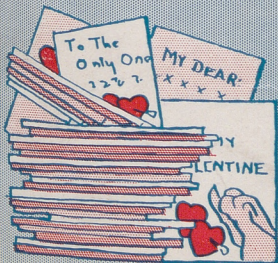
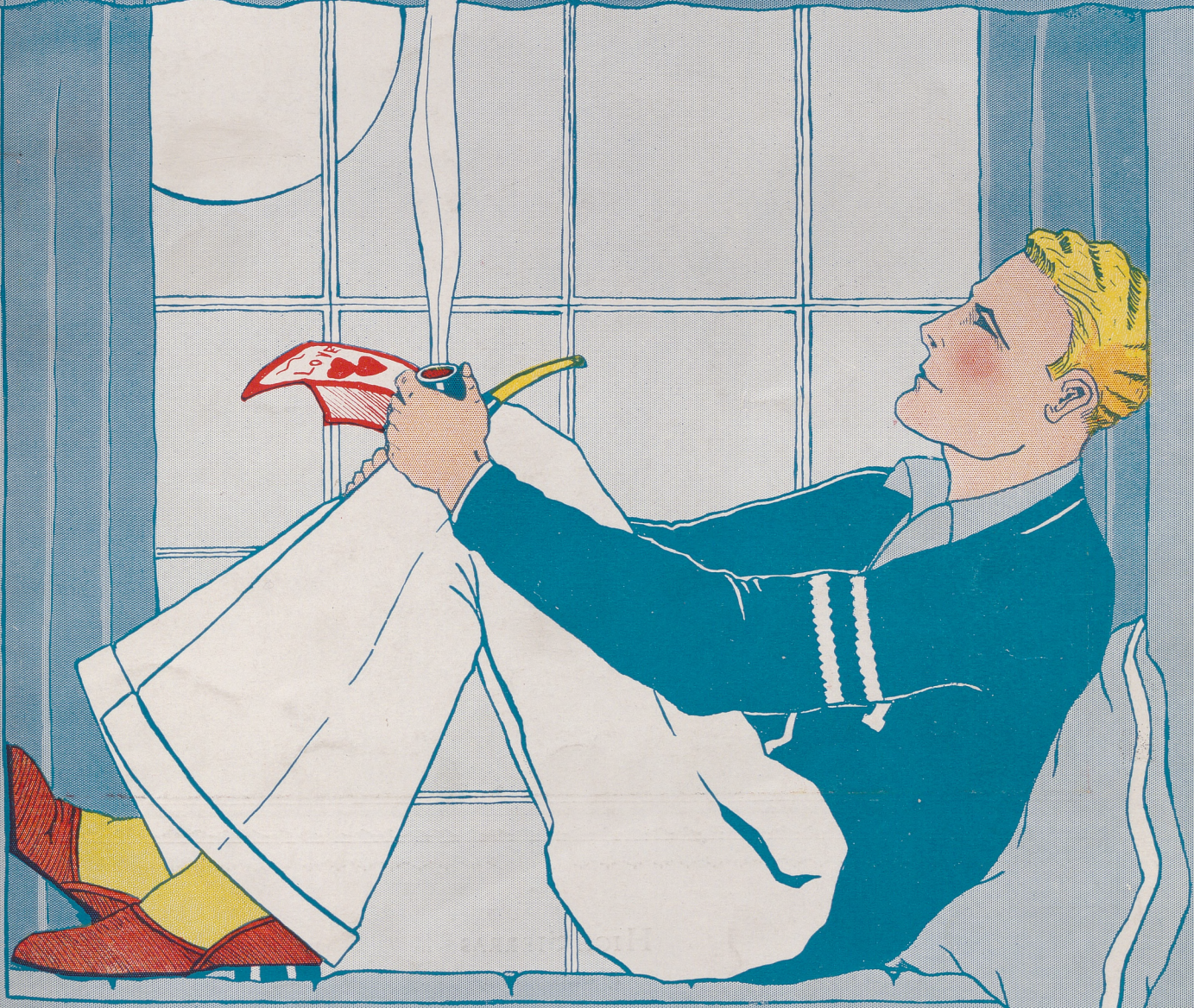


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# THE NEVADA

# MESSENGER BOY



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*By* WILLIAM KEITH

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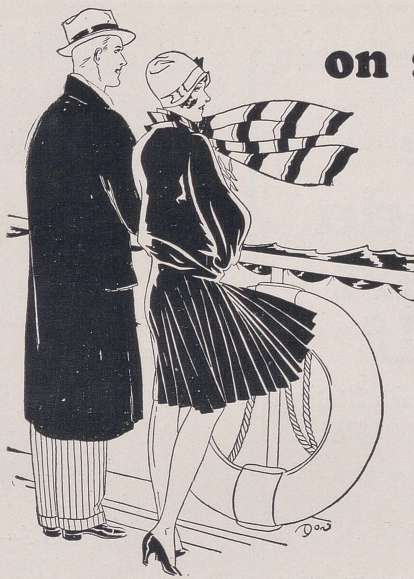


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# The Nevada Desert Wolf

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February and April

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of the University  
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on request.

## BROTHERLY AND SISTERLY LOVE

SHE—Oh you ass!

HE—Well, if I'm an ass, what  
are you?

SHE—Oh, I'm an asset.

## THAT RED APPLE

I wonder if Eve red-appled Adam  
when she wanted a new gown of fig  
leaves.

1928

TEACHER — Johnnie define the  
word chaperone.

SMALL BOY—Rare, ma'am.

1929

Teacher to 'nother small boy. De-  
fine the word chaperone.

Still smaller boy—Obsolete, ma'am.

If all the co-eds stopped using lip-  
stick, we'd have a terrible mix-up of  
identities, for the only way we can  
tell some of them apart is by the dif-  
ferent shades they use—(and some-  
times by the taste.)

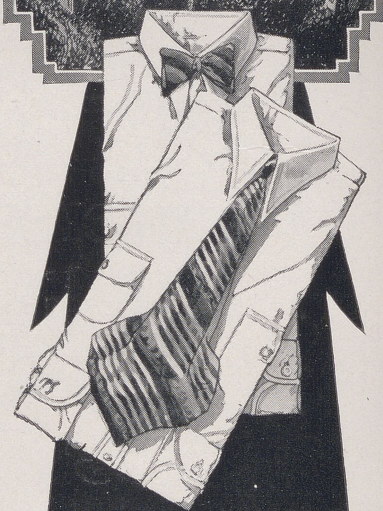
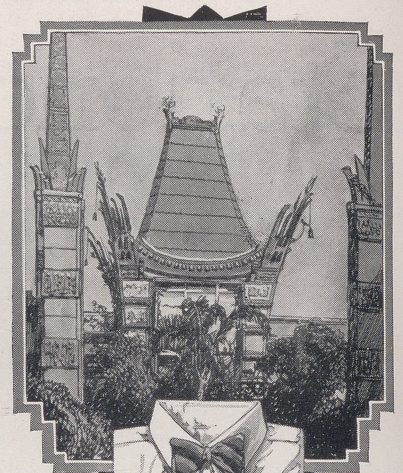
Since so many girls went out for  
rifle team, we think that a course in  
wrestling might go over big, and it  
surely ought to be practical in this day  
of Fords, six-cylinder loves and  
clutches.

"We are going to suppress this  
magazine and kick you out of school."

"But, sir, it's not half as dirty as  
some of the others."

"I know, but it's a good magazine,  
and I'm not sure but that's enough."—  
Arizona Kitty Kat.

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# NEW YORK LIFE

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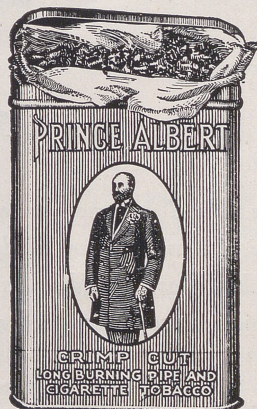
# They say P.A. is the world's largest seller

I DON'T doubt it, nor do I wonder why. Just open a tidy red tin and get that full fragrance of Nature's noblest gift to pipe-smokers. Then tuck a load in the business-end of your old jimmy-pipe.

Now you've got it—that taste—that Lead-me-to-it, Gee-how-I-like-it taste! Cool as a condition. Sweet as making it up. Mellow and satisfying. Try this mild, long-burning tobacco, Fellows. I *know* you'll like it.

## PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!



*You can pay more  
but you can't get  
more in satisfaction.*



DOOM

*No keener pain, immortal grief  
No greater sorrow known:  
I've reached my paradise at last  
And found myself alone!*

FASHION

*You ask me what is Life,  
Of Love, of Joy, Distress?  
I tell you Life's a lady  
Weeping, in a gala dress.*

Relictus

*And when I die, I want no thunder-glory,  
Nor blare of brass, nor any windy moan;  
But I would die as I would end a story,  
With a small, scared voice, and quite alone.*

*And if I walk besides my early weeping,  
God let it be as if beside a lake,  
Where I may watch a loved, lost vessel creeping  
Beyond the dark that lonely shadows make.*

*Here dies a hope that was a Phoenix' daughter,  
Born in a fire it cannot live without;  
For I expire beside a moon-trod water,  
And watch the long light flicker, and go out.*

# Nevada Desert Wolf

VOLUME V.



NUMBER 3

## Campus Players Have An Unusual Season

### *A Large Number of Plays Given During the Year*

**U**NDER the guidance and coaching of Edwin Duerr, Campus Players are carrying out a dramatics program never before equalled in the history of the University of Nevada. This activity has received the unanimous support of the members of Campus Players and of the entire University student body.

Changes have been made in the manner of casting plays. Instead of drawing the personnel of the plays from the limited membership of the dramatic society, parts are open to tryout, by the student body. It served to uncover new dramatic ability; it made possible the more extensive program, and disclosed prospective new members for Campus Players. (Tryouts had been limited to the Campus Players' one-act try-out plays, the D. A. E. productions, and the Senior play.)

It has gone far toward stimulating interest in Campus dramatics. Proof lies in the fact that last semester only 57

persons tried out for plays while this semester the number is already more than a hundred.

Campus Players have established an Art Staff which includes the best artistic talent in the University. This department handles stage decorations and scenery painting. Last semester's productions were outstanding because of well-executed settings.

