

30c

U. of N. DESERT WOLF

HOMECOMING ❖ ❖ ❖ OCTOBER · 1932

In this Issue — Joe McDonnell · Clara Galvin · Dorothy Cooper — and others



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1. Do you know the hottest orchestra leader in the country?
2. No; who?
3. Ben Bernie.

❖

Judge: You are charged with profane language in a public place. Where have you learned such despicable words?

"Don't you remember, I caddied for you last summer?"
—*Purple Parrot.*

❖

Hi: I can always tell a camel by the blindfold test.

Ho: By the taste?

Hi: No, by the hump.
—*Kitty-Kat.*

❖

"Is this the Weather Bureau?"

"Yes."

"How about a shower tonight?"

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

Frosh: How much are your rooms?
Hotel Clerk: Five dollars up to twelve.
Frosh: How much for one all night?
—*Yellow Jacket.*

❖

"Did you vote for the honor system?"
"Bet I did—four times."
—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*

❖

Sig Alph: Who invented work, anyway?
Sig Chi: You should worry; you'll never in-fringe on his patent.
—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

❖

Sailor: "All that goes up is bound to come down."
Seasick Passenger (wearily): "Haven't you got that a trifle mixed."
—*Tiger.*

❖

"Are you going to write home for more money?"
"What money?"
—*Kitty-Kat.*

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Prof: How could you possibly sleep in my class?
Stude: Cotton in ears solved the problem, sir.
—*Yellow Jacket.*



THE GRAND AMERICAN GAME

Players are touted and bells are rung—
Colors are worn—songs are sung,
We all are lovin'—Football!

Plays are blocked—men are smashed,
Heads are addled and faces bashed—
But we go on lovin'—Football!

Spirits will fade—and faces will pass,
Men will be forgotten, but we'll stay
till the last—
And we'll still be lovin'—Football!

—by REID ST. CLAIR.



“For the last time I ask you for that ten dollars.”
“Thank God, that’s over with.”
—*Purple Parrot.*

A JIBE

Football’s wunnerful, ain’t it? Say!
It’s swell to sit there ’n’ watch a game
Watch your pals a-fightin’ away
Not for a name or fame
But jis’ for you ’n’ your school.
'S wunnerful, ain’t it? But hell!
It takes too much energy to yell.

—by V. M.



Grey leaved cottonwoods
Shine silver 'gainst the blue of sky,
Silver branches trace a pattern
Flecked with gold as fall draws nigh.

'Neath the trees the red of creepers
Gleams—a brilliant splash
Bravo, year! to show your colors
Thus, before the last.

—by V. M.



The difference in the effect of the stuff Rip drank
and what we drink today is that Rip woke up.
—*Tiger.*

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NEW YORK LIFE

BOB FARRAR, '14

I want a man with etherienth
And not thjuth a dumb little Frothsh
I want him to be thomebody thwell
The kind of a guy who can thay "go to hell"
To thjuth anyone—Oh gothsh!
He'th gotta awfly important 'n' all
He'th gotta be throng and he'th gotta be tall
Ath much like a Tarthan ath he can be
But he'th gotto be weak contherning me.

—by V. M.

There once was a hero
Most noble and strong
Who was always at hand
When something went wrong.

Till someone discovered
(Oh woe is me)
That the person who made things
Go wrong was he.

—by V. M.

OF CORPSE

Bellhop (after guest has rung for ten minutes):
Did you ring, sir?

Guest: Hell, no; I was tolling; I thought you
were dead.

—*Boston Beanpot.*

TRUE
College is just like a washing machine; you get
out of it just what you put in—but you'd never
recognize it. —*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.*

Do you like this definition of a stuffed olive: a
pickle with a tail light? —*Humbug.*

FOR FROSH
"Sure I'll come for dinner
For victuals count me in,
Stack high my platter, lads,
But keep your lousy pin."

—*Wampus.*

PHONEY

Voice on telephone: Is my wife home?
Maid: No, who shall I say called?

—*Pelican.*

Rosie: "Aren't you getting Johnnie and Bill con-
fused?"

Mary: "Yes, I get Johnnie confused one night
and Bill the next." —*Log.*

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SLIDE HOME, JAMES

The baseball game in Farmer Jones' pasture broke up in the seventh inning when Joe Spivis slid into what he thought was third base.

—*The Rome Visitor.*



INSIDE DOPE

Block that kick!

The words drummed in his ears. His knuckles whitened and his jaw thrust forward.

Snap! The ball went back—two lines surged together in a seething mass. "All right, you guys, make way for a white man!"

* * * *

Lord! What was that sound? Whistle?—no, bells maybe. Where are those guys? What is this supposed to be, anyway, a tea party? Quit roaring—I wanna think! Hell, I'll show 'em! Who's got a drink of water? Let me at 'em. Block that kick, huh? Well, the kick's blocked. What the deuce has gone wrong? Where's the sun? No, not that fire—the sun! Good grief, let's get goin'. Smash those guys! Oh, her? Oh, she's up there cheerin' her little boy on. Well, what of it? Why doesn't some-

body do something? Okay, let's go! Oh, good Lord, my head—somebody drag this big lug off me. This ain't a match—who's got a glass of water? Hey—get me water! Go through those guys—"Say, what's the idea, you mugs? What is this, anyway?"

"Steady, old boy—" "Great work, kid; you sure went through. Groggy? Drink this—" "Boy, can you take 'em!"

"What 'n hell happened?"

—*by* REID ST. CLAIR.



"What's a censor?"

"A censor is a man who sees three meanings in a joke that has only two."

—*Red Cat.*



"Where are you going?"

"To a lecture."

"But you can't go to a lecture at four in the morning."

"You've never met our house mother."

—*Green Goat.*

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RENO, NEVADA

NEVADA DESERT WOLF



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CONTENTS

Footballia 8
by Joe McDonnell

Homecoming Daze 10
by Clara Galvin

The Clock Strikes Twelve 11
by Dorothy Cooper

Loose Limericks 13

Ever Meet One *and* Alma Mammy 14
by Blythe Bulmer

Brick Mitchell 15

Nevada Coaches 16
by Denver Dickerson

California Aggie Coaches 17
by Bryce Rhodes

Official Lineup 18

Nevada Players 20

California Aggie Players 22

Today's Game 23

Nevada Roster 24

California Aggie Roster 25

Mother Goose Rhymes We All Know 26

Poetry 27

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FOOTBALLIA

By JOE T. McDONNELL Illustrated by Kay Hansen

FOOTBALL has had a turbulent history in this man's world, and you're screwy if you think different. Contrary to popular belief, which after all is what the women think, football was not invented in this hemisphere. It had its origin in early Rome.

One sunny day on the River Tiber, in the massive colosseum—massive for those days—the first football game in the history of the world was held. Here is how it came about. The Emperor, having grown tired of seeing a couple of thick-necked brutes beat each others' brains out, or at least make a dent in each other's skulls, had ordered new entertainment for the next Saturday. Did I hear the remark that the Romans didn't know what Saturday was? Ha, that is where you show your colossal ignorance, Hermin. Perchance did you ever hear of the Roman Baths? Nowadays we have stationary baths and Roman hands; ask any co-ed. But, to get back with my story; the Royal Entertainment Committee scratched their heads—history is not clear whether they took a shampoo or not—and thought. Out of that chaos came a brilliant idea. To-wit, ad valeroum, sine que non, etc., etc., etc. Why wouldn't it be a great idea to have thirteen men fight against another thirteen over a ball? I must explain why thirteen were used instead of the customary eleven. The Emperor was partial to the number thirteen, having, as he did, thirteen wives with thirteen children each. Did I hear, What a man? You're darn tootin', What a man! The plans for the game were rapidly worked out. It was decided to use an inflated pig (this automatically eliminated the He-

brews; their beaks would just get in the way) for a ball. The thirteen men would contest for the right to eat the ball on a field 100 yards long and lined every ten yards with horizontal stripes. As horizontal stripes do not look good on fat men, this eliminated the possibility of having fat men on either team. Besides, what business have fat men on a football team, anyway? While you're looking up the answer, I will continue with this 'ere yarn. Finally, the committee emerged, dressed in smiles, from the Royal Committee Room, or however committees emerge from any room, and at once reported to the Emperor that they had a great surprise in store for him. The Emperor ordered drinks on the house for the loyal thinkers. Two of the committee were so impolite as to go up on top of the stable to drink theirs. After drinks had been downed and brought up time after time, the committee, acting as a committee of the whole, began their search for players. They finally decided that Cæsar and Brutus would head one team and Cicero and Archimedes the other. Archimedes was a Greek hailing from Greece. Fancy seeing you here. He ran a pawnshop in Athens and had had great experience with balls. They, in turn, picked eleven men, each all tried and true. Secret practice was invented and both teams went to work.

ON the field where Cæsar's men were hard at work there came a knock one day. It was a slave from Carthage who wished to see Cæsar immediately. "What can the lowly one want with a man of my standing?" asked Cæsar, looking at his feet. "I have a secret play for you that will win the game. It is called a flying wedge." At this point Cæsar began to laugh. "A flying wedge! Why, anyone knows that wedges don't fly!" "But this one does," answered the slave. "Here is how it works. The instant any of your team receive the ball, the others form a wedge with him in the center and just run right through the



Cæsar got the ball—

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

other form." "Marvelous, colossal!" cried Cæsar. "We shall try it." "Good," said the slave, "I shall tell all the boys in the galley to place their bets on your team." (Even in this stage of the game we had that insidious influence in the form of gambling, attached to the game). Truly, it is a pity that such a fine game as football should make so low as to place bets on the outcome and then not even split with the winning team. (I might add that the same situation exists today).

After much practice the day of the game dawned. Days are funny that way, always dawning, don't you know. The sky was the color of the sea—blue to you. The hills, ah yes, the hills. (Well, what about the hills, Hoiman). They was all scamed in green with trees and grass on der tops. (Cultured fellow, Hoiman). The coliseum



was a riot of color; anyway, it was a riot, or maybe it was a panic, but anyway, it was nice. The best society of Rome was there, including the Vestal Virgins. A special box for the Emperor and his party (the Emp. was always throwing parties) on the fifty-yard line. Up in the press box were all the sport writers of the day ready to flash the game to the entire world. (Transportation of news, courtesy Ox-Team Inc., Ltd., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.) Each team had their own rooting sections. (No, Hoiman, they weren't composed of pigs!) At 2:15 P. M. (time courtesy Wop Watch Co.) the game began. In those days they did not use a kick-off, but put the ball in play on the fifty-yard line. It so happened that Cæsar got hold of the ball. Immediately, the other members of the team formed a wedge around him and they were off. Straight down the field they ran until they smacked the wall of the coliseum. I might add that the coliseum believed in the golden rule and didn't smack them back, but just turned the other wall so they smacked that, too. It was a score, although not one of the Romans knew the score. (The rules committee didn't meet until the Ides of March and here it was only Junus). The game seesawed back and forth, and back and fifth, until an hour had passed. This was the half and both teams retired to the dressing rooms. Some of the boys had gotten their hair mussed during the furious encounter.



