



He—You look like Helen Black.  
She—I know I do, but I don't look so bad in white.

When the smooth little, soft little, sweet little girl edges up to you on the sofa, and the lights are low (or completely out), and there isn't a sound anywhere, and she slips a dainty little arm around your neck, and murmurs, "Big boy, kiss me," why man, throw away your package of Murads. That's not the time to act nonchalant.

—Jack-o'Lantern.

'34

Counsel—Now, answer yes or no. Were you or were you not bitten on the premises?

Witness—Anatomy isn't my strong point, but I can tell you that I didn't sit down for a week.

—Log.

He—I'm going to be a B. A. in June.

Sweet Young Thing—That's nothing. I'm going to be a M. A.

He—Why I didn't even know you were married.

—Juggler.

'34

What is this thing that makes me feel

So bad? Ah, quite a question. At first I put the blame on love—But found it's indigestion.

—Sun Dial.

'34

Patient—Doctor, how are my chances?

Doctor—Oh, pretty good, but I wouldn't start reading continued stories.

—Sniper.

Most college fellows get a bigger thrill out of holding their liquor after its in a beautiful co-ed.

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Kadet—Suppose I asked you for a kiss. Would you?

CIA Beauty—I would say "No."

Kadet—Sure—but would you?

'34

'33—About how many cigarettes do you smoke a day?

'34—Just any given number.

'34

Him—Will you marry me?

Her—Marry you? Why you haven't enough money to keep me in clothes!

Him—Listen! That doesn't take money; that takes will power.

'34

First Gossip—You should be named vacuum.

Second Gossip—What do you mean?

First Gossip—Because you pick up all the dirt.

—Wampus.



After all, love at first sight is often just a matter of form.