

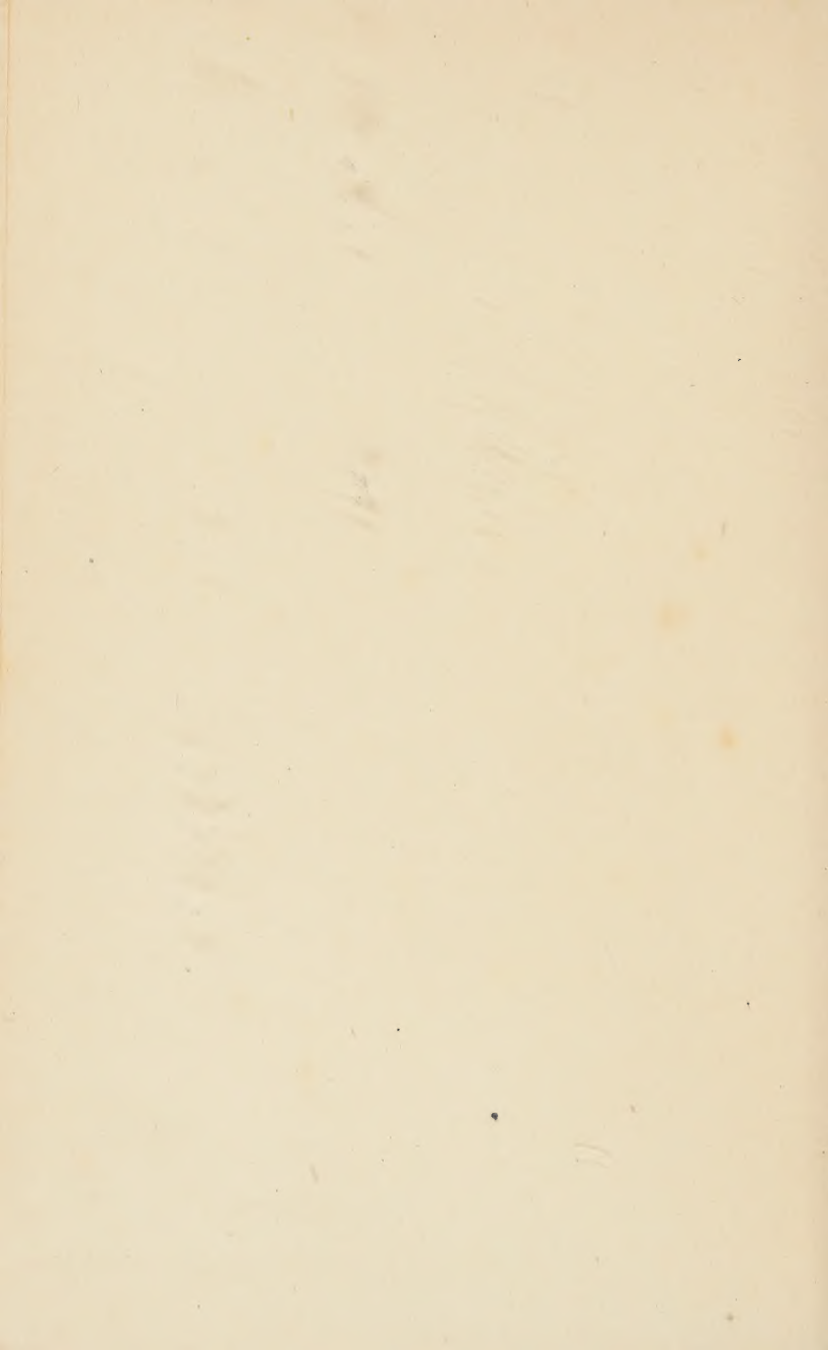
THE
LUCK
OF THE
DRAW



FOUGASSE

To Ann,
with much love
Jan.

April 1946.



THE LUCK
OF THE DRAW

By the same Author

FUN FAIR

P.T.O.

E. & O.E.

DRAWN AT A VENTURE

A GALLERY OF GAMES

JOTSAM

RUNNING COMMENTARY

FAMILY GROUP

In Collaboration with W. D. H. McCullough

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

ACES MADE EASY

FOUGASSE
THE LUCK
OF THE DRAW

SIXTH EDITION




METHUEN & CO. LTD. LONDON

36 Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2

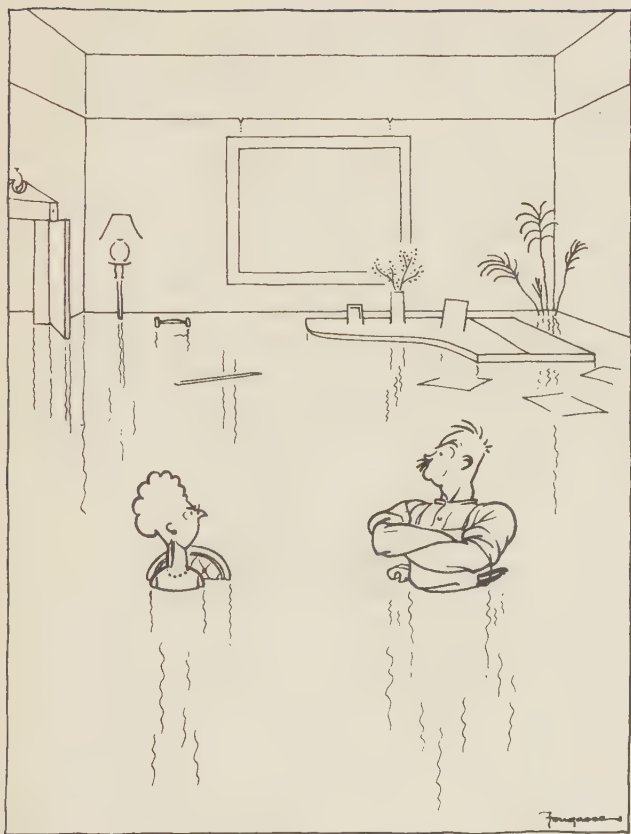
<i>First Published</i>	. . .	<i>October 29th,</i>	1936
<i>Second Edition</i>	. . .	<i>November</i>	1936
<i>Third Edition</i>	. . .	<i>December</i>	1936
<i>Fourth and Cheaper Edition</i>	. . .	<i>November</i>	1939
<i>Fifth Edition</i>	. . .	<i>April</i>	1942
<i>Sixth Edition</i>	. . .		1945

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
LOWE AND BRYDONE PRINTERS LTD., LONDON, N.W.10

THE following drawings were originally published in *Punch*, and grateful thanks are due to the Proprietors for permission to reproduce them here.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation



“ And I tell you, young man, for the nine-hundred-and-ninety-ninth time, that it *is* the thaw that bursts them ! ”



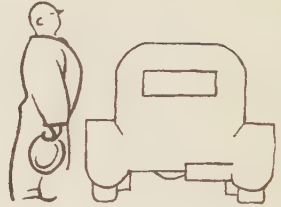
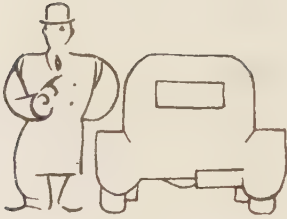
Jungman

The first lesson.



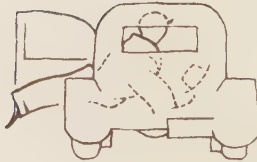
“ No, this is not Westbrook Terrace ; this is Westbrook *Park* Terrace.”

SMALL CAR DRILL

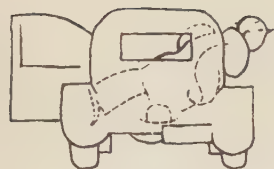


“ Now, on the command,
‘ Small car drill—prepare to
mount,’—

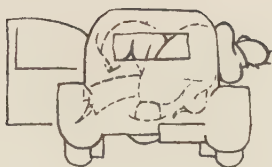
—turn smartly to the left and
remove the hat—



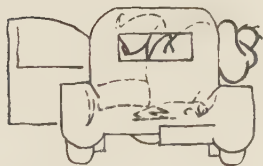
On the command ‘mount,’
open the door, throw the
body forward and downward
into the space thus formed
and—



—by means of the hands work it across the car until the head and shoulders project as far as possible through the offside window—



Then turn the body half left and draw the left leg upwards until the—

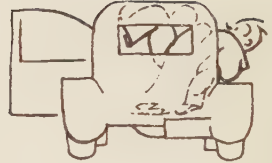


—left knee rests against the roof, the right leg meanwhile remaining rigid, the weight of the body being taken by the hat—

Continued overleaf



The body is then again turned until the face points upward, and the right leg is brought slowly up the body—



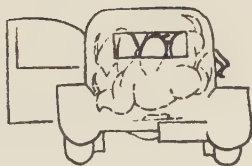
—the lower leg being then revolved about the knee in a clockwise direction (seen from above) until the foot rests against the windscreen—



The body is then withdrawn from the window until the head is clear, and is pivoted round the left leg through an angle of ninety degrees—



This brings the head into contact with the back of the car, and, by exerting pressure with the right leg against the windscreen—



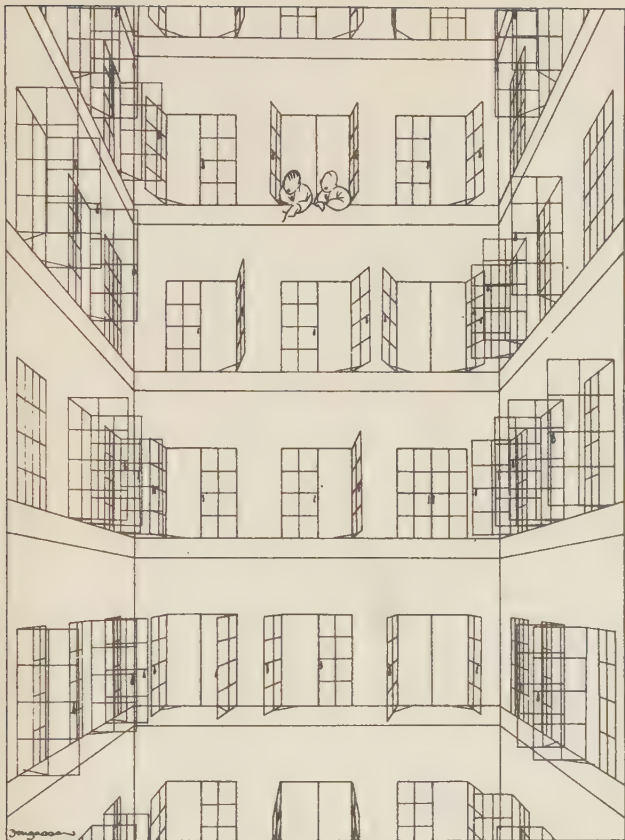
—the body is slowly forced upwards into a semi-sitting position, the left leg, at the same time being allowed to fall to the side of the body—



The legs are then folded neatly in front of the body, knees in line with the shoulders—and the door is shut.”



