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D·E·S·E·R·T W·O·L·F

FEBRUARY & NINETEEN THIRTY-THREE & PRICE 30c



Tom Wilson 1933

READ "COMBINE ANIA" ON PAGE 13

LISTEN TO THIS:---

I have been told that when "Prof" smiles the class is GAY But when he is moved to tears, laughter — loud and long — fills the class-room, for "Prof" is never so amusing as when he is hurt.

Some of the things that make "Prof" tearful are: inaccuracies, exaggerations, carelessnesses, slovenlinesses and extravagances as expressed in your clothing — at times.

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Customer: What'n hell's the matter with this water?

Waiter: I guess it's a trifle sick sir—

Customer: Well go out and get me some well water!

❖

And there they were—the ice all around them was cracking—they couldn't do anything—they were desperate—would nobody bring the liquor?

❖

Prof: "A fool can ask questions that even wise men can't answer."

Frosh: "That's why so many people flunk this course."
—*Red Cat.*

❖

"I draw the line on kissing,"

She said in accent fine:

But he was a football player

And so he crossed the line.

—*Skipper.*

Prof: "If there are any dumb-bells in the room, please stand up."

A long pause and then a lone freshman stands up.

"What—do you consider yourself a dumb-bell?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir, but I hate to see you standing alone."
—*VooDoo*

❖

"What have you done," St. Peter asked

"That I should admit you here?"

"I ran a paper," the editor said,

"Of my college, for one long year."

St. Peter pityingly shook his head

And gravely touched the bell.

"Come in, poor thing, select your harp,

"You've had your share of h——."

—*Annapolis Log*

❖

"Pardon me but I washed my feet today and I just can't do anything with them."
—*Cajoler.*

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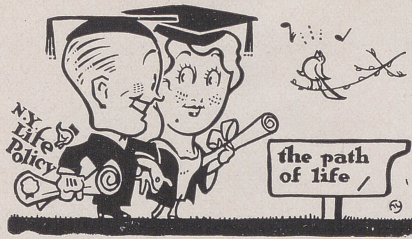
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New York Life

Nice blind on the window Abe.
Yes, Isaac.
Who paid for it, Abe?
The customers. How is That?
Yes, Isaac, I put a little box on the counter "for the Blind" and they paid for it. —*Bored Walk.*

❖

Football players may be strong and silent men and full of grit, but so are a lot of street cleaners. —*Arizona Kitty Kat.*

❖

Boss: "What are you doing?"
Clerk: "None of your business."
And he was right, so the Boss fired him. —*Red Cat.*

❖

Q: "What would be the proper thing to say if, in carving the duck, it should skid off the platter and into your neighbor's lap?"

A: "Be very courteous. Say, 'May I trouble you for that duck?'" —*Red Cat.*

❖

"I wonder why Gus keeps having pains in his stomach?"

"Probably because of that big bay window of his." —*VooDoo.*

Plebe: "What do you repair these shoes with?"

Cobbler: "Hide."

Plebe: "Why should I hide?"

Cobbler: "Hide, Hide! The cow's outside!"

Plebe: "Let her come in. I'm not afraid."

—*Yale Record.*

❖

The difference between a train wreck and a car accident is that the engineer isn't always hugging the fireman. —*Owl.*

❖

Irate Father: What's the idea of bringing my daughter home at eight-thirty in the morning?

Voice over phone: Well, you see sir, I had a class at nine. —*Beanpot.*

Have you heard that new depression song: "Let's Put Out the Lights and Sell the Bulbs?"

—*White Mule.*

❖

The click of knitting needles, the creak of the rocker, and the tick-tock of a grandfather's clock were all that disturbed the soothing silence of the room. With childish curiosity little Ellen sat watching the purls and stitches.

"Why do you knit, Grandma?" she asked.

"Oh, just for the hell of it." the old lady replied. —*Princeton Tiger.*

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"Boy, is that girl hard-boiled?"
 "Well, if you were in hot water as much as she was, you'd be hard-boiled too."
 —*Penn State Froth*

"Now," said the professor, "pass all your papers to the end of the row; have a carbon sheet under each one, and I can correct all the mistakes at once."
 —*Red Cat.*

First Phi Sig: "What's the name of the mane we just pledged?"
 Second Phi Sig: "Gallen."
 First Phi Sig: "His name, I said, not his capacity."
 —*Red Cat.*

STINKO!
 "Who was the lady I saw you eating with last night?"
 "That was no lady, that was my knife!"
 —*Red Cat.*

"What is youth?"
 "I'm a thopomore."
 —*Chaparral.*

Dean (to frosh): No I don't; but if you can remember your home address I'll take you home.
 —*White Mule.*

"Eavesdropping again, eh?" said the fish as the would be skater crashed through the ice.
 —*Yellow Jacket.*

It was just another Scotchman who married the half-witted girl because she was fifty per cent off.
 —*Record.*

1/c: "What are children of the Czar called, Mister?"
 4/c: "Czardines, sir."
 —*The Log.*

When the roll is called up yonder, what will we drink in our coffee?
 —*The Log.*

"Ship wrecked for a whole week."
 "My, my, do tell."
 "Lived the week on a can of sardines."
 "Tsk, Tsk, how could you move around?"
 —*Red Cat.*

Gish: "Aw, gimme a kiss?"
 Drag: "Naw, I'm a gude Scotch lassie."
 Gish: "Well let's trade a few then." —*The Log*

Ball Player: "I wasn't out!"
 Sarcastic Umpire: "Oh, you weren't? Well, you just look at the newspaper tomorrow." —*Log.*

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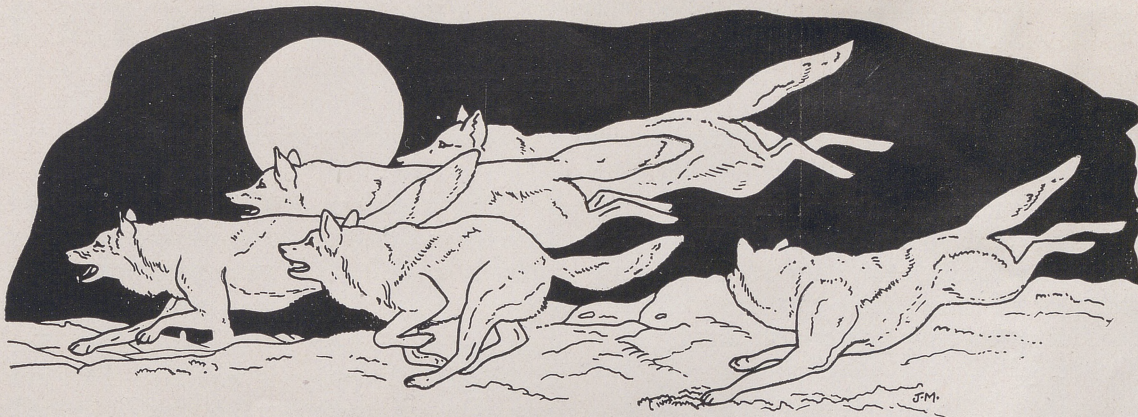
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NEVADA DESERT WOLF



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COUSIN HENRY COMES THROUGH

By MISTY CRATHEWSON

Henry was only a small town plumber, but that boy certainly did things—

"You don't want to go in no plumbin' business, Henry," said Mr. Coogan. "What you should do is play baseball for a livin'. There's no one in this part of the country that can play like you do. Look at that fly you caught last Sunday against Oakburg."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Coogan," I replied gazing enviously at the large gilt letters on the plate glass front that proclaimed that Mr. Coogan was in the plumbing business, "but I don't like baseball and I do like plumbin'. Maybe some day I could get enough ahead to go into partnership with you. Wages don't matter, Mr. Coogan, but I want to be a plumber."

"Henry," Mr. Coogan spat reflectively, "you're plain dumb. Why Axel Hansen that left here to play for Philadelphia never could play like you do and he's drawing down \$15,000 a year. That's a year's profit for me, but I work all year ten and twelve hours a day while he has six months off with pay. You're plain dumb."

"Maybe so, Mr. Coogan," I answered, more determined than ever, "but don't mention Axel Hansen. If there is anyone I hate it's that same Axel. Do I or don't I get a job?"

"Well, Henry," laughed Mr. Coogan, "I'll give you a start. There won't be much pay and the hours will be long. In the meantime tell me what you have against your double."

By my double he meant Axel Hansen. Axel and I were the same age and looked so much alike that the man didn't live who could tell us apart. We were cousins and had been brought up together in Farmtown. I had taught him all he knew about baseball and now he was up in the big leagues, but if you asked him if he knew me he would say "No I can't say I do," or some other sarcastic remark. Oh, how I hate that fellow and when you hear how he treated me you won't blame me.

"Mr. Coogan," I asked when we had gone inside the shop and had seated ourselves behind the counter, "do you remember the time I was expelled from school for putting a rat in the principal's desk?"

Mr. Coogan reflected for a moment, chin in hand.

"Why yes, Henry," he said, "believe I do. Axel came in and told me about it and if I remember correctly he thought it was a great joke.

