CARL HAESSLER TO BE HERE TWO WEEKS

Managing Editor of Federated Press to be Summer Lecturer

Carl Haessler, managing editor of the Federated Press, will be at Commonwealth as a special lecturer during the first two weeks of the summer revision, July 3 to 15.

Haessler, well known in the labor movement, is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, was a Rhodes scholar, and holds a Ph. D. degree from the University of Illinois. He was an instructor at Illinois until his opposition to the war lost him his contract.

He spent two years in prison for his unpatriotism. He was on the staff of the Milwaukee Leader several years, and has been managing editor of the Federated Press since 1922.

His lecture topics for the summer session include: "Labor Thinking," "The Race Between Capitalism and Communism," "Sociology as it is and as It Ought to Be," "Red Vs. Yellow Journalism," etc.

Other persons prominent in the labor movement who will be at Commonwealth and who have already been announced in the Fortnightly are: Oscar Ameringer, editor of the American Guardian; Carl Brannin, co-founder of the Seattle Unemployed Citizens' League; Nathan Fine, editor of the American Labor Year Book; and Emily B. Fine, his wife.

REGULAR STAFF

Members of the regular staff who will be at Commonwealth this summer are: Lucien Koch, director; Clay Fuks, teacher of farm problems; Beatrice Carlson, labor dramatics coach; H. Lee Jones, psychology teacher; Oliver Carlson, teacher of Marxian philosophy; Clarice Cunningham, stenography teacher; and Bill Cunningham, teacher of labor journalism.

Bill Reich, teacher of labor education has not yet completed his plans for the summer.

COMMONERS FIND THAT HARD TIMES STILL HOLD

Rain, snow, smoke, influenza, hard times—these are some of the difficulties that have been encountered by the representatives of Commonwealth now on field trips.

Director Lucien Koch is now in Kansas City after spending some time in Chicago, Milwaukee and Madison. The weather up there, he writes, is not at all like Arkansas weather. "I had forgotten that balmy evenings exist."

H. Lee Jones, psychology teacher, is now in Cincinnati meeting friends of the school and speaking before informal groups. He recovered only recently from an attack of influenza.

Both report friendly receptions and much interest in the school. However, money seems as hard to get as it was in the time of Hoover.

Money Congress

Beatrice Carlson, Mike Wasnack, Max Shapiro and George Horn went to the Money Congress. The following is an estimate of the congress.

Since the Commonwealth delegation to the Continental Congress has not returned as this goes to press, the report of this delegation must be delayed until the next issue.

The story of the Free Tom Money Congress is being told all over the country by the 1,500 delegates who were present at its session from April 30 to May 2. The Commonwealth College delegation feels that most, if not all, Fortnightly readers are already familiar with the general results of the congress, so it will confine its efforts to an estimation of it.

For delegates, three students and one teacher, left the campus for the long ride to Chicago, where we met Lucien Koch, who was also a delegate. Politically the delegation represented several shadings. Economically it represented the coal miners, hosiery workers, furriers, Continued page Four

FOUR NEW MEMBERS ADMITTED TO COLLEGE ASSOCIATION

Five new members were admitted to the Commonwealth College Association, the governing body of the college, at the regular May meeting.

They are: Mrs. Bernice Allen, domestic manager; Oliver Carlson, teacher of Marxism; Beatrice Carlson, coach of labor dramatics; Everett Jones, student; and Bob Reed, who was a student until a few weeks ago, when he was made a maintenance worker and given charge of the stock.

Bob and Everett, eighteen years old, are among the youngest members ever admitted to the Association.

There are now Continued page Four
**THE FORGOTTEN MAN**

**A MUSICAL SKIT BY BILL REICH**

**EDITOR’S NOTE:**—This skit, written by a Commonwealth teacher, has been presented a number of times by the Commonwealth labor theater group before audiences of miners and farmers. Extra copies of play may be had for the asking. Send a stamp with your request.

Did you ever have measles, catarrh or carbuncles? And give me a clew if you are a Jew—Just answer and you will get some stew.

[To audience]

We succor the starving and end degradation
By gathering volumes of stale information;
Our vital statistics are neat and prolific.
And very authentic and quite scientific.
Our precious provisions we never must waste—
We don't help the poor unless they are chaste. [Repeat refrain.]

C. W. (examining note book.) Now let's see... where was I? Oh yes, occupation?

**FORGOTTEN MAN:** I raised the country's food, built its buildings, mined its coal, and now I am starving to death. (Sinks.)

