THE WHO, HOW, AND WHY, OF THE HOBO

by

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Introduction:

Many persons have given very little attention to the hobo problem. It is extremely significant in that, among other things, whole sections of cities cater to his needs. Very little has been done to solve this problem, except to pass the hobo on from one place to another without investigation.

In order to deal effectively with this problem we must know something about the causes that formed his behavior, and, in order to have even a meager knowledge of these causes we must, necessarily, have some knowledge of his personality and how he lives.

This Thesis has certain limitations, but we hope it may prove valuable to anyone interested in this field of investigation.
Brief Introduction

Chapter I What kind of men are hobos?
   1. Case studies of six men.
   2. A study of 148 hobos, trying to determine (1) age, (2) nationality, (3) conjugal relations, (4) education (5) intelligence, (6) religious connections, (7) occupation, (8) citizenship, (9) health.

Chapter II How do hobos live?
   1. Description of living conditions.
   2. Hobo dictionary giving definition of terms commonly used by hobos.
   3. Hobo songs and poems.

Chapter III The causes of homelessness.
   1. Causes given by other students of homelessness.
   2. Hobos' own stories of how they became homeless men, with studies made which seem to indicate these stories are credible.
   3. The processes of becoming homeless.
   4. Appendix
CHAPTER I

WHAT KIND OF MEN ARE HOBOS?

A hobo is a homeless casual laborer who generally earns his living by work. He may beg, steal, or apply for charity occasionally to satisfy his immediate needs, but this is not habitual. He does not beg or wander aimlessly as do tramps and bums. A bum, however, does not wander as much as a tramp, but they are alike in one respect, that is, neither of them work.

Nicholas Klein, adviser to James Eads How, the Millionaire Hobo, says, "A hobo is one who travels in search of work, the migratory worker who must go about to find employment. Workers of that sort pick our berries, fruit, hops, and help to harvest the crops on our western farms. They follow the seasons around giving their time to farms in spring, summer, and autumn and ending up in the ice fields in winter. We could not get in our crops without them for the hobo is the boy who does the work. The name originated from the words "hoe boy" plainly derived from work on the farm.

A tramp is one who travels but does not work, and a bum is a man who stays in the same place and does not work. Between these grades there is a great
gulf of social distinction. Tramps and hobos are quite different in may respects."

Irwin St. John Tucker seems to distinguish them pretty well when he says, "The hobo is a migratory worker, a tramp is a migratory non-worker, and a bum is a stationary non-worker. The hobo builds and repairs railroads, bridges, levees, harvests the wheat, and cuts the ice. The tramp on the other hand is a man who because of some injury to body or mind drifts without working. The tramp beats his way from place to place "mooching" for a handout, "getting by" in any way he can, but without contributing anything of service to his fellowmen. The bum simply stays in the same place and sinks lower and lower in the social scale."

In order to understand the hobos' life, in detail, I studied the life histories of forty-eight men, of this number only a few could be sufficiently verified to warrant a large degree of credence. These life histories will be given here in that they show many things about the life of the hobo. They not only indicate what sort of personalities hobos have, but how they live, and the reasons for their home-

1 World Tomorrow, September, 1923,
lessness. Four of these brief histories are hobos, and Stanford and Reves are cases of Ex-Service men taken from Red Cross Records. They, no doubt, are tramps, as we can easily distinguish.

Story of A. L. Griffin

A. L. Griffin is fifty-five years of age, and was never married. He is of American descent. Both of his parents are dead, but he has two sisters living. Mr. Griffin was born in Canton, Fulton County, Illinois, May 21, 1871. He was the youngest of twelve children. His father, D. S. Griffin, was a Civil War veteran of Company C, 103 Illinois. His mother's maiden name was Jane Denim. His father and mother were married in 1869. He has a sister, Florence Sanders, living at Bennington, Kansas, also a sister, Laura Harris, living at Minneapolis, Kansas. Griffin's parents moved from Canton, Illinois, to Minneapolis, Kansas, in 1874, and he lived here on a farm twelve miles southwest of Minneapolis until 1887. He attended the Tripp School and was in the sixth grade when he left home. They had two terms at this school, spring and winter terms, three months each. His father was poor and having a family of twelve children found it very hard to make a living.
Mr. Griffin left home because every thing was "under the hammer" (mortgaged) and he knew he would never make anything at home. From Minneapolis he went to Barnard, Kansas, where he worked two weeks on a farm. He did not remember the man's name but said he did not pay him for his work. When asked why, he said, "He didn't pay anybody." Why? "The man who worked before me worked a whole year and got nothing. I was lucky to leave when I did."

He went from here to Jamestown, working on a farm for an old civil engineer. He worked here two weeks. His next stop was Mankato, Kansas, where he worked for the Union Pacific Railroad two months, laying "frogs." He rode the Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy to Regan, Nebraska, where he husked corn for Charles Wiley. From here he went to Ravenna, Nebraska, on South Loop River, working on a ranch for W. W. Pool. He fed three hundred sixty-nine head of cattle for Mr. Kearney, owner of the Midway Hotel. He worked here three weeks at twenty dollars per month and board. In the spring he worked for Charley Soderstrom, who lived seven miles northwest of Shelton, Nebraska. From Shelton he went to Boise, Idaho, (1890) where he cut wood and worked on a threshing rig. He cut fir trees in the Cascade Mountains two weeks. He journeyed to
Portland, Oregon, and worked on a farm, then back to Boise, where he worked in threshing a short time.

North Platte, Nebraska, was his next stop. He worked on Buffalo Bill's ranch. This was Buffalo Bill's home ranch although he had two other ranches. Buffalo Bill stayed here when he was not on the road with his circus. He said, "Buffalo Bill was across the water at this time with his show and I worked for Goodman, his superintendent." Charley Shaw was his next employer, living in Sheldon, Nebraska. He cultivated corn for him in the spring, put up hay in the summer and husked corn in the fall. (This must have been a long time job). He quit in December, 1892, and came back home to see his parents. He did general farm work in this vicinity for two years. His brother was farming the old homestead when he returned.

Mr. Griffin bought a team, wagon, and sod plow, and left Minneapolis, traveling by wagon to Cushing, Oklahoma, 1894. He planted thirty-two acres of corn with a hand planter. He left Minneapolis in March and arrived in Cushing in May. He came back to Minneapolis, Kansas, and helped his parents move to Cushing. They rented one hundred sixty acres of school land. (There were four sections of school land in each township, 13-23-16-36.) He tended rather than cultivated his
crops the following year and traded a horse and ten dollars for a thirty acre lease and a dugout in Pawnee County. In a short time, selling the lease and every thing, he went to Cleveland, Oklahoma, and lost what money he had saved in the livery business. Feed was high and team work cheap. Teams were rented for two dollars and fifty cents per day. One day while drunk he rode his prize stallion through the streets and gave the "turkey yell" several times. A very short time after his escapade the city marshall came to arrest him. They fought and the marshall was accidently hit on the head with a chair by him and lost consciousness for some time. The marshall was also drunk. The jail was his home for a short time after this escapade. He started northwest from Cleveland (1904) and took up a homestead in Barber, Montana. He filed in 1910 and his claim was "proved up" in 1916. It cost thirty-three dollars and fifty cents to file homestead of three hundred and twenty acres and four-teen dollars to prove it up. He showed his receipt from Washington, D. C., Serial Number 09127. It was called a final receipt or patent. He paid five dollars and eighty cents on one hundred and eighty-five dollar valuation in 1916. November 30, 1916, his taxes were forty-nine dollars and sixty
cents. He said the taxes were raised because he had received his final papers. He had four witnesses and each drew a small fee, two of these appeared before the National Land Agent in Ekalaka, Montana, the county seat of Fallon County. Mr. Emshiviler, a Commission Man, "proved up" his claim for him. The three hundred twenty acres were valued at one dollar and a quarter an acre. The cost was twelve dollars, and two dollars testimony fees. He lived on his claim six months each year for six years. In 1918 he mortgaged this farm for twelve dollars and with this money he bought seed oats and flax. He broke forty-four acres of sod with a walking plow. He sowed this field with oats, also he sowed twenty acres of flax and left the remainder of his farm idle. Mr. Griffin saw his crops were burning up, so he turned half of the crop over to Walter Anderson who promised to thresh and market the grain. By the way of the box car route he next went to Marmoth, North Dakota. (He said, "I rode the mainspring of the conductor's watch.") While in Marmoth he repaired steel cars. He was paid forty-two cents per hour. The boss "canned" him because he bawled out the foreman. (He said this guy didn't have sense enough to wash a cake of ice.) On the Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy he journeyed to Aurora,
Illinois, again repairing steel cars. He went back to his claim again and from here to Tacoma, Washington, then to Pasco, Washington. He had lumbago and was in the hospital two days at Tacoma. (This was his only illness.) He looks very healthy and says he can husk ninety bushels of corn in a day. He worked during the winter in Pasco and he said it was thirty-two degrees below zero part of the time. His next job was sheep herding for Mr. W. M. Hislop at Spokane, Washington. Receiving one hundred dollars per month and his board, he worked here three months and twenty-six days. From here he went to La Grande, Oregon, and worked at car repairing again. He was laid off for reasons unknown and made his next stop at Portland, Oregon. He quarreled with a "wop", "busted" him and got "canned". The Southern Pacific & Santa Fe Railroad Company engaged his services at eighty cents per hour at Vancouver, Washington. He was laid off here with thirty-one other men, reasons unknown. From Vancouver he returned to Baker where there was a big oil boom. He farmed and sold five hundred sixty-six bushels of rye for fourteen dollars per bushel. A well was drilled (3000 feet) just one mile from his claim, but struck nothing. Since this
time he has been from Canada to Texas and from Baker, Montana, to California. He usually travels the highways and says he does not walk very much. He worked for the Magnolia Oil Company, at Houston, Texas, cutting down oil tanks. At Huntington Beach, California, he did concrete work and cased cess pools for an oil company. From here he went to Clinton, Ohio; Chicago Heights; Sioux City, Iowa; Cherokee, Iowa, to Kansas City.

Griffin seems to be a typical hobo, traveling over the country and working for his living. He has begged a few times but it is not habitual. (All hobos with whom I have come in contact beg occasionally or accept alms.) He said, "This is a world of plenty and a man should not have to beg for his living." He seems intelligent, talks fluently and has a very keen sense of humor. He has not been working for some time. He has no money and is going to sleep in the county jail tonight (December 10, 1926) at Lawrence, Kansas. He said, "You know they have to give you a place to sleep." He was discharged twice from jobs for unknown reasons. His case is typical with the exception of his age, yet we do find many men of his age and older "on the bum." He has a sixth grade education, is single, healthy, unskilled, irreligious,
restless, not an I. W. W., and works for his living. We cannot completely understand any single act of Mr. Griffin's behavior, yet, whatever inborn desires he had were no doubt influenced by his environment.

Mr. Griffin's parents were very poor and there was seemingly no chance for his financial success at home. He had no trouble with his parents. They wanted him to finish school and provided for him as best they could under the circumstances. This might easily lead us to believe he had a strong desire for new experience, which, coupled with a poverty stricken family was the starting point on his career. This desire for new experience involves motion, instability, change, social irresponsibility, and may be seen in the life of a scientist or hunter. This desire no doubt was strengthened by his contacts. On the road, for example, he did not receive any pay for his first job away from home. He worked very hard. This and other jobs of similar nature helped to drive him from place to place. He seems to have very little desire for response or recognition. He does have some desire for security as he lived six months each year for six years on his claim in Barber, Montana, in order to hold it. He is still hunting jobs, working at times, and traveling over the country, in short, his primary
group failed to satisfy his desires or guide him into secure channels.

Story of James Merle

James Merle was born in Moweaqua, Illinois, 1898. His father, J. T. Merle, was at that time a farmer and his mother was a farmer's daughter. He has had two brothers and one sister, but all are now deceased. His parents moved to Johnstown, Nebraska, in 1899, where his father worked on a ranch. His parents were very poor. He started to school in Johnstown in 1904 and made good grades in his school work. He went to school in Johnstown four years. His father lost his job because he was always drunk and could not do satisfactory work. His parents then moved to Blue mound, Illinois, (1909). The father again did farm work. James Merle's mother urged James' father to quit drinking, but he refused and was unable to provide for her. They lived four years in Blue mound before James' parents separated (1913) and James at this time was a freshman in High School. (His mother got her divorce in Decatur, Illinois.) When his parents separated he was forced to discontinue his school work. He was doing good work and wanted to finish, but his mother could not send him
and his father thought education was a luxury to the chosen few. He was fifteen years of age at this time and was forced to go to work. He got a job with the Seven Cairns Brothers' Show and worked for them two seasons of seven months each. They traveled through five states: Minnesota, North Dakota, Nebraska, South Dakota, Iowa. When the seasons closed he worked as a "Bell Boy" in the Montrose Hotel at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. From here he went to Decatur, Illinois, and worked as a "Bell Hop" in St. Nicholas Hotel. Here he got a "dose of Clapp" which he had "cured". He worked here and doing odd jobs until 1919, when he joined the Navy. He was in the Navy four years. He was married in Philadelphia in 1921 and divorced in 1922. When asked why he left his wife he said, "We just couldn't get along, I was gone too much to suit her." His first wife now lives at 345 Delmar Street, Philadelphia. He has a daughter five years of age living with her mother. She is healthy, he said, "I guess the dose was cured." The little daughter was born in October 1921.

