

COMMONWEALTH COLLEGE FORTNIGHTLY

VOL. IV, NO. 21

MENA, ARKANSAS, DECEMBER 1, 1928.

\$1.00 A YEAR

SCOTCH THAT SURMISE, ZEUCH ORDERS EDITOR

"Am Not Leaving Commonwealth," He Cries to Editor
in Labor Pains

Rotund, ordinarily cool Father Zeuch burst into the editor's sanctum while the birth of a Fortnightly was in process and dactylized "hold!" in wild, tragic sweeps of the hand faintly reminiscent of immortal Duse.

"Tell them no! no! no!" he puffed, as he waved a sheaf of letters into the face of the editor. "Tell them that I am *not* leaving Commonwealth!" His breath somewhat regained, he read letter upon letter from Fortnightly readers who implore him to keep at the Commonwealth wheel.

"Put a short item into the *Fortnightly*, will you, and inform these people who think I want to quit Commonwealth that I have no such intention. Make it emphatic." Zeuch's face bespoke cerebration. A moment later he was speaking in the choppy manner of a person who dictates his thoughts as they come hot off the griddle.

"You can say that," he prologued, "I have asked to be relieved of the directorship not because I intend to sever connections with the school, but because I want more time for original research and teaching. I want to develop my power economics and work it up into textbook form. Commonwealth at present has a group of young teachers well capable of carrying on the administrative work."

NOTED ESPERANTIST IS COLLEGE HOSTESS

Mrs. Hilda F. Mills, noted California Esperantist, has joined the Commonwealth group. She will be librarian, director of musical activities, and hostess in the absence of Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare.

Mrs. Mills was associate editor of *Pacifika Espero*, organ of the west coast Esperanto movement and hostess at the *Esperanto Hejmo*, a house dedicated to the promotion of the international language, located in Berkeley, Cal.

Thanks, Friends

Dr. John Randolph Haynes, Los Angeles, Calif., book and pamphlet.
William Kubler, New York City, books and periodicals.
C. H. Moyer, Bloomington, Ill., \$25.00.
New Republic, New York City, two books.
Stanley Pietraszewski, Detroit, Mich., a package of periodicals.
M. W. Rappaport, Chicago, Ill., a package of periodicals.
G. W. Smith, Troy, Ohio, \$5.00.

Post Once-Overs Land For Good Dam Location

Applies for Probationary Membership in College Association

Traveling by automobile via Arizona and New Mexico sagebrush splendor, F. A. Post, vandyke bearded Russian of alert, engaging mien, debarked at Commonwealth early this fortnight. He is now busily at work surveying the land for a suitable location for the dam and power plant and estimating the cost of construction material.

Post has applied for probationary membership in the Commonwealth College Association. He will serve the group in the capacity of engineer and teacher. Esperanto, mathematics, and science will be his subjects of instruction.

"The first step towards mutual understanding between nations is to teach them to speak the same language," exhorts ardent Esperantist Post. "Mutual understanding is prerequisite to any co-operation in education, in technics, in the solution of economic, political and scientific problems. But genuine understanding is impossible while each group of people speaks a different language."

Post has been president of *Espero*, the first officially recognized society of Esperanto in the world. He introduced the international language into Japan and California.

Equality causes no war.—*Solon*.

WINTER TERM TO OPEN WITH 18 NEW COURSES

Curricula So Organized That
Courses Are Completed
in One Term

The largest and most varied curricula in the history of the school will be offered during the winter term, which starts December 24. Students will have thirty courses, eighteen of which are new, to choose from. All courses are organized on a quarterly basis and each quarterly course is complete in itself.

Most important of the new courses are those in life problems, labor economics, modern psychological approaches, and Esperanto. The first will treat with the problems of the individual students from a historical as well as personal angle. The second will be a seminar class in current labor problems. The third will deal with psychoanalysis, behaviorism, and glandular psychology.

Other courses will be offered in economics, psychology, literature, sociology, history, mathematics, public speaking, law, labor journalism, stenography, and languages. Except for the addition of F. A. Post, the teaching staff remains the same: William E. Zeuch, Edward C.

[Continued on Page Four.]

CHICAGOAN YCLEPED HONORARY COMMONER

Commonwealth has broken with all time-haloed academic traditions but one. This fortnight it took up the bourgeois practice of granting degrees. The title of "Honorary Commoner" was conferred upon Chicagoan Alfred D. Schoch, donor of books and pledger to the Commonwealth maintenance fund, in recognition of the "truly Commonwealth spirit he manifested in his industrial work during his ten-day visit with us."

