



THE YOUNG COMRADE



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Celebrate Worker's May Day!

MAY the first, the holiday of the workers all over the world, is soon to be here again. The first of May, when all things of nature have taken on a new life, is for the workers a sign that some day the world will take on a new life which will give us all our freedom.

All over the world the workers are out on the streets or in meeting halls by the thousands. In Soviet Russia, where the workers are the rulers, millions are celebrating Workers' May Day with happy faces and joyous hearts, because they have already started on the last road to freedom. They have good cause to be happy on their May Day celebrations, because they have already gained most of the greatest victories over their old masters, the capitalists and aristocrats.

But in the other countries where the workers have not yet won their battle, they are celebrating May Day in the spirit of the coming victory. There they are discussing their conditions and their organizations and what they must do in order to be the winners.

That is what May Day means to us. On that

day, the revolutionary workers have set aside a time to show their strength to the bosses of the world. On that day we look over the past years and see what we have learned in our fight against

our enemy, the bosses. We look ahead, also, and see what we shall have to do in the future. The workers are always learning from their actions and their mistakes, but they always grow stronger until the day when they win.

In this country the workers have gone thru many big fights with the capitalists. They have had big strikes and they have learned that the government in Washington and in the separate states have always helped the capitalists beat down the workers. They are learning to build up a workers' and farmers' party to fight the old Republican and Democratic parties, which are now shown to be made up of grafters and crooks. They are learning to make their unions stronger by uniting them.

Even the little children of the workers are learning that they must get together to fight against the capitalist teachings in the schools



and against the brutal treatment that they are getting there.

So let us all, young and old, get together this May Day at our meetings and show how strong we are. Let us make the bosses of this country shiver when they think of the revolutionary workers. Let us unite with the communists of the Workers' Party, the Young Workers' League and the Junior Section to celebrate May Day, the day of the workers.

Hurrah for May Day and the victory of all the workers!



The Juniors of Meadowlands, Pa.

How Frankie Was Crippled

By GEORGE ROPER

POOR FRANKIE, he's a cripple. He's only got one leg, and he has to hobble around with a crutch. Us kids is all sorry as anything for him, 'cause he can't play ball or anything. Frankie used to be the fastest runner in our gang and now he can't run no faster than a baby. Even a little kid can beat him. Gee, that sure was tough luck when he went and got his leg cut off. It must 'ave hurt like the devil, too, 'cause I know how it feels when you even smash your finger a little. Once I asked him how much it hurt when it happened and he said: "It hurt worse than dying." How would you like to be hurt that much, huh?

But I guess I ought to tell you how Frankie's leg was cut off. I was with him when it happened, so I guess I ought to know more about it than anyone, 'cept himself. When someone asks him how it happened he don't even answer. I guess it must make him feel too bad. I suppose you'd feel bad too, if you had your leg cut off, especially if you was a kid who could run real fast and who liked to play ball.

Anyways it happened like this: Around where we live there's a railroad yard and coal from the trains falls on the tracks. Most of the kids in our gang goes pickin' this coal 'cause their old man don't make enough to buy any. Frankie and I always used to go picking the coal together and go dibbies. And we'd always give each other jiggers when the watchman would come. He

didn't want us to pick the coal, 'cause he wanted it all for himself, I guess. And once when Frankie and I was pickin' coal together he came along and began to chase us. We beat it around some boxcars with our bags, and he kept right on after us. We could 'a' ducked him easy, but a freight was coming across, right in our way. We either had to climb it or get caught.

WE knew what was comin' to us if we got caught, 'cause we know a kid that was caught once and the watchman beat him up till his mother had to take him to a doctor. The freight was goin' kinda slow anyway, so I hopped it. I got across all right and jumped down on the other side. But Frankie, he was in too much of a hurry, 'cause the bull was right on him—and he must 'a' lost his hold.

Anyways, the first thing I knew I heard Frankie scream something awful. I turned around and there he was lying beside the track. And one of his legs was smashed and covered with blood and kind-a hanging by the stocking. He was just laying there and grinding his teeth and foam was coming from his mouth. And his eyes was wide apart like he was crazy. And he was making funny sounds, that sounded awful. I was so scared I didn't know what to do. But the watchman jumped over the train, and when he saw Frankie he swore like anything. But anyway he picked him up and carried him into

(Cont. on page 7.)

