



# UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA DESERT WOLF

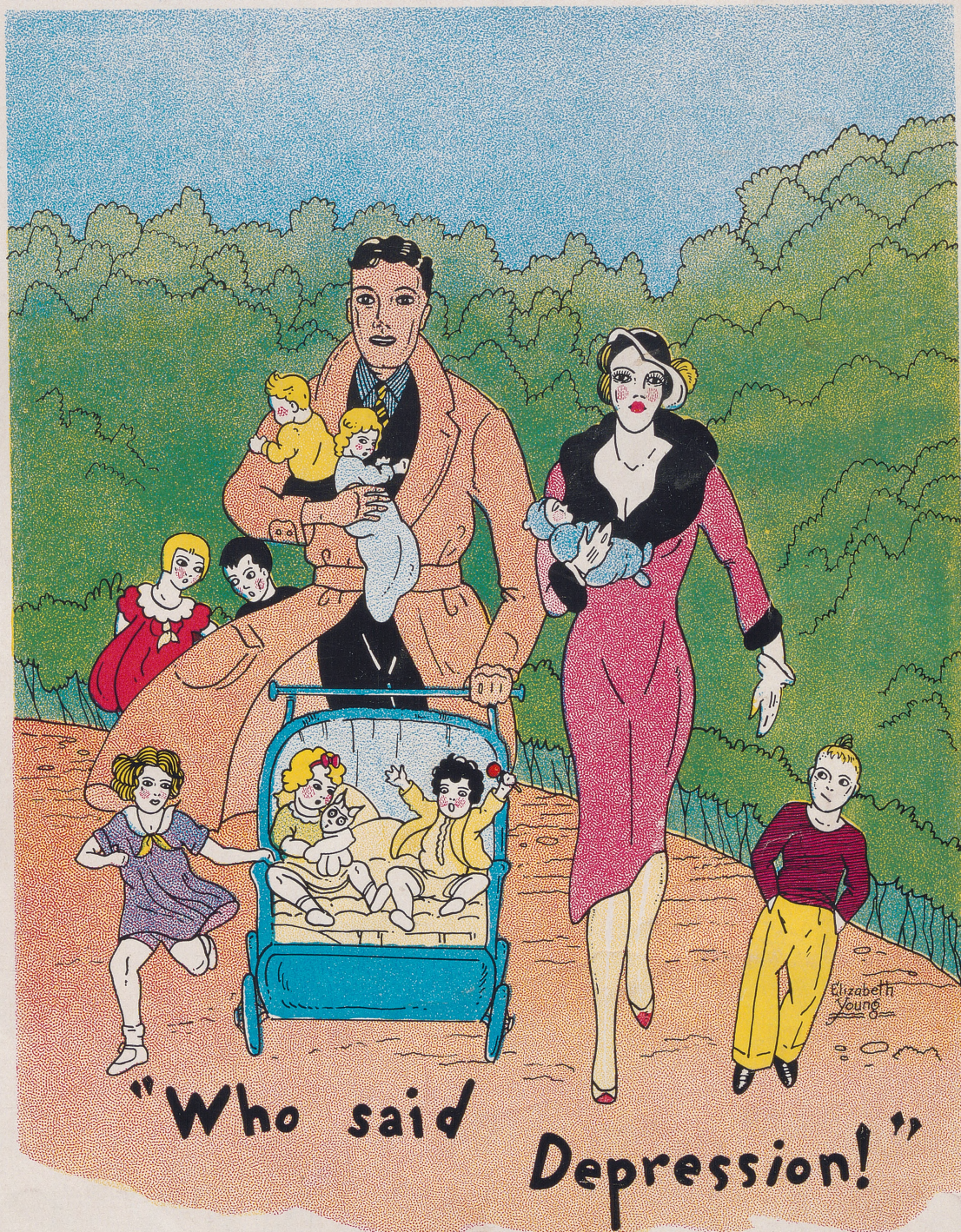
OCTOBER

1931



PRICE

30c



"Who said  
Depression!"

Quality Always ...  
—Always for Less

RENO'S BUSIEST  
DEPARTMENT STORE

J. C. PENNEY CO.  
SECOND · AND · SIERRA · STREETS

Donated by the family of Phyllis Anker Bendure  
2021

# BACK THE DESERT WOLF ADVERTISERS

---

Armanko Stationery	Lindley & Co.	Reno Grocery
Aiken Drug Co.	Life Savers	Riverside Bank
•	•	Riverside Flower Shoppe
Block N	Monarch Cafe	Reno National Bank
•	Mayberry's	Reno Printing Co.
Crystal Confectionery	Majestic Theatre	•
Crescent Creamery	•	H. E. Saviers & Son
College Humor	Nevada Smoke Shop	Sunderland's
Chesterfield	New York Life	•
•	•	Tip-Top
Eddy Floral Co.	O'Brien Mortuary	•
•	Overland Cafe	Union Ice Co.
First National Bank	•	•
Granada Theatre	J. C. Penney & Co.	Virginia Inn
Gypsy Tea Shop	Platt & Sinai	•
•	Paterson's	Waldorf
Harvey's Q-ne-Q	•	Wandling's Fur House
Herz & Bro.	Reno Meat Co.	Washoe Wood and Coal
Herzog's Cigar Store	Reno Riding Club	Wigwam Theatre
Hobart Estate	Ross-Burke	Wilson Drug Co.
•	Reno Laundry	Wolf Den
Kingston Drug Co.		Wonder

---

# WOLF DEN

BIGGER  
AND BETTER  
THAN EVER

*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.*



"I hear Dora was married last night."

"Yeh? Who gave the bride away?"

"I could have if I had wanted to, but I kept my mouth shut."—*Boston University Beanpot.*



*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 Drexler.*

SAMUEL PLATT  
JOHN S. SINAI  
**PLATT & SINAI**  
*Attorneys at Law*

First National Bank Building  
Suite 322 Telephone 5178

# WASHOE Wood & Coal Yard

H. C. Madsen, Proprietor  
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF  
WOOD AND COAL  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
Castle Gate, King, Rock Springs Coals  
Dial 3322  
Office: 328 East Sixth Street Reno, Nevada

*Teacher:* In the sentence, "I saw the girl climb the fence," how many "I's" would you use?

*S. A. E.:* Both of 'em, teacher.—*Green Gander.*



*The moose?  
Now that you ask  
I wouldn't choose  
To be a moose—  
His horns look  
Much too loose.*

—*Yale Record.*



"Say, where did you get the baby? I didn't know you were married."

"I'm not married, but I was taking a correspondence course in Marriage and Married Life, and I got the installments mixed."—*Stanford Chapparel.*

# O'BRIEN'S MORTUARY

FUNERAL DIRECTORS  
*"Service of Sincerity"*

Lady Assistant

Phone 5481, 220 West Second Street

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

Where Every Meal Is a Pleasant Memory

**OVERLAND CAFE**

Excellent Merchants Lunch  
Special Evening Dinners

238 North Center Street                      Reno, Nevada

ICE CREAM      SOFT DRINKS

*The College Store*

The Home of Originality in Fresh Made Candies

**CRYSTAL  
CONFECTIONERY**

GEORGE KOUVELAS

215 North Virginia Street                      Phone 3642

*Dad:* "Son, I never kissed a girl until I met your mother. Will you be able to say the same to your son?"

*Son:* "No, Dad; not with such a straight face."—*Gaboon.*



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

"Why?"

"Well, then they brought me two more."

—*Washington Columns.*



"What's the difference between a snake and a flea?"

"A snake crawls on its own stomach, but a flea's not so particular."—*Purple Parrot.*

Your Collegiate Drug Store

VICTOR CINE CAMERAS

To Film Your College Days

**WILSON'S FOUNTAIN**

"The Place of Quality"

PHARMACISTS

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

DIAL 3177                                      MASONIC TEMPLE

*Girl, in book store:* "Do you keep 'The Divine Women'?"

*Clerk:* "Not on my salary."

—*Penn. State Froth.*



"I understand you are putting a new roof on the Pi Phi house."

"That will cover a multitude of sins."—*Iowa State Frivol.*



It seems, dear one—I cannot tell  
I fear it would not do me well.

For if your best friend won't tell you  
Why should I?



"You're an apt boy. Is your sister apt, too?"

"If she gets a chance she's apt to."—*Showme.*

**What Ho!...**

All You Modern Lady Godivas and Paul Reveres

GO RANCHO . . . .

"Make Your Hobby a Horse"

**RENO RIDING CLUB**

Peckham Road                      Dial O—Call Reno 19F21

Free Transportation

THE UNION ICE  
COMPANY

WOOD COAL ICE  
REFRIGERATORS

*Ask Your Ice Man*

Verdi Highway Phone 5145

Member of National Selected Morticians  
by Invitation

ROSS-BURKE CO.

*Funeral Directors*

WHERE SERVICE IS MORE THAN  
A MERE WORD

Corner Fourth and Sierra Streets Phone 4154

*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.*



"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.*

"She returned his A. T. O. pin?"

"Yes. Tough on him, isn't it?"

"I'll say. He happens to be a Phi Sig."

—*Purple Parrot.*



"O, no, wer'e not superstitious at our house at all; why, we think nothing of sleeping thirteen in a bed."—*Purple Parrot.*

*Meet the Gang...*

At the Sign of the Big N

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

SOFT DRINKS

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS

BILLIARDS



BLOCK N

210 North Virginia St., Phone 8825

RENO  
LAUNDRY



*The Only Laundry  
That Specializes in*

FIRST CLASS FINISH WORK



229 East Plaza Street  
Dial 5471

## MONARCH CAFE

*Where the University Eats*



Virginia Street

## RENO GROCER COMPANY

WHOLESALE GROCERS



P. O. Box 8003—Phone 5611  
432-442 North Virginia Street, Reno

S'PICIOUS!

"Pardon me, Helen, I think you dropped your chemise."

