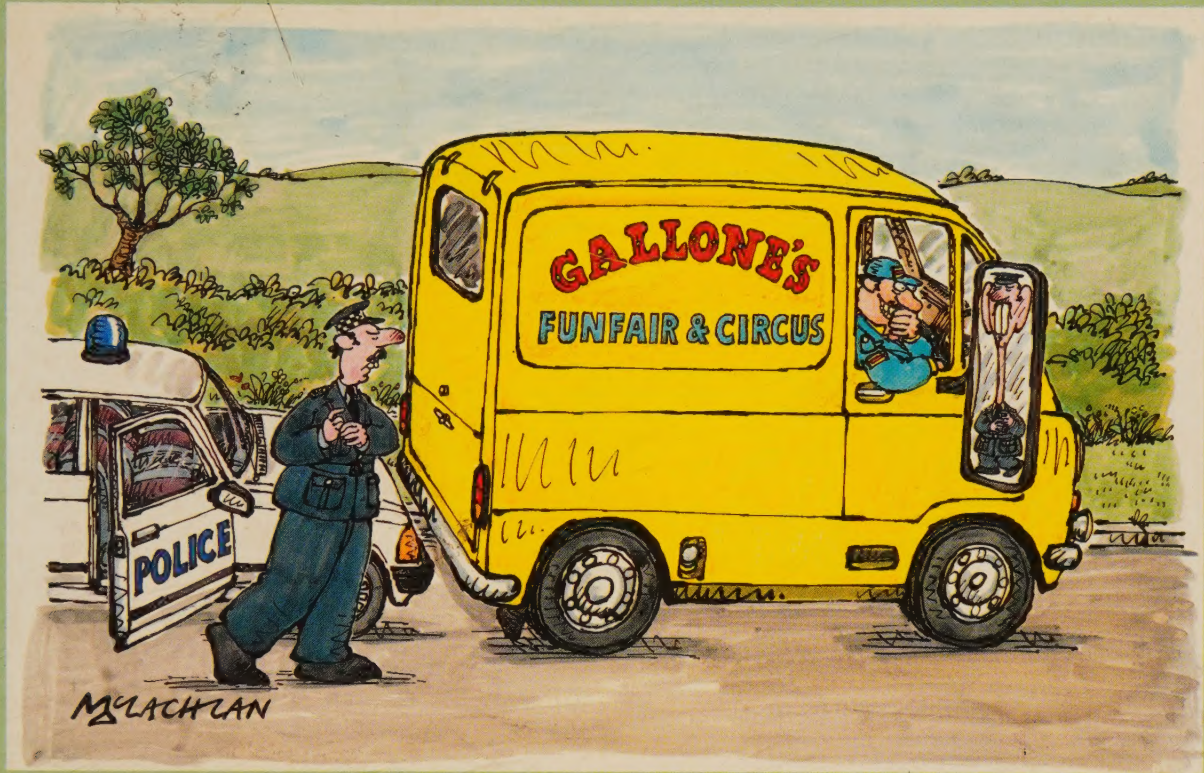



# DIVERSIONS AHEAD



PUNCH on the Road



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2023 with funding from  
Kahle/Austin Foundation

<https://archive.org/details/diversionsaheadp0000unse>

# DIVERSIONS AHEAD

## PUNCH on the Road

Edited by William Hewison

### **A PUNCH BOOK**

Published in association with

### **GRAFTON BOOKS**

A Division of the Collins Publishing Group

---

LONDON GLASGOW  
TORONTO SYDNEY AUCKLAND

Grafton Books  
A Division of the Collins Publishing Group  
8 Grafton Street, London W1X 3LA

Published by Grafton Books 1986

Introduction and selection © Punch Publications Limited 1986

*British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data*

Diversions ahead : Punch on the road.

1. Automobiles – Caricatures and cartoons

2. English wit and humor, Pictorial

I. Hewison, William

741.5'942      NC1470

ISBN 0-246-13062-8

Printed in Great Britain by  
William Collins Sons & Co. Ltd, Glasgow.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publisher.

# Introduction

---

Let's kick off with a little bit of motoring cartoon history. There was a time when the happy owner of a new status/sex symbol, i.e. a motor car, would have to curb his machismo inclinations to do a Stirling Moss down the A30 Portsmouth road and instead he would be compelled to dawdle along at nothing more than thirty miles per hour. His new engine had to be RUN IN, you see, for a couple of hundred miles or so, and not wishing to be sneered at as a doddering ancient who always ambled along at 30mph, our Mk II Stirling Moss would stick a card in his rear window with the message: RUNNING IN – PLEASE PASS. In those far-off days such back-window pleas were a common sight along the roads and streets of Britain, and whatever effect they had on the twitchy motorists following behind, they certainly got the nation's cartoonists – both amateur and professional – reaching for their dip-pens and cartridge paper. In just about every case these fellows had thought of the very same cartoon idea. The scene: a police Black Maria belting away down the road. The pug-ugly face of an apprehended villain is glimpsed in the rear window. Fastened to the doors is, yes, the notice: RUNNING IN – PLEASE PASS.

Now, honest to God, that cartoon, drawn well and drawn feebly, used to arrive at *Punch* with the regularity of a metronome. (It was never accepted.) It seems to have

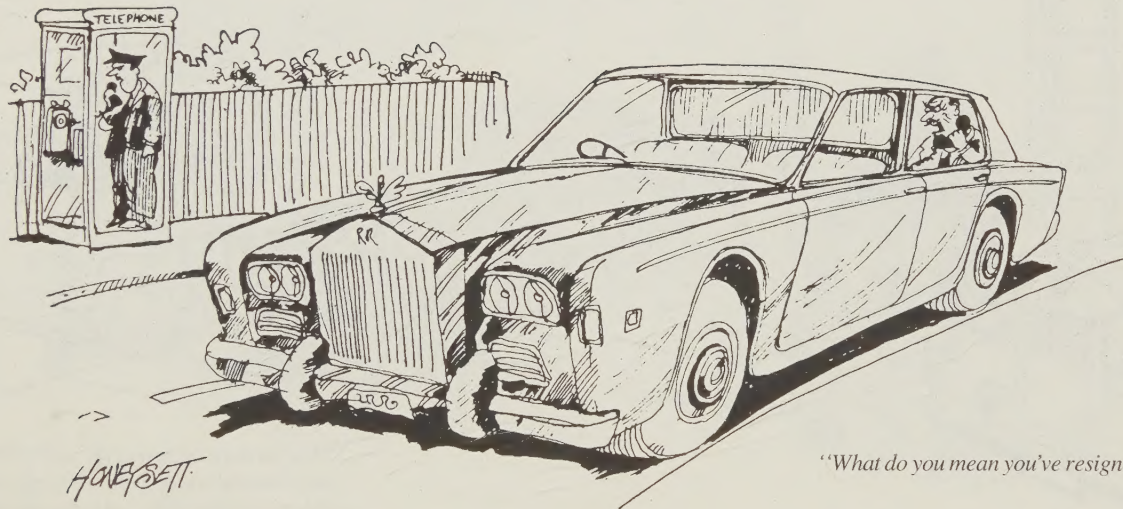
been the one idea grabbed by every budding cartoonist as he walked down the street. The professionals, however, have to cast their nets rather more widely, and the world of motoring in all its multiple facets and effects has undoubtedly allowed these inky toilers to serve up some lovely pickings. But what we have here in this selection, culled from the pages of *Punch*, is not only every aspect of the motoring scene in all its manifestations, but also a wide variety of styles of humour – this because the best cartoonists, plugged in as they are to the general form of drawn humour, are very much a series of individuals each with his own particular approach to the business.

There is also a high pile of different drawing styles because the nature of cartooning allows it; we quite happily put up with a whole range, from the cack-handed to the super-academic, provided the results are funny. The cartoons in this collection are there because to me they *are* funny.

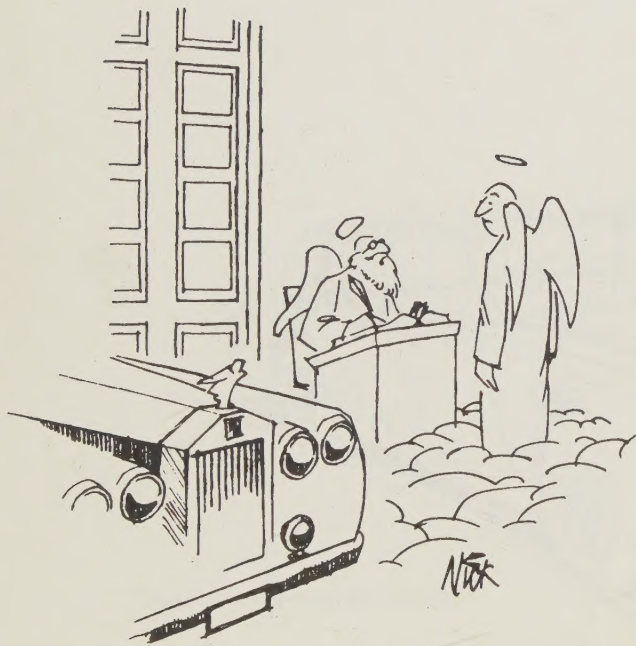
I will pick out only one cartoonist for particular mention: Russell Brockbank. He specialised in motoring cartoons; he caricatured every kind of vehicle with fastidious precision; he could make a car belt off the page at 100 miles an hour. Seek out his spread of drawings and you will see what I mean. Running fast – no passing.

William Hewison April 1986

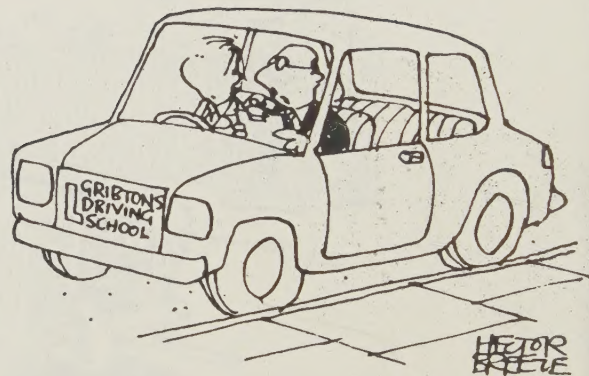




"What do you mean you've resigned?"

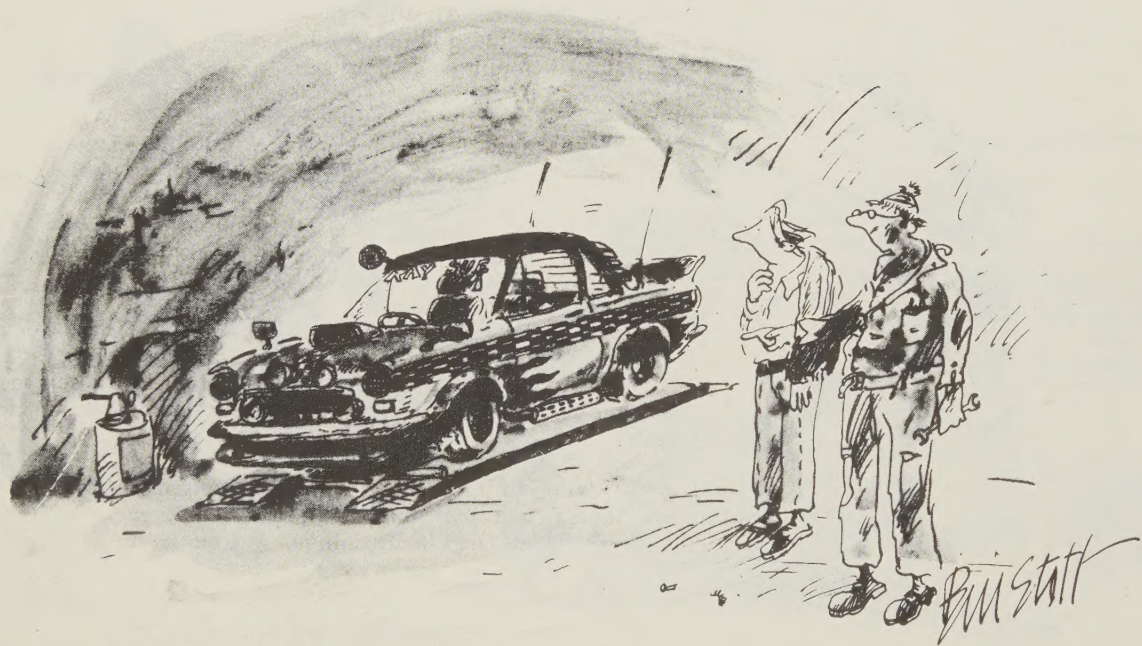


"Oh, come on – whose do you **think** it is?"

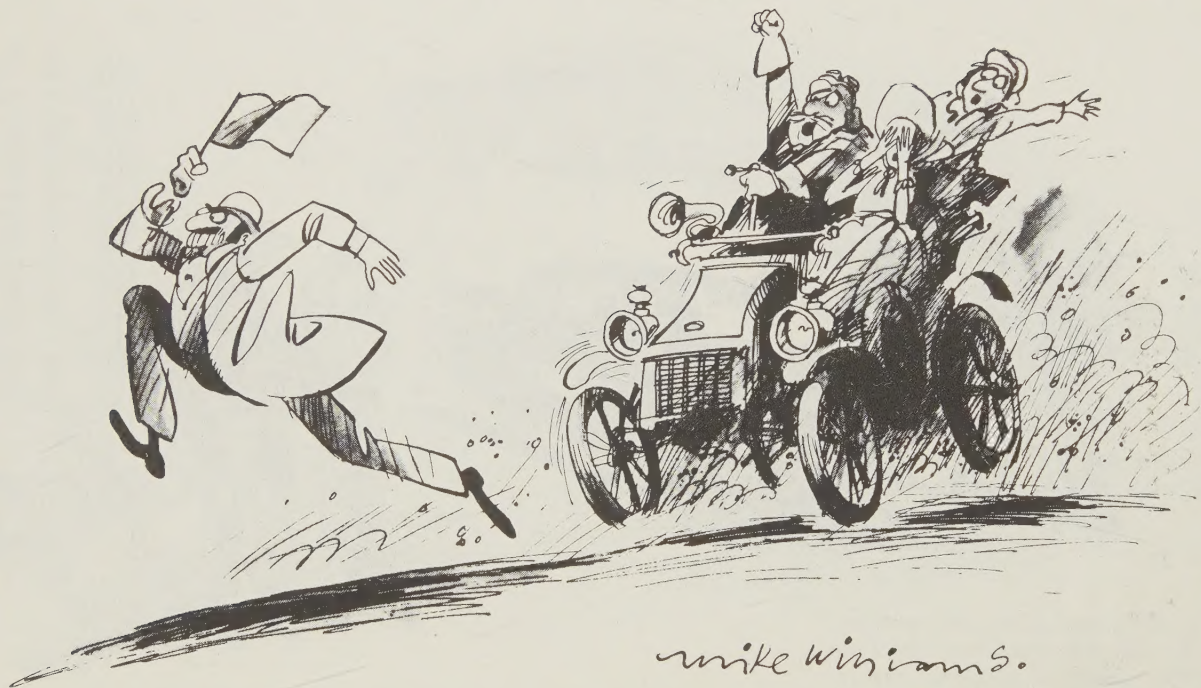


"And for the final part of the test I'd like to hear your scornful repudiation of the effects of alcohol on your driving ability, an indignant rebuttal of the arguments in favour of seat belts and a vociferous call for the abolition of the fifty mile per hour limit."

