BATTLE TO THE DEATH WATCHED BY STUDENTS

Library Becomes Arena in Which Bound Victim Is Dispatched By Poison

Nature rules in all its glory at Commonwealth. The country is so fresh and new that often one may observe the most interesting exhibitions of emotions as they are staged by the insects around the campus.

An interesting case was a fight to the death between a spider and a walking-stick, staged in one corner of the library, recently. The walking-stick, an insect of which specimens range in length from three to eight inches, was creeping peacefully along; perhaps enjoying the literary atmosphere; when he inadvertently became ensnared in the web of a spider.

Pulling and tugging, struggling frenzically, the walking-stick fought to free itself. The spider, meanwhile, was observing every move. He maneuvered around, staying just beyond the reach of the long arms—or legs—of his prey. Several strands of the web snapped under the strain, but the spider was more than equal to the task and continually spun new strands; each one perceptibly cutting the amount of free space left to the walking-stick.

Slowly the victim weakened. The spider took no chances. He hovered above or locked up from a point of vantage below, but the certainty of a master killer could be read in his actions. Not a motion was wasted, not a false move was made.

The climax did not come until perhaps an hour after the first curtain. Then the spider made his attack. The first injection of poison caused a frantic effort for freedom on the part of the walking-stick. A few more times the spider struck, then all was still. One more tragedy of insect life had taken place.

JUDGE'S DECISION IS APPROVED

That the courts are gradually drifting back to pre-war normalcy in their decisions is the opinion of W. C. Benton, instructor in law, at Commonwealth College. He believes this tendency is shown by an opinion recently handed down by the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, which apparently makes peaceful picketing as lawful as it was before the "hundred percenters" took advantage of the war fever to outlaw it. As the New York WORLD says: "The decision handed down by Judge Andrews holds in effect that labor has a right to organize to improve its lot; that this involves the right to strengthen its ranks and appeal to other workers; and that it may do this through pickets if they commit no breach of the peace. This is sound reasoning. If a breach of the peace is committed, the proper recourse is to the criminal laws. The majority opinion, written by Judge Andrews, is based on philosophical common sense and judicial notice of actual economic conditions."

DRUCKER ADDRESSES STUDENT OPEN FORUM

Discusses Possible Scientific Development In Industry

"Labor must prepare itself, get the technicians with it. Only then can it take over the machinery for the use of all," is the opinion of A. P. R. Drucker, instructor in economic history at Commonwealth, as voiced by him in a Sunday evening Open Forum in the assembly hall, recently.

Speaking on the topic, "The Coming Industrial Revolution," Dr. Drucker declared, "We all agree that we must socialize the means of production; use the machine for all and not for a few. But how? I would emphasize three methods: training, education, and organization. Today the working class is divided. The capitalists are a unity. The capitalists have the technicians, while labor has none. Labor must prepare itself, get the technicians with it. Only then can it...

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WORKERS GET LAW; SHIRKERS GET PIE

Of the fourteen deputy commissioners chosen to administer the new Federal Longshoremen and Harbour Workers' Compensation Act, eight were men who have been admitted to the practice of law, one is a certified public accountant, one a printer, and the other three have had some experience in the adjustment of claims as employees of insurance companies. But there is nothing in the news to indicate that any of the Longshoremen or Harbor Workers; nor is there anything more than a vague inference that perhaps three or four of them may rightfully be regarded as members of the working class.

This is not as it should be, but it is as it has to be, because of the woeful lack of technical knowledge on the part of those who constitute the great bulk of the working class. It is, moreover, a condition that will continue until such time as the workers take advantage of the educational facilities now available outside of the public schools and subsidized colleges.
What is art?

Have you ever watched a wild rabbit eating? It approaches the food, then makes sudden movements as if it was about to attack something, then continues to eat. It is a form of art, a way of life, a way of survival.

Primitive man likewise manifested a drive to teach, but what it was, we don't know. Perhaps it was a way of survival, a way of protecting their family, or a way of passing on knowledge.

But physical gratification was not always possible. There were the long months when the crops were ripening; the long, cold winters, when it was too cold to hunt. He had nothing to do then but wait, and waiting was tedious. In such times the days dragged on leaden feet.

It was on such a day that man stumbled upon a curious fact: He learned that by pretending to do a certain thing he would experience the thrill of actually doing that thing. The farmer made believe he was harvesting his crop. The warrior made believe he was fighting off the attacks of enemies. The hunter made believe he was tracking game. Out of this make-believe art was born.

Art: The imitation of mental gratification of the appetite for excitement.

This rather unusual theory of art was wrought forth by a tall figure reclining in a rocker, his hands locked to his head, his legs stretched to their full length. His name is William Cunningham, instructor in journalism at Commonwealth College; and he is speaking to the classes in poetry and feature writing.

