SOCIETY AND LAW SEMINARS ARRANGED

- All Classes Doing Increased Work As Second Quarter Begins. Four New Students.

"Modern Social Thinkers" and "The Spirit of the Law" are the two seminar courses for the second quarter which opened Monday, December 30. Harriet Halbert (Mrs. David Kaplan) is directing the sociological group.

The first report will be a study of Edouard C. Lindeman, and it will be followed with papers on Georg Simmel, John Dewey, Jane Addams, Walter Lippman, W. I. Thomas, the Russian group. Beatrice and Sidney Webb, Hendrick De Mann, and Howard Odum. Fritz Hoffman, who is to report on De Mann, is to translate the ideas of the German sociologist into English.

The Power economists, despite the absence of Dr. Zeuch, are spending hours in research, under the leadership of David Kaplan. They meet each Sunday morning to report on work done.

The World Classicists are facing a schedule which includes Dante, Rabelais, Cervantes, Chaucer, Montaigne, Machiavelli, Racine, Corneille, and Molieres.

An increase in work is anticipated by the Law classes, taught by Clay Fulk, and the Sociologists, under Harriet Halbert, are finding themselves to be busy individuals, keeping up with just regular assignments.

Herman Erickson is teaching Principles of Economics, and Economic History is being taught by Ross Brown. Fritz Hoffman is instructing the class in German. Economic and labor studies for the labor press will be sent out from Commonweal soon, according to present plans. Irving Weissman is directing this work. Harriet Halbert and Harry I. Cohen are to put in full industrial time working with him. Other members of the [Continued on Page Three]

Thanks, Friends

Cash.
Retta Toble, Akron, O. .... $25.00
Alfred D. Schoch, Chicago, Ill. 25.00
W. M. Chattjeree, Yellow Springs, O. .... 10.00

Chas. Nagel, St. Louis, Mo.
Bolton Hall, New York City.
O. O. Wagner, Millertown, Pa.
Mrs. Bolton Hall, New York City.
E. N. Durland, Chicago, III.
Mr. and Mrs. M. Sands, Hartland, Wis.
Furniture and Books.
Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Halbert, Kansas City, Mo.

RADIO LISTENERS HEAR OF COMMONWEALTH

Zeuch Speaks Before Number of Kansas City Groups In Course of Visit.

"Commonwealth: The Strangest College in America," was the subject of a ten-minute radio talk by Dr. William E. Zeuch, during the "School of the Air" hour of Station WDAF, the Kansas City Star, on Wednesday evening, January 8. Despite unfavorable weather the Commoners listened in and heard every word.

Dr. Zeuch, who is traveling through the North and East in the interest of Commonwealth, left Mena on the Saturday night preceding his radio appearance. He will be away from the college during the entire second quarter.

On Sunday evening he spoke before the Young People's Club of the All-Souls Unitarian Church. There was a capacity crowd to greet him and they displayed great interest in the college.

Tuesday evening he was the speaker at a luncheon of the Industrial Girls' Club of the Kansas City Y. W. C. A. Miss Heim, in charge of the club, said that she was strongly in favor of further education for the girls, and that the idea of Commonwealth appealed to her. She is a recent graduate of the University of Wisconsin, where Dr. Zeuch taught preceding the founding of Commonwealth.

Later in the evening Dr. Zeuch addressed two meetings at the Kansas City Labor Temple. The first talk was given before the Bakery Salesmen's Union, with about 800 members present. Following this he spoke before the Cement Finishers' Union.

"Harry Helgeson, president, and Max Dyer, Secretary of the Central Labor Union, have been very courteous and co-operative in my work," said Dr. Zeuch. "Mr. P. J. McCann, the well-known Kansas City liberal gave me much of this time and aided me greatly."

[Continued on Page Three]

Wedding Bells

They met in old New Orleans. David, tired and dusty, just off the road, came to the residence of the Cunninghams, former Commoners. A slightly built young lady was there, and Dave was somewhat embarrassed at his appearance. They met, casually, once after that—and David returned to New York.

At the beginning of the first quarter Harriet came to Commonwealth as a teacher. David as a student-teacher—and on the evening of December 28, 1929, in a simple ceremony, they were married. It was the second campus wedding, and the ninth among Commoners.

The bride was given away by Master James Fulk, and he did well, considering his eleven years and experience.

The wedding dinner? Dorothy Alfred and Nellie Toble did most of the cooking and Mrs. Fulk made the cake. It is needless to say more. After that meal there was much good advice to the bride and groom—and to the babies in the group.

Mr. Zeuch considered the subject of love from the angle of "temporary aberration," and made his remarks accordingly.