Little Stories of American History

By MARSH

The Rebellions of the Poor

LAST month we told of how this country was settled by robbery, murder, persecution and slavery. This time we shall show how the slaves, the black and the white, oftentimes rebelled against their masters because they were being treated so brutally.

In New York, in 1712, a number of negroes who could not stand their terrible conditions started a riot. They were captured by soldiers and twenty-one of them were killed. Some were hanged, many were burned at the stake and one was broken on the wheel.

In Georgia a revolt also took place in 1774. While in 1800, many years after the Revolutionary War for freedom and independence, a thousand black Virginian slaves marched towards Richmond.

The black slaves were not the only ones to rebel. The poor white planters and the workers often revolted against the rich aristocrats who ran the government. In 1676, Nathaniel Bacon led a rebellion of the poor whites against the aristocratic government of Virginia and its governor, Berkeley. You see Berkeley had refused to allow Nathaniel Bacon and his neighbors to defend themselves against the Indians. Berkeley was carrying on a fur trade with the Indians and was making lots of money. So he did not want anyone to attack the Indians, caring more for profits than for the settlers' lives.

So Bacon took things in his own hands and led an army against the Indians. And when he had won the fight with them he marched on Jamestown, the capital of Virginia, and burned it down. After this, unfortunately, he became ill and died, and the aristocratic governor and his rich friends killed dozens of Bacon's followers. Nathaniel Bacon was driven to lead the rebellion because of the way in which the poorer people were being wronged and ill-treated by the rich, fat lords.

Twelve years after, another revolt broke out, this time in New York. It was led by a generous sympathizer with the poor, Jacob Leisler. He

was liked by the poor for his honesty and unselfishness and he was their leader in every case. When King James of England was replaced by William of Orange, Jacob Leisler refused to pay duty on a cargo of wine because the collector did not represent the government of England. The revolt really began after the Governor made an insulting remark. A company of soldiers seized the fort and made Leisler their commander-in-chief, both of the fort and the city.

The aristocrats did all in their power to harm Leisler. They spread all kinds of lies about him, they tried to kidnap him and they continually plotted for his overthrow. But Leisler and the people ruled for three years all over the province and he called together the first American congress of all the colonies.

But the plotters who did not like to see the people having anything to say in the government finally overthrew Leisler. They made false charges against him, and made his enemies his judges. Of course, they found him guilty and they hanged to death him and his son-in-law, Milborne.

There were many other revolts against the rich lords of the colonies, but, of course, the school histories tell us very little about them. They tell instead of how good and lovely everything was. But we know that the treatment of the black and white slaves was so horrible that they could do nothing else to try and help themselves than to rebel against their masters.

It is these rebellions that are among the brightest pages in American history. They show that the American workers were real, red-blooded rebels and that they were willing to fight for freedom and justice to the oppressed. Some day the workers of the present time will also see that they have miserable conditions and that their masters roll in wealth. Then they, too, will revolt against such conditions as did their ancestors before them.

In the next story you will read the true story of how the Revolutionary War for Independence from England really came about and what part was actually played in the war by the workers on one side and the rich capitalists on the other.

Johnny Red's Team and the Black Eye

By BILLY SAYLES.

"WELL, well—look at the pretty violets around Johnny's eye," his father said, and he laughed.

"Aw gee, you're always teasing me," Johnny turning his face aside.

"Those are not violets," Rosie Red added, "that's a black eye, daddy."

"A black eye?" he asked, "well, now, I never would have guessed it." And he laughed again. "And since Johnny Red is so bashful," he continued, "you tell me, sis, how that little Bolshevik brother of yours got that beautiful decoration. Is it springtime—or are they already coloring little bad eggs for Easter?"

"Holy cats, pop!" Johnny interrupted and he blushed again.

And Rosie Red said: "Don't tease him, daddy. 'Nails' and Johnny had a boxing match and gee, they went at it!—didn't you Johnny? And 'Nails' got a bloody nose, but they shook hands right after the match. O-o-o-h, daddy, I was all excited!"

"But what was it all about?" her father inquired.

And Johnny forgot about his colored eye and turned to his father. "You see, pop, the juniors held an athletic tournament in Mrs. Schmidt's barn, and all the kids in the neighborhood were there. 'Nails' and I boxed and he hit me on the nose and I soaked him on the ear. And the kids yelled like anything and we got all excited and we went at it like a real fight. Gee, but it was a peach of a scrap, wasn't it, Rosie?"



