VISIT INSTRUCTIVE, SAY DR. & MRS. WILSON

Leave for Their Tennessee Farm Where They May Establish a School Like This

The parallel development of the mind and body is one of the most significant aspects of Commonwealth education, said Dr. F. C. Wilson, instructor in psychology, in his farewell talk to the Commoners Sunday evening, March 3. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson have left for their farm near Rockwood, Tennessee, after two quarters' "getting acquainted" with the Commonwealth idea so as to establish a similar institution on their farm.

"The wood crew, farm crew, carpenter crew and kitchen crew have real educational value," he continued. "The work of these crews gives students useful training and teaches them to do teamwork. The first lesson students must learn is that of cooperation. Only by becoming group-minded can they become co-workers and work for the common good of the community. The simple job of pulling a cross cut saw illustrates what I mean."

"I Love You All."

Mrs. Wilson, who is "Mother" Wilson to most Commoners, also referred to her stay as "instructive." She frankly admitted that she had not wanted to come to Commonwealth at the outset, but came because her husband desired it. "Living with young people like you so intimately has been a wonderful experience for me. I am glad I did come to Commonwealth."

"I came here with the fixed determination not to work," she added. "This was to be my vacation. But somehow—she laughed—"you got me working, and I have enjoyed the work immensely. I learned to take orders and to cook like other people want their cooking. I love you all. I loved the work, and I've had just a wonderful time." When she sat down she was roundly applauded.

While here Mrs. Wilson taught English. But she has left something of a more permanent nature—some recipes brought from the Old Dominion, which [Continued on Page Three]

Thanks, Friends

CASH
Edwin N. Durland, Chicago, Ill. $25.00.
Irving Lapiner, Brooklyn, N. Y. $5.00.
Gustave Lippman, St. Louis, Mo. $10.00.
Constance MacCorkle, Old Fields, W. Va. $10.00.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS
M. B. Butler, Taft, Calif. $5.00.
Fritz, Belleville, Ill. $25.00.
Fritz and Gertrude Hohn, Paterson, N. J. $5.00.

$11,500 NEEDED TO BUILD POWER PLANT

Reverend Applies Cold Compress to Romantics

First Wedding at Commonwealth Is Conducted with Traditional Solemnity

By Clay Fulks

In the name and by the authority of Hygion, Jehovah, and the Continental Congress two young, palpitating Commoners stood up bravely before a local representative of temporal authority in the hushed presence of their fellow-Commoners assembled in the Commons. March 2. and placed their proud necks under the holy yoke of matrimony.

Wallace Russell, printer from California, was the party of the first part; and Wanda Lee Stewart, saleslady from Shreveport, Louisiana, was the party of the second part—or vice versa. Walter Hoffmann of Berlin, Germany, acted as best man with just the proper degree of gravity, while Sylvia Lipton of New York played, with delicate finesse, the part of bridesmaid. Rev. J. L. Redding, Esq., neighbor, officiated in a manner indicative of the past master of the art and mystery of tying nuptial knots.

Honeymoon Over Books.

Please don't expect me, a plain, blunt man, to go into the mystifying details as to what the bride wore on this occasion. (I am not the society editor). Considerate readers, I dare say, will take my word for it when I tell them that the bride was tastefully and becomingly dressed in something—ah, I think, maybe, it was [Continued on Page Four]
Commonwealth College Fortnightly

Published twice a month at Mena, Arkansas, 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, 1929, 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 unions, are welcome to make free use of material appearing in these columns. A line crediting the Commonwealth College Fortnightly will be appreciated.

Vol. V, No. 6 March 15, 1929

WHAT IS COMMONWEALTH COLLEGE?

Commonwealth was organized in 1923 to provide education for workers on a self-supporting basis.

Commonwealth is located in the foothills near Mena, Ark., where it operates agricultural and other base industries by means of four hours daily labor from its students and teachers.

Commonwealth seeks to develop in young men and women the working-class capacity to serve the labor movement.

