

WORK

LEXINGTON TRANSIENT BUREAU

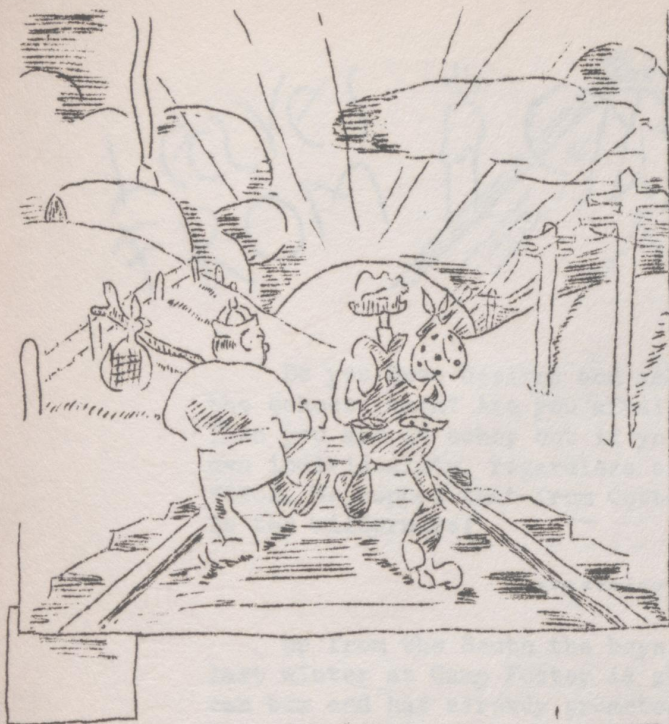


MAY 1st - No. 16.

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THE ARK

LEXINGTON, KY.
MAY-1-NO-16

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EDITORIAL

We have lots of sympathy for the boy wanderers who frequent the bureaus at this time of the year.

Spring is in the air, and the call of the wild. Home ties are less binding and over the horizon lies adventure. The nomadic instincts are stirring in your blood - the greener pastures are just over the hill.

And its all so very easy nowadays. No hardships, no discomfort, nothing to worry about. All physical comforts are cheerfully provided by Uncle Sam free of charge. Benign caseworkers will send the boys home on the bus when they get tired of roaming afoot.

Boys are thoughtless and unconsciously cruel. They start out on a bumming expedition with no thought of the anxiety and heartache they cause their parents. Frantic calls come to headquarters from all over the country. "Where is my wandering boy tonight?"

We believe something should be done about this. Just a telegram sent to the boys parents would do. "Charles and Elmer here in good health having enjoyable time." And we think these boys should be given a couple of chocolate bars when they leave.

This will relieve much suffering on the part of the parents. Also, the boys will boost the bureau to their pals, thus bringing in more business. After all, these boys are only boys for a short while - let's help them to enjoy life.

Soon they'll be regular transients and will have to work for what they get!

- "Barnacle Bill" -

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Leaves FROM LOG BOOK

Do you have desires and ambitions you are afraid to express, lest the echoes laugh? Are you afraid of the criticism of your fellow beings? Then you are an echo; but if you cast criticism aside and express your own individuality, regardless of what the world says, THEN YOU ARE A VOICE. We copped that from Cottonwood Camp in Colorado. Yea, bo, a voice in the wilderness!

Up from the South the boys are drifting in. Lee Fowler, who spent last winter at Camp Foster is staying with us. Likable chap, says he can box and has already promoted a fight down at the Arena for next Saturday night. Hopes to get twenty-five dollars out of it and then go back to Florida. Says he's homesick.

"There is no room for doubt," says a writer in the Survey, "that the job of managing a shelter for homeless men calls for a rare combination of human qualities. Neither the sentimentalist or the "tough guy" can long survive." We get lots of wise cracks out of the Survey. It's a magazine for social workers. Look for some more of their stuff as you browse through the Log Book. We'll just tack "Survey" on the end so you can recognize it from our stuff. Aw g'wan!

Intake Worker Turner discovered a mural painter in the evening drift. May send him out to camp to paint murals around the museum walls. Just mentioned that to show we can furnish any type worker if you'll give us a little time. He sure looked the part.

Mr. John Carroll Lowe, recently appointed Building Superintendent, has thrown a party. All the Staff members were invited to a beefsteak and mushroom dinner generously provided by Mr. Lowe to celebrate his rise in the profession. To most of us, Mr. Lowe is known under the sobriquet of "Check 'em out" Carroll, and he bears the honors of his new position gracefully. Quid rides?



The answer to the dole is - wages. "Survey".

Believe it or not, but a fellow checked in the other evening, went downstairs, took his bath, his clothes went through the sterilizer, he dressed, and returned to the recreation room. That's the usual procedure. But this chap left a bundle downstairs, thought of it half an hour later and went down to retrieve it. He was promptly rushed through the bath again and his clothes resterilized! Now he's scared to go downstairs - and we dont know yet if he got his bundle! No - it wasn't Fox!

A recent order authorizing the placing of men on 4 and 5 dollar payrolls has been made. Several jobs such as truck drivers, hotel managers, and semi-administrative personnel will be placed on these payrolls. Many of those who were cut off the 60 dollar payroll will no doubt receive the benefit of this new order. We picked that out of the Crusader recently. Wonder why one bureau gets a higher pay scale than another! If they ever paid us as much as 5 dollars we would faint!

