**Paramount Sees Terror**

J.R. Butler, President of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, and member of Commonwealth College Faculty, who has just returned from his trip for the union into the cotton belt of Eastern Arkansas gave Commonwealth the following report:

"**NO COUNTY**, state or Federal relief has been granted to the masses of evicted union members in eastern Arkansas. The evictions are continuing, and the evicted have no means of subsistence except that which the S. T. F. U. is giving in the way of food, clothing and shelter to the most needy — this can continue only as long as contributions keep coming in.

Paramount made a news reel showing the general conditions to which the lords have reduced the sharecropper's huts, miserable food and ragged clothing. The news reel, a sound picture which is to be released this week, also shows small union group meetings, where leaders describe some of the terroristic methods being used by the landlords against the evicted croppers.

Giving any relief at all to the evicted is resented by the planters. They want to starve the sharecroppers into submission. The S. T. F. U. giving relief as best as it is able has partially blocked this and now the landlords are using crude threats of violence — intimidation will be their next step.

On Friday night February 21 at the S. T. F. U. Tent Colony of evicted croppers near Parkin, Ark., was shown the type of threat that is being used. On this night, crudely written notes of intimidation were placed before the tents and then to emphasize them sticks of dynamite were placed conspicuously nearby.

The tent group consists of 108 persons; 28 children, four babies. This threat proves beyond a doubt that the planters are conscienceless and ruthless. Murders are their favorite method of intimidation.

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**O'Connor, Author, Addresses Students**

**BY DON KOBLE**

"**EVERYWHERE I went I met the Mellon influence, yet no one knew much of the man**," declared Harvey O'Connor, recent visitor to Commonwealth, in describing the difficulties involved in writing *Mellon's Millions*, his definitive book on one of the country's most powerful financiers. Mr. O'Connor and his wife, Jessie Lloyd, well-known writers and members of the Federated Press, visited the campus on February 14th and 15th on their way to the mining districts of the Southwest and Mexico where they plan to do research work for a book on the Guggenheim family.

In an informal talk before the students, Mr. O'Connor related with incisive and ironic humor the life and significance of Andrew W. Mellon, a Croesus of American industry, of whom practically nothing was known up to the time Mr. O'Connor published his book in 1923. The little-known autobiography of Andrew's father, Judge Thomas Mellon, came as a windfall to the author in determining the family background.

"The period from 1886 on, however," Mr. O'Connor said, "was a blank space.

The name of Andrew W. Mellon never even appeared in the New York Times.

— Four

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**Texans Visit Campus**

A nestinterested audience of workers were present in the Mena Courthouse Feb. 15 when Commonwealth College and Stephen F. Austin State Teachers College of Texas debated the question, "Resolved: that a Farmer-Labor Party is necessary to represent the interests of the working people of America."

Perhaps the most significant factor in the debate was the fact that the Texans, in upholding the negative, did not in principle oppose the formation of a Farmer-Labor Party. They claimed only that political action could not succeed until the workers of America were organized along industrial lines.

Commonwealth's debaters, George Edson and Francis Kwalik, pointed out that industrial and political organization were coupled and that one could not be achieved without the other. They declared themselves in favor of the immediate formation of a Labor Party in order to preserve and extend the fundamental rights of American workers.

As far, they said, as the working people of America are concerned the Democratic and Republican parties are bankrupt and that both old parties represent only the interests of the capitalists. The attack on civil liberties by both parties was presented as evidence that they do not concern themselves with the preservation of the Bill of Rights which guarantees free speech, free press and free assemblage.

The team representing the State Teachers spent the afternoon preceding the debate inspecting the campus. After the contest they returned to the college where a party was held in their honor. Accompanied by Prof. L. C. Harling they have just concluded a two week tour. During their trip they debated with teams representing leading southwestern colleges and participated in a debating tourney at Arkadelphia, Arkansas. Commonwealth's debate team accompanied the A.S.T.C. team and attended the tourney.
Why Not Visit Us?
By JOE CROMWELL

Dear Miss Mitchell,

According to a Pine Bluff calendar resting upon a crude, pigeonholed shelf in the left wing of "Union Square" only two weeks of grace are allotted to the students of A.S.T.C. before mid-semester tests frighten them into feverish study. Reading between the black numerals on that calendar I can see students preparing "steam rollers"; stealing and buying test papers; buying term themes and bug collections; staying up all night studying; drinking black coffee and wondering if they will pass—wondering whether or not they will receive more hours credit for no work and very little knowledge gained. I can see a student glance up from his strange book and stare fixedly at the blank wall—through it and into an imaginary future, a future that is dim and uncertain and it frightens him. He returns to his book which he severs through but doesn't read. The student is restless and out of this restlessness grows a defiant "don't give a damn" attitude. On week-ends this same student goes down to a booth in Galway's or Grecians and gets ingloriously tight to drown the memory of his impertinence.

