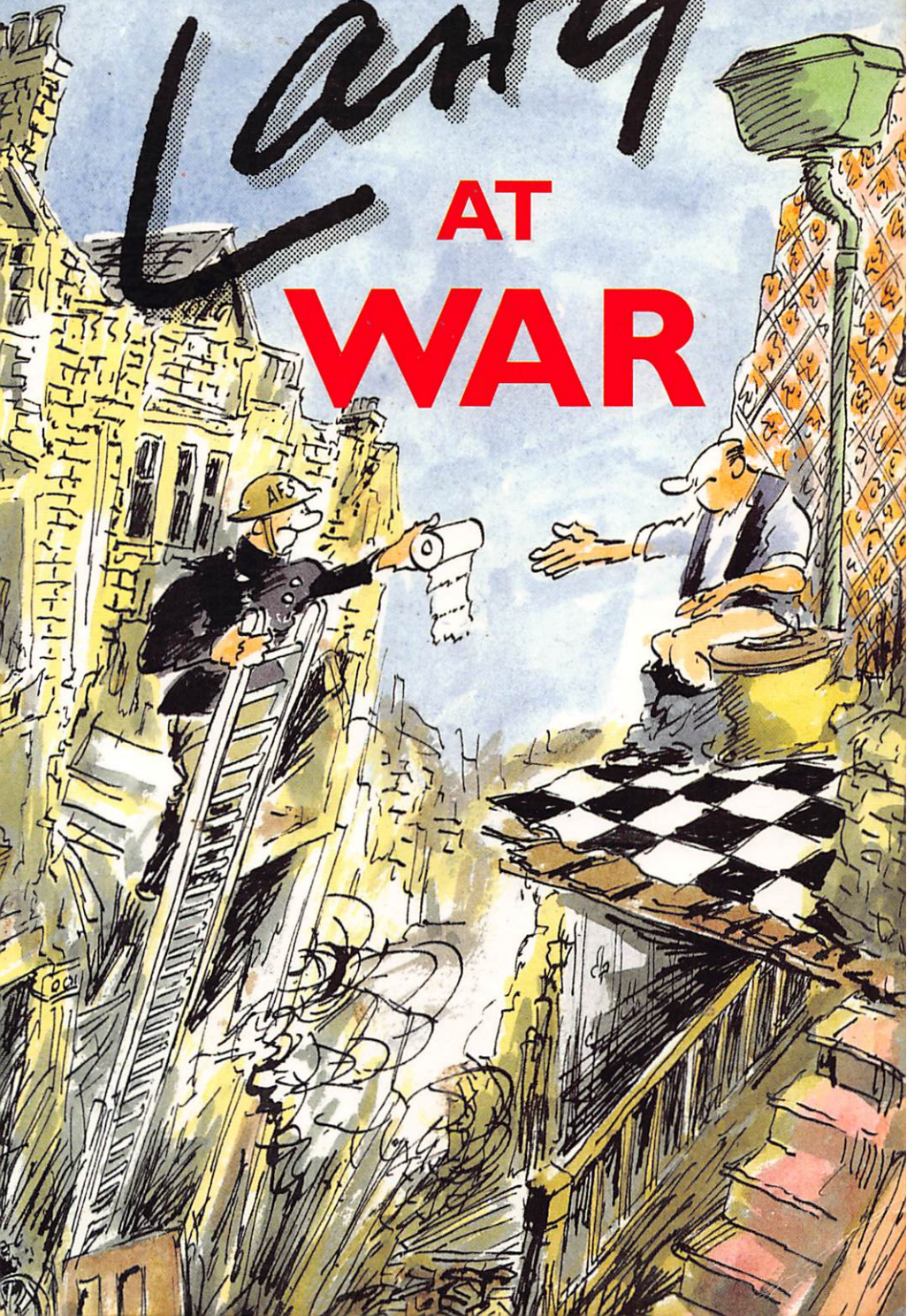


LARRY

AT
WAR



LARRY AT WAR





LARRY AT WAR



Park McDonald
London

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Introduction

Three cheers for Hitler!' That's what me and my schoolchums at Handsworth Grammar shouted in 1941 when a Gerry bomber wrecked the football pitch and blew out the classroom windows. It meant a week's holiday for all of us.

I was too young to serve in the war, of course, being only 12 when Chamberlain made his famous announcement in September 1939. By that time, in fact, I wasn't even in my home town of Birmingham, having been evacuated with the rest of our school to Stroud in Gloucestershire three days earlier. This idyllic period away from parental control, during which we learnt the joys of smoking and not washing behind our ears, soon came to an end when we were shunted back to Brum after the Fall of France, just in case Hitler invaded and we were cut off.

As a result, I got my fair share of the Midlands Blitz – not as heavy as London, perhaps, but scary enough at the time. Mind you, kids being what they are, it all seemed pretty exciting as well. When an aerial mine blew off our roof and everyone was forced down into the shelters, I used to sneak back to my bedroom in the wreckage to get away from the grown-ups' snoring. And then there was the night when a neighbour's shed filled with wartime-quality coal went up in flames after a raid. As we stood there watching, she said Hitler was welcome to it – it needed an incendiary bomb to get the damned stuff alight!

Though I didn't get called up for National Service till 1946, some of the older blokes at Handsworth volunteered as RAF bomber crews or got roped into the army in Burma, so we had some contact with the military when they were on leave. And on dull days some of our gang would cycle over to the prison camp at Sutton Park to make faces at the German POWs or scrounge fags off American GIs.

I remember two Yanks, in particular, who hung around our district chatting up the girls for weeks until one day a jeepload of



'Snowdrop' military police rounded them up as deserters. And then there was the Dutchman we got friendly with – also on 'extended leave' from a nearby barracks – whom we disguised in my old man's Home Guard togs until he managed to slip away.

By the time I was 14, I was even doing some valuable war work myself – delivering our home-grown 'Dig for Victory' fruit and veg to the local newsagents' and tailors' shops in exchange for a regular supply of black-market cigarettes and extra clothing coupons!

I owe my start in cartooning to the war years. At school our art teacher 'Lulu' Llewellyn was a great poster fan so we did U-boat periscope views in the style of Ashley Cooper and Abraham Games, but also produced our own version of Fougasse's 'Careless Talk Cost Lives' cartoon series and, for the still-life group, 'Grow More Vegetables'. I also became an avid reader of *Punch*, and at the time of the Hitler Bomb Plot was inspired to draw my first proper cartoon. According to a German propaganda report, after the bomb had exploded 'Our Führer was the calmest man in the room'. Taking this to mean that he was probably totally concussed, I illustrated the quotation – in the style of David Low – with Hitler flat out and cross-eyed, surrounded by debris and the remains of Nazis.

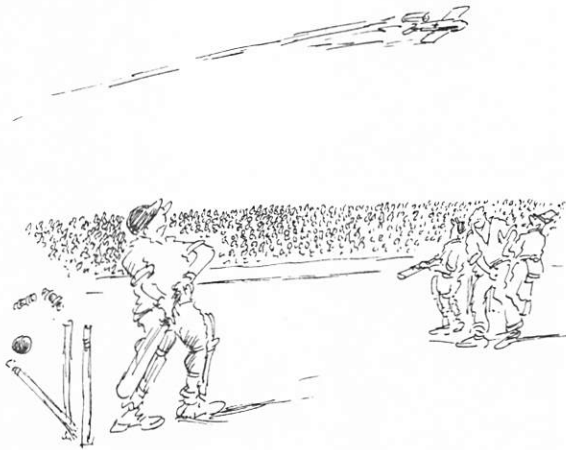
I've got nothing but admiration for the cartoonists who were working during the war years – it must have been pretty tough being funny with all that noise and destruction going on. Some, of course, didn't come through and were killed in action. And of those that did survive, many gave up drawing in peacetime.

I raise a toast to them all and hope that this little volume of modest scribblings, drawn with the benefit of hindsight by a mere whippersnapper, may in some small way help to remind a younger generation of the immense contribution they made to the war effort. In the words of an old wartime song: 'Bless 'em all!'

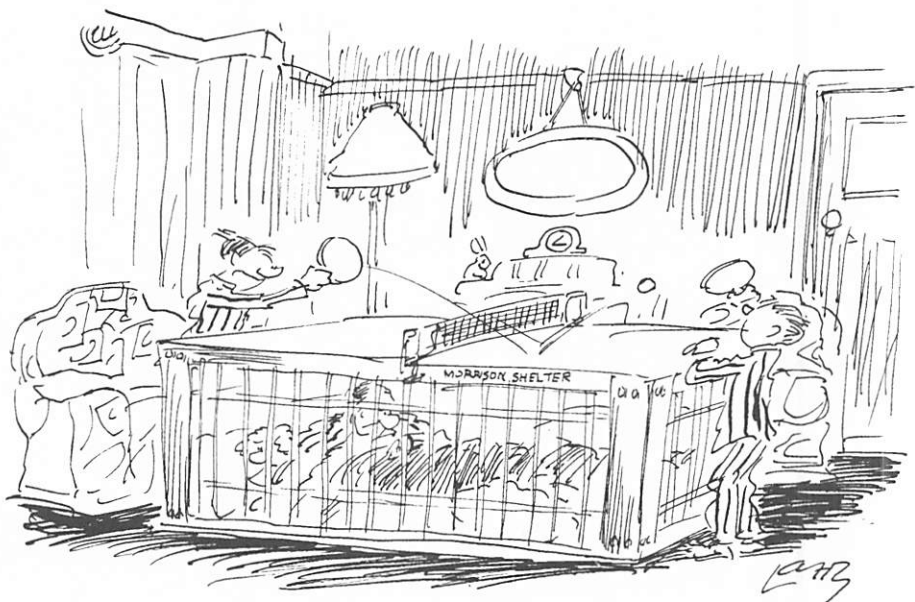
LARRY



The Blitz







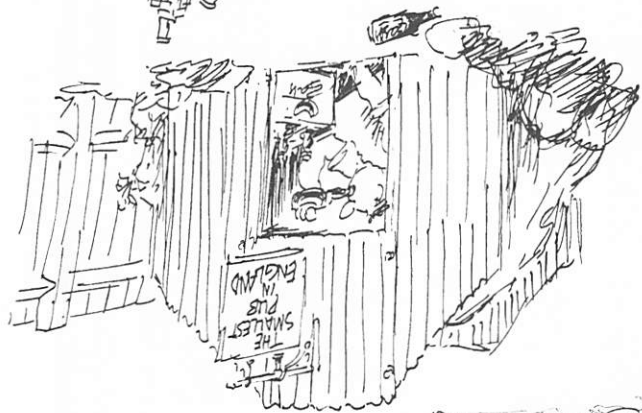








JUST WHEN WE'D FINISHED DECORATING!



