

Vol. 1. No. 3.

JANUARY, 1924

Price 5 cents

## Why We Fight Against the Public Schools

**T**HE capitalists have created two kinds of schools. One for their own children, private schools, where they are taught to rule over the workers, and the other, public schools, where they try to teach the children to be willing workers and silent slaves for those who are taught to be the rulers.

In the public schools, you, the children of the workers, are taught that this is the best government in the world. But you are never told that this government allows little children of 5 years of age to work under terrible conditions in mines, factories and fields in order to get a bite to eat. You are told that the organizations of the workers, like the unions and the communist parties, are wicked organizations that are unjust and unreasonable and bad all around. The child of the worker is taught to hate the working class and to support the capitalists. They tell you that they are giving you an education, but it is not true. They only teach you enough writing, reading



The World Belongs To Us!

and arithmetic to make you able to carry on work for the boss when you are old enough to be dragged into a factory or a mine.

In your religious training you are told that even if things are bad on this earth, everything will be wonderful when you die and go to Heaven, for there you will be in Paradise.

But we do not want to wait until we are all dead to go to a Paradise. That is all a lie. When you die, you are dead and that is all there is to it. We want our Paradise right here and now. We work hard and make all the beautiful things of life and we want to enjoy them now. And if we put

up a good, strong fight for it, we can have our heaven on earth, where we shall live like human beings and not like beasts in a hole.

That is what the Junior Section is organized for. We want to get all the children of the workers united into a strong organization. We want to fight, all of us together! The older men and women workers in the Workers Party; the your-

men and women workers in the Young Workers League, and the boys and girls, the children of the workers, in the Junior Groups of the Young Workers League.

One of the places where you must carry on your fight is in the public schools. You must fight against being educated in a capitalist way. You must fight against teachings which tell you to be a "patriot" to your country. That only means that you must be good and nice to the bosses who own this country and who want you to be ready to work for them like horses, and to go out and fight for their profits against your brother workers in other countries. And if you have a teacher who tells you the working class truth, support her or him, and fight against anybody's trying to kick her out of her job. You must fight for more schools and room for the many children who have to be taught on part time. We also want play-

grounds, and free doctors for our health, and no spanking in the schools by angry teachers.

But to fight you must be strong. And by yourself you are not strong enough to fight. So you must organize yourself together with the other children of the workers into a group of the Junior Section of the Young Workers League. Gather together some of your school mates and form a school nucleus group. A nucleus is a seed from which bigger things grow. From our school nuclei big organizations will grow, which will put up a fight against the bad conditions in the schools, in the factories, in the mines and shops, until some day when we are strong enough, we shall take over the entire world and run it by the worker, and for the workers!

If you want to get into this fight and be a comrade in the struggle between the workers and the bosses, write to the Junior Section of the Young Workers League, 1009 No. State St., Room 214, Chicago, Ill.

## What the Coal Told Little Peter

By HERMYNIA ZUR MUHLEN.

**L**ITTLE Peter sprained his leg on the ice, and he had to stay in bed. All day his mother worked in the factory, and his little chums played freely and snow-balled one another. And so little Peter was terribly bored. While the sun shone into the room he somehow amused himself, but as night fell the dingy little room became darker, and little Peter began to be afraid and tremble. He could hardly wait to hear the approaching footsteps of his dear mother ascending the stairs. And, besides this, he felt very cold too, because there was no one to heat the stove.

All day the snow was falling. From his bed he watched the snowflakes, and then night came. Darkness. Little Peter became very sad, he felt cold and very much afraid.

All of a sudden it seemed to him that he heard someone whispering. A pleasant, thin-voiced conversation came from the direction of the coal bin. Little Peter became frightened, hardly dared to breathe, and in the deathly silence of the little dingy room, the thin-voiced conversation became louder. The coal pieces were talking with one another.

"Oh, how dark it is here!" said one of the coal

pieces, which lay near the top. "One can hardly see!"

"From where I came it was much darker," said the other.

"Where did you come from?"

