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- MISSOURI - OUTLAW

10¢



"THE CHAMPION
SACK-HOLDER"

Christmas Number

- Harold Ellenbein

A New Feature

Monthly

Cross Word Puzzle Contest

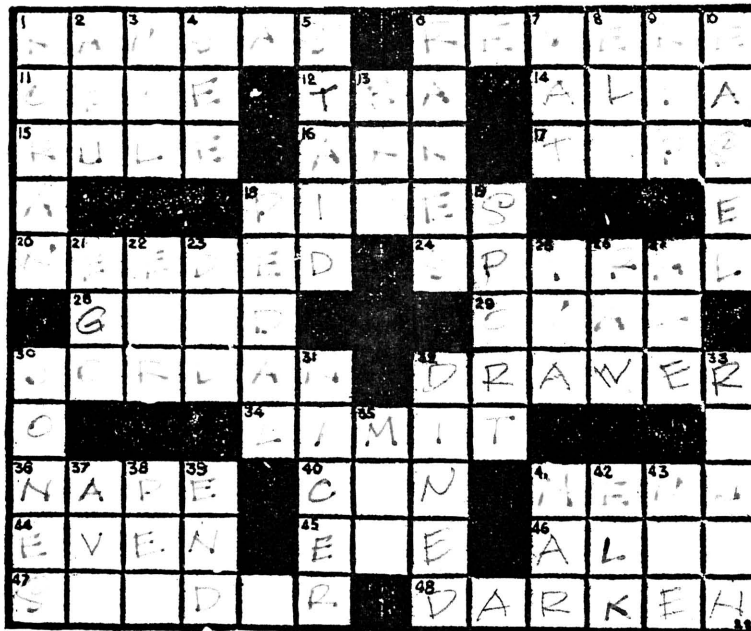
First Prize—\$5.00

Next Four—One year subscription
to the Missouri Outlaw.

Rules:

- 1 Must be submitted on a Missouri Outlaw page.
- 2 Mailed to Missouri Outlaw, Columbia, Mo.
- 3 First correct one received will be awarded the prize.

SOLVE IT NOW



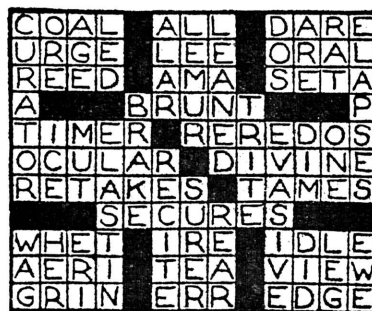
HORIZONTAL

- 1 "Sunflower state."
- 6 Famous Revolutionary night rider.
- 11 Hautboy.
- 12 Beverage.
- 14 Melody.
- 15 Proportion.
- 16 Noah's ship.
- 17 Careens.
- 18 Languishes.
- 20 Required.
- 24 Helical.
- 28 Decision.
- 29 Egg-shaped.
- 30 River in Palestine.
- 32 Bureau tray.
- 34 Boundary.
- 36 Back of the neck.
- 40 Container.
- 41 Bill of fare.
- 44 Level.
- 45 Sheep.
- 46 On the lee.
- 47 Transmitted.
- 48 To cloud.

VERTICAL


- 1 Mohammedan Scriptures.
- 2 Striped cloth.
- 3 Form of no.
- 4 To observe.
- 5 Decorous.
- 6 Garden tools.
- 7 Tanning pot.
- 8 Silkworm.
- 9 To tear.
- 10 Artist's frame.
- 13 Sea eagle.
- 18 Flower leaf.
- 19 Game.
- 21 Self.
- 22 To sin.
- 23 Achieved.
- 25 Bugle plant.
- 26 Uncooked.
- 27 Beer.
- 30 Who is our best golf player?
- 31 More finical.
- 32 Supped.
- 33 Where was Joan of Arc burned?
- 35 Crawl.
- 37 Farewell.
- 38 Pig sty.
- 39 Conclusion.
- 41 To damage.
- 42 Deer.
- 43 Born.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



Give Shirts

for Christmas

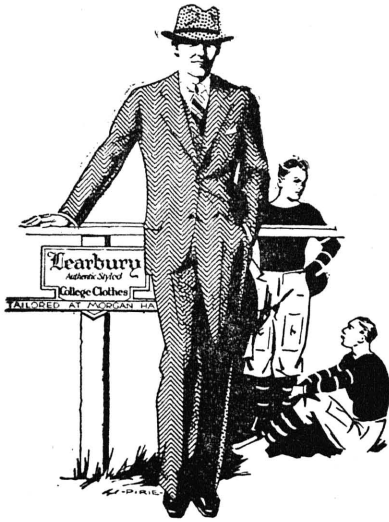


\$1.98

Picture the happy man who receives shirts for Christmas. And why shouldn't you be the one to make him happy? Especially when such fine shirts are priced so low! The shirts in this group are made of fine woven and VAT PRINTED broadcloths. Smart new stripe patterns, plain colors and white are all included. Styles are: Collar attached, neckband and collar to match. At this price these shirts offer the gift seeker and the man who needs shirts, a worthwhile opportunity to buy at a LOW price!

J. C. Penney Co. INC.

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI



LEARBURY

All-American Contest brings Thousands of replies!

Winners
to be
announced
soon!

The makers of Learbury Clothes ask us to express appreciation for your great interest in Learbury and the All-American Football Team contest. The winners of the contest will be announced as soon as the judges have made their selections.

Come in and see The New Learbury Models.

Head and Judge

IT'S THE HANG OF THE TROUSERS THAT MATTERS



WELL turned out university men know that sartorial perfection depends not alone on the quality of the fabrics of which the suits are made, nor on their "cut", but is equally dependent on manner in which they are worn.

They seem to have taken to heart the words embodied in Pioneer's slogan—"It's the hang of the trousers that matters."

PIONEER SUSPENDERS • PIONEER BELTS
BRIGHTON GARTERS

PIONEER
America's word for
SUSPENDERS

By the
same makers



One Every Winter

Jones: Did you buy your wife that expensive fur coat for her protection?

Smith: No, for mine.

Life's a Beach

Criss: One can leave footprints on the sands of time.

Cross: Yes, and the next wave of public enthusiasm washes them out.

Isn't This Cute

Jim: I have no place to lay my head.

Zim: Why not put it on the shoulder of that hill over there?

Nor I

Jones: The girl who is playing the part of Lady Godiva is cold and wants a cloak or something.

Brown: I don't give a wrap.

Cleaning—Pressing—Repairing

Students' Work a Specialty

Shoes Shined

Hats Cleaned and Blocked

"We call for and deliver"

VANITY FAIR

Phone 7408

SUCH SUCCESS MUST BE DESERVED

Our success among the student body has not been caused by chance. It is due to the finest quality foods, proper cooking, and our service, both delivery and in the store.

A HAPPY VACATION TO YOU

Campus Drug Store

Close By for Your Convenience
Dial 6304 for Immediate Delivery

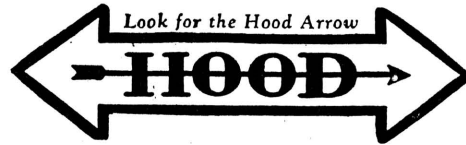
**IT HAD TO BE GOOD
TO GET WHERE IT IS**

It is not by mere chance or good luck that the Missouri Outlaw has the good will and backing of the student body. Consistently publishing the best that it was able has placed the Missouri Outlaw in a position by itself. National advertisers will not use space in a publication that has no sale price. If the public is not willing to spend its money for a magazine, then they will not value it highly enough for it to be a profitable medium for advertising.

THINK this over. **READ** the advertisers below. Surely such an array of dominating firms cannot be wrong in their selection of an advertising medium. Put your dollars where they are not wasted. Don't let a highpowered salesman induce you to throw your advertising appropriation away.

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America's word for
SUSPENDERS



**You Recognize
The
Leaders**

KEEN competition demands that national advertisers use consistent, well-planned, and well-placed advertising. The merits of a publication are carefully weighed . . . its circulation analyzed . . . its editorial policy scrutinized . . . to determine definitely in advance the results an advertisement in that publication will yield.

A few prominent national advertisers who have chosen THE MISSOURI OUTLAW to represent their products are mentioned on this page . . . such proof is convincing to prospective advertisers . . . gratifying to present advertisers, and an added incentive to better our efforts and put forth an even greater MISSOURI OUTLAW for the Missourians.

**THE
Missouri Outlaw**

In the East we are represented
By Roy Barnhill, Inc.,
40 East 34th St., N. Y.
Collegiate Special Adv. Agency
503 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

THE COMIC OF MISSOURI

Complimentary Speaking

He—Just imagine that fresh guy telling me that I change opinions as often as I change my shirts.

She—Why, that's complimenting you on your sense of cleanliness.

I'll Be A Rake

Chloe: I'm going to the masquerade as a Hawaiian dancer with a grass skirt and everything.

Jack: I'm going as a hay tender.

Going Up

Give a girl an inch and she'll whack a lot off before she makes it into a skirt.

Lets All Help

Alice: He made his money in oil.

Doris: Then it ought to burn easily.

Tap Her Gently

She: Doesn't this moonlight make you dream dreams.

