



NEVADA



DESERT WOLF



APRIL  
1930  
30c



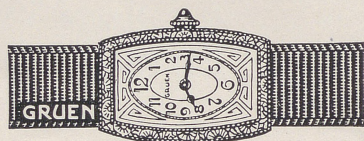
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**THE SNAKE  
SPEAKS**

**T**HERE ARE very few people alive today who know the real story of Adam and Eve's exclusion from the Garden of Eden. Of course, the story as to who was excluded and why is universally known, but there are little details which it might be well for me to

clear up at this time.

In that day and age some little knowledge along the lines of sorcery was needed in order to get over at all; and that is how I get into the story.

I had seen Eve at a costume ball—I believe she wore the gold-edged fig leaf that night—and, although I knew Adam had the inside track where her affections were concerned, I flirted outrageously.

She seemed not at all displeased and I had little trouble in promoting a date in the shade of the old apple tree for three the next afternoon. I've thought since that my monogrammed tiger skin had a lot to do with my success. Even in those days clothes helped the man make the woman.

I awoke with a bad headache the next morning and the fried dinosaurs eggs which I had for breakfast left a bad taste in my mouth which

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in turn left me in a terrible humor. My man restored my usually charming disposition, however, when he brought in a lovely marble valentine from Eve. I attached the ropes of my derrick to it and hoisted it to the shelf of my cave where I kept my old love letters.

I was bothered as to how I should appear to best advantage while calling that afternoon, when suddenly the sight of half a worm in the pear I was eating at the time gave me a splendid idea. I should go as a snake. With undue haste I transformed myself and an hour later found me at the appointed rendezvous.

I had not long to wait for Eve sud-

denly appeared from a nearby mulberry bush and, with that ready wit for which she was famous, greeted me in a jocular manner as a "snake in the grass."

I laughed heartily—that is as heartily as a snake can laugh—and coiled myself around her leg in such a position that I should be comfortable during our visit.

"Where, my dear lady," I opened the conversation, "is Adam this afternoon?"

Eve laughed bitterly.

"Out with Lillith, I suppose," she answered, "but who cares?" She snapped her fingers. "Two can play at the same game."

I knew not what game she re-

ferred to, as a matter of fact I was never very good at games, but I determined not to show my ignorance.

"Any game which Adam plays is child-play to me," I told her. "When do we start?"

"You're so ingenious," Eve laughed. "We're going to get along famously."

We did, and by four o'clock I'd have given her anything she wanted. I have found out since that the designing creature was egging me on, as the English say, for a purpose which she was not long in bringing up.

"Do you really love me?" she asked; and at the look of dumb admiration which lighted my features,

# NEW YORK LIFE

BOB FARRA '14



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she answered herself. "I know you do and so I'm going to ask you a big favor. Wriggle up the tree and get me that big red apple. I'm so tired of grapefruit and our peach orchard was ruined this winter. You will, won't you, dear?"

"I'd do anything for a big red apple," I answered, and then noticing the mistake due to my confusion, "I mean for you."

So that's how it happened. The snake did not tempt Eve. Eve tempted the snake and being a

weak-minded sort of a snake I fell. Of course, Eve couldn't tell her husband who it really was she met under the apple tree, so without malice aforethought she blamed it on the Devil.

Toodle-oo, Everybody.

—h. d.



"Mary, why do they call the rear end of a gown the 'train'?"

"Because, John, that's where the caboose is."

## FREE RIDE

"HE WAS found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle" sang the engineer as old 97 gathered speed and rolled from the station amidst the cheers of the assembled multitude.

Back in a pullman named Ecgymppff, a conductor armed with a handsome gents nickle-plated, double action punch was collecting tickets. In perusal of his duties he stopped be-



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side a compartment occupied by a stout man and a small boy.

"Tickets," demanded the official. "Hey, how about one for the kid." For the stout man had given him only one of the slips of pasteboard which mean so much in transportation circles.

"Rules say kids over six need full ticket, no?" asked the stout man.

"Absolutely," assented the veteran trainman.

"Say kids under six need half ticket?" and once more the conduct-

or was forced to assent.

"Kid's just six. Don't need ticket," and the stout man returned to his novel.

★ ★  
**POUR ON WATER**

A PRIZE PLAY

THE CAST (in order of their heights)

Joe

Lizzie

Mary

Abraham

Act I. *Sir Raleigh Nozzlewaite*

(entering at right angles): "God pity the sailors at sea on a night like this." (A suppressed smile is seen off-stage.)

*Mrs. Verisimilitude* (who has been sitting in a hammock tating on the left all the time): "Won't you—sit down? Please do."

Act IIIIIIIIV. *Miss Pseudopodia* (who is wearing one of *Mrs. Verisimilitude's* gowns, enters with a fan in her hand and fans herself across the stage and out again.)

*Soliloquy* saunters in and asks:

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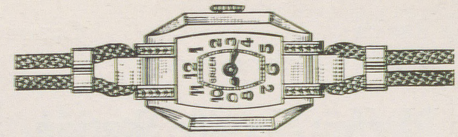
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"Susie, where are you?"

*Mulatto voice* (off stage): "Com-  
ing, father."

*Lords Sakes*: "My che-e-e-ild!"

Act XIX. A crowd is seen mut-  
tering at the right.

*Pistachio* (entering on a bicycle):  
"See that man over there? The one  
with the hat on?" (He points.)

*Mary*: "Which one? They all have  
hats on."

*Pistachio* (coasting): "Ha, ha."

Act XXVIII. *Esmeralda* (enter-  
ing with a cornucopia in her mouth):  
"That's all there is. There isn't any  
more."

*Percy* (dropping in): "Did you  
call, my dear?"

*Angel* (running forward to the  
footlights and speaking to the audi-  
ence): "Do you believe in fairies?  
Oh, clap your hands if you do, and  
save poor little Tinker Bell's life!"

CURTAIN

★ ★

You have to have some horns be-  
fore you go on a toot.

**THE OYSTER**

NEWS ITEM—"Oysters can change  
their sex"

I think upon the times I've kissed  
Myself and necked (have oysters  
necks?),

And know I am no egotist—  
Because I easily change my sex.

I know I very often pet  
My tender self (are oysters tend-  
er!)

But no one doubts my etiquette—  
Because I alternate my gender.

And though the only oyster here  
In all this soup (at so much per!)

I have my loving, never fear—  
Because I'm either him or her.

★ ★

Dignity can't be preserved in al-  
cohol.

★ ★

"No, said the college graduate, "I  
can't add figures, but I can certain-  
ly go over them."

The jewelry clerk looked at a  
customer, saw him nervously pace  
the floor, and, after some minutes,  
approached him.

"Could I show you something," he  
asked, "or do you just want to look."

"No," said the man impatiently,  
"I want a watch!"

★ ★

"Ye Gods, I was engaged to a girl  
with a wooden leg!"

"How did you find out?"

"I married her."

★ ★

YELL LEADER: Let's give three for  
Prof. Jones.

STUDE: Naw, give 'im five like he  
gave me.

★ ★

"I saw by the paper that the Foot-  
ball coach is working for the city  
now."

"Yeh? What's he doing?"

"Trying to build up the commun-  
ity chest."

★ ★

A kick in the punch is worth two  
in the pants.

GOOD LUCK TO ALL YOU BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE U

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THEATRES

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The Nevada Desert Wolf is a quarterly published by the Associated Students of the University of Nevada

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April 24, 1930

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# CONTRIBS



Having Graduation as something of a theme, the Wolf thought it would be not amiss to have its graduates contribute. Three of perhaps the most talented ever to leave have done so.

Harold Coffin '26 and the "Nevadan at Oxford"—an appellation circumstances require—have sent articles from Hawaii and England respectively. In both countries Nevada could not be better represented; nor in these pages could we present better work. In illustrating, Dorlon Peckham ex-'29, is rapidly becoming as prominent over the state as he was at one time on the campus. The "center spread" which he contributes to this issue, we believe to be the finest cartoon ever to appear in the Wolf. Having seen it, you'll believe as we do.

While the cover on any magazine is the first thing seen, the cover on this issue will probably be the last thing forgotten. Created by John Mariani, a Freshman, it admirably portrays the mood of most every Senior.

Dan Senseney and Bill Herbert have both been writing four long years for campus publications. Only by practising that length of time could they be competent to write stories as excellent as those they present in this issue.

And to Harvey Dickerson, Peggy Smith, Tom Wilson, Jim Golden, Dale Smith, and Wilma Fitzgerald, do we express our sincere appreciation for their unflinching efforts towards the betterment of this year's Wolf.

Other contributors are Edwin Duerr and Joe McDonnell.

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## NEVADA DESERT WOLF



# BETWEEN THE TWO OF US

### Hair Raising Event

**W**HISKERS AND whiskey! Shades of a perfect Mackay Day! What more could one wish in the way of manly contributions from the flower (albeit a little

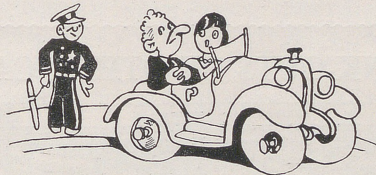


prickly) of Nevada's campus? At last the chance of chances for prominent campus males, in questionable standing, to prove, once and for all, the question of their virility, and to demonstrate, that even though they don't have hair on their chests they can produce a likely growth of whiskers to scratch up even the toughest feminine neck! After seeing such primitive black rascals as Overlin, Stern, and Sheerin stalking at large, is it any wonder that Renites locked their doors at night, and mothers warned their children "the terrible Taus will get you, if you don't watch out!" Whoops! Why they simply reeked with masculinity, and all the women practiced being clinging vines, as they never had before! The Big Strong He-Man had his day, and woe betide the unfortunate with a downy upper lip! Drug stores, beauty parlors, all over town laid in an extra supply of sure-fire hair tonic, and promptly sent out encouraging advertisements to George Never-Say-Die Adamson, John Tempting-Eyes Mariani, and Bruce Pink-Cheeks Thompson, though, with all their other qualifications for notoriety, a stray whisker

or two did seem a bit superfluous! The necking situation became almost decent, and Miss Mack rested easily with the knowledge that even Hinds Honey and Almond Cream couldn't counteract the damaging effects of some of the quilly porcupines she saw wandering around the campus in pants, and beautiful white knickers!

### Don't Chew Lifesavers

**"R**EMEMBER THE Glee" may be the byword of many a broken-hearted college boy, now that the Dean of Men has joined hands with the Dean of Women in leading the campus (by force, if necessary) to higher and drier paths of



virtue. Dance programs may have served a lot of purposes before this, but, now that Prof. Charlie and our good Mother Mack have absorbed their new functions, formal committees will order an extra-page program for their especial benefit, in taking down the names of unfortunates, leaving the dance hall. If you would live to attend bigger and better formals, avoid every appearance of guilt. **DON'T CHEW LIFESAVERS!** If you go out to powder your nose, add an extra dab of rouge;—a pale check has ruined many a coed's reputation! When you return, be sure to sail up to the Deans as

nonchalantly as possible and talk volubly and intelligently. If you have a clear conscience, blow in their faces as much as possible; if, on the other hand, you've been behaving like a college student, talk out of the side of your mouth,—but—don't chew lifesavers! If you go out for a cigarette, when you come back, be sure to speak to the Deans—but—don't chew lifesavers! If your sweet-tooth is simply aching beyond all hope, grab a bag of chocolates, a bar of taffy, or an all-day sucker, but—by the snooty noses of the Student Affairs Committee,—**DON'T—CHEW—LIFESAVERS!**

### It's O. K. With K. O.'s

**"T**HESE PUGS are perfect knockouts," rave the women, and aren't they right! Their clinches may be good in the spotlight, but they're simply unbeatable in the moonlight. As all the fat, prosperous merchants down town are smacking their lips, and saying "Nevada has at last found its sport!" And why not? After spending the greater part of their youth getting into training on the cow paths out behind Sparks or the favored spots along the tram, is it any wonder that our heroes sail jauntily into their opponents with an attack that would make Byron O'Hara look sick, and



a clinch that would surprise even a Maizie!



### Campus Canines

*With groups of men, you'll always hear,*

*The co-ed's merry laugh—*

*But where you see a group of dogs,*

*You'll always find Ruth Graff!*

**Z**INIDA THE Lion Tamer had nothing on Ruth, the Dog Tamer, and canines all over the campus can bear witness to that fact. Never before has the campus been so popular with the animal kingdom and professors have become so used to having their legs tickled by the waving tail of some animal curled up under their desk, that they think nothing whatever of the dogs, cats, horses, and elephants that stroll nonchalantly up and down the aisles of their classrooms as they lecture. Food boxes, filled with bones, cheese, catnip, and oats are being installed on the backs of the chairs in the Ed Auditorium, so that students may break the boredom of a professor's lecture by amusing themselves feeding the animals.

