FAMILY OF WRITERS JOINS COLLEGE STAFF

Bob, Rose and Cora Brown To Gather Material For Book

A family of authors has joined the permanent staff at Commonwealth.

Bob Brown is author of "You Gotta Live," "Nomadness," and a dozen other books, some of which are known all over the world. He has written a thousand short stories, most of them in the old days under the name of Robert Carlton Brown. Bob is the American representative of Pravit, Soviet Russia's foreign press and literary service.

Rose Brown, his wife, has edited several magazines and has worked on newspapers. For ten years she was co-editor of the Brazilian American. She has collaborated with Bob in many literary jobs.

Cora Brown, Bob's mother, is author of the "Wine Cook Book," a recipe book that is in millions of homes. She was on the editorial board of the Brazilian American and many other South American magazines.

Bob and Rose were members of the editorial board of The Masses, forerunner of The New Masses, along with Jack Reed, Art Young, Max Eastman, Mary Heaton Vorse, Howard Brubaker and others. Rose sold the first issue of The Masses on the streets of New York.

The Browns will gather material and write a book on Commonwealth.

"When a Man's Hungry," a four-act play by Agnes Cunningham portraying the need for organization among the farmers, was the main feature of the November 7 program at Commonwealth.

William Cunningham, acting director, spoke on "Why We Celebrate November 7." The program included radio sones and dances, etc. Several hundred farm people were present.

Many Respond To Commonwealth's Appeal For Immediate Financial Aid

Little Mag, What Now?

Since Commonwealth took over publication of the WINDSOR QUARTERLY we have not only become little-magazine conscious, but little-magazine disturbed. Fred Maxham and Irene Merrill have all excited by saying their next issue will present the best collection of proletarian stories ever put to paper. Bob Brown, new to the campus but a veteran contributor to the little mags, says this would make a swell center for the revolution of letters. We have with us already, Clay Folks, Bill Cunningham, Bob Reed, and there is even talk of Jay du Von moving down here with his New Quarterly, or Ruth Widen and Lew Ney with their Latin Quarterly.

This fugitive field has grown to perhaps two hundred monthlies, bi-monthlies and quarterlies mimeographed on butcher paper or embossed like the slicks. But no matter how arty or pink some of them started, all are now engaged in a left-wheel maneuver along a United Red Front stretching from Brooklyn Heights to Beverly Hills. Yet they come out at such long and erratic intervals that a clearing house of information concerning them is badly needed. So the FORTNIGHTLY will start a regular column in its next issue, entitled "Little Mag, What Now?" Here we will record still-births, births, deaths and near-deaths of these Vol. I. No. 1's, together with high spots in their careers and spot news of them and their contributors. We are open to all news bulletins from little mag publishers and writers. Address them to Bob Brown, Commonwealth College, Mena, Arkansas.

School Expects To Do More Efficient Work Than Ever Before

One hundred and thirty-two persons have donated $903.60 since Commonwealth announced its desperate financial plight in the last issue of the FORTNIGHTLY, according to Charlotte Moskowitz, treasurer. Money is still coming in and it is estimated that enough will come in to buy food and other necessities until the first of the year.

Because winter clothes, bedding, etc., have not been purchased, for several weeks the expense of running the community will be slightly higher than usual, despite rigid economy. Donations of clothing, bedding and dishes for the kitchen would be acceptable, the treasurer says.

Donations range from $200 down, most of them being under $5. The list of donors is too long to publish in this issue of the FORTNIGHTLY.

The largest gift was from A. E. O. Munsell, who stipulated that a few dollars of the $200 he sent be spent on a "big feed" for the group. The feed was held on Halloween night, in banquet style, with a toast on "the new spirit at Commonwealth," and a song composed especially for the occasion.

There is no danger of the school being forced to close, since teachers and maintenance members are determined to keep it operating. Student prospects for next quarter are good and it is generally predicted that the school will operate more efficiently this winter, despite its financial handicap, than ever before.

Commonwealth's maintenance staff is the best the school has ever had, says William Cunningham, acting director.
The cotton rows stretched out like copper ridges in the sunshine. They were speckled with white, the first open bolls of the season. Long John stood on the turnrow at the end of the field and cut a chunk from the plug of Brown Mule he always carried around with him. He held the two pieces, the plug and the chew, in his hands for a moment, then stuck the smaller one in one side of his jaw and closed his teeth down over it. The other he returned to his trousers pocket, along with the jackknife.