"From the earth, brother. I was buried in the earth and I was fast asleep there, and pressed closely to one another lay thousands of my brothers. But once, all of a sudden, a terrible shivering ran through our sleeping quarters and we awoke amid a horrible cracking. The earth rolled down and I jumped into a narrow passage, where a man was crawling, bent down, using his pick to break the wall. Gasping from the perspiration that ran down his face in streams, he dug, dug for long hours continuously.

"**O**H, you certainly experienced very little," chirped in another little piece of coal, which was sitting on the edge of the stove fender. "I too came from such a narrow passage, just like you. Ten men worked there. Every one bore a little lamp on the front of his cap.

"'Oh, there is such a funny smell here,' said one of the men, 'let us go back up into the light.'

C.R.W.-8/8/28

"What? And have them chase us away?" said another.

A gentleman passed that way, and the old miner said:

"Dear sir, we are in a very funny state here; allow us to go up.' But the gentleman became furious and scolded him as a school-boy is scolded; and then he went away quickly. The men sighed deeply and worked on. I really do not understand why they obeyed him at all, because they were the stronger ones.

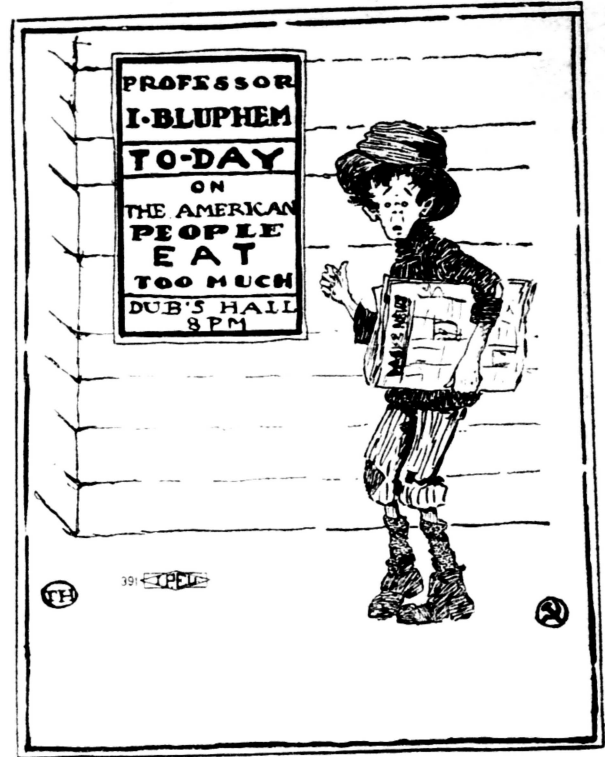
"The next minute I rolled off and hit into something. And at this moment a terrible thundering arose, the little lamps went out, big pieces of earth flew into the air and then I saw no more. For long hours I heard only the yells and painful groans of the men. One of the men fell upon me, I felt a shivering through his body, and from his head something warm and moist trickled on me. I don't remember how long it was that we remained in this condition. The voices of the men became fainter and fainter: some wished for water and begged for it, but there wasn't any. Only after a long while did other men come to take them away. But they were all dead, with the exception of the old miner. Up above, women and children were crying over them. But there was also a very elegant and refined gentleman, and, when the old miner was brought before him, the miner shook his fist violently at him, yelling:

"You knew that the place was dangerous, but to you your money was dearer than our lives!"

"But the very refined gentleman did not heed the old embittered miner . . . I saw everything.

"BUT you did not see any more," spoke up a third piece of coal. "On that very same evening, when the women and children were crying over the dead, in the house of the gentleman there was a big party. Ladies dressed in silks danced in the big, beautiful rooms, without thinking for a moment of the killed fathers and the little children. The very refined gentleman laughed and was happy all evening long, although it was he who sent those men into that terrible passage . . . I really don't understand the people. Why are they so cruel to one another and why do they torture one another so much?"

