COMMONWEALTH COLLEGE FORTNIGHTLY
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INAUGURATE SCHOOL FOR YOUNGSTERS

Progressive Methods to Be Used and Opportunity Provided for Training Future Teachers

A progressive school for workers' children, the fulfillment of a long contemplated project, will become a reality on October 1 when Commonwealth begins its first experiment of this nature with a strictly limited number of children.

The new school, which will be conducted in connection with the college under the direct supervision of William E. Zeuch, Educational Director of Commonwealth, will be open to physically and mentally normal children of ten, eleven and twelve years. Modern progressive methods will be used throughout. Like the college, all school courses will be conducted during the morning. Each youngster, in addition to ordinary school work, will be required to assume responsibility for communal tasks suitable to his age and strength for two hours each day.

Commonwealth offers an ideal environment for children. The college community is situated in the heart of the Ouachita (Washita) mountains, ten miles from town, in one of the most healthful and pleasant regions of the United States. It is a village with its own library, commissary, commons, guest house, cottages and dormitories, with gardens, dairy and farms, all operated on a co-operative basis by the teachers and third and fourth year students. The community provides its own entertainments. A mountain stream running through the campus furnishes excellent swimming pools. The surrounding mountains, which are part of the national forest reserve, offer unusual opportunities for hiking and other recreation.

The fee for board, lodging, laundry and tuition has been fixed at twenty dollars a month, so as to put the school within the reach of workers who want to put their children in a

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ZEUCH TO JOURNEY

Dr. William Edward Zeuch, director of Commonwealth since its founding, will make a trip during the winter quarter, from the middle of March, through the North and East in the interests of the school. This is to be his first speaking trip since the founding of the school, seven years ago. His line of travel will include Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago. Dr. Zeuch will talk on "The Story of Commonwealth." Friends of Commonwealth, or friends of workers' education as exemplified in Commonwealth, in or near these cities, who wish to aid Dr. Zeuch or have him speak before particular groups should write in and make arrangements at once.

CANNING GOES ON.

Under the expert direction of Mrs. Fulks—who never works more than twenty-four hours a day—the quantity of canned goods for the coming generation of Commoners has mounted steadily to a total of more than 2,000 quarts, most of which has been put up during the past summer, with more yet to come.

Taking over the kitchen duties at the beginning of the summer, absolutely unacquainted with Commonwealth methods, Mrs. Fulks has handled the work, often taking more than an ordinary amount of energy, like one who had always been accustomed to it. And the meals served have never fallen below her high standard.

When the "gang" brought in a truckload of peaches she put them all to work peeling and made them move swiftly to keep up with her. Even at that, with most of the group doing the preliminary work, she wasn't far behind at the end of the day.

Tomatoes, apples, beans, strawberries, blackberries, huckleberries, all have been taken in turn and laid by

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OPENING OF COLLEGE SET FOR OCTOBER 7th.

Courses Covering Usual Subjects Offered 1929-30 Student Body

October 7 will mark the inauguration of the seventh academic year at Commonwealth. After six years of experimentation in the field of higher education for workers the most complete and comprehensive courses in the history of the college will be offered.

Centering about the needs of the labor movement, there are four major courses, each requiring three years: Workers' Education, Labor-Economics, Labor-Journalism and Labor-Law. In addition an orientation quarter will be given for all who are not up to college standard in training and a one-year Labor course for those unable to devote more time.


The academic year is divided into three quarters, exclusive of the summer session, of twelve weeks each. The summer session will be for ten weeks and will be offered from year to year only when there is sufficient demand to warrant it.

William E. Zeuch continues as educational director and will have most of the staff members of last year working with him, along with several trained student assistants and one or two additions to the regular faculty.

Tuition is forty dollars a quarter, payable in advance. The work sched-
The New Orleans Carmen's Strike of 1929

By William Edward Zeuch.

I.

A strike of street car employees is an old story in New Orleans. It is a rare decade that has not witnessed two or more of these struggles. And yet, perhaps, because New Orleans is a city apart, these strikes are different. The clash of this year began the first week in July when, after months of discussion of the issues involved, the street car men walked out because the New Orleans Public Service, Inc., a subsidiary of one of the large Northern public utilities companies, which owns the street car, gas and electric services of the city, refused to accede to their demands for the abolition of the company union and a raise in wages.

Several years ago the Public Service organized and introduced the Progressive Benevolent Association, a company union, which functioned in addition to and alongside of the existing regular union. The Public Service was gradually giving preference in numerous ways to those union men who were also members of the company union with the idea of supplanting the regular union with the company union when the opportune moment came. The regular union men foresaw the outcome from the obvious trend, and in self-protection demanded the abolition of the company union.

II.

