TWENTY-FOUR TALKS
FOR JULY 17 TO 29

Carl Brannin to Tell of His Work With Unemployed

Twenty-four lectures are included on the schedule for the period of July 17 to 29. Carl Brannin, co-founder of the Seattle Unemployed Citizens' League will be the visiting lecturer for that period. The lectures of the Labor orientation course will be given by various members of the faculty.

The schedule is as follows:

- July 17: Labor Education on The Pacific Coast. Carl Brannin.
- July 19: The Structure of the Organization of the Unemployed.

The Commonwealth library has at least two magazines which could not be found in any other library.

The Commonwealth imitation of the New Masses is one of these. It is one of the projects of the class in labor journalism. Many labor and liberal publications have been studied by the class. The New Masses imitation, after being displayed in the Commons, as are all projects of the class, was bound and placed in the library.

The above caricature of Lucien Koch is one of the many drawings contained in the magazine. "I Got Bull-Headed," by Horace Bryan, published in this issue of the Fortnightly, also appeared in this unique publication.

The second unmatched publication is called "Revo-lit." It too is type-written, and it is bound by hand. There is only one copy. It will be put out about once a month by Commonwealth writers.

Material from these publications will appear from time to time in the Fortnightly. Among the contributors are Eugene Ruppert, Al Lehman, Jim Porter, Henry Schultz, Bob Reed, Bob Harting, Everett Jones, George Horn, Fred Squires and Roland Murray.

Marian Hille and Bill Reich contributed drawings.

RATTEL TAKES OVER FARM MANAGEMENT

Marion Noble to Direct Industrial Work of School

Russell Ratte}, Wisconsin farm boy, has taken over the management of the Commonwealth farm. Russell came to Commonwealth as a student in the fall of 1932. For the past six months he has been industrial manager.

His place as industrial manager has been taken over by Russell Ratte}, Wisconsin farm boy.

SEVEN REGULAR COURSES TO BE OFFERED SUMMER TERM

Besides the series of special lectures and the orientation course, seven courses will be offered the regularly enrolled students this summer. These courses are:

- Problems and Programs of the American Working Class. Nathan Fine
- Psychology. H. Lee Jones
- Public Speaking. Lucien Koch
- Farm Problems. Clay Fulks
- Marxism. Oliver Carlson
- Labor Journalism. William Cunningham
- Typing. Clarice Cunningham
- Speech. Beatrice Carlson, who is in charge of the work in labor drama, will direct a number of plays. All members of the group will be invited to participate in this dramatic work.

FREE SWIMMING LESSONS

Free swimming lessons will be given to women and girls who want them at Commonwealth this summer.

The lessons will be given by Emily B. Fine, who has had five years' experience at this sort of work in various girls' camps.

Emily and Ray Koch will have charge of the recreational life at Commonwealth during the summer season.
I GOT BULL-HEADED
By HORACE BRYAN, Commonwealth Student

The first scab I ever saw was when I was six years old. We lived on a farm near the mining town of Greenwood in Sebastian County, Arkansas. Father worked in the mines and we boys worked on the farm until we were sixteen and then went into the mines to work. The day I saw the scabs the mine was not working and father was helping on the farm. Mother had sent me into the field to call father and my brother to lunch. I was riding a mule and we were going to the house at noon and passed a willow thicket along a creek.

A man, almost naked, ran out of the thicket and up the creek. We talked about it at lunch, at supper and again at breakfast. The man was a scab.

NO TIME TO DRESS

Union miners and scabs were having war at Prairie Creek south of where we lived in Sebastian County. During the night union miners had attacked the scab village and burned it down. Several had been killed, some thrown in an old shaft and others on Hartford Mountain were burned with their houses. Many of them had scattered in all directions, some without a chance to put on their clothes. Some lived north of our place across the Arkansas River. We had seen one of those. He had been riding without time to dress and was making it across the county traveling at night and hiding in thickets and woods during the day.

There was lots of talk about the trouble at Prairie Creek. That was all we talked about for a week. The United Mine Workers of America conducted the strike, or at least the union miners who participated in it belonged to the U. M. W. of A. There was much talk about the I. W. W. I never heard the name Industrial Workers of the World—I heard I. W. W. stood for I Won't Work.

HIGH UNION DUES

After the Prairie Creek trouble things went along smoothly for several years—as smoothly as ever in a coal mining region. Father came home now and then with a story of some man getting killed by a rock, trip of cars, or gas. There were short strikes a day or two for some immediate demands from the operator. Father would come home from the mines in the morning and say that the strike was ended. He meant that they had struck for the day. I remember much grumbling among the miners because of high dues that the union charged. The union was getting almost as much out of the miner's pay check as the miner got himself. The men would have stopped paying dues, but the leaders said that they would get it back when there was a strike.

In 1924 I was sixteen. I was the fourth member of my family to enter the mines. Father and my two older brothers were working at No. 2 Greenwood. I went in with Father as a helper to learn the work. They called me a "chalk-eye." All helpers are called "chalk-eyes."

