MAINTENANCE FUND DRIVE GOES OVER THE TOP
More Than a Hundred Friends Are Pledged For Two Years
To The Support of Commonwealth College

The continuance of Commonwealth College for the next two years is assured. Over one hundred friends of the college have subscribed to its maintenance, each pledging a sum of from five to one hundred dollars.

"Not all of the $2,500 has been pledged," commented Director William E. Zeuch. "I'm expecting old-time Commoners to make up the difference—a little more than two hundred dollars. The most gratifying thing to me personally about this campaign is the response from students.

"No educational institution is worthy of perpetuation that does not command the loyalty of its graduates. Commonwealth graduates are not of the wealthy class; some of them have pledged themselves at a real sacrifice. So, I understand, have many of our other pledgers. We heartily appreciate this spirit."

New Campaign Begins.

Zeuch stated that the next two years will be devoted to intensive campaigning for the funds necessary for the completion of the capital equipment. Campus activities will be directed toward the completion of the dam and buildings and toward the working out of a regular curriculum.

"Approximately $10,000 is needed to build the dam, power plant and work shops which are the very heart of the Commonwealth plan," Zeuch continued. "The dam and power plant are our first concern. Mr. Post has surveyed our land and found a suitable location for the dam and power plant. He is now at work estimating the exact cost of construction material.

"The dam will be built either by the hydraulic or excavation method. We expect it will be 720 feet long and twenty-five feet high. The powerhouse and spillways will occupy about one-quarter of the length of the dam which will provide only 50 b.p. We consider this sufficient for the present needs of Commonwealth. The power will be generated by one or two units of turbine, with direct connected electro-generators.

"As to the workshops. We have not yet definitely decided upon an industry. We have tentatively in mind an art wood work plant. Commonwealth has enough timber material to supply such an industry for at least ten years. Our problem would be in getting skilled management and efficient labor.

To Change Curriculum.

"We shall not begin to build work-shops, however, until our hydro-electric plant has been completed and our present buildings have been finished. For the next two years we will be busy reroofing our buildings with shakes, laying rock foundations under them, siding, and painting. The insides of buildings will be ceilinged and walled with burlap pressed into tar paper or with a cheap grade of roofing.

"We want to reorganize our curriculum on the basis of our six years' experience. We propose to departmentalize our courses, centering them around majors. For instance, if a student wishes to specialize in labor journalism he will be required to take only those courses that will help him in the field of journalism. This plan will eliminate floundering and unsystematic studying.

CUNNINGHAMS LEAVE ON YEAR'S VACATION

William and Clarice Cunningham, who have donated their time and talent to Commonwealth in the capacity of instructors (of journalism and stenography, respectively) and managers (of virtually every crew) for a year and a half, took a well-earned year's vacation. They hitch-hiked to New Orleans, where they are at present engaged in newspaper work.

The good will and gratitude of Commoners was expressed by the party and book with which they bid them god-speed.

"I believe we've learned more during our year and a half at Commonwealth than during any similar period in our experience," spokesmaned Bill. "And we have made more genuine friends than at any other place we have lived."
A GENTLE WARRIOR

It was with something of a shock and a feeling of personal loss that I read in a recent Colorado Labor Advocate of the death of Perle Shale Kingsley, ardent advocate of Labor and leader in the workers' education movement of the Mountain States.

Mrs. Kingsley, who was head of the department of public speaking of the University of Denver, gave gladly of her time and of her own too abundant strength to the Denver Labor College, where she taught in the same capacity.

Personally Mrs. Kingsley was charming and gracious. She was a woman of great intelligence and high purpose. None of those privileged to associate with her but felt the radiant kindness and sympathy of her personality. Those who struggled to inaugurate workers' education in the Mountain States know that at all times she had the courage of her convictions.

Those who taught with her or were privileged to be her students realize that as a teacher she was but rarely equaled.

During the past summer Mrs. Kingsley taught at the University of Wisconsin Summer School for Women in Industry. At the close of the session she wrote me, "As I have thought of such a school in connection with the state institution, it has come to me sometimes that your plan is probably the correct one." Mrs. Kingsley had been interested in Commonwealth from its beginning and followed its development not only with deep interest but also with a helping hand.—F. E.

S. O. S. What! Can it really be that the Daily Worker, than which there is no louder hanker for Communism, is in a "disastrous financial condition" and is "threatened with extinction?" We suspect there's a Rooshum plot in the wood-pile. For doesn't—and we have the unimpeachable word of the American Legion that it does—doesn't "red gold" flow into this country cornucopia-wise? Surely; some of it gets into the coffers of the party organ!

