



NEVADA



DESERT WOODIE



"That'll be
enough for the
present"

John Mariani

DEC.
1930
30c

20,679 Physicians
say **LUCKIES** are
less irritating

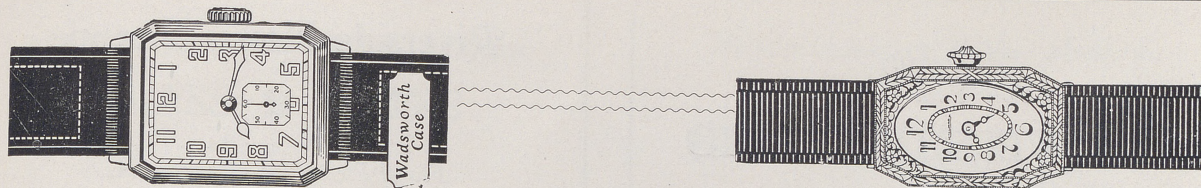
I too prefer
LUCKIES
because ...

Toasting removes
dangerous irritants
that cause
throat irritation
and coughing



“It’s toasted”

Your Throat Protection —
against irritation — against cough.



Jewelry For Gifts---The Ideal Gift

It carries with it that expression of true excellence, that deep thoughtfulness, that sense of enduring esteem. Why not have your Christmas Gifts carry that lasting message with them?

GIFT SUGGESTIONS

GIFTS FOR HER—

Dinner Rings
 Bracelet Watches
 Bracelets
 Chokers
 Crystals
 Toilet Sets
 Mesh Bags
 Atomizers
 Compacts
 Perfumettes



GIFTS FOR HIM—

Strap Watches
 Signet Rings
 Pocket Knives
 Cuff Links
 Traveling Cases
 Wallets
 Pen and Pencil Sets
 Cigarette Cases
 Belt Buckles
 Full Dress Sets

A COMPLETE LINE OF CRESTS CARRIED IN STOCK.

A deposit will hold your selection until Christmas

R. Herz & Bros., Inc., Jewelers

237 NORTH VIRGINIA STREET

THE HOUSE OF TRUE VALUES

FOR 45 YEARS THE LEADING JEWELERS

The *W* of *N* Sagebrush

Wishes you—

A Merry Christmas and the Happiest of New Years

"Personality"
in Your Photograph at
The RIVERSIDE STUDIO

228 NORTH VIRGINIA ST.
DIAL 3441 FOR APPOINTMENT



Riverside Flower Shoppe



Floral Pieces for all Occasions
A SPECIAL SERVICE FOR FUNERAL DESIGNS

Potted Plants, Corsages, Decorators for Social
Functions

A NEW VERSION

Heh-heh-heh. And how all the little ones will weep when you read 'em this story.

Remember that good ole tale where "lady jumped from apartment house window and we larfed and larfed 'cause we knew we didn't have no blanket?"

Well, this 'nother sad story—'bout fire—but thees one is in sorority hoose. Beeg fire—flames crackle, crackle—lots of sororities gals plenty scared. Und lots of beeg brave

fraternity lads coom to save gals.

Gal in window of top deck stick neck out and holler:

"Halp, halp."

"Yump, yump," says we boys, "we got good strong blanket."

"Nope. I heerd story 'bout dame what yumped out on dat gag 'bout blanket and went splash on pavement."

"Halp—Halp."

"Yump—yump," hollers us brave lads from below.

But the sorority gal wouldn't

yump and she got burned all crispy in de flames. Und we larfed and larfed and LARFED cause we knew we had a blanket all de time.



DISAPPOINTED

"Just a moment until I get my clothes on," cried a frantic feminine voice.

Fifteen eager young men craned their necks to see a stout colored woman boarding a street car with a basket of clothes. —*Stone Mill.*

BOOLS & BUTLER, Inc.

GIFTS OF LUGGAGE AND
LEATHER GOODS

Gifts of Luggage are always appreciated. Visit this Leather Goods Shop and see the hundreds of Leather Novelties so appropriate for Christmas giving.

SUGGESTIONS:

Gifts for Her—	Gifts for Him—
Fitted Travel Cases	Gladstone Cases
Wardrobe Hat Cases	Bill Folds
Leather Handbags	Toilet Cases
Jewel Cases	Cigarette Cases
Leather Picture Frames	Collar Cases
Writing Cases	Handkerchief Cases

Ladies Fur Lined Driving Gloves
All Wool Auto Robes

BOOLS & BUTLER, Inc.

232 North Center Street
Opposite Hotel Golden

May Your
Holiday Season
be a
Merry One

Burke & Short
RENO

151 NORTH VIRGINIA STREET
Where Society Brand Clothes Are Sold

GLASS & YATES

INSURANCE



A. E. GLASS & R. C. YATES
First National Bank Building
RENO, NEVADA

*Member of National Selected Morticians
by Invitation*

ROSS-BURKE CO.

Funeral Directors

WHERE SERVICE IS MORE
THAN A MERE WORD

Corner. Fourth and Sierra Phone 4154

GREAT MOMENTS OF HISTORY

A Thrilling Two Reeler or Else

CHARACTERS:

- 152 English Artillerymen
- 14 Boy Scouts
- 1 Indian Squaw
- Dick Deadeye
- Wild Butch Lawler (Admiral Gridley)
- A pretty little maiden.

SCENE: The Salt Mines of Siberia.
Enter Admiral Gridley Shouting,

"Don't shoot boys till you see the whites of their eggs," for he knew that they were on a picnic.

How's your boils? Oh they got sore and left.

Would you care for some grape-fruit?

No thank you I just had a cup of tea.

And then the old Indian squaw who had been bothered with insomnia for 59 days, or was it 22 hours,

took three sniffs at an old sardine can and fell into the land of deep repose.

(With apologies to Tennyson, Sinclair, Kipling and all other trains on track No. 10 eastbound).

How's your underwear?

Oh I prefer the old fashioned kind.

Then wild Butch Lawlor trots across the field shouting, "get up, get up, this is no special train."

MORAL: How many potatoes are there?

Thank you very much

"Lord Howie."



VOICE FROM REAR OF ROOM

SOPHOMORE (stopping hurrying freshman): What's the hurry Frosh?

FRESHMAN: I want to get a seat in the back of the room.

SOPHOMORE: But why?

FRESHMAN: I want to see who owns this voice that's always making smart comebacks to the profs.

DISILLUSION

THE YOUNG MAN sucked in his breath in a convulsive gasp, and smacked his lips in appreciation, as his eyes gloated possessively upon the beauty of the young figure standing before him in flimsy silk undergarments.

Blue eyes gazed steadily back into his own, and never a quiver of fear or doubt disturbed the perfect curve of the firm young mouth. The young man's gaze passed caressingly from regal breast to rounded thighs, and on down to the ultimate perfection of calves and ankles. He stood immovable, as still as one in a trance, seeming content but to gaze, in possessive admiration, upon the beauty of smooth, clear skin, and the firm lines of the glorious young figure.

Then he spoke; not passionately, not tenderly—but in a calm, almost judicial tone.

"Yes," he said, "you are beautiful. There is not one single blemish to mar your physical perfection. You

CRESCENT CREAMERY

Pasteurized
Milk and Cream

Butter, Cheese, Cottage Cheese

Telephone 4106

Reno, Nevada

RENO MEAT MARKET

20 West Commercial Row

Distributors of

The Choicest Fresh Meats and the Now
Famous Tahoe Hams and Bacon.

Very favorable Rates to Fraternities and
Sororities.

PHONE 6165

SAMUEL PLATT

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

First National Bank Building

Reno, Nevada

Suite 322

Telephone 5178

are like a beautiful portrait—alluring, intriguing—but cold and heartless! Your beauty itself is hypocrisy, its seductive appeal a curse! DAMN YOU!”

Overcome by anger, he drew back his fist and aimed a vicious blow at that smooth, defenseless young cheek.

The blow landed fairly—and broke the offending mirror into a hundred shattered fragments, which crashed onto the marble top of the bureau; while the young man, gaz-

ing ruefully at his bleeding knuckles, went on dressing.

—W. S.

★ ★

*We wonder why the iceman
smiles so,*

*When his glance happens to
meet*

*The sign: "Please drive slow,
The child in the street*

May be yours, you know."

—Sniper.

PAN HELL AND WHY

A BLIND DATE to the "Pan-Hell." The poor frosh gave his tie an angry jerk—and began choking. Ah, that was one way out. But there she was. A silly giggle.

"I want the Poor Frosh (giggle giggle)."

Cursing fluently he put on his overcoat and banged downstairs. There she was, and the Poor Frosh found himself gazing up into a pair



"Where the University Eats"

Open Day and Night

COMBINATION PLATE DINNER

5 p. m. to 9 p. m.

• 50c

Specializing in

Two- and Three-Decker Toasted Sandwiches

225 NORTH VIRGINIA STREET

RENO, NEVADA



**STYLISH APPAREL
FOR MEN AT
POPULAR PRICES**

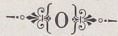


PATERSONS

229 North Virginia



**UNITED NEVADA
BANK**



STUDENT ACCOUNTS WELCOMED
163 N. VIRGINIA RENO 3125

Washoe Wood & Coal Yard

H. C. MADSEN, PROPRIETOR

DEALER IN
ALL KINDS OF WOOD AND COAL
Wholesale and Retail
Castle Gate, King, and Rock Springs Coals

DIAL 3322
OFFICE: 328 EAST SIXTH STREET RENO, NEVADA

of horned rimmed spectacles. His arm was grabbed.

"Isn't he tweet, tum on sunny boy-ee. We's gonna have the bestest time."

Lights, laughter, giggles. A big finger being shaken playfully under his nose. Other feet on top of his own. Trying to guide a mountain. Air at last.

"Where shall we eat, Big Boy? Let's go to the Grand, the Willows, then Lawtons, then a Chinese place and then—"

The feeling of being carried from place to place. Kisses. All the breath squashed out of him.

Home at last. Questions as to his date and the time he had.

"Well," said the Poor Frosh, "I guess the reason they call it the Pan-Hell is because we get taken by the girls and then we pan hell out of them for the rest of our lives."

—j. g.

"Have you got a hobby?"
"No, I ban single."—*Chaparall.*

THE NUGGET

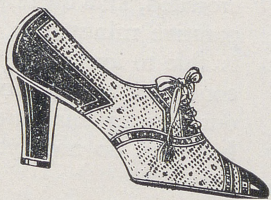
SITTING ON a stool in the Wolf Den was a small girl, her eyes blue her hair blonde. The door opened. Five sorority girls stared at her in amazement, suddenly they rushed towards her with exclamations of joy.

"Will you go to the football game with us?"

"Sure" said the girl throwing away three fourths of her cigarette. (Ah said the women, "She is rich.

NEW SHOE MODES

Clever Variations Which Give
Individuality and Smartness in These
New Mid-Season Modes



\$6.85 to \$12.50

SUNDERLAND'S

**Meet the
Gang**

At the Sign of the Big N

*The Place Where You Can Get
What You Want in the Way of*

SOFT DRINKS
CIGARS AND TOBACCOS
BILLIARDS

Block N

210 NORTH VIRGINIA STREET PHONE 8825

DANCING

MUSIC  LUNCH
FOUNTAIN

At Henry's Fountain
A. STAFFORD, *Manager*

Little Waldorf

334-No. Virginia St.

See how she throws away her cigarettes unsmoked.")

They went to the game. The whole sorority, who attended the game in a body for rushing purposes, welcomed her with open arms.

"Isn't it a shame you're only a Frosh, this second semester, rushing makes it hard for new girls, it is so lonesome and you don't have any fun unless you belong to a good sorority anyway."

"Oh but I'm a junior," said the blonde.

The women all nodded and smiled and the Grande Presidente started to write a bid. They fed her on hot dogs, popsicles and eskimo pies.

For days they rushed the poor junior. One day with tears in her eyes one of the sorority women said, "Do you like us well enough to—"

She stopped abruptly, the pledge pin of a rival house was shinning on the girl's dress.

"When did you get that" she demanded.

"Oh, I got that at the first of the semester, before you took me to the football game."

"Hell" swore the sorority women, "We didn't want her anyway."

—j. g.

FOR OUR INTELLECTUAL MINDS

Some Neat Problems in the Famous Baconian Cipher.

Average Time for a Ten-Year-Old Mind two and one-half minutes apiece.

1. If you don't keep that pet elephant on your side of the fence and oblige, I shall be forced to sue you for breach of promise. (Breach of promise to keep the elephant on your side of the fence, you know.)

Deciphered: If Colonel Rigley thinks he can undersell my chewing gum, he's a rank idiot.

2. Janus, the two-faced god, has been declared a slow number by the modern collegians, who have faces for every occasion, and a few involuntary ones. (To match ties, socks and belt buckles, you understand.)

Deciphered: The high tariff on peanuts has made this a banner year for theatre janitors.

Can you figure out the famous cipher?

★ ★

SHE KNEW

I'm just crazy to go to a Sigma Nu dance.

I'll say you are.

—Puppet.

MARINE LIFE

Willie was down at the seashore with his old man and, as kids will, was asking questions.

"What is that, papa," he asked, pointing to a homeless barnacle which had been stranded on the beach.

"That," replied the proud parent, "is a barnacle."

"And what is a barnacle," further queried the little lad.

"A barnacle, my son, is an ugly little animal that clings to a ship and rides free," said the parent, who was a better parent than an authority on marine life.

The scene shifts to the next day. It is Christmas eve, and the boy and his father are aboard a street car. The car stops and a small Scotchman, who is evidently also a parent, climbs aboard the car, clutching a toy ship under his arm. The car is crowded, and by reason of his comparative minuteness, the Scotchman is able to avoid the vigilance of the conductor and get into the car without paying his fare. His tactics, however, do not deceive our young hero.

