

# LINDEN BARK

Volume 15—No. 9.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, February 11, 1936

\$1.00 A YEAR

## From the Office of the Dean

The offices of the Dean are busy getting the grades recorded and the schedules adjusted for the second semester.

Students are reminded that all college obligations should be settled before they receive their grades.

The services of Miss Acgarter have been obtained for a greater amount of time this semester so the students will have more opportunity for instruction in expression.

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

### Tuesday, February 11:

5 p. m., Recital by music students  
6:30 p. m., International Relations Club.

### Wednesday, Feb. 12:

4:45 p. m., Sports,  
6:30 p. m., Y. W. C. A.

### Thursday, Feb. 13:

4:45 p. m., Valentine Tea, Music Sororities

### Sunday, Feb. 16:

6:30, Vespers, Rev. John C. Inglis.

### Monday, Feb. 17:

4:45 p. m., Sports.  
8 p. m., Lecture—"The Importance of New Books", Mr. Edward Weeks.

### Tuesday, Feb. 18s

5 p. m., Beta Pi Theta

### Wednesday, Feb. 19:

4:45 p. m. Sports.  
6:30 p. m. Y. W. C. A.

### Thursday, Feb. 20:

11 a. m. Recital, Speech and Dramatic Department.

### Friday, Feb. 21:

7:30 p. m., Circus, sponsored by Y. W. C. A.

### Sunday, Feb. 23:

6:30 p. m. Vesper Program—Music faculty; Miss Isidor, Miss Walker, Mr. Thomas.

## LYNN WOOD DICTATES

By H. J.

Adele Cote looked gorgeous when she left for symphony last Saturday night. She was dressed in red. The coat was red and had a little hat to match which cocked over one eye. The lines of the coat were straight and fitted up high around the neck.

Aren't Juanita's brown shoes darling? But then she always has the cutest shoes on campus, and what nice facilities to display them.

Mary Ruth Tyler looked ever so nice in her dress of black crepe, even if she was just going to school. Black is very becoming, Mary Ruth.

Marjorie Jane Briggs has a very attractive grey wool dress with a little bow at the neck. We've been wanting to pay our respects to this for a long time.

Lulu Vee has a new dress that is very becoming to her brunette coloring, and it does its share in accentuating those blue eyes.

So long Vi, see you next week.

## Cupid's Bow Twangs As Many Victims Fall

Dan Cupid came back to Lindenwood with an awful smirk on his face. "I shot an arrow into the air" he said, "and every time it hit the mark." Then he looked terribly pleased with himself and boasted. "They thought they could fool me, but I could see as plain as day that they would fall and fall they did."

First of all it seems that "Jones" forgot her arrow-proof vest, and Dan just up and pierced her heart before she could even think. Then he just simply swept her off her feet! So she's worth more gold and diamonds than she was.

Then there is Little Miss Echelmeier. Dan Cupid felt great pride when he pulled that one off. He almost broke all his arrows jumping up and down, when he saw that sickly look on Marguerite's face. Cupid told me confidentially that he thought she had the "fever" just about as badly as any one he had ever seen.

We've known for some time about Betty and Jean, in fact that was so long ago that the sickly look has worn off. Camille says it's love too, so they must be right.

Incidentally, Dan says that Camille hasn't been sitting around idle, herself. That's a job that he's worked in ever since the Sophomore Prom three years ago.

And Camille's little roommate "Pinkie". There was one of the very best. "You know," Dan said to me, "red-heads are the hardest kind to match up. Just when I think every thing is going fine, they lose their tempers and I have to begin all over again."

Gertie Rose Lambert has a heavenly look out of her "peepers" and Dan says he hit the mark again.

"But my best cases of all," says Dan, "are among the more serious-minded individuals that have chosen school teaching at Lindenwood as a profession. I really closed a deal when I found Dr. Ennis and that Dr. Glasgow, getting so interested in each other at Cornell. I closed that business up during the Holidays."

"Now I have two more coming up. You should hear "His Reverence" boast about one of them, you'd think I hadn't had any thing to do with the whole affair. Oh well, you work hard for some one and where does it get you? They take all the credit for themselves. You slave over some one and waste arrow after arrow on them, and then they just look sickly at each other and say, "Why haven't we found each other before?"

## "See Oursels As Ithers See Us

A large number of faculty members were present by proxy at Y. W. C. A. last Wednesday evening when they were amusingly impersonated by some of the more dramatically inclined students.

The program opened with Emily

## New Students Welcomed For Spring Semester

There are nine new girls at Lindenwood this semester. Some of them are transfers from other colleges or Universities, some stayed home last semester and one has just been graduated from high school.

Mildred and Juliana Hess are second semester sophomores transferred from Durant Teachers' College at their home in Durant, Okla. They are living on first floor Butler.

