

1927 4:3

# NEVADA

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Carol Smith

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# SORORITY-NUMBER



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The Silly Lad: This ain't today, this is tonight. —Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

Cop (to student who had disregarded traffic lights): Hey, where are you goin' with that tin can?

"To class," yelled back the student as he stepped on the gas. —Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

M.D.: Your system is poisoned, you must get rid of your teeth!

Patient (very): All right, Doc. Throw 'em away, you'll find them under the pillow. —Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

Beta: Were you tired after the dance?

Delta: Tired! If I'da been on a running track I'da got my hip pockets full of cinders. —Ex.

S: Do you know the difference between a bathtub and a parlor?

A. No!

E. Gosh! Where do you entertain your friends. —Ex.

Gamma: What's the charge on this battery?

Phi: Fifty volts.

Beta: How much is that in United States money?

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Lips of cherry . . . .  
Eyes of wine . . . .  
Glorious, divine . . . .  
Dainty fingers . . . .  
Hair of gloss . . . .  
But what a boss! But what a boss!

—Mountain Goat.

—Nevada Wolf—

Mrs. Cobra: How do you like Mrs. Constrictor?

Mrs. Adder: Oh, she's an awful boa!

—Illinois Siren.

**PREOCCUPATION**

They were riding together. His right hand was on the wheel, and the other kept her cuddled close to him. It was a cool moonlit night, and the road was deserted—in fact the atmosphere was full of love and romance. Out of the stillness of the night there suddenly loomed up the one headlight of a motorcycle.

"Hey, buddy," called the guardian of the law amiably, "you'll have to use both hands."

"How can I?" was the answer, "I'll smash the car."

—Medley.

—Nevada Wolf—

Freshmen always get It in the End.

**CONSTRUCTION**

"Kiss and make up"  
Has seen its day.  
Like petticoats  
It's now passe.  
Experience  
Has taught me this:  
Most girls make up  
Before they kiss.

—Golden Bull.

—Nevada Wolf—

Statistics prove that Yale graduates have 1.3 children while Vassar graduates have 1.7 children. This all goes to prove that women have more children than men do.

—Vassar Vagabond.

—Nevada Wolf—

"So your poor blind grandmother wants a job?"

"Yes. Do you know of any work for her?"

"Sure. Any sorority will hire her as a chaperon."

—Columbia Jester.

**VANITIES**  
Of 1927  
BY JANET



"There's a lot of psychology in being well groomed!"

"It is the best cure for self-consciousness in a girl, I've found!"

"To dress well and feel better—my advice is—  
'pay a visit to ----"

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I gave her flowers and she threw them out.  
I gave her candy and she fed it to her dog.  
I gave her love and she scornfully brushed it aside.  
That she might satisfy her ego.  
I gave her a swift kick and at last got satisfaction.  
—Sagehen.

—Nevada Wolf—

"That bird sure has a great way with women."  
"What's his secret?"  
"He won't tell."  
"I guess that's the best way, all right."

—Penn. State Froth.

"Why so sad, compatriot?"  
"My roomie just got run over by a train."  
"Gee, 't's tough!"  
"You said it! He was wearing my suit."  
—Wisconsin Octopus.

—Nevada Wolf—

She was only a farmer's daughter but, oh, how she harvested me!  
—Iowa Frivol.

—Nevada Wolf—

Some girls should wear speedometers instead of wrist watches.  
—Grinnell Malteaser.

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WE CALL!  
IT'S CLEAN!  
THAT'S ALL!

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Barber (to little thirteen year old girl): Are you sure you want your hair shingled that far up, little girl?

Little girl: You're darned right. And snap into it; I gotta dinner date at seven.  
—Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

Beta Frosh: Her niece is rather good-looking, eh?

Beta Senior: Don't say "knees is", say "knees are."  
—Wittenburg Witt

—Nevada Wolf—

Jack: Can you dig up a date for me tonight?

Dough: I don't have to dig 'em up. I can get 'em alive.  
—Nevada Wolf—

—Nevada Wolf—

Jack: Have you heard the new Swan Song?

Will: Why, no.

Jack: Ha, that's swan on you.—Ex.

"SAY!

IT WITH FLOWERS"



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Fraternity Fred: Do you mind if I kiss you?  
(No answer).

Fraternity Fred: Would you care if I kissed you,  
would you?

Sorority Sue: Say, do you want me to promise not to  
bite? —Froth

—Nevada Wolf—

"Oh-h-h! Penell, vot you tink? I was arrested for  
speeting today."

"Vot, you haf no car, haf you?"

"No, not that. Speeting on de sidewalk."

—V. M. I. Sniper.

## FLORIST

If I brought you roses wet with dew  
In a heavy-odored spray,  
Roses blushing as you always do---  
What would people say?

If I brought you lilies in a crown  
White as foam of sea,  
Matching all the shimmer of your gown---  
Would you laugh at me?

If I brought you orchids in bouquets,  
Dripping in their fragrant sleep,  
Just to symbolize my lovely phrase---  
Would they really keep?

If I bought you all these flowers  
As a dainty compliment  
To this very sacred love of ours---  
Could I pay my rent?

—Nevada Wolf—

Pledge: Hello, is this information?

Information: Yes, whaddye want?

Pledge: Where do you go to get initiated in the Ki  
Yi fraternity?

Information: Aw, go to hell, you poor boob.

—Nevada Wolf—

## SHE MAKETH GLAD HIS HEART

Blessings on thee, little dame—  
Bareback girl with knees the same,  
With thy rolled down silken hose,  
And thy short transparent clothes;  
With thy red lips reddened more,  
Smear'd with lipstick from the store;  
With thy make-up on thy face,  
And thy bobbed-hair's jaunty grace,  
From my heart I give thee joy,—  
Glad that I was born a boy.

—Golden Bull.

Again We are Glad To Say--  
"We Print The Desert Wolf."

The cover on this issue went thru the press 11 TIMES.

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## "How Could Little Red Riding Hood----?"

Ya all heard dis story about "Little Red Ridin Hood" ----de way she tells ut. Well, uts all wrong. I otta know. Im de guy dey calls "De Wolf." Heres de low down.

De ol boid, de gramma, was a seroritee house mudder, whatever dat is. One night all de goils goes to a dance, and de ol womin steps out wid her meal-ticket. I sees my chance and jimmys a winder. When I wuz lookin fer jewls in a dresser I hears somebody come in de frunt door. I wuz trapped in dis room wid not time to open de winder. So I takes a chance and climbs in de bed. De kid walks in. An whatinell does she do, but pick up de jewls I has on de dresser, puts dem in a straw sootcase, and starts out again. I jumped up an nabbed er afore she gets out.

I grab de skoit and she nearly dies. I take de gifts away frun her and she starts de weeps. I cant stan dis sob stuff. I got two wifes and a kid, and get all de wailin I want at home. She gives me a hard luck story about havin a lot of seroritee sisters to buy furs and chalklets fer. Afore I knows it I was bawlin too, and she wuz cryin on me sholder like she had knowed me all her life. I come to and finds she was hollerin loud enuf to be heard blocks. I ketches on. Shes given her buddys de high sign. I grabs de jewls and starts to leave fast, but Im two late. Too of des collidge guys are in de door wid hevvy artillry. (Dey wernt wood-choppers, deys frat men-----if deres any diff-ruince). Dey ties me up, takes de load, telefons de police, and beats it, wid me der to face de moosic.

Insteads of gettin killed I gets ten years. I donno wat fer. I didn't do nuttin besides goes in one of dese houses wid a high fangled name. But everybody goes dere.

Anyway de moral is----

Honest men should never go into a sorority house alone.

—L.W.S., '30.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Why was the comic editor kicked out of school?"

"Oh, he published a picture of a sorority sister in bathing."

"Well, what was wrong with that?"

"Oh, this one was using soap." —Cougar's Paw.

# LITTLE WALDORF

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She: I don't like your friend; he's very insulting. He spoke of me the other day as an American adventuress.

He: I'll tell him you're not American. —Goblin.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Have you ever loved any one?"

"Why don't you cut out the rhetoric and get going?"

—Widow.

—Nevada Wolf—

Gay: I think that Tom's girl is as pretty as a picture.

Lord: Yes, but what a frame.

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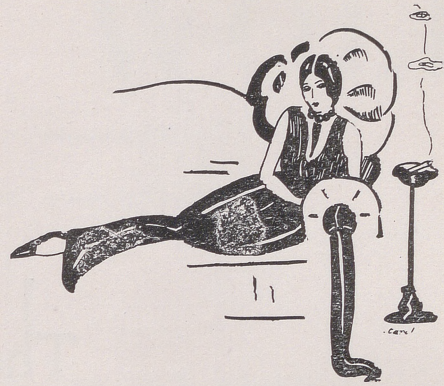
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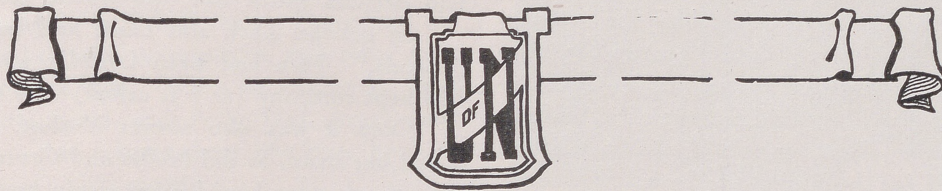
Sorority life as it really is.