Commonwealth is a non-sectarian, non-propaganda institution. It sponsors no particular religious, political, or economic assurance. It holds that scientific experimentation carries the only hope of adjustment or solution of personal and social problems.

Commonwealth is the only institution for higher education where both teachers and students earn their maintenance by part-time labor while engaged in academic work.

$11,500 NEEDED TO BUILD POWER PLANT

[Continued from Page One]

be excessive and would thus enable the college to sell power to its neighbors.

“I am convinced,” he says, “that the construction of the proposed dam is not only desirable but feasible as well, and may be considered as a timely and wise business investment; because:

“The value of the land will be increased by the presence of a lake of about 2,000 feet long and 1,000 feet wide with an average depth of ten feet. This lake will add to the beauty of the place, to the comfort of living and to the attractiveness of Commonwealth as a summer resort.

“The expense of light and heat for the college buildings will be greatly decreased, and the comfort and saving of labor and time will be greatly increased.

“The excess of energy can be sold and therefore a new item of income will be developed.

“The saving of the energy of the college personnel and the presence of electrical power will make it possible to introduce some small productive industry.

“Properly utilized, it will add to the efficiency of the students by eliminating several items of drudgery and give them

Commonwealth College Fortnightly

March 15, 1929

Following the Harvest

By Herman Erickson.

The harvest is a temporary refuge for the unemployed. Those who have been deprived of their regular job by business depression, those who are temporarily out of work because of a slack season, and those who have come to the city in search of work, all seek the comfortable feeling of work upon whom the farmer depends for the extra number of hands necessary during harvest. So when the harvest begins we find the freight trains loaded with men who are bound to the Golden West.

Not all the men who go to the Kansas prairie or the Red River valley of North Dakota are eager to work. The humming of the threshing machine does not always sound like music to those who have toiling muscles make a person eager to roll out of bed at four o’clock in the morning. It is the bully urge pure and simple that drives these men to work and when those hollies have been filled interest in the work tends to wane.

All of a sudden the pasture on the other side of the fence turns green. Rumors go the rounds that wages are higher elsewhere. Some of the men who “don’t give a damn about the harvest anyway” will quit their jobs and make tracks toward the rainbow’s end. In most instances they find that the pot of gold has vanished and that there is only another job awaiting them, usually at the same wages.

A few of these harvest workers are working to earn their way through college. They are attracted by newspaper accounts of big wages and plenty of work. Some of them are after “local color” for their papers. They find that working 15 hours a day and sleeping seven hours and eating the rest of the time makes a person dull mentally and that this dullness tends to linger till another harvest.

I

The harvest is a place for perspiration, not for inspiration.

It decidedly does not fatten the purse. One reason being that the work is unsteady and another, that the harvest lasts but a short time at best. We often hear legends about men who are supposed to have earned six and seven hundred dollars by following the harvest a single season. It is easy to take a pencil and write down the figure six and then multiply it by one hundred under the assumption that you are to get six dollars a day and that you are to work one hundred days. But this is pure assumption.

Let us suppose you begin in Oklahoma. The first thing you do is to make a farmer sore by asking him about the wages. Farmers generally consider it an insult to be asked about wages. The reply is usually: "Well, I guess it will be either two and a half or three dollars a day. At any rate, I will pay what the others pay." And since you are not working for the others the harvest is perhaps half over before you know that your wages are three dollars a day.

This job lasts about fifteen days, but if the weather calls for rain it may last you a month and a half. At the end of that time you put forty-five dollars in your pocket, proudly throw out your chest and march northward to repeat your glorious success. The wages rise gradually from three to four to five dollars a day the farther north you get. Yet if you finish in Canada with more than three hundred dollars to your name you are lucky.