Lindenwood is not new to Sue Johnson who spent her freshman year here. She went to college at her home town Rolla, Mo., until this year when she took her first semester at Oklahoma A. and M. college at Stillwater. She has now transferred to Lindenwood and is a business student. She is living in Ayres.

Dorothy Parrott came to Lindenwood last year but stayed home the first semester of this year. She has now reentered in college and is a sophomore. Dorothy is also living in Ayres.

Virginia Carter is a Washington U. transfer and a mid-semester freshmen. Virginia is from Carthage, Mo., and is living in Niccolls.

Another transfer from a University is Marjory Martin, who has come here from Kansas City University at Kansas City, Mo. Marjory is a freshmen and is living in Irwin.

A mid-year graduate from high school is Dorothy Patterson from Decatur, Ill., who is living in Niccolls.

Virginia Konzelman from University City, has enrolled as a special student and is making her home at Irwin.

Doris Heineman comes from Belleville, Ill. Besides being a freshmen Doris has the special distinction of having Lieutenant-Colonel Walter M. Phelps of the Scott Flying Field for her uncle.

Two other girls are enrolled for this semester but as yet have not arrived. They are Bernice King, Pocahantas, Ark., who was here last year and will now be a sophomore, and Florence Murer, Granite City, Ill., who will be a freshmen.

Floyd as Mr. Thomas giving a piano lesson to Elaine Koenigsdorf amid much rattling of newspapers. Florence Wilson, who has had several psychology classes, was very real as Miss Morris. Evelyn Brown, Dr. Terhune's assistant, conducted a Spanish class.

Val-Jean Aldred as Miss Boruman gave another piano lesson, with Alma Reitz as the pupil. The third finger of Miss Aldred's left hand was much in prominence. Dean Crain aptly imitated Dr. Evers, and Harriet Pipkin taught a class in Freshman Bible, looking very much like Dr. Case.

Yet another musicale, was presented by Joan Spangler and Marjorie Hickman. Joan as Miss Isidor, and Marjorie accompanying. Edwina Peuter took off Dr. Betz, and Joyce Davis, Miss Dawson. Dorothy London made

## American Historic Study By L. C. Faculty Member

By M. J.

"Women in Eighteenth-Century America"; Mary Sumner Benson. Ph.D.; Columbia University Press

One of the best of the new non-fiction books is "Women in Eighteenth-Century America," by Dr. Benson, which is "a study of opinion and social usage."

The outstanding feature of eighteenth-century American ideas, is, probably, the author states, the close relationship to European thought, although after the Revolution some changes were made in American economic conditions.

In 1700, women were taught, for the most part, only domestic duties and religion. As the century progressed, literary influences became stronger and the writings helped to spread more liberal ideas on the training of women and on marriage, and in the cities there was a greater opportunity for study.

The Revolution had its effect on the economic activity of the women of the upper classes; because of the wartime and frontier conditions, the men were taken from home and this left the women with added responsibilities.

During this century American manners were less formal than European, and the woman and young girls enjoyed greater freedom. On the whole the position of women, in economic and legal affairs, had improved, but new developments were restricted by fear of radicalism.

As her concluding statement, Dr. Benson writes, "Despite occasional suggestions of the fuller life which the next century and a quarter were to open for them American woman were still in a state of dependence."

an excellent first appearance as Dr. Schaper.

Following this planned program, volunteers were called for. Sue Smith imitated Miss Allyn; and Ethel-Gard Barry, Dr. Linneman. Jane Bowman presented Miss Stookey; Adele Cote Miss Anderson; Trixie Lee, Miss Karr; and Margarette Winder, Miss Gieselman.

The remainder of the English faculty appeared, Florence Wilson doing Dr. Gregg; and Martha Malcolmson, Miss Burns. Even the Dean was included, Betty Brown imitating Dr. Gipson as she made a chapel announcement.

The program was climaxed by Miss Bailey's very excellent imitation of a student during a class period. It was interesting how many names were guessed by the giggling students.

Rev. Lewis M. McColgan spoke at vespers Sunday night, January 26. Mr. McColgan is from the First Presbyterian Church of St. Charles. The choir sang, after which he gave a very interesting sermon.



# Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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Marie L. Ellis, '36

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1936

The Linden Bark:

"First in war, first in peace, and  
first in the hearts of his countrymen."

## Lincoln's Birthday, 127 Years Ago To-morrow

From the part of a humble woodcutter, to the position of President of the United States, is a road that has many hard stones and dangerous curves. A knowledge and understanding of mankind, a sense of humor, all these are the qualities of a man, who from the humblest position arose to the highest honor bestowed upon an American citizen, the presidency.

Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday we celebrate tomorrow, was a man loved by all mankind that met him. He led his country through storm and strife, through the darkest days of battles the people had ever seen, he created hatred against himself and the states for which he stood, and yet through it all his determination never wavered. Slowly his dream of a unified nation without the curse of enslaved men was realized. All too soon this great man was taken from the people who needed his powerful leadership, by a fanatic who thought he could better his country by killing its leader. But the memory of "honest Abe" will last forever. He was human beyond all humanity. A raw-boned, gangling individual with little grace of motion or appearance, but the words that fell from his lips, and the voice with which these words were uttered, were the kindest and most sympathetic ever given by man.

