

NEVADA

DESERT WOOLIE



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# College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN



## Pigskin!

**C**RISP autumn Saturdays . . . the smell of burning leaves . . . huge yellow chrysanthemums . . . the mad, glad rush at the stadium gates . . . the hysterical blare of the bands just before the kick-off . . . the colorful pageant of college football is on!

College Humor is the ticket that admits you to the show, the program that gives you the information you need. The epic of football, a first novel called PIGSKIN by a new novelist, Charles W. Ferguson, gets under way while the eyes of the world are directed toward gridiron giants like Sphinx, its hero. A complete schedule of college football games compactly tabulated for your convenience is a feature of autumn issues, and word pictures of famous coaches, such as Rockne and Zuppke, give interesting highlights on unique personalities.



Bradley will send you a photograph of the 1928 All-American football team suitable for framing. Write Bradley Knitting Company, Delavan, Wisconsin.

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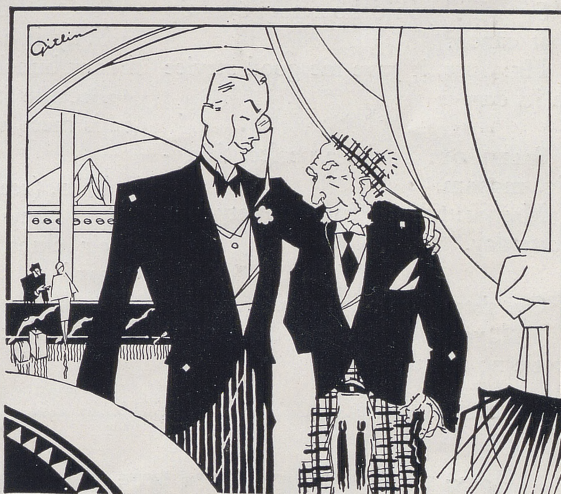
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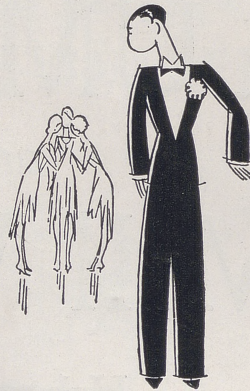


"Sav'ly, what would you do if your  
friend MacIntosh offered you a  
Life Saver?"

"Hoot mon, it would take my  
breath away."



Pst. Pst. Pst



Whispers behind your back ordinarily make you feel funny . . . . unless you're wearing a unless you're wearing

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SHE: Did you deliberately over tip that canoe?

HE: Sure, it gave me good service in its day.

★ ★

SALESLADY: You're a perfect thirty-six, madam.

MADAM: Oh no. I was twenty-four yesterday.

★ ★

Oy, sister, I'm a bond salesman! Vell, vot of it, mister, I don't want to tie no-one up.

ECONOMICS

Why is acrobatic work profitable, honey bunch?

Because its so easy to make both ends meet, sweetheart.

★ ★

PROF. (reading from Shakespeare): "And they beat them down with their clubs." Now what does that mean?

THE YOUNG THING: Ooh, but I didn't think they played bridge then, Prof!

PROF: Who adopted the slogan "Remember the Maine?"

V. FROM B. OF R.: Local plumbers union at their last meeting.

(To illiterates: V. from B. of R. ALWAYS stands for Voice from Back of Room, and don't you ask again.)

★ ★

PROF. (To Harvard Frosh): And where was the battle of Bunker Hill?

FROSH: Gee, prof, I don't know. I'm a stranger here myself.

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In the butcher-shop it's sawdust,  
In a stable it's manure,  
In a field it's alfalfa—  
But in a cigarette it's tobacco.

♦ ♦

And then there's the city council  
that arrested the city clock for assault  
and battery because it struck the  
hour.

♦ ♦

DISGUSTED ONE: Aw let's go and  
hari-cari.

HIS BUDDY: Why can't Harry  
walk?

Bright was the moon and shining,  
Fair was the girl and sweet,  
Soft was the moon lit water  
That flowed in the brook at their  
feet.

Hushed were his words romantic;  
Her answer was harsh and grim—  
"Can you," he asked, "or can't you?"  
She replied, "No. I can not swim."

♦ ♦

LITTLE BOY TO LITTLE GIRL: Are  
you going to be a gold digger when  
you grow up?

LITTLE GIRL TO LITTLE BOY: No,  
I'm a minor right now.

♦ ♦

Revised version: As busy as a one  
armed Jewish man trying to use the  
dial telephone.

### YES, OSCAR, GLUE IS MADE FROM OLD HORSES

FIRST HORSE: Hear that Dobbin  
was working for the post-office?

SECOND PLUG (Not the one that  
was pulled out of the bath tub): No.  
What's he doing?

FIRST HORSE: Holding postage  
stamps on envelopes.

(And now, deary, you'd better read  
it again).

♦ ♦

FIRST GOB ON SHORE LEAVE: Why'd  
George take his woman out in the  
trees after he got his promotion?

SECOND GOB LIKEWISE INDIPOSED:  
Cause he's a petty officer now.

# NEW YORK LIFE

BOB FARRAR '14



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THINGS BEFORE

I'M VERY pleased to meet you.  
... How do you like school? ...  
Is this your first semester? ... Are  
you doing anything this evening?  
... I've seen this show ... Any place  
you want to go is all right with me.  
... How about the next dance?  
... I'm sorry, I have it too. ...  
Wouldn't you like to get a breath  
of air in the car? ... Isn't it a  
wonderful evening? ... Have a  
cigarette?

How about tomorrow night, then?  
... You're not half as sorry as I  
am. ... Perhaps some other time.  
... Hello. ... Isn't it a wonderful  
evening? ... Oh, I'm so glad you  
asked me. ... Well, there really  
isn't much to do. ... No. ...

Do you really *like* to neck? ...  
Just once then. ... You're the first  
boy who ever kissed me. ... Don't  
be so rough. ... I wouldn't kiss  
you like this if I didn't like you.  
... No. ... Oh, I think I'd better  
go home. ... Well, just once more.

... Can you be good now? ...  
I have to study. ... Aw, please.  
... I'd rather do anything than  
study. ... Where'll we go? ...  
Isn't it a wonderful evening? ...  
Don't you think it's a waste of time  
to neck so much? ... Don't. ...  
Your beard is so rough. ... Don't  
hold me so tight. ... Don't hold  
me. ... Don't. ... It's past my  
bed time. ...

You won't go out with anyone else,  
will you, dear? ... Gee, I like you  
an awful lot. ... I like you, too.

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. . . Um-huh, I'll wear it always.  
. . . Kiss me. . . . Um. . . . You  
do like me, don't you? . . . I don't  
call this necking, do you? . . . Just  
imagine, we've been here all this  
time. . . . Perhaps we had better  
go. . . . Look at the moon. . . .  
I love you . . . . I love you, too.  
. . . . You don't love me as much  
as I love you. . . . I love you more  
than you ever could love me. . . .  
Let me show you how much I love  
you. . . . There, now will you be-  
lieve me? . . . Isn't this too good

to be true? . . . Isn't this a *won-  
derful* evening? . . . I love you. . . .

Will you marry me? . . . This  
is so sudden. . . . Tell me now. . . .  
Of course I love you. . . . Will you  
marry me? . . . Let me think it  
over. . . . I just wanted to see if  
you really wanted me. . . . Are you  
happy? . . . I love you, too. . . .  
Let's have it right away. . . . Kiss  
me. . . . The culmination of a col-  
lege romance.

A MESSAGE FOR GARCIA

*A Playlette*

ACT ONE

TIME: Two thousand years before  
Volstead.

PLACE: The Barracks.

(*Discovered:* Isadore O'Brien, First  
Corporal of the Limited Intelligence  
Service in the army of H.R.H. Axel  
Oilio, political boss of Persia, the  
Pyrenees, and wards one to five in-  
clusive of Chicago. Pinned to the  
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are one Red Cross button, a Boy Scout medal, a Croix de Guerre, and a Theta pledge pin. He starts before the envious eyes of a blind beggar and two hock-shop vendors.)

ENTER: A messenger of the king; he salutes, salaams, bows, and tosses a scroll to Izzey.

MESSENGER: De Ol' Man sez for you to take dat leaflet to dis guy Garcia which is Lord-Mayor of Jamaica an all neighborin territories includen prohibition drenched Florida and possessions. Pronto, right now.

O'BRIEN (*He has a cramped handwriting, the result of note-taking in Polly Sigh—not offered in 1929-1930*): My monarch, aware of the deplorable deficiencies of the vulgar rank and file, has selected me, Corp. Isadore Russtius O'Krein, to—

MESSENGER: Listen, Rowboat, I heard the old gink say the rum war off the coast of the land of the divorced would be sure homicide to any bozo what tried to get to the West Indies and for the general welfare he felt it was his duty to send you.

O'BRIEN: I regret that I have but

one life to give for my country.

MESSENGER: Longfellow! (*He shoots from the hip.*)

ACT TWO

TIME: Later.

PLACE: Maison de M. Garcia a Jamaica.

(*At rise of the curtain our hero enters. He is dressed in a silk hat, spats, pearl-grey gloves, knickers, and a Spur tie. His linen is immaculate and he carries the latest thing in walking sticks and an Angora. He advances to the desk, stumbles, and right in front of God and everybody he swears.*)

O'BRIEN: Darn! (*He hands the scroll to Garcia.*)

GARCIA: My boy, you have done a brave thing, paralleled only by "Ma" Furguson, Lindbird, and Peaches Browning. You have risked your life to deliver this message to Garcia. All Lapland pays you homage.

O'BRIEN (*modestly*): It sure was a tough job and I deserve a lot of credit.

GARCIA (*reading*): "To whom it may concern: I, Axel Oilio, refuse to be responsible for any debts con-

tracted by Amee McPeterson during her sojourn on any desert." Strip that man, give him lethal.

O'BRIEN (*blushing prettily*): Does she? —L. S.

Gashouse Murphy says the use of the electric chair as a means of punishment is simply too shocking for words.

SHE: My, but you're short, aren't you?

HE: You must have been reading my mail again.

Campus Charlie just loves to go out with co-eds who have a school-boy breath—you know, the kind that comes in short pants.

And then there's the sad case of the poker player who came home unexpectedly one night and found his wife holding a better hand.

INNOCENCE: I just can't see boys who like to struggle in the dark.

EXPERIENCE: Neither can I—in the dark.



# NEVADA DESERT WOLF

## THE STAFF



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## CONTRIBS



As one of its most praiseworthy features the Wolf calls attention to its new head cuts, conceived and executed by Robert Cole Caples, an artist Reno should be proud to recognize as the foremost in its midst for bringing renown over the entire Pacific Coast both to himself and the city. At present he is studying in Santa Barbara, vacationing for a while from his strenuous duties as instructor and proprietor of Reno's only art school.

For the first time in its history the Wolf has a four-color cover, and for the excellence of its center illustration we cast our plaudits to Tom Wilson, notorious editor of last year. Reliable statistics show that this is the fifth cover he has made for the magazine—and this last is indeed a graphic illustration of the axiom that "practice makes perfect."

Bill Herbert, dripper of drolleries and the campus's best gag man, presents another of the stories for which he should be famous, and also he adds jokes and short features to give him an additional page in the Who's Who of Wheezers.

Having, as an authoress, been in a lethargic coma for perhaps a year and a half, but mind you only as a writer, Miss Peggy Smith reciprocates by offering the first feature in the book. After reading it you will agree with us that the most stringent measures must be taken to see that another period of dormancy doesn't occur again. Other contributors are:

T. R. Cooper Edwin Semenza  
Jim Golden Edwin Duerr





DEAN OF WOMEN: *Do you smoke?*

SWEET YOUNG THING: *No thank you, Miss Mack. I just had one.*





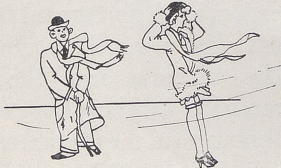
# NEVADA DESERT WOLF



## BETWEEN THE TWO OF US

### Some Things Don't Fall in Autumn

YES, INDEED, this campus is the last resting place of a college man's hopes. October winds may blow with all the vim and vigor of the Phi Sig house before election, but the outlook from the bridge is



anything but promising. With trailing skirts, the latest in co-ed fashions, piping the flight is losing its zest for the campus thrill-chasers, but, as Overlin, that experienced old cal-specialist, would say: "God give us a good strong hurricane!"

And the onslaught of new woman! What they can't *show* this campus! Not *figuratively* speaking, of course,—oh, dear, no!—although they do say that little Kibbe's legs have even poor old Greta hiding her head in shame; and Sammy Barndt—Dolores Del Rio in a collegiate disguise! No, the men don't need to go to Hollywood these days!