THE SMALLEST PLUS IN ENGLAND



YOU WILL ONLY HAVE TO HAVE HIM FOR SIX MONTHS AND THEN HE WILL BE CALLED UP







Civil Defence

4407

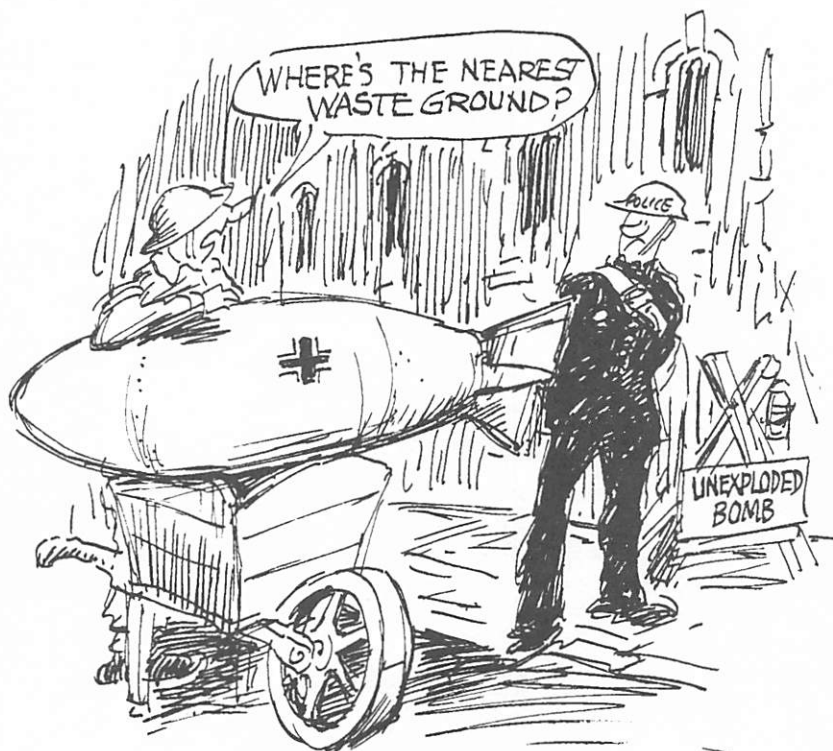
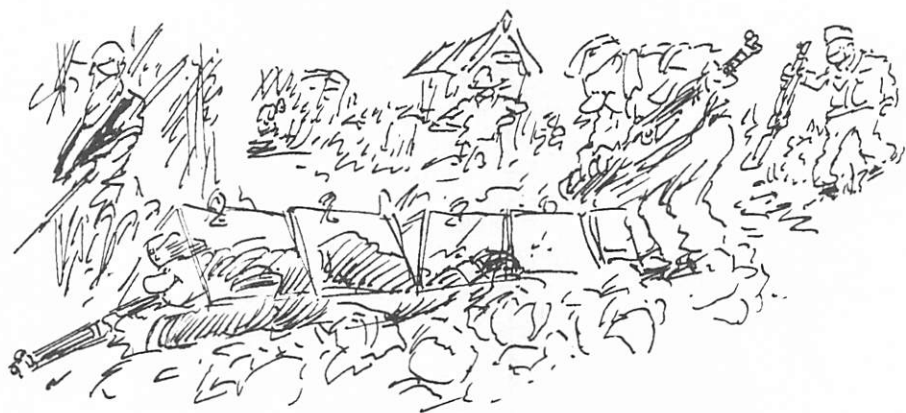


4407























FOR WHAT WE'RE
ABOUT TO RECEIVE.

UNITED SERVICES CLUB
TABLE RESERVATION

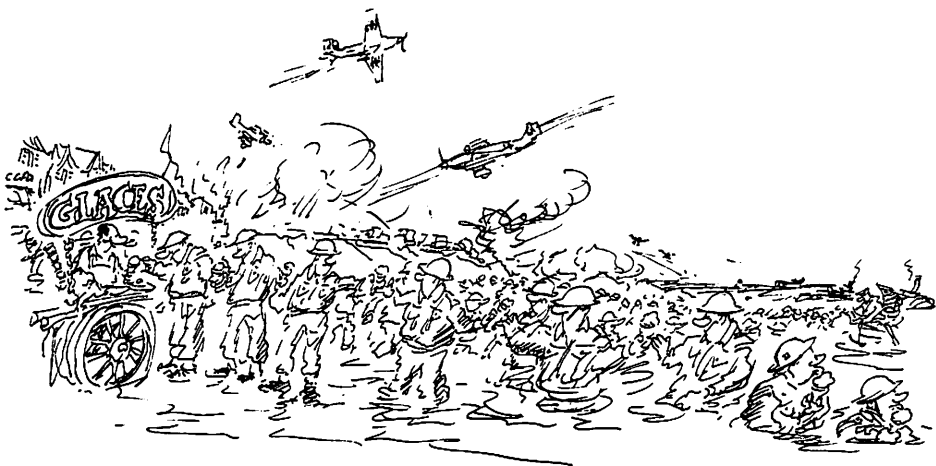


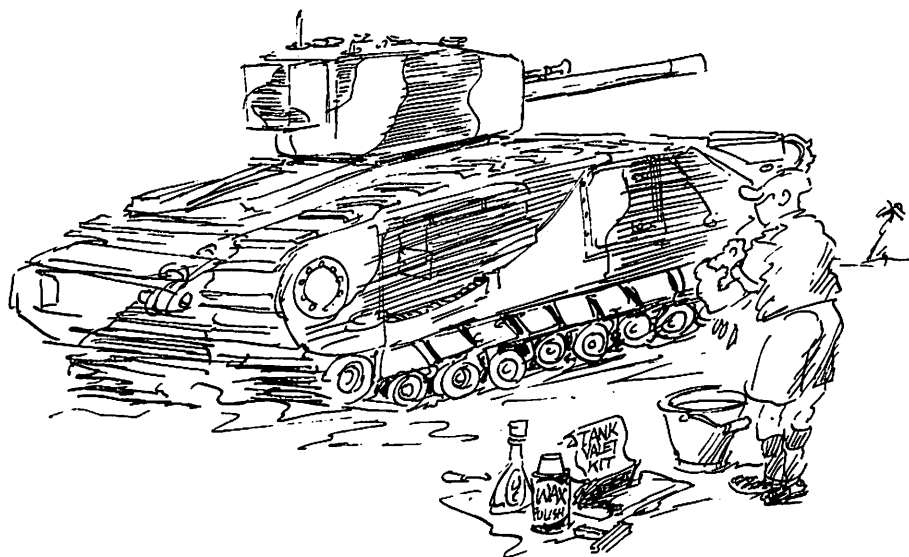
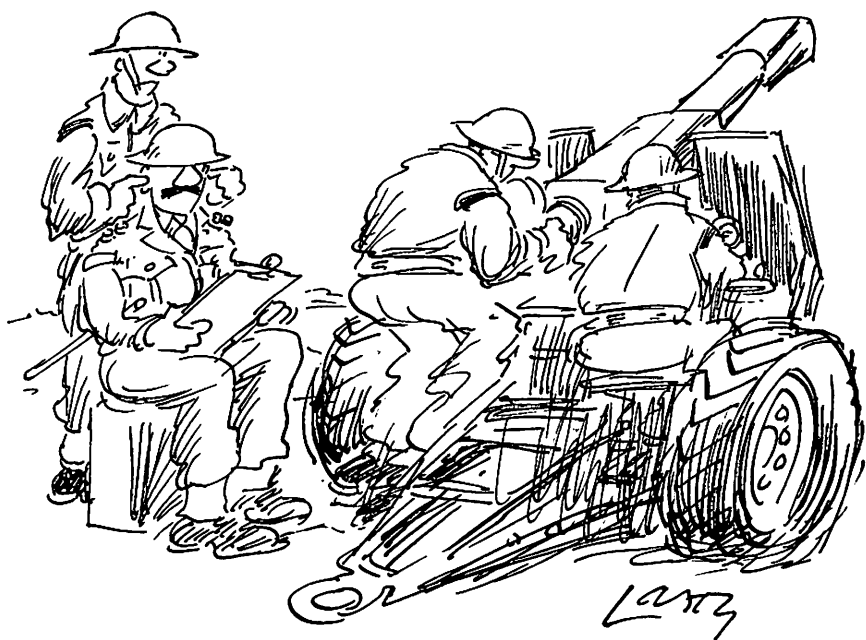
Over There