James Merle was on the J.S.S. Kansas (Dreadnaught) and fired boilers, while in the Navy. They had six fire rooms with twelve boilers in each fire room. There were four doors on each boiler and it
was his duty to fire two doors. He said he had to work hard. They made two Midshipmen's cruises; three months each. He was discharged in 1923. He worked at odd jobs in St. Louis until June 1, 1924, when he was married again. He lived with his second wife just one month. He then went to Denver and worked for the Great Western Sugar Company, eight shifts at four and one-half dollars a day, breaking even. He next worked in the Royal Tiger Mines, lead and zinc mines. He got a job as "mucker" which is loading muck on train cars, in other words it is the ore that goes to the mill. He received four dollars and fifty cents per day and worked for two months. He had left his wife on good terms so wrote to her in East St. Louis asking her to come to Denver and live with him, but she did not show up. He got fired for reasons unknown and "rode the rods" to Pendleton, Oregon. He stayed here six weeks but could find no work. He went back to Denver and from here to Durango, Colorado, working here for the Bell Telephone Company for two months. From here he went to Phoenix, Arizona, and stayed eight days. He got drunk and a "vag" charge was brought against him. He stayed in jail eight days. He had fifteen dollars in his pocket and the officers searched him found the money and
kept it. He went from here to Pueblo, Colorado, and worked as a waiter in the Coffee Shop at Congress Hotel. He stayed here from October until April, 1925. He was arrested here on a charge of grand larceny and his bond was set for one thousand dollars. Merle and two other boys and two girls were at a "Road House" party. One of the girls got drunk and gave her watch to one of the other boys—(not James Merle). The boy who had her watch gave it to James Merle stating he did not know her address. This girl worked at the hotel. The following day the two boys (S. and G.) came to the Congress Hotel and asked Merle to give them the watch. These boys wanted to pawn the watch and buy gas in order to leave town. He told them, however, that he was going to give the watch to the girl. This made the boys angry and they found the girl and told her James Merle intended to keep the watch. She swore out a warrant for his arrest and the officers came after him. He gave them the watch and told them the circumstances. The jail was his home for a short time. He was finally released for lack of evidence. From here he journeyed in a box car to Denver and worked in the Law Hotel until July, 1926. His next stop was Los Angeles, working in the
Rosslyn Hotel during August and September and went back to Denver. From Denver he went to Lincoln, Nebraska. From Lincoln he journeyed to Farmington, Missouri, where his mother now lives. She is now married again and lives on a farm near Farmington. He showed a letter from his mother in which she told him to come home. She said, "You are welcome, son, and if you can't find work, come home." He does not wish to go home as they are unable to keep him. He says the Salvation Army will not help him. They charged him forty cents for an old torn shirt, that some one had given them. They do not want a man to raise his standard for they would have nothing to do. They want to keep him down. This young man is now (December, 1926) staying at 602 Main Street, Kansas City, Missouri, I.B.W.A. headquarters. He was well dressed. His old clothes were in a pawn shop and would cost him one dollar and a half to get them. He had gone to all the large hotels in Kansas City, Missouri, looking for work as a "Bell Hop" He has applied for work in the Baltimore, President, Aladdin, Mulhbach, Robert Lee, and Stats, applying for a job as bus or bell boy.

This young man is twenty-eight years old.
and has fallen into a "blind alley" occupation.

Merle is probably of average intelligence. American, has an eighth grade education (part of one year high school work), unskilled, married twice, is an ex-service man, and restless. (I found a number of ex-service men on the road, also a few men who have been married or have had entanglements with women.) The story of James is quite different from that of Griffin.

There was poverty in the family but the reason for this seems to have been his father's habit of drinking. James was a freshman in high school when his father and mother separated. Mr. Merle had no desire to discontinue his studies, but the father would not help him, and, therefore, he was forced to seek employment. He worked for the Seven Cairns Brothers' show and seemingly liked to travel. He joined the navy and was married while a sailor. He was divorced and has since been married again, living with his second wife one month. Merle has worked at odd jobs but chiefly as a "Bell Hop" which is a "blind alley" occupation.

His being arrested plus a jail sentence seems to have changed his moral outlook. The story does not show any decided desire for new experience,
which is, of course, now well developed. This desire does not seem to manifest itself until he was employed by the show people. He did not wish to do this but was forced into it. His desire for response and recognition could be recognised easily but he has very little desire for security which was noticeable in his early desire to continue his school work.

Story of William Harris

William Harris was born in Terra Haute, Indiana, in 1905, and moved to Elwood, Indiana, when a baby. His father was a railroad worker. The family moved to Michigan City, Indiana, in 1911, where William started to school and went one year until his family moved again, this time to Chicago Heights where William went to school three years. The family then moved to Danville, Illinois, and William went to school two years. The family moved in 1917 to Toledo, Ohio, and he was in the sixth grade. The father was "following" railroad work. The boy was in school two more years. They moved to Mount Greenwood, Illinois, and went to school about one half year and graduated from the eighth grade in 1919.

William started to work for Marshall Field & Company at Chicago at fourteen dollars per week.
He worked there six months as mail boy. His next job was at the Western Electric Company at eighteen dollars per week where he worked three months in 1920. He was idle then for about six months. He was "fired" from the Western Electric Company because of fighting. In 1921 he went to work for the National Biscuit Company and worked about eight months with a salary of eighteen dollars per week with a raise to twenty-four dollars per week. He left this job as soon as his father died, which was in 1921. William and a brother kept the mother for a while until the mother could find work, which was in a factory.

In 1922 he went to work for McMahon Biscuit Company at twenty dollars per week. He worked about six months. He quit here and was out of work then about six months, then went back to this same company and received the same wages, twenty dollars per week. He just stayed two months this time and quit to join the army. He joined the army in February, 1923. He was a private in the Army for three years, stationed in the Phillipine Islands and was discharged in San Francisco in February, 1926. He "bummed" his way to Los Angeles two months later and went to work for Edison Company, staying just four months at a salary of twenty-five dollars per week. He paid his fare to
Salt Lake City, Utah, and there went "broke". He " bummed" over a month and could not find work. He " bummed" over a month and could not find work. He " bummed" his way to Kansas City and is now looking for a job. He seems very willing to work, but "just can't find anything to do". He is unmarried and wished he was off the bum. He hears often from his mother and writes her often. He wants to earn enough money to go home. He is healthy and strong looking and I believe he told me the truth when he said he was not crippled or diseased.

He said he never was fined and only slept in a jail once and that was to keep out of the cold. William Harris seemed to have a strong desire for new experience very early in life. He seems to be rather temperamental. He quits work whenever he feels this urge to move on. He seems to be able to obtain fairly high wages but is not satisfied. He joined the army while a lad of only eighteen years and was discharged after three years service. Soon after his discharge he was again making a fair wage ($25 per week). He must move on. He said he wished to go home but no doubt he would not stay. His desires for security, response, and recognition have not been developed to any appreciable extent. This is a clear case of a
very strong desire for new experience.

Story of Foster C. Sheets

Foster C. or "Buck" Sheets was born August 10, 1892, at Marysville, Kansas. He is married and has three children, one boy and two girls whose ages are six, four, and two. His father, John Sheets, and his mother, Mary M. Sheets, are both deceased. He has had five sisters, two married, one single, two dead, and one brother. The addresses are:

Mrs. Charles Molt---Willis, Kansas
Mrs. J. F. Hundley---Robinson, Kansas
Roxy Sheets---Everest, Kansas
Miss Sheets---Hiawatha, Kansas

Sheets has lived in Kansas practically all of his life. He lived in Marysville, Kansas, until about six years of age. His parents moved from Marysville to Plattsburg, Missouri, residing there until 1902. The parents then returned to Kansas and lived for the remainder of their life in or near Everest, Kansas.

Mr. Sheets left home to travel the long gray road on May 2, 1910. His reasons for leaving his parents were very trivial. Mr. Sheets and his father owned a horse in partnership, and quarreled over which of them should use the horse. Mr. Sheets
told his father he would either ride the horse (on the night of May 3, 1902) or leave home. His father in an emphatic manner replied, "You shall not ride him." This reply called for a change of residence on the part of Mr. Sheets. He left home on May 2, with two dollars and fifty cents to tide him over the rough places, walking from Everest, Kansas, to Horton, thence from Horton to Whiting, Kansas. From Whiting, Kansas, he took the Central branch to Soldier, Kansas, and here he searched for work but could not find any manual labor "positions". He begged for his meals as his money was spent, and rode the "rods" from Soldier to Clay Center. It took several days for him to travel by these crude methods from Everest to Clay Center. Searching for work in Clay Center and being unsuccessful he walked nine miles to Idana where he found work, hauling sand at two dollars and seventy-five cents a day. He worked in harvest and threshing the remainder of the summer and returned to Horton to cut fodder in the fall. He then went to his home at Everest, Kansas, and husked corn for his father but quarreling again with him he left for Stansbury, Missouri, where he worked at odd jobs until the spring of 1911. His father wrote him asking him to come home to assist him. This he did and
worked by the month for his father in 1912. His services were next engaged by Mr. Matthew Freeland of Everest (1913) working here five months and the remainder of the year for F. H. Geiger. These are all farm jobs and Mr. Sheets was paid about seven and one half dollars a week for his services. In 1914 he took a "long haul" by the way of the box car route to Britt, Iowa, where he worked two months on a farm (April 1, 1914). He next sojourned to Gentry, Missouri, and worked on a farm until June first. He again heard the call for mother and returned home staying about two weeks and from here he went to Rock County, Kansas, and worked in the harvest fields until August 9, 1915. From here he went to work for Mr. Matthew Freeland, working until harvest time and returned to Rock County to work in harvest fields. He returned home, August 23, 1915, staying two days, leaving via box car to Newton, Iowa, staying here about one week searching for farm work and from here he went to Lubbock, Texas, where he worked on the Spaid Ranch for Arnock Brothers until September 1, 1916. Going from here to Claud, Texas, working on a ranch for C. C. Gilbert until spring. From Claud, Texas, he went to Jacksonville, Texas, working one year and nine months and from here to Cannon City,
Texas, working two months. By box car route he re-
turned to Everest where he was married (1918). Since
his marriage he has lived in Everest and Hiawatha,
Kansas. He does not own his home. Mrs. Sheets' par-
ents objected to their daughter marrying "Buck" Sheets,
but, as usual, they married regardless of the parents' 
wishes. For one month after marriage they had no 
place to live, but his father consented and they stayed 
at home during this time.

Mr. Sheets "quituated" from school at the 
age of seventeen years. He did not try to finish the 
eighth grade as he despised grammar. He claims to 
have had good associates early in life but a very 
loose sexual passion. While attending school he lived 
at home and seemingly did not possess a roving dis-
position. His physical and mental condition seem to 
be normal with the exception of one eye, which he lost 
while celebrating the Fourth of July, 1905. This 
is the only time in his life that his condition has 
called for a physician's services. He was at one 
time a drunkard and a gambler. His favorite games 
were "poker" and "coon can". "Coon can" is a Mexi-
can game of cards and "poker" needs no explanation 
as it is universal. Mr. Sheets also obtained money 
under false pretenses by selling brick dust as a bed
bug remedy. He sold about one thousand packages on his escapades for twenty-five cents each. He said it was an easy seller for there were lots of "bed bugs".

Mr. Sheets worked the longest time, nineteen months, at any one job, in a box factory at Jacksonville, Texas, receiving seven dollars and fifty cents a day for firing boilers. He has bartered some, but very little because of his eye. He has never been in business for himself and he says he could return to any of his former employers:

Matthew Freeland--Everest, Kansas, Farmer

W. A. Smith--Owner of box factory at

Jacksonville, Texas

F. H. Geiger--Everest, Kansas, Farmer

Grover Stilwell--Woodson, Kansas

Arnoch Brothers--Lubbock, Texas, Ranch owners

C. C. Gilbert--Claud, Texas, Ranch owner.

This is where Mr. Sheets was known as a good rider of "bucking bronchos" hence the name "Buck" which everyone of his acquaintance calls him.

Mr. Sheets has been arrested twice. Once in Cannon City, Texas, for riding a bucking "Broncho"
around the square. He was fined eleven dollars and forty cents, he said, "the judge fined everyone the same amount." He was also arrested at St. Joseph, Missouri, for disturbing the peace. He was intoxicated and was cursing on the street. He was fined seventeen dollars and one half which he paid by a jail sentence.

He is not a church member and does not attend church. He seems devoted to his family and is planning to educate his children. The oldest, a girl, started to school in the fall of 1925 and is doing very good work. Mr. Sheets told a very interesting experience which happened while "beating" his way to Texas. About ten men were riding in a box car. They were sitting along the side of the car and were not in a close group. The brakeman, a big bully, came through the car, asking each tramp in a very harsh manner, "Who told you, you could ride?" Sheets and others informed him that Mississippi Slim (a tall negro from Mississippi) told them they could ride. The brakeman asked, "Who in the h--- is this Mississippi Slim?" The tall negro arose, bringing a forty-five Colt from his pocket and pointing it at the brakeman said, "I told these boys they could ride, you shut your chops and go on down the train
and tend to your own business or I will blow your D--- head off." The brakeman grew pale and seemed to be accustomed to obeying orders, as the boys rode to the end of the line without being disturbed. Mr. Sheets was arrested and served a jail sentence (1916) at Hiawatha, Kansas, for selling intoxicating liquor. His wife works to help make a living and Mr. Sheets is still selling liquor.

Mr. Sheets seems to be a typical hobo. He is away from his wife most of the time. He works in harvest and digs wells around the country part of the time in order to live. He started on the road because of a quarrel. He drinks excessively. He does not travel as widely as most hobos and stays with his wife more closely than most "boes" with whom I have come in contact. A majority of hobos are not married and those who are sometimes do not know their wives' addresses. They undoubtedly do not care for them. Mr. Sheets likes whiskey and seems to be unable to refrain from drinking. He is again selling liquor.

Sheets seems to be a rather quarrelsome person. He quarreled with his father when very young and probably left home because he could not get along with him. Sheets' parents were not rich, however, they were well able to keep him. He had very little
money when he left the homestead and earnestly tried to find work. He had not developed any skill. He did not desire to stay with his parents, but he did not like to "rove around", according to his own story. This inner restlessness seems to have grown upon him and today he must have his "new experience". His desire for recognition and response are noticeable and he, no doubt, has a stronger desire for security than any hobo I have known. He seems to love his wife and children and stays with them a part of each year.

These brief sketches of detailed life histories are made much more significant by a study of forty-eight cases, which are summed up in Chapter III of this thesis.
Robert Stanford enlisted in the army as Robert Stanford, March 9, 1918, and served during the World War. He was honorably discharged, September 5, 1919, as private, Battery D, 545, Field Artillery, Plattsburg, New York. He filed his disability claim with the Veterans' Bureau in 1920 through the Red Cross office, Hutchinson, Kansas. He is a bona fide resident of Hutchinson, Kansas, and received his Kansas State Bonus.

His mother, Mrs. Cassie Ayers, lives at Hutchinson. Fraudulently he re-enlisted as Fred Allen. In 1923 he was a prisoner for a while at Ft. D. A., Wyoming. Later he was sent to Leavenworth, Kansas, where he completed his sentence.

He returned to Hutchinson and claimed he was going to provide for his mother who had worked hard and was getting old, but she had to provide for him. He was restless, could not sleep, was disagreeable with his relatives and his mother paid his board and room at different times in order to give him a chance to take care of himself, but he never seems to improve under any circumstances.

He received his State Bonus and "blew" the
money—no one knows how. He passed a couple of bad checks, purchased a car of the Superior Motor Company of Hutchinson, Kansas, drove to Tulsa, Oklahoma, and had considerable trouble as the car was mortgaged. Whenever he gets into trouble he appears very nervous and becomes extremely anxious to enter a hospital for treatment.

His mother purchased him a hamburger stand which paid him fairly well, but he soon sold it and spent the money as usual traveling around.

