COURSES ANNOUNCED FOR FALL

TO PUBLISH LABOR
BULLETIN FOR STATE

Conference Held at Paris to Discuss
Problems of Arkansas
Workers

The decision to publish an Arkansas Labor Information Bulletin was one of several actions taken at a labor conference held at Paris, Arkansas over the weekend of August 25 to consider the various working-class organizations throughout the state and its environs. The conference, attended by about twenty delegates, was called by Rev. Claude C. Williams, ousted Presbyterian minister (see FORTNIGHTLY of June 15, 1934).

TO STIMULATE COLLECTIVE ACTION

The purpose of the Bulletin, to be mimeographed and issued monthly, is to stimulate still more collective action in the state by keeping existing unemployed, industrial and political groups in touch with each other. Such existing organizations represented and discussed at the conference include the Workingmen's Union of the World, the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, Polk county farmers' relief organization, and the miners' autonomy movement in District 21.

In addition to the action taken on the bulletin, the conference set up a research committee to work with the miners in their struggle for autonomy, and approved as a working basis for the autonomy movement a day-to-day program of struggle submitted by one of the miner delegates.

WILLIAMS' CASE CONSIDERED

Special attention was given to the now nationally significant case of Rev. Williams. The conference passed a resolution recommending that he and oth-

HIGHLANDER EDUCATES
WITHIN ORGANIZATIONS

By MYLES HORTON

Editor's Note: Myles Horton, educational director of the Highlander Folk School at Monteagle, Tennessee, visited Commonwealth recently and while here explained to Commonwealth the plan of operation of Highlander. In the following article he describes briefly the school and the work it is doing.

The Highlander Folk School, with units at Monteagle and Allardt, Tennessee, is promoting working-class education within organizations of workers and farmers. Out of these organizations leaders and workers with promise are selected for special education in short resident courses. A six-weeks' summer session, ending the last of July, had an enrollment of nineteen students, most of whom came from textile mills and mining camps in Tennessee. Courses were given in labor history and tactics, social problems, psychology, public speaking, and life in the USSR. Students were given an opportunity to get practical experience by taking part in the organization of farmers and unemployed groups. A similar course will begin in January and will be followed by a two-months' course planned especially for the more advanced students having attended previous courses.

TEACHERS AND STRIKERS

The school is in touch with a majority of the students before they come for resident work. The most valuable work begins, however, after the student has returned to his organization or community. Whenever possible two or more workers are selected from the same place. While at school plans are made to set up a small workers' library and for discussions to be carried on by the students in their union or farmers' organ-

QUARTER TO BEGIN
MONDAY, OCTOBER 1

Labor Orientation Course to Review
History of Mankind from
 Primitive Times

The fall quarter at Commonwealth will open October 1.

Courses to be offered are: Marxism, labor journalism, psychology, imperialism, labor problems, public speaking, working-class history, current events, labor drama, English for foreign-born, stenography, and labor orientation.

The labor orientation course is designed primarily for new students. It begins with a brief survey of prehistoric ages and follows the progress of mankind up to the present time. About half of the course, however, is concerned with events of the past fifty years.

The courses in labor drama and current events are unlike the others in that they are carried on by the entire group under the direction of a faculty member. Try-outs are held to select members of the cast of a labor play to be presented. The current events teacher arranges for various members of the group to report upon events of special significance.

Koch to Make Tour of East

Director Lucien Koch will leave Commonwealth for a three-months' lecture and contact tour through the South, East and Middle West. Cities on his route will include Memphis, Cincinnati, Washington, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Persons in these cities who wish to arrange lecture dates for him or who desire a personal interview should correspond with the school immediately.
THE CLOUD PUNCHER

By WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM

Editor's Note: The Windsor Quarterly publishes stories of many types and widely varying moods. The Quarterly editors have asked that "The Cloud Puncher," written in the FORTNIGHTLY because its mood contrasts sharply with that of Gattle's story, published in the previous issue, "The Cloud Puncher" will appear in the full number of the Quarterly.