The Players have increased their supply of stage "props" and utilities. A cyclorama, a background for settings, and miscellaneous articles are among the additions. A curtain is to be placed in the auditorium stage of the Education Building this semester.

Another development in dramatics this year was the original One-Act Play Contest sponsored by Campus Players. Awards were made for the three best plays written by undergraduates. Those submitted were exceptionally well planned and cleverly written. They suggest literary ability and will be produced on the stage this spring.

"For Purity's Sake" by Dan McKnight won first prize. The second was "Fraternity Pins" by Dan Senseney.

"Fraternity Pins," the shorter of the two plays is published on page seven of this issue of the Nevada Desert Wolf.



# Tangled Threads

*A Story*

By Lenard Sledge

I looked at the doleful figure on the couch beside me and wanted to howl with laughter. Instead, I layed a fraternal hand on his shoulder.

"Poor old Don," I began, trying to be sympathetic. "Mabel's just like all the rest. She's been 'boobing' you all along. They all have a man in every house on the campus. Why, only last night I saw her out with that Katta Mew track star."

"Oh, she explained all that. She and Curting are taking a history course together and he wanted some of her reference work. And she isn't like the others! Honest she's different! She never has even worn any other pin than mine—and she told me herself that I was the first one she ever had loved." He blushed confusedly.

If it had been anyone else I would have had him tubbed! But Don apparently had been raised on one of these books written by a spinster Ph.D. on "The Proper Method of Rearing the Offspring."

This was his first affair and we all felt responsible for his present condition. We had forced him to take his first date to one of our house dances. The girl we chose was a "honey" but we didn't think Don would "fall."

But you never can tell! First, she taught him to dance; then, he began to stay out later in the evenings; when the "delinks" came out he got his and by the end of the semester all the brothers had a hunch that she had him to the petting stage.

Then, very dramatically she let him know that they were done. He showed me the letter. It had blots scattered over the last page which she vowed were tears but which smelled like eau-de-cologne. She spoke of a "lasting love"

which was forced to be "separated but never severed." Well, anyway, she gushed through about seventy-five cents worth of expensive stationery without giving a single rea-

son for jilting him. He didn't realize that. It was enough that she desired to end their romance—"he knew she would never love another, that probably some fate stronger than their love took her from him, and that she would always remember him as her first and only love."

I could have reviled the whole sex, but, remembering a certain girl friend I decided not to make the curse so general.

"She is different," he confided fervently. "She sent back my pin. No other girl would have done that." He handed me a small package which he had just received and had not yet opened. It was carefully tied with a deep-blue perfumed ribbon. That girl was a genius for melodrama. She shouldn't have been allowed—at least, where the weaker sex would be exposed to her.

I opened the package. A small jeweled emblem tumbled into my hand. I glanced at it, then at Don. He was deep in thought and had not noticed my action. I wrapped up the pin again.

There was no use kicking the kid for falling. I got up and left him fondling the remains of his broken play house. After I was out of the room I hurried to the front porch and found a pledge raking the lawn. Collaring him, I thrust the small package into his hand.

"Quick! Take this over to the Katta Mew house and see if they received Don's pin. That woman must be getting rid of her old stock and sent him back the wrong one!"



# FRATERNITY PINS

## A One Act Play By Dan Senseney



THE scene is the porch of the Psi Alpha Chi fraternity house, about 9:30 o'clock one evening. A house party is in progress inside, and at the rise of the curtain and at intervals throughout the action, music can be heard coming from a distance inside the house.

(The porch is set obliquely across the stage, raised about two feet from the floor. There is a railing, about two or three feet high. At the center of the porch are French doors, through which stream a flood of warm light.

(At the rise of the curtain Bob Dean is on the stage. He is standing facing the audience, with a cigarette in his mouth, searching his pockets for a match. There is a very dissatisfied expression on his face. He unearths one match, scrutinizes it as if it were in some way responsible for his unhappiness, and strikes it violently on the railing of the porch. The match obeys the laws of nature by breaking. He tears the cigarette from his mouth and flings it and the offending match to the ground with a just audible, but very heart-felt "Damn!," thrusts his hands into his pockets and stands there, the picture of impotent rage.

(Andy Blain starts to enter through the double windows from the house. He is an inoffensive little blond boy, quite evidently too romantic and idealistic for his own good. He sees Bob, and unostentatiously turns and starts to leave again. Bob hears him and turns.)

BOB: Hey!

ANDY: (Innocently) Err-huh?

BOB: C'mere a minute!

ANDY: Well—I—(then in a rush), you see, I'll have to get back in—My woman'll be out in just a second, and—

BOB: Say, I've been out with Vi often enough to know it always takes her fifteen minutes to get rid of her coat and powder her nose.

ANDY: (Uncomfortably) Yes—Well—(He comes

out onto the porch. There is an embarrassed silence. Then Andy takes out his cigarette case and offers it timidly.) Eh—Have a smoke?

BOB: (Gives the case one look; then shortly.) No!

ANDY: Oh—(He vaguely returns the case to his pocket, without taking out a cigarette). I guess I don't want one either—

(More silence) Er—are you—staggering?

BOB: (As shortly as before.) Yes.

ANDY: (Sincerely grieved.) That's too bad! I—All my dances are taken or you—

BOB: (Cutting him short.) Don't want any of your dances!

(There is a pause.)

ANDY: (In a grieved tone.)

Oh, well, then, if that's the way you feel about it! (He turns and starts to leave.)

BOB: A fine fraternity brother *you* turned out to be!

(Andy stops, turns, and comes back to Bob.)

BOB: What's the matter with you, Andy?

ANDY: What's the matter with you, Bob? Lord, you've been going around the last week with an ingrowing disposition a foot deep, and you seem to be specially sore at me, and I don't know what's the matter. (Plaintively.) I've done everything I could—offering you cigarettes, and even one of my dances if I'd had any—but all you do is try to bite my head off. I don't know what's the matter.

BOB: Haven't you got sense enough to realize that when a man's fraternity brother—his *fraternity* brother—goes to work and steals his girl, he's got some right to bite his head off!

ANDY: (Bewildered.) Who's got what right to bite whose head off?

BOB: I've got the right to bite *your* head off!

ANDY: Why—why—did I steal your girl?

BOB: I'd like to know what else you call it.

ANDY: But—but—Vi's not your girl! You may





think she is, but she's not! Why, she told me—

VI: (Brightly, as she enters from the house.) Oh, there you are, Andy! I've been looking all over for you and—Oh! Hello, Bob.

BOB: (Sourly.) Hello.

VI: 'Bert and I've been looking all over for you, Andy. He can't find the punch bowl, and he wants to know where you put it.

ANDY: I'll go and tell him. (Starts toward the door.) Are you coming?

VI: Oh—I'll stay here and keep Bob company. You can come back and get me when you're done. (Andy goes into the house somewhat doubtfully. As soon as he is out of earshot, Vi bursts out eagerly.) I HAD to get RID of him SOMEhow, so I could talk to YOU, Bob. Because I KNOW you're simply abHORing me for going to this dance with him, but I simply couldn't help it; he kept bothering me and BOTHering me and you never came NEAR me, and he's your fraTERNity brother, and what could I DO? And it's all your fault, ANYhow, because you've acted so SNOOTy ever since Andy took me to the Sundowner's dance, and I only WENT because VirGINia was going and you aren't a Sundowner and never WERE, and maybe never WILL be, and if you THINK I'm going to let Virginia Tracy get aHEAD of me, even for one dance! and I REALLY don't see where I'm to blame at ALL!

BOB: (Heatedly.) Well, I could be a Sundowner if I wanted to! (Then getting control of himself. With elaborate indifference.) But I don't want to. And there's no particular reason why I should care how many dances you go to, or how many of my fraternity brothers you go with. You can be the little sweetheart of all Psi Chi, for all I care. I only staggged it because I didn't feel like getting a date. (He unconcernedly seats himself on the railing of the porch.)

VI: I think you're posiTIVELY HORrid. And after I've gone and worn your fraTERNity pin all this time—and I'm wearing it NOW—(She exhibits the pin.)

BOB: (Quickly, and with great surprise.) And has Andy seen it?

VI: Why—er—yes, of COURSE he's seen it. It's right here in PLAIN sight!

(Bob is silent, shocked, and puzzled. Andy appears in the doorway, rather put out.)

ANDY: (Crossly.) He'd already found it. Come on; this is our dance with Ted.

VI: All right. (She goes, slowly and unwillingly.) Halfway to Andy, she stops and turns. Speaking hesitantly.) Will you be here—LATER on, Bob?

BOB: (Shortly.) Can't tell.

Page Eight



VI: Oh.....

ANDY: (More brusquely than before, tired of all this intimate talk.) Come on Vi! (They go out, leaving Bob thinking deeply. For a few seconds there is no sound but the music; then Sin Davis appears in the doorway. He is the irrepressible collegian, smart-alecky and packed with wise-cracks which jostle each other to get out.)

SIN: (Loudly and jovially, upon seeing Bob.) Oh, boy, look at 'er now! If here isn't the old thinker himself, all come to life and thinkin' harder than ever. Cheer up, Bobby, my boy. Popsie's got great news for you. Great news, by crrracky! (He laughs heartily and noisily and pokes Bob in the ribs.)

BOB: (Wearily.) Yeah?

SIN: Yeah! A bran-new hotsy date, that's what Popsie's got for Bobby!

BOB: Oh, God!

SIN: (Not paying any attention to him.) Yessir! Y'see, my date—Alice, y'know—has a friend vis'tin' her, an' she wanted to know if I couldn't dig up a date for her, and I said sure, because I knew you didn't have  
(Continued on Page Twenty)



O H, there was a young Pi Phi come out of the west,  
Of all the fair co-eds, her "line" was the best;  
And save for one frat man, she lovers had none.  
She strolled all forlorn, and she strolled all alone.  
So accomplished in love, so adept in a lie,  
There never was maid like this sweet young Pi Phi.

She stopped not for Phi Sigs, of them she'd have none;  
Past orchard and stream, ne'er stopped for a one:  
But e'er she arrived at the S. A. E. gate;  
The pin had been hung; the Pi Phi came late.  
For a frazzle-haired Theta with a truculent sneer,  
Had captured the heart of the Pi Phi so dear.