Abraham Lincoln is the embodiment of the finest characteristics of Man. Of course he made mistakes, and had many enemies, but these only went to strengthen his character, and to improve his next move by overcoming them.

## Chart Yourself A Truly Happy New Year

The Rev. Robert W. Fay, rector of the Episcopal church at Overland, delivered the vesper sermon Sunday, January 12. Rev. Mr. Fay based his sermon on the phrase, "Happy New Year".

"What do you mean by 'Happy New Year'? How does America begin the new year? Music shrieks 'Happy New Year' over the radio", said Mr. Fay, "and America wakes up the following morning—or afternoon—with a bad headache. This is not the real meaning of the new year. What then do we mean? Figures mean that a new year has begun, but the real meaning of the new year applies to the kind of person you are, or the kind of person you can make yourself become.

"Life is going to be no better nor no worse than in 1935. We are like a captain of a ship, for we know what we would like but we are like the captain, we have the fear that we may drift. We may drift with the current of the new year. We are too prone to believe that 'we are what we are' and that nothing can be done about it; but it is possible for us to make ourselves over. We can do what we want with ourselves. Our authority for this," said Mr. Fay, "is Christ. Ourselves are the only things that we can really make over. We must try to re-make our own lives—we can give ourselves to Christ. We can clear ourselves up with our fellowmen.

"What do you mean by Happy New Year? 'Christ being our strength behold I make all things new'. May this be our motto for this New Year."

Dainties in the  
Tea Room

## ON THE SLOOTH

(Vinchell)

Hello Kiddies! It's Vinchell again! Well with the cold weather here there have been few if any dates on the fair campus. Wish spring would come, this column needs rejuvenating spirits in it!

To begin with, a very nice-looking gentleman came into one of the halls and asked for Adele "Coat" the other night. On being told that she lived in Sibley he left muttering something about "would have sworn she said she lived in Ayres." Now maybe he was just a bill collector, but he looked more interested than that to me. Watch that, you Lindenites, that gal is second cousin to greased lightning.

Flash!!! It has leaked out that Jits didn't really hurt her eyes as she said she did, but that that man was here again and she got them "moon burned"! Tsk, tsk, tsk.

It has been told, from very good sources that Dotty Wagner had the fatal question popped a few Sundays ago. We think it was nice he did it in vespers, Dotty. That shed a new light on your character that we never thought of before. Maybe you have a "better" side after all.

It took a great deal of coaxing to get Pinkie to go to Blytheville for mid-semester's, didn't it Keck? How she can stand to spend one minute of her precious free time away from the giver of the "pin" is more than we'll ever be able to find out.

Even the freshmen seem to get the spirit for moon glow about this time of year. And they're so young, too! It seems that Niccolls is all agog, over one thing and another. Mary Margaret Chandler has been weeping over the mess she has fixed for herself, concerning certain "Soo City" males. You have four long years of education

## COLLEGE DIARY

By H. J.

Jan. 29—Exams still going on, "good goodness!" I sometimes think they should have ambulances ready-in-waiting. Oh well, with some people it's just a matter of how long it takes to write "Florence Virginia", and make a hurried departure. Dot Anne came tonight. She sang in the dining room and afterwards in the Y. W. parlors, it was grand to hear a really sweet voice once more.

Jan. 30—Some people are leaving for home already, others are beginning to think about it—quite strongly in fact—. The seniors are beginning to think about Commencement (at least hoping) and they don't seem to have the urge to leave dear L. C. even for week-ends. Not much doing, but side glances and "hmmms" are the spice of life (sometimes the thorn of existence).

Jan. 31—Exams are all over, and everyone is breathing a sigh of relief. One of the ex-Lindenwood girls came for a visit, Theo. Hull. It is requested that Miss Fox let people know after this when they are playing hostess.

Feb. 1—Tsk! Tsk! Eve Ruth, you mustn't try to burn up the hall. Lindenwood will have to install its own fire dept. soon.

Feb. 2—Cherry hill come through with another victory! Anyway, you can't expect knitting to supplement forever. No vespers tonight—a lot of the girls coming back.

Feb. 3—New semester began in a great big way. Some are weakening fast under the assignments, well, it's business for the library.

Feb. 4—Infirmary getting a rush this morning, hope it isn't a result of the Library rush. Keep your chins up! The worst is yet to come.

Feb. 5—Extra! Extra! Parole granted, and happy days are here again. You have no idea how invigorating a little fresh air can be. Hope it won't prove too disappointing to some.

