LIFE HERE DEMANDS THREE ADJUSTMENTS

Work and Study are Not Enough, Acting Director Declares

The newcomer at Commonwealth must make three main adjustments: industrial, academic and temperamental. Acting Director David Englestein told students in his public speaking class recently during an impromptu symposium on "Study at Commonwealth College." "An individual may make one or two of these very readily and fail completely in the third," David said.

"Most Commonwealth students find the industrial adjustment fairly easy to make. They have worked for years and expect to work always. Even though they are wholly unskilled in the sort of work they must do here, and never gain high efficiency, they can from the very first do enough to make themselves useful. Of course there are always exceptions. Occasionally a pampered youth finds his way shown to him labor institution and is very unhappy until his callouses are formed.

"Class work is at first harder than industrial work for the average Commonwealth student. He has perhaps been out of school for several years and must re-cultivate study habits. He has the advantage, however, over the typical university student in that he is mature and is convinced of the necessity of study.

"For some the adjustment to communal living is the most difficult of all, and for a few it is impossible. Communal living is family life magnified. Members of the communal group live very closely. They must depend upon each other for everything, including recreation. Winters accumulate. Even the weather influences communal life. During rainy seasons angry moods are common. Persons inclined to be cynical, irritable, quick-tempered, moody, selfish or irresponsible seldom remain at Commonwealth for any length of time."

Forum is Organized By People of Mena

A forum to discuss the economic and political problems of the day was organized at Mena, Monday, November 28 at a meeting in which Joseph Cohen, the Brooklyn College student who attended the Amsterdam Congress Against War as representative of the National Student League, and Arlie Woodrow, prominent Mena lawyer, spoke on the subject "The Next War."

There was an unusually fine turnout at the meeting. Clay Fulks, Commonwealth faculty member, acted as chairman and was elected permanent chairman for future forums.

Joseph Cohen is touring the United States speaking before various college groups and urging representation at the Student Congress Against War which will be held in Chicago Christmas week. He pointed out how the dominant economic interests in various countries, impelled by the urge for greater profits, brought on international conflicts.

Mr. Woodrow told his hearers that an intense sentiment for peace is gripping the people of every country.

Because of the large turnout and the interest displayed there is good reason to expect that the forums will be successful.

CARLSON GOES NORTH

Oliver Carlson, teacher of Marxism, returned recently from a trip to Chicago and Hammond, Indiana. He spoke on "Soviet Russia Today" before the Hammond Community Forum. He will make a number of talks in Chicago and vicinity during the Christmas holidays.

INSTRUMENTS NEEDED

A set of instruments for mechanical drawing is needed by B. H. Stevenson, Commonwealth engineer. "Steve" is considerably handicapped, he says, for lack of such instruments when he is planning various construction jobs.

Commonwealth also needs wrenches and tools of all kinds, especially those used by automobile mechanics.

ORGANIZE "FRIENDS OF COMMONWEALTH"

Former Students of New York and Vicinity Get Together

An association called temporarily the "Friends of Commonwealth College," was formed Thanksgiving day at the home of Fritz and Gertrude Hohn of Paterson, N. J., according to a letter from Charles Berlinrud, secretary of the association.

The purpose of the association is "to work for the welfare of Commonwealth and the labor movement." Various members suggested worthwhile activities for the association. These suggestions were: "We might play a non-sectarian part in labor situations. We could help place Commonwealthers in the labor movement as they leave the school. By our meetings and through special lectures and classes we might carry on labor education in our own communities. We might raise funds for Commonwealth. We might inform people about the college. We might pass upon prospective students. We might, by reunions, help keep our own labor education effective."

The next meeting will be held at 2 P. M. on New Year's day at the home of Saul and Molly Arons, 317 W. 77th st., New York. At this meeting a statement of purpose will be adopted. Herman Erickson will report on current events in America, and Gertrude Hohn on foreign affairs.

This association urges all Commonwealthers not living in the vicinity of New York to form their own branches, with Commonwealth itself serving as a central clearing house.