"He should," I answered, unable to keep the snarl out of my voice, "He was the one that did it but the janitor swore it was me. That was only once. Do you remember the time I got the beating for putting glue in the bread pudding sauce?"

Yes, I believe I do." Mr. Coogan wrinkled his brow. "If I'm not mistaken Miss Jensen, the school maam and myself were invited to dinner and your Ma called up and postponed it. Axel came in and apologized for her."

"Yes," I said with a choked voice, "Axel is the one who would apologize. He came over to the house, put on my hat, made sure the cook wasn't looking and poured the glue in the sauce. Mr. Coogan I'll get even with that guy if it's the last thing I do and I told him so."

"Well, Henry, personally I hope you do. Never liked Axel much. Awful swellhead. Now run along out to Smith's and see what you can do with that bathtub."

"Yes, sir," I said and made a jump for the kit bag. At last I was a plumber.

I worked for Mr. Coogan all summer and we got to be the closest friends. Whenever we were together on a job or in off hours we would talk over the great race in the American League. Washington looked like a cinch to cop the pennant but Philadelphia and the New York Yanks were right behind. As it turned out Philadelphia slid in ahead by half a game and, of course Axel being on the Athletics, the town went crazy. The Chamber of Commerce, of which Mr. Coogan was president, arranged a special train for the World's Series and the night before it was to pull out for Philadelphia he called me into the back room.

"Henry," he coughed, trying to suppress a laugh, "how would you like to go up to Philadelphia to the Series?"

I laughed confusedly. "Why Mr. Coogan, I'd like it, but, of course, it's impossible. I haven't saved but \$100 and I'm going to need that pretty bad this winter."

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

"HENRY," said Mr. Coogan, you've been a fine helper and I'm going to take you up to Philadelphia with me as a bonus for your services." From behind his back he brought a long envelope and from inside the same he drew two railroad tickets.

"Here," he handed me one of them. "Meet me at the train tomorrow night." Before I could catch my breath he was gone.

The trip to Philadelphia was a treat for me. I had never been further than Charleston and then only during my first year in High School so everything was new to me.

WE registered at a cheap hotel close to the park, changed our clothes, ate dinner and went to a show. When we got back to the hotel I bought a paper and figured who would win tomorrow's game. I must of dozed off cause when I came to there was Mr. Coogan standing in front of me laughing and standing beside him was that big palooka Axel Hansen.

"Howdy, Henry," Axel greeted me, "come up to see me win the series for the Athletics?"

"No," I answered, ignoring the big ham's outstretched paw, "I'm up here to see the Giants make a monkey out of you which should be an easy task with the star you've got."

"The same old Henry," remarks Axel. "Well, boy, what I'll do to McGraw's clan will be a pity. I've won twenty games this season and my fast ball is working to perfection. Remember that one I used against Oakburg in '22—?"

I turned over and resumed my nap.

THE next day Axel let the Giants down with two hits and Connie Mack's team won 3-0. The Giants won the next three games in a row but the Mackmen came back to win two to make the series even with the deciding game to be played in Philadelphia.

The day of the final game was perfect. There was just enough of a tang in the air to make for perfect baseball weather. Mr. Coogan and I had our seats reserved so there was no hurry about getting out to the park. I left the crowd in the lobby of the hotel and went out to take a walk. There was a cute little dame in a drugstore down the street a couple of blocks and I had arranged to take her out to the game. She was only nineteen with the cutest brogue you ever heard and as cute a looking girl as ever tossed a milkshake over a soda fountain.

"Hello, Good-Looking" she smiled as I sidled

up to the fountain and sat down on a stool. "About ready to get started?"

I glanced up at the clock above her head. It read 1:30.

"We really ought to be starting," I told her. "It's going to be tough getting through the crowds."

WHILE she was in back getting rid of her apron I took off my cap and looked in the fountain mirror to make sure my hair was O. K. I'd bought some kind of sheep dip to keep it down and it looked all right if I do say it myself.

"Oh, here you are," I said turning as she came up to me. "Let's get going baby."

I hailed a taxi at the curb, mentioned the ball park, and we were off. Ten minutes later the driver opened the door and we got out among a crowd of shoving, hollering, crazy people. I paid the driver took Mildred's arm, and dragged her through the throng after me. We finally reached the gate marked F and stopped to rearrange our clothing before going through.

"Gee," said Mildred, "I didn't think we'd make it."

I never got a chance to answer her. I felt my arms grabbed suddenly from behind and before I could help myself I had been drug through the gates and was well on my way to an unknown destination.

"Say," I shouted, "Whatinhell's the idea. I'm with a lady you big hams. Let go of me or I'll take a couple at your chins."

YOU'LL pay a fine of 500 plasters if you do," said the little guy who had my right arm. "I'm tired of your horseplay Hansen. The last time you put that horse in my dressing room I told you the next offense would cost you your job. If it wasn't "Hansen Day" and the last game of the Series when we need you, I'd give you a one-way ticket to Farmtown and say good riddance! Speak fast, where have you been?"

"I ain't Hansen and it's none of your business where I've been," I hollered, trying to break away. "Let go of me you dummies!"

"Easy, Charlie," said the tall guy on my left, "He probably still thinks Brooklyn Bridge is a card game. This liquor he's been handling lately is potent stuff."

MA y this time they had dragged me down into a dressing room and one of them, the big fellow, took a uniform out of a locker and thrust it toward me.

"You half wits," I informed them, "I'm not Hansen. I'm Henry Sauer."

(Continued on Page 17)

CATCHING UP WITH THE U. OF N. CATALOGUE

(Revoltingly Revised and Derved Near Revoked)

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REPORT of the Bored of Education: In line with revolutionary trends in modern education, the Bored herewith presents this Catalogue for 1933. The Bored feels this new Course of Study should increase enrollment 5000% despite banks and depression.

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 yxz—How Rabbits Multiply. (My, How They Do!)

(Continued on Page 23)

HOT SHOT

By EMILY RICHARDS

JACK Millard, football star, track man, campus politician, lady killer, and all around senior hot-shot of the Gamma Gis, loudly strode into the room containing the fireplace, and the rest of the unoccupied Gis.

"Howdy, boys, howdy. Hell, Scoop old boy, how'd you make out with that ex? Collegiately," cried he, centring his attention on one brother called "Scoop."

"No luck, doggone it, didn't even know the ex was scheduled," lamented "Scoop." "How'd you make out?"

"Ho, Okeh, boy, Okeh. Had her on the cuff. Guessed every question beforehand. How's that for forecasting?" gloated Jack, displaying a well-written shirt cuff.

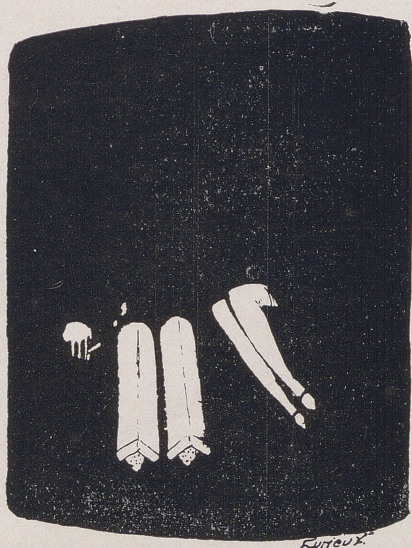
"So that's the way you rate those ones, eh? I thought there must be an angle in it," chimed one of the brothers.

"Your brains will all come out in the wash some day." This from Scoop.

"Yeh, when his roommate sends his laundry," someone put in.

"Go on, you're all wet," returned Jack, unabashed, and ducked into the hall.

ENTERING his room in his usual lusty manner, he hailed his freshman roommate: "Hello, kid, how you making out?"



Go on with the ghost story,
Mr. Brown

Eddy Hunter stopped typing and looked up. His expression was one of admiration mixed with a slight suspicion.

Jack continued: "Say, listen, are you going to write that theme for me? It has to be in tomorrow."

"I thought you said you'd write it yesterday. I've got one of my own to write today," hedged Eddy.

"Well, mine's got to be in. You said you'd write it. You can write it on the typewriter in half the time I can. What are you kicking about, anyway," growled Jack.

"Say, you big sap, I got my own work to do without always doing yours. What do you think I am——"

"Go on. Go on. You've got all day and all night. Where's your gratitude? Look at all I've done for you," returned Jack.

"Yeh, you do lots for me alright. What did you ever do for me," growled Eddy. "Anyway, I'm going to the dance tonight and I haven't got time. Do your own theme, you big egg."

"No, I never do anything for you!" returned Jack. "Look at the dates I got you. What do you want to go those dirt races for anyway?"

"The gang's going to the dance and I'm going, too, and you never got me but one date in your life and that was a wet blanket. You're nothing but a big moocher——"

"Say, you're getting pretty cocky since that new gal of yours got nominated for the beauty contest, aren't you?" She hasn't got a chance, anyway. Dallas Green will win that hands down. Yeh, and how do you think I'll look, escorting her to be crowned 'Queen of the Ball'? Did you ever see me miss a winner yet, boy?"