Feb. 8—Rev. Mr. Fay talked at vespers tonight. It surely was interesting  
Feb. 10—Music recital today. All you music students be sure and attend.

before you'll ever be smart enough to marry, so just forget about it, little ones. (That goes for you too, Miss Dorothy Grace Parrott) Mary Roberts looked a little pale around the gills the other day, and then there was the horribly disappointed freshman who wailed because Mr. Motley had told her that she could date up here and she "hadn't had a date yet." It's just too sad.

I promised you a surprise this week, didn't I? Well it kinda fell through, but there is one surprise that will mean a great deal to some of the readers, (that is if there is more than one reader of this stuff) and that is; please note that there is only one mention of Ayres in this whole column and only one Ayres girl mentioned. That's surprise enough for any one, and so until next time, yours for bigger and better scandal sheets.

## Distinguished Lecturer Coming

Monday evening, February 17, at 8 o'clock, Mr. Edward Weeks, Editor-in-Chief of the Atlantic Monthly Press, will speak to the student body on the subject of "The Importance of New Books." Mr. Weeks is one of the busiest editors in the publishing world and is qualified to speak on subjects of literary importance. He is a war veteran, having served at Verdun and Amiens when he was in his nineteenth year.

## Sidelights of Society

Clever invitations have been issued by Mu Phi Epsilon, Alpha Mu Mu, and Delta Phi Delta for a formal tea on Thursday, February 13. The cards written in red ink and bearing a Valentine seal, were received by the members of the organizations and the faculty.

Dr. Terhune has been ill with influenza for several days.

Dorothy Grace Beaumont, Irwin Hall, visited her parents in Chicago the week-end between semesters.

Dorothy Ann Martin and Ruth Adele Baldry, who attended Lindenwood in 1932-33, were guests of Ethel Gard Barry and Sue Greer between semesters. On Saturday the Castilla was the scene of a dinner party in their honor, the guests including Miss Martin, Miss Baldry, Jo Miles, Mary Greer, Marjorie Hickman, and Ethel Barry.

Dorothy Bottani has completed her course of studies for her B. S. degree, with a major in home economics. She will return in June to be graduated. Dorothy has appeared in several dramatic productions and will be missed by her many friends at Lindenwood.

Betty Clark accompanied Mary Jane Wishropp to her home in Kansas City for the week end following final examinations.

Adele Co'e and Rachel Hinman visited friends in Overland between semesters.

Margaret Taylor, Ellen Ann Schachner, Mary Sue Kellams, Marjorie Hickman, Mary and Sue Greer are among the St. Louis girls who spent the weekend following finals at home. Marie Christensen and Joan Spanglier visited friends in the city.

# Strand THEATRE

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY  
"ANYTHING GOES"  
with  
Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman and  
Charles Ruggels

THURSDAY  
Frank Morgan  
in  
"PERFECT GENTLEMAN"  
and  
Gene Raymond  
in  
"SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY  
Edward Arnold  
in  
"CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT"

# Yellow Cab Co.

Phone 133



## TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

By Alice Neal

"Mister, could you give me a few cents for something to eat?" "Lady, has your husband an old shirt you could give me?" Over and over one hears these and similar pleas for aid. Who asks these questions begging for the necessities of life? Often it is the professional beggar or panhandler, the bum, the old hobo, but more often it is the tramp.

While every country has its vagrants only since the depression has such a large number of tramps arisen in the United States. Among the transients are people of "excellent social history, work record, and general background". They are successors of pioneers of earlier depressions, who, since there is no frontier, are trying to find new places in which to settle and make a living. Literary and intelligence tests show transients to be slightly above average. The men represent almost every race, color, creed, profession, and trade. But there are not only men on the road; many boys and not a few women and girls have joined this army of wanderers. The boys are not little children, malnourished and weeping because they have no bed, but are, as a rule, vigorous, strong, and husky, between the ages of 16 and 21 years. They are undergoing mental, emotional, and physical changes, they are in need of understanding and sympathetic comradeship more than at any other time of life. The women and girls have a harder time on the road than the boys, because the boys have their own communal life. Some girls became members of bands of the boys, working and begging with them. Brother and sister combinations are formed which, through not real, show that the two find it advantageous to share their common lot. The boys take good care of the girls begging food and clothing for them; in return the girls mend and cook in the jungles. Young married couples and even very old couples are also found on the road because they have been left homeless.

How many people are there on the road? This is a very hard figure to determine since they do not all visit the missions and agencies, nor do they ever stay in the same place, nor do all of them wander all the time. One estimate of the number of transients is from one and one-half million to four million. It is calculated that seven out of eight transients are native born, and that one-half of them are under thirty years of age. The number of wandering boys is a little more definite: two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand. The Salvation Army, which takes care of most of the transients in the Southeastern states reported 5,459 under twenty-one in August, 1932. Women comprise five per cent of the transients, of whom one-fourth are under twenty-one years.