## The Pan Hellenic Girl

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of pretty co-ed Gwen de Vere;  
'Twas in the winter of twenty-five,  
Many a frat-man is still alive,  
Remembers the damsel I'm speaking of,  
One look at her and they all fell in love.  
Gwennie had money, and such golden hair,  
Dimples flashed out from those cheeks so fair;  
Big mellow eyes of the rarest blue,  
Full ruby lips that were saucy, too;  
So the sororities thought she would do.  
Little Miss Tri-Delt asked Gwend'lyn to tea,  
Answered this Miss "She would happy be."  
But she must first go to tea at four,  
Gamma Phi Beta had asked before.  
Gwennie was called to the phone by a ring,  
Pi Phi was talking and----"What? Surest thing."  
Poor flustered Gwen had accepted that date,  
Had to be careful and not stay too late.  
Theta was rushing her right off her feet,  
Asked her to join them, and----oh, such a treat.  
Then Beta Delta took her to a show,  
Next, with an S.A.O. was invited to go.  
Sweet little co-ed so modest and shy,  
So many dates to keep,----well, she would try.  
Chatting and treating, attention she had,  
Thought she, those s'rorities can't be so bad.  
But 'twas such a task when she tried to decide  
That she borrowed a gun to commit suicide.

—E.V.E.

# THE DESERT WOLF



Volume IV

NUMBER 3

## THE RETURN OF THE ROVERS

by *Harold Coffin*, '26

Editor of the Desert Wolf in 1924-1925

"Well, well," shouted Tom, the fun-loving Rover, "if it ain't my old friend Walt!"

"Why, Thomas, for shame!" cried Richard, commonly called Dick. "You know perfectly well that you shouldn't address dear old Dr. Clark as 'Walt.' Call him 'Walter'."

"Hush, tush," interposed President Clark, patting the eldest Rover on the head. "I understand Thomas, and know that he means no harm. In spite of all his little pranks, we know that he is really a **good** boy." He ended with a sly wink, no doubt thinking of the time that the fun-lover had given Miss Mack the trick exploding cigar.

"We are certainly glad to see you three manly youth: back at Nevada," the President continued, "and, if you have time, you must come to our Board of Directors meeting this afternoon. We have some tough problems to solve and we want your advice.

"But tell me, what have you been doing since your graduation last year?"

"Oh," shouted Richard, commonly called Dick, "I have been selling bonds."

"And I am a bond salesman," cried Tom.

"And I," ejaculated Sam, "I am soliciting for a bond house."

Sam, as our readers will remember, was the curly-headed Rover.---Also the youngest Rover.---And the fleet-footed Rover.

The friends of the Rovers will need no introduction to the boys' adventures at Nevada. Both of them will recall how this trio of fine, upstanding, red-blooded American boys defeated the school's traditional enemies in football, won the girls' debating cup from D.A.E., walked away with the inter-fraternity baseball series, and whatnot.

As Dick once modestly expressed it: "We were the whole show!"

Anyone desiring to hear more of their adventures, should purchase the book: "Away From Home, Or the Rover Boys in Society."

"Jiminy Crickets!" exclaimed Sam after the President had left the boys to inspect the university, "the dear old

campus looks just the same as it always did. There is the chemistry building, there is the Mackay statue, and there is Walter Reimers!"

"There are a few very noticeable changes, though!" put in Tom. "Where is Harrison, commonly called 'Chick', Gardner?"

Unanimous in their praise of the authorities who had kept the university going in spite of the fact that the Rovers had graduated, the three brothers locked arms affectionately, and started up the walk.

"I think the views have even improved a little," shouted Sam, watching one of the co-eds (as they are called) as she alighted from the high step of a motor vehicle.

For this remark the youngest Rover received a severe reprimanding from his two brothers. The curly-headed lad had in reality meant no harm. However, it must be remembered that he was young, did not understand, and was very much interested---in motor vehicles.

Our three young heroes could not tarry long amidst the wonderful sights of the dear old campus because they were due at a meeting of the sorority girls' Panhellenic committee. In fact, they had returned to Nevada at the invitation of that friendly little committee, and for the express purpose of deciding which one of the sororities had won the "rushing" (as it is called) season, when the new freshmen girls are "pledged" (as college children say) to the different sororities.

The committee had been unable to pick the winner because girls in each sorority were loudest in the praise of the rival sororities, and each group claimed that one of the other sororities had won. So the Rovers were to decide.

On their way to the meeting, who should Dick, Tom and Sam see? None other but Daniel Baxter! Dan was the kind of a boy who smoked cigarettes, stayed out after the curfew, and played marbles for keeps. Besides all that, he was a bully. And a braggard!

"Well, well," sneered the bully, "I see the Rovers are back."

Enraged at this insulting remark, Richard, commonly called Dick, stepped forward. And, as Thomas and Sam-

## Page Twelve

uel picked up some nearby rocks, the eldest Rover faced the bully fearlessly.

"My father can whip your father!" shouted Dick, his face reddening with anger. It was plain that the eldest Rover meant business.

One thing led to another, and before long the two boys were fighting, although this was strictly against the rules at Nevada. Dick was well within his rights, however, because he never fought when he could get out of it, and the bully had started the whole thing with his first taunting insult of "Well, well, I see the Rovers are back."

Now, as all of our readers know full well, Richard, commonly called Dick, was a fine, manly youth who always fought fairly. Not so, Dan Baxter, though. The bully, in a dastardly attempt to bruise our hero, closed his fist and deliberately struck the eldest Rover square in the face, causing him to fall down.

"Foul!" shouted Sam, the curly-headed Rover.

"Foul!" echoed Thomas.

And so it was.

"For shame, Dan Baxter!" shrieked Sam. And, as the bully dropped his eyes in shame, the fun-loving Tom came up behind, and playfully bounced a rock off his head.

The courageous Dick was unanimously declared victor of the fight, and for this feat he was later awarded a beautifully hand-embroidered circle N. For some time after the encounter, his face smarted from the cowardly blow of the villainous Dan Baxter.

At the Panhellenic meeting, the three brothers discovered that Dora Stanhope and her two cousins, Nellie and Grace Laning, had not yet pledged themselves to any sorority. And so it was decided that the winner of the pledging would be the sorority chosen by these girls when they had decided which one they would accept.

In college, Dick and Dora had been very, very close "friends." Tom had been friendly with Nellie, and Sam had kept company (as it is called) with Grace.

Dora it was who always blushed prettily when Dick kissed her hand, as did Nellie and Grace, her cousins, when their hands were kissed respectively by Tom and Sam.

At the end of the Panhellenic meeting, it was left for Richard, commonly called Dick, to announce the winner of the rushing season. Sam, the curly-headed Rover had gone to a marcelling establishment; and Tom, the fun-lover, had broken into the university armory and was replacing with real ammunition the blank cartridges that were to be used in the R.O.T.C. cadets' sham battle. Tom must have his little joke!

The sorority girls (as they are called) were breathless as Dick announced the winner.

"You all know that Dora Stanhope and her cousins have been rushed by every sorority on the hill," he shouted; "and I am pleased to announce that all three of the young ladies have gone Campfire Girl."

"Anyone desiring to see more of them," he cried, "can purchase their latest book: 'Around the Flames, or The Campfire Girls Get Hot'."



## Dead Leaves

*One glistening carpet of December snow;  
Dead leaves where dark red roses grew;  
Ice choked, the brook, crisply and low  
Echoes the music that the summer knew.*

*It's no joy to know that April comes again;  
That lifeless winter makes a leafy June;  
It's these dead leaves that I want green again;  
It's that dead rose I want to see in bloom.*

—STEWART HALL

GOLD DUST SINS OR THE PERILS OF POLLY

What has happened before:

Oliver Isadore Bellow, a crafty city crook, holds a mortgage on the T. B. Ranch. Pretty Pauline Peach and her invalid father are trying to make enough cash by cattle rustling to make the payments to O.I. Bellow. The villain abducts the girl, leaves her with accomplices, and rides away to have it out with the old man. When he returns he finds Handsome Harry (the hero) and Polly (for short) have overcome her guards. He follows them but loses hope as he sees them jump over a cliff together.

"Foiled again," roars Bellow.

CHAPTER XXX.

The girls tripped lightly down the stairs and swore softly as they picked themselves up at the bottom. They pushed in the old door and noisily crowded into the room. A hush clattered down upon them.

They were apparently the sole occupants of the building. Upon further investigation, however, they at last discovered a small square hole in the end wall, through which issued the cold hostile stare of a sharp featured man. One of the young ladies timidly approached him.

"Any mail for me?" she asked.

The others fled.

They were alone, he and she. He put his arm around her perfect forty-inch waist. They gazed out of the window at the setting sun. It was the beginning of a new day. (Din and noise of battle off stage).

Slow Curtain.

—Lenard Sledge.

—Nevada Wolf—

The yell leader goes in for agriculture.



"Did you know I was bid by the Eata Bitu Pi sorority?"

"Yes dear, but I hope you go Creama Canna Tuna."

—Nevada Wolf—

PI-PSI

We stood on the bridge at midnight,  
While the moon was shining above,  
And the brook was softly singing,  
As she told me of her love.

Then I saw the pin of a frat man,  
The pin of an Alphi Pi,  
It hung to her dress above her heart  
And I was a Kappa Psi.

We stood on the bridge at midnight,  
While the moon was shining above,  
In the brook she was loudly splashing,  
After I gave her that shove.



Leading the rooting section.

## What Happened To A Co-Ed Who Was---

# LOOKING FOR THE TRUTH

by F. H. B.

The news came as a terrific shock to the entire campus. Georgina Foster involved in such an affair! It seemed impossible. Georgina, the sensible! Georgina, the model of dependability and propriety! Hadn't everybody acknowledged that she was going to amount to a lot. To be sure, she was hardly a "racy" date; but as the pillar of her sorority and as a model co-ed from the faculty point of view, she was due to become a big woman at the university----one of the worthwhile type which the campus could hardly do without. And then for such a thing to happen to her----such a terrible thing!