May Hansen

Queen Elizabeth loved the game—

IN THE dressing room where the teams of Cicero's was resting, all was gloom. Here were they (where are you?) behind; and to who? No one but you, Cæsar! Cicero decided that something must be done to stir up the waning interest of the team. Archimedes, the ex-pawnbroker, said that twelve per cent would do it, but Cicero said that he had a better idea. So he delivered his now famous oration. You know, the one that starts out, "I come not to bury Cæsar, only to praise him. Besides, the cost of funerals is so high. The evil that men do lives after them!" (Statistics courtesy Amalgamated, Associated, Incorporated Number Co.) Cicero went on until he had his men worked up to such a pitch they could hardly control themselves. The message was sent around that it was time for the game to begin. Going out to the field, the team was so mad and in such a hurry that they took part of the coliseum with them. (This missing part has never been found and historians can't agree just where it could have been taken to. You may satisfy yourself on this point by sending for the book "Missing Parts and Their Effect on Man's Appetite.") The ball was put in play again and again. Each time Cæsar got hold of it and his team formed the flying wedge around him and they were off. And each time they smacked first one wall of the coliseum and then the other, till finally the coliseum protested to the officials about the illegal use of hands. This is probably the first example of Roman

Continued on Page 28



Homecoming Daze

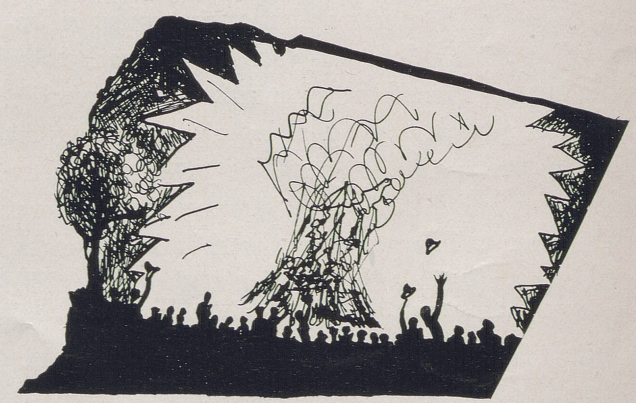
By CLARA GALVIN
Illustrated by John Lewis

Dear, dear, Homecoming's here again,
To bring us back to our long-lost friends,
Who slap our backs and drink our gin,
Then we move out, and they move in.

The band blares out with all its might,
From early morn till late at night,
We all troop merrily along
Begin with eats, and end with song.

A football game and pee-rade, too,
A frolic and a dance to do,
To make 'em feel as they once did,
And we do now, but they term "kids."

We yell and shout on this or that,
And all just grin like chessy cats.
Then they go home, and we stay here.
Thank Gawd it's done for another year.



THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE

By DOROTHY COOPER

Illustration by Dorthea Shidler

LEE GARRIGAN opened the envelope indifferently. Another advertisement, probably, or a begging letter. But it was neither. "Dear Friend," she read, "How long has it been since you have seen your Alma Mater? How long since you have visited your Campus, renewed old friendships made during happy college days? Our annual Homecoming celebration is the twenty-first. Won't you come and help us make it the biggest and best that Orton University has ever had?"

How long had it been? Ten years? No, twelve, since she was a shy, bewildered freshman in that tiny midwestern college. Lee tapped a cigarette on a crimson thumb-nail, lit it, and inhaled deeply as she slipped back to her undergraduate days. She was Rosalie Garrigan then. Little Rosalie Nobody. So happy and excited to be a college student at last; too engrossed in the magic novelty of the routine to be lonesome. Then came the big day. Sorority rushing began the second week of school and the feminine portion of the campus dissolved into groups, each discussing one of two subjects, Who shall we rush? and, Who will rush us? The very air was electric with whispers. "Jean swears she'll go that house and I don't want to and I'll just die if we go different houses 'cause Sue told me if two friends went different houses that they never even spoke to each other when they were in different houses." "Well, I know what I'm going to do, but I won't tell because Ann told me if I said which house I wanted and they found it out, they'd never rush me, and if they didn't I'd just die because I've wanted to go to that house ever since I was in high school, and if they don't rush me I'll just die."

Die. Rosalie wondered if anyone knew what that word really meant. She knew, when the invitations to the first parties arrived and there was none for Rosalie Garrigan. She knew what it meant to die quietly and completely when Bid Day came and there was no bid for Rosalie Garrigan. But she died so silently that no one knew. No one even suspected. No one even guessed when she smiled and congratulated the proud wearers of new and shiny pins that what she really wanted to do was run shrieking down the campus "What is wrong with me? Why don't you want me?"

"Put on the full armour of God." She'd read that or something like that. Well, she'd put on an armour; perhaps not of God, but it would be a shield to hide the ache that was eating away her heart. "If they don't want me," she told herself, "I don't want them." And knew that she lied.



PERHAPS it was good for her, for she sought relief from despair in study. Unknowingly she revealed the canker devouring her soul in her writing. It added a pungency to her phrases, a depth to her handling of the trite subjects assigned for themes. It caught the attention of her professor, who prophesied, "She'll do something with that some day. She's got something, that little Garrigan girl." He told her that one day and because it was dry dust in her mouth when she craved clear water, she flung at him, "I don't want to do anything with it. I hate people. I wish I could live on a desert island." And rushed from his office.

Danny Healy took her to the Senior Ball her last year at Orton. He had worshipped her steadily during three years of cool indifference and saw no reason to change during the fourth year, even when she made the request that showed him she was human at last, but not for him. It was during the intermission, when Allan Tracy walked by and threw a negligent "hello" at Danny.

"Who is that?" asked Rosalie, with a quaver in her voice.

"Allan Tracy. He lives next door to me at home."

"Oh."

It was next to the last dance when they were sitting on the stone railing surrounding the Auditorium that Rosalie asked Danny for the moon.

"Danny."

"Yes?"

"You've been asking me what I wanted for my birthday. Well, I know now."

"Gee, Rose, do you? What?"

"A date with Allan Tracy."

Just like that. Shattering Danny's hopes into a myriad of aching particles. He'd always had to plead with her to go out with him.

"Oh. Well, gee, Rose, of course if you really want one I'll see what I can do, but I wish you'd say something else. Something nice you really want."

"That's all I want."

There was a finality in her voice that convinced the reluctant Danny of the hopelessness of arguing with her. He went in search of the chosen male and encountered him in the doorway. Rosalie was in the shadow and could not be seen, but each word came to her with sickening clarity . . .

"Say, Allan, you're having a house-dance next week-end, aren't you?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Well, say, I know a swell girl who'd like to go. Why don't you take her?"

"I might, at that. Haven't got a date yet. Who is she? What house does she belong to?"

"It's Rosalie Garrigan. She doesn't belong to a house, but . . ."

"Sorry," laughed Allan Tracy, "but I can't be bothered with any barb." And he walked away.

ROSALIE left the railing and walked blindly in the moonlight to the dormitory. Without haste and with dry eyes she packed her suitcase and ran away. Ran away from the cruelty of handsome Allan Tracy, from the adoring, worried Danny Healy, and from a degree just two weeks distant that had cost almost four years of her life. Ran away to New York, the burial ground of run-away girls. But it didn't bury her. She worked as a cash-girl in a large department store, earning with aching swollen feet the money on which to live. Money that an angry and disappointed family would not send unless it was used for a ticket home.

Perhaps a broken heart and a bruised soul are the ingredients of success, for Rosalie Garrigan climbed steadily from cash-girl to saleslady to buyer. It was when she was holding that position that she sold her first bit of writing. A sardonic bit, filled with the bitterness people call sophistication. It caught the attention of the advertising manager, and he unconsciously repeated the words of her professor of freshman English, "She's got something, that Garrigan girl. Send her in." And so Rosalie composed advertising copy for five years. Writing words that brought people into the store to buy and

buy, and furnish Rosalie with intimate bits of human nature to use in the play she was attempting to write in her spare time.

The play came back many times. So many times that soon it was worn on the edges and smudged with much handling. But the subsequent short story that went out to the publishers received better treatment, and when her first novel was published the following year, Rosalie quit her job, became Lee Garrigan, and devoted herself to writing.

HERE you have Lee Garrigan. One play running on Broadway, another to open on the twenty-second. Sycophants crowding her doorstep, a fickle public clamoring for more and more of her bitter wit, adored by men, hated by women, and caring nothing for any of it. Adolescent disappointments can spoil a person's life unless fate steps in and takes a hand. Which is just what fate did for Lee in the shape of a little white card.

The doorbell rang. Lee waved aside the maid and opened the door. It was Bill Ellis, a mature edition of Danny Healy.

"Good morning, Princess. Or is it afternoon? I never know. But one thing is certain in this sinful world of ours, it's time for luncheon. Put on your best bonnet and I'll wine you and dine you at a very choice place just off Fifth Avenue."

"I think you've been wined already," Lee waved the card under his nose. "Look what I have. I've just decided to go back to my dear old school for its Homecoming and renew all my old friendships . . . if I can find him."

Bill started back in mock alarm.

"Come, come, Lee. You're hysterical. Forget your college sweetheart, marry me and settle down. Wait. Don't say it. I know the answer. I read it in a book somewhere, or maybe you told me. It's 'no'."

"Don't be idiotic, Bill. I'm serious. I'm going back to Orton for Homecoming. The ugly duckling becomes a swan and all that sort of rot. If you only knew how often I prayed for God to make me beautiful and wealthy and famous so I could go back and show Allan Tracy what he lost. Out of the three He gave me two, so I don't mind His slipping up on the beauty part. Want to come along and cheer for me when I put on my show?"

