



NEVADA



# DESERT WOOLIE

Apr. '31



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# Sunshine *mellows* Heat Purifies

**LUCKIES** are always  
kind to your throat

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

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- an index to the backers of the University may be seen in the advertising pages of this magazine.

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RENO, NEVADA

"Isn't it horrible, Walter, that in Liberia women are sold for five hundred francs!"

"Profiteering exists everywhere these days, my dear."—Boulevardier.

♦ ♦

Her hat was on one side, her clothes rumpled and her shoes were in shreds.

"Were you knocked down by a motorist?" asked a sympathetic bystander.

"No, picked up," she snapped.

—Southern Calif. Wampus.

COLLEGE EFFICIENCY

"You know I think George is the most efficient man I know."

"How's that?"

"In order to save on his laundry bill he hides his socks in the pockets of his pajamas."—Malteaser.

♦ ♦

She: "Would you go through fire for me?"

He: "Gladly, dear."

She: "Well, try it some time—you aren't any too hot at present."

—Old Maid.

Father: And to think that I mortgaged the house to send my boy to college. All he does is go out with girls, drink and smoke.

Crony: Do you regret it?

Father: Yes, I should have gone myself.—Wampus.

♦ ♦

Once: Was he surprised when you said you wanted to marry his daughter?

Twice: Was he? The gun nearly fell out of his hand.—Rice Owl.

**Reno  
Laundry**

THE ONLY LAUNDRY THAT

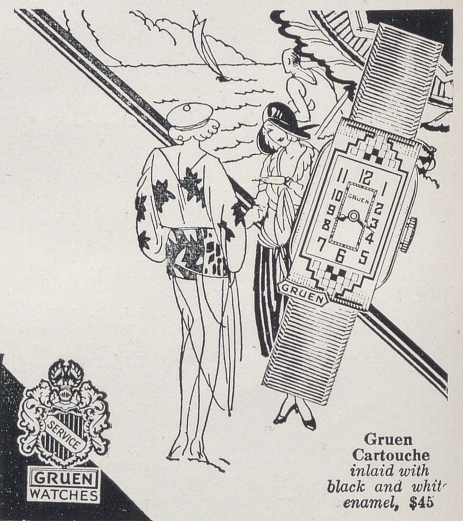
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**Finish Work**



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Colorful enamel inlays and pleasing designs make our Gruen Guild Watches more attractive than ever before. See them and you will have a new conception of style in watches.

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*Deliveries made promptly*

### INCENSE BURNER

Smug, bald-headed Chinaman,  
Squatting there inert,  
Breathing thick and scented  
smoke,

Snub-nosed, sly and pert.

Sits he on his pedestal,  
Blinking not at sin,  
For in his former life he was  
An oily mandarin.

### A SPRING DIRGE

Dark clouds have hid the sun from  
sight,  
Dark skies obscure the moon,  
Deep blackness hides the brightest  
light,

Of God's own sun at noon.  
My heart beats slow; it's barren,  
bleak,

No light sifts through my eyes;  
I see no beauty, or joy, or truth;  
The world is full of lies.

Nobody smiles but aims at me  
A jibe to reach its mark—  
To find a quivering lodging place  
In my much punctured heart.

My mind is full of jagged thoughts,  
It's sulking in its den;  
My soul is empty; I'm alone,  
I'm out of love again!

To discover whether an ostrich is  
male or female—tell it a joke.

If he laughs, it's a male.

If she laughs, it's a female.

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

"How's the pickup in your new  
car?"

"Fine. The first time I opened the  
door I was mobbed."—Banter.

The Dean—Young man, there is  
no place for drinking in this college.

Young Man—What an oversight.  
I'll have to find a place at once.

—Pup.

Elderly Lady (about to go up in  
airplane)—"Oh, Mr. Pilot, you will  
bring me back all right, won't you?"

Pilot—"Yes, indeed, madam. I  
never left anybody up there yet."—  
Log.

Business Man (to applicant)—  
"Can you spell correctly?"

Stenog—"Yes, sir. I wish all the  
other words were as easy to spell as  
that one."

"Pardon me, sir," said the absent-  
minded professor looking in the mir-  
ror, "But haven't I seen you some-  
place before?"—*Dartmouth Jack-o-  
Lantern.*

### POME

See the happy moron,  
He doesn't give a damn.  
I wish I were a moron.  
My God, perhaps I am.—*Harvard  
Lampoon.*

"I'm going to shoot the man who  
married my wife."

"But that's murder, isn't it?"

"No, it's suicide."—*The Log.*

They laughed at me when I  
stepped before the footlights, but it  
didn't bother me. Wasn't I a come-  
dian?—*Voo Doo.*

# CRESCENT CREAMERY

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Photo Supplies of all Kinds

*Little Waldorf*

*334-No. Virginia St.*

Captain: "If anything moves, you shoot."

Sentry: "Yes, and if anything shoots, I move."—*Longhorn.*

On mules we find two legs behind  
And two we find before.  
We stand behind before we find  
What the two behind be for.—*Jug-  
gler.*

Fraternity Frank: "What a purty bird that is!"

Sorority Sue: "Yeah, it's a gull."

Frat Frank: "I don't care if it's a gull or a boy; it's purty."—*Buccaneer.*

He: "Something seems to be wrong with this engine, it—"

She: "Don't be foolish, wait until we get off this main road."—*Dirge.*

Years ago when a girl raised her skirt six inches it was a sensation, but if the girl of today, raised her skirt that much, it would be a sensation, too.—*Bison.*

"Mister, when water becomes ice, what is the great change that takes place?"

"The price, sir."—*Log.*

House Detective: "Are you a guest here?"

Bored Guest—"No; I pay."—*Yale Record.*

"Darling, am I the first man you ever loved?"

"Yes, Reginald, all the others were fraternity boys."—*Purple Parrot.*

**Color  
Contrast  
Charm . . .**



The newest shoes are artfully designed to look all simplicity; yet there are so many little accents that each pair is an individual . . . lovely creation—

**\$7.50**

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**THE  
UNION ICE  
CO.**

ICE

WOOD

COAL

REFRIGERATORS

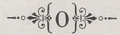
*Ask Your Ice Man*

VERDI HIGHWAY

PHONE 5145



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BANK**



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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

"Yes, siree, I'm taking twenty units of work, am working my way through school, am out for football and I have a steady girl."

"Say! Can you turn water into wine?"—*Kitty-Kat.*

Yip: Are you going hunting in your bare feet?

Yap: Nope, dizz. In my stalking feet.—*Red Cat.*

Two Scotchmen met on the street. The one recognized that the other

was drunk, so he handed him a dollar bill, and said, "Well, Sandy, here's the two dollars I owe you."—*Phoenix.*

He: How's your companionate marriage coming on?

Him: Not so good. I lost my wife's address.—*Purple Parrot.*

Rah Rah Girl: "Jack, have you ever loved before?"

"My dear girl, I'll be perfectly frank with you, I've been engaged

so many times that my ex-financees have perfected an organization and adopted a yell."—*Wall Street Journal*

Wife (to absent-minded professor) —"Your hat is on the wrong way, dear."

Prof—"How do you know which way I'm going?"—*Kitty-Kat.*

Love may make the world go around, but it hasn't anything on swallowing a chew of tobacco.

—*Log.*

**Mother's Day**

Sunday May 10th



We have on display a large assortment of

Mother's Day Greeting Cards. Select them

now while the assortment is complete.

Cut-out Initial Stationery, steel die stamped

\$1.25 Box

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"The College Book Store"

156 North Virginia St.

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**At the Sign of the Big N**

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

SOFT DRINKS

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BILLIARDS

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THAN A MERE WORD  
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You gotta give 'em credit: An Eskimo is the only one who can be married one day and have a good-sized family before the end of the next day.

He: In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

She: "Yes, big boy, but you think spring is here every time you get into a warm room."—*Skipper*.

"Hey!" cried Satan to the new arrival, "you act as if you owned this dump."

"I do. My wife gave it to me."—*Drexerd*.

"Why do you cross your legs?"  
"I got the habit from Luther Burbank."—*Gargoyle*.

Timid young co-ed: What sort of food do you advise me to eat during the first few days of the voyage?

Hard-boiled Steward: Milk. It doesn't scratch as it comes back up.—*Drexerd*.

Theta: What's the matter with you and Bill?

Kappa: Too conceited. The other day he bought a book called "What

Two Million Women Want" just to see if they'd spell his name right.—*Yellow Crab*.

Soph: "What is your greatest ambition, Frosh?"

Frosh: "To die a year sooner than you do."

Soph: "What's the reason for that?"

Frosh: "So I'll be a Sophomore in Hell when you get there."—*Sun Dial*

It (over the phone) "—and I'd love to go to that game with you."

He: "Sorry sweetheart, you'll have to make a better offer. I know three other girls willing to do just as much."—*Yellow Crab*.

The weighing machine was out of order. A fat lady clambered on and inserted a penny. An inebriated gentleman standing in the vicinity saw the scale register 75 pounds. "My Gawd," he whispered, "she's hollow!"—*Jack-o-Lantern*.

Some folks smile in the night time,  
Some folks smile in the dawn,  
But the man worthwhile is the man  
who can smile

When his two front teeth are gone.  
—*Columns*.

College Prexy (awakened by the telephone from deep sleep at 3 A. M.)—Hello.

Voice—Is this the president?  
Prexy—Yes.

Voice—Well, what are you doing up this late?—*Froth*.

A man went into Cohen's book store and asked, "Have you a copy of 'Who's Who and What's What,' Jerome K. Jerome?"

Cohen replied: "No sir; but ve got 'Who's He and Vat's He Got,' by Bradstreet."—*Drexerd*.

Surgeon (to assistant): "Go and get the name of the accident victim so we can notify his mother."

Assistant (later): "He says his mother knows his name."—*Bored Walk*.

The archbishop had preached a splendid sermon on the joys and beauties of married life. Two old Bridgets waddled slowly out at the close of the service.

"Ah, 'twas a fine sermon his riv-  
rince was after telling us."

"Indeed it was. An' I wish I knew as little about it as he does."—*Drexerd*.

# NEW YORK LIFE

BOB FARRAR '14



# THE STAFF



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JOHN MARIANI - *Editor-in-Chief*  
CLAYTON BYER - *Business Manager*

*Literary Editor* - - Walter Clark  
*Art Editor* - - - Betty Anderson

*Assistant Editor* - - Wilbur Hannibal  
*Circulation and Exchange* - - - -  
- - - - Kathryn McCormack

## LITERARY STAFF

Bob Merriman    Helen Montrose  
Dorothy Johns   Peggy Johnson  
Mary Ruth Seamon  
Howard Umer

## ART STAFF

Hoppie Rigsby    Betty Anderson

## ADVERTISING STAFF

Adelbert States                      Bill Norton  
Hugh Cooper                      Walter Bell  
Ted Moore

## SECRETARIAL STAFF

Louise Gastanaga    Natalie Lipman  
Mae Vuich            Mary Baird

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

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Charter member of the Western Association of College Comics

# CONTRIBS



Walt Clark again takes all laurels by contributing to us his ballad on love, life, spring and what have you. This touching little poem should fill us all with awe and the joy of spring but if it doesn't it certainly is no fault of Walt's. We wish to thank him heartily for giving us such a good example of his deep poetic soul.

A horrible oversight was overlooked in the last issue of this magazine. Gladys Wittenberg contributed much in the way of art to these pages, yet, through some mistake, her name was left off of the staff, and even from the list of contributors. If a belated apology will help matters any, it is extended here.

We remarked in the last issue of the Wolf that it was a bad sign when we had to revert to alumni for copy but Joe McDonnell's "Says You" and Carol Cross's "But Sir I have no Rent" are worthy of publication in any magazine.

And now into our midst comes two more budding young authors—Hank Hannibal and Kathryn McCormack who give us their first literary contribution in the form of "The Adventures of Joe Bananas in Africa."

The cover, another two-run coat, was executed by Bill Herbert and Miriam Sveringhaus. It is these two artists first attempt at cover designing but by the looks of it we think they should continue.

Other contributors include—Peggy Johnson, Bob Merriman, Helen Montrose, Dorothy Johns, and Mary Ruth Seamon.