THANKS FRIENDS

CASH
Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America $25.00
New York Clothing Cutters' Union $25.00
John Dewey $10.00
Arthur Garfield Hay $10.00
Hoffa - B. Rosenfeld, M. Raitman, Jack Kaye, Russell Wright, Agnes Ingalls, Julius Creedenberg, Homer B. Stratton, Adela Rubinfeld
KINGDOMS - Eugene Snowalter
MISSOURI - Carstan Burridge - woodcut, Bertram Emes (world globe)
Risen From the Ranks
Or from Office Boy to President
by Harold Coy

Editor's Note — Harold Coy is a teacher of imperialism at Commonwealth College. This play was first written in 1923. Its author took the part of Oswald Sapp in the first presentation. Since then it has been given many times by various groups all over the country. It was recently rewritten for presentation at Commonwealth. Extra copies will be sent free to anyone enclosing stamps with his request.

Page Two
COMMONWEALTH COLLEGE FORTNIGHTLY December 1, 1932

Scene: The office of the Amalgamated Pretzel Company. Signs About:
"Amalgamated Pretzel Company - Welcome - Keep Out"
"When Better Perks Are (Bent). Amalgamated Will Bend Them"
"Don't Wait For Beer - Eat Amalgamated Pretzels Now"

(Enter Oswald Sapp. He has on a kick-ap, with work shirt open at the collar, trousers ciding several inches above shoe tops and battered hat with several wraps of bay attached to it. He curiously limply and peers around.)

Oswald: So at last I am in the great city! How different it is from Cranberry Crossroads! But I just know I shall make good in a big way and he a credit to the old folks back on the farm. (Pulls out and ad section of papers and reads) "Wanted: Office boy. neat, intelligent, conscientious. Swell opportunity to rise. Must be willing to work evenings and Sundays when necessary. Salary. $6 a week. Apply, Amalgamated Pretzel Company, 62 Wage Slave Drive." (Looks around him) Yes, this is the place! At last my chance has come!

(Enter Mr. Millionbucks. He is a big stuffed shirt, with tweed and diamond stick pin available.)

Millionbucks: (his eye chances to fall on Oswald, and he speaks after deliberation) And what might I do for you, young man?

Oswald: Please sir, I came to inquire about the position, sir.

Millionbucks: Ah, yes! To be sure! You came to inquire about the position. And what might your qualifications be?

Oswald: If you please, sir, I am neat and intelligent and conscientious, and I want to rise in the world so that I can help the old folks back at Cranberry Crossroads.

Millionbucks: Ah, yes! To be sure! You want to help the old folks. That is a very commendable ambition, young man. A very commendable ambition, indeed. You know, you are a likely looking lad and I think that I shall employ you. I am sure you will make good at the pretzel business, for you are a likely looking lad and I am a good judge of character.

Oswald: Oh, sir, how can I thank you enough?

Millionbucks: But first I must give you a few precepts. You know, I take a fatherly interest in my employees, and I want you to get the right kind of a start in this great city. There are several things which you should know: First, fear God! (he holds up one finger) Second, love your country! (he holds up two fingers.) Third, live on

pulps - and pretzels! (three fingers) and last but not least, be loyal to your employer! (four fingers) Ah, I tell you there is nothing I like to see in a young man like loyalty to his employer. My last office boy was a scoundrel. He came from Amalgamated College (ghastly whisper,) that terrible rendezvous of the reds down in Arkansas. He wouldn't work more than eight hours a day. He wanted to take my pretzels and divide them up with people that would not work. You would not like to have your things divided up, would you?

Oswald: No sir, I haven't got nothing, but I wouldn't want to divide it up with somebody who wouldn't work.

Millionbucks: Quite right! Quite right! I had to hire my last office boy, for if there is one thing I like to see in a young man, it is loyalty to his employer.

This whole vast plant that you see here before you is built up on loyalty. Before prohibition, there were a dozen competing, fly-by-night pretzel factories, competing with one another for the favor of the great breweries. Then prohibition came, and panic struck at the hearts of my competitors. All they could talk was depression, but I had faith in America! Do you understand, faith? Ah, I tell you, there is nothing like having faith in America, unless it is being loyal to one's employer. I bought up all the pretzel factories in America for a song and amalgamated them into this vast plant that you see before you. I hired 500 high-salaried publicity men to write publicity for me, and within six months I had America pretzel-conscious. America was eating pretzels with buttermilk, orange juice, codliver oil and blackberry jam. I sold more pretzels than all the factories in America had sold before prohibition. And I abolished sweat shop conditions too. Before prohibition, pretzel manufacturers used to save on their salt bill by making their pretzel benders sweat on the pretzels. Today all my pretzels are made in sanitary, glass window factories. I pay, $8,000,000 a year for salt alone, each granule placed in the proper spot by loving and loyal hands. All my pretzels, if stretched end to end, would reach from here to well almost any place, only they aren't stretched end to end; they are packed in sanitary, germ-proof cellophane, each package dated and guaranteed. And now that beer is coming back, the pretzel industry shall be bigger and better than ever. This time it shall not be subordinated to the beer industry. I shall buy up all the breweries too. But I am getting away from my story. (Pulls out watch.) I have a very important business engagement and must be on my way. If my daughter, Gwendolyn, calls, tell her to wait for me. (Exit.)