"Yeh, you big ham, that's another thing, too; what's the idea of going over to my gal's house and trying to cut my throat. Telling her you nominated her cause you knew she'd win and all that hot-sauce bologney of yours. You never nominated her at all. You tried to keep her out completely. I know you; you're the big hot-shot on the campus, the lady killer. You tried to get a date with Consuelo 'cause you were afraid she'd win. You know darn well she'll beat that blonde Bidda Bi coo you got a date with now. Fine——"

"Calm down, Pekingese, calm down," burst in

Jack uncomfortably. "I was only kiddin' the gal, I was only kiddin' her. I was over at her house and was only having some fun with the two of you. You know I wouldn't do that. I'm not that kind of a guy. You're all lumpy there."

"Yeh," growled Eddy unconvinced. "No, you're not that kind of a guy. No, not much."

"Well, listen, Eddy. I got to have that theme and I can't do it. You can do it easy. Won't you? I'll tell you, I'll take you and your gal out to Bell's as soon as I get my check if you'll do that for me. You can make a big showing with her out there. Will you do that?" begged Jack.

"Yeh, when you get your check. Yeh, I guess I'll do it for you. I always do," grumbled Eddy.

"Attaboy, I knew you would. Attaboy," triumphed Jack again. He reached for his hat.

"Say, where are the keys to your car?" resuming his natural manner.

"Hey, don't take that car. I need it tonight and there isn't much gas in it," yelled Eddy.

But the keys were on the table and Jack spied them and was gone. He called from the hall: "You're going to do the theme, aren't you? You won't have time to use it. I'll put gas in it," and was gone.

"Go take a jump at the swans," you big pa-looka," grumbled Eddy half to himself. "Gee, what a sap I was, and I thought I was lucky getting in here with that big grapefruit. The rat!"



She: My grandmother had the nicest appendicitis, it was lovely.

He: Whaddya mean?

She: Oh, she took such pains with it -

WHEN Eddy got up the morning of the beauty contest, Jack was already gone. That was unusual for Jack, Eddy thought. Jack had no classes that morning and he usually slept through.

Eddy was hopeful that morning, thinking of Consuelo. Sure, she'd win the contest. Wasn't she the campus knock-out? Yeh, and she was Eddy's girl, too. Eddy smiled complacently, as he reached for his new necktie. But he couldn't reach Jack. Jack had left a pair of clean socks, though, and Eddy was duly thankful. He finished dressing, grabbed his books and reached for his pen, but it was gone.

"Damn that hooligan," raged he, "he's got nothing but campus personality, and he's borrowed all of that." He rushed downstairs. The boys were grabbing hats, calling for loans of paper, rushing for their early classes.

"Where is that big sap of a roommate of mine? Hey, George, where's Jack? Have you seen him?"

"Sure, he's up on the hill. He has charge of the ballot box for the beauty contest today. Why?"

"Aw, the big nut has run off with my pen," returned Eddy as he headed out the door.

Eddy started for the campus.

"How come that big peg has charge of the ballot box?" mused he to himself as he hurried up the walk "That's not right. He's got pull. He's the big athlete and I suppose the Block Z let him have it. He's high man there. I suppose I shouldn't suspect my roommate, but that ain't right."

He rambled on. An uneasy feeling had displaced his happiness of the morning.

HE gained the campus and strode up to the ballot box where Jack was presiding in all his glory.

"Say, you big yahoo, where's my pen? Who do you think I am, Kris Kringle? Give me my pen. Who's ahead?"

"My girl's ahead, of course; who'd you think? You don't need your pen and I do. Besides, it's empty. Will you go fill it?"

"You don't need a pen. I got to go to class."

"Sure I need a pen." Jack stammered perceptibly and Eddy eyed him carefully. "Sure I do. All the guys are asking to borrow my pen to write out their ballots with."

(Continued on Page 19)

OUR POETS' PAGE



VERSES OF SPRING

By VIRGINIA MURGOTTEN

MY heart, be light and gay again!
Send old loves to thy dungeons deep;
Throw on dull winter's leaden hold
Bright new season doth begin;
'Tis full of new love's promise sweet
Drink deeply of Spring's gold!

AH, said the fair young co-ed,
The beer season approaches.
Is it not also at this season that one
Is apt to contract the hypoloofalus lagomillafun,
Known to de keeds as spring fivver?
Also it besemeth me too besides that pippels
I likely to try to write poetry.
Pray tell me why the helleth they choose
Such a swell season to air their minds.
But nevertheseth—here goeth:

SPRING

THE world itself holds charm,
A young, blithe world;
Cool fresh sobs.
The mind conjures a new green lawn,
Daffodils and blossoms sway,
A white hat and a new blue dress,
Gently whipped by freshening breeze.

SPRING

SPRING is the season
That gives us a reason
To let up on studies
And do things more pleasin'!
—V. M.



LIFE UNTO DEATH

By MILLICENT E. JOHNSON

ON that Spring day
I rejoiced, for life
Stirred in the wind.
Life sparkled everywhere—only
A tiny sun-beam caught
The handsome coat of a bluebird
That lay crushed and still.
And I could sing no longer.

ODE TO THE DEPRESSION

HERE'S to the Depression!
A great big rousing cheer!
If it should leave us now
We'd surely shed a tear.

IT helps out conversation,
And supplies us jokes galore;
It frustrates all the prophets
And prophets are a bore.

IT makes us all feel right in style
To have an empty pocket,
And when we go out of the town
We never have to lock it.

THE bums all know there's nothing;
They can't even get a bone;
Our friends all know we're broke,
So they can't expect a loan.

OUR creditors come prowling too,
But they have to make concession
When we whisper gently in their ears,
"Remember the Depression!"

—V. M.



NUTS

By REED ST. CLAIR

'TIS no worse, indeed, to be
Bit by bugs of pestilence,
Than, the horror of it, stricken
With that insane maliciousness

That urges one to jig-saw puzzles.
No wonder that we fill the lives
Of those about with fear of mad
Absurdities, ere they at last arrive
To escort us to that doom so sad
Held in by chains and ropes and muzzles.



JEWELS

By MILLICENT E. JOHNSON

I COUNT myself rich—
But, no—
Not in soiled coin.
For what is money?
Look, there by the wall
My jewels bloom.
Purple, white, and yellow
Hyacinths and jonquils.
Gold-dust sifts through my fingers.

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A FEW REMARKS FROM SOMEBODY'S PEN

• • •

IT has been some time since there has been an editorial page in the Wolf so we thought that it wouldn't be a bad idea to start in with this issue and deal with timely matters on our campus.

At the present the big question is the new constitution which stresses democracy and is aimed at dirty politics. There is small doubt that this move is a progressive one and though it may have its minor defects the constitution as a whole is a well balanced piece of work. Jeffersonian principles are noticeable throughout and the masses will be on an equal footing with the few.

DURING the past number of years with the old regime there has been a complete lack of harmony on the part of the entire student body. That old maxim, "a house divided against itself cannot stand", applies perfectly to the past conditions on our campus. With cooperation from every individual we will have a government that will work for the interests of the university and not for the fraternities and sororities. So we say, good luck to you, Constitution, may you enter our fold and renovate the past conditions and better our school.

WITH the advent of spring there is the usual lull in studies. Warm days have a peculiar way of detracting even the more studious ones from their books—and pretty soon we will have Easter, the time when all the co-eds dress their best for church—or is it their desire to grab a man?

We might say a few words about our contributors. Emily Richards offers an intriguing love story with thrills and everything—and at this time we thank Miss Drake heartily. This being a spring number a mysterious Mr. Crathewson steps to the front and hands us a baseball story—Mr. Crathewson we thank you suh! Fritz Wilson notorious member of last year's class offers a few courses for thick-headed freshmen or otherwise in his complete catalogue—we might tell you now that Fritz is a specialist in catalogues—Joe McDonnell-ania joins our ranks once more to elucidate on some pertinent questions of the day—we appreciate the views of this famous satirist and say to him, "tenk you Joe"—and for the remainder of the staff we would like to say that we are proud to have you with us, may you stay with us—And now as we are about wound down we will only say to our readers—watch for our next issue—we have surprises for everybody—and on everybody—Bon Jour for now—.



COMBINE ANIA

By JOE T. McDONNELL

I had been in Las Vegas about a week, when I heard of a strange city that was located within a city; not more than two days travel to the north. Immediately my curiosity was aroused and I decided to visit this strange place. Why it must be like the City of London which lies within a greater London, only of course it would not be quite so big. I decided to set out at once. I will not attempt to describe the trip, it was uneventful. Sufficient to say that I arrived at my destination safely and found it to be a quaint place called the Nevada Campus.

The Nevada Campus was located in the City of Reno, a town that was doing its best to be bad, but couldn't quite make the grade. The campus lay to the north of Reno and covered about 60 acres of ground. It was surrounded by feudal castles, which the inhabitants called either fraternity or sorority houses, depending on the sex of the members living within. I spent the first week just looking around. It took me about that long to find out anything about this exotic place.