Several different times from 1920 to 1923 the Veterans' Bureau sent orders for examination to Robert Stanford, but he could never be found in time to make use of same, consequently, his claim hung on for several years and he blames the Veterans' Bureau. In 1924 while at Wichita, Kansas, Stanford made another disability claim in the name of Fred Allen. He holds a discharge certificate in that name. Stanford travels constantly, showing up in Hutchinson occasionally. He was examined at the United States Veterans' Bureau, Wichita, Kansas, on August 1, 1924. The diagnosis was: "No disease found." He was told he had an "inability" and not a disability. Later some doctor of the Veterans' Bureau in district Number 9 gave him a rating of twenty-five per cent disability, but when his original folder was transferred from the Denver office to District Number 9 and more about him was learned,
he was advised that he was not entitled to any of the benefits of the World War Veterans Act for the reason that since his first discharge from service, September 5, 1919, he had twice been honorably discharged for fraudulent enlistment. Stanford travels all over the United States, only making short stops. He carries with him a letter showing he was given a twenty-five per cent rating also a letter from J. N. Tincher, Congressman, showing the status of his case at one time. He possesses additional correspondence from the Veterans' Bureau showing he has a rating of temporary total, eighty dollars a month from December 29, 1924, to January 11, 1925, and twenty-five per cent thereafter on Dementia Precox.

Because he is able to show the above mentioned correspondence he receives much attention from the various Red Cross Chapters and readily gains admission to many different Veterans' Bureau Hospitals, from which he is very soon A.W.O.L. The Reno County American Red Cross has been asked for a report on this case and for loans every few weeks from the various parts of the country. The chapter assumes no further responsibility for this man—he is their champion "globe trotter".

Stanford receives no money from the government and does not have any income from any source ex-
cept what he "works" the public for, yet he is able to travel over the country constantly. Sometimes he writes an appeal, signs it himself and goes around collecting funds as a disabled soldier.

During the summer months Robert Stanford has traveled from Hutchinson, Kansas, to California, returned to Hutchinson, remained one day and journeyed east. They heard of him at Dayton, Ohio, Military Home, Cincinnati, Ohio, New York City, then Kansas City, Denver, and on September 11 received a wire regarding him from Hot Springs, South Dakota. He is usually on his way before a report can be obtained and he never remains anywhere long enough to receive treatment or to have his case adjusted in any way. The regional office advised them that they cannot hold this man against his will. They are willing to do their part but need some cooperation for he moves too fast for them and there seem to be no bounds to his wanderings. They have asked the police department to try to detain this man.

This situation is not fair to the man or the public and this Red Cross Chapter alone cannot handle this case. The Chapter at Hutchinson, Kansas, has the cooperation of all the regional offices who understand this case, and they will appreciate advise at any time.

He is at present at Sawtell Hospital, California.
Story of "X"--A Few Ideas of a Boy Gambler

The following is a resume of a few interesting ideas, as told me, by one of the service boys, Mr. X, who tramped from 1915 to 1918 and intermittently from 1918 to 1920. The boy was in army service when only fifteen years of age; so the incidents he described in Oklahoma City occurred in 1915.

His first experience which in any way resembled that much sought after and illusive hallucination called happiness happened in this way: When he was thirteen years of age he left his father's house, which was in Colorado, and traveled by freight train to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, where for three winter months he subsisted by gambling.

As you probably know, the winters in that section of the country are very mild, but sufficiently cold to keep the idle people on the sunny side of the street. There in the sunshine in a shady section of the town for many days he enjoyed a keen satisfaction, merriment and pleasure in loafing with the loafers, tramps, hobos, wobblies, hi-jacks, strong-arm men, and various other kinds of creatures as responsible for existing in this world as himself.

Not having had a very cheerful home life and being rather lazy, it took him only a short time to adapt himself to this environment and he was very soon
on the most congenial terms with these fortunate and interesting dregs. He would sit for hours with some old "lousy" bundlestiff exchanging confidences and would finally draw from him sometimes ghastly, but always interesting tales of places very strange to him.

They would warn him to be wary of the "bulls" in Fresno and if going through Texas he should "ride the cushions" as they were working bo's on the county farms there. They would tell him that "Chi" (Chicago) was a very good place in which to spend the winter in spite of the inclement weather that they "worked the stem" (street where hobos frequent) there and had made as much as three dollars a day, also that they had "socked up enough booze" in Hinky Dink's to float a battle ship and that barring Spider Doyle's silver dollar saloon in Fresno, Hinky Dink's was the best in the states.

According to their own admissions these old fellows had all seen better days and they would recall and relate to him their experiences of years gone by. They thought only of the past and never a care for the future. They were apparently begotten for no special purpose, and curiously watching them dig the lice from under their filthy shirts and marveling at the way in which the lice were disposed of between dirty thumb
nails, he truly thought they were philosophers, for how else could these men who had formerly been used to com-
fort and wealth have adjusted themselves to their pres-
ent circumstances.

Leaving the bo's to their noisome occupation he would saunter on down the street finally to join a
languid crowd of people being entertained by a street-
hawker. Having acquired some knowledge of a street-
hawker's artifice he would observe the effect produced
upon the crowd by the hawker's loquacious doggery. After
artfully explaining the merits of his particular graft
and having convinced a large number of the rabble that
he was actually giving something away, he would conclude
by giving them, for twenty-five cents each, useless
articles which had probably cost him as much per gross.

He would note all this with a superior satis-
faction, and with a gratifying knowledge that he could
not be tricked so easily, and assuming a sophisticated
air he would ramble on down the street to a dingy smoke-
filled, vile smelling pool hall. In a corner of this
room a group of wobblies composed of representatives
from every profession in the underworld were discuss-
ing sabotage. Farther down the hall a dope-fiend whom
he had met in jail a few days before was engaged in
imitating a dramatist's conception of a dope-fiend,
thus entertaining his fellow pool players. Having won a few shekels by backing the hop-head in a kelly pool game, he would wander out to a restaurant and there in comfort and perfect contentment he would enjoy a meal.

**Story of Marshall C. Reves**

Hutchinson, Kansas,
Reno County Chapter
of American Red Cross,
September 25, 1925.

Reves, Marshall, C.  C-741-649
Case in District No. 12, Phoenix, Arizona
Discharged from Hospital No. 50, Whipple, Arizona, Vs
Medical Advice, September 7, 1925

Asked assistance of Red Cross as he wished to get to Kansas City, Missouri, and from there to Washington, D. C., to have his claim adjusted as he feels Red Cross Chapters and Veterans' Bureaus work vs. him.

He claims to be wearing a cast because of T. B. spine and to have T. B. of the lungs, and some other trouble which he did not care to mention.

He claimed he came from Arizona here on $5.00 and that it would not take very much for him to go the
rest of the way. He stated he formerly lived at Little Rock, Arkansas; but had not been there for three years. We wired Little Rock Red Cross for guarantee of loan. They replied that he left Prescott vs medical advice, worker familiar with case. If he could be readmitted to hospital they would reimburse us for Charity Rate tickets to Prescott and meals enroute, but refused any other assistance.

Reves was furious because this was the only assistance offered him and he stated he would "knock on" the Red Cross every opportunity.

We presume he went on his way. It might be well for Red Cross Chapters to inform their Home Charity Organizations of the circumstances surrounding this case. There are many such individuals traveling constantly over the country, never stopping anywhere long enough to receive any benefits in any way.

Telegram to Little Rock

September 25, 1925

C-741-649

American Red Cross    Little Rock, Arkansas


Lynette Mathews,
See'y.
American Red Cross,
Little Rock, Arkansas:

(Regarding Marshall C. Reves.)

Dear Co-Worker:

We thank you very much for your prompt answer to our wire; we urged Reves to return to Prescott but he would not hear of doing so. He states he is wearing a cast for T. B. spine. That the head of the Veterans' Bureau advised him that he needed a specialist on his case and that he would have to go to Washington. Intimated that they did not know just what treatment was necessary. We tried to tell him that the Bureau would send him to the proper hospital if other treatment was necessary, but he insisted that the head man of Bureau told him the best thing for him to do was to go to Washington.

He felt pretty sore and said he swore would knock the Red Cross whenever he had opportunity. That they had given him a raw deal and had mixed up the claim. Said he knew he would get satisfaction in Washington. He said there were three things the matter with him, T. B. spine, tubercular lungs, and one other thing he did not care to mention. (We guessed either mental or a syphilic infection but said nothing to him.)

Very Sincerely,

Lynette Mathews, Sec'y.
If you ever hear from Prescott in regard to the case we would like to know why man left, etc. We are interested in knowing the "whys", of these transient cases. We would write them direct but fancy you are in touch with them and no need for another chapter to write.

Telegram From Little Rock

Confirmation Copy

Little Rock, Ark.

Miss Mathews, Sec'y.
American Red Cross,
Hutchinson, Kansas.

Regarding Marshall Reves. Man left Veterans' Hosp. #50 Prescott, Arizona vs medical advice. Stop workers there familiar with claim. If man can be re-admitted and will return we will reimburse you for charity rate ticket to Prescott and meals enroute. We refuse any other assistance.

American Red Cross

Charge to American Red Cross,
414 West 2nd St., Little Rock, Ark.
Oct. 9, 1925,
Little Rock, Ark.,
American Red Cross.

Miss Mathews,
American Red Cross,
Hutchinson, Kansas.

My dear Miss Mathews:

I'm enclosing, herewith, a report on the above named soldier received from the St. Louis chapter, together with a copy of a letter received from the soldier himself.

Sincerely,
Executive Sec'y.

St. Louis, Mo.,
American Red Cross,
2221 Locust St.,
Oct. 5, 1925

Executive Sec'y,
American Red Cross,
Little Rock, Ark.

My dear Miss Reddick:

Mr. Reves arrived in our city in the morning of Oct. 2 and came to our office requesting financial
assistance. He informed us that he was at Whipple Barracks from Oct. 13-24 to Sept. 7-25 on which date left vs advice as he was unable to secure the specialized treatment he felt was needed for his condition. We referred him with much protest on his part to the Veterans' Bureau as we believed that if his condition warranted, arrangements could be made for emergency hospitalization and sent you a wire as follows:

Marshall Reves stranded here. Left Whipple Barracks vs advise. Has heavy cast on. Diagnosis pulmonary and spine T. B. Referred Regional Office today for emergency hospitalization if not granted will you authorize temporary care sending receipt file from Phoenix. Give Post Office address seven fifteen half Main north, Little Rock. Wire immediately.

Yours in reply was:----

Regarding Marshall Reves we will reimburse you for temporary care. Do not give him money. Writing.

Your wire was received just before Mr. Reves returned to the office asking that we give temporary care until he is rested enough to go on to the hospital at Maywood, Illinois, or Walter Reed (he is undecided)
as his Mecca. The Veterans' Bureau reported over
the phone that he could not be classed as an emergency
but they volunteered to send him to a Soldiers' Home
which suggestion he ignored.

We talked with Mr. Reeves at length and as
he would not follow any constructive plan we suggested,
we refused all assistance and sent him to the Central
Bureau for transient men for meals and lodgings. The
following day the Midwestern Branch sent to us a com-
plete report which we felt justified our action of the
2nd, to refuse assistance even though authorized by
you. He returned to the office to know if we had heard
from you and we again went into the situation thorough-
ly to let him see that we were willing to help him but
only if there was in sight some constructive plan where-
by he might be benefitted either medically or financially.

We explained to him that if he was not an
emergency he could not be hospitalized pending receipt
of his folder, which procedure would take at least two
weeks and temporary assistance in the meantime would be
given only if we felt reasonably certain that he would
accept any attention offered by the Veterans' Bureau.
The following were among arrangements we were willing
to consider:

Transportation to Chicago if Veterans' Bureau
would assure hospitalization at Maywood, Illinois. (Authorization to be requested through you.)

Transportation to Little Rock. (Authorization requested through you.)

Temporary care if folder be transferred here and hospitalization at Jefferson Barracks accepted when offered. (Authorization already received.)

Every suggestion was turned down with remarks that our organization did not wish to help him and was simply interested in having him committed to an insane asylum.

Mr. Reves probably will leave our city today and doubtless you will hear from him through some other chapters.

We thank you for your prompt attention to our wire.

Yours truly,
Director,
Home Service Section.

St. Louis, Mo.,
October 4, 1925

My Dear Miss Reddick:

It seems that the Red Cross are all very bitterly opposed to my going to the Walter Reed
Hospital at Washington, D. C., for my examination.

Now I am going there for no other purpose but an examination. When I am examined there it will settle all the argument regarding my disability. I can't dispute their decision. You can't dispute it and none of the Veterans' Bureau doctors in the other hospitals can dispute it.

My papers will all be in Washington when I get there I am pretty sure. While I don't think you have ever taken an interest in my case or ever tried to help me yet I think there is some important points in my case of which you are ignorant through the fault of the Red Cross at Whipple, Arizona. It is not to my interest to misrepresent anything and I have not done so at any time or to any one. I am going to give you just a few facts in my case you probably know nothing about.

Dr. Christian, my former ward surgeon and now Chief Surgeon at the new hospital at Livermore, California, who had charge of the bone cases when I was admitted at Whipple, made a statement of my special trouble which was put on another Reeves' chart (Joseph H. Reeves). However, I have an affidavit from him. He states that the only sure way of deciding whether I have active T. B. of the spine or not is by an operation. (They can't or won't do this at Whipple.)
In the reports in my ward there is a statement signed by Dr. Brooks, Chief Surgeon, (at Whipple) pronouncing my spinal condition as T. B. But two other doctors in the same report said differently. Now both at Whipple and at Phoenix. They have a statement by a Board pronouncing my spinal condition as T. B. arrested.

Mr. Walker (Regional Manager Veterans' Bureau, Phoenix) told me personally in the presence of two witnesses, one of them being the present commander of D. A. W's at Whipple, that they were not prepared for it there and the doctors there could not agree upon it.

Now if you care to investigate this you will find this is a fair, square statement without any exaggeration or coloring or twisting of facts in any way. If you are anyways fair toward me you cannot object to my wishing to have this thing settled, as the five years is well past. I believe that the Red Cross at Little Rock and other places has been more unfair to me and done more vs me than the Veterans' Bureau has.

In every instance they seem to have been working for the Veterans' Bureau. They have been harder to convince that I was entitled to compensation than the Veterans' Bureau. They have never believed anything I have told them even after I proved it. Now under these conditions as they now exist they are try-
ing to keep me from getting a full examination.

When I get to Washington I think all my papers will be there and I can at least prove every-thing I have told anyone on this trip is true. And the chances are pretty good that they will find plenty of active T. B. in my spine when they examine me. Now I am telling this story just like I am writing it wherever I go, but the Red Cross at Whipple (I suppose) is writing to places where they think I will probably call and giving them a story which makes them believe that no part of my story is true. I am keeping notes of every place I call or just what they tell me. I keep dates and the name of the parties I talk with and get all the information I can from them. I am going to take this matter up later with my senator if necessary but of course I can do nothing under the conditions and I could not now disprove any statement they might make.

