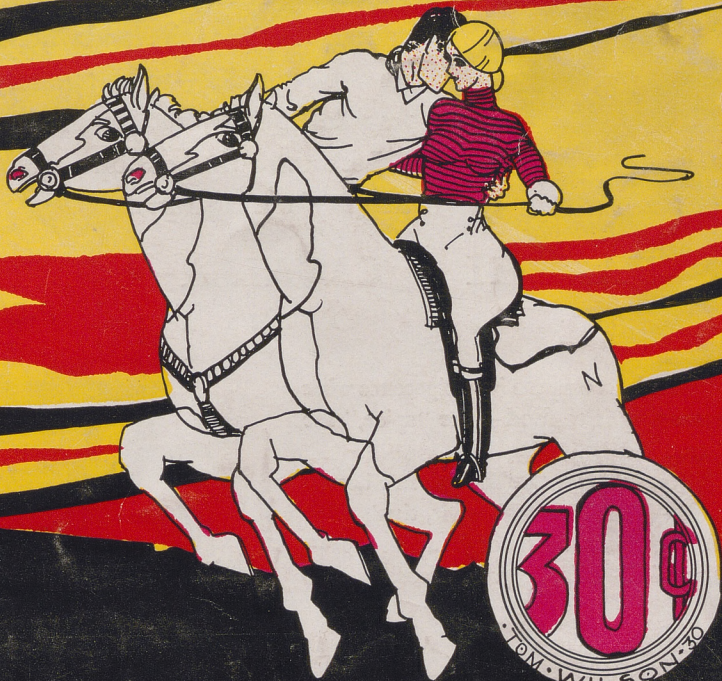


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DESERT WOLF

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First Kangaroo: Annabelle, where's the baby?

Second Ditto: My goodness, I've had my pocket picked. —*Orange Peel.*

❖

Prof.: What is As₂O₃?

Frosh: I've got it right on the tip of my tongue.

Prof.: Spit it out. It's white arsenic. —*Log.*

❖

He: I know every girl at this dance.

She: But not one of them has spoken to you.

He: Isn't that proof enough? —*Log.*

❖

"Why, there are no holes in this Swiss cheese!"

"Ah, but Madame, the tariff on holes this year—so prohibitive!" —*Tiger.*

❖

At a dance: Reach for your Sweetie; if she's there you're Lucky. —*Punch Bowl.*

❖

SOUNDS WE LOVE TO HEAR

"Hello, old boy, here's the five I owe you!"

"There will be no assignment for next time—class excused!"

"Oh, dearest, do you really mean it?"

"Amen!"

"Let's walk, instead."

"Yes." —*The Cornell Widow.*

❖

Ethyl says, "It's a great life if you don't weaken." —*Orange Peel.*

❖

1-C: "Every dollar I have was made honestly."

2-C: "By whom?" —*Log.*

'35: Mother says the right girl always comes along.

'32: Well, there never was any harm in a little practice. —*Log.*

❖

First Collegian (on board ship): Yes, my writing is improving, I think. I am now contributing to the Atlantic Monthly.

Second Schoolboy (leaning over rail): That's nothing; I'm contributing to the Atlantic daily. —*Wampus.*

❖

Lecturer: And when in Rome, we do as the Romans do; and when in China, we——

Member of audience: Do as the Japs do. —*Red Cat.*

❖

Abie (to only conscious occupant of wrecked car): Say, has the insurance agent come yet?"

Injured: No.

Abie: Well, move over, and I'll lay down beside you. —*Beanpot.*

❖

"How long are you gonna be in that bathtub?"

"Same length I am any place else, ya' sap." —*Rice Owl.*

❖

Frosh: Is this what they call lover's lane? Where does it lead?

Architect: It's liable to lead to trouble. —*Rice Owl.*

❖

Math Prof: Listen here, young man, are you the professor of this class?

Frosh: No, sir, I'm not.

Math Prof: Then don't talk like an idiot. —*Log.*

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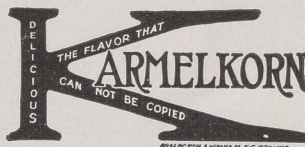
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First Co-ed: Why do you run around with those two boys? Why, they're awful pills.

Second Same: Yeah, but thar's gold in them pills.
—*Tennessee Mugwump.*



Doctor: Are you taking the medicine regularly?

Patient: I tasted it; I'd rather have the cough.
—*Life.*



Frosh: How much are your rooms?

Hotel Clerk: Five dollars up to twelve.

Frosh: How much for one all night?
—*Yellow Jacket.*



Creature: Young man, don't you know you'll ruin your stomach by drinking?

Middie: Oh, thash all right. It won't show with my coat on.
—*Log.*

Cop: If you were going five I would say you were going fifty.

Caught: You bet you would. —*Log.*



"Is this the Weather Bureau?"

"Yes."

"How about a shower tonight?"

"It's all right with me; take it if you need it."
—*Log.*



Clerk: What's the matter, sonny?

Little Boy: Please, sir, have you seen a lady without a little boy who looks like me?
—*Cynic.*



INCUBATION

Cashier: Is this check for \$200 yours?

Student: Yeah, I raised it from a small one my father gave me.
—*Pelican.*

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Dean: So you're back in school. I thought that I expelled you last week.

Upstart: You did, but don't do it again because my dad was plenty sore.—*Wampus.*



"Here is a letter for you with a black border."

"Alas, my poor brother is dead."

"How do you know; you haven't read it yet?"

"No, but I recognize his handwriting."
—*Rice Owl.*



Hostess: I'm so glad you came, Bishop. I was going to send you an invitation, but then I thought, "Oh, what the hell."

—*New Yorker.*



He who flunks
And still is gay
Will live to flunk
Another day.

—*Princeton Tiger.*

Little Willie was attending University Chapel with his father when a minister arose and said a prayer.

"Daddy, why does that man pray for the school?"

"He doesn't. He looks at the faculty and prays for the students."
Punch Bowl.



Teacher (warning her pupils against catching cold): I had a little brother seven years old, and one day he took his new sled out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died.

Silence for ten seconds.

The Voice from the Rear: Where's his sled?
—*Log.*



The cry of the Texans: Remember the Alamo!

The Cry of the Nevadans: Remember the Alimony!
—*Log.*



Economics Professor: Name some production in which the supply exceeds the demand.
Student: Trouble. —*Battalion.*

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NEW YORK LIFE

BOB FARRAR, '14

First Class: You don't have to wipe off your plate here.

Plebe: Pardon sir, it's a force of habit; you see dad is teaching me to be an umpire.
—*Log.*

❖

"My husband is a deceitful wretch."

"What's he done now?"

"He pretended to believe me last night when he knew I was lying to him."
—*Pathfinder.*

❖

"Mercy," said the sparrow as a fifteen-inch shell just missed him, "they must be hard up for meat."
—*Log.*

❖

"Do they have any restrictions at your university?"

"Only one."

"What is it?"

"Don't get caught."

—*Washington U. Dirge.*

Doctor (examining sick woman): Mr. Blunt, I don't like the look of your wife.

Blunt: Well, neither do I, but she's always looked after the children well. —*Log.*

❖

"Oh, goodness, my strap has broken. May I use that cute pin on your vest to hold it together?"
—*Brown Jug.*

❖

Teacher: What's the shape of the earth?

Johnnie (aged seven): Round.

Teacher: How do you know it's round?

Johnnie: All right, it's square. Far be it from me to start an argument about it.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

❖

Boys will be boys—if they were anything else the girls wouldn't have near as much fun.

—*Octopus.*

❖

The prof that comes to class twenty minutes late is in a class by himself. —*Log.*

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UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

MEET THE BOYS

Tri: Did you tell your husband the story of all the frat. men you used to know?

Delt: Yes, but I left out a few chapters.
—*Red Cat.*



"I suppose, Henry," said the old gentleman to his new son-in-law, "that you are aware that the cheque for fifty thousand dollars I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect?"

"Oh yes, sir," responded the cheerful Henry, "and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning."

—*Iowa Green Gander.*



"Hey, what's the idea of wearing my rain-coat?"