"I shall consider my visit to Commonwealth one of the brightest spots in my life," said Schoch by way of thanks. The Sunday prior to his leaving he spoke before the group on Haiti, which he had recently visited. "Everything in Haiti worth owning has passed into American hands," was his comment on the blessings of the American protectorate.

Commonwealth College Fortnightly

Published twice a month at Mena, Arkansas, by Commonwealth College, a school for self-maintaining, non-propaganda education for workers. Subscription, one dollar a year. Entered as second class matter, January 30, 1926, at the post office at Mena, Arkansas, under the Act of August 24, 1912.

Signed articles express only individual opinion.

Editors, particularly of labor and farmer papers, are welcome to make free use of material appearing in these columns. A line crediting the Commonwealth College Fortnightly will be appreciated.

PARKE-HARPER CO. LITTLE ROCK

Vol. IV, No. 21 December 1, 1928

WHAT IS COMMONWEALTH COLLEGE?

Commonwealth was organized in 1923 to provide education for workers on a self-supporting basis.

Commonwealth is located in the Ouachitas near Mena, Ark., where it operates agricultural and other basic industries by means of four hours' daily labor from its students and teachers.

Commonwealth seeks to develop in young men and women of the working class the capacity to serve the labor movement.

Commonwealth is a non-sectarian, non-propaganda institution. It sponsors no particular religious, political, or economic dogma. It holds that scientific experimentation carries the only hope of adjustment or solution of personal and social problems.

Commonwealth is the only institution for higher education where both teachers and students earn their maintenance by part-time labor while engaged in academic work.

ARKANSAS APES TENNESSEE

By the grace of God and by the recently expressed will of 60 per cent of Arkansas citizens Commonwealth has the distinction of being the only secular educational institution in Arkansas to teach the theory of evolution. The anti-evolution bill the state adopted by a referendum vote prohibits references in the public schools from kindergarten through university, to the theory that man "ascended or descended from a lower order of animals."

Commonwealth, of course, deplors the adding of such a stupid measure to Arkansas statutes. However, no weeping nor gnashing of teeth can kindle into thought minds that are stuck in the morass of the intellectual Middle Ages. Repression in the long run defeats its purpose, for it arouses curiosity and curiosity leads to investigation and investigation to learning. In this fact lies our hope for an enlightened Arkansas.

In the meantime, we are to understand that God created man complete in one act and in His own image. The date, according to the calculation of Bishop Ussher, was nine o'clock in the morning of October 23, 4004 B. C. (Standard of time not given.) He who believeth not shall be damned.—*I. W.*

What Makes the Virgin Hard-Boiled

Reflections on Ten Thousand Miles of Solo Hitch-Hiking

By Nellie Toble

I.

"Do not allow your daughters to be taught letters by a man, though he be a St. Paul or St. Francis of Assissium. The saints are in heaven." This is the way Bishop Liguori words what probably was a platitude even in the fig-leaf days of Adam and Eve. The idea that a man is not to be trusted alone with a girl goes uncontradicted to this very day of woman suffrage.

And it stays uncontradicted, so far as I am concerned. My purpose here is not to fusillade verbally this, or any other, hoary notion; nor is it to traduce man; sorry to say, I am no soldier in the liberation war of womankind. I purpose, purely and simply, to recount my experiences in four years' hitch-hiking. If a moral adorns this tale, blame not me, for I intend none, but the "nature of things", to borrow a happy phrase from Napoleon.

The girl hiker is, in the opinion of Mr. Average Motorist, no sister-under-the-khaki in the colonel's lady. She is rather a fallen creature, a prostitute who plies her trade on the open highways instead of the city streets. When I enter the car of a man who stops to give me a ride, I sense this attitude instantly. That sparkle of the eye—I've seen it too often to mistake its meaning—that lustful sparkle of the eye presages a series of overtures, sometimes delicately put and other times brusquely. I'll let you see for yourself how a few motorists behaved towards a girl hiker. Their conduct may be taken as typical.

II.

I was fourteen years old when I first hit the highway. Commonwealth moved to Mena at that time from Newllano Colony, located near Leesville, Louisiana, and I, desiring to continue my education, went along. Not having enough money for railroad fare, I took to the highway and bummed rides. I got many lifts. Invariably, the drivers asked me either not to hurry or else to show my appreciation with "just a little kiss, huh?" For reply I fixed two indignant eyes on them and, in a voice that would have frozen Vesuvius itself, said "No!"—and tramped on.

