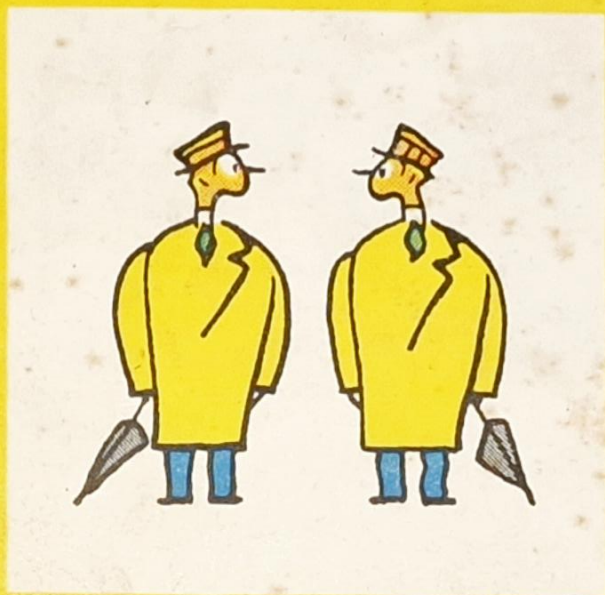


You + me



Fougasse

YOU & ME

Fougasse

Here is another volume of vintage Fougasse, depicting the present trial of "You and Me." In these witty drawings Fougasse shows that there is plenty of humour in the most unlikely subjects ; his recorded impressions of Britain during the aftermath of war will not only delight but also enlighten.

CAT. No. 3985/U

June 1984. to U2. from David J.

YOU AND ME

By the same Author

A SCHOOL OF PURPOSES
HOME CIRCLE
FAMILY GROUP
SORRY—NO RUBBER
RUNNING COMMENTARY
THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN
JOTSAM
STOP OR GO
DRAWING THE LINE SOMEWHERE
THE LUCK OF THE DRAW
P.T.O.
E. AND O.E.
DRAWN AT A VENTURE
A GALLERY OF GAMES
FUN FAIR

In Collaboration with W. D. H. McCullough

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED
ACES MADE EASY

With A. W. Bird
JUST A FEW LINES

FOUGASSE

YOU AND ME



METHUEN & CO. LTD. LONDON

36, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2

First published in 1948

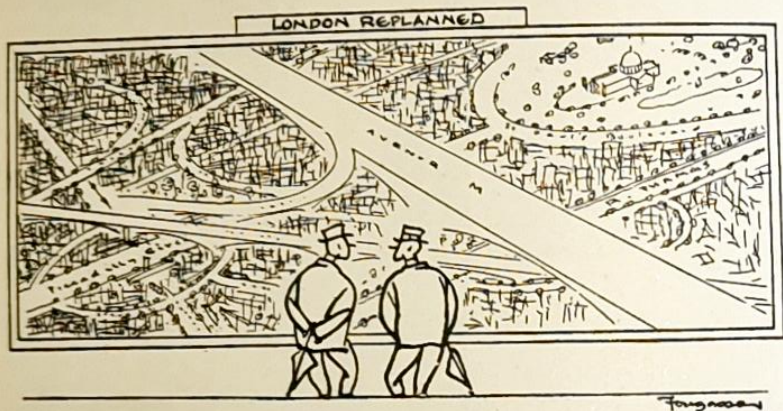
The contents of this book are reproduced from
"Punch," by permission of the Proprietors

CATALOGUE NO. 5071/U

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY E. T. HERON & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1



"There, I told you we were in the wrong train—here's
one that's EMPTY!"



"Well, anyhow, there'd be no harm in giving it a trial."

DON'T TELEPHONE: WRITE INSTEAD

and especially in the case of—



and—



and—



BRIGHT SIDE



" You know, old boy, you ought to count your blessings.



Think of what we went through—



in nineteen-thirty-nine
—forty-five—

BRIGHT SIDE



the black-out, the rationing—



the bombs, the call-ups—



the queues, the incendiaries—

Continued overleaf—

BRIGHT SIDE



the restrictions, the V1's—



the hardships, the shortages—



the privations and the rockets;