### Did You Blush, Dearie?

OH, FOR another pajamarino rally! What with the good old feminine curiosity aroused to the itching point, they turned out a hundred per-cent to see How the Other Half Lives—or sleeps; and, shades of the A. T. O. house, did

they get a revelation! They say Nevada's men are equal to any situation; well, pajamas didn't have them stopped! From the dainty little Iota Sigmas, coquettishly flirting the tails of Grandpap's best nightshirts, to the passionate purple triumph of the Tau's championsizzler, Duane Mack, their sartorial effects just knocked the poor dames for a row of slumber parties! In fact, when our good dean, that guardian of feminine chastity, saw the lurid Brockbank, looking for all the world as tho' he'd just stepped out of a French bedroom farce, and acting quite at home,—too much so perhaps!—she just gently swooned, and thanked her little gray virtues that she'd suppressed all the feminine desires,—for sleeping attire, of course! Yes, when Santa Claus



fixes up the boys again, we'll have another Pajamarino Rally—with *all* the trimmings!

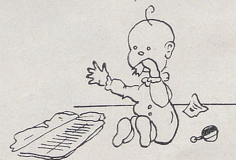
### Popularity Must Be - - -

AND SPEAKING of education, reports have it that the great Collonan has at last found his sphere of interest. Tillie Tranor and the rest of the education slave-drivers are learning tricks they never dreamed of before, and Bill's the high-minded gent that can teach them. High school authorities are at a loss to account for the popu-

larity of his classes, but Bill is a strong believer in establishing the *personal touch* between professor and students,—pretty ones preferred,—and his system of private conferences may bring throbs into many a maid's pale, pure existence.

### Heridity vs. Environment

SPONSORING THE co-education movement, step right up, girls, and meet the most sophisticated baby that ever juggled a milk bottle—"Speed" Hammond, the raciest little rumpus-raiser in six colleges! Already showing alarming tendencies for a capacity that will put his father and the Publications Board to shame, "Speed" can gurgle more milk in a split second than his father can drink lemonade at six Publication's Banquets! With all the good looks of his mother, and the vices of his father, his future looks sad but interesting. Under the expert tutelage of Adamson and Duerr, his technique has progressed to such a point that the women simply fight each other to hold him, and in desperation his father has just decided to hire gentleman nursemaids, or instructors with less experience. As for the way that baby can digest literature;—the Gamma Phis had to suspend house-meeting for three weeks





because "Speed" had swallowed all the minutes!

### But We'll Take Vanilla

ATTEMPTS ARE being made to check the insidious disease that is laying waste our beautiful campus. Have you caught it? Take care! Nine out of ten have, and the tenth is probably catching it now! The strongest may succumb before he even suspects it. Authorities agree that resistance is lowest at one a. m., and along about morning, the worst symptom usually develops in a missing fraternity pin. This is a sure sign that the disease has reached an advanced stage. Easy, there! *Easy!* Don't be alarmed! Resignation is the only procedure from now on—the disease must run its course. Take her a box of candy, and pray for a break. It'll either be the burlap and flowers, or soft music and baby carriages.

### More Miles to the Gallon

ALL OF which reminds us,—it's a high time we were having some new roads about this metropolis! The old ones are dreadfully overworked—especially about one a. m. when the cow trails out behind Sparks look like Second and Virginia when the circus comes to town. Of course, if you're not particular! But think of the complications, when you suddenly find yourself parked alongside last night's date to whom you swore undying love, and collegiate devotion! The Purdy Highway Country Club has excellent plans for removing the congestion, however.

Stop and Go signals will be erected at points of interest along the highway, to be operated at ten-minute intervals. "Opportunity for Everyone" is the motto of the hour, and, at the Stop signals, oncoming cars will stop, park for ten minutes, and when the Go signal is given, leave. Our experienced friend Cross has advised us, however, that the signals should really be reversed. At Go the motorist will park and Go to it, and at Stop the combatants will get ready to leave and Stop. It will probably be time to, anyway.

### Sometimes They Can Remember, Really!

EVERY PROF has his weak moments, and some are weaker than others. Anyway, when a well-known Econ prof was interrupted while soaring about in clouds of theory by a twitter from the back of the room, he descended from the ether long enough to lavish affection on the disturbers with eloquence that would have heaped glory on a Public Speaking prof. The blow came when he decided to resume his lecture and couldn't remember at which section of the Milky Way he'd been interrupted in his economic flights. The poor class, still hanging from a cloud with their feet dangling in mid-air, and no more between them and the

earth than a Supply and Demand Schedule, couldn't give him any assistance whatever. . . . So—since the prof couldn't remember where he was, and the class hadn't known for six weeks, there seemed nothing more logical to do than leave—which they did!

### All Who Say "Stop" Aren't Co-Eds

GONE ARE the good old days when Reno was a wide-open town! The poor old thing has repressed and inhibited itself so with Boulevard Stops, that it's scarcely normal any more! Of course, we see the nice little moral in the idea of the city fathers teaching us to stop all the time, — oh, yes! — but how very hypocritical of them. And the poor dears are dreadfully misguided about the location of their Stops. Naively, they plaster them around in the thick of traffic, whereas even the most simple-minded collegiate would know know that they're needed far more where the traffic's the thinnest. Now, if our altruistic mayor, on behalf of the good of humanity, would just filch a few Stops from the Drag and sprinkle them around on

### IMPRESSIONS OF OTHER CAMPI



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA—The friendly frosh who said hello.

the road to the N or the shady lanes behind the Stadium, Miss Mack could stay home and tend to her knitting and all the Manzanita girls would be in at ten o'clock! But there! we've overlooked the sorority chestfield situation! Think of the possibilities of interior decoration, if the



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

floor lamps were replaced by Boulevard Stop signs!

### Sad But True

**W**ANTED—Some new Pan-Hell rules! The wise one who invented them must have sat up nights figuring ways to make a college man's life *miserable*! Old Whatsis picks out the best-looking babe in the Freshman class—(we won't tell who!)—overwhelms her with his knock-'em-dead personality, secures wheels for the occasion, and, with the stage all set for a heavy conquest, pats himself on the back for being such a smart Sigma Nu. Imagine his embarrassment when the Big Night arrives, and he discovers that, thanks to the diabolical schemes of the Pan-Hell Committee, his New Woman can't be seen in the same company with the Piffy whom the driver of the car has condescended to honor! When, however, that same driver refuses to give up that same Piffy whom he's dragged about for the last five years of his collegiate career, old Whatsis walks his New Woman to town, and his effervescent personality sinks flatter than a stale gin fizz. The New Woman, with a blister on her heel, can't even make it to the first cloud when he soars in flights of romance, and the next night she takes a date with the taxi-driver, whom she knew back in Winemucca. And there, my children, you have another college romance blighted in the bud!

### Indoor Sport

**O**N SEVERAL of these torrid autumn evenings, when the wife and kiddies have been put to bed early, we have been amusing ourselves most delightfully. It seems we ring up a sorority house, and say to the answering feminine voice that we are a representative of the telephone company. She says, "Yes?" We then tell her that we are testing the phone, and ask her please to whistle through the phone at us. When she accedes to that request, whistling most obediently and coyly, we say, "My, my! You sound just like a bird!" and quickly hang up.

### Open Before Christmas

**S**PONSORING THE necktie movement for profs! Will you subscribe to our fund? Will you bring a little sunshine into some long-suffering class? Think of the new enthusiasm, the bubbling effervescence instilled in a class, when, after gazing at the same neck-twisting atrocity for the last six years, the prof blossoms out in one of our new "guaranteed to knock 'em dead" neckties! Along which lines may we heartily commend the nice consideration with which the Great God Duerr selects sentimental blues to match his heavenly eyes,—and the exquisite sartorial effects whereby that sporty old darling, Hall, overwhelms his Education classes! Consider the anticipation, the thrill of feminine members approaching their Public Speaking courses; the excitement, the flame, when they go to Education conferences! A new era is about to dawn! Subscribe to our Necktie Fund, and on the first of the month the Honorable Si Feemster will be the first to be formally presented with a pink velvet neckpiece.

### But Bring Dark Glasses



**C**OME ON up, boys, and let's give six for Dan Trevitt's Big Idea! At last, a method has been found whereby the girls can see the stunts which, for so many years, have added spice and paprika to the HE-JINX—that triumph of masculine ingenuity! *Watch* for the A. S. U. N. notice at 11:25 and *run*—don't walk!—for a seat! You'll get stepped on in the stampede, but it's worth it! The dirt you'll uncover would make a bachelor's quarters look sick! *Don't* be squeamish! This is nothing to what's coming! *Don't* squirm! Yes, an act is going on now! See that little pink darling with the dimples? Hasn't he more *appeal*? There! He's won the beauty prize! *Don't* cower in your seat! The program isn't half over yet! Even Prof. Charlie looks worried! Now, now, *don't* leave! This is the boy's Big Chance! Fri-

day, at 11:25, girls! *Don't* miss your chance to see the Brighter and Better (?) Side of Life!

### Once a Cardinal



**O**UR FRIENDS from Harvard have been telling us how to relieve the monotony of consuming Gordon water. It seems that you all go out on a Friday night party, and then (when most of the participants are quite loose) you start initiating them into the "Cardinals." Of course, that is no new idea here. We know personally about twenty-five members. But here is the added information: You can also be a Grand Cardinal, or a Pope. To be the former, simply go through the Cardinal initiation backwards; and to be a Pope, go through both initiations simultaneously. There is only one Grand Cardinal on the campus at present, and no Popes.

### And All For Nothing, Too

**A**LONG-NEEDED function is about to be performed on this campus. The moment you have all been waiting for has arrived! Introducing the Desert Wolf Dating Bureau, for the mutual benefit of forlorn co-eds, and take-a-chance males. All applicants satisfied, no matter how particular. From now on, campus dances will be crowded, and no co-eds need go home for the week-end. Dry your tears, little girls; the Wolf will fix you up! This month, we have a young woman in urgent distress, the most difficult case we have had yet, but the Wolf will do its best! Here goes.

"Young lady, daughter of millionaire bootlegger; snappy line, good dresser; wants a date for the Homecoming Dance. Has new Cadillac roadster, private cellar, and will pay all expenses. *Skyy's* the limit!" (Editor's note: We have made close investigation; believe it or not—this lady has *not* got halitosis!)

—PEGGY SMITH.



# ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN BACK

THIS IS the time of year, along with falling leaves and first semesters, for football stories. College magazines are very fond of them; for that matter even reputable magazines flaunt them before the eyes of people who should know better. So, having carefully shrugged our shoulders, we absolve ourselves from all blame and proceed. . . .

Jake Snitzenpiffle Jr., back extraordinary for dear old Stancal, sat on the bench watching his buddies go down to defeat in the final game of the season. He felt very bad about the score, about the game, about himself. As a whole, things were not progressing very well, and in a few minutes they would be going much worse. He looked at his watch to see just how many minutes need elapse before that time come, before his name go down in history as the most extraordinarily gawd-awful back the college had ever produced. The watch said six, he made computations proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that the watch was at least five minutes wrong, and then wished he had never looked at it. For, don't you see, he didn't want to play.

Last night, the night before that, and then again, night before night before last night; indeed, for as many nights as a college student's memory can retain, had he been given the incentive to play. "Oh yoo-hoo, Jakie dear," the incentive had said on the latest night (adding, for the benefit of our more immature readers, the information that incentives are usually feminine, that this one was, and that her eyes were brown), "Jakie, you will win the game for dear old Stancal, won't you, Jakie dear?" He answered that he would die for dear old Stancal, and Agatha, for that was her name if you don't mind, had added, "Because if you don't, I'll never, never, never, see you again." Whereupon he had thought that if

he did win the game the attempt would probably kill him and he'd never see her again anyway. Dear, if only he could resist little red lips, big brown eyes, and just medium-sized noses. But he couldn't; he had been with them for all those many nights, and as a result he wheezed like a very bad puncture. His condition was her fault, of course, but who cares about conditions when one isn't even interested in the game, and when one only plays because . . . . But this is getting altogether too complicated.

BETTER, IS to find out how the coach could tolerate a man such as our hero on his squad. Why, you should ask if only you were interested enough to do so, should the coach let Mr. Snitzenpiffle play, especially when Mr. Snitzenpiffle didn't want to? Weren't there other players good enough for the hard-boiled old slave-driver, which, to make this story comply with the conventional model our coach must be? Indeed there were other players, enough to satisfy any team or any coach, but they were going to sit on the bench during that last crucial two minutes of play, while Jakie lost the game, the honor of dear old Stancal, and his girl. Of course, if this weren't known beforehand, the coach could be excused as having made an error. Did the coach know? Don't be silly! That's what

coaches are for! He did know that Jakie couldn't play, that Jakie was in no condition to play even if he wanted to, and that he didn't want to.

