

nevada

HIC!

desert wols

HIC!



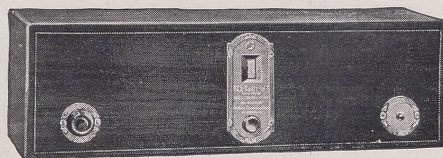
yuletide
greetings



“WHERE THE DESERT BEGINS”

By ANNA A. HILLS
of LAGUNITAS, CALIF.

The New Radiola Electric No. 17



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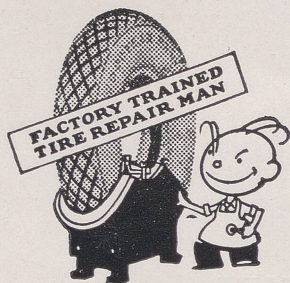
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MYSTERY

- Lonely night—
- Stars—
- The house
- Silent—oppressive—
- Shadowy stairs—
- Muffled sounds—
- Smoke—
- Dare I enter?
- One step—
- Two steps—
- The knob is turned—
- Close, hazy room—
- Dim forms—
- Friends—Talk—
- A bull session !!

He who reads the Bible—Why was
business so bad in the days of Daniel?

He who does not—I'll bite, why?

H. W. R. T. B.—Because the
lions ate up all the prophets.—*Bucca-
neer.*

The Nevada Desert Wolf

Box 9186 University Station
Office Phone 1813W
Reno, Nevada

Published in
OCTOBER, DECEMBER,
FEBRUARY AND APRIL

by the
ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF
NEVADA

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PRICE PER COPY 30c
PER YEAR \$1.20

*Advertising rates submitted on
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GEOGRAPHY

My girl has just had her appendix removed.
Two: Do you think you'll recognize her?
—*Jack-O-Lantern.*

HEY! HEY!

Her poise couldn't be shaken, but when she danced
everything else was.—*Spanker.*

SO INVIGORATING

Youth: And when the car turned over, I lay on the
ground all night before I was taken away.
Maid: Oh, how nice! I just adore sleeping out.

SOUR GRAPES

Delighted Daddy: What'll we call it?
Moderate Mama: Quits.

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*Watch!!!!
"The Nevada
Desert Wolf"*

Plans are being
formulated for
the nucleus of
a fund—

Who can tell???

*Watch!!!!
"The U. of N.
Sage Brush"*

"Time brings all
things"; maybe
it will bring
that Students'
Union Building.

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You'll like P.A.- and how!

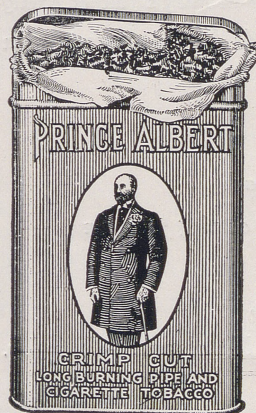


OPEN a tidy red tin of Prince Albert and give your olfactory nerve a treat. Never have you met an aroma that had so much come-and-get-it. Some fragrance, Fellows. And that's just a starter. Load up and light up. . . .

Cool as final exams. Sweet as passing. Mild as *cafe au lait* — mild, but with that rich, full-bodied flavor that bangs your smoke-gong right on the nose on every fire-up. You'll like this long-burning Prince Albert in the bowl of a pipe. And how!

One of the first things you notice about P. A. is that it never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how wide you open the smoke-throttle. It is one tobacco that never wears out its welcome. You can stoke and smoke to your heart's content, with P. A. for packing. Get some Prince Albert now and get going!

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PRINCE ALBERT

— the national joy smoke!



NEVADA VARSITY

Before the February issue of the Wolf is off the press our basketball season will be well under way so we want to plead—"Back the Pack" and help them through the season to cop the Conference Championship. At the same time we wish to voice another plea—"Patronize Our Advertizers." They are university backers so back them the same as you will "Back the Pack."

Come On Bunch - Let's Go

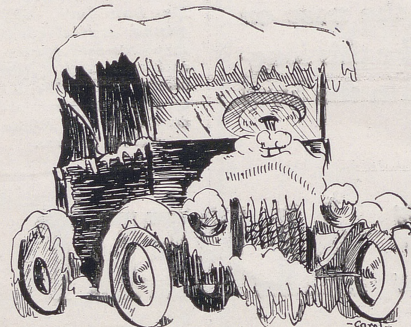
DETOUR

*The country's full of pretty girls,
As beauty contests seem to show
Brunettes and blondes in bob or curls,
The country's full of pretty girls.
But fiction's false when fact unfurls
The mess of women that I know.
The country's full of pretty girls,
As beauty contests seem to show.*

"Hast heard the latest about Maple?"
"Nope, spring it."
"She rolls her socks."
"Well?"
"Everywhere she goes, all the birds eye Maple."

There was a young lady named Jeppins
Who purchased a pair of blue step-ins.
While dressing she tripped,
Her garments she ripped;
For she's made a misstep in her step-ins.—*Lyre.*

*Hark, Hark,
The cars do park
The boys are coming to town
Some on jags,
Some for fags,
And all to act like clowns.—Blue Jay.*



Weight for the New Ford

OLD VERSION

*He who courts and runs away
Lives to court another day.*

NEW VERSION

*He who courts and does not wed
Has to come to court instead.*



Lord Howie Croons says: There is many a Hic 'Twixt the Cup and the Hip!

THE TOUCHDOWN

The shaucous mob sat stersely tense
and bulkishly comprest,
Inflexing unifactumly
Upon the team perplest.

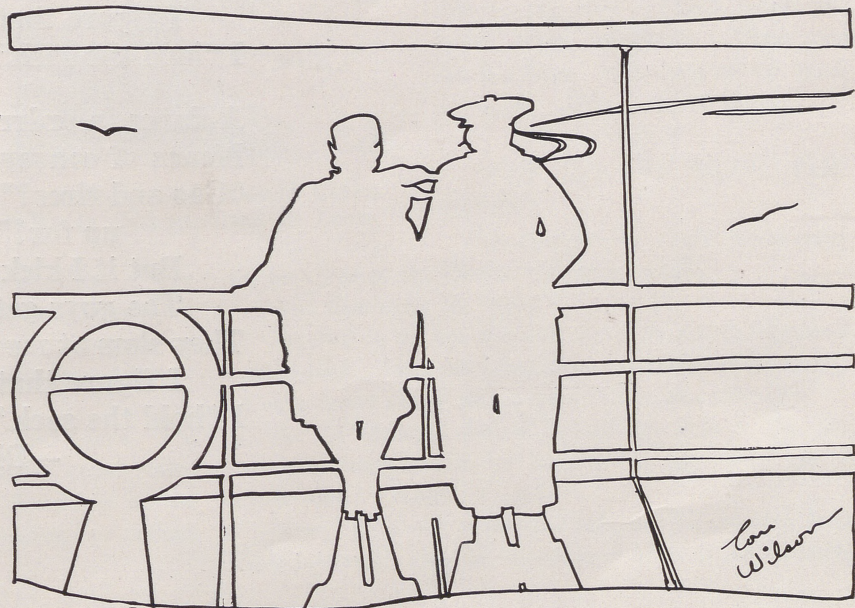
One swatt a waddy lady's head
And squoxt her bonnet plat
As from the blumble 'bout the ball
The captain braze uprat.

He clenched the ball! He swerdled
fre!
He diggled down thru nine!
With ease he snucked the snibbling foe.
Popwarnered o'er the line!

Studenten in a merry mawl
Went serping thru the glome,
And jowd alumnae, crowsy blunk,
Ostently swavered home.

—Pelican.

Travel Is So
Broadening,
My Dear!





Holding the Sack



ONLY time I'm not a "cuss"
Is when I have my jitney bus,
I'm popular, "you bet"—I guess
I get by big
I'm not a mess.

As long as I have my old hack
I figure that
I "hold the sack."

My gas bill is a meager thing,
When fellows want to have a "bing"
They buy the gin—but I pitch in
By cranking up
The good old tin.

To run that thing sure costs the "jack."
I figure that
I "hold the sack."

A dance in order at the lodge,
Means of conveyance—my old Dodge.
"Gas and tires?"—"Whadja bring that
up for?"

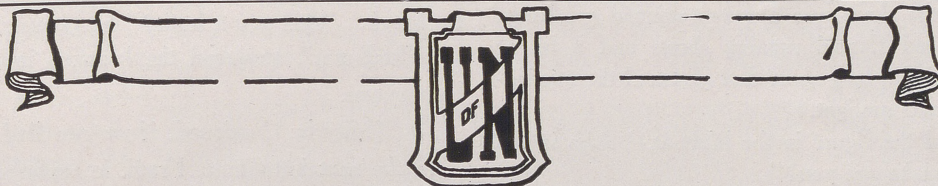
But if I kick
The guys get sore.
They slam at me a dirty crack
I figure that
I "hold the sack."

—Dick Hillman.

Nevada Desert Wolf

VOLUME V.

NUMBER 2



Kaunakaki No Ka Oi

or There Is No Place Like Home

By HAROLD COFFIN



FRANK Merriwell, a fine manly lad of seventeen summers (and several hard winters), saves the old family homestead for his poor old widowed mother by paying off the mortgage held by the unscrupulous village banker.

Being a smart young fellow with an inventive brain, Frank outwits the village shylock with the use of fictitious names on his checks. The chief-of-police is a dull fellow, lacking a sense of humor, and so he orders the poor but honest Frank to leave town.

Our hero is a sensitive lad, and deeply hurt at the chief's unfriendly attitude, he sets sail on the good ship Maui for dear old Hawaii nei (as she is called). His steamer ticket he purchases with the pennies he quietly takes from his baby sister's bank and the money he secures by selling his grandmother's overcoat to a prominent business man named Cohen.

