

THE DESERT WOLF



UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

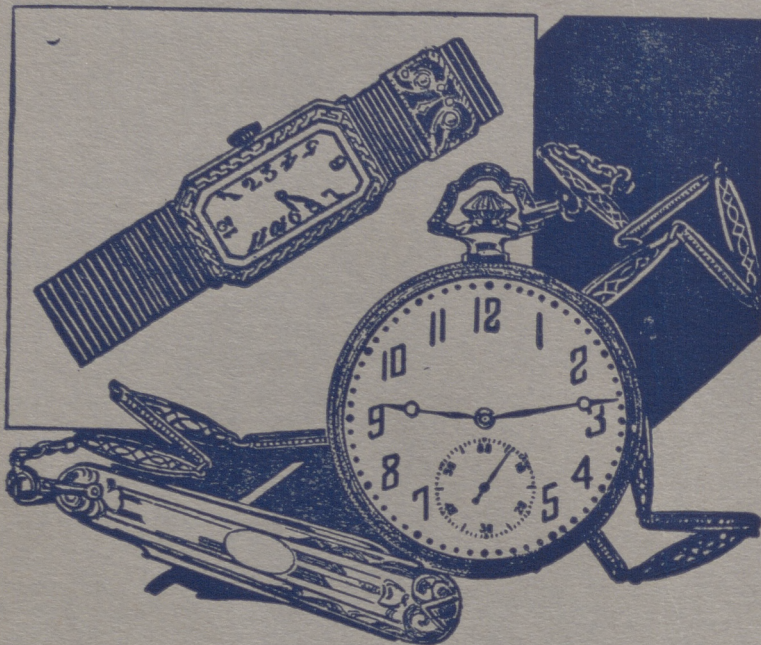
DECEMBER, 1923

ABOUT WRITING BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

R.E.L.

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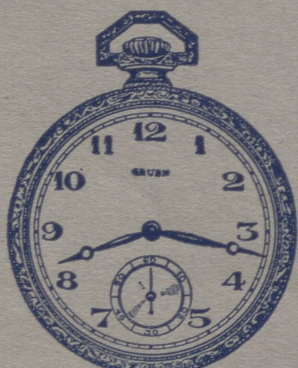
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THE DESERT WOLF

Vol. 1 "Our trail is up the hills of blue with sun on ridge and hollow." No. 2

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each in his separate star
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the
God of Things as They Are."*

To a Ring of Jade

JANE O'SULLIVAN

*Oh ring of jade, that flings
A dream of veiled fire,
A pearl-hued dream that clings
Restlessly, and only brings
Unsatisfied desire!*

*Within your Orient self
Lie waters cool and deep—
And gleaming, golden wealth
Of beauty, won by stealth
From souls still half asleep.*

*You dimly weave the sheen
Of silk, rich-wrought with pearls.
Squatting gods, all green
With moss, forgot, unseen—
And languorous-lidded girls.*

*You wake a hot-mouthed wind
Of the amber East, reeking
With spice, restless and chagrined
As one, who having sinned,
Still purple passion is seeking.*

*Then a throbbing hush,—and rest..
A hyacinth, moon white.
My lover's kindly breast—
And my lover's arms at night.*

THE DESERT WOLF

VOLUME ONE



NUMBER TWO

ABOUT WRITING

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Author of

"Winesburg, Ohio," "Many Marriages," etc.

Your editors have asked me to write of the experiences of the young writer for the sake of young writers in the university and that is quite impossible. I never was one.

My own writing experience began after more years than I care to remember as laborer, soldier, tramp, business adventurer. I fancy, however, I must have scribbled always. Perhaps it was only the notion of publication that seemed far and foreign to me.

I had gone down into my native state, Ohio, where I was engaged in one of my many visionary business adventures. The editor of a local newspaper was my friend. We loafed together, smoked our pipes together. At that time Ohio was being shaken by the feminist movement and by the growth of socialism. The editor was puzzled. Controversies arose and he came to me asking that I handle some of these things for him editorially.

We scribblers are, I am afraid, a rather unscrupulous lot. The local socialist leader had attacked the policy of the paper, and my friend asked me to answer the attack and on the next day the socialist leader, with whom I had a speaking acquaintance, asked me to answer my own answer. "This is fun," I thought, and waded in.

Unknown to either man I had a charming controversy with myself in the newspaper

lasting for some weeks. No harm was done, I believe.

It was so evident that I wanted to scribble that I wrote a novel and enjoyed the struggle with it, and the first was followed by a second, a third, and a fourth. They were put away in my trunk and followed me about for several years, and only one of them, a novel called "Windy McPherson's Son," was ever published.

As for the fact of publication—my older brother Karl Anderson, a painter, was having an exhibition of painting in Chicago and for the time lived in my rooms. He saw me scribbling, read the manuscript of one of my novels, and carted it off to Mr. Floyd Dell, the critic.

It was therefore through the efforts of Mr. Dell, later the author of "Moon Calf," "The Briery Bush" and several other books, that I became a published fact as a writer.

However, that did not mean making a living, and in fact, living by my books has always been rather a precarious business with me. I began using my pen in another way, writing advertisements in a large advertising agency during the day, and scribbling in my room at night. Perhaps I wanted to enjoy a certain independence of outlook that dependence upon magazine writing would not allow, and then, it happens I am one of the unfortunates whose work is discussed,

not read. It has just turned out so, I don't know why.

As to the mechanics of the writing craft, there is both much and little to say. Among the readers of a college paper there may be a half dozen who are interested. The others are not. Why should they be?

One writes. The vice is perhaps born in one. In conversation and in my relations with my friends, I am, I fancy, a moderately restrained person, but with pen and ink before me, only utter exhaustion can stop me. Fortunately, but few of my efforts have been printed, and I can think now of many things of mine, I once ached to have printed, only to humbly thank the gods they were not.

As for my methods, I work with a secretary, when I can afford the luxury and alone, when I cannot. My manuscripts are usually scrawled in longhand at a rapid rate, and this first draft I plan to use as a working basis. Someone, who has been for a long time with my script and knows the hieroglyphics I sometimes use to represent words, can type this for me. I do not often refer to it, however, and think really this first quick writing is done more to fix the theme in my own subconscious, imaginative self, than for its practical utility.

As I think any one must know, who has read any of my shorter tales and novels, I am the enemy of the plot story, believing that the drama of the story should grow naturally out of the material of the story.

The writer working in this way does not

consciously seek what is called local color, plot, dramatic situations, etc., but tries instead, to hold himself always open to human impressions. The drama comes quite naturally out of the life immediately about, and the basis for a story is there rather than a plot. We all have stories, buried within us if they could only be told and rightly told, I fancy. The tale should leave an impression almost as one receives an impression from music. One does not often accomplish this very difficult and desirable end.

What I suppose the advantage of this method of story telling is that when rightly done a sharp sense of life is caught and held in the tale.

As to the more intricate problems of the prose writers' craft—there are those who contend it is not an art. They are of course infinite. The job is long, and life is short, but for the writer, and this applies to the man who has written many volumes as well as to the beginner, there is always a consolation. For no matter how much one may feel disappointed with one's finished and printed efforts, there is always tomorrow. One always hopes.

It is upon that hope the writer lives.

There is always this point to comfort. I think it was Mr. Joseph Conrad who said that the born writer only begins to live after he begins to write, and as most of us are a long time beginning we can always console ourselves by thinking of ourselves as very young, if not in a physical sense, at least as workmen in prose.