BRIGHT SIDE



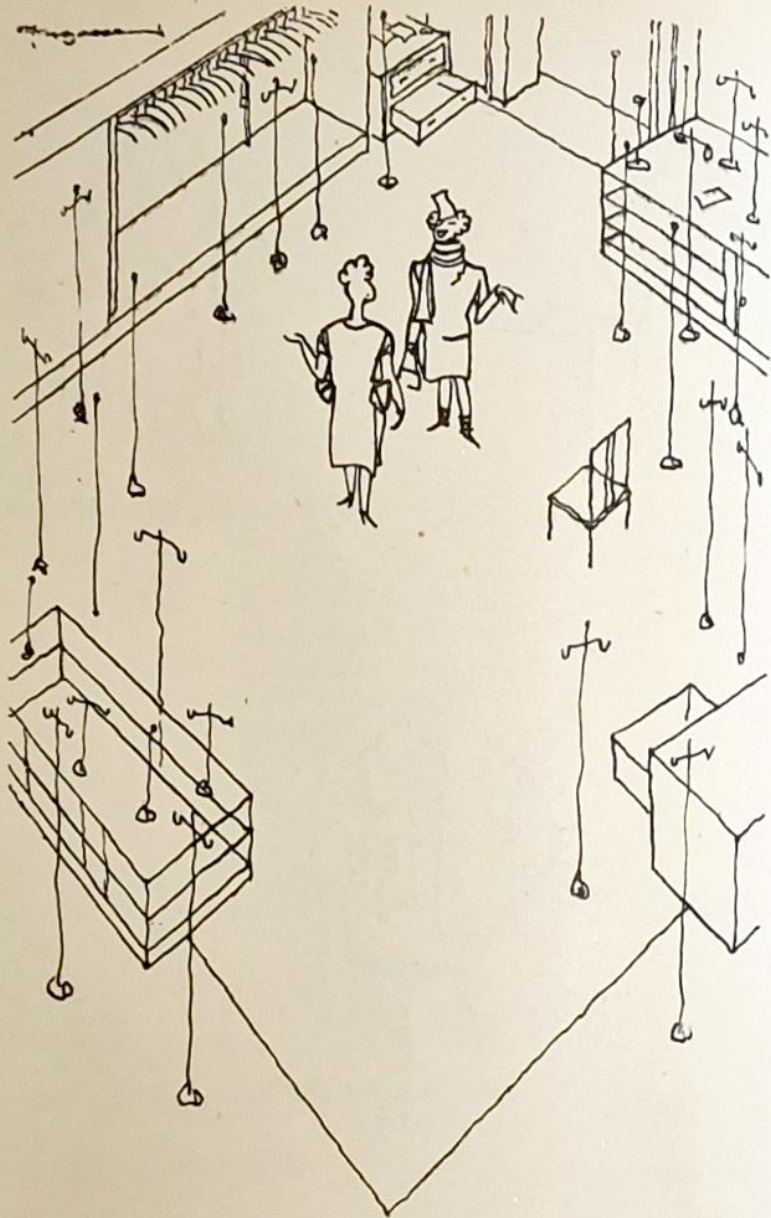
and don't forget that if it hadn't
been—



for all that, we couldn't have—



stood up to our present
conditions."



"No, nothing special, thanks—just browsing."

THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN

The Press



Before reading the daily paper



After reading the daily paper

1. *During the worst days of the war*

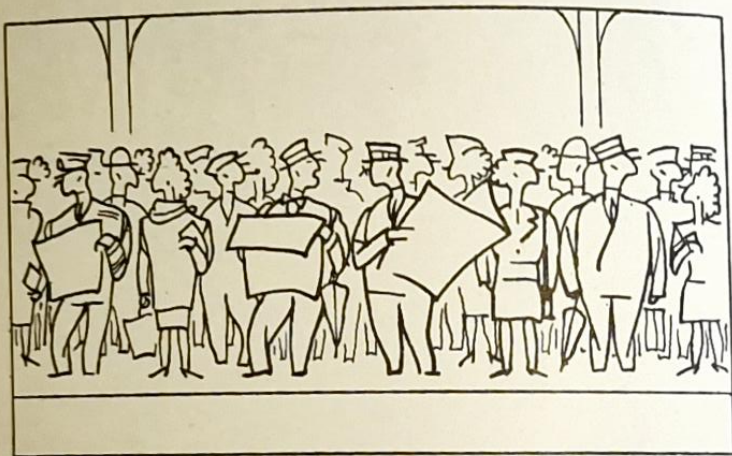


Before reading the daily paper

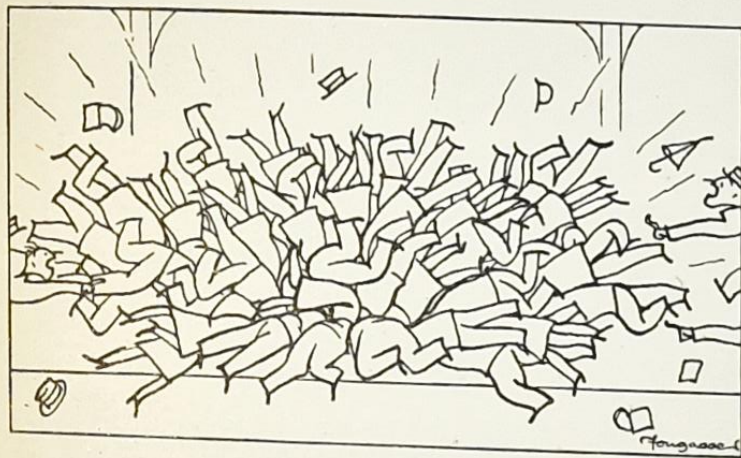


After reading the daily paper

2. *To-day*



"I'm just rather toying with the idea of—



letting my flat."



No, I wouldn't mind being
unable to use my car, if only
that—



unpatriotic scoundrel Dobson
didn't always seem to be
wallowing in petrol:



black-marketeer Jobson didn't
always seem to have lashings of
everything:



I wouldn't at all mind going a
bit short of food, if only that—



I wouldn't even mind being con-
sistently unable to book a table
anywhere, if only that—



grafter Hobson didn't always
seem to be able to walk straight
in and get one:

Continued overleaf—



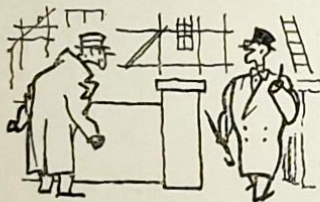
I wouldn't mind sitting up all night, if only that racketeer Robson didn't always seem to get a First sleeper with a flick of his eyelid:



I wouldn't mind being stranded without a room of any sort, if only that rogue Nobson didn't always seem to be able to get the entire royal suite—



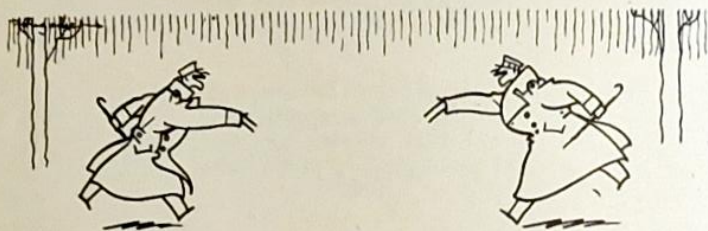
As things are, however, life would be quite unsupportable if one couldn't sometimes get away, and shut oneself up in one's den, and—



and I could even put up with all the leaks in my roof, if only that twister Pobson didn't always seem to have an army of builders redecorating his conservatories.



stoke up a roaring fire, and—What? fuel-shortage? Well, as a matter of fact I don't really do so terribly badly about coal: you see, I happen to have a very good friend who . . .