"Well, you wouldn't want me to get your suit wet, would you?"
—*Widow.*

Dom: What's a reverie?

Dommer: A guy what blows the whistle at football games.
—*Rice Owl.*



Efficiency Expert: The successful business man who uses two desks, one for each foot.
—*Log.*



Swimming Coach: Hey, did you take a shower?

Dumb Frosh: No, is there one missing?
—*Banter.*



Hickory Dickory Dock,
The Dean had her eye on the clock.

The clock struck one,
The Prom was done.

Hickory Dickory Dock,
—*Belle Hop.*

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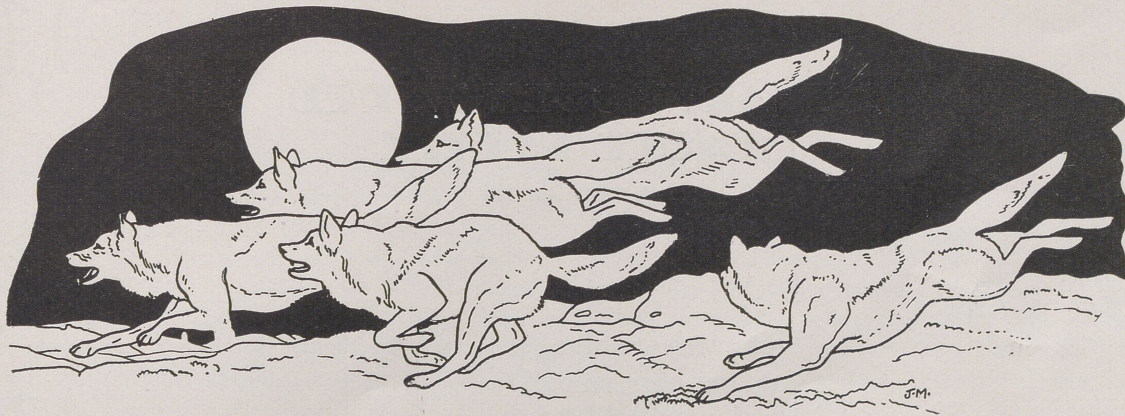


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NEVADA DESERT WOLF



THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA DESERT WOLF

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CONTENTS

A THARKY ODE TO A RED-HEADED
 BEETLE *by* Corky Adams..... 8

SHIPS *by* Katherine Hansen..... 9

"WE HATE TO SEE 'EM GO!"
by Frances Smith..... 12

SALT SPRAY *by* Frandsen Loomis..... 13

SAGA OF A SELF-MADE MAN *by* Robert Creps 14

PARAGRAPHICAL PIFFLE *by* Fritz Wilson.... 18

A BIT OF NONSENSE *by* Blythe Bulmer..... 19

FAREWELL TO A YOUTH *by* Peggie Johnson 20

PARODY ON THE BALLAD "MANDALAY"
by Frandsen Loomis..... 20

SPRING MOODS *by* Peggie Johnson..... 20



O. Robinson

A THARKY ODE TO A RED HEADED BEETLE

By CORKY ADAMS



Her eyeth are blue,
And her hair ith red.
Her build ith high,
And the lookth well fed.

The'th a red-hot mamma,
And the lovth to thmooth.
The'th a rip-roarin' woman
When the doeth the hootchy-cooth.

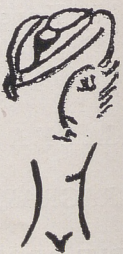
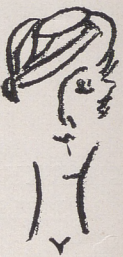
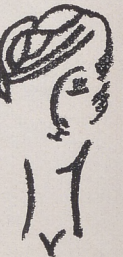
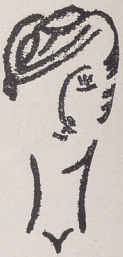
I think of Venuth
When I look at her thankth.
It'th thith kind of dame
Maketh men rob bankth.

The hath her own car
And driveth plenty fatht.
The'th an interething beetle
With a remarkable patht.

I could drink a toatht
To her ruby lipth,
But when I reach high
My thirt-tail thlipth.

Her earth thtick out
And her browth thlant down.
The can blow her thnothle
And not make a thound.

Why ithn't the popular?
I'll give you one gueth.
The hath halitothith
Ath well ath bad breath.



NEVADA DESERT WOLF

SHIPS

By KATHERINE HANSEN, Illustrated by the Author



WITH a sigh of relief, Ken relaxed slowly against the trunk of the tree and stretched his lanky white-flanneled legs out across a considerable distance of green lawn before him. It was late April, and although summer was just beginning, the walk up the slope of Campus did not have a very cooling effect.

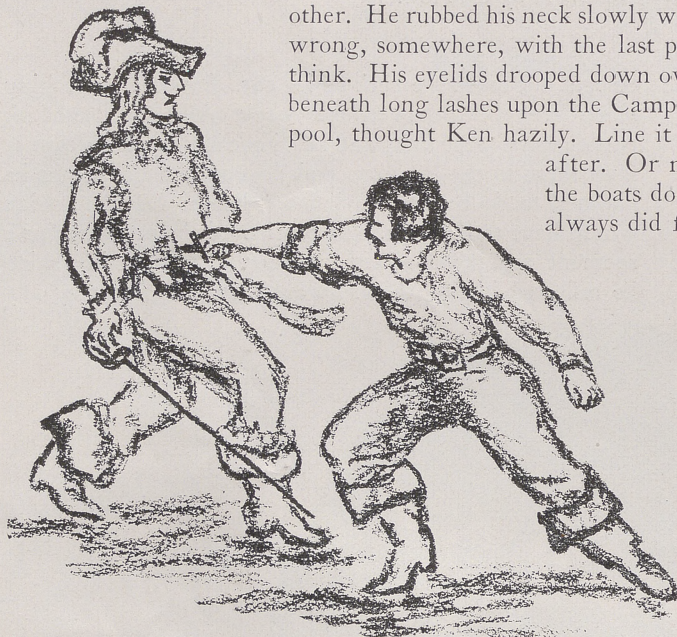
Ken unbuttoned the third button in the neck of his white shirt. That helped some, he thought, removing a

curious ant from the back of his ear. It was a good thing school would be out in another week. All but three of his twelve shirts were dirty and he didn't have enough cash to send them to the laundry, and do some of the things he planned to do before leaving for home. So three shirts would have to last him. He considered the problem for a moment, and then decided to forget it. What's in a shirt, he reflected lazily. A rose would smell as sweet by any



*Perhaps
she was somewhere—
waiting for him—*

SHIPS



K. Hansen

Battle, murder and sudden death—

Panama were the stories he had read of dark-skinned people down there in a hot country, and an idea that it was the place where white straw hats originated. He had a hazy remembrance of seeing a picture somewhere of Colonel Roosevelt, in one of these hats, standing, in white linen trousers, on top of some bridge or something, while he gave orders to the people below. Or maybe it was Napoleon who had done it, or perhaps Lindberg. Anyhow, he would soon have straight dope on the whole thing—see it first hand.

The West Indies! What magic in that name, Ken thought. It sounded like pirates, and buried treasure; or perhaps Captain Blood, standing with his arms folded and booted legs planted firmly on the deck, watching with a grim smile while a mutinous native swung aloft from the mast, or yardarm, or whatever pole it was that a native can be hung from. Treasure Island—and Captain Kidd—and Sir Walter Raleigh laughing at the bright face of danger while he parried the thrust of an opponent's flashing blade and ran him through, red bloom gleaming darkly against the white sand in the moonlight.

Of course, it wouldn't be like that now, Ken mused, rather wistfully. Sword fights were out of date. But there was still adventure, and romance. Someone had written a book, "Moon of the Carribees," plays which Ken had read eagerly. Even the name was like the soft swish of water lapping against the sides of a boat.

HE MUSED dreamily, eyes half closed, watching a flock of white clouds slowly change shape and drift apart in the bright sky above him. Clouds were like ships too, he thought. Ships with only the wind for a pilot, and perhaps rain for a cargo. Only they were ships that never anchored. Or did they? Where did clouds go when they were tired, or old? Ken laughed softly to himself, while a gentle wind ruffled the blond hair across his forehead. It was a long time since he had thought of things like that, and wondered about them. It was fun, though, wondering. That was where people got lots of their enjoyment from life—wondering what would happen next, and imagining all sorts of things that could.