He: Gosh, no! I'm just getting wakened up.

Fine Work

Jack: I'm going to kiss you till you yell, "Stop."

Janet: Well, I'm just as contrary as you are.

A Ship Now

Mother: You shouldn't call your girl a skirt.

Son: I know; the reason for calling her that has almost entirely disappeared.

The True Test

The Demonstrator—This cake is made from our celebrated sugar, butter, and egg substitute. Will you try a piece, sir.

—Louisville Satyr



Barred Out

Mayme—Ain't you goin' to marry that steeplejack? He makes good money.

Gert—Aw, he says he's a human fly, and I never could stand flies around the house. They's so darn insanitary.

That's a Calamity

Smith: Have you ever been in a railway accident?"

Jones: Yes; once I was in a train and we went through a tunnel and I kissed the father instead of the daughter.

In a Knot

Giant: Why didn't the Contortionist come with us?

Dwarf: He said he was all tied up by his work.

Sharing His Burdens

Mrs. Dryden—Do you find your husband much improved under national prohibition?

Mrs. Wetmore—Quite the contrary. Formerly he told his troubles to the bartenders. Now I have to listen to them.

INSECT!

"What have you there?"

"Some insect powder."

"Good heavens! You aren't going to commit suicide?"

What's In It?

George: Can't you give me a little hope?

Georgette: Sure. I have a hope chest.

Mother— (to her little son in the bath tub) "Larry get right out of that tub!"

Larry— "Aw, go jump in sister bathtub, can't you see I'm busy bathing."

MISSOURI OUTLAW

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NO. 4

And Close Them Too

Jim: Are you going out on a blind date?

Tom: No, this is one that will open my eyes.

Pull Them Off.

John: Why don't you like the Dance of the Seven Veils?

James: It takes me too long to see what it's all about.

Quite a Woodpile

Hi: I hear your son is a chip off the old block.

Si: Gosh, I have a whole stack of chips.

Get Started

Ned: I'll kiss you and kiss you and kiss you.

Sue: Well, don't waste time talking about it.

Some Gal

Hal: I'm sorry that I caught your dress in the car door and jerked it off.

Peg: Oh, that was nothing.

Needs a New One Now

Mother: What did you do when your horrid husband hid the can opener?

Bride: I opened the cans with his razor.

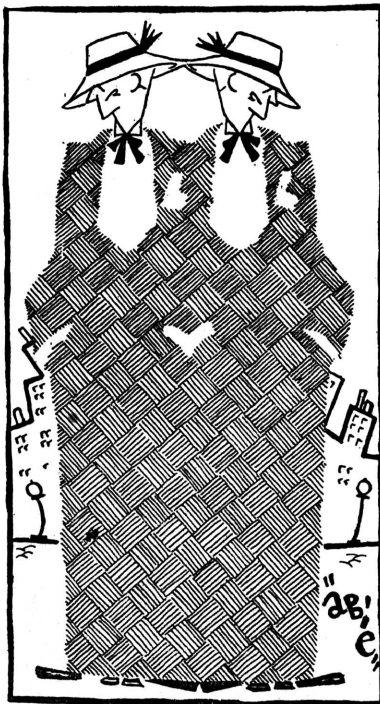
NOW, IS THAT NICE?

Miss Jones was a maiden lady of uncertain years but very decidedly wealthy. She was more inclined to talk about her wealth than her age.

One day she was with a crowd of young folks. Gay laughter and banter went the rounds. Miss Jones was, as she fondly supposed, the life of the party. Of course on account of her great wealth she did command a certain amount of respect. But secretly the young folks were tired of her mixing with their set.

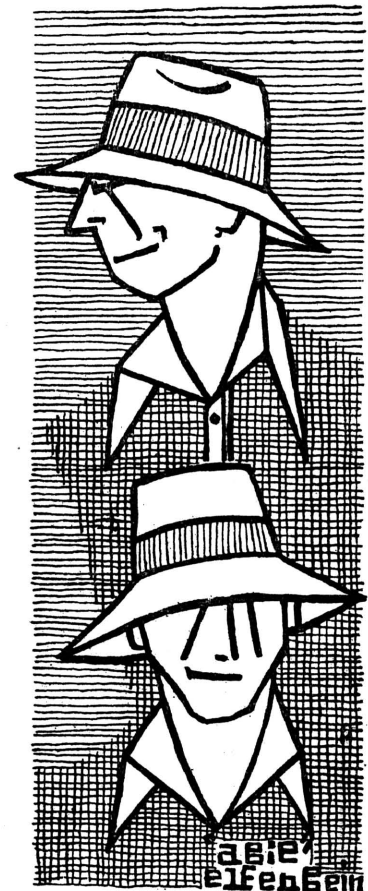
"Of course", she said to a group of youngsters, "I have always had pretty much everything I wanted, but then, you know, I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth."

"Well," replied a sweet young thing, "I'll bet it had 1847 on it."



Shaving: How Did Those Two Barber College Students Finish The Race Trying To See Which Could Shave A Man The Quicker.

Soap: Oh, Nick and Nick.



She's quite domesticated, I hear. Knows how to cook and bake and everything.

Nothing of the sort. Why she couldn't even cause a traffic jam.

THE AUTHOR

As an author Arthur Jennings was a failure. For years he had written and written but aside from a few skits and jokes and an occasional poem he had made no sales. His articles and short stories invariably come back with a rejection slip.

He had tried a novel or two but was unable to find a publisher. He enrolled in various schools for teaching writing and employed a literary agent but his sales did not increase.

"I will never be an author," he said in despair and gave up the effort and went in for politics. He rose rapidly and from Congress he went to the President's chair. After serving a term as chief executive he retired to private life.

Magazines now begged him to write for them and he commanded a dollar a word for a lot of the old stuff that had been returned to him in other days. HE HAD ARRIVED.

THE MONTHLY PRIZE CONTEST

Three cheers for the Rollo Boys. And the cheers were given with a will, but we won't reveal whose will it happened to be. Nevertheless, the Old Man has noticed that several of the comics over the country, have combined undergradute humor (?) with genuine attempts at literature. A wonderful idea and one that should be encouraged to the limit. There is absolutely no legitimate reason to hinder such a combination. The Old Man hopes to see the day not far distant when such a union is made at Missouri.

The cross word puzzle was solved correctly (except for one letter) by Bernard Pemberton 907 Lowry St., and Barrett W. Fancis, 301 S. 6th St. Only one entirely correct solution was submitted and to Mary Greer, 5635 Cates Ave., St. Louis, Mo., the award for first prize is given. Awards for other than the puzzle were given to Harold Elfenbein, Lovan Hall, Braxton Pollard, and Voerge Yeager.

The special title to the next issue will be Mystery Number. Try your hand at being a Sherlock Holmes and perhaps you may solve the mystery of receiving an award.

Not Moral

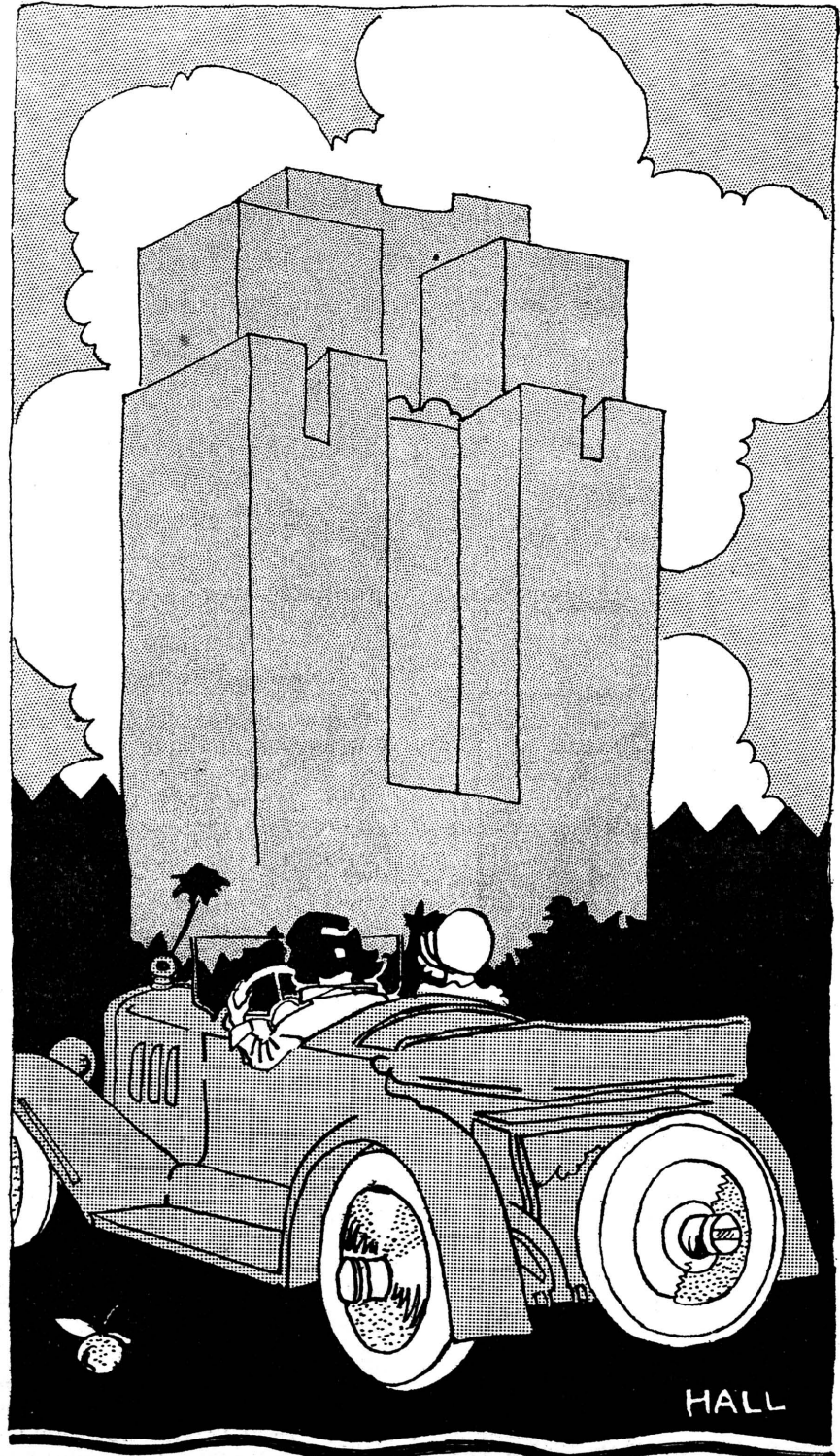
Hen: You're a free moral agent, aren't you?