"By Jove, old boy, I didn't recognize you out of uniform."

HEAT WAVE



It's strange how we cling to our unsuitable city clothes even when we're simply sweltering with heat: how sensible are those who come out in cool and comfortable Palm Beach affairs—



and swelter with embarrassment instead.

ECONOMICS—1



"One must of course bear in mind that, owing to the rise in the cost of living, the pound as we knew it in, say, 1938 is now only worth fifteen shillings.



Further, one has to take into account the fact that the large increase in income-tax and surtax reduces it still further—to ten shillings, in fact.



Then, again, one must realize that, owing to shortages, sterling restrictions, substitutes etc., not only has price risen by one-third but also quality has correspondingly fallen, bringing the ten shillings to six and eightpence.

ECONOMICS—2



Moreover, there's the fact that the housing famine and all the kindred unavoidable handicaps largely increase the cost of the essential mechanism of existence, introducing a co-efficient which reduces the value still further, to the neighbourhood of four shillings.



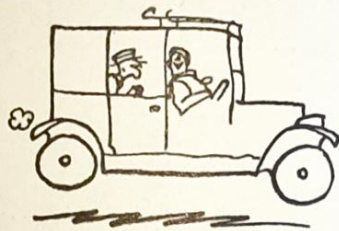
Then we have to allow for the very important fact that money is to-day altogether more plentiful, so that it requires roughly twice as much outlay to produce an equal return—and this, of course, means that one's money is roughly worth only half as much, that is to say, two shillings; and I think you will agree with me that—



only an idiot would worry himself ill over a paltry two bob."



" Yes, sir—



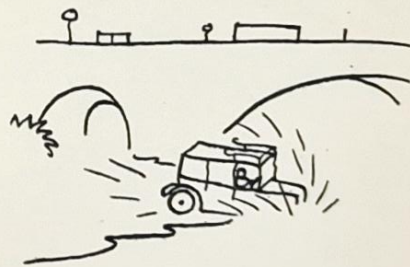
it's quite funny—



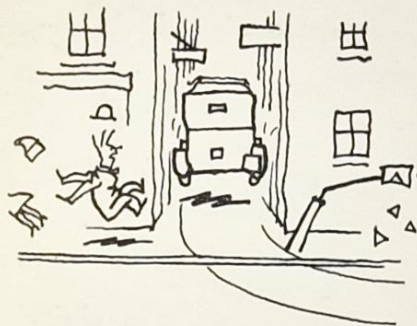
to be—



again—

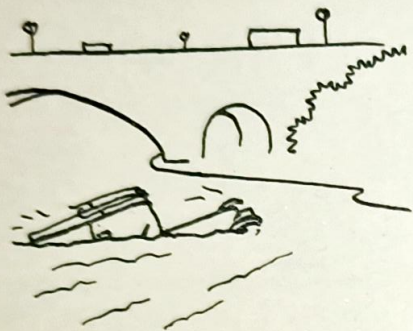


on the—



back—

Continued overleaf—



London streets—



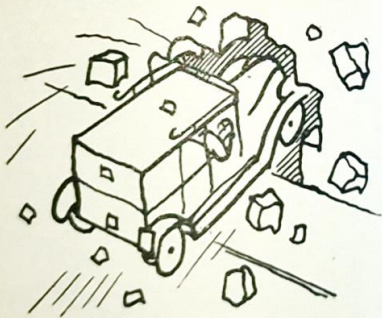
in—



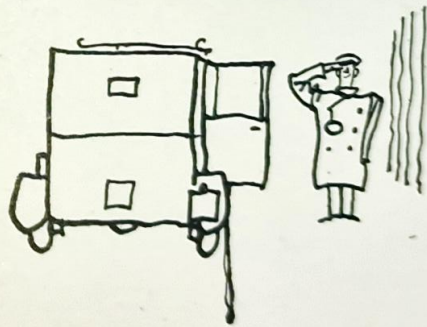
the—



after—



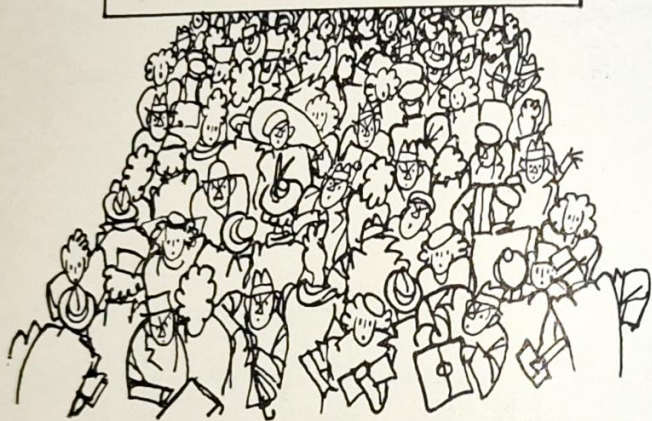
six years—



Army."