So Lee Garrigan and Bill Ellis went to Orton. Like Cinderella going to the ball. Her coach and four was an airplane; her footman, Bill. And the first one she met was the Prince, otherwise known as Allan Tracy. The little town and college was

Continued on Page 32

LOOSE LIMERICKS

There was a young Grecian Apollo,
Who was Sigma Nu Prexy, it follows,
He thought night and day
For a quite simple way
To stand on his hands in a hollow.



Kay McCormack was talking one fine day,
In her usual manner deemed uts-nay,
Her tongue slipped a nick
Then she swallowed right quick,
And now it's a national hoorah-day.



A lad stared high up in the ozone,
And others soon did so to gaze on,
Just what they knew not
But all gazed at the spot
So Devine yanked up his garter, and walked on.



Now there's Tick of the platinum tresses,
It goes so nice with her dresses,
But one morning she woke
And with a terrible choke
Saw her hair as green as the grasses.



A small boy with ears like propellers,
Stood listening, then started to chatter,
He gestured and tittered
We grinned and we jittered
At those terrible cracks of dear Oscar.



On a sunshiny day Jean Mac wakened,
And rushed through her eggs and her bacon,
She laughed all the day
And yelled on her way,
"Hey, hey, I am Queen of this Nation."

The Desert Wolf artist and chieftain,
Likes gals of all widths and complexions,
He likes blondes and brunettes
The tall ones and "girlettes,"
But can't stand these gorgeous but dumb ones.



Danaca Pete moaned as he muttered,
"Holy Cow, I'm annoyed and be-fluttered,
I asked for a shine
Got a black eye for mine
And say, are my good looks all cluttered!"



The Hartung, our financial mentor,
Has a head that is slightly off center,
He runs here and there
Tears his blonde wavy hair,
And vows that he should be Senator.



Phil Mann's voice is not a bit gruffer
Than when he was ten and a hulfer,
He loved yodeling then
Now he still has this yen,
And whenever he sings, how we suffer!



Gilmartin, he's one of the cheeses,
Just does as he jolly well pleases,
He barks his commands
To the common brigands
But to me they're just whistles and wheezes.



Ken Johnson believes he's a hero
A second J. Cæsar or Nero,
His stock did soar high
Nigh six miles in the sky,
But depression has brought it to zero.



Hackett, the musical geezer,
Likes any old kind of a wheezer,
Whether jewsharps or bassoons
Or fiddles or black coons
They all sound alike to this beezer.

Ever Meet One?

By BLYTHE BULMER

WELL, let me tell you, I sure did have a swell time last Homecoming Day. You knew I went, didn't you? Let me tell you about it; you'll love it.

First of all, of course, I went right over to the House after I got off the train. No, the boys weren't expecting me, but it was all right only two of the Freshmen and one Sophomore had to move into the next room so I'd have room for my luggage. Anyhow, after I got settled, I went down stairs. The old house looks pretty much the same, only things aren't as nice as they were when I was there. I told them as much—suggested a few improvements that they could make—but somehow they didn't seem to appreciate them. Boys are unfeeling things, when they're young. They had the panel of my class, '09, back in the hall, and I just moved it into the front room. That's not showing the proper respect for their alums. Especially after the class of '09 left the house with a new carpet sweeper when they left.

BUT the fellows were pretty nice. There's one young fellow they've got, now—fine chap. Only he did seem rather sulky after the upperclassmen made him lend me his tuxedo. And the funny part of it was, I took the girl he was going with to the dance. She was all right, but sort of quiet. Now, I like a girl with lots of pep—plenty of life. But this girl acted sort of—not bored, exactly, but rather uneasy—kept looking around worried like. But I had a bang-up time—a regular whopper of a time, as we used to say. No one can say that I've lost touch with the old college spirit—I just acted like one of the boys at the dance. Some of the boys from the house wanted me to quit early—afraid I'd get worn out—but not me. I stuck with it till the music stopped, having a whale of a time.

AND the big game. Say, was that a game! Half the time I yelled for the other team, just for the fun of it. Funny thing, nobody else seemed to get much kick out of it, though. That coach they've got now isn't like the coaches *we* used to have. I told those boys a few things from where I was sitting, but they didn't pay much attention. I guess they couldn't hear so well. But I'd like to tell that coach a thing or two about football. No, we didn't win, but we would have if they'd taken my advice. I sure did laugh when I stepped on the man's hat—some guy that was sitting in front of me. One of

the boys told me it was the Dean of Men, but I didn't care. One hat's the same as another to me.

I did hate to leave, but the boys helped me so much when the time came that I didn't have to bother much. They even saw me down to the train and put my luggage on for me. I'd like to go down this year. I may at that. I didn't tell them I was coming, but I'll drop in on them and surprise them—I know they'll be glad to see me.



Alma Mammy!

By BLYTHE BULMER

WELL, Keedies, comming over und seet by der Grendmah, und she talling ya hall habout der collitch life. First, I talling about der dumps where der classes dey have. (By de way, don't calling dose shacks 'dumps', neider). Annahow—der place where der cars go in is de gates. Yess, I talling youse. Eef de car don't go, und yah heff to walking, foist yuh going past a place what is called de Bull-ington Bored. Here all de peeples—und HARTung—puts up der signs und notices und telling der rest of peeples to coom to meetments, but der boys und gals don't paying some attention. Den—to der rights off dem, to de lefts of dem—iss all der collitch keeds ronning haround. Boys und gals ronning from cless to class or mebbe down to de Wolf Den to get der indergestion (No—dis ain't no ad, neither). Pritty soon, yuh comming to der beeg joint what dey call der libberry where der Freshkeeds don't got some permishun to talk to each odder. (But dey do eet, heh, heh.) Ho, yess, in de libberry is de roll from honor, where de local horators from de collitch get der names on de libberry leest from talking hall de time. Eef yuh get out hagain, der are lots und lots from dumps haround. On one side iss der Stewart Hall, where der pipples falling up and down der stairs hall de time. On annudder side is der lake, where dere is two swans, a goose und a duck, und lots of weeds flotting haround. Sometimes der are Freshingboys floating haround too, but dey make too much of a splashment. Hacross der lake yuh see der Manzanita Hall und der Artemisia Hall where der gals leeve what are Freshinggals. Mees Mack, she leev-ing offer dere too, somewhere. But dat's all right, too.

Now we comming back to der places where der classes being held. (Don't treep offer der pipples seeting on der wooden bridge what don't bridge something). Ronning up der street on der

Continued on Page 34

Head Mentor "Brick" Starred as a Player at Oregon-- Is Now Starring as Coach at Nevada

HAVING much the same appearance of a determined warrior, "Brick" Mitchell, Nevada's grid coach, speaks of football as a warrior speaks of war.

"Brick" Mitchell, whose nickname is synonymous with his solid determination, thinks that football is a game that moulds character in with good, strong, physical beings.

"The love of the game, intermingled with true sportsmanship, produces good players as well as good men," says Mitchell.

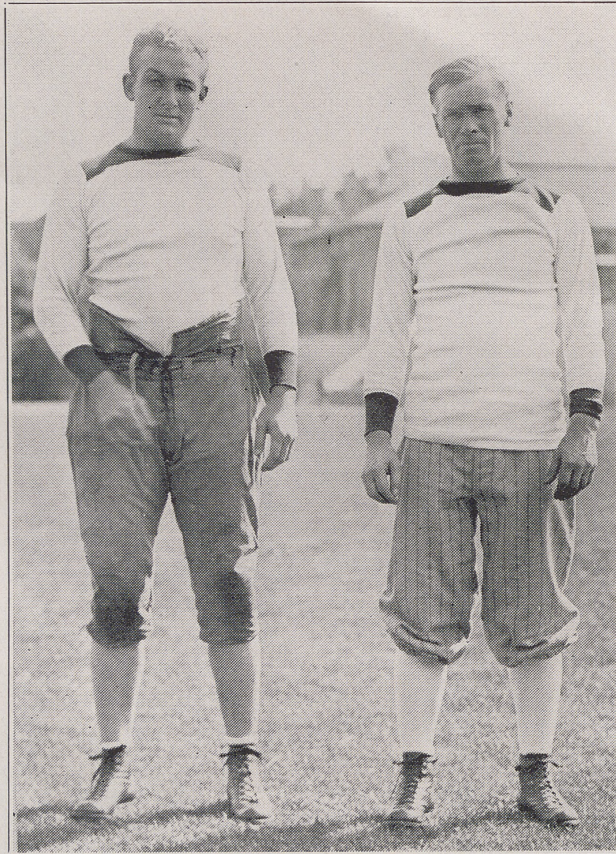
On being asked what he thought of Nevada's gridiron hopes, Mitchell declared, "If Nevada develops as well proportionately from the time of the Utah game to the end of the season as it has up to the present time, a fair football team will be the outcome."

NEVADA has in Mitchell a real man. He is a man who doesn't build hopes on plain air. He never forecasts one way or the other, but simply gives his honest opinion in a straightforward manner.

Mitchell builds the hopes of the team on the men themselves, as is shown by this statement, "The Nevada team either stands still or goes forward, and it is up to the men themselves, and the amount of work they do, whether they will have a good team." In ten words he explained Nevada's chances for victory—"It's up to them which way they're going to go!"



HEAD COACH "BRICK" MITCHELL



"FRITZ" COLTRIN and "BRICK" MITCHELL
Assistant Coach Head Coach

BRICK MITCHELL has lived a life in which football has played one of the most important roles. Playing with the strong Oregon team in 1914, '15 and '16, he gained all-coast honors as an end in the last two years. In 1915 the Oregon team held the national championship.

Mitchell started his coaching career as head coach of the Olympic Club in 1920. After having served two successful years as coach of the Olympic Club he went to San Mateo High School, where he took over the coaching duties. He was there for four years and in one of these four years he turned out the inter-scholastic championship team.

LEAVING San Mateo, "Brick" assumed the duties as Frosh coach at the University of California. In 1930 he was appointed as varsity line coach of the California Bears. He served in this capacity until last spring.

A MAN who is not before the public eye so much, but who is always working to produce a strong Nevada football team, is the assistant coach, Fritz Coltrin. Coltrin has had a fine football record which started when he was chosen as captain for the California Freshman team in 1924. Aided by his weight and good headwork, Coltrin led the Frosh team through a very successful season.

IN 1925, '26, '27, Coltrin held down the tackle berth on the California varsity. He was chosen as captain of the Bears in his last year and was selected as all-coast tackle.

In 1928 and 1929, Nibs Price chose Coltrin as his assistant coach. At this time "Brick" Mitchell was head line coach, so Coltrin and Mitchell have had the experience of working together.