Whatever be the fact of the matter, the American labor press would lose one of its most red-sable journals were the Daily Worker forced out of business. This is not said in a spirit of partisanship. We need not subscribe to its cock-sureism to enjoy its briefs and broadsides. Probably we enjoy its cries of "Boo!" because our heart is less excitable than those which beat within the stuff shirts of Messrs. Green, Wolf, and Lewis.—J.W.

IN CAP AND COW-BELLS.

Arkansas continues to play the role of clown in the Great American Circus though she is scarcely conscious of her pert. The gawky adolescent is trying to be serious; too; that, indeed, is what makes the figure she cuts so absurdly funny. She is so aptly characterized by Edgar Lee Masters 'Slip-Shoe Loving,' the cook's understudy, a gentle idiot body,' that some choice line from the poem should be inscribed on the State seal.

Some one whispered into "Slip-Shoe" Arkansas's big ear a few years ago that some of her high school teachers and students were flirting with Evolution. "Slip-Shoe" instantly became alarmed! What would Jehovah think? My Gawd! It was hard enough for Arkansawyers to secure pardons for their good, old-fashioned Original Sins; but to expect Jehovah to forgive the propagation of that outlawed, "unnatural," zoophilistic doctrine of evolution was simply too much. Let a thing like that run unrestrained and He would damn the State en masse. It had to be stopped. At first the General Assembly was appealed to. That body was not unmindful to the enactment of fantastic and pious laws, but twice it gagged and heaved on antievolution bills. Wherefore "Slip-Shoe," led by her Baptist Jacks, invoked the initiative and Referendum and, at the November 1928 election, adopted an antievolution act so stringent and comprehensive that Webster's International Dictionary cannot lawfully be used in the public schools of the State.

This, it must be admitted, is aimed to impose some hardships and inconveniences on those reckless and desperate young Arkansawyers willing to hazard their souls in the pursuit of scientific knowledge; but it is faithfully hoped that it will add shouting thongs to the Arkansas delegation in Heaven.

Ah, "Slip-Shoe" Arkansas, your cap and bells become you so perfectly!—C. F.

FOR SERVICES RENDERED.

The generosity of friends has enabled Commonwealth to build up a library that is of the desirables of visitors, "excellent," "catholic," and "representative." Among neighbors the library is referred to as "the best in southwest Arkansas." Nevertheless, study at Commonwealth would be seriously restricted but for the extension service of the St. Louis Public Library.

The kind co-operation of the St. Louis Public Library has made possible such research courses as that in the history of economic thought and that in the drama. It is particularly drama literature that the Commonwealth library lacks. Excepting Shakespeare, no dramatist is represented adequately and some, like Strindberg, Porto-Riche, Wildekind, Piniski, Benavente, Pirandello, Molnar, and Andreyev, not at all.—J.W.

SOCIETY NOTES

Genealogy. This is the book of the ancestors of Little Bit, three months old Boston terrier, owned by F. M. Goodhue, instructor in mathematics: He who wills such things among dogs took Comactive Queen and gave her Peabody High to wife. And Comactive Queen bare Peabody High a son in his own likeness, after his image; and called his name Classy Kid.

And Classy Kid took a wife of the daughters of Prince Chap by Fan Tan. And Fifi, Classy Kid's wife, conceived, and bare Classy Kid a son; and called his name Peter Pert. And when Peter Pert was old and full of days he took to bed Betty whom Mitzi II,—the daughter of Pat Rooney II and Ginger Moody,—had born Ragmanners, offspring of Sparks of Misfail and Queenie. And so it came to pass that Peter Pert begat a son in his own colors (mahogany, brindle, and white): and called his name Little Bit.
Soliloquy On "I"
A Modern Youth Thinks Aloud.

By Irving Weissman.

I.

When I was eight or perhaps nine years old I received a toy savings bank for my birthday. It was an inspiring gift; I was thrown into feverish—and cunningly mercenary—activity. For several weeks thereafter I was a model son and brother. I danced attendance upon all and sundry; ran errands, helped with the dishes, even managed to keep out of the parlor when sister's boy friend visited. And bountiful indeed was the harvest of this good life!

When the savings bank was cluttered to the full I appealed to father to open it for me; but he had lost the key. Sister gave him a hairpin which father twisted into the keyhole and inside of a few seconds had the door of the savings bank swinging back on its hinges. So eager was I to count my hoarding that I grabbed the bank from him and turned it upside down, so that the coins would fall to the table in a heap. My eyes swam in tears when I saw buttons, safety-pins, and a miscellany of knick-knacks among a few pennies.

The pain this discovery caused me was slight indeed compared with the agony which gripped me years later when I saw into the savings bank that is my mind.

There were stored the ideas I received at my mother's knee, at school, at church; and these were not all ideational pennies, as I had confidently expected, but mostly ideational buttons, ideational safety-pins, and a miscellany of ideational knick-knacks. This revelation sickened my very soul, and sent my bright world crumbling to the dust.

