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YOUNG WORKER

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE YOUNG WORKER'S LEAGUE ★

JULY
1923



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No. 7

Gompers Meets the League

ON the morning of June 18th, the Secretary of the Young Workers League received a letter, dated the 14th, which was in answer to the "Open Letter" addressed to Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, and which reads as follows:

Dear Sir:

Your letter of June 1 received and contents noted. Owing to my absence from the city on official business an answer has been delayed. However, I will be in Chicago the coming week and would like very much to discuss this matter with you. If you will call at the Morrison Hotel any time Monday it will be possible to arrange an hour convenient for a conference.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) Samuel Gompers, President,
American Federation of Labor.

And on the 19th Mr. Gompers' Secretary had arranged for a conference to be held at his hotel at eleven o'clock in the morning.

Our committee, consisting of Comrades Martin Abern, Alfred Albright, Natalie Gomez, and Charles Krumbein of the Workers Party, were ushered into the august presence. There, besides Gompers and his secretaries, were a large part of the Executive Board of the Cigarmakers' International Union, whose Executive sessions Gompers was in the city to attend, John Fitzpatrick and Edward Nockels, president and secretary respectively of the Chicago Federation of Labor. The introductions were hardly slipped over, than Mr. Gompers asked for the names and addresses of the delegation, the industries they were employed in and if they were in the unions. The questions were answered to apparent satisfaction, and the letter of concrete proposals, which had been drawn up by the League, was then handed to Gompers by the spokesman, Comrade Abern.

But not so easily is Mr. Gompers made to act upon something. He put it aside for the time, and asked his secretary to read the "Open Letter." Then began a long series of questions, the barrage behind which Mr. Gompers secluded himself from the necessity to consider or answer our proposals.

"Where was the data obtained? Where was the Convention held? Which organizations were represented there?"—And when his requests for a copy of our new constitution had been complied with, and Section 2 of Article 1 (dealing with the purpose of the League) had been read—"Aha!—Dictatorship of the proletariat! Establishment of Soviets! Of Communism!" He interrupted his secretary by saying that there was no need to read further.

Then there began another volley of questions, interrupting of Abern's answers, splitting of the thinnest hairs, nibbling and beating about the bush. Gompers told of the great work that the A. F. of L. had done in the direction of the abolition of Child Labor. It had been the Federation which had placed the Anti-Child Labor Law on the statute books; and now that the Supreme Court had ruled adversely on the law, he, Samuel Gompers himself, was calling a conference, in the most approved style of our President, of all International Unions, voters' or-

ganizations, women's leagues, and numerous other organizations, for the purpose of initiating a movement for the adoption of a constitutional amendment for the abolition of Child Labor.

At this point came the argument, which was obvious supposed to wither us with a fine scorn, to show the absurdity of our proposals. "If," said he, in effect, "you are against the principle of Child Labor, why do you want the International Unions to lower the barriers against the admission of these youthful workers into their ranks. Is it not enough that the A. F. of L. is doing all it can, has been doing, in fact, all you propose, for the last decades? It is because the labor unions do not believe in having children employed in industry, that they have clauses against their admission to membership. We recognize the fact that the conditions of the young wage earners are bad, and therefore we are working for a constitutional amendment to abolish that work. With 28 millions of wage earners in this country and only about 5½ millions of them organized, all the efforts of the 90 paid and 2,200 voluntary organizers of the Federation are being expended to unionize them; and while the organization of the young workers is important, it is secondary in relation to the necessity of organizing that 22½ million. As an example of our work, in spite of these handicaps (?) we point to the fact that the United Mine Workers of America caused the elimination of six to eight year old breaker boys working 12 and more hours a day, and the United Textile Workers helped the children in their industry, and the campaign for the organization of the steel workers in 1919 accomplished similar wonders."

This sort of logic is rather astounding. Of course, the fact that the subject which was being dealt with was not that of Child Labor, but of Youth Labor, was apparently a thing of unimportance in Mr. Gompers' eyes. And even though the question were that of the child slaves—does it settle the problem by calling a conference which may initiate a movement whose end may be achieved in the hazy, dubious future? And incidentally, does the tremendous pre-occupation of Mr. Gompers' 2,290 organizers excuse their ignoring the unionization of the young, when it is considered that in this period of comparative "prosperity" the membership of the Federation is by no means increasing as it should; and when it is considered that we must add to Mr. Gompers' 2,290, the organizers of each individual international union, whose numbers are in some instances 40 to 50 per union, is his excuse convincing? Or is it some more of the wearying oratory which is so frequently used as a substitute for action?

One of the things which it does indicate is that Mr. Gompers' mind still substitutes century old situations for present day ones. When, in 1830, the earliest trades unions, such as the New York Typographical Association protested against their displacement by young apprentices, roller boys, who took their places and caused a depression in the trade, they may be said to have had some justification for their later action in putting up barriers against these young workers. But at this period in the development of industry, with its breaking down not only of the differences between craft, but, at the same time, also the difference of ages, to talk of barriers is absurd.

Finally the League's letter of proposals was read to the assemblage as follows:

June 18, 1923.

Mr. Samuel Gompers, Pres. A. F. of L.
Dear Sir and Brother:—

With more than 5,000,000 young workers up to the age of 20 years employed in American industries, their importance to the Trade Union movement is plain. They are, however, up to now, largely unorganized. Heretofore, the employers have been able to use them for their ends. We believe that they *can* be organized by the American Federation of Labor. Their enthusiasm, energy, and idealism can be made a tremendous factor as a source of strength to the Organized Labor Movement. Separate young workers' unions within the A. F. of L. are unnecessary and out of the question. Still, a certain specialization in methods to reach the young workers, adapted to their psychology, is necessary. Therefore, we make the following proposal:

That there be created in the American Federation of Labor a special Young Workers' Bureau or Secretariat for the purpose of stimulating the trade union education and organization of young workers, this Bureau to have, among others, the following functions:

1. To point out the importance of the young workers in industry and to encourage all branches of the Trade Union movement to carry on a vigorous campaign to organize them.
2. To compile and publish statistics dealing especially with Child Labor and other features of industry, particularly relating to the young.
3. To issue a regular News Service to the Labor Press, and to induce the various Labor papers to develop special Departments devoted to the problems of young workers.
4. To issue Organizational and Educational pamphlets especially written to appeal to youthful workers, and pointing out the philosophy, the achievements and the goal of the Labor movement.
5. To carry on a special campaign among adult unionists showing them the dangerous "Open Shop" tendencies their children are exposed to, and providing them the means wherewith to educate their young to the necessity of Labor organization.

Hoping that this suggestion, which we believe meets a great need in the Labor movement, will meet your approval and support, we remain,

Fraternally yours,

The Young Workers League of America,
Martin Abern, Sec.

Here was a program which was a practical trades union document, something upon which the organization of the young workers, the Young Workers League, and the organized labor movement, the American Federation of Labor, could find a common ground for a tremendous piece of work. Here were suggestions which involved no complicated machinery, no great expenditures, but which, if carried out thoroughly and in the right spirit of co-operation, would be of incalculable value to both the young and adult workers of this country, a permanent contribution to the strength of the labor movement. But it seemed that Mr. Gompers was not concerned primarily with any such thing. When the letter had been read, he began to ask more of the usual questions.

"You speak of the goal of the trade union movement. You

mean, do you not, that the goal is to be that mentioned in the constitution we read before?" And Comrade Abern answered, "Yes." But Gompers immediately took it up and began expatiating on the question of goals. Labor had no goal but that of the daily work, how to make the morrow better than today, and so an and so forth.

"Why is it necessary to create a special bureau for the young workers?" To which Comrade Abern replied that the particular psychology of the youth necessitated a different method of approach. He indicated the Women's Trade Union League as an example, calling it a sort of a Women's Bureau of the Federation, and Gompers shot back, "The most remarkable thing about that statement is its untruth!" The quibbling went to such a stage, that when Gompers had begun a long discussion as to whether the Central Bodies affiliated to the A. F. of L. paid this much or that much to the parent organization and had rebuked Abern severely for his "misstatements," the latter was obliged to say, "Let's not split hairs. We have come here with a definite program for work."

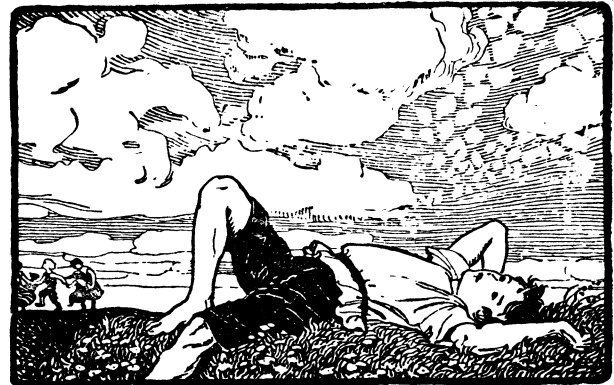
And so, after a long disquisition by Gompers on the already existing Press Service of the Federation, and, by implication, the needlessness of a special Young Workers Bureau with all of its functions, the conference was brought to an end. Mr. Gompers seemed to be a little bit peeved when Comrade Abern asked whether our proposals would receive further attention. Of course, he responded indignantly: that was why the conference had been called. It would be given the closest consideration by the Executive Committee of the Federation, but he would give no promise as to the results; he could give no promise because he was not the one to decide.

Comrade Abern then made a statement for the League, in which he hoped for the whole-hearted co-operation of the Federation in this matter, and promising the same co-operation from the League.

The delegation left the room, and the affair was over.

* * *

The Young Workers League does not intend to rest there. When we said last month in this paper that "the workers of America will hear more of this, and in the very near future," it was not an "empty gesture" nor a "rhetorical phrase." We have taken this matter seriously, and carried it on as far as we have gone, with sincerity and energy. The conference with Mr. Gompers is not our final goal. We want to bring this most important question before the rank and file of Organized Labor in this country. We want to impress them with the necessity of organizing these viciously exploited youths. We want them to accomplish this task with the help of their "leaders" if the latter will work with us; without these "leaders," if necessary, if they are as evasive and so desirous of beclouding or belittling an issue as has been Mr. Gompers.



The Open Letter to the American Federation of Labor

Mr. Samuel Gompers

Dear Sir and Brother:—

After investigating the economic conditions of the young workers in this country and after a thorough discussion of ways and means of improving these conditions, the Second National Convention of the Young Workers League of America (the organization of the young workers in the United States) instructed its National Executive Committee to submit the following statement through you to the American Federation of Labor:

Our own investigation as well as official statistics of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor show that the young workers in this country—in many instances mere children—are compelled to work long hours and for less wages than the adult workers.

In most industries (if not in all), and even in such where the eight hour day has been established by the unions, young workers are still compelled to work nine, ten and more hours a day. Need we tell you, Mr. Gompers, that the conditions in the steel mills, where the twelve hour day is still in vogue, are simply appalling and that large numbers of young workers suffer under these horrible conditions? You must be acquainted with the conditions of the young workers in the mines, where they labor inhumanly long hours at the most hazardous work.

Surely you have not forgotten the statement you made in 1909 after your return from Europe—"America is at least two decades behind European countries in the protection of life, health and limb of the workers." And you must realize that since then this country has made shamefully little progress, particularly in the matter of protecting the life and limb of the working youth. We specifically refer to the action of the United States Supreme Court in throwing out two national child labor laws. Your statement made in 1909 is particularly true today as far as the young workers are concerned.

You have spoken of child labor quite often, Mr. Gompers. Certainly you are aware of the abominable fact that over 2,000,000 children fifteen years of age and under work for their livelihood. We need not elaborate on this disgusting state of affairs. We just want to point out here, however, that the official statistics of the U. S. Dept. of Labor show that children of six years of age and under are being worked as much as fourteen hours a day.

These are the reason why the Second National Convention of the Young Workers League of America, on behalf of the millions of young and child workers of this country turns to the organized labor movement to find the means to remedy the conditions that now exist. Our organization cannot carry on the struggle alone and isolated from the unions. Moreover, we emphatically reject the idea of special youth organizations on the economic field.

That the young workers, as a part of the entire working class, can only better its conditions fighting shoulder to shoulder with the adult workers, was the unanimous decision of the convention. The convention furthermore expressed its willingness to lend every possible aid to the unions for the purpose of organizing the young workers. Particular emphasis was laid upon the necessity of a united labor movement and the combating of all dualism in the industrial field.

We need not point out to you that it is not only in the interest of the young workers that we urge them to organize, but it is above all in the interest of the working class, in the interest of adult workers as well. The fact is too well known for us to need to stress it that the young workers are very often used as strike-breakers to scab on the adult workers on strike. In this manner the young workers are used to reduce the standard of

living of the adult workers.

It is, therefore, the imperative task of the organized labor movement to pay the greatest attention to the young workers and to enlist them in the ranks of the labor unions. The young workers want to join the unions. So far, however, they have been prevented from joining them by many barriers, such as age limits, etc. A concerted effort must be made by the American Federation to bring within itself the great mass of unorganized young workers.

We ask you to consider these questions and to devise ways and means of making it easier for the young workers to join the unions. We deem it necessary that all barriers be abolished and that the gates be thrown open to all young workers willing to join the unions. All youthful toilers above the age of 15 years of age should be admitted with full rights.

Our convention has also set up an economic program and a series of demands for the young workers based on the conditions now existing. Considering the importance of this question, we call upon you, fellow workers and brothers, duly to examine our demands and to let us know at an early date what decision your committee has arrived at regarding the organization of the young workers in the unions.

We are particularly interested to hear from you what immediate steps you intend to undertake to assist the working youth in their fight against child labor, long hours in the steel industry, bad sanitary conditions in the chemical and other industries, abolition of night work in industries dangerous to the health of the young workers, for the protection of life, health and limb of the young workers.

The American labor movement cannot let the cry of the suffering millions of children and young workers pass unheard and unheeded. We sincerely hope the organized adult workers will lend a helping hand to the young workers and assist them to organize into the unions and fight with them for better conditions. Unity is strength.

The young workers are waiting for you to act.

On behalf of, and by the authority of the Second National Convention of the Young Workers League of America,
NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,

Martin Abern,
Secretary.

Flag and Wreath

On seeing High School boys hang a Memorial Day wreath on the statue of Lincoln.

Merry, merry marchers, following the colors,

Do you know that you are marching to slaughter and be slain?
On the green of this spring morning, on the white of your young bodies,

Murder—thoughts of men who herd you make a horrid stain.
Stepping off so carelessly in blouse or belted jacket,

Led by lads in uniform,—look at them, and think:

Where is it you are marching to the music of your masters,

Who dig the pit and play you merrily toward its brink?