"Oh, I will gladly explain this to you," said one of the very black pieces of coal. "I have been up here for a very long time already and know 'most everything. On earth there are two classes of



"The Professor bluffs 'em, all right. I haven't eaten enough ever since I was born!"

men: the poor and the rich. The rich own everything and the poor have nothing. Only look at this little boy in his bed. He is sick; he has to lay all day long in his bed; he has no toys, no soft bed and nothing good to eat; his dear mother has no time to nurse him, take care of him, because she has to work very hard all day long in the factory. Do you think that this little boy is punished and has nothing good in his life because he is bad? Oh, no, you are wrong. He is a very diligent little boy, but he is poor . . .

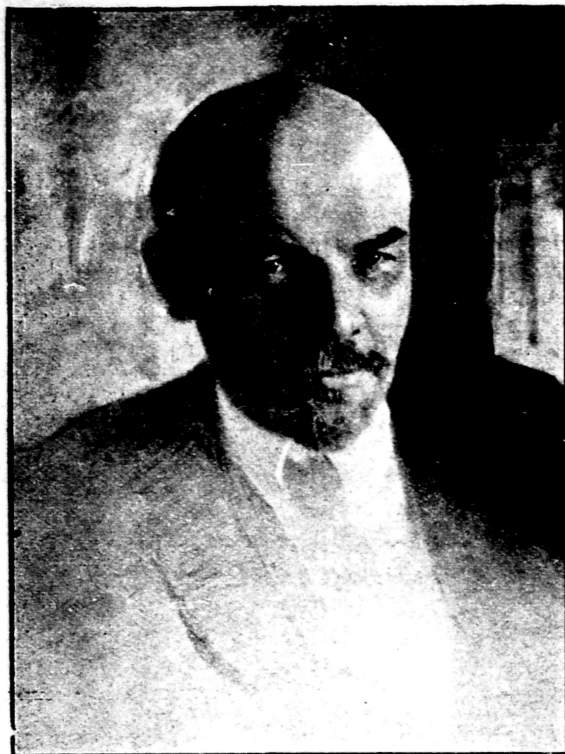
"Well, are the poor so weak that they cannot help themselves?" asked one of the curious little pieces of coal.

"Oh no," said the smart piece of coal, "there are so many more poor people than rich. And if the poor would all unite, then all that is taken from them by the rich would belong to them."

"Well, why don't they unite?"

"You must ask this of them," answered the smart piece of coal, "for I can't understand this myself, either."

Approaching footsteps were heard on the stairs and the little pieces of coal immediately stopped talking.



Nicholas Lenin, Premier of Soviet Russia,  
the Greatest Living Revolutionist.

### HUMAN BEASTS.

By BERTHA GAMBERG, 12 years.

**M**ANY children have seen wild beasts. Perhaps those who have not read this lovely paper would laugh if they heard that there are human beasts that deserve to be caged.

The capitalist who rules with his wealth represents the lion who wishes the greedy share.

Then there is the tiger which in human form is the fat, lazy boss whose wealth consists of the workers' blood. The stripes upon his back only show wickedness but he admires it, thinking it is beauty.

But only the workers deserve to be called rightful human beings. They are the slaves under the greedy human tiger.

But we shall wait and in the future work so that no Human Beast shall exist. When the workers rule, it will be justice and only justice. Down with these beasts. Up with the workers! We'd rather have justice than all the wealth these greedy animals exist on.

### HELP THE WORKING CLASS FIGHTERS!

**D**ID you know that there are hundreds of workmen in the prisons of the United States who were put there because they stood for the working class? Did you know that these men did not commit any other crime, like robbery or murder, and yet they remain in prison for years and years? They fought for the workers and the bosses, being afraid, got the courts to put them in prison, thinking that they would be out of the way.

Don't you think that the workers owe these men something for having gone to jail fighting? Of course! These men are suffering in prisons, not seeing their children and families and we should do something to comfort them. Underneath there are the names of the men whose birthdays are in December. Send them something. Fruits or books or tobacco. And write them letters. Tell them that you are out here fighting for the day when the bosses won't be able to put brave working class fighters behind prison bars!