C. W. Oh, I believe he is dying. What shall I do? What shall I do? (Enter Merchant.) What's the matter lady? (kicks Forgotten Man.) Is this man annoying you?

C. W. Oh yes he is hungry and I think he is going to die.

**MERCHANT:** How annoying, how annoying. That is just like the poor, dying in the most inconvenient places.

C. W. Oh, Mr. Merchant, can't you help him? Can't you do something for him? What do you suggest?

**MERCHANT:** We poor got ourselves into this fix. Why don't they consume more goods? There would be no depression if they had not stopped buying. (Sings to the tune of "Hold the Fort.")

For destitution my solution—
Simplicity itself—
It’s simply this: my store is full
So buy what's on my shelf.

Chorus—Buy more goods and that will turn the wheels of industry.
Buy more goods and you will then revive prosperity.

I'm advising advertising to the uttermost,

In the Times, the Herald-Tribune
And Saturday Evening Post.

**Chorus**—

C. W. But how can he buy more goods when he has no money?

**MERCHANT:** Well, er-r-r, I never thought of that. Here comes John Banker; he can tell us how to solve this. (Enter Banker.) Mr. Banker, this man causes the depression by refusing to buy my goods. What can we do about it?

**BANKER:** There is a billion dollars worth of gold in this country not in our banks. The poor must hoarding it. Why, I'll wager this man has gold hidden on him. (Sings to tune of "Yes, We Have No bananas.")

Yes, I know he is hoarding.
I know he is hoarding his gold.
I've taken his farm and his home on a mortgage
And all of his goods I've sold
And if there's anything I've missed, Let's find it, I insist.
Oh, yes I know he is hoarding.
I know he is hoarding his gold!

**MERCHANT:** Let's search him and find it. Hoarders should be thrown in jail.

**BANKER:** Yes, people should put their money in the banks where it's safe. Let's find his gold. (They turn his pockets inside out but find no gold.)

**MERCHANT:** Nothing! What shall we do? (Enter R. F. C.) What's the matter gentlemen? Is there anything wrong?

**MERCHANT:** This man is starving to death. He has no money to buy my goods. I hear you have millions of dollars to lend to bring pack prosperity. Maybe you would lend this poor man a few dollars to buy something to eat.

R. F. C. Ah, er-r-r, that would be a dole. It would make him loose his self respect. And besides, what security has he?

**BANKER:** Security... that reminds me. Maybe you could loan me a million on these Peruvian bonds.

R. F. C. Certainly my good man; two million if you like, We can't let our banks suffer. We must uphold confidence in our institutions. (Hands banker money and sings to tune "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles.")