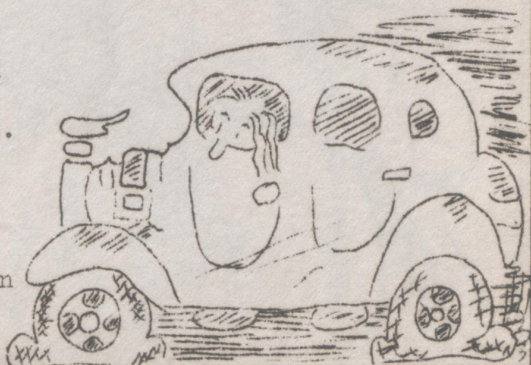
The red speed(?) chariot of Miss Atkins is cutting up again. After getting the fenders straightened all round - the darn thing needs new shoes! Last Sunday the car was discovered out on the road to Camp with six flats! Wasn't it six? We apologize!

We have always felt - in company with others - that a multiplicity of rules around a place is an admission of defeat. We contend that the imposition of rules upon a community of men because of the misdeeds of one or two of their number is evidence of inability to handle the situation. This bureau has been operating to the satisfaction of all of us with a minimum of rules and regulations. Help to keep it that way fellows.

James MacDonald is on the top floor and checks in the boarders. The other evening he came down out of the clouds in his imaginary plane and discovered he had checked a total stranger into his own bed!

Shorty Williams is leaving for New York. Whoinel will do our laundry now? "Jick" is saving up to buy a pair of boots and britches so he can ride the winner of the Kentucky Derby! "Pop Eye" Engessor is busy making some clever novelties for Handicraft Contest. "Brown" Fox now wears all his Sunday clothes every day - he has been promoted to the office. "Nifty" Overman is leaving next week. Who swiped the fried chicken? How do you like our new artist, Jack Blake? Clever, eh, what. Three winners in one day - wont be long now!

"Salesman Sam" Johnston is selling a swell line of leather ties and fountain pens. This ad should be worth something! See him fellers - he has a good line!



Lt. Saunders, formerly on the Staff, left recently to take up a position selling Kentucky whiskey. We understand he has sold a thousand cases, or a thousand dollars worth so far. Anyhow, its a lot of whiskey. By the way, the Lt's. great grandmother used to live in the big house across the street - its the R.R.Y.M.C.A. now. The Lt's. a regular guy. Drop a case off one of these days, wilya, Loot?

Another visitor who always drops in on the ARK when in town is Miss Perryman, formerly Intake Worker here. Now she's looking after some relief projects for women we understand, out of Louisville. She's regular and very earnest and conscientious, and will always be remembered for her large kind heart. She used to cry all over the small juveniles who appealed to her for aid from this tough old world.

A few more paragraphs like the above and we'll be accused of running this paper for the benefit of the Big Shots of the Bureau. Here's one from the Survey to make up for it, we quote: "Relief workers, from executive directors down, have been, and are, carrying out rules, instructions, and policies which have been formulated by somebody higher up, and the clients have to take the result - and like it. The result - millions of free people are told what they must eat and wear and drink and where they shall live and what kind of work - if any - they shall do, regardless of training or desire. These methods have developed regimentation without representation. A regiment of disinherited men, a strict despotic control over the lives of millions whose cherished semblance of independence has been lost, and whose very bread and butter depends on obedience and conformity." So what, we ask?

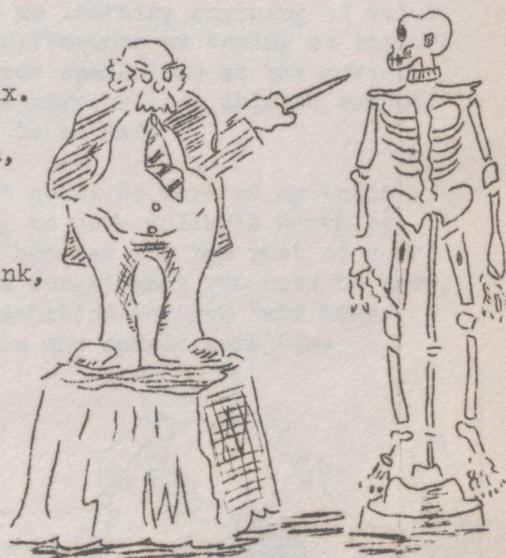
We read anything. Here's one we saw in the New Yorker of all places: "There is today a widespread impatience with what is known for want of a better term, as "social work". We have a suspicion the guy who wrote that crack once applied for a pair of socks in a transient bureau on the wrong day!

Every transient bureau, like every home, has its atmosphere. Any-one can see the difference between an unhappy disorderly home and a happy and orderly home which brings out the best in everyone. In the best homes everyone takes his place in the family life and does his part. A good transient bureau is like that. Let every client and employee ask himself this question: "Am I doing my part to make this bureau a happy worthwhile organization in which to live and work?" Now that was written in Stops and Dashes of Sou' Ca'lina quite a while ago. It still holds good. We think we shall give it a trial!