A rainy day is usually welcome to harvest workers. It gives them an opportunity to catch up on their sleep. It also gives them a chance to play poker and tell smutty stories. But if the rainy weather lasts too long the men become restless. They will go to the nearest town and spend the days playing pool, eating candy, and drinking pop. Despite the Eighteenth Amendment they get plenty of stuff that is stronger than pop. They sometimes imbibe too much of this forbidden fruit juice. Occasionally the men come home so drunk that the farmer has to take care of them as he would of sick children.

Among the harvest workers you will find a sprinkling of intellectuals and of so-called intellectuals. No matter what subject is being discussed, they latter have plenty to say. It does not matter what place you mention, they will tell you they have been there for a certain

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Communal Education

By Irving Weissman

II. PRINCIPLE VS. PRINCIPAL

How it was that Commonwealth College anticipated that back-to-the-commune movement in our colleges which is marked by the reorganization program of Harvard and the unique experiment now in process under Dr. Melklejohn at Wisconsin makes an interesting story. While Commonwealth was physically sired by William Edward Zeuch six years ago, it dates its spiritual inception even earlier.

Zeuch was teaching in the economics department of the University of Indiana in 1917. Because he would not goose-step, but persisted in being non-kosher in his opinions, he was hailed before the president of the university and verbally spanked. As the proxy put it, Zeuch had committed the unpardonable sin of refusing to "lie in order to win the war."

At the end of the conference it was bruited about that the department of economics was minus one professor.

Not that Zeuch had been fired; he had quit. For this was not the first time that he had been interfered with in his legitimate business of teaching. This incident was somewhat in the nature of the last straw that broke the camel's back. The conviction had grown on him that our modern colleges were only in subtlety an incipient step, but persisted in being non-kosher in their possessions and to restrain the vicious poor.

What is college, anyway? The stadium, colors, thousands of young people rah-rahing, racyoon coats, the prom, drinking, dancing? Is it the venerable faculty, the libraries stocked with dusty books, Elizabethan dorms, Gothic buildings named after fabulously rich benefactors, the green campus? Or the immense lecture halls, five hundred students in one room scribbling in note books, seminars, cramming for exams, profs giving exams— is this college? No more than a dress parade is war?

Yet this is college to ninety-nine out of every hundred, inside college as well as outside it. The poor dubb who goes through the mill is said to be in training for life. After four years of "warming up" he is turned loose either a blase misanthrope or an individually-minded barbarian eager only for personal self-advancement. His education has made of him a master of arts, not a master of himself.

Pledges for the Fortnight

Bessie Kimmelman

Zeuch's contempt for the system of education now in vogue impelled him to think ways and means of escape. Having been educated into the teaching profession, he was naturally loth to leave it. He sincerely loved to teach and wished nothing more than to continue to do so—but not as a goose-stepper. Under no circumstances would he deal out to curious and enthusiastic adolescents opiates that deaden their understanding of their own selves and of the world they live in.

He believed with Jefferson that, "The basis of our government being the opinion of the people the very first object should be to keep that right..." He never shall deflect from the intention to fortify the public liberty by every possible means, and to put it out of the power of the few to riot on the labors of the many.

But this Jeffersonian principle is as alien to our money-ridden colleges as is ice-cream to pickles. Zeuch realized that he could not remain within the fold and still retain his self-respect. But there were no educational institutions to which he could turn except those maintained by or for labor.

BOOK REVIEW

THE SAD AND DEFEATED

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg,

by Louis Bromfield. Frederick A.
Stokes Company

Time was when those who would not accept the God of the Stratonos, the morals of the Comstockists, or the economics of the Rockefeller's could bundle household stuff and family into a big covered wagon, harness oxen to it, and gee-haw West, where they could be masters of their morals and captains of their industry. Nowadays the descendants of the pioneers seek for liberation from fanaticism and regime in the East; Bromfield's characters cross the Atlantic in order to escape the humdrum and narrowness of a Middle West town.