THE Campus was populated by some nine hundred inhabitants, of which less than half lived in the castles. The castles controlled the city government and had done so for years. It seemed though, that even the aristocracy couldn't agree, as there had been a vicious battle waged every year as to who would be king of the campus. At the present writing the Alpha Tau Omega Clan had control of everything. On the surface the place was governed by a constitution, but in reality the government was one that had died out all over the world, apparently, except here. The social elite who belonged to the various clans controlled everything worth controlling and the majority of inhabitants, who did not belong to one clan or another, had no say in the government at all. These last members of the Campus either lived in large dormitories, provided by the benevolent city Fathers, or in boarding houses down in the City of Reno. They were called barbarians by the clan members and were treated as though they really deserved that name. Of all the clan members I talked to, not one had a kind word to say for these unfortunate people, nor was one willing to try and help remedy their plight. This was Feudalism with a vengeance.

As I said before, the Campus was governed under a constitution. This constitution was used only when a clan member was called for something he had done, then he used the constitution to back up his actions. The government was supposedly very democratic, but in reality it was despotic. There was a two party system. The major party (called the big combine) was composed of the following clans, the Alpha Tau Omega, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Lambda Chi Alpha, Beta Kappa, Beta Sigma Omicron, Delta Delta Delta, Pi Beta Phi, Gamma Phi Beta, and the Minor party was composed of the Sigma Nus, Phi Sigma Kappa, Sigma Phi Sigma, Delta Sigma Lambda, Alpha Delta Theta, and Kappa Alpha Theta. The "Big Combine" had been in now for about five years and at the last election, one of the inhabitants told me, the weaker combine had refused to go to the polls and vote or even run any candidates. As a result the big combine went into power again. I thought to myself how glad the Republicans would have been now, if the Democrats had followed this policy of passive resistance in the last election.

THE elective officials of this strange community were, a President who was a man, a woman Vice-President, a man Treasurer, a woman Secretary, an Executive Committee which had charge of all appointments and a Finance Control Committee which had charge of all finances. The party that managed to get the first four offices and then could load up the two committees with its own members could do just about as it pleased. The President as rightful leader of the party generally controlled the two committees and thus the will of the political bosses could be carried out. Just enough appointments were given to the weak party to keep them quiet and as no one cared what the barbarians thought, they could holler as long and as loud as they pleased. These barbarians lacked leadership and if, as it sometime happened a strong man arose in their ranks to lead them out of the wilderness, he was immediately taken into one of the clans. Thus any threat to the rule of the aristocracy could be stopped before it had a chance to get going. This system was the Utopia of all politician's dreams and what's more it seemed to

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IF ONLY:

WE knew if the story the Phi Sigs tells about their house is straight goods or of the neighbors had something to do with the expulsion . . . The statement that the Theta house will have an addition built on was simply a rushing scheme or really has some atom of truth in it . . . we're hoping . . . The Tri Delts would let some of the other houses get a cut in on activities . . . Pan-Hellenic would check up on this T. G. high school business . . . Del Rey will behave himself without the guiding hand of little Totie . . . Someone would put the great God Leaf out of his misery before it's too late . . . We knew the catch to all the secret marriages . . . We knew why Bernie Cupit so enthusiastically rushed Gamma Phi . . . and what made Gene Gray leave school . . . We knew what all this throat-cutting



I'll teach you to say I haven't
any whiskers!

business in the Theta house is all about, with a certain party sending Joe McDonnell potted plants when he was confined with the flu, while his own girl looked on helplessly . . . we could tell what the Taus will do now that they have Allen Lansdon under lock and key . . . Lena Perri and her "professor" could agree on anything . . . someone would tell us how serious this affair between Pat McColough and Ed Redman really is . . . we knew what makes Cornelia Arentz and Paula Bradshaw think they have so much to be high hat about . . . spring would really come . . . there were more nice girls in this school like Katherine Dondero . . . we know who Skippy Martin's S.A.E. pin actually belongs to . . . and who takes care of the drinking in the Theta house since Donna left . . . we would hear some more about Harbert, Hunt, Inc. . . . we knew what Wayne Van Voorheis does when Bob Bankofier is in town and Margaret is busy . . . also, what happened to "Angel" . . . someone would tell if Sam Arentz is going to run for Student Body President, and why . . . we could bring our lunch to Student Body meetings . . . Bill Crowell weighed 300 pounds . . . Salet had a horse for his boots . . . We could all be in love like "Stork" Bankofier and the "Chunk" . . . I had Dickerson's muftis . . . Per Lee had Marvie Turner's lisp . . . Jim Bailey would quit staring at the gals in the libe . . . Van Voorheis would quit trying to run everybody's business . . . Cooper's hair would conform to one shade . . . Peaches "Porky" Stark would quit leading young Sparks Hi lads astray . . . But Beasley and Feemster would agree . . . Ermyne Goodin would comb her hair . . . Panaca Pete Lee would quit trying to tell bedtime stories to Carmen at the Gamma Phi house . . . McIntyre had on more chance at the Honorary Majorship considering her past experiences . . . Helen Lewis' head was'nt so big . . . Keith Lee wouldn't smile all the time . . . Oscar could cook(whoops my dear) . . . Ed Lozano would get rid of that sarcasm . . . Elwin Jeffers wouldn't talk so loud . . . and so long . . . Jack Stevens would drop that "Ducky Wucky" air . . . Nadine Fischer would get over the spell of her first love (or what do you call it) . . . Helen Malloy wouldn't walk like Jack Dempsey . . . There were more profs . . . like Senor Gottardi . . . Menante wouldn't use local cinema houses to amuse his awe-stricken brothers

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SCOOPS ON SCAMPUS SCUT-UPS

By I. N. DISCREET

ON to Los Angeles is the cry from now on of the basketball team. Evidently the trip was something to write or wire home about as evidenced by the fact that Boss Curran who got no reply to his long distance call to "Virgie" spent most of his time at the writing desk of the hotel. He was the member of the team who was the easiest to locate, for if not at the above mentioned desk, he could be found paddling peacefully in the bathtub. Now we know they have only showers in the Alpha Tau house.

Also the boys were shown around one of the studios in Hollywood, where they had their pictures taken with James Cagney. We understand Guffrey was offered a part of doubling for him, but feeling that Galvin wasn't safe on the campus without him, decided he'd better come home and tend to business. The only drawback was that Bob Leighton felt the Sigma Nus would gain more publicity by having Jean Harlow pose with them, which accounts for the sorrowful look on his face in the pictures which were sent by Mr. Cagney, autographed to the Wolf Packsters.

NOW Stowell is a real home boy who calls on all his relatives up and down the coast. In San Francisco he had the dearest little old Aunt that he just had to go see, but we noticed he didn't offer to take any of the rest of the fellows with him. Incidentally, we'd all like to meet her from the reports that one or two members of the team gave after they had had a peek at the old lady. Oh, me! Oh, my!

AND we believe it's about time that the editor's love life comes to the foreground. News comes to our ears that a certain gal now residing in Reno was shown a great deal of attention by our Juan, last summer, and when all others fail she can still give him a thrill. And then John "modestly" tells about his fan mail. There's a sweet little gal in Fallon who wishes to contribute to the Wolf, and she'd "just love to meet you, Mr. Mariani, because I've heard so much about you—and I really wouldn't feel bad at all if you'd like to correspond with me." But we haven't been able to find out whether he answered the letter or not. It's so hard to live up to such popularity.

AND we feel we can't go to press without assuring the campus that A.S.U.N. elections will be a waste of time, and a great expense which really needn't be incurred. We've finally found the one person who is capable (in his own estimation) of handling all the offices in one besides a few Chairman of Committees thrown in. If you have a job you feel you can't quite handle, call 6722 and ask for Van Voorheis, he guarantees satisfaction.

Just to put about 100 students' minds at rest, we'd like to announce that the long, lanky individual who strolled down the library aisle the last of January like the King of Siam was no more, no less than that screw Loose Leaf, having a look at the inmates of the deah old institution. Incidentally, he bestowed upon Bixby a few choice words. The lucky gal—how we envy her. At least now some of us can say we have seen the Walter Winchell of Reno, alias the town's biggest snoop.

And why does Enid Harris blush when anyone mentions a telephone booth? Come on, Enid, explain that predicament to the rest of us.

We understand Per Lee is really quite distressed because she hasn't graced the cover of Collitch Humor. Cheer up, Helene, Ed thinks you're beautiful anyhow.

AND speaking of beauty and love and what not—we nominate for the Lover's Trophy none other than Dortha (Tri Delt) Robertson and Ken (Sigma Phi Sig) Austin. The Tri Deltas should be well stocked with candy at this writing as several of the sisters have snagged pins this semester.

This pin proposition is a tough one. You can see some fellow hanging one nearly every other day. Yeh! hanging it in the window of the local three ball store. It's one way of paying a little something of the board and room bill.

And just to prove that love doesn't always take one's mind off of study we hope you noticed that Ralph and Ina's little affair encouraged her to a point where she was the woman highest in place on the honor roll. Ask Kid Johnson how it is done.