A pit in France already filled, is marked with ghastly crosses.

Those who escaped its jaws are far too wise to march again.
So the master's pipe to you, merrily, Oh, so merrily;

For when they make their next war you will be young men.

They have you talk of Gettysburg, no word about the Great War;

The Argonne is best forgotten and graves with crosses new.

Lay down your wreath and march away. The urchins who look on today

Will march in turn with band and flag to bring a wreath for you.

—RENA DEANE.

The Convention of the American Communist Youth

By SIGI BAMMATER

(Note: Comrade Sigi Bammater, member of the Executive Committee of the Y. C. I., arrived in America just previous to the Second National Convention and attended all the proceedings of our Convention. However, it was deemed inadvisable, for reasons which all comrades can readily understand, to have him announced and speak openly at the Convention. With but few exceptions, namely, that Comrade Bammater has not as fully as he might, taken into consideration the organizational and other handicaps of the League, we heartily endorse the views of the comrade from the EC of the YCI and shall do our utmost to achieve them and thus, too, the aims of the Young Workers League of America and the Young Communist International.—EDITOR.)

THE Young Workers League of America held its second national convention on May 20, 21 and 22. Many conventions have been held before, but this convention of the Young Workers League was unquestionably different in every respect from gatherings of this kind held in the United States. It not only marked the beginning of a new year of activity, but it also was the starting point for a new form and type of work. The convention showed a wonderful youth spirit. It was full of pep.

Some readers will say: "Well, these are nice phrases; they have been handed out before—old stuff." But let me assure you that every word here is the fact.

I have assisted in a good many conventions and gatherings in all parts of the world, but seldom have I been so much impressed as by this convention of the Young Workers League of America. Again, I can hear some say: "He flatters and compliments us; and surely it not talking seriously." Take this out of your mind. I want to emphasize that I mean what I say.

To say that this convention greatly impressed me, that it was, in fact, one of the finest gatherings of young workers I have ever attended, does not mean, however, that we should not be sincere with ourself and entirely overlook necessary criticism. To do this would be a great mistake.

Let us examine the achievements of the convention. Let us also look over the good points and let us search for the weak points in our past activities, and frankly point out to ourselves and the young workers what must be done to overcome our weaknesses.

The Task of the Second Convention.

Some comrades think a convention is a place for the secretary and the National Executive Committee to report—tell us there are so many branches, so many members, and we have so many nickles on the balance sheet; and then adopt a few resolutions, liberally sprinkled with halleluias—"down with capitalism!"—there must be plenty of exclamations; and then there must be some changes in the constitution, and the election of a new NEC. That's how it was done before.

But the Second convention *has been* a turning point. It threw in the scrap-heap the old, traditional and quite useless bureaucracy of the by-gone days that hampered the real practical work. The second convention had other tasks than merely passing of motions. All the tasks of the second convention centered around the one all-important aim: *To become a real mass organization of the young workers in the United States.* For this reason it simply could not quibble over small matters, and necessity demanded that the convention take a direct route, that it should do decisive work—that it should be straightforward in facing the problems of the working youth.

The Lack of Proper Work in the Past.

In the past the proper work was not carried on for reaching the masses of the young workers. The League was too far from the life of the young workers. It had no connection with the shops and factories where the young workers slave away their lives. And now let's be quite frank about it. The Y. W. L. will never become a mass organization until we *do* have this contact. Some comrades will smile and repeat their meaningless remarks that the slogan of *to the masses* has been broadcasted time and again, and that there has been a good deal of talk about it, but that, nevertheless, we have not come anywhere near to a mass organization. This is only too true.

Those comrades who made fun of the slogan of *to the masses* were the very ones who were the farthest from the young workers; they tried to shut themselves up in little debating clubs as "pure" revolutionists, afraid to lose their "communist clarity" by coming in contact with the non-communist young workers. They discussed and discussed their problems, but have never grasped the real meaning of a mass organization, of the necessity of taking an active part in the daily struggles of the young workers. They have not realized the need for going to the young workers, finding out how they live, and with that knowledge carrying on their work.

It was, therefore, plainly the task of the Second National Convention to tell, in simple words, what a mass organization really is and lay down the basis for work to get to a mass organization. This it did.

What is a Mass Organization?

A *mass organization* means that we gather into our ranks the largest number of class conscious, or partially class conscious young workers, and that, furthermore, we exert a steady influence on the broad mass of young workers who for some reason or other we do not get into our ranks. It also means that all our work must be such as to stir us on to take part in all phases of the life of the young workers.

The Young Workers League is not a political party. Neither is it merely an educational society; nor is it a club for the pleasure of its members. The Young Workers League, as a part of the working class—representing the youth—must take an interest in all the problems of the young workers, and therefore must be alive and alert wherever the young workers gather—above all at the point of production—the place where the young workers work and are exploited.

The Work Before Us.

"The youth must solve its own particular problems," said Comrade Jay Lovestone, of the Workers Party, and author of the book, *The Government—Strikebreaker*. In the past the Y. W. L. has greatly neglected this work, and did not pay enough attention to "its own particular problems," and hence could not solve them. The question rightfully comes up: "What are the problems of the youth?"

The most important, immediate task of the Y. W. L. is to make a thorough and far-reaching investigation of the actual life and conditions of the working youth in the United States. It is its special work to gather material that will enable the Y. W. L. to know everything about the life of the young workers, their needs, their interests, their tendencies, their prejudices, and adopt all its activities to these facts. The Y. W. L. must not only "inhale the same air" as the masses of the young workers and suffer with them, but it must also fight with them at all times, and at every opportunity. Here is a specific example: There are thousands and thousands of young workers in the steel mills, suffering under the twelve hour day. That much

everybody knows. But the Y. W. L. has no definite information so that it can carry on a campaign that will interest the young workers themselves. It is the duty of the League to get in contact with the young workers in such mills and interview them, get information from all sources, become fully acquainted with the actual conditions under which they work, and in this way be able to get these young workers to fight with the League for the betterment of their conditions.

How Can the Y. W. L. Carry on This Work?

All this work can only be carried thru if the Y. W. L. is in daily and continuous contact with the young workers themselves, so that it can feel their pulse, as it were. Only thus can the Y. W. L. utilize every incident and every happening, and make an issue of it in its economic struggle. The League must have a means of getting to the masses. This can be done by having its outposts right within the factories—everywhere that the young worker slaves. What does this mean? It means that the organization must be built on an industrial basis, that instead of being formed on the basis of where the members live, it should be organized on the basis of where the members work. This form of organization is known as the *shop nuclei*. The *shop nuclei* form of organization was adopted by the convention, and the delegates gave their unanimous support to it.

In the *shop nuclei* form of organization every member will become an active worker for the organization. Instead of as now, only a few are interested in our struggles in the *shop nuclei* each of the members will be assigned a duty which he will be interested in carrying out.

The argument has been made that this form of organization can only be had when we have become "strong enough." Nothing is more incorrect. Only by building on the *shop nuclei* basis and by carrying on the every-day work can we ever become strong at all. There is a greater incentive to attract new members thru the *shop nuclei* and its work. The members in the nuclei know personally their fellow young workers in the shop, and by carrying on daily the economic struggle they cannot help but interest young workers in their factory in the work of the Young Workers League, thereby increasing the strength of their nuclei, and eventually the strength and influence of the League as a whole. The resolution on the *shop nuclei* (which will appear soon in pamphlet form) gives many other very good reasons why we should, as quickly as possible, transform to the *shop nuclei* and shows how this will be done with the least difficulty*

The Sport Problem.

Another youth activity which can very well be carried thru the *shop nuclei* is sports and athletics. The nuclei can arrange hikes and outings for the young workers within the shops and attract them in that way, and bring them in contact with the Y. W. L. Thru this means the League can point out the aims of the bosses in forming factory sport teams, and show why the youth should organize into working class sport organizations. A special feature of the paper should be reports of the sport activities. It is up to the young workers to see that the proper, interesting material is given to the party press on sport and athletic events. In summer, the educational activities, instead of being stopped, can very well be carried on together with the hikes and outings, in such a manner as to make the youth really interested in our educational work.

Anti-Militarism—The Road to Follow.

This is a typical youth question, and therefore has been sorrowfully neglected. The United States is fast becoming the foremost imperialist nation in the world, and is rapidly build-

ing an armed force. True, the problem is somewhat different than in the European countries, where they have conscript armies; nevertheless, the question of the anti-military work of the Y. W. L. is very important. Nowhere in the world are the Boy Scout organization so large, nor do they go to the masses of young boys so deeply as in the United States. The capitalists make use of every means to build itself a military machine—the militia, capitalist youth organizations, student's corps, citizen's military training camps, and a vast number of other organizations which can easily be transformed into an efficient army in the event of war.

The League has overlooked these things. I will be outspoken. Decoration Day, a day that is seeped in militarism, when the master class praises its "brave heroes" in the wars for profits, when it points out the need of "preparedness" and the desirability of large armies,—a wonderful opportunity for our anti-military agitation. And what did the Y. W. L. do on this day? Nothing! Absolutely nothing. This must not happen again. All these incidents must be grabbed and made use of. The Y. W. L. must use the boys' weeks, and the campaigns that they carry on to get the young workers to go to their military training camps each year. A fine opportunity was overlooked when the League failed to agitate against the bad food given in the military training camps, and point out that this happened before when thousands of soldiers in the Spanish-American war were poisoned by the meat trust. It must take advantage of 4th of July and other such occasions. These things must be exploited in the paper and by the League everywhere.

The New Educational Work.

Theoretical education is only of value when it is put together with the every day struggles of the working class youth. The A B C of Marxism cannot be taught by any particular method, but must come from an understanding by the young worker of his exploitation in the shop. Here the nuclei again proves its advantage as a form of organization for carrying on this special work. Being right within the factory, the nuclei can very easily point out the Marxian lessons to be gained from the exploitation within the shop, and where necessary it can add book study—not the dry kind, but the sort that connects up with the life of the young workers. Then, the press, if it is to become a means for education it must also be a mirror in which is reflected the actual life of the young workers, and should contain simple explanations of the struggles of the youth, and point the steps to be taken. In this respect the *Young Worker* has completely failed. The young workers in the steel mills, in the coal mines, in the factories could not understand it.

The convention recognized these failures and pointed out the proper steps; and it is up to every member to see that the new policies are carried out; and that can be done by you, young workers, sending in your letters on what you see about you in the shops, by telling us how much wages you get, and how much your fellow young workers get, and under what conditions you work. In fact, tell all about your life. Write to *your* paper about *your* struggles in the shop.

The youth organization being the training ground for the party, all the activities of the Y. W. L. must be carried on in closest co-operation with the Workers Party. The Party problems are the problems of the youth, and the problems of the youth are the problems of the Party.

Last but not least, the convention took proper steps to organize the youngest members of the working class—the children. There was a good and enthusiastic discussion on this subject which showed that the children's work will not remain a dead-letter, and the children themselves will see to it, once started, that their organization grows. The nation-wide campaign for the children's section is to be started during *Children's Week*

(Continued on page 20.)

*) A sixty-four page pamphlet has just been issued by the Young Communist International that covers the *shop nuclei* question thoroughly. "From Isolation to a Mass Organization," by Richard Gyptner.

"The Damn' Greaser"

By A. D. ALBRIGHT

"WHAT are all you men doing over there?" shouted the foreman of the billet mill while running in the direction of a group of men who had excitedly congregated around some object on the ground. Pushing his way to the center of the crowd he found a man lying flat on his back with blood running from his nose. It was one of the Mexican laborers.

"Who did that? I'll fire the man that did that," shouted the foreman as he assisted the Mexican to his feet. "What is all this fighting about?"

"Fire away!" The words cut the air like a pistol shot and the speaker, a young Irishman, pushed past his friends, who had tried to hold him back, and sprang in front of the foreman, with clenched fists and blazing eyes. "You damn Greaser lovin' skunk, you fire me on account of that dog, and I'll kill you both."

The foreman, realizing that he was in wrong, said, "We-well, what was the trouble, Jim? You have always been a pretty good man and always peaceful. You must have had some reason for hitting the Mex. What was it?"

"Well, that is better," said Jim Gleason. "You see it was this way. I was hurrying over to the clock house and this guy was right in my way. I might have pushed him a little when I passed, I don't know. I don't like Mexicans anyway. When I got passed, the Mexican muttered something, so I turned and said, 'Shut up, you damn Greaser!' and as I did, he picked up a spike and threw it at me. I dodged it and let him have a punch in the nose that floored him. The only thing that I'm sorry for is that I did not hit him hard enough to kill him. Where is the dog?"

At this they all began to look for the Mexican, who had gone. The cause of their excitement had left, so they began to scatter out and get back to work. Jim, with a couple of his friends, walked back to their job.

"What do you think of that boss sticking up for that Mex like that, Jim?" said one of them.

"Well, that is to be expected. The company loves niggers and Mexicans now, because there is a strike coming on. The Mexicans don't do no work. It takes six Greasers to do the work of one white man. But when the strike comes along, the company expects to use them."

"Do you think the leaders will have the nerve to pull a strike on the Steel Trust? No Mexicans will be able to break the strike, because they won't work hard enough. But if they do use Mexicans here, we sure will fix them."

"Sure, they will pull the strike if old Gompers don't interfere. If our officials pull this strike in spite of him, they'll sure show him up. Well, so long, I'll see you all tomorrow," and the maker of all the excitement of that afternoon entered the mouth of the fiery monster known as a steel mill. He got back to work with his mind on a strike.

But the next day, instead of seeing his friends at work as he thought he would, he was called to union headquarters and found them waiting there.

"You were right, Jim," shouted one as he came toward the union hall, where a crowd of men were excitedly discussing, shouting and every one talking at once. "The strike has been called."

At this point one of the local union officials told everyone to come into the hall. Volunteers were asked for for the picket line, and every one rushed to the front. Very careful instructions were given as to what the pickets should do and what they

should not do. The force was divided up into shifts. Jim and his two pals found themselves on the first shift.

"Now we will have a chance to see who are the real men in that mill and who are the skunks," said Jim as they were going toward the mill gates.

"I'll bet that those Mexicans are in there yet. Of course, that is to be expected," said one. "If you had killed that one yesterday, there would have been one scab less."