But when the time does come I am sure going to try awful hard to have some one discharged from the service. Now please remember I am going to Washington for an examination. I don't expect you to help me and I don't really care much. Of course if you wanted to see me get justice you would want me to have an examination that could not be questioned. You cannot deny
that I have plenty of ground for wishing this examination. Now you can do just what you please but I am sure going to make an awful effort to get to Washington.

M. C. Reves.

Sept. 29, 1925
Little Rock, Ark.,
Red Cross

Miss Mathews,
American Red Cross,
Hutchinson, Kans.

My Dear Miss Mathews:

I am enclosing herewith a copy of the report which we received from the American Red Cross at Whipple Barracks regarding this soldier. I am also sending a copy of a letter which I received from him this A. M. He has been a very troublesome person to deal with. We have really spent a great deal of time trying to get affidavits for him and several were obtained. One affidavit could not be located. But he seems to have forgotten that.

Very sincerely yours,
Executive Secretary,
Helen Reddick.
Sept. 12-'26

Please reply,

"Attention Mrs. Malone". (Strictly confidential)

Reves, Marshall -- 0-741, 649
Father: Dr. Marshall Reves,
Murillo, Ark.

Miss Helen Reddick,
Ex. Sec'y, American Red Cross,
Little Rock, Arkansas.

My dear Miss Reddick:

You will recall our previous correspondence regarding the above named man. Our last letter from you was under date of June 13th at which time you stated you could not secure further affidavit in connection with the Reves claim unless patient could furnish additional names of people who would be willing to make affidavits. Since our last letter to you, claimant has received word that the previous disallowance of his claim for compensation will remain in force.

As you know we have exhausted every source of information in order to substantiate patient's claim for compensation on the grounds of disability of tuberculosis. Reves has no tuberculosis and our worker who has been handling his case ever since his admittance to this hospital has worked indefatigably in order to con-
neat his disability with service. She has met with no cooperation from him. Reves is not only unappreciative but has antagonized the medical authorities here and has been an extremely difficult case to handle. Patient was determined that he would not accept compensation on the grounds of neuropsychiatric condition and this closed the only possible avenue of his award of compensation. From our close observation and contact with the man we justifiably feel that he is a mental case. Our worker very kindly offered to present Reves' case before the Rating Board. She was very conversant with his cause. However, as an instance of his inappreciativeness and irascibility at the last moment he decided to let another patient represent him. This patient has presumed to adjust compensation for other claimants and usually succeeds in complicating their situations.

Reves recently requested a transfer to Walter Reed Hospital at Washington, D. C. He felt that this hospital was not equipped to diagnose and treat such cases as his. This transfer was refused on the grounds of inadequate medical reasons and he could not be furnished transportation to Washington; neither could he be given transportation to his home at Little Rock as he had previously gone A. W. & L. from another hos-
pital. His diagnosis at the time of his discharge showed that his pulmonary T. B. moderately advanced, was arrested. He had a spinal condition, arthritis, eighth dorsal spine. Slight ankylosis of lumbar spine. He had no T. B. infection of the spine. He had two other conditions—chronic tonsilitis and chronic pharyngitis. Reeves left here at five o'clock, Monday A.M., September 7th. He told the patients in his ward, Red Cross worker, and ward surgeon that he was going to walk to Washington. However he contemplated getting a great many rides on his way. We of course could not advance him any money for expenses, but we learned from his roommate that he had a little sum of money when he started which he had evidently begged or had given him by the boys on the ward. We feel that on his trip to Washington he will, upon every possible occasion, give the impression that he has been terribly mistreated at the hands of Veterans' Bureau and the Red Cross and it may be that his situation will attract sentimental interest of the public. Therefore we have prepared a circular letter as we feel that other Red Cross chapters should be warned vs this man. We are enclosing a very complete resume of the case which was prepared by the worker who has handled his situation since he came to this hospital in October 1924. This information will initiate you for any further contact
you may have with Reeves and furnish material which
may be needed to combat any public feeling which
Reeves may arouse with his stories enroute to Washing-
ton.

Thanking you for your cooperation in this
case,

Very truly yours,
Otto S. Lund,
Director of Red Cross.

P. S. We have man's original discharge on file.
If he contacts you please advise immediately where
to forward same.

Newton, Kansas,
Sept. 24, '25.

Dear Miss Reddick:

I think that was a rather mean trick you
played on me today, however, I have learned to ex-
pect all kinds of tricks from the Red Cross anywhere
I go. I sure advertise them the best I can wherever
I go. Of course you knew I wasn't going back to
Prescott. You knew I had an excellent reason for
leaving there. Sure it would please you and the Red
Cross at Prescott for me to go back there. When I
get to Washington the Red Cross there is probably
going to wonder why several things have been omitted in handling my claim. There has been no one handling my claim but the Red Cross until very recently and they have never made the slightest attempt to really do anything for me.

How about the affidavit I have been trying to get from Mr. Neely. He has known me for years and the first work I done after I was discharged was with him. I have tried repeatedly to get you to get an affidavit from him. I told you from the first you could not get an affidavit from him except by seeing him personally. He lives in sight of your place (1415 E. Wash. Ave.) yet in four years time you have made no attempt to see him. I could hardly get all the affidavits I need even if I "hoboed" back there in the condition my health is in. Then I would have to go a couple of thousand miles more to Washington. So I am making one trip to do it all. If I can get in the Walter Reed Hospital at Washington, D. C., then you will not dare refuse to make some attempt to get an affidavit or two for me. Also I would like some explanation for some one, as to why you suggested that I do not get a statement from Dr. J. Watkins. Who could it help if I don't get one? Who could it help if I do get one? I have a statement from him. The Red Cross has done a whole lot vs me and I firmly be-
lieve that they will continue to do all they can to keep me from getting compensation and medical attention until I get to Washington. The Red Cross at Prescott have been doing everything in their power to get me sent to an insane institution. Not because they think it would benefit me but to get rid of what little I cost them. Mr. Walker (Manager of the Veterans' Bureau at Phoenix) told me in the presence of two witnesses that they must have me before specialists before they could agree on my disability and until then they could do nothing about my compensation. They have no specialists in Arizona. They refused to transfer me where they were. Why are you interested in keeping me away from them? Please answer this one. Who will gain anything by keeping me away from them? The Veterans' Bureau for one. I am going just where I started. The Red Cross is not going to stop me. I can get there without their help if necessary. They have worked with me all the time so I expect them to continue to do so. But it will do no good. You can't keep me from getting compensation much longer and it certainly would be a joke on you if when I get to Washington you were forced to actually help me in my claim. Look out, it is possible.

I sure don't think much of the Red Cross.

No matter if it is raining every day and I haven't
got a penny, I am going on to where I can get justice.
I have gone forty miles after receiving your communi-
cation this afternoon. No, you can't stop me.

Oct. 2, 1925
Reves, Marshall C. 741-649

Miss Helen Reddick,
American Red Cross Executive Sec'y,
Little Rock, Arkansas.

Dear Miss Reddick:

We wish to thank you for your letter enclos-
ing report on the above named man. We will greatly
appreciate it if you will let us know the outcome of
this case provided Reves does go to Washington. His
case would be a very good example for those traveling
around claiming to be seeking justice. We have a few
cases of our own similar to Reves', only perhaps worse.
Robert Stanford is our star glob's trotter; he travels
constantly. If you have not contact with him, it must
be an accident. He makes it a point to never remain
anywhere long enough for any one to obtain a report on
him or to have any guardian appointed for him, there-
fore, he never received any compensation— he would rather
keep on the move.

Yours very truly,

Lynette Mathews,
Sec'y. Home Service.
I shall point out very briefly the results, in a general way, of my own investigation with a few others to help in determining what kind of men hobos seem to be.

(1) The majority of hobos are young men. From my own study of 148 cases, upon which, we could base only a very tentative conclusion, this is true; the ages range from 15 to 78 years. Three boys were 15 years of age while one man was 78 years of age. There were 14 men 22 years of age which was the highest number of frequencies. The arithmetic mean was 33.4 years.

The following are age groups of the men:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>AGES</th>
<th>NUMBER</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>15 to 19</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 &quot; 24</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25 &quot; 29</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30 &quot; 39</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40 &quot; 49</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50 &quot; 59</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60 &quot; 69</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70 or over</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Thus we see 102 men are between 15 and 40 years of age.
Reports from various Red Cross chapters in Kansas show the majority of hobos, with whom they had come in contact, were between the ages of 20 to 30 years.

Mrs. Solenberger's study shows 129 men between the ages of 20 and 24 which is the largest number in any one group, in a total group of one thousand homeless men. From 60 years of age to 70 and over there were 132 men, which shows that old men are also homeless. They usually belong to the confirmed wanderer class. Nels Anderson's interviews with 400 men shows 183 of them were between 20 and 34 years of age.

(2) The majority of hobos are Americans. Mrs. Solenberger's data shows 625 out of 1000 homeless men are Americans, and 588 were born of American parents. The Germans (92), English (66), Irish (61) furnished the largest number other than the Americans. My study shows twenty-eight of the men were not Americans.

This study is taken from the men's own stories and may not be true in all cases. It might also be interesting to note that only four of the forty-eight life histories were of men who were foreign born.

1 Nels Anderson, The Hobo, p. 151
(5) Hobos are single men. The following figures throw some light on this conclusion:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NUMBER OF MEN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Single</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Married</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Divorced</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Separated</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Widowed</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Mrs. Solenberger found 740 single men out of 1000 cases; 76 were married, 116 widowed, 15 divorced, 49 separated, 2 unknown.

(4) The hobo has about a sixth grade education. The following data of my investigation may prove interesting:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MEN</th>
<th>GRADE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>completed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Mrs. Solenberger found 872 men out of 1000 had some common school education, 52 were illiterate,
51 had attended college, and the remaining 25 were classed as unknown.

(5) The hobo is probably of average intelligence. I find, generally, they are humorous, fluent talkers, and seemingly they are no different intellectually from the ordinary laymen one meets on the street. They have traveled widely and have had a variety of experience on the road.

Glenn Johnson gave the Stanford revision of the Binet-Simon test to 107 hobos in Portland and comparing these results with those of 653 unselected army men, which were given the same test, we find the general intelligence somewhat higher among hobos.

The following table shows the results of the test:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MENTAL AGE</th>
<th>ARMY GROUP</th>
<th>UNEMPLOYED</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>0.2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>0.3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>0.8</td>
<td>1.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>3.4</td>
<td>1.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>9.5</td>
<td>3.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>10.1</td>
<td>6.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>10.6</td>
<td>5.7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 Solenberger, One Thousand Homeless Men, p. 20
2 Journal of Delinquency, II (1917), p. 59-73
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MENTAL AGE</th>
<th>ARMY GROUP</th>
<th>UNEMPLOYED</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>12.4</td>
<td>8.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>10.6</td>
<td>16.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>11.8</td>
<td>18.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>9.6</td>
<td>11.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>8.3</td>
<td>9.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>7.2</td>
<td>7.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>5.2</td>
<td>7.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>0.8</td>
<td>2.9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 In Mrs. Solenberger's study we find 89 men out of 1000 cases were feebleminded, epileptic, or insane. Ben L. Reitman, King of the Hobos, thinks the old "stall", "Lady, will you please", has passed away and we no more hear on the road the stupid or idle talk of the moron or half-wit, but they discuss anthropology, birth control, sex matters, etc.  

(6) The hobo is not religious; more than half of them found in my study belonged to no church and the Catholics furnished the largest number of those who were church members.  

The data are as follows:

---

1 Solenberger, p. 88, 89
Belonging to no church       92
Catholics               21
Methodists              8
Baptists                8
Christians              4
Presbyterians           4
Mormons                 4
Unitarians              3
United Brethren          2
Christian Science        2
Total                       148

(7) The occupations of homeless men are chiefly of unskilled nature. In this study of 148 men, 98 were classed as unskilled or partly skilled; 38 were classed as skilled workers and 12 as business or professional men. Mrs. Solenberger found 443 out of 1000 men studied were partly skilled or unskilled; 128 had no work record and 7 were classed as miscellaneous. In other words 578 men were ranked below the skilled trades.

(8) If citizenship can be determined by voting the hobo is not a very good citizen. Out of the 148 men studied only 18 had voted in their lives; 8 of them voting in 1920 election. About half of
them had no local residence and those who had, said it wouldn't do any good if they did vote. They told me that one vote wouldn't "throw" an election. They seem to have no desire to vote. Nels Anderson found in a study of 400 tramps only 48 voted in 1920.

(9) The health of the hobo is another phase of this problem which deserves some attention. Mrs. Alice Solenberger's study is the best made along this line. An interesting investigation was carried on by Mrs. Solenberger, one thousand men were studied and the report shows about two thirds of the 1000 cases were physically or mentally defective. This study was made of homeless men who actually applied for relief and is therefore not typical of the majority and was not given to individuals who applied unless they were willing to be examined by a physician. These examinations were made at St. Luke's and other south side hospitals in Chicago, by private physician and in doubtful cases by a specialist or several physicians.

The following table is given by Mrs. Solenberger (page 36) which shows defects and diseases among 627 men.

---


2 Note: There are 732 instances and 627 cases. Some of the men have more than one disorder.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONDITION</th>
<th>NUMBER OF INSTANCES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Insanity</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feeblemindedness</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epilepsy</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paralysis</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other Nervous Disorders</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuberculosis</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rheumatism</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Venereal Disease</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other Infectious Diseases</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diseases of organs other than the heart</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crippled, maimed, or deformed from birth or accident</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rupture</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cancer</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blind including partly blind</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deaf including partly deaf</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Defective health--through use of drink and drugs</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Defective health through lack of nourishment and other causes</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Convalescent</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aged</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All other diseases or defects</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doubtful</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Instances</td>
<td>722</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Men in defective health or condition, 627.

Part of these diseases were acquitted in municipal lodging houses in Chicago because of unsanitary conditions existing there.

We find 254 of these men were crippled and 34% of this number were crippled by disease. The following table (found on page 46, Solengerger, "One Thousand Homeless Men") shows the causes of crippling:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Disease</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Paralysis</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rheumatism</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Locomotor Ataxia</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuberculosis</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Venereal Disease</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Others</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>86</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Nature of work was responsible for only three causes of paralysis while only one half of them were self supporting before their stroke. Of the 18 men crippled by rheumatism 8 of them were affected by a certain type of work.