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OUR POETS' PAGE

(Continued from Page 11)

THE MEMBER

SUPREME! for he does possess
 The emblem, and understands the crest.
 He's gone through pledgeship, he's gone
 through hell,
 The respect of others he now compels.
 In activities he takes his part,
 Working hard to make the mark.
 During rushing he's a fluent adviser,
 Impressing Frosh who're none the wiser.
 Back to his pledgeship he does hark,
 And makes the pledges to the mark.
 He's interested in whatever life may offer,
 Even though his studies suffer.
 And thus he wends his way through college,
 Gaining much, but not in knowledge.



IDEAL

By REED ST. CLAIR

WHEN all the world does seem to go awry,
 And I, in wastes of broken fancy sit,
 Or in wearied contemplation sigh
 For things yet undone, plans not fit
 To bring to use, and all might seem conspired
 By evil being, who does then rejoice
 At sight of me, so wondering, so tired,
 Marvelling in awe, at all its price—
 Then, it seems, not by chance, but nature, that
 I hap' to think on dreams and visions past,
 And breathe in glory all the unspoken thought
 That's lived in fantasy, for dreams are last
 To go when all things seem undone and the end
 Strips one of all save dreams—those are held fast.



THE PLEDGE

By RAY ARMSTRONG

BEWARE! you members, had I the might,
 To get justice for the neophyte.
 Like a broken man, he goes his way,
 Fearing lest that you may say,
 "In the tub, you rat, amscray!
 That is for the order you didn't obey."
 One hashing will make him a wreck,
 If he spills gravy down the president's neck.
 One meeting nights he feels the heat
 And the sting of the paddle upon his seat.
 On workdays they make him clean
 The house to a brilliant sheen.
 He lives in hopes that some day will rest,
 That coveted pin upon his breast.

Page Sixteen

DON COYOTE

MAN hates me and berates me, for naught
 but my delight,
 To howl my joys and worries through the
 still Nevada night;
 Sample of his sheep or kine, of which he
 has to spare,
 Or borrow chick or turkey to cheer my
 sagebrush lair.
 REVILES me; yet beguiles me with simple
 little traps,
 Keen to see my pelt adorn his ladies'
 evening wraps.
 I yelp his rage to folly, and find
 life full of spice,
 And roam with ease and safety my desert
 paradise.

—S. F.



THE PIPE DREAM

AS, to the future, with eyes aglow,
 One turns his thoughts when lights are low,
 And myriad figures, row on row,
 So shining pass, then but to go

BACK to false future, whence they came—
 The images, so rare the same,
 Leave one nothing but bear the name
 Of idle dreaming. All the same,

HOW sweet they are—and how refreshed
 One feels, with thoughts of things not lived.



My dear, your eyes are like the stars,
 Your lips are like the dew;
 Your hair is gold spun into silk,
 You dance divinely, too.

And every time I kiss you, dear,
 The world is not the same,
 But tell me, sweet, before you go—
 Just what in hell's your name?

—Punch Bowl.

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

COUSIN HENRY COMES THROUGH

(Continued from Page 7)

"Yeah?" said the little fellow, "well, maybe you'd like to tell Landis that you've changed your name and that you stay out on a drunk the night of a World's Series game. Get into that uniform before I hit you with a bat."

HERE WAS no use arguing with these dim bulbs. I got out of my clothes and donned the uniform. Any doubt they might have had must have vanished. The suit fit me like I was poured into it. Hansen would probably show up and I would be able to get back to Mildred and explain how things were. In the meantime I would humor them. I followed them up into the dug-out. As we came through the low opening the little fellow pointed derisively over his shoulder at me.

"Look who's going to be good enough to pitch for us today," he said.

A hoarse laugh followed this remark. I was beginning to believe that little Axel was not so popular with his team mates despite his prowess on the diamond. They moved over grudgingly to give me room on the bench.

OUT front the announcer was bawling something to the crowd about some player who had done more to place Philadelphia in the World Series than any other individual performer. There was a great roar and suddenly I was being lifted to my feet and shoved out onto the playing field. As I emerged from the dugout the vast crowd broke into a roar. I doffed my cap and walked out toward a small group surrounding the home plate. There was Connie Mack, Judge Landis, the Mayor of Philadelphia and several other prominent men. They all shook my hand and the crowd cheered again. I glanced over toward the third base line at the box in which Mildred and I had reserved seats. She was there and as I glanced over she waved and smiled and said something to the man seated next to her. Good gosh! she thought I was the great Hansen.

"Mr. Hansen," said a voice in my ear, "would you mind stepping over to the microphone and saying a few words."

I walked dazedly over and started to speak. My voice was broadcast to the crowd by a loud speaker as well as to the millions of listeners-in.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," I hollered, quieting my voice at the instructions of the announcer, "I'm not the man who should be receiving this ovation. There is another—"

WHAT A MAN! WHAT A MAN!!



AT THE PROM
HE KEPT 'EM
ALL BREATHLESS!

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CANDY WITH
THE HOLE

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A great roar drowned out the rest of my speech. The fools had mistaken my statement for modesty. Would Axel never arrive? I glanced anxiously through the crowd. He was nowhere in sight.

THEN suddenly there was the sound of an approaching car. Perhaps this was Axel. No such luck. It was a great, glistening new Lincoln and it was the gift of an admiring public to Axel Hansen. While the band played the Star Spangled Banner I stood uncovered before the car. News cameras were clicking and news photographers were snapping me from every angle. Then suddenly the music stilled, the crowd about the plate dispersed, and the umpires appeared from nowhere.

I was getting panicky. Where could Axel be. Surely he wouldn't remain away at a time like this? While I was standing there a swarthy complexioned chap sidled up.

"How did you get away?" he asked me in a low tone.

I didn't answer. Cochrane, my catcher was suddenly beside me. He was rubbing a brand new ball on his sleeve.

"Axel, old kid," he said, "go out there and blind them with that old speed ball. You know our signals."

"Yeh," I answered, "but there'll be no speedballs today."

I left him to figure that one out and walked out to the pitcher's mound.

A few minutes later the game was on. From the moment that I floated my first slow ball up to the plate to the time when the last Giant batter struck out I forgot my surroundings. I was merely a ball player. The crowd who had expected Axel's speedball sat stupefied at my slow delivery. The Giant sluggers could do nothing with it and with my two homers and a single in four times at bat it was quite a day for me. McGraw's men got three hits and scored one run while the clan of Mack were amassing seventeen hits for a total of ten counters.

When it was over and we had stopped to have our pictures taken and had gotten into the dressing room a crowd of players surrounded me and started hitting me on the back.

"Where did you get that slow ball Axel?" asked "Bing" Miller. "Boy, you've certainly been holding back on us. I never saw anything like it."

THEY were all the same way and I had a tough time getting into my clothes and out to my newly acquired car. Sitting in the front seat was Mildred. When she saw me she jumped out and

came to meet me. I was not prepared for what happened next. She threw her arms about my neck and she was crying.

"Oh, honey," she snuggled against me, "you were wonderful. Why didn't you tell me you were the great Axel Hansen?"

I gulped and said nothing. I was a coward and suddenly I knew why. I loved this little one hundred and ten pounds of feminine perfection. I picked her up and carried her to the car. With one arm about her I drove out into the country, chose a lane that seemed deserted, turned into it and parked.

"Now, darling," I said, "I have something to tell you. I'm not Axel Hansen. I'm from the same town and we look alike but right there is where we start being different. I love you though, there's no fooling about that and I'll have enough some day to ask you to marry me. How about it?"

SHE didn't speak for a few moments then she was in my arms.

"Oh, all I know is that I love you and I'll wait. Do you believe me?"

"Do I?" I squeezed her and shoved the clutch into gear, "Oh, Baby, wait till the folks at home hear this."

There is more to come but not much more. That evening after I had taken Mildred home and was back in the hotel reading over my exploits in the baseball edition of the Ledger, the telephone rang.

"Hello," said a voice, "there's a gent named Hansen down here to see you. Looks like your brother. Shall I send him up?"

"Sure" I answered. "Send him right up."

I made ready for Axel. I placed a nice comfortable chair close to the table and awaited his knock. It was not long in coming and without waiting for me to answer he burst into the room.

"Say, whatinhell does this mean," he shoved the paper under my nose, "come on, speak up."

"Steady, old boy," I cautioned, "Steady. You have some questions to answer first. Where were you today?"

WHERE was I,,, he spluttered, "Where was I? I was being kept prisoner by a bunch of gamblers and I think you were in on it. You wanted a chance to get in and make a name for yourself on my record. You—"

"Just a minute," I said, "just a minute. You're wrong Axel. Here's the real dope."

In five minutes I had explained everything.

"And now," I continued, "how much is your cut of the gate for this series?"

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

"\$6000," he answered.

"Good enough," I remarked, figuring on a sheet of paper, "then your share of this game was easily \$1500—considering what you did. I want you to make me a check out for \$1500."

"And if I don't," he asked.

"If you don't," I smiled, "the world will be interested to know that it was not Axel Hansen who won the World Series for the Athletics and place himself in a position to demand a good raise next year. Get me?"

HE did. There was nothing he could do and I felt that I had earned the money. Fifteen minutes later he was at the wheel of my Lincoln—or rather his Lincoln—and we were speeding toward the station. In the back seat with me was the future Mrs. Henry Sauer and in my pocket was the check that would make me a junior member of the plumbing firm of Coogan and Sauer Inc., Farmtown's Leading Plumbers. Life isn't so bad after all.