"Oh, thanks a lot, Dick. I would never have noticed it. Isn't that my brassiere sticking out of your pocket?"

"No, I got that off Betty. But here are your bloomers."

"Oh, good. At last I've got all my clothes

together. Now, Dick, come on over here beside me and help me put them on."

"Oke, Helen, but you'll have to show me how they go. This'll be a swell window display when that dummy is dressed."—*Widow*.



*Captain*: "All hands on deck; the ship is leaking!"

*Voice from below*: "Aw, put a pan under it and c'mon to bed."—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

## ARMANKO STATIONERY CO.

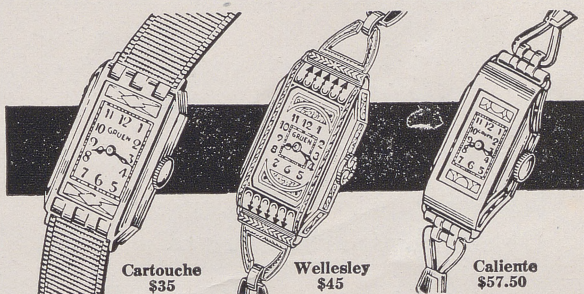
*Textbook Depository for  
University of Nevada*

COLLEGE SUPPLIES

Fountain Pens and Pencils  
Writing Paper with U. of N. Seal  
Pennants—Pillow Tops  
Corona and Underwood  
Portable Typewriters

152-156 North Virginia Street  
Phone 3148

## GRUEN Wrist Watches



HERE IS A TRULY REMARKABLE WATCH VALUE!

A dainty, smart wristlet, created by Gruen, with 15-jewel Guild movement

You have a wide selection to choose from, here at our store

R. HERZ & BRO., INC.

STRENGTH - COURTESY - EFFICIENCY

COMMERCIAL - SAVINGS - TRUST

# FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Reno, Nevada

All Departments Conducted Under National Bank Regulations and Examined by U. S. Government Officials

*Her*: "I don't know whether to buy a brass or mahogany bed."

*Him of the coat*: "Lady, you can't go wrong on a brass bed."

She took the mahogany one.—*Arizona Kitty Kat*.

✱

Be careful, boys. Every plump female will lie in weight for you.—*South Dakota Wet Hen*.

✱

*Tommy*: "Well, I'll be hanged if I won't marry you."

*Rita*: "No, you won't. You see—er—a—Daddy doesn't know our little secret."—*Punch Bowl*.

✱

*Fraternity house rules*:

*No liquor allowed in rooms.*

*Do not throw bottles out of windows.*

—*Purple Parrot*.

*Voice on police station telephone*: "Officer, a burglar broke into the Old Maids' Home and they caught him. Could you send someone down to take him into custody?"

*Cop*: "Sure. Who's this calling, please?"

*Voice, now with a Helen Morgan tear*: "The burglar."—*Michigan Aggrieved*.

✱

"I lost my pin last night."

"Didn't your girl have it?"

"I asked her, but she said, 'Search me!'"

"Well, that's tough. Are you going out again tonight?"

"Yes, I am going to do a little research tonight."—*Dirge*.

✱

## TRIPLE THREAT MAN

Kicks—when there is nothing else to do.

Passes—the buck at every chance.

Runs—(in his mind) the affairs of the campus.—*Arizona Kitty Kat*.

# CRESCENT CREAMERY

*Pasteurized Milk and Cream*

BUTTER, CHEESE, COTTAGE CHEESE

Telephone 4106

Reno, Nevada



NEVADA DESERT WOLF



THE DESERT WOLF PACK

Copyright, 1931, by Associated Students of University of Nevada—Exclusive reprint rights granted to CollegeHumor Magazine.

- JOHN MARIANI . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
- HUGH COOPER . . . . . *Business Manager*
- HELEN MONTROSE . . . . . *Women's Manager*
- KATHRYN MCCORMACK . . . . . *Assistant Manager*



TRYEES: LITERARY AND SECRETARIAL

- |                 |                    |                    |
|-----------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| Jerry Bingaman  | Blythe Bulmer      | Virginia Garside   |
| Ruth Brown      | Denver Dickerson   | Helen Rogers       |
| Nadine Fischer  | Fern Hansen        | Constance Phillips |
| Teresa Glennon  | Faye Lewis         | Kay Hansen         |
| Ina Johnson     | Peggy Johnson      | Edith McLaughlin   |
| Ellen McFarland | Jack Myles         | Eddy Lozano        |
| Dorothy Rose    | Virginia Murgotten | Lloyd Leonard      |
| Jean Sauer      |                    | Gladys Morris      |



TRYEES: BUSINESS STAFF

- |                  |                |                 |
|------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| John Fulmis      | Alfred Gregory | Wilbur Hannibal |
| George Johnson   | Ted Moore      | James Cazier    |
| Jack Quaid       | Mary Donaldson | Bernard Mergen  |
| Elizabeth Cazier |                | Jack Blakely    |



*"Say, didn't anyone ever tell you about Listerine?"*



*"Oh! By the way, clerk, give me a bucket of lard!"*

## Jokes we hope you haven't heard before!

*(And don't blush)*

Edited by Denver Dickerson and Ed Lozano

"Say, wanna go out to Belle's?"

"No, too many drunks."

"Well, can't they make room for one more?"

✦

When the Jack-a-rack-a-ruckus  
saw the zebra,  
He switched his tail and said—  
"Great guns and little pistols,  
That mule has been in jail."

✦

*Cycle of a freshman's thought:*

*"The trees, the birds, the bees;  
The wind, the skirts, the knees;  
Oh damn those sorority teas."*

"That's a cute dog you've got. What do you call him?"

"We call her Michael."

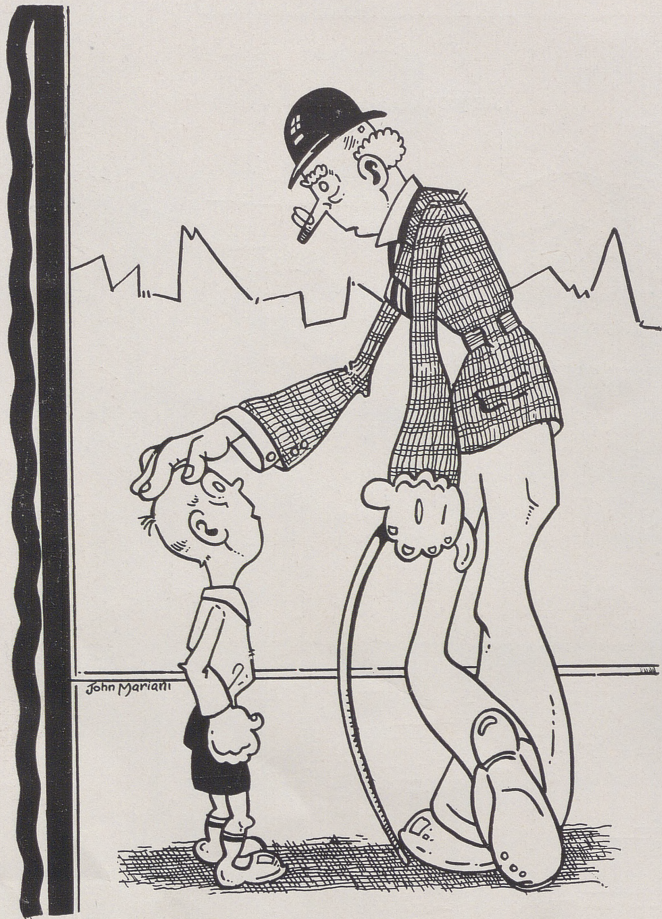
"You call *her* Michael?"

"Yea, to fool the other dogs in the neighborhood."

✦

*Physician, to male patient:* "I find nothing wrong with your heart, my good man. I see no reason for your spasmodic breathing while I am examining you."

*Patient:* "Aw, I like you, Doc."



"And what does your father do,  
little boy?"

"I don't know, sir; he left home  
twenty-five years ago."

"Holy Gee," said the bedbug to the flea,  
"You bite her on the ankle  
And I'll bite her on the knee."  
So they both went marching through  
Georgia.

*Street Sweeper:* "Did you hear about the  
circus coming to town next week?"

*Another Street Sweeper:* "Consarn it!  
That postpones my vacation again."

The King is all man; spread the glad tid-  
ings and all join in our new national anthem:  
"God save the Queen."

Rally 'round the table, boys,  
And hear my tale of woe.  
I'll tell you 'bout my woman  
Whose passion was forty below.  
I followed her from Singapore,  
I was always on the run.  
You can imagine my embarrassment  
When I found she was a nun.

One co-ed to another: "My boy friend is  
just like a monkey."

"Oh, you don't say; and why is that?"

"Well, he is always playing around the  
limbs."

Hope: "My father's Scotch."

Less: "Why, because he's close."

Hope: "No, because he was born in Scot-  
land."

"My but that cow has a big neck."

"That's no cow."

"My but that lady has a big neck."

"That's no lady."

"My but your wife has a big neck."

"That's no neck."

*Customer:* "Say, I bought this ink here to-  
day and I'm bringing it back."

*Clerk:* "You asked for vanishing ink,  
didn't you?"

*Customer:* "Hell, yes; but I didn't expect  
it to vanish before I got the cork out of the  
bottle."

"Why wouldn't your mother let you join  
the Pie Flies?"

"Because she heard that they weren't par-  
ticular about wearing clothes."

## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

Did you ever hear tell that all anatomy students don't get all their knowledge from books? Now I wonder.

✿

*She was a farmer's daughter,  
He was an iceman's son.  
And now they are the parents  
Of a traveling salesman.*

✿

*Warden:* "Well, young man, they're about to give you the juice. Have you any last request?"

*Condemned Criminal:* "Yeah, make it orange juice."