Ben: Well, I'm free.

Needs a Mechanic

Whiz: What happened to the Whirling Dervish?

Bang: I think he burnt out a bearing.



Janet: Well, I'm just as contrary as you are.

Jack: I'm going to kiss you until you yell, "Stop".

COLLEGE LOVE

Wherein a Bullied Boy Becomes a Hero and Wins the Fair Maiden

Even as a baby, Robin Wills had been a diminutive infant. At eight years he was still undersized but he strove stubbornly and earnestly to act like a man, and he imitated all the manly virtues as reflected in his father. His uneven little-boy soprano, he disguised as a laborious bass though during moments of excitement his natural shrill squeakiness asserted itself. He acquired an early and inveterate dislike for that particular aunt who insisted on calling him "baby" and would blush furiously when that abominable appellation was addressed to him publicly. Especially did he hate his nickname, "little Robin Redbreast," merely because of that all-significant adjective, "little".

Then, as the college freshman. Still small and still sensitive about his smallness. Just a girl's height, he told himself bitterly. He had not stood passively by and waited to grow. He had stretched and exercised, strained and trained, boxed and skated, eaten and drank. "Bananas—for health," the signboard read and painted a ruddy picture of a husky football player. He ate bananas—dozens of them. "Drink milk," commanded another. And he drank—gallons. He followed other advice. He ate dates, apples, meat—he ate. And then he ate some more, washing it down with health drinks. Normally, he was not a mammoth eater, so that he eventually became sick and unable to follow up other helpful counsel. Then, at adolescence, full realization came to him. He felt instinctively that he would never grow taller, and instinctively he indulged in an infantile practice. He wept. Terrible to be felled a death-blow at the very threshold of life, to be denied that one thing you had incessantly craved. He considered suicide. Instead he went to his mother and broke down in sobs. She had always known it.

In the opinion of the editor this is the best story ever submitted by a student. It is very interesting and worth your time.

she told him. But he was not unusually small, just a few inches less than the average. He was exaggerating. He remained obdurate, adamant. He was small, he insisted. He was, he was, he was. She could not convince him of the truth in spite of the parallels and comparisons she drew. Then wisely she hit upon an idea.

She told him: "Because you are smaller than the other fellows you'll have to do something about it. For every inch that you lack in height, you'll have to make up in deed. Do things. Stand out and cut a figure for yourself. Do something great, Robin, or at least something beautiful."

He went away inspired. Fired with resolve he plunged into college life headfirst and headstrong. His fraternity brothers called him "Reddy," derived from the childhood, "little Robin Redbreast," a nickname of a nickname. But it really did not suit him. His hair was dark with a slight wave. His healthy bronzed features were set straight in a narrow molded face, mouth pleasant against straight white teeth, eyebrows a long dark arc but narrow. His eyes were dark brown, vivacious and eternally lit up so that when he looked at you, you felt warmed and flattered. The profs spoke of him as brilliant. He took law, and often in the college courtroom he ascended the platform and his vibrant voice sent legal phrases through the assembly. He was greatly affected and every one knew it but they sympathized. Most of his frat

brothers towered above him, but he strutted and stalked and swaggered with such manly airs that he seemed to touch the stars. He assumed a pseudo-bass voice and most of the crazy collegiate styles but he held the reputation of a well dressed man, as indeed he was in his less loftier moments. He was popular all around. Like other men, he was keenly alive to the other sex, appreciated them, accompanied them around the campus and dated them. They invariably called him "cute" and for once that word was really descriptive. He observed that few of the girls were taller than he. "But they all wear stilts," he told the fellows. So he sometimes went stag.

He did not fall in love till he was twenty-two, the sophisticated age. He first saw her at a frat dance. Her eyes were big, gray, unflinching and the whites of her eye shown in her tanned oval face. Her profile presented a decided silhouette without any jars or mars. Her dress was a light dull green. Later, he discovered she always wore green. Fascinated by her rhythmical swaying movements, her relaxed poise, his eyes turned always in her direction. When she glided, he thought of the rowing crew rippling down the river . . . Her face bewitched him and haunted his movements. He felt as if he had received a sentence, been doomed, and had no will in the matter. He wanted to bend down at her feet and whisper his love. But she was dancing with Randall Lewis. Rand, handsome, drapper, moustached. Reddy watched her through several dances, waiting for an opening, and always those two danced together and talked a great deal as if they had volumes to tell each other. Reddy wondered vaguely why she was not being rushed — no one had made any attempt to cut in on them.

(Continued on page ten)

DEAN JONES' SON

A Story of Hectic College Life in Ten Parts

PART FOUR

BY

Doris Daly

M. T. (Marvin Theodore) Jones, the wildest boy at Montatauk University and the son of Dean of Men Jones decides to make native Rosemary Dale respect him although sophisticated Kitty Parsons, whom he has adored since childhood, warns him that "Rosemary's not the kind of girl you want." A talk with his father also helps M. T. to decide to reform. Rosemary refuses M. T.'s first request for a date. Later he meets her on the campus and they go to the Monatauk Cafe. There Rosemary smokes her first cigarettes, she tells M. T. He is downcast thinking that because she likes him she is trying to live up, or down, to his reputation.

Rosemary seemed to be having a great time at the Univee Hop Saturday night. She was cut in on so frequently that M. T. had plenty of time to observe her from the stag line although he was her date. He noticed that Barry Benson and several other Theta Sigmas were giving her the biggest rush. Barry Benson again! Well, he'd have to cut in although he wasn't used to dancing with his dates too frequently. They weren't the type that required it.

"Ooh, Mar--vin. I'm having the best time," cooed Rosemary in the direction of his ear which was at least a foot higher than her rosebud of a mouth. "Honestly, I didn't expect such a rush. I'm just a green, little freshman you know."

M. T. had to agree, in his thoughts, that she was green. He had never before dated a girl who talked as naively, yes, as childishly as did Rosemary. He would probably consider her dumb if her exquisite innocence didn't appeal to him so strongly. If a different type from other girls he had dated—Kitty and Alta—she was nevertheless a popular one, also. He guessed, although he would never have predicted it, that others felt about her as he did, wanted to protect her from the hard-

ness of a cynical, yes, even a wicked world of which she was ignorant. But, he would beat them, he, M. T. Jones, who knew more about women than did these callow youngsters, he would make Rosemary Dale love him. She already liked him a lot. joyously these thoughts coursed through him and he began to whistle cheerfully the raucous tune which the orchestra was rythmically beating out.

"Marvin," Rosemary broke into into his thoughts, "There's that cute Mr. Allen, you introduced me to at the library."

M. T. saw Chuck carelessly leaning against the doorway, watching the dancers and occasionally exchanging a word with one of the stags as was his custom. Chuck wasn't much of a lady's man. Imagine calling old Chuck, Mr. Allen. She was an adorable youngster!

"Let's dance close to him so he'll cut in on me," Rosemary suggested.

M. T. looked gravely hurt. "Tired of me, Sweetheart?" His tone was part of his stock in trade. But he meant it this time.

"Oh, gee, no. But, I thought, maybe, you'd rather not dance with me so long."

"My, gosh! Just when I get a couple of seconds with—" but he was interrupted by a firm hand on his arm. Chuck had spied Rosemary.

"How's my little baby, tonight?" M. T. heard him ask playfully as they danced off.

"But I'm not your—" Rosemary's voice, seriously protesting blurred away from his hearing. That fool Chuck. Acting like that about his girl. Just when he decided to make him his buddy instead of that worthless Billy Cash, Oh, well.

M. T. wondered where Billy was. He was feeling thirsty. Rosemary

would never detect a drink or two. Now Kitty, that would be a different matter. He found him the first place he looked, around the side of the gym in a basement area way with two other booze hounds.