And Rosie Red just grinned and said: "You tell 'em"—and that made her daddy laugh, too.

But Johnny Red kept on: "And then, pop, 'Dutchy'—that's Mrs. Schmidt's boy, had a wrestling match with 'Butch'—that's the kid that works for our butcher after school, and Mrs. Schmidt laughed like anything 'cause 'Butch' nearly pulled Dutchy's pants off. Holy cats, that was funny, wasn't it, Rosie?"

And Rosie Red added: "And Freddie Work turned sommersaults and stood on his head—gee he's good, pop!"

"And the kids thought it was a swell show," Johnny Red said.

"But what was the show for?" Johnny's father wanted to know.

"Well, the juniors wanted to organize an athletic club. And we did, pop! Almost all the kids joined and even 'Speed' Martin, the minister's son. Gee, he's a swell pitcher. And we're going to have a baseball team. And we are going to play the Washington School."

"But won't the children's parents object because they will play with you, little Bolsheviks?" Johnny's father asked.

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"Gee whillikens, no. 'Speed' says his father likes base-ball better than the bible and he won't care. We've got enough base-ball suits between us, but we need two more bats and a couple of base-balls. So our group decided to let the other kids help us since they are in our club. We got a big bunch of the 'Young Comrades' and the 'Young Worker' and the whole gang sold them in the neighborhood.

"And do you know, pop," Rosie said, "I sold 25 copies to our teacher at school. Gee, they went like hot cakes, didn't they, Johnny?"

"Better 'n that," Johnny answered. "Why we sold enough to buy even a mask for 'Stubby'—he's our catcher. You see 'Stubby' didn't mind catching without a mask he said, 'cause he already had a broken nose and a smack on it might straighten it."

Johnny's daddy laughed and asked: "Who is the captain of your team?"

"Johnny is, pop!" Rosie answered.

"So! Well, comrade captain, will your team beat the Washington school?"

"You bet we will!" Johnny answered.

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

INVESTIGATIONS, THE JUNIORS AND THE BOY SCOUTS

THE word "investigation" means "a looking into things." And that is what is going on in the United States Congress today. They are looking into the records of the big men in the government and they are finding out that all these big men are grafters and crooks. These are the men that the children are taught in the public schools to look up to as great men who are to be followed and obeyed.

First it was found that members of the President's cabinet had sold out government land to capitalists. Then it was found, little by little, that many other officials of the government had taken money for work they had done in the interests of the big capitalists. You have read in the papers how, for instance, Warren Harding, the President who just died, was nominated by the Republican party only because he would do good work for the business men and bankers.

Now, we, who are communists, have always said that the government is only a tool in the hands of the capitalists. And the Teapot Dome committee and the Daugherty committee and the other committees have now proved exactly what we have always said.

There is another lesson we learn. The last war was fought for the profits of the bosses. The workers got nothing out of it, although they did the fighting. More wars are coming. And again the capitalists will tell the workers to do their fighting. But the workers ought to know by this time that they are only fighting for capitalist profits. Therefore they ought to fight against capitalist wars. There is only one war for the workers to fight. That is the war of the workers against the bosses.

The bosses and their government are trying to prepare the young for a capitalist war. The little children of the workers are trained in the Boy and Girl Scouts. It is, therefore, the duty of the members of the junior groups to fight against the Boy and Girl Scouts and to get their friends who are in it to get out of it. Don't let the capitalists use the workers to fight their battles. Let us fight only our own battles.

Hurrah for our own war—the war of the workers against the capitalists which will bring freedom and happiness to us all!

WITH THE JUNIOR ARTISTS



WITH OUR JUNIOR REDS

THE Los Angeles Juniors are now one year old. We are arranging a big anniversary celebration on April 13th. The school struggle is perhaps as yet not so keen here as in the eastern states. But we got reports from the comrades of their propaganda in the schools. One young member recently refused to contribute a penny towards buying a American flag. When he left his classroom the teacher gave a long talk about the "rotten, Godless" organization which he belonged to. She gave the talk in such a manner to incite the other children to fight our young comrade. However our junior was fearless and it gave him more opportunity to prove the true worth of the JJunior Section of the Y. W. L.

—Anna Lyons, Leader.

