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"What's the matter with you, Brown? Sixty-four ya made. A lousy sixty-four! Whaddya think this is, a pink tea? And you, Smith, what's the matter with your brain? Weak, that's all—weak! Why doncha go out for the tiddledy-winks squad, ya bunch of softies?"

—*Buffalo Bison.*



FAMOUS LAST WORDS

But Henry, on which team is the man in the white pants who carries the ball so much?

—*U. S. C. Wampus.*

"That will be enough out of you," said the doctor, as he stitched the patient together.

—*Malteaser.*



He: How's your companionate marriage coming on?

Him: Not so good. I lost my wife's address.

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*



Professor: Are you cheating on this examination?

Student: No, sir. I was only telling him his nose was dripping on my paper.

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*



Theta: What's the matter with Bill?

Tri Delt: Too conceited. The other day he bought a book called "What Two Million Women Want," just to see if they spelled his name right."

—*Arizona Kitty Kat.*

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Many are the all-American triple threat backs who have their passes intercepted, their advances blocked, and their punts stopped by 110-pound blonde defenses at the fraternity dance following the big game.—*The Pup*.

Cheer Leader: C'mon, gang, let's give seven rahs for the team.

Frosh in rear: Why not make it eleven, so they'll have enough to go around?

—*Pitt Panther*.

"And there, son, you have the story of your dad and the great war."

"Yes, dad, but why did they need all the other soldiers?"

—*Annapolis Log*.

Corporal: "Squad's right!"

Rear Rank: "After all these years he admits it."

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo*.

Every time we hear the quarterback calling signals, we deduce that he's merely counting ten before he hits the other fellow.

—*Washington Column*.

Co-ed: I never kiss strangers.

He: I'm twenty-one years old and weigh 160 pounds. My home is in New York and I live with my mother and father. I've been in college two years and expect to graduate. When I do I'm going to begin work. Let's go.

—*Bucknell Belle Hop*.

Freshie: Did you say you got your letter in football?

Varsity: Yes, and I had to play like hell to get it.

Freshie: I'll get one, then, 'cause that's the way the coach says I play.

—*Sun Dial*.

"I never kissed any other man before——"

"What! You don't mean to tell me that I——"

"——before I knew his name!"

—*U. C. L. A. Clarw*.

They laughed when I said that I could crack a joke, but they stopped when I cracked it.

—*Punch Bowl*.

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Deacon Smith (awakening from sound sleep): Lead yourself, I just dealt.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

✱

Bloo: What's your girl's name?

Blue: Autumn.

Bloo: How's that?

Blue: She falls for anybody.

—*Reserve Red Cat.*

✱

Tri Delt: We have a cabinet that goes back to Louis the Fourteenth.

Theta: Our whole drawing room suite goes back to Sears, Roebuck on the fifteenth.

—*Colorado Dodo.*

✱

Anybody: It says in the paper that a famous engineer died and bequeathed a dam to his son.

Anybody Else: It's good to know of somebody giving a dam after hearing of everybody who doesn't.

—*Cornell Widow.*

"They ought to abolish final exams."

"Yes, it's a shame to buy a textbook just for one day."—*Southern California Wampus.*

✱

Here's to her eyes
Blue eyes like the skies,
A toast to her heavenly eyes.

Here's to the prize,
That I paid for the sight of her eyes.

Here's to the sighs,
Oh, the size of the sighs!
I have sighed for the sight of her eyes.

Here's to the lies
That lie in her eyes
The lies in the light of her eyes.

And here's to the guys,
The guys who were wise,
The guys who were wiser than I.

—*Wampus.*

✱

"Waiter, I'll have pork chops with French fried, and I'll have the chops lean."

"Yes, sir; which way?"

—*Boston Beanpot.*

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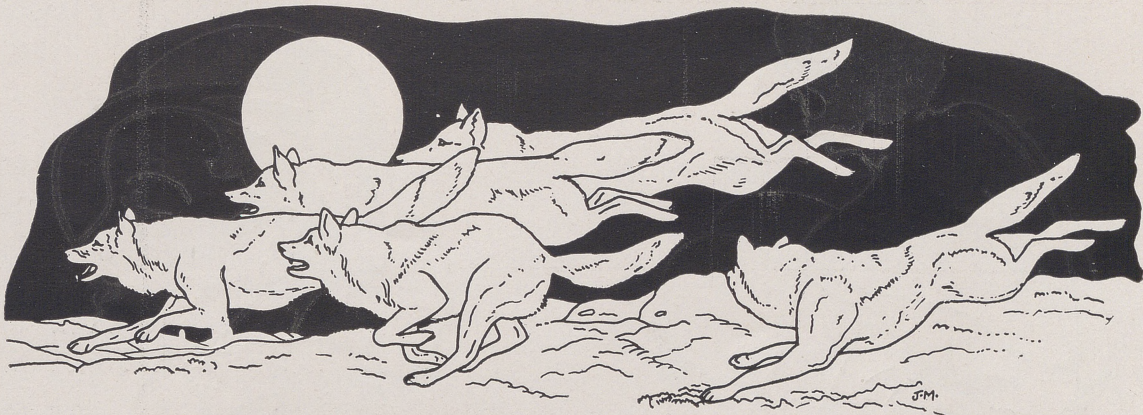
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NEVADA DESERT WOLF



THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA DESERT WOLF

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YES? -OR NO?

Illustrated by KATHERINE HANSEN

Tell me, pretty Co-ed,
The place you'd like to be;
The place where girls are sisters—
God save our University.

Any house of highest ranking,
Where everything is "we,"
While "they" are so much nothingness—
To Hell! with old Democracy.

Where rules are made for morons,
And nothing much is free,
Where "bulls" are catty sessions—
Oh! sweet asininity.

Now tell me, pretty Co-ed,
Is this the thing you see?
Just forty-'leven sisters—
Long live our sorority!

—PAULETTE



ISOBEL THE INVINCIBLE

By CONNIE PHILLIPS, illustrated by JOHN MARIANI

ISOBEL had It and all the other accompanying pronouns. She was very attractive and her folks had money enough that she could afford to be well dressed. Her taste was unusual, and she knew just how to be alluring. Besides that, she was one of the most talented persons I have ever known, and she was a splendid dancer. As a matter of fact, she was just about perfection, and the men generally went for her in a big way, but she just gave them the go-by, so we finally nicknamed her "The Invincible." Funny, but she developed a terrific antipathy for that name, and we came near losing a good member. Now, I don't like to be catty, especially about a sorority sister, so I want you to feel I'm just telling you—but she was very proud. And independent? No name! There wasn't a thing in the world that any man could have offered or given her—least of all a heart ache. We used to sit around and hold our breath waiting for her to fall, but we soon found we were on the verge of suffocation, so gave it up. At last, though, our patience looked as though it was due for a break and you'd have been surprised at the new life it brought the whole sorority house.

It all began at one of our house dances. Isobel never neglected the social side of life, but she wasn't too enthusiastic over it. Very seldom, if ever, did she get her own dates, and for a very good reason. She said when she didn't do the asking she didn't feel the least bit obligated, but so far as I could see she always treated her dates nicely enough, although she was generally as warm and friendly as a restaurant fish. Everyone in the house had gotten dates for her at some time or other, and she absolutely refused to be seen with the same fellow twice. Anyhow, it was my turn to play cupid again, so I got a date for her with Rolly. He's a swell kid, and I thought that they should get along famously, but Rolly did have one downfall and that was a terrific line. He must have taken correspondence lessons for years, and I'll bet he practiced plenty. The worst feature about his line was the original additions he entered, and

like most men, he wasn't too original. To get back to the subject—the night arrived and Isobel looked as beautiful as the Aurora Borealis and just about that cold. The first couple of dances seemed to be fairly successful, and I thought they were hitting it off pretty well, when suddenly Isobel walked off the floor and left Rolly standing there like an embarrassed kid who didn't know whether to cry or be angry. Of course, I raced over to find out the cause of the war. It seems that Rolly didn't know our Isobel and had tried his line on her. He said they had been dancing along perfectly when, just for devilment, he said,



*Isobel,
the heroine of
this story.*



It all began at one of our house dances.

"Say! Why don't you stay off my feet?" Now, maybe you think that sounds insulting, but you have no idea how Rolly could say such things. Any other girl would have beamed and been thrilled silly over such a remark in Rolly's tone of voice, but not Isobel. She just stiffened up

and said, "I beg your pardon," with the best of theatrical intonations and then marched away. Rolly was very apologetic about the whole affair and vowed to never try that line again, which shows Isobel did accomplish something for the good of womankind. Little peacemaker that I am,

NEVADA DESERT WOLF



I answered the phone and chatted with him just a few minutes.