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## "HOUR GLASS"



How long have you and I  
Been trading sigh for sigh  
And kiss for kiss until  
All marvel at our skill?  
How many nights and days  
Have echoed with the praise  
We traded in a rhyme?  
I cannot measure time:  
There are too many years  
To count, too many tears  
To dry, and all in vain.  
You stop me to complain  
We met but hours ago?  
Good Hell! but you are slow!







# NEVADA DESERT WOLF



## BETWEEN THE TWO OF US

### Spring, Oh Beautiful Spring

THIS may be the spring issue of the Wolf, and it may be spring, beautiful spring outside, and maybe we are supposed to write one of those soulful little things about the budding trees and the twittering birds and the green grass. Well, we aren't going to. We aren't at all impressed by spring. It happens just the same as summer and winter and sunrise and income taxes and babies and such things. Besides, the Orr ditch is unattractively empty half of the time (and half empty the rest of the time), and the lake is muddy, and most of the trees are still bare and the wind seems to think these are still the "mad March days." Maybe we are just "ornery" but things look that way to us.

Another thing, that old gag about "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" is more or less wet. Have you noticed any restrictions on necking during the rest of the year? And we don't notice any more pins being hung this spring than during the past winter. In fact, we notice one or two being returned. And as for the supposed mellowing effect of spring upon the hearts of man-

kind—either the poets are wrong or the pros on this Hill are an entirely different species!

And then there's the Spring Festival. If that's what this particular season does to people we're agin' it!

All of which goes to show that spring isn't what it's cracked up to be. We are tired of the things people write about, and we felt like showing it up in its real light for a change.

AS A MERE suggestion I recommend a new name for the Coffin and Keys initiation. Being recognized as the "Running"

does not justify the earnest efforts of this worthy group. The neophytes and members are noted for their election day entertainment and people from all points of the campus gather at the tram to watch this great spectacle. As a last appeal in sincere appreciation of this group I suggest we rename this election day caper the Coffin and Keys "Staggering."

### One After Another

THE D. A. E. Scandal Show certainly brought some things to light this year. We hear that a certain little Theta has been explain-

ing things ever since, to her sisters and other people. And they do say that Bryce Kincaid was thoroughly enjoying the show up to a certain point, when he sank down in his chair and tried to be as inconspicuous as possible. The gals took a crack at about everything that has happened on the campus in the last year, and some of their remarks were more than pointed; they were positively sharp. The beauty of it was, one could sit comfortably and watch people blushing all around him, as it were. That is, one could unless one's own conscience were guilty. Everybody goes to the Scandal Show because



He: "Do you call me 'honey' because I'm sweet?"  
She: "No, because you're yellow and sticky."



he is afraid to stay away. It is a sort of fatal attraction. A jolly thing happened this time, too. One freshman girl broadcast the information that she was going to be "in" the Scandal Show, and she was going just to see herself, as she coyly put it, and in general did her best to drum up an audience for herself, and when she got there sat through it with great anticipation, only to find that she had not been considered interesting enough to be talked about! All in all, it was a big moment for most of the campus celebrities (?) and it provided a good laugh as well as quite a little bit of general information.

### *Taxi! Taxi*

**L**UCILLE, alias "Taxi" Dromiak seems to have instigated something new on the campus. "Taxi" heretofore known as the only female here who would furnish free rides plus entertainment for the opposite sex, is fast losing her distinction because other co-eds, noting the popularity resulting from this taxi service, have stepped in to depose her. Margaret Martin, Frances Fuller, Beatrice Patterson, Gladys Morris, Marion Blackmer, Kay McCormack, Jo Knowles, Frances Barnes, Dot Cooper, Parnell Balthasar, Mary Alice Loomis, and Margaret Fuller head the list of co-eds following the "Taxi's" example.

**T**HE LAMBDA Chis certainly raked in the profits on this election. They sit back on their haunches and grin contentedly while other people shake their heads over the results. They ought to; they took three offices. Of course, they were minor offices, but bulk often makes up for lacking importance. They should get down on their knees and thank the Great God Combine.

### *And There You Are . . .*

**T**HE THETAS, always noted for their exclusiveness, have gone to the most dire extremes to maintain this standard this semester. What a blow to Joe College to learn that they will not give any more dances and not even a formal. They main-

tain that they will be saving money, and in all probability will rate dates to most fraternity formals anyway. After the way they helped the Sigma Nu's lose the election, they may not even rate that old standby. However we extend this ambitious sorority our most sincere sympathy, and are anxious to know if it is worth all the sacrifice to get the derby?

### *Now That's Something*

**W**HEN a certain Tri-Delt returned her A.T.O. pin she justified her act by saying that she had tentative dates to the Sigma Nu and S.A.E. formals with well known boxing captains. This is a new angle on securing formal dates. We have taken and given pins just to have one certain date, now the opposite thing is happening.

The appeal to angle dates for formals is no longer very strong. There can be no favors or corsages and you may even have the misfortune of being seated at the same table with the chaperones.

### *No Spring is Complete Without One*

**W**E MENTIONED the Spring Festival somewhere — perhaps we shouldn't have, but then we may as well do this thing thoroughly and make a few remarks about it along with everything else. "A Spring Interlude" started the program. (We won't be so feeble as to make a pun upon the strangeness of it.) The budding trees and the blossoming flowers and the delicate zephyrs were duly impersonated by members of the Women's Physical Education department— draw your own conclusions. Why, oh why, will people insist upon galloping around, trying to look like butterflies and willow trees when horses and redwoods are more in their line? A spring dance may be beautiful, but it takes a dancer to interpret it! The "spirit of the apple tree" often looks like a whole darn orchard, and— well, illusions are pretty easily shattered sometimes. Next was "Fire." It should have gone up in smoke. Supposed Hindu maidens performing strange gyrations hardly fit in with

the coldly athletic and hard-boiled gymnasium. One's imagination is by this time more than slightly overstretched anyway. By the time the "Fire" was over one was wondering why someone didn't turn in an alarm. What we'd like to know is what causes that? If P. E. weren't required there would be no Spring Festival. But they have you there— if you don't take part you don't get your credit, and since you have to have the credit you take part. The girls rebel, most of them, and participate under pressure; and 99 per cent of the spectators either are bored or chuckle up their sleeves. It may be Spring, but it surely is no Festival!!

### *Who Wants To Join?*

**A** NEW organization on the campus but as yet not recognized by the student body is the "Withdrawal Club." From all indications the group will not long remain in quietude, but will come forth with startling revelations which all college students should know, and which the members certainly do know. Just recently the former editor of the Dear Wolf was elected treasurer of the club, the finances came from the ten dollar fee returned to all withdrawals. Among other members can be noted two former News Bureau heads, a Sparks basketball star, Joe (the other member of the Joe-Joe duo), and the well known Andrew Bryce Kincaid. The only requirements as outlined by the club consist of absolute disassociation with the University of Nevada, and qualifications known only to the members.

**D**UE TO his efforts in the Coffin and Keys initiation, Art Brewster has obtained some free publicity. When he saw his duty he did it, and what resulted? An unappreciative professor attempted to discourage Art's attempts at amusement, and a small war was nearly instigated. After a few words were exchanged the warrior charged out of the room to cool his wrath. No injuries resulted and fortunately the ferocity of the chief was given vent in the real war which ensued at the tram.



*Publicity Is What We Want*

ARE THE Three Black Pirates lying low for a reason? Or are they just idling along waiting for something (or someone) interesting to turn up? We have heard little or nothing from the vicinity of their hangout, lately, and we've wondered why the sudden silence. Did someone squelch them? If so, we'd like to have seen it. Have they lost interest in being conspicuous? Is the "social round" beginning to pall upon them, and have they grown tired of it all? 'S funny, but they've been in the public eye so much that we miss them when they are not. If they play around they are written about, and if they don't they are written about anyway, so what is the difference!

THE GAMMA PHI'S pulled a phoney on their own combine by soliciting the aid of the Independents to run an ineligible woman against their candidate. By this traditional Gamma Phi "coup" they cinched up a victory long before election day. Confidences from the Trevitt family were to the effect that their representative and the committee knew of the ineligibility prior to her nomination. All was for naught which should teach that combine a lesson, they haven't won an election for years and years. Better do something even more diplomatic next time.

*To The Seniors. Poor Fellows*

THIS MAGAZINE could hardly go to press without some mention of our worthy seniors. No indeed. The seniors we have always with us ;not the same ones (except in a few well-known cases) but at any rate seniors. Most of them seize the old diploma with a chuckle, a tear, and a sigh of relief. The chuckle is for having put something over on the university, after a fashion. The tear is for the things they sincerely regret leaving. The sigh of relief is for the end of the suspense, the wonder of whether they really were going to get said diploma. We might go on and rave about the life they are facing, and "in the bright lexicon

of youth there is no such word as Fail," and so forth, and say farewell, noble schoolmates, but we consider that a lot of blah. We'd rather say, "Well, so long, old fellows. We'll be in the same boat next year or the year after."

*What? Again?*

LIKE AN old "T"-model Ford, the Theta-Sigma Nu combine failed to make the grade again. Give them credit, though, they certainly aren't downed by failure. They come back again, like the well-known bad penny. And again, and again. One would really think that having run so many candidates, and having failed to place for so many years, they would begin to get sensitive and tumble to the fact that something was amiss. But about every year they cheerfully run someone for something, and every time said candidate is more or less defeated. Well—

ATTENTION Students! There is on this campus an automobile which deserves the admiration of all of us. Mr. Hewitt of the S. A. E. house has expounded all year about his many cars, and at last THE car has arrived. This handsome job of yellow and black can be viewed almost all the time in front of the S. A. E. house—although it is rumored that once it did get as far as the Tri-Delt house. The seat coverings have several holes which look as if a winged insect, commonly known as the moth, might have been fattening itself there. The generosity of this young man in giving the campus such a treat should have campus-wide recognition, and we owe Mr. Hewitt a great deal for THE car's presence in front of the S. A. E. house.



*Cords and Spring*

MUCH TO THE disappointment of the men on the campus eight clean pairs of cords were seen recently on the campus (on men.) Knowing that this was the most unusual occurrence in recent years it was investigated at once. After careful questioning it was revealed that this spontaneous cleaning was the result of a new cleaning establishment's offer to clean the dirtiest pair of cords from each house free of charge. One fraternity man deliberately rubbed his around the inside of a fireplace to put his first in line. It took the Phi Sig man several minutes to find his because he had thrown them out in the back yard and they blended too well with the chips (?) etc. and empty bottles found there. Friends wondered whether he had taken them off in the house and thrown them out the window or whether he had taken them off outside and thrown himself in the house. Well regardless of the details we really believe that this kind act on part of the cleaners was at least important enough to deserve the dedication of this issue of the Wolf. Nothing portrays spring as much as these clean cords.

THE W. A. A. convention is over. The customary stampeding for dates with any and all newcomers was lacking. Which all leads to the astounding fact the Nevada men do not favor these great outdoor women. So Nevada women back to the days of femininity, if you can swim, play golf, hunt, or play tennis forget all you ever knew. The athletic type may have its good points, but the secret to popularity is not along this path. Ask a certain small dark Sigma Phi Sigma about his blind date from Idaho who was a friend of a friend of a friend of his. It was his "Big Moment"!

ELSEWHERE IN this column appears the time-worn maxim, "In the spring a young man's fancy etc—" But to my best knowledge the most notable evidence of spring is the consumption of much beer, pretzels, and limburger cheese.



Students of the Saxon decent are much in demand and they and their "Gutzenheim" (German for "Here's how!") are heard in all the fashionable beer gardens like Beckers etc. Not only does this aid financially, but does much toward increasing the "good clean fun" so much sought after by Nevada students.

(Not an advertisement)

### "Says You!"

THIS ACCOUNT of the various happenings on and about the Hill is not guaranteed to be authentic or even near that state of Godliness, truth. The events if any, will follow in order of their appearance or non-appearance as the case may be.