People were like ships. When they were young they were ships starting out on a voyage, lots of them with a course mapped out along which they must follow; but many got side-tracked and met with adventures on the way, and some were switched off altogether and wandered long

other. He rubbed his neck slowly with a lean brown hand, and then yawned. Something was wrong, somewhere, with the last part of that quotation. But anyhow, it was too warm to think. His eyelids drooped down over his eyes in sleepy contentment, as he looked out from beneath long lashes upon the Campus below. They ought to turn the lake into a swimming pool, thought Ken hazily. Line it with cement and put goldfish or something in it to dive after. Or maybe throw money in, as they do for the natives after the boats dock in Honolulu. His thoughts came back to that, as they always did finally, whatever he was doing. The knowledge and the joy of it was always there, in his subconscious mind, wherever he was. It gave him a warm feeling of something secret and intimate, to have this knowledge to himself and know that it was his. Golly, it was going to be a grand trip! He scratched his left floating rib in luxurious enjoyment and allowed his imagination to dwell lingeringly on the voyage.

Panama, and the West Indies in summer, and then Louisiana, and the Mississippi, and back home. He and his pal, Bud, on a tramp steamer from San Francisco in May, working their way down and back. There wouldn't be much hurry. They would have almost three months.

Panama—Ken considered it for a moment, while he watched a bird fly in and out with quick darting movements from under the eaves of the library, where it was building a nest. About all he knew concerning



H. Hansen

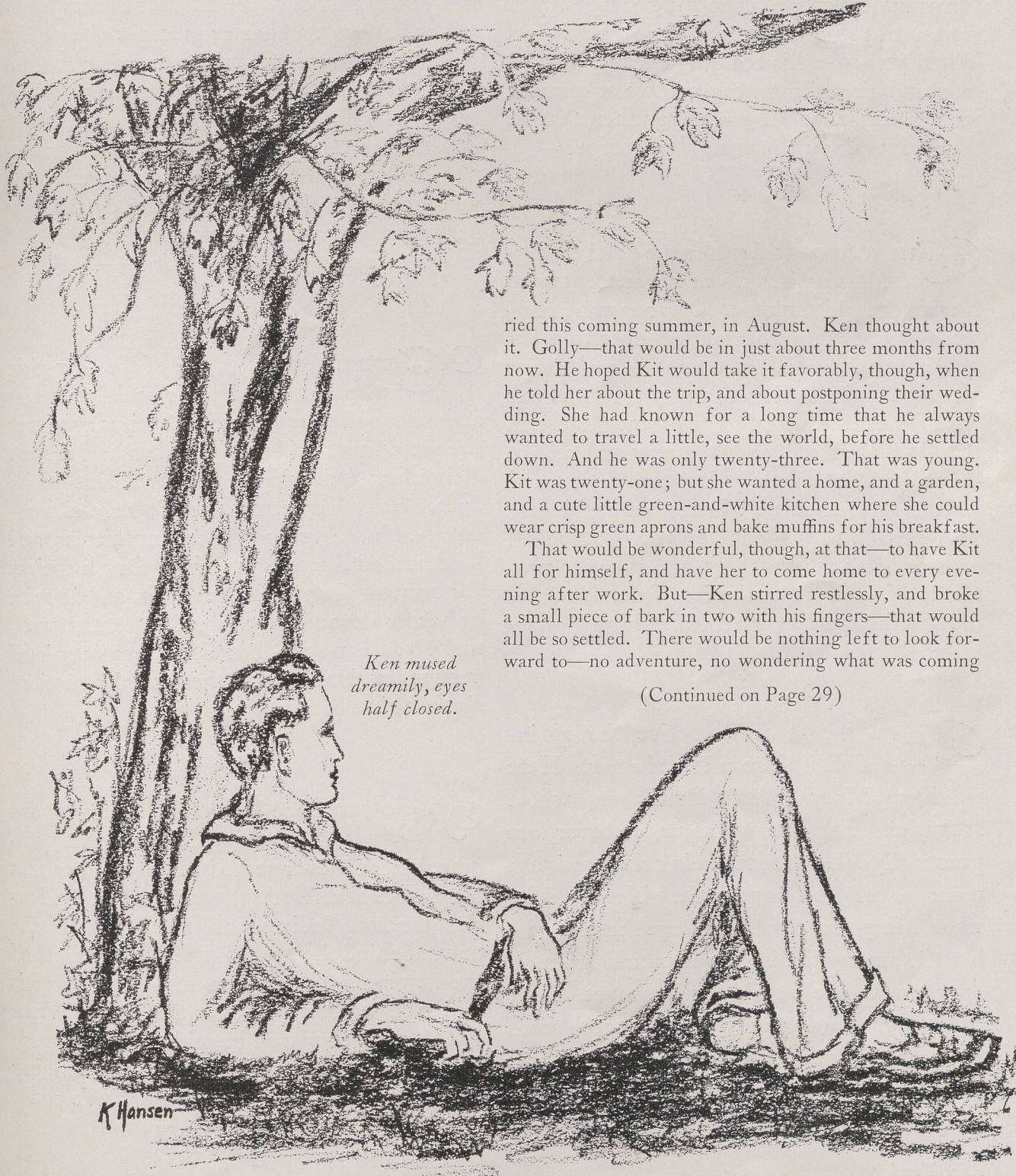
Kit applied lipstick with careful fingers.

SHIPS

miles from the original destination. And some were lost, sunk, and never found again. Most of them, though, Ken considered, reached harbor and weighed anchor for awhile; and the next time they did start out, there was always a harbor to which they would return sometime. Ken suddenly thought of Kit, and a shadow passed across his bright imaginings.

He smoothed the cool grass beside him, and flopped over on his side, the back of his shoulder resting against the dark tree trunk.

Kit was a dear, but—Ken smiled to himself a bit ruefully—Wit wanted to weigh anchor in a harbor too soon. He loved her. Of course he loved her, or they never would have become engaged. And they were to have been mar-



Ken mused dreamily, eyes half closed.

ried this coming summer, in August. Ken thought about it. Golly—that would be in just about three months from now. He hoped Kit would take it favorably, though, when he told her about the trip, and about postponing their wedding. She had known for a long time that he always wanted to travel a little, see the world, before he settled down. And he was only twenty-three. That was young. Kit was twenty-one; but she wanted a home, and a garden, and a cute little green-and-white kitchen where she could wear crisp green aprons and bake muffins for his breakfast.

That would be wonderful, though, at that—to have Kit all for himself, and have her to come home to every evening after work. But—Ken stirred restlessly, and broke a small piece of bark in two with his fingers—that would all be so settled. There would be nothing left to look forward to—no adventure, no wondering what was coming

(Continued on Page 29)

“WE HATE TO SEE ‘EM GO!”

By FRANCES SMITH

❖

TO YOU, a Senior probably doesn't mean much right now. So long as he is a good fellow, and can hold his own, you accept him for what he is and think nothing of it; but just wait until you begin to feel his loss next year. When you miss his ready loans and his bad puns and his smiling visage in two or three of your classes, it will dawn on you then that he was graduating this spring, by George!

❖

THE SCHOOL will suffer one of its cryingest losses when Oscar Bryan steps up to receive the old diploma. Oscar says he realizes this but that he feels it his duty to mankind to go out and infest himself on it. For years the tonic and vita of every party, he was one of the best, according to his own line, and the big wide world should know and realize his possibilities as a big-time toastmaster and master of ceremonies. None other could have kept the Whiskerino moving as well as he. A debater of no mean ability, and always a promoter of Campus activities, Oscar deserves the best the students can think of him.

❖

HOW A GIRL can be active, though inactive, is more or less of an art. Here we have Mary “Tex” Donaldson, whose activities, unless she works under cover, are practically nil—not even being sixth assistant manager of the Sagebrush. Nevertheless, when Mary first came to college she created a big stir among the varsity men and from all appearances she hasn't given up yet. Now Mary is graduating and unless the south sends us another fair cotton picker the lads will just have to do without the “you alls” in their evenings.