I thought I might bring about an armistice, so I went to her room. Not that I failed in my mission, but discretion is always the better part of valor and when I saw her dance program torn up and scattered all over the floor and her sitting on the bed ruining a perfectly beautiful embroidered spread by pulling off all the French knots, I just went downstairs and told Rolly that she was slightly indisposed.

We all expected the next day to bring peace and forgetfulness, but Isobel seemed to be blessed with the memory of an elephant. Bertie, one of the girls who hadn't attended the dance, made the terrible faux pas of asking Isobel how she enjoyed the party. The only answer she received was a catapulting sofa pillow coupled with a scorching look from Isobel. I began to be afraid that my good standing with Isobel had been jeopardized, and since she was the only girl in the house with a fur coat, I knew that was unwise, so I sided in with her. Rolly had been very decent about it all and had telephoned to apologize, but no sooner had he told Isobel who it was than she hung up with a bang that registered on the seismograph.

On the campus they were always very distant, and whenever they passed Isobel was always intently gazing at some minute object in the opposite direction. Rolly had come to dislike Isobel about as much as she disliked him, so there was no love wasted in either case. One day, though, we were coming down the steps of Stewart Hall after a big snowstorm, and if you've ever tried walking down after

the snow has become packed into ice you know it's about as safe as going down the side of a glacier. This particular morning the steps were even slicker than usual. I let one of the fellows go down first and hung onto his jacket and succeeded in just about knocking him down as well as falling myself. As usual, Isobel had to show her independence. She walked down them as though they were nicely carpeted stairs and almost made a success of it, but near the bottom one of her heels slipped and she went sliding around like an infant. Rolly happened to be standing at the bottom of the steps talking, so he grabbed her arm and saved her from a pretty spill. Of course, Isobel couldn't be mean about that, so she said, "Thank you. If it hadn't been for you, I might have fallen." I was all ready to reach out and pat her on the back when Rolly grinned devilishly and answered, "No 'might have' about it. You would have." Well, Isobel whirled around and slapped his face—and then went home and wrote and told her mother all about the wonderful welfare work they were doing in her division of the Y. W. C. A.

After that, hostility wouldn't begin to describe the condition that existed between Isobel and Rolly. I've often seen Isobel pick up a pillow and throw it into a corner with terrific force, and some gleam in her eye told me she only regretted it wasn't Rolly. On the other hand, he made it his business to be everywhere she was, and honestly, the way he accomplished it you'd have thought he was the four Marx brothers. Conditions were unalterable, and their enmity became a campus by-word. Why, the 'Brush used to have the latest developments of it in the scandal column (Continued on Page 24)



Then she threw herself on the divan and varied the procedure by having hysterics.

AN APPRECIATION

By FRITZ WILSON

"*J*AMES EDWARD CHURCH, JR., Ph.D., Professor of the Classics," the catalogue read, yet I found him at his desk, deluged with blue prints, innumerable papers covered with neat mathematical figures, and freshly opened letters from scientific societies. Things far removed, I thought, from the field of classics.

One would expect it to be easy to interview Dr. Church. A man of his scientific reputation and attainments, his scholastic record, his two score years of service at the University, should be a biographer's delight. But he proved elusive and non-committal, modest to the nth degree, and seemingly unaware of his importance.

"Why, all I've done," said Dr. Church, with his gentle smile, "is to turn my vocation into an avocation and my avocation into a vocation!"

Forty years ago James Edward Church, Jr. came to Nevada to teach classics on the dare of a college room-mate. At that time Nevada was a frontier; a lonely spot on a hill with but a handful of students. In those days, Dr. Church said, students were so independent they expected as many rights as the faculty members. These old-timers were great fighters. Class brawls were the custom and a man's fists were his calling cards.

"But today's students have not lost their red blood," went on the professor, "they have simply redirected their energies to other more worthwhile channels. I am strong for the present generation in spite of the general assumption that they are hell-bent. In fact, I believe that today's students have a more understanding philosophy of fairness, of give and take, than the old-time students. They are independent, wide-awake, and good company. As for myself, I get all the social contact I need or desire from my students."

This has an added interest when we know that Dr. Church, himself, has two sons, Willis

and Donald, who are prominent graduates of the University and who are making names for themselves in architectural and insurance work, respectively.

Concerning student activities here on the campus, Dr. Church is a quiet but interested observer. Class animosities have been supplanted by a more general school spirit, he believes. Hazing, whereby the freshman is made the butt of the practical jokes of the rest of the school, is not for the best. While some of his closest friends have been athletes from outside the state, he holds that development of raw material at home should be the objective. This, especially, as opposed to high scores.

His own student days were spent buried in books. And now, while still as retiring as he was in those days, he has attained such recognition as few men enjoy. A graduate from the University of Michigan, a Ph.D. of Munich, a brilliant linguist, a teacher of hundreds, he still has had time for other work close to his heart.

Always Dr. Church has had a love for seafaring and polar exploration. Here in the West this found an outlet in winter mountaineering where he became a pioneer, making the first winter ascent of Mount Rose, 10,800 feet, and the first winter ascent of 13,300 feet on Mount Whitney, just to teach, as he says, "the natives of the innocuousness of snow." Immediately following these treks he built the Mount Rose Meteorological Observatory.

"Winter mountaineering," he went on, "brought not only the rare beauty of a little known world to my classes in the Appreciation of Art, but led to the study of mountain snows and the unfolding of a new science of forecasting stream flow, now generally established throughout the United States and beyond."

This brought back to Dr. Church his boyhood love for the Arctic and resulted in his

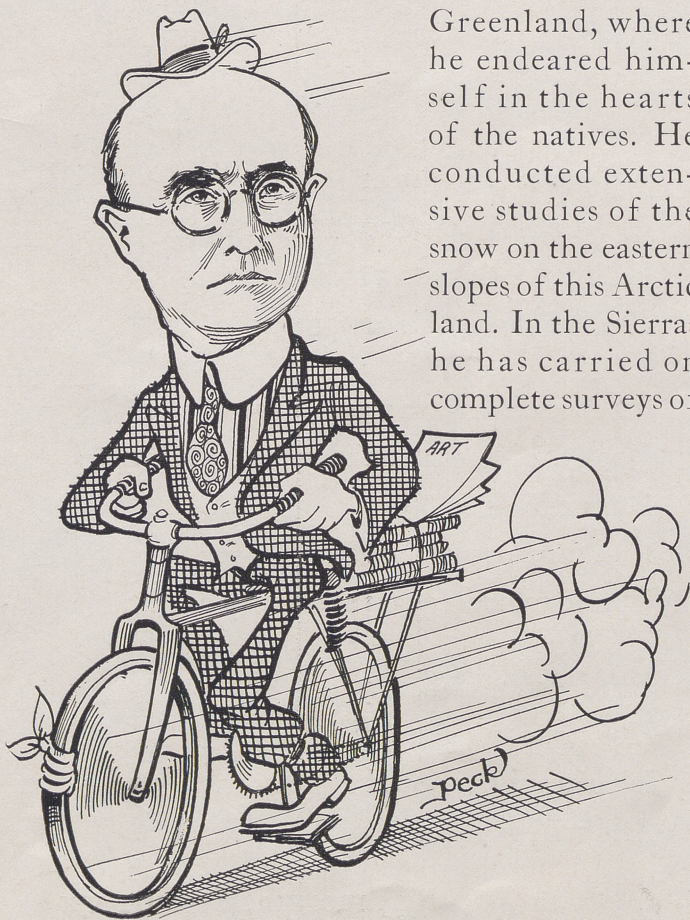
NEVADA DESERT WOLF

membership in the Michigan-Greenland Expedition with a winter sojourn on the Inland Ice, and, finally, to the chairmanship of the Committee on the Hydrology of Snow, recently organized by the American Geophysical Union in the National Research Council.

At present he is a member of the American Philological Association, Fellow of the American Association for Advancement of Science, Member of Aero-Arctic, Fellow of the American Geophysical Union, Member of the Sierra Club, and Explorers Club.

