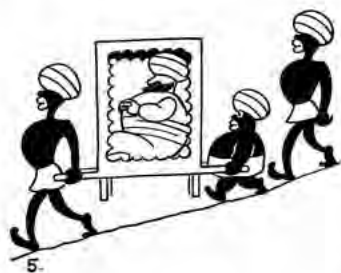
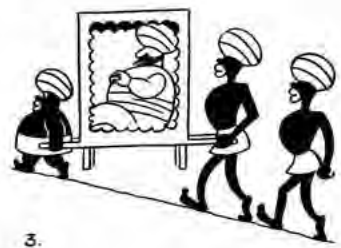




"No more for me, thanks. Mr. Odell is driving me home."







"I was wondering if I could borrow a cup of gasoline."





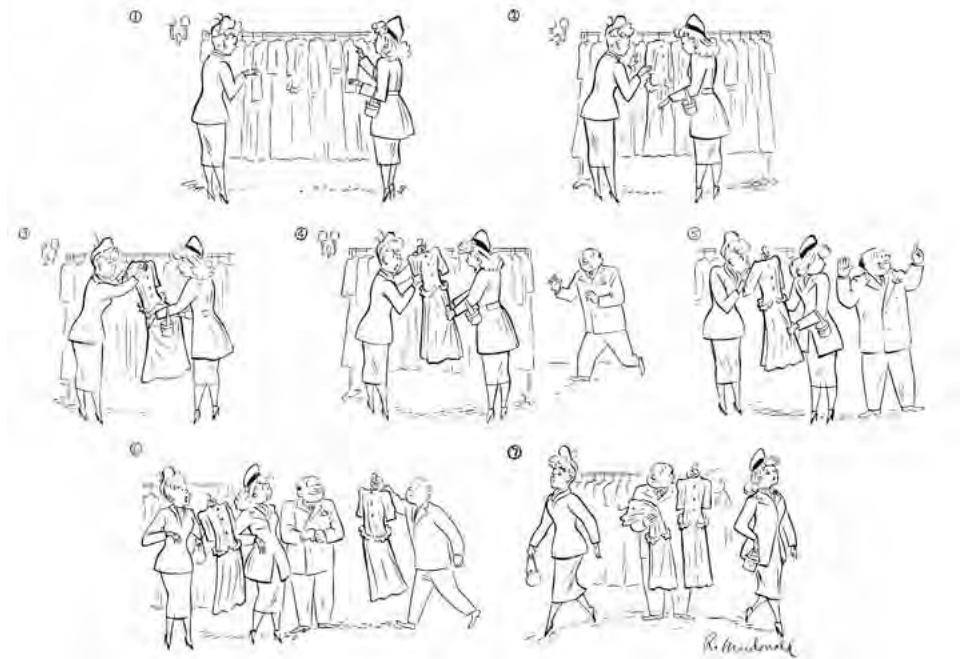
*“Now, after ‘Auld Lang Syne’ don’t serve any more of the
Canadian Club. Start serving this stuff.”*



“Now, just what is your problem, Mrs. Benham?”



“Every year at this time it’s the same thing—he gets to brooding about the old Miss Rheingold.”



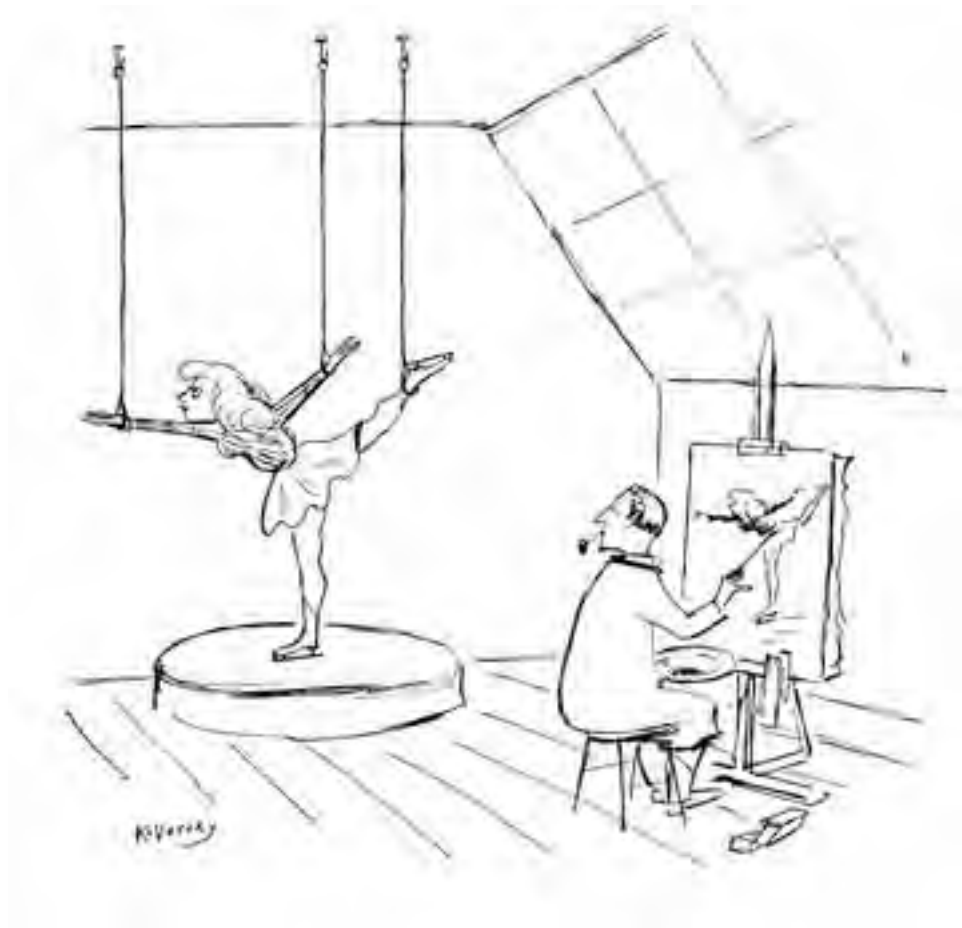


"Aw, come on, Marilyn. You can be Ingrid Bergman."





"The coil and condenser in the electronic receiver don't hold proper resonance, so I get intermittent operation when I uncouple the car through the control on the generator."



Anatol Kovarsky (1/1/1949)

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“Another nice thing about them is that they’re terribly in love.”



"Now, don't overdo, dear."



Saul Steinberg (1/8/1949)

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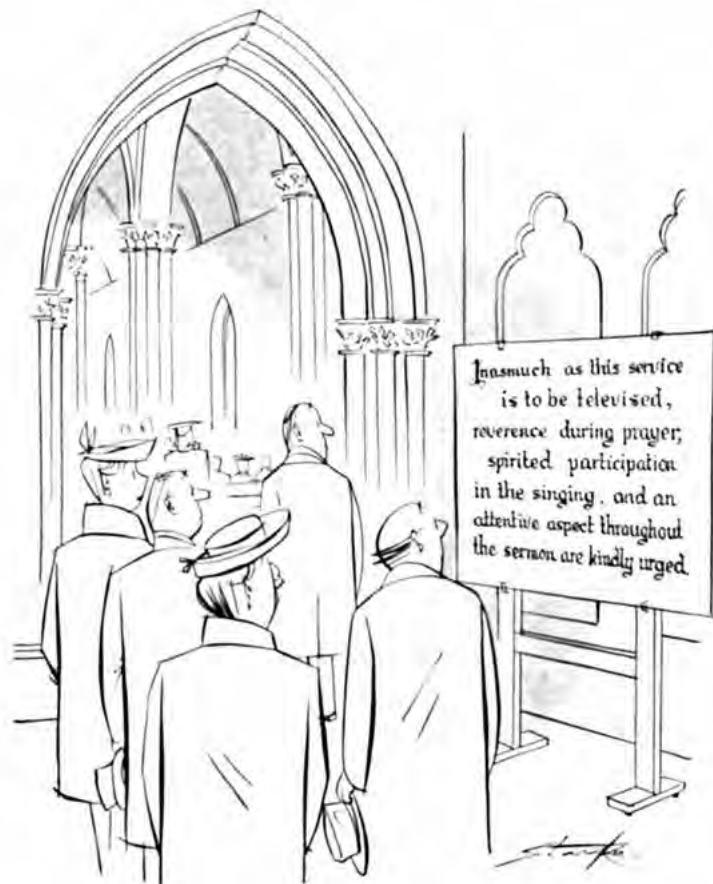


“Mr. President, may I remind the gentleman that the record of my utterances in this chamber will show that I yield to no member of this great deliberative body in my regard for the wisdom of Walter Winchell? However, Mr. President, may I cite Drew Pearson’s column of this morning, in which he states . . .”



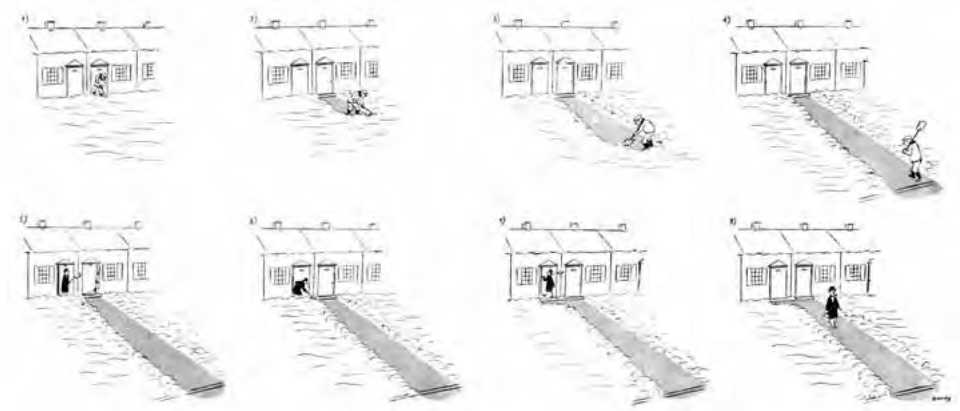
“By the way, our income-tax blanks arrived today.”





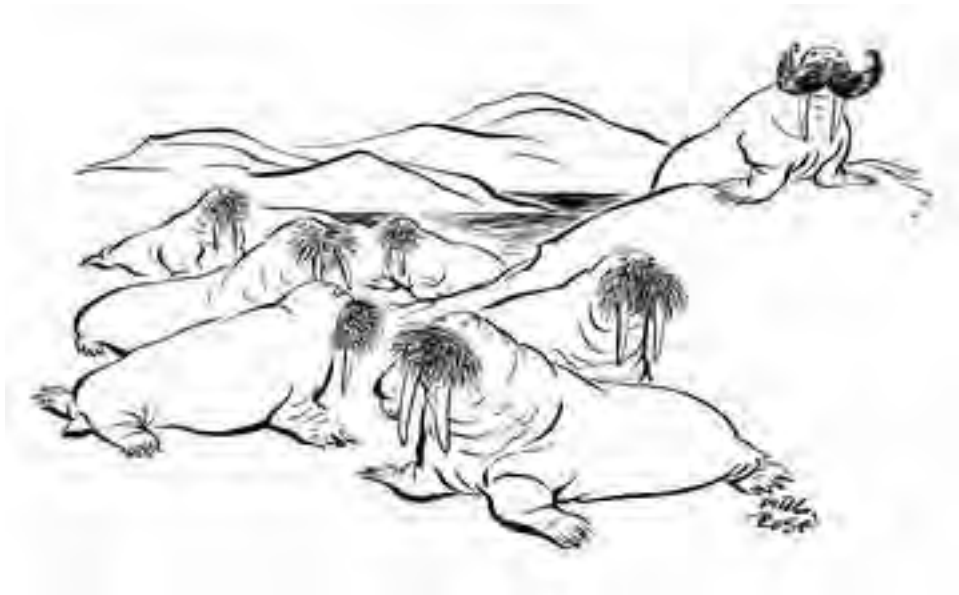


“Edna! I thought you were in the bedroom taking a nap.”

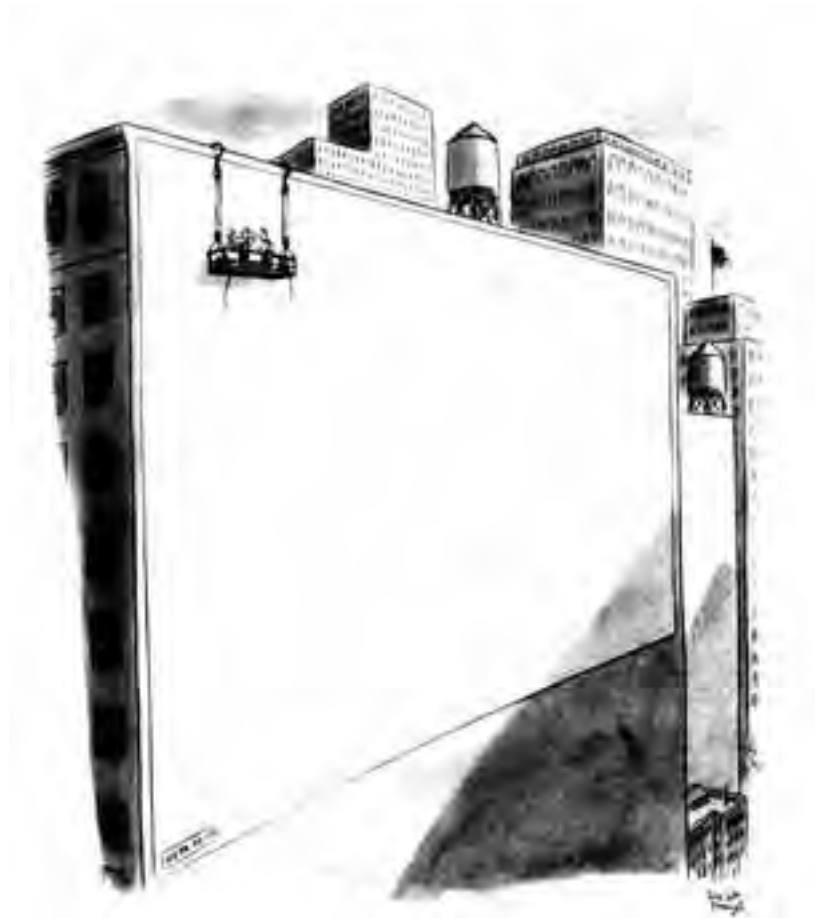




"Just take it easy. Let the ball swing as far back as it wants to go; then, as you bring it forward, let it roll down the alley. Aim a shade to one side of the head pin."







“Oh, good! A dame!”



"But you're you, and I'm only me."





“... and you’ll notice that it’s not on the wrong side of the tracks.”



*“... I want a good, clean fight—no fouling, no gouging,
no butting, no hogging of the television.”*





*“You know the new state’s attorney they elected. Well,
I was his first campaign promise.”*



EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

Hard day at the office

William Steig (1/15/1949)

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"Now yawn."





*"I hoped it would have a kind
of Robin Hoody effect, but now I'm not so sure."*



Anatol Kovarsky (1/15/1949)

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*"I'll tell you how low I'm prepared
to go if you'll tell me how low you're prepared to go."*





"I will not go to hell!"



"She wants a drink of water."



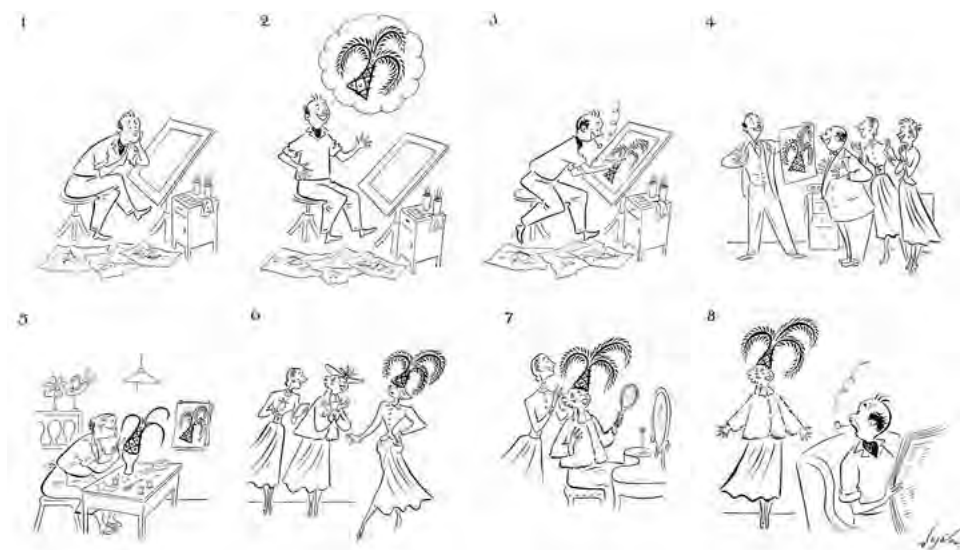
“The damned thing seems to be on every channel.”







*“What ever happened to that tall, thin
accomplice of yours? I haven’t seen him with you lately.”*





“Before we get started, I think I ought to tell you that I don’t always agree with the experts.”





*"I want to present Miss Morgan. She's that
codicil I called you about."*



"Now, don't holler before you're hurt."



"I think I'm coming down with a grippy cold. Perhaps you'd better give me the new Lloyd Douglas."



*"It just bears out my
argument that women should stay out of politics."*



EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

The irony of it all

William Steig (1/29/1949)

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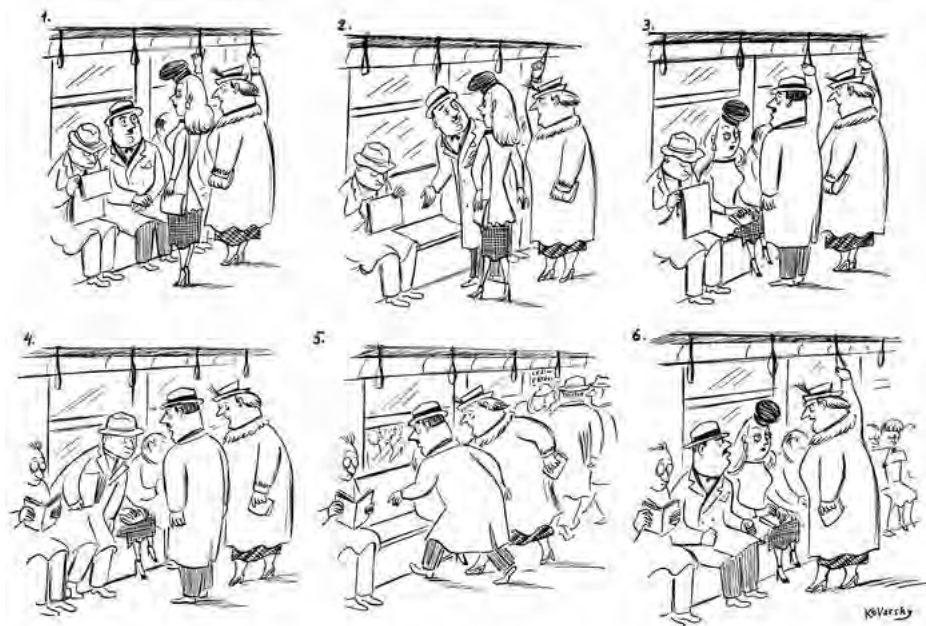


“Am I right in thinking that there is some monetary reward for information leading to his apprehension?”





“No, Mr. Wormer—a great, big NO!”





*"I said there isn't much point in your
ordering a sizzling platter if your hearing aid is out of order."*





"I guess they really were ad-libbing."





“Haven’t you got something a little c-h-e-a-p-e-r?”



"No more sherry, Mr. Foley. I've graduated to Manhattans."





Charles Addams (2/5/1949)

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“... and, of course, the fewer modern conveniences a house has, the less chance there is of something going wrong.”



"I beg your pardon, Madam. This is not a ski tow."





“On your toes tonight, everybody! The Bridgeport ‘Post,’ the Norwalk ‘Hour,’ and the Stamford ‘Advocate’ are all here!”





*"Then it's a deal, Senator. You stay and listen to me
Thursday, I stay and listen to you Monday."*

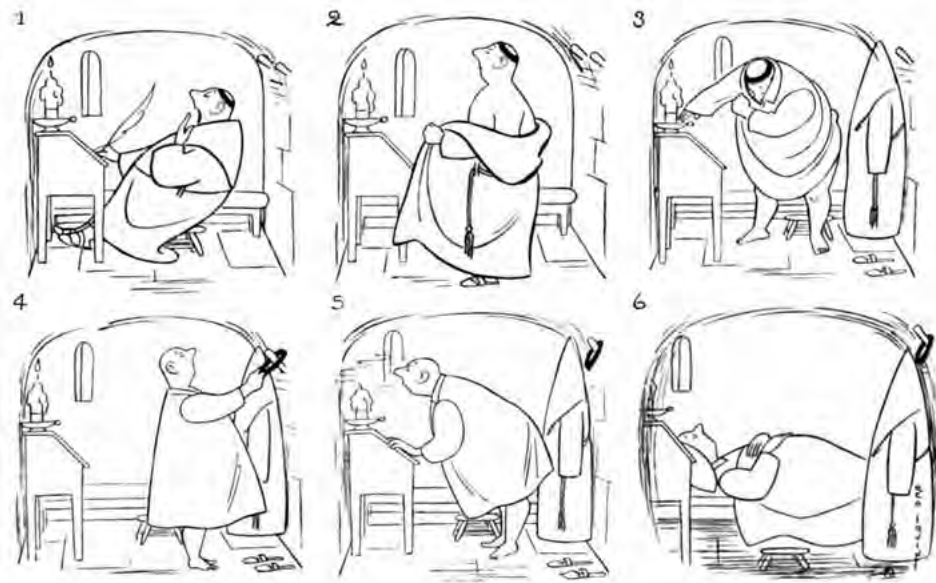




"Oh, there's a nice big one!"



EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS
Weighing all the pros and cons





"All right, you guys, here's the caper. Steve and Illinois take care of the watchman—no fireworks if you can help it, just rock him to sleep with the fat end—but if we have to punch his ticket, Nick and Monahan wrap him in the sack and take him out of the high-rent district later. Because nobody's too cold to tell tales, it says in my book. Dials goes upstairs with me to the office and gets to work on the safe. If it ain't ticklish, we use the soup. Now, there's plenty broccoli in that kettle—tomorrow's pay day and this job has got more Gs than Guggenheim—but one muff and the D.A.'ll be up there askin' twelve guys for bacon. So it's everybody together on this heist, one, two, three, or nobody . . . gets . . . no . . . candy."



“Where do we put it?”





Saul Steinberg (2/12/1949)

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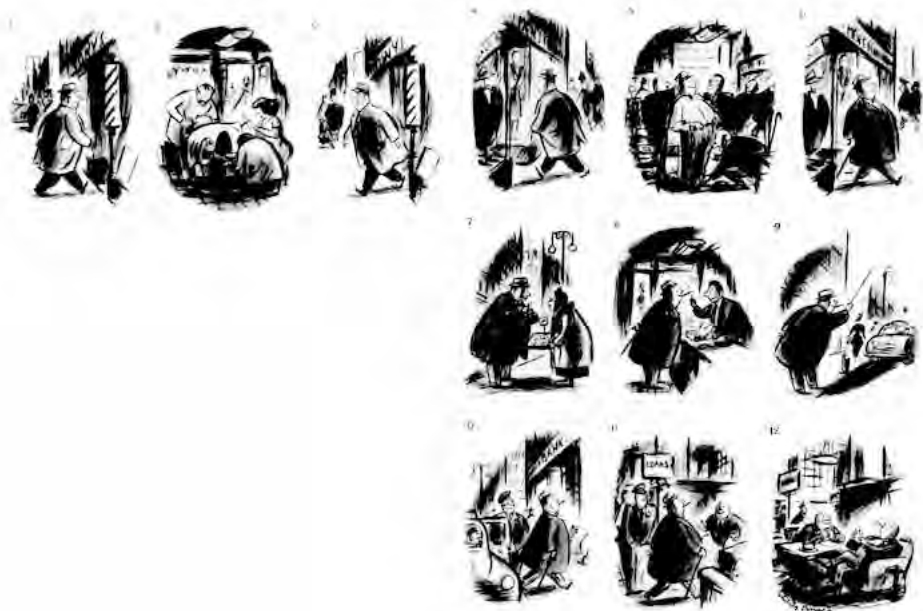


*"I must tell you something
before we unmask. The nose is my own."*





"I still break out in a cold sweat whenever I think of it. In walks Duncan Hines, and all we got left is cold cuts."





*“What do you expect to do
when I’m gone, may I ask—live by your wits?”*



"She's very like her father and has something of his sense of humor."





“In addition to refusing to cultivate any wholesome interest in group activities, he is perverse, crafty, and wanton in those in which he does engage. These are, I feel impelled to emphasize, far beyond the outcroppings of normal juvenile mischief; in fact, they are the early evidences of what may be an extraordinarily morbid ingenuity. I have gone to such length in describing the situation because I know that you will want to be thoroughly informed of the facts.’”

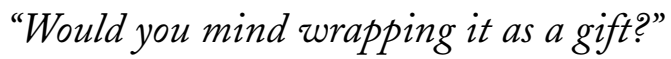


"I didn't know Chalmers owned that much of the show."