He continues:

The dance grew out of these shamings. It was given a mystical meaning; the farmer thought that it would hasten the ripening of his crops, and the warrior thought that it would bring him victory—and so the dance became a ritual, a religious rite. In time, the farmer and the warrior lost faith in their rituals, as such, but continued to dance for the pure pleasure the dance gave them.

Painting, too, had an accidental beginning. The hunter, seeing animal footprints, traced them with a pointed stick. This action, more or less aimless at first, produced in him the delightful excitement of the hunt. He took pleasure in tracing first the footprints, then the final image of the whole animal.

Poetry sprang from the desire to make speech beautiful. Imaginatively, man related himself to things outside of him. He compared, for instance, disturbed waters with his troubled mind and coined the expression, "I am disturbed." Since writing was not practiced in olden days, the poet sang his compositions. He invented rhyme and rhythm as memorization aids. These devices later poets retained even to our own day. Walt Whitman was probably the first poet to discard them.

Appreciation of poetry is a personal reaction. We can enjoy a piece of poetry only when the piece awakens in us the memory of an experience similar to the one the poet immortalizes. In consequence the modern poet no longer sings the deeds of mythical heroes. He concentrates his genius on the homely things the life of our modern industrial centers, or on the farms. Our willingness to share this experience of the poet's impels us to read his poetry.—I. W.

STEIN

If your Petzimon rhymes with your Vulgar's on the bun,
And your Mucus Sembrane's Differentials clogged,
Just listen to these ravings and they'll make you think of "Ham"
Or your Petzimotic is too badly bogged.

Commonwealth is an interesting place. We have a natural setting of real beauty, deep in the hills of Arkansas. There are forests and streams which may charm the tired soul at the end of an imperfect day. There are individuals who stand out like a star on a dark and stormy night. In this latter class is "Stein."

There is only one Stein and we have him. He is a working guest; works all day is the guest at night, makes less likely to be found anywhere. His words of wisdom are known to each and every Commonwealther. All listen with rapt attention when this modern oracle speaks. Something different may be expected—and the listeners are seldom disappointed.

One of his self-imposed duties is that of guarding the young ladies on the campus from the dangers which confront them. Stein is their adviser, whether they wish it or not. He observes their goings and comings, and does not hesitate to reprove them if they go counter to his original idea of decorum. To one young miss he said, recently, "Your dialect of your brain and mentality must not be made so as to modern industrial centers."

The young lady was visibly impressed, her laugh was imperfectly repressed. Up to now nobody has been able to get a definition of the Petzimon. Stein is decidedly scientific. The question is, who decided?

Someone said our hero why he
used so much sorghum on his hotcakes. He replied, "I don't like it but it's good for the differentials, you know." After due deliberation he completed the explanation by adding, "In order to stimulate the receiving glands of the mucus membrane." How could it be otherwise?

On another occasion a discussion of the merits and demerits of the kitchen program was in progress. After hearing the argument as long as bearable, he blurted out, "You'll have to change the kitchen first (A point which all present agreed was the most logical of any made on the subject).

Among his other natural gifts, Stein has an ear for music—he also has a real voice—and he never misses any of the Wednesday "sings" and occasionally takes it upon himself to suggest the songs. He enjoys the so-called Negro spirituals and often suggests to Mrs. Bellman, the instructor, "Let's sing some of those Negro intellectual." At other times he suggests the singing of some of "those irrational songs."

Originality is Stein's watchword. He likes to work by himself in order to do his work artistically. Whenever asked to work with another person, he is apt to object, "I'll do it all by my own power." He is a real individualist.—Harry I. Cohen.

**Important Corrections**

The list of students which appeared in the Fortnightly for November 1, should have included the names of Misses D. L. Bradford of Louisiana.

A $5 donation to the Student Scholarship Fund, credited to Robbie Soloman Soldnian should have been credited to Rabbi Solomon Goldman of Cleveland, Ohio.

And that reminds me: An inspection of our "Thanks, Friends" column for the last three years will disclose the names of many of America's finest and most widely known men and women. Without referring to the records, we can name the following: Professor James Harvey Robinson, Associate Justice Louis D. Brandeis, Haldeman-Julius, Professor Harry F. Ward, Eugene V. Debs, Louis F. Post, and others enough to fill this column.

And the gratifying feature is that the longer we live the better we are liked and the more frequently do men and women that are worth while come to our aid in the struggle to place higher education within the reach of workers who want to get it through the public schools.

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**Society Notes**

"It is Raining," said the hostess. "No," said the Lounge Lizard, "it can't be. When I came in, five minutes ago, the stars were as bright as young suns and there wasn't a cloud in the sky."

