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Vol. 1. No. 2.

DECEMBER, 1923

Price 5 cents.

Hands Off Workers' Germany!

Down With Capitalist Teachings!

PRETTY soon in our classrooms the teachers will tell us that the German working class is bad. The capitalists want the teachers to say that. If the teachers don't they will lose their jobs. Why must the teachers say that now? Because in Germany, today, the workers and farmers are taking control away from the capitalists. You remember what happened when the Russian working class did this in 1917. The teachers then told us that the workers were terrible bolsheviks. They will tell us now that the German workers are a terrible bunch of beer drinkers and frankfurter eaters. That they can't run their own government and must be wiped off the face of the earth.

That is "capitalist teachings" in the American Public Schools. Do they tell us the truth of the



Down with capitalist teachings

By Robert Minor.

will starve to death.

They will win in this great struggle if the American bosses don't send ammunition and soldiers to shoot them down. The American bosses are first sending ammunition. Pretty soon they will send soldiers.

matter? No! The truth is that the German workers and their wives and little children are suffering terribly today. That is why they are fighting their boss' government in Berlin. That is why they are fighting the autocratic generals of Kaiser Bill, in Bavaria, which is part of Germany. That is why they are fighting the Belgian and French bosses, who are greedy after Germany's coal and iron.

The German workers know that if they do not establish their own government now their wives and children

We the workers' children of America protest against the sending of munitions and soldiers to defeat the German Revolution!

We call upon our parents, upon the longshoremen, the sailors, etc., to refuse to transport ammunition to be used against the German working class.

We call upon our working class teachers to join us in our demand of "Hands off Workers' Germany!"

NO CAPITALIST TEACHING AGAINST WORKERS' GERMANY!

NO MUNITIONS, NO FOOD, NO ARMIES TO CRUSH WORKERS' GERMANY!

HANDS OFF WORKERS GERMANY!



A bunch of Young Communists, Junior Group, in the lovely section of Los Angeles, California.

The Story of an Ape

By Hermynia zur Muhlen.

AN ape served a rich man. The ape's work was to imitate everything he was told, and that's why he was kept. The ape obeyed his teacher well because he studied men and their varied knowledge. When he thought of their furniture, their carpets, plumbing, and electric lights, and everything else that surrounded him, he could not find sufficient words with which to praise men. "Not even God can surpass men. Men beat sparks out of iron, carve figures from marble, prepare appetizing foods from the flesh of animals, make shoes and dreadful whips from the skins of animals. They bring fire and water wherever they will. They take gold and iron out of the mountains and into the light of the day. There is no place on earth where they cannot accomplish wonders. They understand so much that it must be easy for them to be good.

One day it happened that the ape's master died. In his will he made his favorite ape the heir of his great wealth.

Immediately the ape became master of the wealth, he noticed that he had many friends among men. This made him wonder greatly, as up to then they had looked upon him as an animal and the servants who now treated him with great respect had before constantly annoyed him; yes, they had stopped him at every step. The ape felt that something was wrong here. He suspected that beneath the friendship and respect lurked deceit.

LATER, however, he was ashamed, because he was mistaken. The people treated him as a creature equal to themselves. They believed he was not an ape at all, but the dead man's unfortunate ugly son of whom he was ashamed during his lifetime. The ape was delighted at being taken for a real man. He took great pains not to deceive the people. At first he was very happy in his role of a man; yet daily he mourned the fact that he was really an animal.

"I cheat these splendid creatures. I pretend to be a man, yet I am in truth only an animal. But they are as genuine and fine as I appear to them."

Sometimes he felt an irresistible impulse to skip about before them and to show his carefully hidden tail. Yet he was so inexpressibly loved to be considered a man that he did not give way to his impulse.

THEN something very strange occurred. The people prepared for a war. The ape with his excited friends visited the factories where weapons were made and examined with puzzled surprise the fearful cannons, tanks, wire barricades, bombs, muskets and sabres. He stared at the soldiers drilling, at the forts the soldiers built and the trenches that were protected by barbed wires.

After seeing these things, the ape was almost dying of curiosity to see the enemy of these people. He felt a wild hatred against the daring monster that presumed to attack the glorious people. Finally, when he was alone, he whispered, in amaze-



A bunch of Young Communists, Junior Group, in the lovely section of Los Angeles, California.

ment: "But what sort of a monster can the enemy be that people must devise such cruel, great, murderous weapons against them? In my childhood I heard very old apes tell of horrid dragons that lived a long, long time and were as broad as the woods and as tall as a mountain."