For that matter, there were enough rooters to win the game without any players at all, if our authorities on the efficacy of rooting are correct. Jakie looked at them. Some stood and begged for the final touchdown that would change the score to a number more favorable for Stancal; others begged while sitting, and the rest, the bad naughty ones without any school spirit, just sat. Jakie knew that Agatha wouldn't be sitting. Indeed not; she had said that she would have a pennant with Stancal's colors on it, and the red of the pennant would form a contrast with the blue of her dress, and if he looked hard enough he could see her wildly waving it. Well, let her . . . .

Instead he looked at his watch again. He groaned, for the crucial last two minutes of play was at hand, those last two minutes had arrived in which games are always won by heroes who enter then to win them. Yes, and Jakie is our entering hero, but he wasn't going to win the game. Why, then, was he displacing a better player? Yes, and why?

MR. SNITZENPIFFLE SR. sat at his desk. "Mr. Davenport," he said to Stancal's coach who sat opposite him, "I am thinking of giving





## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

Stancal a million dollars. You want it, don't you?" No answer had been necessary. "And the only consideration I ask is that you let my Jakie play in the final game of the season." As an afterthought, deeming that some reason should be given, he added, "It might please his mother."

Mr. Davenport had not answered immediately, for many thoughts were running through his head. How long ago had it been since the Athletic Commission had called him before them to warn him that unless he won the last game of the season he was in immediate danger of losing his job? No matter how long ago, that they had was sufficient. Ah, but couldn't he tell the Athletic Commission of the old man's gift and the inexorable condition attached to it? After all, his salary, indeed, everything connected with the athletic department came, if even indirectly, from Snitzenpiffle Sr. But no, of course he couldn't tell them, for that he would be fired would then be a certainty. Coaches, you know, must never sell the honor of the school for filthy lucre, must never be bribed, must never be penurious. . . . Well, no matter what he did his dismissal was inevitable. Better, he thought, to have it come in the manner that would best aid the school. Visions of what a cool million might accomplish, for there are no other kind than cool, floated through his mind as he told Mr. Snitzenpiffle that the gift, along with its condition, would be accepted.

Mr. Snitzenpiffle beamed with cherubic pleasure. "Well, well," he said, "that will be fine. Yes, that will be lovely. Yes . . . . Yes . . . ." and his voice drawled away through pursed lips softly touched by a straying forefinger, a custom nice old men on the verge of giving away a million dollars are wont to affect.

HIS ALTRUISTIC mood leaving him as days passed, Mr. Davenport tried to see what could be done about making Jakie into some kind of a football player, some kind other than a poor one, I mean, for he was certainly that already. But Jakie wouldn't be made into anything other than he was no matter to what

ends the coach begged him, wheedled him, bullied him, threatened him, no matter what of the things coaches in like predicaments do to an erring player, Jakie wouldn't settle down to business. The coach asked why, if he insisted upon seeing Agatha and wouldn't keep in condition, he didn't quit. Whereupon Jakie asked him why, inasmuch as he knew of his dissipations and his apathy towards the game, he didn't fire him from the squad. Both were badly baffled because neither could understand why the other one didn't do what each knew would please them both.

They struggled on, and in the weeks that passed the coach did all in his power to see that Mr. Snitzenpiffle got a run for his money; he started looking for another job, and he felt very bad.

Then, finally despairing of all salvation, he saw the day of the big game arrive. Now he looked at his watch. It showed that there were yet two minutes left to play. "Jakie," he hollered to a figure huddled in a blanket on the bench, "replace Jackson." He turned away as he saw him toss off his blanket and run in. He might have had a tear in his eye. Indeed, he might, and if you would like it we can just as well put one in.



*"Really, Mawther, there's no place I can take Ann. She's such an insect!"*

*"Then Reggie dear, why don't you take her on a picnic?"*

JAKIE LOOKED at the pants of the men in the line ahead of him, he let his gaze carry on to Stancal's red goal posts forty yards down the field. Forty yards to go, a score of 12 to 7, and he would carry the ball. Could he do it, would it be possible for him to veer between men forming a jagged and jutting edge for all that distance? Hell no!

"Six, twenty-one, thirty-four, ninety-two," he hollered. The center turned around and looked at him. "Say, buddy," that worthy said, "ya kinda got your numbers mixed. That ain't no signal you been hollering. Try again."

"Nineteen—two—sixty-six—"

"Ah for gawd's sake," interrupted the center, "wot ya think this is anyhow, a class in arithmetic? Ya know we're usin' the dial system now, and the numbers are all changed."

Of course! "Sixteen—seven and a half—twins—" our poor Jakie called, and the disgusted center snapped the ball to him. He tucked it under his arm in the conventional manner, the interference began clearing men from his path; he was off!

"You know, Agatha," said Mr. Snitzenpiffle from his specially-warmed bench in the grandstand, "I really don't care whether dear old Stancal wins the game or not. As long as my Jakie is in the last game of the year I—well, I feel perfectly satisfied. Yes, I . . . ."

"Oh, but Mr. Snitzenpiffle, how could you at this moment! We've got to win the game, and Jakie has to do it for us. If he doesn't you know—" came a voice from the depths of a blue dress, a voice whose mistress was tugging on programs, who was chewing finger nails, who was . . . . but that's enough to portray emotion; we'll let it suffice.

"Here, lady," said a man with a tray of something or other slung from his neck, "send de guy in one of these here doo-dads. Ya can't beat 'em for things to send in at the last minute to make guys win things. All the big lovers in town who've had a fight use 'em to let each other know everything's jake some more. Yeah,

*(Continued on Page Twenty-Six)*



## PASTORAL OF A PASSION

I.

I would twine a wreath of roses  
About my curly head;  
I would throw off all my clothing  
And be like Pan instead;  
I would dance upon the hillsides  
Until I lost my breath;  
I would do all this, my lover,  
But would I freeze to death?

II.

I would bring you purple poems  
About this love of ours;  
I would send you many orchids  
And other pretty flowers;  
I would shower you with presents  
So you could not forget;  
I would do all this my lover,  
But I'm not crazy yet.

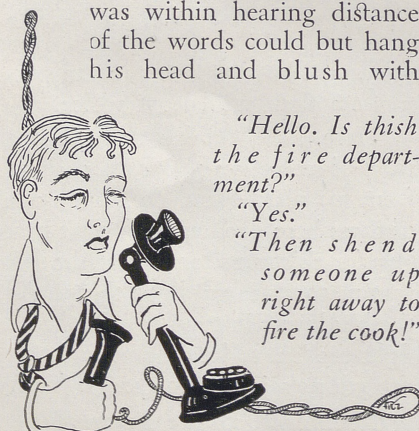
\* \*

## A CREDIT TO THE HOUSE

THE GREAT annual Homecoming house party of the Alpha Alpha Mu, was in progress. The hour waxed late, and the brethren were making merry. Yet Alfred Haggardorn, returned grad of the crop spewed forth upon an undeserving world some five years ago come June, was not satisfied. No returned grad of any vintage worth considering ever is, but Alfred had a particular and specific gripe. The party was too quiet. He remembered parties of other years, and magnified by distance and imagination, they made the festivity now in progress a poor thing indeed.

"Why," mused Alfred, "you could hear a manhole cover drop right now. I wonder why someone doesn't drop a manhole cover. Probably isn't one in the house. When I was here," by this time he was making an impassioned plea before a fast-growing audience, "we considered it a disgrace if there weren't at least a half-dozen manhole covers around to drop at parties."

Now this was criticism of the most scathing kind. Not a brother that was within hearing distance of the words could but hang his head and blush with



"Hello. Is this the fire department?"

"Yes."

"Then send someone up right away to fire the cook!"

shame. Yet the most guilty member failed to show any sign of mortification. This was Anthony Squimph, chairman of the entertainment committee. Anthony at that moment was deep enough within the clutch of woe so that a few added miseries failed to penetrate. Besides, he was well out of reach of the vitriolic speeches of Alfred Haggardorn. At that moment, he was seated in a car parked in front of the house, trying to explain to the beautiful Beatrice Whafney that sleep is a thing which steals upon a man unawares. Further, that any man who had trained four weeks for the cross-country rave by going to bed every night at eight o'clock, and rising every morning at dawn to don running suit and gallop along the byways, and who further had made a frantic effort to add that very day to the lasting glory of Alpha Alpha Mu by capturing seventh place in the yearly classic, had a very good excuse for falling asleep whether he be in the company of the beautiful Beatrice or the Queen of Sheba.

To this line of reasoning the beautiful Beatrice listened with a stony glint in her eye. It finished, she spoke several doubts which had formed in her mental machine, and chief among them was the clause concerning the Queen of Sheba. "It is," she said, "simply that you don't love me any more." That was that, and he could have his pin back.

The last operation of the severing of ties was never completed. It would have been entirely theoretical, anyhow, as far as that evening was concerned, for the brass upheld not only her maidenly modesty but also necessary portions of her wardrobe. At least she would have unfastened it,

but for loud noises which penetrated from the portal of the house.

"WHAT," WONDERED Beatrice, "has broken loose?" She knew that Anthony was as ignorant of the cause of the outburst as she was, but she had to say something. Besides, bouncing back the brass, while an effective gesture, was not her idea of sport. The sisters would note with wonder and amazement on the morrow if she appeared without the badge. Here was opportunity to slide gracefully away from the thin ice, and Anthony would have learned his lesson.

Anthony was not the man to be caught without a ready answer. Taking not a moment for thought, he responded, "I don't know." This, however, hardly seemed adequate, so he added a suggestion, "Suppose we stroll up and find out." Even though he had just been rudely aroused from a deep and refreshing sleep, his nimble brain was ready to cope with the world and its problems.

Unfolding himself, Anthony clambered from the coupe and gallantly assisted his fair companion to the asphalt. Arm in arm they galloped up the walk, and mounted the stairs to the broad piazza of the palatial home of the brothers in Alpha Alpha Mu. It was here that they first learned the shame that lack of foresight had caused to fall on that historic old roof, for they arrived as Alfred Haggardorn '24, was finishing his oration.

ALOW, THROATY roar broke from the mob as they listened to the words. The speaker finished, ladies began to faint, and strong men were seen to weep. Quickly, a little knot of leaders gathered to discuss the problem. It was clear that something had to be done.

"Where is Squimph?" queried a voice from the very center of the group. "This is his problem."

"Where is Squimph?" The words became a chant as man after man in the seething mass took up the cry. It was while the hunt was at its height, and the anger of the crowd was growing by leaps and bounds, that Anthony chose to enter the room. In



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

a second all was still. A hush fell and splattered on the floor, and remained there until four Frosh entered with mops and buckets to remove it.

"Here I am," cried Anthony. "What is wanted of me?"

"Why," and the accusing eyes of every brother in the room were turned full upon him as they spoke in unison, "are there no manhole covers to drop at this party?"

"Well, fellows, it was this way," started Anthony, "I—"

"Stop, Squimph," hissed a voice. It was the voice of the Grand High Exalted Brother Ruler which had interrupted the speech, and, furthermore, it was the G.H.E.B.R. who was using it, for he had found a place to hide it so that none of the brothers could borrow it for the dance. "We want no excuses. Either produce the goods or," and the voice dropped to a threat, "we will find a way to deal with you."

**F**OR A MOMENT Anthony bowed his head at this ultimatum. Then his shoulders went back, and into his eye came a light which said more plainly than words, "I shall not fail." Drawing a deep breath, he turned on his heel and strode from the room. The breath still remains where he drew it, but the brothers have covered it with a brass plaque. When a visitor comes to the house, they get a can-opener, and remove the covering to show them the breath that "good old Squimph drew that night."

Anthony made for the telephone as soon as he had left the room. Taking up the receiver from its hook, he remarked "Hello, Operator," and spun the dial.

"Hello," came a sleepy German voice over the wire.

"Schmaltz's butcher shop?" asked

### Morning Lamentation

I thought it toothpaste  
And not shaving cream.  
I grabbed it in haste.  
I thought it toothpaste.  
But at the soap taste  
I let out a scream.  
I thought it toothpaste  
And not shaving cream.

Anthony.

"Ja."

"This is Anthony Squimph at the Alpha Alpha Mu house, Mr. Schmaltz."

"Ven vas you going to pay for dot meat you bought last spring?"

"Have you got any manhole covers left, Mr. Schmaltz?"

"Not a vun. I sold der last of dem to der dining-hall dis afternoon. Dey vas haffing shteaks for tinner to nidt."