But let us start at the beginning. Georgina had been missed at dinner one evening. She was gone all night, and when in the morning, she failed to appear, her friends notified the house mother. When her room was searched, a half-packed Boston bag was found sitting in the middle of the floor, and also, it was noticed that one window to the south was open. There was nothing else to indicate what had happened to her.

Twenty-four hours dragged by, and still no word from the missing girl. By this time the news had become general, and wherever the name of Georgina was mentioned a buzz of speculation immediately arose. Even the faculty heard of it, and Georgina's parents were notified.

The house mother checked through all the drawers in the missing girl's writing table. Her personal literature was diligently examined for some explanation of the rash act. Surely Georgina couldn't have checked out without leaving a note for some one. Nothing was found. She was gone as completely as if she had been whisked away by the wind.

For a week the search was carried on. Every effort was made to get some trace of Georgina. One day the Dean of Women was summoned to the police station. A young woman answering to the description of Miss Foster had been seen with an army officer overlooking the rebel skirmish in Nicaragua. The police said that she had confessed to having left her residence in the states with an airplane expedition to Central America. The fact that she denied ever having attended the university would probably cause little difficulty in the final proof of the case, it was added, and pictures of the young lady in question were sent for. A sigh of relief swept over the campus. Then the snap-shots arrived. Georgina's sorority sisters arched their backs in indignant horror. Georgina may have been plain, but she could never have twisted a camera like that.

Desperately the authorities fell back to the excavation methods. Everything that ever belonged to the missing girl was unearthed. A dozen or more letters of parental advice, several check receipts, a dance program or two, a couple of bulging notebooks and scores of examination papers----all were patiently perused with the hope that some clue would be disclosed. Her records showed that her scholastic grades were very high. She was averaging an A plus in Economics. Indeed, she had even managed in some manner to wrest an A grade from that straight-jacketed Italian wizard, young Dr. Giovanni Girardi. The clue seekers heaved a simultaneous sigh at the very monotony of the business. The girl was perfect in her studies.

"But what's this!"

One of the searchers had discovered something.

"No, oh no, it can't be!"

They sickened at the thought.

"The poor thing, how she must have suffered."

They couldn't doubt it. The evidence was before them. It was written in large red figures. Poor Georgina, she had only secured a grade of ninety-four in her last French paper.

"She hadn't been able to face the disgrace----Probably her body was at the bottom of the river----If some one had only known in time, the poor girl might have been encouraged to face the shame of it; nothing was so terrible that it couldn't be lived down."

But it was too late. Georgina was gone. And so on the tenth day after her disappearance, the motive for her departure was solved. That is, it was solved for the authorities, but the college's amateur detective, Jerome Bailey, who was first in everything from curiosity to the return of his fraternity pin, refused to leave the trail. With his head sunk in thought, he stumbled along the south wall of the girls' dormitory. What was this? He brushed aside the leaves that partially covered it, and picked up the object. It was a small, black note book.

He turned the fly leaf, and almost shouted with glee. Before his eyes was the owner's signature, "Georgina Foster." Jerome rushed to his room. He gloated over the book as a miser would over gold.

Though a girl's property, the book was certainly not a parking place for calendars and the like. Instead the last few pages were covered with queer scrawlings which seemed near relatives to hieroglyphics.

"What luck," murmured Jerome, "here is a real clue. I'll show the police what a real detective can do."

Some of the notations were very recent----the last one was dated the day



she had disappeared----and they all seemed to be about the same thing, something which had worried the girl a lot.

A few pages from the end, Jerome found this notation scribbled in a nervous fashion which was clearly not Georgina's normal handwriting:

"Only five days! Five short days in which to get it done. How can I ever do it? I have raced from one end of the campus to the other, and I have been up the steps of Laurel Hall so many times today that I had to borrow my room-mate's shoes."

Jerome turned the pages thoughtfully. The girl's trouble seemed to begin about Tuesday, the twenty-first. On that day she had written:

"I shudder over yesterday's developments. What a terrible idea! I never believed that any one could find such faults with them. They seem to do so much good, and all that. And still everyone I ask says it is the truth, and I promised faithfully to get the absolute truth about them. Anyway, I won't believe it until it is proven to me."

The next day, Georgina had been greatly upset. The record said:

"I feel terrible. I have just been to see the co-ed transfer from the east, the one that's supposed to have such perfect judgment, and she told me the most terrible things. She said if they were all like the ones she knew they were just like this; and she drew this picture of her idea here in my book. They're things, she says, that just go around and around in circles about nothing.

"And so, when I saw little Doris Connel, and she said she thought they were like a huge, high, high ladder which is the only thing that could ever really make you reach your ideals, I couldn't believe her

either because all those people who think just the opposite from what Doris thinks can't be entirely wrong. I'm just a perfect wreck, and I'm going to

flunk out----why I only made ninety-four in French today---and I can't tell them what the truth is any more than I could when I began; and I have only three days more. What shall I do?"

The notations for Thursday evidenced only the blackest despair. Georgina seemed to be struggling to gather what data she could on the problem which bothered her. She wrote:

"Several people refused to speak to me today. Maybe it's because they are afraid I am really finding out what the truth is. I'll soon be stark mad, and I hope I shall so I won't have to tell all that horrid stuff."

On the following pages were records of more interviews with appropriate illustrations. They were as follows:

"They're like pins, Jane Dawson told me today. She said that they are O. K. if one is located near the head, and then she hoped that I got the point. I always did think she was like that.

"Jake Saunders says that every one of them is alike. He says they make him think of blank license plates because he can never get their numbers. I have drawn out his idea, but it doesn't seem to mean much. If there were only some one whom I could trust----some one whom I could really believe. Do I have to believe what they're telling me? Is it the truth? How terrible if it is.

"I went to see my math. prof. He's really very pessimistic, though I can't see how he knows so much about them. He says they always remind him of the rails in a track----one rail standing for the ideal

and the other for the real----and he says two parallel lines never come together. I must get some one to help. The time is so short now. And I am almost afraid of the truth.

"My English prof. also illustrated his idea on the subject, but all he would say was that they were a constant source of amazement to him. And I always thought they were so fine. It seems impossible that they can be so unsatisfactory to people. I feel as if the bottom of the world were about to drop out.

"Ellen Smudge, that dignified senior woman whom I was told to interview today was quite positive about her ideas. She said whenever she heard one of them mentioned, she always thought of a star----

the kind you see when you raise up and hit the table corner, is the way she put it. Just two days left. Why, I'm simply desperate. I must write the truth, but how will I know what is the truth."

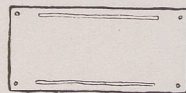
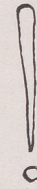
There were two more notations in the book. The first was on Friday. Jerome squirmed in his chair as he noticed how hasty and nervous the writing was. He felt that he was drawing near to the secret of Georgina's disappearance. He read.

"Today is Friday, and tomorrow is the last day. Somebody is attempting to frighten me. I received an anonymous note through the mail today which warned me to quit my investigations. I shan't do it. Maybe it's a joke, but even if it isn't, any person who is afraid to sign his name can't scare me out. I'll report just exactly what I find is the truth----that is, if I ever do find it----because I promised I would and I will."

The last entry was on Saturday, the day of her disappearance. She seemed to be much happier for she wrote:

"Oh, I never was so relieved. I've found it at last. I've found the TRUTH about sororities, and I'll send it right in to the editor as soon as----"

Poor girl. It was too late. She never had the chance. Her body was found where it had been hidden after Jerome had opened the way for the police to discover that she had been poisoned.