Here we have the state of affairs at any public steps or passage at any time of day on any day of the week—

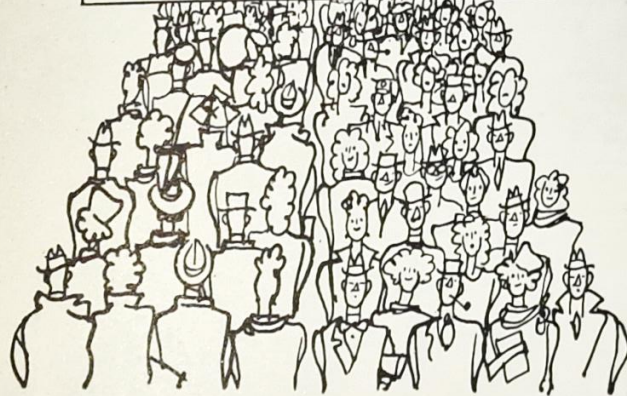
KEEP TO THE LEFT



It really is rather pathetic, when one realizes that the whole of this confusion could easily be avoided—

if only the public were appealed to—

JUST YOU BARGE YOUR WAY
THROUGH ANYWHERE YOU LIKE:
IT'S A FREE COUNTRY, ISN'T IT?



in the right way.



"The only thing that worries me is the thought that some day someone may get to hear of these traffic jams and stop us using petrol altogether."

TRUNKS



T-R-U . . .



Br-Br . . .



Br-Br . . .



Br-Br . . .

Continued overleaf—

TRUNKS



Br-Br . . .



Br-Br . . .



Br-Br . . .



Br-Br . . .



Br-Br . . .



Br-Br . . .



Br-Br . . .



Br-Br . . .

TRUNKS

Continued overleaf—

TRUNKS



Br-Br . . .



Br-Br . . .



Br-Br . . .



Br-Br . . .

TRUNKS



Hullo—Yes? . . .



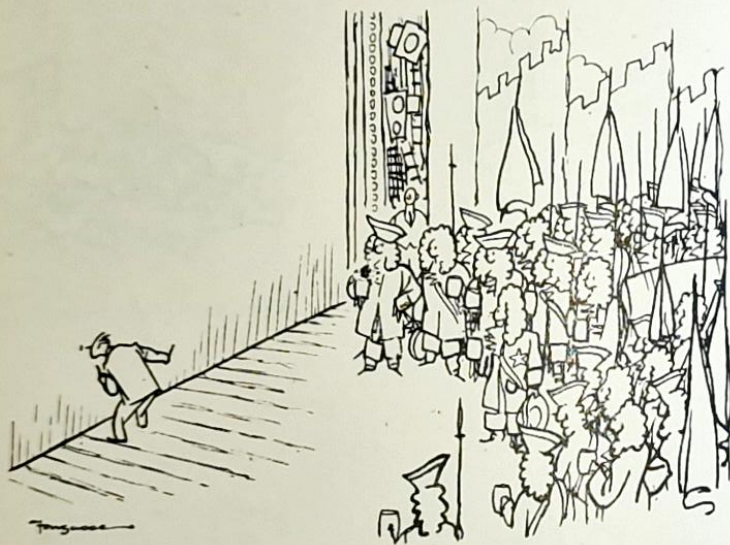
What number do I want? . . .



I say, I'm most frightfully
sorry . . .



I'm terribly afraid I've forgotten.



"No, no—not yet: there are still a couple of teas going on in the middle of row G."

THE CONCERT-GOER



If it upsets you to sit among the unmusical who know no better than to beat time all the while, try sitting among the ultra-musical—

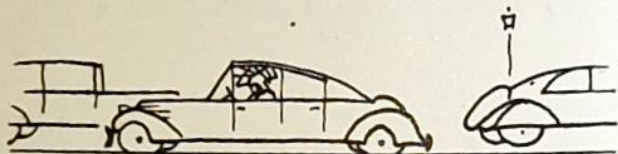


—who do it very much worse.

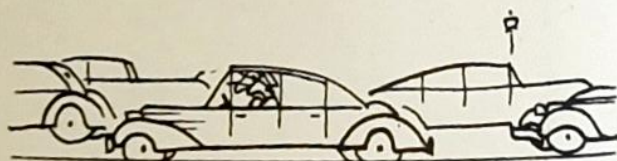
OFFICIAL ACTION—1



"Yes, they'll have to do something about London traffic when cars start coming back on to the road."

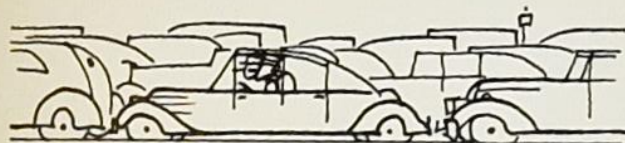


"Yes, they'll have to do something about London traffic now that cars are beginning to come back on to the road."

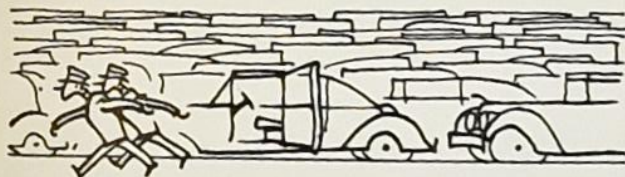


"Yes, they'll have to do *something* about London traffic now that so many cars are coming back on to the road."

OFFICIAL ACTION—2



"Yes, they'll *have* to do something about London traffic now that more and more and more cars are coming back on to the road."



"Yes, sooner or later, they'll *have* to do *something*."