SCOOPS FROM SCAMPUS SCUT-UPS

(Continued from Page 15)

THIS, my friends, is by way of announcing that it isn't always the bald-headed men's seat of honor in the front row. Ask Guffrey, Gould, and Hackett how they enjoyed the burlesque in San Francisco. After the boys got in and insisted on seats as close to the stage as possible (and got them) they had to sit through a dozen performances because they lacked the "I.F." to get up and walk out. Better take a back seat next time, boys. You can't see so much, but the exit is not quite so embarrassing.

And by way of closing we would like to know if the pal nee Bobbie Hamlin didn't pull a fast one on the rest of these dumb bunnies on the campus.

HOT SHOT

(Continued from Page 9)

Eddy nodded and turned to go. Then he hesitated. He came back to Jack.

"Give me the pen. I'll fill it for you."

"Yeh, and you bring it back or I'll crown you, savvy?"

"Don't worry." Eddy hurried off with the pen.

In a few minutes he reappeared.

"Say, where'd you go for that ink? I thought you'd double-crossed me. There goes the class bell if you want to get there. You better scram."

And Eddy scrambled.

A few hours later Jack majestically strode into the associated students' offices under the weight of a loaded ballot box.

"Here they are, boys, let's count them."

Jack's manner was confidently expectant.

Eddy stopped banging a typewriter in the back of the room, and watched Jack, his heart beginning to pound furiously.

"Let's go. Let's have 'em!" The group gathered enthusiastically around the blackboard.

Dallas Green one—Dallas Green check—Anne Fuller one—Anne Fuller, check—Alice Meyer one—Alice Meyer check—Consuelo Laird one—Laird check—

"Here's a blank one," said the fellow at the box, "shall I throw it out?"

"Sure, you're not going to count it, are you?"

"Give it to the Dean of Women!"

They laughed and continued counting.

"Say, here's two more blank ones. That's funny."

"Throw them out," called the boy at the board.

They called, checked and tallied. Finally the count was over. They added the checks.

"Consuelo Laird 182, Dallas Green 176. Hurrah for Consuelo!" chimed several of the group.

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COMBINE ANIA

(Continued from Page 13)

There was the ratch of a typewriter as the paper was pulled out of it and Eddy Hunter scampered out of the room, down the hall and out of the building.

JACK Millard foggily presented an appearance reminiscent of the days before the Gamma Gis had heard of his father's hay and grain business in Millapedis and had rushed, pledged, and boosted him to the heights he now enjoyed.

One of the fellows spoke up. "Say, how come there were twenty-two of these blank ballots? How did they get in here?"

Everyone shook their heads. He turned to Jack.

"Darned if I know. They were all folded when they were put in. I didn't see them. Say, what was that history assignment? I missed class the other morning?" Jack had changed the subject.

The man addressed opened his notebook to the assignment.

Jack scratched it down viciously and hurriedly and left the room. He made his way hazily to the library. The librarian eyed him suspiciously as he asked for a history book. This was no usual occurrence.

JACK sat down with the book and opened his notebook to the page where he had copied the assignment. The page was blank. Jack started at the page. Suddenly he grabbed Eddy's pen from his pocket and struck quick angry marks on the paper and watched. The ink had spread in a dark blue on the page. Suddenly it began to fade. It turned a lighter blue, a faint green, and then disappeared completely.

Jack slammed his notebook shut, almost threw the history book at the librarian and headed for the Gamma Gi house.

Eddy Hunter was sitting on the chesterfield at the Like Me house. Consuelo Laird was at his side. Both were effervescent.

A sorority sister stuck her head into the parlor.

"Oh, Eddy," she called, "Jack Millard is on the phone and says you better get home, that you're up for a tubbing right away."

Eddy blinked. "Say, tell that big cheese to take two tubbings and wash behind his ears; he needs it."

"No," said Consuelo, bubbling over with mirth. "Tell him to jump in a bottle of vanishing ink!"

"Tell him to go out in the back yard and stick a pin in his head," called Eddy.

"Oh, but tell him to take your new hat off first, Eddy," giggled Consuelo.

"Aw, tell him anything," said Eddy.

be lasting. Of course in the elections the barbarians were given a vote, but they knew very well it wouldn't do them a bit of good to exercise that right, so they never showed up on election day. Any, that did show up were brought by the clan members and in return for this favor, they voted like the clan members told them.

THE community had three publications. There was the Sagebrush which came out once a week, the Desert Wolf, which appeared quarterly and the Artemisia which was the annual, and contained the sum up of the whole year. I imagine that the Artemisia was the source of much gloating to the big combine as it was a record of their accomplishments. These publications were supported by equal contributions of the campus members and paid advertisements of the merchant class in Reno. In the year in which I write, the Sagebrush was controlled by the big combine, and as this paper was very influential in forming public opinion, it made an excellent medium for the powerful clans to defend their actions. The Desert Wolf and the Artemisia were in the hands of the small combine, but as they appeared so seldom, this did not matter a great deal. The way that these editors and business managers of the several publications were elected is enlightening. A governing board called the Publications Board, to which all the editors and business managers belonged, had as well, two members elected at large (that is, at large from the ruling party). The members elected a chairman, who at the present also belongs to the big combine. At the end of the year, the Publications Board, on the recommendation of the retiring editors and business managers, elected from the tryees of the various staffs, new editors and business managers. You would think that politics would not enter into these selections, that these selections would be based on the merits of the candidates concerned, irrespective of what clan they belonged to. But that is where you would be wrong. The Publications Board being usually split between the two parties, would sit down and bargain for the various positions. This is how it would work. If the small combine would agree to give the big combine the editorship of the Sagebrush, they could have the editorship of the Artemisia. And so it would go until all the positions had been filled. A nice bit of work I would call it.

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

THE afore-mentioned Executive Committee in making its appointments follows the same procedure. The President talks to the political bosses, who then look at the political barometer to see if there are any storms brewing, and after all this make their recommendation as to who should be appointed. If there is a storm brewing the small combine is given a show, but if the skies are clear, the committee gives one of the loyal members of the big combine the job. It is treason to appoint a barbarian to anything, and thus it is never done. Feeling sometimes runs high when an appointment is announced, but these minor storms can generally be quieted with a little patronage. The President is the leader of the executive committee and anything he says goes with all the rest of the members. They do his bidding like slaves, so that he is virtually a king. If any member of the small combine questions one of his actions, the ever present constitution is dragged out and in a haughty tone the inquisitive member is made to feel that he is interfering with Destiny. Now everyone knows that you can't interfere with Destiny. The Committee meetings are open to the public and any one can go that has enough interest. But to go is only a futile gesture. Any member of the small combine that does go is made to stand while the high and mighty office holders look him up and down as if he were a leper. This treatment usually suffices, and that bold member does not show up again.

THE momentous questions decided in this committee and in Finance Control Committee are announced to the members at large in their monthly meeting, held in the civic auditorium. Here the President presides and calls on the various members to make reports of their actions so that all will know there has been no funny business going on. These meetings are a farce. No

one attends except the younger members of the clans who are made to go under threat of punishment and a few of the older members who are in line for an appointment. These last are those who like to hear their name spoken in public. Any announcements that are to be made are worked out before hand, as to who will give the announcement and what he will say. Thus the whole thing is like a Punch and Judy Show with the President pulling the strings. But it is amusing, and of course is a gesture towards a democratic government, so no one minds very much.

THE Finance Control Committee, which disburses all of the public funds meets in solemn session once every two weeks. These meetings are also open to the public, but no one goes, unless to demand funds. The Campus funds are doled out to the various groups amid much "hooley" and "Palavar". Of course any project which the big combine is sponsoring is given preference. No one questions the actions of this committee, but as it has been generally fair in the past, it probably does its work as well as could be expected in a feudal community. The constitution is also used in this committee as a club to beat down any questions that might be asked. The committee members know nothing whatsoever about finance, but that does not stop them from looking wise in their meeting. The tradition has developed that it is a sign of especial intelligence to be on this committee, but that is just another American illusion, and we have so many already.

THE nominations for all these political offices are made on a special day, set aside for that purpose. By using food as a bribe, most of the members of the community are induced to attend this meeting, which is held in the civic gymnasium. Here according to a prearranged schedule

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UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

the so called campus leaders get up and with a spellbinding speech nominate the men and women the big combine has passed on. These candidates are chosen weeks before this day. The members of one clan, who want to run a candidate will go to the members of the other clans in their party and suggest that they run a candidate for some office too. They promise to support each others candidates. This procedure goes on until all the offices have been taken care of. Then plans are laid, speakers are chosen and everyone waits until the appointed day rools around. The President presides at the nomination meeting, and recognizes those of his own combine first. The speakers get up and make a long winded talk about the qualifications of their pet candidate. The candidate meanwhile sits at his table and looks like he knows he is good but not as good as the speaker is painting him. Just the right touch of modesty, you know. After the various speakers have given their pep talks and everyone has been nominated, the meeting adjourns. But the real politics are just starting.

