COMMONWEALTH DRIVE
NEARS COMPLETION

Boulevard Connecting College With Outside World Will Soon be an Accomplished Fact

The picturesque, but rather dangerous and certainly inconvenient, trail through the half-mile of pines between Talihina highway and the college campus is being replaced by a thirty-six foot boulevard, or "scenic drive." Under the personal leadership of industrial manager Ernest Koch, the right-of-way has been cleared of trees and brush, stumps are being blasted and pulled, and grading and surfacing is going forward at a speed never before equalled by Commonwealth students.

Traversing as it does a thick-set growth of tall and shapely pines, with just opening enough between them to permit vagrant glimpses of distant mountains, and the nearer and more civilized beauty of open farm land, the drive will be one of the most beautiful in the country, while the fact that the roadbed when completed will be carefully ballasted with sandstone rubble and surfaced with oil shale will, it is confidently predicted, make it one of the best in the state, and one that will last for years with a minimum of repair.

The timber cut from the right-of-way is being hauled and piled up at a convenient place near the dining hall, and it will, when cut to proper size, supply the kitchen with fuel for the coming winter:

Dogwoods and Violets

"Tell 'em about the dogwoods," said the sailor from New York, who thinks them most wonderful. How can I? How can I tell about the dogwoods and not be accused of extravagance use of adjectives? How am I going to make the reader believe that dogwood trees are so plentiful at Commonwealth, and in the surrounding forest, that now, in the early days of April, when they are in full bloom, the first impression one gets when looking out of a morning, is that there has been a rather heavy snowfall the night before; an impression that is difficult to overcome even when one remembers that he slept top of the covers, and with the door and windows wide open.

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A Sweet Potato Dryer Shall Invigile Them

"And here's a bulletin from a little college in Arkansas that rather pleases me by its honest simplicity. It is Commonwealth College, Mena, Ark., and its report, listing the resources of the institution, includes 'Sweet potato dryer with vegetable cellular.' There was something about that that gave me a thrill of admiration, more than I often get in reading about the big universities... Commonwealth appears to be true to the ideals of Ruskin College in Florida, which was suggested by Ruskin College at Oxford, the first workingmen's college. It sounds good to me. Its bulletin is well written and printed; it contains description of sunset in the Ozarks that Ruskin himself would have relished. I've thought a good deal about that Sweet Potato Dryer."

—Christopher Morley, in The Saturday Review of Literature.

STUDENTS BEGIN LONG HIKE

The annual spring exodus of students began Wednesday, April 6, when Solomon Carp of New Jersey and Oscar Easton of Massachusetts, started on their long hike to the Atlantic seaboard. According to custom, the departing comrades were speeded with a dance.

Carp is—as his name might suggest—a carpenter of no mean ability. As foreman of Commonwealth building crew, he has left an enduring record of his activities here.

Easton is a paving cutter but can do a neat job of mason work. In this capacity, he has perpetuated his memory by building a root cellar which, it is predicted, will stand long after Commonwealth is forgotten.

Both are members of the Student Council—which is tantamount to saying that they will be enthusiastically welcomed when they return next fall.

It would be a great advantage to some schoolmasters if they would steal two hours a day from their pupils and give their own minds the benefit of the robbery.—J. F. Boyes.

NEIGHBORS GATHER FOR OUR BIRTHDAY

Commonwealth Celebrates Foundation Day

In high powered cars, in lumbering farm wagons, on mule or horse-back, and afoot, friends from Mena, from Potter, and from the surrounding valley farms gathered at the Commonwealth on the evening of April 2, to celebrate the fourth anniversary of the founding of the college with a dinner, program, and dance.

Nearly one hundred covers were laid in the dining hall. Friends and hosts sat down to a simple but ample dinner prepared and served by the college girls who have charge of the culinary work of the school community.

At the close of the dinner the guests listened to and participated in a rather informal series of toasts and musical numbers. Peter Hoedemaker, president of the student council, acted as master of ceremonies.

V. W. St. John, editor of the Mena Daily Star, and R. D. Lane, a farmer from Old Potter, spoke on the significance of Commonwealth to the larger community. Prof. F. M. Goodhue talked on the part our immediate neighbors had played in the development of the college. Prof. Covington Hall drated on "Commonwealth, a Dream Come True." Dr. Zeuch jollied the students in response to the toast, "Teaching the Young Idea How to Shoot." Student Irving Weissman gave the reaction of a student to this complex thing we call Commonwealth.