" Like so many of my genuine music-loving friends, I much prefer to listen at home—



where one is free—



from all those—



that make it so—



concert-hall distractions—



terribly difficult—



for the sensitive listener—

Continued overleaf—



to give—



to—



the—



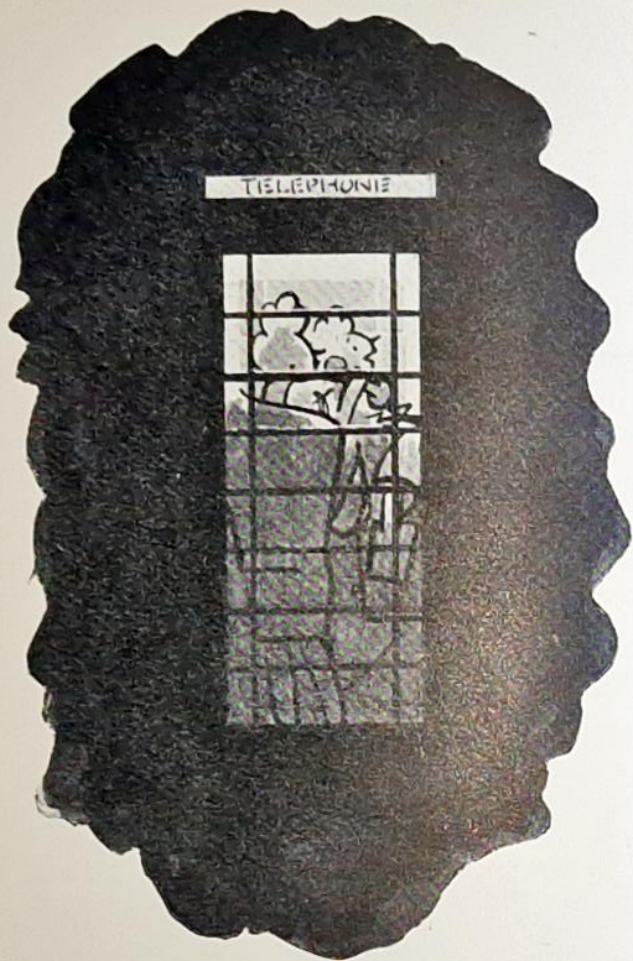
his whole—



attention—



music.”



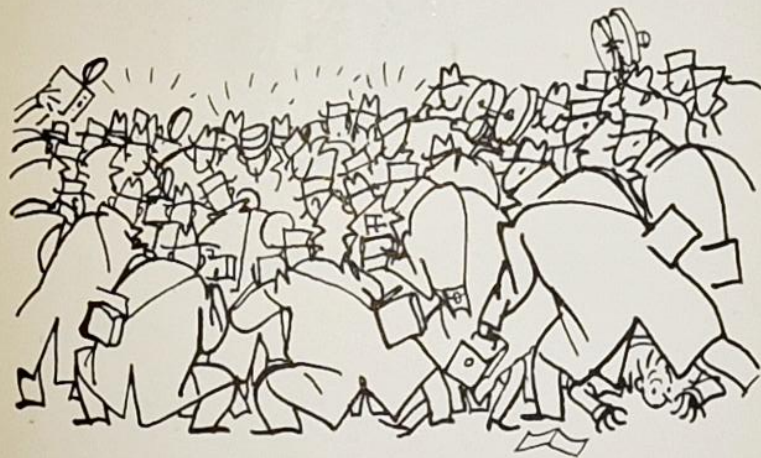
" All he says is ' Press button A, you ass! ' "

PRESS GANG

" We had such wonderful luck yesterday evening—



we actually had seats right next to the—



famous Mr. . . "

With the return of dressing and with theatres starting soon after six, I very much fear that—



the advent of—

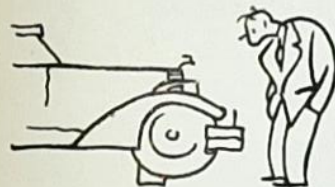
the reversible suit--



cannot be long delayed.



I remember quite clearly saying on one occasion that I'd never complain again about trivial discomforts—



and I remember once declaring that I'd never complain again about the fag of taking the car out—



I remember vowing that I'd never complain again about the way the house was run—



and I remember once saying that I'd never complain again about food—



I remember once remarking that I'd never complain again about other people's incompetence—



and I remember announcing that I'd never complain again about the number of taxis and buses cluttering up the streets—

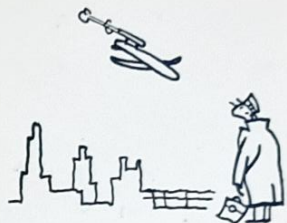
Continued overleaf—



Then I remember saying that I'd never complain again about being kept awake at night by little noises outside in the street—



I remember saying that I'd never complain again about the dullness of existence—



and I perfectly remember the occasion when I said that I'd never complain again about anything at all—



I remember saying that I'd never complain again about not being able to afford to own a great big house of my own—



and I remember saying that I'd never complain again about not having large enough fires in it—



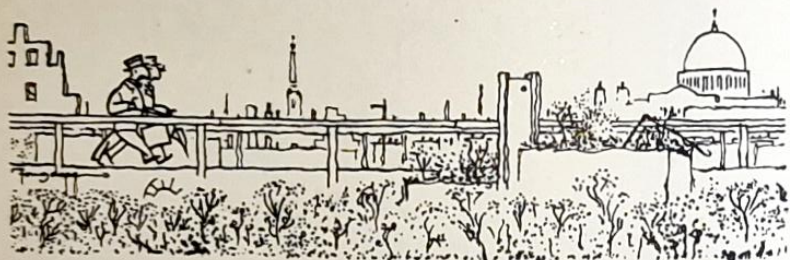
but I swear I *never* said I wouldn't complain again about the frightful hardship of not being able to complain again.



