



THE YOUNG COMRADE



OFFICIAL ORGAN * JUNIOR SECTION * YOUNG WORKERS LEAGUE OF AMERICA

3408208

VOL. I. NO. 6.

APRIL, 1924.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

What Kind of a Government Have We?

ARE you reading the papers nowadays? Are you reading about what is happening today in Washington?

If you are, then you must know that very interesting things are happening. We mean the scandal that the papers call the Teapot Dome Oil Steal.

What is this Teapot Dome Oil Steal?

First you ought to know that oil is very important these days in the business life of a big country. It is used for all kinds of machines. Automobiles and airplanes and steamers and battleships and all kinds of engines use it. It is very cheap and in all ways it is better than the old way of heating by coal or wood. Therefore, the capitalists all over the world want to get hold of all the oil fields of the world. And they fight with each other to get control of the oil, because there is not much of it in the world.

Well, the Teapot Dome



LITTLE ROSIE RED.

This is little Rosie Red.
Did you hear what Rosie said?
Rosie's never tired of telling,
Asking, talking, shouting, yelling
To the children she may meet
In the school or in the street:
"Join the Junior Groups today!
With your comrades work and play!"

Oil lands were set aside for the use of the American navy and they belonged to the government. But the Secretary of the Navy, Edwin Denby and the Secretary of the Interior, Albert Fall, were bought and bribed by capitalists and they sold these government lands to capitalists.

You see, members of the government sold out the possessions of this country to capitalists. Not only those two men, but dozens of others were being paid by the capitalists like Sinclair and Doheny to sell out the government.

The United States Senate has a committee which is finding out all about this thing. And every day they find more facts about the government officials having been in secret agreements with the big capitalists.

In school, of course, you are always told that this government stands for all the people because it is a government of the

people, a democratic government. But this scandal shows us that this is not a government of the people, because only the big capitalists get good things out of it. They buy up the officials of this country and they get away with it. None of them are put in jail, either. But when a workingman does something which is against the bosses, like a strike, for instance, he is put in prison right away.

We can now see plainly who owns this government and the country. It is not the workers, the people, but only the capitalists. They do whatever they want here. They do it because this is a capitalist country, a capitalist dictatorship. We call it a capitalist dictatorship because the

capitalists dictate to the officials of the government whatever they want them to do. And they do it!

In your schools, when you are taking up this government, show that you know what this government is. Speak up in the class and tell the teachers and the pupils that this is a government of and for and by the capitalists.

We want to kick this kind of a government out and instead of it have this country to ourselves, the workers. We built this country and we keep it running. And now we want to own it and rule it too!

Alice's Experience

By Martha Stone, Age 13.

It was a cold wintry night. Strains of music were heard from the Patterson homestead. Mr. Patterson, who owned the factory in that village, was giving a party for his daughter, Marie. The rooms were decorated and the tables contained everything delicious.

Meanwhile Alice and Peter, who lived opposite the Patterson home, gazed with astonishment from their weather beaten hut into the beautiful Patterson home. While in that home food was plentiful in Alice's there was none.

The clock struck nine. Alice's father heaved a sigh and as she looked at him her eyes filled with tears. Seated before her was a bent figure. Then she looked at her mother knitting stockings by the yellow candle light. She had a careworn expression hanging over her face.

"I wonder what the Spring has in store for us, Pa?" she asked with some anxiety in her voice.

"It looks bad, Ma," he answered, shaking his head sadly. "Mr. Patterson has lowered my wages 5 per cent."

Alice turned her face toward the window. Her heart was filled with sorrow. Once more she gazed into the Patterson mansion.

At last an idea came to her and stealthily she crept out of the house and rapped at Patterson's dwelling. A maid answered her knock and ushered her in.

"Oh, she's only a beggar girl," said Marie haughtily. Everyone crowded around her, and

gaining courage, she got up on a chair and in a trembling voice exclaimed:

"Comrades, Mr. Patterson has lowered my father's wages 5 per cent. just because he wanted to give a party for his daughter. When at our home we haven't had a piece of bread all day."

She could say no more. Mr. Patterson apologized to his guests and threw her out.

The next day the whole village heard of Alice's oration. Many children called on Alice and talked this over. And that is how she organized a Junior Group.

THE WORKERS AND THE CAPITALISTS.

By Irene Lindy, Age 13.