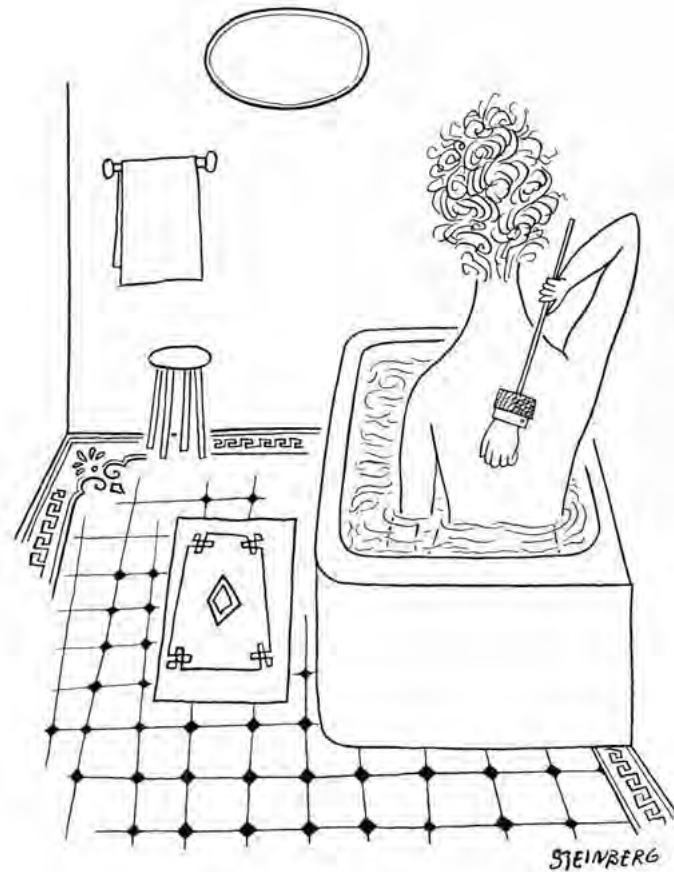
*"I know this much—it isn't every day in the week
that Lewis Gannett goes stark, raving mad."*



“Talk about scurrilous innuendo! Take a look at this.”



“If you ask me, McNally deliberately disagrees with what people say for the sheer joy of defending their right to say it.”





“That reminds me—I have some jet put away in the attic.”





"I must report, Comrades, that there is still no sign of an American depression. I'm beginning to fear this may be part of their anti-Soviet policy."



"Say, this fellow's good!"





“Of course, frankly, in the matter of remuneration, you would be making a great immediate sacrifice if you came into the administration, but you must take into consideration the potential income from newspaper and magazine articles, your private journals, and, eventually, your memoirs.”



“... and then down comes this order that says they’re to be treated like gentlemen, we mustn’t be overbearing, we mustn’t bark at them, we mustn’t do this and we mustn’t do that.”





"We counted on your book being banned in Boston, but we didn't consider the possibility of its being banned everywhere."



*"We have that slight droop in Alexander Hamilton's
left eye to thank for this!"*





*“Oh, but, Mr. Gaynor, I am interested in the plight
of the small businessman.”*



*"Isn't it wonderful to think that we'll always have this
record of their golden childhood days?"*

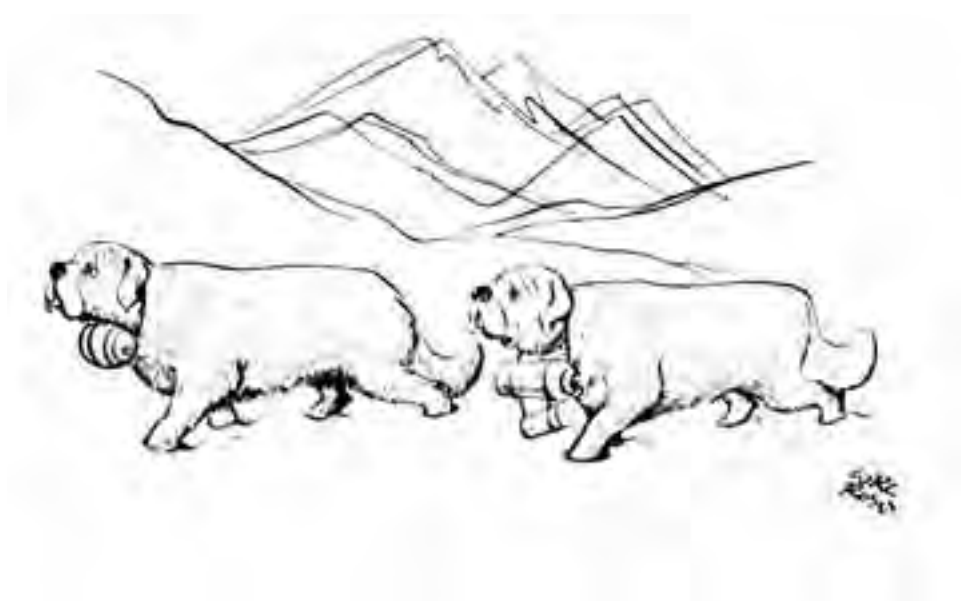


EVERDAY HISTRIONICS

Sang-froid

William Steig (2/26/1949)

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"Could you point out any opium dens—off the record, of course?"



"Naturally."

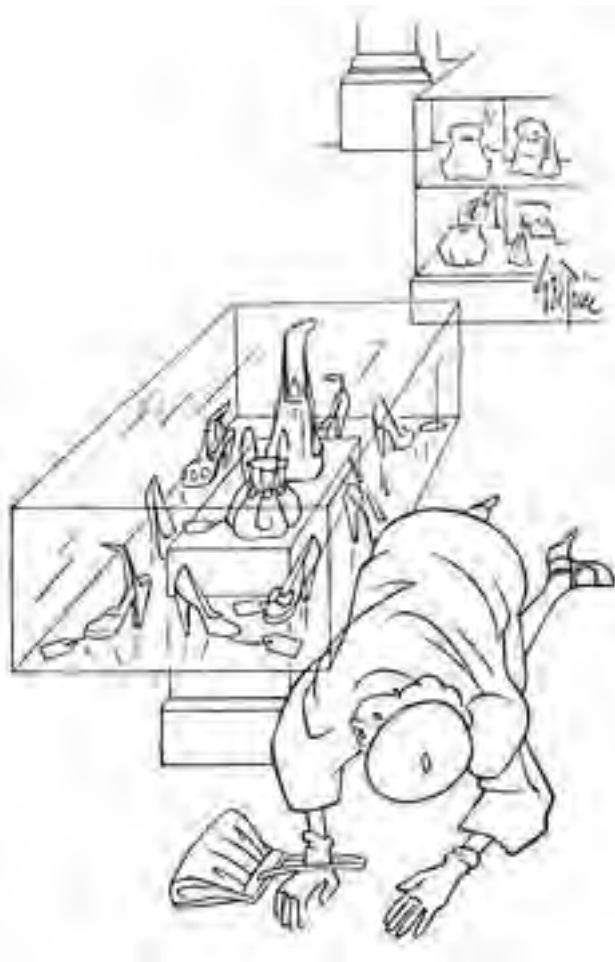




“Morton, follow Simpson up the ladder with the Number Three Hose. McIlvenny, into the basement with the inhalator crew. Hennessey, grab an axe and get to the roof. Fisher, mingle with the crowd and sell tickets to the ball.”



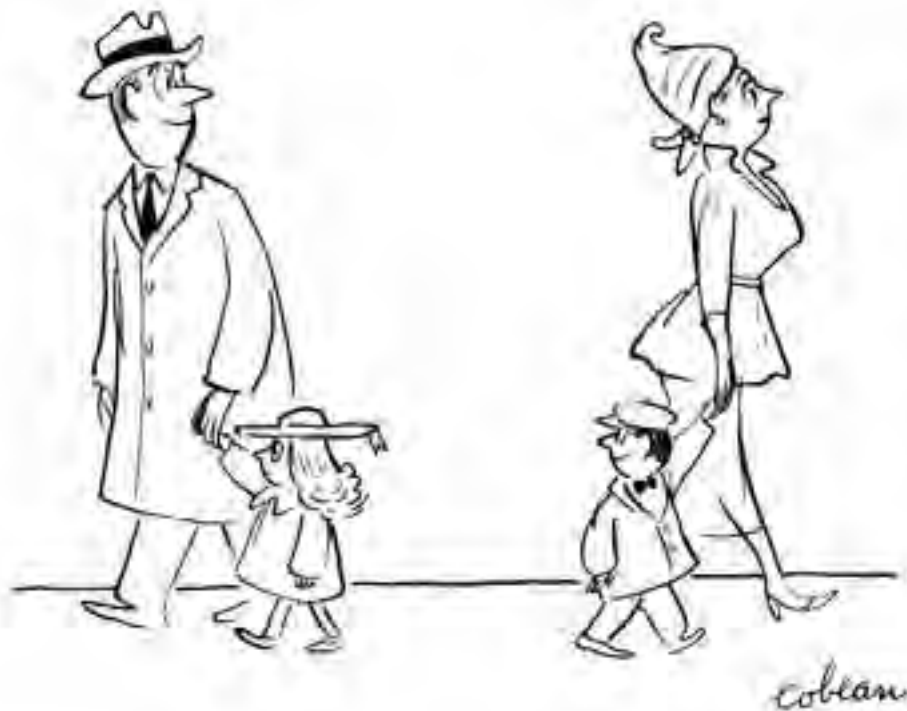
“And remember this—you’ll never get gray worrying about depreciation.”







*"I'm afraid there aren't
any more surprises left in Frances Parkinson Keyes."*





*“Well, I get a little income from a summer cottage in Quogue,
but I never thought the government would be interested in that.”*



"All I've got to say is this is one hell of a time to lose a search warrant."



*“He’s either the youngest
or the oldest general in the Air Force—I forget which.”*





“Thank heaven there’s one gentleman on this bus.”





Saul Steinberg (3/5/1949)

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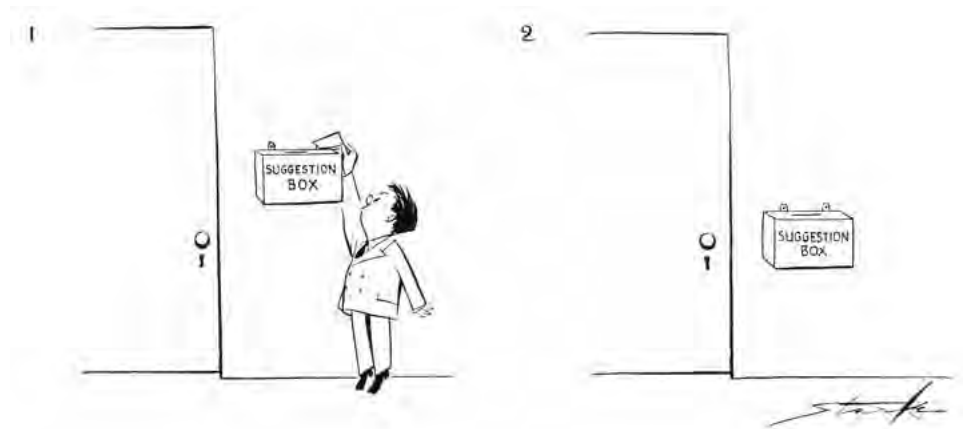
“I kept telling you to watch where you were going. If you’d ever stop gawking at billboards and keep your eyes on the road signs and pay the slightest attention to other people’s hand signals . . .”



“Why, Harry! You’re shorter than I am!”



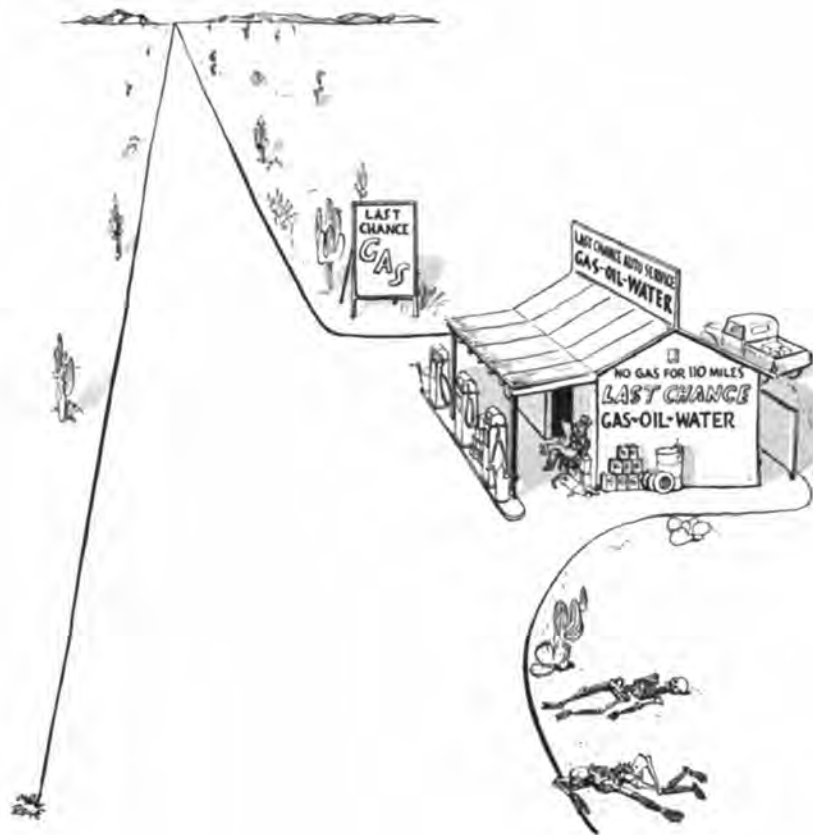






*"I want to look as if I had stumbled accidentally
into the twentieth century."*







"Save your breath, Betty-Lou."



“And with the thunder of Comet’s hoofbeats fading into the distance, we say farewell to the Masked Stranger until next week at this same time.”



"Let's see . . . Toothpaste, check; change of linen, check; pj's, check; hankies, check; socks, check— Oh, oh, dressing gown!"





"Got enough stuff for any six pitchers, but his control has me worried."



"We want the gypsy who prophesied Truman's victory."



"I am pleased to inform you, Private Garvin, that under the new procedure, you are being tried by a court-martial upon which the enlisted personnel is represented."

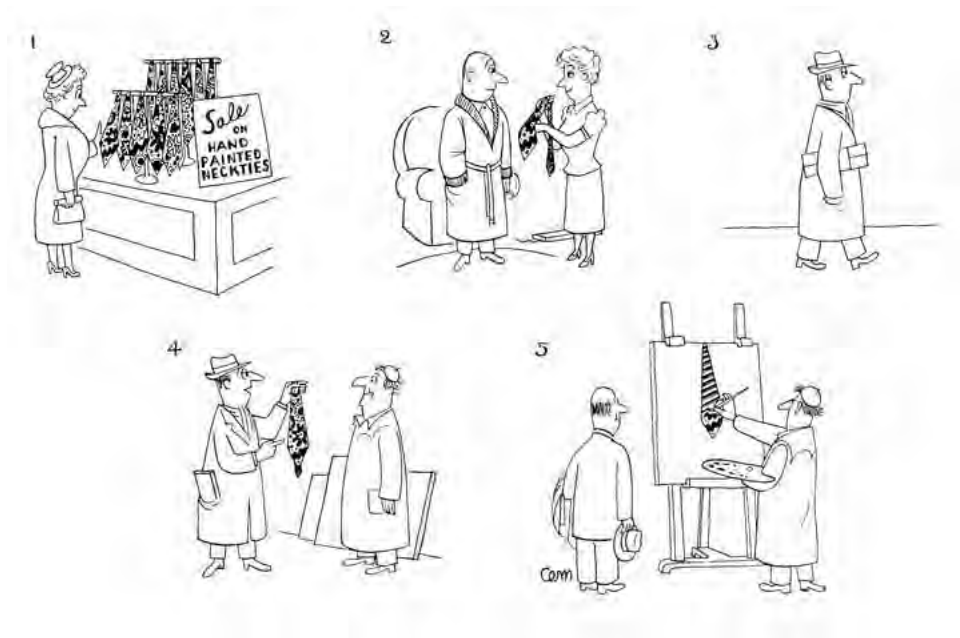




"For heaven's sake, can't you do anything right?"



"It wasn't so bad, for an epic."







“Could you hide this for me until I get a dividend check?”





Whitney Darrow, Jr. (3/19/1949)

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“The President stands ready to make the appointment, the Cabinet backs him up, and if you gentlemen approve, it’s just a question now of sounding out Drew Pearson.”





"I beg your pardon."

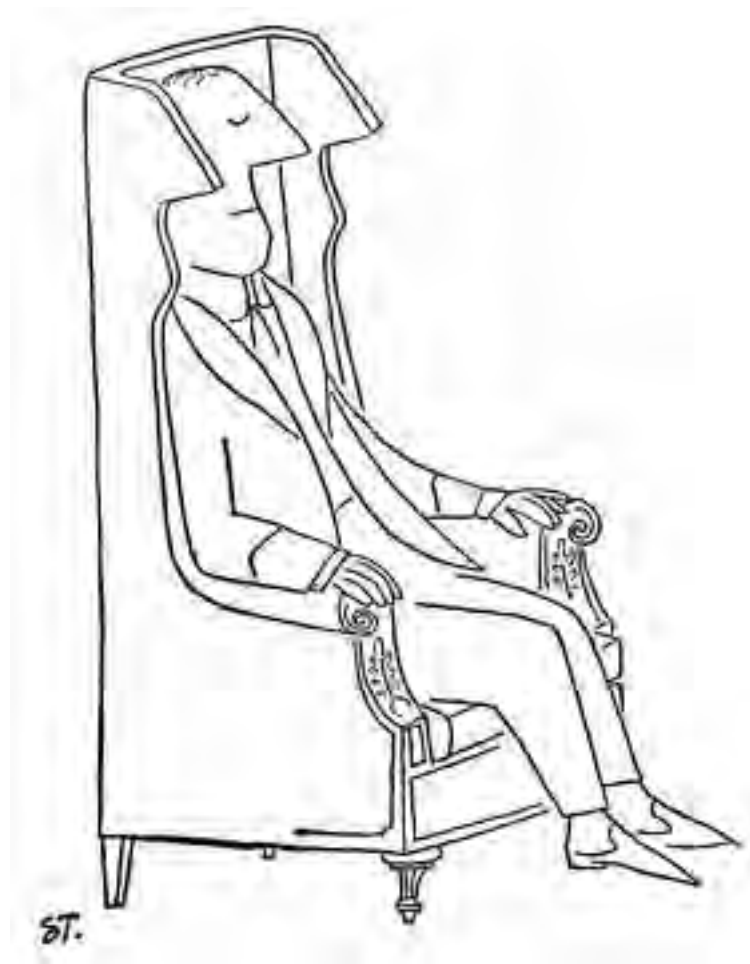
"I beg your pardon."



EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

Rapturous gratification





Saul Steinberg (3/19/1949)

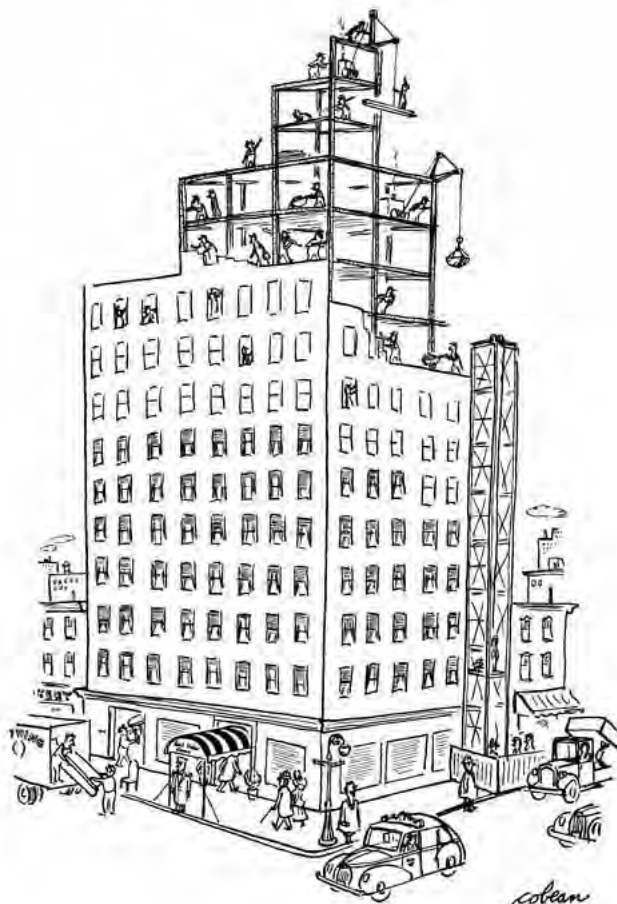
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“Wouldn’t you think they’d have a place for withdrawals, too?”



"All I can say is, go to Paris, see for yourself."





*“At the time of the wreck, Governor Coolidge was attempting
to settle the Boston police strike. Fill me in.”*







"Which is the best one for curing a cold?"



Sam Cobean (3/19/1949)







"I paint what I feel."



(1 OF 7)



“Calendula . . . snapdragon . . . chicken wire . . . nippers . . .”

(2 OF 7)



*"I want to achieve the effect
of a sombrero carelessly thrown down."*

(3 OF 7)



*“But we can’t go back
to the Waldorf with a rake!”*

(4 OF 7)



*“If we get separated,
look for me in the cyclamens.”*

(5 OF 7)



*“I go to all the trouble of driving these
anemones from Babylon, and what do
they do? They hang their heads!”*

(6 OF 7)



*“Do you really think it’s playing fair
to shellac a pussy willow?”*

(7 OF 7)



"I'm terribly nervous. In just a few minutes, I'm going to be judged by Mrs. C. Monford Cole."

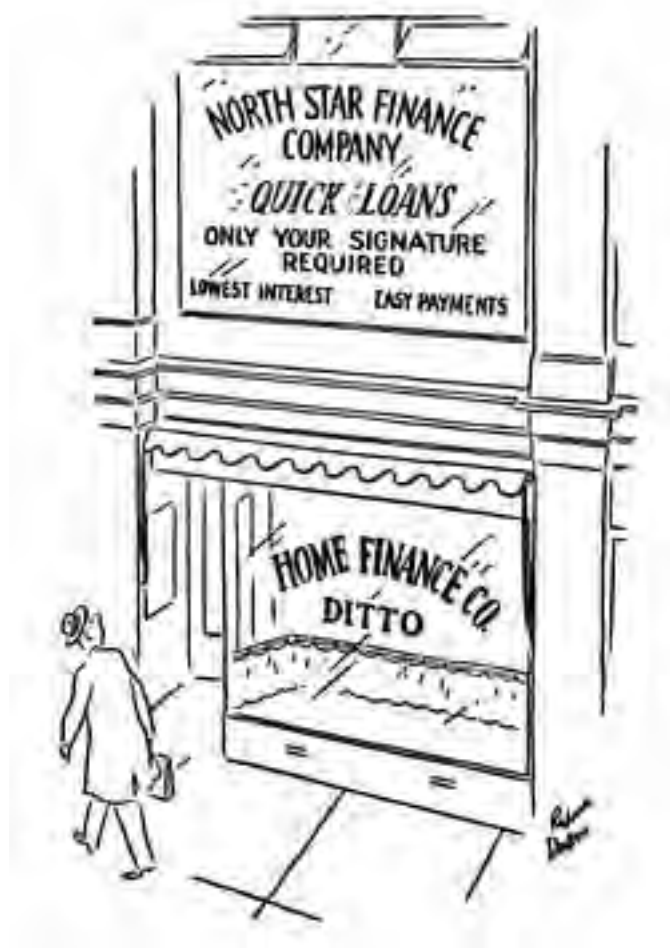


"It keeps him occupied and quiet."





“What’s it like out?”

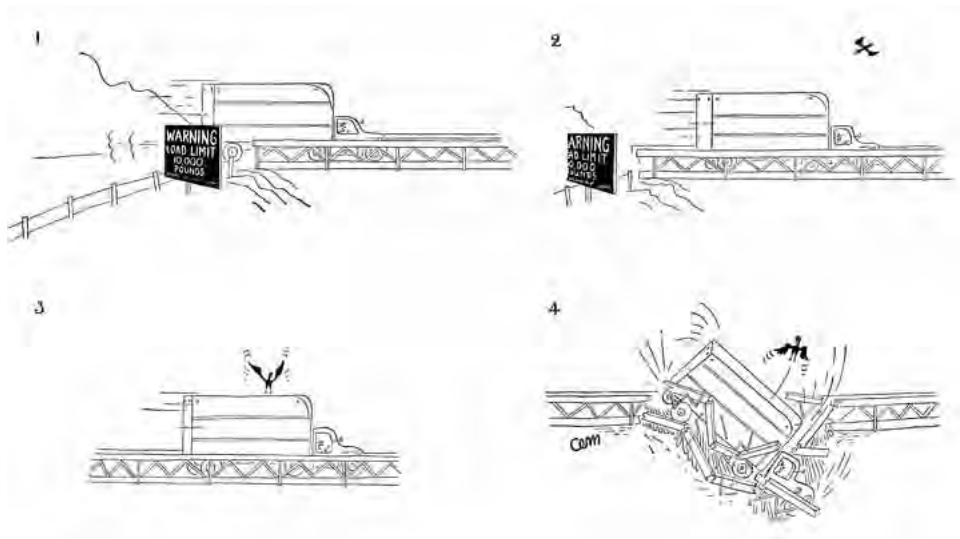


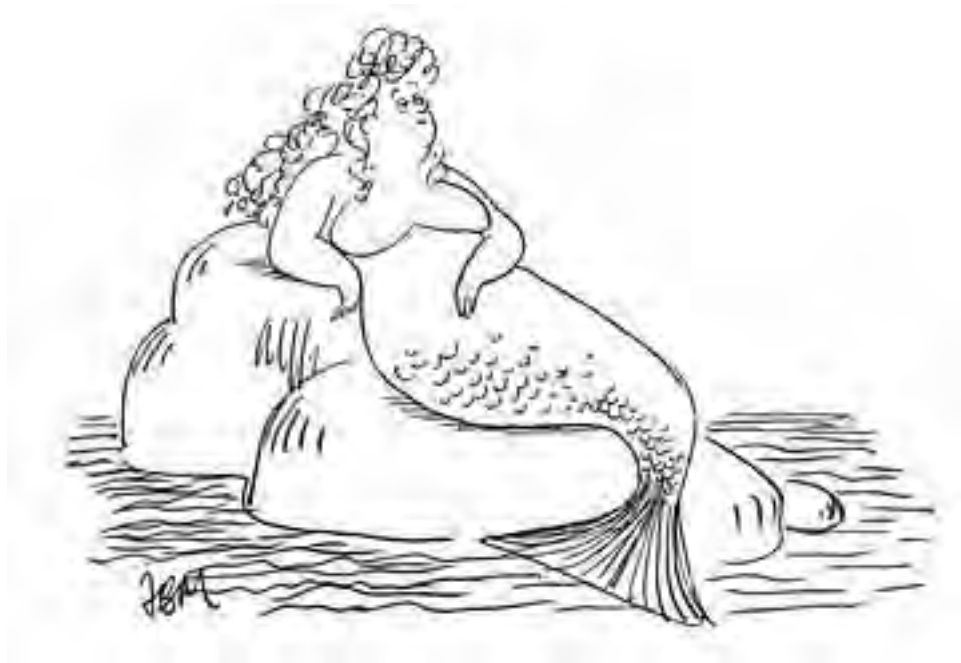


“But, Madam, have you given serious thought to the sand and dirt that will be on your rugs when the water recedes?”