At Leavenworth, Kansas, Box No. 7, Dec. 4, Harry Gray, No. 13571; at Huntsville, Texas, Box 32, Dec. 5, J. M. Rangel; at San Quentin, San Quentin Prison, Cal., Dec. 7, Jim Roe, No. 35785; Dec. 9, Tom Mooney; Dec. 9, Chas. Andrews, No. 38107; Dec. 16, C. F. McGrath, No. 37702; Dec. 20, Henry Matlin, No. 36717; Dec. 26, Claude Erwin, No. 37822; at Folsom Prison, Represa, Cal., Dec. 5, John Hiza, No. 12556; at State Penitentiary, Box 58, Boise Idaho; Dec. 15, A. S. Embree; Dec. 29, H. E. Herd.

### The Young Comrade

Vol. 1.

JANUARY.

No. 3.

A working class magazine for working class children



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Junior Section  
Young Workers League  
of America.

Send all orders and articles, and remit all funds to

#### THE YOUNG COMRADE

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5 cents. Bundles of five or more, 3 cents per copy.

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# What Christmas and New Year Mean to Us

**W**HY should we celebrate Christmas and New Year? The newspapers and the magazines of the capitalists show lovely pictures of the nice things that happen on Christmas and New Year, of the beautiful feasts, of all the people forgetting their fights and getting together. Everything is done in the spirit of Christ. Everything is forgiven and a new page is turned over.

Maybe the capitalists have something to celebrate. They have plenty of money and the good things of life that the workers have made for them. But the workers have not these good things. New Year or Old Year, both mean the same thing to him.

All the year around, the workers sweat away for their bosses. All year around millions of children are forced to work like slaves in order to make a little money to keep themselves alive. The bosses try to give the workers as little wages and as long hours as they can. They try to break up

their unions. When the workers go out on strike they shoot them down or put them in jail.

In the schools, the children of the workers are jammed together, because the capitalist government does not want to build more schools.

And yet we are told to celebrate Christmas and the New Year!

We are told to make resolutions to be good and not to harm anyone.

We, the children of the working class, will make a resolution of the New Year, all right. We will resolve that the new year will see us fighting more and more against the capitalists and the terrible conditions of the workers, young and old. We will resolve never to stop fighting until we have thrown the capitalists from our backs. Then we will be able to stand up like free men and women and truly celebrate a New Year on earth for mankind, where slaves and masters alike will be forever gone and forgotten!

## Junior News

**O**UR Young Comrade Taisto Luoma tells us that the Daisytown, Pennsylvania, Juniors now have 24 members. They have organized four school nuelei right in the Public Schools of Daisytown. Kanob Hogberg, the young secretary, is doing good work.

Comrade A. Astrio writes from New York that they have organized a group called the "Young Comrades" which meets every Saturday, 2 P. M., at 196 E. Broadway. Comrade Astrio, why not join the other five Juniors Groups in New York and become part of a National Organization?

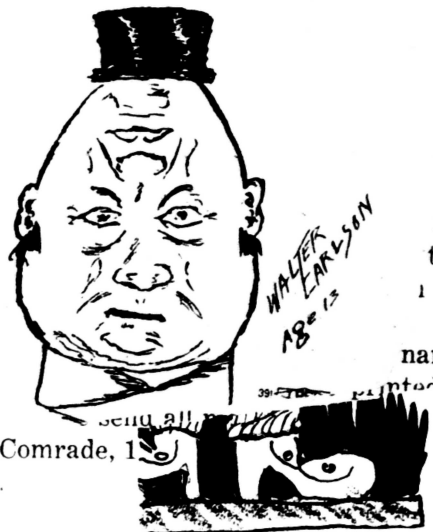
Comrade Esko Keskela writes us from Superior and tells us all about her Sunday School. They study languages and also have meetings with their own officers. Comrade Keskela is the agent for "The Young Comrade."

Comrade William Gershonowitz tells us that they have organized a club called "The Junior Comrade." They are collecting money for the orphans of Soviet Russia and Germany. Why not join the Junior Section and keep up the good work. We need a Junior Group in Paterson, N. J., very much.

The Junior Section of the Young Comrade...  
capitalish..

League is organized in 17 cities of the United States and has over 1,200 young comrades in its ranks. Dues are only ten cents a month. The group keeps five cents on all dues and the National Office gets five cents. If you want these club to become part of a real, live, National organization, write immediately to: The National Junior Director, Nat Kaplan, 1009 N. State Room 214, Chicago, Ill.

the WORKER comes out on top!



