

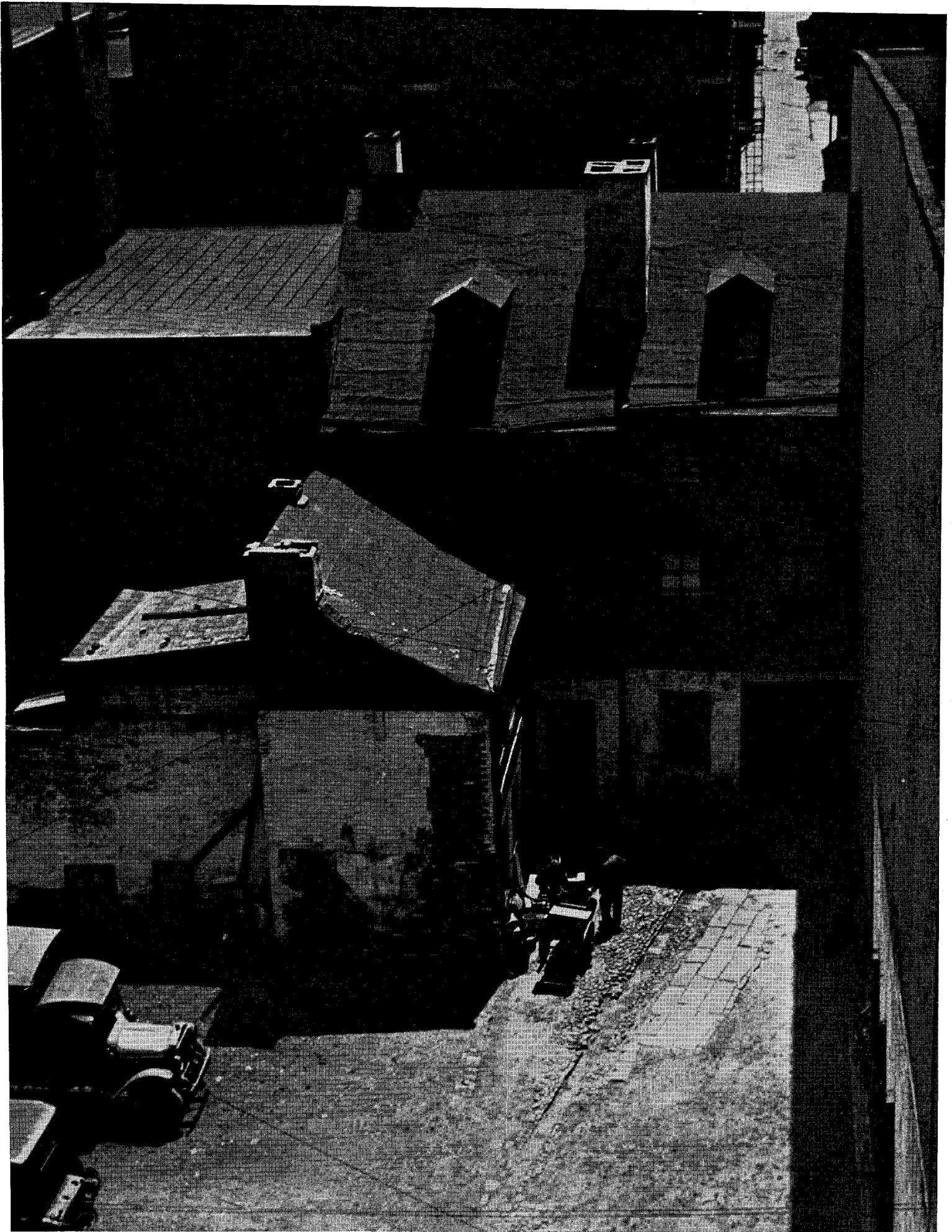


*SUNSHINE, by C. Weston Booth*

## LIFE IN THE U.S....*Photographic*

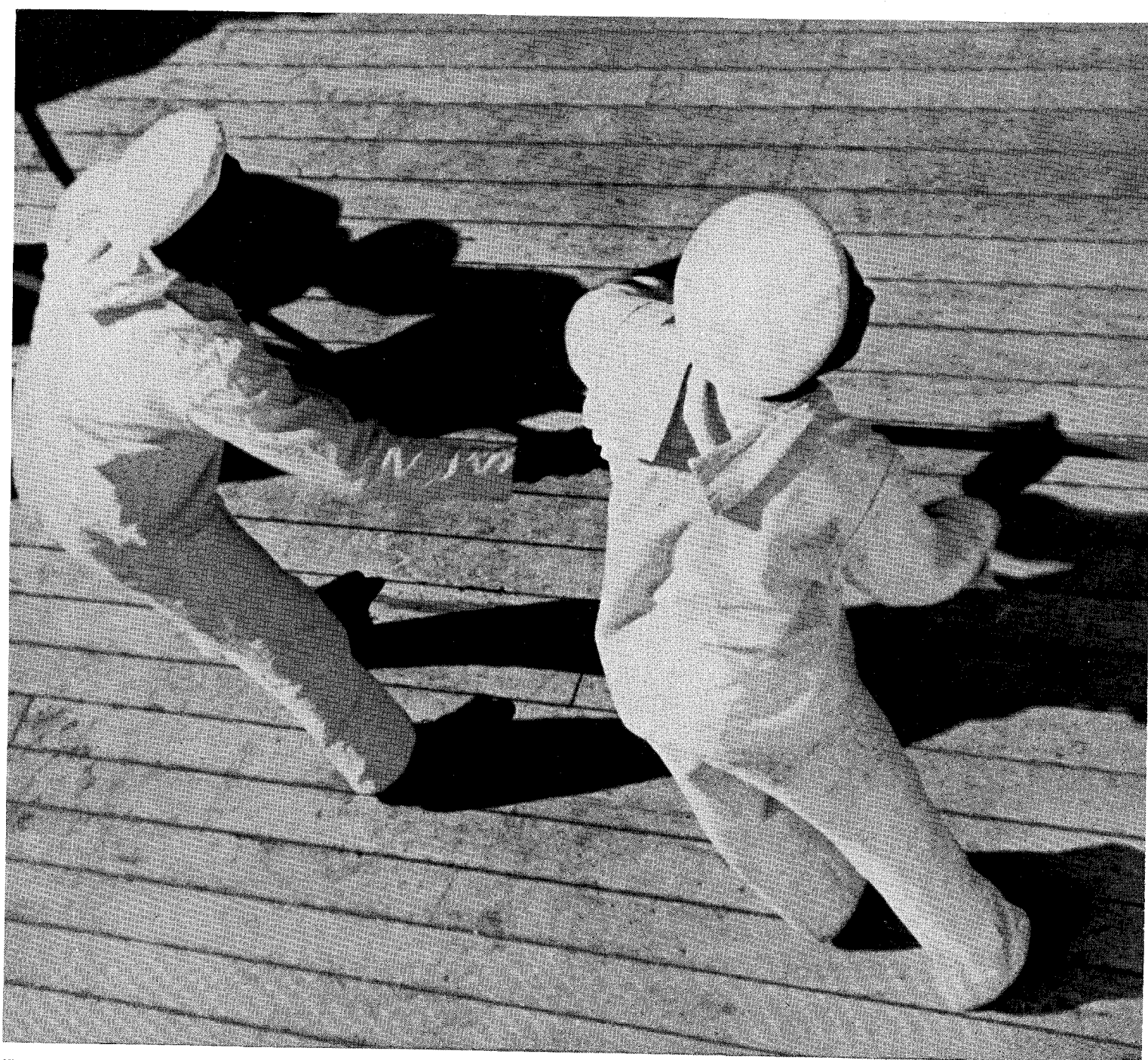
In this section, which was initiated last January, we are presenting the work of both amateur and professional photographers. It is our belief that, despite frequent photographic exhibitions, many of the best pictures are never displayed and seen by the public. With this in view, we are trying to develop the finest collection of contemporary photography to be published in any form. So far, we have run sixty-nine pictures by fifty-four contributors, and prints are now coming in at the rate of three hundred a week. Our only editorial requirement is that the pictures portray life in the United States. For technical information about the following photographs, see page 69.