## We Offer You---

By Russel Coleman

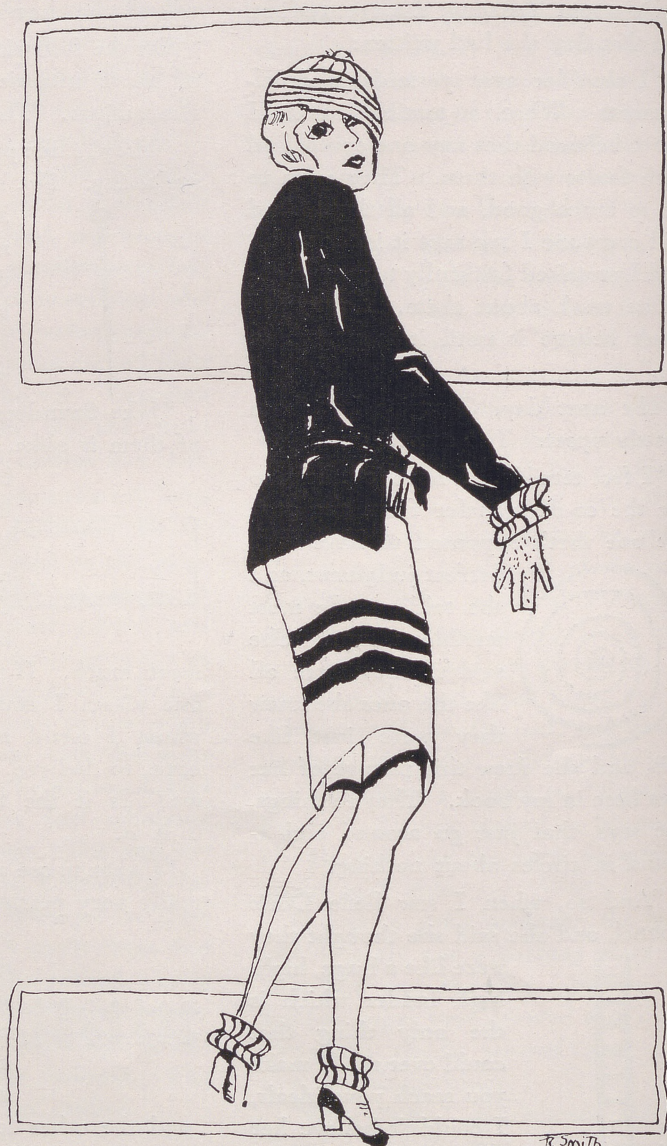
- Business Administration 67:** How to run a ham an' aigg joint successfully. The science of borrowing. Prerequisites: Borrow but don't be an aigg. Three hours, sometimes.
- Economics 1:** The definition of money, and where to spend it to the best advantage. Recommended for co-eds who are desirous of knowing the art of gold-digging. Minors not admitted. Prerequisites: Ability to get out of the freshman class. Three hours, usually.
- Business Administration 59:** Budgetary control; not to be mixed with self control. Prerequisites: few. Two hours always.
- English 25, 26, 55, 56, 57, 58, etc. (Courses in Journalism):** How to run the Cleveland Plaindealer by telephone. An attempt to find the why of news. A splendid course for guessers. Prerequisites: Sociability and enough will power to refrain from making wise cracks unless spoken to first. All three hours without fail.
- English 79:** What Milton thought of women. Recommended for such students as Thor Smith, Julius Molina, Bob Ackerman and Katherine Davidson.
- Hygiene 1 and 2:** Prescribed for frosh to enable them to learn the art of cribbing, and to get two hours additional sleep each week.
- Political Science 79 and 80:** A short detective course. The virtues of slot machines, bees, goats and bug-house fables. Prerequisites: Senior standing.
- Physical Education 3 and 4:** How to jump off of a forty story building without breaking a bone or smearing the sidewalk. For further data see "Fairy" Trimble. Prerequisites: None.
- History 1 and 2:** The vices of the younger generation most thoroughly discussed. The effect on male persons revealed. How to study while sitting next to a co-ed who is subject to their influence. Also a required course.
- English 1 and 2 (Dumbell English).** If you don't pass the first time you are a dumbell; but that doesn't bother seniors who are still trying to drag a 3.5. Prescribed.
- Psychology 5:** Know yourself and your best "hotsey." Frosh not allowed in this course. Reasons not known.
- Chemistry 26:** How to remove wine spots effectively and economically. Prescribed for the aggie students. Other spots removed painlessly.
- Chemistry 72:** A test of one's ability to live in very nauseating rooms. All frat men and sorority women should enroll in this course.
- German 1, 2, etc.:** A good course for men. Wise jokes and songs at each meeting. How to drink beer. The professor exhibits a wonderful collection of bingles and beer tags.

## I HATE SMITH

I hate Smith.  
 He gets a 1.5 average.  
 He never passes red apples.  
 He never gets bawled-out by the profs.  
 He never cuts a class.  
 He never violates any traditions.  
 He never gets paddled.  
 He never borrows anything.  
 He keeps his room clean and orderly.  
 He never boasts of his prep school record.  
 He joins every organization,  
 And never is kicked out of any.  
 The girls all like him.  
 I hate Smith.

—Lenard Sledge.

—Nevada Wolf—



Hattie, the lovely hasher, has finally decided that the reason those "fresh guys" keep mistaking her for a college girl is because she looks so intelligent.

NEW VERSION BY PI PHI HOUSE MANAGER

"Shoot if you must this old gray head,  
But spare our grand pianna----"

—Nevada Wolf—

The Thetas are also the Kappa Alpha Thetas, or the  
K.A.T.s.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Oh, I'm afraid in the dark!"  
"Don't be afraid, dear, I'm here!"  
"That's why I am afraid!"

—N. Y. Medley.

—Nevada Wolf—

Pokie: Hey, Jim open your mouth.

Jim: Why?

Pokie: I want to throw my gum away!

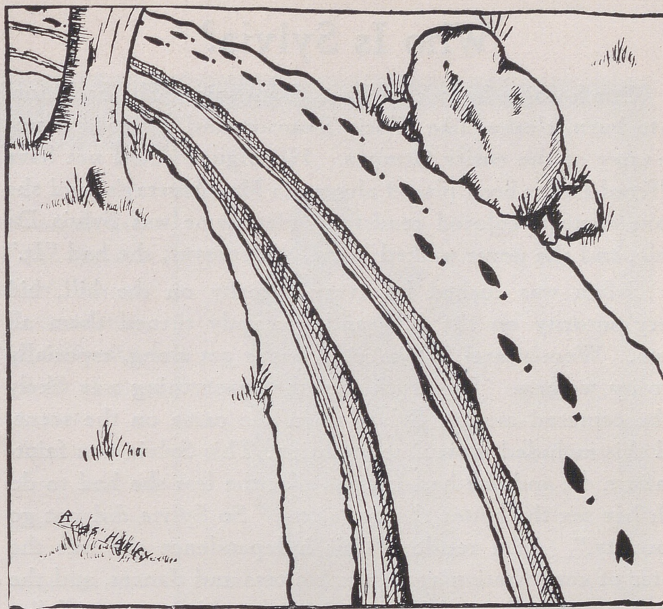
—Purple Parrot.

—Nevada Wolf—

Then next issue of the WOLF will be the Senior Num-  
ber. Watch for it.



Tommy, the freshman, has made up his mind to ask  
Dora, the sorority belle, for a date. Tommy feels sure he  
can do it this time. He has just finished reading Horatio  
Alger's "Risen from the Rank."



THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL—Sorority Version.

—Nevada Wolf—

### What A Change

My father tells me of the yesteryears,  
And customs now you'd have to class as quaint;  
He says the co-eds were a shy lot then,  
And wore more underneath than just brassiers.  
He says they didn't rate much with the men;  
He says you never saw a co-ed paint.

"More underneath than just brassiers?"  
Of course they really should say "brassy-air."  
"Oh, yes," says father, "Oh, I'll swear they did—  
Ah, son—I see you don't believe your ears.  
But I'll say, boy, in those days dames were hid,  
While now you'd have to hunt for what they wear."

He says that often in his youthful years  
He saw some co-ed's washing on a line.  
He says he used to marvel at the rows  
Of shirts, and skirts, and slips, and yea—brassiers;  
And pair on pair of modest cotton hose,  
And other things of curious design.

For long I've pondered on my father's words—  
Last night I dreamed beyond these evil years;  
Last night I dreamed of boomerangs, and then  
Of styles come back to roost like homing birds—  
When petticoats are quite the thing again,  
And maidens' undies more than just brassiers.

Today I saw a co-ed hang out wash—  
Just pairs of chiffon stockings—Oh, my gosh!

—By Whom.

## Who Is Sylvia?

Our heroine had come from California. She had money to burn, clothes like Gloria Swanson and a face that was the envy of the entire Campus. Her figure would not have suffered had it been placed alongside Mae Murray's, and she drove a cream-colored roadster. Her name was Sylvia De Lysle, and she never walked home. Moreover, she had "It."

Sylvia was rushed by every sorority on the hill, bid every sorority on the hill, and promptly turned them all down. Women and Sylvia could never get along, especially sorority women. The truth was that everything was likely to be centered around Sylvia when she came on the scene, and this included masculine attention. This Sylvia was faintly aware of, and she had learned that the less she had to do with her sex the better she got along. So Sylvia did not go "Sorority." As a result of this independence she was the center of conversation at numerable teas and dances, and the co-eds began to regard her suspiciously, or even resentfully. But Sylvia's beautiful feathers were never ruffled.

It was the last day of registration when Jerry put in his appearance. Jerry came from Chicago with all the swagger and cocksureness of a thoroughbred Easterner. He had money, clothes, looks, a car and a way with women. He had black hair and brown eyes, stood six feet two in his stocking feet, and resembled a Greek God. He drove a car, danced divinely, played football like a professional, and belonged to the Sigma Nu fraternity. In spite of all this, he still remained the same unspoiled, lovable Jerry.

The sororities made a grand rush for Jerry. The Pi Phi's wanted him. The Theta's thought they would get him. The S.A.O.'s met him first. The Gamma Phi's dined him. The Beta Delta's helped him with his studies. And the Tri Delt's held a get-acquainted party in his honor. The sororities held their breath to see who he would fall for.

His first date was a Gamma Phi. He dined her, motored her, kissed her and left her. The Gamma Phi's wore a look of victory. The other sororities buzzed. Then came home-coming day and our hero dated a Pi Phi. The Pi Phi looked her prettiest, smiled her best and dressed her loveliest. Jerry dined her, motored her, kissed her and left her. Miss Pi Phi tried to laugh it off. Miss Gamma Phi sneered mockingly.

To the sophomore hop, the first formal of the year, Jerry stepped a Beta Delta. It was THE night for Beta Delta. Miss Gamma Phi and Miss Pi Phi snubbed each other coolly. Jerry seemed to want a variety. To the Campus Players presentation of "Captain Applejack," he took a Theta. Miss Gamma Phi, Miss Pi Phi and Miss Beta Delta saw them sitting on the front row. The three girls weren't speaking.

Next, Jerry stepped an S.A.O., and lastly a Tri Delt. Well, the suspense was over. He had tried them all, and it only remained to find out which one he really liked the best. The girls snubbed each other openly. Their faces wore a revengeful, malicious look.

Then one day things came to a grand climax. Miss Gamma Phi was sitting on the steps of Stewart Hall, talk-

ing to a sister: "----and Jerry told me that he thought I was the sweetest, dearest, prettiest girl he had ever met." "Say, you're all all applesauce," said a Pi Phi who happened to overhear the conversation, "he told me that and--" "Speaking of Jerry," said the Beta Delta who happened to be hovering near, "you should have heard the line he tried to feed me. Of course, I didn't fall----" "Oh of course not," said the injured Theta. "You didn't fall because you knew he didn't mean it. Now he told me----" "What's all the commotion?" asked a Tri Delt. By this time there was quite a gathering of girls on the steps, and the discussion was getting warm. "Still talking about Jerry?" went on the Tri Delt. "Well, you might as well kiss him good-bye, because he told me the Tri Delt's were the only girls worth knowing----"

Just then an S.A.O. put in her appearance. "Well," growled the girls derisively, "what kind of a line did Jerry give you? I suppose he told you that you were the sweetest, dearest----"

The S.A.O. smiled wanly. "Speaking of Jerry," she drawled, "have you heard the latest?"

