

# THE HORNET

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## EDITORIAL STINGERS

Business is sound. It's only Wall Street that's trembling.

Here in the South our name for a republican is "damnradi- cal."

Happily, the Hoover and Landon factions of the G. O. P. are more inclined to fuss than fuse.

Opposing the New Deal and all other kind of fair deals is an old deal of the republicans and bourbons.

A Landonite writes us that he keeps an open mind, and no doubt that's the reason very little was in it in 1936.

Have you not noticed that when a democrat turns mean he forthwith takes up with the republicans?

Formula for spreading the truth between now and 1940: Look up at the truth tellers and strike down at the lying fellers.

There have always been some good republicans, but the trouble is they stand for the same darn things the bad ones do.

A few republican candidates will soon be heard throughout the land, prattling like blunder busses and acting like blundering cusses.

The republicans are split and all the King's men, let alone Landon, Hoover and Gleen Frank, will not be able to put humpty-dumpty together again.

Everybody put your eyes on what's left of the Hoover outfit, and thoroughly search it, and you will find the long lost goods.

A republican exchange says, "the republicans of this country will not

be caught napping in 1940." Certainly not, they are too darn dead to doze.

Republican party leaders talk of reforming the remainder of their aggregation, but like the rest of their talk, there is nothing to it.

The last three republican presidents were Harding who brought on the oil cans, Coolidge who introduced the sauer-kroust pans and Hoover the hash and soup stands.

Our democratic leaders are formulating plans for party unity in the 1938 and 1940 campaigns. We know the republicans would be glad to borrow our plans.

THE HORNET, it is true, gives the highfalooting and the big Bourbons the devil sometimes, but old Satan is their guardian and he's regularly reappointed to succeed himself.

One witness in a Washington investigation makes the charge that "the New Deal is stealing a lot of the Old Deal's stuff." So, is that what's the matter with our New Deal?

THE HORNET does not consider our New Deal era a back-yard edition of the New Jerusalem, but it is as good an era as the blasted Bourbons will let it be.

A republican preacher up in Boston wants to get hell out of the language. He should begin with an effort to keep his political brethren from raising it.

Some say they like THE HORNET because it says what it thinks. Yes, and we think what we say, which is more than many public men and journalists can boast of.

Despite all the Bourbons, millionaires and what their money can do to the contrary, we Democrats and New Dealers have the political coon and gone on and left all our opponents barking up a tree.

It is said that a camel will work six or eight days without drinking. It is quite different with Southern republicans, some of whom will drink six or eight days without working.

THE HORNET wants a few thousand new subscribers for the coming Congressional Campaign. Come on now and show your metal. If you are not for the Hornet you are against it.

Hoover is a King among conservatives. He was a do-nothing president who sat silent while the sins of his party damned the nation to economic purgatory. Help THE HORNET get 'em told.

All New Dealers who vote the Democratic way are proud of the party's history, while republicans of the Harding, Hoolidge and Hoover vintage wish that the people have short memories.

It won't be long now before the political tension will be on and everything will be gog and magog and whose going to run for what office.

Whether it is us, or the profiteers and pusslegutters that get on top in the Congressional campaign this year, THE HORNET is going to bust a bundle of dynamite under some coat tails anyway.

A mad republican writes and calls THE HORNET man a "one-hoss" fellow. Maybe the charge is true, Mr. Republican, but "one-hoss" is better than no "hoss" at all; what sort of a "hoss" are you?

The "recession" is simply a "sit-down" strike by the very folk who, not long since, were ballyhooing big about certain other "sit-down" strikers. It all depends on who sits down and who strikes.

When we common cusses want our share of the good things of life "grave problems confront the nation" say the Bourbons, but when the Bourbons themselves swipe a few extra millions they coolly pronounce it a "successful season."

Since the national republican organization was adjourned sine die in November, 1932, our southern G.O.P's are missing their pie. However, most of them had rather look for the demijohn when they hear the whistle signal than to eat pie off the table of any political lord.

Governor Aiken, republican, in a speech said that Lincoln, if alive today, would be ashamed of his party's leadership. There are plenty who are alive today who are ashamed of the G.O.P. and its leadership, without calling on Lincoln and other deceased to come forward and be ashamed.

Under a republican administration, for instance, the Hoover dispensation and its accompanying economical con-