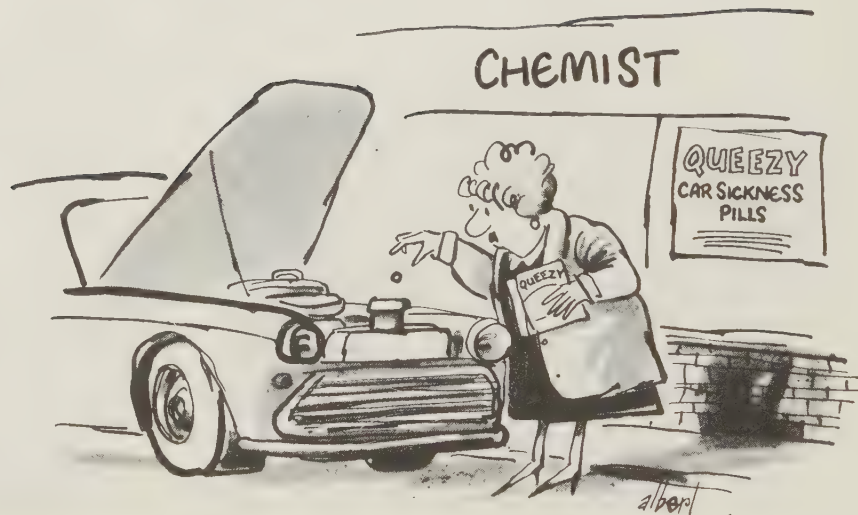




“...and as far as the power loss is concerned, I reckon if you ditch the air dam, the spoiler, power bulge, spot lamps, go-faster tape, stone guards and rally seats, you'd get another 30 mph out of it.”



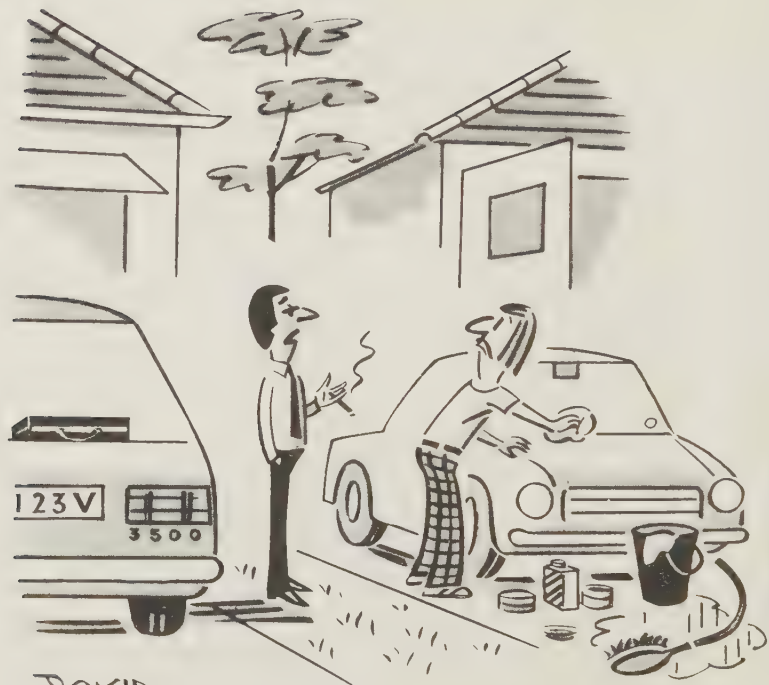
*"Parkinson! For Heaven's sake, man, stop or we'll all be killed!"*



*"Eamon here only needs to be run over by a 1978 Cortina for his complete set!"*





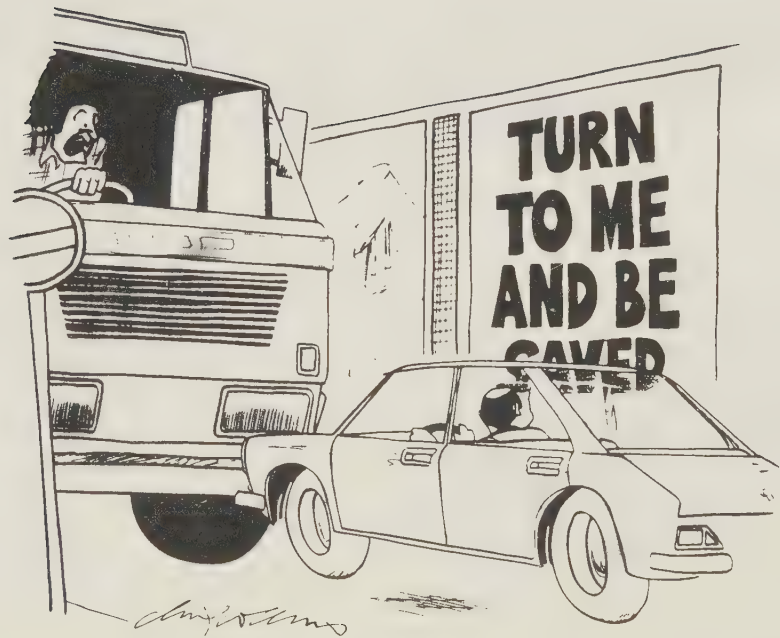


DAVID  
ANDERSON

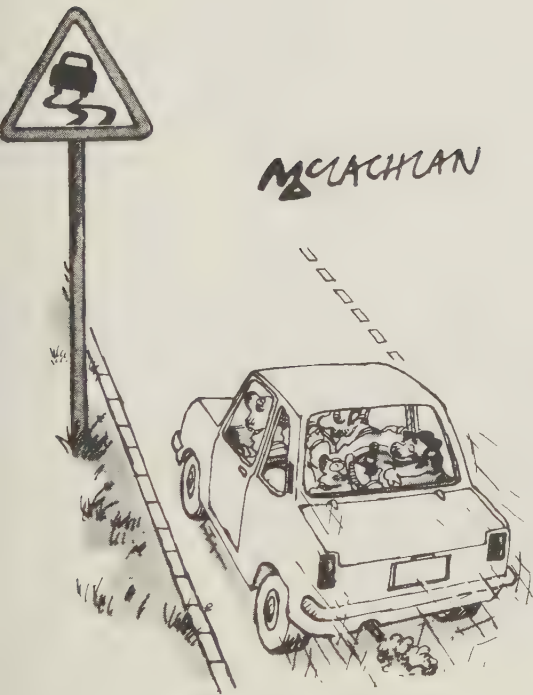
*"That's what I miss about a company car – the loving care and attention you devote to yours."*



*"We're wasting our time – we'll never dig it out before he gets down to the double yellow lines."*







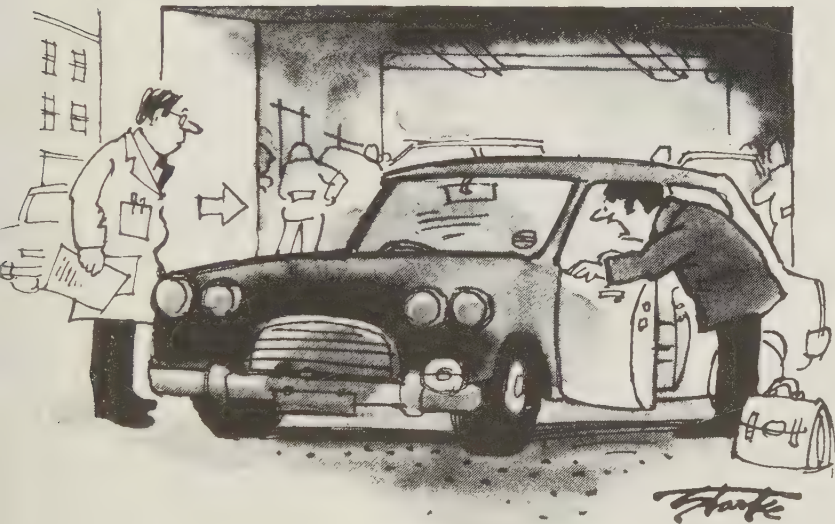
*"Careful, Wally, there's a drunk driver ahead."*



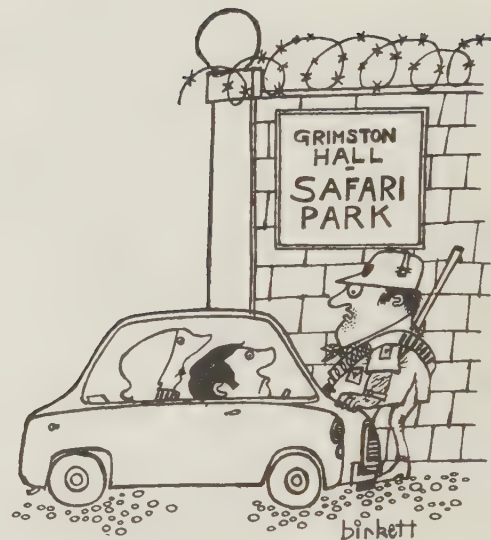
*"National Car Parks took it over years ago!"*



~~MARK~~ **SERVICING  
LUBRICATION  
AUTOS MAINTENANCE**



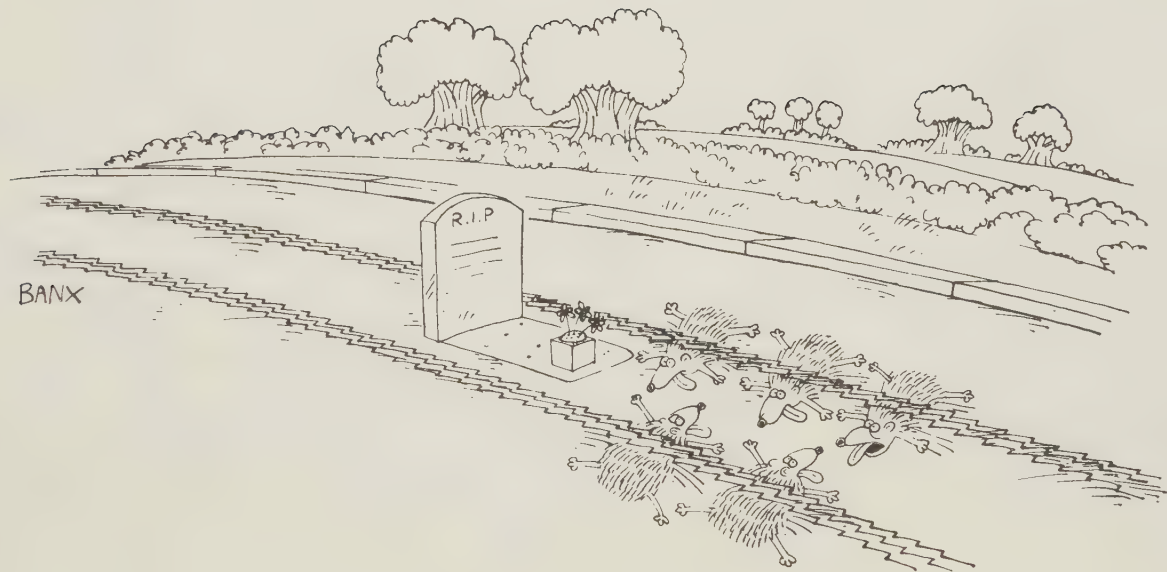
*"I don't believe it's been **touched!** Where are the reassuring oily finger marks on the steering wheel, the greasy smears on the upholstery, the smudges on the paintwork, the footprints on the carpet?"*



*"And for God's sake keep your windows up – the Duke has escaped again!"*



*"Sorry. I'm failing you on throwing away 'L' plates."*



*"I told you it was a bloody stupid place to hold a funeral!"*



de la Nougerede

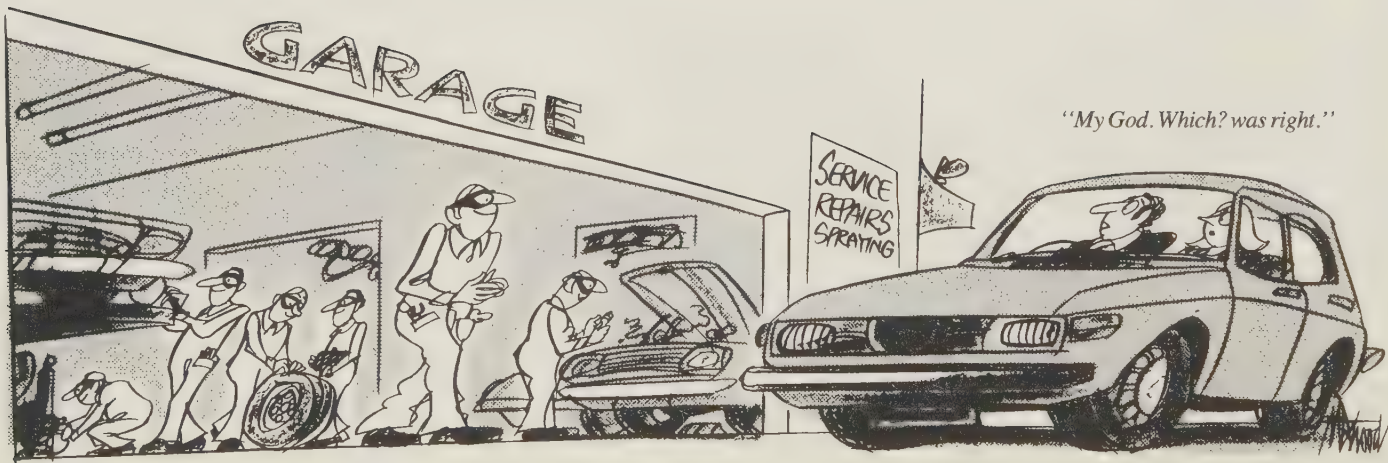


"Is it true you're a famous racing driver?"