On the steamer Frank meets a girl named Clara. He is disappointed in love. The disappointment comes when he discovers that Clara, whom he had thought to be the daughter of a rich pineapple planter, is penniless—a college co-ed.



“—Meets a Girl Named Clara.
He Is Disappointed in Love.”

Young Merriwell decides to end it all. In the middle of the night, when the steamer is five days out from San Francisco, he stealthily lowers a life-boat. Arming himself with a pair of water-wings, our hero jumps in the little boat and pushes away from the Maui. He is alone on the sea, at the mercy of an angry ocean.

A sudden storm comes up. Mountainous waves toss the little boat around like an egg shell. Frank drops the water wings overboard. They were his last hope. The fury of the storm increases. What will he do?

* * *

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

To describe his plight figuratively,

our hero was up the Pacific without a paddle.

And then came the dawn.

Perched on the top of a high wave, the manly Merriwell sighted land. He rowed furiously, hoping to be shipwrecked on a desert island with a tribe of Kanaka hula girls.

As the life-boat dashed through the surf to the long stretch of sandy beach, our hero saw a sign tacked up on a palm tree. “Kapu” it read.

Now Frank was a studious lad, and he recalled from Prof. Gottardi's class in Hawaiian 3 at dear old Nevada,



THE NEVADA DESERT WOLF



that "Kapu" meant "keep out."

Light dawned on our hero. This was Molokai—the leper island.

Standing on the shore was a brown-skinned gentleman scantily clad in red flannel running shorts and a lei of flowers. He carried a long spear that glistened threateningly in the early island sunlight.

He challenged the figure in the lifeboat, "Who in the name of Kamehameha are you?"

"Why, I am Frank Merriwell," shouted our hero, "a fine, manly lad of seventeen summers."

A huge wave swept the boat up on the beach, and

Frank was marooned on Molokai, the Lonely Island—the land of the living dead.

With fear in his heart, Frank addressed the man on the beach. "Are you a leper?" he gasped.

"Hell no," answered the bronzed individual. "I'm a Republican."

(May be Continued, if we can find Coffin)

In the next installment Frank is captured by a band of wandering wahines, and meets Hula Nui. He also meets Elmer G. McPherson. Elmer descended from the missionaries. He is still descending.

U



N

Landscape Scene

Linoleum Block

A MYSTERY---SOLVED

An Adventure of Turlock Bones, *By James Lowers*

THE great detective sat in a morris chair in front of the roaring fire, puffing vigorously at a pipe, the bowl of which was as large as the ordinary soup tureen. His

heavy eyebrows were contracted in thought. The bell rang and the footsteps of the landlady could be heard as she moved toward the door.

"Ah Botson, a case!" exclaimed Bones as he reached for his hypodermic needle.

"Marvelous!" I returned, "How do you divine it?" Before he could answer, the door opened and the landlady announced: "A gentleman to see you, Mr. Bones." He was a young man of about twenty-three. As he stood framed in the doorway he appeared not sure of himself. In what dilemma could the poor fellow be?

"I beg our pardon, sir," he began, "My name is—"

"Wait—wait! Let me tell you about yourself." A confident smile lit up the sharp features of the famous criminologist and he leaned back in his armchair, placing his hands behind his head. "You haven't been out long, have you?" Holmes said it as tactfully as possible.

"But—" interrupted the young man.

"Tut, tut, my boy. Professional discretion will keep your secret safe with me. I noticed as you walked in the door that you had that unmistakable limp of the ex-convict who has had a ball and chain locked to his ankle. Also you have that vacant, listless stare which comes only to one who has spent many days behind bars."

"Mr. Bones—" entreated the poor fellow, "I—"
"And I know you have led a dissolute life, despite your tender years. That red marks on the bridge of your

at the last straw: "But the limp, the limp!" he screamed. nose tells me that you have quaffed many a glass of port or sherry. Also I notice a blood stain on your shirt front, which, together with the scratches on your chin, prove that you have recently been in some kind of brawl. Finally,—"

"Just one word! Please, Mr. Bones." The youth was almost in tears. "I'm a college student! I have never been in jail! I have not been in any brawl!"

I had never before seen Bones flabbergasted. "But my deductions never fail—they're infallible!"

"Sir," continued the student, "That mark on the bridge of my nose simply means that I wear glasses. If I have a pale, dissipated look it is because I have been boning for an exam in Metallurgy all week. And that listless stare comes from the lecture room. As for the cuts on my chin, I was almost late for my 7:45 this morning and had to shave in a hurry. Those "blood stains" on my shirt—well, I do indulge occasionally."

Bones was beaten, but like a drowning man he clutched

"I broke in a pair of oxfords at the Soph Hop Saturday night. That's all. I simply came up here to see if you would be interested in subscribing to our campus publication, not to be insulted by your inferences."

"My Gawd!" faltered the internationally-known sleuth, "Botson, the needle!"



Duet for 'Cello and Piccolo

By EDWIN DUERR

I. HE HAS TO GO HOME
Now's the time we must untangle
Loving lips and arms,
And assume a proper angle
Safe from social harms.

Dash your tiny nose with powder
While I part my hair,
So that gossip is no louder
Than we two can bear.

Love's in need of epitaphing
In a public place,
So I'll terminate with laughing
Loudly in your face.

II. SHE PIPES OFF
It's little I shall care, my love,
If you decapitate the night
Of several hours. The mellow light
From moon and stars will shine above

Without me, serving as the theme
For all your twice-told theories
Which somehow did not always please
My flippanant heart. So let me dream

These extra hours the while you keep
Another damsel from her bed
With porch step chatter. I'm near dead,
For goodness knows, I need the sleep!

III. HE GETS SORE
Should you go with toss of head
Little will I cry or care;
Someone else will come instead,
Someone just as fair.

One love less is one love more.
If you thumb your nose and go
Others girls will try my door.
That is life, you know.

Go as Lot's wife should have gone,
With your eyes ahead, I mean,
Lest my faithless goings on
Turn you envy green.



IV. SHE'S NOT "CHICKEN"
Shall I say it never mattered,
Say it loudly so it shocks,
Now our love's serenely splattered
On the rocks?

Let the past be only ashes,
I'll survey the residue
Minus flickers of my lashes;
So should you.

No use weeping when I sever
What I was from what I am;
All your caveman wiles were never
Worth a damn!

V. HE HITS BELOW THE BELT
I need not wonder, some years hence,
What luscious subleties of yours
Enticed my flimsy innocence
To thinking love endures.

I need not wait till age begins
To wrinkle, purpling every vein,
And decorating you with chins,
To doubt if I were sane.

I shan't regret my lover's vow
Upon attending time's slow school
Of revelation, for right now
I'm thinking I'm a fool!

VI. SHE BOILS OVER
After trying every manly pose
And adorning me with curses;
After stammering you could compose
Much the better verses;

After slapping both my crimson cheeks
And displaying half your tongue;
After emphasizing, now, for weeks,
What I haven't done;

After giving me your lip and hand
Night and day from nine to seven;
After promising, you've kept it and
Left me, thank heaven!

VII. HE RAVES ON
Other men have chided me
More than once, it's true,
When I've sworn nothing born
Ever equalled you.

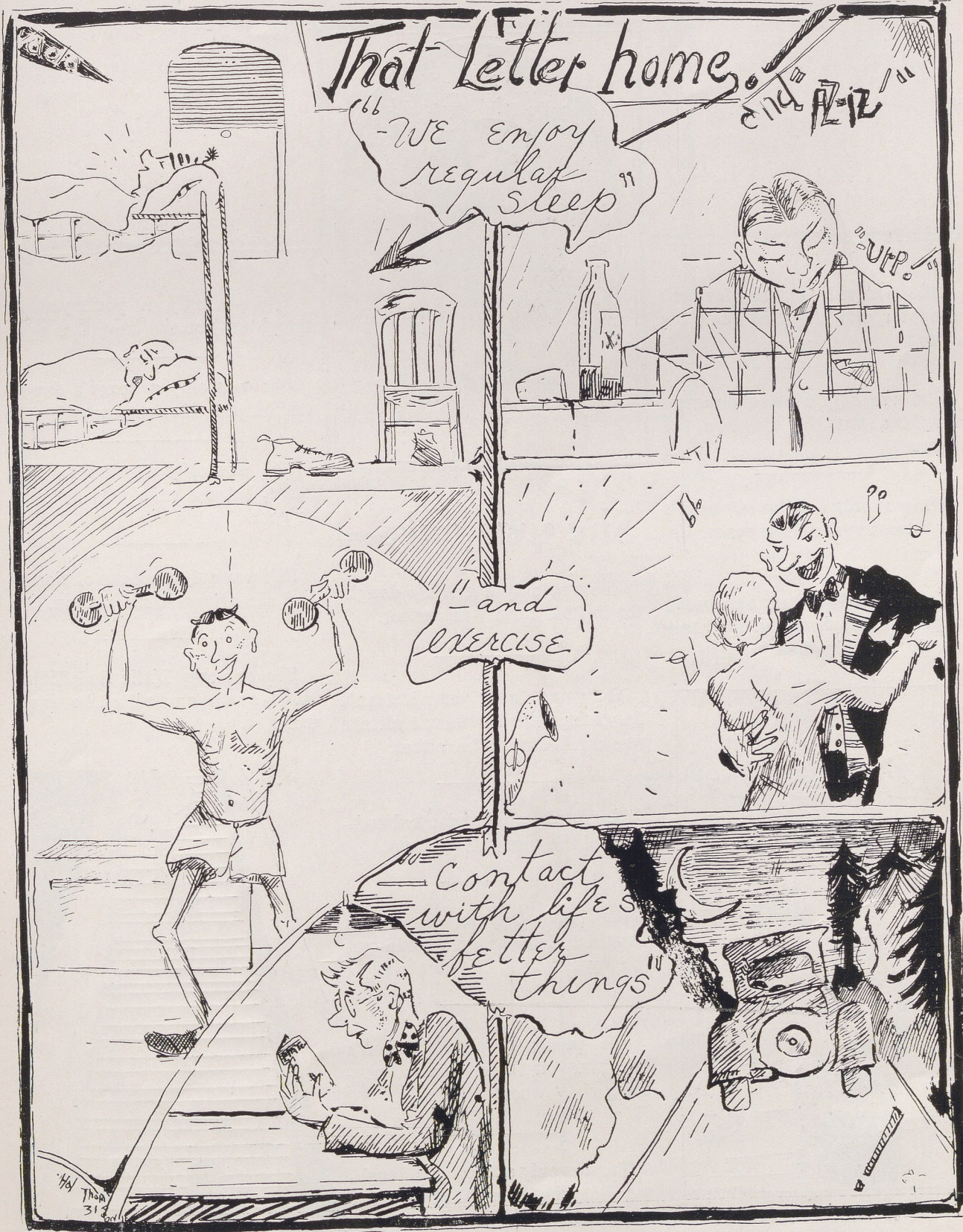
Other loves than you they say
Merit my acclaim
In a world aptly girdled
For the marriage game.