Suddenly every one stopped. Look what is in front of the mill gate! Who are those men inside the mill? They were not the Mexicans. They were not niggers. They were not "ignorant" foreigners. Of all people that would scab on his job, these were the last that he thought would do it. For there in front of the gate, standing with the sheriff and several of his deputies, was his old friend in school—Captain C. A. Henterberry, who had been over seas in the war. Since the war he had been drilling the R. O. T. C. in the High School. Standing behind was part of the High School band and some of these same R. O. T. C. boys that the Capt. had been drilling.

Jim was speechless. Of course, Charlie Henterberry had not been a very close friend in school because his father had been president of the bank for a number of years, but Jim and he had played on the same football team together. During the war he had been one of the most patriotic young men in the town. He did not get to the front line trenches, but then he got to Paris and that is pretty good. Jim had always liked him pretty well, and when he heard any one telling how bad the rich people are, he always thought of Charlie and thought to himself that the moneid people could not be so bad. Charlie was always a good fellow. He is head of the American Legion, too. But now he looked at him like he would look at a snake. He looked at that uniform; how nice and pressed up it looked. Wouldn't it be nice to dust up the ground with!

Henterberry began speaking. What's that he is saying? "You know, my good men, if it had not been for these big corporations during the war, the German Kaiser would have won the war. I appeal to you as loyal Americans, who love their country and their God, not to desert your employer now; he helped you win the war, fought for freedom and—"

Jim's mind had been on one thing. Were those Mexicans in the mill yet, scabbing? At this point he saw a bunch of them walking down the street with their packs on their shoulders, evidently leaving town.

"Freedom! Freedom!!" He shouted. "Yes, I fought for freedom on the firing line, but the only thing you fought was the battle of Champagne in Paris. Now you are doing all the loud talking about freedom. I want some of that freedom that they told us about before we went to France. I want to earn enough money to enjoy some of the freedom. But you—you dirty cur—you want to take freedom from me. Why, you are so damn low—you damn yellow skunk. Them Greasers going down the street are whiter than you. They wouldn't scab on my job. But you—you low down son of a—." Bang, bang!

There were only two blows struck. One was on Charlie's chin and the other when Capt. C. A. Henterberry hit the ground. But the next day Jim found himself in a hospital with a bullet hole in his leg.

Two things kept chasing through his mind, "Those damn Greasers are not so bad after all." Then, as his mind would come back to the scene of yesterday, he would rise up until the pain from his leg would nearly drive him mad, and fiercely whisper, "But these hundred per cent patriotic Americans, God—," and then he fell back exhausted.

Youth in the Hell-holes of Capitalism

By JOHN EDWARDS

Heretofore we have spoken about the exploitation of the young workers in American industry. We have mentioned a few cases of sweating and slaving; but we were not specific enough. The young worker slaving nine, ten and even twelve hours a day in the factory is very much interested in what the young workers in other factories are doing; what his fellow workers wages are, what he suffers under. These facts must be published. This data must be collected and given wide circulation. How are we to get it, will be asked by many. There are many sources. First, hundreds of our members work in the very industries in which youth are most exploited. Perhaps they cannot write well. That is not necessary; they can collect the information and send it in the best they can. Again, our members, read the labor papers. Individual cases of brutal treatment and exploitation of the youth often appear in them. All of us come in contact with young workers employed in industry. We talk to them. Why not record such information gained by interviewing these young workers?

Here is a start. The following facts have been gathered from the sources we here mention—from labor papers, actual contact with the young workers in the factories and shops, and by interviewing young workers on the street—wherever they can be met.

A Young Slave Speaks.

"Did I investigate conditions in my shop?" was the surprised reply of a young worker in the Western Electric Company in Chicago when I questioned him about conditions in his shop. "I couldn't help it. Working ten hours a day, sixty hours a week, I was bound to learn something of the conditions of my fellow workers. I find that in this factory there are 31,000 workers. I would be safe in saying that from 50 to 60 per cent of them are under 20 years of age. Those who employ the workers in this factory, make particular efforts to get the young fellows and girls; there are many fourteen years of age, as they work them that young.

"They have a night shift starting at 5:30 at night and running to 5:30 in the morning. The work is monotonous—just pulling a lever on a machine again and again."

Then followed a woeful tale of the dull jerking of a machine, hour after hour, the deadening repetition of the same movement ten hours a day, six days a week, hundreds of days in the year—if the young fellow was lucky enough to hold on to his job, or if his fingers were not cut off in the meanwhile. The wages average about \$20.00 a week. If you kill yourself in piece work, you might make more; but then the inspectors throw out so much of your hard work, that you can never get more than the average wages. The bosses stand behind you all day.

How You Are Hired.

"Have you ever been in the army?" asked this young worker. "Well, I was, and it's lot easier to get into the army than to pass the examination they make you go through before they give you a job in the Western Electric. They want healthy slaves. You would think you were ready to enter a race or take part in some strenuous athletic tests the way they thump and press and bend you. Seven doctors take part. First they test you mentally. They want you to be alert before they kill your spirits by their dull monotony. Then they bend you to the left and to the right, and you run back and forth, and parade before droopy-mouthed doctors, who inspect you like a mechanic does a machine. It's like looking for a fatted calf; they want you to be plump and solid before they kill you."

A Worker in Sweet-Stuff.

If you could taste the bitter gall of the youth who make your candies they would not be half so sweet. But the bosses are

careful to keep their product sweet and the young workers in the candy factories must vent their wrath here and not in the candies they make. A girl comrade sends us the notes of a talk she had with a youthful worker in *Buntes Brothers Candy Company*, Chicago. Here are the facts tabulated: There are 7,000 workers in this factory; 65 per cent of them are girls, under the age of 20. For the first six months they get \$14.00 a week for a fifty-two hour week. They stand on their feet most of the day. There are girls who dip chocolates by hand, and they have their hands up to their wrist in chocolate. You, who like chocolate, might think it's pleasant because you can eat as much you want; but it has a sickening taste to you if you have to swing your arms about for ten hours a day and get \$14.00 a week for it; and when you live alone you find that it costs you just about \$18.00 to \$20.00 a week to live. Of course, you can earn some money on the side and later become a prostitute if you want to; but meanwhile that avenue is frightful to you and you slave on and try to live on the impossible wage of \$14.00 a week; and you listen to sermons by the Young Woman's Christian Association and the many Ladies' Societies on how much good they do for you.

Burned to Death in Factory.

"One girl was killed, two others and three men, including one fireman, were seriously burned, the lives of 800 employes (mostly young girls) were endangered," writes the capitalist *Daily News* of Chicago. . . . Continuing the story, we learn that "the explosion occurred just as the employees were preparing to quit for the day.

"When the vat burst the three girls and two men were deluged with heated rubber-benzol mixture."

Danger not only threatens those who work in factories, but the smug office workers as well. *Industrial Solidarity* writes: "A large number of clerical workers are suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis (tuberculosis of the lungs) and have a death rate from that disease of almost twice that of all other employed persons over 15 years old. According to Dr. L. L. Harris, of the New York Board of Health, 42 per cent of office workers from 15 to 24 years old, suffer from the white plague."

Minneapolis Girl's Robbed of Chance to Live.

Organized labor in Minneapolis has taken up a fight against the exploitation of the girls in that city under the so-called Minimum Wage Law. The *Munsingwear Company* is the worst offender. Apprentices in *Munsingwear* get \$7.68 a week, and full-fledged wage slaves get \$12.00. A weekly budget prepared by a worker who knows what it costs to live, and who was particularly careful to get to absolutely rock-bottom figures, shows the following: Room rent for one week for a girl is \$3.00. Seven breakfasts at ten cents each is \$.70. Seven lunches at 25 cents each, \$1.75. Seven suppers at 25 cents each \$1.75. Carfare for the week, \$.72. Church, \$.25. Laundry, \$.50. Newspapers, .18. Doctor and dentists, \$1.00. Clothing, \$3.00. A total for the week of \$12.85. This allows for no amusements, not even an extra bit of bread and for no emergency fund should the girls become unemployed.

Rich Bank Exploits Girls.

Munsingwear is not alone in Minneapolis. *The First National Bank* hires girls for \$7.68 under a fake apprenticeship clause in the Minnesota law. To bring the hypocrisy of a powerful bank, worth millions, exploiting helpless young girls, the *Minneapolis Labor Review* sets forth the facts:

First National Bank Assets	\$97,000,000
Wage Paid Girl Employes	\$7.68.

(Continued on page 16.)

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An Opportunity for Us

THIS month we have with us again, for the 147th time, the celebration of July Fourth. At the same time that the little children set off their sky-rockets, pin-wheels and Roman candles, the politicians, the rhetoricians and the verbal magicians will set off their oratorical fireworks. With nobly trembling voices they will eulogize the "boys of '76" and manly tears of emotion will glisten in their beery eyes. They will glorify the great patriots of that time and chant the praises of our wonderful democracy. Incidentally, they will not forget to "note with alarm" the growing communist movement, and warn the Great American Dobb of the terrors which will follow if the insidious influence, "now eating like a canker into our peaceful lives," ever gains ascendancy.

What they will not do is tell the truth of the whole affair. They will not tell that the revolution was largely a movement of the growing American commercial class against the prohibitive tariffs and exceptional laws which hindered their progress towards wealth and power; that George Washington was the richest man in the country at that time and a slave-owner, and had used his position as surveyor to the King of England for his own purposes; also that his patriotism was so great that he had refused to join the rebels until he had been promised the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary Army. It will not be whispered that John Hancock was only saved from a court conviction for smuggling, because the Concord massacre happened on the day of his trial; that the flag under which the rebels fought during the first stages of the war was the Red flag and that it had been used in the battle of Bunker Hill; that the noble fathers of our country met in secret at the convention which framed the Constitution, and that one of their great fears at that convention was the rise of the debtor and working classes of the time; that Alexander Hamilton used his position as Secretary of the Treasury to tip off his friends on the stabilization of the "Continental;" that one of the first official acts of Congress was the organization of 15,000 soldiers to throttle the "insurrections" of the poorer sections of population against the internal revenue tax on whiskey which was the accepted standard form by which the settler sold his corn; that the constitutional convention was a series of compromises between the two parts of the dominant class, the northern part of which allowed the southern part the right to own slaves until 1808 in return for the right to enact a protective tariff; that the abolition of slavery after 1808 was agreed to only because, as delegate Ellsworth of Connecticut said, "as population increases poor laborers will be so plenty as to render slaves useless."

None of these choice bits will be related from the platform. The truth is so embarrassing, don't you know!

On July Fourth, when a revolution which is gone and buried is glorified, it is our duty to point out what actually happened.

Where we are unable to hold meetings to counteract the lies and smoke-screens we should at least discuss the significance of the day in our branches. We should point out the hypocrisy of those who praise a revolution, which took place 150 years ago, and condemn any attempt to revolt against a system, which is hundreds of times more oppressive than the rule of the British King ever was. Our slogans against capitalist imperialism should be brought to the forefront as an antidote to the verbal poison with which the minds of the young workers are filled. The opportunity to agitate against militarism is an excellent one and we should not miss it. Even the smallest meeting that we hold will be of better value to us than a silence indicative of apathy, or, what is worse, sheer neglect. On with our work!

International Youth Day

International Youth Day, to be celebrated this year in America on Sunday, September 2, will soon be again in the foreground of the young workers' minds. International Youth Day, together with Liebknecht Day, are the two most important dates and events in the revolutionary young workers' movement. International Youth Day represented, on its original observance in Europe, the first real protest of the class-conscious workers against the imperialist-capitalist World War, and the first effective action taken to rally once more the class-conscious workers round the banner of revolution.

International Youth Day, initiated by the European revolutionary youth, was the forerunner of the Young and Communist Internationals. This year the Young Workers League of America will again sound upon Youth Day the young workers' revolutionary challenge against the oppression, exploitation and slavery of capitalism. Reaction still rules the greater part of the globe; in the United States of injunctions and capitalist baby-snatchers, the unromantic pirates continue madly choking the last bit of energy and strength and profits out of the working class. Child labor is predominant. Militarism increases to stem possible resistance against exploitation and to uphold, among other terrors, child-murder. The Young Workers League this September 2nd, 1923, must more than ever sound the message of class-consciousness and unity of the workers against the united capitalist oligarchy of America; must proclaim the struggle for the overthrow of capitalist society and its replacement by a Workers Government. Only then can the misery, degradation and poverty cease to be the daily and real nightmare of the masses.

Workers! Celebrate this September 2nd, the day of the revolutionary youth of the world—International Youth Day!

For a Labor Party

The convention that has been called by the Farmer-Labor Party to be held in Chicago on July 3rd, is one of the most important events in the history of American Labor to be chronicled for a long time. For the first time in American history are the conditions over-ripe and advantageous for the formation of a political party of labor, completely independent of and opposed to the parties of Capital, both the Republican and the Democratic. The long series of humiliating defeats on the industrial field have been paralleled on the political field as a result of the "reward your friends and punish your enemies" policy of the reactionary clique which is at present misleading the organized American labor movement. The venerable Mr. Gompers has been forced to admit time and time again that so far as results are concerned, his policy has failed utterly. His recent statement that Labor had not a friend in Congress was but too true; and no amount of temporary salve applied by the so-called progressives in that body will prevent the forma-

tion of a class labor party by the rank and file which is fed to sickness with the bitter pap forced down its throat by the rulers of this fair land. Industrial Courts, the 59 varieties of Criminal Syndicalism laws, labor-hating legislative bodies and Judicial courts, strike-breaking governments and Injunction Daughertys of varying degrees, have taught the worker a long-needed lesson.

While the federated Labor Party, which will undoubtedly be organized at the July 3rd conference, will not be a revolutionary body in program, it will be revolutionary in the sense that it departs radically from the policy prevailed hitherto. Hundreds of labor unions will be represented there, as well as the Farmer-Labor Party, the Proletarian Party, and the Workers Party. It is to the everlasting shame of the decrepit Socialist Party that it refused to participate on the ground that the workers of America were not yet prepared for independent political action. The same miserable excuse could of course be used for the purpose of advocating the disbandment of the Socialist Party itself. If there was anything more needed to show the workers the political and moral bankruptcy of the S. P., this refusal should be rather conclusive; its identification with Gompersism is now complete.

The Young Workers League will also be represented at the conference. Its delegates will do all they can to have the part of our program which deals with child labor, incorporated into that of the newly-born party. The adverse decisions of the Supreme Court on the subject of child labor calls for an aggressive demand for its complete abolition and for the adoption of laws for the protection of the young workers in the industries.

The League delegates to the convention are Comrades Martin Abern, Alfred Allbright, Sidney Borgeson, John Edwards, Nathaniel Kaplan, Max Lerner and Max Shachtman.

