

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by Dorothy Red, Minneapolis

Johnny Red, Assistant.

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A LITTLE SONG
By Rose Horowitz
Rochester, N. Y.

(Sing to the tune
"Oh, It Ain't Gon-
na Rain No More")

Harry Sinclair
bribed officials
So he could get the
oil
Now he's getting
profits
On workers who
must toil

CHORUS

Oh, they ain't gon-
na rob us any
more
They ain't gonna
rob any more.
So how can they
live in luxury
If they ain't gonna
rob any more.

HEY, DOROTHY!

Your nice little
story in this issue
makes you honor-
ary editor. But
just what is your
name? We know
you are a little
Red—glad to hear
it. But won't you
send us your name
and address? And
of course some
more contributions.

NEXT WEEK!

A Fairy Tale by
Rose Horowitz.
Watch for it! It's
a dandy!



THE POOR FISH

By Dorothy Red, Minneapolis, Minn.

Fred and John went fishing. Fred's father was rich and John's father was a poor worker. Fred had a nice fishing pole and a pail with bait in it while John had only a stick and a piece of string. It was a hot day and Fred laid down under a tree while John was fishing. Soon it was time to go home. As they were walking home, Fred started to quarrel and said he wanted all the fish but John said he could not have any because he did not help catch them.

And he was lucky John did not push him overboard and he did not get bumped in the nose by a rough fish.



HERE'S THE NICEST LITTLE LETTER

Dear Comrades:

I herewith en-
close a poem for
the TINY WORK-
ER (My first one).
In this poem which
is a parody on the
American hymn
called "America" I
have tried to illus-
trate the real
America.

I am 12 years
old and am a mem-
ber of the Upper
Bronx Pioneers.
Oma Passikoff.

And Oma sends us
this poem which is
very clever. See
if you don't think
so. Here it is:

AMERICA
Capitalist country,
'tis of thee,
Bitter land of mis-
ery,
For thee we slave.
Land where the
workers toil,
Land where they
till the soil
From every coty
street,
Bosses the work-
ers beat.

Another Newcomer

Matthew Sprajoor,
of Verona, Pa., age
13, sends us this
verse:

Two boys I know,
Are Joe Smith and
Joe Loper
Who read a great
number of news-
papers,
But among all the
rest
Stands one they
like best
Which is The Daily
Worker.