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SOCIETY NOTES

Valentine. "What rhymes with 'love'? No, I want something more up-to-date than 'love.'" Commonwealth cudgeled their brains and worked themselves up into a sweat of verballification. The valenties that resulted from this mental labor were exchanged in the Commons, where the college group gathered around the native-stone fireplace. The billets doux gushed of love, not for a day, not for a year, but always. Father Zeuch received no less than five.

Mock Trial. It required fourteen witnesses, two psychologists, a batch of high voltage love letters, and four exhibitions of rhetorical fireworks to unchew a knotted problem in law. With mock seriousness and studied sensationalism Commoners directed, by Clay Fulk's law class, acted out a breach of promise suit. Plaintiff Herman Erickson came out the victor in this longest and most sensational mock trial in the legal history of Commonwealth.

Home Again. Being master of his emotions, Father Zeuch is above such sentimental attachments as are echoed in "Home, Sweet, Home." He habitually and courteously offers the cottage that his jack built to all guest instructors at Commonwealth. For the past two years White Lodge has been occupied by either guest instructors or students. Now that Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, his last occupants, have left, Father Zeuch removed to his own home—where he will live, we suspect, only until another guest instructor arrives at Commonwealth.

C. E. C. It avowed purpose being the promotion of international good-will, the Commonwealth Esperanto Circle, first organization of its kind in the State of Arkansas, has started a correspondence with Esperanto groups throughout the world. The club meets regularly on Wednesdays. It was founded a fortnight ago with a nucleus of eight members. Wanda L. S. Russell is secretary and F. A. Post, instructor in Esperanto, founder.

VISIT INSTRUCTIVE, SAY

Dr. and Mrs. Wilson

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have made husky Commoners smash their chops in unabashed gusto.

Dr. Zeuch expressed the regrets of all the Commoners. "They retain," he said in closing, "a point of view that is needed here. But, though we hate to see them go, I'm sure all Commoners wish them success and happiness on their farm in Tennessee."
BOOK REVIEW

[Continued from Page Three]

Miss Annie Spragg, who was the daughter of an overseer and the sister of a fanatic Puritan, went to Italy after having murdered (what will you call it?) her brother because of his brutality. There she died penniless fifteen years later. When a sister discovers upon Annie's beautiful body the scars from the wounds her brother inflicted upon her because she had committed adultery in thought with a young divinity student upon whom she had a fixation, she imagines them to be authentic evidences of the Stigmata.

The town of Brinie is stirred to its religious depths by the miracle. The people demand the canonization of Annie, but the church is chary. As Annie had lived a secluded, solitary life no one in town knew anything about her, except Mrs. Weatherby, widow of an illegitimate offspring of Prophet Spragg, and her plump niece, Miss Fiddick. To them come Father d'Asier, on behalf of the church, Principessa d'Orobbeli, out of curiosity, and Mr. Winnyer, who did not believe in miracles and wanted to prove it, for information.

It is this visit in which Winnyer meets and is smitten by Miss Fiddick that begins the story. And, oddly enough, if it is Winnyer as the husband of Miss Fiddick and father of her three children who winds up the story. Evidently Bromfield has intended Annie, not so much as the heroine of the story, but as a sort of hub who brings into some relationship hitherto unrelated or at least separated characters. So numerous are the characters that one is reduced to wonderment at Bromfield's artistry and skill in making them all so alive.

Not the characterization alone is to be marvelled at, but also the fine touches of irony which the author achieves by contrasting of characters. The heretical Catholic Father d'Asier compared with the fundamentalist Protestant Uriah Spragg is infinitely the finer and more beautiful soul. Annie Spragg and Anna d'Orobelli serve as another splendid contrast. Annie, of the body beautiful and seductive, denies herself the pleasures she craves in atonement for the excessive indulgences in these self-same pleasures of her father. Anna on the other hand does not stint; yet in the end she is just as much a victim of life.

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg is a genuine thriller. Bromfield manages to get suspense into his story, enough anyway to make even gum-chewers "eat it all up." For me it was a delightful evening's reading.