New York to the Fore

The members of the New York League have started an energetic movement of protest against the action of the conservative trades union leaders of that city in giving credentials to army officers so that the latter may approach labor unions for the purpose of encouraging enlistments in the Citizens Military Training Camps. They point out that the training camp teaches one to become a proficient murderer; also, that the conditions of the camp are so rotten that it is very rare that one ever encounters a re-enlisted man.

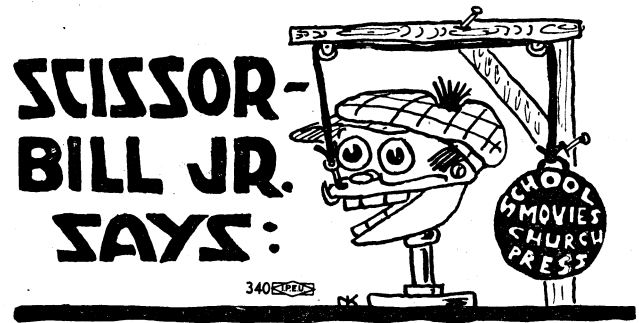
A former member of the camp writes us as follows:

"We were trained there to be proficient soldiers—proficient in the ugliest sense of the word. We were trained to shoot always at the ground in front of the enemy, so that the bullet might ricochet or rebound, thus misshaping the bullet, in order that it might cause a jagged and ugly wound. We were trained also to handle a bayonet, twisting it in such a way as to efficiently tear out the bowels of any opponent. We were instructed to drive our bayonets either through a man's chin to the top of his head or through his stomach.

"We were promised that we would receive excellent physical training and development. We were told that we would gain in health at the Government's expense. But during the time I was at camp, thirty of us were down at one time with ptomaine poisoning. The entire camp was so badly afflicted with diarrhea at various times, that we had to stop all training. I myself returned from camp having been sick with diarrhea for three weeks. I lost eight pounds as a result of my 'vacation.'

"I must add also that the moral influences in and about the camp were not at all elevating. Profanity was prevalent everywhere, among the officers and men, and these young boys developed the habit of indulging in riots of drunkenness, when they went off on leave.

"I think the delegates of the Central Trades and Labor



Scissor Bill, Jr., says, that even before the Ward Trust locked out the union workers from their factories, that the damn vegetarians in the Young Workers League boycotted the Ward Products.

* * *

A revolution was alright in dis country in 1776, but if any of you damn commune-ists try anything like that to-day, look out! If the Koo Kooos don't get you, Defective Burns must.

* * *

Dis talk about a Labor Party is all bunk—even if you do start it, it's gonna take you more'n five years to train de absent minded voters from putting their cross besides the Eagle and Star.

* * *

POINT OF ORDER, MR. CHAIRMAN!

There was a wise Yowlet named Parks
Who knew twice as much as Karl Marx;

He spieled half the night,
Which ain't of course right:

At last he got fed to the sharks.

* * *

BILL SCISSORBILL JR. THINKS:

That Bill Burns is a Scotch poet.

That the Comintern is some kind of a medical student.

That a Labor Party is an evening affair which you attend in your working clothes.

That Marx & Engels run a second-hand clothing store.

That dictatorship has something to do with stenography.

* * *

Henry Dubblet: "I see the Indians in Utah are on the war-path again."

Bill Scissorbill, Jr.: "If they don't like this country, why don't they go back where they come from?"

* * *

DISCIPLINE!

There was a young red named Hennessey
Who hailed from the hills of Tennessee;

He feared not big bats,

Lions, girls, nor wild cats,

But quaked at the name of the NEC.

Council did not know these facts when they made their decision, otherwise they would have acted differently."

The movement initiated by the New York comrades is a very commendable piece of work in the direction of our anti-militarist activity—something which has heretofore been unfortunately neglected. Bravo, New York!

Don't read this over someone's shoulder; buy your own copy.

The Last Years

By ALFRED TIALA

(Concluded from last month.)

By 1923 the United States was seemingly at peace with all of the world. In fact, we were made to believe that the United States was desired as a benevolent mediator to end the little martial follies that still hung over Europe after the Great War as mists hang in the valleys after an unusually dewy night. We were the mountain of glory from behind which the eternal sun of peace was to shine into the remotest cranies of an unevenly constructed world. For anyone to say then that we were soon to be at war was to be lauged at. Even a certain amount of prosperity returned, and people were happy.

The Great World War, of only a few years ago, was becoming a legend. And it happened with the Great World War as it has happened with other significant historical events, that as soon as it became legendized, the glory features were overlooked and the glory exalted. This was particularly true in regard to the younger generation who had not suffered the realities of war. High schools and colleges were putting out a new crop of young men in whose minds heroism had been systematically fostered. They had been in the most impressive age of their life just when the war was raging. The stories of heroic air aces had started their imaginations running wild with their reason. They hankered for the sweet danger of the airman.

In the period that followed after the World War scientists and inventors were kept busy experimenting with new forms of air craft, and in the beginning of this year of 1924, when the minds of the common people were again riveted to the antics of politicians in a presidential campaign, the pilotless airship was perfected. Its speed and carrying capacity are almost unbelievable.

Ostensibly the competition in perfecting aircraft was carried on for peaceful purposes. A significant thing to which most of us paid no heed was that the building and experimenting was done entirely under military supervision, and in military secrecy. Like all the rest, I read the newspapers and believed the front pages, where a great hullabaloo was made of what a wonderful thing the aircraft would become for the world's commerce.

One had to look in obscure corners on back pages for little notes about work being carried on in perfecting poison gas bombs. The idea was totally discredited that a poison gas bomb had been produced by the United States government, the explosion of which would wipe away half of the largest city in the world. Of course we believed in the efficacy of science to produce such agents of destruction, but we believed that the infernal machines would not be used; for just at that time the United States entered the so-called World Court, and we were given to understand that one of the specifications of our government upon entering was that inhumanness should be abolished from warfare. Presumably the president proposed that future capitalist wars should be carried on with cottonbatting balls fired from an air gun.

A more dastardly thing than the gas bomb is the germ bomb, which we know now had also become a reality by the end of 1923. It does not kill populations as rapidly as the gas bomb, but it will do it more thoroughly; and I understand it is much more difficult to combat. This thing consists simply of deadly disease germs being encased in shells to be shot from specially designed guns or dropped from airplanes that can be directed by wireless for hundreds of miles.

I shudder at the thought of results. My own death will be comparatively pleasant. What is a clean bullet hole that brings

instantaneous oblivion compared to the slow torture of dire disease! I wonder that more do not choose my course. Are they cowards, or do they possess a lingering, hopeless hope that their lives will be spared?

One thing I do understand now—it is the so-called "Policy of Isolation," which became the openly acknowledged policy of our country immediately after the Versailles Peace Conference. Previous to 1914 all nations sought alliances. It was the close of the era when victory in war depended absolutely upon having great numbers on one's side. In this year of 1924 masses do not count for anything. Even the smallest nation can conquer the greatest if it can surpass in inventiveness—at least that has been the will-o'-the-wisp of diplomats and politicians.

I suspect now, with a reasonable degree of certainty, that as early as 1921-22 the American government, in refusing to participate in the so-called reconstruction of Europe, did so because its experts felt that we could conquer and become masters of the world. No doubt they saw limitless possibilities of subjugation and exploitation. Our nation was purposely isolated in order to carry on with greater secrecy the machinations for world domination. While American bankers, shylock-like, were demanding their pound of flesh, the government was preparing itself for the conflict that was to come.

The European powers, especially the weaker ones, held longer to the old policy of alliances. They learned, however, that they could not agree, so the slogan became: "Each power for itself." And while diplomats talked hypocritical cant about peace and reconstruction, they carried on their imperialistic designs and hired technologists to experiment with and invent the deadliest of instruments.

In the end of 1923 the people received a faint inkling of trouble to come. The bedraggled League of Nations, which had been in sick bed ever since birth, was given up for dead. The Economic Commission, which had been sitting at the Hague since June of 1922, supposedly planning measures of economic reconstruction, suddenly broke down tent and kidnapped the puny World Court.

We were told that the fault was with England, France and Japan. And we believed faithfully and scoffed at the travelers who came and told us that in other lands people were made to believe that the machinations of American big interests were at the bottom of the disruption. At any rate, the politicians and schemers succeeded in creating hate among the populace, a hate which is the holy sacrament that precedes the carnage.

Still there was no positive threat of war. The powers that be no doubt feared that the masses would rise against them. Perhaps some of them shuddered in thinking of the consequences of war. But the circumstances, arising from the functioning of the profit system, kept on aggravating the international situation. Capitalism had no expanding room. Each country stood in the way of another. The crisis was bound to come. And yet, while some men prophesied war, others held that it was an impossibility.

Beginning with 1924 an insidious propaganda was carried on through the public press. The seed of the thought was sown that the world would not be safe for democracy until the ideals of the United States and the American people were made the ideals of the world. This was the era par excellence of flowery phraseology. Ostensibly there was nothing wrong in spreading American ideals all over the world, but subsequent events have proven that American ideals were only a cloak for a rapacious American imperialism.

In the close of 1923 congress had made an appropriation for training 100,000 youths for fliers. These youths were selected by a special commission from among those who had particular qualifications—technical qualifications, we were told. The commission of selectors was composed of military experts. And it was soon observed by the observing that no young man was selected whose motto was not: "To hell with everybody but my country."

There was an intensely profiteering, patriotic militaristic minority which goaded the nation's politicians toward a war mania. On the other hand there was a radical minority who were intensely opposed to all but revolutionary wars. Between them was the great sluggish mass whom both wings tried to influence.

Most of us still lived in the dream that there would be no war. The nation's battleships had been scrapped, and we had an insignificant standing army. It seemed that our country was unprepared and unwilling to launch upon a war.

The minority who had kept tab of things and saw whither we were drifting were helpless. Most of them gave up entirely the hope of averting a war, and they fostered a new hope. "Very well," they said, "let us go to. The workers will have to be armed, for the masters will not fight their own gory battles. Many of us will be killed, but the men in the armies will finally tire of killing each other and they will turn upon the masters who sent them out. War will give into the hands of the workers the necessary power for a revolution."

My God, what delusions the demons will foster!

In July of this year our country declared war against England, France and Japan. Each of the three enemy countries declared war against us and against each other. We laughed at the mixup of everybody fighting everybody else. No alliances! No, nothing that had been!

We were assured that our country was so well defended that no enemy could hurt us. Now the politicians who had prated about peace boasted of having been far sighted enough to have seen that a war was coming; and they expected to be lauded for having prepared the country with "all manner of defensive contrivance." We were fighting a defensive war, of course. I judge the people in the other countries were likewise told that they were defending themselves. Our defense consisted in carrying war and pestilence to the lands of our enemies.

A hundred thousand intensely patriotic fliers took to wing, carrying bombs of every description. I, nor anyone of the common lot, know with what all the fliers were equipped. They are sworn to utmost secrecy. We have been told stories of their heroism. I no longer believe the stories. But in consequence of them there are several times a hundred thousand young men who are eager to get into the fray. I don't wonder, their lot is really the easiest.

At last the majority has become alarmed, but it is too late for those who would stop the ruin of mankind. They can only stand aghast and wait to die some agonizing death. Only the revolutionaries refused to come out of the destruction; for they expected vast numbers to be armed.

"This gas and germ business will soon be stopped," they assured themselves and others. "You see, gas and germs will kill the rich as well as the poor, and as soon as some of the big bugs are bumped off, a holler will go up that will end the war—or else the politicians will resort to the old method of armies and navies. Then our turn will come."

Well, the war came to our shores. New York, San Francisco and other shore cities have been bombed and destroyed. Millions have lost their lives. They are still dying among the ruins as a consequence of, no one knows what hellish disease. We were compelled to learn that other countries had prepared also. If we had invented devil machines, so had they. The

fliers did not come within big gun range of our shores, yet death and destruction came here. Some of the higher ups lost their lives along with the lowly, and a howl for mercy went up as was predicted. But the war is going on, nevertheless, and the masses are not being armed. The leading citizens found another way out of the difficulty—at least temporarily. God knows how long the massacre of the common people will continue. The leading citizens are leaving the cities—have left, in fact. They are gone with a few servants to the wilderness and mountain fastnesses where they hope to be saved from the destruction they have created. If any survive this carnage, these impotent and incapable ones will be the progenitors of future races.

Everybody was going to leave the cities—the industrial centers. But a law was passed, to be enforced under penalty of death, that whosoever is judged to be essential to carrying on the industries that are necessary to the successful prosecution of the war must remain at their posts. We, the workers, revolutionists and all, came under the law. For many long years we had been told by preacher, politician and journalist that our bosses were absolutely necessary for the carrying on of industrial and social life, and now they proved to us by their action that it had all been a lie. We workers only were necessary in the mines, on the railroads and in the manufacturing plants. From among us are recruited the civilian guards who shoot those of us who do not remain at our posts. Workers are being destroyed by the thousand every hour. I can hear the bursting of bombs. I can see the flashes like lightning that rend the air.

I was suffocated in some ruins once, but I was rescued, resuscitated and thrust back to my machine bench where I ground out shells that would carry death to my brothers across the oceans. Then, one night, I determined to follow the example of the rich and, despite the law, get away to safety. All my life I had been taught to mimic the thoughts and actions of the rich—to my own detriment. For once I was going to do so for my own benefit. I skipped the barracks where I was lodged with several thousand other workingmen. We were all held as prisoners. I gained the mountains, but there I learned that the wealthy, who had preceded me in flight, had organized vigilante committees to ferret out the workers who succeeded in getting to cover. They did it as their duty toward their country. I was dragged back to the barracks and to this dungeon of which I am a sole inmate. I was court martialled and sentenced to be shot, and turned again into this den where I have lodged nearly two weeks. Tomorrow morning at sunrise I will be taken out to face the firing squad. The captain of the squad is a childhood chum and schoolmate, whom I saved from drowning once. He will repay me with a leaden ball. He will reciprocate with a smile on his face, for he is intensely patriotic. I will not know what will be the end of the infernal business that is going on outside. I think, though, that I am fortunate to be able to leave it in a pleasant manner and so soon.

I hope future generations, if there will be any, are wiser than we have been. They may dig these blocks on which I have scribbled out of the ruins and learn a little about their ancestors. My work is done. Tomorrow at sunrise I go to meet my maker!

Excuse our interruption, but have we your sub. yet?

