FARM ACTIVITIES PROVE SUCCESSFUL

Heavy Rains Fail to Accomplish Ruin Predicted; Intense Activity Turns Defeat Into Victory for Commoners

The best crop ever raised in Polk county is now growing on the Commonwealth College farm. Unless some act of providence intervenes, a bountiful harvest will be the inevitable result.

Despite the unprecedented rains earlier in the year that caused the weeds to grow with tropical profuseness and at the same time made planting and cultivating of crops almost impossible, the Commoners, with the aid of a small amount of hired help, have fought it through, and hay won. Corn, cornfield peas, mung beans, hygeria, peanuts, potatoes, sweet potatoes, onions, all have received the finishing touches of a thorough cultivation and are looking fine.

The early potatoes were harvested in June, and the yield was far beyond expectations. The late potatoes were planted the middle of July, and there is every reason to expect a yield equal to that of the early ones.

[Continued on page 1]

COMMONWEALTH SCHOOL HOUSE

A question not infrequently asked by Commonwealth visitors is, "Where is the school building?"

Nobody with ever so slight a knowledge of the situation expects to see a costly edifice of brick or stone with marble columns, but the idea of a more or less imposing structure designed particularly for class room exercises seems implanted in the minds of most people who come to look us over. Commonwealth has no separate school building—and perhaps never will have one.

Zech holds most of his classes in the largest of the three rooms of his cabin. He can accommodate as many as twenty students.

Because he dopes the law around a table constructed by his own hands, that will accommodate a maximum of twelve students. He wouldn't trade that table of pine boards for

[Continued on page 4]

Readers, Attention!

The next issue of the Fortnightly, date of August 15, will contain pictures of the entire Commonwealth teaching staff, together with a brief statement of the courses they will handle. Friends of Commonwealth will please send names of interested parties to whom this number can be mailed as a sample copy. Do this at once, so we may know how many extra copies to have printed, and also in order to permit mailing out on regular date.

COMMONER WRITES FICTION

Story Began While at Commonwealth Will Be Published Soon

Friends and fellow students of Fritz Hocevar will be pleased to learn that he is soon to publish a fiction story of more than sixty thousand words; first as a serial and later as a novelette.

Just what it was that occupied so much of Fritz' time while at Commonwealth, and why he was so absent minded (as when he heard the one o'clock bell and came rushing in to the dining room thinking he would be the first at table for the noon meal, or that other time when he spent several minutes trying to fit his foot to a straw hat thinking it was a shoe) was something of a mystery to all except the few whom he called on for advice concerning form and grammar and the like. But it is all as plain as day now: He was incubating a story. In a recent letter to friends at Commonwealth, he says, in part:

"I have been instructed to complete the story of Johnny Perkins, started at Commonwealth. It is to be published in a weekly, then issued as a booklet. If I get more books or do much more writing they will call this ship the Floating University. They call me 'Philosopher,' from captain down to deck hand. It started from finding a book in my bunk with the word 'Philosophy' in the title. The jake who found the book broadcast the news all over the ship as a joke.

[Continued on page 4]

COMMONWEALTH IS A GAME PRESERVE

Haunted Animals and Birds Seek Asylum on Commonwealth Campus

Because Commoners "had rather hear the birds sing 'an to shoot 'em, any day," and had rather watch rabbits and squirrels at play among the shrubs and trees than to see them tumbling about in a pot of boiling water or sizzling in a pan of hot grease, the four hundred acres of Commonwealth woodland, including the campus, has become a combined and well stocked aviary and "zoo."

Since early spring, a family of rabbits has lived under the married people's dormitory. Other rabbits live in the woodpile, and in the weeds alongside the hog pen, and in crevices in the cliff upon which stands the Castle, and in every other place where rabbits can find shelter and partial seclusion.

Squirrels, both "fox" and gray, scamper about among the trees and come into the houses and steal food and any other things that they fancy. A family of squirrels has taken lodgings under the Castle, and they climb up on the back porch and play about with as little fear of man as would domestic animals. Recently, while Matl was out there taking an

[Continued on page 4]

POSITIVELY FALSE ABSOLUTELY UNTRUE

"The charge contained in Mr.—'s (a well known "Red") appeal for funds that officers of the American Federation of Labor were responsible for the arrest and imprisonment of Communists, is positively false and absolutely untrue," according to a prominent "Labor Leader" as stated in a circular letter of recent date, in which he urges American workers to refrain from contributing to the Sacco and Vanzetti defense, for which the “Red” is soliciting funds.

The charges made by the "Red may or may not be false, in this instance. I don't know; and it doesn't particularly matter, so far as this discussion is concerned. It is obvious, however, that the "Labor Leader" believes that the "Red" will make others believe that they are true. It is also obvious that the "Labor
Commonwealth College Fortnightly

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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 fine crediting the Commonwealth College Fortnightly will be appreciated.