"Hard times, lady, hard times" was the mocking answer of Texas, a boy tramp, when asked why he left home. And hard times it must be, lady, when 384 boys out of 450 were on the road for that reason. Many had happy, normal homes before the depression, but unemployment caused strained conditions and the boy left to relieve father the worry of caring for him, or to leave one less person to feed. The boys went to look for jobs, and would work willingly and diligently if they had them. They are not "bums". Secondly, separation divided the family. The complications involved when the mother or father would re-marry following death or divorce left many youths little to do but leave home. Other reasons given are the constant nagging

to get a job when none could possibly be secured; hatred of high school, especially when other children's records were upheld as an example; desire of youth to travel; trouble with a girl; and, a reason given by many young couples, going to get married anyway. Nevertheless, no matter what caused them to leave home, they would like to get jobs and settle now, but can't because of "hard times, lady, hard times".

How do these tramps, especially the boys and girls, live on the road? Needing the necessities of life, how do they obtain them?

First of all, as they are becoming accustomed to this hard, strenuous outdoor life, the tramps must acquire a new education. It comes bit by bit through experience, not textbooks. Failure means starvation or death. Through forced association with seasoned tramps, habitual drunkards, perverts, and petty criminals, the boys cannot help learning much of the seamy side of life. However much more important in their education is to learn to be quick, quick in physical strength and in forming judgments; to learn control, control of reserve to keep going so that, not eating anything one day, they can go the second on a biscuit and cup of coffee, and the third on a cigarette; to learn geography by traveling, and history by visiting historical spots; and finally to learn the arts of panhandling, begging, and even sneak thievery, for often they must starve or steal, so steal it is. After being on the road awhile they also come to know cities by their relief policies, the hostility of police, the number and generosity of bread lines, and the possibilities of the main stem.

As to the actual life on the road, there are four major problems: those of travel, food, clothing, and shelter for sleep. For traveling mainly in the West and South, they nearly always use trains—freight ordinarily but passenger when in a hurry—for the boys can travel in groups for protection and friendship. In October, 1932, the Southern Pacific Railroad carried 2,500 tramps a week, often 200 to 300 on a freight. Hitch-hiking is one form of transportation that is popular now-a-days, but not with the tramp for the reason that it requires a neat, clean appearance which is hard to maintain. However, exhausting as it must be, the child tramp will walk as much as he rides. The average one walks at least eight out of twenty-four hours in hitting the stem and back doors for food and money, even in walking from town to town. As a general rule, each season of the year brings on a migration of the tramps: fall takes them to the harvesting regions, winter draws them to the South or to the large cities, spring urges them to the open country, and summer bids them travel throughout the nation.

Stew and beans. Beans and stew. These are the old reliables of the relief kitchen. Occasionally sandwiches made of unpalatable bread are served; pie, known as "sky pie", is so mythical that songs have been written about it; "meat seems to have a more tangible although effervescent quality", for it always "was served" or "is to be served". Most communities offer one meal free, then work for a second one, so that the tramps are not starving. However, for growing boys leading an outdoor life, and going upon reserve strength for long periods due to irregularity of meals, the food is shamefully inadequate. Food is obtained by bumming every possible place: Salvation Army, private houses, restaurants, grocery stores, drug stores, insane asylums, Catholic hospitals, a few Y. M. C. A.'s and

some jails. Many times the most delicious meals possible to obtain anywhere are cooked in the jungles by the youths, but usually their subsistence is the ordinary soup of the missions which Thomas Minehan has described as "invariably thin, watery, lukewarm, tasteless, and served without even stale bread and never with soda crackers. A portion equals about a small cupful. No second bowl is ever given, no matter how tired and hungry the boy."

Agencies do not have clothing for bums, only for local homeless. "How, therefore, do tramps obtain clothing?" The answer is again, begging, if he is not successful stealing. The youths dislike to talk about the latter, but they are forced to bow to necessity. Little Sisters of the Poor will usually give clothing to bums and occasionally charitable organizations have some for distribution. Generally clothing is very hard to secure and the problem seems even greater when the usage of clothes is described by Dr. Minehan.

The road is hard on clothes. A few days on the cinders or cement and a pair of shoes are well worn. Clothes slept in, in jungles and box cars, boiled and fumigated at missions, soaked in rain, soon disintegrate. Rents and tears appear. Patches will not hold. Replacements are needed.

Where to sleep is not a problem in the warm months of the year when one can lie down in almost any place and drop off to sleep. It becomes a very serious problem when winter, with its freezing weather appears. Some tramps go South, but the majority stay in the North where they know their way around, moving each night to a different mission, staying a week or so in a jungle, spending the night in some jail of a country town. Unmindful of lice or crawling vermin, not heeding the fetid atmosphere of the usual mission whose "stench of chloride of lime and of latrines is nauseating," the boys are glad to have shelter even though it may be nearly as cold as the out-of-doors. In a few missions beds are furnished tramps after they've taken a hot, refreshing shower. The jungles, if a mile or so away from human habitation, are apt to be very clean and commodious, kept that way by the youths who encamp themselves for the winter. In the city, a boy can usually find some shelter, yet more than once in the winter . . . and in more than one American city a young tramp went to bed outside "to sleep the sleep that knows no waking".