He moved his jaw up and down slowly, loosening up the wad, then spat it near a careless weed. The cotton didn’t look very well. It was opening too soon. It had been dried out by the hot sun and the rainless weather. For the last month, just when the plants needed rain to keep them growing and developing, there had been none. As a result, the bolls were popping open before they had matured. This meant smaller bolls and a short crop.

Long John gazed across the twenty-five acres of cotton. All the time he was thinking. It was Sunday afternoon, and every Sunday afternoon he went out for a walk across the field, just to size things up. No matter if he spent the other six days out there plowing or hoeing, he might well be taken out and shot, for all the good he was to the human race. Just because he had a big car didn’t make him any better than the average run of people.

Once Long John was walking out from town with a sack of flour over his shoulder. The Robbins boy passed along in his car. He could have given John a lift and saved him several miles of walking. But he didn’t even notice him, let alone give him a lift. When a man’s got that way, Long John figured, he might as well be taken out and shot, for all the good he was to the human race. Just because he had a big car didn’t make him any better than the average run of people.

Long John had forgotten all about the coupe in town. There was a girl sitting in the car. She had seen Long John the day before and was sure he was the bank president. Bill Robbins was just out of high school. Long John saw him every time he went to town, driving around in his new yellow sport model with the top down. Long John didn’t like him because he was snooty and stuck up. He’d hardly even notice you if he met you on the street.

Long John stood on the field, running along out toward the car. No matter what, you could tell there wasn’t going to be much of a crop. The last week especially was too dry when things looked all dry and you could tell there wasn’t going to be much to harvest. In the heat waves, he could see the puttering of the exhaust model with the sound of the wheels. He started walking down a cotton row, the green bolls bumping across his legs.

He crossed the fence and walked down the shady lane toward the car. The sand was hot and kept working into his shoe through a hole in the toe. The hole was at the end of his foot, so that he had to walk at an awkward gait to keep out as much of the sand as possible. It kept sifting in and he had to stop every dozen yards or so and give his foot a shake downward.

Long John had forgotten all about the coupe in his meditations until he happened to look down toward the road again. It was still there. In the heat waves, he could see a figure in white flannels out by the side of the car working on one of the wheels.

He paused to wipe his face with a handkerchief as John approached. John chuckled. “Do you good to sweat a little on a day like this,” he thought. “Do you good to get that much acquainted with work.” He decided to walk past there on his way back to the house, since he wanted to see how the tomato patch down on that end of the field was standing up under the dry weather. He started walking down a cotton row, the green bolls bumping across his legs.

He crossed the fence and walked down the shady lane toward the car. The sand was hot and kept working into his shoe through a hole in the toe. The hole was at the end of his foot, so that he had to walk at an awkward gait to keep out as much of the sand as possible. It kept sifting in and he had to stop every dozen yards or so and give his foot a shake downward.

Young Robbins was sweating heavily, tugging away, trying to get the tire off the wheel. He seemed to be having a hard time of it. His slick hair was becoming a bit messed up and he paused to wipe his face with a handkerchief as John approached.

There was a girl sitting in the car. She was smoking a cig-
arette. As Long John got nearer, almost to the car, she puckered her mouth and blew smoke rings into the still air. She was good at it; it was the first time Long John had ever seen a woman blowing smoke rings. “If I ever have a girl,” he thought, “that went around with a fellow like Robbins and cut up like that, I’d use a razor strap on her, no matter how big she was, if I couldn’t get her straightened out any other way.” She shook her blond curls back out of her eyes and looked at him. The cigarette hung loosely between scarlet lips.

Of course Long John didn’t intend to help him with the tire, even though that would be the neighborly thing to do. If it had been anyone else he would have, but he didn’t intend putting himself out for a sissified young slicker like Robbins.

Young Robbins leaned against the fender and faced John. John noticed that his face looked heavy and flabby around the jaw, just like his father, old Tight-Fist.

“But you know something about it. I think I know how to do it.” He took a couple of steps down the road.

“You--that is, do you know anything about changing tires? We’ve just had a flat.”

John paused and a slight smile cracked his sun-browned face. “Well, no, I reckon I don’t know so much about that kind of a car. Now if it was a model T, I might be able to tell you what to do, but I ain’t never owned many cars like this one.” He made no move toward helping him.