GIFT OF THE SUN GOD

A Shoshone Legend

GILBERTA TURNER

Every fall, the warriors of the Shoshones in Ruby Valley gather for the antelope hunt, and the whole tribe spends ten days in feasting and dancing, in honor of the setting sun and the evening star. And each year, the old men of the Shoshones tell a strange tale that lasts for four days and nights. When the youths gather around the camp-fire they tell it, while the fires blaze, and the wolf and coyote howl. It is a tale of famine, the Sun God, and the Evening Star, and runs thus:

Long, long, years ago our people lived far to the southward, in the midst of arid mountains, where the only growth in the valleys was sagebrush, and the only growth on the slopes was scrubby pine. These people, our forefathers, lived a simple life of hunting and wandering. They were always on the move, and their only food was the scrawny jack-rabbits that infested the valleys and the pinenuts that grew each year in great abundance in the surrounding hills. However, because they knew no better, they were happy, and picked their pinenuts and killed their jack-rabbits in lazy content.

Lone Wolf, the chief of these people, had no sons, but he was blessed with a daughter, as brightly beautiful as the stars at twilight. He loved her better than his life and called her Evening Star.

When Evening Star was but a child, a youth came one day, exhausted and naked. So puny and half-starved was he, that the warriors would have destroyed him, had not their medicine man stopped them in this wise:

"Hold! By the voice of the stars and the face of the sun, which is our father and the giver of all light, I see that this lad is fated to do great deeds. Spare him!"

And so they took him into the tribe and fed and clothed him, and gave him the name of Mualox, or "Destined One."

In the course of a few years, Mualox grew to splendid manhood, and loved the fair Evening Star. He knew that she returned his love, but when he went to Lone Wolf and asked for her hand in marriage, the chief replied:

"He who would wed Evening Star must be the greatest warrior of the tribe, and capable of ruling it when I am called to my fathers."

When he heard this, Mualox set out to become the greatest warrior of all the tribe. He became so skilled with the bow and arrow that he could kill a jack-rabbit from as far away as an arrow would fly, and he was superior in strength to any of the young men. On the day of the festival of the pinenuts, Mualox entered the games, and defeated the most seasoned of the warriors in trials of strength and skill. When this had happened, he went again to Lone Wolf.

"You see I am the greatest of your warriors, O Chief. Am I then worthy to wed that fairest of maidens?"

Behind the brush wall of the tepee, Evening Star awaited her father's answer with abated breath and pounding heart. It came in firm and kindly tones.

(Continued on Page Twenty-Four)

THE WONDER CAVES OF NEVADA

Thelma Davis

Foreword:—The writer acknowledges with deep appreciation the cordial cooperation of Mr. C. C. Boak of Tonopah, whose reports and descriptions are here freely quoted. Thanks are also due Mrs. C. T. Rhodes of Baker, from whose little collection of Lehman Caves poetry two poems are quoted below.

THIS is not a bear story, but it is a close brother to those famous animal epics in one respect. Far back in the early eighties, when the bonanza days were fading and the newer Nevada industries were as yet undreamed of, a trapper named Hays Cook, working on the Abner Lehman ranch in White Pine County, journeyed up into the steep gorges of Jeff Davis Peak (now known as Mt. Wheeler) to hunt for cattle. His horse put his foot through a hole in the ground, and Cook, investigating, discovered that the hole led to the opening of a cave that has since proved to be one of the

most extensive and uniquely beautiful underground passages known to man.

It is irresistible not to symbolize in this chance act the fortunes of the desert country; far too often, with eyes fixed on a distant goal, men have literally stumbled over greater prizes.

The varied wonders of the three miles or more of underground chambers baffle an adequate description. The Caves are in a light gray and white limestone, and extend along the eastern slope near the base of the mountain. From the mouth of the Caves one descends over one hundred and twenty-five feet



A VIEW OF THE CYPRESS SWAMP



THE PEARLY GATES

of stairway and enters the Grand Ante Chamber. Though spacious, it is dwarfed by comparison with the Temple of the Gods, seventy-five feet lower. The Temple, sixty by one hundred and twenty feet and forty feet high, is ornately decorated with stalactitic formations, here draped in broad sweeping folds and there festooned in frostlike delicacy.

Washington Column is a fluted and elaborately carved monument over forty feet high and ten feet in diameter. From this fantastic structure the visitor turns to the Eagle's Gate, whose portierres of lacy fineness beckon one on to the Palace of the Fairy Queen. Beyond stands the Snow Queen, clad in spotless robes, while hidden near by in a nook embellished by the rarest flowers, Pymaglion forever embraces the dainty figure of his Galatea.

One of the most unique of the many formations is the Cypress Swamp, the youngest of all the Caves. Only twenty years ago this was a veritable swamp; the floor is now carpeted with calcite lily-pads and flowers, and the

walls are chased and filigreed with an ornamentation whose matchless delicacy finds no counterpart elsewhere in the Caves.

In strong contrast are the massive and unadorned walls of Liberty Hall, whose ceiling seems upheld by the giant stalagmite Liberty Column, which rears from its fourteen foot base full fifty feet upward to the arched roof. Here, hidden at one's very feet, ripple the quiet transparent waters of Lake Como—

"While here Lake Como placid lies,
And time the searchers' quest defies,
So clear the water and so cool
In this transparent crystal pool,
That mirrors on its surface, white
Fantastic forms of stalagmite."

Past the exquisite sculpture of the Angel's Wing and through the Pearly Gates the traveler wanders, till he is impeded by blocked passageways and must needs return. Beyond—who knows what marvels lie hidden?

At the Bridal Altar—

"Where fairy lovers hand in hand
Were wont to plight their sacred
vows—"

a young couple of Baker were recently united in marriage. Surely no wedding was ever be-



WASHINGTON COLUMN

fore solemnized in such a setting; while through the consecrated stillness of the temple not made with hands rang the wierd and bell-like tones of the Giant Pipe Organ.

"The cave levels seem to maintain a uniformity of 125 to 175 feet below the surface—by terracing. The air in the Caves is uniformly about fifty degrees, and of a purity and perceptible movement which would indicate other connections with the surface. Like all caves in limestone formation—they are the result of solvent action of water containing carbonic and soil acids upon lime carbonate. Their subsequent ornamentation is the result of redeposition of calcium carbonate—which has been growing for untold ages. The limestone is of the massive, blocky type, and the main passageways—follow the move and open lines of jointing. Other caves at lower depths are still being formed—and the chambers visited are of such vast dimensions as to preclude all doubt that they constitute but an infinitesimal portion of the whole—yet to be explored."

Little attention was paid to the discovery for many years, except by Lehman, whose ranch extended up the slope of Mt. Wheeler to a few rods from the cave entrance. He carried on

explorations for many years and put in a few ladders. A few persons, mostly local residents, visited the Caves at rare intervals. It remained for an "adopted" Nevadan, as has been the case with so many of Nevada's natural treasures, to pursue a truly thorough investigation.

In 1921, Mr. C. C. Boak of Tonopah, who had long heard with interest of caves "somewhere in the Snake Range", set out to ascertain personally concerning them. Finding that the caves were more extensive than

(Continued on Page Twenty)



SNOW QUEEN OF THE UNDERWORLD



PYMAGLION AND GALATEA

JUNE DAY IN MARCH

G. F. W.

O June Day, that from memories of past summers glides into
this month of storm and wind,

O June Day, that heralds the coming of another summer and
hovers over the cold earth still held in Winter's grasp,

Warm me, move me, hold me—unloose the imprisoned passion
of my lips and bring to me again a song of summer.

