

# DESERT UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

Constitution Vote

April 1933 - Price 30c

# WOLF

Postponed Until Next Friday

Desert Wolf Will Be Published This Month as Planned

Reasons for Abolishing Wolf Given, Artemisia Is Discussed

By KAY WARDLEIGH  
In view of the present legal holiday Nevada, the A.S.U.N. election scheduled for tomorrow, March 3, will be postponed until Friday, March 10, it was announced today by Keith Lee, president of the Associated Students.

'Bank Holiday' Has on Campus

Dying Wolf Makes Last Stand May 1

A. S. U. N. Revenue Drops During Last Three Years

# FAREWELL NUMBER

Desert Wolf Placed On Seperate Ballot For Vote

Student Leaders' Views on A.S.U.N. Constitution Given

New Cons Adoption Results In Fewer Officers

Wolf Is Abolished by Narrow Margin of 211 to 194 Student Votes

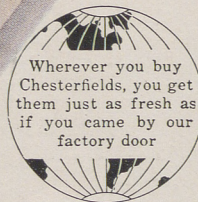
SUPPORT THE CHANGES

Thursday night the members of the A.S.U.N. will have the opportunity to discuss the proposed changes in the present student body constitution in a special student body meeting which will be held in the Education building.  
This meeting will give everyone an opportunity to air their views on the new form of government and the proposed changes made in regard to the Desert Wolf and Artemisia which will result in balancing the student activities' budget.  
Every student who is a member of the associated students should be at this meeting and all free minded individuals should support the proposed by the constitution revision.  
The time has finally come when the Desert Wolf is the only one at the present. However, this can be explained by the attitude of downtown merchants when they are approached for advertising. They would much rather support a quarterly university publication, which comes out every three months, and do this dutifully, than help one that is more demanding. If the present standard is to be maintained by the Sagebrush and the Artemisia, the Wolf must be set aside, for the present at least. Both editorial and business staffs of this publication will be welcome additions to either the Sagebrush or Artemisia.



*B*y the way, you know friends sometimes offer me Chesterfields, and about the only thing they say is, "I believe you'll enjoy them!"

*they Satisfy*



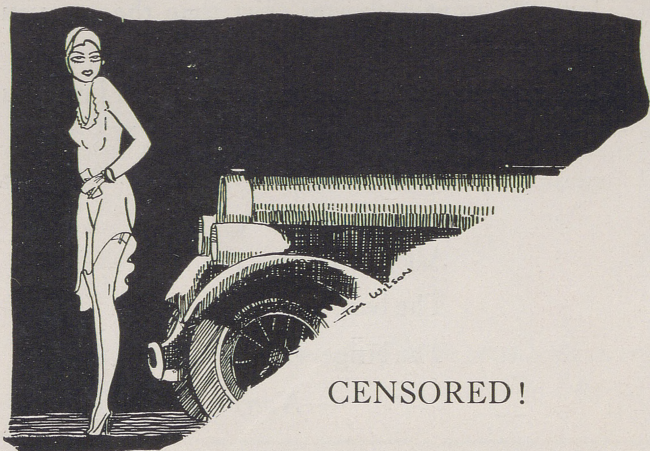
*— the Cigarette that's Milder  
the Cigarette that Tastes Better*

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CENSORED!

Coach: "Can any of youse punks give a sentence with the word 'eclipse' in it?"

Footballer: "Well, it was this way: I was all set to run for a touchdown, when 'ere comes dis guy . . . and what do you think? Eclipse me!"



Sammy Phlatt  
Always Sat  
Someone Spat  
Sammy Scat



If there's anything lower than a pun . . . it's a buried one . . . or a stale one!

What is it that makes Mike an ideal poker player? Guess it's 'cause he allus says, "'Sal right, fellers, ideal 'em to you."



Teechur: "Jawnie, use the word 'indistinct' in a sentence."

Jawnie: "We hocked some rotten eggs 'n dropt 'em. Indistinct I couldn't hardly see."

"Man, what a pain in the neck this turned out to be," said the motorist as he poked his head through the smashed windshield.

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"If the hen laid an orange, what would the little chick say?"

"Oh, look at the orange marmalade."

—*Mountain Goat.*

Jane: "I want a shorter skirt than the one you showed me."

Clerk: "This is the shortest we have. Have you tried the collar department?"

—*Claw.*



Fellers Bend  
Paddles Wend  
Fratters Kend  
Emblems Mend

Algy met a bear;  
The bear was bulgy;  
The bulge was Algy.

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*



Love is that emotion that makes a young fellow want to pay some girl's board bill when he can't pay his own.

—*The Log.*

1: "Who married you—the judge or the minister?"

2: "Neither; my wife!"



Mama: "Daughter, why did you ever take up the habit of continually interceding?"

The Darling: "It's usually the most convenient place, Mama."

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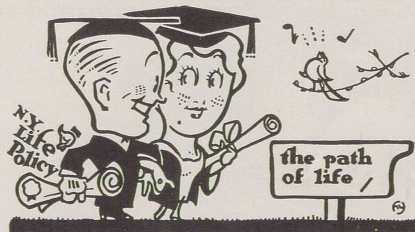
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AN INSURED BANK ACCOUNT

# BOB FARRAR

New York Life

"The coroner pronounced it suicide."

"Well, how would you pronounce it?"

—*Lampoon.*



It's always puzzled us why people think college graduates are ultra-intelligent. Fish go to schools, too.

—*Columns.*



When the beer bill passes, it'll be broadcast over a national hiccup.

—*The Log.*

Chem. Prof.: "Come, come, give me the answer, please."

Student: "I can't say it but it's on the tip of my tongue."

'Nother Student: "My Gawd, don't swallow it—it's arsenic!"

—*Voo Doo.*

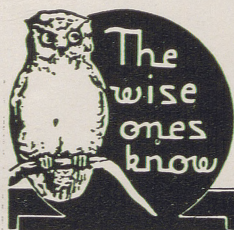
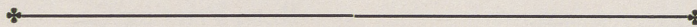


"Do you hear what happened to the cow that ate Kentucky blue grass?"

"No."

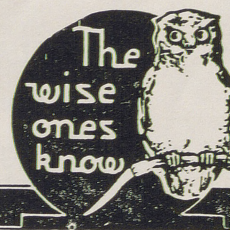
"Mood indigo."

*Phoenix.*

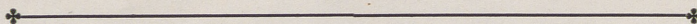


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NEVADA DESERT WOLF



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 Sadie Schultz  
 Gus Glotts  
 Oliver Purie  
 S. K. Rewy  
 Millie Round  
 Professor Tweeksum  
*and Others*



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*Gus Glotts*

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# POEMS

## FROM BAD TO VERSE

### *Obituary*

"WE Seniors, life has passed us by,"  
They say and gently sigh,  
"We're old and past all childish pranks,  
We've been relegated to the older ranks."

LET Johnson idly sits in class,  
And by his side his loving lass,  
Slyly she reaches down her side,  
Lovingly pinches his leathery hide.

LITTLE old Bowse and Abigail,  
The baseball star and his little frail,  
Come strolling up the campus walk,  
Indulging in the 'tweetest' baby talk.

AND there's Joe McDonnell and Gladys Morris,  
Inseparable lovers and we like them of course,  
But the stuff Joe writes is such childish trash,  
No wonder the "Desert Wolf" went smash.

AND Neva Shaw, the shy little thing,  
She can blush and everything,  
When Higgy ask if she uses soap,  
Darn that man, the silly dope.

AND Mariani, the lady's man,  
I'm glad he's taking it on the lam.  
I get tired of seeing him bill and coo  
Over a girl that I like, too.

AND Helen Peterson will be missed,  
Her gorgeous figure never lists,  
Her vain pride in her stately poise  
Is a pain in the neck to us young boys.

YES, they are Seniors now,  
Men and women at life's door;  
But there have been others before,  
And there will be more I guess,  
Serious-minded and awfully intent,  
To solve world problems they are meant,  
On their shoulders the burden of the world,  
Their challenge to life flauntingly furred,  
Too bad that they should have to go,  
The kindergartens need them so.

### *Dreams*

DREAMS—we hardly know they're there  
'Til with a crash they fall  
And lie all shattered at our feet  
Like Humpty Dumpty from the wall  
And like him too, its futile quite  
To try to build them up again;  
They lie there useless still in spite  
Of king's horses and king's men.

### *Illusions*

DUG a hole and made a grave  
And put all my illusions in.  
"Poor broken things I'll use no more,"  
I thought. "A new life I'll begin."  
I went away and laughed aloud,  
"One must be gay," I said;  
But I thought I heard a whisper,  
"Poor thing, her soul is dead."



UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA  
DESERT WOLF



Denver Dickerson, *Acting Editor*

Lino Del Grande, *Acting Business Mgr.*

Vol. XI.