IN Vermillion River, Ont., Canada, we have no junior section but we have a children's club. We are doing good work in the schools. The other day my teacher said that we have only one life to live and I believe it is right. Therefore we children give our life so that the workers can have a better time. The only way is to fight for our freedom. We have nothing to lose but our chains and the world to conquer.

—Elna Simonen (age 12.)

A junior group has been organized in Waukegan, Ill. There are thirty members. We have a Sunday school but it is being rapidly changed to a junior group. A gym has been organized and we are trying to carry the fight into the schools.

Esther Makela, leader.

THE Dillonvale, Ohio, Y. W. L. branch is going to have a party and we are arranging a junior entertainment for them. We will say speeches, etc.

Our junior group is starting to carry on propaganda in our public school against religion which we are forced to say.

Yours for struggle,

Joe Kobylak, Jr.

WE organized another junior group in Meadowlands, Pa., not far from Cannonsburg. Sam Rotella of the Midland Juniors helped me organize the group. He delivered an excellent speech for about 6 or 7 minutes on the difference between the boy scouts and the juniors. Tony Note and Jimmy Glass were also present and spoke to the new juniors. This was very effective and made the children very eager.

—Black Diamond, leader.

OUR newly organized West Concord, N. H., junior section has already eleven members. The chairman is Wellamo Johnson, secretary, Irene Lindy and treasurer, Agdo Salmi. After we get well started and do good work we will visit different places near here and give little

programs so as to get the children interested in forming junior groups of their own.

Elsa Paananen, (age 11.)

WE have made an addition to the big junior family in New York City. Our junior group has 23 members. We are group 8, District 2. Our group secretary is comrade Margaret Newman. Our treasurer, comrade Irene Steiner. On March 8th, we went to an entertainment given by the Bronx juniors. We met there comrade Leo Granoff and we shook hands with him. We are doing our best to make our group grow.

—Margaret Rosenberger, (age 11.)

THE Brownsville, N. Y. junior group has started a fund for their German comrades. We have collected \$33.00. With Communist Greetings,

—Israel N. Lipshitz.

OUR Rock, Mich Junior Group is trying to get along even if we haven't got an older comrade to help us. We do our best and if we don't understand anything we ask the Worker's Party comrades about it. We are fighting hard against the public schools. Our teacher, Russel Olds, said I will get arrested for selling The Young Comrade in school. But my father said that I will not get arrested and he said there is no use if Communists do not fight.

—Vilho Uusitala.

We acknowledge a mistake in issue No. 5 of the Young Comrade. We cannot verify whether the Houston, Pa., school teachers force the children to buy candy from them.

HOW PEOPLE WORK

By **TILLIE LURYE; Age, 10 Years**

THERE are thousands and thousands of workers in this city. They have to get up every morning and work very, very hard for their boss all day. When they come home from work they are so tired and hungry, and it is cold in the house and their children are sitting around an empty, broken table waiting for something to eat.

But when the bosses come home there is good food on the table all ready to eat. Then he sits on a chair smoking a cigar or reading a paper. The bosses have everything, and yet don't work. Our parents, the workers, have nothing.

It is so unfair. That is why we must have junior groups. Come, juniors, get busy. All join together!

(Cont. from page 2.)

a shack. And the blood! It kept on running and running and Frankie and the watchman was all covered with it. I never knew Frankie had so much blood in him and I thought sure he was going to die, because his face was white as snow and his eyes was closed and he didn't move more than a dead person. And pretty soon the ambulance came and took Frankie away.

AFTER a month Frankie came back from the hospital and he only had one leg. Gee, it was funny to see him with only one leg!

Anyways, I'll tell you somethin' funny that happened in school after Frankie came back from the hospital. One day we was studying our geography and we came to where it says that the United States has more coal than any country in the world, and that it mines as much as all the other countries put together.

And then Frankie, he raised his hand and said: "Teacher, if this country is so rich with

coal, why do all us kids have to go on the tracks picking it?" Gee, that was a good question to ask, wasn't it? And teacher, she didn't know what to say, but pretty soon she said: "Well, Frankie, that's because your father hasn't got enough money to pay for the coal."

"I know that without you telling me," says Frankie, and I never heard him talk so fresh to teacher before. "But why ain't my father got the money? Don't he work hard enough all day? What's the use of a country being rich and havin' lots of coal when we can't use it?"