THE workers are the ones that run the mills. The rich people cannot do anything to the mills if the poor people would unite together.

The poor people have to live in old huts just enough poles to keep the roof up. The rich people have many palaces with pretty furniture. When the poor people are sick they cannot get doctors and many of them die. But when the rich people are sick they are nursed by many doctors and nurses.

The poor people die from hunger and cold, while the rich are never hungry or cold.

Yet we are going to conquer all these rich people, called the capitalists, and then the poor people will have enough clothes and food. Then everything will be square when the working people rule the world.

Little Stories of American History

By MARSH.

How This Country Was First Settled.

THIS country was not settled by white people who were looking for liberty of religion. After the country had been discovered by Christopher Columbus, the news spread to all the old countries of Europe. And all sorts of tales were told about the wonderful new land and its gold and riches.

So the noblemen of the old European lands, who were a lazy, shiftless lot, were led to get what was called grants of land from their kings. This was the case in England especially. The king of England decided that America belonged to him and he gave Charters to his favorite dukes and counts and such useless persons. These Charters gave to favorites the right to settle and rule over certain pieces of land, like Virginia.



Now in Europe, the poor people, the peasants and the workers, were living under terrible conditions. Their land had been robbed from them, they had gone thru wars which killed off thousands of them, and they were stepped on in the fight between the noblemen and the church. So it was easy for the noblemen who had Charters to settle in America, to tell those people nice stories and get them to come to this country.

But when they came here, they found that everything was owned by the king's shiftless favorites. The lands, the rivers, the mines, the waters, the fishing places and even the marshes belonged to the noblemen. So the poor had to get to work and slave away for these fellows.

And it was not enough that they fooled the workers into coming here. The lords organized special gangs which kidnapped workers in England and brought them over here. And they were brought here under awful conditions. The ships were filled with rats. The food was terrible and there was no water. Hundreds of workers and

their little children died on the way and were thrown overboard.

And did you know that there were white slaves in America at that time! You see, if someone owed money in England and was put in jail, he was taken out, shipped to America and **SOLD ON THE MARKET!** The rich man who bought him made him work many years before he was allowed to be called a free man. When he had "paid off his debt," he was allowed to be "free."

And what kind of freedom did the workers have? His freedom was that he was allowed to work for a boss on a plantation. The workers lived in the poorest kind of cabins while the rich lived in lovely mansions. The workers could not vote because they had not a large amount of property. And even in religion. A Catholic had a hard time in a Puritan town. A Puritan had a worse time in a Protestant town. And so on.

The rich lived a high life while the workers suffered. They ate and drank and hunted and gambled and raced horses and everything else except work. The poor people did that for them. And the priests and preachers lived a great life too. They were drunk part of the time and ate and drank like the rest of the rich fellows.

The workers got it in the neck as usual. The rich men in Massachusetts, for instance made a law as to how much wages a worker could get. And if he tried to ask for more, like Oliver Twist, he was immediately thrown into the rotten prisons that they had. And in order to make the wages lower for many workers, the rich imported black slaves. They were brought here by the thousands. The rich people bought them for whisky or tobacco and were glad to get them because the negroes cost less to **keep up.**

So we see how this country was settled. First they took the land away from the Indians who lived here. They killed them brutally or else they got them drunk on corn whisky. Then they fooled or kidnapped the workers, brought them here, made slaves out of them, and lived off the things they produced.

In the next story we will tell how sometimes the workers rebelled against the rich and how they were shot down by the rich men's soldiers.

Johnny Red Becomes an Actor

“A N’ candy an’
A ice cream an’
everything!” Johnny Red was telling Freddy Work, as his father stepped in the door.

“But what’s this you are talking about?” his daddy asked. “What have you been up to while I was away? Did you get arrested again?”

“Holy cats! pop—we weren’t in jail. We had a show!”

“A show with such a bunch of bad actors?” his daddy teased.

“Well, we’re not so bad—not even on the stage,” Johnny replied. “Our junior group decided to give a show to raise some money for the German Relief to help the starving boys in Germany.

“An gee whillikens, holy cats, pop!—we had a swell crowd. Even if we did giev the show in our barn. Our junior group leader made a bunch of leaflets on a mimeograph telling all about it. The juniors passed them all around the neighborhood.

