



THE YOUNG COMRADE

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PERIODICAL DIVISION
BUREAU OF CONGRESS
SENT TO YOU



OFFICIAL ORGAN * JUNIOR SECTION * YOUNG WORKERS LEAGUE OF AMERICA

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Is America Going to War?

A FEW weeks ago the United States congress voted to spend the big sum of \$330,000,000 for the war department of the government and \$150,000,000 for the navy department.

Aren't these terribly big amounts of money? You never saw so much in all your life. But the funny thing about it is that all these millions of dollars are not going to be spent by the government for something good for the people of this country, or for the workers. They only spend a few millions for education. And they

get the most money in some foreign country.

The workers get nothing out of these capitalist wars, except to be killed. The capitalists sit at home and at the end of the war the winner gets the foreign country and all the industries, like coal mines. They also get their investments of money in those countries. The capitalists are the winners and the workers are the losers.

spend only a few million dollars to take care of the health of women and little children. But they spend hundreds of millions of dollars for the army and navy.

What is the army and navy for?

The army and navy are used to carry on wars!

Do you know what happens in a war nowadays? The wars today

are not fought for the workers. They are fought for the capitalists. And the capitalists need big armies and navies to fight them. And the workers are the ones who are the soldiers and the sailors. The workers are the only ones who are killed in wars.

You see, when American capitalists want to protect their money in a foreign country, they often have to fight against the capitalists of some other country. All capitalists are greedy. And they fight to see who is going to

pretty soon the United States is going to go to war with another country. That is why

they are spending so much money on the army and the navy.

But the workers and their children must see that these wars are the wars of the bosses and not the wars of the workers. We should fight against the capitalists. And we fight against them all the time.

Would you like to see your fathers and brothers die on the battlefields

for the capitalists? Of course not! If they must fight, we are going to fight our own enemies, the capitalists.

Even the little children of the workers are being prepared for war. That is what the Boy Scouts are for! That is why it is the duty of every child of the working class to fight against the Boy Scouts.

Don't forget that you have your own war—the war of the workers against the bosses!

If you are in the Boy Scouts' organization,



Children of Workers' Russia at Play.

tell your friends in it what they are being used for, to fight against the workers and for the bosses. Get the Boy Scouts to join the workers' organization of the children, the junior

section of the Young Workers League.

Join our own organization. Learn to fight! But learn to fight in the wars of the workers and not the wars of the capitalists!

The Tale of the Communist Fairy

By INO BELL, 12 Years.

FAR off in a large city lived two children, Mark and Alice. These children were poor and lived in a miserable building in an alley. Their mother and father worked in a factory from dawn till dusk, coming home so tired that they did not even wish to speak. Mark shined shoes in the streets although he was only ten years of age, while Alice stayed home to mind the smaller children and keep house. They seldom had enough to eat and their clothes were very ragged. In fact, it was living in an eternal struggle, a struggle between life and death, for death seemed always to be waiting by the door of this shanty where there was never warmth and seldom enough to eat.

Mark and Alice had never been to a school and their mother and father did not have time to teach them. They heard some things from other poor children about capitalists and workers but could not understand. They often thought of this question but could not solve it.

One night Mark got home earlier than usual and seemed more tired and thoughtful. Alice noticed it at once and put Mark to warm himself and dry his clothes by the fire for it was a cold, drizzly day in December.

"What's wrong with you, Mark?" she asked him. "You seem more tired than ever."

"I heard some other boys talking about an explosion in a factory and how many people were killed and the owners did not care at all," he answered. "Oh, Alice, why are we so poor and those capitalists so rich?"

Alice did not answer for she did not know how, and they thought deeply. The room was very silent, but suddenly the door opened and a gust of cold wind came in. Then in the doorway they saw a wonderful figure. She was clad in a beautiful gown of red which trailed behind her. Her face was marvelously beautiful and kind. Her black hair fell down over her shoulders and red gown in thick curls and tresses. In one hand she held a flag—a red flag—which floated

behind her. In the other hand she held a torch which lighted the room like the sun and made it warm and glowing.

The spirit stepped in and the door closed behind her. She stepped in front of the two bewildered children and spoke in a kind, grave, but beautiful voice.

"My children, I have watched over you as over other poor children and I see that now is the time to make myself known. I am the spirit of Communism. I am going to make all people happy and free. No one shall be a slave. This world shall be a great Commonwealth of Labor."