You may travel the world over but you will never find a girl like Doris Conway, big woman of Nevada, Y. W. C. A. secretary, contributor to the Sagebrush and Desert Wolf, to say nothing of any Bull Session held within twenty miles of Reno. Having a violent dislike for the Holy state of Matrimony, Doris has been busy playing the field. Of course one must consider the political angle too. But that is immaterial, for Doris likes a man for what he is and how much he will spend, especially the latter. No, No, No, she is not a Gold Digger, Doris just believes in keeping the money in circulation. A boy that goes out with her comes home with high blood pressure of the pocketbook. But alas we must cease this tirade on the material side of life and jump from the ridiculous to the sublime.

The sublime in this case is represented by no other than that sweet little boy—Oscar Robinson. Here we are forced to use the right name due to our inability to think up one that wouldn't be censured. Oscar affects curly hair, loose collars, ties that shriek with loudness, and the general manners of a male dancing partner. Oscar wasn't the head of the Frosh Glee Committee but nevertheless he was goat enough to do all the work. Imagine a college boy liking to work. We bet Oscar runs for an office next year. Many a candidate has received his start to fame doing

just such little things. What's that noise?

Why me, oh my, it is only little Oscar Bryan the big moment of Nevada measured with a second hand. Oske's grand passion is announcing fights and shaking hands with the big shots. Before the amazed eyes of a stupendous crowd Osk walked across the ring and calmly shook hands with Jack Dempsey. Of course the crowd stood and cheered, but the cheers sounded strangely like boos and catcalls. However, this did not phase Osk, he only made more noise—if possible. Osk is one of those men that you can spot the minute you walk into a room and he hasn't had the famous ten easy lessons. About the only thing you can see of Osk when you are directly in front of him is his mouth. But nevertheless he is a good kid and we like him—at a distance.

Before we forget it we had better take into consideration Nevada's best downtown representative, none other than Hoppie Rigsby, pride and joy of Reno's Divorcee Colony. Why would you believe it little boys and girls, Hoppie not only has the girls gaga over him when they are here getting freed of their marital troubles; his power is so strong that they come back all the way from New York and points west just to see him again.

Now then, there is the blond terror, Hanna Peterson, the girl who invented that coy little parlor game, "How it feels to Green Pea the Boys." Of course Hanna has so many dates she can afford to be choosy. Every time a boy takes Hanna to a dance handcuffs are in order, if the boy has any idea at all of taking her home. It's just too bad if Hanna gets out of your sight for one minute you are just as liable to find her out on the parking grounds with your best friend, or at some—road house.

But we musn't leave out of this, our old pal Peggy Craft tamer of the wild Glasgow in his native haunt, the parlor. Peggy is most noted otherwise for her clever imitation of a ship rolling in a storm at sea or wherever storms roll. She is a demure little thing, weighing only

a slight 130 in her track togs.

We hear that the National Pi Phi Organization is insanely jealous of the Nevada chapter and their chapter house—that massive pile of bricks and mortar that towers three stories above the surrounding countryside. Of course you must understand that the girls only occupy one floor of this huge house. The rest is given over to house dances, parking places for the house poppas, and other various necessities of any house. But somehow or other with all these attractions the supposedly dumb frosh women won't join the Pi Phis'. Maybe they all have athletic foot, meaning of course the Pi Phis and not the frosh women.

Perhaps the best known and best liked???? fellow on the whole campus is none other than Joe Jackson. No, not the famous Stonewall Jackson of Civil War fame but Stonehead of Sparks fame. Joe's favorite diversion is getting into scrapes and then wiggling out of them. Was it not our own little Joe that put on the dance that almost precipitated a crisis by giving the Student Affairs Committee a little work to do.

Then there is Nevada's famous journalist, Harvey Dondero, publisher, editor, typewriter mechanic, etc., etc., etc., of the Sagebrush. Harvey's editorials are known every where the Sagebrush is read. Even in the remote and outlying places of Reno. Would you believe it Harvey has been heard to say that his editorials are alive. But of course it's how you take the word alive—remember the story about being alive with lice or louses.

To get down to the weighty problems of Nevada, how about Clara Tomlin? Clara is one of the most finished actresses on the campus, or shall we say almost finished. Lucky for Reno's crime report, Clara has given up acting for the nobler things of life such as chasing adds, learning how to carve the human body with a sword, or taking the horse for a canter. You can take the last anyway you want to.

Big Business, how those two words fire our imaginations and make us think of the personification of big business, Bill Ligon. Bill is perhaps the busiest man east of the Truckee



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

River. When he hasn't something to attend to of his own, he helps everybody for a radius of fifty miles attend to theirs. Bill's favorite sport is seeing how much noise he can make in student body meetings, it matters little whether Bill knows what the subject is about, he will speak on it anyway. Maybe he likes to hear the sound of his voice in the presence of others.

### Strains of the Past

**I**T TOOK place several weeks ago. The exact place was the Willows. The characters were four University men and three ladies from down town. (ahem). In the course of the evening the unattached male became attached to a girl who came with a big financier. (Oh well you know how it is.) In order to get more time with the new lady in question the unattached man borrowed attractive girl friend of his pal's. Sees to it that big financier (230 lbs.) danced with attractive girl friend of his boy friend while he amused and mused with new lady. About this time the men from the campus became terribly broke and thus embarrassed immensely. (imagine it) The result was that big financier became interested in attractive girl, forgot his own lady which pleased unattached man, and finally bought orange juice for the university crowd which pleased them all inasmuch as it solved the financial depression for the rest of the evening. Later boy friend of attractive girl borrowed by unattached man to entertain financier refused to kiss his attractive girl friend good night. Not so good.

**T**HE S. A. E. house has had many peculiar things happen in it, but the best yet is a cut-throat act between and S. A. E. and his ex-fraternity brother. This incident was amicably settled, but when the S. A. E. senior class president pulled the same stunt with the same blond the following week end it looks as if trouble were brewing in the S. A. E. house. Incidentally while we're on the subject of S. A. E.'s we might bring to light the smouldering feud between them and the Sigma Phi Sigmas. If in trouble with the

Sig Alphas just call on the Sigma Phi Sigmas and they will volunteer as a chapter to aid you.

### Just Between The Two of Us, We Hear That

The Artemesia is to carry out a Fourth of July theme.

A certain English prof thinks this is a "low-life" publication.

A certain Theta prospect wished Vlou Trevitt better luck next time;

And Vlou says there will be no next time.

"Tick" Ligon likes being Secretary-elect of A. S. U. N.

Some People don't like Hannah Peterson's haircut.

Lou Gastanaga holds the unofficial title of the "Gum-chewing Wonder."

"Tank" Smith forgot to vote for himself, after he plunked out fifty cents for that special privilege.

"Toby" Guffrey is becoming known as a connoisseur of ladies' clothes. For further information see Clara Galvin.

Dr. Young is also interested in divorcees, from a purely psychological point of view—

Dick Hillman wouldn't study in the same house with a Tri Delt.

**A**LL MY life I have wanted to have a boy friend with a car. A college man riding in and using his girl's car is not unusual, but now there are a few men on this campus who are so smitten that they have turned the use of their automobiles over to the heart throbs. Lozano puts a certain Buick to a very fine usage and even is seen as early as 7:45 approaching the campus. Another fashionable student has weakened and contributed his green and red roadster to his beauty from the colony. Poncia has always been known as a non-weakener, but he has fallen under the magic spell and the girl this morning was seen com-

ing from Sparks where she had just breakfasted at the Dew Drop Inn. These men are fine examples of what a boy friend should be. Here's to more of them!

**S**ALSBURY, WE hear, is cutting down expenses for the dear old alma mater, Graduate Manager Hartung, President Clark, and anybody else that be interested. In other words, he is seeing to it, quite unofficially but none the less thoroughly, that the number of Block Ns to be given this year is cut down. That is, his motive *might* be such, but we have a hunch that he wasn't thinking so much of the alma mater as of Roy Salsbury when he nosed out Siebold in the U. N.-U. S. F. track-meet. Winning that race would have given Siebold his letter, but Salsbury would hardly let his prestige be weakened. Oh well, some people are like that.

**M**ONEY, MONEY, money. Filthy stuff, but oh how necessary. And, to the complete amazement of all concerned, the struggling staff of this magazine finds through the columns of the *Sagebrush* that all of those gray hairs grown through worry over the financial problem were grown in vain, that all the economic measures taken during the year were unnecessary. The old book was simply rolling in dough in spite of the depression, for it had acquired 13,000 bucks into the sock for the year. Which means if there are a thousand undergrads on the hill (a fact seriously doubted in this office) every one of them donated \$13 to the cause.

Lesser in error, but more responsible, was Brother Cantlon, worthy treasurer of the A. S. U. N., who put the figure at \$1,300. If anybody should know how much the magazine actually gets, it should be the treasurer. Yet, working again with the mythical thousand, we can only get to \$1,200. Maybe you do it with calculus or something. Maybe we should send a reporter around to see Blackler and straighten this thing out. Then, maybe we could paint our office, or even get a new desk.



# THE HARD HEARTED HARPER

(A Spring Warning)

By Walt Clark

*This is a song of olden time,  
And blossom time in May,  
Of a harper who played to a singing  
rime  
And loved in a singer's way.*

*'Twas a tall brown lad with a golden  
harp*

*And a store of sweetest song,  
Who plucked his harp strings clear  
and sharp  
And sang as he strode along.*

*He came from the north Countree,  
Blithe through the lanes of May;  
Never a handsomer lad than he*



*And never a lad so gay.*

*Down the way with the roks of  
spring  
Flying overhead,  
Stilling their clamor to hear him  
sing,  
To hear the words he said.*

*For the harper caroled songs of love  
Along the lanes of May,  
From dawn till the laughing sun  
above  
Had closed another day.*

*He sang of spring and the hedgerow  
bloom  
And a breezy daffodil,  
Of the bumblebee zithern's mumbled  
zoom  
And the cool of a sparkling rill.*

*He sang of the tumbled clouds of  
white,  
Of wind along the blue,  
Of the musical depth of a sweet  
spring night,  
Of the things that lovers do.*

*He sang as he lay in the shade of a  
tree  
In the drowsy warmth of noon,  
And built him songs of his living  
tree  
Life to a rollicking tune.*

*And he laughed and kicked his heels  
in glee  
Upon the new grown grass,  
Or lay at length and dreamily  
Watched the cloud puffs pass.*

*Or he was a carefree singing lad  
Who lived the single day,  
And kept his heart forever glad  
With loving things to say.*

*Each day he trod the scented way  
Between the chimneyed towns,  
To make some other hearts as gay  
And gather golden crowns.*

*He came one day to a market square  
Around an old town well,  
And saw a slender maiden fair,  
And cast his tuneful spell.*

*He bore her bucket home for her,  
And in the cottage door  
He sat him down and sang they were  
To love forever more.*



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

He plucked the harp with his brown hand  
And breathed a loving croon,  
And stayed with her till the wide land  
Was bathed in the spring moon.

Then up he got and kissed the maid  
And said he must depart,  
And whispered not to be afraid,  
That she should keep his heart.

Then off he went along a lane  
Beneath the moon of spring,  
And all the world forgot its pain  
To hear the harper sing.

Yea, all the world except one maid,  
But she grew sick at heart,  
And ere the month of June had  
Stayed  
She left her worldly part.

One evening, as the red sun dropped  
He found a garden gate,  
And there a lovely lass; he stopped  
And whispered he would wait,

Would wait and sing his song to her  
Until she'd vow her love;  
He sang in all the world there were  
None like her, his sweet dove.

And when he'd sung the evening  
Hours  
Praising her wond'rous charms,  
She bended as the wind-swept flow-  
ers  
And lay within his arms.

He promised that he would come  
back,  
And then went singing down  
Along a coppled moonlit track  
Across the gabled town.

And never more he sang within  
The little garden gate;  
The waiting lass grew wan and thin,  
And died, but could not hate.

One noontide, by a murm'ring  
stream,  
He found a tender girl,  
And vowed she was his waking  
dream,  
And toyed with a bright curl.

He sang her songs of hidden larks  
And of the blushing rose,

And of the King's great golden  
barques,  
And how a courtier goes.

He wove her wreathes of daisies  
white,  
And set them, primrose jewelled,  
Upon her brow, and sang till night  
The broad warm meadows cooled.

