

**PUBLIC SALE!**

**CLOSING-OUT SALE OF THE GRAND OLD PARTY**

As our lease with Uncle Sam will expire on March 4, 1933, and our titles to the political Jackpot will be transferred to the "Sons of Wild Jackasses," we have decided to hold an auction on the White House Lawn, in Washington, D. C., on

Tuesday, November 8, 1932

and sell to the highest bidder all of our political machinery and our entire stock of supplies now on hand, to-wit:

One Political Machine, 1921 model, badly in need of repairs. Can be recognized only by its whistle.

One moss grown platform, with all its Farm Planks broken.

One large ever-bearing Mellon vine, with several small branches badly frostbitten. Classified as frozen assets.

One Billion Dollar Crime Wave, made to order. Old enough to wean. Sired by Volstead and damned by everybody.

Fourteen million moonshine stills, all operating to full capacity.

Seven hundred rum-running vessels, just learning to swim, but know all the dives.

Eleven million Dinner Pails, all empty.

Twenty-one thousand miles of bread lines without a vacant space.

One seat on the Board of Trade, good for any amount of wheat. No profits guaranteed.

Should the present prosperity continue, we reserve the right to sell under the Hoover moratorium plan.

Free lunch at noon. Doughnuts without holes will be served by the Farm Board.

The Board of Temperance, Prohibition, Public Morals, Society of Reforms will serve Roast Crow to the Wickersham Committee.

The Army, Navy, Coast Guard and all available stool-pigeons will be in formation at the lunch, to assure Dolly Gann of her rightful place at the table.

If the chief executive arrives in time to assist at the sale, it is respectfully requested that all present who still have a hat, to stand uncovered while the band plays "God Help the King."

**TERMS OF SALE**

See your bank before the sale. Positively no foreign bonds accepted, although O. K.d by the State Department. The boys just put that O. K. on them so that Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Jaypee Morgan and some of the other international bankers could slip them out to the suckers. It really amounts to fourteen billion dollars, and all our Wall Street friends are rid of them, so we are not further interested.

THE G. O. P.? Owner

**COME EVERYBODY! DON'T FORGET THE DATE!**