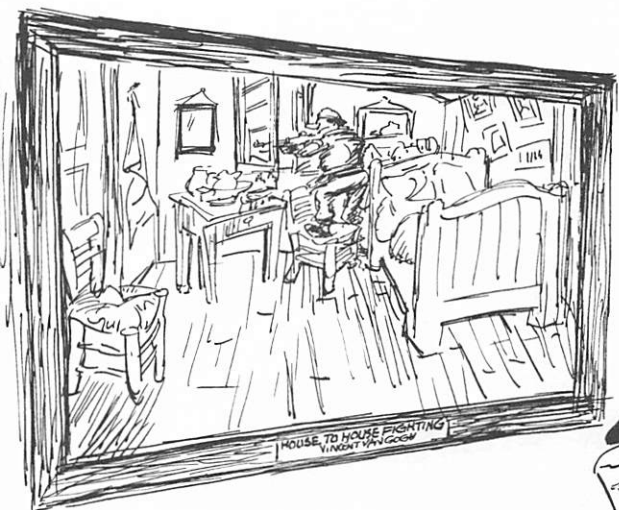


Larry



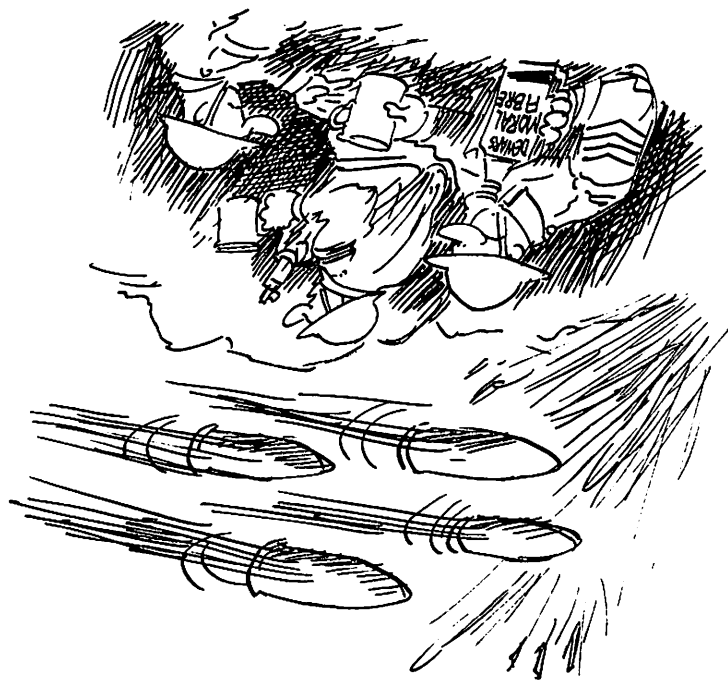


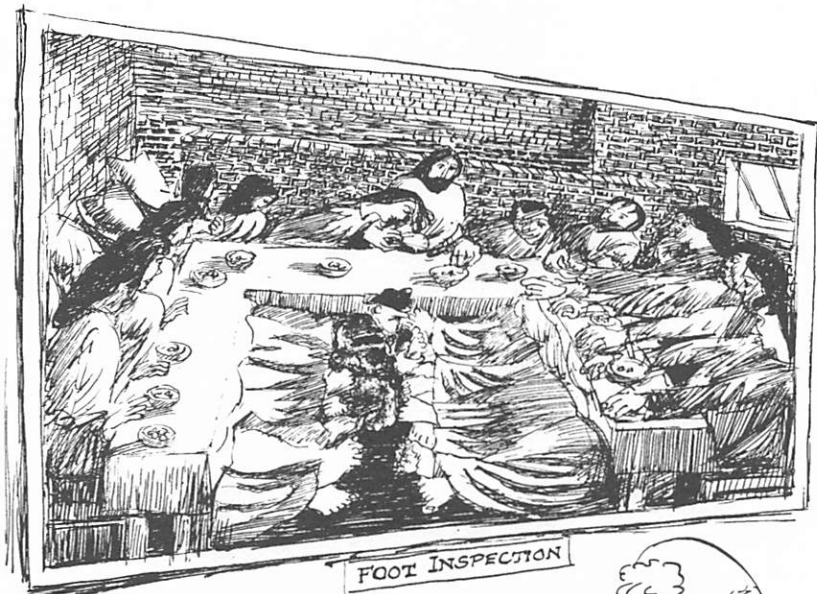




1917







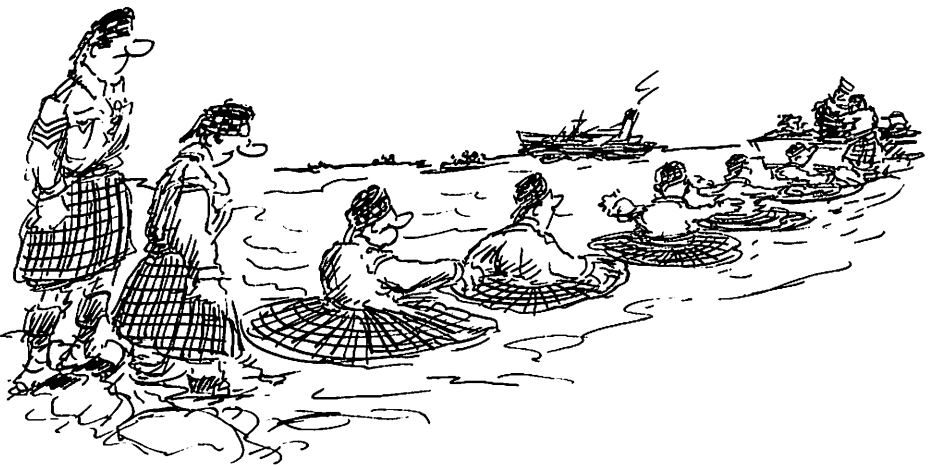
LAFF



LAFF













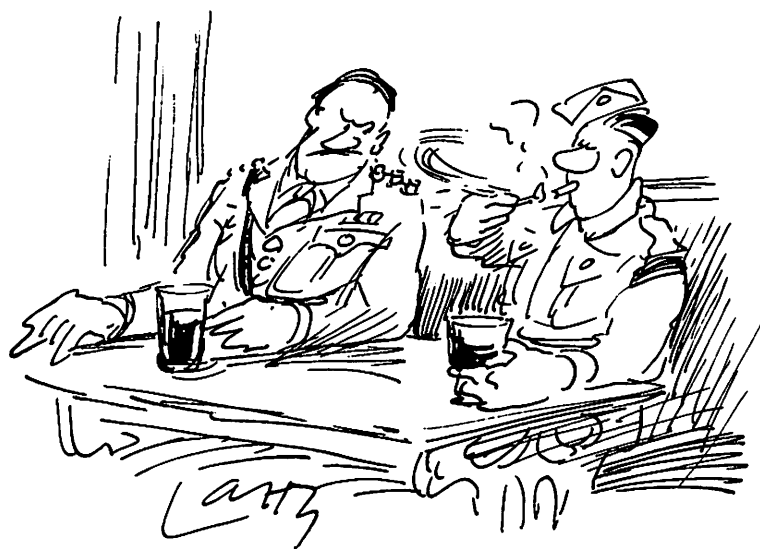


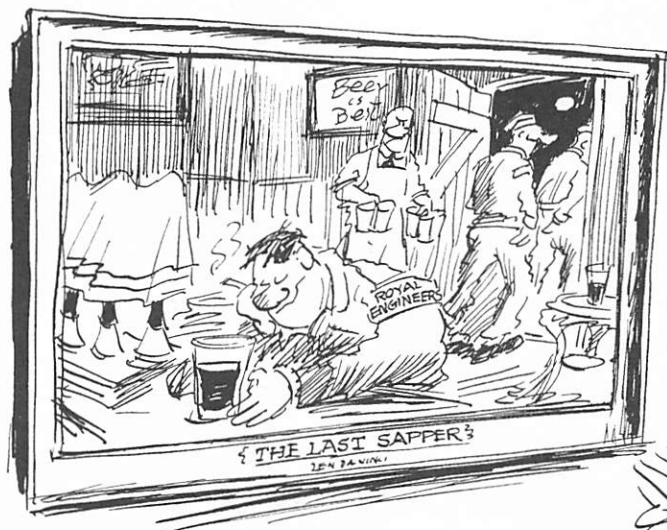


LATS

ROYAL ARMY
SALISBURY





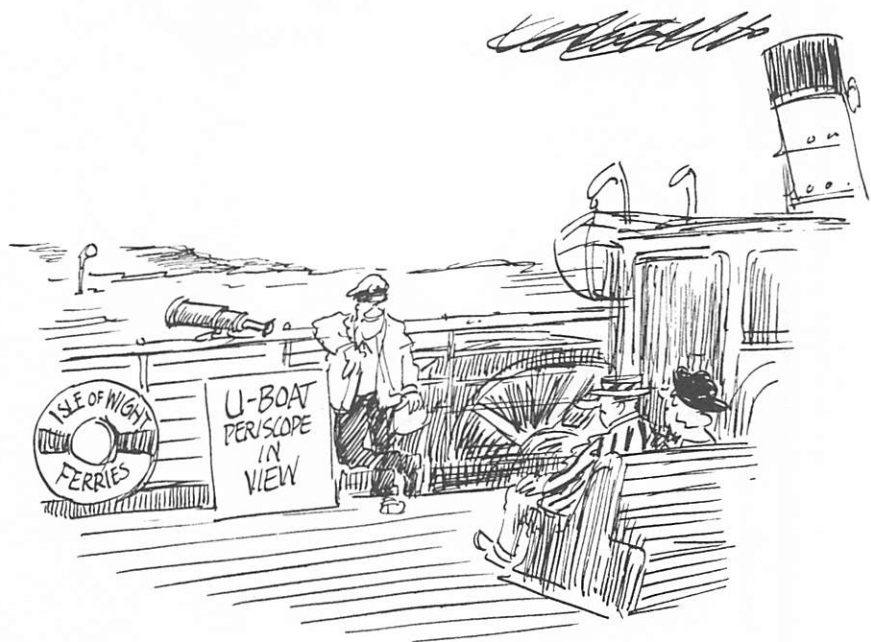


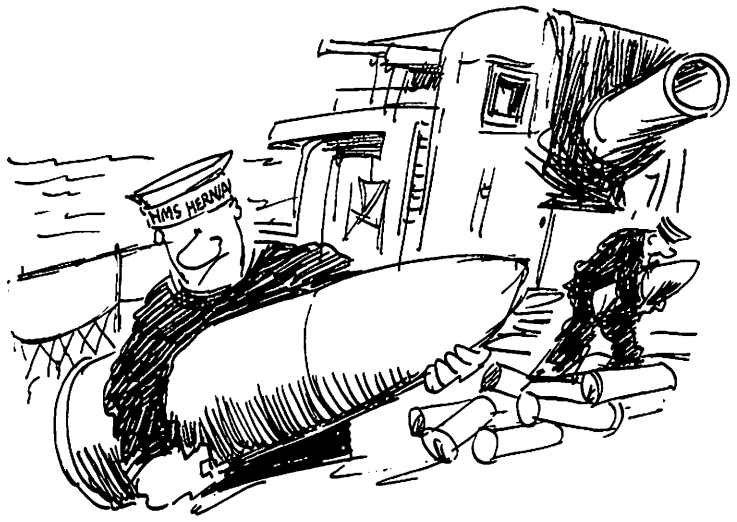
Lavin

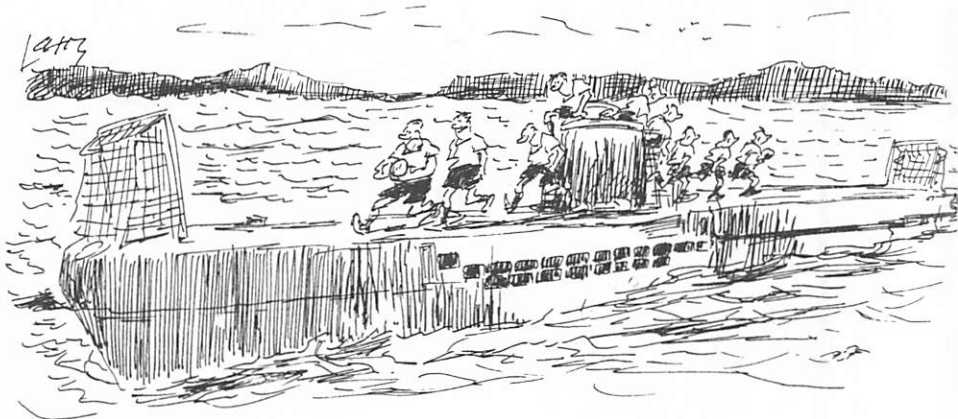
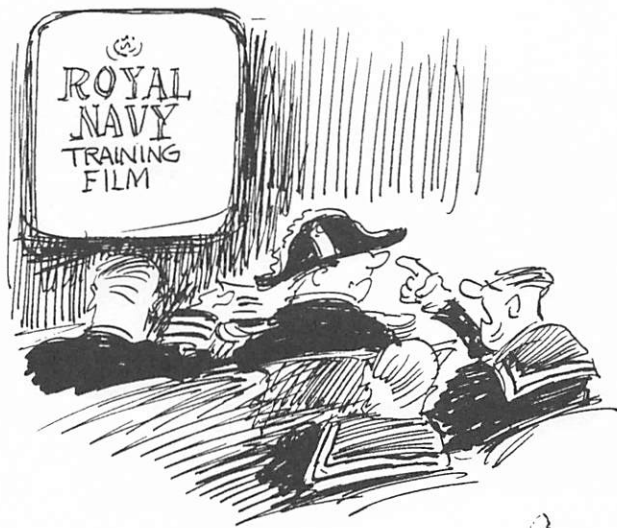


