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Official Organ of The Young Worker's League



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# THE YOUNG WORKER

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No. 2.

## The Third Congress of the Young Communist International

By MARTIN ABERN

THE formal opening of the Third Congress of the Young Communist International took place on the night of December 5th at the Bolshe Theater. Over 2000 young Communists from the various Leagues in Moscow were present, besides the Young Communist League delegates and many Communist International and Red International of Trades Union delegates.

Speeches were made by Kamenin, president of the Soviet Republic, Bordiga, secretary of the Communist Party of Italy, Monmousseau of the Red Trade Unions of France; representatives from the red army and fleet; Shueller and Shatzkin for the Y. C. I., and representatives of the Moscow Y. C. L. Resolutions were presented by delegates from Germany, America, England, Czecho-Slovakia and others. Stormy applause and much singing accompanied the speeches.

After four hours of speeches, a concert was given and also an exhibition of proletarian culture. The session broke up at two A. M.

The real opening of the Congress (for work) was on December 6th at the Kremlin, the Fourth Congress of the Communist International having been completed.

Lazar Shatzkin reported for the Executive Committee of the Young Communist International, outlining the work of the various Leagues, including that of the Young Communist League of America and the Young Workers League of America. He characterized educational activities of the Y. W. L. as "general" and also referred to the loose form of our organization. His report was accepted.

Among the important matters that came up at the Y. C. I. Congress were that of drafting an economic program for the youth of the working class. There seems to be a general agreement and understanding of the necessity of laying out an international economic program based on the general and specific conditions of the youth in the various countries. Very little opposition is noticeable against the formation of a program including immediate demands. In this program will be shown the difference between the Social-reformist youth organizations and the Young Communist International and its affiliated sections. The Social-democratic youth bodies formulate demands, and that is all; the Young Communist International fights for them.

The basis of the economic program will be the Communist reorganization of youth labor—which, briefly, is explained as agitating and aiming for treating the youth up to 18 years of age from an educational viewpoint, not from a wage-slave one. The Young Communist International makes its demands not in the needs of the capitalist class, but on the needs of the working class youth. The Y. C. I. although driving for

a betterment, if possible, of the working youth on the basis of capitalist society, realizes that nothing substantial can be gotten for the youth, or any of the workers, while capitalism lasts. Nevertheless, it makes these economic demands, and will fight for them, rallying the youth to the slogan of communist re-organization of youth labor. Through the struggle for these demands, the youth will come to see the hopelessness of attaining anything under capitalism, and will then battle for revolutionary ends and purposes, the overthrow of capitalist society and government.

Now that Communist Parties have been established in nearly all countries, the role of the Young Communist International and the Leagues supporting and affiliated to it, changes somewhat. Where there were no Communist Parties, or only weak ones, the Young Communist Leagues, for the most part, carried on the general revolutionary political struggle, and was, in fact, the real leader of the masses. Now, the Communist Party can and will take over the main political guidance of the masses, and the Young Communist Leagues, or Leagues working under the guidance of the Young Communist International, can carry on the work best fitted to them—that of education of the youth.

At this Congress, the question of education, the best ways and means of formulating and carrying out Communist education and propaganda was fully dealt with. Of this more later.

Besides myself as Observer for the Young Workers League of America, there were several delegates present from the Young Communist League of America. As Observer for the Young Workers League of America I was seated as fraternal delegate with voice but no vote.

The question of the American youth movement was taken up and discussed. Reference was made to our educational work as well as the organizational structure of our League and the manner in which we were carrying on propaganda.

I shall report in more detail in later articles, as at this writing the Congress is not over. I have had long talks with delegates from almost every country represented here and have exchanged views, the result of which I shall use for the basis of articles to appear in the future issues of the *Young Worker*. Also, shall go into more detail in regard to the various points of the program now under discussion here, such as economic struggle, educational activities, trade union activities and the like.

A point of great interest to our members, and one that should be discussed, is the question of our making application for admittance to the Young Communist International. As with the other points, I shall take this up more in detail in my future articles.

# What I Saw in Germany on Youth Day

By JOHN EDWARDS

(Editorial Note: Comrade Edwards, the writer of the following article, was in Berlin when Comrade Martin Abern, who had been appointed by the National Executive Committee to the Y. W. L. to go to the Third Congress of the Young Communist International, recently concluded in Moscow, arrived in that city. After communication with the N. E. C., it was decided that inasmuch as Comrade Edwards was a good-standing member of the League, that he be authorized together with Comrade Abern to act as an observer; and hence, we are pleased to inform our members that both Comrade Edwards and Comrade Abern will report as Y. C. I. Observer to the Leagues.)

YOUTH DAY, Sept. 3rd, in Berlin, was a cloudy dismal day. I had arrived just a few days previously and was aimlessly walking about the streets when my attention was attracted by a band of young people coming down the street carrying a large red banner, singing as they marched. They sang a revolutionary song, calling the workers to action. The people in the streets stopped to look on and remarked on the beauty and strength of their singing. What particularly struck my attention was the peculiar style of dress of those young people—members of the German Young Communist League, as I later learned. To some it might seem freakish when described. They were barelegged. Most of the marchers wore short pants and blouses of many shades.

By their singing and by their marching one could see that they were not freaks but young workers who were in deadly earnest. I followed the line of march, as did a good many others along the way, until we came to a railroad station. There I found many groups like the one I had followed to the station, each coming from a different direction. Asking one of the marchers where they were going I was informed that they were going just outside of the city where they were to hold a huge demonstration; an outdoor mass meeting "For," said this young communist, "this is International Youth Day. And the young workers throughout the world are meeting to protest and fight against the intolerable conditions forced upon them by their masters."

So I boarded a train with this young fellow, along with the rest. And after a short ride found myself in a wooded section of the country, just outside of the city limits. Thousands had arrived before, and thousands were coming when we got there. There were a sea of banners of every description. Placards with hundreds of slogans were carried aloft by the groups that came marching to the central spot of the occasion. Then the mass of young workers gathered around a platform which had been set up for the speakers. It began to rain. But it took more than rain to stop these young German revolutionists. All stayed. This was **their** day, and besides they pride themselves on their rigid discipline.

The meeting opened with the singing and the country round vibrated with the strains of the "International" sung by ten thousand young workers. Youthful speakers addressed the meeting with a fervor and ring that is known only to youth. They condemned

the Social-Democrats for their traitorous actions against the working-class of Germany. The Socialist traitors of other lands were likewise flayed. Calling on the young workers to learn to fight their own battles under the red banner of the Young Communist International, the speakers addressed themselves solely to the youth. It was pointed out that the youth together with the adult workers should present a solid front in the fight against the capitalist class of the world and under the leadership of the Communist and Young Communist International abolish capitalism and its miseries.

I drew closer to the speaker's platform. There were a number of speeches in German. Then, to my surprise, a representative of the Young Communist League of America was introduced and spoke on the conditions of the workers in his country. Most of the audience could not understand English, yet they were attentive, and thunderous applause greeted the remarks of the American representative. The speech was translated. Following the American speaker, an English Young Communist talked on conditions in his country and likewise was accorded a hearty reception.

When the speaking and singing was over, the larger portion of the demonstrators marched back toward the city, and arriving at Charlottenberg, the streets became so crowded that traffic was stopped for many blocks in every direction. Hundreds of people were attracted to the scene. One youthful enthusiast attempted to make a speech from a street-car but was immediately interrupted by a Social-Democratic police, who started to lead him toward the police station. A number of the Young Communist followed the arrested comrade and endeavored to wrest him from the hands of the Social-Democrats. Without warning, the police fired point-blank into the ranks of the young workers killing one and wounding four.

Three days after the murder of the young revolutionist, a monster mass meeting was held to protest the bloodshed of this young Communist. Adult and young speakers urged young and old to solidify their ranks and form a united front against the armed onslaughts, not only of the capitalists, but the leaders Social-Democrats as well.

The funeral march which followed this mass meeting reminded me of accounts of funerals of the victims of the Russian Revolution I had read. Ten thousand workers marched. Hundreds of banners were carried aloft crying out against the murder of the young comrade.

Among the many wreaths of flowers, I saw one with the inscription: "To our murdered Comrade, from the Young Communist League of America." This wreath particularly attracted the attention of the workers lined up with uncovered heads along the streets as they would run into the street to read the inscription on it.

The funeral procession went for several miles through the very heart of Berlin to the cemetery where Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg are buried. There the young martyred comrade was laid to rest near the illustrious dead heroes of the revolution in Germany. There he lies today a victim of the Social-Democrats, blood brothers of the American Socialists.

# The Poetry of Revolution

By VIRGIL GEDDES

ONE is generally expected when speaking of revolution, or in terms of revolution, to concern himself, principally if not solely, with those indications of upheaval, and actual propagations of violence, stirred to life through the desire for a new political regime. Yet there is another issue which enters into the business of revolution, and which issue, or influence, is, we believe, a more universal one. It is the influence of poetry, which is written and inspired by genuine revolutionary motives.

The entire revolutionary movement needs more poetry. Our youth, in whose breasts the cry for ultimate freedom is most urgent, and now stirring so strongly, need that guiding and sustained stimulus which is to be gotten from poetry. Not that they should swallow in mass the long shelves that compose the cultural past, for that would be, in fact, neither profitable nor inspiring. What we need is an immediate poetry, whose every word and song has been dictated by an unrestrained impulse, that is seeking the light of a new day in its cry for a liberation. A poetry that is born out of the despair of our smoky and grimy existence, yet the ardour of which helps us to rise and escape momentarily from our predicament. And this verse should have a purpose, or rather, it should be sufficiently intentional and clearly inspired as to be an encouragement to surmount our present conditions by the vision of a new order. It should be like the joy of a streak of pure blue sky shining through, and apart from, the depression of sooty smokestacks.