*"I'll multiply by five and divide by eight one more  
time, Dad, and then you're on your own."*

DAVID  
LANGDON

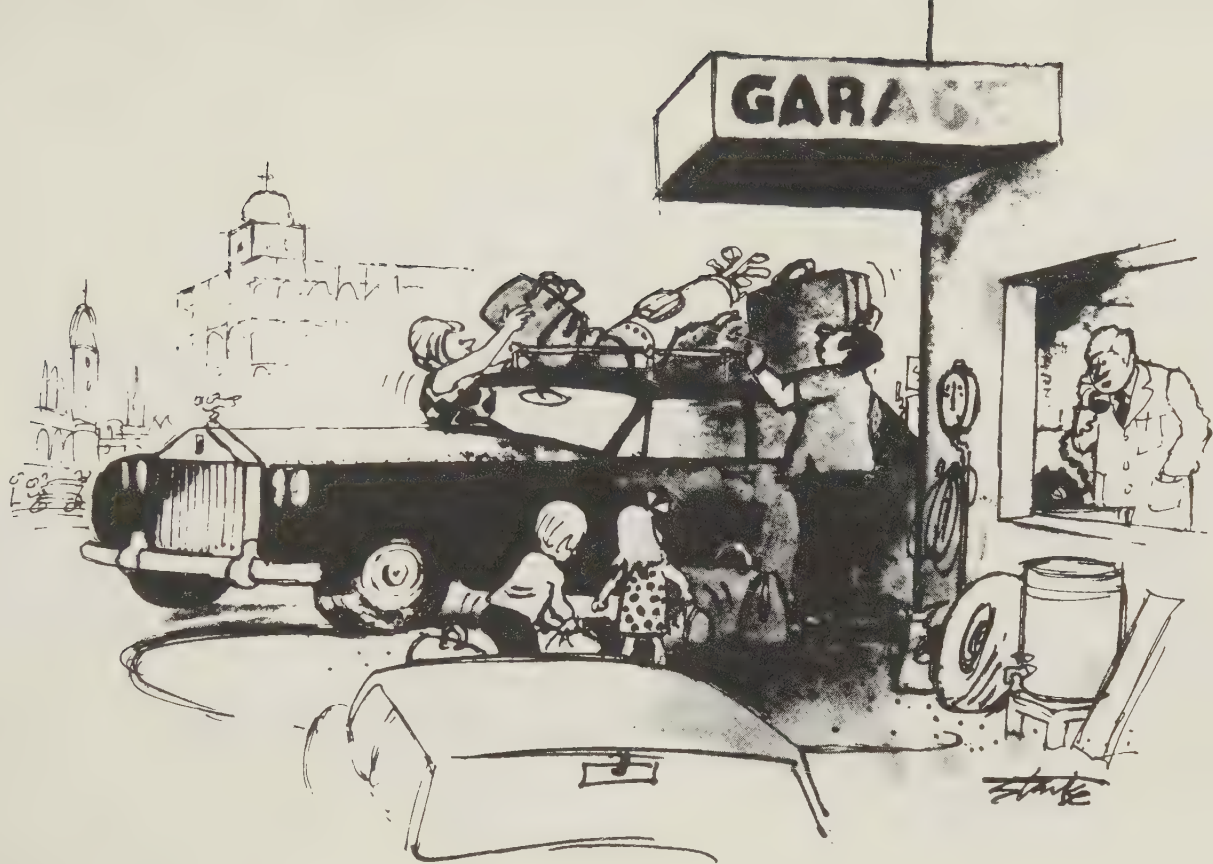


GARAGE

SERVICE  
REPAIRS  
SPRAYING

"My God. Which? was right."





*"Your car will be ready in a couple of weeks, sir. Our senior partner is personally handling the final series of road tests."*





the lovel

*"I've located the trouble - loose change on the bedside table!"*

*"We could have had a Rolls, but who  
wants a car that only **whispers** that  
you're filthy rich?"*

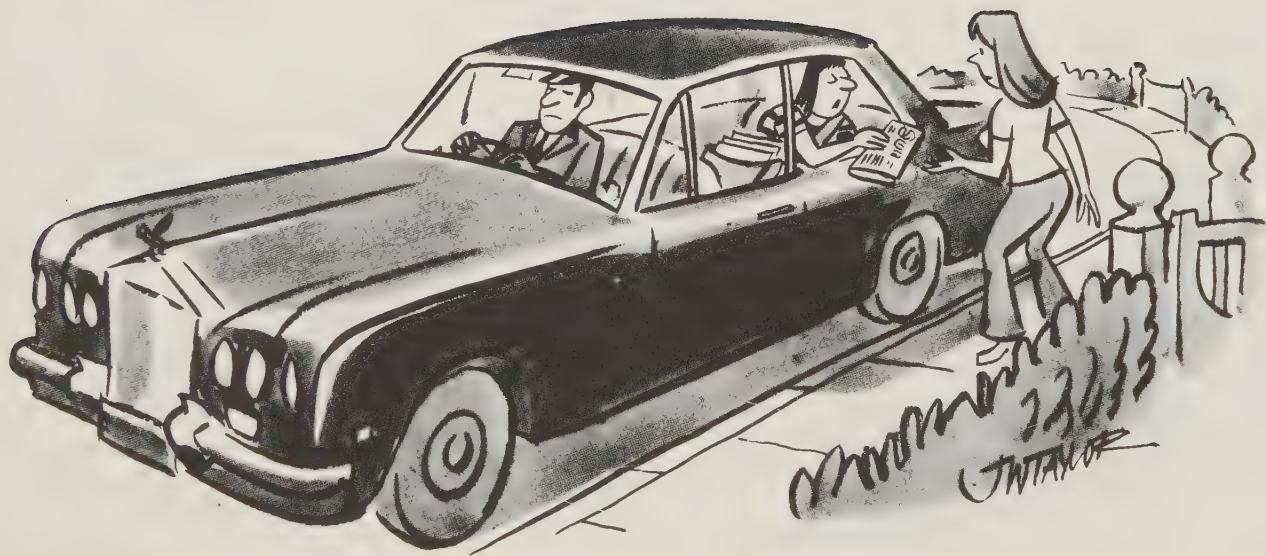




DRIEEN



*"Isn't it the same one you abandoned on the M6?"*



*"The old man insisted I should begin as he did – with a paper round."*



"Car keys!"





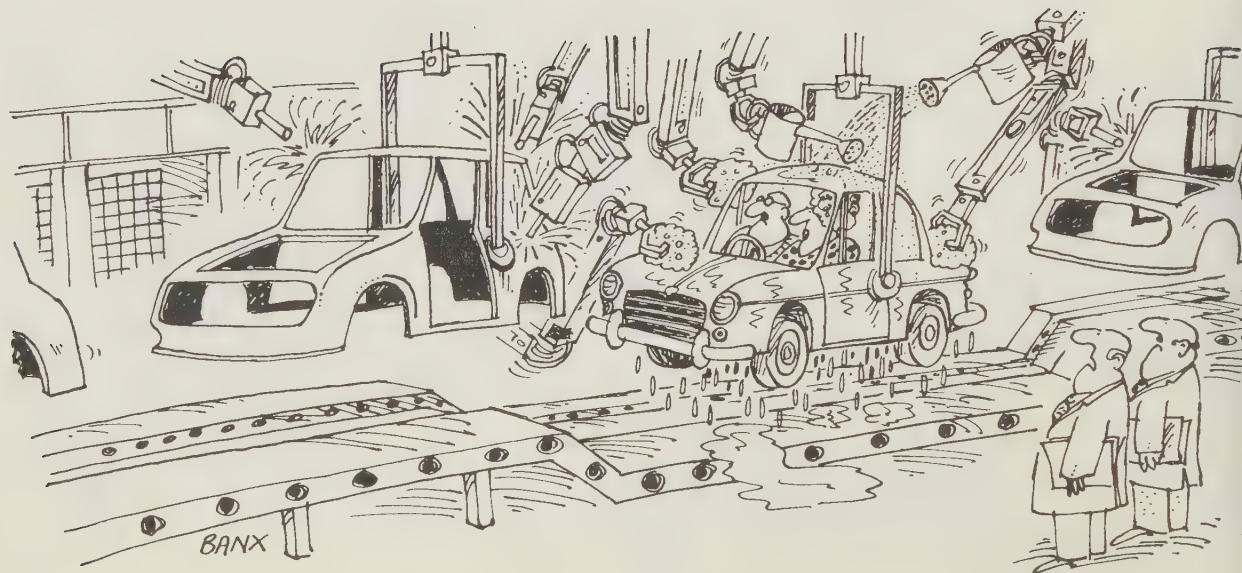
*"I was wondering if, perhaps, your clutch adjustment could wait?"*



*"Well, at least they didn't get your Theftlock."*

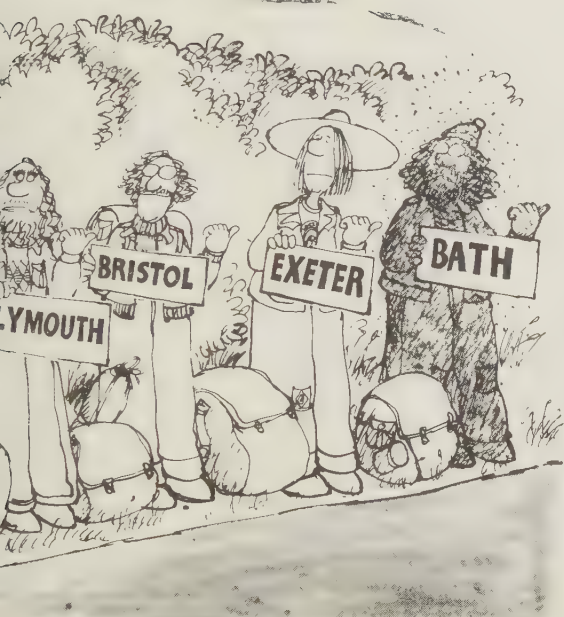


*"I'm going to slip into something more comfortable."*



... "I'll have the same problems with moonlighting."

LACHLAN



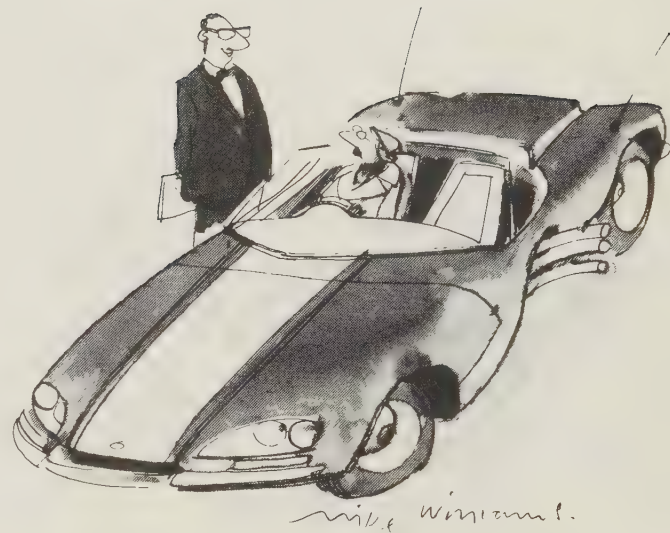
*"Isn't that interesting  
Derek? The Marsdens  
are occasional  
pedestrians too."*



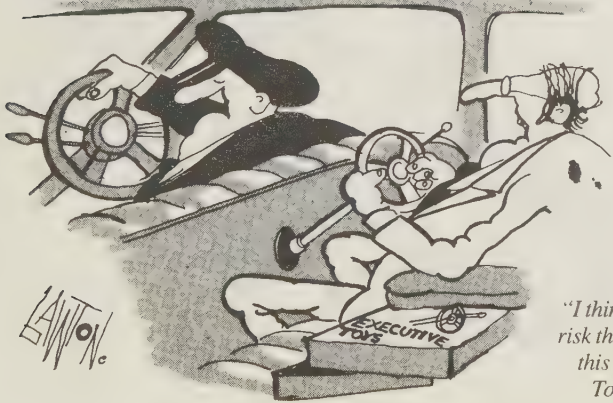
DONEGAN



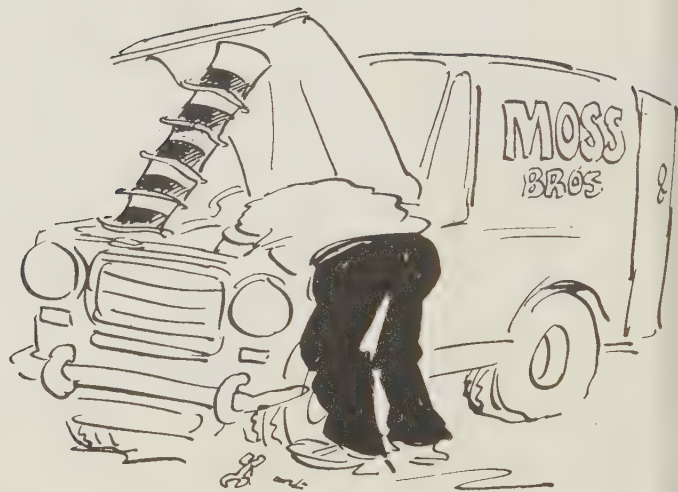
*"Personally I can't see what's so marvellous about being able to use the firm's car."*



"I feel the only question Sir has to ask himself is if Sir is prepared for the amount of crumpet Sir will attract."



*"I think we might  
risk the motorway  
this morning,  
Tomkins."*



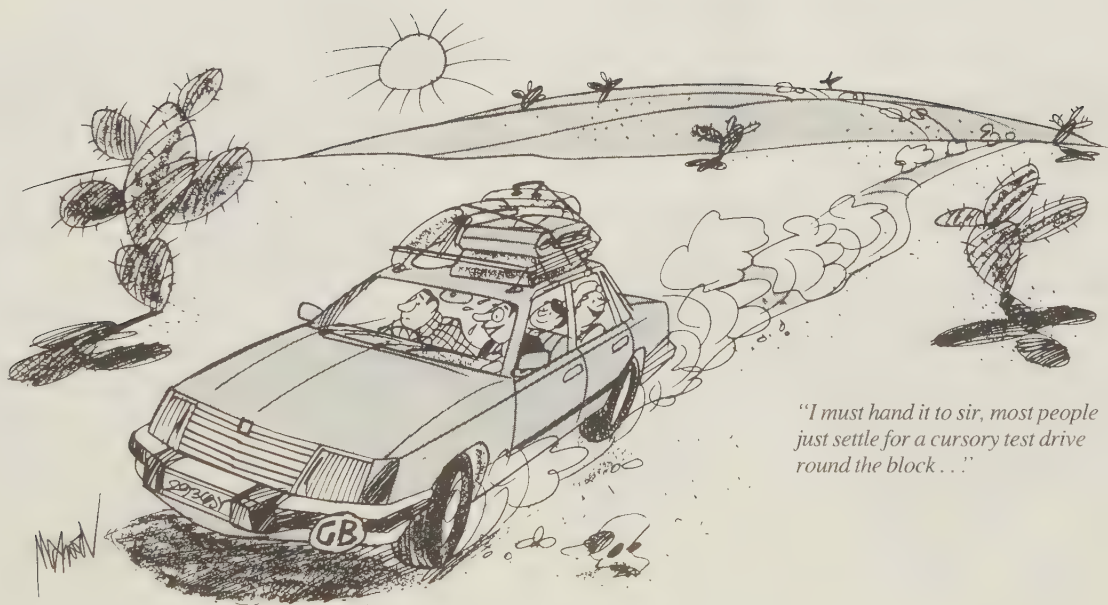




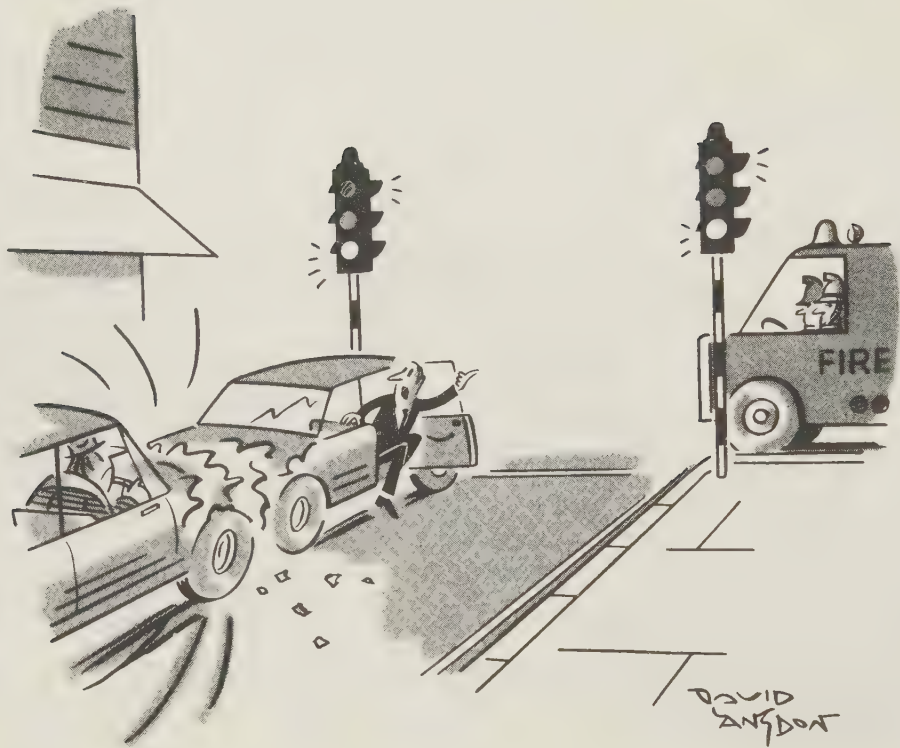
*"He jumped the twenty-four perfectly – unfortunately there was another one behind."*