It was found that most of the men crippled by accident were themselves at fault, only 55 men out of 254 claimed to be crippled from work and these claims were found to be unjust. From my own investi-
igation and many others it seems safe to assume, about 90% are injured elsewhere than at work. Of the 113 men crippled by accident or from birth 49 belonged to the temporary dependent class, 27 were chronically dependent, 31 parasitic and the remaining six were unclassified.

The following case is interesting in that it shows how an accident may affect the life of an individual.

A young man went to Chicago for employment. He was rather above the average lodging house man and therefore looked up a rooming house in a respectable part of town and had his trunk sent there. On the way to promised work he climbed onto a railroad embankment which lay between him and the factory just beyond the tracks. If he had walked a block in either direction he would have passed under the embankment, but this he did not know. Just as he reached the top his hat blew off and without glancing in either direction he sprang forward to catch it. As he did so he was struck by an express train and hurled many feet. When he recovered consciousness at the County Hospital, two days later, he found that one leg had already been amputated and that the use of his right leg was gone. Six weeks later he was dismissed from the hospital and made his

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1 Solenberger, One Thousand Homeless Men, p. 46
way with difficulty to the rooming house, only to find his trunk had long before been sold for storage and that the blood stained and torn garments he had on were his only possessions. Among the thousand cases Mrs. Solenberger studied, she did not recall a man whose mental anguish was greater than this man's when he first realized that at 28 years of age he was crippled for life, and that moment he was penniless in a strange city, where he must either ask charitable help or die. No care or tastefulness could lessen his bitterness of grief, the agony of humiliation he suffered. It was sometime before he could be persuaded to return to the little eastern city from which he came. He had left it full of strength, energy and health, the thought of returning a burden on his mother and friends was more than he could endure. A peg leg and cane were made for him and he soon was able to walk without crutches.

The Superintendent of the Associated Charities of his home town was interested in this case and he was given half rate transportation back to his home knowing that he could obtain work. He has been self-supporting since his return.

Out of 86 men studied, 46 were entirely self-supporting before injury while only 3 were self-
supporting after being injured. Much of the begging of cripples is done from choice, or rather habit, than dire necessity. Once started they follow it as a life's work.

Although many mental and physical defects were found among hobos this does not prevent them from working. A study of 15 investigators made upon 1,500 men by the Municipal Lodging House in New York City showed 90% of these men were able to work. About one out of the ten men studied by our own investigation had noticeable defects which would prevent them from working.

The Chicago Health Department estimated 10% of homeless men are infected with venereal disease. From stories of these men this disease is due in part to lack of proper precautions to protect himself after exposure. The man knows he has gonorrhea or syphilis but he waits until the disease is well advanced before he engages a physician's services. He tries drug store remedies or those recommended by his friends and only when they fail does he go to the physician for assistance, even then he stops treatment as soon as the active stages are past.

In the spring of 1924 I made a number of trips to Kansas City and I found one very interesting
case of venereal infection at the General Hospital.

One hobo said that fourteen years ago while intoxicated he contracted syphilis. He was able at that time to put on a "white front". He made the acquaintance of a lady minister and he said that he contracted the disease from her. He stated that seven years ago the attack came on him which was the first time after the initial attack and he was treated in a hospital at Denver, Colorado. This was the second attack (noticeable effects) after contracting the disease and he said physicians did not expect him to live. His body was a mass of sores and although clean sheets were on his bed they seemed to him very rough.

Another very interesting case found here was that of a "fly by night" who had been hit on the head. His story was very vividly impressed upon me. He was walking west of Kansas City out of the yards and very suddenly he heard some one curse him and he was unconscious for some time. He regained consciousness and walked up the track some distance when a "Railroad Bull" found him and had him sent to the hospital. There was a pool of blood on the ground where he had lain and the wound was bleeding when he arrived at the hospital. He was very weak from the loss of blood and several stitches were taken on his head. He was under
the care of a young doctor from the University of Kansas, with whom I was acquainted. I inquired about his condition and was informed that he probably would live, his case was complicated by a syphilitic infection and his life would be short.

There is a possibility that more of these men have gonorrheal infections, but will not admit they have been infected. A number of young men informed me that a "dose of apple" was no worse than a "bad cold." They do not understand the effect produced by these venereal diseases.

Only two men said they contracted this disease from sheets, towels, and toilets. This may be true as physicians and nurses do sometimes contract the disease in the ordinary performance of their duties, but in talking with many men I found in 99 cases out of 100 the disease was contracted by sexual intercourse with prostitutes.

We may feel fairly safe in stating that the hobo is a homeless, voteless, jobless, young American, with average intelligence, health, and education, who is irreligious and unskilled.

This gives us some fairly adequate conceptions as to who hobos are, but it is probably just as important to know how he lives. We shall now pass on to the second part of the thesis.
CHAPTER II

HOW DO HOBOS LIVE?

A hobo does not ride in pullmans and dining cars, stay at the best hotels, attend the best shows, or read good books. He has no home and is not generally the owner of an automobile, but he rides in box cars, sleeps in cheap rooming houses, strawstacks, jails, barns, parks, or sheds; eats in the "jungles" (a place near a city or town where hobos eat and sleep and pass their leisure time. The jungle furnishes face to face contacts which are not seen in the city. They are usually near a railroad track and are located about one half mile from a city or town. Water is usually nearby where the hobo may wash his clothing. The jungle is to the hobo what a social center is to a community, or in cheap restaurants. He amuses himself by composing or reciting poems, watching people pass by on the street, attending cheap shows or burlesques, singing, playing cards, and talking with his fellows. He reads old magazines and papers that have been thrown away, and passes them on to some of his group. Jack London's and Vance Lindsey's books are widely read, also books on jokes, short story magazines, riddles, detective stories, and cards. He reads the "Hobo
News", "Voice of Labor", "Weekly People", "Truth", "Industrial Worker", "Industrial Solidarity", "Dearborn Independent", etc. A few men try to write plays and novels but very few are ever seen in print. A few "literary" essays on life find their way into the columns of the "Hobo News".

The hobo may watch people pass by on the street eagerly studying each one. I have been in their midst many times and have heard a number of conversations. They are looking for some "keen" form to pass along the street and then argue why one form is "keener" than another. This may lead to a discussion of their sex problems. They may talk about the labor situation, "running" the government, jobs, what towns are "easy", tell about their past experiences on the road, (drinking, being arrested, fighting, "falling" in love, etc.).

The older men always talk about their better days. A young man listening to their conversations soon learns many geographical facts. He knows something about most of the cities in the United States, what railroads to ride, what towns are easy to live in, and he learns something about the fluctuations in industry and many other things.

The young hobo is not able to understand the
meaning of many terms used by his group, but he soon learns enough of their "lingo" to translate it. The hobo uses many terms that most people would not understand, unless they had spent some time on the road.

I have heard many terms used and I shall make an attempt to define a few of them. They are very important to the hobo, being a socializing influence and defensive and resourceful. They unify his experiences as they are short, colorful and full of meaning. In his conversation, ballads, and songs, they furnish a very strong form of group solidarity.

According to standard English these terms are linguistic--non-conformities. The hobo seems to have always had his "cant".

The following are a few of the terms commonly used by hobos; I have heard them used many times on the road as a hobo, also in my study of them:

A Bing--a hypodermic
Bum Lumps--asking for food
Buzzing--making the "jungle", a place for those men who eat the food left by others.
Buzzards--those who eat food left by others.
Barrel House--a cheap hotel
Beatit--move along
Ballyhooing--mission workers playing drums on the streets.
Cat House--house of prostitution
Blow In--a man who has just arrived in a city or town.
Bennies--overcoats
Big Jumps--traveling long distances without stopping.
Booze Roister--one who gets drunk.
Batter--to beg
Bouncer--a man who awakens hobos.
Bunk--sleep
Bad Actor--a nuisance to the folks at home who give him money to stay away.
Beanery--a cheap restaurant
Bundle Bums--men who carry their own beds.
Blind--a mail car without a door in the end.
Catting in--using another's camp fire.
Crimpy Weather--inclement weather.
Carry the Banner--a man not able to sleep in a bed.
Coke Heads or Snow Birds--cocaine users
Chuck or Sous--food
Cages—rooms in cheap hotels
Con or Cony—railroad conductor
Dino—one who works with dynamite.
Drop Up—to walk
Drop In—to step inside
Drag—a slow freight train
Dicks, Bulls, or Harness Bulls—railroad detectives
Ditched—left behind (They ditched me)
Does—a kind of cheating (Every boss does me for something)
Divvy—divide
Decks—rides
Fags or Fairies—boys who exploit sex for profit.
Flipping Trains—jumping on or off moving trains.
Free Lances—evangelists who adhere to no special creed.
Frisk—to search
Front—good clothes
Flop—a place to sleep or try to sleep.
Gooseberry—clothes line
Get By—anything to live
Gump—an egg (Frisk the hen house for a gump).

Gem—a needle to inject morphine

Hay bag—a woman

Hit the Grit—to walk or run

Hock—pawn shop

Home Guard—an old man who stays in a certain section of a city.

Jungle—the rendezvous of the homeless man, usually the place where he eats; he may also sleep there.

Java—coffee

Jack, Kale, or Roll—money

Jiggers or Bugs—a pretended affliction

Jocker or Wolf—one who exploits the sex of boys.

Junkie—a man who uses a needle to inject morphine or heroin.

Jesus Screamers—religious workers

Light Pieces—change

Main Stem or Main Drag—the main street upon which hobos live.

Man Catchers or Labor Sharks—employment agents

Manifest—meat train
Mornings Morning—drinking intoxicating liquor in the morning.
Moocher—one who begs food.
Mission Stiff—old helpless man
Mush Faker—an umbrella mender
Nip His Bings—steal his purse
Oozed away—left in a very quiet manner.
Pan Handler—an able bodied beggar
Peddler—local freight
Pulled—discovered
Punk or Lamb—a boy whose sex is exploited by older men.
Puller In—company agent
Picard—a man converted for food only.
Red Ball—a fast freight train
Rust Eater—a steel worker
Rattler—freight train
Scissor Bill—a man who sharpens saws, razors, knives, etc.
Splinter Belly—a carpenter
Sluffed Money—money spent foolishly
Shacks—railroad men
Sit Down—a meal
Stool Pigeon—a squealer
Ship—to be sent somewhere
Spell—time
Stoop Tobacco—cigar stub.
Snipe or Gerry—one who works on the section
Second Raters—low class prostitutes
Skinners—mule drivers
Slave Market—employment agencies
Shovel Stiff—construction workman
Short End—smallest amount
Throw Together, Mulligan, or Combination—a mixture of several kinds of food.
Tank Town—a town where trains stop for coal or water.
Turkey Yell—a drunken yell imitating a turkey.
Two Cent Doser, Tomato Can Vamps, Gay Cats,
Ding Bat, Grease Tail, Fuzzy Tail, Stew Bums,
Comet Perfesh—tramp
Vag—vagrant or vagabond
Wise Virgin—men who save money in summer for winter use.

A very good example of the hobo’s language is found in the answer that a vagrant made to the questions of a judge. “Well, Judge, we hits town on a rattler and dropped up the main drag to mooch a few
sous. We get the coin and drops into a beanery.
Then some stool pigeon tips us off to the harness
bulls. He drops in and pitches into us and here we
is." The vagrant meant to say that they came into the
city on a train and walked up the business section to
beg some money to buy food. They went into a rest-
aurant to eat and someone told the plain clothes police
that hobos were in the restaurant. The officer took
them into custody.

In making a brief survey of "hobohemia" in
Kansas City especially of cheap hotels and restaurants,
I found, in general, very unsanitary conditions, de-
plorable toilet facilities (in some of these places
they go "cut back"), meals served that are far below
the average caloric value. Washbasins and bath facil-
ities are very poor and in three places I found roller
towels. Bed bugs, cock roaches, and lice are bred and
thrive remarkably well in these places.

As said above the hobo's sex relations are
illicit. In all the cheap hotels there are prostitutes
(second raters) who do a great deal of "hustling". I
found seven prostitutes in one hotel and they were
certainly bedraggled creatures. It is not strange that
a number of hobos have venereal diseases. Homosexuality
is practiced in some of these places. A few boys found
in those places have commercialized themselves, which, according to the report of the Vice Commission of Chicago (1911) does not as a rule produce bodily disease. Intoxicating liquor is sold in most of these places. There are many pawn shops and old clothes stores that hobos patronize. (Most hobos go to hoboemias in cities in winter.)

The hobo has no permanent friends. The young man who moves to a new community without introductions or connections which will bring him quickly into his new social relationships discards a part of his working capital. Hobo signs do not help much in doing this. If he has a business or professional opening or special type of service to render, which may be as important as friends, he may fare well, as these friendships may be made later. But when he comes into a community as a homeless man he has no such asset; and if sickness or accident overtake him, without funds, he has put it out of his power to return to his home or call upon his former friends.

Being without friends the hobo spends a great deal of his time writing poems and songs. They are able to recite many poems from memory. The hobo not only composes them himself, sometimes behind the
bars, but he recites or sings those composed by others. I have heard many poems and songs while on the road. It might be interesting to write a few of these poems and songs for they contribute a great deal to our understanding of hobo life. Hobos sometimes sing drinking songs, parlor songs, songs of occupation, smutty songs, etc. I have heard such songs as "The Ladies", "Harvest War Song", "Auld Lang Syne", "The Tramp", "Yes, We Have No Bananas", "Rye Whiskey", "In The Morning", "Little Brown Jug", "The Preacher And The Slave", "Portland County Jail", "One Keg of Beer", "Burgler Boy", etc. A few songs in detail are as follows:

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, I know you of old, 
You rob my poor pockets of silver and gold.
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, you're no friend to me, 
You killed my old daddy, Gad Damn you try me,
I'm a rambler and a gambler and a long ways from home,
And those who don't like me can leave me alone, etc.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and Auld Lang Syne!

Chorus:
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne,
And surely ye'll be your pint storop! These two lines are variations from the common version.
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll take a cup of kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne.

IN THE MORNING

The cocktail is a pleasant drink
It's mild and harmless, I don't think?
When you've had one you call for two,
And then you don't care what you do.
Last night I hoisted twenty-three
Of these arrangements into me;
My wealth increased, I swelled with pride;
I was pickled, primed, and ossified.
Last night at twelve I felt immense,
Today I feel like fifteen cents.
At four I sought my whirling bed,
At eight I woke with such a head!
It is no time for mirth or laughter
The cold, gray dawn of the morning after. Etc.

LITTLE BROWN JUG

Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis you and me.
Little brown jug don't I love thee?
If I had a cow that gave such milk
I'd dress her in the finest silk.
Feed her on the choicest hay!
For I could treat her no other way.
Little brown jug, etc.

THE BURGLAR BOY

Once there was a burglar boy,
who thought he'd rob a house;
He crept in through the window
As quiet as a mouse.
He thought of all the money he'd get
As under the bed he lay,
The clock struck nine, he saw a sight
That made his hair turn gray.