I'm forever lending money
To the railroad and the banks;
They fly so high
Till they reach the sky,
When they go broke to me they die.
My fortune's always waiting
To make their blighted days;
Millions for the banks and railways,
Not a penny for the poor!
(Repeats emphatically, putting bank-er on back.)
Millions for the banks and railroads,
Not a penny for the poor. (Forgotten Man groans.)
CHARITY W. This man is still hun-
gry and we haven't done a thing for
him. Maybe if he had a job he could
earn some money to buy something to
eat. (Enter Paytriot) Oh, Mister Pay-
triot, can you give this man a job?
He is dying of starvation.
PAYTRIOT: Don't you know there
is a depression on, lady. There are no
jobs. (longingly) But if we had a war . . . That would start things humming.
The boys would join the army, factor-
ies would run night and day making
ammunition, battleships blown up,
cities burned, men killed. There would
be lots of work for everyone. And
money too. Why during the last war
I made ten million dollars. Of course,
a few men were killed but we made the
world safe for democracy. Why doesn't
this man join the army?
(Sings to tune of "Happy Days Are
Here Again.")
What we need's another war,
For life's become an awful
hell.
[Chorus:] What we need is beer, what we need
is beer.
Beer, beer, give us beer,
Beer, give him beer.
What he needs is beer, what he needs
is beer.
(Chorus: Beer, beer, give him beer.)
May we, g
ghim. Maybe
trio.
He
BREWER: This will revive him.
le is breathing hard. Quick,
perity is just around the corner. Don't
say. We live in God's
country. The Lord was on our side
during the war and He is still with us.
Cheer up! Ours is not the only coun-
try in the shoes of depression. Why
these depressions will never cease.
Here comes the preacher; he can give you
more cheer and optimism. In a time
like this we must not be pessimistic.
PREACHER: Ah my poor man, so
you are cold; and you are hun-
ry. We need supreme faith in times like these.
[unctiously] The Lord giveth and the
Lord taketh away. Blessed are the
poor, for spiritual food is more Godly
than earthly food. Be consoled my
poor man. I will give you a
pulmotor.
TECHNOCRAT: [rushing in with
a strange contraption] This will revive
him; although I don't see why you
want to. There are too many men in
the world already. I invented this
machine. It will do away with lungs.
I've invented machines for doing
away with almost everything. [Ap-
plies pulmotor while all sing refrain
to the tune of "Ain't Gonna Rain No
More." Technocrat then sings verses
while presenting blueprints of his in-
ventions.]
[Refrain:] Oh Technocrat, Oh Technocrat,
We hope that you won't shirk,
You surely have great stuff,
And do away with work.
[All sing] Ten million watts this
dynamo
Can easily deliver.
[Refrain: Repeat Refrain after each verse.]
In digging ditches this machine
Exceeds ten thousand diggers,
And all the men thrown out of work,
Can pull their rusty triggers.
Stenographers and bookkeepers
Who now are calm and placid,
When this machine comes into use
Can drink carabolic acid.
One man can do the work of twelve
In cutting boards for lumber,
They say a dose of arsenic
Will give eternal slumber.
Now this device will tell a lie
At any wanted speed,
When it's installed in every court
No lawyers will we need.
But here's the best surprise of all
For which we must give thanks,
When Technocrats attain to power
There'll be no need of banks.
Refrain: Oh Technocrat, Oh Technocrat,
You surely have great stuff,
But do be careful how you speak.
Or we will treat you rough.
Technocracy will rule this land
So very scientific.
There'll be no profits anywhere
From Atlantic to Pacific.
[Last refrain:] Oh Technocrat, Oh Technocrat,
Technocracy's the bunk,
Just take your damn contrivances
And use them all for junk.
[They throw Technocrat out on his
ear.]
CHARITY W. This pulmotor doesn't
seem to do any good. It's a fake. The
man is dying. Can we do something
to make his last moments cheerful?
PAYTRIOT: Cheer up, brother, Pro-
spersity is just around the corner. Don't
sell America short. We live in God's
country.
We'd fight the Russians perhaps,
The Mexicans and the Japa.
A war would bring prosperity
And turn the wheels of industry,
We'd forget about our misery—
If we had another war.
Oh, what we need's another war,
The shot of guns and cannons' roar,
Then we could make ten million more—
If we had another war.
Much blood is certain to be spilled,
A million soldiers may be killed,
But the places would be quickly filled
If we had another war.
Be ready when war's declared,
The army must be prepared,
Our mills would rumble day and night
Producing arms and dynamite,
We'd let our right with might,
If we had another war.
(All sing) A war would bring prosperity
And turn the wheels of industry,
We'd forget about our misery—
If we had another war.
CHARITY W. But he is too weak to
fight. (Forgotten Man groans.)
He is dying from hunger. What can we
do to revive him?
(Brewer rushes on stage holding
aloft a huge stein of beer.)
BREWER: This will revive him.
What this country needs is a good five
cent beer. (He gives Forgotten Man a
drink while others sing to tune of
"Cheer, cheer, the Gang's All Here."
THE FORGOTTEN MAN
Continued from page Three

PREACHER: The poor man is almost gone but he will pass happily to his heavenly home.

BANKER: It was the Republicans who brought him to this. Who but Hoover could have done it? But the Democrats will save him. Roosevelt will bring back prosperity.

[Rose enters flamboyantly.]

ROOSEVELT: I will save the forgotten man and this wonderful, magnificent, glorious land of ours which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific and has weathered the trials and tribulations of a century and a half. [cheers] To end this depression we must spend more money. Everybody must buy, buy, buy! But ladies and gentlemen, that is the backbone of the nation. We must save and put our money in the banks.

[cheers] Hoarders must be thrown in jail. [cheers] It breaks my heart to see so many poor unemployed workers. We must put men to work. The cure for unemployment is employment. [cheers] But the baa must get to be balanced, I will discharge half the Government employees and cut the pay of the rest. [cheers] We must end overproduction and save the farmer.

[cheers] We can do this by increasing the price of farm products to the starving millions. [cheers] We must save the banks and uphold the gold standard. [cheers] Deflation is the only remedy. [cheers] Or maybe inflation will help. [cheers] Perhaps we must go off the gold standard! [sings to tune of "Now's the Time to Fall in Love."]