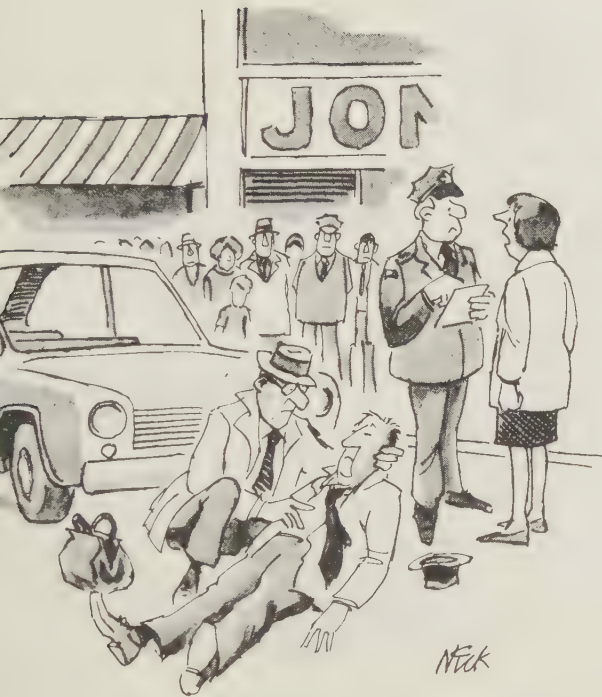
*"Listen! There it is again – that persistent, dull knocking sound."*



*"I must hand it to sir, most people  
just settle for a cursory test drive  
round the block..."*



*"Their fault, stopping at a red light!"*



NEEK

*"He was just directing his feet to the sunny side of the street."*



NEEK

*"First left over the bridge, second right past the church, then straight on until you come to the roundabout, third exit out of that, keep left at the fork and it's the fourth turning on the right after you pass the milk depot."*



*"Cross-ply are O.K. But I find I get more  
mileage out of radials."*





*"I suppose business **really** picked up when they replaced the old Dangerous Bend sign with the one in Welsh."*



"My car!"



"Shouldn't you be back at the station ignoring alarm calls?"





"...and finally, 'H' as in 'Horse'. I'm stuck just outside the railway station."



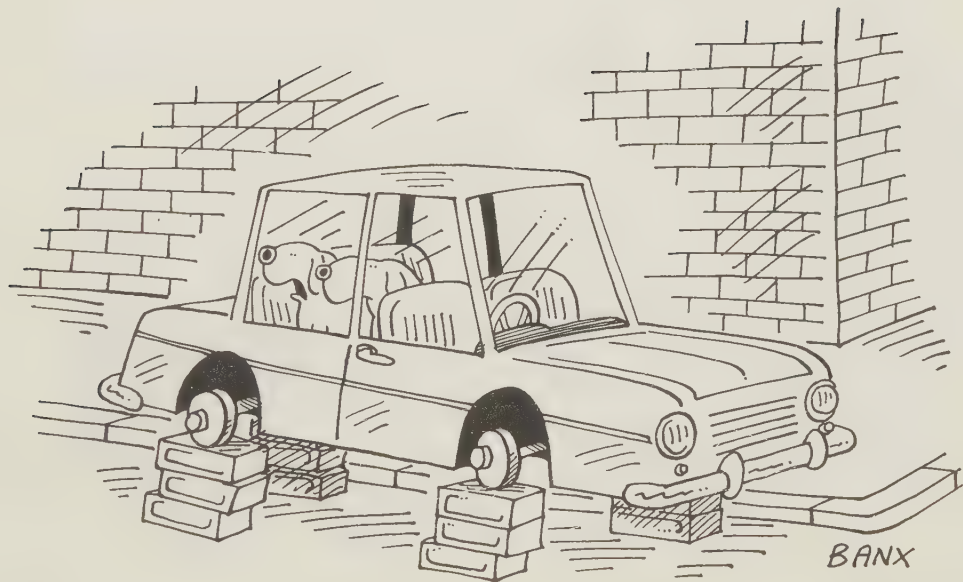
*"I shouldn't really be doing this, Mrs. Fogmarsh."*



*"Always this ambivalent attitude to the Establishment?"*



*"Is it cheaper to fill up with litres or gallons?"*



*"All things considered, I think we were right not to get involved."*

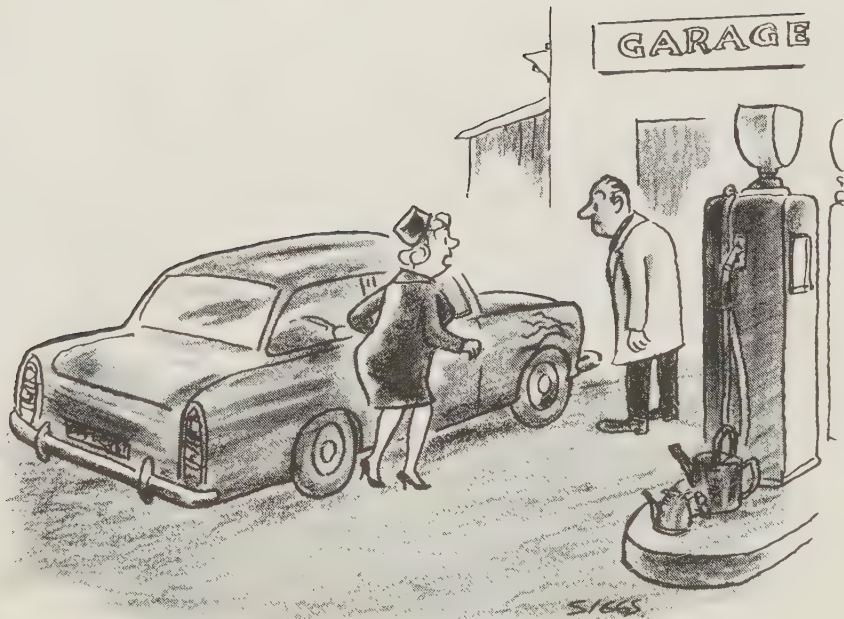


HEATH

*"But it was £1.20 when I joined the end of the queue!"*



KentPine



*"Could you manage to put it right without finding anything else?"*



*"I'm not taking them – that's just the kind of piquantly assorted group of characters that gets stranded in the wilderness and loses its thin veneer of civilisation."*





*"Oh, good! I hate it when they just touch something and it starts perfectly."*



*"He's too damned calm, relaxed and courteous - I suspect he's been drinking."*



*"Let me sue! I'm a lawyer!"*



“...and you don't want to risk coming out of a cosy warm house into a freezing cold car...”



*"No need for alarm, sir... it's  
the car I've come for!"*



*"It's a compulsory purchase order – to make way for  
the Okehampton by-pass."*



*"And that's a bargain, too - could have been forty-five quids' worth at the police pound."*



*"Trust you to find one that doesn't lead to Rome."*



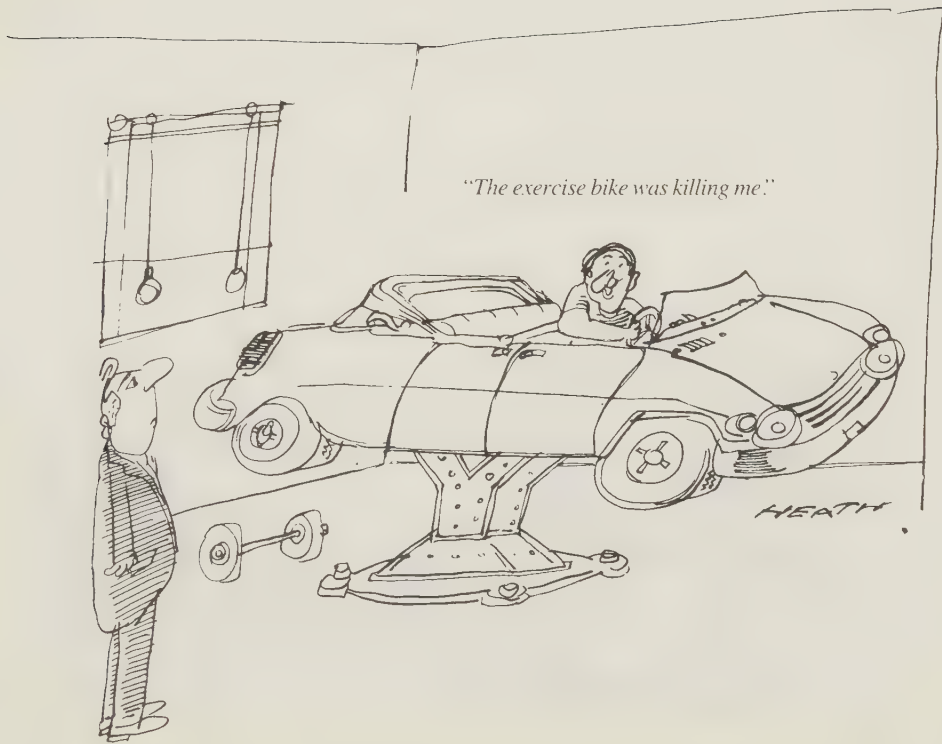


*"Listen, pal, if you're not entirely satisfied, bring it back and we'll put another one over on you."*



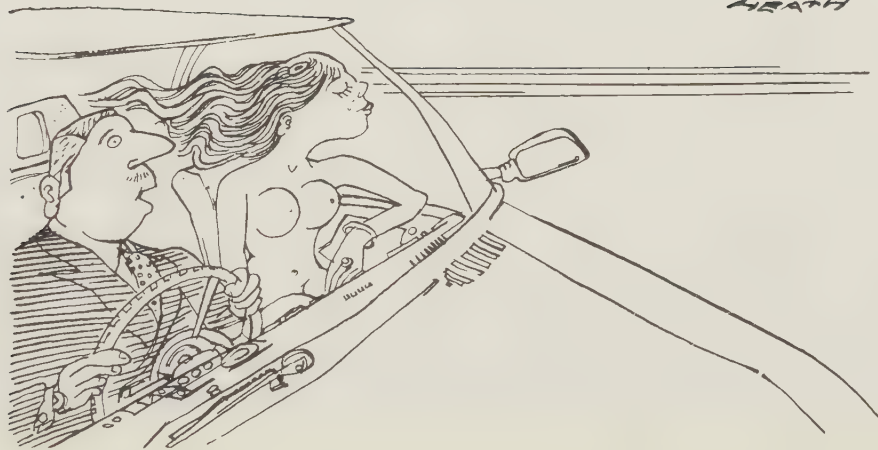
*"Then, moving your weight to your right leg, place your left forearm..."*

*"The exercise bike was killing me."*

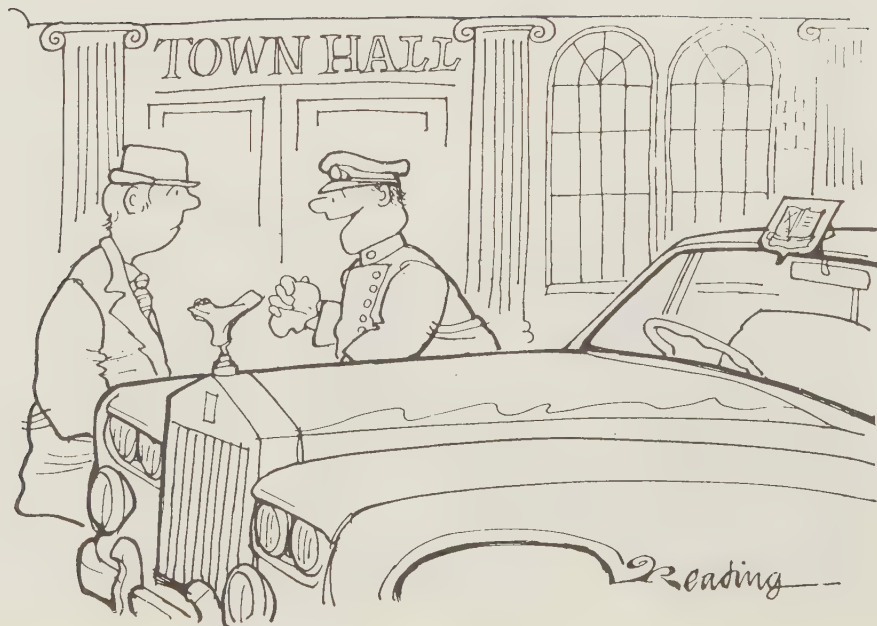




*"Could you reverse into the green Rover, clip that Metro and take the wing-mirror off the red Fiat."*



*"I don't normally give lifts."*

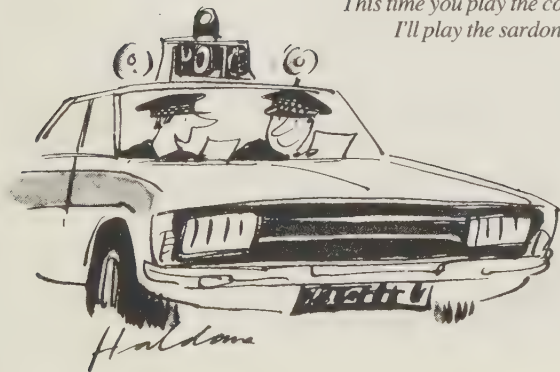


*"Actually, fuel consumption is pretty good – it does about sixteen miles to the ratepayer."*



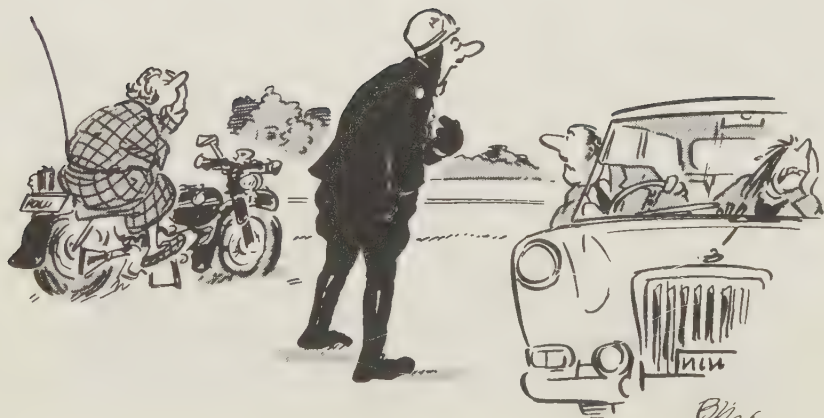
"Yes?"

