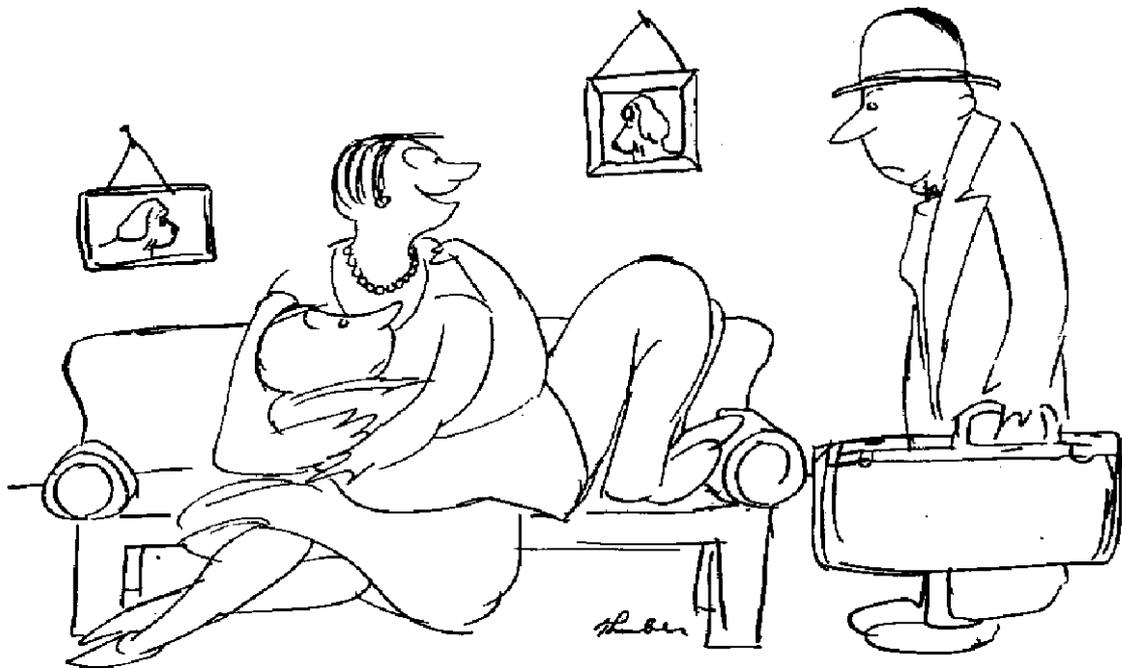
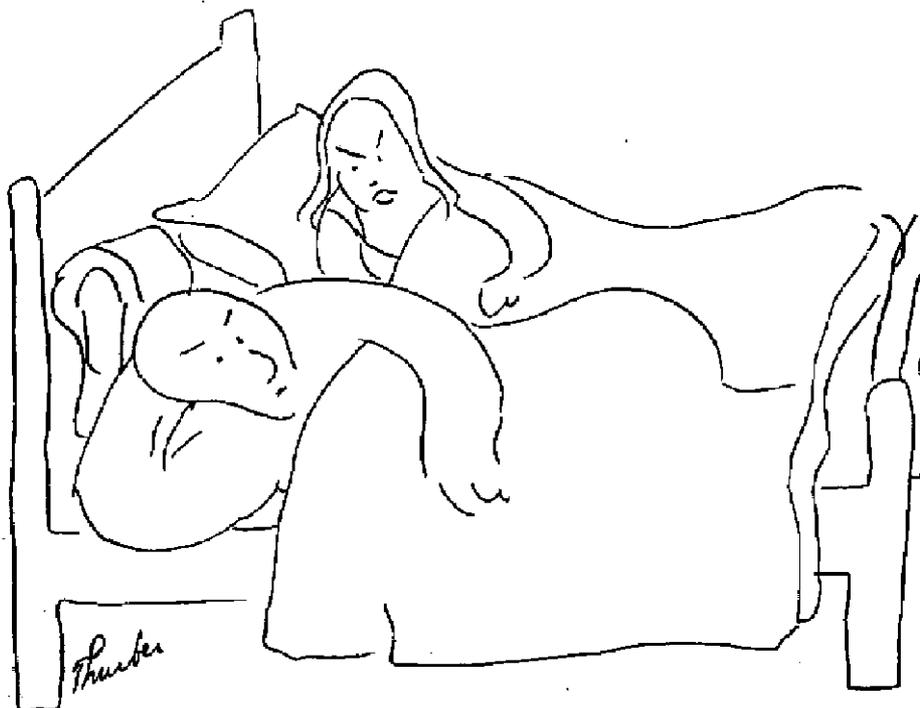