“You know Mrs. Schmidt hated us like poison—remember the time she smacked me an awful wallop because I said Communists were smart? Well, she was at our show!”

“How did that happen?” his daddy asked.

“I pushed our leaflet under her door and she stopped me the next day on the street. She asked me why we were helping Germans. And I said we helped the workers in any country. German workers were our brothers, too.

“Gee, pop, she became so friendly towards me! I got a swell piece of cake from her and she made a whole German society come to our show. And they raffled off a cake and some ice cream and then



served it to everybody there. We got some too—Oh, boy!

“And our teacher came and a big crowd ’cause we went to the newspaper and they printed a story all about our show, in the barn.”

“But who acted in it?” his daddy inquired.

“Nails’ gave a swell imitation of Reggie Van Dam going to church in his new suit. Gee, the crowd just laughed and laughed! Our junior group leader talked about Germany and poor Mrs. Schmidt just cried. She isn’t so bad, pop, honest!”

“And then Freddy and I gave a boxing match—we were in tights too, daddy!”

“Sure,” Freddy joined in, “but Johnny soaked me an awful smack on he beak.”

“And say, pop,” Johnny continued, “Mrs. Schmidt told ‘Dutchy,’ her boy, that he could join our group. You know he wanted to long ago. And Mrs. Nottsbad, the public school teacher, told Jimmy he could join, too. She said we were a little misguided but intelligent and energetic.

“And how much money did you make?” Johnny’s father asked.

“Freddy and I just finished counting, pop, and I’ve got forty-seven dollars and thirty-nine cents. Gosh, I wish we could have made it an even fifty!”

“Well, you gosh-blanked little Bolsheviks—you are never satisfied. I see I can’t help myself. Put me down on your list too. I’ll make it an even fifty!”

The Young Comrade

VOL. I. APRIL, 1924. NO. 6.

A working class magazine for working class children



Published monthly by the
Junior Section
Young Workers League
of America.

Send all orders and articles, and remit all funds to
THE YOUNG COMRADE

1009 No. State St. Rm. 214. Chicago, Ill.
Subscription—Fifty cents per year. Single copies,
5 cents. Bundles of five or more, 3 cents per copy.
Entered as second class matter December 12, 1923,
at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the
Act of March 3, 1879.

A MINER'S LIFE.

By William Lurye, Age 13.

A BOY friend of mine had a father who was a miner. He worked in a coal field in Pittsburgh. His boss, like all bosses, was a big fat capitalist and lived in a large beautiful house. His house was situated in the center of the little town and was surrounded by grass, trees and beautiful flowers.

The rest of the houses were built of logs where the miners that worked for the capitalist lived.

This little boy's father worked very hard but they barely had enough to live on. One day the boss said he had no more work for him and would probably not have any for quite a long time. The little boy's father tried to find work but he couldn't and so the days flew on. Soon he had to sell the little furniture he had in order to feed his children and wife and little by little six months passed by.

After the six months were up he was called back to work. He only worked about two weeks when there was an explosion. Being deep under

ground he could not get out in time to save himself and was buried beneath the coal with many other miners. The coal was dug up and the bodies of the men were removed. They were all taken to the hospital but could not be saved for they were already dead and one of these dead men was my friend's father.

The widow and her children moved to Chicago. Now the little boy is a member of our Junior Group and helps to fight for the workers' rights. JOIN THE JUNIOR GROUPS!

A JUNIOR COMMUNIST'S WORDS.

By Annie Rinaudo, Age 11.

I should like to know why the miners have to work, while the rich have joyous times.

We should all help one another and not be greedy or stingy.

The Young Comrade said to me that I ought to join with the other children to make a junior group. The group leader tells us that we must love the working class and fight for the revolution.

WITH THE JUNIOR ARTISTS



Our Artists

HERE are some samples of what our junior comrades can do in drawing. No matter what subject they choose they always bring out the idea very well indeed. They are all children of workers and do not have a chance to go to a school of art and learn to develop their ability. That is only for rich children. But some day, when we have fought hard enough, we shall have a working class society where we shall all be able to do what we are best fitted for, and not slave away all our lives for a boss.

Carrying the Fight into the Schools

...These are stories written by members of the Junior Group of Midland, Pennsylvania. The stories show how the young comrades are carrying on the fight in the public schools they attend. In spite of the hard time they have doing communist work in the schools, they are going ahead. They don't care about the beatings they get. They are real little communists. They are a bunch of Johnny Reds.