*"Right, we'll try it again with more feeling.  
This time you play the cowering motorist and  
I'll play the sardonic policeman."*



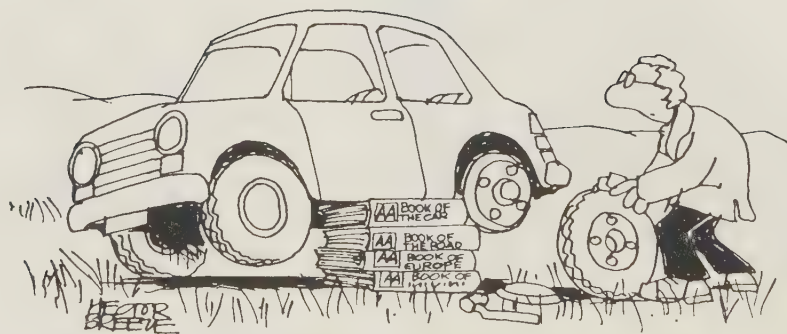
*"... and here's something else I'll tell you for nothing!"*





*"My wife's nearly due too, but you don't find me  
doing 110 down the bypass!"*

*Chubb*





*"Give it a rest, Peter. If Mother's car won't start, it won't start."*



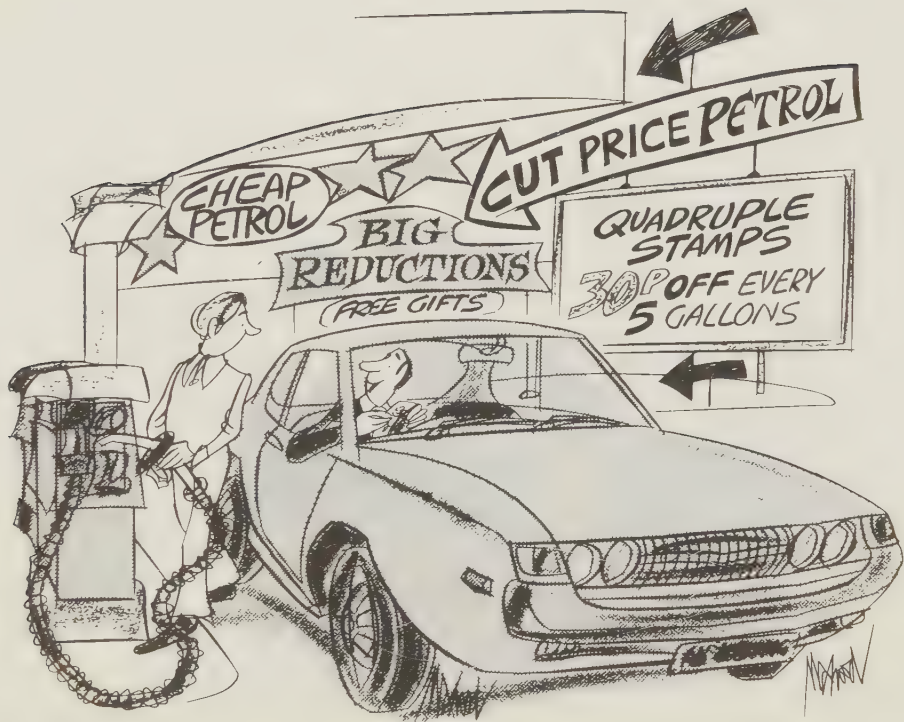
*"I see from your new licence you've donated your eyes  
to medical science."*



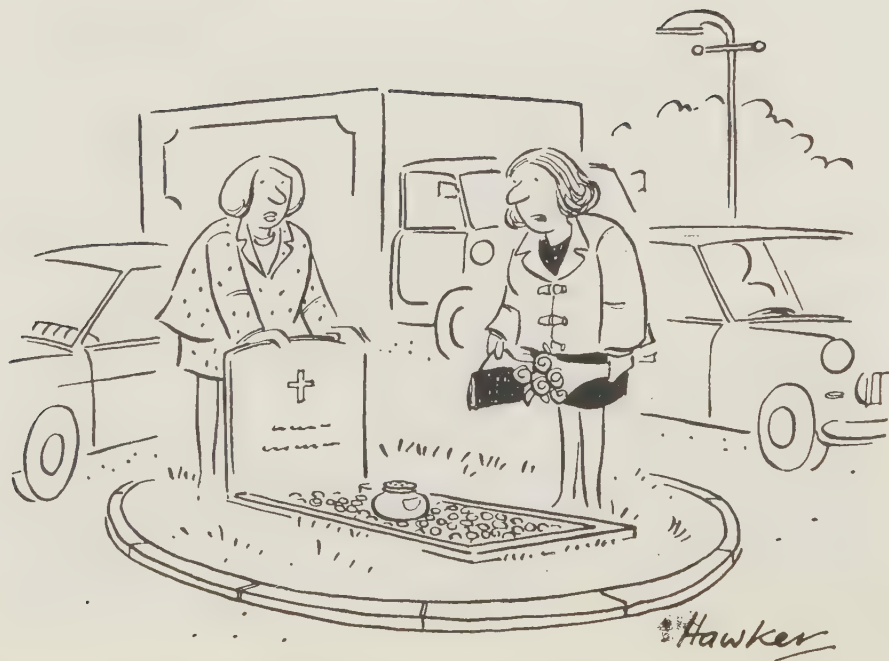
"His wobbly head's jammed."



*"You are now the proud owner of a luxury vehicle, built to the highest standards of this technological age . . ."*



*"How long will it be before you start owing me money?"*



*"He was very lucky with the road widening."*



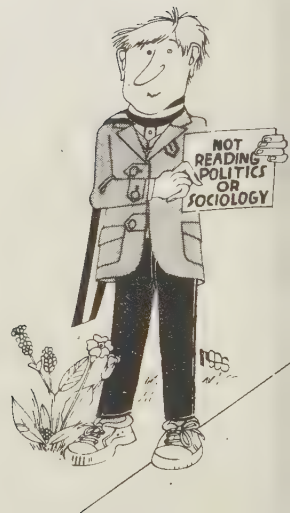


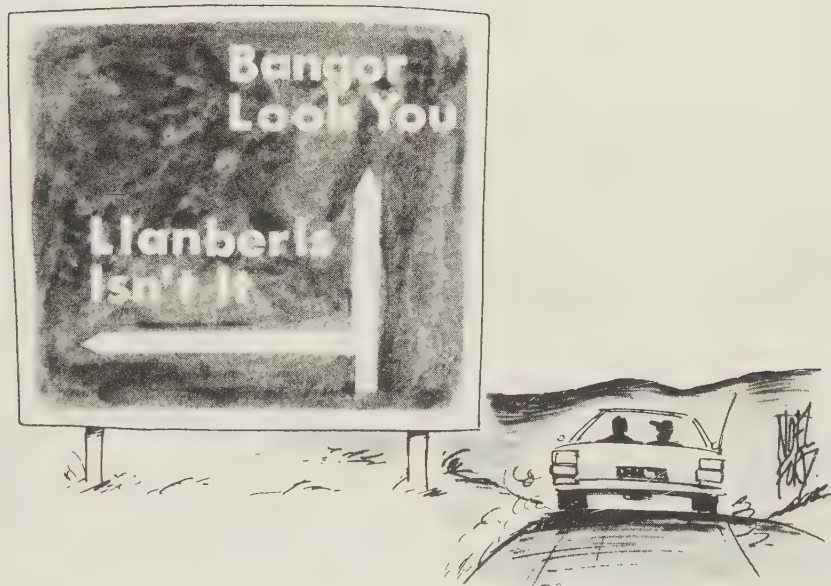




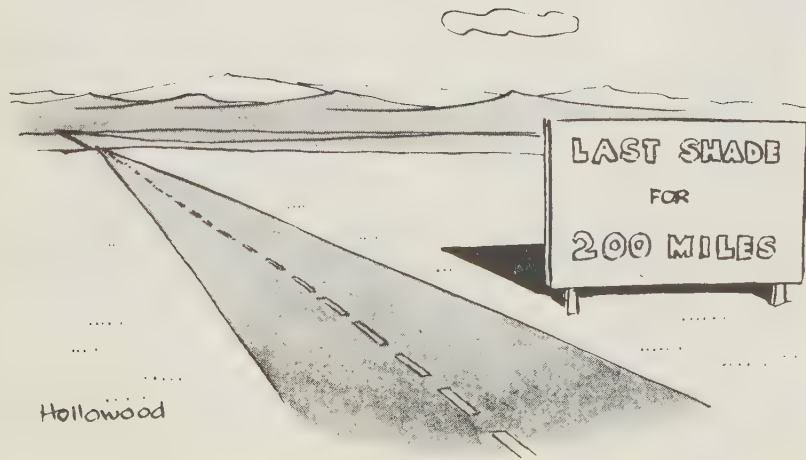


*"It'll be a day or two yet – we couldn't find the bonnet catch."*

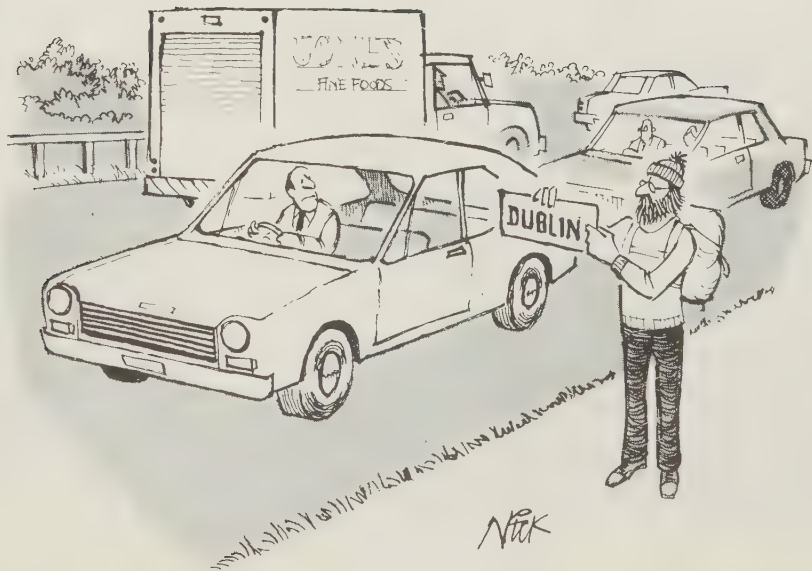




*"I understand the Welsh Language Preservation Society are still none too happy with them."*



*"Personally, I'd give up the car tomorrow except that I need it to get my AA Handbook."*

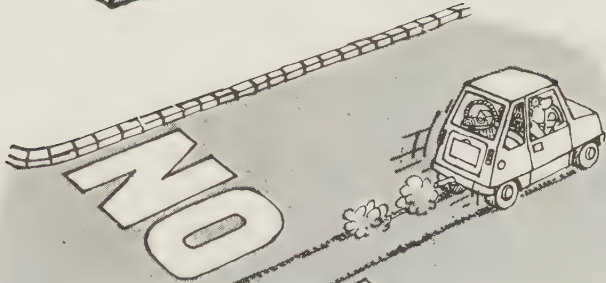
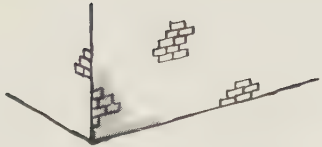




*"Where do all these pedestrians **come** from? I'm sure at least half of them are unnecessary."*

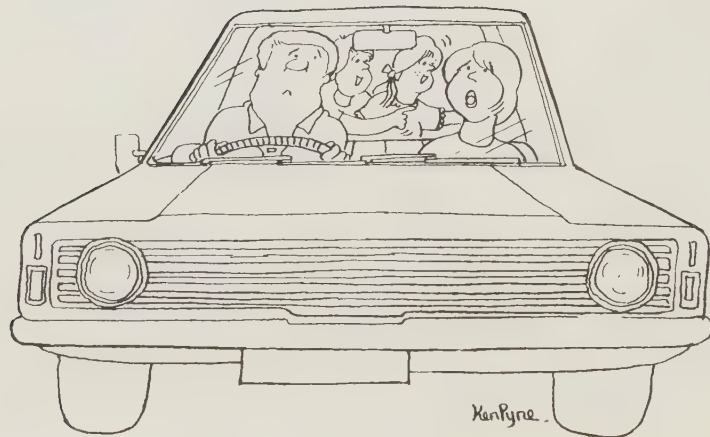






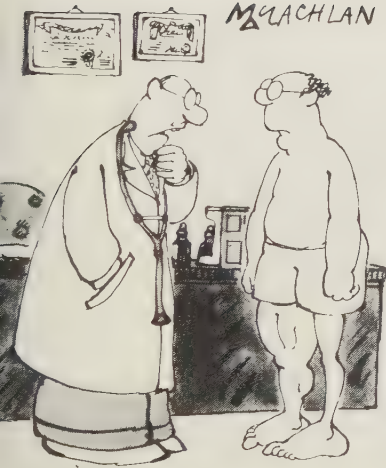
ENTRY

McLACHLAN

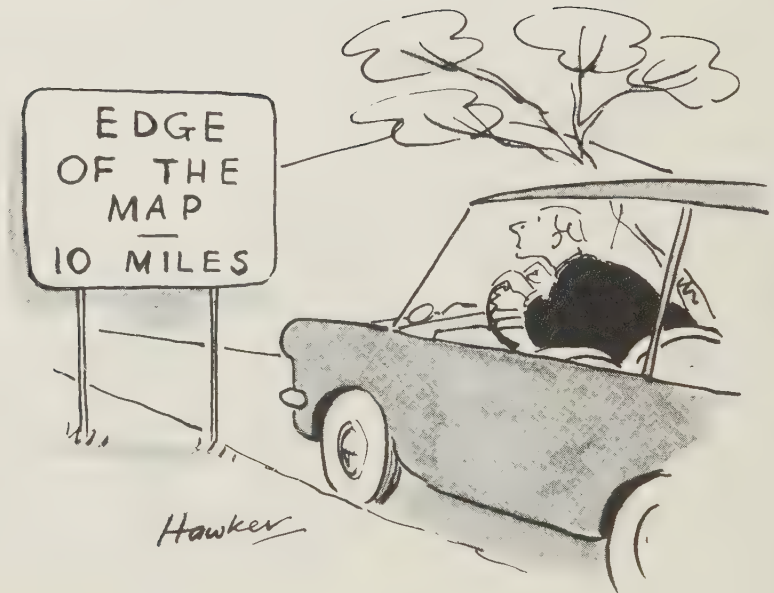


*"They know we're getting near London – they've just seen a yellow Citroën Dyane."*

McLACHLAN



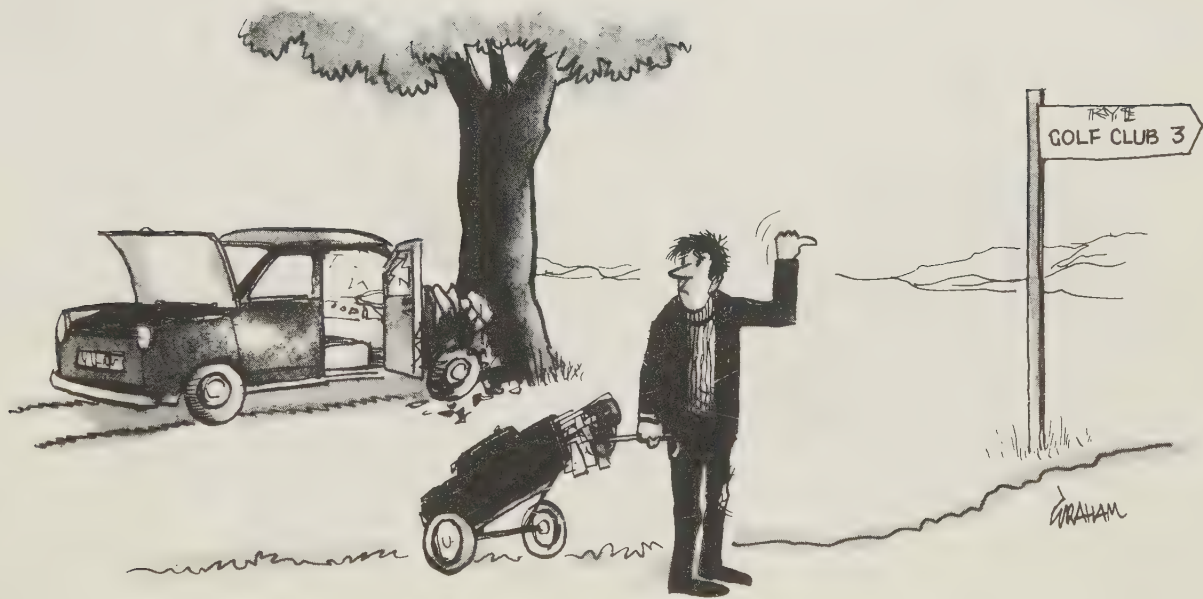
EDGE  
OF THE  
MAP  
10 MILES



Hawker

"My advice would be to go back to a manual gearbox, Mr Abthorpe."