If you care for sound advice
You're going to get a heap
Listen to it, listen to it.
Get the cards and get the dice
Just read them and weep—
Everybody, ought to do it.

Chorus:
Now I'm not a villain,
Though I've a several million
That my papa left to me.
I'm very aggressive,
Considered progressive,
That is just the way to be.
For I've won the people's faith and confidence.
And I'll be the greatest of the presidents.
You'll have meat and potatoes
When I'm made dictator—
I'll revive prosperity.
Now I may be benny,
I aint no mussolini.
For Hitler I must say hurray!
Democracy's failing,
Fascism prevailing,
The masses I can quickly sway.

But when I think of all the jobless I get cramps,
I will herd them all in unemployment camps;
This sounds jingoistic,
But it's quite altruistic—
They will get a dollar a day!
To cure unemployment
I take great enjoyment
Firing men and cutting pay.
With them and mix them up.
I cut soldiers' pensions.
That will surely save the day;
With the world war veterans I sympathize,
But we must pare the budget and economize.
I've answered the prayers
Of income tax payers.
Their demands I must obey.
I've always had money
And life has been sunny,
I've never slumbered in a flop,
I've often been angry,
But never been hungry,
And I've never eaten slop.
With much ballyhoo, magniloquence and true zeal,
I will give the poor forgotten man a new deal.
Here are the cards, sirs, [hands cards to banker]
And you are my pards.
Shuffle them and mix them up.
[A table is placed over the forgotten man. Banker. Mercant, Patriot, Brewer and Roosevelt engage in a card game to the rhythm of the music. Of course, the banker takes most of the tricks. Roosevelt takes deck and holds up cards suitable for last stanza.]

Hearts are for lovers
For sweet turtle doves
Diamonds for the rich, by heck,
For bankers and traders,
And treasury rabbits:
That's the way I'll deal the deck.
Spades are for the men who dig our coal and ditches;
They were never meant for people who have riches;
And clubs for the heads
Of villainous reds,
They will get it in the neck.

[CURTAIN]

Commonwealth College
Fortnightly

PRINTED AT COMMONWEALTH
BY STUDENT AND TEACHER LABOR

VOL. IX. No. 10
May 15, 1933

Published twice a month at Mena, Arkansas.
by Commonwealth College. Subscription one dollar a year. Entered as second class matter January 30, 1928, at the post office at Mena, Arkansas, under the act of August 24, 1912.

MOONEY CONGRESS
Continued from page One

and teachers. All Commonwealth delegates were union members. Thus the delegation, although small, was nevertheless a fairly accurate cross section of the makeup of the congress at large. Our delegation, like most others who went to the Congress, wondered whether it would be possible to achieve a truly United Front after the many years of intense conflicts within the American labor movement. Nearly two years had gone by since Tom Mooney, from his prison cell had issued his call for united action on the part of all sections of American labor to unite on the issue of securing his freedom and that of all other class war prisoners. During this long interval almost every group had declared for the acceptance of his call, but each wished to interpret it in such a way that those groups with whom it had no contact or whom it could be cut off from participation at the congress. Obviously, the chief difference was between the Communists and the Socialists.

It was a strange experience to see figures like Munsie (C. P. L. A.) Hathaway and Minor (C. P.) Lovett (L. I. D.) Frazier (P. M. A.) Chaplin (I. W. W.) Cannon (C. P. Left Opposition) all appearing on the same platform, each urging the need for united action, each calling each other "comrade" and at the same time mincing few words about what they thought of the organization and tactics of the others. Time and again it seemed as though the thin bond which held them united would burst asunder. Time and again the tension was eased when the Congress seemed headed for the shoals of disaster. The "crazy Communists," the "social fascists," the "renegades," the "counter-revolutionists," the "labor-fakers" and the "opportunist" managed somehow, to remain united. The solitary figure of a man in prison garb, who for a decade and a half had fought on against the forces that had imprisoned him and the many would-be friends who had deserted or betrayed him, was the lone thread that held the vast assembly together. The sessions were an astounding revelation of the fact that the most militant elements of labor can unite on concrete issues.

NEW MEMBERS ADMITTED
Continued from page One

sixteen members of the Association. The old members are: Lucien Koch, Harold Coy, Charlotte Moskowitz, Bill Cunningham, Mildred Price, Raymond Koch, Clay Fulks, Mable Fulks, Clarice Cunningham, O. Hittenrauch, and David Englestein.