C. C. SUMMER PLANS SET

Large Group Seen; Lecture Staff Included

 Hundreds of inquiries and requests for information on the Commonwealth summer session have been received by the college office during the past month. This unusually large number indicates that enrollment for the summer quarter will tax the Commonwealth housing capacity to the limit.

Charlotte Moskowitz, secretary, is therefore asking that those who are expecting to enroll at Commonwealth for the ten-week session beginning July 1 send their applications at once. If necessary, tents will be purchased or other housing facilities arranged to take care of all accepted students. In order to do this properly the housing committee must have information on the approximate enrollment by the first week in June.

John Gould Fletcher, outstanding American poet, has been added to the schedule of special lecturers who will be at Commonwealth for the summer session. Mr. Fletcher will talk on modern poetry and modern European literature. Other speakers who have accepted invitations to be at Commonwealth for one or two weeks are: Mother Bloor, Ward Rodgers, Jack Conroy, David Englestein, Carl Haeckler, James T. Farrell, Bill Reich, Ben Botkin, Marshall Lakey, Charles J. Finger, Winifred L. Chappell, and Eleanor Risley.

Courses will be offered by the resident faculty in such subjects as American Labor Movement; Political Economy; Creative Writing; Current Events; Farm Problems: Labor Orientation; Labor Drama and Music; Drawing, Composition and Poster Design, etc.

TOUR LEAVES JUNE 29

Bob Brown in New York

Bob and Rose Brown, members of the Commonwealth staff who attended the recent Writers Congress in New York, are still in that city completing arrangements for the Writers and Artists Tour to the USSR this summer. The group is sailing from New York June 29 on the S.S. Britannic under the leadership of the Browns, and will spend six weeks in the Soviet Union—four at the Summer Session of Moscow University.

The Browns will accompany this Writers and Artists Group to assist each member to get what he wants out of study, travel and entertainment. Bob and Rose have literary and theatrical connections with both Russians and Americans in Moscow. They are good sailors and linguists, and have been studying Russian all winter at Commonwealth. The tour they are conducting is the most inexpensive trip to the Soviet Union this year. All readers of the Fortnightly who might be interested in joining the group should write to the Browns for information immediately.

Mail should be addressed: Bob Brown, care of World Tourists, 175 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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GOVERNMENT LOAN
by Frances Cole

THE following play, written by a Commonwealth student, was presented before the college group and neighbors as part of the May Day celebration.

CHARACTERS
Joe Parker—a farmer.
Mrs. Parker—his wife.
Larry—their son, age 22.
Meribel Lou—their daughter, age 13, crippled.

SCENE: The action takes place on a farm outside of the town of Forbee, in the spring of the year. The first scene is the home of the Parkers. The curtain opens fairly well furnished, and contains a cot in the corner.

Meribel Lou is lying on the cot, practicing last year's. Mrs. Parker—half laughs; without humor: Huh! (to Larry) Who has been lying quietly on the cot? Hungry, honey? Meribel—Not now.

Mrs. Parker—Y' haven't eaten nothin' all day.

Meribel—I'd like some milk.

Mrs. Parker (to Larry) Wasn't there extra milk today?

Larry—Just exactly what the Williamses gets. Not a drop over.

Mrs. Parker—Them cows ain't givin' much milk.

Larry—Not much to feed 'em. Hardly any grass and almost no feed left. Gotta use it slow. Don't know when we'll get more.

Mrs. Parker—Reckon so. (to Meribel) Want some nice potatoes, Meribel?

Meribel—Had 'em every day this week.

Mrs. Parker (conversing) Eat 'n today and I'll get somethin' else tomorrow.

Larry—What?

Mrs. Parker looks around as if looking for food and pokes shotgun) Maybe Larry'll shoot a rabbit.

Larry—Got no time.

Mrs. Parker—Or maybe Pa'll get the loan.

Meribel—Gonna get me a brace if he does.

Mrs. Parker (sits down on cot) We sure are, honey. (purses arms around Meribel) First off, first money we get. (also sort of croons) Do anything 't get that brace for you. I'd even steal or kill. First money we get.

CURTAIN

SCENE: Outside of the general store of Forbee. Seated on a bench is the grocer. As the curtain rises a farmer walks up and sits down beside him.