GOOD ROOM FOR A SCAB

I hadn't worked long when the mine shut down. The operator posted a notice giving the men three days to clean up the coal they had in their rooms. The operator gave some reason for closing down the mine. Most of the men didn't believe it.

They talked about it that day in the mine. "The next time we come down here we'll be scabbing," one said. "I got a good room here some scab can have." The mule driver on our entry said, "I got a good mule here and some damn scab can have if he wants him and can keep him."

Two months later the mine opened again. Hardly more than a dozen old miners returned to work. They were given good pay as right hand men and entry bosses. The rest of the men were shipped in. They came in by the box-car load. Mexicans and a score or more of nationalities were lured in by the promise of a job. Farmers came down out of the hills after years of crop failures at the promise of good pay.

ACCIDENTS EVERY DAY

None of them knew anything about mining coal. Most of them had never been in a coal mine—except for a few professional strike breakers and gunmen brought in by the operators.

The hazards of the mines intimidated many. They didn't know how to take care of themselves. They carried some out every day.

Picketing women and children heckled and threw stones; men fought with fists and knives. A score of scabs quit every day and another score came in. The union miners hung on month after month. Injunctions and a reign of terror by county law and hired gunmen drove the miners away from the picket line. Machine guns lined the tipple. The miners decided to stand by and wait. They couldn't do anything else. "He's losing money every day he operates that mine." They were talking about the operator.

OPEN SHOP

Eighteen months passed. Relief had quit coming in. Only a little came and a few gobbled that up. The miners began drifting back to the mines. We went to work at this time. "Just as well go," father said, and quit starving. "The union's broken. We kids kicked up at first. We were thinking of our social standing. Father went on to work and we soon saw the side he did, and followed.

By this time mines all over western Arkansas and eastern Oklahoma were working open shop. We went to Jenny Lind, Ark., a little mining camp near home, and got a job. Most of the old union miners there had already gone back too. They believed that the W. M. W. of A. had sold them out. The men said also that the operator of one of the mines had been supported by coal operators all over the Southwest. Besides giving him support, they had promised him a neat little sum of $30,000 in a wad when the union was broken. It was broken.

HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

I scabbled for about two years. Then I became disgusted. I decided to go to high school and "make something of myself." That was the term we always used. I went. Saturdays and vacations I worked in the mines and even missed a month of school to get some money. I was grown and strong from working in the mines. I waded through the high school boys in athletics.

Because of my maturity—I was nearly twenty when I entered school—the studies came easily. I was chairman of the student body, president of classes, editor of the school annual. I was a big shot. I was sincere.
The super of the school was interested in me. He wanted to help me "make something of myself." He helped me get some money to go to college. He took me to the school where he graduated and recommended me highly so I could get some work to help along. I appreciated it all—I still do.

THINGS CHANGE

I went to college. Studied hard. Made good. When I returned home and visited high school the superintendent had me make a speech to the student body. He would point out my name engraved on a medal on the wall. I was their example to follow.

Things have changed since then. Things began changing the first year in college. I read much liberal literature. My religion flipped. I kept on reading and decided that something was wrong with the social order.

The second year I was in college I went to a large northern school. I had a job for my support through my baseball ability. I stayed here a year and a half. I went from conservative to liberal to radical.

I did not realize at first that I was a radical. I had never met a Communist and had never talked to a Socialist. I read and read, and from this and my social and business experience formulated my own conclusions.

BACK HOME

I became bitter. I had to work to go to school and because of this I was socially ignored by students who had never done a day's work in their lives. I felt this was my life produced and had nothing; they had produced nothing and had everything. The injustice of it all became unbearable.

I hated to return home. Mother and father had great plans for me. And there was that school superintendent. I had his disappointment. Maybe I could explain it to them. No I couldn't. They could never understand. But I couldn't go on. Something in me rebelled against it. Maybe if it had not been for this in me I could have gone on and made money. Could have paid the debts father made while feeding me during the strike; could have put my little brothers through college. I wanted to do that but I didn't want to have to make money. Not at the expense of somebody else.

I went home. I had to have some money. The boxes were good to me. A job was waiting for me in the mines.

CHURCH AGAIN

The school superintendent was disappointed. He didn't tell me so, but he was. He sensed that I had changed. I couldn't live like I wanted to. The prophecy was to go to church. I went once. I'll never go again. The social laws of the little protestant town chocked me. I used expressions that startled mother and father. I called the newspapers liars, the government a bunch of crooks, I called the Christian leaders of the town the biggest enemies that the working man had. Everybody looked at me.

In April I entered Commonwealth College. I found there was a movement like I wanted to get into. I got in contact with two organizers who were going into my country to organize among the farmers. I went with them. We got an old model T Ford and enough gas to get there. We spent one night at home.

I hoped father would catch the spirit of the thing but should have known that he wouldn't. He thought that I had taken up with a couple of bums and brought them in on him. He didn't say get out. I got the organizers out before he did.

