

# For One "Dead Soldier," Half A Penny—And You May Get Chicken, Too

## Daily Scramble Occurs At Dump

### Filth Doesn't Bother Scavenger Crew

By Henry H. Hornsby  
Two "dead soldiers" are worth a penny and a gallon jug is worth two cents.

Two dead chickens, nice and firm and not too long dead, have little sales value, but may be worth a lot, depending on the degree of hunger.

These are the standards of city-dump scavengers, inhabitants of Lexington's slum districts, who collect and sell refuse or use it themselves.

Scavengers live in shanties which dot Manchester, Driscoll, de Roode, Perry, Jane and adjoining streets. Their homes look more like cow sheds than habitations.

Besides the dump, their only sustenance comes from relief and welfare agencies.

About mid-afternoon each day, motley processions form on side streets and march out to the Old Frankfort pike and then west to the dump near the outskirts of the city limits. Equipped with pushcarts, baskets, boxes and sacks and bags, the group moves swiftly. The contingent is made up of children, infirm men and women and others of all ages in between. While the group represents extremes in age, it has one thing in common: all its members are poorly dressed and all are very dirty.

### Marchers "Hog" Road

The marchers are oblivious to zipping cars. Pushers of carts "hog" the road, responding to warning horns with curses and impatient wavings of the arms, motioning the driver to go around. Apparently on the principle that their safety is the responsibility of the motorists, children run and play and dart across the pike in front of approaching cars. The women walk abreast by threes and fours. They laugh and talk and slap their thighs, giving expression to their appreciation of the humorous in some story.

Since the several units of this parade take up the major portion of the highway, when two cars meet, one driver waits until the other has wormed his way through. Children often throw pebbles at car windows. If the driver is struck by one of these missiles, the children and the middle-aged and the infirm laugh and "holer" and slap their legs in the fashion of the women.

Assembled a short distance from the driveway to the dump, the collectors mill impatiently for the most part silent. Dump officials permit no trespassing, but the working day for dump laborers ends officially at 4 o'clock when supervision reverts to some trusty at the city jail.

Once the "coast" is clear, members of the contingent rush for the entrance or leap the surrounding fence to begin their work. They spread fanlike or stick in small groups, to snatch and grab like children scrambling for pennies. The congeniality which they showed toward each other while en route to the dump disappears. They often come to blows during arguments over who "seed it first."

Scavengers work very much on the order of gangsters. The strong take what they want from the weak. However, since the majority are specialists and cater their efforts on a particular phase of collecting, each has his own "racket." One collects nothing but bottles, while another confines his activity to iron, copper, rags or kindling. Collectors of these articles usually are sub-divided. For instance, bottle specialists are classified as collectors of half-pints, pints, quarts, and so on.

### Specialist Fight

Once a scavenger has established himself as a specialist, he will fight to retain a monopoly among fellow workers of about the same physical strength.

Recently two girls, one 22 years old and the other 18, were arraigned in police court on warrants sworn to by a slum resident who charged that the girls had attacked and beaten their 12-year-old son while the three were gathering bottles from the city dump. At the hearing, the boy told how the older girl had thrown him down and straddled him while her companion beat him over the head with a bottle. He showed a long gash on his head which he asserted had been made when the bottle broke.

The girls did not deny the fight. Each in turn told how the boy had taken a rock and had smashed a basketful of bottles which an old man had collected. The girls took up for the old man. This made the boy angry, and he turned on them and attempted to break their bottles. It was at this point that the fight began.

Additional questioning in court brought out the fact that the boy was a "pint" specialist. The old man, a recruit to the mounting list of scavengers, had entered into competition. He, too, had started out to be a "pint" man. The unwritten law of the scavenger states that the quickest way to discourage a competitor is to destroy his "take." The 12-year-old boy had attempted to follow that law.