At the close of the program the tables were cleared away, the floor sprinkled with wax, and the fiddles tuned. Guests and hosts were soon lost in the intricacies of the old-fashioned square dances or else swinging around the floor in waltzes, two-steps, or fox-trots.

Four years ago an educator and a publicist working together incubated an idea. Their only assets were enthusiasm and a will to succeed. Today—an institution known throughout the labor world, with a host of friends, and well along the road to self-support. Such is Commonwealth.

Move upward. working out the beast, and let the ape and tiger die.—Tennyson.
Commonwealth College
Fortnightly

Published twice a month at Mena, Ark., by Commonwealth College, a school for self-maintaining, non-propaganda education for workers. 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 opinions. 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.

Vol. III, No. 9 May 1, 1927

Revolution and the Labor Movement

By MARIAT

I

The radical or revolutionary labor movement is predicated upon two distinct and theoretically antagonistic philosophies, generally known as Anarchism and Socialism. Between these two extremes, and influenced more or less by both, we find a number of revolutionary and would-be-revolutionary groups, of which Communists, Syndicalists, Anarchist-Syndicalists, Communist-Anarchists, Industrial Unionists, etc., may be named.

Without undertaking an extended discussion of fundamental differences, it can be said that while the dream, or ultimate goal, of both the Anarchists and the Socialists is a society wherein there shall be no master and no slave, no rich and no poor; a society wherein articles are produced co-operatively and for use instead of commodities being produced by wage labor and for sale; the main difference of opinion seems to be as to whether this future society shall be a free association of individuals without government and without rules or a sort of paternalistic State; a State wherein each citizen shall have a voice in selecting his governors and in making the laws by which he is to be governed, but a State which will, nevertheless, exercise directing and controlling power over all.

The theories of tactics by which a proletarian revolution is to be accomplished also differ widely; ranging from the "pure and simple" political action (such as nominating candidates for election to public office) advocated by "pink" and "yellow" socialists, to "direct action against the individual," as exemplified by extreme anarchists in their assassination of undesirable public officials. Between these extremes the various groups may be classified as follows:

II

"Red" Socialists acknowledge the possibility of a violent and bloody revolution "Precipitated by the Capitalist class in an effort to defend their position," but believe that if they are permitted the time they can so educate the workers that by a show of class solidarity the Capitalists will be constrained to abdicate a little at a time" until all means of production and distribution will be State owned and the workers will rule the State.

Communists contend that violent seizure of, and total destruction of, the State, or governmental machinery, is a prerequisite to workers' control, or the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat." After the bourgeois State has been wrecked, the workers will set up a new political State with which to crush reaction and stabilize industrial activities. As bourgeois opposition dies, and as the "industrial field" comes more and more under the intelligent control of the workers, this proletarian State will gradually either grow and disappear, and a true Communist Industrial Commonwealth will come into being.

Anarcho-Syndicalists and Communist-Anarchists are so nearly alike in theory and practice that it would require hair splitting to differentiate. In a general way, both are very much like the Communists in their belief that proletarian or workers' control must come through a violent revolution and the wreckage of the State. They differ from the Communists in that they do not believe a proletarian political state will be necessary for the post-revolutionary reconstruction period.

III

Unionism is not a revolutionary theory or dogma. Unions, as a rule, are composed of workers who believe in and subscribe to the economic system but find it necessary to combine along trade, craft, or industrial lines in order to maintain their group interests within the existing system. There are some unions, however, that do have a revolutionary "ultimate aim." The most radical of these is the Industrial Workers of the World.

The Industrial Workers of the World accepts the Marxian, or Socialist, theory of economics and admits that the worker can never secure the full product of his toil under the wages system. Like the Communists, this Industrial Union advocates the seizure of industry by the workers, but, like the Anarchosyndicalists and Anarchist-Communists, it does not believe in a proletarian State necessary for the transition period. Moreover, the claim is made that a peaceful revolution is possible through what is termed "the social general strike," or a universal folding of the arms.