Then home he walked, so close be-  
side  
His tender little one,

And she looked up so starry eyed  
He knew that he had won.  
He left her on the cottage walk,  
Departed, playing sad,

And still the village people talk  
Of how the lass went mad.

And many others were the hearts  
He broke while singing down  
Through the broad country, all its  
parts,  
In village lane and town.  
(Continued on page 27)





## "BUT SIR, I HAVE NO RENT"

By CAROL CROSS, '30

"I'VE come for the rent!"

The deep voice echoed through the house like the report of a cannon. Melissa shuddered and tiptoed softly to the hallway.

"I've come for the Rent."

This time there could be no mistake—someone had come for the rent.

Girding up her loins, so to speak, Melissa walked boldly to the door, and with a powerful sweep of her arm, yanked it off its hinges.

"You gittouda here," she roared, "afore I am forced to dash your brains out!"

She looked up into the face of an embarrassed young person obviously startled and ill-at-ease at her sudden offensive.

"Joe!" she stammered, "Oh, I'm sorry. Please—won't you come in?"

Joseph Gibson, University of Nevada, '29, stepped within the dimly lighted hall.

"Melissa," he said. "Melissa!—after all these long months—why—what in the world are YOU doing here?"

Melissa Montrose, University of Nevada, '30, was crying softly.

"Oh, Joe," she sobbed. It's such a long, long story. Come in and sit down—and do tell me about yourself. I have thought of you so much since we quarreled in Reno that time. And I never expected to see you in New York. Oh—this is a dreadful city. And I haven't seen a soul from home since I left college—I came here right after graduation, you know."

They walked into the large but rather shabbily furnished living room of the apartment. Outside the window, the tenement building across the street looked gray and forbidding in the morning sunlight. A jar of earth, with a straggling, scarlet geranium, gleaming from the slender stalk, stood out in contrast to the faded curtain half-drawn over the window.

Melissa motioned to a chair, and Joe sat there, uneasily fingering his hat. Melissa walked to a smoking stand, returned and offered him a cigarette.

"Gee," she was sitting on a lounge across the room, "it seems so good to see you."

She had stopped crying now, and was smiling at him, almost eagerly.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.



*Before Melissa could reply she was in his arms.*

Joe thought for a moment.

"Well, since that time I told you I'd never look you up again or speak to you," he said, "I've been traveling around the country. A couple of months ago I came here and got a job and—well, here I am. What have you been doing?"

"I have a job, too," she answered, "and I hate it—simply detest it. I work afternoons and evenings, you see, and can't go anywhere or do anything. Who do you work for, Joe?"

"Well," he lied, "I'm a salesman for a tire company. Always did like the selling game, you know."

Melissa sighed, obviously relieved.

"But the rent," she ventured, "didn't you really come to collect it?"

"No, of course not. I wanted to see you so badly. And when I found out where you lived, I just looked you up. That crack I made about the rent is just an expression they're using back at Nevada now. I had a letter from one of the boys, and he tells me this guy Epperson—you remember him—he simply slays the ladies with that expression, 'I've come for the rent.'"

"And of course," Joe was standing now, "of course I'd give anything in the world to 'slay' you, darling."

Before Melissa could reply, she was in his arms. The tears were flowing again a little, but she was smiling and Joe was gripping happily.

"Dear," he said, "we're going to make it all up and see lots of each other from now on, aren't we?"

"Yes—lots and lots."

That afternoon Joseph Gibson walked into the office of the Byington Collection Agency.

"Well, what luck?" asked the man at the desk.

Joe reached into his pocket and pulled out his wallet. He laid two twenty-dollar bills on the desk.

"I got the Montrose dame, all right," he remarked.

Excusing himself, Joe stepped into the private telephone booth in the office.

"Highland o-seven hundred," he drawled.

"Hello, Melissa? Listen, darling, I just sold a big order of tires. The boss is tickled pink and says I can have tomorrow morning off. Want to go to Coney Island?"

"Oh, I'd adore it." The voice at the other end of the line seemed eager.

"O. K. See you at 10 o'clock." Harold hung up the receiver.

"It's funny," he mused, "that I didn't think of Melissa when the boss gave me that name and address. I'll miss the forty bucks, but it's worth it to see somebody from home—and she'll never guess who paid the rent."



# THE ADVENTURES OF JOE BANANAS IN AFRICA



THE next number will be: "When bananas start to blooming, I'll come sliding home to you," by Joe Bananas and his Yellow Bunch."

Joe had a head of wood, a heart of gold (not to be confused with a cantaloupe) an ear for jazz, an eye for women, and a taste for liquor. (Banana oil.)

Now for the plot. (Two acres of fertile ground in the darkest corner of Africa.) Well—as I said before—to get on with the story, Joe was a collitch man—earning his way through the state university by playing his tuba in "e" flat or any other flats he could get into without being detected.

One night Joe got up out of bed and came home after his favorite mount. She was only three years old, but of a good family, and a typical South African ant-eater. Just as he was entering his back door (our hero always sneaked in the back door when he came home late because there was no front entrance to his luxurious place of abode), he stumbled over an old and bedraggled banana stand. This reminded him of a joke. Just as he was about to tell it he noticed that there was no one to hear it but an old worn out cantaloupe. (Here's where the heart of gold comes in.) On remembering that it is not safe for society and himself to lie on floors, sidewalks, and out-house paths, Joe, after talking to several banana skins in no mean terms for a few minutes, got up and continued uncertainly on his way into the house. He suddenly remembered that his orchestra was playing at a nearby Night Club and decided that although they were used to getting along without their leader—tonight he'd give them a break. In two skumps and a jip he was out and on the back of "Unc," his fav-

orite ant-eater. In two more skumps and one more jip, "Unc was off through the jungle. As they bounced along their way to the Cocoanut Grove—"the-source-of-many-sprained ankles-and embarrassing-moments-on-city-side-walks," Joe Banana remembered that tonight was monkey night at the Grove and immediately decided that there would probably be lots of monkey business. A couple of lots in Florida would help, too, but that's another story.

Upon his arrival he found that all the monkeys from miles around had come to indulge in the dancing, drinking, and gambling for the evening. The jungle legislature had just passed the gambling law and that accounted somewhat for the many visitors present.

As he approached the Yellow



Bunch they ups on their feet and gave a rousing two and half for "Dear Ol' Undergrowth State U."

"Hi, there, gang ol' gang, ol' gang. How's the balls of your feet?"

Many of the young monkeys present grouped together and gave some rousing cheers, yells, don't give a darns, and two palm tree roots for good old Pepsodent High.

They finished up with, "Hi there waiter, Stein more pineapple—how'd cha—make—it?"

Everyone "bottoms-upped" their drink and by this time were all pretty drunk. Some of the monkeys were stiff and the rest were downright tight.

"Let's have another on the house," yelled another monkey. (This monkey was a dirty dog anyway.)

Practically all the drinks had been on the house and some already on the floor, that night and that's why the monkey business wasn't so good. Joe realized something must be done

immediately or they would go broke at this rate. He was desperate. Finally he scratched his yellow back and disguised himself as a waiter and collected all the table tips and cover charges. There were enough to pay for the house expenses that night and to buy Joe one more drink.

On his way out of the Grove he grabbed an old aunt for "Unc's" breakfast.

Our hero felt downhearted on his adventure home. He felt that something was going to happen. Besides he hadn't heard from his sweetheart, Nanny Pommegranite, since she had been boxed and sent to America.

Next issue of the Wolf, read about "Joe Banana's Adventures in America," or "The Trick that Turned the Tide."

♦ ♦

Let's use that table.

But we can't, it has a hole in it.

Well, we won't use the hole.

♦ ♦

## FLOWER GIRL

I sent you orchids frail with beauty  
Although my purse was—well, not  
flush,

Because I thought it was my duty  
For having made you blush.

Since then I've plucked the floral  
garden.

A thousand times. My purse is  
lame,

But still your heart will not unhar-  
den.

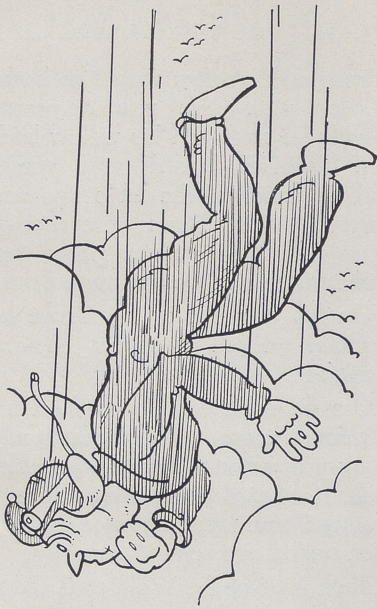
You sock me just the same.

I'm through! Just now I'll take my  
word

You'll get no flowers for each tear  
Until I'm pushing daisies skyward,  
Then you can have them, dear!







The absent minded professor takes a parachute jump.

## THE TALE OF WITCH HAZEL

ONCE upon a time there was an old king, who had three very beautiful but very obese daughters. If the truth must be known they were extremely fat, in fact they belonged to a side show rather than a castle. Their father over a large kingdom, rich in stills and joints. But he was worried, who in hell was he going to leave his kingdom to when he left for the happy land? For because of their avoirdupois and en balm pont no man would marry his daughters, even though they were as beautiful as princesses could be.

One day the three princesses went into the woods for a tramp (to you who do not remember as far back as its origin, that is a pun). The birds were singing in the trees and flowers were peeping up through the grass. The eighteen-day diet was not known at that time, so the three sisters (we hope) were walking in the woods for the benefit of their aforementioned figures, for they could not avoid that future shadow, rather they had gone into it and were coming out the other side.

Now in the woods lived an old mean witch, who before she had become so evil had been wooed and won by their father, but alas, having

no friends to tell her she was left on the courthouse steps. She espied the young ladies, and saying, as she coyly licked her chops:

"Ah, me! for dinner I shall have one excellent chicken salad, one lugubrious mutton stew and copious quantities of French pastry." She stuck up her nose, caught them in its long hook and dragged them to her cave. There by the steam of the hot-springs she hung them up to parboil. The maidens screamed and perspired, but to no avail.

Around a corner came a handsome Turkish prince. He hears their screams, he hurriedly dashes in. The witch strives to stop him, but he soon subdues her, and goes in search of the damsels. There in a dark and gruesome dungeon, far from the eyes of man, sweated and perspired the three young princesses, but now they were mere shadows of their former selves. The prince grabbed them and drug them out and hurled them into a sparkling mountain stream. Behold! a transformation had occurred. Hespredes, Hamilcar and Kiddiecar were slim as young woodland numphs. The prince fell in love with them and married them all and they lived happily ever after in his harem. And then along came a traveling salesman, but that is another story. So little boys and girls of radio-land behold the miracle of the first Turkish bath.

★ ★

Ingredients of a golf dinner:

Butter  
Birdie  
slice  
Greens  
Balls (Fish) eaten with a spoon.

★ ★

## TEN AIDS IN FAILING A COURSE

DO YOU want to fail?

How bad do you want to fail?

Are you very certain you will fail enough hours that it will be impossible for you to enroll next fall.

There are undoubtedly rules to follow for success. You can't tell whether a stude has been successful unless you know his goal. His goal, let us say, is to fail. He has set out

to fail. Nothing else in life amounts to very much except the ambition to fail. Well, listen, then; here's the way you do it:

1. Don't show up the first two times the class meets at the beginning of the semester. Tell the Dean that you couldn't find the room. This is a very direct help: Instructor gets an estimation of your mentality; four days to find a class; should find a reference in 22.

2. Third time the class meets—come but be late. Get in on every discussion—contribute nothing, talk a lot. Tell the prof at the end of the period that all you said "came right out of my own head," make him glad it did. Tell him that you hadn't had any time to study his course yet. Emphasize *his*.

3. Miss class period number four. Meet the teacher just before the class period takes up. Yell eagerly, "Hello, Prof."

4. Come to class the fifth time it meets. Answer all questions dogmatically. Speak as if the instructor needs someone to lead.