You always hear a lot of stories about these cyclones blowin' straws into houses, about the feller hangin' out a sack of meal and the twister blowin' the sack away and leavin' the meal hangin' there, but I seen a thing happen when I was a boy workin' on a ranch out in Kansas, and they ain't no use talkin', that was a thing I ain't never heard anything to beat it.

They was a pony buster, name of Tiny Fallon, which was because he was so small we called him Tiny, being not five feet high. And that's why we called him Tiny. Well, Tiny was not to say very smart. That is, I guess he was bright enough. About like the rest of us when you come right down to it. But what I mean he didn't have sense enough to be afraid of anything.

They wasn't anything Tiny couldn't ride. He could ride the worst horse you ever seen, I seen horses pitch all the shoes off, tryin' to get rid of Tiny, and pitch the hair off their back, and not git out from under him. I never seen Tiny lose his head or pull feather.

Sometimes the fellers would rope up a wild steer and Tiny would git on without a string and ride that steer. And he never would ride 'em back rider, like fellers do, holdin' to their tail. You know how a steer is? Seems like his hind legs is longer than his front legs and his back bone slopes so that soon as he starts stickin' his front feet in the ground you jest natu'ly slide down on his horns. Well, Tiny never slid down like that. You wouldn't believe it, the way he could ride. He always waved his hat and yelled. You never seen a feller ride like that. I mean ride as good as Tiny.

One trouble with Tiny, he would git drunk in town and would ride home like a bat outa hell and every once in a while he'd kill a good saddle horse that way. I remember once he had the best mule in that part of the country and he rode her ten or fifteen miles on the dead lope, although he knew she was with colt, and he killed her. Sometimes he didn't have a lick of sense.

Well, one spring they was mighty uncertain weather and lots of twisters that we heard of, and sometimes we seen 'em off a little ways like funnels travelin' along in the sky and settlin' down once in a while to pull up dirt or cattle or anything that happened to be there. Them things is bad, you know. They ain't nothin' they can't do.

One day, of a Sunday afternoon, a bunch of us was leavin' a sound waitin' for the boys from another outfit that was movin' play baseball with us. The sky gone mean lookin' and we was talkin' about goin' to a dugout, when all at once they was a twister comin' right at us. Well, we run for the dugout, all but Tiny. It seemed like he didn't have sense enough to be afraid of the thing. That was one trouble with Tiny. He didn't have a lot of sense, and he didn't know when he ought to get scared.

We was runnin' and lookin' back, and Tiny was walkin' along not in any hurry, and that blamed twister got him. Yanked him right up, all sprawled out. And there he went. The last we seen him he was a hundred feet in the air, right side up, and he was wavin' his hat, jest from habit. He didn't know anything else to do.

We was sorry to see Tiny took off like that. He was a good feller and everybody liked him although he didn't have any too much sense. And some of the boys said it was a nice sight, him wavin' his hat, and if Tiny had to go, he'd go as well go like that.

And some of the boys said the twister would drop him astraddle of a barbed wire fence and split him lengthways, and some thought it would slide him through one along the ground and slice him the other way like a benjy. The next day when we rode fence we looked for pieces of Tiny either split or sliced, because nobody was very sure of his own opinion and you never can tell what a cyclone will do.

Well, it was about a week, and we all got over lookin' for Tiny. We got word to the boys in the other outfits and they looked for him but didn't find him.

Then they was a bad night, and we all got scared on account of what had happened to Tiny, and we left the bunk house and went into the old dugout which was safer. When things quietened a little bit we come out, not really expectin' to find any bunk house, but there it was, and when we went in to bed we found Tiny in his old bunk, asleep. We woke him up and asked him what in thunder had happened to him, but he was too sleepy. He said he was dog tired, and he'd tell us next day. And that was all we could get out of him. He finally got mad because we wouldn't leave him sleep, so we shut up and waited to the next day.

Well, the next day we asked him again and he said: "Well, boys, it happened mighty funny, and I wished I'd had my saddle along."

And we asked him was he crazy, and he said he wasn't, and he said: "You see, boys, I broke that blamed twister to ride, and I come back to git my saddle."