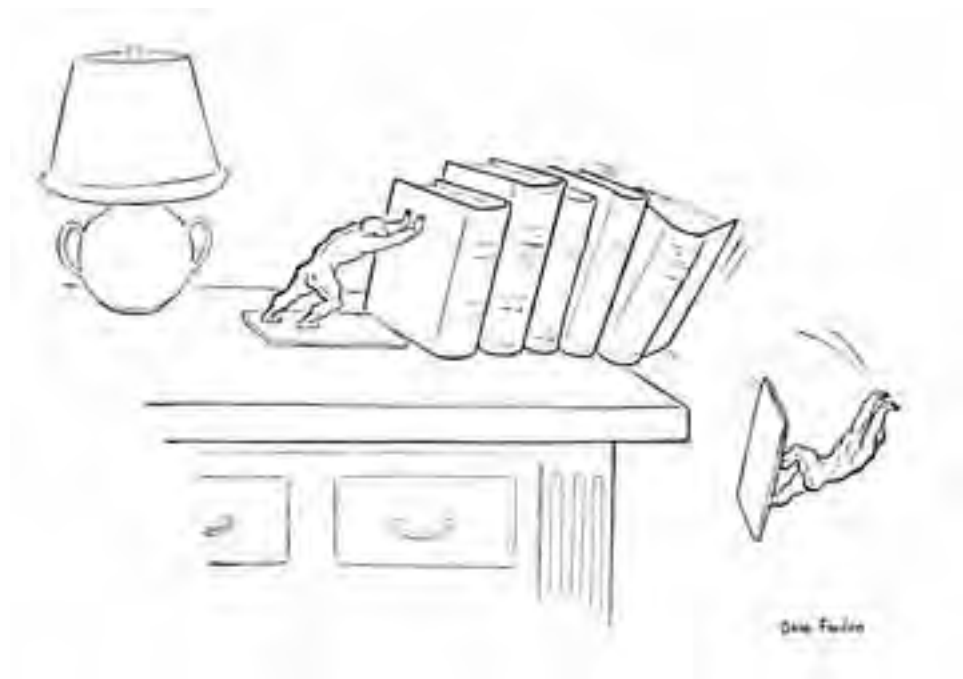
“The views and opinions expressed by the Reverend Dr. Medworth do not necessarily reflect those of this station.”







"Hell, that ain't big for a barracuda."





"You're going to marry a tall, dark couple."



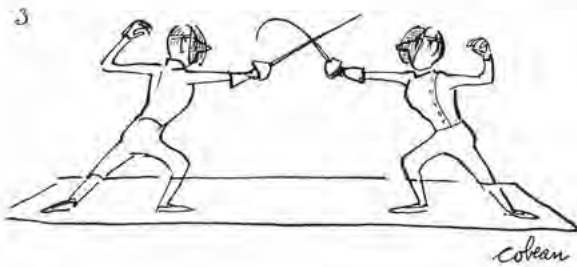
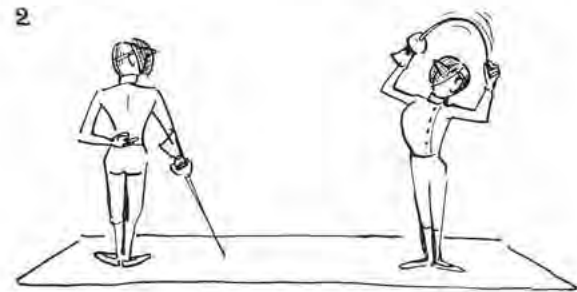
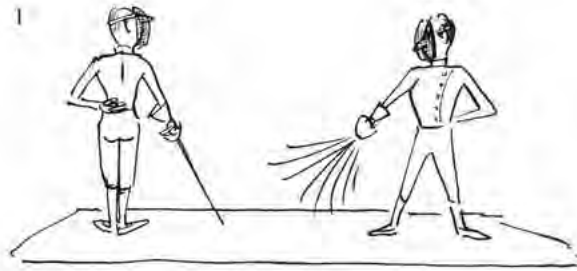




"It's very generous of you, Mr. Gorman, I must say, but if my income goes over thirty-six hundred, I'll be evicted from the low-rent housing development I live in."



"Have you been especially worried about anything lately?"





"I hate to see de evenin' sun go down . . ."

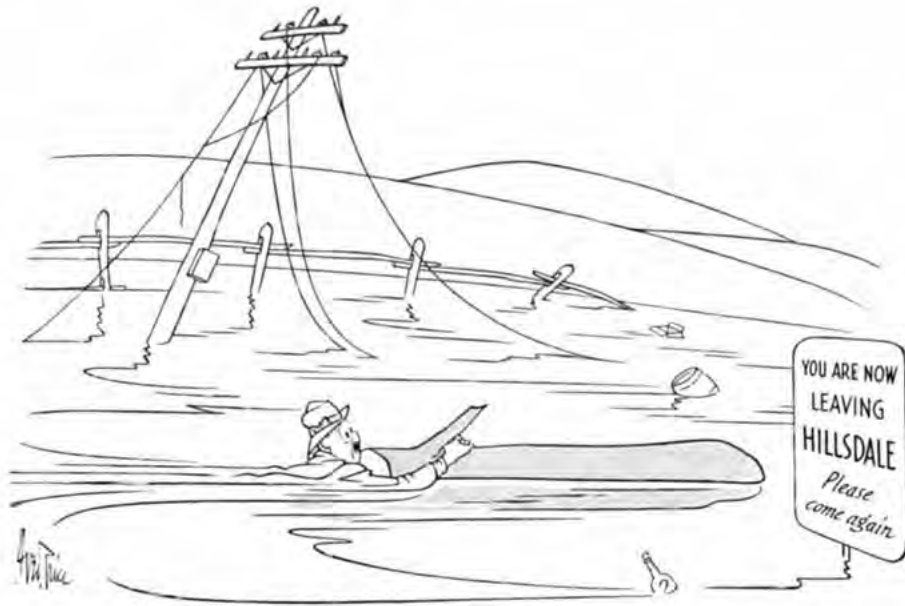




"I was the vivid one of the family."



“Marty Taffer—your pyramid party—remember?”





"With you, it's different. You've got talent, courage, imagination, savoir-faire . . ."





“Oh, Mr. Nagle! Will you authorize this?”





*“What ever happened to those inexpensive
little islands off the coast of Spain?”*



“It all boils down to this—either you root out this infantile aggressiveness or you keep out of saloons.”





"I thought that referee never would start counting."





"Is tipping permitted?"



*"The trouble with making a spare in the last frame
is that you have to roll an extra ball."*







EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

Man of Mystery

William Steig (4/9/1949)

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“Why, I can sing better than that!”



*“What gripes me is that I helped build this place
with the taxes I did pay.”*

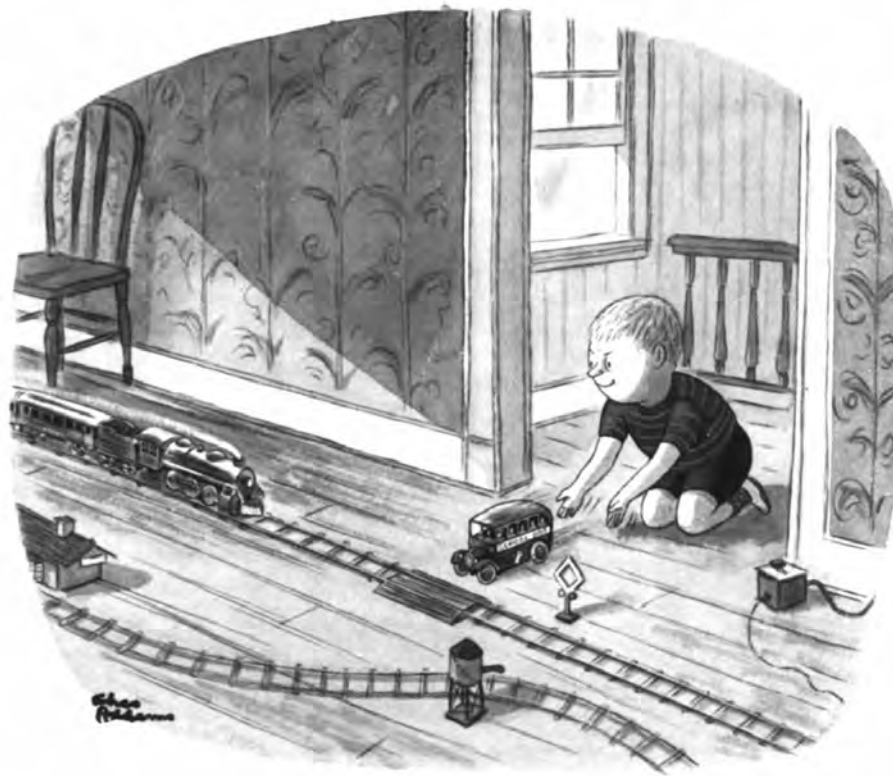






*“He’s been a different man since
the doctor ordered him to switch commentators.”*









"This is Adjustments, sir. You want Alterations."



*"Just drive straight ahead, sir. We'll have you
out of here in a jiffy."*



“Oh dear, I’m afraid I’ve got a bite!”





“This is where they’ve changed it. In the book, she poisons him.”





“... and now, folks, listen to that eager bark as Lassie scents her delicious dinner of healthful, nutritious Vita-Biscuit.”



“So for three years he keeps putting me off with the solemn promise I’ll get my grand back next Saturday—one week giving me a song and dance he has to pay his income tax, the next appealing to my emotions his mother needs an operation. Finally, what do I do but let him prevail on my good nature still further; namely, with these priceless family heirlooms, which I don’t know whether it hurts him more to part with them or me to take them.”



"Splendid, Alfred! I didn't think you could do it."









"Sometimes I think J. P. Marquand is trying to make me laugh."



“Taking an all-round view of the situation, our best bet would be a crime story, semi-documentary, done in the form of a musical comedy, and laid in Italy.”



*“... If any man can show just cause why they may not
be lawfully joined together, let him now speak...”*





Saul Steinberg (4/23/1949)

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*“As a matter of fact, on the night of the twenty-second
I was over at the Ninth Precinct Station, being unjustly
accused of another crime.”*





"I can't say I feel much sympathy. I had the stringiest lamb chops I ever ate in his restaurant the other night."



“There should also be a little dog laughing to see such sport.”



"You certainly know my Achilles' heel, Mr. Benson."





“Notice how this thing here goes? Well, in your case . . .”



"Where is whatever is reduced fifty per cent?"





*“But if we disband our Defend America Committee,
won’t Russia take it as a sign of yielding?”*

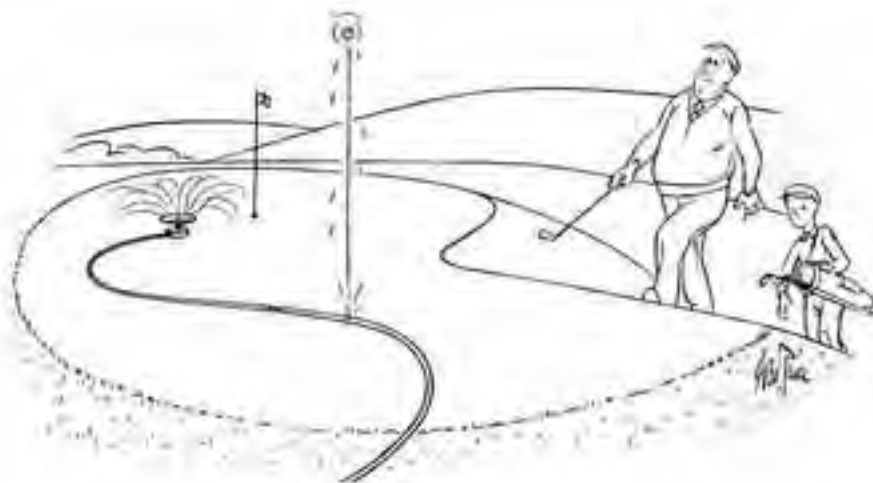




“And now Mr. Haines’ predictions of what Drew Pearson will predict.”



"You might at least have given me a chance to reverse my topcoat."





*“And if you don’t mind my
saying so, Miss, I can hear those wolves howling already.”*



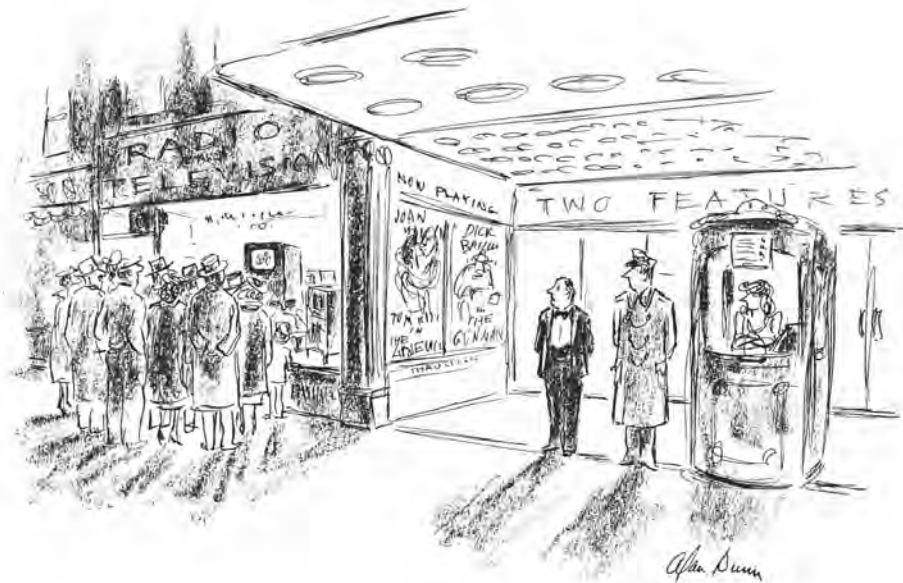


“Do you, Martha, take me, John . . .”





“Well, mine got off to an even slower start than yours—a few reviews buried in the Sunday book supplements, hardly enough to provide blurbs for the ads, and a squib in the ‘Saturday Review.’ Then Jinx and Tex had me for breakfast one morning, and before I knew what had happened, Mary Margaret McBride was on the phone, Ess and Ess had appropriated ten thousand more for publicity, and my agent shot me through the Middle West on an autographing tour. Now I’m right smack on the best-seller list.”





EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS
Casual demonstration of strength





“Now, promise not to get bored.”







"I sometimes wonder about Brother Bartholomew."

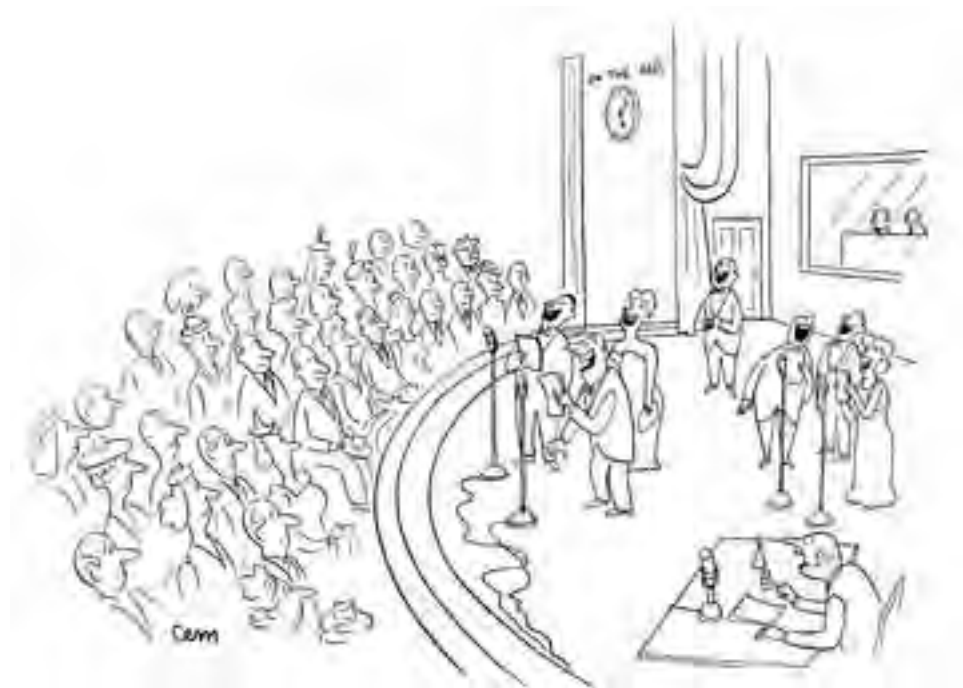


*"According to my figures, the Corn Exchange Bank has made
a mistake of \$13,613.22 in my favor."*



"My notion is this—we plead guilty, put the blame squarely on the comic books, and throw ourselves on the mercy of the court."







"I need sprays, sprays, sprays!"



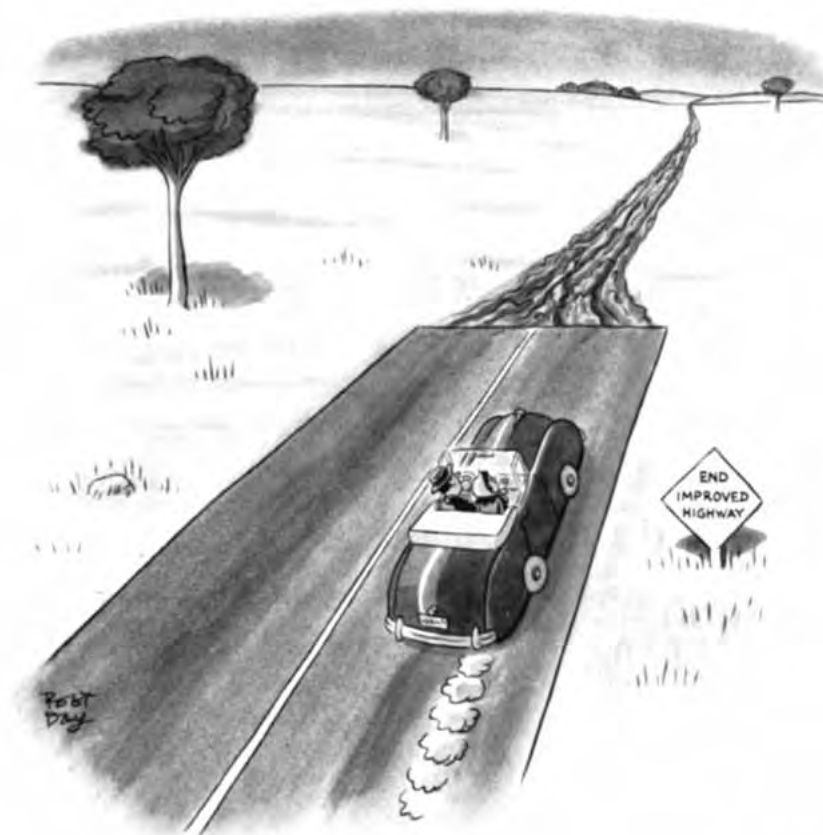
*“Valerie won’t be around for several days. She
backed into a sizzling platter.”*



“May I ask, sir, what you were doing in my house?”



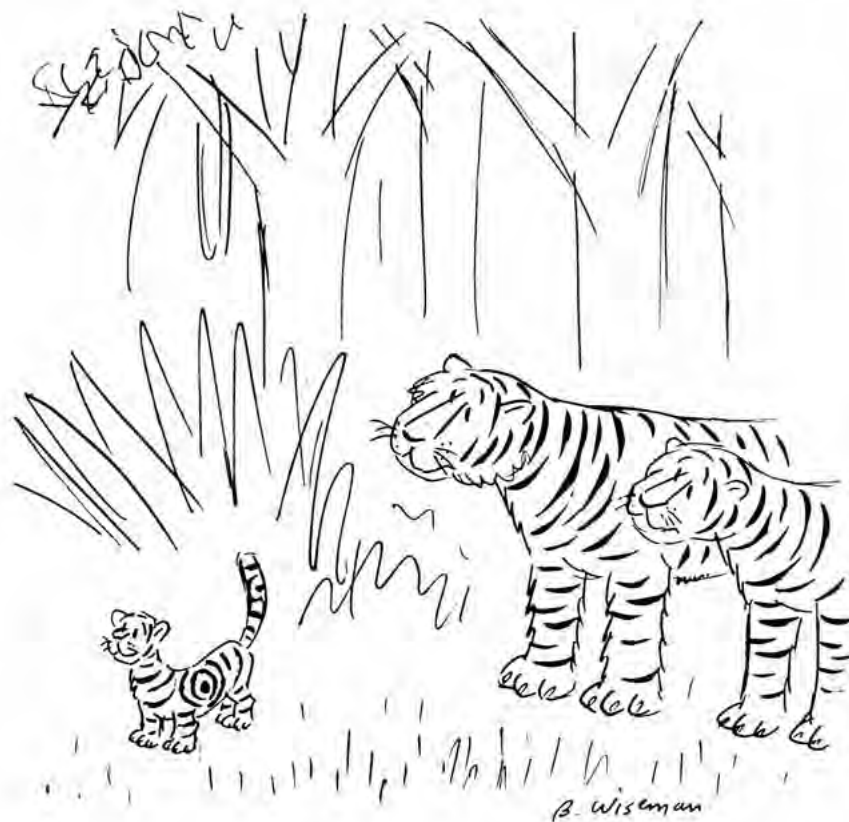
"I've decided to fight fire with fire."





"Something to break over a small cabin cruiser."







"What I like about Agatha Christie is she's so full of surprises. This time, she puts poison in cocoa."





“Fellow-comrades and undercover agents of the F.B.I . . .”







“On your toes, men! Two more minutes and the cooling-off period expires.”





“We’re from the Hooper survey, sir. Do you have your radio on, and if so what program are you listening to?”





*"It doesn't make me look too
much like Field Marshal Montgomery, does it?"*



“Edward! Thank heavens! I couldn’t imagine what had happened to you!”







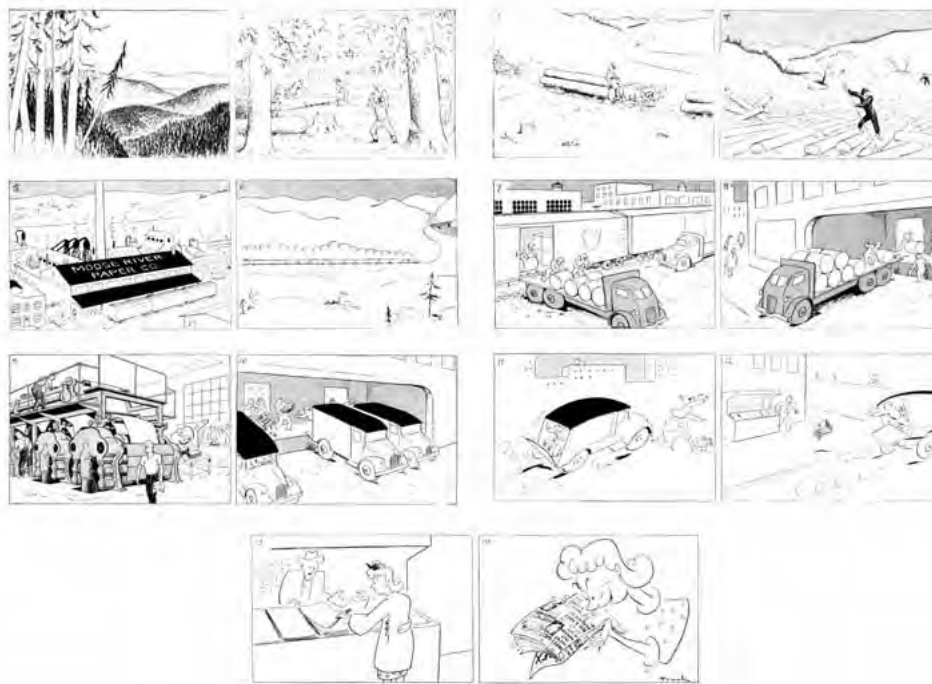


*"John Hawkins! You know perfectly well you
lost that compass on purpose."*



“Which one is Ted Williams?”







"Oh, Daddy! Look at the goldfish!"





"Guess who I ran into—my old Wac sergeant!"



EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

Man's man



*"I very nearly married her once. Fortunately,
I had a cracking good lawyer."*



Saul Steinberg (5/21/1949)

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"Now, I want you to pretend that it's your five thousand dollars."



"It sleeps four, sir, as we shall be happy to demonstrate."