At nine o'clock, the old maid came home
Oh! I'm so tired she said,
But thinking that night that all was right,
She never looked under the bed.

She took out her teeth and her bun glass eye,
And the hair from off her head;
The burglar boy had seventeen fits,
As he looked from under the bed.

From under the bed the burglar crept,
He was a total wreck,
But the old maid was wide awake
And grabbed him by the neck.

She never screamed or hollered at all
But just as cool as a clam,
She said my prayers have been answered,
At last I've got a man.

She took down her revolver,
She turned to him and said,
"Young man, you've got to marry me
Or I'll blow off the top of your head."

He looked at her teeth and her bum glass eye,
He saw no chance to shoot;
He looked at the hair from off her head
And said, "For cat's sake shoot."

This gives us some idea of the type of songs
the hobo sings.

The following are a few brief poems that all
boss know by "heart".

My heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not do without you;
Now we've lived three months asunder
How I lived with you is a wonder.

A toast—a health, since here we are:
The glory of a sound cigar!
Another, now that here we're not:
The solace of a cigarette!
A third, now since the time is ripe:
The puffing of a fragrant pipe!
And, lastly let this be bespoke
The joys of good tobacco smoke!

Late last night I slew my wife,
Stretched her on the parquet flooring;
I was loath to take her life
But I had to stop her snoring.

Father heard his children scream,
So he threw them in the stream
Saying, as he drowned the third
"Children should be seen, not heard!"

Misfortunes never come single
And so, like the birds of a feather,
The marriages and the deaths are
Always printed together.

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay
Lies Arabella Young
Who on the 24th of May
Began to hold her tongue.
There once was a maid from Siam
Who said to her lover King Kiam
"If you kiss me of course,
You will have to use force,
But God knows you are stronger than I am."

Here's to those who love us,
And here's to those who don't
A smile for those who are will to,
And a tear for those who won't.

Here is a riddle most obstruse:
Canst read the answer right?
Why is it that my tongue grows loose
Only when I grow tight.

**I OUGHT TO BE A POET**

Rhymer Byron was a rake--
Shakespeare often hit the bottle;
Burns was always on the skids,
Pouring liquor down his throttle;
Poe was pickled night and day;
"Oh, you kid!" was Villon's war cry;
Take the list across the way.
And the same was not a far cry:
Goldsmith never had a cent,
Shelley jumped his board and lodging;
Same old bunch across the slope,
Little coin—but game to blow it,—
Seems to us from all this dope,
That we would also make a poet.

JOE HILL'S IMMORTAL POEM

The night before Joseph Hilstrom, the noted
I.W.W. poet was executed by the state of Utah, November 19, 1915, a reporter, wishing to gain an interview with Hill, went to the jail and said, "Joe, have you any will to leave the world?"

"No," said Hill; but, sitting down on the edge of his bunk, he took a pencil and a piece of paper, wrote the lines which are to follow, and handed them to the reporter.

"My will is easy to decide,
For I have nothing to divide.
My kin don't need to fuss or moan;
Moss does not cling to a rolling stone.

"My body, oh! If I could choose,
I would to ashes it reduce
And let the merry breezes blow
The dust to where some flowers grow.
Perhaps some fading flower then
Would come to life and bloom again.
"This is my last and final will,
Good luck to all of you, Joe Hill."

The following are poems of a better type
written by Robert W. Service, Henry Herbert Knibbs,
Dana Burnet, and Edgar A. Guest. They contribute
considerable information about the restless type of
men. Service and Knibbs, especially, know the hobo's
life for fact, Service is known as one of the world's
famous hobos. Some of his best poems are: "The Lone
Trail", "The Men That Don't Fit In", "Comfort", "The
Tramps". They will be written here, since I think
their contribution is sufficient.

1
THE LONE TRAIL

Ye who know the Lone Trail vain would follow it,
Though it lead to glory or the darkness of the pit.
Ye who take the Lone Trail, bid your love goodbye;
The Lone Trail, the Lone Trail follow till you die,

The trails of the world by countless, and most
of the trails be tried;
You tread on the heels of the many, till you come
where the ways divide;
And one lies safe in the sunlight, and the Lone
Trail lures you on
And somehow you're sick of the highway, with its
noise and its easy needs,
And you seek the risk of the by-way, and you reck
not where it leads.
And sometimes it leads to the desert, and the
tongue swells out of the mouth,
And you stagger blind to the mirage, to die in the
mocking drouth.
And sometimes it leads to the mountain, to the
light of the lone camp fire,
And you gnaw your belt in the anguish of hunger-
goaded desire.
And sometimes it leads to the southland, to the
swamp where the orchid glows,
And you rove to your grave with the fever, and rob
the corpse for its clothes.
And sometimes it leads to the northland, and the
scurvy softens your bones.
And your flesh dints in like putty, and you spit
your teeth like stones.
And sometimes it leads to a coral reef in the wash
of a weedy sea,
And you sit and stare at the empty glare where the
gulls wait greedily.
And sometimes it leads to an arctic trail, and the
snows where your torn feet freeze,
And you whittle away the useless clay, and crawl
on your hands and knees.
Often it leads to the death-pit; always it leads to
pain;
By the bones of your brother ye know it, but, oh,
to follow your fain
By your bones they will follow behind you, till
the ways of the world are made plain.
Bid goodbye to sweetheart, bid goodbye to friend;
The Lone Trail, the Lone Trail follow to the end;
Tarry not, and fear not, chosen of the true;
Lover of the Lone Trail, the Lone Trail waits for you.
THE MEN THAT DON'T FIT IN

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A rose that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And roam the world at will.
They range the field and they rove the flood,
And they climb the mountain's crest;
Theirs is the curse of the Gypsy blood,
And they don't know how to rest.

If they just went straight they might go far;
They are strong and brave and true;
But they're always tired of the things that are,
And they want the strange and new.
They say: "Could I find my proper groove,
What a deep mark I would make!"
So they chop and change, and each fresh move
Is only a fresh mistake.

And each forgets, as he strips and runs
With a brilliant, fitful pace.

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1 Robert W. Service, The Spell of the Yukon, p. 75.
Its the steady, quiet, plodding ones
Who win in the life long race.
And each forgets that his youth has fled,
Forgets that his prime is past,
Till he stands one day, with a hope that's dead,
In the glare of the truth at last.

He has failed, he has failed; he has missed his chance;
He has just done things by half.
Life's been a jolly good joke on him,
And now is the time to laugh.
Ha, ha! He is one of the Legion Lost;
He was never meant to win;
He's a rolling stone, and it's bred in the bone;
He's a man who won't fit in.

1 COMFORT

Say! You've struck a heap of trouble—
Bust in business, lost your wife;
No one cares a cent about you,
You don't care a cent for life;
Hard luck has of hope bereft you,

Health is failing, wish you'd die--
Why, you've still the sunshine left you
And the big, blue sky.

Sky so blue it makes you wonder--
If it's heaven shining through;
Earth so 'smiling' way out yonder,
Sun so bright it dazzles you;
Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging
All their fragrance on the breeze;
Dancing shadows, green, still meadows--
Don't you mope, you've still got these.

These, and none can take them from you;
These, and none can weigh their worth.
What! You're tired and broke and beaten?--
Why, you're rich--you've got the earth!
Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,
While the blue sky bends above
You're not nearly all that matters--
You've got God, and God is love.
THE RHyme OF THE RESTLESS ONES

We couldn't sit and study for the law;
The stagnation of a bank we couldn't stand;
For our riot blood was surging, and we didn't need much urging
To excitement and excesses that are banned.

So we took to wine and drink and other things,
And the devil in us struggled to be free;
Till our friends rose up in wrath, and they pointed out the path,
And they paid our debts and packed us o'er the sea.

Oh, they shook us off and shipped us o'er the foam,
To the larger lands that lure a man to roam;
And we took the chance they gave of a far and foreign grave,
And we bade good-bye for evermore to home.

And some of us are climbing on the peak,
And some of us are camping on the plain;
By pine and palm you'll find us, with never claim to bind us,
By track and trail you'll meet us once again.

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We are fated serfs to freedom, sky and sea;
We have failed where slummy cities overflow;
But the stranger ways of earth know our pride and
know our worth,
And we go into the dark as fighters go.

Yes, we go into the night as brave men go,
Though our faces they be often streaked with woe;
Yet we're hard as cats to kill,
And our hearts are reckless still,
And we've danced with death a dozen times or so.

And you'll find us in Alaska after gold,
And you'll find us herding cattle in the south.
We like strong drink and fun, and, when the race is run,
We often die with curses in our mouth.

We are wild as colts unbroke, but never mean.
Of our sins we've shoulders broad to bear the blame;
But we'll never stay in town and settle down,
And we'll never have an object or an aim.

No there's that in us that time can never tame;
And life will always seem a careless game;
And they'd better far forget—
Those who say they love us yet—
Forget, blot out with bitterness our name.

I

THE TRAMPS

Can you recall dear comrade, when we tramped God's land together,
And we sang the old, Old Earth song, for our youth was very sweet:
When we drank and fought and lusted as we mocked at tie and tether,
Along the road to Anywhere, the wide world at our feet—

Along the road to anywhere, when each day held its story
When time was yet our vassals, and life's jest was still unstaie;
When peace unfathomed filled our hearts as, bathed in amber glory,
Along the road to anywhere we watched the sunset pale?

Alas! the road to anywhere is pitfallled with disaster;
There's hunger, want and weariness, yet O we loved it so!
As on we tramped exultantly, and no man was our master.

And no man guessed what dreams were ours, as,
swinging heel and toe.
We tramped the road to anywhere, the magic road
to anywhere
The magic road to anywhere, such dear, dim years
ago.

"The Sheep and the Goats", "Ballad of the
Boes", and "Nothing To Do But Go", are written by
H. H. Knibbs in "Songs of the Outlands". They follow:

1. THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS

I don't mind workin' to earn my bread and I'd just
as soon keep strait;
I've listened to what the preacher said
About rams and sheep at the gate;
I like to sleep in an easy bed,
But I tell you this, old mate:

A man like me, what you call a Bo,
Can blister and sweat and save
All his life, and earn just enough of dough
To prove that he is a slave,
And have when it comes his time to go,
Well, enough to line his grave.

1. H. H. Knibbs, Songs of the Outlands, p. 44.
Say, mate, have you ever seen the mills
Where the kids at the loom spit blood?
Have you been in the mines when the fire damp blew?
Have you shipped as a hand with a freighter's crew
Or worked in a levee flood?

Have you rotted wet in a grading camp,
Or scorched on a desert line?
Or done your night stunt with your lamp,
Watching the timbers drip with damp
And hearing the oil-rig whine?

Have you seen the grinders fade and die,
As the steel dust cut them down?
Have you heard the tunnel-drillers cry,
When the shale caved in? Have you stood by
When his wife came up from town?

Have you had your pay held back for tools
That you never saw or could use?
Have you gone like a fool with the other fools
To the boss' saloon, where the strong arm rules,
And cashed your time for booze?
Well, those are the games—I've played 'em all—
That a man like me can play.
And this lovely world is a hard old ball;
And so at the last I took a fall
To the right and proper way;

And that is to see all the sights you can
Without the admission price.
That's why I've changed to a traveling man,
With a quilt and a rope and a kind of plan
Of hitting no one place twice.

BALLAD OF THE BOES

We are the true nobility!
Sons of rest and outdoor air!
Knights of the tie and the rail are we,
Lightly wandering everywhere.
Having no gold we buy no care,
As over the crust of the world we go,
Stepping in time to this ditty rare,
Take up your bundle and beat it, Bo!

1 H. H. Knibbs, Songs of the Outlands, p. 47.
Camped on the sand of the sleepy sea;

—Having a little time to spare—

We dream for a day's eternity

Of the years unravel'd that brought us there;

Or out on the blazing desert bare

We gasp in the shade of a box-car row,

While our interior trumpets blare,

Take up your bundle and beat it, Bo!

Food we have without toil or fee,

Nor take we heed when the tourists stare;

For every man on his grave stands he,

And each man's grave is his own affair.

Monarch, pauper, or millionaire,

Father and son shall come to know

That the ultimate hour will this burden bear:

Take up your bundle and beat it, Bo!

1

NOTHING TO DO BUT GO

I'm the ramblin' son with the nervous feet
That never was made for a steady beat.

I had many a job—for a little while;

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1 H. H. Knibbs, Songs of the Outlands, p. 50.
I been on the bum and I've lived in style,
But there was the road windin' mile after mile—
And nothing to do but go.

So it's beat it, Bo, while your feet are mates;
Take a look at the whole United States.
On the fire and a pal and a smoke at night,
And up again in the morning bright,
With nothing but road and sky in sight!
And nothing to do but go.

Then beat it, Bo, while the walkin's good;
While the birds on the wires are sawin' wood;
If today ain't the finest for you and me,
There's always to-morrow what's goin' to be,
And the day after that is a-comin'-see!
And nothing to do but go.

So beat it, Bo, while you're young and strong;
See all you can, for it won't last long.
You can stop for only a little spell
On the long gray road to Fare-ye-well,
That leads to Heaven or maybe Hell—
And nothing to do but go.
THE TRAMP

Eagerly he took my dime,
Then shuffled on his way,
Thick with sin and filth and grime,
But I wondered all that day
How the man had gone astray.

Not to him the dime I gave;
Not unto the man of woe,
Not to him who should be brave,
Not to him who'd sunk so low,
But the boy of long ago.

Passed his years of sin and shame
Through the filth that all could see,
Out of what he is there came
One more pitiful to me;
Came the boy that used to be.

Smiling, full of promise glad,
Stood a baby, like my own;
I beheld a glorious lad,
Someone once had loved and known
Out of which this wreck had grown.

1 Edgar A. Guest.
THE ROAD TO VAGABONDIA

He was sitting on the doorstep as I went strolling by;
A lonely little beggar with a wistful, homesick eye--
And he wasn't what you'd borrow, and he wasn't what you'd steal,
But I guessed his heart was breaking, so I whistled him to heel.

They had stoned him through the city streets, and naught the city cared,
But I was heading outward, and the roads are sweeter shared,
So I took him for a comrade, and I whistled him away--
On the road to Vagabondia that lies across the day.

Yellow dog he was; but bless you—he was just the chap for me!
For I'd rather have an inch of dog than miles of pedigree.
So we stole away together, on the road that has no end,
With a new coined day to fling away and all the stars to spend!

Oh, to walk the road at morning, when the wind is blowing clean,

1 By Dana Burnett, in "Poems".
And the yellow daisies fling their gold across a world of green--
For the wind it heals the heartache, and the sun it dries the scars,
On the road to Vagabondia that lies beneath the stars.