"Oh, Pop! Looky. Another barnacle."

NEW YORK LIFE

BOB FARRAR '14

THE STAFF



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

Volume VIII Number 2

October 25, 1930

BILL HERBERT - Editor-in-Chief
CLAYTON BYER - Business Manager

★ ★

Literary Editor - - Walter Clark
Art Editor - - - John Mariani

★ ★

Assistant Manager - - Mary Baird
Circulation and Exchange - - - -
- - - - Katherine McCormack

★ ★

LITERARY STAFF

Julian Epperson - Bernice Blair
Anne Gregory - Doris Conway
Joe Jackson

★ ★

ART STAFF

Hoppie Rigsby - George Davis

★ ★

ADVERTISING STAFF

Adelbert States - Ed Recanzone
Hugh Cooper - Walter Bell
Ted Moore - Jack Myles

★ ★

SECRETARIAL STAFF

Louise Gastanaga - Gretchen Cardinal
Mae Vuich

Address all communications to the Nevada Desert Wolf, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada. Telephone 7202.

Subscription Price: \$1.20 per year, 30c per copy.

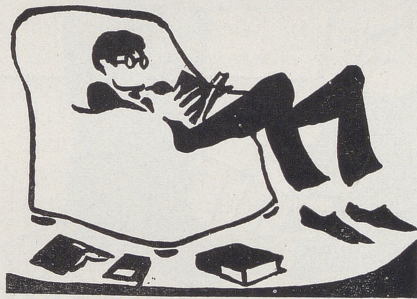
Entered October 28, 1923, as second-class matter at the Post Office at Reno, Nevada, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance authorized for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917.

Contents copyrighted 1929 by the Associated Students of the University of Nevada and are not to be reprinted without permission.

Charter member of the Western Association of College Comics.

CONTENTS



FEATURES

	PAGE
Origin of Christmas.....	11
Co-ed Abroad <i>Bernice Blair</i>	12
Blow Hard Enters Heaven <i>Walt Clark</i>	14
Things to Think About <i>Joe McDonnell</i>	16
Bring Out the Moth Balls <i>Joe Jackson</i>	17
They Call It Sport.....	18
En Route to California <i>Julian Epperson</i>	20
Short Articles—Which you can find very well by yourself.	

DEPARTMENTS

Between the Two of Us.....	9
So It Seems.....	24
Jokes From Other Jesters.....	26

CONTRIBS

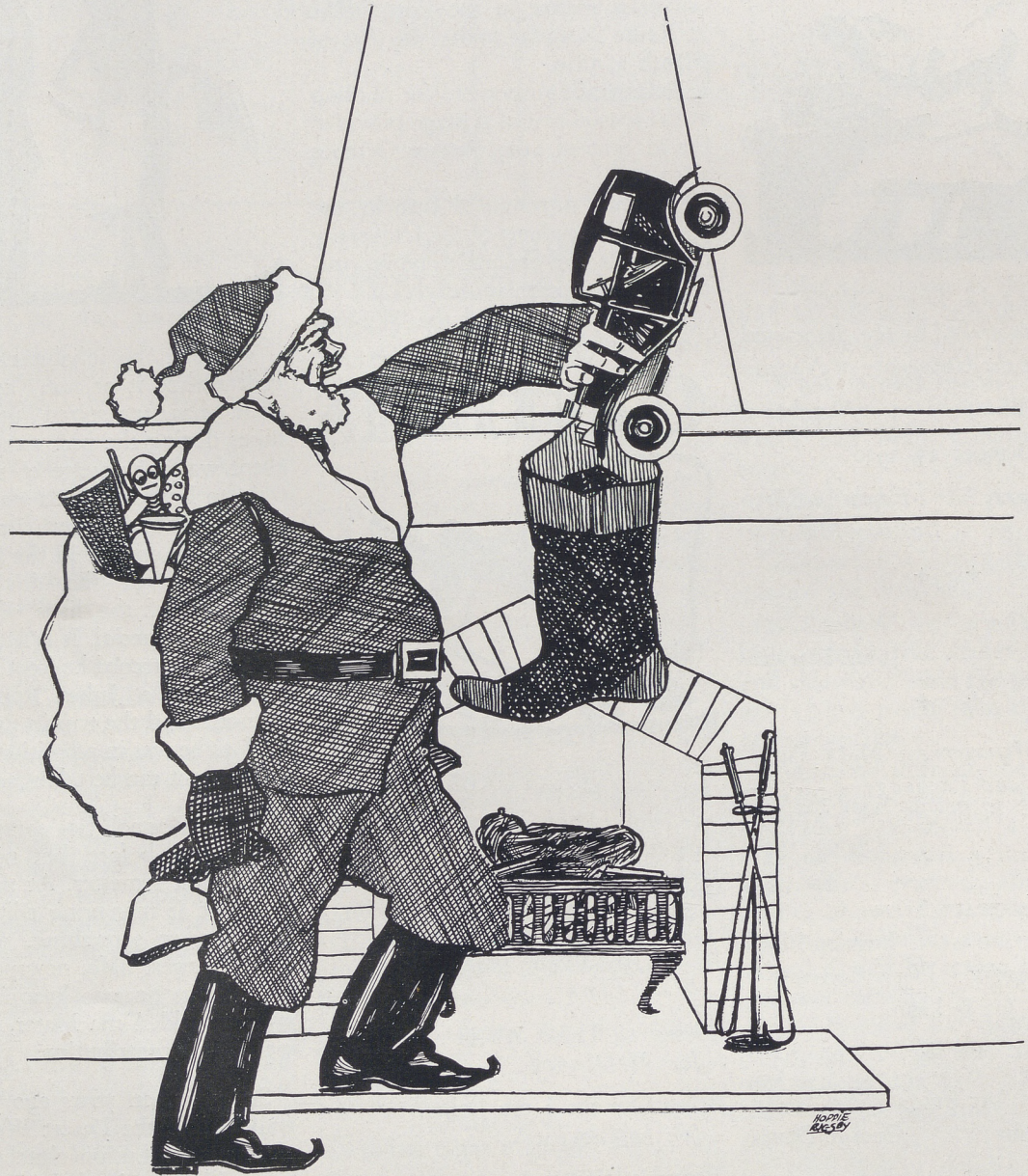


Whether the inhabitants of the Hill realize it or not, an historic event has transpired under their noses during the past semester. This event was the voyage of the Special train to Berkeley. This was not only THE SPECIAL, but, unless there is a radical change in the feelings of the guiders of the destinies and guardians of the lives of students, the LAST Special. It is fitting therefore, that a record be kept for future generations, so Julian Epperson has immortalized the trip in these pages. And, as he was in a position to know, the account can be taken as true.

Joe McDonnell has contributed to these pages before, but not during the present semester. At the present time, Joe is managing editor, or office boy, or something, of one of Reno's largest daily newspapers, but he still has time to keep in contact with the old Alma Mater, as can be seen in his contribution.

Seven or ten years ago, a gent walked into the Desert Wolf Office with a contribution clutched in his hand. He submitted the copy to the editor, but it was rejected. Undaunted by failure, he has been bringing the same item in annually ever since. And, at last his efforts find their reward, for the story by Loran Pease, for it is indeed he, will be found in this issue.

Other contributors to this issue are: Blythe Bulmer, Peggy Johnson, Dorothy Cooper, Bill Sourwine, and Dave Clark.



"It's a break for me that these Austins came out before Christmas."



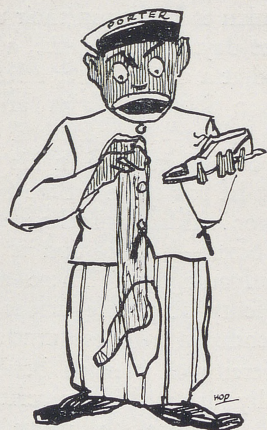
NEVADA DESERT WOLF



BETWEEN THE TWO OF US

All Aboard

NOVEMBER 14th, the special train transporting some three hundred students pulled out of the station leaving a few unfortunate souls behind who could



be seen wistfully gazing at the very impressive marker, "Wolves Special." And there on the observation platform was Bushy Graham aiding adding a striking dignity to the whole thing.

To say that the special was almost as interesting from the outside looking in as it might have been from the opposite position is a broad statement, but, nevertheless, to one who was not a part of the enthusiastic crowd, there were many interesting side lights. When in our sober moments we go to a movie and see Ed Benson doing his best to portray this spirit of college youth we are amused and disgusted at the feeble attempt and brand it as being silly, but to anyone who saw our student body boarding that special, it is easy to conclude that

college pictures aren't so far wrong. Through the platform windows between cars could be seen groups of co-eds wildly waving their hands, throwing galoshes out of windows, or making a feeble attempt at being nonchalant by smoking cigarettes.

Fellows succeeded in being a trifle more composed and better poised than the co-eds, but I understand they also had their weaker moments later in the evening.

However, all Nevadans on the train were exceptionally well behaved, that is if one attributes a lot of the unsteady carriage manifested by some to the movement of the train.

After a most interesting trip down, our weary travelers were bathed, not in California's radiant sunshine, but in California's refreshing rain drops. Even though people's spirits were somewhat dampened by the downpour and the loss of the game, it has been said that people drowned their sorrows. Whether this was done before, after or during the game I leave to your better senses.

That Popular Jail Again

RUMOR HAS IT that one of our very conscientious house presidents had to conduct a most formal fraternity meeting within the walls of the City Bastile. The Monday following the Cal-Nevada game some of the brothers were unfortunate enough to feel the strong arm of John Law just when they were having the jolliest little celebration—somewhere on Court

Street. However, one must be very tactful about the whole thing because they have had their share of publicity, and it seems that people feel slighted if they don't get it and irate if they do.

Pans at the Pan Hell

THE PAN HELL dance brought to light a lot of seething romance. For the one time in the whole year co-eds have the opportunity to choose the Prince Charming they dream about. Perhaps that accounts for some of the queer combinations one saw there. It was interesting to see dates that you had never seen before or probably never will see again. It afforded an excellent study in human



expression—some bored, some hopeful, and still others oblivious of everything about them. Perhaps the coyest expression of the evening was the one worn by Roy Bankofier,

who soared about the place with a gardenia in his lapel.

Just Geometry

THE S. A. E.'s and Pi Phi's seem to be involved in a little game, namely the eternal triangle. Frances is no respecter of brotherly ties of fraternity, or else she believes that the S. A. E. House is a fertile field for young lovers.

Speaking of triangles, a question which is baffling the general public is the desire to know on what point God's Gift O'Hara stands between Jo Knowles, comely freshman, and Gladys Clark. At any rate Byran seems to take his orders from the former.

Bad Winter for Cupid

ALL INDICATIONS point to a hard winter with snow beginning to fly and only one wedding and very few romances. There are some of those enduring courtships that tend to bolster up one's faith in the existence of true romance. Mae and Bus continue to be interested and interesting. Bob Merriman and Marian still have appeal for one another. By the way, Gamma Phi's seem to be taken more seriously by collegians than any other house. Of course, there are some love affairs that haven't run altogether smoothly, but true love doesn't run that way, Gladie. Then there are the Tri-Delta House, Mary and Art and Bernice and Bernard. The Phi Phi's did their share with the contribution of a wedding to the romance column. It seems that Theta's aren't having such fancy luck this semester, the romance of the Jo-Jo's being the only one serious enough to be worthy of mention.

Derby Day Dawns

NOTHING OF very vital interest seems to be happening these days, but at any rate we have put a semester behind us. Seniors are beginning to call upon Miss Sissa asking to see their rec-



ords. Groups of them may be seen busily counting the number of 2.5's they have garnered in their three and one-half years of academic endeavor. Frosh women are becoming expectant at the thought of "open season" to begin. Sorority women are finding it pretty difficult to be so pleasant for a whole semester, but they are all doing their best to make these last few weeks count. Men are placing their bets, in short the "derby" is at hand.

No Longer Interested

WHAT ARE she-jinks coming to? They certainly fail to draw the crowd of inquisitive males that used to be among the most interested spectators. It is quite true that they were never cordially received and given ring side seats but coy little coeds had a way of making them feel welcome. Perhaps it was the favorable comment that such "brave" men received, for braving the terrors of 200 women. At any rate, a few years past the night of the She-Jinks was an open date on every man's social calendar.

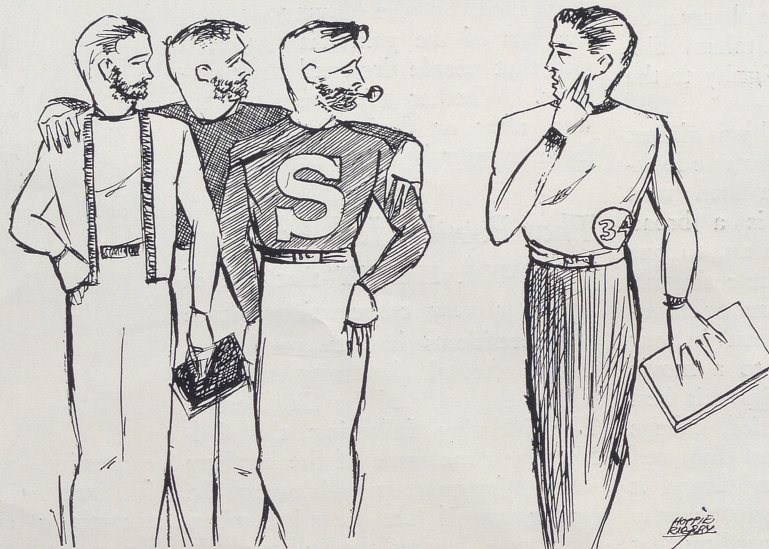
The Gentle Art of Fisticuffs

MANY TRAINERS maintain that boxing is one of the most valuable sports for young men to master in their undergraduate days. For instance, a boxer is placed at a much better advantage than is a football player after he leaves college. If a football man should care to indulge in his favorite sport he has quite a time finding ten other similarly inclined souls. But a boxer—his position is much more advantageous. There are always plenty of people whose chins are extended a trifle too much.

