

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by Jeanette Newman, New York
Johnny Red, Assistant.

Vol. 1.

Saturday, August 14, 1926

No. 12

A GOOD REASON By Charmion Oliver San Francisco

Teacher of a public school addressing a pupil who is a Young Pioneer:

Teacher: "Lillian Bunow, will you please tell the class what is the shape of the earth?"

Lillian: "The world is round."

Teacher: "Will you explain why?"

Lillian: "Well, outside of Russia there is little that is square so it must be round!"

FAIRY TALE

By Charmion Oliver

A priest in our neighborhood said to his congregation one Sunday that the only place on earth where the teachings of Christ were put into practice is Soviet Russia.

When he said this, the congregation arose and gave him three cheers.

NOTE: If you don't like this as a Fairy tale it might make a good Bug-house Fable.

EXTRA

A little comrade from Minneapolis who signs herself "Dorothy Red," sent us a really nice little story. Read it in next week's issue. It's good! Hope she sends us some more!



Book! PASSAIC

By Jeanette Newman
New York

There is a strike in Passaic
'Tis going for months they say!
When will it finish, I ask
When will it fade away?

2

Help win the strike we cry;
Look to the future day—
Send old clothing to poor children
Keep them in store for aye.

3

Children of Bolsheviks! Heed to my words;—

Ask a penny of Daddy each day;
Put it away in a safe little box
And to Passaic then far away
Send your pennies, to help these

kiddies,
To keep starvation away
And help them win—today!

This little appeal in verse for the Passaic strikers is sent in by Jeanette—aged 12, sister of the 10-year old Bolshevik. And it makes her editor of this issue. Come again Jeanette—and how about your sister?

FAIRY TALE

By Sidney Nadolsky, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The textile bosses had to lower the workers' wages because they could hardly support themselves.

Ghec, that's a real fairy tale isn't it?

NEW YANKEE DOODLE

By Rose Horowitz,
Rochester, N. Y.

(Sing to the tune of
Yankee Doodle)

Oh, dough there
is a plenty
But not for workers' pockets
Because the
graffers grab
it all
And turn it into
profits.
Chorus

Capitalism is falling down
But Communism's lifting
The money kings
with broken
crowns
in the deep blue
sea are drifting.
Ing.

And here is another cheer that
Rose sends in!

Ice-cream, candy,
eskimo pie
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y
Are we in it?
Well I guess!
The pioneers!
The pioneers!
Yee! Yee! YES!