* * * * *

Even as I speak I hear the sparkling, dancing, rippling song
of the meadow lark.

Is there yet a sweeter thrill than that which stirs the soul
when the lark sends his love call to his mate?

* * * * *

O June Day, with your calm, and warmth, and peace,—how
welcome, tenfold, you come now in this weary month, and bless us
with your touch!

O June Day, bring me dreams of summer, send me thoughts of rest—
And even as I pray I am moved to walk in an orchard.

White, fairy petals float about me, dusky bees, lowly murmuring,
suck the sweetest nectar from the blossoms.

A branch laden with white blossoms lightly passes over my lips;
the world about grows dim before my eyes;—I only hear the
droning of the bees.

My heart throbs—O, fragrant blossoms, that bring to my heart
its treasured dream—almost too full—too tender is my heart.

Not yet—the dream must not come so soon.

O June Day, that comes to warm me and take me from the cold
embrace of Winter, you awaken in me a dream too young and
unforgetting. Your impassioned breath tears from my lips their
eager confession.

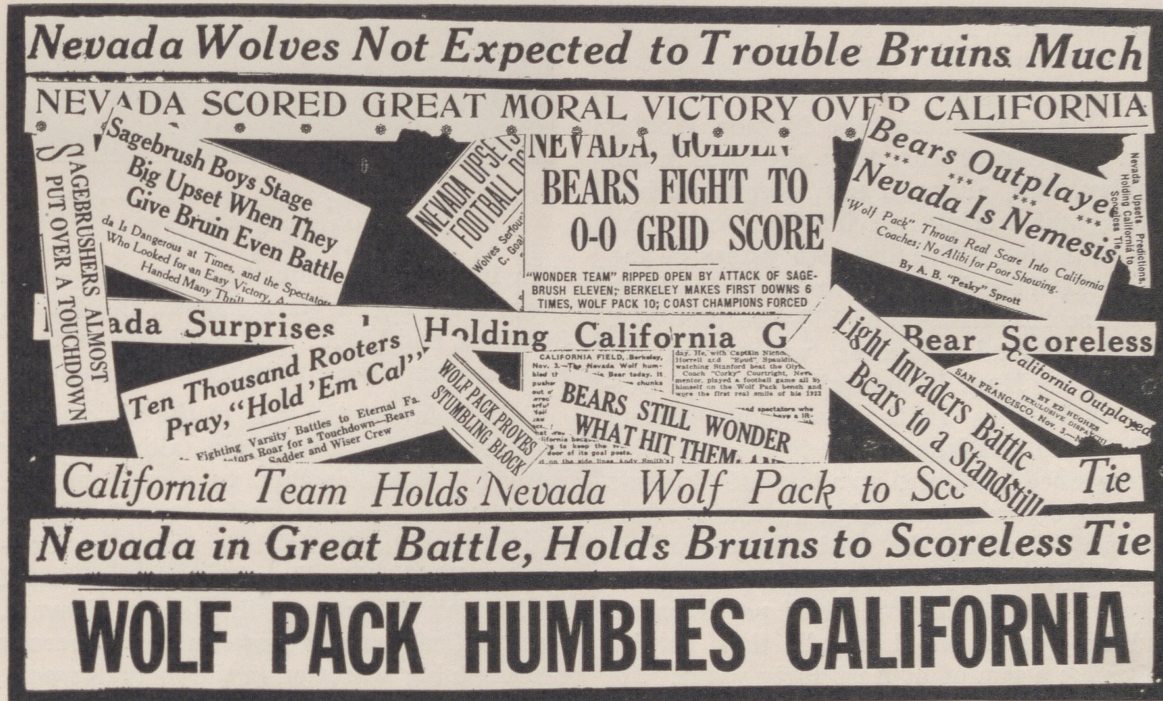
Away, away,—let cooling winds a little longer shield my love,
let reason guard its watch upon my soul—and then,

When longer days and calmer nights have taught my soul to ponder
and endure—

Come, come again, O June Day, and welcome hundred fold the dreams
you bring!

A MATTER OF HISTORY

JOHN F. CAHLAN



EVER since the Belmont Military Academy football eleven came over the "hump" and took the Nevada tanbark machine over for a 79-0 victory, the Wolves have had a rather checkered career on the gridiron.

In 1903 the men from the Sagebrush state sent California to the showers on the short end of a 6-2 score and played the Stanford Cards a tie game. This was one of the most successful seasons the Nevadans had gone through for a long time. Again in 1906 Nevada cleaned up on the Golden Bear, giving him a large goose egg, while the Silver and Blue warriors were able to put over one touchdown for a 3-0 victory. This year Stanford defeated Nevada 8-0. This was the

last year that the Nevadans scored on the Bears until 1920.

With the beginning of the 1919 football season came R. O. Courtright and a new system. The system was a slow but sure one, and its ultimate result was not realized until November 3, 1923.

Since the advent of "Corky" and his style of play the Wolves have won twenty-four games and lost twelve for an average of .500. Among the games was the one with the California Frosh in 1919. In looking back to this game, we find that on the Cal Cub team were such men as "Brick" Muller, Charlie Erb, "Stew" Beam, and practically all of the men who went to make up the California Wonder Team. The Nevada Varsity showed these men how football should be played and left

them wondering what it was all about, and on the 12 end of a 13-12 score.

This game will long be remembered by those who watched it. Coming from behind, the Cubs threatened seriously and twice put over touchdowns. Erb missed one of the tries after the touchdown and hence Nevada's victory. With but two minutes to play the California men had the ball on Nevada's two-yard line with four downs to put it over. The Silver and Blue line held like a stone-wall, and the game was won.

In this same season the Nevada Wolves piled up a higher score than any team in the country, and, although not recognized, had the highest scoring individual player in the United States. The first two games of the 1919 season resulted in victories for the Pack by the scores of 102-0 and 138-0 respectively. These unheard-of scores were piled up against the Mare Island Sailors and the College of Pacific. In the two games Jimmy ("Rabbit") Bradshaw came to the fore with a vengeance. He piled up a total of 36 points in the two games—a total of six touchdowns. During the season he made more yardage than any man playing football there was not a game in which the "Rabbit" participated, and he played in them all, that he did not make a run of at least forty yards. He was the outstanding star of the season and for three seasons following.



THEY DID THE TRICK IN '03



WHEN THE FROSH WONDER TEAM INVADED MACKAY FIELD IN 1919

In 1920 Nevada gained recognition on the Coast from the larger colleges. California, Stanford, and U.S.C. put the Wolves on their schedules and found them worthy opponents.

California was the first of the big colleges to meet the Nevadans and, although they were able to wallop them by a good margin, were forced to give their best to do it. Up to the time the Wolves played on California Field the Bears were successful in keeping their goal line clear. Nevada was the first team to score on them, thereby causing a big sensation in the football world. Stanford was next, and as long as the Stanfordites of that time live they will remember

the scare that was thrown into them when Nevada held them to a 14-14 tie.

In 1922 Nevada again proved to be the stumbling block for the larger colleges and held U. S. C. to a 6-0 victory and scored twice against California. Stanford was lucky and beat the Wolves 17-7.