Then she talked on, teaching Mark and Alice about the rich and the poor, about how they were being robbed. And then she told them about the Commonwealth of Labor. As she talked, Mark and Alice saw wonderful pictures of that time. How the children and people were happy and healthy, working and playing. There was no money for people to fight for—everything was wonderful in this Commonwealth of Labor. And then she stopped talking, bid the children goodbye and told them to work hard for the cause of the workers. As quickly and quietly as she had come she went out. The door closed softly behind her and the children looked at each other.

"Now we know, now we know!" shouted Mark, jumping to his feet and waving his arms.

"Wasn't she wonderful, didn't she talk beautifully?" whispered Alice, still under the spell of those magic words.

"Won't it be great in that Commonwealth of Labor!" exclaimed Mark.

"Yes," said Alice. "We must work hard to free the thousands of slaves under the capitalists."

And so they did, and so should every other junior do. When the victory is won we shall have the wonderful Commonwealth of Labor.

The workers make everything in the world. They ought to own everything.

Little Stories of American History

By MARSH.

Workers' Suffering After the Revolution

WE have already told how the workers in the colonies often fought against the rich and we have told why the revolutionary war was fought. Now, after the revolution the workers found out that all the promises made to them were not being carried out. It was only the rich that got anything out of the revolution.

First of all, the workers were not allowed to vote because they had to have lots of money and be owners of land before they were given the ballot. So the rich elected anyone that would do as they said, and not the workers. Once the workers revolted against this, in Rhode Island, when Thomas Dorr led a fight in 1842 to get the vote for everyone. But he was put in prison for life for having tried to make all men equal in deciding the laws of the country.

The workers used to get only about two dollars a week. This wage was not bad enough to suit the bosses so they even tried to get the children to do work. In Boston, a special work house was built in order to keep the children slaving instead of playing in the street! Many hundreds of children were "bound over," as they called it, to the rich and had to work of them. And when the poor children could not stand the terrible work any more and ran away, there was a law, in Massachusetts, for instance, that gave the police the right to whip them.

The workers got such low wages that they had to be borrowing money all the time. And instead of seeing to it that the workers got good wages, the government of the rich put them in prison. These were called "debtor's prisons" and they were the most terrible places. They were damp and rotten and cold and dark. And the poor workers simply rotted away there. They got the worst diseases from living under these horrible conditions. They had to suffer in this way because they could not pay the money that they had been forced to borrow from the rich bankers.

Men were put into debtor's prisons even if they owed some one twenty-five dollars and there were many cases in which poor workers had to go to the awful jails if they owed less than a single dollar!

Tiny children from seven to twelve years old were put into factories and forced to

slave away for a living. The first cotton mill that was opened in 1789 by Samuel Slater and there was not a single worker in the mill that was over twelve years old.

Even big men in the government, like Alexander Hamilton, were in favor of getting little children and women to go into the factories to work. Hamilton said that the women and children would be more useful in factories than in the home. But they found that the factories were places where the work was so hard and cruel that the children were like real slaves and could not get the joy out of life that they were entitled to.

And while the workers were suffering in this awful way, the rich people, who had told them of the liberty and justice they would have after the revolution, were getting more powerful and rich. They were robbing the workers, and the government was fixing up everything so that they could make more money. First, the continental money was not worth anything. But the rich were told secretly and they bought up all the money. And in a short time, the government said that the money would be worth as much as gold and the rich made great profits.

So you see that there was no such thing as liberty and justice for the poor, for the workers. Only the rich people got anything good out of the revolution.

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The Juniors Call a Meeting

By BILLY SAYLES

"SIT down!" Johnny Red shouted.

"Sit down—or I'll crown you!" "Nails" added in a deep voice.

And they all sat down.

"Speed" Martin sat down; and Schmitty and Johnny Work and Annie Work and Rosie Red and all the juniors sat down.

It was as quiet as could be. Just like at night when you wake up and everybody is sleeping and there is no noise.

It was a meeting of the juniors and Johnny Red was chairman.

"Comrades," he said, "school is out and vacation time is here. This meeting was called to decide what our group should do during the summer. Does anyone want the floor?"

"Mr. Johnny Red," "Speed" Martin called out.

And everybody laughed and "Speed" blushed. "Comrade chairman, I mean," he added.

He was a new member and the minister's son but he worked hard for the group and they all liked him.

"I suggest," he continued, "that we all pick out jobs besides what the group does.

"I'm going to help Johnny Work deliver the washing his mother does for that rich Mrs. Van Damn. Widow Work is sick and it's too hard for Johnny and I'll let him use my wagon, too."

"Fine, Comrade Martin," Johnny said. "Who's next?"

And three or four wanted the floor at the same time but "Nails" shouted: "Sit down!" again and they all sat down.

Schmitty got the floor from the chairman.