He imagined the enemies of men with fearful claws and frightful wings that darkened the sun; creatures that breathed fire whose flame scorched everything, with sharp ugly pointed teeth, dreadfully strong tails, and voices like thunder that made the earth tremble. Yet he had to admit that the weapons of the people themselves were equally inhuman to the horrible monster.

And finally came the day when he might see the monster he had pictured to himself.

THE meeting took place on the battlefield. The grassy earth was covered with torn shreds of human bodies. The ape could not believe his eyes. He bent down close to the dead bodies. He searched for some sign that could show why men had fought against them. But he could not see anything fearful on the wounded people; they were all distorted with pain and their bodies were exactly like those of the people he knew to a hair.

He asked one dying man: "Are you a man?"

"I am a man," moaned the unfortunate one.

The ape cried tremblingly: "What? Glorious man fights against men? Tell me, unfortunate man, for what reason do you shed your blood to the enemy people?"

The dying man answered, in ignorant surprise: "Because of the phrase!"

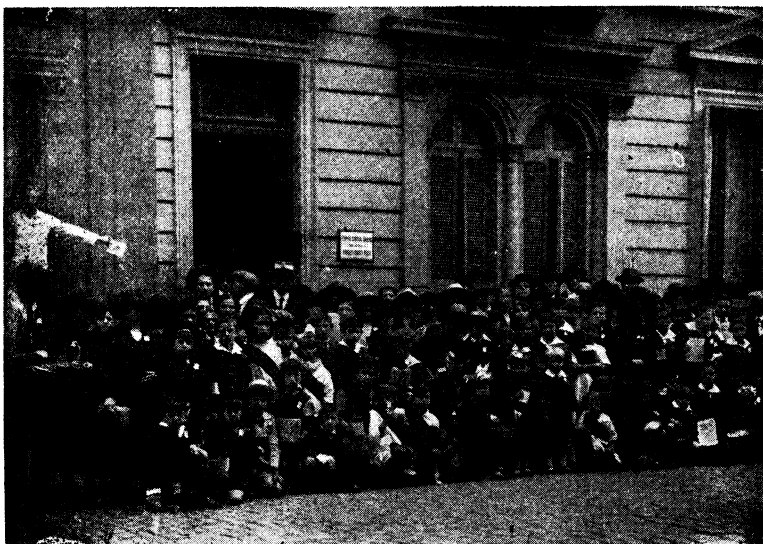
"And what is that phrase?"

"The enemy have one gold piece more than we."

"Is that all it is about?"

"That is all!"

In the mind of the ape his great admiration for all men was overthrown as a mighty earthquake throws over a great, high tower. He threw himself sobbing on the ground and cried up to the sun in powerless grief: "Does not the fearful evil and imperfection of men make you pale? For what does their perfection mean when they mutilate each other because of trifles?"



Young Communist children of Argentina, South America, preparing to collect money for the hungry children of Soviet Russia.

HE tore from his body the human garments that he had heretofore worn with such pride and revealed his tail that up to then he had so carefully concealed.

"Every animal can teach you what justice is," said he to the dying man. "You murder one another continually. Brother against brother! And all this long time you have not seen that you have increased the wealth of the rich when you murdered each other!"

The he fled horror-stricken and with feverish shudders far away from the wondering man and never returned . . . He no longer desired to be a man.

SOME THOUGHTS OF MINE.

By Burnett Roy Baum, Age 10 years.

The cops are slaves and are the enemies of slaves.

The Workers Party has a chance to capture the government and will capture it.

The head of the judge is as empty as the prison cells are full. When he takes up a millionaire's case he never puts him in jail. Money! Money! Money! For money they would do most anything.

Three cheers for the Red Flag!

Three cheers for the Working Class!





Young Communist children of Argentina, South America, preparing to collect money for the hungry children of Soviet Russia.

SONG OF THE YOUNG COMRADES

By J. R.

I'm going to be a Communist, a big, brave Communist,
A lion-hearted Communist, in uniform of red.

And I shall lead with courage then

The struggles of the workingmen.

I'm going to be a Communist, with a red flag overhead.