Farmer—Saw Joe Parker today?

Grocer—Nope. Ain't been around.

Farmer—Know if he got his seed money?

Grocer—Nope—hope so. Owes me fourteen dollars.

Farmer—(looks at the general store and the river) Hit him harder'n most of us. Got Meribel Lou, too.

Grocer—Always said land so far from the river wasn't much good.

Farmer—Good enough till last year.

Father and grandfather managed.

Grocer—Always gotta expect drouth. Told him so (two farmers walk up).

First Farmer—(to other farmer) Hi, Will.

Will—Lo, Ben.

Ben—Heard the news?

Will—News?

Ben—Just saw Joe. Says Ellis won't sign for him.

Will—Why not?

Ben—Says Joe still owes the bank last year's interest. Says the directors won't let him.

Will—Ain't but one director that counts, and that's Ellis.

Ben—Well, he said he couldn't sign for him.

Will—He ain't even asking for money. Just not to foreclose, and he won't?

Ben—Says not.

Will—What's Joe gonna do? No seed, no interest on the mortgage, if he can't feed he can't get any milk for the Williamses and he won't even be able to feed themselves. And them with Meribel in the house. What'd he say?

Ben—Nothin'.

Will—Where's he gone?

Ben—Home, I guess. Headin' that way.

Will—Didn't he go back to the office?

Ben—What for?

Will—To ask 'em again.

Abner (third farmer, who hasn't spo-
ken at all) Ought to.
Ben - Won't do no good. They said no to him once and they'll say it again.
Will - They'll say it again to him alone. But if we all ask — Tell you what. I'll get the c'mittee from the United Farmers League. Get the men too. We'll all ask them. See what they say then. How about you, Abner?
Abner - I'll come.
Will - I know you will. But how 'bout the Holiday boys. Can y' get them? Sure oughta be able to get together this once, Abner, a neighbor.
Abner - Hard to tell. Might, 'n then again, might not.
Will - They'll all listen to you. Y'know they will. And you've got Ben here. He's on the c'mittee, ain't he? How about it?
Abner - What'd you say, Ben?
Ben - Guess if you'n say so, we can get the rest.
Will - Then let's go get'em. We'll finish this today. Get the c'mittee and as many of the men as can come and bring 'em over to my office. We'll get Joe from there and all go to the government office.
Abner - C'mon, Ben.
(They walkout as the CURTAIN goes down)

SCENE: At the Parkers' home. That evening, right after supper, Mr and Mrs Parker are sitting at the table. He is reading and she is just sitting, sort of brooding. Mr Parker is quite tall and heavy. His face, as well as his body, shows heaviness. There is stubbornness on his face, but no particular amount of character.

Mrs Parker - What're we gonna do, Joe?
Mr Parker - Don't know. Git, I guess. Mrs Parker - Git where?
Mr Parker - Don't know. Wait they make us. We'll see then.
Mrs Parker - We got Meribel. Can't just up and git with her. Ain't even got a brace.
Mr Parker - I can't do nothing.
Mrs Parker - Always saying "Can't do nothing." I'm sick of it.
Mr Parker - (with curiosity) Well, what're you gonna do? Mr Ellis said no. Can't argue with him. Still owe him last year's interest.
Mrs Parker - How can you pay it unless they lend you money for seeds? If we don't grow nothin', we can't pay nothin'.
Mr Parker - I know it. Told Ellis. He said the directors couldn't do it. Said we ain't got last year's interest. Ain't got none out of last year's government loan and he couldn't promise not to foreclose.