1920. "And then, darling, as soon as I've found some sort of a job we'll set about choosing a nice little house somewhere near it."



1948. "And then, darling, as soon as we've found some sort of a house I'll set about choosing a nice little job somewhere near it."



"Quite the most alarming feature about the City of London to-day is the way *Epilobium hirsutum* is being slowly smothered by *Senecio Jacobæa*, the Common Ragwort."

LONDON CRY



"Darling, would you—



be an angel—



and just—



nip up—

Continued overleaf—



to—



Oxford Street—



get me—



a threepenny packet—



for five minutes—



and—



of those little—



bronze hairpins—

Continued overleaf—



I'd order them—



direct—



so *very* much—



easier—



only that—



it's—



for someone—



on the spot! ! !"

TO MEMORY DEAR—1



The nearest we ever got was one that fell away at the far end of the road, back in '41.



Yes, one fell in the same street as this—that was ten years ago.



Fifteen years ago, in the spring, we had a thousand-pounder right in the road outside.

TO MEMORY DEAR—2



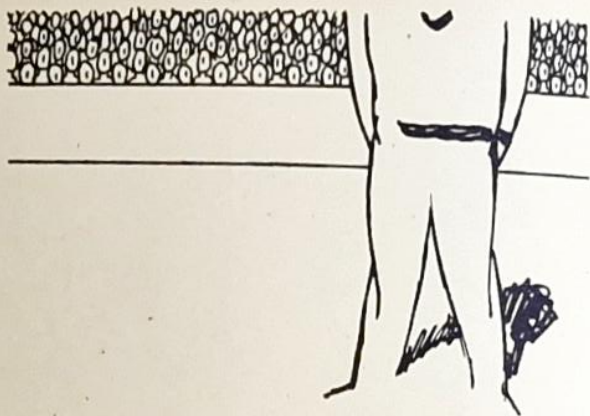
It was this month, twenty years ago—one came down smack on our very doorstep: two tons it weighed.



Thirty years ago, this very week, we had a four-tonner bang through the roof.



Forty years to-day, and shall I ever forget it? It was the largest bomb they ever dropped, and where do you think it fell? Right plumb in the middle of this very hearthrug!



"Then, just as the batsman takes a hefty smack at the ball, you get up and fly straight out over the stand: that *never* fails to deceive the customers."



"Now over in the States, so they tell me, you merely lift the receiver, and you get straight through at once, even if it's right the other end of the country."



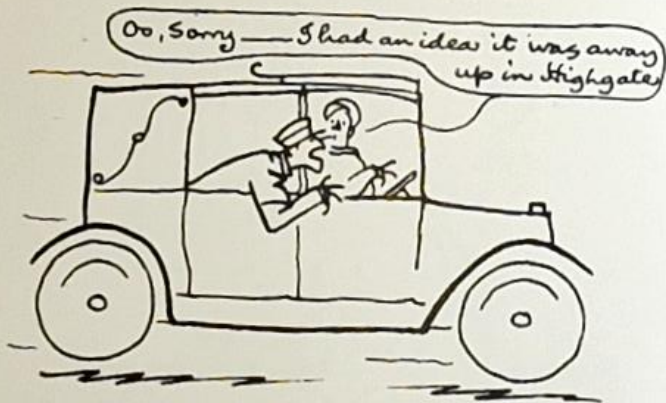
"Now over in Britain, so they tell me, you merely lift the receiver, and you get straight through at once, even if it's right the other end of the country."

Personally I much prefer—

Marlow Mansions, please



the taxi-driver who looks as if he knew the address—



but doesn't—

Marlow Mansions — it's up a blind alley near the end of Cookham Street, which is a turning just off....



to the taxi-driver who looks as if he didn't know the address—



but does.



... The sudden removal of the more immediate strains and stresses of war—



has undoubtedly resulted in a certain temporary increase—



a certain heightening of one's capacity—



in one's tendency towards irritability—



to become unreasonably indignant—



over trivial matters—

Continued overleaf—



and even a certain liability—



to sudden bursts of—



almost ungovernable . . .



Rot!—

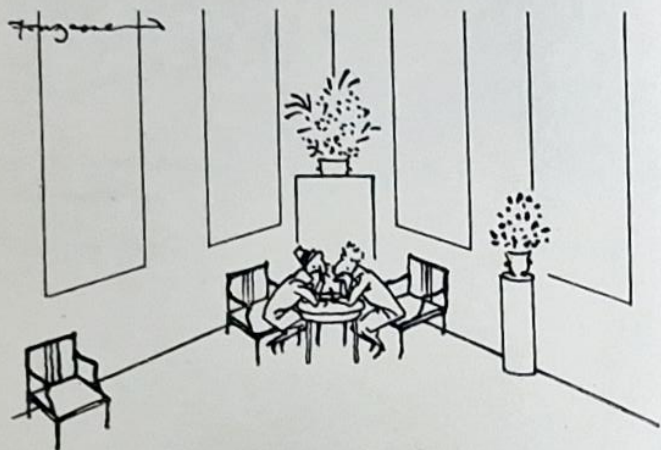


nonsense! !—



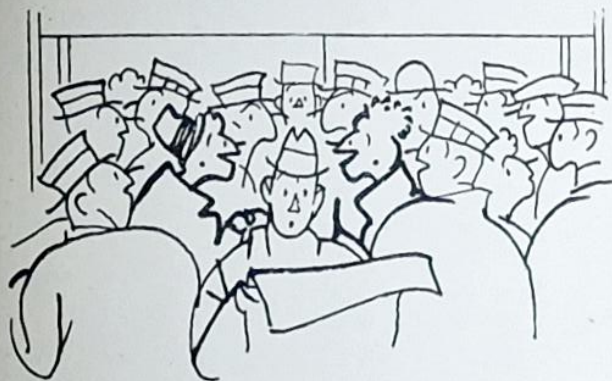
pah! ! ! ! !