When Shelley as a boy was setting his corked bottles in the waters of the Thames River to flow down its muddy currents with their disturbing messages of protest, he was simply endeavoring (however unconscious that impulse may have been) to make a place for youth and its freedom, and to unloosen the perverted world from the tyranny of its fastness. And though that endeavor of Shelley's never realized its full purpose, it was for him as an individual a thing of great consequence. It enabled him, by the mere act of doing it, to express himself, which in one manner or another is the request of every youthful desire. And that privilege of free expression he continued to utilize and assert throughout all his poetry. American youth today

need a similar outlet for their desires; and which desires poetry can even help them to find, and by the elevation of its art can help them to clarify.

After fifteen years of the present poetical revival in America, it is interesting (and one might say almost discouraging) to note how comparatively scarce and slight is the verse that voices the hopes and aspirations of the masses. Here and there you will occasionally find a snatch of it. Some of it is a mere flare, it is true, yet often there is a sincere fidelity to our industrial transition. But the true song of our youthful proletariat is yet to come.

When revolutionary impulses become in America a matter of human needs and not a concern of mere politics and governmental discussions, we will get a literature with a revolutionary significance. And not before. When our American life becomes a tragedy of existence, which in a spiritual sense it is fast becoming, and not simply a fake tragedy which is only the disappointment of mercenary ambitions, then will we get a literature with a social meaning, and with a definite force as a factor in disruption. And there will be a poetry in this, also. An ensouled expression in verse which will be part of the leading spirit. It will come whenever our poets and writers see the importance of blending their artistic facility with the vivid spirit of youth. It will be with us, as soon as we come to learn that the poetry and ardour of revolution

is found, not in the political subterfuges, but in the grave, tumultous dawn.

## Theme for the Times

By Virgil Geddes

There is no need to fret through these slow days,  
Though our great cause seems for a moment still;  
There is no need to look with hopeless eyes  
Upon our comrades' sudden thwarted will.

Our comrades' will is smothered in a shroud,  
But this will only help to make them bold  
And reassert the struggle of our time  
With deeper cries for freedom manifold.

There is no need for fear within this hour,  
The vulture from his perch will soon have flown;  
And freedom's cry will burst out in the night  
And run in hurried accents all its own.

## Prelude for the Dawn

By Virgil Geddes

Night dropped its darkness on my tired head,  
My aching head, with face turned toward the sky;  
Night dropped its darkness as the daylight fled,  
But the daylight with its vision cannot die.

Darkness is for short hours in between,  
And man holds fast a dream that is not gone;  
A dream that feeds a fire that burns unseen,  
And revolution keeps its tumult for the dawn.

## EPITAPH

By AMY LEVY.

This is the end of him, here he lies;  
The dust in his throat, the worm in his eyes,  
The mould in his mouth, the turf on his breast  
This is the end of him, this is the best.  
He will never lie on his couch awake,  
Wide-eyed, tearless, till dim daybreak.  
Never again will he smile and smile  
When his heart is breaking all the while.  
He will never stretch out his hands in vain  
Groping and groping—never again.  
Never ask for bread, get a stone instead,  
Never pretend that the stone is bread;  
Nor sway and sway 'twixt the false and true,  
Weighing and noting the long hours through.  
Never ache and ache with the choked-up sighs;  
This is the end of him, here he lies.



You must help us! Tonight is the night! Tomorrow the red flag shall float over the factory of the Amalgamated Pretzel Company!

O.: For all the world, I don't understand. You, are a young worker, with all those whiskers?

K.: Ah yes! In Russia even the babies have whiskers; in fact they are born with them!

O.: So you are a Bolshevik! An organizer for the Young Workers' League! NO, I shall have nothing to do with you! My boss says that you have only sinister aims, and that you would overthrow the very foundations of our social structure. You would take his money, and my money, and divide it up with someone who will not work. And the Young Workers' League! My boss says that they are a bad bunch.

K.: But I don't understand. Lee-nine himself told me that the office boy at the Amalgamated Pretzel Company's office was a devoted comrade.

O.: Aha! The tables are turned, and the worm too has turned! My boss had to fire the other office boy. He was insolent. He refused to work more than eight hours a day. My boss says that if there is anything he insists upon it is loyalty. He says there is nothing he likes to see in a young man so much as loyalty to his employer. (Pointing to the door.) Go! Get behind me, Satan! Bolshevism shall be given no quarter at the Amalgamated Pretzel Company's office.

K. (opening stachel and pulling out handful of roubles): If you will help us, all these ten billion roubles,—every red cent—shall be yours!

O.: Go!

K. (gritting teeth): Curses! I am foiled! (Starts to make exit.)

O. (still pointing to the door): Go!!!

K. (shaking fist, as he disappears from sight): Have a care! The red flag shall yet float over the Amalgamated Pretzel Company!

O. Go! (after Kachoski has gone): Yes, the boss is right; there is no finer thing than loyalty. Temptation has reared its ugly head before me, but I have spurned it! The Lord will not withhold my just reward!

(Enter GWENDOLYN MILLIONBUCKS. She is supremely pretty, and is dressed as only the daughter of a Mr. Millionbucks could dress. She wears, among other things, a long rope of pearls. Oscar falls immediately and falls hard.)

GWENDOLYN MILLIONBUCKS (affecting an English accent): Is paw—paw in?

O. (quite flustered): Yes,—I mean no,—er, that is, why yes! He said he'd be back soon and for you to wait. Sit down,—I mean have a seat.

G. (taking a seat): You are paw—paw's new clerk, aren't you?

O. (nervously): Yes,—I mean, yes, ma'm.

G.: Really, I fawncy I am going to like you very much.

O. (hardly believing his ears): Why, I don't understand. Do you mean I can talk to you if I want to?

G.: Most assuredly. Mr.—? Really, I don't believe I know your suah-name.

O.: Sapp,—Oscar Sapp. Just call me Oscar.

G.: And you must call me Gwendolyn.

O. (who has by this time decided that anything can happen in the city): Do you know, Gwendolyn, that I am falling in love with you?

G.: Do you know, Oscar, that I am falling in love with you?

O.: You don't mean it? Really, do you mean it? Tell me that you mean it!

G. (quietly and modestly): Yes, Oscar, I mean it.

O.: O Gwendolyn: how can I express my love for you! All my life I have dreamt of one like you! The very stars in their courses have fought that we might come together! I love you! I adore you! I cannot live without you! (Getting down on his knees before her; his voice crescendo). You must be mine! You must marry me! Tell me, will you marry me?

G.: Oh, this is so sudden!

O.: I beg you, I entreat you, I beseech you, I implore you, I supplicate you to marry me!!!

G.: Yes, I will marry you, but first you must get paw—paw's consent. Here he comes now. (Oscar quickly takes his place at his desk. Enter Mr. Millionbucks.)

M.: Ah, Gwendolyn; have you met my new clerk, Mr. Oscar Sapp? You must meet him; he is a very likely lad. I am sure he understands the full significance of loyalty to one's employer, for as I have told him, there is nothing I like to see in a young man so much as loyalty to his employer.

O.: Yes, Mr. Millionbucks, I have met your daughter, and I wish to marry her. May we have your blessing?

M. (only slightly surprised): Ah, you wish to marry my daughter? Quite singular, in fact, quite unusual, I might say

Gwendolyn, do you love this young man? (indicating Oscar).

G. (enthusiastically): Oh paw—paw! I adore him!

M. (to Oscar): Well, young man, I shall give my consent under one condition. I must insist that my daughter marry a millionaire. I have always had my heart set upon it. Take your salary, save a goodly portion thereof, put it in the savings bank, and when you have a million dollars you may have my daughter's hand.

O. (almost moved to tears by Mr. Millionbucks's generosity): Ah, thank you, sir! How can I ever thank you enough?

M. (benevolently): Oh, don't mention it, young man; don't mention it!

(Exit MR. MILLIONBUCKS and GWENDOLYN. GWENDOLYN throws Oscar a kiss as she leaves.)

O. (solilquizing): Ah, Gwendolyn, the thought of you shall ever keep me full of courage; shall ever prevent me from deviating from the road of righteousness, shall ever support and strengthen me in an hour of weakness. The call of heart to heart! Only a million dollars separate us! I shall start a savings account this very day! (Taking pencil and paper.) Let's figure this out. Twelve dollars a week. Five dollars each week I shall send to my father and mother back on the farm at Cranberry Cross-roads, for filial devotion requires this. Five dollars each week I shall deposit in the savings bank. This leaves two dollars for living expenses. Now, for breakfast I shall have one small prune; for lunch, one medium-sized prune and for supper,—oh yes, for supper, one pretzel! It is only right that I should eat a pretzel for supper, for is not my boss the President of the Amalgamated Pretzel Company? And, as my boss says, there is nothing he likes to see in a young man so much as loyalty to his employer. — At five dollars a week I shall save \$1,000,000 in 3,846 years and two months exactly. And besides that I shall have the interest, which will be sufficient for our honeymoon. Ah, Gwendolyn, only a trifle over 3,846 years separate us! Ah, Gwendolyn, I know that you will wait! Gwendolyn, YOU SHALL BE MINE!

(Enter MR. MILLIONBUCKS, very excited).

MR. MILLIONBUCKS: Alas, I am ruined! I am ruined! RUINED! Utter black, hopeless RUIN faces me! Alas! Alas! ALAS! (He tears his hair in anguish).