# A GALLERY OF DRAWINGS

JAMES THURBER



"I'm helping Mr. Gorley with his novel, darling."



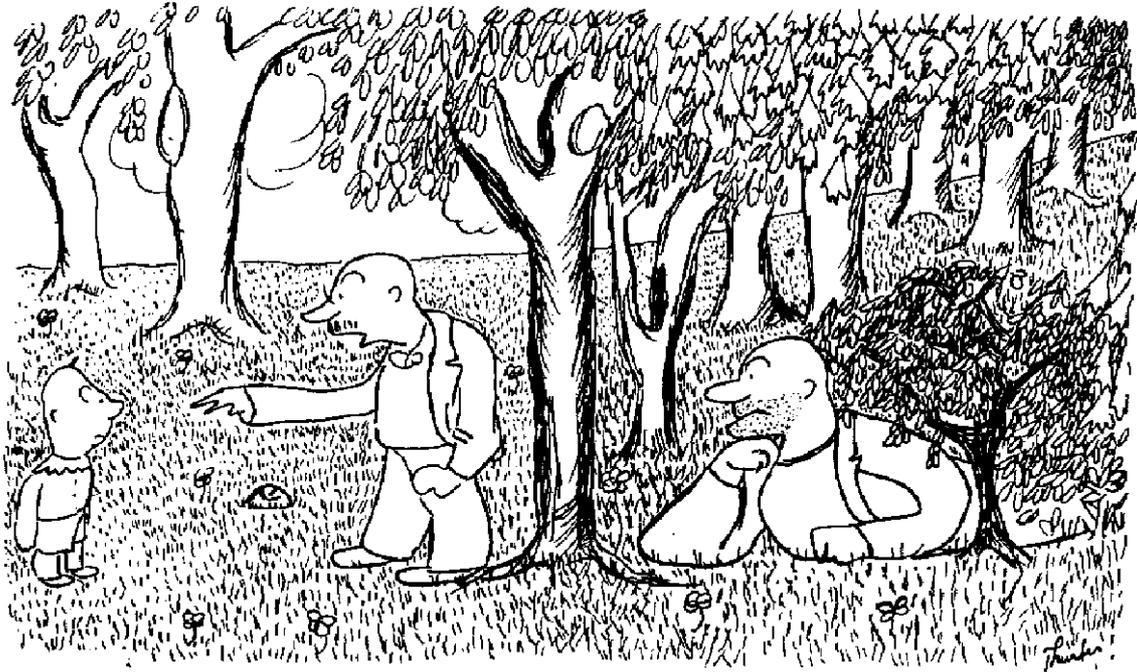
"Everybody noticed it. You gawked at her all evening."



"Why don't you get dressed, then, and go to pieces like a man?"