Mrs Parker - It was the drouth last year. That wasn't our fault. We always paid before that.
Mr Parker - Said he knew that. But couldn't do nothing anyhow.
Mrs Parker - (bitterly) Don't worry him now. His Elizabeth can walk. Got a car too (just then the door opens and Larry bursts in).
Larry - Hey, Pal, I just talked to Will Adams.
Mr Parker - What of it? Lives right next door.
Larry - (still breathless) Said they got the farmers around here to go down and ask the government office for your loan. They're sending a committee from the UPL and one from the Holiday. Coming up here now.
Mr Parker - Don't want no help from them. Them's the ones had the fight with the sheriff awhile ago.
Larry - They won the fight. Mr Parker - And landed in jail. Don't want no guv'ment trouble. Got enough as 'tis.
Larry - Didn't stay in jail but three hours. And Bob Nelson didn't get evicted, did he. Maybe they can get the loan for you.
Mr Parker - Better not bother. Just make them mad and they'll push on last year's borrowin'.
Larry - 'Let'em push. Y'can't pay anyhow. C'mon, they're comin' now. Said for you or me to come along.
Mr Parker - Ain't neither goin'. Don't want no guv'ment trouble. Got enough as 'tis.
Mrs Parker - Might 's well try, Joe. Maybe you'll get it.
Mr Parker - Don't want no guv'ment trouble.
Larry - You won't get none. They got more'n fifty farmers to reckon with, not one. [Meribel calls and Mrs Parker gets up and goes over to her. While she is asking her what she wants and getting her a drink, the rest of the conversation takes place.]
Mr Parker - Sit down, Larry. I said we ain't goin'.
Larry - What're you gonna do when they throw you out.
Mr Parker - Go somewhere else.
Larry - How? We ain't got nothin'.
Mr Parker - I can still make a livin'.
Larry - Don't forget Meribel. Can't just take her up.
Mrs Parker - Ain't even got a brace.
Larry - C'mon, paw. Let's both go. Mr Parker - [gets stubborn] I said no. You sit down.

Associated Little Magazines

ABDOITT S. COHEN, SECRETARY

FLASH: Associated Little Magazines stock rising rapidly. See May 6 issue of Time magazine for public offering story. $25 Thor's Book Store, 611 Rives-Strong Bldg., 112 West 9th Street, is the Los Angeles headquarters, [broker] for Associated Little Magazines [we sell stock on margin too]. "credeco is NOT pronounced kreejoe, kree-ah-je, but is kree AGER for creative age. It will be devoted to 'the social revolution in revolutionary form,' bob brown, james farrell, murray godwin, j ispivak, stuart davis [painting], edgar varese [music], links gillespie - and other knowns and unknowns form the nucleus." Edited by j jones, george kent, hilare hiler and alexander king at 402 West 33rd street, NYC. First number out October. $ In receiviership: Space. The April issue of this highly valued little mag is the last. In closing B. A. Botkin sums up the reason why many little mags go the way of all flesh much too soon. He states that the little magazine must cultivate a Professional Amateurism. This issue should be read by all enthusiasts of little mags. The Blue Pencil is announcing its May issue a plan for printing original stories and is appealing to its wealthy readers, if any, [watering the stock, eh?] to furnish a subsidy which would allow the editor, thomas f. uzzell, to pay from one hundred dollars up for all stories accepted. One of Mr. Uzzell's hopes is to be able to print radical literary stories of genuine significance. New dividends declared: The Spring issue of the Rocking Horse. In Straight from the Horse's Mouth, their column on little mags, the editor states that the Associated Little Magazines should put up pretty rigid standards of admission. "The greatest danger to us is not the capitalist press which pays no attention [see page 55 of May issue of Time] but the discredit which can be brought upon our endeavor generally by little magazines which have neither artistic merit nor political principle nor ethical passion to justify their existance."

MARKET

Larry - I'm not gonna. I'm going if you're not. Somebody's got to do something about this.

Mr Parker - [angry] I'm telling you to sit down.

Larry - I ain't going to.

Mr Parker - [gasps up] Sit down.

Larry - [squaring his shoulders] I ain't going to.

Mr Parker - [reaches out and grasps his shoulder] You listen to me. This here's my farm and I'll do as I please. I don't want no government trouble. Now you sit down.

Larry - [tries to wriggle out of his grasp but can't] I won't.

Mr Parker - [smacks him hard] When I tell you to do something, you do it. (he forces him down into the chair)

Mrs Parker - [comes forward] Leave him be, Joe. He's right.

Mr Parker - I'm the judge of that. You mix out.

Mrs Parker - It's my home too. Meribel's my girl. Ain't gonna let them throw her out without doing nothing.