✿

"What do you do?"  
"I make honey."  
"I thought bees made honey."  
"Not my honey."

✿

*Farmer:* "Pardon me, sir, but I am looking for my daughter."

*Traveling Salesman:* "Well, what am I supposed to do, cry?"

*Farmer:* "Cripes, no; marry her!"

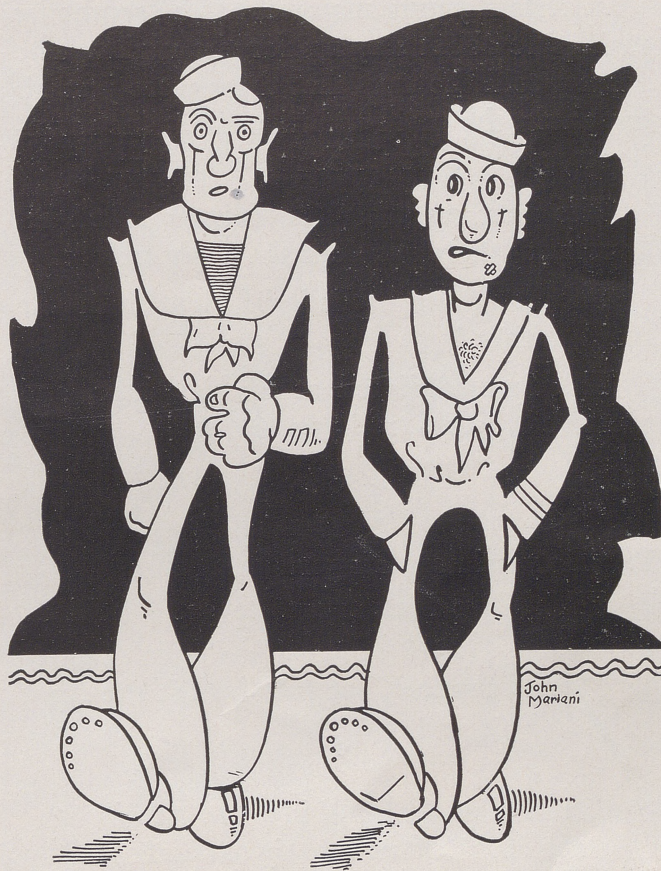
✿

*Fond Father:* "Young man, I am overjoyed that you are going to marry my daughter; it will be the making of her."

*He:* "Right."

✿

*There once was a girl named Sally,  
Who hailed from Mexicali.  
To Reno she went,  
Her money she spent,  
And now she's working in Douglas Alley.*



*"You know, my girl is just like a battleship."*

*"Why? Because she has so many ways of defending herself?"*

*"No, because so many men work on her!"*

---

*He:* "Let's play strip poker."

*She:* "Do we have to play poker?"

✿

*Doctor, to daughter who is to be married:*  
"Now remember, daughter, if you ever think you are going to become a mother, I want you to consult with me."

*Bride-to-be:* "Is there anyone in the consultation room now, father?"

A certain young man went to a farmhouse to inquire about staying for the night. The farmer told the man that there were just his daughter, the maid and himself at the farmhouse, so there would be room for him.

The next morning the farmer asked his daughter where she slept the night before.

The daughter replied, "I slept with the maid, father."

The farmer glared at his daughter, and sputtered, "The devil you did!"

\*

1. "Do you know Ginger?"
2. "Yeh, I've been trying to get a hold of her."
1. "I tried that too, but got a bust in the eye."

\*

*"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" doesn't apply to chickens.*

\*

A very distressed woman walked into Sherlock Holmes' office and cried, "Sir, I've lost my honor."

And would you believe it, in fifteen minutes he had her honor back.

\*

*She: "What's the matter with you; why are you late?"*

*Iceman: "Well, you see, madam, I got a little behind on the third floor."*

\*

A cowboy druggist was left in charge of the store for several hours and the boss, upon his return, asked: "How did you get along?"

"Fine," answered the C. D., "a fella came in two hours ago for something for his asthma and I gave him a dose of salts. He's still standing on the corner afraid to sneeze."

Page Twelve

*Fat Lady, to clerk: "I would like a young ladies' waist."*

*Clerk: "I don't blame you, Madam, but we can't help you. You will have to see a massager."*

\*

*Little boy, to grandmother: "Granny, how many children did you have?"*

*Grandma: "Five, dearest."*

*Little boy: "How many did Grandpa have?"*

\*

*Old maid in dog store: "I want a big police dog."*

*Clerk: "Here's one, madam, that will keep prowlers away."*

*Old maid: "I don't want him, then."*

\*

*Father, in hallway: "Say, what's all that panting going on in there?"*

*Daughter: "Oh, that's just the dog, father."*

*Father: "Well, tell the dog to go home."*



*"My, this is a soft davenport you have."*

*"Yes, that's just what your husband said."*

## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

*He:* "I was out with a nice dish last night."

*2nd He:* "Did she give you the same old 'don't go any further' stuff?"

*He:* "Yeh, but I fooled her; I came closer."

✻

Like the moon in a peaceful sky  
Is the girl for whom I sigh.  
Like the sunbeams in the spray  
Is the girl with whom I'd like to play.

✻

*Little Pupil:* "Mary had a little lamb—"

*2nd Little Pupil:* "Gosh, what a woman."

✻

(Oh, Oh!)

Is there choice between the two?  
Well, I'll leave it up to you;  
For night without the day is sad  
But with only day we'd all go mad.

✻

*He:* "Let's get married."

*She:* "Oh! this is so sudden. Let's call our sonny and find out what he thinks."

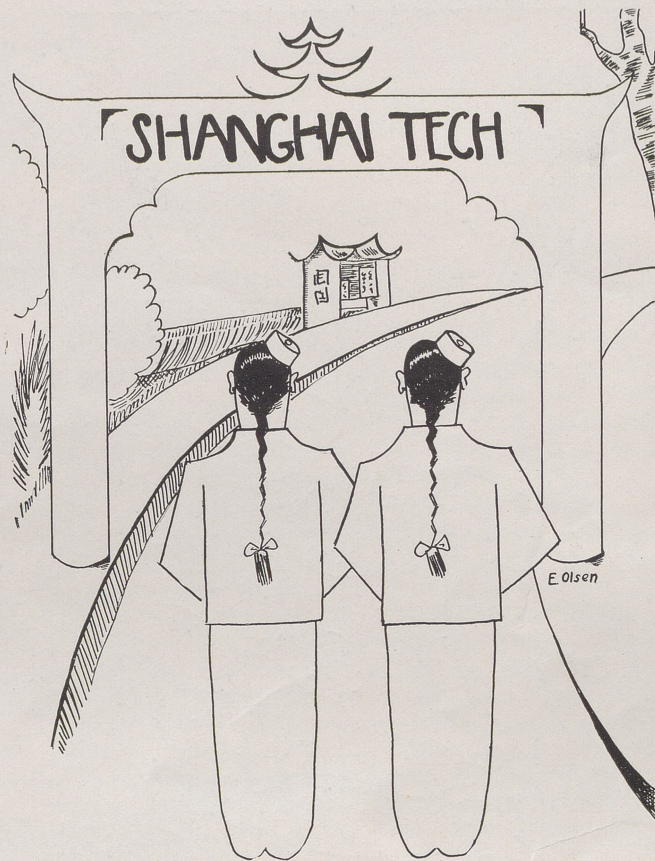
*He:* "Oh, no; that won't get over. My old man tried that."

✻

*You say that I am fickle,  
Rather insincere;  
That I'm not really blue  
When I'm not with you.  
Well, to tell you the truth,  
You aren't worth it, dear.*

✻

How sweet the stars above me shine,  
They circle 'round this head of mine.  
I hear the birds sing in the trees,  
And hear the buzzing of the bees.  
More sweetness, dear, than can be said  
Is made by pounding on the head.



"Say, what tong are you going?"

Oh! the hand I held last night!  
It was a lovely thing;  
It thrilled my very soul—  
Four aces and a king!

✻

Love is the essence of delight.  
Fair one, wilt thou turn off the light?  
To find this magic essence  
We will try.

But the threat'ning three-foot circle  
I do not dare go nigh,  
For fear my dream will end there  
In a disappointed sigh.

✻

I love you dear, your eyes are like  
The starlit nights at sea.  
E'en at the six-foot circle  
You are a dream to me.

*One botany student:* "When does a cow-slip?"

*Second b. s.:* "During the bullrush."

✿

"A garbage man died and left \$75,000 to his widow."

"H-m-m, that's good can money, isn't it?"

✿

Says the kitchen cynic: "The bathtub is not a suitable frame for my anatomy."

✿

Origin of famous last words:

*Moses:* "Imagine my embarrassment when the lights went on."

*Eve to Adam:* "Who was that lady I seen you with last night."

*Caesar to Octoria:* "You're not so hot."

*King Henry the VIII:* "Give 'em the ax."

✿

*We want to know:*

Does the traveling salesman ever get tired of the farmer's daughter (or vice versa)?

Did little Johnnie ever get his business with his teacher over? Or

Did Pat and Mike ever settle their argument?

✿

The rain drip, drip, dripped through the quince blossoms

Making a spotted carpet of petals on the wet brown earth;

The tall white flags gravely held their heads aloof

While the rain washed their curly faces

And I looked down and laughed, for I had you by my side in the shelter of my roof. (Imagine that.)



"Hey! Isn't that the captain down there?"

"Yea, I've just spotted him."



Founded in Rubbish Alley or the Pi Phi House  
(We Don't Know When)

The Best Dirt  
Chaser Since  
"Dutch Cleanser"

# Dirt Cheap

The  
Scandal of  
a Nation

The Next Issue Will Be Our Version of the "Talking Wheel," by Wire Spoke

WE WISH TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING PUBLISHED HEREIN

*This Issue's Feature:*

## DAYBREAK AT "THE WILLIES"

[Ed. Note—This could take place in most any nite club in the west, but we will call this one "The Willies," just for fun, and the action of this story taking place mostly on a Saturday night, of course Hartung and Adamson are present to avoid paying a cover charge at another club which we shall call "The Shed of Cows."]

