MUNSELL INCREASES
AMOUNT OF PLEDGE

Agrees to Give Six Dollars for
Every One Raised by
Lucien Koch

A. E. O. Munsell, of Baltimore, whose "four-for-one" pledge was an­nounced in the last issue of the Fort­nightly, has raised his pledge to "six-for-one". That is, he will give six dol­lars for every one that Director Lucien Koch is able to raise before the first of the year. Mr. Munsell's total donation is now expected to exceed $2,500.

As this is written, he has sent in nearly $400.

After having spent a week in Cleve­land, Director Koch is now in Detroit. He will return to Commonwealth about Christmas.

The money now coming in, largely as a result of Lucien Koch's efforts, has not brought the total amount of this year's donations up to those of last year. However, with two weeks yet to go it seems likely that last year's mark will be excelled in amount although not in purchasing power.

There is still not enough money in sight to carry through until summer.

COMMENTS ON THE FIRST ISSUE
OF THE NEWS-LETTER


"...brought even the knowledge of Bristol's brat 1 as a profound sur­prise to me" Bonnie Thornburg, Nashville, Tenn.

"... is good. Miss d my name in it, which means that you'll suffer like... when my will is read one day." O. Hittenrauch, 2 Hiram, Ohio.

"I like the idea ... Almost makes me feel homesick." Richard Boeh, publicity director, National Farm Holiday Association.

1 Bonnie Edlese Bristol.
2 O. D., now publicity director for Hiram College, has promised to return to Commonwealth in January to take charge of the Commonwealth Labor Library.

Farm Manager Comes
Back With Manager

Russell Rottel, farm manager, re­turned recently from a three-months' visit to his home in Wisconsin, bring­ing with him his bride, formerly Miss Dolly Hayter of Onalaska, Wisconsin.

Russell immediately took up his strenuous duties as Commonwealth farmer. Dolly is helping in the kitchen.

The fall plowing, delayed somewhat by Russell's absence, is now going on, but will probably be interrupted soon by a rainy season. All the fall crops were harvested while Russell was away.

Six acres of winter wheat have been planted. Other farm work now going on includes fencing, clearing land, selecting seed, repairing ma­chinery, building sheds, etc.

A team of horses was recently pur­chased. A two-row plant 1 is needed, and unless some friend of the school donates one soon a purchase will be made in the early spring.

PRINTER NEEDED

Commonwealth is badly in need of an experienced printer.

Printers, like teachers and other workers, receive no pay at Common­wealth, but their maintenance is pro­vided in exchange for thirty hours' work weekly.

FOUR ARE INVITED TO
JOIN COLLEGE STAFF

Newcomers Are from Philad­elphia, Ireland and
Japan

Four persons have been invited to join the Commonwealth staff for the quarter beginning January 2. They are Warren D. Mullin, Sachio Oka, and Mr. and Mrs. Warren Montross. In ad­dition to these, a teacher of Marx­ism, now resident in Europe, will arrive at Commonwealth late in January.

Mullin will come as a teacher of psychology and sociology. He gradu­ated from Oxford University in 1928 and went with the National Council of Labor Colleges as an instructor in sociology in the Bradford, Yorkshire branch.

In the spring of 1930 he went to Russia to study workers' education under the direction of C. G. B. Thomas, then England's representative in the Department of Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries.

Mullin came to America in the fall of 1931 direct from Russia to lecture on "An Irishman Views American Politics." This tour was interrupted by the miners' strike in West Vir­ginia. Mullin became an organizer for the Progressive Miners.

He was for a time an organizer for the Socialist party, and helped organ­ize the Massachusetts Labor College. He then became assistant to the general organizer for the National Leather Workers Association and was active in the New England leather trades strike. He led the shoe trades strike in Eastern Penn­sylvania.

He has contributed to the American Miners and other periodicals.

Oka, a native of Japan, graduated from Tokio University with an M. A. degree. While in Japan he was a member of the form-r Worker Peasant party, a legal mouthpiece of the under­ground Communist party. He was edi­tor-in-chief of the Children's Weekly.
I'M PREDICTIN'

By AGNES CUNNINGHAM
Commonwealth Student

very well dressed and wear signs indicating who they represent pinned to their vests. Big Business is seated behind a table on which is a large money bag with a dollar sign on it. As the curtain rises Big Business is offering Coolidge a cigar which he takes and they both light up.

Big Business: Well, Mr. Coolidge, prosperity is upon us.
Coolidge: Yes, Mr. Big Business, prosperity is upon us.
Big Business: And furthermore, Mr. Coolidge, prosperity is here to stay.
Coolidge: Yes, Mr. Big Business, prosperity is here to stay.
Big Business: Let's give a rousing cheer for prosperity, now and forever!