I'm going to be a Communist, a bold, bright Communist,
A faith-inspired Communist, as steadfast as the skies.

And I'll be always loyal to

The working class my whole life through.

I'm going to be a Communist, with a challenge in my eyes.

I'm going to be a Communist, a keen, clean Communist,

A freedom-loving Communist, down to my fingertips.

And I shall live to see the day

When boss and landlord pass away.

I'm going to be a Communist, with a song upon my lips.

The Adventures of Johnny Red

By Billy Sayles.

“**H**OLY Cats, pop, I got a lot to tell you!”

Johnny was so excited. His dad was away for a month on a job in another town and Johnny had so much to tell him.

His dad laughed. “Comrades,” he said teasing, “Johnny has the floor. He must have something very important to tell you because he is so excited. His red hair is up straight and his freckles are very plain today.”

“Aw, Gee, pop, don’t!” Johnny pleaded. “Honestly, this is good. You know Miss Jones at our school. Well, she said to us one day in history class that George Washington freed this country from England. And now it is a free country and anyone can say what they please. Well, pop, I jumped up and said it was not true.”

“You little red-head,” his dad said. “And then, what did she hit you with?”

“She didn’t hit me pop,” Johnny answered. “She wanted to know why. So I told her how you got pinched,—you know, right after the war, during the Red Raids, for saying the workers ought to stick together. And I told her how you still can show a scar where the cop hit you.

“Well, Gee, pop, I was scared, but she didn’t say anything.

“And then another day she said that white men were never slaves in this country.

“And I jumped up again and said they were.

“The teacher was awfully peeved and said I ought to be called ‘Johnny Red’, and all the kids at school now call me ‘Johnny Red.’

“But after the school she wanted to know where I learned those things.

“I told her I saw it in one of your books, dad, and I brought one of them to her.

“Well, pop, she borrowed all your books and then began teaching us history with one of them.”

Johnny’s father laughed and then grew serious.

“I suppose, Johnny, she lost her job then?” His father asked.

Johnny laughed and winked at his father.

“Sure, pop, they kicked her out alright, but our Junior Group has a swell teacher now.”

His dad slapped Johnny on his back and gave him a nickel. “Johnny,” he said, “go out and buy an ice cream—for Johnny Red!”



By a members of Los Angeles Junior Group.

The Young Comrade

Vol. 1.

DECEMBER.

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A working class magazine for working class children



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Young Workers League

of America.

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THE YOUNG COMRADE

1009 No. State St. Rm. 214.

Chicago, Ill.

Subscription—Fifty cents per year. Single copies, 5 cents. Bundles of five or more, 3 cents per copy.

THE CHILD OF THE COLORED WORKER.

By Jennie Stirner, Age 12.

ONE day as I was walking down the street I happened to see five colored children from the age of 11 down. They had long shabby torn dresses, some were barefooted and the worst torn stockings, one had a little rag home made doll in her hand. These children live in a basement and in their house there is hardly any furniture. Their mother tries to keep it clean, but with five small kids around the house how can she? The father comes home very tired, and he makes very little money. He works in the stockyards and the white men get more money than he does. I am sure that he works just as hard as the whites, even harder. He would like to join a union. But they won't let him. The capitalist calls him a nigger and teaches the white through the papers to dislike them, telling them that they are not the same as the whites. But we know that they are human beings, and should be treated the same. But some day when we have the workers' republic, the white people and colored people will work for the same aim, the people.



By Walter Carlson.

EDITORIAL By Ben Lava, Age 12.

If Communism could be carried out—if no more lives would have to be sacrificed for that wish—if no Capitalism existed—if ignorance were turned into knowledge—if spankings of children were changed to kissing them—if fathers and mothers would think more of the present and future than the past—THEN!!!—LIFE Would Be LIFE—And the World would no longer run red with the blood of a million wars!

WHAT IS COMMUNISM?

By Rose Cohen, Age 13.

SO many people in using this word do not fully comprehend its meaning. Communism is first of all an idea. It stands for a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. By that I mean that the men who produce certain articles should be allowed to make use of them. For instance, it is **Labor** who builds colleges and universities yet it remains in ignorance; it is **Labor** who makes automobiles and carriages, yet the men who produce this machinery do not use them. Why? Because according to the present form of government these workers must produce these things so that a few men might live in luxury. In a communist government the people would use all that they produce.