Enterprise.



“ . . . and the one below that again is number 59. That’s the flat that hasn’t got a wireless.”



“ Very much better than being cooped up in the office—what ? ”



“Isn't this that thing from
Tristan and Isolde?—



Just too wonderful, isn't
it?—



I always lose myself com-
pletely in it—



The first time I heard it—

Continued overleaf.



—quite a child I was, and
just over measles,—



—and I had a dress with
little ruchings round the
hem,—



—and I remember my shoes
were much too tight,—



—and it was the year Aunt
Emily had that accident, and
we had a house at Bognor for
the summer,—



—and those funny little hats
were just coming in, and
Granny had given me a
dressing-case for my birth-
day,—



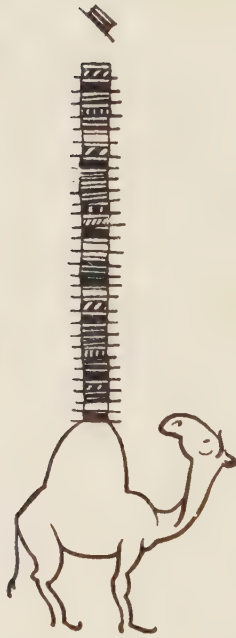
—or maybe that was the year
after ; but, anyway, Uncle
George was at home,—



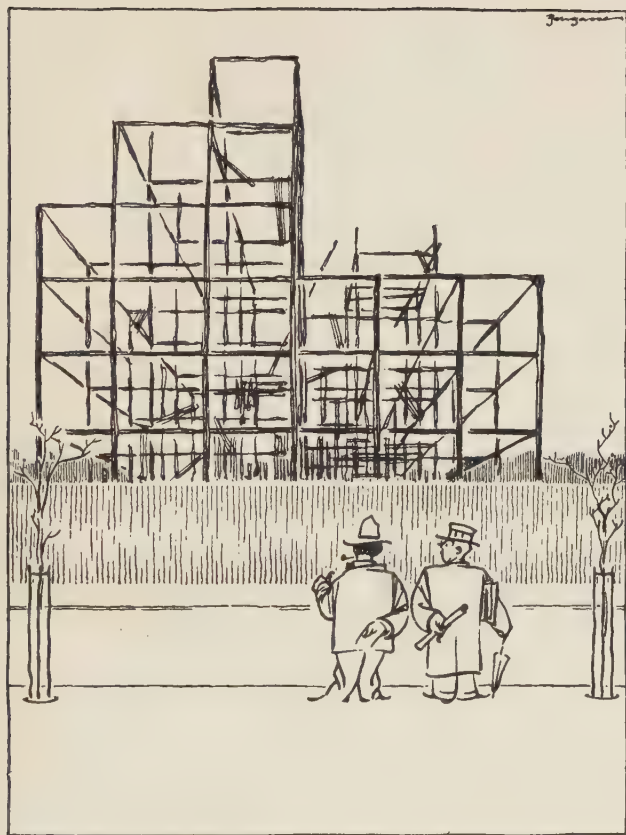
—because I remember he
took me to the Opera to hear
the thing—



—that we've just been revel-
ling in !”



The last one.



"Of course, personally, I wouldn't do anything more to it."



“ When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature . . . Say, it’s a talk about something ! ”



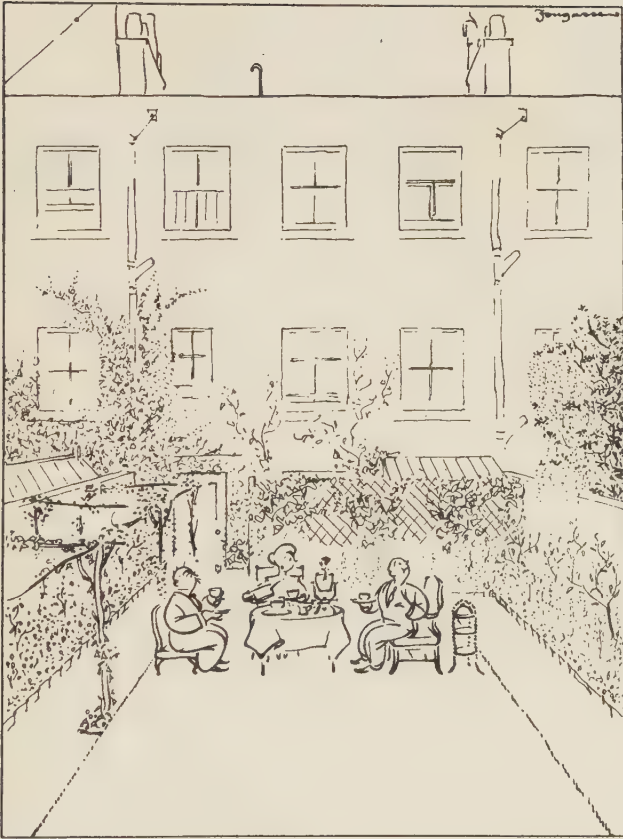
“ Well, anyway, have I passed all right ? ”



Fongasse

" Is this the way to W-A-R-E-H-A-M ? "

TACT



“ And what a marvellous laburnum you’ve got next-door.”



“ You remember, Martha,—



—my telling you—



—how I'd had a dream—



—that I had to give—



—a very important lecture—



—and how when I got there—

Continued overleaf



—I couldn't remember—



—what I had to lecture
about—



—and so I just gave—



—a little song and dance
instead—



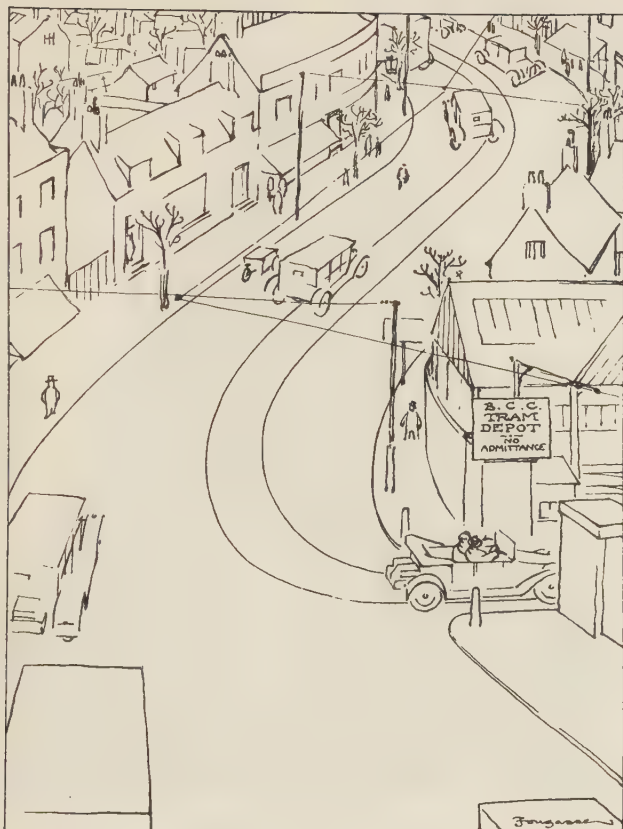
Well, I've just remembered—



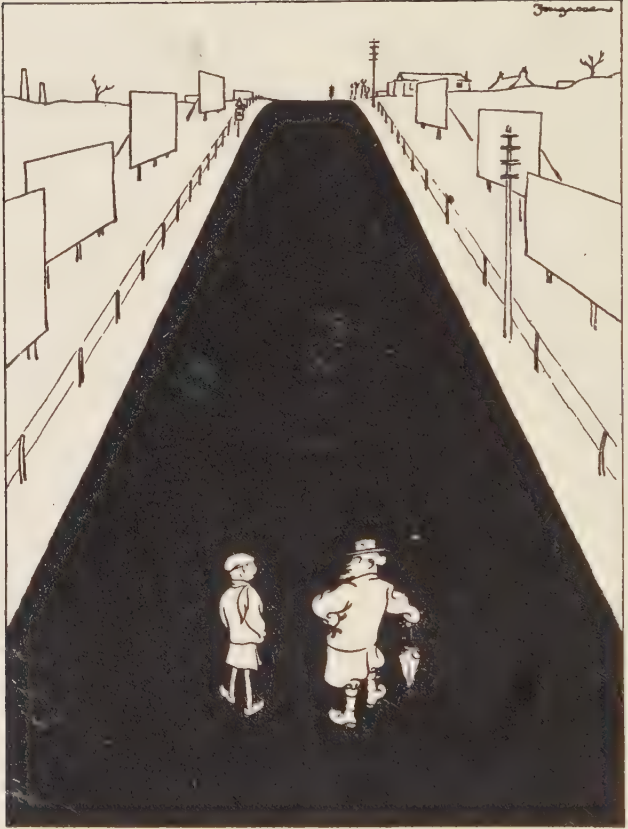
—that it wasn't a dream !”



Wool next the skin.



“ I tell you he distinctly said, ‘ Follow the tramlines ! ’ ”



“ And if I had my way nothing that didn't conform to certain standards of beauty would be allowed within a hundred yards of any public highway.”



“When I look at Smith,
whom I used to be at school
with,—

—and Jones, whom I used to
be at college with,—



—and Brown, whom I used
to play cricket with,—

Continued overleaf.



—and Robinson, whom I used
to play football with,—



—and Thompson, whom I
used to play tennis with,—



—and Simpson, whom I used
to play golf with,—



—and Jackson, whom I used
to sail with,—



—and Jameson, whom I used
to run with,—



—it often strikes me as funny
that I haven't changed too !”