Page Twelve

❖

WILBUR D. HANNIBAL, Mr. Hannibal to you, but Hank to you, has done deals and deals in keeping awake that ancient and venerable body, the student affairs committee. Almost a charter member, Hank insists that he wouldn't miss a meeting for the world. Where could we find another half so faithful? Besides having wormed himself into the hearts of this benevolent organization, Hank seems to also have a way with the wimmin. Whether it's his smile or the way he wears his ears is for you to find out—if you can. Love, you funny thing——!

❖

ETHEL HANSON is one of the few girls who have kept their social contacts and managed to be active in Campus affairs at the same time. Miss Hanson has had several class offices, being know vice-president of the Senior class, has membership in several honorary clubs, served on dance committees, and has handled the position of Sagebrush society editor in good style. Besides this, and in spite of her studies and other outside interests, we'll make you a wager that Ethel hasn't missed very many dances and other social functions since she has been in circulation.

❖

Now that Joe Jackson has the last word in the “Anything That's Right” column, his fans never get to hear anything about his private life. Tut, tut, such modesty. Hotcha Jackson, ladies and gen'l'men, is the power behind the press, is one of the chiefs of the new passive resistance movement, and is said to be perfectly “ducky” on a party. When Joe leaves it may well be said that the 'Brush he put out for the past year was outstanding for its stern policy and rich news. We could

(Continued on Page 21)

SALT SPRAY

By FRANDSEN LOOMIS

❖
Editor's Note: After spending four years in the navy, Mr. Loomis took a look at Manzanita Lake, and writes us this bit of advice:
❖

In days of old,
When ships were coaled,
Instead of fed by oil;
And men were rough,
And really tough,
They knew what it meant to toil.
All did their work,
And didn't shirk,
When called before the mast.
If gale did blow,
The crew would know,
That at the boat'ian's blast
All hands turned to,
And labored, to
Save the scupper's sides.
And as it calmed,
And weather balmed,
They dried their salty hides.
'Twas not one day,
This sort of fray,
Would belay the dreaded voyage.
But more by far,
To wreck the spar,
The angry sea acknowledged.
When trip was o'er,
And once ashore,
These sea-dogs planted legs.

They turned their face,
To a drinking place,
Where beer was served in kegs.
As morning came,
And some brown dame,
Had "cleaned" them of their pay.
They turned again,
To sail the main,
And live for another day.
For such is the life,
And daily strife,
Of a man who follows the sea.
Who loves and drinks
And never thinks
Just what the future will be.
If you never know,
Just where to go,
When things look black and dull,
Put a seaman's sack,
Upon your back
And ship-out on some old hull.
For here, I'm sure,
You'll find a lure,
That can't be found ashore,
And once you're out,
You'll rave about
That life, and nothing more.

SAGA OF A SELF MADE MAN

By ROBERT CREPS

ONCE upon a time in the good old days when men were men and pansies were flowers, there roamed upon the surface of this earth of ours a youth, namely one Spike MacDougal. The aforementioned youth was born in a deserted cabin in the backwoods, far from kidnapers and newspaper reporters, and it was here that he flourished and developed into a very precocious child. At the seemingly early age of eleven years he told his father that he had had a talk with Horace Greeley and had decided to go West. So, packing a few of his belongings, some provisions, a tent, a cook stove, and a shotgun, he set out to seek his fame and fortune in the world beyond.

It might be advisable to present at this time a picture of our young hero as he began to disrobe for an invigorating plunge in a frozen lake by the way. Spike was not, as his name might suggest, an effeminate, pampered child, but rather was considered a regular guy, and he often boasted to his friends that he could look any man in the face and tell him to go straight to hell, and thus qualified as a tough hombre. So much for the character portrayal.

Spike had by this time performed his ablutions in the lake water, and after running up and down the beach for an hour he decided that he was dry enough and scampered behind a clump of bushes to dress.

Feeling much refreshed, he carried on, but soon realized that he was ravenously hungry. At this very moment a flock of wild geese flew overhead, and Spike snatched up his piccolo and began to play sweetly upon it. So sweetly did he play, in fact, that the geese just forgot everything but the weird, enchanting scream of the piccolo and didn't see the big rock cliff that jutted up in front of them, and accordingly each one dashed his brains out against it. Spike really hated to see them all killed, but, as he remarked, "One must eat." To say the

least, he had a good dinner of goose flesh that night and the fifty or so that were left over were tied by their feet onto a pole that he carried to be used as emergency rations.

NIGHT began to fall, as nights will, and our hero felt the need of a good rest. He had a couple of sky hooks along in his equipment, and, hooking his bed up in midair far from the teeth of the ferocious animals, he settled down and slept long and loud. It was five long weeks before he again saw the light of day. He remarked to himself, "A little sleep now and then will do any man good." He jumped down to the ground, set his false teeth in place, kicked his heels together and set off on a run. Over hill and dale he galloped, so eager and rambunctious was he. The western air seemed to agree with Spike and he grew like a weed, gaining from forty to fifty pounds a week.

One bright day he was thoughtlessly and aimlessly romping through an especially thick bit of jungle and underbrush when three big cobra snakes dropped down from an overhanging limb and drew him back up into the branches. Spike was so surprised that for three days he didn't know what had happened. When he finally saw the predicament he was in, he soliloquized, "I wasn't in any particular hurry, anyhow." Having read much about the habits of snakes in his Mother Goose book when a child, he kept them contented with lumps of sugar. They finally let him go and he dropped thirty-seven feet to the ground, where he sank in solid rock up to his knees. If anyone should doubt this, his footprints may be seen to this day in the rock in the yard of the Nevada State Prison.

No sooner had Spike extricated himself than a terrible warwhoop fell upon his ears

SAGA OF A SELF MADE MAN



and a howling bunch of hoodlums jumped up all around him. However, he was quick to the occasion and sat down on a stump and watched them holler and dance as though they had been sent to entertain him. This shifty move unnerved them and they began to shoot arrows. This made Spike mad. There was nothing he hated more to do than pluck poisoned arrows out of his torso and hair. Accordingly, he whipped out his trusty gun and his rusty knife. The gun he had was a truly remarkable one, to say the least. It had been given to him by his father's only son and could shoot bullets for sixteen miles and then throw rocks. Spike was a kind-hearted cuss, though, and had no desire to kill anybody or anything, and far be it from him to leave a valley full of dead hoodlums. So, accordingly, he only shot an arm and leg off each one and went on his way feeling that he had disposed of the matter very satisfactorily.



SPIKE was meandering along his way, minding his own business, and soon came upon a mighty castle. Even as he was looking at it a beautiful red-headed dame hollered for help from one of the top windows. Spike grumbled to himself, "If it isn't one damn thing it's another." But, being the kind-hearted soul that he was he could not bear to see anyone suffering, especially a beautiful red-headed dame. Accordingly, he gritted his teeth, pulled out his brand new sword, removed the cellophane wrapping and bel-lowed back to the distressed one, "Hold everything!"

The dame lowered her beautiful hair out the window until it touched the ground and our hero soon had it braided into a neat ladder and clambered up to her. He finally was able to get his eyes off the dame and remembered

that he had come to save her. He began a systematic search of the room to ascertain the cause for her distress signals, and finally came upon Count de Chips, the villainous owner of the castle, who had come for the rent. Spike growled and made a lunge for him, but the Count pulled the chain and five hundred armed horsemen galloped in. This baffled our hero, to say the least. The situation was tense.

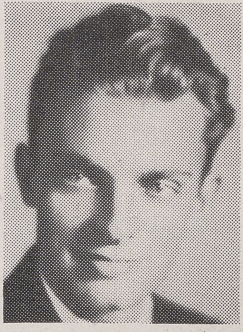
In the meantime, Spike's father and several of Spike's pals from his old Boy Scout troop were searching for him far and wide, fearing he had fallen into bad company.