Now we live in a capitalistic government where our parents have to work day and night in the mills, factories and offices to earn money, so little that it barely supports us. It is our parents who make beautiful clothes and healthy foods, yet many children of the working class hardly have enough clothing to keep them warm in winter or enough food to keep them from starving.

It is up to us, the young comrades of the future generation to better the conditions that our parents now live in. We do not want to slave in hot, stuffy factories for the capitalists whose one idea is to get as much money as they can out of us. What we want is to be able to use what we will produce. We also want a good education. At the present time, if we want a good education we must pay for it. Many of the children cannot even complete the little education that the grammar school has to offer for they must go to work to help support the family. All these conditions must be done away with for they are wrecking peoples' lives, and the only government that shall better everything is Communism. There we, the young comrades, must strive to make Communism a reality.



Read **THE YOUNG COMRADE**: It is your paper!

With the Children of Soviet Russia

(This is a letter sent by the communist children of Korosten in Soviet Russia to the communist children of this country. The letter was given to the Marshfield Junior Branch of Chicago for them to answer it.)

Vol. Guberny,
City of Korosten,
August 21, 1923,

To the Children of America.

Hello, dear brothers and sisters!

We the Young Spartacans of the city of Korosten celebrating International Relations Week have found it necessary to strengthen "corresponding connections" with you. First of all we want to acquaint you, dear comrades, with our freedom of life. We the children of free Russia are working and developing freely and we are also organized in the organization of the Young Spartacans We are conducting our work under the leadership of our elder brothers of the Young Communist Organization, who prepare us to take their place in that organization.

This week, we the Young Spartacans have issued a Poster Newspaper where there was an article dealing with the question of closer relations with the children of the West.

Dear brothers and sisters, the International Relations Week has passed very lively. The Young Spartacans have taken an active part in that celebration. There were also many children's demonstrations, illustrating your life, that you children have no possibility to celebrate freely as we do here. We then decided to wage our protests against your oppressors. Our teachers have taken an active part. We also had a lively demonstra-

tion where we established closer relations with the city children and together we issued the slogans for the establishment of relations with the brothers and sisters who have to live under the most difficult conditions.

Wishes were expressed that you may be able to live and celebrate as freely as we the children of Soviet Russia.

Dear Comrades, after having acquainted you with our lives we, the Young Spartacans, ask you to establish closer relations with us and to acquaint us with your work, organization and life, also what part the League of Young Communists (The Young Workers League) plays in your movement. We hope that the opinions which we have written will solidify us into one organization, and give us the possibilities and power to liberate you from your oppressors.

Long Live the Liberation and Unity of the Children of the World!

Long Live friendship and love among

the children of all land and nationalities!

With Spartacan Greetings

(Gorcom) City Committee of Young Spartacans
Soviet Russia.

(And this is the answer of the Marshfield, Chicago, Young Communists to the Young Spartacans of Korosten.)

Chicago, Ill.

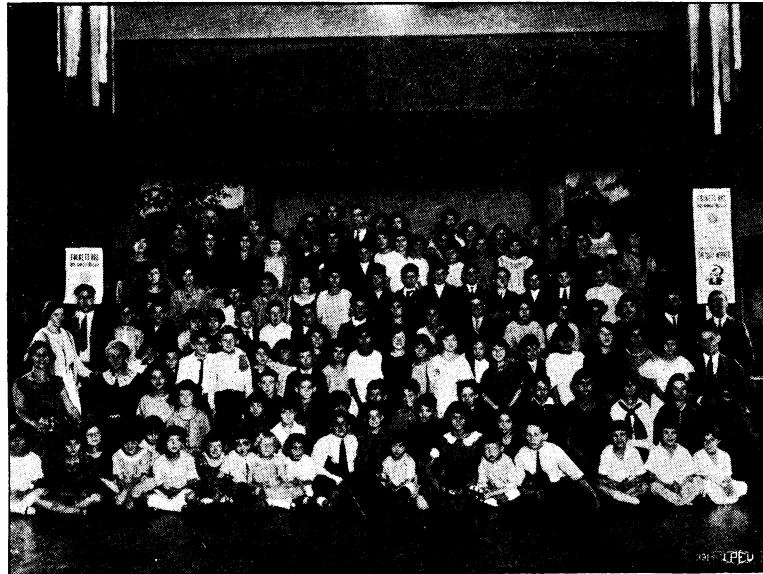
October, 22, 1923.