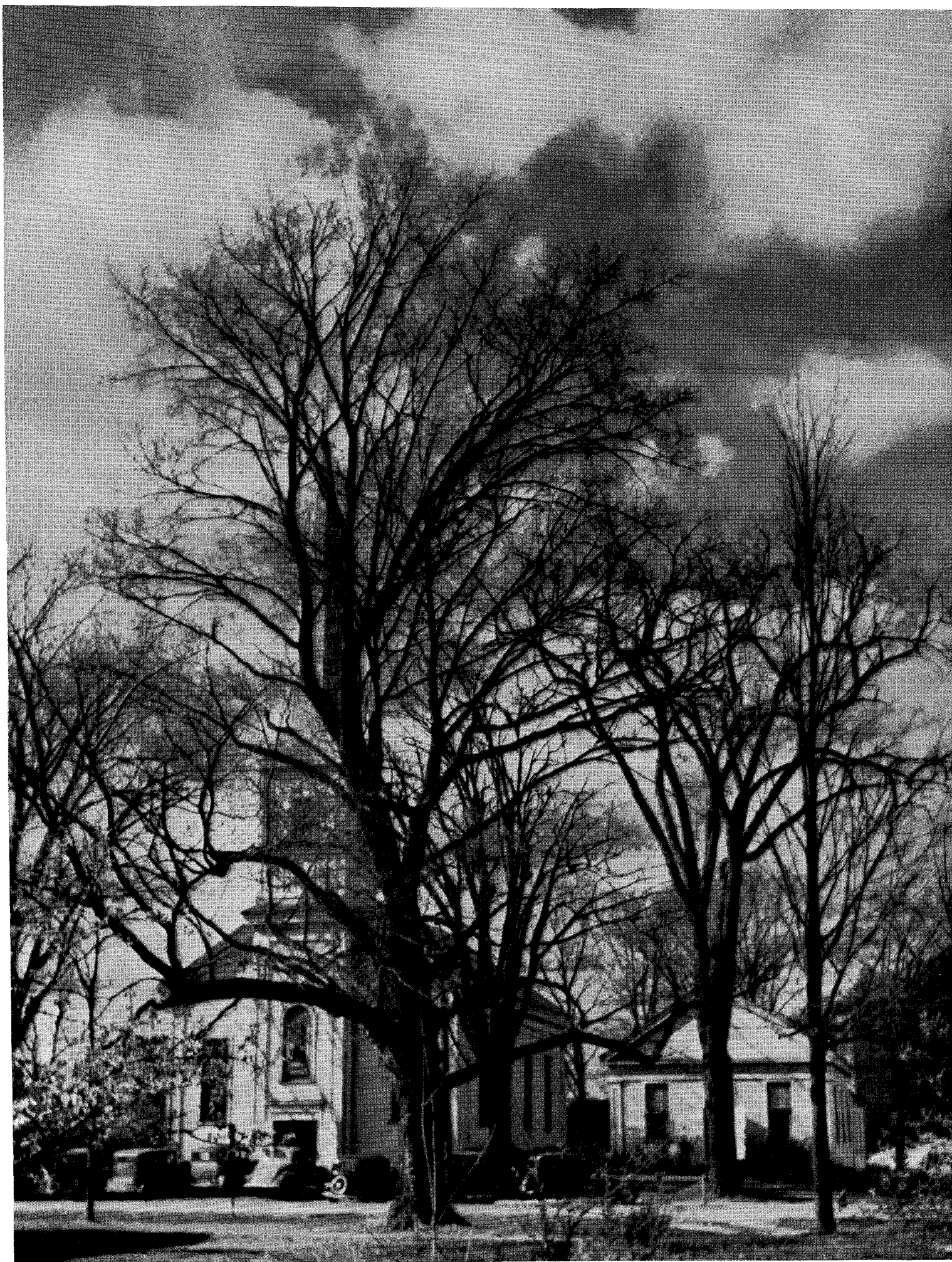
*WATERFRONT, by Vincent La Badessa*





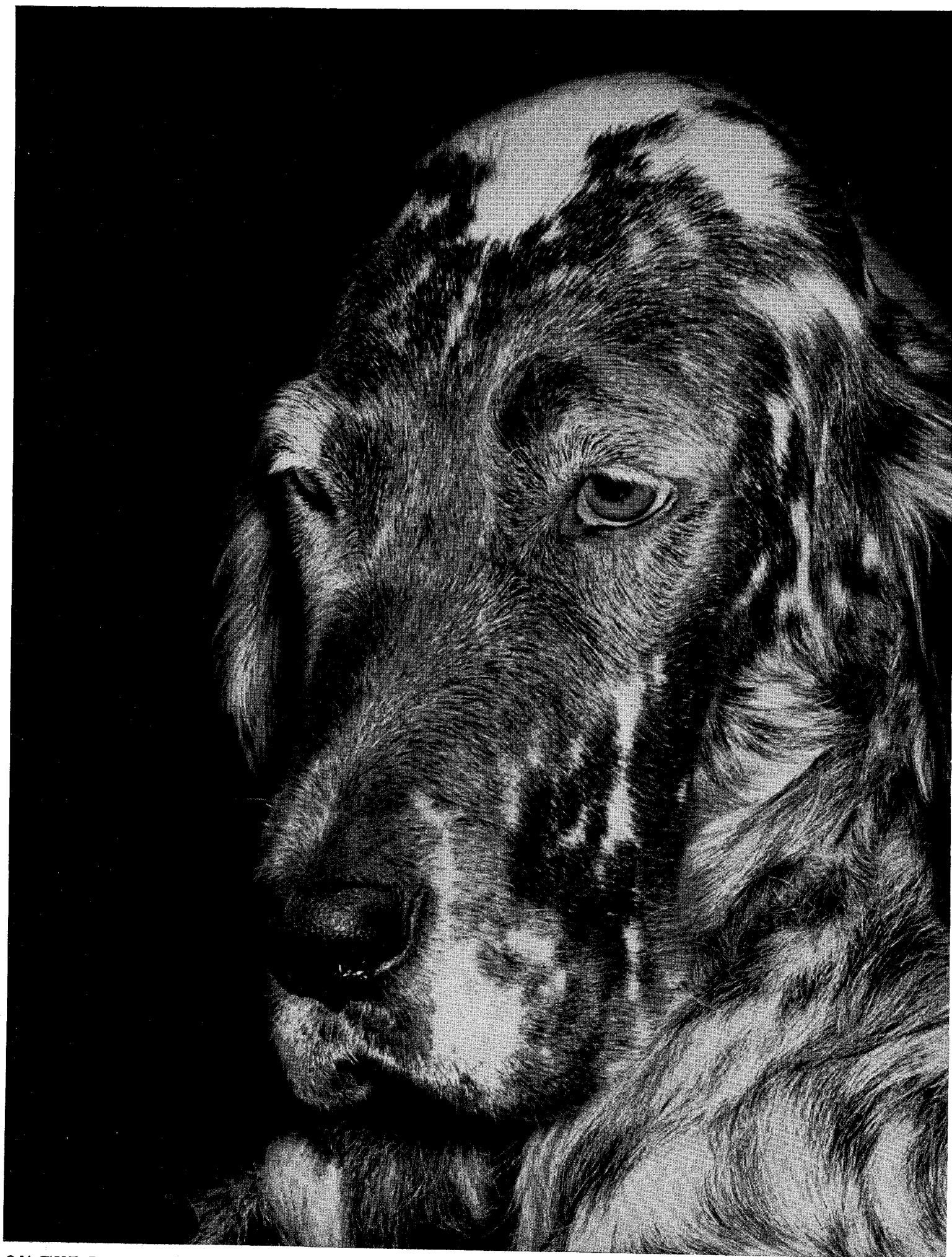
*FEEDIN' TO THE WINDLASS, by Hans Sauer*





*NEW ENGLAND SABBATH, by F. Earl Williams*





*ON THE BENCH, by William D. Barkley*





# Tent City, Texas

ELEANOR WEST

*A FIRST-HAND introduction to hand-to-mouth existence in a Southwestern community . . . the children in the tents . . . a Life in the United States article*

It was a flat little Texas town, treeless and hot. Not quite treeless, though, for a few low mesquites grew on the edges of the town, and two of these gnarled little trees furnished the only shade on the school playground. At playtime the hot Texas sun beat down steadily on the unprotected heads of the little ones, and the great "salt water" mosquitoes from the near-by marshes made life an actual misery for the uninitiated. To complete the discomfort, grass burrs tortured the barefooted children, and made games almost impossible for those who wore no shoes.

I was assigned the lowest grade, thirty youngsters just beginning their school careers. A jolly bunch on the whole—sturdy, well-grown, noisy, mischievous, and good-natured children of the town and of the near-by vegetable farms. A few of the children, however, were entirely different. Ragged, serious, with pinched faces and undernourished