In addition, he has written numerous articles of language, literature, winter mountaineering, hydrology, and is at the present time preparing two books: "Snow Surveying with Reference to Forecasting Stream Flow" and "The Top of the World and We: A Journal of Personal Reactions to Northern Skies." He has just completed a monograph on "Snow Surveying in the Humboldt Basin, the Last Frontier in Stream Forecasting." It was in 1927 that Dr. Church went to

Greenland, where he endeared himself in the hearts of the natives. He conducted extensive studies of the snow on the eastern slopes of this Arctic land. In the Sierras he has carried on complete surveys of



the snow run-off, making valuable forecasts. As a result, he is now doing similar work for the people of the Humboldt region, where the water problem is so stupendous that it is actually a matter of life itself.

As to his exploration and mountaineering, Dr. Church says, "It's all a matter of chance. If you get through with the trip, it's all right; if you don't, that's all right, too. We're just atoms here on earth. After all, we cannot be of much importance when we stop to consider the immensity of the Universe."

He has a great love for beauty, and is prominently interested in the organization of the Nevada Art Gallery and Gardens, where the beauty of the mountains and the handicraft of man are to be brought close together. He loves solitude. "A man cannot think," he says, "when he is crowded. Alone, under the skies, he realizes his humbleness."

As an example of his love for solitude and for nature, Dr. Church, accompanied by his wife, traveled through Europe on a bicycle. Here they enjoyed the wonders of the Continent as it was thirty years ago. All of the little nooks and out of the way places that would be missed by the common tourist were visited at their leisure. For three years they traveled about, exactly as they pleased.

From London they took in the beauties of Scotland. They went up and down the Rhine. Rotterdam, Waterloo, Cologne, added to the delights of their journey. After tramping through Switzerland, they continued on to Italy and Greece, seeing again the remains of the culture and art of a lost empire. From Sicily and Gibraltar they took a slow steamer for home.

Dr. Church is beloved not only by the students and faculty on the campus, but by the townspeople. To these people he is not the able scientist, solely, but a kind and understanding friend.

Shortly after his return from Greenland he spoke so feelingly during his lectures about the children of that northern land, that the

(Continued on Page 25)

LYRICAL MOODS

TO THE LOVELORN

Prithee maiden, what, no man
Presses hopefully your hand?
Prithee maiden, what, no lips
Tremble at your salty kiss?

Downcast maiden, wipe your eyes,
Never darker are the skies
Than on troubled foreheads frown.
What if he did let you down?

There are always other men,
Campus walks are full of them.
Who knows, you might land one neat,
To kneel, adoring, at your feet.

What is that you'd like to know?
How could you rate so and so?
Tell you sister, that I would
Answer you if but I could.

I'm not myself so full of glee,
No man ever went for *me*.
If dateless nights were not my curse,
I'd not express myself IN VERSE.

By EMILY DRAKE



A year that comes but once in four—
A year you've heard them praise galore—
In fact they even cry for more—
The men and girls alike.

But do they really want it so?
I wouldn't be surprised to know
That they would like to see it go
Forever on a strike.

Because it does seem strange to sonny
To have his gal hand out the money;
To be proposed to by her's funny.
It's really the wrong psych!

By VIRGINIA MURGOTTEN

PLIGHT

He called her Rose, and her name was Anne,
And his heart still sighs with the memory,
For he lost his chance when he began
To call her Rose when her name was Anne.

And she was the one with the Packard sedan,
And he told her he loved her tenderly,
But he called her Rose and her name was
Anne,
And his heart sighs yet with the memory.

By EMILY DRAKE



As Spring draws near
Each faltering follower in the poets' way
Feels it his duty to proclaim again
The beauty of this season gay.

It behooves him to recite
Upon the blossoms faintly pink and white,
On turtle doves,
And thoughts of Love;
Upon a maiden's eyes so sweetly bright.

Trite, you say? And yet—
How true this simple phrase:
It's always happened up to now,
And will in future days.

By VIRGINIA MURGOTTEN

LYRICAL MOODS

DEPARTED STUDENTS

With Apologies to Sir Thomas Browne

They are all gone into the world at large!
And I alone stay lingering here!
Their memories were all good and bright,
And my poor thoughts won't clear.

I sit and scowl and try to think
And still my old brain just won't work,
Every course just stays delinq
And yet I don't intend to shirk.

I see them walking in a field of glory
Making fortunes here and there,
I'll be here until my locks are hoary,
People think I shouldn't care.

O, lack-a-day! I'll start again,
And I'll try to be more prudent,
I s'pose in years I will be just the same:
Envyng departed students.

By GLADYS MORRIS



TO THE WOMEN

Here's to the girl with eyes of blue,
Whose hair is gold, whose love is true.
Here's to the girl who doesn't paint
But one who isn't a heavenly saint.
Here's to the girl who utters no sound;
If there's one living, she's yet to be found.

Hence, little Co-ed, with your vain deluding
ways,

The name of folly is with thee bred.
How little you care for the seriousness of life,
But you'll regret the life you've led.

Your fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
Your thoughts are idle dreams,
Thoughts to you are just a guess
You learn but complex schemes.

You dance and flirt and flit about,
Admirers you have galore,
But you will end, without a doubt,
Alone, at Age's door.

You drink and smoke, and care not whom
You shock, with your wild ways,
But, after all, what will you do
When your beauty fades with days?

Classes are but spots for you
To waste away your time
Until the shades of blackness fall,
And bright lights start to shine.

Away you go, to dance and dine,
And spend some poor youth's money.
Your ways and thoughts can ne'er be mine,
You see, we can't be chummy.

So, you go your way and I'll go mine,
And spare me from your wiles.
Hence with your deceitful line,
Hence with your winsome smiles.

By GLADYS MORRIS

WHAT'S WRONG WITH NEVADA MEN

Illustrated by JOHN MARIANI

Dear Pat:

The last issue of our campus magazine printed an article telling to the world, or to those who bothered to read it, all the faults of the poor co-eds here. My dear, you should have read it; really, it was too funny for words, although I'm sure it wasn't intended to be humorous. The dear little chap who wrote it evidently forgot the old adage, "he



who lives in glass houses shouldn't call the kettle black," or something like that. I never was good at adages. I must get me an adage machine. Whoops, sorry, that one just slipped out.

Well, to get back to the subject of the masculine sex as it is represented on this campus—all I can say is the sex ought to sue them for misrepresentation. There isn't one really handsome man here. There are a few nice looking ones, a few attractive though homely ones, and a few quite "unhandsome" but with nice personalities. Of course, you'll say looks aren't everything, and I'll grant you that; but when you take a homely boy, dress him in

dirty, smelly cords, a moth-eaten sweater, and a superiority complex, there you have a man such as we have here in quite large numbers. Why, one even went to a sorority tea in his shirt sleeves.

But, of course, we must forgive them, because, after all, the majority are just country boys and don't know any better. And I'll take one of them any time in preference to one of the "sheik" type. This type uses the girl's car, never offers to buy gas, and lets her know that she is being extremely honored to have a date with him, and if she expects to go out with him again, she must be a "good sport." I'd blush to tell you what his idea of a "good sport" is.

And then there are the boys who, if the girl lacks a car, will walk her down town, which is simply miles from the University, to a balcony seat in a movie, and walk her back. Of course, we do have taxis in this town, but if he used them he wouldn't have any money left.

The article gives us credit for not being
(Continued on Page 31)



NEVADA DESERT WOLF

NONSENSE

HISTORY OF A WOMAN

Dandelions and daisies,
Daffodils and cowslips,
Violets and pansies,
Gardenias and orchids.



Take your pick of one:

Who has the biggest feet,
Who whistles through his teeth,
Who sings a song for every group,
Who really does enjoy a scoop,
Whose black hair waves and curls,
Whose bald head has no curls,
Whose moustache is a common joke,
How can they bear us simple folk?



The air is cool,
The sun is warm,
I think I am in heaven,
And now I must away to class
To answer foolish questions.



I write these things
Because, my dear,
There's more that's meant
Than hits the ear.
My task is through
And yours begun,
Just try and guess.
Now that is one.



O, Eve, she ate the apple,
It's caused many a-one to cry;
Why didn't she eat pineapple?
Oh, my! Oh, my! Oh, my!



I love your eyes,
Your curly locks,
Your beauty, straight
From your vanity box.

MOONWINKS

My pard and me went on a spree,
We were out a little late,
And when I walked up to my home,
I leaned upon the gate.

I let my eyes roam in the skies,
Now the thing that puzzles me,
Is why the moon so round and *full*,
Would wink with sudden glee.

Close by a tree, that I could see
Was there, standing straight and tall.
"I didn't drink it all," I said,
"Half went to Johnny Ball."