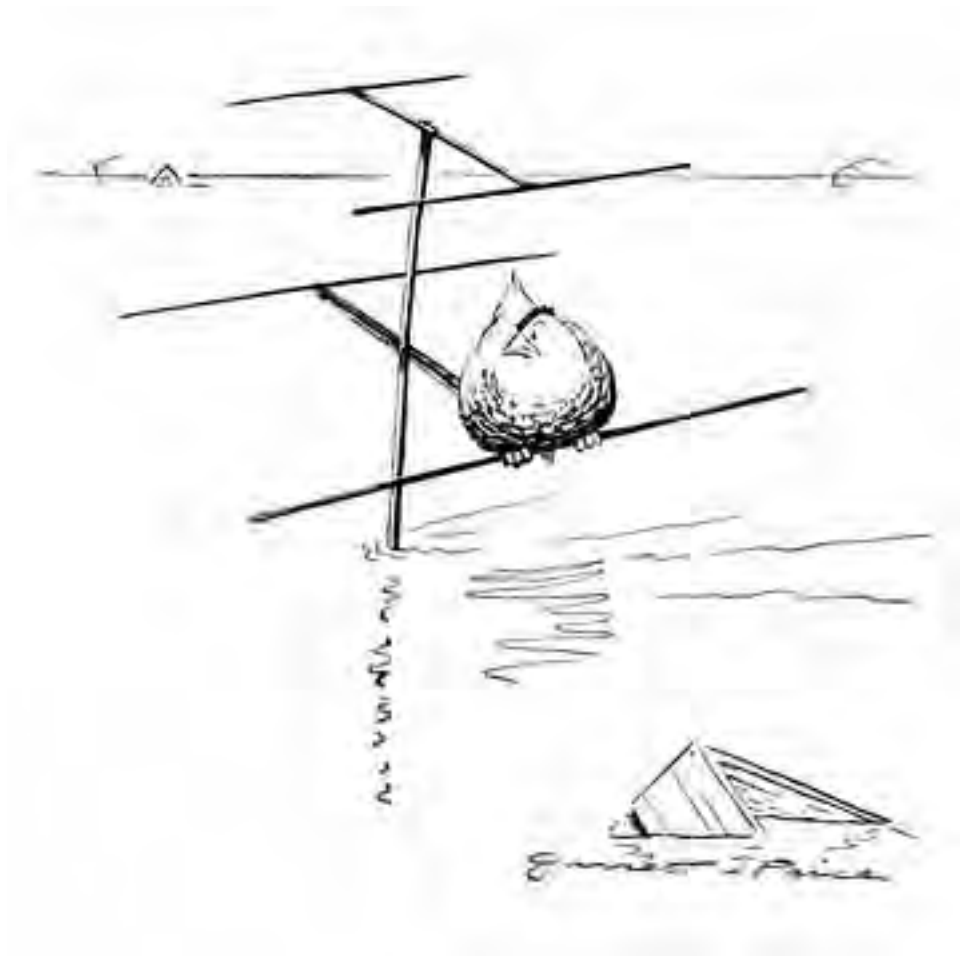
"I'm perfectly furious! It would have gone another fifty yards if he hadn't got in the way."







“Easy, now.”





*“You must try not to dwell
on it. Remember, ‘that boy’ isn’t in the White House yet.”*



"Yes?"





"Karl Marx say . . ."







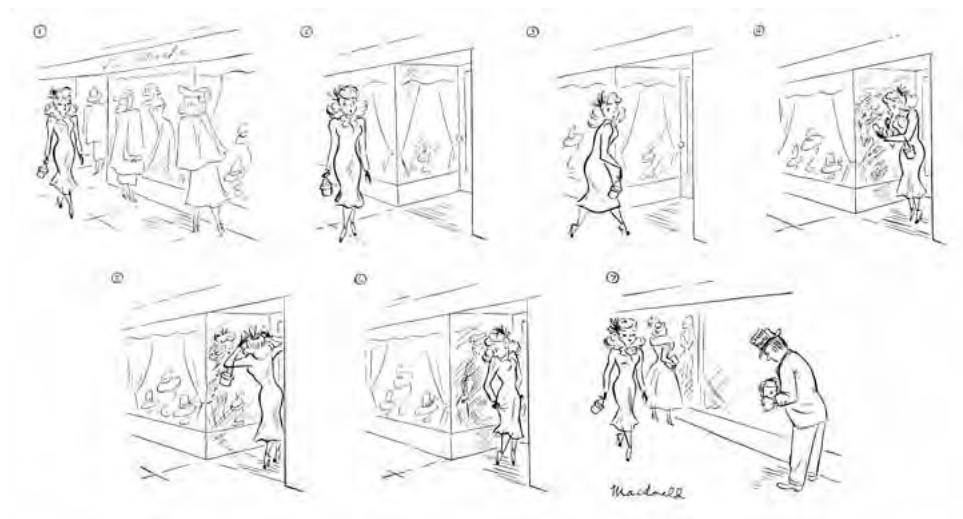
"I want a caddie who doesn't play the game himself."



“Drawing upon my not inconsiderable experience, Andrews, my advice to a young man ambitious of preferment in our calling is to steer clear of two subjects—politics and religion.”



"Pardon me, is this seat taken?"





Anatol Kovarsky (5/28/1949)

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*“Understand, young man, we don’t want any of
those easy-to-assemble things.”*







"Macy's is closed!"

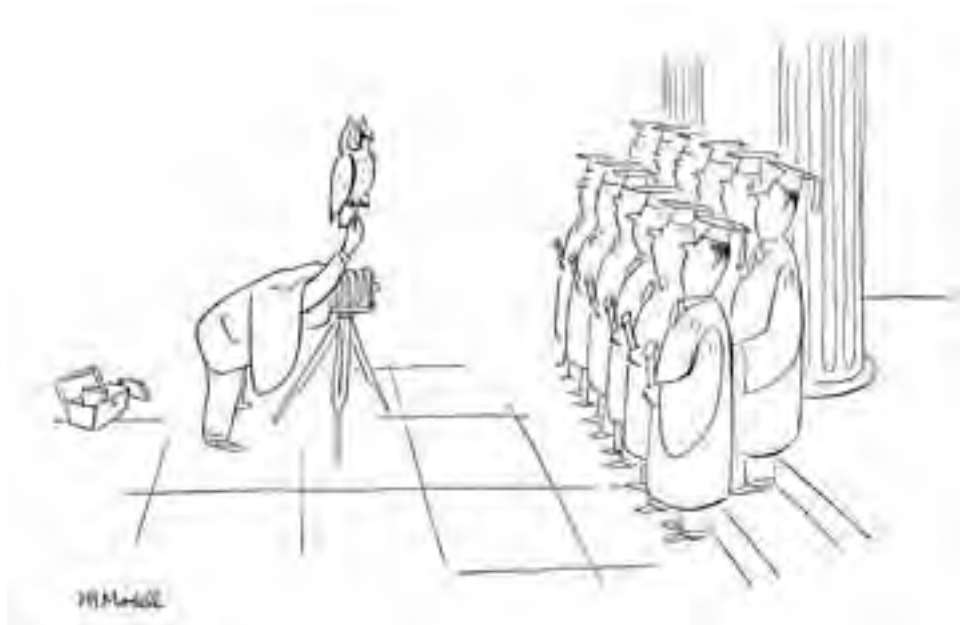




“When I was her age, a sergeant was making a play for me.”



"You don't need a psychiatrist. What you need is a bigger car."





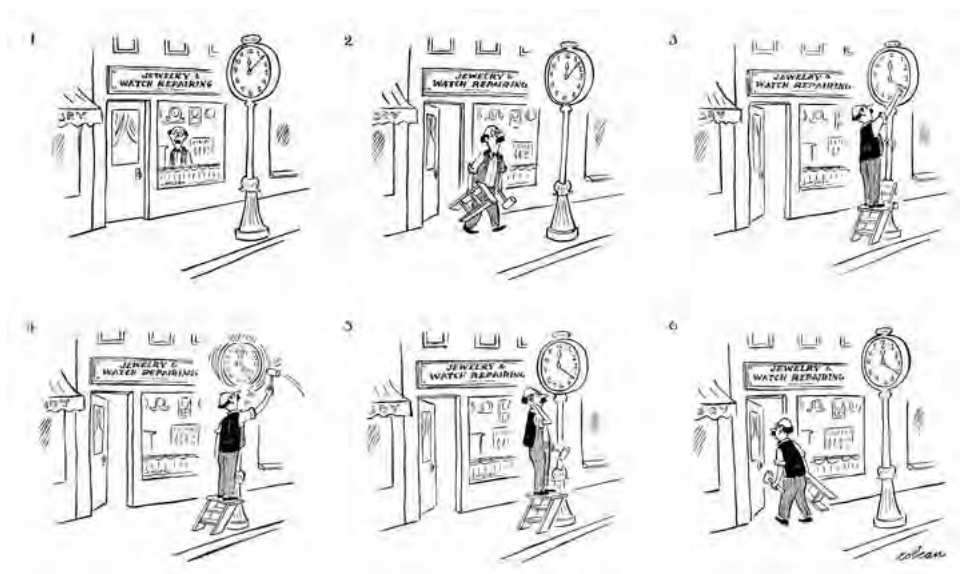
“Is it true that the White Mountains have been going downhill?”



"Hey! I knew it, too!"

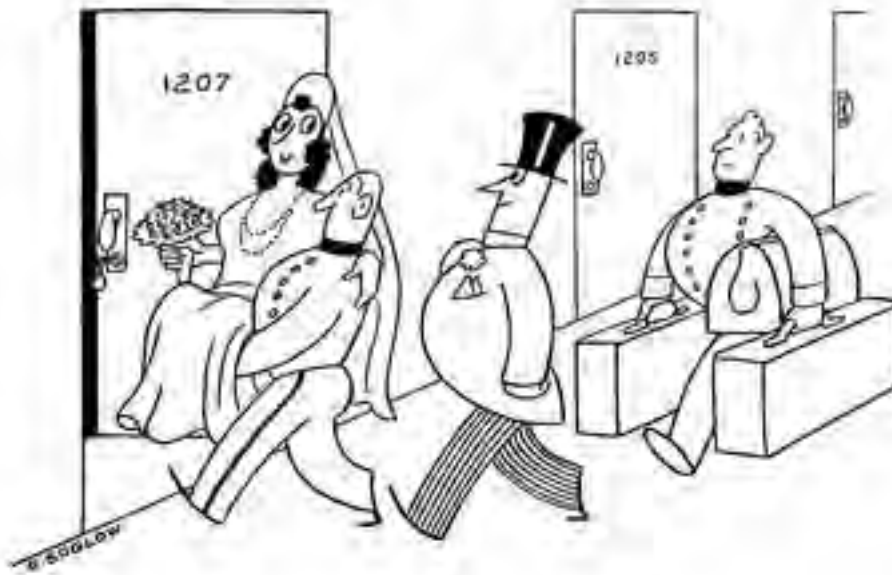


*"The motion has been made and seconded that we give ourselves
a raise in salary. All those in favor say 'Aye.'"*





"I'm sorry I said that about I might as well be in solitary."





"No, thanks. I'm just looking—I suppose."





“Oh dear, ‘Harper’s Bazaar’ keeps getting me in deeper and deeper.”





“What a deal out there, what a deal! Houseboys! Coolies! Anything you want, just snap your fingers.”



"Goodness, Murray, it wouldn't be a picnic without ants."





"I don't believe I want to go that far overboard."





“They’re in chronological order, from the note he sent over to my table at Sardi’s to the six-page letter where he tells how the swollen waters of our feeling broke through the levee of our self-denial.”



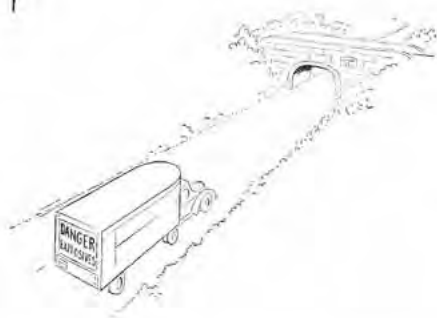
"Thank you, boys. I'll take it from here."





“Ride the umpire, folks! One thousand salty taunts, insults, wisecracks, and jeers—only fifteen cents.”

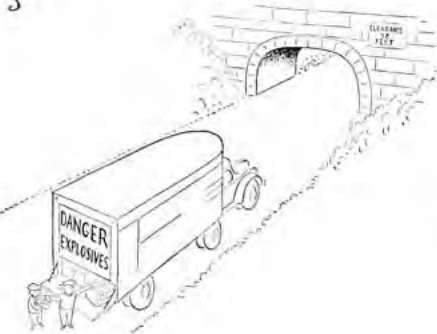
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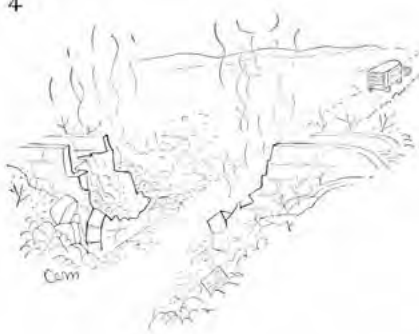
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3



4







"Papa doesn't know everything, son."



Anatol Kovarsky (6/11/1949)

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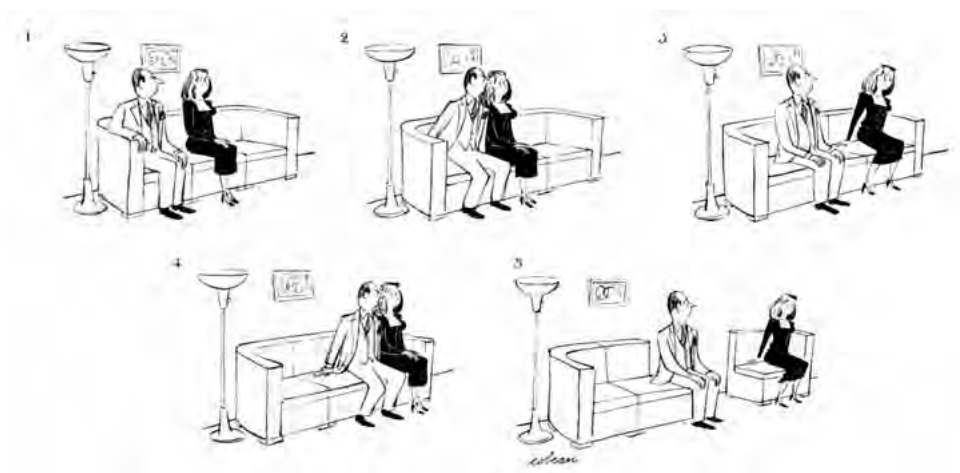
"Not enough eggs."





“Any giggling, young man, will come out of your tip.”







EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

Naïveté





“And, of course, it comes in especially handy right now, during vacation time.”





“Gee, Dad, it’s going to be swell being home and not having to write for money all the time.”





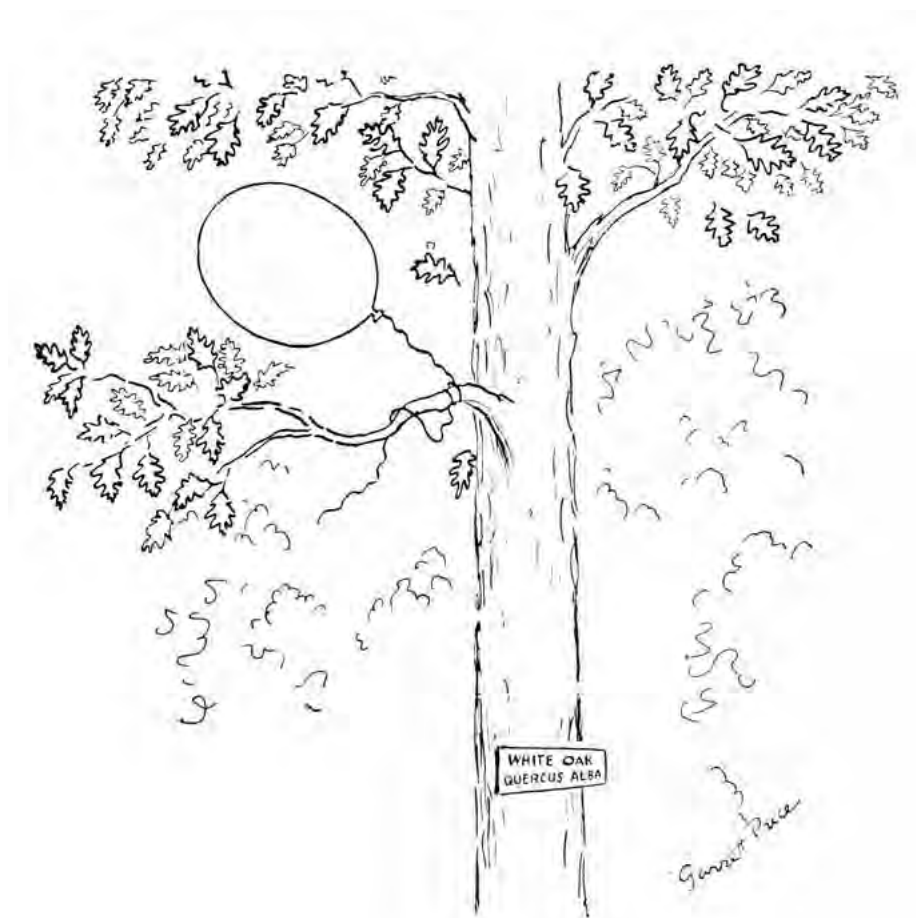
*“Has it occurred to you that if everybody paid
their bills promptly, you’d be out of a job?”*



Anatol Kovarsky (6/18/1949)

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"We haven't anything right now, but you might try us again in a week or so. There's a rumor that the gentleman in 8-A may not pass his loyalty test."





*“Here’s one near Rye for our
kind of money, but it’s got thirty-seven rooms.”*



"The torch that falls from your hands we take, the sword you must relinquish we accept. Armed with these, and girding on the heritage you kept unspotted, we go out to seek the beasts of Falsehood, Ignorance, Want, Prejudice, Folly, Deceit, Avarice, Intolerance, and Waste . . ."



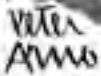
"I'm sorry. This train doesn't stop at Ossining."





*“If I ever caught him doing that
in my place, he’d damn soon be looking for another job!”*

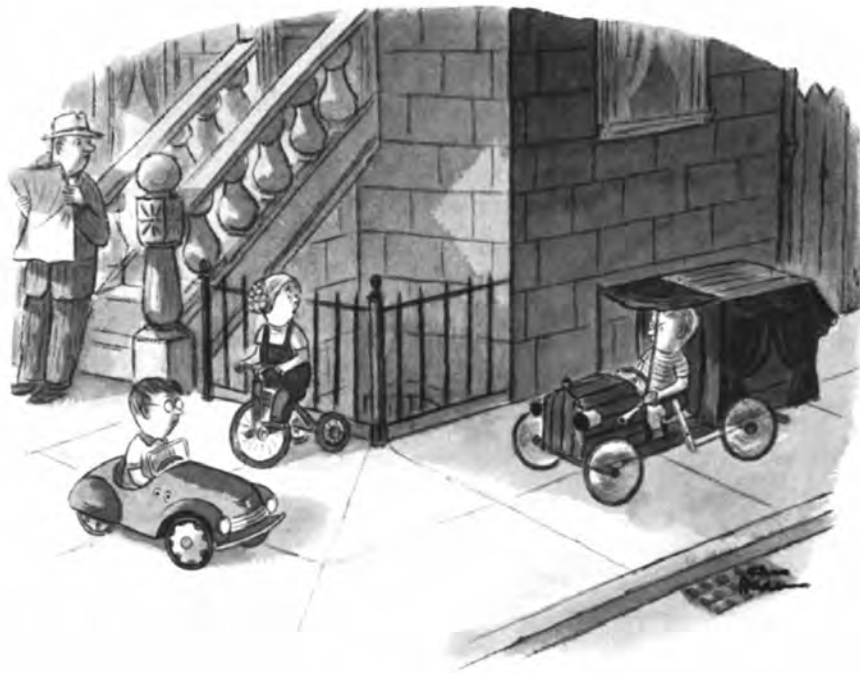




"I'll be all right in a few minutes. It's just that the people at the next table were drinking Scotch and 7-Up!"



“Well, there goes Van Cortlandt Park!”





*“Zipadoo Flakes
Have got what it takes
To keep him on the beam;
So when he awakes,
Give him Zipadoo Flakes
With plenty of sugar and cream.”*







*"I beg your pardon, but do you happen to know
the French for 'all-purpose blouse'?"*



“Mr. Pembroke asked me to tell you that he’s sorry but he’ll be tied up all afternoon. He said that if you liked, you could leave a recording of your sales talk.”





"I happen to be a MacNab, Miss. I couldn't help noticing that you're wearing our tartan."



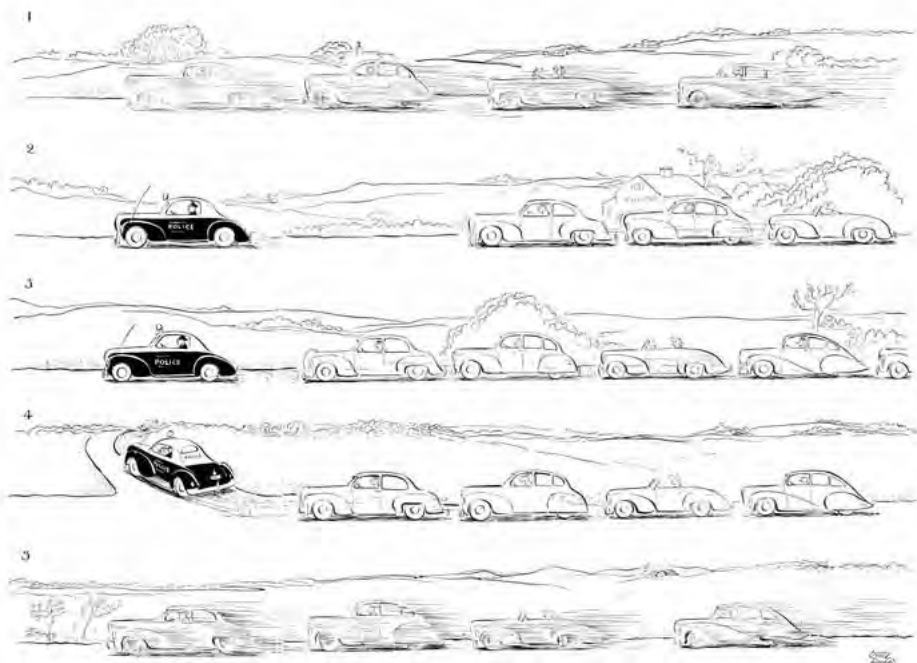


"I paint what I see."





*“How can you just sit there when you
know it’s costing us a hundred and twenty dollars a week?”*



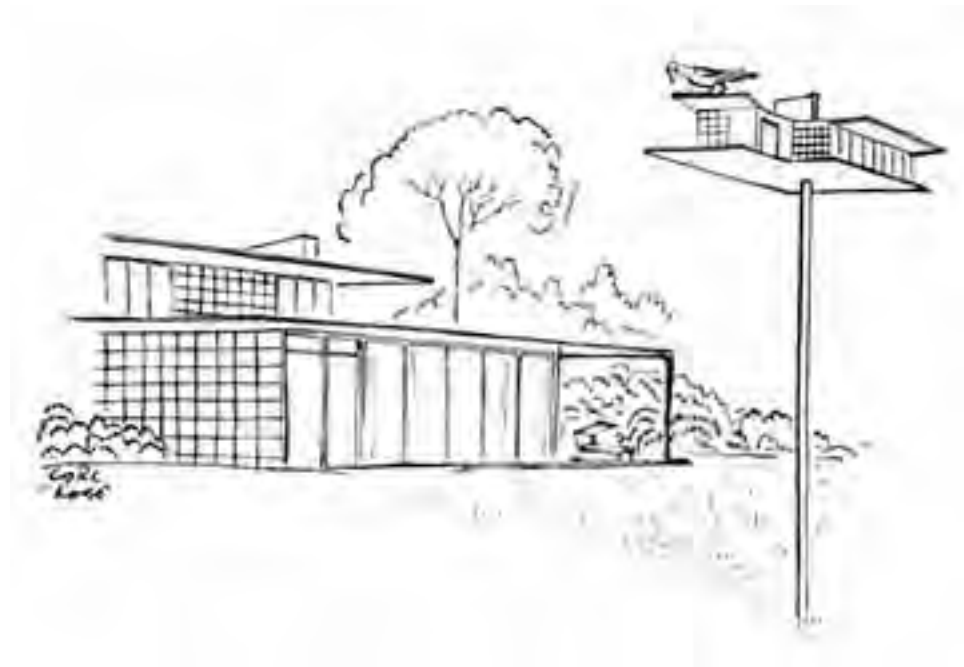


*“Madame must remember that everybody
doesn’t see three sides of her at once.”*





"I suppose the least I can do is order sea food."







"Ahem!"



Anatol Kovarsky (7/2/1949)

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THE WRITING PUBLIC

"... The accusation is too preposterous to dignify with a reply of any sort. I am not a member of the Communist Party and have never been a member of the Communist Party. Nor have I ever followed the line of that Party or belonged to any organizations 'fronting' for it. The principles that have guided my life ..."



Anatol Kovarsky (7/9/1949)

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"It's O.K. on nitrates, phosphorus, potash, and lime. My guess is we've got a boron deficiency."



"My prediction of last Sunday night that my prediction of a major resignation in the State Department would be denied has proven one-hundred-per-cent correct."



“Mr. Humphries, how do you high-pressure somebody?”



EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

Tough Beard

William Steig (7/9/1949)

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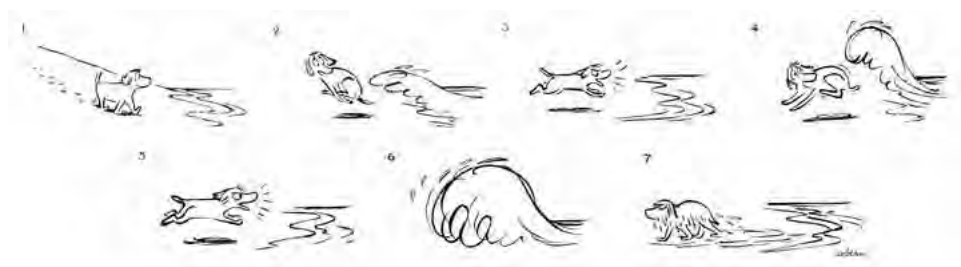




*“Central Maternity Hospital. But you don’t
have to hurry—I’m just a nurse.”*



"Fill'er up."