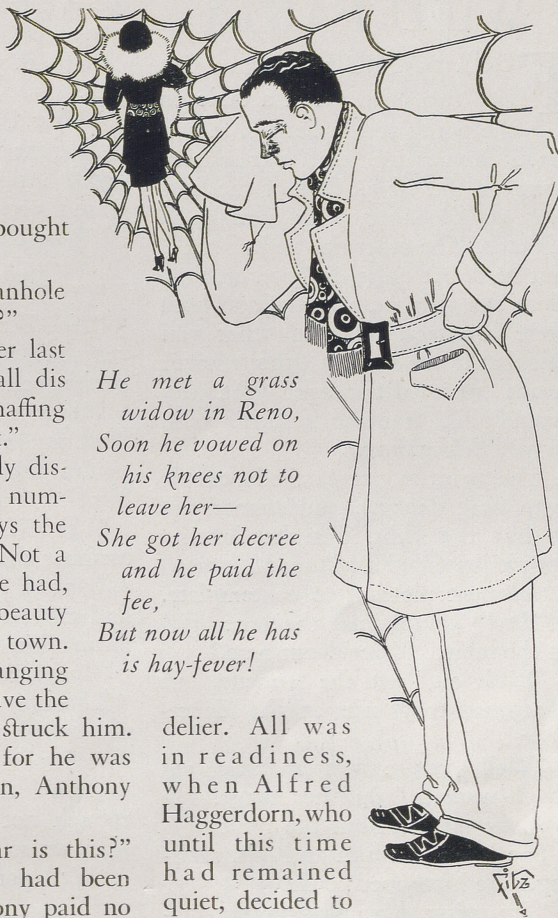
Anthony was not easily discouraged. Number after number he called, but always the answer was the same. Not a manhole cover was to be had, although he called every beauty shop and delicatessen in town. Slowly, and without hanging his head, he turned to leave the booth. Then a thought struck him. Without striking back, for he was at all times a gentleman, Anthony picked up the phone.

"What kind of a car is this?" asked the phone, who had been picked up before. Anthony paid no attention, but dialed another number. It was the College Pharmacy.

**T**HE SQUIMPH fellow was almost staggered by the reply he received. Yes, the Pharmacy had seven nice fresh covers, but there was a catch. Plead as he would, Anthony could arrange for no other terms than cash, and would have to call personally with money before he could have the goods.

The brothers listened with patience to his report. Then they hurled questions. "Cash! What is that?" and "You mean they want us to pay for them?" Quiet was at length restored by the G.H.E.B.R. who rose and held up his hand for silence.

"Squimph, this is failure." Poor Anthony wilted before the accusation. "You know as well as we do that there isn't a dime in the house. Cries of "Lynch him," "Hang him" and "Get the hell off my foot" broke out. Someone produced a rope. It was knotted around Anthony's neck, the other end was tossed over the chan-



*He met a grass widow in Reno,  
Soon he vowed on his knees not to leave her—  
She got her decree and he paid the fee,  
But now all he has is hay-fever!*

delier. All was in readiness, when Alfred Haggerdorn, who until this time had remained quiet, decided to take a hand in proceedings.

"Give them this," he instructed Anthony, "and they will let you have them on credit. A cheer rose as the brothers understood.

It was but a few moments later that Beatrice was again in the parked car. "Dearest," and her voice trembled with emotion, "you were wonderful."

"I know it," responded her companion, "and now if you don't mind, I'll take a short nap.

Beatrice didn't. "Go right ahead, Alfred," she said. And why should she have minded! She was happy, for Alfred had promised her a diamond ring. And Alfred was happy, for he could sleep peacefully, the knowledge of having won the heart of the beautiful Beatrice by his generous act, being very soothing. And within the house, Anthony was also happy, for he had just dropped one of the manhole covers on the toe of the Dean of Men who had just called to toss off a few horns with the boys.

—BILL HERBERT.



## WILD PARTY

FOUR YOUNG people, two girls and two boys, sat at a table on the porch at Mayberry's. A bottle of ginger ale, and four glasses, were on the table. One of the boys was good-looking, with a mole on his chin. The other one had no mole, but he didn't quite hit good-looking. Both the girls were pretty, and both were arranged so neatly that you felt that if one hair on either of their heads were disarranged, the sky would fall. It never had, however, so you felt wrong.

The brunette girl watched a couple who were dancing, and seemed not to like the sight. Yet the dancing couple presented a picture of devoted attachment pleasant to contemplate.

"Brr!" complained the other girl at the table. "It's cold out here."

"Little bit," said the brunette, and continued to glance at the dance-floor.

"Well, you're not making *me* much warmer," said her escort. He was the one without the mole.

She looked at him and said nothing. She hiccupped softly.

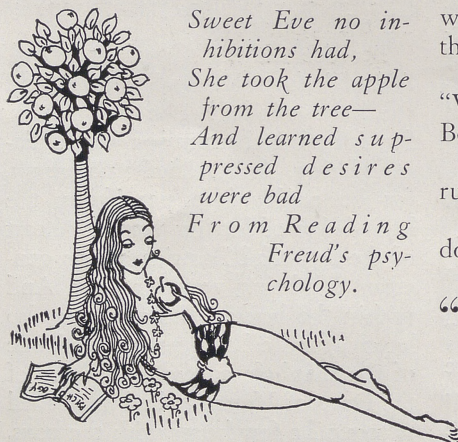
"I'm going to go play the slot machine," said her escort.

"I'll go with you," said the boy with the mole.

"Stay as long as you like," she said.

The two of them got up and left the table, but she didn't look after them to see if they really had gone to play the slot machine.

"I DON'T MIND him going out," she said, "but I don't see why he



*Sweet Eve no inhibitions had,  
She took the apple  
from the tree—  
And learned suppressed desires  
were bad  
From Reading  
Freud's psychology.*

has to date *her* out. With *her* reputation—!"

"I think you're silly to worry over him."

"After the things he said to me because I was right! And, anyhow, I wasn't, very."

"Wasn't what?"

"Very tight."

"Oh."

"No, I really wasn't very bad, was I? I was perfectly okay, wasn't I?"

"Of course you were. And, anyhow—the times you've taken care of him!"

"I should say so! Remember the time I had to hunt all over town to find a fraternity brother to turn him over to?"

"Tsch! Tsch!"

The brunette hiccupped softly again. Then she said:

"You'd think he'd have decency enough not to go out for a while after we split up, wouldn't you?"

"Well, you're going out, too, aren't you?"

"But I only took this date because I knew he'd dated *her* out. He need not think I'm staying home because I can't get a date."

"Well, he ought to be able to tell just by looking at you you aren't having a very hot time."

"I should have had better sense than to take a date with this dead rabbit."

"You're not helping him out much."

"I wouldn't mind a bit if only he wasn't taking *her* out. I can't stand the creature!"

The other girl sighed desperately. "Wait'll I tell you the dirt about Betty Lander and—" she began.

"I heard it," the brunette interrupted her gloomily.

The two boys came back and sat down.

"I THINK WE'D better be going home," said the brunette, and picked up her vanity case from the table.

"But it's only ten-thirty, protested the boy with the mole.



ONE OF THE UP  
HOLDERS: *Easy there,  
buddy, or you'll sure  
be taking one of those  
Perfect three pint  
landings* all the avi-  
ators are talking about.

"Well, I've got a headache."

"That's too damn bad!" said her escort. He picked up the check the waiter had left on the table. The girls

got up and wandered toward the floor, while the two young men discussed high finance.

"Dear God!" said the one with the mole. "Here's my share."

"Two-ten apiece. Well, the first of the month's only three weeks off."

"Who suggested this party, anyhow?"

"You did."

"Did I? Well, it'd been all right if you hadn't brought Dora."

"Or if you hadn't insisted on coming out here. She's plenty weak as a date, though."

"She's an ungrateful little squirt."

"Oh, well."

"You'll know better next time. Let's go home."

—DAN SENSENEY.

♦ ♦

And the girls down at the Pi Phi house think that Backfield Combinations are Athletic Underwear.

♦ ♦

1ST COWBOY: Let's go lasso a couple of bulls.

2ND COWBOY: Naw, let's go bull a couple of lasses.

♦ ♦

HE: What the heck! Ya think ya are an angel?

SHE: No—

HE: Then stop ya harpin at me.

♦ ♦

Say buddy, what sort of a policy has this newspaper got?

I don't know, fella, unless its double indemnity life insurance.

♦ ♦

MOTHER: Where do bad little girls go?

LITTLE GIRL: Mamma, don't you know enough places already?

♦ ♦

SOME REASONS AREN'T NO

AUGUSTUS: Why do you keep going to the doctor when you don't need to?

HERMAN: I do need to. I can't get any more apples any place.



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

# HERE COME THE U.S. MARINES!!!

The lamentable result of spending an evening at the only talking-picture theater in town, eating a toasted-Swiss sandwich and a pineapple cake, and going home to bed:

SUBTITLE: Calford University was all set for the annual ping-pong match between the Juniors and the Seniors.

Shot of Greta Garbo pushing her hair back from her forehead, and indulging in bosom gestures. (Just to help the general gayety along, the operator sneaks in a little yellow slip at the bottom of the picture, reading, "Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday: All-talking feature.")

CLOSE-UP: Coach of Calford University. "Now, folks, this week we're going to show you the best athletic event we've ever had. Boy, oh boy, when you see Ed Benson and Don Trent battle for the ping-pong championship, you'll agree with me that it's the biggest thrill of your life. Let's go!"

Something goes wrong here and a ghostly voice from nowhere says, "Fox Movietone News brings you the events of the world in picture and sound."

Shot of the two fat collegians whopping each other in the rear, to the accompaniment of loud smacks from the talking apparatus, while Doc stands by.

Doc: "Really, young gentlemen, this unseemly cacchination is most platitudinous."

FIRST FAT COLLEGIAN: "Husband mine, I'm not at all sure that green is my color. What color do you like best to knock me about in?"

SECOND FAT COLLEGIAN: "It make you warrmm, eh?"

There is a loud clap of thunder back of the screen, the two collegians break into bits, and we have a weepy-looking gent with side whiskers whom we recognize as Franz Schubert, sitting at the piano.

SCHUBERT: "Heh, heh, heh! Now folks, here's your chance to give the old tonsils a work-out. Just watch the little musical ball.

"I'm coming! I'm coming!

Though my head is bending low,  
I hear those angel voices singing  
True Blue Lou."

A colored slide appears on the screen:

QUIET, PLEASE!

TALKING PICTURES

Your silence will help  
and be a courtesy  
to others.

Shot of Buddy Rogers  
BUDDY: "Heavenly coquette! Divine female!"

VOICE WITHOUT: "Whoa!"

BUDDY: "And now give me a plate of ham and eggs."

VOICE WITHOUT: "Sid-  
down!"

BUDDY (kissing the girl):  
"One! Two! Three!"

Flash-back to close-up of Colleen Moore and Aloysius, to show Buddy's thoughts as he looks at the girl, no doubt.

COLLEEN: "Shure and it's a fine up-shtandin' little pig ye are, I'm after thinkin'."

ALOYSIUS: "Oink."

COLLEEN: "Shure, an' what did ye do then, brave man that ye are, begorra?"

ALOYSIUS: "Whisht, what *did* I do then, brave man that I are, bejzus?"

COLLEEN (in a rich mulatto soprano):

"Daddy, won't you please come home, For your smiling Irish eyes?"

One—two—three!"

(And as an after-thought): "Begorra."

We call her "The Ice Man's Foe" because she has a Frigidairre.

VOICE WITHOUTS "Whoa!"  
Theme Song.

SUBTITLE: The end.

—DAN SENSENEY.

Hey, grocer, four of these eggs you sold me yesterday were bad.

Yeh, mister? Well, I guess their mother didn't sit on them enough when they were young.

"And how many inches," questions Pithacanthopus, "Are there in a railroad yard?"

"Why," responds his Frau, "As many as there are feet in shoes, I guess."

### INERTIA

HE (On a very lonely road): Say, the motor has stopped.

SHE: Well, that's a good example for you. You do the same thing.

LADY PHONING HER HUSBAND: Oh, yes, deary, and bring home some spinach. Junior wants a new sand pile.





**HOW TO KEEP YOUR CLOTHES WHILE IN COLLEGE**

**SHIRTS**—Insist that your laundry place their identification markings externally on the left tip of the collar. Chinese or French preferred; this for a foreign touch. Especially effective when white shirts are concerned.

**TIES**—Purchase a few holly papered boxes. Forge a fictitious Xmas card for each box, being careful to leave the card in plain sight. The discriminating roomie will not even bother to open the box.

**SHOES**—All footwear should be nailed to the floor when not in use.

**SUITS**—The care of the outer garment is quite simple. It merely entails clipping off all the buttons and placing them in the watch pocket. The humorous student may place a card inscribed thusly—"Button, button, whose got the button" in each pocket. This adds an attractive josh to the procedure and the competitive spirit of your roomie will be easily around.

**GARTERS**—Ha—Ha.

**SOCKS**—Conditions vary the country over. The average college student's socks with little training can be made to stand in any corner and beck to their owner. It is therefore apparent that there will be no undue worry over this phase of the general question.