Once I got into a car whose two occupants seemed as respectable as deacons. We had been riding, I in the back seat and they in front, for possibly fifteen minutes without a word passing between us. Suddenly I heard the silliest giggles followed by guttural warblings. I looked at the men and demanded to know whether they were drunk. "Yeah, we-all done had a little dribble," accompanied

with a fresh burst of giggles. "Then let me out!" One of the men grabbed the latch. "I want to get out of here, do you understand?" "All right, all right, ma'am, don't mind us. We only aimed to give you-all part of our joyride." The latch was lifted and my feet again touched the red clay road.

III.

A truck picked me up. The driver had "Hicksville" written large over him. He was about fifty-five years old. "Move up closer, I ain't aimin' to bite ye." I hugged my side of the seat and looked hard. Old hayseed said not another word the rest of that ten-mile ride.

"You aren't afraid of me are you, you pretty little thing?" blarneyed another driver. I was pretty indeed! I was spattered with yellow clay, sunburned, and my hair tousled and dusty. "No, I guess not," was my answer. "Well, put your arm around me and be sort of sociable like. Do you know why Southern women are called hot mammas?" I manifested no interest in Southern women. "Did you call me a fool?"—this a half hour later. "I did not." Fifteen minutes' silence. "Are you sure?" I nodded. "Well, do you think I am a fool?" "Maybe," I answered disinterestedly. "Well, you can walk then!" What a jolt! And I had been sitting pretty for fifty miles at least.

IV.

In Colorado a man attired in sport clothes invited me into his big Chrysler roadster. He said he was an insurance agent bound for the home office in Kansas City, and that he was ready for a good time. "Never see each other again, so why care? Nobody 'd know. Snuggle up, can't you, and give me a kiss? No? You're the first sixteen-year-old kid I ever saw that wasn't ready to go." We stopped for the night at a hotel in a one-horse town. "Clerk says only one room left. Guess we'll have to take it together." I said I'd put up at a farmhouse. "I was just joking," he said half-apologetically, and got me a room.

I was riding with a salesman. He invited me to meals on the boss' money and asked that I travel the rest of his route with him, presumably, also on his boss' money. I said nothing. He construed silence to mean consent so expanded on plans for our future. In Kansas City he would buy me a dainty dress and slippers and . . . I told him I was not interested. "That's as far as I'm going. I turn in here." He stopped his car and I got out.

"I can take you only a little ways
[Continued on Page Three.]

CAMPAIGN RESULTS

Pledges to Date

(75 pledges have been acknowledged in this column in previous issues)

Name—Address	1928	1929	1930
76. Christ Church Cathedral, St. Louis, Mo.	25.00	25.00	25.00
77. Gustave Lippman, St. Louis, Mo.	10.00	10.00	10.00
78. Percy Werner, St. Louis, Mo.	25.00	25.00	25.00
79. O. O. Wagner, Millerstown, Pa.	25.00	25.00	25.00
80. Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Scattergood, Philadelphia, Pa.	25.00	25.00	25.00
81. A. S. Oko, Cincinnati, Ohio	10.00	10.00	10.00
82. Louis N. and Caroline H. Robinson, Swarthmore, Pa.	25.00	25.00	25.00
83. Edwin N. Durland, Chicago, Ill.	5.00	10.00	10.00
84. J. W. Griggs, St. Paul, Minn.	25.00	25.00	25.00
85. Stanley Pietraszewski, Detroit, Michigan		20.00	20.00
86. Albert Von Hoffmann, St. Louis, Mo.		25.00	25.00
87. Henry Hauser, Taylorville, Ill.	5.00	5.00	5.00
88. W. A. Lobbey, Colorado Springs, Colo.	25.00	25.00	25.00
89. C. H. Moyer, Bloomington, Ill.	25.00	25.00	25.00

COMMUNICATIONS

In this column, letters of comment and criticism from our readers will be printed, regardless of their tone, but not regardless of their length. The editor reserves the right to print extracts from communications.

Godspeed.

I wish I were able to help you substantially at present. I have, however, just returned from a year in the Soviet Union, confirmed in my radicalism, but without much funds left. Let me wish you god-speed in the promotion of your project.

H. W. L. DANA.

Cambridge, Mass.

