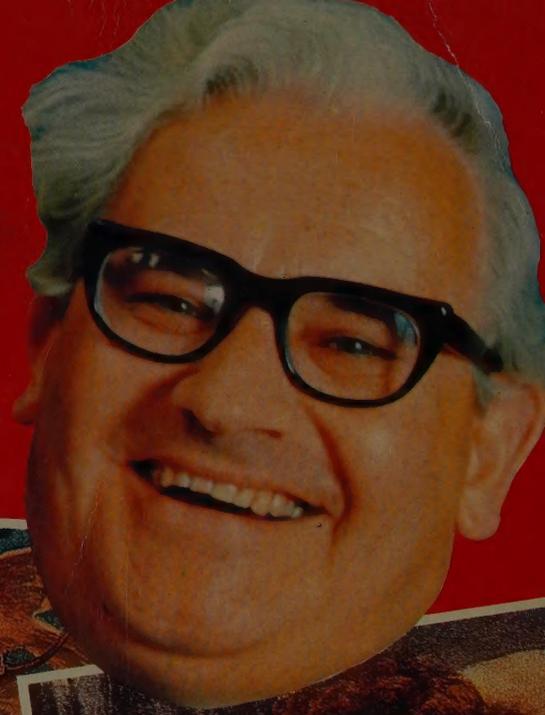




# RONNIE BARKER



# SAUCE

Cheeky Pictures  
Jocular Jests and  
Racy Rhymes of  
days gone by



Ernest Hall

# SAUCE

BY

# RONNIE BARKER



CORONET BOOKS  
HODDER AND STOUGHTON



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# "ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR."

As Dean Swift half-cynically, half-tenderly inscribed a lock of hair from the tresses of the tender, devoted Stella. "Only a woman's hair, and yet what poems, what romances have been inspired by the loveliness of a woman's hair." It is the crowning glory of her beauty, and yet she rarely displays it to advantage. The caprices and exigencies of fashion are always at work among her tresses, whether piling them up in towers, or rolling them in masses, or waving the locks, or ruffling them in ringlets or alluring them in a heavy mass over brow and neck, or in a hundred ways, differing widely from the simple *chignons* of Mother Eve. Anyhow, as Milton pictures it:

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Her unadorned tresses waves;  
Or, whether fair or dark, there is no aid to beauty more potent than an abundant luxuriant growth of hair, which may be obtained by using **EDWARDS' HARLENE**, the only Hair Producer and Restorer, so scientific in its discovery, or so effective in its operation, and she who possesses long and beautiful tresses, can afford to disregard the latest extravagance of fashion.

## Positively the BEST HAIR DRESSING for STRENGTHENING, BEAUTIFYING, and PRESERVING the HAIR.

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**WORLD-REVENDED  
HAIR PRODUCER  
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Is a Phenomenal Secret.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE**  
The only Restorer  
Promotes True Hair  
in its Natural Colour.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE**  
Safely and Effectually  
Cures Itches, Scalps,  
and all other  
Inflammations of the  
Head.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE**  
The only Restorer  
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**EDWARDS' HARLENE**  
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Cures Itches, Scalps,  
and all other  
Inflammations of the  
Head.

**WORLD-REVENDED  
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Is a Phenomenal Secret.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE**  
For Itching Scalps,  
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**EDWARDS' HARLENE**  
An Ancient Remedy  
Cures Itches, Scalps,  
and all other  
Inflammations of the  
Head.

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Quickly Restores and  
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Cures Itches, Scalps,  
and all other  
Inflammations of the  
Head.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE**  
Positively cures the Hair  
from falling.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be perfectly Harmless and Devoid of any Metallic or other Injurious Ingredient.

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Manufactured by **EDWARDS & CO.,**  
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A CLEAR AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.  
EMPLES, FRECKLES, BLACK SPICKS, SUNBURNS,  
SUN-LE, ROUGHNESS, and all unsightly blemishes on the face,  
the hands and arms, rapidly and permanently cured by **EDWARDS' VIOLETTA**. Perfectly safe and innocuous in use. This remarkable skin preparation should be tried by all. Smallpox, Measles, Eruptions, Acne, and all unsightly eruptions. It cures these and other skin and mucous membrane affections, and always imparts a clear, healthy, and natural complexion to the skin.  
Is sold in 6d. and 2s. 6d. per Bottle. Postage Throughpost extra.

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WORLD-WIDE POPULARITY

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It is a gentle stimulant, and sustains against hunger and bodily fatigue.  
In the whole process of manufacturing Cadbury's Pure Cocoa, the automatic machinery employed obviates the necessity for the hand once touched by the human hand.



Manufactured by **CADBURY'S**, 11, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W. 2.

# Acknowledgements

I would like to acknowledge the help and advice of Brian Long; and also the generosity of Gladys, Duchess of Bloemfontein, who, during the preparation of this book, accommodated me for a whole week without letting me spend a penny.

R. B.



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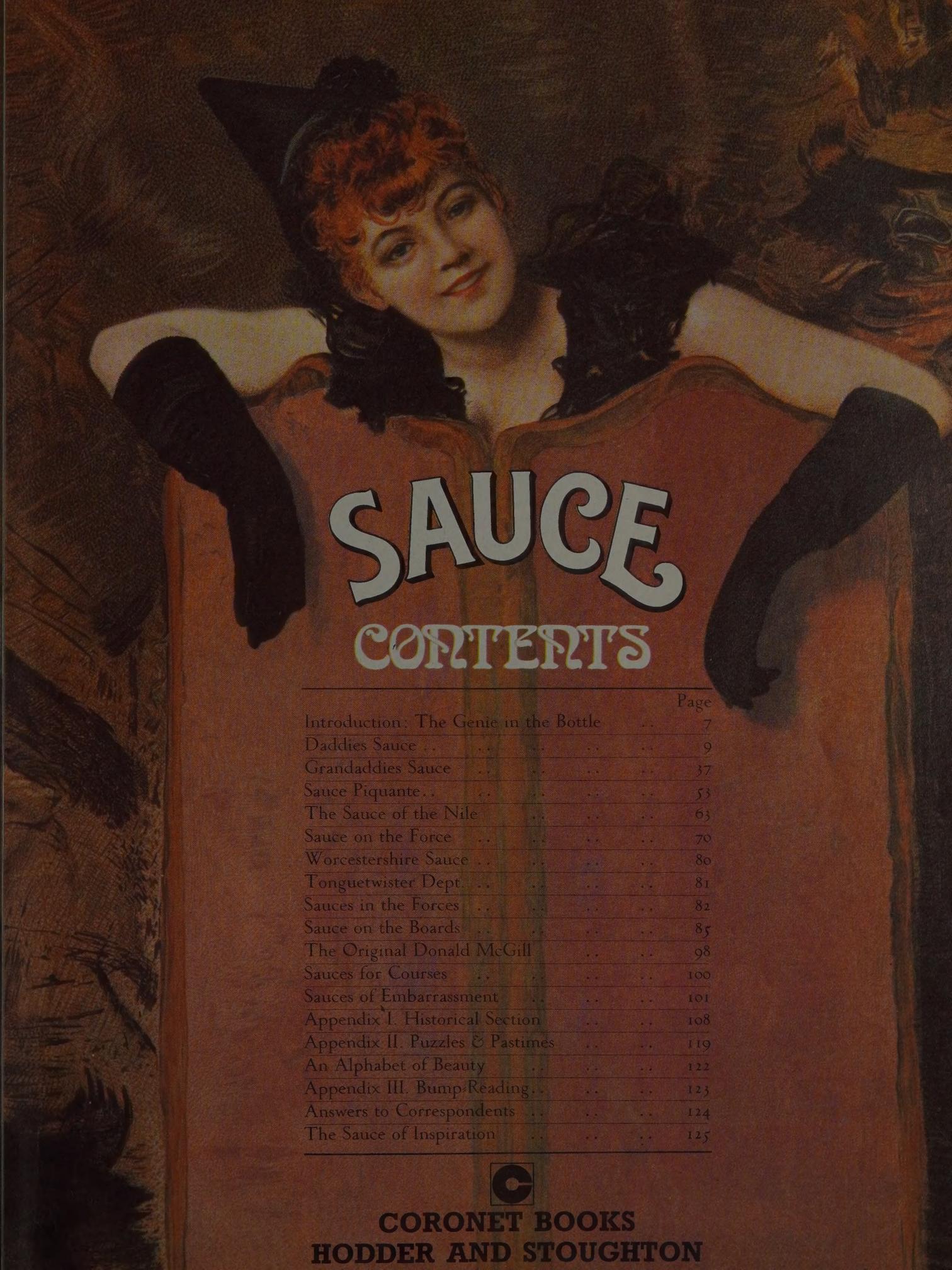


## Instructions for the Moving Pictures

Hold the pages of the book between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and, starting at this page, flick through, and you will UNDOUBTEDLY SEE WHAT THE BUTLER SAW.

Flicking it in reverse will, of course, cause the young lady to get dressed remarkably quickly and walk out backwards. Please yourself.



A woman with red hair, wearing a black pointed hat and a red corset with black gloves, is holding a large book. The background is a dark, textured, painterly style.

# SAUCE

## CONTENTS

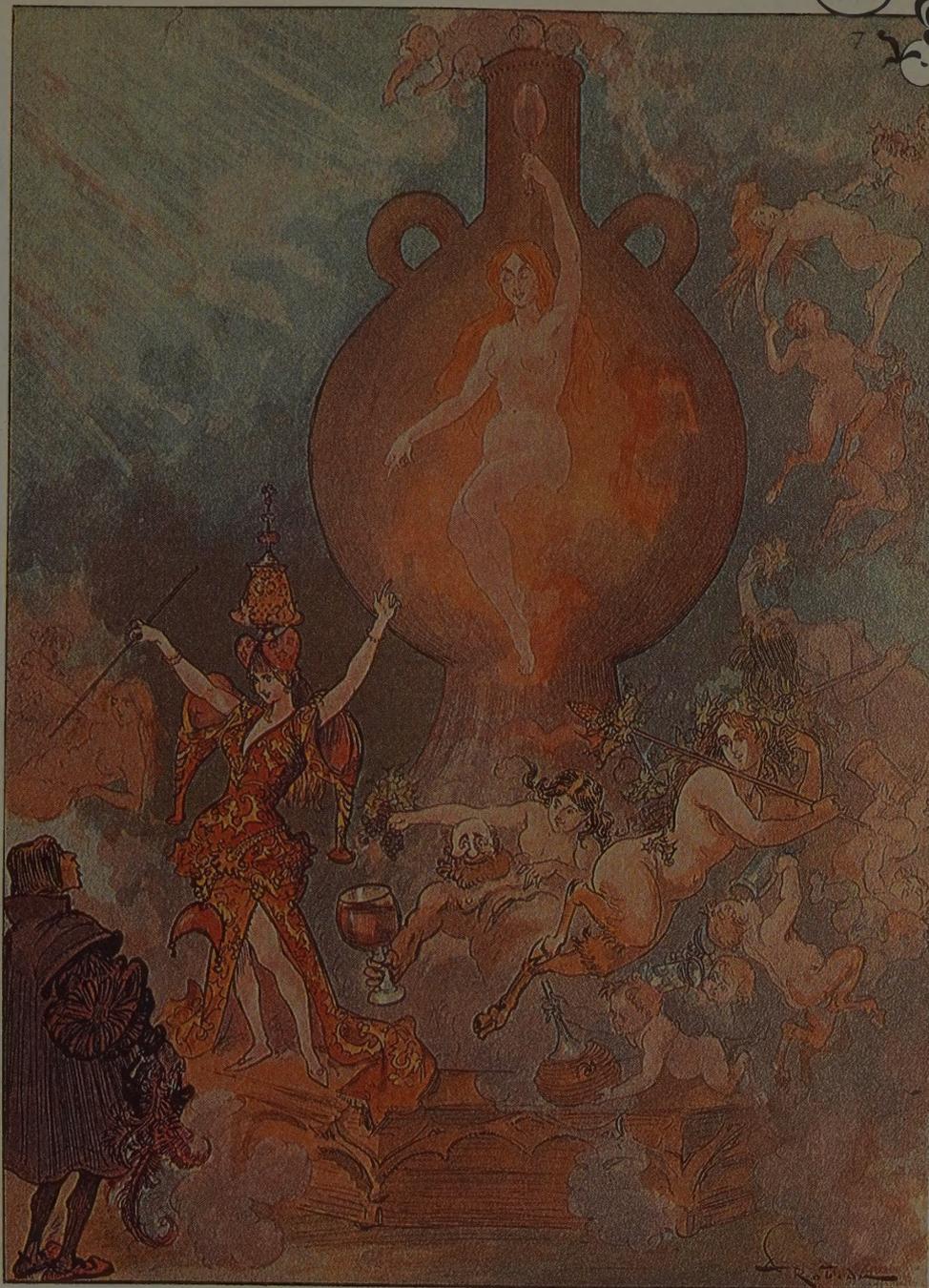
	Page
Introduction: The Genie in the Bottle ..	7
Daddies Sauce .. .. .	9
Granddaddies Sauce .. .. .	37
Sauce Piquante.. .. .	53
The Sauce of the Nile .. .. .	63
Sauce on the Force .. .. .	70
Worcestershire Sauce .. .. .	80
Tonguetwister Dept. .. .. .	81
Sauces in the Forces .. .. .	82
Sauce on the Boards .. .. .	85
The Original Donald McGill .. .. .	98
Sauces for Courses .. .. .	100
Sauces of Embarrassment .. .. .	101
Appendix I. Historical Section .. .. .	108
Appendix II. Puzzles & Pastimes .. .. .	119
An Alphabet of Beauty .. .. .	122
Appendix III. Bump-Reading .. .. .	123
Answers to Correspondents .. .. .	124
The Sauce of Inspiration .. .. .	125



**CORONET BOOKS**  
**HODDER AND STOUGHTON**



(New readers start anywhere)



# THE GENIE IN THE BOTTLE

THIS BOOK is meant to delight the eye. It is intended, as most culinary sauces do, to tickle the palate. The dictionary describes "sauce" as "a thing mixed"—a tinge, a tincture, a touch, a dash, a sprinkling, a seasoning, a soupçon, a smack; and within these pages I have tried to provide all of these by word and picture. But mostly, you will find, by picture.

It is a scrapbook of popular postcard and magazine art of days gone by, and so many of the pictures require no explanation—all they need is to be looked at. I do hope you find most of them well worth it.

The other meaning of the word "sauce", apart from its condiment sense, is, of course, impudence; and the pictures are undeniably cheeky, the rhymes robust, racy, and even raucous in places. The girls are either pert, pretty, and piquante (a word very much a favourite of the sauce-manufacturers) or they are meaty, monstrous, or merciless, as in some of the more heavy-handed postcards.

# The Genie in the Bottle *continued*



The main period from which these weird and wonderful creatures emerge is the first twenty years of the century. A few are later—one or two earlier; but for the most part they are the product of the Music-Hall years, when sixpence would buy you a passport into the gaudy, exciting world of the red-nosed comic, the terrifying trapeze acts, the ample-bosomed singer of popular songs, and those gorgeous, painted girls of the chorus, who danced as one, seeming to have no individual personality of their own at all; until suddenly, in the middle of the third number, you noticed the little dark one second from the end, and thereafter concentrated on her particular skills throughout the rest of the programme.

The jokes were rough and ready, and many of them would be so dated as to mean nothing to an audience today. However, some still have a timeless humour about them, and these are the ones I have included in the following pages. You will find one or two music-hall songs scattered about, illustrated by postcards of the time—and although a song isn't much without its music, there may be enough pungency left to enable you to get a whiff of the gas-lit, cigar-smoke-filled atmosphere of that glittering fun-palace that is no more.

However, my main aim was to fill the book as full as I could with colour, glamour and comedy—and I have managed to cram in 770 illustrations into 124 pages. I hope they speak for themselves, with few further interruptions from me; and that there is something to laugh at on every one.



*Ronald Barker*

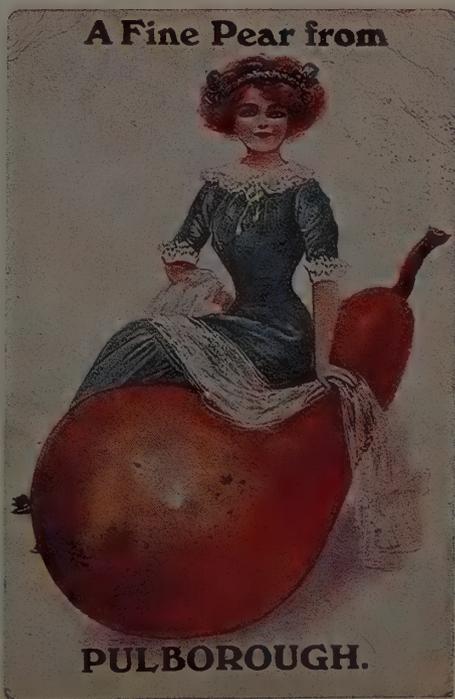
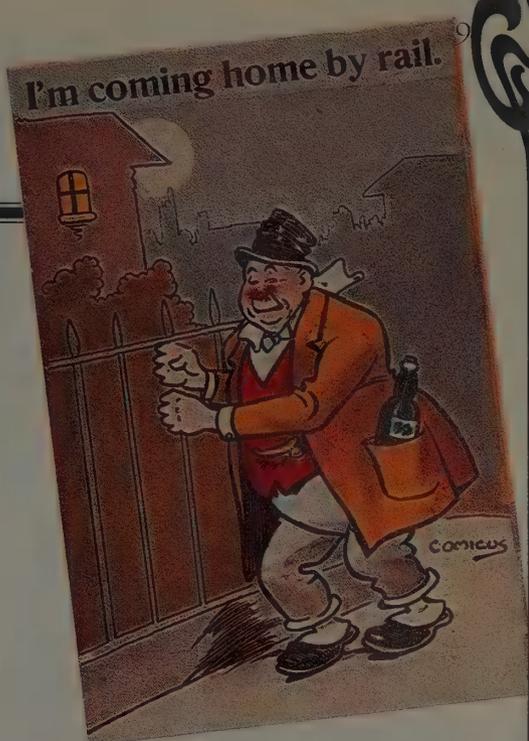




# DADDIE'S SAUCE

MY OWN Daddie was born in 1906, which means that he was a toddler when the picture-postcard craze was at its height, and he grew up through that long, long war, emerging into manhood just as the twenties got really roaring.

So Daddies sauce was definitely that of the twenties—a time when the world was accelerating by the minute, and even the fastest of girls had to move a bit to keep up with it. The next few pages are devoted, in most cases, to the girls who managed it.



# DADDIES SAUCE



## THE WEAKER SEX?

*Maid:* The Missus says there's been a great deal of water in the milk lately.  
*Milkman:* Well, you can't blame the cows, can 'ee? This be thirsty weather, poor things!

"A ticklish situation"

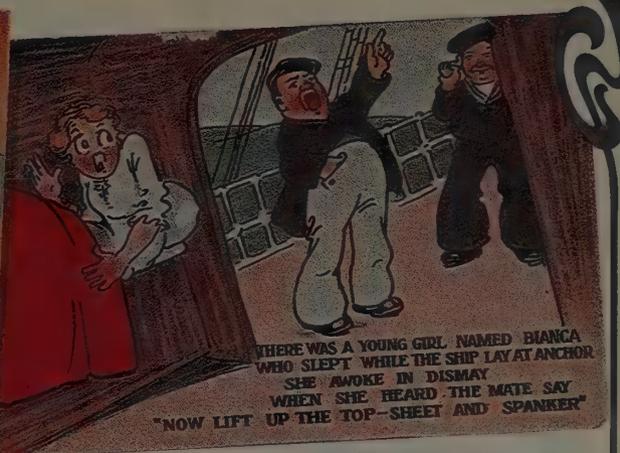




A POOR SHIPWRECKED GIRL ON A RAFT WAS HAILED BY A PASSING CRAFT. WHAT'S THE THING SIGNIFY THAT YOU'VE HOISTED ON HIGH?" SAID SHE. " THAT I SIT IN A DRAFT."



THERE WAS A YOUNG BANDSMEN OF DEE, TRIED TO PLAY WITH A GIRL ON HIS KNEE, BUT THE POINT OF THE JOKE IS HE STRUCK THE WRONG NOTE AND THE WEDDING'S ON THURSDAY AT 3.



THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL NAMED BIANCA WHO SLEPT WHILE THE SHIP LAY AT ANCHOR SHE AWOKE IN DISMAY WHEN SHE HEARD THE MATE SAY "NOW LIFT UP THE TOP-SHEET AND SPANKER"



THE HAREM LILY UP-TO-DATE.



A little fresh 'air from EASTBOURNE.

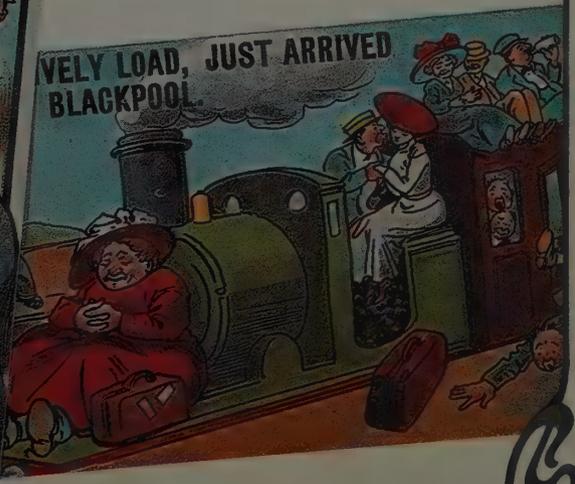
A rather sad occurrence  
Can here be clearly seen  
I once used fertiliser  
Instead of Brilliantine.  
It's really most embarrassing—  
Now it has come to pass  
That every time I raise my hat  
I show the girls my grass.



HAVE YOU ANYTHING IN THE SHAPE OF A CUCUMBER?  
YES MISS, A BANANA. HOW WILL THAT SUIT?



TAKE A FRIENDS ADVICE AND DON'T WEAR MUSLIN FROCKS!



# DADDIES SAUCE

MANY MERRY  
XMAS  
DAYS  
AND MAY  
YOU



Let your Spirits HOLD UP  
and you'll certainly find  
They'll keep you to-day  
in HIGH feather.  
And I shall be pleased.  
if Dame Fortune so kind  
Let's SUS-PEND-ER  
few moments  
together.



Three cheers for the stocking!  
One glimpse (oh, how shocking)  
Of leg wrapped in sensual silk  
Causes scandals, sensations,  
The downfall of nations,  
And men to come home with the milk.





The **GLAD EYE.**

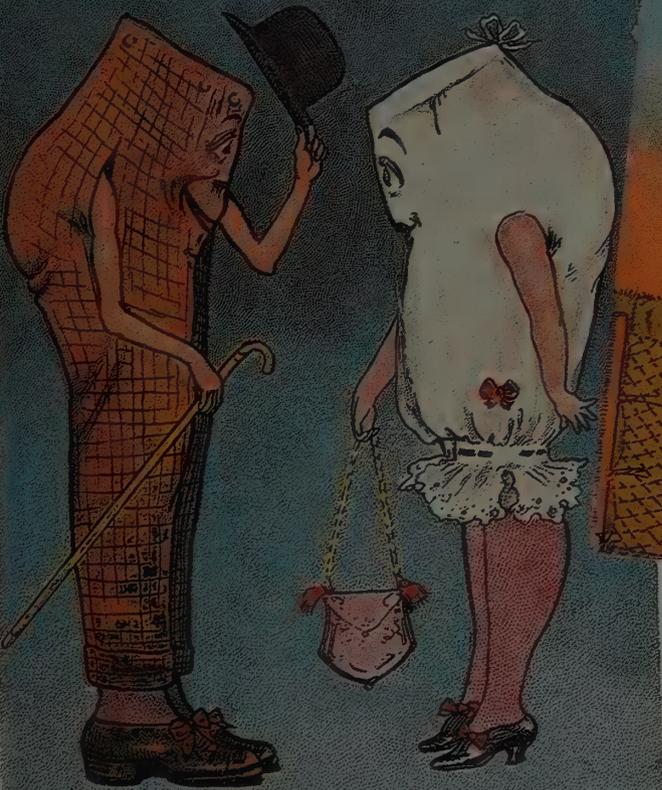


**PUT ME AMONGST THE GIRLS**

**WILL YOU PLAY WITH ME TO-NIGHT**



**WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME?**



**"I THINK WE'VE MET BEFORE"**



**NOW YOU'RE MARRIED  
I WISH YOU JOY!**



"I think we've met before  
Was it at the clothing store?"  
Said the trousers, with a grin.  
"Yes, I'm sure it must have been,"  
"No," replied the underwear,  
"It was on a bedroom chair.  
And she's hoping he'll forget her—  
P'raps the less that's said, the better!"

# DADDIES SAUCE



"Alf a pint, miss, please."  
 "No, you're too late. The clock's struck."  
 "Go on—it ain't finished humming yet."



*Old Lady:* Five shillings worth of three halfpenny stamps, please. How much is that?  
*New Girl:* Er—That will be seven and sixpence.



"A two-penny mousetrap please, as quick as possible. Mother wants to catch a train."



"I've hurt my hand in the hot water, cook!"  
 "Ah, sure, it serves you right. You should have felt the water before you put your hand in."



*Barber:* We was discussing National Service, wasn't we, last time I shaved you? Have you joined up yet?  
*Customer:* I don't know, I haven't taken the plaster off yet.



*Queen of the Chorus:* Our leading lady couldn't appear tonight.  
*Maid:* Why not, miss?  
*Q of the C:* A moth got into her dressing room and ate both her costumes.



PUNCH

PUNCH

PUNCH

COME QUICKLY. THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU  
ALTHOUGH IT WILL BE A TIGHT SQUEEZE.

AT SOUTHEND



# LOVE



IT STARTS WITH  
THE EYES-

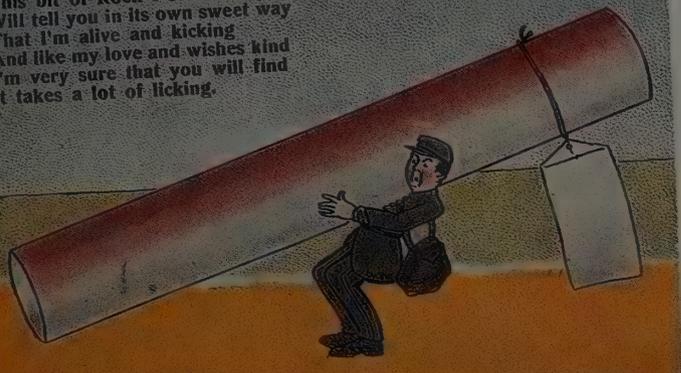
PROGRESSES  
TO THE HANDS-

THEN TO THE  
LIPS AND  
WAIST-

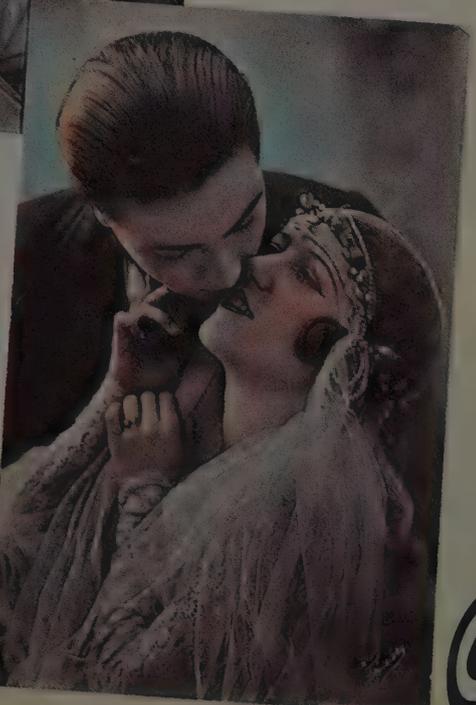
AND  
FINISHES  
HEAVEN KNOWS  
WHERE!