While the men and boys for the most part are organized on a take-if-you-can basis, the women and girls operate under an entirely opposite code. Keeping aloof from the militant squabbles of their men, the women collect what they can find and then bargain and barter among themselves. A leaky coffee pot and a single silk stocking change hands; a scarce, bridge-table is traded for a battered dishpan. Quite often in such trades "boot" is given.

Salable material salvaged from the dump is stored in a corner of the scavenger family's one-room

ONE WEEK HE MADE \$2.18 . . .



These scenes are typical of the daily life of scavengers at the city dump near the city limits on the Old Frankfort pike. At the end of a hard day the boy pictured above shoulders his load of copper sewans and starts for home. At top center the varied group includes a little boy with a big hole in the seat of his breeches. His Indian headgear is made from strips of box paper and chicken feathers. The picture at right center shows a group "tearing into" a truck which is ready to unload.

home until the end of the week. Then it is sorted and packed in sacks or boxes and loaded on shoulders or in push carts for the trek to the junk yard and the bottle-buyer.

While the amount earned by collectors of refuse is very small, it usually equals the three or four dollars a month which, if they are fortunate, they get from relief and welfare agencies.

### Standard Values Few

Few of the items generally collected have standard values. Whisky and soft-drink bottles bring a half-cent each. Gallon jugs, large bottles and preserve jars are worth two cents each. Iron, copper and rags have value according to condition and cleanliness. However, the scavenger does not argue over price. If his dealer pays too little the next week another dealer will have a new customer.

If a scavenger earns a dollar a week he considers himself lucky. A 10-year-old boy "made \$2.18 last week," but his weekly income over a long period was about fifty cents, slightly more than that of four other members of his family.

The dump site originally was a large depression which extended from an embankment near the highway down toward Town Branch about a hundred yards away. With continued dumping, the area near the pike gradually was filled and leveled off until

now there is a wide plateau which ends on the rim farthest from the highway with a precipice which drops to the border of Town Branch.

Due to the pitch of this incline, trash and refuse unloaded at the level rim above plunges down the slope and scatters freely. This gives dump searchers a wide area over which to work.

The face of this hillside continuously is dotted with spontaneous fires. The waste-covered slope is infested with squirrel-like hungry rats which work as diligently as the human beings. Scavenger-owned dogs divide their time between digging for rats and hunting for food.

Smoke from dump fires curtains the landscape. Scrap-hunters sometimes are forced to retreat because smoke fills their eyes and nostrils. Smoke, dust and soot works into sweating skin, contributing jointly to the grimy appearance of the scavengers and adding to the irritation, discomfort and fatigue of scavenger children.

### Town Branch Boats

Despite its stench and filth, Town Branch is an exciting place for tired children to play, especially after a rain. Boats are improvised from barrels, boxes and automobile tops. Pivoting their leaky craft by means of long sticks, denizens of the dump "go out to sea." Scuffed and broken shoes let in



water. The boys joust while riding down the polluted stream. Finally, they return to work in wet clothes which pick up dirt, soot, rust and excrement. A few minutes on the dump and youthful scavengers, already malodorous from filth, look like mud-wallow hogs on a hot day. At night, many sleep in these same clothes. Many sleepers do not arise for nightly

body emissions, and some of the older ones, if they get out of bed, go only as far as the front door step. Clothes aren't washed. Garments of the typical scavenger are worn as long as they hang together or until better ones are found at the dump.

Notwithstanding conditions under which they live from day to day, true scavengers apparently prefer their work to any other which they might find. Most of the parents over a several-year stretch have made no attempt to find other jobs. Social workers and city officials assert that scavengers shy from legitimate labor.



The unkempt towhead pictured above is perched on a steel drum lodged on Town Branch, mecca for tired slum children on hot days. At left center two older youths re-work a deserted rim of the dump in the hope of unearthing items missed in previous searches. The bottom picture represents one afternoon's "pickings" by a family of bottle specialists. On the basis of two cents for the gallon jugs and one-half cent for the bottles, the pile is worth less than 50 cents.

pockets enough "butts" to last until the next afternoon. Whisky bottles also are plentiful at the dump. A few drops are found in every bottle and occasionally as much as a teaspoonful. Thus, a "dead soldier" has added value: two dozen bottles provide a good drink and a good drink makes kings of scavengers for a little while. Thin-legged children and tottering men and women know the "hit" which comes from dump whisky.