# The Leap of the Year

But boldly she entered the darkened dance hall,  
'Mong Tri Delts, Gamma Phis, Thetas, and all:  
Then spoke the bold Theta, her hand on her hip,  
(For now the word "Leap Year" was on each co-ed's lip)  
"O, come ye in friendship, or come ye in hate?  
'Tis Leap Year, my dear, but you've showed up too late."

"I long loved this hombre, for Leap Year I sighed;  
Love swells like the Truckee, but ebbs like its tide.  
And now I am come with no thought of sin,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of gin.  
There are men more collegiate in this frat house now  
Who'd gladly make love to this Pi Phi—and how!

The dame raised the bottle, the sheik drank the gin,  
He jerked her close to him, the dance did begin.  
As he looked down to smile, and looked up to sigh,  
She had a grin on her lips, and a wink in her eye;  
She pressed his soft hand while the Theta stood by,  
"How's this for a dirt race?" said the dauntless Pi Phi.

So fragile his form, and so dainty her grace  
That ne'er such a sight did the campus e'er face.  
While the frat men did gape, and the co-eds did stare,  
The irate young Theta did balefully glare.  
And the Gamma Phis whispered, "'Twould be just like fate  
"If the lover of Pi Phi gave Theta the gate."

A Tale  
of a

## Conquest in Hearts

Related By

Opal Curieux

One touch to his hand, one word in his ear,  
When they reached the hall door, a "Lizzie" stood near;  
So light to the wheel the young Pi Phi swung,  
So light by her side the S. A. E. sprung!  
"He is won, we are gone, o'er sagebrush and hills.  
"If they follow," said Pi Phi, "They'll get some thrills."

There was scrambling of men 'mongst the S. A. E. clan;  
And Thetas and Tri Delts they rode and they ran;  
There was racing and chasing o'er campus and lea  
But the lost S. A. E. ne'er did they see.  
So dauntless in love, and so bold to defy  
Have ye e'er heard of co-ed like this young Pi Phi?



Hodge: "Why is man so chaste?"  
 Podge: "Fool, it's Leap Year!"

**NO REASON**

I can't sleep at night—  
 No reason, really,  
 Why I shouldn't,  
 It's not insomnia  
 or that I couldn't—  
 Oh no, not that, I might,  
 And yet, my reason too is right—  
 I'm with my girl  
 When daylight's gone,  
 To stay until—  
 Much later on;  
 And I can't sleep at night.—Dang.

**Just A Matter of Ethics**

In a surging mass the figures rhythmically circled the blazing fire. The monotonous throb of tom-toms pulsated through the sweaty, oppressive night air. Slowly, then frenziedly the shrill piping of reed flutes rose above the chanting of the glistening-bodied savages. A ritual dance of barbarians worked into an inhuman orgy of passion.

Somewhere in the throng a woman's scream of fear rose above the din. Two men locked, then parted, as one crumpled to the ground. The savage dance stopped. A composed, passive old man, a chief, surveyed the situation. The victorious offender pleaded that he had found his woman struggling in the arms of a drunken reveller. Unhesitatingly the chief sentenced man and

Art Student: "How many kinds of milk are there?"

Professor: "Why, there's condensed milk, evaporated milk—but why do you ask?"

Art Student: "Well, I am drawing a picture of a cow, and I just wanted to know how many faucets to put on her."—*KittyKat.*

*Where are you going my pretty maid?  
 "To buy the license sir," she said.  
 "For it's Leap Year you know,  
 And I'll marry Joe  
 In spite of the fact that he's tried to  
 say, No!*

—ECILA.

Professor (after an hour's dissertation on Egyptian archeology): "Any question?"

Student: "Yes. Is clam digging, fishing or agriculture?"

—*The Cougar's Paw.*

**DRUNK WHEN HE SAID IT**

You say she's a hot number?  
 Well, she's made a silly ash outta  
 many a good man.—*Kitty Kat.*



"Wassamatter, Bill, gotta cold?"

"Yeah; permanent wave in my nose!"

Soul: "And why is the hole in the doughnut empty?"

Mate: "Why to keep the nut company, of course!"

Little Boy Blue  
 Come hold your nose,  
 She has no shoe  
 To hide her toes.

Josephine: "My mother was born in Paris, my father was born in Los Angeles, and I was born in New York."

Joseph: "Funny how you all got together wasn't it?"

"You're so 'Patent Leather'."

"Whadya mean?"

"Well—you're certainly not a dull kid."—*The Sniper.*

L. S. '30.



SO THEY SAY

I've heard it said that girls get by,  
By raising their skirts a little bit high.  
Well maybe so, but I don't know.  
What can one do when the Prof  
won't look,  
But keeps his eyes just glued to the  
book?

—ECILA.

WHY I PROPOSED

1. Because he loves me.
2. Because he doesn't even look at another girl.
3. Because he tells me he loves me.
4. See number 1.
5. Because I'm all the world to him.
6. Because he cares for no one else.
7. Because he loves me.
8. Because he's never loved anyone else.
9. Because he loves me.
10. Because I love him.

Kisses, like the bubble  
Are what air and moisture make.  
Delights for girls, and little boys  
Who like the noise  
Heard, pop—double,  
When both kiss and bubble break.  
—Dang.

MYSTERY

It was an ancient, old-fashioned house set in a clump of tall pines that moaned and howled on the dreary winter evenings. On such a night a lone figure prowled among the clumps of vines along the old structure. He cautiously peered into the carefully-shaded windows, then slowly made his way to the ancient porch whose pillars hardly seemed able to withstand the frigid gale. Silently he mounted the tumble-down steps that creaked and groaned beneath his weight.

With baited breath he gently knocked on the door. No response! —Another knock. Still no response! Summoning his courage, he vigorously kicked the weather-beaten boards. All was still, except for the rustle within of someone walking to the door. Then the door swung creakily open.

He saw only a dark corridor. With his last bit of bravery he stepped inside, and the wobbly door of the Gamma Phi house swung shut on the poor, lone, Freshman!—E. S. '30.



"Why do they call the Dean of Women 'Dutch Cleanser'?"  
"She chases dirt!"—Kitty Kat.

He came home and, as they say in the movies, found his wife sewing a tiny garment.

"My dear, my dear," he cried.  
"Don't be silly," she replied. "This is my new dinner gown."—Exchange.

"Young man, would you take a chance on the present day liquor?"  
"Sure! Where is it being raffled?"  
—America's Humor.

"Here came the Keydets, Mother."  
"Come in Mary, and call Rover!"  
—Sniper.



"Oi, Ikey, I see a sail!" "Vell, vat uff it? Ve heff no semples!"



HEARD AT A RUSHING PARTY

Oh, I beg your pardon! I hope I'm not crumpling your dress? Are you sure you're comfortable? Oh, this is a terrible road—I'm sorry about these bumps. How do you like Nevada? Isn't it just simply precious?

Oh, what a lovely necklace! My, you do have such beautiful things!

My dear, the girls, are so crazy about you! We do hope you're not considering anything else!

You know, dear—one just simply has to consider national rating. And when you know that Beta Dunka was second highest nationally last year, well—!"

We're so thrilled about our rushees! We're getting much the best on the campus. And you know, when you're deciding on a house, you have to consider the girls who are going to be pledges with you.

Isn't this a silly rule about only being able to spend 25 cents for refreshments?

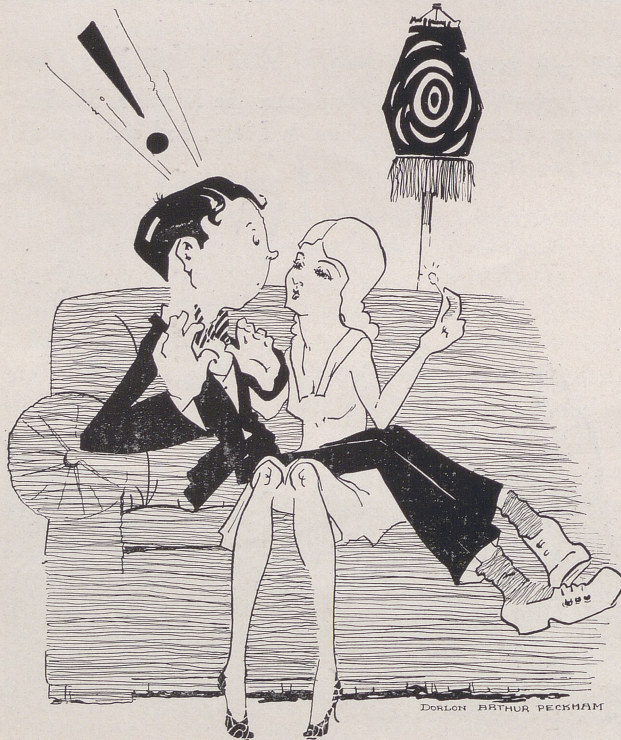
You know, the Fly Bies have *some* nice members, but on the other hand, they really are awfully common. No family background at all!

Oh, my dear! I wouldn't even give them a thought. They're not your type at all!

What? You're thinking of that house? Why it's ridiculous to even mention it in the same breath!

Well, they're very sweet, but—

—Peggy.



What would you do in a case like this?

SIBLEY & ADAMS & HALL

There were three who sat in a room one day,  
In a room fraught with naught but despair,  
And with heads held together in a serious way  
Proposed giving a freshman the air.

"Six cinches," said one, "Including his 'glee,'  
Would seem to show clearly one thing;

Wine, women, and song, the reasons must be."  
Said another, "Why doesn't he sing?"

And so they pondered, these estimable three,  
Messrs. Sibley

And Adams

And Hall.

Now Sibley and Adams are two wise guys,  
And so is this other gent Hall,

And the bluff that the freshman had worn as disguise  
Didn't work with the three deans at all.

Said one, "It is plain our duty to do  
With a rollicking freshman who laughs at his profs.,

We must oust this glib freshman without further ado—  
This irreverent freshman who laughs at the sophs.

But if we expel him he'll laugh at us, too."

Said Sibley

And Adams

And Hall.