This bit of Rock I send today  
Will tell you in its own sweet way  
That I'm alive and kicking  
And like my love and wishes kind  
I'm very sure that you will find  
It takes a lot of licking.



"I ASK YOU, WHAT USE IS A LITTLE  
STICK O' ROCK LIKE THAT TO A  
WOMAN O' MY BUILD?"





# DADDIES SAUCE

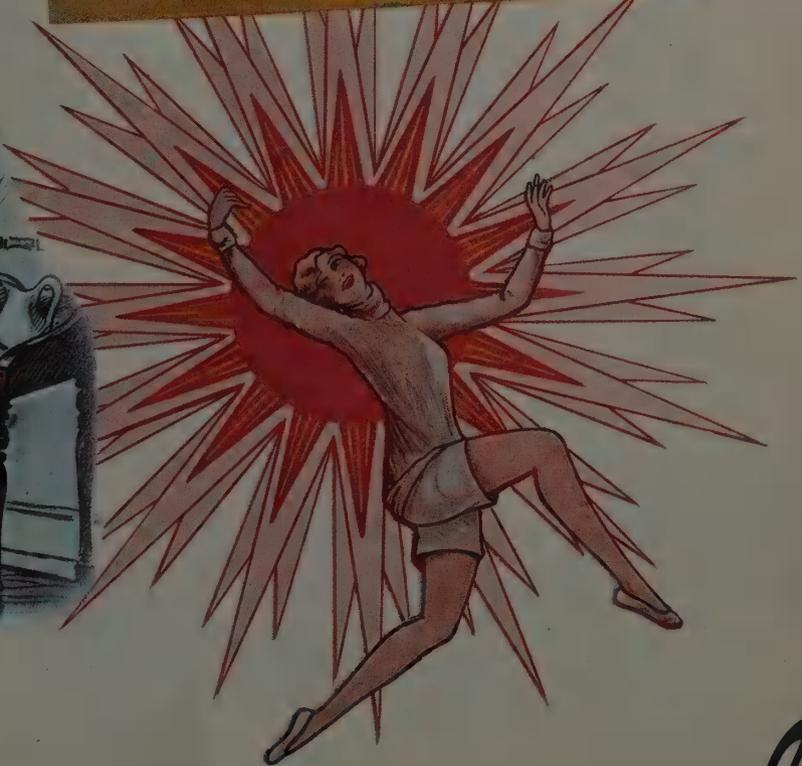
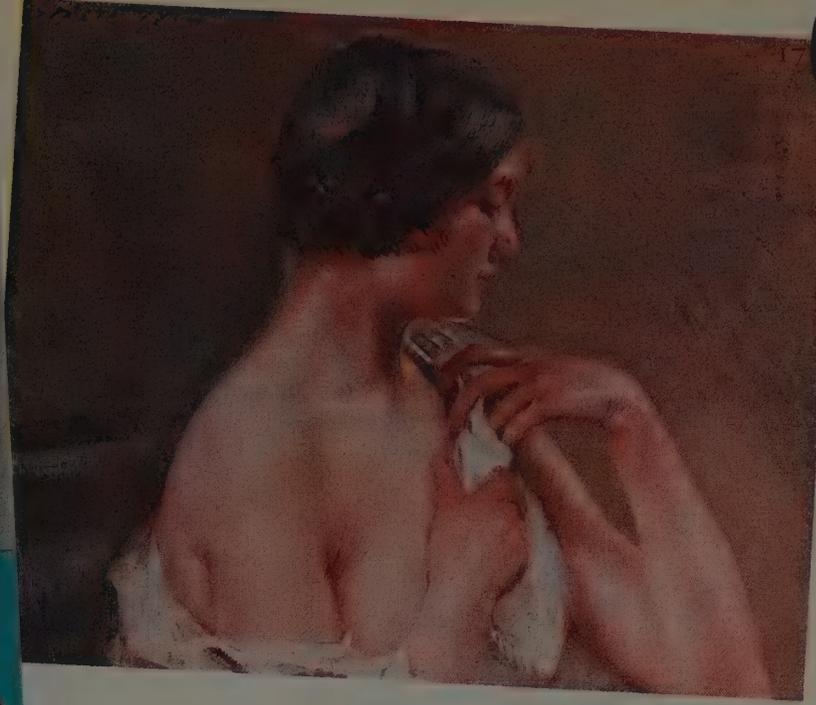


Priscilla Jones had great big knees  
Yet never ceased to show 'em—  
Like champagne bottles stood  
on end  
Each one a Jeroboam.  
Although her friends all called  
her plump  
*She* thought her shape  
perfection;  
She crossed her legs at the  
flower show  
And won the Marrow section.





I AM GETTING A MOUTHFUL OF FRESH 'AIR



*She:* Only last night you called me the apple of your eye.  
*He:* Well, what of it?  
*She:* What's the matter—gorn orf fruit, or something?



A GOOD DEED.

CUSTOMER (who has inquired the price of every article on the counter): "And this pest exterminator- how is it applied?"  
WEARY CHEMIST (emphatically): "You take a tablespoonful every half-hour, madam."



"Oh, shocking!!"

## St. Bride's Church, Feltbam.

**ON SATURDAY NEXT,**  
Our Monthly Baptismal Service will be held.

There will be one Adult and three Nondescripts who will take water for the first time, never having been used to it, (only with a little WHISKY.)

**ON WEDNESDAY NEXT,**  
Our Annual Tea Meeting will take place.

**ALL LADIES GIVING MILK PLEASE COME EARLY.**

After which there will be a **CONCERT.**

**WHEN**  
Miss Lotta' Bubbs will sing, "Put me in my little bed" accompanied by the Curate. Miss Ophelia Legg will sing "Stop your tickling Jock." Mrs. Doolittle will sing by special request, that pathetic little ballad entitled, "O Lay me Down," which is bound to lay everybody up, followed by Hymn No. 220, "Little drops of water," by the Ladies present.

**Mothers Meeting in the Schoolroom**  
**ON THURSDAY EVENING,**

All Ladies desirous of becoming Members and Mothers should see the Curate in the Vestry after Service.  
All Ladies refusing the gin and cake will be turned out.

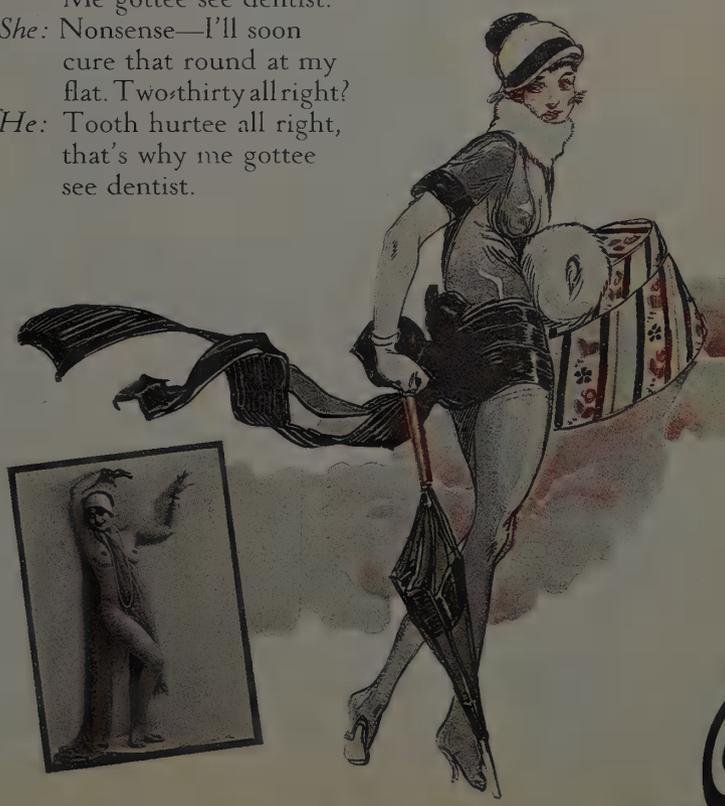


Bloke come in the shop today and says, "I can't see you properly. You're all fuzzy. Do I need stronger glasses?" and I says, "No, fewer."





He: No can come with you.  
Me gottee see dentist.  
She: Nonsense—I'll soon  
cure that round at my  
flat. Two thirty all right?  
He: Tooth hurtee all right,  
that's why me gottee  
see dentist.





"The Family Features"



Drawn by Leonard Smith.

"Smithers, I am surprised to see you about here still! Why are you not at the Front?"  
"Cos there ain't no milk at that end, mum!"

Leonard Smith



BUT HE CAN'T.

"So that is the man you want to marry.  
What does he mean when he says he's a wood-worker?"  
"I think, Daddy, he means he would if he could."



# DADDIES SAUCE

I'm not so good as I ought to be,  
 As Mother said to Dad;  
 But one thing I'm perfectly certain of,  
 On the whole I'm  
 not so bad.



I WOULD'NT MIND GETTING INTO  
 HOT WATER WITH YOU.



This snap of Auntie  
 Maud reveals  
 The influence  
 of liquor—  
 She'd had too many  
 sherries, and  
 Was trying to tempt  
 the vicar.



A FORTNIGHT  
 HERE WOULD  
 MAKE  
 YOUR CHEEKS  
 QUITE ROSY.

*I am holding my own*

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN AT HOME  
 AS WELL AS AT THE FRONT.



THE LAUNDRY MAID.



WANT A NEW SUIT SIR? OUR LADY ASSISTANT WILL MEASURE YOU!





# DADDIES SAUCE

A descendant of Lady Godiva,  
 Would ride nude, on a horse, for a fiver—  
 Her big sister, Babs,  
 Did the same thing in cabs;  
 Not inside—up on top, with the driver.





# IN EARLY "GATEFOLD" PICTURE

This photograph, in an early Art magazine, was printed at twice this size, and was described in the pages of the magazine as being "an example of a classic pose, for serious students of sculpture"

This didn't prevent it being framed and hung in many clubs and saloons, in the United States as well as in Britain, for the even more serious students of snooker and shove-hapenny.

The reason for the colour is presumably artistic, and the fact that the model's name was actually Miss Greenbaum must have been merely a happy coincidence.



# DADDIES SAUCE

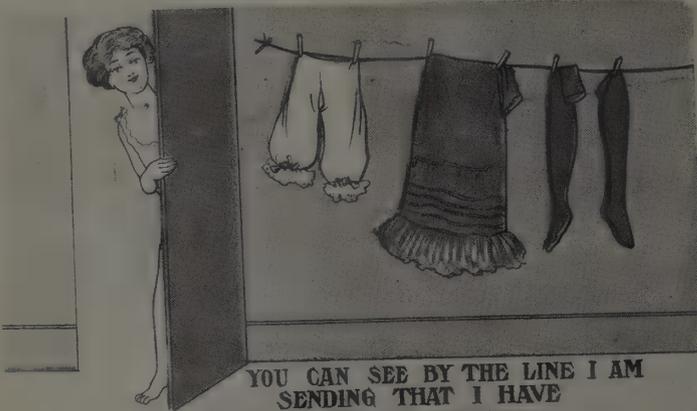


AT THE SEASIDE IT'S QUITE THE THING TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED SEATED ON A DONKEY.

## SOCIETY GOSSIP



LORD HOTSTUFF SPENT A LONG TIME AT THE DRESS EXHIBITION THIS MORNING!



YOU CAN SEE BY THE LINE I AM SENDING THAT I HAVE NOT MUCH ON AT PRESENT

## The Double Meaning

Here, and on the next couple of pages, a few examples of the basis of most jokes—the double meaning.

The marvellous thing about a joke with a double meaning is that it can only mean one thing . . .



PLEASE MA'AM, HERE'S THE RAILWAY PORTER COME TO TAKE YOUR OFF.



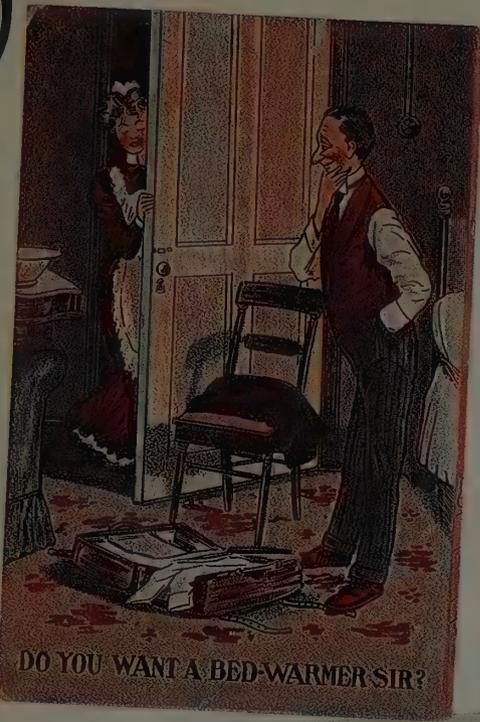
I CANNOT BEAR THIS PLACE ANY LONGER.



EVERY SEAT FULL!



(DANCING MASTER) "HIGHER (DANCER) "WHAT, FOR FIFTEEN BOB A WEEK." MISS HIGHER"



DO YOU WANT A BED-WARMER SIR?



"I felt an awful ass."



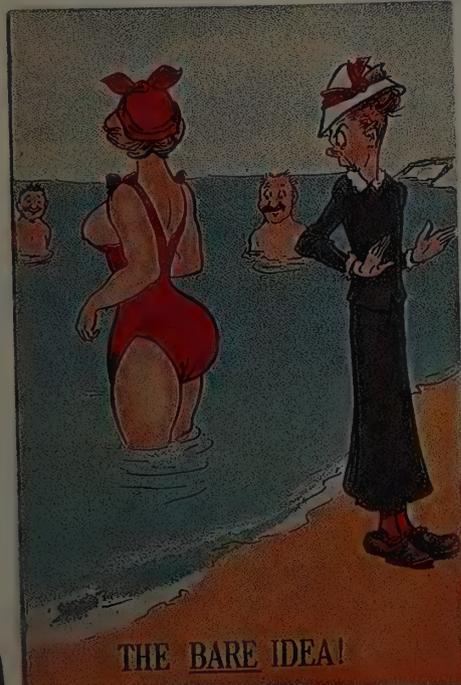
THE MODERN GIRL IS SIMPLY RIPPING!



A nice bit of mutton for the week-end, Mister?



You don't kiss me as often now as you used to when I was younger dear.  
Ah, darling, a great deal has come between us since then.



THE BARE IDEA!



CAN YOU SEE MY BAGS PORTER?  
NO MISS; NOT QUITE.



"HENRY, IT'S TWENTY TO ONE!"  
"ALL RI, I'LL HAVE FIVE BOB EACH WAY."

# DADDIES SAUCE

"Quick George, my cheeks will get sunburned!" get the cold cream.

I suppose I should earn enough to live between two.

**YOUNG LADY WANTED To Exhibit Our NEW PINK & WHITE STOCKINGS AND SELF LOCKING SUSPENSERS**

APPLY AT FRILLS & CO HIGH STREET




## COMING DOWN

**SALE**

A VARIETY OF ARTICLES WILL BE ON SHOW

YOUR INSPECTION INVITED

DASHE HOSIERY



"DON'T LET IT GO ANY FARTHER"



"It's a bad job about Mrs. Jones' husband. He's had to have his tonsils cut out."

"Law, and she is so fond of children, too!"

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY!



REMARKABLY THIN AT THE BOTTOM.

HOSPITAL

**"I WANT A BLOUSE, please"**

**"Yes Miss, WHAT BUST?"**

**"I DON'T KNOW, I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING!"**

**"I GET TEN SHILLINGS A WEEK AND PARTIAL BOARD"**

**"IS THAT ALL? WHY I GET THIRTY AND MY WHOLE BOARD!"**

COMICUS



**THE BEAUTIFUL LASMILO!**

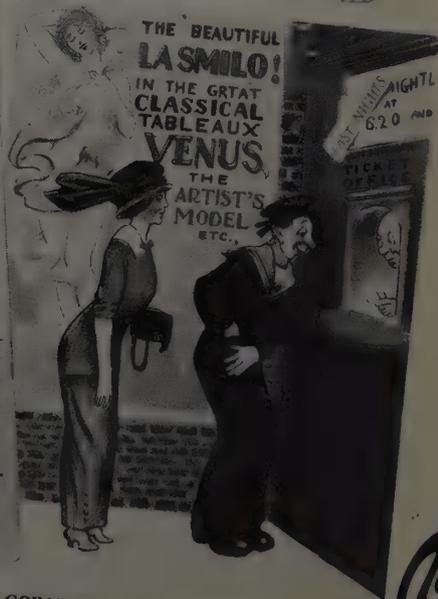
IN THE GREAT CLASSICAL TABLEUX

**VENUS**

THE ARTIST'S MODEL ETC.,

SEE MILES NIGHTLY AT 6.20 AND

TICKET OFFICE



IM GOING TO "SEE" WITH A SAILOR!





## GRAND-DADDIES SAUCE

LET US, having taken a gander at what might be described as sauce for the goose in my daddie's day now progress backwards, if that is possible. (It *is* actually possible—ask the cox of an Oxford eight.) We now look back on the good old days of Granddaddie; those times described as the naughty nineties, the turn of the century, the halcyon days of an Empire on which the sun never set, the age of elegance; the time when, as my own particular Grandfather used to say, "You could buy three pennyworth of chips and still have change from sixpence."

The jokes (and the girls) of his day were rather more covered up; the jokes more longwinded and physical, the girls more stoutlimbed and winsome. Nevertheless, the naughtiness of the nineties can be easily detected in the following pages—be it the girl in the toilet with her umbrella up, the can-can dancer with her leg up, or the fishing-boat with its bottom up.

# GRAND-DADDIES SAUCE



"And how old are you, my dear?"  
 "Twelve, sir."  
 "Twelve? Good gracious! By the time I was your age I was seventeen!"



"There she is. George wants us to turn her upside down and tar her bottom." (Maiden lady leaves in a hurry.)



## THE MAN WITH ONE HAIR.



He was not bald, for, on his shining  
 cranium  
 Remained one hair, its colour pink  
 geranium.  
 Oh! how he idolised that single  
 hair  
 That, last of loved ones, grew luxuriant  
 there.

\* \*

He counted it each morning, fondly viewed it  
 This way and that way; carefully shampooed it;  
 Combed it and brushed it, scented it and oiled it,  
 Dared scarce to put his hat on, lest he spoiled it.

\* \*

In evening dress, arrayed for swell  
 society,  
 He'd part it in the middle for variety.  
 Often he'd curl it, train it on his  
 brow  
 In navy fashion, as our middies now.



\* \*

Omitting nothing, with devoted care  
 He'd pet his hirsute pride, his single hair!  
 But, sad to say (ah! heavy was the blow!)  
 There came a day, a day of direst woe.

\* \*



'Twas in his soup it fell; he  
 quick espied it;  
 He rescued it, and on his  
 napkin dried it;  
 His only hair, his pet, his  
 flowing tress.  
 Chill was his forehead, deep  
 his heart's distress.

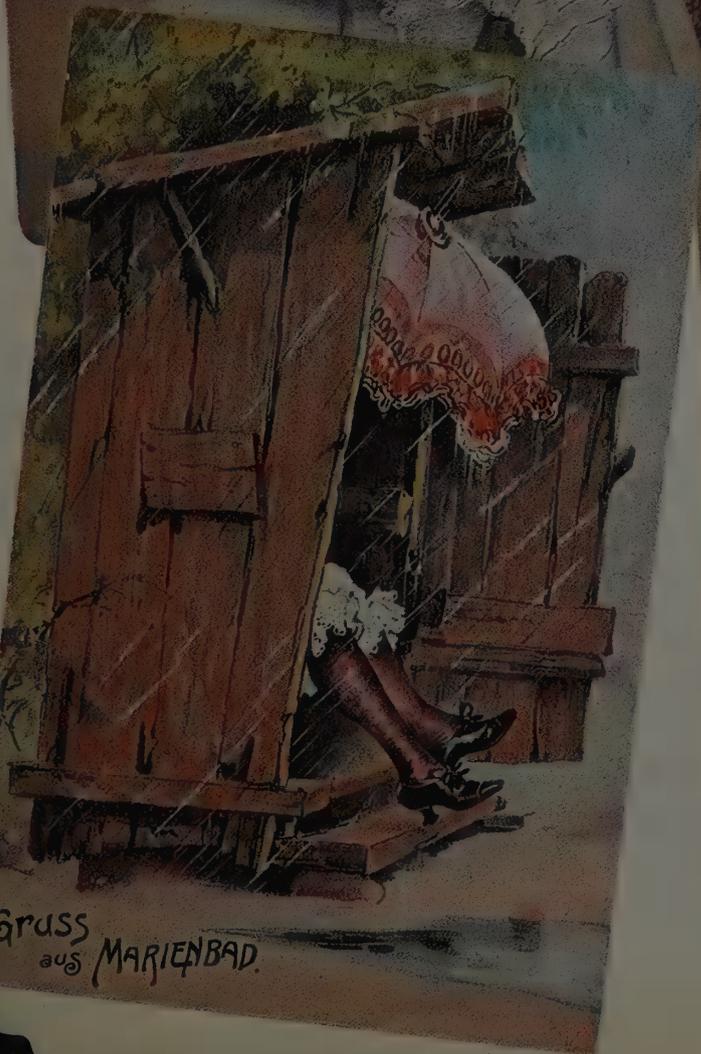
\* \*

"I'm bald at last!" he cried in bitter grief;  
 "My only hair has fallen like a leaf!  
 What! ho! A taxidermist!" shouted he;  
 "I'll have it stuffed, for all the world to see!"

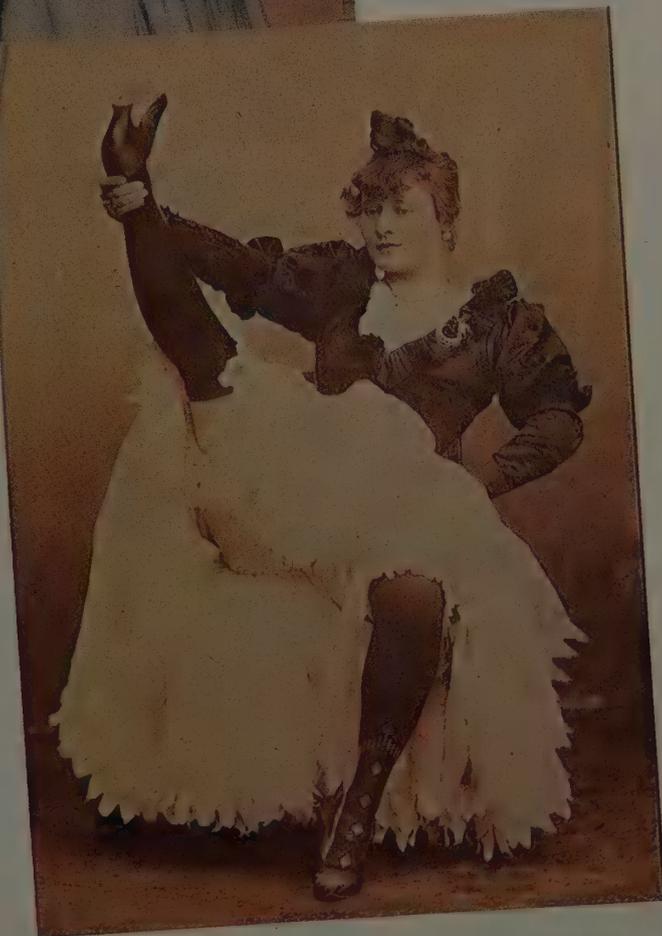
(And so he did.)



"Roses are Red  
Violets are Blue  
Mabel wears white ones  
and I do, too."



GRUSS  
aus MARIENBAD.





### NOTES FROM MY DIARY

Dear Diary,

Yesterday, the whole academy went on a ramble down to the coast near Aix-les-Bains. It was Mrs. Todhunter's idea that, as it was a Nature Ramble, we should all get back to Nature by not wearing anything. You should have seen her! Unfortunately, you can't because she was taking the photographs. The sea was a bit rough, as you notice, but there was certainly plenty to be seen on the seashore that day. We had a splendid time, and lots of us caught things—crabs, colds, etcetera. Later we moved inland a little, and examined the delights of field, woodland, and hedgerow.





Here are some of the things we saw on our journey.



Notes from my diary (continued).

*The ground was a bit rough, and people kept falling over, as you can see—but it was all grand fun. We found an enormous cobweb among the ferns, which looked as if it had been spun by an elephant. I must say I thought some of the girls were awfully brave to sit in the bracken with that sort of creature about. Altogether a very jolly day. Home to tea, and bed by nine-thirty, as usual.*





He: There's many a good tune played on an old viol.

She: And there's quite a few vile ones played as well.

Old Jack, who's ninetyone, proposed to strapping Elsie Wills. He went round to his doctors' for a checkup, and some pills. "This marriage could prove fatal," said his doctor in surprise. To which old Jack replied, "So what? If she dies, she dies!"





1.

THE GUARD (*the train being in motion*).—Hi! stand back there! Stand back!



2.

"Do you want to commit suicide?"



3.

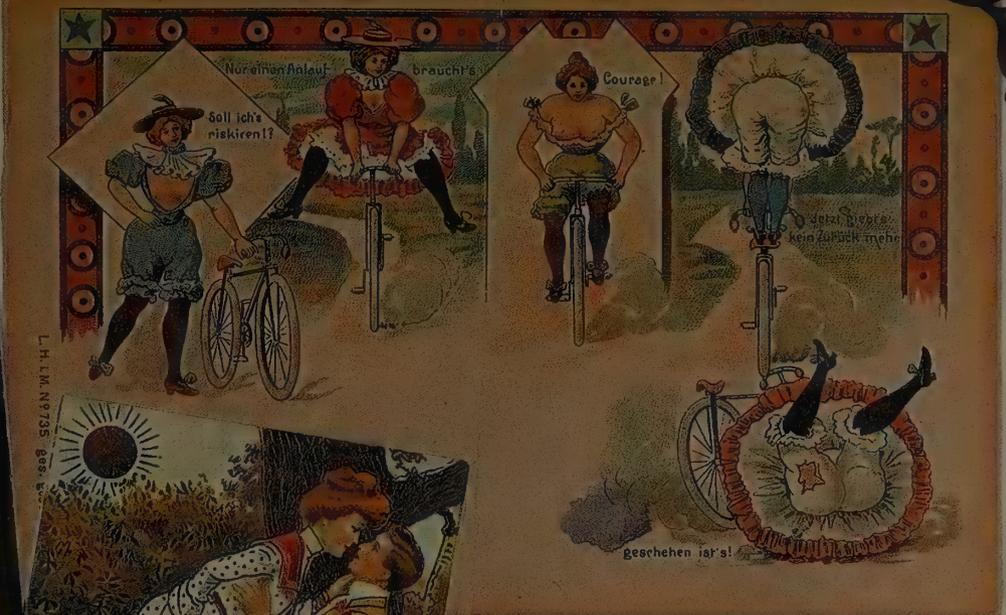
The guard makes for his van.