O.: Mr. Millionbucks, what is it? What is it? What is it? Tell me!

M. (sobbing profusely, and wiping his eyes with a silk handkerchief): Alas, I am ruined! Boo Hoo! Today, when I was away on an important business engagement, a Bolshevik agitator found his way into my factory, and organized a Pretzel Benders' Union. My one contented and loyal pretzel benders, now that the germ of discontent has been let loose among them, have struck, and are demanding the full product of their toil, with product and a half for overtime. Bolshevism, Socialism, Anarchy, Marxism run rampant among them! Boo Hoo! They say that I am a parasite; that I don't do any useful work. Why, I wear out a pair of scissors every day clipping the coupons from my tax-exempt bonds! And in their ignorance, they do not know that if it were not for me there would be no work for them, and they would all starve to death. BOO HOO! Furthermore, they are reading "The Young Worker" and demanding that the red flag float over the factory of the Amalgamated Pretzel Company! Imagine! Imagine! IMAGINE!

Did I not tell you what a bad bunch those young workers are? Alas, I am ruined! Runied! RUNINED! But tell me one thing, Oscar, you will remain loyal to me, will you not?

O.: Mr. Millionbucks, how could you doubt me? Have I not heard you say that there is nothing you like to see in a young man so much as loyalty to his employer? Yes, I shall remain faithful until death. What have I in common with those lowly swine, those workingmen who bend your pretzels? I wear a white collar, and work in the office next to you. I am a business man, am I not, Mr. Millionbucks?

M.: Yes, Oscar, you are a business man. How I love to hear you talk like that! Yes, and I repeat, there is nothing I like to see in a young man so much as loyalty to his employer. But what shall I do, for I am ruined! Runied! RUINED! (He begins tearing his hair again.)

O.: Do not worry, Mr. Millionbucks. I shall remain loyal. You may cut my salary in half, if that will help you tide things over until after the strike.

M. (smiling benevolently): How I love to hear you talk like that!

O. (after thinking intently for a moment): I have it! I have it! I HAVE IT!

M.: What might you have, young man?

O.: An inspiration! A plan for a pretzel bending machine! I have thought it out! With one pretzel bending machine you can

bend more pretzels in one hour than all of your benders can bend in a day! See, I shall show you. (Takes pencil and paper, and makes diagram for Mr. Millionbucks). Do you not see how it is?

M. (looking at the plans): Wonderful! Wonderful! WONDERFUL! You have solved the problem! Tomorrow we shall have a pretzel-bending machine installed in the factory. The pretzel-benders' strike is broken, and the Pretzel Benders' Union is no more! (Patting Oscar on the back.) Young man, you have a gigantic intellect; in fact, you have a colossal intellect; you have saved me from utter ruin! (Taking check book from vest pocket). I shall pay you a million dollars for the plans. (Writes out check and hands it to Oscar.)

O.: How good you are to me, sir! How pleased my parents back on the farm will be! And now, sir, can I have your Gwendolyn's hand?

M.: Most assuredly, young man; most assuredly. For you have been loyal to me, and I want to tell you that there is nothing I like to see in a young man so much as loyalty to his employer. And besides giving you Gwendolyn's hand, I am going to make you President of the Amalgamated Pretzel Company, for I am growing gray, and wish to retire to a life of ease after such a strenuous career. And Gwendolyn,—but here she comes now.

(Enter GWENDOLYN.)

O.: Gwendolyn! At last you are mine! This afternoon we shall be married!

G.: Oscar! How delightful!

(They embrace each other. MR. MILLIONBUCKS makes his exit, smiling more benevolently than ever.)

O.: Gwendolyn, do you know that you are the most beautiful girl in the world?

G.: Oscar, do you know that you are the very living likeness of Rodolph Valentino?

O.: What a coincidence. Do you know that I had often thought of that myself? O, Gwendolyn, I love you!

G.: O, Oscar, I love you!

(They kiss each other.)

CURTAIN.

(Curtain rises. OSCAR and GWENDOLYN stand arm in arm before the audience, bowing profusely. The usher brings them a package wrapped in pink tissue paper, and tied neatly with a blue ribbon. OSCAR unwraps it. It is a bunch of celery. OSCAR and GWENDOLYN smell it, smile sweetly, and bow again.)

SECOND CURTAIN.

(Curtain rises again. OSCAR and GWENDOLYN are still bowing. Enter MR. MILLIONBUCKS and KACHOOSKI arm in arm. KACHOOSKI throws his bomb away, and lets it bounce off the stage. To those who must interpret everything in terms of symbolism this can represent the reconciliation of Capital (Mr. Millionbucks) and Labor (a reformed Kachooski.) MR. MILLIONBUCKS and KACHOOSKI advance, face the audience, and bow profusely. The usher brings MR. MILLIONBUCKS a box of pretzels, and KACHOOSKI a bunch of red radishes. They smile sweetly, and bow again. OSCAR and GWENDOLYN also bow.)

FINAL CURTAIN: THE END.

## News of the Leagues

**I**N San Francisco the Y. W. L. made especial preparation for Liebknecht Day. Comrade L. Todd, secretary, tells us that the W. P. has turned over its regular open forum, January 21st, for Liebknecht day meeting, and that "we have also arranged to have several musical numbers and a short burlesque play (printed in another part of this issue), written by one of our members," besides some speakers.

The adult comrades more and more come to recognize the value and importance of the League. The Hungarian and Finnish comrades (among the foreign speaking element in the party) are foremost in this; and at the convention of the Hungarian federation a resolution was passed pointing out the importance of a youth movement and pledging the Young Workers League active aid. Following this step, the Y. W. L. Hungarian propaganda committee was re-organized and started in to work in real earnest. A program for educational work was drawn up, which, in many respects could form the basis for a national educational program. With a youth supplement weekly in the Hungarian daily, Uj Elore the Hungarian comrades are able to carry on their work to good advantage. Recently in Chicago, a Hungarian-German branch was organized, and it is the rule in that branch that when a member becomes able to speak and understand English sufficiently, he is transferred to an English speaking branch.

### Distribute the Young Worker to Miners.

When they find it difficult to dispose of all the copies of the *Young Worker* that they buy, the comrades in Neffs, Ohio, distribute them among the miners at the expense of the branch.

Daisytown and Monesson, Pa., have been pestering the national office time and again with requests for the observer to the Y. C. I. congress, which shows these members are anxious to learn of the decisions arrived at by the representatives of the organized revolutionary youth of the world. It is regrettable that

our comrade has been delayed, but we urge the branches east of Chicago, especially, to be on the alert, for it will be up to them to arrange a meeting for the Observer when he does return. This will be a singular event in the life of the branches. The tour will be arranged the moment we receive the information of the date of the comrade's arrival in this country.

### Aberdeen, Wash., Shows Signs of Revival.

At its birth the League in Aberdeen was weak. Its environment was poor for growth; but that did not deter some of our young comrades from sticking on the job and making the best of it. And just lately Vieno Salo, secretary of the League, reports to us that their branch is getting on its feet again, has paid up its dues and promises more vigorous action hereafter.

Boston and Chelsea, Mass., too, are rapidly growing. There is an efficient staff of officers in both these places with the desired result.

### Organize League in Baie De Wasai, Mich.

We craned our necks to find Baie De Wasai, Mich., on the map when we received a letter from Charles Fors saying that "We have organized here a branch of the Y. W. L." We must admit, that though our map is large, we could not find the place. But that makes no difference. We shall strive for the day when our organization in America will be as well known and as thoroughly penetrate the life of the young workers as does the Young Communist League of Russia. Baie De Wasai is a step in that direction.

### Another Branch Formed in St. Paul, Minn.

Writes F. H. Rithman, secretary C. C. C., Y. W. L., St. Paul: "On Thursday, Dec. 28 1922, an English branch of the Y. W. L. was formed by organizer Greenberg (of Superior and Duluth fame). Previous attempts had been unsuccessful." As there had theretofore been a Jewish branch in St. Paul, a City Central Committee was organized.



**LIEBKNECHT MEETINGS WERE HELD IN THE FOLLOWING CITIES:**

Astoria Oregon; Racine Wisc.; Winnipeg Canada; Toronto Canada; Montreal Canada; Rochester N. Y.; Cleveland Ohio; Gardner Mass.; Daisytown Penn.; Reading Penn.; Toledo Ohio; New York City; St. Paul Minn; Monessen Penn.; Warren Ohio; Milwaukee Wisc.; Newark N. J.; Neffs Ohio; Patterson N. J.; Detroit Mich.; Hung. Y. W. L. New York; Los Angeles Calif.; Boston Mass.; San Francisco Calif.; Fitchburg Mass.; Philadelphia Penn.; Gary Ind.; Kansas City Mo.; Bethlehem Penn.; Pittsburg Penn.; Minneapolis Minn.; Chicago Ill.

In New York and Chicago a separate meeting was held by the Hungarian comrades.

**GARDNER, MASS., DISCUSSES YOUTH PRESS.**

"We have discussed in our special meetings the proposed agenda for the National Convention," writes Hugo Erickson. Article five, which is the press, was the most vital question among our members. Why does not the present literature please the membership? The opinion was that we should get literature written in novel form... We should have some more serious literature too, but the novels are the things which the young would be very interested in reading....

What can be done to increase the circulation of the YOUNG WORKER? The opinion was that we should leave out a few of the plain political articles if possible, and in place of those have stories which would be continued in several numbers of the Young Worker. We will admit that the capitalists have a strong press with which they blind the workers eyes with all kinds of articles. The young generally read the stories in them; and what are these stories? A lot of them are patriotic love stories which are very interesting to the young.

