bill". Worth anybody's three cent stamp.

CONTACT, Washington, D.C. June 20th, W. H. Crawford, Ed.

Those interviews with all the Crowned Heads of Europe one of the greatest scoops in the transient press. Having once met King George on an equal footing - and barefoot at that - we can vouch for them. Hail brother.

ALKI, Seattle, Washington, No. 10, Roy Pepin, Ed.

"The Race Track Blues" just about fits into our scheme of things. Every day we pick 'em out and then throw the roll onto a long shot that never wins! Ah, but some day! A good story, well written.

WINDJAMMER, St. Petersburg, Fla., June 8th, James M. Pollit, Ed.

"The Lookout" by Don Carson. One of those frothy columns with flashes to wit and a firm foundation of common sense - hard to write but easy to read. By the way, the Lodge is Blue.

LARIAT, Fort Worth, Texas, June 15th, Robert Malloy, Ed.

"Death After Breakfast" is one of the most gruesome and harrowing stories of an execution we have ever had the pleasure of reading. A wealth of detail and big time stuff with a vengeance!

TRANSIENT CITY NEWS, Fort Eustis, Va., Jack Glass, Ed.

"Exploits of Phil J. Harvey" notorious bank robber, reformed and now sexton of the chapel at Fort Eustis. This is one of those unbelievable true life stories with a thrill in every line. Harvey was no piker - he stole a million dollars during his twenty eight years of crime. A real scoop.

CAPITAL NEWS, Topeka, Kansas, June 15th, Frank Chase, Ed.

"Whistling Death" by Earl La Croix is one of those Wild West stories that took us back further into our memory than we cared to go! Damn that ending! Frank Chase is all O.K. with "Remember".

PIONEER, Camp Foster, Yukon, Fla., June 8th, Fred C. Conley, Ed.

"Transient Girls Can Win" - one of those damn fool things without rhyme or reason, but good for a chuckle in every line. See you have "Coast wise Slim" with you. Make him work.

THE LONGHORN, Dallas, Texas, June 15th, Louis Norman, Ed.

"Camp Lake Dallas" - not exactly a feature, but one of the best and most interesting accounts of camp life we have ever read. We imagine this article will boost the roll call of your camp considerable if this description gets around.

Note: Most of the editors of transient magazines have an idea their papers should be filled with news of Elmer and Joe doing their stuff around the bureau! That's why we couldn't find much in the feature line. Cheerio.



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