### Clinging in the Rain

**I**N SPITE of the activities of the Student Affairs Committee, the Administration seems to be doing

its best to keep the campus all wet. Of all the sprinkly campi that ever sprinkled a sprinkler, this campus is the sprinkliest! You dash jauntily up the walk at 1:15 in your flimsiest white skirt, with only as much under it as the priests and ministers preach about, and right in the midst of a nice blissful day dream featuring

Easter hats and clinging gowns, you wake up to find yourself getting just one more shower than you've already planned on, and the clingiest skirt that fashion books ever dream of! Now wet silk dresses can show off more curves than twenty-nine bathing suits; and with a lawn full of interested college boys,—it is any wonder that the Prof. finds a vacant seat in his class, ten minutes later?

And, speaking of lawns, why should we ever worry about shrubs and flowers when we can sprinkle the grass with good-looking college boys? Talk about a woman's vanity! One look at the lawn down by the bridge along about 11:25 would convince any doubter that those giddy socks and even giddier sweaters never perfected or assumed such carelessly alluring lounging effects, without hours of patient practice; and even the women might take a tip from some of our campus Romeos, in assuming seductive poses. Marc Antony could do no better!

### X-Ray Lighting

**S**WEET COOKIE! These light-effects at formals! Anyone might know that only a blighted male with a practiced eye for silhouettes could devise the daring exposures of campus belles that scanda-

lize the chaperone line at Proms, Hops, and Glee's every year! What if the co-eds don't wear all they should! With x-ray spotlights beaming forth from all sorts of unforeseen corners, and campus males insisting on dancing through the brightest rays (unless they have their own reasons, for dancing elsewhere) the modest co-eds become frightened, and the brazen ones become disgraced!

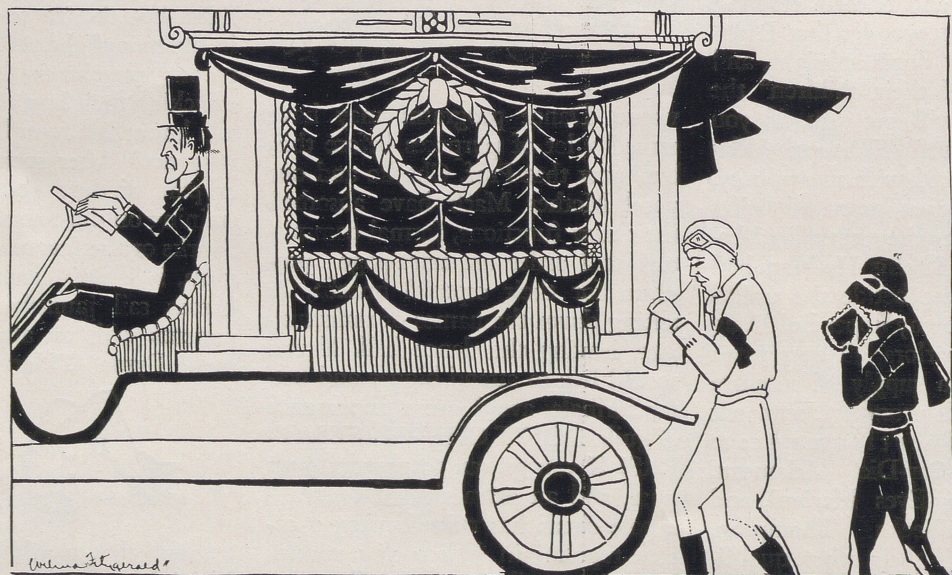
### These Politics

**S**HADES OF Al Capone, and every political machine that ever squeaked its way through an election! After Overlin, Pryor, McDonnell, and Wilson had their fun tying the campus into political knots it looked like a busy time for the Election Board. The only brilliant improvement of the year came from Cross who suggested that the ten cent charge for frosh votes be done away with in order to cut down the expense of the candidates in securing votes. After roping and tying every independent on the campus and dragging him before the ballot box, after blackmailing and threatening the members of every other organization into voting for their candidate, the fraternities and sororities were all out for a nice muddy political clean-up—and did you watch them go!

### Weather Report

**"T**H E flowers that bloom in the spring, trala" are having their effect on the heads and hearts of men, these days. What, between gasoline bills for the boys, and Easter bonnets for the girls, its small wonder that fond fathers view the first signs of spring with

### FLUNK-OUTS OF OTHER CAMPI




*The Fellow From Aviation School Who Kept Dropping Out of Class*



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

anxiety and some degree of mistrust. For them the eloquent song of the meadow lark holds only an urgent plea for an additional allowance; the velvety lawns of Idlewild Park have a distressing resemblance to the giddy new green formal that Susie pleads so wistfully for, and the buzz of bees and insects is an ominous hum of new motor cars, gasoline, and balloon tires! At college, however, that insidious disease Spring Fever has already left its ravages on an only too susceptible campus, apple blossoms have dripped their demoralizing way into the heart of many a hard-boiled collegiate, and the cows along the country lanes learn a lot about human beings they never suspected before!

### The Parking Problem



**O**N GOING Steady—the great problem of sorority house mothers. You open the door of any sorority house after ten o'clock at night, stumble over a half dozen couples scattered hither and yon, and, after tripping, stubbing your toe, sliding on your head, and feeling like an intruding idiot, you slink sheepishly through the living room as quickly as the darkness will permit, while muttering humble excuses and apologies. If you're Mid-Victorian, don't be shocked. It's quite all right—they are GOING STEADY!

A few hours later, you open the door into the hall once more only to fall, headlong into a mass of clinging couples putting the finishing touches on a Big Evening. If you're completely brazen, you'll squeeze right through the mob and dash up the stairs. Don't be shocked, though! It's quite all right;—they're GOING STEADY!

The Necking Problem is one which every up-and coming sorority house must face. HOW TO HOUSE YOUR MEN is the big question, and since there never are enough Chesterfields to go around, the unfortunates who lose out in the race for the seat of honor must make themselves as comfortable as possible on pillows, wobbly tables, pianos, floors, and rickety chairs within squeaking dis-

tance of the house mother's room. The Oomy Goomy house handles this matter most capably by collecting dues from all the house papas to pay the installments on a new chesterfield (Here's where it pays to choose a good steady woman. Think of paying for half the chesterfield and then getting the gate!) The Doodle Dooda House, insists that all the sisters choose men with cars, so they can get their necking in out on the road to the N or up in the stadium. The Oochie Coochie House, however, has solved the problem the most satisfactorily by reserving the front lawn especially for such purposes. "Why bother who sees us?" they say. "It's quite all right,—we're GOING STEADY!"

### Instructions For Seniors



**G**IN BOTTLES and diplomas! Ship ahoy for a nice wet Senior send-off. With fond parents gathering from far and near to witness the brilliant wind-up of their off-springs' giddy college careers, enterprive collegiates may find their style considerably cramped in putting the finishing touches on a bang-up Senior Week! Experienced Hangover's of 1929 advise parking the parents in a nice family hotel, with plenty of cold water, and saxophone players, and then keeping well out of smelling distance until the fatal moment when you stagger weakly up to Prexy Clark, slap him on the back, and hoarsely congratulate him on getting you out of this place at last. This being accomplished, dash around in search of the Prof you dislike most, and then tell him all the little remarks you've been just dying to let loose on him for the last five years, but—out of an altruistic regard for his feelings, have withheld until this moment. (Leave this step out, if you still have any conditions to make up).

Step No. 3. Take the \$500.00 worth of textbooks you've succeeded in accumulating over to the President's house, and light them into a

beautiful bonfire on his front lawn.

Step No. 4. Get the biggest bag of peanuts you can find. Walk into the library and scatter the shells all over the floor.

Step No. 5. Look up your parents if possible. By this time they'll probably be about ready to leave anyway.

Step No. 6. Show them the town, so they can see the temptations which you have so successfully and bravely withstood (If they're inclined to be skeptical you'd better leave this step out.)

Step No. 7. Dash back to the fraternity house, crawl over the bodies of the remaining seniors, fling the accumulated dirty clothes of the last three months in your trunk, take a last look at the fraternity panel, tell your girl goodbye, and hand down her picture to an up-and-coming Sophomore.

Step No. 8. Look up your parents again—CHECK!

### Fraternity Row Presents



**T**HE "SHADES of Night" may fall every evening, but the shades of fraternity houses never do come down! The J. C. Penney Fashion Show has nothing on the sartorial exhibit along Fraternity Row between the hours of eight and infinitum! What with famous campus worthies delicately demonstrating What the College Man Will Wear in the way of pajamas, night-shirts (and otherwise) is there any wonder that the women pack a midnight supper, don their warmest wraps, and sally forth to curl up expectantly on the curbstone over on the ridge or down on Lake Street, in anticipation of the Evening Show? Rumor has it that the Ridge puts on the niftiest fashion effects, from giddy red whasis-es to wild flannel whois-es, but for some risque entertainment,—something that will add a dash of spice to top off the evening properly, authorities all say, "Go to Lake Street!—You'll get your money's worth, there!"

—peggy smith



## A KISS IN TIME

**B**ETTY HAD to kiss Professor Barr in order to get a passing grade in Econ, and so graduate.

It was the first time she'd had to go so far with a professor. She'd been right on the border line, as far as passing the course went, with Dal-len, but she'd fixed him, during the last two weeks, by going to his office and telling him how much she loved men who wore blue ties and smoked pipes. He'd loved it, and gave her a two-five.

Professor Barr wore a stringy knitted tie, and he thought smoking a terrible habit. Betty was sure he'd never even noticed that she had eyes—at any rate, they didn't do her much good, because he proved himself impervious when she turned on the full fifty-thousand-watt current and let him have it. He never even blinked.

His only interests were economics and the vulgarity of moving pictures. (He hadn't seen one since "What Price Glory?") He called Betty into

his office late in April and told her that as far as he could see she was headed for a flunk.

"But, Professor Barr, I've got to pass this course or I won't graduate!"

Professor Barr put his eyeglasses into their case with an air of finality. "I'm sorry, Miss Farlow, but you haven't taken an examination all year long. We've had three."

"Prof, wouldn't you just *know* I'd pick those days to be sick?" This was overplaying her hand, and she saw it, so she added in a hurry, "... or oversleep, or something?"

"They were announced a week ahead of time."

"Really?" Well, I guess I'm just such a scatterbrain I didn't hear you announce them."

She hadn't been in class when they were announced, and she hadn't been in class when they were given, and she knew it, and he knew it, but she hoped he didn't.

"Well, but— Now, really, Professor Barr, couldn't I just take a small

examination—or a couple of examinations— Oh, I don't really mean small examinations, I mean real hard ones, just awful tough ones— And pass the course?"

**B**ETTY'S SMILE at that moment was the same one that had always been more than adequate with other profs. It had also done excellent service upon such occasions as date-breakings, threatened campusings for overstaying her time out at nights, and so forth.

She thought it served its purpose on Professor Barr, when he said grumpily, "All right, Miss Farlow, I'll make a special exception in your case, and let you take those three examinations next week. Each examination will take two hours, and you will also have an extra term paper to turn in."

Actually, the smile hadn't done a bit of good. Professor Barr was just thinking that the girl was a pest and an idiot, and wouldn't stand a chance in the world of passing those examinations, even if she took more than one. He swore by all the gods of Economics that she should not pass. But she was a nuisance, and here was an excellent way to squelch her for good.

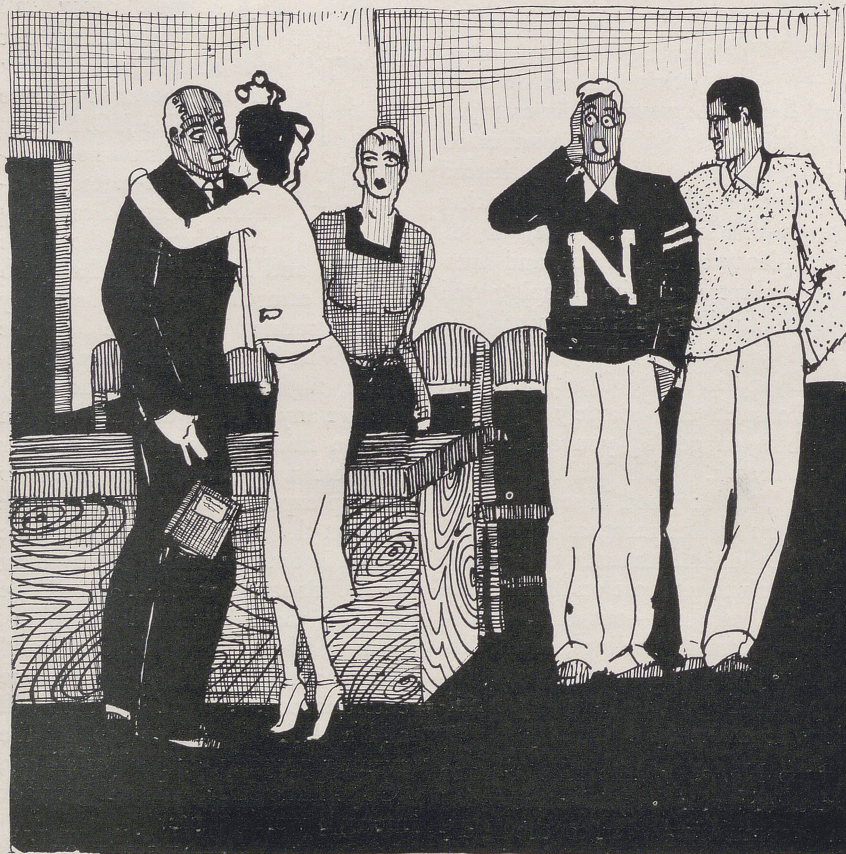
Betty cut loose with the approved Farlow squeal of delight. She beamed. She said, "Oh, Professor Barr! You're a darling!"