'Twas the wonder of our going cast a spell about our feet—
And we walked because the world was young, because the way was sweet;
And we slept in wild-rose meadows by the little way-side farms,
Till the Dawn came up the highroad with the dead moon in her arms.

Oh, the Dawn it went before us through a shining lane of skies,
And the Dream was at our heartstrings, and the Light was in our eyes
And we made no boast of glory and we made no boast of birth
On the road to Vagabondia that lies across the earth!

There are many other poems which also contribute to our knowledge of how the hobo lives, but, I think, these are probably the best collection of poems we could
write in a small space. We see then, how the hobo lives, certainly under conditions which most of us abhor. Near cities and towns, sometimes, in fact in most smaller towns, hobos "jungle up", that is each hobo furnishes a part of the meal. I have eaten in the "jungles" several times and generally the pots and pans are unclean. The men buy certain kinds of food. They have a "get-together" and decide which man will buy bread, meat, beans, salt, etc., and make an effort to divide the cost price as nearly equal as possible. If it happens that some of the boys are broke and hungry they are invited to eat with the "bunch". This is the method by which some boys on the road become I.W.W.'s. At Salina, Kansas, an I.W.W. organizer "initiated" several members in this way. In other words, he gave the boys "four bits" and a meal and consequently a "red card".

After attempting to show what kind of men hobos are, and how they live, we would naturally wonder how he came to be a hobo. In other words what seems to be the causes of homelessness. The causes of homelessness are arrived at, in the light of these facts, which we have presented.
CHAPTER III

THE CAUSES OF HOMELESSNESS

The intellect, character, and skill of any man is the product of certain original tendencies and the training which they have received. His eventual nature is the product of his original nature and the environment which it has had. Human nature in general is the result of the original nature of man, the laws of learning and the forces of nature among which man lives and learns. Since these original tendencies may be checked or almost completely blotted out by the environment, we may expect a part of the causes of homelessness to be environmental.

But these instinctive dispositions are important since they furnish the impulses to action. Parker says, "Man is born in this world with a rich psychic disposition which furnishes his motives for conduct," 1 McDougall thinks, without these instincts, man would be like a clock without a mainspring or a steam engine without a fire. 2 Veblen has said that man has a distaste for futile effort and a taste for effective work. 3

1 Thorndike, Educational Psychology, p. 1
2 Parker's Casual Labor, Op. Cit. p. 17
3 Ibid
William James said, "Constructiveness is genuine and irresistible in man, man is not naturally lazy but innately industrious."

We are inclined to think hobos are lazy, pre-dacious, good for-nothing men who build fires along the highway and terrorize women and children; they are viewed with suspicion and are social outcasts. If the hobo is lazy, which no doubt seems to be true in some cases, it may be the result of habits brought on by the environmental thwarting of those inherent urges or drives which tend to cause him to work effectively. In other words, it may be the social and economic environment rather than the hobo's willful disposition which makes him the man he is.

There are some differences of opinion, however, among students of homeless men, as to the causes of homelessness. Mrs. Solenberger says very little about the causes of homelessness. She thought the contacts of a charity organization were too brief to make very positive deductions.

Nels Anderson sums up the causes of vagabondage as follows: (a) Unemployment and seasonal work, (b) industrial inadequacy, (c) defects of personality, (d) racial or national discrimination, (f) wanderlust.

Irwin St. John Tucker seems to think the

1 Nels Anderson, The Hobo, p. 85-86.
migratory instinct is one of the most important causes of homelessness, he says, "There is always something wrong with the man who does not become a hobo. If a man is content to grow up, marry, grow old and die in the same town where he was born, he is a congenital idiot. Every young man should serve at least two years in the hobo army. He should drain swamps, dig canals, build railroads, and harvest the crops. He thinks there are two great classes of migratory workers in this country—those who travel to sell and those who travel to produce; the drummer and the hobo. The drummer has hotels and pullmans yet he produces nothing and is a burden to those who do. To this traveling parasite luxury swings her doors open. But for the traveling producer there are no pullmans. He rides to the harvest fields in empty box cars, or clings to the perilous rods. The grafting sheriff and the constable make their fees from him."

Robert E. Park seems to think the hobo concentrates on the migratory instinct and sacrifices social responsibility for individual freedom.


2 Speck, Peter A., Psychology of Floating Workers, Amer. Acad. 69:72-78--1917.
Peter A. Speck thinks the industrial experiences of the man checks his instinct of expression and makes a hobo of him.

Parker thinks the casual migratory laborers are the finished product of an economic environment which seems cruelly efficient in turning out human beings modeled after all the standards society abhors. Man has a natural desire and talent to mould material to fancied ends. Persons do not like prison idleness, clerks drift out of stereotyped office work. Modern industrialism created the hobo.

From my brief study of the hobo there are a number of types or combinations of sequences which tend to bring about homelessness.

The hobo himself is not able to tell just why he "took the road", but we might arrive at some tentative conclusions by his own stories.

1 Sixty-eight men out of the 148 men studied blamed their conditions to unemployment either directly or indirectly. A few of their reasons, very briefly, might prove interesting as well as valuable.

One young man said, "I tried to find work and

I just couldn't find a thing to do, yet, I tried ever so hard. I bummed my way to a certain town but I couldn't find any work. I felt pretty blue and hated to beg. I was out of money and had to do something. I was eighteen and hated to live off the old man any longer." Another said, "I was willing to do any kind of work but I couldn't find anything but odd jobs, so I tried to find work other places and did find some odd jobs, but not enough to make a living. I tried begging, but I couldn't have much luck. I didn't have to leave home but I wanted to work and not lay around home and do nothing."

A number of their stories, different of course, but with the "arrow" pointing in the same direction indicate that some attention should be directed to problems of unemployment, in order to find, if there are any logical reasons for such statements. (I have tried to find work, but failed time after time, therefore, I am convinced that many young men have shared my experience.) Some of the men who seemed to think unemployment was the "only cause", in telling their stories plainly indicate other reasons which, probably, coupled with unemployment made hobos of them.

It seems probably that unemployment especially, of seasonal nature is one of the many reasons why men become hobos. The roots of our modern industrial system
are to be found in the Industrial Revolution. The tools of the average workmen before the Industrial Revolution were found in his home or small shop. He owned his own tools and a small amount of land which was a reserve in slack periods. Today he is dependent on others for a livelihood and owns very little property. The money he receives for his labor is his sine qua non of existence, and the job is his source of income. The loss of his job means loss of money as he has very little power to employ himself. In other words it is impossible for him to create his own jobs. The job and not the product has become his focusing point.

Mr. Devine thinks unemployment breaks the desire for stable industry among workers, he says, "Unemployment heads the list of American destitution and low wages, unskilled nature of work, and irregularity breaks the habit and desire of stable industry among workers."  

Mr. Beveridge tells us, "It is the exception rather than the rule for any trade to maintain fairly equable activity throughout the year."

The United States trade union statistics covering

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1 Furnace, Labor Problems, Ch. I.  
2 Devine, E. T., Misery and Its Causes  
3 W. H. Beveridge, Unemployment a Problem of Industry, Op. Cit., adopted from Table VI, p. 30
the state of New York for the year 1904-15 show an average 
unemployment in March 75% higher than in September, and 
similar statistics for Massachusetts reveal an average 
employment in March 80% higher than in September, during 
the years 1908-19. For the country as a whole reliable 
statistics indicate a total unemployment during the worst 
month one and one half millions in excess of the best 
month.

Mr. Harry Root, a witness before the New York 
Commission on Employers Liability and Unemployment, said, 
"We talk a great deal about men becoming tramps and hoboos. 
In my experience over a great many years and particularly 
in my connection with the Bowery Branch, with which I have 
been connected for 10 years and as an active secretary 
for 7 years, I will give it as my unqualified opinion that 
a great many of these men are becoming encouraged in be-
coming disciples of the road because of their earnest 
efforts to find employment, and continually seeking it 
from one place to another, I have known very many cases 
which I could cite of men, intelligent, capable fellows, 
who have become virtually tramps because of their continual 
search of work, and trying to readapt or readjust themselves 
to changing conditions. And therefore I think it is en-

1 Furnace, Labor Problems, p. 21
tirely wrong for the state to impose that burden on the man when the state can more adequately and thoroughly and more successfully render the service by putting in his reach information facilities which will enable him quickly to adjust himself to the conditions in which he finds himself."

It is also interesting to note the amount of labor turnover in our industrial system in which the labor market is unorganized, which means that men are thrown out of work.

Paul Douglas shows that W. A. Grieves found a turnover of 157% in twenty metal plants in the middle west in 1914; Alexander found a turnover of 83% in twelve plants in six states in 1915; The Ford Automobile Company had a turnover of 416% in 1912-13; a Philadelphia concern had a turnover of 100% in 1911; the carding department of a cotton mill had a turnover of 500%. A turnover running from 500 to 1000 per cent is not uncommon among lumber camps. The United States Bureau of Labor Statistics reports an average turnover of 224 per cent in twelve establishments about San Francisco Bay during 1917-18. It is safe to assume that the turnover is more than 100 percent in American industry as a whole.

The Board of Education of Rochester, New York, found that boys between the ages of fourteen and sixteen changed their jobs every seventeen weeks, which is a turnover of over 300 percent. About the same percent of turnover was found in Chicago and Indianapolis.

The hobo is usually about the first man discharged by the employer as he has no family connections or dependents also he is the last man to be hired. (If he is an old man he is easily crowded out.) He still has hopes after losing a small number of jobs and goes elsewhere to find others. He learns the periodic fluctuations in industry. He cuts ice or shovels snow in winter, harvests in summer, cans fruits and vegetables in September, works in the manufacturing industries in October. Starting out from Oklahoma he may find work in the oil fields, saw mills, road, and construction work, lumbering, corn husking, potato picking, etc. In California a farmer confines himself to one crop, hops, alfalfa or sugar beets and needs large number of men for a short time. As a matter of fact the beet sugar industry, lumber, and ice cutting, sheep shearing, and wheat harvest are practically manned by migrant labor. The farmers in Kansas raise wheat and need help in harvest for a short time. During the harvest of 1917-18-19 farmers came to the cities and towns to hire hoboes to help save their
crops. I have actually seen them in small towns virtually running races to the depot in hopes that they might engage the migrant's services.

2 Fourteen men in this study indicated by their stories that they had been told by employment agents or had read in the newspapers of jobs in other cities, and had followed their advice. Eight of these men were working at odd jobs; while six of them had steady work. These men were lured away from their jobs by promises of better ones at higher wages. All but two of them were unsuccessful in obtaining jobs or securing higher wages. Most of the men in this investigation had read about better jobs, that is, better working conditions, higher wages, etc., but they "just knew" better than to pay any attention to it. These stories also deserve attention as certain reliable data show this to be true.

Mr. C. B. Barnes writing in the American Economic Review tells us, "In some cases the employees give out the word that they will need 300 or 3000 workers, meaning thereby that they expect, in the course of the next six weeks or six months, to take on this number of workers, but the man who writes up the story knows that it does not sound "good" to spread the demand out over such a long time, and so we read in the headline that such and such a place is needing hundreds of thousands of
workers. For instance, on a certain day about the first of November, an article appeared in hundreds of newspapers, telling that 400,000 workers are needed in shipyards. About three days after this there appeared in the New York Times a triple-headed article to the effect that Port Newark's Terminal Shipyard needed 12,000 men and requested all men able to work in this line to give up their jobs and go to the shipyards on reading this article. I first ascertained that our New York Office had on that day between 400 and 500 men who were capable of doing work of this kind. I called up the United States Emergency Fleet Corporation and got their employment manager. On stating that we were ready to send them men, I was informed by Mr. Brady that they did not need any men. When I quoted the newspaper article he said it was exaggerated. I then offered to send him a few skilled men in certain specific lines which brought out the fact that he was troubled by personal requests of workers at the gates, and that he actually had over 4000 registrations on his books, and was turning away men every day. This is but a single example, but we can duplicate this in every office throughout the state, so that this one case can be multiplied many times.” Employment agencies are poorly organized

and sometimes fraudulent.

(I called at an employment office in Kansas City and asked for a job in the early summer of 1917. I was directed to Russell, Kansas, to work for Mr. John Mart. I paid $2.00 for the job. I left Kansas City on the west bound freight the following morning and the next day arrived at Russell but to my surprise, the man was not to be found. Many other boys had probably been treated likewise. This was a private agency but they are usually more corrupt than public agencies.)

An employment agency may misrepresent conditions of employment; falsify records; induce workmen to leave positions in order to seek employment through the agency; send women to immoral resorts; convey impression in advertisements that no fees are charged and split fees with employers or foreman. Laws are generally passed against these actions and the agencies are usually licensed and open to government inspection. They are required to keep records and make reports. Some public exchanges have been successful (also private ones). A few figures from C. B. Barnes of the New York Labor Exchange are interesting. Mr. Barnes says, "During the past twelve months these offices have registered a few over 90,000 people, and re-

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1 Furnace, Labor Problems, p. 50-66.
ceived requests from employers for nearly 114,000 workers. The officers referred jobs to over 111,000 persons up to this time, of the 111,000 persons referred, it has been definitely learned that 73,370 have actually secured jobs (about 3 of these were casuals)."  

Commons and Andrews give us some interesting data, "Between January, 1918, and March, 1919, 5,323,509 unemployed workmen were registered while applications were received from employers totaling 10,164,000 of the registered workmen about 5,000,000 were referred to positions, of whom 3,776,750 were successful in obtaining employment. Yet in the spirit of economy which followed the war, the appropriations for this service were so drastically reduced that it was forced to discontinue its local operations entirely and has at the present day virtually ceased to exist.  

Mr. Furnace thinks the state and municipal bureaus are still far from furnishing an adequate medium for the exchange of information or opportunities for

1 C. B. Barnes, Employment and the Labor Market, Amer. Econ. Review, Vol. 8, Supplement 1918
employment. Only about half the states are represented and the managers are politicians of worse than mediocre ability. Many offices exist on paper; others are poorly located. Appropriations are small. There is no uniform method of record keeping and statistics are almost valueless.

There is practically no interchange of information between states. In short he says, "Workmen are still undergoing want, hardships, and discouragement even though often within easy reach of the work which would support them, if they knew where to find it." 3

1 Eleven men had fallen into "blind alley" occupations. In reading the story of Merle we have seen this to be true. This probably contributes its share to homelessness.

These young men have been thrown on the labor market as untrained workers. They have found themselves without a career before them, a trade in their hands, unsteady working habits and then the only recourse is unskilled labor. As younger boys they had been employed in some light factory work, paper folding, packing, tending simple machines, bundle wrapping, selling notions, newsboy, messengers, bell boys, etc. This type of work does not require adult labor and they are forced elsewhere to

work. They have not continued, any of them, any particular occupation but are now shifting from job to job. They may follow casual work throughout life.