**UNDERWEAR** — It can easily be seen that this piece of apparel must be hidden beneath something. But under where? Ha, Ha.

Generally speaking, however, you will have no trouble keeping your clothes in college if you stay in yourself.—J. G.

Say Ted, Joe's sure going to flunk out if he doesn't get over those brainstorms of his.

Yeh? What sort of storms are they?

You know, Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here!

(So is the Major). They are doing little damage now. Oh! a beauty, a beauty! Folks, the Major made a lightning advance, took four fingers off the Colonel's left hand, and retired without injury. The Colonel's chances look bad, but no, NO! a wild swing has taken the Major's leg off below the knee. The Major is against a tree for support and is holding the Colonel off with difficulty. Oh! it's over, it's over!

Folks the Ma-

ajor made a lucky lunge and the Colonel appears to have been operated on. They are carrying him from the field. Well, he certainly put up a battle and the crowd cheers as he waves from his stretcher, a game guy if there ever was one. Jenny Lind has rushed forward to kiss the Major and the Press is busy interviewing him. What a battle and we're sorry to have to sign off. We'll be on the air tomorrow at approximately eight o'clock, central standard time, with the Battle of Gettysburg. Good-Day, everybody.

—H. D.

**HINTS TO BOY SCOUTS**

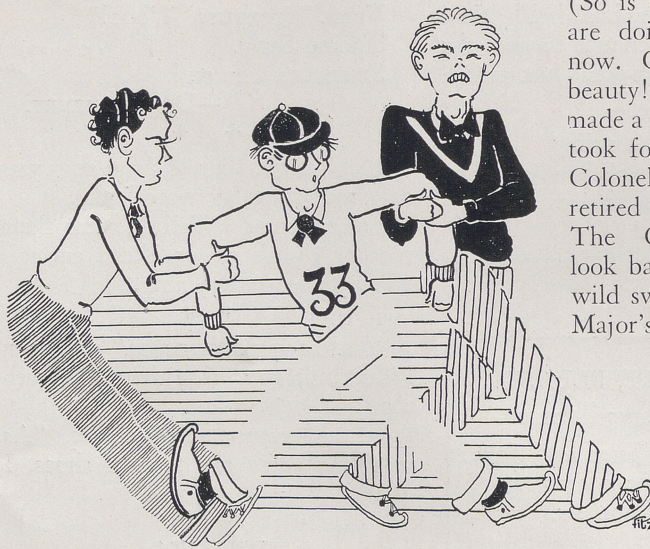
**HOW TO MAKE A FIRE:** Say, "Get the Hell out," and then duck.

**HOW TO TELL TIME BY THE SUN:** Hold your watch where the sun's rays can strike it, and count the number of strokes. Then look real hard at the watch.

**HOW TO MAKE A PIECE OF TOAST:** Fondle it carefully. Hold its sides and sigh. Kiss it. But don't do anything else. Reach for a Lucky instead.

**RUSHER:** Are you a fraternity man?

**RUSHEE:** No, I buy my own socks, thank you.



*When Greek turns Russian the Frosh sees he's Finnish.*

**THE RADIO ANNOUNCER AT A SOUTHERN DUEL**

**T**HIS IS Station WXZU broadcasting a detailed report of the Duel between Major Robison of Nashville and Colonel Harrison of Natchez; Harrison Galloway at the microphone. Folks, the weather down here in Nashville is perfect. Thousands of horses are at the hitching posts and a record crowd is expected to watch the Major carve his initials on the Colonel or vice-versa. Major Robison is already on the scene and is pacing nervously up and down, scanning the horizon with field glasses for his opponent. My! my! he looks bitter. Folks this is going to be some little battle, yes sir! Well, well, here is the Colonel and if reports concerning his prowess with the sabre are correct, the Major is in for a warm afternoon. The seconds are conferring now; it won't be long. Both men have discarded their coats and rolled their sleeves; Major Robison has chosen his weapon and is swishing it viciously. It is apparently all right. The men have crossed weapons; the referee is holding the swords together; he lets go and the fight is on. The Colonel leads with a jab to the appendix which is short by inches. Robison retaliates with a scratch across his opponent's abdomen but fails to duck a well aimed blow and is minus his left ear. My! what a beautiful return and the crowd is wild.



**SHORT:** I'm glad we girls can go bare legged. Silk stockings were my greatest problem.

**TALL:** Because of the original cost?

**SHORT:** No, no. Because of the upkeep.



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

### HOW TO BE A GOOD ARGUER

THE first thing essential is to have something to argue about. This can be a number of things, oh, yes, any number. In fact, the best sort of arguments do come over figures, now that I stop to think of it. Historically, the first argument over figures happened when Solomon asked the chief eunuch how many figures he had in his harem, Solomon's harem if you want to be technical, for the eunuch really wouldn't be at all interested. "I don't know" said the eunuch. "Count them," said Solomon. "Count them yourself," replied the eunuch, "you can count just as well as I can." "Yeh, I can count just as good as you can, and multiply a lot better," answered Solomon, "but not with figures. After I go up one column of figures I forget what number to carry over to the next one." "Well," chortled back the eunuch, "If you wouldn't rub so hard when you go up one figure, maybe you wouldn't forget so easily. Heh-heh-heh." Solomon answered "You're right, but after I finish with one column of figures I don't even want to go to the next one," whereupon they both fell to and turned out a couple of psalms for posterity.

Having picked out what you are going to argue about the next thing to do is to pick out the place best suited to carry the argument on in. A firm is going to put an "Arguer's Room" on the market, or they were until a delegation from the "Standing Room Only Co." put a stop to it because of the competition that would ensue. Well, now, let me see. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear dear, what can we do? Hum, but if you can get a person to calling you dear the rest should be easy, and you won't need this advice about what to do, or about finding the place either. You have the place and the next decision is what to do with it now you have it. Well, then, you can sit in your place—gentlemen on their pants and la-

dies on theirs. Tsch. Tsch. And what would my grey haired mother think about ladies sitting on gentlemen's pants, and what would the pants pressers union think, and what would Calvin Coolidge think, and Joan of Arc, and the W. C. T. U. . . . and most important, what would the gentleman think. Probably that he had a very heavy date, if you really want to know.

But we're forgetting the most important thing in all arguments, someone to argue with. You've simply got to have that, even if you have to mortgage the old home to get him, or her, as your choice may run. Personally, we think it very foolish to run after anyone, especially when stockings and noses can be had which will run for you just as well, nay, even better, than the finest choice on the market. But suit yourself in the matter. Oh, ho, but wait a minute. Let A. Cohen & Co. suit you. They've got the finest line of three button suits to be found any place, and I don't care where you go, or if you go any place at all for that matter. What this country needs is people who stay at home anyway. Will you stay home for your country? Will you stay home for your needy country? Will you stay home and knead for your country, knead dough that Doughboys may go away and fight to make it safe for you to stay home and knead? Then if you will you're just the person we're looking for to argue with.

Everything else being settled, all you need to do to be a good arguer is to start in arguing.

—T. R. C.



*And it's because of things like this that we think butchers should put dog licenses in their hamburgers.*

### TACT

SOCIAL ONE: What did you do last night?

SMART ONE: Say, don't be silly. The regents read this magazine.

♦ ♦

### CONFESSIONS OF A CRACKSMAN

ANKLE OVER here you patent-leather palookas and get a load a hot loam from a gent wot gived the best years of his young life to dear ole Rutgers. Horace K. Zutts mumbled incoherently, flipped a tear from his eye, and knocked the kulck off of the fourth bottle of gin as the boys crowded eagerly around him. Did not everyone know of Horace's record at old Cornell, or was it Walla Walla? Anyway it was a very catchy tune called "Down Among the Cugar Sane" or pardon me, I mean "Sing Among the Downer"—Hell, on second thought I think it was "Sonny Boy." Have you "Mr. Bathtub Singer" ever thought what a wonderful future lies in front of you? Increase your sales 600% overnight, don't be a slave to fashion, we will make your records right in the bathtub with you, Jews Harp accompaniment, and a solid gold "Good luck" ring for a small price. Open your eyes, look what a bathtub did



ELEVATOR BOY: *Hum. Last floor and all out.*





*Silly Sally says that garters keep stockings up where they should be, and our interest down where it shouldn't.*

for Earl Carrol. Don't delay. Write now, tomorrow Henry Ford may put through his merger with the U. S. mail and then where would you be? You would be in a worse position than old Horace was in 1902 in the big game between David and Goliath with two pints, I mean points, to get. I can see the faithful old slob now just as plain as if it were last Saturday, even tho' these hairs are bent and this old back is gray. There he was, a veritable Adonnis racing down the field when a pig-skin came speeding toward him; it meant a touch-down for Harvard, and at least five cigarette advertisements for good old Horace. He put up his arms to catch the ball when a pair of handcuffs were snapped deftly onto his wrists. He turned, and there stood Philo Vance. He was trapped. He could see that 1913 Ford of his parked next to the fire hydrant as plainly as if he had been standing at the scene of this crime.

And that, chillun, is why old Horace K. Zutts, nee Baron Rothachild still says in that lovable French accented way of his, "Ah, can't get no mo kick outa this heah beer than ah can kissen ma Aunt Hester."

T. R. C.

★ ★

"Why does one of the men on the football field wear knickers, John?"  
"For decency's sake, Hortense."

1ST: Naw, my girl don't want to join any more organizations.

2ND: How come?

1ST: She's got two club feet already.

★ ★

### THE CHAMPION SEES THE PRESS

PERCIVAL MERCEDES, hero of dear old Yardley because he was the new champion knitter of the world, surveyed his costume critically in the long mirror, and was quite satisfied with it. To be sure Harlon had not scented his cerise handkerchief but one cannot wear a scent every day anyway. He deftly put a nickel on instead.

He glanced nervously at his Gruen. The reporters should be here by now! Suddenly Harlon, his butler, was before him. "Harlon" he said firmly, "What are you hiding?"

"Not much" answered Harlon and stepped aside to reveal six burly reporters. "Shall I bring the usual cocos, Sir?"

"By all means, Harlon. Gentlemen be seated." He indicated chairs.

"Congratulations," said Mary of the Lamb, "upon your splendid victory yesterday. How does it feel to be World's Champion Knitter?"

"Well," Percival modestly began, "I'd feel a lot different if I were a champion woman channel swimmer."

"Yes, naturally," said Mary. He pinched our Percy's leg. "But even so you feel pretty good."

"Tush! tush!" gurgled Merton of the Mystery. "Could you give us a demonstration of your art?"

Mercedes grabbed a pair of well oiled knitting needles from behind his ear and flashed a ball of twine from the pocket of his

mauve jacket. Before the reporters could say "Gracious" he had knit a smoking jacket, put it on, and was drawing heavily on a cube.

"Marvelous," cried Horton of the Herold. "Tell us something of your training and future plans."

Percival gazed ceilingward, a strange light in his eyes. Harlon stepped forward and put it out. "Five hours a day at that," Mercedes indicated the piano," and a good old game of nuckle-buckle bean stock with Harlon every night are my means of keeping fit. Of course, the bad hangnail I developed in our match with Hale has hindered me, and the high breeze has caused me to drop several stitches at critical moments of important contests, but Yardley spirit has triumphed always!"

With one accord the reporters arose, and having drained their cocos cast the empty glasses through the window. With tears in his eyes, Percival Mercedes joined them in



*The Varsity Tennis Champ Chooses His Life's Vocation.*



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF



VERY THIN WOMAN: *I met the most adorable man last night.*

NORMAL MAN: *Did you say adorable or a durable?*

to the subject?"

"Naw, I didn't. What was the subject?"

"Live model in an art class."

### OTHER PLACES LIKE HOME

THE SYMPHONIC strains of "When It's Springtime in The Rockies, It's Winter in Nevada" floated down the doghouse that Arabella and Andy called home. The guinea pigs engaged in playful frolic on the parlor floor and the cigarette advertisements on the walls combined to lend proper color to the atmosphere of tranquility that surrounded all. It was one of the six cottages that all looked alike. The red and white trimmings, the neat green lawns and the big front windows always served to confuse visiting strangers. Such was the case with Andy. This inebriate had more than once attempted to crash the wrong bungalow in his confusion.

The dejected Arabella was sprawled on the divan, which groaned beneath her ponderous bundle of avoirdupois. As her thought drifted to her wayward spouse, her six feet of brawn became tense with fury, and

that dear old song that has inspired Yardleyites for years.

Two hours later darkness had fallen and so had the six reporters (not to mention Percival). Playfully Harlon tossed them all out the window. "Another barrel empty," he said, "And even though the price goes up as much goes down."—H. D.

"D'ja hear about Joe being kicked out of class for paying too close attention to the subject?"

one mighty fist smashed the palm of the other.