She did more. She flung her arms around his neck and kicked up her heels and kissed Professor Barr on his leathery old cheek. Then she walked on air, right out of the door.

Professor Barr was left to try to outstare the snickering young men who were waiting to see him about term themes. It cannot be said that he succeeded very brilliantly.

Somehow or other, when Betty came to take her first examination, it wasn't as hard as Professor Barr had supposed it would be. She finished it in half an hour, and got so good a grade on it that Professor Barr told her she didn't have to take any more. She told him he was an old darling.

**E**VERYTHING WAS going smoothly. Betty told Ben, one of the favored satellites, that all she  
(Continued on Page Twenty-seven)





## PHONEY ROMANCE

"RATE OPERATOR," came the cheery voice from the shady doorway of the Telephone Exchange office, and Phil North's heart skipped a beat as he looked at the apparition in the portal. He had liked the sound of her voice when first he had heard it over the phone a few hours before, but had hardly expected anything like this. Summoning his courage, he told it to wait for him in the alley, and stepped forward.

"Here I am, Baby," he said. And lest anyone think that this was a pickup, he explained right now that it was a prearranged meeting. It had been planned at a party some hours earlier in the evening, when Phil, bored with the company, had decided to call up the girl in the old home town.

While he had been feeling a bit sentimental at the time, Phil had realized that he shouldn't run up big bills on his host's telephone, and in a frantic search for the price of a call to the distant loved one, had finally been shunted to the rate operator.

"Rate operator," the voice had declaimed for the sixth time before the dazed Phil had realized that someone was talking to him.

"HELLO," he said, at length.

"Hello, yourself?" responded length, who was in an affable mood.

"I wasn't talking to you. I was talking to . . ."

"Rate Operator," remarked the receiver.

"Right," responded Phil, "and I want to find out how much it will cost me to talk to Hazel."

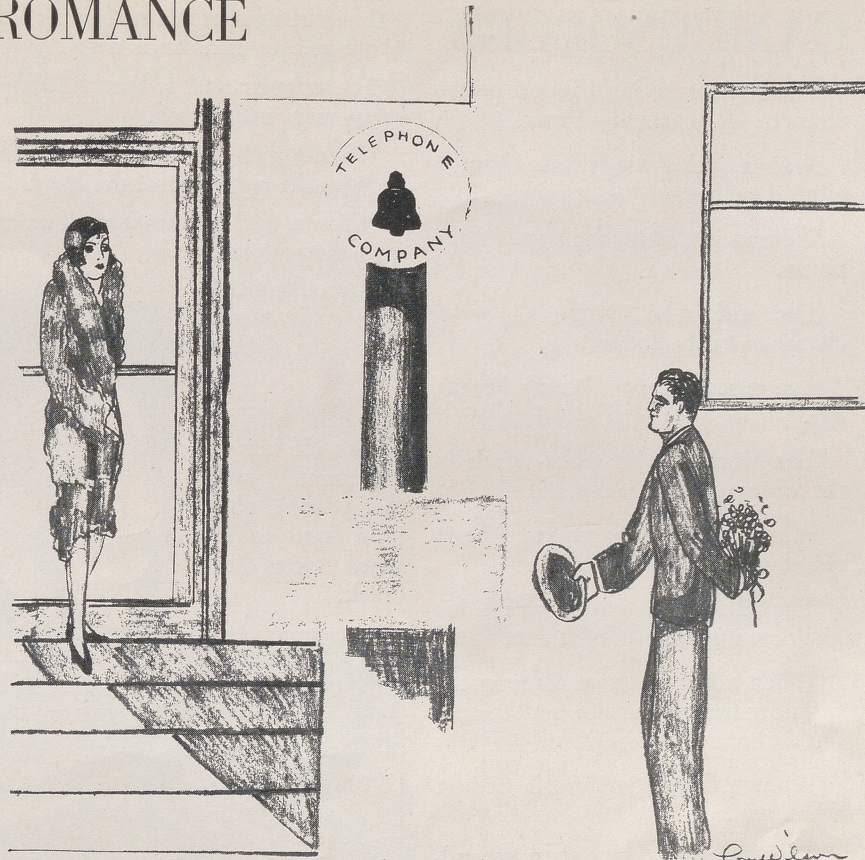
"That will depend on the jury," replied the rate operator.

"I mean over long distance."

"Oh! Is Hazel a town. I thought you meant a woman." The rate operator sounded sympathetic.

"She is a woman. A beautiful woman. And I wanted to talk to her over long distance. But you'll do just as well to talk to. Besides it won't be so expensive."

"It might be more if my husband



finds out," tittered the girl. "But," she added, "he doesn't have to find out."

"When are you through," countered Phil, "I'd like to meet you and talk this over. Besides, this is an awfully uncomfortable telephone." And then the meeting in front of the office was arranged. She told him when she would come off shift and they had planned the signal. As she left the office she was to say, "rate operator," and Phil would come forth to claim her.

"SO YOU did show up," said the girl, looking Phil over and seeming pleased with what she saw. "I was afraid maybe you wouldn't." And they stood on the steps, each thinking of the rare luck which had caused the meeting, when they were interrupted by a shout.

"Hi," shouted a burly man, who came charging down the sidewalk.

"Her husband," thought Phil, and without thinking, grabbed the girl and, throwing her into his car which was standing by the curb, clambered

under the wheel, and moved out for other places.

"We sure fooled your husband that time," triumphed Phil, when he thought it was safe to stop and get acquainted.

"That wasn't my husband," replied the girl. "I haven't any husband. That was a taxi-starter looking for a fare."

"But you told me . . ."

"I tell them all that to discourage them. But you sounded different than the rest. That's why I made this date with you." There was a pause. "But you might tell me who you are."

"I'm Phil North, only son of the famed inventor of Northern lights. Who are you?"

"I'm Sally West."

"Gee," said Phil, "then if we could only find a couple of people named South and East we could start a bridge game."

"Can't you think of anything better than bridge on a night like this?" she asked.

He could, and did.

—bill herbert



# CAMPUSOLOGY

There is something about a pretty woman. It is usually a man.

A man asking his friends about a blind date, begs description.

Woman is a fly in the cup of happiness.

The girl who jumps at every chance is easily dodged.

Age lessens beauty; beauty lessens age.

The woman who seeks worth is the woman worth seeking.

When a girl asks for your heart she should be held to it.

The fellow who wishes to call his girl down usually calls her up.

When a girl is out at three in the morning her parents are not the only ones who are "up in arms."

Woman, like a stream, is deepest when still.

The girl who borrows a second-hand car drives a hard bargain.

The women who have rights—are the ones who wear no rings on their left.

Many a young man wins his girl by a neck.

The girl who keeps a stiff upper lip is not one to take on a party.

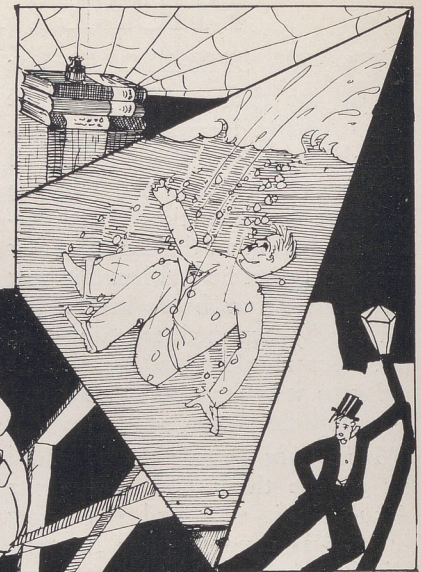
The popular girl is the one who keeps men in the dark.

When a girl gives a man the gate he is on the right side of the fence.

When a girl throws herself at a man she seldom misses.

Love, like a candle, burns brightest in the darkest places.

When a girl breaks off her engagement with that certain party it is hard to say who gets the break.



In love the first rule is rule first.

A man can keep a tight hold on the girl who can keep a tight hold on herself.

In olden days the altar was a place of sacrifice—it still is.

The girl who is careful about "little things" should make a good wife.

The modern girl takes an interest in "sports" providing they have plenty of money.

The girl who is always crossing her heart is usually double-crossing her sweetheart.

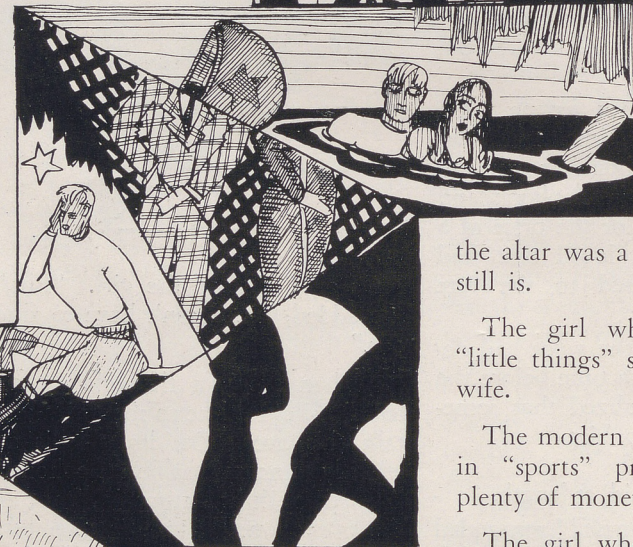
The men who live next to a girls' dormitory have a "shade" the best of it.

The girl who would give up anything for a man usually gives up everything.

The woman who is above the common things of life usually marries one of them.

The fellow who falls in love with a dieting woman wins a hollow victory.

"In the Spring a young man's fancy—" usually proves to be another fellow's steady.



Convention defies the woman who defies convention.

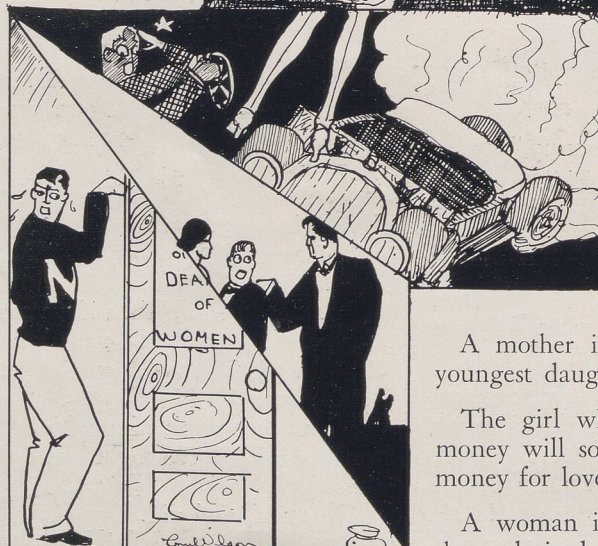
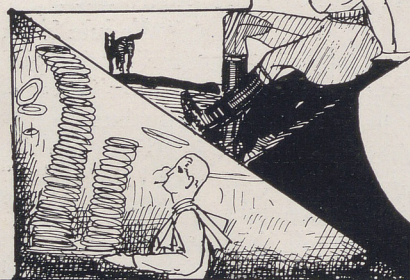
The girl who walks home wishes she were in some other girl's shoes.

A man values most that which he fights to hold.

A mother is only as old as her youngest daughter.