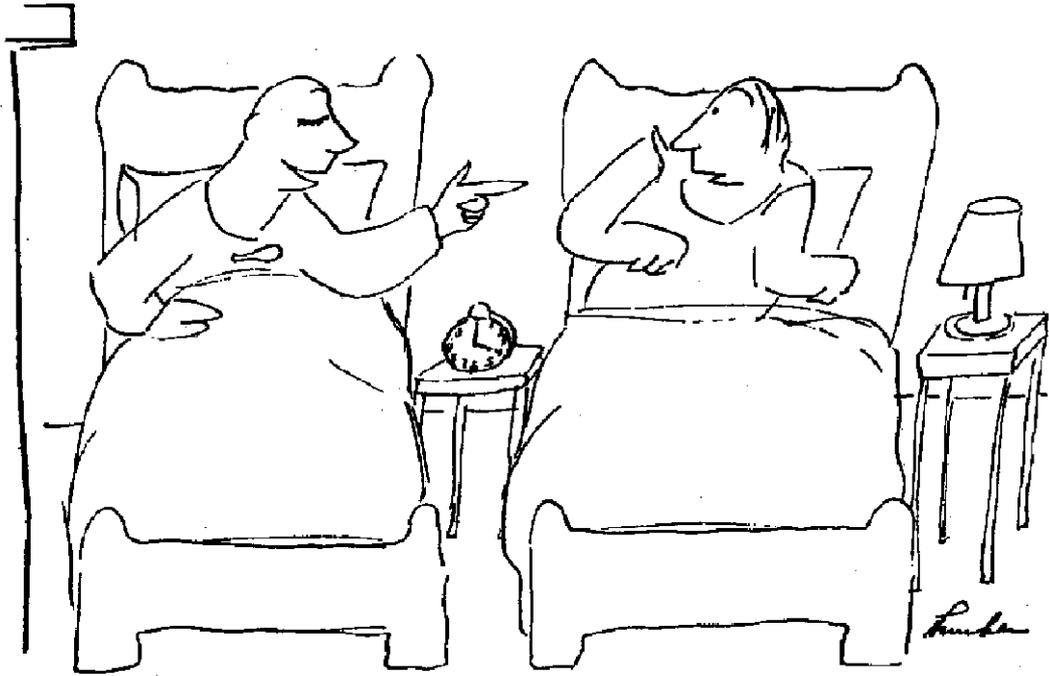
"I told the analyst everything except my experience with Mr. Rinesfoos."



"No son of mine is going to stand there and tell me he's scared of the woods."



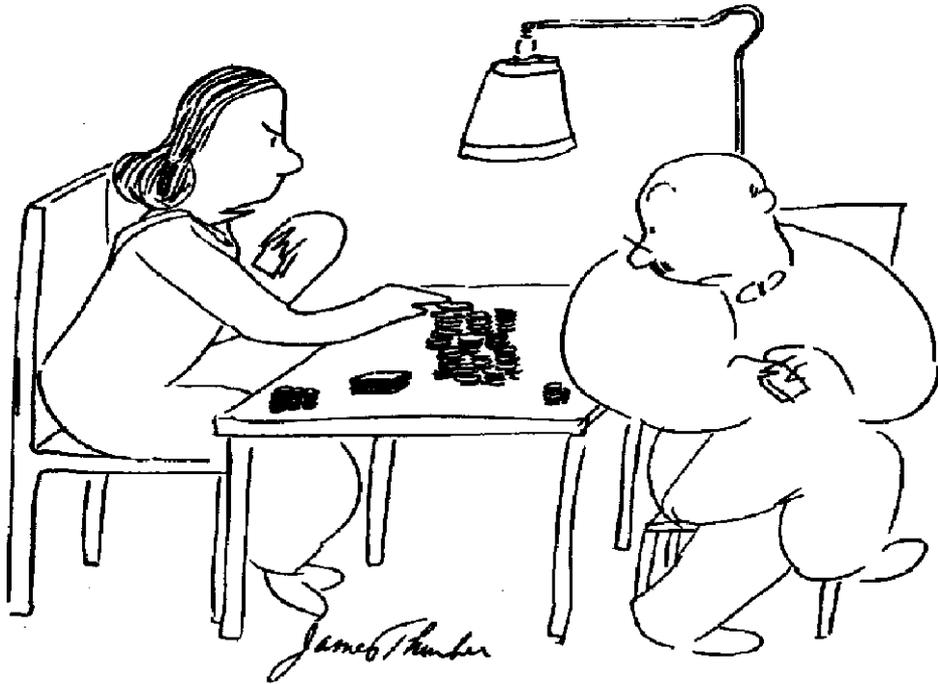
"Get a load of this sunset, Babe!"