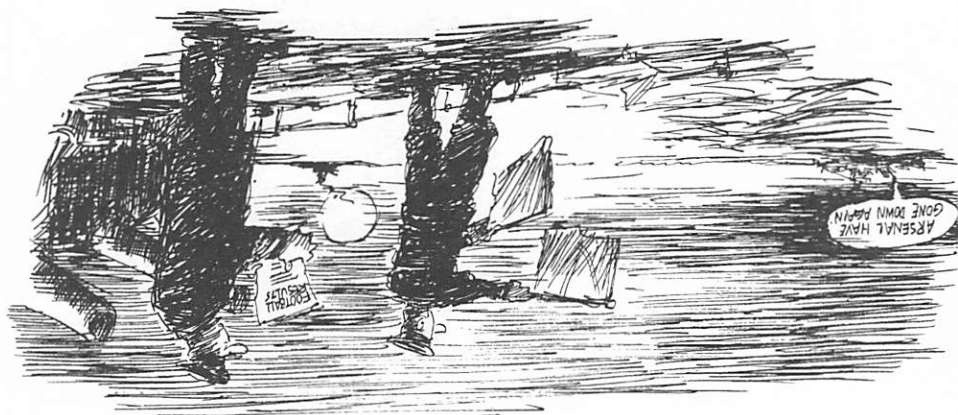
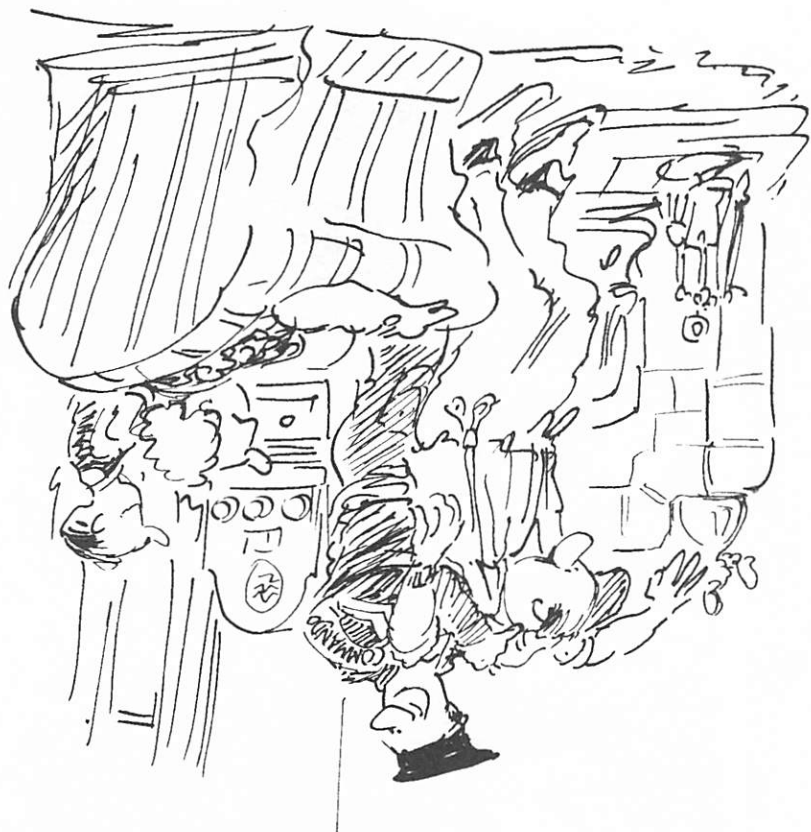


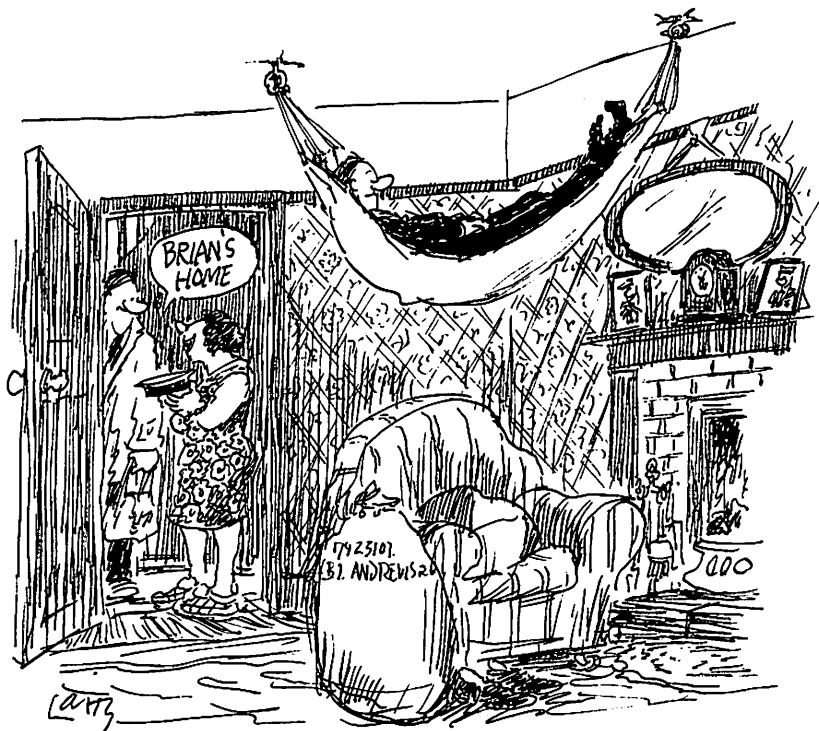
At Sea

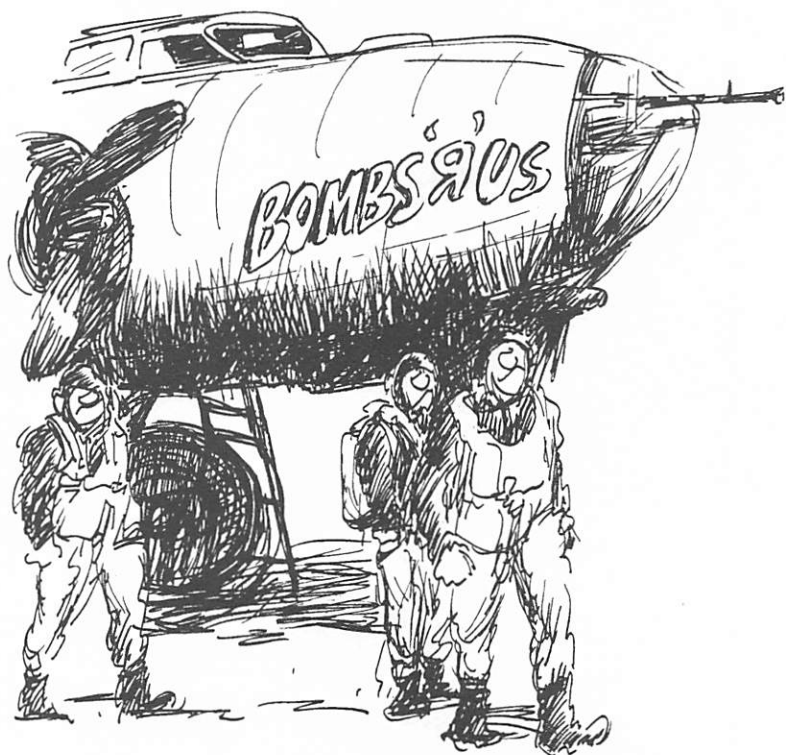






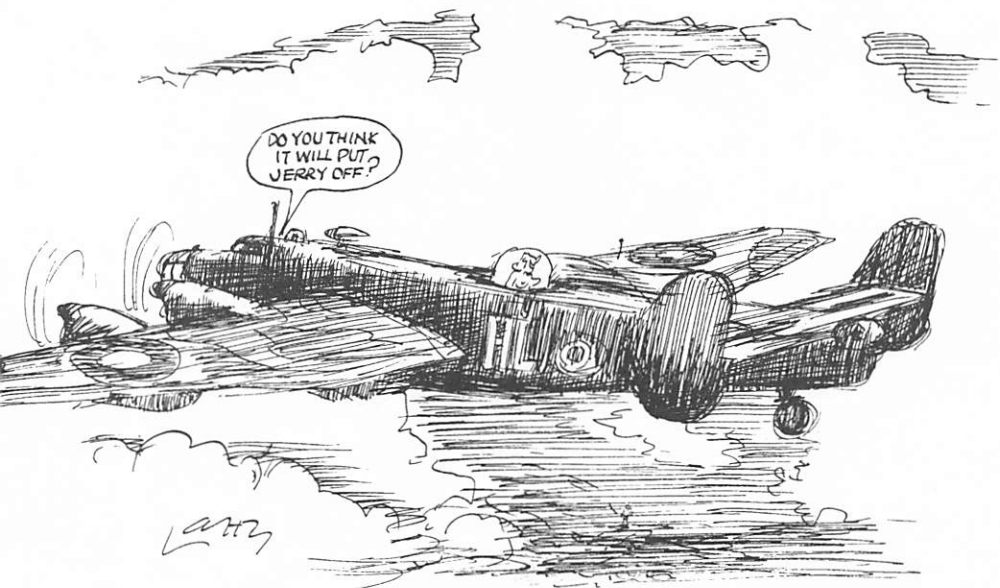




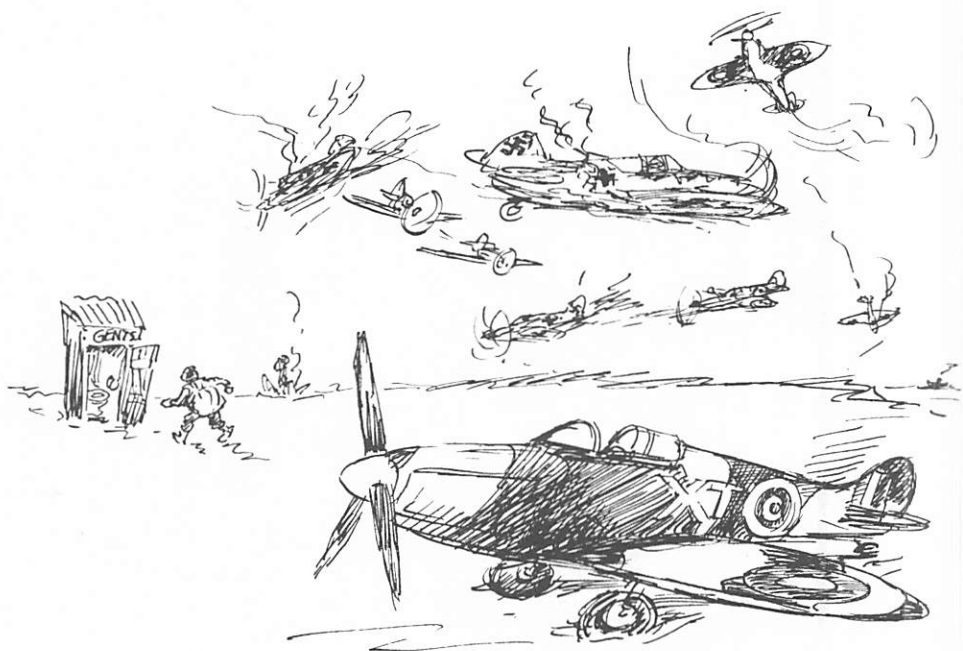
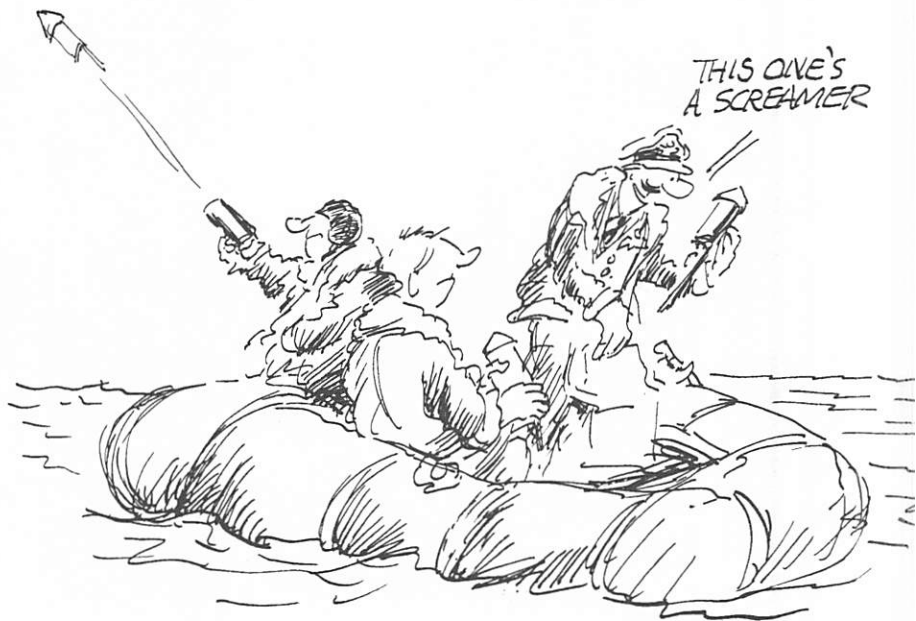