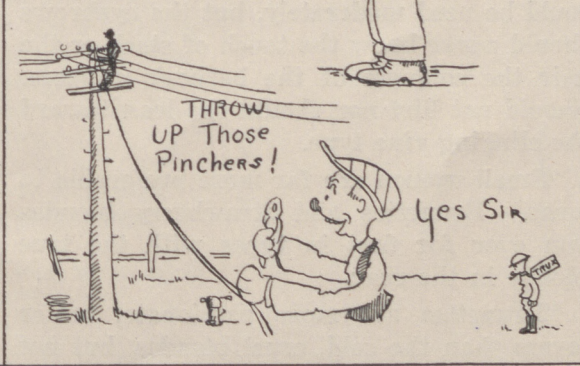
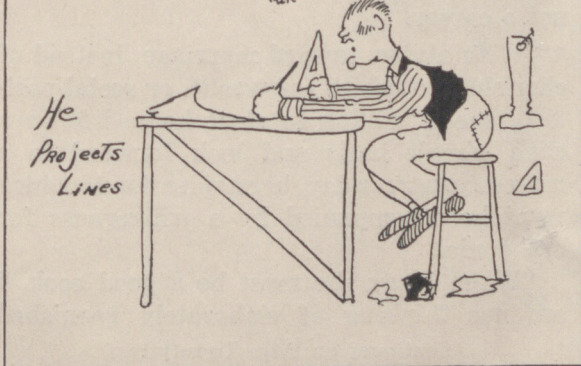
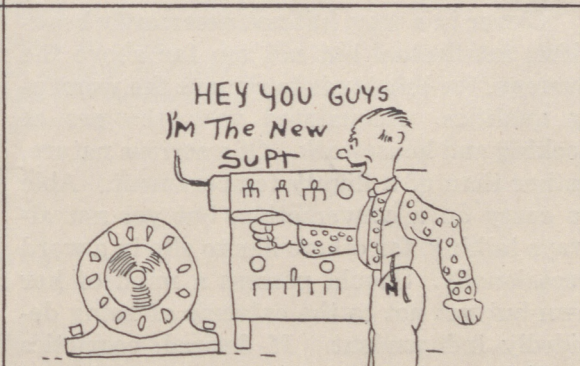
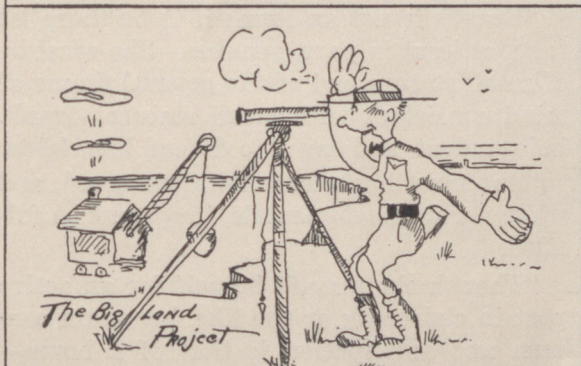
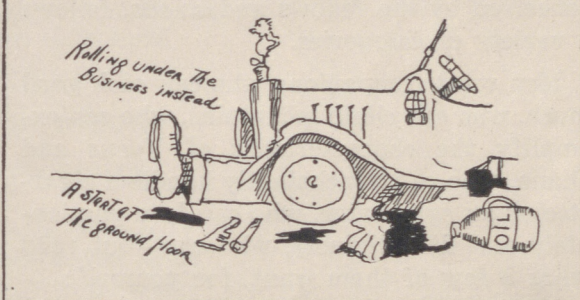
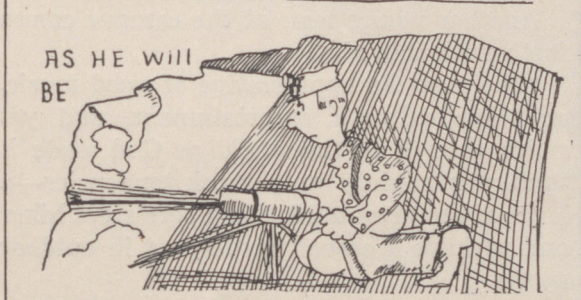
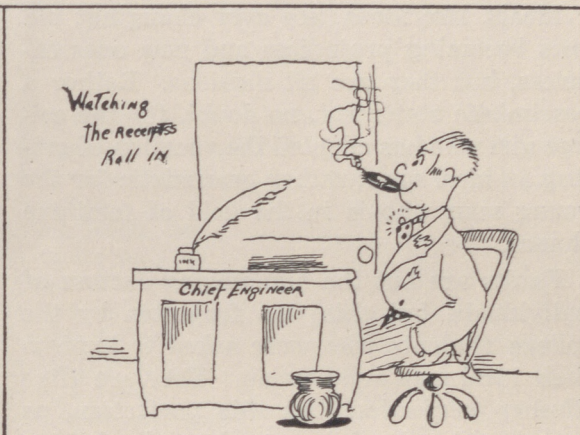
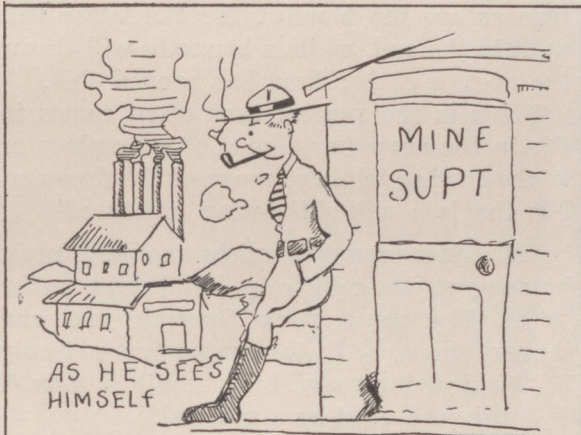
Then the fateful year of 1923. Getting away to a poor start, the Wolf Pack was forced to bow before both U. S. C. and Stanford by rather a decided score. The Coast papers raved about the California team

(Continued on Page 27)

PICTURES FROM LIFE'S OTHER SIDE

THE FLOWER OF ENGINEERING COLLEGE

By TRUX HOWELL



AS WE'D LIKE THEM

J. B.

Ideals, like ideas, are ever changing; old ones becoming prejudices and new ones caprices, but they are all illusions. Rather a pessimistic statement, no doubt, for the college girl who has adopted the vocation of getting an ideal man; rather pessimistic for the young man who is in the field of feminine chance.

Faults are but the humanizing factors of individuals, but this was forgotten by the college students who were asked to express their ideal man and woman. They are after illusory perfection, but this perfection, as conceived by the fellows and co-eds, follows a variety of categories.

Men want companions who can cook good mush, who can climb mountains, who can exemplify the characteristics of Venus and Diana, who can nonchalantly handle a cigarette or an egg-beater, who can love passionately and flirt divinely, who can—but read what a few of them want, for yourself:

“Clever in a way, but not necessarily beautiful; intellectual but not too far above the average, for this tends to remove the womanly qualities. Acquainted with the art of cooking and housework. Of a serious nature, rather than of a flighty temperament. Able to carry on a conversation, but yet not always talking, for others like to slip in a word occasionally. Should possess a mind of her own but yet not to the extreme of being decidedly independent. If desired, cosmetics could be used moderately, but the eyebrows should never know the touch of steel, or the hair the coldness of the barber's clippers. Should not flirt nor should she lean toward the clinging vine type.

“Small women are far more preferable to large. Brunettes and strawberry blondes run ever for first in types with the true blonde in the rear.

“Brunettes are more passionate, better lovers than the cold, cruel blondes, but not

true as are the blondes, for the latter will fight to the end, while a brunette will throw the sponge early; time has proved this.

“This is the woman that often comes to life in the snapping flames of a fireplace or in the curling tobacco smoke of the dreamer, but she is a will-o'-the-wisp creature.”