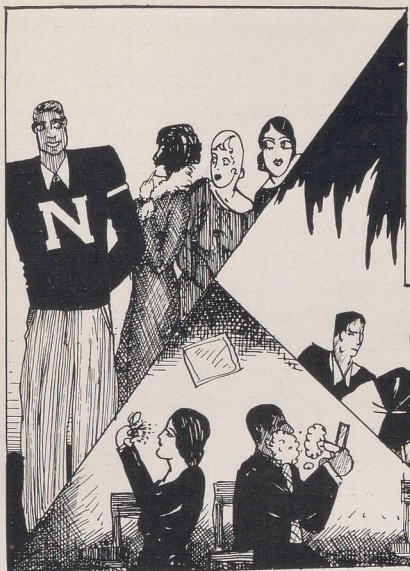
The girl who gives up love for money will sooner or later give up money for love.

A woman is more to be desired than admired.





NEVADA DESERT WOLF



Even during the Winter coeds have little trouble in finding warm knights.

A thin girl has one advantage—her points stick out all over her.

A man hugging a girl is up against a petty problem.

A social mixer is nothing more nor less than a cocktail shaker.

No matter how deep your past is buried, a smart woman can unearth it.

When a girl

blush unseen" could never have attended college.

Co-respondents are oft' times the result of correspondence.

When girls go walking business is picking up.

If your sweetheart pursues you she's a girl after your own heart.

When a college boy runs around with a married woman love is not amiss.

A boy may live next door to the girl he loves and still have a long way to go.

The girl who follows the straight and narrow path is never in the road.

When a girl exhibits a photograph to her friends—she shows her weakness.

When a boy writes six pages to his girl he is only dropping her a line.

The day when a man could hide behind a woman's skirt is returning.

The only thing you can really bank on in this world is money.

A person who burns the candle at both ends is sadly in the dark.

—harvey dickerson

That last word which they claim the woman always has is "Stop!"

The modern girl is often tried and found wanting.

An angry woman was the original cross-word puzzle.

A girl accepts an aviator when she is carried off her feet.

"She reaps not, neither does she sow," has been modernized to "She sleeps not, neither is she slow."

Heaven is a place where women have money, too.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," but it has saved many a divorce suit.

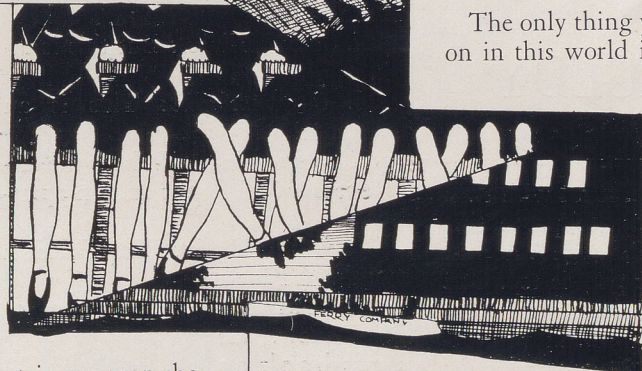
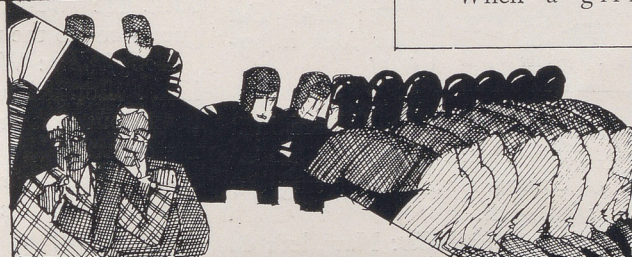
When a preacher's daughter takes the wrong detour, it's a good girl gone wrong.

No one should be as close to you as your sweetheart—usually is.

There is little difference between the modern girl and a prizefighter; both have one "ring engagement" after another.

A bathing suit is a bit of feminine wearing apparel to keep men's minds off of bathing.

When a man out-pets a rival it is petty larceny.



strings a man she makes a monkey of him.

The girl who takes anything from a man gets nothing.

A woman kissing in fun makes a light impression.

When a woman dyes her hair she sails under false colors.

A girl versed in archery has little trouble in bending a beau to her wishes.

A well bred girl who plays with fire is usually the toast of the town.

The woman who was "born to







HE: *Let's go on with the game.*  
 SHE: *I don't feel very playful.*  
 HE: *No? But your form is perfect!*

## A TRAGEDY PLAY

SCENE I. A bedroom with twin beds, which all goes to prove that the characters are of the modern trend, and that the play is too. One bed sags in the middle, but the other is staunch and straight. It was donated by Mr. Simmons for advertising purposes, on the condition that it never be used. It wouldn't be anyhow. And just to make the play a little more smutty we'll have a coal bucket in one corner.

CHARACTERS: *Two night watchmen who promised they wouldn't be around when they heard there would be women in the play. Will power, eh? Or was it because of the Epworth League? (A noise of a bathtub emptying off stage. Property Men's Union 634 refused to bring it on because no blotters were furnished in the list of properties.)*

TIME: The alarm clock has stopped at 8:20. This was on September 14th. It's now night-time.

Enter fifty-seven somnambulists

sinking "I'm Walking Around in a Dream." (Theme song.)

1st. *Somnambulist:* Let's sing our song in A-flat.

2nd. *Somnambulist:* Naw, let's do it here.

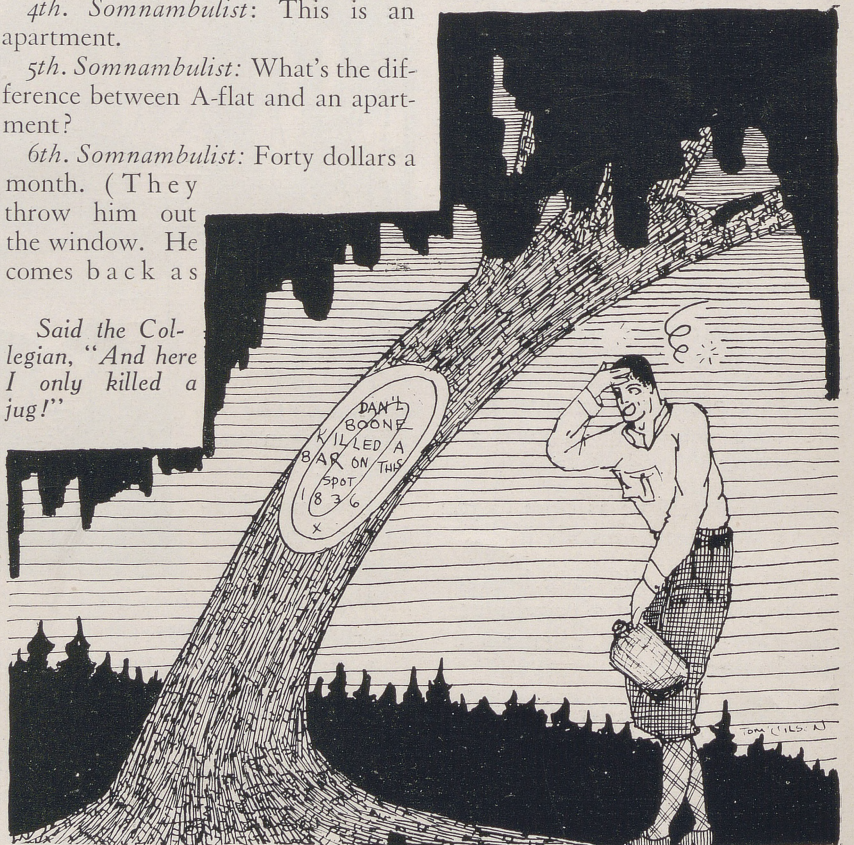
3rd. *Somnambulist:* But this is A-flat.

4th. *Somnambulist:* This is an apartment.

5th. *Somnambulist:* What's the difference between A-flat and an apartment?

6th. *Somnambulist:* Forty dollars a month. (They throw him out the window. He comes back as a

*Said the Collegian, "And here I only killed a jug!"*



Santa Claus and wearing a fireman's hat.)

*Santa Claus:* (He carries a fire-hose under one arm and walks to a potted plant on the front center of the stage.) I wanta water the potted plant.

7th. *Somnambulist:* Then raise the tree good. Didn't your teacher tell you anything? (They throw him out the window. He comes back as George Washington; white wig, hatchet, 'n everything.)

*George Washington:* Oh, look at the nice cherry tree. I want to chop it.

8th. *Somnambulist:* Just a minute and I'll find you a lamb. I like lamb chops a lot better. (They throw him out the window. He doesn't come back. He swears off for good and goes home to the wife and kiddies.)

*Longfellow:* Woodman spare that lamb. (Longfellow didn't write that poem, but that doesn't matter. I did not either.)

9th. *Somnambulist:* Why? you're not Mary. (Sings through his nose. He's talking in his sleep and his mouth is busy.) Mary had a little lamb that she could bite right through, for the lamb was lamb and



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

wasn't pork, and Mary was a Jew.

*George Washington:* I still want to cut down the cherry tree, so there.

*10th. Somnambulist:* Never mind, sonny. Here's a dollar. Throw it across the river.

*George Washington:* But there isn't any river.

*Santa Claus:* I'll make you one. (He turns his fire hose on the audience. They get all wet.)

CURTAIN

SCENE 2. PLACE: Same as Act 1.

TIME: Same as Act 1.

CHARACTERS: Same as Act 1.

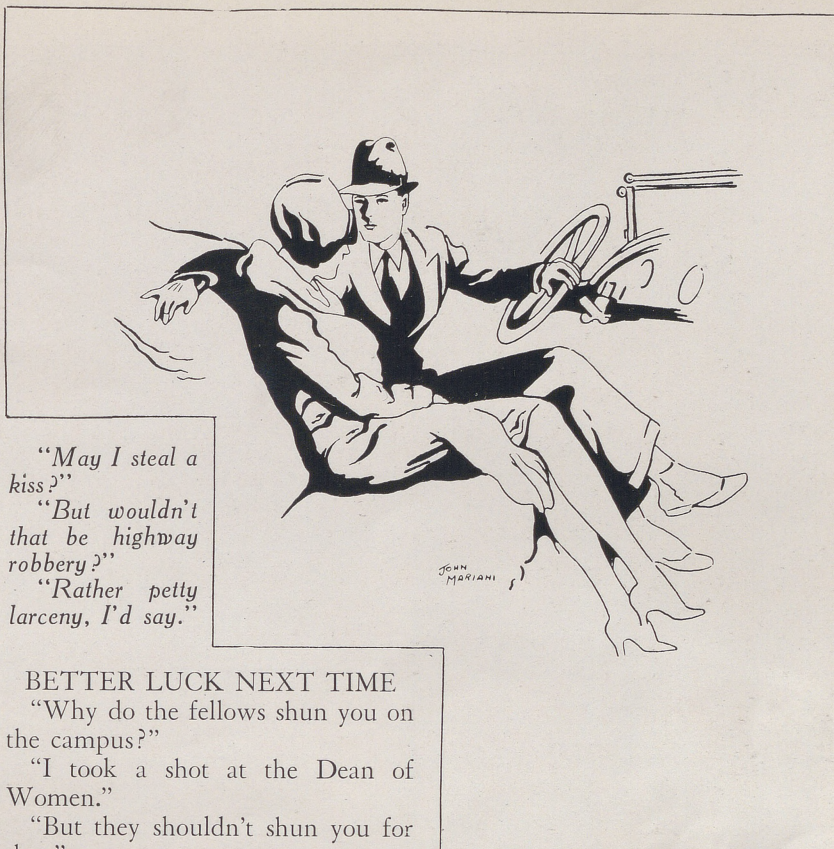
ACTION: Same as Act 1.

*Fifty-seven Somnambulist:*  
(Aside) *Zzz Zzz Zzz Zzz Zzz* (and)  
*Zzzzzz.*

CURTAIN

(Same as Act 1.)

SCENE 3. The audience got wet when Santa Claus made his river, so they got mad too and went home. We knew they would do this beforehand, so we didn't bother to write this scene. There wouldn't be anybody to see it even if we had. Bye-bye!



"May I steal a kiss?"

"But wouldn't that be highway robbery?"

"Rather petty larceny, I'd say."

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME

"Why do the fellows shun you on the campus?"

"I took a shot at the Dean of Women."

"But they shouldn't shun you for that."

"Yeh, but I missed her."