Can your Junior Group show the same record of work? Let's hear about it!

MY principal, Mr. Lloyd S. Sprowls, ordered me into the coat room and told me that he "wouldn't stand for two minutes more for this Boolshevik bunk," that we children insist on talking about in the class room. He told me that I was booked for Morganza (a prison for young boys) if I didn't cut out this Red propoganda. He wanted to know what organization I belonged to and who the leaders are and who is stuffing all this "bunk" (as he calls the working class side of the story) into us boys.

I didn't want to give him any names for its none of his business and I didn't want to have him use me as a spy on my comrades.

I asked him if he believed in war. He answered, "No, not if I see my way out of it." He then asked me what I thought of the war, so I answered, "If Germany ruled over America my father would work in the mines, up to his knees in mud and water, getting rheumatism, just as he is now when America is ruling itself." He didn't answer to this argument.

RUSSELL TOOHEY, Fifth Grade.

I AM in the sixth grade of the Midland, Pa., No. 1 School. One day while eating my dinner in the class room my teacher, Mrs. Mary Nitchell, was reading a geography book to herself.

Later she said to me, "Sam, do you know anything about Russia?" I answered, "Yes."

My teacher then asked me, "What do you know about Russia?" I answered, "There was a revolution in Russia. where the workers are fighting for the rights and run the government for themselves. In Russia it isn't like it is in this country where Rockefeller and the other rich people have all the money and who do not work for it. In Russia everybody must work. Every time Rockefeller snaps his fingers he makes a dime.



On the left you can see comrade Sam Rotella, who fights with his junior group comrades even if he is beaten by the teachers. The group of boys are the sons of coal miners in Midland, Penn., and they all belong to the junior group.

It is us working people who give him his money."

My teacher then stopped me in the middle of the story and told another boy to call the principal, Mr. Lloyd S. Sprowls. He came into the room and told me to stand on the platform. The principal then asked me what I was talking about. I told him what I told Mrs. Nichell. He then grabbed me by the shoulder and beat me with a gum-hose over my legs, and told me to go to my seat. The principal then went to the back of the room and talked with my teacher.

SAM ROTELLA, Sixth Grade.

WE had an argument about the Ku Klux Klan in our class. The principal of our school said that he believed that the Kluxers are "right in some things, while in others not." I asked him in what things they were right and he answered, "Well, they want to close the booze joints and the town in general." I asked him whether he doesn't think the government is strong enough to do these things itself and whether it needs any help from the Klan? He didn't answer this argument. Then I asked him what are some of the things the Kluxers are not right on. He answered, "Never mind your impertinence and don't bring any of your Bolshevick stuff in here." Then he started to talk against the "young Bolshevick" organiza-

tion, meaning I suppose the Young Workers' League and the Junior Section. He said that such organization should not be allowed and that "those who don't like the laws of this free country should not stay in the U. S." when all us Red kids are born here. I wonder where he would send us to?

I then told him that the working people have as much right to have any organization they like, just as the bosses have the Y. M. C. A., Boy

Scouts and the like. My principal then stated that our organization was a "dirty" one and that if the miners would get all they want that this government would be bad. I answered that the government would first be good if not only the miners but all the workers had what they wanted, not as it is now, where only the bosses have what they want.

FRED ARNAL, Eighth Grade.
TONY NOTE, Seventh Grade.

With the Juniors

THE Sointule B. C. group of the Canadian section now has 20 members. Besides discussing working class questions, we have a gymnasium for athletics. Our leaders are two members of the Young Communist League. At the Karl Liebknecht celebration our group acted in a play, called, "Our School" and also gave a tableau representing England, France, Germany and Soviet Russia.

—Annie Palo (Age 11.)

Barrackville, W. Va.

AT our Feb. 16th meeting the following took place: Comrade Brajkowich gave a speech; what she read about Johnny Red. It was received with clapping of hands. Comrade Mazura gave a speech what he heard and a speech was made about Leo Granoff.

—Mary Brajkovich (Age 12.)

Cobalt, Ont., Canada.

WE have here a communist children's group. Sometimes we take parts in shows. We noticed that the YOUNG COMRADE needs money. We will give a show from the children and send the money to you.

Eino Gronberg (Age 11).

Los Angeles, California.