"The big Hindu. If he ever came home sober I don't believe I could stand the shock."

The monotony of being forced to administer a nightly beating to poor Andy, had worn out the dynamic Arabella completely. Although she was large of frame and actively inclined, she was practically exhausted from greeting her husband with her roughhouse methods each night. It was because of this that she had decided to try a change of method for once.

"A little womanly love and affection may be just what he needs," she thought. "I'll make him think he's in a harem when he comes home. But if he doesn't show the right spirit . . ." A picture of one mighty foot being swung in the direction of the Byrd Expedition, floated through her mind.

Andy ambled, down the avenue whistling excerpts from the popular opera "Barnacle Wm. Master Seaman!" He had always been musically inclined, having played on the lawn at the age of three.

Suddenly he paused, and gazed at the row of red and white cottages in front of him. His knees shook as he tried to pick out some familiar sign.

"Les see," he scratched his head, "Is it the second or the third one? Damn it, I knew I shouldn't have taken that last shot."

He drew a deep breath as he approached the door. He fumbled as usual, and finally staggered in. The odor of incense permeated his nostrils as his film covered eyes gazed around the dimly lighted room. His gaze fell upon the hazy satin covered figure on the divan. A melodious voice spoke.

"Come in dear boy, you're going to spend the evening with your honeybunch." Arabella smiled in compliment of her ability.

Andy started, "These damn cottages," he thought, and aloud, "Well girlie I might as well, I'll get hell when I get home anyway."

Arthur, ring up the coroner.—J. G.

STATEMENT: I know my girl like a book.

QUESTION: Between the covers, you mean?

ANSWER: Naw, from beginning to end.

♦ ♦

What'd'ya do when de cops came after ya for stealing de turkey, Cholly?

Jese, dat was easy, Hankie. We jist give 'im de boid.

♦ ♦

ONE MAN: So you're through with Susie?

'NOTHER MAN: Yep, I've reached the end of her line and my roll.

♦ ♦

THE WEAK ONE: Boy, and have I had love affairs! More'n you'd ever dream of.

THE MEEK ONE: Gawd! And I had a nightmare last night!

♦ ♦

THE CAT: She's really a lot older than she looks.

THE MEOW: Then she looks at things a lot younger than she is.

♦ ♦

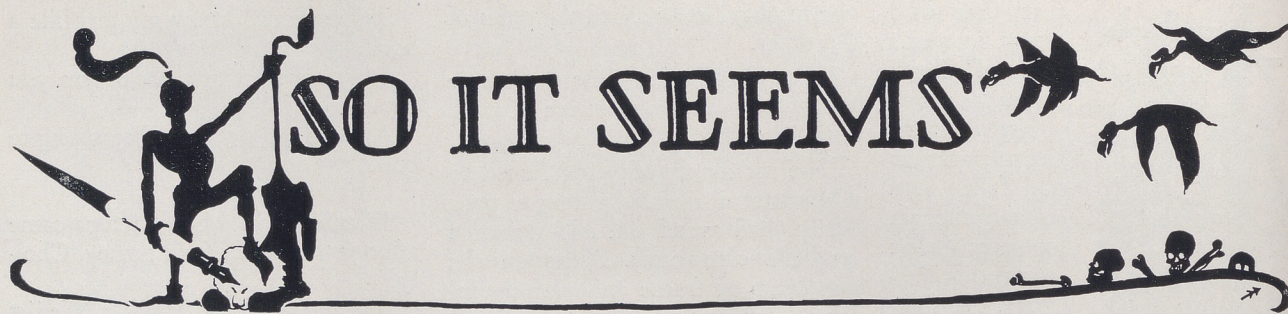
SWEET YOUNG THING: Ooh, deary, look at the moon! Isn't it a wonderful night.

PHI BATE: Well, if you really want to know I'll look in an almanac for you.



*All shocking things are charged because its always the woman who pays.*





## TRADITIONS

WHEN WE were very young, and therefore a trifle more foolish, we thought that the inane traditions for which upperclassmen consider it their sacred duty to punish Frosh essential to "that intangible something" which we wrote Freshman themes about and called, in big bold letters, "School Spirit." Now when we no longer consider ourselves foolish, if the blatant conceit can be pardoned, we think that if traditions are essential to school spirit, not the spirit considered as something to swing paddles over, something to rah-rah about, something to serve as an outlet for sophomoric emotions, then something fine and inspiring is being ridiculed, and, if traditions be considered a real essential to it, we don't want that type of school spirit.

Should we have the temerity to fly in the face of precedent and suggest that logic be substituted for rationalization we fear that valid reasons for these traditions would be woefully lacking, but, having taken a deep breath and firmly braced ourselves in our chair preparatory to an onslaught of condemnation, we ask:

WHY, IF people are allowed to smoke on the campus at all, are they not allowed to do so during the day? Hoping no prudes suggest that smoking is morally wrong and apt to lead the young on the campus in the daytime to eternal damnation, we question enforcers of tradition the exact effect sunshine has on a cigarette—and trust they don't refer us to the firm which toasts them . . . .

Why should rules be made as to what a man shall wear on his head and what he shall not wear on his

legs? Of what importance is it to the main thing a person should be in college for, an education, whether a certain group wear even nothing at all *on* their heads as long as they get something *in* them? And, should the up-holders of tradition clamor to the fore and shriek that education is not the main purpose of a university, we blissfully give them what ever they think is and hope they strangle to death on their rahs . . . . .

Further, for having got to this stage we really don't care what happens, why shouldn't a Freshman speak to a woman on the campus? What is the peculiar attribute of a college's walks and grounds that is in direct opposition to Nature's Laws, to just years and years of the world's custom, and to man's instinct?

Thus it is through the remaining traditions in that senseless group, and may Allah and Einstein be praised that we haven't space enough to vent our rage by evaluating them all.

AND, JUST as we are indebted to staunch and sturdy egoists for the continued existence of traditions, so also are we indebted to them for their inception; when a method of showing superiority is so tenaciously held it is not unwarranted to assume that the method was originally formed for the same purpose of self aggrandizement. Conceived on the principle that all Frosh are created cocky, and dedicated to the proposition that unless this cockiness is removed Freshmen will run the university, Upperclassmen created traditions and hazarding that they could keep a monopoly on the conceit that is their just right by seniority of years to retain, and they tremblingly and fearfully

thought that to keep Frosh from usurping their hard won positions they should insure their glory by the use of brawn on the end of a paddle instead of by brains on the end of a neck. But perhaps for them there was no alternative!

Feeling that for everything there should be an excuse, however invalid it might be, two have been proposed for good measure by dutiful backers of traditions; first, that "color" is given to college life not only by traditions themselves but also by the hazings they invoke, and secondly, that they contribute to memories and reminiscences in after life. Perhaps, but for our recollections we prefer a velvet backed album or a nice diary to dolefully reading the label on a linament bottle, made necessary by tradition enforcement, in our retrospection of after years; regarding "color" it is our taste to abominate combinations of black and blue—especially when those shades turn to a yellow, perhaps symbolically like those who apply them, as time passes and the bruise wears away.

But, as some consider traditions essential to the life of a University, so also do they think that the enforcement of them is a most gratifying amusement. Not being inclined towards the sadistic perversion we have never received any particular enjoyment from striking a defenseless man on the seat of his B.V.D.'s, nor on throwing another into a pool of water. Perhaps, of course, we are in error, and much joy can be derived from these proceedings. Then, supposing that it is fun to do those things, it would be more fun to break the malefactor's back in the one form of punishment, or, in the other to drown him. Why not! And then join in six cheers and a huzzah for traditions. . . . .



... in a kick it's  
distance



... in

# Chesterfield

it's taste

"Do one thing, and do it well."  
In making cigarettes, choose the  
one thing that counts — *good taste* —  
and give full measure!

From start to finish, that's the  
Chesterfield story. Good tobaccos,  
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appetizing flavor, rich fragrance,  
wholesome satisfying character —  
**TASTE ABOVE EVERYTHING!**



MILD... and yet  
THEY SATISFY





## JOKES FROM OTHER JESTERS



SERGEANT: "What company are you in?"

PRIVATE: "I'm by myself."—*Lehigh Burr.*

★ ★

CANE: "Give me a sentence using the word crocodile."

CIGAR: "My sweetie crocodile on her watch so alligator another."—*Penn Froth.*

★ ★

### NOT TOO MUCH

"What shall I do? I'm engaged to a man who says he simply can't bear children."

"Well, you can't expect too much from a husband."—*Owl.*

And then there is the conceited Frosh who had his trunk sent to a fraternity house.—*Penn Froth.*

★ ★

"What time is it, lady?"

"Two o'clock."

"I think you're fast."

"What gave me away?"—*Sour Owl.*

★ ★

"Did you take her literally?"

"No; what would I want with her literally?"—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

★ ★

### ADVICE

For that tired feeling—sit down.—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*



COURTESY OF THE PITT PANTHER

LONG: Do you see what I see?

SHORT: No.

LONG: Neither do I.

### FOOLED

"Do you mean to tell me that Jack and Mary have got married?"

"Of course."

"Why, I thought Mary was one of those modern girls who didn't believe in marriage."

"Well, that's what Jack thought, too!"—*Lehigh Burr.*

★ ★

### CUTTING REPLY

HE: "Don't go. You are leaving me entirely without reason."

SHE: "I always leave things as I find them."—*Wampus.*

★ ★

### GOOD OPENING

"You say you worked as a draftsman in a factory last summer?"

"Yeah; I opened and closed the windows."—*Black and Blue Jay.*



R. CORMACK

COURTESY OF THE CALIFORNIA PELICAN

So those are skyscrapers, hey . . . . When do they start working?



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

### HAVE YOU A KEY?

THE other day I received through the mail a bid to Tau Tau, newest of the campus fellowship fraternities. A fine thing, I thought; at last my sterling worth was being properly evaluated. I read on.

For the small sum of \$15, no checks, I would receive a highsign, lowsign and countersign, a key shaped like a manure fork and a shingle lithographed in twelve colors, signed by three campus leaders. I would become one of the twenty-five charter members (five leading men being selected from each major college) as organizers of Alpha chapter. Other chapters were to be organized immediately at the Arkansas Agronomy Institute, the Missouri Muleteer's College and the Reno Diploma Mill. The new managers would pay \$100 each for a charter bearing the mystic crest showing a bull, rampant, snorting under a sprig of mistletoe, branded with a pair of intertwined passkeys. A red eye in a key-hole surmounts the crest and underneath is a scroll with the Greek for "Just One More Snort."

If I would join I would be eligible to the degree team that would be provided with sufficient funds to bum one way and live like lords on the return when it went out to install new chapters.

Sufficient to say, I did not join. The fee was too high. If anyone is interested in joining Iota Iota, will he please see me? The initiation fee is ten dollars and fingerprints must be on all checks. The key will be a pair of bull's horns, full. I will do all the traveling myself to save expenses.—*California Pelican*.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We trust that no reference to any local campus organization will be inferred from this reprint.*

DOCTOR (inquiring after boy who had swallowed a half dollar): How is the boy today?

ANXIOUS MOTHER: No change yet.—*Satyr*.

### DRUNKEN VOICE

DRUNKEN VOICE: Hello, thish ish a couple of Indians talking. We want reshervationsh for tonight.—*Owl*.

### Art Goods : Gift Novelties Pictures and Frames

Party Favors, Bridge Prizes,  
*etc.*

### BRUNDIDGE'S

VIRGINIA STREET AT TRUCKEE RIVER

### TCH! TCH!

PATHETIC FIGURES—The boy that lispis trying to tell a girl that he likes her size.—*Reserve Red Cat*.

When someone approaches while you're in the bathtub why is it you can never remember whether or not you locked the door?—*Notre Dame Juggler*.

### POOR EDDIE

"Why don't you paste that picture of the Prince of Wales in your album?"

"I tried, but it won't stay mounted."—*Reserve Red Cat*.

DOCTOR: "You are all run down. Try a few electric baths."

FRESHMAN: "No, Doc. My brother got drowned that way at Sing-Sing."—*Rammer-Jammer*.

### ADVICE

The old-fashioned mother who told her daughter not to speak to strange men nor pet strange dogs now tells her not to speak to strange dogs nor pet men.—*Redcat*.

FIRST THIEF: "What happened to the watch you stole last week?"

SECOND BOOKSTORE PROPRIETOR: "Oh, my lawyer got the case and I got—the works."—*Columns*.

FASHION PARK  
and  
KNOX  
HATS and CAPS  
CHARTER HOUSE  
CLOTHES



*We Have Something On  
Every College Man*

SPORT  
APPAREL

DISTINCTIVE  
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**ALL QUIET ON THE  
WESTERN BACK**

*(Continued from Page Thirteen)*

lady, all the best people. Ya better get some, huh?"

