SIXTY PLEDGES LEFT
AND SIX WEEKS MORE

Friends Must Act Soon If Commonwealth Is To Continue

"Time is short and although the number of pledges grows rapidly it is still far below the hundred mark," says W. E. Zeuch, educational director. "May I is only six weeks off and we must average ten pledges a week to reach our goal. Whether we win or lose depends largely upon the efforts of our friends outside the institution."

"Probably there are sixty people waiting to send in their money until success is assured. If each of them would send his pledge immediately our maintenance problems could be solved and we could concentrate upon the business of preparing for next year. As things now stand we cannot give any prospective student or teacher positive assurance that the school will continue."

This school, Zeuch points out, draws its support from all over America. Its friends are widely scattered and have nothing in common except an interest in worker's education and academic freedom. If personal interviews were possible the situation would be much easier, but Commoners must depend upon the printed word or personal correspondence to explain the needs of the school and the hopes and anxieties of those who have given them its services. No "pep meetings" are possible; no mob enthusiasm can be generated; the school cannot appeal to a man's religious zeal, his business sense, nor his local patriotism. The individual who helps this school must have realized the need for such a institution, otherwise nothing the Fortnightly could say would influence him to pledge.

"Thus our problem," says Zeuch, "is not to win converts to our way of thinking but merely to reach those sympathetic individuals who are financially able to help with a plain statement of the situation and to urge them to act immediately. Our failure to learn of them or their fail-

Continued on Page Three.

Pledges for the Fortnight.

Bricklayer's Union, Little Rock.
Floyd Dell.
Margaret Shipman.
Dr. Edward Berman.
R. J. Halsey.
Constance MacCorkle.
G. W. Smith.
Morris W. Rappaport.

(Complete List Page 3.)

LITTLE ROCK UNION IS AMONG PLEDGERS

Arkansas Bricklayers Send
First Money From Labor Organization.

The first official support from organized labor came this fortnight with a pledge from the Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers' International Union, No. 1, of Arkansas, Little Rock. Also the International Pocketbook Workers Union of New York City sent $5.00 as a gift. Individuals who belonged to unions have sent money to the school, but no union has ever before given anything. "We hope that this presages the active interest and support of organized labor," says W. E. Zeuch.

Floyd Dell, the novelist, sent a check for $25 and a pledge for the same amount for 1929 and 1930. The author of Moon Call and Were You Ever a Child? has long been interested in Commonwealth. He sends the school a copy of each of his books as soon as it is off the press.

Other old friends of the school are on the list for this fortnight. Morris W. Rappaport has been interested in Commonwealth since its founding. "The Rappaports are lovable people," says W. E. Zeuch, "and I never fail to visit them when I am in Chicago. They have a lifelong interest in labor activities."

Dr. Edward Berman, professor of labor economics at the University of Illinois, was a colleague of Zeuch when the latter taught at Illinois. He has been interested in the school since its founding. Constance MacCorkle was for years the international secretary to the Y. W. C. A. More recently she has been teaching in Mrs. Johnson's Organic School at Fairhope, Alabama. She has visited Commonwealth several times. Margaret Shipman, R. J. Halsey and G. W. Smith have been interested in the school for some time and are willing to make a sacrifice that it may continue.

The number of twenty-five dollar pledges now stands near the forty mark. The goal is one hundred by May 1. December 14 Zeuch announced that unless a

Continued on Page Three.
Teachers Who Can and Can’t

By WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM.

I.

Among humanity’s crimes against the teaching profession must be numbered slander, for there is a saying which has become proverbial: “Those who can, do; those who can’t, teach.” That saying hurts because it is a half truth.

Shooting paper wads at the teacher was once supposed to be a practice peculiar to youth, but now-a-days adults are taking it up with a gusto. Editors hurl editorial; novelists, psychologists, reformers, and even teachers sling volumes at the poor pedagogue. We are not afraid of him any more. Nobody stands much in awe of the switch behind his desk.

If I may borrow a phrase from the virile branch of modern literature, “such unpopularity must be deserved,” or again, “there’s a reason.” Something is wrong in the profession. In some way or other school teachers have earned their reputation.

To understand pedagogues you must understand their environment. To know what they are you must know why they hold their jobs. To place the blame you must hear the evidence on both sides of the case. You need only have put in one application for a teaching position to understand some of the requirements of our profession.

Here are a few of the reasons why teachers hold their jobs:

First, some teachers hold their jobs because they are librarians. School kids must be kept from under their parents’ feet during the day, must be kept out of the shop or the kitchen or the parlor. Therefore, a prison has been erected and a warden hired to keep them shut up. Sometimes they must be bruised and battered in order to frighten them into a painful inactivity. Usually an attempt is made to keep their attention upon books, bits of colored paper, pictures, and lately on phonograph music. Obviously this warden must have sadistic tendencies or he will fail entirely in his job.