EDUCATIONAL

How many bones in the human face? Fourteen, when they're all in place.
 How many bones in the human head? Eight my child, as I've often said.
 How many bones in the human ear? Three in each and they help to hear.
 How many bones in the human spin? Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.
 How many bones in the human chest? Twenty ribs and two of the rest.
 How many bones the shoulders bind? Two in each, one before and one behind.
 How many bones in the human arm? In each arm one, two in each forearm.
 How many bones in the human wrist? Eight in each if none are missed.
 How many bones in the palm of the hand? Five in each with many a band.
 How many bones in the fingers ten? Twenty-eight and by joints they bend.
 How many bones in the human hip? One in each, like a dish they dip.
 How many bones in the human thigh? One in each, and deep they lie.
 How many bones in the human knees? One in each, the knee pan please.
 How many bones in the leg from the knee, Two in each we can plainly see.
 How many bones in the ankle strong? Seven in each but none are long.
 How many bones in the ball of the foot? Five in each as in palms were pit.
 How many bones in the toes, half a score? Twenty-eight, and there are no more.
 And now altogether, these many bones fix,
 And they count in the body two hundred and six.
 And then in the mouth, both above and beneath,
 Called upper and lower are thirty-two teeth.
 And now and then we have a bone, I should think,
 That forms on a joint, or to fill up a chink.
 A sesamoid bone, or a Wormian, we call.
 And now we may rest for we've told them all.



Note: Submitted by "Foggy" Oderman. Looks like him!

the sand pile //

Just a sand pile, a man screening it, some kids throwing fine sand down from the top, others throwing gravel and coarse sand up from the bottom.

Let's imagine each grain of sand and each pebble represents a human. After all, we are no more than grains of sand in the big screen of life.

Let's imagine the kids throwing fine grains of sand down from the top are Sickness, Misfortune, and Bad Luck, and the kids throwing sand towards the top let's call "Pull", Unearned Capital, and Crooked Methods. The man screening is Mr. Consumer.

Poet or Plumber, Preacher or Bricklayer, whatever you are your work reaches the consumer in some form to be screened, and if it's fine enough you pass.

You may be of the finest quality in your line and thrown down by misfortune. You may be coarse gravel, little ability and no ambition to improve what you have, but have a pull that gets you soft jobs, or perhaps a generous rich uncle. Perhaps a few crooked deals have given you a boost up.

Luck changes, fortunes are easily lost. So is pull. Sooner or later, others with more ambition, knowledge, ability will sift up and over you while you sink to the level of others who neglect what talent nature provides.

We have a long time of this "Depression". It's harder than ever before, to prove to the consumer that your abilities are too fine to go to waste. We are waiting, waiting for Mr. Consumer to require more sand. Some day soon we hope to be needed and paid for our services.

While we are waiting, what are you and I and the next fellow doing in the way of improvement of ability? Are we learning anything of value to us? Are we getting in a rut of lazy indifference or trying to improve our knowledge and skill? Do we spend all our spare time at the movies, shooting pool or playing cards? Will we be more or less able to compete with others in holding jobs when jobs are to be had?

There is the fellow who says "I'm not going to work at my trade for no dollar a week", or, "I'm only going to do a dollar's worth of work". O.K. buddy, see the country from a box car for the rest of your life if you like it, learn nothing new and forget what you used to know, get rusty. You will be that much less competition for men "who keep their hand in". You may sneer at the fellow who spends some time studying books or making this or that. If you were ever much good at anything you would like it well enough to want to keep in practice and improve, whether you get a dollar a week or not.

If a champion boxer spent three or four years playing, "running", or sleeping in the "jungles", dodging anything



like work, could he be prepared to make a "come-back"? The brain degenerates with lack of proper exercise even faster than the muscles.

If a man will add to his knowledge just three more useful items each day, in a year he has 1,095 more points of knowledge that the fellow who wouldn't bother has missed.

The man who thinks his knowledge of any craft is complete is just kidding himself. He's heading for the junk pile of "has beens". The boy who is starting out to compete in life's work needs to learn to do what he is talented for and likes, better than others can do it, enough better so that his ability will show for itself without any "drag" to hold his job.

It may be a long time until jobs are so plentiful that unskilled labor will secure a living wage and half skilled craftsmen be in demand. Let's learn while we are waiting, put things in our heads that will some day put dollars in our pockets.

So far the government has been chiefly concerned with providing food and shelter for emergency relief. What schooling has been offered has met with little response with the men, partly because the courses open were not attractive to the average transient.

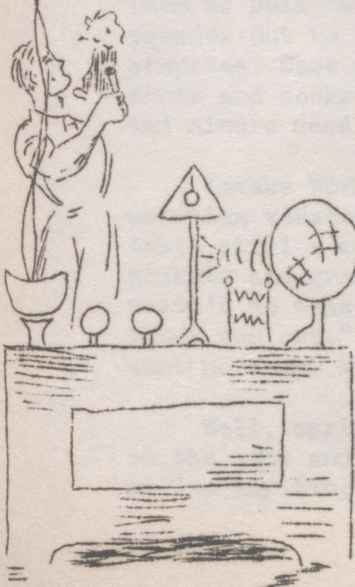
Our Director is interested in rehabilitation of craftsmen and encouraging arts and crafts of all kinds. He will co-operate and secure all possible equipment to help us advance our knowledge in lines we choose if we show a real interest. What more can a man want?