OLD MINERS ACTIVE

We bummed around the country, sleeping in schools and empty houses and eating about one meal each day. Most of the farmers were hostile. The capitalist newspapers had said that there were radicals in the county trying to overthrow the government and rob the people of their homes. We had some pretty good meetings. Some of the old miners who had turned to farming took the lead in some of the organizations and are pushing them forward.

Most of the organizations were set up in the farming communities centering around the coal fields of Greenwood and Jenny Lind. The movement seems to have taken some form and body among the farmers. They are dissatisfied with the present order of things and they feel if this Communist scare good things may be in gin to happen. Possibilities are great in Sebastian county. A united front in the county between the farmers and miners would give the power of the county into the hands of workers.

U. M. W. OF A. REORGANIZED

Miners of the county are still under the U. M. W. of A. It was reorganized after a strike last summer and fall, in which the miners won. Conditions are bad in the union, however, and there is much dissatisfaction with the officials. Movements are under way to swing the section into the Progressive Miners union. Some prefer the National Miners union. Either way it goes one can expect a strike in this section within about the next year. The miners have survived under the present conditions about as long as possible.

Lots has happened since I was a hero back there in high school. I knew it had all along—I knew it would happen before I heard. The school superintendent is disappointed in me. A banker friend of mine is disappointed too. Several merchants say I have gone to hell. Some sophisticated young women turn their noses up.

BULL-HEADED

The school superintendent says I've gone to the bad. The story comes around to me that he said it during general assembly of the student body.

I used to be chairman of general assembly. The superintendent was to point at me as an example. "If you could study and work like that boy," he would say.

But things have changed. Now in general assembly this school teacher who was so interested in me tells the students that he hopes none of them will be like me. I've got bull-headed and set in my ways.

I hope he's right. A miner who wants to make when the strike is broken has got to be bull-headed. An organizer who stays on the job when he's hungry all the time has got to be set in his ways.

THANKS FRIENDS

CASH

Friends

Elizabeth Brandets and Paul Kastenbush.... $7.00
Ewan Claeberg
Julius Weinberg
George A. Auer
Emmet F. Adams
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O. O. Wagner, Sr.
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Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Burgan
Lella Bascom
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BOOKS

Alice K. MacFarland, Helen J. Gruener, Houston Doris, G. C. Coleman, Mr. Goodman.

MAGAZINES

Mrs. Louis D. Brandets, Leon Shilfeinstein.

MISCELLANEOUS


Commonwealth College Fortnightly

PRINTED AT COMMONWEALTH
BY STUDENT AND TEACHER LABOR

VOL. IX, No. 13

July 1, 1933

Published twice a month at Mena, Arkansas, by Commonwealth College. Subscription one dollar a year. Entered as second class matter, January 30, 1926, at the post office at Mena, Arkansas, under the act of August 24, 1912.

Signed articles express only individual opinion.

Editors, particularly of labor and farmer papers, are welcome to make free use of material appearing in these columns. A line crediting the Commonwealth College Fortnightly will be appreciated.
Fines Give First Impressions of School

Nathan Fine, editor of the American Labor Year Book, and Emily B. Fine arrived at Commonwealth during the week between quarters and took up their work for the summer.

Nathan finds no utopianism at Commonwealth, and is getting used to the home-grown food. Emily finds that the college has changed since she was here in 1930.

They have written down, by request, their first impressions.

—EDITOR.

By NATHAN FINE

COMMONWEALTH—One sees even in three days human beings who let the better side of human nature get a chance. Industrial labor—which is not easy nor idyllic—is accepted as a matter of course. But it is limited to four hours and usually in the open air. And there's a cooling drink and a smoke in between. Above all, there's no master.

COMMONWEALTH—There is youth and hope and determination to help in the fashioning of a co-operative commonwealth. There is no utopianism, no hair-splitting, no collection of nuts scratching each others' backs. The teachers, the students, the maintenance men and women, all easily rate above the average in any community.

COMMONWEALTH—It takes time to get used to the home-grown and canned food and to swallow it without a murmur, to drink the water from the well—none too cool always—to walk for everything and to work for everything—but by my right arm, it's sane throughout and you enjoy the essentials and luxuries—fresh air, sunshine, more than adequate food, splendid quarters, and above all the company of decent humans—because you pay for them in your own manual and mental labor.

By EMILY B. FINE

Yes, Commonwealth College has changed since the summer of 1930 when I visited this Ouachita mountain labor school. The old pump is gone and a gasoline motor-driven system has taken its place. The canners, the bakers, the dishwashers and cooks no longer stumble over each other's feet in the kitchen, for there is a new cannery, a new oven being built, separately housed. There is now a printing plant, a better laundry, a huge barn that would make the mouth of a prosperous Kansas farmer, if such there be left, water. Everywhere there are extensions, new wings.

But more important than the physical changes, there is a new spirit in the air. There was always a charm in the communal life at Commonwealth. But now the air is surcharged with something more—there is a purposefulness, tied up with more aggressive labor ideology. The past three years of depression have turned Commonwealth, like the rest of America, to more serious thinking on the fundamentals of our civilization. It is my belief that Commonwealth students will do their bit in the dark years ahead to organize forces of labor for socialism.

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