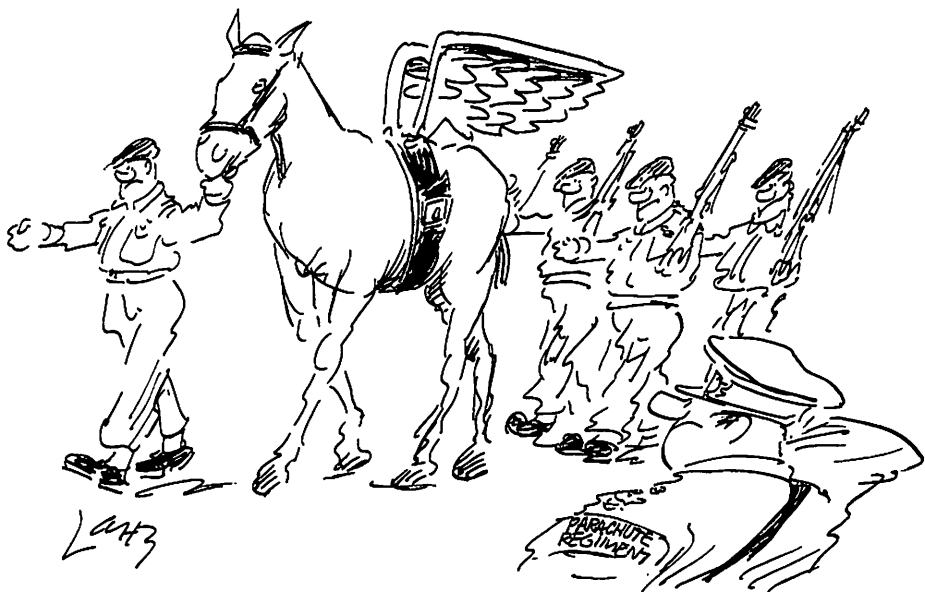
In the Air

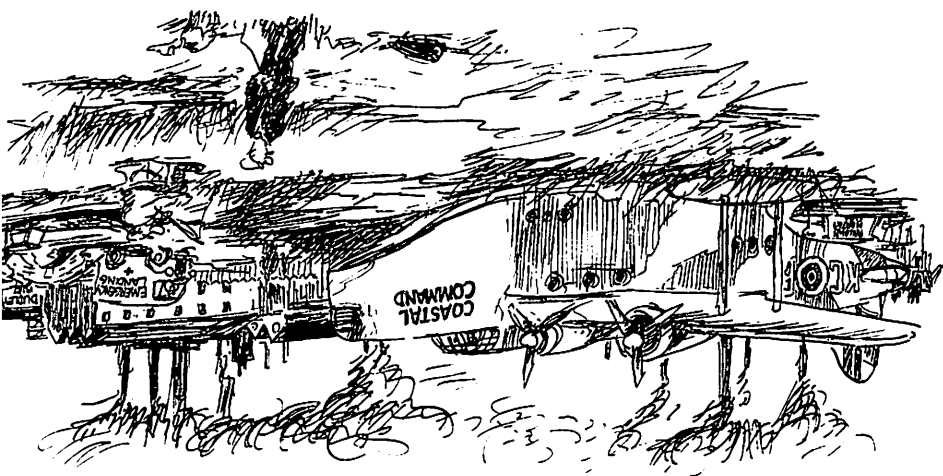
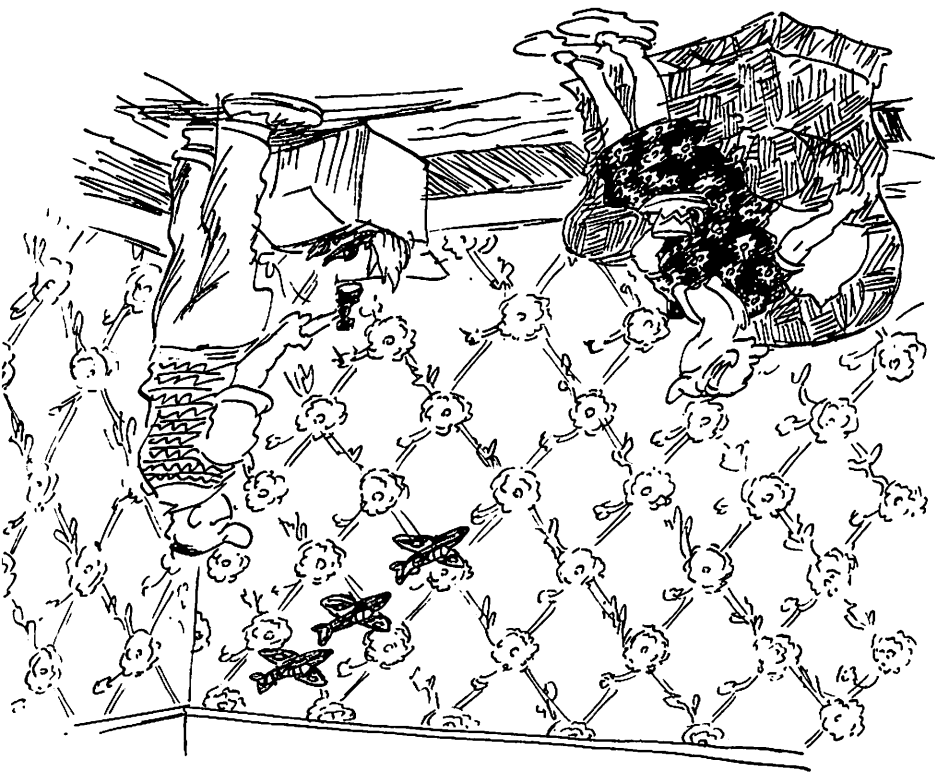




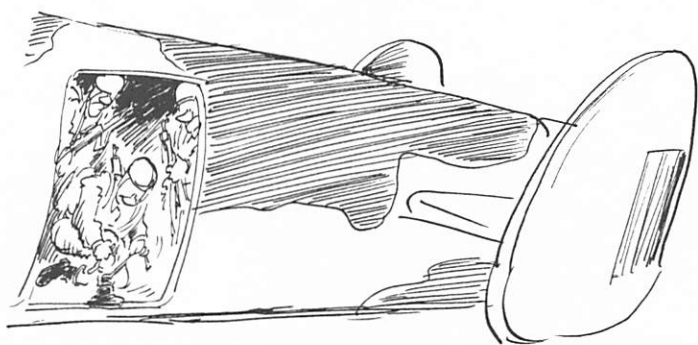
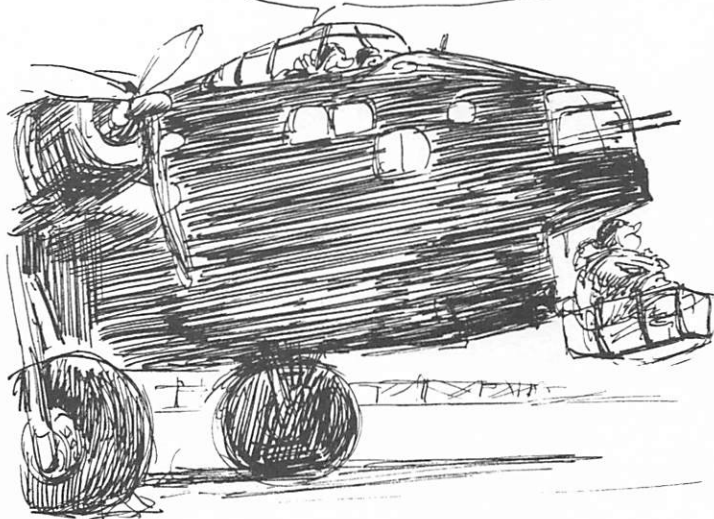
THIS ONE'S
A SCREAMER