Back in the castle, Spike, trying to think up his next shifty move, happened to glance out the window where he saw his father and friends coming up the road in the distance. This gave him hope, and he sat down and wrote a long, detailed letter to his father telling him the situation and urging cooperation. He sealed the letter and gave it to one of the Count's five hundred horsemen to deliver. Well, to dwarf a tall story, Spike's father and pals soon stormed the castle and killed all the Count's horses and all the Count's men. Spike had the singular pleasure of stabbing the Count through the heart, slashing his throat, and shooting three bullets into his brain, after which he hung him out the window to die with one of the hairs plucked from the crown of the red-headed dame. "So much for the Count," said Spike, and washed his hands.

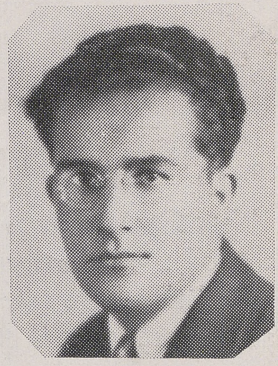
That night there was much rejoicing and revelry in the castle and a great feast was prepared at which Spike announced his engagement to the red-headed dame. He said they figured to stay and clean up the dishes after the feast and then leave immediately for the farm, where they were going to raise corn, cabbage, and the devil for the rest of their lives.

—BOB CREPS.

WE HAVE KNOWN

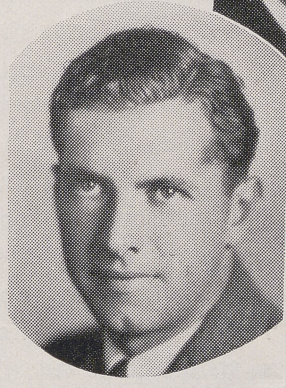
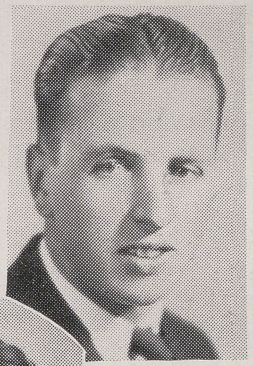


PHILLIP ("Wotta") MANN
—Celebrated member of Blue Key, town crier for the Sagers, and croons his amorous ballads to his Lambda Chi brothers.



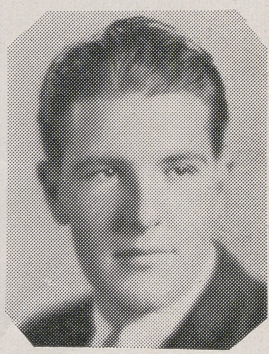
NICK BASTA—*Secretary of Blue Key, member of the Publications Board, an alert newspaper man, and a leading Lambda Chi.*

AL SEELIGER—*Manager of the championship basketball team, member of Coffin and Keys, and when not studying is usually occupying the most comfortable chair at the A. T. O. house.*



WALT MITCHELL—*Illustrious member of the Finance Control Committee, Chairman of Men's Upperclass Committee, and hurls a mean baseball for the Beta Kappas.*

DWIGHT NELSON—*Assiduous leader of the Cosmopolitan Club, Clionia, and eats his soup at the Delta Sigma Lambda house.*



MOND ("Vincent Lo-
 2") HACKETT—*States
 at he is a member of Gof-
 a and Keys, Blue Key,
 lock "N," Upperclass
 ommittee, and if you hap-
 n to be strolling by the Phi
 gma Kappa house you will
 r him rhapsodizing in
 arm rhythm.*

PARAGRAPHICAL PIFFLE

By FRITZ WILSON

Being offered without reservations and with the idea of its being accepted for what it is worth.

THE GHANDITES AND IMPERIALISTS might be good monickers for the new order in and around this here campus. Just how long the passive group will stick by their guns, and how strong the victorious group is, remains to be settled next year . . . in spite of the positive statements of one Phil Daver, big-time political boss and pessimist par excellence.

EX-PREXY CANTLON can now heave his sigh of relief at being able to relinquish the gavel. His sigh could well include the element of pride, for he has successfully guided an uneasy student body through a year which compares very favorably with any in school history, and better than favorably with any in recent years. Congratulations, Ed!

MENTION OF SPRING would have to enter into this thing somewhere. What with all the marriages, pin-hangings, and formals, the year is ending with all due propriety. And to say nothing of the advantages of the beer season over that of the hard-likker period in the winter months!

CHECKING ATTENDANCE in classes is, to the notion of many, an outworn institution. In high school, where attendance is compulsory, it is obviously important. Herein, the age element must also be reckoned. But, in college, persons are supposedly interested in getting an education. If they want an education, they'll attend classes often enough to get that necessary knowledge. Of course, there will always be a class of ne'er-do-wells whose purpose on the campus is non-serious, but on the whole people with intelligence enough to

get into college should have a purpose sincere enough, without having to be checked up on like children. After all, the check is on school work, all will agree, and not on whether or not a student has been absent from class three or four times in a semester.

FROLICKING DOGS . . . humorously nicknamed "the Wolf Pack," rove the campus open spaces with an abandon and freedom tempting enough to make even the driest of bookworms cast a wistful eye in their direction now and then.

ONE BIG BIRDIE, with all its attached significance, goes to portions of both political parties existent on our campus. Granting that both sides have their arguments, and their sincere members, the fact still remains that a not inconsiderable number work to the detriment of the school. On the one side is the loser, who yells sour grapes to the high heavens and throws in the sponge by way of showing his disappointment. On the other is the winner, who, because the system has clicked, makes the statement that what is, has to be, all of which is, to use slang, "a hot o' hooley." Suffice it to say that through the efforts of these two elements the good old A. S. U. N. is in for a hard year, and not because of the shortcomings of either side as a whole, entirely.

IF THE QUESTION "Should Traditions Go?" was put to us about our school customs, we would promptly vote in the negative. Yet, each year sees a greater struggle to get the big Block "N" whitewashed, to keep dinks on the freshmen, to hold underclass fights, to get

(Continued on Page 22)

A BIT OF NONSENSE

By BLYTHE BULMER (No Doubt)

FABLES FOR FRESHMEN

ONCE 'pon a time, der was a dump what dey called a collitch. Det means a place where all der boys und gals went to get education. . . . What you say? Education? Sure, dey get education what was education. Dey loin how to dooble date—what means to went out twice at wonct—und tings like dat. Annyhow, der was a keet wat went to dees collitch place what was name Emmaline Louise Garfinkle. She hear what terrible place eet be, so she be raddy. She feex all oop—get lots of swall drasses at Sears Grab-buck by der correspondence plan, und frizz her hair oop like nobody got some business. She hear what swall fellows going to der collitch—so she put on leepsteck und everything.

thing. Whoops—whatta gal—dees Emmaline Louise Garfinkle! (Emmy—to you, for short). So pretty soon, she be raddy, und she tell poppa und mamma goodby, und say, “Wait! I gett me der fellow—I’ll breeng home der sheik of der collitch for der son-in-law.” Und away she goes. Pretty soon she coomes to der collitch, und when she got dere she couldn’t see nutting but foonny looking gents what had wviskers all over der faces. So she theenk she got der wrong place, so she go away again. Pretty soon she coom beck und der wviskers is longer den ever, so she say to herself, “I don’t guess dess collitch idee got some heat—I go home to mamma und poppa.” So she went home to mamma und poppa, und married a ship-herder und hed fourteen keets, so der collitch education wouldn’t have done some good nohow.

YOU’VE MET THE TYPE

THE fellow who tells you loudly and vociferously (I can’t pronounce it, you

try) what a big fellow he is. . . . The sorority sister who expects you to get her a position through some sort of a drag (If I had a drag I’d use it for myself—do you think I’d be writing this, if I could get anywhere myself?) . . . The candidate for a student body office who suddenly starts speaking to one and all, whereas before he would have “none of you.” . . . The person who takes this sort of hooley seriously. . . . And the campus cut-up—one of those coy people who bustles about just having a jolly time at anyone’s expense. . . . The great lovers that infest a campus with their romancing. . . . The fraternity brother who wants you to fix it up with the girl friend and explain the whole situation—that you were with the blonde and not him. . . . Any fraternity brother, for that matter . . . or sorority sister. . . . People who write this sort of nonsense. . . . The lad who insists on recounting in detail the big binge that he went on last night (and won’t give you a chance to tell him about your own party). . . . Publicity hogs. . . . The chairman of a committee who does no work, but gets all the credit. . . . You know the type. . . . ANYBODY.