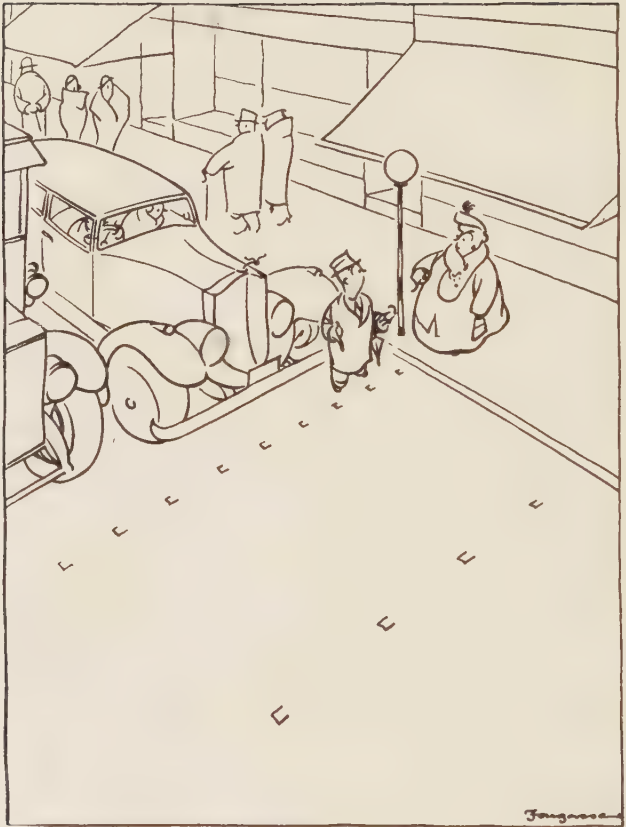
Chatterbox

Chatterbox.

NIGHTMARE

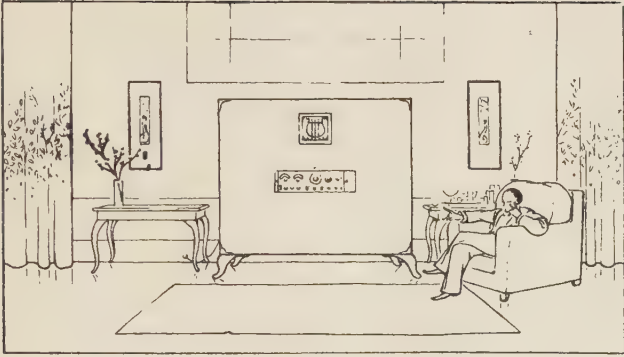


“ Now, you, sir, in the front row of the stalls—let’s hear you
sing the chorus by yourself.”

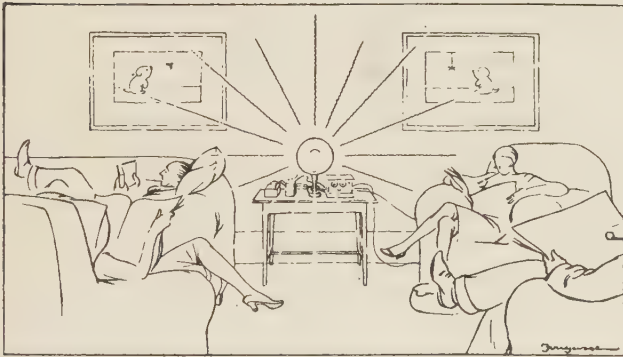


“ But, my dear boy, *I* can't walk on those things ! ”

RADIO



Quality.

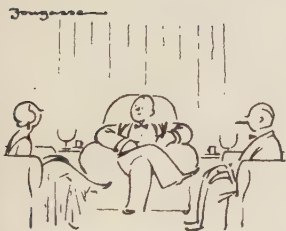


Quantity.



"Now what is the use of our filling the flats with frigidators and mothless cupboards and larderettes and snugfit windows and kooks-delytes and porphyrene bath-tubs, if at the end of it all you're going to stand at the door with a button off your coat?"

HOSPITALITY



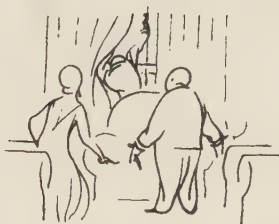
"Do you feel a draught, Mr. Smith?"



I'm *sure* you feel a draught—

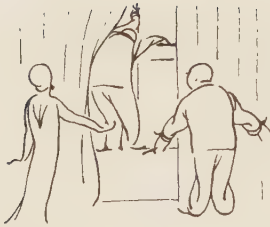


Oh, you *must* feel a draught—



Of *course* you feel a draught —

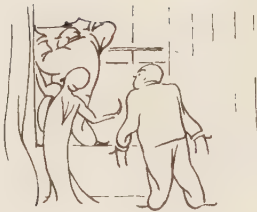
Continued overleaf.



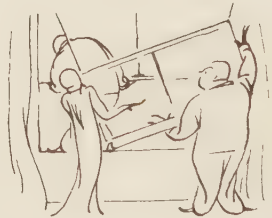
We mustn't *let* you feel a draught—



You *can't* sit in a draught—



You can't *possibly* sit in a draught—



We can't *hear* of you sitting in a draught—



We *must* stop the draught.



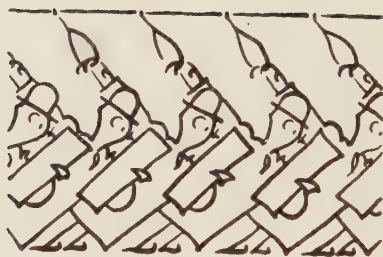
We *will* stop the draught—



We *have* stopped the draught"—



" I *liked* the draught."

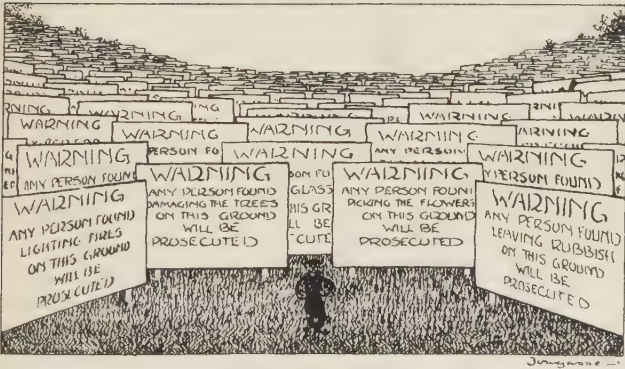


Rush-hour.

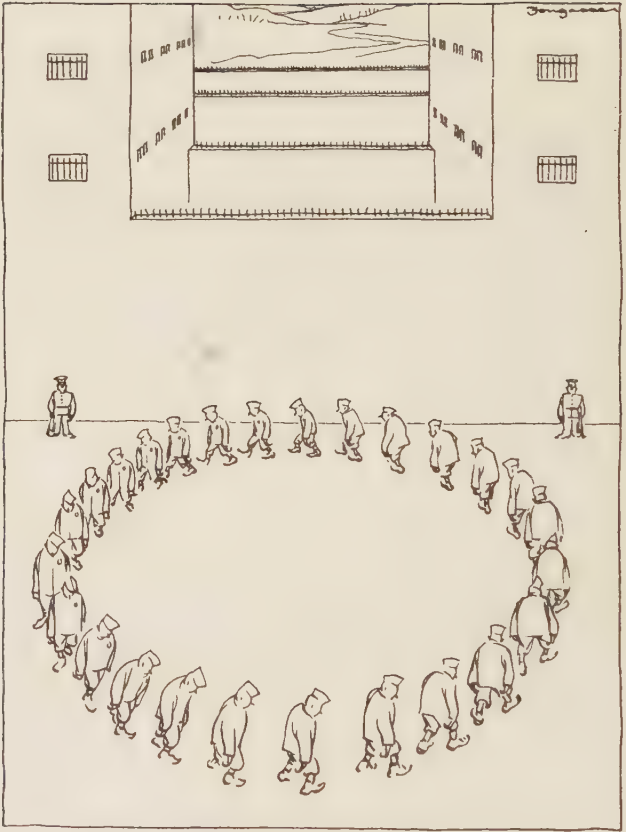
OUR BEAUTY SPOTS



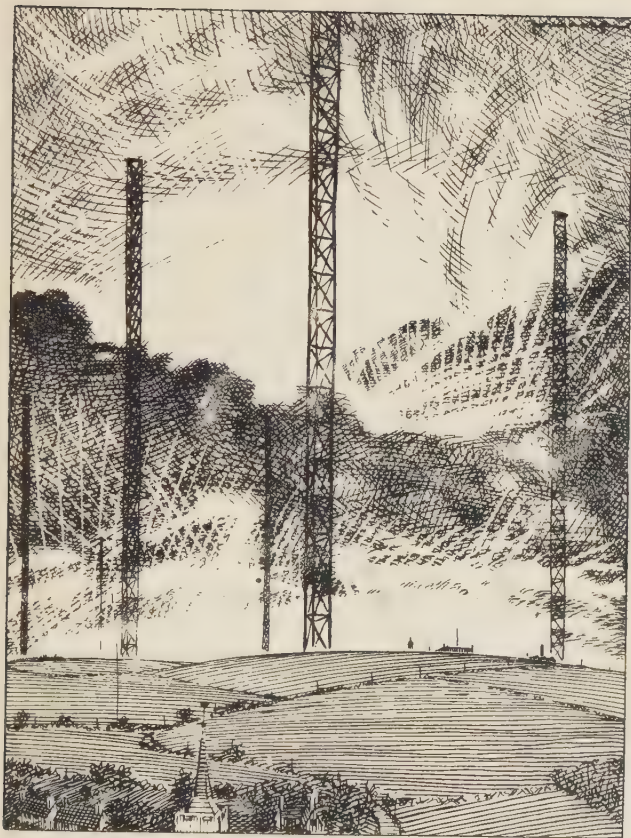
The Disease.



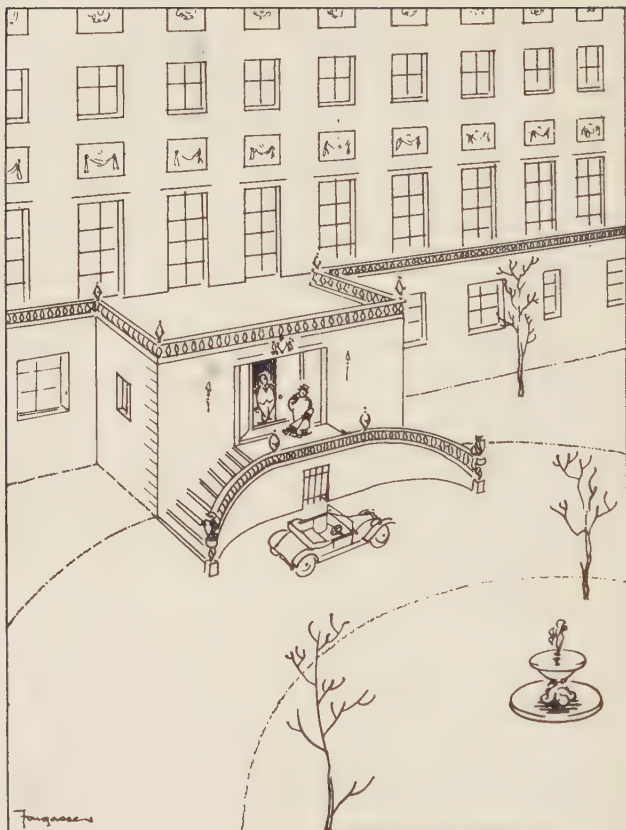
The Cure.