### No Thought For Tomorrow

Experience has taught the dump child that values are measured in terms of present needs. If he wants a shirt he watches the dump until he finds one. However, if he has a good shirt and finds a second, then he gives it away or trades it for a sock. Nothing is stored for future use. Organization and the need for planning are not considered.

When collectors arrive at the dump, their first task is to make a frantic survey of the grounds. The object is to cover as much space as possible in as little time as possible and to salvage as much material as possible. Although the official working day ends at 4 o'clock, trucks continue to operate for several hours.

Before incoming trucks have an opportunity to circle into position to unload, aggressive scavengers swing aboard and snatch and dig

frequently they are dumped with the clutter of refuse. Dust, dirt and manure sprays their heads and necks and trickles down their shirt collars. Wind-whipped fires snatch at paper and other combustibles and singe their eyebrows and hands and arms.

Most scavengers quit work shortly before dark, but a few remain to work by the light of huge bonfires made from scraps of boxes and barrels. At midnight they gather meager possessions and plod homeward.

The scavenger's life is hard and his reward is slight. But sometimes luck is on his side. Sometimes he finds food at hand, so that he does not need to sell his junk in order to eat.

A nondescript woman found a "wad" of spaghetti. She scooped it up with her hands and wrapped it in paper picked up from the dump. She handed the package to a small girl, presumably her daughter, with the admonition, "Now don't you drop that!"

A little boy found two Plymouth Rock hens about two days dead. He examined them for firmness—cool weather had preserved them—then crammed both into a sack half-filled with copper scraps. His day's work ended suddenly, as he swung the pack over his thin shoulder and hurried home.

It would be supper time in half an hour.

# Babson Points Out Growth Of Co-Operative Spirit In Job Seeking

## Forty Plus Club Idea Spreading

### Amazingly Good Results Obtained

By Roger W. Babson

WORCESTER, Mass., May 18—More and more people are coming to the belief that the solution of world economic troubles does not lie in Communism, Fascism, or state capitalism. Rather, they believe it lies in a 100 per cent co-operative system. I am now attending a large church convention where this thought is being discussed. Co-operatives envision the entire world developed into co-operative groups for buying, job-seeking, health, insurance, etc. For co-operatives to succeed, however, their leaders must be inspired by a religious fervor—not merely by a desire to save a little money.

Consumer co-operatives have not made as much headway in the United States as in Great Britain, although they have grown steadily. The chain stores have done for us much what the consumer co-operatives have done for Great Britain. As handicaps in the paths of chain stores are built up, however, there may be a greater need for consumer co-operatives. Low farm prices will fertilize the ground for more marketing co-operatives in rural areas. Recently the co-operative spirit has been given a tremendous boost by the Blue Cross Hospital plan and may be due for another big victory in the White Cross Doctor program.

### Forty Plus Clubs

But the real triumph of the co-operative movement in the last year is in the employment field. The Forty Plus Club of Boston has been the pioneer in this cause. Many readers have already heard of this movement, which has fanned out across the United States and into Canada. As the name implies, all members of the Club are over 40 years of age and have earned over \$4,000 per year. Tired

of the constant objection, "Forty is the age deadline for new employees here," a group of these men formed the Forty Plus Club two years ago.

The members go out to seek jobs, not for themselves but for others in the club. A meeting is held once a week to discuss each job that has been uncovered. If someone in the club has the qualifications for the job, he is endorsed by the placement committee and an interview is arranged with the prospective employer (whose name is not revealed until then). If no one in the organization is capable of filling the job, a notice is sent to all other Forty Plus Clubs. No member of the club can accept a position that is offered directly to him! The idea is that each member of the club is selling jobs for every other member. This is the Golden Rule working in business!