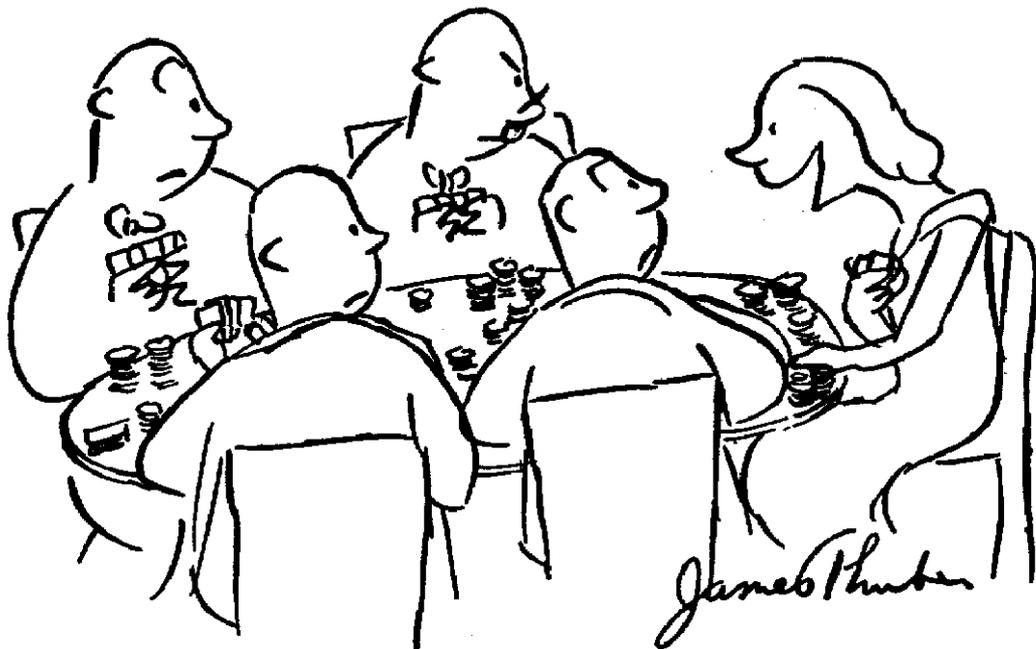
"Bang! Bang! Bang!"



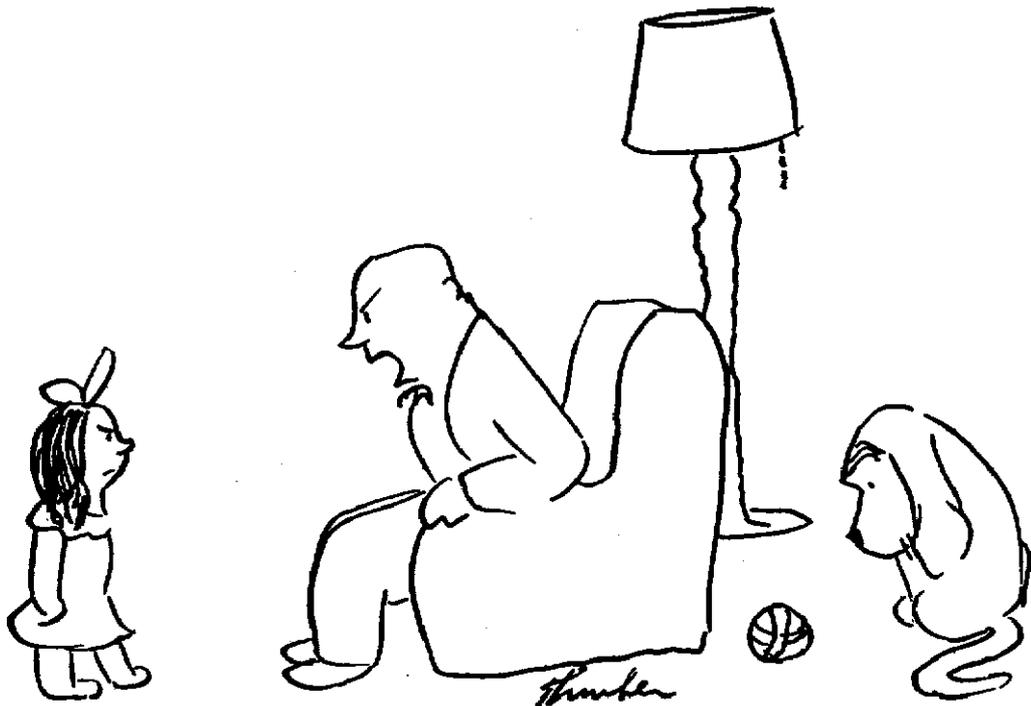
"It's Lida Bascom's husband—he's frightfully unhappy."



