



THE PENGUIN

PETER ARNO



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THE PENGUIN PETER ARNO

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To readers of the *New Yorker*, with which he has been associated for over thirty years, Peter Arno will be a very familiar friend. And now those who do not already know his work will surely cultivate him and make of him more than a passing acquaintance – even if they find they cannot move for laughter. It is not only in his free and versatile style of drawing that Arno best amuses, but what is unique is the almost magical way he can extract fun from situations – and the more dignified the object of his wit, the funnier the result. But not all his humour is drawn from the night clubs frequented by his little men and big women – the world of ‘Tell me about yourself – your struggles, your dreams, your telephone number.’ He also makes us laugh at ourselves in our homes and offices – ‘Young woman, do you realize my time is worth thirty dollars a minute?’ – on business and pleasure – ‘If a woman shows up looking for a little boy who’s lost, I’ll be in the toy department.’ The persecuted little man doing his best to enjoy life recurs in Peter Arno’s cartoons, and sometimes he comes well out of awkward situations – ‘I gave up my stateroom. A man can do that much.’

‘Look at these cartoons and have fun’ Somerset Maugham said of one Peter Arno book – it applies to this one too, for Arno’s wit, observation, and candour make him the supreme cartoonist of this chromium-plated age.



PETER
ARNO

THE PENGUIN



PENGUIN BOOKS

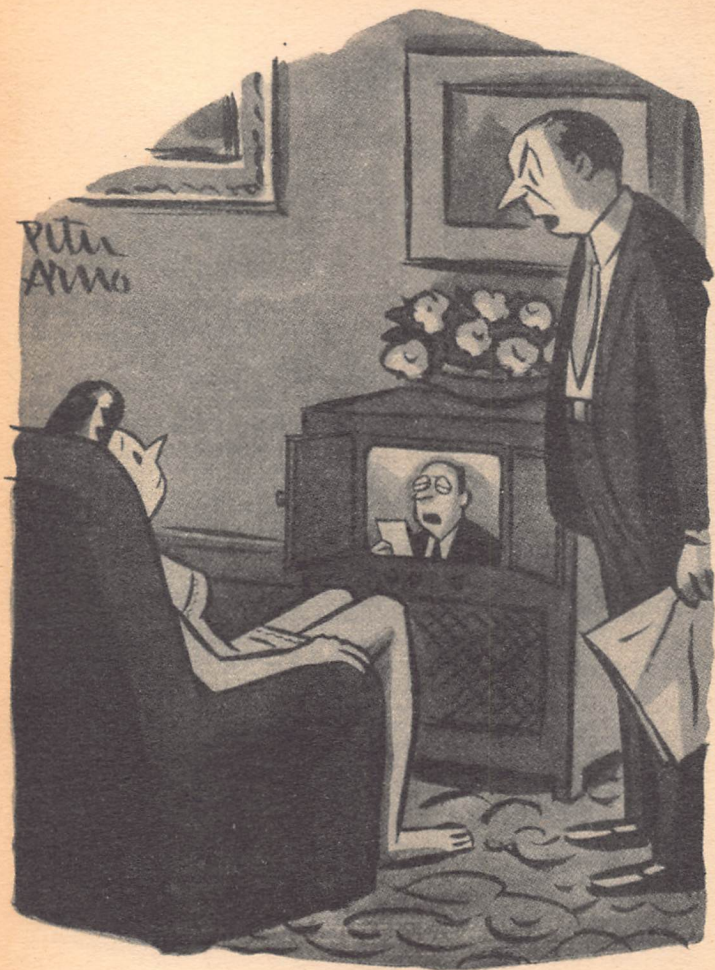
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Of the drawings in this book, the twenty-nine appearing on the following pages were published originally in *The New Yorker* and copyrighted in the respective years shown by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. 83 (1936); 47, 63, 72 (1946); 4, 10, 34, 64, 91, 99, 100, 106, 108, 120 (1947); 38, 66, 67, 69, 80 (1948), 1, 14, 30, 53, 74, 84, 90, 107, 122, 123 (1949). The photograph which appears on the title page is Copyright, 1949, by Ewing Krainin Syndicate.

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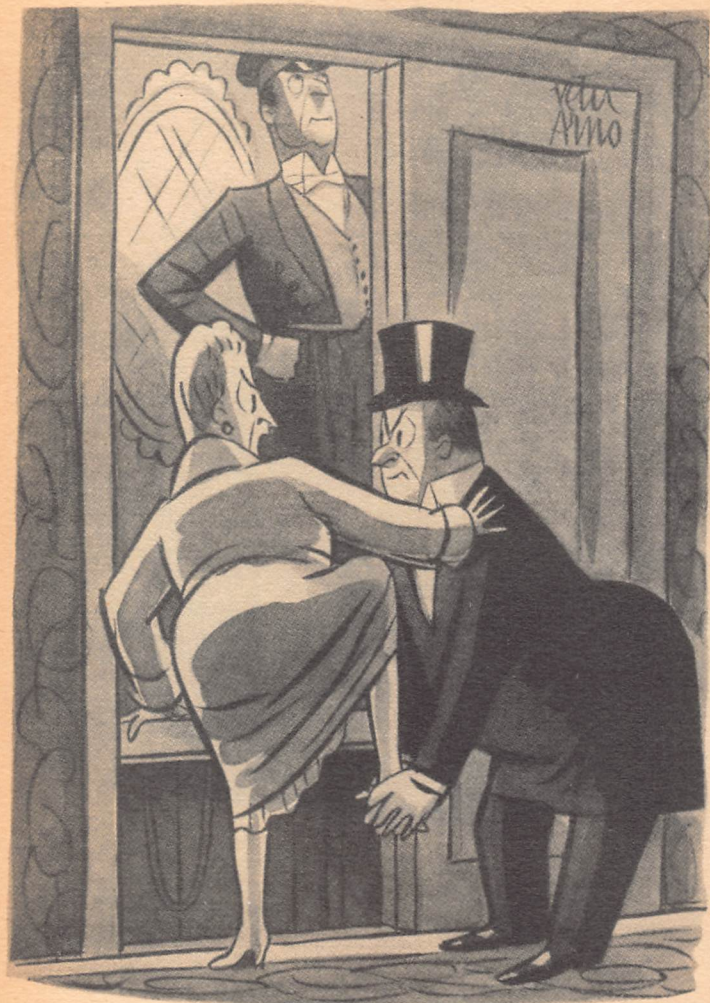
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'IRMA! Go put some clothes on!'



*'You seem to be a clever little boy – how are you
at tying knots?'*



*'I TOLD you we should have given them something
for Christmas.'*



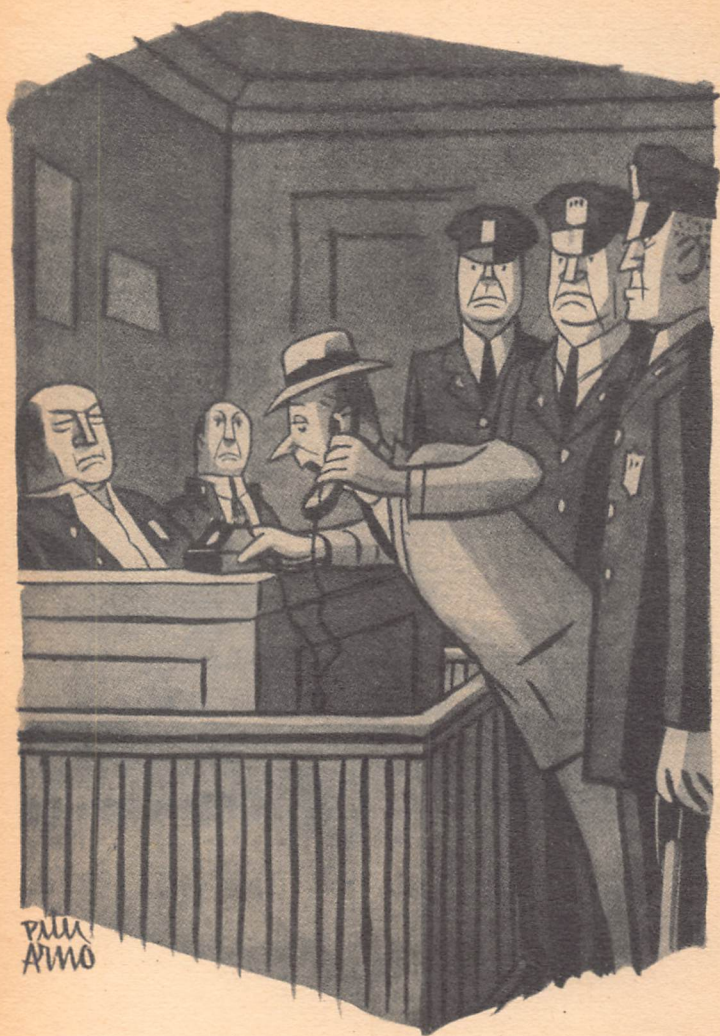
'See anything?'



'Do you want to hear a funny story?'



*'I still question whether this will be legally binding in
New York State.'*



'No, dear, put Mamma on! Daddy hasn't time to talk to your doll baby now.'



'Dr PINCKNEY, of all people! What are YOU doing here?'



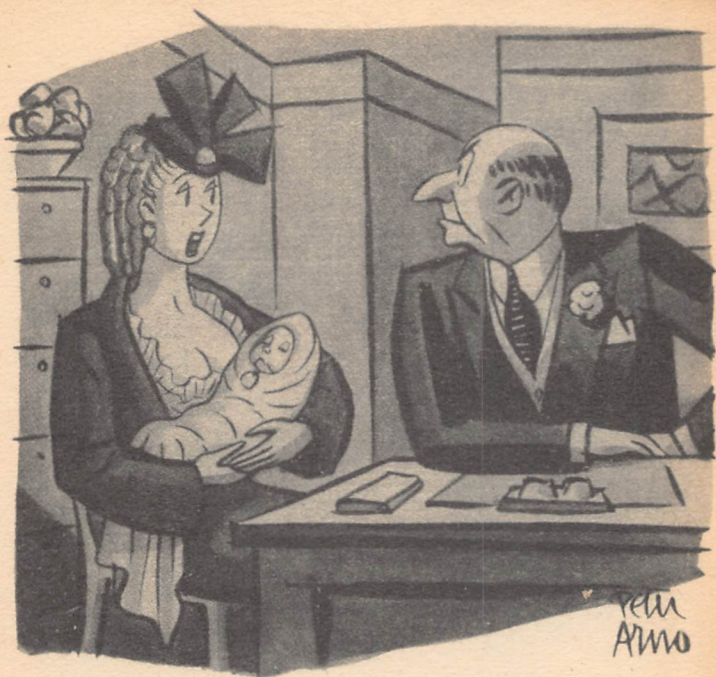
*'If a woman shows up looking for a little boy who's lost,
I'll be in the toy department.'*



'O.K., Charlie. This is the place.'



