

He—When do you like radio music?

She—When the lights are low, darling.

'34

I may be going to Hades, boys.
My hand is on the throttle;
So when I die—don't bury me
at all—

Just pour me back in the bottle.

'34

Some girls do it,
Some don't;
Some girls try it,
And others won't.
Most K-dets would like to do
it.

But yet, Co-eds and K-dets are
afraid they'll be caught—cheat-
ing.

'34

She was only a photographer's
daughter—but oh, how she was
developed.

'34

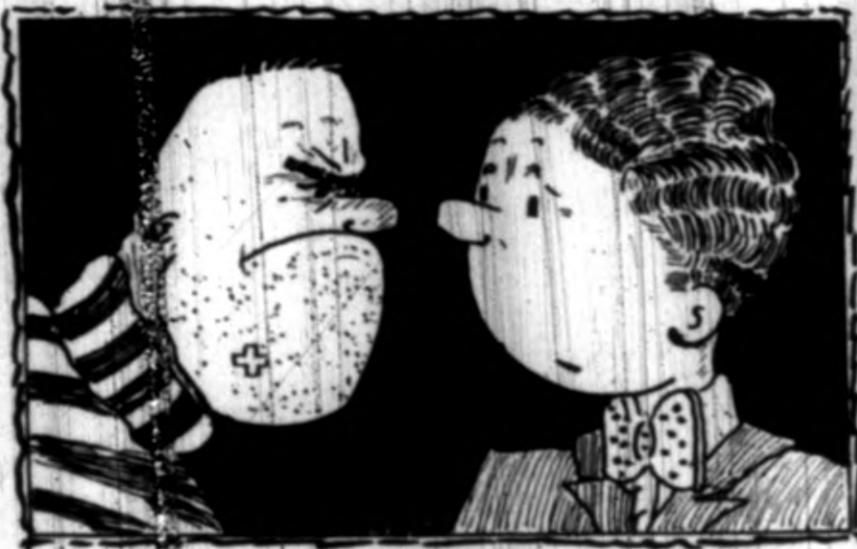
Of course you have heard
about the dumb sophomore who
was so dense that he thought
a "hot dog" was a passion-
ate puppy.

'34

Housewife (interviewing the
new maid)—And have you ever
been parlor-maid?

New Maid (cooly)—No, mam.
But that's the only place I have
got.

—Lyre.



Brother—Say, I didn't see you catch my sister
by the ankle, did I?

Suitor—No, far from it.



1st—You look as if you could use some sleep.
2nd—I can. I spent last night in a berth above
a couple of honeymooners.

She—Are you sure that our
marriage isn't legal?

He—Yes, because your father
carried the gun without a li-
cense.

'34

She—If you try to kiss me,
I'll scream.

He—Not around all these peo-
ple.

She—All right, we'll go some
place where they can't hear me.

'34

Jake—Have you ever suffer-
ed from "Athlete's Foot?"

Jim—Only once— when the
quarterback caught me with his
sister.

'34

We wonder why the "Wedding
March" isn't called the "Battle
Hymn of the Republic."