And he volunteered to deliver all the "Young Comrades" and "Young Workers" to everybody who bought them from the juniors in the neighborhood.

"I can do it when I peddle the other papers on my route," he said. "And I'll try like sixty to get some subs!" he added.

And then Nails got up. And he said: "I want volunteers for 'The Junior Flying Squad.' Our leader has a list of all the open-air meetings for the next three weeks. And we will sell literature at all of them. Lotta Work and Rosie Red and I sold a whole bunch last night and Rosie even spoke on the soap box—didn't you, Rosie?"

"You tell 'em," Rosie answered. "But gee, I was scared stiff!"

And everybody laughed and Johnny Red said: "Holy cats!" But they were all proud to have a speaker in the group.

"Say, Comrade Chairman, how about that 'Flying Squad,'" Nails asked again.

And when Johnny Red called for volunteers almost all the hands went up.

But Mildred Mild said: "I don't have to speak, do I? My knees would just bump each other, I'd get so nervous!"

And Nails shouted out: "Pad 'em!" And everybody laughed again, but Mildred volunteered to help anyway.

And then there was a general discussion and many things were decided.

One night a week they decided to go together to play in the Washington School Playground so they could all play with the other children and get new members.

And they set dates for practice for the baseball team.

And when they decided all those things and were going to adjourn, Mrs. Schmidt walked in carrying a large bundle.

She said she just came from the office and the comrades asked her to get all those leaflets distributed.

And before she could explain Nails shouted: "Flying Squad!" And in a few minutes all the juniors each had a bunch of leaflets under their arms ready to go all over the neighborhood.

And as they were leaving Johnny shouted: "Holy cats, look how many Rosie has! Can you distribute them all?" he asked her.

And Rosie Red grinned and said: "You tell 'em!"

The Curve in the Road

By INTO SUVANTO.

THEY are making a road along the north shore of Lake Superior. It is supposed to go as near the shore as it can. It is going to be a concrete road for people who have cars and can go any place they want to.

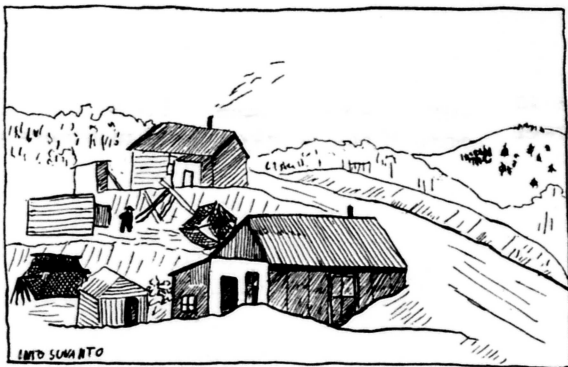
One day there were men working on the road. They were scraping and fixing it. I went and walked back and forth with them.

The boss was telling me about where he was born and many other things. There was a curve in the road and I wondered why, so I asked him. He said that the land was owned by a rich lawyer where the road was going to go through, and he didn't want to have the road to go through his place. So they made a curve.

Farther on there live two fishermen who are very old and poor. They are between seventy and eighty years old. They have lived there about thirty years. Their job is very dangerous, fishing on Lake Superior. Some fishermen have drowned while fishing. In 1918 the big fire burned their place, and they saved their lives by going out into the lake with their boats.

When the road came to their place the fishermen couldn't say anything about the road going through their place. It seems as though the road goes nearer to the lake than in any other place.

One camp is nearly buried in the bank of



the road, and the other has been put up higher than the road. One fisherman said that he will have to move away because there is no place to land their boats, and their smoke houses are on the other side of the road.

The difference between the rich and poor is that they make a curve in the road to save a beautiful lawn and summer home for the rich. But when it comes to the poor fishermen the road destroyed their place where they worked and lived.

The Red Flag

By DOMENIK BRUNI, 13 Years.

WE will let the Red Flag fly
'Way above our shoulders high.
And let it stand up brave and proud
For that's the flag of the working crowd.

Oh, Flag so red, as red as blood,
Throughout the earth in thy name shall
flood.
So let us keep it gay and bright
For that's the flag that gives us right.

Then hold it high up, brave and bold,
And let it stretch each curve and fold.
And in our hearts we'll always say
This here world shall be ours some day.

Our Own Movie Show

By TILLY LURYE.

I am sure that every grown up worker or young comrade would like to see the show that I saw last Sunday. I think that it is better than any moving picture show we can see today. I learned that Russia is better than America in many ways. For instance, in Russia they don't have police watching the people at every corner as they do here. They trust the people. We comrades can't march around the street and sing songs. If we try to do so the police come up and grab us by the necks and throw us in prison. In Russia the Red Flag hangs all over and the juniors march through the streets singing the Internationale and holding the Red Flag.

