White Lodge, Home of William E. Zeuch, Retains Popularity in Spite of Rigid Masculinity

White Lodge is the simple, unpretentious home of Director Zeuch. It is one of his brain children, the plan for its construction having sprung complete from his head several years ago, even as Athena sprang from the head of Zeus. And the construction—like all similar work at Commonwealth, was the result of the labor of group members. Zeuch himself did a large part of the work.

Architecturally it is different from any of the other campus buildings. The stonework rises four feet from the ground to the many windows all around the cabin. Surrounding the whole is a gabled roof of original pattern, but quite successful in draining the winter rains, and all other rains, as they should be drained.

The interior is 20x24 feet over all and is divided into three compartments, living room, study, and bedroom. The living room, 14x20 feet, also serves as a class room. The walls are wainscoted up to the windows and above are covered with paper, a pale gold color, adding a homelike touch to the whole. Built-in bookcases are placed in all convenient locations. Pictures grace the walls but there is no feminine touch about any of them. There are family groups, students, copies of old masters, but nothing of a romantic or sentimental nature.

Dominating the living room is the big, new fireplace, recently completed. It is of native stone, taken from Mill Creek, and is the work of Profs. Goodhue and Zeuch. Admittedly the best fireplace on the campus, it has roused the admiration of all who have seen it. The face is fifty-two inches wide, sixty-four inches high, with the arch thirty-six inches above the hearth. Five meet two inches above the hearth is the mantel, from which point the stonework narrows [Continued on Page Three]
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, 1924, at the post office at Mena, Arkansas, under the Act of August 24, 1912.

Slanted articles express only individual opinion.

Vol. V, No. 16 November 15, 1929

Editorial

The Gastonia strikers are found guilty. We might be justified in blaming the Communists because their tactics inflamed the honorable mill owners against the victims. But conditions in Elizabethon, where "legal" leaders are leading the fight, are no better.

Newspapers might be blamed for the manifestly unfair decision. Certainly there was plenty of vilification and rot published in the columns of some sheets throughout the strike territory, which must have reached the jurors. Considering the fact that our newspapers are the most potent molders of public opinion in the land this point is worthy of note.

But the explanation goes deeper. Though we blame the judge, the Communists, the papers, the answer lies in the people themselves. Inbred for generations, influenced by fundamentalist doctrine and little or nothing else, they became firstly, the unthinking dupes of the exploiters and secondly, as jurors, suspicious of anything firm and atheistic; there was little hope for any other decision.—H. I. C.

The Southern Scene

By Clay Folk

I.

For years the dominant business groups of the South have been scheming and dreaming of ways and means whereby this section of the country might be industrialized. The North and East had been pretty thoroughly industrialized and millionaires and multimillionaires by the thousand had emerged triumphant from such industrialization.

The South lay dormant and sulking for long years after the Civil War. But gradually the more energetic and acquisitive sons of the ante bellum colonels and majors of the South began to kid their chaps for a share of the fabulous profits which they could see pouring into the strong boxes of the predatory Yankees. Their cupidity became contagious, and pretty soon even peanut vendors and hot tamale peddlers, true to their simian instincts and habits, began to chant the praises of industrialization.

By that simple process which is too familiar to need exposition here, business cupidity doomed the sober robes of sectional patriotism and the base vice of avarice became transmuted into a shining civic virtue. The acquisition of private fortunes became indistinguishably identified with the development of the "beloved South"—and shame on him who is not willing to boost for a bigger and better South.

Boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and other business organizations set up a Macedonian cry for foreign capital and carefully prepared lobbying campaigns for the purpose of inducing the legislatures of Southern states to help them make the South a more tempting field of investment, as by exempting factories from taxation for a period of years. The legislatures have responded nobly and in some instances, as in Arkansas, the State Constitution had to be altered to make the niceties more attractive for investors and doughty captains of industry.

One of the stock arguments of these promoters of industrialization was that the Southern workers were docile, meek, and lowly hundred percenters who could be kept on the job for long hours and short pay. These patriotic workers, it was confidently asserted, would pay little or no attention to labor agitators and their sinful foreign ideas; this on the assumption that labor troubles are justly attributable to "damned agitators," and so industrialization came to Gastonia, to Marion and Elizabethon.