Pension Pays Pledge.

Enclosed please find check for \$5.00, third payment on my subscription. My sympathy for your institution caused me to subscribe for more than I am able to pay. I have only my Civil war pension, and demands the last few months have depleted the small amount in the bank saved for burial expenses. However, I will do the best I can.

G. W. SMITH.

Troy, Ohio.

WHAT MAKES THE VIRGIN HARD-BOILED

[Continued from Page Two.]

further. I got a date at eight." The blonde young driver slowed up his car. "That's perfectly all right," I replied. "You've taken me out of your way as it is." "Well, if you give me a date I won't have to go back. I'll take you to the city. I have a friend there." I looked at the boy, for he was no more than seventeen. "Look here! Aren't you afraid of contracting a disease? I am a medical student—" His eyes opened big with fright

as I continued talking. "Gee, I'm sorry. You're sure right. I'm awfully glad I met you." He drove me into town and we shook hands on parting.

V.

Walks between rides are invariably long. Your ten-pound pack begins to get heavier and you either get warmer or colder to extremes. Walking through towns always attracts the attention of corner loafers. "Are you a boy or girl—or both?" "Don't rush, I'll be along soon, maybe." "Is your load heavy? Hey, Tom, the lady's load is heavy!" And so on *ad infinitum ad nauseam*.

I have accepted rides from bootleggers and salesmen, professors and college boys, laborers and farmers; I have accepted rides from old men and young men, from men of every kind and description, but I have found them all to be pretty much alike in their attitude towards girl hikers. "You know," one driver said to me, "I can be just as game as the girl; if she's bad I can be bad, but if she's decent I can be decent too." To which I mentally added, "If need be."

SOCIETY NOTES

Responsibility. Father Zeuch this fortnight transferred to William Thomas and William Ralph Rivers, juvenile neighbors, all rights and interests in Dante and Beatrice, new-born members of the Commonwealth dairy herd. Party of the first part Zeuch describes the transaction as an experiment in responsibility.

Sightseers. Professors Holtzer and Seaburn and their wives drove down from the College of the Ozarks, a school for mountaineers located at Clarksville, Arkansas, to gratify their curiosity about neighbor Commonwealth. They stayed several hours and discussed various educational problems with teachers and students.

Odd Data. What august opinions sophisticated city flat-dwellers hold on things pastoral may be gleaned from this seriatum report of our campus inquiring reporter: (a) peanuts grow on trees, (b) chickens have white feathers because they are washed, (c) sorghum syrup derives from cotton stalks, (d) rabbits live in trees, (e) cows differ from bulls in that they have no horns.

Sic 'Em, Sigmund! During classroom discussions and lectures students would be observed scribbling on the tables with whatever writing instrument they may have in their hand at the time. They seem totally oblivious of what they are doing and all-ears to what is being said. Yet, when made privy to the Freudian symbolization of all the lines, circles, figures and names they had traced out on the oilcloth-covered tables, they instantly curbed the erratic movements of their hands.

[Continued on Page Four.]

WILL YOU ENROLL YOURSELF AS ONE OF THE HUNDRED WHOSE CONTRIBUTIONS WILL MAKE THE CONTINUATION OF COMMONWEALTH POSSIBLE?

If so fill out and mail this blank.

I hereby enclose \$_____ for the year 1928 and pledge \$_____ annually for 1929 and 1930.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

POWER ECONOMICS

Consequent to the publication of a series of articles dealing with the power approach in economics *Fortnightly* has received numerous letters expressing in their criticism and comment the significance of the new economics being developed at Commonwealth. Whenever able, the editor will print in this column extracts from communications.

I Agree. But . . .

As a general statement of the conditions of the problem I agree with you entirely. But it seems to me that your approach raises several important questions:

1. What is the type of organization you favor for bringing to expression the desires of the workers for modification of the working rules? For instance, the changes in rules suggested by a Brotherhood would be different from the changes suggested by an A. F. of L. union or an industrial union. It does seem to me that no matter which way you answer the question you are apt to lay yourself open to the charge of partisanship with one or another of the factions which is splitting the labor movement open.

2. It would seem to me that there ought to be a labor tactics which would take advantage of the intra-class struggles of the master class. This would imply a type of vanguard labor organization that is extremely well informed and alert, well-disciplined and well organized. Yet, granted we had such a vanguard, would it not be apt to mislead in the interest of its own perpetuation in power? How about the Communists in Russia? Has their victory been to the unalloyed advantage of the workers? Should we, in America, imitate their tactics?