APRIL, 1933

No. 4

## MEET ANNIE LAURIE'S DOUBLE

By BRENT COLEWOOD

I HAVE often wondered why it is that no one has written about love in a manner that would enable you youngsters to capture the person of your choice rather than fall back upon some weak character while one of your schoolmates who possesses a trifle more courage, sex appeal or money steps in ahead of you and cops the town's prize package. In order to remedy this sad state of affairs I have determined to get out the old portable and pound out a few simple directions to the misguided youths and maidens who feels that fallen arches, dandruff, stuttering and love for stray dogs are serious drawbacks in the pursuit of cupid.

### THE MEETING

THE meeting is, of course, of first importance. Very rarely has it been possible to come to that state of perfect understanding which immediately precedes that unconscious state known as "being in love" until a meeting has been accomplished in some manner.

I would suggest meeting in some quiet alley where the absence of parents will not make it necessary for either of you to produce credentials from the Governor, explain the dirt behind your ears, or to go into a song and dance relative to your ancestors, most of whom were probably hanged.

ONE sure way to attract attention to yourself is to rap the object of your desire smartly over the head with some heavy implement, preferably a wagon tongue, and to exclaim in a meek voice when they turn angrily, "Oh! pardon me, just a slip of the tongue, you know."

THIS little display of wit on your part will undoubtedly put you in strong. It will at least open up an avenue for conversation that will enable you to eventually lead up to a discussion

of your operation and how long it took the doctor to hemstitch the darn thing.

By dinner time you should know enough of your future in-laws to propose

### THE FIRST CALL

THE first call is perhaps, next to the engagement call, the most important that can be made, or received. The young male being preda-



tory (these big words are thrown in at no extra cost) must make the advances and will therefore do well to look earnestly and long toward the correct attire.

Tan shoes with a purple suit and an orange tie are suggested as more than potent in attracting the parents toward your somewhat bizarre personality. A dash of heliotrope on your tie will help to create the desired impression.

UPON arriving at the front door locate the bell and lean heavily upon it. As the door is opened push whoever stands in your way heartily

(Continued on Page 8)

## MEET ANNIE LAURIE'S DOUBLE

(Continued from Page 7)

aside, rush in somewhat in the manner of a housewife at a bargain counter and announce your presence in a loud voice. After discarding your coat and headdress you are ready for that most important step, the entry into the parlor.

Most young men walk sedately into the presence of the girl's parents, bow politely and accept a proffered chair. This is no way to make a favorable impression or to let them know that you are a go-getter. Get down on your hands and knees and crawl in barking like a fox. To continue the fun grab the first person you meet by the nearest leg and take a good hold of it with your teeth. If they laugh heartily at your childish queep you may rest assured that they have accepted your entry in the manner you intended them to and you may arise and slap everyone heartily on the back.

*Y*OUR girl will probably at this time suggest a good old game of "rounders." Cast this suggestion aside with some such remark as "Oh, hell, I hate that game," and offer instead "hide-and-seek" in the upper corridors, or (if you have discovered the fact that there is a well-stocked wine-cellar) a game of "one-or-no-count" in the basement.

This will give you an opportunity to tell the girl friend confidentially that such child's play is really terribly silly and that what is really needed is a good dose of fresh air.

By the time its gets too cold to stay out longer you will be ready to ask her to

### THE FIRST DANCE

*N*OTHING brings young people closer than dancing. From the time that Eve found Adam dancing with Lillith and danced with rage, dancing has been all the rage. Remember, however, that it is no longer considered good form to wear armor and that rough tactics faded out with the "Flapper Era" back in '22.

Of course, in the days of our parents—or shall I be lenient and say the days of our grandparents—couples danced so far apart that it was not unusual to draw near upon completion of the dance, only to find their partner in the quadrille had been none

other than Sarah, the Fairborns' Negro cook, or worse yet, Draco, the Lenningtons' plow-horse.

*I*T was necessary, also, if you wished sit out a dance to call the host who immediately impanneled a jury. You selected your lawyer and, after he had proved that Simon Legree was not your uncle by marriage and that it was not your father who had the rabies and bit old Judge Carter, you were accompanied to a vine-covered arbor by five men armed with muzzle-loaders. After a few sly passes at your sugar's hand you again entered the hall where the young lady's father inquired as to your intentions.

*T*IMES have changed. It is best before starting the dance to cast from your mind the images of Aunt Fanny having a convulsion and Uncle Ezra with a combination of the rickets and the seven-years-itch. Remember that an imitation of two eels playing leapfrog in a bowl of jelly should be left to Parisian Apaches and that your partner has accompanied you for the purpose of dancing and not with the idea of learning the holds that won the world's championship for Jim Londos.

A few quiet waltzes, a well-timed remark here and there, and whispered phrases behind some sheltered palm and you are ready for

### THE PROPOSAL

*I*T is best to propose to your young lady at home as it sometimes proves most embarrassing as well as annoying to walk past a group of former associates with Annabelle (Clarice, Anemone, Sylvia, Pernilla) en route to a quiet place and to have such vulgar terms as "Cubby Lounger," "Munte Blister," or even "Willie Bumper" hurled at you by these ruffians who have no ideals where members of the gentler sex are concerned.

They could be foiled, however, by calling a taxi for conveyance to the hideaway.

Upon arriving at the home or rendezvous and, having attained that privacy so necessary for the utterance of soulful and somewhat sticky phrases, the young man will, after three stiff drinks, one

(Continued on Page 25)

## SPURNED ROMANCE

Feb. 30, 1934.  
Agureq, Fijoyu, Arabia.

Editor, Nevada Desert Wolf,  
At the University of Nevada,  
Reno, Nevada, U.S.A.

Dear Sir:—

I hereby warrant and represent that the facts contained in this story written by me are true. The "Wolf" is authorized to publish or otherwise use this story and affidavit in any way it may desire.

(Signed) Subaltern PERCY R. MORRISSEY,  
Royal Camel Hussars, Detached Service.

"God, this heat!" said the young man as he leaned his lithe, powerful frame farther back in the native makeshift hammock. Even as he spoke it did not appear as though the climate was his chief worry. And, indeed, his first remark was followed by, "If that were all."

A twelve-month he had been in this veritable hell-hole of a colonial outpost—the "Bad Lands" of the East. True, it was to but prove his mettle that he had been sent here by the powerful Davidson-International Oil Company . . . and indeed it was a trial, the seriousness of which had never entered the heads of those august captains of finance, no doubt even now lolling in their palatial Wall Street offices.

"Damn!" said the young man, rising from the tattered swing. As his lean body moved, there came a whistling swish, immediately followed by a renting sound and a dull thud. Instantly our hero was on the alert, his tanned hand clenching a shiny Colt 'til knuckles shone white. But even his watchful eyes were unable to search out the mysterious thrower of the native "kailiu" or long knife, which was still swinging from its place in the wall beyond the hammock.

Harold R. Livingston, III, or "Hal" as his immediate associates called him when he rowed stroke on the All-Alleghany crew, looked disgusted. "Why," he complained to himself, "couldn't the blackguards come out in the open and fight like

## or *The Shah's* EVIL DESIRE

An Astounding Revelation of the Plottings and Designings  
of Certain Representatives of the Arabian Government

The publishers of this magazine swear to the authenticity of the following strange accounting of the happenings that befell two young Americans in the vast Arabian wastes. Herewith is a copy of a certified letter from the author:

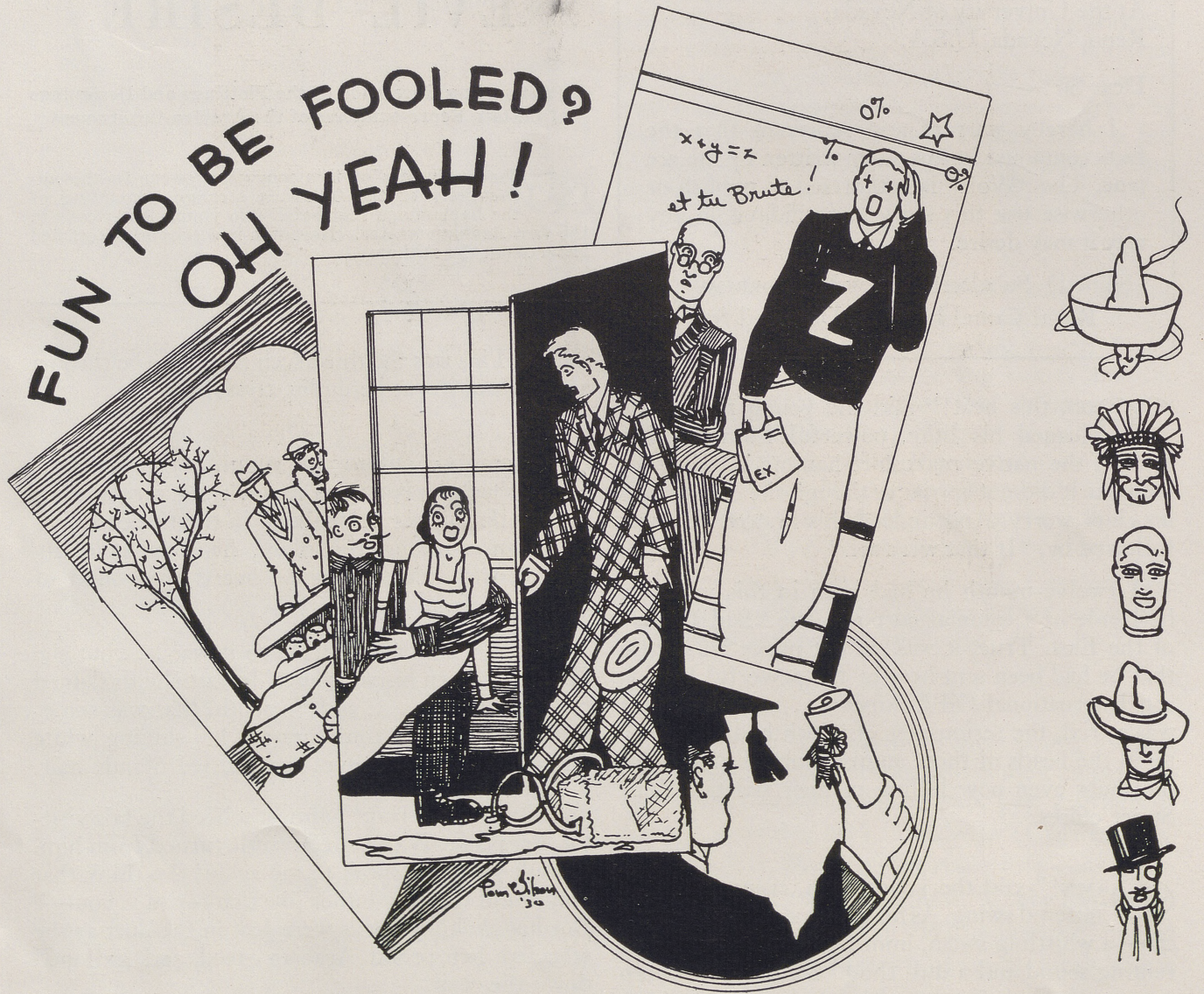
men?" This was the third such missile to be thrown at him, and it was becoming troublesome.

Stepping out to the veranda of the palm-shaded plantation to look for any strange natives that might be skulking in the thick tropical brush surrounding the place, his face suddenly lighted with pleasure as he heard the sound of horse's hoofs.

"Doris!" he breathed. As so it was . . . but she failed to return his welcome. In fact she disdained his cheery smile . . . and, in sooth, that was something, taking into consideration his shining white teeth and his boyish eyes and tousled blonde hair.

"Here is your ring!" almost sobbed the fair visitor, her perfectly chiselled profile turned from him. "Don't you ever speak to me again! To think that you would trick my father like that—you . . . you—" But her choking words were lost in the dust as she wheeled her proud Arabian steed and galloped down the road.

Hal, dumbfounded, could only cry, "Doris!" so surprised was he. But after a moment, his face took on a grim aspect . . . not unlike that which he was wont to make just before making a vicious tackle back at Alleghany. Many a well-known ball-packer had felt the strength of his charges . . . and seen the accompanying look. As old Dean Terwiller used to say in those golden days,  
(Continued on Page 24)



NEVADA DESERT WOLF



SITTIN' ON THE TRAM

SITTIN' on the tram,  
Neckin' like a dam,  
Lookin' at the moon,  
Feelin' like a loon,  
Gazin' at the lake,  
Everything is jake;  
Givin' 'way my pin,  
Talkin' fast for sin,  
Stoppin' quite a slap  
Startin' from the lap,  
Sittin' on the tram,  
Feelin' like a damn.

# RELATIVES GALORE

*A Harbon Yates Detective Mystery*

By BRENT COLEWOOD

HARBON YATES, the great investigator, gazed reflectively at the huge and dirty footprint on the tiled flooring and grinned knowingly. "The man we want, Inspector," he said to his companion, "is over six feet tall, cares little for personal appearance, is extremely lazy, offensive to others and evidently has seven or eight sisters.

Detective Inspector Hanson of Scotland Yard sighed enviously as he kicked a large cowboy boot across the floor. "It has me baffled, Yates. I admit it freely. I can't for the life of me see——"

"It shouldn't have you mystified at all," answered his young companion. "Anyone who wears a number twelve cowboy boot must be over six feet tall and if they cared anything about their personal appearance it is evident that they would not wear boots with evening clothes. That the fellow failed to remove his socks before stepping into the tub is indicated by the fact that the footprint on the floor is toeless. This proves my contention

that the man is lazy and the dirtiness of the print tells me that he seldom changed his socks, therefore he must have been offensive to others. It's all so elemental, my dear Inspector."

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR HANSON pondered deeply. "Oh, yes," he broke the sudden stillness, "but, Yates, my fine fellow, how in the world do you know that the gentleman had seven or eight sisters?"

Harbon Yates stepped quickly into the adjoining room, passed without notice a group of feminine photos on the dresser and stooped suddenly to pick up a handful of small, glittering objects. Without a word he dropped them into the old officer's hand and moved toward the door.

INSPECTOR HANSON gazed awestruck at the tiny bits of metal lying flat against his palm. "Well, I'll be damned!" he muttered, "Hairpins."

THE END.



## A NEW KIND OF PUZZLE

*On Your Toes, Boys and Girls... Pencils? ... Ready? ... Go!*

(Use only the first *letter* of the words suggested below. Put letter in corresponding space and see what you get. Correct solution to be found on page 21.

1	5	4	10	7	14
6	11	2	13	3	15
	9	12	8	16	

1. What every co-ed should say 99.44 per cent of the time.
2. An active bodily movement, often accompanying a feminine "Is that necessary?"
3. What the Wolf's jokes of the October, 1931, issue were.
4. What every girl who isn't wishes she was.
5. What you're supposed to get when you go to collitch.
6. A popular and useful epithet.
7. A variation of tremons which the new 3.2 per cent beeah does *not* give you.
8. Spring, soft lights, music make you feel that way.
9. The bane of man's existence.
10. Beast of burden.
11. Budding journalists love to write 'em.
12. Passionate or otherwise exclamation of one or two letters.
13. Where bad little boys go.
14. Characteristic of women's clothing nowadays.
15. Sororities throw 'em all the time and frosh "fratters" have to attend.
16. What a 5 grade signifies.

## LO, THE POOR GRAD

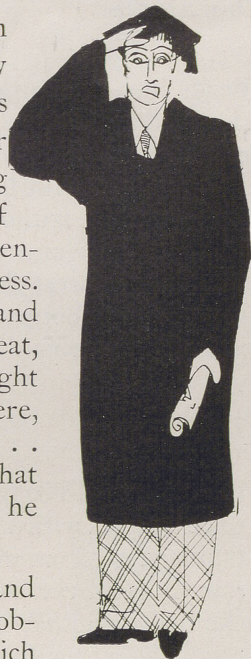
For many weeks remain until the, by now slightly panicky, senior class will be tricked out in mortar board and gown and teetering on the uncomfortable edges of folding chairs in the gym, listening to a commencement address. And this is to inform you and comfort you, as you sit in the heat, hiccuping slightly from the night before, and as you wonder where, oh where, you'll find a job . . . this is to let you know what the speaker is thinking while he speaks.

He will, of course, bow and his mortarboard (probably it'll have a gold tassel, which means nothing) and address the assembly. Then he'll start in. You can doze at first, because even the speaker won't be thinking for a while. But pretty soon he'll be sounding like this . . . and thinking like this:

Young men and women, not of tomorrow, but of today (they look like last night), as I look over your intelligent faces (they would look eager if this rostrum held a few seidels of beer), I cannot help but feel a surge (probably that chop at lunch) of pride and confidence in realizing that tomorrow you will have achieved the goal of 16 long years (probably with a glorious hangover) of study (what a laugh), years of study I might say, devoted to preparing yourselves to winning a way in the world.

I must congratulate you (should be sympathize) on your foresight (in graduating during the greatest panic in history), your integrity, your courage in sticking year after year to the task of educating yourselves (that would be a TASK) to carry on for America and Old Glory (Stars and Stripes for ever).

Young men and women, I feel I must advise, must admonish you (like admonishing a tribe of wild Indians). You may think the greatest task which awaits you will be that of hewing a living for yourself and dear ones from the cold world



(and you'll be dead right). But let me emphasize that the most important thing which really awaits you is the very fate of this great nation (Hooey, but it sounds good and I think they're going for it). It is you, my young friends (friends, hell) who must pick up the torch (pretty well lit already) where we older ones, some of whom are even now beginning to falter (neat bit of pathos that) and carry on. Upon your young shoulders rests the very future of this great nation (Lord help the nation) . . . I might even say, of civilization itself (what civilization?)!

