Ten Stancos Repel 10,000 Loyalists

Stanco's Goal is Peace-of-France, Russia & Spain

By Bill Blaney

I was the first one to interject General Franco Stanco in his native North yesterday. As I recall, he said: "I am the man who will bring peace to Europe."

The committee in charge of the Spanish elections mean nothing to us. They are the reds and they are our enemies. We will defeat them."

From Madrid!

On to Madrid!

The Spanish Must Go!

A alarming situation, pregnant with the threat of a second Republik in the near future, has just come to my attention. Spain, our beloved Spain, is BEING OVERRUN WITH SPANIARDS. Where they come from, what they are doing here, and why they are here seems to know. My favorite anthropologist tells me that these creatures swarmed into our fair land with the last invasion in 2 B.C., or as we know better, in 1533 B.C.

The presence of these aliens in our midst puts things at a pretty pantywaist, indeed. For 8-10 months we fight our hearts out, sacrificing the sweet breath of Stanco? Back to the woods with these Spaniards. Make the streets of Spain safe for the Moors.

—Hair Von Schmuts

Stanco at Work?

Look at Him!

The new Spanish Sweepstakes Committee has completed its assembly of the winners and reports that our nationals have swept the prizes. The first prize was won, after proper selection, by Frau Hitler, ambassador to Spain.

Other Spanish winners included Max Schlemihl, Hans Putsch, and Adolf Deutschland. All must realize now that pure chance respects this Nordic superiority.

(According to later reports, Frau Hitler did not have a ticket. Doob, she had the German courtesy to enter herself as an honorary contestant. Saul Streich, holder of a prize ticket, was persuaded to sell half of his tickets to General Stanco after it appeared his money had come in, and half was assessed for taxes on misused enrichment. Herr Streich was later liquidated because of his debts.)

Stanco at Work?

Siegst Stanco Siegert Sweep Set-Up Sweeps

Ability in Plugging Pooped Reds Insures Rebs Wopping Sports Win

By Trippe Lyne

The German-Illalian A. C. was declared winner of the Valencian Tug-of-War Championship yesterday, when six of the Spanish Red Sox were picked off by snipers near Town Square.

The committee in charge, natiuely in their important uniforms of olive-gray drab, had the American haze, desired the Box capital, Atlantic, and two team mates, they were all left pickering noses as the pre-game was given.

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Many sports writers further inscrbed the defeat to the peculiar training habits of the losers. Their trainer, Herr Hans Schlemihl, insisted on training them indoors, excepting on the day before the contest. On that occasion they were taking setting up exercises and were facing a blank wall with their arms uplifted, before they were finished, they were led inside again.

The prizes for the winners will be second-hand Krupp pistols, which will put an end to the contests, while the losers will finish standing against the wall.
With Only $1 to Begin With, El Stanco Has Slunk Up to the Following Condition

BALANCE SHEET
Of General Franco Stanco as of April 1, 1937

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ASSETS</th>
<th>LIABILITIES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Current</td>
<td>Current</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash</td>
<td>100,000 Gold Coins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Land</td>
<td>50,000 Real Estates</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stocks</td>
<td>25,000 Shares</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liabilities</td>
<td>100,000 Gold Coins</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

El Stanco Stealing His Way To Madrid

The special interest of School of Business students, we regret above a graph drawn from life showing the various forces at play in Stanco's army, at the Riviera, and in

City College Doesn't Need Any Aid, Says Franco, Throwing Out Dissenters

The inscription, "There is No God but Marx", was prominently displayed over a large size portrait of the Bolshevik Saint; an autographed photograph of J.P. Morgan bore the words, "To Heli With Profit!" with translations in Hebrew, Spanish, Russian, and Haitian.

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WHAT MAKES STANCO'S ARMY GO?

They're Always on the Move

They Use

Lusolini's Laxatives

Why Don't You?