3. Getting down to brass tacks—what are the changes in working rules which workers can agree on as desirable? Expropriation? Eight-hour day? Seven-hour day? "All the product to the producers?" In other words, the thing I miss in Commons' analysis and don't find mentioned in your brief release is: what is the sound theory of economics which would permit the maximum, frictionless, wasteless, efficient, progressive, humane, and democratic functioning of the economic machinery? This is, to my mind, the heart of the economic problem of values.

HOWARD EATON,
Department of Philosophy,
University of Oklahoma.

Norman, Okla.

Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.—*Mark Twain.*

PLEDGES FOR THE FORTNIGHT

C. H. Moyer, Bloomington, Ill.

PEGASUS UNSHOD

As Ridden by Commonwealth
Versifiers

OXEN AND MEN.

BY WILLIAM KENNETH MOYER.

In meadow-field ten oxen graze,
Each ox plucks grass that he may dine;
No man-made creed or whim obeys,
He works or starves as do the nine.

In residence the King of Beasts,
Babbitt, sits idle, toiling not;
Nine brutes with mind serve him his feasts

And eat left-overs from his pot.
Contemporary Verse.
Reprinted by permission,

SOCIETY NOTES.

[*Continue from Page Three.*]

Mencken May Visit. H. L. Mencken, the bad boy of Baltimore who became famous as editor of *The American Mercury*, states in a letter to Secretary Moskowitz that he will stop at Commonwealth on his next southwestern itinerary.

Married. Eugene O'Hare, legendary Commoner and son of Kate Richards O'Hare; to Reba Joffe; in New York City. Writes the happy bridegroom: "My wife has an M. A. and a couple of other drawbacks."

WINTER TERM TO OPEN WITH 18 NEW COURSES

[*Continued from Page One.*]

Wilson, Clay Fulks, William Cunningham, Alice O. Wilson, Lucien Koch, Irving Weissman, Clarice Cunningham, David Englestein, and Fritz Hoffmann.

Chip of the Old Block

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery then *Fortnightly* ought to be—and truly is—proud indeed in the debut of *The Silk Striker* into the field of labor journalism. This interesting and newsy organ of the Associated Silk Workers of America is dressed in *Fortnightly* format and is the work of onetime Commoner (1923-1926) Harold Z. Brown. Long life to *The Silk Worker!*

STUDENTS

Edward A. Bleier, mild-mannered, unnewspaperish newspaperman of Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York, felt the need for bunkless education and diogenesed clear across the continent, but found no lyceum that was an improvement over native Columbia University, for which diploma mill he had served as grist one year. In Los Angeles he got wind of Commonwealth College, was smitten, telegraphed "advise fees, particulars", ignored the reply "wait for application blank; entrance only by written application approved by the director", and motored post-haste to Mena. When not unriddling man's inhumanity to man, Ed suckles on Sinclair Lewis and poetizes variations on the all-is-vanity theme.

Ethel Owen, please know, not only graduated from the De Forrest High School, De Forrest, Wisconsin, but graduated as the salutatorian of the class. Pooh!, you say, does that mean anything? Not much on its face, we answer, but . . . As an all-legs-and-arms farmgirl sing-songed a flowery hullo-thar, something happened inside her. Suddenly she blushed, not in pleasure, not in modesty, but in shame; what stilted, empty phrases she was mouthing! From that moment Ethel saw things in a new light. Emerson, Hardy, and Wells—solemn fellows, these!—further helped her to be an intense realist. Impelled by a will-to-learn she entered the liberal University of Wisconsin to find it not sufficiently liberal to suit her, so transferred to Commonwealth.

Glenn R. Heffner, upon arrival at Commonwealth, looked like a mannequin who had stepped out of an advertisement of collegiate kut klothes. To him college was synonymous with clothes, and he didn't mean overalls, dungarees, woolen shirts, or lumberjacks! But one glance at the sartorial finery swathing Commoners—and his illusion smashed to smithereens. He made a hasty retreat into his room and emerged several minutes later in studied dishabille. This quick-change artistry comes naturally to Glenn, as it would to anyone else upon whom it was incumbent to adjust himself in a single lifetime to such diverse locales as Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, New York, and Arkansas.

It is strange how we still do honor to some of the great conquerors in history, who were merely utterly immoral brigands.—*Dean Inge.*