Oswald: (seats himself at desk, puts feet on it and soliloquizes.) So at last I have arrived! How proud my old folks back at Cranberry Crossings will be of me! I can hardly wait to write the good news to them.

(Enter, stealthily, Kachooski: He tip-toes in, holding an admonitory forefinger to his lips. He is dressed in a flaring red shirt and has whiskers several years long. In his free hand he carries a bomb, which sputters occasionally, but which he contrives to keep in hand. Under his arm he carries a battered satchel.)

Kachooski: (approaching desk) Sh-h-h-h-h-h! Sh-h-h-h-h-h Sh-h-h-h-h-h-h! (Lays encomiums on Oswald's desk.)

Oswald: Wh-why, who are you?

Kachooski: Sh-h-h-h-h-h! I am Kachooski (he swooshes it), the young Bolshevik agitator! I just arrived from Moscow!

Oswald: What, you are a young agitator, with all those whiskers?

Kachooski: Yes, in Russia even the babies have whiskers. In fact, they are born with them.

Oswald: Wel-well, what do you want here?

Kachooski: Sh-h-h-h-h-h-h! Here are the plans for the uprising at the Amalgamated Pretzel Company office while my dead body remains alive. Go! Begone, traitor! (Points at door and keeps pointing throughout following passages)

Kachooski (taken aback): Why, I don't understand. Stain himself told me that the office boy at the Amalgamated Pretzel Company was a devoted comrade.

Oswald: Aha! The tables have
turned and the worm has turned too!
My boss had to fire the other office boy. He was from Commonwealth College (ghostly whisper), that terrible rendezvous of the reds down in Arkansas. He wanted to divide my boss's pretzels up with the people who would not work. My boss says that if there is one thing he likes to see in a young man, it is loyalty to his employer.

KACHOSKI: [reaches into satchel; pulls out roubles]. Here, take this billion roubles! Every red cent shall be yours, if you help in the uprising.

OSWALD: Begone!

KACHOSKI: Curses, I am fooled! (Picks up baggage and alinks out.) But the red flag shall yet wave over the Amalgamated Pretzel Factory! [shakes fist and eats it.]

OSWALD: Begone! [then relaxing into former position.] Temptation has reared its ugly head before me, but I have spurned it! I tell you, the boss is right. There is nothing like loyalty to one's employer. The Lord will not leave me unrewarded.

[Enter GWENDOLYN MILLIONBUCKS. She is a bundle of pearls and other things. Oswald farts and falls hard.]

GWENDOLYN: Is paw-paw in?

OSWALD: Yes, I mean - er - no. That is, he said he would be back soon and for you to wait. [As an afterthought:] Oh, won't you have a chair? [Arranges it.]

GWENDOLYN: Oh, thank you. Are you paw-paw's new office boy?

OSWALD: Yes, m'am if you please, m'am.

GWENDOLYN: Really, I think I am going to like you very much.

OSWALD: Really, you don't mean it, Miss Millionbucks. Tell me, you do mean it!

GWENDOLYN: Yes, I mean it. And you must call me Gwendolyn.

OSWALD: And you must call me Oswald. [Falls on knees before her.] Oh, this is the happiest moment of my life. I love you, Gwendolyn! I adore you! I cannot live without you! You must marry me. Tell me - you will marry me. The very stars in their courses call out that we two should be one. I beg you, I entreat you, I implore you, I beseech you, I supplicate you to be my...!

GWENDOLYN: [shyly]: Yes, Oswald, I will marry you, but first you must get paw-paw's consent. Here he comes now.

[Enter Millionbucks.]

OSWALD: If you please, sir, I would like to marry your daughter, sir.

