

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly.

Edited by Dorothy Red, Minneapolis.

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Vol. 1.

Saturday, September 18, 1926

No. 17

HEY, YOU FELLOWS!

Nobody sent in any "Bunk in History" that the teachers gave you in school. Watsamatter? Do you believe George Washington never told a lie? Do you think the world war was against all wars? Well, what do you think?

Ghee, we got all kinds of letters and poems and stories and we are going to print most of them but where oh where did the Bunk in History go?

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a hunk of pie.

The reason the hunk was so stale and punk

—Because he was a poor guy.—
—G. V.—Toledo, O.

Barnard Mazarov of New York sends us this one:

Frankie said to Jimmy: "Coolidge helps all the workers and even the Passaic strikers."



A STORY By DOROTHY RED Minneapolis, Minn.

Leo's father was a Rabbi in Russia, a peddler in this country. Leo was the smallest of five children. His oldest brother was a tailor and a good red union man.

Leo went to school and was the brightest in the class but the teacher always gave him bad marks because he would not believe some of the things she said. She said that Washington was better to the poor working man than Lincoln and that every child had the same chance to become president or a millionaire like Ford or Rockefeller.

On Decoration Day the children were told not to forget to bring an American flag. Leo came neatly dressed carrying a small red flag. The teacher, frightened, asked why he brought a red flag, instead of an American flag. Leo answered: "This red flag was the first American flag and it is the only flag that looked like the blood of all the people, white, yellow, black or copper."

Leo was sent home for punishment by the teacher but he marched home like a little American hero with his red flag.

Jimmy said:
"Ghee, you still believe in fairy tales don't you?"

That's good Barney. Send us some more!

OH BOY!

Fred Long of Denver sent in:
THE BOSS

A boss I know
He's round and fat
His pants hang low
Just where he sat.

The boss grows fat
And fatter each day
His men at work
Get thin on their pay.

The men I know
Will grab their hat
Some day and kick
The boss where he sat.

Oh my, oh moy, now what do you think of Freddie's fresh little poem? Come again Freddie.

NEXT WEEK
Poems and stories and everything.
Get next Saturday's issue.