



Krueger was one), later used to help new co-ops get started after the war.

The male-drain became especially noticeable among the faculty in 1943. As a political science student, I remember that, in the last two terms before I graduated, the department was literally denuded of instructors. Of the eight courses I took, only one was taught by the instructor listed in the catalog. All the rest were foisted on Prof. Jerome Kerwin who stepped in to teach them all (for which I was extremely grateful), after the designated instructors left for Washington or the armed forces.

After graduation in 1943, I became co-breadwinner and looked around for work. My only nonacademic skill being typing, I first took an office job at the Central States Cooperative (the regional distributor to the eight or more consumer cooperative groceries in the Chicago area) and then, closer to campus, at "1313" across the Midway with the American Public Works Association, earning a normal typist salary, about \$25 a week.

In the fall of 1943, with the luck of the nonIrish, we were accepted as members of Concord House, one of

the most unusual and exciting experiments in cooperative living in Hyde Park.

The house was a majestic three-story Victorian mansion, with grounds, at 5200 S. Hyde Park Blvd. (where Rodfei Zedek Congregation now stands). It had a magnificent living room with a fireplace, a large dining room, and full institutional kitchen, with dozens of sleeping rooms. A Dr. Jay Jump, a dentist, was the directing force in the House; he may even have been the actual owner of the property, with the co-operative renting on a long-term lease.

The governance of the House was, again, based on the consumer-cooperative Rochdale Principles: democratic control, nondiscrimination in all areas but especially in terms of race and politics, and a co-operative sharing of household chores and financial responsibilities. All members, students and nonstudents alike, were accepted through a vote of the residents.

I seem to remember only one paid employee, the cook; but I wonder whether we didn't also pay someone to be the administrator of what was a rather complicated room-and-board arrangement. While each person was responsible for her or his own sleeping quarters, the cleaning of the communal areas, food preparation, laundry, and house-operating chores were shared by all the residents, allocated among them through a complicated and detailed work schedule, rigorously enforced. Among the jobs on the work schedule was the planting, weeding, and tending of a huge Victory Garden plot at the north end of the block (near the Fifth Army headquarters) that furnished the bulk of the vegetables ending up on our dinner table.

As part of the Hyde Park community, we participated in all the civil-defense activities required. We turned in our sugar and meat food stamps, collected flattened tin cans, saved congealed beef and bacon fat for use in the manufacture of munitions, and participated in the regular citywide air raid drills. When the citywide sirens went off, we all were told to pull down the window shades, put out all lights, and gather on the ground floor near the stairs to the basement, earlier prepared for use in the eventuality of a bombing. Many of us regarded it as a lark, and a contingent of pacifists living in the house were reluctant participants; but the two European refugees living in the House at the time, Bert Hozelitz and Fred Lister, were designated Air Raid Wardens in charge of the exercise. They had had enough bitter personal experience with war to insist, with vehemence, that we obey the routine to the letter. And we did.

1944: In spring, my husband was notified that ► 6