*Pause while speaker gulps drink of water (If that were only beer!)*

AND now, young friends, I am reminded of a story (wonder if they've heard the one of the traveling salesman and the farmer's wife and the biscuits?). It seems there were two Irishmen, Pat and Mike (or the one about the couple honeymooning on the train to Nirgra Falls?). They were rough rugged fellows and one day Patrick came rushing up to Michael and shouted:

"Patrick, he lad, that's a mighty spoilt bye ye're after havin'."

"Spoilt nothin', 'tis an evil tongue ye 'ave in yer head, Michael."

'Tis me worrud ye're adoubtin', thin come look what the steam-roller did with 'im." (Pretty old; I bet the Swedish maid would have clicked better) *Pause.* (Thank God they laughed some, anyhow.)

AND so, my young friends, I must caution you not to let yourselves be spoilt by any steam roller, but to stand out as individuals and fight for all that is right and good and pure. (Bet that makes a hit with the dean of women.) Let us realize what this great state has done for us in giving us this liberal education (yeah, in Reno with its speaks, its gambling, its divorcees, I'll bet they DID get an education) and let us be grateful. Let us repay this debt in a lifetime of true public service. (They might begin by slaughtering the legislature for a starter.) Let us dedicate our lives to service!"

And so on and on, and on and on, and on!

## COLLEGE LAMENTS

*(With Apologies to Don Marquis)*



### FRESHMAN

i wish i were a cockroach  
instead of just a freshman and then  
i could not be offended by fellows  
who look like frankenstein and get by  
because their hats have leather bands  
and they are seniors and wear cords  
while all i wear is last years tennis  
trousers patched up and i could pass  
offenses by and crawl into a nice fat  
hole and go to sleep  
boresome professors and empty headed  
coeds with chorus girl manners  
would never raise my temperature  
and in the morning i would head away  
from school and life and travel between  
blades of cool grass in search of  
dew and noon would find me bedded down  
beside some pleasant stream and night  
would come and cover me like an old  
feather blanket and id be glad that  
i was just a cockroach

### SOPHOMORE

if i were only a robin instead of just  
a sophomore and freshmen were fat  
angleworms id have a right to bully them  
darn them anyway they always poke their

heads into the danger zone instead of staying  
down deep where safety lies  
and when id speak my voice would have to  
be deep and gruff like noah beerys and i  
could waddle without being accused of  
guzzling beer and women would say isnt that  
robin the dearest thing you ever saw and  
i wouldnt be bothered because after all  
id be just a robin

### JUNIOR

i think it would be the best in life  
to be a camel with a seven day storage  
tank and go from one joint to another  
sampling all the mixers from one end of  
the bar to another and be able to leave  
the fifth joint with clear vision and a  
happy heart and steady legs that wouldnt  
buckle as you met the deacon jones and  
various relatives here and there  
of course the hangover would be tremendous  
but then when one can look forward to  
a week without even the sign of a thirst  
one can be satisfied to be a camel

### SENIOR

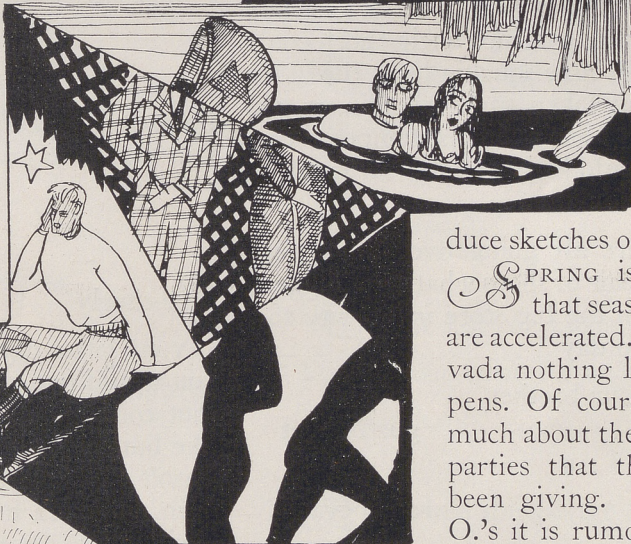
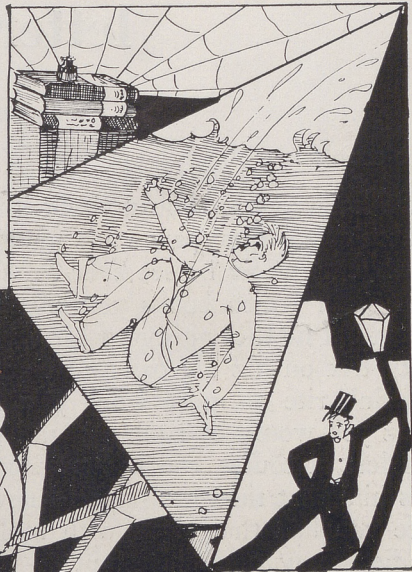
being a senior is akin to dreaming  
of far off places and some small measure  
of success with a good wife and seven kids  
of course right now we seem conceited  
as we pass timid members of the lower grades  
and they believe our baleful glare is  
something of a reprimand because they dare  
to glance our way and smile or maybe grin  
we re really human and desire friendship and  
the song of life and women sad with too  
much wine but fate has burdened us with  
studies and the thoughts of conquered worlds  
maybe someday well meet again you frosh  
and sophomores and those who rank but one  
short year behind us and when we do  
we ll smile and boast and ask a word or  
two of the old school that slumbers here  
and has for many years beneath the desert sun.



# INSIDE DOPE

SPRING is here! Much to do about nothing! The peaceful Nevada Campus lazily basking in the warm rays of the sun. The birds sing pleasantly in the trees. The quiet is supreme; sleepy students doze with spring fever, and with effort work up enough to pull down a 3.5 in some ex. Yes, much to do about nothing. . . . The Nevada Campus in Spring—people come and go—nothing ever happens—never any scandal—nothing to talk about.

ONE finds those seniors who, realizing how unlucky they are to have to move out into the turbulent stream of life and probably sink with their predecessors into oblivion, make last futile attempts to flunk out. There is "His Excellency" "Panaca Pete," who realizes that it will not be as easy to kick the boulders out of the path of life as it was for him to overlook and put off that Treasurer's report. Then "Blinky" Bankofier, who will no longer be able to live upon his reputation as a three-letter man. Once out of college, the women are attracted by something else other than athletics and sweaters. Of course there are exceptions. Junius will bob to the top; he is that type—a born leader; one that always stands out—thanks to the mangey mustache. John Mariani also has a future; all he lacked was the right shape of women for his models.



Once out of college he will be able to study artistic lines—something this school hasn't—and will produce sketches of form and beauty.

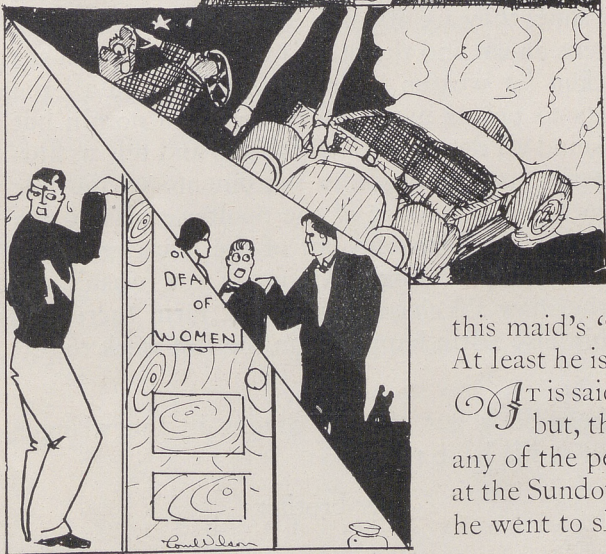
SPRING is supposed to be that season when romances are accelerated. However, in Nevada nothing like that ever happens. Of course, no one knows much about these "whispered of" parties that the A.T.O.'s have been giving. Speaking of A.T.O.'s it is rumored that "Goofey Guff" soon overcame his sadness

of heart by running the gauntlet with several high school and junior high school lassies. The lumpy-footed demon even gave one little blond a golden basketball that he possessed. That's none of my business, but I must say it sounds elementary.

ED PARADIS took that new S.A.E. pin of his, and drove that roadster down to the high school, where he picked up a brunette who painlessly robbed the trinket from him. He claims it's love; however, I know that he is the fifth sucker fooled by this maid's "come-hither" eyes. Maybe he is right but I doubt it. At least he is young and the experience is good.