NOW, I wonder why don't the government give the people all the clothes and coal and things they need? If they did, then it would really be a government for the people like Lincoln said. And then the kids on our street wouldn't have to wear torn clothes and shoes, or pick coal off the tracks—and Frankie wouldn't have had his leg cut off either.

Is This Your Idea of a Bolshevik?



MANY people think that a Bolshevik or Communist is a terrible monster, something like a fairyltale ogre, who has snakes in his hair and a bloody knife in his mouth. They think he eats babies for breakfast, old men for dinner and ladies for supper. They think all Bolsheviks are dirty, and have long whiskers and look terrible.

That's what all the bosses would like to have the workers and their children think. In the schools your teacher tells you lies about the Russian workers. In the newspapers of the bosses you read the lies. And in the movies, which are run by the bosses, you see the lies.

And do you know why lies are told about the Russian and American and other Communists and Bolsheviks? It is because the bosses are afraid that the workers will begin to follow the example of the Russian workers and peasants and kick the capitalists off the face of the earth. Then the bosses would be no more and the workers would rule the country.

The bosses and their schools, papers, movies and churches will keep on lying about the leaders of the workers. They are afraid. But we don't care. It only shows us that we must keep on telling the workers and their children to join a workers' organization and read working-class papers. That is the only way that the workers will ever be free from the

bosses' slavery. We must read the truth and fight together with the rest of the workers till we are all free.

Comrade Sunny's Column

Dear Little Comrades:

What does the month of May mean to Revolutionists and Communists all over the world? Now don't answer all at once! You are right, it means MAY DAY.

The first day of May is always celebrated by the revolutionists with meetings and parades, and every good communist wakes on the morning of May Day with a song in his or her heart and that song is usually "The Internationale" or "The Young Guards."

Here are the words to "The Young Guards":

"We're marching towards the morning,
We're struggling Comrades all;
Our aims are set on victory,
Our enemies must fall.
With ordered step, red flag unfurled,
We'll build a new and better world;
We are the youthful guardsmen of the
Proletariat." (Repeat last line.)

Now isn't that a song you could sing all day MAY DAY and every other day of the year besides? I am singing it now as I am writing this column for The Young Comrade, and other young comrades are singing it with me. Let's all sing it together and make so much noise about it that the capitalists will tremble as they think of the day when we shall kill capitalism and build a new and better world.

Many young comrades have asked me for the red flag pledge, so I am printing it again:

"I pledge allegiance to the Red Flag
And to the cause for which it stands:
One aim throughout our life,
Freedom to the working class."

Now all together—Hurrah for the FIRST OF MAY! Long live the Junior Groups!

Your

Comrade Sunny.

HELP THE GERMAN KIDDIES!

A dillar, a dollar, a nice shiny dollar,
What makes it stay away—
'Twould let ten German children eat
A good big meal a day.

* * *

Jack and Jill went out to fill
A book of German coupons;
Jack sold a bunch before his lunch,
And Jill's were all sold after.

Join the Juniors!

WHY WE JOIN THE JUNIOR GROUPS

By ROSE PLOTKIN; Age, 9 Years

WE join the junior groups because when we get older we do not want to work ten and twelve hours a day like our parents do today. We have business meetings, educational meetings and social meetings. In business meetings we have business, and if we have time we tell what we read in The Daily Worker or The Young Comrade. In educational meetings we talk about schools and about the world. In social meetings we have fun and enjoy ourselves. But I think if our parents would have had a chance to join the junior groups when they were young they would not have to work so hard now.

So do not forget to JOIN THE JUNIOR GROUPS!

COMRADES, LET'S GET BUSY!

SCHOOL BANKS.

By Helen Airoff, 10½ years.

ONE day a man came to our school to talk about thrift. He said, "Mr. Hutt will give you a bank, when you save a dollar you will get an honor button."

Everybody got a bank.

My teacher asked me why I didn't get a bank and I answered:

"My father is a working man and he is glad when he has the necessary things of life."

"But you will get an honor button," she insisted.

I answered, "Yes, the rich children will have many honor buttons while my bank will be empty."

Poverty will not be abolished with school banks.

A WORKERS' SONG.

By Steve Meshechek.

O worker, why do you work all day,
And hardly get any pay?

While the capitalist drinks his wine
And thinks himself very fine.

While we hardly have water to drink
And not any time to think!

WHAT A MEMBER OF A JUNIOR GROUP SAYS:

I am an agitator and fighter for the workers' children and for the working class!