As I looked square up in the air,
The old moon was looking blue,
It said these words, I'll swear it did—
"Whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo-oo-o."

"You heard it all, 'twas Johnny Ball,
I'll not speak to you once more,
I'll go to bed, pull down the blind,
Then close and lock the door."

And so I did, and I was hid
From the moon from that time on,
But I awoke real lame and sore,
Outdoors on someone's lawn.

Then I was peeved and really grieved,
It just made me fairly weep,
To think someone had thrown me out,
When I was fast asleep.

By CLARA GALVIN

IN THE CAMPUS SPOTLIGHT



MARIAN STONE, Reno, Nevada
First woman ever to be chosen as
Honorary Major for the Military
Ball. A member of Chi Delta Phi,
and the Sagebrush. Gamma Phi
Beta.



MARY BAIRD, Ely, Nevada
Assistant Secretary A. W. S., Cap and
Scroll, High School Student Body Presi-
dent's Committee; Women's Manager
of the News Bureau and is President of
the Tri Delts.



LOUISE GASTANEGA, Winnemucca, Nevada
Louise is President of the Sagens and a
member of Campus Players; has taken
part in "The Whole Towns' Talking,"
and is in the forthcoming production of
"June Moon." High School Student Body
President's Committee. Gamma Phi
Beta.



HELEN MONTROSE, Tonopah, Nevada
President of Chi Delta Phi; Cap and
Scroll; Women's Editor and Manager
of The Wolf, and a member of Delta
Delta Delta.

PARNEL BALTHASAR

Director of Art for Campus Players and
in her spare time presides at Pi Beta Phi
meetings.

FRANCES FULLER

Women's Representative to Finance
Control; Pi Beta Phi.



MARGARET MARTIN, Reno, Nevada
Secretary-elect of Campus Players. In
the production "The Whole Town's
Talking." Kappa Alpha Theta.



BLIND DATE

By CHARLOTTE HOOD and DONALD BUTLER

Illustrated by RAYMOND HOOPER

"WELL, a man's just got to be independent; no use letting the skirt get the idea she's the only heart flutter on the campus. Enie's O. K. at some of these fraternity stumps, but when it comes to society, well——"

A long-drawn-out snort indicated the presence of another occupant of the third deck corner of the massive Delt House. This other occupant until the moment had been in the throes of a dark brown study, the nature of which concerned the state of a much depleted bankroll. A contemptuous snort was the usual prelude indulged in by "Paddy" Patrick, otherwise William James Patrick, house president incumbent of Delt chapter, Rhode Island, when he felt it necessary to set the minds of the poor frosh straight as concerned matters feminine. Being somewhat of a connoisseur himself, his opinions were usually of some value and were adhered to accordingly by those less used to the ways of the opposite sex. Thus tonight, when Freshman Vin Hardy found his musings interrupted by a snort from his illustrious roommate, he waited patiently until the words of wisdom, bound to come, were formulated.

Paddy continued, "You're right there, kid. A fellow's got to check up sometimes and put the women in their

place. If you don't, well, you get to be a sort of accessory to the fact, as it were, and something to be taken for granted. Say, who were you mumbling about in particular?"

"Well, there's just been one girl in my life, so far—Enie Harcourt. You know, she's the freshman from Providence. She's all right. I'm not running the girl down, but you see—oh, well—well, look at this."

With this, Vin fished a card out of his bathrobe pocket which Paddy took and contemplated for a space in silence.

"I see, kind of breaking into society, eh? Just a big gigolo, you heartbreaker!"

"Aw, listen, Paddy. They're—well, they're friends of Dad's and I've got to make a good imprint on the family carpet. Get the drift? Enie'd be thrilled to go and I think her sorority got a bid, but hang it, I've taken her everywhere lately and I'll be darned if I feel like dragging her to this." Frowns creased the freshman's forehead as he lapsed into moody silence.

A few minutes passed during which no sound could be heard but the rumble of conversation going on among the other brothers in the house. Suddenly Paddy was possessed of an idea. Jumping up, he paced the floor for a minute, then, turning to the frosh he said, with some vehemence:

"We'll show that girl of yours where she's to disembark. I'll get you a blind date right out of her own sorority; there's lots of good dates in that house. I guess that won't burn little Enie up!"

"Swell, Paddy, but let's not be too hard on her. Tell them some other name and have me be a visitor from out of town. That'll just make her stay home and she won't have to know that I took someone else."

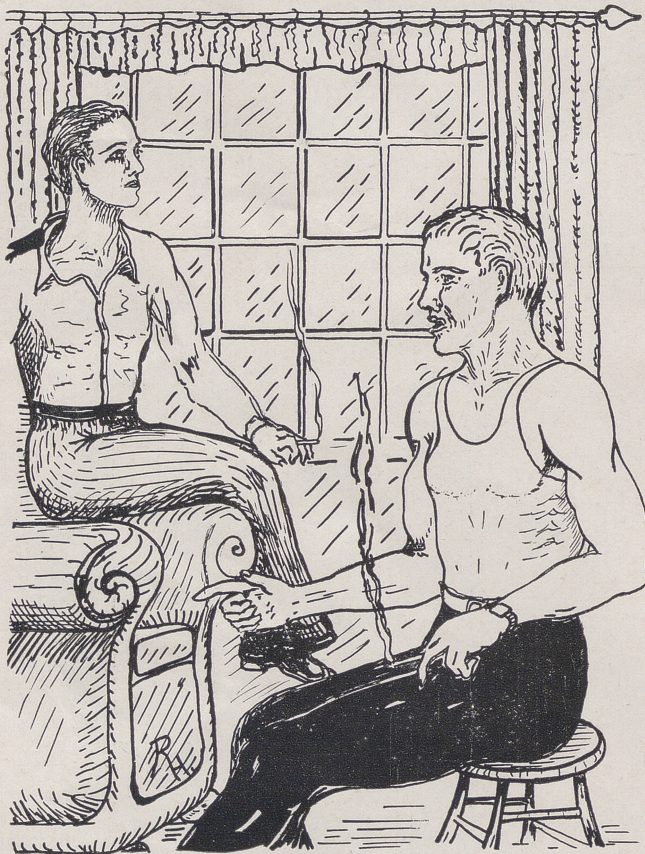
"O. K., kid, if that's what you want. I'll call the Gammas now; they'll give you a swell date if I call them." Uttering this last very distinctly, he went down to the phone booth.

* * *

Sally Meyers, senior sister of the Gamma House, looked reflectively at Enie Harcourt as the latter sat disconsolately gazing out of the big window at the dismal rain. Just that morning Sally had discovered her freshman sister in the act of placing a small picture in her locket. When she had asked to see it, a blush had been her only reply. Now, as she noticed the more or less downcast attitude of Sister Enie, she was inclined to credit it to a new lost love. As she was looking at the back of her head, Enie, unaware of another's presence in the room, began to sob profusely.

"Why, whatever is the matter?" cried Sally in astonishment.

"Matter enough," rejoined Enie, which showed she



"After all, a man has to be independent."

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

was a girl who knew all the answers and where to use them.

"I suppose it is matter enough, but just what is enough?"

"Oh, I've got to tell somebody, I guess, before I just bust," wailed Enie. "Vin's going to that masquerade tomorrow night. I just know he is, and he hasn't asked me yet."

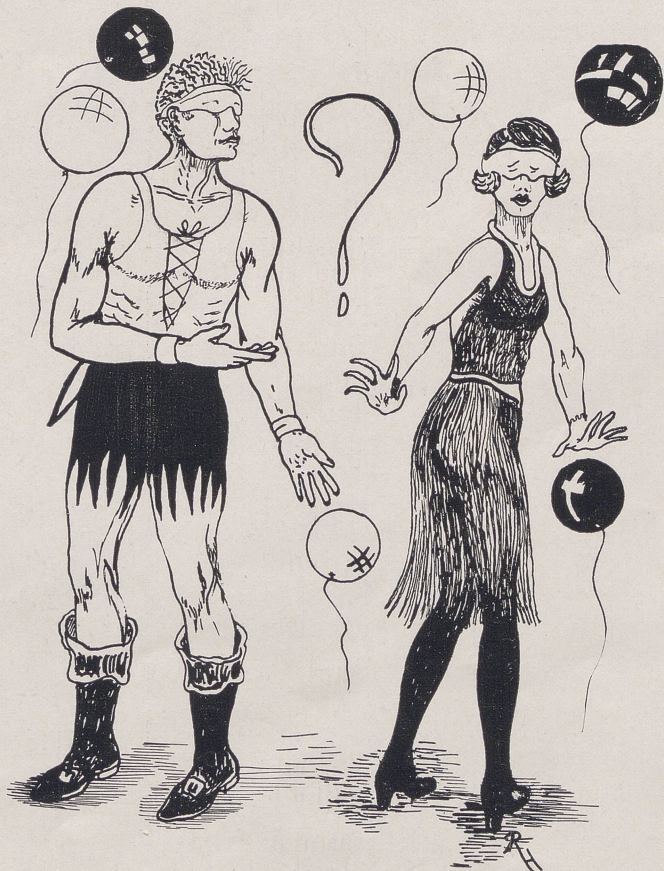
"Well, my dear, is that all? I thought at least some dear relative had passed on. Here, have a cigarette and forget it. Men are all alike. Show you a good time for a while, then decide they need a change of air. Doesn't mean a thing. Soon they're back to the old flame. Excuse me, there's the phone. Now buck up.