II.

I don't think I can explain how the thing happened. All I know is that a shivering sense of cosmic absurdity coursed through me as I was congratulating myself on having finished the day's work only fifteen minutes after quitting time instead of the hour I thought it would take. It came upon me with the suddenness of a dizzy spell and left me pale and trembling. When I awoke, it was with new eyes.

How I used to thrill to the idea of success! There was nothing I desired more than to get on, to make a big splash in the world. Now success had no meaning whatsoever for me. Life held nothing, absolutely nothing, that had any meaning for me. Life is decay, decay unto dust. There isn't anything, anything in life except a slow sinking into the grave. "We are born, we suffer, we die."

Decay and death; death and decay. Again and again this epitome of the meaningless of life ran through my brain—as I left my place of business, as I walked to the subway station. I fancied I heard the nervously moving army of office-workers marching in rhythm to it. The subway turned—licked to the tune of it, and the train, roaring into the station, seemed to me to grate: Decay and death; death and decay.

III.

As the doors opened the mob squeezed into a hall. I was lifted off my feet and crammed into the train. Swaying to the rattling and lurching of the train I asked myself whether it was not in exactly this manner that I was thrust into the world. I was not asked whether I wanted to be here or not. Certainly I am not here of my own choosing. That I continued to live was due to the fact that it had not occurred to me to do otherwise.

So year in and year out I have been riding in this self-same train, debarking at this self-same station at the self-same hour of mornings and alighting usually at the self-same hour in the evenings. And what did I do in the interval? I did what is called work, for, you see, I am a machine. At noon I had to pause and stoke up with food and drink so that I would not slacken in the afternoon. Why am I a machine? Because I am so impelled by the ideational buttons, ideational safety-pins, and miscellany of ideational knick-knacks which my mother, my teacher, and my pastor had deposited in the savings bank that is my mind.

IV.

Perhaps these men and women packed in this train with me were not taught the same things I was. Perhaps they were not told, Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the

COMMONER IS GRADUATE
STUDENT AT WISCONSIN

[Continued from Page One.]

... talk can hold, as it does, one's close attention and interest. I like the old fellow and think I shall like my studies after I get started." He is taking Common's courses in Public Value and Value and Valuation.

Speaking of his expenses, Bosch says, "My room and board costs about nine dollars a week, so on that basis the industrial work at Commonwealth is worth more than twenty cents an hour—that is the student is really getting more."

V.

My mentors of course saw to it that I got a very practical formula for my sex life. According to their formula I am permitted the sowing of a few wild oats previous to my meeting up with the "right" girl—meaning, a virgin who has been conditioned to domesticity and who perhaps has a decent dowry. I am to court this girl like a gentleman, then propose marriage. At no time must I broach questions of compatibility; they would be taken as reflections upon her "niceness." Then I am to establish a home, father a brood of children, and be a good breadwinner happily ever after.

I am to do all this notwithstanding the demonstrated failure of the whole procedure in the case of near relatives and friends. When husbands and wives go in for "physical culture" and use each other for punching bags I must shut my eyes to the scene and see nothing. When fathers and mothers wish their children dead I must close my ears and hear nothing. At all times I must speak nothing. For—don't you know?—God's in his heaven, and all's right with the world.

VI.

Where do I go from here, when this engine that is "I" smashes? I know what station I get off at when I leave this train, but when I leave life—? I shot a questioning glance at the lanky, owl-faced woman who was nonchalantly resting her neatly-folded newspaper on my head. She misread the glance and mumbled a beg pardon. Well, the answer isn't important anyway. The stars have quite gone out in my heaven, and any heaven I had dreamed of has disappeared.

VII.

When I return to the dust wherefrom I sprang, let this epitaph of Leonid Andreyev mark my grave:

"Walls, walls, walls,
I found myself enclosed by walls;
The granite wall of natural law,
The bloody wall of the laws of man,
The slippery wall of my own mind,
The murky wall of the unknown,
The iron wall of fate,
The gray wall of old age.
The lofty wall of death.
On these seven walls I pound
Till I fell by the wall of death..."
Communal Education
By Irving Weismann.

1. SIX CYLINDER LIVING.
If there are any who would really like to know what the home, sweet home is, we are shown a picture gallery and a print of Carl Marx's "Gossip." There they will see depicted something so different from what they know as home as to startle even their shock-proof sensibilities.

A scene of domestic quietude and serenity, such as we see in "Gossip," is rare in modern American life. A family nowadays does not turn to the home for relaxation from the day's drudgery; the home is as much a protection against the noise of traffic as a telephone booth, and almost as private. It seeks refuge from the machine-driven world in sports, the radio, dance hall, and avocations of a sort that require little intellectual effort.