5. Come to three more class periods in succession. Pretend to take notes on the class work. Study another lesson during each period. Eagerly answer a few pipe questions.

6. Absolutely refuse to crack a book until the delincs appear. Then go to the prof and tell him that you didn't know that your grades were so poor. (Prof gets better estimation of your native intelligence, mental ability on I. Q. (Intellectual Quality.)

7. In the latter part of the semester miss class again. After class hang around the door. Wait for the girl friend while the instructors talks to her.

8. Failing to do a term paper where it is required helps some.

9. Telling around publicly that, I guess he's all right, but I certainly can't see anything to his course." (In this case tell the Dean that you want to fail. Otherwise he may want to exemplify broadmindedness and give you a passing grade.)

10. Assuming that all others fail—well, then—GO JUMP IN THE LAKE.



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

### CAUGHT!

THE young man looked stealthily about. Yes, everything was perfect. He glanced at his watch; it was five minutes of twelve and not a soul was in sight. With a trace of nervousness in his gestures he flipped away his cigarette, turned up his coat collar and pulled his hat still further over his eyes. His gaze wandered over the darkened windows of the rambling old building. At the window on the second floor a candle was dimly burning. He then turned and walked to the corner where a long, low car was waiting.

"Come on," he called softly to someone inside. "Everything's okay, but we'll have to hurry."

A girl stepped quickly from the machine and without hesitating, started up the walk. She, too, looked at the dimly lighted window, then turned to the man at her side.

"Well, who's going up, you or me?"

"Now look here, I thought we'd settled all that. It's up to you to do the job."

She looked at the man a moment, then sneered:

"So you're backing out are you? You're getting ready to run now. Well, go ahead, but believe me, if I get caught I'll squeal."

"Oh, all right, all right; I'll wait. If things are as they should be, blow out the candle, if not—well, I'll be

right below the window."

The girl said no more, merely nodded her agreement and immediately settled to the work at hand. From the pocket of her coat she produced a small flashlight and played its beams over the smooth brick wall. She moved away, but in a few moments whistled softly. The man joined her now at once.

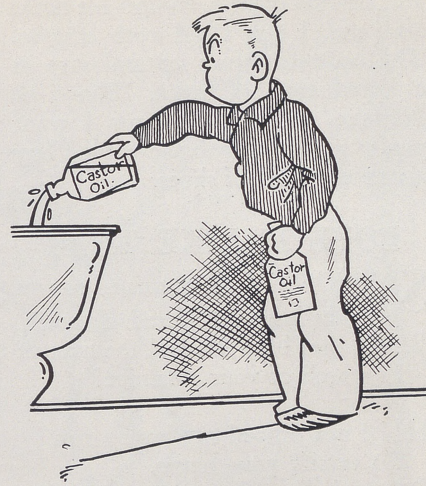
"You'll have to give me a boost, I can't get up."

He watched her somewhat anxiously as she made her way slowly upward. He knew that they'd worked this thing before, but somehow, tonight, he felt nervous. With a muttered oath he shook himself. This wasn't the time to lose his nerve. But still he couldn't forget his buddies, three of them in the last month had got it in the neck; he didn't want to join them just yet.

The girl was at the window now. Slowly, very slowly she began to raise it. Just as she finished the tedious business the man below heard her give a low cry of alarm. An arm reached out, grabbed her, pulled her roughly into the room which suddenly blazed with light. Without stopping to see what happened the man took to his heels.

An hour later a disheveled, breathless figure dropped on a rock at the side of the road some few miles away. It was our friend, his poise and assurance sadly lacking.

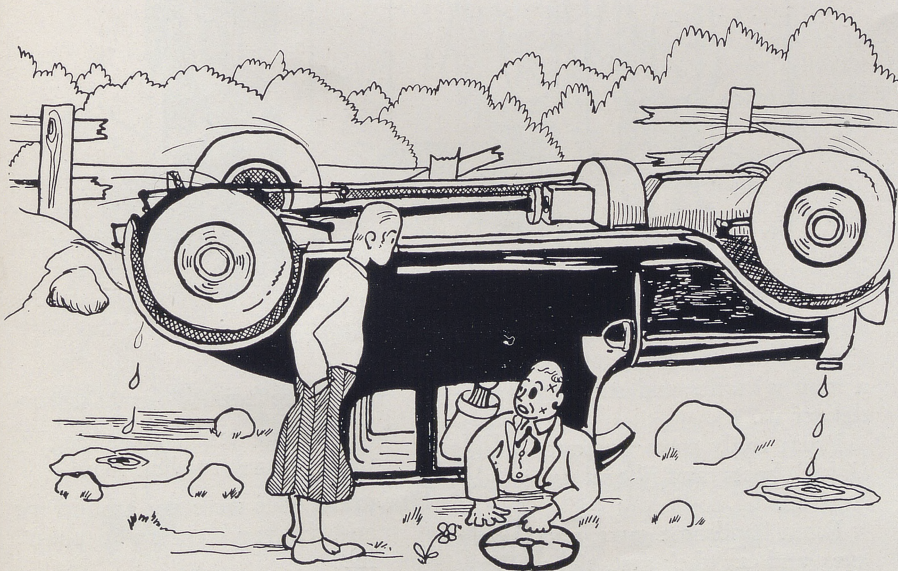
Meanwhile in the second story room of Manzanita Hall at 3 a. m. a



"I do not choose to run!"

young girl was still listening to an impromptu but nevertheless convincing address on "Getting into Drawing Room via the Fire-escape."

WHO, Him? Say, sister, let me spill you a hot one. The other night everyone was out, and here I am all alone at home, doin' nothin', an' me so sweet and nice, too, perfectly willin' to—well, anyway, I was all alone and the phone rang. I picks up the receiver, "Theta Gamma Delta house," I say, then real quick like before the guy at the other end can answer, I says, "No she ain't here, gone out, be back in the morning." The guy then croons, "How about you, baby, doin' anything tonight." So we goes out to dance, and can he dance? Well, that's the trouble with these blind dates. He couldn't even talk decent English, and me being such a lady, and only used to the best in life, gets kinda griped. So he gets kinda drunk and lovin' like. And I gets angry, "Say, farmer, I sez, why did you ever leave the old homestead," and him, dimwit that he was, sez, "Because I couldn't bring it with me." And me being maid at a sorority house, knew what men were like when they began to wisecrack, so I plans to get a one-way ticket for home right then. But he said something about putting on the feed bag, and I said I wasn't in the Cavalry, but where would we go, so we went into eat. Well, he sits down



He Standing: "Well my good man, you seem to be upset about something!"



## THE CRAVEN

ONCE upon a midnight dreary,  
while I staggered, tired and  
bleary,

Up many a quaint old alley and  
dark old corridor—

While I bobbed, nearly flopping,  
suddenly there came a knocking,

As of someone roughly socking,  
socking at my lower jaw.

"'Tis some yegg," I stuttered, "sock-  
in at my lower jaw,

Only this and nothing more!"

Indistinctly I remember it was in  
the bleak September,

And each sock made me more  
tender, left its mark upon my  
jaw.

Eagerly I sought to borrow shelter

and ties his napkin around his neck,  
and, me, I was filled with disgust.  
The waitress comes up and says in  
a bored tone of voice, "Shave or  
Haircut, mister." So now I want  
you to go down with me while I buy  
a nice new pair of shoes.

## LOVE IS LIKE THAT

SUPPOSE I'd never turned to you  
My half-bewildered glance,  
Would you have walked the avenue  
In search of your romance?

Had I not dipped my lover's pen  
To versify your name.  
Do you believe that other men  
Would somehow do the same?

Well, you give other men a pang  
Of pain they can't endure;  
Be glad I looked at you and sang,  
No one else would, I'm sure!

## RETURNING A FAVOR

THE music ceased. The dancers  
dispersed. His arm still lingered  
around her waist. "I'm very warm,"  
she said breathlessly. Instantly she  
regretted her words. What would  
she not have given to recall them!  
His face grew wan, then haggard.  
"Come," he said, tenderly, huskily,  
"You must rest. There is something  
I must tell you." She thrilled to his  
words, and to his burning glance.  
How pinched he looked. Oblivious  
to all around her, she followed him  
blindly, unquestioningly, her heart  
racing. Once she stumbled and in-  
stantly felt his firm grasp above her  
elbow. How gentle he was! How  
thoughtful.

On and on he led her, past the or-  
chestra, through the surging dancers,  
beyond the chaperones. Suddenly he  
stopped dead. "Quick," he mur-  
mured, a catch in his voice, "In here."

She glided through the parted cur-  
tains, and stood hushed, expectant,  
trembling. Would he never speak?  
Finally his strong, lean hand found  
hers! "How can I say it?" he mur-  
tered thickly, "I cannot, I cannot,  
and yet I must." She was conscious  
of the intoxicatingly, sweet-smelling  
pomade on his sleek hair. How she  
loved him! But she must wait. "Yes,"  
she coaxed, "tell me; you must." She

swayed.

For answer he plunged his hand  
into his trousers and drew forth  
something which shone in the soft,  
dull light. She saw it and gasped.  
"No, no; not here, not now." "But  
you really must take it," he said in  
a cold, hard voice, "I do not smoke!"  
So saying, he returned the cigarette  
lighter to her, slipped through the  
curtain and disappeared.

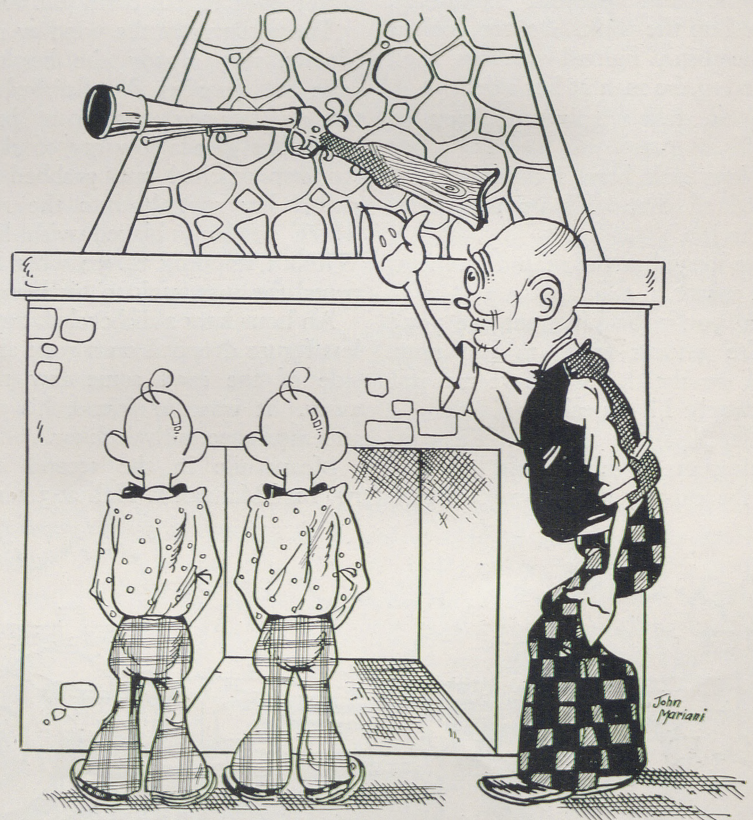
—M. T. S.

## A NEW LITANY

From dressmakers' bills, doctors'  
pills, sudden chills and other ills—  
deliver us.

From want of gold, hubbies that  
scold, bachelors old and sharpers  
"sold"—deliver us.

From babies' cries, half baked pies,



"And that my dears, is why I married your grandmother."

a man who lies and stinging flies—  
deliver us.

From seedy coats, protested notes,  
sunked boats and illegal votes—de-  
liver us.

From handsome guys, with lovely  
eyes and a 'uke' that sighs—Well,  
never mind!

or release from this great sorrow

By squatting and by ducking to  
protect my swollen maw—

But my friends were not around me  
and the yeg went on to pound  
me:

Only this and nothing more!



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

And each crashing, smashing,  
thumping of his damned per-  
sisting bumping

Almost killed me, filled me with  
fantastic terrors never felt  
before.

'Til at last to still the throbbing of  
my head I stood up sobbing  
"I know you, you are my wife, my  
tootsy, woosy little wife,  
Only this and nothing more!"