University of Nevada boxers occasionally have a powerful desire to prove their prowess in this worthy sport. This usually causes a slight bit of campus comment, a couple of black eyes and a few scratches. All of which makes it quite unsafe for ordinary collegians to cherish any fond hopes or dreams for a boxer's girl friend.

Another thing that is quite evident is that these rough and ready he-men are no respecters of time and place—they charge their enemy wherever they find him—even at those jolly little Sagen and Sager affairs.

FAILURES OF OTHER CAMPI



The Stanford Man Who Shaved in the Middle of the Week

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS

IT ALL STARTED back in the old Roman days in the reign of the Emperor Octopus, or rather in the heavy fog, for it could hardly be called a reign. Claudius had married a Roman girl by the name of Henrietta Goldberg, and the two had settled down to a peaceful and happy existence as man and wife.

But one thing loomed to mar their marital bliss. As both had come from prominent families, with hosts of friends among the upper crust as it was termed in those days, their little bungalow was cluttered up with many gifts. The walls were garnished with thousands of Maxfield Parish's pictures, bridge lamps were in such profusion that the occupants experienced difficulty in navigating through the narrow channels, and it took fourteen butchers to provide meat for leopards, lions and tigers in the paddock.

THE PARTICULAR

thorn in the side of Henrietta was the four maid servants which some kind friend had sent up, the result of a hunting expedition in Gallia. With his gift he had sent a card to Claudius saying, "Having a fine time. Wish you were here. Hunting exceptionally good." Henrietta thought of this message often, when she would find her husband, a far-away look in his eye, idly toying with a spear, or rummaging through his hunting togs.

Finally she came to Claudius one evening

and suggested that they get rid of some of the trash around the house. "Those girls," she whined, "are always under my feet, that damn leopard keeps me awake nights with his howling, and my shins are constantly cut up from tripping over the lamps."

"But what can we do," queried her mate. "We can't sell the stuff. Even if it were ethical, who would

buy a toga with purple polka dots, or a used leopard?"

"Right you are, dear," countered the mate, "but we can give it all away." And it was no sooner said than done. The next morning, Cladius backed out the chariot and, loading it, made several trips through the town calling on his friends. And at every house he left a gift.

At first his friends did not appreciate his benevolence, but when the leopard had eaten Octinius' mother-in-law, and Boscus had swapped a pair of slave girls for a good used chariot, they began to think more kindly thoughts about Claudius.

Several more of the friends of the young couple were equally fortunate with their presents, and became convinced that the idea was a happy one. They would do likewise, and one who had a friend who knew the Emperor set to work to have a calendar made so that they could set aside a day for that express purpose.

It was just a stroke of chance that the Emperor decided that this day should be December 25, as there was neither a December, nor a twenty-fifth in those early days. But this day was set aside to get rid of the trash around the house, and has continued to the present time.

IT WAS DURING the middle ages that the day received its name. A traveling journeyman returned home unexpectedly to find that he had been
(Cont. on page 21)



Head Engineer: What were you doing with that woman down near my new power project?

Assistant: None of your dam business.

A CO-ED ABROAD

(Continued From Last Issue)

PRAGUE, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA, was the next stop. That, too, is a splendid city. In our sightseeing tours there we visited a Jewish cemetery started in 606 A. D. The graves

are put one on top of the other and the monuments placed in front of each other—conservation of space naturally. They have a good old custom there of putting pebbles on the graves instead of flowers. Wonder if they do that in Scotland, too?

Many of the buildings in Prague are futuristic, all windows and angles, the right kind of course.

Maria Theres must have been a great woman, in Vienna they always tell you about her great deeds and her sixteen children.

VIENNA IS a very crowded city filled with beautiful women whose face is their fortune, "Sir, she said." And speaking of beauty it's a pity that the tenements of America cannot be patterned after those in Vienna. There, the state fosters the upkeep and they are well-kept buildings of two and three room apartments renting at four dollars a month (American money). Each has a lovely garden court and each community has its own theater and shops.

When we left Vienna to go to Munich we took a sleeper for the first time on the continent and it certainly provided a change for the crowded Pullmans of America. The "Metropa" has a compartment of two berths with wash stand and mirror; it's a great feeling to know that you have enough room to dress in.

In Munich we visited a technical museum said to be the best in the world. Crowds of school children were going through it in the company of their instructors. The idea in Germany is to train the inventive mind of the child at an early age. We went up to the top story and watched the planetarium (75-cent word) work. The entire planetary system is worked out for you by machinery over a miniature city. It's no wonder that the Germans are splendid inventors when they have such things to study.

WE MOTORED from Munich up through the Bavarian Alps and the Isar Valley to Oberammergau. The houses throughout that part of the country look more as though they had come out of a toy store than real. A great many of them were painted with religious pictures and scenes, saves wear and tear on the inside walls, too, as you don't have to drive nails in it, or worry if whether or not John hung that picture straight, or is it the effect of the night before?

You have to stay in Oberammergau the night before and the morning after the Passion Play—and, Willie, it's not what you are thinking of.

The audience commences to arrive for the play at seven-thirty in the morning, and at eight o'clock promptly the play starts. At eleven-thirty everyone goes home for lunch, and at two-thirty the play resumes again, and lasts until six. It truly was the most inspiring play anyone could witness, no matter what their nationality or creed. The actors were so sincere, as they live the parts. The audience lives with them to such an extent that when the play is over there is scarcely a dry eye (unless it be glass) among the hundreds of people who are leaving the theater. At night the



NEVADA DESERT WOLF

tourists flock to the village to buy wooden carvings made by the peasants there. But since the curfew rings at ten o'clock, the streets are almost deserted by that hour.

THE MORNING after the play we left for Innesbruck, where we saw a wedding procession. The bride and groom and her mother and father in the first carriage; his parents in the second, and all the mourners following in open carriages with white, yellow and blue streamers trailing in the wind.

At Innesbruck we grabbed a train for Venice. I guess the Italians were afraid we were going to steal it, they had so many soldiers on guard. Two of them paced constantly up and down the corridor. They needn't have bothered, as I didn't want their old train, anyway.

Imagine my chagrin at Trento to find the conductor was going to put us off because our tickets read "fast" instead of "regular." That conductor surely knew his trains, for we arrived in Venice five minutes ahead of the one we had been on.

It was nearly midnight when we arrived there and it was a great night for a murder. Every time our gondola taxi swung around a corner this thought was more firmly impressed on my mind. Just before we reached the hotel, our gondolier leaned down and whispered in my ear, "Don't forget your gondolier." (I'm a clever poetess, don't you think?) Fresh, wasn't he? Oh, no, I found out that quite frequently the servants and others who are supposed to know better could speak that much English and yell for a tip, only the more people there were about, the louder they'd yell, hoping to embarrass you into giving them a larger tip, but I fooled 'em—they didn't know I was Scotch and hard of hearing.

The first morning we spent in Venice, we went up to St. Mark's to find the pigeons. They really are nice and tame, although a bit badly trained. They flit on your hands and shoulders to eat grain.

I wasn't able to go into the Cathedral of St. Mark's as I was wearing a sleeveless dress, and women must have their arms covered in order to be admitted to any church in Italy. Oh, well, I didn't care to see St. Mark's anyway.

WHEN WE GOT into Florence it was scorching hot, so we parked ourselves at a sidewalk cafe and enjoyed ourselves, each in his own way. That's another nice



thing about Europe, you can quench your thirst in the proper manner at almost any street corner.

Florence is a nice old city with very few modern improvements. I visited the Chamber of Commerce there and suggested the crying need for some of Chic Sales' missionaries.

In Florence I saw all the art galleries I ever hope to see. I can't understand why they don't put all the original masterpieces in one place, it would save so much time. Instead of going around and having a guide point out a picture and tell you its good points and faults, and then calmly announce that it isn't original, but that the original is some place else. It's no wonder the death rate among tourists is high.

(Continued on page 32)

BLOW HARD ENTERS HEAVEN

(With No Reference Whatsoever to
William Booth)

A KNOCK ON the pearly gate awakened St. Peter, and St. Peter disliked being waked. Besides, a good many of the pearls were loose and such loud knocking was undesirable. He'd have to send another order up to the Divine Palace, a requisition for some glue to those pearls. The hinges needed oiling, too. He yawned and drew back the panel in the gate. Probably another cherubim out all night. The realm of Chaos was telling on the morality of Heaven. He peered out. No, that thing had never been an angel. It looked more like a mortal a little worse for his long trip. Another collegian no doubt, no one else would wear such things, and he had a decidedly dazed look. He was alive, however, and apparently in possession of a certain amount of intellectual acumen, for he did not hesitate.

"Hi, Pete, old man," he chirped, "Blow Hard's the name. I gotta pass to see your joint. There's a

few people, down there, still curious about it."

"You a college man?" inquired St. Peter.

"So they tell me," replied the visitor, with the air of one who has just put a neat cap upon a scintillating conversation.

"Sorry," said Sr. Peter, "but we draw certain lines up here." He started to shut the panel.

"Just a minute, just a minute," barked the earthly one in an authoritative tone. "I'm from Nevada and I have a recommendation from the Dean of Women."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place," grumbled the venerable Saint, unlocking the gate with his big key.

"I always like to try my face before the facts," elucidated the unusual one, flicking his half smoked cigarette over the edge of the cloud.

ONCE THE big gate had closed behind him he shoved his hat onto the back of his head and stared around. He was obviously disappointed.

"Caesar's Ghost," he muttered, "this place must be as bad as Los Angeles. Talked up so much and hasn't a thing to show. Why they'd tear down such shacks in New York."

St. Peter looked a trifle embarrassed. "Well, you see, we're kind of conservative up here," he apologized, "the same things usually last us quite a while."

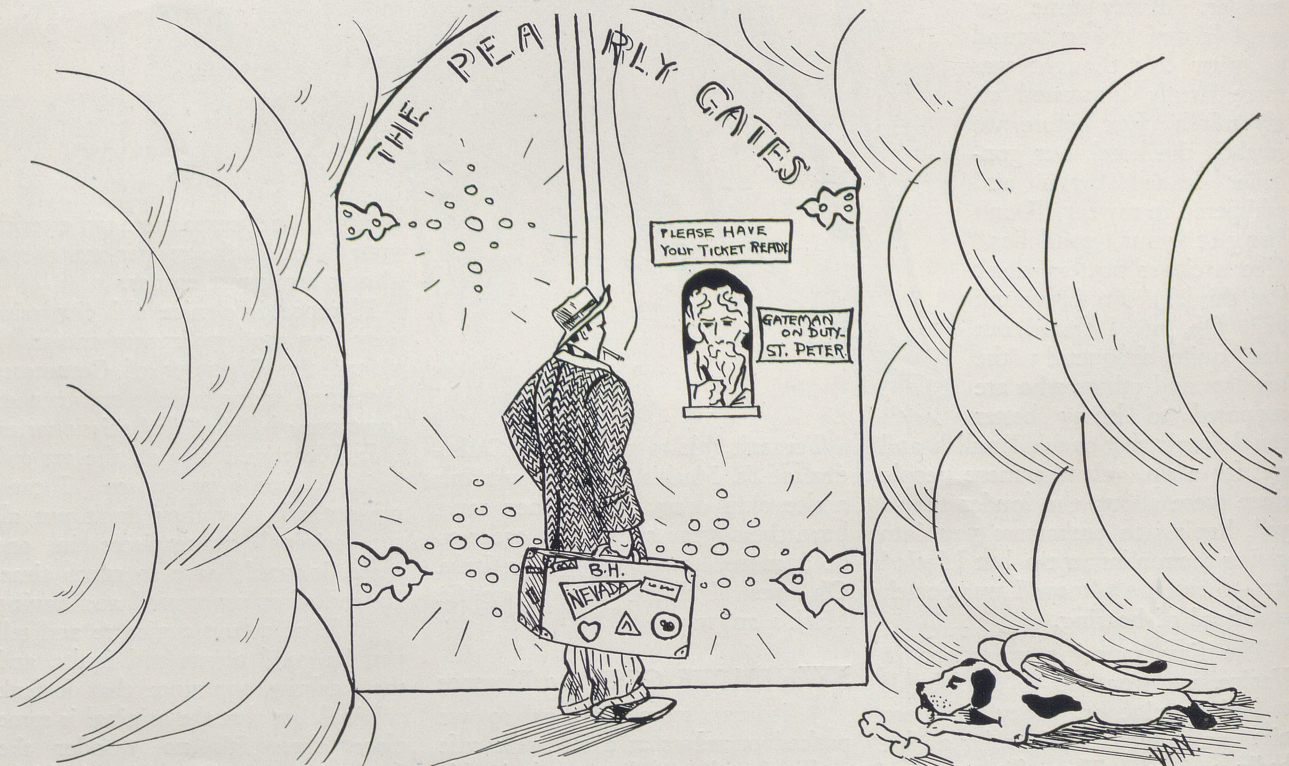
"Huh," grunted Blow Hard, "I came up to look around, but I guess I'll stick awhile and get you folks out of the back wash." He turned to start down the main drag. St. Peter caught his arm.