“What about a whispering campaign? The flicker and the herringbone play hob with the eyesight; astigmatism may set in if concentrated use is made in bad weather, when reception is poor, which is just when the kids stay glued to the set; accidents in the home are on the increase because of housewives being distracted by the image while using knives, striking matches, mounting ladders . . .”







“Red Streak Razor Company, good afternoon. I’ll connect you with your party in just a moment, but first a word about our new Sta-Sharp double-honed blades in the Ezi-Pack . . .”



“Don’t be a fish hog. A fish hog is a person who tries to catch all the fish in the lake or river, regardless of conservation laws or his needs. Keep only the number of fish you need. Be a good sport and return to the water any undersized fish that you may catch. Remember that you will have twice as much fun catching the big ones as the little ones.”









"How about a dime for a cup of coffee?"

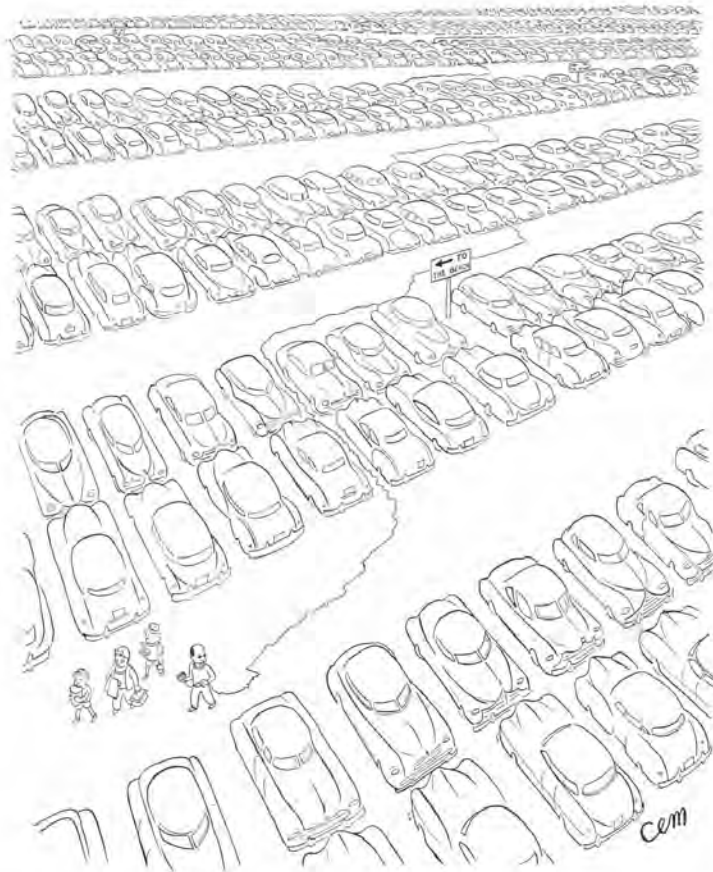




“But what would we have to lose if we just watched?”



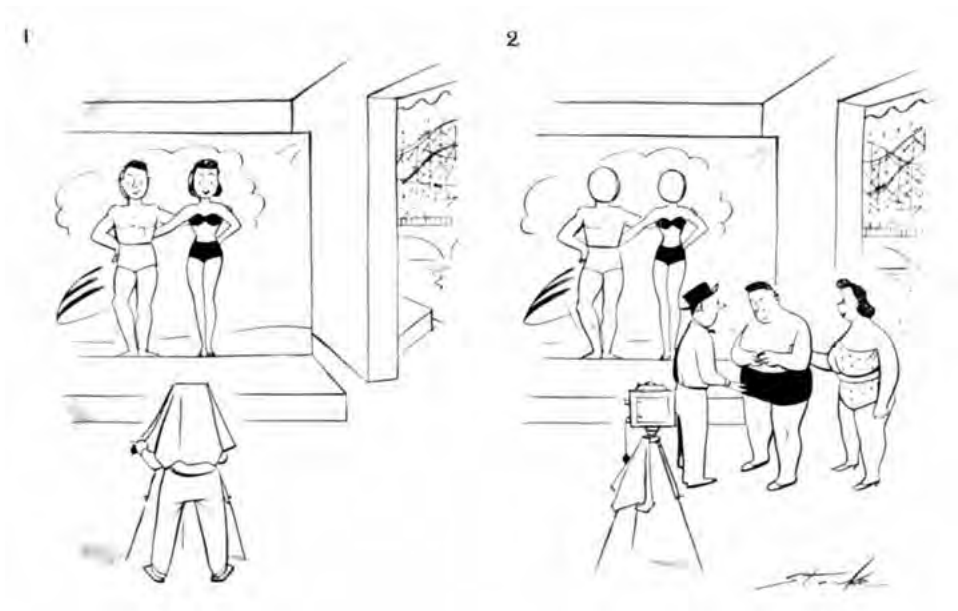
Irma! Go put some clothes on!"



“Good afternoon, folks—George McCabe, of Yonkers, New York. I represent the Otis Elevator Company.”











"Does it have a little blue dot?"



Robert J. Day (7/23/1949)

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"Here's one from Mrs. Nellie Garber, of . . ."







"I'm going to suggest a course of treatment for your inferiority complex, Mr. Purdy, but—well—oh, gosh, who am I to say whether it'll work or not?"



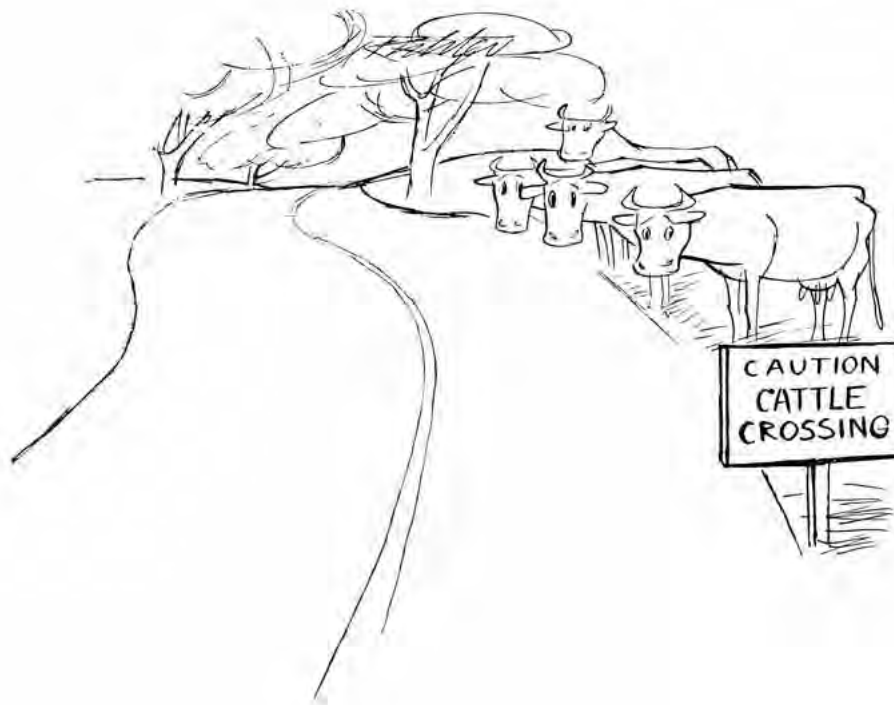
“You’d never dream what’s in these.”







*“You used ‘between the Scylla of
unbelief and the Charybdis of bigotry’ three weeks ago.”*











"Now for the human side of the news."



“Well, if he makes it, we’ve got another first.”



"My kid broke his first promise today."





"Ready, girls."





"Is your—ah—mate in?"



THE READING PUBLIC

NOTICE

THROW THE SLACK ROPE OUT OF THE WINDOW; SEIZE THE ROPE ABOVE THE UPPER KNOT WITH ONE HAND, AND ABOVE THE NEXT WITH THE OTHER, AND SO ALTERNATELY UNTIL YOU REACH THE GROUND.





"Oh, sorry! We thought this was the youth hostel."



“... and then the seven skinny, hungry-looking cows ate up the seven fat, sleek cows ...”

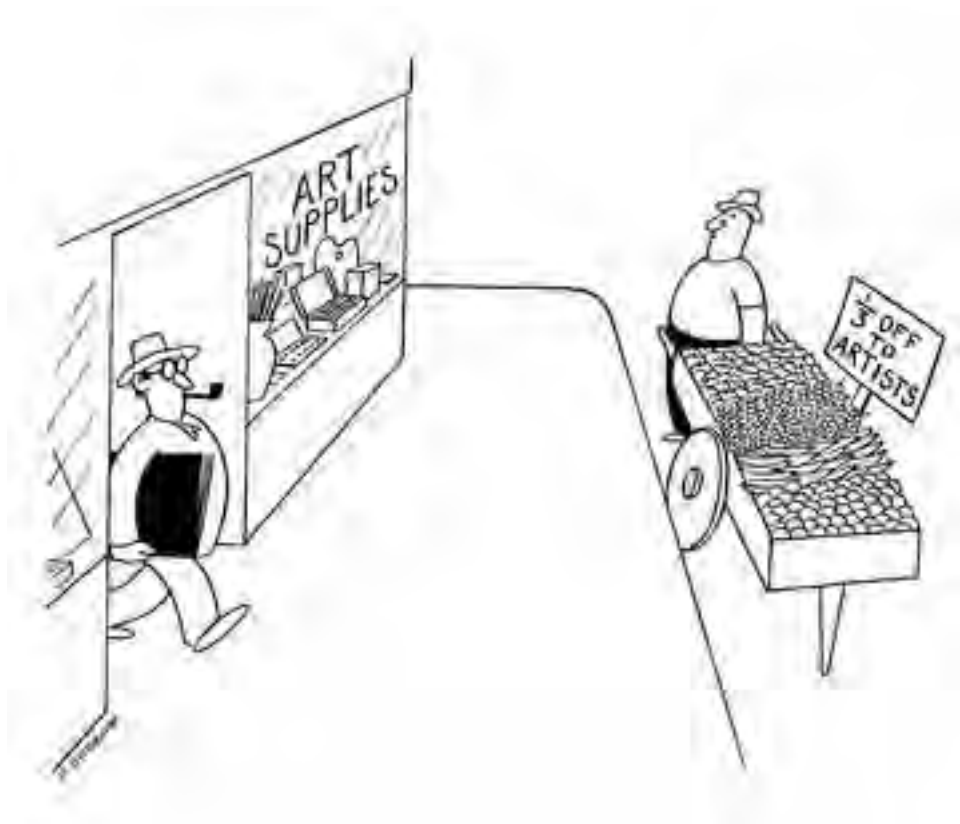


William Steig (7/30/1949)

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“If I keep giving you raises, Henderson, first thing you know there’ll be no future in this business for you.”



“Dearest: How I wish you were here with me now to see how lovely our little garden has become! The black nightshade is in full bloom, and the death camass we planted last fall is coming along beautifully. The henbane seems to have shot up overnight. You will be glad to know that the dwarf’s hair was not affected by the dry spell, as we feared, after all. A myriad delightful little slugs have appeared, as if from nowhere, on the rotten stump by the belladonna patch, and this morning I noticed snake eggs hatching near the pool. Do finish up that business, darling, and hurry home.”



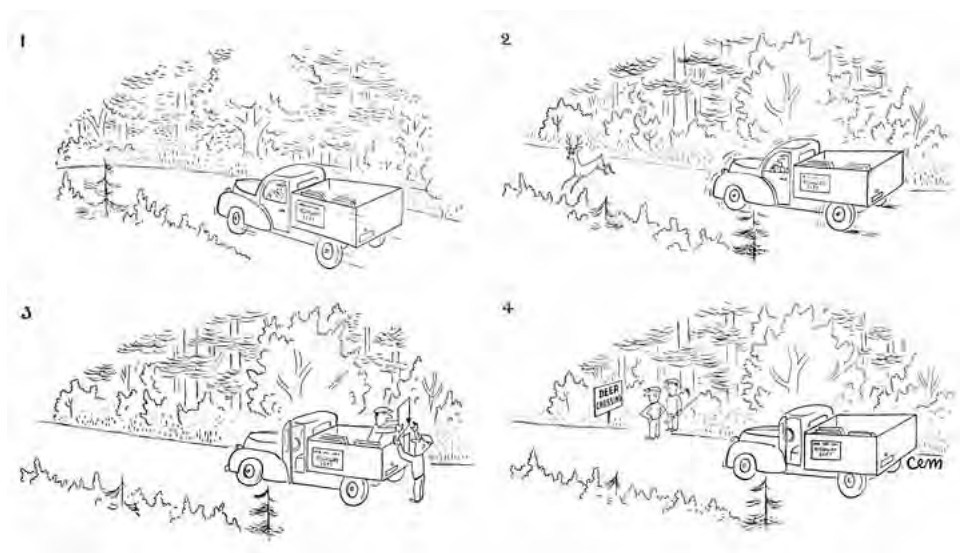
EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

The poet at the picnic





"Madam, please! No coaching!"





“Well! We track that ol’ possum to his lair, men?”



*“What gets me is why they made all their
buildings look like banks.”*



“How much would a sprinkling of crushed pecans come to?”





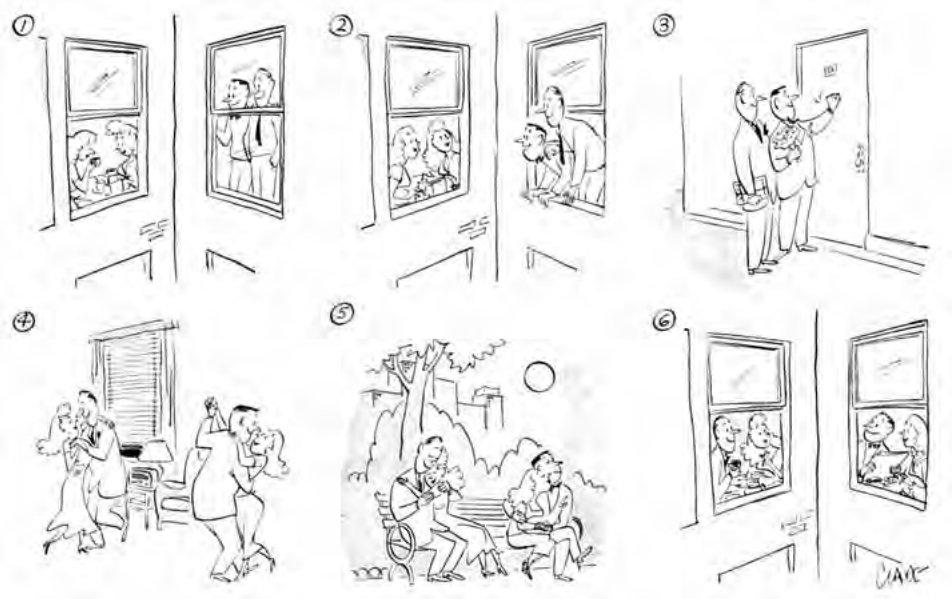


"A bottle of double Scotch, please."





"If it's one of those first-round knockouts, I'm going to be furious."





“Promise not to get mad if I tell you something?”



"Hello, Larry. You know everyone, I suppose?"





"You haven't got a crisper one, have you? This is our first dollar and we're framing it."



"Oh dear! FORE!"

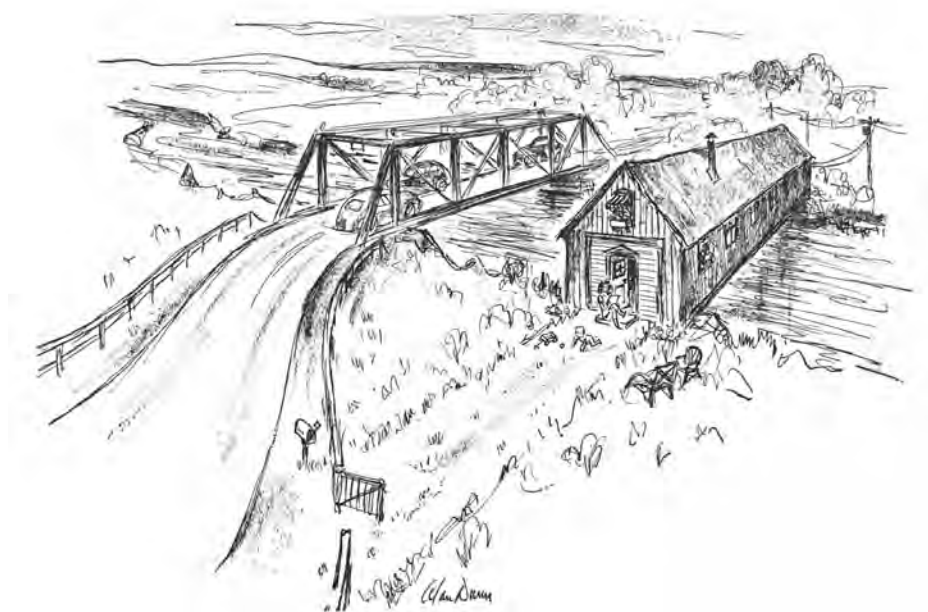


“Ralph often stops on his way home for a little apéritif.”





“Damn it, Operator! I keep getting myself!”





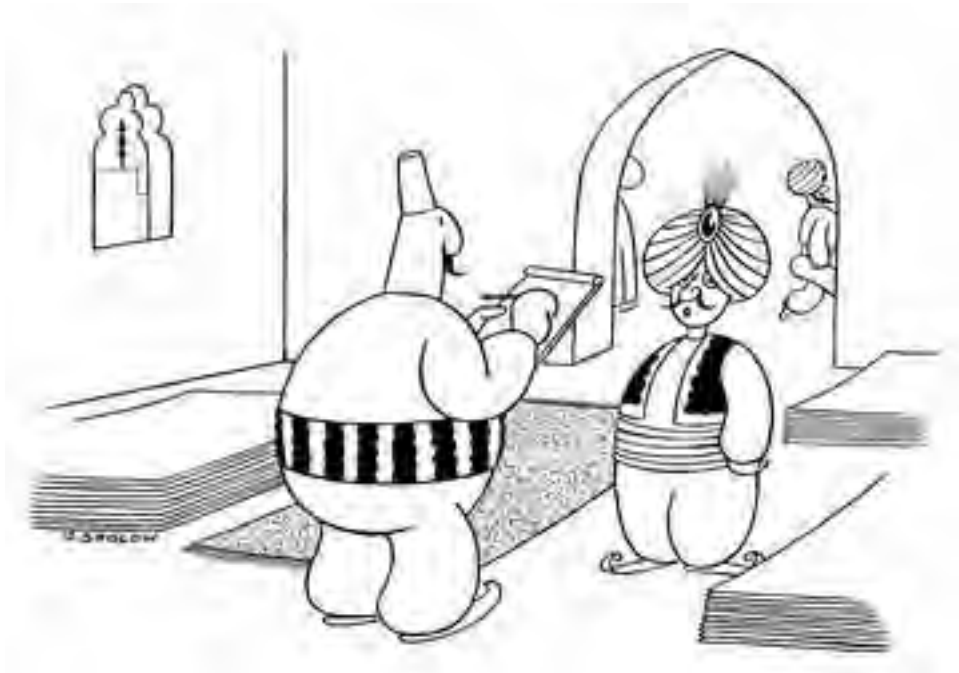
Barney Tobey (8/13/1949)

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“You were smiling in your sleep last night. What about?”

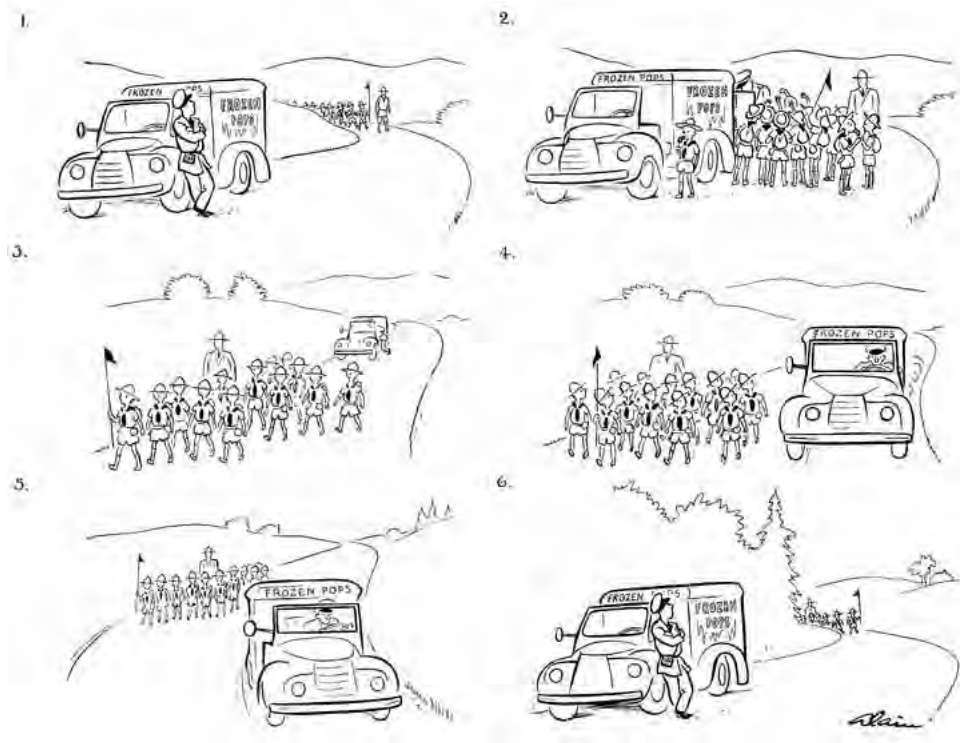


"You needn't deliver it. I'll ride it home."





“Manna? Why—manna was the bread of the Lord dropped from Heaven on the fifteenth day of the second month after the children of Israel’s departure from Egypt. The Lord said unto Moses, ‘Behold, I will rain bread from Heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether . . .’”





"We regret that, due to technical difficulties, we will be unable to continue our regularly scheduled program. In its stead, we bring you a brief interlude of organ music."





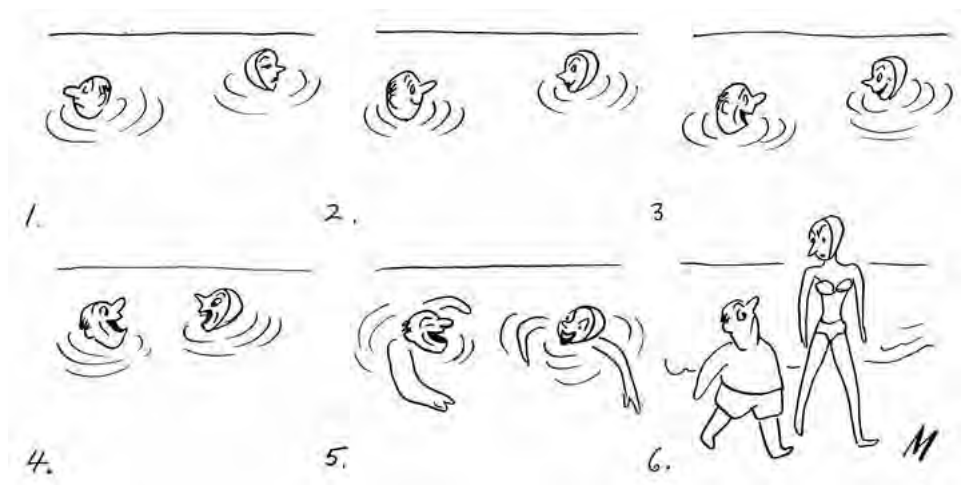
*“You sure he understands about
retiring to a neutral corner after knocking me down?”*



“Of course you realize this washes me up at the bank.”



"Is your gypsy optimistic?"



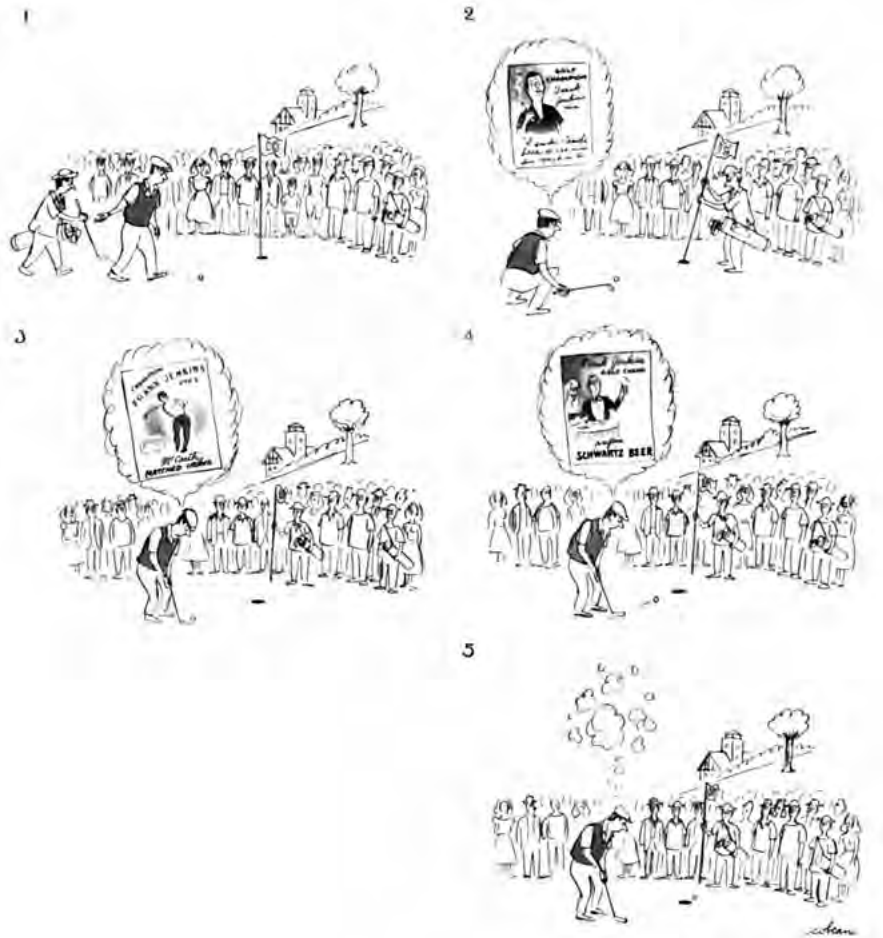


"He's afraid they'd keep him awake."