A hearty knocking and ringing of bells summoned the doorman to his peephole, where he gazed questioningly at four young people with a sheepish and out-of-way look on their weary, worn faces.

"Who are you?" asked the man at the hole.

"What, you don't know me?" exclaimed the fellow in glasses. "I am The Hartung. And this fellow is a friend of mine."

"Yes, but don't those girls go to school," inquired the doorman.

"Of course not," answered the big shot. "Why this girl's name is Fern Hansen, a divorcee from California. And just because she dances with her eyes closed like Kathryn McCormack is no sign she has been associating with her. And you *should* remember Mr. Adamson, the fellow who always makes his impression on all the women out here by tipping so extravagantly. And the lady with him—ah, yes—the lady; this is none other than Miss Barnes. Why her very demeanor will add prestige to a place like this."

Overwhelmed by such eloquence, the doorman stood aside in reverence to let such a notable quartet pass.

Having safely crashed the gates of the forbidden palace of pleasure, every one in the party gave a sigh as they were taken to their seats by the head waiter. (And of course Adamson slipped him a dollar to keep up his good standing.)

Hartung at once excused himself and went to the bar to find what was not in stock so that he could act like a big-time boy and ask for it. The natural result was that each ordered a small glass of ginger ale and the girls even smoked a cigarette.

The big moment of the evening came when the crooner sang a sentimental song to Fern Hansen, while both Hartung and Adamson left the table to avoid paying the fifty cents or so which every crooner of songs is entitled to. The hours sped swiftly by, as hours always do, and while the crowd passed by in ever-growing merriment, the two playboys and their girl friends sat there with supercilious frowns on their faces.

Came three o'clock, and the party rose from the table and made its way to the cloakroom. They had robed themselves securely against the chill night air and were about to pass through the door, when it opened from the outside and a flying squadron of prohibition men filed in.

The expressions on their faces would have done good to the hearts of all and sundry. Hartung blanched, his eyes rolled, and his knees wobbled. He fainted and rolled under a rug and thus escaped from the general roundup. Miss Barnes turned up her snooty nose at a little snootier angle and attempted to walk right by the agents. But they were wise to her, and she spent the night in the county bastille. Adamson's ruddy complexion became even ruddier, but his nerves did not falter and he had only to mention his name to secure free passage for himself and Miss Hansen. All of which shows what a drag will do, even to getting back in school.

Of course, this all may be a dream, but ringside seats would be at a premium for such a show.

## THE DEPRESSION AGAIN

The depression certainly must have hit the Lambda Chi's hard. It seems that when their last telephone bill was due the poor boys couldn't collect enough nickels and dimes among themselves and their friends to satisfy the demands of the telephone company, and as a result said company very unfeelingly but none the less effectively cut off the service.

So here you have revealed the reason why there were no calls from the Lambda Chi house for awhile. But by dint of much gold digging and other hard effort the boys finally got the bill paid and service reinstated, and now may hold up their heads again among those who are more careful about whom they owe!

## FIND THE WOMAN

The latest campus mystery is found at the Beta Kappa house.

Who is the phantom woman who disturbs the calm of almost every midnight with a sudden telephone call?

What does she want, aside from a few minutes of amusement boobing the brothers?

A prize to the one who solves the puzzle—the Beta Kappas want that woman!

## THE RACE HORSE GETS TAPPED

"Cheez," grunted Light-Horse Harry Wilson as he turned over on his bed of steel shavings under the workbench.

"Cheez yourself," grunted Machine-Gun Butch, otherwise known as Lionel Jasper, as he rolled from under the table in the center of the room.

Wilson uncurled his long and limber legs and rose to his full height, glancing about from corner to corner.

"Where's de frail?" he spat out at last.

"You don't mean dat broad what Tear Gas Johnnie Fulmis brung in here last night?" asked the Butcher.

"No, pal; I mean dat blonde which was here when I rolled in from massacring dose brats. You know, de one dat said she was from de collitch, or maybe it was the colony, and wanted to get a yarn."

"Oh, yeah; I remember de moll," Butch said. "Cheez, she knew too much. The Racehorse, that's Poncia, said to burn her down. Cheez, she even knew about why Black Jack Bryan is in de hospital. Say, de dame even went there to ask him what he ever done to dat south side gang to get dose lugs in him. She was plenty smart. She knowed he don't have no doctor's knife in him for appendicitis. And when she asks him about de moll he is keeping over to de Northside hotel, he gets burned plenty and almost gets out of bed to get to her. The Dapper, dat's Cantlon, he asks her will she scam, and she asks will he go take a duck, so he trun her out of de window, but she don't smash worth a damn and hot-foots it over here hopin' we'll spill the dope.

"About that time I begins to wise up, so I thinks maybe she'll give me a little dirt on the other side for a little dirt here. So I asks her about it, but she don't squeal. About dat time the Big Boy comes in."

"What's dat moll doin' here," he asks, and his voice was not so soft, neither. "Ain't I told you I'll have no dames about the place?" Then he turns on her.

"Well, sister," says he, "What's up?"

"She just sits there.

"You better tell him," says I, "if you don't want a ride." But still she says nothin'. So pretty soon the Big Boy decides to give her the works, and asks me will I bring in Nick and Penny so's they can take her away. Then she seems a little scared and says she'll talk.

"The Big Boy asks her what she knows, so she spills the dirt about Waterfront Al Gregory musclin' in on our territory with the beer, and about how Dopey Davis is buyin' his snow from Lug-Lip Davenport, as he isn't supposed to, instead of from Limpy Delongchamps, who's now runnin' with our mob. Then she tells them that Wild Bill Kelly, who onct was the Big Boy's right-hand man, is now stoolin' for the dicks.

"When the Big Boy hears dat last he's so burnt he can't talk for a few minutes. But he takes a slug and asks her to go on. But she says she don't know no more. Den he slaps her a coupla times, but still she don't squeal. About den Racehorse come in

with Nick and Penny, and Racehorse goes right up to de blonde. It seems he must of knowed her, because he grabbed her by de arm and spins her halfway across de room. She turns white like a sheet, and her lips quiver some, but she don't give way, and the Racehorse gets plenty mad.

"Well," he says, 'ain't dis nice. So you come back, did ya? What happened to dat Epperson fellow, when ya was ridin' him all over town in dat Buick I lent ya? You know what dis means, I guess.' Den he turns to Nick and Bob, and he gets tears in his eyes, and he says, 'Okay, you rats, let's get done wit' dis job. I hate to do it, 'cause she was a good moll, but youse guys knows it ain't right. Let's scam.'

"So dey grabs de moll, and is just about to drag her outside when de door busts in, and dere is Tear Gas Johnnie wit' a big equalizer in each hand and one of dem looks o' his in his eyes. 'No you don't, Racehorse; I'll take care o' this. And if youse mugs don't like it—well, you can have it stuffed.'

"Well, de boys is up against it and they knows it. But they can't do nothin', so Tear Gas gets de dame and tells her will she hurry out to de car. Den he comes back into de room, still with his rods.

"I know I'm due for de spot when you ketch me," he says, 'but I'll tell you one thing, Racehorse, before the lug gets into me there'll be so much lead in you they'll melt you. Go ahead. Burn me down. But dis broad goes back to me pal, and if you starts out for me before twenty minutes you'd better phone the boys with the flowers first.'

"Then he taps each of the boys over the head once or twict and takes it on the lam. He don't bother me, because I'm three sheets under anyhow. Well, pretty soon de boys come to and hurry out, and I ain't heard nothin' of 'em since."

"Well, okay, pal. It's a good thing I was stiff and fell under dat bench. But let's not argue. Let's go out to Belle's. That's where all the gangsters go and we might hear some breeze about de moll and Johnnie."

## AND THERE YOU ARE—

The Pi Phi house is about ready for occupancy, and probably by the time you read this they will have moved in. The girls seem very thrilled, and one was heard to say that she would unconsciously go home at one on Saturday nights.

It must indeed be a thrill to think that you have saved for years, and to at last have your cherished dream come true. The house itself is very nice; we hope the girls keep it so. But you know how children are that aren't used to nice things—they simply go nuts. But we again hope that this won't be the case with these happy little girls.

Their house has already been an asset in the matter of getting the surprisingly large number of pledges that they did. They (in all good intentions) told the innocent girls that the house was paid for, but we won't linger on this point because it isn't our aim to disillusion small and unknowing girls.

Good luck to the Pi Phis, and may they find their house even more comfortable than Artemisia.

## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

### WORMS DON'T COME DOWN IN THE RAIN

This story comes to you through the medium of one who never tires of telling sense and nonsense about haps and mishaps which are continually in our daily life.

Worms don't come down in the rain, and so it is with the merry boys and girls whose vacations have ended, and who have trekked their way back to college. All have a purpose, all have an end in view. Science has thus explained everything except why a cop will pass a co-ed going sixty miles an hour to arrest a rah-rah boy who is doing thirty.

Here we are back at school, shaking hands with old pals, red appling profs, and dropping around to see the absent-minded prof. who forgot and passed us in his course last semester. Here we are back in Reno, where rapidly-increasing divorce rates has aided America in her boast, "The land of the free." There are still a lot of girls who don't want to get married, however. I know, because I ask them.

Speaking of girls, the frosh class has generously contributed to our ever-growing bouquet of co-eds. And this, in turn, reminds us that George Adamson has taken time off from pasting the campus with anti-sophomore handbills under the false pretension that it was the frosh who were responsible, to make his annual serenade upon the frosh fair sex.