Jakie glanced toward the grandstand. There, outlined above the rest of the crowd, stood Agatha talking to the doo-dad salesman. Well, why didn't she send one of the things in to him? If she really liked him she would. Perhaps she didn't want him to win, perhaps she really didn't want him . . . Well, he would anyway. He grit his teeth on some very gritty sand he had brought along for the occasion. Then, if he did win, she couldn't do anything else but have him. He would win! Decided. First, of course, he had to get mad—all people under the same circumstances would have got mad. He got mad. Next, it would be necessary, having got mad, to see red. He saw red. Anything else? Yes, he had to clutch the ball tightly. He did, and plunged on.

"Say, will you look at that boy

go," remarked Mr. Davenport from the sidelines. "Perhaps, maybe . . . oh no, the kid wouldn't have a chance in the world of getting all that way down the field. Say, will you look at . . . look at . . . go there, Jakie, Jakie," he screamed.

"Say, coach," remarked a man at his side, "you're losing all your self control. Now, then, if I were you I'd . . ." but Mr. Davenport gently put his fist in the man's mouth and there was no more room for words to come out.

"Agatha," said Mr. Snitzenpiffle, "I think that this is perfectly splendid. Yes," and he tapped his fingers as gently together as possible so as not to disturb the rah-rahs that were being given, "yes, I think this is perfectly lovely. Um. You know, Agatha, I think I'll see to it that the coach's salary is raised for doing this. Um, I think I will."

Agatha never heard him, for her bosom was heaving too much. A man gave her some bicarbonate of soda, though, and that made the bosom stop heaving. She felt better and

muttered the most fervent kind of rahs for Jakie, and the soda, too.

**B**UT HE couldn't hear her. He wouldn't want to if he could. He was mad. He was too busy seeing red. He was watching white marker lines pass beneath his feet. How many more to go? Thirty—twenty-five—twenty. He watched them. He hoped she saw him watching them. He hoped she saw red goal posts loom closer and closer, red posts, red because of dear old Stancal's colors, red like the color he was seeing everywhere.

She did, and the coach did, too. "By gawd," he said, if you don't think the term too blasphemous for so nice a story, "I think the kid'll do it. By gawd, I do!" He took his fist out of the innocent bystander's mouth so he could wave it in the air and shout rah rah. "And if he does I won't lose my job. Jakie, Jakie," he hollered, "think of my job."

Jakie, though, didn't hear that either. Again he was too busy dying for dear old Stancal. Ten more yards

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to go now, and then he could die in peace. To help through those last few yards he got madder, and he saw redder. Five yards more. A lunge and he would make the touchdown that would win the game. There was not a man to stop him, he was now so close that he could fall across the line. Indeed, there wasn't a reason why he shouldn't win the game—except the goal posts.

He couldn't see the things. There they were, right in front of him, and yet he couldn't see them. No, he hadn't closed his eyes, he hadn't lost his sight, and he could see everything but the goal posts. They were red, you remember, and he was seeing red, so when he looked at them they were invisible. For all our poor Jakie could see of them there never had been any goal posts. The goal posts were as much out of the picture as an alumnus at a homecoming party.

And our poor Jakie ran into one of them, ran into it full tilt while running as fast as he could. Like the alumnus above he was also very much out. The ball rolled from his

arms and towards the goal posts Jakie couldn't see.

"Oh Jakie, Jakie," Agatha moaned, "why did you have to do that? Why, oh why, oh why why?"

"He couldn't help it," very kindly offered Mr. Snitzenpiffle; "I'm sure of that. But even so," and he smiled very benignly, "what difference does it make? He played in the game, and that's all I wanted. I'm really very happy about the affair; I can give my million dollars, I'm going to raise the coach's salary and see that he stays here so Jakie can play next year, and I'm going to . . . . But say, what about you? Now you can't have the little fellow, can you?"

"No," sobbed our heroine through the coarse weave of her handkerchief. "For you this darned old story can end all right. But what about me?"

"Eh heh," sneered the doo-dad salesman, "that's what ya get for not buying one of my—"

"Shut up," said Mr. Snitzenpiffle. He turned to Agatha. "Why can't you, my dear, feel sorry for him.

Love him because of his imperfections; that's what people usually do, anyway. And then your part of the story could end very nicely too, don't you see?"

She had to dry the tears from her eyes before she could see very well, but she was very pleased with the view when she had. "Oh, goody-goody," she said as she clapped her little hands together, "aren't I glad though! Of course, I'll feel sorry for him, and then we'll—" but she couldn't wait to finish the sentence, for she scampered across the fields as fast as her mules would carry her.

But I forget! And what about the football game? True, the time-keeper hadn't fired the shot that would end it and when last we knew the ball was gently rolling towards the territory that would give a few more points to dear old Stancal. But did the ball reach that spot?

YES, I realize the duty that all writers of football stories feel towards their readers; yes, indeed I do, and I know that above everything

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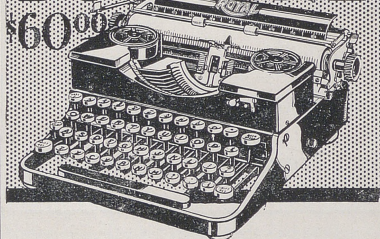
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else the game must be won by the dear old school that is supposed to. Um-huh, and I'm really very sorry, but the ball also hit the goal post like our poor Jakie who carried it, and like him it bounced back and was beyond any mortal use in this game. The time-keeper fired his shot and the game ended in defeat for dear old Stancal.

But perhaps I am too hasty. Perhaps the ball could have— Now let me see, could it have bounced the other way and onto the territory in back of the goal posts? Could it have done that? Perhaps, maybe, well . . . but I told you in the beginning, didn't I, that Jakie would lose the game, and that this was a . . . Aw to hell with it!

EDITOR'S NOTE—*It has just been brought to our attention that Stancal wins the game. Some time ago a new ruling was made to the effect that the goal posts should be placed ten yards in back of the point over which a player must carry the ball in order to make a touchdown. Jakie, then, in being approximately even with the*

*posts, had made a touchdown with ten yards to spare. We're just as sorry as you are because, in having Stancal win, it makes the whole story superfluous, and it need never have been written, and that, of course, makes it comply with the conventional football story. The whole affair grieves us to the utmost.*—DAN McKNIGHT.

SHE: "You dance so well . . . I wonder if you'd come up to our house some evening . . ."

HE: "Why I'd be glad to . . ."

SHE: ". . . and teach my little brother to dance. He's so awkward."—*Sun Dial*.

R. O. T. C.

FATT: "The boys at college are learning how to drill."

BUMPS: "Oh, they intend to be officers?"

FATT: "No, dentists."—*Lantern*.

CONSCIENTIOUS

FARMER: "Get out of that tree, son!"

BOY: "Can't dad. Just got a letter from the Sops at correspondence school telling me to haze myself."—*M. I. T. Voo Doo*

THEN WHAT?

GIRL: "When I get married, I'm going to cook, sew, darn my husband's socks, and lay out his pipe and slippers. What more can any husband ask than that?"

FELLOW: "Nothing, girl, unless he was evil-minded."—*Phaenix*.

DOCTOR: "I can't prescribe whiskey unless I am convinced that you need it."

STUDENT: "I've got a blind date with a girl my aunt wants me to take to the Prom."

KIND DOCTOR: "How much do you want?"—*Punch Bowl*.

SITTING OUT

HOT: "Are you warm enough, dear?"

DOT: "I've never had a boy complain yet."—*Mink*.

WIFE: "John, I put your shirt on the clotheshorse."

JOHN: "What odds did you get?"—*Goblin*.

## UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

NO TRADE

FROSH (*rushing into infirmary*): "Quick, give me something for my head."

Doc: "Wouldn't take it as a gift."—*The M. I. T. Voo Doo*.

"Those are my mother's ashes in the jar on the mantle."

SYMPATHIZING: "So she has passed on to the Great Beyond?"

"Hell, no; she's just too lazy to look for an ash-tray."—*Lehigh Burr*.

RAW

WAITER: "How do you like your eggs, sir?"

FROSH: "Oh, I like them!"

WAITER: "Yes, but how do you like them cooked?"

FROSH: "Why, that's how I like them!"—*Mugwump*.

IMPORTED FARM ASSISTANT: "There was a mouse in that bucket of milk."

WOOP: "Did you take it out?"

ASSISTANT: "No, sir; but I put the cat in."—*Goblin*.

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That's a most seductive gown you have on, my dear."

"Well, what else would you wear to teas?"—*Virginia Reel.*

TRAVELER: "Give me accommodations for a trip around the world."

S.S. TICKET SELLER: "Yes, ma'am. One way?"—*Sun*

SHE: "How do you like my new dress?"

HE: "It's nice, but it's a little short, don't you think?"

SHE: "Oh, no, I don't like those long dresses. They pick up so many germs and things."

HE: "You'd be surprised some of the things the short ones pick up."—*The Pup.*

### QUICK THOUGHT

SLIGHTLY GONE: "Say, pal, where can a guy get a drink around here?"

HIMSELF: "Young man, I am the Dean."

S. G.: "Well, that water cooler is empty and I just wondered where there was another."—*Brown Jug.*

### MARKSWOMAN

SALESMAN: "Here is a very nice pistol, lady. It shoots nine times."

FAIR CUSTOMER: "Say, what do you think I am, a polygamist?"—*Sour Owl.*

"I got hold of a rotten date last night."

"Really?"

"Yes, but I spit it right out."—*The Malteaser.*

"My, but your daughter is growing fast."

"Oh, I don't believe she's any worse than other young people around here."—*Missouri Outlaw.*

### BUM BUM

Hello, is this the Salvation Army?

Yes.

Where they save women?

Yes.

Well, save me a blonde for tonight.—*Awgwan.*

SHE: "You certainly have a filthy mind."

HE: "You would, too, if you didn't change it so often."—*Rammer-Jammer.*

### AMBITION

Ambition is a thing to be shunned. Take the example of the street-cleaner who was over-ambitious and had his face kicked in.—*Sun Dial.*

OR BEAT OR EMPTY OR—

"When is a man like a drum?"

"Dunno."

"When's he's tight."—*Lehigh Burr.*

### POPULAR LAD

"How's your boy getting along at the Barber College?"

"Fine; they elected him shear leader."—*The Bison.*

### CRCEBUS

The very latest thing in cribbing is exemplified by the student who took a five-dollar bill to a money and banking exam.—*Tiger.*

"Hey, quit spittin' out the window."

"What's the difference? It's raining."—*Sun Dial.*

76300

### MEEOW

SWEET BUT NOT SO GAUDY: "I dread to think of my twenty-fifth birthday."

ED: "Why, what happened?"—*De Pauw Yellow Crab.*

YES

INSTRUCTOR (*in Army class*): What should be done in case of drowning?

FROSH: Well, I should think the natural thing would be to have a funeral.—*Yellow Jacket.*

### PAUSE AND FIGGER

Two thousand years ago Aesop said: "Boy, what a hot party."

One thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine years, 364 days and 12 hours ago Aesop said: "Boy, what a head."—*Renssalaer Pup.*

TRUE

Our own private idea of carrying a joke too far is for a professor to hum "Home, Sweet Home" when he is writing the term exam questions on the board.—*Awgwan.*



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### AND NOSE

We can't choose our faces, but we can pick our teeth.  
—*Bison.*

★ ★

### WE'LL HAVE ONE TOO

"You'd like to be a stenographer, young lady? What are your qualifications?"

"I have no brothers, and my father is dead."

"Hired!"—*Voo Doo.*

★ ★

### IN 1975

ENDURANCE FLIER (after setting new record): "Wifie, whose homely child is that with you?"

WIFIE: "Ours, John.—*Ollapod.*

★ ★

### BUT WHY

"What bright eyes you have, grandpa!"

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"What a good thing you've rheumatic hands, grandpa."—*Reserve Red Cat.*

★ ★

Here's to the girl that's mine, all mine

She drinks and she pets

And she smokes cigarettes

And sometimes I'm told,

She goes and forgets

That she's mine, all mine.—*Georgia Cracker.*

### QUIET WON'T DO

"Mama, what's all that noise in the cellar?"

"Oh, that's only papa keeping still."—*Jack O'Lantern.*

★ ★

### VERSATILE

WRESTLING COACHS "Have you had any experience?"

CANDIDATES "Well, not exactly, but my mother was a contortionist; my father a chiropractor, and I was born in the rumble seat of a Ford."—*Record.*

★ ★

### THE FIREMAN'S CHILD

"I gotta a new siren for my car."

"What happened to that little blonde you used to run around with?"—*Ranger.*

★ ★

"I find reason to complain, young man. All spring you had a cold; all summer you had laryngitis; and now, haven't you got a fine case of hay fever?"