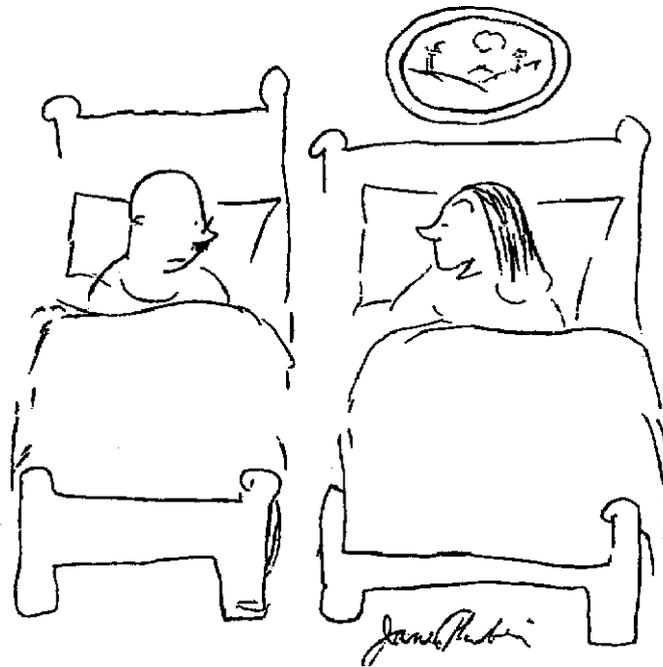
"Why do you keep raising me when you *know* I'm bluffing?"



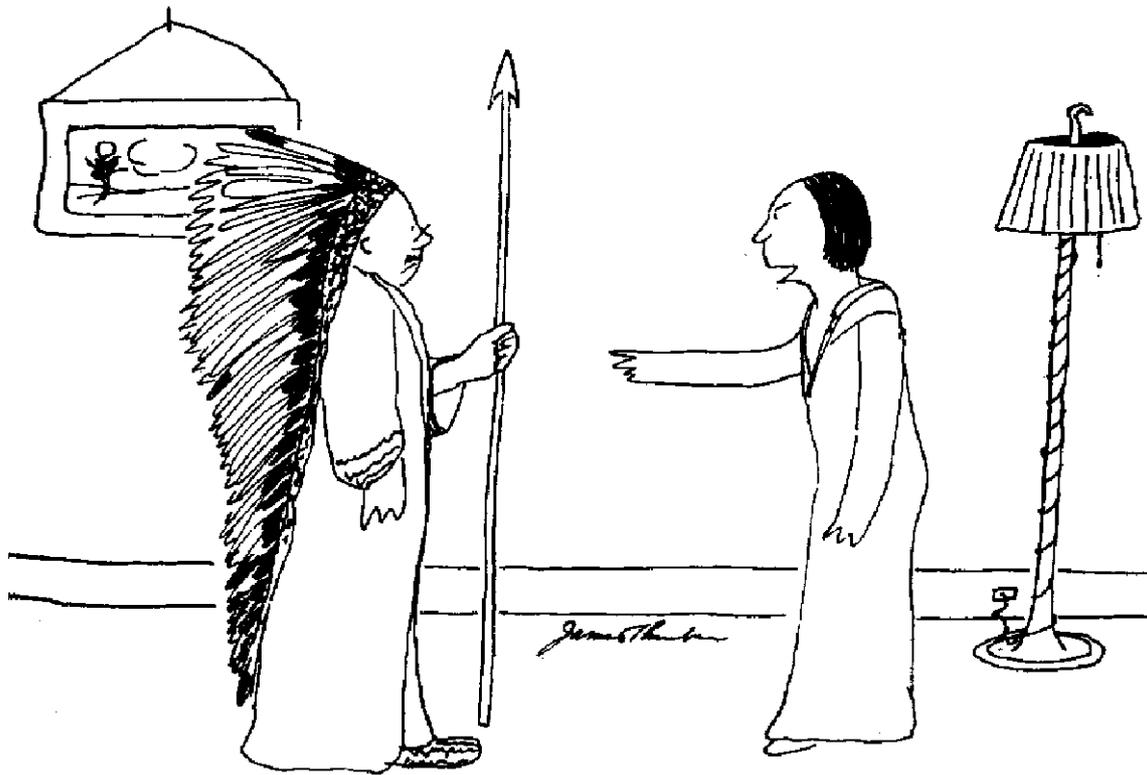
"What do four ones beat?"