"Hello! Yes, of course, this is Sally Meyers. Does anybody else ever stir her stumps to answer this plagued phone? What? Oh, Paddy. Another blind date, eh. Quite the fixer, aren't you? A visitor, you say, to the masquerade. Perhaps, now, I have just the lady. Hold the line——. Oh, in either hand; I don't mind.

"Enie! Enie! Here's where we fix that fellow you're crying your soul out about. How'd you like to attend the masquerade with a distinguished Delt visitor? Come on, now. That, I guess, would make Mr. Vin sit up and take notice!"

"Oh, that would be too hard on him. After all, you know, he's been awfully good to me so far, about taking me to all his affairs."

"Nonsense. But then——. I tell you! What's the



The two blind dates.



"Why, whatever is the matter?"

difference if I tell him a fake name? Let's see, June Hooper could be a new pledge we'd just acquired. How's that hit you?"

"Well, I would like to show him that he isn't my only source of free entertainment. Go ahead. Let's give it a try."

* * *

This brings us to the next evening, when all arrangements had been completed, even to the corsage and taxi. With black silk mask and dashing pirate suit, the person of Vin Hardy was completely disguised, and all afternoon Paddy had assumed the role of freshie tutor, in attempting to disguise the voice of his charge. He showed his brother from his own admittedly great variety of experiences the correct method in which a visitor to Rhode Island campus should approach a blind date. He was to have a line which was to be perfectly smooth and flattering to the feminine sex in general. He was never to maintain self interests or actions, or pursue the personal interests of his guest.

At nine-thirty a phone call was received from the Gamma House inquiring the cause and cure of the non-arrival of the masqueraded visitor. He had, in fact, just left, after a tedious and profane struggle into his costume, which had insisted upon squeezing and choking him to a pulp before it let him enjoy the special grace and boldness of figure which a pirate suit should allow.

At ten came another call to the Delt mansion to know if the well-known nigger had been inserted in the wood-

(Continued on Page 27)

DON'T NAME IT

By BLYTHE BULMER

SHE was young; she was fair—but pore gal, she didn't have no—whatzit. Annahow, she didn't got no dates nowhere. (If this was an English theme, that would probably mean something else—but who cares about English? But to get on . . .

Every night she sat in front of the radio, listening to all the various announcers what tals pipples how to keep fit. (You know—brush der teeth twice a year and see de dentist only when you can't avoid it.) And every magazine, she look at de pictures what tell how to keep beautiful and charming and attractive, and on and on. And all de newspapers, she read all de advertizements, what tal how to develop—whatzit. Even she read Ballyhoo, and dose magazines, in de hopes that sometime she find out what the secret be to have—whatzit. Finally, she tink dat she got everything down pat, so she get ready to step out and show whatta gal she really are.

She wash all de clothes in Lux, take bath with three cakes of Lifebuoy, brosh de teeth with Pepsodent (she don't care about saving thirty loaves of bread by using Listerine), dreenk a cup of Postum, eat a dish of Bran Flakes, chew a package of Spearmint, and smoke in rapid succession a Camel (Are Ya Listening?), a Lucky Strike, a Chesterfield, ending up by keeping kissable with an Old Gold.

At last she get all ready for de beeg time. She be real sure that now she got plenty of whatzit. But by now it was Winter outside, so she be so weakened by der bath with de Lifebuoy soap that she caught pneumonia and because she had forgot to gargle with Listerine, she hev to geeve up and keek de bucket.

De moral of dees story is: Don't try to get—whatzit, because nobody likes dat kind of soap annahow.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Not a cent was paid by aforementioned manufacturers, but any contributions would be joyfully received.

Page Twenty

TRY A CHIROPRACTIC TREATMENT

By BLYTHE BULMER

WE sat patiently in the quiet, neat waiting-room. I must admit that I was a bit nervous, but my friend had assured me that it wouldn't be bad, so I sat as quietly as possible. I only fidgeted a little, while I did my best to keep my courage up. Finally a calm young lady entered from the room marked *Private*, and motioned us to enter. There being no escape, I rose, and together we went in.

Inside, my nervousness passed away, as a kind-appearing man greeted me with a friendly smile (which I found later to be basely deceiving.) I felt sure that, despite all reports to the contrary, this man wouldn't hurt a fly. In fact, I felt that there was no need for worry of any kind.

Suddenly, the atmosphere changed. I felt a subtle chill in the room. My hands grew cold and I felt a sweat gather on my forehead. With a look of terrifying intensity, the doctor murmured in a soft voice, "Sit down."

I sat.

The doctor walked around the low couch which had been the nearest seat, and where I sat in fear and wonder.

"Relax, please," he said.

I relaxed.

What else could I do, when I felt like a jellyfish that had just had a bad scare?

Then, for no good reason at all, that doctor pounced on me. He seized my head in both his hands and just twirled it around until the room began swirling. I felt very much like an advanced stage of merry-go-round-itis. And without the slightest warning, the doctor knocked me over on the couch, jumped on my defenseless back with both knees and stayed

TRY A CHIROPRACTIC TREATMENT

there for—well, practically hours—all the while shouting, “Relax, please.”

Well, I ask you, how could one help relaxing? In fact, I couldn't have unrelaxed if I'd wanted to.

Imagine my astonishment, not to mention my chagrin, when I found myself sitting up, all of a sudden, with my left arm draped around my neck most gracefully, my right arm tied in a bow knot, and my legs daintily arranged in a sailor's knot. And all the while the doctor shouted, “Relax, please.”

What need would there be for relaxing then?

I have often thought since that the doctor must have mistaken me for someone who owed him a bill, for certainly he wouldn't be that vicious without cause. I'd hate to have that man for an enemy. And do you know, I have heard of people who enjoy those treatments?

But to continue. No sooner was I done up in so many festoons than the doctor decided that he wanted something a little fancier, so he tried fixing me up like a pretzel. It is fortunate for me that there was no beer handy, for then I surely would have been mistaken for a pretzel from the shape I was in. And the doctor kept yelling, “Relax, please.”

Relax! That was adding insult to injury and my ire was thoroughly aroused. I struggled and struggled but only became more hopelessly tangled up with myself. Where my left arm should have been I found a right leg. That *is* disconcerting, to say the least. My head became muddled—I wasn't sure of how I was meant to be arranged—legs and arms here, or there.

“There now! That should make you feel better,” chirped the doctor, playfully stretching my right arm halfway across the room, while he held my shoulder down with his foot. With a crunch that still rings in my ears in nightmares, I felt every bone in my body fall out of place.

By that time I had given up any hope that I would survive, and I began to think of all the unkind things that I had done during my life—the time I stole my poor granny's false teeth and she drank soup for a week, or the time I nearly was expelled from college for kissing the dean of women on a bet. Now I knew how the Inquisition felt.

Suddenly, astonishingly, the torture ceased. I looked myself over, and everything looked all right. Each arm and each leg was still attached in the right place, much to my surprise. When the doctor said calmly, “That's all,” I could hardly believe my ears—I had received my reprieve somehow.

But he didn't have to say, “Relax, please,” for I was still without strength enough to even murmur more than “Goodbye.”

While I have been spending my time in bed these last couple of weeks, while I am recovering, I am sure that a treatment is the sure cure for whatever ails you. At least it will make you forget your original pains and aches.

❖ ❖ ❖

Professor (in Lit. class): “What is the greatest Greek tragedy?”

Theta: “The Pi Phis.” —*Aggievator.*

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

DRAFTS IN THE ROOM

Senior: I slept with that fellow for a semester.