"Now who is he falling for?" the girls chorused excitedly.

"He eloped this morning with Sylvia De Lysle."

Curtain.

—Nevada Wolf—

### CAN YOU IMAGINE—

A Pi Phi without a Sigma Nu?  
A Theta with a cinch?  
The S.A.O.'s "Red Appling" a prof?  
A Gamma Phi smoking?  
A Beta Delta walking home?  
A Tri Delt in a Ford?

—Nevada Wolf—

### SONG

I would write a sizzling poem  
About my love for you;  
I would give you hot caresses  
The same as others do;  
I would demonstrate my passion  
And warm your little heart;  
I would do these things, my lover,  
If winter would depart.

—Nevada Wolf—

Then next issue of the WOLF will be the Senior Number. Watch for it.

—Nevada Wolf—

1st College Man: Got a basketball nose.  
Second Boob: How come?  
1st College Man: It dribbles.

—Phoenix.



Susette Bowman and Alice Lemaire find Nevada snow a delightful change from the sunny southland, but are having difficulty, with only one pair of galoshes between them.



"S no place for a lady!" cried Sue.

"Right!" said the bemitteden brute, and covered her with plenty of it.

Versatility of Nevada co-eds demonstrated by Henrietta Schwab, Cecilia Sullivan and Isabel Loring, who declare that the stage has always held a certain fascination for them.

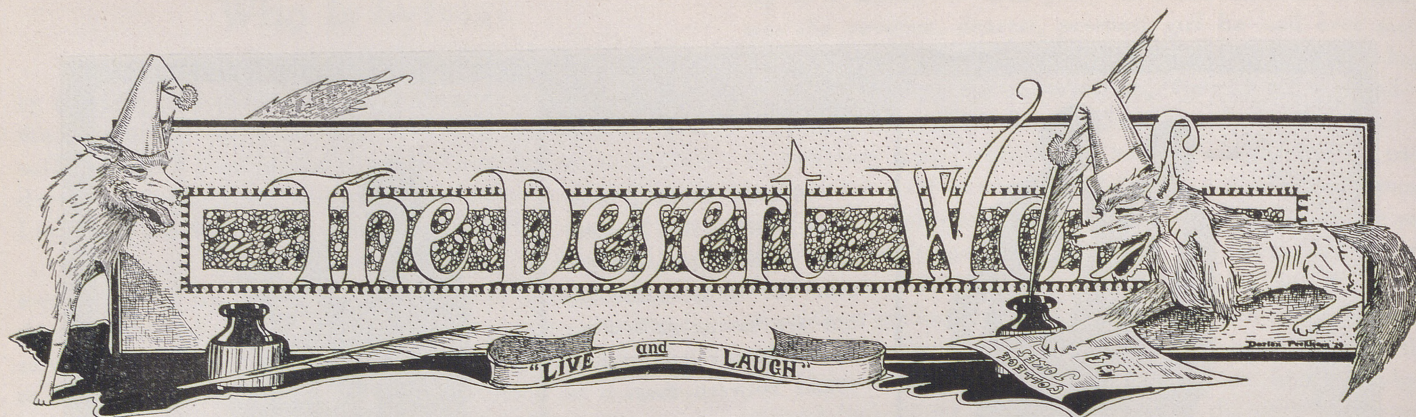


"Izzy" Loring demonstrates for the benefit of the "Wolf" photographer how it should be done, to the evident disapproval of "Sully," who declares, "You're not the least bit convincing, my dear!"



(Above) Five reasons why the University of Nevada registration is on the increase. Helen Hibbert, Katherine Davidson, Ethel Lunsford, Sue Bowman and Ruth Smith talking over the advantages of living on Virginia Street. "It's a booly-ward, don't you know?"





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## HOW HIGH IS UP?

Up they go, down they come.-----Women's skirts of course. But with every change in the scale of exposure, the tendency seems to be that the skirts shall fall just a little less in the downward extreme, and rise just a little higher in the upward extreme.

"It's just because they must have a change of fashion every so often," says the casual observer. He is mistaken. That is only part of the story. The short skirt fad is fundamentally one of woman's gestures of defiance in her struggle for freedom from the old conventions.

Not so long ago, the average male experienced a thrill at the mere sight of a shapely ankle. Today, he mingles in a world where the unmentionable "legs" of grandmother's day are exposed on every side, and he passes them without notice.

In her struggle for freedom, woman has lost her place in the sun. She is no longer the idolized mystery. She is simply a human being.

And that is well. Man has already begun to treat her as a human comrade instead of an interesting toy.

Like the movement for equal rights, short skirts are sensible, but of course there really must be a limit. It would hardly do for such a thing to be carried too far.

# TYPES OF COLLEGE WOMEN

[*From Lectures to Hard-Rock Miners.*]

By Marvin Robinson

Despite the fact that Sorority Sue undoubtedly has the jump on her sister pin-collector, the Barbarian co-ed, in many ways, the latter is not so far out in the rain as Sue would like to believe. In fact, the rain often falls on the wrong person.

When the two of them can be brought within judging distance at the same time, without serious injury to either, an assumption is at once made that they are but ordinary mortals after all. They both breathe normally, eat abnormally, and show signs of being afflicted with the same vanities, prejudices, and fondness for official fraternity emblems.

Under close observation, Sue seems to have developed a superiority complex, as the result of the "rushing" plague. This does not permit a congenial relationship with B. Co-ed except when in the midst of overpowering numbers, or before the Dean of Women. It is probably due to the fact that B. Co-ed often has a mind of her own which functions properly, and her refusal to develop an inferiority complex.

When separated, the two women obtain equally good results from their college education. While Sue is learning how to handle a slippery asparagus shoot, as nature provided, without allowing the unnecessary portion of the arm-act to act as an improvised drainage system, B. Co-ed is brushing up on the fine points in the art of getting the gravy that is across the table, half way down. Likewise, when the sorority sister is having a brain storm over whether or not it is proper to eat the lettuce that was served with the salad, her fuzzy-headed opponent is learning to order something less trying and more easily handled.

While the sorority houses furnish standing excuses for late nights, community love tales, plenty of practice on the proper way to smile sweetly at the most boring teas, and new methods to be used when writing father for more liberal insights into the family bank account, the larger dormitories and the private homes carry on a slightly different course of training. It is there that the lone woman learns to do second-story work after hours, pull taffy, handle a field glass and formulate a fabrication without undue and apparent consternation.

The sisterly love which Sue pays for the first of each month seems to be the basic foundation for the prevailing idea that the older and more experienced women of the noble and uplifting organizations can give invaluable assistance to the younger sisters on how to secure jeweled pins, dinner dates, and the greatest possible benefits from a moonlight watz.

According to a survey among fraternity men, however, these actions although delicately handled are purely instinctive, and do not require previous training either practical or theoretical. The two types of women, according to the survey, are approximately on a par in this respect.

Summing up the situation, the results show that S. Sue and B. Co-ed are both successful in that both of them become married happily forever after, or become presidents of N.S. (Non-Sense) societies in various parts of the land. The slight advantage that remains on the side of Sue is due to the fact that she can use her sorority pin to fasten the baby's jacket instead of the common safety variety.

## Sororities

### SCENE 1.

Imogene and Mamma thresh out the matter to their own satisfaction.

"Oh, see that crowd of girls, mother."

"That's a sorority, Imogene."

"What is a sorority, mother?"

"A feline club, my dear."

"Do they call them that because they have such respect for one another's feelings, mother?"

"Now Imogene, you are getting too catty with your questions. It's a rush and take game."

"When do they rush, and what do they take?"

"They rush whenever they can, and take what's left after the rush."

"What's the big idea?"

"It all depends on where they stand on the scholarship list, my dear, or just how badly in debt they are."

"Do girls pay to get in sororities?"

"Absolutely, Imogene. That's where the sororities get their house rent and funds for their rushing parties."

"It's a great game, isn't it, mother?"

"Indeed, dear, else how could they continue."

### SCENE 2.

"Are sorority girls nice girls?"

"Yes, daughter, they are the pick of the campus."

"Is that why they dig so well?"

"Imogene! what are you talking about?"

"Well mother, I heard that fellow across the street say that they were such good diggers."

"Don't jump out the window, dear, mother won't hurt you much."

### SCENE 3.

"Mother, who takes care of sorority girls?"

"The house-mother, dear."

"Was that a house-mother we saw in the library reading a book with her finger tips?"

"I guess so, Imogene."

"Are all house-mothers blind, mother?"

"Yes, and deaf too, dear. They chaperone the girls everywhere they go."

"Mother!"

"Yes, dear."

"Did those sorority girls who sat behind us in the theatre smoking cigarettes, have a house-mother with them?"

"Imogene, this will be quite a blow, but I only filled one barrel of the gun; so stand still. —By Whom.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Why are those sorority girls throwing stones?"

"Aw, they're just having their fling."

—Chaparral.

—Nevada Wolf—

Emperor Nero was considered pretty nasty;  
Benedict Arnold was a bad egg;  
But the Lord help a Theta man who dates a Pi Phi.



"How'd you sleep last night dearie?"

"Oh, lying down, as usual."

—Nevada Wolf—

Frosh: How do you get the girls to fall for you?