### Unselfish Employment Agency

Results obtained by the Forty Plus Clubs have been amazing. Figures show that 270 members of the Boston Club alone have been returned to industry in the past two years. This co-operative job-seeking movement is performing a wonderful service not only for the unemployed/executive but for the prospective employer. The Forty Plus Club acts as a high-grade, unselfish co-operative employment agency whose only reward is the satisfaction of seeing its membership decrease! No commissions are involved, either from the employer or from the club. Expenses are taken care of by voluntary contributions of the members.

The same idea is being worked out by the Quota Club of the Professional Women's groups. Moreover, for the past seven years a very effective plan has been operated at Babson Park and is known as the "School for Positions." Each group of students goes through an intensive course of self-analysis, vocational guidance, job salesmanship, morale building. Each member of the class carries with him when job-seeking a catalogue of the qualifications and experience of all other members of the class. When a member finds an opening that he cannot fill himself, he checks his catalogue with an employer and suggests an inter-

view with another member of the class who is qualified.

Business Needs Such Spirit Readers can undoubtedly cite many other plans to show that co-operative job-seeking is becoming a great success. Many observers believe that the spirit of these movements must be introduced into other branches of business. The success of the Forty Plus Clubs and similar experiments in co-operative job-seeking clearly indicates that the desire of one man to help another is not dead. If the latent power of this Golden Rule could be reawakened and harnessed through some practical church leadership (in the way the rural problem is being tackled in certain parts of the United States, and Canada) we would go a long way toward solving unemployment—the biggest and most pressing problem facing the United States. (Copyright)

## Dog News And Notes

By Peter Beggs

A man in Atlanta taught his Collic, "Jack," to carry a coin to the grocery store to buy himself a bone or a biscuit. One day, when his dog begged for a little change, he discovered that he was short. Instead he wrote a note telling the store manager to charge the cost of a bone to his account. As this turned out to be a more convenient procedure he continued the practice.

At the end of the month when the grocery bill arrived, he went to the store to protest—there being more items on the bill than he had ordered. While he was arguing with the store owner, "Jack" came in with a piece of blank paper in his mouth. Investigation revealed that whenever the dog wanted a bone or biscuit he picked up a piece of paper and carried it to the store. After the first two or three written orders, the store owner had not even bothered to look at the paper. Now "Jack" buys his bones on a strictly cash basis.

Paint Poisoning With spring here and a lot of people freshening up their property with new paint your dog may

rub against something that has been freshly painted, his coat becoming matted. This is not serious, but if the dog licks the paint off he may develop lead poisoning. If this happens, take him to a veterinarian immediately. If one is not available the following home treatment will be beneficial; give him a dose of approximately one ounce of Epsom salts dissolved in warm water. If he should vomit the solution a dose of one grain of calomel and one half grain of opium should be given, three grains of calomel and three quarters of a grain of opium if he is very large. The bowels should then be kept open for two or three days by feeding him a small daily dose of castor oil.

A True Story I have been asked not to reveal the names of the principals in this story but I can assure you of its validity. An executive of one of this country's largest concerns began taking his dog to the office each day. At first the animal spent most of the time curled up at his master's feet sleeping. Then one day his owner decided to teach him to carry a memorandum to a junior executive in a nearby office. The dog learned quickly and before long was busy each day carrying papers from one office to the other.

Since this worked so well a new system was evolved with equal success. A buzzer was placed in the president's office and when the junior executive wants to send in some correspondence he presses a button on his desk. At the sound of the inter-office buzzer the dog gets up and trots into the other office to fetch and bring back any papers or memoranda for his master.

Too Many Baths Do not give your dog a bath too often. Excessive bathing depletes the oil in the skin which is a natural protection against irritations and minor infections. A bath once every two weeks in warm weather and once a month in the winter should be sufficient and harmless. A Chicago mail order house re-

cently received an order from a native living on a Far Eastern island. Enclosed with the order, as payment, was a bag containing dog teeth. As some primitive natives still use dog teeth as a medium of exchange and because of the strangeness of the order, the company decided to fill it and accept the teeth as payment. The native had sent for a single item—a dog brush.