Chicago members and sympathizers of the League are urged to attend the dance given by the Needle Trades Section of the T. U. E. L. on September 29, 8 P. M., at the Ashland Auditorium, Van Buren and Ashland Aves.

Only lunatics do not organize. Don't be crazy.

With the Leagues

By MARTIN ABERN.

ALTHO summer has arrived and that, in the past, has been a period when the comrades have slackened in the work of spreading the communist message to the masses, the Branches of the Young Workers League recognize that the boss never stops his robbery of the workers during the "good old summer time." So the comrades are learning from the bosses ways and trying to go them a few better. The Second National Convention of the Young Workers League worked out numerous means by which the Young Workers League could attract young workers into its ranks—among them being the reorganization of the branches on the shop nucleus basis, formation of sport clubs, ways to organize Junior Sections of the Young Workers League and other methods which we need not here mention. The Leagues have evidently been enthused by the excellent program of activities laid out by the National Convention; and they are doing their utmost to increase their agitational and educational activity and organization in the shops, mills, schools, in the League themselves, and in other directions.

The Chicago League, the experimental station for all new projects and endeavors and plans of the National Organization, is up and doing. Its industrial registration is nearly completed, and soon the first real steps will be taken to reorganize the Chicago League, wherever possible, on the shop nucleus basis. The finest of material is here for reorganization into shop nuclei, for 60% of the League's membership slave in the basic industries. There is decided interest in the shop nucleus idea, and every League member, it is certain, will do his best to push forward the reorganization work.

But the activity of the Chicago League extends in other directions also. The Chicago League has had its functionary class running full speed, attended by nearly every official in the League, for nearly two months. The comrades are learning how to conduct their numerous official duties, such as organizer, literature agent, etc. They are training executives, and in time this will have a powerful effect in developing the work of the League and the clarity of its actions. Further, very able comrades of the Workers Party and Young Workers League, such as Comrades Gomez and Tiala, have been giving a fine series of lectures to the League branches on current problems,

Two new English branches have been organized, a North Side branch and another South Side branch. Two Junior or Children's Sections have also been organized. Sport activities are increasing, the Liebknecht branch having a fine soccer team.

The Chicago League and the Party are co-operating well in every endeavor, as are also the League and the TUEL. Comrades in all organizations assist one another at all times. On the whole, Chicago is just beginning to do the things it is capable of. Chicago has go! More power to it.

But neither are the other Leagues asleep. Cleveland proposes to place itself once again firmly on the map in the matter of carrying on revolutionary work among the working youth. The New York idea of issuing a local League paper has spread. Cleveland will issue a Bulletin, giving color and touch to its work. The League has arranged a huge outing and picnic in co-operation with the Trade Union Co-operative League. The Trade Union Co-operative League was formed on a call by the local Federation of Labor to fight the Open Shop. 157 Unions are supporting the Trade Union Co-operative League, and it speaks very well indeed of the Young Workers League of Cleveland, that it is right on the job, and getting in on the thick of trade union activities. Comrade Bergman, who is an Executive Board member of Local 36 and 124 of the I. B. of B., writes that it is thru the effort of the militant unionists, such as Max

Hayes and Brother Longo, President of the Painter's Union and Secretary of Painter's District Council, that the Trade Union Co-operative League came into being, and that "this is an additional reason for the radicals to get into the trade unions." E. Holmes, National Secretary of the World War Veterans, will speak at open air meetings for the Young Workers League and Workers Party.

Comrade Sacherow, Secretary of the Cleveland League, informs us that for the League members many lectures by competent W. P. speakers are being given. In addition to these activities, the Cleveland comrades are working hard to establish Junior Sections. Comrade Keas, District Organizer, is offering his fullest co-operation to the League in every way, sending out questionnaires to the Party members, inquiring how they can aid the League, etc. Cleveland hopes also to start a functionary class in the very near future.

In the larger cities, there is always much more happening to encourage the comrades to go ahead with work. Huge factories, shops, industrial tension and so on—all of which stimulate spirit, the desire to fight against the capitalist system of oppression and exploitation—are to be found in the large cities. Nevertheless, the League in the smaller towns don't propose to be caught lagging. The YWL in the little town of Maynard, Mass., has ordered 100 "Young Workers" for the "Summer Festival," given yearly by the Finnish comrades of the W. P. Comrade Tynne Mark says that the League is determined to sell the 100, and show the bigger Leagues how to spread the ideas of the YWL.

The WP and the YWL are co-operating in the coal mining town of Daisytown, Pa., in discussing local and current topics of interest. The business men of Daisytown are trying to break the co-operative store there, and the YWL and WP are getting other radical elements to fight the bosses in their attempt to smash the workers toward organization in the co-operative field. The "Labor Party" will be another topic of discussion at a later meeting. A functionary class has been formed, and the means of transforming the League into a Shop Nucleus basis is being discussed.

The Young Workers League of America and the Young Communist League of Canada are ever eager to co-operate with one another. The secretary of the YCL of Canada, who was the fraternal delegate of the Canadian League to the YWL National Convention, has written of some of the work of the Canadian League. The Canadian League, too, is working for the formation of Junior Sections and for the Shop Nucleus form of organization. The YCL of Canada is trying to carry out the economic program of the League, which is in many ways similar to ours, and is working for a United Front with the Trade Unions and other working class bodies to carry out the demands and needs of the Canadian young workers, such as the six hour day, entrance of the Young Workers into the trade unions upon *equal terms* and *lower entrance fees* than others. The YCL of Canada is aiding the candidates of the WP of Canada against the capitalist candidates in the Ontario Provincial elections. The Canadian comrades are alive and on the job. We hope to have articles regularly from the comrades over there for the Young Worker. We must understand the conditions of all workers, and especially in the anti-militarist field can the American and Canadian Leagues co-operate.

To return to "These United States" of liberty and political prisoners. The New York comrades are now disposing of 1,000 Young Workers monthly, and have thus given a mark for the other Leagues to shoot at. New York says it will welcome competition. Open air meetings are the rule nowadays. There

are possibilities of new branches in Williamsburg and in Coney Island. New York is working for the organization of Children's Groups; they declare, too, that a Children's paper, once started, will sell even better than the *Young Worker*.

"The Young Militant," organ of the Young Workers League of Minneapolis, has just appeared—and it is all that its name implies: alive with news of the League; proposals of how to enlarge the League, reach trade union young workers, editorials appropriate to the day, etc. It will be a purely local organ, and be a means of the boosting the *Young Worker* and advertising the Minneapolis League. A drive for a sustaining fund of \$100.00 has been started and the comrades expect to raise the sum. The Young Workers League is breaking down the local YPSL. The honest elements in the YPSL are inquiring, "Why can't we get together?" They are getting tired of the SP purely electioneering methods. These have been impressed with the educational work of the YWL, its efforts to reach the union workers. The militant elements of the YPSL are expected to pass into the YWL shortly, and for the remaining a quick death can be expected. A downtown branch of the YWL, writes the organizer, Carl Cowl, is about to be organized. The National Convention clarified many problems for the Minneapolis League. Comrade Williamson, organizer for the YWL, spoke there recently, and altho addressing but a small meeting, was strongly impressed with the sincerity and enthusiasm of those present, all very young, who handed in their pennies, nickels and dimes to help along. More systematic planning of its work, and the League is learning that, and Minneapolis will move along at a much swifter pace.

The League in St. Louis has been quiet for some time, but now shows signs of renewed life. The YWL is co-operating with the Party in arranging huge meetings in a "SMASH THE FASCISTI!" campaign. In other cities, too, the YWL must co-operate with militant elements in keeping down murderous bands in America. We await more news of the becoming-rejuvenated League in St. Louis.

A branch of the Young Workers League has been organized in Toledo, Ohio, by Comrade Williamson. Toledo comrades have been working for a long time to get a League started, and now successful, intend that it shall remain very much alive. Comrade Williamson also visited Detroit, Mich., for a number of days. The Detroit League had been having some internal difficulties, but these have now been more or less cleared up. For Detroit not to have one of the two or three best Leagues in the country is a crying shame. A number of comrades have now interested themselves in League work, and bid fair to make Detroit a banner League. More understanding of the shop nucleus form of organization will have to be obtained, and a realization of the necessity of entering more into the economic struggle. It is unfortunate that Detroit was not represented at the National Convention where so many of these problems were clarified.

We want the FARMERS in the YWL. Our branch in Baie de Wasai, Mich., is composed of young farmers. And now Comrade Salzman, on the road for the YWL, has organized another group of young comrades, farmers, in Cromwell. The League has gotten right down to business, ordering literature and other supplies at once.

Newark, N. J., writes Comrade Fred Davis, is growing steadily, having now 25 members. Newark is holding outdoor meetings and in this wise believe that their membership will be increased. Comrade Carmen of New York reported to the Newark League on the National Convention. The YWL has knocked the IYPSL and YPSL to pieces; the comrades who broke from the IYPSL to come into the YWL are enthusiastic over the change—for there is always something doing in the

YWL: much literature, discussion of live, vital problems affecting the young workers.

Superior, Wis., YWL is getting an influx of younger workers. The WP is helping all it can. The League heard a report on the Second National Convention from Comrade Salzman, who is making this city his headquarters while organizing on the Mesaba range. The "Tyomies," the Finnish daily, is very active in its support of the YWL, devoting much space to young workers problems in its columns daily.

In Hammond, Ind., Comrade Gray, organizer of the W. P., Hungarian Federation, assisted in the formation of a YWL at Hammond, Ind. The comrades are handling much literature from the start. In addition, they have formed a soccer club and use that as a means of getting contact with other young workers in sport clubs.

The Milwaukee League recognizing that it needs some new blood, and that they must do more than conduct study classes, are working out plans for an organization campaign. A dramatic group is being started, and the League will soon have a Children's Section going under its direction. There are any number of fine comrades in this League, but they have been hiding themselves. By the next issue of the *Young Worker*, let us expect news from there.

Altho it is possible that they may not be able to do so much in the summer—the Aberdeen, Wash., comrades are mainly public school students, Comrade Hannah Anderson says, "But remember, after this vacation, we're coming back stronger than ever."

And in that town of steel-ribbed exploitation, Bethlehem, our comrades, slaving twelve hours a day in Schwab's steel mills, say: "We're on the job." The comrades are too tired to write much; they never leave a chance go by to point out the terrors and horrors of their long toil; young workers are joining them, sensing that the League is aiming at something fundamental—to smash the system which bends and breaks their backs, tears their lungs, burns their bodies, and sends them to the scrap-heap or grave-yard at an early age.

From Oakland, Cal., comes very encouraging news. Comrade Cowdery writes: "After a lapse of 3½ years, we are holding very successful meetings in which the youth are taking right hold. It means a live YWL soon." Then is given a list of lectures to be had, including "Russia in 1923," by James P. Cannon, Chairman of the Workers Party. The Oakland comrades have won their free-speech fight, have thus given the Criminal Syndicalism Law a good kick in the face. As an indication of the progress being made, Comrade Cowdery says that he is now making the attempt to place the *Young Worker* on every newsstand in Oakland. Other cities, take note.

Comrades! We are going forward in the right direction. The Leagues are getting more active in the trade unions, in the shops and factories and farms and schools. That is where the activity should be centered. The League meetings should be places where the work is planned out and reports are made, intensive educational work, etc., is carried on. What the young workers want to read more of, what you, all of us, want to read more of, is news of the shops, mills, etc.; what are the conditions you are working under, what are the wages, etc. Write in that news to the *Young Worker*. Make it a magazine wherein we have the news of the doings of young workers on the job, where they sweat as they toil, think with anger against the boss who exploits them so shamelessly; where a word or two of the causes of the misery of the young worker will take hold of his brain and turn him toward the road of militancy, of understanding of the class conflict, will turn him to the Young Workers League for aid and for battle against capitalism. When you, comrades, begin sending in stories of what's happening on the field of daily battle, then indeed, will we be reporting *real NEWS OF THE LEAGUES*.

“Rah Rah Revolt!”

By STANLEY BOONE

INTO the office of the Detroit Labor News one afternoon this Spring there walked a thin quietly dressed young man with a roll of manuscript under his arm. To Dennis E. Batt, the editor of the paper, the young man spoke about as follows:

“I am a senior literary student of the University of Michigan. The authorities have forbidden me to edit or write for any of the campus publications. Myself and several of my fellow students believe there is still a great deal to be said and written in the world, and we have decided to publish our own magazine, independently of university funds and in part as a protest against the intolerable censorship which prevails at this state’s seat of higher learning. Our magazine is to have 16 pages and it may, incidentally, cause a few of us to be expelled. How much will you charge for printing it for us?”

Thus began the stormy career of *The Tempest*, one of the most tempestuous of the organs of student revolt in the United States.

There is a spontaneous solidarity in this insurgency. The editor of *The Scorpion*, the insurgent organ at the University of Wisconsin, is a contributor to *The Tempest*. And an article in the first number of *The Tempest* was concluded with the exhortation:

“Youth of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains!”

The young man who went knocking at the door of the Detroit Labor News was outlawed from University of Michigan journalism because he referred in an uncomplimentary way to professors in general in a favorable review of John Kenneth Turner’s “Shall It Be Again.” The review appeared in the Sunday magazine of the Michigan Daily, the foremost of the Michigan student publications. He is now the editor of *The Tempest*. Shortly after this student was excommunicated another young man, a junior literary student, wrote for the Michigan Daily an article dealing in a popular but serious way with the subject of glands. Its appearance caused a great roar from the university authorities, including the board in control of student publications. This board corresponds to a company union on a railroad.

The editor who printed the gland article and his entire staff of fifteen men and women, resigned without notice as a protest against this tightening of the censorship, although the resignation made it necessary for the editor to quit school for the rest of the year because of his dependence on the wages which went with the job. It was one of the few paying jobs of its kind. Before locking the type of their last issue in the forms, however, the striking editorial staff killed the story, which had been set for page one and used this page for a bold declaration of their reasons for walking out. The plan was prevented from becoming a brilliant coup by the managing editor of the Michigan Daily. On the eve of the publication’s distribution he discovered the declaration and it was censored by the board in control in time to prevent its reaching the campus. News of the affair consequently reached the student body only through outside newspapers. The author of the gland article, which was founded on an interview with a professor of zoology, is now assistant editor of *The Tempest*.