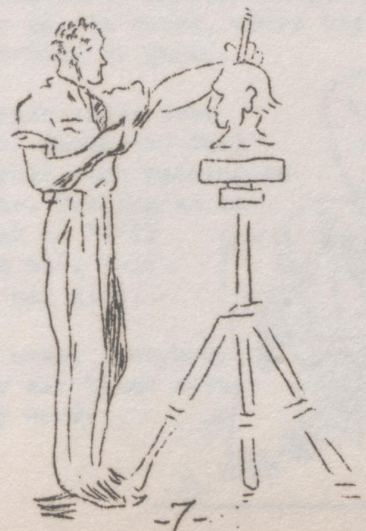
Are we warm blooded animals, capable of thinking, of directing our steps towards bettering ourselves or are we vegetables rooted in the mud of lazy indifference?

Let's make something, anything, with our hands and brains, just for the exercise. We have plenty of time to learn to do things neat, accurate, and artistic. Let's go!

-Bill Carey.

Note: The above article is entered by Bill Carey in the Editorial Contest.





OUT AT CAMP //

"All aboard for Camp Blue Licks" - and the Sunday contingent of ball players and boxers are on their way to mop up with the Camp boys - maybe.

It was a swell day for the job. We drove the forty miles in the truck - 21 of us - through the beautiful countryside of Central Kentucky. Just this side of the bridge near Blue Licks we almost ran over Stubby - the Camp's Airdale pup! Just a week ago Stubby was run over by a couple of cars and only survived by a hair's breadth. He was still limping. We hollered at him and he wagged his tail, limping after us. The darned mutt!

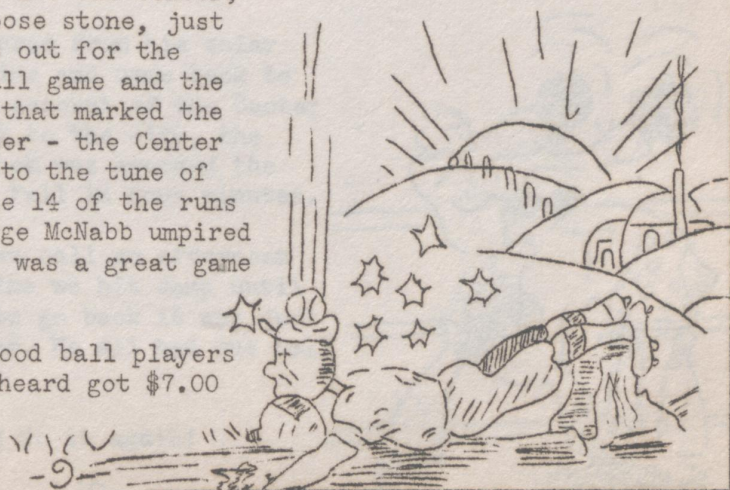
At Camp we met up with old friends we hand't seen for weeks. Hand-shaking all around. There's "Doc" Brown - now working on Project 17 with a pick and shovel! Gained 17 pounds and made four bucks extra last week - barbering. Wouldn't come back to the Center with all it's petty jealousies and picayune politics for anything in the world - says he! No, Sir!

And there's Walter McLain, who is now Camp Tailor and making plenty of money on the side in his own line. Good ball player too. Writes personals for the ARK in his spare time. Here's "Fix it" Smith, bugling after a fashion all his own. We tooted on his horn, and as it was just before dinner all the boys made a rush for the mess hall. And it was only a little toot!

Immediately a big fat cook stuck his head out of the kitchen and bawled hell out of "Fix it". "Get back in", hollers Smith, "before I come in there with a stick and clean you out." Just clean fun! We wandered around and found Lt. Crutcher gazing into a wire cage filled with squirrels caught by the boys. Getting pointers on how to handle some of the guys we know out there probably! The Lt. is popular with everybody - has a way with him - and the boys think he's swell. Out of the office bounds Joe Snarsky. He has a tame squirrel in the office. We could say something about birds of a feather - but let it go!

After a regular dinner - where "Brown" Fox was served with turtle soup - we all adjourned to the ball park. What a hell of a ball park it turned out to be! On the side of a hill, covered with stumps! But somehow a place was chalked off for a diamond and the teams lined up. Lee Fowler, team manager for the Center, turned his ankle on a loose stone, just before the game, and was out for the afternoon in both the ball game and the boxing. Tough luck. And that marked the beginning of the slaughter - the Center mopped up with the Camp to the tune of 19 to 12. The Center made 14 of the runs in the last inning. George McNabb umpired in big league style. It was a great game alright.

The camp has some good ball players including McLain who we heard got \$7.00



for playing over at Maysville the other Sunday. And the camp had a whole bunch of substitutes while we only had the original nine. The boys were soon going around like a bat out of hell and the crowd was yelling itself hoarse in no time at all. It was fast and furious - but we wont dwell on the details. We'll let the score card speak for itself.

After the ball game we all adjourned to the pavillion where the speakers spout on celebration days. This is the spot where the boxing takes place. They have s sawdust ring all roped off - much better than boxing in the recreation room and falling over tables. Lt. Crutcher introduced the fighters in true professional style, and George McNabb was the referee.

My Gawd, these fellows were a buch of wild cats! Lookit the muscles on 'em. Look at the scowls! Tough bunch alright. They look like they live on nails!

The first bout was between Wallon and Rollins and went three full rounds of two minutes each. They started off in a flurry of flailing arms, and then slowed down. Pace was too fast. Couldn't see much difference between either of them. It was a draw. Good fight though.