“My ideal woman,” writes another, “must be one you can confide in, build with, suffer with. She must stick through ups and downs; she must be the companion, not only of the drawing-room, but the hill and field. In truth, she must be a real pal.”

Another young man of the campus comes forth with this ideal:

“She must be appreciative of good music, or other cultured entertainment, and yet relish enough of the world as God made it to display slightly rough-neck tendencies—a lover of the great outdoors, a persistent hiker and perhaps a casual participant in outdoor sports.

“Beauty is not an item; if it be there let it be, at least in part, genuine. She must be of small stature and of the general frame of mind consistent with small stature—frank, independent, and eager to defend her rights.

“She must have some religious creed, and whatever its fundamentals, they must be fulfilled.

“Though she may fit herself for an active part in club-work or the like, her main concern and anticipation is that of a home—not a career.

“With a view toward marriage, instead of cherishing a desire for wealth or social position, she is willing to start home life on a sane, simple basis and look forward to a more prosperous day, her aspiration to which must be accompanied by a willingness for self-denial.

“When I say she must be a good cook, I am not thinking of elaborately garnished

(Continued on Page Twenty-two)

TWO POEMS

Flames

A Sonnet

JANE O'SULLIVAN

I watch my driftwood fire with drowsy eyes.
 Swift tongues of flame leap high—to fade away—
 Or fling bright shafts of color, as the day
 Gloriously dying, streaks the skies.
 Beneath them, warm as glowing jewels, lies
 The bed of coals.—Like the flames we sway
 Above the steady glow of life. We play
 In sudden, brilliant beauty that swiftly dies.
 May God stir up the fire of life for me
 That I may leap high, passionately bright!
 For just a moment, let me be a flame
 Of vivid hue! The world will know my name
 And see my light! And then, my soul set free
 May vanish, smokelike, into quiet night.

Unheeding Moon

WALKER G. MATHESON

Guiltless in her exile, sails the moon,
 Casting molten light into darkest spots,
 Throwing silv'ry shadows on the tombs,
 Filling lover's bowers with golden light,
 Enchantingly transforming the desert
 From a wasteland to an expanse of mystery,
 Lighting drab, drear spots in darkest holes,
 Throwing orient spell upon us all.

Of the moon, poets write;
 Of the moon, lovers sing;
 Of the moon, seers chant;
 For the moon, children cry;
 For the moon, we wait to die.

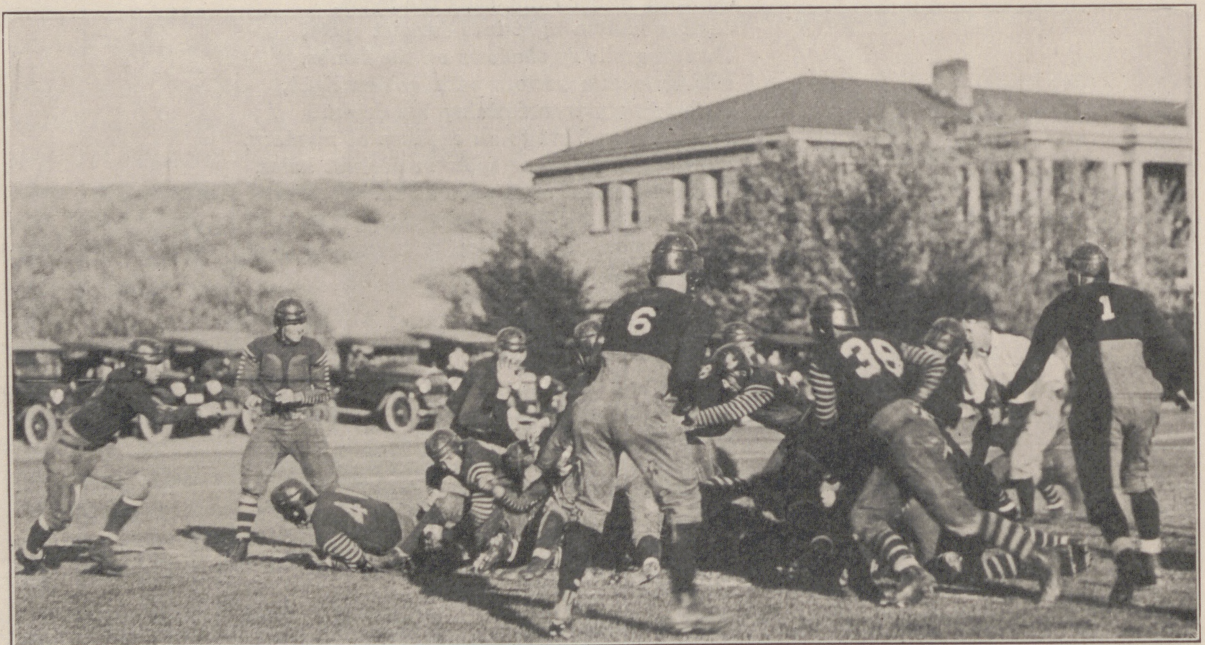
At that pale, dead body there on high,
 We gaze and ponder and wonder why;
 And we are awed and struck with esotery.
 For dead things have a way with flesh,
 To make it creep and crawl and shudder,
 And we wonder why things should die,
 We marvel at its mystery.

And there she sails, 'way up on high,
 Past fleeting, drifting, misty clouds,
 Guiltless in her exile,
 And too dead to know what we on earth
 Are thinking of her all the while.

THE WOLF PACK IN



THE START OF NEVADA'S FAMOUS CRISS-CROSS—CLARK TO MONOHAN. NEVADA VS. SANTA CLARA.



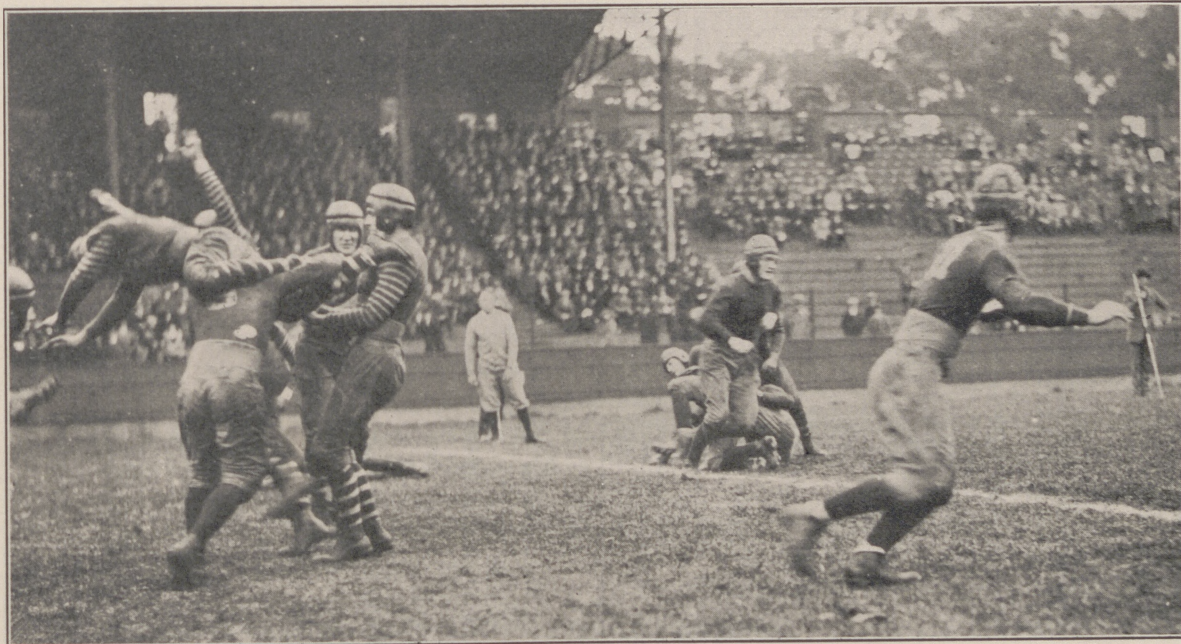
GUTTERON OVER FOR TOUCHDOWN. HOME COMING DAY. NOTE SHADOW OF GOAL POST ON NO. 1.