Otherwise than wise was I,
Much to their delight,
But today I can say
They were rather right.

VIII. SHE ENDS WITH A BANG
You may as well be stuffing
Your ears with cotton, love,
For talk's compounded of
Ingredients for bluffing.

You may as well be closing
Your eyes when I'm about,
Because without a doubt
I'm rather fond of posing.

You may as well be knowing
I've practised some on you
Until I've learned to woo,
And now I'll end by going!





She was only a truck-farmer's daughter, but she sure knew her onions.

She was only a street-cleaner's daughter, but she did love the horses.

She was only a collar-salesman's daughter, but she knew necks.

She was only a ham and bacon magnate's daughter, but she knew the old pig skin-game.



A Water C'ress

She was only—

She was only a golfer's daughter but her form was perfect.

She was only an iceman's daughter, and she wasn't all she was cracked up to be, either.

She's only a politician's daughter, but she sure gets my vote.

She was only a file-clerk's daughter, but she sure could put it away!

She was only a lumberman's daughter but there wasn't anything she "woodn't" do.

She was only a fireman's daughter, but she sure filled out her hose.

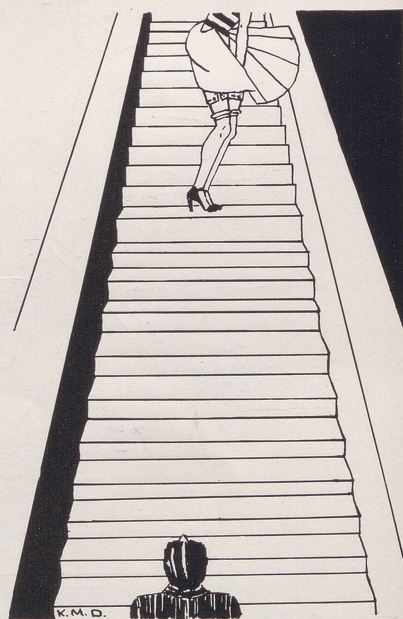
She was only a poultry-man's daughter, but she knew her eggs.

She was only a boxer's daughter, but she sure got around.

She was only a sailor's sweetheart, but she knew why he listed to port.

She was only the dean of women and she always wore chiffon.

She was only Little Red Riding Hood, and she admitted he was a wolf.



The Man With the Upturned Face



Reflections on a Sleeping Beauty

*The legend sleeps, but thank God! only sleeps,
For I have seen her stir, and breathe, and smile.
Romance in that still form a vigil keeps,
And shall ride forth again! A little while,*

*Oh, just a little longer, patient dreamer!
Before your small eternity has grown
By one long quivering breath—gentle schemer
Shall follow where the hawk alone has flown,*

*Draw nigh your castle walls, and sing the gates
Wide open! Before your lips have closed
Over the sigh your dreaming agitates,
Lips as true as yours, as deeply rosed,*

*Shall wake you with the eternal, thrilling kiss
That starts the world off at every birth,
That promises each dawn more gold than this,—
That pregnates God with God, and Earth with Earth!*

WITHOUT YOU

*Without you, dear,
Life falls in little bits
Apart.
The sun shines?
What matters it?
Nor moon, nor stars
Can wake me from
This sleep—
Make me want
To love again
Or live
For—what?*

—CAROL

CAVALCADES

*Cavalcades,
Crushing me under,
World's music fades
Tearing asunder.
I love the sound
Of cavalcades.*

*Horses and riders,
I am afoot,
When glory parades
To laughter mute,
I'll cherish the sound
Of cavalcades.*

—E. R.



“For the strength of the pack is the wolf”



Subscription Price:

\$1.20 Per Year—30c Per Copy
 “Entered as second-class matter October 28, 1923, at the Post Office at Reno, Nevada, under Act of March 3, 1897.” “Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized.”

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The Nevada DESERT WOLF

Volume V

Number 2

PUBLISHED IN OCTOBER, DECEMBER, FEBRUARY AND APRIL
 DECEMBER 15, 1927

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EFFIGY

School spirit! The phrase reeks with sentimentality! But methods of insilling school spirit don't reek with sentiment. The resounding thwack of a paddle bears thoughts neither of love nor of veneration for the recalcitrant, up-ended, erring freshman. It is one of the warped ideas of a younger generation—now grown old—that love of Alma Mater can be ponded into the yearling's head by thumping him on the other end. We don't get the connection.

Page Fourteen

But the freshman is supposed to get the point. He gets a beating whether or not he gets the point.

We've seen freshmen and freshmen and freshmen paddled—seen paddles broken, faces red with pain—heard oaths and curses from white lips—seen groups of college “women” crowding windows to glimpse a fellow's pain and mortification. All in the process of moulding “spirit.”

Is college a hangout for young thugs, where they may wreak personal vengeance on others rated



ing number comes the youth of Nevada, hearkening to the inner voice that proclaims "Wisdom is Strength, Knowledge is Power."

LEGS AND CO-EDS

Bare legs and co-eds shouldn't mix, we are told. An undercurrent of lively comment on these two subjects leads us to believe that the topics would be popular if we mentioned them in relation to each other.

Here is a bit of campus opinion.

We don't believe that our morals have been undermined by viewing a co-ed's unclad leg—and we've seen a few. Heaven protect us! We don't believe that elimination of hose from the young lady's wardrobe will start her down the path toward eternal damnation. Nor does the absence of chiffon or silk lower our regard or respect for her. Further, the mere sight of God-given beauty doesn't crowd our mind with vile thoughts.

If that is the viewpoint, we might correct a mistaken impression. General opinion is this: After the first glance of curiosity, those horned beings—*men*—find less attraction in a bare limb than in one silken-clad. (Suggested rule No. 999: All women shall be required to wear two pairs of woolen stockings.)

Furthermore, it is a poor rule that lacks consistency. Is it consistent to require hose on the legitimate stage, then to allow naked-legged women to parade before an assembly of fellow-students as part of a university entertainment? If legs are immoral, should we protect strangers and corrupt ourselves? And were we corrupted?

below them because of class standing? Or is college an institution to develop intellect, further a highly-developed civilization?

Back to the whipping-post, the stocks, the ducking-stool, the stake! The days of witchcraft, superstition, intolerance! All relics of an age of Fear.

And paddling has survived!

SALARIES

"I think the President would resign if his salary were cut a dollar," was the statement made recently in a student assembly.

No! Ten times no! We don't believe President Clark would resign if his salary were cut a dollar, or many dollars. Not that he wouldn't be justified, if the cut were a material one.

Dr. Clark is not here merely because of dollars and cents. The President is a Nevadan in spirit—a loyal Nevadan—with heart and soul working toward the betterment of nearly a thousand university men and women who implicitly trust him to guide them through the college period.

A comrade—a friend and counselor—students may find in Dr. Clark if they choose. Those who choose to seek guidance realize that the saving of a relatively small amount of money by the state never could justify the loss of the man.

Few people realize that the profession of education is one that rarely receives just compensation when the vast amount of preparation is taken into consideration.

We say to those who would be economical: Go elsewhere to start budget-cutting. Yearly the roll-call grows. Soon the Nine Hundred will be the First Thousand. From the rural communities in increas-



Harold Coffin
Dan McKnight

Don Harvey Bell
Edwin Duerr

Katherine Davidson
Helen Riegger

Alice Thomas
Herb Jacobs



MONOLOGUE OF A CAMPUS
CELEBRITY

Howzit. 'Lo. Hi. Oh-oh-look-athaneubroad. Hi, fellas. Yoo-hoo, Marje. Greetings. Gotchabiblefrosh? Lesseeitthen! Wunner'f Phil finished muh mathyet. Maybe's in tha libe. Guess'llgoin. Nodammitforgotmuh-blockNswaters'mornin'. Damthat-cleanerannahow. Howz ee 'spect fella tahrate thoutasweatuh. Hi, John. Hi, fellas. Don'tcha nevugettired leanin 'nnabridge? Gotta cijaret, Hymie? Nawcan'tstopnow—gottacall upbout date fotunite. Hi, Mabel. Wellguess 'llbegoin'. Yo, fellas. Good morning, prof.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

I hilariously kicked up sprays of snow as I strode along. Wonderful weather, this! The ground was freshly white and large flakes settled lazily to add to the beautiful thick bed.

I was going to see the girl friend. She did not know it but that was to be her pleasant surprise. She would enjoy snuggling before the fireplace with me tonight. Thank heavens she would not care to go to a show or dance because of the snow. Good old snow!



What's Wrong with This Frosh?



A Fishing Smack

I ran up the steps and rang. Ethel, the kid's sister, came to the door.

"I been waitin' for you," she announced. "Jean told me to tell you if you called tonight that she had gone to a show and dance with Tommy Wickfield."

I trudged back through the ice and slush. Damned rotten weather, this!