Why should not we use some of the very same ways? It is easy to-day to make up interesting stories... I have seen this in action. The country is Finland. I was there about a year. The League there, which has about 35,000 members, belongs to the Young Communist International. The Young Worker, their organ had a circulation of about 12,000 weekly in the winter of 1921, and they started to print the above mentioned kind of stories, and in a little over a year, the circulation had doubled. When I left there last June the circulation was over 30,000. I on my own part feel sure that if the same system would be taken here we would see big increase in the bundle orders monthly. This does not mean that all political articles should be left out. We must give them a place.

On the trade union problems, the following was the opinion. All members are urged to join unions where such exists and work for the benefit of the Trade Union Educational League.

"We have made preparation for Liebknecht Day. Buttons and literature have been ordered. Speakers in three languages and all the program is the best available. The capacity of the hall is 300-400. Fifty copies of the Young Worker have been ordered. The meeting in the Casino, 65 Main Street starting at 7 P. M., Jan. 21, 1923.

The members of the branch hope that something will be put into the paper about our opinions on the agenda."

**The Pater of the Cannon**

By SHANE LESLIE.

Father of the thunder,  
Flinger of the flame,  
Searing star asunder,  
Hallowed be Thy Name!

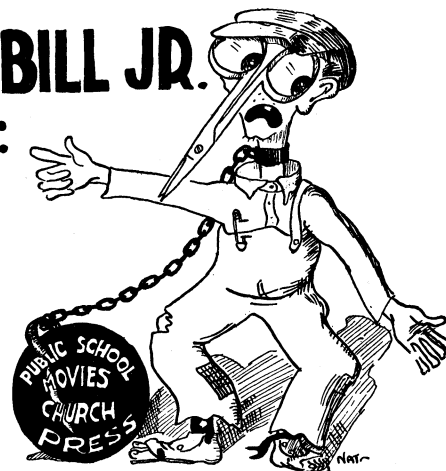
By the sweet-sung quiring  
Sister bullets hum,  
By our fiercest firing,  
May Thy Kingdom come!

By Thy strong apostle  
of the Maxim gun,  
By his pentecostal  
Flame, Thy Will be done!

Give us, Lord, good feeding  
To Thy battles speed—  
Flesh, white-grained and bleeding,  
Give for daily bread!

**SCISSOR-BILL JR.  
SAYS:**

It used to be "the early bird gets the worm" but now it is "the oily guy gets the mellow."



Owing to the fact, that when "our fore-fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation," they were not very carefull who they brought forth and we find in our midst that far-famed illustrious, historic personage—Scissor Bill Jr. I, being in closest touch with this marvel of natural science, have been fore-ordained to record his auto-biology. But if any of you admirers of our hero should see or hear him talk, be sure and send it in to me because the salvation of the world hangs on his actions and words.—A. D. A.

All you funny reporters and writers be sure and rush all scoops on Scissor Bill Jr. to this office. Even wise cracks from old dishes will be accepted. One of our Staff Correspondants of Chicago made the remark that the Chicago force would turn in more material for this column than will the New York force, altho there are more funny guys in N. Y.

A Russian Prince applied for the job of taking care of horses in a stable in Poland. It must be degrading to have to handle dumb animals. He preferred horses because he owned a big stable before the revolution. Wait. Our American princes will be handling pigs (iron) because they own a steel mill now.

A Yipsel came into a meeting of a Yowl branch, and spied to his horror Scissor Bill Jr. "Do you know where you are at?" Cried the Yipsel. "You are among some of those young Communist like the ones caught up in Michigan, who were trying to overthrow the government." "No you are wrong, they haven't got enough typewriters," replied Scissor Bill Jr.

Two colored porters were discussing the difference between "courtesy and tact". Joe was rather hazy as to their true meaning, but Sam gave the following explanation: "De uder day, Ah bust into the bauthroom in a hurry and dere was a lady a sittin' in the tub; Ah bows an' sez, Excuse me, SIR, and backs out. Now when Ah sed Excuse me, dat was courtesy, but when Ah sed Sir, dat wus TACT." (Tacticians, take note.)

A fellow asked Scissor Bill Jr. what he would do if he was a thousand miles from home without anything but an egg. He did not know, so the fellow replied, "Break the egg and ride home on the 'Yellow.' .. "Scab" cried Scissor Bill Jr.

"Make your YOWL branch as strong as the onion, and bring tears into the eyes of the yellow yipsels," shouts Bill after reading the "News of the Leagues" in the last Young Worker.

Mr. Davis, Sec. of Labor, says that there is at least a million and a half children in the U. S. of school age, that now have to work when they should be in school. He wants legislation passed prohibiting them from working. "That shows you, that the Government is taking freedom from every one, even these poor kids will be robbed of their God-given freedom to work," says Scissor Bill.

# THE YOUNG WORKER

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## SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION OF Y. W. L.

MAY 13th is the date set for the Second Annual Convention of the Young Workers League of America. The convention is scheduled to last two days. Shortly after the appearance of this magazine, an official call for the Convention will be sent to the Leagues together with an agenda. The March and April issues of the *Young Worker* will be open to the membership for discussion of agenda and other matters to be taken up at the convention.

Our convention will be held in Chicago. It was the opinion of the National Executive Committee that this will offer the majority of the Leagues an opportunity of sending their delegates to the convention. There is likewise a possibility that the Leagues on the Pacific Coast might be able to get together and send a delegate.

## OUR PROBLEMS

THE TIME draws nigh when we shall meet again in our second national convention. A year has elapsed since the provisional National Executive Committee of the Young Workers League issued the call for a national convention where was to be launched a revolutionary youth organization of national proportions. The response was indeed gratifying. From that day to this the organization has been growing steadily. Today we are recognized as the only revolutionary youth organization of importance in this country. We have attempted to throw ourselves into the activities of the working class, and in a measure we have succeeded. Although our influence is not as great as we desire it to be, still it is by no means small. Above all we have learned much from our endeavours. We do not stand aside from the class-struggle and talk about it; we take part in it, thus testing our conceptions, our tactics, our sincerity.

It is our opinion that no fundamental changes will be necessary in the League Program. The general policy has been a success wherever we have been organized well enough to put it into practice. To be sure, our first year has been essentially one of organizing, of getting together the young and of giving them an idea of what we are organized for, and how we intend to get it. We have been in our infancy. Before we can learn to run or jump we must learn how to walk. That has been our task in this first year of our existence. Now since we have gone that far it will be easier for us to move on toward more difficult tasks. We must begin to subdivide the work amongst ourselves. More attention must be given to gaining contact with the labor unions. More time must be spent in reaching the larger circles of youthful workers in the industries where they are employed in large numbers. Then too, educational work within the League themselves must become systematized. Study classes must be formed, both elementary and secondary. Those who have a more thorough understanding of the principles of our organization must proceed to a study of tactics to be pursued in accomplishing that which we are organized for.

Another matter which can no longer be neglected is that of forming or taking charge of the children's classes. This work

must be started at once, and it must be properly coordinated. At our first convention we could not deal with this problem in any adequate way—but now, after a years time we must give more attention to it. Our magazine must become, more than ever, the expression of our membership. Its circulation must be increased and more contributors to it must be found.

As we pass our first mile-stone, our policy cannot and must not be one of looking back over the accomplishments of the past, but of looking forward to the tasks that still confronts us. Our work becomes harder as the days go by. That should not make us faint of heart, but rather rouse us to greater deeds, for the day of reckoning is not far away.

## THE YEAR GONE BY

AFTER all, this is a wonderful world. Consider for a moment the happenings of the year which we have just left behind us—1922. There is much for us to be thankful about. For example—the various Conferences.

Didn't Harding lead the way toward a world of peace and happiness by calling the Washington Conference for Limitation of Armaments a year ago. Of course the United States, England, France and Japan are strengthening their armies and navies. Who care for that as long as all of them are determined to keep peace and good-fellowship uppermost in this old world. Yes, they are so determined, that if necessary they will go to war in order to keep peace.

And since that time there has been Genoa, where the Russians tried to create trouble for the Allies. And then came the Hague Conference, and now Lausanne. All in all, we have had more conferences during the year which has just left us than ever before. Surely that is a good sign. Think of the speeches. To be sure there has been a bit of trouble with the Turks, and it became necessary to drop bombs upon the striking miners in South Africa, and to shoot down rebellious natives in India and Egypt—but that does not really matter. Nor should we mention the brutalities of OUR countries soldiers against the natives of the West India Islands, nor the use of gunmen, militia and police in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island or Illinois. The injunction of the Government against the striking railroaders is not to be mentioned. The persecution of the radicals and the frame-up against prominent revolutionists and unionists in the Bridgeman case are quite proper and serve to protect our homes, our property and our institutions.

The year of 1922 shall always be remembered as a banner year. Didn't Standard Oil declare tremendous dividends, giving its shareholders several hundred millions of dollars. Ford and General Motors made many millions in profit. The Textile companies, which had so successfully fought their employees, paid tremendous dividends. These are but a few of the many great corporations or industries that reaped huge profits.

But more than that, did not these same corporations deliver a smashing blow to the labor unions?

Haven't WE more than \$2,000,000,000 invested in Canada and another billion in Central and South America? Haven't WE about six millions more invested in Europe, Asia and Africa, not counting the many billions owing to US, which were loaned to foreign powers by OUR government during the World War. Think of it—almost 22 billions—and it belongs to US.