"But please, Mr. Montague, try to think back to that day, only a few short years ago, when you were in my office, on your knees like this, pleading for just a few dozen gross assorted men's shirts."





“That’s Mr. Anderson, but I don’t think that’s Mrs. Anderson.”



“There! How do you like being splashed?”







“How do you want your eggs, dear—scrambled?”



Charles Addams (8/27/1949)

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"It's coming in fine."



Now I see my mistake.





Sam Cobean (8/27/1949)

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“The nominating committee recommends that we reëlect all of the present officers, as we still have on hand a very large quantity of stationary with their names on it.”

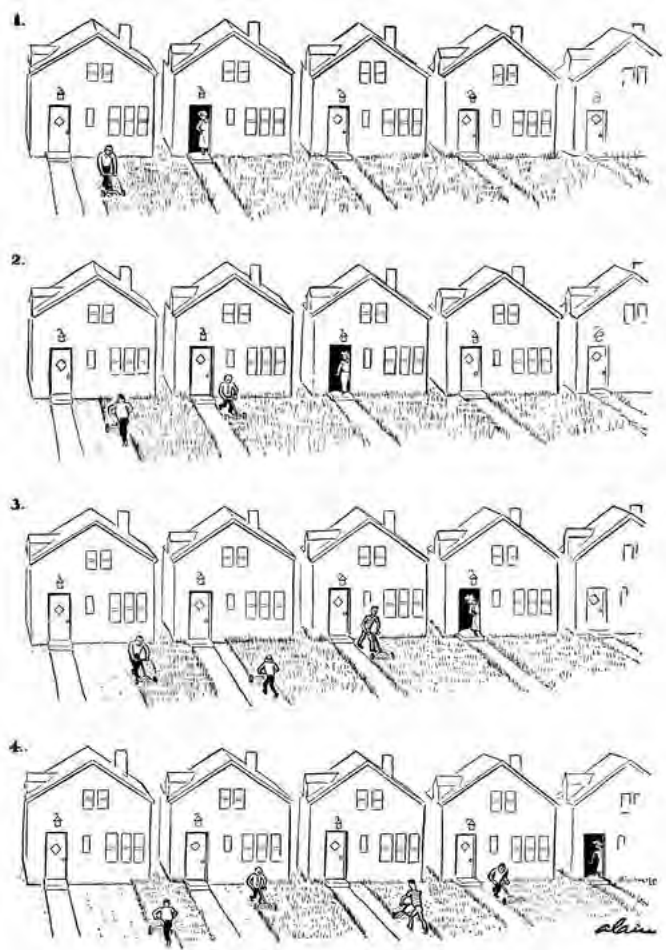


*“Take him off ‘Atom Man,’ ‘Torture Comics,’ and ‘Superman,’
and put him on Peter Rabbit, Mickey Mouse, and Downy
Duckling for a while.”*



Robert J. Day (9/3/1949)

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“ . . . moving very slowly on the approaches to the Holland and Lincoln Tunnels, while authorities report tie-up on all Jersey highways leading to the George Washington Bridge. On the Grand Central Parkway, minor accidents have stalled city-bound traffic bumper to bumper for four miles. The jam on the Saw Mill River Parkway is gradually being broken, but motorists who intend to approach the city via this route or the Hutchinson River Parkway are advised . . . ”







“Damn it, Harlow, aren’t you ever going to stop saying, ‘Why didn’t I think of that’?”



“Sa cantare ‘Barcarolle’?”





EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

Affected indifference to imminent pain







"I see a distinguished-looking, well-to-do middle-aged gentleman of quiet tastes . . ."

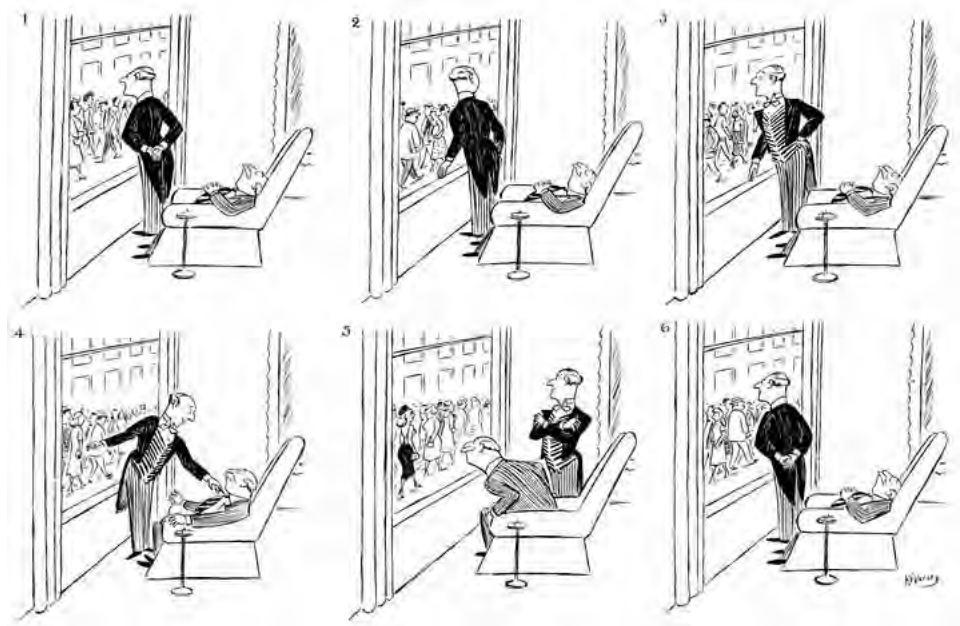




“Well, we’ve done everything we can do.”



“Mr. Shipley, we’ve called you and the writers in to explore the possibilities of kidding the product.”





“There you go again—always taking the bank’s part.”

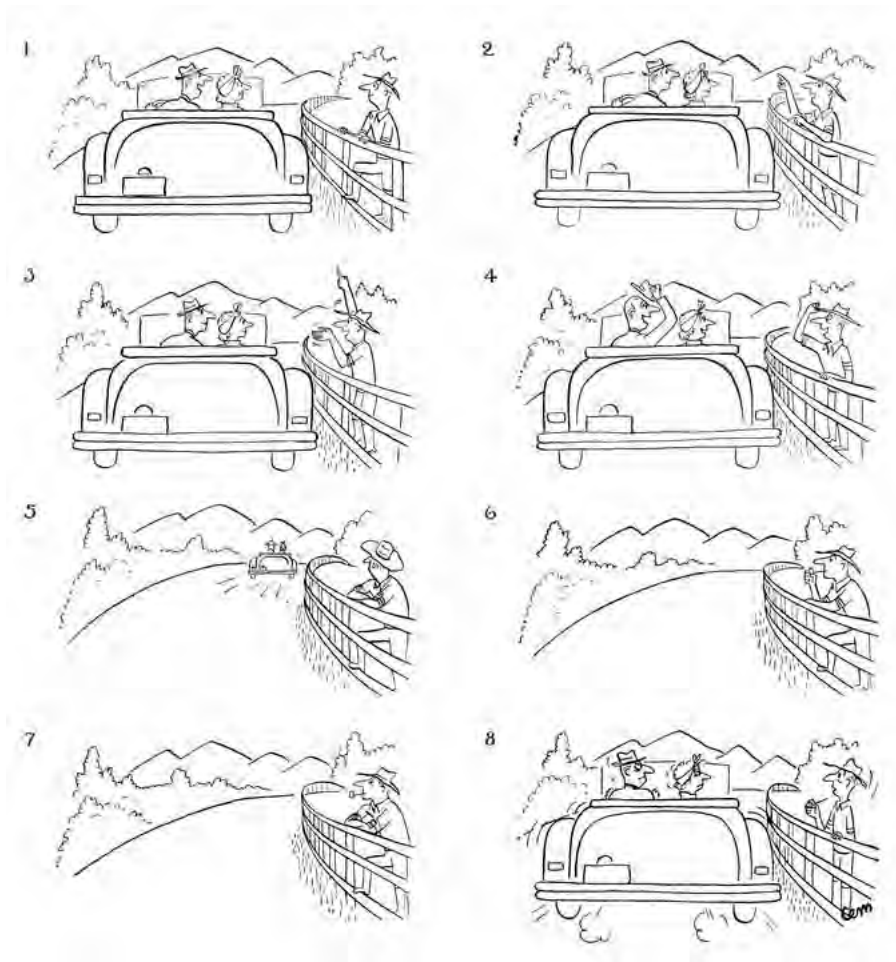


"Forty-eight fifty a week is here."



Robert Churchill (9/10/1949)

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"We regret that, because of unforeseen technical difficulties, we shall have to interrupt this program temporarily."



"I'm interested in a dark-blue, four-door sedan, and only in a dark-blue, four-door sedan."

"Yes, sir."

"I don't want a radio, a heater, white-wall tires, fog lights, seat covers, or any other extras, and I do want an adequate road demonstration."

"Yes, sir."

"As to a trade-in, I may or may not decide to let you have my old car. It depends on what you offer."

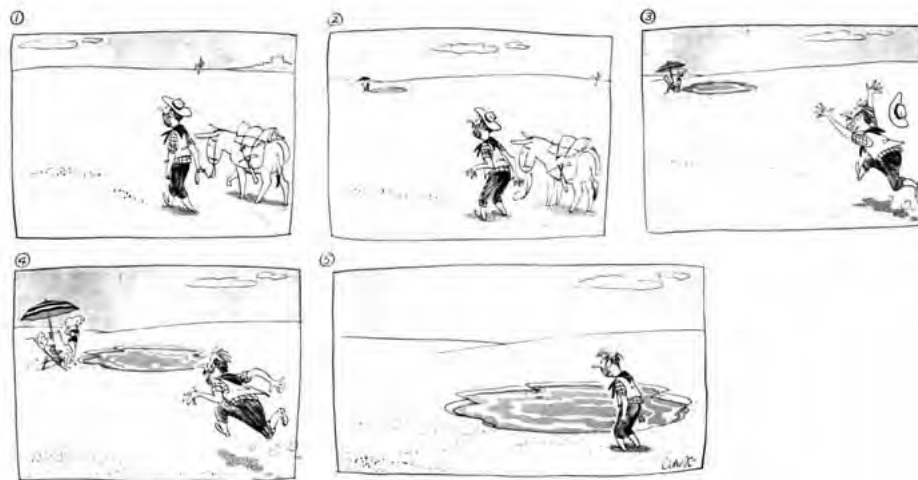
"Yes, sir."



“There are twelve tiles which are known as Dragons, comprising four duplicates of each of the three colors. These twelve tiles and the sixteen Winds are called Honors. In addition to these there are eight tiles called Flowers. These are used in the same way as the red or green Dragons . . .”









“Now, let me explain, dear. In the first place, it was raining in Brooklyn and the game didn’t begin to come in until after nine. On top of that, it went eleven innings, and by that time it was nearly twelve and they tuned in the Midnight Newsreel. Then old Charlie Follet came in and nothing would do but he had to buy me a nightcap, and then . . .”



"It's the most disheartening case of backsliding I've ever seen."





“Where was it you said you spent your vacation, Miss Crenshaw?”





“Are you certain I’m ready for Columbus Circle?”





"Ah, there you are, at last, Mrs. Jennings. Your horse got back at two-thirty, so we'll only charge you till then."



“He calls it the cultivation of serenity. I call it just plain laziness.”

1



2



3



4



5



6







"They're both very becoming on you. It's just a question of taste."





“The Joint Committee on Atomic Energy had nine cameras.”



*"I don't see why they
can't. They're supporting the price of everything else."*



Saul Steinberg (9/24/1949)

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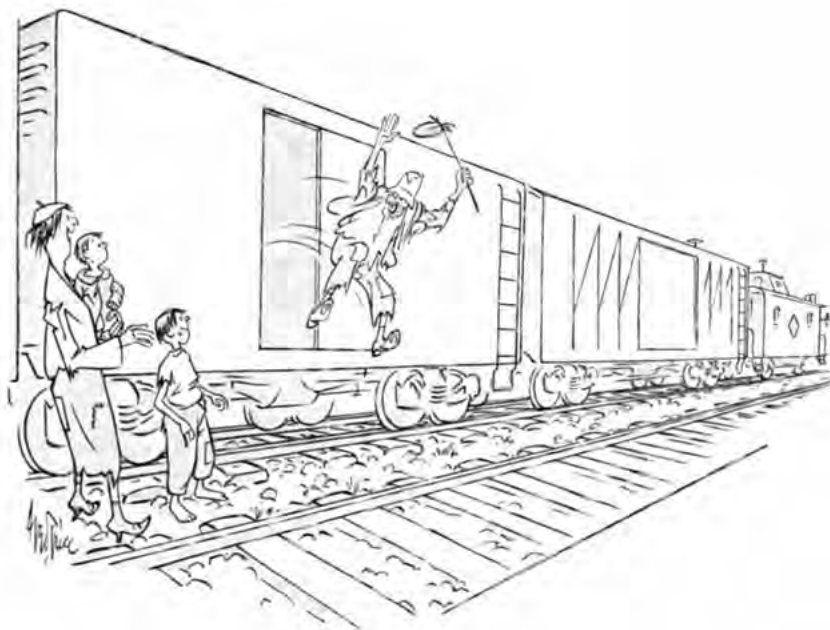


"I've just been explaining to Mr. Wright about the Pratt-Waterford wedding this afternoon at the Episcopal church."





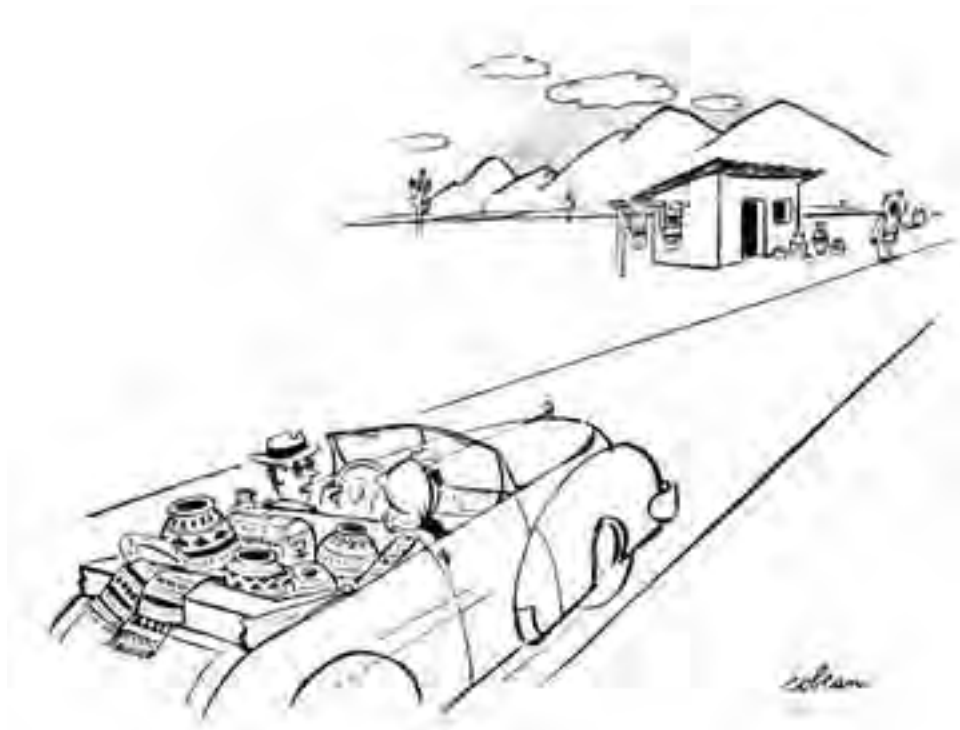
“Well, he’s five feet three, weighs about a hundred and ten, hair very thin, has watery eyes, a squint, and a kind of scraggly mustache, wears horn-rimmed glasses, and—uh—oh, the hell with it. Never mind.”





"Ours is a very old family."





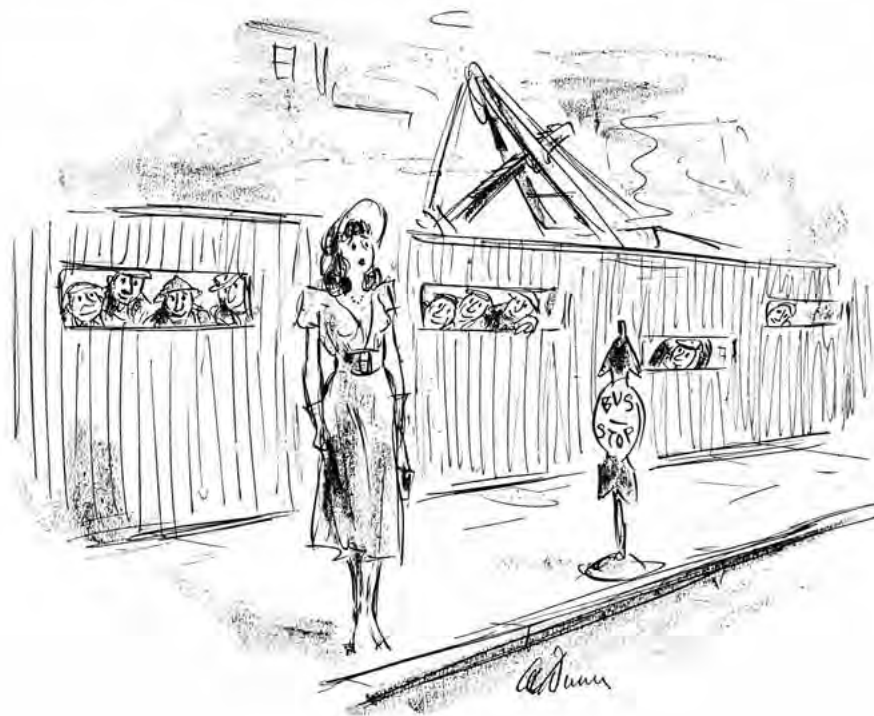
"No!"

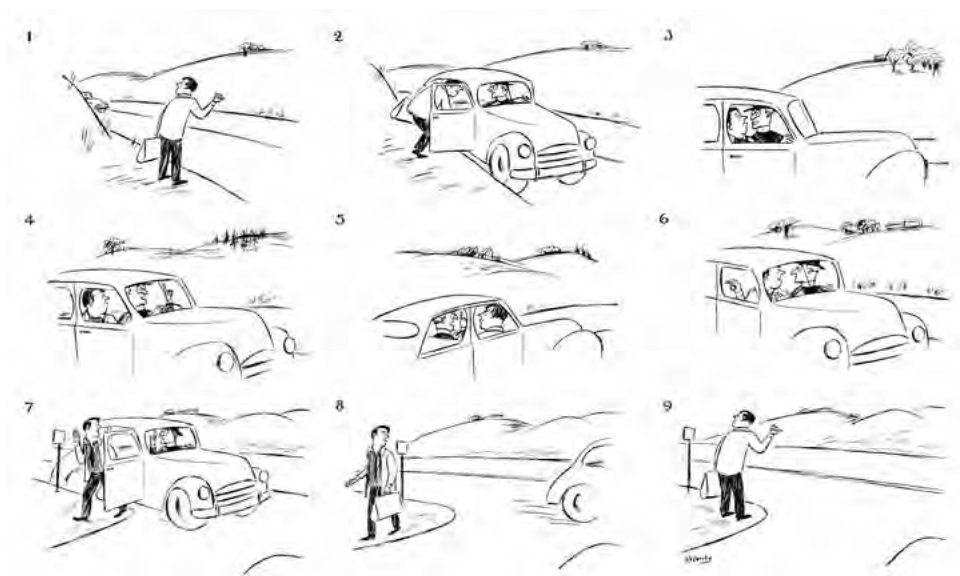




*"A widower who used to live in Paris is coming
for dinner, and I'm at my wit's end!"*









"This is a stickup!"



“Same old stuff—boy meets girls, boy loses girls, boy gets girls.”





"Numbers Two, Four, Six and Eight. I'm playing a system."



*“Just listen to this, Henry! A very
artistic woman in West Virginia is going to weave you a suit.”*



“Does Meg Froman regain the use of her limbs? Is Dr. Krakauer right in saying there is no organic damage but only a state of shock? Does Ted Fry mean to hint that Julian is flying back from Buenos Aires for good? Get a package of vitamin-rich Sparkel-Oats at your nearest grocer’s and read the outcome to this true-life drama on the back of the box.”







EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

Passive resistance

William Steig (10/1/1949)

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*“For future reference, Benton, we don’t
call it a ‘cheap wine.’ We refer to it as an ‘adequate little wine.’”*





“Now, I’ll have to ask you to sign this, please. It’s just a little form releasing the store from responsibility.”





“What’s so godforsaken about it? United Parcel delivers right to the door.”



“Am I forgiven, honey?”





*"Oh dear! I'd better have
him call you back. The bases are loaded."*





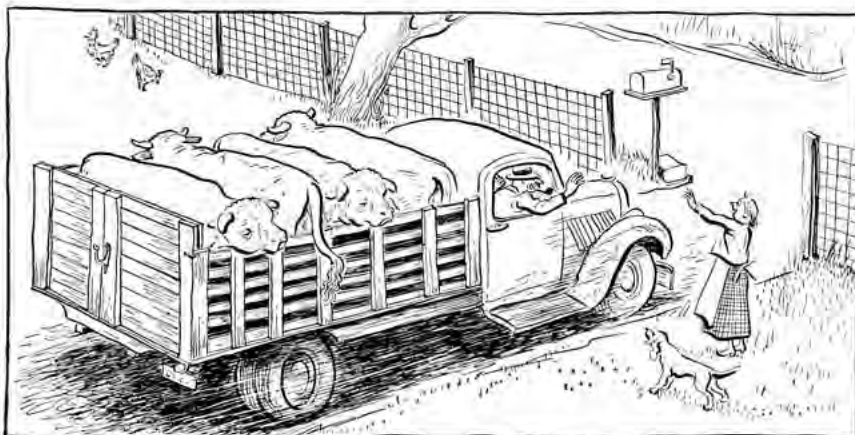


“Are we doing anything on the night of Wednesday, May third?”





Now are you satisfied?"









“Grandma Moses doesn’t get into a funk. Grandma Moses doesn’t have to wait for the creative yeast. Grandma Moses isn’t hamstrung by the tensions of her time. Grandma Moses knocks them out one after another. Grandma Moses . . .”







“Now, you men know that millions are listening out there. Don’t let them down! No off-color remarks, no personal invective, no mumbling, and above all, I want to hear you men arguing from start to finish. When you hear the gong, start talking. And may the best man win!”





"In football, sonny, you're supposed to throw it back."



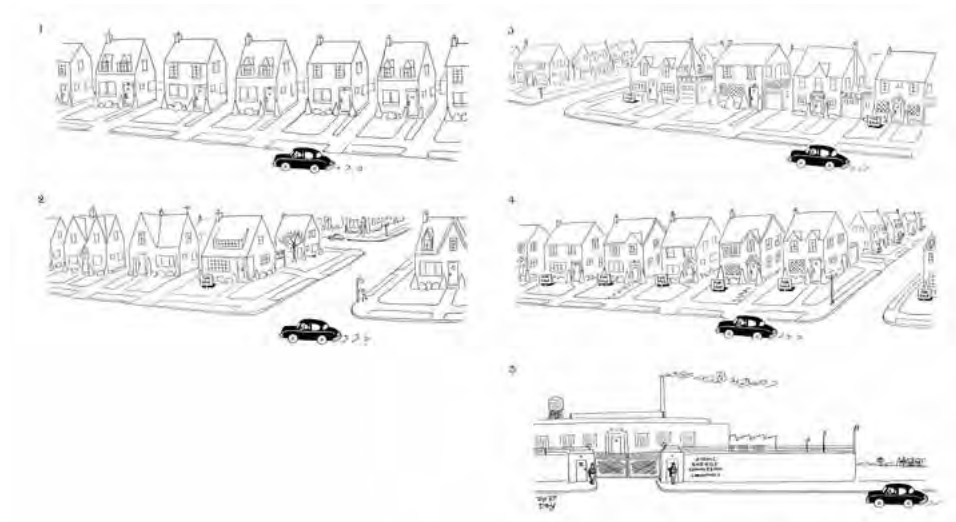


“The scene is a typical stodgy suburban living room. The wallpaper would leave no impression on you because you’ve seen the pattern a thousand times. There is the inevitable wing-back chair, covered, as you might know, in flowered chintz, with a shirred flounce; a ship on the mantel; a whatnot in the corner; and a lamp with a parchment shade. . . .”