Frosh: Room-mates, eh?

Senior: No, we sat together in Economics 91.
—*Lafayette Lyre.*

✱

Mug: Say, I can twist this little dial and get New York.

Pug: That's nothing. I twisted a little dial and got Sing Sing.
—*Show Me.*

✱

HIS FIRST DAY AT THE GYM

Prof.: Did you take a shower bath?

Frosh: No, is there one missing?

—*Buffalo Bison.*

✱

"How do you do," said the well-trained boy, as the floor rose up to meet him."

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

"I didn't mind the test, but I can't stand the aftermath," said the student who had just flunked his mid-semester in Algebra.

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

✱

She: You remind me of the ocean.

He: Wild, romantic, restless——

She: No, you just make me sick.

—*Malteaser.*

✱

"I'm just crazy to go to the Simga Nu dance."

"I'll say you are."

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

NO?

Prof.: Mr. Jones, what do you know of this light theory?

Mr. Jones: Well—uh—I don't think I'm so sure of it; what do you think of it?

Prof.: I don't think; I know!

Mr. Jones: I don't think I know, either.

—*Reserve Red Cat.*

✱

Young Man: I want to buy a diamond ring.

Salesman: Yes, sir; how would you like to buy one of our combination sets. Three pieces—engagement, wedding, and teething?

—*Reserve Red Cat.*

✱

"Hey, Charlie," shouted one workman to the other atop a tall building, "don't come down that ladder on the south corner. I took it away."

—*Reserve Red Cat.*

✱

"Can you act?" asked the movie director.

"Act! Why on the stage last week I died so naturally my life insurance agent, who was in the audience, fainted."

—*Navy Log.*

✱

"I'll kill you, I'll kill you, I'll kill you!"

"Triple-threat man, eh?"

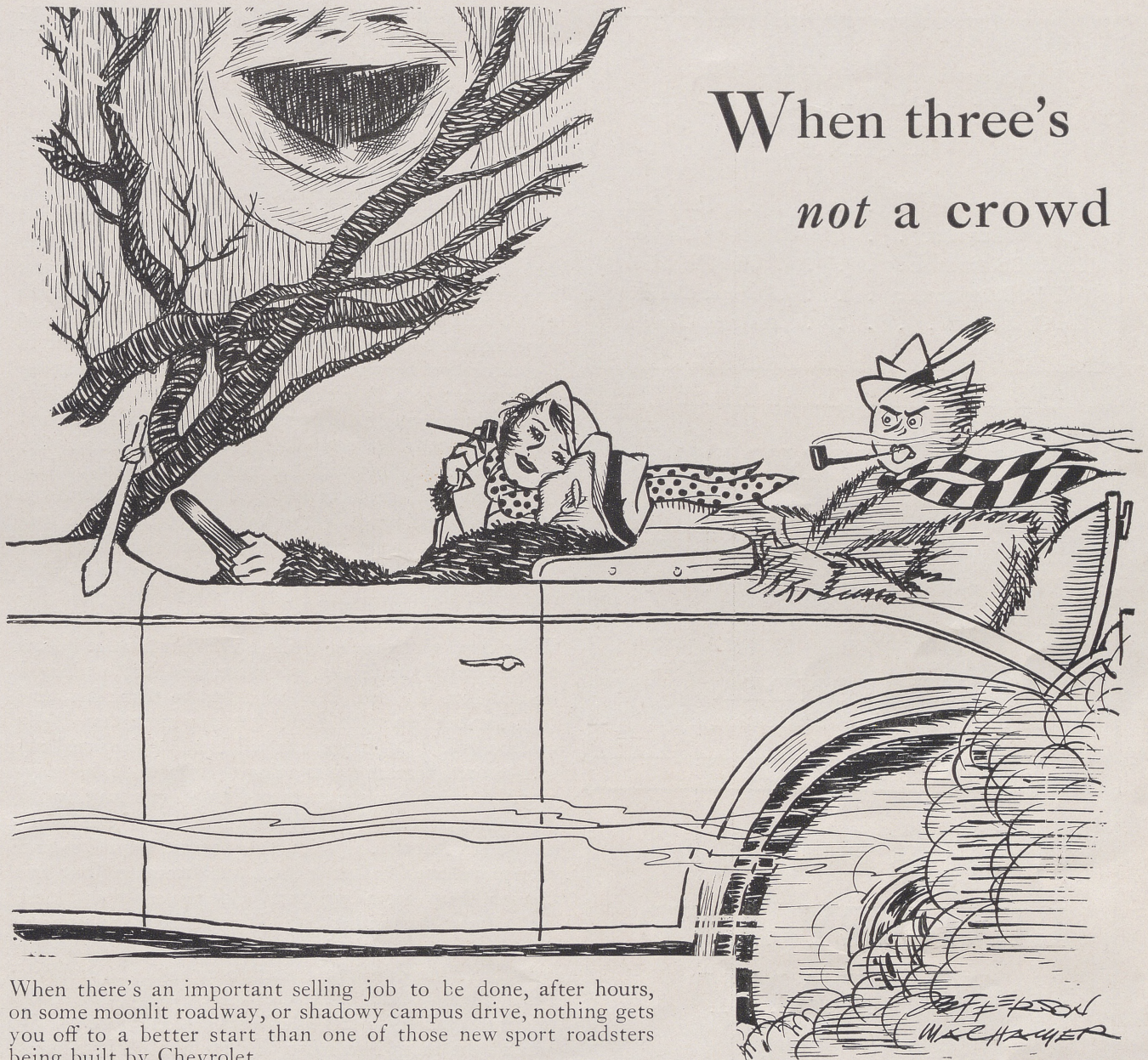
—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

✱

Halfback: Have I form? Say, I look just as good when I fail to gain as Babe Ruth does when he strikes out!

End: You should; you're practicing all the time.
—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

NEVADA DESERT WOLF



When three's
not a crowd

When there's an important selling job to be done, after hours, on some moonlit roadway, or shadowy campus drive, nothing gets you off to a better start than one of those new sport roadsters being built by Chevrolet.

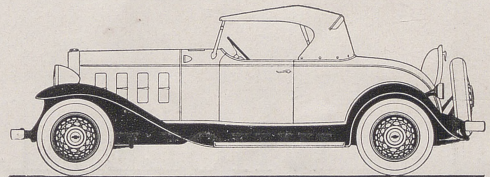
The front seat has plenty of room for the great American blonde, *yourself*, and several tons of raccoon coat—as well as a second blonde, if you believe in numbers. Then, if some offensive male decides that he'll go along too, there's a pleasantly remote rumble seat, where he can be placed in cold storage indefinitely.

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UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

ISOBEL THE INVINCIBLE

(Continued from Page 9)

every week, and Isobel was at the point of consigning everybody that existed to the nethermost extremities of Limbo.

Basketball season soon opened and Rolly was one of the best players on the team. The fact that he received so much publicity annoyed Isobel to such an extent that she finally refused to read papers of any description. But just a short time after the season had begun Rolly sprained one of his ankles very badly. Of course, it was a great disappointment to him, and somehow complications set in and altogether he was in the hospital for nearly a month. Rolly was the darling of our house, so one of the girls gathered up some of the novels that were sticking around and incidentally borrowed one or two from Isobel. She didn't know who they were for and wasn't worried. Well, after Rolly got out of the hospital he telephoned the house and thanked all the girls who had been so kind as to lend him books. Being a perfect gentleman, he also called Isobel. I answered the telephone and chatted with him for just a few minutes—then I called Isobel. She looked disdainful and informed me I could tell him she wasn't in. Rolly came very close to losing his temper because he had already asked me if she was there, and like a ninny I assured him she was. He had called to thank her, and then for her not to be civil! that was more than Rolly could stand. "Well, you can tell her that she saved my self-respect, because I was going to hang up on her anyway." I went up to the room and Isobel was waiting for me rather expectantly. "What did he say?" she asked, and just in that tone of voice, too. Honestly, I had to turn around and see whether or not I was dreaming. But sure enough, she was standing there looking so eager, and there were almost tears in her eyes. It came about as unexpectedly as a navy from Switzerland, and was just about that sensible. I made believe I didn't even notice it, and told her in a very nonchalant tone of voice exactly what Rolly told me to tell her. When she heard that she went tearing around the room screaming "I hate him! I hate him! Then she threw herself on the divan and varied the procedure by having hysterics. It just tickled me half to death to see the way he had turned all her dignity, frigidness, and pride, into a white-heated fit of anger and humility.