II.

The agitator is a great goat. In a loose, sweeping, general way he can be made responsible for all the villainies of a feudal-capitalist system. Unrest, resentments, and uprising among workers are always charged up to him. It makes no difference how thoroughly workers are exploited or how grossly they are abused, it is generally assumed that they don't have spirit enough or sense enough to strike spontaneously. It is assumed that, no matter how desperate their situation is, they don't know what to think nor what to do until an agitator tells them.

And there is a trace of truth in such assumptions. Unfortunately, many of these agitators are forlorn hopefuls who are made to suffer from all the sins of one side and all the stupidities of the other.

We owe the labor agitator who happens to be in the neighborhood when a company gunman falls in action.

The killing of strikers is, of course, rather a part of the routine; a little dirty and disagreeable, perhaps, but sometimes "necessary." They should stay on the treadmill where they belong and not be out on the street belowing, pawing up the earth, or going on stampedes. Such killings are merely criminal in a State committed to the beauties and benevolences of a feudal-capitalistic society. This fact has been demonstrated until it has become monotonous.

III.

But whatever may be said of the blundering tactics of futile efforts of the representatives of other groups, the Communist agitators are certainly tragic figures in a labor war. Mounted on a dizzy crag, they gesticulate wildly and call across an impassable gulf to a stolid, inert, unimaginative mass of workers trained from time immemorial to fear God and to obey the master's voice. To expect workers stowed and steeped in all the ancient superstitions of fundamentalism and the delusions of a bogus democracy to negotiate such a gulf is something that perhaps only a mad Communist agitator can do.

[Continued on Page Three]
SOCIETY NOTES

Dorothy Alfrey is a substantial person, a young lady well able to uphold her dignity. During a certain evening she was tripping lightly about the Commons with Sylvia Lipton, to the soft strains of phonograph music. Fritz Hoffman attempted to cut in. Dorothy pushed him gently away—and he grazed Lillian Ravich.

...away and he grazed Lillian Ravich...about the Commons with...hold her dignity. During...specimens. He put them on his back...occupied the chair for the second week...Fred Hocevar...took...liam E. Zeuch spoke at the first one...missed breaking through the wall...professor...Professor Goodhue...took advantage of the recent peanut harvest and selected some choice specimens. He put them on his back...and spoke...chairman...Mr. Chairman. The Sunday evening forums have been resumed. William E. Zeuch spoke at the first one..."The Commonwealth Ideal of Labor Education."...occupied the chair for the second week...and spoke at length on the coal industry in Colorado. Fred Hocevar followed with a talk on "Individual Psychology," the theory of the Alderian school. Chairman Herman Erickson is trying to arrange with out-of-town speakers for future engagements.

THE SOUTHERN SCENE

[Continued from Page Two] do. But even he doesn't usually expect it for long.

Instead, he is more than less likely to be suddenly toppled from his perilous eminence and exhibited as a horrible example to whomsoever may feel inclined to blaspheme the boss.

Poor misguided Communist agitators! They may make spectacular, or even excellent, martyrs but as social, economic, and political educators, they look like failures. It may be unfortunate but it is certainly true that illiterate workers, unschooled in the social studies, can not be suddenly transformed into intelligent and effective opponents of a solidly entrenched social system simply by having a Red-hot wand waved over their uncomprehending heads. Education of the masses may be exasperatingly slow process of change but it is the only one offering any rational hope of ultimate relief.

The Winter Quarter will begin on December 30 and end March 21, 1930. Courses in Labor, Law, Economics, Sociology, History, Journalism, Mathematics and Science will be offered. Students wishing to enter should apply at once. Tuition for instruction is $40 a quarter (12 weeks). Board, lodging, and laundry are earned by 24 hours work each week in community tasks.