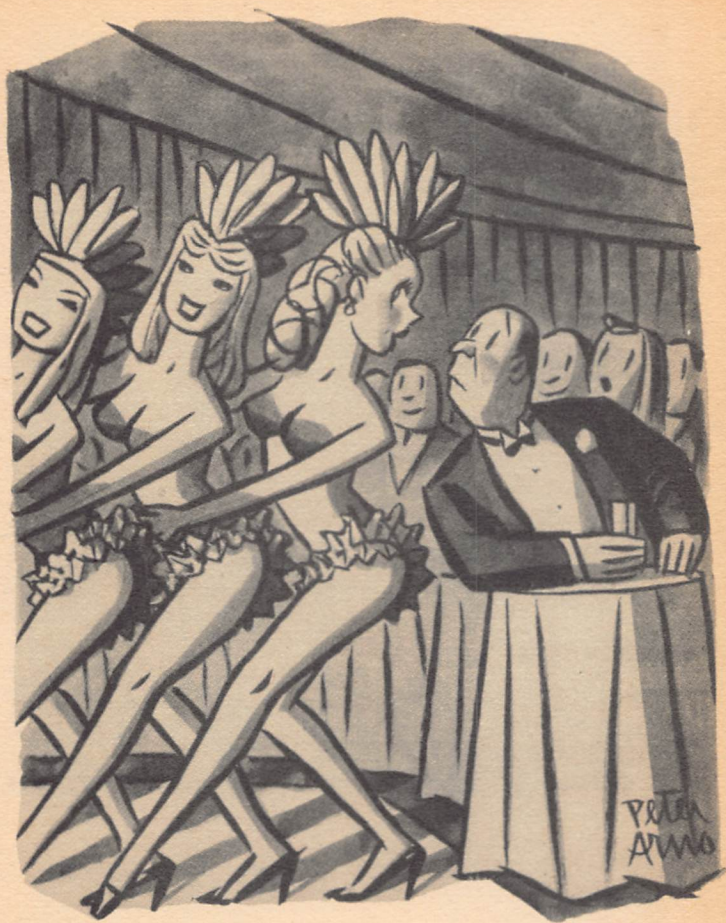
*'I'm giving you your last chance, Willis! If your horse
doesn't come in today, you're fired!'*



*'Well, he never exactly asked me to marry him
in so many words.'*



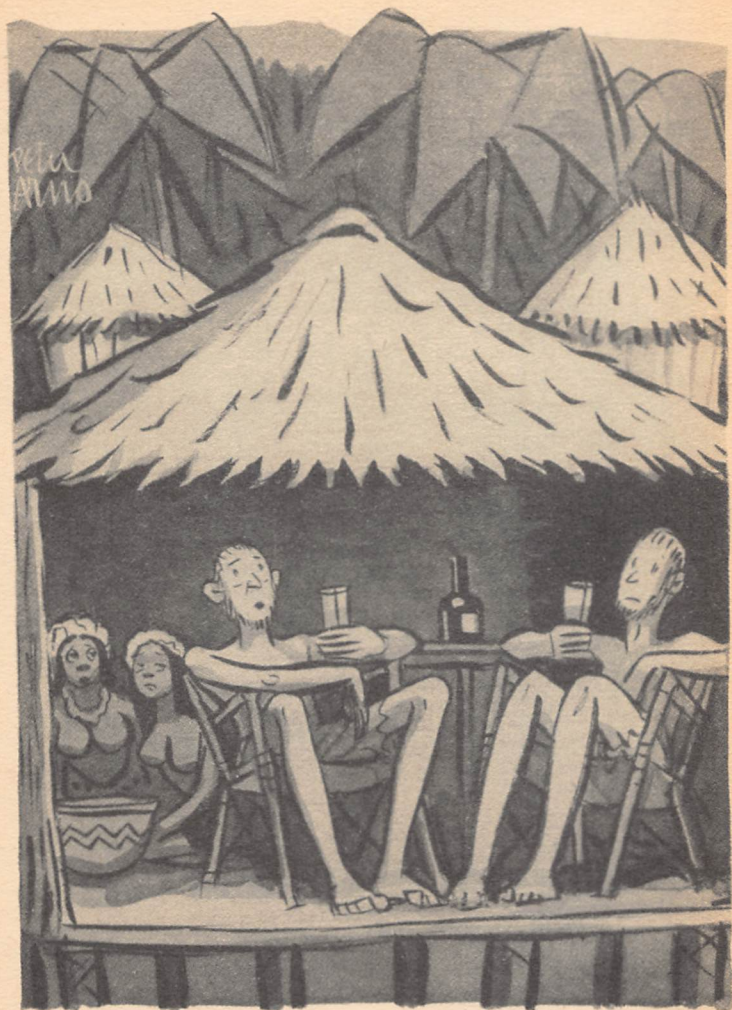
'He had a very personal question, Mr Dexter.'



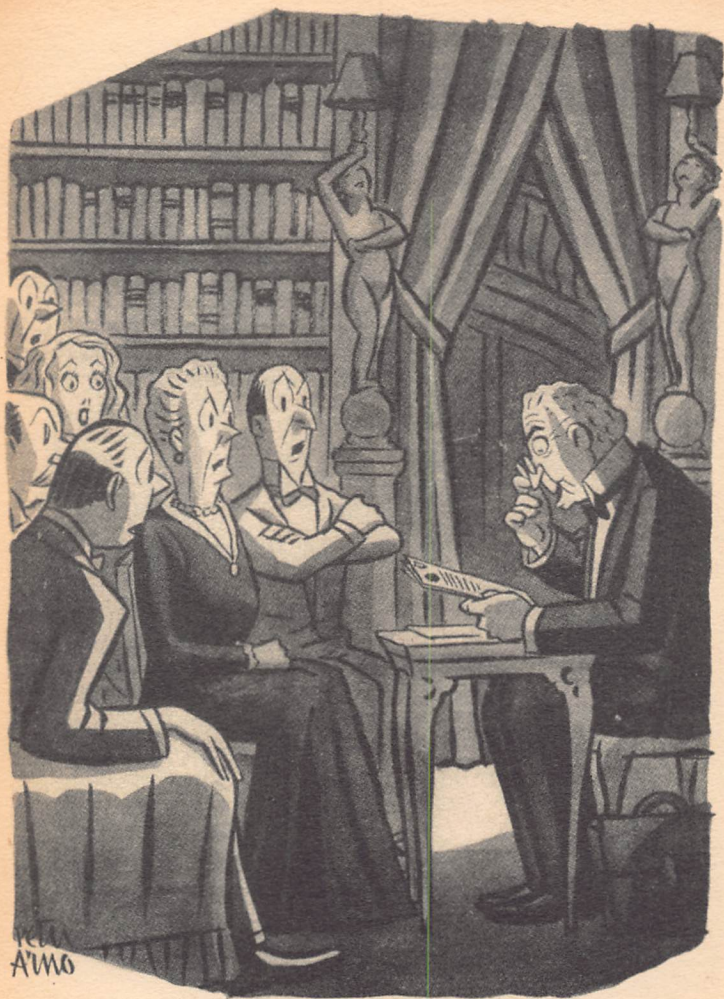
'Valerie won't be around for several days. She backed into a sizzling platter.'



*'In the interests of science, Miss Mellish, I'm going to make
a rather strange request of you.'*



'When you come right down to it, though, in what way is this any different from Kew Gardens?'



'My goodness! Your dear old uncle seems to have left everything to ME.'

Peter
Armo

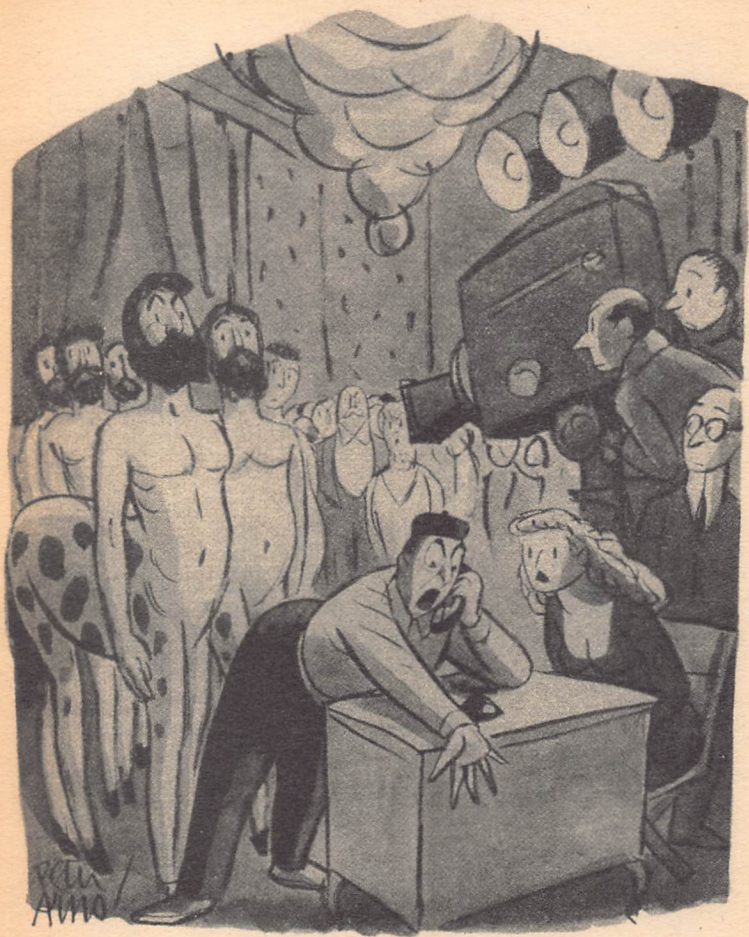


'Will that be all, sir?'

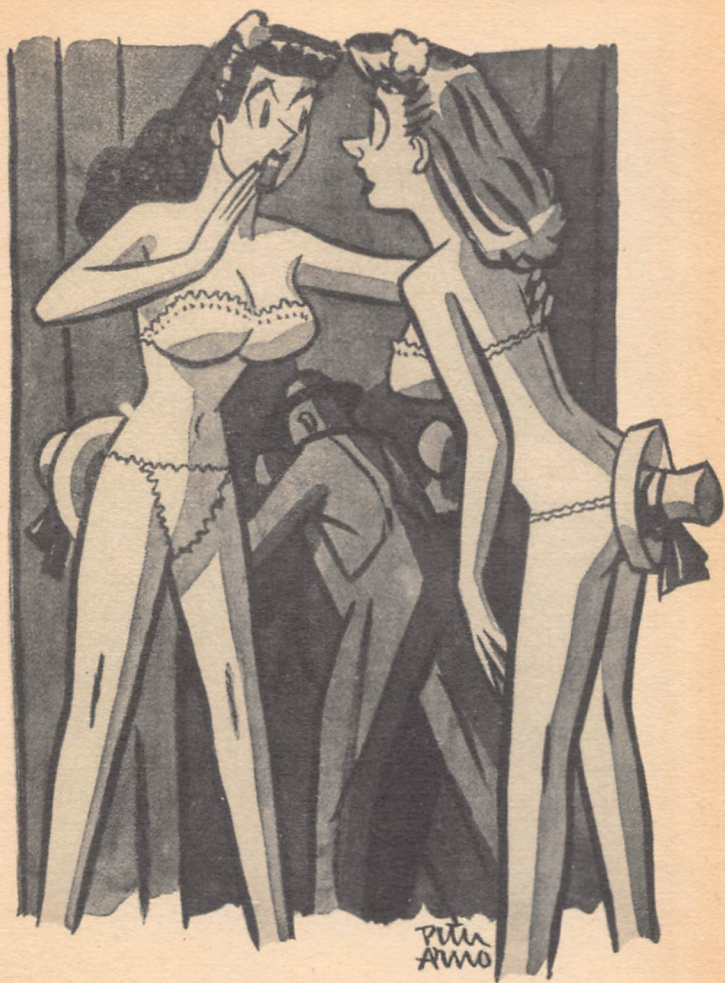




*'I suppose that some of these attachments eventually ripen
into lasting friendships.'*



*'My God, Plotz, I asked for Senators! SEN-A-TORS!
Like in Washington!'*



'Keep this under your hat -'



'One would think she'd be subject to a series of nasty colds.'