♦ ♦

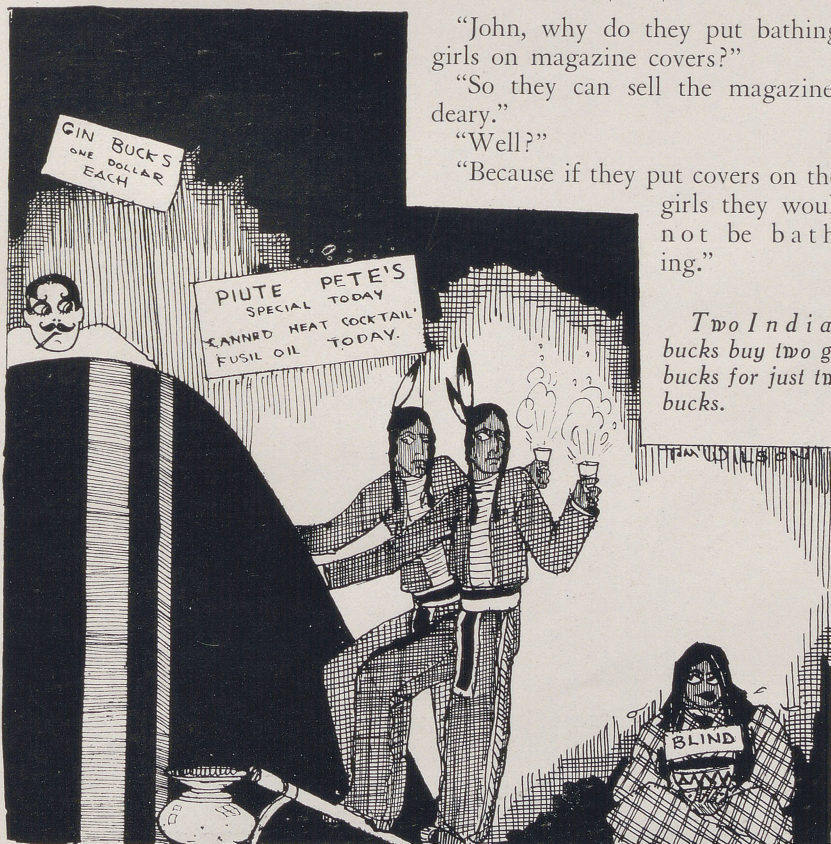
"John, why do they put bathing girls on magazine covers?"

"So they can sell the magazine, deary."

"Well?"

"Because if they put covers on the girls they would not be bathing."

*Two Indian bucks buy two gin bucks for just two bucks.*



## A BIG SHOT

A DEEP SILENCE had fallen over the classroom and when the students had crawled out from under the desks where they had taken refuge from the dropping debris, the professor adjusted his spectacles, and clamored for order.

"Mr. Smike," he is reported as having said to Mr. Smike, "you have a report due today."

"Yes," responded Mr. Smike, drawing a folding model shotgun from his vest pocket.

"Bang," remarked the shotgun.

"How was that for a report, professor?" asked Mr. Smike. But the professor did not answer. If he had only ducked a moment sooner . . . .

—b. h.

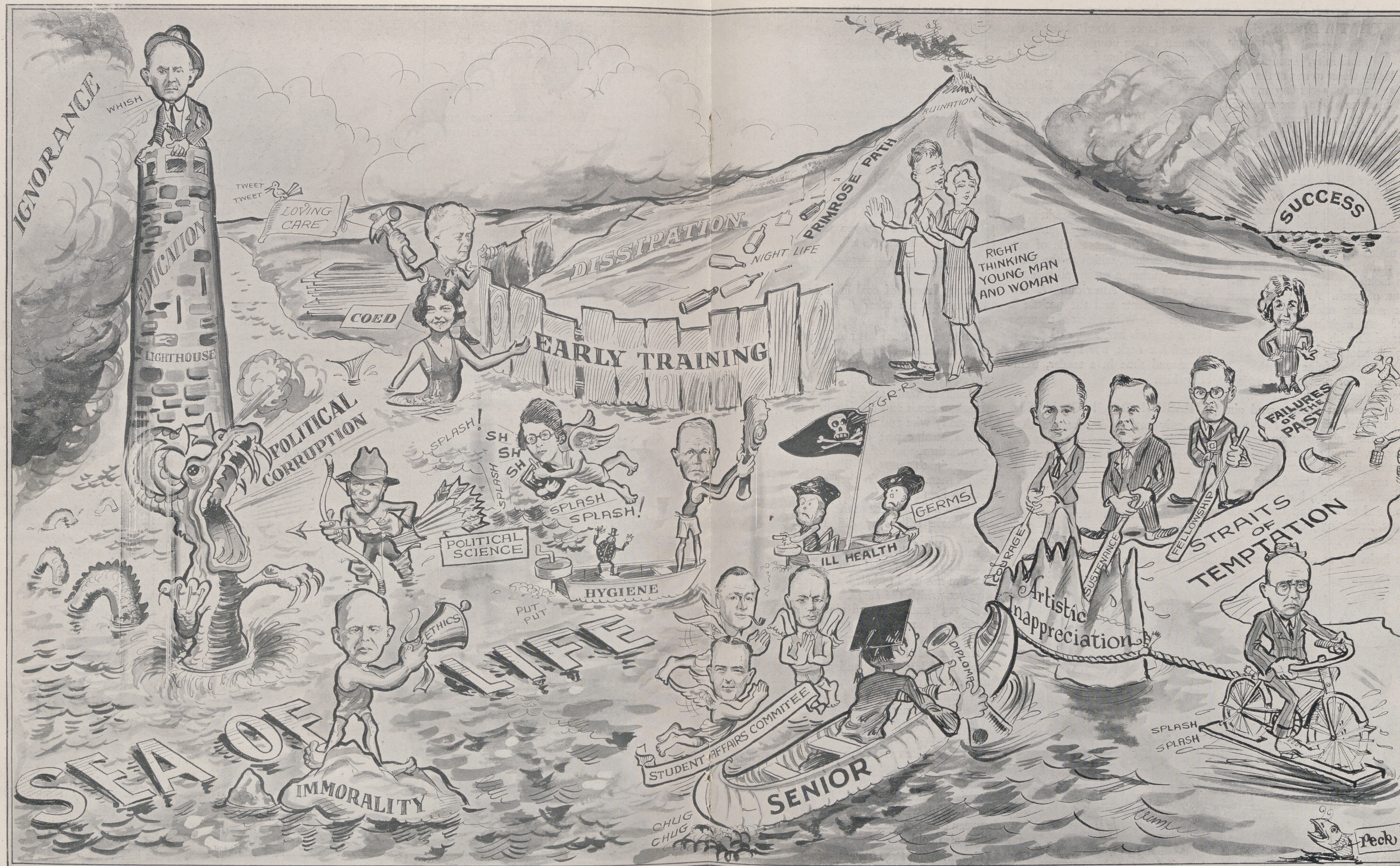
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"Yes, it was midnight, I was alone in the house, and suddenly I heard a noise. I immediately thought it might be a burglar. I looked under the bed, and there were the legs!"

"My Gawd, the burglar's?"

"No, the bed's."







## OXFORD AIR CASTLES

“WHAT A DIVINE, charming morsel of English femininity,” I muse, as she snuggles up closer to me, at the same time so gracefully eluding my feet that I fancy myself an accomplished dancer. Why have I been in Oxford for six months and not till now noticed how sweet an “under-gradette” can be?

The end of the waltz, coming all too soon, brings me out of my enchantment, though only to enter another and lovelier one. The college gardens: the warm drowsiness of the first nights of spring, an English spring; intoxicating beams from a moon looking as though only a few feet out of reach. And what is that music sending one's heart a beat faster? A nightingale, that harbinger of English spring that lovers and poets know so well. How I believe the thoughtfulness of the college “Dons” for providing a swinging seat (just cozy room for two) where the earliest flowers send out their first faint perfume. How can anyone fall for an American co-ed, I wonder, as, leaning toward her, our lips meet, her right arm stealing round my neck. I would prolong that caress infinitely, but such bliss is too good to last, and finally our lips part, hesitatingly and trembling with ecstasy.

She looks up at me with an ex-

pectant glance. Now! Now is the moment I have been waiting for all evening. The time for pin hanging! Disengaging one hand from her waist, I grope for my pin. Suddenly, as I realize that pins are not worn at Oxford, my dream castles topple to the ground. I can only sit and stare vacantly, not knowing what to do next. A feeling of despair and insecurity overwhelms me and I wish I were miles away. But a man with an American college education never stays down long. My necktie, of course! With a suppressed gurgle of joy I reach for that article of sartorial splendour, which to the collegiate Englishman means all that the pin does to an American. A few deft movements and the necktie is in my hand. With a look of triumph I lean towards her, and, as I pass it around her neck, our lips meet for the second time in a tender, trembling kiss.

CRASH!!! Bang!! Crash! Suddenly my air castles are shattered for the second time as the earth seems to explode. I struggle back to consciousness with an effort, still fighting to retain my dream girl. Cra-a-sh!! Again comes the explosion, almost toppling me out of bed. I grope sleepily for my watch. Yes, 6 a. m.; it's the scout. Scouts (Oxford college servants) invariably



EDITOR'S NOTE: "You can say," offers the author of this contribution from England, "it is written by a Nevadan at Oxford if it is absolutely necessary to establish it as authentic." And he adds, "I have tried very hard to think of something that would amuse the American college public and at the same time give them somewhat of a view of Oxford customs and Oxford men." How well he succeeds you may judge for yourselves; our remarks aren't necessary. And for the author's identity, that too may you guess. For he asked us not to tell.

break up lumps of coal at 6 every morning on the other side of the partition.

It must have been last night's conversation that made me dream like that, I reflect, as I try to close my eyes and resume my sleep. All true Englishmen want to talk about is American coeds and one has to pose as sexually wise and a free love and birth control expert or he doesn't rate. A throbbing head reminds me of last night's "bings." Blast these Englishmen. Why do they always have to break the panes out of the windows with the back of their heads and, worse still, why did I join them? That the cabbage and beer did not mix well in my case is evidenced by a rolling stomach. I suppose I'm not used to half boiled cabbage yet, which the English student calls "veg" and eats as a matter of course and seven days per week. Well, anyway, Oxford can boast of a chapter of Cardinals after my activities of last night, and a good "break trainer" following a term of hard rowing, is worth a sore head and rolling stomach.

Et cetera, until my reveries are again interrupted by the scout, who enters to awaken me with seeming fiendish glee. "Half past seven, be eight in half an hour! And what for breakfast this morning, sir?" he says, knowing full well that my choice lies between cold dry toast and pasty porridge, also cold.

(Continued on Page Twenty-nine)



## SPRINGTIME IN HAWAII

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article by Harold Coffin comes, as the title suggests, all the way from Hawaii. In it one finds not as much of that territory as of the place the author left, the University of Nevada. Should all alumni have such feelings for their *ALMA MATER*, well . . .

While an undergraduate he had the unusual distinction of being editor of two publications, the *DESERT WOLF* and the *ARTEMISIA*, a feat unequalled before or since. Besides that he founded the Publications Board. For the rest? With that as a starter you should be able to imagine!

WHENEVER TWO Old Grads from Nevada get together, the subject is always the same. No matter where it is—Market Street, San Francisco; Paris, France; Casper, Wyoming; Carson City, the Block "N" or Honolulu. The Old Grads tug at the whiskers and start reminiscing, and they usually end up by singing "U. of N. So Gay" in different keys and giving a skyrocket for the good-ole team.

"Remember so-and-so and remember," etc., until somebody remembers that there is a fraternity brother in the crowd and wants to borrow five dollars.

It seems that Joe Thisorthat of the class twenty-some-odd is always turning up in Honolulu. In fact, I think that there are probably more ex-Nevada students in Honolulu than there are Hawaiians. Our dog, who has developed his sense of smell to a truly remarkable degree, can always tell the minute one of our old friends from Nevada comes into the house. A rather startling statement at first blush. But there is an odor of sagebrush that attaches itself to a real Nevadan that he can never lose. And, of course, he doesn't want to lose it.

A true product of the Silver State is always proud of the fact that he is a Nevadan. So much so, in fact, that he usually makes a pest of himself boasting about it. I am sure that we shock the natives occasionally by admitting that we hail from Reno.

They think it is remarkable that we have both lived in that city for some twenty years of our lives without ever having been divorced.

ONE DAY a carload of Old Grads were riding around Diamond Head here in Honolulu.

"This drive always reminds me of the Lake Tahoe trip," offered the first Old Grad. Then they were started.

The second Old Grad said that it reminded him of the Mount Rose road because there were always so many petters parked.

(Note: "Petting" is what they called it in my day. I don't know what they call it now. Maybe they don't even do it.)

Another Old Grad recalled Manzanita pond as we drove past Waikiki Beach. This is in no way to be considered as a slur on Waikiki, which is, in fact, one of the most beautiful, glorious and otherwise superlative beaches in the world. It seems that this particular individual had enjoyed a rather stormy and careless career as a freshman and had a habit of forgetting traditions and talking to coeds on the campus. Manzanita was impressed upon his memory with such thoroughness that the poor fellow couldn't take a drink of water without thinking of the dear old campus and getting fright-

fully homesick. At any rate, that was the reason he gave for preferring other beverages to water.