Said Adams and Sibley, "He expects he will flunk."

"To flunk wouldn't phase him" said Hall.

"We can't meet his desires, if we do we are sunk,

I propose we don't flunk him at all.

We deal but in learnings,

We can but impose knowledge

So we'll sentence this yearling

To four years at college."

They smile the while they think of the prospects,

Do Sibley

And Adams

And Hall.

—Chirrup.

SNAPPY

Mother: "Johnny, where DID you get those things?"

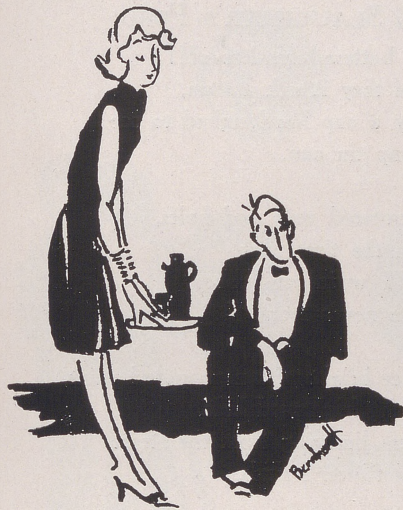
Johnny: "Out of Bob's trunk. He said all the boys at college wore them to keep their sleeves up."

—Virginia Reel.

College Widow: "Run along, freshie, I won't be bothered by a guy with more money than brains."

Rat: "The joke's on you. I'm broke."

C. W.: "I know it."—Ghost.



"Did you slap her, Bill?"  
"No, I slapped her cheek!"

First Maid: "How did you like working for that college professor?"

Second Maid: "Aw, it was a rotten job. He was all the time quarreling with his wife, and they kept me busy running between the keyhole and the dictionary."—Arizona Kitty-Kat.

"Heard the new murderer's song?"  
"Well out with it."  
"When dey is done . . ."

There's nothing like wanting  
A thing you can't have,  
Sighed the corn in the shoe,  
To the bucket of salve.

"Aloysius, prithee why are thou so out of breath?"

"Because, hearty fellow, I followed my nose, and verily, it ran."

Lives there a man with sole so dead,  
Who never to the sole hath said,  
I'll eat you now with tartar sauce?"

What he that loves loses from blindness he makes up with other cents.

Fifteen men,  
On a dead man's chest:  
Drinking his rum—  
Dead were the rest!

FROM A CO-ED'S NOTEBOOK  
"What I Learned Last Semester"

1. French  
Je vous aime!  
Aimez-vous?
2. History  
Louis XIV was a devil with the women. Madame Pompadour used her head and ruled a kingdom; then, with the knowledge she has, a 20th century co-ed should be able to move mountains!
3. Physical Ed  
If there's one sure way of removing any tender affections a man may think he feels for you just let him see you in one of these atrocities they designate as "gym suits."
4. English  
These Elizabethan poets certainly knew their stuff!  
"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!  
Men were inconstant ever—  
One foot on sea, and one on shore;  
To one thing constant never!"
5. Hygiene  
We aren't half as pretty inside as we'd like to make ourselves think we are.
6. Geology  
Men may have a corner on the brains in this course, but a woman can pull just as good a grade if she uses her wits!

—PEGGY.

Pat had gone back to Ireland and was telling about New York. "Have you such tall buildings in America as they say, Pat?"

"Tall buildings? Faith, the last one I worked on we had to lay on our stomachs to let the moon pass."

—Belle Hop.

Prof. (speaking of the origin of the species): "Where did man originate?"

Voice in Back: "In Asia."

Prof.: "What happened to him?"

Voice: "That one died."

—The Cougar's Paw.

John Alden: "May I kiss thee on the cheek?"

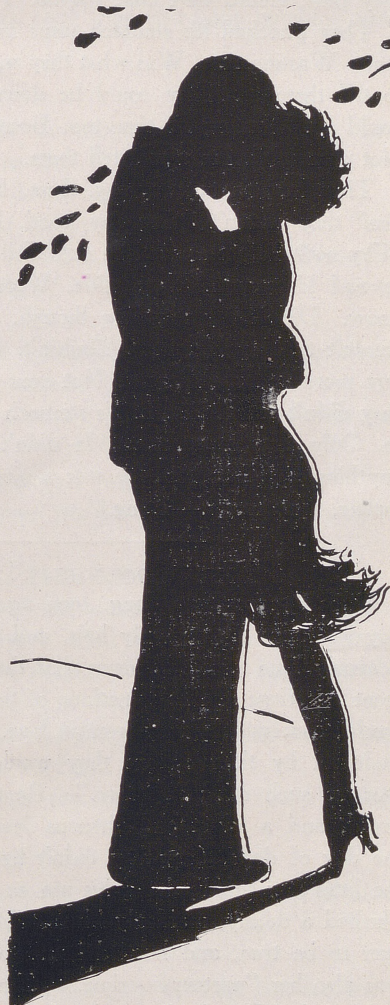
Priscilla: "Yes, John, thee may kiss me on the left, then on the right cheek, and thou may'st also hesitate a long time between them—if thee cares to."—Jester.

What's the difference between a bachelor girl and an old maid?

A bachelor girl has read Jurgen, and an old maid has red flannel nighties.

—Kitty Kat.

Even though two and another two should make four, the percentage of twins is really not quite that high.



"Oh, my dear, how can we bear being separated like this!"



SOLILOQUY

A cold night with snow. A nice fellow. Boys on the backporch around a tub. Snow and water in the tub. The nice fellow smiles. He is naked, too.

"Put him in!" That's what the fellows said. They put him in. I mean the fellow They put him in the tub. But he still smiled. He believed in mind over matter. You know. It didn't hurt. That is, if he thought it didn't. And said it didn't. He thought so.

They hit his stomach. His stomach with their fists. In the cold water. He smiled on his lips. It didn't hurt. No. He thought so. So it didn't. It wasn't cold either. No. Oh my, no. They hit his stomach some more. And again, too. He smiled.

The water got colder. And colder. The night made it that way. He smiled. Mind over matter. That's what made him that way. They were nothings. Unintelligentsia. As if they hurt. Could hurt him. Ha-ho. They were fools.

They punched his stomach some more. He smiled some more. Wasting time. Was what they were doing. He wanted to tell them so. They could be doing something else. So could he. Wasting his time too. Because they didn't hurt. Not even a bit. He would tell them.

Time he was out anyway. Sure. Been in long enough. And they weren't doing any good. He would tell them. Why not? Might as well be out. Tell them now, then. He opened his mouth. Very wide. Wide for hollering. You know. Didn't say anything though. No need to. They weren't tubbing him now. Couldn't. Because there wasn't any more water. All gone. Not even a little bit left. And they didn't punch him. In his stomach any more. No need to. Only they knew that. He didn't. He couldn't know anything. No, boo-hoo. He was a nice kid. But mind over matter. You know.—Dang.

THE "GOODNIGHT" STORY

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a little boy with nice brown curly hair, and a little girl with sad, heavenly blue eyes. It seems that these two little children went to college and knew nothing of the wicked ways of the world, consequently they were in love. Had they not been sheltered by their college they would have known there was no such thing as "love." Be that as it may, they loved, and a sweet and virtuous love it was. And then the day of days, (no, they didn't live to graduate) when the little boy timidly hung his pin on the little girl, as she blushed a dainty, maidenly blush. After this she promised ever to be true, and hurried home to her roommate, who was also her "partner-in-crime." She burst into the room, and cried, "Rowdy-dow—there's one born every minute, and there's an extra day this year."

ODE TO SLAUGHTER'S FORD

Ay, tear her battered fenders off!  
It's long since they struck a man,  
Though many a cop has laughed to see  
That rattle-trap tin can.

Beneath it scattered nuts and bolts,  
And sided in the tires roar  
That poor old worn-out rubber,  
Shall puncture never more.

Her sides, once bright with new-spread paint,  
Where hung the frightened kids,  
While all were hurrying from the street  
To escape the flivver's skids,

No more shall feel the lover's touch,  
Or know the chamois and the sponge,  
The mechanics of M. A. shall watch  
Old lizzie's final plunge.

L. E. APPLETON '31.

And then there is the co-ed who remarked, "With all the sister pins and baby pins those frat men have to buy it must be a terrible expense for fathers to send their sons to College."



"Why did Mrs. Mauser shoot her husband?"  
"All because of gossip. Someone told her that her husband was at a wild party, got into an argument and retired with grace."—Virginia Reel.





"That's her sixth dance with him tonight. They must be engaged."

"That's no sign."

"You've never danced with her!"

#### TO BE A NEVADAN

1. Never have your own cigarettes.
2. Shave only when absolutely necessary.
3. Carry no books. (An old folder with last semester's work is permissible.)
4. Never have any money.
5. Do not ruin your cords or jeans by washing them.
6. Do not take notes in class.
7. Know someone who will lend you a tux or an overcoat when needed.
8. Never come to class on time.
9. Never go to bed before midnight, but get plenty of sleep in 7:45 and 8:40 classes.
10. Register in as many "pipe" courses as possible.
11. Owe money to at least four people.
12. Be prepared to take an active and enthusiastic part in a bull-session on football or women at all times.
13. Know where Gordon can be obtained with the least loss of time, money, or effort.
14. Meet HER at the library at least five nights a week.

Voice: "Mr. Nelson married a widow with three children."

Chorus: "Yes, now they have a lot of half nelsons and some full nelsons."—Arizona Kitty-Kat.

#### PARK BENCH

They sat on a bench in Union Square park, two shapeless lumps of clothes almost indiscernible in the blue dusk that was trying, rather successfully, to dissolve them.

One lump twitched and grunted.

The other, looking to the ground, mumbled, "Ain't it a turrible life, eh?"

"Ain't it though."

The first lump of clothes found a rag and honked at his nose.

People rustled past. A fruit dealer droned, "Bananas, two-bits a dozen." Automobiles squeaked and honked along Geary street.

The second lump of clothes sighed and scratched at his back.

The street cars ding-donged up and down Powell street.

"What's it done ta you?" the first lump numbed again.

"Huh?"

"Life."

Somewhere in the distance the whiteness of a steam whistle sliced the blueness.

"I dunno. Only damn this electricity, anyway."

