

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly.

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OH, LOOK,
WHO'S HERE!

Our little Tiny Worker, H. Cohen, from St. Paul, sends us this clever little song that you sing to the tune of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

He is 9 years old and his first name begins with H. I wonder if it stands for Harry . . . or maybe something else. I hope he writes in to tell us. Here's the song:

Oh the old bee
makes the honey
comb

The young bee
makes the honey,
The workers make
the cotton and the
corn

And the Capital-
ists get the mon-
ey.

Hey—H. Cohen—
when you write to
tell us if the H.
means Harry or
Huckelberry, why
not send another
poem. Gee, this is
good!

HEY—DO YOU
KNOW?

I wonder what's
become of those
clever Grand Rap-
ids Pioneers. Re-
member the good
stuff they sent? I
hope they start the
new year right —
and write!



Bunny Palatnick a Roxbury Pioneer, sends us this poem about the bunk that it is nice to die and become an angel. So our artist drew a picture about it. But that isn't Bunny himself! Bunny is smaller. He's a Tiny Worker. He writes:

"This is my second contribution and I expect to keep on contributing. I am leaving the title to you."

Alright, Bunny. Here's the little on your poem:

HOW DO THEY GET THAT WAY?

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All rich people go to heaven;
Where do the poor old workers go?

They tell us in school that when we die,

We're made into angels, but that's a lie;

They tell us an angel is a slim person with wings,

But those who go to heaven, are big fat things.

What I would like to know,
Is how they reduce them so;

When a guy like Morgan goes up there so fat,

How do they make him as thin as that?

Isn't Bunny the wise little rabbit?
That makes him editor of this issue.

HEY, WHAT'S
THIS?

Charmion Oliver of San Francisco sends us this one:

What's the difference between a postage stamp and a Bolshevik?

Answer: One can be licked.

But Charmion isn't satisfied with this, so she sends us a joke too. Laugh this off:

Frank (eating in a restaurant): Say, Bill, what do you know about them Russian Soviets?

Bill: Not much—never ate any.

Ho-ho—not bad, eh? Charmion, now you stop making us laugh. We're serious Tiny Reds.

HOW ABOUT
LOS ANGELES?

What's happened to our clever Tiny Red Pioneers of Los Angeles? Hope they haven't got lost somewhere between Xmas and New Years!