Aside from the ways the tramp obtains necessities, there is another factor, very important to society—his religious, political, and social viewpoints. On first associating with the youthful tramp, the impression is given that he has no religion. However this means that he does not follow a special church, and that he does not even accept the Lord, but if religion is a search for values, he has a religion. Meeting a religious atmosphere in every mission and hearing dried old men preach the good of the Lord, he grows rebellious and disbelieving. Many become "Pork Chop Christians," testifying on the benefits they have received from religion in order to get an extra meal; a very few follow the faiths they were taught as a child in Sunday School. Every mission has its "When did you last write to Mother?" sign, but since the depression the purpose of the mission has expanded "from that of rescuing human souls to that of feeding human bodies." Moreover the young tramps cannot be converted easily since they are better educated and will not believe everything that is told them,

nor do they swallow everything of a political and social nature that is brought before them. The daily talk of these boys in which they really discuss and ponder over matters, concerns pressing problems, not sports and gaiety as does the discussion of the better-off youngsters. Besides always talking about the prospects of work, certain sayings,—"Politicians are all grafters". "It's bread, not beer, the country needs." "Clean out one bunch and put in another. All are after the cash".—show their viewpoints on politics, prohibition, and Communism. No patriotism is present among the homeless men. Begging and stealing are regarded as occupations and oftentimes the racketeer has become the model for sly, cunning boys who have become convince society owes them a living. Certain writers maintain that tramps are certain "America is going to have a revolution soon if things do not improve," although they don't know who will lead it, or know it will be brought about. Boys do not plan time, but will join any demonstration. In spite of the depressing future, the boys are optimistic, as youth is ever optimistic, and are proud of being able to live on their own. If work isn't available soon, though, they are apt to become bums and the child tramps are unanimous in their feelings of "I don't want to be a bum".

The Federal transient program was inaugurated in July, 1933. "One of the oldest facts of human history is that vigorous peoples threatened with starvation migrate, and this was virtually the situation before the F. E. R. A." Up to this time, conditions had been terrible due to the fact that the government had ignored the person forced out on the road and made to travel continuously, who therefore had no residence and was ineligible for public relief according to the settlement laws. He was easy prey for a vagrancy charge, the conviction of which would send him to the chain gang. Disease was prevalent. The F. E. R. A. with its camps and aid had the effect of greatly reducing the number of transients. There were over 300 permanent camps in May, 1935, and 383 cities with shelters or other facilities for housing the transients. In these camps were 200,000 wanderers of whom one-half were less than thirty years old. Sixty per cent of them were single, the rest were members of families. Among these campers were found men of all trades, for example in Camp Green Haven there was a California physician, a former secretary of an ex-Congressman, a former custom tailor from a New York shop, a former band leader, a former supervisor of a railroad crew, a former food-cost accountant of a great New York hotel, and a number of writers or men who write on the side. These latter men would furnish material for the camp magazine, all of whom work hard in running the camp. Self-supervision is the principal idea of their government, with no compulsion. In this way the men work hard their requirement of thirty hours on beautification projects, constructing landing-fields, etc., for they want to work.

Yes, the conditions of the camps were favorable, but have been improved even more. Three meals a day, as substantial as those in the home of the average worker, a fair supply of work clothes, and adequate medical and dental attention were furnished. It is recommended that a more constructive and preventive medical program be inaugurated, not that care be limited to treatment of emergencies and prevention of contagion. The new regulations of the



F. E. R. A. to prevent overcrowding with its resulting menace to health and morale are: (1) A maximum of 250 beds with only twenty men sleeping in one room, beds three feet apart with five feet aisles between rows, a window beside each bed, a locker for each man; (2) toilet facilities, showers, and washroom in a separate building near sleeping quarters; (3) sanitary facilities in definite ratio to camp population; (4) infirmary with six beds for each camp of 250 men, and (5) kitchens screened and well-ventilated, ample refrigeration facilities. The results of these new regulations are that the states are having to build new camps to take care of their surplus men.

The expense of this federal program sounds, of course, tremendous. But is it not small when we consider these material costs in comparison to the long-time social costs that would result if nothing were to be done at all? I am inclined to doubt with Mr. C. M. Bookman, the assumption that "good mass care is cheaper than individualized care." From September 1933, until April, 1935, \$45,217,585 was spent by the F. E. R. A. on this transient program. Then the average monthly expenditures in the spring of 1935 were between \$4,500,000 and \$5,000,000. This took care of 306,364 individuals (the number under care April 15, 1935) giving them meals, lodging, medical and dental care, working clothes, and a cash allowance of \$1.00 a week. The average was \$.70 a day, less than C. C. C. Army, or Navy since it includes materials for construction work.