The Young Comrade, 1...  
Chicago, Ill.

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# Johnny's Red Santa Claus

SANTA CLAUS stuff is the bunk—isn't it, pop?"

Johnny lit his daddy's pipe and climbed on his p.

"Yes, you little politician," his dad said. "But before I tell you about Christmas, what about your Junior Groups?"

"Holy cats, pop, I forgot to tell you. Our leader led us to help older working people whenever we can."

"And all of us Juniors are going to do it. Jimmy and Angelo and Daisy and I are going to help old Widow Work. She is sick and we are going to deliver the washing she did, to that rich Mrs. Van Hamm that owns your shop, daddy."

"Good work, Comrade Red!" and his father tapped Johnny on the back.

But he was thinking about something. Finally said:

People all go to church on Christmas, and believe Jesus was born on this day, and they celebrate, Johnny."

"But long before Christ, ages and ages ago, people celebrated at this time of the year."

"But why, daddy?" Johnny asked.

"Well, you little agitator, you will notice that before Christmas the days are shorter and it winter time. But about Christmas the days get longer.

The sun gets stronger and soon we have spring.

Ages ago people already knew this. And when they saw the star Sirius in the sky they were

happy. And they celebrated.

"They knew that not Christ but a new year—a new sun was born. The sun would become stronger and stronger, give light and warmth and everything would grow. And there would be many good things to eat.

"But the priests made the poor, simple people believe it was a God that did all this. And they made Christmas and Santa Claus and Jesus. And other Gods in different land—all born at this time.

"Even today they believe it . . ."

But Johnny was already asleep. He had helped his daddy distribute literature and he was so tired.

On Christmas morning Johnny Red jumped out of bed and ran to the window. Nice, clean, white snow covered the ground.

And when he walked into the next room, he could hardly believe his eyes.

There was a dandy, bright, new sled.

And on it in bold, red letters was printed: JOHNNY RED!

His daddy stood in the doorway smiling. Johnny ran and threw his arms around him.

"Ghee, pop," he said, "now we can have fine times all winter. And Oh, Boy!—the Juniors are going coasting!"

His father was very pleased.

"They gave you a fine name, John," he said.

"I'm proud of Johnny Red."

Johnny was all smiles.

"Say, Pop, you ought to have whiskers. I might then believe that there was such a thing as a Communist Santa Claus!"

**Do you want to get THE YOUNG COMRADE for a whole year free? You can get it if you are de awake and willing to help both yourself and e paper of the children's working class movement. If you can get ten subscriptions to The ung Comrade from your friends at home, in the ol or on the street, and send them in to us, will get a year's subscription to The Young rade FREE. All you have to do is to send e subscriptions for your ten friends, and you o Young Comrade for a year without any out all the names and**

THE YOUNG COMRADE,  
1009 No. State St., Rm. 214,  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Comrades:—

Enclosed please find fifty cents for a year's subscription to **The Young Comrade**. Please send it to

NAME .....

STREET NO. or BOX.....

CITY..... STATE.....

**THE POLICE ARREST A YOUNG COMRADE!**

**L**EO GRANOFF, a member of the Junior Group of Harlem, New York, was arrested by a detective the other day, for being a communist. Comrade Granoff is only 11 years old but he is already on the road to becoming a leader of the revolutionary workers. He is well known in his neighborhood from his having made many speeches in public, and even public school teacher says he is one of the brightest pupils.



Leo Granoff

He was arrested by the detective for having in his pocket a copy of the revolutionary songs of the workers, "The International" and "The Red Flag." The police would never arrest any rich man's son for belonging to a capitalist club or group, because the police are there to protect the bosses and their children. But when the children of the workers, or the workers themselves, get together and want to educate themselves and to fight for better conditions, the police are always ready with their clubs and guns and jails to beat them up and imprison them.

We must not be afraid of the bosses and their police. We know that they are going to try to stop us in our struggle for freedom for the working class. But that is only another reason why we should become stronger and stronger until we can say to the whole boss bunch: "We are thru with you and your system. We are free men and we are going to take the whole world!"