Millionbucks: You would like to marry my daughter? This is rather sudden. Still, you are a likely looking lad, and I am a good judge of character. I shall let you marry my daughter on one condition. I must insist that she marry a millionaire. I have always had my heart set on it. So take your salary, save a goodly portion of it, and when you have a million dollars, you shall have my daughter's hand. You have an easy task, for when I was your age I was earning only $8 a week. But I saved my money and look where I am today.

OSWALD: Oh, Mr. Millionbucks, how can I ever thank you enough?

Millionbucks: Don't mention it, young man! Don't mention it! [exit Millionbucks and Gwendolyn. Gwendolyn throws Oswald a kiss as she leaves.]

OSWALD: [again settling himself.] This is the happiest day of my life. As soon as I have saved a million dollars I shall marry the beautiful Gwendolyn. [takes paper and pencil.] Let me figure this out. I get $6 a week. Three dollars is all that will be left of old folks back at Cranberry Crossroads, for a young man should never forget the old folks at home. That leaves $3 a week. Now for breakfast I shall eat one small prune, for lunch one medium-sized prune, and for supper - oh, yes, for supper I shall eat one pretzel. For dinner I shall not work for the Amalgamated Pretzel Company, and as my boss says there is nothing he likes to see in a young man so much as loyalty to his employer. That will take about $1.50 a week. That leaves $1.50 which I shall put in the savings bank. Now at $1.50 a week I shall have $1,000,000 in 12,820 years and six months exactly. And besides, I shall have the interest, which will be sufficient for our honeymoon. Ah, Gwendolyn! In 12,820 years you shall be mine! Gwendolyn, I know you will wait!

[Enter Millionbucks in a state of high excitement:] Alas! I am ruined! RUINED! RUINED! Utter, black, hopeless ruin faces me. Alas! ALAS! ALAS! Boo hoo! Boo hoo! Boo hoo! [he sobs with aid of large handkerchief.]

OSWALD: Why, Mr. Millionbucks, what is the matter?

Millionbucks: Alas, I am ruined! While I was working on an important business engagement, a Bolshevik agitator found his way into my factory. Scattering discontent as he went [makes gestures of scattering], he inculcated the germ of disloyalty into my once happy and contented pretzel benders. In short, he organized a Pretzel Benders' Union. My pretzel benders have gone on strike. They demand the full product of their toil, with product and a half for overtime. They say the red flag must float over the Amalgamated Pretzel Factory! Alas! ALAS! ALAS! I am ruined! [Stabs sobbing again. Faces floor.]

OSWALD: [Comes to Millionbucks and tries to comfort him:] Don't worry, Mr. Millionbucks. I shall re-

main loyal. I remember you said that there was nothing you liked to see in a young man so much as loyalty to his employer. You may cut my pay in half if that will help you to tide things over.

Millionbucks: (beaming again for a moment:) How I love to hear you talk like that! But what shall I do, for my pretzel benders are all on strike! [paces.]

OSWALD: Do not lose heart! Have faith in America! Let us think. [Sits down and thinks. Takes out pencil and begins drawing diagram on paper. Meanwhile Mr. Millionbucks continues non-stop pacing. After a moment Oswald shouts: I have it! I have it!]

Millionbucks: What might you have, young man?

OSWALD: I have it! A plan for a pretzel bending machine! The problem is solved and the strike is broken! The red flag shall never wave over the Amalgamated Pretzel Factory! With one pretzel bending machine you can bend more pretzels in one hour than all of your pretzel benders can bend in a day. Do you not see how it is? [Shows plans to Millionbucks.]

Millionbucks: Yes, you have solved the problem! The day is saved! The strike is broken and the Pretzel Benders' Union is no more! The red flag shall never wave over the Amalgamated Pretzel Factory! Young man, you have a great intellect; in fact, you have a colossal intellect! I shall pay you a million dollars for the plans. [Takes out check book and writes check; hands it to Oswald.]

OSWALD: Thank you, Mr. Millionbucks. And now may I have Gwendolyn's hand.?

Millionbucks: Yes, now you may have Gwendolyn's hand. But there is another... I am growing gray and wish to retire to a life of ease after such a strenuous career. I have decided to make you president of the Amalgamated Pretzel Company.

OSWALD: Oh, Mr. Millionbucks, how can I ever thank you enough?