bodies, they bore the unmistakable stamp of poverty. One little boy in particular wore the face of an old, old man. If it had not been pathetic it would have been quite comical to see the gravity with which he looked out upon the world from his long experience of seven years. Arthur he was called, and Billy was his brother. Arthur had three fingers missing from his right hand. Then there was Lessie, a motherly little girl with sad eyes and mouth, and James, a small boy with a disfiguring skin disease.

It was through these four that I had my first introduction to Tent City, for Tent City was not the town in which I taught. It was a city of tents and trailers, a camp on the outskirts of the little village. Every morning Arthur, Billy, Lessie, and James, with other children in higher grades, walked in from Tent City to attend our school.

One day Arthur was absent. Billy told me that he was sick. Blithely I sent

word that I would call that afternoon. "Where do you live, Billy?"

"Tent City," he answered promptly.

"How do you get there?" I inquired.

"Down the highway, if you like. Then you have to go down a bank and cross a patch of weeds. Shortest way is down the railroad track. You wouldn't want to come, I guess, if you saw how it was."

"I'll be there," I promised.

Billy's face beamed.

After school I went to the drugstore and bought a sack of peppermints and a package of chewing gum. Then I set out down the railroad track.

About two miles from where I started Tent City came into view. The weeds were so high and the ground so low that I came near missing it altogether. It was merely a clearing with the tops of tents and trailers barely visible from the railroad track. I pushed my way through yards of tall weeds and was greeted by the frenzied barking of several curs.