Mrs. Fulk spoke on "Matrimony—for better." "What this country needs is some good rousing auction
Tighten Your Belts—and Pray
By William E. Zeuch

The painful truth is, despite presidential pep meetings and optimistic newspaper blah, that the industrial outlook for the immediate future is not bright. From all present indications 1930 will be a worse than ordinary year for workers.

The health or well-being of modern business is measured by the rate of profits. A prospect of steady or increasing profits makes business men and bankers optimistic and makes business hum. A prospect of falling or declining profits makes all producers, merchants, investors, and bankers pessimistic or glum and business slows down.

The stock market in its major fluctuations registers and measures the outlook of the business community as regards future business. When the prospect of profits is good and business men are optimistic stocks boom and their prices rise. When the prospect of profits is poor and business men are glum stocks decline and fall off in price. The recent smash in the stock market was the result of a prospect of insufficient profits in the near future to pay dividends on the prevailing market price of the stocks at the current average rate of returns on industrial securities.

The fourteen billion dollar decline in the value of stocks from September to December means that business men, investors, and bankers—if the current average rate of dividends on industrial stocks is eight percent—feel that the profits in industry in the near future will be about one billion one hundred and twenty thousand dollars less a year than in the past few years. It means also that the investing public will have one billion one hundred and twenty thousand dollars less to spend each year if the forecast for the future on the part of the business community is correct.

"But what difference does all this make to the worker?" you ask. "It all depends," as the little boy said. As a matter of fact if something should happen within the next few weeks to lead business men and bankers to expect good business and much profits this year, it would be found that there is sufficient of reserves in our Federal Reserve System upon which to issue billions of dollars of credit with which to buy raw materials, hire laborers, etc. The recent crash in the stock market would then be almost completely forgotten and we would be in for an era of boom times.

On the other hand if nothing happens to put hope of profits into the minds of bankers and business men then the available credits will not be used; producers will not be in the market for raw materials nor will employers be in the market for laborers beyond their barest current needs. We will be in for a period of unemployment and lean times for all who must sell their labor in order to live. In such an event the one billion one hundred and twenty thousand dollars of reduced income of investors will mean that much less purchasing power on the market. This will merely aggravate the general situation.

"What can we do about it?" you ask. Well you can tighten your belts and meanwhile pray for markets for your employers. Profits depend on markets, good markets, expanding markets, new markets. With those markets the prospect of profits will be good and you will stand a reasonable chance of employment. Otherwise just tighten your belts.

The Republicans and President Hoover promised us prosperity. To the worker that means a job at a decency wage. In the face of the developing situation President Hoover has not forgotten his promise, remarkably. He is doing everything that talk can do to keep the wheels of industry going. But that isn't much. We should jump on him for not doing something.

For example he might discover a new continent somewhere that needs shoes and silk stockings and pants and talking machines. Or he might get Charley Lindbergh to make a jump for Mars so as to send up missionaries to convert the heathen and save the way for trade. Or as a last resort and if the worst comes to the worst he might start a nice little war with Mexico or somebody. Wars, especially safe ones, always stimulate trade, pep up the markets, and produce a nice profit. Of course some of the boys...
TIGHTEN YOUR BELTS.
(Continued from Page Two)
will get killed but what of that if the rest of us get jobs?
But then there are less spectacular and less heroic things that he might do. For instance he might put on bigger inheritance and income taxes—with the help of Bill Borah, of course—and use the proceeds in great public works. This would create a market for raw materials and set men to work. It would enable workers to live where otherwise they must subsist on charity or starve or steal. Then, too, he might—but why waste good advice. As an economist and statesman he might accept it but as a politician he would reject it. And political expediency rules the presidency.

V.
So unless the unforeseen happens we must not expect jobs and good times. We cannot create the markets that create the profits that create the jobs. About all that we can do as laborers is to tighten our belts and pray. That is, unless we workers become intelligent and organize and—but why chase that Will-o'-the-Wisp again. Let us tighten our belts and pray.

WEDDING BELLS.
(Continued from Page One)
sales of bachelors,” she said, “I mean good, tractable, virile bachelors. The lusty voice of the auctioneer should be heard in the land shouting:

‘Here’s an old bachelor—who wants to buy?’
A hundred old maids would answer, ‘I’, ‘I’, ‘I’. Then all the old maids, some younger, some older, would lug an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

‘Matrimony is usually for the worse,’” quoted Clay Fulks, “but for David it is a great exception. The women are to blame. They rush men pell-mell into marriage without providing for husband and children.”

Dorothy Alfrey addressed her remarks to “Mere Man.” She admitted that all the virtues supposedly manly, such as courage, truthfulness, and common sense, are found most often in women. She cited facts—generalizations. “And you know, I will certainly admire the man who has sense enough to marry me,” she concluded.

Speaking of women as “clinging vines, Fred Hanover set out to prove their absolute dependence on men.