PSYCHOLOGICAL PUZZLE—1



Here we see two ladies exchanging confidences in the very far corner of a very large and very empty hotel lounge—

PSYCHOLOGICAL PUZZLE—2



and here we see the same two ladies exchanging the same sort of confidences in a crowded Tube train.

THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN

The Front Row of the Stalls



No, not an accident—merely the hope of getting the taxi as soon the people getting out of it have settled up the fare.



Pre-War



Post-War

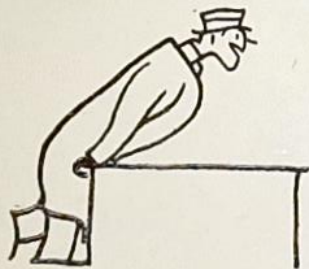
What *has* happened to the bluff, straightforward Britisher? Observe him nowadays trying to obtain anything from a sleeping berth to a shirt stud, and note how he's changed into—



either a "You-know-me-don't you,"



or a "I-happen-to-be-an-intimate-friend-of-your-managing-director,"



or else an "Of-course-I-do-know-how-terribly-difficult,"



or perhaps a "Come-on-now-won't-you-please,"



or maybe a "Sir-John-said-you'd-probably,"



or possibly a "Mr.-Jones-said-you-might,"

Continued overleaf—



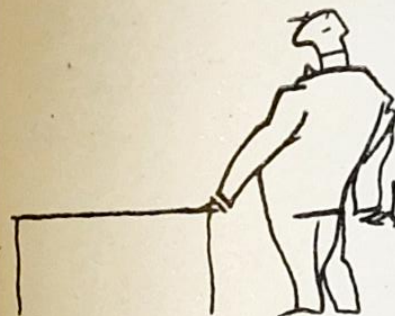
or even a "Joe-sent me" . . .



in other words, into anything
from a "Now-you-really-can't-
mean-to-stand-there-and-say"



to a mere "Woe-is-me."



In fact if it wasn't for the fellow
behind the counter, I should be—



tempted to believe that there was
no longer any—



good, honest, British bluff
straightforwardness left at all.



Here is John Hannibal Jones, shrewd man of business,
conducting his correspondence—



Here is John Hannibal Jones, famous ex-forward, exhorting
all and sundry to "use your feet, can't you?"—



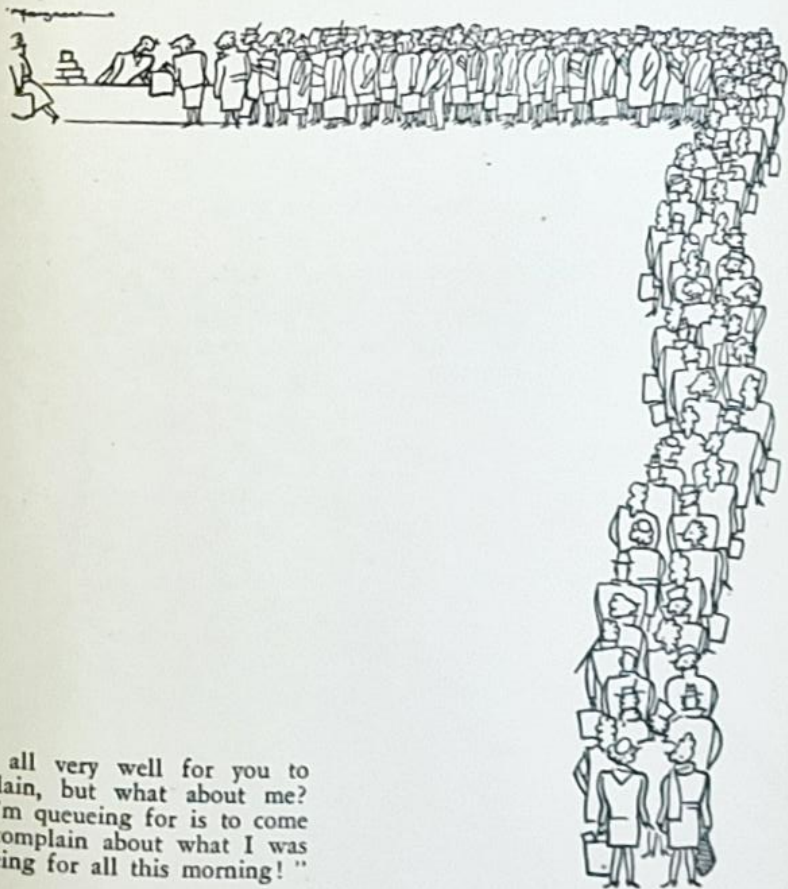
Here is John Hannibal Jones, expert bridge player,
commenting on his partner's lead—



But never mind—here is John Hannibal Jones, very inferior
kitchen help, washing up.