Sheik: Oh, I just sprinkle a little gin on my handkerchief and wave it around, careless like.

—Sagehen.

—Nevada Wolf—



"Lux against us," cried the Gold Dust Twins.





## The Clown Violinist.

*Clown, you're rather pitiful,  
Rather humorously sad;  
Dressed freakishly, you play  
As though a soul you had.*

*Throw off your ruffled collar,  
Remove that blackened wig----  
All sham which is hypocrisy----  
That careless, clownish rig.*

*And Still  
Careless, clownish rig it seems  
Expresses well our dress;  
We're playing quite another tune  
From that which we confess.*

*So clown, though rather pitiful,  
Though humorously sad,  
Play on, play on, we're much alike----  
We're all a little mad.*

—CAROL SMITH

---

## To a Dream

*O dream, ravager of antipathies,  
Ever welcome guest of sleep----  
First born of human nature  
Before convention became her son----  
With you there is no conflict,  
No struggling wants not won.*

*Thou, nightingale amongst the leaves,  
Are not as free as I who dream.  
Time, hunger, convention, compel you  
To move, to search, to scream  
With wrath for self expression.*

*I, bird, know none of these----  
These pests of consciousness;  
For I am dream, and so exclude  
These barriers which infect  
The soul with forced forgetfulness.*

*I am clothed in restful colors;  
Tranquility is my mood----  
Suppression, desire, pain to me seem  
Satisfaction, realization, relief----  
I know nothing I choose not to know,  
For I am dream.*

—CAROL SMITH.

## Two Men Are Crushed When They Mix In---

# THE BATTLE FOR PINS

by *Vernon Cantlon*

The two girls, petite, plump, brunette and not yet out of the adolescent stage, for the sixth time that morning splattered a few grams of rouge on their lips and cheeks. The whistle of the locomotive shrieked its greeting to the University town which we were just entering. The girls suddenly became excited. Between peeps out of the car window, they smeared the rouge on with hasty, desparate strokes. "Ah," I muttered, "the young things grow flustered. They approach the place which is to witness their making or vice-versa." From the description given me, these were certainly the two that I had been asked to watch. Yes, there could be no doubt about it. They must be Flora and Dora.

They were going to college; and why? Papa said they were doing it to get an education. Mama said they were doing it to become broadened, as in truth many girls have. But Flora and Dora had their own ideas. One could see that plainly by just watching their preliminary preparations. Yes indeed, Flora and Dora were going to college to give college a thrill. They were going to be charming to the professors, tempting to the boys, and "dearie" to the girls. Of course they would make a sorority. That was the first step in their plan.

They were not met at the station by groups of sorority "rushers." Of course not. Sororities have gone beyond such crude practices. But a Cadillac sedan was at the station (as I knew it would be), and in the Cadillac was my friend, Harry who slings a wicked line. Naturally the girls fell for Harry the minute he tipped his hat to them, and the way they welcomed that Cadillac, oh my! I slipped up, and Harry put me through the introduction act. "Yes," he proudly exclaimed, giving me the fraternal wink, "this is Flora and Dora. Climb in girls, and massage the cushions for a few blocks."

On the way to the University dormitory, we almost ran over a dimpled little creature which act Harry casually dismissed with: "To bad I missed. She's nothing but a Delta card." I caught the glance that Dora gave Flora, and I knew that Harry was doing his stuff. One sorority was already out of the running.

Now, let me explain. Harry and Larry (my name is Larry) were Nu Thi's and our frat. wanted to pledge a certain young athlete whose sister was a U Beta. Hence, Harry and I were appointed to rush Flora and Dora for the U Beta's. The U Beta's in turn promised to lend a hand, or something, in aiding our frat. to pin the button on the young athlete. Now you know all, so don't misjudge any acts committed by Harry and myself. Remember we weren't rushing these two sticky adolescents for the fun of it. Lord, no! It was all for the dear old frat.

So, hold your seats, and we'll go on to chapter two. After asking Flora and Dora for their date books, and almost filling them up, Harry and I dumped the young things at the dormitory with the promise to send up a couple of nice girls to aid in registration.

Five minutes later, I said to Harry: "Beautiful but dumb, eh? It's going to be like breaking rocks to drag them to all those dates, but somebody has to suffer for the cause; and if we get our man it will be worth it. But I wish they'd lay off that high school line. It irritates me like an attack of fleas."

"Yeah," agreed Harry, "it's tough, but they may pipe down a little if we pull the lover stuff. I always enjoy that more than the big brother gag."

I sighed wearily. "Where'll we take them this afternoon?"

"Harry thought a minute. "Let's see, now. Oh yes, sure, the insane asylum. That's the place!"

"Or the orphan's home," I suggested.

"No," objected Harry, "they may as well start growing up now. The asylum's the place.

When we reached our frat. house, our troubles started. "What's wrong with you eggs?" snarled the house president. "You were delegated to keep those two frosh women free from entangling alliances, and every sorority in the country is after them already."

"What!" we gasped in unison. "How do you know?"

"Easy," snorted our president. "Their first announcement at the dormitory was that they couldn't think of starting to register until they had had time to put on their rhinestone-heel shoes and their imported silk dresses. Of course the Hi Cri's heard about it at once. They held a special meeting, and decided that they needed new wall paper for their house, and that Flora's and Dora's papas were just the persons to pay the bill. The U Beta's swear we have gone back on our agreement, and threaten to let our young athlete go anything he wants except Nu Thi."

That was enough for Harry and I. We tuned up the old Cadillac, and headed for the dormitory. Half an hour latter Flora and Dora were tucked in, and we were off to visit the asylum. The adolescents were overflowing with high spirits. Already, they sensed the big hit that their rhinestone heels and imported rags were going to make in sorority circles. They sang clever songs, and cracked wise with stories from the latest College Humor.

I could see Harry was on the verge of an epileptic fit; so to save him I grabbed my jane, and started telling her how much I loved her, comparing her with everything from a canary to the singing waters of the Truckee, all of which soon caused a decided lull in the babbling. Pretty soon I

noticed Harry's responsibility oozing one arm around his neck. "Poor Harry," I thought, as I watched him carefully to see that he didn't fall asleep or toss the cuddling Dora out of the car. It sure was an awful price to pay for just one desirable frat. pledge.

In the next two miles, both Harry and I had promised to love Flora and Dora because they were different from other girls, etc. And before two more miles had been passed, we had heard their promise to live for our love, etc.

Suddenly, the horn tooted twice at nothing at all, and I knew this was the signal to start spouting off about sororities.

"Oh Harry," I shouted, "there goes one of your Rho Bi friends.

"Where?" he growled, frowning terribly.

"There," I cried, pointing to a sleepy mule in a nearby field. And the girls laughed. Lord, they were dumb! But I had to stoop to such tricks in order to appeal to their grade of intelligence, and I felt sure that the Rho Bi's row boat was sunk as far as Flora and Dora were concerned.

"Well," retorted Harry, "they're not half as bad as your Iota Bloats," and he pointed to a herd of gentle milk cows.

"Grief, but you boys are hard to please," giggled Flora; "who do you like, anyway?"

Harry's wink informed me that the time had come. "Now, I'll tell you girls," he said, assuming a grandfatherly air of wisdom, "since I've met you, I've lost interest in all the sisterhoods; but there's no doubt but what the U Beta's are the best bunch around here. They have the best house, date the best men, drag the best grades, and have the best times. If I had a sister, I'd knock her block off if she didn't go U Beta."

I felt a shudder in the region of Flora's second lumbar which meant: "Try and keep me from going U Beta."

Dora turned her blue eyes on Harry with that simple, trusting look of a maiden who wishes to say: "You know best, I'm sure, my dear."

I breathed a sigh of relief. Our work was done. We turned the cadillac around right there and took the girls home. The visit to the asylum was unnecessary after all.

That evening, Harry and I celebrated our success. We were given a vote of thanks by our frat. brothers, and managed to borrow ten dollars during the period of congratulations.

But alas, we had hoped to soon. I was just deciding whether I should arise with the headache I had next morning when Harry dashed into my room tearing his hair, and swearing like a co-ed.

"Look! look!" he shrieked, waving a piece of scented paper under my nose.

"Please," I objected; "you know I'm in no condition to bear such odors. Remember my stomach trouble."

"Read it!" shrieked Harry.

I did, and this is what it said:

"Dear Harry and Larry: We have decided to go Hi Cri. We were over to their house last night and had some of their delicious Orange Pekoe with red apples. They are our type, and we won't feel happy unless we do. We hope this don't make any difference because after all, all that

matters is our love; and all we want to join a sorority for is the distinction. We feel sure the Hi Cri's are the best for that. Sweetly, your Dora and Flora."

A few cold compresses brought Harry out of his epileptic spell, and he answered as follows:

"Dear wooden shoe sisters: Go whatever you please, and please don't bother me any more. I have worked to get you a U Beta bid and distinction, and for ten cents worth of red apples you would crawl like worms. I'm leaving for China Sunday, for I want to forget. Harry."

Of course, Harry didn't go to China. Instead, he and I took the girls out again that afternoon. It was a case of getting Flora and Dora for the U Beta's or being mobbed. Our frat. brothers simply refused to see we had done our best.

We scolded and lectured. Flora and Dora pleaded and wept. At last we were forced to make the great surrender. The two young things decided that they would be willing to give up being Hi Cri's if they could wear our frat. pins in addition to the U Beta brass. What else could we do? It was that or murder. They got the pins.

And now, for chapter three. What good did it all do? None whatsoever. Flora flunked out the next semester, and left school with my frat. pin.

The Nu Thi's pledged the young athlete who turned out to have a penitentiary record; and who was wanted in seven states for bigamy.

And worst of all, I lost the best friend I ever had. Harry, the poor fish, fell in love with Dumb Dora and they eloped.