School has truly started with a bang. The Sagebrush will continue another semester of weekly misprints, and the U. of N. will contribute nine hundred and twenty-four more to the six million already unemployed. But what I'm wondering is what in the world the Salvation Army is going to do when all the derby hats which our fair sex are wearing cease to be in vogue.

And another thing, if all the rah-rah boys and girls who are all gaga over college were placed end to end they would have a party that would put the notorious Sager affair in the background.

At this time we want to welcome all you students who are new to our institution (and may you accept?) the Desert Wolf as your roommates. We also wish to express our regrets to those who are not with us, although they intended to be. I mean those outsiders whose famous last words were: "Sure, I'm a resident of Nevada."

### OSCAR ROBINSON

We wouldn't use Oscar if we were not hard up for copy. He doesn't make a very good subject to write about, but then, any old port in a storm. Oscar is getting better every day (he couldn't get worse). Since he started to help Maestro Collonan direct the Wolves' Frolic chorus he is affecting artist ties, long hair and baggy clothes. But then, every scene must have its scenery. And what a scene that man makes. He is the one reason why Nevada probably won't get a Rhodes scholarship this year.

### ALL HAIL!

The Tri Delts copped the sorority derby, getting every girl that was in reach (in reach of one of their buttons). They are indeed quite proud of their feat, and they broadcast this fact to anyone who will stop long enough to talk to them. Their slogan is copied from a well-known cigarette. It runs as follows: "One will always stand out"; and the other is "True individuality." They decided that it would be going too far to say that "They Satisfy."

Their pledges hail mostly from out-of-town parts, around Susanville in the north, and Bunkerville in the south. Well, these girls will have something to tell their parents when they get home. They can also say that they have a real frigidaire in their house. But they really didn't buy it—it was presented by the Mothers' club. But a frigidaire is a frigidaire, even in an iceman's country.

THE WOLF is glad to award all prizes for the fast get-away in 1931 to the Thetas. While two of their most envied rivals have, with the customary bangs—*i. e.*, so-called teas—started the fall semester, these poor kiddies—*i. e.*, Thetas—are still trying to figure what goes on. It shows a truly independent spirit, the way these lassies refuse to entertain the campus.

### AND THEN THERE ARE THE QUIPS FROM THE FROLIC TRYOUTS

The sad tale of the wise-cracking freshman who answered the director's question as to former stage experience with the ancient, "Oh, yes; I had my leg in a cast once."

The caustic remarks of Director Harwood as he removed a couple of wiggling chorus girls from one chorus—for wiggling.

The equally caustic reply of Other Director Collonan as he maintained that the girls were all right, and the wiggling, too.

Scintillating wit breaking forth at intervals from the front row critics; wit, incidentally, that did *not* have a place in the show.

Oscar Robinson tearing his hair.

Collonan swearing. And Harwood frowning.

### CANTLON

It has been rumored around that Cantlon is beginning to wonder if such a high office is all gravy. At any rate he can't seem to find the time to devote to "Tick" that he used to. His secretary, it seems, is dividing her work among several subordinates so as to have more time for a certain dark-haired hot shot who claims to be from U. S. C. or regions thereabouts. You know, Cantlon, these men from Hollywood know more than some divorcees can teach college boys over a period of six weeks. Anyway, "Tick" seems to be enjoying the qualities that Hollywood has to offer.

## PICKED UP AROUND THE CAMPUS

Do you know what I heard a freshman girl say the other day? Well, several of them were talking about football men, which is entirely usual, and to be expected. But what she said that was different was this: "Football men look awful funny when you look at them real hard!"

It was also remarked that they (the football men) seem to find opportunity for a lot of good training out at Belle Livingstone's.

Speaking of Belle's, we hear that she employs a gigolo who has captured the fancies of most of our fair co-eds, but that the gentlemen of the campus hardly care at all for him; in fact, they don't even like him.

And speaking of gigolos, says the Campus Crank, why go to Belle's for one? The species is known to be existent on the campus, and one would think that it would be far easier to pick one up close at hand than to angle a way to get to the Cow Pen for a couple of hours. Of course, there is this consideration: The gigolo out there is already paid for his attentions, while around here a girl needs a certain amount of ways and means—

"Believe me, these night games aren't all they are cracked up to be, at all. Why, all the light was on the field, and you couldn't even see what anybody had on, or anything—" "And that isn't all. We started home right after the game, and I was never so near frozen in my life—. Of course, we had the front seat, but Tank was driving, and you know what that would be—."

Dan Trevitt's overcoat is still over at the Tri Delt house, in spite of these chilly nights. Not that we are trying to start anything, but we sort of wonder just what does that indicate?

Conversation about the "Get-together": "—and there I was—*stuck*. Just because I was a little friendly and obliging I had that dame around all evening." "—the big ham! Walking all over my feet!" "—so he said, 'How about tomorrow night, then—'" "—if you do you are talked about, and if you don't you are still talked about, so what is a girl going to do?" "But I really was awfully bored and tired and didn't feel like dancing anyway—" "Of all the funny things to wear to a campus dance!" "He is so darn conceited—" "Darn little snob; she's not so hot—"

### GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

Here is the man you want to marry. He never gets up nights for he uses our own Doake's Kidney Pills—no blanks in any package.

BY

**G. M. H. HARTUNG**

(We do not pay our advertisers)

### WILSON-ADAMSON LTD.

*Caterers to Small Girls*

Cheap Rates for Small Parties

**Tri Deltas Free on Saturday  
Nights**

Phone: Swede 5612

When writing to our advertisers, don't mention Dirt Cheap.—Watson Winchell, Editor.

Page Eighteen

## VIUCH

None other than demure little Mae Vuich breaks into print as this year's Lonesome Lover. Since Harcourt has steadfastly refused to let the one and only Great Gail Parsons out of her clutches, Mae finds spare time hanging heavily on her hands (that is, between week ends).

Time hangs heavily, so Vuich has decided that she is capable of handling the duties of the missing Black Pirate, and with this in mind the reorganization of the Blackies is complete. During week nights any male trio excluding What-a-Man Wilson, Lover Adamson, and Nigger Jackson, will be gladly accepted as dates (especially if they are Willows bound).

Week-end nights the Pirates as a whole will be a dead issue, for Mae cannot very well take Gastenega and Kibbee along with Buster. Since week-end dates are practically nil, it is going to be hard sledding for the Blackies, but Mae probably knew some good strings to pull when she put the Pirates back on the map.

## WILSON

Is the divorcee trade falling off, or has the versatile Fritz Wilson at last found his "one and only"? We are not sure that any Tri Delt can long hold the interest of this GREAT LOVER, but maybe the spell cast by that sweet little voice crooning vo-de-o-do to the accompaniment of a shiny uke proves to be something more or less novel to Fritz. Well, Tri Delt, if you want to keep your man make him stay away from the Riverside.

## LOST ART?

Is chivalry truly dead on this campus? Verily, it breaketh one's heart to consider a fair maiden trailing her long and flowing formal skirts in the dirt of the street and craning her fair neck to see if the chariot doth have a flat tire, while her gallant (?) knight doth sit in comfort and a tux upon the cushioned seat of said chariot.

As the moderns would say, "What doth be wrong with this picture?"

(Continued on Page 25)

# SKIRT, SKIRT STORIES AND POETRY

(A Section Devoted to the Literary Talent of the Staff)

Edited by HELEN MONTROSE

With this issue of the Wolf we have ventured into a field more or less neglected on this campus so far. We have printed contributions of a more—shall we say serious?—type, with the hope of encouraging the production of good literary work among students. We believe that there should be space in at least one of the Hill publications for such material, and are presenting the Literary Section in this magazine for your approval or disapproval. We welcome comment; we want to know whether or not you like it, and if you do we want contributions for the next issue. So read what we present here, and decide how you like it; upon your reactions depends the continuation of this section.—The Editor.

## As Swiftly Forgotten—

As a wrinkled old beggar, kindly, wise, who has seen life come and go. A cheerful old man who has had his share. Perhaps he smiles a bit with memories. Perhaps he, ashamed, wipes a tear from dimmed old eyes, then smiles again with a hope that all that has gone will be his once more.

Thus over the hill is a sleepy street, grass grown, almost forgotten. A swinging gate, a tumbled house. Staring windows, empty to the afternoon sun. Weeds waist high, catching in their web the wheels of an old buggy. A stalwart crabapple tree. A lilac bush, bravely flaunting lavender plumes, flirting to an empty door. A moss-choked spring; the stench of water-rotted grass.

Down the road the town store, its stones cool in the summer heat. Here still a post for Indians who remain faithful to their hills. A sun-warmed whittled bench. An open welcome door. Tom, the storekeeper, jovial, eager for news of a world that has forgotten; ever ready with tales of the great boom—when the rocky street was dusty with loaded wagons; when money and liquor were equally free; when the counter was worn smooth by trade with men who had found and lost their fortunes . . . The cool interior of the store. The smell of coffee and kerosene. Striped peppermints in a dirty, finger-smudged jar. A sack of potatoes. The pelt of a coyote; a bottled scorpion. Red apples and flour. Pickles in a tub. A mildewed cheese and a handy knife. Brilliant calico, and miners' stout

boots. Here mail is handed out twice a week. Then stolid squaws with serious-eyed papooses wait patiently for an allotment of tobacco, or a bit of sweet. Or perhaps a lined old buck with a rattlesnake band around his hat offers a horse for food.

Across the street the old dance hall, chinks stuffed with yellow paper. Dance programs carved on rough-board walls. Fly-specked, torn streamers, of pink and green crepe paper, hanging from rafters. Creaking boards that have a ghostly memory of the Virginia reel and rough, clumping feet.

Farther on a graveyard, with sun-stained tombstones, legends of lives that had been part of the boom. People that had hoped and lost.

There it is, nestled close by a towering mountain. Shaggy cliffs that are grim and smug with the knowledge that they still hold their treasure safe. That is all that is left. A forgotten town, whose boom has come and gone.