"Have drink," Billy greeted him.

M. T. had several swallows before Billy reminded him of Rosemary by saying, "I wanna meet your date. Chuck said she's a darn cute li'l mamma."

Much as he loathed it, he had to take Billy in to meet Rosemary. She couldn't help knowing that Billy was lit. She was dancing slowly, tightly embraced, by a hulking, red faced fellow. His bright eyes and foolish grin told the world he, too, was fond of moonshine whiskey.

But Rosemary was laughing, her tinkly, little laugh. "Gee, you are the funniest boy I ever knew!" Kids like her had no business in co-educational universities.

Then he saw Kitty whirl past in the arms of a skinny youngster, a shade to short for her lithe height. M. T. decided that he made her look awkward. She needed a tall, broad shouldered man, and a blonde one to contrast with her dark beauty. Like himself, M. T. reflected. But Kitty would never do for him. She was too independent, too self-assured to make a man feel comfortable. Anyway, he was going to cut in on her. Just to see how it felt to hold her slender waist again, to look into those deep, dark eyes that were almost level with his own. He could ask her what to do about Rosemary. She couldn't be mad at him after he told her how he was reforming for Rosemary's sake. That was a swell excuse to cut in on Kitty.

"How's Rosemary?" Kitty asked when they had advanced a few feet.

"Well, you ought to know. Isn't she your protegee?"

"Not any more," said Kitty, seriously. For once she was serious when talking to M. T." She's got-

ten so darned popular. I never see her anymore for her dates."

"Just like you," and at Kitty's corrective laugh, "when you were a freshman. But for a junior you get around considerable, old girl."

"Well, but I'm not Rosemary's type."

"That's right" conceded M. T. and, because I know that, too I am worried about her, Kitty."

"Oh, don't let her bother you," said Kitty cheerfully.

M. T. didn't understand her attitude but he continued, "You were right when you said she was as sweet and innocent as a flower. And because I realize how rare her type

ty." M. T. was surprised how completely Kitty had snapped out of her peevish attitude toward him.

Kitty laughed and flicked her long eyelashes at him — just as if he wasn't M. T. Jones. "I said don't let her bother you," she repeated. Rosemary can take care of herself." A cut in separated them, then.

M. T. looked around for Rosemary. Any girl old enough to go to college ought to be able to take care of herself. Maybe Rosemary wasn't as ignorant as he thought. Or maybe Kitty didn't understand her as well as he did. Of course Kitty wasn't Rosemary's type.

"It's so hot in here," Rosemary

Darn Kitty anyway. She had no business talking like that a if he had been a regular sot. Yet, believing her, Rosemary had gone out with him. That proved he and not Kitty was right about her in ability to take care of herself.

"Have you got any left?" asked Rosemary curiously.

"Why?"

"Why, whatever you were drinking, of course."

"No. I got it from Billy Cash."

"Oh, did you." Was Rosemary's voice relieved or resigned? "Here comes Billy Cash now with that cute Allen boy", she suddenly exclaimed with definite glee.

"Well, well, what have we here", Billy talked as if he had caught them necking. Of all the disgusting fools! "Li'l love birds better fly 'way 'cause Billy wants to go home."

"Oh, you've been drinking too much, Mr. Cash," Rosemary accused him.

Billy laughed as if she had cracked a good joke and drew out his inevitable hip flask. "Have some", he handed it to Rosemary.

Giggling she tipped it to her dainty little mouth and gulped audibly. Then she coughed, "Gosh, it's awful bitter."

Billy and Chuck laughed some more and she handed the flask to Chuck, saying pertly, "Now, you drink some of the old nasty stuff, too. I want to get rid of it."

And Chuck drank, Then Billy drank some more and M. T., not to be outdone, drank, too, although he did wish he had strength enough to set Rosemary a good example. But he would explain to her later that she mustn't take a drink with boys she didn't know well. Anyway she didn't like it. Said it was bitter. Cute kid, yes, a regular baby, Rosemary.

Then the flask was empty and Billy supposed that he would have to go home after all.

"Oh, no!" cried Rosemary disappointedly. "The dance isn't even over yet. But", at a movement from M. T., "Let's not go there again. I'm tired of that stuffy gym. Let's go some place different."

Billy decided that they would go to the Paradise, a very small, very dissolute road house a few miles outside of town. The place was too dimly lighted to see its garish decorations clearly, yet M. T. saw that

(Continued on page 18)



They climbed into Billy Cash's roadster parked around the corner.

is I want Rosemary to respect me. I'm trying to reform—now, don't laugh, Kitty. I really am. You can ask Dad, if I'm not.

"Of course, I don't think it's funny. I'm awfully glad, truly. I've wanted you to quit drinking ever since that Christmas when I got so mad I threw a bowl of punch at you."

Since she was in such a mellow mood M. T. almost asked her why she had been so mad at him. He had been too tight to know what happened. But he must finish talking about Rosemary before another partner claimed Kitty.

"I don't think it's right for Rosemary to date every bozo who asks her. If she was a girl like you, it would be different. Maybe you know how I can keep her from it, without making her mad at me, Kit-

told him, I might say that's why I want to go outside. But I really want to talk to you where it's quiet, Mar-vin."

They climbed into Billy Cash's roadster parked around the corner. M. T. thought that now was the time to warn her about dating every old bozo who asked her. But she surprised him by snuggling close to his shoulder.

"Oh, I hate dancing with drunkards", she sighed. "Kitty told me you were one. But I don't believe it."

The drinks he had recently consumed with Billy made M. T. feel guilty. "Once in a while I take a few swallows", he confessed "I did tonight."

"That's all right, of course", Rosemary consoled him. "But from the way Kitty talked I thought I might actually expect you to pass out on me tonight."

COLLEGE LOVE

(Continued from page 7)

Unexpectedly, he saw a pin dangle from her dress. He waited till it fell and then dashed forward and came up before her clutching her pin. Disturbed, he noticed that it was a pin from his frat. Probably Rand's he conjectured bitterly and was surprised at his own mean emotion. She accepted it, smilingly.

"Jade Fitzroy," said Rand elaborately and openly annoyed at the intrusion, "allow me to present Reddy Wills."

"Jade," murmured Reddy unctuously but effectively. "Jade."

"How d'you do." It was the sweetest voice in the world, half-drawl, half-chirp.

"Reddy Wills to dance," announced Reddy, losing most of his heart and all of his grammar.

She cast a mischievous glance at Rand who made a forward move to dance her away, but Reddy had got there first.

"But, my dear," she protested yielding nevertheless, "I really did not say you could."

"But really, you know," was the direct come-back, "you didn't say I couldn't either." And she smiled back — interested.

He knew he could not say the customary line to her and he tried to think of something besides: "Where've you been all my life, Beautiful?" For the first time since his sixteenth birthday, he was dumbfounded and shy before a girl. He drew himself up, cocking his head so he could look down at her with that adoring intentness which instead of being the usual gallant gesture, was un-simulated for the first time. He wanted to say: "I didn't know they came like you," and on and on ad infinitum. He had a wild but sincere desire to jump on the orchestra's platform and holding her hand announce to the silent throng: "We are going to love each other for ever and ever."

Instead, he just kept on dancing and filling his soul. He was glad he lacked the nerve to say something rash. She might turn him down — or hate him. Thoughts unbearable.

"I'm tired," she told him. "Let's go outside. I want you to talk to me."

They walked up a dark stairway and stumbled over something in the gloom that let out a sound suspiciously human, followed, in turn, by a higher one undoubtedly of the same

species. At the top, she sat down, he followed suit a step below. She leaned her head against the wall. There was a short exquisite lapse of silence. Then there was talk — personal talk about who they were, what they liked, what they did.

Out of the darkness beneath, a tall figure was ascending.

"That you, Jade?" Rand's voice. A short moment of breathlessness.

Then: "Yes, honey, come up."

He came and Reddy felt his glare even in the dusk. "Listen," his voice rose to an angry level, "you might've known she was my girl. That was my pin you picked up. Where do you come in— —"

"Listen, doll. Nobody's gonna cut me out. I saw him give you the sick-dog stare—"

"You —" Reddy could get no farther. He was stupefied, stunned. He could not trust himself to speak.

She stood up, switched on the dim hall light and started downstairs. "I wouldn't have had this happen for worlds," she told Reddy. "I'm sorry." She gave Rand a disdainful glare.

"Now lay off," threatened Rand at Reddy, and he followed her downstairs.

Reddy jumped up and ran to his room, slamming the door. Hot, multitudinous, little-boy tears rolled down his cheeks as he stamped up and down the room. The agony of it! To be humiliated in front of her. He could have forgiven Rand anything, —anything, but not this greatest mortification. A floundering soul wading in sensitiveness. It was crude and beastly. Of all his frat brothers he had always like Rand the least. Now, he'd show him. He'd pay him back. No one could bulldoze him and get away with it. Rand was a bully and a cheat. Reddy remembered once during exams when a boy had crumpled up and slip from his seat — fainting from utter exhaustion and over-study. Rand, the gallant, had rushed to him and together with Reddy had carried him out in the air. Then Rand, depositing him quickly, had turned to Reddy and said: "What a lucky break for me! I could never have passed this without help. What is the answer to the third?" And Reddy, sickened and disappointed, with his faith in humans shattered by just such a tiny blow as this, had answered him evasively and turned away.