Tho you and I may be without work, without a place to sleep, without food and without clothing, let nevertheless rejoice. OURS is the greatest country in the world. With Harding and Daugherty, with Lodge and McCormick, with Johnson and Borah, and last but not least, with Victor Berger to frame our laws, mould our public opinion, and direct out ship of State we cannot but help feeling that the NEW YEAR which we have just entered will be an even greater and more prosperous one than that which we have just left.

Workers, young and old, to your places in factory, mine or mill. Work on, creating more wealth for the wealthy. Work on, till the warehouses are filled to overflowing so that you may be thrown out of work and walk the streets hungry and penniless. Work on, so that the masters may invest their wealth which you create for them in other countries. Perhaps that will give rise to a war—and then you shall be permitted to fight and die for your masters.

Let the rulers rule and think for you—meanwhile, slave on, and on, and on.

Your's not to reason why,  
Your's but to work and die.

## Y. C. I. OBSERVERS RETURN

IT will be a surprise to our members to learn that we had two observers at the Third Congress of the Young Communist International, instead of, as was the general belief, but one. This is without doubt more advantageous to the Leagues. It will facilitate reporting to the various cities, as the territory can be divided up between the two comrades.

Now as to some of the treats in store for the members: Both Comrade Martin Abern (former national secretary), and Comrade John Edwards, have had extensive experience in both youth and adult movement in this country for many years. They did not go to Europe merely to learn what was going on there and report to us as the result of their trip. Both these comrades have a good Marxian understanding and will be able to explain the conditions "over there" as well as interpret in terms of action in this country the decisions arrived at in the Congress.

The branches all over the country should not delay in writing in to the national office as to the time they prefer for a visit from the observer. A tour is being arranged now and all the Leagues will hear from the national office, but it will save time if the Leagues write in promptly and state their preferences. That will give us more information to work on and will insure a more successful trip for the observers.

## CAPITALISM WANTS MORE BLOOD

WAR looms. Imperialistic France has grown impatient at the slow, blood-sucking process it has been indulging in at the expense of the German workers, and now seeks a gory carnival. As the Communist have long predicted, the Versailles Treaty has failed to do anything but bring armed conflict.

The crazy French policy of invading the Ruhr territory will force a war upon all Europe if the workers do not call a halt. Already the Communist International has issued an appeal to the toilers of all nations to stand together against the capitalist-imperialists of their countries. Action by the workers on an international scale is the only force that can stop the profit-mad European capitalists. As young workers, the possibility of war brings a serious question to our attention—militarism. Whether America will be drawn into the impending conflict is hard to say. America, however, is involved financially, and economically.

In Europe, in the event of war, there can be no doubt that the Young Communist International will take some decisive action. The League in France is now active in its anti-militarism, anti-war campaign; In Germany, the League points out to the young workers what war will mean to them. The basis of the anti-war anti-militarism agitations, there is not pacifism. It is the war of the classes. It is a militant appeal to the youth, if called to war, to turn their arms against the real enemy, the capitalists of their respective countries.

## BIRTHDAYS OF PRISONERS

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

At Leavenworth, Kansas, Box No. 7: Feb. 4, Charles Bennett, Reg. No. 13117; Feb. 14, G. J. Bourg, 13118; Vincent Santelli, 13580; Feb. 17, F. J. Callagher, 14802; Peter Green, 13127; Feb. 22, Chas H. MacKinnon, 13165; Feb. 27, John Graves, 13570.

At Walla Walla, Washington, Box 520: Feb. 21, Eugene Barnett, No. 9414; Feb. 24, Frank Nash, No. 9516 8-A4.

At San Quentin Penitentiary, San Quentin, Calif., Feb. 5, Howard Welton No. 35568; Frank Sherman, 35768.

Cora Meyer, National Secretary, invites sympathizers to send Birthday post-cards and letters to these political prisoners. Money is most advisable for gifts. For list of articles allowed the prisoners write the wardens.

## GETTING AT THE VITALS OF THE YOUTH MOVEMENT

WE would be charged with filling our magazine with too serious and too ponderous material should we (as we would like to do) reprint in its entirety the ninety-one-page pamphlet entitled **The Fundamental Problems of the Young Communist Movement**, just published by the Executive Committee of the Young Communist International. But we are convinced, that if we should do so, a goodly portion of our membership would be cleared up on such questions as "The Fundamental Problems of the Economic Struggle of the Working Class Youth," "Anti-Militarism," "Educational Work of the Communist Youth," "Trade Union Work," and many other problems that confront our movement.

This booklet was gotten up to clarify the membership of the Young Communist organizations throughout the world on the program of the Young Communist movement in order that international unity of action might be obtained; so that a better means for discussing and understanding the program to be formulated by the Third Congress of the Young Communist International might be had.

How many of our members know that the final aim of the Young Communist movement is "**The social reorganization of juvenile labor?**" The question is asked in this pamphlet: "What does this mean?" And the answer is given thusly: "Let us emphasize that, in its essence, it means a **complete transformation** of the situation of the youth and of juvenile labor. To realize the socialist reorganization of youth labor means to put an end to the exploitation of youth in the fields of labor and to get the young workers to pay serious attention to their education; it means to deal with the position and the fate of the youth in society, not from the point of view of **exploitation** of labor, but from the point of view of **educating** and developing the highest mental, physical and moral qualities, to create for the entire youth, and without exception, a rich, decent life, corresponding with the needs of the youth."

At the same time, point out the writers of this pamphlet, we must not lose sight of the immediate struggle raging within capitalism at the present time, and mobilize the working class youth for the final combat against the capitalist order of society and the establishment of a soviet republic.

The good work started by Karl Liebknecht in the fight against militarism is being carried on by the Young Communist International in true Communist spirit. When considering the question of militarism, we must remember that "The youth occupies a special position. It looks forward to a future when it will be able to play an important part in the anti-militarism fight . . . The youth organizations must educate the masses of those young workers who will have to join the army; they must remain in permanent contact with them . . ." However a change is proposed. "Today the tasks of the youth in this direction have changed. Strong Communist parties have been formed everywhere . . . **The youth performs all this work under the political leadership of the Communist party.**"

It is regrettable that so few of these pamphlets are available to our members (less than 100).

# Worth While Literature

By C. REVILO

IN A previous article the writer ventured his opinion as to the dominant feature of American life and letters. Perhaps it will be just as well to begin this one with the opinions of a well known American critic as to what a wonderful people we are. He says: "It is my conviction that the American people, taking one with another, constitute the most timorous, sniveling, poltroonish, ignominious mob of serfs and goose-steppers ever gathered under one flag in Christendom since the Middle Ages, and that they grow more timorous, more sniveling, more poltroonish, more ignominious, every day." And in dealing with the problem of a great democracy such as ours, where we must select a leader every four years, who should, according to expectations, represent the highest and best that capitalism has to offer, he says in reference to the choice made: "Well, what did we commonly find when we examined this gentleman? We found, not a profound thinker, not a leader of sound opinion, not a man of notable sense, but merely a wholesaler of notions so infantile that they must needs disgust a sentient suckling,—in brief, a spouting geyser of fallacies and sentimentalities, a cataract of unsupported assumptions and hollow moralizings, a tedious phrase-merchant and platitudinarian, a fellow whose noblest flights of thought were flattered when they were called comprehensible—specifically, a Wilson, a Taft, a Roosevelt, or a Harding."

It is impossible for us not to admit the truth of the foregoing. Thus, we turn with relief from the shallow utterances of the statesmen of Capitalist society to find relief in the dream pictures that have been given to us by William Morris in *News From Nowhere*; Bellamy's *Looking Backwards* or W. H. Hudson's *A Crystal Age*. Or perhaps that strange, fantastic story by Mark Twain, *The Mysterious Stranger* will be more to our liking. Lewis Mumford's *Story of Utopias*, which has just been published, will no doubt be read with great interest by many of the younger rebel elements. Dean Howell's *Traveler from Altruria* is a fascinating tale of one who comes from a country where things are fundamentally different from here and who is shocked at the system (or lack of it) which prevails in America.

Those who still cling to the notions of the splendour and happiness of the people during the Middle Ages would profit to read *The Cloister and the Hearth* by Charles Reade. While London's *The Iron Heel* pictures all too vividly the possible outcome of the present Class Struggle, into a series of civil wars, with the Iron Heel of Capitalism ruthlessly crushing all forces of working class opposition. Emile Zola is no longer much read but his trilogy of *Truth, Hope and Labor* are just as worthwhile reading today as they were twenty years ago. No worker can afford to neglect the writings of this great French realist.

### "Lest We Forget."

Four long years of peace (?) have gone by since the horrible nightmare, known as the World War, ended. We are told that we should forget about it. But can we? Can we forget about our fathers, sons, brothers, and sweethearts that were killed or maimed? Can the

workers of the other countries forget? Impossible! The hands of the world's rulers reek with the blood that was spilled to perpetuate a rotten, dying, tottering system of exploitation and sham. When Tolstoy gave us his *War and Peace*, we knew at once that here was a masterpiece. The horrors of slaughter were portrayed in their true colors, but the French Soldier-Communist, Henry Barbusse, in *Under Fire* succeeded in bringing the picture up to date. The grewsomeness, the awfulness, the sordidness of it has never been painted anywhere as it is in the novel. His book, *The Inferno* is also very good, but spoiled considerably by the translator. *Jimmie Higgins*, by Upton Sinclair is a war story that is more widely read in Europe than here. Higgins is a typical socialist, carried away by the war fever and Wilsonian phrases, who comes to the realization of what it is all about only when he is "over there." Last year, Don Passos, a young American, published his *Soldiers Three*. The bulk of the critics were unfavorable in the comments, for Passos had torn the mask from the eyes of his soldiers. Their high ideals were completely shattered. It is not to be wondered at that the ruling class is opposed to such literature being printed. Now comes another promising young author, Frank Macallister, with a narrative of a young man who goes to war, becomes disillusioned, returns home to join a bunch of petty reformers, and once more loses faith in what they have to offer. *The Last Mile* is well worthwhile reading.