IT is said that you can fool some of the people some of the time; but, the three "pups," Dolan, Olsen and Gilmartin, can't fool any of the people any more. Incidentally, the pups had a fine time at the Sundowners' picnic. Pup Olsen couldn't take it, and as a result he went to sleep. Pup Dolan also drank a bottle of beer, and came

(Continued on Page 26)



## letters from gus to charlie

cucumber nevada

dere charly

we knowed you would think it kind of funny written so soon but paw made me to ask you wher you hid the plow he sez ever since you got those mail order colich books you would never be no acount but he thot no son of hiz would play sech a derty trik on hiz ole pap and he sez you probly wouldn't rite no more when you get to the sity becuz you would be runnin round with those fast gals lest of course you wanted sum money but i tells him that those gals would never bother you since you had that affair with molly swartz and he didn't say nothing except to tell me to quit shooten off my trap or he'd make me sleep with the hogs and told him thet would be bettern sleepen five in a bed like i was doin since uncle enoch come with hiz wife and the nine squakin brats the other day they was all out taken turns swingin on old millies tail and if she wasn't the best tempered cow in the country she would had hoofed them kids into the midle of next week

well charly we are all going over to higgens place to see the new pair of shoes what sally higgens had sent to her from the big store in the sity so i won't rite no more to day

your brother

gus Nihoot

❖

reno nevada

deer gus

you tell pa thet i put the plow in the hay mow and thet it ought to still be there if the cows ain't et it up you knowed thet i didn't have no time fer plowin since i got them new books cause i had to study them so i could get some more sense before i went to collage how does he spect me to be a educated man if he keeps tellen me quit studying

i sure had a swel time on the train coming to reno and you know i stayed up all night so as i wouldn't miss reno and anyway i was lookin out of the windo at all the pretty lites when the man said it was reno and i went to get my suit case and napoleon ran away somewhere so i asked the man what puts holes in the tickets if he had seen napoleon and he said no thet napoleon was dead along time ago i knowed thet he was foolin me so i went looken for him and was just about to go in a room with

ladies written on the door when this man asked me if i couldn't see thet it said ladies and i said yes but napoleon didn't know how to read anyhow when i found that dern parrot he was sitten on some guys head who was sleepen in the smokin room and the train was goin likity split again and when it stopped i was in a town called verdi anyway i gets off and asks a man at the station house how far it was to the collage and he said leven miles and i says thet aint far so i starts walkin and by the time i gets to reno napoleon had my face lookin like a piece of slautered heffer from shyin at autymobiles if thet dern bird don't get wise to the sity ways for long im goin to send him back hum

napoleon an i are goin to a picter show now so i wont rite no more tonite

goodbye gus

charley Nihoot

postgrip you are gonto have to improve your ritten and spellin so i can find out what you are sayen

❖

cucumber nevada

dere charly

your letter come today and paw said he wished you would had to walk a hounderd miles to get to thet colich and maybe you wouldn't be so smart like but i stuck up for you and told paw that you wasn't smart and never would be and don't you lisen to nothin he sez becuz he is just mad about uncle enochs brats runnin tar thru the new cream seperator gee charly you ought to see sally higgens new shoes they are all shiny and got about a million buttens on em and the other night her ma gave her a licken for wearen em to bed and rippen all the sheets to peaces uncle enoch don't do nothin but sit round all days and chaw tobacco and tell us kids bout the time he went to sakromento to the fair when he was presdent of the pooltry club and ma gotso mad she run him out of the house with the broom and said enoch Nihoot if you wasn't my brothernlaw i'd chase you off the farm there aint nothin else xcitin happened in the last week to tell you

them brats got the cat cought in the wringer again so i'll have to stop

your brother

gus

# POEMS

by GUS CLOTTS

## GROUNDS FOR SOMETHING OR OTHER

Allow for consanguinity  
 Between a horse's neck and thee  
 I'll tell the, the, the, nertz . . .  
 Hey, Pauline, what rimes with consanguinity?  
 Mussolini . . . hell . . . you lunk,  
 Is there anything you know at all  
 Except someone else's business?  
 Sure I can spell it—  
 C-o-n-s-a-n-q (woops) i-t-e. There, how's that?  
 You keep your snooze out of this. . . G-r-r-r-!  
 Your provocative procrastination is  
 Detrimental to your adolescence  
 And furthermore, if you don't scam  
 I'll knock your teeth down your throat.  
 Yea . . . I will . . . both of 'em.  
 Let's see where was I? . . . oh, yes—  
 His haec hoc—damn the 3.2—  
 Huius huius hooley . . . hooley nothing  
 Grab your ankles frosh. . .  
 No, we aren't going to play leapfrog  
 Oh mother dear, I am afraid I am a wallflower  
 I'll swear that it was Paul Revere that left  
 The milk this morning.  
 Which all ties in very well with the  
 Various ramifications that take one into  
 The law of diminishing sanity. . . I guess  
 Which all goes to prove that all bugs  
 Don't have wings . . . and you ma fren  
 You are my friend I do hope  
 At least you were (before this)  
 Say it isn't so  
 That I must go  
 For you know  
 The radio  
 Will do  
 Pronto  
 I go  
 Now  
 Oh  
 O  
 .

## HAND IN HAND

IT was dark and the moon  
 Swung low over a yellow cloud as  
 We walker forward into the dark  
 Hand in hand. . . .

NOR did we speak of love and  
 Its pleasantries, as we walked  
 Hand in hand. . . .

TOO afraid, we two, that  
 The silence would be broken  
 And yet we walked  
 Hand in hand. . . .

TIL at last the moon faded and the  
 Dawn broke upon us  
 Hand in hand. . . .

AND when the village awoke  
 And we looked at each other without  
 A smile  
 Hand in hand. . . .

FOR we knew that soon  
 We would walk thru a door  
 Together  
 Hand in hand. . . .

AND this we did  
 . . . that "bull and I . . .  
 Into the front door of the station house  
 Hand in handcuff. . . .

## Some Call It Education - But I Call It Raw Raw

**P**ROUD parents wiping a tear here and there . . . bright lights . . . a neat compact little diploma . . . applause . . . and so I graduated from junior high school . . . out into the darkness to meet four Soppa Soppa Sappolios from up to college . . . a gulp . . . a hand in my pocket . . . then my hand . . . and a "pledge pin" in it . . . high school . . . stiff university formals . . . squirming . . . sweat . . . another period of applause, tears, bright lights and diploma . . . and twelve years of schooling behind me . . . college . . . a broom in one hand . . . dutch cleanser in the other . . . a tingling feeling to the south . . . shouts . . . phone frosh . . . two days . . . registration . . . pipe courses . . . gulp . . . one on the house . . . date tonight . . . swack . . . we're the boys of Soppa Soppa and we'll die that way . . . not prepared . . . gimme a light . . . gimme a theme . . . gimme a dink . . . gimme a drink . . . yeh, prof, I was sick most of the semester . . . gotta have a 2.5 or bust outa school . . . sure I love you . . . deal 'em out . . . gotchur problems yet . . . throw it into high, we gotta hurry . . . what's a cut anyhow . . . naw, jobs are awful hard to get this summer . . . loan me a buck . . . is it good stuff . . . let's take the afternoon off here on the lawn . . . tub him good, sophomore . . . she all right, little slow though . . . 'ray we've won . . . mighty nice run there fella . . . reminds me when . . . been studying awful hard and just forgot to write . . . gimme a chaw . . . wonder if I can meet that check Monday morning . . . d'ja ever hear this one . . . now, no one's in the libe tonight . . . boy what a headache . . . good show . . . lotsa hot ones in it . . . what if they are engaged . . . loan me a five spot . . . boy, what a trip . . . and joints . . . c'mon team, ya gotta win . . . hold your paper up higher so's I can see . . . yeah, you get bigger pictures in the year book if you try out for Night Flyers . . . sure, vote for him, he's a swell fella . . . 'ray, we won . . . won't they be sore tho . . . well, they tried it once on us . . . you know I like you lots, honey . . . yeah, prof, sure was nice of you . . . hotsy mama . . . going like hell on grease all this week and then hafta look sober when this guy does his baccalaureating . . . pretty snazzy looking sheepskin, huh . . . oh yea . . . sumpin'll turn up . . . Dad maybe can pull a string or three . . .

**A**ND SO, Graduation without education, and I'm fitted for later life with what I gleaned from magazines, bull sessions, moving pictures, teas, formals, speakeasies, etc. I can dance well, my conversation is pleasant, back-seat technique passable, and I can hold my liquor with the best of them . . . but if you ask me what interest-bearing bonds or endowment policies are, I'll bust you right between the eyes. And don't ask me to write a business letter or to get up on my feet to make a speech, for I can't even talk my own language, let alone another. I can find my way to and from town, but you'll have to ask someone else where Oxford is. I don't understand taxes, but you have to buy a license for your flivver. Minored in biology, but haven't seen a microbe since graduation. Took lots of Poly Sci, but can't remember the fellow's name that ran against Roosevelt. Read volumes of Chaucer, Milton and Shakespeare, but can't understand the editorial policy of Artists and Models. Made my letter in football but I couldn't tell you how to benefit yourself physically. Pondered over electrical engineering but haven't been able to tune out the local radio station yet.