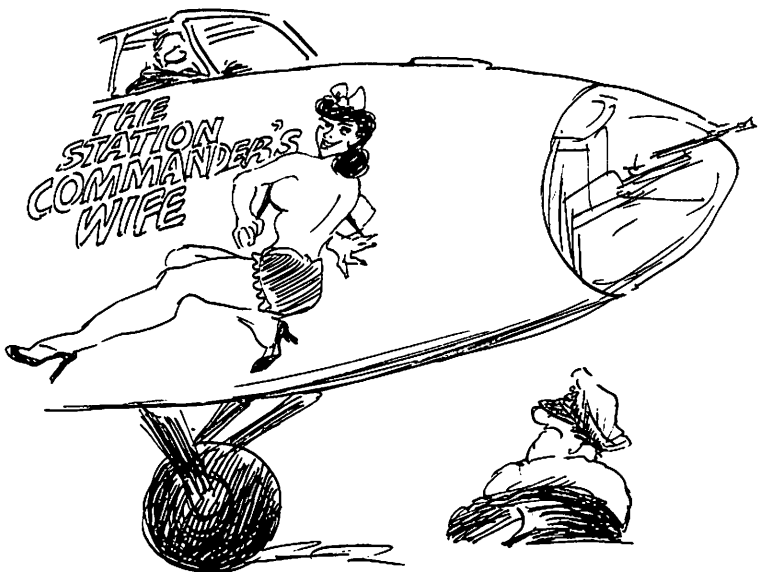


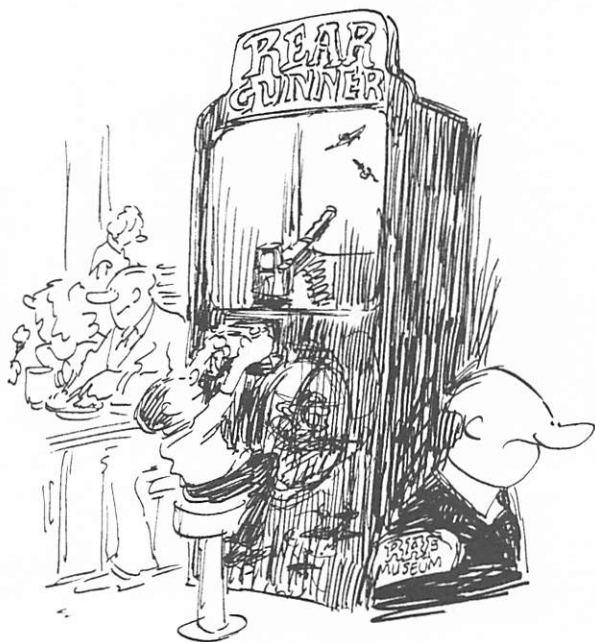




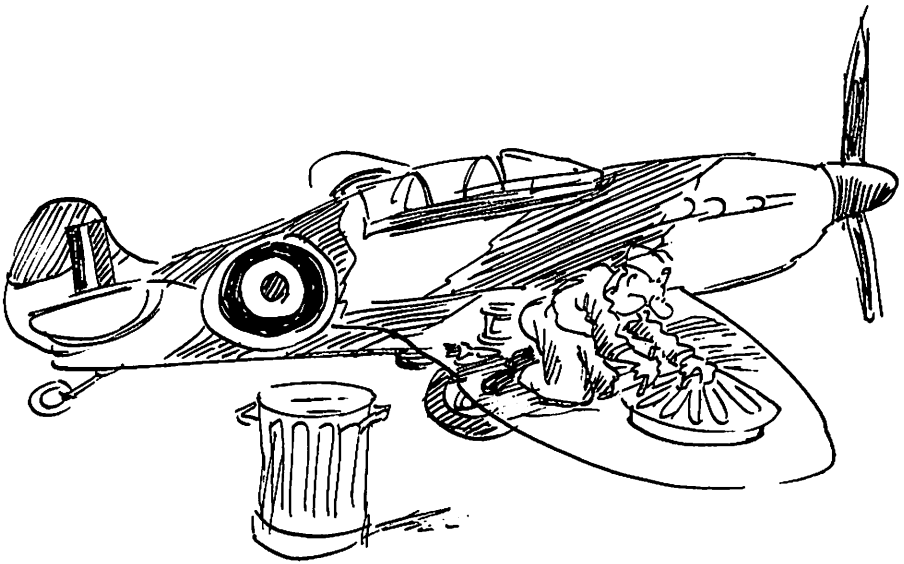
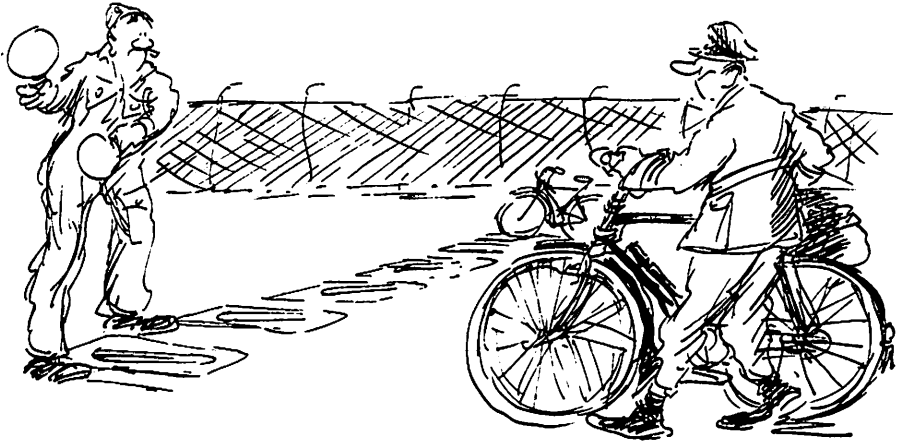
I SAID HED BEEN PUTTING ON
TOO MUCH WEIGHT LATELY!!













HE'S ALWAYS ONE OF
THE LAST OF THE FEW



I'M DOWN TO PLAY RUGBY
THIS SATURDAY!