NEVADA DESERT WOLF



“WOODY” WILSON and “CRIP” TOOMEY
Assistant Coach Head Coach

IRVING F. (“Crip”) TOOMEY, who brings his “Mustangs” to face “Brick” Mitchell’s Nevada Wolves has had considerable experience in the line of football. Starting off in California he proved to be a sensation on the Freshman team in 1920. In the years of 1921, 1933, 1923 he earned for himself the reputation of being one of the flashiest ball packers in the history of coast football. He played on Andy Smith’s famous California Wonder team, whose straight string of victories startled the football world.

“CRIP” TOOMEY played on the California team against men who are now the biggest coaches in the country. Among these men are “Navy Bill” Ingram, California mentor; “Drink” Callison, Oregon coach, and many others. In one game against the Pacific Fleet on which Bill Ingram was playing, Toomey took the ball on an off-tackle play and romped his way for 36 yards to a touchdown for the Bears.

Leaving college, Toomey followed the life of football. Due to the many important points about the game that he learned from Andy Smith, and from his own practical experience, Toomey has proven his ability as a coach of the Aggies.

SINCE he has been guiding the destiny of the Aggies they have twice won the Far-Western Conference, and tied it once, in 1931. Toomey is ably assisted by “Woody” Wilson, whose football experiences have been many and whose ideas lend much to the making of the football team that the Aggies now have.

STARTING LINE-UP

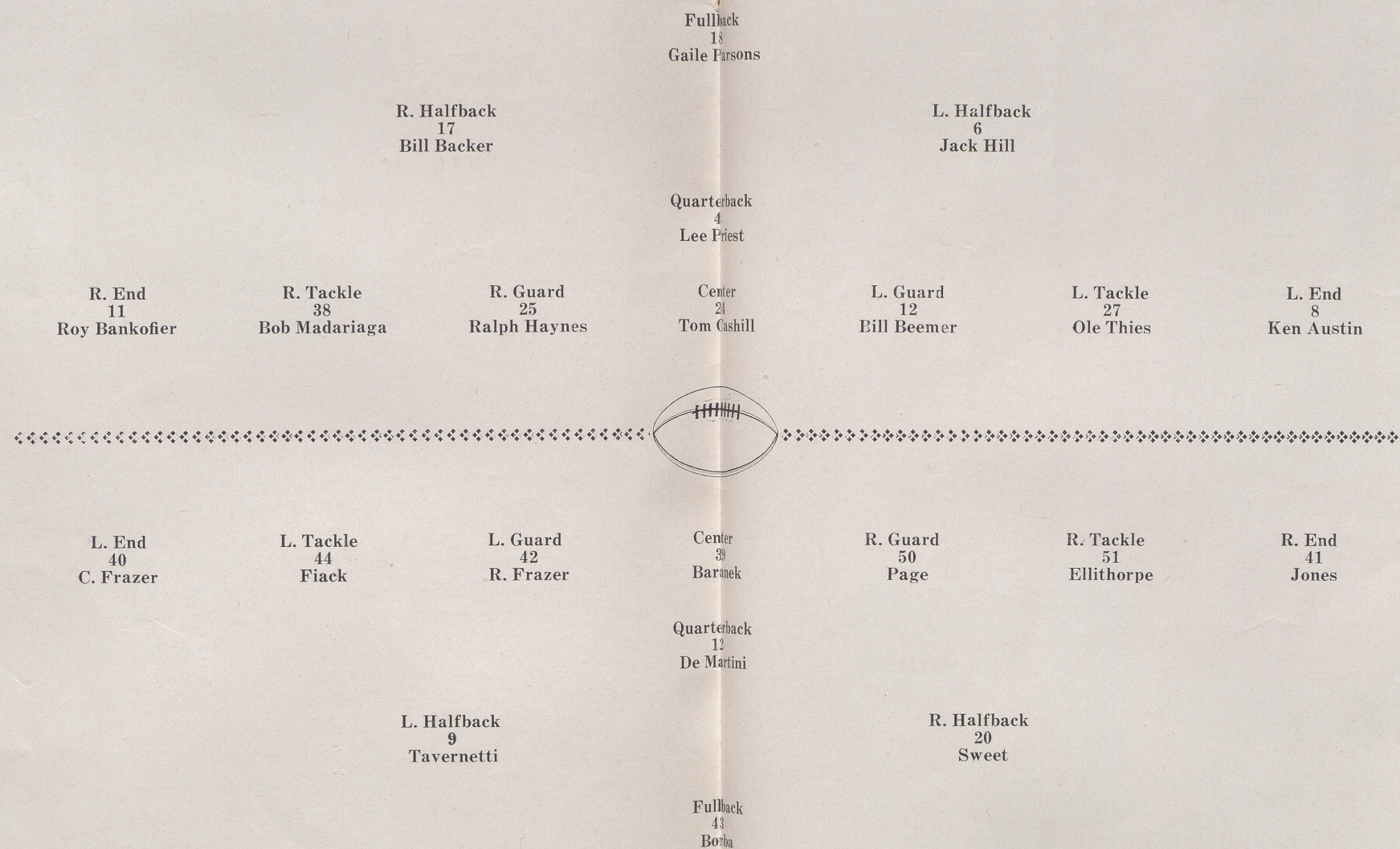
NEVADA SQUAD

"BRICK" MITCHELL, COACH

No.	Name	Position
1	Bannigan, Calvin	Halfback
2	Harris, Robert	End
3	*Guffrey, Toby	Halfback
4	Priest, Lee	Quarterback
5	*Ambrose, Fern	Quarterback
6	*Hill, Jack	Halfback
7	Beasley, Bud	Halfback
8	*Austin, Ken	End
9	Sherrup, Mike	Guard
10	*Hill, Harvey	Halfback
11	Bankofier, Roy	End
12	*Beemer, Bill	Tackle
14	Salet, Gene	End
15	Holt, Floyd	End
17	*Backer, Bill	Halfback
18	*Parsons, Gail	Fullback
20	*Mohorovich, M.	Center
21	Adams, Jack	Guard
22	*Kell, Edward	Tackle
24	Cashill, Tom	Center
25	Haynes, Ralph	Guard
27	*Thies, Al	Tackle
29	Dellano, Gerry	Tackle
31	Hackett, Ray	Halfback
32	*Handley, Earl	Fullback
33	Stowell, Cecil	End
34	Stock, John	Center
35	Sawyer, Herman	End
36	*Linehan, Walter	Guard
38	*Madriaga, Bob	Tackle
39	Carroll, Vic	Fullback
	La Marsna, Fred	Fullback
	Bledsoe, Dan	Halfback
	Colgan, Rowan	End
	Freudenburg, H.	End
	Maclean, Kenneth	Guard
	*Turner, Marvin	Guard

*Indicates lettermen

PETE LENZ, Referee



MUSTANGS

KELLY, Head Linesman

CAL. AGGIE SQUAD

"CRIP" TOOMEY, COACH

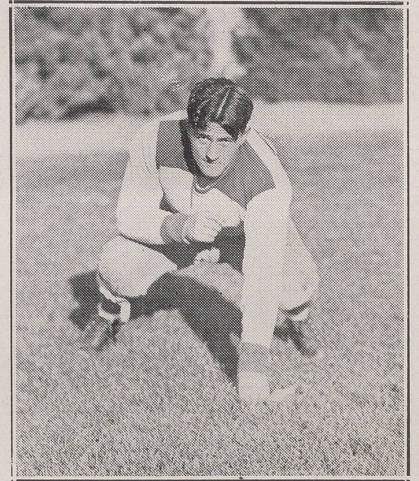
No.	Name	Position
2	Hollinsworth, M.	End
7	Frank, Norman	Guard
8	*Wolfe, Maitland	Quarterback
9	*Tavernetti, Milton	Halfback
10	Brady, James	Quarterback
11	Kawoaka, M.	Halfback
12	DeMartini, Louis	Quarterback
13	*Ketterlin, Arthur	Guard
14	Pirie, William	Tackle
15	Heiner, Larry	Halfback
16	Weinland, Clarence	Center
17	O'Niell, Dan	Halfback
18	Poli, Guido	Halfback
19	Radmacher, Dick	Quarterback
20	*Sweet, Ruiss (C.)	Quarterback
21	King, Richard	Halfback
22	Hawkins, Howard	End
23	Bayles, Robert	End
24	*Mills, Arnold	End
25	*Oda, Yoshio	Guard
26	Alexander, George	Halfback
27	Crosetti, Frank	Guard
28	Lapp, Clarence	Center
29	Hollingsworth, F.	Halfback
30	Eastwood, Carl	End
31	Wood, Roland	Tackle
32	Wright, Rae	Fullback
33	Thompson, Robert	Center
34	Mendonca, John	Halfback
35	Kruse, Edgar	Guard
36	Margolin, Herbert	Guard
37	Dressler, Milton	Guard
38	*Fugelsang, Nels	End
39	Baranek, Paul	Center
40	Frazer, Carl	End
41	*Jones, William	End
42	*Frazer, Robert	Guard
43	*Borba, Gilbert	Halfback
44	*Fiack, Joe	Tackle
45	Lundgren, Robert	Tackle
46	Cost, John	Guard
47	Edgar, Earl	Fullback
48	Case, Jack	Center
49	Campbell, Alex	Fullback
50	*Page, William	Guard
51	*Ellithorpe, Phil	Tackle
52	Wredon, Henry	Guard
53	Nova, Louis	Fullback
54	Britschgi, Francis	Tackle
55	*Towne, Willis	Tackle

*Indicates lettermen.