### The Struggle.

No worker who calls himself a revolutionist can fail to read the remarkable story of *Jean Christophe* by Romain Rolland. The struggles, the hopes, the disappointments and the achievements all are drawn so clearly by the master hand of Rolland that we feel ourselves living thru the life of this young man. Another book, quite as remarkable in its way, and showing us the life of another young rebel, is *Pelle, The Conqueror*, by Martin Anderson Nexo, the famous Scandinavian novelist and communist. Fundamentally different from either of these is *The Gadfly*, by Voynitch. Here is a story that every revolutionist will enjoy intensely. Never has there been such a bitter opponent to church and crown as was this deformed man who fought in the Italian struggle for Liberation in the '40's. Unconquerable and unrelenting this fascinating character becomes a reality to us, a strange, weird-avenger. *An Interrupted Friendship* and *Olive Latham*, by the same author have by no means attracted the attention that they deserve among the intelligent workers of this country. It may be of interest to the readers to know that *The Gadfly* is behind dramatized in Russia, under the direction of the Proletcult association.

Those who enjoy reading the life and struggle of real men, we recommend *Memoirs of a Revolutionist* by Kropotkin, *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist* by John Berkman and *My Life* by August Bebel.

Maxim Gorky has enshrined himself in our hearts by his *Mother* and *Creature That Once Were Men*. Dostoyevsky will be forever remembered from his heart-rending pictures of Russian life. *Poor People*, *The Idiot*, and *Crime and Punishment* are read and re-read

by the Russians, but altogether too few of the workers in the English speaking world know anything about them. The same may be said of *Fathers and Sons* by Turgenev, or *The Seven That Were Hanged* and the *Red Laugh* by Andreyev.

No article on literature for the workers would be complete without mentioning the remarkable series of stories done by Eugene Sue under the title of "A History of a Proletarian Family Thruout the Ages." These were translated into English a number of years ago by Daniel DeLeon, but very few libraries have the books on hand, and still fewer book stores. Nevertheless, those who are fortunate enough to obtain copies should not pass by the opportunity to read them.

It is very interesting to note that the works of Anatole France are becoming a bit better known in this country. France is one of the most remarkable writers, not only of today, but of all time. His style is so charming that descriptive powers are lacking in trying to give an adequate picture of it. Moreover, France is a rebel, a Communist, in fact—and so there is a thread of his spirit that runs thru all of his writings. Sometimes it is not obvious. His "Penguin Island," for example, is an imaginary history. But the lessons it imparts to a thinking worker are great. We cite this slight selection from the above mentioned book:

"Look towards Surelle, Bullach, my son. In yonder pleasant valley a dozen men penguians are busy knocking each other down with the spades and picks that they might employ better in tilling the ground. The women, still more cruel than the men, are tearing their opponents' faces with their nails. Alas; Bulloch,

my son, why are they murdering each other in this way?"

"From a spirit of fellowship, father, and through forethought for the future," answered Bulloch. "For man is essentially provident and sociable. Such is his character, and it is impossible to imagine it apart from a certain appropriation of things. These penguins whom you see are dividing ground among themselves."

"Could they not divide it with less violence?" asked the aged man. "As they fight they exchange invectives and threats. I do not distinguish their words, but they are angry ones, judging form the tone."

"They are accusing one another of theft and encroachment," answered Bulloch. "That is the general sense of their speech."

At that time the holy Mael clasped his hands and sighed deeply.

"Do you see, my son," he exclaimed, "that madman who with his teeth is biting the nose of the adversary he has overthrown, and that other one who is pounding a woman's head with a huge stone?"

"I see them," said Bulloch. "They are creating law; they are founding property; they are establishing the principles of civilization, the basis of society, and the foundations of the State."

"How is that?" asked old Mael.

"By setting bounds to their fields. That is the origin of all government. Your penguins, O master, are performing the most august of function. Throughout the ages their work will be considered by lawyers, and magistrates will confirm it."

## Workers Party Convention and the Y. W. League

By HARRY GANNES

COMPLETE reports of the proceedings of the Second Annual Convention of the Workers Party have appeared in the revolutionary press, and hence I will not in this article go into a detailed review of the valuable work done by that convention in strengthening and putting on firm footing the program of the Workers Party, but will take up only its action and attitude with regard to the Young Workers League.

The question of the Young Workers League was placed on the agenda as a special item of consideration. Even before the matter was reached, the Young Workers League was referred to again and again in the discussion of the delegates, particularly in respect to the language difficulties within the party. The delegates saw in the Y. W. L. a means of establishing in this country a mass party, composed in the main of English speaking workers.

It was pleasing when looking over the delegates present to note a goodly number who had received their training in the ranks of the working class youth movement. There was William F. Kruse, former secretary of the Y. P. S. L. The only time Comrade Kruse took the floor throughout all the sessions was when he spoke in favor of a motion to give the Young Workers League a subsidy of \$50.00 per month. Then there was Nick Dozenberg, business manager of the *Voice of Labor*, who spent many active years in the youth move-

ment in Massachusetts; also Harry Cantor of the same state; Mollenhauer of Michigan; Max Lerner of Seattle, Washington, and several others.

In his report on the press of the party, Louis Engdahl, editor of the *Worker*, pointed out that the *Young Worker* was an important part of the revolutionary press of this country; that it had a special function in the class struggle and that it was performing its duty in a way that merited the commendation and support of all revolutionists.

I reported for the Young Workers League, when the matter came up on the agenda, pointing out that though our dues paying membership was not very large, that it was not an accurate index to our real strength. My report, briefly, was this:

There are Leagues in over 45 cities in the United States. This does not include Canada, which has Leagues in 8 cities, and which was part of our national organization at our first convention, held in May. Neither did it include the I. Y. P. S. L. of New Jersey, which participated in our first national convention and promised to go with the majority decision of the convention. That the Canadian section had from 400 to 500 members. In cities like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, we had city central committees. New York having 15 branches, Chicago 7, Philadelphia 4. Seven branches had been organized in the past month (December). Membership rapidly growing.

We had taken active part in the coal and railway strike, distributing 40,000 leaflets of our own as well as disposing of party literature; also had sent speakers to union meetings. San Francisco had collected several hundred dollars for striking shopmen; Superior aided in getting funds. Nation-wide youth demonstrations held. Leagues in 36 cities participated. Preparing for mass demonstration on Liebknecht Day.

Especially, stress was laid on co-operation from Workers Party members; and it was gratifying to hear delegate after delegate get up on the floor and say that insufficient co-operation had been given heretofore, but that more attention should be paid to the Young Workers League in the future if the party was to avail itself of the aid of a very desirable revolutionary force—a strong youth movement.

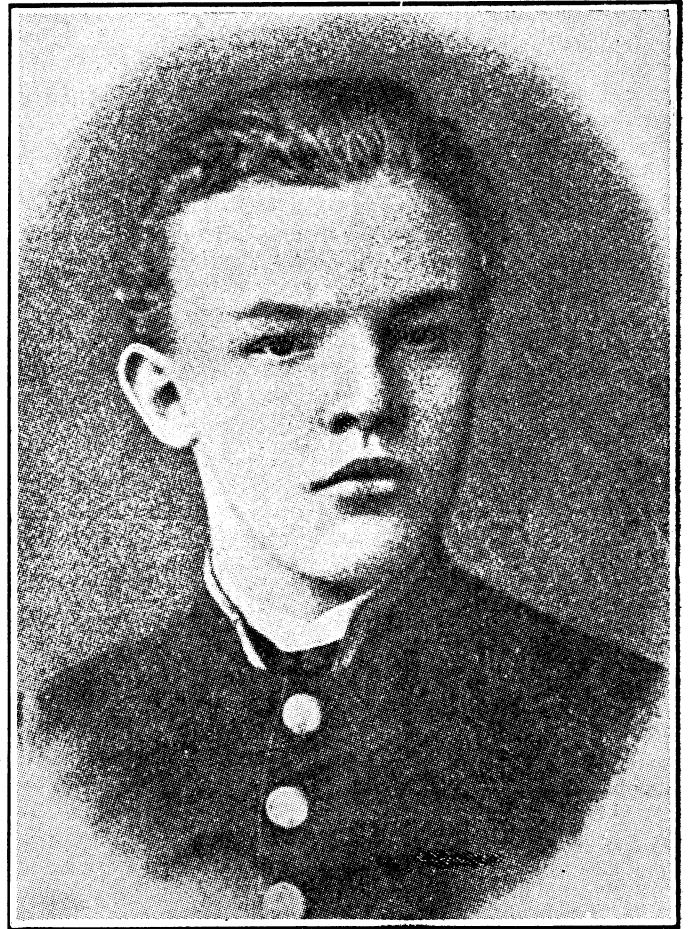
The most important thing done by the convention, so far as the Young Workers League was concerned, was the laying down, definitely, of the relationship between league and party. This was done, (1) by means of a resolution, and, (2) by the addition of an article to the Workers Party constitution. (Copies of this was sent to all branches of the Y. W. L.) The basis of the relationship is the same as that laid down by the Y. W. L. convention—political subordination to the Workers Party, but organizational independence. There was unanimous agreement to this relationship and but one amendment was offered—by Comrade Hyman Zam of New York asking equal representation for the New York Central Committee of the Y. W. L. on the District Committee of the Workers Party. This was voted down by a close margin. One delegate remarked, "The young comrade has put in good propaganda for a district organization in his territory of the Y. W. L. I hope their N. E. C. takes note of it."