—LENARD SLEDGE.

REGRET

*I can't sing
Of the Birds in the Trees,
Of late November Nights, of
Seashore breezes, that
Lull one to sleep;
I can't sing
Of maidens fair, hating loving
Stalked to their lair,
By—someone.
I can't sing
Of the raid on their hearts;
The realizations; the gallant parts
Played by all.
I can't sing
Of moonlight nights;
I can't sing
Of all these things, because
I can't sing.*

—WILLIAM STEVENS, JR.

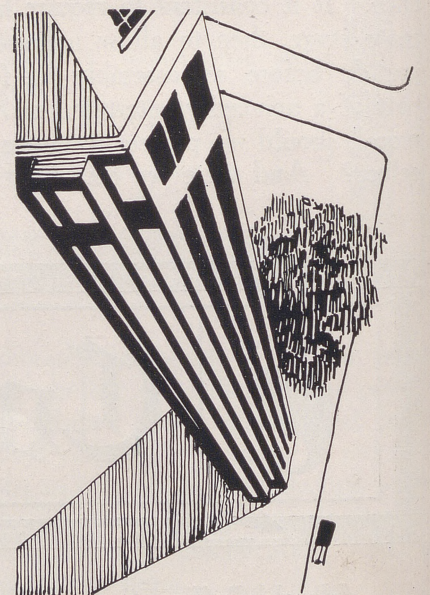
DESERTER

The man moved stealthily toward the door. Under his arm he had a poor, homeless waif. He listened cautiously for sounds within. The little creature under his arm uttered a weak cry. He cruelly clapped his hand over its mouth and muttered a low curse. Again he listened intently, then carefully placed the poor orphan on the doorstep and with a "good-bye kid" he hurried away. The door opened slowly and a feminine voice cried out in alarm. She reached for the note that hung from its little neck. It read: Love from the Sigma Nus. The little goat ran down the stairs.

He named his child Montgomery Ward, because it was of the male order.—Ski-U-Mah.

Judge—"Are you old enough to sign these papers? Are you an adult?"

Mose—"Yessah, Ah's the mos' adulterous person in the whole fambly, jedge."—Reel.



Voice from Wolf Office: Throw me a bunch of roses, dear!

Semester Closes Pretty Quick So You Better Start Term Themes

The Wolf Sagebrush

Make Your Dates For That Military Ball Held Last Week

FOUNDED SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW
STEWED WASTEPAPER FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

VOLUME: CONSIDERABLE. No. 13

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, REN O, ANDAY, NOVEMBER 44, 1927.

PRICE: NO SENSE

CLIONIA WITHDRAWS ITS SUPPORT!

"I Do Not Choose Entire Ruin in 1928!" Says Maxwell Newton

Frosh Not to Be Candidate To Presidency

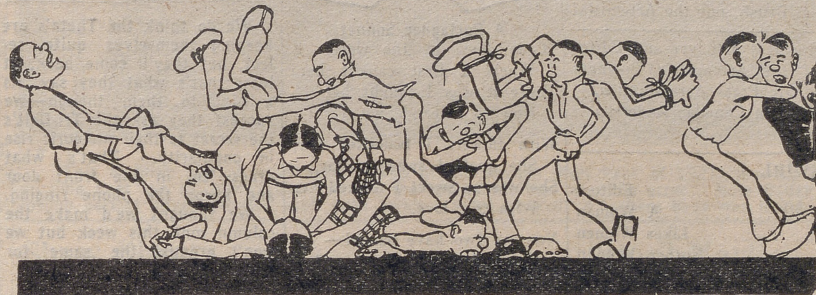
Max Newton Blushes at Plan to Elect Him Student Head

He Claims Ownership of University and Refuses to Sell

"I admit with just pride that I have the upper-class committee buffaloed," stated Max Newton, 31, today when interview regarding a paddling party that he declined an invitation to attend.

"No dink was made to fit me, and the A. S. U. N. handbook is soon to be revised, so I have decided not to buy one," further stated the head of the University of Nevada. "I suggested to President Clark recently that Mr. Lynch see to the pruning of the trees around the Ph. Sig house this winter, and hope to see action taken soon."

"Yes, I agree heartily with the editor of the Desert Wolf in his editorial on the abolishment of paddling. The time has about come when sophomores should learn their place. Being frosh, we first year men should be treated with some respect, or we'll quit school,



This is the latest action sketch drawn on the scene of the last soph-frosh field day by our lightning artist, John Babcock, with the aid of a Graphlex-thumb-nail photo-brush. The headless person in the drawing is a fellow who ran his head off for "Doc" Martie in track last Spring.

Varsity Debaters Burst Out Crying When Vanquished

Neither Side Should Have Won, States W. Woolstin

Debating the question, "Resolved: That all pins and puns have points," the Animadversity of Nevada debate team, composed of St. James Bible and Woodrow Woolstin, met the squad from the Third District Grammar School of Los Angeles on the platform in front of the Nevada Packing Co.

The Nevada debaters upheld the affirmative of the question, but despite the fact that they put up a good debate and plenty of collater the visitors won an audience decision, three to nothing.

A white leghorn of the University of Wagington has broken the world's record by producing 387 eggs in a year's time. The only other college that produces that many eggs is Stanford.

After eighteen years of research, Doctor Ivanovitch Romanoffstalovich is said to have discovered a method of extracting gold from sea water. The fellow has made quite a name for himself.

and Nevada won't beat Cal next year."

Newton blushed prettily when quizzed on the subject of student affairs. "I much prefer a mere sophomore presidency next fall," he said, "because I've got true Nevada spirit and feel I'm just the one to instill it into newcomers next year."

Haggie Club Now Has Pretty Pins

Little gold horse collars will be the official Haggie Club pin, according to Max Larson, head of the committee in charge.

"This matter of choosing a pin for the Haggies has been a serious matter," stated Larson, "for a long time it has been almost impossible for us to recognize our own members on the campus; so many of the professors and engineers have mud of their shoes this time of year."

Swans Nipped By First Frost

It was a snappy morning. The two swans—who sail across peaceful, quiet Manzanita lake scarcely rippling the smooth waters as they drift dreamily back and forth with graceful curving necks like inverted interrogation points toward heaven occasionally dipping dripping beaks to dunk depths of dirty waters to dig disgusting debris—sent in a call yesterday for eastern oil with a parafine base after having tail feathers frost-bitten by freezing weather.

"It's not so hot as it used to be," said Mr. I. Swan to the madame.

"No," replied the Mater, "I'm not so young as I used to be. And furthermore, John, the winter weather and bare legs don't mix."

Prof. Feemster Instructs In Marksmanship

Campus Man Also Tells of Sure Winning Slot System

"Who was the greatest Marksman, David or William Tell?" and other subjects irrelevant to Political Science, were discussed fully by Professor Silas Calvin Feemster in his monthly address delivered before the Women's Athletic Association at their luncheon held in the Wolf Den last week.

Feemster also touched lightly upon such vital subjects as "Slot machines and how I have perfected my winning system."

Connelly Takes Big Tournament

Checkmating his opponents with a double advance of kings and a movement of queen and bishop "en tierce," Bruce Connelly, champion chess player of the Hawaiian Islands, playing for the U. of N., won all three of his games in the triple match with C. O. P., Reno High School, and the Battle Mountain Kindergarten last February at 4 A. M.

Connelly had his opponents in bewilderment from his first move, and the issue was never in doubt but once, when he set his glass down on the California board by mistake and lost two pawns during the ensuing riot. The games were exceptionally well played, and should do much toward establishing Nevada as one of the foremost teams in the Eastern Conference.

Forensic Club Refuses to Aid By Cooperation

Organization Thinks It Unfair to Let Big Incomes Go

Duerr Thinks Clionia Should Benefit By Own Profits

With a deafening crash not unlike a thunderbolt, the news that Clionia was not in sympathy with the Centralized Treasury plans, knocked the props from under the proposed financial system late last night.

The decision was made after a lengthy debate in which it was finally decided that there was too much money involved when the student body should expect the club to turn over its resources and income to the central treasury.

"Debating has grown to be far too profitable to risk losing the returns," stated Ed Duerr, when interviewed last night.

Sad Swans Soon Sing Swan Song

"You can't keep swans 'down,'" said Mr. I. Swan to Mrs. I. Swan as they swam swanlike to the sedge surrounding Manzanita lake, and "took-off" for parts unknown.

"Yes," replied the madame, "you can't expect Uncle Joe Lynch to understand that we don't want a two-story apartment for the winter."

Just then the Pater struck solidly against several telephone wires, which put a kink in his neck—then fell to the pavement. His wife made a perfect three point landing half a block away and sent up a distress flare.

Now they're back at the lake again, preparing material for another U. of N. Sagebrush "thriller" next week.



My word, if I'd known this was going in the Wolf, I'd have turned off the water!

Editorials

The U. of N. Sagebrush

NEVADA'S YEAR

Features

THE U. OF N. SAGEBRUSH IS AN AWFUL AND NEW PAPER OF THE ASSOCIATED (ONE WAY OR ANOTHER) STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

Entered at the Postoffice at Reno, Nevada as very-poor-class matter.
Published late nearly every Friday night or Saturday morning of the Collitch Year.

TELEPHONE RENO TWO FIVE THREE EIGHT PLEASE
Oh, all right, Thanx. No, I want the 'Brush, not the Artemisia!

Fred M. Anderson Assistant Business Manager and Editor
Anita Becaas Manager of the Artemisia's Business
Member of the Pacified Intercolleejiate Press Assassination.
(Purpose: A Brawl a year, preferably in Canada; Anderson didn't attend)

EDDYTORIAL SWIRL

	Editors
Eve an' Adam '28	A Woman
Al Crawford	Likes Women
El Harrington	'Nother Woman
Shillalah Barker	Ditto
Whine Welb	Likes His Ditto
Em Richards	Literotten Edytore
May Bernhardt	'Nother Woman
Hell Thumpsun	All Man
Kie Loring	A Blond

KNIGHTLY STAFF

Several college women and two fellows to take them home.