We juniors in the junior groups of America want to have the same privileges as today in Russia. We can only get these conditions by organizing more junior groups, fighting with more spirit, and if we keep at it long enough we will establish a workers' and farmers' government here, too.

We Mourn the Loss

Bobbie Blade, six year old, a member of he Lincoln Park district of the United Workers' Sunday Schools, was run over by an automobile truck on May 5, 1924, and killed. He was a young fighter in the battle for the workers and his comrades will continue in the fight until victory is won.

The Miserable Children of America

By BENJAMIN P. CHASS.

ONE thousand school boys and girls are having a jolly time, enjoying the music and entertainment of the evening. All are gay and happy. The hall is decorated with the most exquisite dainties. All feel as if in paradise. Gladness reigns everywhere. And this is the way it should be with the growing flowers of humanity. And only this way should children live, always and everywhere.

But is it this way with all the children in this country? This is the richest country in the world, so of course we should all have all of the best things in the world. But do we?

While these one thousand children were happy, there were two million other children, boys and girls, who were miserable. These 2,000,000 do not go to school; they cannot go; their fathers are not paid enough for their work; their mothers must work, too, but even then it's not enough to live even half decently. So the little tots must go to work selling papers, or working in the mines, or factories, or mills, or farms, working from early morning to dark.

These 2,000,000 children cannot enjoy life; they do not know what a good time is because, while these other children were having a good time, these working children were already in bed, dreaming about the next day's work. They must get up early in the morning, just like their poor fathers in order to be at work on time. They never see the sunshine, or play ball, or enjoy a movie; they never have time to read a book. All their young lives, they work, toil, slave.

Since these little tots are not paid enough by their rich bosses, they can't buy enough of good food; they live in old shanties. And in this way, they grow up into weak men and women, and in poor health they live the rest of their miserable lives. Many, many times they wish they were better dead, than to suffer all the time. Yet in school they tell you that America is the best country in the world. But is it a good country that makes its little boys and girls work in the coal mines and factories? Is it a country that you can love if it does not give all the children a good education, plenty of good food, and a good home and plenty of fresh air and sunshine? Can you be loyal to a government that makes mothers work and children slave?



A Junior Group in Meadowland, Pa.

In New York there are thousands of children going each day to school hungry and weak. The same is true in every city in America. Must this misery and unhappiness always be the reward of these 2,000,000 children? Why must it be so? ?

Young comrades, a government which forces mothers and children to slave, is the greatest criminal in the world! Millionaires who make children work and pay them starvation wages are the biggest robbers in the world. These millionaires own all the mines and the railroads and factories and everything else we need with which to live. These rich robbers make us pay high prices for everything and pay their workers the very lowest wages. These rich thieves don't care if the workers and mothers and children starve; they own this country and the government, too. They rule the schools that teach you all sorts of lies. And because of this, America, which can provide the best of everything for everybody, is instead made a miserable place to live in.

Young comrades, we don't want to live in such a country. We want a place to live in that will bring the best of everything to all the people. We want the children to enjoy life, and they can't enjoy life working in a coal mine.

Young comrades, we want America to belong to the people who make America, and that is the workers of this country. When America belongs to the workers, then all the mothers and children will be happy. Misery will vanish. So, young comrades, it's your duty to help bring about this happy America. Each must do his or her part.

WITH THE JUNIOR REDS

LOS ANGELES.

THE Los Angeles comrades seem to be far ahead of other juniors. On May Day, 85 members of the junior section kept away from school and celebrated international labor day along with the workers in their town. The teachers and principals are doing everything they can to destroy the junior groups there. But our juniors are doing very good work and will continue to do so in spite of persecution. We hope that when next May Day comes all the juniors will follow the example of our Los Angeles comrades.

DILLONVALE, OHIO.

THE Dillonvale comrades say they hope the rest of the country will follow their example in organizing junior groups. We agree with them. Any comrades who can organize a group with 64 members certainly deserve to be imitated. They celebrated Lenin's birthday of May 12th and had some plays and speeches on the program. Good work, Dillonvale juniors, keep it up.

PULLMAN, ILL.