BLACKOUT

OVERHEAD the moon shed that soft light for which it is so famous. Tiny white clouds scudded across the sky, making the blue of the heavens only more intense. A breeze brushed the willows on the shore of the lake. The waters of the lake rose and fell in little ripples that washed the clear white sands of the beach and made them gleam in the moonlight.

Across the lake the sound of soft music

(Continued on Page 24)

FAREWELL TO A YOUTH*By* PEGGIE JOHNSON

Good-bye, my dear,
 We've had a lovely year.
 Forget you?
 Why, darling, I couldn't be untrue!
 I'll write every day.
 (Oh, why doesn't he go away!
 The cutest man
 Just boarded this train.)

❖ ❖ ❖

**PARODY ON THE BALLAD
"MANDALAY"***By* FRANDSEN LOOMIS

Don't listen to this "East of Suez" stuff, or
 "the flying fish at play,"
 It's either bunk or homesick bluff, I don't care
 a damn what you say.
 For I've been East of Suez, and I've seen those
 fish at play.
 There's nothing to it, I tell you, to come such
 a long, long way.

From Peking to old Olongapoo, Canton or
 Manila Bay,
 There's a trail of men who have "missed their
 boat" from women, rum and play.
 I've sweated and cussed in Shanghai, per-
 spired in muddy Hongkong.
 And I'll tell you that the coast of China ain't
 no grand sweet song.

I've sat on my heels with chopsticks, eaten
 seaweed and raw fish;
 But I'll take mine with a case knife off a good
 old Yankee dish.
 I ain't stuck on a Filipino, nor their chits you
 sign for drinks;
 I'm all fed up on the Cheeno and his filthy
 city stinks.

I've tramped the Malay jungles, I have lived
 in the tropics wild,
 When full to the neck on Ginebra I dreamed
 of the coffee at Child's,

Page Twenty

Of their beefsteak and the trimmin's, with a
 side of hash-browned spuds,
 A happy dream, you may be sure, while fight-
 in' through that mud.

The Jap is chesty and crooked, the Chinaman
 too damn slick,
 So it's me for a Swede or a Dago, or a good old
 Irish Mick.
 I've combed the coast of China, and roamed
 the lanes of Japan,
 But Frisco's a damn sight finer, where there
 ain't no ricksha man.

I'm heading West of Suez, from the other side
 of the map,
 I'm through with the Jap and the Malay, and
 "chow," and the "tiffin sap,"
 I've seen grass huts in Subic, and on the shores
 of the Zulu Sea,
 But the good ole Golden Gate will sure look
 good enough to me.

❖ ❖ ❖

SPRING MOODS*By* PEGGIE JOHNSON

❖

MARCH WIND

March blusters in to the year
 In a cloud of dust
 And last fall's old brown leaves.
 They swirl around street corners,
 Only to end in some dirty gutter
 Until the street cleaner comes.

❖

RAIN IN APRIL

This month's rain is gently
 Prophesying flowers and
 New green grass.
 Harshness belongs to March.
 April rains sing a song
 On my roof-top.

❖

MAY

May gives life-blood and warmth
 To flowers, that they may
 Blossom into loveliness
 In your garden and mine.

"WE HATE TO SEE 'EM GO!"

(Continued from Page 12)

say this now only we think it wouldn't be good for him. Joe has worked hard and has been a good fellow all through—give him a hand!



SINCE the conspicuous absence of cold hard cash on the Nevada campus these couple of years past, college weddings are becoming scarcer and scarcer. Time was when it was great sport for local boys and girls to be married secretly and have it out later, or dash off to Minden in the midst of mid-term exams to get married on a dare. Bob Merriman, general in His Majesty's army, and Marion Stone, honorary colonel to the same, win by a nose for the only tie-up this year. However, with both of them graduating they're not even being bad. What's the matter, is love dying out among the young folks, or is everybody 'fraid?



BIG ACTIVITY MAN, and member of the Friday Afternoon club, besides several other clubs for the past five years, Francis "Tank," unlike other super-seniors, has not taken his last year so seriously that he does not have time for other things—congrats. Editor of the *Artemisia* last year, this year finds him heading the Publications Board. President of Coffin and Keys, he saw that organization through its annual running as safely as possible. Tank feels that he has tried most everything and is now ready to go out and tackle the world. Grrrrrrrr.

JUST a little girl who came to college expecting to do big things, Berry McAnally has done just about all for her school that a blonde can do—safely. Once chosen as a campus beauty queen she is still as fair as ever, the mad exciting race of college life having left none of its traces. Berry has been outstanding in Campus Players during her four years here and that body will have a hard shift trying to find an ingenue to replace this star of many performances.



THE LEAST SAID about some people, the better, but not so in the case of Norman Blundell, who was honor roll student and scholar par excellence. Norman was candidate for the Oxford scholarship this year, but for all his earnestness he still finds space for an occasional jolly time and picture show. The social hours have been a great boon to Norman—nothing like them to strike up acquaintances.



ALWAYS the smiling and debonair chap found in the group of men chatting on campus walks, Irv Ayer is going to be much missed when the spring housecleaning of seniors is accomplished. Two classes in particular are going to sigh at the vacant chair—the profs and the women. Ask any prof what an asset Irv is to their classes. And it seems that crowds of women follow him around during registration, signing up for the courses he picks. Ah, well, Irvin put Homecoming Day across masterfully, which is more than you could do, or you, or you.

PARAGRAPHICAL PIFFLE

(Continued from Page 18)

the seniors to wear their sombreros, and to make rooting sections effective. A new and better order of things? Perhaps new, but assuredly not better. And now . . . what are we going to do about these things?



PATRONIZE YOUR BACKERS is the best policy for our activities to follow so far as letting out contracts is concerned, at least. We ask a lot of support from Reno merchants in particular, yet in the past many contracts and orders have been let to out-of-town concerns. While it may not be as pressing as the famed "Goose and Golden Egg" proverb, it would be well to be a little more considerate. This practice is probably more common where students have the say than with others so empowered.



A NEW COACH is with us. Spirit is due for a pick-up, because general college enthusiasm is based, in considerable amount, upon the football season. The new man, Mitchell, appears to be as hard and as set in his purpose as a "Brick." That is what we want. Now let's turn out and help him as much as he wants to help us.



CORSAGES . . . the bugbear of every formal. Notwithstanding the rule set by the Interfraternity Council some two years ago, women continue to show at dances of formal

nature with lovely corsages. Of course, they don't buy them for themselves, and perhaps this depression isn't so many, after all, but at least make a new rule, so that some of us won't be made any more uncomfortable than is necessarily called for by the garb known as "monkey suit."



AWARDS FOR DEBATERS as they now exist are most inappropriate. In no wise can debate be classed with athletics. Yet a Circle "N," similar to that granted for minor sports, is presented each year to members of the squad. A certificate, suitable for framing, might be a logical substitute.



LONGER LIBRARY HOURS would be more or less of an aid to many students, particularly toward the latter part of each semester. Nine-thirty at night is a fairly early hour to stop studying, and such is the case, for a lot of students have to do practically all of their school work in the libe, due to any number of reasons. Certainly, we are old enough to stay up later than ten o'clock on week nights for the purpose of studying!



ALL OF WHICH makes one think how much fun it is to go on picnics, far away from the troubles of a campus. And, too, to think of the summer months ahead, whether they hold days of hard work or days of ease.

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

*Que
voulez-vous
encore?*



No, we haven't forsaken our good old American language (off with your hats—the flag is passing by). We are merely using an approved technique to lure you into reading this advertisement. Don't leave the room, please. You'll thank us for it before we're through. Yes, Corona Coronas will be all right if you simply *must* express your gratitude that way.