And who is this, anyway? Why, Doctor Oswald von Snifflebottom, R.G.S., I.S.F.A.S., F.A.S., R.A., Prexy of your own damn alma mater, y'u dumb kluck!



### DEFECTOGRAM

By Inspector Tweeksum, eminent "finder-out-of-things," who for the past fifteen years has spent many hours looking into many problems (windows).

The following is a case which came up before the inspector. All the facts are here and all the reader has to do is to figure out why Inspector Tweeksum held Betty Torrid after the murder of her sweetheart. The following is the case:

**B**ETTY TORRID, flaming chorine, told Flatfoot that she was at the theater the night "Jake the Rake" was bumped off. The silly inspector believed the dumb broad and agreed (tee hee) with everything the skirt muttered. Tweeksum invited her to attend a night club with him and she agreed. After a pleasant evening the two departed from the saloon (I mean night club). On the way home flaming Betty made a remark which put old Tweeksie on the trail. Why did he hold her?

(Answer on page 21.)

## YE GALLANT PERCY

Listen, me buckos, and you shall hear  
 The remarkable story of Percival dear,  
 The laddie who finished from college so swell  
 And knew fifteen ways to say 'dammit to hell.'  
 Well, Percy with sheepskin clutched close to his  
 breast,  
 Put on high-top boots and went out in the West;  
 He found a young Injun so cute and so shy,  
 He gave he a swig from his own scotch and rye;  
 Her pappy was tough and he gave a big grunt  
 For the tribe to go out and for young Percy hunt.  
 But Percy and the squaw were alone in the shade  
 And Perce in the shade had been never afraid.  
 The Injuns came close but they missed the young  
 pair,  
 'Twas lucky for Perce or he'd lost all his hair;  
 So Perce gave a laugh and he kicked with his toe  
 And he kicked up a gold mine plum lousy with  
 dough.  
 From grass-root to China the yellow stuff lay—  
 A million a ton ran the surest assay.  
 "One side, my good women," then Percy did yell,

"With all of this junk I can surely raise hell."  
 But Percy's own promise was modest enough,  
 The money came easy but went plenty rough.  
 He ruined whole cities, he broke scores of banks;  
 To him bitter women could all give grim thanks;  
 He juggled with stocks and he seized miles of land,  
 He stole herds of cattle and he burned his own  
 brand;  
 He jumped mining claims and he cheated at cards;  
 So many had threatened, he lived with his guards;  
 So great was his money that even the law  
 Had failed to check one of his robberies ray.  
 Then Percy went east with his money and power,  
 With clothes fit to kill and a face that was sour;  
 He built him a church and became a swell guy  
 And his college would boast of its "Great Alumni"  
 'Til Percy would give 'em a stadium wide  
 And maybe a building or two on the side;  
 They offered a gown and a doctor's degree  
 If he'd just admit what he'd rather most be.  
 Well, Percy he laughed and he finally said "Well,  
 Just list me, my friends, as doctor of Hell."

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 SING THAT TENDER BALLAD:  
 "They called him the richest  
 Prof on the Faculty be-  
 cause he always had a  
**MINT!**"

**LIFE SAVERS**  
 The CANDY  
 WITH  
 THE HOLE

## “THOUGHTS”

By JOSEPHUS DOLLYFRUMPS

Ed. Note—As Odd McIntyre is spending a few days with Al Capone, we've agreed to write his column for him. Take it away!

**D**IARY OF A MODERN PEPYS: Up this morning almost in time for my 7:45—almost. Spent an hour talking politics with Junie Dixon and Phil Mann who assured me that they were very, very sorry that the flower of their hearts, the combine, was dead and buried. Slept through two classes and on the way home, dropped in for a “quick-one” at Charlie's. Yes, I said *one*. “Vass you dere?”

**K**AY HANSEN promised to take me for a ride on a “bicycle built for two” this afternoon, but being unable to locate a tandem, we went roller-skating instead, so Kay could get in practice. Good girl!

Saw my girl friend riding with Keith Lee (she is my girl no more). So I pretended to be very mad at the dear girl who assuaged my anger by inviting me over to the sorority house for dinner. Boy, that makes three free meals this week!

**A**LMOST dropped dead when a letter from revealed a check—dough-de-o-dough. I was just about ready to rush down and give my landlady some of the three months' rent I owe her when I remembered that I had better—much better—uses for it. Well, I guess the old girl will have to wait another month.

I can't remember much of what I did in the evening, but take it from me, pal, it was a good party.

**T**HINGAMABOBS: If only school were over so that we could get our ten-dollar refunds—If one SAE could be in four places at one time, then Nell Kilpatrick, Virginia Murgotten, Mary Adeline Thompson and Claire Fitzgerald would all be happy—and, incidentally, the same SAE was “punished,” the Pi Phis tell us, by not being allowed to go to the Pi Phi formal—We wish there weren't so many people who insist on spoiling a good party by telling “let-down” stories like the one about the three worms who couldn't count—If only Grace Armbruster hadn't sworn off—Did you hear about the two SAE's (It seems to me we're giving 'em a lot of free publicity) who got “rolled” for \$30 each, and in the Depression and all. Where? Well, the same place that last year a Delta Sig was taken for \$150—We wonder why that freshman, the Midge, doesn't get onto herself and speak to someone once in awhile—besides Mariani—And why McIntyre doesn't fail, for a change, to speak to someone—just once—Why doesn't someone write a pamphlet entitled “How to neck gracefully in a rumble seat,” or am I the only one who doesn't know?

And when it comes to slitting throats—a big funeral wreath should be presented to that good-looking coach from Panaca—Pat Diskin. Yeah, he's a good friend of Keith Lee, but not such a good friend of a certain SAE. Oh well, the stately Beta Sig didn't seem to mind.

What's become of—Ellen MacFarland (pride of the Tri Delt House and the 'Brush dirt column); Jane Coffey; the —— Club (we guess Fritz Wilson

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THE HOUSE OF TRUE VALUES

## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

and the Sigma Phi's own Oscar Bryan could tell us all about that); our dear pal Belle Livingstone; Prof. Harwood's smile?

We were going to make a crack about Martin, the Thetas' new president, flaunting the red beret and the blood-red nail polish, but being that us and the Thetey ladies is pals, we guess we won't.

Why, oh why, don't the profs ease up on the work when we're in the throes of that morning-aft—I mean that tired feeling.

If an SAE should ask you "Who assassinated Brother President McKinly?" the answer is "A Sigma Nu, the devil."

Well, boys and girls and (oh yes, we know you've come this far) dear professors, as this is the farewell issue we must say Farewell. Farewell to the seniors; Farewell to Arms (well, at least to the arms of the seniors; Farewell to this column; Farewell to the poor dying Wolf who'll never let out another squawk; Farewell.

### *Answer to Defectogram*

ANSWER—Why did inspector hold the young lady? That's easy—because she was a fair dish and he wanted to. Wouldn't you?

**MAJESTIC  
GRANADA  
WIGWAM**

Reno's Finest Entertainment

*Direction*

T. & D. JR. ENTERPRISES, INC.

### Correct Solution of a NEW KIND OF PUZZLE From Page 12

- |               |                   |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. N o.       | 9. W oman.        |
| 2. S lap.     | 10. A ss.         |
| 3. R acy.     | 11. E ditorials.  |
| 4. V irile.   | 12. O h!          |
| 5. Education. | 13. ' E ll        |
| 6. D amn.     | 14. A bbreviated. |
| 7. D elirium. | 15. T eas.        |
| 8. L ove.     | 16. F lunk.       |

N	E	V	A	D	A
D	E	S	E	R	T
	W	O	L	F	

*D*EAR Graduating Senior:

If the world is cold and cruel,  
Come back and take a P.G. course  
at your old school.

Come back and try to learn some more.

And if we think it's funny,  
We'll keep our giggles to ourselves  
Because we need the money.

*(Signed)* The Administration.

**IXL LAUNDRY**

505 East Fifth Street

Phone 5752

REWARD

A MAN once built a cairn of rock,  
Laid two great stones close by;  
Mopped his brow and heaved a sigh,  
Said: "Aye, this will ever mark the spot.  
I found it once, long—long ago,  
Then lost it, lost it all, but no—  
I have it now: it is my lot!"

HE strode the way to his cabin lone  
With lighter heart and singing smile,  
His eyes abright, dreaming the while—  
Planning, laughing, a world his own  
Before him spread, care all mended—  
The search all over, the first work done.

HE filled his pipe and sat to rest.  
He breathed a prayer, thanks to give,  
Whispering, "How wonderful to live;  
My life is hard, but life is blessed.  
We'll all live now." He closed his eyes.  
Then lifted them, made as to rise—  
But his weary head sank upon his breast.