Next on the program came Halley and McGill. This one reminded us of a couple of tigers - we even believe they roared at each other! My Gawd, such swipes, such jabs, such weaving around. All of a sudden McGill gets a double wallop in the solar plexus and flops in the saw dust. He was out and they dragged him from the ring. Short and sweet while it lasted - first round. "I'd sooner fall off a horse at twenty miles an hour," says Jockey Mac, "than take that wallop." I'd just as soon too! B-r-r-r-r-.

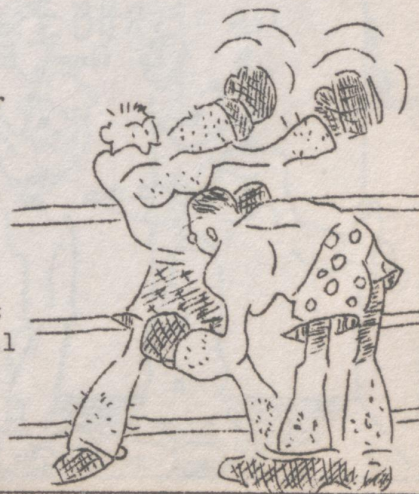
The next was a hell of a go. Berman and Bishop mixed it up. Berman had hair on his chest and back and other places - but that didn't help him. Bishop hit him fifty times in three seconds after the bell so they called it a day. Berman never stood a chance.

Dalvitos and Wilson then took to the ring. The big blonde had it all over the smaller Wilson in the way of size, but Wilson was the cleverer of the two and dodged and ducked and jabbed Dalvitos on the mouth several times when the blonde wasn't expecting it. Wilson took plenty of socks on the body, and there was plenty of action. Wilson was awarded the decision at the end of the third round. Couple of good fighters.

McGill had recovered from his solar plexus blow by this time and came back to wrestle with Hock. On account of the Center boys having to go back to the city, the bout was cut short. Hock was awarded the decision on the first fall in four minutes.

Now that's what we call an afternoon of action. From the time we hit camp until we boarded the truck to go back it was just one thing after another. We all had one hell of a good time.

Let's go back and do it again!



"Shelter Shocks"

In this article am attempting to show the different attitudes and conditions existing in different bureaus in different states, but all run by the same government.

The writer arrived in Harrisburg, Pa., one Sunday night early in February, about 6 P.M. Was directed to the transient bureau by an officer downtown. It was about twenty blocks walk; snowing and very cold and disagreeable. Arriving at the bureau was told that I must register on 3rd St, downtown, but being that it was Sunday the office was closed and that I was out of luck.

I am right in the bureau but I can get nothing to eat or a place to sleep. I wonder if Mr. F.D.Roosevelt meant for the bureaus to take this attitude? Returning to town I went to the police station. There I was informed that I could not spend the night there - the transient bureau must let me in. BUT I DID NOT GET IN!

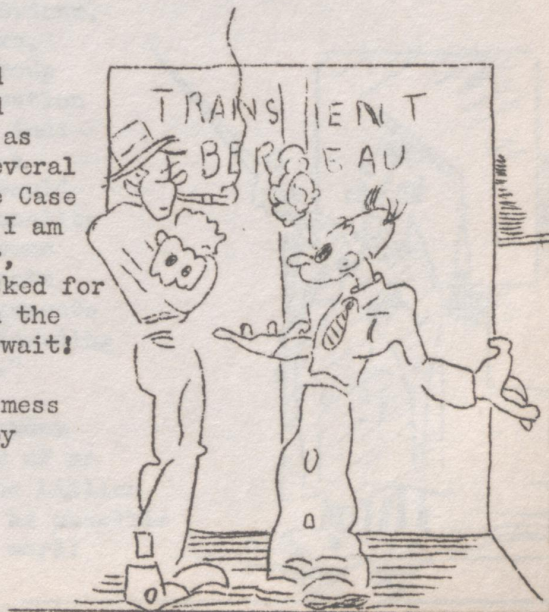
The next day, proceeding on my way arrived at Williamsport. Pa. at 5:15 P.M. Gained admittance in the office of the Director. He is sitting at his desk and informs me that the bureau closes at 5:00 P.M. and he is sorry but he can do nothing for me. Isn't that an attitude for a man who is supposed to be a social worker and a student of sociology? I am just fifteen minutes too late to eat or sleep!

We will now jump up to Hornell, N.Y. I want to say that here I was given every consideration and courtesy by everyone that I came in contact with. Was allowed to spend the week end, was sent to a rooming house and eating in the Great Northern Restaurant. Quite a contrast from the two previous bureaus.

At Des Moines, Iowa, was interviewed by the most intelligent and understanding caseworker that I have had the privilege of meeting in my short travels. Sorry that I cannot remember his name. He gave me good advice, not a lecture.

Now we arrive at Sedalia, Mo. What a bureau! I am interviewed and put through the fumigator, bath and so forth. Next morning am assigned as waiter in the dining hall. After several days am called in the office of the Case Work Supervisor, and informed that I am to be the editor of their newspaper, "The Bray". Thanked him and then asked for the special privilege of eating on the first mess, which was granted. But wait!

When I go to eat on the first mess I am informed that I cannot do so by (The Meal Clerk) who checks



you in the dining room. I then go to the work Supervisor, who gives me a written order to eat on the said first mess.

When I give the Meal Clerk this written order I am informed that it is good for only that meal and that I will not be allowed to eat on the first mess. So I go to the Business Executive. In the presence of the Office Manager, the Business Executive tells me that he will see about it. Well, anyway, the Meal Clerk won. I did not eat on the first mess. As I had received no consideration I gave none in return and checked out without informing anyone.