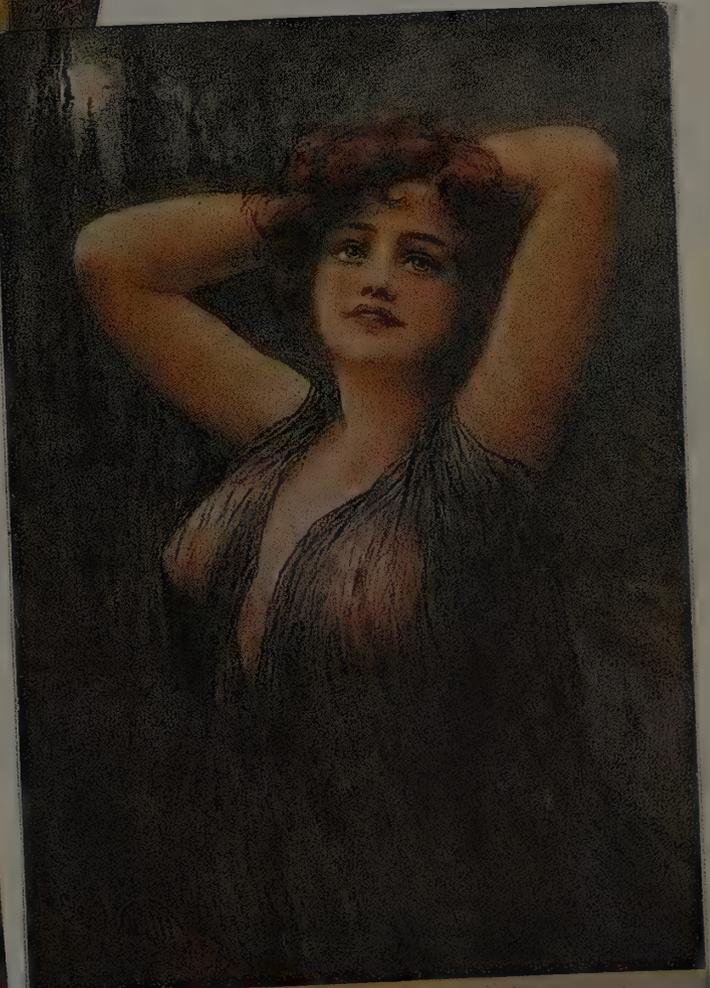
4.

BELATED PASSENGER.—Well, if I can't go I'm blessed if you shall!

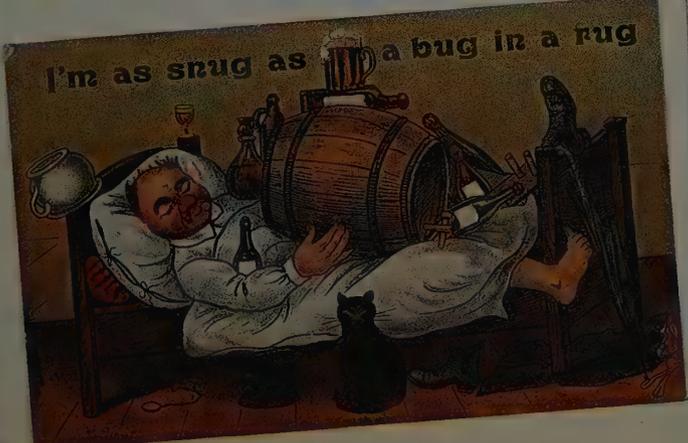




A girl (who was normally bright)  
Tried some stunts on her cycle one night;  
She went off the rails  
When the wind took her sails—  
Her demise can be seen on the right.



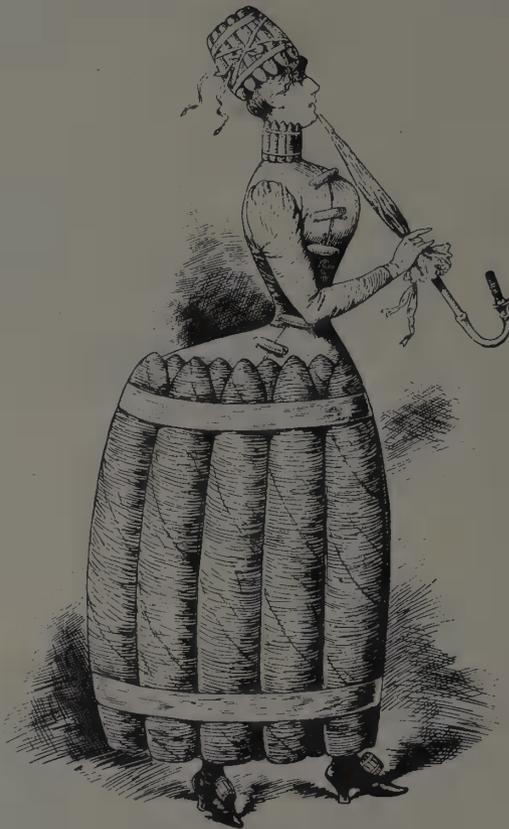
KEEP SMILING, DEAREST.



# WHAT SHALL I WEAR? (some suggestions)



A sparkling wine—now there's  
a dress  
That might appeal to you.  
But take care—if your label  
shows  
Your vintage is on view.



Dressed as a bundle of cigars  
Is dangerous, she's found;  
Last night, among the gentlemen  
She twice got handed round.



"The Net Result"



This military maiden is  
Already fast retreating  
For fear the enemy approach  
And give her drum a beating.



"Fashion on the Brain"



"Corn on the Nob"

## GRAND-DADDIES SAUCE



LA CHASSE AUX MOUETTES!!



AVENUE MICH... BRUXELLES



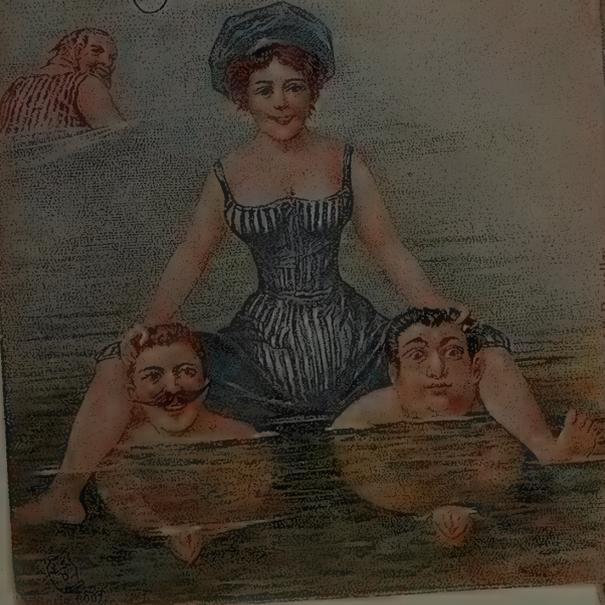
Henne und Küchlein!  
Le bain de la poule et ses poussins!



Serie 8007

L' Etoile

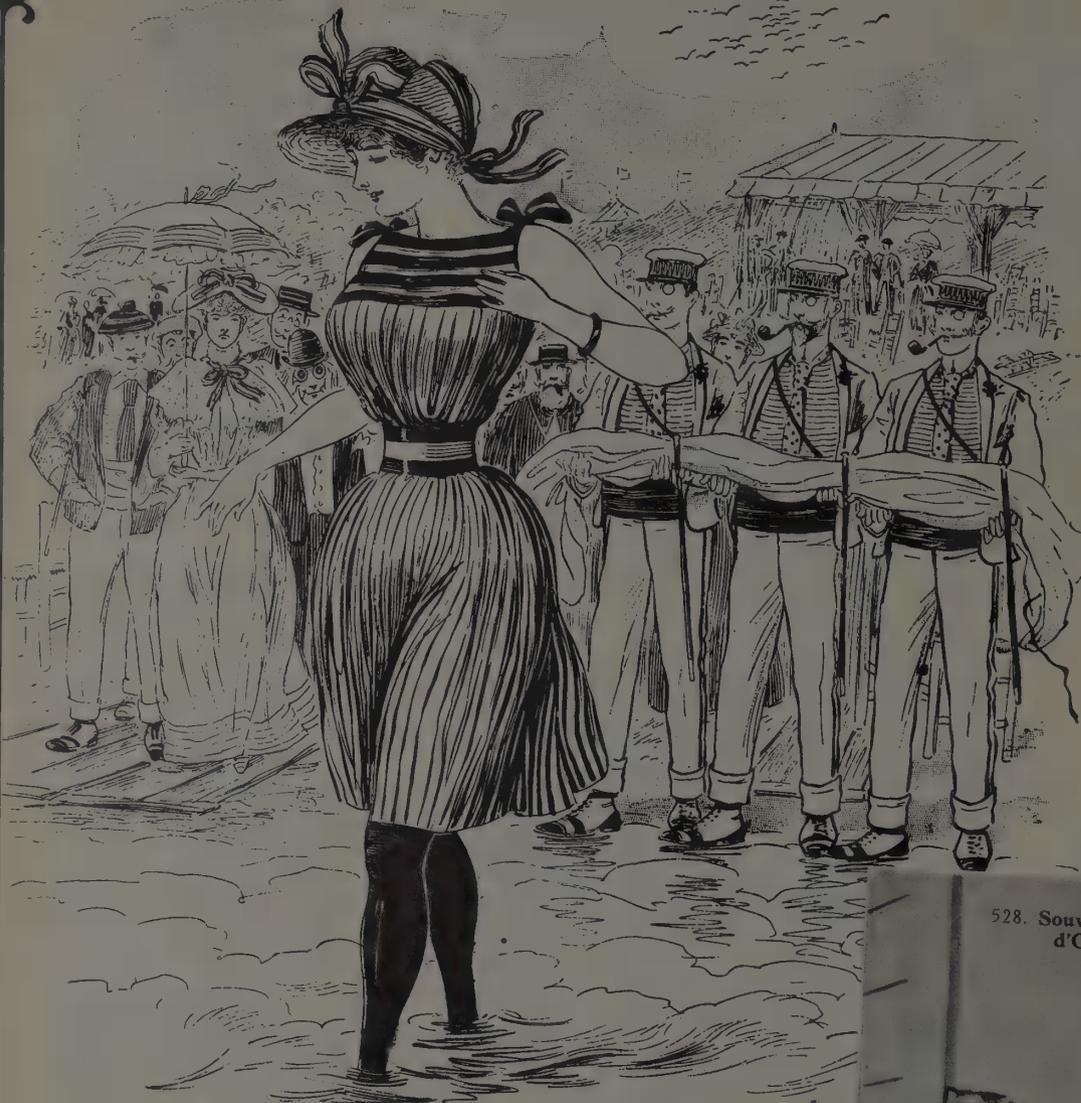
Seestern



avenue mich... bruxelles

Der Kuss der Welle.

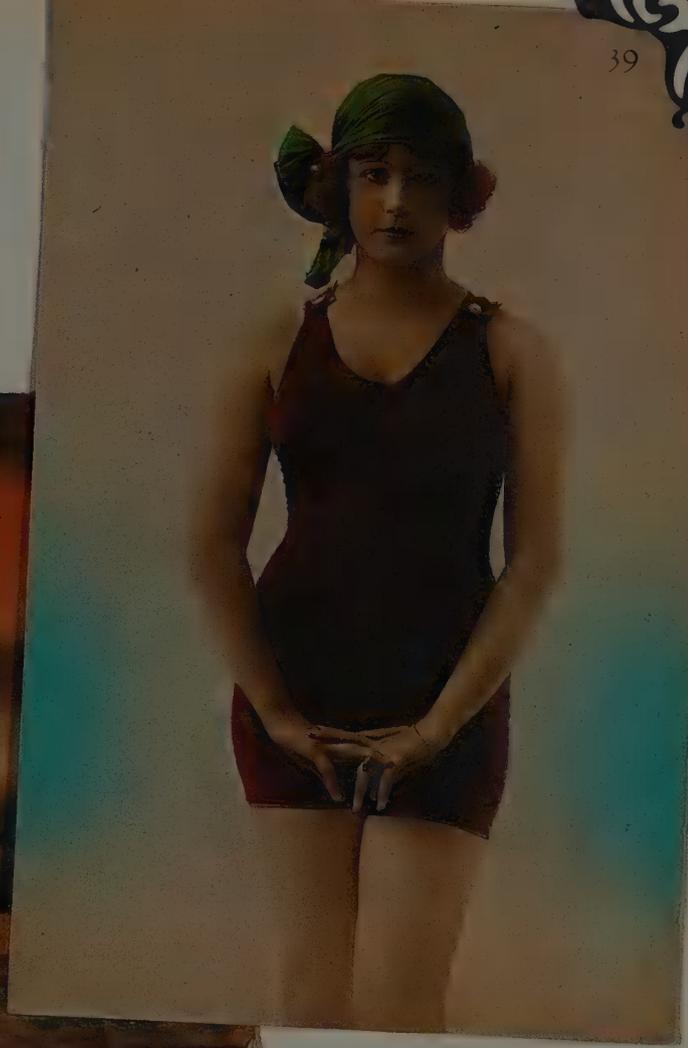
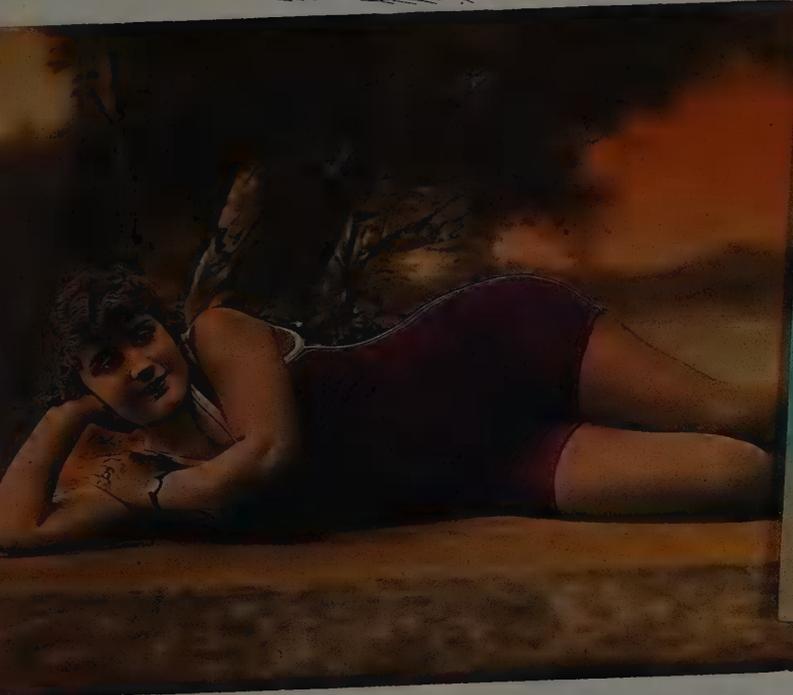




SHOPWALKER.—Yes, Madam.  
 LADY.—I want to see something handsome and cheap.  
 SHOPWALKER.—Certainly, Madam. Mr. Jones, step forward.

528. Souvenir  
 d'Ostende





"It gets frightfully crowded. I think this place would be more popular if not so many people came here."

# GRAND-DADDIES SAUCE



"My Jack got run over last week, right outside the hospital."  
 "Well, I never! He always was lucky."



Famous Songs. No. 14  
 "Pale Hands I Loved . . ."



"He be waiting for the next train. What he don't know is, the next train's gone."





"The treasures of the deep"



PUNCH

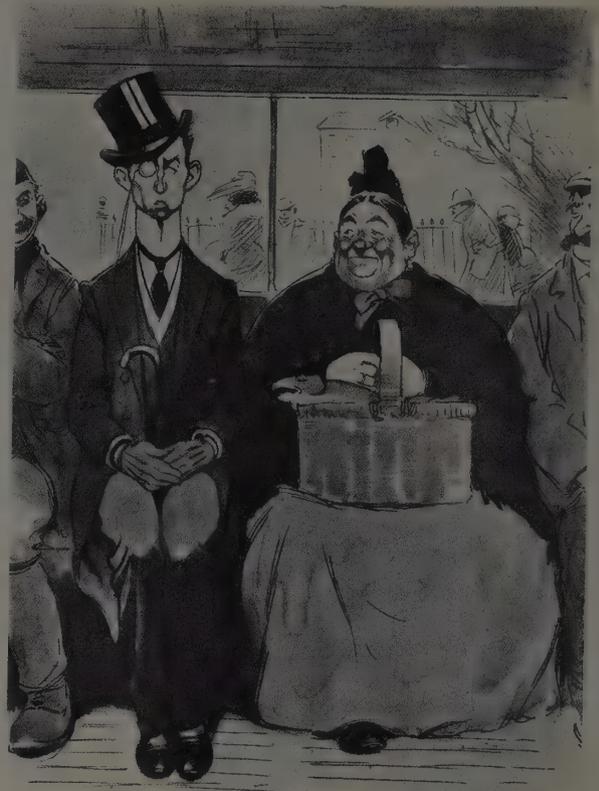
*Old Lady:* Come on, boy—be polite. Get up and give one of those young ladies a seat.

*Boy:* Why don't you get up, and give them *both* a seat?



*Model:* Do hurry up, Mister O'Brian—isn't the pose right yet?

*Artist:* Yes, yes, you look just right now. It's a beautiful picture. Come round and have a look at it.



*Ma:* I bet you'd rather be sitting next to a gentleman, wouldn't you?

*Swell:* Yes, I would.

*Ma:* Yerse—me too.



PUNCH

*The young master:* Eggs again, Mary? Can't you get the hens to lay something else?



PUNCH

*Motorcar Driver:* Get out of the way!

*Victim:* Why, are you coming back?





WHO IS IT? AH! IT'S DEAR MAMA!



Accept the kindest wishes of a friend  
 Who greets you at your wedding hour,  
 May guardian angels on your steps attend,  
 May heaven its blessings on you shower!



A GOOD ALL-ROUNDER  
 No wonder all the other girls  
 Call me all sorts of names.  
 I'm dutiful, and beautiful,  
 And wonderful at games.



Geo. Phoenix

Gent: Are the sandwiches fresh, my boy?  
 Country Youth: Don't know, I'm sure, sir.  
 I've only been here a fortnight.



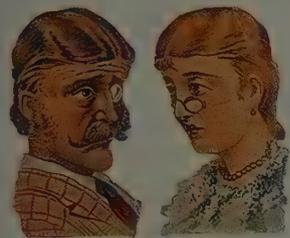
Small Girl (staring): Mummy—is that all one lady?





*He:* Would you still love me if I was dull and stupid?  
*She:* Don't be silly, of course I do.

*He:* Well, are we to marry, or not?  
*She:* I shan't—you do as you like.



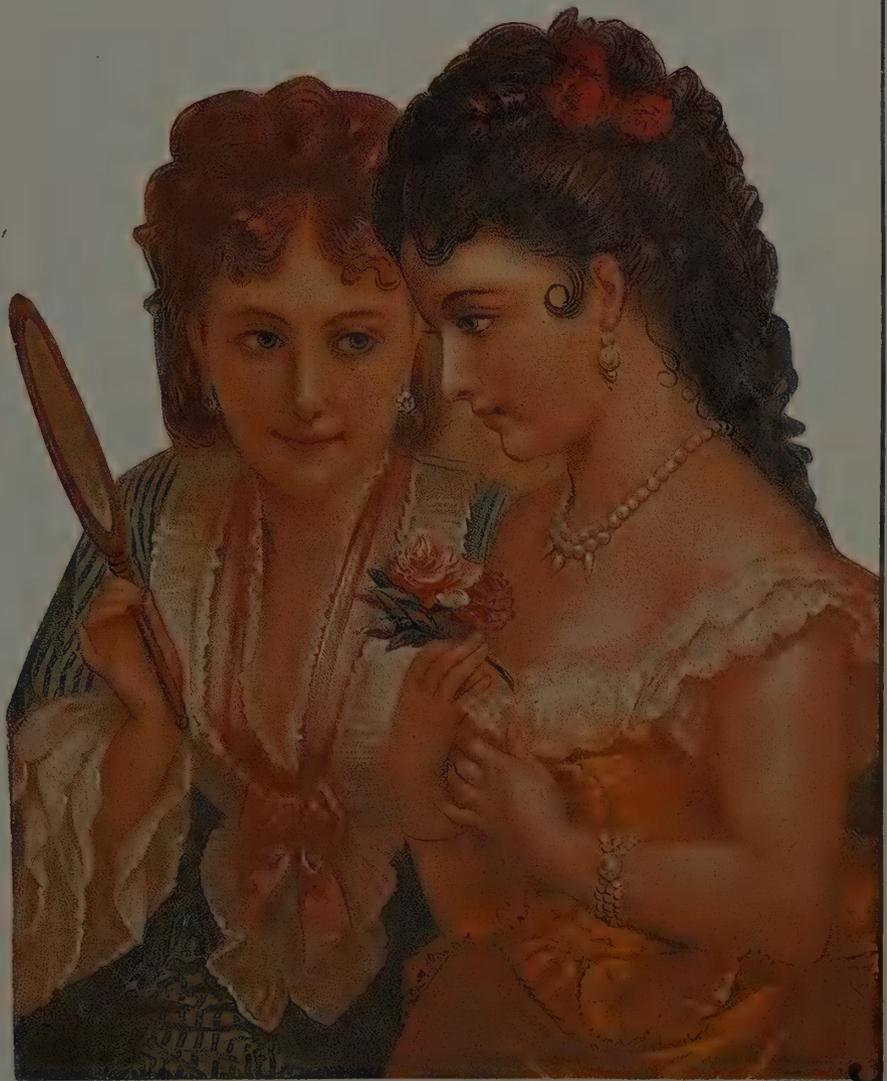
*He:* I'll take you  
 on a round  
 the world  
 tour.  
*She:* Oh. Can't we  
 go somewhere  
 else?



*She:* There are lots  
 of girls who  
 don't wish to  
 marry.  
*He:* I know—I've  
 proposed to  
 most of them.



*Eyeglass:*  
 My brother  
 had a spot  
 of bad luck.  
 Horse trod on  
 his face.  
*Whiskers:*  
 Was he hurt?  
*Eyeglass:*  
 No—im-  
 proved his  
 looks no end.



*Golden-Haired Siren:* The curate put his arm round me three times last night.  
*Dark-Eyed Beauty:* He must have a very long arm.

# AN ALPHABET OF BEAUTY

A is for Anna, the sweetest of sweethearts

B is for Betty, who's just what you need

C is for Cherry, always the darling

D is for Dolly, with legs and arms to spare

E is for Emma, who looks like a man

F is for Fanny, seen here with her fan

G is for Gwen, who loves to be kissed by the mill

H is for Hannah, who's over the hill

I is for Isabel, tops in her class

J is for Jennie, an absolute class

K is for Kate, who's always only been

L is for Lucy, a sultry little lass

M is for Mary, who's a real beauty

N is for Nancy, who hopes that you'll

O is for Olive, who wears a long and

P is for Paula, who's a real beauty

Q is for Queenie, who's a real beauty

R is for Rose, who's a real beauty

S is for Sue, with her striptease so neat

T is for Tess, with the large country seat

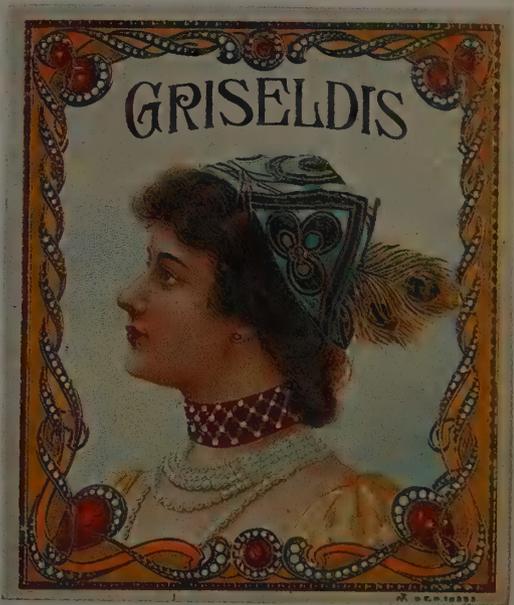
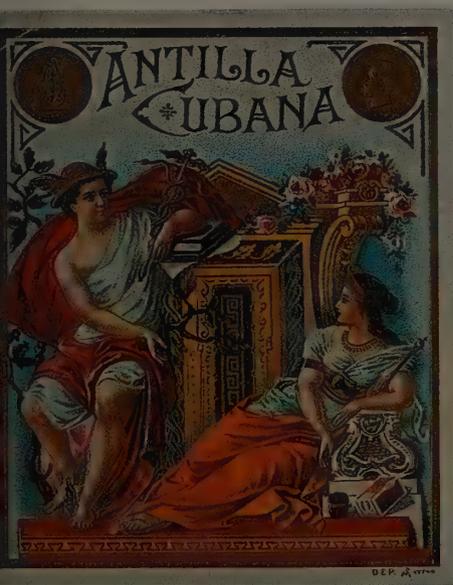
UVWXYZ, are all fully covered by Brenda in bed!





# THE GIRL ON A BOX OF CIGARS

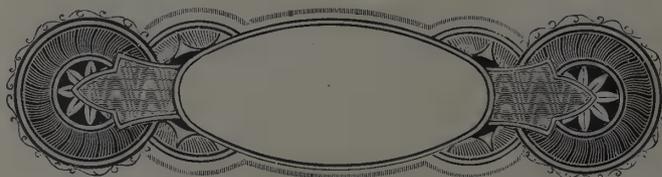
The girls of the East, and the girls of the West  
 Be they titled princesses, or chars—  
 I dote on them all; but the girl I love best  
 Is the Girl on a box of cigars.