"Sorry," he said, "but you'll have to leave that frat pin with me. We won't have factions started up here."

"O. K. Peter, I'm not likely to meet any of the brothers anyway, and I wouldn't want anyone to know that a self-respecting I Tappa Kegga had been found in such a musty hole. By the way, where does one catch the street car around here?"

St. Peter was puzzled. "The what?" he inquired.

"Never mind—who was that damsel that just drifted by?"



Any extra charge for collegians?

NEVADA DESERT WOLF



Who's the babe, Pete?

"That one, ah that's Cleo, Gabriel's youngest daughter."

"How is she in those certain ways? Oh, don't bother, you wouldn't understand. So long."

HE CAUGHT up with Cleo just as she turned into the Golden Way.

"Howdy, Kit," he greeted, "goin' my way? Have a cigarette? Nice weather we're having. What's your line? Give the lonesome boy a break. Where do you live, Baby, and does your father work the night shift?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I don't believe I know you."

"Well, don't cry sweetheart. You can't expect me to be everywhere at once. What's past is past. Think only of the future."

Cleo attempted to freeze him with a glance of correct maidenly disdain. It was an obvious failure. She tried another tack.

"My father is Gabriel," she said icily, "and he dislikes collegions intensely. He's trying to pass a bill in the House of Archangels now, automatically barring anyone with a diploma from entering Heaven."

"Narrow minded old codger, I'd say. Does he expect to keep the place running on bricklayers, washer women and millionaires? And then again, what would he do without football players? Greatest publicity racket in existence right

now. Come, most beautiful, take your nose out of the rare air and smile for the new boy friend. No use being high hat. I stick tighter than a burr in a cat's tail, and I get what I want. Masterful, silent, strong and deep, that's yours truly. Don't be mean to yourself."

UNUSUAL, THIS one not a crack in the ice yet. Oh, well, aces if they must be used. He would have preferred to get a little better acquainted. You can't always tell from a first glance. Sometimes their best friends are speechless. He produced two tickets from his pocket, hustled up beside her again, and thrust them before her.



A familiar looking devil in dirty cords.

"Cast your gorgeous optics on them little cardboards," he urged. "Comps from a guy I met on the way through chaos."

Cleo's attention was secured. After all, she was only an angel.

"Oh," she breathed in an enraptured tone, "a box at the 'Fallen Follies.' Why that's the Devil's new show.' Then her face clouded. "But papa will never let me go."

"Tut, tut, girlie, leave that to your new but ardent admirer. Papa'll never know. Have a cigarette and let's talk details. I'm not onto the system of transportation hereabouts."

We'll omit the details. New love found a way.

That night, under the cover of

kind darkness, Blow Hard stole into the yard of the great house in the Celestial Heights. Cleo was standing in the doorway.

"You needn't get the ladder," she said, "Father's not home. Come on in."

He entered boldly, and in command of the situation.

"The styles up here are fierce," he remarked for no particular reason except that his feet were cold in the sandals. "I see a place with a big sign, 'Special Outfitters to the Throne,' and think's, think I, this place oughta have the best. So in I pops and they poured me into this bad dream without even an apology. Nay, they even assured me that it was the very latest style, only out for a matter of ten thousand years or so."

"But they're very nice," Cleo assured him, "though your legs do look rather funny. They're so thin and hairy."

MUM, THEY'RE not beautiful, but serviceable. They've carried me from car to chair for many moons now. But this rag! It feels to me like an extra thin cheesecloth, and it's cut like a gunny sack. This shimmering halo is giving me a headache, too, but he said I must have one or I'd be conspicuous. He also said it wouldn't be so tight after awhile. Impertinent customer. What

(Continued on page 27)



Set out for home with Saint Peter's key, and Gabriel's horn.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

WE WONDER——

IF—the president of the S. A. E. house wears one of those corset affairs made out of rubber and guaranteed to take away that unsightly waist line? Several of the fair co-eds have been heard to say that it wouldn't hurt him one bit if he would overcome his Scotch instinct and buy one of those wonder belts. They claim they could know him better but for that front porch that is his constant companion. We suggest that he put a railing around it and rent it out to love-sick people to get moony-eyed on.

WHY — Freshman girls have to act so nit-witted when they first come to college? Still they don't act any smarter the day they graduate, so it's a toss up. If they come to school smart, instead of getting any smarter they get collegiate, which is ten times worse. We guess the best thing to do is to let them stay dumb and give the men a chance.

WHY—some of our big, bold, curly-haired, lantern-jawed, he-men are not satisfied with our shy little girlies, but must go trotting off to the haunts of the divorcee to find their thrills, and incidently a jail sentence? Of course, they can always tell their children, if any, that when they were in college they tasted the bitter dregs of life as well as some mighty potent ones. Did we hear someone mention a lime-rickey? No? Oh, well!

IF—a certain A. T. O. and a certain Pi Beta Phi have really been married a year or more? The facts are agin it. No one woman could possibly keep a secret that long. Still they say there is safety in numbers, in this case the length of time. Nuff said?

WHO—talked the president's son into the idea of going out for dramatics? Not that he can't act,

for he certainly can. In fact, he is constantly acting—unconscious, or maybe he is a poet. And while we are on the subject, we wonder, who is going to win out between the budding actor and the Editor of the Artimesia for the affections and favors of a certain freshman girl? Looks like the girl is in for a liberal education what with listening to the history of dramatics on one side and how to put out a year book in ten easy lessons, on the other. Anyway if the weather is clear and the track fast the fans will be treated to a fast race. Provided, of course, if there is any one interested enough to care.

IF—Ethyl, the favorite of the oil companies, is a blonde or brunette? Now is the chance for some one to get punny and say, "No, Hiram, be good, the little gal is a red head." Anyway going out with her is supposed to do away with knocks. What a wonderful talking point for rushing. The frosh could be told, "Now when you join our house, you get associated with Ethyl and eliminate all knocks." Stop, please, your simply killing me.

IF—a certain fraternity house on Virginia Street has followed the example set by the army and navy, having enlistment bureaus stationed at strategic points? From the way their membership has jumped, we would say they have. Still, they need great numbers of new men to keep their (one) prominent alumnus in clothes so that he can angle dates in the Colony for the brethren.



GET OUT THE MOTHBALLS

GOTHBERY MEDDLER-FINGER is a side-line coach.

Each year when late September rolls around he digs out his red flannel drawers and heavy overcoat, getting ready for many happy Saturday afternoons during the three months to come, when he can sit in a cold, cement stadium, braving the chill winter winds, while below him, seen at minute intervals during the afternoon, twenty-two men and a bit of pig bladder chase each other around on a field.

Last September, Gothbery was a bit more interested than usual. He wanted to see just what Coach George Philbrook had done with his team after one year of work. He neglected his business to sit on a wooden bench each afternoon for two weeks previous to the initial game, watching a squad of ninety men take one kick in the face after another, until twenty of them had fallen by the wayside, and the other seventy settled down to a period of torn ligaments, bad ankles and broken hands.

Came the day of the Utah game, and Ike Armstrong with his Redskins swarmed into the Mackay stadium for the curtain raiser of the year. Coach Philbrook had removed his golf knickers in honor of the game, and stood forth in all his glory, arrayed in a brand-new gray suit. Gothbery was betting his socks that the Wolves would win,

but Ike Armstrong had other ideas, and the side-line coach walked home with very cold feet after Utah had won the game by a 20-7 score.

GOTHBERY was due to spend two or three afternoons of going home without other things besides his socks, but he didn't know it yet. The Saturday after the Utah game he drew his radio close to a window, and listened to the Pack get held to a 6-6 tie by Brigham Young after Sultenfuss had dashed 80 yards to a touchdown on the opening play of the game.

Disheartened though he may have been, Mr. Meddlefinger dug his bare toes deep in the grass and said nothing. He had bet his shoes on the Cougar game, but that sterner stuff within him bade him go on. And he was vindicated in this the next Saturday, when the Pack rose up mightily and smote the Santa Clara Bronco between the eyes for a scoreless tie. Gothbery's faith in humanity returned, and all about him was a golden glow. He bet his overcoat on the Pacific contest, and then prepared to sit back and watch unholy slaughter.

For the good of posterity, let us record here that the overcoat was saved, but only after Meddlefinger had acquired a severe nervous chill while watching the antics of the Wolves on that memorable Saturday afternoon. The Tigers had nothing

but a lot of fight, but they almost got away with it, and Gothbery saw the Pack played off its feet for three quarters, only to come back in the closing moments of the game and crush their opponents down by sheer weight. The side-line coach went away from that game with a funny feeling in the pit of his stomach. He muttered about variety of attack, and deception, and a deep rumble issued forth from his tummy.

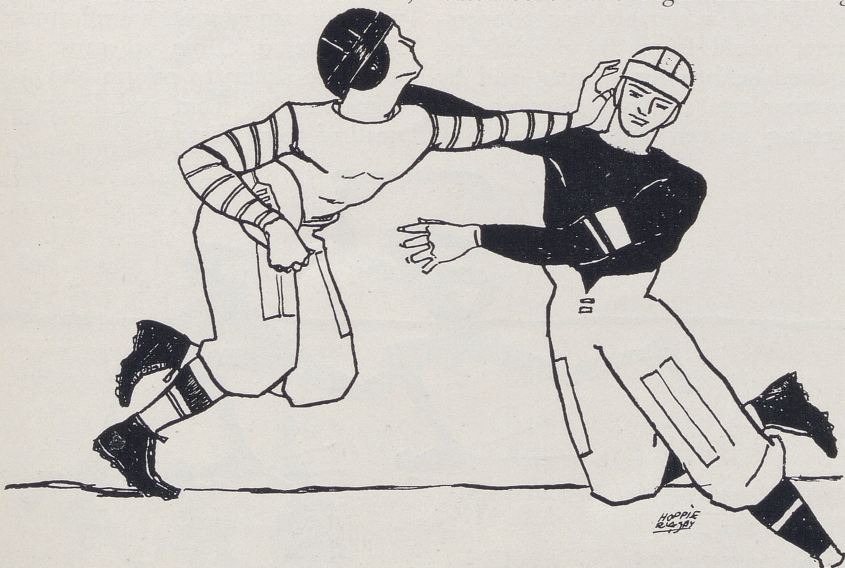


Coach Philbrook had doffed his knickers in honor of the occasion.

THEN THE calendar found seven more days pushed into history, and it was Homecoming, bigger than ever, as usual. A colorful crowd filled the stadium to capacity, and Clarence H. Mackay was there. Gothbery was there, too, but he had a queer look in his eye, and had nothing to say as the teams trotted onto the field. But as the game wore on his skepticism vanished and he went home minus his voice as the Wolves snowed the Mustangs under by five touchdowns plus one conversion, which makes 31 points.

That was the best Homecoming day ever, and Gothbery, for one, was going to bet everything but his red flannels that Nevada beat the Golden Bear and University of San Francisco both. He did not care greatly when the Gray Fog slipped back to the big city with a 20-13 victory over Nevada to its credit. He

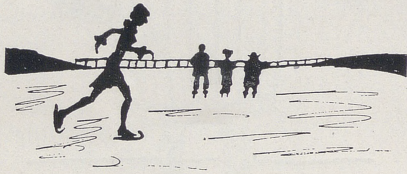
(Continued on page 31)



THEY CALL IT SPORT

SKATING IS the art of self-propulsion over a frozen surface. It is indulged in every winter in places where weather conditions permit. It is indulged in by a class of people, commonly called skaters, who have virtually no regard for physical comfort, and are willing, at the expense of a frost-bitten nose and numbed hands and feet, to spend an afternoon, morning, or even evening upon the frozen surface of a lake. At least, their intention is to spend the period upon the surface, but this is at times thwarted by fate.

Beside the usual biological classification by gender, skaters are divided into two classes: Good skaters and bad skaters. It may be



added that the Katzenjammer classification of cheap skater is applicable, but can hardly be used with the other two. Also the classification is made upon a basis of skill, not morality.

The sexual classification is important only from the viewpoint of the spectator, and then only in relation to the sex of the spectator. Thus it is found that the male spectator finds his greatest aesthetic satisfaction in observing the bad skater of the opposite sex (bad is again used as applied to skill), while the female spectator is supposed, by skaters at least, to derive more pleasure from the activity of the male skater. This observation is based upon the prevalence and unusual activity of good male skaters and the total absence of bad male skaters when there is a female spectator present.

IN ORDER to become a skater, one must have a pair of skates. While this may seem rather a waste to the casual observer who may note

how little the skates are used during the novitiate period, it may be explained that skaters are rather a conventional lot, and have made skates the caste mark of their strata so that one wishing to join them must have the skates.

There are several good methods known for procuring skates. One way is to borrow the pair (for like Guinea pigs, skates come in pairs) belonging to the room mate five minutes before the room mate decides to go skating. It is a breach of etiquette among skaters to borrow a pair of skates from any one who is not going to use them himself.

Another method is to join a professional ice hockey team, whereupon a pair of skates may be drawn as equipment. However, it is reported that managers of ice hockey teams are becoming increasingly narrow minded and are demanding that prospective members are already familiar with the art of skating. As a last resort, the would-be skater can buy ("Oh, can he?") a pair of skates, but this should be done only as a last resort.

AFTER the skates are obtained, it is necessary to have a large frozen surface, and a method for procuring this coagulated puddle was recently perfected by Dr. Oscar Bryan, eminent phrenologist. (See State of South Carolina vs. W. V. Haberdash, Dec., 1853, 74, 81, 66, hike.) After years of research, Dr. Bryan discovered that water, when it reached a suitably low temperature, would freeze to give the required surface for skating, and by putting two and two together and getting sixteen and severe chills,

concluded that the way to get this surface was to lower the temperature of the water to the desired point.