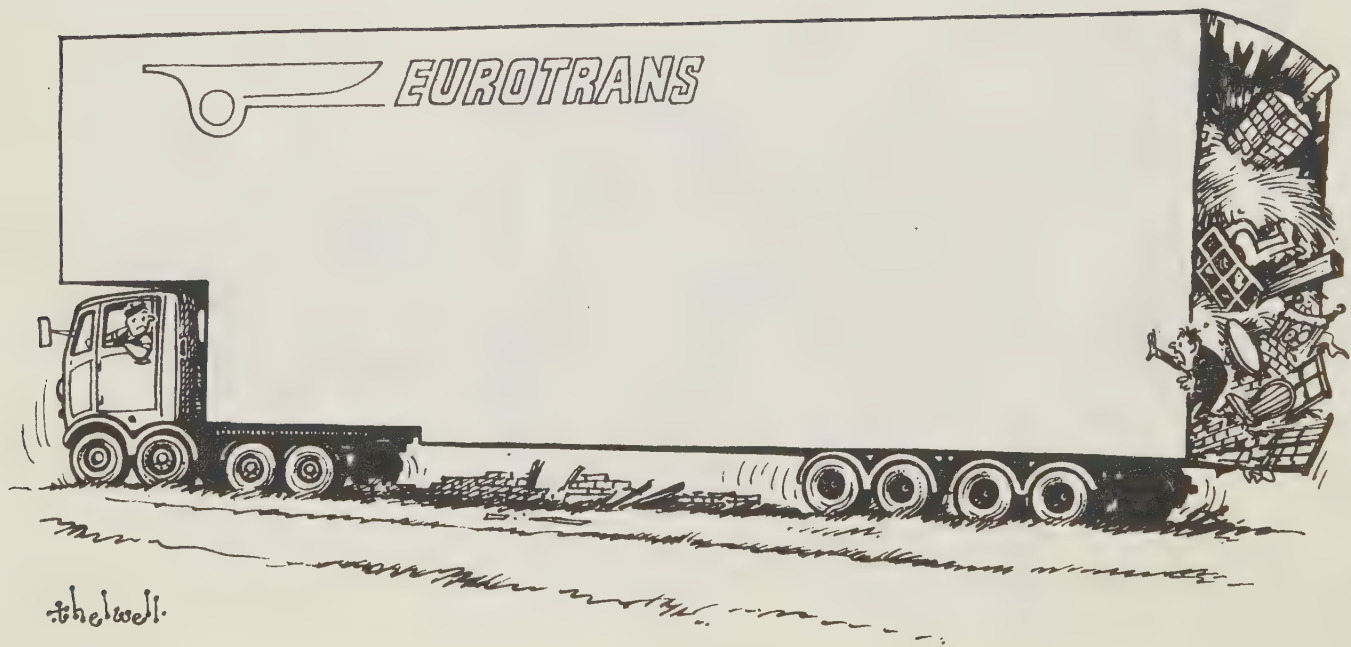




*"Looks like they stripped it down for spares!"*



*"Notice how he undoes his scarf before giving his version of what happened."*



the well.

*"Hold it mate! Hold it! You've backed into our cottage."*





MCLACHLAN

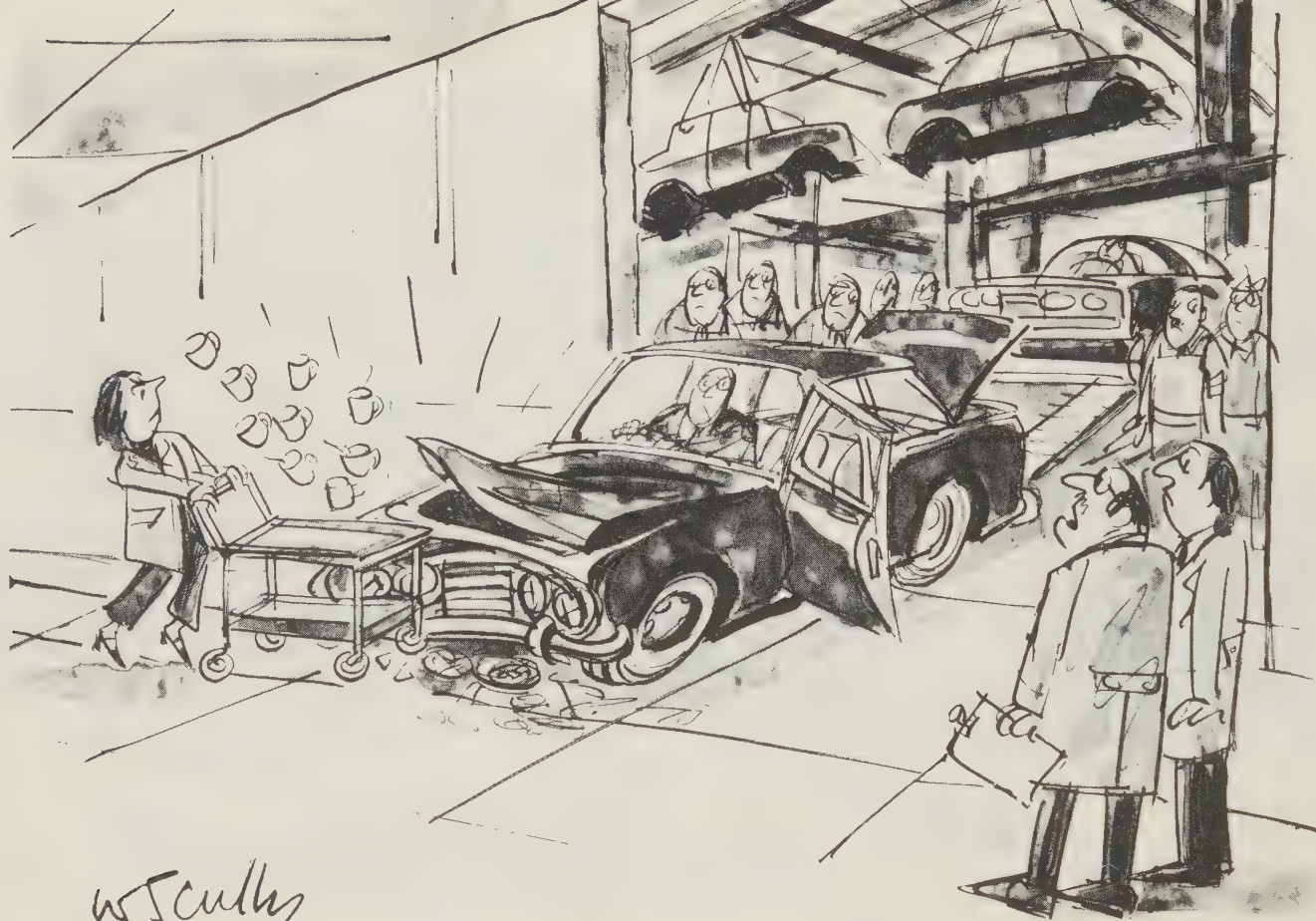


*"Seventeen years old and he still loves chasing cars."*



hehe!!

*"They don't seem to notice the Minis."*



W S Coulter

"One thing's for sure - that tea trolley wasn't built here."



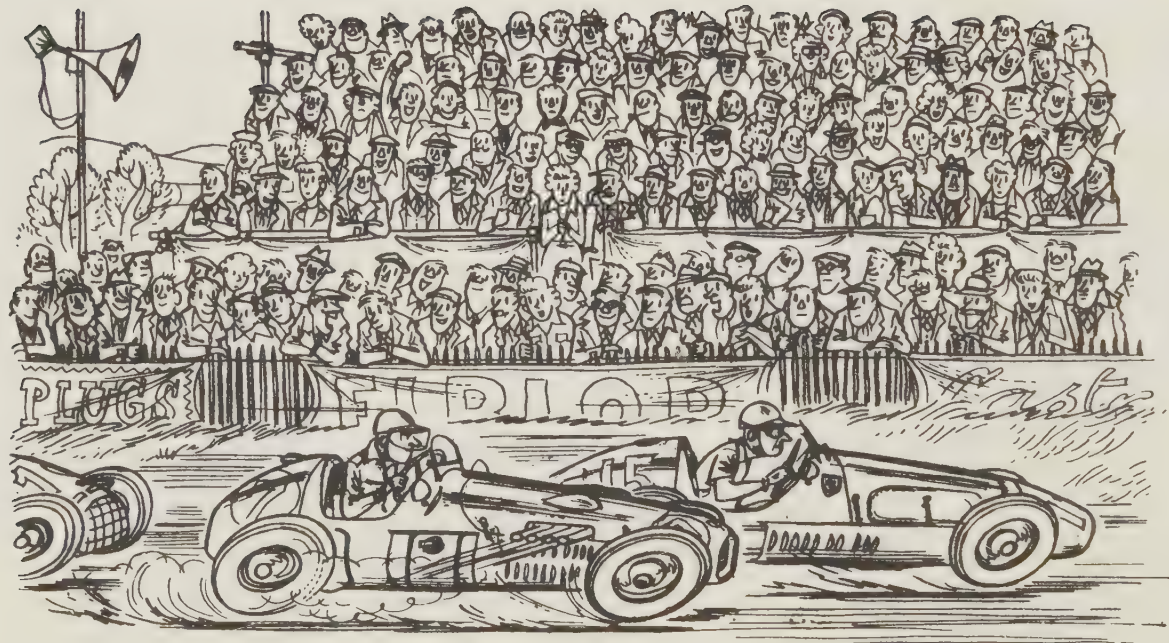
*"You mean they give you a Home Improvement Grant?"*