After that, things became worse and worse. I don't know whether or not Rolly knew what he had done and was doing, but he continued his policy of indifference, but never overlooked an opportunity to torment her. That year they gave a Senior play and both Isobel and Rolly went out for it. Fate must have had a couple of fingers in it, because Rolly and Isobel were cast in the leading roles and it was one of those naive "love is young and life is sweet" affairs. It came near being a laugh sensation, and just as near to being a tragedy—anything but what it was supposed to be. A few weeks before the play was to be given the director almost reached the point of whoops and jingles, because it seemed improbable that the play would ever be a success with those two starring together—or

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

rather, apart. At rehearsal, neither Isobel nor Rolly neglected to be as mean as possible. Isobel, however, took her part rather seriously because she prided herself on her histrionic ability, and I must say she was more level-headed and seemed more like a real person as the presentation grew nearer than she had in a long time. Prof. Brown was becoming hopeful, but Rolly was constantly annoying. One night when rehearsal was going perfectly, some devilment must have possessed Rolly, for he made it his business to wrinkle the rug just a little. When Isobel entered, she tripped beautifully, but Rolly continued nonchalantly, gave her the right cue, then, all during Isobel's lines, he talked to her out of the corner of his mouth, reminding her she might be a baby hippo in her reincarnation if she were a good girl. Isobel went to pieces and there was no more rehearsal that night.

The evening of the presentation finally arrived, and the cast, director, and staff members all had a very bad case of the jitters. Isobel and Rolly seemed more antagonistic than before; however, you had to give them both credit because they put over some mighty sincere acting in the first two acts and the play was in a fair way to be a big success. Isobel's performance was marvelous, but the nervous strain of it began to get her and more than once she stumbled over her lines in the final act. The play was that type that ends in a big clinch with appropriate lines leading up to it all. Isobel's whole life seemed to be concentrated on being a success in this, and right at the last what did she do but twist her lines frightfully and then forget them entirely. Rolly came through one hundred per cent—made up some fitting dialogue and put Isobel back on her feet again so that she regained sufficient confidence to finish the play. I wish you could have seen that finale. It was marvelous, and you never saw more realistic acting in your life—nor a more arduous kiss, with Rolly murmuring, "Oh, my darling," so tenderly, and I happen to know that line wasn't even in the play.

Need I add they are now sending out their laundry in the same bundle?



AN APPRECIATION

(Continued from Page 11)

citizens of Reno cooperated with him in making up a Christmas package to be sent annually to the distant tots. So appreciative have the tiny recipients been that they have of late tried to repay their donors by sending workings from their own hands.

The professor has had a great interest in the church. Following the death of his beloved wife, a number of years ago, he continued her practice of entertaining all the Sunday school children twice a year at his home, where he resides with his mother-in-law.

Once in a while we find a man so big, so courageous, that he can afford to be himself . . . that he can do the little simple things that give happiness to the most humble.

And perhaps that is one reason Nevada has for being so proud of Dr. Church.



SMOOTH or SHAGGY?



WHICH shall it be? The good old grads are attacking the Eastern colleges and calling names. It all came about because their football teams didn't win. If you want to know why, read HENRY MOTON ROBINSON'S defense of the effete Princetonian in the March COLLEGE HUMOR.

Darrell Ware again writes a smooth story about LITTLE BLACK CLOUD; and the smoothest novelist of them all, DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE, has turned out a serial especially for us concerning "Baby Face," gangster's son and college man.

Other smooth stories complete an issue that is a tribute to the campus.

CollegeHumor
MAGAZINE

DON'T FORGET TO SAY—
“I saw your Ad in the Desert Wolf”

Cook: Use two cups of flour and two gallops of molasses.

Visitor: Two what?

Cook: Two gallops.

Visitor: What are they?

Cook: Well, you take the molasses can and turn it upside down. As the molasses pours out it goes “gallop, gallop.” Take two of them.
—*Lion.*



THE GREASER

Patient: Say, Doc, that ointment you gave me last time was lousy stuff.

Doctor: Well, you need'nt rub it in.

—*Reserve Red Cat.*



No one has ever complained of a parachute not opening.
—*Rutgers Chanticleer.*

Coach (to quarterback): Get in the game there and RUN THAT TEAM! An' don't forget to watch the bench for signals!

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*



“Are you quitting school?”

“No.”

“Then why are you sending your clothes home?”

“I'm moving into a fraternity house next semester.”
—*Longhorn.*



YOU'LL LEARN

Frosh: Did you and your girl patch up your quarrel yet?

Smooth: Listen, Frosh, we don't patch 'em up; we get new ones.—*Reserve Red Cat.*

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BLIND DATE

(Continued from Page 19)

pile—no visitor for a blind date yet. There was no explanation from the Delts, but the truth of the matter was that a certain obtrusive nail in the front left tire of the cab had caused the delay. Poor Vin by that time was perspiring prodigiously under his skull and crossbones and wondering vaguely if he would be able to pose for future pirate hat manufacturers if he didn't soon keep his appointment with the desirable future pledge of the Gamma House.

There are times when even amiable senior sisters of the Gamma House become fussed. So, when the pirate finally arrived, all swashbuckling and with his mask well adjusted, Sally hurried Enie into her mask and pushed her into the taxi without the least sign of an introduction. Once ensconced in the rear seat with a realistic looking bad man of the seas, Enie was a little out of breath and a trifle awed by this visitor to the ranking Delt House who had chosen to take to the masquerade just a little Gamma pledge.

By way of conversation, Vin inquired in a well schooled

voice, two notes lower than the usual voice, what was Miss Hooper's opinion of the state of the weather. Enie replied in a well schooled voice two notes higher than her usual one, that it was quite cold for the time of the year, but that she thought she was going to like the climate in Rhode Island.

The party was reached in due time and at ten-thirty they decided to leave and go for a ride. As they stepped into the taxi, Vin said, "Fair maid, let us keepeth our maskeths on our physogs and let the illusion continueth." They kept their masks on, and at one o'clock they parted on the Gamma steps after Vin had remarked caustically, "Most of the girls around here are getting awfully tame. Compared to you, baby, there isn't another I can see any more. How about a date tomorrow eve? Drive over to the Inn and then along the beach. O. K.? Fine. Good-night."

That morning, early, Paddy heard the enraptured youth tell of the advantages possessed by women foreign to the campus, and of the marvelous demeanor of June Hooper, the foreigner, in particular, from Providence, that city being approximately thirty miles distant.

The Laurel Florists were so surprised at the size of the

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order for an evening corsage to be sent to one June Hooper that they included a boutonniere of red rosebuds for the boy—a policy which Issacs & Issacs usually discouraged in their shops, as the elder Issac himself would have confided to you if he had been approached—which he wasn't.

It so happened the following day that Enie was returning to the house just as the house mother was informing the messenger boy that he had brought the flowers to the wrong place, for no one by the name of June Hooper resided there.

"They're for me!" Enie cried, running up to take the flowers.

Enie was more than pleased as she broke the string around the box, and before the more curious of her sisters opened and displayed the card thereon, from her admirer of the last evening. After duly impressing her companions she shooed them from the room and placed herself invitingly before the open fireplace. The beautiful red roses, which he had ordered specially and with no little stress, made a lovely splash of color against her creamy skin and showed off her beauty to no small advantage.

In this setting Vin found her, and, noticing the roses and the astonished, but not altogether displeased look on Enie's face, made a terse remark to the effect that some of the people could be fooled all of the time. Also he stated that although he had heard that true love never ran smoothly, he had not had it illustrated so strikingly before that the adage was true.

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Active: Hey, freshman, what's the idea of running the other way when I call you?

Quick Thinking Pledge: The echoes in this big house are so confusing.

—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*



Prof. (after lengthy lecture): Now, is there anything anyone would like to ask?

Voice from rear: What time is it?

—*Texas Longhorn.*



"Give a sentence using the word miscellaneous."

"Miscellaneous sure raising plenty hell in Italy."

—*Octopus.*



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He works long and without stint.

He prints the jokes that you don't want.

You want what the faculty won't let him print.

—*Hammer-Jammer.*

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A BUCKET

Rev. Good (at baptism): His name, please?

Mother: Algernon Philip Percival Reginald Mortimer Duckworth.

Rev. (to his assistant): A little more water, please.
—*Punch Bowl.*

*

THREE PICK-UPS

The Pessimists: Hello, girls, you wouldn't care to go with us, would you?

The Optimists: Hello, girls, you'll go with us, won't you?