"Yessir; Asthma weakness now."—*Bison.*

★ ★

### PARI-MUTUEL?

EUNUCH (wildly): "O, son of heaven, protector of the poor, director of public safety, and chairman of the board! The flea circus is loose in the harem!"

PASHA: "Oh hell, I suppose that means I'll have to scratch the favorite."—*Reserve Red Cat.*

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### JUST AS WELL

"Is she a sorority girl?"  
"Gamma Phi know."—*Purple Parrot.*

### FLATTERED HIM

"Say did you hear what that bunch of drunks did the other night?"  
"No, spread it."  
"Well, they couldn't get Bill into his room because he forgot his key; so they ran a steam-roller over him and slid him under the door."—*Puppet.*

### OUT OF THE HAT

HOSPITAL NURSE TO IMPATIENT MUSICIAN: Congratulations, it's a fine bowl of goldfish!—*Lampoon.*

### LAST WORDS

"Just put yourself in my place for a second, Warden," plead the murderer as they strapped him in the electric chair.—*The Pitt Panther.*

### OH

FRESHMAN: Do they throw many dances at this university?  
SHE (eagerly): There's one almost every night.  
FRESHMAN: That's fine. You see, I'm selling floor-wax.—*Pitt Panther.*

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### AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

PLEDGE (to roommate): "You say you're from Troy? Then that would make you a Troyite, wouldn't it? Ahhhh—by the way, Jack, may I borrow another cigarette?"

ROOMMATE: "Did you say you were from Paris?"—*Penn Froth.*

### THE 49TH STATE

SOUSE: What is the most popular drink in your state, stranger?

YEAST: In my state, frien', I'd drink mos' anythin'.—*Pitt Panther.*

### COPYRIGHTED

VIRGINIA DARE: Are you going to love me always?

DAGO RED: If I wasn't, do you think I'd be showing you all these new holds?—*Carnegie Puppet.*

### JOAN LOWELL

"Mama, what is a goblet?"

"A female sailor, dear. Now run along and play Ring-Around-the-Rosie."—*Pitt Panther.*

### POOR

She was only a redcoat's daughter, but she knew Howe.—*Mink.*



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HARVARD: We're going to give the bride a shower.  
PENN: Count me in. I'll bring the soap.—*Bunch Bowl.*

"I'm offa women forever."  
"So am I. Let's celibate together."—*Lord Jeff.*

"I fainted and they brought me to. So I fainted again."  
"Why?"  
"Well, then they brought me two more."—*Columns.*

"One seat, well forward, in the center ,downstairs, for  
tonight's performance. Have you got it?"  
"Can you play a fiddle?"—*Pointer.*

**WEAR A HAT**

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.*

**BUT . . . .**

I walked a mile and a half for that Camel . . . I thought  
the guy would never throw it away.—*California Pelican.*

Drunken aviators have one advantage over collegiate  
drivers. There is only one logical thing for them to hit.  
—*Columns.*

**BOOTLEGGERS DO**

"I see where the police caught a congressman with  
three quarts of Scotch."

"Aw, they'll never make a case out of three bottles."—*California Pelican.*

**ONE OF THEM**

"Are you a big man on the campus?"  
"No, but I'm a pretty big noise in the library."—*Utah  
Crimson.*

**THE PRICE OF PURITY**

"For Goodness Sake," sighed the young modern as she  
wearily trudged home from an auto ride.—*The Siren.*

**INEBRIATE?**

FIRST IMBIBER: I found (hic) a half dollar.  
SECOND INEBRIATE: Itsh mine, itsh got my name on it.  
"Whatsh your name?"  
"E Pluribus Unum."  
"Yeah, itsh yoursh."—*Georgia Yellow Jacket.*

**AND THIN ENOUGH?**

BLASE: "Have a cigarette, Freshman?"  
RUSHEE: "No thanks. I don't like them. I'm satisfied,  
I don't cough, and I don't care to walk."—*Chanticleer.*

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

HAW: "All a matter of taste. I'd prefer a white one."

—*Whirlwind.*

♦ ♦

SHE: Oh, dear, I've scorched the bacon for breakfast.  
Give me a kiss.

HE: O. K. honey. But be very careful not to burn the  
lunch.—*Columns.*

♦ ♦

### SOMEWHAT RACY

FRED: You should have seen Mable run the half-mile  
last night.

ALFRED: What did she run it in?

FRED: I don't know what you call the damn things.  
—*Siren.*

♦ ♦

### HOW ABOUT THIS?

LADY CUSTOMER: So you've sold out of garters al-  
ready. I don't see where they all go.

CLERK: (blushing a fiery red): Neither do I.—*Dirge.*

♦ ♦

WHOA!

"Ah threw mah knee out of joint doin' the Charles-  
ton."

"Man, you is lucky—s'pose you had been doin' the  
Black Bottom!"—*Crimson.*

### CAMPUS PLAYERS PRESENT

THE VILLAIN: "Ha! is that a dagger I see before me?"  
STAGE HAND (behind curtain): "No guv-nor, it's the  
putty knife; we couldn't find the dagger."—*Texas  
Ranger.*

♦ ♦

### THE OLD REPROBATE

PROFESSOR: "I'll not got on with the lecture until the  
room settles down."

THE NIMBLE ONE: "Better go home and sleep it off, old  
man."—*Flamingo.*

♦ ♦

### A NEW STYLE

FATHER: You take accounting at college, don't you?

SON: Yeh, sure.

FATHER: Maybe you can account for the silk undies in  
your last laundry?—*Burr.*

♦ ♦

OLD-TIME MOSQUITO (*to young mosquito*): "And to  
think when I was at your age I could bite girls only on  
the face and hands."—*Sun Dial.*

♦ ♦

### IT'S A GIFT

"Hear the latest?"

"What?"

"The queen gave the king the heir."—*Baboon.*

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DISREPUTABLE

FOURTH CLUBMAN: "So you've sworn off drinking?"  
 EIGHTH CLUBMAN: "Yes, I'm doing it for the wife and kidneys."—*Judge.*

★ ★  
 SO

EIN: "Where is little Nell today?"  
 ZWEI: "She's up in the mountains picking violets."  
 EIN: "There's ba'ars in them mountains."  
 ZWEI: "Yeah."  
 EIN: "Ain't little Nell afraid of the ba'ars?"  
 ZWEI: "Naw."  
 EIN: "Why ain't little Nell afraid of the ba'ars?"  
 ZWEI: "Cause she's got her bicycle with her and she can handle ba'ars."—*Yellow Crab.*

★ ★

ANOTHER ONE OF THE SAME

ONE ON THE RIGHT: "Who was that gentleman I saw you with last night?"  
 OTHER: "That was no gentleman, I'm a brunette."—*Log.*

★ ★

FOREIGN RELATIONS

"We spent our time amidst the ancient ruins of Greece."  
 "Yea? And it sure makes you appreciate the American girls, doesn't it?"—*Bison.*

WHO WOULDN'T

And then there's the Scotchman who shot his wife because she washed out his shaving-brush.—*Banter.*

★ ★  
 RIGHT

Most of the cow belles are to be found in the sororities.—*Friivol.*

★ ★

DANGEROUS OPERATION

SENIORITA LEVINSKY: "And how did you get the black eye?"  
 DON KEY: "Oh, that's a berth-mark."  
 S. L.: "A birthmark?"  
 D. K.: "Yeah, I climbed in the wrong berth."—*Tennessee Wugwump.*

★ ★

APPRENTICE: "What shall I say about the two blondes that made such a commotion at the baseball game?"  
 EDITOR: "Oh! Just say that the bleachers went wild."—*Rensselaer Pup.*

★ ★

MIGHT TRY FISH

PATIENT: Doctor, will the anaesthetic make me sick?  
 IMPATIENT: No, I think not.  
 PATIENT: How long will it be before I know anything?  
 IMPATIENT: Aren't you expecting too much of an aesthetic?—*The Log.*

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#### EPIC

I used to have a sweetheart,  
It was during last vacation;  
When I returned to college,  
She went back in circulation.—*The Old Maid.*

FIRST: Can you mention a great universal time-saver?  
SECOND: Love at first sight.—*Purple Parrot.*

#### THE SPARKS GIRL SPEAKS

"Do you think we can squeeze in here?" he asked, as he entered a crowded bus with his big date.

"Dear," she whispered, "I think we'd better wait until we get home."—*Drexlerd.*

#### TOO BAD

"Ooh look at this bracelet— isn't it just too darling," lisped the gold digger.

"It's just too grand," whispered the jeweler.

"As far as I'm concerned," observed her sugar daddy, "it's just too dear."—*Wesleyan Wasp.*

#### AT ANY ENGLISH CLASS

PROF: Now, men, I don't mind you all looking at your watches, but please be courteous enough not to hold them up to your ears as if they had stopped running.—*Aggievator.*

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"Don't disturb Daddy. He doesn't want to think. He's reading the Sunday paper."—*Tiger.*

#### SINK OR SWIM

"Honey, I'm knee-deep in love with you!"

"All right, I'll put you on my wading list."—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

SHE (after a ride in his car): Thanks awfully for the ride, John.

HE: Oh, don't mention it.

SHE: All right, I won't say a word to anybody, but please keep quiet about it yourself.—*Sour Owl.*

HE: How did you get that blue mark on your neck?

SHE: Very pleasantly.—*Boston Beanpot.*

#### OR A SPRAINED THUMB

PROF: What do you find the hardest thing to deal with?

STUDENT: An old pack of cards.—*Jester.*

#### UNION MEN

DEAN: The next time you get drunk, I'll have you expelled.

OILED: Gee whiz, doc. that's only twenty-four hours' notice!—*Pitt Panther.*

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### IN A CASE LIKE THIS

No. 1: Let's hire a detective to solve our mystery.  
No. 2: Aw, no, let's keep this case to ourselves. And they poured themselves another drink.—*Pitt Panther*.

★ ★

### HOW ABOUT THE GRIP

SHE (just arrived back from Paris): "I can't go to the dance tonight. My trunks haven't arrived yet."  
HE: "Gosh, what kind of a dance do you think this is going to be?"—*Orange Owl*.

★ ★

### THE METHOD

How to tell whether a girl is experienced or not—watch her crawl into a rumble seat.—*Pitt Panther*.  
INDIGNANT FARMERS "Say, look here, you ain't getting as much milk from the cows as you used to."  
HIRED MAN: "Nope, sorter lost my pull."—*Dennison Flamingo*.

★ ★

### NEVER MET SOCIALLY

"Who you shoving?"  
"I dunno—what's your name?"—*Sniper*.

★ ★

### AND NO HOUSE MOTHER—

LITTLE BOY: Let's play college.  
LITTLE GIRL: All right. I'll get our sofa.—*Pup*.

### THAT MAKES IT UNANIMOUS

SWEET YOUNG THING TO COAL MAN: Did my father order some coal this morning?  
COAL MAN: This load of coal is for a Mr. Zell.  
S. Y. T.: That's fine, I'm Gladys Zell.  
COAL MAN: So am I.—*Malteaser*.

★ ★

### SPOKEN GRAVELY

"Somehow, I just can't seem to throw myself into my work," remarked the grave digger as he laid down his tools and walked away.—*Columns*.

★ ★

### HARD TO BEAR

"My husband just loves smoking in his den—has your husband a den?"  
"No, he just growls all over the house."—*Columns*.

★ ★

### THE MIRACLE OF JUSTICE

LAWYER: I ask for a recess. My defendant is deaf.  
JUDGE: All right. He'll get his hearing in the morning.—*Punch Bowl*.

★ ★

### SCOTCH PERHAPS

Oh, see the happy moron,  
He doesn't give a damn;  
How nice to be a moron,  
My God, perhaps I am.—*Utah Crimson*.

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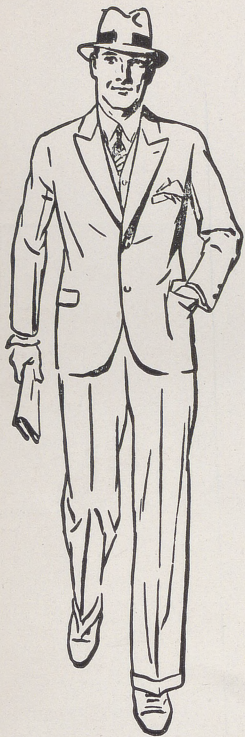
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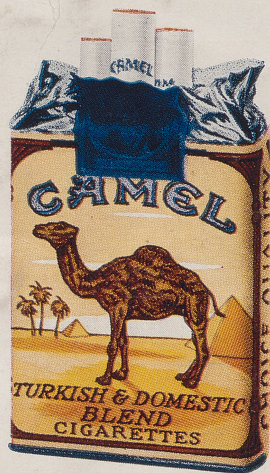
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*When she says “we have so many things in common”—hold everything, and pass the Camels. She’s been around enough to appreciate the better cigarette.*