I may state that we have now organized a junior group in San Pedro. At the first meeting eleven children between the ages of 9 and 13 were present. We are collecting money for German Relief and for our political prisoners.

—A. Lyons (Leader).

Red Granite, Wisconsin.

AT our first meeting we had only 9 members. At our second 10 and at our third we had 15. Our juniors recently gave a program at the Finnish Worker's Hall. We gave mostly poems and

songs of the "Young Communists" which made the audience applaud loudly. Our big job is right in the public schools making propaganda among the great mass of the worker's children.

—Anna Bjorlund.

St. Paul, Minnesota.

A junior group has been organized here. Comrade Claire Strong Broms as our leader. We received the letter about working right in the public schools. We will try to win over all the school children whose fathers are workers.

—Jake Calof.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

WE have added another junior group of 40 members to our ranks. On Liebknecht Day the Y. W. L. turned the last half of its program over to the junior section. The juniors had their own chairman and gave the play called "The School Struggle." This was the biggest attraction of the demonstration.

—Eva Stone (Leader).

West Concord, New Hampshire.

WE have established a junior group. Five of the members go to the same public school so we have been urged to have these five act as the junior committee right in school. In this way we can make better propaganda among the working class children of the public schools.

—Agda Salmi.

Rock, Michigan.

I will tell you about our junior group. We can't get an older comrade as leader but we will continue to do the work of the juniors. In June we are going to arrange an affair and send the money for the starving German children. We just got a new member which makes seven altogether.

—Vilho Uusitah.

Comrade Sunny's Column

HELLO, little comrades! Here's a letter from Frank Valentine, of Meriden, West Virginia. The daughter of the coal mine boss sent Frank a valentine, but the boss himself, fired Frank's brother because he is a radical. Well, it's nice to receive letters from all over the country. You see, I've always wanted to travel, but anyone that belongs to the working class finds it hard to get money for anything like that. However, getting letters from comrades from all four corners of the country makes up for it and Frank's letter from the coal mines is a valuable addition.

Thanks for the pictures, Simo Rissanen. They will be used in The Young Comrade. I am writing a letter to you.

And what can be the matter with George Meyerscough? I have not heard from him in a long time. Even your father says you have forgotten him too. You ought to write us all unless you are so busy making the revolution that you have no time!

That reminds me too, that I have not heard from our little Canadian comrades for ever so long. Now I want the next mail to bring me lots of letters having a Canadian stamp on the outside. I know there are plenty of young comrades in Canada because they are always sending in dozens of subscriptions to The Young Comrade, our own paper.

I have heard from a lot of comrades this month, and of course, you know, I cannot answer them all. It would take up the whole paper. But some of the real good and interesting ones are being printed in the paper.

Every little reader, lad or lassie, ought to write me letters. I will answer them, every one. Have you written to me yet?

Yours for the Juniors,

COMRADE SUNNY.

TEACHER: Well, children, tomorrow we have no school. Who can tell me why?

BOY: We have no school because it is Good Friday!

TEACHER: And why is it Good Friday?

BOY: Because we have no school!

War and the Boy Scouts

By G. Bleth.

THE fight of the capitalists shows us that there will be a war soon. Because, the millionaires can't agree how to divide the oil and money markets of the world they will lead this country into a war.

That is why they are preparing the children of this country to be soldiers. They want lots of people later on to go and fight for the capitalist's money. But we will fight only for the working class and not for the bosses.

The capitalists use the Boy Scouts to prepare the young people for war. We must keep away from the Boy Scouts. And if we are in the Boy Scouts or have friends there, we should make propaganda there to get the children into the Junior Groups.

We don't want to fight in a war to protect the bosses. We will only fight in the daily war of the workers against the boss.

A POEM FOR THE JUNIORS.

I'm one of your Young Comrades,
My name is Ethel Crane.
My papa is a worker,
Our feelings are the same.

I belong to the Junior Group,
He believes with them too,
And if your papa doesn't,
I guess it's hard on you.

We hate rich bosses and landlords;
Big fat capitalists are they.
They make people slave for them,
And give them little pay.

The capitalists are 'fraid of us,
Our group they won't allow.
But "where there's a will there's a way."
We'll beat them anyhow.

So let us join together,
And prove comradeship hot.
For, "one stick can be broken,
"A whole bundle cannot."