UPON the hills the low sun played;  
Billows of rosy fleece rolled high.  
The soft, cooling breezes stirred,  
Sighing, "Day is done—night's rest is nigh!"

THE WORLD GOES MERRILY ON

THE pastors and the priests,  
And teachers, yes—and wise men  
Cry out that we're doomed,  
Becoming less than men again!  
(But the world goes merrily on!)

THINGS are swiftly changing;  
Have been, for quite some time.  
Men are home-less, soul- and job-less—  
Brother, can you spare a dime?  
(But the world goes merrily on!)

BEER is back. The race is damned.  
Threats of war. The banks all fail.  
Sinners flourish, live and perish.  
The weaklings shout and rant and rail—  
(But the world goes merrily on!)

FOR they've done it—ages past.  
Ever will they cry and beat the wall.  
They'll rave and curse and cry  
Damnation and cruel doom for all.  
(But the world'll go merrily on!)

WHILE there's still youth, and love, and hope,  
Labor, rest, and pain, and joy—  
While there's still strong will  
To live and see things done—  
The world will go merrily on!

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ART NELSON



## NEVADA DESERT WOLF

HERE it is the last issue of this rag and who should turn out but one of the best bunch of workers in the Wolf's history.

Every staff member is the fun-loving sort, even to serious old Abdul Abdomen, the man with the greasy beard and, his brother Mohammed El Beli Ake, whose travels have carried him into strange countries, etc.

These two boys turned in some good copy and every bit of it shows plenty of thought (along certain lines). Let's all join together and give the two orientals a big ham.

THE dark horse of the book is Brent Colewood, widely known love authority, who for personal reasons desires to use a pseudonym. Brent is really a fine fellow even if he does swear, drink, smoke, use opium, and talk in his sleep. In his "Meet Annie Laurie's Double," he presents unbeatable advice to anybody who has not, up to the present time, read Elinor Glyn or Katherine Norris. This is the last we'll hear of old Brent so we wish him lots of luck with his new position (joke editor for "Bally-Bang," latest French Art Magazine).

MILLIE ROUND, fair poetess, proved to be the most affectionate member of the staff. After everything was finished she gave us all a great big hug and a drink of sparkling sarsaparilla from her own little flask. Nice girl, this Millie.

OLIVER PURIE, former member of the Sing Sing Singers, and the man who played the oboe in "The Vagabond," entered our midst and showed us that great minds run in the same gutter.

## CONTRIBS



Oliver doesn't like to sign his name to anything he writes because some of his wives might find his whereabouts. It was indeed a pleasure to have you Oliver, adios to you.

GUS GLOTTs, proves himself to be an artist at wielding the brush and getting dirt: in fact he wielded a brush for many a year (for the City of Reno). He is now on his vacation and thought that in his spare time he could turn something in for us in the way of scandal. We didn't know whether this would be right

because we didn't think that scandal existed on our campus, but old Gus proved otherwise. Everything that appears in Gus's column is sworn to be the whole truth, so help us (and the ones whose names appear). So all we can say to Gus is thanks Glotts,

INSPECTOR TWEESUM, that playful old playboy, of the home for mentales indigents, pens an absorbing mystery and leaves the answer up to the reader. The Inspector worked for Scotland Yard for many years, in fact they gave him free room and board, but we will pass over that. We are extremely grateful Tweeksum even though we don't agree with everything the numb-skulled knuckle head says, but thanks Tweekie.

LAST, but not least comes Sadie Schultz, whirling Diz, from Eagle Valley, Sadie is well known to everybody (mostly cops). She writes most anything which in reality is really nothing but after all Sadie has never been the same since her last epileptic. However, her stuff got in because we were short of copy. Gracias, Sadie, and so long.

Space limits mentioning other members of the staff so we thank them, herewith.

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**SPURNED ROMANCE**

(Continued from Page 9)

"When that lad looks like that, something's must surely bust."

Dashing back into his room, Hal pulled the long, grim-looking knife from the wall, with a cry, "If he wants to fight that way, I'll meet him on his own grounds."

His gallant horse, sensing the master's wrath, pranced with impatience, and once that graceful rider was in the stirrup, the steed was away in a flash.

**A**FTER some twenty minutes of neck-breaking speed, the spent horse and dusty rider came to the native headquarters . . . where the blackest and, it is said, the most infamous of the natives, Shah Myjq Ben Zuyjluf, ruled. Legend has it that his name had never been said aloud, save by himself, the utterance of which causes fear in the sturdiest of the natives, and not exempting the "dominating" whites.

"Call your leader!" shouted Hal, "and I'll show him what it is to try to trick Harold Livingston!" Almost simultaneously, curtains parted in a nearby tent . . . and as he walked insolently among the groveling blacks . . . Zuyjiuf himself answered the challenge.

"The white American, he do me the honor of visit? Yes?" said the grinning chieftain, his shifty

eyes now half-closed and glittering at the young man. "Perhaps you will partake of my hospitality and sup 'Yreza' with me? Not often do white men do me favor and drink with me." This last with meaning.

**Y**ou know blasted well what I'm here for, you blackguard!" shouted Hal, no longer able to control his pent-up anger. "On guard, for I mean to make you pay for this! Here . . . I'll do it with my two bare fists . . . you can use your dirty steel . . . that's your way of fighting . . . that and behind a man's back!"

With a horrible oath, Zuyjiuf signalled his wide-eyed subjects. Instantly eight of his sturdiest henchmen fell upon the fearless Tal. Taken by surprise by the dastardly attack, it was a moment before young Livingstone realized what had happened. Taking a deep breath, he threw himself into the fray, tearing at his repulsive adversaries with the ferocity of a she-wolf protecting its young. It was touch and go, with Hal's expert fists finding a greasy chin more than once. But at least, exhausted, tired and bleeding, his proud eyes still smoldering in the direction of his captor, Hal was overpowered by the sheer weight and number of his attackers.

**I**N the twinkling of an eye, he was bound hand and foot to a post, under the blazing Arabian sun. Zuyjiuf, standing before him, laughed inso-

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### SPURNED ROMANCE

lently, and, as he did so, brought his giant riding quirt full across the American's face. Blood spurted from the bound man's cheek, but he only glared at the cowardly Arab. Baring his wolfish teeth, Zuy-jiuff almost screamed these words . . . and not two inches from the unflinching face of our hero: "See is it not better that I do two things even as I do one? You are one smart one, is it not so? What does it matter that I make myself your trusted servant and it happens that you somehow became confused . . . and took plans from Mr. Parkenworth's private vault . . . and then double-crossed him . . . and then falsely accuse one of the kingdom's most loyal and faithful subjects! Fah!"

CHOKING, Hal realized that it was even worse than he had at first thought. Tugging at his bonds, he suddenly stopped, frozen.

"Hal, Hal!" came a clear cry, yet somehow muffled, as though the caller had been stifled by foul rags.

"Doris!" groaned the imprisoned man. "Zuy-jiuff, it will go hard with you! Release me . . . or better . . . release her. I can take care of myself. God . . . if I could but get at your slimy throat, you grinning, black skunk!" It was quite evident that Hal had lost his temper.

AGAIN those horribly stained, polished teeth were bared, as the huge chieftain suavely spoke . . . arrogance imprinted in his every word. "If it is care yon beauty is needing, would it not be well that I perform that most pleasurable of tasks? My gallant young friend, I indeed regret that it can be only myself to partake of the delicious loveliness of Miss Parkenworth. But enough, I

(Continued on Page 27)

### MEET ANNIE LAURIE'S DOUBLE

(Continued from Page 8)

shot in the arm and several kisses, muster up enough courage to propose that henceforth all meals be served from the same pantry.

IF he has pursued the technique so carefully outlined in the preceding chapters, he will no sooner have the first words out of his mouth than she will jump excitedly to her feet, embrace the butler, down a cocktail and murmur in a weak whisky tenor, "Oh Harold (Johnny, Pete, Aloysius, Tremayne), this is so sudden!"

For shy suitors I would suggest that small cards bearing the following phrases apropos of the occasion be slipped under the young lady's butter plate or pillow:

1. I'm tired of my dog Towser.
2. Is your Dad's dough O.K.?
3. I want your dear old mother to be a grandma to my kids.
4. Aren't these winter nights cold?

I HAVE shown you the way. Go to it. Send for my free booklet entitled "After Marriage the Deluge" and in the meantime *Adios amigos y amigas*.

THE END.



He: "Darling, I'm groping for words to express my love for you."

She: "Well, do you think I have a part of Webster's tattoos on me?" —Punch Bowl.

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## INSIDE DOPE

(Continued from Page 15)

out from behind his cynical mask, and had things all his own way with "Soup Head" Shilling's date, "Little Egypt, Bangs, Limpey, or what-have-you" Howell. Speaking of Gilmartin reminds me that Peach Stark has joined the Reno Garage nine, and is working out every night with the boys of the neighborhood in the lot behind the S.A.E. house. She can hit that old apple, and is her round-house good!