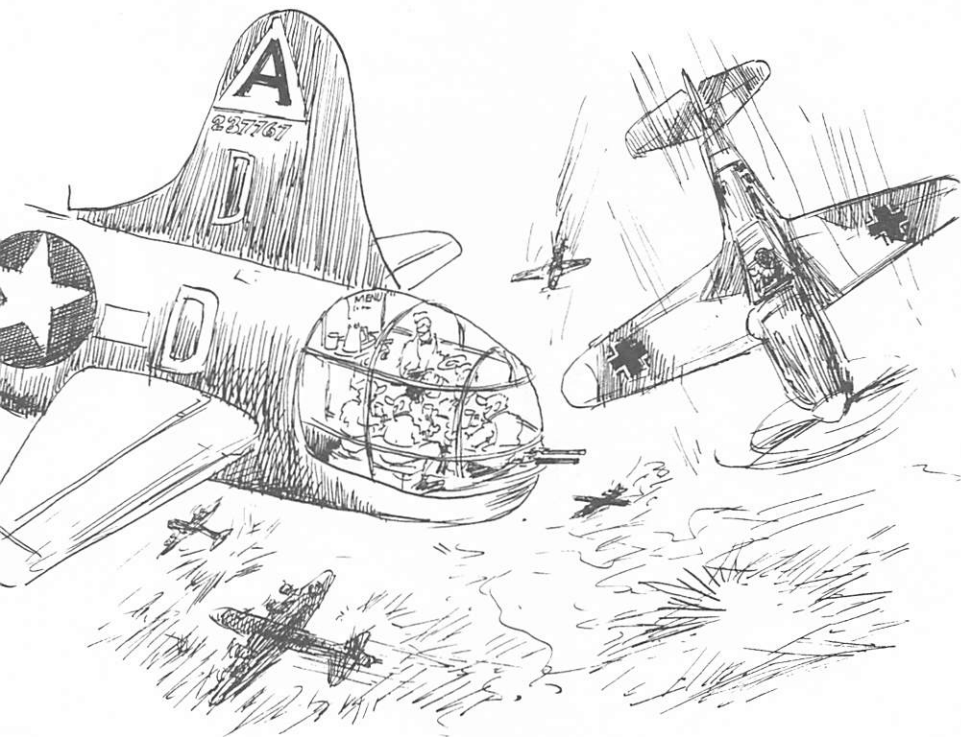
BRUN

LATTY

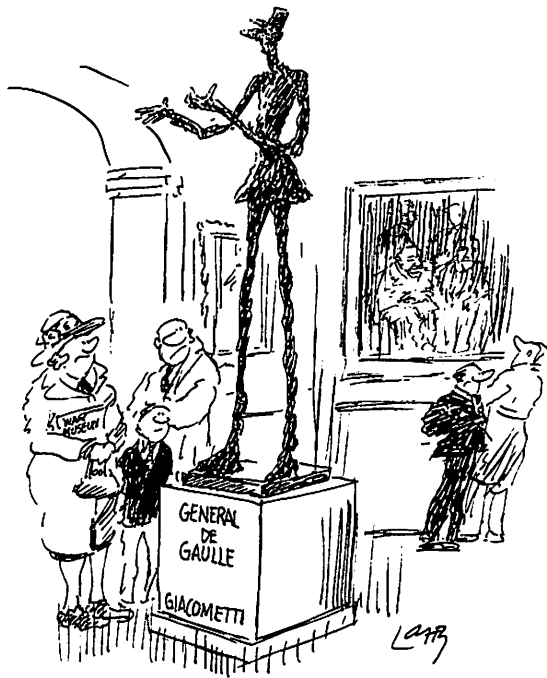


Our Allies







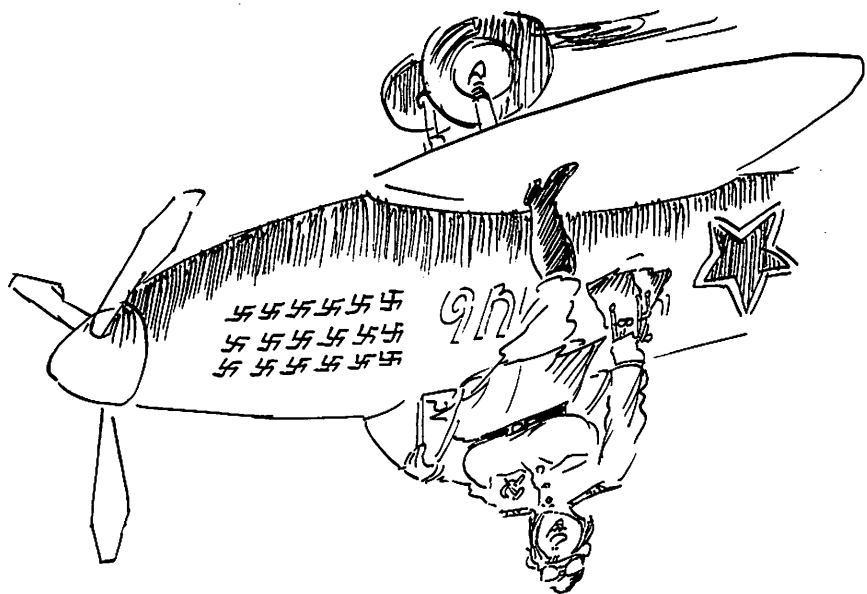


Latz



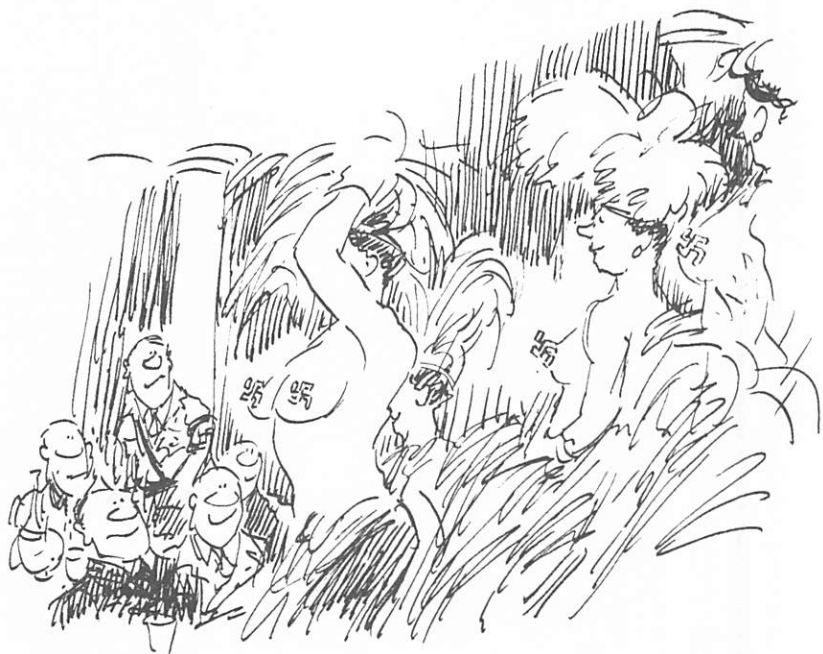






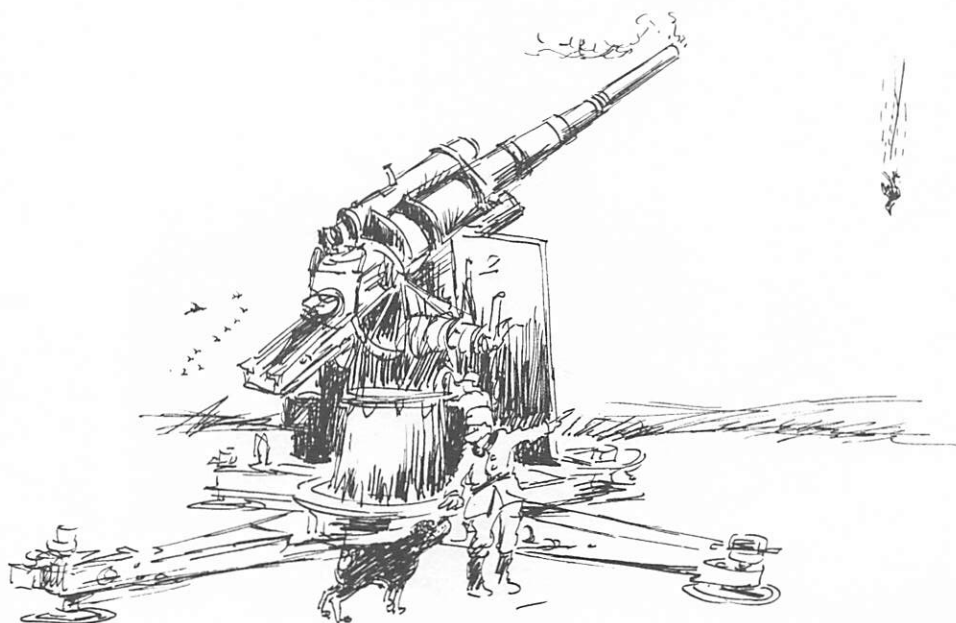


Their Lot

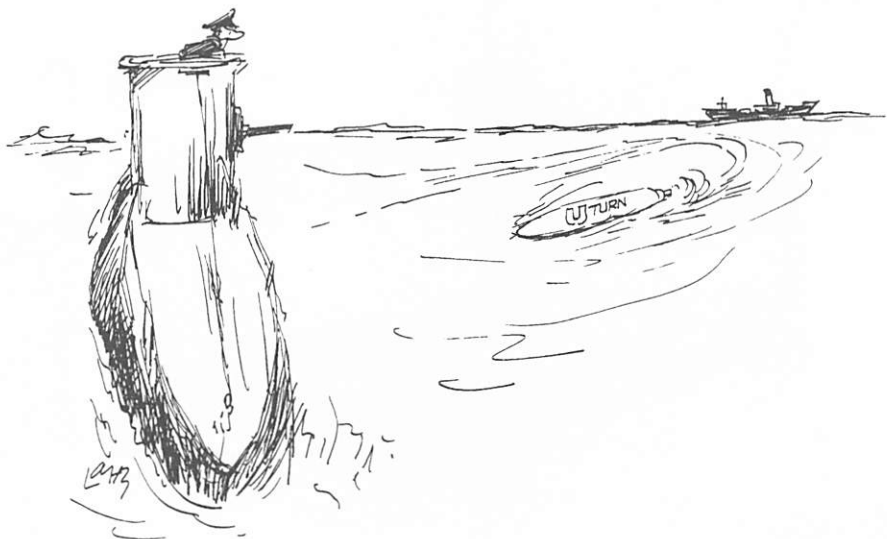
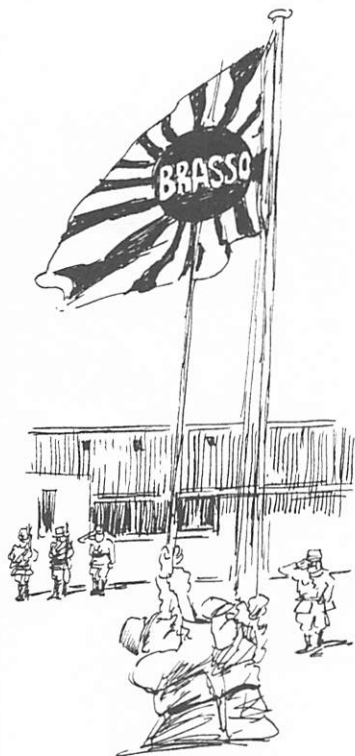


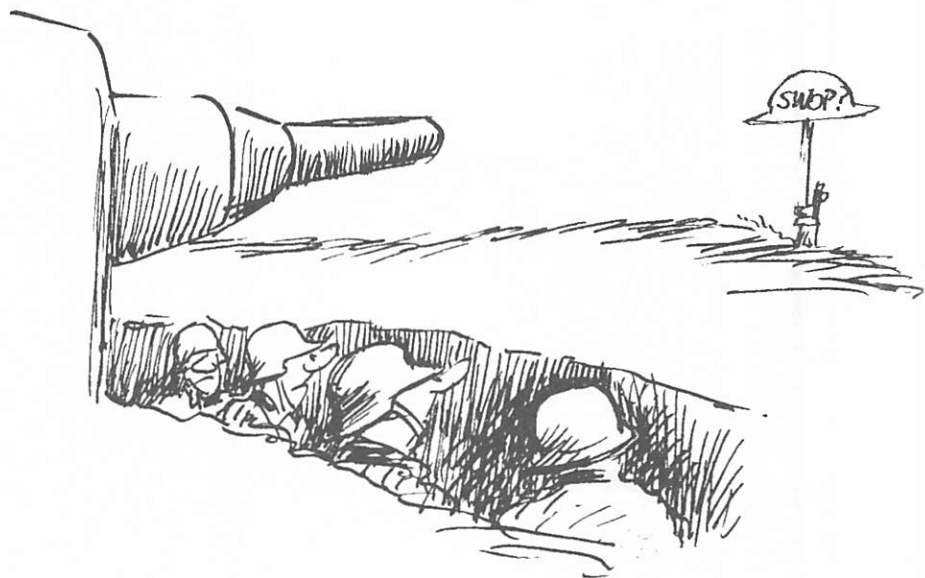
....AND OVER THERE
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE
A ROW OF RUNNER BEANS



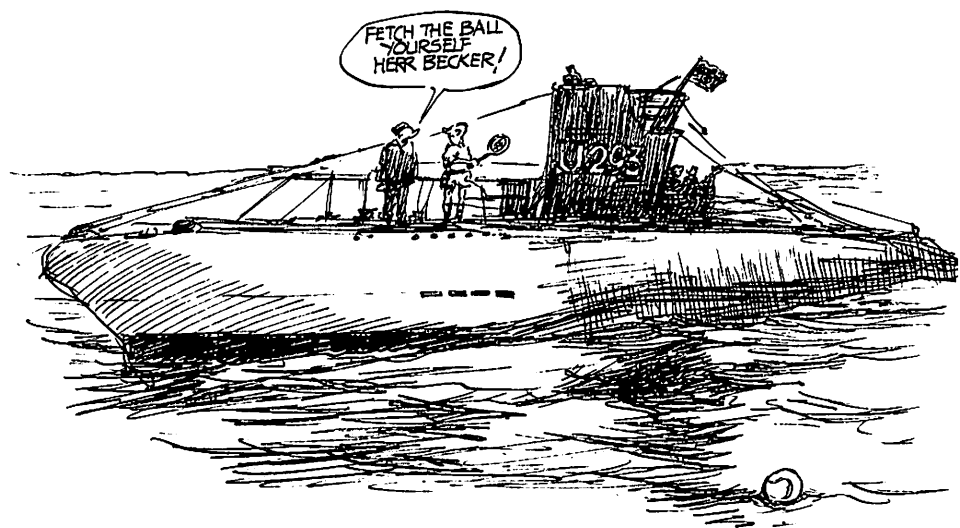
















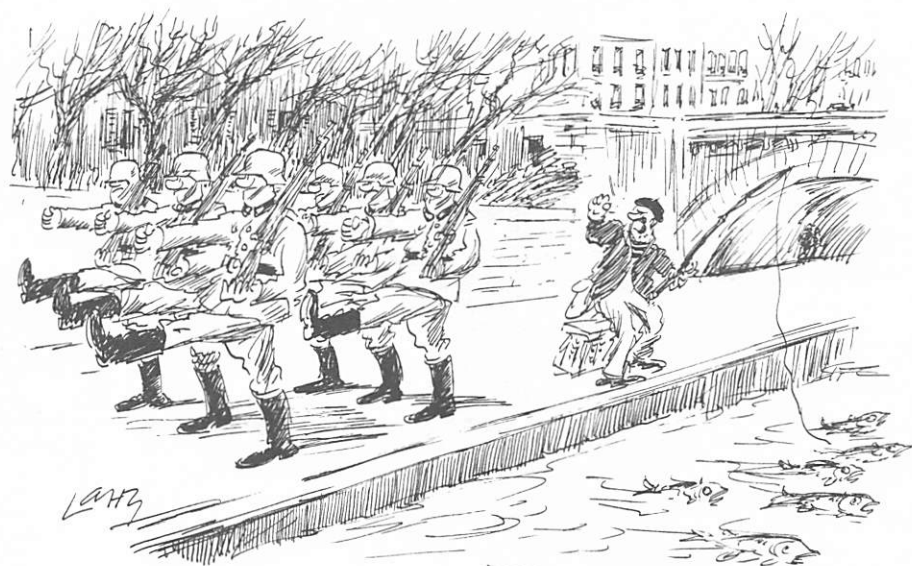
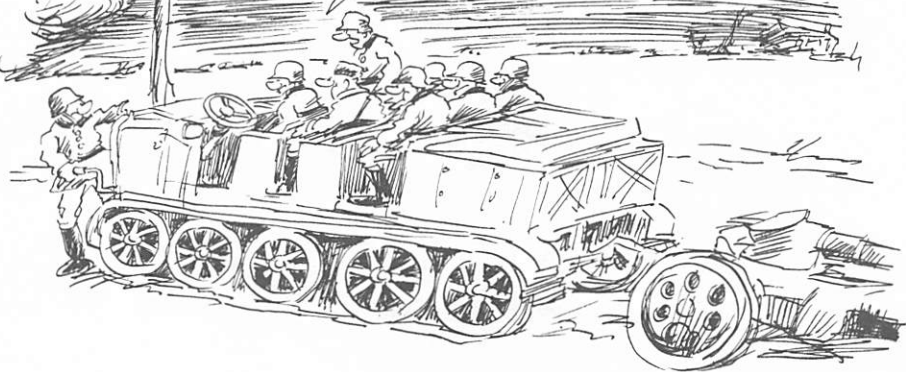
ADOLF ANDEVA