NEWS STAFF

Combined talent of Kappa Lambda and Gamma Phi Beta with a few other women, including Will Stevens, Jr., '30

SPORTSTERS

(Requirements: Athletic and (or) good-looking. Cross is a member, too.)

BUSINESS STAFF

(Takes care of everybody's) Marshall, Dan, two Dicks, Max, Arthur, Kenneth, Lawson, Nevada, Harry, Alice and Tess.
(All Anita Becaas' supporters)

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

John Babcock, '28
(Official Duties: Turning film packs backward; getting pictures for the Artemisia from the air)

PUBLICITY BUREAU

Homer Raycrafter, '29 or '30?, big chief.
Duane Mack (Knows athletics 'cause he's out for football)
Marion Bernhardt (A Hearst Publication)

OUR MOTTO

Four Out of Five Have It. What? A Place on the 'Brush Staff

OUR NEW DREAM

A goal to be attained! Something to look forward to! Something to take an interest in and in which that interest can be built! Something worth while! That is what is embodied in the Sage Brush's latest project, a paper reported and edited entirely by Kappa Lambdas. At last we brothers have a project all our own, something "of the brothers, by the brothers, and for the brothers."

Now with the rush of final exams over and semester themes filed away for the use of future members, we have time to consider what this would mean for Kappa Lambda and, incidentally, for U. of N.

The necessity for such a step hardly needs to be dwelt on because it is self-evident. A means by which brothers may meet and effect better cooperation in determining what is best for Kappa Lambda and Nevada, will in the end not only mean a better administration of our university, but, more important still, it will raise still higher the eminent place held by Kappa Lambda in campus circles. Then perhaps—perhaps some day we can get a "national" to accept us. That is our ambition and with the cooperation of members and altruistic backing of those unfortunates who do not wear our pins we shall realize it.

WHAT! POETRY?

A Portaguee Sonnet
'Twas down by the water
Where I first caught her;
There it was I taught her
How to love.

With flowers I bedecked her,
She quaffed sweet nectar,
She was so sweet I necked her
With true love.

Now we two have parted—
Finished where we started—
Both are broken-hearted.
Without love.

—ADAM, '21 (of age).

A history professor of the University of Cincinnati states that the Wide open spaces of the West are rapidly disappearing. Not so the wide-open places of the East.

Chant of Praise

New-Style Lager is best
Of all the lager in the West.
—DASCHUND.

Winter Home Is Given to Swans

"Id walk a mile for a bowl of Campbell's soup," said the madame to the pater. By this time you know instinctively we're telling another Sagebrush "thriller" on the astounding adventures of Mr. and Mrs. I. Swan who float peacefully all summer and go into hiding each winter so they won't float peacefully as swan soup or suc-cotash.

Superintendent of the Grounds and Buildings at the University of Nevada, Loaner of Incandescent Globes to Campus Players, Royal Keeper of the Keys Uncle Joe Lynch said yesterday that he would take Mr. and Mrs. Swan from the peaceful waters of the quiet Manzanita Lake next to the Manzanita Hall and put them into the comfortable indoor pond provided in the Experiment station.

"Good Hunting," we say to Mr. and Mrs. I. Swan. "We hope to see you floating peacefully on the peaceful waters of the peaceful lake at peace with the world when the ice goes to pieces next spring."



We do think the Theta's are keeping themselves quite select, but they'll come back, at least that's what they say. As a hint to them though—we suggest they ask the Tri-Delt's the secret to their meteoric rise in popularity. That's what drags 'em in the front door and keeps the phone ringing. We thought we'd make the column mild this week but we don't promise the same for next. Ta, ta!

Love and kisses
Hiram.

The Pi-Phi's and Gamma Phi's got rid of their chaperones because they scared all the men over to the Tri-Delt house. Stand back and don't rush men—they're all dated up anyway. We put this deal over so you stick with your Tri-Delt's.

I imagine this "house-mother" proposition will be a big factor in rushing next semester and the Theta's might get left out in the cold again but still they have Hoyt Martin and Jim Bailey well trained.

The S. A. O.'s and Beta Delta's are lucky—they don't have to worry.

The Eskimos have heard the reason for Reno not having any snow this year and they want us to print this note:

Schurinnelcold, Alaska

Dear Tri-Delt's:

We would like to get rid of all this snow and ice so will pay you well if you will come up; your fame must be authentic for we got word of it from Nome, where your recent house-mother is now residing.

Yours for more heat,
Chief Snownice.

You can do whatever you want to help the Eskimos out of their present plight, Tri-Delt's.

The Sigma Phi Sigma's are beginning to think there is a Santa Claus after all for three of them went to the Theta dance. Al Hill doesn't agree though.

Smoking among women is becoming very unpopular with the men. The fellows can't go to any college hang-out any longer without having the women smoke up all their cigarettes. They're even worse than frat brothers.

Not having any house mother sure comes in handy these cold nights. If you don't believe us just ask any Tri-Delt.



Phi Sigma Has Dance

Phi Sigma Kappa fraternity entertained members and pladges at a Maple hall dance last night. A bang-up time was had by all, including exquisite refreshments. They nearly had chaperones.

Kappa Lambda Gives Dance

Kappa Lambda fraternity, of which Bob Blackmun is a member, and pledges, had a dance at their home high, high, up in the hills, one night. A good time, including refreshments, was had by all. All in all, everybody claimed to have had a bang-up time. Oh, yes, chaperones.

Delta Sigs Stage Dance

Members and pledges of Delta Sigma Lambda fraternity entertained themselves at a Maple hall dance night before last. Including exquisite refreshments, everybody had good times. (Bang-up time.) Chaperones were had by all.

NOTE: From Society Editor—Dear Andy: I'm tired of writing any more social functions this week. Please ditto for rest of fraternities, all sororities, A. S. U. N. and the whelps. Next week I have to write term themes so ditto next week for Military Ball (a bang-up time, by the way), Campus Players, and any others you see fit.

'brush N sports

Huge Rally is Staged Before Gonzaga Trip

Proper Spirit Plainly Distilled Into Team Men

The largest and noisiest crowd of rooters in the history of the University, was on hand to see the football team off for Gonzaga and points north, according to Bernard Hartung, '27, and Dick Hillman, '29, yell leaders.

Captain "Hans" Hansen and "Doc" Martie were the principal speakers, "Little Harry" O'Boyle was too far gone to be found for the occasion. Martie promised he would make at least one trip over the border in an attempt to schedule a game with Canada in the near future. "A game with Canada is just the thing Nevada needs," Martie said, "in order that we may instill a little Canadian spirit into our teams of the future."

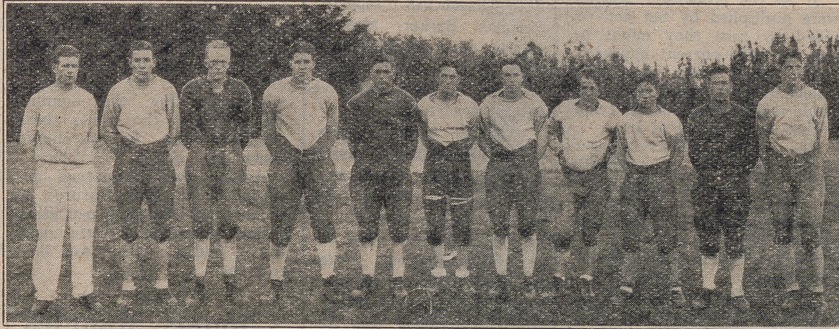
The special train to Washington was chartered for the occasion by Miss Mack and the Blue Knee Fraternity of which she is an honorary member. Gordon water and ice were furnished for the trip through the courtesy of the scholarship committee and Dean Leach.

D.A.E. Holds Indoor Meet

After the usual meaningless business meeting last Thursday the D. A. E. cow session was turned completely over to the social committee and a Hoochy-Koochy program was presented, the proper atmosphere being created by the shreaded-wheat dress of the members.

Ellen Baldwin, '29, gave a short talk on Hawaiian customs entitled "The History of the Grass Skirt or Why Marines Go Insane." Following this the shades were drawn and Ruth Streeter, '29, gave an original interpretation of the famous native dance. After the debris was cleared the few remaining survivors were refreshed with Near Beer and Swiss Cheese in true Hawaiian fashion.

Why support advertisers? Pay back that pack!



This thrilling picture is an action photo of the Nevada Wolf Pack of 1927, showing them pushing over the St. Mary's goal line for the touchdown that won the game. Note Bailey following perfect interference through right tackle. Point marked "A" where body was found.

Nev. Wolf Pack Outplays Vassar In Fast Game

Record Crowd Witness Battle On Mackay Field

Red Lipped Darlings Swept Off Feet by Wolves

Playing before one of the largest throngs which has ever witnessed a game at Mackey Field, eleven Nevada Wolves outfought and outplayed the Darlings from Vassar College last Saturday in sixty minutes of fast, clean playing.

The final score does indicate the manner in which the two teams fought for it was a battle of blood all the way through. The Pack however seemed to be stronger than their short skirted opponents.

A heroic sacrifice was made by "Gym" Bailey in the second lap when he underwent a sprained thumb in an effort to check a spirited onslaught of the determined invaders. Bailey was carried insensible off the field among the sobs of spectators, team mates, and opponents alike, and although his loss was a blow to the Pack he had achieved a great moral victory.

This was the first tiddleywink contest of the season and with this lead Nevada should crash her way to the state championship.