We drove down Kalakaua Avenue, turned into King Street towards town.

As we came to the Palace Square, Spud, who played football on the team that beat California with a scoreless tie, and who is commonly called Leslie Bradford Harrison for short, had to put in his twenty-five cents worth.

"Yes," he said, "and Iolani Royal Palace reminds me of the old A. T. O. House—they are so different."

I accepted this crack in the spirit of harmless fun in which it was intended. At Nevada Bradford was a member of a rival tong—a Phi Sigma Kappa.

NOW WHEN I was in college we were always taught that it was very, very rude for one person to read over the shoulder of another person who was writing, and I hope that my wife, who is doing just that, will read this and feel properly shamed.

"Why, I was not reading over your shoulder," (she is saying). "And, anyway, when are you going to say something about springtime in Hawaii."

"I'm not," (I write).

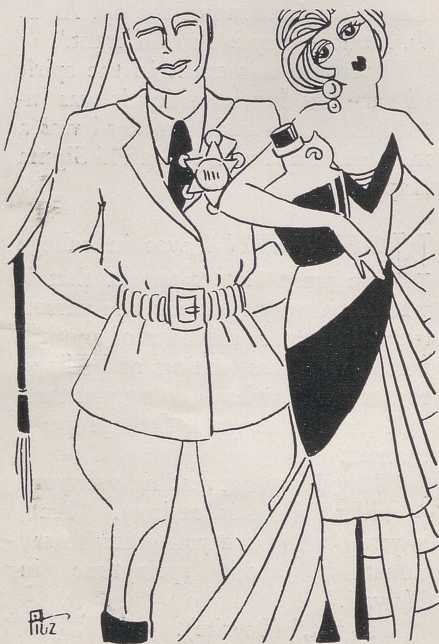
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GRADUATES

THE WORD "graduate" was derived from the old Greek, "Grada" which meant "to smell" and "uate" which meant "bad or worse." Socrates, who was not a pugilist, always called the people who were fed to the lions, "graduates," and not Christians. However, that is not here nor listen. The fact is that that is the name which is tacked on the boys and girls who have finished the big vacation. They are not fed to the lions—although that would probably be a treat for some of them—but are



*Little Miss Muffet  
Went to the buffet (?!!)  
To get her a jug of rye.  
A Prohi spied her,  
Then went right beside her—  
And so the party was dry.*

fed to the public. To-day, "graduate" means a little more culture and sunshine to the laboring masses. Graduates are swarming over the box-lunch factories. They greet you on the street cars, and the luckier ones pack ice. It has been rumored that some of them are selling bonds, they can't all play football, so this percentage would be very small.

Most graduates are usually easy to recognize. They hardly ever wear tan shoes with tuxedos. They wear their ties in the front of their shirts and step on one foot at a time when they

walk. It is probably the result of good solid training in college that they stand out in this manner. Most of the women stick around for four years to relieve the drabness of a solid wall of male faces in the college year book. Commencement is the signal for them to grab that man—or start looking for one.

All in all they know just what they are in college for, although some of the more awkward ones are specially trained, like writing such stuff as this.

—j. g.

"Well," said the Frenchman, "to be franc with you I think Germany has made her mark in the world."

"That might be sou," said the Italian, "but just the same I think you're a lire."

"And," answered the American, "if I had any cents I'd crown the both of you."

GOOD GRIEF

I WAS LATE for my old comrade's funeral but then I had no idea where it was being held. An amphitheatre came in view on my left. This was undoubtedly the place but I had no idea that he had so many friends. A great group of people sat with bowed heads while up front a distinguished appearing gentleman intoned in an undistinguishable chant. Here and there a handkerchief



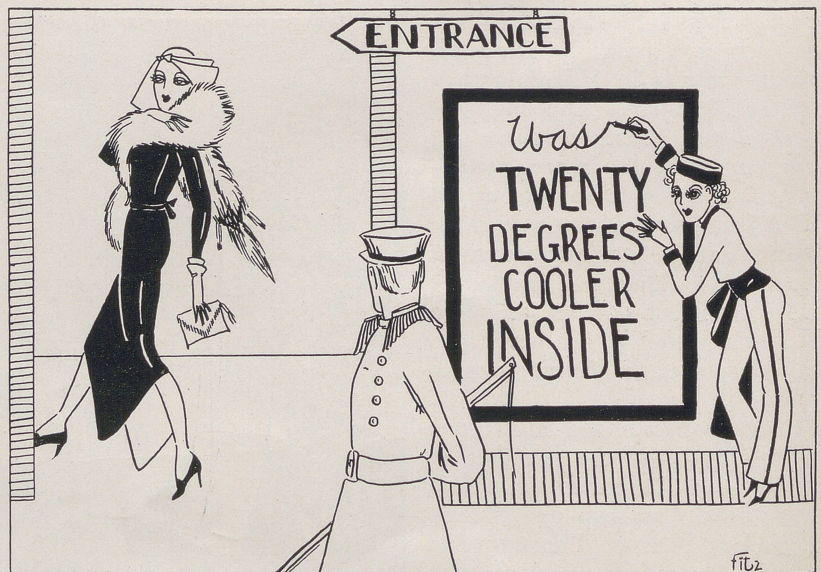
*"Of course not, my dear! A grass widow is never green."*

dabbed at tear dimmed eyes and sobbing was audible on the clear Spring air.

"To think" sobbed one old man at my left, "that they have to go. Why they're scarcely more than children."

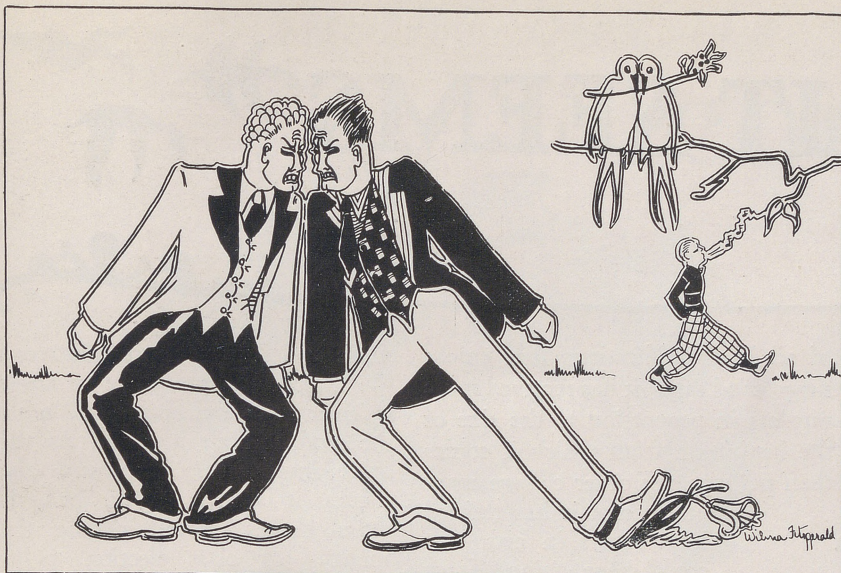
I wiped a tear from the corner of my eye. There had been more than one then. The accident was probably greater than was at first believed. I broke down and wept copiously. A woman tapped me on the shoulder.

"Is one of your's among them,"



Going Up!





Sez the One: "I'll see ya around!"  
Sez the Other: "I'll see ya about!"

she asked? "I have three daughters —" Her voice broke.

"An old friend," I murmured in reply and put an arm around her shoulder. She smiled gratefully.

A long line of young people dressed in black filed slowly forward, visibly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

"Are they all in mourning," I asked.

"Mourning?" The lady at my left glanced at me curiously. "Why no, they're graduating."

—h. d.



A Passing Glance

"How's your new girl?"  
"New? She's second-handed!"  
"Lucky stiff! I couldn't even get my first one on her."

EXCELSIOR

MERTON HAD no cause to complain. He was master of his own position. From his exalted perch he could look down upon people in all walks of life. Thousands pointed at him. Who was he? How had he risen to where he was? Publicity and public inquiry were his. Even the newspapers clamored at his feet and fought for statements to give to the hungry masses. He had but to fashion the mold for his own destiny. What more could any man ask? But Merton was uncomfortable. He longed to be able to get his own lunch, mingle with the crowd and stare at others. And why shouldn't he? His friends would scoff, people would wonder and his pride would be dented, but one cannot combat nature and the elements. A sudden thought struck him. How long was it since he had had a hamburger? His body twitched as his mouth watered. He raised a shaking fist to heaven. "I've had enough of this," he cried. The air whistled in his ears as he slid to earth. Merton was a happier man, but a hell of a flagpole sitter.

—j. g.

STRANGER FICTION

LITTLE XERXES slammed the door with an oath of disgust.

"Hasn't the plumber been here yet, Ma?"

"No, unexpected, he has not."

"Gee, Ma, what am I going to do?"

"You're a man, son, and you can go over to the saloon across the street, and besides your old man will probably be there any way."

Xerxes' face whitened. He had never done anything like that before. But his only other chance was the Y. M. C. A., and that was six



Ay, sister! Put on the hat, jump on the boat and come across.

blocks away.

He ran across the street and barreled through the swinging doors. Sure enough, the old man was marking time on the rail. Xerxes gazed at him fearfully. "Father, dear father, the plumber hasn't come, and I haven't a nickel to pay in here. What shall I do?"

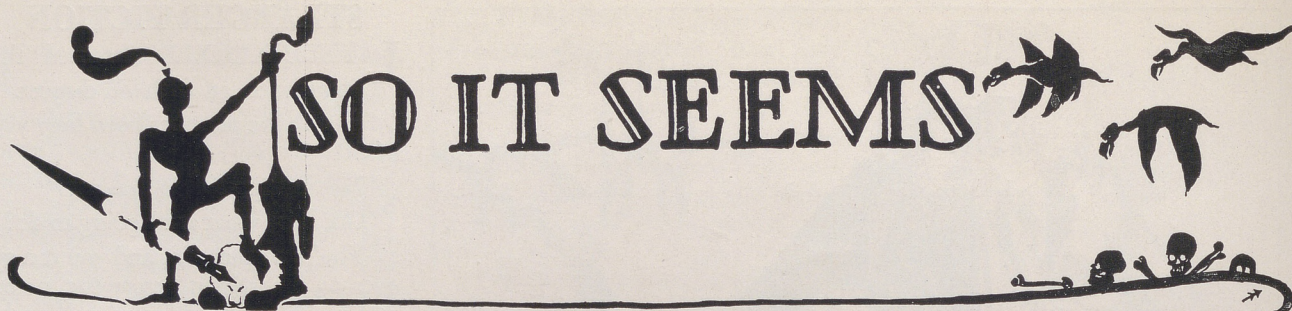
Teardrops washed the suds from father's nose. He turned to the bartender.

"Give the kid a bucket of beer. We haven't had any water in the house for a week!"

—j. g.

Natives raise Whoopee; immigrants Woppies.





## MAGAZINES

THE magazine as a public necessity is unquestioned. Its field is not covered by any other type of publication, nor is its usefulness diminished by any other medium of information or entertainment. This for the professional magazine in America, but the same holds true of magazines published in colleges.

To-day there is scarcely a University or college in the entire United States that does not support one or more magazines. From the smallest institution to the largest, does one find this medium of information and entertainment of paramount importance to the student body.

As with the professional magazine, the college periodical does not usurp nor is its field covered by any other college publication. It alone is an outlet for student literary and artistic activities, it alone serves its readers with a unique and individual material, and it alone can offer training to the undergraduate in those important services.

Further, of all extra-curricular activities, the magazine is the only one giving direct national recognition to its university. This comes from reprints in other national publications, and from sales and distribution to outside points.

The Wolf believes that it has and will continue to exercise these functions. Since its founding it has been distributed to nearly every college in the United States; it is the only one

of all local publications that enjoys news-stand sales; it has received more reprints in proportion to the size of the institution from which it comes than perhaps any other college magazine, and it has trained its workers in arts they could have gained from no other source.

The Wolf is sincere in the belief that its mission is a worthwhile one, and it trusts that its readers will give support to those merits which the Wolf contributes to its University.

It solicits aid to "KEEP THE WOLF AT YOUR DOOR."