“ What are you in for ? ”
“ Forgetting to sound my horn. And you ? ”
“ Forgetting not to.”

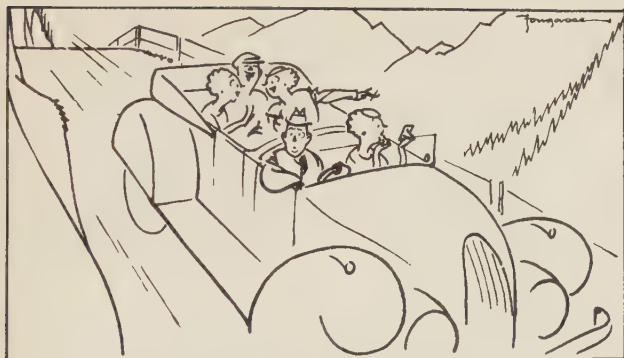


“ . . . and now you are going to hear Sid Ambone singing ‘ Tripe and Onions.’ ”



“ Oh—er—”

“ Yes, sir, both the young ladies are at home, but so, sir, is her ladyship.”



Nobody cares what the driver does—



—provided he doesn't reverse !



"This is Sir Og Jones's secretary. Who is that, please?"—



"Sir Bashan Smith's secretary speaking. . . . Sir Bashan would like to speak to Sir Og Jones at once, please—urgent"—



"Certainly. Put him through"—



"Thank you. Hullo!"—



“ Hullo ! ”—



“ Hullo ! ”—



“ Hullo ! ”—



“ Hullo ! ”—

Continued overleaf.



“Hullo!”—



“Well, where is Sir Og?”—



“Well, where is Sir Bashan?”—



“Oh, but I daren't disturb Sir Bashan till Sir Og's on the line,”—



“ And I daren’t disturb Sir Og
till Sir Bashan’s on the
line ”—



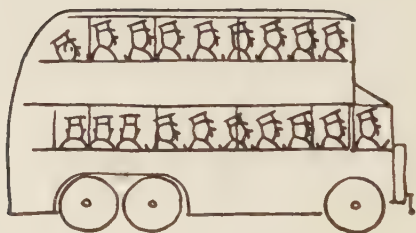
“ So there’s nothing we can
do for them ? ”—



“ No, nothing. Good-bye,
dear ”—



“ Good-bye, dear.”



Busman's holiday.



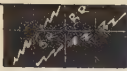
“ And what made *you* come on this cruise ? ”
“ To get rid of my old razor-blades.”



Progress



THE JOYS OF FLATLAND



“ Hark ! Isn't that our telephone ? ”



“ Sorry ! ”

OUR VICARIOUS AGE



“ By Gad, sir, the insurance companies shall smart for this ! ”



“ Oh, I beg your pardon, Madam. I’m sure I’m most frightfully sorry, but if you’d allow me a moment to explain, this really and actually *is* my cabin—only that it must be the next deck.”



"Oh, are you going to Paris? Then do be an angel and get me a bottle of that 'Qu'as-tu-donc' scent; it's so much cheaper over there, and you can easily bring a bottle in your pocket"—



"Going to Paris? I wish you'd get me some 'Nirvana' cigars. They're so much cheaper, and you can easily bring a box in your pocket"—



"Going to Paris? Be a darling and get me a dozen 'Montrez-moi' silk stockings . . . so much cheaper . . . easily bring them in your pocket"—

Continued overleaf,



“ Going to Paris ? Be a sweet
and bring me a jar of ‘Figure-
toi’ face-cream . . . cheaper
. . . easily . . . in your
pocket ”—



“ Going to Paris ? Be a love
and get me ten metres of
silk . . . cheaper . . . in your
pocket ”—



“ Paris ? Then get me a book
called ‘Sale Type’ . . .
banned over here . . . your
pocket ”—



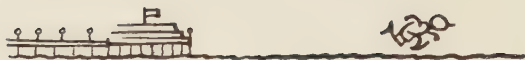
“ No, I will *not* go to Paris.”



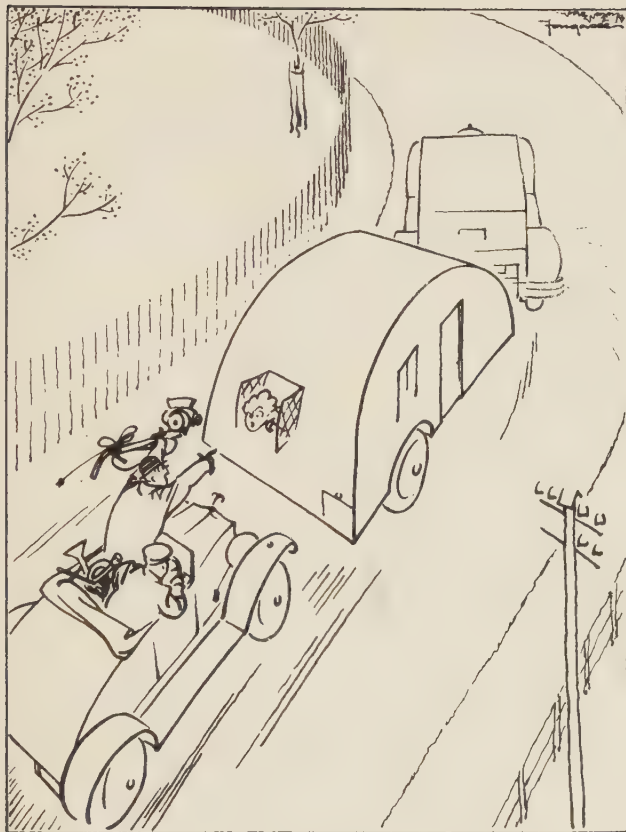
“ . . . and somewhere just about where we are standing now must have been the Great North Road.”



“ Tut, tut, Sir ! Are you trying to insult me, or is that the name of a record ? ”



Running away to sea.



“ I tell you we don't *want* an electric cleaner ! ”



" Well, here we are. I did say ' five,' didn't I ? "

" As a matter of fact, you said ' four.' "

" Oh, thank goodness, that's all right then ! I was terribly afraid I'd said ' three.' "



“ Can you tell me if the time is different over on the other side ? ”—

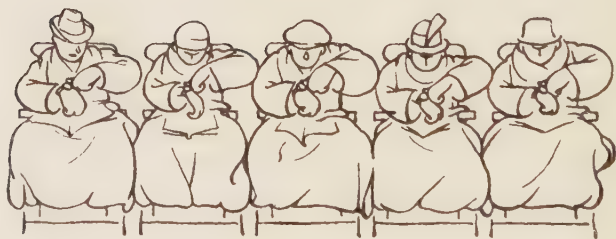


“ Yes—one hour ahead of ours, I think ”—

Continued overleaf.



“ What’s that ? The time on the other side ? ”—



“ An hour behind ours, I think ”—



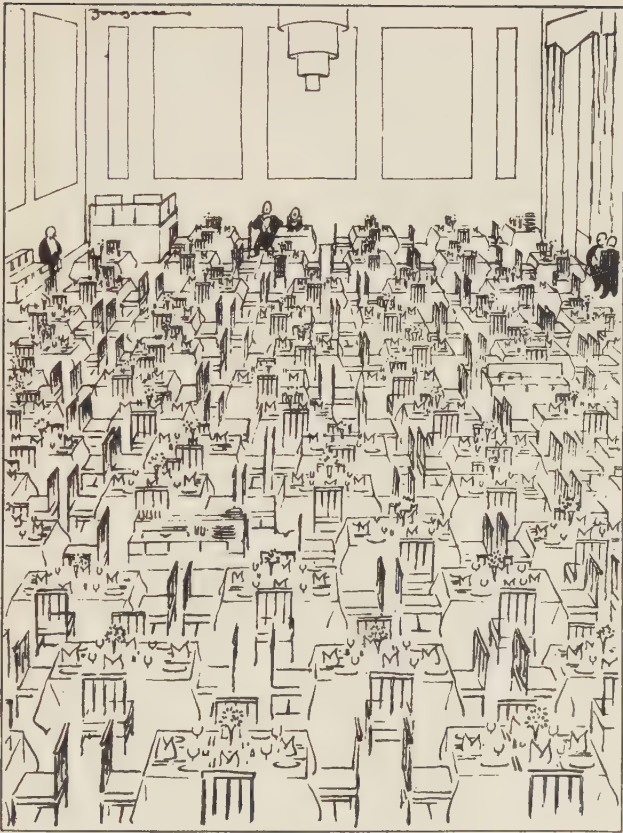
"The time on the other side, madam? Quite all right, madam"—



"It's just the same as ours."

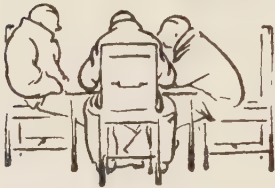
RESTAUR





“ Yes, sir, I think we *are* just a little quieter than usual, sir.”

I don't see how cricket can ever be dull to the player. I grant you that out of every ten hours of play, you spend on an average—



two hours and fifty minutes
on luncheon and tea intervals
and such,—



—three hours waiting in the
pavilion, doing nothing,—



—and twenty minutes waiting
at the bowler's end and
between overs, doing very
little.—



—Also two - and - a - quarter
hours waiting in the field,
just waiting,—



—and, if it comes to that,
fifty minutes crossing over
between the overs ;—



—but, all the same, you are
actually batting on an average
for fifteen minutes, and per-
haps actually making scoring
strokes for a whole minute-
and-a-half,—

Continued overleaf.



—furthermore you are actually in the process of fielding a ball for no fewer than fourteen minutes,—



—you are actually on to bowl for no fewer than sixteen minutes,—



—and, possibly, for a glorious seven seconds you're actually taking a wicket !—



Now suppose you play some
silly soft-ball game like tennis
for ten hours instead—



Well, the thing's ridiculous,
because—



—you can't possibly go on
playing tennis for ten solid
hours !



Impending Retirement.



“Use a vacuum-cleaner? Why, bless your heart, we’re lawyers.”