—IRVING WEISSMAN.

STUDENTS

[Continued from Page Two]

David Kaplan alone, declared Bill Cunningham, is worth the cost of our trip to the East. And David enrolled at Commonwealth last Fall under a sort of implied obligation to live up to a rather high standard. He rose to the occasion admirably. At home almost anywhere on the Western hemisphere, he came here from Newark, New Jersey, and plunged into the work, academic and industrial, with the zest of the crusader. One may as well admit, however, that his mind outweighs his muscles, as is perhaps proper in a young man of his intelligence. Caution: Unless you really know something of world classics, be careful how you discuss that subject in his presence, else you may find yourself feeling like a plow-boy or a milkmaid.

Nell Toole of Minnesota, virtually reared in the Commonwealth milieu, carries with grace and becoming nonchalance one of the most delicate and responsible positions connected with the college, despite the fact that she is hardly yet out of her teens. No one could mistake Nell for an adolescent. As foreman of the culinary department or as a member of the most advanced classes in the college, she is likely any moment to dominate the scene completely, not by any noisy outburst but by sheer force of mind and personality. Her honesty, a trait all too rare in women, is little less than terrible. Her marvelous executive ability and her inflexible firmness have given her a reputation for being hard-boiled but Nell's heart is really warm and is in the right place. She is really human, though perhaps none too human.

Irving Weissman looks much like a poet and he may be one. But certainly there is no doubt about his knowing the poets, ancient, medieval, and modern. And dramatists? He seems to know them all—to know them aesthetically and psychologically. Though he writes well on a variety of subjects, he is perhaps at his best as literary and dramatic critic. And this is probably the highest form of the art literary. Though barely out of his boyhood, his book reviews have already attracted national attention. For several months he has been rendering Commonwealth able and conspicuous service as instructor in journalism. Clearly, he is worthy of prophetic consideration. At the close of the present quarter he returns to his home in New York, but it is quite likely that in future years this institution will boast of having had him as one of its students.

FOLLOWING THE HARVEST

[Continued from Page One]

number of years. Yet these fellows who have "spent" several years in Timbuctoo, Hong Kong, Tahiti, and whatever other place you may mention are usually between twenty-five and thirty years of age.

But what about the boss? He is not always the tall, strong, robust fellow pictured in farm papers nor the hard-boiled man of the soil seen in the movies. You sometimes find him to be but a little, bald-headed, dried up piece of humanity.

The farmer who hires a dozen men to get his grain threshed feels that he is running a pretty large industry and so considers himself above his workingmen, be they college men or hoboes. He forgets that he has worked all the year round to produce the crop and probably at no better wage than he is giving to these hired men.

The majority of the farmers are normal human beings who treat their hired men like normal human beings. Most of the hired men are good, willing workers who respond to decent treatment. But, ordinarily, a conflict wages between the farmer and his hired hands. He wants to get the greatest amount of labor for the least amount of money and the workers want to do as little work as possible and at the highest wages. We have yet to discover the man who works in the harvest for pleasure or the farmer who hires a man for the simple reason of helping the unemployed.

REVEREND APPLIES COLD COMPRESS TO ROMANTICS

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something blue.

Evergreens clipped from young pines gave decorative effect to the scene and— the supper? Well, it was no mean meal; it was a banquet! Old Epicurus himself would have lingered long at that board. David Engelsberg, easily the handsomest French-Canadian on the campus—and, to come to think of it, the only one—was toastmaster, playing the part with that elegance and charm of manner so characteristic of him.

Honeymoon? This practical-minded young couple is wasting no time honeymooning; there is too much work to be done for that. Wallace, an accomplished Marxist-wobbly, and Wanda, a linguist, who can fling retorts in three tongues (not including the Scandinavian), seem quite content to go on with their mirth and their employment and to live quietly in the modest suite of rooms appointed by helpful co-operative hands in one of the dormitories.

May their tribe increase—judiciously!