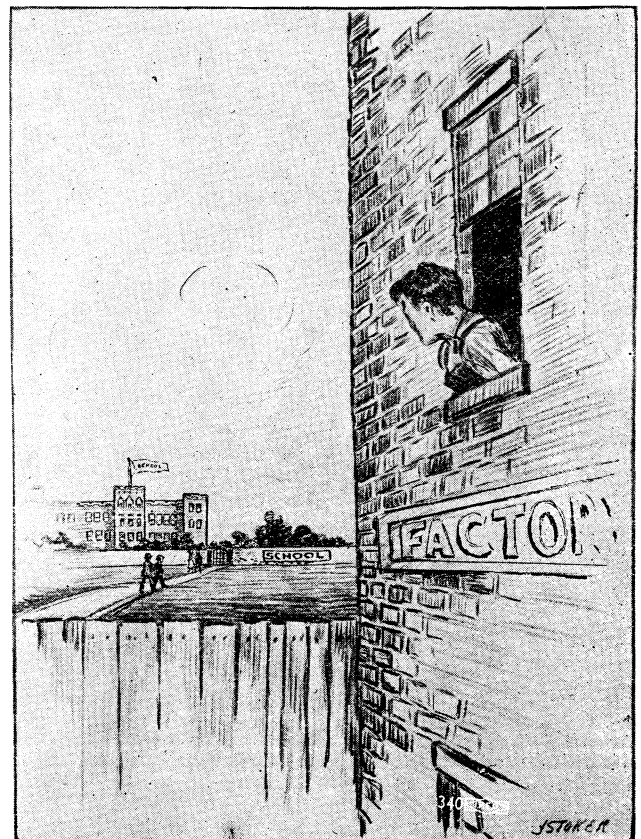
The first number of *The Tempest*, 1,000 copies, was easily financed by a quiet sale of tickets at 25 cents each just prior to its publication. Approximately 300 of the tickets were bought by sympathetic professors and instructors. Several of these bought from five to ten copies, intending apparently to pass them around or re-sell them to friends.

On the day *The Tempest* appeared on the University of Michigan campus a second publication of protest, called *The Magpie*, appeared anonymously. The first *Magpie* consisted of eight mimeographed pages of satire. About 300 copies at five cents each were easily sold.

Many groups in the labor movement could learn from the following editorial, entitled “Name Your Poison”:

“Truly, our intellectual students are a brave lot. Many of them could be heard yelping when the Sunday Magazine staff got its final kick in the coccyx from our Gascon administrators, but these noise makers did nothing at all about the matter. Even the majority of the staff members themselves slunk into a corner and whimpered once they saw that their coup had not brought the censorship to earth. We respectfully suggest that the present members of the publication board be dismissed with forty lashes of the bull’s pizzle and that they be replaced by a board of intelligent persons with as many students as professors thereon, that the board be freed from administrative control and horners-in, that the publications’ staffs be given some referendum when a serious issue is at stake.

“The fact that the board and the administration back of it have played the block-head hardly encourages us to a point of thinking that they will make any reforms. On the contrary, they will probably make an asinine effort to stifle this publication and win for themselves a great deal more unfavorable publicity. Well, they will have a fight, will stir up more resentment and thus hasten the inevitable consequences of thick-skulled repression.”



“School Days”

The most vigorous feature that has appeared in *The Tempest*, however, is the open letter to American educators, written by the assistant editor and being in part as follows:

"For years, educators of America, you have been handing out your brand of prostituted knowledge to us, the students and the willing yokels. You have turned us out of vast grinding machines, all of one mold, of standard cut. Out of your mouths we heard assurances that we were being 'trained for leadership,' the 'one half of one per cent.' . . . There was no hint present that your platitudinous teachings are based on wind and that your trite formulae will not solve the problems of our lives as men and women who possess . . . the desire to be our own masters. . .

"You now have a full-fledged revolt on your hands . . . You know its power to accomplish its purpose. . . What is it you do, then? You rave and rant, stamp your hoofs and tilt your horns. Blind with fury, you employ your most unscrupulous tactics for the repression of the rebels . . .

". . . The fact is, . . . here you have something entirely different from the abortive attempts at revolt made by the professorial cult a few years ago. When one of these men was ruthlessly crushed, a hundred others, with tails between their shaky legs, slunk into their corners and stayed silenced. The students have less to lose and, consequently, fight harder and let their shot carry farther. When you have made your brutal assault upon one group, and you think you have eliminated it from the fight, you suddenly find several other groups ready to carry on . . . Others take up the fight where the latest victims

of your persecutions have left off. It is not the person that counts . . . It is the movement itself that is of prime importance. And that movement you are powerless to check . . ."

Most students go to the universities from the high schools without spending much time as wage earners. And colleges are usually removed from the class struggle in factories and fields. So that university students do not find the class struggle a part of their experience. Their revolt is that of youth against age or that of speculative thinkers against rigid orthodoxy, or that of individualists, conscious of their youth and personalities, against authority and taboo. But in many of the colleges of the country, as at the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, there is being made an inquiry into the relationship between class rooms and magnates. There is an unwillingness on the part of increasing hundreds of men and women students to be trained, at great expense to themselves and their families, for exploitation, even if their economic positions after graduation are to be more comfortable than those of the masses. Most university students are idealists.

At the University of Michigan, the University of Wisconsin, the University of California, Ohio State University, Clark College, the University of Georgia and at other schools this process is going on notably.

There are about 11,000 students at the University of Michigan. And of this total there are probably not more than 200 who are rebelling openly against the old order. In Europe this proposition would seem sad. But in the United States it indicates the awakening of a definite student movement.

Children's Week

DURING the week of July 15-21, the Young Workers League is launching a national campaign for the organization of the working class children into Junior Sections of the Young Workers League. The need of organizing the children of the workers has long been patent. All attempts in the past to organize them have met with failure because, mainly, the appeal to the children and parents lacked a true working class character.

The Socialist Sunday Schools throughout the country have no doubt been of some value, but after all, their endeavors have failed because, essentially, there was no class tie to hold the children together. The education has had a liberal-socialist and free-thought Jesus-killing character, a wavering attitude and indecisiveness—with the result of lack of clarity and action.

Leaving apart the method by which the Socialist Sunday Schools directed the children, the fault lay in being neutral in education, albeit supposedly working class in character. Further, the attitude of the elders toward the children was too often a paternal one, an obvious "guiding" hand—and this the children resented. The Young Workers League believes, first, in definite class education, that there can be no true education which tries to reconcile or leave only partly mentioned or explained the true status of the worker's children in society—namely, sons and daughters of exploited men and women, and compelled, hence, to suffer, indeed more so, the pangs of hunger, starvation, poor lodgings, miserable existence, pitiful longings for prettier clothes, nicer homes, and so on.

The Young Workers League declares, briefly, that the child can, and must, be taught the problems facing the working class, and there for him or her too; that politics, economics, social relations, can be taught the children in simple, understandable terms—we shall demonstrate that with the Children's paper, which will shortly be issued. There is nothing under the sun, and we are not concerned with anything above it, that cannot

be grasped by a child with its eager, wide-awake mind, if expressed without a lot of glossy phrases.

The capitalist class have recognized the necessity of dumbfounding the children at the earliest possible moment. As the Jesuit puts it, give us the child till he is seven years of age and you can have him the rest of his life. Witness the capitalists' concerted efforts for organizing the children into military, semi-military and other youth organizations where *capitalist* politics, patriotism, nationalism, religion and such is forced and ground into the children's plastic brains.

The Young Workers League members have no "superior" attitude toward the children. They accept them as younger comrades, fellow youth, prospective League members. So the Young Workers League is organizing *Junior Sections* of the Young Workers League, not children's sections.

The week of July 15-21 has been set aside by the League for a campaign of organization of the younger comrades. The League appeals to the Workers Party members and all other sympathetic bodies to co-operate in all the meetings the Young Workers League will arrange during this Children's Organization Week.

The children must be taught to hate capitalism with all its misery, poverty, starvation; to understand why they have not the playgrounds they want, the country vacations they would like, the lovely homes they wish to live in, the work their instincts lead them to desire—in short, an anti-capitalist view, and positively, a working class, a communist point of view must be taught. They must know the beauties of communism—its freedom, its free education, wherein live socially useful and producing men and women.

The Youth has the future, proclaimed our leader, Karl Liebknecht. Yes—and the young workers will make sure of that by preparing themselves for the future . . . Rally round the children, the young workers; and youth will show you how to plant the red banner of freedom on the dome at Washington.

When the Bosses Declare War

By NORA HELLGREN

YOU go to your shop on a bright spring morning. The sun shines and birds sing. You feel well and happier than usual. You greet your acquaintances and friends cheerily and they respond with good will. Inside your shop you find the boss, with a stack of guns by his side. He gives one to each of you, bids you stand in lines on opposite sides of the shop. He tells you to shoot each other.

You take your gun and look across the shop at your fellow workers. There is your best friend and pal, the boy with whom you went to school. You will not shoot him. You have had too many good times together. There are too many happy memories between you.

Next him stands a young fellow, a newcomer. You do not know him so well, but you like him. He is so clear eyed and honest looking. You thought, only yesterday, that it would be pleasant to be good friends with him. You decide that you cannot shoot him.

Beside him stands another of your friends—an older man, with a family. You have seen his children run to meet him, evenings, on your way home from work. You cannot shoot the father of those children. You could not, even if you had a bitter quarrel with him, and you have always been friends.

Next him stands the man who will be your brother-in-law. You have seen the light in your sister's eyes, the lovelight in his eyes, when they are together. You cannot shoot him.

And there, on that side of the room is your own brother, the son of your mother. You have shared the same bed, you have sat at the same table. Your mother has loved you both equally and taken care of your childish ailments and hurts. Certainly you cannot kill your brother.

The men on the other side of the room are hesitating too. Beyond a doubt they, too, are thinking. But meantime your boss stands out of the way of bullets and commands you to begin firing. What will you do?

Comrades, this is war. It does not matter that in war the bosses order you to shoot men from another country, men you do not know, as you know the men who work in the same shop with you. The men you are ordered to shoot are fellow working men; men with whom you have no more quarrel, men you have no more reason to hate and to kill than you have to hate and to kill the men who work beside you in your own shop.

These men, too, have no hatred for you and cannot have. If you had a chance to become acquainted with them you would find them good friends; you would be good friends with them. There are fathers among them. Little children, young wives, will break their hearts with grief if you kill their fathers and husbands. Young girls will go lonely and wretched through life if you kill their lovers. Mothers—you know how mothers grieve over their sons.

What would you do in the shop, if such an order came? Would you not throw down your guns and refuse to shoot each other? And if you did—what would—what could—the boss do then?

What could the bosses of the world do if workers refused to fight at their bidding? You say they bring their trained soldiers to fight you. But their trained soldiers are also working men, men born and brought up in the working class, most of them. Would you not speak to these soldiers, explain to them that they, too, have no quarrel with you, no reason to kill you? And what do you think the bosses of the world would do if they found the arms they had given the workers and soldiers turned against themselves?

Comrades, wars will go on until the working class of the world refuse to kill each other. The bestial greed and hatred of the capitalist class will continue to turn the green fields and fair cities of the world into a bloody butcher shop just as long as the workers of the world are willing to murder each other because the bosses order them to do so. *But no longer.* If war is to be taken out of life of the world, it is the working class who must take it out. If human brotherhood is to come to the world, it must come through the brotherhood of the working class; it must come through their refusal to shed each other's blood at the command of the bosses. If life is to go on, becoming fairer and finer and nobler and happier, the working class must refuse to fight the battles of the capitalist class. No one else will stop war. No other class can stop it. The workers of the world must.

You will soon be called upon again to shoot your brothers, your friends, your fellow workers. The lust for blood was not satisfied in the last war. You will soon be hearing again that *your rights, your freedom and your happiness* are threatened by some other country. Will you let such lies fool you again? Will you let the bosses make you believe that the workers of some other land want to kill you? Or will you join the workers of that other land, of all lands, and refuse to kill each other? The rights and the freedom and the happiness of the workers of the world are the same in every land. No worker wants to deprive the workers of any other country of their rights and freedom and happiness.

Comrades, what are you going to say to the bosses when they call you to the next war?

(Continued from page 7.)

12,000 Young Workers Affected by 12-hour Day.

Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, knew he lied deliberately when he said that the twelve hour day in the steel mills was not of itself detrimental to the workers physically, mentally or morally. Many of the 12,000 young workers, who sweat out their life in Gary's mills suffer untold losses to their health and life because of long hours of hard work. Our comrade's letter from Monessen gave actual instances of young workers being scalded to death in the steel mills in that territory. Perhaps Gary means, when he says they are not hurt morally, that they go to heaven when they are killed by the molten steel. Perhaps he means to say that their sins of rebellion are burnt out of them.

Never in the history of capitalist industry have the workers been met with such a challenge to their very existence as when Gary announced that his corporation was for the 12-hour day.

Gary himself was so affected by a two-hour speech that he delivered on the occasion, that he had to walk out of the room and later was examined by a doctor. His hot air might be of a higher degree than the heat that comes from the molten steel, but certainly twelve hour a day must at least fatigue the young wage slaves somewhat.

Even the imperialistic *Chicago Daily Tribune* finds Gary's stuff too hard to swallow. It says in an editorial, "Silly Steel," that "the steel industry is badly guided. It is maintaining practices and supporting principles which invite legislative intervention . . . It wants cheap labor. It wants the twelve hour day. . ."

The *Tribune* fears the workers will learn to take matters in their own hands and warns Gary that the capitalist executive committee, the United States Government, will be forced to act to save capitalist society against the ass-like actions of some of the more aggressive exploiters.

Your boss joins the bosses' league: you join ours.

On the Job

(Letters to the editor should be as short as possible, written on one side of the paper, and descriptive of the young workers' life in the mines, the mills, the factories and on the fields.)

Dear Comrades:

In the City of Lost Angels (Los Angeles), California, the government slave market or employment office is the central gathering place of every variety of freak, migratory worker and out-of-work.

It was to this place that I wended my weary way a short time ago and answered. The greeting—20 YOUNGSTERS WANTED—SHOVEL WORK—LOS ANGELES GAS COMPANY—12 MILES OUT OF TOWN—4 BITS AN HOUR. No doubt rendered especially for my sake, by the official white collared barker.

I was ushered into an inside room, wondering in the meantime why this particular job specialized on young labor. At a desk in this room, I found a degenerate looking bulldog, dressed in men's clothes, who talked like a human being. This fossilized remains of a once, no doubt, honest worker, was pointed out to me as the foreman of the job.