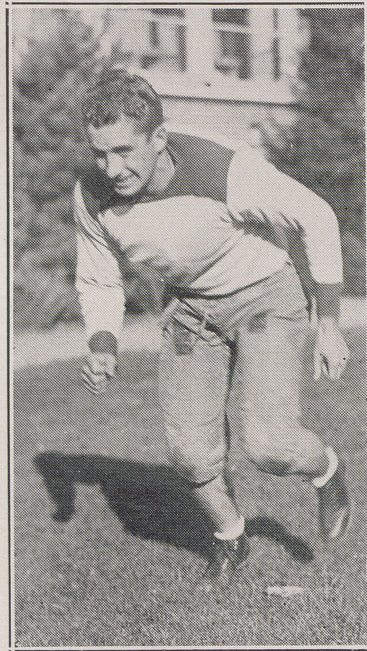
❖ NEVADA ❖



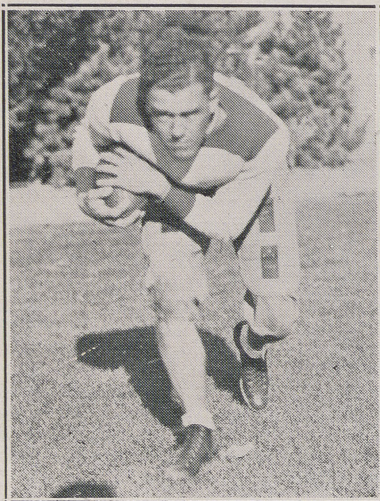
BOB MADRIAGA
Tackle
No. 38



ED KELL
Tackle
No. 20



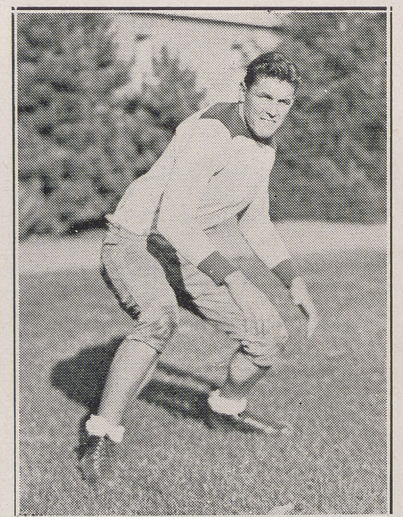
BILL BEEMER
Guard
No. 12



GAIL PARSONS
Fullback
No. 18

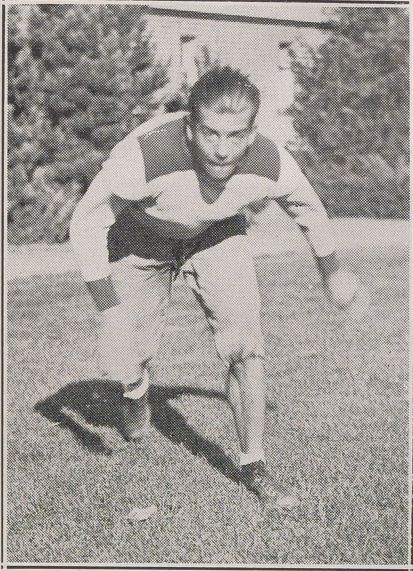


MATHEW MOHOROVICH
Center
No. 20

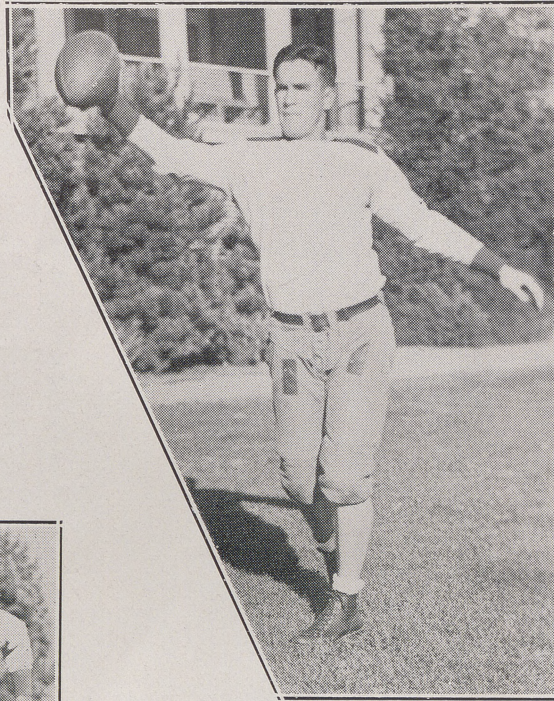


VIC CARROLL
Fullback
No. 39

NEVADA



KEN AUSTIN
End
No. 8



JACK HILL
Halfback
No. 6



LEE PRIEST
Quarter
No. 4



RALPH HAYNES
Guard
No. 25

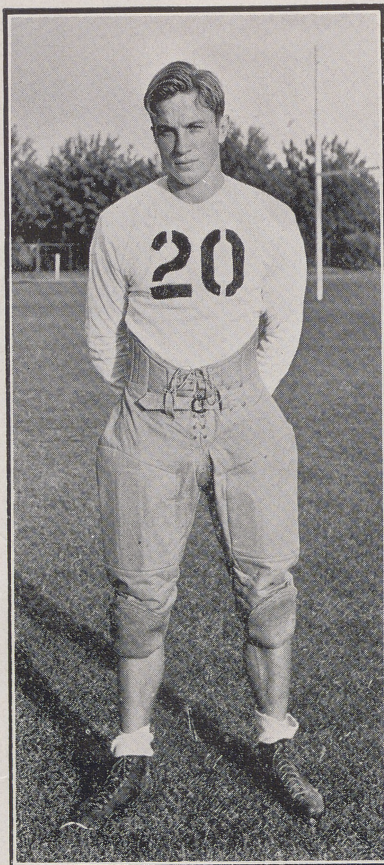


GENE SALET
End
No. 14

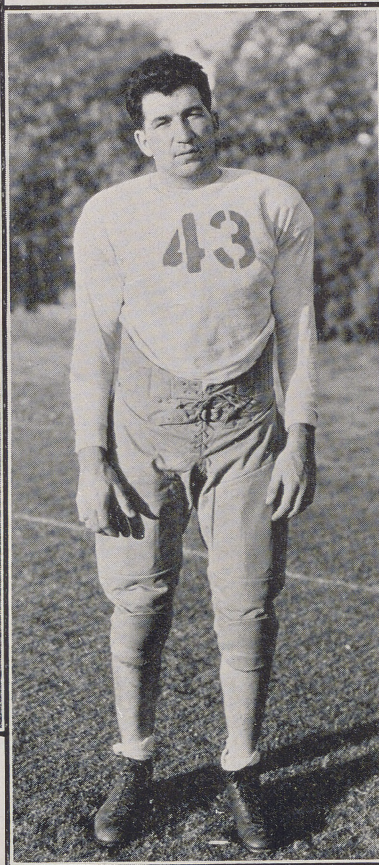


JERRY DELLANOY
Tackle
No. 29

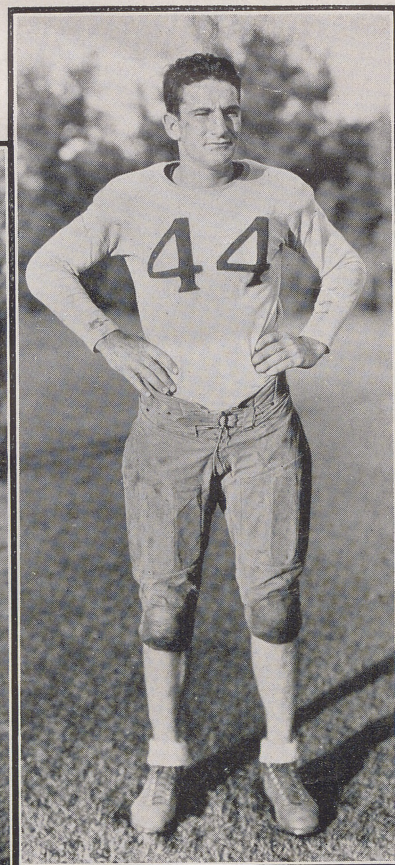
AGGIES



Captain Russ Sweet (above) was an All-Far Western Conference halfback last year in his first season with the California Aggies.

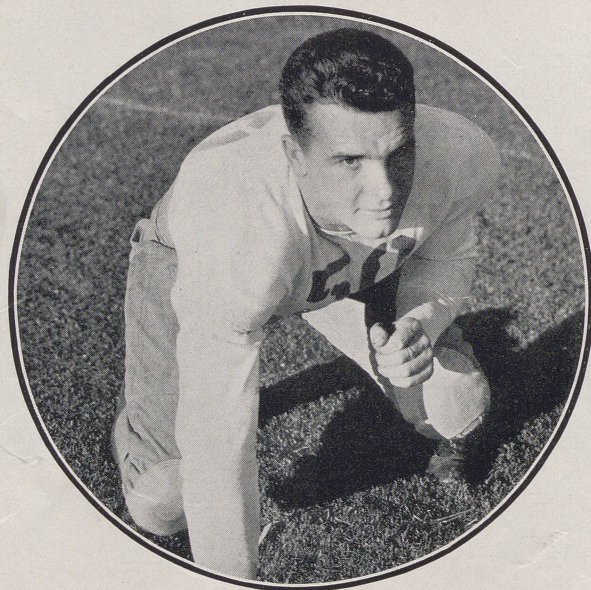


Gil Borba (above) saw his share of action last season as a halfback. This is his second year of varsity football with the Aggies.



Joe Fiack (above) captained the 1931 team through a successful campaign and also won All-Conference tackle honors.

Bill Page (below) light but very effective guard, starts his second season with today's game. Page is identified by number 50.



Nels Fugelsang (below), a big end from Fresno, has been an asset to the Aggies during two past years. He will wear No. 38.



NEVADA vs. CAL. AGGIES

AS THE outstanding feature of the Thirteenth Annual Homecoming Day, the University of Nevada Wolf Pack will go into action against the California Aggies today at Mackay Field.

Nevada, under the able guidance of "Brick" Mitchell, has proven itself to be one of the outstanding teams in the conference. The Aggies, however, have shown themselves to be no mean match for any team and their record so far this season has been exceptional.

The records for the last four years show that the Aggies have won three games to Nevada's one. In 1928, the California boys defeated Nevada 6 to 0. In 1929, they won 19 to 0, while in 1930, Nevada came back to defeat the Aggies 31 to 0. The game last year was 12 to 0 in favor of the visitors. The game today should prove to be a gruelling contest, with both teams struggling for victory which, in turn, is a step to the winning of the Far Western Conference.

IN COMPARING the two teams and their records for this season, Nevada has a slight edge over her opponents. Opening their first game of the season, the Wolf Pack vanquished the Oregon State Teachers, 12 to 7. In the next encounter, the Wolves went down to defeat at the hands of the strong St. Mary's team by the score of 35 to 0. Last Saturday the Wolf Pack upset all dope by holding the highly rated Utah team and Conference holders to a 6 to 6 tie. In the latter game the Nevada men completely outclassed the Redskins.