Both stand, raise right hand and clench fist, shouting in unison:
Hurray for prosperity, Now and Forever!

Scene 3
Farm home. Same setting as before except a drab table cover replaces the bright one and a loaf of bread and a jar of jam replace the vase. Jim and Martha are somewhat shabbier and older in appearance. A sign indicates the year 1929. Martha is peeling potatoes and Jim is reading as before. The baby crib is gone.

Jim: Well, Martha, I believe Hoover is gonna do something for the farmers. I'm predictin' inside of a year we can junk the old flivver and buy one of them new A models like Sam Higginses. And mebbe we can buy a new brood sow, and if we can buy a couple more cows we can start peddin' milk in town.
Martha: How about buyin' a piany, pa, so Bessie can start takin' music? She'll be gettin' old enough pretty soon now.
Jim: Well, pianies are perty expensive but soon as Hoover gets strung out with his farm relief program, there's no tellin' what we can do.
Martha: Well, Lord knows the farmer's been the under dog long enough. I wonder if that corn cake's burnin'. (Puts potatoes on table and goes out. Pa does it in his usual way. A ghost labeled 'DEPRESSION' comes in, looks around and takes potatoes, bread and jam and goes out.)

Scene 4
Hoover and Big Business are conversing. Setting same as Scene 2. Signs to indicate characters.
Hoover: Well, Mr. Big Business, there seems to be a depression on.
Big Business: Yes, there seems to be a depression on. But why should I worry about it?
Hoover: No need to worry, Mr. Big Business. My theory is that the people are hoarding their money. They sew it up in their mattresses, or put it in tin cans and bury it under their back porches.
Big Business: No, I don't think that's true, Mr. Hoover. They spent it all. They've been far too extravagant. Why the farmers have been buying automobiles and radios. They've been too extravagant — wasteful, that's what. But (lowering his voice) we can't afford to tell them that. They might quit buying and then where would my profits be? We've gotta keep 'em thinkin' that they're rich.
Hoover: You're right, Mr. Big Business. Now what do you suggest as a remedy for this situation?
Big Business: Very simple, Mr. Hoover. (Leans forward) All you have to do is to let me have some money, several billion or so, and I'll see to it that they get moratoriums on their mortgages. I'll see that they get new loans. I'll make them think they got scads of money. They'll go on buying and my profits'll stay put. (Puts money bag) Oh, I'll fix it. All you have to do is let me have the money.
Hoover: (brightening up) That's an excellent idea, Mr. Big Business. How did you ever think of it? That's just what we'll do, Mr. Big Business. That's just what we'll do. (Gets another bag of money and places on the table beside Big Business' bag.) Thank you very much, Mr. Big Business. Thank you very much. Well, good day. (Goes out)

Big Business takes the money out of the new bag and puts it into his own. He leans back in his chair with his thumbs in his vest.

Scene 5
Farm home again. Still shabbier appearance — bare table — no newspaper or catalog. Ma and Pa sit in old places staring dejectedly into space. Ma with an old shawl around her shoulders shivering and Pa sucking nervously at his pipe. A sign indicates the summer 1933.

Scene 6
Farm home, Simple furnishings consisting of a table, two chairs, and a baby crib. There are a few signs of good times such as a bright tablecloth, vase of flowers, etc. Jim, a farmer, and Martha, his wife are seated on opposite sides of the table, looking at a newspaper and she a catalog. The baby crib is conspicuously located. A sign bearing "1929" is posted to indicate to the audience that the action takes place during that year. As the curtain rises Martha is vigorously turning the pages of the catalog.

Jim: Well, Marthy, I believe times is gettin' better. I believe Coolidge is gonna do something fer the farmers. I'm predictin' we'll have a big, new barn and mebbe a couple of silos on the place in the next three or four years. I'll have that mortgage all paid off and we'll be settin' jake here before you know it.

Martha: Jim, there's some of the nicest house plans in this here catalog. I believe these ready built homes are the best kind to git. They ain't so expensive as a body might think. These bungalow houses with the wings in the roof must be something new. They call 'em airplane bungalows. Look, Jim. (Shows him the catalog)

Jim: Yeah, pretty fine. Well, after we get that new barn we'll start plannin' fer a house.

Martha: (Going to baby crib and looking in) And Bessie won't have the hard times we've had. She'll have a nice house where she can invite all her friends. We'll get a piany and she can take music and maybe we can send her to college, Jim.

Jim: Gee whillikins! Think of one of the Cummingses going to college! I didn't even get to the eighth grade.

Martha: Well, you wasn't no worse off than I was. My ma and pa couldn't buy me no shoes till I was twelve years old. I didn't get no further than the fourth reader.

Jim: You never told me that, Marthy. I don't believe I would have married such an uneducated gal if I'd have known it.