That night, Reddy tossed and tumbled on his bed in righteous indignation, fierce hatred and wounded pride, much to his roommate's consternation. But towards morning with calm had come a tenderer, somnolent mood. Drowsily, Reddy murmured: "We are going to love each other for-ever and ever".

"Amen," sighed the roommate as he turned over.

Nothing can happen in one house where there are many communal and communicative beings without the word getting around. So next morning when Reddy presented his sleepy self downstairs, he felt the air weighed down with friction and significance.

"The boy looks as if he'd been out on a bender last night. How about it, Reddy?" This was, Reddy thought, the preliminary to the main bout. He noticed Rand looking moody and sour.

"Fellows," announced Bob Ricky, chosen arbiter for the grand bout, "we can't let anything come between us — no matter what. We've sworn to adopt and love each other as brothers. Now the general opinion seems to be that Reddy is in the right and Rand owes him an apology. Your turn, Rand."

Reddy felt warmed and softened. Brothers. He'd accept the apology and try to like Rand. And the girl — as much as it would wound him, he'd give her up. That would be the only brotherly thing to do. He turned to Rand.

"Like hell I'll apologize!" exploded Rand sullenly. "He made us quarrel. Like hell I will!"

There was very nearly a riot in the house that morning narrowly averted by a dozen men who held back an enraged tiger — otherwise known as Reddy.

"You know where you can go, you dirty cheat," Reddy cried hotly to the brother he had sworn to adopt and love . . ."

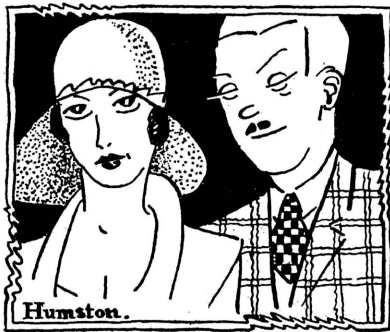
(To be continued next month)

I'll Say It Doesn't

The faster water is the purer it keeps but this rule hardly applies to flappers.

And Onions

Whiz: That girl watches her step.
Bang: You bet, she knows her bunions.



Have You Seen "The Trail of '98." Say, I'm No Bloodhound.

These Intellectuals

The lights were low. Soft music floated out to the couple seated on the bench outside. It was a night for love.

"There's something I've been wanting to ask you," he spoke low and tenderly.

"What?" she asked expectantly.

"Can I borrow your Sociology notebook over the week-end?"

Equipped for Flight

Miss Gushington—Do you believe that when poverty comes in at the door loves flies out the window?

Mr. Hardfax — Sure! didn't you ever notice the wings on Cupid?

Figure It Out

Young Lady—Do you know where John Smith lives?

Policeman—Yes; the third house on the lefthand side of the street in the next block.

Young Lady—But which is the lefthand side of the street in the next block? I'm a stranger in the city.

Was It An Invitation?

Young Chap (much in love)—Miss Daisy, I'm telling you, I'm going to kiss you before I go.

Miss Daisy—Then, sir, will you leave this instant?

A Sinster Motive

Mr. Neighbor—"Why don't you consult Dr. Cutter? If there's anything really the matter with you he'll cure you inside of a month. Your wife will pay the bill."

Mr. Neversweat—"Yeah! I'm onto her. She wants to get me fixed up so I'll have to get a job."

Furnishing References

The Manager — Yes, we need a young lady in the canned goods department. Have you had any experience as a demonstrator?

Miss Gushington—Well, I have a gentleman friend who says I am awfully demonstrative.

Getting Together

Mother—Hush! You two children are always quarreling. Why can't you agree once in a while?

Georgie — We do agree, mamma, Edith wants the largest apple and so do I.



George: Can't you give me a little hope?

Georgette: Sure, I have a hope chest.

And How He Yells

"Can your little brother talk yet?
"He doesn't need to. He has only to yell and he gets what he wants."

A Sensitive Bird

Bird dealer (to customer who has bought a parrot on credit)—"Here's your bill. Are you going to pay for it or not?"

Customer — "I've had the parrot one whole month and he's never said a word."

Bird Dealer—"Well, you see, this polly is so very sensitive it never speaks until it has seen the receipted bill showing it has been paid for."

Before And After

Dryden—The humble little Band of Hope was the precursor of national prohibition.

Wetmore — And we thirsty old sports are the postcursors.

Time For Improvement

Train Conductor: How old is this boy?

Mother: Four.

Conductor: How old are you, sonny?

Small Boy: Four.

Conductor: Well, I'll let him ride free this time, but when he grows up he'll be either a liar or a giant.

Fame

Mabel: I see that they have a town in Massachusetts named after you.

Morris—Well, what do they call it?

Mabel—Marblehead.

A Gentle Rebuke

Thurston—"Huh?"

Dryden—"You evidently misunderstood me. When I proposed that toast I said 'Let us drink to success', not excess."

Still in Danger

Jones—Is your son out of danger at the hospital, Mr. Brown?

Brown—Not yet. The doctor is going to make two or three more visits.



Mayme: Ain't you goin' to marry that steeplejack? He makes good money.

Gert: Aw, he says he's a human fly and I never could stand flies around the house. They're so darn insanitary.

That's The Difference

Prospective Tenant: I would like to see one of the bedrooms.

Owner: Modern or comfortable?

No Time To Waste

Old Lady — Aren't you a bit ashamed, a big, strong man like you begging? Have you never tried to work?

Tramp—Yes'm, but it took away too much of my time.

Broadly Speaking

Miss Visits—Don't you think that traveling brings out all that is in one?

Sea Captain—Yes, indeed; especially ocean travel.

On The Job

The Motorist—Say, friend, my engine's stalled. Think you can help me find out what's the matter with it?

Constable Talltimber—I can, but I won't just now. I can't pinch you for speedin', but in ten minutes I'll fix up your engine, an' then pinch you for parkin' here too long.

Let's Make It Fifty-Fifty

She—Man was made first—Woman came after him.

He—Yes, and she's been after him ever since.

From Mr. Grouch

Mrs. Benham — A man may be down, but he is never out.

Benham—Well, it's different with a woman; she's always out.

Her Busy Day

The Supervisor — Why did you give that party the busy signal? There was no one on the line.

The operator—I was busy doing my nails.

A Good Field

Tough McNutt — I've got to get busy and get myself a spring coat.

Rough Rudolph — Which restaurant do you get yours from?

Too Late

Elderly Maid— Did you advertise for a lady with an engaging personality.

Manager— Yes, but it's too bad, miss; you're about twenty years too late.

A Modern Factory

Servant: Your highness there have been no babies born for two days.

King Solomon: Well, we must try to speed up production a little.

We Hope So

If a girl loses her head on a petting party she usually finds it on some boy's shoulder.

Sounds Like Thunder

Mayme: Isn't this silence wonderful?

Chloe: You bet: I never heard anything like it.

Not The Last Chance

"Constable, catch that man. He tried to kiss me."

"Don't worry, miss. With your beauty you will soon get another."

Is This Nice

The man who hides behind his wife's skirts in these days would have to go to the rag bag to do it.

Do Tell

A girl's face may be her fortune but her knees are not to be passed over lightly.

How About Uncle Sam

A fellow with a mint of money has trouble to keep from making a hole in it.

Nor Sing Either

Whiz: Why don't you stop that infernal singing?

Bang: I cannot refrain.

Squeeze Her Then

Tattooed Lady: So you love the Strong Man?

Fat Lady: Yes, he has quite a hold on me.

A Tickler

Jim: I just brushed her lips with a kiss.

Tim: Yes, that's a funny looking little brush you have on your lip.

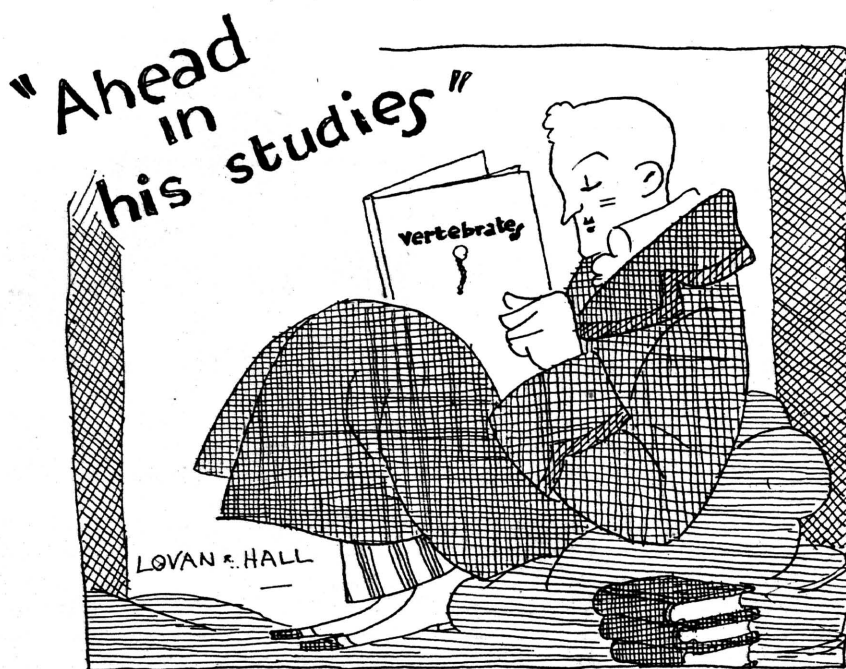
Ouch!