## SUGGESTIONS

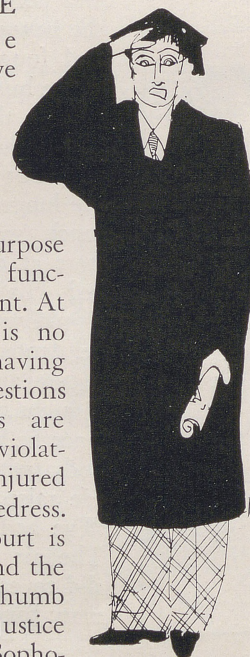
FOR THE last time this year do we

punch our typewriter keys for innovations we think would be beneficial to the campus. We suggest . . . That some court be formed for the purpose of carrying on the judicial function in student government. At the present time there is no place, group, or person having authority to decide questions between factions. Laws are overthrown and rights violated; to no one can the injured party or group seek redress. And until some such court is formed will politicians and the minority hold a ruling thumb on those who can't get justice . . . That the election of Sopho-

more and Junior Representatives to the Executive Committee be chosen by their respective classes and not by the student body at large. As their titles imply, they represent their classes; it is only proper, then, that those classes should choose their agents. By class election, politics would be diminished, men better suited for their tasks could consequently be chosen, and only those directly concerned would have a voice in the matter . . . That, since we are on the subject of politics, something be done about the method of voting. All ballots should be marked in secrecy, with booths provided where this could be done. No one except election officials and those voting should be allowed within or near the polls. And so on, for the details that should be corrected—for heaven knows the present combine system of securing an election is enough of a burden against fairness and free thinking . . . That a nice

herd of sheep which would bequeath their skins to graduating Nevadans be found. None have been philanthropic so far, and the Senior who would have his sheep-skin must pay five dollars to get it, which rather makes a sentimental leave-taking too commercial. All in all, though, he should be glad it's not written on with Library ink and costing \$5.01.

So saying, we cover our typewriter, bow our torso, and end our suggestions for this year—with only the additional one that you "Keep the Wolf at Your Door!"





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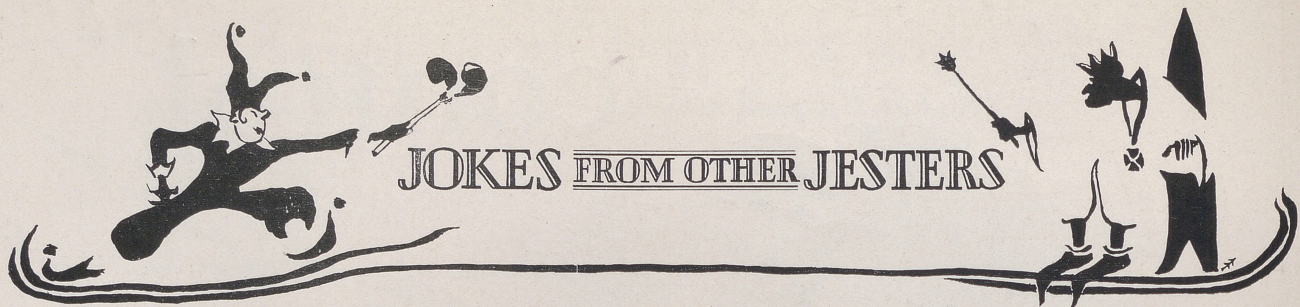
The pitcher who can "put it where he wants it," the cigarette which unfailingly makes good, both deserve their popularity.

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## JOKES FROM OTHER JESTERS

### COOKED HIS GOOSE

"My husband promised me a present if I would learn to cook."  
 "And after you learned to cook did he keep his promise?"  
 "Yes, he left me his insurance money."—*Kitty-Kat.*

### EVOLUTION OF A RUSHEE

FIRST TIME TO HOUSE: Mr. Jenkins.

SECOND TIME: Jenkins.

AFTER PLEDGING: Hey! Scum.

AS AN ACTIVE: Jenks.

HOMECOMING: That old buzzard? Think his name is Junkem, or something.—*Wampus.*

Gee, I'm leg weary tonight.

What have you been doing? Xmas shopping?

No, looking at magazine covers.

—*Zip 'n Tang.*

HEAD LIBRARIAN: Young man, we are about to close the desk, is there anything you would like to take out?

FROSH: Well, yes. How about the tall one in the tan dress?

—*Juggler.*

HEROINE (frantically): Is there no succor?

VOICE FROM THE UNCOMFORTABLE SEATS: Sure. I paid two bucks to see this show.

—*Punch Bowl.*

### NOT TO BLAME

WIFE: "Tomorrow is the tenth anniversary of our wedding. Shall I kill the turkey?"

HUSBAND: "Why, what did he have to do with it?"

"Rose's are red, Violet's are blue."

"How do you know?"

"I saw them on wash day."

—*Belle Hop.*

TRAMP: "Please, kind gentleman, could you help a poor blind man?"

GENTLEMAN: "But how am I to know you are blind?"

TRAMP: "Because I called you a gentleman."—*Pelican.*

### TO OUR OSCAR

"I have a chance for the debating team."

"Are they going to raffle it off?"

—*Pelican.*

SON: They toasted the President at a banquet last night.

MOTHER: Did he get badly burned?—*Wampus.*

DRIVER OF CAR (unfamiliar with the road): "I take the next turn, don't I?"

MUFFLED MALE VOICE FROM THE BACK SEAT: "Like hell you do."

—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

### MEDITATION

FIRST SPARROW: "See that nice new hat down there?"

SECOND SPARROW: "Well, what of it?"

FIRST SPARROW: "Well, I was just wondering."

—*The Bison.*

### STRIP?

HE: Don't you remember me? I met you at Joe's poker party last week.

SHE: Oh, yes, you're the boy who wore garters.

—*Kitty Kat.*

"Why does a cashier have those iron bars in front of him?"

"That's one of those constant reminders."

—*Stone Mill.*



COURTESY OF HARVARD LAMPOON

Look at That, Cuthbert. Here We have a party to-night and our boot-  
 legger has gone dead on us.



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**A KISS IN TIME**

*(Continued from Page Twelve)*

had had to do to graduate was to kiss Professor Barr. Ben didn't like the idea.

"Yeah?" he said. "What would you have to do to get a Master's degree?"

Then Mrs. Barr found out about it. She got the news through Mrs. Dallen at a meeting of the Women's Faculty Club, who had it through a friend of a friend of the mother of one of the boys who had been in the room when the osculation took place. She went home talking to herself. The idea!

Professor Barr had once come home singing "Sweet Adeline" at

three o'clock in the morning, and had been violently ill after he got into bed. In all the years since he had been a model husband, and had never given her a minute's uneasiness until now. She consequently was not used to such emergencies; nevertheless, she knew how to handle them.

"ELMER, SHE said grimly, as soon as he came home that night, "is there any truth in this story I hear about you?"

"What story?" said Professor Barr meekly.

"George Phipps went home and told his mother he saw you—what were the words he used? Ah, yes—

hanging a party with that Betty Farlow girl."

"Hanging a party, my dear?" quavered Professor Barr.

"Yes. Hanging—a—party! Such goings-on for a professor of economics!"

"Well, my dear, it was only a— a very small kiss."

"I thought so! And now I suppose you intend to pass her, after what you told me a week ago."

"Well—er—she really is a quite clever girl, and she's depending upon a good grade from me to graduate, and as a matter of fact, I was—"

"Exactly! Now! Elmer Barr, I want to tell you that if you pass that silly little fool— Although I admit



**Mash:** Why is a Life Saver like a perfect golf score?

**She:** A hole in one.

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she is clever! Yes, indeed, VERY clever! If you pass her I'll go home to mother."

(Going home to mother had proved very efficacious upon the occasion of Professor Barr's previous fall from grace.)

He gulped. Visions of dirty dishes in the sink and a cold house when he came home at night arose before him. And he gave in, without a struggle.

"Well, of course, dear, if you feel that way about it— Though I must say—"

"There's absolutely nothing you must say!"

That silenced him.

By the time he had to make out the grades, Professor Barr had made peace with his conscience. As he penciled the ugly 5 on his grade sheet he said to himself with no more than the very slightest twinge:

"Oh, well, I suppose she didn't know she had halitosis."

—dan senseney

♦ ♦

GAL: Yeh, I gave my boy friend the air.

'NOTHER GAL: And here I didn't even know you were married!

♦ ♦

"Didja see any queer birds when you crossed the ocean?"

"Yes, it was just one swallow after another."

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### OXFORD AIR CASTLES

*(Continued from Page Twenty)*

I SHIVER INTO my clothes and, looking out the window, notice that the rain is still drizzling down through the fog. On my way to the washroom (every college has the washroom at least fifty yards from the rooms) I look at the calendar to reassure myself that spring is really here. Certainly, nothing aside from the calendar and myself seem to realize it is March 21.

Essaying into the quad I am greeted by a bevy of "good mornings," for I have acquired quite a reputation as a he man among the Englishmen since telling them I had to be tied down when I first went to college and shoes were put on me. Nothing could now shake their firm belief that going barefoot makes all Americans flat footed. Talk about your Monroe Doctrine and American isolation! The English have only vaguely heard of California despite its glowing self-advertisement, and

for them Nevada doesn't even exist.

With my breakfast of pasty porridge and dry cold toast safely stowed away, I saunter out to the ordeal of another lecture. I pass a group of coeds, or "undies" as they are called, with their black cotton stockings (sunshine and silk stockings are unknown quantities in Oxford) and I hurry on with a sickening sensation, for all Oxford "undies" have big feet and red noses. No wonder English public schools are rumored to have a tendency toward following in their

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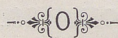
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footsteps. All too truly has Oxford been called a "mausoleum of repressed desires."

But, as every cloud has its silver lining, so the English undergraduate steps to the front and saves the day. Imagine the acme of youthful sophistication, the peak of gullibility, the height of curiosity and a goodly amount of friendships, all struggling for ascendancy in one where puberty has hardly finished working her miracles, and you have the Oxford "Fresher." With the first soft down of manhood gracing his chin, this babe in arms has fared forth from his home in quest of education, his father's last words, "Remember, son, you are now a man."

ACCORDING TO prevailing American beliefs, he spends his days toasting his haunches in front of the fireplace, waiting for "hall" time when he can sit and drink beer with others of his kind, his only studies a studied air of cold aloofness, almost snobbery.

It is true that he does not claim to be a hard worker. The fact remains, however, that somehow the work gets done, and an amount is accomplished in two years that the American Universities are fortunate to pound home in four. It is almost true that he does not claim the distinction of being the most friendly person in the world. His American brothers are sadly disappointed if they expect him to fall on their necks at sight. But there is one certain way to his heart. Go about your work or your play as though you were not aware of his existence and above all do not try to force yourself on him. Then, after a period in which he sizes you up, he is almost certain to extend his "friendship," a real friendship.

The fact that he must be in college every night by nine or get fined means nothing to him, for in public school he has been allowed even less freedom.

And, may it stand as an everlasting tribute to the human capacity for adaptation, the American, after six months at Oxford, rising above such things as cold porridge, red-nosed coeds, half-cooked cabbage, and even a college gate shutting at nine p. m. and climbing in prevented by huge spikes on the walls, can almost agree with Lovelace, who proclaimed some three hundred years ago from the confines of Oxford:

*"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage."*

♦ ♦

"Don't you know that it's impolite to point?"  
"Yes, I know, but it's doggy."

♦ ♦

REMODELED SOOTHSAYINGS

"An apple a day makes the orchard pay."

♦ ♦

"Yep, she looks so seedy she'll probably be a grass widow before long."

♦ ♦

"I had a blind date last night."  
"She'd have to be."



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

### DUMB ANIMALS

We had to sell our dog.

What for?

Why—er—he bit holes in the carpet.

—Punch Bowl.

★ ★

### ALL IN THE FAMILY

FATHER: I felt like coming after you last night, only I didn't know where you were.

SON: That's all right, Dad, it wouldn't have done you any good. Her mother was out, and her sister was out of town."—Sniper.

★ ★

What ho, Diogenes, looking for a honest man?

No. Where in hell did my pants go?

—Record.

★ ★

"Maw, kin I go out and play?"

"Not with that dirty neck."

"But, maw, she's a nice girl."—Lion.

★ ★

### A BIRDIE!

DINER: "Ill have apple pie for dessert."

WAITER: "All out."

DINER: "Well, then, give me raspberry."

WAITER: "Sorry, sir, but we waiters are not allowed to be offensive to guests."—Panther.

★ ★

WIFE (in letter home): "I have a fine room with running water."

HUSBAND'S ANSWER: "Leave the Indian and come home at once."—Bison.

★ ★

### THE BULL BOWS

FARMER AT FAIR: "I've got about twenty children out here as would like to see the prize bull. Kaint you make me a special rate?"

SHOW MAN: "You wait here. I'll bring the bull right out."—Cajoler.

★ ★

### HANDSOME?

JACK: What did your father say when he first saw you after you were born?

JERRY: He asked the doc how many more there were in the litter!—Green Goat.

★ ★

### PROOF ENOUGH

"Gee, James, are you sure you love me?"

"What do you think I bought you that box of popcorn for?"—Sun Dial.