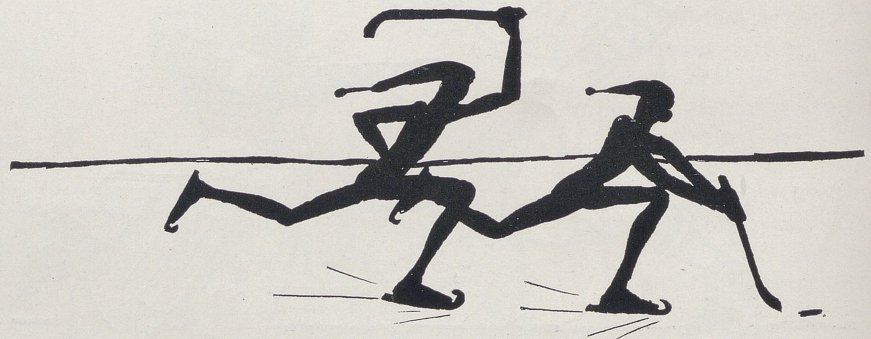
In the actual experiment, Dr. Bryan would seize a girl of the Phi Beta Kappa type and hurl her into a lake or river. When he had learned to disguise his identity so that the girl retained her normal



temperature the experiment met with complete success. Of course, the girl would drown, but she would be proclaimed a martyr to science and nobody would care about that kind of a girl anyhow.

A rival method, which is backed by both Senator Adamson and the Rev. Harvey Dondero, makes use of a mechanical device. In this process cubes of ice are removed from a Frigidaire and fastened together to form the surface of glittering ice. However, these two learned men differ slightly as to the proper method of fastening the cubes. Dondero, being old-fashioned, holds out for the ordinary brass brad, while Adamson favors the use of lag screws and fish glue.

The sole advantage in the latter method over the Bryan process lies in the fact that the close association which it causes with a well-stocked Frigidaire is liable to cause the would-be skater to reform and stay home making Tom and Jerries instead of going skating.





I.

Lift your mask, charming one,
Just a star's twinkle time,
That when the night is done
I'll have another rhyme;
It need not be too long,
Just three notes for my song.

II.

Yes, she was beautiful,
But so are you;
I am not dutiful,
To love alone I'm true.
She went and you'll go too,
Love's only love when new.

III.

Most of it was the moon,
If morning came too soon
Think you I am to blame?
You'd best be glad it came,
Hearts might have come to harm
With night's continued charm.

IV.

Don't ask me to remember,
My joy is to forget
A dying ember,
Not regret
That June has turned December.



INCOMPLETE

Yes, golden one, I would
Give all my strength to thee,
Except you could
Find nothing more in me.
The too complete
Is like the too well known,
And is surfeit,
And should be overthrown;
So I keep this
One shadowed corner in my soul
Knowing you take the whole
For a last kiss.



SHOES

There's a silly thing I like to do,
Stand and watch a little lady's shoe;
Where it will offend the wearer? No,
In the showcase, little shoe on show.
Dainty slippers, silver buckles,
Pointed toes and mincing heels,
Little flat ones, full of chuckles,
Rhinestone ringlets sad appeals;
Resting there on plush and velvet,
Standing there on partner's toe,
A moment's hesitation yet
And they'll get down and lightly go
Tapping on the polished floor
Till they reach the open door,
A fairy hesitation more,
Then they'll slide into the core
Of some fellow's mellow heart
Who'd never guess they'd played a
part.
Sly wee slippers, wicked things,
Have walked upon the hearts of
Kings.



HERE'S TO SANTA CLAUS

C—stands for Cocktail
Martini's and such.
H—stands for Head
Mine cannot stand much.
R—stands for Rye
Adds a pleasing touch.
I—stands for Inebriated
Sad — tss — tss.
S—stands for Shaker
Quite necessary.
T—stands for Tongue
Next A. M. a dirty old sock.
M—stands for More
Merry, mad or mumbling.
A—stands for Alcohol,
Aspirin and Awful.
S—stands for Speakeasies
We'll never more enter
For our Christmas cheer.



POSSESSION

I was standing
By the gutter.
It was winter
And the gutter was
Muddy.
A hat came sailing,
Blown by the vagrant wind,
Through the air
And landed
In the mud
But I didn't care
Because it wasn't
My hat.

I was standing
By the edge of a lake.
It was winter
And the lake was frozen,
Frozen over,
A shimmering sheet of ice
And on its surface
A girl,
A fat girl,
Was skating.
With a crashing roar
The ice broke
And she fell into
The icy water
But I didn't care
Because she wasn't
My girl.



CLOSED DOOR

A kiss
And a laugh
But you know
When that door
Is shut
And you go,
That the kiss
Was a slap
And the laugh
Was on you
And the closed door
Is locked,
Shrug your shoulders,
You're through.



EN ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA

DESPITE SEVERAL offers of blackmail from those concerned in this account, the editor of the *Desert Wolf* has finally convinced me that the only way I can show my real love for Nevada is to write unflinchingly and without malice what truly took place aboard the special train on the way to Berkeley for the California-Nevada football game.

Some weeks before the date set for the game, Adamson conceived the brilliant idea that a special train would be the place for the Nevada rooters to catch up on a lot of sleep before the game and thereby put them in fine condition to support their alma mater. This plan was received with much enthusiasm by people with the same ideas as Bushy Graham. Tickets were placed on sale at once.

The News Bureau was transformed into a ticket office, with Adamson as traffic manager, and I garnered unto myself the humble title of Campus Pullman Agent. It looked for awhile like the News Bureau would give the University some publicity that would make good reading for *Spicy Stories*.

Outside of changing the drawing room reservations for the Tri-Delts every day so they could be in a better position to rush Freshman, or get dirt on others doing it, things went smoothly enough. That is if one can discount the numerous applications to get berths in the same car as Lydia Grandi or Josephine Knowles. The best drawing cards in selling space seemed to be the promise that the Gamma Phi contingent would be in a central position. This included Gladys Wittenberg, Mary Ruth Seamon and Louise Gastanaga. The only way to handle this situation was to make a list tell-

ing where everyone was to be located, especially Miss Mack.

As the train was leaving the depot at 9:50 Friday night, Bushy Graham, Hoppie Rigsby and Brice Kincaid started for the special Wednesday morning. Thursday evening found them well on their way, being clear down to the Little Waldorf, with bulletins being posted hourly as to their progress. The one mentioning their stop at the police station was hardly noticed when one telling that Fred Wilson had sold a ticket was placed by its side. This was after "Fritz" Wilson and "Mugger" Crumley had gone ahead to intercept the train at Verdi.

Friday morning came early as mornings usually do and "Gallon" Graham was within striking distance of the depot. About noon Friday, Rigsby and Kincaid showed up. It was only with the greatest difficulty on the part of Graham and Rigsby that Kincaid was finally boosted aboard an east-bound express, but once comfortably seated, nothing could arouse him until the conductor came to collect the tickets a little east of Sparks.

On arriving at the depot about nine o'clock Friday, I found the majority of the crowd already there. I wouldn't have known it was so late, but as I was sitting in the News Bureau talking to Special Officer Adamson, I heard Bryan go into the Block "N" to get something he said he might have use for on the trip. Of course, I would like to explain that sound carries easily in this section of the country.

"Mickey" Duque seemed to be having a tough time finding her pals, "Barrel" Wittenberg and "Clara Bow" Seamon, but everyone assured her that they couldn't be any place but the Little Waldorf and, sure

enough, a hasty call got them to the depot a good half pint before the train pulled out.

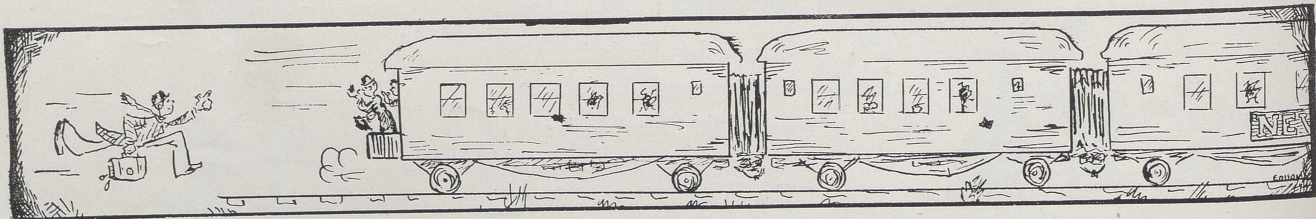
I lost Bryan again because "Swede" Johnson came in and was making so much noise I couldn't hear Oscar. (Almost material for Ripley.)

The train pulled in and a wild scramble to get aboard followed. The few sissies who remained at home, using such excuses as their folks would not let them go as they were a little young (proof that they should still be in high school) poured their more courageous pals on just as the brakeman gave the high ball. Which is always a very good way to start a special train. But, alas, Frisco Al Gregory wasn't in the cab. Some other man had been chosen for the valorous task of firing the boiler to make possible the hot water for Tom and Jerry's.

A last minute thought of Berry McAnally caused a flurry of excitement as she stripped off her overshoes and tossed them to her friends on the platform. Fortunately the porter closed the door, and the incident, with the second overshoe, as there is no telling how far she would have gone if she had been allowed to continue. Just a clever Theta publicity stunt. Marion Bernhart and Flo Hunley very nonchantly climbed on with neither money or tricketts. Earl Elliott and "Feet" Fulmis were in this same condition, but with less chance of anyone helping them.

The first scene after the train started was Special Officer Adamson (he didn't acquire the title of Great Lover until we were well past Truckee) cuddled up close to Marge Anderson on the observation car and Ray Hackett madly pacing up and down trying to figure out a scheme in which he could clear expenses and several hundred dollars.

On walking through the train I



NEVADA DESERT WOLF

noticed a large crowd gathered outside of one of the drawing rooms. The reason was the sound of an egg beater hard at work on the inside. The only thing I could figure out was that someone was hungry and had decided to mix some waffle batter. It seems that some one else had other ideas, however, for they put a chalk mark on the door so as to be sure there would be no mistake in getting the right place. Of the three hundred aboard at least two hundred and sixty-six must have visited this particular room some time during the evening.

Lou Gastanaga and Rigsby played hide and seek all evening, with Hoppie being IT most of the time. Louise also managed to get out in the aisle later that night so she could show off her new pajamas to a better advantage.

Whispering Bryan's voice being stilled caused a lot of speculation and just as people were getting real worried, Bryan trips lightly down the aisle with Doris Thompson in tow. But Jo Knowles soon put a stop to this as she was in danger of losing her record to Lydia Grandi and was passing up no opportunities like Oscar.

Things got well organized about one o'clock with the "Fun for All" twins, Lydia Grandi and Josephine Knowles, in full charge of the celebration. Oscar Robinson was also very popular but ran a poor third,

Phillip Pinner being his only real lover, and watching him quite closely.

Joe Jackson and John Brooks were stalled in the smoking car, probably due to the fact that Brooks insisted on telling the "bulls" how big their feet were. But about this time some one gave Nigger Joe a taste of the waffle batter from the drawing room with the "X" mark on the door and he headed straight toward the back of the train.

By this time all of the "weakies" had retired and all of the sissies had gone to bed, so the regulars settled right down to having good clean fun. The only noticeable thing after this was "Gallon" Graham's look of longing toward the rail of the ferry when it hit a good-sized wave on the trip across the bay. I also should mention that Goldie Holmes missed the boat due to his inability to find the bottom of his pajamas in time to get packed.

The crowd soon scattered from the ferry building, leaving only Oscar Robinson and Pinner there, these boys feeling especially at home in this building looking for their pals. So ends a great ride and a fine party.

NOTE: Those suing for libel form a line in front of the publications building next Saturday morning. No claims will be handled after that time.



The moon is low.

HE KNEW!

TAILOR (to college Frosh buying a new suit): "And do you want the shoulders padded, sir?"

FROSH: "Naw! Pad the pants! That's where I need it most!"

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 11)

left a brand-new hat. It was December twenty-fifth, but in his excitement over the pretty present the journeyman forgot and, speaking of his benefactor, was heard to remark, "What does he think this is? Christmas?"

It wasn't then, but people who heard of it thought it such a good idea that one of them who had a drag with the government took it up, and had the day named Christmas Day. And the name and the custom have existed to the present time.

LOTS OF HELP

I'm getting a sty . . .

Let's see? That eye looks okeh. Let's see the other one?

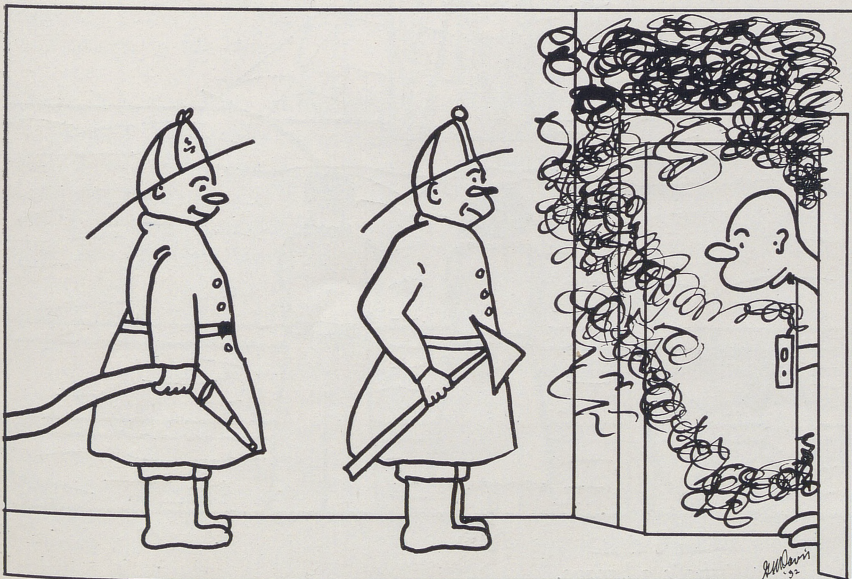
But . . .