"You'r next, kid," said he, as he tried to look at me through a pair of cocked eyes, which seemed to be continually gazing at a wart in the centre of his nose. "Where did you work last," he bellowed. "Well if you must know," said I, "I was pot-washer at the Brown Palace Hotel, Denver, Colorado." "Well, kid, this job will be a cinch compared to diving for the old kettles, all you will have to do is shovel sand." "You're hired!" Upon saying this, he took me by the arm and fairly threw me upon a bus, which, by the way, is named after a would-be president of this country. The bus had been waiting for us near the back door of the agency.

On this bus there were nineteen other young workers who had been hired during the morning session of the slave market.

After a few back fires the bus started on its way and the boys engaged each other in conversation.

"Say, boys, there is something funny about this job," I remarked. "I can't see why the hell they only picked on kids, when they could have gotten all the old stiffs they wanted for the same price."

"It does look kinda funny," spoke up one red haired lad. "Possibly this is one of those damn scab shipments, run by some fink detective agency. 'If it is,' said a third, 'Yon won't find me on the deal, no scabbing for mine.'" The others nodded their heads in agreement. Here was an opportunity to do some organization work on the job, so I stepped in. "Say boys," said I, "Suppose we stick-together on this thing. Let's form a job club and whatever we decide to do must be carried out by whole twenty of us." "We're game," cried the rest.

When we arrived at the job, the following tale of woe was told us by one of the Mexican water boys. This job had already had four shipments of youngsters in from the city, all of whom had been promised light shovel work. When they arrived, instead of getting light shovel work, they had all been placed at the gut eating job of lugging heavy stones up the side of an embankment. Besides this the foreman announced to each gang upon arrival, that the clerk at the agency had made a slight error when he said, the wages were 4 bits an hour, because it was only 25 cents for each hour, that the benevolent Gas Company could afford to pay. Also, the announcement was made that in the generous spirit of mutual relationship between employer and employee they would actually grant us fifteen minutes in which to swallow our lunch.

We now knew why this job had specialized in youngsters. They could be fooled much easier than the old stiffs.

Well to make a short story shorter, the twenty of us in the last shipment arranged a meeting during the lunch hour, at which we invited all the other young fellows to attend.

Au outburst of hot flowing language, on the heads of the gas company and on bosses in general and government shipping agencies in particular, came forth in rapid succession from the mouths of these young workers, at this gathering.

In my time I've attended quit a few radical mass meetings in the large cities and never before until now did I see such a terrific denunciation of our present system in society.

As a result of this meeting a miniature parade was staged up to the office of the foreman, and the various demands that we had formulated were presented to his royal majesty. Well, those stones had to be lugged you know and the ditches dug, so that the old pipe lines could be laid. Besides this here

was our threat of a general strike and it would be tough to pick up another crew. Besides this our special bumping sub-committee was threatening direct action on the old hide of the foreman. After considering these few facts, the foreman finally consented to our demands.

We got 50 cents an hour for those digging the ditches and 60 cents for those of us who carried the stones, an hour for lunch time and a water boy for every ten of us.

Imagine if we had some radical on every job and in every shop who could take advantage of just such situations and show up the political nature of all these encounters against the raw deals of the bosses.

Oh, Boy! at that time I would tell the world that the revolution was pretty near.

Yours for the working class,

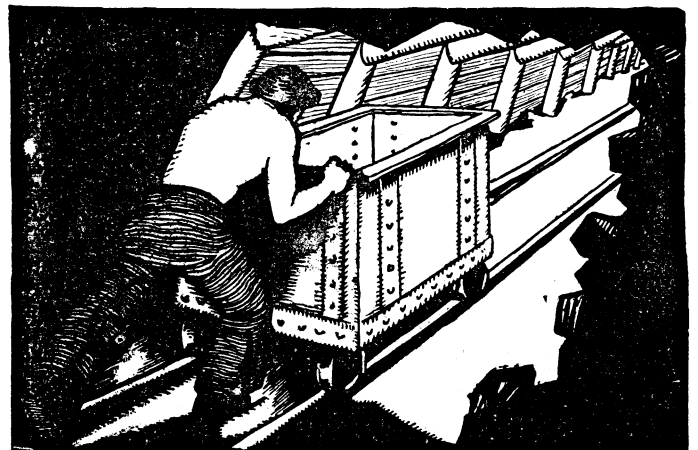
JOE PERRY.

Dear Comrades:

"We have to deliver considerable of our products to the freight station, so you will have to join the union, but I cannot afford to pay the union scale. We will pay you \$25.00 per week. You can drive for a few weeks before you need to join."

This is the essence of what I was told when I applied for a job as chauffer. Having never driven in Chicago before, I took the job and started work the following Monday. The machine was a Ford that had been ruined by the cheap chauffers that the boss had had driving it before. My work consisted mostly in delivering material to carpenters and painters, who by the way were union men and did not seem to care whether the material was delivered by a union man or not. One day I asked one of the painters if they were allowed to work with material brought by a non-union man. He said that they were not supposed to if they knew it. At the same time he knew that I was not a union man.

After three weeks I had saved up enough money to make my application into the union, or rather what I thought would be enough. In talking to different drivers that I met I found that they belonged to the Chicago Truck Drivers, Chauffers and Helpers Union of Chicago and vicinity, so I decided to join that union in spite of the fact that they were not affiliated with the A. F. of L. I wanted to belong to the same union that the others in my work did. One evening I went to the union headquarters to find out the particulars about getting into the union. I told them what my boss had told me when he hired me. They laughed at it and told me that I would get the union scale or the truck would not run on the streets of Chicago any longer. The next morning there was two union men at the shop when I got there. They asked where my union card was, and I told them that I did not have any, but that I wanted to join. One of them gave me an application blank to sign. The application called for a payment of \$35.25 initiation fee and one month's dues. I haven't that much money, I said. Don't you take it in payments? You will not have to pay us a cent, he replied. The boss will fork over the money and take it out of your wages at the rate of seven dollars a week. The scale for your truck is \$32.00 a week, so you will get the same money that you have been getting until the fee is paid to the boss, then you will get the scale. We issue the membership book right away and the



boss will give it to you in five weeks. This, of course, was before the boss had been consulted. We waited around the shop until about nine o'clock, but the boss did not show up. They told me to go ahead on my trip and they would arrange to see the boss latter.

That afternoon I called at the office and told the boss that I had met two union men and they made me join the union. He did not seem to care about that but he flatly refused to advance the initiation fee. Later in the afternoon I was called to the phone and the boss told me that he had seen the union men but he did not give them the money. If you want to join the union it will be up to you to pay the fee. It isn't I that is joining the union. He also asked me if I would be satisfied with the wages that I was getting then. I told him that I would expect the union scale. Then followed a quibbling about hours. The fact being out that the union hours were nine and one half a day while I was then working only eight. Realizing that agreements with the bosses are only made to be broken by either party when ever they have the power to do so so I agreed to make allowances for working the shorter hours. The next day the boss was threatened with a strike if he did not come across with the thirty-five bucks, so with a long face he handed the money over to the union organizer. When pay day come I received the same old amount minus the seven dollars payment on initiation. Immediately I took the pay envelope to the union headquarters and the following day I received the seven dollars shortage. The boss has not said a word about the agreement to take less than the union scale.

Yours for action,

ROBERT GARVER.

Why not join the League. Better late than never.

Dear Comrades:—

How many times, comrades, have you, whilst endeavoring to recruit more members within our ranks, come across individuals who, the moment they learn that ours was a working class movement, raise their eyebrows in a deeply offended manner and say disdainfully: "O, but I don't work in a factory." Having apprised you of this evidence of superiority over you, coolly regard you with chin high in the air and an expression of infinite pity that clearly says: "How could you possibly have made such an absurd mistake as to associate me with anything near as vulgar as mere, sommon work." But noticing that you are very little impressed by that knowledge, they condescend to tell you that they are quite in accordance with you on the subject of the organization of the working youth, but that it is really the height of presumption to even suggest that they enroll.

By this time you are curious to know in just what manner he kills time, and in the furthest corner of your mind is the tiniest suspicion that you may have hit on one of fortune's favored ones: a son or daughter of the "Idle Rich" and are quite prepared to an answer to that effect. But the answer you get bears out your first and strongest suspicion, namely that you have tripped across a common Scissorbill Junior who believes that just because he works in an office and pushes a pen he is on a higher plane than the factory worker.

It so happened that I was soon able to satisfy my desire and curiosity, and the result was, frankly, a disappointment.

Although realizing that all offices are not alike in routine, still the predominant features of the one I was engaged in will find equivalents in many an other office.

The kind of work I engaged in was banking.

Having been under that illusion myself at one time, I don't doubt that many a person on passing a bank and reading the notice: "OFFICE HOURS FROM 10 A. M. TO 3 P. M." think: "My, but it must be a cinch to work in a bank," and so it is—maybe.

But let me start from the beginning.

The hardships and red tape connected with entering the employ of any bank is enough to utterly disgust any person possessed with spirit.

The hundreds of questions, many of them very personal in-

deed, asked on the application form which one is expected to fill in, are indeed sickening. The different forms and pledges to be signed when one is considered sufficiently satisfactory to be given the three months trial. During this time, if anything should prove dissatisfactory to the employer, he could at will discharge you without any previous notice. But the mere fact that you are only on trial does not absolve you of the necessity of having to tender formal resignation with one weeks notice.

If, after the period of trial you are found satisfactory, you are put on the permanent staff. This merely means that you could be dismissed only after two weeks notice. On the other hand, should you wish to leave of your own accord, you are obliged to notify your employer of the fact full four weeks before the date of your leaving.

Then, of course, there is the question of salary.

The average wage of the beginner is usually five hundred dollars a year. (This includes both sexes, and I have known young persons of over twenty years of age working for that miserable pay—scarcely ten dollars per week).

In this office (and I suspect it is the same in most offices) we never were our true selves. Always hypocritical, always smiling, although a curse or a sneer would be more to our liking. At least it would more honestly express our true feelings. Many a time I would come in the morning feeling grouchy and sick, but would have to put on that sugary smile and force a cheerful air, because "it wasn't at all business like to be otherwise."

And Oh, how that old fogey of a boss was hated. The bullying old grouch whom the thirty-five years in the bank had sopped of all humanlike qualities was the damper of any place he entered. Every moment that killjoy was present in the office we would go about doing our work in that mechanical lifeless way, that made the very existence miserable for us.

Every time he called from his office, a look of infinite dislike would pass over the faces of all, and a whispered "Damm" escape our lips. Still on entering his office we were all cheerfulness and respect, apparently only to glad of the chance to listen to his profound wisdom and anxiously accept this advice with which he was very free.

During the evenings, when we had to work late, being young, we would forget our cares for a while and hum softly some sentimental air, while doing those duties with which we were occupied. But the sour old grouch, whose mean nature could not stand the expressions of youth, would quickly pounce on us urging more business like behaviour and declare that "he was going to stop that kind of thing even if it meant changing the entire staff, and that many had tried it before but they couldn't practice it in here and that he was the manager and he would run things the way he found fit, and so an and so forth.

"Even if it meant changing the entire staff" was one of his favorite expressions, which was used with the utmost frequency. After standing this sort of thing for nearly three months, I found it impossible to stomach the job any longer. So, mentally sending the place to Hell, I quit and gave my jaded soul a rest by loafing for a short while.

So, having been made acquainted with the inside of an office for a while, breathed the soul-crushing atmosphere of bourgeois conventionality occasioned by contact with all phases of life, such as one meets in a bank, I can truthfully aver that I would as relief mingle with the supposedly lower strata with a good deal more results as far as mental development and real appreciation of the actualities of life under capitalism than I could ever hope to obtain amid such surroundings.

MARY ROSEN.

Are you a subscriber? Eventually: why not now?

Bookannale

The minutes of the Third Congress of the Young Communist International have been published under the title of "*Highroads to Progress*" (Young Workers League, 50 cents), and it is a booklet which is well worth owning. One of the difficulties which students of the international revolutionary movement have encountered heretofore has been the lack of printed material on various important international meetings, such as the early congresses of the First International, for example. In this respect the communist movement has taken more care than its predecessors, and has published extensive reports of all such gatherings, which the historians of the future will eagerly look for when they compile their volumes. This booklet is of particular interest to young workers, because it contains verbatim reports of the proceedings day by day, with all the speeches given in full. It is an absolute essential for any one who would get a panoramic view of an organized movement of the youth, which is daily gaining in strength and numbers and which is destined to lead the young workers of the entire world in their struggle for final emancipation.

The other books, which are indispensable for a class-conscious young worker are the *Resolutions and Theses* adopted by the Third Congress and *The Programs* of the Young Communist International (Young Workers League, 15 cents each.) The first contains all the resolutions adopted and the theses which set forth the position of the Y. C. I. on such important questions as the Reorganization of the Leagues on the basis of Shop Nuclei, the Children's Groups, the Economic Demands, Militarism and Sports. The other contains the report on the New Program of the Y. C. I., the program itself, and a reprint of the rather insufficient one adopted at the first congress in Berlin, 1919. The new program, which is a model for clearness, will probably be adopted at the Bureau Session, which is to be held this month at Moscow, and it is to serve the Leagues all over the world as their constant fundamental basis for work. Here you find no hedging, but a bold, lucid statement of background, the origin, the growth and the tasks of the revolutionary young workers' movement, which serves as a guide and, by its conclusive analysis, as a continual source of inspiration and correct judgment in our work. The nominal price assures everyone the ownership of both of them.

As important as all these are in our general work, the Resolutions and Decisions of the Second World Congress of the Red International of Labor Unions (Trade Union Educational League, 15 cents) must be the specific indicator of our tasks in the trades unions. Altho the militants are on the right road and have the will and wish, it is also necessary that they have the knowledge of how to win over the workers. These resolutions and decisions express a concentration of the work of the progressives for years and the lessons they have been taught, with the resultant wisdom of practical work, combined with a solid theoretical basis.

When Election Day approaches, the politicians begin to appear in public and, before and after every speech, go thru a regular orgy of kissing the mouth of every child that is thrust up to them by anxious and adoring mothers. Their fixed smiles and geniality remain—until after the votes are counted. For the rest of the year they put in overtime, working for the system which perpetuates a mental and physical enslavement of the child. Both in the schools, where the mind is corrupted, and in the factory and field, where his body is withered so that profits may be coined, is the worker's child enslaved. To read the reports of innumerable investigations of Child Labor, is appalling enough. Their shameless exploitation is one of the most obvious indictments of Capitalism. *The Child of the Worker* (Young Workers League, 15 cents) is not only a vivid picture of the true position of the child in capitalist society, supported by facts quoted almost exclusively from non-radical sources, but also points to the crying need for an organization that will counteract the poison which is being injected into the children by the Teacher and the Capitalist. Such an organization is now being formed by the Young Workers League, to be known as the Junior Section, and its aim is to attempt, so far as it is possible under this system, to aid the children by education and organization for the better things of life which they are now being cruelly denied. The groups are to be led, of course, by the older and more capable comrades, and a knowledge of such work is necessary before anything else is done. *The Manual for Leaders of Children's Groups*, by Edwin Hoernle (Y. W. L., 15 cents) is all that its name implies. Written by one of our most capable German comrades who has had years of experience in this work, it is an ABC guide for all group directors. We need say nothing further except to add that your copy is ready as soon as you signify your intention.