“But you must know something about it. I think I know how it’s done, only...”

“Nope. Haven’t even run the old Ford this year, since I couldn’t afford to buy the license. Guess I’m all out of practice.” He took a couple of steps down the road.

“But listen,” the other called after him. John stopped. “I’ll give you half a dollar to change the tire.”

A half was a half and most times Long John would have been only too glad to make money that way, even if it was Sunday.

“Nope,” he said. “I ain’t working today. Besides I don’t need your half dollar.”

“Six bits if you change it in a hurry.”

“Guess not.”

The other frowned. He was accustomed to having his own way, and did not relish the idea of having to do the job himself.

“Listen here,” he said. “Haven’t you been coming to the bank all summer wanting to borrow money? And won’t you be making all sorts of excuses this fall about how you can’t pay? And you won’t even work for cash when you get the chance. Dad ought to be interested in that.”

John’s face flushed. He could feel his heart pounding on his shirt front. He took a step toward the other. “Look here, you weak-kneed, party-boy,” he said. “You’re coming out here and trying to threaten me into changing your diapers for you? Because you’re too blamed lazy to do it yourself?”

“Well, go on back to town, when you get your tire fixed an’ if it’s fixed you’ll be the one that does it—you go back to town and tell old Tight-Fist just whatever you damn please. And tell him something for me too. Tell him this: tell him I told you to go plumb to hell and him too, if he don’t like it. ‘An’ tell him that I don’t care how few bales of cotton comes off this farm, that the first ones ain’t goin’ to him at all. They go to pay for my wife’s kid when it comes. You get that? I’m going to have money to get a doctor this time. Tell him if he don’t like it he can go to hell! He’ll go there any-how.”

He stood there in the center of the road for a moment, his hands clenched tightly. The young man averted his eyes, looking awkwardly at the ground. The blonde, carefully, slowly, blew rings and watched them drift and melt into the humid air.

“Yes sir. This kid’s goin’ to be paid for, debts or no debt!”

Young Robbins cast an embarrassed glance at the girl. He waited for her to smile. She didn’t. She just sat there looking thoughtful.

Long John turned and started walking down the road. The sand got into his shoe, but he kept walking erectly without stopping to shake it out.

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**SUBSCRIBE TO THE FORTNIGHTLY**

Every dollar sent in as a subscription to this paper is an aid to workers’ education.

And for that dollar the reader gets a fortnightly report on the only institution of its kind in the world.

**NAME**

**ADDRESS**

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**WHAT IS COMMONWEALTH COLLEGE?**

Commonwealth College is a non-factional labor school which has as its function the training of young men and women for active service in some militant organization in the labor movement.

Its courses, which include economics, history, labor problems, proletarian culture, creative writing, public speaking, journalism, psychology, etc., are taught from a point of view partisan to the working class.

Most of the food consumed at the college is grown on the college farm. The school has its own laundry, cannery, print shop, etc. All work is done communally by members of the group. The school pays no salaries or wages. Teachers receive only their maintenance.

Students pay $40 tuition per quarterly term; three months and twelve hours toward their board and room in exchange for 50 hours work per week during fall, winter and spring terms, and 30 hours per week during the summer term, on the college farm, in the garden, office, library, etc.

Commonwealth is located near Mena, Arkansas in the Ouachita Mountains, the southernmost range of the Ozarks.
JURY INVESTIGATES
ACTIVITIES OF I.L.D

Two Teachers and One Student
Called by Grand Jury for Questioning

The machinery of law enforcement of the State of Arkansas was specifically called to the attention of Commonwealth College — and vice versa — when two teachers and one student were summoned last week to testify before the Polk County Grand Jury. The jury was attempting to ascertain whether the Polk County Branch of the International Labor Defense was guilty of contempt of court for distributing leaflets in connection with the shooting of Walter Parker, a CCC boy, by Will C. Hungate, acting chief-of-police of Mena.

The I.L.D. leaflets were distributed in Mena and adjoining CCC camps by the local branch of the organization just before the Grand Jury met to consider the indictment of Hungate.