Mrs. Helen W. Rodgers, Director of the Boston Placement Bureau, testifying before the Industrial Relations Commission, said: "We get a great many tragedies at 18, coming into the placement bureau, or from the great factories where those boys have gone at 14 at high wages, doing mechanical work. They have done it for four years. They reached the limit of income; that is they reached their earning capacity there, and they came out to us at 18, deadly tired of it and not having any idea of the next step. They have been doing treadmill work. They know nothing else but that one machine. They don't know what else is going on in industry.

After four years of life in industry, they are as blind as the boy of fourteen as to the opportunities there are for them to do. I should say in our placement work those 18 year old boys are going out of industry, they are great tragedies.

4 Nine of the men studied said that drinks and drugs put them in the class of casual laborers. They had, according to their stories, a chance for an education or a good job but lost it on account of drink—

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ing. They were told where it would "put" them but just had to have their "dram". One man said, "I could have married a rich girl but thought too much of my whiskey." Their stories were similar and they were elderly men.

5 Twenty-eight men came from "broken homes" and they thought this was the reason for their failure in life. Their parents had died, (either one or both), were separated or divorced, they had quarreled with their parents, their wife had died or they were separated or divorced from her, the parents became invalids and could not help their children or themselves, parents were poor and could not make a living for them and they had to leave home. In other words, these are unmet crises in their lives.

6 Eight men claimed to have left their home and community because they had stolen some apples or had done some "shop lifting". They could not stand the ridicule of people in their own town calling them "sneaken" little thieves or "passing" other such remarks about them. They may have been arrested and put in jail for a few days. They came out hating every body and themselves. They left home when they were young and have never stopped traveling. They are still "on the go".

7 Six men left home to keep from marrying girls. The girls' fathers advertised for them, but, so
far, these men are "O. K." One man said, "Her old man tried to get me to marry her but "nix doin", the fact is he tried to "force" me by persuasion offered me all kinds of things but I beat it, and I'm still going. I would like to get a job and settle down though. It was my fault and I often think about it."

8 Five men, a very small number, indeed, claimed that sickness or accident was responsible for them being on the road. Many of the men who had some physical defects that were noticeable, gave other reasons for their going on the road. In other words, they had become diseased or crippled after they had been on the road and were restless.

It seems that there are indeed a multiplicity of types or combinations of sequences that lead to homelessness. A few of these might be given here:

I Father's, mother's, or wife's death; poverty in family

(a) Leaving home because of this condition
(b) Trying to get jobs after leaving home and cannot find work.
(c) Becomes discouraged and loses hope, courage, and ambition. He is of small, weak, physical stature.
(d) Traveling from one town to another with no destination in view. Accepting casual
work. Is in "blind alley" occupation for a short time.

(a) A kind of "inner" restlessness, becoming habitual, and traveling on and on, and possibly "going down" in the social scale to a tramp or bum with no desire to work.

II. (a) Home conditions satisfactory but the boy gets into trouble (1) with a girl,
(2) commits a petty crime, (3) drinks or is quarrelsome.
(b) Possibly he has some personal defect,
(2) leaves home, (3) sees advertisement in newspaper concerning a job and big wages. He goes there but finds no work. (4) Goes into seasonal work such as harvest, ice cutting, lumbering, etc. He follows this for a few years, or he (5) is arrested for petty offenses and goes to an industrial school where he becomes restless and learns no trade thoroughly. He soon wins his honor points and leaves. (6) He makes a small saving but has an accident or becomes ill and spends all his money. He is not a drunkard or spendthrift. (7) He loses
all hopes of having a savings account again. He works at odd jobs and casual work and finally may become a confirmed wanderer, always moving one. (He toils not, neither does he spin yet he was as pure as the morning dew as he sat on his mother's knee. He hears now his mother's singing 'Oh! where is my wandering boy tonight?') This inner restlessness seems to go on forever if it is once formed as a habit. It is like the secculina on the body of a crab. "When the crab dies it must die too."

III 1 Home conditions satisfactory and the boy does not get in any trouble in his home community.

2 He works at different jobs, (a) on a farm, (b) in a store, (c) garage, (d) railroad work, (e) repair-shops, (f) factory, or (g) construction gang.

3 He has acquired no skill. He has finished the eighth grade or two years of high school work but has no vocational training. He has no trade.

4 Wants to see the country and leaves his home. He has a few savings. He soon spends them.
He feels an urge to go back to his home, but he is not a "piker". He goes to war and comes home but leaves again after a very short time.

5 He gets some odd jobs. He doesn't like them. He is "passed on" without question from one place to another. He goes to a large city, is broke, and the missions give him some bread and soup and "kind" men give him money.

6 At last he has found the place to live "easy", without worry or work. He is at last a home guard.

The types or combinations of sequences are many indeed. The same experiences never come to any two persons, therefore, each hobo's experiences are somewhat different from others. A "family man", may lose his savings and not find work for some time, yet he is probably attached to his family, has a desire to educate his children, loves his wife, etc. He has not developed the habit of restlessness.

There seems to be as is shown in these brief outlines above, in general, "a lowering of the hobo's social status", that is a man is a steady worker, then becomes a seasonal worker, casual laborer, tramp and bum.
A report of the Commission on Industrial Relations seems to bear this out, "An increasingly large number of laborers go downward instead of upward. Young men, full of ambition and high hopes for the future start their lives as workers, but meeting failure after failure in establishing themselves in some trade or calling, their ambitions and hopes go to pieces, and they gradually sink into the ranks of migratory and casual workers. Continuing their existence in these ranks they begin to lose self-respect and become hobos. Afterwards acquiring certain negative habits, as those of drinking, begging, and losing all self-control, self-respect, and desire to work, they become "down and outs"—tramps, bums, vagabonds, gamblers, pickpockets, yeggmen, and other petty criminals. In short, public parasites, the number of which seem to be growing faster than the general population.

The conclusions reached above are tentative, yet, they have been drawn, from intimate contacts with, and a careful study of, the experiences of hobos.

1 Final Report of the Commission on Industrial Relations, 1915, p. 157
APPENDIX

HOBOHEMIA IN KANSAS CITY

1. Panama Hotel, 515 Main Street, rates, 30 cents to 50 cents. There are about 70 roomers here; 120 rooms. This place has a very unsanitary toilet and washroom. No lobby and no reading material.

2. Hotel Main, 536 Main Street. There are 15 roomers; 30 rooms, fairly clean. Two prostitutes here, also gamblers, bootleggers, and "pimps".

3. Hotel Walnut, 555 Walnut Street, rates 25 to 35 cents, 18 rooms, five roomers. They depend on bootlegging and prostitutes for a livelihood. Rooms clean.

4. New Sterling Hotel, 547 Walnut Street, house full, 62 rooms, a very dirty place. Roller towel for public use. Law seems to be very "lenient". Lobby here with 15 chairs, read union papers. I found a red book and a few western stories here.

5. New Trevett's Hotel, 541 Walnut Street, 24 rooms, all full. Rates 25 to 50 cents. This place is clean and pretty well kept. Individual towels are furnished and the bath and washroom are clean.

6. Maple House, 536 Walnut Street. This is the most unsanitary hotel I have visited in all my
investigation. There are 24 rooms with eight or nine beds in each room (double decks). There were from 18 to 20 men sleeping in each room. Only one bath, roller towels, no lobby, no reading material, no place to put clothing. The boys here set the bed legs in their shoes to be sure of a pair in the A.M. and sleep on their clothes.

7: Florida Hotel, 516 Walnut Street, another "out" house with 24 rooms, 12 occupied, fairly clean, beer "joint", homosexuality is practiced here by the "Turks", going up against the "bar" is a common occurrence here. This would be a very unsatisfactory place for a boy to stay. He would probably become a "punk" in a short time.

8: Union Hotel, 614 Main Street, a "flop" house with 300 rooms, bed 25 up to 50 cents, not very clean, good lobby with 20 chairs. Boys wash their own clothes in most of these places.

9. Workman's Hotel, 703 Main Street, 100 rooms, 75 occupied, about the same as the Portland at 555 Main Street.

10. Wabash Hotel, 705 Main Street, clean rooms, rates 25 to 50 cents, large lobby.

11. Portland Hotel, 555 Main Street, 186
rooms, full house, rooms fairly clean but very small, 3 foot cots are used for beds, rates 25 to 50 cents. Lobby has 30 chairs.

12. Portland Annex, 558 Main Street, 175 rooms, just like 55 Main. Same company owns it.

13. 602 1 Main Street Hotel, 30 rooms, 15 "guests", rooms very dirty, 3 "hustlers" here. "Hooch" and beer sold. A "bo" can bring a woman here for a short time party, place is managed by a Greek.

14, 15, 16. Lee Inn, 540-47-20 Main Street, flop house (540), 60 rooms, one large room with 30 beds. Beds 15 cents up. Beds very dirty, house always full, lobby has 12 chairs, Kansas City newspapers found here, odor unbearable, no ventilation, one coal stove furnishes heat, men staying here are lousy.

17. Star Hotel, 608 1 Main Street, managed by woman prostitute, 32 rooms, 8 roomers, rooms are fairly clean, "bootlegging joint", papers to read.

18. I.B.W.A. Club, 602 Main Street. Organized by Howe on Thanksgiving Day, 1926. Owen Phillips is in charge, place rather dirty. Phillips is a good cook, having cooked in many large hotels. He belongs to Cook and Waiters Union. He serves clean meals. I ate mulligan stew at this place and therefore speak
from experience. Meals are 10 cents, 14 cots, two
nights free lodging, membership and card for 35 cents.
Feed 60 men per day.

19. Helping Hand Institute. This is an
institution organized to provide non-sectarian religious
services for homeless men and also a practical method
of supplying them with material necessities. The
building was erected for the purpose of providing
lodging accommodations for homeless men and has a ca-
pacity of 500. About 250 sleep in the dormitories;
the rest sleep in rooms. These rooms are modeled
after the Mills Hotel Plan, that is, small rooms about
6 by 9 feet, well ventilated, and each room has a
window. The building provides large lobby space. It
is called the sitting room in the north side because
there is a scarcity of any such accommodations in that
part of the city. There are about 20 shower baths
with laundry facilities where any homeless man register-
ed in the institution can wash his own clothes and dry
them. The packages are kept in a large baggage room,
in safe keeping: needles and thread, shining shoes, a
clinic with three doctors on duty from 5 o'clock to
7 o'clock in the evening, giving medical treatment to
sick and disabled men. There is a reading room where
a number of periodicals and newspapers are available. The kitchen is fairly well equipped and special arrangements have been made with three restaurants to provide meals. They give aid to about 6000 men a year. The average length of stay of the men is three days.

The institution is financed by its own earnings and through the annual charity drive. About 60% is earned by the institution. There is also a chapel and auditorium where religious meetings are provided for the men. The price of beds is 20 cents per night, rooms $2.25 to $2.50 per week. Meals are 15 cents.

20. Day Hotel, 547 1/2 Main Street. This place has 500 rooms, (it was formerly a warehouse), no ceiling, "community" bath, washroom, and towel service, 5 roller towels furnished, 10 towels for 500 men, very unsanitary place.

There are three Barber Colleges that "serve" homeless men. Tri-City Barber College, 516 Main Street, Modern Barber College at 533 Main Street, and Moler Barber College at 544 Main. The "bo" can get a free hair cut and shave at these places, by barber "practitioners". They usually pay about 15 or 20 cents for a hair cut and 10 or 15 cents for a shave in order to get a better class of work.

The following are a few signs I noticed on
I.B.W.A. Program

Hello Beo

What are you riding on Beo?
The Jungle Club is open for you.
Come down and see the Secretary of the I.B.W.A.

Jungle Stew now ready—10 cents

Vocero Defensor De La Clase O'Brera

Coffee King Cafe (418 Main Street)

Best Meals 10-15-20-25 cents
Big Bowl of Coffee and Two Rolls—5 cents

Sam's Place (436 Main)
We serve two cups of coffee with meals 10-15-20-25 cents

"Good Will Industries" (318 Main)
"Not Charity But a Chance."

These surveys were taken on cold nights and most of the hotels were filled with tramps, bums, and homeguards, although in talking with the men (dressed as a hobo) I found many of them were hobos going to "pull west" when the season "opens",
WICHITA'S (KANS.) HOBOHEMIA

About 10,000 men pass through Wichita every year from June 15th to July 15th. Wichita is the gateway to the south west. Transients come from Texas and Mexico in the early summer and from the north in the fall. It is the central point for the Kansas harvest. Douglas Avenue is the main stem and most of the employment agencies are located on this street. There are few peddlers to be seen as a $300.00 license is enforced against begging. The "Jungle" is the natural park along the river. There are several cheap pool halls and 10 cent shows near the viaduct. The cheap rooming houses (25 cents) are on East Douglas. Men without funds go to the Sedgwick house. Hobos frequent Rock Island and Mosley Streets as there are freight depots and commission houses here where a man can "grab" an apple, orange, or onion, occasionally, or find an odd job.

The Missouri Pacific is the railroad yard most frequented by "boes". The Rock Island, Santa Fe and Missouri Pacific have some "hard boiled bulls" and it is considered quite an intellectual accomplishment to get a free ride out of town.

The Sedgwick house is maintained by the
Wichita League for Social Work. It was organized in 1900 and has accommodations for about 200 men. There are 27 rooms with one and two beds (double decks) and a large hall where about 50 beds can be used in case of necessity. About 50 beds may be used in the dormitory.

Since 1914 they have cared for (gave lodgings), on the average, 2,500 men each year. In the winter they give lodging to about 100 men each night. In harvest time they are overcrowded.

HOBOHEMIA IN HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

The "Main Stem" is Main Street. There are two employment agencies, the United States Free Employment Bureau and the other a private agency. There is no winter resort for them. There are many boes here at harvest time and a number of holdups are reported. The men loof around the pool halls, employment bureaus and Municipal Park across from Convention Hall. Some of the men sleep in the "park", others "bunk" in a crude looking place over the city jail. Many boes spend their time in a pool hall (owned by a Mexican) in the south part of town. All these pool halls sell cigarettes and this Mexican sells "booze".
HOBOHOMIA IN ARKANSAS CITY

The "Main Stem" in Arkansas City is Summit Street. There are a number of cheap hotels and pool halls in town. They frequent Central Avenue for several blocks. There is a cheap rooming house on Central Avenue also one on West Washington. Arkansas City is a railroad division and is conveniently located for those coming from northern Oklahoma, southwest Missouri, and northwest Arkansas.

This shows in a more detailed form where hobos live and there is probably a sufficient number described for our purpose, although I could give a few others, it would not be of enough value to warrant it.
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