"I don't care, I hear rain on the roof."

"Yes, so do I. Only I know it isn't raining. Let's go and see about it."

The lid goes In and out they flitted, several times. Outside: a sky of midnight blackness, stars dancing as they only can dance when there is a hint of frost in the air, an owl or two hooting in the distance; otherwise, silence. Inside: a group of students seated in a circle on the floor and rapidly devouring untaxed handfuls of popcorn while rain drummed steadily on the roof above them.

The supply of popcorn became low and its consumption spasmodic. The steady downpour changed to intermittent showers. When the corn was all gone the rain ceased—but not until after the hostess and the Lounge Lizard had discovered the connection. Others may guess.

The Student Council for this school year consists of Charlotte Kru ger, Curtis Lane, Fred Heoever, Irving Weissman, and Lucien Koch; being those chosen by their respective classes at the regular election held Monday evening, November 24. At the same time, Clarice Cunningham, Harry I. Cohen, and Ross Brown were chosen as a "Forum Committee" to arrange for and have charge of the Sunday evening meetings that are so popular with the hostesses and well as with Commoners. Lucien Koch and Irving Weissman were also chosen to represent the student body in its dealings with the Board of Trustees.

"How Dark is It? You're not afraid, I hope. There are not many snakes around. Just hold fast my hand and I'll get you there all right. It isn't far now. Isn't this a glorious road? It isn't hard to imagine yourself back a hundred years or so, is it? Think of the Indians who may have lurked in the shadows not so very long ago. Have you ever seen anything just like it before? I'm sure I never did. Hear the gurgling of the water. Just a few more steps now and we shall arrive." What is it? Babes lost in the wilds? No, not exactly. Just a couple of "pioneers" out after sundown, and trying to find their way in the Commonwealth swimming hole.

Peter Swenson, retired farmer and oil millionaire of Caddo, Texas, visited several days at Commonwealth, arriving on October 27. Mr. Swenson visited here in July of 1926, and became so enamoured of the place that he couldn't stay away. While on his former visit he had the group members review the manuscript of a book which he hopes to have published later on, when he has done revising it. It was to enlist Commonwealth faculty in the work of revision that supplied him with the excuse for returning—a thing which he says probably could not have persuaded himself was a good use of valuable time otherwise.

*Moral Got It First,* but he was so dem'd or'ny he just wouldn't go to bed and let Commonwealth's half dozen nurses fuss over him. He persisted in staying on his feet and making life miserable for all who came in the middle of the night. We'll say it again! But there came a time when he had to quit and let Dr. Zeuch take his place. Three days in the kitchen was all Zeuch could stand. Then he quit—and went to bed—and the nurses got busy—all of them—and stayed busy all night and part of next day and nights and nights. "Oklahoma Bill" Cunningham had a touch of it, too, but he is so busy hunting cows and chasing pigs that a couple of days was about all he could stand; so he got well. Yes, it was the "flu," and it sure made him em'rough. But it's all over now, and everybody is happy again.

Fern Babcock, who has charge of the industrial division of the Y. W. C. A. at the University of Arkansas, at Fayetteville, was a visitor at Commonwealth for several days about the middle of October. Miss Babcock is conducting a semi-private sociological investigation and came to Commonwealth as being the best place to receive a proper orientation. Although not many here are enthusiastic about the Y. W. C. A., we all learned to love its ideals and standards, and we look forward with much pleasure to the return trip she has promised.

Real marriage is a union of two souls who find their complement in each other, and as the physical relationship must be much in evidence after the ring is placed and the rice thrown it would seem to be but wisdom that it (the physical relationship) should be understood and discussed before the final step is taken. The lover who carries away with him the sweet memory of tender confidences and pure expressions from his sweetheart's lips concerning this, the most important and sacred relation of life will have far greater respect for her than if he only remembered that she sang the newest songs or discussed the latest play.—Kate Richards O'Hare, in The Sorrows of Cupid.

None is to be deemed free who has not perfect self-command.—Pythagoras.
**Revolution**

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take over the machinery for the use of all."

In opening the discussion, Dr. Drucker had told them that 90 per cent of the workers of today may find themselves deprived of an opportunity to earn a living tomorrow if inventors succeed in harnessing the forces of nature to the extent that production can be increased a thousand fold; or that the worker, with the improved methods, can, in one-thousandth of the time now required, produce all the goods the world can consume. Sun rays, radio waves, and electron were some of the natural forces mentioned by Drucker as being sources of tremendous power which scientists are now seeking means to harness and put to work.

While many were agreed as to the desirability of machine socialization as advanced by Dr. Drucker, the way in which this could be brought about was a source of much spirited discussion in which widely divergent theories were voiced and tactics suggested.