Daughter: How do you know that is dad cruising around down there in the dark?

Ma: Oh, I heard him when he started on a new tack.

Ship 'Em Back

"Sunday is surely a day of pests," said Hiram when he looked out and saw three carloads of visitors from the city.



LAUGHS FROM THE CAMPUS

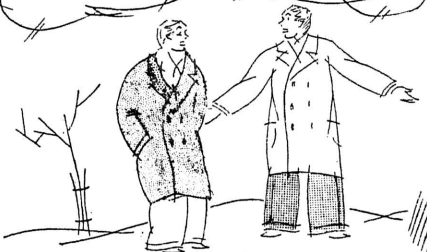


-I'D LOVE -
TO GO ON YOUR
HOUSE PARTY!

-YOU'LL
HAVE TO!

HOW'D YOU LIKE
THE CHICAGO SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA?

COULDN'T
HEAR IT FOR
THOSE DAM
MACHINE GUNS!



THAT MAN DEALS
IN RED FLANNEL
UNDERWEAR!

WELL—HE
HAS NOTHING
ON ME!

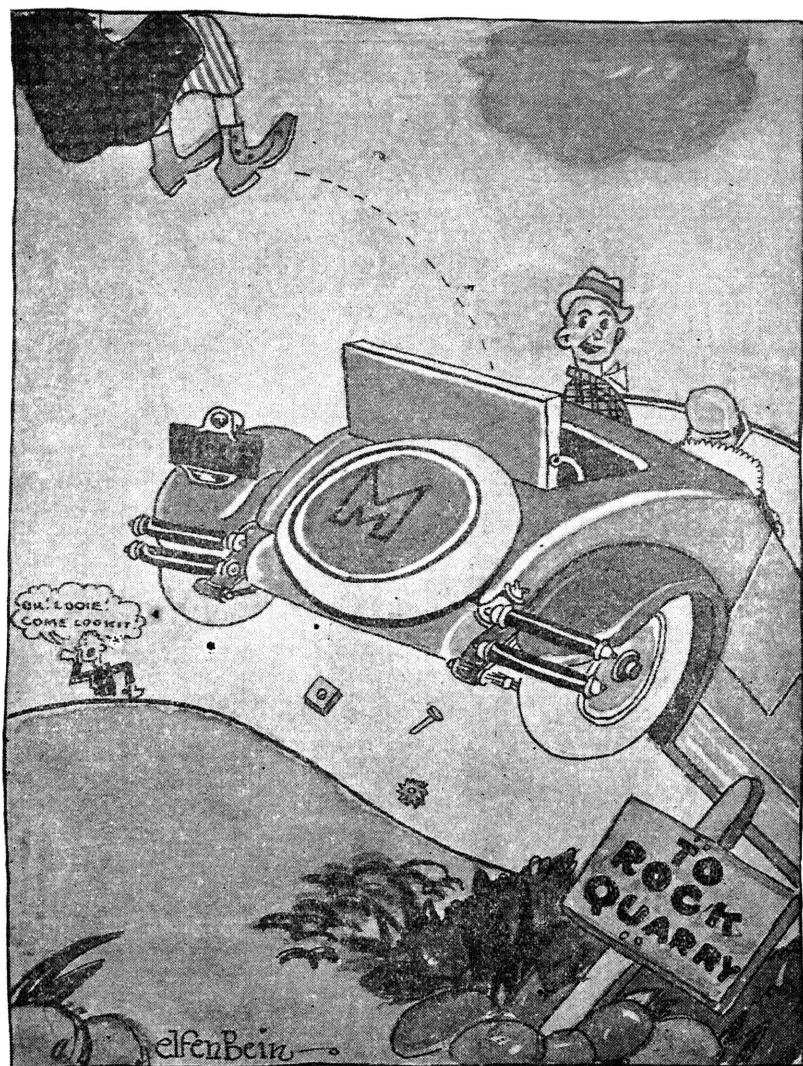
I DON'T KNOW—
I WAS WATCHING
THE SCALES!



YOU SAY SHE
WEIGHS EXACTLY
108 POUNDS—
STRIPPED EH?



BRAYTON POLLARD



A Good Suggestion—That Christian College Chaperone.

Why Not Two?

Waiter: Do you want some alligator pears?

Hiram: Heck, no! One ought to be enough.

Oh Boy!

Dwarf: The Fat Lady says she's going to use you for a garter.

India Rubber Man: Well, I hope not one of the round kind.

Prove It

George: You can't play strip poker.

Georgette: I'll show you if I can't.

Hurry Man

Jim: I'm going to kiss you as soon as I stop the car.

Cora: Gee, I'm glad you have four-wheel brakes.

Peck-A-Boo

Whiz: He hides behind his wife's skirts.

Bang: That's more than she does.

Say Now

May: Why, I can't come down; I'm not dressed.

Tom: Oh, hang, the clothes! What do I care about them? It's you I want to see.

Will Be Instructors

Green: The girls are going to form a hula-hula dancing class.

Brown: I'm heartily in favor of the movement.

Pass Her Up

Mother: You neck with every young man you meet.

Flapper: Indeed, I don't; some of them are in a hurry.

HER CHARMS

My sweetheart has the sweetest mouth;

It's shaped just like a Cupid's bow;
Its equal is not north or south
Nor any place that I may go.
I will maintain it's Cupid's-bow
No matter how you sneer or scoff;
For it is always shooting off.

My sweetheart has the clearest eyes;
They're like deep-shaded forest pools

And in their depths a magic lies
That turns the wisest men to fools.
Like forest pools, those eyes of hers,
Or like a river after rain,
Or like a lake amid the firs —
They're watery, that much is plain.

My sweetheart has the cutest nose
Tip-tilted to the smiling skies;
It gives her quite an air, I s'pose,
For on that line its duty lies.
Thought it may catch the summer sun

And balmy airs from hill and plain

Sometimes this nose is not much fun
For the darned thing will catch the rain.

I KNOW A MAN

I know a man who thinks a combination is a system they play at Monte Carlo and that a step-in is a kick-plate on an automobile.

He also thinks a bloomer is something that a people pull, a Teddy the name of a bear and a camisole something used in cooking.

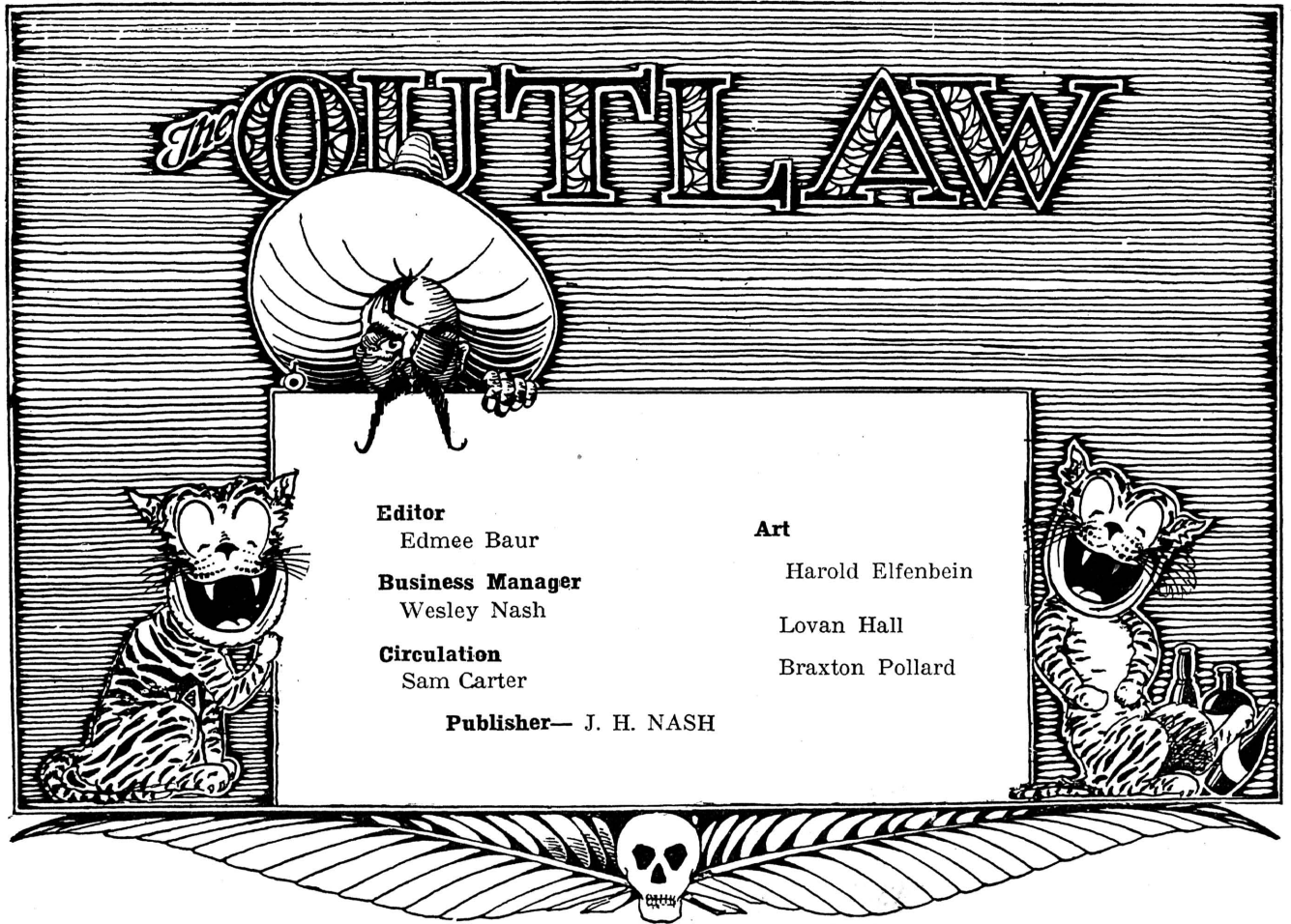
A slip, to him, means something that causes a fellow to miss his step and lingerie something that is long drawn out.

