1937, Fort Totten, NY

Jack: Army Mule



STRIKES!

WINS RETIREMENT, HONORS

Jack, Army's Best Mule, Strikes For Afternoons Off

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(By Acme)

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FORT TOTTEN, N. Y.—With plenty of fanfare, the U. S. Army mule, Jack, was retired after twenty-seven years of faithful service in ceremonies featured by a dress parade. Happy days are here for Jack . . . he will not be called upon again to perform work of any kind.



FORT TOTTEN, NEW YORK



JACK SURVIVED WORLD WAR I

~10,000,000 mules, horses, & donkeys killed in WWI

6% of British mules survived WWI

& BORDER PATROLS DURING MEXICAN REVOLUTION

Mule on 1,300-lb. Strike Defies Army to Budge Him

Jack, Veteran of Mexican Border and World War, Wants Half-Holidays at Fort Totten and Gets 'Em—Baleful Eye Balks Attempt to Move Him

The current epidemic of work stoppage has finally struck the United States Army with Jack, an Army mule of 21 years' service, celebrating the 20th aniversary of the United States' entrance into the World War by holding the center of the stage—and a strategic corner of the corral today at Fort Totten.

For the last two weeks Jack, a bay mule weighing 1,300 pounds corralside, has been on a stand-in strike against working afternoons.

Jack is attached to the 62d Coast Artillery, commanded by Col. Frank K. Ferguson.

Until two weeks ago he obeyed orders unquestioningly, as befitted a veteran of the Mexican Border Patrol and the World War.

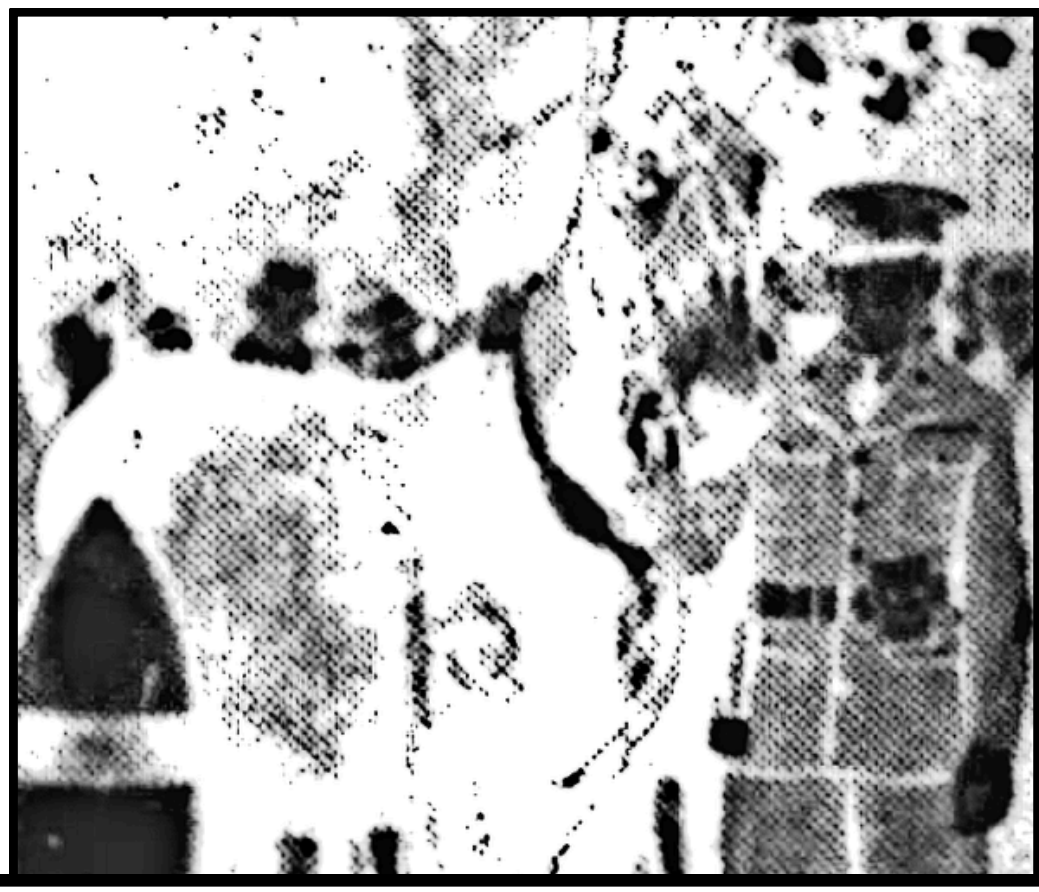
Came the day, however, when he was stationed for some time near a group of WPA workers and it was then that officers found they had a problem on their hands.