The other lump of clothes waited.

"Here I am, an' I used to drive horse cars. Now there ain't no more horse cars."

"Tough."

Theatre signs and restaurant signs and store signs began to glitter around the square.

"Tain't no worsen what happened ta me," the last lump continued.

The first lump of clothes swore.

"No. Don't suppose you'd a thought it, would ya? I'm a writer."

The second lump screwed up his face.

"No, not the kind what writes books. Pen writin's my style. I used to have a stand over on Market street, an' write callin' cards fer people. You know, fancy ones."

"Uh-huh."

The banana dealer closed up his stand and started pushing it away into the darkness.

"Then along comes this real printing, an' fashions changed."

"Just like electricity."

The speaker found his rag again and honked at his nose. "That ain't all, neither," he went on.

"No?"

"Last week my daughter goes up and marries one of these guys what sells typewriters."

—E. D.



“For the  
strength of the  
pack is the  
wolf”



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# The Nevada DESERT WOLF



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We call attention to the appointments listed in the masthead of this issue. The names include those people who, through outstanding work, have been judged capable of taking a large part in the responsibility in the publication of the next issue of the Nevada Desert Wolf, which will be off the press in the latter part of April. The Publication Board's choice of editor and business manager for the college year 1928-29 will be based on the ability and

industry shown in preparing the final issue, as well as in past service.

The astonishing rally of alumni in the recent Board of Regents controversy revealed a latent power little before realized. Their reassurances of support of the present administration exercised no little influence. Properly organized, they can be of inestimable value in putting over the Student Union



THE NEVADA DESERT WOLF



building plan. An alumni association grows yearly, both in numbers, and in wisdom. Its cooperation with the A. S. U. N. is necessary.

Ten years from now, when our editorial step is "weak and slow," we'd like to drop in at a Robert L. Fulton foundation lecture, sit in comfort and listen to such excellent men as Durant, Halliburton and Gorst, without camping two days outside the door in order to rate a seat. That is why we favor the Student Union building program.

Gone are the "good old days." It used to be that undergraduates fought for a chance to root for Nevada at basketball games—now some of them almost break down and cry if they are requested to sit in the rooting section.

Violations of the University parking regulations continue. Most cases are not willful violations, but the result of forgetfulness. We have solved the problem. Install parking signs, and give the students a chance to remember.

"Buck" Shaw is a good football coach. Students and players alike feel that he is *the* man for the job. We look forward to the coming grid season as a potential success.

"The High Sierras," on the inside front cover, is a result of the Desert Wolf's attempt to combine

literary and artistic ability in the magazine. The artist has caught the spirit of grandeur and silent majesty of the primeval forest, the eternal peaks, and virgin snows. It is truly symbolic of the spirit of the West.

Drastic measures in enforcing compliance with Nevada rules and traditions are not favored by the Wolf, because it is not believed necessary among college men and women. Nevertheless, it endorses the recent action of the upper-class committees, as being necessary for the general welfare and maintenance of standards. There should be no "favored few."

"Nearly a hundred library books lost"—another case of carelessness and thoughtlessness among students. The most culpable case is that of violation of the seminar ruling. Any student of upper-class standing who has not learned the sacredness of books has no place on the campus of the University of Nevada, and should "get out."

As part of the Wolf's policy of promoting and fostering literary effort on the campus, awards are being offered in connection with the final issue of the magazine. Two prizes will be given. One award will go to the author of the best prose article, the other to the best piece of poetry, published. Rules for the contest, which is open to the entire campus, will be announced later.

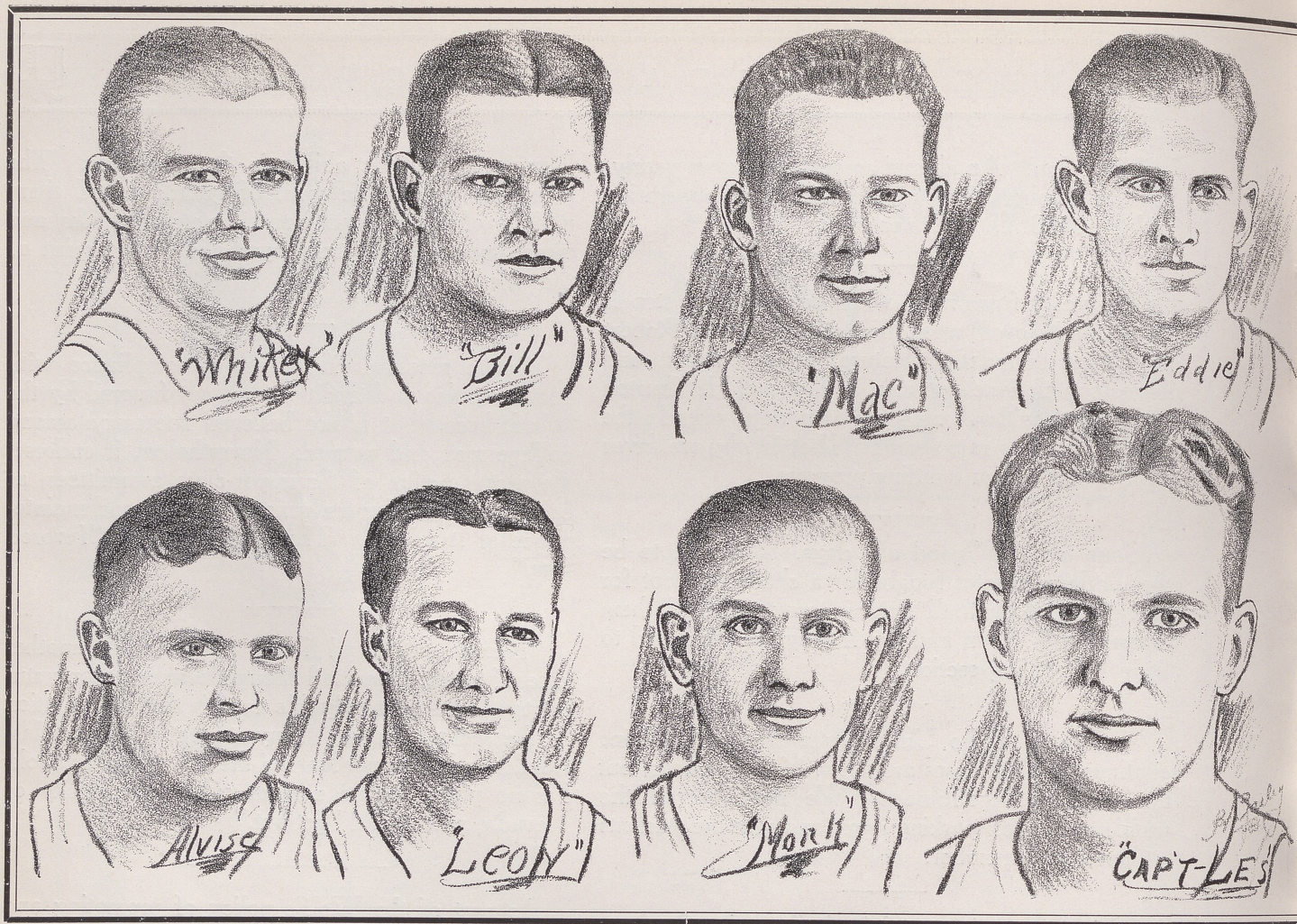
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and members of staff.



## Rambling Along With the Wolf Pa



LITHE figure, clad in jersey and shorts, crouched, straightened and leaped high. The brown sphere hung a split second at the zenith of its ascent; then, impelled by crafty wrist, shot sideward. It met the sure hands of one who whirled in midflight.

Before rubber-padded soles regripped the floor the ball again shot through the air. Deflected in turn by another wrist-flip, it clicked against the floor in an elusive bouncing pass into the hands of a swooping figure, who twisted on one foot and arched the ball toward the mesh-draped steel hoop. It snapped cleanly through, and struck the floor.

A whistle screamed.

Five figures froze in their tracks.

Silence, as the ball rolled to a corner.

Heads above the balcony rail bobbed one toward another. Faces grinned, half-apprehensively.

"The Czar's on the 'high-horse' tonight!" muttered one.

"An' don't fergit it!" murmured the other.

More silence.

"W-e-l-l!!" Starting low, it rose, swelled—vibrant, stentorian. The beams quivered. So did the figures.

"Hainer! Come on over here and rest those poor old bones!"

He did.

Page Eighteen

Another play. In the midst of it, a sudden thump!

"Ye gods, Watson, stand up! Those pants haven't got shoes on 'em!"

"Gilmartin, get a pair of tights and dance somewhere else!"

"Tip, you're too small for that!" as Whitehead tried one from center.

"Baldini, what's the matter? Are you getting t-i-r-e-d?"

"Naw, 'Doc,' I'm all right!" as he staggered down the floor.

"All right, you Black-Shirts, take the ball through!"

They did *not*.

"All right, now, what's wrong? Try that again, and take it through, or take a bath!"