'Now that's enough! Run along!'



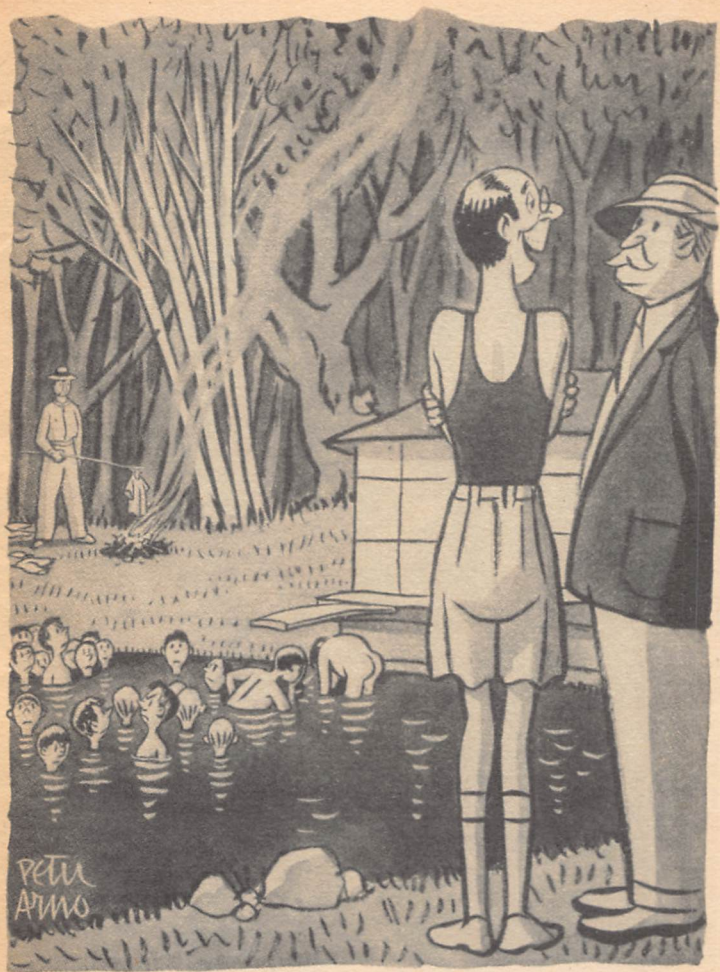
'You're making a grave mistake, Miss Loesch. We scoutmasters are not entrusted with military secrets.'



'Y'mean t'say there was a FILE in that cake you sent me!'



'We can dispense with those long low whistles, Mr Fitch!'



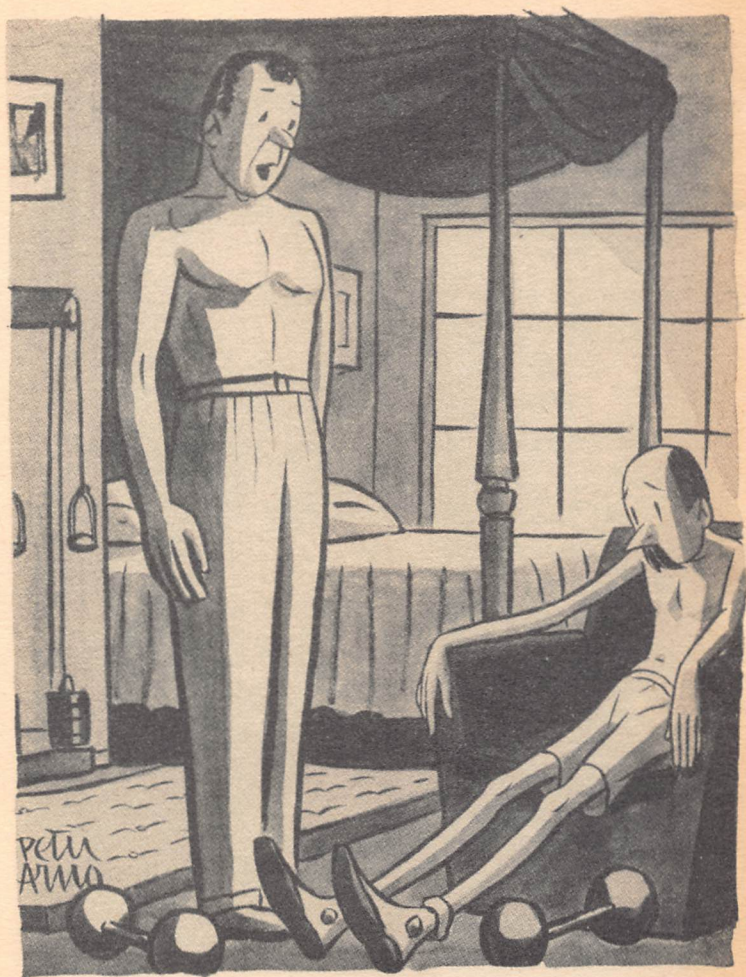
'The boys saw their first skunk today.'



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



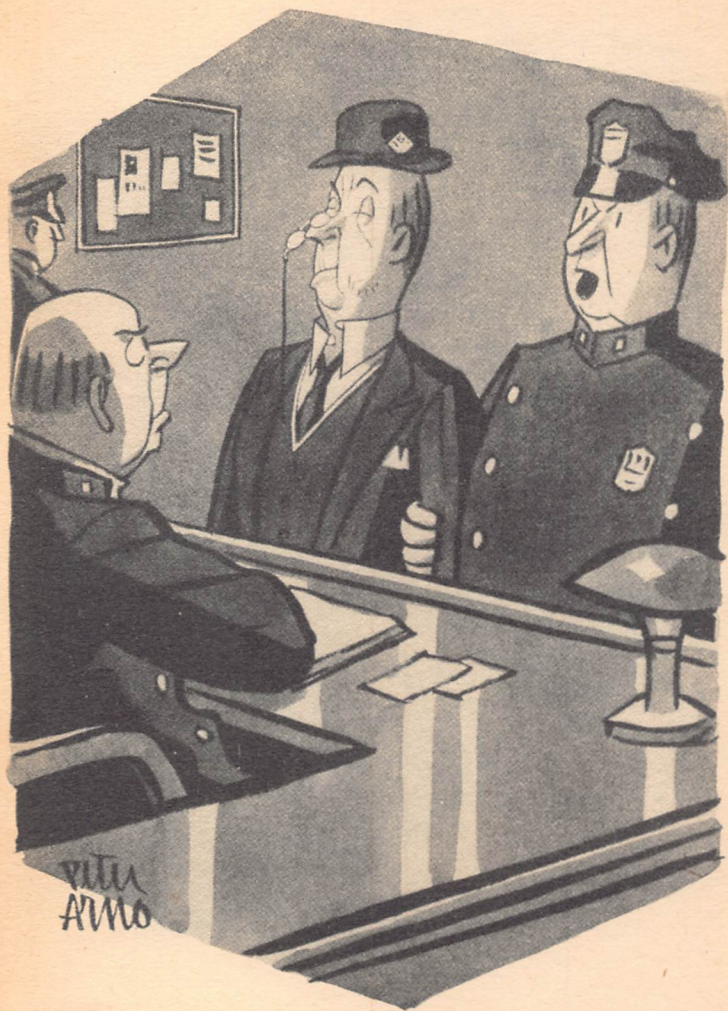
'Oh, Edgar - I never DREAMED it would be like this!'



'My advice is to forget all about this and put yourself in the hands of a good tailor.'



'He's just about YOUR size - damn it!'



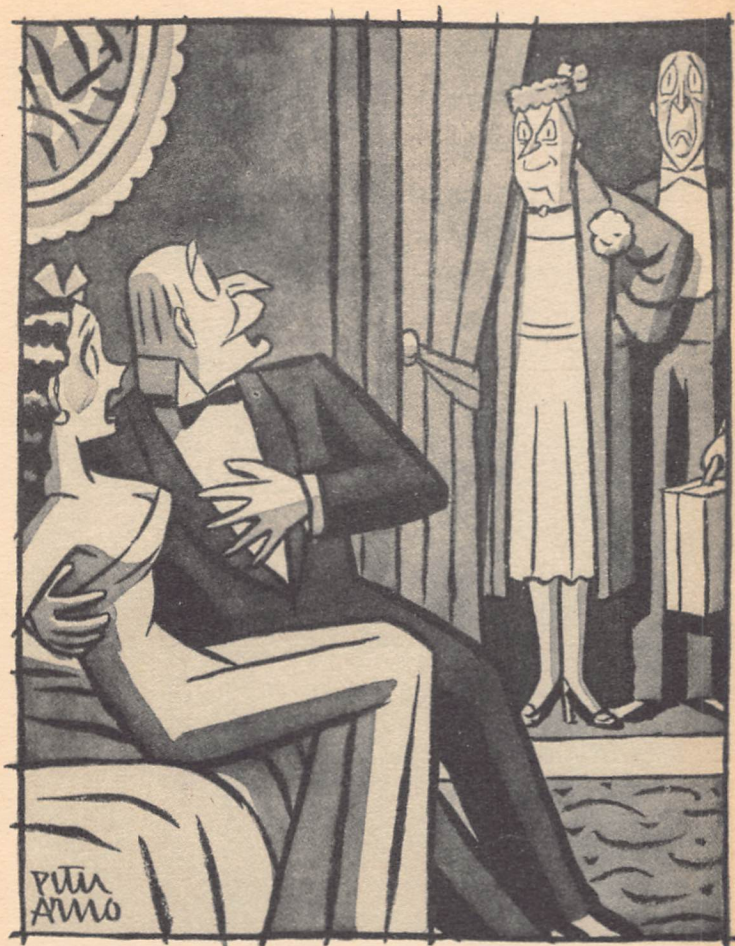
'He can't remember his name, Sergeant. All he remembers is he's somebody pretty damned important.'



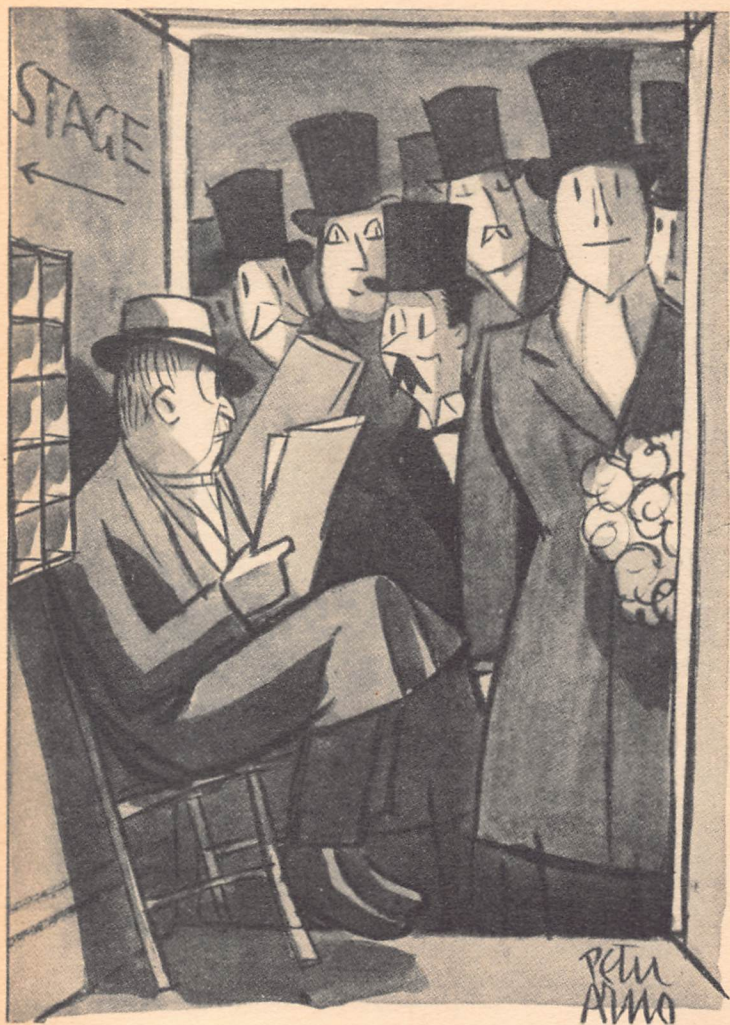
'Well, you're certainly friendly. Now, just what are the terms?'