At noon Jack trotted briskly to his stall and munched a prodigious lunch. Instead of returning to his duty of light hauling in the afternoon he ambled to a corner of the corral and assumed a position which boded ill for anyone who tried to move him.

For some time Private Albert H. Dickenson, in charge of the four mules at the post, has had an easy job with them, but even his persuasive measures and boisterous eloquence failed to dislodge Jack from his stand-in post.

At supper time Jack trotted docilely to his stall and the next morning he allowed Dickenson to hitch him to a cart. But he repeated the stand-in trick after lunch, and has continued it since.

Books of regulations have been thumbed ragged in an effort to find some rule that will break the strike, but thus far nothing has been found to counteract the baleful light in Jack's eye when anyone approaches.



JACK'S DEFIANCE MOCKED

COMPARED TO ONGOING UNITED STATES WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION (WPA) STRIKE

MORE ON JACK'S STRIKE

MULE PROBLEM NEEDS SOLUTION

Fort Totten animal sits down afternoons, works mornings

Fort Totten, April 6—Students of military strategy eventually solve their problems, but experts here are going about with crimson faces. They can't solve the problem of Jack, a veteran army mule.

Jack, it developed today, has adopted the spirit of the times and is staging an afternoon strike. Mornings he obligingly takes part in light work, hauling WPA materials about the post.

Afternoon antics are another story, according to Private Albert H. Dickenson caretaker of the four mules left at the post when the 62d C. A. A. A. regiment was motorized a few years ago.

Dickenson said it all began little more than a week ago, after a morning put in at ordinary light work. At noon, Jack trotted to his stall—his first rapid move in years—and ate a huge supply of oats and hay.

Then he walked into the corral, going to the farthest corner, and backed into a defensive position. Dickenson spent that afternoon attempting to move the mule, which repelled both kind and unkind remarks until supper time, when he trotted into the stables.

The story has been the same ever since. Jack works each morning and eats at noon. Each afternoon he heads for the corral.

MORE ON JACK'S STRIKE

Jack, Army's Best Mule, Strikes For Afternoons Off

NEW YORK, April 7.—(AP)—Things went all right during the morning, but when it came time to resume work in the afternoon Jack, the Roman-nosed army mule, refused to budge.

He just stood there with his hairy upper lip trembling and his tail threshing back and forth like a pump handle. Private Robert J. Dickenson, 62nd C. A., could not do anything about it.

"It is very singular," commented Private Dickenson to his immediate superior, a corporal, "very singular and I am sore distressed. In all his twenty-two years in the army Jack has not acted thus."

Jack will eat practically anything and at first they thought some one had been feeding him newspapers containing details of sit-down strikes. But he will work of a morning. It is not until the bugler blows noon mess call that the Missouri born jack, one of four mules owned by the motorized 62nd, refused to move. Captain L. O. Skutt, who is very conscientious about such things, got to thinking there might be emotional repressions or something in Jack's past and he ordered a study of him. But Jack had been very willing on the Mexican border in 1916 and in France.

It has been going on like that for two weeks now. It is not exactly a camp crisis, but nobody is very happy about it. Come noon, Jack stands there with his ears slanted back and one hoof tucked under in a passive resistance that might take active form.

"I'll give $5," offered Private Dickenson, "to any one who can lead him out."

There were no takers.

JACK WINS!

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Dedicated to the ~10,000,000 mules, donkeys, & horses killed in World War I



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