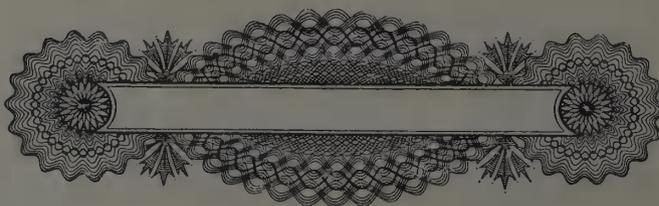
## THE GIRL ON A BOX OF CIGARS



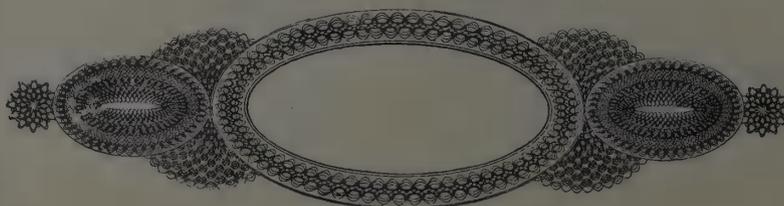
How elusive she is—she's not seen in the street  
 You don't find her in shops or bazaars—  
 My life-long ambition is one day to meet  
 The Girl on a box of cigars.



I've tried looking in restaurants, cafés, and such;  
 I've searched in bordellos and bars.  
 But I've never yet found one I like half as much  
 As the Girl on a box of cigars.



Oh that smile—angel-sweet! How those lips do entreat!  
 Oh those eyes, how they shimmer like stars!  
 Is she copied from life? Is she somebody's wife,  
 That Girl on the box of cigars?





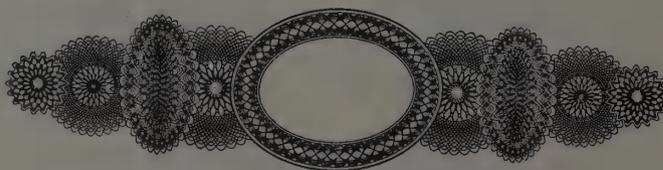
She assumes many guises—an Indian maid,  
 Or a goddess, stepped down from a vase;  
 A huntress, a temptress, a mistress, a mate—  
 That's the Girl on a box of cigars!



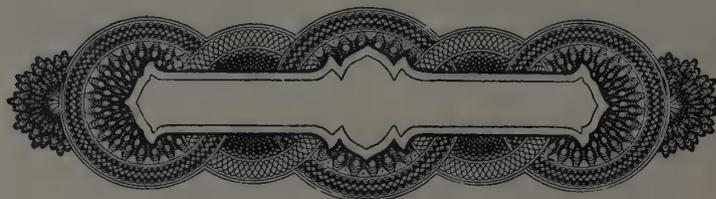
# THE GIRL ON A BOX OF CIGARS



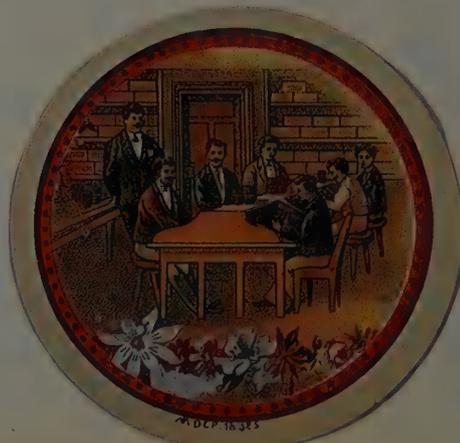
On some far distant shores, behind bolted doors,  
 She is feasted and fêted by Shahs;  
 Or in Austrian spas, in remote cable-cars,  
 By young mashers with Heidelberg scars;



Or by young Lochinvars who've come out of the West  
 Or Frenchmen with sly Ooh-la-la's—  
 Or Jolly Jack Tars with hair on their chest  
 Or magnificent mounted Hussars.



But no!—the Earth's sphere can't contain her, I fear—  
 And her home must be Venus, or Mars.  
 What hope then have I, of "giving the eye"  
 To the Girl on a box of cigars?





But I'll still smoke my smoke, and I'll praise to the skies  
 With a chorus of rousing hurrahs  
 That sweet, unattainable goddess—the Girl  
 On a box of street-corner cigars.





She leans against the sheaf of corn,  
 She was so glad to find it—  
 She rests content, all passion spent—  
 And this is the lad behind it.



H.M.S. Victory Here Nelson Fell

Captain (indicating plaque on floor):  
 Here is where Nelson fell, your  
 majesty.  
 King Edward VII: I'm not surprised.  
 I nearly tripped over the damn  
 thing myself.



When I was but a lad I learned  
 That there were Graces Three;  
 One was Faith, another Hope,  
 The other, Charity.  
 I went and saw the marble group  
 That came from Italy—  
 A pale cold Faith,  
 a lifeless Hope  
 A stony Charity.

Then later on, at Father's club,  
 (One evening, after tea)  
 I saw another version that  
 Seemed much more real to me  
 They hung there in the  
 billiard-room  
 For all the world to see—  
 A far more life-like picture of  
 Faith, Hope and Charity.

And as I grew, I still pursued  
 My constant thirst for  
 knowledge  
 To Oxford University,  
 To dear Old Keble  
 College.  
 'Twas there I met the  
 final set  
 I never have forgot 'em—  
 Gracie Jones and  
 Gracie Smith.  
 And Gracie  
 Higginbottom.



# SAUCE PIQUANTE

REGRETFULLY no prizes are being offered for the sauciest picture in the book, but whichever way you look at it (and there is plenty of choice) the one on this page must be in the running (and I'm not referring to the Eiffel Tower).

The French artist, above all, seems to be able to capture that certain look, that particular stance, that tilt of the chin, even that glint in the eye, which charms and amuses the spectator.

Some of the jokes in the following section have been translated, somewhat loosely, into a more acceptable English form; others are just as they were. Most of the pictures don't even have captions, they speak for themselves. But in what delightful accents!



# SAUCE PIGNANTE

## "Fashion"

is a luxury we cannot afford," says this French demoiselle in an Edwardian magazine. "How about dressing in newspaper? With this magnifying glass, it's easy to read between the lines."

Plus de bijoux!



Plus de fards, plus de parfums, plus de poudre!



Plus de corset (on en portait déjà si peu!)

Plus de bas de soie!



Plus de fines chemises de linon!



Et à quoi bon un miroir!

Mais la femme elle-même n'est-elle pas un objet de luxe des plus coûteux?



"No more jewellery, perfumes, or powders; No more corsets—"

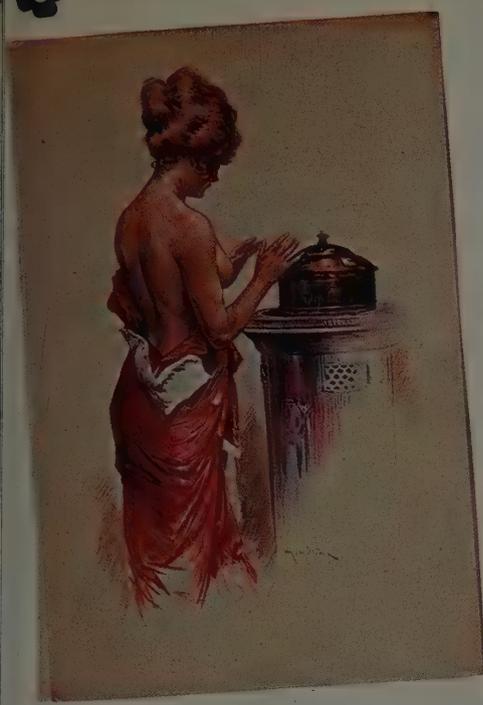
"No more stockings or chemises (and what's the good of a mirror?). In fact, the only luxury we can afford is Woman."



(How about leg-painting?)



"It's no good trying to win him over by wearing a pretty nightie—he's bound to see through it."



# SANCTUARY

## Fashion and the weather



The Paris Girl in Winter (dressed for cocktails at six)



"It's the eternal 'weather' problem—weather I can afford it or not."



The Paris Girl in Summer (dressed for tennis at two)



*Avez-vous le vent debout?*

*Protégez votre dos...*

*Par la tempête = Restez chez vous et... invitez-moi.*

*Et par un temps de bourrasque Mon Dieu... soignez vos cheveux!*

"Don't go out and be blown about

—stay at home (and invite me)"



*Maid:* Are you in, madame?  
*Madame:* Nearly, I've got one leg in. You'd better say I'm out.  
*Maid:* I told him you were about to step into the bath, so he knows you're in.  
*Madame:* I think you'd better tell him you made a mistake, and that I'm out. Tell him to come back in half an hour; by that time I'll be out, and you can tell him I'm in. Is that clear?  
*Maid:* No, madame . . .  
*Madame:* Look, tell him . . . oh, never mind—send him up!



# SAUCE PICOQUANTE

"Just what the doctor ordered"



*Patient:* Is that anything to worry about, doctor, that heart thumping?

*Doctor:* Not really—it's mine!



*Doctor:* I'm afraid I can find nothing wrong with you, madame. Quite frankly, I think it's due to drink.

*Patient:* In that case, doctor, you'd better come back when you're sober.



A.: How long have you been coming to this surgery?

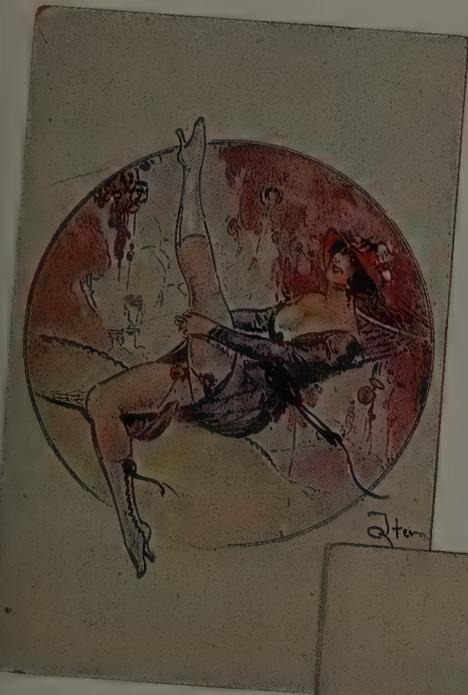
B.: Three years.

A.: Have you *always* had to take all your clothes off, whatever the reason for your visit?

B.: Yes; but it's worth it. He's a *very* good dentist.

"Would you please just check me over once again doctor—there may be a couple of small points you have overlooked."



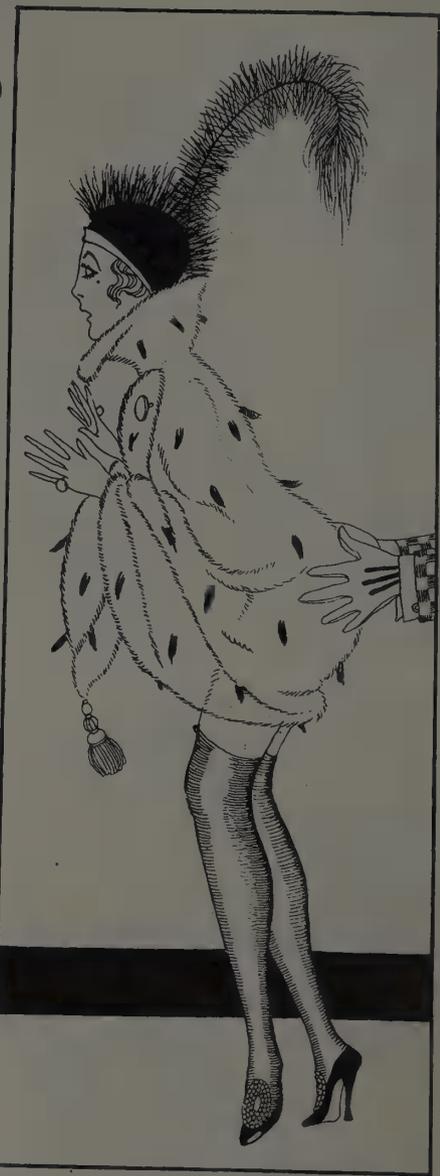




A huntsman, unseen,  
uses methods unfair  
Persuading the fox to abandon  
its lair.



The copy-cat



It's not often you see one of these  
on the loose  
It's a fine-looking, old-fashioned,  
fur-covered goose.



*She:* I've joined the fur  
and feathered  
league.

*He:* Is that the uniform?  
Where are the  
feathers?



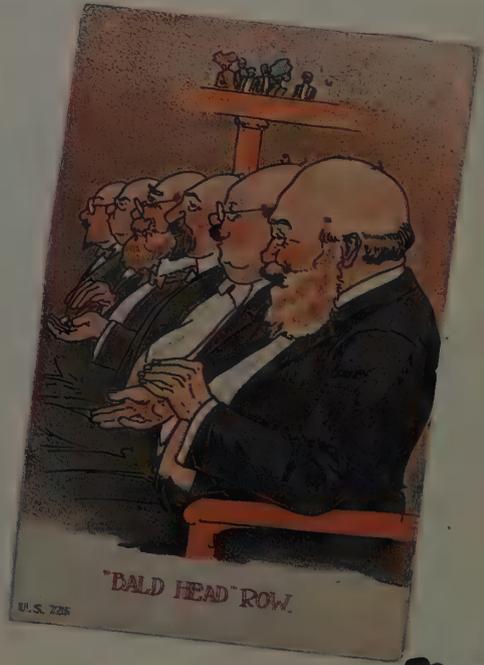
# SAUCE PIQUANTE

Xmas is coming,  
The goose is getting fat  
Please put a penny  
In the Old Man's hat.

Mistletoe is going up,  
Though the price is shocking,  
She's got enough to fill  
An Old Man's stocking.



Summer Love may inflame the  
heart, and warmth to the  
blood may spring  
But roaring heat of a Winter's  
fire warms every little thing.



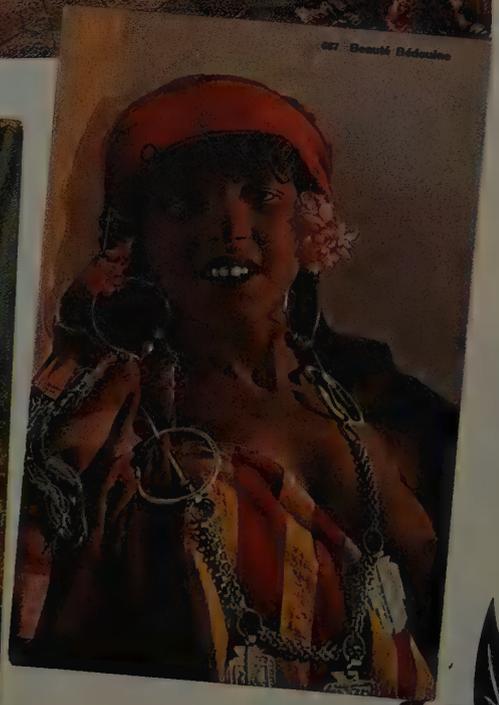
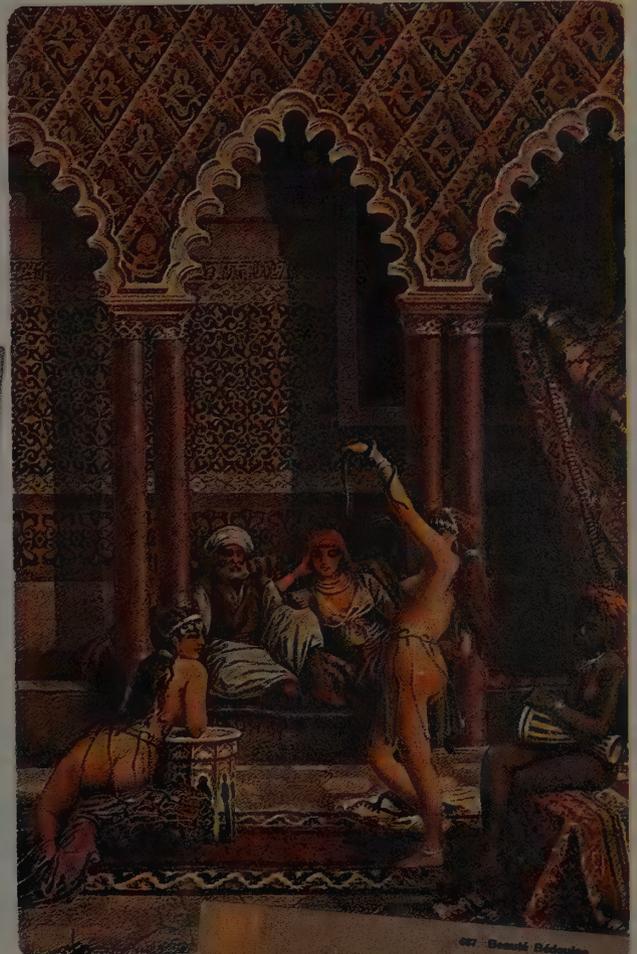
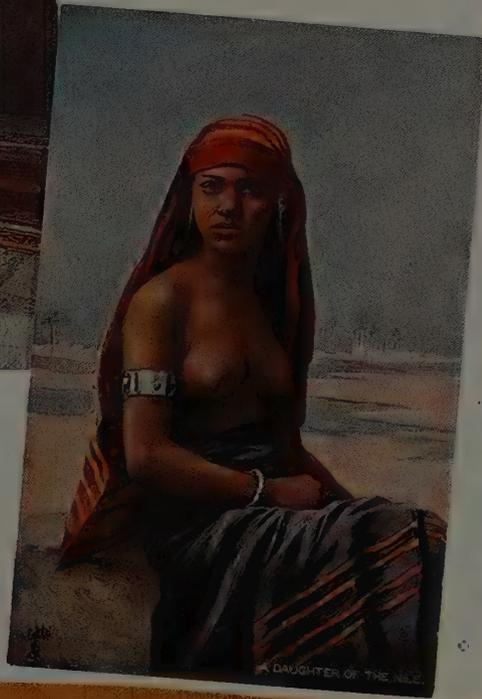
# SAUCE PIQUANTE

Finally, French girls as portrayed by Parisian artists just about ten years before Toulouse Lautrec and his beloved Moulin Rouge.



# SAUCE OF THE NILE

An Arabian night, and a Turkish Delight,  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile  
And the girl who'll be back in a couple of sheiks—  
That's what's known as the Sauce of the Nile.



# SAUCE OF THE NILE



*Egypte 2*



195

*Shima*



When buying wives, Sheik Ali Khat  
Prefers them plump and whopping  
His constant motto: "Buy in Bulk—  
It saves last-minute shopping."



LIFE IN THE HAREM: The dream...

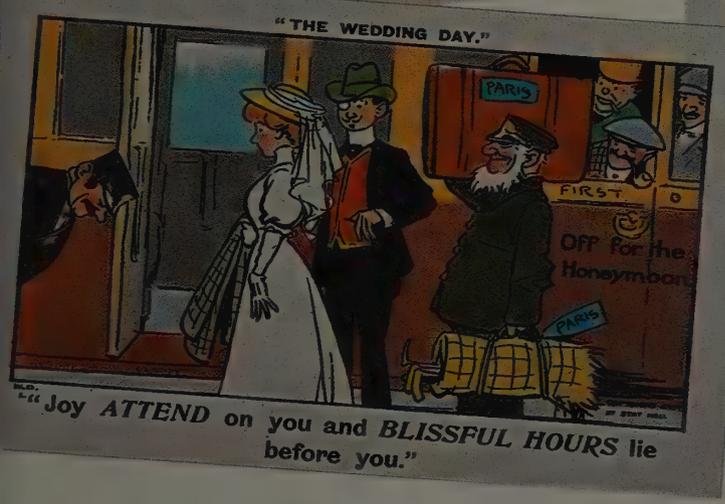
...and the reality





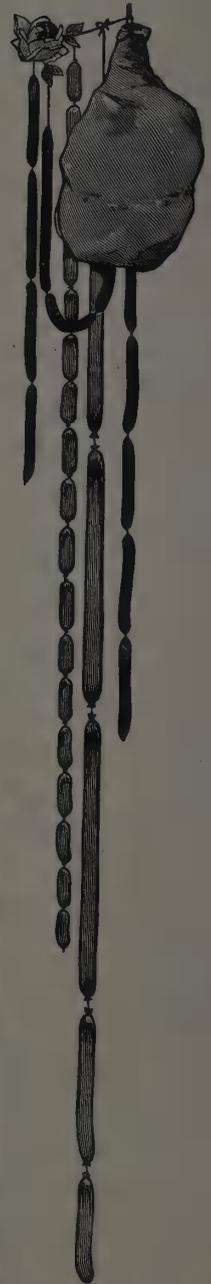
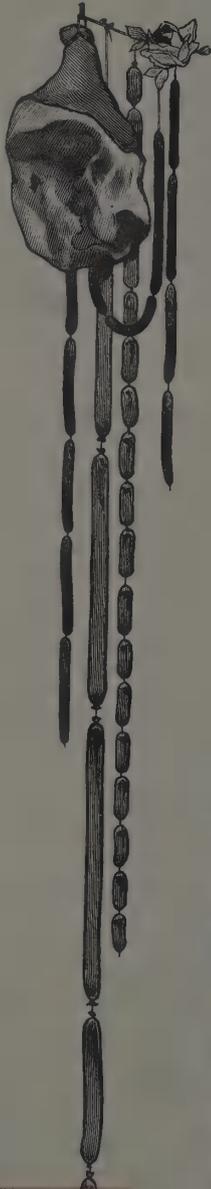
# MAIN LINE

When I sit in railway carriages, I often think of all the marriages  
 Whose first few blissful moments are realised in the dining car;  
 Or rattling out of London Town, snugly with the shutters down.  
 Steaming down to Bracing Brighton, steaming down without the light on,  
 Realising, none too soon, "George, we're on our honeymoon!"  
 Full of eagerness and dread—wondering what lies ahead;  
 Can we cope, make both ends meet? Pull together? Find our feet?  
 Will she soon get tired of me? Do we face monotony?  
 Will he always buy me flowers? Was there ever love like ours?  
 How did fate conspire to match us?  
 Will the guard come in and catch us?





# ALL SORTS



Off for a week at the seaside—  
 Oh, what a jolly affair!  
 Off for a pint, and a paddle—  
 All sorts of folk will be there.  
 Last year I stayed at Miss Knocker's;  
 Really, the food was a *crime*—  
 Sausages, all shapes and sizes  
 That's what she served all the time.

There were: small ones, tall ones, rolled up in a ball ones,  
 Long ones, strong ones, horrible and high,  
 Pale ones, frail ones, thereby hangs a tale ones,  
 Red ones, dead ones, and ones that wouldn't die.  
 Edible, treadable, some that were incredible,  
 Bashed ones, mashed ones—not a pretty sight.  
 Tangled, mangled, very nearly strangled,  
 Washed ones, squashed ones, you got 'em every night.



Pavillon and Parade, Rhyll





*I'd like to go halves in that.*



*THE  
LITTLE  
TODD*

Out for a blow in the evening—  
Stroll down the "Prom" after dark  
Down past the pier, and the lighthouse  
Then take a turn round the park;  
They say all the world loves a lover,  
In the park that is certainly true—  
They are so busy loving each other  
That you've hardly got room to get through!



*I saw this near Southampton the other Day  
Was it You?*

There are slim ones, grim ones, pretty  
little prim ones,  
Shy ones, sly ones, fancy ones and plain,  
Rough ones, tough ones, cannot get  
enough ones,  
Some who hadn't been before, and  
wouldn't come again.

Squat ones, hot ones, give me all  
you've got ones,  
Game ones, tame ones, putting up a fight—  
Vast ones, fast ones, try to make it last ones,  
Everybody spooning on a moonlit night!

*(continued)*



*LOVE DIVINE  
Can love be sweeter with its bites,  
When such a chance occurs like this?  
A kiss of love, 'tis but the truth,  
Is but the vital spark of youth.*



*"I find things looking up."*



*A lot of a night*



Ostende  
Type de Baigneuse



OSTENDE - Baigneuses

Le Ben, phot.-ville.



# ALL SORTS

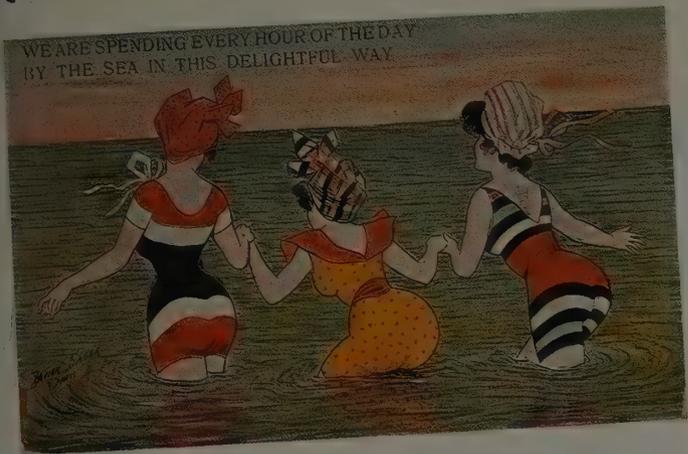
Down for a dip in the briny!  
Laughing and splashing about,  
Watching the girls in the water—  
Waiting for them to come out;  
Stroll past the back of a beach hut  
Glimpsing the ladies behind;  
All in their best bathing dresses,  
Each one a different kind—

(continued)



Click went the Kodak.

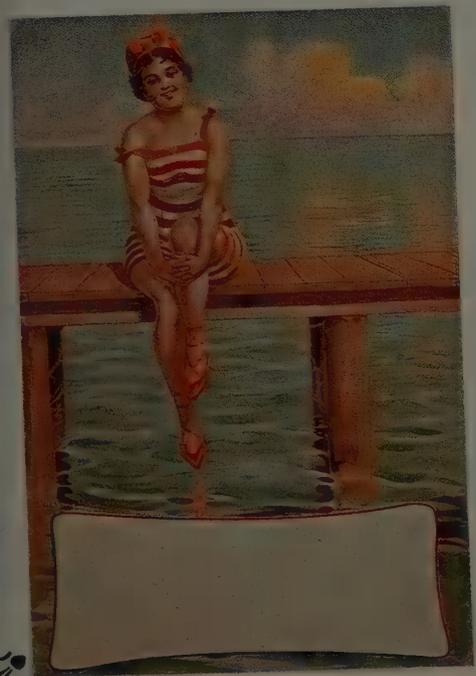
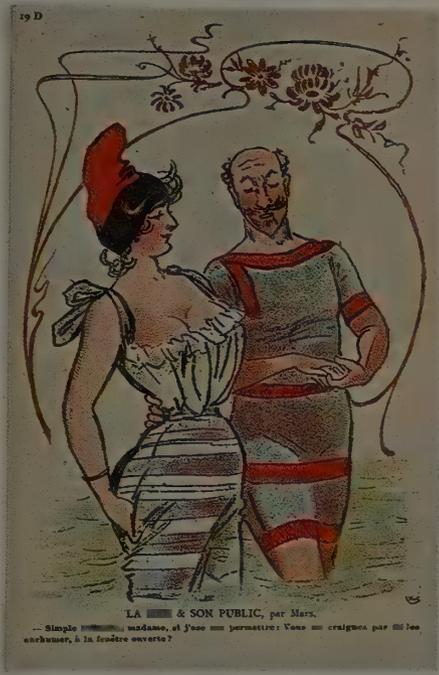




# ALL SORTS

There are green ones, lean ones,  
 stringy runner-bean ones,  
 Black ones, slack ones, barrels and  
 balloons,  
 Fat ones, flat ones, welcome on the  
 mat ones,  
 Tiny little orange ones, and big  
 full moons.  
 Square ones, bare ones, toss 'em in  
 the air ones,  
 Bright ones, tight ones, lollipops  
 and lumps;  
 Town ones, brown ones, wobbling up  
 " and down ones,  
 Dainty little spotted ones, and great  
 big bumps.