SELF-PLANNED HOME

[Continued from Page One] as it rises toward the ceiling. A three-pointed star between the arch and the mantel adds a distinctive touch, while a stone exclamation point, placed halfway from the mantel to the ceiling, lends an academic atmosphere—if one has a sense of humor.

The study is to the left as one enters the front door. It is 7x10 feet. A cot at the far end, covered with an Indian blanket, invites the tired student or reader to rest. A type-writer desk littered with letters and manuscript stands under a double window. About the walls are hung three degrees earned by Zeuch, all of them hidden away in an obscure corner until Professor Goodhue spied them recently, made frames, hung them, and gave them the light of day—and human eyes a chance to read their stories.

The bedroom would do credit to a Spartan; simplicity is the keynote throughout. Just a narrow divan bed, a built-in wardrobe, a bit of furniture and a few necessary utensils, including some books, a lamp, and no more.

The three rooms are connected by open doorways. All are warmed by the fireplace which stands in the center of the building. Adding a restful touch is the high, beamed ceiling throughout the cottage, the beams stained brown, and waxed.

Several classes meet here each day. Seminars as well as the meeting of the Scribblers Club and the Modern Poetry group are conducted in the spacious living room. There is always something going on. And though there is a great to do about the complete masculinity of the place, White Lodge remains popular.

This executive mansion of Commonwealth's Director, cost, not counting labor, less than $300.00.

There never was a good war or a bad peace.—Franklin.

BOOK REVIEW

GOING TO SEED

An author who has been a city man most of his life turns diarist and tries to present another angle of village life after one year as editor and owner of two papers in a Virginia town. He tries to impress us with the fact that he has developed a strong attachment for the South and its people, as represented by his neighbors.

From the beginning we are impressed with the bigness of small town news. In the words of the editor—"Every week the pages of the paper are to be filled. The editor— who is also an author—knows but few people in the town. 'Why have I arranged to do this? Why have I let myself in for this?' And we wonder also.

He tells of the town band. The Negro problem is discussed, its relation to the whites, the increasing whiteness of the blacks. And the author attempts to make us believe that peonage is justified.

A number of old devices are used but the effect is questionable. Office cats and their troubles may bring sympathetic tears to some eyes but the poor tabbies have been so overworked in the past that they make rather weak material for general acceptance. Even Buck Fever, the eccentric reporter, brings memories of newspaper columns in the various daily papers. All through the book there is more or less philosophy, most of it poor stuff.

But there is a certain naive charm in some of the tales about the hill people, court scenes or notes by local correspondents. Some of the characterizations are well done.

Taken as a whole the book is merely the author's own glorification of the small town rather than an accurate presentation of the life there. It seems to be just another potboiler. Less sentiment and gush and more reality would have improved the book. It is far below what I expected to find in any work by Sherwood Anderson.—H. I. C.

Write on my gravestone, "Infidel, Traitor:"—infidel to every church that compromises with wrong; traitor to every government that oppresses the people.—Wendell Phillips.
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.

Mr. Harry I. Cohen,
Dear Sir:

I have just read with much interest your article "The Colorado Coal Experiment" run in the "Commonwealth College Fortnightly." Although I am not interested in your defense of the Roche-Vincent plan, which is well known as one of "high powered salesmanship," I am interested in your remarks about my organization, and purpose giving you the facts, whether you have ever had them or not.

Your first reference to the I. W. W. is a vicious reference, saying in effect that our organization was welcome to the workers or more than the U. M. W. of A. You do not know what the C. F. & I. thought, but if you knew anything of the labor movement and the class struggle you must know what the employing class generally think of the I. W. W. The U. M. W. of A. organizers would not enter the camps penetrated by our delegates. We went in in defiance of the bosses. I have organized in many counties in the Southern Colorado coal fields and know what I am talking about.

My other objection to your article is that you say nothing about the outcome of the I. W. W. strike. Indeed it is fear of the I. W. W. that keeps the Rocky Mountain scale in effect. Are you so naive as to believe that a coal company in a strongly competitive area, will give betterment without compulsion? You had so many paragraphs for praise of the authors of the Columbine Massacre, and to lying about the I. W. W., it is certainly too bad that you dared not state the facts of the I. W. W. victory.