THE California Aggies have one of the strongest teams in their school history this season. They were defeated 12 to 0 by California in their first game. This, however, is not such a decisive

victory when the strength of the Bears is taken into consideration. Playing their first Conference game the Aggies nosed out on Fresno State, 3 to 0, which came by the way of a place kick from the boot of Gil Borba, varsity halfback. In the third game of their schedule the Mustangs tied the Oregon Normal boys from Ashland, Oregon, 12 to 12. The powerful U. C. L. A. team took the Mustangs into camp, 28 to 8, in their last encounter.

THIS year's varsity bids fair to be one of the best in the past several years. The Nevada line averages 186.8, which is about the weight of lines in the past. The Nevada line showed how it could work in the Utah game, when the Redskins found it impermeable. With such men as Beemer, Madriaga, and Theis, opponents find it difficult to break through.

Nevada has for her offensive players some men who display marked capabilities. Jack Hill, flashy halfback, Gail Parsons, veteran fullback, Bill Backer, half, and Fern Ambrose, snappy quarterback, constitute the offense of the Wolf Pack. All of these men are veterans and so far have showed themselves to be capable of doing the ball carrying.

THE main hope of the California team rests upon the powerful shoulders of Russ Sweet, captain of the Aggies. Sweet is a triple-threat back and he won all Conference honors last year. Another one of the mainstays of the Mustangs is Joe Fiack, tackle, and captain of last year's team. Fiack also won all Conference honors.

As a preliminary to the Nevada-Cal. Aggie game, Herb Foster's Reno High School Huskies will meet the University Freshmen coached by Chet Scranton.

UNIVERSITY · OF · NEVADA

1932 Varsity Football Roster

No.	Name	Position	Age	Weight	Height	Experience	Home Town
1	Bannigan, Calvin	Half	21	155	5.6	Frosh	Reno, Nev.
2	Harris, Robert	End	21	165	5.10	1 year	Reno, Nev.
3	*Guffrey, Toby	Half	21	182	5.10	1 year	Sparks, Nev.
4	Priest, Lee	Quarter	21	167	5.10	1 year	Sparks, Nev.
5	*Ambrose, Fern	Quarter	22	158	5.9	1 year	Berkeley, Calif.
6	*Hill, Jack	Half	21	165	5.8	2 years	Reno, Nev.
7	Beasley, Bud	Half	21	170	5.10	1 year	Santa, Cruz, Calif.
8	*Austin, Ken	End	21	170	6.0	1 year	McGill, Nev.
9	Sherrup, Mike	Guard	23	164	5.10	1 year	Los Angeles, Calif.
10	*Hill, Harvey	Half	20	170	5.11	1 year	Fallon, Nev.
11	Bankofier, Roy	End	22	173	6.2	1 year	McDermitt, Nev.
12	*Beemer, Bill	Tackle	21	168	5.11	1 year	Sparks, Nev.
14	Salet, Gene	End	20	175	6.0	1 year	Lovelock, Nev.
15	Holt, Floyd	End	23	185	6.0	None	Dallas, Ore.
17	*Backer, Bill	Half	22	175	5.11	2 years	Los Angeles, Calif.
18	*Parsons, Gail	Full	22	170	5.11	3 years	Los Angeles, Calif.
20	*Mohorovich, M.	Center	22	182	5.11	3 years	Jackson, Calif.
21	Adams, Jack	Guard	20	184	5.9	Frosh	Reno, Nev.
22	*Kell, Edward	Tackle	20	200	5.10	2 years	Los Angeles, Calif.
24	Cashill, Tom	Center	20	185	6.0	Frosh	Reno, Nev.
25	Haynes, Ralph	Guard	23	187	5.11	1 year	Reno, Nev.
27	*Thies, Al	Tackle	24	205	6.3	2 years	Hayward, Calif.
29	Dellanoy, Gerry	Tackle	20	185	6.2	1 year	Los Angeles, Calif.
31	Hackett, Ray	Half	22	175	6.0	None	Reno, Nev.
32	*Handley, Earl	Full	22	173	6.0	2 years	Santa Cruz, Calif.
33	Stowell, Cecil	End	21	183	6.2	1 year	Fallon, Nev.
34	Stock, John	Center	19	215	5.10	Frosh	St. Louis, Mo.
35	Sawyer, Herman	End	20	180	6.0	None	Louisville, Ky.
36	*Linehan, Walter	Guard	23	180	5.11	3 years	San Francisco, Calif.
38	*Madriaga, Bob	Tackle	22	210	5.11	2 years	Los Angeles, Calif.
39	Carroll, Vic	Full	20	195	6.1	Frosh	Los Angeles, Calif.
	La Marsna, Fred	Full	24	187	5.10	None	Taft, Calif.
	Bledsoe, Dan	Half	22	165	6.2	1 year	Reno, Nev.
	Colgan, Rowan	End	20	180	5.11	Frosh	Los Angeles, Calif.
	Freudenburg, H.	End	19	166	5.9	Frosh	Vallejo, Calif.
	Maclean, Kenneth	Guard	19	206	5.9	Frosh	Reno, Nev.
	Turner, Marvin	Guard	22	167	5.8	1 year	Reno, Nev.

*Indicates lettermen

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

COLLEGE · OF · AGRICULTURE

1932 Varsity Football Roster

No.	Name	Position	Weight	Height	Experience	Home Town
2	Hollingsworth, M.	End	145	5.10		Woodland
7	Frank, Norman	Guard	168	5.10		Norton, Kansas
8	*Wolfe, Maitland	Quarter	140	5.6	1 year	Santa Cruz
9	*Tavernetti, Milton	Half	170	5.8	2 years	Salinas
10	Brady, James	Quarter	140	5.4	1 year	Davis
11	Kawoaka, M.	Half	140	5.4		Petaluma
12	DeMartini, Louis	Quarter	170	5.9	1 year	Lodi
13	*Ketterlin, Arthur	Guard	195	5.10	2 years	Santa Rosa
14	Pirie, William	Tackle	170	5.11	1 year	Clements
15	Heiner, Larry	Half	166	5.10		Redwood City
16	Weinland, Clarence	Center	175	5.10	1 year	Santa Rosa
17	O'Niell, Dan	Half	155	5.10		San Mateo
18	Poli, Guido	Half	185	5.9		Van Nuys
19	Radmacher, Dick	Quarter	150	5.11		Tulare
20	*Sweet, Russ (C.)	Quarter	145	5.7	1 year	Long Beach
21	King, Richard	Half	148	5.8		Berkeley
22	Hawkins, Howard	End	155	5.11	1 year	Chaffey
23	Bayles, Robert	End	170	5.11		Red Bluff
24	*Mills, Arnold	End	165	5.8	2 years	Salinas
25	*Oda, Yoshio	Guard	150	5.8	1 year	Berkeley
26	Alexander, George	Half	170	5.8	1 year	Tulare
27	Crosetti, Frank	Guard	170	5.10	1 year	Los Angeles
28	Lapp, Clarence	Center	155	5.10		Penryn
29	Hollingsworth, F.	Half	165	5.8	1 year	Sacramento
30	Eastwood, Carl	End	160	5.10		Los Angeles
31	Wood, Roland	Tackle	175	5.11		Orange
32	Wright, Rae	Full	188	5.10	1 year	Petrolia
33	Thompson, Robert	Center	160	5.9	1 year	Oakland
34	Mendonca, John	Half	170	5.9		Lemoore
35	Kruse, Edgar	Guard	180	5.11	1 year	Pleasanton
36	Margolin, Herbert	Guard	182	5.8		Los Angeles
37	Dressler, Milton	Guard	170	5.10	2 years	Oakland
38	*Fugelsang, Nels	End	180	5.11	2 years	Fresno
39	Baranek, Paul	Center	183	5.11		San Juan
40	Frazer, Carl	End	176	5.10		Modesto
41	*Jones, William	End	187	5.9	2 years	Hayward
42	*Frazer, Robert	Guard	183	6.0	1 year	Modesto
43	*Borba, Gilbert	Half	173	5.10	1 year	Crows Landing
44	*Fiack, Joe	Tackle	190	6.0	2 years	Colusa
45	Lundgren, Robert	Tackle	190	5.11	1 year	San Rafael
46	Cost, John	Guard	170	5.9		Woodland
47	Edgar, Earl	Full	190	6.0		El Centro
48	Case, Jack	Center	180	5.9		Stratford
49	Campbell, Alex	Full	185	5.9		Cambria
50	*Page, William	Guard	175	5.11	1 year	Santa Barbara
51	*Ellithorpe, Phil	Tackle	219	6.2	2 years	Fresno
52	Wredon, Henry	Guard	198	6.0		San Luis Obispo
53	Nova, Louis	Full	193	6.1		Alameda
54	Britschgi, Francis	Tackle	193	5.10	1 year	Menlo Park
55	*Towne, Willis	Tackle	200	6.0	1 year	Salinas

*Indicates lettermen.

Mother Goose Rhymes We All Know

(With apologies to "Oh Captain, My Captain")

Oh S. A. E.

Oh S. A. E.

Our pledging season's done.

We've stuck a pin on every Frosh,

The prize we sought we won.

The house is full

(And that's no bull)

The members are exulting.

While other tongs—they stand around

Stick out their lips in sulking.

(With apologies to "Baa Baa Black Sheep")

Phi Sig, Phi Sig, have you any pins?

Yes Miss, yes Miss, two of them.

One for a Tri-Delt and one for a Theta

But one for the girls of Gamma Phi Beta.

(With apologies to "Little Jack Horner")

Little Tom Sawyer sat in the foyer,

Nursing his shin in vain.

He fell off a bench and got a nice wrench

And now the poor boy's in pain.

(With apologies to "Mary Quite Contrary")

Oh Lambda Chi, oh Lambda Chi,

How does your garden grow?

With red pajamas running wild

And pretty lads all in a row.

(With apologies to "The Village Blacksmith")

Under the spreading "Aw Nertz" tree

The Sigma Nu house stands;

And stands, and stands, and stands, and stands,

And stands, and stands, and stands.

(Will find out what for later).

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

OH LOVELY DAY

Oh lovely day
How sad that many people
Should lie sick, unable to enjoy
The beauty of your sunshine
And clear cool air.

How pitiful that the blind
Cannot see the pageantry
Of your trees turned scarlet and gold,
How cruel that we who do see
Should walk blind and ill in mind
And pass by unnoticed the glory
Of your blue Fall sky.

My heart aches for these, and
The pain grows less only
As I drink deeply of your beauty—
lovely day. —PEGGIE.