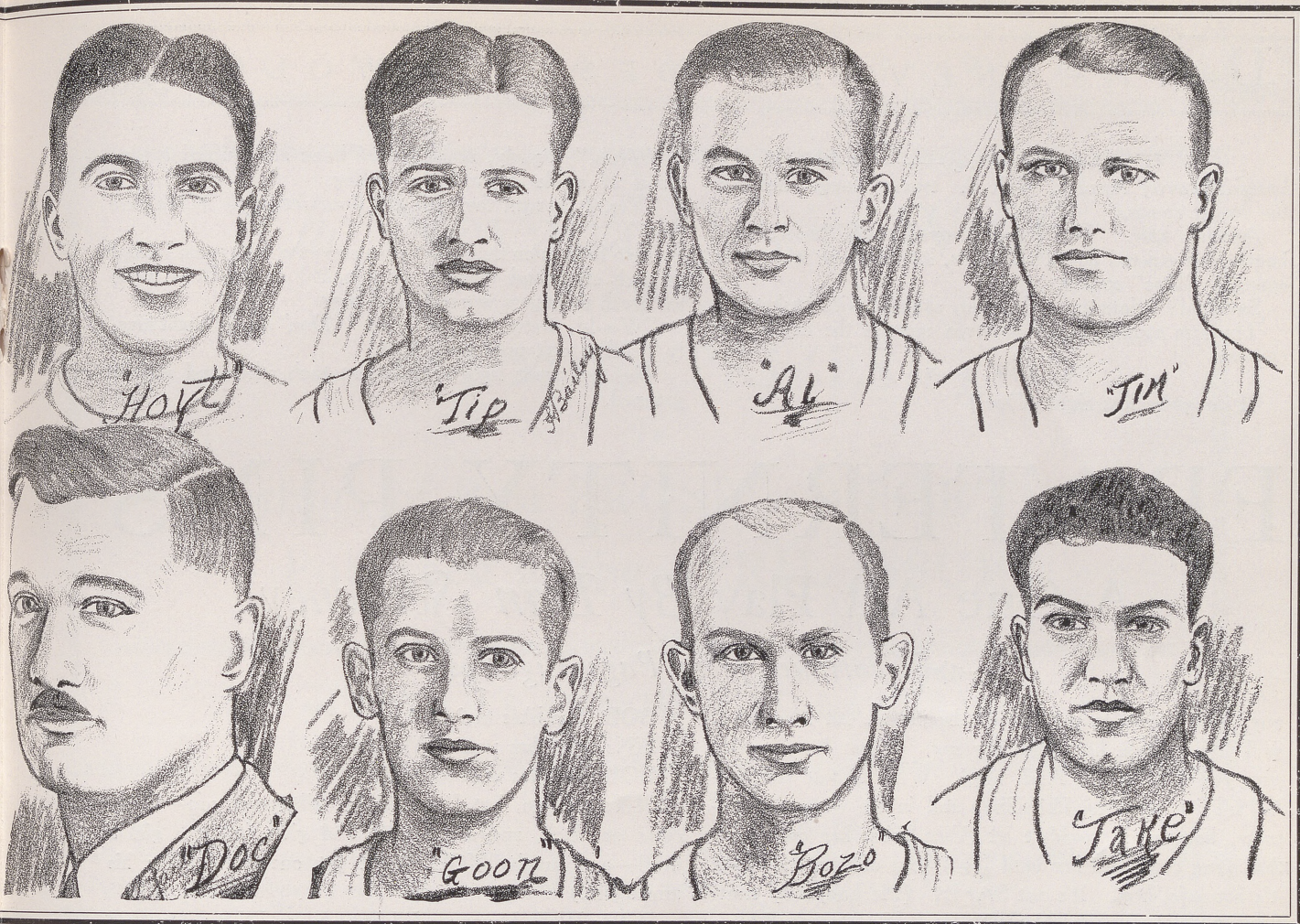
They took it through.

"Didn't I tell you take the ball off the backboard, Jim?"

"All right, now for a little game of keep-away!"

They kept away for fifteen minutes.

Name	Position
LESLIE "LES" CLOVER (Capt)	Guard
LEON "LEE" HAINER	Guard
ARCHIE "BOZO" WATSON	Center
JOHN "GOON" GILMARTIN	Center
GLENN "JAKE" LAWLOR	Forward
ERWIN "MONK" MORRISON	Forward
JAMES "BUCK" BAILEY	Guard
HOYT MARTIN	Manager



## ck — A Glimpse from the Sidelines

Name	Position
EDWIN "TIP" WHITEHEAD	Forward
ALFRED "AL" WIELANDER	Forward
FRED "ALVISE" BALDINI	Forward
EDWARD "EDDIE" DUCKER	Forward
WILLIAM "BILL" KINNON	Guard
JUSTUS "WHITEY" LAWSON	Guard
ALDEN "MAC" MCCOLLUM	Guard
J. E. "DOC" MARTIE	Coach

"Tired?"  
 No answer. They wanted to talk. Couldn't talk. Too tired.  
 "No condition, hey! Well, ten minutes more!"  
 Ten minutes passed.  
 Whistle.  
 "Whassa matter? You fellows already had showers?"  
 "Naw, 'Doc', nothin' like that, 'Doc.' Jus' sweat, 'Doc,' thass all—jus' sweat!" And so on far into the night.

A whistle sounded and another flannel-clad figure trotted to the center of the floor. He poised the ball on his finger tips. Two groups huddled a moment and scattered.

"Timers ready?" A nodded head, and the ball shot up. Right from the tip-off!  
 Spectatoritis! They wriggled with delight, swore fervently, ground their teeth, stamped, yelled, punched each other! And 'Doc' sat, with elbows on knees, brow slightly furrowed.

A basket. The mob howled!  
 Another basket. The mob groaned. 'Doc' smiled, and crooked his finger. Gravely, like father to son, he instructed the one perched on his knee.

Time out. The crowd yelled, "Tip!" and got him.  
 Time in. Whistle. Tap, tap, tap, pass, tap, pass, shoot and a basket! In less time than three claps of the hand. 'Doc' smiled.

Another, and another, and several others.  
 Then half time. The crowd rose, stretched, went outside and smoked. Kids who had harassed doorkeepers for hours struck the swinging doors like a band of sheep, and scattered inside.

The band struck up, or struck out, on a lively tune,

\* \* \* \* \*

The band blared. Kids clung to the wire netting outside the windows, like flies on a screen door. Rooters yelled raucously, hissed the women, and whistled until the lop-eared hound on the floor was beside himself with anxiety and terror.  
 Then a roar broke from a thousand throats. A long line of white-clad figures sped across the floor, broke in half, and tossed the ball for several moments, while yell-leaders in white flannels worked the crowd into a fine frenzy.



(Concluded from page———???)  
banged bravely through, while the teams "caught hell" in the locker rooms.

Another half. The crowd swayed some more, got hoarse and quieted down. Baskets, lots of them, more than enough. "Doc" smiled.

Satisfied? Satiated! Yes, sir, satiated with baskets.

The gun sounded, and in seven minutes the house was cleared.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Fine game last night, 'Doc'!"

"Yeah," vaguely, as he leaned back and puffed a blue cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"Yes, I thought they ran the floor real well in the first half."

Two fellows on the rubbing bench in the next room looked at each other and winked, then looked at the floor while the frosh managers worked them over.

"W-e-l-l, pretty well, all right," 'Doc' spoke meditatively. "But wait until next week!"

The two prone figures looked at each other and silently groaned.

# FRATERNITY PINS

A One Act Play *By Dan Senseney*

*Continued from Page Eight*

any, and I tried to get you on the phone, but I couldn't, so I just brought her along anyhow, because I was pretty sure you'd be here. And, boy! What a date she is—WHAT a date she IS! She's still in the women's coat-room, because I wouldn't let Alice bring her out where that gang could see her until I got hold of you. Because it's not safe, boy. It's not SAFE! (He buoyantly starts toward the door. Bob doesn't move. Sin stops and turns in surprise.) Aren't you coming?

BOB: You're good-hearted, Sin, and you mean all right, but college never did you a bit of good.

SIN: (Pitifully) NOW whatinell's the matter? Here I go to a lot of trouble to get you a swell date—well, anyhow, I get you a swell date—and you go to work and insult me. Is that nice? Is that brotherly?

BOB: It was good of you, Sin but I don't want a date.

SIN: (Squaring his jaw and speaking determinedly.) Now, Bob, I know best what's good for you, and besides I've got a perfectly good date here that's got to be taken care of somehow. I can't just throw her on the mercy of the mob. And after you see her, you'll behave different. So you're coming right along with Popsie and behave yourself. (Grabs Bob's arm and starts to pull him toward the door.)

BOB: SHUT UP and leave me alone! How many times do I have to tell you I don't want a date?

SIN: But, Bobby! This date isn't an ordinary date. She's a peach! She's a wow, she's a wonder, she's a hot-tentot! She's positively indescribable! She's Helen of Troy and Aphrodite and the Queen of Sheba, and she's all hot for you! She thinks you're Paris and—whoever Aphrodite's sweetie was—and King Solomon!

BOB: She likes me?

SIN: She likes you? Man, man!

BOB: But has she ever seen me?

SIN: Oh, no, but I've told her all about you—Now, come on, Bob, and act natural and give the poor girl a thrill—and maybe YOU won't get one!! (Grabs his arm again.)

BOB: Well, I suppose I'll have to, or I'll never get rid of you. (As they go into the house.) But believe me, if I find some dilley waiting for me out here, I'll murder you.

(When they are gone Andy and Vi come out of the house onto the porch.)

ANDY: There's not the least reason for staying in there



Cecil B. DeMille tries to pick six winners from four entries in the Artemisia beauty contest.



# The Nevada Desert Wolf

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❖ [DETAILS ANNOUNCED LATER] ❖

any longer. I don't feel like dancing, do you?

VI: No, of course not, Andy, if you don't.

ANDY: No kidding—you really would rather be out here with me?

VI: (A bit nervously, glancing toward the door.) Why, of COURSE I would.

ANDY: I can't believe it! Here am I, and you wearing my pin—you *are* wearing it, aren't you? (Looks on her dress at the same pin she showed Bob, and sighs with relief.) I just wanted to make sure you hadn't changed your mind and taken it off.

VI: (Laughs nervously.) Oh, NO, I haven't taken it off.

ANDY: You're the first girl that ever had it—well, nearly the first. The others didn't count.

VI: (Softly.) Maybe I won't count, either—SOME-time.

ANDY: Of course you will. You couldn't help it. (Kisses her, there is a moment's silence. The orchestra inside plays a waltz, very softly.) Take my pin off, Vi.

VI: (Backing away from him in alarm.) Take it off?

ANDY: Yes. I want to feel it and look at it, and see my name on the back, and know the letters of my name are right there next to your heart. . . . I want to have the fun and the thrill of pinning it on your dress again.

VI: (Nervously, but in the tone of a fond mother reprimanding the whims of an only child.) Andy, you DO think of the silliest things sometimes. (She makes no

move to take the pin off.)

ANDY: I do not. Maybe you think it was silly of me to pin it on you in the first place.

VI: (Coquettishly, trying to change the subject.) MAY-BE I do!

ANDY: Aw, I don't. (He kisses her again and a second or two of amorous murmuring ensues. Then in a determined voice.) But I'm the boss now, and you've got to do as I say. So take the pin off—unless you want me to take it off for you. (He starts to unfasten the pin. Vi jerks away from him. She is cornered, for an instant, then she has an idea. She comes up close to the railing, unfastening the pin as she speaks.)