1923

FLASHES OF ACTION



LOWRY PLOUGHES FOR FIFTEEN YARDS THROUGH CENTER OF THE MISSIONITE LINE.



NEVADA RUSHES ST. MARY'S PUNTER WITH DUBORG BREAKING THROUGH.



EDITORIAL

THE STUFF THAT MAGAZINES ARE MADE OF

The second issue of the student quarterly, the *Desert Wolf*, appears. Many changes, we believe, will be apparent to the readers, for their approval or disapproval.

The first issue occasioned criticism. So may the second. We invite criticism, when it is constructive and when it is the indication of genuine interest.

Because the *Desert Wolf* is a student publication, with student contributors and intended primarily for student readers, it is to such an extent a mirror of student thought, opinion, and ability.

If the first number of this magazine did not appear to be a true reflector, we believe that we are not "passing the buck" when we say that it was not the fault of the editors.

If there is a paucity of material, it is not an indication of indifference, of mental laziness, or downright inability on the part of the students? The latter conjecture we know to be untrue.

If the standard of reading matter seems too low, it is the business of the students themselves to raise it.

The editors do not write all of the material. They should not be expected to. But thus far there has been a notable absence of any flood of contributions.

The editors are not ruthless censors; they have thus far been given no opportunity to be.

We are not thin-skinned. We invite criticism.

It is our purpose to make the *Desert Wolf*

a lasting publication; a credit to the University of Nevada.

If we succeed in doing so, it must be with the active support of the students.

Not on criticism alone does a magazine live, but on contributions and on the good will of its readers.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN Several students with a trenchant for writing feature stories, short stories, poetry—somewhere between the Sagebrush cellar and the *Desert Wolf* garret—have been missing for the past two months. Reward offered for information leading to their recovery.

IDEALS AND HISTORY Football for '23 is past. December 12 the Wolf Pack was feted by their admirers. An individual cup was presented. The man who received it stands for all that is good in university athletics. The University is proud of Chester Scranton and his co-workers. The *Desert Wolf* insists on a yell of approval.

WELCOME! A week or so ago a student dropped out of the university. He was up in all of his studies; he had no financial worries—he had committed no breach of student or faculty etiquette. Do you make Nevada a pleasant place for your fellow students?

ARE YOU WITH THEM? They are hard at it. In a few weeks a little group of men will represent Nevada on the basketball court. Have you dropped over to the old gym and said: "How's she goin'?" That's the stuff." It takes but little time.

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The Wonder Caves of Nevada

(Continued from Page Nine)

any one had dreamed up to that time, he made preparations for more thorough explorations. Mr. Boak was well equipped for such work; he was widely travelled and a keen and accurate observer. Armed with powerful illuminants and photographic apparatus, he made a more or less detailed study of many chambers and passages. In September of the same year he initiated a vigorous campaign to have the "Wonder Underworld" set aside as a national park.

Previous to this date the territory in the vicinity of the Lehman Caves had been included in a National Forest Reserve, and protected under "An Act for the Preservation of American Antiquities", approved in 1906. Through Victor C. Heikes of the U. S. Geological Survey, the head of the National Parks Service, Mr. Stephen B. Mather became actively interested. Secretary Fall of the Department of the Interior acted favorably upon Mr. Boak's recommendations and reports, but found the territory out of his jurisdiction owing to the above mentioned act of 1906. This Act technically placed the Caves under the Department of Agriculture. Here fresh conflicts arose with local cattlemen, who objected to the setting aside of so much grazing land, so the original recommendation was considerably reduced in area.

Meanwhile, a detailed report had been presented to President Harding. Happily for the fate of the Caves, the delay and red tape incident to Departmental action was cut short by a stroke of the pen, when the President, on January 22, 1922, issued a proclamation setting aside some 593 acres as the "Lehman Caves National Monument."

The Monument was formally dedicated on August 6, 1922. Governor Scrugham, then representative of Governor Boyle and the State of Nevada, delivered the chief address. It was ably responded to by Forestry Supervisor Alexander McQueen of Ely, who expressed the great enthusiasm of the Forest Service over their new charge. With the raising of Old Glory to the accompaniment of a volley by an American Legion Company, Mr. Boak completed the dedication. In one of his vivid accounts of the dedication exercises, Mr. Boak humorously notes that the outstanding features of the day were the

shower of congratulatory telegrams from Congressmen and cowpunchers, President and poets, which overwhelmed the little telegraph station at Baker, six miles away; and the promptness with which the whole audience of over 500 proceeded to get lost in the Caves following the ceremonies.

Though slow to obtain recognition, Lehman Caves have won many devoted admirers. Abner Lehman's early explorations have been ably seconded by the Forestry Service. The last session of the Nevada Legislature appropriated a "game preserve fund", and the National Government has completed an excellent highway from Baker to the mouth of the Caves. The local press of Ely and Tonopah, and the Deseret Evening News of Salt Lake City particularly, have given the Caves wide publicity. However these notices and Mr. Boak's reports, maps, and pictures, constitute, as far as the writer has been able to ascertain, the only available data on the subject. The monument is too new to be included in any books of western travel or geology, as yet, and affords a practically virgin field for scientist and poet alike.

In justice to local residents it should be added that they circulated a petition in the winter of 1921 and enlisted Senator Key Pittman's interest. That the Proclamation of the Monument had already been signed when their petition reached Washington in no wise detracts from their loyal support of the movement.

The recent completion of the Grand Central Highway in Utah brings the Caves within 235 miles of excellent motoring from Salt Lake City, via Eureka and Delta, Utah. The Caves are easily accessible from the Nevada side over sixty-six miles of good road southeast from Ely. Travelers and sportsmen are enthusiastic over the scenery and the splendid trout fishing in the vicinity of Baker. A special article could be devoted to the new saddle trail up the steep slopes of Mt. Wheeler, a trail offering the double distinction of surmounting the highest peak wholly in Nevada (13,074 feet) and skirting the edge of the only known glacier within the confines of the desert state. Mr. C. T. Rhodes is the official custodian and guide to the Caves.

However fascinating the geological possibilities of the Caves their chief interest lies in the marvelous vision of beauty and strength which they reveal to the wayfarer; and in the splendid sweep by which they turn the mind back to the dawn of time. For these massive walls and fantastically curved pillars were fashioned, drop by patient drop, through long aeons of time. Shut in from all the tumult of the world without, in the eternal silence of the Caves, the traveler contemplates with awe the work of that Hand whose art was old in cunning ere life first evolved upward from the clay of the outer world.

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As We'd Like Them

(Continued from Page Fourteen)

cocktails, or ambrosias, but of the economical preparation of the plain foods.

"She *must* be able to cook good mush—not lumpy, flat, too salty, or thin, but of palatable texture and consistency."

* * *

The co-eds, when asked for an expression of their ideal man, were not so eager to reveal their dreams, as were the men, but a few of the more independent spirits responded in no uncertain terms.