The problem of the transient has gained more and more attention, but there is still the question: What shall we do to solve it? Various answers have been given. In "The Federal Transient Program: An Evaluative Survey", by Ellery F. Reed, Ph. D., "increased educational, vocational, life guidance, recreational and cultural activities" are urged to be given by both public and private agencies; the latest information on the state of the job market should be available to all who contemplate leaving home; a federal welfare department should be permanently established to include both the responsibility of the transient program and the local homeless; and, finally boys and youths should have "proper facilities" entirely outside transient set-up." Owen R. Lovejoy, former general secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, since 1927 the secretary of the Children's Aid Society of New York, feels that first of all society must find out why these boys flee from their domestic background to find refuge "anywhere, everywhere, except in the home. Only by repairing those economic, political, and social defects of which we are already aware may we hope to demobilize the army of youthful vagabonds."

Thomas Mineham, Ph. D., of the University of Minnesota recommends a national plan of youth camps similar to those in Europe. The Civilian Conservation Corps does not affect the child tramp since it is necessary to have dependents, a residence, and references to enroll in it. "The new transient detention camps... by assuring the adult vagrant a place where he can rest and recuperate, receive good food and medical attention any time he desires, may encourage vagrancy." But how to correct that?

In assembling this paper I have gained much sympathy for the transient, but especially for the child tramp. To think that youths my own age are living in this manner makes me shudder. If we could establish youth hostels like those in Germany, it would help, but these only let them live cheaply—our tramps live on nothing. One feels rich if he has a dime

in his pocket. Thrown on the road through circumstances beyond his control, the once homeless man will remain homeless unless cared for in the very near future. The present government camps may be the answer. If not we must experiment till we find the best way to care for America's tramps.

#### SOLILOQUY OF A COLLEGE MAN IN THE BREAD LINE

By Johnnie Flock

"We are not dead,  
And we are not coming to death.  
These are the screams of the transient,  
The whiners—the men without stars.  
We who are live,  
Turning our collars up that are frayed at the edges,  
Drawing our bellies in that are empty and cold,  
Grinning because the sharp wind whips the tears from our eyes:  
We can still see the color of leaves lying damp at our feet,  
And the leaves that are left on the tree,  
And the sun coming through them.  
We are not dead . . .  
And we are not coming to death."

He quoted bitterly with a scorching flame in his voice. "You are surprised to hear a bum' quote poetry. Well, four years ago I graduated from Dayton University. While there I was interested in modern free verse, and became a member of the National Poetry Society. Poetry!" He laughed harshly, and continued more to himself than to me, as I realized. "Weell, day before yesterday I went to the Public Library. Because I wanted to improve my mind? Oh, no! To warm myself! Idly I read the little book of *College Verse*, and, because it was so ridiculous, I committed that poem to memory. It's funny. Four years ago that's what I thought—that men in the bread lines were mostly whiners, ne'er-do-wells when they complained. I'll bet the only contact Mercedes Miller ever had with the bread lines has been watching from her car as she passed. What could she know of stinging cold and burning hunger! A pretty idealist! The whiners—men without stars. At night, with only a park bench to sleep on, we have stars—like piercing eyes of wolf packs eager to devour us. Cold, aloof pin-pricks of agony in a world of mockery. 'Tears?' Oh, no! What good are tears? The empty solace they might have brought is long since gone. There is no color in leaves. They are all brown, a dead, ugly brown, and they crackle bleakly as you walk through them. She prattles of sun. The sun in December has no heat. It only lights up, unmercifully, the roughness and redness of the hands that we shove forlornly in our coat pockets, and the dark stubble on our unshaven faces as we sink them in shame deep in our coat-collars. 'We are not dead.' No! We walk the streets with eyes staring hopelessly ahead; knowing that, as we walk, we are wearing out the soles of our only shoes, yet unable to stop lest we go mad. And we think—and think. Ah, the torture! Did you say a solution! Oh, yes, there's always the river."

#### EPISODE

By Mary Elizabeth Bell

The wall is cold against my back through this thin georgette. I should have known better than to wear this dress. I'll just wiggle a little and lean forward—anything to escape that penetrating cold. Which window is that sweep of air coming from? I wish someone would put it down. How can

that girl in pink stand right before the window without a thing on her arms? I just shiver to look at her. Well, I won't look at her. That's one way to avoid a shiver. You know, my feet must be granite rocks; they're so heavy. My ankles, too, are frigid. Where I moistened my lips again. I wish I wouldn't do that, for they dry at once and chap afterwards. My throat feels enormous and dry all the way down with a lump settled at the bottom. But I must smile and act as though I were amused. Everyone else smiles. Perhaps if I blinked my eyes and opened them wider, I would appear more interested. My eyes burn around the edges and are hard to lift. Just as if weights were on them, like pennies on a dead man's eyes. I've read that somewhere. How horrid to be thinking of corpses at this time. Wouldn't they laugh if they knew it? What are they talking about? It must be funny but it sounded dull. And my temples ache. Why doesn't this party end so I can go home and be warm at least. Oh—that draft again. Oh! Oh! Ah Choo! I knew it! I'm catching cold.