It takes all sorts to make a world  
 Or so they always say—  
 And down by the sea all sorts  
 you'll see  
 On a seaside holiday!



# SAUCE ON THE FORCE



Though a policeman's lot is not, traditionally, a happy one, other people have always found his "lot" a subject for amusement. In the days of below-stairs servants' quarters, he was usually to be found in the company of the kitchen maids, who never stopped feeding him, or so we are led to believe, with steaming meatpies, legs of lamb and jugs of beer. The cook was constantly being surprised by the mistress of the house, while in the arms of Bobby, the Boy in Blue.

This was, of course, in the days when there were hardly any traffic problems, due to the fact that there was hardly any traffic. The upholder of law and order could therefore be excused the occasional lapse he succumbed to, spell it how you will.



Bobby's Pet.

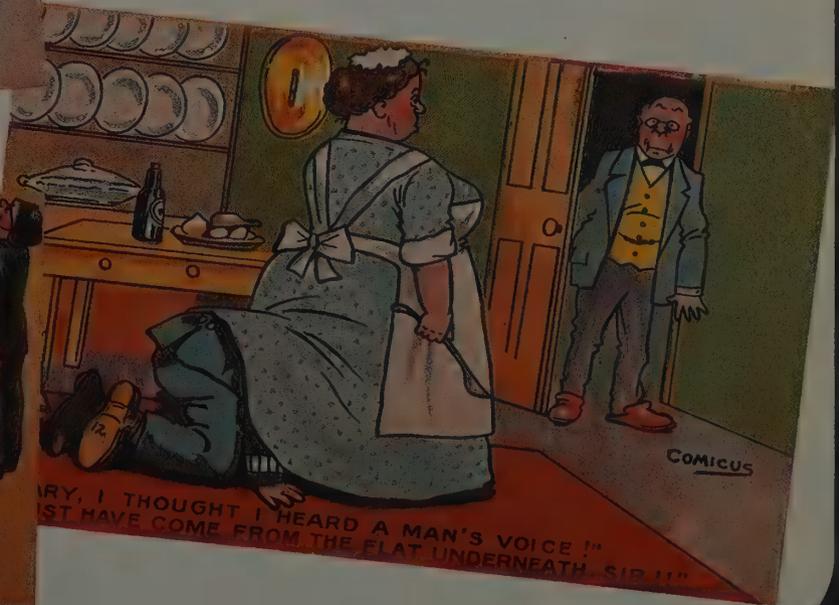
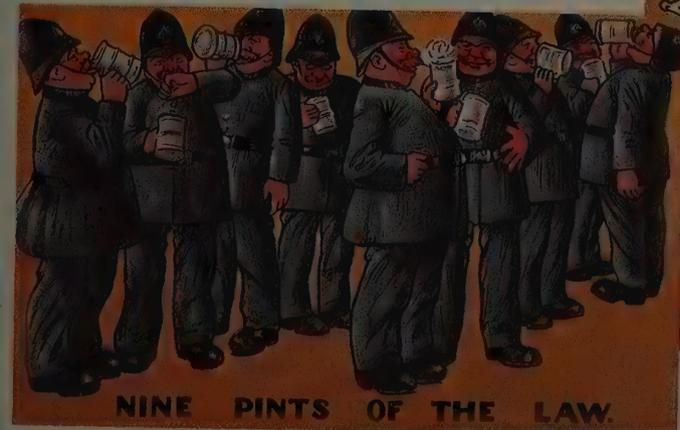
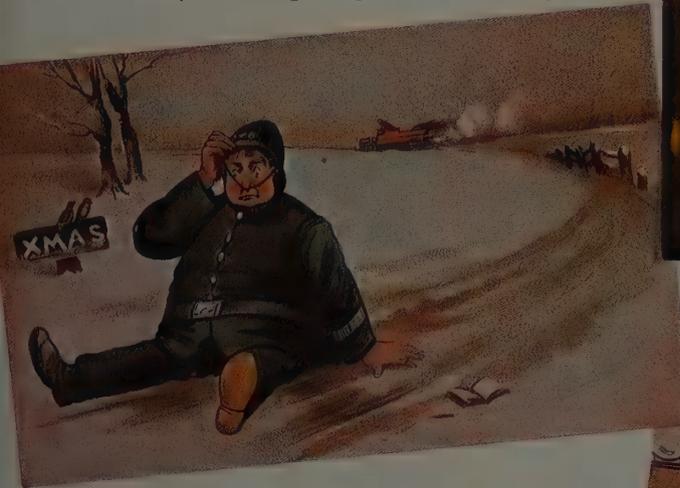


NOW THEN COME OUT OF IT, OR I'LL PINCH YER CLOTHES.



I apprehend the parlourmaid  
I will not set her free  
I grab her by the bushes  
And that's where she grabs me.

Bobby: What are you doing?  
Boy: Nothing.  
Bobby: Why?  
Boy: It's all I could think to do.  
Bobby: Ah. Er—well—don't let me catch you doing it again.



"RY, I THOUGHT I HEARD A MAN'S VOICE!"  
"ST HAVE COME FROM THE FLAT UNDERNEATH, SIR!"

NINE PINTS OF THE LAW.

# SALUCE ON THE FORCE



1. Salute the British Policewoman  
 In every kind of weather  
 Her chest flung out, her head  
 thrown back  
 Her knees stuck close together  
 I sit behind her all day long  
 You don't hear me complaining—  
 Can you think of a better place  
 To go when it is raining?

2. I've got to know her very well  
 (Admiring her intensely)  
 And though I'm just a doggie, I  
 Look up to her immensely.  
 And when she turns and smiles  
 at me  
 It makes my whiskers bristle  
 I know her voice, I know her name  
 And where she keeps her whistle.

"Building up the Force"



"Oi! That's my arm! Call  
 yourself a gentleman?"



"Have you the time, officer?"  
 "I have, miss, if you have."



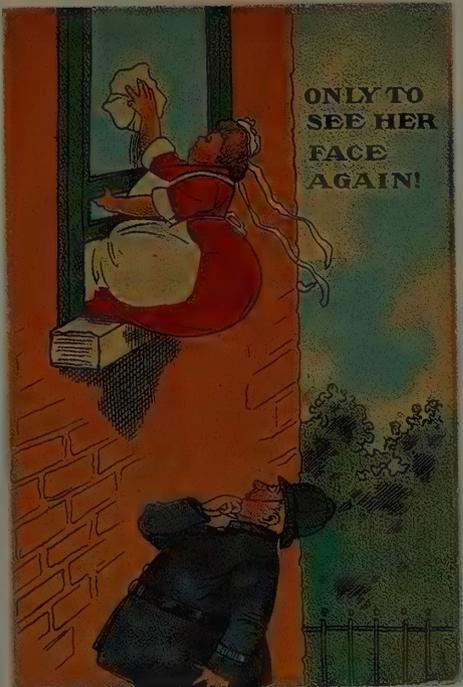
3. Though puppy-dogs are known  
 for their  
 Impulsive natural actions  
 And dirty dogs behave so much  
 More vulgarly than fractions  
 If she cares to share the shelter that  
 Her uniform affords her  
 There is nothing I can do except  
 Reciprocate towards her.

(... and he did—all over her leg.)



"Move some of the other fellows they've been here longer than me!"

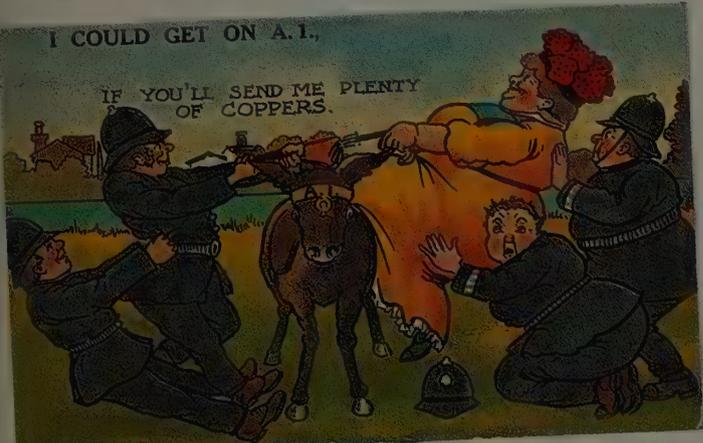




ONLY TO  
SEE HER  
FACE  
AGAIN!



Exceeding the Limit

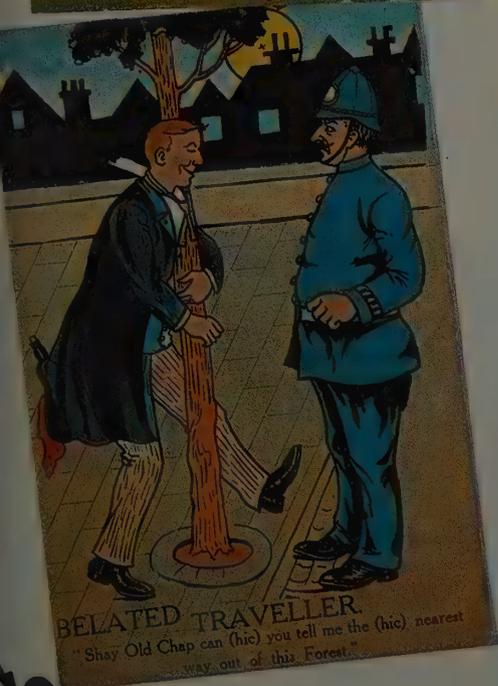


I COULD GET ON A.I.,

IF YOU'LL SEND ME PLENTY  
OF COPPERS.



ORL RIGHT MR PlicEMAN I AM  
SEEING HIM HOME



BELATED TRAVELLER.  
"Shay Old Chap can (hic) you tell me the (hic) nearest  
way out of this Forest."



LITTLE BITS  
OF  
RABBIT PIE

LITTLE  
DROPS OF  
STOUT

PUT A BLOOM ON  
BOBBY'S NOSE  
AND FILL  
HIS  
TUNIC  
OUT!



IS IT TRUE YOU'RE ENGAGED,  
OR IS IT A FORCE OF HABIT?

# “NOT TOO TALL AND

(Words by Albert Clegg / Music by Harold Miller)

Sung with great success in most halls by George Tille



## VERSE ONE

I havn't been out with a girl for years, now maybe you think I'm slow:  
No, that's not the reason, I'll tell you why: I'm particular, you know.  
Some girls are two a penny, and others a halfpenny each—  
I don't want them; the girl I seek, must be a perfect peach—

## CHORUS

Not too tall and not too short, not too thick or thin—  
She must come out where she should come out and go in where she  
should go in—  
She mustn't have much too much behind, or much too little in front—  
If ever I have a girl again, that's the girl I want.

## VERSE TWO

I heard about a girl called May, she sounded quite a catch—  
"She's only five foot five," they said, "with golden hair to match."  
But when I met her in the woods I knew I'd been sold a pup.  
'Cos she was taller lying down than when she was standing up!



# "NOT TOO SHORT"



(REPEAT CHORUS—Not too tall, etc.)

## VERSE THREE

Then I met Rachel Rosenbloom, an Irish girl from Wales  
 She had a face like a summer's morn, and a shape like a bag of nails;  
 "Could I only see your face," I said, "I never more would roam—  
 So bring your dear sweet face to me, and leave your body at home!"

(REPEAT CHORUS—Not too tall, etc.)

## LAST VERSE

At last I met my heart's desire, a girl called Annie More  
 She walked in beauty as the night—with legs right down to the floor.  
 I pressed my suit, she creased her frock, we had a splendid spree—  
 She was the girl I was looking for—now her husband is looking for me!

(REPEAT CHORUS—Not too tall, etc.)



GEORGE DARRER 1918

# THE HAT

Ask any woman  
She'll promise you that  
The thing that she loves to  
Wear most is a hat.

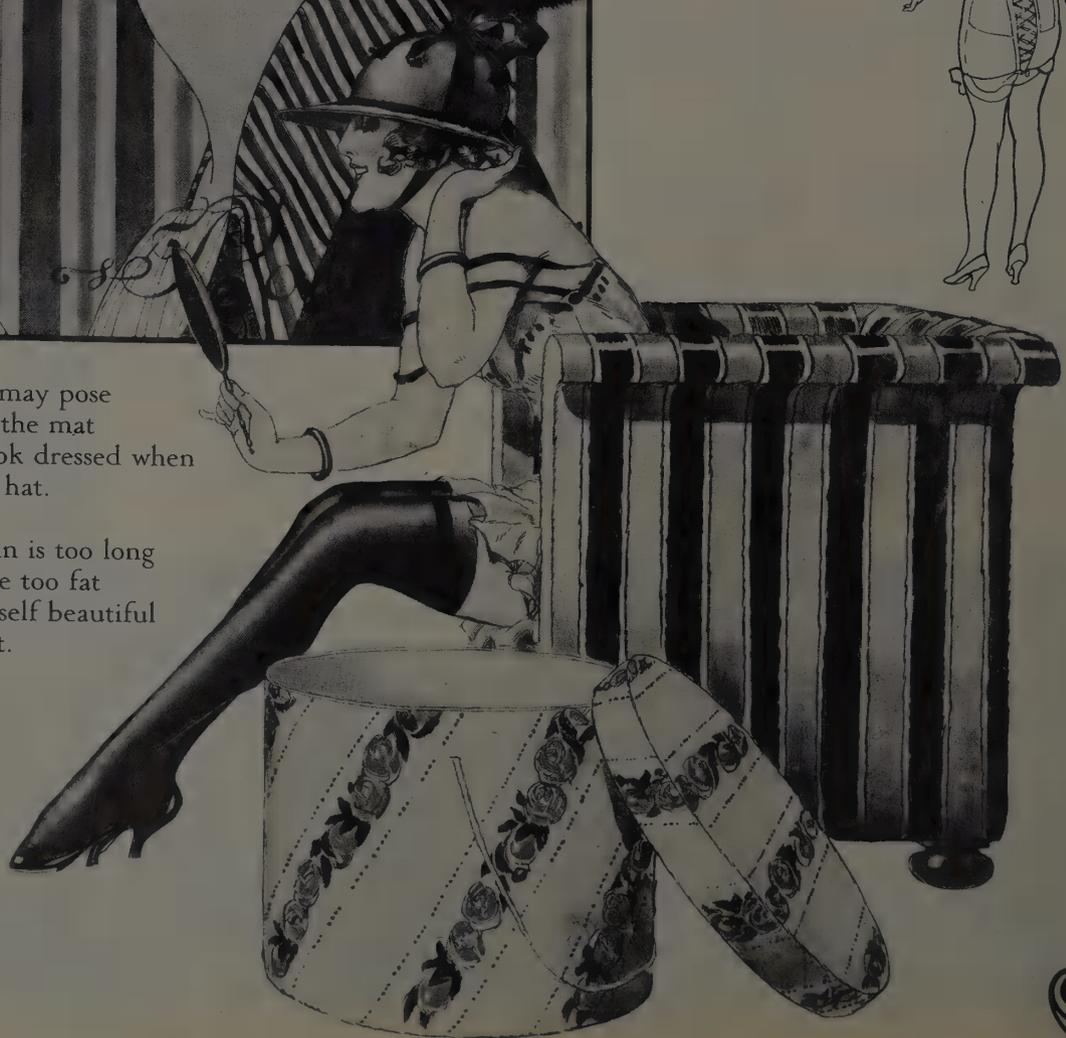
She may be more shopgirl  
Than aristocrat  
She'll always look upper  
Crust wearing a hat.

If her corset collapses  
And she's feeling flat  
She'll perk up no end if  
You buy her a hat.



In chemise she may pose  
Or sit nude on the mat  
She'll always look dressed when  
She's wearing a hat.

Though her chin is too long  
And her legs are too fat  
She'll think herself beautiful  
Dressed in a hat.





"Ooh, My Hat!!"



And however absurd  
Be a true diplomat  
And *always* enthuse with  
Regard to her hat.

Up and down she'll cavort  
Like a French acrobat  
And she'll bend over backwards  
To please, after that.

And be warned—she may suddenly  
Spit like a cat  
In the street, "Ooh, the harlot!  
She's wearing my hat!!"



# HATS OFF TO THE LADIES

"Naked women always look better with something on"—  
W. Stewart Gladstone (1834-1897)



"Billy the Kid's in Town"



Fire down below



The Wrong End



Something in the City



"The carriage awaits"



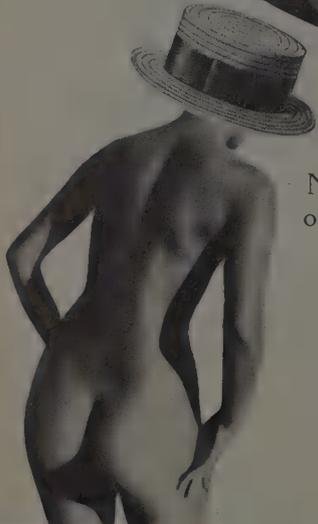
Both much too large for comfort



The Sailor's Farewell



No chance of sunburn



Eyes Left



Two into one won't go



The End of Napoleon



# MIXED DOUBLES

## (or matched pairs)



I'm known as being quite a sport  
And game for any game;  
And 'though I play all sorts of  
things  
I'm careful, just the same—



You may not think it cricket, but  
I need your promise true—  
You promise to play ball with me  
Then I'll play ball with you.



I bought myself  
Some purple shoes  
In Kensington  
Arcade  
But now I find  
I have no dress  
To match their  
Violent shade  
So unlike Cinderella  
I *shan't* go to the Ball—  
If I can't wear my purple shoes  
I won't go out at all.



I stand in the hall with no  
callers at all  
I really don't know who's the  
rudest;  
I say it's them, and *they* say  
it's me  
(For becoming a practising  
Nudist).



They say my affrontery's too  
much to bear—  
I'm "exceeding the bounds of  
propriety"  
If that is the case then the  
answer is clear—  
I'll just turn my back on society.



# WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

How it got its name

Worcestershire Sauce, so the story goes, was not originally made in Worcestershire at all, but in Hornsey. When it was first sold to the public, it was therefore called Hornsey Sauce. As soon as it was put on the market, it began to sell like hot cakes, but after the public found that it didn't have any, shall we say, medicinal properties, and was merely a sauce, business dropped off considerably.

The inventor, Mr. Joseph Harris, sat in his empty restaurant in Hornsey.



He was desperately trying to conjure up a change of name for his product—one that would suggest the spicy, countryfied, fresh-air taste of the stuff, when in walked a young Negro, fresh from the docks at the Port of London, and ordered one of the tenpenny hot dinners that were advertised in the restaurant window.

Joseph Harris owes his vast wealth to that moment in time. For the Negro docker, his tenpenny meal steaming in front of him, picked up the bottle of sauce from the table, stared at it, and said "Wha's dis here sauce?"—and that is what it has been called ever since.



London Opinion

*The Sea-(in)-side smile.*



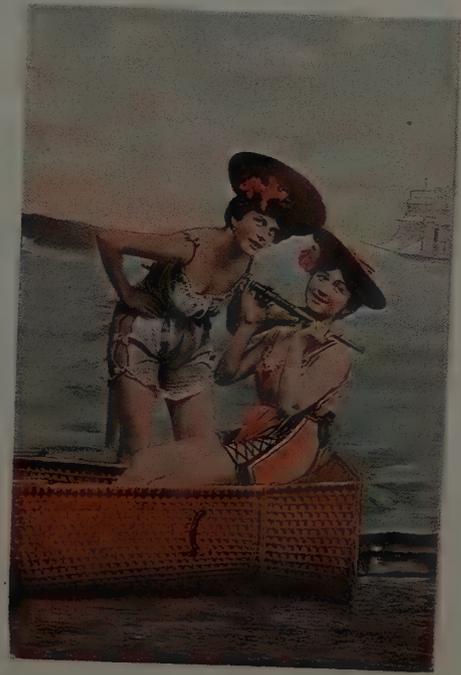


# TONGUE-TWISTER DEPARTMENT

(Say this six times:—)

See that sauce-box on the sea-shore; in her scanty silk swimsuit and stockings. She has split the side of her swimsuit, so she says, and has sewn it up with strong thick string. Strong thick string isn't suitable for sewing up the sides of split swimsuits as we can see, because these sauce-boxes are showing their skin through the sides.

Should any sailors sauntering on the sea-shore spot these slits in the sides of their scanty silk swimsuits, these two sauce-boxes might, in certain circumstances, suddenly find themselves in a similar state to, if not a sauce-box, then certainly a sauce-bottle—tipped upside down and shaken.



# SAUCES IN THE FORCES

Welcome Home  
(five different ways)

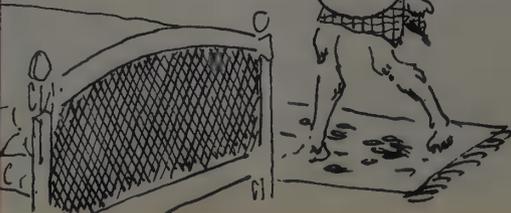


He: Dulcie!  
 She: Jack!  
 He: I'm Geoffrey, actually . . .  
 She: Yes, well, as a matter of fact,  
 I'm Mabel, but don't let *that*  
 stand in our way!

She: Oh, I'm so happy; it can't last!  
 Mark my words, there'll be  
 tears before bedtime.  
 He: Really! They'll have to start  
 pretty soon.

PEOPLE IN  
 GREENLAND  
 HAVE NIGHTS SIX  
 MONTHS LONG

COO! FANCY HAVING  
 YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW  
 OVER FOR THE EVENING!



# Manoeuvres



*Courrouche d'argent-pois - Outpost engagement*



*Les appareils d'oxygène - Oxygenating gas*



HEROUARD



*Camouflage et perfumation - Disguise and perfumation*



JEAN LUCAS



*Déclaration de guerre - War declaration*



*"L'union fait la force"*



"The Informer"



General: "And what were you doing, my man when you started this war?"

Tommy: "Oo said I started this blinkin war?"



She: When are you going back to the front?

He: As soon as I've finished undoing this bit at the back!



"The Apparition"



"My boy's been out there twelve months without a scratch."  
"Good heavens! what insect powder does he use?"

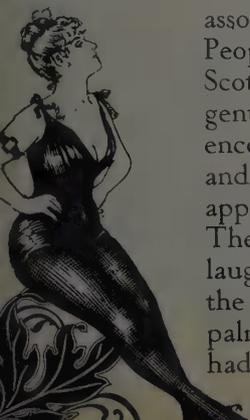


LYRIC THEATRE

# SAUCE ON THE BOARDS

LONDON NIGHT LIFE was inextricably bound up with the Music Halls; and the Music Halls were, unquestionably, the place for sauce. If you wanted a bit of sauce, that's where you went of an evening, and if you didn't get it from the stage, you got it from the audience. The atmosphere engendered it—the gilt, gaudy auditorium, the over-painted girls, the over-lit, over-heated, over-crowded hall seemed to create the excitement associated with the now-or-never feeling pervading the place. People plucked up their courage, perhaps fortified with a little Scottish wine, and actually answered the comic back; the gentlemen crowding the pit cheered on the ladies who danced, encouraging them to twirl a little faster, to kick a little higher; and these ladies, swept up and carried along by the waves of applause, complied in the main, with the gentlemen's requests. The important thing was that everyone clapped and sang, and laughed and cheered—and when they left, and poured out into the cold night, they took with them sore throats, stinging palms, and memories of a joyous evening which they themselves had helped to create.

Not at all like television.





Fairy Queen: "Now fly I to my fairy bowers—blown by the breath of a thousand flowers . . ."

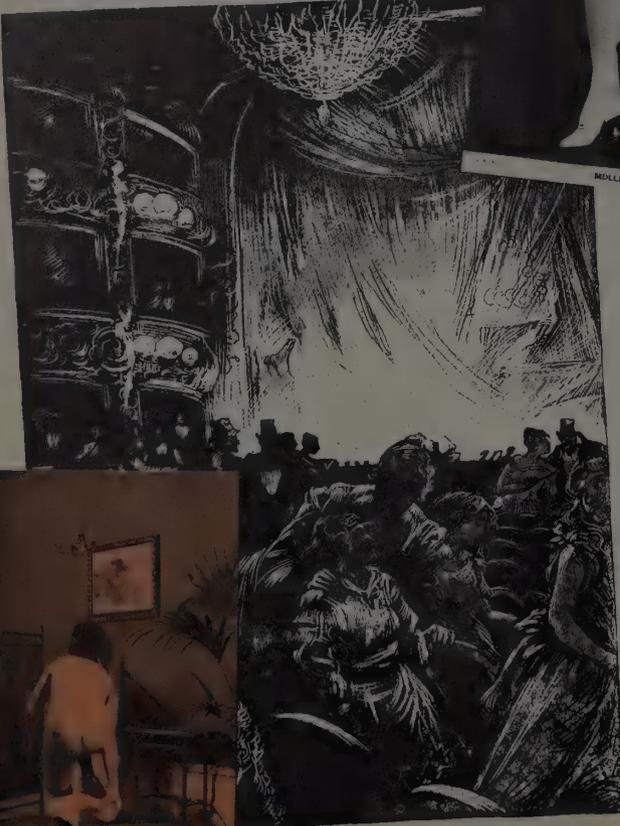
Stage Doorman: "Finished with the pickled onions, miss?"



# SAUCE ON THE BOARDS



The "BOYS" of the PANTOMIME





We come every night and we sit in the gallery  
 Armed with tomatoes and eggs.  
 We're none of us posh, but we know what we like—  
 And we do like a nice pair of legs!



CANCAN  
 I.  
 ENTRÉE.

200



Fighting over their "lines".



"IF MY GAL GETS TO KNOW OF THIS IT'S ALL OVER BETWEEN US!"



