

If You Don't Like The Lash,
Then Don't Read It!

The Lash

We Mix Brains With
Printer's Ink.

Eighteenth Year, Number Ten.

MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C., OCTOBER, 1928.

25 Cents a Year—L. B. LAWS, Editor.

Just One More Loud 'Rah for Smith!

You unfortunate fellows who are for Al Smith, you had as well commence to begin to get ready to hollow "Rah for Smith" for there'll be a time when you will not feel like hollowing. Your noisy demonstrations will suddenly come to a close about November 7th, with a dull thud.

Everybody with enough intelligence to go in out of the rain, knows that Herbert Hoover is going to sweep the country like a tidal wave. Why shouldn't the republicans elect their candidate with the support of the entire republican party and half the democrats?

Smith isn't going to be beaten but he's goin' to be entirely "skunked." We will not learn for about a month how bad Hoover beat Smith, because it will require at least a month to count the Hoover votes.

Mr. Coolidge was elected by a "land slide" four years ago, and this year Mr. Smith will be defeated by a mountain tumbling. You may doubt this statement now but after Nov. 6th it'll bore its way into your understanding.

It is reported that the democratic headquarters will install a 40-horse-power clothes-wringer—that is the dries. There won't be any wets in the party after Nov., for the party won't own them. Are you going to be among the folks who will have to run thru the wringer.

Get ready to take your swat-tin', it's coming as sure as Sunday.

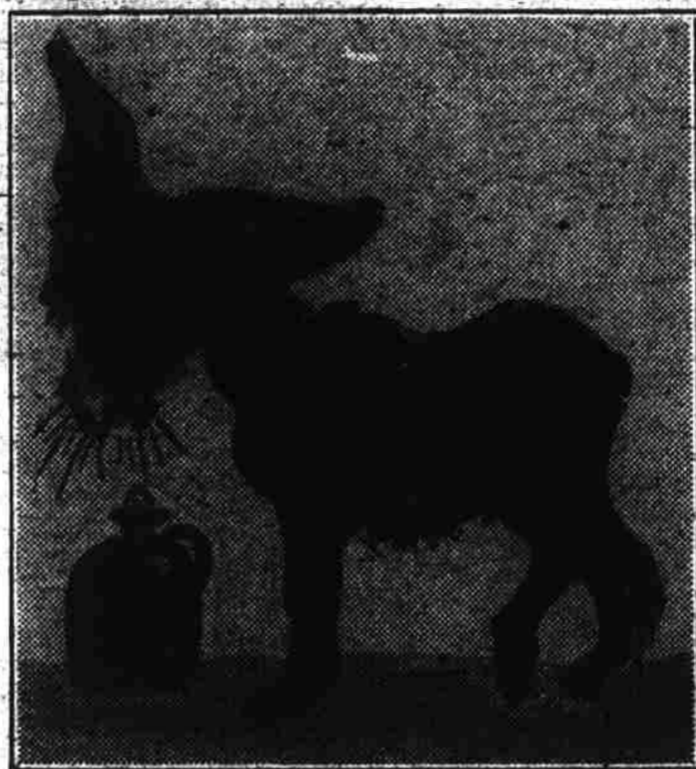
GO TO IT FANNIE!

Miss Fannie Rogers, of New Bern, N. C. may see a chance to trim a few frills off the New Yorker's North Carolina majority by deciding to come out for the North Carolina governorship in the last days of the campaign. If she does she can depend on the support of The Lash. If there be any constitutional objections to her holding the office with both lily-white hands, I'll amend the constitution.

Yes-sir-ee, I'll take it upon myself to elect her and stand Angus McLean out in a corner to cool and make speeches for Al Smith. And I'll ask no reward other than the privilege of dancing with her at the inaugural ball. Of course the efulgent aurora borealis of those beautiful Raleigh rascals, will soon hypnotise her and she couldn't see me walking down both sides of the street at once, but I can let my romantic memory feast on the anti-Smith speech she made.