Well, accuse that made us mad, for him to start coddin' us, that was old friends of his and been in that country a long time. And we started walkin' off to the corral, and he said: "Wait a minute boys," and he sounded real sincere. He said: "I don't blame you boys for takin' it like that, but it's the gods' truth. I rode it darin' near to the mountains before I could git it under control, and then it wasn't no easy thing to head it back this way. I kept wishin' I had my saddle. I rode it in last night. You boys seen the storm yourself."

Well, he sounded so blamed sincere that we didn't feel like knockin' his head off. And we made signs to each other and decided he was crazy and we'd have to humor the poor
feller for a while till he got back in his right mind.

He went on talkin'. He said: "Now the hardest thing to do was to train it not to put its foot down where it would do any hurt. It don't put a foot down very often, but when it does they's likely to be damage, and you've got to watch careful, like you do for gopher holes when you're ridin' a horse."

"Well, now, where is this twister of yours?" somebody asked him to make him feel good, and he said: "Well, boys, I really don't blame you none. It do's sound very reasonable. I guess I'll be goin' now, and I like you boys a lot and I hope they ain't no hard feelin's."

He went in the bunkhouse and got his saddle and put it down on the ground, and we felt sorry, and we said: "You ain't goin' afoot are you, Tiny?"

And he said: "No, I ain't goin' afoot." And he whistled real loud.

Well, it was a clear mornin' up to then, but they was the blackest cloud you ever seen come whirlin' up from the west, and the dirt was foggin' over a patch of plowed ground. And we seen the twister comin', and it scared us like the devil, and we run to the dugout.

Well, Tiny stood there, with his saddle between his feet, and that twister swooped down. We was watchin' out of the dugout, scared to death. And it swooped down and it didn't touch a thing, and it picked Tiny up with the saddle under him. The way he squirted into the air would make your hair stand on end. It was the blandezest sight I ever seen. With things whirlin' all around him, he was ridin' straight, leanin' back in the saddle, and he took off his hat and waved it to us. In a couple of seconds he was just as speck, and then he was gone. The storm swung around in a big circle and headed west, and the funnel went high for a while and then settled in the brush pasture, scarin' a herd of yearlin's but not harmin' 'em a bit.

Well, that's the last we ever seen of Tiny. We heard later when Ralph Field, veteran cooperator. joined the Commonwealth group.

It was too bad the way Tiny finally ended up. He was ridin' around at night one night, which was bad because he couldn't see where his twister was steppin', and the thing settled down on a saloon and twisted up a whole stock of liquor, includin' a bottle opener. Well, Tiny he couldn't resist, and he got drunk as a lord, and you know what he done?

He rode that twister all the way up and down the Rockies. You know, mountains is bad for twisters. They stay around the prairies mostly, because they don't like rough goin' no more than a horse does. And Tiny didn't pay no mind to the condition his twister was in, and he rode it from Canada to Mexico, hell bent for election. Well, he broke its wind and a wind-broke twister ain't worth nothin'.

And besides, he musta known the condition it was in. All at once it started havin' a litter of whirlwinds. That's how careless Tiny was. And it dropped dead on him. Now it ain't so bad to have a horse drop dead. Maybe you git a nasty spill. But this twister died when Tiny was about five hundred feet in the air, and there wasn't nothin' left but a bunch of little orphan whirlwinds caperin' around and not one of 'em broke to ride. Anyway a young whirlwind can't hardly blow your hat off, let alone support a man.

Well, they never was much of Tiny, and after he hit the ground he was so scattered that they couldn't hardly scrape up enough of him to make a good funeral. Which comes from not havin' common horse sense. It was too bad, because Tiny was a fine feller, when you got right down to it.

Ralph Field Tells Commoners

Why Utopian Colony Failed

A first hand account of one of the most interesting of the old Utopian colonies was brought to Commonwealth recently when Ralph Field, veteran cooperater, joined the Commonwealth group.

Born in Iowa 55 years ago, Ralph has spent most of his adult life in the tropics of South America. For ten years his home was in Cosme Colony, in Paraguay.

Ralph explains that the Paraguayans had been educated in the direction of Socialism by one of their early dictators, Dr. Francia, who knew Marx and Engels and had come somewhat under their influence. Thus when John Lane, an Australian editor, and others were looking for a place to found a cooperative colony, they chose an isolated spot in the Paraguayan highlands.