# SAUCE ON THE BOARDS A peep behind the scenes...



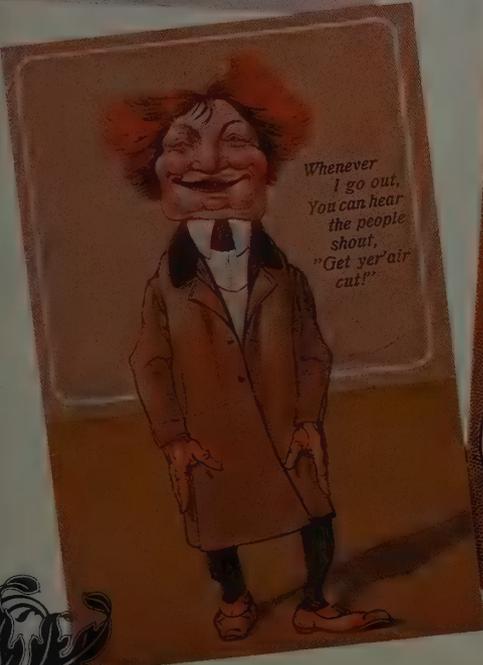
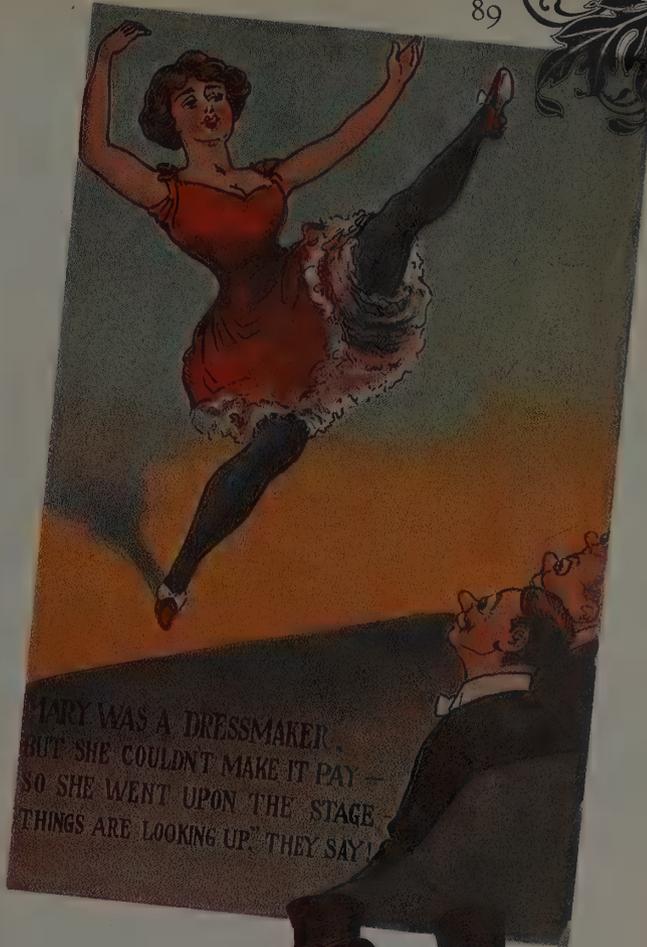
"Is it all right, Gladys? Do you need something to copy from?"  
"I've got something to copy from, only it's upside down!"



### ENCOURAGEMENT.

ROSY (*her first appearance*).—I feel awfully queer in these things. Shall fancy everybody's staring at me.  
BABY.—Oh, nonsense; don't you worry about that. I'm always on when you are, you know.

Diplomatic stage-hand (who has entered the wrong dressing-room):  
"Beg pardon, gentlemen—I thought this was the Ladies' Room."

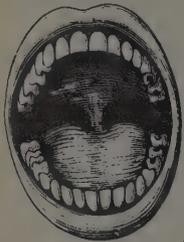


Two brothers went upon the boards  
But brother acts were a penny for ten  
So they started up a sister act.  
But dressed themselves like *smart*  
young men.  
The act caught on. Sustained applause  
And cheers would greet their entry.  
They're both now dowager  
Duchesses,  
'Cos they married into the Gentry.

# SAUCE ON THE BOARDS



A SUGGESTION TO THE [REDACTED] DEPARTMENTS OF OUR THEATRES.



## How to get Fat!!

Buy it of your Butcher  
like Decent People ::

## THE FOLLIES

MAY BE ENGAGED FOR

Balloon Ascents,  
Shareholders Meetings,  
Army Manœuvres,  
Jam Making,  
Clapham Junction,  
or any other form of  
Light Social  
Entertainment

For Vacant Dates, Figs, Nuts and  
Bananas, write enclosing Postal  
Order 21/-

## IVE-A-CORN

The DASTIEST  
TAINIEST

Preparation of Prepared Meat  
Juice ever prepared from Wood  
Shavings Direct. In Four Flavours  
Daisy, Rose, Mud, Dubbin,  
Flatam, Jelsam, Pondstool

Ask for it at the Bar! You won't get it!

## EDWARD'S STARLEINE

FOR THE FAIR

MAKES THE FAT, FIT  
AND THE FIT, FAT  
REID

THIS CAREFULLY

A Retired Fair One, writes—"I cannot tell  
you the good your Starleine has done  
me as I have never tried it."

Are your Boots too long:  
WADHAM

## QUEERSON\* LATEST BOOKS

(\*of "Queerson's Weekly.")

"How I Burst the  
Thermometer."

BY  
HELENOR FLYNN

The Morning Post says— "Nothing  
The Sporting Times says—"We can't possibly do  
it Justice"

## REFRESHMENTS

Penny Bun		
Sandwiches, Assorted	(Fishpaste, Toothpaste, Carbolic or Chickweed)	Single 1d. Return 2d.
Cake, Slice of		1d.
Luck, Slice of		1d.
Bank Rate		3½ per cent.
Ninepence		4d.

Try LAMBERT'S LAVENDER  
LOZENGES for LONELY LADIES

**£1,000 FREE INSURANCE**  
is presented with this Programme

Against MUMPS,  
CHICKEN-COUGH,  
HOUSEMAID'S KNEE,  
Or GRILLED SWEETBREADS

Sign here

If SANE, SOBER, or UNMARRIED

## EMERGENCY EXIT

In case of Five or Panic cut round the dotted line.

## CUBHANAN'S Whack and Bite Whisky

Try a Wine-Glass Full  
Try Another  
Try Another  
Try Another  
Try Another  
Try Another

Try Another—Feel Better P—What P

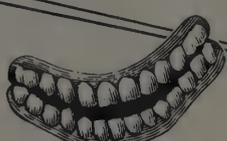
## CHEW NORA

"The Sign of Wealth"

GLOSSY GREEN  
GOBBLING GLUE

Try it on your Friends

Hermetically seals the jaws and  
renders conversation abso. impos.



## Show Business Maxims (No.38)

"If you can't make them laugh in the show,  
Make them laugh in the interval" (by printing a funny programme).

# THE FANCY BALL

Midnight air is shattered, scattered  
shrieks of laughter over all  
Pink champagne is flowing, glowing  
Lanterns light the Fancy Ball.

Dancing limbs cavorting, sporting  
Garments that entrance, enthrall  
Garter, boot, and stocking, shocking  
Emblems of the Fancy Ball.

Summer stars are twinkling, tinkling  
music makes its waterfall  
Whispered words and glances, chances  
Taken at the Fancy Ball

Costumeless, I'm lying, sighing,  
Wondering what might befall  
If I went sedately, stately,  
In my bear skin, to the Ball.



# SAUCE ON THE BOARDS

## Show Business Maxims (No 43)

"There's safety in numbers."





Paris—Sept. 2nd, 1904

Dear Mum,

Just a line to let you know I have settled in nicely, and the show is going well. I have quite a nice lot of dancing to do and things in it. Don't they talk funny over here! Luckily Ivy speaks it, so when I'm with her I'm all right (which is not always).

I thought you'd like to know what a typical day is like. Well, yesterday for instance.

I didn't get up while nearly half-past one, as the first night had been late (or at least the goings-on afterwards). I've got good digs with a nice double big bed. I'm not wearing those nighties you made me as it's too hot. I bought a French one. It's got lace round the top and fur round the bottom. To keep my shoulders warm, Ivy says, but I don't know what she means.

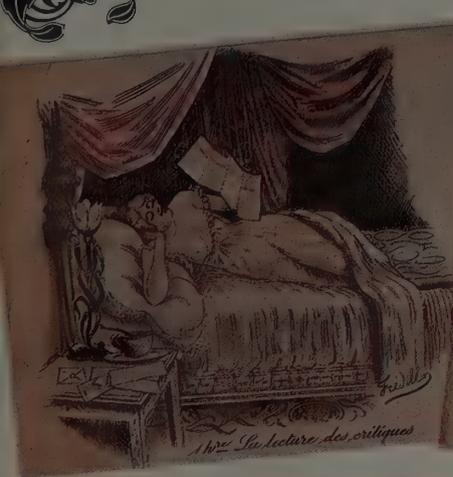
At two o'clock I had a bath. There is a maid at the digs, who bathes you and puts your clothes on. Then the landlord comes in and tries to take them off again. Only yesterday it wasn't the landlord, it was a gentleman from the press. That was at four. He didn't get anywhere, as I had to go out for a drive with Ivy. But there was a mix-up. When we met in the park, she'd come by bike, so we both went home again, as you can see on the card, at six p.m.

At seven, I met the Manager of the show—he had invited me to, as he said "partake of a pair o' teeth" with him. I didn't like the sound of it, but it was all right, it turned out to be just drinks. Then he asked me to "share his dinner" with him, but I said can we have one each, and he laughed at that. So, by ten o'clock we was doing the show. This is the Egyptian scene. I know the costumes don't look much, but the Manager says he can't afford lavish costumes like the big shows; and anyway, its not cold—you can feel the steam rising from the front row of the stalls. The only awkward moment is when we kneel and pray to the Sphinx—that's when the peashooters come out. But its all very artistic really.

After the show, I had supper with the Manager, but my feet were killing me so I didn't enjoy it much. After supper, we went to his to my to home. How's Dad and Tiddles? Write soon.

Your loving daughter,  
Lily.

P.S. I may be getting a bigger part in the show, the Manager says. He says I deserve one. L.



1 h<sup>00</sup> La lecture des critiques



3 h<sup>00</sup> La toilette



4 h<sup>00</sup> L'Interview du Courrieriste Mondain



6 h<sup>00</sup> Retour du bois



7 h<sup>00</sup> L'Apéritif



8 h<sup>00</sup> Chez le restaurateur



10 h<sup>00</sup> En scène



11 h<sup>00</sup> Souper-fin



(Words by George Sellars)

# I CAN'T STAND BY, & JUST WATCH

## VERSE ONE

I mingle a lot with society; I'm well known by the gentry, you see—

I often go round to Quaglino's; and *he* sometimes comes round to me.

I sat next to a beautiful lady, when I last went around there to sup;

'She was wearing a frightfully low-cut gown—  
you could see she was well brought up:

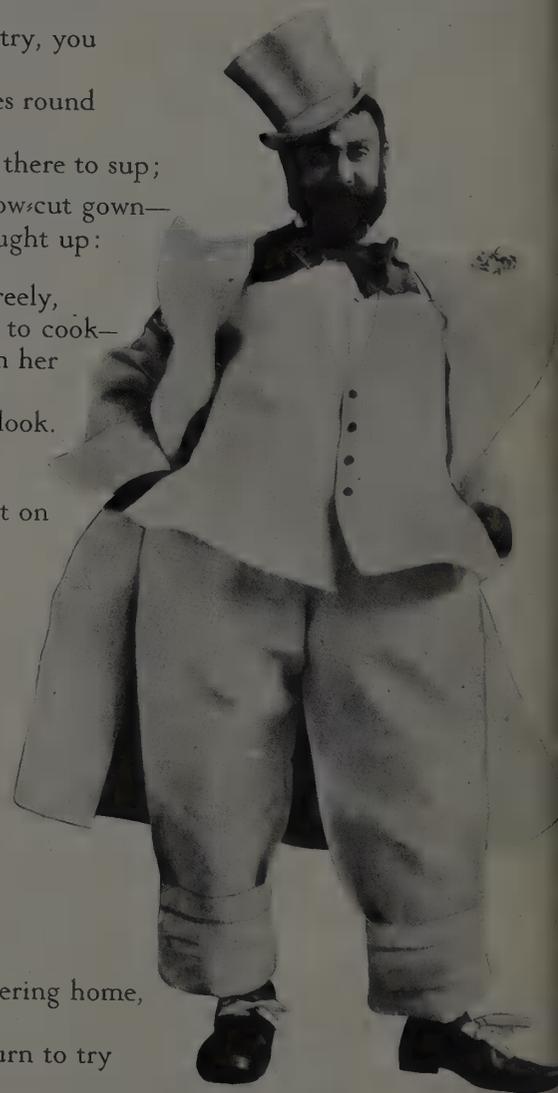
She began to converse rather freely,  
Her one pleasure, she said, was to cook—  
She described what she did with her  
dumplings

'Til I didn't know which way to look.

Just then, an itinerant waiter  
Dropped a large ice-cream right on  
her chest

As it slid out of sight she cried  
"Help me!

It's freezing! Oh, quick—  
do your best!"



## CHORUS

Well I can't stand by and just watch others suffer

No, I have to go and try to make amends—

So I held her down by force

And applied hot chocolate sauce—

And ever since, we've both been bosom friends.

## VERSE TWO

One night at the club I'd been drinking, and was staggering home,  
about three—

Well I'd missed all the cabs, and decided it was their turn to try  
missing me.

As I zig-zagged along the Embankment—(as I said, I'd had  
several halves),

On the bridge stood the butcher's young daughter, I could tell it  
was her by her calves.

She spoke in a disjointed fashion, "All the lights have gone out  
of my life,

I know it's not meet, but there's so much at stake, I shall chop out  
my heart with a knife."

I murmured, "That's tripe, you're a chump dear," 'twas the  
language she best understood)

She replied, "If I had but the guts, sir, I'd throw myself into the flood."





(Music by Archie Wright)

# OTHERS SUPPER

## CHORUS

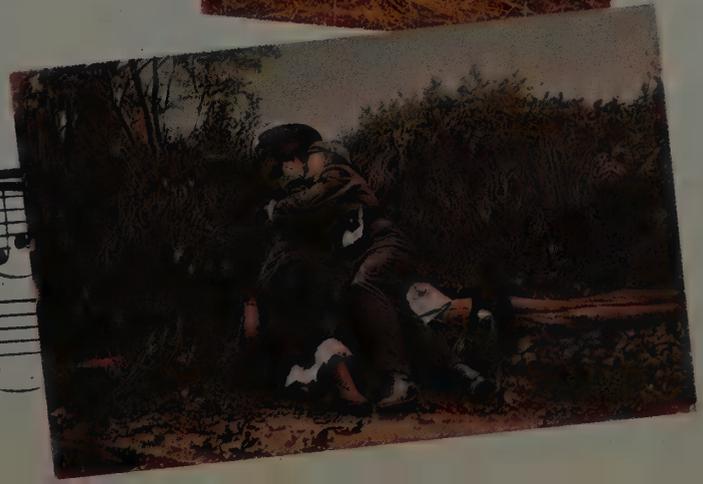
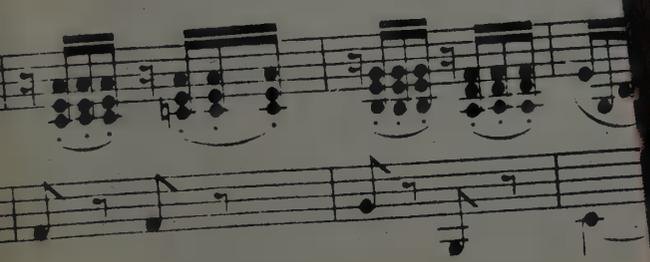
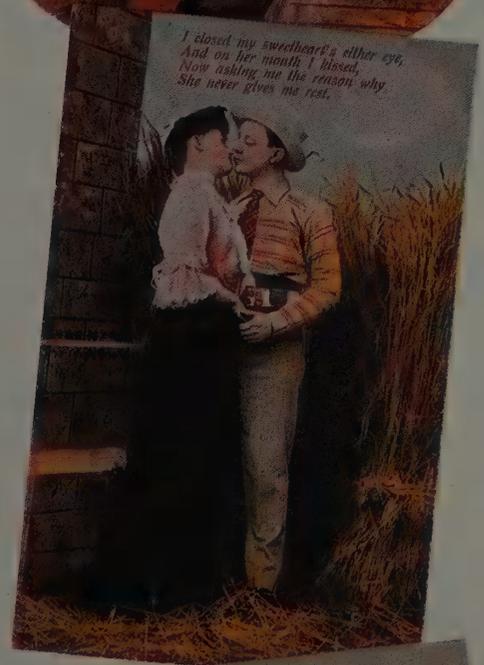
Well I can't stand by and just watch others suffer—  
 And other peoples' fear just makes me brave  
 So like the dear kind soul I am, I threw her  
 underneath a tram,  
 And saved her from a very watery grave!

## VERSE THREE

As I wandered through a cornfield last September  
 A couple sat beneath the harvest moon  
 And I saw the lady cuddling the fellow  
 Persuading him to have a little spoon;  
 First he wouldn't, then he would, and then he didn't—  
 Then he tried to, and he couldn't, all the same  
 Then he wondered if he should or if he shouldn't.  
 As he didn't even know the lady's name.  
 No; he finally decided that he oughtn't.  
 And he'd always wish he hadn't, once he had;  
 Then he asked her, "Is it really that important?"  
 And she said it was, which petrified the lad.  
 Well, she lay there, on one elbow, so romantic  
 And he stood there, undecided, on one leg;  
 In her eyes I saw a longing that was frantic  
 Like a cocker spaniel, sitting up to beg.

## CHORUS

Well I can't stand by and just watch others suffer  
 It makes me suffer so myself, you see—  
 So I pushed, and he fell over;  
 They were married in October,  
 And they've called the baby Cyril after me!





BLANKENBURGHE. L'Heure des Bains. V. 1

## THE BATHING HUT

(Knock, Knock, Knock)

*Madame:* Who's there? If it is a gentleman, I am unclothed! That is—no I'm not—don't you dare!

(Knock, Knock, Knock)

*Madame:* (to herself): Perhaps it was my knees. Hello, are you knocking? (She watches her knees.)

(Knock, Knock. It wasn't her knees. The door opens.)

*Madame:* Oh! Go away, monsieur! You are displaying your forwardness!

*Monsieur:* And that mirror behind you, madame, is displaying your backwardness.





## THE FOLLOWER OF FORM

*Top Girl:* There's a man on the lawn, Janet. He's lying in the sun, without a stitch on.

*Bottom Girl:* Oozer. Who is it?

*Top Girl:* It's the young master, with the *Daily Graphic* over his face.

*Bottom Girl:* How do you know?

*Top Girl:* I recognise the sporting section.

# THE ORIGINAL DONALD McGILL

The opportunity to include some scribbles, and finished paintings, from the master of the saucy postcard was too good to be missed.



"Please stop Johnny throwing stones at me. By the way, I believe I mentioned this before!"



"Shall we turn off the light and go to sleep?"  
"Well, we'll turn off the light!"



Newly Wed: "Have you got a dish two foot long and four inches wide?"  
Shopkeeper: "What for, madam?"  
Newly Wed: "I want to make a rhubarb tart."

# SAUCES for COURSES

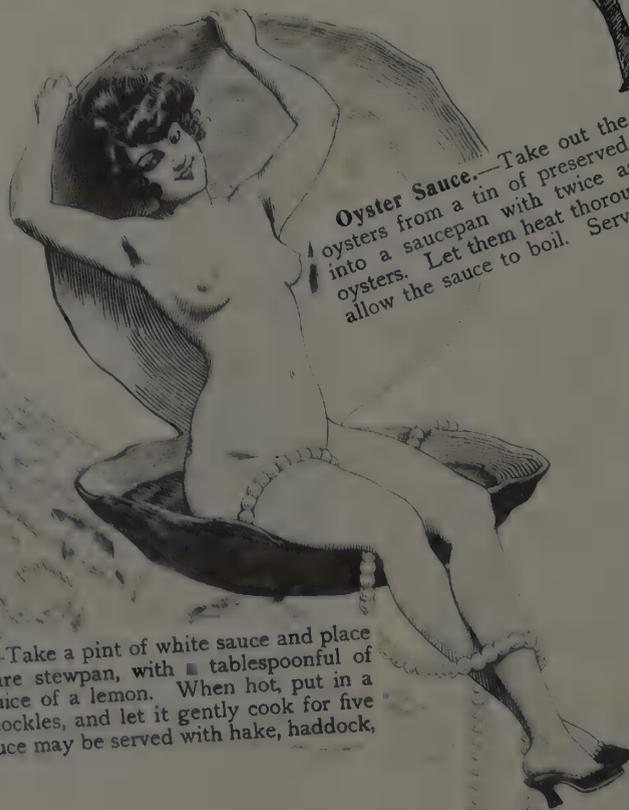
...a few recipes



"Do you serve rat poison?"  
 "Dear me, no, sir."  
 "Then bring me one of your steak and kidney puddings."



**Oyster Sauce.**—Take out the necessary quantity of oysters from a tin of preserved oysters, and put them into a saucepan with twice as much white sauce as oysters. Let them heat thoroughly, but do not allow the sauce to boil. Serve.



**Cockle Sauce.**—Take a pint of white sauce and place it in an earthenware stewpan, with a tablespoonful of vinegar and the juice of a lemon. When hot, put in a pint of prepared cockles, and let it gently cook for five minutes. This sauce may be served with hake, haddock, cod, etc.

**Scallops.**—Dry and dredge with flour, season with salt and pepper. Brush over with the yolk of an egg and cover them with breadcrumbs. Have the fat (dripping or lard) well boiling, and plunge the scallops into it, and let them cook for two minutes. Remove with a wire spoon, allow them to thoroughly drain, sprinkle with a little salt and some cayenne. Serve on a hot dish with ornamented fish papers, cut lemon, and fried green parsley. Or they may be served in their shells, which should have been previously washed and heated.

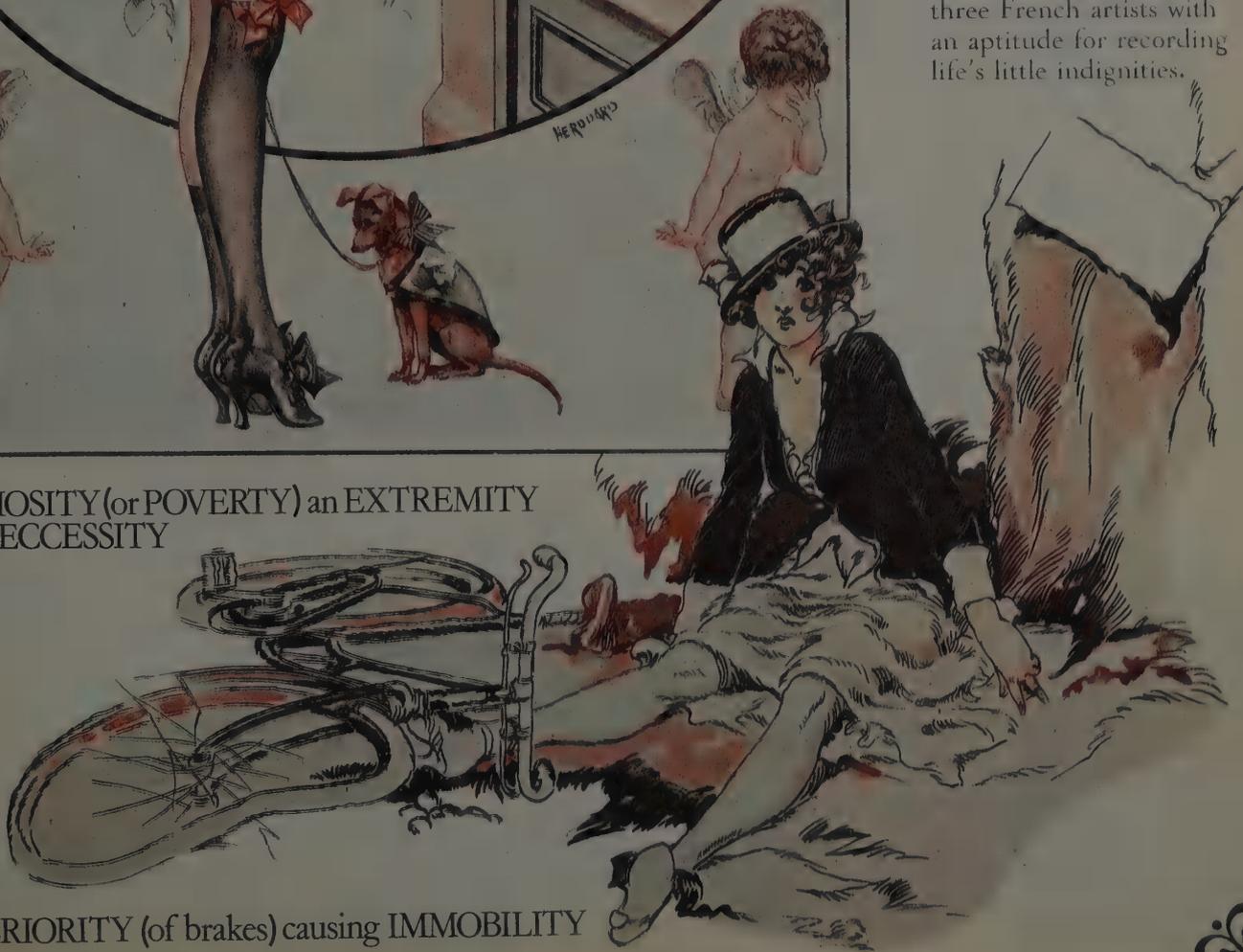


# SAUCES OF EMBARRASSMENT



Chosen with the aid of a dictionary, and illustrated, in the main, by two or three French artists with an aptitude for recording life's little indignities.