All of which goes to show that when sororities fight for girls with rhinestone heels and imported dresses, the male of the species is wise if he stays away from the field of battle. He'll get the worst of it every time. Look at me. I've lost my frat. pin.

—Nevada Wolf—

#### ALPHABET SOUP

I says to her—(I read this gag not long ago)—

I says, "Say, Hon, what I wish I could do  
Is fix the alphabet, an' change it so

That 'I' would be 'long-side of 'U'."

And she says, "Al, spring something new.

Forget the alphabet 'til you can show

This hardboiled babe that it ain't true,

It's best for 'N' to be 'long-side of 'O'."

—Stewart Hall.

—Nevada Wolf—

#### GIRL FRIEND

Your optics cannot be compared to pools,

Your cheeks and roses are not quite the same,

You have not pearl-like teeth poetic fools

Acclaim.

Your hair is never called a golden knot,

Your voice is not like music, which is sad,

But never mind; I hear you're really not

So bad.



SPRING IS HERE.

—Nevada Wolf—

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

- Safety Pins.
- Clothes Pins.
- Sorority Pins.
- Fraternity Pins.
- Diamond Pins.
- Rolling Pins.
- Safety Pins.

—Maniac

—Nevada Wolf—

Sister Grace: Do you know that when I came back on the floor from sitting out with Bill last night, the house mother glared at me as if she thought I'd been necking.

Sister Edna: Goodness, what did you do?

Sister Grace: Why, I simply glared right back at her as if I hadn't.

—Sniper.



Sorority Pledge: Oh mother, those horrid boys with that bottle are waving at me. Isn't it terrible. (Under her breath): The damn fools, I told them my mother doesn't know I drink.

PI PHI BEATING FUDGE

Unruly wisps of hair about the forehead; cheek and jaws set strong as stone; arms firm, going in a circular movement; wrist taut, very taut, fingers stiff.

Plop, plop, plop scr---- plop, plop, plop.

More wisps of hair stealing out from the cap; little beads of sweat on the brow, now; eyes glistening slightly, determined; arms firmer, wrist tauter.

Plop-----a-plop-----a-plop, plop.

Whole tufts of hair out, wet now; beads turned to drops falling slowly; eyes hard and shining, jaws clenched fiercely; arm weaker, palm blistered.

Plop-----a-plop-----

Forrest Holdcamper

—Nevada Wolf—

PETTING A PARTY

There we sat in the back seat, she and I---alone! Naturally I started petting her, and she did not seem to object at all. In fact, I believe she rather enjoyed it. For the first time in my life I began to feel thrilled, thrilled at a mere bit of petting! But then, she had cost five thousand dollars and had won a blue ribbon in a Chicago dog show.

—Nevada Wolf—

DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

By what chance was this horrible choice forced on a charming girl?

The story defies belief. A member of one of the best sororities, seemingly with nothing to mar her happiness---- three times her room-mates, only a few days after sleeping with her, dashed, raging mad, out of the house and to the river.

Why----? What was the strange influence wielded by this girl which drove those three strong sisters to insanity and death after sleeping with her. She was expelled from the sorority of course, and the shame of it drove her to follow her sisters to the river. What was the terrible cause of her tragedy?

She ate crackers in bed.

—G.A.O.

ALL MIXED UP

It was indeed a sad mix-up, a complete, terrible mix-up. All night the old cook worried. The dawn came, but still no relief. In despair, she tried to make her tired brain puzzle things out. Suddenly a thought flashed in her mind, and a smile brightened her countenance. As if in a daze, she hastened to her kitchen. There lay the mix-up just as it had been the night before. "I have it," joyfully shouted the poor woman, "the bread dough!" (It really was terribly mixed up).

—Nevada Wolf—

"And you, my fine young man, are you on the honor roll?"

"Oh no, kind sir. I am an original thinker."



—Carol—

When better women are made, sororities will make them.



This little sorority pledge is Sister Sue Ethel Smudge. She has so many beautiful dresses, hats, shoes, etc. that the girls have taken her right to their hearts. Sue Ethel's ma and pa have just mortgaged the old farm in order to send her to college. They know she will be as popular as any girl there if she just has the clothes; and indeed she is.



And this modest little flower is Sister Loretta Mary Blinks. She loves to take long solitary walks, and let her spirit fly with the beauties of nature. Sometimes she even walks the entire length of fraternity row and back in a single morning-----a good ten blocks in all.

# George Jean Nathan

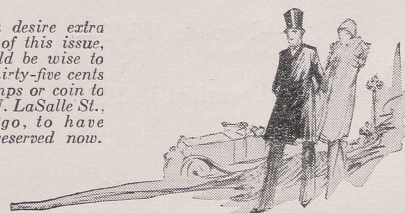
The feature of the next, the April issue, is the first of a series of articles by George Jean Nathan. It carries on a collaboration with H. L. Mencken, some years ago.

Very directly and with no chicanery whatever it lists a great number of different articles in the philosophical faith of the American people—ranging from the doctrine that the philoprogenitive instinct in rabbits is so intense that the alliance of two normal ones is productive of 265 offspring in one year, to the doctrine that if one puts a hair from a horse's tail into a bottle of alcohol it will in due time turn into a snake.

## The New American CREDO

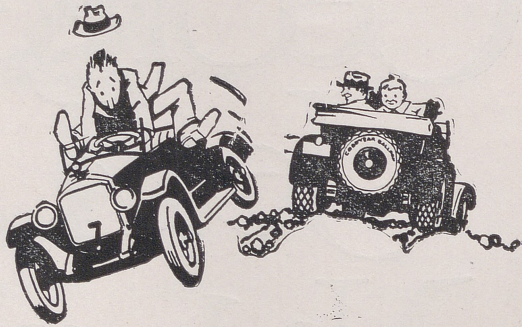
All of it done in the sparkling manner that has for so long a time been associated with that sparkling name, *George Jean Nathan!*

If you desire extra copies of this issue, it would be wise to send thirty-five cents in stamps or coin to 1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, to have them reserved now.



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Sorority Sister: What do you boys talk about at the fraternity houses?

Frat. Brother: The same things you girls do.

Sorority Sister: Why, you terrible boys.

—The Pup.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Won't you come into my parlor?"

Said the sweet Pi Beta Phi.

"I will, I will,----like hell I will,"

Said some fresh Phi Sig guy.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Do you know that Phi Sigma Kappa woman?"

"Where and for how long?"

—Nevada Wolf—

Once there was a beautiful Pi Phi, and not a Sigma Nu her.

—Nevada Wolf—

Grandmother: Johnny, I wouldn't slide down these stairs.

Johnny: Wouldn't. Hell, you couldn't.

—Black and Blue Jay.

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"Hooray," said the mosquito as he bit the Prince of Wales. "At last I have royal blood in my veins."

—The Golden Bull.

—Nevada Wolf—

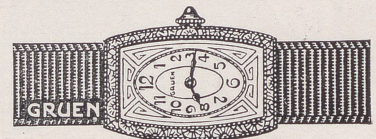
Why not give our Chesterfield a trial.—Mild but satisfying. Call between six and ten p.m.—Gamma Phi house.

—Nevada Wolf—

The Girl Friend: Are you going to do any studying this fall?

The Boy Friend: No, I thought I'd go away to school.

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**PEDESTRIANS**

Oh, I believed the moral things  
You used to preach to me;  
I heard your sermons every day  
With glee.  
By following your pure advice  
To be a careful miss,  
You said I'd find eternal peace  
And bliss.  
But since I've taken auto rides  
Your words I must disdain----  
I never, never will walk home  
Again.

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**DEATH WHERE IS THY STING**

Gamma Phi: A millionaire once owned this pearl neck-  
lace.

Pi Phi: What was his name?

Gamma Phi: Woolworth.      —Green Gander.

—Nevada Wolf—

**WONDER IF IT WAS A SPRING MATTRESS**

"Had a funny dream last night."

"Yeh?"

"Thought I was eating shredded wheat and when I woke  
up half the mattress was gone."

—Green Gander.

—Nevada Wolf—

**CINCH!**

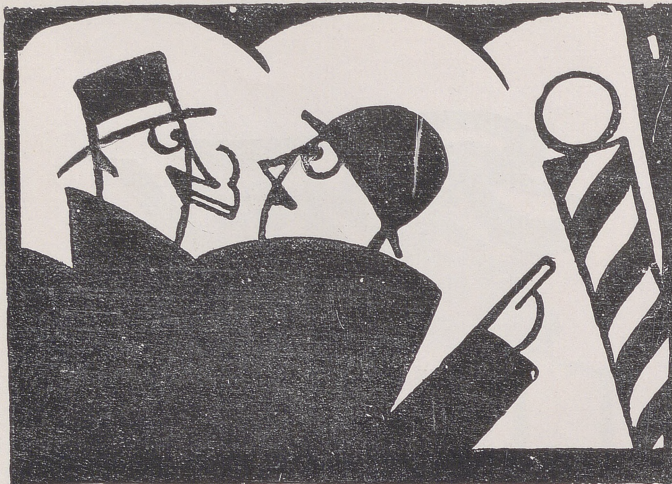
Frosh: What is the date, please?

Prof.: Never mind the date. The examination is more  
important.

Frosh: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on  
my paper.      —Juggler.

—Nevada Wolf—

Then next issue of the WOLF will be the Senior Num-  
ber. Watch for it.



**Barry:** "I've got the finest barber in the world but—"

**Moore:** "But—what?"

**Barry:** "But—well, if he'd only get on to LIFE SAVERS, I'd remember him in my will!"

VARSIITY WRESTLING

Sil: Oh, Jane's all right—she'll do in a pinch.