Vol. III, No. 15 August 1, 1927

The Art of Journalism
By MARAT

I.
"Journalism is the art of telling the truth in such a way as will create an erroneous impression," according to a lawyer friend who has been an editor and all-around newspaper man. Although cynically expressed, there is much truth in what he says.

The generally accepted theory that modern newspapers are a mass of lies is not supported by competent evidence, and yet, it is undeniable that impressions gained from reading them are often erroneous, and sometimes misleading to the extent of inducing great public harm. Nor can it be successfully maintained that the erroneous impressions are always produced by telling only a part of the truth and suppressing other parts. A paper that does not tell the truth, and all of the truth that is capable of general ascertainment, about any subject treated, does not thrive. A paper that stoops to downright lying, except in rare instances, quickly finds itself minus any circulation worth mentioning. But there is an endless number of ways of telling the truth:

II.
An explosion in a mine caused the death of several people. The superintendent was quoted as saying that state authorities, influenced by union officials, prohibited the use of rock dust that would have prevented the explosion. The news-story requirements, "what, where, when, who, why," were all honestly met, and the explosion which was accurately reported was the story that was told on the front page. The report required an investigation of the files to find the truth.

Becoming a Criterion
It is said that imitation is the sincerest flattery, and a genuine recognition of excellence.

We are accustomed to having our staff lifted and published without credit. The Daily Worker, a communist publication—and one that has steadfastly refused to acknowledge the existence of Commonwealth College and the Fortnightly—does better than that.

The Daily Worker, July 6, carries a news story bearing the Spadra, Arkansas, July 5, date line, and purporting to be "Special correspondence." The story is, in fact, a rewrite of one appearing in the Fortnightly for July 1, describing conditions at Spadra, as seen by Kate O'Hare, who conducted a series of meetings in that mine field along about the middle of June. At least half of the Worker story is verbatim quotation (without quotes) of the O'Hare story. The remainder is a bungling attempt to ape the O'Hare style.

the traction company concessions and even hinted at the "expected public opposition that did not develop." Both stories were truthfully reported, but the general public never realized that the preacher with his proposed red light reform was a stalking horse for the traction company—the "moral" campaign a smoke screen behind which public interest was rapped. And the few who did eventually suspect the trick accused the paper of keeping silent on the matter—and it required an actual inspection of the files to convince them otherwise.

A noted lecturer was to speak at a given time and place, but the speaker and the subject of his lecture were unpopular with those who controlled the newspapers. A reporter was sent out to cover a meeting of an obscure sect. The report was accurate, and it was featured on the front page. The meeting at which the noted lecturer held forth was not mentioned. The public got the exact truth about the subject treated, but it was misinformed through the failure of the paper to handle the really worth-while lecture.

III.
In addition to the rather crude methods of deception described, there is the more artistic, and more subtle, trick of arrangement. Every news story is supposed to, in its opening paragraph, answer the questions, "What happened, where did it happen, when did it happen, why did it happen, how did it happen, who caused it to happen, who was injured or benefited by it?" Subsequent paragraphs elaborate these answers in their order of importance. Now, if the reporter stresses the who and makes no special mention of the why it is evident that the story will create a quite different impression than if the why was stressed and the who slighted. The same is true of any of the other elements. And yet, the story probably tells all of the truth—so far as words are concerned.

And then, there is the matter of transposition: The writer of this once took a report of an Armistice Day celebration, in which the necessity for military preparedness was unduly stressed, and by simply transposing paragraphs—but not changing a word—created a perfectly splendid argument against war and preparation for war.

IV.
Yes, artistic Journalism consists [continued on page 3]
Society Notes

Food faddists are not all dead. The other day a gentleman blew in, presumably from California. For the first few meals—or until he got some of the deepest wrinkles out of his stomach—he devoured Kate O’Hare’s cooking like a hungry hound devours slops. Later, he informed us that he never ate cooked food at home, and that if we didn’t mind he would prefer to subsist on unparched peanuts and raisins. As the barn loft was full of peanuts, and there was plenty of raisins in the store, we told him to go to it. The crunching and snacking, and the rattling of his spoon against the dish containing his provender, could have been borne, perhaps, but he soon developed a mania for telling us, in season and out, that since he had taken up the raw food habit he had noted a continuous improvement, both mentally and physically. Inasmuch as his physical improvement had not yet reached the point where he was able to split wood for the kitchen stove, we sort of sorted on him and he wandered away—probably to fill up on roadside weeds.