*"You'll have to wait. I don't want anyone stealing our place."*



*"That's odd, it's an imitation one."*

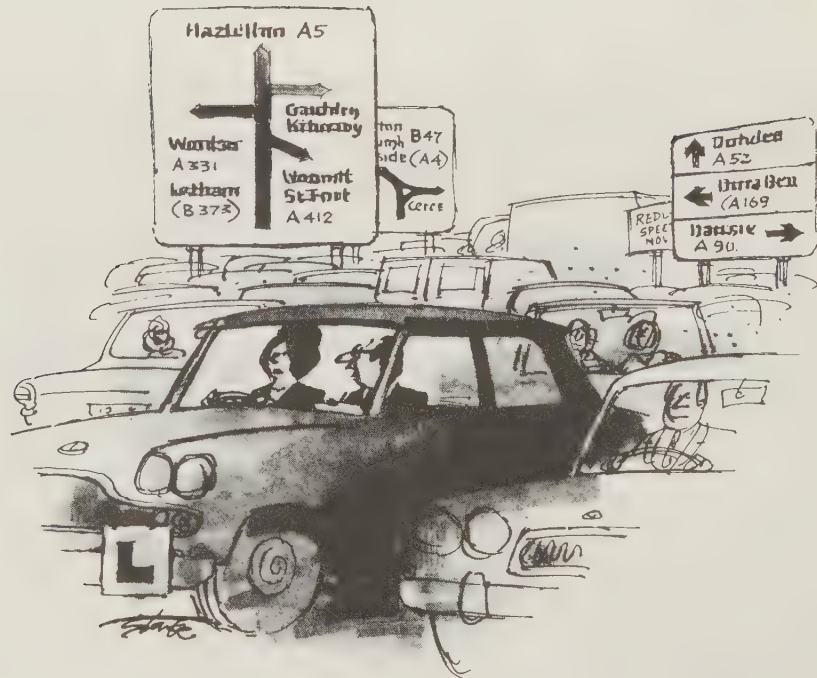


*Motor-racing to the British seems to be just another spectator sport . . .*

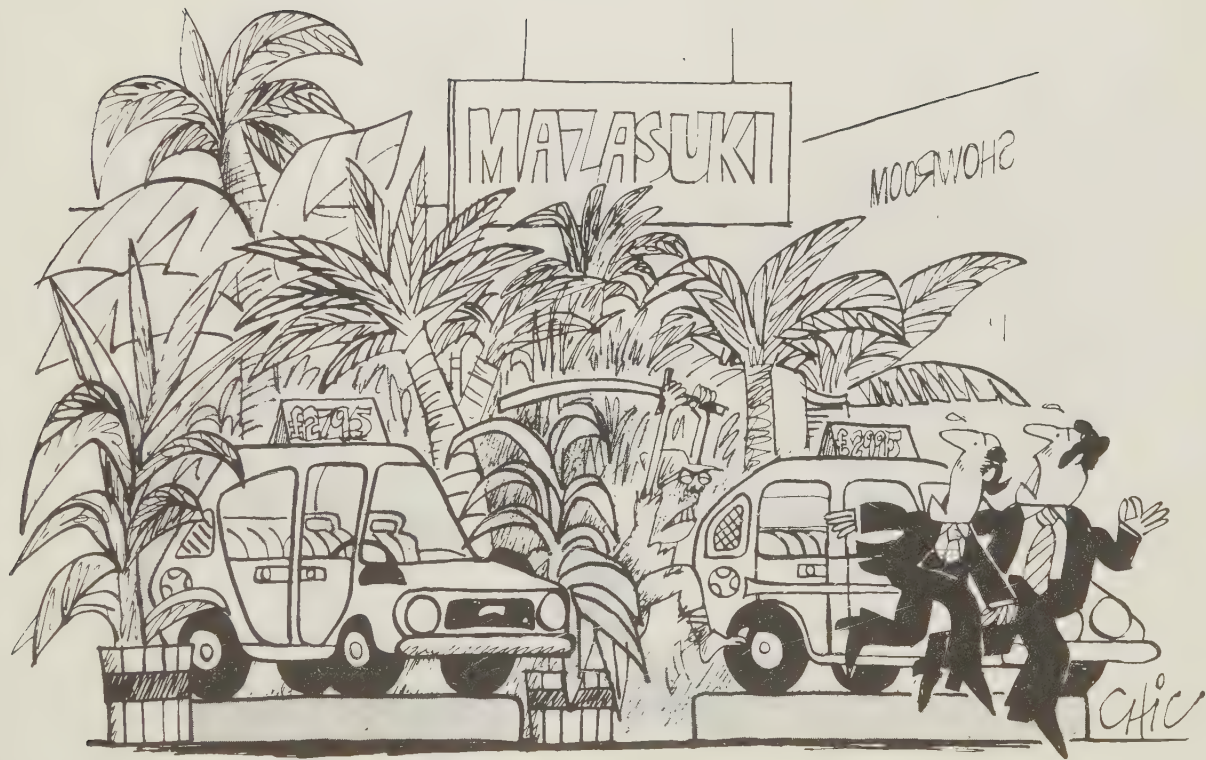




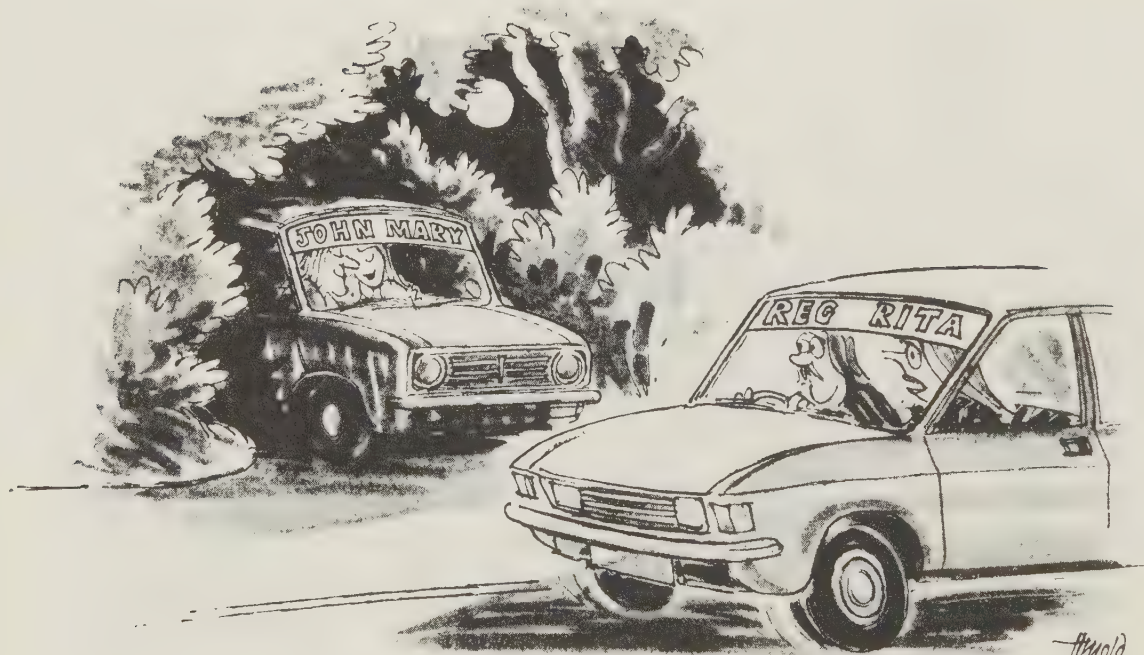
... until immediately afterwards, anyway.



*"You have very little to worry about, Mrs. Cox. If you only could brush up on your reading speed."*

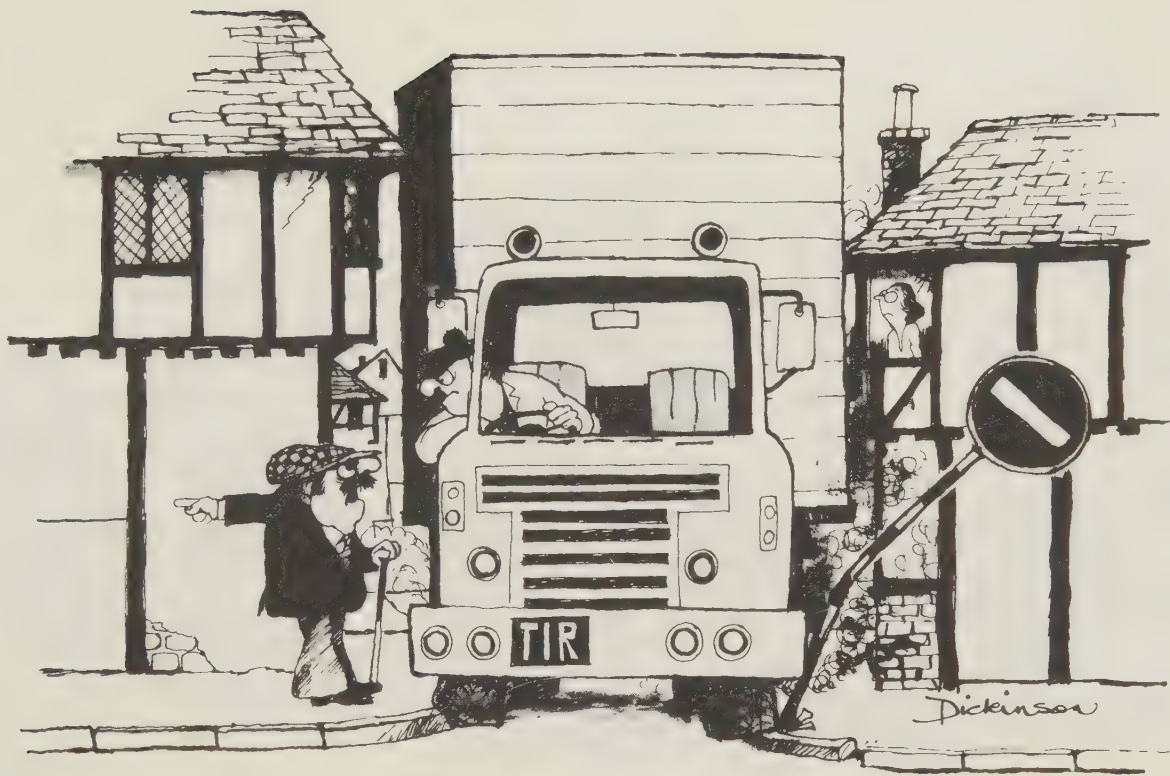


*"Ye Gods! There's another one thinks the war's still on!"*



Arnold  
Wiles

"But isn't that John and Joanna?"

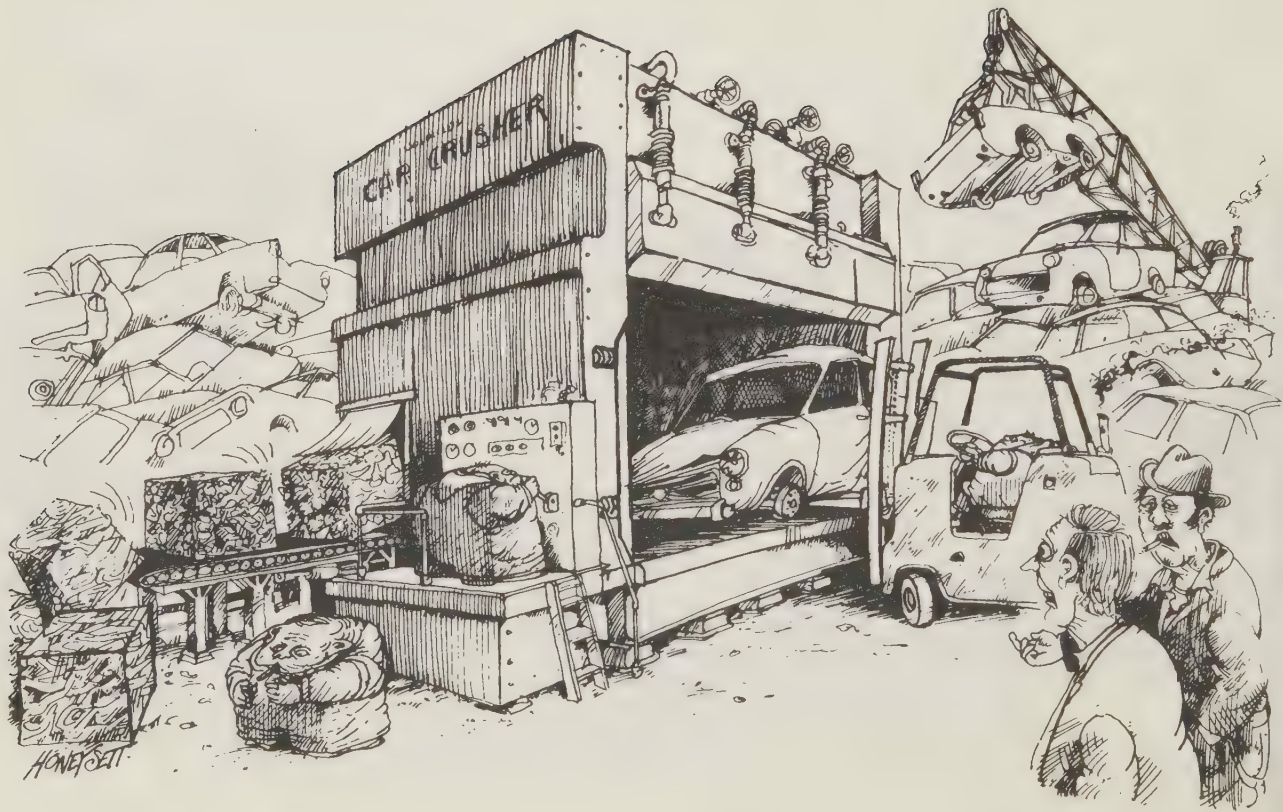


*"Smash the next lamp on the left, flatten the pavement by the pub, nudge the sweet shop, scrape the Market Cross, then just follow the skid marks to London."*



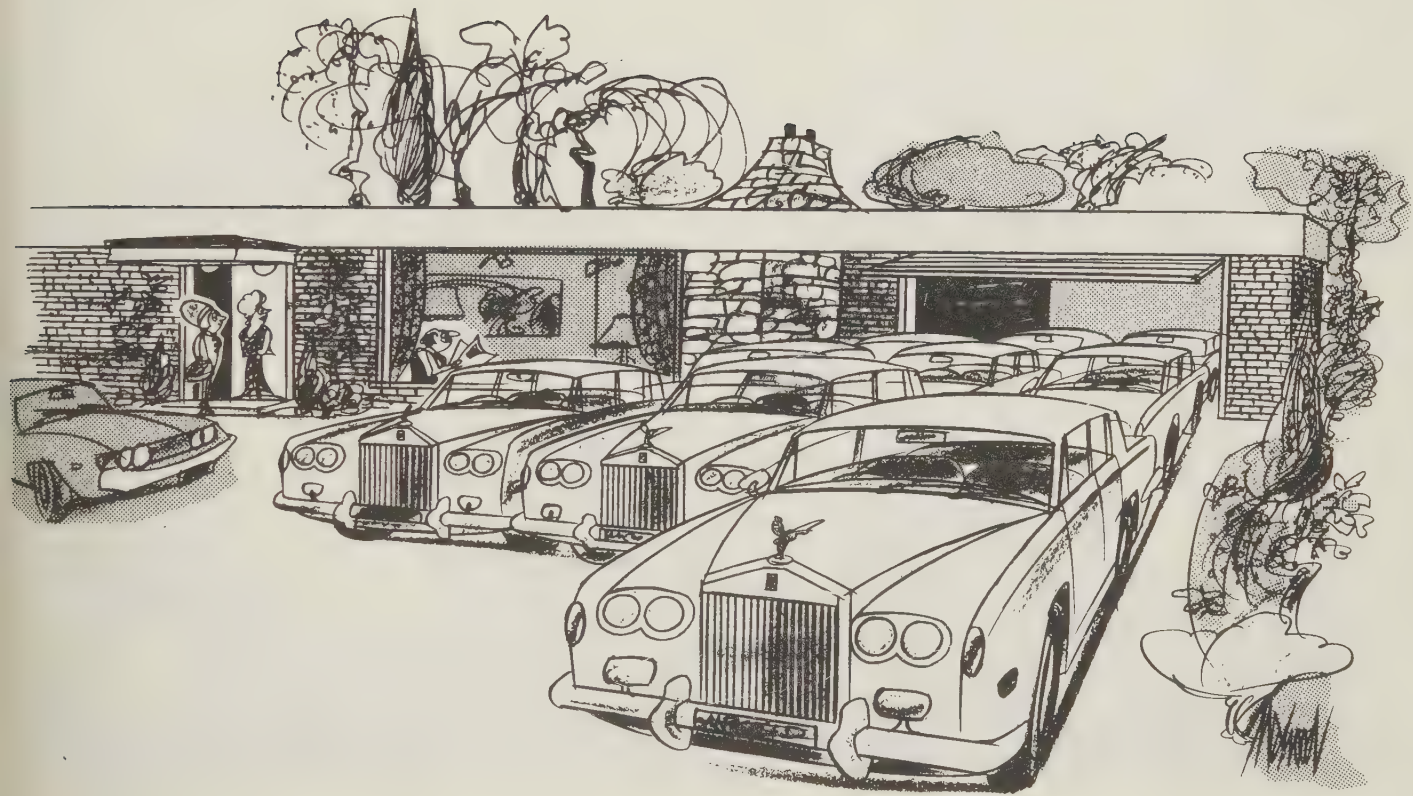
*"Oh stop worrying, collect his fare and pile him aboard!"*





*"And be very careful when working near this machine."*

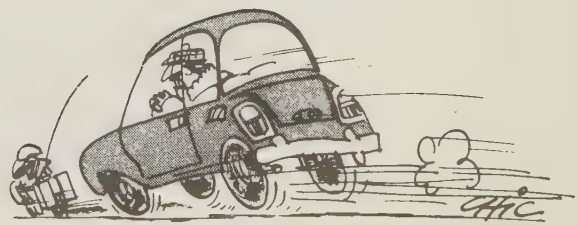
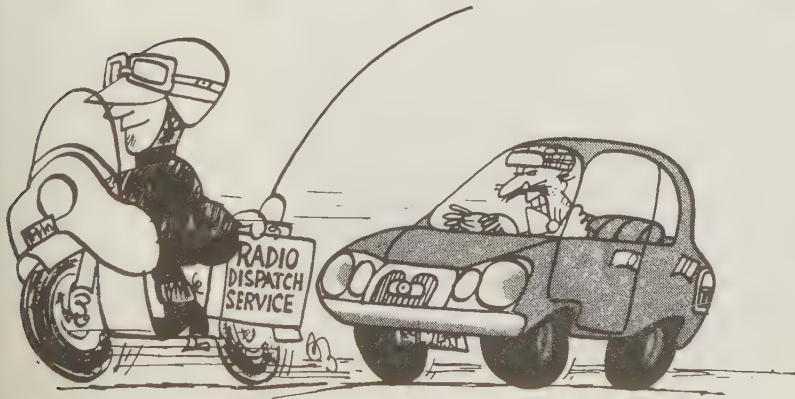
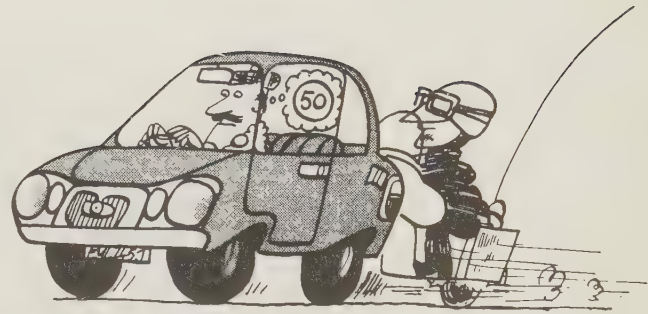
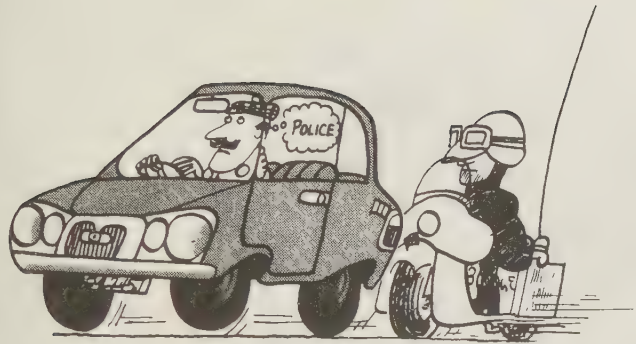