Lee: Yeah, but, man—give me Marge in a grapple.

—Colorado Dodo.

—Nevada Wolf—

The Theta house is down by the river.

Won't you drop in sometime?

—Nevada Wolf—

FULL MEASURE

"Is he very tight?"

"I should say he is! Why, once a week he boils his napkin and has soup."

The Date That Failed

We met one evening on the Strand,  
 Bewildering was the smile she'd plann'd,  
 She came to me with outstretched hand,  
 Saying she before had met me.  
 I noticed as she did advance  
 A charm in her coquettish glance—  
 To walk with her I'd take a chance,  
 And wondered if she'd let me.

Yes! starting off she chatted free;  
 Her style and manner suited me,  
 And I felt proud as proud could be  
 She looked so neat and dapper.  
 An Ice Cream parlour then we sought  
 And of the good things freely bought  
 I banished every sign or thought  
 That she might be a flapper.

We were alone upon the sand  
 Between the sea and solid land  
 And as I squeezed her neat gloved hand,  
 A feeling strange beset me.  
 I clasped her in a fond embrace  
 And gazed upon her angel face,  
 I knew it was the time and place  
 To hug her---if she'd let me.

The World was mine! I put to rout  
 All feelings with a shade of doubt,  
 And set my hand to think about  
 Some way that I might win her.  
 The early twilight hint I caught  
 With longing eyes her face I sought,  
 When in my mind there came a thought,  
 I'd take her out to dinner.

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And after that: the homeward way  
 I said with her I'd love to stray—  
 And timidly she said "You may,  
     But you might meet with danger."  
 I felt just like a blasted fool,  
 To find her manner turning cool  
 And thought she felt she'd broke the rule,  
     In flirting with a stranger.

We parted in the dim twilight,  
 One would have thought the scene was right,  
 But all I said was just "Good night,"  
     And longed again to meet 'er.  
 So handsome, so demure and tall,  
 I could have loved her, spring and fall,  
 As I have said—But Damn it all,  
     She lived at Manzanita.

—Nevada Wolf—

THE DREAMER

Endless creamy winding strands—  
     Puff-confetti gay—  
 Myriads of papery bits  
     Show'ring those who play.

The violins' ecstatic sway,—  
     Their supple rythms fall  
 Midst yon kaleidoscopic streams;  
     The spell of each o'er all.

I watch without, and gazing yearn  
     The more to be within;  
 May I through you, Dear Unknown Friend,  
     Be led to enter in.

—Lorette

—Nevada Wolf—

Busy House Mother: Run along now.  
 Sorority pledge: Where to?  
 House Mother: Oh, run after your nose..  
 Pledge: I could never run that fast.

When You Think of—

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 Cords, Sweaters, Shirts  
 or Any Kind of Haberdashery

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"An' he says to me, 'Say, Bud, wot college did ya come from?' And I looks kinda sneery like an' I says, 'Say, guy, do I look like a reg'lar bum?'"

—Nevada Wolf—

The way to avoid flunking is not to go to college.

—Satyr.

—Nevada Wolf—

He: Didn't I see you taking a tramp through the woods yesterday?

She: The idea! That was my father.

—Cougar's Paw.

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**HIS LAST DATE**

“Dear, let’s go to a movie tonight.”  
 “Don’t bother; mother and father are going.”  
 —Punch Bowl.

—Nevada Wolf—

If you can’t laugh at the jokes of the age, laugh at the  
 age of the jokes. —Satyr.

—Nevada Wolf—

Grace: I could live on music, dearie.  
 Effie: I could live on note meal, too. —Satyr.

**WHY I JOINED MY SORORITY**


I mingled with the sisters in the days when I was rushed; and half the time they stared at me, and half the time they gushed. I felt their gaze upon my ears, upon my slipper heels; I now know how the bearded dame in any circus feels. They chattered, and they smiled at me with teeth instead of eyes,—I stood my ground quite firmly in my sweet, refined disguise. I weighed each word upon my tongue and sucked its meaning well, that it should not incriminate, whene’r, at last, it fell.

I looked them over, also, and I wondered—would it be that I myself would ding them, or would they, instead, ding me? And did I like them better than the Sigma Rhos, pray tell? I thought so; for the Sigmas didn’t rate one-half so well. Or did I, then, prefer them to the girls of Beta Chi? Of course, for with the latter I myself did not get by! The Delta Mus would never do, for even in the dark their house could be mistaken for a crumbling Noah’s Ark.

But no one than the sisters seemed more prettily begowned; nor at the other houses were such snappy men around. Besides, I was a freshman, not immune to soft appeals, and a canny maiden hinted of her order’s high ideals.

’Mid rosy smiles and scented words with all the girls I prattled; and cool and catty underneath, we measured and we battled. At length I got sick of it, I didn’t give a damn; but anyhow, I grabbed the bid—and here, you see, I am! —Pelican.

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Sigma: There goes one of those crowbar girls.

Phi: Whatcha mean, crowbar girls?

Sigma: Her face is nothing to crow about, and she won't bar anything. —Ex.

—Nevada Wolf—

I thought Alan was going to bring that Miss Connor to the game.

He was, but she turned out to be a flat tire, and he didn't have any jack.

—Princeton Tiger.

Popper: Vot I can do, mama, to help you mit der dinner?

Mommer: Beat some eggs.

Popper: But I don't vant to take der trouble.

Mommer: Oh, dot's all right. Take der egg beater instead.

—Nevada Wolf—

Delta: Will you be good if I kiss you?

Sigma: Do you think I'm a miracle man?

My idea of a clever woman is one who can chew a wad of Le Page's glue with false teeth and not make a sucking sound.

—Pelican.

—Nevada Wolf—

We note good taste in "Piggy" Jones,

The glutton of his frat.

Whenever "Piggy" takes his feed he wears a rooter's hat.

—Pelican.

Half: How does it come that there is never any cream on top of your milk?

Pint: Well, you see, we fill our bottls so full that there's no room left for the cream.

—Punch Bowl.

—Nevada Wolf—

"I'll see you on the boat," said Noah as the flood started.

—Satyr.

—Nevada Wolf—

Then next issue of the WOLF will be the Senior Number. Watch for it.

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Little Girl: My, what a pretty baby.  
How old is it?

Mother: Two months.

L. G.: Is it your youngest?

—Nevada Wolf—

Kappa: And you say you pledged  
Mary?

Pify: Yes.

Kappa: Why, really—I had no  
idea she had a fur coat!

—Satyr.

—Nevada Wolf—

That dun.best feeling—To catch a  
stranger in town kissing a girl you've  
been trying to kiss for six months.

—Masquerader.

—Nevada Wolf—

Oh well, we're all cremated equal.

—Nevada Wolf—

Sweet Young She: I hate you; and  
besides, you're lantern-jawed.

He: You're not so dim yourself;  
your nose shines.

—Chaparral

Allan: I saw a dog flying yester-  
day.

'Lizabeth: Liar.

Allan: It was a bird dog.

—Satyr.

Jonah (inside the whale): I wish  
I'd brought my camera along. No-  
body'll believe this.

—Ex.

## ECONOMY

A Scotsman was leaving on a business trip, and he  
called back as he was leaving:

"Good-by all; and dinna forget to tak' little Donal's  
glasses off when he isna' lookin' at anything."

—Everybody's.

—Nevada Wolf—

Then next issue of the WOLF will be the Senior Num-  
ber. Watch for it.

—Nevada Wolf—

She: You brute, you have broken my heart.

Him: Thank God! I thought it was a rib. —Burr.

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2. Mix ketchup with all pie and vegetables. Take large practice doses of castor oil.
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4. Practice instantaneous rhyming.
5. Tell a few policemen what you really think of the force.
6. Go to the movies until you can see anything without laughing.
7. Get accustomed to:
  - Shining shoes.
  - Carrying cigars, cigarettes and matches.
  - Saying "Sir."
  - Pressing clothes.
  - Stealing signs, cats and women's apparel.
8. Sleep on a plank.

If you do this faithfully for a whole summer, then you may survive the fraternity initiation.

—Ohio Sun Dial.

Rolling bones make Jack a poor boy.

—V. M. I. Sniper.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Stop it!" shouted the girl as her sweetie was about to hit a post. —Witt.

"Don't you speak to him any more?"  
"No," replied the scholarly girl. "Whenever I pass him I give him the geological survey."

"Geological survey?"

"Yes, that's what's commonly known as the stony stare."

—N. Y. Medley.

—Nevada Wolf—

Cleo: What sort of a girl is she?

Pat: Positively hopeless, my dear. She's only been engaged four times and she's already contemplating marriage.

—California Pelican.

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He: I'm poor, but poverty is no disgrace.  
She: No, but that's about the only thing that can be  
said in its favor. —Drexerd.

—Nevada Wolf—

Catherine: Have you ever been painttd in oil?  
Louise: Heavens, no. How do you get it off at night?  
—Notre Dame Juggler.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Yeh, I like women all right; but like toast and coffee,  
I'll be damned if I like them cold!"  
—Wisconsin Octopus.

"Won't you stay for lunch, Tom?"  
"No, thanks. I'm too hungry."

—Pitt Panther.

—Nevada Wolf—

Drex: Please run upstairs and get my watch.  
Erd: Oh, wait and it will run down.

—Nevada Wolf—

My woman wants to dance with A Scotchman. She's  
been wondering if they're close dancers.  
—Brown Jug.

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"Where," said she.

Something must be done about this sort of thing.

—Sagehen.

—Nevada Wolf—

Moe: That sorority woman has no brains.

Joe: With her build, she doesn't need any. —Columbia Jester.

—Nevada Wolf—

"Say, Diogenes, why the lantern?"  
"I never trust these Greek women in the dark."  
—Chaparral.

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