Presently my soul grew stronger,  
Lying on my back no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your  
forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was blotto, when  
I felt your sharp staccato

As so roughly you came knocking,  
socking at my lower jaw.  
That I scarce was sure I knew  
you."

Here I opened wide a door: Green  
elephants there—  
Only this and nothing more!

### CROOKED ROADS

Her mind is like a crooked road  
It cannot course quite true.  
One moment it leads a heart to me;  
The next turn bends toward you.

At times it skirts the hills, up high  
And fills my heart's desire,  
But soon it tires of lofty thought  
And sinks beneath the mire.



Ah! Ah! Get away from those  
swinging drawers.

Yet crooked roads are quite  
content

Their winding course to  
stray.

A goal, for them, there may  
not be—

But they have time to play.

A crooked road will never join  
The highway that I tread,  
So what's the use to wait for  
her—

I'll walk alone instead.

### "DILLY MAKES THE GRADE"

By Joe Jackson

**DILLY DUSBROC** sat in  
front of the fireplace, head  
in hand, deep in meditations.  
He was thinking, for the first  
time since he had entered col-  
lege, and his thoughts were not  
of the best, because the process  
was entirely foreign to him.

There had been a change in  
Dusbroc during the four years,  
and much water had flowed  
under the mill gates, but at  
heart he was the same old  
Dilly as in the days of old.

He had wandered down from  
the hills without a nickle in  
his tattered goatskins on the  
hot August afternoon, it  
seemed so long ago. Now he  
had a nickle, and it rested com-  
fortably in a pocket of the very  
best broadcloth.

He had wandered into Reno with-  
out friends, without family, without  
fortune, and with no mental back-  
ground, no education. Soon he  
would be leaving the "biggest little  
city" in vastly different circum-  
stances. As yet he had no education,  
and no family, although he hoped  
that would come later. Nor had he  
amassed great riches: college men  
are that way. But he had friends,  
thousands of them, and they were  
always ready to help him.

Had they not helped him, during  
the first season, into the muddy  
waters of Manzanita lake, that he  
might know the whereof of tradi-  
tions at dear old U. of N. so Gay?  
He felt a lump rising in his throat,  
and tears welled from under dark



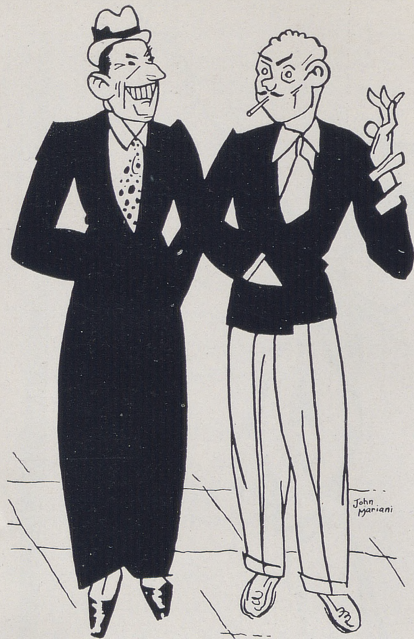
"Say, mister, what's Josie's last name?"  
"Josie who?"—Exchange.

lashes, as he sat gazing into the fire-  
light, thinking of those by-gone days  
of glorious youth.

Triumph, and with it disappoint-  
ment, had been his lot since then.  
Glorious autumn afternoons he had  
spent following diminutive white  
golf balls about the hills. Moonlight  
had played upon his curly hair, as  
he sat out a dance, snuggled close  
to his partner in some secluded  
corner. Sweat had poured from his  
brow as he struggled with the multi-  
tudes at tea-fights.

His face had blanched with an un-  
righteous fear as he had faced stern  
judges in the Student Affairs Com-  
mittee, and it had grown rosy with  
delight at being awarded his letter  
for archery. Long afternoons he had  
spent on hard concrete seats yelling





"Hawaii?"  
 "Africa tell ya I would."  
 "Well, Abyssinia."

for and at the Fox, and had bellowed his tonsils to a beaten mass of pulp as the Wolf Pack Back were thrown for a ten yard loss. And always, after those little fests, he had crept away to his home, a bit more ennobled for his participation in the cheering.

But one thing he had failed to achieve since entering the realms of knowledge. All his life he had wanted to enter the press box at athletic contests. Every time that stands had yelled a big "Go Now!" he had involuntarily started up the stairs, determined to sit behind that narrow board, where journalists sat, glum-faced among so much cheering. Always had he come away defeated. He had no P. A. appeal. He lacked a press pass.

As the firelight cast its shadows about the darkening room he thought of this, his one big disappointment. Outside a drizzling rain was playing havoc with the clay. The beating of the large drops against the shingles penetrated into Dilly's brain, and formed there an idea.

Springing from his chair, he clapped on his hat, threw a cloak about himself and dashed out into the night. He fell into a puddle, but this did not halt his forward march. He ran through the large stone gates, and kept on up the hill. Past the li-

brary, and the chemistry building he tore, straight up to the wide swinging doors of the gymnasium. Glancing furtively about him, he opened the portals, and crept up the darkened stairs, swung himself atop the railing.

He paused for a moment before sliding over, and glanced at his objective. His eyes flashed in the inky blackness, and his breath came in short pants. His college life would be complete, in one more moment. He would have achieved his great ambition. Beside this accomplishment all else would be dwarfed to insignificance. He started forward again. A voice in the dark arrested his progress.

"Where is your Press Pass?" came the hollow, accusing, tones.

Desperation crept into Dilly's eyes. Was he to be denied his big moment when he had come so far? Boldly he stepped into the box, determined to die if need be to retain his place in the sacred sanctuary of the journalists. He advanced, fists clenched, until he stood in the very middle of the box. He peered into the corners, but saw no form from which the voice had come. He cast off his fears, and stood there exultantly drawing deep breaths, proud of his achievement. He has crashed the press box, his college life was complete, and he could go forth into the world with that self confidence which only Maxbaum's clothes can give.

♦ ♦  
 "NO LIQUOR  
 PLEASE"

Bottles of perfume,  
 Bottles that come  
 Well corked and  
 labeled,  
 But not filled with  
 rum!

Hind's Honey Al-  
 mond

When weather is  
 risky

Bottles with mouth wash,  
 But none filled with whisky!

Bottles of bath salts,  
 Or what do you choose?  
 Bottles of hair oil,  
 But not any booze!

Bottles of aspirin,  
 Cascara drops,  
 Listerine gargle,  
 But not any hops!

♦ ♦  
 JACK

He loved color and motion and  
 sound,  
 Great, blazing, tearing, ruthless  
 fires,

Brutal clanging of fire engines  
 Cursing red blood down Broadway  
 At midnight.

Rythmic mechanized football teams,  
 Clipped clear signals.

Fight talks in the dressing room.  
 Hard whacks against hard shoulders.

Strength—square chins—cheering.  
 Jazz—saxaphones—heart of junkles.

Mad syncopated women.  
 Thunder—whole rocks bursting.

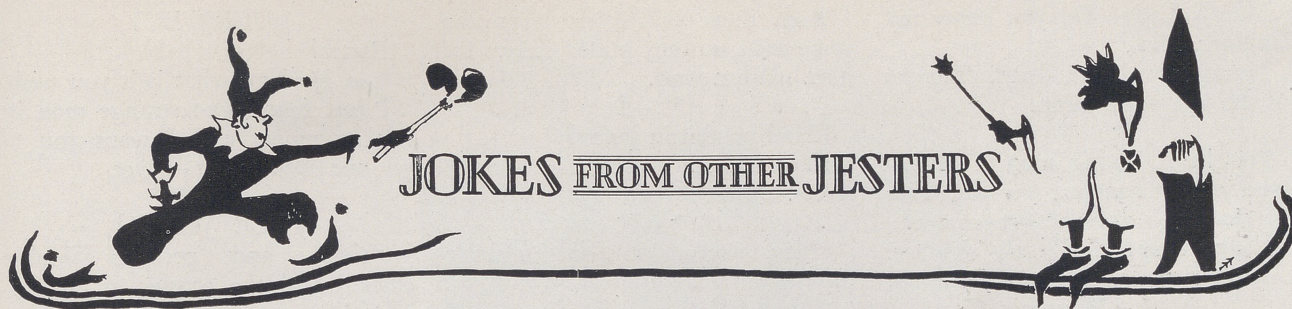
And some people wondered why he  
 craved catsup.



JACK  
 CAMPBELL

You're one girl in a million, but I forgot which one.—  
 Exchange.





NICE BABY

"Look at Joe's girl!"  
 "Yeah, when she was a baby she got hit with a Greyhound bus."  
 "When two years old she was supposed to have been a perfect baby."  
 "Was, hell. Still is."  
 "A little cocoo, isn't she?"  
 "Cocoo! The only way she can visit an insane asylum safely is to have some one go with her and say they are taking her to another"  
 —Lyre.

Then there's the absent minded co-ed who left her negligee in the bathtub and slipped on a cake of soap.—Octopus.

DO SOMETHING?

The girl I left behind me  
 I think of night and day,  
 For if she ever found me  
 There'd sure be hell to pay.

—Whirlwind.

DARN IT

The devil sends a wicked wind  
 To blow skirts neck high,  
 But heaven is just and sends the dust  
 To fill the bad man's eye.  
 —Jester.

WOULD SHE?

Judge: Remember, anything you say will be held against you.  
 Prisoner: Greta Garbo.  
 Masquerader.

"Ah, success at last," happily exclaimed the young artist as a horsefly lit on his just finished portrait of a jackass.—Log.

Mother: Willie, the canary has gone.

Willie: But mummy, it was there just now when I was trying to clean its cage with the vacuum cleaner.  
 —Puppet.

WE FEEL SORRY, TOO

I shot a man today. And I'll tell you why. He came up to me and said: "She was only an optician's daughter." I pulled the trigger.

Then, with a last gasp he called out to me from where he lay, "but just give her a couple of glasses and she'll make a spectacle of herself."—Yellow Crab.

"A hell of a landing you made."  
 "I made?. I thought you were flying the plane."—Voo Doo.

OH PSHAW!

"Who ever named you Quits?"  
 "Well, when I was born, father came into the room and said, 'Let's call it quits, ma'."—Stone Mill.

"What the dickens are you doing down the cellar?" demanded the rooster.

"Well, if it's any of your damn business," replied the hen frigidly, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."  
 —Showme.

One evening a beautiful vision in blue walked into a soph's room.

"Get out of here," said the soph.  
 "Make me," said the vision.  
 And he did.—Purple Cow.

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

Mandy: Whut's de matter, Sam?  
 Don't yo' love me no mo'?

Sam: Sho' ah does, honey; ah's jest restin'.

—Panther.

WHAT—ANOTHER ONE?

She—I don't want to see you dancing with that blonde again.

He—It's my business whom I dance with.

She—Ah ha! A gigolo!

—Lyre.

RIGHT

Young Son: "Ma, the women in this country must be very tired."

Mother: "Why, Petrucio, how's that?"

Young Son: "Well, I see a lot of places marked 'Ladies' Rest Room'."  
 —Buccaneer.

It was intermission at the Prom, and everybody came inside to rest.  
 —Punch Bowl.

And now we've got the dope on Mr. Stork, alright; he's quite a kidder, he is.—Wet Hen.

RICH

Which all reminds us of the Scotsman who disliked any kind of publicity.

Because of this inborn characteristic, all donations that he sent into local societies in the form of large checks he signed "Anonymous."

You may have your "Life" and you may have your "Liberty" but give me my "Saturday Evening Post."

"She laughed when I sat down on the park bench, but when I started to play—"

—Frivol.

WIDOW

Lawyer: You want to divorce these women? Can you name any co-respondents?

King Solomon: Not offhand, of course, but I strongly suspect the 97th Regiment of the Royal Light infantry.—Goblin.

"Was it much of a necking party last night?"

"Was it? Say, before the dance the hostess announced: 'Everyone chews his partner'!"—Royal Gaboon.



Elderly Lady: Do you know my daughter, May?

Youngster: No, I don't. Thanks for the tip.—The Siren.