To the City Committee of Young Spartacans,
Soviet Russia.

Vol. Guberny, city of Korosten.

Dear Comrades and Friends:

We received your interesting letter and are very glad to have you as our friends. It makes us very



Young Communists and leaders in Chicago



Young Communists and leaders in Chicago

happy to know that after the long years of suffering and struggle you are able to live in freedom and happiness under a workers' government.

We are also happy that you can go to school just as we do, not as your parents and ours who had to go to work when they were young children and lived in darkness under the Czar.

At present our school conditions are not very good. The schools are crowded and we have to split into different sessions. This makes it very inconvenient for us. Some of us have to sit at tables instead of at desks and some stand up. Some of our teachers punish pupils by slapping them or making them do unpleasant things. We hope this is not so in your country. There are some teachers here who make pets of the children of the rich-

er parents who can afford to bring them presents and are more severe with those children who cannot afford to bring gifts.

Under the guidance of the Young Workers League of America, of which we are a junior branch, we hope to improve our conditions and learn to think for ourselves.

We have a magazine called "THE YOUNG COMRADE" which we try to sell to our friends and schoolmates. We are enclosing a copy with this letter. As many of our comrades as possibly can, are going to write articles and letters to be printed in the next issue.

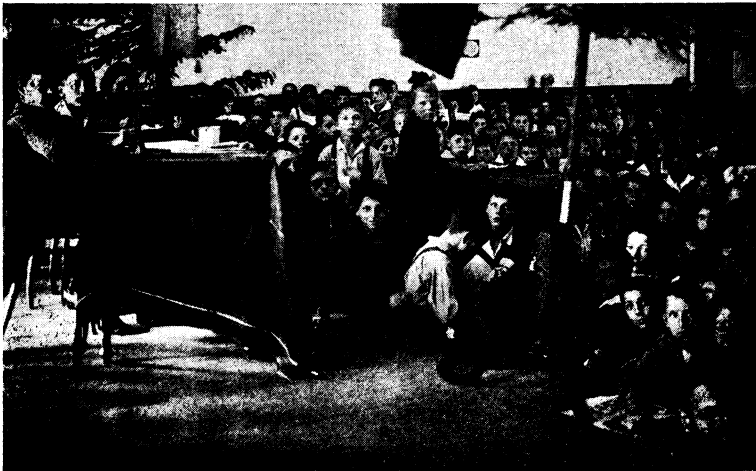
We feel the same way as you feel about the people who become wealthy from our fathers' labor.

On Sunday, November 4th, our branch is going to join other children in celebrating the sixth anniversary of your government. We hope some day you will celebrate the sixth anniversary of the workers' government of America.

We should like to have you write us again.

LONG LIVE THE WORKERS' AND PEASANTS' GOVERNMENT OF RUSSIA! LONG LIVE THE INTERNATIONAL SOLIDARITY AND FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORKERS' CHILDREN OF THE WORLD!

With comradely greetings,
Marshfield Branch, Junior Section,
Young Workers League of America.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.



The National Conference of Communist Children's Groups of Germany.

An Appeal to Junior Comrades, Parents and Friends

The first issue of **The Young Comrade** was gobbled up in a short time. A week after it was printed we began to run short of copies. We are now sure, if we ever doubted, that there is a need for such a paper.

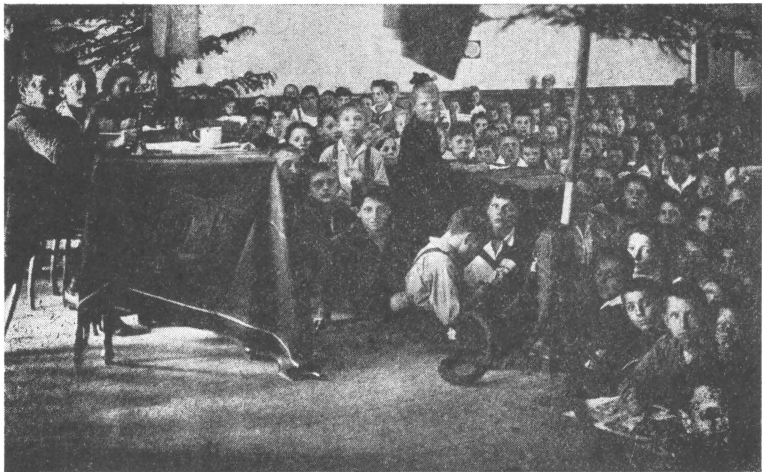
We want to keep on getting out **The Young Comrade**. We want to get it out regularly and at the same price, 5 cents. In order to do this, we must have a Reserve Fund, until we are well under way and on our feet. We know we are getting the support of working class children already.

