GUEST HOUSE SOCIAL
ROOM IS DECORATED

Mrs. Allen and Willie Meyer
"Fix Things Up Grand"

The front room of the Guest House has been remade into what is certainly the best social room that Commonwealth has ever had. The formal opening was held February 25.

The walls are covered with burlap in its natural shade. The woodwork is a soft buff. Brown is the predominant color in the room, with green and orange here and there.

Mrs. Bernice Allen, domestic manager, had charge of the job. She got her experience at interior decoration when, as executive housekeeper for the Hotel Virginia at Long Beach, she redecorated 200 rooms. She insists, however, that most of the credit for the room and for the new social room go to Willie Meyer, a student who assisted her. Willie "introduced" in another column of this paper, learned the trade of interior decorator in Germany just before the world war.

The casement curtains of hand-blocked pongee were made by Mildred Barton, former Commonwealth student now living in California. On the walls are fourteen etchings and woodcuts of Russian scenes by Russian artists, Oliver Carlson, as a delegate to the Third Congress of the Communist International in July 1921, was given a collection of about seventy-five such etchings and cuts by the Soviet government. The

COMMONWEALTH COLLEGE
FORTNIGHTLY

VOL. IX., No. 5 MENA, ARKANSAS, MARCH 1, 1933 $1.00 A YEAR

Sand Bowling Alley

College to Have

A sand bowling alley is soon to be constructed upon the campus near the edge of the hill that overlooks Mill Creek, according to Alois Oppel, campus beautifier.

Alois played upon such an alley many years ago in Austria. He describes it as "on such a cliff under a row of linden trees." The trees gave out a "buttery blossom scent and attracted countless honey bees." "It was made of crude materials," he says, "but served as the most attractive Sunday amusement for the village boys immediately after our release from church."

The game is not to be compared, he declares, with the American indoor game. The sixteen-pound balls used in this country are a torture for small hands.

"I wish to appeal," says Alois, "to some of our friends who are bowling club members to acquire for us a set of played out duck pins and small balls. We'll pay the freight."

Alois will construct the bowling alley in his spare time during the next few weeks, he says.

TEACHERS REPORT ON
PROGRESS OF CLASSES

Present Student Body Said
To Be Unusually Studious

With the winter quarter more than half over, Commonwealth classes are operating upon schedule with good attendance, according to the reports made by teachers at a recent faculty meeting. It is generally agreed that the present student body is unusually studious. The librarian reports that more reading is being done now than ever before.

The subject matter of the various courses covers a wide range of topics. Bill Reich's class in workers' education has been making a survey of American and European workers' schools with regard to curricula, methods of teaching, composition of student bodies, teachers, finances, organization, and administration. A study has also been made of the effectiveness of leaflets, pamphlets, radical newspapers, labor union organs, and political publications as educational agencies for the masses who cannot attend labor colleges.

The orientation course, directed by Oliver Carlson and taught by various members of the faculty, is now studying the beginnings of scientific socialism. A few of the many topics scheduled for the near future are: origins of the world war, the new nationalism in the Far East, and a comparison of Italian with German fascism.

Carlson's class in Marx is studying the first volume of "Capital" and is now taking up the transfor-
**TOMORROW WE START PICKING**

By BOB REED

Commonwealth Student

Dreams turned into night-mares by the grinding of the cotton planter, by the clank, clank of hoes striking stones. Finally, a weary old man bowed under the weight of a cotton sack. Life was a soft, white, cotton trap.

Harvey pressed his arm against his eyes. He seemed to be afar. There was no breeze through the window, but he pulled the sheet tight against him. Sleep did not come, although his muscles ached with weariness.

Love! Every man's right to happiness! What had it meant to him? Gaudy stories in pulp magazines. Little else. What had he to offer to a woman? A six-foot frame, and nothing outside of that.

Farming is a cycle. A man marries, rents a place, lives through twenty years of hard work. During this time he has a son, who branches off, and the cycle goes on. A hard ring to break. When he was a kid he'd had ideas of how he'd break away and make good—but he'd never been sure at what he'd make good. Now with the old man in bad health and deeply in debt, and his mother dependent upon him—he couldn't leave these people, even if he had a chance.

Life was a cotton row that runs in a circle. You're on the inside and must work—year after year—no way to get out—tomorrow we start picking.

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**LABOR SKITS FREE**

RISEN FROM THE RANKS

BY HAROLD COY

The Pretzel Benders' Union goes on strike, demanding the full product of its toil and product and a half for overtime. But young Oswald Sapp invents a bending machine, saves the business and marries the daughter of old Mill-bucks.

UNTIL THE MORTGAGE IS DUE

BY WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM

The banker, when he comes out to evict the farmer, sings

"Always protect the American home—Until the mortgage is due."