HERE are now secret meetings at the various clans every night. Members gather on the streets and talk in hushed whispers. Now everyone knows that you don't talk about the weather in hushed whispers, so it must be politics. The candidates for office start speaking to everyone including the barbarians, after having been snobbish all year. Everyone of the big combine can't be too friendly towards the poor barbarians. Leaders are seen riding around with the barbarians, who are made to believe that they will vote for the big combine candidates, they will be given every year, but as miracles went out of style a few centuries ago, the promise is never kept. On the surface everything is done to give the impression that the big combine is intensely interested in everyones welfare. The public having always been gullible, this little show has always worked; why I don't know.

EVERY election, an attempt is made to make the small combine smaller by stealing one or two of its clans. By promising one or two minor political offices or a few minor appointments, the big combine sometimes succeeds. But in the long run the members of the small combine are too smart for them and refuse to have anything to do with political bosses.

Election day comes around and the members of the big combine really get busy. First they see that all members of their own clan vote. Then

they go out with cars and see how many barbarians they can induce to go to the polls. The election board being composed of members of the big combine do not frown on the practice of voting for the barbarian, if he happens to have ideas of his own. The combine member stays with the barbarian until he has seen with his own eyes that the poor member of the community has voted the way he has been told to vote. If, at the last minute he changes his mind, the combine member takes the ballot away from him and marks it himself. This is a nice custom. But it generally works and that is all politicians are interested in anyway.

HERE is a frankness about this community I cannot understand. Everyone knows all year who the big combine will nominate for the office of president. This year I was informed, it will be a member of Lambda Chi Alpha Clan, the Alpha Tau Omega Clan having gotten their man in at the last election. It's a nice system for the politicians any way you look at it I only hope that the barbarians will someday stand up for their legal rights and change this pernicious form of government so that they will be assured of at least equal representation. Things like that have happened before, witness the French Revolution. When that day arrives it will be tough on the Feudal Lords, but they can't expect to be in power till the end of time. All governments have to change sooner or later, and any change in this strange feudal community will be an improvement.

❖

Plebe: Sir, why is this called higher education?

1/c: Because it's over your head. —Log.

❖

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. —Yowl

❖

Shocked old lady: "And on the way here we passed about twenty-five people in parked cars."

Young Hostess: "Oh I'm sure you are mistaken. It must have been an even number. —Puppet.

❖

Doctor: "The best thing you can do is give up cigarettes, liquor and women."

Patient: "What's the next best thing?"

—Kansas Sour Owl.

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

CATCHING UP WITH THE U. OF N. CATALOGUE

(Continued from Page 8)

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING:

- 0%—Contraptions; Text, Rube Goldberg.
-)0—Power Plant Engineering. (For Football Heeroes.)

MILITARY SCIENCE AND TACTICS

- BB—The Boy Scout Movement.
- .22—How to Draw a Pension (or Pitcher).
- BO—Bein' a Fire (Police) Man.
- ??—Bonus Boners.

EDUCATION:

(Obsolete, and Abolished.)

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING:

- 1—The Telegraph, and Your Money from Home.
- 2—The Telephone, To Net You a Good Blind Date.
- 3—How to Lay Cable.
- 4—How to Lay Down.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE:

- 1—How to Stutter.
- 2—How Not to Stutter.
- 3—The Day's News and Other Scandal.
- 4—Tales; In and Out of School.
- 5—Writing Heart-Balm-Proof Love Letters.
- 6—Lines and Their Handing.
- 7—Gossip.

DAIRY HUSBANDRY:

- 1—How to Guffaw Lightly.
- 2—Cheese-Making. (Optional to Student.)

ECONOMICS:

- 1—How to Prevent Bank Crashes. (Don't Come to Class Unless You Got Plenty of Spot Cash and Bright Ideas on You.)
- 2—Money and Banking. (Discarded.)
- 3—Accounting; How to Talk to the Student Affairs Committee.
- 4—Business: (a) Monkey, (b) Funny.
- 5—Social Institutions; Study of: Sororities, Fraternities, Y. M. C. A., Cowshed, Tavern, Heidelberg, Church.

MODERN LANGUAGES:

- OI—Pig Latin, Collitch Jargon, Expletives, Epithets.

MUSIC:

- 1—How to Croon.
- 2—How to Whistle Thru the Teeth.
- 3—Intricacies of Sorority Radios and Phonographs.

PHILOSOPHY:

- 0—How to Look Philosophical; As Tho You Understood the Course.
- ½—How to Take Things the (a) Hard (b) Wrong Way.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION:

- 1—How to Wrassel.
- 2—Getting the Tumble.

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IF ONLY:

(Continued from Page 14)

- 3—Falling Without Bouncing.
- 4—Throwing Parties.

PSYCHOLOGY:

- 1—Mental Measurements; A Study of the Infinitesimal.
- 2—Four-Bit Words and Their Usage.
- 3—How to Crib an Intelligence Test.
- 4—How to Think Noiselessly.
- 5—How to Think.
- 6—How to Appear to Think.
- 7—How to Pronounce the Name of This Course.



PHONEY

“Hello. Who’s speaking?”
 “WHAT’S my name.”
 “I’m asking what your name is.”
 “I told you. What is my name.”
 “What’s what?”
 “That’s my name.”
 “What’s your name?”
 “WHAT: JOHN WHAT.”
 “JOHN what?”
 “Yes.”
 “What’s your last name?”
 “That’s my last name.”
 “JOHN THAT?”
 “No, JOHN WHAT.”
 “I get it now. JOHN WHAT.”
 “Yes. Now tell me your name.”
 “WILL KNOTT.”
 “Why not?”
 “KNOTT’S my name.”
 “What’s not your name?”
 “My name is KNOTT.”
 “Not what?”
 “KNOTT! WILL KNOTT!”
 “Oh, hello Mr. RUMPLEMEYER.”

—*California Pelican.*

with his clever repartee . . . The Beta Kappa’s McCullough would stop trying to get so much publicity (this one cost aforesaid two bits) . . . Barnes would realize that after all she is still one of the common herd . . . Lena Perri weren’t so demure . . . Florine Frank weren’t so smart . . . Lillian Smith could get the drift of a nursery rhyme joke . . . There were more like Beasley.



1/c: “I have a wart on my chest just three inches below my chin, I wonder if I should have it removed?”

4/c: “No sir, just have your chest lifted three inches and use it for a collar button.” —*The Log.*



“I know,” said the violet, “the stalk brought me.”
 —*Siren.*



“My aunt was killed because she got out of the wrong side of bed.”

“How in the world was she killed? That isn’t usually fatal.”

“Well you see she was in a lower berth.”

—*N. Y. Medley*



“Really, Bill, your argument with the wife last night was most amusing.”

“Wasn’t it though—And when she threww the axe at me I thought I’d split.”
 —*Banter.*



“Do you know that girl?”

“Oh, just a nodding acquaintance.”

“What do you mean, nodding?”

“Nodding doing.”



And the Germans named their ships after jokes, so the English wouldn’t see them.
 —*Log.*

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

William: "How did you break your leg?"

Bill: "I threw a cigarette in a man hole and stepped on it."
—Collegiate Banter.

❖

If Cleopatra made Mark Anthony the mark he was, if Julius Caesar made Brutus the brute he was, who made Lydia Pinkham the pill she is? —Bison.

❖

Senior: Run upstairs and get my watch.

Frosh: Wait awhile it will run down.

Senior: Oh no, it won't, we have a winding staircase.
—Exchange.

❖

They laughed when I started to make a new kind of dynamite, but when I dropped it, they exploded.
—Yale Record.

❖

We found out what they mean by college bread. It is a combination of a wad of dough, plenty of crust, and a lot of crumbs bunched together for a good loaf.
—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

❖

Mother: "When our son has completed his education what will he be?"

Father: "An old man."
—Log.

❖

"What is your son taking at college?"

"All I've got."
—Log.

"Every Monday I pass your house I see your family washing in the yard."

"Sir, I'll have you understand my family wash in the bathroom."
—Penn State Froth.

❖

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

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

❖

1/c (referring to raw steak): "I said well done waiter, well done!"

Waiter: "That' the first compliment we've had in a long time, sir."
—Log.

❖

"What's a hug?"

"Energy gone to waist."
—Yellow Crab.

❖

Dentist: I'm afraid I'll have to drill.

Patient: What's the matter? Can't you fix my teeth without a rehearsal?
—Log.

❖

An Illini fan who had watched the Bradley game stopped the referee as he left the gym.

"Where's your dog?" he asked.

"Dog?" queried the ref., "I have no dog."

"Well," replied the grouchy one, "you're the first blind man I ever saw without one."
—Siren.