*“Panic buying, I’m afraid – Cedric heard there was going to be a shortage.”*

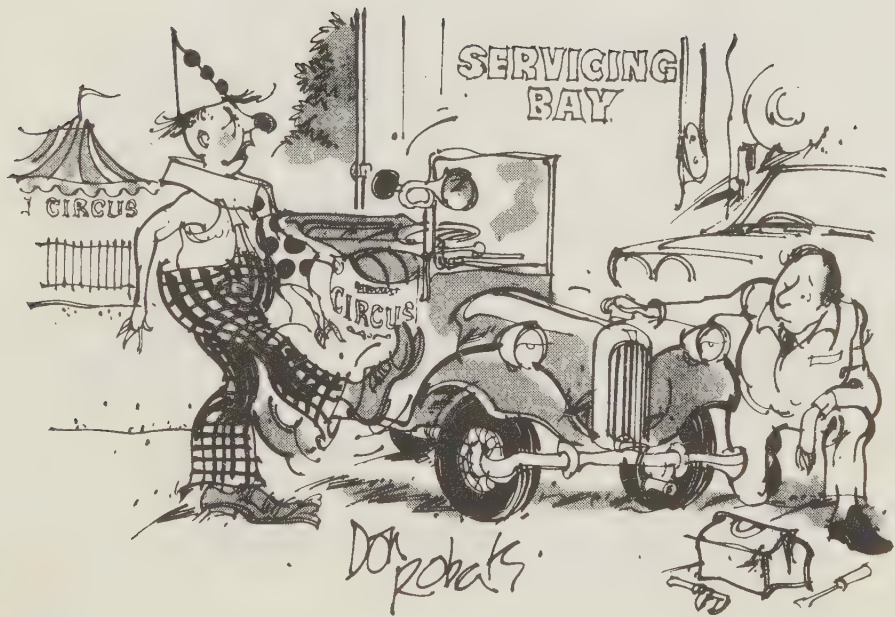


*"Some rotten foreign tourists have bagged our spot on the beach, Dad!"*





*"I'm grateful for the car, of course, but I would have liked a few more miles to the gallon."*



*"When I kick the door the engine doesn't fall out!"*





*"What the devil do you mean - 'hover'?"*



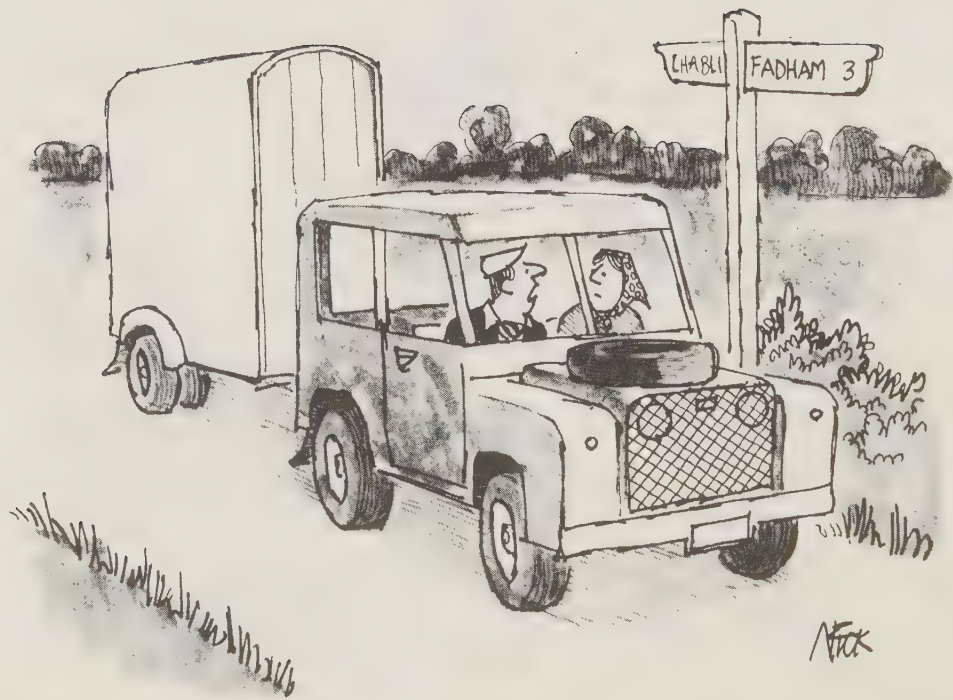
*"Good grief, what's an ecnalubma?"*



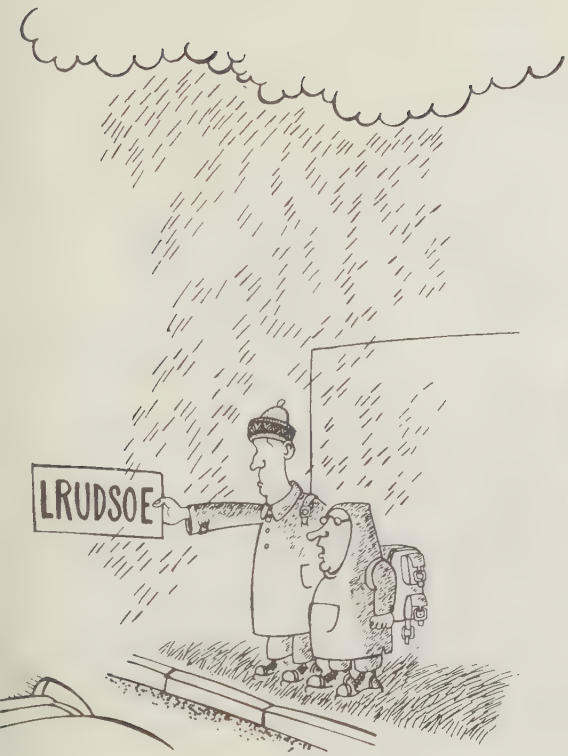


the well.

"If I can get the old couple out of the boot, I'll give you first refusal!"



"What's that in furlongs?"



birrett

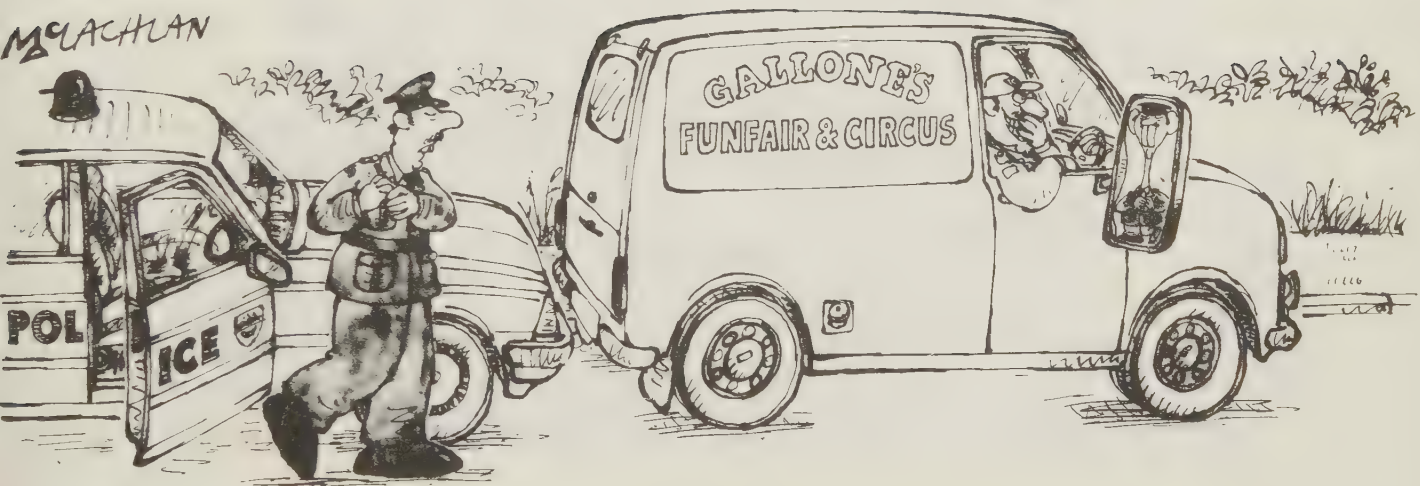
*"...and there's no guarantee Bernadette handles dyslexia."*

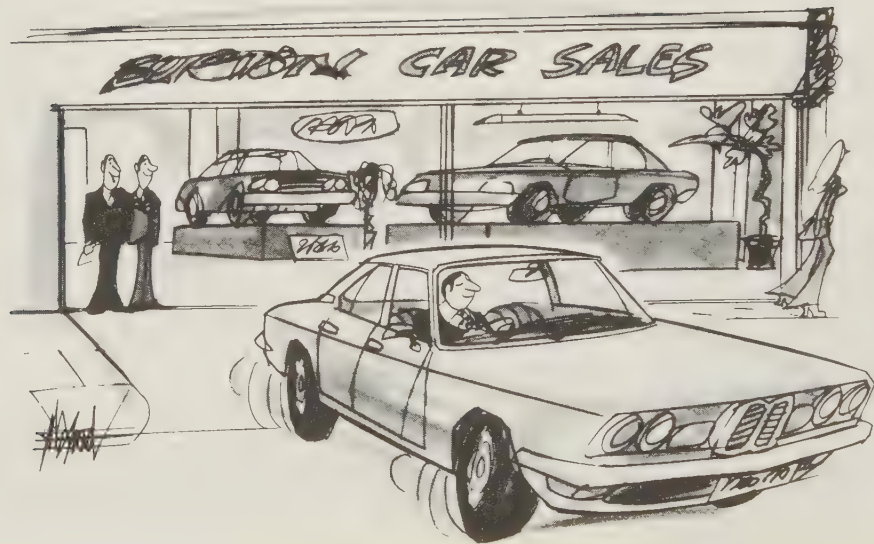


NOEL  
FORD

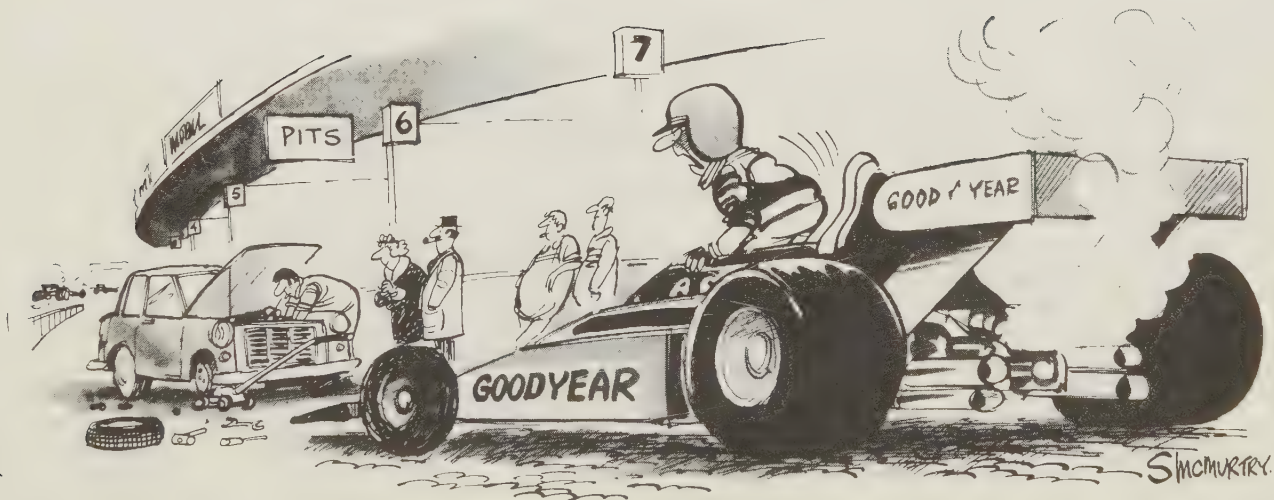


McLACHLAN





*"If it wasn't for the hard-pressed middle classes I don't know where we would be!"*

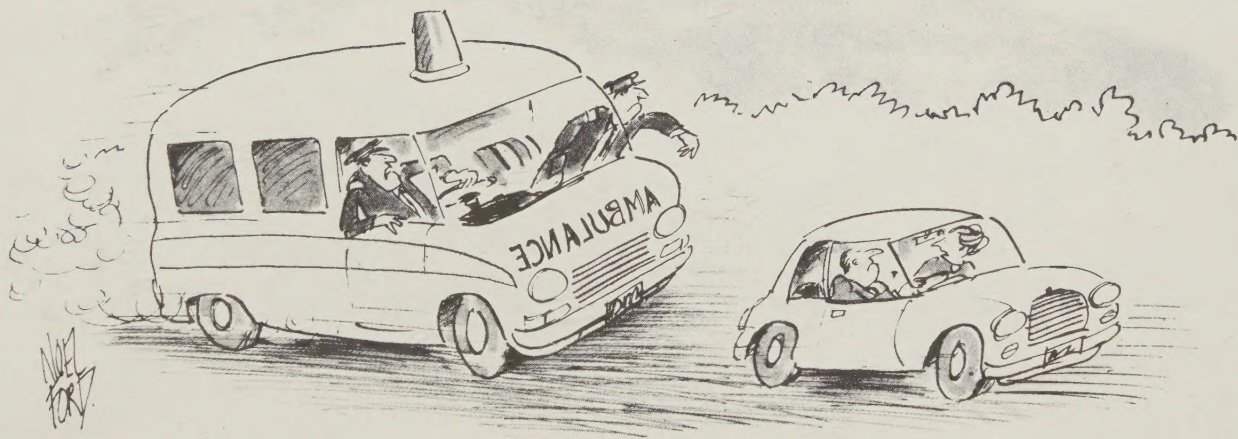


*"Dammit, Bert! This is no time for bloody moonlighting!"*



*"We seem a very long way from any touch-up paint."*





"I'm not sure, dear, but I think it was . . ." "Get out of the bloody way!"



*"... and you also appear to have left undone those things you ought to have done."*



# PUNCH on the Road

The pleasures of motoring are best enjoyed in this cavalcade of cartoons from *Punch's* wittiest pens. The jokes come thick and fast at the expense of traffic wardens, parking clamps, learner drivers, speeding (and sleeping) policemen, MOT tests, nodding dogs, road works, National Car Parks, and carsick passengers. The cartoonists will take the strain while you relax in the company of Russell Brockbank, Bill Tidy, Banx, Honeysett, Noel Ford, Mahood, Larry, Thelwell, and countless other humorous gentlemen of the road.



*"Then, moving your weight to your right leg, place your left forearm . . ."*

**GRAFTON BOOKS**

Printed in Great Britain

**£2.95 net**

ISBN 0-246 2-8

KR-106



9 780246 130624