Just a cheerful old beggar.

—VIRGINIA GARSIDE.

\* \* \*

## RED FEATHER

She wore a bright red feather  
In her hat. She seemed  
To enjoy the game.  
She cheered and sighed  
At the right times.  
I wore a blue feather in my hat.  
I swore when the blue lost.  
Next year she wore a blue feather.  
We won—I lost! —P. J.

## "Just a Kid" or "Dig Swig"



*One will always stand out!*

### ODE TO BUTTERSCOTCH

Sun! streaming through yon plateglass  
window

Changeth common candy into wafers  
That old Midas would abhor,  
Or else 'tis merely amber, matching dress  
Of sherest velvet, even more!

'Tis the laughing lilt of brownish eyes  
Of my darling, I adore.

Gold and amber and laughing eyes  
Fancies of pure phantasy  
Held from out the passing throng  
One, spellbound in dreamy reverie.

Then 'twas gone; 'twas only candy,  
Common candy, luscious candy.  
Butterscotch.

—PAULETTE.

Bang! With a single movement of Dig's hand the gun spit forth three bullets towards the menacing figure. With a brief convulsive jump the figure toppled over. The Triple Terror smiled coldly and leaned the dummy against the rock again.

The rustling of a twig on the other side of the mountain attracted his attention and, leaving the dummy to take care of itself, he hurried to a nearby clump of boulders.

Dig had hardly hidden himself when over the top of the peak dashed five horses with riders attached. The horsemen stopped in front of the dummy.

"Well," said one of them, "I see that the Triple Terror has escaped us again, boys."

While the five stood meditating a shot rang out and the spokesman's cigarette flew from his mouth. They sprang around just in time to see Dig leap upon a milk-white stallion that had been hiding behind an aspen tree all the time. On hoofs shod with fire the noble beastie sped into the desert.

The posse, as the five were, instigated a follow-up; but they found to their consternation that their steed had wandered away, as steeds will when they are not securely fastened.

So our hero escaped once again from the evil clutches of the law. The Triple Terror, Dig Swig, a product of the most select finishing school of the east, one of the first fifty of New York's four hundred, once again fled into the bad lands. An outlaw; who would have suspected that once he had been the scion of a mighty fortune? but alas, no more. His father had foolishly placed the entire family fortune in Ladies' Bustles, Incorporated. Paris, with its usual heartlessness, had decreed no bustles. So down fell ladies' bustles with a thump that echoed throughout Wall Street.

There was nothing left for Dig to do except work or go West. Needless to say he went West. His little store of money was soon

## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

lost in the worthy cause of poker. But was our hero left to starve "on desert air"? Well, I should say not. Instead, being penniless and alone, he mounted his best friend and set out into the desert with a roll of bread under each arm and a bottle of beer balancing on his head.

For the next year he wandered about the country seeking his living wherever he could find it without being caught. At times it was necessary for him to exterminate various people who got in his way, and soon he had earned the name of Triple Terror. He was a terror with his gun, his bowie knife, and his ferocious bark.

This time, as the law pursued him, he fled across the border. His own country had made him an outcast. He soon sighted an hacienda set amid mighty snow-capped mountains, rolling hills of sagebrush, vast stretches of golden sand; not to mention the Pacific ocean in the distance. He needed food; he needed drink; he needed a change of socks. So he rode toward the Spanish rancho.

As he dismounted at the gate a typical Spanish scene met his eyes. A handsome caballero was strumming a guitar in the patio; a fat duenna was washing some clothes and several fat babies in the babbling brook; in a far corner a matador was playfully chasing a bull; and above all—to be exact, on the balcony—a beautiful senorita was draped, roses in her hair, between her lips, in both hands.

She spied our hero. She sprang from the balcony, rushed to the Triple Terror, and threw both her arms around him.

"My man!" she cried.

"Barkus is willing!" sighed Dig.

"No!" she shouted. "You don't mean it. You are only fooling. I am just a plaything to you. Oh, perro caliente, enchilota, chile sauce!"

"You must believe me," cried the gunman. "The minute I sighted you, about two minutes ago, I knew that you were my destined mate."

The American's passionate entreaty was cut short by the sound of galloping horses.

"The bandits!" hollered the senorita, and rolled her eyes in anguish. "My father is gone. They will kill us all."

"Don't be silly," said the Triple Terror, and drew forth his trusty pistol and his rusty knife. "Let them come."

They did come, seventeen of them. But Triple Terror Dig Swig, fighting for something that was dearer to him than his own life, soon killed the entire band.

As he stood among his victims, blood streaming from his countless wounds, the heroine, heedless of staining her dress, threw herself into his arms.

"Are you hurt?" she murmured.

"Nothing but a few bullet wounds," Dig assured her, and tenderly clasped her to him.

There they stood while the sun sank behind the western mountains; and they may be standing there yet for all I know.

—HELEN ROGERS.



"But, warden, a fat guy doesn't look good in horizontal stripes."

## Sweet Cookie!

Perhaps it might be fairer to find this other girl and tell her exactly what the score was. After all, there was no glory in ruining two perfectly good sets of finger-nails just because someone else happened to have his pin. Suddenly a little catch came into Jerry's throat. Supposing she were that other girl? It's not so amusing to be so terribly in love and find that love unreturned. And then Jerry smiled at her own melodrama and watched the funny little patterns that tears make on a crepe negligee. Anyhow, why worry? Cookie was indisputably hers—well, almost indisputably.

She looked at the rumpled bed beside her own. A chiffon stocking hung carelessly over the foot—it was such a nice color and with a quick jerk it would catch on the piece of spring that was protruding from beneath the spread. If Patsy wasn't the worst ever. She didn't make up her bed until the end of the week. But then, the poor kid didn't look so happy lately. Maybe she was homesick already, or else that impossible course in deductive logic was getting her down. But why worry about Patsy? Only three-quarters of an hour and Cookie would be there to take her for one of those heavenly autumn rides when they talked about snakes curling in the sheltered warmth of a rock, the smell of the dead leaves, and that little nip in the air. And with a happy sigh she began humming softly to herself, hanging lingeringly onto the words, "Without That Man."

"For Pete's sake, Patsy, don't you ever do anything but just drag into this room? It seems to me that you need pepping up. Why don't you take a nice hot shower and then pound the pillow for an hour or so? That ought to fix you up swell, or are you coming down with one of those disgusting colds? Hope I don't catch it."

"I hope you don't, either," Patsy murmured. "You might be a doctor, but your diagnosis is rotten. I'm just another case of the blues."

Jerry couldn't help but look just a little disgusted. Why be like that when life was fine and beautiful and marvelous and Cookie was in love with her and not with that other girl? Maybe it might help a little to cheer Patsy up if she were to talk to her about Cookie.

"Patsy, where in the dickens is the brush to the nail polish? I had it right here beside the window. Oh, I suppose it rolled down behind the radiator. Darn! Have you got a paint brush or anything I could use? Never mind. Maybe I can get it on straight with the tip of a match. Gee, I gotta look just ravishing. Aw, Patsy, I'm so darn happy. Just think! I've only been here at school two weeks and I'm in love already. Isn't it poisonous? But wonderful. I wish you could see him. He's marvelous, really, and has the best line. Why, the very first time I met him was at the get-together dance. That one you couldn't go to. Well, that very first night he went for me in a big way. He's too funny for words. The first thing he said was, 'Aha! My beautiful damosel with the beautiful eyebrows, can you tango?'"

She turned to Patsy, "Say, Patsy, do you think my eyebrows really are beautiful? He says they're so classic."

"Well, to go on with the story: He says, 'Don't tell me no. Anyone who is such a marvelous dancer must know how to tango.'

"I thought that was a pretty good start and I didn't want to spoil it, so I told him 'no.'

"Well, when I said that he looked so cute and rather shocked and said, 'No? Well, well, a beautiful and popular girl like you must face the facts of life. You and I are going to have a little tango twosome Friday night.'

"Wasn't that dear? Of course, I knew that was working pretty fast, but he had such a winning way that I just couldn't refuse him so Friday night we had our tango twosome. And how!"

And after deciding to wear the green beads instead of the yellow ones she continued, "But Patsy, I know you'd feel so sorry for him, too."



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

He's so unhappy. Really, Patsy, it's terrible. He told me all about it. Last semester he went with a girl and asked her to wear his pin. This girl is all right, I suppose, but she took him seriously—you know, was really crazy about him—and he didn't care for her that way. The only reason he gave her his pin was because it's considered quite the thing for a fellow to hang his pin as often as he can. They have some kind of a pin-hanging record that all the fraternity fellows are trying to break. He told me all about it.

"Well, he's really sorry he did it now, especially since he's met me. Of course, he doesn't feel that he can ask her to give back his pin right now because she is still mad about him. He told me all about her. He said she's one of those impossible creatures that one never really has good clean fun with; that is, like he does when he goes out with me. He says he hasn't the slightest idea why he ever hung his pin."

Patsy smiled a little cynically. "Don't hold that against him, old dear; men are like that. It always seems like a good idea at the time."

"I guess that was it. Honest, Patsy, he's the one big moment in my life and it would just kill me to have to let him go. He said that about the only way we could fix it up right would be for him to go out with this girl once in a while. I suppose that will be better. But I don't intend to give him up entirely."

She gazed at her hands rather critically.

"You know, he says he thinks I have the loveliest hands. The first time he told me that I said right back to him, 'You're lying, but I like it.' Just like that. Say, do you think they would look whiter if I wore my black onyx ring?"

And after deciding to wear Patsy's cameo ring, she valiantly carried on, "The fact that she has his pin means nothing to me, because he really loves me. It's surely funny how a girl will let a fellow make a fool of her like that."

"I know it is, but it's being done every day.

It's gotten to be a country of minute women."

"Whatever that might be."

"One born every minute. But tell me, this other girl, don't you think you might settle it with her, or do something about it?"