The Public Service refused all demands, declined to arbitrate, and began the importation of strikebreakers recruited in the North and East. On the evening of July 4 the company brought a train load of these men to one of the car barns. The strikers and their sympathizers showered the imported men with bricks, paving stones and profanity.

The police fired pointblank into the crowd and a striker fell severely wounded. At seven o'clock the next morning the first car since the calling of the strike left the Canal street car barn carrying company gunmen and policemen besides its scab conductor and motorman. As the car got clear of the barn the assembled crowd let fly with brickbats. As the first bricks crashed through the windows of the car, the police and gunmen opened fire with revolvers and sawed-off shotguns and a striking motorman went down with a bullet in his head. He died shortly afterward. Several others were badly wounded.

The gunfire drove back the unarmed crowd and the car proceeded unmoled on that circuit. During the second trip the scab motorman remained on his knees with his hands over his head as the car rushed along at full speed. When the car returned again to the car barn every window had been shattered and almost every man it had been somewhat battered. On its third trip the car got as far as the foot of Canal street near the waterfront. There it was wrecked by some unknown means. The scabs, gunmen and policemen escaped without serious injury but within a very short time the derailed car and a nearby tool shed were in ashes. A company truck sent to repair the line was upset and burned. The strikers and their sympathizers, securing trucks, piled bricks and cobbles along the tracks so as to have plenty of "Irish confetti" when the next cars came along. After these disastrous attempts the Public Service decided not to try to establish normal street car service that day.

III.

After such a hectic beginning, the strike settled down somewhat. The City Commission Council, shaken by the violence displayed and impressed by the obvious sympathy of the public for the striking men, forbade the Public Service to take out any more cars for the present. The Public Service complied temporarily but went at once to the local federal judge and secured an injunction to protect the company and its employees (scabs). The company then gradually put the cars back on the lines. Each car was manned by non-union men, protected by a deputy United States marshal, and plastered with copies of the injunction which forbade incitement to violence, rioting and destruction of the property of the Public Service. Meanwhile the city Commission Council had voided the anti-jitney ordinance. Hundreds of jitneys appeared on the streets. At the end of the third week of the strike street car service was established on all lines. But the cars were practically deserted. The public supported the striking men loyally and refused to make use of the trolleys. It was an interesting sight during the rush hours to see cars after car practicaly empty, each one followed by a flock of jitneys loaded down to running board standing room only. The citizens of New Orleans effectively exercised...
Cubans Welcomed

Ernesto Prats and Gustavo Cosío of Camaguey, Cuba, arrived at Commonwealth between the first and second showers which broke the long drouth, and immediately made themselves at home.

Shortly after their arrival a call for Spanish linguists was sent to the four corners of the campus, but the group could not qualify for more than Latin, French, German, Swedish, Yiddish and Esperanto. Even Dr. Zeuch and Professor Goodhue could offer nothing better than a Spanish dictionary.

So the two boys, neither of whom speaks English well, had an additional problem. But they did manage to let the entertainment committee know that they were "mucha fatiga" on that first evening, so there was hope for making themselves understood.

Since that first day they have been absorbing the new language in great gulps. Not only the language but the noble art of dishwashing has been included in their preliminary education. Both show a hearty curiosity.

Like all newcomers to Commonwealth they are interested in seeing all that is to be seen, the swinging bridge, the mountains, everything within reasonable walking distance. They have covered most of the territory surrounding the campus. Amarintha, the gentle lady skeleton in the laboratory was of special interest. They wished to know whether or not she had been a student. Only the difficulty of translating a story into Spanish kept their guide from manufacturing a most wonderful tale.

Now the Commoners are learning a new language. For every word of English learned, Ernesto and Gustavo are returning its equivalent in Spanish. When the other Cubans who are enrolled as students arrive Ernesto and Gustavo will have an opportunity to make even more practical use of their new accomplishment.

years, discussed questions relating to the college and labor like old-time Commoners. Upon departing they expressed a wish to return and said that any Commoners who come through Brinkley while hitch-hiking, at any time, are welcome to make their home a stopping place.

Douglas Brown of New Orleans, an artist of the Matisse school, is now [Continued on Page Four]
Commoners Play

Rich Mountain is seven miles from Commonwealth. At its base is a mountain stream, rocky and nearly dry during the warm weather; a noisy, dangerous torrent once the rains set in. This boulder-strewn scenic creek leads up to a point known as Reeder's Gulch.

Seven o'clock one Sunday morning found Pauline Brown, Anna Fisher, Herman Erickson, Walter Hoffman and Harry I. Cohen hiking along toward the mountain. They stopped at Clyde Washington's for a drink, admired some wild vetch and passion flowers along the road, studied cotton blossoms in a field and finally reached the Williams' home, five miles from the campus, where they were joined by Ivan Williams, a neighbor, and his sister, Mrs. Reeder.