A South Carolina Farm Boy writes in to say that he has read our list of duties required of Commoners (See "Are You a Communist?" issue of June 15), and that he can do the greater number of them and wants to come down here and learn to do the others. Come along, kid. We’ll try to make it worth while.

Red Army Quarters have been moved. The little devils put on so much when they charged it became a problem to keep ones feet, and their bills—I mean bayonets—drew much blood. Marat insisted on going bare legged, and Kate decided she couldn’t afford to buy so many stockings to replace those that were picked to pieces, so the Army was confined to a wire stockade. They are doing well, however, and promise to be in splendid condition for the table when the students begin to arrive.

Covington Hall, writing from Chicago, says that he had considerable fun with the Ku Klux Klan while making a series of speeches at and near Spadra, Arkansas. The Klan, he has informed, is now reorganized, and swears that Covington Hall and Kate O’Hare shall never again be permitted in that locality. Inasmuch as Covington’s letter indicated that he would return to Spadra in a short time, it will be of interest to watch developments.

Thanks Friends

Prof. F. H. Knight, Iowa City, Iowa, 124 volumes of standard works in history, economics, and sociology.

Prof. Sumner H. Slichter, Ithaca, New York, a bundle of books and pamphlets on economic subjects.

C. C. Wendell, New York City, two volumes dealing with social economics.

Victor Aronson did not sail, as he intended when he left Commonwealth, but is working as a painter in New York. His address is, in care M. T. W. J. U., 140 Broad Street, New York.

A Difference of Opinion exists as to how many guests were entertained at the Commonwealth Fourth of July Ice Cream Social and Dance. Professor Goodhue says there were one hundred. Marat declares there were but eighty-two, not counting the babies. Which one is nearest right makes but little difference. In either case, it is safe to say that it was the biggest and the happiest, crowd of outsiders that has assembled here since our Foundation Day banquet a couple of years ago. And it clearly indicated that the days of small crowds at Commonwealth are past. After this, we will, if the weather permits, stage all of our public affairs out of doors; that is, until we can get around to the building of a larger dance pavilion.

Sunrise Picnics are included in the recreational program of the Commoners this summer. Perhaps before this paper reaches you a party of Commoners will have journeyed to the top of Rich Mountain by moonlight and greeted the sunrise from that lofty spot with a picnic breakfast. At least, such a trip is planned; and whatever Commoners plan is generally carried out.

We must dare, dare again, and forever dare! It is thus that revolutions are accomplished.—Jacques Danton.

Communications

Enjoyed
— I thoroughly enjoy every issue of the Fortnightly.

DR. R. L. DICKMAN.
Durant, Okla.

Vivid
"Terror," what a vivid and pathetic picture! (See Fortnightly 7-1-27).

LAURA CLINTON CRAM.
Kansas City, Mo.

Good Will
I have enjoyed reading your publication. To show you my good will I am sending you the enclosed check.

REV. ALFRED S. NICKLESS.
Detroit, Mich.

Desperately in Love
I do not only like the paper, but I am desperately in love with the cause for which the Fortnightly is written. My heart and my best wishes are with you always.

P. A. WINGBLAD.
Brockton, N. Y.

Game Preserve

[Continued from page 1]

afternoon snooze, a squirrel came and sat at his feet and chattered at him. He says the squirrel probably thought it had found a nut.

Beginning about the time it gets light enough to look across the room and see that it is time to hop out and close the alarm before it goes off and disturbs the neighbors, and continuing until well after sunrise, the birds conduct a song service which for volume and variety of sound can hardly be equalled anywhere. It would be useless to try to name the different kinds of birds taking part in this chorus. There where there are so many, there is no way to distinguish the voice of one. It is certain, however, that if any variety common to the southland is missing the mocking birds take their places and sing the parts.

Throughout the day, quails whistle from every clump of bushes or heavy leaved vines. Throughout the night, whippoorwills chant from every marshy place. Throughout the day and night, down, down, "coo," and make love in every little dusty place in the road, and in every little opening in the underbrush. As the sun begins to sink behind the western mountains, hundreds of meadow larks strike up their tune; reminding one who has been there of the old days on Puget Sound.
Farm Activities

(Continued from page 1)

Onions were harvested the middle of July, and the yield was slightly above an average of 200 bushels to the acre. Commoners feel that they now have a right to brag a little—and rest a lot.

But the rest must be of short duration. For a problem that now faces us is, how are we going to store away and properly care for the product of our labor? Farm buildings, never quite adequate, will have to be supplemented by others, and that means more work and fast work. Nor can we await the arrival of student labor, which will be available after the first of October.

Commonwealth planted no cotton this year, for the three-fold reason that cotton costs more to raise than it will bring on the market, cotton cannot be eaten, and the space that cotton would occupy has been planted to grain and hay crops to feed our rapidly increasing colony of livestock. Bacon and ham of our own raising and curing will, we believe, be more satisfactory than "store goods" bought with cheap cotton.