We therefore appeal to all workers to contribute to the **Young Comrade Reserve Fund**. Any sum

of money will do—but make it as large as possible! It is up to the working class to support its papers, the capitalists won't do it!

Please send all donations to
The Young Comrade Reserve Fund,
1009 North State St., Rm. 214.
Chicago, Ill.





**The National Conference of Communist Children's
Groups of Germany.**

Comrade Sunny's Column

DEAR Little Friends:
I do so want to know you all, every one that reads this little magazine.

I want to know what you do and what you study and what you play and how you like it.

I want to hear your questions and problems and answer them if I can.

I want to know you all and I want you to know me.

I know some new games and poems and songs and things that I know you will like.

I tell you what let's do! You sit down right now and write me a letter and I promise you I will answer it right away and the best letters I get I will have this magazine publish.

Make the mail man that brings my mail work real hard the next month bringing your letters to me, won't you? If you make him work hard enough he may decide to strike for a raise and then you would have done your bit for the cause. Write a letter, right now!

With love and Communist Greetings,
Comrade Sunny,

Address: Room 214, 1009 N. State St.,
Chicago, Ill.

WHY DO TEACHERS SAY SUCH THINGS?

By **Mary Emma C.** Age 10.

Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR Junior Comrades:—
In Geography at school the other day the teacher told the children to name as many countries as they could whose explorers came over to explore America. And a boy stood up and named the countries that he thought. One of the countries he named was Russia. The teacher broke in and said, "The only kind of people that are in Russia are Bolsheviks and they bring more trouble than help to our country." All the kids started laughing as hard as they could. But my father has told me about Russia and I believed him. I did not laugh. He told me that the people of Russia got all together and made the czar get out and run for his life. Then the workers got out and took the mines and ran them. They did not have to hand every thing they made over to an old czar or any lazy fat boss.

Read this paper and then pass it on to a friend!

The Poor Fish

This is the Poor Fish.

The Poor Fish drinks his coffee every morning and works like a horse the rest of the day.

He never thinks, and he always has a good word to say about the bosses.

He imagines that the public and high schools are places where children are taught good things.

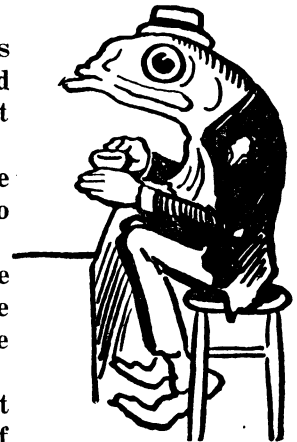
That is why he does not join the organizations of working class like the Young Workers League or its Junior Section.

There are thousands and thousands of Poor Fishes in this country and they are all dumbbells like this one. They do not read the YOUNG COMRADE and do not belong to any Junior Group.

Don't be a Poor Fish!

Join a Junior Group!

Read the YOUNG COMRADE!



THE ROVER BOYS.

By **Martin Miroff,** Age 12.

AMONG the most lying and untruthful books are the Rover Boys, edited by Arthur M. Winfield.

The boys are at Putnam Hall, which is a military school founded and led by Capt. Putnam. The boys are taught to be soldiers and to be cannon fodder for the future wars of the capitalists.

The Rover boys care not for the welfare of their city or the people of the country, but are out to make money, which they spend as easy as they get. Their adventures are not true, but only to poison the minds of the youthful readers.

The book teaches the boys to fawn at the feet of capitalism, so that the capitalists should sleep in fine beds and eat good foods, while most likely the readers who are mostly children of the working class are undernourished and sleep on bath tubs and the floor. There being too many children, they are forced to sleep there.

Tell your friends NOT to read these rotten books but the books of the working class.

P. S. For a list of books apply at the Y. W. L. of your city.