Gasoline Dangerous With the flea season near at hand you will perhaps be receiving advice from well-meaning friends as to how to rid your pet of these vermin. The use of gasoline is often suggested. Don't do it. It may remove the offending parasites but it may also remove your dog—permanently.

### Questions And Answers

Question: Can you tell me what a person means when he speaks of the blaze of a dog?—T. L. J.  
Answer: The term "blaze" refers to a white color marking on a dog's head between the eyes and running back over the head.

Question: I have been told that a harness is harmful to a dog, and that it is better for him to wear a collar. Which of these do you prefer?—E. W.  
Answer: A harness that fits a grown dog is not harmful, but I don't believe in making a growing puppy wear one as he outgrows it and an ill-fitting harness can be harmful to a young puppy.

### Sayre Baccalaureate To Be Preached Today

Commencement exercises at Sayre school will begin with the baccalaureate sermon which will be preached by Dr. J. C. Hanley, president of the institution, at 11 o'clock this morning at the First Presbyterian church.

At 10 o'clock Monday the play, "As You Like It," will be presented by members of the senior class in the school auditorium. The production will take the place of the customary class-day exercises, according to Dr. Hanley. Graduation exercises for 12 candidates will be held in the Sayre auditorium at 8 o'clock Monday night, Bishop H. P. Almon Abbott will give the address. Diplomas will be presented by Dr. Hanley.

## Dr. E. M. Poteat To Deliver U. K. Baccalaureate Address

Dr. Edwin McNeill Poteat, pastor of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church, Cleveland, Ohio, will deliver the baccalaureate address to graduating seniors of the University of Kentucky at 3:30 o'clock Thursday, June 6, in Memorial Hall, it was announced this week.

Dr. Poteat, author of seven books in the fields of religious philosophy, ethics and economics, is a graduate of Evanston University and holds a Master of Theology degree from the Southern Baptist Seminary, Wake Forest, Duke University and Hillsdale College. He has presented his work with honorary Doctor of Divinity degrees. He formerly was professor of philosophy and ethics at the University of Shanghai.

Dr. Frank L. McVey, president of the University, will be the speaker at commencement ceremonies, which are scheduled to be held on Stoll field at 6:30 p. m., Friday, June 7. Dr. McVey, whose tenure of office expires with the current school semester, was invited to make the address by the Student Government Association of the University.

The University commencement calendar was open with military field day exercises at 6:30 p. m. Wednesday, May 29, at which graduation exercises for R. O. T. C. students will be conducted. Other

## Army Aft To Increase Quota Of Enlistments

The United States army is preparing for an increase in enlisted strength as a result of President Roosevelt's message to Congress and will accept 1,415 men a month in the Fifth Corps area, which includes Kentucky, West Virginia, Indiana and Ohio, according to Sgt. Robert A. Love, recruiting officer in charge of the Lexington office at 418 Federal building. Including normal replacements of expired enlistments, this will bring the monthly total for this area to approximately 1,650 men a month, Sergeant Love said.

## 175 To Get Diplomas From Henry Clay High

One hundred and seventy-five Henry Clay high-school seniors will be graduated at the 1940 spring commencement exercises at 8 o'clock Thursday night, May 30, in the school auditorium. The commencement speaker will be Dr. William Prentice Dearing of Oakland City College, Oakland City, Ind. The baccalaureate sermon will be preached next Sunday, May 26, at the Calvary Baptist church by Dr. T. C. Ecton, the pastor. The class banquet will be held at the high school Wednesday, May 29.

Men between the ages of 18 and 35, of good character, single and without dependents, will be accepted if they pass the physical examination.

Recruits will be permitted to select whichever branch of the service they prefer, so far as they are qualified. They will be transferred to another branch only under exceptional circumstances, and then only with their consent.

The mocking bird is the state bird of Tennessee.