"Heaven no, Patsy. If she wants to play the part of the pagliaccio, let her go ahead. After all, it's not my funeral, and you can believe me if I butted in it would be a case of 'Here Lie the Remains of Jerry Winslow,' from what he tells me about her. He says she is the kind of a girl that would fight for him, and believe me I'm getting mixed up in nothing like that. I'm perfectly willing to be his now-and-then. Give her time. Perhaps she will come to. Oh, what a woman she must be."

Agreed. By the way, you've been raving on for hours without telling me a thing about him. Is he good looking? Don't tell me he is."

"Good looking! And how! Tall, red hair, those kind of eyes—you know them—and a Sigma Delt."

"Cookie."

Jerry turned quickly. "What did you say?"

"I just said, 'sweet cookie'; he must be a living example of one of these what-a-man persons."

"It rather startled me because, you see, that's what they nicknamed him over at the house, 'Cookie.' Suits him exactly, he's so—"

"Yeh, I know what you mean. He's an animal cracker."

"Patsy! How could you? When you know I adore him so? Just wait till you fall in love and then you'll know how it feels. Oh, that other woman. If she only knew what a sap she was to let a man fool her like that. But Patsy, you know how some girls are. They just believe everything they're told. I can just imagine she's one of those smoking-necking creatures without the intelligence of—" she looked out the window, "well, of those swans out there."

The last of this was said with some difficulty, for it's no easy trick to see how the back

## THE WHITE STAR

of your hair looks in a compact mirror. "Gee, I gotta hurry. Cookie will be here any minute."

"Another tango lesson?" queried Patsy.

"No, he's taking me for a ride."

"Oh, is he!" And for the first time Jerry came to the conclusion that Patsy had a piece of a temper after all.

"Well, for Pete's sake! What are you emoting about? Don't be like that. You can be sure he's doing right by our little Nell. Cookie is a marvelous boy."

"Sure, I know. All set? Gee, Jerry, but you do look sweet. I don't blame him for being crazy about you. By the way, here's something you might like to wear."

In the palm of Jerry's hand lay a Sigma Delt pin studded with pearls—pearls for tears—Patsy's tears.

"But, but—Patsy! I don't understa—"

And there on the back was Cookie's name, engraved in bold letters.

"Oh, Patsy! Patsy! How you must hate me! Really, Patsy, I didn't know."

"Watch out! Your mascara is going to run all over your face."

Jerry looked humble and sad as she said, "I suppose I'd better be finding a new roommate. You won't want me here any longer."

"Don't be silly, Jerry. Who, beside me, has the right color of chiffon hose that you like to wear so well with your silver slippers? You know, you'll be needing them, too. The Sigma Delts are going ensemble to the hop."

\* \* \*

GOODBYE TO ALL THAT

You asked for your freedom—  
 You had tired of my love;  
 I left full of a hatred  
 Which mingled with memories  
 Of happier days and all that.  
 This happened months ago—  
 Now I do not care.  
 I saw you yesterday  
 And felt neither love nor hate.  
 But I looked back  
 As you walked on.

—P. J.

He was her lover but sad to say  
 Her love was turned the other way—  
 Toward handsome Taus and Lambda Chis  
 And S. A. E's and Sigma Phis.  
 With them she passed the time away,  
 Nor did she care what people say.  
 And all went very well until  
 That fatal day—her heart stood still—  
 He turned around the other way  
 And saw that she had gone astray.  
 "Ah, Ha, fair one! My pin," he cried,  
 "Or else I'll take you for a ride."  
 His pin she gave, but with a sigh;  
 No other pin like that was nigh.  
 "It is by far the best," she mourned,  
 "This golden star with pearls adorned.  
 I would most dutifully each day  
 Walk the straight and narrow way—  
 I'd give up all my other men  
 To have that precious pin again."—V. M.

\* \* \*

SO SAD

Yes! 'tis sad  
 That such an one as me  
 Doth pine and moan  
 To have but one affinity.

Oh! 'tis true  
 Or so they always say  
 That true love is  
 The physiological way.

So! 'tis bad  
 For such an one as me  
 To long for just  
 One physiological affinity.

—PAULETTE.

## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

DIRT CHEAP (Continued from Page 18)

### JACK AND JO

Gather around, my little dears, and you shall hear of the love that is both sweet and dear. It concerns last year's student body president and the pride and joy of that pretty little California town, Truckee. This newest case in love is entitled, Jo Bernard vs. Jack Walthers. We are here to state that it lacks nothing to be successful. There is one reason why it might fail, though. Jo is simply gaga over Jack, but she is not absolutely sure that Jack is that way over her. We can only add that we know from experience that whatever Jack sets out to do, he does. We only hope that in this case he does not do Jo. Well, anyway, ho-hum and lack-a-day.

### MERIT DESERVES REWARD

We are for impartiality every time, and we intend to see that each man on this campus gets his just dues. (It might be tough on some of them, but we're going to try.) The thing right now is this: We notice that with all the wise-cracking about Great Lovers and What-a-Men and such, one name is so seldom mentioned as to make it practically unnoticed. Now this should not be. Is there anyone among the lovers on this campus more attentive, more affectionate, more true, more like the Ideal, that our friend, Del States? Del is a good lad, and his efforts should not go unrewarded. We nominate him for a front-rank position among the Great Lovers.

### THE THETA HOUSE

The present economic depression is world-wide, we are given to understand by the old masters of supply and demand, the Thetas. Some of the alumni can still remember the days when the only girls that didn't have dates were the athletes. It used to be that on a Saturday night the front room of the Theta house was as bare as a college girl's back in a formal. Which is something.

But now, alas, evil times have fallen on the land and the poor Thetas all have to sit home and suck their thumbs, or whatever Thetas do when they sit home. Every time the doorbell rings there is nothing less than a stampede. And then imagine their chagrin when it is only a bill collector or a college boy selling subscriptions to buy back the mortgage on the old farm.

Of course, there are still a few of the girls who go places and do things, but they have been storing up for the hard winter and have their men well hooked.

One good thing that this depression will do is to make it easier for the house mother to enforce the house rules, which has been a rather difficult feat in the past. Now all the house mother has to say is, "Girls, be home by 12 o'clock," and the little "Kats" get in by 10.



# Football Season!

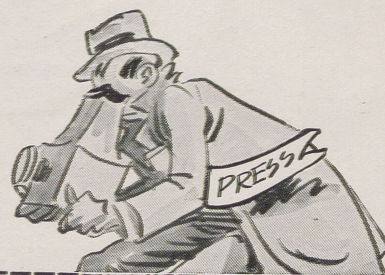
There have been other football seasons. You've sat in the autumn sun and cheered and groaned; you've felt the brightness of victory and the dullness of defeat.

But there's a side of the game you don't see from the stands. In THE DIARY OF A LINE SMASHER, for the first time, is pictured the real inside story of the pitiless training, the misunderstandings and the driving, smashing spirit which makes teams win. Dick Hyland's story will give you a fresh interest in football.

It's in

College Humor

SPECIAL  
Student Offer  
Clip Coupon



College Humor,  
1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Illinois

I wish to take advantage of your special student offer  
of nine issues for two dollars, which sum is enclosed.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

SOME SHOW

*Mother:* "What kind of a show did Papa take you to, Bobby?"

*Bobby:* "It was a dandy, Mamma. They had ladies dressed in stockings up to their necks."—*Bored Walk.*



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



"What's going on here," queried the stage manager as he entered the chorus girls' dressing room.

"Oh, nothing," they said. "Have a Murad?"—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Then there's the story about little Johnny Gether as an usher in church. He didn't quite know what it was all about, but he was resolved not to miss any tricks. Presently a deaf old lady with an ear-trumpet entered, and Johnny suspiciously ushered her to a seat. But little Johnny wasn't going to be fooled, so he leaned over and whispered, "See here; one toot out of that and out you go!"—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*



The modern wallflower is the girl who dances all the time.—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*



*Freshman Training Committee:* "Brothers, we have had a heart to heart talk with Freshmen Smith and Jones concerning the liquor question, and the chapter may be confident that the trouble will cease."

*Chapter, in unison:* "Did you find out where they get it?"—*Bucknell Belle Hop.*

NEVADA  
SMOKE HOUSE

J. B. WILLIAMS  
Ex-'05, Prop.

BOGEY'S RENO-MADE  
CANDIES

ICE CREAM

SOFT DRINKS

SMOKERS' SUPPLIES



16 WEST SECOND STREET

WANDLING'S  
FUR HOUSE

*Featuring*

ALASKA FURS

MANUFACTURING

REMODELING

TAXIDERMY



241 North Virginia Street, Reno  
Phone 8511

# RENO NATIONAL BANK

and BANK OF NEVADA SAVINGS & TRUST CO.

Nevada's Largest Bank

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

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

✱

*He*: "I want to know lots more women before I get married."

*She*: "You will have to know lots more before you get married."—*Wesleyan Wasp*.

✱

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

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

Someone said that a sophomore was only a freshman who learned to smoke, drink, neck, and swear. We maintain that a junior is a slightly tired sophomore, and a senior is a very lazy junior.—*Wasp*.

✱

*Elderly Lady*: "Do you know my daughter, May?"

*Youngster*: "No, I don't. Thanks for the tip."—*Illinois Siren*.

✱

*Dean*: "What's this mean? I found a bottle of whisky in your trunk."

*A. T. O.*: "That means you know whisky when you taste it."—*Malteaser*.