The Collegians: Hello, girls, where are we going?
—*Punch Bowl.*

*

He: I'm a big shot.

She: Oh, yeah?

He: Yeah, a Lambdi Chi from Cornell.

She: What did he do?

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

ODE TO A GRAD

Gone from the classes he used to cut

Gone from the campus lanes,

Gone from the profs he hated, but

Back for the good old games.

—*Rice Owl.*

*

Ah cherie—je t'adore.

Aw shut the door yourself—you opened it.

—*Lehigh Burr.*

*

Old Lady (to child): What is your name, little girl?

Child: None of your damn business.

Old Lady: And is your father a college man, too?
—*Arizona Kitty Kat.*

*

Coach: What's the matter with you fellows; you look like a bunch of amateurs?

—*Medley.*

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—*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

✦

We understand that outside the twelve-
mile limit business is on the "urp and urp."

—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

✦

Frosh: I read in the Handbook about tradi-
tions. What are they?

Wixhiemer: They're something that used
to be, but aren't anymore, and are still trying
to be.

—*Sun Dial.*

✦

Prof.: I'm letting you out ten minutes early
today. Please go out quietly so as not to wake
the other classes.

—*U. S. C. Wampus.*

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

Coach: And what can you do?

Would-be Quarterback: Call thignals, thir.

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

✦

Prof.: The end always justifies the means.

Coach: I don't know about that; some of
our ends aren't worth what we paid for them.

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

✦

First Blot: Are you from California?

Second O: Naw, from Los Angeles.

—*Arizona Kitty Kat.*

✦

Rachel: Say, Rastus, you ain't a coffin' to-
day. What you all been doin' fo' yo'self.

Rastus: Ah's been chewin' Colored Coffers
fo' colored coons, which Ah got at May's
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NEVADA DESERT WOLF

WHAT'S WRONG WITH NEVADA MEN?

(Continued from Page 14)

gold diggers; well, you can't dig where there isn't any ore. Besides, we leave that to the dear laddies themselves. Why shouldn't a man take money from a woman and let her pay the bills if she wants to—don't we have sex equality? Of course, there is that trifling matter of self respect—but why bother about trifles.

However, they aren't so bad if you don't have to dance with them or listen to them talk. Their conversation is limited to, "My God, what a brawl that was last night," or, "I did this, and that," and "I told him," and "I'm going to show her—I, I, I." Very illuminating and interesting—not.

There are a few good dancers, but most of them learned in the "one, two three—slide" school, with a few variations. But such poise, such charm, such manners—they walk off the floor when the music stops and their partner

can follow or stay there. They walk through doorways first, let a girl open doors for herself, find a seat for herself—in fact, be completely independent.

You probably think I'm exaggerating, but you've never met a *genus homo westerno*, and for that you ought to be thankful. Out here men are men, and a gentleman is unknown.

Perhaps that last is a bit too strong. There are a few who are quite decent—boys without any money who work their way through school, who aren't snobs, and who really know how to act. A few, I said, but thank goodness I've got one of them and don't have to endure the other kind.

As ever,

JUST A NEVADA CO-ED

♦ ♦ ♦

Hayden's Pride: I've decided to join your fraternity.

Frater: I should say not!

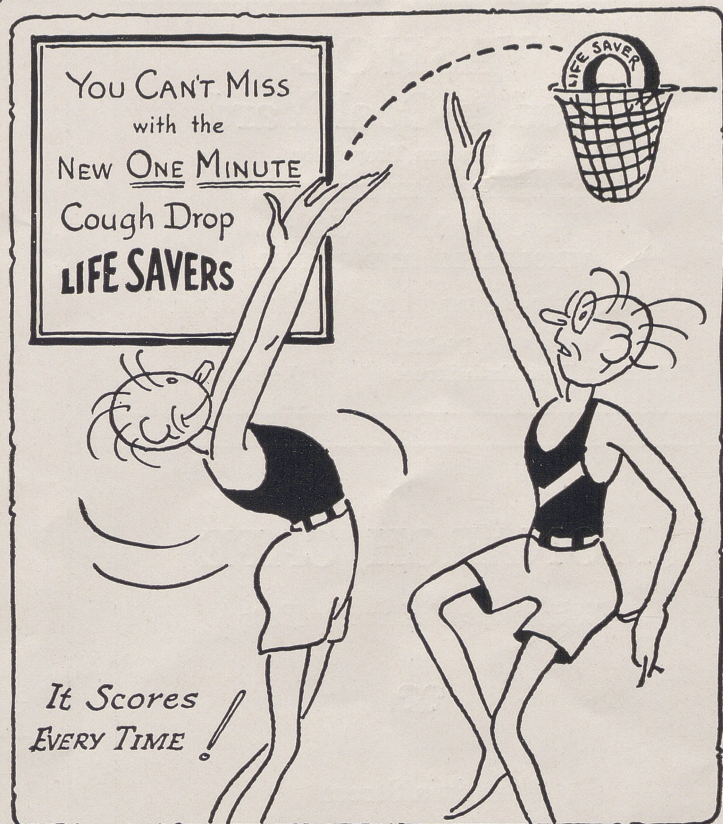
H. P.: Why, what's the matter with it.

—*Colorado Dodo.*

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NEW YORK LIFE

BOB FARRAR, '14

"Now define, if you will, please, the word 'news'."

"It's when a man bites a——"

"Next person, please."

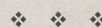
"News is a secret in a sorority house."

—*Wash. U. Columns.*

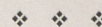


Freshman Week: That one glorious week when the new students learn those habits of loafing which come in so handy during the ensuing four years.—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

Bootleggers, gunmen,
Or would you like a killer?
And then a dainty murderess
My dear, just for a filler.



High hats, low hats,
On heads of old cats;
A sailor, a beany,
My hat, a Eugenie.



A car, a ride
A cool roadside.
A kiss, a hitch,
A cold, cold ditch.

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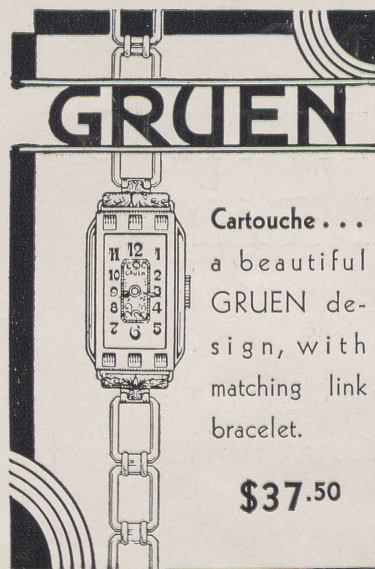
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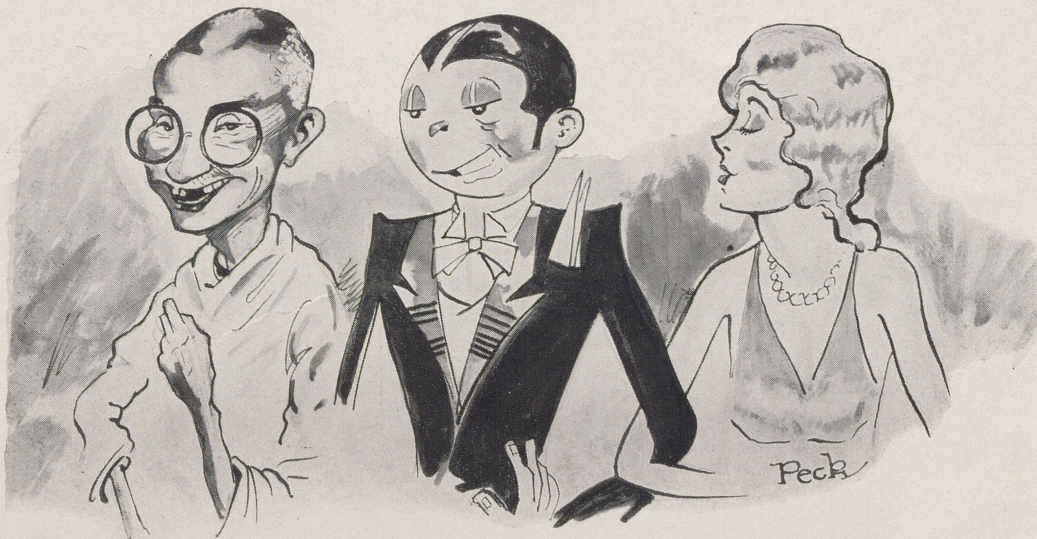
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