IN RE WHITE WAISTCOATS



Now the single-breasted looks very nice when it's put on,—



—but, unfortunately, when you sit down it goes like this,—

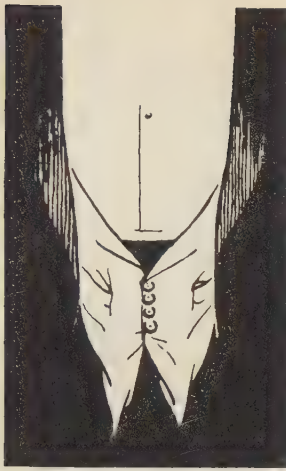
Continued overleaf,



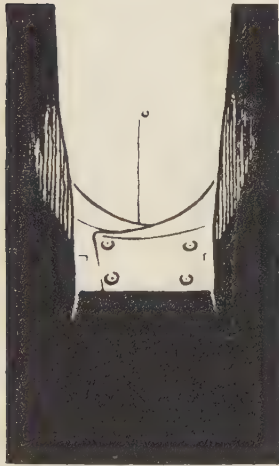
and when you stand up again
it consequently goes like
this,—



—unless you're careful every
time to go like this ;—



—in which case it soon goes
like this—

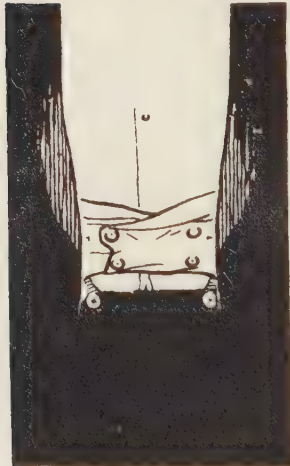


The double - breasted also
looks very nice when it's put
on,—

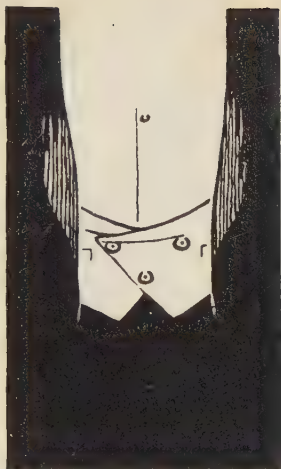
Continued overleaf.



—but if it's wide enough it goes like this,—



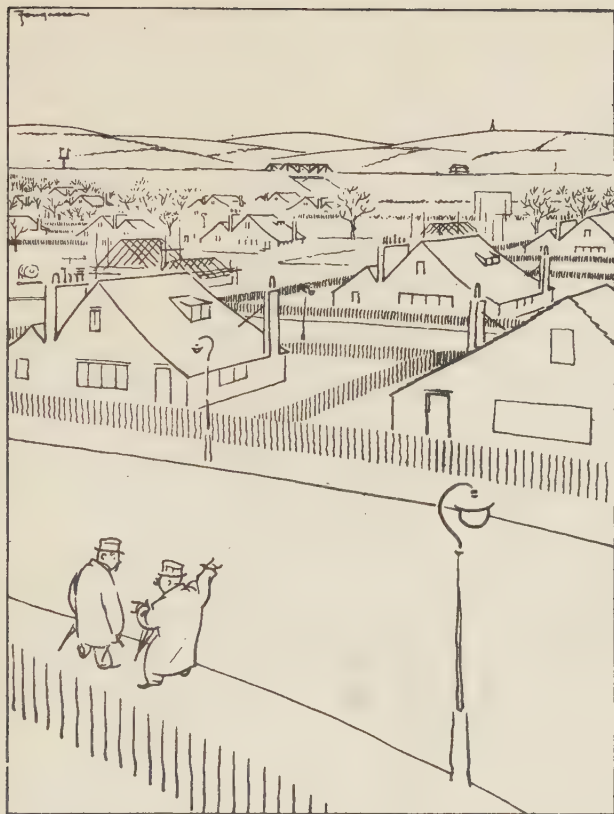
—and if it's narrow enough it has a habit of going like this;—



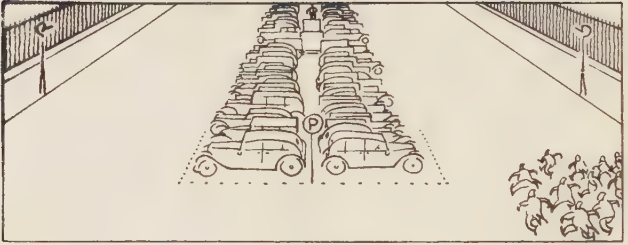
—so now you see why people tolerate a hybrid like this.



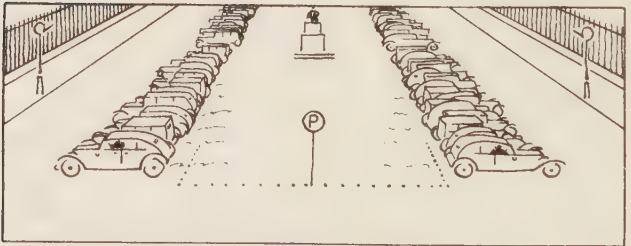
The Jolly Farmer.



“ You see, it’s like this. As soon as you start paying the interest on the mortgage that you’re taking out on the building that I’m going to start building on the security of the life insurance that you’re taking out to secure the title-deeds, then I can start building the building to carry the mortgage that you’re starting paying the interest on.”

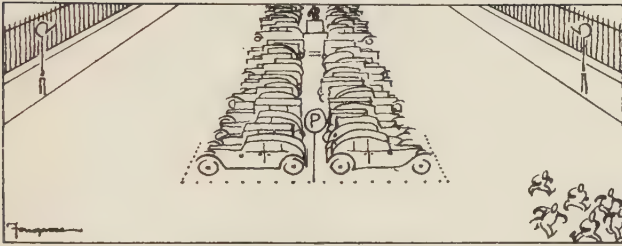


Cars must not remain in official parks for more than two hours at a stretch. That is why we all come out of the theatre during the interval—

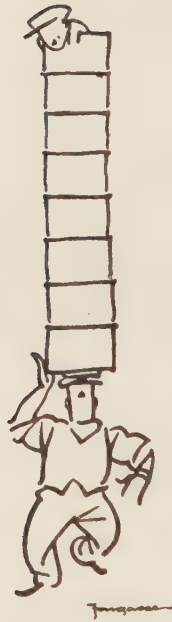


—And move our cars carefully clear of their park—

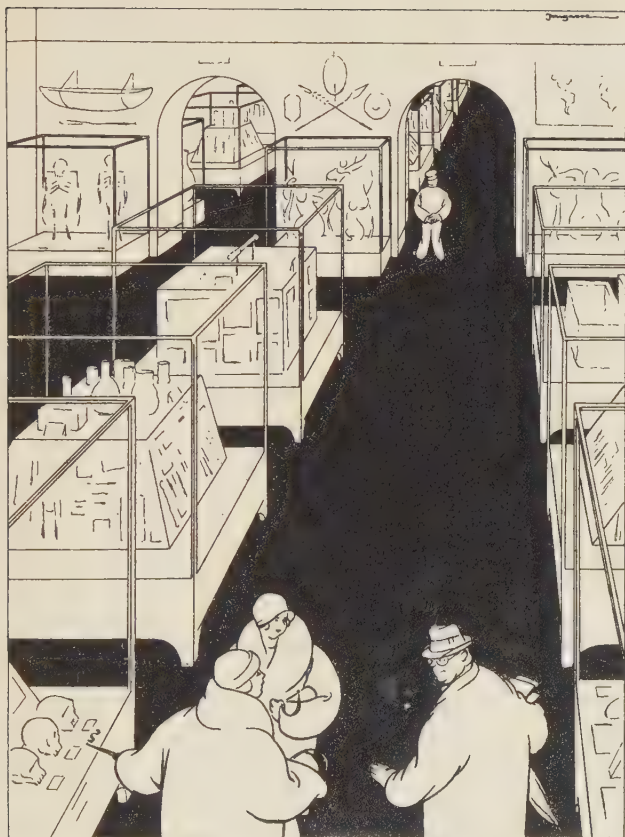
—and back again into it—



—the joke being that this isn't a joke at all.



Stowaway.



Visitor: "Excuse me, but could you tell me what language these prehistoric men talked?"

Eminent Anthropologist: "I'm very sorry, madam, I'm afraid I couldn't."

Visitor: "Oh, it doesn't really matter. I'll ask one of the attendants."

The charm of a motor-tour is, of course, the fact that one can stop for the night just wherever one feels inclined.



For instance, one can stop at the "Majestic" at Grandborough, only that it looks rather pretentious, and there's sure to be a good hotel at Smallbury, twenty miles on—



One can stop at the "Red Lion" at Smallbury, only that it looks rather primitive, and there's sure to be a good hotel at Gaychester, twenty miles on—

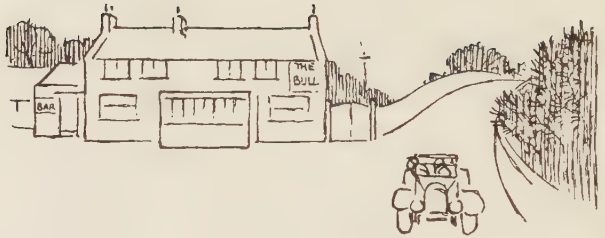


One can stop at the "County" at Gaychester, only that it looks rather overcrowded, and there's sure to be a good hotel at Dullford, twenty miles on—



One can stop at "The Crown" at Dullford, only that it looks rather suspiciously deserted, and there's sure to be a good hotel at Rawbridge, twenty miles on—

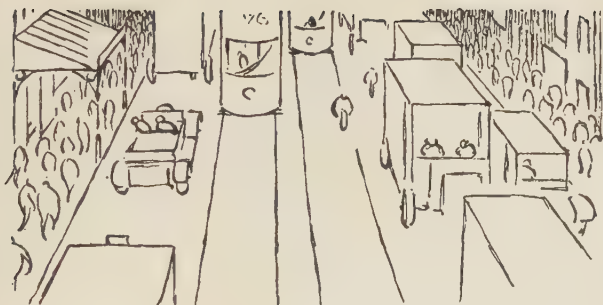
Continued overleaf.



One can stop at "The Bull" at Rawbridge, only that it looks rather as if the food would be pretty ghastly there, and there's sure to be a good hotel at Hardport, twenty miles on—



One can stop at the "White Hart" at Hardport, only that it looks rather as if the beds would be like boards, and there's sure to be a good hotel at Cobbleton, twenty miles on—



One can stop at The Station Hotel at Cobbleton, only that it looks rather as if it would be terribly noisy, and there's sure to be a good hotel at Windyheath, twenty miles on,—



—and, when it gets really late and one is too tired to go on any further, one can usually just get in anywhere.