Will now pass on to Little Rock, Arkansas. Checked in by the Intake Clerk, am informed that they are very short of clerical help and that I should see the Work Supervisor at once. Doing so, I am told to see him early the next morning, that he will place me in a position at once.

But the next morning am informed by his assistant that there are no vacancies for clerical help. Wonder what happened to all the shortage overnight?

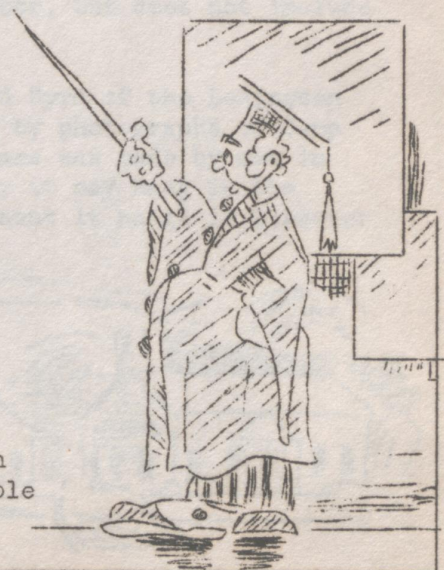
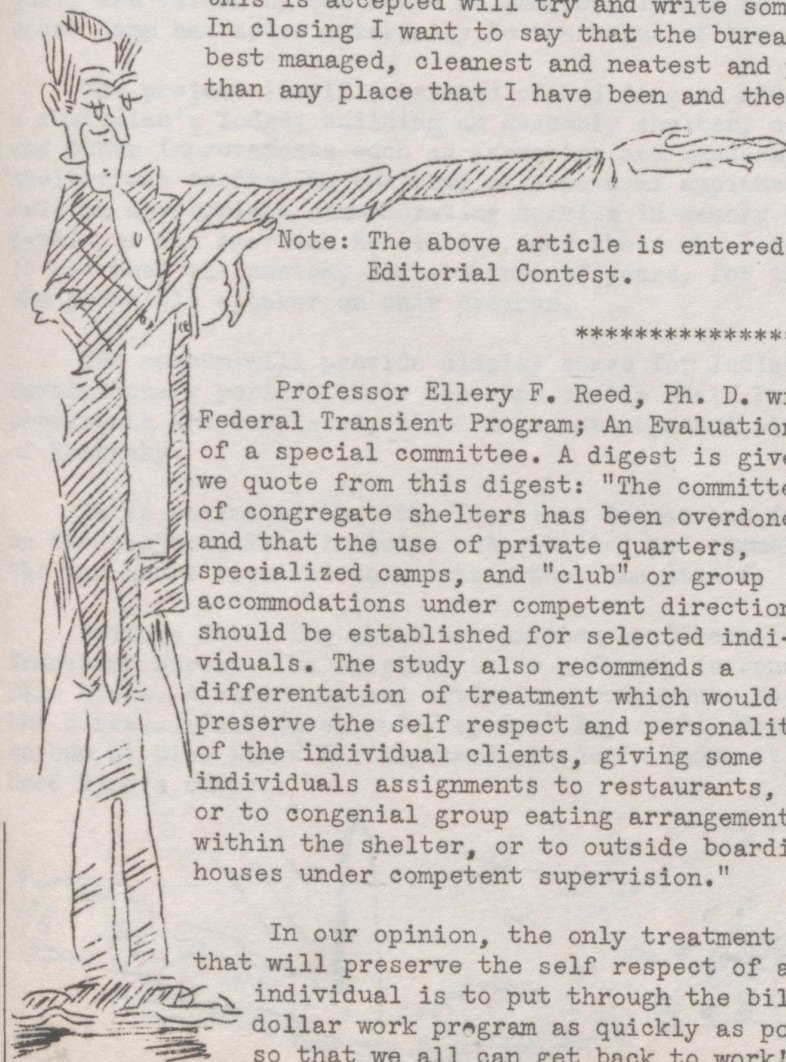
This is just a few experiences that have happened to me. If this is accepted will try and write some more for the next issue. In closing I want to say that the bureau here in Lexington is the best managed, cleanest and neatest and you receive more courtesy than any place that I have been and the food is way above the average.

-Bruce Carlton.

Note: The above article is entered by Bruce Carlton in the Editorial Contest.

Professor Ellery F. Reed, Ph. D. wrote a book called "The Federal Transient Program; An Evaluation." It gives the findings of a special committee. A digest is given in the "Survey", and we quote from this digest: "The committee believes that the use of congregate shelters has been overdone, and that the use of private quarters, specialized camps, and "club" or group accommodations under competent direction should be established for selected individuals. The study also recommends a differentiation of treatment which would preserve the self respect and personality of the individual clients, giving some individuals assignments to restaurants, or to congenial group eating arrangements within the shelter, or to outside boarding houses under competent supervision."

In our opinion, the only treatment that will preserve the self respect of an individual is to put through the billion dollar work program as quickly as possible so that we all can get back to work!



BLUE LICKS BATTLEGROUND

This Transient Camp, located in Blue Licks Battleground Park, was opened August 9th, 1934. It has been operated as a division of the Lexington Transient Bureau. The project at this camp will be completed about May 15th, 1935.