But to return to our subject. What more *could* you wish in a motor car than all that the new Chevrolet Six provides? You have doubtless thrilled already to the smartness of Chevrolet's long streamlines and spacious Fisher bodies. If you want speed, the new Chevrolet touches 65 to 70 miles an hour, with six-cylinder ease, quietness and smoothness. If you yearn for power—well, 60 horsepower is more than adequate for any demand you are likely to make. Marvelous handling ease is assured by combining the easy, quiet Syncro-Mesh gear-shift with Free Wheeling. And, any owner will tell you that Chevrolet operating and upkeep economy is unexcelled.

Does that strike a responsive chord, or are you just an old cynic? If you are, we suggest a *ride* in the new Chevrolet Six. Once you take one, you'll agree with every point we've made. And you'll agree, too, that the best place to be these fine spring days is at the wheel of this smart, fast, and *remarkably inexpensive* automobile.

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FRANK GOLDEN
Manager



*Nevada's
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Page Twenty-four

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

A BIT OF NONSENSE



(Continued from Page 19)

floated dreamily. A man's voice, filled with love and passion, sang a melody that would stir the coldest heart. A woman's soft laugh—that laugh with a sob in it, half joy, half sorrow—answered the song.

Then a canoe came into sight. A well-built young man paddled slowly. He was a handsome fellow—dark hair that reflected the gleam of the night and as much of his face as could be seen showed him to be unusually handsome. With him in the canoe a lovely girl sat strumming a small banjo. Her blonde curls framed her little oval face, and caught every moonbeam. The moon, full on her face, revealed her beautiful eyes, her fine nose, her kissable mouth. Slowly the canoe glided up to the shore. The scene was perfect. Suddenly, he broke the silence:

“Say, kid, de dance oughta be purty hot now. Tink ya kin stend a tussle wit me now? I kin hear 'em playin' 'Da Tiger Rag.' Les' git goin'.”



'33: I don't see why you flunked me in your course, Professor. I knew it backwards.

Prof: That's the reason.

—*Cornell Widow.*



“My dear, will you be faithful to the end?”

“Can't. I'm wearing the quarterback's fraternity pin.”

—*Red Cat.*



SHADES OF MACKAY DAY

Collegian: Sweetheart, today you will look upon my face for the last time.

Co-ed: What! You're not going to leave me?

Collegian: No, dear; I'm going to raise a beard!

—*Wampus.*

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

And then there was the sap soph who took three extra subjects so he would have more chance of passing one. —*Voo Doo.*

❖

If the person who stole the alcohol out of my cellar in a glass jar will return Grandma's appendix, no questions will be asked.—*Ad.*
—*The Yowl.*

❖

Blond: No two people in the world think alike.

Redhead: That's what I thought until I went out with two different college boys.
—*Wataugan.*

❖

First Stude (gazing at posted marks): Well, now I'm as famous as Napoleon.

Second Stude: How come?

First Ditto: I went down in history today.
—*Widow.*

❖

Prof (after a very bad recitation): Class dismissed; don't flap your ears as you go out.
—*Bean Pot.*

❖

Old Lady (witnessing tug of war for the first time): Wouldn't it be simpler, dear, for them to get a knife and cut it?
—*Log.*

❖

NO CHALK

"I shall now illustrate what I have in my mind," said the professor, as he proceeded to erase the blackboard.
—*Punch Bowl.*

❖

Maggie: Was your old man in comfortable circumstances when he died?

Jennie: I hae me doots. 'E was 'arf under a train.
—*Log.*



"Tell me, Mr. Coolidge, do you ever feel blah?"

● Do you ever feel blah?

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College Humor

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BE REASONABLE, MAN

Wrangler: Will this anæsthetic make me sick?

Doctor: No, I think not.

Wrangler: How long will it be before I know anything?

Doctor: Aren't you expecting too much of the anæsthetic?
—*Purple Parrot.*

First Ditch Digger: Help, help, queek!

Second Ditch Digger: Whatsamat?

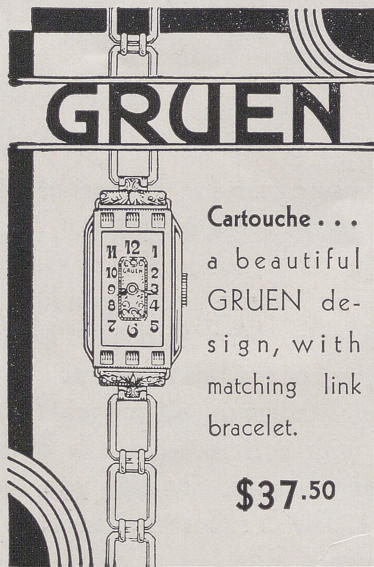
First D. D.: Tony, he stuck in da mud!

Second D. D.: How far in?

First D. D.: Up to da knees.

Second D. D.: Aw, let him walk out.

First D. D.: He no can walk; he wronga end up!
—*Tiger.*



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—*The Pointer.*

Columbus was wrong—the world is flat.

—*Longhorn.*

Father: Why do you have dates with that girl?

Son: Because I want to.

Father (suspiciously): Want to what?

—*Jester.*

Young Husband: I'm afraid we'll have to manage differently, dear. I'm not making expenses.

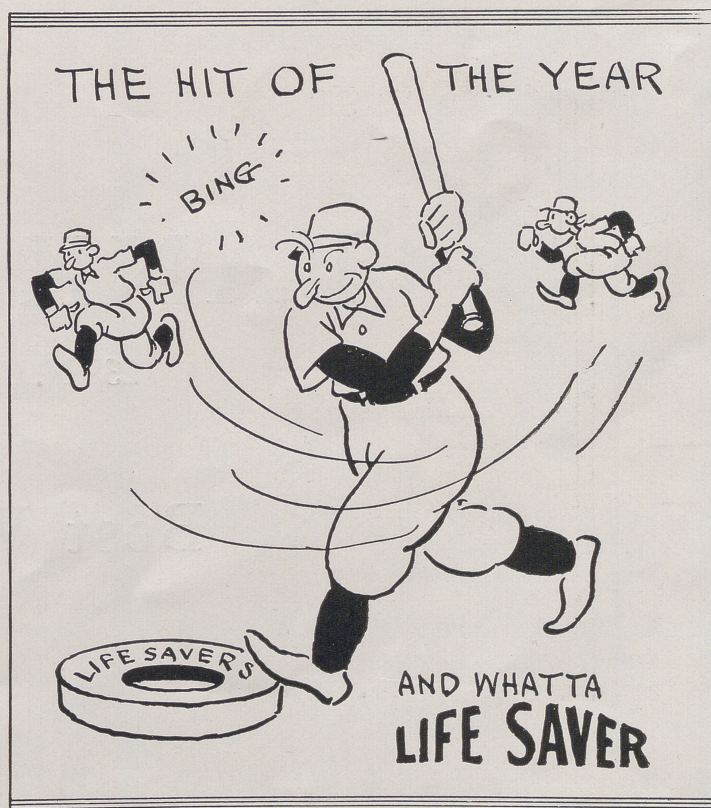
The Other Half: Now, don't worry. You just go on with your work; I'll make expenses.

—*The Rice Owl.*

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—*Showme.*



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"Well, don't come buzzing around me;
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—*Exchange.*

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And the blue of a Gamma Phi's eyes,

A golden thread from a Theta's head

Is indeed a worthwhile prize.

The flashing clothes that a Tri Delt flaunts

Make a world that is truly divine.

But these things don't mean a thing to me,

For, dammit all, I'm color blind.

—*Sour Owl.*

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MASONIC TEMPLE

SHIPS

(Continued from Page 11)

around the next corner. He would practically know each morning what the day would bring forth. And Kit—would he get tired looking at Kit so much? Would she get tired of him? There would be no adventure, no roving to find something different; no taste of battle, murder, and sudden death. Although perhaps plenty of battle, in a way, Ken thought whimsically.

They were too young to settle in their harbor. Why, all of life was ahead, with a million things in it to do and see. He stretched his arms above his head. Maybe Kit really felt that way, too, but didn't want to hurt his feel-

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ings. Of course, there was always lots of time to get married. Next year, for instance; or after he had found a good job. Maybe two years—it didn't matter particularly. Anyone hated to be tied down. That was human nature. He suddenly valued his freedom. Why, he would never be free any more; his independence would be lost, with marriage.