**B**UCK WHEELER will have to be more careful, and do better to protect his Marge. Recently they attended a dance given by a tong of rowdy high school boys who trampled all over little Margy, sprawling her all over the floor.

Victor Becaas with that felt hat, Sherlock Holmes pipe, collegiate air and athletic ability, will be the man of the hour in some three or four years. That's his story, and so far no one has been able to quell the quack.

**W**HAT has caused all those snickles and snortles amongst the conservative sex of the campus? It seems that one fine day several of the frolicking Thetas got it into their frouzely heads to go cycling (all the stylish women were doing it). These modern misses were led by that gay caballero, Margaret Martin, and her three musketeers, "Fuzzy Fitz," Abie Hackett and Helen Lewis. Soon the entire campus noted these daily excursions and now, lo and behold, it's quite the thing to do. I suppose the girls finally realized the dangers lurking on the gasoline trails. "Mud" Clay will probably be seen peddling from class to class with "Libby" on the bar. I can just see the rosy gloss appear upon the shining faces of Ed Montgomery

and Helen PerLee, when a group of these "Back to the 'Eighties" students pass him with their dates, formal bound.

**I**N passing, it might be well to mention that Virginia Murgotten may be only a prof's daughter, but she sure knows her subjects—Beemer and Parsons at present.

It may also be noted that carbohydrates are donors of heat and energy. I here suggest that Adeline Rotholtz and Mary Eleanor Underwood use more sugar in their tea. Likewise Bog Leighton might find it well to drink his coffee black—without sugar.

Paul Fontana was recently seen leaving an Italian dance in Sparks with a bottle of wine and a piece of salami under one arm and a beady-eyed black-haired native of old Italy under the other. Incidentally, he was eating a green onion.

**I**T certainly is too bad that there is no scandal—and with beer back, too. Of course, I realize that this is spring on the Nevada Campus, and nothing ever happens in spring—people come and people go—nothing ever happens—never any scandal—nothing to talk about. . . . Then there is Paula Bradshaw who said she would stand none of his lip but—, and Mary Tholl and Rita "Sir Galahad" Jepson, who———.



They laughed when they put the patient on the operating table but when they removed his appendix they burst.



Ballot Keeper: "What'll I do with this ballot box?"

Ward Boss: "Stuff it."

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### SPURNED ROMANCE

(Continued from Page 25)

must not keep her waiting." With a cowardly kick at Hal, who was totally helpless to so much as even squirm from the blow, Zuyjiufl, proud Shah and haughty master of the lives of ten thousand blackamoors, turned on his booted heel, and with a walk that could not conceal his eagerness to reach the tent from which Doris' pitiful cry for help had emerged, he left Hal.

*(Will the Shah Zuyjiufl attain his foul intentions, or will Hal save his woman? Read the blood-tingling answer in the next issue of the Nevada Desert Wolf!)*



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—The Siren.



First Little Boy: "My old man got drunk last night and now he's just like a pile of rubbish."

Second Little Boy: "Whaddya mean—down in the dumps?"

First Little Boy: "No; in the can."



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# EDITORIAL

THE time of final examinations has again rolled around and we find ourselves pitched into a maelstrom of reports, research work, studies, and many other lines of work, in addition to final examinations.

It was comparatively recent at Nevada when there were no final examinations. The school appeared to function quite nicely and students continued to graduate. Then examinations were thrust upon the helpless students and much to the disgust of 99 per cent of them, extra work piled up at the end of the year.

IF a professor is unable to tell whether a member of his class is worthy of a passing grade without giving a final examination, it should be the professor who should take the examination (and he would probably fail).

We grant that final examinations are necessary in a large school where professors are unable to keep ample check on the students' work. This, however, is not the case at this school where the average class is not larger than twenty-five students.

In all fairness to the students of the University, final examinations should be abolished. After all, Nevada is not a prep-school.

THE TIME has come for us to say goodbye to the Wolf, a magazine which has been on our campus for the past ten years.

As we look back on the years just passed we wonder at the many things the Wolf saw. As the saying goes, students may come and students may go but the Wolf goes out forever.

The magazine, however, has enjoyed its life on the Nevada campus and it feels that it has, in some way helped to remedy conditions.


The Wolf has been a luxury ever since its existence but it has been a good luxury. A luxury in times like the present cannot be conceived so the magazine will make its bow quietly.

IN YEARS to come when the country will again be on its feet maybe the Wolf will attempt a move at reincarnation and come back in the form of a new magazine to fit the requirements of the day. If it does we hope that its comeback will be lasting.

It has been enjoyable to put out a Wolf every quarter, although for the past two years it has been difficult. We realize that the standards of the Wolf have been lowered to meet the financial obligations for the past two years. All that we hope for is that if the magazine does stage a comeback that it will be able to operate under ideal conditions.

Every dog has his day and the Wolf being a member of the dog family, naturally has his day also. Time is growing short and the old rag feels like it is time to slip into oblivion. After this it will, as President Keith Lee once said, "howl no more".

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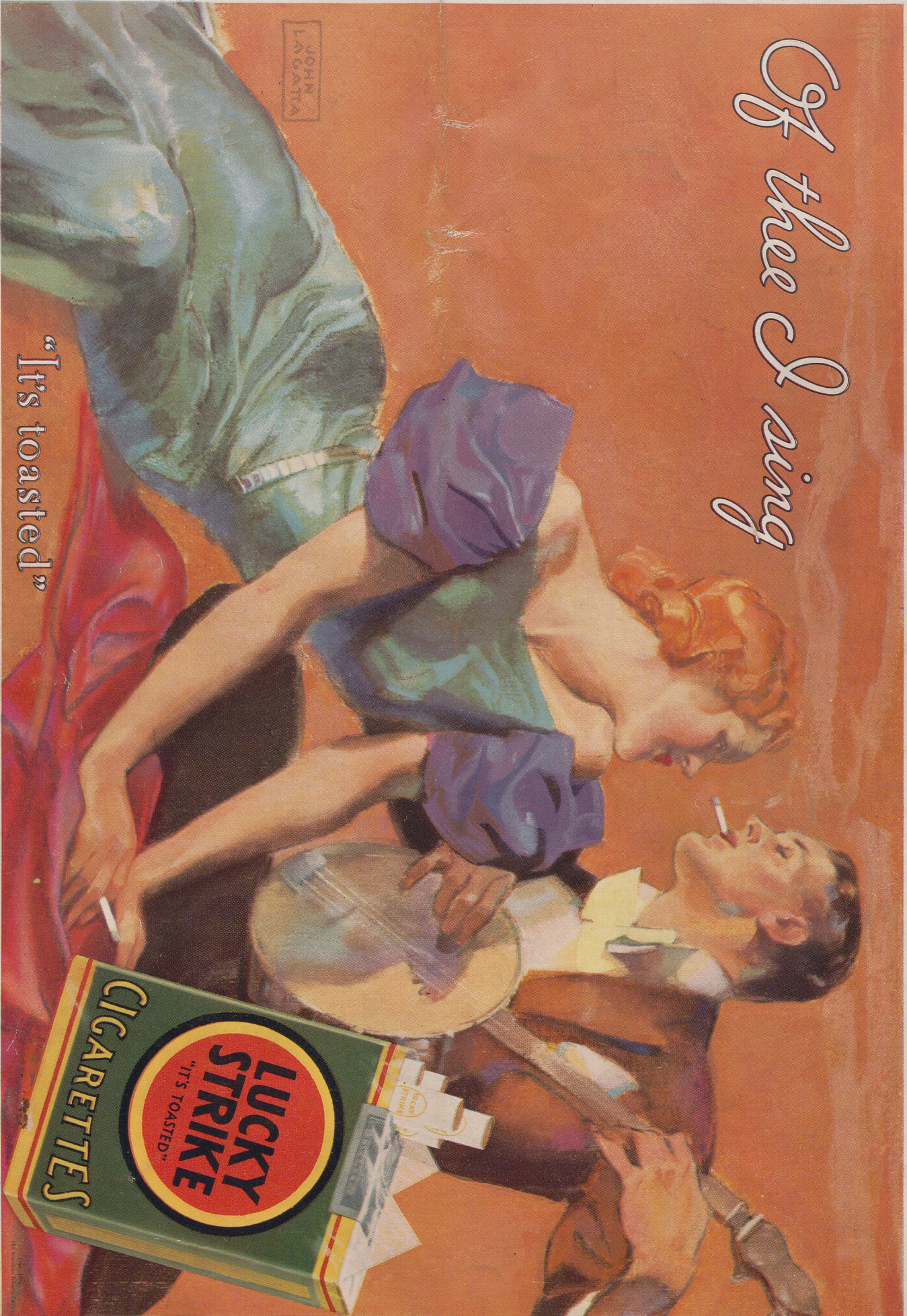
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