Blue Licks Battleground has been a Kentucky State Park for a number of years. On this site was fought the last battle of the American Revolution. The heroes of this battle are buried here, and an appropriate marker, donated by the Kentucky Chapter Daughters of American Revolution, was recently dedicated at the burial ground.

The general assembly at Frankfort, Kentucky, some years ago appropriated funds to erect a monument commemorating the participants of this battle. At this time there was also funds appropriated to build a small museum, however funds were never available for any other improvements. The 1933 general assembly in Frankfort appropriated \$22,500 to be used in developing the park. This fund was turned over to the State Park Board to administer. After a detailed study the State Park Board decided that while this amount of money was sufficient to furnish the necessary amount of money for the improvements, it did not allow for the necessary labor. An agreement was made between the State Park Board and the Kentucky Transient Bureau to furnish the necessary labor for the project. In a recent address to the Kentucky Chapter Daughters of American Revolution Mrs. Emma Guy Cromwell, State Park Director, stated that the improvements, which will have been affected at the completion of the project, are valued by the state at \$50,000. It can be seen, therefore, that the transient camp has added materially to the value of the improvements.

The project itself consisted of building an addition to the museum, building a custodian's lodge, building an assembly shelter, construction of scenic roads, and other improvements such as terracing and landscaping the grounds. The assembly shelter was erected in the bowl of a natural amphitheatre. Here, each August will be held an appropriate commemorating service in memory of the anniversary of the last battle of the American Revolution, and those who lost their lives in this battle. It has been the custom, for a number of years, for the Governor of the state to be the principle speaker on this program.

The museum will provide display space for Indian relics and other relics of the Revolutionary period. It is the hope of the State Park Board that after these improvements are completed, Blue Licks Battleground will become one of the show places of Kentucky.

It is estimated that the Transient Bureau has furnished 60,000 hours of labor on the project. This includes both skilled and common labor, but does not include the man hours required to maintain the camp itself.

Editors Note: The above was written by Director Hord Byrd of the Lexington Transient Bureau. The original is in a frame, surrounded by photographs of Camp Blue Licks. A very neat and artistic arrangement. The frame was made by men in the bureau. (Bill Carey and "Pop Eye" Engessor). Some day it may hang in the museum at Blue Licks Battleground. We don't know. At present it hangs in Director Hord Byrd's office.



WE RISE TO REMARK!

We have looked repeatedly through the newspapers for a good word for the Transient Bureaus. Over a period of months we can remember but very few remarks being made of a complimentary nature.

All of which has made us madder 'n hell!

The class of work in which we have been engaged is just about the same class of work as performed in the C.C.C. But the transient works for a dollar a week - not for a dollar a day. The transients are not a picked body of young men, but men of all ages and qualifications. The work done by these men of the bureaus has been of immense value to the communities in which the work projects have been laid.

Have they received credit for this in the newspapers? They have not. Yet project after project has been completed which would have cost the taxpayers many thousands of dollars. In our own bailiwick we have knowledge of the work done at Camp Pakuneki, Camp Elkhorn, and Camp Blue Licks Battle Ground. In Camp Blue Licks alone, the value of the work in work hours, at only .25¢ an hour, is \$15,000. 60,000 hours of work, outside of camp maintenance, were performed by transient members of the camp at no cost to the State of Kentucky.

The same story comes from all over the country. Cheap labor, on a par with the old days of slavery in the South has been used to build roads, improve parks, build airports, drain lakes, construct dams. Back in the old days a slave cost anything from \$1000.00 up. The transient costs nothing but his keep, some misfit clothing, and a dollar a week.

No provision has ever been made in the transient bureau for the white collar worker. He took his place with a pick and shovel in line with the illiterate bum who stayed only a day or so and then ducked. Skilled tradesmen performed duties for their dollar or so a week that formerly brought them fifty to seventy dollars a week on the outside. And social workers preach to us of rehabilitation!

The transient program has never been anything but a stop gap - a sop thrown to men who have lost their legal status as voters because they had the guts to get out and try and find work outside their own community. These hundreds of thousands of itinerant workers roaming the country in search of work were a potential menace. Something had to be done - cheaply and quickly. Hence the transient bureaus.

The four billion dollar work program will soon be in effect. What place will the transient have in this program? Because they have no votes they have no voice in the matter.



We claim this condition is un-American, un-democratic, and smacks of class distinction. We claim the transient has a right, as an American citizen, to any benefit that may be derived from the work program. We claim it is subservient to the best interests of the country that these thousands of men in transient bureaus should be compelled to work for less than the value of their labor in the open market.

But we are desperate. We must accept what the transient bureau has to offer or starve, riot, or steal. We have found, in company with ten million other workers in this country, that work at a living wage can not be obtained. We have accepted these conditions of the transient bureau in the hope that better times may come. We have proved we are workers - not bums!

Now we ask, as American citizens, are we to be left out of the work program? Are we to be denied the right to work for a living wage? Are we to be classed as bums and tramps by the newspapers of the country - in spite of the record we have made in every community as workers? Common decency and justice should insure us a place in this work program.

In our opinion the transient bureaus should be eliminated. Their purpose has been served. We have qualified as willing workers - a distinct asset to any community in work hours performed. Incorporate the bureaus with the CCC and pay the transient the same rate of pay.