Fred Merrick of Pennsylvania offered an amendment, which he later formulated into a resolution, urging more athletic and social activities for the league. He said the league had been more of a "Young Workers Party" than a Young Workers League. The resolution was passed.

The spirit shown by the delegates to the Second Annual Convention of the Workers Party seemed as if it was borrowed from one of our own conventions—it



Trotsky Reviewing the Red Army



Lenine at the Age of 16

was so full of pep and enthusiasm. In fact, one of our members, Comrade Al Schaap of New York, was very much responsible for a good deal of the singing and cheering.

We urge all our members to study the decisions of this convention of the W. P. Inasmuch as we are politically subordinate to the Workers Party, it is to our interest, as well as to the interest of the entire revolutionary movement that we acquaint ourselves with the program and tactics which we are to carry out—so that we may carry them out more effectively.

The Second Annual Convention of the Workers Party laid down the plans for vital action for the ensuing year; and the Young Workers League will strive to see that it does its share in winning the support of the masses, young and old, for the program of the Workers Party.

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"The slogan of the revolutionary youth must be: **DOWN WITH ALL CAPITALIST WARS!** Their struggle against militarism is not and cannot be a pacifist one. It is the struggle of a militant, unarmed class against its armed oppressors. In this struggle the young workers must lead the way. Upon them falls the task of crushing that mighty instrument **MILITARISM**, and with it **CAPITALISM.**"

# In the Factory

By REBECCA SACHEROW

THE lot of the worker is sad. My experience is only one of millions and millions of other workers, and in the great majority of cases it is much worse than mine.

We work nine hours a day; from 7:30 to 5 P. M. From 11:30 to 12 o'clock, tired and depressed, we stuff down our noon day meal.

There are about 500 people, of both sexes, young and old, working in this factory. On one floor are produced automobile horns, which shriek all day long as they are tested before being sent out.

My job is to re-tap or thread a hole in a piece of steel which is used for the wires on the horn and then to screw a long piece of tin through this hole. For each operation I am paid six cents per hundred. The first two days I could produce only 1400, which meant a wage of 84c. In time I hope to earn more as through practice I will learn to turn the handle of the threading machine faster and manipulate a screw driver more efficiently.

And so I plug on through nine hours a day, alternately turning the handle of the threading machine and screwing in screws. When I came home, my back and neck ache from stooping over; my right arm is stiff from my work and my head is dizzy from the noise of the horns. I come home cranky and irritable and curse the powers that be for making it so hard to earn one's bread and butter. They tell me that I will get used to all this in time, but I know what that means—the drudgery of the work will remain the same and the strain and drain on my strength will also remain the same only I will have become used to it and therefore will not be as conscious of it as at first.

The air in the factory is warm and bad. One hundred human beings (in my department) sit and labor—tired and disgusted, silent and gloomy.

A young girl sitting next to me, taking a minute off to rest herself, confides to me—"When I get home after work I am too tired to dress to go out. Nine hours is really too much for one day." This girl, after working hard and steady all day, makes \$3.00 a day for herself, as her wages are calculated by the amount of work she turns out at so much per hundred. Three dollars a day is considered very good and many girls make it but seldom, owing to the recent cut in the rate and because one hasn't the strength to hurry fast enough.

The woman who lives upstairs of us also works in this factory and we walk home together. She is an elderly woman, has raised six children and now has to provide for herself and youngest daughter as her husband died last year. By working hard all day, she earns from \$3.00 to \$3.50 a day, coming home very tired. Then she has to attend to her house work also.

One day, on our way home, she asked me to stop with her at the office of the movers to pay her bill, and with a heart full of pity for this little old woman who is well entitled to an old age of rest and comfort, I listened to the following conversation between her and the mover:

"I've come to pay my bill which I think is outrageous.

The man had only one load to move. I am a poor woman and have to work and support myself. I have no one to help me. My husband is dead and I have to work for a living. I have to look out for myself. I have no one to help me. I work all day—nine hours to earn \$3.00 and your bill is \$16.50."

Mover—"I know, Mrs. Pearson, all you say is true, but our men also must be paid for their work and they must also look out for their needs. You make a certain amount of money per hour and we must pay our men a certain price per hour. I know that you have to work for your living, but our men have to do the same. Well, I'll reduce the bill to \$15.50. Will that be all right?"

And so the bill was paid and we continued our way home. This is only one illustration of the miserable condition of the working class. Their wages are barely enough to cover the most essential necessities of life, and if they are overcharged they have to deny themselves something in order to make up the deficiency.

I have studied Marxian economics and the principles of Communism, but only while working in the factory did I see and feel the practical operation of Marxian economics. Take for instance Marx's statement that—

(a) Modern machinery, which should be a boon to civilization is a curse to the working class at the present time inasmuch as the highly efficient machines enable the employer to operate his factory with a small number of workers, thus increasing unemployment, reducing the wages of those workers who are lucky enough to get a job and taking away the women from their home duties and young children out of the schools where they belong, as they can operate the machines as well as the men, and it is cheaper to employ them. And—

(b) The division of labor which modern machinery makes possible degrades the worker to a mere automaton—a labor hand—in other words, makes his life more miserable and empty and reduces him to an unskilled laborer, a proletarian.

The thousands of workers that are continually out of work and the thousands and thousands of women and children that one finds in the industries nowadays, is a sure proof of "a" and I can testify to the validity of "b." As I've said before, my task was to re-tap a hole in a piece of steel and then screw a piece of tin in it. The generous boss, besides giving one's hands something to do, also gives one's mind work. The worker is obliged to count the number of pieces produced as the wage is calculated by so much per 100 pieces. And so if one attempts to think or perhaps try to solve the problem that is confronting the heroine of the novel that one may be reading, it is impossible to do so as one would lose the count and then lose time in recounting or take a chance and give it a certain number, perhaps cheating oneself and thus losing money. So it is impossible for the worker to think about life, literature or the injustice of the capitalist system while one is working and counting at the same time.

Looking about me I can see about 100 human beings, old and young, working—either testing horns, pounding tin, screwing, wiring, etc., with dull and stupid faces. Therefore, wherein is the worker, cursed by the division of labor in industry, any better than the tools he uses—a screw driver, hammer, etc., or the machine he operates? He works nine hours a day at this tiring work and comes home too worn out to live the life that a human being is entitled to. After supper he has time only to go to a movie or rest up for the next day's toil. Mr. L. W. Wallace, Executive Secretary of the Federated American Engineering Societies, in an address on November 22nd, before a session of the New York State Industrial Conference, speaking on the waste in industry—said that in about 50 industries, involving 1,000,000 people, the working day is 12 hours long and the working week is seven days long. He called this a wasteful industrial habit as better results in quantity and quality of production have followed the reduction in working hours. Thus you can well see how modern industry makes a petty, mechanical instrument out of the worker giving him no chance for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Also, in the factory, you FEEL the practical operation of Marx's law of surplus value. What is this law of surplus value? Surplus value is unpaid labor. It is that which the worker produces above the value of his wages and for which he is not paid. A manufacturer before he can start production, needs at least three things—machinery, raw materials and laborers. Then operation begins and the workers produce commodities, but besides producing the value which pays for their wages, they produce a value over and above the equivalent of its own wages—surplus value. Therefore, it produces something for which it is not paid—surplus value—which constitutes the profit of the employer. A person works for wages which is the price of his labor power. It is evident that this surplus value is at least double the amount paid to the worker in wages, as the employer receives on the market for the commodities which the worker produced in the 8, 9 or 12 hours of work, far more than the 4. 5 or 6 dollars or whatever it may be that he has paid to the worker for his day's work. The employer pays the

worker for his labor power but he appropriates the commodities produced. In this consists exploitation.

And so when I say that I FEEL the practical operation of this law, I mean it. I know, at the end of the day, judging by my tired and aching body that I have produced more than 84c worth, and what's more, that I am entitled to more than 84c or even \$3.00 which some of the girls get, to compensate me for the long day's work and with which to get the right kind of food, shelter and clothing in order to recuperate for the next day's work. You feel that something is wrong somewhere and, in fact, from the above explanation of surplus value we see that we have in reality been cheated for a half days wages.

This is also true in every other factory and every other type of industry; as, this is the only way in which the capitalists can make profit.

We of the Young Workers League must fulfill our task by pointing out the truth to these toiling millions, members of our class.

The young girl, working next to me said that 9 hours a day is too long of a working day. We must talk to these workers on the street corners, near the factories, in halls and wherever else possible and explain to them that it is because of this archaic wasteful system of production and the greed for profits of the bosses, who own the means by which the worker can make a living, that we have to work 8, 9, 12 hours a day and receive scarcely enough with which to recuperate from our toil.

And then we must teach them their own power of which they are as yet ignorant. We must show them by statistics how numerically small the capitalist class is in proportion to the working class, that the working class is the producing class and that it is possible by the use of their power to change all this, wipe out the existence of classes and create a social condition under which all will produce and consume alike.

Communism is the only future social condition which will completely wipe out the appalling contradiction that the producing class is the starving class.

We must seriously and energetically set ourselves to the task of acquiring the necessary knowledge and perspective to open the doped minds of the toiling masses and teach them the road to Communism as clearly as we see it.

## Our Problems--and Success

*By THE GARY, INDIANA, BRANCH*

IF there is any town in America that exemplifies the oppression and degradation of the capitalist system, that town is Gary, Ind. If any town has ever demonstrated the necessity of organizing and educating the working class youth of America, that town is Gary, Ind. And if anybody doubts the importance of the Young Workers League, he need but visit Gary, Ind., and he'll no longer doubt.