'And how long, may I ask, have we been in dry dock?'



'Dammit, Parker! You might at least have said "Ahem"!'



'Mayn't I have special consideration? I'm the husband.'



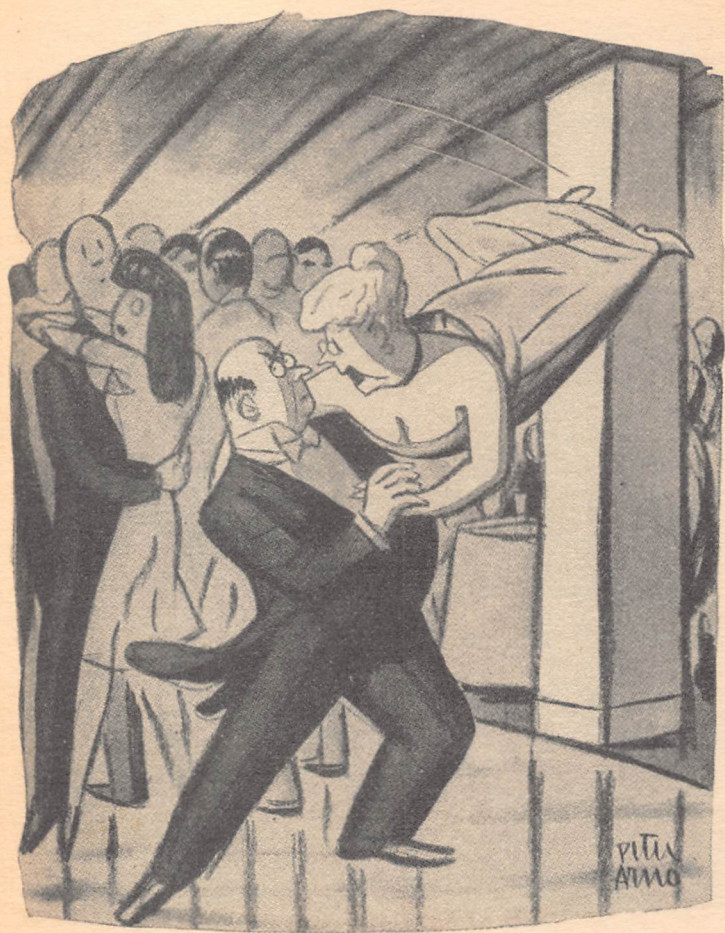
*'We've got to find another way to meet, Mildred.
My wife's getting suspicious.'*



'Hey, Jack, which way to Mecca?'



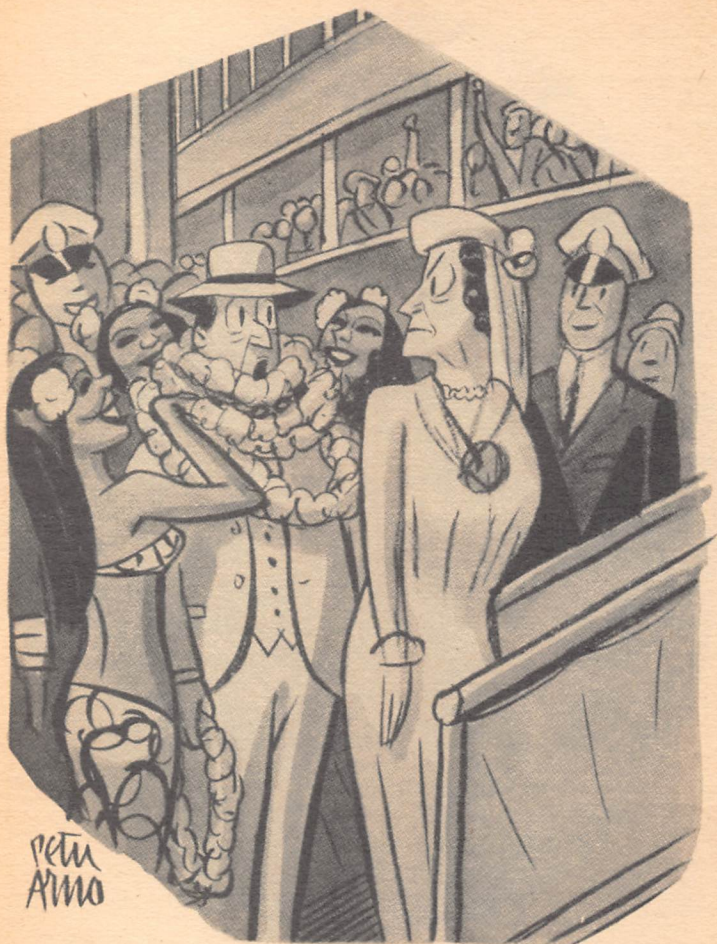
*'He's too damn calm and collected to suit ME.
I think we're lost.'*



'Dr Carmichael! PLEASE! Not in the Stork Club!'



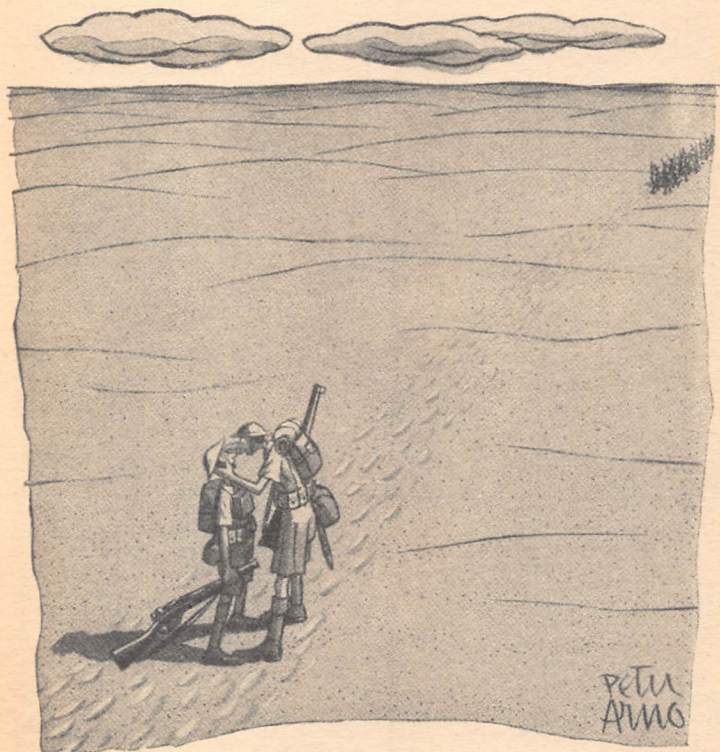
'Take it, Andrew!'



'You might at least say "Aloha", dear.'



'Mmm-m – looks good! What is it?'

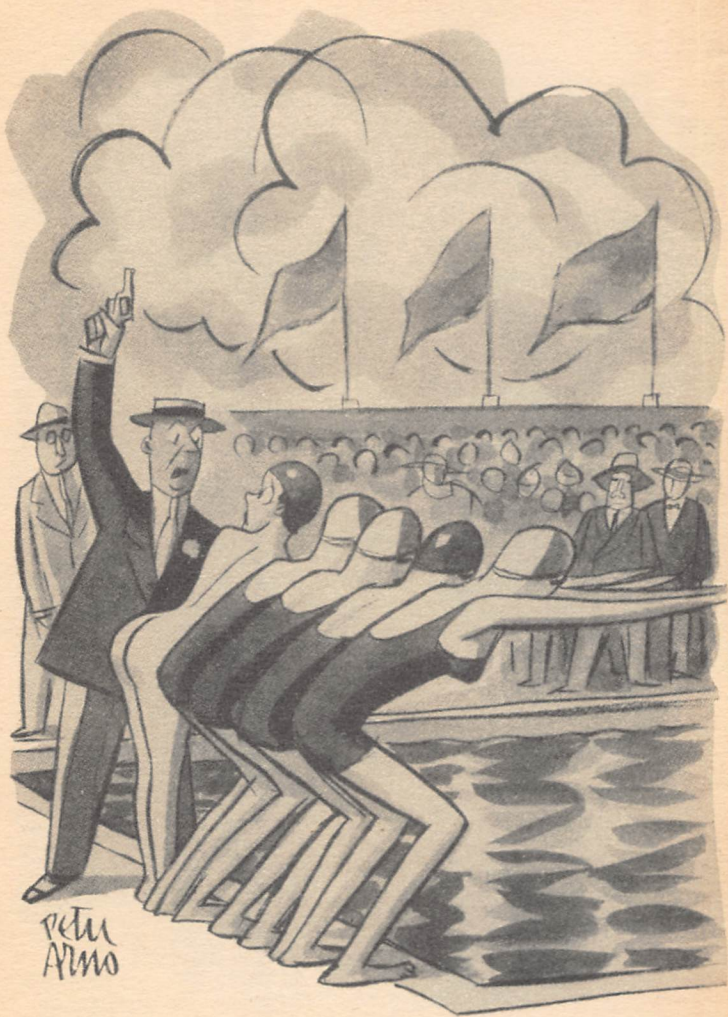


'It feels like it might be a grain of sand.'

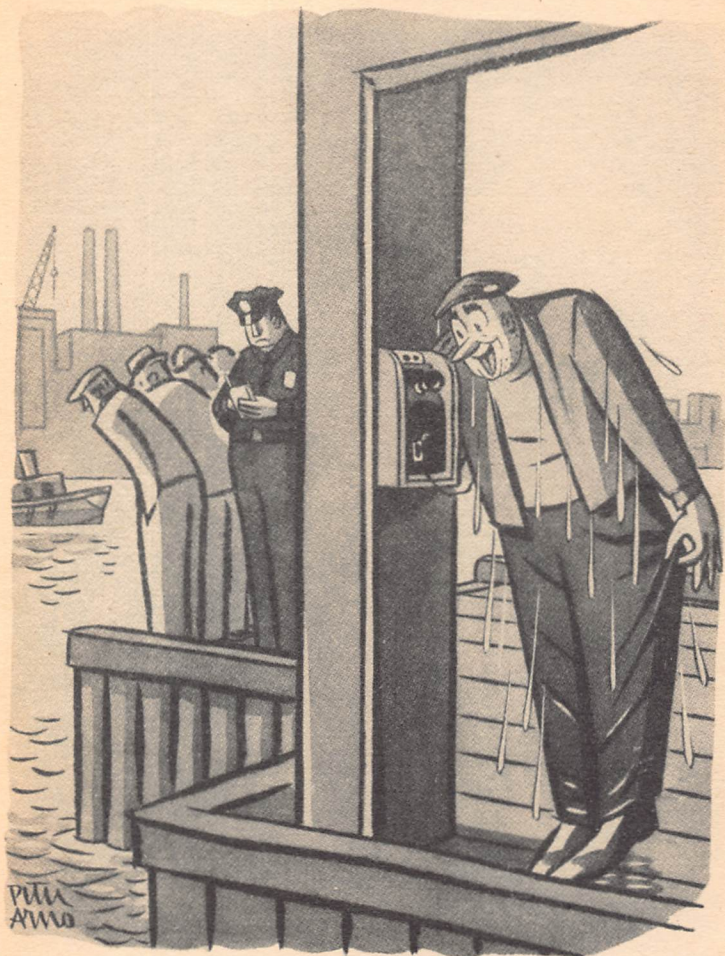


' - And do you take this able-bodied seaman for your lawful wedded husband?'