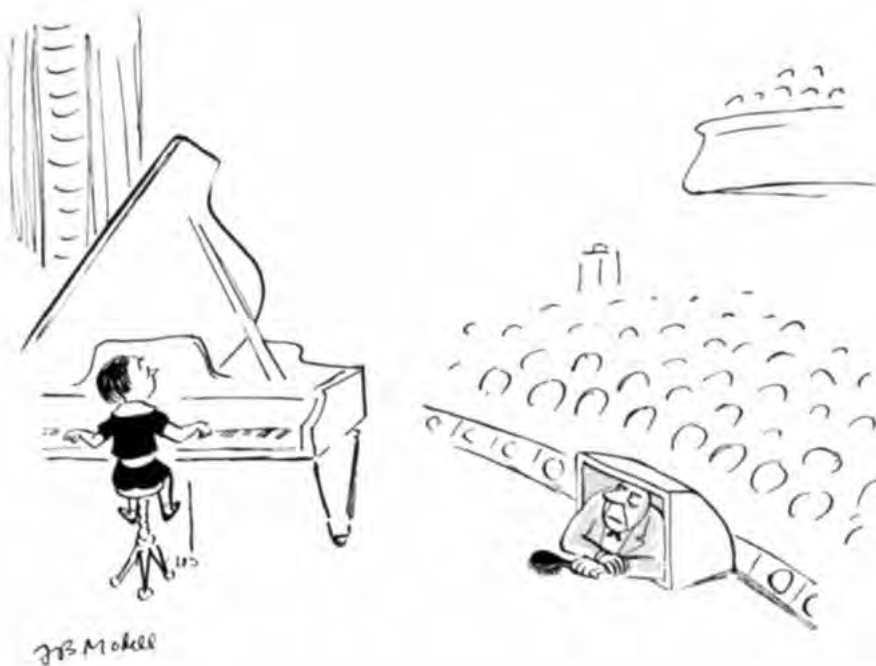


"You'll have to admit it's a lot of suit for the money."





*“Let me say right off, Madam, I’m not here
to sell you something.”*



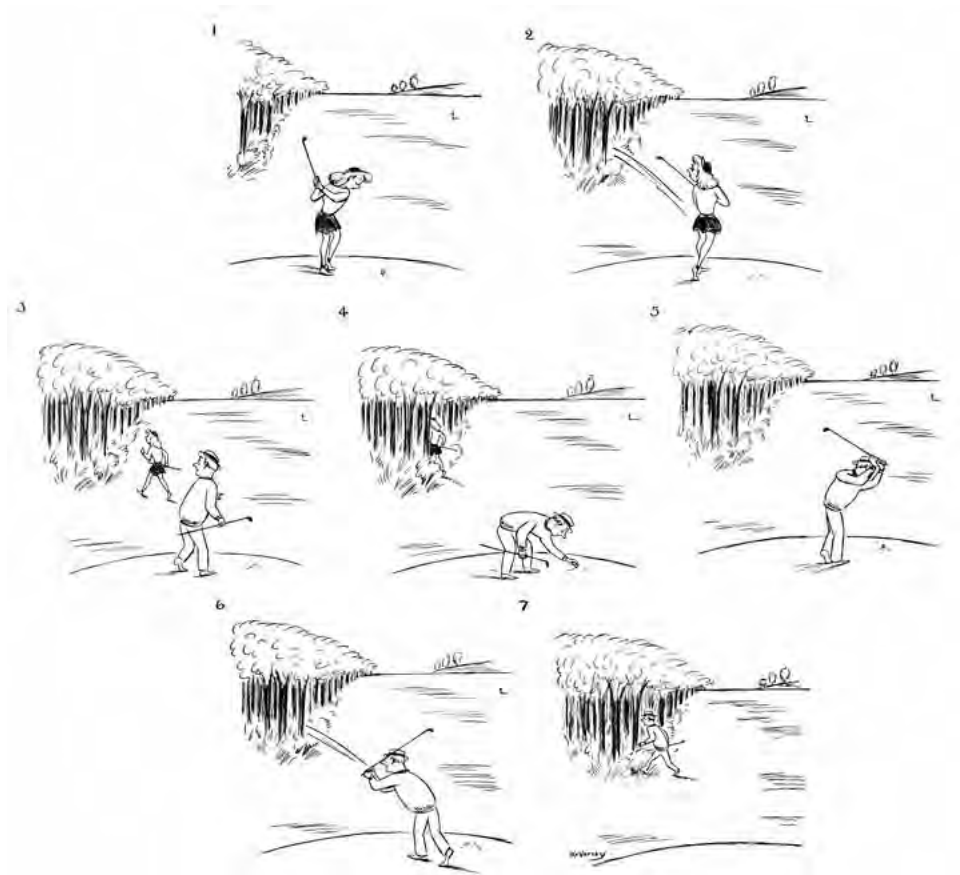


"The trouble with chintz is that I'm always sorry afterward."



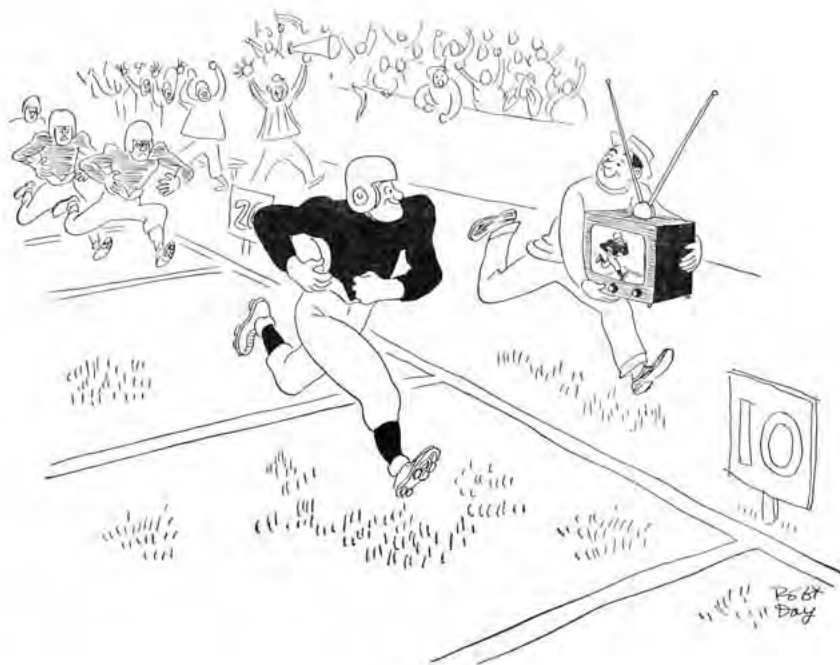


"He's really much better since his wife ran away with that violinist."





“Now, let’s see—‘recession, recedence, regression, retrocession, retrogression, retrogradation, subsidence, ebb, reverse, reversal, reculade . . .’”





“Now, my boy, you see the wisdom of collecting fees in advance.”





"I'm beginning to notice girls, Pop. Don't you think you ought to boost my allowance?"





“Where am I?”



“Did I ever tell you that my sister was the first person in Germantown to let chrysanthemums sprawl?”





“Without saying anything, bring out a black Homburg.”





"I'd tone it down a little—maybe say 'brazen deception' instead of 'barefaced lie,' and where you've got 'red-handed thief,' I'd say something along the line of 'utter financial irresponsibility,' and . . ."





*"I do wish you'd get rid of that worried look, Webster.
Twice in the present quarter we've had to go to the
expense of having the auditors in."*



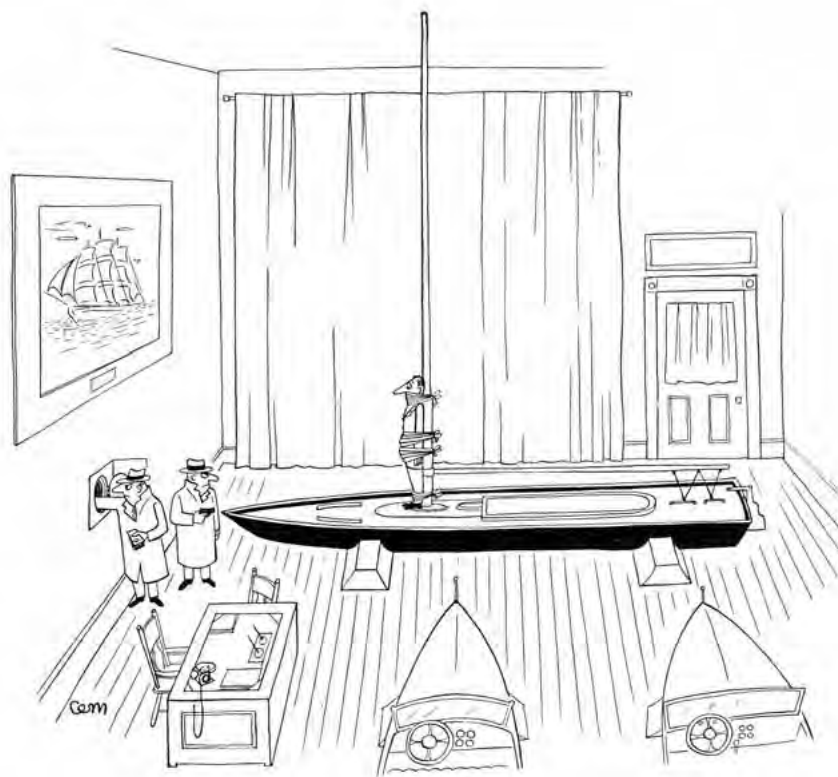


“Why don’t you give him a good poke in the snoot?”





"It doesn't sound like uranium to me. It sounds like WJZ."



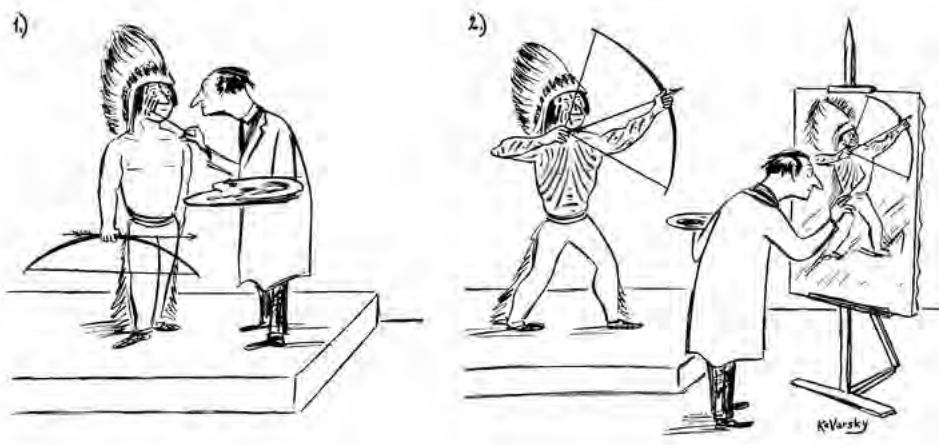


"Damn it, Harkins, that was my speech you just read!"





“Would you mind acting as though you had just discovered a gold mine?”







"I can't understand it. It looked so lovely in the window."





“Mr. and Mrs. Herman L. Lembaugh, of 435 Grand Concourse, the Bronx, offer their only daughter, Ethel, to the winner of a five-lap sprint.”

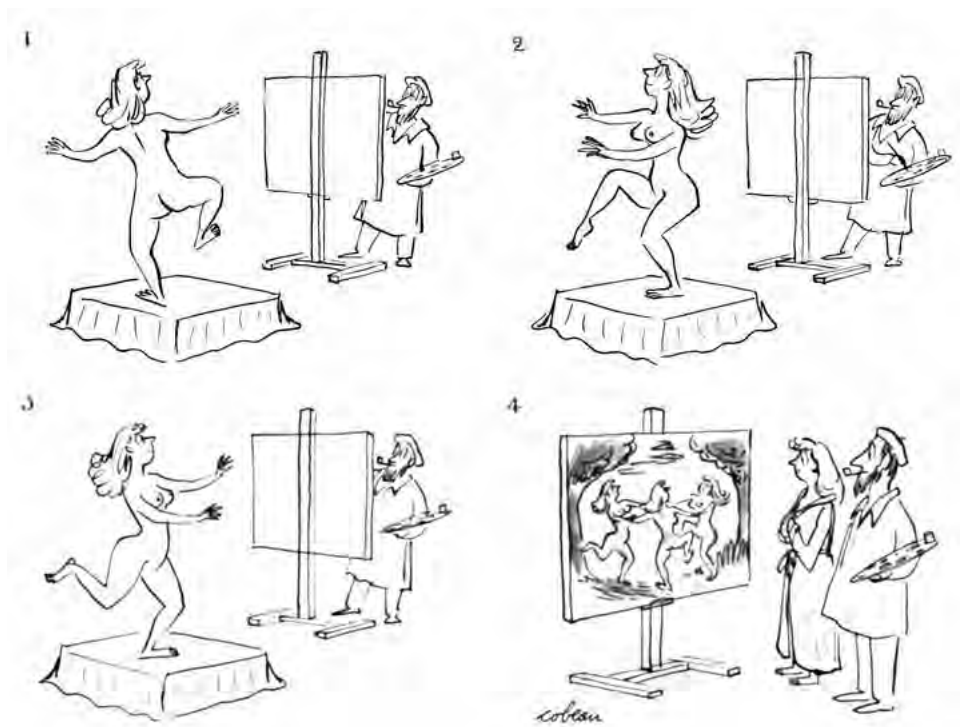


*“Be sure to let me know
the instant my fifteen minutes are up.”*





*"I was going to start off with an allusion
to Plato's 'Republic,' but now I don't know."*





“Watch closely now, dear. I think I’ve got it figured out. The quarterback will use a reverse pivot and fake to the right halfback, then continue his spin and fake to the fullback. The fullback will drive through the line, and then the left halfback will take a dip step, delay for one count, and start around end.”





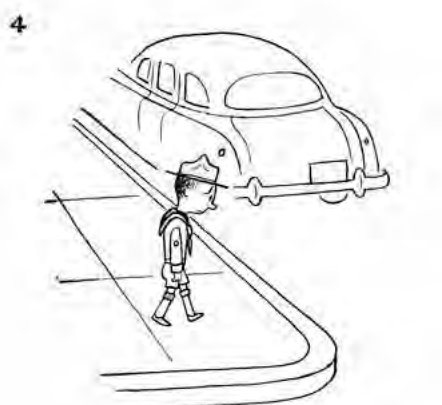
“Which one is it that favors the garden for the Library?”



*“Damn it, there must be some taboo subject
we can approach honestly and fearlessly!”*



“Two cups light-brown sugar, two cups sifted flour, half cup butter, one egg, half teaspoon cinnamon . . .”





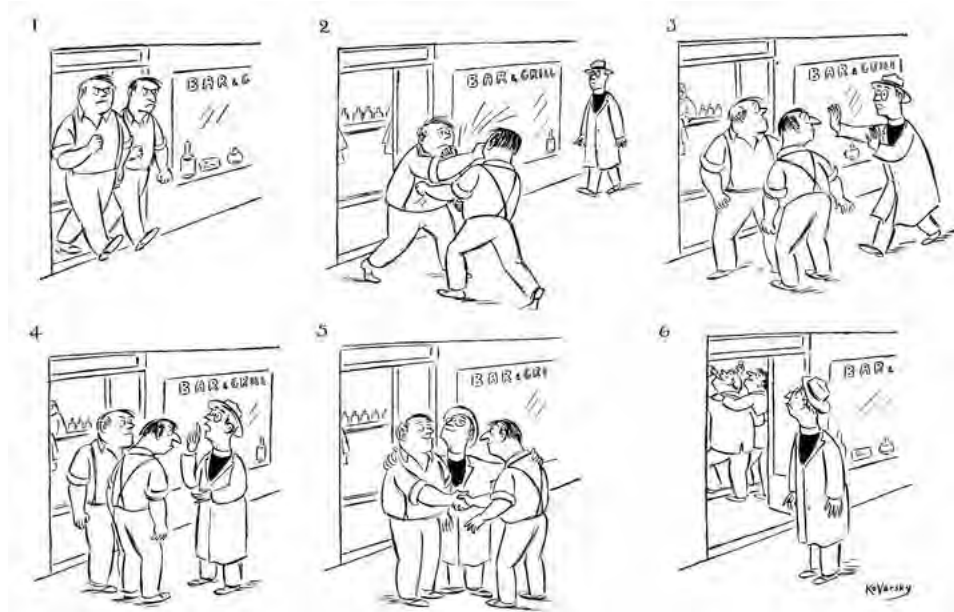




"I wish Dale Carnegie would write another book. I've begun worrying again."



“You’re certainly going to look silly if it isn’t uranium.”







"All right, lady, where's the sale?"





"You'll notice that it stands entirely by itself, on its own plot."

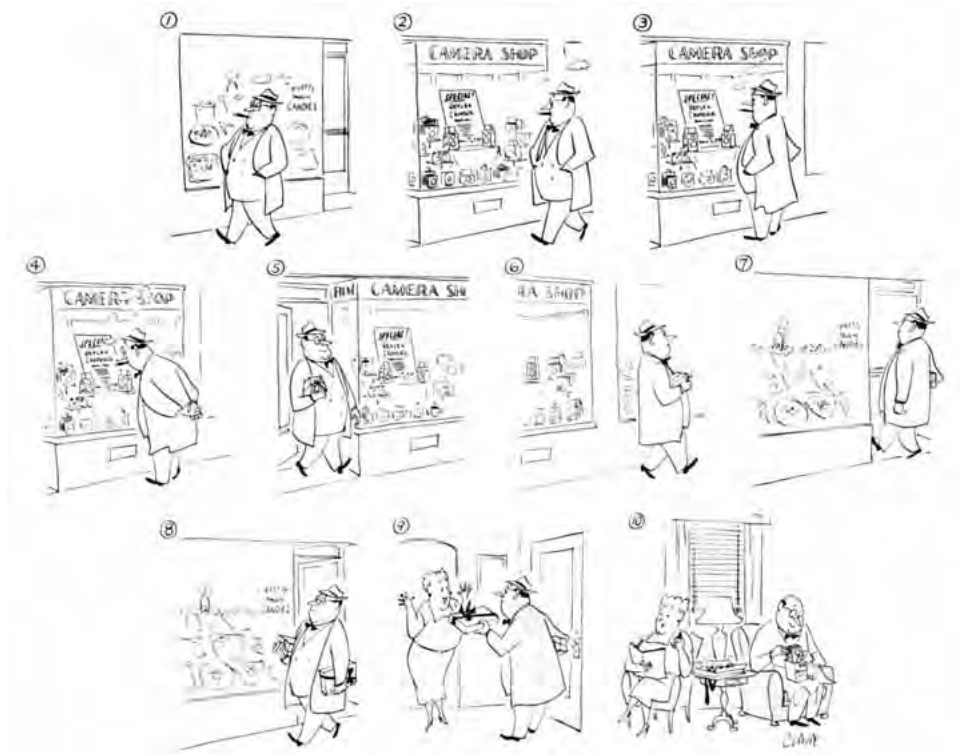


“So try this toothpaste for thirty days, and if by the end of that time you are not completely satisfied, we will be very disappointed.”





"I wish I could describe it to you, Herb—the sun pouring a flood of gold into the valley, the lake set like a sapphire amid the denser green of the trees, the hills of more tragic cast, rolling off to the horizon in rich, purple undulations."





*“Well, for Pete’s sake, which one
is ahead — ‘Life,’ ‘Look,’ or the ‘Saturday Evening Post’?”*







"I want a diary with a good strong lock."





“What’s the difference if he’s lost it already or it falls out later?”

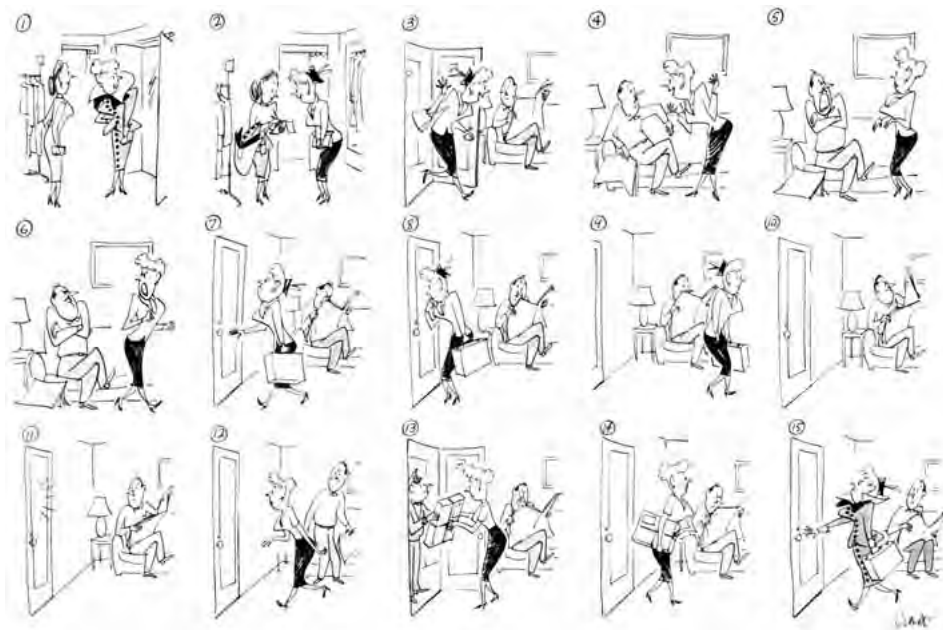




*“The main thing is to handle them with tact.
Let them think they invented gunpowder.”*

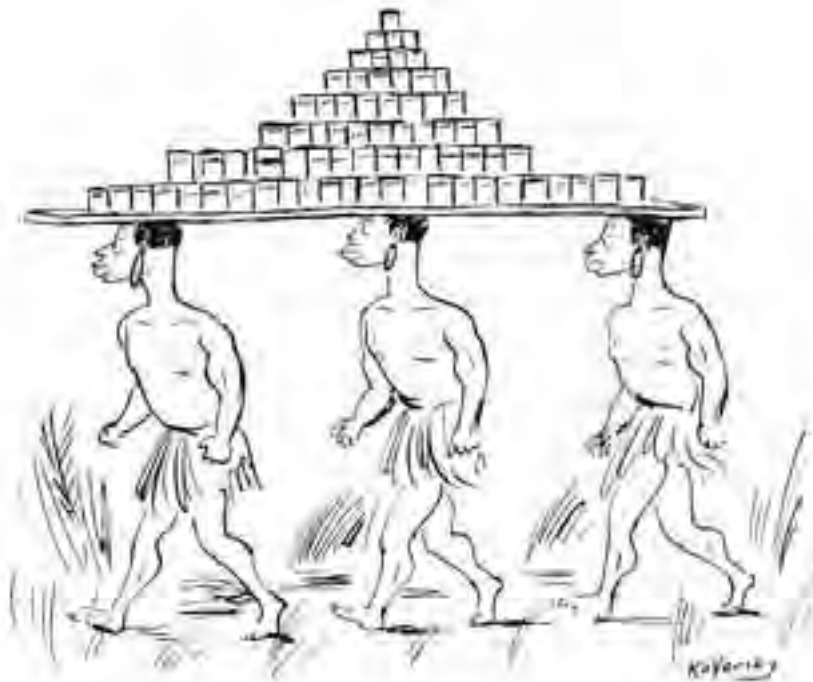


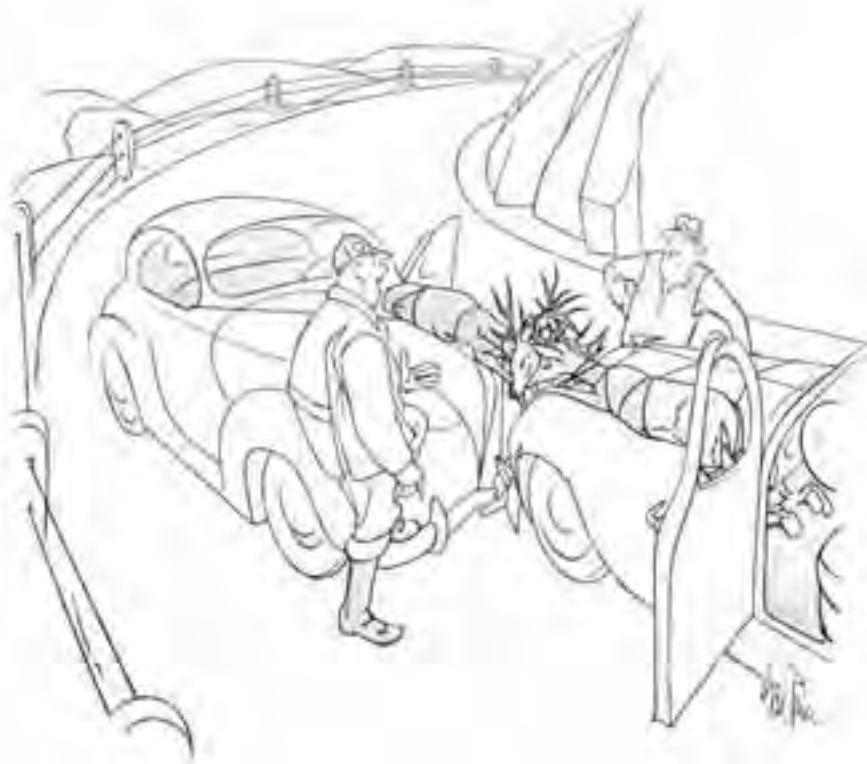
*"I'm going to take you off cigars and liquor—at least
until my account is cleaned up."*





*“Get your blueprint, folks—can’t
tell what they’re doing without a blueprint.”*





“Probably wouldn’t happen again in a hundred years.”



“And listen to the ‘Journal-American’—” . . . a breathtaking daylight foray that held scores of onlookers spellbound, one of the most ingeniously plotted and daringly executed robberies in recent years.’”



Whitney Darrow, Jr. (11/19/1949)

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"We just can't walk out without buying anything."







“Before I submit our financial statement, which, unfortunately, reflects a certain unexpected shrinkage in our liquid position, I want to read a letter from our treasurer, postmarked Cape Town, South Africa. It begins, ‘Gentlemen: By the time you read this, I will . . .’”