LATE OCTOBER

This morning I walked
Down a road
Through the loveliness of Fall.
The month was late October
And the year was growing old.
The trees sensed the coming
Of a cold, barren winter.
They stood forth bravely
In a last fling of color,
Scarlet and yellow and
A blaze of orange.
Days are coming when
The road will lie
Buried deep in a patch-
Work quilt of dying,
Brilliant leaves.
A snow-white coverlet
Will hide their tired dullness
As the year flickers out.

—PEGGIE.

HAPPINESS

By FRANDSEN LOOMIS

In desert hill, forlorn and bleak,
Midst wind, and sand, and brush,
There lives a soul who needs no world
'Neath love-of-silence's crust.

A friendly rattler with him dwells,
Who shares his humble shack.
Of bread and drink they worry not,
For ne'er of faith they lack.

A way will come for those who know
That He rules over all.
For has He failed to show
A way, if one should call?

That we who strive for gold and fame
In cities' man-mad world,
Could see the real, eternal light,
And all our woes unfurled.

There is a nothingness to life,
For one who counts his days,
Who sums and lives around the hours,
And for his freedom pays.

Has this one friends anon,
In sky, in moon, in stars,
So should we feel when fame is won,
That happiness is ours?



SOLITUDE

By FRANDSEN LOOMIS

Sullen eyes from earth, upturned
To heaven's silent roof,
Away from nature's hoard,
Behold a happiness aloof.

Perfect solitude, untouched
By human omnipresence.
Let the moon and stars remain.
In their glorifying essence.

Footballia

Continued from Page 9

hands. (The example was later to be copied by the Paw Knee Indians in far off America. How news does travel! Isn't it amazing? Why, only last week I was saying to Sadie Bilgewater—but no, I must go on with the story.) The officials penalized Cæsar half the distance to the goal post and half the way back again, up one side of the field and down the other. When the penalty was revoked by the Supreme Court (see Gallstone's History of Roman Law, page $\frac{1}{4}$) Cæsar had been penalized clear out of the stadium. Leaving the stadium was considered then as forfeiting the game, so Cicero won. His oration had not been in vain—no, no, no, no—it had been in the dressing room, or did we skip that part?

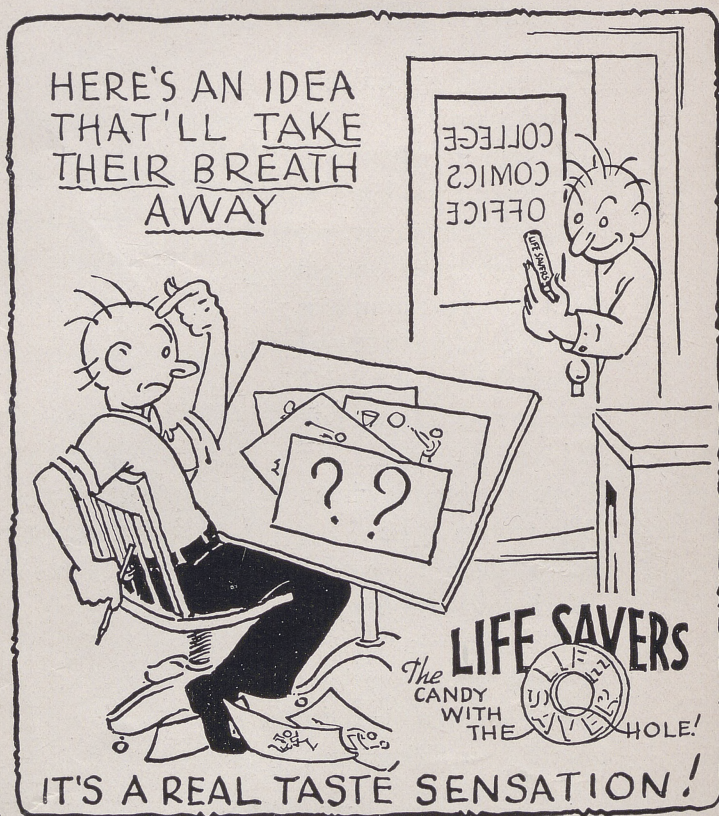
THE locale of our story now changes and we find that we have covered a lot of space and time. We are in Paris, where Louie the 14th is holding out for more beer. (I am not sure, but I believe that this is the first instance of a big league hold-out.) Football was very popular in France, and every Sunday the people's team played Louie's team to see who would buy the drinks for the court. I might add that the people generally bought. The people's team was composed of honest farmers and

ox drivers, and others. The people were very proud of the team that they had gotten together this certain Sunday to play Louie's. They were sure that with this team they could beat the king fairly and thus have something to drink for themselves. The king was tipped off (scouting the other team was indulged in by all in those days) that the people's team was the best to date and unless something was done and done fast the King's team was beat. Louie scratched his head. What to do, what to do. "I wonder if Cousin Olaf in Sweden would have any good players. I believe that I will send a messenger to see." (I did not follow this messenger, as he had a horse and I was on foot, and besides, what could I do? So I waited, thinking that he would have to come back the same way). In due time he arrived in Paris with many strange looking men. They were Swedes sent to Louie by his cousin Olaf. Louie cried with glee, or was it pain? Here were men that would certainly be able to go out and beat the people's team. So the Swedes were put through secret practice and were taught French so that the people would not suspect foul play on the part of Louie. The day of the game arrived, as days will, and all was set for a fierce contest. The game started in due time, as all games will, and the battle was on. The game had changed little since the days of the Romans, only, perhaps, becoming a little more open. By that I mean that Hebrews and fat

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men were allowed to play. The game was uneventful, so even were the teams, until the last two minutes of play (Motion Picture Co. please note) when Hoiman Axhandle, of the King's team, single-handed (well, anyway, he only had ten other men helping him) dashed the length of the field for a touchdown. (I might add that the number of players had been cut to eleven men, and the French had decided that the score would be seven points for each touchdown made.) Seven points went up on the scoreboard just as the gun went off ending the game. "We have been tricked," cried the people, and the revolution was on. Louie was beheaded and the people reigned. (No, Hoiman, it didn't rain people—silly ass.) This, in a word, was the development of football in France. We now go to England.

WE MUST again cover some more space and time, so I will ask all of you to kindly go to sleep until we get into England about the time that Queen Elizabeth was in power. The queen certainly liked her football; in fact, she liked anything in pants, and the football players wore pants so therefore she liked the football players. (Syllogistic reasoning courtesy Socrates, the Beale Street Philosopher). The game was quite popular in Merrie Old England and games were played far and wide, near and narrow. The game of the year was usually between the Men in Waiting to the Queen and the members of the Privy Council. It

was quite a royal affair, all in all. The Queen was barred from playing for two reasons: First, the rule that barred women from outdoor sports, and the fact that the Queen had lost her arm and was compelled to wear a false one. (Arm courtesy Easy Hinge Arm Co.) Finally the day of the game arrived and all was set for the contest, including the players. The battle took place in Westminster Abbey. (Darn clever, these English, calling their stadiums such smart names). The Queen was in the Royal Box surrounded by members of her Court and other Alumni. The teams lined up and kicked off and the contest was on. Bitterer and bitterer grew the battle. Neither team could score. Sir Walter Raleigh, the leader of the Privy Councilors, who was the Queen's favorite, had tried every trick that he knew of and still could not score. As the game progressed, the Queen could no longer contain herself. Hurdling the railing in front of the box she was down on the field. Time out was taken and it was announced to the crowd that Elizabeth was replacing Raleigh. Time in again, and the fight was on. Elizabeth got the ball and tucked it under her left bustle and was off. She ran amuck down the field and easily scored. (This is the first hidden ball play that history mentions.) Time after time the ball was given to Elizabeth and each time she scored. The Men in Waiting to the Queen were beaten, and beaten badly, when the game ended. The score was: Privy Councilors 999,999,-999.03; Men in Waiting to the Queen 000,000,-

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000.00. It was a great day for Elizabeth. She was the idol of a country of idols. (In my next work I will take you to visit the idol worshippers of England.) After this game Elizabeth played regularly with the team, and won her letter in her Junior year. Football made tremendous strides during the next few thousand years and we next turn to America, where it has had its most important developments.

Queen Elizabeth became so interested in football that she sent Sir Walter Raleigh to America—not to colonize, as some historians hold, but to teach the Indians football so that they could hold an intersectional game and raise funds for a new ath-

letic field. Westminster Abbey was all right, but it couldn't accommodate the tremendous crowds that attended each game.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH sailed from England in the year 17¼ B. O., with his team and another set of football equipment. Landing on the shores of the River Charles they founded a camp, or colony, if you must be technical, and immediately started out to find some Indians as all the young bucks were attending school at Carlisle. Of course they didn't know anything about football but they welcomed the opportunity to learn. Raleigh laid out a playing field, handed out the equipment and started in to practice. At first the Indians

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NEVADA DESERT WOLF

had difficulty, but gradually they learned that it was against the rules to scalp the opposing players just because he put his head down. They also couldn't get through their heads the idea that using the hands was illegal. You see, they belonged to the Paw Knee tribe and were quite used to using their hands. In fact, it was an old tribal custom. Raleigh slaved and worked—well, anyway, he talked a little bit—whipping the Bucks into shape. (College boys of the modern day still adhere to this old custom of whipping the bucks into shape before they have a date). Finally, the team was all set to play the champions of England, and in due time they sailed, landing in London in the year 23½ O. B. The Indians beat the English in a hard-fought contest by the score of 29 to 14. Elizabeth was the star of the game with her bustle, but the Indians outsmarted her by cutting off her bustle. (See "Bustle Cutting," by Walpople McGillicuddy.)

The Indians, returning to America, quickly taught all the other tribes, and in a very short while games were being held all over the American continent—well, as far west as Philadelphia, anyway. The Indians introduced many new features to the game. Among them was the forward pass. This came about through the efforts of the Eagle tribe, who were very adept at training birds. In a game one day the chief was making a long run down the field but lost his wind and threw the ball in the air to keep anyone from getting hold of it. A tame eagle that was circling overhead caught the ball and flew over the goal line with it. The officials ruled that it was fair, so the forward pass was born. Later

it was nothing at all to see a football game in progress with lots of different birds circling the field waiting to receive the ball.

Football gradually made its way westward till it reached the shores of the Pacific in sunny California. (See any California Chamber of Commerce Bulletin for further details on the California sunshine.) The Californians introduced one new development into the game in 1849, called the Goal Rush. It was a play not unlike the old flying wedge of Cæsar's time, only not as well organized.