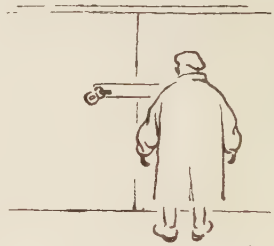
The Plunger.

TO-DAY'S IMPOSSIBLE PICTURE



Regulator of Traffic (to delinquents): “. . . and the next time you see an officer in uniform at a crossroad perhaps you’ll obey his instructions.”

Personally, when I'm touring I do like to make a really early start—



Just as soon as ever I can get breakfast,—

—and as soon as ever I can get hold of the key of the hotel garage,—



—and as soon as ever I can find someone who knows something about the key of the petrol pump,—



—and as soon as I can find
someone else who's got the
oil locked up somewhere,—

—and as soon as anyone has
been able to find a can for
water,—



—and as soon as I can get
the luggage down,—

Continued overleaf.



—and as soon as I can get
hold of someone who can make
out the bill,—



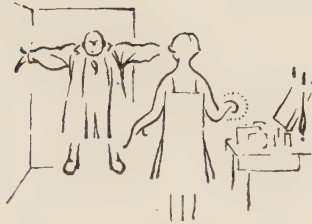
—and as soon as I can find
all the people to tip,—



—and as soon as I can get
the rest of the party down,—



—and the rest of the luggage
down,—



—and, finally, the rest of the
party down again ;—



—in short, I like to be able
to get off as soon as possible
after lunch.





"Fish here much?"

"What for?"

"What size?"

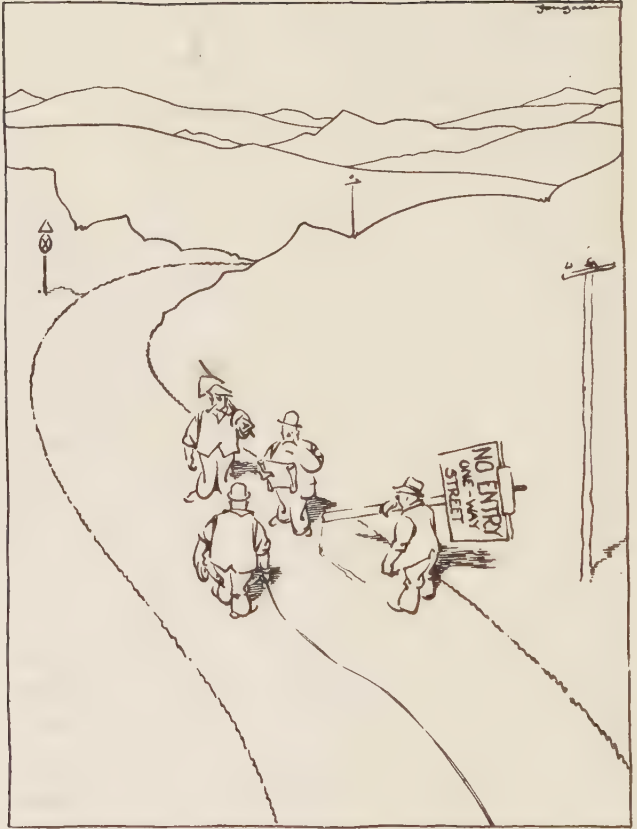
"What they look like?"

"Yes."

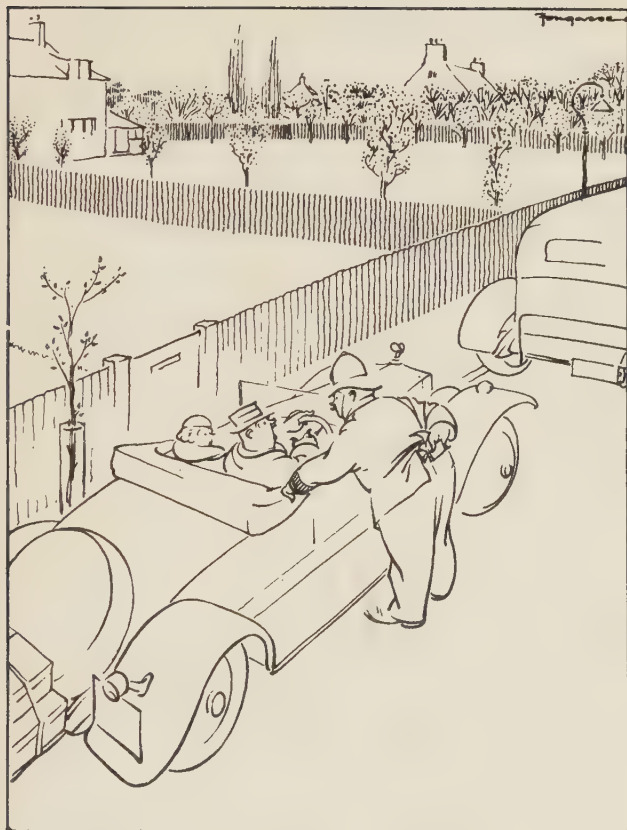
"Bream mostly."

"Anything up to five pounds."

"I've no idea."

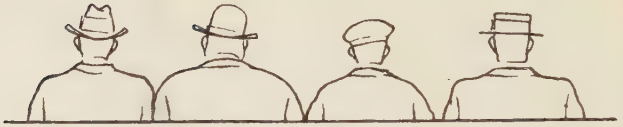


“Here, half-a-mo, chaps! It isn’t miles, after all; it’s five hundred feet.”



“ Breaking the traffic-laws ? Why, heavens above, man, I’m a supporter of them ! ”

THE SPELL OF THE GAME



2.30 p.m. Midandlegshire innings opens.



2.45 p.m. Midandlegshire 3 for 0.



3 p.m. Midandlegshire 7 for 0.



3.15 p.m. Midandlegshire 11 for 0.



3.30 p.m. Midandlegshire 18 for o.



3.45 p.m. Midandlegshire 25 for o.



4 p.m. Midandlegshire 27 for o.

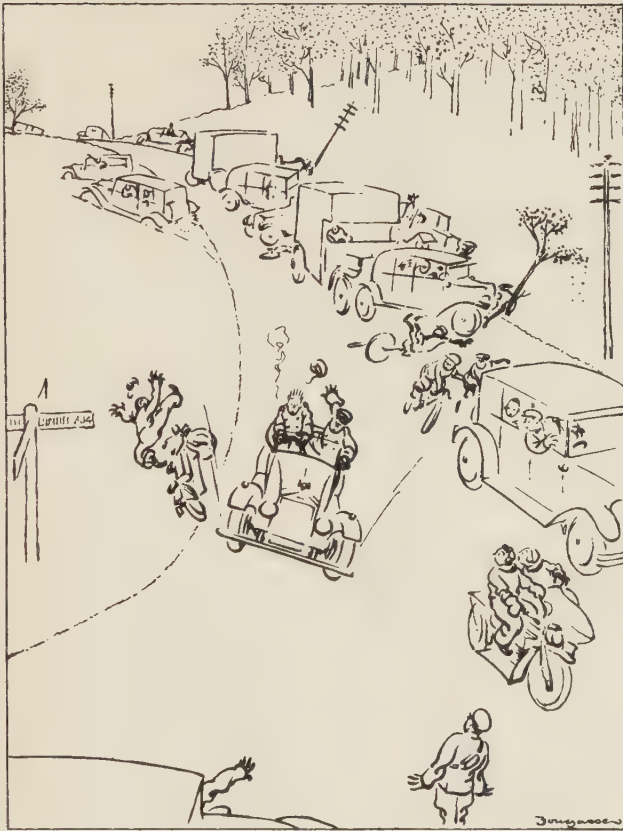


4.15 p.m. Tea interval.



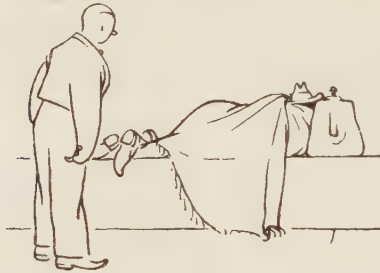
So there.

THE SEASON'S IMPOSSIBLE THOUGHT



The police car goes native.

There was a time when crossing the Channel was a most complicated and confusing business. Now-a-days, however, with such vast crowds travelling across every day, naturally the routine has been reduced to the very simplest—



“ We’ll be alongside in five minutes, sir. You’ll need to find the Purser, sir, and show him your tickets, and see you give up the right one and get a landing ticket from him,—



—and you’ll require to go to the Passport-officer in the Second-class Smoking Room, and show him your passport, and see you get it back, and get a landing-pass,—



—and when the porters come on board you'll want to get hold of one for your hand-luggage, and see you take his number, so as you'll know him again,—



—and get ashore as quick as you can, because the train gets off pretty smart, and you'll have to give up your landing-pass at one end of the gangway and your landing ticket at the other,—

Continued overleaf.



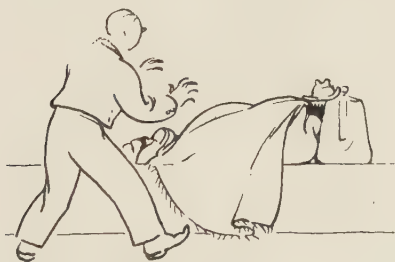
—and when you get to the Customs you'll have to find your porter—just keep hollering out his number—and see you've got your keys handy to open your baggage,—



—and then you'll want to see you've got your railway-ticket to show at the barrier, and see you've got your Pullman ticket to show the car attendant,—



—and see that your porter hands over your baggage to the train baggage-man, and see that the train baggage-man puts it away somewhere handy for you on the train, and see that the car attendant gets you your right seat, and then, as soon as ever the train starts, you'll be quite all right, because—

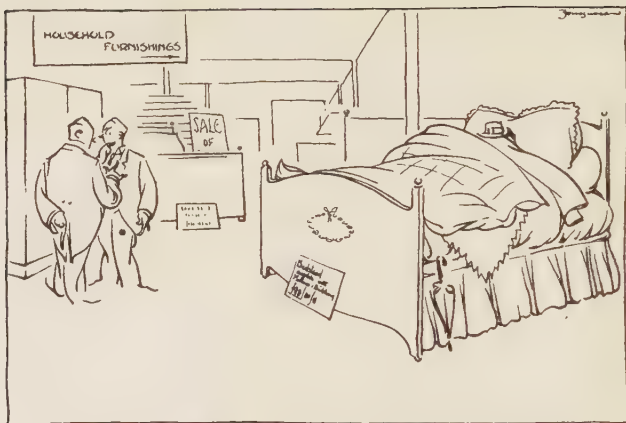


—round they'll come with your lunch.”