"Why don't you wait and see what becomes of your *own* generation before you jump on mine?"



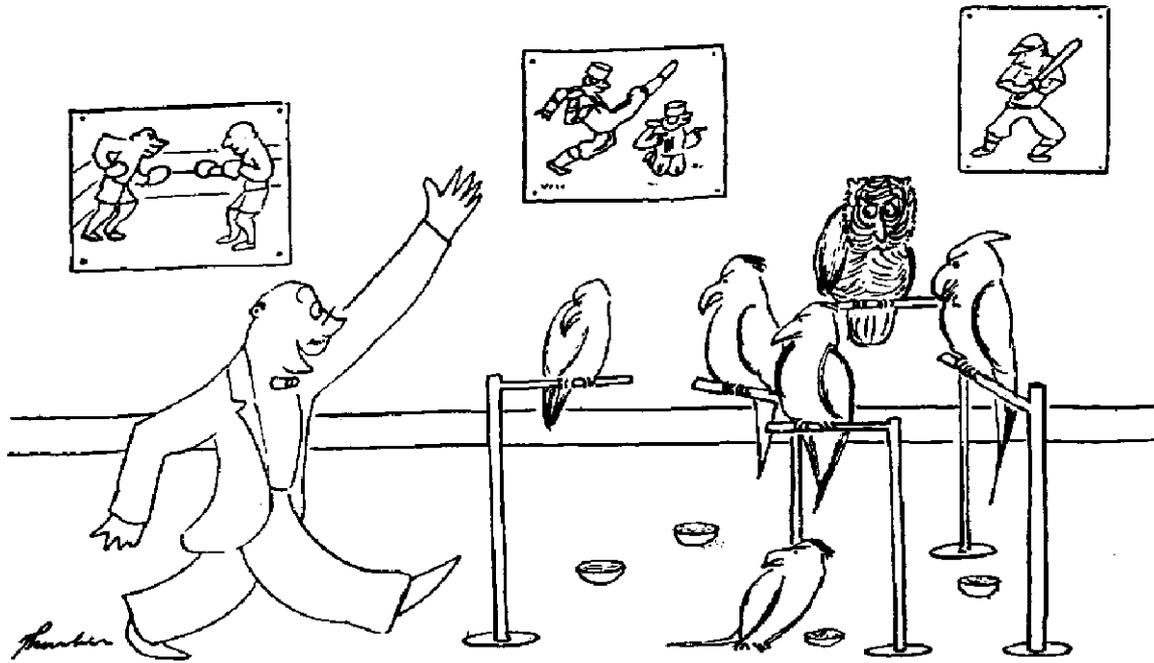
"You were wonderful at the Gardners' last night, Fred, when you turned on the charm."