No trouble at all. No, that one looks all right, too. You're not getting any sty.

But I am. I'm getting a sty . . .

You're crazy. Both your eyes are perfect.

I am. I'm getting a sty built back of the barn. I'm going to raise more pigs.



Did you want something?

APPROPRIATE

Scotchy had a gal.
 Scotchy was a big football player.
 It was Christmas.
 Scotchy wanted to get his gal a present.

"A gift," he said to himself with a big sigh, "that will show her how much I love her," and clasping his hand over his heart he rolled his eyes toward heaven as if he expected to see her face reflected in the angels above.

He went to all the jewelers, but could not find anything to express his feelings.

Something sweet, something good, her eyes are like raisins, black and shiny. Her lips are like red jelly, soft and stick well.

Christmas eve came and in a little shop far from the ways of man he found just the thing.

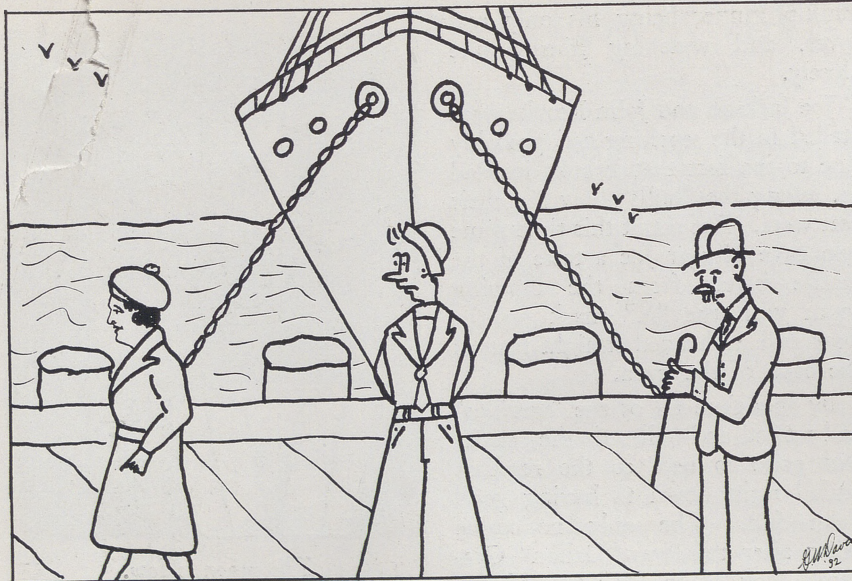
The girl got it the next morning. It came tied up in white paper and gay ribbons—a big bun, covered with sugar and filled with raisins and currant jelly.

—j. g.

♦ ♦

CO-ED: "Stop that man; he wanted to kiss me."

COP: "That's all right, miss; there'll be another along in a minute."—Mugwump.



A gentleman strolled down the quay
 Just to see what he could suay
 Took a look at a ship,
 Said "She sure is a pip."
 Said a passing gob, "Yes, isn't shuay?"

TRUE LOVE

IT WAS the witching hour. The hour when tender fancy takes trial flights on the soft wings of youth. (Nice, huh?) But Bob Waldon was disappointed. He walked the lonely road with his head down and his heart heavy within him. Suddenly he uttered a stifled exclamation and drew back. There on the ground before him lay a figure of a beautiful woman. Could he believe his eyes? Ah, yes, those youthful curves; that face, they were real. He had seen her somewhere before. It had been a long time ago, though. Stooping to raise her, he hesitated. This would mean just a moment's joy and then despair again. But his fierce emotion overcame him; he clasped her tenderly to him, feeling the mould of her hard, youthful body against his. He turned her face so that the moon shone full upon it, and then sighed blissfully.

"By God," he muttered, "a new quarter."

—d. c.

♦ ♦

"How do you like my new evening dress?"

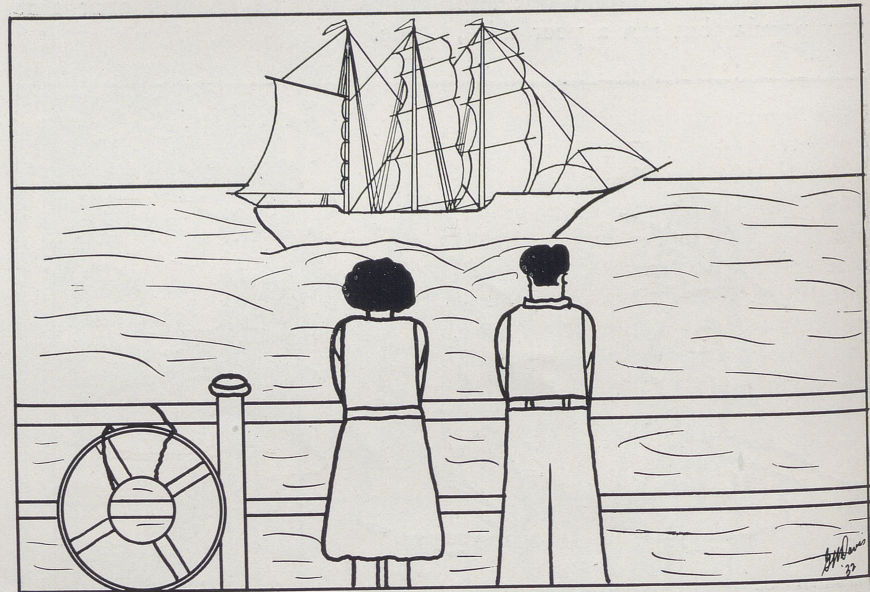
"I can't tell till you get up from the table."—Ski-U-Mah.

ONE MAN'S MEAT

A gentleman by the name of McTavish was going about the land buying up miniature golf courses that had gone bankrupt.

"And why are you doing that?" queried one of his host of admirers.

"I'm going to turn them into cow pastures and get condensed milk," replied McTavish, who was nobody's fool.



What's that?
 That's a barque.
 I don't mean the noise. I mean that ship out there.

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

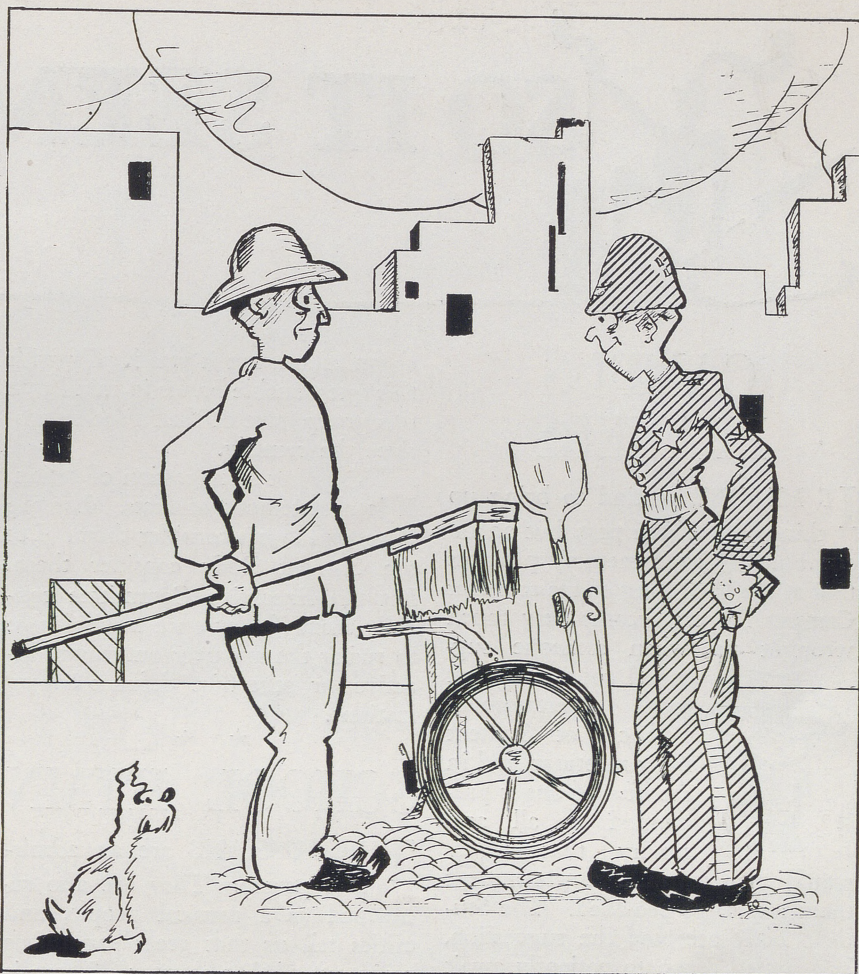
THEN I AWOKE

IT CERTAINLY surprised me when I came to college this term and saw how everything had changed. I was a couple of weeks late in registering, as I had to wait till my cap and gown were finished. I arrived at the foot of the hill of knowledge and saw in place of the old sidewalks an escalator winding gently up the grassy knoll. Stepping aboard, I wended my way to Morrill Hall. Scattered about the campus were groups of professors practicing the college yells. Several boatloads of bright-eyed students were rowing on the lake. Co-eds daintily danced across the lawn to the music of the Deans' Quartette. Seniors, in bonny dinks, staggered along the flower-strewn paths with huge armloads of books. This struck me as funny—imagine a senior having even one book. To these, a passing regent informed me, was allotted the task of removing the spellbound frosh from their classrooms.

After an office girl, in a cute Dutch costume, had arranged my schedule and tied a pink ribbon to it, I paid a passing visit to my classes. To my delight I found that P. E. had been discontinued because the students objected to the degraded forms of dancing that were taught in it. Military also no longer existed on account of the fact that several youthful soldiers had received injuries when the corks from their popguns struck them in the eye.

PASSING BY the auditorium I glanced in at the orientation class. I was tremendously surprised to see the room packed to capacity. One of the frosh condescended to remove his chewing gum from his larynx and explain to me that Garbo's latest was to be shown for the psychology lecture. "Why?" I wanted to know. "That's what we're supposed to find out," the youngster replied. I noticed as I left that professors in knee-length sailor suits were ushering. "To keep the upper-classmen out," the obliging freshman elucidated.

In the math class I was greeted by the latest fad, the smoking con-



Officer of the Law: "I'm tellin' ye consciousness is not a epiphenomenon if ye mean something extraneous and otiose, but is a supervenient perfection."

test. All the students were very bitter, because they claimed that the principal prize was going to the dean of women due to her drag.

My science class was discussing the ethics of pickling, and I was very sorry when the period ended.

I found that for the first time in the university's history the language courses had awakened widespread interest. This was entirely due to the professor's having taken up interpretive dancing as a means of teaching proper pronunciation.

Owing to the prohibiting of the English language in American colleges I was unable to attend any English classes. Instead I went to a Curse'd class. This class is ideal. It not only suits the English professors' socialistic notions, but the students' mental capacities as well.

There was Student Rule in my history class, as in all the rest, be-

cause the history profs had been kicked off the hill for contributing to the True Confessions magazine.

After classes I wandered down to give the sororities a treat; but, alas, the houses were all vacant. I couldn't imagine what the trouble was until a stray "sister" put me wise. It seems Panhell had had a meeting; noble thoughts as usual, spouted forth; and now all the sororities were living together in the gym, doing good turns daily for each other. This was too much for my already weakened mind. I gracefully swooned.

—h. s.

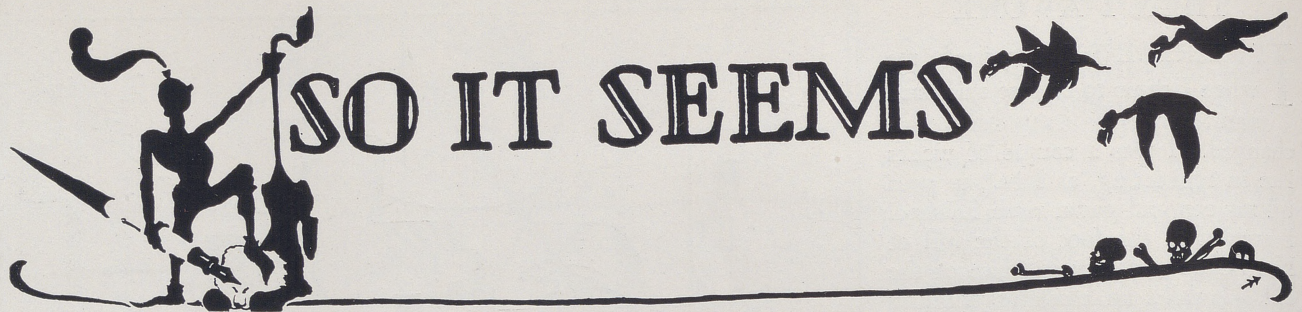
♦ ♦

Athletics, we are told, have made many a man.

Yes, but how about the athletes?

♦ ♦

"No guts, eh?" remarked the tennis racquet to the ping pong bat.



CAMPUS PLAYERS

IT MAY BE unkind to bring up things out of the past, but an inconveniently good memory prompts that at the beginning of the semester Campus Players became very much wrought up when someone suggested continuing last year's entertainment policy at Student Body meetings, and in the heat of anger proclaimed to all and sundry that they would provide what entertainment there was to be provided. The Student Body accepted the suggestion, and settled down to patiently await the amusement. They have been waiting ever since.