TO OUR FRIENDS
We are without the current number of “Who’s Who.” If some kind friend has either this number or past editions which can be spared, we would greatly appreciate it if he would send it to us.

SOCIETY NOTES
Motherhood Fatal. Doris is dead. On Friday her child was born, and late Saturday afternoon the mother died, in spite of the best efforts of John Mars, Clay Fulks, and Fritz Hoffman. Mars and Hoffman were with her for thirteen hours, working, cajoling, assisting her in all ways possible. The sight of her daughter helped for a time, but the illness, diagnosed as “Milk Fever,” was stronger than all their remedies. Now there are just two cows in the Commonwealth herd. Doris was nine years old.

Nectar? Pickled herring and pumpernickel! A package arrived from one of the big eastern cities—and the news spread. Long before the fortunate recipient arrived at the post-office the other Commoners knew what was awaiting him. For the remainder of the day his room was a popular rendezvous. The Cubans tried it, and smiles appeared at once; Clay Fulks adopted the experimental attitude, ate one piece, and decided that he liked the bread better; “What, herring?” said the Hoffman brothers, then “Ach, das ist gut.” Father Zeuch said little, he was too busy for words. But he acted. One quart proved all too little.

Another One. Fireplaces. Six of them complete. Luna Lodge, the Guest House, Library, Commons, White Lodge, the Studio, and now the seventh one is nearly ready for use, in Foyble. Father Zeuch and Ray Koch did most of the construction, though Fritz Hoffman has lent some of his German technique.

Hospitality. Herman (Eric) Erickson, blond Swede boy from Minnesota, needed room for his class in Principles of Economics. Ross Brown was facing a similar problem for his Economic History group. So, along with Irving Weissman, they moved into the Hermitage, just behind Luna Lodge, and invited some group mem-

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Jes’ Uncle Jim
“Waal, now lemme see, I reckon its nigh into fifty year since I come hereabouts,” he drawled, stroking his grey beard, “Hit shore was a different country in them days.”

It was “Uncle” Jim House speaking, as he sat on the porch of his ramshackle cabin, talking with the Commoner who had called to invite the sixty-eight-year young man over for Christmas dinner—and to bring his fiddle along.

Uncle Jim has lived in this section of the country for over fifty years. He came from Tennessee, but his ancestry can be traced to the stock of Old Virginny. For a while the two conversed, the student and the slow-speaking native. The older man told of the country, the people who had lived and died there, the days when he roamed about, fiddling.

“We want you to come over for dinner,” said the student, reluctant to break into the stream of reminiscence, “can you make it?” After some deliberation he decided to “come ’long.” The two walked along together, the tall graybeard and the student. The conversation was one-sided—and fascinating. It was a word portrait of other days.

“I ain’t played much fer thirty-seven years,” he explained to the Commoners, before starting to play the fiddle, “so can’t jes’ remember the tunes like I used to.” Then he raised the bow—and the group in White Lodge that evening heard a concert of a type never heard in the metropolitan concert halls. For he had played and sang the life of the old Southwest, as it was played by the hill troubadours of fifty years ago. He played, and sang to many of the numbers in a voice remarkably clear for one of his age. For two and one half hours he fiddled—and then promised to come again.

SEMINARS ARRANGED.
(Continued from Page One)
year since

[Continued on Page Four]

[Continued from Page One]
group will write specials, as assigned.
The enrollment of students for the second quarter includes the entire group who entered last October, and four additions. Of these, Ross Brown, debonair Californian, and George Curbow, lanky Texan, are former Commoners. Cornelis Reeder, Arkansas girl, and Jack Lubin, young University of California student, debater, and soapboxer, are newcomers.
Christmas Program

Christmas has come to hold a definite significance to the folks living about the college, insofar as annual entertainment is concerned, and 1929 continued the custom, with a well-balanced program, a tree, and a Santa Claus, this year from Germany, to distribute goodies and good nature to the youngsters.

An unusual Christmas play, written by the students who participated, in which conditions of today were contrasted with those of 2,000 years ago, was presented. The opening scene showed the Virgin Mary, played by Lillian Ravich, in the manger. Rose Lipton gave the dance of Oppression. Then came the Annunciation and the dance of Hope.

The second scene was laid near Commonwealth. A farmer and his wife, Charles Bedinrut and Dorothy ravich, are discussing the bad conditions among the farmers. The door opens and their son, played by David Kaplan, enters. He has just returned from the industrial centers and he adds a picture of conditions there to what they have already said.

A student's room at Commonwealth is the third scene. Three Commoners, Raymond Koch, Walter Hoffman, and Fritz Hoffman, are studying economics. They discuss different problems and present local applications, as well as the national and international significance of what is going on in the world. They talk of Commonwealth, its hopes and aspirations, and possible influence in the future. The Commonwealth song written by Raymond Koch, is sung as a concluding number.