“ It seems that the one in pink
is their wicket-keeper’s sister.”





“ In any case, Mr. Smith, wait until he wakes naturally. It’s just possible it’s one of the directors.”

PAVILION CRICKET



“Yes, this boy can bat a bit. Reminds me a little of old A. I once saw him make 120 not out against Yorkshire on this very ground.”

Tall Hat .. 120 for 0



“A. ? Oh, yes. I remember B. bowling him on one occasion : it was the match when C. knocked up 183 before being run out.”

Tall Hat .. 120 for 1

Straw Hat .. 183 for 1

Continued overleaf,



“ C. was no good against really fast bowling. I remember his being clean bowled by D., the Lancashire man, in both innings for a pair of spectacles ; that was when E. carried his bat for 200.”

Tall Hat	..	320	for	1
Straw Hat	..	183	for	3



“ Ah ! but E. didn't like them when they got up ; he was one of the victims when F. brought off his famous hat trick in the Gentlemen v. Players.

Tall Hat	..	320	for	4
Straw Hat	..	183	for	3



“E. was a fine cricketer all the same, and a rattling good pair of hands. I saw him bring off five catches in one innings and then carry his bat for 96.”

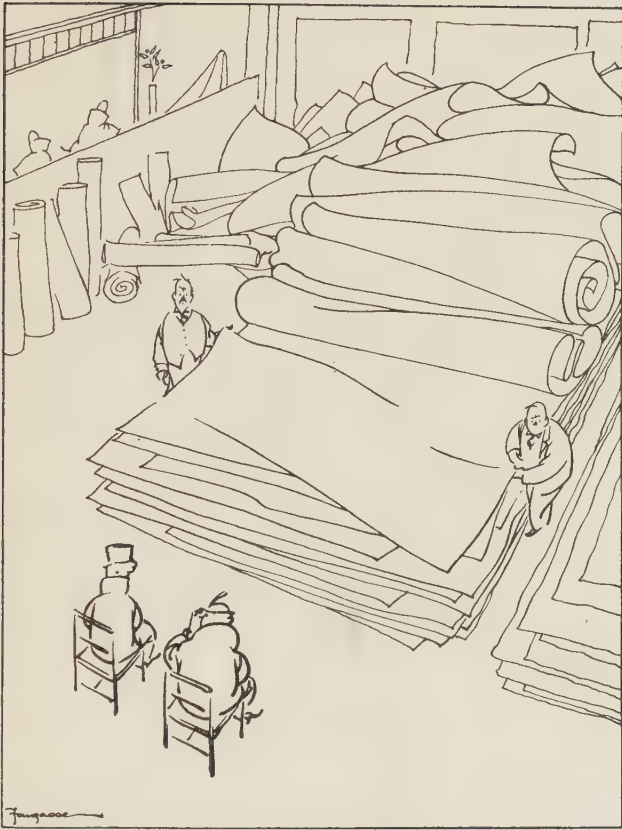
Tall Hat .. 416 for 4
 Straw Hat .. 183 for 8



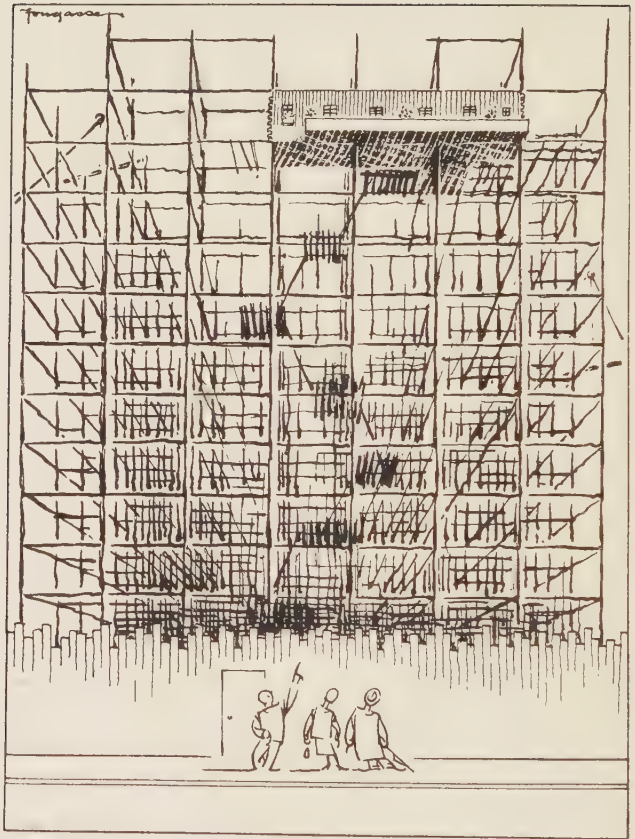
“Well, anyway, I remember the time that he dropped an easy one against the Australians and let them put on 300 for the third wicket, after which G. took six English wickets for ten runs.”

Tall Hat .. 426 all out
 Straw Hat .. 483 for 9
 (Straw Hat takes points for first innings.)

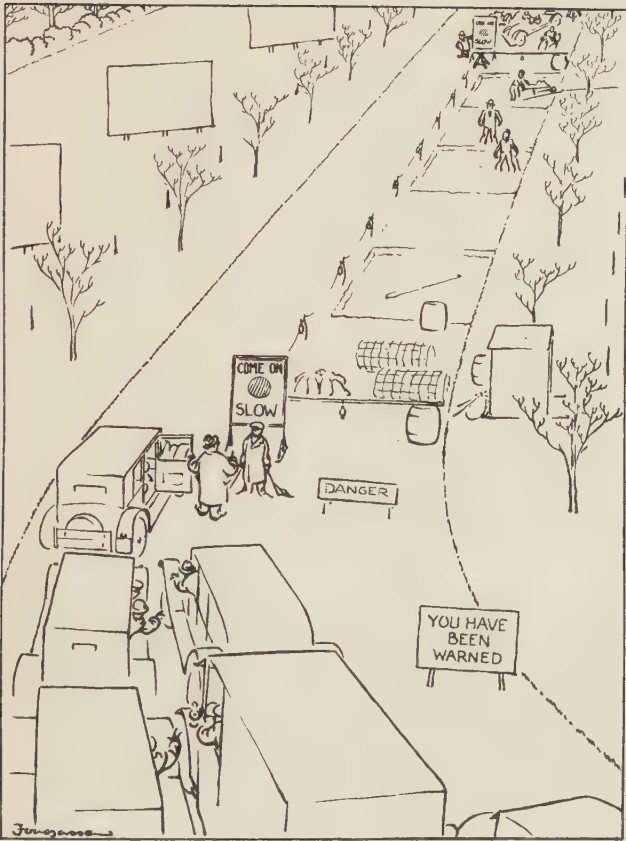




“ And now may we see some a little thicker still—unless the rain’s stopped ? ”



“ And now do come up to our specimen flat.”



“ Excuse me, my dear fellow, I trust you won’t be offended by my pointing out that it is really much more correct to say ‘ Slowly.’ ”

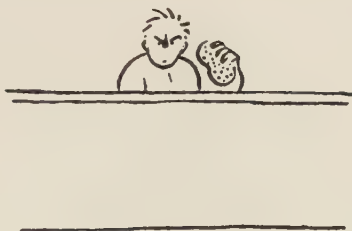


“... and the property has the additional advantage of being close to the railway-station—to be precise, exactly two stone’s-throws.”

I LOVE PARTIES



I love changing in a hurry—



I love arriving ten minutes
late or early—



I love dining between two
people that I don't know, even
if I do—



I love eating someone else's
idea of good food—

Continued overleaf.



I *love* bright talk that flows
(and sparkles) like wine—



I *love* wine that flows (and
sparkles) like water—



I *love* party bridge and people
who don't play contract but
are longing to try—



I *love* dancing in an over-
heated and crowded room,—



—especially to a dyspeptic
wireless set—



I love having to see someone
home to Surbiton or Seven-
oaks—



I love the thought that if I go
I shall have to throw a similar
party in return—



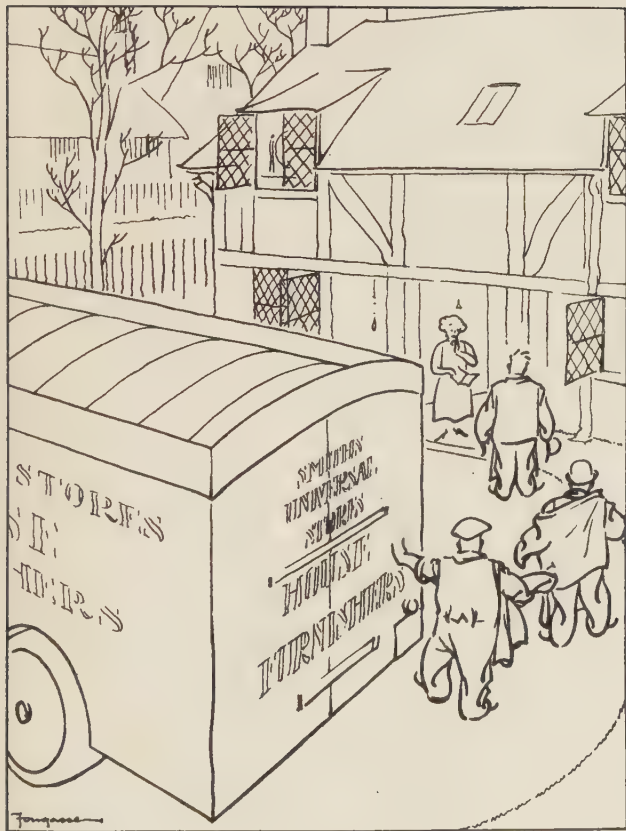
In fact, just like everyone else,
I love parties.



" Sarah "

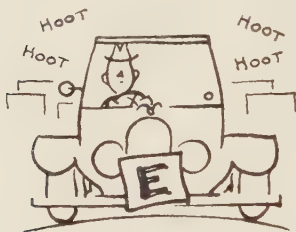
" Yes, Madam."

" I rather think there is someone at the front door."