Perhaps, because a woman lacks the opportunity of going after a definite man whom she admires, she concentrates her desire upon a rather general ideal, under which any number of men might possibly come.

And so the following statement is quite characteristic of the majority of the "ideals" of women.

"My ideal man is one who will make the perfect companion to travel with through life. He must be of good stature, tall and well built, handsome, but not effeminately beautiful."

"A good strong character with ability to make himself a man among men. Brave and courageous, ready to take what comes, but he must have a future.

"It would be terrible to marry a man who lived in a groove. His ideals must be to attain a goal of prosperity and happiness.

"He must have wealth, distinction, and power."

* * *

One demure miss adds: "He must know how to cook well over a camp fire," and another chimes in with, "And he must be dark, and possess a sense of humor."

* * *

The very modern co-ed demands this of her ideal:

"Not too good and not too bad. He must have moral stamina, high ideals and principles, but he must not wear them on his sleeve, nor flaunt them at the world. He must be deep, intellectual, yet light, joyous, devil-

(Continued on Page Twenty-three)

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As We'd Like Them

(Continued from Page Twenty-two)

may-care—just a bit of Kilarney, of Blarney—in laughing, and a well-developed sense of humor. He must have blue eyes; need not necessarily be good looking, but strong, a lover of the outdoors—a true Westerner.

"He must have ambitions, yet not make ambition or success his goal in life, rather let it be the joy of living.

"Above all things he shall believe in the economic independence of women. He must regard her, not as some creature to be set carefully upon a pedestal lest she break or be soiled, nor yet as a household convenience, but as an independent human being with individual interests, philosophy and views which he must recognize.

"He must not be jealous of her professional interests, but rather proud of them. He must recognize to some extent, at least, the single standard—he must not expect a "corner" on all the "petty vices."

"He must love divinely, deeply, but not too seriously."

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"See It Made"

Gift of the Sun God

(Continued from Page Seven)

"My son, you are the strongest in arm and limb. You must prove yourself as strong and wise of mind. He who would rule people must be as wise as the wolf and as crafty as the coyote. When you have rendered the tribe a lasting service, then may you wed my daughter."

"As you will, my Chief," and Mualox turned away with bowed head, deep in thought. Behind the tepee, Evening Star smothered a sob, and went back to her work of grinding pinenuts.

Late one fall, the rabbits were stricken with a strange disease and died by the hundreds. Day by day, the hunters were forced to go farther and farther for the day's meat and then they could find barely enough to give the tribe a meager meal. Lone Wolf, with stolid face but pain-filled eyes, heard the news that the cones of the pine trees were empty. Famine stared his people in the face. He called them together and told them of the danger.

"We will have to seek new hunting grounds," he said. "Where, I do not know. To the south are our enemies; to the east, a lifeless desert. We hear that to the west there are no rabbits nor pinenuts either, and the people suffer as we will suffer soon. The northland is our only hope, and what lies beyond the mountains, no man can know."

Up rose Mualox then, his face glorified with the desire to serve.

"I will travel northward," he said. "If I do not return before the moon of snows, you will know that I have failed."

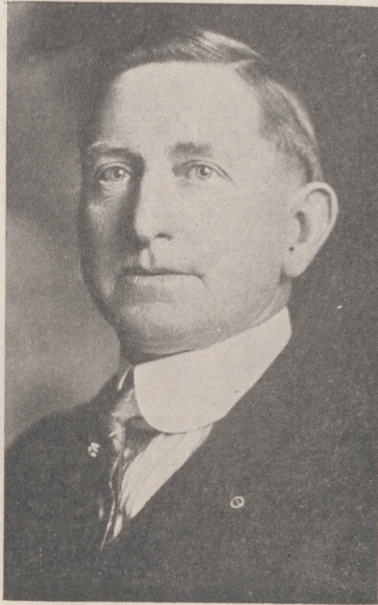
Evening Star sprang from her place among the women and begged him not to risk his life in so rash a venture. With tender words he stilled her anguish, and then he turned his face northward.

Northward he traveled, toward the forbidding snow-capped mountains; always in a straight line, tirelessly, pausing only to pluck an occasional berry or to drink from a tiny stream. For three days he traveled, and on the fourth found himself at last in the mountains. Here his course was not so easy. Canyons that led north would soon turn east or west, and ridges that he followed would end in precipices. Still he struggled on; he

(Continued on Page Twenty-five)

A Few Christmas Suggestions

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YOU KNOW

THE QUALITY OF

GEORGE'S CONFECTIONS
and

The Selections For Her Are Varied

Gift of the Sun God

(Continued from Page Twenty-four)

dared not stop, for behind him was Evening Star—starving. Ever that thought spurred him on.

There came a day, however, when he could go no farther. Before him was a precipice; on either side were mountain heights, grim and forbidding; behind him were his people and starvation. He dropped to his knees and prayed to the sun for guidance. As he finished his prayer, he saw a great wolf, which looked at him with greedy eyes. Mualox fitted his bow and arrow, and took slow and careful aim. The arrow sped, true to its mark, but the wolf looked on, unharmed. Mystified, Mualox stared, and the beast seemed to beckon. As in a trance, Mualox followed.

Down a narrow draw he followed, and then along a broad divide. For four days and nights, behind the tireless trot of the wolf, he hurried, lean and wolf-like in his fatigue and hunger. And then, one evening, just as the golden orb of the sun was sinking to rest, the wolf stopped, and Mualox saw below him a valley, broad and fertile. Countless wild fowl circled over a lake, which shown in the setting sun like a ruby. Herds of antelope dotted the plain, and pinetrees covered the surrounding hills.

A sudden clap of thunder echoed and re-echoed down the canyon through which he had come, and where the wolf had stood a moment before, there stood a god-like figure, with the setting sun for a crown. He spoke with a voice like the roaring of the north-wind:

"This, Mualox, is the future home of thy people. With thine arrows thou canst drop the waterfowl, and thy women can roast the pinenuts. There are countless antelope, but they are shy and fleet. To kill them, thou must build a great corral of brush, with wings that reach for miles. When this is done, the men must circle out and frighten the herds to thy enclosure. Then may you dwell in peace and plenty, you and your people, forever.

"I, the Sun God, have spoken."

The voice ceased in the roar of a whirlwind, and the sun sank behind the mountain.

Gift of the Sun God

Mualox dropped to his knees in thanksgiving and then hastened back to his people.

When he finally reached the camp, he saw the warriors returning from a fruitless hunt. When they beheld Mualox striding down the trail, they let out a cry, and the whole camp came to see. When they had gathered around him, he told the tale of his journey, of the wolf, and of the divine apparition. Then, he led the tribe over the mountains to their new home. Behind him walked Lone Wolf and Evening Star, who was beamingly happy. Had not her father told her that Mualox had met the test?

When they reached the valley of the Ruby Lake, their first act was to dance in thanksgiving until their half-starved bodies were exhausted. Then, when they had rested and feasted, they set about to make their homes.

Mualox became chief of the tribe and ruled them wisely and well. He lived happily with Evening Star for many moons, beloved and revered by his people. When at last his days were numbered, and he was called to his fathers, in the palace of the sun, his people worshipped him as their saviour.

Now, each fall, before the great antelope hunt begins, for ten days the Shoshones dance and feast in thanksgiving. Every evening, they do a special dance in honor of the Setting Sun and the Evening Star.

The Critics In English "3"

HAROLD COFFIN

"The rhyme is bad, the metre's worse.
I don't see how you can call it verse.
The words are weak, the subject's trite.
Aside from that it seems all right."