Roll-top means a desk and nothing else and he thinks a brassiere is something used for burning charcoal.

He doesn't know much about knickers except that they are something a horse does and he also thinks that a negligee is French for being careless or something like that.

He thinks dance sets refer to the couples who sit around spooning while the music plays and slip-overs are deals when some one puts something over on you.

Yet he says he knows all about women's clothes. He can see through them easily.



CHRISTMAS used to be a season of sober jollity and fun. Now it is just another excuse for getting away from the drudgery of school work. When that last class is over an audible sigh is heard escape every college. And it is no wonder. All work and no play makes Jack a dull ass. Perhaps he is one anyhow, but a holiday now and then, gives him ample time to prove differently. Which brings us to the point of this ditty, Don't Go Home and Make an Ass of Yourself! College is a much better place to do that, you have so much more company.



A cross word puzzle has appeared on the pages of the Old Man's comic efforts. Seems like there were a few mistakes in the definitions which of course he takes no blame for but merely says, "see the printer". Even if it were his fault he would not admit it. However every effort is made to make this month's puzzle correct in every detail. Get your pencil sharp and start in to solve it. They are not especially difficult and should be finished in a short while. That five dollars will be an easy way to pay for the present you bought on credit for ——— her. If you don't indulge in women, or if your're a woman and don't tolerate the men, well use the five spot for any other noble purpose you may think of, like redeeming that last hot check you give that merchant.



"Swell carriage!"

"Yeh, but I don't like her lips."
—Green Goat

"Yes, I heard a noise, and got up in my nightgown, and there under the bed I saw a man's leg!"

"Good heavens! The burglar's?"

"No, my husband's. He had heard the noise, too!"

—Columbia Jester

Him: May I phone?

Her: I'm sorry. I'm married.

Him: 'S o. k I'm married an' just as sorry.

—U. of S. Calif. Wampus

The most recent example of a perfect pessimist is the man who bought cork tipped cigarettes for a sea voyage.

—Yale Record

"Mama—where from doth elephants come? And don't try to thall me off wiv that gag about the thtork."—Jack O'Lantern.

QUANTITY PRODUCTION

"Do you fellows wash your clothes at the house?"

"Heck, no."

"Well, what's that washing machine for?"

"That's no washing machine. That's our cocktail shaker."

—Cornell Widow.

My bonnie lies under the auto,
My bonnie lies under the car,
Someone hurry and send for a
garage-man,
It's lonesome up here where I are.
Pointer.

Filled With Pathos

She (at party): "And while in Florence I visited Pitti Palace."

He (same party): "Oh, did ums?"
—Banter.

Somebody Washed the Dishes

"Did you take your cold shower this morning?"

"Naw. There wasn't any hot water."—Gargoyle.

One of the Gallery Gods

Eeny: "Did you have a good seat at the show last night?"

Meeny: "Naw, punk. Every time I laughed I hit my head on the ceiling—Punch Bowl.

Femmes

There are three classes of women—the intelligent, the beautiful, and the majority.—Gargoyle.

His Best Friend Told Him (or Her)

"Did you enjoy the Alpha Geshink party?"

"So they tell me!"—Pup.

"Where does Doc McLeod get his income?"

"Well, he makes quite a bit in the stork-market."—The Chanticleer.

The One and Only

Owner of Collitch Car on Witness Stand: "And then the truck bumped the fender on my car."

Attorney: "Which fender?"

Witness: "The fender."

—Octopus.

My Goodness!

A little colored boy was sitting slumped down in a chair with his feet resting on top of the table, when his mammy came into the room and said: "Lord, yo is a lazy boy, youse zackly like yo pappy. Thank God I didn't marry dat man!"
—Carolina Buccaneer.

Interfraternity Council

She—"The only men I kiss are my brothers."

He—"What fraternity do you belong to?"—Drexer.

Maybe the Clouds Will Rise

Friendly Bootlegger: "Looks like rain."

Collegiate: "Yes, but it tastes faintly like yeast."—Rice Owl.

Two deaf old folks met at a reunion and were talking over old times. Said the old lady to the old man:

"Do you remember how we used to play together when we were young, and how I used to spank you when you didn't behave?"

"Heh? Oh, yes; you would hardly recognize the old place now, would you?"—Puppet.

Dentist (peeping out of office): "Who next?"

Flapper: "I do, but this ain't the place for it!"—The Owl.

The Jealous Lover (passionately): "Lie to me if you wish, but swear that you have been true to me!"

—Iowa Frivol.

Some eat and grow fat,
Some eat and grow thin.
If you don't like our jokes
Try handing some in.

—Oklahoma Aggievator.

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho—and a bottle of rum,
I know the men and I've tasted the rum,
But where did this Chinaman Yo come from?
—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.

"Wait a minute, big boy, you just restrain yourself awhile."

"Why, Emmeline, I haven't even strained myself yet!"—Froth.

Whitman's

highest quality-greatest assortment-most desired
for your Christmas list



America's favorite in a new, gay, festive wrapper that carries your "Merry Christmas" in a delightful way.

The SAMPLER

This loved package needs no introduction. Each piece in the Sampler is the favorite of tens of thousands of people. Send a Sampler—and win a smile. In one, two, three and five pounds.

\$1.50 the pound



The SALMAGUNDI

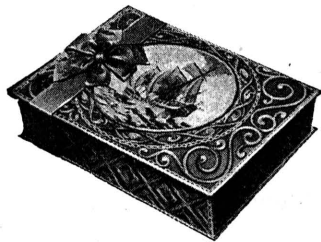
"A medley of good things" in chocolates packed in a charming metal box. And the box finds many feminine uses. In one and two pounds.

\$1.50 the pound

The PRESTIGE

The ultimate in candy gifts! Distinctive in design—useful in box—delicious to the eye and taste in contents. Each piece especially designed for the Prestige—daintier in size with infinite hand work and luscious costly centers. In one, two and three pounds.

\$2 the pound



The FLORENTINE

A delightful gift. And useful, too. This art metal box, beautiful in coloring and design with the famous Santa Maria in full sail is sought after for constant use.

\$4 the box



The PLEASURE ISLAND

Here is plunder of the most luscious fruits and nuts and varied centers from all over the world enclosed in Whitman's famous chocolates.

In one and two pounds.
\$1.50 the pound



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Whitman's Famous Candies

are sold by

Peck Drug Company
Harris' Cafe

Special
Missouri
Package



NOW LISTEN FELLOWS!

You Need Not Scratch Your Head and Say —

"Gosh, there's only ten days left for me to get a Christmas Gift for her, and I can't think of a thing."

Well we will assist you with Libson's exquisitely sheer chiffon made for her individually. We know they will delight her when she sees they're

from

Libson

Your Gift Problem Is Solved

For your convenience we have assembled a group of inexpensive gifts for the Christmas season that you cannot overlook. We will be more than glad to have you drop in the store and look them over. They are all priced within reason and are very serviceable.

CO-OP STORE

"The Students Store"

"Who is that girl standing over there?"

"Wait until she sits down; I can't see anything but her face."

—Aggievator

Taking a Chance

Father—Didn't I tell you not to let me catch you doing that again?

Little Willie—Yes, sir.

Father — Then why did you do that?

Little Willie — Because I didn't think you would catch me.

DEAN JONES' SON

(Continued from page 9)

there were enough people there to make it even stuffier than the spacious gym. He recognized Alta Prince dancing sensuously with a pale, weakmouthed man, too old to be a student. And he had dated a girl who dated fellows like that!

Rosemary crowed gleefully as they seated her, like a small queen, at their corner table. Billy ordered ginger ale audibly. Yet, with it appeared, in a plated coffee pot, something less legitimate. The master of ceremonies, Billy prepared cocktails. "Just a little bit for a little girl", he had sense enough to mix.