The Resolutions and Decisions of the Second Convention of the Young Workers League are now ready in an attractive pamphlet selling at 15 cents. It contains the resolutions of the Convention on the report of the National Executive Committee, on Language questions, on Militarism, and the decisions on the Sport Sections, the Children's Groups, Relations to the Workers Party, and numerous other subjects which are of extreme importance to the class-conscious young workers of this country. It is a guide book in our work, and contains our position on every question which has any relation to our activities. It is the best thing, not only for those branch members who are already acquainted with the general principles of the League, but especially for those who are newcomers and would like to understand how the League stands on the various questions nearest to them. Our advice is not to get one of the pamphlets, but at least two—and give the other one to Mr. Scissor Bill, Jr.

If you are not doing anything in particular these momentous days, and if you are an indignant liberal who is looking for a Mission in life, you might try Prison Reform. *Crucibles of Crime* (Cosmopolis Press, \$2.00) by Joseph E.

Fishman, U. S. Inspector of Prisons, will prove to be, I think, a good impetus to you—if you are one of these described. It tells how rotten our jails are—something I always suspected since I spent a few nights in the hoose-gow, and left it with a firm resolve never to enter another one of 'em, a resolution, which, since I am one of those wild-eyed communists, will probably be broken for me by the Protectors of our Homes and Property and Peace. Mr. Fishman, however, is under the peculiar delusion, shared at one time by Thomas Mott Osborne, that the revolting penal institutions of this country can be changed by exposing them and appealing to our broad-minded citizens. The efficacy of this plan can be judged by the news that Upton Sinclair, who exposed the nauseating conditions of the Stock Yards two decades ago, in *The Jungle*, now opines that the slaughter houses are today worse than they were ever before. These innocent muckrakers, bless them!

Speaking of Upton Sinclair. He has published a "verse drama and photoplay" entitled *Hell*. (The Author, 25 cents.) The idea is really marvellous in its gigantic conception; it is worthy of Anatole France. But the whole thing is spoiled by the irritating low comedy which ends every act. Reading it at first, I was greatly impressed by the sustained austerity of the poetry, only to be disillusioned at the end of the first act by the "surprise" which shows the characters of the drama to be actors rehearsing the play. Their antics are supposed to be humorous. The author must have been afraid that a serious effort would cause people to laugh at him for being—your pardon, Mr. Sinclair—a solemn ass. So he resorted to that trick. A defense complex, O Freudians. At least that is my theory. At any rate, compare *Hell* to Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts*; allow for all the differences; then draw your own conclusions.

To those who think of Rosa Luxemburg as a theoretician and a revolutionist only, I recommend her *Letters from Prison* (Y. W. L., 20 Cents) to the wife of Liebknecht. The book will show you a new Rosa, with a catholic interest in poetry and art and life and love which was a revelation to at least one person.

The day of the swashbuckling sea romances is, for better or for worse, gone; gone also is the romantic conception of the sailorman. What is left, is the very prosaic struggle of the poor fisherfolk in small coast villages, the struggle to maintain a small household in the fact of the difficulties presented by the superior equipment of the powerful companies. It is hopeless, heroic, and tragic battle of traditions and a trawler against monopolistic greed and the steamer. Johan Bojer's *The Last of the Vikings* (Century Co. \$2.00) is a beautiful epic tale of the Norwegian fisherman. The title tells the tragedy. These simple fishers are the last of a race that lived before the day of the Diesel engine or the lousy bunk or the 12 hour shift in the stoke hole. But—no sentimentalism! Let us not be like E. A. Robinson's Miniver Cheevy who loved

"... the mediaeval grace
Of iron clothing."

On the covers of *The Decay of Capitalist Civilization* by Sidney and Beatrice Webb (Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.00) the publishers describe the book as an "attempt to help conservatives and liberals understand each other." That sentence explains much. The Webbs have delved into musty documents for so many years that they have become removed from reality. Here is a book which draws up the balance sheet of Capitalism, finds it badly kept, disorganized, indicative of complete bankruptcy and ends with a warning to both "extremes," the reactionaries and the communists. The book is really addressed to the possessors, and it is a "solemn warning" that, if they do not act nicely, like gentlemen, the terrible monster, the Class War, will destroy everything. I am beginning to agree. Let's chuck this damnable Class War. Let those of us who have slim ankles and trim calves don satin breeches and silken stockings, and have tea with Mussolini, King George and Elbert Gary. Simple—what?

The fifth series of John Galsworthy's plays, containing *A Family Man*, *Loyalties*, and *Windows*, have just been issued (Scribners, \$2.50). They prove again that, as a Secretary to Society, especially to that part of it which is the British

middle class, Mr. Galsworthy reigns supreme. The play are excellent, with the possible exception of the weak finale to *The Family Man*; and in every one of them the smooth, naturally flow of the action, the clearness of the characters, the insight into the psychology not only of the individual but of family groups, unite magically and call for a boundless admiration for the dramatist's genius. *The Family Man* will be of particular interest to us: It portrays the revolt of Youth against the onerous chains of Age and Tradition and Convention. But for the weakness I mentioned, I believe the play would easily rank with the very best Ibsen ever wrote.

When two great forces in society struggle and one of them begins to emerge victorious, the bitterness of the other increases proportionately. Thus has it been with the struggle of Woman to free herself from the domination of Man. As she slowly forges ahead, a portion of her opponents even increase, or try to increase their mastery. This struggle like every other social conflict, is reflected in literature; and Mr. D. H. Lawrence represents this latter fraction of the masculine forces. To those that read only superficially, the three stories in his new book, *The Captain's Doll* (Thomas Seltzer, \$2.00) are merely

three excellently written tales. To those, however, that have thought about the social significance of the novel—and I humbly include myself—the stories show a clear vein of Mr. Lawrence's opinions on the subject. In *Aaron's Rod*, his hero runs away from contamination with women. In these stories, particularly in the second one, *The Fox*, the women submit—or they are conquered. The other side of the medal is presented and represented by Genevieve Taggard in her collection *For Eager Lovers* (Thomas Seltzer, \$1.25). It has become almost an axiom that America's poetesses have a tendency, in their poetry, at any rate, to submit, and yet to remain free from even a suspicion of detention. Miss Taggard is no exception. Here, with a fine intensity, she sings the quiet woman: "I will defy you down until my death With cold body, indrawn breath; Terrible and cruel I will move with you Like a surly tiger. If you knew Why I am shaken, if fond you could see All the caged arrogance in me, You would not lean so boyishly, so bold, To kiss my body, quivering and cold."

As for the kind of women best liked Mr. Lawrence's or Miss Taggard's, the reviewer could tell you that he prefers —But, this is a Book-Review Section and not a Confessional!

—Francis Kade Zinman.

"Suffer the Little Children . . ."

"SUFFER the little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," said the Lord, Jesus Christ.

And they have been trooping into the Kingdom of Heaven in hundreds of thousands, nay, in countless millions. For the capitalists are good Christians, and they gladly obey the commands of their Lord, Jesus Christ. Not merely in the spirit, but in the letter do they obey the command of their Lord, for when he said "children," they included unborn infant and young babes.

Capitalism works the mothers so hard that they often cannot bear their babies to a safe and healthy birth. It works the fathers so hard and pays them so little that they cannot feed all of the little stomachs, clothe and shelter all of the little bodies. It works the children so hard that they fade, wilt and die before they begin to develop, like blossoms kept away from fresh air, pure water and sunshine.

From the crowded and ugly homes they come. From the mines and the mills and the factories—from the stores, the offices, and the workshops. They all come to Jesus, to the Kingdom of Heaven—to a little narrow plot of ground where they get the rest and peace that should only come to those who have lived full, happy, busy lives and are ready for the long, long rest.

When will we stop the long procession, my comrades? When will it be that all the children that come to this earth will have all their due of the dancing and the laughter, the love and the music, the work and the play?

Let us stop the good Christians from obeying their Lord! Let us give the children a heaven of air, sunshine and food. A heaven of work and play in the right proportions—a heaven of life and proper care—a heaven in which they can develop into fine, well-balanced adults, here on earth!

I. D.

(Continued from page 5.)

(latter part of July) and this work will certainly prove successful, if all the comrades set to the task in the right spirit.

Despite all the criticism, there is no room for pessimism. The tasks before the Y. W. L. are many and great, but with a determined National Executive Committee, with systematic methods of work, understanding the problems facing it (together with the aid of every member) the League will succeed in reaching the masses of young workers in the United States. In the words of Comrade Jim Cannon: "The movement is full of life and is growing. There is no room for pessimism. Though I am much older than any of you, there is still plenty of life and pep in me, and you, as the youth of our party, should be able to show fire and spirit in all your work."

And now, young comrades, let's show our spirit! Let's make this our slogan: *No problem too big, no job too small.* Forward to a mass organization!

"The Sanctified Means"

It was in the trenches:—

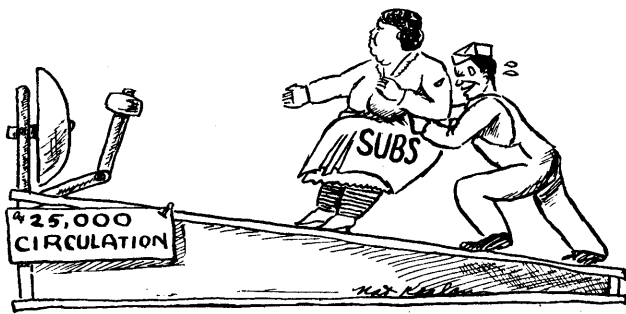
"Lie," said the captain. The soldiers said to one another, "The captain is certainly drunk." The captain frowned. "They won't follow instructions," said he.

"Steal," shouted the captain. The soldiers said, one to another, "The captain is crazy." The captain stormed. "They don't obey orders," said he.

"Murder," said the captain. The men fired and killed some of their brethren. "Ah," said the soldiers, "the captain gives right orders now." The captain laughed. "They do their duty," said he.

—BOLTON HALL

We are sorry that this issue of *The Young Worker* was unavoidably delayed by the necessity of including the story of the conference between the Young Workers League and Mr. Gompers of the American Federation of Labor.



We're Off!

As you may see from the cartoon above, we are off! Our circulation drive is now begun. And we are by no means modest in our demands, either, as you will notice by the figure we set as the goal for our drive. Of course, we realize that women have their modicum of stubbornness; and stout women—Oh well! But you will see that in spite of the lady's obvious weight the young person in overalls is sweating like the deuce to push her up the incline. Need we explain that the young person represents none other than YOU, gentle reader? If you will read the advertisement in another part of this worthy monthly, we are offering two of the most remarkable combinations which have ever been placed before radical periodical readers for a very long time. For the sum of \$2.25 you get a clothbound copy of Upton Sinclair's wonderful *The Goose Step*, which sells regularly at \$2.00, and also a year's subscription to the excellent paper, *The Young Worker*. And for the sum of \$1.00, you get a year's subscription to *The Young Worker* and a copy of Bishop Montgomery Brown's *Communism and Christianity*, a booklet which needs no description. With two such seductive combinations can you hesitate any longer? Frankly, you know you cannot. So why not send in your money order the minute you are thru reading this notice? If it were only because of your pity for the stout lady who is being harrassed by the young worker, you should help put our drive across; for once we have achieved this temporary success, the lady shall be left in comparative peace—until the next drive, anyhow. Again we ask, why not?

THE MANAGER.

"The Kingdom of Heaven"--and Elsewhere.

I saw a child peering out through the dirty glass of a basement window, into the rainy street. There was nothing to see through this window, apparently, that would seem to be of interest to a child. It was not a nice street, that in which the house stood, and it was a dreary prospect upon which this mite of humanity gazed forth from the window. I stopped and watched the little hands working so industriously to clear a larger peep-hole through the grime of the window pane. And presently the baby eyes were raised in seeming adoration of the leaden, cloudswept sky.

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," saith our theologian sages. Perchance this little soul was gazing far past the rain and the city's smoke, right through the "pearly gates of jasper and gold" into that celestial Kingdom—and wishing that it were there, instead of here in this drab pent-house.

But no! Away up at the top of the building across the street—on the window-ledge of the "third floor front"—there is a wooden box, painted green, and holding a row of flower-pots filled with bright red blossoms. They are probably geraniums—but they are so far away that one cannot be sure.

"Grass! Flowers!!"—and the little eyes gaze in rapt enchantment, upon this garden in the sky. In the window, over the child's head is a dingy sign, bearing the legend: "Children Cared For—By the Day."

—JOE CARROLL.

Birthdays in July of Political Prisoners.

Birthdays in July of political prisoners confined in American prisons are announced by the Workers' National Prison Comfort Club, 2923 Chestnut Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, as follows:

At Folsom Prison, Represa, Calif.—July 5, Warren Billings; July 26, James Price.

At Box 1, Route 1, Wynne State Farm, Huntsville, Texas—July 5, Abraham Cisneros.

At Boise, Idaho, Box 58—July 5, Jos. Doyle.

At Huntsville, Texas, Box 32—July 28, Chas. Oline.

At Leavenworth, Kansas, Box 7—July 10, Harry Brewer, No. 13462; July 15, John Potthast, 13577; July 17, Ceasar Tabib, 13682.

Cora Meyer, National Secretary, invites friends and sympathizers to send birthday cards and letters to these political prisoners. Money is advisable for gifts.

Prisoner Charles Bennett writes: "The ever welcome communications were enjoyed. One in our predicament rejoices to know such spirits abound in this day and age of artificial civilization."

Finland.

HELSINGFORS.—The long pending case against the Young People's Socialist-Democratic League has ended in court by a decision which orders the league to be dissolved. The court holds that the league, by joining the Communist International, has departed from its original course and aims and deserted its previous ideals, and that therefore it has become an unlawful organization, masquerading under the name of a lawful party. A call has been issued by the present league officials to form another league to take the place of the dissolved one.

LITERATURE

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