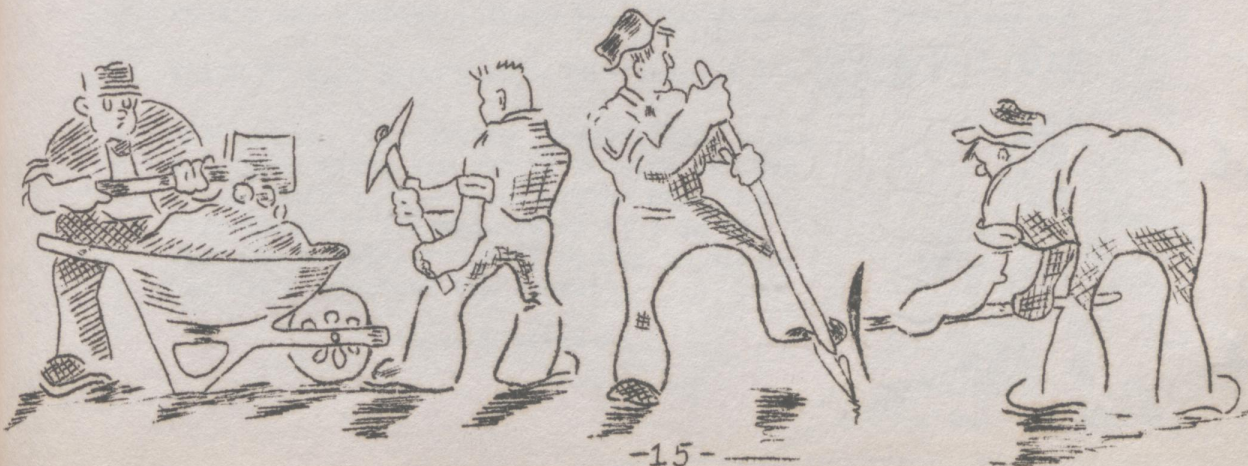
To hell with charity - we ask only the opportunity to work at a living wage. We can get along without charity and caseworkers if we are paid enough to buy our own food and clothing. We ask for a place on the work program - not as supplicants, not as bums, but as American citizens.

- "Barnacle Bill"

"Hooray," we shouted. "Three hearty cheers. But why all the excitement? We didn't know you were so anxious to go to work."

"I'm not," said Bill. "But if all these guys hanging around here were put to work at a dollar a day, what a swell crap game we could start on the first pay day!"

Note: The above article is entered by "Barnacle Bill" in the Editorial Contest.



EXCHANGES

THE PIONEER, Yukon, Fla., April 20th, Fred Conley, Ed.

Must compliment you. Clever and witty. Would appreciate reading the balance of Vagabond's House - what you published was good.

ARKANSAS TRAVELER, Fort Smith, Ark. No. 37, Ginger Hutchinson, Ed.

We used to chuck your mag out in the alley - but now we make a dive for it as soon as it appears. Some improvement!

REVEILLE, Fort Morgan, Alabama, No. 7, J.F.Spitzfaden, Ed.

Can we join your fishing club? You cover all the territory in your mag. We've caught many a red fish around Fort Morgan - tarpon should be running soon. Oh well!

LOOKING UP, New Haven, Conn. No. 5, Mr. X, Ed.

\$10.00 in prizes for writing something! Hold everything until we can get over there! Well, that's what it takes to make 'em write. Good mag. Who's your editor?

WIND JAMMER, St. Pete, Fla., No. 34, George Lloyd, Ed.

Clever cover design, clever make up, clever editorial, clever magazine all round. In fact - it's clever! We like it.

CROSS ROADS, Louisville, Ky., No. 2, E.D.Ward, Ed.

Ah! - there's an editorial that hits the spot! We're going to paste it up on our bulletin board! We know all the time what's going on in Louisville through your mag. Best o' luck in picking a Derby winner!

SEA GULL, Gulfport, Miss. April 19th, A.E.Watson, Ed.

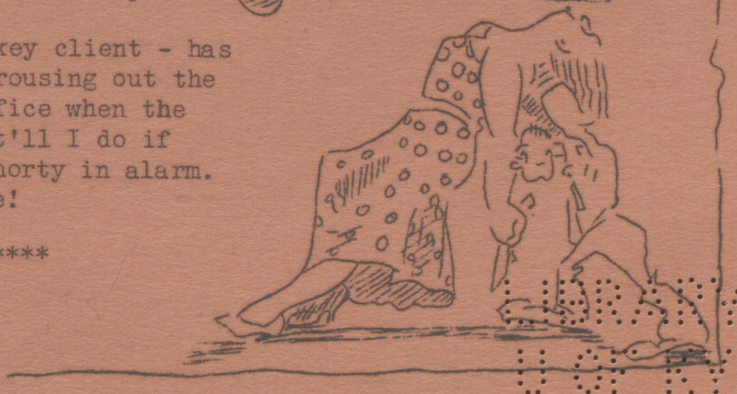
Your anniversary edition shows plenty of painstaking work. Lee Cronk has a technique all his own. You certainly cover the territory with good features and plenty news. Contratulations.

Excuse us, editors - there goes the fire alarm. Everybody out!

FLASH ** LAST MINUTE NEWS ***** Help! ! !

Shorty Mac - our little jockey client - has just been given the job of rousing out the inhabitants of the front office when the fire alarm is sounded. "What'll I do if Miss Adams faints?" asked Shorty in alarm. Our artist depicts the scene!

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