Mr Parker - I ain't going, and Larry neither. (In the distance is heard sounds of men approaching)

Larry - That's them coming. One of us gotta go. (tries to rise, but Joe's hand on his shoulder stops him)

Mrs Parker - [has retreated slowly] and now turns towards Meribel's bed. As she turns she faces the gun for a moment and at that moment, hesitates. Larry is still pleading with Joe, who doesn't answer. The voices of the men are coming closer. Suddenly she walks over and lifts the gun. She adjusts it and levels it at Joe. Then, in a very steady and strong voice)

Joe: [both turn towards her] Let the boy go.

Mr Parker - Put that gun down. Annie (he takes a step towards her thereby taking his hand from Larry's shoulder)

Mrs Parker - You try to take it and I'll shoot! So help me God! You're gonna let them kill Meribel without raising a finger. Let the boy go, else I'll shoot. (it is obvious that she is in earnest) Go ahead, Larry. (Larry gets up. He is hesitant. Afraid of his father) Go ahead, he won't do nothing. If he does I'll shoot. He knows I will. (The sounds of the men come closer. Larry turns and darts out of the door. As he does Joe takes a step around him, but Annie lifts the gun to shoot and he stops. As they stand there you hear the men come up)

Larry - [outside] I'm coming along. Pa ain't feelin' well. Let's go. (They depart as the CURTAIN goes down)

Scene: Government agent's office. He is putting his papers into the desk preparatory to closing the office for the day. Sounds of men coming are heard. They are talking quietly. A second later there is a knock at the door.

Gov't Agent - Come in. (six or seven men file in quietly, among them the three farmers we saw at the store, and Larry, all rather embarrassed)

Will - We gotta see you, Mr Albee.

Mr Albee - It's closing time.

Will - We know, but this is important.

Mr Albee - Couldn't wait until tomorrow?

Will - 'Drather get it done tonight.

Mr Albee - Hm... Well, what is it?

Will - We're a committee from the U.P.L. and a committee from the Holiday. Came to ask you about giving Joe Parker that loan.

Mr Albee - [very much surprised] But I told Parker this morning that if he got me the bank's signature guaranteeing that they wouldn't lose the mortgage, the government would be glad to give it to him. I don't see that it was necessary for either the U.P.L. or the Holiday to take it up.

Farmer - He couldn't get it.

Mr Albee - That's too bad. Farmer - It's sure is. He got neither seed to plant or feed for his cows.

Farmer - Pretty soon won't have nothing for the family to eat.

Farmer - Got a crippled girl at home, too. Can't walk at all.

Larry - She might, if we could get her some braces.

Mr Albee - That's all too bad. But I'm only the agent for the government. And according to the law I've got to have a guarantee before I give a loan.

Farmer - Like a banker, huh?

Mr Albee - Well, if you put it that way.

Farmer - Bankers are in business for money. The government too?

Mr Albee - No. No. But it can't lose money. After all, it's your money that's necessary for either the government.

Farmer - So you ain't got no signature for his loan?

Mr Albee - This is different. I must have a guarantee from Parker.

Farmer - Don't need no guarantee for Tim. Is he better'n Joe?

Mr Albee - Hadn't we better leave this until tomorrow? It's quite late.

Farmer - [with determination] Going to finish it right now. Joe needs that money so's he can get it. Besides, the men are waitin' to hear now, silence. It is obvious that the farmers are determined. Their hesitancy is all gone now. In the silence the voices of those outside are heard)

Mr Albee - Well. I'll take it up with the government. I'll write them and recommend an exception.

Farmer - How long'll that take?

Mr Albee - Oh, a few weeks or so.

Farmer - Planting time's now. Joe's gotta have the money right away.

Farmer - And unless he gets some feed his cows are gonna die.

Farmer - He needs that loan now. Farmer - A man's gotta have him to stay right here until he gets it. Don't we? [All nod and shift to settled positions, lean against the wall. Albee paces the office]

Farmer - You can think it over.

Farmer - We'll wait.

Mr Albee - [urgently] Well, all right. Send Joe around in the morning and we'll see what can be done.


Mr Albee - You certainly are in a hurry.

Farmer - Government's in a hurry when it comes to taxes too.

Mr Albee - [takes papers out of desk] Well, I'll make an exception in this case. But this is the only time. Never again. [All nod. Asher writes one of the men slips out. A second later a burst of shouts is heard from outside]

Mr Albee - [to Larry] Sign here. [As Larry signs the men file out.

CURTAIN