The first part of the program was devoted to the singing of Christmas songs in English, Spanish, and German.

Teachers' Union Gains

Four newcomers were added to the membership rolls of Local 191, American Federation of Teachers, the only local of the teachers' union in the State of Arkansas. Herman Erickson, Lillian Ravich, Ross Brown and Fritz Hoffman are the initiates. Erickson, a third year student from northern Minnesota, is instructing the newcomers in Principles of Economics. Miss Ravich, who hails from California, is teaching Stenography and Typing. Brown, a Californian, who has been with Commonwealth since its infancy, has the class in Economic History. Hoffman, in his second year, hails from Germany, and is instructing those who wish to know his native tongue.

ZEUCH'S ITINERARY.

Louisville, Ky. Jan. 15
Cincinnati, O. Jan. 16-20
% Elcry Reed, 214 W. 9th St.
Yellow Spring, O. Jan. 20
Antioch College
Pittsburgh, Pa. Jan. 21-22
% Colston E. Warne, U. of Pittsburgh.
Baltimore, Md. Jan. 23-24
Washington, D. C. Jan. 25-26
New York City Jan. 30-Feb. 12
Boston, Mass. Feb. 13-18
Northampton, Mass. Feb. 19-20
Montreal, Que. Feb. 22-23
% D. Englestein, 74 Prince Arthur, W.
Syracuse, N. Y. Feb. 25
% C. Moskowiz, 918 Irving St.
Ithaca, N. Y. Feb. 26
Detroit, Mich. Feb. 27
Warren, O. Feb. 28
Cleveland, O. Mar. 1
Chicago, Ill. Mar. 7-13
% M. W. Rapaport, 651 N. Pine St.
Milwaukee, Wis. Mar. 14

SOCIETY NOTES.

[Continued from Page Three]

bers to a housewarming. The four Cubans and their adopted Spaniard, Ray Kirvin, entered with music; Papa Zeuch, Fritz Hoffman, and Harry L. Cohen were there, and Gene Showalter. The evening passed too quickly. Certain individuals have been trying to learn what went on during the evening but—that's a secret. Catt Hall was not represented.

Page Nimrod. Gene Showalter went hunting and he aimed to get at least one deer. After several days had passed without any word from him, some of the more nervous students thought that it might be a good idea to see if some deer hadn't hunted Gene. But he turned up in time for the opening of the second quarter; and though there is no vendon for Commoners, he reported an interesting time and the finding of deer tracks.

Good Luck to You! Charles Berlinerut came down here last October because he was dissatisfied. He had his degree and a Phi Beta Kappa key, but that didn't strike him as the fundamental thing. He felt that Commonwealth would give him a start in the right direction. While he worked with his hands, for the first time in his life, and liked it. Now, with twelve weeks of experience as a Commoner, he has struck out for New Orleans, there to gain more first-hand knowledge of work and workers. His progress will be fol-

“Harmanothy”

“Harmanothy” Hill is about three miles from the campus, as a Commonwealth. It is bounded on the west by Rich Mountain, on the east by the farm of one of the neighbors, and on the north by another farm, and on the south by—a southern exposure.

The original discoverers don't matter. For the present group of Commoners it was discovered by Harriet Halbert, Dorothy Alfrey and Herman Erickson and the name Harmanothy, a combination of all three discoverers’ titles, applied to it.

Being selfless the intrepid explorers determined to let others share their secret. So it came about that late one Saturday afternoon four and one-half couples, including the original trio, set out for the historic place.

At a natural cave near the summit the weary travelers stopped. Pitch pine, of which there is a plentiful supply on the hillside, was set ablaze and by its heat, bacon was soon sizzling in a pan. Rolls, cheese, apples and candy made up the rest of the meal for most. But Walter was so hungry that he took the bacon rind and made an effort to get the remaining edible portions therefore. The black pitch pine smoke blown against his face, blended perfectly with the fat.

Then, with the temperature dropping rapidly, the nine adventurers set out on the return trip.

improved with interest by the Commoners.

Artist Returns. Douglas Brown, New Orleans artist, who spent some time with us last summer is back for a visit. He plans to paint the country in its winter garb and has already selected a number of locations for painting, just as soon as his paints and canvases arrive. On a recent Wednesday evening he delivered a talk on “Provincialism and Culture.”

Improvement. The Commonwealth vineyard was originally placed just across the road from the S. It didn't thrive in that location, so another experiment is being tried. Framework has been erected behind White Lodge and in front of the Studio, over which vines will be grown. The arbors, are expected to provide shade as well as fruit, though a greater quantity of the latter is anticipated.