The United States Steel Corporation own the town of Gary. It owns the mills, it owns the street cars, it owns the land,—and it owns the people. It tells the

people when to sleep, when to eat, how much to eat, what to wear, where to move,—in short, it tells the people just how to live. And all this it does without even consulting the will of the people, and by the simple expedient of regulating the hours and controlling the wages. For instance, it has seen fit to divide up the working day into two shifts of ten hours and fourteen hours. The men put in 10 hours of day-work one week and then 14 hours of night-work the next. And occasionally, for variety's sake, they put in a straight stretch of 24 hours. It can readily be



imagined how this irregularity of hours plays havoc with the health of the workers. Also, when the corporation announces a cut of two or three cents an hour in pay it means less to eat; it means shabbier clothes and poorer lodgings. With the average rate of pay from 20 to 40 cents an hour, it requires the efforts of the entire family to earn a living. The wages of the father alone, are woefully insufficient. And so the boys and girls are forced at the earliest possible time to leave school and go to work.

With what consequences! The excessive heat, the hard work, the irregular hours stunts their growth, both mental and physical. They age prematurely, lose all healthy interests in life and fall a prey to immorality and vice.

The girls and women especially, are terribly exploited. The Gary Screw and Bolt Works, which employs a large force of female help pays 21 cents an hour! The work, in addition, is dirty, tiresome and unhealthy. A certain minimum amount of work is required from every girl. The place is a regular slave shop, and the pace is so terrific, that new help is constantly being advertised for.

It is evident from the above that the Gary Branch has a fertile field for its activities. It would seem to be a comparatively simple task to enroll a large membership from amongst these discontented young workers and to build up a powerful branch. But there are certain serious obstacles to the realization of such prospects. First and foremost, there are the effects of their environment to combat. They are discontented, that is true; but their discontent takes expression either in a craving for fun and relaxation, or else in a dull apathy which is almost as bad. Secondly, because of their squalid existence they are averse to studying.

These were the problems that confronted us six months ago. We numbered at that time about ten members, but we were anxious to work and get things done. We realized that good results could be achieved providing the right tactics were pursued. First, steps would have to be taken to interest the young workers in our organization. And second, an educational program would have to be worked out, which, while embodying all of our ideas, still did not go over the heads of our new members.

These conditions we have gradually attained. During the last few months, parties and dances have been run, and have been notably successful both in the way of obtaining new members and bolstering our treasury. All over town amongst the young workers there is circulating the news of a club whose members have a fine time. Of course the elements thus attracted are not what could be desired. They are loathe to study, and even though they are dissatisfied with life, they are not radical or class-conscious.

This is by far the most difficult problem to be solved: how to present our ideas in such a way that they will not seem scholastic or theoretical, but will appeal to them as relating to their every-day life. And we have good reason to believe that we are doing this and that our educational work is taking effect. Every Sunday for an hour or more we have discussions and lectures. Common sense, practical aspects of the class struggle (which all are more or less familiar with) are dealt with, and their historical significance pointed out. Every one present is urged, and called upon to par-

ticipate actively in the discussions. Questions are put to the reticent members, who gradually begin to take pride in being able to answer. There is nothing bookish or elevated about the proceedings. The young people begin to realize that it is nothing but a combination of common sense and facts!

We have purchased pamphlets and books and established a library for the members' use. Simple individual assignments are weekly made and reported upon. Fiction of a propaganda nature is being utilized.

All the members have come to look forward to our meetings as something to be enjoyed. Our average attendance is 95 per cent perfect. They come (as yet) not out of idealistic motives, but because they would rather be there than anywhere else. And therein lies our achievement and success! We have made the Young Workers League an attraction, without deviating in the least from our principles.

We believe that the Young Workers League cannot obtain members by propaganda alone. The young workers are after recreation, and the League in order to interest them, must provide it. If a branch is possessed of a good nucleus of devoted members capable of maintaining control, then there should be no hesitancy about attracting new members by socials, parties, hikes, or any other means. If the Christian Associations, the Church Leagues, and the Scouts can attract the young by offering recreation, then we should be able to do the same. And if these capitalist organizations can miseducate the young, we with truth, and economic interests on our side, should be able to bring them to a realization of their true position in society.

We are convinced, from our own experiences, that by pursuing such tactics, the Y. W. L. can extend its influence and spread its ideals. It is up to the live wires to get things going, and then to maintain control and do the "steering." They'll find it tough sledding at first but it's productive of results, and that's the main thing.

Now as to our plans for the future. We have made a pretty good start, that's true, but it's only a "start." We have enrolled quite a few new members, but there are a lot more where they came from. We have made a success of our educational work, but we still have a lot to learn. And finally, we have done something to combat the slavery and oppression of Garyism but we still have a **great deal** to do.



A Group of Young Russian Technical Students

## SOME BOOKS

### The Management of Industry

"Should the necessity arise tomorrow for the workers to take over industries, are they prepared to manage and operate them?" This is the question asked by the authors of a sixty four page pamphlet entitled **Engineering**. This question every class conscious worker will readily acknowledge to be a vital one.

The purpose of the authors is to bring this question up before the class conscious workers, as that they will give it serious thought now, and study the managerial problems as well as the technical problems. If this is not done, when the crucial time comes, this knowledge which is so valuable for the reconstruction of society in the interest of the working class, will be in the hands of the enemy, the capitalists and their lackeys. A catastrophe of this kind can be avoided, the authors say, by the vanguard taking the problem up now and studying it thoroughly.

By request of the Montreal Labor College, the authors first taught Industry in that institution and then, as a result of their study and teaching on this subject, they issued this booklet. It is possibly the first endeavor on the part of any one in America to bring this subject before the working class of this country. And as such it should deserve the attention of every proletarian student, especially the young workers on whose shoulders rests the tasks of carrying out not only the taking over of the industries, but also the future management of the same.

As a means of pointing out the necessity for the workers to study management of industry, the book is very good, but some of the conclusions drawn are not scientific because they are not based on facts. They state that management of industry will have to follow the basis they outline if it is to function properly. This is so obviously untrue that it does not take much to refute it. Every problem confronting the working class must be solved on the basis of the specific conditions.

Trotsky very clearly refutes this very idea in his book **Dictatorship vs. Democracy**. In concluding he says, "As we see, there is no ready made solution here. We will find it written in no book. For there could not be such a book. We are now only beginning together with you, to write that book in the sweat and blood of the workers."

But even with these objections this book is a step in the right direction, and if for no other reason than to show the workers the importance and difficulties of this problem, "Workers Control and Management," this book will have accomplished a great amount of good for the working class.—A. D. A.

### Love and Virtue

THE latest production of Havelock Ellis, which bears the title of **Little Essays of Love and Virtue** comes as a great relief to a world that is filled to the brim with volumes of stupid rantings on this subject, written by old maids of both sexes. Their Sunday School morals reveal that sterility in them is not confined to the regions about the pelvic girdle. All of the accumulated nonsense of the ages about the sex

question have been gathered together by them and is then presented to a waiting world with much ado (about nothing).

It is not to be wondered at that men and women find their married life a miserable one. From the days of their infancy no rational explanation is ever made to them of the function of sex. Whatever information they gather is picked up on the street, from older companions. Thus, early in life they gain a grewsome and distorted conception of it, and these impressions are seldom if ever totally eradicated. It is unnecessary here to mention the importance that the economic position of the family plays in assuring happiness—but even a sufficiency of material wealth does not always bring it, as is readily attested by the scandals and divorce proceedings of the "upper classes" which occupy so much space in our daily newspapers.

Love, according to many of the above-mentioned writers, is some spiritual phenomenon that is in nowise connected with the sex question; while Virtue implies either abstinence or licentiousness shielded by a marriage ceremony.

Havelock Ellis has attained world-wide renown for his studies in the Sex Question. He is a recognized authority; one who attempts to analyze the problem without resorting to shallow sentimentality or clinging to moss-covered prejudices that have been passed on to us from the ages of mental darkness. In this little book, which is recommended to all young people for serious study, Ellis brushes aside the maudlin glamour that has been built around Love. He maintains that a knowledge of sex, and the relation of love and virtue to it is essential if we wish to improve our morals. The sentimentalities and platitudes which sheathe family life must be brushed aside. It is more passion, not less, that is needed. These are a few of the contentions of Mr. Ellis.

Speaking of the subject matter and principles outlined in this book, he says in his preface:

"Here I have expressed them in simple language and in some detail. It is my hope that in this way they may more surely come into the hands of **young people**, youth and girls at the period of adolescence, who have been present to my thoughts in all the studies I have written of sex because I was myself of that age when I first vaguely planned them. I would prefer to leave to their judgment the question as to whether this book is suitable to be placed in the hands of older people. It might only give them gain. It is in youth that the questions of mature age can alone be settled, if they are ever to be settled; and unless we begin to think about adult problems when we are young all our thinking is likely to be in vain. There are but few people who are able when youth is over, either on the one hand to re-mould themselves nearer to those facts of Nature and of Society they failed to perceive, or, on the other hand, to mould the facts of the exterior world to those of their own true interior world. One hesitates to bring home to them too keenly what they have missed in life. Yet, let us remember, even for those who have missed most, there always remains the fortifying and consoling thought that they may at least help to make the world better for those who come after them, and the possibilities of human adjustment easier for the others than it has been for themselves."

Geo. H. Doran Co. are the publishers. The price is \$1.50. C. O.

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