The lineup of the contest is as follows:

- Nevada (.75 3-4) Vassar (-3)
- Eddie Duerr Mary Moe
- 1st base
- Lucille (Speed) Sanford Dolly Doe
- Umpire
- "Bozo" Watson Betty Deene
- Caddy
- Lloyd Moon Sue Simple
- Forward
- Miss Samath Dora Dumme
- Goal Keeper
- "Doc" Martie Margaret Kizme
- Sergeant
- Bailey Ima Manngetter
- Time Keeper
- J. Lawlor Violet Gooddate
- Water Boy
- M. Lawlor Ida Iggold
- Center
- Renee Duque Helen Speede
- Sparring Partner
- Crew Lena Waleyedivitch
- Referee

Don't send the 'Slush home. Watch the Wollufs.

Shaw Shoots Square With California U.

Refuses To Sign Men Up Who Are Needed By U. of C.

Prospects for the 1928 Wolf Pack are even brighter than last year, according to L. T. "Buck" Shaw, who has been in Berkeley, Bakersfield, and Gonzaga doing a little signing on for Nevada.

Shaw had quite a little trouble in getting the men he wanted as St. Mary's and California were granted first choice by the Far Western Conference rulings. "However, Nevada should be able to make a good showing if the student body will give the team the necessary backing by booing the referee's decisions during games," Shaw is quoted as saying.

Band Men Will Have Uniforms

The uniforms will be modeled after those now worn by the hashers in the Gow-House, except that the coat will be blue with white stripes running around the body and the aprons will be fringed with gold braid.

This will be a decided improvement in our band, the sight of which should encourage attendance from all parts of the state for concerts and peerades.

Your Artemesia Who Wants It

We admit we haven't got anything to say but it'd be kinda "chicken" to go back on poor old Anderson, because poor old Anderson has such a hell of a time rustling copy for his 22 odd (very odd) staff members, so we're going to help poor old Anderson out. By the end of the year we figure we'll have written enough for this space to fill Artemisia. It is going to be plenty good, folks, because we're running on a no-profit margin last year like Thor Smith and Gignoux so we figure that we should clear about several dollars on general expenses like they did because I (Bob Adamson and No-Good Feutsch) are trying like everything to keep down the overhead expenses by requesting the Desert Wolf for permission to use their offices so the light bill won't run up. We would'nt have you mention this to Lyonssy or Jacobs but we know they never read since they got through checking up on a bet to see whether A. T. O. or Sigma Phi Sigma would win the contest put on by us for getting pictures took. Lyonssy won because Adamson is an A. T. O., too, and Lyonssy threatened he'd spill some of Adamson's beans if he didn't come through. Jacobs thought somebody had chickened on him, but Kelley hushed him up by promising to split half the deduction next semester, on account of a bunch of paper napkins that the A. T. O.'s borrowed twice from the Sigma Phi's to use at a couple of Campus players' meetings this year and last year. Poor old Anderson.

"Doc" Martie Decides That Basketball Is Not to be Held

P. E. Head Thinks That Cage Sport Harms Students

Women's Athletics Is Claimed To Be The Best Sport

At a conference held last night in "Doc" Martie's office it was decided that there would be no intercollegiate games held next year. This decision was reached after much discussion and is not a "snap judgment" to be later regretted.

After considering that the primary motive of attending college is to study and not to play it was unanimously agreed by the assembled coaches and athletes that intercollegiate games detract from this purpose.

Miss Samath announced that interclass soccer would be held as usual.

HAVE YOU SECRET AMBITIONS?

Have you, if you are a man, felt that desire to attain great heights—to surprise your friends by your fluent use of French, your prodigious memory, your perfect development; to be the popular fellow who puts pep in the party? Do you wish to double your present salary in three months, to become a cartoonist, an excellent speaker, and a talented musician overnight?

FIRE SALE

My entire stock of ready-to-wear garments will be sold at less than cost. Be sure to get in on this stupendous sacrifice.

The goods will be slightly damaged by fire which will take place at 3:00 A. M. next Tuesday.

Sale starts as soon as the smoke has cleared away.

Abe Levervitch, Inc.
10 Union St.

THE FLUSH OF YOUTH

is greatly to be desired. One sure way to obtain it is to use

SKINNER'S

"The Kidden Mark of Distinction"

Three varieties: Straight, Royal and Pat

Skinner Card Co.

12345 Poker Place

What The Collegian Will Wear

Gold Watch and Chain—draped lightly across the pawn shop counter.

Flasks and bottles—so as to create an arctic effect of the hip pocket.

Red and green dice—in beautiful rolls from one end of the room to another.

Bored expression—for morning, afternoon and evening wear—may be laid aside while necking, but is quite correct even then.

Green checkbook, often seen with delicate wavy lines—tucked modestly in the inside coat pocket. To be used on almost all occasions.

Dark circles, preferably purple; very chic for use under the eyes.

Graceful lines,—in many varieties, for use at home, to girl friends, to creditors, to deans and professors, and to get by.

Everything his roommate owns.

Mike: "Why does a fireman wear red suspenders?"
 Ike: "I dunno."
 Mike: "To hold up his trousers, silly."

DONALD ALFALFA
 Leading His New "Garlic Chorus"
 Featuring
Sweet Alice Potato
 and
"The Wonder Triplets"
 The Marvels of the Age
 They include Husband, Wife and Son
 Seeing is believing.
The White Tent at the Outskirts of Town
 Come One Come All

Interesting Information

If all the collegians who sleep in class were laid end to end they would be much more comfortable.

If all the professors' salaries were multiplied by ten and divided by zero they might be able to meet current expenses.

The paper used in writing college themes during one year would make instructors go crazy if they ever looked at it.

The noise made every year at football games is enough to supply ten radios with static for three days.

College students give their parents enough gray hairs every six months to stuff 800,000 mattresses.

If all the telephone conversations between college men and co-eds every day were set down on one big phonograph record, the man who did it would be shot.

Facts Worth Knowing

(Snatched from the Children's Book of Knowledge)

A certain percentage of the people in Switzerland are married.

A crowbar will not float.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Blob: "Why does a chicken cross the road?"

Slob: "Because she doesn't want to be one-sided."

Are You Troubled With Corns?

Rid yourself of them by using our new corn-pruning razor. It cuts with out pain or injury to the skin. Also removes warts and moles

Corn Cutting Razor Co.
 Snohomish, Kalamazoo

NASTORIA

"Sweet as Sour"

Comes in handy five gallon barrels. Easy to take—mix with 1-2 pound of ground glass and take a glass of powdered alum for a chaser. After taking our wonderful remedy you will never take anything else.

Nastoria Emulsion Co.

Montana, Georgia
 Phone 606

New Invention!

Combined potato peeler and hair shears. The handiest article around the house. When not used for peeling vegetables it can be put to use in the front of your house cutting hair or trimming toe-nails.

Write for information regards our salesman's propositions

Handy Tools Co.
 Pekin, Nevada

Swans Bid Sad Campus Adieu

"We will be back," said Mr. and Mrs. I. Swan when interviewed today by the Star Sagebrush reporter, Shillalah Barker, after a special news dispatch had been received notifying the "Brush" of their tentative date of departure.

"We will be back again, ready and willing to assist the campus in every way, and don't hesitate to send us your very best tryees as we probably will have innumerable feature stories about ourselves as we have for the past several years," said the madame, and her common-law husband agreed.

"Our last words aare, 'Goodbye.'"

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"Our last words aare, 'Goodbye.'"

Bathing Beauty Contest Planned

A bathing beauty contest for men only has been decided upon by the Sigma Nu fraternity as a feature of this winter's variety sports. The fraternity has offered a beautiful hand-embroidered seal skin individual swimming tank for the winner.

The contestants so far entered are Don Budge, '30 (Sigma Nu) and Joe Garcia, '28 (Sigma Nu).

The judges are Hoyt Martin, '29 (Sigma Nu), Russell Garcia, '29 (Sigma Nu), and Jake Lawlor, '30 (also Sigma Nu).

The Sigma Nu's are confident that they have an edge on other organizations.

Oh! What a Shock!

Prof.: What is the commonest conductor for electricity?

Stude: Why—er—er—
 Prof.: Correct.

Ignorance Is Bliss

Teacher: "Willie, can you name a cape in Alaska?"

Willie: "N-o-'m; No'm."

Teacher: "That's right."

Don't be Embarrassed at those Parties, MEN!
 Wear X. Y. Z. Union Suits

TO OUR READERS

Our greaitest joy andpr de lies in shrldu x/x/ the we allus has ETAOIN O —+ \$ % good xxx xproof readin gand thus our sheat is correspondently free of typographical errors and grammatical mistakes - - also we allus spel very wel. ETAOINSHRDLU&%\$")(.

ourn
 THE EDITOR4

Inventor Invents Interesting Idea

A new device, designed by the students of the engineering department, was formally presented for inspection at a meeting of the A. S. M. E. held last night on the front steps of Artemisia Hall.

The device, invented by Julian Anderson, '36, has been built as a time-saver for tired fraternity men. (For the nominal sum of thirty-five cents these machines can be purchased while they last.)

Among their numerous advantages are such features as an automatic fountain pen filler, a hair curler, an electric tooth brush, and a super-power button hook.

Campus Mangles

No, Maybelle, a neckerchief is NOT the head of a sorority house, says one of our humorous contemporaries. Maybe Maybelle's right, but Oswald, the office dog, thinks that any girl is fast, who says, "Listen, half-pint, give me five minutes with a man, and he's a fellow with a past."

The Puppet tells us that Neighbor Brown declared that Jones has eleven children. Neighbor Smith ejaculates: He's gone stork mad, hasn't he?

We hear that the latest song and dance of a bunch of rollicking good fellows around here is "S. A. O. me the way to go home, they're tired and I fill them with dread—"

"Eupheel better, daughter?"

Then let me tell you of the buddy who declared that he got remarkably low mileage from his "Chummy"—five miles to the gal.

The North Star was low, and Johnnie was lower, but the son was low in the yeast.