He rolled over on his back, head on folded arms, and stared up into the leafy green branches of the tree, his mind traveling back over the months since he had known Kit, and the night they first met.

She was a new girl on the Campus, from a college back east, and he had been her first date. Her permanent date, too, from then on. Ken admitted to himself

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that she wasn't particularly beautiful; but she was a lot of fun, and he enjoyed her company. Kit's best features were her bright coppery hair and her dark blue eyes, which, as Ken had often noticed, would grow darker until they were almost black, whenever she was disturbed or angry. Ken thought now, rather uncomfortably, that she would probably be both disturbed and angry, when he told her about the impending trip.

If Kit could go with him, perhaps; that might be fun. But then, girls were usually in the way, on propositions like that. Imagine, though, how thrilling it would be to rescue her from danger, or something.

He narrowed his eyes and stared off into space. He could see her now, on the deck of a ship, with her back to the rail, in the full light of the tropic moon, her white face stricken with horror, while a long hairy thing with clutching fingers crept softly across the intervening space toward her. And himself, standing back, unobserved, in the shadow, drawing his trusty dagger with silent hands, ready to leap at the throat of the thing when its shadow fell directly opposite him in the moonlight.

And again—they were down in the low-ceiled back room of a waterfront saloon. The air was blue with smoke and filled with the hoarse voices of drunken sailors, and the shrill, raucous song of a waterfront woman, perched on the bar swinging her legs back and forth, her cheap flamboyant red dress a splotch of color against the dingy background. Suddenly there was a commotion in

one corner of the room—a woman's short, startled scream, followed by drunken bellowing laughter, the latter from a big unshaken sailor in dirty dungarees. There stood Kit, in boy's clothing, bright hair gleaming free in the light, while the cap which had hidden her identity lay on the floor in the corner, flung there by the leering sailor. With another laugh he scraped back his chair, and lurched toward her where she stood, tense and wide-eyed, with her back to the wall, waiting. A crash, and Ken had leaped from her side and overturned the table, bearing the oncoming sailor to the floor, in a deadly struggle for the honor of a woman.

Ken shifted his legs, and sighed profoundly. That would be the life. His name would be a by-word for bravery and daring among sea-faring men. They would call him The Terrible Sweede, or something like that; and he would go from port to port, leaving behind him a trail of beautiful women whom he had rescued from this and that. But none had been able to keep him from his wild, adventurous life. He must go on, and satisfy his wanderlust, ever restless, ever untamed.

Ken closed his eyes. There he stood, sword in hand, on a raised dais, facing a long room, the gleaming polished floor and long wall mirrors reflecting a throng of men in uniform, each with a drawn sword, staring up at him and ready to leap forward, but pausing because of his brave front and truculent aggressiveness. He flung his arm back protectingly before a woman standing behind him near a throne, facing the mutinous crowd. She was the queen, and he was between her and the traitorous subjects who

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would dethrone her. But who was this woman, this tall, beautiful blonde? She was not Kit. She was someone else—stately, unafraid, gorgeous and flashing in her imperious anger and disdain. Then, later—he had saved her, the traitors were gone, and they were alone in her luxurious boudoir. She was trying to express her gratitude for what he had done.

She crossed the velvety carpet, with a soft swishing movement of shimmering silks, and placed her tapering hands, with their white, ringed fingers, on his shoulders. "All that I have," she spoke softly, pleadingly, in her low, silvery voice, looking up into his face, "All that I have," she repeated, "is yours. Will you stay, for me? I can never repay you."

He smiled down at her; then gently loosed the clasp of her fingers and stepped back. "I cannot stay, my queen. I must go on. The world is wide, and there is much in it that I have not seen. Perhaps, some day, I may return."

He bowed, and turned, opening the door and then closing it slowly behind him, while she stood there, arms still extended, watching him go. Even queens could not hold him for long. That would be a wonderful exit, reflected Ken. Only it would be just like him to trip over her silk kimono or bedspread or something, and sprawl headlong on the floor.

He smiled to himself, and placed his arms across his eyes to guard them from the sun, which had moved farther down in the west.

There he was again. It was night, with a crescent moon. He stood at the prow of a boat, the wheel in his hands, steering the ship onward under the gleaming stars. The night wind blew through his hair, and filled out the huge white sails above him; and the ship seemed to leap across the water with a wild free movement, reaching toward an unknown destination. He had thought he was alone, but at the sound of a slight movement beside him he turned his head, and saw her standing there. She was not looking at him, but was staring intently out over the sea, as though she were searching for something. Her white blouse fluttered softly against her neck, and her dusky hair flowed back across her shoulders and seemed to melt into the darkness. Ken did not feel surprised to see her. It seemed as though she had always been there by his side, searching for something with him. She turned her head then, and their eyes met, and they smiled at each other understandingly. She reached over and placed her hand by his on the wheel, then turned back to face the wind again. They sped on along their course, and the sails above them flapped and swayed whitely in the rushing night air.

But this was not Kit. This girl was different. Who was she? He must find her. She was the one to face his adventures with him. He knew her now; and she was probably somewhere waiting for him to come. He would never find her if he stayed there, at home. Ken was suddenly filled with an overwhelming sense of the need for haste. Why, time was passing, and he hadn't even begun. He sat

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up swiftly, and brushed some grass from his shirt front.

"Hello, Ken."

He raised his head.

There stood Kit, smiling down at him. She had come across the lawn beyond the tree, and he had been so absorbed he had failed to notice her approach.

"Oh, hello, Kit." He started to get to his feet.

"Don't bother." She sank down on the grass beside him and pulled the skirt of her blue dress down over her knees, clasping her hands above them.

"I wanted to talk with you, anyway." She glanced at him, and then stared soberly out over the Campus.

Ken looked at her, and at the soft red curl behind her left ear. Yes, she was a good kid, at that, he thought. But she would never understand about how desperately he wanted to go on this trip, and how he dreaded the thought of being married.

He sighed, and ran his fingers through his hair. Now was the time to tell her.

Kit spoke, without turning her head.

"I know what you are thinking, Ken. Bud told me about the trip. It's all right, Ken." She stopped.

Ken sighed involuntarily. This was a relief. Women were always doing unexpected things, though, he reflected. He leaned forward and started to speak. But she went on.

"Don't worry about me. I've always known that we are awfully young; and probably in a year or so we would be so bored we would wonder what on earth we saw in each other to attract us." She drew a deep breath suddenly; then looked at him and smiled. "I know it will be a perfectly gorgeous trip. I wouldn't mind taking one like that myself."

Ken was silent. His relief was so intense that he could not speak for a moment. She certainly was a good sport. Evidently she didn't care as much as he had thought, and it was all right, then.

"Golly, Kit—I'm glad you feel that way about it. We really do have lots of time ahead, you know. And I've always wanted to travel." He stretched his lithe young arms above his head, and then laughed gleefully. "Won't it be great, though? But I'll be back, Kit."

Kit stared down at her tightly clasped hands a moment, and then smiled at him again, her eyes seeming to grow larger in her small face.

"Yes, you probably will," she said lightly. "Bad pennies always return, or something like that." She paused, and then stood up with a sudden swift movement. "Well, I've got to go. I have an engagement for a shampoo at four-thirty. Oh, by the way—" Kit paused casually, and reached into the pocket of her white jacket. "Here's your pin, Ken. I know you will come back, and everything; but you had better take it now, because I might lose it during all that time. And anyhow, a person likes to feel free."

She smiled at him, and then turned and moved down across the slope of lawn.

Ken watched her go, her light, graceful movements and erect shoulders outlined clearly against the dark green of the lawn. The way in which the wind blew back the soft white collar of her dress against her neck, and ruffled the hair on her forehead, was faintly reminiscent of something, but Ken could not remember for the moment what it was.

He stood up and stretched slowly and luxuriously. Kit didn't really care then, and all was well. It certainly was a good world. He laughed exultantly to himself. Well, his ship was free, now, to go adventuring.

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