As an active organization, Campus Players is at the present time heading the list of non-essentials, and seems slated for the same chute which carried off the still warm remains of Iota Sigma, and the corpse of Clionia; and which yawned wide at the feet of Blue Key, missing its prey by inches.

A list of the activities of the Hill Thespians for the past semester is almost as blank as the definition which someone has given the electron: that of being a hole in the ether, with ether being only a name for unoccupied space. In Campus productions of the semester, one Campus Player has appeared in both, two in one other. The only play given at an assembly was directed by a man not in the organization as a class project, and no member of Campus Players appeared in the play. True, the thing was glossed over as a tryout for aspirants to the

organization, but it was hardly with this questionable honor in mind that this group gave of their time to produce the comedy.

This is not a suggestion of action. It is a statement of facts. Let the Campus Players consider them. Let the Student Body consider them. Let the Executive Committee consider them if they once more decide to swing the axe over outgrown, inactive, or otherwise defunct organizations.



SCHOOL HYMN

THE RUSSIANS are an admirable people. They are also renowned as a musical people, and critics tell us that great music has come out of that country. There is no reason, therefore, to believe that the Russian national anthem is not an admirable piece of work. With the strong patriotic drive as an incentive, the composer of this music should have, and probably did produce a musical triumph.

However, no matter how noble the music, nor how fitting the words that have been set to it, the Russian national anthem is not the University of Nevada hymn. Nevada has a perfectly good hymn called "U. of N. So Gay."

Now, while the words of this hymn are somewhat musty with age, and while the music may not be in the class of the national anthem, nevertheless it has the virtue of originality. Further, it is the one school song for which Nevadans should rise and uncover. It is the song that should be sung at the close of Assemblies, and games. This fact is called to the attention of the Student Body in general, of the song leader in particular.



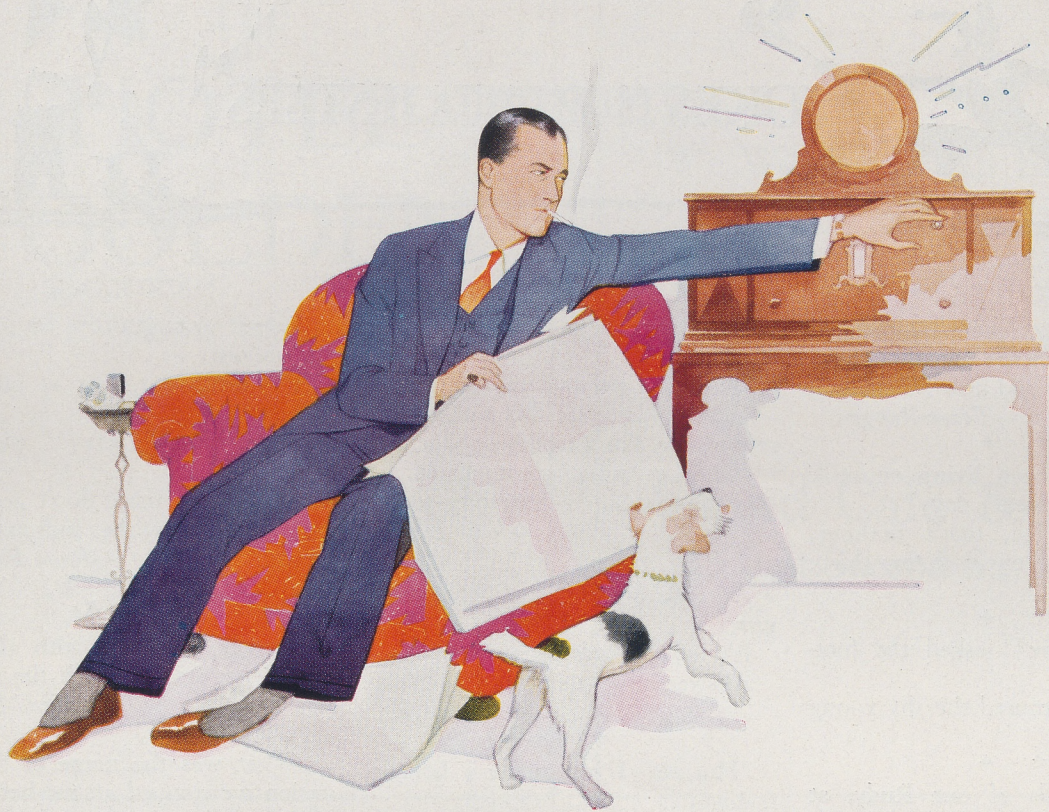
CUTTING CAMPUS

A GROWING LAXITY in the observation of one of the oldest and best of Campus traditions has been apparent during the past semester. The tradition is that a Nevadan has sufficient respect for the appearance of his campus that he will not walk upon the lawn. He knows that well-kept lawns are of the greatest aesthetic value to his institution, and that only through his efforts can the grass present a well-groomed look.

The fault is not that of the freshman class. Offenders are as often seniors or juniors, as members of the lower classes. In freshman the laxity would be excusable, particularly in view of the practice of punishing them for these offenses. In them, it would simply be getting away with something. But in older students, there can be no excuse except indifference.

To all outward appearance, the lawn by the bulletin board, and that at the corners of the Quad, is no longer considered within the scope of the tradition. And, as a result, unsightly bald places are growing in area at these points.

In a recent meeting of the Student Body, President Walter made a plea for the discontinuance of the practice of walking on the lawns, but his words have had little results. Purely as a matter of pride, the student body should confine pedestrian activity to the walks. That's what they are there for.

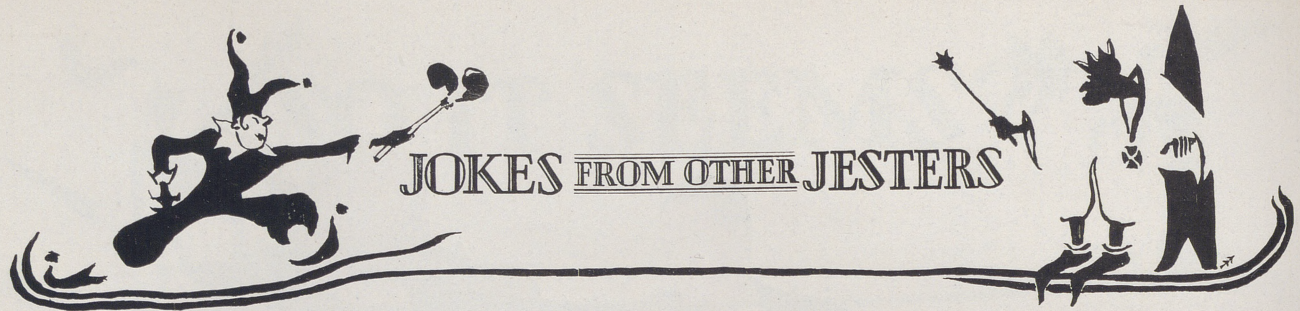


The most efficient way of
shutting off the blues since they first put
switches on radios *cigarettes*
that really SATISFY!



Chesterfield

MILDER . . . AND BETTER TASTE



JUGGLER

WIFEY: "Before we were married you would catch me in your arms."
 HUBBY: "Yes and now I catch you in my pockets." —*Texas Ranger.*

PAUL: "I've been living on milk and bread for twenty days."
 PAULINE: "Hell, that's nothing; I've been living on earth for thirty years."—*Froth.*

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

In the words of our Rudy, at Vallee Forge: "Don't dance till you see the tears in their eyes."
 —*Chaparral.*

AUTO: "Love-making is the same as it always was."
 MATIC: "How can you tell?"
 AUTO: "I've just read of a Greek maiden who sat and listened to a lyre all night."—*Sun Dial.*

Stanford Daily headline:
 BURGLAR FOILED,
 LEAVES TART NOTE.
 Did she read it?—*Chaparral.*

MOTHER (to little Betty, aged nine): "Betty, what are you doing with my lipstick?"
 BETTY: "I'm making a new design for a stamp, mother. We're going to play postoffice."—*Pitt Panther.*

DR. KELLOGG: "Have you read 'Main Street'?"
 STUDENT: "Yes, sir."
 DR. KELLOGG: "Have you read 'Brass'?"
 STUDENT: "Yes, sir."
 DR. KELLOGG: "Have you red flannels?"—*The Wet Hen.*

THAT'S DIFFERENT

"Madam, may I see your daughter?"
 "No. Get out and stay out."
 "But, madam, see this badge—I'm responsible, I'm a trolley conductor."
 "Oh, I'm sorry, come on in. I thought that was a fraternity pin."
 —*Voo Doo.*

Are you writing that letter to a girl?
 It's to a former roommate.
 Answer my question!
 —*Exchange.*

"Hurrah! I just made a hole in one-half."
 "One-half what?"
 "One-half an hour."
 —*Pitt Panther.*

BARNACLE BILL

"Are you in the city for good?"
 "No; I'm an ex-sailor."
 —*Tiger.*



"Use Lysol in a sentence."
 "Bill's got lice all over him."—
 Yellow Jacket.

NICK-NAME

A stout woman drove up to a filling station.
 "I want two quarts of oil," she said.
 "What kind? Heavy?" asked the attendant.
 "Say, young man, don't get fresh with me," was the indignant response.
 —*Iowa Frivol.*

WISDOM

He who gets up with the sun should not stay up with the daughter.
 —*Ski-U-Mah.*

"What was the name of the last station we stopped at, mother?"
 "I don't know. Don't bother me, I'm reading a story."
 "It's too bad you don't know the name, mother, because little brother got off there."
 —*Longhorn.*

HUSBAND: "How would you like a chest-of-drawers for Christmas, darling?"
 WIFE: "If it just has to be something to wear, I would much rather have a new coat."—*Cajoler.*

FATHER (reading stories to five-year-old son): "...and then out of the woods came a fairy prince, and who do you suppose it was?"
 SON: "Rudy Vallee."
 —*Penn Punch Bowl.*

"They say money talks."
 "Sure. Didn't ya ever hear a whispering tenner?"—*Chaparral.*

HANDY BOYS

HARVARD: "Why I heard the most prominent hostess in New York say that no dinner party was complete without Harvard men."
 PENN: "Sure; what would they do for waiters?"—*Punch Bowl.*

The
**HOTEL
GOLDEN**

FRANK GOLDEN
MANAGER

—————
Nevada's Leading Hotel

—————
R E N O

We Will Serve An Elegant
Christmas and New Year
Dinner
at Popular Prices

.....
Grand Cafe & Grill
33 East Second St., Reno

**BLOW HARD ENTERS
HEAVEN**

(Continued from page 15)

a horn, what a horn! Whose is it?"

"It's Daddy's, but don't touch it. He worships that horn."

"Gabriel's horn, for a souvenir. Will my roomy be green? Ye Gods and little fishes.

"Please don't touch it. It's just been polished."

"Tut, tut, don't worry. I'll take good care of it. Get a wiggle on, or we'll be late for the show, an Nero's the first act."

They called a chariot, which took them to the station. It was a late train, though elevated, they entered,

so they had no trouble getting seats.

"Such streets those were, such streets," muttered Blow Hard, "they may be paved with gold brick, but they're hard on the constitution. There's graft in that street department. Come to think of it, I'll bet those bricks aren't real gold."

"Oh, but they are," Cleo assured him. "Why wouldn't they be?"

"Why wouldn't they be?" moaned her escort. "Did you hear that, why wouldn't they be? Did the kindergarten graduate you or expel you for bad work?"

"What?"

"Nothing, nothing at all, I said I was getting a sore stomach from laughing. You're so quick with the

eleven come-back, you know?"

"Come back?"

"Oh, no, please don't. Once is enough. You'll strain a brain goin' so fast. Oh, Allah, what an evening I'm in for. I don't mind doing a little educating, but from the very beginning, and at my stage of development. Again I call upon Allah! Allah, this is a case of want, of dire need. Allah, bless this girl with an understanding and thereby bless yours truly, signed, in haste, Old Blow."

"I wish you wouldn't mention Allah's name, he's decidedly unpopular in this heaven, and the best people don't admit knowing him."

"And that's all that comes of my

STRENGTH — COURTESY — EFFICIENCY

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Reno, Nevada

COMMERCIAL — SAVINGS — TRUST

All Departments conducted under National Bank Regulations and examined by U. S. Government Officials

Ours is a Complete

**SHOE SERVICE
for MEN**

All Popular Grades and Prices

FOWLER and CUSICK

19 TO 21 WEST SECOND

Picture Framing
Photo Finishing and
Enlarging

The Nevada Photo Service

253-255 SIERRA STREET

The Largest Stock of Cameras in the State
Agfa and Eastman Film

prayer. Please pass the plate for the needy. No, a tin cup will do now."

THE conductor came through the car, looking absent minded and calling through his nose:

"Chaos, change here, subway to Hades. Chaos, change here, subway to Hades."

Quite a crowd got on the subway and Blow Hard amused himself by reading the advertisements. It would be ungentlemanly to expose his

partner's ignorance with further conversation. Anyway, the ads were more amusing than they had been in the elevated, "Cleopatra's Cranny—a Conservative Club for the Critical Class"; "The Spectacle of the Centuries, 'Nero Fiddles While Rome Burns,' Playing at the Black Pit"; "Lecture Series, Marc Antony on Matrimony." Why the offerings were endless. There was a profitable week for a wide-awake mind. If only he hadn't burdened himself so hastily with this—this, why what

could one do with a girl who didn't even realize that collegiate intentions existed.

"Woman," he burst out, "didn't anybody ever teach you anything?"