If I feel more loyalty to this school in three weeks than I felt towards A.S.T.C. in a year it is through no fault of my own, for A.S.T.C. offered me no more than it does the typical student mentioned above. While here, I am an integral part of a whole—a school, a cause, and a new world that is to be. I cannot help it if the above sentence seems trite because I have no other way of expressing the sharp contrasts I find here.

Try to imagine a simple class room furnished with two poor blackboards, a desk, a map or two and five wooden benches. Try harder to imagine a Harvard graduate sitting beside a coal miner and listening to an instructor giving an informal lecture. More than likely the teacher's pants will have a hole in the seat (if he be a man), and he too is a Harvard graduate.

Sitting to the right of the coal miner probably will be a girl from some textile mill eagerly taking notes. All these contrasts and more are present in the room. They aren't attending the class for grades, credits or degrees. They don't receive cuts if they are absent—no roll is called and why should there be? At night you will find these same students sitting by the wood stove in the library pouring over volumes of

LIBRARY BOOK NEEDS

Vincent Sheehan, Personal History.
Isidor Schneider, From the Kingdom of Necessity.
Romian Rolland, Death and Birth of a World.
Grace Lumpkin, A Sign for Cain.
Fielding Burke, A Stone Came Rolling.
Emile Burns, Handbook of Marxism.
Maxim Gorky, Belomor.
Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Soviet Communism.
Mikhail Sholokhov, Seeds of Tomorrow.

Marx, Engels, labor journals and current periodicals. You are probably asking yourself why these people come to such a simple school to study, work and live for three months or longer and the answer is this: a sick system is slowly dying in this country, but instead of dying with it and feeding the vultures which have dined sumptuously as a result of such deaths in other countries (Germany and Italy) these students study, work and live only to raise and care for a younger system. A system that has already proved its worth, and which has been the ultimate goal of humanity for centuries. Such work is not without sacrifices on the part of the people here. They are ostracized from society; branded "Reds, Bolsheviks and Communists," at the expense of hurting their families and disappointing their friends. If you think that I am too enthusiastic in praising the merits of my find here please pay this school a visit (you will be more than welcome), give me a chance to show you this thinking nothing yet. In finding it I've found myself!

I would really enjoy introducing you to Richard Bab Whitten, director of the school. He is a personality you won't easily forget. Covington Hall, rebel poet, is another character that will steal a place in your memory, not to mention Myra Page, author of Gathering Storm and Moscow Yankee. The students are an education in themselves.

Why not pay us a visit?

Yours,
J. C.

Campus Notes
By LOUISE ADLER

A recent program was held at the college for the benefit of the struggling share-croppers. Dancing was enjoyed; a dime a square was charged for square-dancing and coffee and hamburgers were also sold. About fifteen dollars was collected and turned over to the union. Brother Butler of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union made a short address to the hundred or so people in the audience.

Henry Black, instructor in Imperialism and Fascism, is leaving the college for a visit to his home in New York. He will speak at many points in the East on share-cropping in the South. He expects to return to Commonwealth in a few weeks.

Plans are under way for more athletic activities at the college. Teams have been organized for basketball, volley-ball and ping pong. The teams are planning to play some of the teams of the neighborhood.

Our dormitory porches and floors are being repaired. General repairs have been completed on roofs and chimneys. Facilities for fire prevention are being developed, and water supplies enlarged by the purchase of several huge storage tanks.

The college girls are doing their bit in caring for many of the neighbors who are stricken with pneumonia and winter colds.

Arthur Skereberg, one of the teachers of the farm problems class, was recently elected to the Commonwealth Association.

At the faculty's suggestion, the student body has formed a committee on curriculum. Students have been asked to write criticisms and suggestions as to how the courses at the school can be best fitted to their needs. This is indeed something novel in educational institutions. The faculty feels that there is always room for improvement; and suggestions from the students will be valuable.