'Er - haven't you forgotten something?'



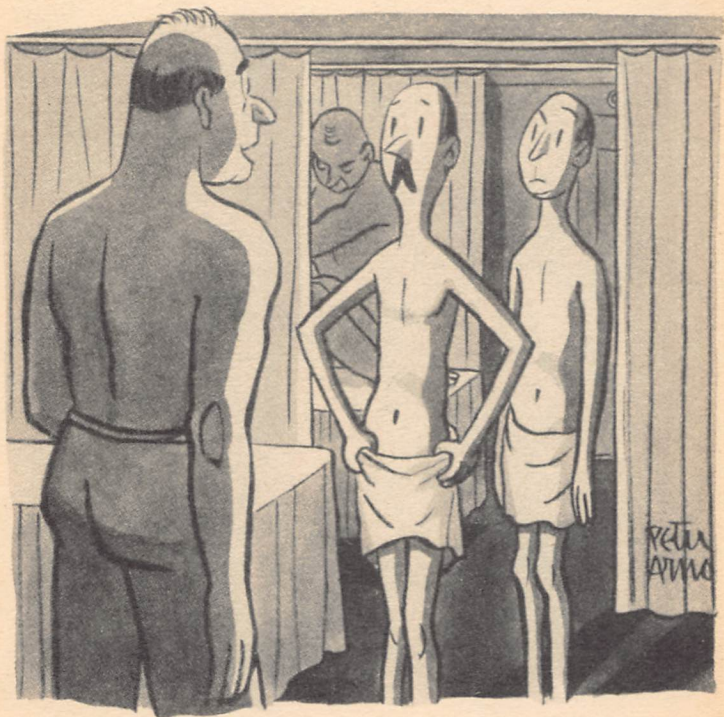
*'Guess what happened to me an' the truck, boss! . . .
No . . . No . . . No, guess again.'*



'Well, Struthers, I guess we've gone just about as far as we can in basic English.'



*'Be sure to notice Mrs Newbold when she gets up.
She's wearing a really lovely gown.'*



*'If you gentlemen are in a hurry, I can handle you
both at once.'*



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



'Why do you always get me to do the rowing, Mr Hartley?'



'They produce a fascinating rhythm, don't they?'



'Pardon me. Have you seen any condor eggs?'



'And what is the purpose of your visit?'



*'I've received a call from St. Dunstan's-in-the-Meadow.
6500 smackers a year.'*

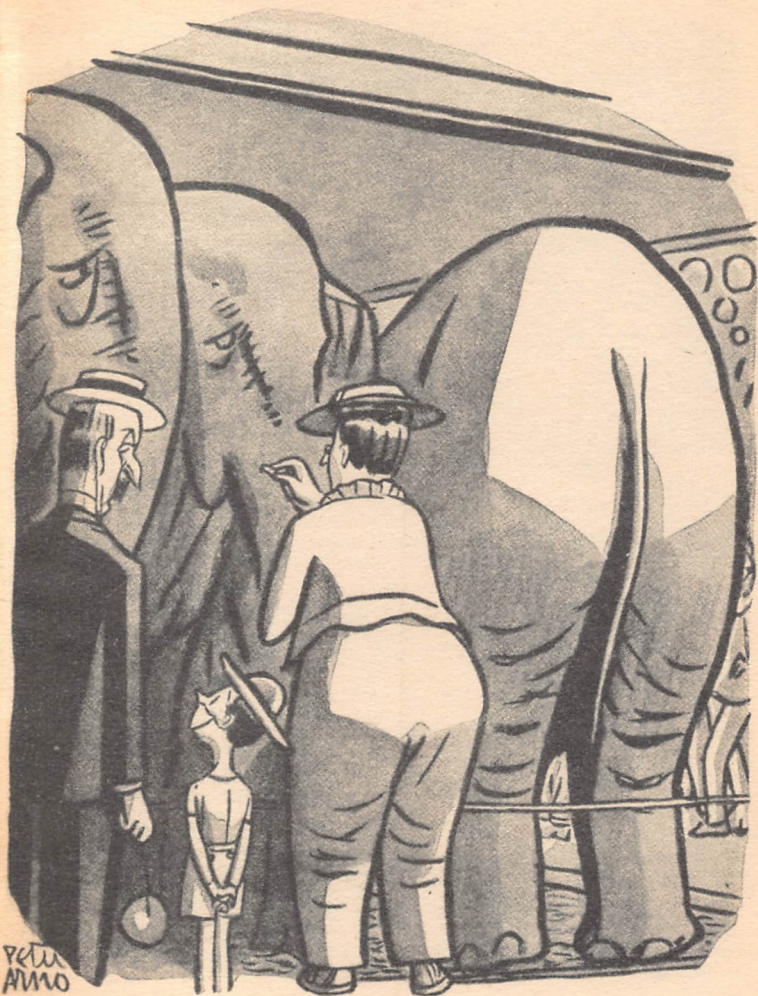


Peter
Arno

'Don't breathe a word to anyone – it's a nightgown.'



'No, thanks. I've been drinking brandy.'



'Now, Arthur! No more remarks like that!'

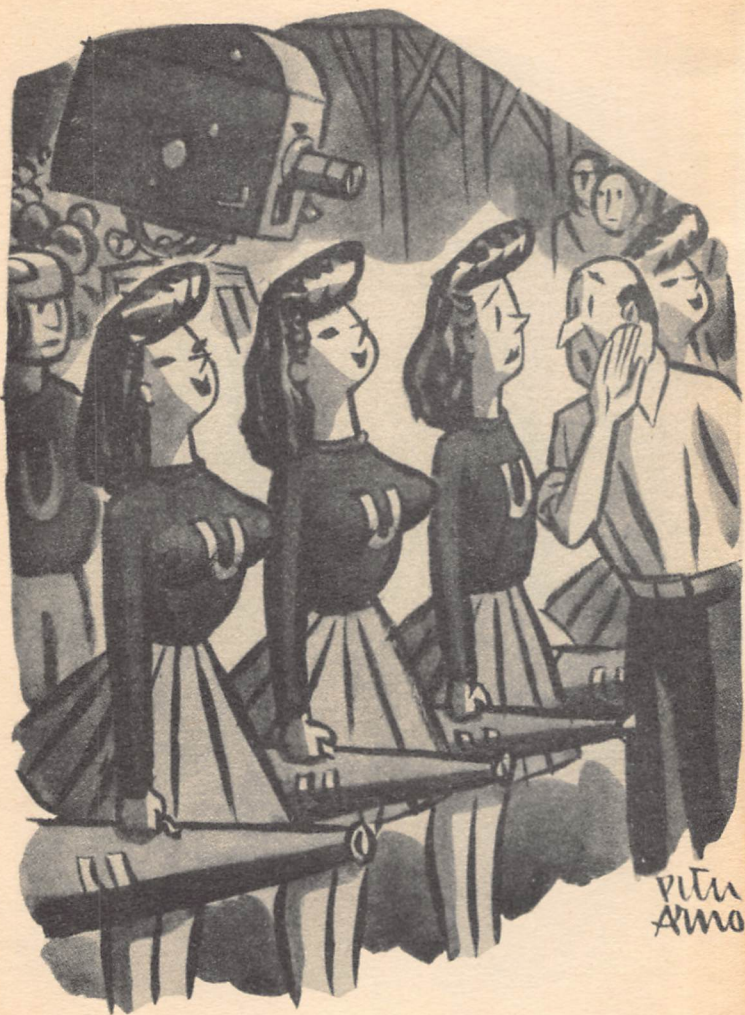


'You can certainly tell it's her first day here!'

PETER
ARMS



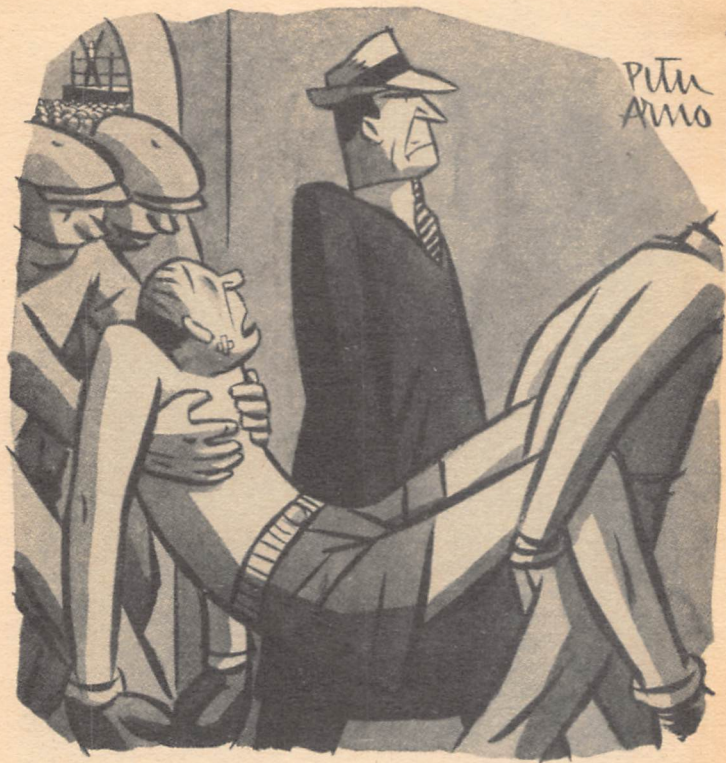
*'It was the only thing we could do, sir. She simply can't
learn to make change.'*



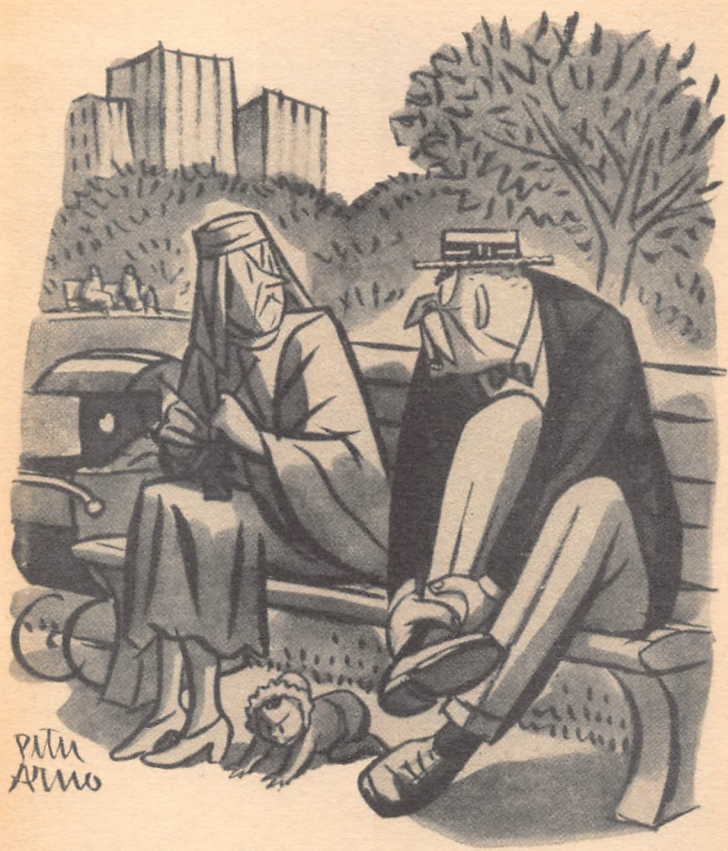
'Wardrobe mistress would like a word with you, Miss Jackson.'