OUR juniors in Pullman will not let themselves be outdone by our older comrades. After the strike in Pullman, the Workers Party organized an English branch and the Young Workers League organized a branch also. The juniors consist mostly of children who helped to sell DAILY WORKERS during the strike. They have a young cartoonist, named Frank Gorke, who is going to be a regular contributor to The Young Comrade.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

TWO new junior groups were organized last week. This makes four for Milwaukee. The comrades here are certainly on the job. Comrade Sunny reports she was up there last week and spoke to the Young Workers League members on the work of the junior groups. It looks like the Milwaukee comrades will soon be far ahead of the rest of the country. I guess the comrades in other cities will have to get on the job.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE comrades in Philadelphia are going to form a junior city central committee soon. On May 25th they held a picnic and all of the comrades enjoyed themselves. At last the big cities are beginning to organize. This is a very good sign. Keep it up, Philadelphia juniors.

ASTORIA, ORE.

RING the bell. Another new group has been organized here. They have 30 members to start with and the comrades promise to keep continually increasing the number of children who attend. Com-

rade Paul Siro was elected organizer. The comrades elected a committee to sell The Young Comrade. They get down to business as soon as they are organized. That's the stuff. If the Astoria keep up the pace they started they will soon be ahead of many of the older groups.

SUPERIOR, WIS.

RING the bell again. I guess we will have to hire someone to ring the bell for the new junior groups that are organized. It is Superior, Wisconsin, that has organized a junior group with 21 members. The comrades say they will get as many more new members as they have now. If every league did that, we sure would have some junior section. In spite of the fact that almost every member is a subscriber to The Young Comrade, they have ordered 20 copies of The Young Comrade every month, so they can sell them to children outside the organization. The older comrades are going to have a picnic here soon and the juniors are going to try to win some of the prizes. Good luck to you, Superior juniors. We welcome you into our ranks.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE Boston comrades have two junior groups functioning. There are many children waiting to enter the junior groups in different sections of the city. The Young Workers League is going to have a class for leaders and we are sure many groups will be formed there soon.

**This is a government for the capitalists.
We want a government for the poor workers
and farmers.**



Comrade Sunny's Column

DEAR LITTLE COMRADES:—

I got so many interesting letters I had to say that little verse:

*Eeni, Meeni, Mini, Mo, Workers robbed
wherever they go;*

*They can help it if they will, we young
comrades tell them so.*

That is how I hit upon the following letter which is not only the lucky letter but also very interesting. After you have read it you will agree that a junior group organization that can grow as this one grew is well worth visiting to see the lively young juniors that made it grow.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Comrade Sunny:—

We have in this city four junior schools organized since the 15th of April. Before the 15th of April we had no junior group. The Young Workers League that started five days before we did began to organize a junior group.

Now we have more than 125 juniors and a big group in West Allis, Wisconsin. And we are still growing. We are getting bigger every day.

Your comrade,

* * * * *

But because Milwaukee is so near to Chicago I find I can visit this city and still have time. So I am going to go to Minneapolis, too. On the way I will visit other junior groups.

I wish there were a dozen of me or that I was a millionaire so that I could visit all the groups that wrote to me. But there can't be a dozen of me and if I was a millionaire I wouldn't be writing for this paper because I would be too busy robbing the worker; so I can only visit a few groups.

Next month I will print some of the letters I received from other cities and maybe I will have something interesting about the trip to tell you of.

Yours,

COMRADE SUNNY.

Write to Comrade Sunny, 1113 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill., and she will answer each letter she receives.

The Young Comrade is the paper of the children of the workers. If you are one, then buy it and read it.

Forward, Comrades!

By GERALDINE MAREK, 12 Years.

GO ON, young comrades,
Fight your way.
You'll win in the battle
Of freedom some day.

Red will our flag be,
Pure will be our soul,
For in this new country
Happiness is our goal.

Be not with the capitalists,
But be in the fight;
Be with the comrades
And you will be right.

For long years afterwards,
In our new home,
We'll tell the stories
That are greatly renowned.

Your father joins a union to fight the bosses in the shops. You should join the junior section to fight the bosses in the schools.

THE MAN AND THE COAL

By Mary Smolik

THERE lived some people who had six children. The man could not get any work. One day he went to get coal. While he was picking up coal a train came along. The next thing I saw, the man was lying on the track with his arm off. The man stayed in the hospital for nearly six months. If the boss would have given him work he would not have to go out to pick coal.

All workers should join a workers' organization. The bosses have theirs and we have our own. That is the junior section for the workers' children.

EQUALITY ON THE EARTH

By Nora Grigoriva

ONE day as I was in a bakery shop a woman came in. She looked shabby and dirty. She begged for a piece of bread. The store keeper being a kind-hearted woman gave her a loaf of bread. After she left I said that if everything was equal on earth she would not have to beg for bread.

That is why we organize junior groups so that everything will be equal on earth.