Fannie may safely consider herself elected, and discount her salary a little when The Lash

Me and My Little Brown Jug



O, little brown jug, there's many a slip,
Twixt the White House Door and the Donkey's lip;
With that fellow Hoover soaping the track,
I'm afraid jug days won't ever come back;
Talk bone-dry but vote with a slosh,
And I'll graze on the White House lawn, b-gosh!
With eight lean years I've reduced my phat,
But my big brown ears make a "derby hat,"
"Side walks of New York" I bray and bray,
Remember me folks, on election day,
Preachers, altho your rep you loose,
Trot along with us for Smith and booze:
Beat on the Bible with closed-up fists,
Then take the jug stopper and give it a twist.
Voters, will you give this picture a hug—
Me and my derby and little brown jug?
And when votes are counted I earnestly think,
We can pass around the jug and all take a drink;
I'll tell Mr. Hoover if he sheds any tears,
Wipe 'em all away with my brown-derby ears.

gets into a pinch. I'm willing to do anything in the world I can for Fannie except put on her shoes, stockings, etc., for her when she moves into the Raleigh governor's mansion.

Miss Fannie has rushed her lovely portrait into the newspapers, and her mouth which indicates the ample capacity for an entire pumpkin pie, assures us that she can talk from the cradle to the grave.

This comment doesn't mean to suggest any single-chair funny business, but my political enthusiasm is gradually increasing in geometrical progression.

A DARK-SIDED PICTURE.

Mister Working-man, you may vote for Governor Smith and feel pretty good about it till he raises the flood-gate to foreign emigration like he says he will do, then you'll feel like a castrated mink at a carnival.

You'll be busy at your \$5 a day job when suddenly the factory will be filled with the lousy scum of eastern Europe all wanting employment, offering to take your \$5-a-day job at

sixty cents a day. Do you know what will happen then? You may offer to work as cheap as they do or you'll go out at the door.

These foreigners who take but two baths during their lives—one when they are born and one when they die, would be tickled half to death to get fifty cents a day for their labor. That would be double what they could get in their own country for work.

Then what happens next? Your wife and family's standard of living must come down to that of the foreigner, or you'll remain out of employment.

In no country which the sun shines on do the people live on a higher standard than America. Do you want to see America the stamping-ground of Chinamen, Italians, Hungarians, Russians, and every undesirable class that infest the world? If you do, then cast your vote for Al Smith and you couldn't do more to bring about these miserable conditions.

Are you going to vote to do away with your home and all that makes it sacred?

A Letter From the Devil

1200 Brimstone Street,
Oct. 1st, 1928.

Dear old Voter-straight:

It tickles me into double-bow-knots almost, to see you Smithocrats trying to turn the world over to me. It looks like a heap of you democrats are playing hell up there on earth. When you hear folks say that Al Smith prohibitionists beat the Devil tell them that I said it was true. If the Smithocrats haven't beat me then I'm a yellow gopher. I'm getting jealous of my job. That "support the party" is a regular gobler trick to get suckers. Keep busy telling the folks that it is the "patriotic" fellow who always supports the whole ticket even it has a hyena on it. Make folks believe that you can't scratch your ticket and be true to your party. This trick will spread more damnation on election day than a thousand camp-meetings can wipe up in a whole year. I'm somewhat of a liar myself but that "vote 'er straight" dope is a humdinger with a blue ribbon on it. Of course a fellow who supports Smith doesn't want prohibition—he couldn't be driven into heaven with the Pearly Gate standin' wide open. If it wasn't for Al Smith and the democratic party I'd rent out Hell for a skating rink, stomp the country against Hoover and sell my brimstone all to Tammany. Hell without Smithocrats would become as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

I want all you wet democrats to vote for Smith and booze. I like booze myself. It is treason under a mask. It robs virtue of its purity, it robs enterprise of its success. Smith and booze is respectability in league with hell. It pushes criminals to the front, youth into crime and the aged into the grave. It also drives virtuous womanhood into lives of shame.

Glorious old Booze!

How many sins have been committed in thy name!

Bring out the band and play "Side walks of New York." Sing songs of praise to corn liquor!

Patriotism, morality, humanity, Christianity, all for sale!

What do we hear?

A bid!

Who bids?

Tammany!

What's the bid?

Booze!

Going, going and gone—for booze.

Get on the Smith band-wagon!

All aboard for Hell!

Sold for booze.

SATAN DEVIL, Auctioneer.