Jerry Hochman, student and son of Julius Hochman, well known labor leader of New York, is keeping us well informed with latest developments of the recent dress-makers strike in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey O'Connor stopped over a few days enroute to Tacoma. Washington. Mr. O'Connor is editor of the Pittsburgh Edition of the People's...
MINERS AT THEIR WORK

by HORACE BRYAN

They go by with thumping feet before the dawn
And one follows so close upon the other
They sound like ghosts that only tread
And never move along.
Both down the hill
And up the railroad track they come,
And from my window I only see them black
And play they are boogy ghosts, racing for a prize.
Then mother cries, "Your dinner bucket's ready.
And there are dying footsteps on our cinder path;
I play I've turned my own ghost loose
And bet he surely wins.
Then I think and raise the window
And yell, "Dad bring me some carbide from the mine."
"All right," he says and hurries on;
I want to holler "fuse, too," but he's too far gone.
And my little bud, sitting here on the bed
And looking out the window
Gets scared when the ghosts make funny noises and
says, "What's that?"
I says, "Ah, you're crazy, just miners goin' to their work."
Then in a little while down at the mine
A long line of lamps stretch along the path
From the wash-house to the slope;
And then the whistle sends them scurrying in, like
rats into a hole.
I play in the yard at my mine
And every time a trip comes roaring up below I pull

one too,
Until I get tired and sit on the porch
And let Bud run the mine.
Sitting there I see a big cloud of smoke
Coming up from the mine and top-men arunning about.
"Look, Bud," I yell, "something's wrong."
He looks and says, "Ah, you're crazy, just miners at work."

Then mother locks me in a room so I can't follow
And runs to the mine with the other women and kids,
And forgets to come back and get dinner.
Bud plays and builds a fire in our mine so it will smoke,
too.
Big cars with glass windows and curtains in them
Come rushing by to the mine;
The phone rings and rings and people talk at once.
A lady says, "The wash-house will be the morgue."
Great crowds come; I didn't know there were so many cars.
They stretch along the road and railroad track as far as
I can see.
Soldiers come marching along with guns
And form a ring around the mine.
Then trip after trip comes out of the mine with bundles
of gunny sack,
And four men carry each bundle to the wash-house;
And I ask, "Bud, do you know what them bundles are?"
"Ah, you're crazy," he answers. "Ain't nothing, just
miners quittin' work."
THE FUTURE BELONGS TO YOUTH

BY RALPH FIELD

Take me to that region where east and west meet north and south, then drop me in a secluded spot among the mountains there, where young adventurers gather to plan and consider what they will do with this old world that has been handed them. That place, in name and reality, is Commonwealth.

The intangible future that Lenin dedicated to the youth takes on reality in Commonwealth. You can drink just as much from one clear spring as from a flooded river, therefore our small labor school and active radical center amply supply the keenest and most individual capacity to receive. The spirit of Commonwealth is such that the age-long problem of "Know Thyself" is learned from the reflection of "Thyself" in the student comrade at your elbow.

Some come here with a better knowledge of partisan strife than the basic principles common to labor organizations in the great class struggle; others come with scars and prison pallor, seeking more knowledge to mature their experience; some come just for an idle vacation but soon learn that a greater enjoyment is gained by taking part in the constructive activity of the place. Some come just long enough to tell their tale of victory won or struggle lost and hasten on, fol'lowed by comradely good will.

Sometimes have a longing to join this current of youth that flows on into action, real and serious, but my duty now is to help keep the mushroom burning while you labor fighters take your place in the only worthwhile work which now remains for a man or woman to do.

[RAHRL FIELD from page 3]

"The peon on a plantation is a slave from the day of its birth. When it is born the master sends the mother a gift for the child. He charges it on the new babe's account which he opens. The babe is in debt and as long as he is he cannot move. The boss, by keeping him in this position is assured of a cheap supply of labor. Given no opportunity for an education the peon remains in ignorance on the master's plantation."

That is why Ralph is so interested in education. He sees this as an important instrument in the hands of the people to better their conditions. This is why he is interested in Commonwealth. He is glad that this college is in existence to give an opportunity to the workers' or farmers' sons and daughters who couldn't afford to pay large tuition fees for an education. In his lecture to the Labor orientation class he stressed the point—the people, if they are to build a better society, must educate themselves as to how this is to be done.

And so when we see Ralph building a fire in the Commonwealth's fireplace, the dining room of the school, we know that he is helping to make possible education for workers where it would otherwise be impossible. We look forward to Ralph's son enrolling as a student next term. He was here for a short visit last quarter and immediately fitted in with campus life. He has learned much from his father and will carry through the work in the labor movement towards a better society.

[RAHRL FIEI.D from page 3]