Since that time the game has become a national institution and has grown and grown until today we have colleges that are so inconsiderate as to expect the students to study when they come to college when all they come for is to play football. But then, no matter how hard you try someone will always attempt to spoil your fun by asking you to do something else.

Football, as we know it today, has become a gentlemen's game. That is, the gentlemen sit on the sidelines and watch others play the game. It offers the alumni something to crab about, and offers an opportunity to the players to see the country free of charge—as if the players wanted to see any country. But, all in all, football has had a definite influence on the history of mankind. Whole civilizations have died because of a losing football team. The people simply upped and moved to another center of football that could boast of a winning team.

Well, ho hum and lackaday; I'll be seeing you. Are you listnin'? That's good!

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The Clock Strikes Twelve

Continued from Page 12

anxious to do honor to its famous daughter. The welcoming committee at the airport was headed by Allan, chosen because he was the only member of her class who had returned for Homecoming. The town was gay with banners, the campus even more so, and Lee was deluged with invitations . . . every house was anxious for the privilege of playing hostess to her. But she adroitly sidestepped each one and engaged a suite at the hotel.

"Lo, the conquering hero comes," grinned Bill, when they were at last alone in her sitting room. "How does it feel to be famous?"

"Don't be childish, Bill. Let me have my fun. I'm overcoming a complex, as Freud would say, or maybe it was someone else. Anyway, run along and let the prodigal daughter prepare herself for the fatted calf. I'm having luncheon at the Gamma House and then we're going to the football game. Come for me at two."

Luncheon at the Gamma House! The goal of her undergraduate dreams. And now she was there. With an eager and adoring student on either side of her plying her with eager questions. . . . Was it hard to write plays? Did you get paid much for them? How did you go about writing plays? Did you write about people you knew, or did you just make up things out of your own head? The lunch-

eon was very successful, and very pleasant to the battered ghost of Rosalie the freshman.

PROMPTLY at two Bill called for her and they joined the crowd that trudged to the tiny stadium. Only Lee didn't trudge, she floated. At the game she ate hot dogs and screamed with the students when Orton won the game in the last three minutes of play. It left her weak and laughing as they rose to go. The girl on her left spoke to her. "Pardon, me, Miss Garrigan, but my room-mate and I were arguing about you. When you were a co-ed, you weren't a Gamma, were you?"

Lee smiled. "No, I wasn't anything. I was just a barb." Strange. It didn't hurt to say that. Somehow, the pain was gone. She turned to go, and found Allan Tracy at her side. He was smiling at her.

"Miss Garrigan, I hope, for old times' sake, you'll give me a dance tonight. After all, we were classmates."

"One? Several, if you wish. As you say, we were classmates. And that is the purpose of Homecoming, is it not—to renew old friendships?"

The orchestra was playing a waltz when Allan came to claim the last of his promised dances. Lee slid into his arms with a thrill of pleasure. The years had not dimmed his attraction for her, in spite of her resolution to make him regret losing what he had never had. She closed her eyes and gave herself up to the beauty of the music and the happiness of dancing with her first love. She was no longer Lee

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Garrigan, playwright. She was Rosalie Garrigan, woman. His lips brushed her hair. "You're sweet," he whispered. "I'm not a bit afraid of you. I was at first because you're so beautiful. But, somehow, I feel now that we mean something to each other. I want to see you again and again and again. Tell me I may."

Lee raised shining eyes. "Of course you may. Any time."

"Tonight? After the dance? Say 'yes.' Please say 'yes'."

"Yes. Tonight."

The music ended. Bill came towards her and Allan reluctantly took his leave.

"Let's go outside, Bill. I want to feel the stars in my hair and the moon against my cheek."

"So Prince Charming has captured the Princess." There was no bitterness in Bill's voice, only sadness.

"Don't let's talk, Bill. I'm sorry. I can't help it. I love him." Lee sat on the stone railing in the shadows.

The music started again, people danced, the music stopped. Still Lee sat on the railing. The strains of "Home Sweet Home" filled the night air with haunting melody; then men's voices sifted through. Two men. One was Allan.

"So I said to her, 'I feel that we mean something to each other.' That get's them every time. Maybe

she's famous now, but when we were in school she tried to get a date with me. I'm seeing her tonight after she gets rid of Willie."

"She's pretty rich, isn't she? Why don't you marry the gal, Tracy?"

"If this depression keeps on, maybe I will."

THE voices faded away in the distance. Bill turned to Lee. Her head was buried in her hands, her shoulders shaking. He gathered her in his arms, pressed his cheek against her hair.

"Don't, Lee. Please don't. He isn't worth it."

She raised her head. Her eyes were bright with tears, but they were tears of amusement, not sorrow; her shoulders were shaking with laughter instead of sobs.

"Oh, Bill, I've been such a fool. I thought I was sophisticated, and I fell for a cheap line like the silliest school-girl. I mistook the remains of an infatuation for the real thing. Let's run away. I feel as if I were just freed from something poisonous. Tonight I was Rosalie. I want to be Lee again."

"We'll run away, all right," said Bill, tightening his hold on her, "but we'll stop running long enough to get a license, find a minister and get married before you get any more silly ideas in your sweet empty head and dig up some kindergarten flame. And then we'll catch a 'plane headed for New York and a real Homecoming.

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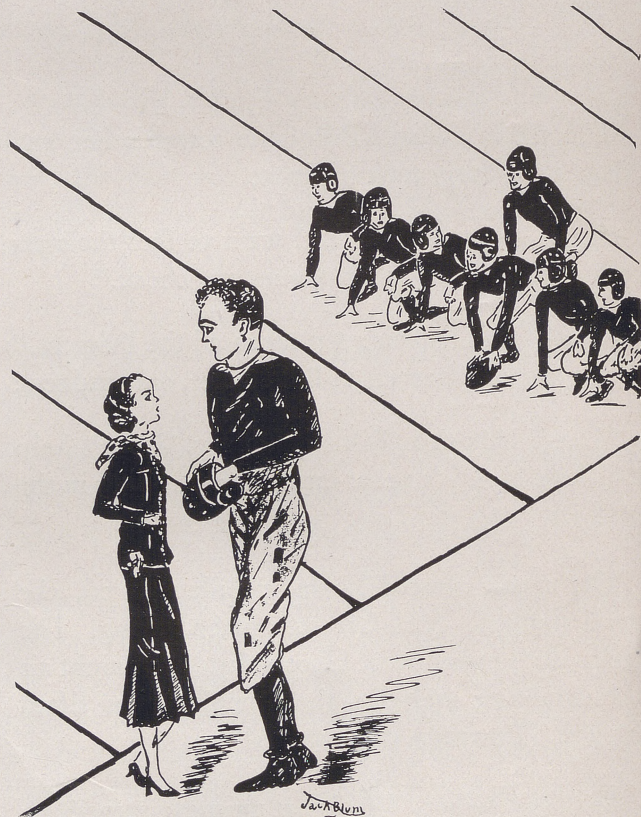
Alma Mammy!

Continued from Page 14

one side we see der joint where dey teech der keeds how to cutting up frogs und how to be taking care from der farm hanimals. Hon der other side is a baby place what is der Henglish Hall where der Bob Griffin hes debates und Miller (Ho, Ho, Hi forgetting, *Mr. Miller—to us*) scareing pore leetle Froshes!

We heff to hurrying past der building from Heducation because der Gleeing Clubs making singing noises, und der Bettle from Bunker Hill is going hon in der clesses off Education. Der Horsepistol is full from patients, so we going right past to Lincoln Hall where der Leetle Boys leeve (sometimes). Eef we gotting some time left, we wenting offer to der Meckey Field where from hall sides der feetsball men prectise. Soch fun—ronning up und down, yumping hon one annodder.

So der moral off der story, keeds, is don't going to collitch—take it from der pore old Grendma, what knows hall habout collitchs—especially der Collitch from Nevada.



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2nd: No.

Nothing: Why not?

000000: Because I'm not old enough.



Phi: What did your girl say when you proposed to her?

Bete: She said, "I'm glad to 'no' you."



"You haven't any kick coming," said the bootlegger as he passed the bottle to the customer.



He: My, but that man's crooked.

She: Why; did he steal something?

Him: No, he had infantile paralysis.



Do you know the dead man's song?

I'm ready; what is it?

"My Heart's at Ease."

I love coffee, I love tea,
W. C. T. U. did this to me.



He: Did you marry your second wife for her father's millions?

He: No, I just needed a little change.



Did you make a fraternity at the agriculture college?

Yeah—the Alpha Alpha.



Editor: I don't see the point to this joke.

Contributor: Well, it's the new trend in humor; Futuristic.

Editor: Yeah! So far in the future you can't see the point.



Roses are red, violets are blue,

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Quarterback (roaring at waiter): "Who told you to serve spinach?"

Waiter: "The head coach, sir."

Signal Barker: "Nice looking, isn't it."

—*Panther.*



It takes about 1500 nuts to hold an automobile together but it takes only one nut to scatter it over the landscape.

—*Battalion.*



The astronomy professor was lecturing.

"I predict the end of the world in fifty million years."

"How many?" cried a frightened voice from the rear.

"Fifty million years."

"Oh," said the voice, with a deep sigh of relief, "I thought you said fifteen million."

—*Rammer Jammer.*



After reading the collegiate humorous magazines one can understand why material for publication is called "copy."

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*



Diner: "Waiter, this soup is spoiled."

Waiter: "Who told you."

Diner: "A little swallow."—*Purple Parrot.*

Page Thirty-six

A Testimony: "Before, my friends used to walk across the street to avoid meeting me—crowds dispersed when I approached—my best friends wouldn't tell me.

"But now, people walk miles to greet me, crowds gather around me—since I began buying my own cigarettes."

—*Sour Owl.*



YOU CALL IT MADNESS

The story is told of a couple of boobs out at the nuttury.

"Guess what I've got in my hand," said the first.

"A horse?"

"No."

"A pig?"

"What color?"

—*Red Cat.*



PLEASE RETURN

Judge (to amateur yegg): So they caught you with this bundle of silverware. Whom did you plunder?

Yegg: Two fraternity houses, Your Honor.

Judge (to sergeant): Call up the downtown hotels and distribute this stuff.

—*Humbug.*



HOW TO DRESS WELL

Dear Son: Please join a fraternity, as I cannot afford to keep you in clothes. Your Dad.

—*Rice Owl.*



"You say you were twins once?"

"Yah, my mother has a picture of me when I was two."

—*Log.*

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