Last May 12 Hungate found Walter Parker and two companions, all from a nearby CCC camp, in the park at Mena. An argument ensued, and Parker, evidently fearing that arrest would get him into trouble in camp, started to run. Hungate pulled his gun and fired, killing Parker almost instantly. The acting chief-of-police said he did so because he believed that the boy was drunk. A doctor who examined the body testified at the preliminary hearing that Parker was not drunk and that the shot was a direct hit.

The fact that Hungate was indicted by the Grand Jury and later sentenced for manslaughter is generally credited to I.L.D. activities, since several years ago a Mena officer shot and killed a boy on a similar provocation and was never brought to trial. The I.L.D. branch, working under a unified front banner, gave the case national publicity so that communications demanding prosecution came to the prosecuting attorney from all over the country. The courtroom was crowded with farmers on the day of the trial.

Before Hungate was tried, Clay Pulks and Ray Koch, Commonwealth teachers, were subpoenaed before the Grand Jury and questioned as to their knowledge concerning the source of the leaflets. The fact that the I.L.D. accepted responsibility for the leaflets was established by them. Isabella Curson, Commonwealth student and secretary of the I.L.D., was subpoenaed then to testify as to the membership of the organization.

Lucien Koch To Be
In Chicago Nov. 24

Lucien Koch, director of Commonwealth, will be in Chicago from November 24 to December 3. Anyone wishing to arrange a lecture date or personal interview should write to T. Schaub at 2117 W. 18th, Chicago.

Koch’s lecture topics are: “The Challenge of Workers’ Education,” “What’s Next in the Labor Movement?” “Can War and Fascism Be Averted?” and “Arkansas Hill Farmers, ‘Cappers and Miners.”

Before reaching Chicago he will be at Harrisburg, Pa., November 15, and at Pittsburgh, Pa., November 17 to 21. His later schedule is Milwaukee, December 5 to 7; Madison, Wisc., December 9 to 10; Minneapolis, December 12 to 17; Des Moines, December 19; Kansas City, December 21 and 22; Topeka, December 23 and 24.

TEACHERS ORGANIZE
STATE FEDERATION

The Arkansas State Federation of Teachers held its first convention November 9 in Little Rock. There are now thirty-six locals in the state, all of them except Commonwealth Local 194, less than a year old. The Commonwealth local was formed in 1926.

William Cunningham, delegate from Commonwealth, was elected one of the vice-presidents of the new federation.

Florence Curtis Hanson, secretary-treasurer of the American Federation of Teachers, was present and made the main address of the convention.

Resolutions were passed asking for a minimum wage of $1 per hour, a minimum term of eight months for all Arkansas schools, a ten-acres tenure law, an old-age retirement fund for teachers, more government and state aid for schools, etc.

Each of the three witnesses from Commonwealth was paid $1.50 for services rendered. Names of the I.L.D. members were held on record and it is not known whether action will be taken against them.

As the jury was being selected to try Hungate, every venireman was asked if he knew anything about Commonwealth College or the International Labor Defense or the I.L.D. leaflets. If he answered yes to any of these questions he was excused immediately.

STUDENT DELEGATES
LIVE WITH MINERS

Conference for Economic Justice Held At
Paris, Ark.

Fifty students and teacher delegates representing three Arkansas colleges were given the opportunity of living the life of a coal-digger for three days. They ate with the miners, slept in their beds, and arose at five in the morning to visit the mines.

This was part of the activities for the delegates that attended the Conference for Economic Justice held in Paris, Arkansas, November 9 to 11, under the auspices of the National Religion and Labor Foundation and the Miners’ Unions of Paris, Arkansas and vicinity.

Miners, farmers, and other speakers discussed the miners’ struggle for autonomy, home subsistence for the miner, the Unemployment Insurance Bill, and other topics.

Commonwealth College sent Mildred Mahlin, Claude Gover and Al Lehman, students, and William Cunningham, acting director, as delegates. William Cunningham made a talk on the “Development of Capitalism and Its Failure.” He tried to impress the miners with the failure of the profit system, and the importance of militant organized struggle for a better system.

Rev. Claude Williams, the deposed minister of the Paris Presbyterian Church, directed the Conference.

The first two days of the Conference were given over to discussion, and the visits to the mines and plantations. The last day was spent drawing up resolutions concerning the autonomy movement, the new contract, the Unemployment Insurance Bill and others.

This is the first time a Conference of this kind has ever been held in Arkansas, and the miners plan to hold a larger one next year.

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