These two twenty-minute skits, reprinted from the *FORTNIGHTLY*, will be mailed free to anyone sending a three-cent stamp to cover postage.
Monologue of a Commoner showing a visitor about the campus: That spot of brilliant red you see through the trees is a pillow which Mabel Pulks has stuffed into a window frame from which the glass has been broken. The pillow is not a good substitute for a pane, but the carpenter crew has been busy lately.

The dragon over there is an oak stump which the gardener dug out the other day. It's too big for a back log, and almost impossible to split. I don't know what use can be made of it. The poles are for a new bell tower. The old one is leaning dangerously. The poles are pine. Steve peeled the bark off yesterday. Sticky work.

The tennis court is in a bad shape, after all of the wet weather we've had. People will walk across it, even though they leave tacks an inch deep. It will have to be dragged and rolled. Most of our roosters lost their comb during the last freeze. They've been allowed to roost in the trees this winter. The hen house is in bad shape. The new one will be across the creek.

"No ashes wanted here." The campus beautifier put up that sign. The boys who take care of the fire in the Commonwealth got in the habit of dumping ashes on the flower bed, perhaps under the impression that ashes would fertilize the flowers, or perhaps under no impression whatever.

That is a sorghum crusher. It squeezes the juice out of the stalk of sorghum cane. The big pan hanging on the side of the laboratory is used to cook the juice in. The small wagon has a new boiler this morning, hewn out of a piece of oak. We make our own boilers, wagon tongues, single trees and double trees, neckyokes, etc.

This power saw was rigged up from an old T-mo'el. This woo' en pulley presses against a back wheel. The rope runs from the throttle to the elbow of the man who pushes the poles into the saw. He regulates the speed by raising and lowering his elbow. Such rigs are very common in these mountains. Many farmers have them.

This is a canner. Steam is generated in that little boiler outside, and goes into these retorts. The crane is used to lift baskets of cans out of the retorts. That smoked-up pile of masonry is a water heater. You start a fire in the fire box, and an hour later you can take a hot shower. It heats the water for the laundry too.

That's the week's wash. We've had trouble with the laundry lately. By a remarkable series of boneheads, the water system was allowed to freeze during the zero weather, and only day before yesterday did we get it repaired. The laundry has been running long hours since then.

Electric machines. Hot water on tap. Everything quite modern, compared to what it used to be. The laundry was first done down at the creek, as it done in Europe. Then in a tent over by the dining room. After this building was finished a power washer was used, but the old thing would run sometimes, and sometimes it wouldn't. Water had to be heated over open fires out in the yard. Doing the laundry in those days was somewhat of an adventure.

That's the advanced class in Marx, just going into the class room. Visitors are welcome. They're studying criticisms of the labor theory of value. Yes, certainly you must see the library. It is growing at the rate of about three books a day--most of them very good books, and all donated by friends of the school.

He won't hurt you. His name is Surplus Value. He belonged to a farmer student who was kept giving him away to the neighbors and he keeps hiving himself back. We call him Surp for short and the neighbors, not understanding Marxian terminology, call him Syrup, which is an unusual name for a mountain hound. He might be trained for a squirrel dog, but nobody bothers.

Commonwealth College Fortnightly

PRINTED AT COMMONWEALTH
BY STUDENT AND TEACHER LABOR

VOL. IX, No. 5 March 1, 1933

Along the Library Shelf

Commonwealth's library is painted white. It's one story high and the steps up to the main door are made of large flat stones from the creek bottom. A band of windows runs around the building, except for the reserve reading room addition, where casement windows open on the lawn.

Originally the library had two class rooms, but with the building of the "Lab" which contains a class room and a carpenter shop, the library had a home of its own. One class room became a stack room for books on social science; the other houses the periodical and pamphlet files. The main room contains an open fireplace with an immense bench before it, and the librarian's desk. The new reading room, on the "left wing" as some would have it, was added last fall to take care of the increase in enrollment and greater use of the library.

The library is near the bluff and is the first building you see as you climb up the hill, where you were watching the sunset from the rocks that overhang Mill Creek. It forms one corner of the yard encompassed by the girls' dorm, the Commons and the men's dorm. From the library, paths radiate fan-like to other centers of interest, the one to the Commons being the most worn.

In the yard in front of the building is a heap of back logs and stove wood, throw away the wood into the stove and read Marx, all without missing a line.

THANKS FRIENDS

Cash

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"Willie" Meyer is the son of a steel construction worker and was born in Germany a little over thirty years ago. But let him tell his own story: "I attended public school from 6 to 14 years of age. Then I started as an apprentice boy in the painting trade. After three years of work without wages, I started travelling in Germany. In 1915 I was forced to join the army and was kept there until the last of December, 1918." After that Willie went back to his trade of painting and paper hanging, and Commonwealth is thankful that he did, for he is doing great things with the re-education of the Guest House. A steel worker is unknown to him, and he can paint a ceiling right up to the edge of a beam with a precision that makes Commoners gape. He came here from Syracuse, where he attended night school while working at his trade. He is one-third of the German trio that sings for entertainments here, but he is best recognized as a figure in white painter's overalls, going to the job with a brush in his hand.