IV

"The labor movement" is a vague term that means anything one wants it to mean. In actuality, the labor movement is confined to a relatively small group of workers. In the United States, and to a great extent in other countries, the vast majority of workers are not conscious of belonging to a distinct social class. They are "citizens" in their own estimation, having equal powers of sovereignty with all other citizens. To be sure, they do, as a rule, feel their economic inferiority and wonder vaguely how it is to be overcome. But their condition is generally ascribed to some tyrannical ruler, whom it would be well to re-

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Society Notes

"Blessings on Thee." "Yes, when the dogwood blooms, Johnny, when the dogwood blooms." How many of us have had that answer when we asked mother on the first warm spring days if we could go barefoot. The early lessons stick. With the first dogwood blossoms some of the Commoners evidently heard the admonition, but the first week of May<br>it was a bit shocking to those of us who have been reared to look upon bare feet in public as a kind of indecency, to see young people going about their work as shoeless as the Nazarene or a Roman senator. Professor Goodhue, a typical New Engander, thinks it an "outrage"; Covami, a southern artistocrat, looks askance at pedal nudity; Father Zeuch, an Iowa peasant, says that while it isn't against the law nor really indecent, it is at times painfully unaesthetic. Yet the custom spreads. These modern youth! Maybe they are ancient youth after all.

Wild Meat for Wild Men. Did you ever tried rabbit? Ain't the gravy good? The Castle gang has, and says it is. And they will bear eager witness that Kate O'Hare is some cook. Covington shot it. But, being too indolent to dress it, he gave it to Paul Henkle, our "enfant terrible." Paul dared not trust his prize to the public as a kind of indecency, to see young people going about their work in shoes worn much too large with a dozen and four eggs in a tiny, tin bucket. All that way for twenty cents. Every egg must be sold. He must do without.

Ten cents he spent for matches. Ten cents remained. He clapsed in his hand the meagre sum and gazed at the contents of the store. It holds nothing for him, the money he must give to his father—but a change must do without. His face fairly beamed as he stepped to the counter, hesitantly placed his hand on an ink tablet and asked the price. Five cents. With quick motions he took the tablet, paid the nickel and turned to go. "I want some ink, too," he turned to say with a new manly vigor; but his remaining five cents would not purchase the ink. A cloud crept slowly over his face. He turned and trudged off.

"Why can't I have just one little thing that my heart desires?"

M. K.

upon a campus peach tree. Oscar Easton smiled as he laid plans for their capture. A mattress cover was slipped over the cluster of bees. Thus secured, Oscar donned a kiting suit and left the next morning for Massachusetts, leaving behind the problem of boxing the bees. Several students made the attempt but found it difficult to get them out of the sack-like cover to which they clung. At the expense of many a stinging this was finally accomplished and the bees were safely enclosed in the hive. But lo! half an hour later they had again swarmed and the work had to be repeated. It was, and the bees now seem quite at home, but several students are still nursing their punctures.

Doomed. Harold III, sultan of our feathered harem, has fallen on evil times. For ten days he has been confined to an old box where he stands, every glossy feather drooping, a picture

A Child of the Hills

Why can't I have just one little thing that my heart desires? was the silent question that rose from those eyes which a moment before were empty—expressionless. The boy, I should judge, was about nine. His clothes appeared to be those of an older brother. Dirty and threadbare, they hung upon his slender skeletal body which obviously suffered from malnutrition. A strangling mass of yellow hair escaped from under a battered cap. Illuminating all was the pale expressionless face.

A mile that morning he had trod in shoes worn and much too large with a dozen and four eggs in a tiny, tin bucket. All that way for twenty cents. Every egg must be sold. He must do without.

More Bees. Out of the blue a host of winged creatures emerged to light

Labor Movement

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move, or is it credited to an act of God; a blessing in disguise that it would be a sacrilege to protest against.

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Great American Statesmen

“Roosevelt was one of the greatest fourflushers that ever came down the political pike—and got away with it. He made an awful noise but it was merely self-advertisement.” So said W. C. Benton, instructor in law and history, in a lecture at the forum Sunday evening, April 10.

“Although in the revolutionary days great men abounded in the colonies, Jefferson stands out as the greatest of them all,” continued Professor Benton. “He made little noise but was nevertheless an effective though reserved type of radical. He wrote the Declaration of Independence in a keenly propagandistic style. Some of his views would not now be accepted as correct. But the document is nevertheless the foremost piece of political writing in all American history. We cannot today realize the powerful effect the Declaration had in America and Europe.

“When Jefferson became president he instituted what some historians call a peaceful revolution. His peaceful revolution did not consist in making laws, but in changing the ideas of the people from aristocratic to democratic. He disregarded all the old trappings of the aristocracy.”

Professor Benton seems to think that Woodrow Wilson missed the opportunity of going down in history as the world’s greatest man. He said, “Wilson was undeniably a very capable man and is clearly entitled to be listed with our great statesmen. But he was also the greatest failure of our century. Had he held to his Fourteen Points during the Versailles conference he might have been the greatest man in history. As it is, he is merely a ‘might have been’.”