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**EDITOR’S NOTE:** The above report, and in fact almost all of the matter in this issue of the Fortnightly is the work of students—and, largely, first year students in Labor Journalism. At the time when “copy” for this issue was being assembled, nine (nine) members were out on special business for the college, or substituting for those so absent, or for some other good and sufficient reason. Among nine were all of those who usually “do the Fortnightly.” Commonwealth College, we think, is very fortunate in having a student body that can make so good a showing.

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**PIONEERING**

Oh, these city slicks! How manfully their chests swell as they carry slopping pails of water from the spring to their rooms; how martyr-like their faces glow as they light their kerosene lamps. Pioneers, they are, indeed! And oh, the thrill in a suit of overalls! Like peacocks they strut the campus in their carefully pressed overalls, still bearing the size and price tag. Rowlers for farm work, they are—these city street-smokers whose hands know but one implement, the spade. They want, “Please, please let me work on the farm, Mr. Zeuch, please do!” Only a granite heart can withstand that last tremulous “Oh, please!” And Mr. Zeuch has not that kind of a heart. To the farm, these subway-sardoners go.

How statically they mark the hills, the trees, the leaves, the fields! Beautiful! Beautiful!! Beautiful!!! Even when they cut down the hygera with gracefulness (?) sweeps of their long knives, they sigh, “Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful.”

One hour later. They have grown strangely silent. Another hour. The cracking sound of felled hygera is becoming spasmodic. Inwardly, our flat dwellers shriek for the five o’clock bell! “Will it never sound?” the two prin­cipals that have stood face to face from the beginning of time. The one is the common right of humanity, the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says “you toil and work and earn bread and I’ll eat it.”—Abra­ham Lincoln.

Most conversation, when between two persons, consists in one person fully agree to himself in the thinking of the other person and vice versa. When three or more persons it is the same thing, only multiplied. —Anonymous.

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**THE “TWISTER”**

The red mud clung to our boots as we slashed our way along the high­way toward Commonwealth. Torrents of brick-colored water rushing down the ravines told of the deluge that had swept the Ozarks.

A jolting truck had approached us from the rear, and at the invitation of the driver, a serious, lean-faced, Arkansawyer, we were soon duck­ telephoning wires that sagged low over the road.

Suddenly, with no warning, we were riding in a path of destruction and havoc, a stretch several miles wide that had served as the playground for the elements. Nothing had been spared as the twister danced its way along. Here a grove of oaks had been stretched to the ground, there a field of stacked peanuts had been scattered to the wind. The four walls of a barn stood naked and bereft of its roof. A house, still intact, had been neatly lifted from its foundation. Several chickens lay lifeless where a coop once had been. Unrelentless had been this giant’s hand as he loved with the work of man. And yet, one building, it seemed, had been miraculously spared. A church, high on a hill, still stood while the surrounding oaks had fallen to left and right.

Along the roadside, families were grouped about their wrecked homes. A hopeless look was written on the faces of those who had but a jumble of wreckage left. Some were trying to straighten the saging buildings. At one place a family had removed to a barn. A cook stove smoldered in the opening. Bare-footed children and grown folks had gathered around it in an attempt to keep warm.

“Hello, Bill. How’s things down your way?” asked our driver of a passing car as he rattled to a stop.

“The floor’s all I have left to my house,” was the despondent reply.

“Anybody killed, do you know?”

“No, but lots’d be hurt, I reckon. It seems like the Lord’s ain us, it does. What with floods and crop failures times are bad enough. Now we haven’t even a roof over our heads—and winter coming, too.”

The Ford chugged on, and though we soon left the belt of destruction, I would have nothing to do with me a picture of these people as they stood outside their homes, hopeless, yet not despairing.

**“Good Morning”**

[continued from Page 1] than American, customs prevail. Naturally, they bring with them the dances common to their respective local­ities, and the first three or four evenings devoted to this amusement after the opening of school are dis­tinguished for their great variety of gymnastics pulled off to the accom­paniment of a deluge of discordant sounds thrown together without regard to rhythm or melody. But it doesn’t last.

Commonwealth is not exclusive. When Commoners sing or play or dance, the neighbors join in. Old­fashioned fiddlers come with old-fash­ioned fiddles, and play old-fashioned music. Lanky farmer lads, acting as callers, or prompters, organize "sets" and initiate the students in the mys­teries of the quadrille, the con­tra dance, the Virginia reel, the stately minuet, and similar dances that made famous the days of Henry Clay and Andy Jackson.

The students like it. And next spring, when school classes, they will return to their homes with a more exact knowledge of old-fashioned American dances than they could ever learn by trying to follow a printed manual, and coached by an instructor who has not himself grown up an old­fashioned American.