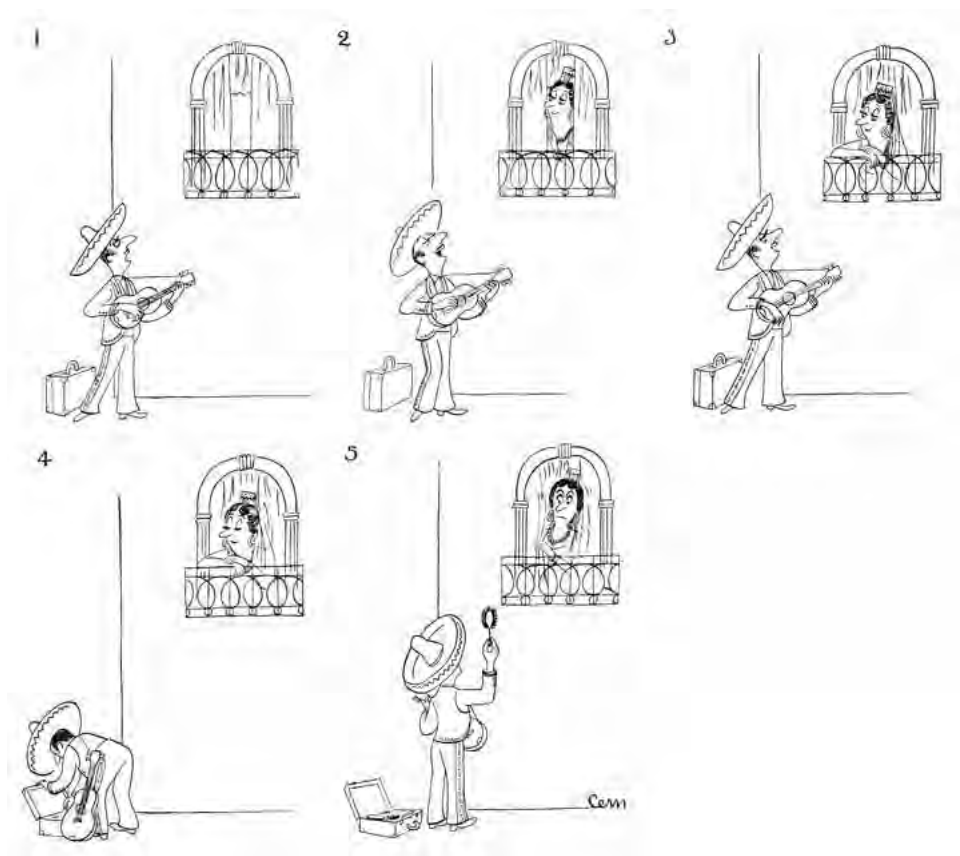




"Have a cigar?"



"Well, we're over the hump."



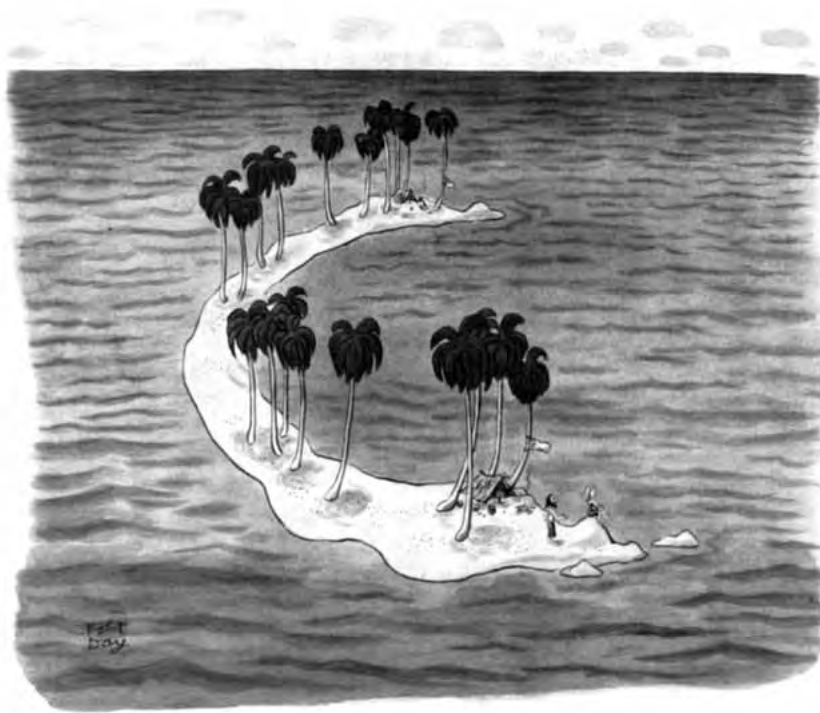




"I don't exactly want to learn French. I want to speak English like Charles Boyer."

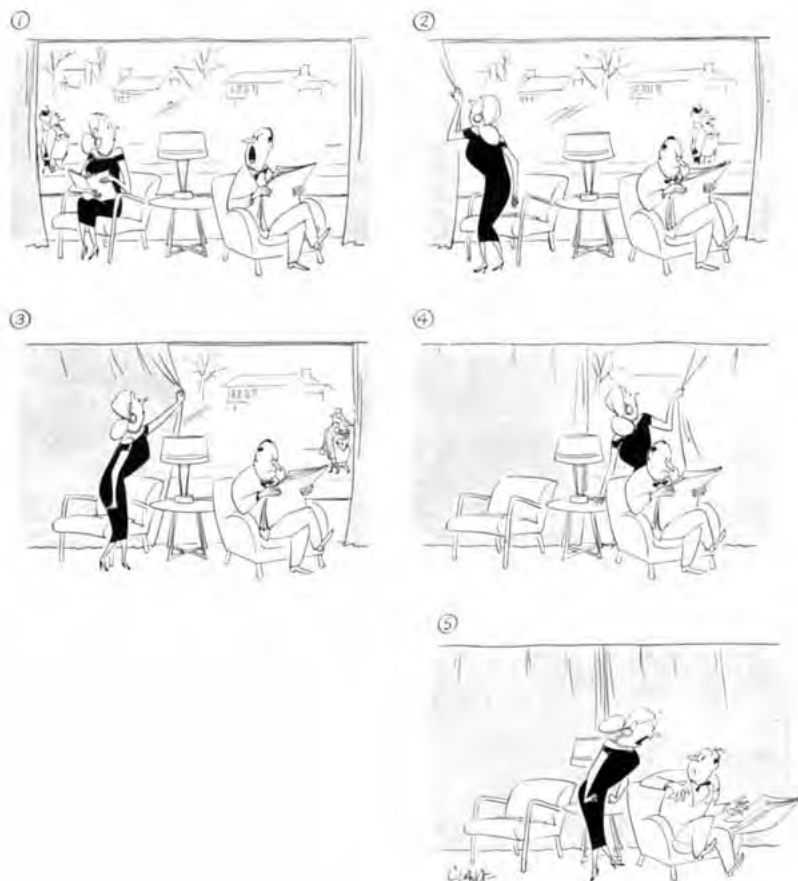


“Why, no, I didn’t see any fox go past here.”



“Well, then, how about Friday evening?”







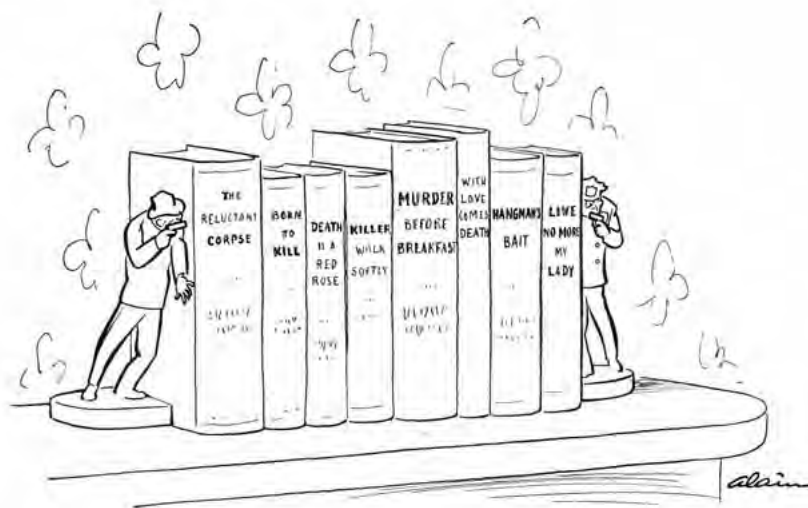
“Er—haven’t you got one that’s more resigned to its fate, so to speak?”







"How do you play it?"





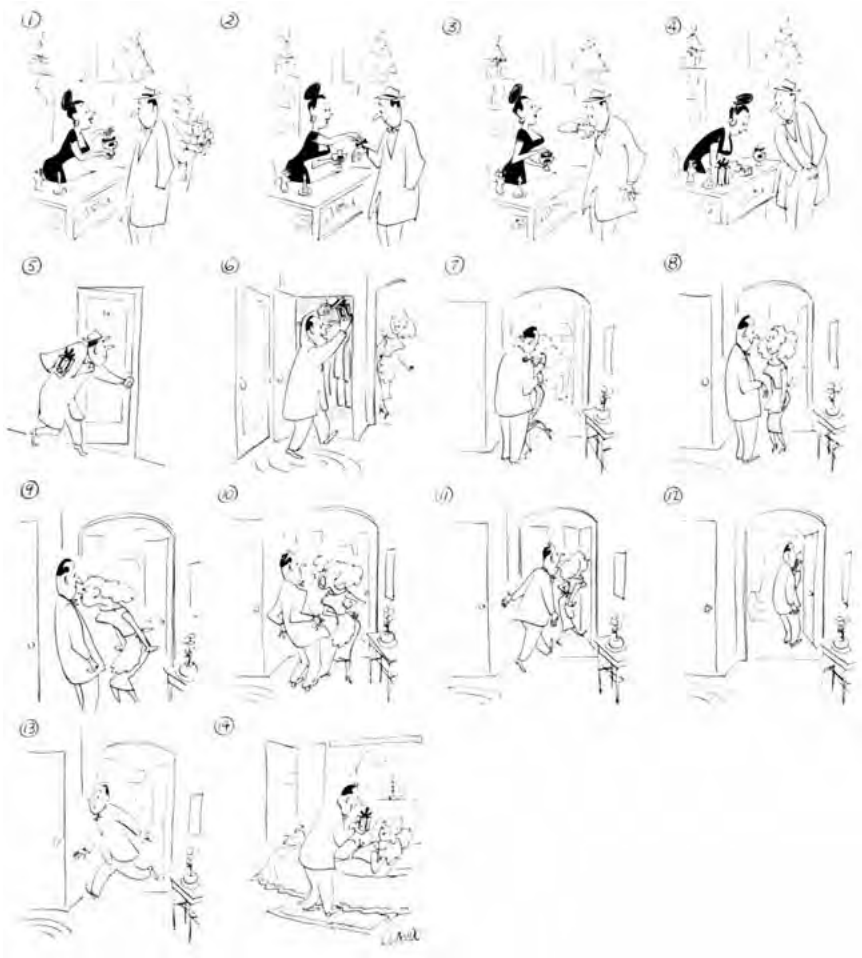


"Does she like to read in bed?"





"A funny thing happened as I was on my way to the palace this afternoon."





*“Has anyone ever
told you you have beautiful eyes?”*





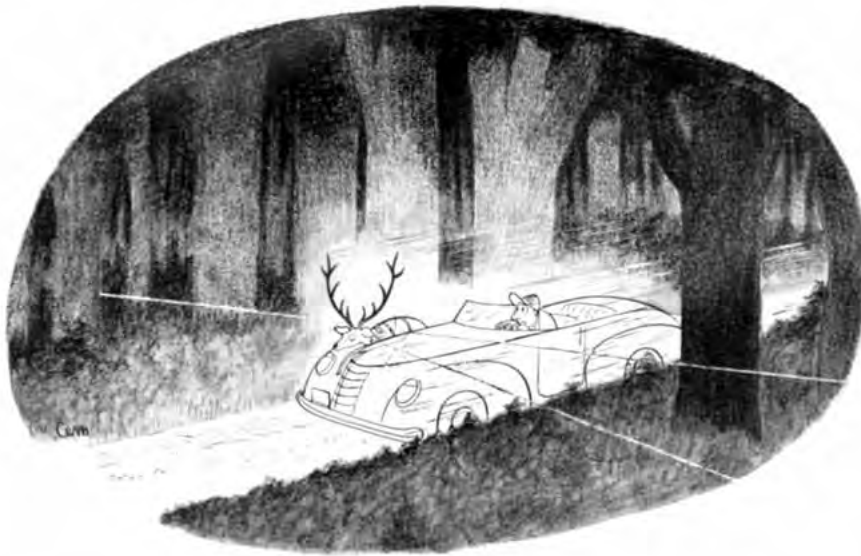
"Oh, darling, can you step out for a moment?"



“Reverend, you certainly sold me.”



“Ball-bearing roller skates, sled, electric train, chemistry set, atomic gun, cowboy suit. Ball-bearing roller skates, sled, electric train, chemistry set, atomic gun, cowboy suit. Ball-bearing roller skates, sled . . .”











"I want to get my fifty-cent people out of the way first."







“ . . . brushes, bubble bath, buffet scarves, candlesticks, cedar chest, chatelaine, chemise, chenille bathroom sets, china figurines, cigarette lighter, classical records, clock, cocktail table, coin purse, cologne, comforter, cutlery, desk set, dinnerware . . . ”



*"Please, Bert, where did you stash the
getaway car? My feet are killing me."*



*“Well—uh—this isn’t exactly what I meant
when I asked if I might come up for a drink.”*





EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS
Informed Appraisal of the News

William Steig (12/10/1949)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



"I like your looks, Ramsey. You're hired."





“Come along, children—time for your nap.”







"Does he like to awaken to the aroma of sizzling bacon?"



“They’re a hundred and twenty dollars and up, and each one contains a bright, new good-luck penny!”

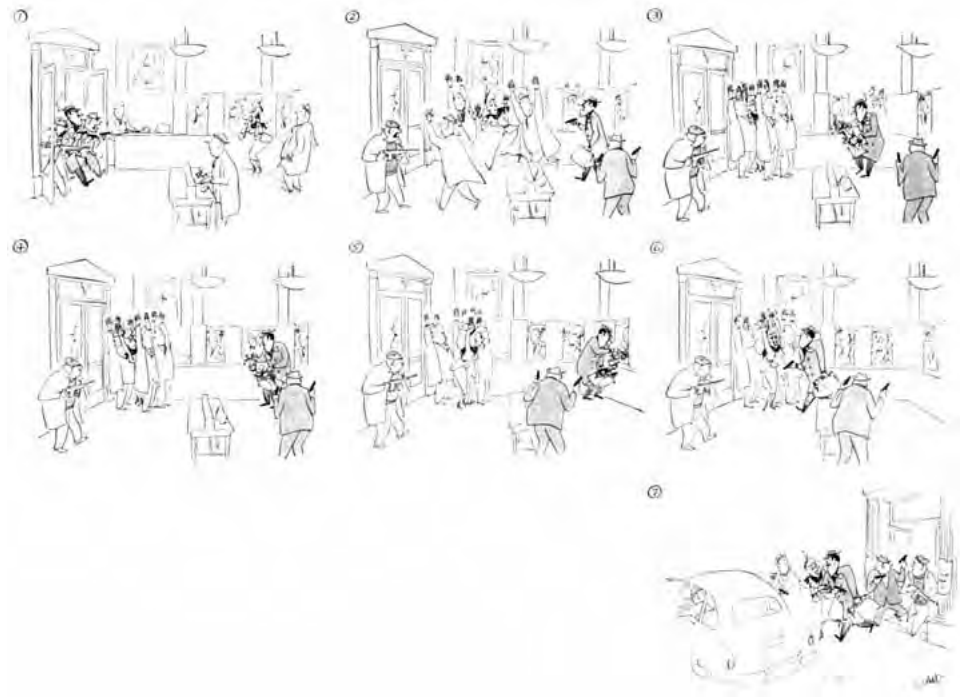






“The locomotive and cars are scale models, and the station comes with a complete loudspeaker setup, including canned music and authentic commercials.”







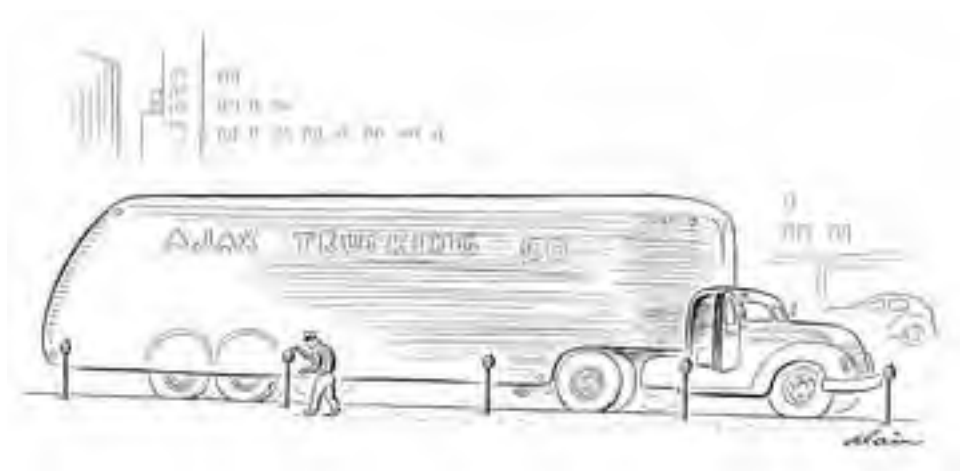
"Have you ever seen this before?"



“The Holly Carollers Committee have asked me to announce that they’re hunting for a husband who is a baritone.”









*"Here's something novel if
he bowls and happens to be a World Federalist."*



*“Guess what! The owner
of the new delicatessen shop has a son!”*



"It still has a few bugs in it."







*“Can we promise to deliver an
electrified musical Nativity to Larchmont in time for Christmas?”*





“Human beings only, damn it! Human beings only!”

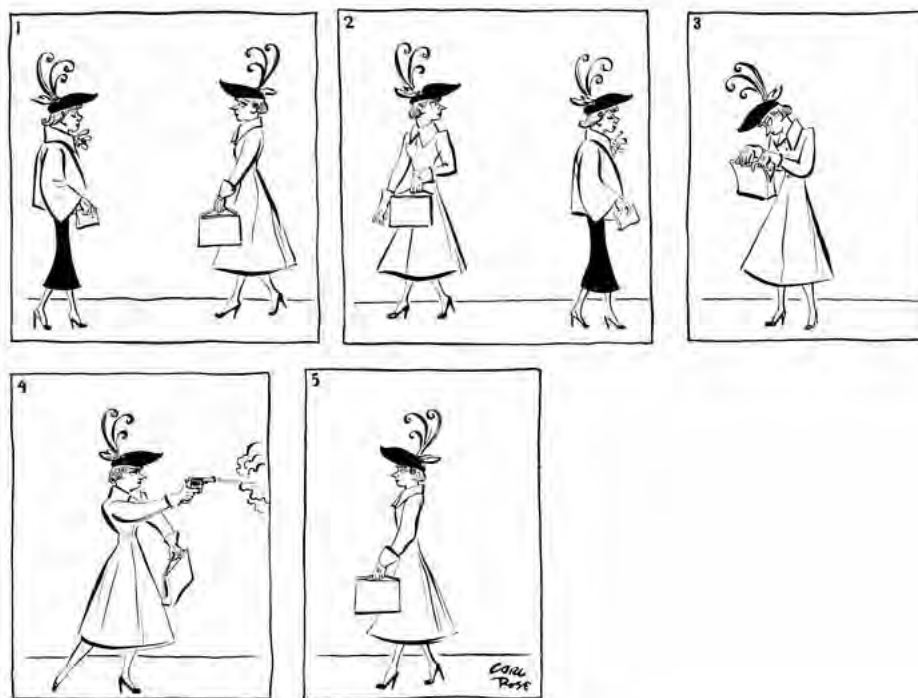




*“If you ask me, we’re
just butting our heads against a stone wall here.”*

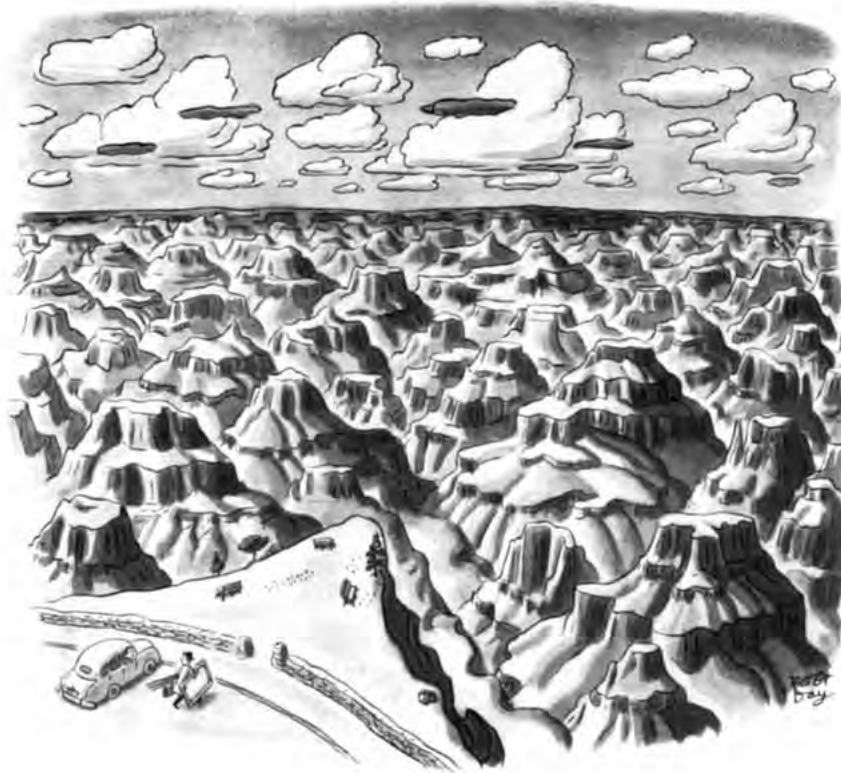


"See here, Pottsman! That happens to be my secretary!"





“What time do you play ‘Baby, It’s Cold Outside’?”



“Will you be very long, dear?”





"Would you mind telling my husband dinner is ready?"





“If I’m going to plead guilty, what do I need you for?”



"I could kill your Uncle Everett!"





"It isn't me the gypsy's in. The gypsy's in Ed."



"Well, that job at the welfare state certainly paid off."



NEW YEAR'S EVE, SUBURBAN (1 OF 8)



*"When whippoorwills call . . .
And evening is nigh . . ."*

NEW YEAR'S EVE, SUBURBAN (2 OF 8)



*“Let’s just not throw the confetti. I’m
afraid I’d feel foolish.”*

NEW YEAR'S EVE, SUBURBAN (3 OF 8)



*"I don't mean I wouldn't want
to see Juliana a doctor's wife,
of course, but after Tommy's through
regular college, won't he have three
more years in medical school, and then
still not be through if he wants
to be some kind of specialist?"*

NEW YEAR'S EVE, SUBURBAN (4 OF 8)



*"But if we ask Georgia to play, we'll
have to ask Dorothy Weems to sing."*

NEW YEAR'S EVE, SUBURBAN (5 OF 8)



“Alert, everybody! Thirty seconds to go!”

NEW YEAR'S EVE, SUBURBAN (6 OF 8)



*"Miss Tomato Juice, Please, wants
some Sanka coffee!"*

NEW YEAR'S EVE, SUBURBAN (7 OF 8)



*“... and don't forget, Harry, you can always
unload inventory items at old prices by
transferring them to the suburban stores.”*

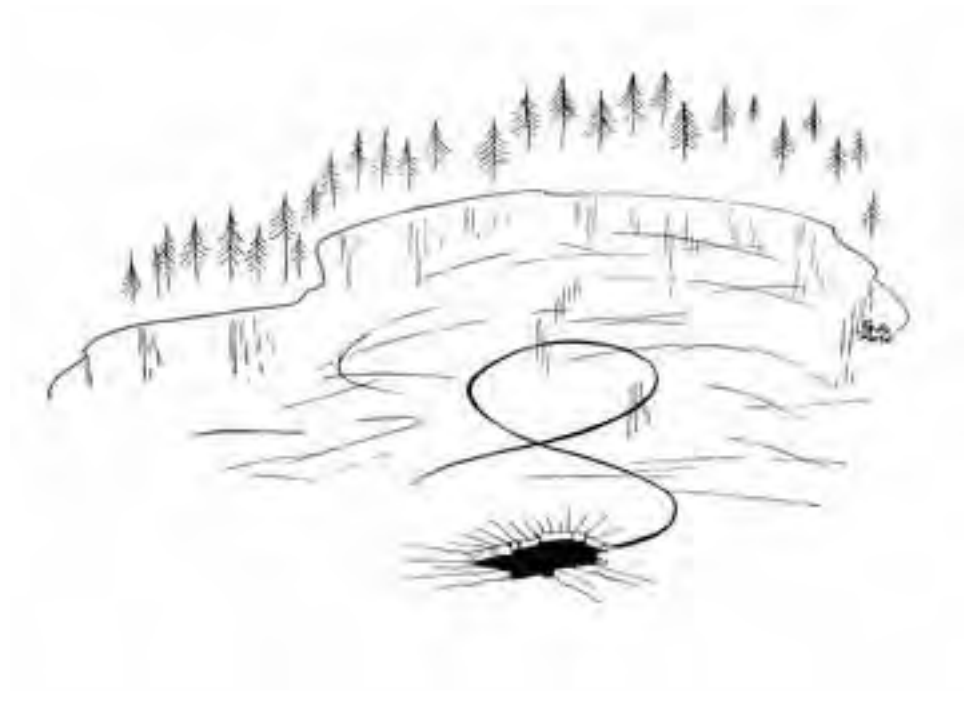
NEW YEAR'S EVE, SUBURBAN (8 OF 8)



Next train: 3:30 A.M. holiday local.



“What was the sense of buying a television set if you’re going to listen to it with your eyes closed?”





*"I was thinking of something funny in the subway, and
this gentleman thought I meant him."*



“... and he also promised me a diesel train with a horn and a red jet bomber and a pair of racing skates and a Doberman pinscher and five pounds of marshmallow fudge.”

1



2



3



4



5



6





*"Now understand, I wouldn't want you to go up
the Amazon simply on my account."*



"No wonder our mating calls haven't been getting results."



“Stick ’em up!”