"Why I don't know," she faltered. "We studied all about the universe, of course, and the great plan of things, and the building of souls."

He groaned, "Might have known it, doesn't know a thing. The Universe and souls, Holy Tripe!"

Fortunately the subway jerked to a stop and the conductor announced,

*Reno
Laundry*

THE ONLY LAUNDRY THAT
**Specializes in First-Class
Finish Work**



229 EAST PLAZA

DIAL 5471

**LUMBER
and
Mill Work**

**Hobart Estate
Company**

Yard—Mill—Office

PARK STREET NEAR FOURTH

Telephone Reno 3871

Reno, Nevada

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

"Hell's Gate, all out, end of the line."

WELL, PERHAPS the show would be amusing. But it wasn't. Nero was too fat, and his voice was terrible. Cleopatra's line (the Egyptian Cleo now) was older than the hills. Most frosh women could have done better. The settings were fair, but they were too much of a sameness, fire and brimstone, brimstone and fire. Only one of the acts was even passable, that was Henry the Eighth's, a magician's act on disappearing wives. It might be worth while to look him up and get a few tips. But when this act was over he yawned and dragged the pride of Gabriel's heart away to look for some real life.

A familiar looking Devil in a pair of dirty cords directed him to Lucretia Borgias's house.

"There's a big party on tonight," he grinned, "Lucretia keeps 'em potent."

"How about her drinks?" inquired Blow Hard, "I hear she makes 'em potent."

"Bunk," laughed the devil, "it would take gallons to phase you. They don't have any bootleggers down here."

THE PARTY proved better than he had hoped. Beezlebub himself was there, and several other people who knew something about life. Old Blow parked Cleo in a safe corner and wandered about meeting people. Helen of Troy proved by far the most interesting. One of those girls who could appear demure without cramping a fellow's style. She warned him that Paris was at the party, but he only laughed. He'd seen Paris out on the porch with Eve, and Adam was over by the corner now, looking as glum as a Paslia with one wife. But even Helen palled, she began to explain why she left Menelaus. A party of Lucretia's was no place for a woman with a conscience. He wandered off.

He was about to depart when there was a great commotion at the entrance. Gabriel burst in looking very red and angry. Old Pete was

with him. Well, he was going anyway. The newcomers looked all around the room. Finally St. Peter spied Blow Hard and excitedly pointed him out to Gabriel. He barely had time to slip the trumpet out the window behind him before he was collared.

"Young man, where is my daughter?"

Our hero pointed to Cleo, who had fallen asleep in the corner. Gabriel assured himself that his daughter was only asleep and then turned on the intruder again. The latter's halo had already loosened sufficiently to slip down around his neck.

"Sir," began the irritated Angel, "I find it difficult to forgive you, even considering that you are a college man and couldn't know any better. We cannot permit you to return to Heaven, a fit punishment must be devised. But before we go into that, where is my trumpet?"

THE YOUTH faced him with reserved confidence, after all Gabriel only lived to blow. He

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Friendly, Formal or for the Family
Select Them Now!

GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Fountain Pen and Pencil Sets
Leather Goods
Stationery in Gift Boxes
Books for Everybody

.....

Armanko
Stationery Company

"The College Book Store"
152-156 N. VIRGINIA ST.



**A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year**

.....

**Majestic-Wigwam
Granada Theatres**



O'BRIEN'S MORTUARY
FUNERAL DIRECTORS

"Service of Sincerity"

Lady Assistant



Phone 5481 220 West Second Street

RIVERSIDE BANK

COMMERCIAL and SAVINGS



GEO. WINGFIELD, *President*
N. W. JACOBS, *Vice-President*
ROY J. FRISCH, *Cashier*
J. M. FUETSCH, *Assistant Cashier*

assured the sputtering divinity that he didn't know where the trumpet was, at the same time salving his conscience with the mental reservation that he really had no idea where that window went.

Gabriel found it impossible to maintain his dignity in further speech. He tried to get Belzebub to keep old Blow, put him to work or something, but that worthy hastily vetoed the suggestion.

"Me take on that, and just when I'm beginning to get Hell into some

kind of order. What do you take me for, what do you take me for?"

Gabriel gulped in a deep breath in an effort to recover his self-control, drew himself up to his full height and addressed Old Blow. "You are condemned to live forever," he thundered, "Hell will not have you and Heaven has passed the no collegian's bill today." With that he hurled Blow Hard out of the window. He picked himself up at the bottom of the descent. He'd fallen off fire escapes higher than

that. And they thought they'd hurt his feelings, oh my goodness, tut, tut. Couldn't go to Heaven, couldn't go to Hell. Back to earth. Such drastic measures. He sighed with satisfaction. So he was promised everlasting freedom from the boredom of Heaven or Hell. And, what's more, he had the trumpet, and he'd swiped St. Peter's key before they threw him out. Not many rooms at the good old Kegga house could boast such trappings. But that had been an undignified exit.

**THE
UNION ICE
CO.**

ICE WOOD
 COAL

REFRIGERATORS

Ask Your Ice Man



VERDI HIGHWAY PHONE 5145

WALDORF
142 North Virginia St.

Famous Milk Shakes
Fresh Fruit Juices Coca Cola
Home-Cooked Breakfasts
Lunches 40c
Dinners 65c

.....
**Most Modern Barber Shop
in the West**
.....

"Service and Quality"
OUR MOTTO



NEVADA DESERT WOLF

It necessitated a last gesture. He turned and blew a fierce blast on the trumpet, then spun and rushed away into the darkness. Some of the party would have gone after him, but Gabriel stopped them.

"A trumpet's a small price if he's really gone," he explained.

"But St. Peter's key?"

St. Peter grinned, "I haven't been on that gate all my days for nothing. That wasn't the real key, it was the kind they give visiting celebrities. Don't worry, he can't get back in."

GET OUT THE MOTHBALLS

(Continued from page 17)

still had a chance to retain his clothes IF Nevada beat Cal.

Followed a week when Gothbery sat at home idly twiddling his thumbs and sipping Tom and Jerrys by his fireside. Then he embarked on the Special train, and arrived, bleary-eyed and tired, in rainsoaked Berkeley the next morning. All that afternoon he sat in California Memorial Stadium, with huge drops of

rain trickling down his collar, and saw Nevada go down to glorious defeat before the Golden Bears in a sea of mud. He lost his clothes on the game and had to come home in his flannels, but he thought it was well worth the price. Even if the Bears were crippled, the 8-0 score looked good.

GOTHBERY stayed home all during the next ten days. He had to. There was nothing left of his clothes. He kept track of the Pack through the newspapers, however, and gave forth huge chortles of glee when somebody remembered there was still one more game to be played, and that, after all, Nevada was still a member of the Far-Western Conference.

While his turkey grew cold, and his Piltzner beer, specially imported for the occasion, fell flat with a dull thud, friend Gothbery sat before his radio on Thanksgiving day and listened to a broadcast from far-away Fresno, where the Wolves and the Bulldogs were battling it out for a championship before a crowd esti-

mated somewhere in the neighborhood of 11,000 spectators, many of them in the same fix as was Gothbery.

Breathless all through the hectic first quarter, the plucky little sideline coach dug his fingernails deep in his palms, gritted his teeth, and listened on when the Fresnans scored a touchdown in the second period as the result of a long run through a broken field.

But as the game drew on into the closing moments, and the ball penetrated deeper and deeper into Nevada territory, there was a slight reddening of the face, a sharper intake of the breath, than usual. And then the game ended with the ball in Fresno's possession, only a scant seven yards from the Nevada goal line, and the score already 6-0 in favor of the Bulldogs.

But had he learned his lesson? When late September rolls around next year, Mr. Gothbery Middlefinger will be rummaging for red flannels and overcoats again, see if he doesn't.

— j. j.

ASK FOR DENNISON'S GIFT DRESSINGS

TO MARK, WRAP AND TIE YOUR
CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Gummed Seals—For sealing and decorating the package. Brilliant coloring. Unusual designs.

Address Labels—"Do Not Open" Labels—Decorative Corners. Many pictorial designs. Heavily Gummed.

Address Tags—Of Varying shape and character.

Small Name Tags—Christmas Cards—Greeting Cards—Gummed Ribbons.

Make Your Selection Early!

Also, be sure to look for the Christmas issue of "Parties," a magazine of decorations, costumes, games and refreshments.

.....
A. Carlisle & Co. of Nevada

PRINTERS - - - ENGRAVERS

Stationers Who Are Not Stationary

THE RED RIVER LUMBER CO.

HIGH-CLASS MILL WORK

**Your Order Will Receive
Our Best and Most
Prompt Attention**

335 FOURTH STREET PHONE 4137

A CO-ED ABROAD

(Continued from page 13)

From Florence we went to Naples. Whoever said, "See Naples and die," wasn't far wrong. It really is a perfect city. Looking out at Vesuvius at night, and the blue Mediterranean in the daytime, and watching the Italians make love (they don't seem to know the meaning of stage fright) makes you think you are living in a story book.

We went down to Pompeii one afternoon, and wandered through the ruins. The people in those days must have enjoyed life, although I guess not any more than the people of Reno do.

I forgot to let Mussolini know we were coming, so unfortunately he didn't come to meet us, but he had lots of soldiers at the stations. Rome is terribly ruinous, and you keep wishing you had paid more attention to your history and Dr. Church's lectures on the classics. By the time they have finished tearing down buildings to find out what is under them, there won't be any Rome left. There is so much to learn and see in Rome that you need to stay there months instead of paying it a flying visit. By the way, they didn't take the Pope out for an airing while we were there, so he missed seeing us.

We felt as though we'd spent a heavy evening after we descended from the tower of Pisa. What a sinking feeling! The altitude always has affected me.

WE STOPPED long enough in Genoa to visit the statue of Columbus. Now that historians have discovered he wasn't born in Genoa, I suppose they'll tear old Chris down.

In Milan we had a grand time rummaging through the theaters so

we could discuss them later with Bill Collonan (my error—Professor Collonan, isn't it?).

It was with great peace that we left Italy, knowing that in Switzerland there wouldn't be any soldiers following around, and that the country would be nice and clean. Switzerland is the nearest we ever hope to get to heaven. High up in the Alps you have the feeling that nothing could ever be any more elevated. And the lakes, nothing could ever be more beautiful nor more peaceful. It's no wonder that the royalty of Europe spend their vacations at the Swiss lakes.

Believe it or not, there weren't any yodels in Switzerland, and the cheese was too holy to be interviewed.

With firm purpose of mind, we resolved to spend our time in Paris visiting the Louvre and Napoleon's tomb. However, we saw the Follies and Napoleon's tomb; both were large and inspiring in their own way.

We spent our evenings in the night clubs of the Montmartre district, which made us homesick for Chicago because of a constant popping which we were unable to explain. The champagne of France is wonderful, as we discovered after a visit to the Heidseick champagne cellars at Rheims. Yes, there are other things besides the cathedral there.

We were fortunate in seeing the fountains in action at Versailles, as the water in these is turned on only on certain Sundays.

ONE AFTERNOON we took a trip out to the battle fields and war cemeteries. The cemeteries are beautiful with their rows upon rows of white crosses. When we walked through the battlefields it was pour-

Your Collegiate Drug Store

Victor Cine Cameras

THE GIFT THAT OUTSHINES
ALL OTHERS

Wilson's Fountain

"The Place of Quality"

THE N. E. WILSON CO.
INC.

PHARMACISTS

N. E. (Prof.) Wilson '91-'06
Nat Wilson '13 "Tim" Wilson '23

Dial 3177 Masonic Temple

ing rain and, thanks to that and the mud, we managed to ruin our clothes and shoes. Thus bringing an end to a perfect day.

After climbing the Eiffel tower, we realized what wonderful exercise a person could have by climbing it each day. We inquired the price of the tower, but it was prohibitive, so we left France without it.

We sailed from Havre for home, sweet home and my studies.

So boys and girls of radioland, thus ends our travelogue. Good night, everyone. —b. b.

If they ever get television hooked up with radios it's going to cut their sales in half.

THE RENO NATIONAL BANK

AND

BANK OF NEVADA SAVINGS & TRUST CO.

IF Your Christmas Shop-
ping Presents Itself as a Problem, You
Can Easily Solve it by Shopping Here

|| GIFTS FOR ALL ||

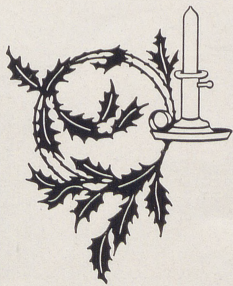
J. C. PENNEY CO., INC.

"Where Shopping is a Pleasure"

University of Nevada

*Begins August 24, 1931
and ends May 10, 1932*

Fifty-eighth Year



*Courses in Agriculture and Domestic Science in the
COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE*

*A wide range of courses in
COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCE*

*Courses in Mining Engineering and Metallurgy,
Mechanical, Electrical and Civil Engineering in the
COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING*

*Courses in Education—Elementary and Advanced—in the
SCHOOL OF EDUCATION of the
COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCE*

|| *1931 Summer Session, June 15-July 24* ||

For Catalogues and other Information, Address

WALTER E. CLARK, President,
RENO, NEVADA



NATURAL CHARM

A CIGARETTE so mildly mellow, so alluringly fragrant, so whole-heartedly satisfying that you respond to it as instinctively as to the charm of natural beauty.

Camels are mild! But their mildness is never flat—never artificial. Through every step of their manufacture the delicate, sun-ripe fragrance of choicest tobaccos is scientifically preserved.

Swing with the crowd to a smoke that's all pleasure. Don't deny yourself the luxury of



CAMELS