## Kingston Drug Co.

VIRGINIA STREET AND COMMERCIAL ROW

Open All Night

Free Delivery Day or Night

Prescription Druggists  
on Duty at All Hours

PHONE 4522

## VIRGINIA INN

*Preferred*

*by Grads and Students for*

*Food and Atmosphere*

Meet Us at 2101 South Virginia Road

PHONE 6828

**REFRESHING**  
*they take your breath away*



*try a* **LIFE SAVER**

# RENO PRINTING COMPANY

*The  
Campus  
Printers*

Lunsford Building  
RENO, NEVADA

## RADIOS AND RADIO SERVICE

All Electric Sets, New and Used

\$69.50 and Up



## INVESTIGATE THE PHILCO

Eleven Tube Super Heterodyne  
for Selectivity, Tone and  
Complete Radio  
Satisfaction

**H. E. SAVIERS  
& SON, Inc.**

Corner Second and Sierra Streets  
Phone 4148

## UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

*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.*



*At College:*

*I thought I knew women.*

*I forgot to go to class.*

*My checks were always short.*

*I thought I could write.*

*I was going to have lots of money.*

*I despised proud parents.*

*After College:*

*And now I'm married.*

*I forgot the groceries.*

*They still are.*

*I wish I could.*

*I have lots of bills.*

*You should see my baby.*

—*Colorado Dodo.*



There was a young waitress named Mabel,  
Who sat herself on a table;  
But the poor girl blushed red  
When a traveling man said,  
"Just look at the legs on the table."

(A daring limerick of the Gay Nineties. Popular with our faculty when they were students; now when they are stewed.)—*South Dakota Wet Hen.*



*Delta Delta:* "Y'know, I don't like to say anything about the Gamma Gammas, but I hear they drink all the time over there, have girls in the house at all hours, and they never study."

*Rushee:* "Yeah? Well, I guess I'll be going now."

*Delta Delta:* "What's the hurry; where are you going?"

*Rushee:* "Over to the Gamma Gamma house."—*Alabama Rammer Jammer.*

## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

### A MAIDEN'S PRAYER

Oh, gimme a guy  
With hair on his chest  
The kind of a guy  
With a pin on his vest.

Oh, gimme a guy  
Who'll string me along,  
The kind who will lead me  
From right into wrong.

Oh, gimme a guy  
Who never will hurry  
The kind of a guy  
Who'll kill me with worry.

Oh, gimme a guy  
Who's delightfully bad,  
The kind of a guy  
Like the one I just had.

R. S. V. P.

—*California Pelican.*



"What is your brother in college?"

"A halfback."

"I mean in his studies."

"Oh, in studies he's way back."

—*Cornell College Ollapod.*



*Here's to the ladies,  
The young ladies.  
But not too young,  
Because the good die young,  
And no one wants a dead one.*

*And here's to the old ones,  
But not too old.  
Because the old dye, too,  
And no one wants a dyed one.*

—*Univ. of Ala. Rammer-Jammer.*



"Have I any mail?"

"What's your name?"

"You'll find it on the envelope."

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

## EDDY FLORAL CO.

25 West Second Street

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

*We Grow Our Own*

## HERZOG'S CIGAR & MAGAZINE STORE

*Reno's Most Complete  
Line of Magazines*

247 N. Virginia St., Phone Reno 4712

## HARVEY'S Q ne Q SANDWICH SHOP



500 South Virginia Street

## GYPSY TEA SHOP

Luncheon 50c

Afternoon Tea 35c

Dinner 65c

A real fortune read gratis from your  
tea cup—Come in and make a wish.

Arcade Building

Reno, Nevada

GRADS — STUDENTS  
**THE TIP-TOP**

for  
*"The Hamburger with a Degree"*

967 South Virginia

*The growing appreciation for better  
 millinery is contributing largely  
 to the success of our*

**SEMI-FORMAL HATS**

All the skill in workmanship has  
 been centered on these, and they  
 are now ready for your approval.

Popular Prices

**THE WONDER**

155 North Virginia Street

Reno, Nevada

"I heard that you and Roy were going to be married."

"Maybe, but we still have hopes."—*A. and M. Battalion.*



Some like men that are cavemen, and rough, but most girls like the man that has something tender about him—legal tender.—*Illinois Siren.*



"Come back to bed, John. You'll find that collar button in the morning."

"Who the hell's looking for a collar button!"—*Michigan Gargoyle.*



It has been noticed that the fraternities have been helping the depression by "giving till it hurts."—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

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

"How long has this been going on?" he demanded.

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



Mary was a little vamp,  
 Of this there was no doubt,  
 'Cause everywhere that Mary went,  
 The freshman class, half the sophomores,  
 twenty-seven juniors, and six seniors,  
 as well as two postgrads who were working for their master's degrees,  
 Were sure to go.

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*



Here's to the girl who steals, lies and swears;  
 steals into your arms, lies there, and swears  
 she'll never love another.—*Puppet.*

*You'll Pat Yourself on the Back If  
 You Buy Your Next Suit from "Pat"*



**PATERSON'S**  
 229 North Virginia Street

**LINDLEY AND  
 COMPANY**



**Wholesale Grocers**



HELLO, GRADS!  
 Recall Old Times at  
**MAYBERRY'S**  
*"Dinner a Dollar"*  
 Come Out! You'll Find the Gang Here!

DANCING                      NO COVER

*Reno's Greatest Entertainment*  
**MAJESTIC**  
**WIGWAM**  
**GRANADA**  
 Direction  
 T. & D. JR. ENTERPRISES, INC.  
 C. A. TOMPKINS, *Resident Manager*

*Old Lady, to drunk:* "Young man, don't you know when you've had enough?"

*Studegent:* "Madam, I don't know anything when I've had enough. I'm unconscious."—*Dirge.*



*Husband:* "You, my best friend, with my wife! Really, you know, old chap, that isn't cricket!"

*Twomley:* "Of course not, but it's more fun."—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*



*A. T. O.:* "I didn't sleep a wink last night."

*Brother:* "Why not?"

*A. T. O.:* "The shade was up."

*Brother:* "Well, why didn't you pull it down?"

*A. T. O.:* "I couldn't reach to the Theta house."—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

*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."—*U. S. C. Wampus.*




In a country newspaper appeared the following ad: "The man who picked up my wallet on Fore Street was recognized. He is requested to return it."

In the next issue this reply was published: "The recognized man who picked up your wallet requests the loser to call and get it."—*Navy Log.*



He laughed when I sat down at the piano—  
 So I ups and smashed him in the puss.  
 —*Cornell Widow.*

**RIVERSIDE BANK**  
 Commercial and Savings



Geo. Wingfield President	Roy J. Frisch Cashier
N. W. Jacobs Vice-President	J. M. Fuetsch Assistant Cashier

**RIVERSIDE  
 FLOWER SHOPPE**  
 Decorators for Social Functions  
 Potted Plants - Corsages  
 FLORAL PIECES FOR ALL OCCASIONS  
*A Special Service for Funeral Designs*  
 Phone 3311

# NEW YORK LIFE

BOB FARRAR, '14

"I'd prefer being a chauffeur to a jockey," said little R. R. Hood, "for the jockey sees only the horses neck while the chauffeur sees everybody neck."—*Buccaneer*.



I dream of a fireplace  
A deep soft armchair,  
Tall candles a-glowing,  
Gold lights in your hair.

The radio playing  
A soft dreamy tune,  
And tho' it is winter  
To me it's like June. —V. M.

*Soph*: "What's your name, Plebe?"

*Frosh*: "Quits Jones, sir."

*Soph*: "Where'd you get that name, Quits?"

*Frosh*: "When I was born my father came in and saw me. He said to mother, 'Mary, let's call it Quits.'"—*Carnegie Tech Puppet*.



*He stole a kiss from a college lass,  
And then jumped on the train;  
She neither raved nor tore her hair—  
For she had his watch and chain.*

—*Colorado Dodo*.



SHEER CHIFFON  
SILK HOSIERY

\$1.00

SUNDERLAND'S

NIGHT PHONE: RENO 8443; W. T. AITKEN

**AITKEN DRUG CO.**

Lawrence Henry "Sid" Aitken

241 West Second St., Reno, Nevada  
El Cortez Hotel

**RENO  
MEAT MARKET**

20 WEST COMMERCIAL ROW

Distributors of

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

Very Favorable Rates to  
Fraternities and Sororities

PHONE 6165

## WALDORF

142 North Virginia Street

*Famous Milk Shakes*

*Fresh Fruit Juices*      *Coca Cola*

*Home-Cooked Breakfasts*

*Lunches 40c*      *Dinners 65c*



*Most Modern Barber  
Shop in the West*



'SERVICE AND QUALITY' OUR MOTTO

## LUMBER AND MILL WORK



## HOBART ESTATE COMPANY

*Yard - Mill - Office*

PARK STREET NEAR FOURTH

Telephone Reno 3871

Reno, Nevada

## UNIVERSITY · OF · NEVADA

*Fifty-Ninth Year*

BEGINS AUGUST 22, 1932 AND ENDS MAY 15, 1933

Courses in Agriculture and Domestic Science in the COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

A Wide Range of Courses in the COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCE

Courses in Mining Engineering and Metallurgy, Mechanical, Electrical and Civil

Engineering in the COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

Courses in Education, Elementary and Advanced, in the SCHOOL OF EDUCATION OF  
THE COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCE

For Catalogues and Other Information Address WALTER E. CLARK, President  
Reno, Nevada

# GOOD .. they've got to be good!



THEY'RE MILDER, FRED

TASTE BETTER, TOO!

Fred and Adele Astaire in Broadway's musical hit, "The Band Wagon"



## Darn good—you'll say!

Everybody wants a mild cigarette. And when you find one that is milder and *tastes better* too—you've got a smoke! Chesterfields are so much milder that you can smoke as many as you like. Mild, ripe, sweet-tasting tobaccos — the best

that money can buy. That's what it takes to make a cigarette as good as Chesterfield. And the *purest* cigarette paper!

Every Chesterfield is well-filled. Burnsevenly. Smokes cool and comfortable. *They Satisfy* sums it all up!

**EVERYBODY'S GETTING ON "THE BAND WAGON"**