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WELL, keed, pull oop der chair und hI tall-
ing ya habout de time when hI useta be der
beeg hot-shot off Alphy Alphy Alphy. (Ya heard
muh de foist time, heh). (Author's note: Any time
you can't translate this, come around. Beer and
pretzels served at all hours. Yes, dear, only near
beer, of course). But ta getting hon witt der story.
Whan hI going to collitch hall der fraternities rosh-
ing me right off der feet—that iss, off dere own
feet. So hI finally joins Alphy Alphy Alphy—
hO. K.—Try Alphy for short. (Eef ya can't get
him for short, try him for loong—or anything—
annahow, try heem.) Soomhow, der guys look
kinda beffled der nite when hI coming haround to
be pledged—but pooey, says hI, here hI ham. So
den hI was der Try Alphy pledglet. Hall de time
hall dose gents thinking off iss working, so hI get-
ting pretty mad pretty soon. hI talling dose guys
what I thinking habout. hI says, says hI, "Youse
dummies is hall lazy bums, hund hI turn in der
pledge pin now," und hI leff right in dere faces.

"Ha-ha-ha," says dey, leffing right back, "Thet
hain't no pledge pin—thet's a campaign button."

(So we hall leffed und leffed, 'cause nobody
cared nohow).



LINES

HEY say that hearts can't break
I wonder if that's true?
And if they do not break,
Then just what do they do?



"What course are you following at college?"

"The course of least resistance." —*Log.*



Dear Momma: It is sure lonesome here at the
Pi Phi house. Love. Bertha.

Dear Bertha: What do you mean "lonesome?"
Aren't there a lot of other girls living in the same
house with you? More love. Momma.

Dear Momma: Yes, "lonesome!" You know a
dog can have fleas and still be lonesome. Still more
love. Bertha. —*Sour Owl.*

Visitor: And what's your name, my good man?

Prisoner: 9742.

Visitor: Is that your real name?

Prisoner: Naw, dat's just me pen name.

—*Iowa Frivol.*



THAT EIGHT O'CLOCK CLASS

Freshman—In class, notebook in hand, pencil
poised.

Sophomore—Running to class.

Junior—Eating breakfast.

Senior—Just turning off alarm clock.

—*Medley.*



Frosh: I woke up last night with the feeling
that my watch was gone, so I got up and looked
for it.

Soph: Well, was it gone?

Frosh: No, but it was going.—*Purple Parrot.*



"Gee, I made a terrible blunder at dinner last
night!"

"What happened?"

"Mother asked me if I wouldn't have some corn,
and I passed my glass." —*Ohio Green Goat.*



Sonny: Mother, Poppa wouldn't murder any-
body, would he?

Mommer: Why certainly not, child! What
makes you think that?

Sonny: Well, I just heard him down in the
cellar saying, "Let's kill the other two, George."



Two-point-three: I wonder how many men will
be unhappy when I marry.

'33: That depends.

2.3: On what?

'33: On how many times you marry.—*Log.*

NEVADA DESERT WOLF

A certain jewelry store was using modern advertising—they mentioned the names of several business men who had bought expensive bracelets for their wives. The next morning—
—*Log.*



Two sorority women, discussing a third Theta: There's one thing you can't deny about her—she's outspoken.

Other Kat: Not by anybody I know of.—*Siren.*



THAT COUPLE OFF IN THE CORNER

What everyone thinks they are saying: "Sweetheart, I'll promise to love you forever and ever."

What they are saying: "Yeah, history is hard, but I think economics is harder."—*Cornell Widow.*



IN YEARS TO COME

At the Altar: And do you take this woman for your lawful wedded wife?

Addonizio (still with that classroom influence): Would you mind repeating that last question?

—*The White Mule.*



Grouch: I hear that the football coach gets five times as much salary as the Greek Prof. Isn't that quite a discrepancy?

Student: I dunno. Have you ever heard forty thousand people cheering a Greek recitation?

—*Tenn. Mugwump.*

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Gal: I warn you, if you come a step nearer and try to kiss me, I'll slap you until you see stars!

Conceited Cuss: If I kiss you, you'll be too weak to slap that hard.
—*The White Mule.*



"Can you speak French?"

Man shakes his head negatively.

"Can you speak German?"

Man shakes his head again.

"Can you speak English?"

Man shakes his head.

"Can you speak Spanish?"

Man shakes his head.

"It's no use, gentlemen. I've spoken to this man in five different languages and still he cannot understand me." —*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*



3/c: "So you and your wife know everything. Well what's the Capitol of Africa?"

Ditto: "That's one of the things my wife knows."
—*Log.*



Father: "Now, son, start saving the pennies and put them in this yellow box, and when you get five pennies give them to me and I'll give you a nickel and you can put that in this blue box; then, when you get five nickels, give them to me and I'll give you a quarter and you can put it in this red box."

Seventeen years later the boy discovered that the red box was the gas meter.—*Drexel Drexered.*

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UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

Collegiate: Father, I've a notion to settle down and start raising chickens.

Father: Better try owls. Their hours will suit you better. —*The Carnegie Tech Puppet.*



"How can I put my child to sleep at night?"

"Just put him on the edge of the bed and I'm sure he will drop off." —*Log.*



Chivalry isn't dead. The boy who honks for his girl usually leans over to open the door for her.

—*Lafayette Pyre.*



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

Voice from rear row: What time is it?

—*Texas Longhorn.*



MIRACLE

He: I'm outta school again.

She: Again;! What have you done now?

He: I've graduated. —*Red Cat.*



1-c. Who's your favorite author?

4-c. My dad.

1-c. What did he ever write?

4-c. Checks, sir. —*Log.*

Coach: "Yuh big tramp, what did you miss that pass for?"

Player: "But, Coach, dear, you know it is more blessed to give than to receive."

—*Owl.*



"Is my face dirty or is it my imagination?"

"Well, your face is clean, but I don't know much about your imagination." —*Malteaser.*



Beta (writing): "I won't write any more, dear my roommate is reading over my shoulder."

Roommate: "You're a liar!" —*Banter.*



Prof. in Ethics: "I will lecture today on liars. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter?"

Nearly all raised their hands.

Prof: "That's fine. You're the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter."

—*Anonymous.*



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

Senior: "Wrinkles, hell! Those are Service Stripes." —*VooDoo.*

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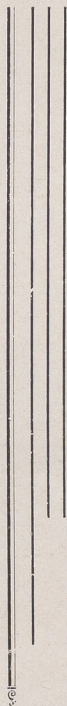
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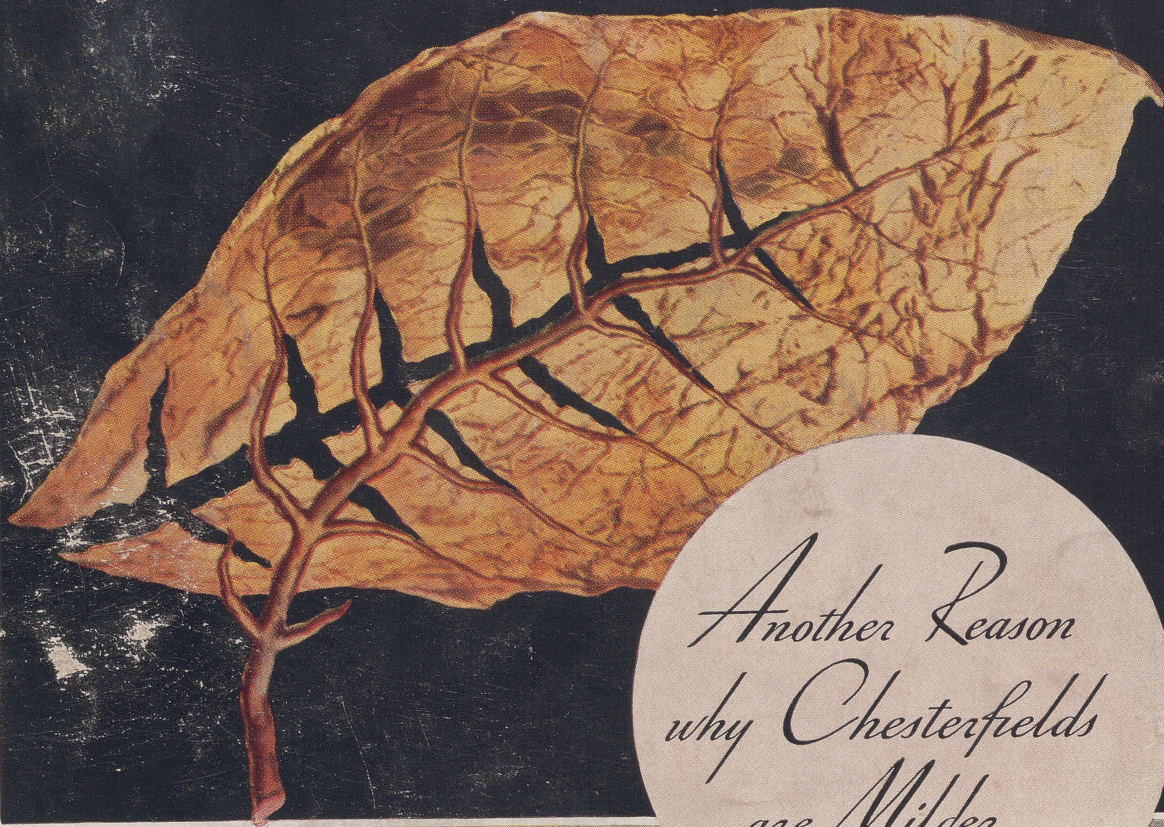
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