#### AN UNUSUAL VISITOR

By Jean Williams

I know an old lady who spends most of her time visiting her relations. "Grandma" never comes to stay, but is always "just passing through."

Upon her arrival she unpacks her suitcase, makes herself at home, and begins to gossip about her friends and relatives, especially those whom she has last visited. People whom she likes are beautiful or handsome, clever, rich or brilliant. Her daughter's new clothes are lovely, and attractive. Henry, her son, is plainly an object of pity as she tells of his family troubles: his wife hires a cook, plays cards, pays thirty dollars for a hat, drives her own car, and "most shocking of all" dances until three o'clock in the morning! Here "Grandma" folds her hands and shakes her head as if to say, "Before Henry married I told him what kind of a girl Carrie was, but he wouldn't listen to one word I said."

While eating she tells how well she used to cook. She serves herself with the excuse that her teeth are not good. She never cares for the way a dish is prepared; nevertheless, she eats three hearty meals every day. In the summer she complains of thirst until the hostess is compelled to offer her an iced beverage.

If she wishes to buy anything, her purse is never at hand; accordingly she asks someone to pay until it is convenient for her to get her bag.

Her night habits are most peculiar. She often sleeps several hours during the day and is unable to sleep at night. She gets out of bed, turns on the fires, if the weather is cool, and writes letters which often cover twenty pages. In these letters she tells her imaginary troubles and ailments. After writing her letter she goes back to bed and sleeps until after breakfast the next morning. In the summer she gets up at daybreak to "rest a while," before the other members of the household awaken. She usually seats herself in a rocker on the gallery and begins a slow, regular rocking back and forth. This sounds produced, together with her footfall on the bare floor, are enough to make the late morning nap of even the soundest sleeper anything but sweet.

Her attitude is that of a martyr. No one is kind to her or cares for her. "The last time I was at Henry's house Carrie was simply awful. I was so sick I could not sit up; I wanted her to talk to me. And do you know, she left me and went to the club meeting. I might have died, but Carrie didn't care." This is her old story of the

way in which she is abused.

Finally, when the excitement of coming has passed, and all the news has been told, she leaves for another place, where she doubtless follows the same program.

#### GRAPE-NUTS AND OVALTINE

By Margaret F. Burton

Poor Chauncey was a sickly, frail, and lifeless lad. His mother was on the verge of a nervous collapse caused by endless worry over him when she noticed an ad concerning grape-nuts. It read something like this: "Feed your children grape-nuts the supreme energy building food, which insures plenty of pep". She was so impressed with its seemingly great value that she stocked up her cupboard with this welcomed blessing.

Chauncey was fed grape-nuts morning, noon and night. In a week he grew four feet and gained one-hundred pounds. This wasn't all. He couldn't stop growing. Every merchant in town was kept busy building special beds and chairs or making coats and underwear for Chauncey. In two weeks his weight and height had quadrupled themselves. Soon Chauncey was forced to move to a castle, which had doors towering into the sky. Thus he could walk with more ease.

With this appalling growth developed a tremendous strength—a dangerous amount. Chauncey could lift a whole house from its foundation with one scoop of a shovel. In one slight jerk he could uproot the most deeply-seated tree.

The truth was that Chauncey had so much excess energy that he hadn't slept since he began this grape-nut diet. His mother was frantic. How she happened to think of that soothing drink, ovaltine which makes one sleep. I don't know but she did. It was decided that if Chauncey could get some sleep, his nerves might be quieted and thence his energy curbed. So ovaltine it was. Chauncey's stomach had become so enormous that ten large tanks were required to fill the space. Chauncey was put to sleep all right, but—alas—fourteen years have passed, and he hasn't awakened yet. Ye all. Beware of grape-nuts and ovaltine!

#### St. Louis Journalist Tells of Experiences

The fourth in a series of lectures presented in the journalism classes was given January 21 by Miss Edna Warren of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A discussion of the opportunities of working on a newspaper was held, and Miss Warren told how she began her work during the war. Her first assignment was to meet a train bearing a contingent of nurses returning from the war.

Miss Warren then told how certain newspaper people whom she knows secured their positions. "Most newspaper work is secured haphazardly," she said, "for reporters are seldom, if ever, 'called' to work. They must have definite work in mind. They must keep after their prospective employers." She stressed the strenuousness of newspaper work, due to the hard labor and irregular hours.

Miss Warren has been employed in a wide field of newspaper work. One of her first positions was crime reporting. From this she went to real estate editing, then to science, art, and literature work, to club editing, to work on the woman's page, and then to feature writing for the Sunday magazine editions, at which position she is now employed. The Globe-Democrat magazine section plays up extensively the success stories, and the lecturer discussed the main points of feature-writing of this kind.