A waffle a day, keeps the doctors away, but why did we go to the Pi Phi house that Sunday? Those waffles certainly gave me a weigh. (Now, Renee, we'll find out who writes that horrid column, who the hell paid for more than one waffle that morning, and why?)

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

WANTED—Something to manage. Russell Garcia, Sigma Nu House.

WANTED—A competent house manager, preferably a Sigma Nu. Apply at Pi Beta Phi Sorority.

Get Out of the Small Pay Rut!

"A most lucky day it was," writes Mr. Buck McCarthy, who lives at room 190007, Hotel Folsom, California, "when I filled out and mailed that coupon. It was the best thing I ever did."

"I was a bit skeptical at the time, but when I found that I was steadily forging ahead of my fellow safe-blowers, and that my receipts were increasing, I realized the value of N. C. S. training. Now I have a neat little pile stacked away, my salary is steady, and what is more, I have a contract in my present situation for ten years."

"Really it's wonderful how spare-time study—right in your own home, or your next-door neighbors—helps a man to get on."

You, too, by studying in your own time, can qualify for the position you want in the crookedness you like best. All we ask is the chance to prove it. Without cost, without obligation, without any brains, or sense, just mark this coupon and send it to us by freight.

Use This Coupon

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LADY, BE GOOD!

If a woman's chatter
Serves you for delight,
Something is the matter
With your head, all right!

When she fits together
Rather wordy wreaths,
There's no question whether
I am ill at ease:

Laurels from a lady
Never should be worn,
For the things are fade-y
And conceal a thorn.

She (demurely: "Do you consider my legs long?")
He: "Yes, whenever possible."

You heard of the guy that has been on forty-three
honeymoons?"

"Yeh. He's sort of a first nighter, as it were."

"Where were you during the sixth and seventh dances
last night?"

"Jack was showing me some new steps."

"Were they very hard?"

"Oh, no, we had cushions."—Vagabond.



On, Wisconsin!

Jack McGrath gives a vivid picture of Wisconsin in the January College Humor. All about its students, fraternities, problems, its great and near-great.

Other special features include "Back to Mother," by Wallace Irwin, a complete novelette of two young people which shows all the tenderness and dismay of the first year of marriage.

Peter B. Kyne's first story for this magazine appears. Grantland Rice writes on "All-Americans of All Time," and there are many others.

\$2,000 art contest closes January 15, 1928. Important announcement in College Humor following issue. Send drawings now!

College Humor

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St. Nick (Laughing): Now, see what a Hell of a job I've had all these years!



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A couple of flappers pooled their spending money to buy a book advertised in the newspaper as "What a Young Lady Should Know Before Marriage." The book arrived—"100 Cooking Recipes."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

"What's an operetta?"

"Don't be dumb—it's a girl who works for the telephone company."—*Texas Ranger*.

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Cinderella—Godmother, must I leave the ball at twelve?

The Good Fairy—You'll not go at all, if you don't stop swearing.—*Purple Cow*.

CONFUCIUS SAYS

A woman is young as long as she looks young; a man is young as long as he looks.—*Ranger*.

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Editor of Tabloid—Have you got the story on that chorus girl who threatened to reveal all?

Reporter—Sure thing, chief, and what's more, I've got a photograph of her that does.—*Life*.

IRRESPONSIBLE

Plea from a dark corner: Don't hold me responsible. I can't see what I'm doing.—*Royal Gaboon*.

POPULATION

"Triplets," announced the nurse to the proud father. "Really," he said. "I can hardly believe my own census.—*Dartmouth Jack-O' Lantern*.

ALL FOR IT

"Whose game?" asked the football enthusiast. "I am," murmured the shy young thing.—*Bison*.

Christmas Gift Suggestions

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"May I kiss you now, dearest?" he whispered.
"Wait a while," she replied.
"Why?" he protested.
"I was raised in the south, big boy, and I'm not used to these sudden changes in temperature yet."—*Jester.*

Many a modern girl wonders how her mother learned of the things that she advises daughter to shun.—*Jester.*

This short skirt craze will have to end sometime—The end will soon be in sight.—*Sniper.*

JOKE A LA VAUDEVILLE

A. Why is a horse with its head hanging down like next Monday?

B. I don't know why a horse with its head hanging down is like next Monday?

A. You don't know why a horse with its head hanging down is like next Monday? Well a horse with its head hanging down is like next Monday because its nex' week.—*Marge Monte.*

HE FOLLOWED DIRECTIONS

A man suffering from a nervous breakdown was ordered by his physician to go to a quiet hotel in a small town. He followed directions and took a room in what seemed to be a very suitable quarter.

On his first night there, he heard a sound of running feet in the room above him. Presently it ceased, and thinking no more of it he went to sleep. On the second night the performance was repeated. On the third night the running turned to skipping, and thoroughly alarmed our friend decided to investigate. He made his way to the disturber's room and asked the startled man the meaning of his behavior.

"I'm sorry I disturbed you, sir," answer the man apologetically, "but my doctor gave me this medicine which he told me to take two nights running and skip the third night, and this is the third night."

Taxi driver (accusing his car): "My gosh what a clutch!"

From rear seat (Harry speaking): "What business is it of yours?—*Bison.*



TRAGIC FATE OF THE COLLEGE CELEBRITY

He was good. He admitted it. He rated high. He knew it. He belonged to the Chem Club. He belonged to the debating society. He was a Whelp. He went out for football manager. He was on the newspaper. He was class president in his Frosh year. He was publicity manager for the Dramatic society. In fact, there was hardly a thing that he didn't have his neck in.

After four years of faithful service to his school he was on the verge of graduation. And the Annual was to appear on the Campus with his picture in it. And under his picture there would be listed the organizations to which he belonged and the offices he had held. Posterity would see what a great gink he was. So he ordered six extra copies to send to relatives and friends.

But when said annual appeared, the picture and record of said celebrity was not to be found. He went to the editor and demanded an explanation. It was discovered that the picture of the great guy had accidentally been placed among those of the Junior Class.

Those five years of college had been wasted. He saw only one path remaining open. He committed suicide.

ENCHANTMENT

He leaned over the girl in the large chair. She was beautiful—gloriously beautiful! Such delicately white skin, such a perfect face with lips so soft and curving, eyes so sad and pleading: Eyes that carried you a great distance away with them, promising pretty gardens, and peace, and rest, and love. But her hair! One might see hair of all colors and kinds, but never living, alluring hair of such exquisite beauty. He ran his fingers through the dark waves—stroked the shapely head. The hair seemed to magnetize him, to draw his hands and eyes to it. His whole attention was centered on it.

"Oh, dear! You hurt me," she whispered.

He murmured a soft apology. He knew he had not hurt her, but he thrilled in her saying so. He took his hands sadly away from her hair. She must go. He did not want her to stay. He knew she had no real desire to do so. Other women would come into his life. They had before he saw her. Now that she was going he knew that others would take her place.

His hands caressingly removed the flimsy fabric from her throat and shoulders.

"Next," he sighed dully as she paid for her hair-cut.

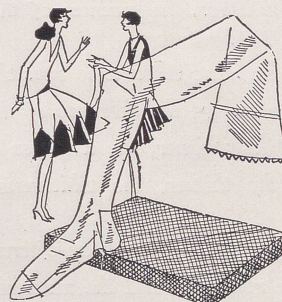
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HOW FORTUNATE FOR MORTALS

*How fortunate for mortals that in a world of crude
Unmitigated ignorance, heroic women should
Combine in clubs and circles and shrewdly puzzle out
The problem of the ages, their questions and their doubts.*

*To prove beyond all cavil, all queries set to rest,
The Northness of the Southness, the Eastness of the West
The upness of the nether, the outness of the in,
The nowness of the never, the wasness of the been.*

*We sing in joyful measure when wise ones shall declare
The fullness of the empty, the thenness of the there
The whereness of the whither, the whyness of the how
The thusness of the thither, the whichness of the thou.*

*And when they meet together upon an afternoon
And figure out the meanness and the muchness of the soon,
All men do bless the hour when lovely woman "riz"
And demonstrated clearly the areness of the is.*

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"Hey, stupid, what has four wheels and flies?"

"I'll bite."

"A garbage wagon."—*Bison.*

"How is your son getting along in college?"

"Fine! I bought him a roadster and now he writes
he makes the grades easily."—*Western Reserve Red Cat.*

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A breath-sweetening Pep-o-mint Life Saver after smokes is a life saver indeed. She'll agree.

Wright misspelled a word with his left hand so his teacher said: "Use your right, Wright, write rite right, right now."

Voice over telephone—John, come home right away. I've mixed the plugs in some way; the radio is all covered with frost and the electric ice box is singing, Schultz is back again!—*Rutgers Chanticleer.*

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extra few minutes*

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Wallace: I would like to have been a furniture dealer in Solomon's time.

Warren: Why?

Wallace: Just think! He had to buy 500 pairs of twin beds!—*Beanpot.*

FAMOUS TRIANGLES

Sigma Nu—Y. M. C. A.—W. C. T. U.

Kappa Lambda—Sigma Alpha Epsilon—Elks.

Vim—Vigor—Vitality.

Hollywood—The Gardens—Pi Phi Formal.

Wine—Women—Song.

Firemen—False Alarms—Thetas.

Sigma Phi Sigma—Cleopatra—Caesar.

Three Weeks—His Hour—It

Oliver—Underwood—Smith.

Artemesia—Manzanita—Cactus.

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13—Black Cat—21.

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"This letter says that my sister has a baby, but doesn't say whether it's a boy or girl. Am I an uncle or an aunt?"—*Georgia Cracker.*

Futility is trying to sell a copy of "Try Another" to the father of six small boys.—*Georgia Cracker.*

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ZOO-LOGY

Teacher: "Now, children, what do the little cows say?"

Children: "Moo, moo."

Teacher: "And what do the little puppies say?"

Children: "Bow, wow."

Teacher: "Now tell me what the little black crows say."