Preacher: Young man, I understand you are courting a widow. Has she given you any encouragement?

Young Hopeful: I'll say she has. Last night she asked me if I snored.  
—Mountain Goat.

Frosh: Look at the wrinkles on that co-ed's neck!

Senior: Wrinkles, hell! Those are service stripes.—Voo Doo.

"What a charming baby, Mrs. Jones, and he does resemble your husband."

"Gracious, you alarm me! We adopted this baby."—Beanpot.

Reformer: Stop, friend. Do you believe that a glass of that vile stuff will quench your thirst?

College Lad: Nope. I'm gonna drink the whole jug.—Texas Ranger.

A traveling man returned home to find his wife in the arms of a movie usher.

"How long has this been going on?"

"Just ten minutes," said the usher.  
"Plenty of room down in front."  
—he Pup.

"When did you first suspect your husband was not alright mentally?"

"When he shook the hall tree and began feeling around on the floor for apples."—Ollapod.

Fair Damsel: Where do you think I'd be if I had a million dollars?

Male Escort: On my honeymoon.  
—Black and Blue Jay.

Father: Young lady, do you mean to tell me that you have been carrying that money around in your stocking?

Young Lady: Why, father, you told me to put it where it would draw interest.—The Drexlerd.

He: Dearest, I love you and want you for my wife.

She: Goodness! What would she do with me?

Both them hula girls loved the same man, so they pulled straws for him.—Whirlwind.

"Had your iron today?"

"Yes, I just swallowed an old rusty screw."

"Hey, watta idea of thumbing your nose?"

"Cause I ain't got a handkerchief."  
—Dirge.

"What could be worse than a guy with fleas?"

"I know."

"What?"

"Supposin' they chirped."

—The Gargoyle.

"Is that pooch a bird dog?"

"Sure. C'mere, Oscar, an' give the lady the bird!"—Pelican.

First Herring: Why don't you take beter care of your brother?

Second Herring: Why should I? Am I my brother's kipper?

—Punch Bowl.

Office Boy: There's a salesman outside with a woman.

The Boss: Tell him I've got a woman.

Irate Guest (phones down): Say, night clerk!

Clerk (snippily): What's on your mind, now?

Guest: Mind, hell, they're all over the bed.—Phoenix.

#### SAD STORY DEPT'

Southern moon.

Southern belle.

Halitosis

Aw Hell.

—Kentucky Moonshiner.

#### OH, MY!

Father: I can see right through that chorus girl's intrigue.

Lovesick Youth: I know, dad, but they all dress that way nowadays.

—Texas Longhorn.

#### LET'S GO

"Whose game?" asked the football enthusiast.

"I am," murmured the sweet young thing.—Bison.

#### LUCKY BOY

Porter!

Yes, Madam, what is it you wish.

I just found two strange men in my apartment and I want you to put one of them out.—Lyre.

#### NICE WORK!

"Chick, and perhaps double chick," said the rooster as he finished his morning rounds.

—Voo-Doo..

#### OH, WHAT A MIND!

"Shall we go outside for a little walk?"

"You boys have the funniest way of saying what you mean."

#### GRATITUDE

A Scot was engaged in an argument with a conductor as to whether the fare was 5 or 10 cents. Finally the disgusted conductor picked up the Scotchman's suitcase and tossed it off the train, just as they passed over a bridge. It landed with a splash.

"Mon," screamed Sandy, "isn't it enough to try and overcharge me, but now you try to drown my little boy?"—Puppet.

Then there was the co-ed who was so dumb that she thought assets were little donkeys.—Batallion.

#### WHAT A LIFE!

Spring formal—a marvelous rhythmic band, a surging solid of dancers, dim lights, a couple dancing near a doorway—

She: Oh, I simply adore that funny step. Where did you pick it up?

He: Funny step, hell. I'm losing my garter.—Punch Bowl.

#### LET'S HOPE SO

Student (translating passage in German class): I fell to the ground humbly and clasped her by the knee—and that's as far as I got, Professor Hatfield.—Parrot.

#### IS THAT ALL?

Maid—I can give a better kiss than you.

Surprised Mistress—What! has my husband been . . .

Maid—No, ma'am, your chauffeur told me so.—Sun Dail.





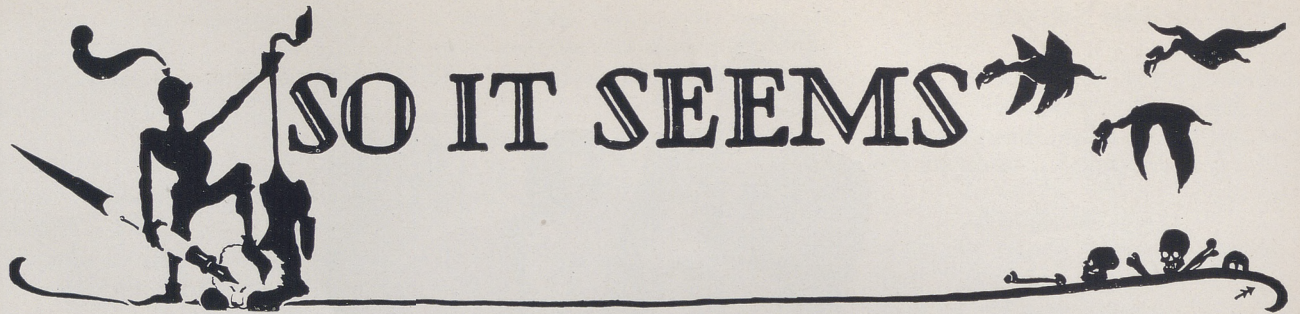
The most valuable social  
asset since the invention of The Check from  
Home . . . . *cigarettes that really SATISFY!*



*Chesterfield*

GREATER MILDNESS... BETTER TASTE





## JUSTIFICATION

**T**HE DESERT WOLF for those few who are dubious wishes to state its justification. This argument will contain facts only and no forceful or dramatic language need be used. The Wolf has accomplished things that could not be carried out by any other type of campus activity.

Let us state the argument that is put forth by this small group of students. First, they claim that the Wolf, inasmuch as it requires advertising, puts a strain on the merchants. The Wolf advertising is a fine investment, the magazine not only being read once, but each copy is read by four or five people which throws the advertising before thousands of eyes. The interesting thing is that these people are not so anxious to save the merchants money, the fact is they wish to get more money out of them for athletics and can't figure how to do it unless they say, "Well, we cut out the Desert Wolf, now donate the money you would have spent there for our athletics."

We admit that athletics have their place in the school, but we consider that publications exist for the satisfaction of students just as well as athletics. We have a difficult time making athletics pay, yet some would cut one of the few student activities which does pay, and specialize in a losing proposition.

Secondly, people claim that the Wolf might be a little too risqué. We noticed, however, that the students look through the Wolf the very first thing for this type of joke. If the students look for this and complain of it as a 'flat issue' if no such jokes are contained therein, we feel that they must want this type of thing. Being a student publication we should try to satisfy the students.

It is only claimed that too few people take part in writing for this publication. We have only one thing to say and that is that the editor is always anxious to get literary or artistic work from anyone. This magazine is the only campus publication where literary and artistic work can be used. Inasmuch as this kind of work will always be done there should be some place to print it. It might be that at times there will be a scarcity of this talent, but some publication should exist to encourage it at all times.

Furthermore, the Desert Wolf rates higher in its field than any other campus publication. It compares very favorably with the California Pelican, Stanford Chapperal, Harvard Lampoon and all other collegiate comic magazines from colleges many times larger than Nevada. The Western Association of College Comics has seen fit to choose editors and managers of the Wolf as officers in that organization. The Wolf brought the convention of that organization on the campus two years ago, thus making Nevada well known throughout the western universities and colleges.

The Nevada Desert Wolf is a splendid tradition and has proven its worth.

## UNIVERSITY DEPRESSION

**T**HE period of depression finally hit the University. The result has been several cuts in the appropriations for several of the departments. It seems a shame that this cut should have to come at a time like this when the school has acquired a fine reputation through its

expansion policy. Perhaps, at least to those concerned most vitally, it would have been better to levy a fair tuition charge on the students. After all the education we are getting is not costing us much considering how much benefit we should get out of it. One has to admit, however, that there are plenty of students (?) who are not getting what they should from the University. These are the feather-brained people who come here for a good time and deliberately waste a valuable opportunity to educate themselves. They prefer to squander their parents' money and their own time. They harp on this old line that social contacts are the most vital thing after all. Even with the experience they get in college very few can sponge enough off of friends to live the rest of their lives. We would do well to be rid of these people.

So if a fair tuition charge would weed out some of the useless ones as well as restore the appropriations to the departments, we should have some of it.

## WANDERING PUBLICATIONS

**A**FTER being assured of permanent homes for two or three years the publications last fall went to great expense in making the old Chemistry Building fit for occupancy. Now after being there only two semesters it looks like they will be asked to move once again to the house adjoining the proposed Student Union Building.

This building is not only unsuitable but unsafe, the expense of fixing it up would be prohibitive.



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

### THE HARD HEARTED HARPER

(Continued from page 15)

And still he sang, and made his song  
More sweet for his successes,  
New notes from each sad heart along  
The paths of his caresses.

Yet nowhere is there heart so hard  
As cannot find an equal,  
And so it was the happy bard  
Met this unhappy sequel.

He came beneath a castle wall  
On a cliff beside the sea,  
And called, and heard the warder  
call  
To know who he might be

And when they knew a singing man  
They opened him the gates.  
"Go in and sing the best you can,  
At wine our lady waits."

He entered then the lofty hall  
With sumptuous tables laid,  
And standing there so lean and tall  
He sang the while he played.

He saw her there, the stately Queen,  
Close gowned in silken flame;  
Oh never in the world had been  
True beauty till she came.

And she, the wond'rous Queen so  
dark  
Sat gazing down on him,  
Until within his breast the spark  
That had so long been dim

Flared up, and through him shot the  
flame,  
And burned him to new life;

He nevermore could be the same,  
But faced an endless strife.  
The flame lent new depths to his  
song,  
He sang with all his soul,  
And vowed that be life ne'er so long  
She should remain the goal.

But when he'd sung his songs of love,  
Sung them with all his heart,  
She merely left her place above  
And slowly walked apart.

And the dark drapes closed after her,  
And she had said no word,  
And in his soul he felt the stir  
Of singing never heard.

And all the court went out from him  
With laughter and with jest,  
And left him in the great hall dim  
While merriment, suppressed

By drapes and doors, came back  
again  
From other rooms and courts;  
And then he knew those ways of  
men,  
The bitterness of sports.

He went out to the castle wall  
And looked down on the deep,  
And watched the hungry breakers  
crawl  
Beneath the dungeon keep.

"My life is done," he cried, "I go.  
I cannot have my love.  
This agony of thought's too slow."  
And he plunged from above.

He sank beneath the curling waves,  
And rose up nevermore.

But sometimes from the watery  
graves  
A voice along the shore

Sings songs of love in sweet spring  
dark,  
And on the castle walls  
The courtiers still their mirth with  
"Hark,  
The sunken harper calls."

But an old fisherman began  
The legends which now hold;  
He was an honored, ancient man,  
And never lie he told.

He said that in a grotto green  
Beneath the fatal bay,  
The strangest wonders he had seen  
One sunny springtime day.

He said that on the clean white sand  
Along the ocean floor,  
With mermaids sweet on either  
hand,  
A youth there was, who bore

A golden harp with wond'rous  
strings,  
The which he plucked and sang  
So sweet the gulls on silent wings  
Would o'er the roller sing.

He said the mermaids swooned to  
hear  
This handsome youth so brown.  
And if that's true, why then I fear  
The harper didn't drown.

♦ ♦  
WAIT A WHILE  
Old Maid (hopefully): Who's under the bed?  
Voice: Nobody but us shoes.  
Old Maid: Aw, heck!—Owl.

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TRAGEDIES OF LIFE

"Why did you quit your job?"  
 "The boss was so bowlegged I fell through his lap."—Longhorn.

HOT STUFF

Prof: What can you tell about Elizabeth, the virgin queen of England?

Student: As a queen she was mighty successful.—Royal Gaboon.