Martha: Wait a minute there. You've likely forgotten about the three years you hung around waitin' for my answer. (Laughter)

Jim: Well, anyhow, Bessie's going to get a better chance than either of us did. I've got a lot of faith in this man Coolidge.
Pa: Well, Ma, the last cow we got belongs to the mortgage company; And no tellin' when they're comin' in to take the farm.

Ma: I don't see how we're gonna pull through the winter, Pa. When them beans and sorghum is all gone I don't know what in the world we're gonna eat. Bessie's gettin' so thin. I don't believe she's gettin' enough to eat. She sure hates to quit school (at this point Ma makes a despairing gesture and starts pacing the floor) but the poor youngsters ain't got no shoes to wear.

Pa: Well, I'll tell you, Ma, things is pretty bad, but I think Roosevelt is gonna do something fer the farmers. Times is gonna get better. This depression's gone on long enough. Coolidge didn't do anything to keep it from comin' on and Hoover didn't do anything about it after it hit. A chicken in every pot! Jeezus! All that talk in the papers was just pure bluff. But this Roosevelt is different. I've got a lot of faith in Roosevelt. I believe he's gonna do something fer the farmer.

Ma: Say, Pa, I wish you wouldn't go to no more of them farmers meetin's. Berthy Higgins told me that Sam told her that the way they talk against the government is something fierce! They're radicals, Pa.

Pa: Well now, I didn't notice 'em talkin' against the government so much. Some of the things they say is pretty good. They seem to be sympathizin' with us farmers. Of course I ain't got much faith in this organizin' that they talk about. I don't think it'll ever amount to much. You know they say we've got to organize and demand some immediate relief. They tell us that's the only way we'll ever get anything—by organizin'. I ain't got much faith in that either, bun' it's radical about it, is there?

Ma: They're just a bunch that's tryin' to stir up trouble, Pa, and you know it. I wish you wouldn't go no more.

Pa: Well, it don't do no harm to go. The farmers don't pay much attention to 'em. We gang up after the meetin' and talk about the Roosevelt program. That man Roosevelt's gonna do something fer us, just wait.

Scene 6

Roosevelt and Big Business. Same as before except the money bag is not so full.

Big Business: (worriedly) Let's get together and do something about this depression. My business is starting to slump. See there. (Shows Roosevelt the bag)

Roosevelt: Now don't you worry. Mr. Big Business. Just leave it up to me. We'll pay the farmers to plow up their cotton. We'll destroy all surplus and thus banish overproduction. Prices will go up. Your profits are safe. What the people of this country need most is a little song and dance to put them in a good frame of mind. Look, Mr. Big Business.

Music sounds—Two boys and a girl march onto the stage in military fashion, the girl between them. One of the boys is dressed as a sailor and the other as a soldier and the one in the lead carries a blue eagle emblem on a staff (costumes optional). The girl is labeled "Miss NRA" and wears a brightly colored dress or pajamas. The three march to the center of the stage, face the audience and sing to the tune of "Heigh-ho the Merry-o!"

We always do our part
We always do our part
Heigh-hay, the NRA
We always do our part

On the "heigh-hay!" right hands are flung into the air. Roosevelt and Big Business may join in the singing and it should be done with lots of spirit—almost shouted. When the song is finished, the soldier and sailor step back and Miss NRA does a stiff mechanical dance to the tune of "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" or similar music. At the conclusion of her dance she sits on the table while the soldier and sailor together with Big Business do a military drill. Commands of "Attention", "Right Face", "Forward March", "Squad Left", "Halt" etc. are given off-stage or by a member of the group. Meanwhile Roosevelt stands on a chair behind Miss NRA, grins broadly and keeps time with his right hand. The drill is brief and at its conclusion the song is repeated. The commander shouts "Right Hand Salute" where-upon members of the group salute.

Scene 7

Farm home. Bedroom scene. A smoky kerosene lamp turned over, now furnishes the only illumination. Stage light is out. Bessie, now a girl of ten, is lying on the bed under a blanket. (For convenience a bed may be improvised of benches or chairs) Ma is sitting beside the bed with her head in her hands. Bertha Higgins, the neighbor, looks on sympathetically.

Bertha: How long's she been sick, Martha?

Ma: She just took down bad last Wednesday, but she's been aillin' off and on fer about six months.

Bertha: Well, it must be the pellagra. It's caused from not gettin' the right things to eat. And let me tell you, she won't get well till she gets the right things to eat. Sometimes people die of it.

Martha: (standing up and clapping her hands) We've got to do something. We've got to. We can't let her die. But (sitting down again) we ain't got money to buy anything. We can't get a doctor or nothin'. And Jim off at one of them radical meetin's. Looks like he'd stay home evenin's with Bessie so sick. I ain't got nothin' him no good to go there. They don't do nothin' but talk against the government. He's been down there all day.