VI: Oh, all right, then, I'll take it off and you can go ahead and—Oh! (She has dropped the pin over the railing, down into the grass.) I guess you'll have to go down and get it, Andy. I'm AWfully sorry.

ANDY: Oh, that's all right. I'll find it easily enough. (He vaults over the railing and begins to search in the grass. Vi, unseen, takes another pin from under the shoulder strap of her frock and pretends to find it in a dark corner of the porch.)

VI: Oh, Andy, Here it is! I found it!

ANDY: (Simultaneously.) Here it is! I found it! (Andy climbs back with the pin in his hand and gazes at it in surprise, then at Vi.)

ANDY: But I've got it here.

VI: (Turning hers over, and peering at it in the light



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from the window.) But this is yours. It says A. Blaine on the back.

ANDY: (Turning his over and peering at it.) Why, this is Bob's!

VI: (Giving it to him.) Well, this is yours. I guess Bob must have lost his in the grass.

ANDY: Hmmmm. I guess so . . . . .

(Bob enters from the house, jauntily, whistling. He is

absolutely carefree. He goes over to the railing, picks up his coat, which has been lying there throughout the play, and starts out without paying any attention to Andy and Vi.)

ANDY: Oh, Bob! Wait a minute. Here's your pin. I found it down there, in the grass.

BOB: Huh? In the grass? (He looks at Vi, who says nothing, but mutely pleads with her eyes.

(Andy, following his gaze, turns and stares at Vi, too. There is a tense pause. Then callously.) Now how'd it get there? Did you throw it away, Vi?

(There is a moment of horrified silence. Then Vi bursts out.)

VI: OH!

ANDY: (In horrified amazement, but, as is the way of men, only too ready to believe.) Why—why—you dirty little—(He turns and rushes into house.)

VI: Andy! Andy! It wasn't—I didn't—! (She turns on Bob, who has been watching her critically.) Now just see what you've gone and done!

BOB: (In a cheerful voice.) Uh-huh. (Briskly.) Well, so long. Goin' for a buggy ride. (He starts for the door, but Vi stops him before he gets out.)

VI: Bob! Where *are* you going?

BOB: Got a date. Goin' for a ride. G'bye.

VI: (Vehemently and tearfully.) You're *not* going for a ride. I won't LET you. I DO think that after what you've done you'd at LEAST have the DECency not to rush off and leave me all ALONE. After going to WORK and huMILiating me in front of ANdy like THAT—(She is on the verge of tears.)

BOB: (Cheerfully at first, but with mounting intensity, working himself into a high pitch of anger as he goes on.) Sure, you don't think I'm going to let you make a fool out of a perfectly good fraternity brother, just because I let you make a fool out of me! And I'm not letting you make a fool out of *me* any longer. I'm through letting you wear

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"IT PAYS TO PLAY"

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my fraternity pin or not, just as you like! And I'm through letting *any* woman make a fool out of me—from now on I'll make fools out of them!

(Vi has been standing with her back to him all through this speech, but as he talks she raises her head from its despondent position, evidently struck by an idea. At his last words she turns and faces him.)

VI: (Calmly and with dignity.) Bob, you're *right*. I've *simply* been a little BEAST.

BOB: (Taken aback) Huh?

VI: (More excitedly.) But I'll NEVER do it again, if you'll just give me ONE more chance. I'll never go to ANY dances with anybody but you, and I'll always wear your pin, even—even in GYM, if you WANT me to!

BOB: (Scornfully, but weakening as she comes closer to him.) Yes, you would!

VI: I WOULD! And I'm so aSHAMED of myself. I'd never be such a little fool AGAIN! (Hanging on his arm, in a coaxing tone.) PLEASE, Bob? Just one more chance?

BOB: (Weakly.) You—you promise?

VI: And cross my HEART.

BOB: Well—(He is about to kiss her when Andy's voice is heard inside arguing. He and an extremely pretty girl, followed by Sin and another girl, appear in the door. Andy and the pretty girl are both talking.)

ANDY: But I'm sure he's not coming—

(Speaking together) But he told me to wait for him and THE GIRL: I—OH!

(Bob pushes Vi away from him. There is a silence.)

ANDY: Now what did I tell you?

THE GIRL: (Sweetly.) Oh, pardon us. We're just going. Come on, Andy.

(They leave before Bob recovers his senses. Then he emits an enraged bellow.)

BOB: Hey! Of all the nerve! Andy! Come back

here! I'M taking her riding!

(He rushes off into the house, leaving Vi standing alone. There is a dead silence, the music in the house having stopped for the moment. Vi turns and wanders to the railing, disgust and weariness in every movement.)

VI: (Softly, but very earnestly.) Damn! (The music starts in again, a louder and jazzier foxtrot than ever.)

—»»»[The End]«««—

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15th Century: A knight in armor.  
16th Century: Knight makes ingress  
and egress more easy.  
17th Century: Knight oils his armor  
every 500 miles.  
18th Century: Knight puts his armor  
on wheels.  
19th Century: Knight changes the  
steel to tin.  
20th Century: A night in a Ford.  
—Kitty Kat.

The wind was blowing very violently on a street corner and a young lady's dress was blowing up around her neck, when a man standing near began to laugh, she irately said, "I see you are no gentleman."

"No, and I see you are not either," was the reply.—Kitty Kat.

**WE HOPE SO**

Dumb: "My father weighed four pounds when he was born."

Dumber: "Really, did he live?"  
—The Cougar's Paw.

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**I REALLY MEAN—**

Well ANYWAY, I think college is A LOT of fun, even if you DO have to study, because I MEAN it DOES spice things up knowing that you aren't SUPPOSED to study up HERE if you WANT to get IN a SORORITY, and ANYWAY I REALLY MEAN the dumber you are up here the BETTER chance you'll HAVE of being RUSHED.

But REALLY my dear I DO mean that college is a lot of FUN even though you DO hear alot about RED-APPLING from EDDIE DUerr, and even though you yourself try to RED-APPLE the Profs., because I Really MEAN we should all try and BEHAVE ourselves in classes, and instead of ChewING gum and looking VA-CANT, we SHOULD really TRY to LOOK intelligent.

I REALLY mean try to LOOK intelligent while chewing gum. Some people think that is impossible, but I KNOW that isn't true, because SOME-one told ME that I looked as intelligent as a COW while chewing, and I REALLY know that COWS are INTelligent.

Well ANYWAY college is a lot of FUN even though I don't underSTAND why I received NOTICE from

DEAn Adams and although I NEVER went in to see him, I REALLY mean I don't QUITE understand why he insists on SEEING ME . . . . Well ANYWAY I found out that I had better LEAVE school and even though I was intending to leave anyway and watch MY Mother wash milk cans out on the FARM, I REALLY mean I like college SOMETIMES.

**THE PROFS MUST PLAY**

A sophomore at college once got a letter from his Dad that read as follows:

"Dear Son—Perhaps you didn't know it, but I visited your school today. I hope you behave better than some of the students I saw in one class I visited. Those boys were something terrible. They argued about everything and didn't seem to accomplish much. Are all classes like that? Tell me which one it was—it was in room 105 about 4:30 in the afternoon. Please don't write for another check this week. Your loving dad."

The son replied: "Dear Dad—The class room you visited was a faculty meeting.

P. S. I need a five for some new books. Your loving son."—Blue Ox.



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THOUGHTS IN A COLLEGE LIBRARY

Damn hard book this. The criminal population of the United States is composed of heterogeneous, complex groups,—Nice girl, there, in the blue hat.—Police court statistics in regard to criminality—Hm, some nifty legs. Wonder if she minds my looking at her?—Damn it, I'll never get through at this rate.—The problem of the unadjusted girl in the blue hat—hell, no—the problem of the unadjusted girl is a serious one—She's looking at me. Boy, but she's pretty.—Sexual promiscuity is caused by nifty legs—no, by social maladjustment. But hats give rise to insanity.—Damn it, if she doesn't get outa this library I'll go nuts.—It is impossible to estimate the loss caused annually by sky-blue eyes—damn those legs, why doesn't she keep them under the table—blue hat, blue hat—uses a lot of lipstick—what legs—I wonder if she—Aw hell, I'll do this tomorrow.—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

TRY THIS ON YOUR FURNACE

Oh, us are the Asbestos Girls,  
Us does as best us can.  
Us much prefers a freshman—  
When us can't rate a man!—*The Cougar's Paw.*

(DEDICATED TO P. H.)

Have you heard how mighty England  
Rocked and shook from shore to shore?  
How her very land has quivered,  
On dreary days, an hour or more?

And in case you have not heard it,  
I can say it has been said,  
That these times a buried poet  
Turns and shakes his earthly bed.

From what I know, from what I've heard,  
I fear there'll come a day,  
When they'll search out all the causes,  
And they'll take my prof away.

And in case the frothy English  
Never reach here, never know,  
Why their poets turn in horror  
And their dead are worried so;

We will keep the secret hidden  
And we'll never, never, tell  
That my prof *will* read their poems,  
And, my prof, he reads—like hell.



Eat at

*Henry's*

---

Breakfast

---

Lunch

---

Evening Dinners

---

After Theatre  
Specials

Solly: "I hear Issy wears handcuffs to bed now."

Jacob: "Ooh! Iss he in jail? For vy was he arrested?"

Solly: "Ach, no! It's so his wife don't understand him ven he talks in his sleep."—*Geo. Washington Ghost.*

"We are going to suppress this magazine and kick you out of school."

"But, sir, it's not half as dirty as some of the others."

"I know, but it's a good magazine, and I'm not sure but that's enough."  
—*Kitty Kat.*

"My end draws near," said the wrestler as his opponent bent him double.—*Wasp.*

Pres. Lincoln: "And the soldier's apparel shall consist of—?"

Gen. Grant: "Union-suits, sir."

"Do you know Will James?"

"I don't know, will he?"

—*Columbia Jester.*

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"Hank blew his bill in the poker game last night."

"That ten dollar bill I gave him?"