OR WALK BACK

Hey gal, how about goin' for a ride with me tonight?  
 I'll be tickled to death.—Red Cat.

MODERN NURSERY RHYME

Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
 Wonder what the hell you are.  
 Up above the world so high,  
 Must have been that gosh-darn rye.—Lyre.

WEAK?

Brunette: "So you let him park his car."

Blonde: "I did like fun."

Brunette: "Yes, that's my weakness, too."—Log.

PLEASE LADY

She had just received a beautiful skunk coat from her husband.

"I can't see how such wonderful furs come from such a low, foul-smelling little beast."

"I don't ask for thanks, dear," said her husband, "but I really must insist on respect."—Drexerd.

Fresh: "Heard you were engaged."

Frosh: "Yeah, two weeks."

Fresh: "Kissed her yet?"

Frosh: "No, but I think I could."  
 —Zip'N Tang.

SHUCKS!

Small Girl: "Mother, if I grow up will I have a husband like pap?"

Mother: "Yes, dear."

"And if I do not get married, will I be an old maid like Aunt Susan?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Well, I am in a fix."—Flamingo.

"Why did Joe get sore at his blind date?"

"She forgot and asked him for a ticket after each dance."—Juggler.

LOYALTY

"Oy, I am dying—send for a priest queeck."

"Vat, Abie, you don't vant a rabbi?"

"I should gif heem smallpox? Call for a priest."—Bison.

NICE

He (admiringly): What a wonderful shape to your new bustle, my dear:

She: Sir, I have no bustle.

—Bison.

WELL, WELL

City Slicker: "Are those cows?"

Farmer Brown: "Yessir."

City Slicker: "Pretty, aren't they?"

Farmer Brown: "Not unless you're a bull, mister."—Pitt Panther.

NEWS

First Chorine—Did you tell any one of your secret marriage.

Second Chorine—No; I'm waiting for my husband to sober up—I want him to be the first one to know.—Life.

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Father—Tell me frankly, does my daughter let any one neck her?  
Honest Young Man—Yes, sir, any one.—Mountain Goat.

**VERSION**

The ultimate in women's clothes is achieved when they can feel the coolest and look the hottest.  
—Rammer-Jammer.

**LINDSEY'S STUFF**

George: Yes, sir, if I ever get married it will be strictly a companionate marriage.  
Mary: What! No kidding?  
—Bison.

**SUBSTITUTION**

Night Watchman—"Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?"  
"No, sir."  
Night Watchman—"Here, then, hold my lantern."—Dirge.  
"You remind me of Lady Godiva."  
"Why? I never rode around town on a white horse."—Jack o' Lantern.

Farmer—I would like to buy a double-barreled shotgun, please.  
Clerk—Why, Mr. Jones, I didn't know you had a daughter.—Froth.

"I just got back from Venice; nice place, isn't it?"

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

Reporter—"I've got a perfect news story."

Editor—"The man bite the dog?"  
Reporter—"Naw; a bull! threw a congressman."—Battalion.

"Mrs. Clancy, your child is badly spoilt.

"Gwan wid yez!"  
"Well, if ye don't believe me, come and see what the steam roller just did to him."—Goblin.

Wife: Do you know that you haven't been home for four nights?  
Absent Minded Prof: Ye gods! Where have I been going?  
—Georgia Tech, Yellow Jacket.

**THE GANGSTER SPEAKS**

"How are your children getting along?"  
"Oh, fine. Tony wants to be a racketeer, and Molly wants to be a chorus girl."  
"But what happened to Al?"  
"Oh, we had to kill him. He wanted to go to college."  
—Wampus.

"George broke up my party the other evening. He started to tell a naughty story and I had to send him home."

"Well?"  
"But all the rest followed him to hear the end of it."—The Medley.

There's a story going 'round about the Scotchman who wanted to smoke monogrammed cigarettes, so he changed his name to Chesterfield.  
—Owl.

"You never smoked in bed before we were married, Henry."  
—Michigan Gargoyle.

"That means fight where I come from."  
"Well, why don't you fight?"  
"Cause I ain't where I'm from."  
—Purple Cow.

A Scotchman was crossing the ocean. Upon arriving in Scotland, he found this telegram awaiting him:  
"Your life's body was found on the shore of France; clinging to it was a valuable specimen of fish worth \$2,000. Wire us instructions immediately."  
To which he replied: "Send me the \$2,000 and throw back the bait."  
—Wet Hen.

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UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

"We're going to give a bride a shower."

"Count me in. I'll bring the soap."  
—Punch Bowl.

♦ ♦

"You've heard of Naples, the famous Italian port, haven't you?"

"No. How much is it a bottle?"  
—Punch Bowl.

♦ ♦

Peggy: Harry was held up last night by two men.

Joyce: Where?

Peggy: All the way home.  
—Stone Mill.

♦ ♦

Game Warden: Have you ever shot a doe?

Rastus: No, suh, but ah've rapped on lots of dem.—Panther.

♦ ♦

First Student: That girl must have a good family tree.

Second Student: Why?

First Student: Notice the limbs.  
—The Gargoyle.

♦ ♦

"Shall I take you to the zoo?"

"No. If they want me they'll come after me."—Puppet.

She: It don't matter whether I wear chiffon or velvet you like me anyway, don't you?

He: I'll always love you through think and thin.—Wampus.

♦ ♦

Jill: Why do you keep looking at your trousers?

Jack: I don't like them.

Jill: Why? They fit like gloves.

Jack: That's why I don't like them. I want them to fit like pants.

—Green Gander.

♦ ♦

A young lady who had missed her train was stranded in a small country station.

"Where can I spend the night," she asked an old man nearby.

"I dunno," he said. "I guess you'll hafta sleep with the station agent."

"Sir," exclaimed the girl. "I'll have you know I'm a lady."

"That's all right," said the old timer, "So is the station agent."

—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

♦ ♦

"Let's make whoopee."

"Naw, too much trouble. Let's buy it."—Medley.

"I fainted and they brought me to. So I fainted again."

"Why?"

"Well, then they brought me two more."—Columns.

♦ ♦

"A penny for your thoughts."

"A penny, hell. It's the kind of think you pay \$8.80 a seat for on Broadway."

—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

♦ ♦

"Now," said the college man to his dad at the football game. "You'll see more excitement for two dollars than you ever saw before."

"I don't know," replied the old gent, "that's what my marriage license cost."

♦ ♦

"What's your occupation, Blawney?"

"I'm a poet, Klengensmith. I scan meters for the gas company."

—Pitt Panther

♦ ♦

OH! BOY!

"Did you go to the dance?"

"Goodness, gracious, did they have a dance, too?"—Octopus.



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## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

"Go and never dampen my door again!" said the old lady to her pup.  
—*Cajoler*.

Englishman: "Hi say, what's that hawful noise houtside?"

American: "That's an owl."

Englishman: "Hi know bally well hit's an 'owl, but 'oo in 'ell's 'owl-ing?"—*Purple Parrot*.

Mother—I'll teach you to kiss my daughter.

Engineer—Too late, I've learned already.—*Drexerd*.

If they keep looking for more difficult golf courses, it'll be foolhardy to walk out on your front porch with your mouth open.—*Masquerader*.

"Did you have any stage experience before?"

"Yeah, I had my leg in a cast once."—*Kitty Kat*.

"Your daughter is expected to come around all right, sir; we are giving her artificial respiration."

"My God! She's all I've got; give her the real thing."—*Lamphoon*.

Fond Wife (to returning husband at summer resort): "Oh, darling, I'm so glad you've come. We heard that some idiot had fallen over the cliff and I felt sure it was you."—*Yellow Jacket*.

A college boy boarded the train, entered a sleeper, and tipped the six-foot porter liberally to put him off at Podunk.

"I'm a very hard sleeper," said the young man, "and you must take no notice of my protests. Seize me and put me out on the platform."

The next morning he woke up to find himself still on the train, steaming into New York. Raging with

fury, he found the porter and began to bawl him out in strong language.

"I say, suh," replied the great negro, calmly, "you've got a bit o' temper, but it ain't nothin' compared with the young feller I put out of the train at Podunk."—*Ranger*.

### CAUGHT

A poor little ugly ducky  
That wandered into town  
Became very much embarrassed  
When he found his pants were  
down.—*Princeton Tiger*.

Are you familiar with college girls?

Yes, invariably.—*Pitt Panther*.

Motor Cop: Hey, you! Didn't you hear me say, "Pull over, there?"

Driver: Why I thought you said "Good afternoon, Senator."—*Yale Record*.

"What is that tough-looking fellow over there?"

"Why, that's Slippy Munzo, the noted Detroit gunman. He has shot down and killed twenty-three men."  
"Really!"

"Yes, only three more and he wins the district championship; then he gets to shoot in the championship round against the Chicagoans."—*Notre Dame Juggler*.

Old Maid—"Has the canary had its bath yet?"

Servant—"Yes, ma'am. You can come in now."—*V. P. I. Skinner*.

Little Boy (to parson)—"Please pray for my father's floating kidney."

Parson—"But I can't pray for any one thing like that."

Little Boy—"Well, you prayed for the loose livers the other day."—*Annapolis Log*.

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Wife—Remember now, meet me at the Blitzmore at twelve for lunch.

Lawyer Husband—Very well, dear but please be there by one, as I have an appointment with a lady client at two, and I can't wait any longer than three if I'm to meet her at four.  
—*Pointer*.

She—"Will you ever stop loving me?"

He—"Well, I have an eight o'clock class."—*Wittenberg Witt*.

### LIKE STOCKS

"You charge too much for your rabbits."

"But rabbits are an investment, sir."—*Lamphoon*.

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PROBLEM

John and his date drive due north at a speed of 45 m. p. h. Joe and his date drive due south at 20 m. p. h. and stop in 36 minutes. Both parties are gone three hours, yet Joe gets further than John.—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

♦ ♦

EVILS OF DELAY

"Where'd you get that black eye?"  
 "I kissed the bride."  
 "But I thought that was the custom!"  
 "Not two months after the ceremony, it isn't."—*Caveman.*

♦ ♦

DISDAIN

The haughty Senior girl sniffed disdainfully as the tiny Freshman cut in. "And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?" she inquired nastily.

The Freshman hung his head with shame. "I'm sorry, ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through college and your partner was waving a five-dollar bill at me."—*Purple Parrot.*

NECESSARY

A student was recently confronted in a dark alley by a yegg-man.

"Hand over your money or I'll blow your brains out," snarled the stickup artist.

"Blow away," was the calm reply. "You can go to college without brains, but you must have money."—*Longhorn.*

♦ ♦

PAGE GODIVA

"What we need," said one theatrical manager to another, "what we need is publicity—something novel and exciting to stir up the public."

"How about having a naked woman ride down Broadway on a white horse?"

"Perfect! I haven't seen a white horse in this town for years."—*Texas Ranger.*

♦ ♦

Cannibal Chief: What's for dinner?

Chef: A missionary and a college boy.

Cannibal Chief: Serve the missionary—I'm in no mood for canned meat.—*Bell Hop.*

JUST A WHILE

Customer: "I don't like the flies in here."

Waiter: "Sorry, sir, there'll be some new ones in tomorrow."

♦ ♦

FAIR PLAY

Mother: "Mary, did you neck with that fello wlast night?"

Mary: "Do you think he came from Yonkers to hear me sing?"—*Medley.*

♦ ♦

And the trouble with most philosophy students is that they're always getting Descartes before the horse.—*Washington Columnns.*

♦ ♦

"Didn't you say your dog's bark is worse than his bite?"

"Yes."  
 "Then for goodness' sake don't let him bark. He just bit me."—*Illinois Siren.*

♦ ♦

"And what did you do when you caught that man making love to your wife?"

"Carried him out and introduced him to a real baby."—*Battalion.*

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 HIGHEST HONOR IF YOU  
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MAY 10TH.

*Here's to the lips that often smile  
 And a face that glows with cheer,  
 Here's to a heart that still sings on  
 Be the hours glad or drear;  
 Here's to the eyes whose happy light  
 Is ever kind and true,  
 Here's to the one I'm thinking of  
 Dear Mother mine, it's you!*

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