★ ★

### WANTED

Baby carriage in exchange for hammock.

—Jester.

and now . . .



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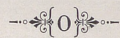
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**SPRINGTIME IN HAWAII**

*(Continued from Page Twenty-one)*

"Then why did you give it that title?" (she wants to know).

"I didn't." (this is me, now) "The editor of the Desert Wolf gave it that title. He said to write an article on 'Springtime in Hawaii.' Don't you know it is old-fashioned to have anything in an article pertaining to the title? And, besides, it will be a good advertisement for the islands."

—harold coffin

♦ ♦

"What kind of a man did you get for a husband?"

"I haven't traded him for a man yet."

**HEARD AT THE NUT  
HOUSE**

**WHAT GOES ON?** — am I crazy? That man is not Napoleon. His name is Edgar Hiram Ipswich, the retired bottle cap king. How should I know if children in arms are admitted free? Well, maybe. But don't be too sure. Some day you might get taken by the bus company for a ride. Or someone might take advantage of your good nature and sell you a melted piece of ice. Of course, I haven't any tomatoes. What do you think this is, a dental clinic? Well, you had your fist in your mouth, and I just thought you might like to

go some place else and do your excavating. What, no steam shovels. How do you expect me to find the key without a toothpick. Says which. No, I didn't kill Lincoln, but I know who did. It was Booth of the famous candy booths. No, I didn't see "What Price Glory?"—anyway I am a union man. What Union did you say. The Union Oil Co. Ha, Ha, I guess you think I am crazy. Well you are right, because I am.

—j. m.

♦ ♦

WIFE: You drunken sot, whose selling you all that liquor?

HUSBAND: Thesh all right, never you mind, deary. I'll buy you all you want.

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### MUSSOLINI ARISES

**B**ENITO SPRUNG from the feathers and put his foot through the guitar that he strung his washing on.

"Where is the blackguard that put that there?" he roared.

A trembling servant appeared.

"What day is this?" inquired the Duce.

"Tis St. Patrick's day, sir," the man replied.

"Who the hell is St. Patrick, and who said he could have this day?"

"Why sir, he is the man that drove the eels from Ireland and the green grass has been growing over him for centuries."

"Well cover him with tar and leave him be." His face blackened. "Where is my shirt?"

"Here you are, sir. There's still some mush on it from yesterday morning."

"Hang it in the chimney for an airing. Bring me my breakfast, and by the way, what did you do with that guy who put the cream in my coffee yesterday morning?"

"We've got him chasing sea-gulls off the roof of the shirt works, sir."

"Good, Pedro, and cut out the assassins practice to-day, one of those

guys is getting to be a fair shot."

Pedro nodded and left the Duce lighting a couple of candles in front of the picture of the famous Black Sox that almost won the world series in 1919.

—j. g.

★ ★  
WHO—ME?

"Did I tell you I have a stiff neck?"

"Been skating again?"

"I said neck, my friend, neck."

"But, sir, I don't."

"Get stiff?"

"No, skate."

"Well, that's better than walking home."

"But I told you I don't."

"Then give me a date tonight."

"But I thought you said you already had a stiff neck."

### LOVE NOOKS

**T**HE THEATRE aisle was crowded. People were rushing for their seats and for a moment I lost Louise's arm. I gripped it tighter in the semi-darkness and piloted her to a seat in the back row; the row where we might indulge in a little loving without annoying patrons. For the next

hour I forgot the picture, the world, everything. Louise had never been like this before. The reserve, which I had always been able to sense, was missing; she let herself go, returning burning kiss for burning kiss. My senses swam in a sea of ecstatic bliss; why hadn't I thought of a moving picture show before? The hero was kissing the heroine when I finally broke loose and breathed deeply. A hand snuggled into mine and I grasped a note, and then the seat next to me was vacant. The lights flashed on. Two aisles in front of me Louise sat stiffly, a certain sign that she was angry. I remembered with a feeling of panic that moment when I had lost her arm—I tore open the note.

"What these college boys don't know," it read. "You'll be welcome anytime at 236 Spokane Avenue and in case you don't know my name I'll be glad to whisper it, if you'll call Bennett 3500."

—h. d.

★ ★  
MAID: While you were dressing there were two men standing outside your window, madam.

MADAM: Why didn't you tell me sooner so I could pull up the shade?

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"And let that be a lesson to you," said the mailman to the correspondence student.

★ ★

A chorus girl gets her forty winks every night—but her sleep comes during the day.

★ ★

"You sure look like hell tonight, sister."

"Slow down, big boy, I'm not as hot as I look."

★ ★

"What's Jones always hanging around the History Prof. for?"

"He knows all the dates."

★ ★

A crumb on the bread is worth two in the bed.

★ ★

Remodeled Sooth-saying: "An apple a day makes the orchard pay."

★ ★

The best example of co-operation we know of is the Siamese twins having their appendices out.

★ ★

"Oh, we've got the nicest piano!"  
"Upright, eh?"

COACH: Can't you run faster than that?

TRACK-MAN: No sir, it's inheritance.

COACH: Inheritance?

TRACK-MAN: Yes sir. For thirty years my father was a track-walker.

★ ★

"Come on down."

"I can't. I'm in the bath."

"Slip on something and come down."

"I haven't anything to slip on."

"Don't you use soap with your bath?"

★ ★

1ST. GAL: If I ever have a son he's going to be a model student.

2ND. GAL: Wood, bronze or marble?

★ ★

USHER AT FOOTBALL GAME: Can you see the game from your seat, sir?

PATRON: Hell, no. Where do you think my eyes are?

★ ★

When leaves come on limbs of trees, stockings leave limbs of girls.

NICE OLD LADY: Steward, the food on this boat is terrible.

STEWARD: I'm sorry, madam. Why don't you bring it up before the Captain.

★ ★

SHE: You have a hole in your stocking.

HE: Sure, how'd ya think I got it on!

★ ★

**OUR NEW BEDTIME TALE**

SIGMA CHI (on 'phone): How are you this evening?

PI PHI: All right—but lonely.

S. C.: Good and lonely?

P. P.: No, just lonely.

S. C.: I'll be right over.

—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.

★ ★

**NAILED**

HE: I'm just a carpenter.

SHE: Well, I went to a boarding school.—Wampus.

★ ★

Bane any letters for me today?

What name, please?

Ay tank de name is on de letter.

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

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SWEET YOUNG THING: Have a cigarette?

ELDERLY LADY: What! Smoke a cigarette! Why, I'd rather kiss the first man that came along!

SWEET YOUNG THING: So would I. But have a cigarette while you are waiting.—*Panther.*

★ ★  
STRONG

FIRST SPANIARD: Eureka!

SECOND SPIG: Eureka what?

FIRST SENIOR: Eureka-uh-garlic.  
—*Do Do.*

★ ★  
(TOLD ON AN ELEVATOR)

GIRL OPERATOR: Floor, please.

GENT: Eighth floor in a hurry.

G. O.: Here you are son—eighth floor!

GENT: Where do you get that son stuff? You're not my mother.

G. O.: That's all right, I brought you up, didn't I?—*Brown Bull.*

★ ★  
SARAH H.: "My mother was born in Switzerland, my father was born in San Francisco, and I was born in New Orleans."

BOY FRIEND: "Funny how you all got together, wasn't it?"—*Siren.*

★ ★  
S. S. TEACHER: Johnnie, did Noah bring the worms into the Ark in pairs?

JOHNNIE: No, in apples.  
—*Black and Blue Jay.*

★ ★  
THAT'LL HOLD HER

SLIGHTLY INEBRIATED (to girl on Broadway): Do you ever speak to strangers on the street?

SWEET LITTLE DOVE: Oh, no.

S. I.: WELL, then shut up.  
—*Chaparral.*

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"Joe is certainly a fast dancer."  
"In what way?"  
"When he is dancing with a pretty girl he always finishes the dance before the orchestra and has to sit the rest of it out."—*Pitt Panther.*

★ ★  
SEE AMERICA FIRST

HE: Hey, there's no swimming allowed here.

SHE: Why didn't you tell me before I got undressed?

HE: Well, there's no law against that.—*Puppet.*

KAY: "I've got a calendar girl now."

JAY: "A calendar girl?"

KAY: "Yeah. Seven days with her makes one weak."—*Purple Cow.*

★ ★  
"What beautiful lashes."

"Yeah; her father was a slave driver."—*Stone Mill.*

★ ★  
"And why, warden, do you feed the prisoners yeast cakes?"

"To keep them from breaking out, of course."—*Georgia Cracker.*

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FUNERAL DIRECTORS

"Just got back from Venice. Nice place, isn't it?"

"Yeah, perhaps, but when I was there the sewers were all clogged up."—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

♦ ♦

ANSWERING DOORBELL (3 a. m.): Yes, I'm the Dean. What do you want?

BLOTTO: Well, what are you doing up at this hour of the night?

—*Purple Cow.*

♦ ♦

"How was Vera dressed at the party last night?"

"I forget, but I do remember that her dress was checked."

"Say, what kind of a dance was that?"—*Burr.*

♦ ♦

30 DAYS

JUDGE (TO PRISONER): "Say, when were you born?"

No reply.

JUDGE: "I say, when was your birthday?"

PRISONER (sullenly): "Wot do you care? You ain't gonner give me nothing!"—*The Drexerd.*

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE

LITTLE ALGERNON (to the old lady who has just arrived and whom he has never seen before): So you're my grandmother, are you?

OLD LADY: Yes, on your father's side.

ALGERNON: Well, you're on the wrong side; I'll tell you that right now.—*Ranger.*

♦ ♦

BLACK: My, those hot dogs smell good.

WHITE: Like them? I'll drive a little closer.—*Pointer.*

♦ ♦

"I can't marry him, mother he's an atheist, and doesn't believe there is a hell."

"Marry him, my dear, and between us we'll convince him that he's wrong."—*Exchange.*

♦ ♦

NIGHT WATCHMAN: Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?

YOUNG MAN (straightening up): No, sir.

NIGHT WATCHMAN: Here, then, hold my lantern.—*Dirge.*

CARRIES A SPARE

SHE: Been t' put on some lipstick. What you been doin'?

HE: I been huntin' ya to give ya your lipstick.—*Pelican.*

♦ ♦

SHE: They say the young American of today has not the stern fearlessness of his grandfather.

HE: Hell! And only this afternoon I saw a bow-legged freshman wearing striped knickers.

—*The Gargoyle.*

♦ ♦

HIM: Did your paper blow away?

HER: No, it's stationary.

—*Idaho Blue Bucket.*

♦ ♦

SHOW

"How is it that he never takes you to the theater any more?"

"Well, one evening it rained and we sat in the parlor."

—*Texas Ranger.*

♦ ♦

DINER: "Why does that dog sit there and watch me all the time?"

WAITER: "You've got the plate he usually eats from, sir."—*Friivol.*

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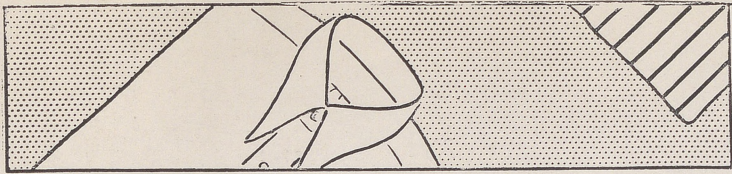
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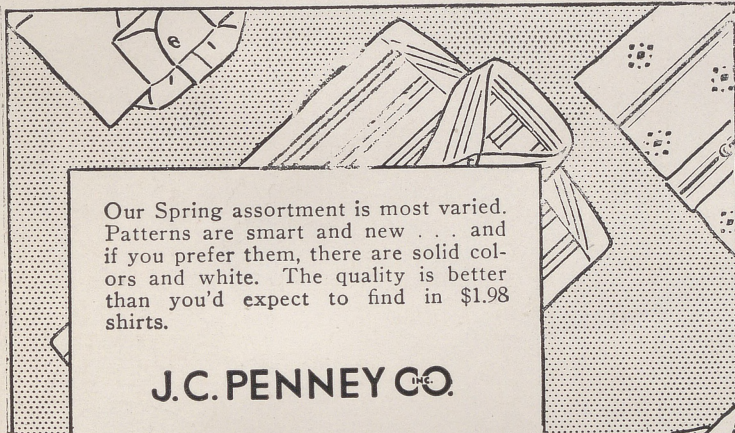
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look at that something in the blue  
dress . . . Hey, Tubby . . . you  
passed my Camels to the whole  
stag line . . . Never mind . . .  
another carton in the booth . . .  
Hello, Jack . . . why the fatigue?  
. . . This committee racket's no  
cinch . . . been trying to keep the  
boys from crashing the gate . . . I  
need a breathing spell . . . You  
need a Camel . . . have one . . .



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