Second, some teachers hold their jobs because they are clerks. In the higher reaches of our educational system great emphasis is placed on card index files. Each and every fact or near-fact flung at the student is automatically registered and if the student fails to return at least seventy per cent of such material he is asked to leave—unless of course he is on the football team, in which case the record may be disregarded. No matter how unimaginative, how unhonorable is our pedagogue, let him but keep a neat record and he will succeed.

Third, some teachers hold their jobs because they have degrees. In order to increase the sale of the academic product, a certain amount of schooling is required of anyone who wishes to teach. Patience in research and compilation, a tendency to accept the word of various text book authors as the word of God—these qualities are necessary if one is to go far in the profession of Socrates.

Fourth, some teachers hold their jobs because they are as nearly nothing as a living organism can be. They do not drink, smoke, chew, dance, love, gamble, play cards, nor believe in evolution. No account is taken of the fact that they can do nothing else. Their virtues are negative and so are they. By some peculiar twist of American psychology, such creatures are thought to be “models for the young.”

III.

Teaching is not one of the requirements of a teacher. Fighters must fight, lawyers must practice law, shoemakers must make shoes, but teachers need not teach. Their bosses have no way of knowing whether or not they teach. Their students, who are alone capable of judging, have no voice in their selection. What they do in the class room is not nearly so important as what they do between four o’clock in the afternoon and nine at night. If a teacher takes his job seriously and actually does teach he is seldom molested, unless, of course, he teaches biology or economics, as opposed to theses or capitalism, but since teaching is not expected of him he does not usually go to that trouble.

And yet teaching is being done all of the time and everywhere. You call in a hardware clerk to show you how to set up your radio; you are assigned an auto mechanic to teach you to drive your new car. Your doctor teaches you how to regulate your body; your neighbor how to make home brew. You implore a flapper to show you the latest dance steps. You pay a cent to a newshoys that a half dozen newspaper cubs may teach you current events. You ask a policeman the way to the railway station. You hire a chemist to analyze the product of your factory, and you consult with a lawyer before you put over a shady business deal. These unprofessional teachers teach because they can also do. And this is a significant fact: you never shoot paper wads at them.

But even within the profession there are some teachers. I have studied under at least two. One was a lean Kansan....
Chase Laid to Rest.

Will Chase, Commonwealth working guest, passed away after an illness of one month, on Sunday evening, February 26.

Shortly after 10:30 on Monday morning services were held at the commons. Members of the student body and several of the neighbors, attended.

Obituary talks were delivered by Mr. Zeuch and William Cunningham. Both spoke of the life of the deceased. Zeuch spoke of Chase’s hard experiences and its effect upon his religious feeling. “Yet William Chase did have a guiding principle in life,” he said, “looking back over his life one would have a right to expect evil from one reared in such environments. But his life did not have any elements of evil. It seemed to be positively good.”

Cunningham told the story of Chase’s life—what was known of it. The obscure beginnings, the orphan asylum at an early age, then his adoption by a wealthy Iowa farmer who not only overworked him but even refused to supply him with proper clothing for winter, were all mentioned.

“He was a fellow worker, a comrade, a wayfarer on the road of life,” said Cunningham. “Commonwealth happened to be his last station. The Commoners are laying him away in the quiet hills where he will find the peace that he never found in life.”

Chase was laid to rest in a cemetery about three miles from the campus. A pine tree, planted over the grave by one of the students and some artificial flowers, made by one of the neighbors, mark his final resting place. Later, a headstone may be put up.

SIXTY PLEDGES LEFT AND SIX WEEKS MORE

[Continued from Page One.]

TRUSTY HANDS—IT IS NO RASH NOR DREAMY VENTURE—and it has a good staff of instructors. Its need of support is honest and imperative.”

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.

In case $2500 is not pledged by May 1, 1928, the sum enclosed is to be returned if so desired.

NAME

ADDRESS
SOCIETY NOTES

"Your Bloomers—Now Is the Time to Fix Them," is the title of an Aronson poster soon to be displayed in the store. "Every woman knows the sinking feeling that comes with the realization that the elastic has lost its distinguishing quality. Avoid embarrassment. Make it snappy. Ask to see our elastic."

Sylvia Aronson's first discovery upon taking over management of the Commonwealth store was a stock of elastic, long overlooked by masculine stockkeepers. Her artistic mind immediately saw possibilities and she set to work upon a poster to stimulate the elastic turnover. She plans many more such cards to help business. "Buy Eggs. From Cantented Home. 'Patronize Home Industries: Our Bacon Scratched Itself on Arkansas Stumps."