Millionbucks: Don't mention it, young man, don't mention it! For have I not always said that there is nothing I like to see in a young man so much as loyalty to his employer?

GWENDOLYN: [shakes head.] Oswald, you are mine! We shall be married this very day!

GWENDOLYN: Oh, Oswald, how lovely! [They embrace and kiss. Mr. Millionbucks tip toes benevolently out.]

GWENDOLYN: Oswald, do you know that you reminded me of Buddy Rogers? Oswald: Do you know, Gwendolyn, that I had often thought of that myself? Oh, Gwendolyn, I love you!

GWENDOLYN: Oh, Oswald, I love you! —CURTAIN—
COMMONWEALTH COLLEGE FORTNIGHTLY

December 1, 1932

COMMUNIST'S COMMENT

Commonwealth students, while on the campus, have no occasion to scribble figures and designs on the walls of telephone booths, as there just aren't any such animals here. But this lack of sketching is more than made up by inside conversation with a knotty problem in economics or psychology on the classroom blackboard. There is Lee Jones, who diagrams the development of an instinct with what appears to be an aerial map of a switch yard, while the psychology class looks on approvingly. And Bill Reich, who goes in for words mainly, with now and then an arrow to indicate a trend. Bill Cunningham, scoring blackboards and charts, meets his journalism class in his cottage and sets each student imagine his own diagrams. David Englestein, for example, outlines the social classes in ancient history in horizontal sentences, and Blackboard look like a section of a graphic layer cake. Others coming to class for the next period, look at the board filled with illustrations, and wonder when cryptograph writing was added to the curriculum.

Sometimes Commonwealth students write home in this manner: "Commonwealth, Nov. 10, . . . Went swimming today; it was cold but it peps you up. Think of me plunging into the creek the next time you sweep the snow off the front porch." But such letters are becoming rarer as November passes. Now and then a couple of brave souls will run down to the swimming hole after work and class WordPress roommates who have their feet on the stove. But just now most Commonwealth students would prefer to go to the shower and bask in hot water.

There was probably more capita interest in the presidential election at Commonwealth than at any other college in the country. Yet Commonwealth was two or three days behind the rest of the world in getting the voting returns, for St. Louis and New York papers are slow to reach "the lovely Ozarks, southern-most range of the Ozarks." While many a citizen sat in his living room reading or went out to the movies, disdaining to vote, a few Commonwealths huddled up and drove eleven miles to listen to a Mena drug store radio for the election news. Among its many other needs, Commonwealth lists a good radio receiving set. With one in the immediate college, Commonwealth amateurs thumb the calendar and secretly hope for December 25th. Campus pessimists claim the Yukedite spirit has probably retrenched in keeping with the times, and many a student looks forward to the day when the college can receive news dispatches and other programs over its own radio.

Books We Need

The New Spirit in the European Theatre
New Theatre and Drama in Soviet Russia
Huntley Carter

The Social Significance of the Modern Drama
James Smart

The Arts and the Revolution
Oliver Naylor
Copies of Theatre Arts Monthly

LIFE DEMANDS ADJUSTMENTS

"It may happen that a student of high intelligence and ability cannot make this very necessary adjustment at Commonwealth, and yet after he leaves do excellent work in the labor movement. Qualities which make him an irritating roommate or classmate may not interfere with his success in propaganda or organizational work in industrial centers. These characteristics may simply mean that he is unable to take advantage of the educational opportunities that Commonwealth offers, operating as it must on a communal basis."

"Commonwealth students and teachers must through necessity live communally. Students cannot commute in Arkansas, we must work, eat and study together. Thus the mere inability to live closely and intimately with other people may deprive an otherwise excellent student of the advantages of study at Commonwealth.

"However, ways and means to do away with our relative isolation, and to minimize the temperamental maladjustments are being worked out by the group. The plans include individual and group expeditions to local and state labor struggles, invitations to prominent radical lecturers and improvements in campus entertainments."

WHAT IS COMMONWEALTH COLLEGE?

Commonwealth was organized in 1913 to provide education for workers on a self-supporting basis.

Commonwealth seeks to develop in young men and women the capacity and desire to serve the interests of labor and the common people.

Commonwealth is located in the heart of the Ozarks, the southernmost range of the Ozarks, where it operates agricultural and other labor industries by means of labor-management participation in the labor-management.