That is what Comrade Granoff is out for. That is what the Junior Groups are fighting to get. Get into the groups today, child of the worker, and fight for the working class and its freedom from capitalism.

**A DISCUSSION ON UNIONISM.**

By GEORGE MYERSCOUGH, Age 12.

**T**HE teacher told us that there were good things and bad things about a union. She asked if any one could name any of the good things. So I got up and said, "One good thing about a union is, the boss has to pay each working man the wages coming to him, and if he doesn't, the union will fight for him and see that he gets it." Then the teacher asked if anybody could name any of the bad things about a union. Nobody arose, so then the teacher said, "Well, I'll tell you one of the bad things. Sometimes when there is trouble, the bosses are murdered by union men."

I wasn't going to let her get away with that, so I said, "I used to live in a town which had a coal miners' union and if anybody was murdered it was the union man, because the bosses drove gunmen onto to working class of people."

**PUZZLES FOR YOU.**

See if you can get the name of a great working class leader and revolutionist, who is now dead, out of this:

A-A-X-L-R-R-K-M.

And if you can do that, try to get the name of the man who is today the world's greatest leader of the revolution:

C-N-S-L-I-I-N-H-O-E-N-A-L.

And finally, see if you can make out what these two men stood for:

A workers' I-V-L-N-R-O-E-U-T!

**HAVE YOU DONE YOUR SHARE?**

**L**AST month we asked for contributions to the Young Comrade Sustaining Fund. We need the money now and we need lots of it. We cannot go to the capitalists for money for they won't give it to a working class paper. We must go to the working class and ask them to support their papers and magazines.

We want to keep the Young Comrade at 5 cent per copy. It is worth that and more. But it costs much money to print it. And, like every other workers' organization, we haven't any million dollar bank accounts to take money from.

Send your contribution in NOW! The names and sums of the contributors will be printed in this paper. Please send all contributions to The Young Comrade, 1 [redacted] Chicago, Ill.

# Life's Little Jokes

By Our Own Rube Goldberg.

1



Our little friend, Billy McHooligan  
Wise,  
Had an appetite bigger than boys  
twice his size.

2



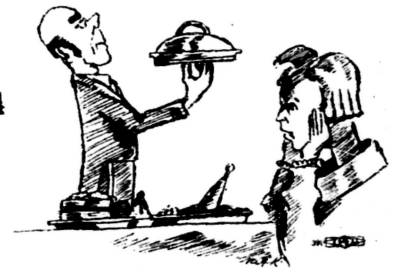
On the other hand, Algernon  
Astorbilt Gary  
Couldn't eat any more than a  
sickly canary.

3



But Billy was poor—and he knew  
how it feels  
To have nothing but crackers and  
mush for his meals;

4



While Algy, a rich lad, got chicken  
and steak,  
And seventeen helpings of choco-  
late cake.

## COMRADE SUNNY'S COLUMN.

Dear little Comrades:—

How-de, Comrades, glad to know you. Thanks for the letters you wrote me last month. Every one of them was interesting and all have been put on file for future use. I have answered them all. Some appear in this issue and I wish all of them did.

Oh, yes! Before I forget!

do you know the pledge that you are taught in Capitalist school? The one that goes: I pledge allegiance to the American flag and to the country which it stands—etc. A lot of you have to salute the flag with it every morning at school. I know that it is a way of making peace with the capitalist system. I will get a year's subscription FREE. All you need to do is send me your name and address.

subscriptions for you. I hope that we can use to  
• Young Comrade

pledge ourselves to the glorious cause that we are fighting for. Here it is:

I pledge allegiance to the Workers' Red flag  
And to the cause for which it stands.  
One aim thruout our life,  
Freedom to the Working Class.

Whenever you are tempted by capitalist training to forget you are a young rebel, say our pledge to yourself. Bring it up before your junior group and maybe they too will be willing to use it to begin their meeting with.

That's all for this month, comrades, and I remain,

Yours for the Junior Groups,  
COMRADE SUNNY,  
1009 No. State St., Rm. 214,  
Chicago, Ill.