Through brier wooded paths the seven plodded, over stony roads, past the forest ranger's cabin and on to the stream. With Ivan as guide they started the ascent. Rocks of many kinds and formations, contrasted with unexpected, clear pools, broke the monotony of climbing. Fish darted about in the rocky crevices; crawfish moved about at a leisurely pace, ready to match their pinchers against any intruding hands.

There are several waterfalls in the stream bed, now silent. Over these the travelers scrambled, then on up. At one place a gold prospector had been working; at another a rock formation stopped them. Finally they reached "the narrows," a place where the water has eaten through the rock to a depth of many feet and created a gorge across which one could nearly reach. Just beyond, where the steepest ascent began, the climbers stopped for lunch.

Above were steeply sloping walls, below one of the sparkling pools. An ideal spot for pictures—and play. So the Commoners and their friends scrambled about the rocks.

But one rock misbehaved. It permitted Anna Fisher to slide down its side, then came loose and pinned her foot. Fortunately, Ivan was able to get the rock off within one minute after its fall. But the day's play was done.

A hike to the bottom, assisted by Walter and Herman; a horseshoe ride to the Williams home, thence by automobile to Commonwealth. Anna grinned and bore her pain. Now she's as well as ever.

Thanks, Friends

CASH

L. J. Snellgrove, Dawson, Ga. $25.00
Edward Berman, Urbana, Ill. 25.00
Richard Busch, Atwater, Minn. 15.00
E. N. Durland, Chicago, Ill. 10.00
Anonymous, Iola, Kan. 1.00

MAGAZINES AND PAPERS


Communications

Union City, Pa., July 24, 1929.
Dear Mrs. Mills:

I, in my humble way, helped to start Commonwealth College. I have given in money, garden seeds and subscriptions to the paper and talking for the school and don't want to miss an issue. I am an old Lincoln soldier. I fought for the freedom of America, but instead we have today a land of money-grabbers and paupers. When my regiment was going to the front we lay three days and two nights on the sidewalk on the east side of the capitol, waiting for transportation to the front.

We got to Washington in the evening. The next morning I was standing on the capitol steps facing the White House. Lincoln came up where I was standing. I took off my cap in salute. He shook hands with me, wanted my name and where I came from. I told him. He said, "Boy, you don't have to take your hat off to me. I am your servant. Do you know who I am?" "I do," I said, "you are our President. Do you remember the night you spoke in Meadville on the courthouse steps?" He said he did. I was one of over 1,000 boys who, in uniform, carried torches in the marching clubs. "Well, you do know," and shook my hand again. "You have not been through the capitol, have you?" "No, sir," I said. "Well, I can spend an hour with you," he said. He prolonged it to over two and one-half hours, telling his troubles with Congress. He said they were worse traitors than we were fighting in the field and I never can forget the pained look on his face as he talked to me. I have written it off six or eight times for men calling on me for my talk with Lincoln.

I am sending one dollar.

Yours,
A. M. Holden.

Men of aim must lead the aimless.

Emerson

In Memoriam

"Fritz is sick," shouted John Mars, rushing into the kitchen.

"Fritz!" the astonished Commoners gasped, "which Fritz? Why Fritz isn't anywhere around, is he? What's the trouble? Did he have an accident on the road?"

John is the stock foreman, a most bashful cow custodian, as he proved last Christmas when the girls tried to kiss him while under the mistletoe—and he dodged under the table and stayed until they were gone from the Commons.

To all the anxious questions he made no reply, but a half dozen Commoners followed him as he hurried out. They soon found themselves at the pig pasture.

"But where's Fritz?" they demanded.

"That one over there," he answered, indicating one of the porkers. A look of comprehension came over the faces of the Commoners. They had forgotten that John's sense of humor leads him to name the livestock after former students.

He leaned over the fence and called various names. The onlookers tried to find the resemblances, it was a simple matter to pick out Nell and Lucien, for they were exceptionally blond. Lucien especially was a sleek-looking barrow. While the others were not so easy, Ray was soon recognized. So it went on. John had evened the score with the Commons.

Don't be tender at making an enemy now and then. Be willing to go to Coventry sometimes, and let the populace bestow on you their coldest contempt. The finished man of the world must eat of every apple once. He must hold his hatreds also at arm's length, and not remember spite. He has neither friends nor enemies, but values men only as channels of power.

Emerson

That which we are we shall teach, not voluntarily but involuntarily. Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues we never voluntarily opened.

Emerson

Opening of College

(Continued from Page One)

ule of twenty-four hours a week, four hours a day, to cover room, board and laundry, will be continued. No student may pay cash for maintenance.