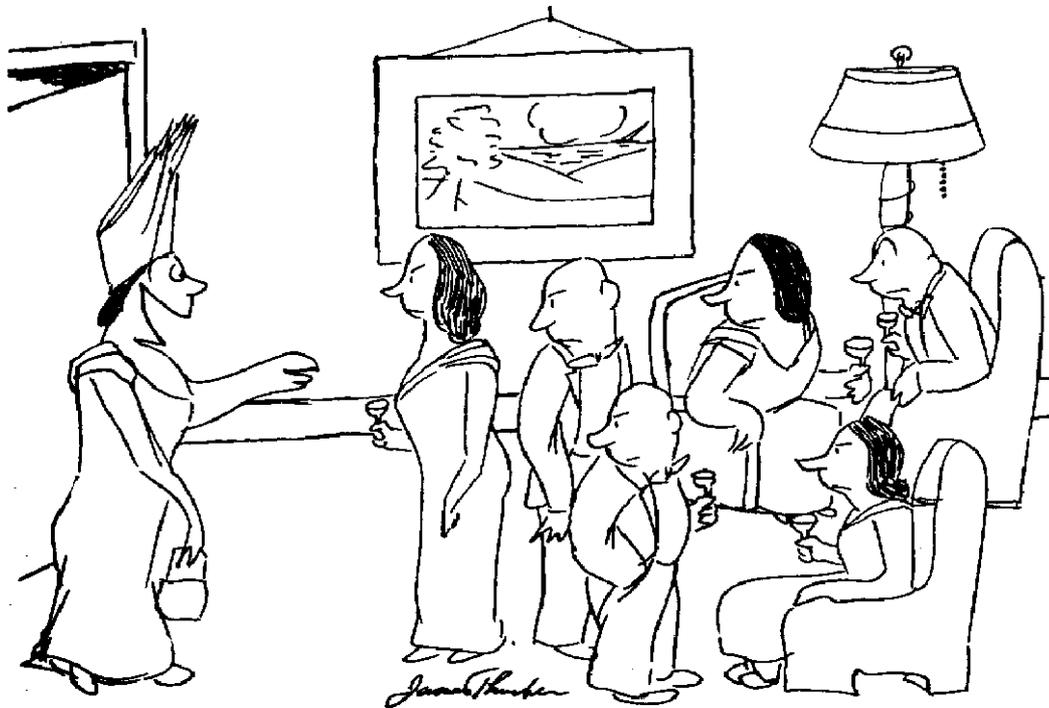
"You haven't got the face for it, for *one* thing."



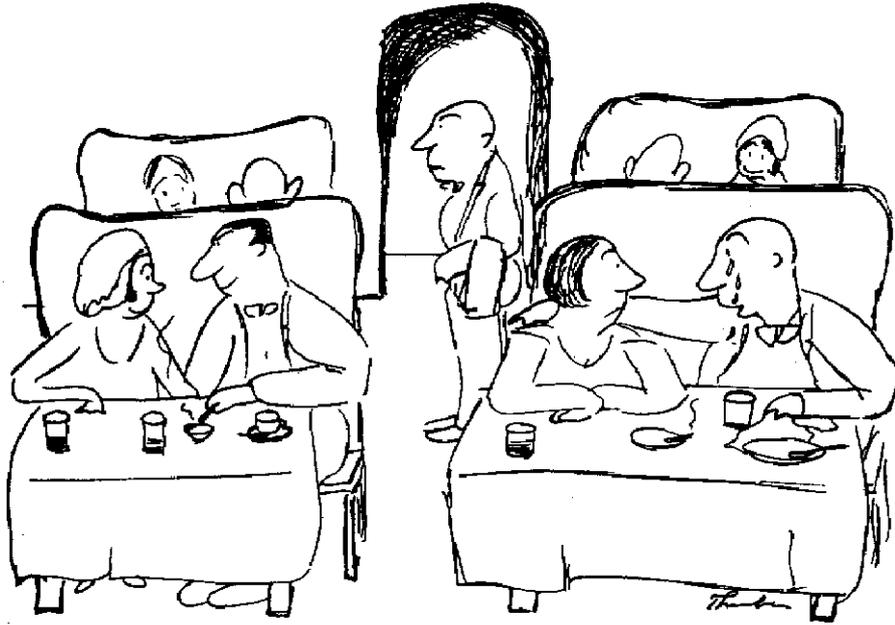
"Here! Here! There's a place for that, sir!"



"Good *morning*, my feathered friends!"



"Ooooo, guesties!"



"My wife always has me shadowed on Valentine's Day."

**END**