Our organization is in Colorado to stay, and when again required will furnish the fighters and the victors, and again such as you will take the enemy to your bosom and viliify the valiant who live and die to better working class standards.

Yours for Fairness,
JOHN A. GAHAN,
Editor, Industrial Solidarity.

Physical force has no value when there is nothing else.—Emerson.

ZEUCH TO JOURNEY.

Dr. William Edward Zeuch, director of Commonwealth since its founding, will make a trip during the winter quarter, from the first week in January until 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, Detroit, Cleveland, and Chicago. Dr. Zeuch will talk on "The Story of Commonwealth, "Problems of Communal Living," and "Power Economics." Friends of Commonwealth, or friends of workers' education as exemplifi ed 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.

Commonwealth Warblers

Father Zeuch started it!

Last summer, at a four cornered birthday celebration he introduced a new Commonwealth hymn, to the tune of "The Prisoner's Song." This original contained numerous stanzas and dealt with various phase of the daily life of the community. Several students successfully memorized the entire work—but their academic duties have suffered in consequence. A few stanzas are given without the chorus:

I.

Over the valley the sunlight is breaking,
The mountains are purple and gold,
From the forest the woodcocks are calling,
'Tis a story that never grows old.

XIV.

The classes so early are gathering,
The morning is frosty and chill;
The groups are soon at their wrangling,
'Tis a story that never grows old.

Ch.

The afternoon's work is always waiting,
There's never an end, so we're told,
My poor hands are sore and aching,
'Tis a story that never grows old.

Since the opening of the academic year two more contributions have been made, one by Henry I. Cohen and the other by Raymond Koch. Koch's contribution, to the tune of "It's a Precious Little Thing Called Love," starts with a student hitch-hiking and wondering about the next ride:

"For I am going down
To Commonwealth
To study and learn
All I can
But workin' man
And what he might earn."

Finally he lands at Commonwealth:

"Where the beans add to our health
And the southern sun shines bright and warm."

Koch invaded the classics for his melody and then added words which made his effort the best Commonwealth song thus far. It is given in full and is sung to the tune of the "Russian Funeral March."

Machines for the nation,
Groveling and sweating
In factory and mill,
Your lives are made of boredom,
Your minds are a slave to steel.

Long hours of labor,
Short hours for beauty,
Poetry and song;
While others squander millions,
Millions you have earned.

Chorus:

Hear then, oh comrades,
The torchlight is bright!
Commonwealth, for workers,
Strives on toward the right;
Study will save you,
Science shall serve you;
Remember your might:
A college for the workers
Heralds the morning's light.

COLLEGE OPERA COMPANY

[Continued from Page One]

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Folkerts of Brinkley, Ark., have again given evidence of their friendship toward Commonwealth, this time through the gift of 300 pounds of unpolished rice. They have been interested in the college and the experiment being conducted here for several years. They visited here last summer for the first time.

Nothing awakens and improves men so much as free communications of thought and feelings.—William Ellery Channing.

All our heart we give much more readily than all our money.—Chekhov.

Hear more, believe less.—Greek proverb.

FRIENDS GIVE RICE

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Fulks, of Unity, Ark., have again given evidence of their friendship toward Commonwealth, this time through the gift of 3000 pounds of unpolished rice. They have been interested in the college and the experiment being conducted here for several years. They visited here last summer for the first time.

Nothing awakens and improves men so much as free communications of thought and feelings.—William Ellery Channing.

All our heart we give much more readily than all our money.—Chekhov.

Hear more, believe less.—Greek proverb.

FRIENDS GIVE RICE

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Folkerts of Brinkley, Ark., have again given evidence of their friendship toward Commonwealth, this time through the gift of 300 pounds of unpolished rice. They have been interested in the college and the experiment being conducted here for several years. They visited here last winter for the first time.

Nothing awakens and improves men so much as free communications of thought and feelings.—William Ellery Channing.

All our heart we give much more readily than all our money.—Chekhov.

Hear more, believe less.—Greek proverb.