(Noise is heard outside and Pa sticks head in the door)

Pa: Ma, come here and see what I brought in.

Ma: I can't leave Bessie. Bring it in here.

(Pa comes in bringing a large box of groceries—milk, oatmeal, canned goods, oranges etc. He is followed by a group of farmers. Stage light goes on.)

Pa: (taking the oranges out of the box) These are specially for Bessie. And there's more to come.

Ma: [helping him take the rest of the things from the box] But Pa, where did it come from?

Pa: I told you the meetin' was county wide, didn't I? Well a bunch of us farmers ganged up and marched up to the court house—guess there must of been about a hundred of us—and we stayed there till some of them city slickers come out and then we sent our delegation up to talk to them and all the neighbors here [motions towards farmers] vouched for me havin' a sick kid and nothin' in the house to eat. Well, we show 'em what a sailor can do a while and finally when they saw they couldn't get out of it they called me up and asked me what I needed most and I told 'em and here
I am tired of being polite to it. To relieve my fatigue I am now going to be honestly rude to it. Indeed, I cannot see that it deserves any respect whatsoever. I am thinking of that naive, romantic, namby-pamby "belief" which, since March 4, has spread over this country like a contagious delusion—the belief, I mean, that President Roosevelt is playing the great Santa Claus to the workers and farmers of America: that he is surreptitiously, but none the less resolutely, smuggling socialism—or a fairly satisfactory substitute for that article—in through the back door.

These Trustful Innocents do not quite forget that Roosevelt was selected by a capitalist party [and is, therefore, normally to be expected to serve the capitalist class] but they are nursing the funny little notion that, now that he is in office, he is putting a fast one over on the wicked rich; that, in effect, he is double-crossing the capitalists who selected him, and, as rapidly as possible, giving the exploited workers and farmers a new deal, one with lots of good fat in it.

Now if this infatuation were limited, as it should be, to the clients of fortune-tellers, or to the inmates of certain elenomancy institutions, it would not be so remarkable or so depressing. But actually one finds many prominent radical leaders who accept the分钟左右 of Roosevelt as bona fide performances. Such igno­rance (or bad faith) in this group is utterly inexcusable. It might be ex­ecusable for orphans, fundamentalists and Democrats to be taken in by such tricks of statesmanship, but for radical leaders to see in Roosevelt and his performances anything but a super-jugler deftly snatching strings of bologna, bags of flour, and bolts of calico out of his silk toppee is too ex­asperating for any intelligent pa­tience.

Will they never: thoroughly learn that all capitalist officials functionaries, especially the higher ones, must, of vy necessity, co the bidding of their masters? Wilt they ever learn, once and for all, that every capitalist, or politician is by definition and function, a con­fidee man? A confidence man so far as the masses of workers are concerned.

That big, almost grotesque grin on the Roosevelt face? Why, that's the grin forced upon him by the astound­ing gullibility of the "intellectuals" who are taken in by his tricks. It's the grin of the Great Gray Fox as he seeks, with such apparent monetary success, to calm the fears of the teeming Rabbits swarming around him and to assure them protection against the Big Bad Wolf prowling about the jungle.

(C.F. - J.F.)

Four Invited

Continued from Page One

an associate editor of the Baikosha Publishing House, chair of the International Department of the Tokyo Journalist League; chairman of the executive committee of the Yokohama New Artist League, a section of the Japanese Prolletarian Cultural Federation; a member of the Committee Against Censorship of Japan.

He left Japan in 1929, "mainly to escape the white terror and secondarily to study the way America conducts her researches in esthetics, a subject of my life interest."

He spent some time at the University of Minnesota and decided that in American universities "students don't learn their subjects; they learn to pass exams."

He contributed a chapter entitled "The Shadow of Japan" to Schmalhausen's symposium Recovery Through Revolution. He is "a writer by profession, a teacher of literature by training, a psycho-sociologist by inclination, a Marxist by philosophy, and a janitor of a workers' organization by present occupation."

His present occupation pays not a cent. He writes excellent English; he speaks fluently and grammatically but with an accent. A world-famous Esperantist has said that Oka is perhaps the best Esperanto speaker and grammarian in the Americas.

His work at Commonwealth will be decided after his arrival.

Mr. and Mrs. Montross are professional cooks. For years they operated a cooked-food shop in Philadelphia. They are active in the Socialist Party in Philadelphia. Mr. Montross is a mechanic, Col as an ep-nier as well as a cook. Mrs. Montross will take charge of that mo t important department at Commonwealth, the kitchen. Mr. Montross will cook and do repair work on the college motors and buildings.