"It's hard to follow, and far too long,
You get a false start, and it ends all wrong.
My interest lagged; I thought it was poor.
I heard some errors in grammar, I'm sure."

"Far too long!"—"Not long enough!"
"The writer doesn't know his stuff!"
"Too much rhyme!" "The verse is too free!"
"It's a poor excuse for poetry!"

The "Prof" then spoke and had his say,
"We'll have no more theme discussion today.
The piece of work I just read here
Was a little verse by Bill Shakespeare."

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NEVADA

A Matter of History

(Continued from Page Twelve)

as being another "Wonder Team."

November 3 rolled around much to the sorrow of the California supporters. Through four quarters of fast football the Pack tore great holes in the hide of the Golden Bear, and when the afternoon sun cast shadows over the big C on the hill, the Nevada Varsity walked off the field with a large goose egg chalked up against them. But—wonder of wonders—the great Golden Bear limped off the same field with the same kind of a goose egg chalked up against him—0-0. It was a gala day, and the Native Sons have not recovered from that game yet and will not forget it for many decades. The Bear was beaten and even admitted it. That was the big climax of the season.

Those on the outside can never realize that it was the Courtright system just beginning to function. For four years "Corky" has been working with his material and although a little slow, it is sure. That his system has been working is evidenced by the number of stars that have been turned

out in the past four years. Names such as Jimmy Bradshaw, Bill Martin, Eddie Reed and Johnny Johnson may not mean a great deal to the present occupants of the Campus, but ask one of the recent graduates, and he will rave on for hours about this quartet. They were gems of the first water, and everyone who saw them play says so.

This year new stars have risen in the firmament. Al Lowry, Capt. Chet Scranton, "Pots" Clark and Billy Gutteron have taken the place of the old timers and have filled it so well that the Coast has forgotten the older men.

Many of these old time stars hold down coaching jobs in the state and are already sending in men to their alma mater. "Wild Bill" Martin is in Sparks and has developed one of the best high school teams in the state. Noble Waite is grooming his men in Fallon, while Herbie Foster is turning out stars in Reno High.

Only a short time has elapsed since the advent of "Corky" and his system, but it has already borne fruit, and some of the juiciest morsels are found in the scores of California and Stanford since 1919.

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BOOK REVIEW

HENRY FORD, An Interpretation. Samuel Marquis.
(Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1923)

To guide the perfervid impulses of the "just twenty-ones," apparently, who, in their enthusiasm to imprint their very first presidential "x", might allow their familiarity with the name of Ford to influence them, Samuel S. Marquis has written his interpretation of the famous Ford personality.

The book is not a biography; it is more readable even than biography, for it is a graphic portrait of the man. Penetrating, sparkling in style, competently brief, it analyzes this un-understandable public character. It is hard to conclude whether or not the author is unprejudiced. While reading the book, one is not aware of any one-sided treatment. It is after one has finished that he realizes that the picture is not eulogistic. It presents Ford not as a golden-haloed phil-anthropist, but as crank—a tin-plated one, to complete the contrast.

A few of the outstanding indices to his personality, quoted from Marquis' study may serve to convince or to dissuade:

- 1—"A boy on a farm of humble parentage."
- 2—"Henry Ford does not gamble. His millions are not tainted."
- 3—"He is not a team man. He must play the game by himself."
- 4—"Standardization is his hobby. He believes it would greatly reduce the cost of living."
- 5—"He never went to college." But he understands the psychology of a dollar.
- 6—"He jumps to conclusions; he does not reason things out."
- 7—"Instead of hitching his wagon to a star, Henry Ford prefers to hang on to the tail of a comet. It is less conventional, more spectacular."
- 8—"Henry Ford hates charity. He gives only in exchange for services rendered."

ISLES OF ILLUSION: Anonymous.
(Small, Maynard Co., Boston, 1923)

It is not very usual to publish the private letters of a living man. It is especially unusual if the letters reveal naked truths and realities that to some readers would be extremely revolting. However, there are some horrid truths that ought to be known, and in the editing of the letters that compose the re-

markable books "Isle of Illusion" the editor was guided by the principle contained in—"This should be known"—"That is well said." The exposure of truth is governed by the exigencies of public morality, so it must be said here that this book is not recommended for the nursery shelf, although there is nothing in it to be condemned.

"Isles of Illusion" is a book of personal letters. They form part of a correspondence which began in 1910 and continue to the present day. The writer is a real person, and the correspondence was naturally a frank one, so for convenience sake, the book is published anonymously. It is an unusual biographical record which for straightforwardness of revelation is unique in recent literature. The sub-title is "Letters From the South Seas", but the book is in no way a travel book. It is the unashamed autobiography of an educated man who left England to find substance of a dream in the Isles of Illusion.

For seven and a half years he lived in the New Hebrides. What he found there the letters tell. His outlook may be found too bitter, too intolerant—but it must be remembered that he was a well-read man amongst men who could scarcely read their own

names. His tastes were cultivated. He had been educated in all the "extras." All through his book you will find unusual evidences of culture. He was a rapt student of literature, meditating upon what he read. He must have had a well chosen library, judging from the felicity of his quotations. He was free to add to it, for his mail came periodically, by arrangement with the coasting steamer.

While there are vivid glimpses of the tropics in these letters, the narrative tells mainly about the development and retrogradation of a man's soul in the brutalizing life and surroundings of the South Seas. What we see clearly is the life of an Oxford man actually on the beach, first as interpreter, then surveyor, then planter, then—but that is the book.

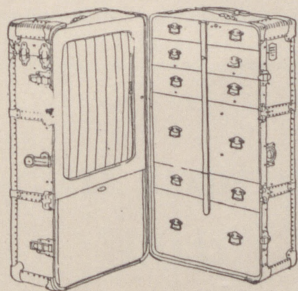
If you really want the unadulterated truth about the South Seas—The Isles of Illusion—I would very heartily urge you to read the letters of "Asterisk," as Bohun Lynch calls the writer in the introduction of the book. "Asterisk" is an unusual man, and he knows the "horrid truths" whereof he writes. In "Isles of Illusion," the truth, regardless of 'drawing-room manners' is layed open for your inspection.

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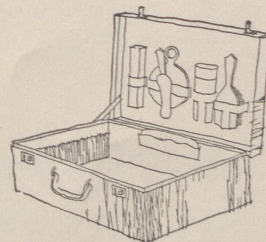
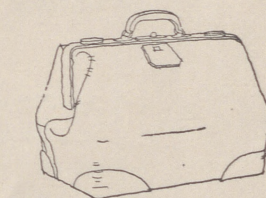
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Just Wandering

GILBERTA TURNER

(With Apologies to "Just a-Riding")

When shafts of morning tinge the hills
With, red, and near, a lone bird trills,
Greeting the dawn with melody;
Why, then is when I long to be
Just wandering.

Just wandering—I've no regrets
When dew-drenched grass my clothing wets.
The tamaracks nod and smile at me,
Make me so glad that I *can* be
Just wandering.

And when the noon rays beat too hot,
Right near I'll find a sheltered spot—
Perhaps, who knows, a wild berry.
I tell you, then it pays to be
Just wandering.

At twilight in the cloistered woods—
A solace there for all your moods—
The trees whisper in sympathy.
They seem to wish they, too, could be
Just wandering.

Or when the full moon fills the night
With mystic, shimmery, silver light,
Beneath my feet, entranced, I see
A snow-white road that beckons me
Just wandering.

To come and go as fancy will—
To find perhaps a hidden rill,
With none to hinder, none to see;
Beautiful thoughts then come to me,
Just wandering.

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