The Class: "Gooper feathers are so soft, who cares about that, and what causes that, anyway?" — *Georgia Cracker.*

"Why are your socks on wrong side out, Bob?"

"My feet got hot, so I turned the hose on 'em."—*Georgia Cracker.*

Getting the baby to sleep is hardest when she is about eighteen years old.

CURSE IN THE OLD MANNER

On co-eds with brains be the fish-wife's curse and God's, yea, on them to the tenth generation; for they take whatsoever a man offereth and give naught for his pains.

"Why the gloom, Osmond? Girl not coming?"

"Oh, she's coming all right; but she can't even send a telegram without saying "stop" after every sentence." —*Froth.*

May I hold your hand?

Yes, we might as well have the preliminaries over with now.—*Orange Owl.*

He: "Gosh, I'm getting dry."

She: "There's no doubt about it." —*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

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"Miss Betsy, did those stockings I gave you for Christmas come up to your hopes"

"Oh, Mr. Tolliver, I think you're horrid."—*Scream.*

CURTAIN!

The one shaded light sent a soft glow over the two on the pillows of the divan. Reclining in the silken cushions she was divinely beautiful, the tantalizing type that strong men feel they could crush with love. And he was a strong man. Seated beside her he was enchanted. His lips were drawn slowly to hers. He lost realization of all except the warmth of her kiss. After an infinity he tried to break from her power. But her lips held him. His features steeled as full consciousness came to him. She was cheating him! False woman! With a final effort he tore himself from her clinging lips.

"Damn!" sputtered the college stage-star. "Say, Prof. if you want my unhampered talent in this scene you've got to make this woman quit chewing gum."

House Mother: "Oh! Did I hear you say 'Darn it'?"

Pi Phi: "No, Damn it!"

"Father, did you enjoy yourself when you were a freshman at college?"

"Did I? Why, those were the happiest years of my Life!"—*Life.*

Best man: "Wasn't it annoying the way that baby cried all during the ceremony?"

Maid of Honor: "It was dreadful. When I am married I shall have engraved on the invitations 'no babies expected'."—*Jack-O-Lantern.*

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Henry's

She: "Sir, I want you to know that I am a lady!"

He: "Oh, awright. You be that and I'll try to imitate Napoleon."
—*V. M. I. Sniper.*

Shall we kiss?
I'll bite.—*Phoenix.*

EXPLICIT

In a short-story-writing class the professor gave a few parting instructions to his students: Their stories should be brief, should contain something reverent, something risqué, and should leave something to the reader's imagination.

The first story read in class the next day contained by one sentence: "My God, take your hand off my knee!"
—*Chaparral.*

HOW NOW, BASSANIO!

"What busted the show, Bill?"

"Well, we're opening in Troy and we gotta show that oughtta go big anywhere and we got our lines perfect and our business better and in the second act where the heavy cries 'Egad, I am undone—'"

"Yes, yes; go on."

"Well, the manager yells for curtain and rushes out with a blanket."
—*Boston Beanpot.*

Chief Servant—What, ho, bring the royal litter for the queen.

Least Servant—Beg pardon, sir, but they're all gone to bed except Prince Charles and he's out.—*Virginia Reel.*

OUR MARY

Mary has a little Lambda

So very good is he;

*She calls him "Kappa" just for short,
And short he's apt to be.*

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"What's wrong with your nose?"

"I went to bed drunk and dreamed I was a wood pecker."
—*Ski-U-Mah.*

*There was a man from our town
And he was wondrous wise,
But he drank too much wood alcohol
And put out both his eyes.*

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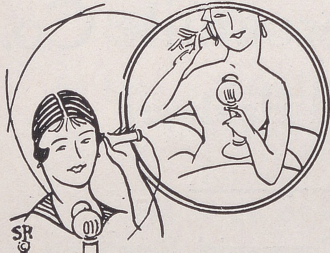
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"If my dressmaker doesn't fail me, you will."

"Pshaw! Why bother with dressmakers—why don't you depend on a place like

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Broken only
By the noise at intervals
Of Venetian housewives. . . .
Emptying the evening garbage
Into the canal. . . .

—Gargoyle.

METAMORPHOSIS

*When we were young
And read old
Mother Goose's
Rimes
We were immensely interested
And took delight in
Little Mary's lamb
But now that we are
More mature, somehow
We quite prefer
Little Mary's
Calf.*

—Black and Blue Jay

"Say It With
Flowers"



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Reno

WHY PROFS GO CRAZY

"Faux pas is French for forward pass."

"A gulf is a dent in a continent."

"A sophist is a second-year college student."

"A buttress is a female goat."

"Laissez-faire is the economic theory which advocates reduced street car rates."

"Keats is a sort of spike used on football shoes."—

Patient: Doctor, what are my chances?

Doctor: Oh, pretty good; but don't start reading any continued stories!

He: Let's have a kiss.

She: Not on an empty stomach.

He: Of course not—right where the last one was.—

Purple Cow.

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1. Students will march to class under guard of Danville's police equipped with sawed-off shotguns.
2. Will be stopped at doorway and searched for contraband notes, etc.
3. Before entering classroom each student will be submitted to psychological examination to determine whether or not he has any idea of cheating.
4. Classrooms will be decorated with such notes as "Honesty has its Reward" and "Think before you Cheat."
5. Each student must wear blinds and place a handkerchief in his mouth.
Students and professors will enter together and the doors will be locked and sealed.
7. Students will sit two seats apart with professors sanding between the students. Professors will be armed with blackjacks to inspire respect.
Additional professors on the outside will watch through peepholes in the wall.

9. Highly tuned dictaphones will be concealed behind the pictures to catch the slightest whisper.

10. When the student has finished his examination a lie detector will be used to find out whether or not he has chated.

Before marking the papers professors will discount ten points from each paper on the possibility that the student has cheated.—*Centre Colonel.*

A HAPPY THOUGHT

*Back to the soil; a fine ending.
Surcease from pains and sorrows
And, best of all, from thoughts.
Good people need not worry about St. Peter.
Bad people need not worry about Lucifer.*

*Hurray, people; No more hell!
Only dirt, worms, and microbes.*

He: What is it that has four legs and stands in a barn,
and can see equally well with both ends?
Ball: A blind horse!—*Flamingo.*



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HOW TO PASS A COURSE IN ENGLISH
(By One Who Ought to Know)

Buy a book. Every collegian has a book. That's why fraternities have libraries. The motto is "A book for every member." No matter what size. Red covers preferred. Anything to match a sweat shirt or a Whelps' cap.

Carry the book. (Each modern collegian carries a book to make the faculty think he carries hours.) Most honor rollers use haversacks. Many without books "roll" anyway.

Attend every other lecture until the instructor gets to know you. Then attend every lecture until he hates the sight of you.

He'll give an examination within a short time. Anticipate it. Miss it. Tell him you're sorry. He'll tell you to do better next time. (You did better by staying away but he doesn't know it.)

In case you get rung in on a quiz, be nonchalant and write the following in any order you please:

"Iambic pentameter. Battle of Hastings. Keats Shelley and two other guys. Shakespere and Bacon (not fried). Beowulf was a brave man. Iambic pentameter.

Da, da-da, da-da, da, da-da, da-da. I *do* like English literature. When Aprille with his shoures soote, has perced everrich floure to the roote. Iambic pentameter. I *do* like early English literature."

After that attend several lectures, wish the Prof. a merry Christmas and send him a card, "Yuletide greetings from a loyal student" and sign your name. Tell mother you could have made a "1" but you wanted to go out for activities. Simple, isn't it?

"Black chile, does you all know what deceit am?"

"Suttinly I does, Beelzebub."

"Den what is it?"

"Well, when I lean over and hears somethin' rip, I knows dat's de seat."—*Masquerader.*

WOMAN'S DOWNFALL

Adam was whispering to the Serpent. Suddenly something fell from the tree nearby and crashed in to the undergrowth.

"Someone's listening," hissed the serpent.

"No," replied Adam, "Only Eve's dropping."

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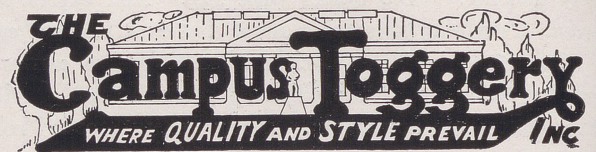
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CLEVER

Sweet Thing: Please tell me your story, ancient mariner.

A. M. Well—Once we were stranded, had to eat our belts and shoes to live.

Sweet Thing: No?

A. M. Yeah, and then the boat turned turtle and we lived on that for six days.

THAT'S TELLING 'EM

Judge: In order that the jurors may get a better idea just how the accident occurred, will you show us how you and the car were situated?

The Girl: Nuthin' doing, big boy. I'll be darned if I'd get up there, sit on that guy's lap with my feet out of the window, and let muh friend get a neck lock on me just to satisfy the curiosity of a bunch of old fossils.—*Red Cat.*

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Paul Prehn: Yes, sir.
V. O. P.: Then let him out!—*Siren.*

NOT NAUGHTY
So the skipper yelled to the deck-hand, "Get the lead out. We're going to take a sounding."
—*Orange Owl.*

S. H.
Why did Guinevere give Launcelot the cold shoulder?
I suppose she liked what Galahad.

GOOD
The lonelier the road the more frequented it is.
—*Octopus.*

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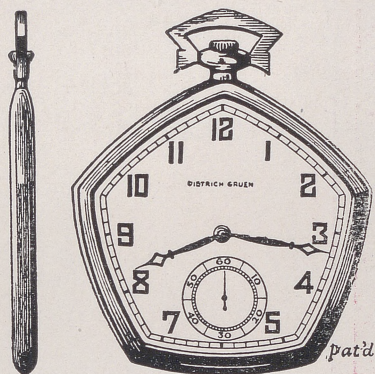


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