



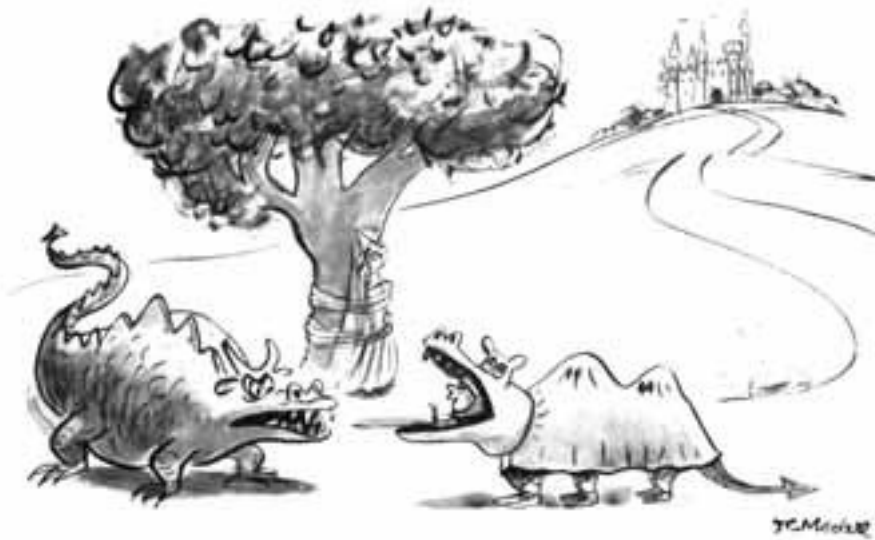
“ . . . the newspapers, the TV networks, the railroads, farmers, school teachers, truckers, firemen, policemen—in fact, gentlemen, the whole damn world is deadlocked on the wage issue. I never thought it would end this way.”



*“Are you sure this is the edition without the things
Mrs. Kennedy doesn't want me to read?”*



“This gentleman says that he had himself frozen back in the twentieth century, and that you’re his great-great-great-great granddaughter, and, please, can he stay with us?”



"It's all right, Gwyneth. It is we."



*“I hate to interrupt, dear, but you’re running
over into our recreation hour.”*



“Look, son, when you yell at me, slam your cap on the ground and jump on it. The crowd loves that bit.”

1967

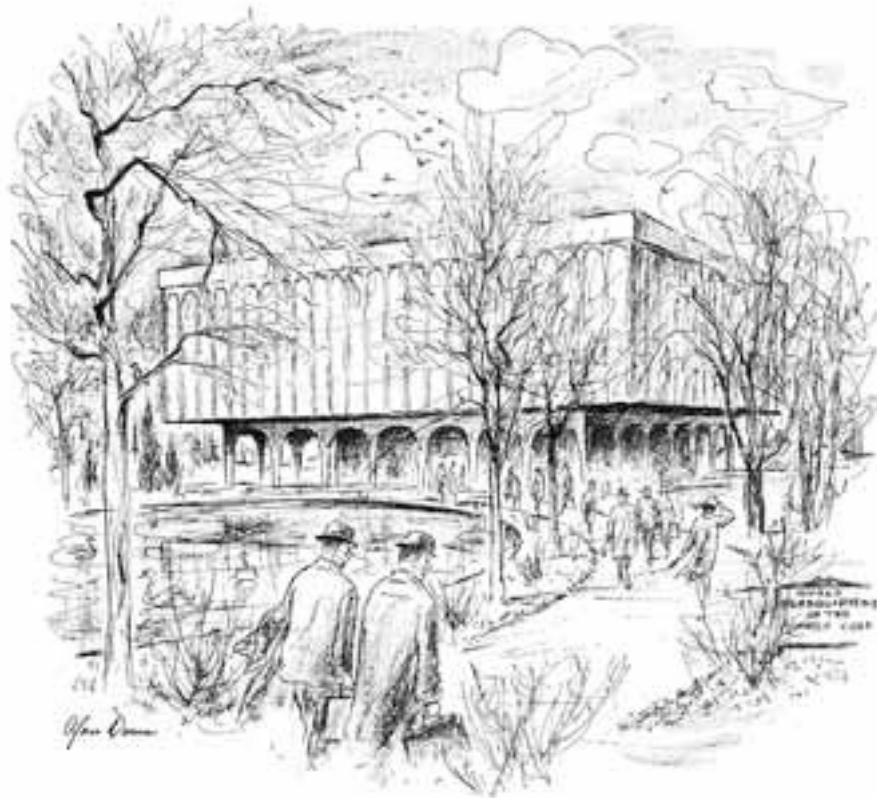
THE COMPLETE CARTOONS OF THE NEW YORKER



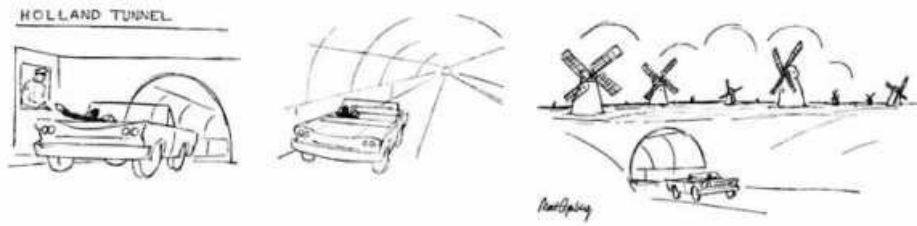
*“And just how in hell would you know
how much is too much for me?”*

William Steig (4/15/1967)

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“ . . . The leisurely train ride and the crossword puzzle. The throb of traffic. The dynamic, turbulent beat of the city. Restaurants, theatres, shops! Then the diminishing pulse. Neon lights flickering in the evening haze. Back on the train, homeward bound. . . . Ah, well!”





“That’s Mr. Cardinal from last year, but that isn’t Mrs. Cardinal from last year!”



Whitney Darrow, Jr. (4/15/1967)

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1967

THE COMPLETE CARTOONS OF THE NEW YORKER



“Darling, I have something to tell you. We’re going to need a bigger horse.”

Mischa Richter (4/15/1967)

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“This is the show, Madam.”



"It's just his way of saying hello."



“Man, you’ve done it! Right in the old empathy zone!”