The Modern Conception of God

Is there a God? Is there a force, or first cause, that we may justly designate as omnipotent? This question was asked, and answered in the affirmative, by Prof. F. M. Goodhue, instructor of mathematics and applied science, at the Sunday Evening Forum at the commons on March 27.

The Bible may or may not be the inspired word of God; there are passages in it which appear to be conclusive evidence of fallibility, but even if it is the work of man—or even if it had never been written—there still remains ample evidence of the existence of some power or being, some guiding law of life, above and superior to the intelligence of man, according to Professor Goodhue. Nor does he think the existence of such a force or power is any more miraculous than the existence of man.

“It seems to me,” said Prof. Goodhue, quoting Rev. M. J. Savage, “that we may think of God in the infinitesimal world beneath us, in the smallest grass-blade beneath our feet, in the brain of Shakespeare, in the heart of Jesus, in the light of the stars over our heads. Wherever there is life or power, or beauty or joy, wherever there is suffering or struggle, defeat or victory, there is God.”

I wholly disapprove of what you say but I shall defend to the death your right to say it.—Voltaire.

Mrs. Grundy Gets a Shock

“My dear, darling daughter, Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, But don’t go near the water.”

The creek is near, the sun shines bright,
The gurgling waters look inviting.
Had I the time, ’d make this rhyme
Instead of simply writing.
This is no proxy tale, however:
In fact it’s simply shocking:
It’s rolled the morals of Little Rock,
And rung the bell at Rocky.
Well, I must say! And did you e’er
It certainly was horrid
To dare to perpetrate the deed—
Although the day was torrid.
Oh my! Oh dear! I greatly fear
The facts won’t bear relating.
Well, Mrs. Grundy, did you hear—?
My Lord! I think she’s fainting!

There now!—If you still insist!—
Though I don’t think I ought to—
I tell you, madame, ‘twas no dream,
I saw your darling daughter
Hang her clothes on a hickory limb—
Quick, folks! A little water!

V. A.

Thanks, Friends

Mrs. R. Keller, Council Bluffs, Iowa, box of books including Century Encyclopedia and a set of engineering works.
Theresa Wolfson, New York City, her book: “The Woman Worker and the Trade Union.”
May Craig Sinclair, Long Beach, Calif., Kate Crane Gartz’s “More Letters.”
Dr. Louis N. and Caroline H. Robinson, Swarthmore, Pa., $5.
Floyd Dell, Croton-on-Hudson, New York, $10.
Prof. George R. Taylor, Amherst, Mass., $5.

Society Notes

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tare of rejection. The poultry keepers stand about discussing his fate. To kill or not to kill, that is the question. He listens to it all with utter indifference, at times cocking his head and turning a beared eye on his prospective executioners as if to say, “Well, will you ever get through debating the question?” His erstwhile consorts seem utterly indifferent to his lordship’s fate. Such is life. Report has it that Harold III won’t last the week out.

Turnover. Those students who have been swimming regularly since February decided to use the afternoon of Foundation Day, which is a holiday at Commonwealth, for the launching of the canoe that Solomon Carp has been working on for weeks. The formal launching was to take place at the swimming pool where the great rock slopes gently into the water. The canoe was put into the creek just below the guest house and floated down the quarter of a mile to the place of the formal christening. Several hardy souls acted as salts. We are informed that it tipped its occupants into the water five times in that short distance. We do not know whether the fault was in the construction, in the rapids, or in the sailors. At any rate the experience was sufficiently suggestive to lead to the immediate christening of the temperamental vessel as “Turnover.”

Dogwoods and Violets

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and that there has not been a fire in the stove for many days? Or how am I to make the reader believe that under these same dogwoods, and under all trees, and in the little open spaces where there are no trees, violets and sweet violets will come up in all sorts and shapes and sizes of pink and white and blue and yellow wild flowers grow so profusely that one can not step out of the beaten paths without crushing dozens and scores of them? And yet, it is so true it is commonplace.

Cherries bloomed the later part of February and in early March. Peaches bloomed a little later. Apple blossoms are about all gone. Jonquils and the narcissus quit blooming so long ago they are almost forgotten. Lillies will soon be a thing of the past. Bloom of ever changing and constantly augmented variety has appeared since the middle of January. Haws and May-apples are just beginning to make an appearance. They will be followed by others; on and on and on, for months to come. Truly, my sailor friend is justified in calling this a wonderland of flowers.