IMPECUNIOSITY (or POVERTY) an EXTREMITY caused by NECESSITY

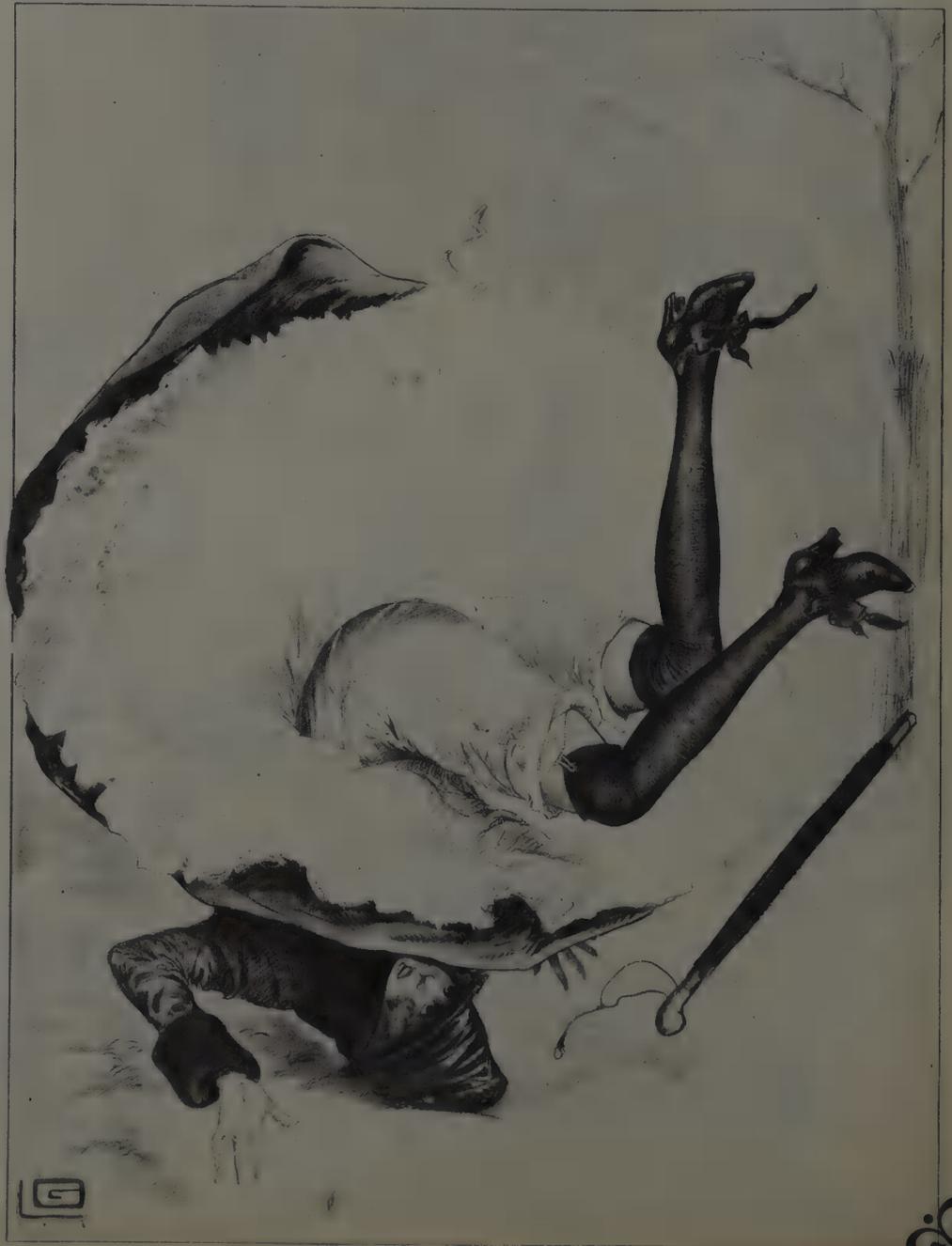


INFERIORITY (of brakes) causing IMMOBILITY

# SAUCES OF EMBARRASSMENT



INSTABILITY  
 (of high heels) combined  
 with URGENCY, and  
 aided by  
 PONDEROSITY  
 (or heaviness)  
 resulting in the  
 subject showing her  
 VERSATILITY



SPINOSITY  
(or pricklyness)  
causing  
SENSITIVITY  
to the subjects  
ROTUNDITY



CURIOSITY-possibly heading for  
a certain amount FALLIBILITY



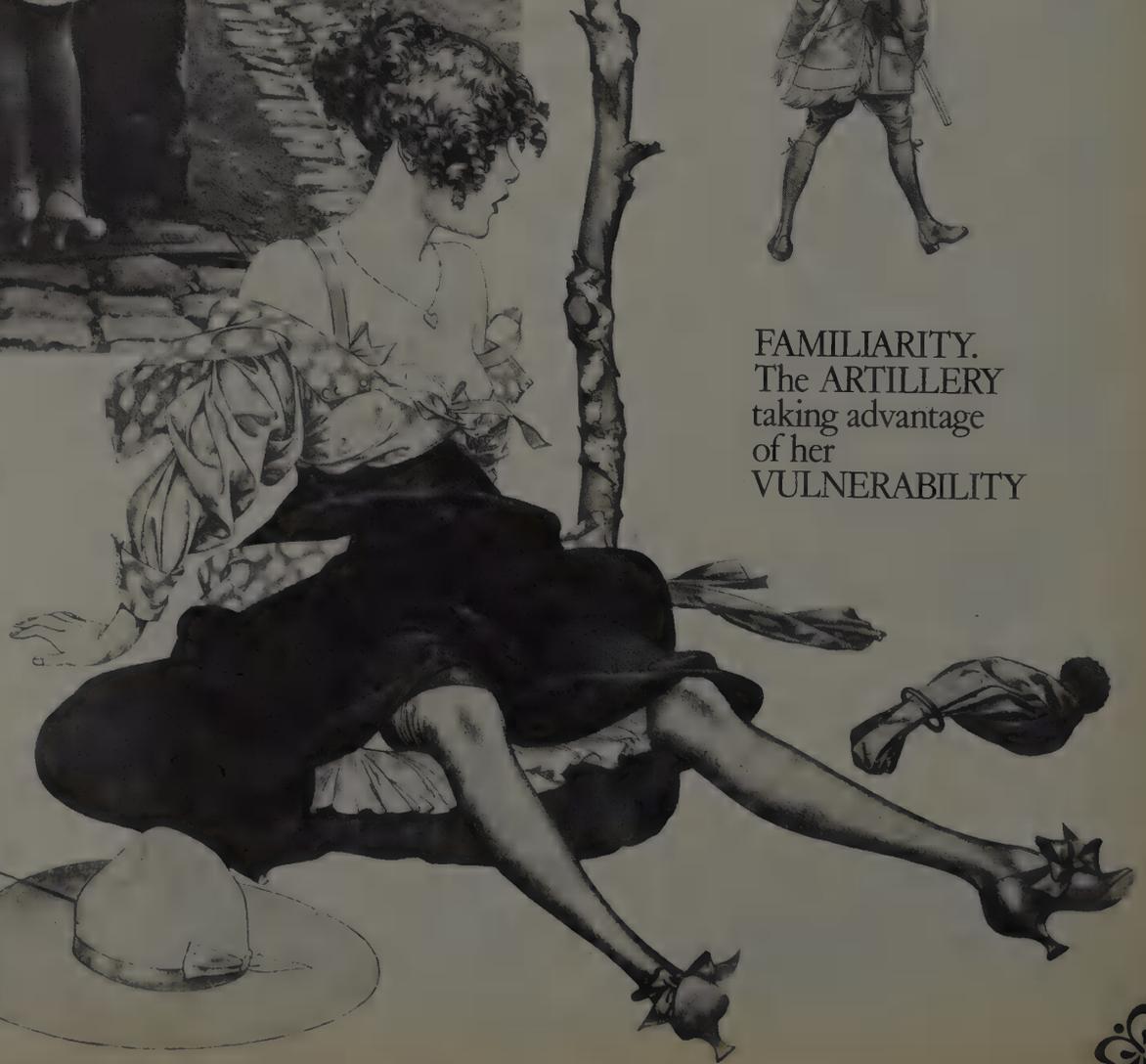
LAXITY  
(or carelessness)  
bringing about  
a lack of  
MODESTY,  
and an increased  
VISIBILITY

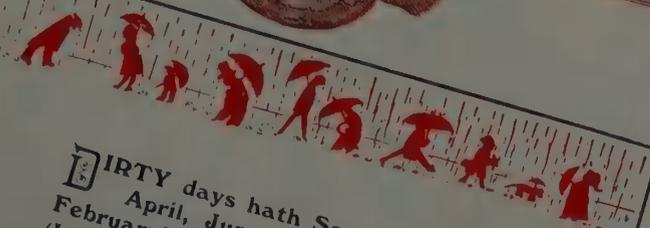
# SAUCES OF EMBARRASSMENT!



UNRELIABILITY  
(of elastic) and the  
PROBABILITY that  
it will increase their  
DROPABILITY

FAMILIARITY.  
The ARTILLERY  
taking advantage  
of her  
VULNERABILITY





**T**HIRTY days hath September,  
 April, June and November,  
 February's days are quite alright  
 (It only rains from morn till night).  
 All the rest have thirty-one  
 Without a blessed gleam of sun,  
 And if any of them had two-and-thirty  
 They'd be just as wet and just as dirty.

VOLUMINOSITY (or fullness).  
 The Mushrooms of the March Wind;  
 dispelling VANITY,  
 but creating an air of FESTIVITY  
 and achieving immense  
 POPULARITY



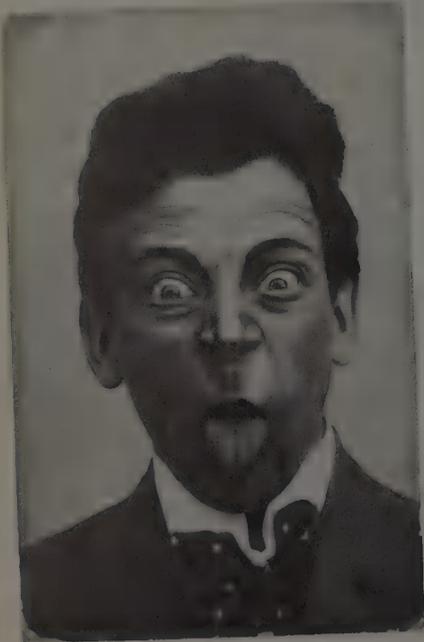
"That boy is staring at me. I'll pull a face."



"I'll try looking nonchalant."



"Now I'll give him one of these."



(The boy returns the favour)



"Boo—he hates me!"

# AT THE PALAIS

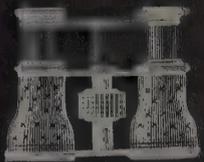


"Look at them two pulling funny faces at each other, Bert."



# EYE TEST CHART

do you need glasses?



It is not the eyes that see, but the brain that interprets what is seen.

It is not the eyes that see, but the brain that interprets what is seen.

It is not the eyes that see, but the brain that interprets what is seen.

It is not the eyes that see, but the brain that interprets what is seen.

It is not the eyes that see, but the brain that interprets what is seen.

These early puns, from one of the great purveyors of Victorian humour, Thomas Hood, lead us nicely into APPENDIX I (opposite)



A total eclipse of the sun



"Does your mother know you're out?"



Spade Husbandry



Best cure for a cold



Foot Soldiers



Held up to Ridicule



# Appendix 1 Historical Section



Renovating old Jokes—bringing the sauce up to date.



*I.....m. rather Gupish !*

London, Published by J. E. Street, 17, Pall Mall, W.

Peeping back into the past, as the girl on the far left is doing (or at least she appears to be—it's possible, on the other hand, that she is merely waiting for the milkman to give her an extra one), is a tricky business.

There's nothing wrong in the actual peeping, but any deductions, drawn without expert knowledge, can be a chancy affair.

I have no expert knowledge of the origins of what we know as saucy humour; but of one thing I am certain—puns featured largely in its development. Thomas Hood loved them, as you may see on the opposite page; the Victorian and Edwardian postcard artists would have been lost without them. There could have been none of the jokes about Mary and her little bear behind, or concerning the lady whose enormous pear won first prize at the flower-show.

Early nineteenth-century humour seemed to lie in the illustration rather than the caption (the housemaid on the left, drawn about 1810, bears this out). But by the time *Punch* was first published, in the 1840s, written jokes were beginning to have more point and less padding—not so much fat, and a little more meat; and inevitably, the meat got nearer the knuckle. Sauce was on its way.

# Historical Section



Puzzle: Find the apple of her eye.



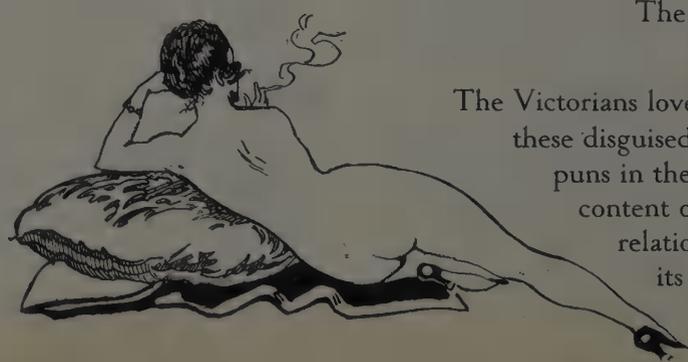
It's a long lane that has no turning.



None but the brave deserve the fair.



The key to many a puzzle.



The Victorians loved puzzles—and these disguised proverbs are visual puns in themselves, either in the content of the picture, or in the relationship between the picture and its caption.

# Historical Section

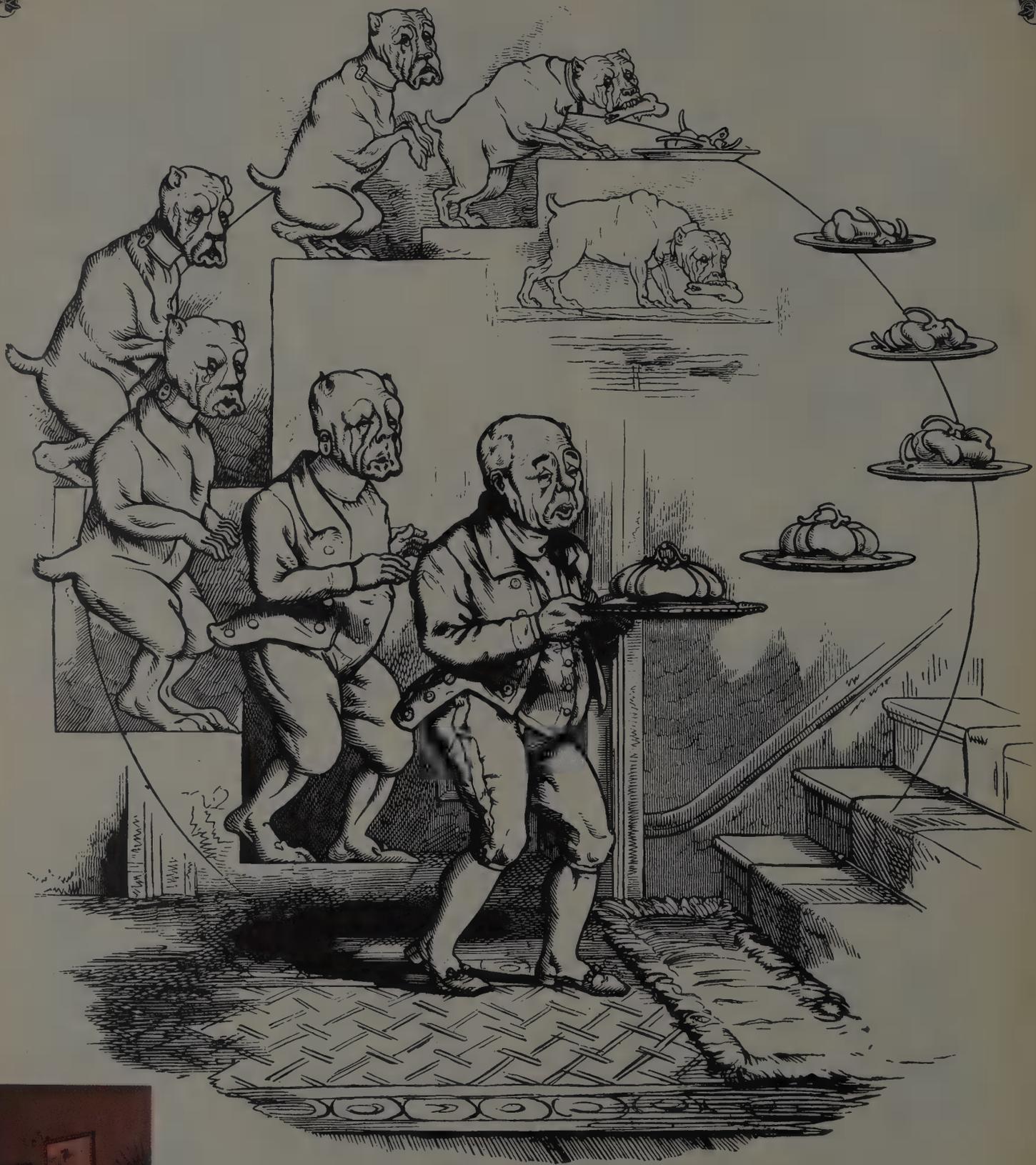


LOVE AND A COTTAGE.

The shape of a house, with handsome moustaches made out of creepers, and the shadow of a lady on the wall, showing her up in a rather unfavourable light, are a couple of good visual jokes poking fun at the fads and fashions of Mid-Victorian England; while in Germany, they too were having trouble with women's current obsession for protruding posteriors.

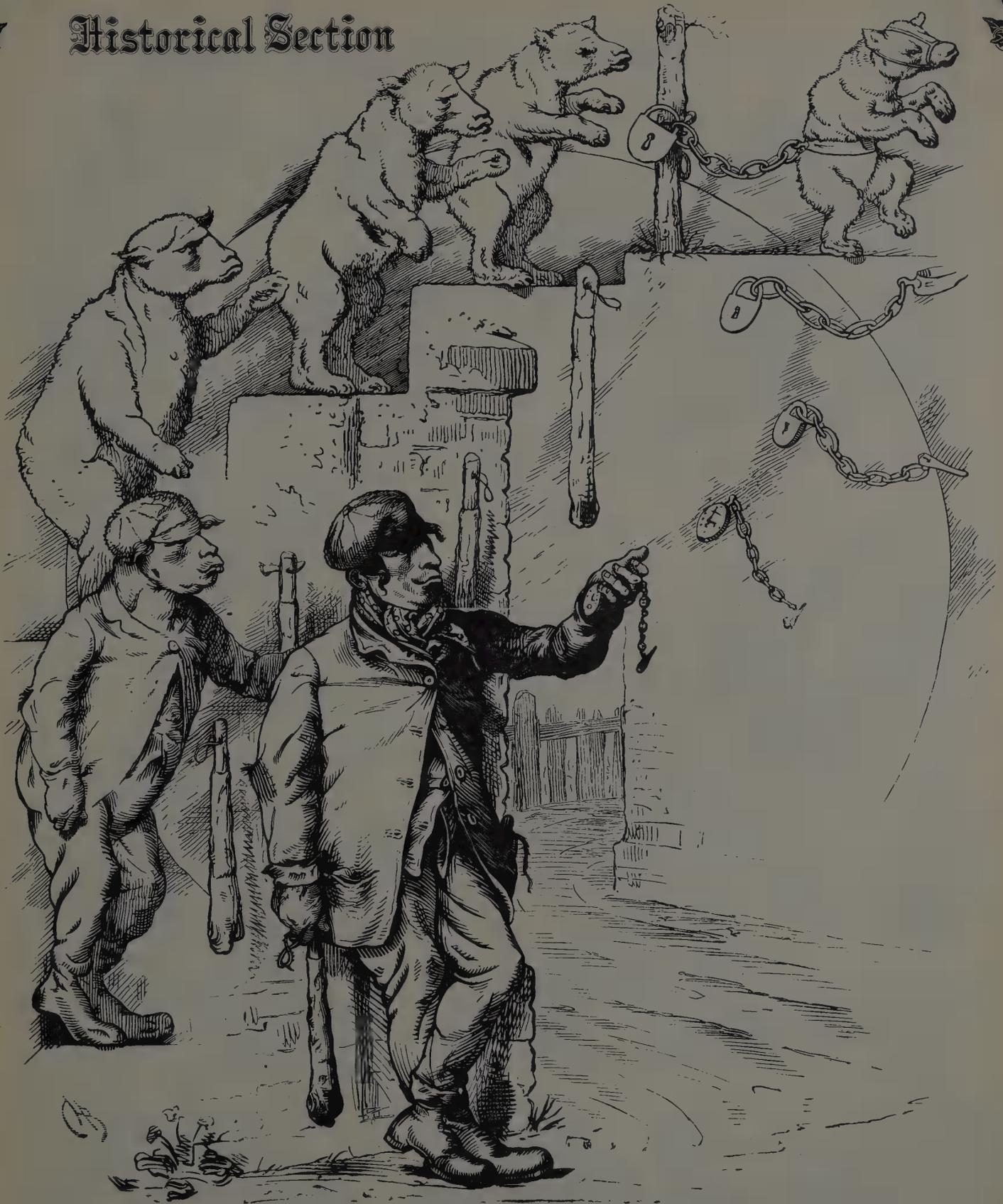
As always, those clever Germans have found a solution.





I have included these two pictures from *Character Sketches and Development Drawing* by Charles H. Bennett (c. 1850), simply because I find them so fascinating and so cleverly drawn. Not only does the faithful servant change, step by step, into a faithful watchdog, but the food he was taking to his master changes into his own plate of scraps.

# Historical Section



Even more ingenious, this somewhat macabre portrait of a mugger of the time, consulting the turnip-watch of a previous victim, as he waits for his present prey to emerge from some Music Hall or supper-rooms. His origin is quickly traced to a muzzled and dangerous dancing-bear, while the watch becomes his padlock, and his cudgel the very post which holds him captive. This kind of meticulous and detailed drawing is, to me, one of the fascinations of Victorian illustrated humour—satirical or otherwise.

# RINKO-MANIACAL RECOLLECTIONS



*The Pyramid*



*The Professionals*



*After the battle*



Somewhat later (about 1890) these very charming and funny drawings have a distinctly saucy air—the girl hugging the curate in spite of herself, the pyramid of bodies, male and female, piled up unceremoniously on the ice rink; and the plump, pretty, tearful maiden who is “horribly bruised, but she dare not rub herself in

# RINKO-MANIACAL RECOLLECTIONS.



The Rink Boot



He hates rinking but he must bring himself down somehow



The independent cropper

I cannot mind my wheel Mother

Horridly biased but she does not rule herself in public

Rink Doves

Taking a seat

Putting on "The hie"

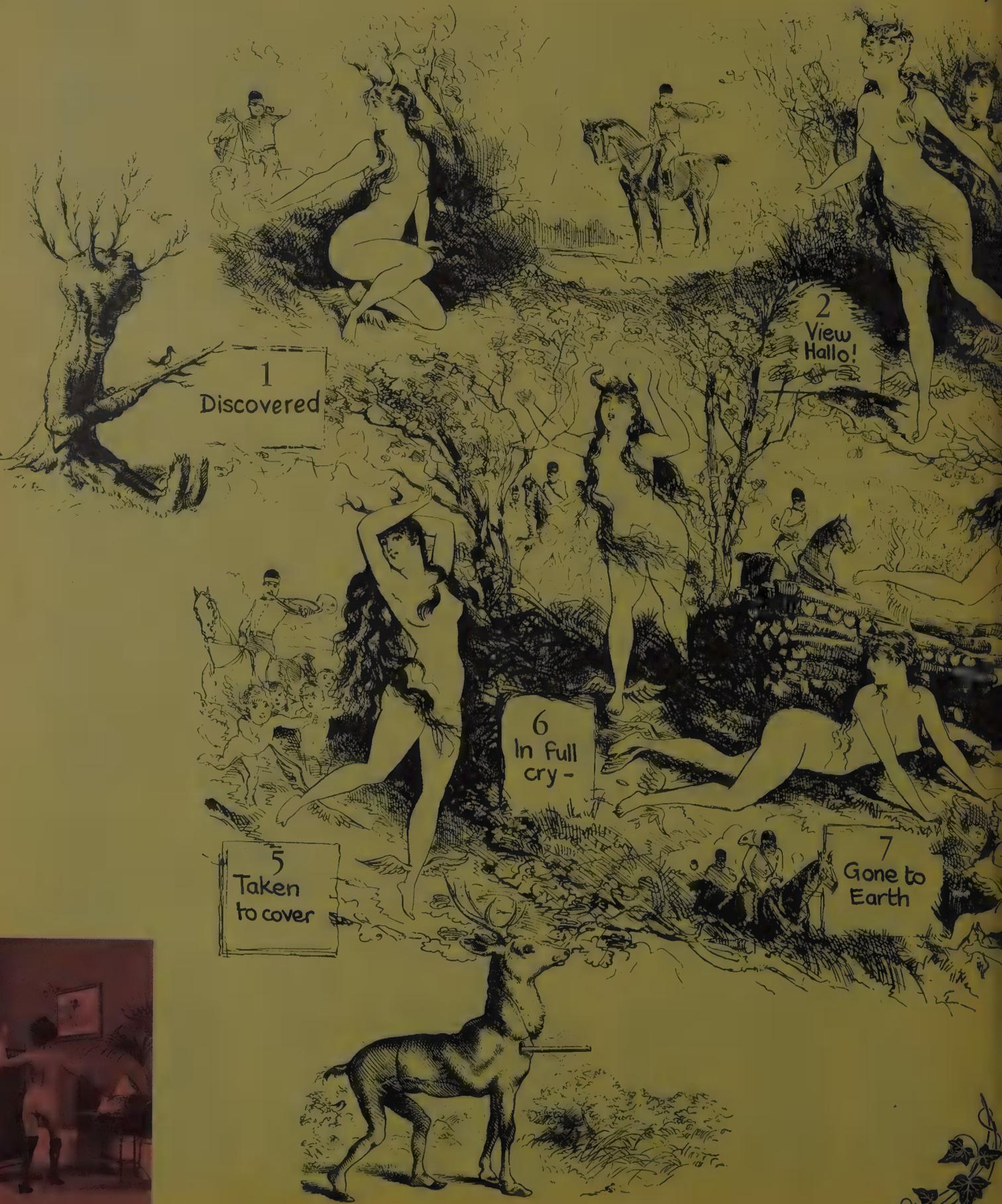


public". The coloured scraps, rescued from the discarded remains of late Victorian Christmas crackers, are tiny gems of caricature. But by now, of course, we have moved once again into the era of Granddaddy's sauce . . .



# Historical Section

... And "La Vie Parisienne" was already well ahead in that field:



1  
Discovered

2  
View  
Hallo!

6  
In full  
cry -

5  
Taken  
to cover

7  
Gone to  
Earth



(and here is a picture of the very field)



3  
Flushed  
Out

4  
Bolted!

8  
At Bay

9  
The  
Death



But as an end to the historical section, I have delved as far back as possible into history, and here present

## THE FIRST JOKES EVER



A: Where are you going with that sack of horse manure?

B: I'm going to put it on my rhubarb.

A: That's funny—we usually have custard on ours. (German, seventeenth century)



"Bottom Marks in History"  
(Italian, sixteenth century)



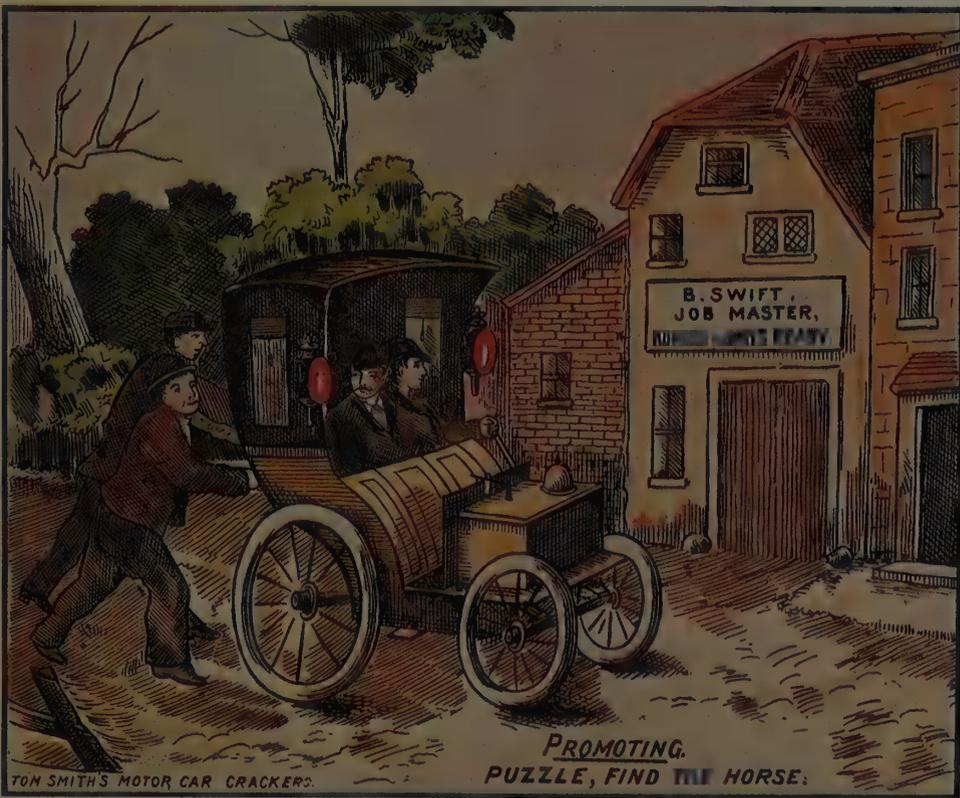
Man: Who is that in the mirror?