"Oh, but now I can't taste any bitterness at all", Rosemary acted like the four year old denied a taste of papa's coffee.

She danced with them all in turn. She told M. T. that she was having a marvelous time. It was so much more thrilling than the dance at the gym. He guessed that, unused to dating as she was, the fact that she was the only girl, and a popular one, among three men went to her head. He remembered as he sat at the table drinking with Billy and watching her dance with Chuck that he ought to take her home. Chuck had never acted so mushy about a girl before. He was trying to rub his cheek against hers. She was laughing. Well, maybe he was only acting playful. Still —

Suddenly, struggling through a fog of smoke, he saw Chuck looking down at him. He wasn't dancing with Rosemary after all! Then M. T. realized that he was lying on Chuck's bed in the Beta Kappa House. The sun was streaming in the open window. My God! What happened to Rosemary!

(Continued next month)

Missouri Outlaw

Monthly Bulletin

The stage is set. Ring up the curtain. The show is on. Step up and get your ticket for a box seat.

FEATURES

HUMOR

STORIES

CARTOONS

SHORT ARTICLES

Pin Your Dollar to this Coupon

Name

Address St.

State

Mail to

THE

Missouri Outlaw

Columbia, Missouri.

INTER-FRAT

Mother (examining daughter's wardrobe): "Did you go to the prom this year, my dear?"

Daughter: "No, mother, I ripped that shoulder strap playing tennis."—Voo Doo.

Tramp—"Morning', ma'am; kin I cut your grass for my dinner?"

Kind Old Lady—"Of course, but you don't need to cut it; eat it just as it is." Voo Doo.

Prof.—"Now, Mr. Blatz, what countries are on the other side of the Yangstze Kiang?"

Stude.—"Well, professor, it all depends on just which side of the dang thing you are on at the time the question is to be answered."

Traveler—"Do you call this a fast train?"

Conductor—"Yes sir."

Traveler—"Do you mind if I get off and see what it's fast to?"—Aggrievator.

Dentist—"Will you take gas?"

Absent-minded Motorist—"Yeah and you'd better look at the water, too."—Malteaser.

Johnny—"For two cents I'd knock your block off."

Bill—"Get away from me, you dirty professional."
—Gaboon.

"Hear the latest?"

"What?"

"The queen gave the king the heir."

—Gaboon.

A beautiful young lady boarded the street car.

"Oi, lady", pleaded Ginsberg, Ginsberg & Ginsberg, Incorporated, "please don't sit underneath my advertisement." —College Humor.

"Hear about the fellow who invented a device for looking through a brick wall?"

"No, what's he call it?"

"A window, sap!"—Yale Record.

A lady was entertaining a small son of a friend.

"Are you sure you can cut your own meat, Willy?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes, thanks," answered the boy politely, "I've often had it as tough as this at home."—Lyre.

Companionate Wife—"Where were you last month, you brute."—Life

Some girls proclaim their beauty from the hose tops.
—V. M. Sniber.

Intelligent and Courteous
SERVICE



Insist On

**Frozen
Gold**

ICE CREAM

CREAM OF CREAMS

For Sale By all Dealers

Manufactured
By

**White Eagle
Dairy**

Dial 3186

JEWELRY for CHRISTMAS

A present that gives pleasure not merely for a few days but for years is the ideal Christmas gift. That is why jewelry made by master workmen and sold at moderate prices is fast growing in favor. Designs full of the beauty of art in glistening profusion are to be found at this store.

Choosing here is not a task but a pleasure.

Diamonds, watches, pendants, bracelets, novelties, and everything in high class jewelry.

LINDSEY'S

THE CONVENIENT PLACE TO EAT



Red Robin Waffle Shops
COPYRIGHTED 1929

Try one of our delicious wholesome waffles and coffee like mother makes.

O. P. (Roundup) SENTER

Manager
 No. 4 Shop

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS

After your return to school continue to send us your laundry and cleaning work.

We are certain to please you and preserve your garments.

**Dorn-Cloney Laundry
 and Dry Cleaning Co.**

DIAL 3114

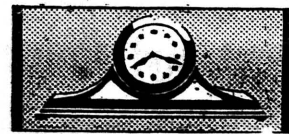
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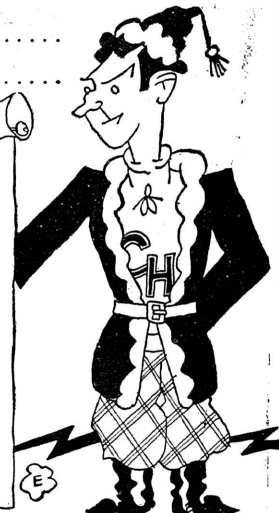
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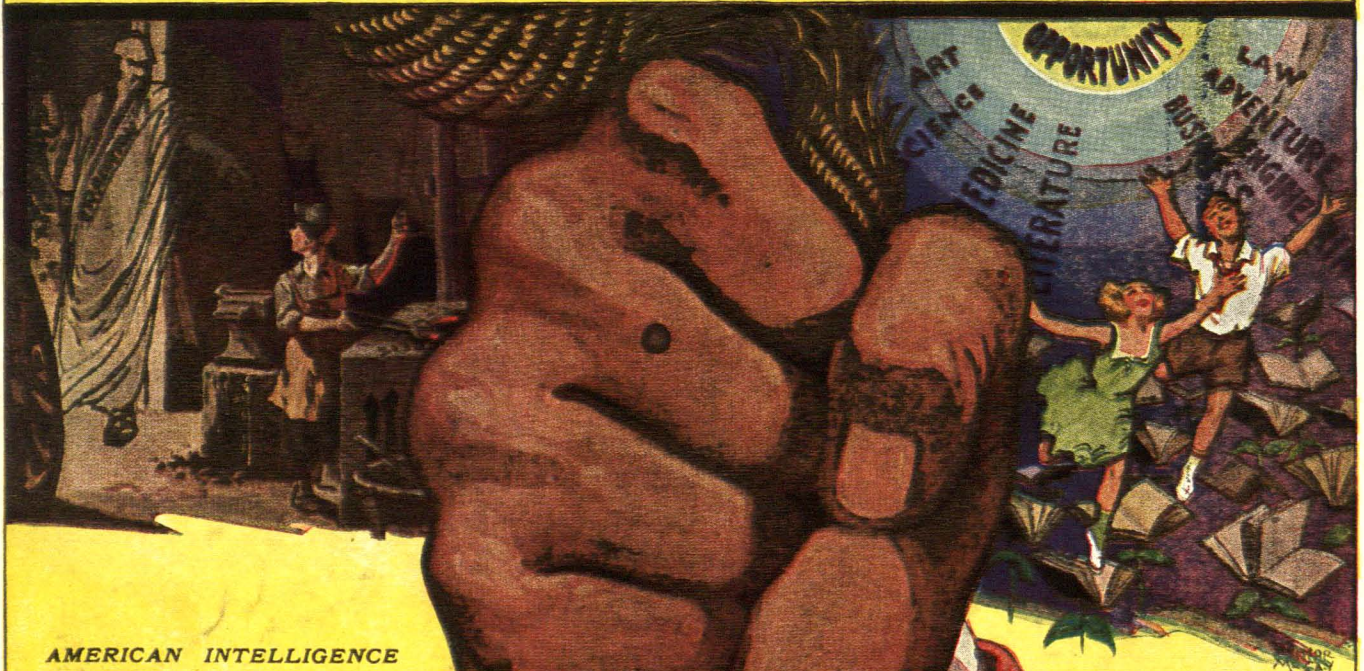
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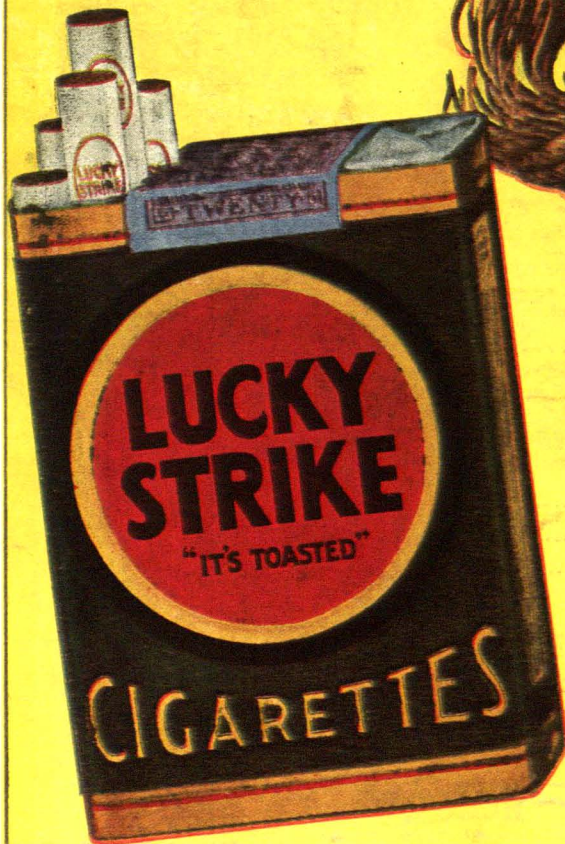


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