*'Young woman, do you realize my time is worth
thirty dollars a minute?'*



'All of a sudden you stop saying "we".'



'Well, by gad, Madam, SOMETHING nipped me!'



'You and your rapier-like wit!'

STU
ARNO



'Come in, come in, whoever you are.'

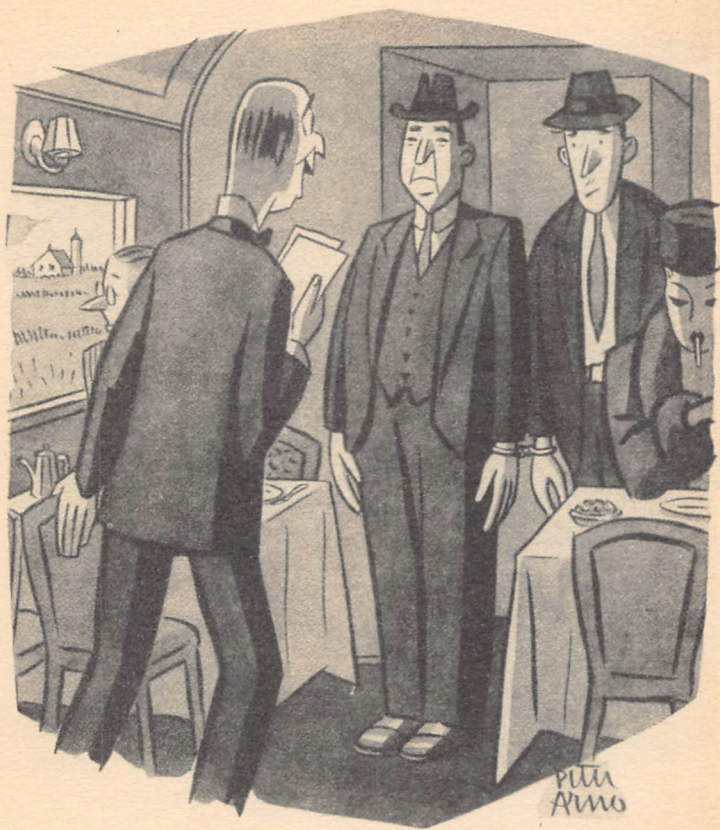
Peter
Arno



'Of course they float. What did you think?'



'Out here Nature makes her own laws. You, Miss Marlow, are a woman and I am a man.'



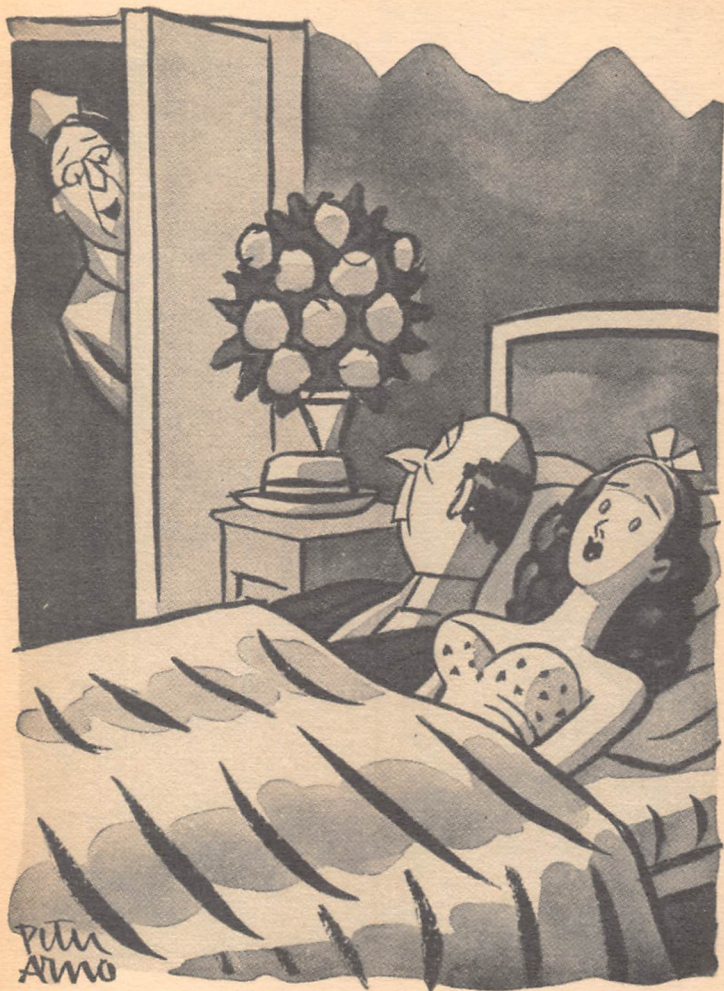
'Together?'



'I want to report a tornado.'



'Fill 'er up.'



'Visiting hours are over, Mr Kugelman.'



'Oh dear!'



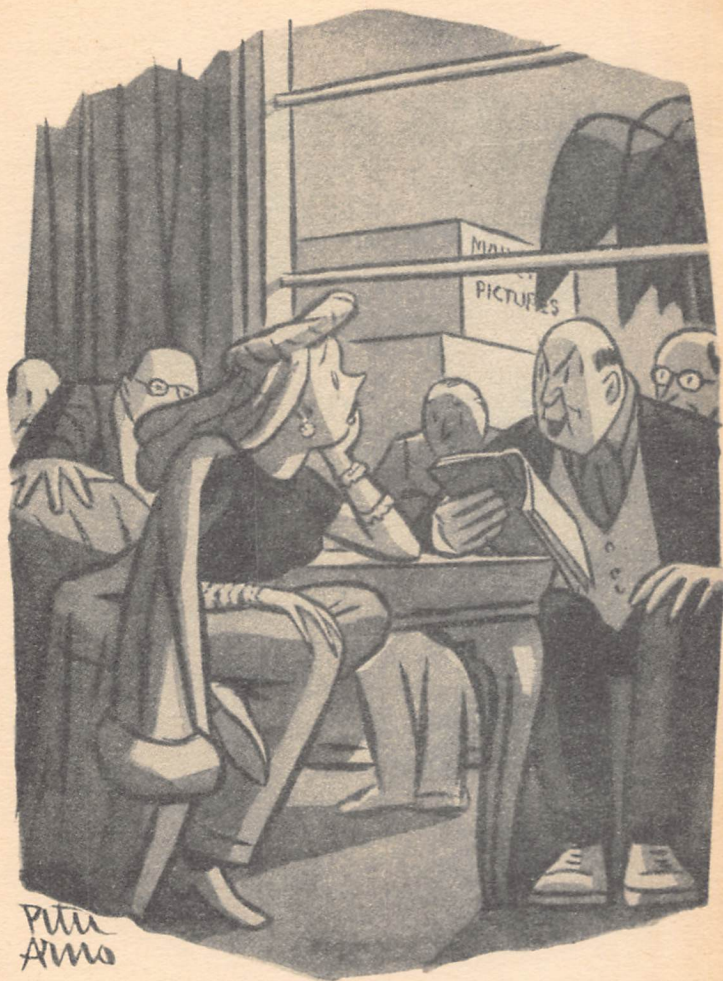
'What is the specialty here?'



*'Now don't expect TOO much. This is my first
time on skates.'*



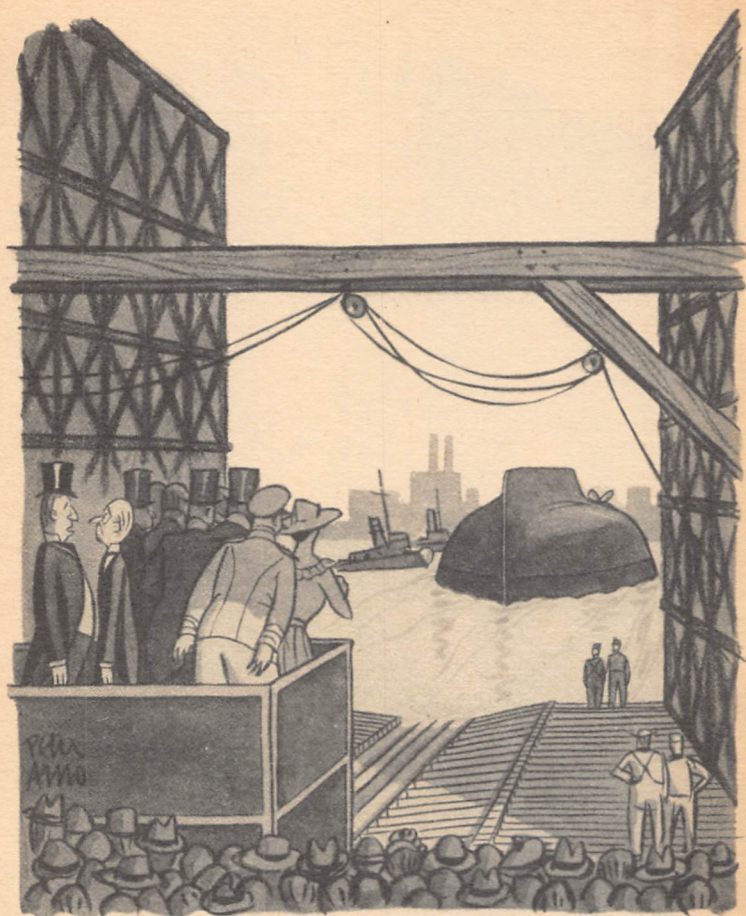
'I gave up my stateroom. A man can do that much.'



'... and now in this next scene you've graduated from medical school and become the most famous neuropathologist in the world.'



'Funny, I've been entertaining the same wild hope.'



'Well, what's the excuse this time?'



*'Where will it ever end, Miss Hartley?
Where will it ever end?'*



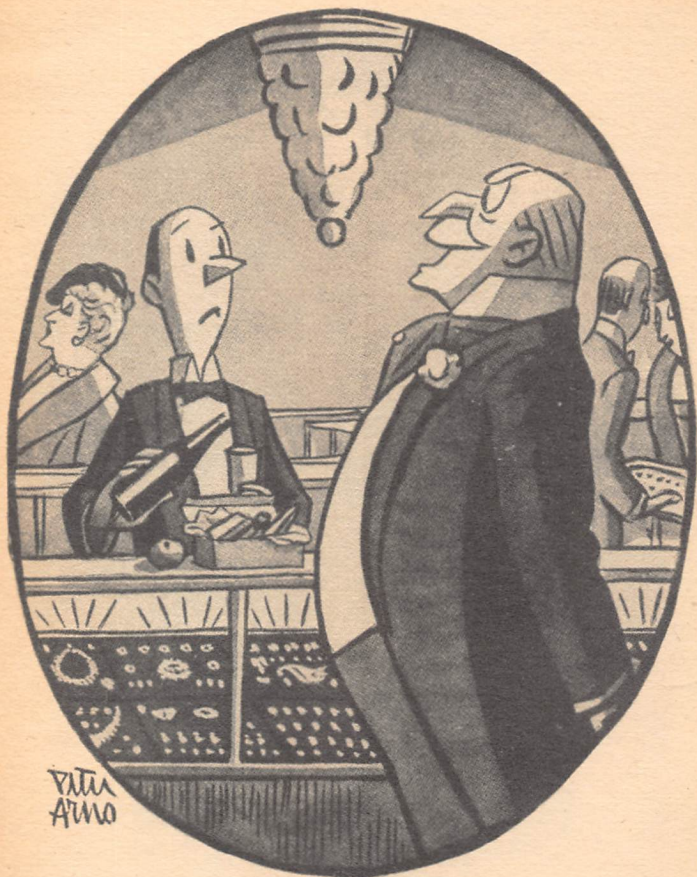
'Why, I can sing better than THAT!'