LATH

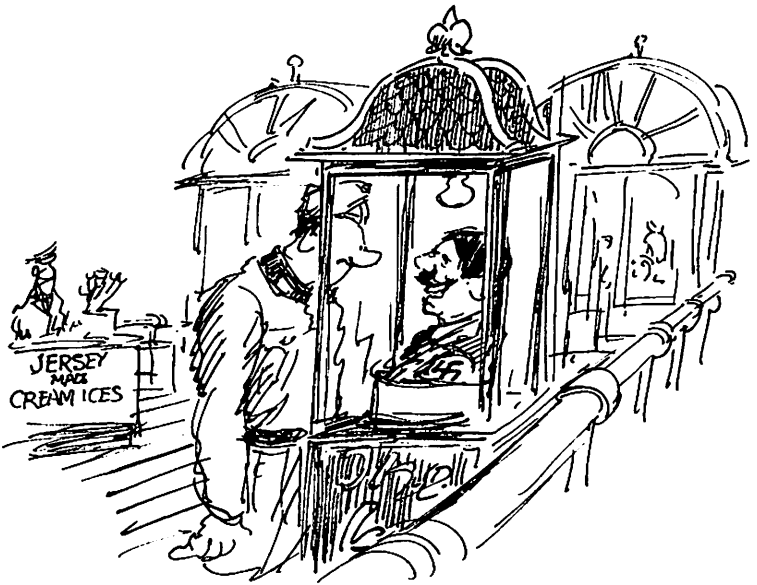


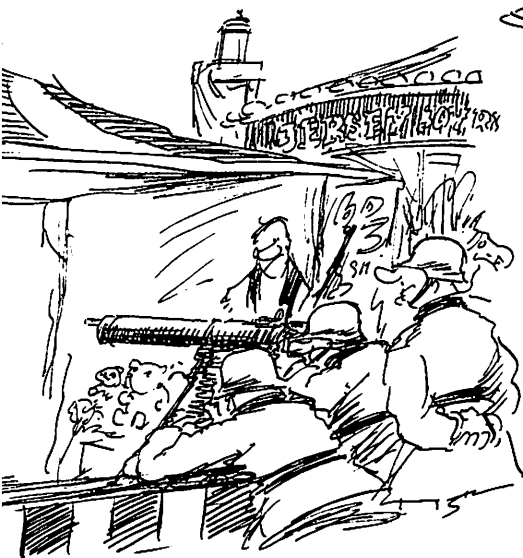
BATTLE
OF
STALINGRAID

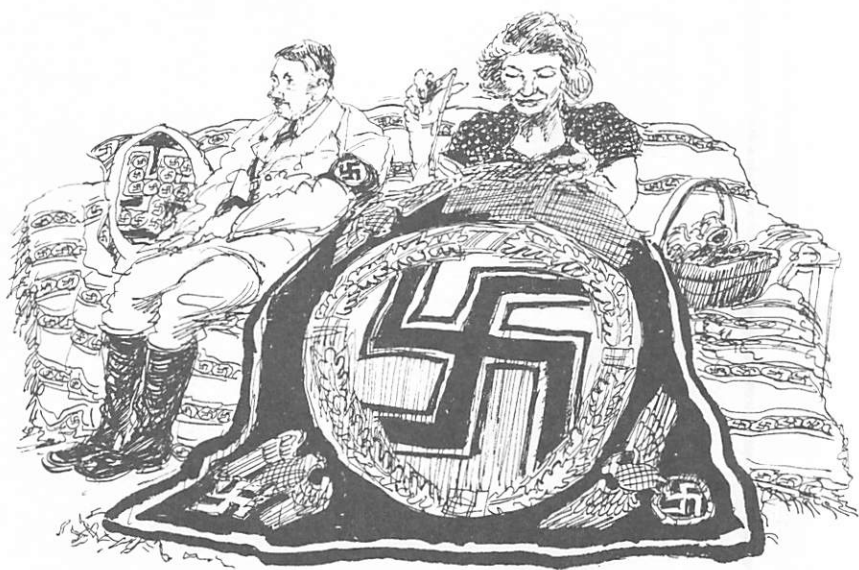
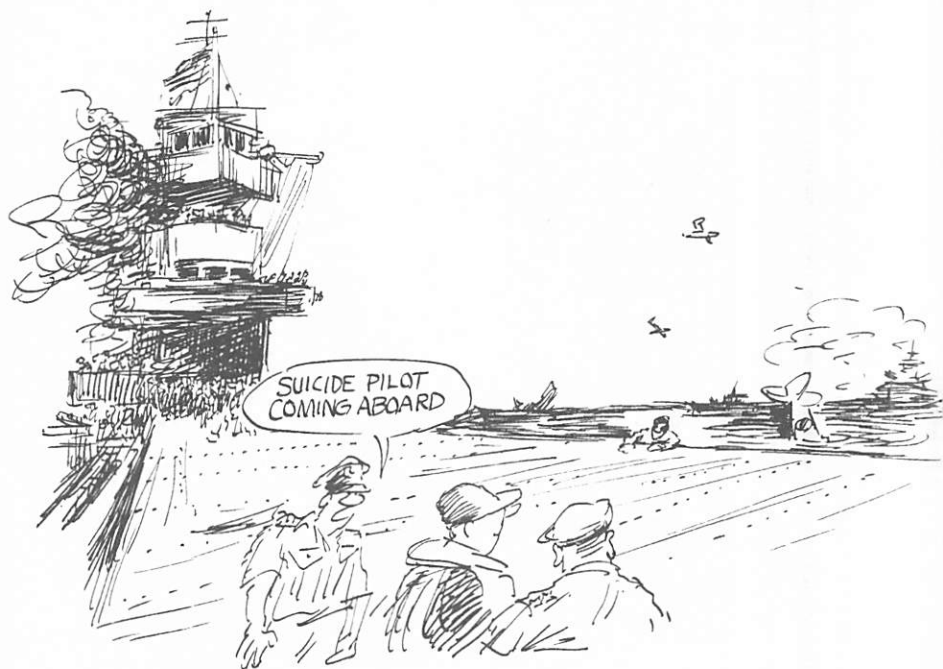
HURRY UP! — WE'RE
GOING TO MISS IT!



Channel Islands Occupation

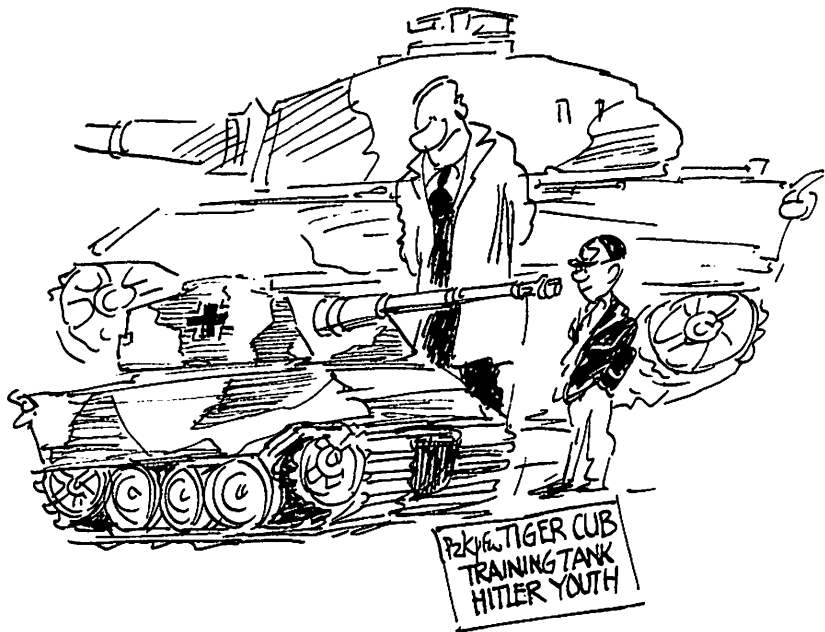








Himmler — A great Practical Joke.





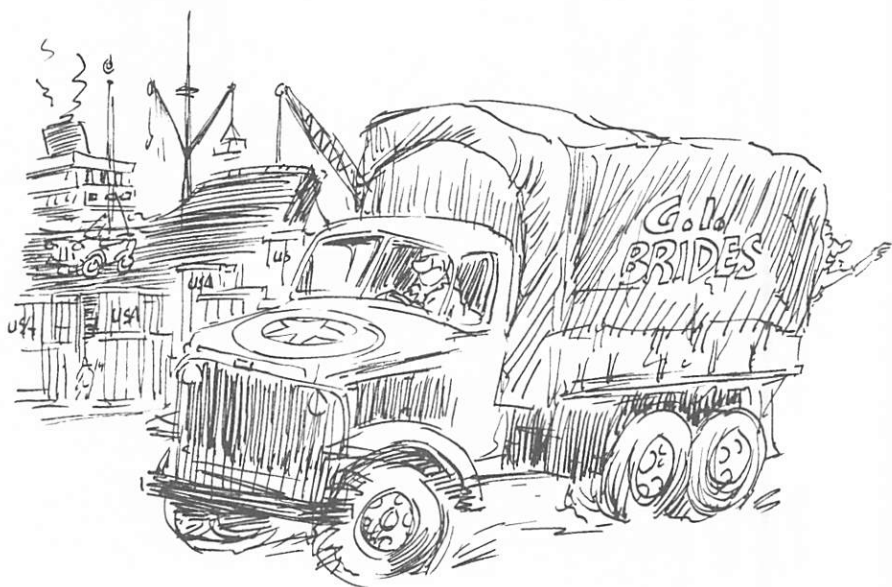
V – for Victory









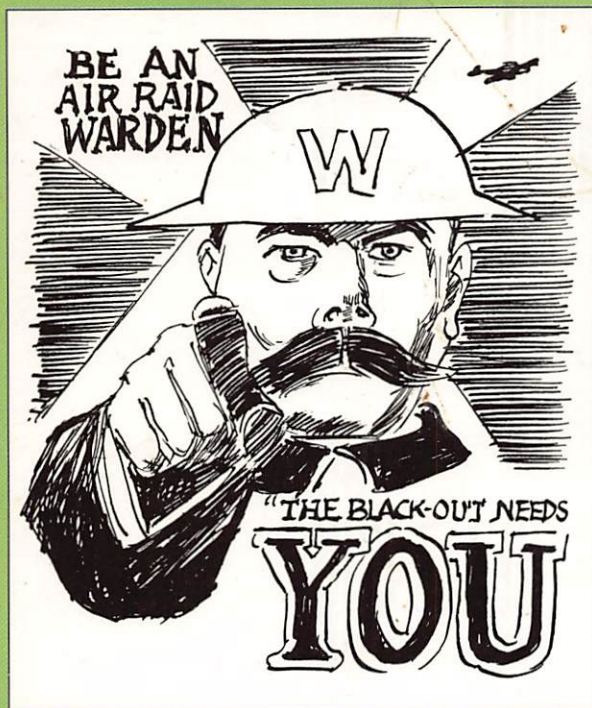




Terence Parkes, better known as 'Larry', was born in Birmingham on 19 November 1927, the son of a welding foreman in a motor-car factory. After studying at the Birmingham College of Arts & Crafts, he spent his National Service in the Army as a gunner. He later taught art in Peterborough, Lincolnshire, before turning freelance in 1957.

Now one of Britain's most popular cartoonists, his work has appeared in *Punch*, *Private Eye*, *Soldier*, *The Oldie*, *Guardian*, *Daily Telegraph* and *Birmingham Evening Mail* and elsewhere. He has also worked extensively in advertising, has produced cartoons for Granada TV and was briefly a scenery painter for Joan Littlewood's Theatre Royal. His drawings have appeared in a number of solo exhibitions and are held in public collections such as the Victoria & Albert Museum and the British Museum. He has produced more than 20 collections of his own work, including the autobiographical *Larry on Larry*, and has illustrated many other books. Elected an Honorary Fellow of the University of Central England in 1991, he lives in Stratford-upon-Avon.





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spivs, evacuees and Land Girls, no one is safe from his lampooning pen. And from the Blitz to the Führerbunker, from Pearl Harbor to Dunkirk – you name it and he's made a joke about it. All, of course, in the best possible taste and in his inimitable laconic style. This is pure unadulterated Larry at his very best.

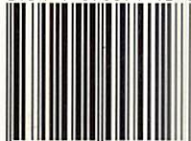
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