"The Best Shirt on the campus—Oh why did you have to scour it?" demanded Al Kruger of Clarice Cunningham, laundress. "I just got this shirt and look at it!" said Al.

"I don't do the ironing," said Clarice. "Sylvia Aronson rubbered the iron on that pretty shirt. Besides I know a scour when I see one. That is merely a stain and will come out in the wash. Our laundry crew is a marvel of efficiency."

"Thuder!" said Al.

Sylvia looked sympathetically at the brown triangle on the snow shirt front. "Have you seen my latest poster?" she asked. "It depicts a Bolshevik rampant on a field of red and the title is: 'Buy Our Dynamite 'Use: It Never Goes Out.'"

Bosche, Botch, Butch, Ball, Buck—how do you pronounce "Bosch"?

"We pronounce it 'Bush,' says Richard Bosche, student from Minnesota. However we answer to any attempt which sounds familiar.

"Bosch" takes its place beside "Zuch" and "Koch" as the hardest-to-pronounce name on the campus. The educational director of the school is called "Zork" by the neighbors, who are fond of putting an "r" in every word possible—"Merner," "tyford," etc. Newcomers generally call him "Zoosh" or "Zook" or "Zootch." The name, a generation ago, was no puzzle to the German tongue, and Joe Lampert, who has studied in Germany, pronounces it somewhat like "Tchook" although English has no sound exactly like the German. W. E. Zuch makes no attempt to preserve the original pronunciation and calls himself "Zoik." Charlotte Moskowitz's rendition of this syllable sounds something like "Zoy-eck."

Raymond and Lucien Koch answer to "Koish." "Cook." "Coie." "Coach." Joe Lampert merely coughs when he pronounces the name. "It's the German word for 'cook,'" he explains. But the Koch boys call themselves "Kotch."

"No other school is quite like ours," sighed Chucky, the office girl. She was working on the files of last year.

"What's the matter now?" asked Irving, her assistant.

"Tell me if there's any other college in the world with such letters as this one on its files," she said, handing him a carbon copy of a letter dated a year ago.

Here is what he read:

Mr. Clyde Washington,
Route 3, Potter, Arkansas.
Dear Mr. Washington:

We regret to inform you that it is the decision of the Commonwealth College Board of Trustees that it cannot accept your hog and mule at this time.

Yours truly,

COMMONWEALTH COLLEGE.

CAMPAIGN RESULTS

Pledges to Date

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Name-Address</th>
<th>1928</th>
<th>1929</th>
<th>1930</th>
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<td>Fern Babcock, Fayetteville, Ark.</td>
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<td>A. E. Green, Cleveland, Ohio</td>
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<td>Frederick N. MacMillen, Milwaukee, Wis.</td>
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<td>George Marcley, Ogdensburg, N. Y.</td>
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<td>Lillian Goldblatt Buck, Brooklyn, N. Y.</td>
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<td>Mr. and Mrs. Phil Fried, Peeksill, N. Y.</td>
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<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. Herman Brody, Peeksill, N.Y.</td>
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<td>A. M. Todd, Kalamazoo, Mich.</td>
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<td>Mrs. M. Wilson, Pleasant Lake, Ind.</td>
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<td>Peter Hoedemaker, Little Falls, N. J.</td>
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<td>Elizabeth Gilman, Baltimore, Md.</td>
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<td>Luther Ely Smith, Saint Louis, Mo.</td>
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<td>Perle Shale Kingsley, Denver, Colo.</td>
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<td>Peter Boile, Cincinnati, Ohio</td>
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<td>O. O. Wagner, Millersfown, Pa.</td>
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<td>Morris W. Rappaport, Chicago</td>
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<td>Dr. Edward Berman, Urbana, Ill.</td>
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<td>Margaret Shipman, Lee, Mass.</td>
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<td>Floyd Dell, Croton on Hudson, N. Y.</td>
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<td>Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers International Union, No. 1, Arkansas, Little Rock</td>
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<td>R. J. Halsey, Needles, Cal.</td>
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<td>Constance MacCarile, Fairhope, Ala.</td>
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<td>G. W. Smith, Troy, Ohio</td>
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Is Life Worth Living? Discussed By Students

"Is Life Worth Living?" was the subject of a debate between Fritz Hoccevar and Dewey Bradford at a recent Sunday evening open forum.

Life is worth living when a person sets a goal for himself, when he has some purpose in life, according to Hoccevar. "Life seems to be quite worthwhile even to those who have no purpose in life. Otherwise there would be a heavier demand for chloralose," said Hoccevar.

Bradford contended that philosophers are almost unanimous in the belief that life is indeed not worth living. "We do not live our lives, unless we define living as merely functioning. Most people live this life as an interlude. They live for the future they hope for in another world."

It is bitter, the bread that has been made by slaves.—Nehrosoff.