'Intoxicating, isn't it?'



'These yours?'



*'Dammit, Frobisher, if you MUST bring your blasted lunch,
take it to the medium-priced gifts department.'*



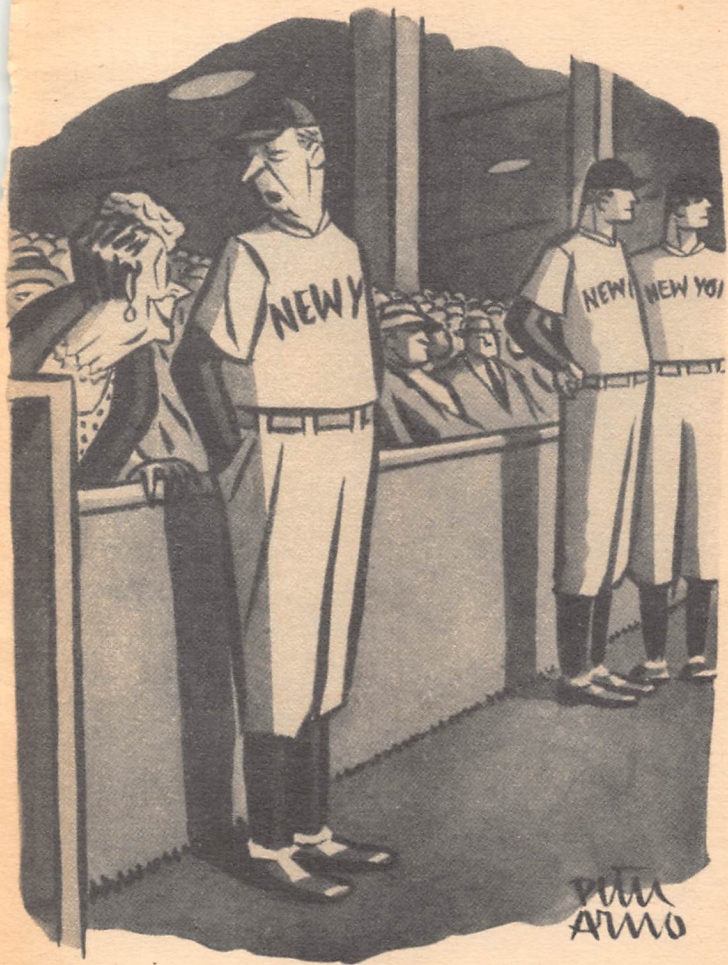
'But you're mistaken, I assure you. I was whistling for a cab.'



'You mean the Three Bears raised all that stink over a lousy bowl of breakfast food?'



'Talk about scurrilous innuendo! Take a look at this.'



'We do sell them sometimes, lady, but only to other teams.'



'Remember, Mr Kornheiser - no patting it smooth this time.'



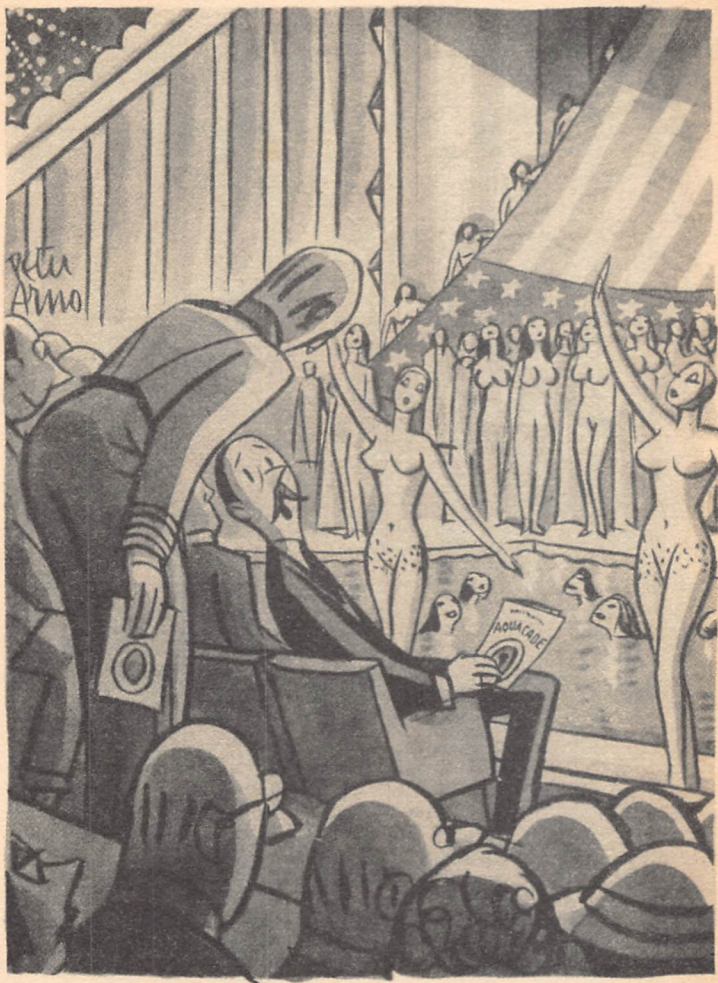
*'Look here, Greville, this isn't getting either
of us anywhere.'*



'Boy! That saved my life!'



*'Tell me about yourself – your struggles, your dreams,
your telephone number.'*



'I understood there were to be fireworks.'



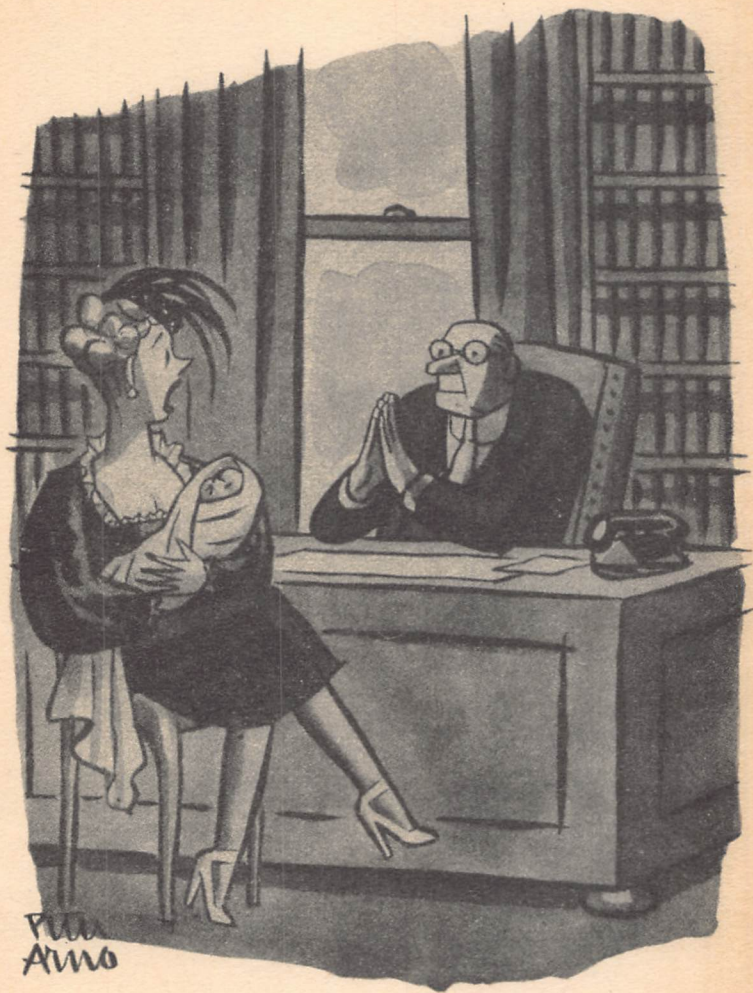
'He always was a fool for a pretty face.'



'Please! You don't understand I'm the lifeguard!'



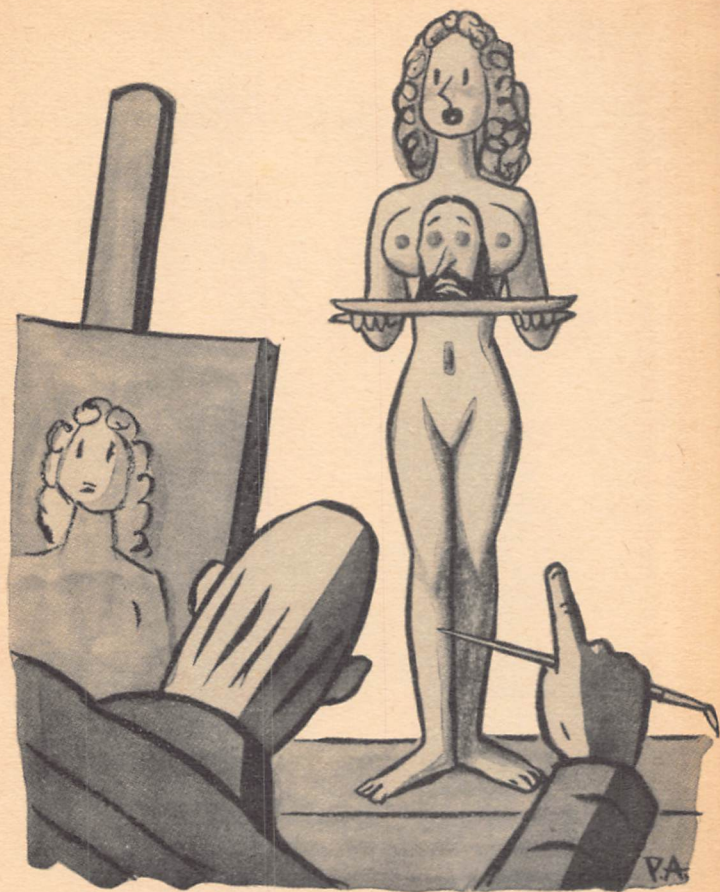
'You're a mystic, Mr Ryan. ALL Irishmen are mystics.'