Jester (looks): Why me, of course.

Man: Thank the Lord—I thought it was me!  
(English, fifteenth century)



Woman: This has been a wonderful broom. I've had it for twenty years, and it's only needed one new head and two handles.  
(English, fifteenth century)

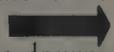


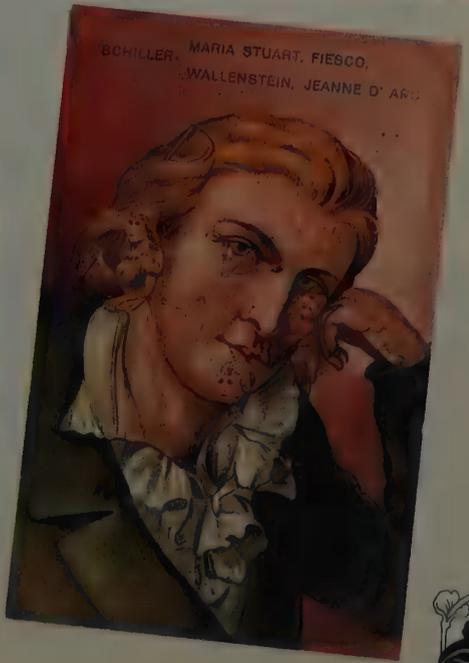
A few of the many pictorial nonsenses indulged in, in days gone by:

Left—A puzzle in a cracker.  
Find the horse.

ANSWER—  
THE MAN WHO IS  
PUSHING THE CAR  
BETWEEN THE LEGS OF

The two cut-outs are, I think, self-explanatory!

Below  
To find out what the gentlemen are thinking, you must fold over the edge of the page  until it meets the line drawn on the picture





View of the Pyrenees from the water.  
(See previous page)

## ON CLOSER INSPECTION

It will be found that these pictures (with the exception of the gruesome skull effect created by the one top centre) are, for the most part, made up of women.

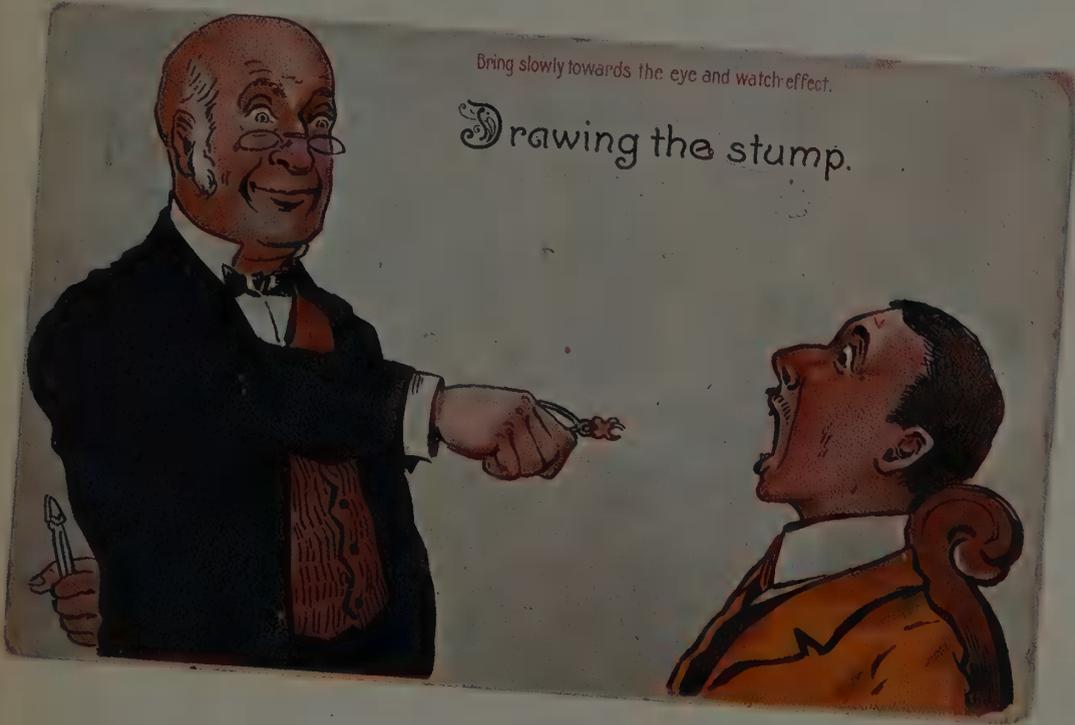
Napoleon wrote to a contemporary, "The world appears to be made up of women"; and his own portrait (above, right) seems to go a long way towards proving him right.

Speaking of going a long way, the runners and riders here shown in the pictures on the left seem to be well capable of staying the distance, as they say, at Epsom.



# TRICKS OF THE EYE

As you bring the picture nearer to your eyes, the dusky pair appear to kiss.



Follow the instructions, and the dentist will appear to remove (and replace) the patient's molar.



Carry out the same actions, as above, and the lady will appear to be riding her bicycle with one leg over the handlebars.



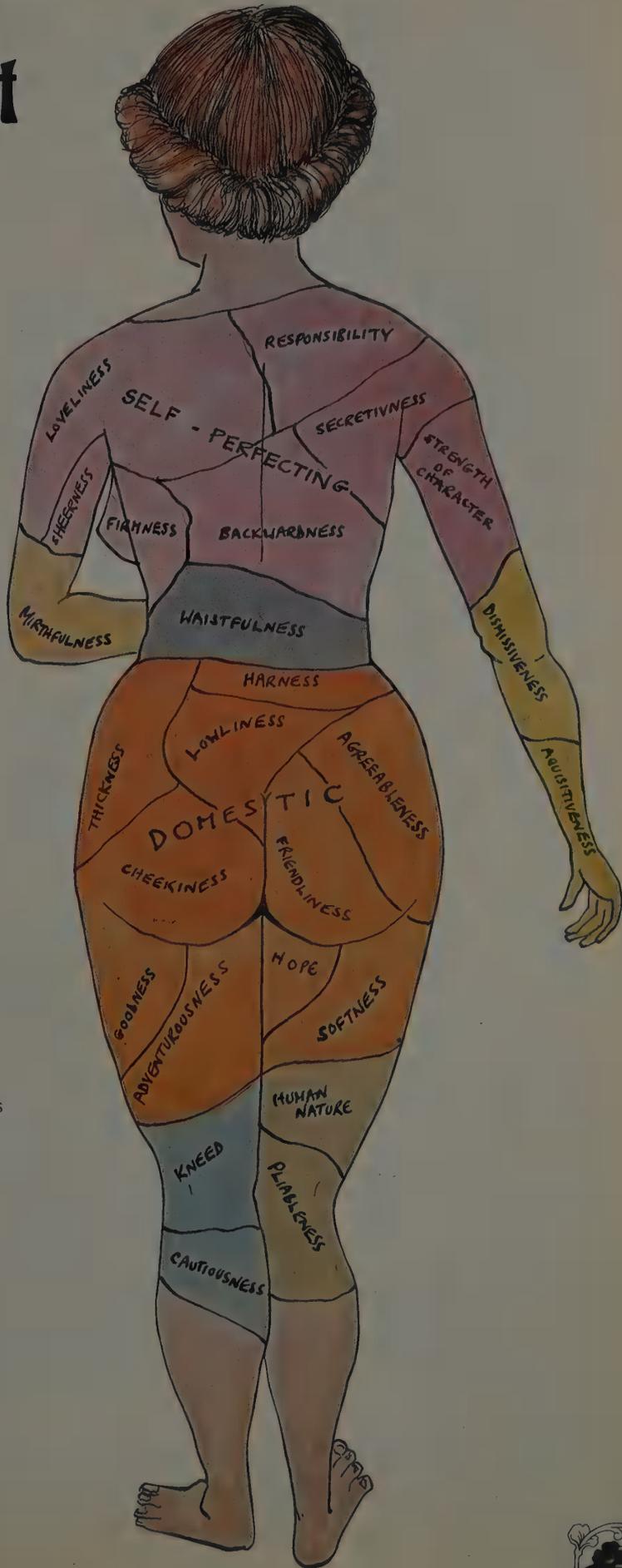
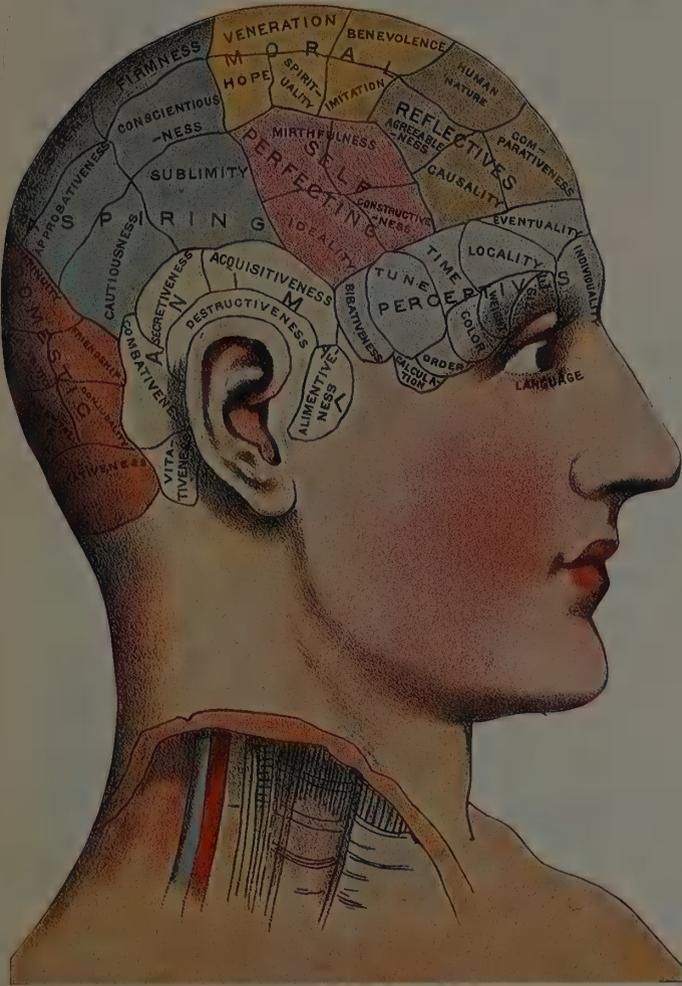
# PUZZLE PAGE

## Study the pictures carefully

One of the girls appears in the same pose twice. Now answer the following questions:  
A. Is it the second girl from the right at the bottom, or not? B. What does it matter?



# Appendix 3 Bump-reading for pleasure and profit



In man, it is called Phrenology. But, as Voltaire was once heard to remark, "A woman's brains are not in her head alone, but all over her body."

This chart is therefore offered for amateur phrenologists everywhere, in the hope that it will be of assistance in the interpretation of bump-reading in women.



Female Bump-reader at work

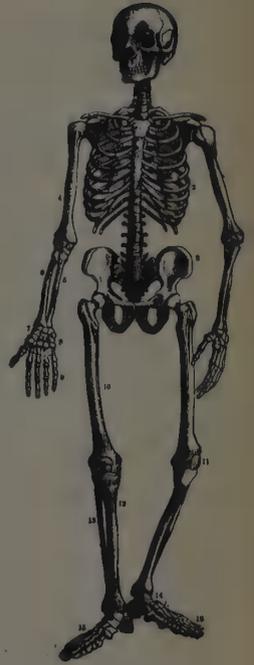
Answers to Correspondents



Fig. 5  
Correct position  
of the body  
in writing.



Fig. 6.  
Deformity  
of the spine  
caused by  
incorrect position  
in writing



1. *To Mr. F. W. D. of Oxford:*  
I have pleasure in reprinting the picture you request, and trust that you will always adopt this position when writing to me in future—Ed.  
P.S. It is not necessary to wear the sailor's suit, if inconvenient.

2. *To Miss Janet T. of Chester:*  
The person who holds the record for losing weight is Mr. Arthur Godbolt, of Huddersfield, who lost seventeen stone in twenty-nine days. His picture is shown on the right.

3. *To W. M. of Highgate:*  
If you are so well-known that it is impossible for you to go into the street without being recognised, why not adopt the disguise of a camera man, as shown? With your head under the cloth, you can wander around the park, enter restaurants, attend balls, etc., confident that passers-by will not give you a second glance.



4. *To Miss Muriel B., the Rosycheeks Nudist Camp, Chorley Wood:*  
Your most interesting picture of yourself and your friend observing the goings-on behind the bush, did, I must admit, stump your Editor for a while; but I am now quite certain that it is, in fact, another of your friends engaged in fitting a new sheet of paper into her typewriter. Am I correct? (My first surmise I discarded almost at once, bearing in mind the large number of stinging nettles in your area.)



5. *To Mrs. B. D., of Wimbledon:*  
The above is an example of juxtaposition. What your husband says is quite wrong.





This lady is, of course, astride a somewhat higher-class bottle than the one which adorns the front of this book; the gap is widened more than somewhat when one realises that, as this etching was published round about 1890, the champagne just about to bubble forth from this particular magnum must be of a vintage which today would be priceless.

And so indeed, in my opinion, is the picture; and the lady provides for us a fitting end to what I hope you will consider to have been a generous helping of SAUCE

# PLAYER'S

## NAVY CUT

PLAYERS NAVY CUT is the Original, and is sold only in 1-oz. Packets, and 2, 4, 8-oz. and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the tobacco in the smoking condition. Ask at all TOBACCO SELLERS, STORES, &c. AND TAKE THE OTHER. PLAYERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST IMITATIONS. THE GENUINE BOX IS TRADE MARK "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," AND EVERY PACKET AND TIN. PLAYERS NAVY CUT CIGARETTES. In Markets containing 12, and Tins containing 21, 50 and 100.

# ASPINALL'S ENAMEL

COLOURS—EXQUISITE  
SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
REJECT POISONOUS AND WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.  
SURFACE LIKE PORCELAIN.

EXTRAORDINARY POPULARITY OF THE  
**WHITE SEWING MACHINES.**  
Simple, Easy Running and Noiseless.  
LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES. For all Classes of Work.  
Machines for Hand or Treadle, or both combined. Daily Sales exceed 1,000 machines.  
Guaranteed for five years. Prize Medals wherever exhibited.  
Samples of Work and Price Lists free on Application.  
**WHITE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,**  
45, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

**MELLIN'S FOOD**

# EDWARDS' INSTANTANEOUS HARLENE.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE**  
WORLD RENOWNED  
**HAIR PRODUCER**  
AND  
**RESTORER.**

**EDWARDS' HARLENE.**  
TESTIMONIALS.  
Market Square, Wellington,  
March 20, 1888.  
Sir—My mother has found great benefit from the use of your Harlene. Please send another bottle.  
Yours respectfully,  
M. WILLIAMSON.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE.**  
Acton, near Southey, Suffolk,  
July 21, 1888.  
Dear Sir—My hair, which has been coming off for years, is now completely restored after using three bottles of Harlene.  
Yours truly,  
N. SIBBE.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE.**  
4, Marlborough Street, Glasgow,  
January 10th, 1889.  
Dear Sir—You are doing a wonderful business. I have used one bottle, and can feel an improvement already. Please send another bottle.  
Yours sincerely,  
A. RUGGERAN.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE.**  
Hyde Park, London,  
January 14th, 1889.  
Miss Pearce has found a great change in her hair since using the Harlene. Please send another bottle.  
Yours sincerely,  
M. EDWARDS.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE.**  
Ordnance Office, Wexford,  
December 2nd, 1889.  
Sir—Enclosed please find address for next shipment of your Harlene. Please accept my best thanks for last bottle. After a trial of several bottles I am convinced that it is the most valuable agent for which it is intended. I will recommend it to all my friends who require artificial aid.  
I am, Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
M. EDWARDS.

**"NATURE'S CROWN"**  
"THE BEST"

"NATURE'S CROWN" CAN BE OBTAINED AND RETAINED BY USING  
**EDWARDS' HARLENE.**  
**HAIR PRODUCER**  
AND  
**RESTORER**  
in the World.  
1s. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. & 5s. 6d. per bottle.  
Of all Chemists and Druggists.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE**  
POSITIVELY FORCES  
**LADIES' HAIR,**  
OR  
**WHISKERS**  
AND  
**MOUSTACHIOS,**  
TO THE  
**WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY**  
FOR  
**BALDNESS.**  
From whatever cause arising.  
AS A PRODUCER OF  
**WHISKERS**  
AND  
**MOUSTACHIOS**  
IT HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED.  
AN A CURSE OF WHISKERS WITH STRAYING, OR BENTURING  
**GREY HAIR**  
TO ITS  
ORIGINAL COLOUR, NEVER  
1s. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. & 5s. 6d.  
Of all Chemists and Druggists. In some direct, free from observation, the amount of 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. (P.O. preferred).  
Testimonials, a Valuable Treatise on the cultivation of Hair, and some extraordinary facts on the efficaciousness of the Harlene, are included.  
Special Offer to readers of "PICK-UP"—  
**A 6S. TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 5S.**  
We have resolved to send to any Reader of "PICK-UP" who sends us the name of the chemist or druggist to whom he or she will order a supply of Harlene, a 6s. bottle of Harlene, and a 6s. bottle of "NATURE'S CROWN" for the price of 5s. 6d. This offer is only available to the readers of "PICK-UP" who send us the name of the chemist or druggist to whom they will order a supply of Harlene, and a 6s. bottle of "NATURE'S CROWN" for the price of 5s. 6d. This offer is only available to the readers of "PICK-UP" who send us the name of the chemist or druggist to whom they will order a supply of Harlene, and a 6s. bottle of "NATURE'S CROWN" for the price of 5s. 6d.

**A. G. EDWARDS & CO., 5, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.**  
All Applications for Advertisements in "Pick-Me-Up" must be made to Lubbers & Co., Advertising Agents, General Managers, Oxford Street, W.C.

**CLEVER RECIPES ARE GIVEN AWAY WITH EVERY PACKET OF**

# BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Supplies Daily Luxury. Dainties in Endless Variety. The Choicest Dishes and Richest Custard without Eggs. Sold everywhere in 6d. Boxes (sufficient for 3 pints); 1s. Boxes for 7 pints.

**GUSTARD WITHOUT EGGS!!**

CLEVER COOKS can add to their list of Dainties the preparation of Choice Dishes for the Dinner and Supper Table by obtaining the recipe of a little Book entitled "Pasty and Sweets" given in all "Packets" sent their Address to BIRD'S BROS. & SONS, Birmingham. Every Lady and Housewife in the land should have "Pasty and Sweets" handy for reference. There is nothing to pay, and the Book will be forwarded for nothing if you will. BIRD'S BROS. can have copies of "Pasty and Sweets" for distribution among their Customers on application.

**BROOKE'S SOAP**  
MONEY BRAND  
WASH CLOTHES

FOR A THOUSAND THINGS  
FOR MANICURE  
FOR BATHING  
FOR TAPS  
FOR PAINTS

**BROOKE'S SOAP**  
A LARGE BAR.  
BENJAMIN BROOKE & COMPANY, 36 to 40, YORK ROAD, KING'S CROSS, LONDON, W.

The World's most successful Soap and Polish. Makes Tin the Silver, Copper the Gold, Paints like New, Windows like Crystal, Iron like Silver, Spotted Bathrooms, Cracked like Marble, White like Ivory, Floors like Ivory, and Cleaners of all materials, and all in stamps per gallon. Price 1s. 6d. per tin. 10s. 6d. per dozen. 10s. 6d. per dozen. 10s. 6d. per dozen.

# BOVRIL

THE MOST INVIGORATING AND STRENGTHENING  
WINTER DRINK.



**A COMPLETE CONQUEST**  
ACHIEVED BY **BOVRIL**

**SMOKE**  
**HIGNETT'S**  
**GOLDEN BUTTERFLY**  
LUXURIOUS FINE CUT BRIGHT TOBACCO.

**KODAK**  
It is a hand Camera especially designed for Amateurs. It is the most compact instrument made and with it the largest number of exposures can be made with the least number of operations.  
Particulars require no manual. NO PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY IS NECESSARY.  
"YOU PRESS THE BUTTON. WE DO THE REST."  
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE.  
THE KODAK PHOTO MATERIALS CO., LIMITED.  
115, Oxford Street, London, W.  
Paris, 1, Place Vendôme. Nice: Place Grimaldi.

# BUY HUDSON'S SOAP

Never Wash, Clean, or Scour without using HUDSON'S SOAP.  
REDUCES THE HOURS OF LABOUR.

## THE LAUNDRY.

Lawn, Lace, Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, Towels, &c., keep a good colour if regularly washed with Hudson's Soap. Hudson's leaves No Smell. Excellent for washing Flannels and Woolen Underclothing.

## PURE LINEN.

Clothes washed with HUDSON'S SOAP are beautifully sweet, wholesome, lily-white, and fresh as sea breezes. No Fraying of the Clothes. No Hard Rubbing, Scrubbing, Beating, or Straining necessary.

## SCOURING.

Ease, Speed, Pleasure, and Economy with Hudson's Soap—very little Scrubbing, and no Drudgery. Stone Steps, Balconies, and Window-sills will always look nice if washed down with Hudson's Soap. Greasy Marks and Stains disappear like magic.

## THE KITCHEN.

HUDSON'S SOAP removes grease from Stove Tops, Cooking Ranges, Kitchens, Hot-Plates, &c. Copper and Enamelled Pans are not likely to burn if scoured with Hudson's Soap.



HUDSON'S SOAP is a Pure Dry Soap in Fine Powder, in 4-lb., 4-lb., and 4-lb. Packets. Softens all Waters. Makes a Foaming Lather, and keeps the Clothes a Good Colour. HUDSON'S SOAP is excellent for washing Flannels and Woolen Underclothing, as well as Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c. HUDSON'S SOAP for Washing-up. Hudson's is as good for Plates, Dishes, Knives, Forks, &c., as for Washing Clothes. Hudson's leaves No Smell.

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# "ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR."

As Dean Swift half-cynically, half-tenderly inscribed a lock of hair from the tresses of the tender, devoted Stella. Only a woman's hair, and yet what poems, what romances have been inspired by the loveliness of a woman's hair. It is the crowning glory of her beauty, and yet she rarely displays it to advantage. The caprices and exigencies of fashion are always at work among her tresses, whether piling them up in towers, or rolling them in masses above the brows, or curling them in a frizzy mass over brow and neck, or in a hundred ways differing widely from the simple *chignon* of Mother Eve. Anyhow, as Milton pictures it—  
She, as a veil down to the shoulder waving  
Hundredfold, but in wanton ringlets waved  
As the vine curls her tendrils.

But, whether fair or dark, there is no aid to beauty more potent than an abundant, luxuriant growth of hair, which may be obtained by using **EDWARDS' HARLENE**, the only Hair Producer and Restorer, so scientific in its discovery, or so effectual in its operation; and she who possesses long and beautiful tresses can afford to disregard the latest extravagance of fashion.

**POSITIVELY THE BEST HAIR DRESSING FOR STRENGTHENING, BEAUTIFYING, AND PRESERVING THE HAIR.**  
**Edwards' "Harlene."**

**WORLD-RENOVED HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER**  
(is a Pharmaceutical Preparation.)

An Excellent Hair Dressing for the Hair of all Complexions. It is a most valuable and effective preparation for the hair, and is the only one of its kind that will produce and restore the hair to its natural state, and keep it in perfect health and beauty.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE**  
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(is a Pharmaceutical Preparation.)

As acknowledged to be the best of its kind, it is the only one of its kind that will produce and restore the hair to its natural state, and keep it in perfect health and beauty.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE**  
For Curving, Thickening, and Anointing.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE**  
All Aching Pains, Headaches, and all other pains of the Head, Neck, and Face, are relieved by the use of this preparation.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE**  
Quickly Removes and Prevents Dandruff.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE**  
A DYEING PREPARATION, which will produce and restore the hair to its natural state, and keep it in perfect health and beauty.

**EDWARDS' HARLENE**  
Positively stops the Hair from Falling.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be perfectly Harmless and Devoid of any Metallic or other Injurious Ingredient.

Prepared and Bottled by **EDWARDS & CO.**, 25, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

# Drink CADBURY'S COCOA

"IT IS ABSOLUTELY PURE."

A FEW OF THE MANY GOOD REASONS WHY CADBURY'S COCOA ENJOYS SUCH WORLD-WIDE POPULARITY

It is guaranteed to be Pure Cocoa. It is made instantly with Boiling Milk or Water. It is not reduced in value by the addition of Starch, Sugar, &c. It is specially rich in flesh-forming and strength-sustaining principles. It contains all the delicious aroma of the natural article, without the excessive proportions of fat. It is delicious, nutritious, digestible, comforting, and a refined beverage suitable for all seasons of the year. It is a gentle stimulant, and sustains against hunger and bodily fatigue. In the whole process of manufacturing Cadbury's Pure Cocoa, the automatic machinery employed obviates the necessity for its being once touched by the human hand.







MIDDY. MISS M. THE CAPTAIN. BOATSWAIN. ABLE BODIED. MRS ADMIRAL. 1ST CLASS BOY. JACK.



MY LOVE, MY DEAR. AN OLD RASCAL. THE WIDOW. WE'VE FORGOT THE SALAD DRESSING. MISS MASH. MASHED. MILK & MOET. NAUGHTY.



ROMANY. MR GRILL CHOP AND STEAK CHAMER. RUM. HARRY. BUTTON HOLES. OUT TO ENJOY HER. GREENGROCER.



PAPA. MOTHER. HER. GOD MOTHER. THE INFANT. NURSE. THE RECTOR. AUNT FANNY.

**SAUCE:** "A thing mixed; a tinge; a tincture; a touch; a dash; a sprinkling; a seasoning; a soupçon; a smack."

This book provides all these - here is Ronnie Barker's scrumptious book of visual jocularty.

**GIRLS** ★  
 ★ **JOKES** ★  
**LIMERICKS** ★  
 ★ **SONGS** ★  
**GIRLS** ★

**PLUS** ★  
 "WHAT THE BUTLER flickering into life before your very eyes"

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 Humour  
 UNITED KINGDOM  
 AUSTRALIA  
 NEW ZEALAND  
 CANADA  
 \*recommended but not ob



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