No More Homes.
There are no longer homes; there is a home, the city. Several millions of souls are concentrated therein, not by any ties of sentiment, but by ties of economic necessity. The people cluster wherever the factories are located, and wherever the jobs are plentiful. The factories draw the people from farm and village into the cities like magnets.

To watch the hurry and hustle of city folk on holidays as well as on work days almost convinces one that their contact with machinery has mechanized them too. The people have gone through a process of dehumanization of standardization, so certainly and so progressively that before long we shall not be able to tell Tom, Dick, and Harry apart.

Haste Makes Waste.
Our Machine Age has inaugurated not merely high speed production and high speed distribution, but also high speed consumption. High speed living is the order of the day—that and its concurrent high speed thinking. Our mental life has been speeded up, naturally enough, by the enormous increase of stimuli which improved means of communication, such as the telegraph, the telephone, the radio, and the daily newspaper have brought with them.

And this haste in mental activity has made for superficiality. Ideas barely scratch the surface of our gray matter. Rarely, if ever, penetrate deeply. We think in headlines, even when we go to college. For the colleges are not concerned with correcting; they do not as a rule. They endeavor to train us to masticate and ingest ideas properly.

Pledges for the Fortnight
George W. Curbow
Wanda Lee Stewart

Some of our best social minds have observed the trend of the times and have begun to call a halt. Henry Ford, putting his finger on the root of the evil, has started to decentralize his plants and bring them closer to the sources of power. His plan entails the ultimate breaking up of big cities, which spells the elimination of the parasitic profit-seeking due to urban congestion.

For Creative Life.
Among architects there is a movement on foot for the decentralization of cities. The movement is called "regionalism" and its object, "the garden city." Says Lewis Mumford, perhaps the most eloquent exponent of regionalism: "Regional planning asks not how wide an area can be brought under the agis of the metropolis but how the population and civic facilities can be distributed so as to promote and stimulate a vivid creative life through a whole region."

And even the colleges are becoming infected with the virus of decentralization. The sentiment of Professor Meiklejohn of Wisconsin that "the comradeship of teacher and pupil is more essential than any other element in the process of education" is now widespread. Institutions which have been established upon this principle, like Commonwealth, are no longer regarded as radical departures from conventional education.

Communal College.
Why, even Harvard is going the Commonwealth way. In 1926 the Harvard Student Council had suggested, as Kenneth L. Roberts facetiously reports in the Saturday Evening Post, "that Harvard be split up into a cluster of small colleges or colleges, in the English manner, in order that democracy may be furthered and undergraduates stimulated to speak kindly to more undergraduates than are now numbered among their speaking acquaintances." The Trustees of Harvard adopted the student plan and are now reorganizing their educational plan with the $3,000,000 Harkness gift.

Anticipating this movement by almost six years, a small group of teachers and students without benefit of a $3,000,000 gift, went into the hinterlands and there, with their own hands plus a capital of thirty-four cents, dug out the first communal college in America—Commonwealth College.

STUDENTS
George W. Curbow is as much conscious of glory in being a descendant of a president of the United States as you would be in being a descendant of a president of the Laura Jean Libbey Social and Literary Club of Pudukus, Illinois. As a matter of fact, he has tried mightily to live down the tradition that Zachary Taylor blood flows in his veins, but conceals the matter as he may, it would hold up with the persistency of a proverbial bad cent. Why is he so touchy about an ancestry that most other people would consider a feather in their family cap? It may be because of the asinine antics of such descendants of "distinguished" families as are listed on the roster of the D. A. R. or it may be because he loves the working class too much to set himself off from them.

Fannie Schleifstein indulges in self-deprecatory talk with about as much verve as the average woman will talk about her appendicitis operation. If one merely listened to her one probably would take her at her own estimate; but when one is able to observe her one becomes convinced that, like the violet, she shrinks without good reason. Fannie has more accomplishments than four out of every five girls you meet in a day's walking. To catalogue all her accomplishments would give this column the appearance of a Sears-Roebuck publication, so we enumerate only a few. She is a pianist (teaches the piano to Commoners), a dancer, classical as well as modern, a singer, a poet, an actress; and she is also versed in such old-fashioned arts as cooking and weaving. No proposals of marriage will be considered.

Fritz Hoffmann of Berlin, Germany, applied for admittance to Commonwealth College in order "to learn about the industrial situation in the United States." In Germany he had studied at the Berlin Labor College and at the University of Politics, also located in Berlin. He has been active in the German Socialist Party for ten years in such capacities as stump speaker and leader of a group of young Socialists. Here at Commonwealth he is centering his intellectual guns on oral and written English, which he hopes to master, and is learning about the industrial situation in the United States, Socratic-wise. He is also learning something about the industrial situation in Commonwealth College in his capacity of college baker.

You are born, baptized, married and buried, but for all you must pay the priest.—Ruskin proverb.