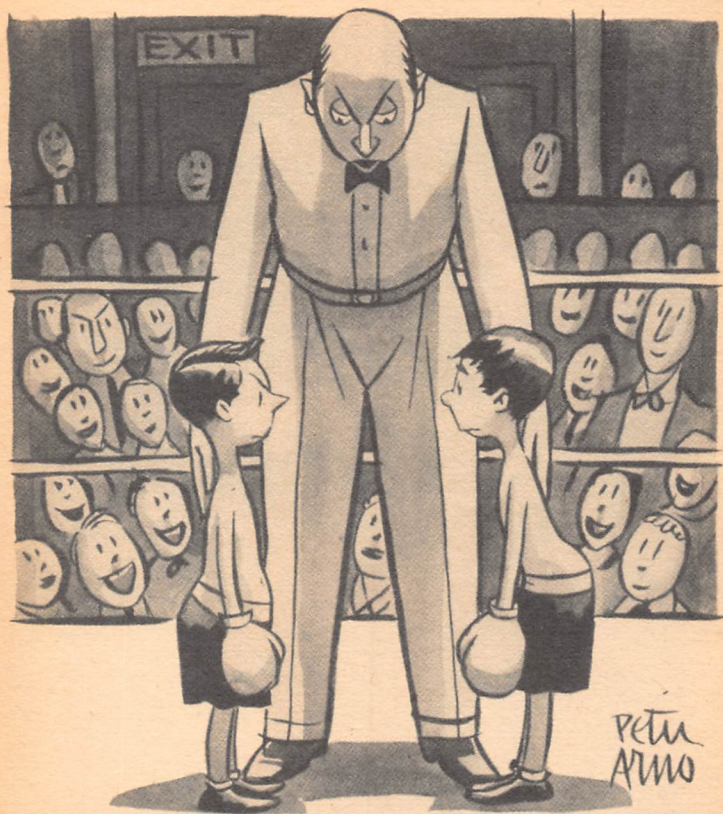
'... and now he claims diplomatic immunity.'



'Now, if you want to hand your husband a laugh . . .'



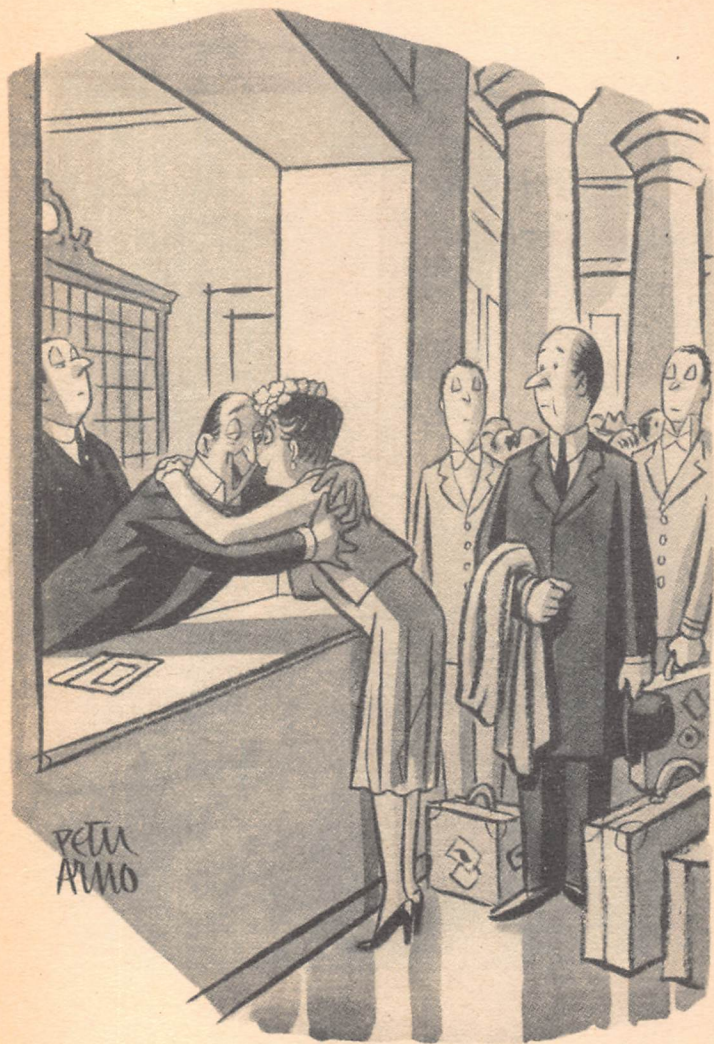
'Just a WEEEEEeny bit lower, Miss Snodgrass.'



'You boys know the rules. No low blows, no hitting in the clinches, break clean, and at all times keep your pants up.'



'Maw! Myrtle's back. Looks like she made good.'



'It's been delightful having you with us, Mrs Parkhurst.'



'I'll never know why they picked her! She's not at all musical.'

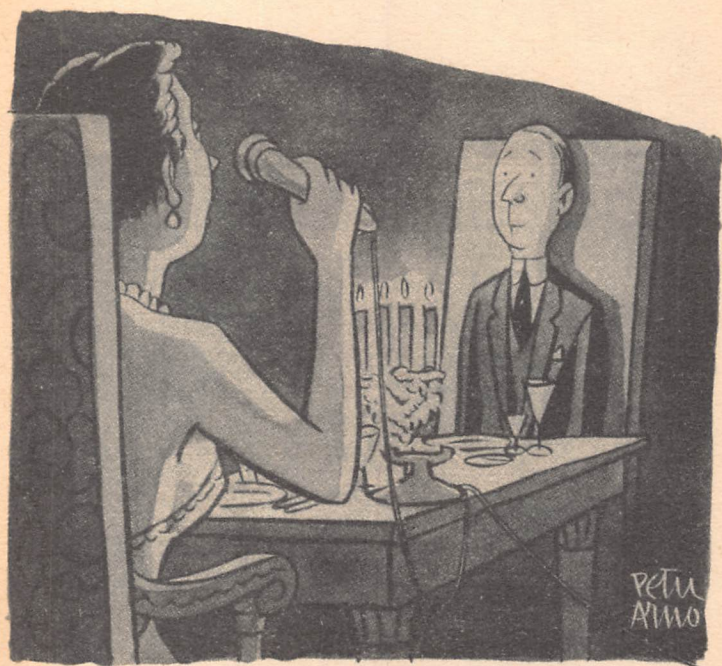


Peter
Arno

'Well! We track that old 'possum to his lair, men?'



'What ho, Murchison — did you bag him?'



*'There's someone answers your description at the Morgue.
Shall I say it isn't you?'*



'She's sort of a secretary. With the new tax setup, I figure she's only costing me eight cents on the dollar.'



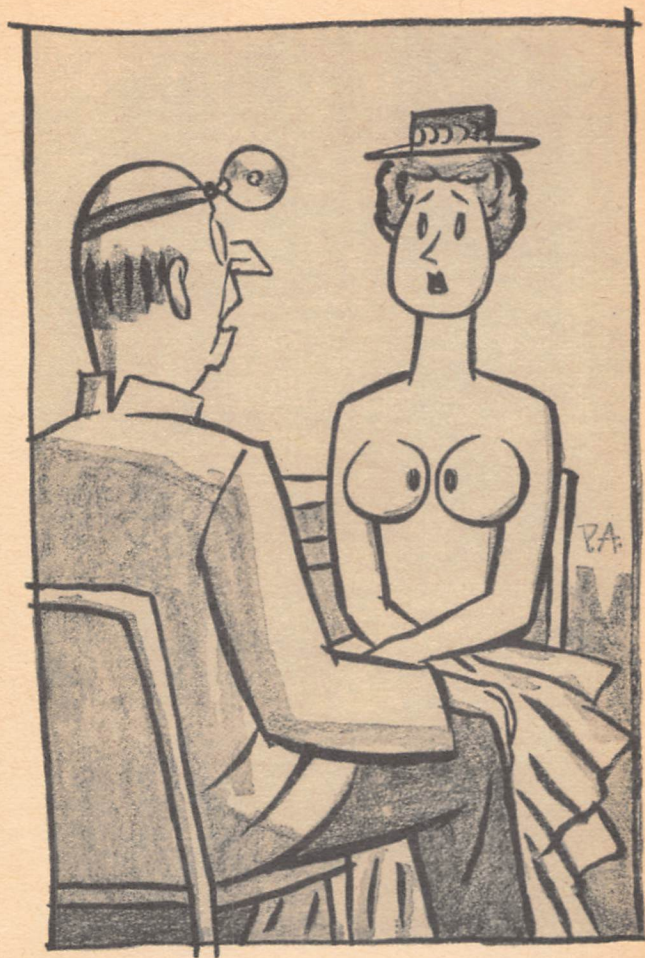
'I keep wanting to put you on a pedestal.'



'They're amazing!'



*'It's certainly one beautiful New Year's Day here, folks.
And it's a great game these boys are playing! And is the crowd
excited! Just listen to those cheers! Both teams
are lining up again . . .'*



'Have you tried an oculist?'



*'Mercy, the doctor certainly keeps you on the go,
doesn't he?'*



'Well, that's how it is, men. You just rub two dry sticks together.'



'Shoes by I. Miller.'

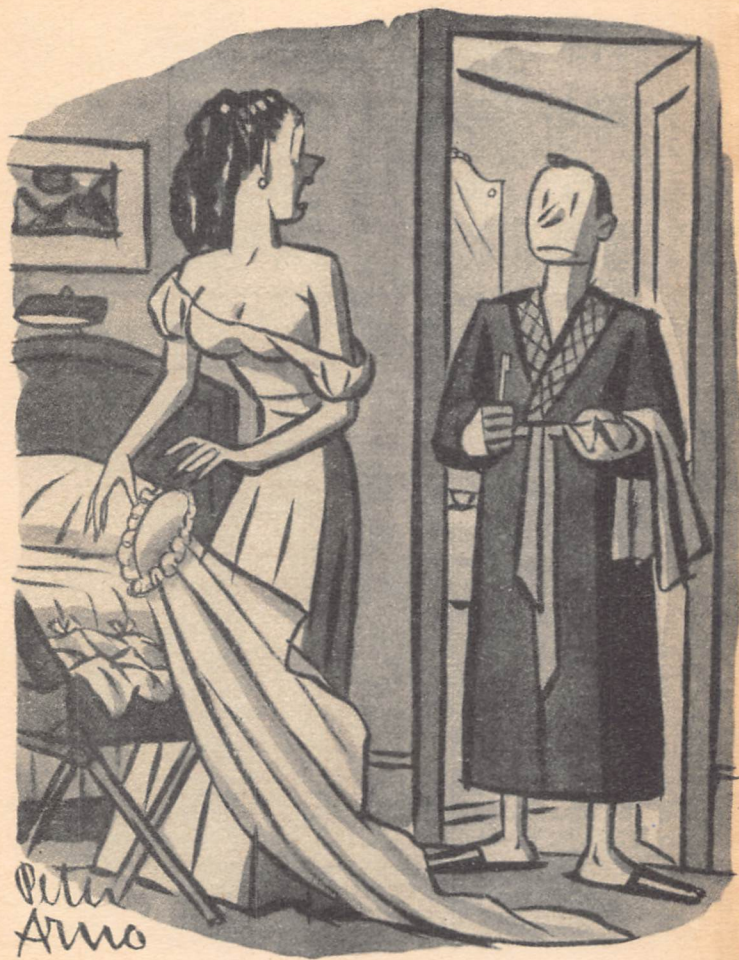


'Do you have the same thing in a cook?'

PETA
ARMO



'Thanks, no. I've had MORE than enough.'



'Why, HARRY! You're shorter than I am!'

Peter
Arno



'Sorry - this one's taken.'



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



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



*I'm not supposed to let ANYBODY see my Consumers'
Research Bulletins!'*

THE PENGUIN

PETER ARNO



Peter Arno was born in 1902 in New York City. He attended Yale Art School and the Art Students' League, but left after spending a month at each. He began selling his material to the *New Yorker* in 1925 and has continued to be a regular contributor ever since. He has also done illustrations for most of the widely circulated American magazines and for many national advertisers. His hobbies are painting in oils and candid photography. He considers New York to be the best place in which to collect material and prefers to work there.

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