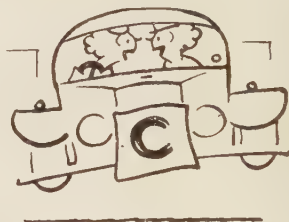


“ Oh, but I meant S-W-E-E-T-S ! ”

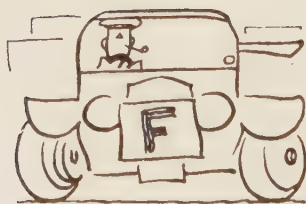
Now that we're accustomed to the learner's badge, what about all the other menaces that need one very much more—



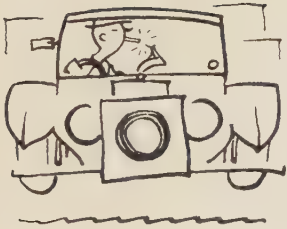
The egoist—



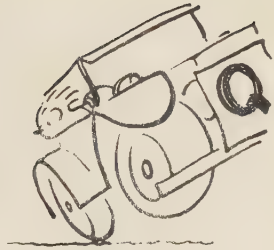
The chatterer—



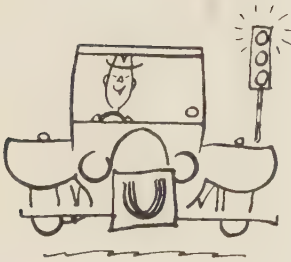
The forgetful—



The optimist—



The quixotic--

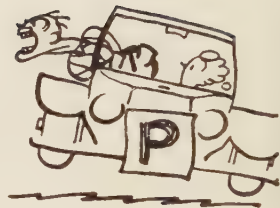


The unobservant—

Continued overleaf,



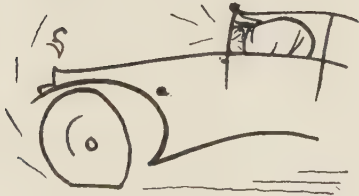
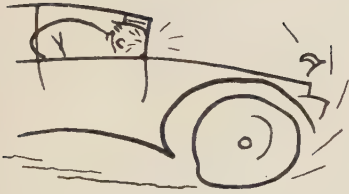
The impressionable—



The petulant—



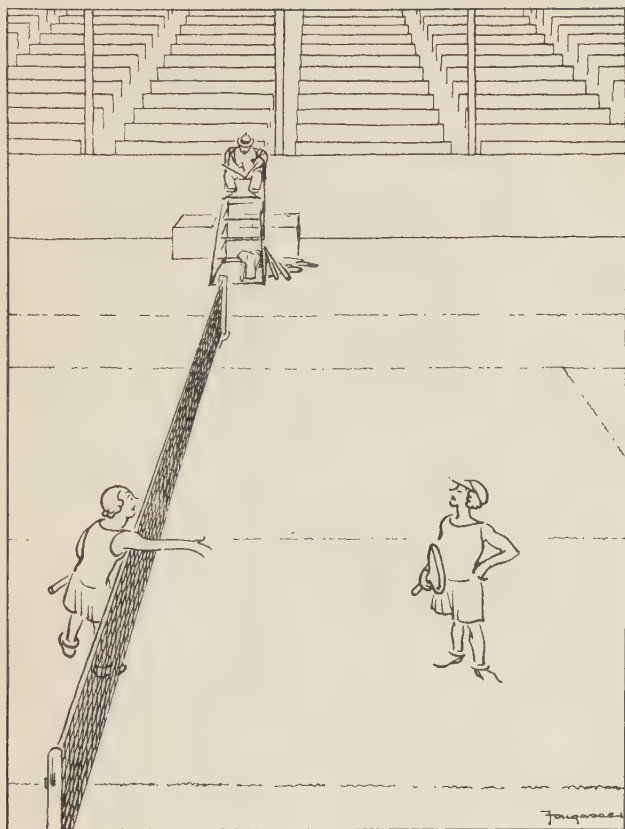
The stark-staring,—



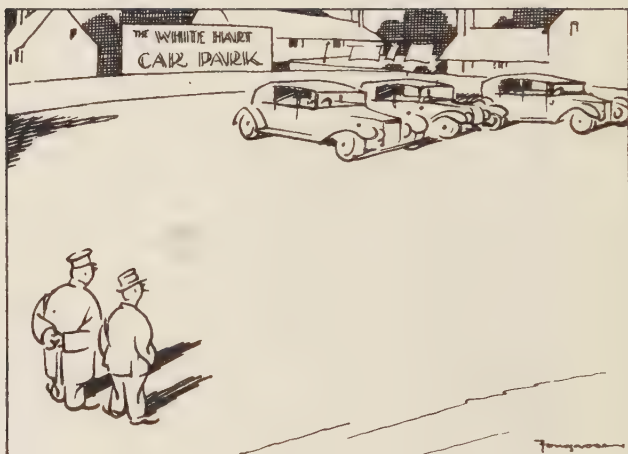
—and the blight ?



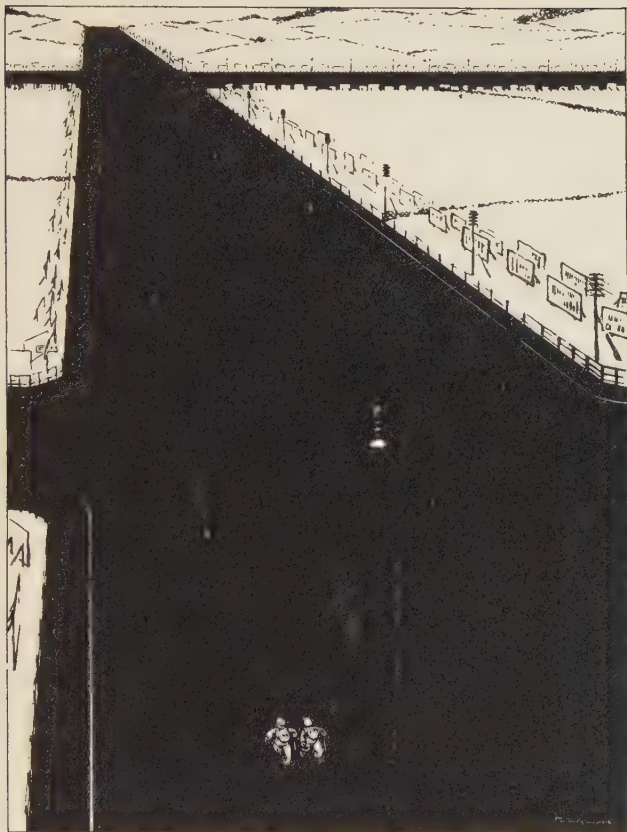
“ What a terribly lucky man you are, Mr. Madder, living here with all your lovely pictures round you ! ”



“ Need we shake hands ? There’s no one here but the umpire ! ”



“ So you’ve got some guests already ? ”
“ No—they’s just decoys.”

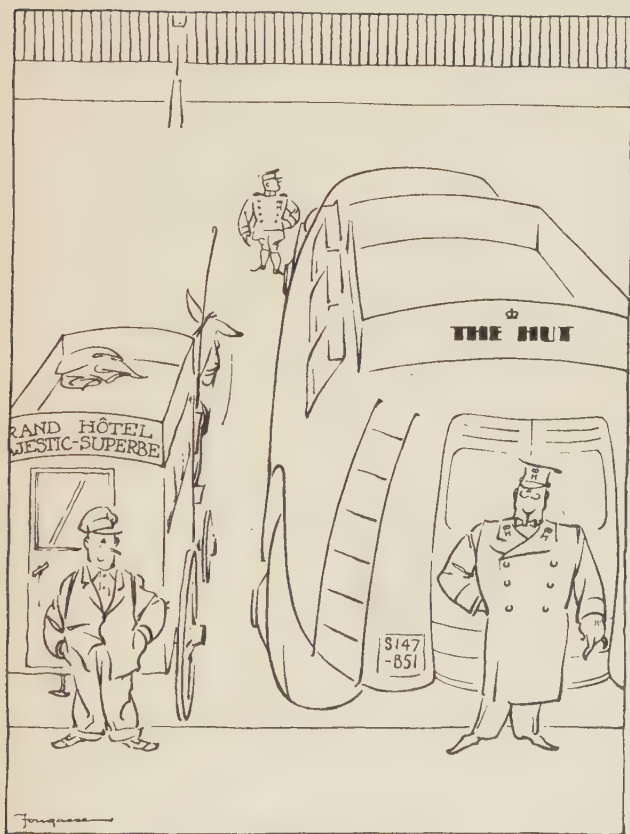


THE WALKING TOUR—1936

Fonsassen



"Is that the telephone?"
"Yes, Madam."
"What does it want?"
"It wants you to lunch with it on
Tuesday, Madam."



THE STATION YARD



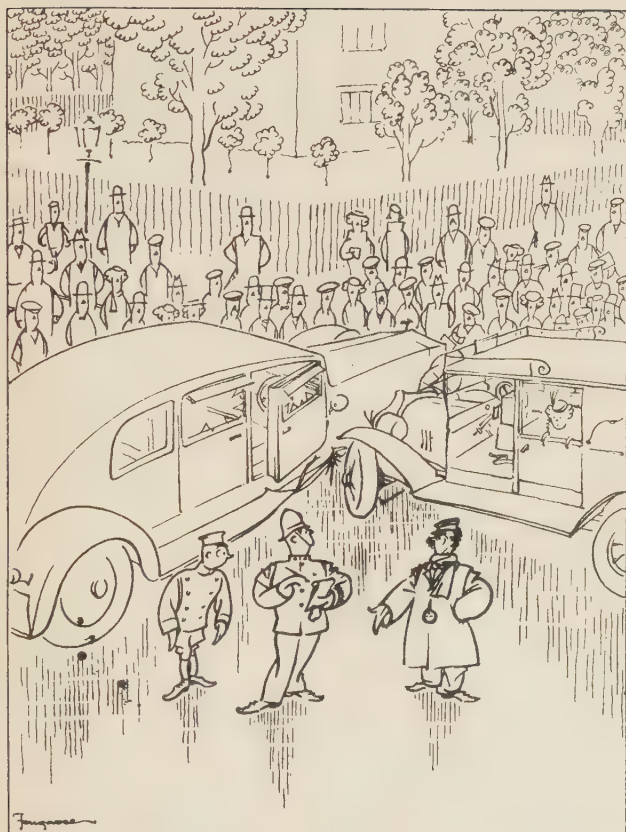
“ You remember, General, that marvellous shot of yours you told us about ? Well, was it cheetah you said—or beatah ? ”



“Do you realise, sir, that Hamcliffe-Smith has just broken another batting record?”
“I do, sir. I held it.”



“ I will pay for two, please, collector, as I wish to be undisturbed.”



“ That’s right—one law for the rich and half-a-dozen for the poor ! ”







KP-721-075