While the colony was poor all went well. But it became possible for the colonists, English, Scotch and American, to exploit native Paraguayan labor, and the experiment failed. In 1917 Ralph visited the site of the colony and found the place deserted. The cottages were in ruins and the machinery of the small colony industries was rusted and useless.

"The colonists," Ralph says, "regarded the Paraguayans as an inferior race, although the latter had a high degree of civilization at a time when our ancestors were hunting with bows and arrows in the swamps of Europe."

Ralph worked as a surveyor in other parts of South America, and took part in three minor 'revolutions,' two in Paraguay and one in Argentina. Twice he was on the losing side. Although he never put on a uniform he saw considerable fighting.
Highlander Educates Within Organizations

Continued from Page One

ization. Members of the staff visit these educational centers. The school helps by preparing outlines and getting speakers. As a part of the extension work teachers take part in the organizational activities and lend active assistance in strikes. Most of the work is with local leaders. However the school publishes "The Highlander Fling," a monthly mimeographed sheet, especially for the rank and file.

In addition to resident and extension work the school carries on a year round community program at Monticello. The activities consist of classes in workers' problems, music and dramatics classes, square and folk dances and participation in such workers' organizations as the local Cumberland Mountain Unemployed and Workers League and the Cooperative Cannery. The school is used as the community center. Resident students take part in these activities and the people from the community feel free to drop in for a residence class.

An unfriendly community would be disastrous. Had it not been for the neighbors we would have had a difficult time this summer defending the school from thugs. The Penters Coal and Coke Co. at Wilder, had a man hired to dynamite the building and kill one of the teachers who had been active in the strike. At the same time an effort was being made by mill owners to get three strike leaders who had been sent to the summer school by the hosiery workers union at Harriman. For three weeks the students and teachers guarded all night and a shotgun was always in reach while classes were going on.

We do not want the school to grow. Instead we would like to see many small schools working with the people where they are and leading them in the class struggle. Consequently we accept a few interested college students who are better prepared than most workers to do educational work.

THANKS FRIENDS

Marco Morrow $15.00
Zerlina Reerer, R. E. Blount, Clifton Hicks, Elizabeth Sands Johnson 5.00
Harry Oscar Stevens 2.00
Louis Hoberman, Jessie Myers, C. F. Egan 1.00

Arkansas Labor Conference

Continued from Page One

ers in a similar situation set up a proletariat church supported by workers. Such a church would not represent a distinct movement but would consider itself a part of and feed into existing working-class organizations.

The Commonwealth delegates to the conference were Winifred L. Chappell, Charlotte Moskowitz and Lucien Koch. Other delegates included Willard E. Uphaus of the National Religion and Labor Foundation and Myles Horton of the Highlander Folk School.

MANY ENTER COMMONWEALTH ESSAY CONTEST

Dozens of young writers from all parts of the nation have entered Commonwealth's essay contest, according to Charlotte Moskowitz, executive secretary. The essays that have already been received range in length from 200 to 1500 words. Some are hastily written, giving evidence of little thought and no research, while others are carefully done and include lists of reference material.

As soon as all essays mailed before September 1 have reached the campus, Commonwealth faculty members will select three essays which they consider outstanding and will notify the winners by wire. Letters announcing the results of the contest will be sent to all entrants.

Winners of the contest may attend Commonwealth without paying the usual tuition fee of $40 during any quarter of the 1934-35 term.

FALL NUMBER OF QUARTERLY MAY BE DELayed

Because of the illness of one of the editors, Frederick Maxham, the fall issue of the Windsor Quarterly may not appear until shortly after October 1.

Until October 1 a year's subscription to the Quarterly, priced at $1.50, and a year's subscription to the Fortnightly, priced at $1., may both be had for $1.50.

The fall issue of the Quarterly will contain approximately 40,000 words of fiction and poetry. Some of these stories are the work of writers who have never before appeared in a publication with national circulation. Others are established writers.

DROUGHT BROKEN

An inch rain fell a week ago at Commonwealth, the first moisture for 109 days. Crops however were already too far gone to be helped.