Conditions in the New England shoe industry have been responsible for Roland McFarlay's living all over that section of the country. At present his home is in New Bedford where his father is a foreman in a shoe factory. Roland attended high schools in New Hampshire and the Bay State and took a course in laboratory technique in a Brookline hospital. After preparing himself for a niche in the scientific world, he discovered that the depression does the same thing to laboratories that it does to factories—closes them up. To get at the story back of this rather senseless discontinuing of a highly necessary service, he began to study the program outlined by the liberals and radicals. He joined the Socialist party and became publicity director of his local, later turning into a soap-boxer in neighboring towns. At Commonwealth he is the busiest member of the library staff, being in charge of reference work, pamphlets, and filing. He's the young man in the neighboring farmers go to whose name is associated with selecting a book. Sometimes he doubles as an assistant to the treasurer and he probably had a hand in folding this Fortnightly you are reading. He is rated as a good all around office and library worker, a confirmed socialist and as having a better-than-average bent for science.

School has been the birthplace of money into capital. The class in Marxist criticism has reviewed the writings of Veblen, Elia, Trussing, Hay, Fetter, and others, and is now considering Bohm-Bawerk.

Cly Fulk's class in farm problems is dealing with the problem of expropriation, past and present, and giving special attention to the agrarian unrest in the United States at the present time.

Members of David Englestein's class in public speaking have been giving three and five-minute prepared talks upon such topics as "Conditions in Cuba," "The Negro and the Class Struggle," "The General Strike," "Taylorism," "A Comparison of the Daily Worker and the New Leader." They are planning some study of parliamentary law, and will give two or three debates in which all members of the class will participate.

David's class in world history spent four weeks in a survey of the social system of the middle ages and its conflicts. The rise of commerce capitalistic, the evolution of nations, the ascendancy of the middle class, the renaissance, the seven and eight centuries revolutions in England, and the causes and results of the commercial wars of the eighteenth century are some of the topics which have occupied the attention of the class during the past month. The course will be concluded with a study of the French revolution and the working class movements of the nineteenth century.

H. Lee Jones' class in social psychology has been principally interested in a study of those social institutions which have undergone rapid changes during recent years. The remainder of the quarter will be given over to a study of possible socialist forms in the light of the known facts of group psychology.

Mildred Price has a class in English for foreign born. Some of the subjects for written composition are "Cool," "The Negro," "Why a Worker Should Know English." For oral composition the students go to their own experiences as workers. A small portion of the time is given over to the correction of grammatical errors and the reasons for such corrections.

The labor dramatics group, under the direction of Bea Carlson, is at work upon several scenes from "The Adding Machine," "The Hairy Ape," may be presented before the close of the quarter.

Lucien Koch's class in labor history started with a study of the origin of the Knights of Labor and of the A. F. of L. The study of the latter organiza-

FARM HOLIDAY
By Agnes Cunningham

Silent, he followed the plow up and down the long warm day, and there was always about him the mingled odor of sweat and raw earth.

Silent, he sat down beside the cow in the young twilight and abandoned himself to the rhythmic purr-purr of milk-streams falling into foam.

Silent, he pulled theumble weeds from the fences, piled them high, and stood by to watch them crackle into flame.

Silent, he listened to the rumble of approaching hail, and watched the white storm gallop across the fields trampling into the mud a year's toil.

Silent, he grabbed out scrawny black-jacks and shaped them into rough posts for bracing the barn and patching the gate where a calf jumped through.

Silent, he lived the age old paradox of his class—the paradox of endless giving without receiving and—

Then one day he upset a milk truck, threw a brick at a scab, and yelled.

GUEST HOUSE SOCIAL ROOM
Continued from page One

fifteen that decorate the new social room are from this collection.

Furniture for the room was made by "Slim" Hodges, Commonwealth carpenter, and the upholstering was done by Mrs. Allen. The floor lamp was made by Walter Kehry, a student.

zation included a review of its leadership down to the present time, its changing philosophy, its structure, government, weapons of struggle, etc.

The class is now engaged in the study of the radical movements from the point of their origin to the present time.

Bill Cunningham's labor journalism class considered such problems as "Why do you want to write?" "Why don't you write?" "Literary Laziness," "Typewriter Fright," "Literature and Propaganda," "Creative Writing," etc. Essays, sketches, and poems by members of the class were read and discussed. The class is now reading current labor magazines.