Fried chicken and lots of fried apples boiled and scrambled eggs, will undoubtedly please the students more than "paper sack grub."

This does not mean, however, that there will be no canned goods on next winter's menu. All season, Kate O'Hare, with the help of every one who could not show a good reason for not helping, has been as busy as a cranberry merchant putting up beans and tomatoes and peaches and blackberries and straw-berries, and other dainties too numerous to mention.

Nor should we overlook the cheese. It being impossible for our limited summer crew to consume all the milk of the college cows, the surplus has been, and is being, converted into cheese; a great and growing stack of which now threatens to take up more room in our new cellar than we wanted to spare.

If anyone should die at Commonwealth this coming winter, it is certain that it will not be from starvation.

Correct diction is too often insipid. There is nothing wrong with it, but it does not interest us—it lacks character, lacks color, lacks power. It too closely resembles what we conceive of the angels as having—impeccability without the warmth of camaraderie. Speech, like a man, should be alive.—Garland Greer.

Good and Welfare
The Last Order of Business
By NAZARETH DAWN

Nuts and Raw Carrots

Hardly a week passes at Commonwealth but that some iodid raddist puts in his appearance evidently looking for sanctuary. How anyone could get the mistaken notion that Commonwealth was in any way interested in a nut diet, or a vegetable diet, or a raw food diet is quite beyond me.

The Commoners are too busy with more important things to spend any time with the dyspeptics and psychopaths who have found their center of interest in the processes of alimentation and who would save the world with a diet of nuts and raw carrots.

Once in a while a student of the food fad variety gets matriculated. At first there is a request for this and that prepared in such and such a manner. But the cooks are stone deaf to all such requests. If the imparting becomes too insistent, a stony glare from a cleaver-wielding husky at the range puts a quietus to the pestering.

Commonwealth makes no attempt to cater to those with diet idiosyncrasies. The domestic manager decides on the menus for the day and the cooks prepare the meals. If you don't like what is put before you, you can jolly well leave it. On the whole the Commoners believe that simple foodstuffs well prepared are good enough for anybody. There has never been a doctor brought in to treat a case of stomach trouble incidentally, of the school. This seems to be sufficient recommendation for the non-pampering food policy.

A couple of years ago a garment worker from New York entered Commonwealth. She was a strict vegetarian. The cooks ignored her food requests. At first she selected vegetable dishes and snuffed at the meat gravies, at the pork pies, and at the veal roasts. But the mountain air and her industrial job (she preferred to cut wood with the men folks rather than do ordinary women's work) gave her a ravenous appetite that would not be appeased by the vegetable dishes. She tasted of a real roast, her resolution gave way and she fell—to. By the end of the school year this strict vegetarian had become—a man eater, if she could have gotten one. Incidentally she gained twelve pounds which she always larded to the meat, but, she didn't stop eating it on that account.

No! Commonwealth is hardly the place for those who are finicky and picayunish about their food.

Positively False

(Continued from page 1)

Leader" is frightened. Otherwise he would not splutter so, and use such remarkably poor English construction to convey his so evidently muddled thoughts.

It is false, it is false, and to say that it is "positively false" adds no weight, except to the mind of the one making the declaration. If it is "positively false," to add that it is "absolutely untrue" is piling up words without additional meaning—unless we look at it from the viewpoint of psychology; in which case, we must conclude that our "Labor Leader" is conscious of his inability to prove his falsity and hopes that by multiplying vehement denials he can steer workers away from the question of proof.

The entire letter would fill about four columns of the Fortnightly and is, of course, too long for reproduction. But I must admit that while it shows its author to be woefully lacking in education it also indicates that he is not without a certain kind of native shrewdness: While practically all of the letter is so worded as to create the impression that the funds collected by the "Red" are for the purpose of disrupting the American Federation of Labor, he guards against possible action for libel by admitting in a paragraph, near the end where very few will ever read it, that the funds really are being collected to aid in the defense of victims of class war. If our "Labor Leader" would spend a few months at Commonwealth College, he might become very efficient—as well as valuable.—MARAT.

School House

(Continued from page 1)

the finest mahogany table ever built. It is located in a large room adjoining his living room. His office, law library and class room are one.

Two rooms that will each hold a dozen or more students were appropriated chiefly for class room work during the last term in one of the cottages. Other classes were held in rooms, in the library and in the laboratory. In fine weather—of which we certainly have a large share—many classes were held in the open air.—W. C. B.

A fool in revolt is infinitely wiser than a philosopher forging a learned apology for his chains.—Kossuth.