"No, his nose."—*Ollapod.*

Sprocket would like to know if the photographer for the art magazines gets a salary, too.—*Chaparral.*

Tol: "Could you tell me where Moscow Is?"

Stoy: "In the pasture with Pa's bull."—*Buccaneer.*

First Sparrow: "See that nice new hat down there?"

Second Sparrow: "Well, what of it?"

First Sparrow: "Well, I was just wondering."

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

Dean: "You students are drinking something awful."

Student: "I know it, but that's the best we can get."

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

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"I suppose you heroically offered your services?"

"You bet your neck I did."

"Brave boy, you saved her life."

"That ain't the half of it. Every time she takes a bath she washes my back."—*Red Cat.*

Son—Pop, did you say that God was everywhere?

Pop—Yes, son.

Son—In this room, in my bed?

Pop—Yes, my son. Now go to sleep.

Son—But, Pop, if God is in bed with me, He's biting me. —*Sun Dial.*

"Who gave you the black eye?"

"Dean Sacket's stenog."

"Yea. When did she hit you?"

"Didn't. Shoved a pencil through the key hole."—*Columbia Jester.*

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Bored: "Yes, do you ever hear from your sister?"—*Whirlwind.*

Small Boy—Have you any Listerine?

Drug Store Clerk—"Yes, my dear young man."

S. B.—You ought to use it.

WE LIKE RED

He: "What color is the best for a June bride?"

Haw: "All a matter of taste. I'd prefer a white one."—*Whirlwind.*

Beautiful: "Those are pretty clocks on hour hose."

So'm I: "Yes, and they don't need any more hands."—*George Washington Ghost.*

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First co-ed—What's that fellow's name?  
 Second co-ed—Gee, I don't know.  
 F. C.—Then it's probably Buck something. I never saw a place with so many Bucks in it.

“And not only that butt,” said McGregor Snipehunter, as he picked up the remains of an ancient White Owl, “but this butt.”

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 Angry Little Boy—That's the biggest damn I know of.  
 —Mugwump.

A collegian is he who knows what she wants when she wants it.—George Washington Ghost.

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WORTH IT

One night a burglar broke into the room of the well known old maid, took a ten dollar bill that was on the table, and kissed her. Now she leaves a twenty dollar bill there every night.—*Ghost.*

"I don't mind washing the dishes for you," wailed the hen-pecked husband. "I don't object to sweeping, dusting, or mopping the floors, but I ain't gonna run no ribbons through my nightgown just to fool the baby."

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

Traveler: "You look familiar."

She: "Well, I might be."—*Cougar's Paw.*

"You say the cop let you go, with that load of liquor?"

"Sure, he thought I was drunk."

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NOW READY!

"What ho, Alexanhiprodes, lend an ear. Do you approve of tight skirts?"

"Nay, non, no, dear Beautaplantus, I think women should leave liquor alone."—*Ghost*.

Susan B. Anthony (seeing drunk): "How gauche!"

Lucky Person: "Fine, thanksh. How goesh it with you."—*Penn Froth*.

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Sprained Ankles—Avoid the front steps of certain sorority houses.

Feverish Complexions—Apply all remedies only when using a compact in which more than one nostril may be seen at a time.

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| Nine—CusSIN'           | Fifty-five—FusSIN'     |
| Seventeen—CaresSIN'    | Sixty-five—DoSIN'      |
| Twenty—BooSIN'         | Seventy-five—MisSIN'   |
| Twenty-three—PropoSIN' | Eighty-five—PasSIN'    |
| Thirty—DivorSIN'       | Eighty-six—DecompoSIN' |

"What time is it?" she asked.

He tugged at his pocket and finally pulled out his handkerchief.

She glanced at it and laughed, "It must be the twentieth time."—*Cougar's Paw*.

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LEAP YEAR RESOLUTIONS

I hereby resolve, says:

*The Man-hater:* To do my duty and take advantage of leap year.

*The Girl with a pin draped on her:* To make no more leap year resolutions, they are futile.

*The Desert Wolf:* To get, for once in four years, a good last crack at the women.

*The Handsome Athlete:* To keep out of the way.

*The Dean of Women:* To watch my driving.

*The Gamma Phis:* Not to eat the Tri-Delts' dust.

*Manzanita Hall:* Make it by ten or bust. (ten—five and it's busted.

*The Beauty Contest Editor:* Never to take another job like this.—Ambrosia.

The big day was on. The wonderful gigantic bridge connecting two of the country's largest cities was being opened. At the height of the celebration, when hundreds of people had thronged onto the bridge, the center span—with a crash to be heard for miles—fell into the river, a mass of twisted girders and human bodies. The frenzied mayor, seeing the engineer, dashed up to him. "Look what you have done." The engineer, without the slightest expression on his face, replied, "I had a hunch all along that the decimal point was in the wrong place."—*Drexer*.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—

*A fellow we knew once played a piano by ear.*

*New Fords will not be given as favors at any of the Spring formals.*


*The Fox we read about hasn't a bushy tail.*

*One of the new Frosh doesn't believe he is doing the University an honor by appearing in person on the campus.*

"Yessir," said the fair young witness, as she was being sworn in, "I know my oaths."

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"Ah manages a laundry."

"What's the name of your laundry?"

"Liza."—*Red Cat.*

1st German: "I vant that you should stop playing around mit my fife.

2nd German: "It is not your fife which I haf been playing around mit; it is Harry's trumpet."—*Virginia Reel.*

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### WHAT A WRENCH

"What's your son taking up at college?"

"I think he is studying to be a plumber."

"Why's that?"

"In his last letter home, he wrote that he knew more about pipes, nuts, and joints than any student in the university.—*Sun Dial*.

### WHAT AND WHERE?

A hurried conversation carried on in tense, eager whispers; loving glances, and tender smiles. Lost in a sea of happiness, they gaze into each other's eyes. He glances tenderly at the gleam of her golden hair—soft and radiant beneath the warm, mellow light. She admires his dear, black head and flashing brown eyes. How strong and manly he is! How sweet and adorable she is. Simultaneously they sigh. At last he can no longer resist her appealing loveliness. He reaches for her hand, but she draws away from him. There is a scuffle, followed by a voice saying, "Stop! I'd like a little more quiet in here please. If you have anything to say, go outside."—*Ecila*.

Prof: "Who signed the Magna Carta, Mr. Cords?"

Jerry: "I don't know. It wasn't me."

Prof. (thoroughly disgusted): "That will do, sir; that will do for you."

Member of the Official Board of Visitors: "Here, don't let that fellow off. I don't like his looks. I believe he did sign it."—*Pelican*.

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### FATE

'Twas not so bad in days of old  
When women all were bought and sold  
You paid your way and got your date  
All handy at the auction stake.

And now you take the lady out,  
You hang around in fear and doubt,  
And somehow get one all too thin  
Who cannot "neck" or hold her gin.

An historic quip comes to us from the days of the American Revolution. It seems that one day General Greene says to Washington: "We'll have Burgoyne and Cornwallis against us in the next campaign." To which Martha's spouse quickly replies, "And Howe." Whereupon General Greene turned pink with envy.—*Ski-U-Mah.*

Amateur Hunter: "What is the name of the species I just shot?"

Guide: "I've been investigating and he says his name is Smith."—*Royal Purple.*

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Prof: "Now, gentlemen, the question is: Do you or don't you agree with this theory?"

All "Yes."

Prof: "Yes, what?"

All: "Yes, please."—*Princeton Tiger.*

Prof—What do you find the hardest thing to deal with?  
Student—An old pack of cards.—*Brown Jug.*

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**THE BOOKWORM'S AWAKENING**

What profits me these college books—  
 These one point grades, what do they mean?  
 My heart is stabbed with bitter loss—  
 The wound is deep, the pain is keen!  
 Oh sorrow! Had I only known  
 How some day I'd repine  
 What profits me these college books,  
 When I get no valentine?

Voice from the Synagogue: "I vant some peppah."  
 Just a Voice: "What kind of pepper do you want, red,  
 Cayenne, or black?"

V. F. T. S.: "I vant some writing peppah."  
 —Exchange.

Sweet Young Thing (leaning out of the window): "Hey,  
 ice man, do you have the time?"

Ice Man: "Sure, but who's going to hold the horses?"

You: "Isn't that a French girl?"  
 Yours: "Oh, don't be vulgar!"—*Yellow Jacket*.

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**Phi:** "What's your best course?"

**Beta:** "Straight past the dean's office  
 —what's yours?"

**Phi:** "A course in etiquette! Life  
 Savers are 'always good taste'."

*He mailed his sweetie a valentine,  
 It cost him the sum of one whole dime.  
 But sent too late, 'twas not on time.  
 And so it failed like many a line.*

Proud Father (showing triplets to visitor): "What do  
 think of them?"

Tom (pointing to one in middle): "I'd keep that one."  
 —*Awgwan*.

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Jack: "Do you object to petting?"

Jenny: "That's one thing I have never done."

Jack: "What, you never petted?"

Jenny: "No, objected."—*Ghost*.

Beautiful: "Those are pretty clocks on your nose."

So'm I: "Yes, and they don't need any more hands."

—*Oklahoma Aggievator*.

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Lawyer—Now, Mr. Fargo, will you have the goodness to answer me directly and categorically, a few plain questions?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Lawyer—Is there a female living at present with you who is known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Fargo?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Lawyer—State on your oath, sir: do you maintain her?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Lawyer—Have you ever been married to her?

Witness—No, sir. (Here several jurors scowled gloomily at the witness).

Lawyer—That is all, Mr. Fargo, you may go down.

Opposite Lawyer—One minute, Mr. Fargo. Is the lady in question your grandmother?

Witness—Yes, sir.—*Goblin*.

Jane: I want a shorter skirt than the one you showed me.

Clerk: That is the shortest we have. Have you tried the collar department?—*Purple Parrot*.



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"What happened then?"

"She replied: 'Do you think I'm an ass?' and th' groom, who was in a sort of a daze, replied, 'I do.'"

—Widow.

Johnny—I must see Flo at once.

Stage Door—But she is dressing now.

Johnny—I must see Flo immediately.—*Cincinnati Cynic.*

"Salome was really ambitious."

"What makes you think so?"

"She wanted to get ahead."—*Punch Bowl.*

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