" Would you like to see me now, sir, in case I've gone before you get back? "



" It's all very well for you to complain, but what about me? All I'm queueing for is to come and complain about what I was queueing for all this morning! "



When I think of the thousands of tons of concrete that were transported across the Channel to make Mulberry harbours overnight—



when I think of all the barrage balloons and A.A. guns and rockets and radar—



when I think of all the millions and millions of gallons of petrol pumped straight from Liverpool to the front line in Germany—



when I think of the millions of men and munitions carried incredibly swiftly across thousands of miles of sea and desert and jungle—



when I think of the superhuman degree of organization that produced thousand-bomber raids every night—



when I think of the colossal number of ships and guns—

Continued overleaf—



and tanks and aircraft—



all pouring ceaselessly off the
production lines—



and all produced more or less
under fire, as it were—



and everything from the largest
battleships—



to the smallest shirt-buttons—



it really makes me rather
ashamed of myself for com-
plaining just because I have to
wait for a year or so just to get
a handful of paltry little slates
to keep the rain out of my paltry
little house.



"Hullo, Jones, how are you?"



"Well, as a matter of fact, I had flu rather badly a little time back, and then—



when I was a bit better, I had the misfortune to fall downstairs and break my leg, and while I was laid up with that—



we got flooded out, and I had to be rescued in a punt, and that—



gave me pneumonia and all sorts of complications, and so, what with one thing and another, I'm only just—



getting about again."

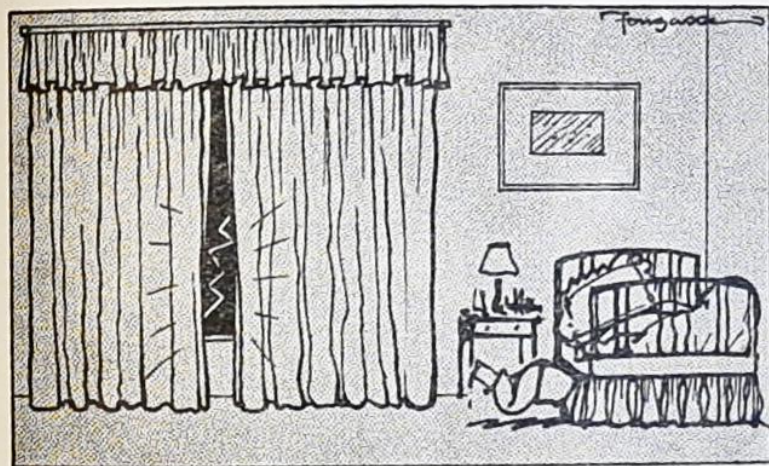
AT THE PROMS



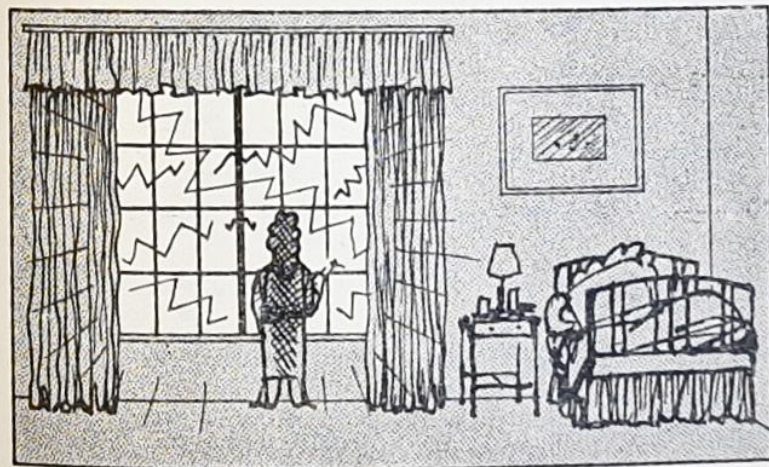
"I'm afraid we've worked round in a circle, Angela—this is the beard we started from."

THE CHANGING ATTITUDE OF BRITAIN

Reaction to Thunderstorms



1939



1948



"I say, listen, old boy, I've got a perfectly marvellous idea for a revue.



First of all we have a terribly funny sketch about the housing famine, and how no one's allowed to build any houses at all—



which is followed by a terrifically comic scene about bread.



Then there's a simply crashing turn about old cars being sold for a million apiece, and no petrol to put in them—



and a really stupendously humorous act about travelling thirty in a compartment all night;



after which there's a grand burlesque about no clothes and no taxis and no visas and no licences and no money and no permits and no cigarettes and so forth—

Continued overleaf—



and a wonderfully amusing skit about Britons being chucked out of every part of the world that they've helped to put in a position to do so.



Then there's a very witty number called 'Britain can lump it,' about everything being for export, and nothing whatever for the shops to sell;



and after that there's a screamingly funny scene at the Peace Conference, all arguing and shouting and accusing each other, and all ending in national bankruptcy and international strife and final ruin for all.



Then we have a simply uproarious strike sketch with everyone firmly refusing to work at all unless everyone else joins their union—



and we end with an absolutely side-splitting comic ballet about the atom bomb, finishing in complete and utter destruction all round.



I tell you, my dear old boy, it'll be just about the biggest laugh since 'Charley's Aunt.'"



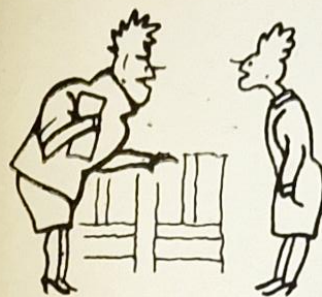
"I'm looking for a pair of fleecy boots."



"Yes, madam—to wear over your ordinary shoes?"
"Yes, please, if you've got them."



"Rubber soles— or leather?"
"Rubber, if possible."
"Cloth uppers or soft suède?"
"Suède, I think."



"Any particular colour?"
"I don't mind very much—black or brown, perhaps."
"Lined with white lambswool?"
"Yes, rather!"



"Fur round the tops?"
"Yes, yes."
"Zip-fastening?"
"Yes, that's the very thing."



"No, we haven't any fleecy boots at all."

