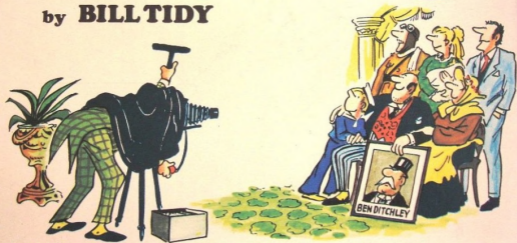


*The* **Fosdyke Saga**

by **BILL TIDY**



**From the famous strip in the DAILY MIRROR**

YOU'RE RIGHT, MOTHER, IT'S THE  
HOOTER UP AT MINE!



A CAVE-IN! ONLY ONE MAN  
DOWN THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED.  
THEY'RE BRINGING HIM UP NOW!

OH, VICTORIA, PRAY THAT YOUR  
FATHER IS UNHURT?



WHO  
IS IT?

IT'S JOSIAH FOSDYKE. CAN  
YOU WALK, LAD? GOOD...

..THEN GET WALKING...

**BLACKLEG!**

STRIKE  
NOW FOR A  
DECENT  
CRUST!



WE'VE SOLD EVERYTHING, JOS BUT  
WHERE WILL SIXPENCE  
GET US TO?



DON'T WORRY, BECKY!  
SAY 'GOODBYE' TO GRIMY  
OLD GRIDDLESBURY. WE'RE OFF TO

...MANCHESTER WHERE STREETS  
BRISTLE WITH BLACK PUDDINGS  
AND MEAT PIES...



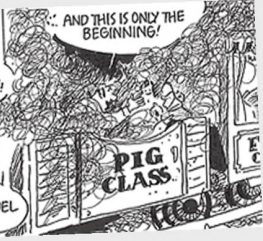
GRIDDLESBURY  
PLEASE REMEMBER TO  
BEAT YOUR PORTER

THANK  
YOU, SIR!



AND JUST FOR ONCE LET'S  
SPOIL OURSELVES AND TRAVEL  
IN STYLE!

... AND THIS IS ONLY THE  
BEGINNING!



ONLY ANOTHER 5½ HOURS, BECKY  
AND WE'RE THERE- COUGH!



LET US HOPE  
SO, JOS!



THE INFANT TIM IS STRUGGLING TO  
BREATHE THROUGH THE THICK LAYER  
OF SOOT FROM THE ENGINE ON HIS LITTLE-

EXCUSE ME, MADAM, USE THIS TO  
WIPE THE CHILD'S FACE!



OH, THANK  
YOU, SIR!

NOT AT ALL. ALLOW ME  
TO INTRODUCE MYSELF.  
I AM OLD BEN DITCHLEY...

..THE LANCASHIRE  
TRIBE KING!



FLIP  
FLAP

AFTER TIM WITH T  
TRIBE, MAMA!



DID YOU SAY YOU THAT YOU ARE  
LOOKING FOR WORK, MR...?

FOSDYKE, MR  
DITCHLEY!

YOU IMPRESS ME,  
CROSSPIKE. WILL YOU WORK FOR  
ME. ALL THE TRIPE YOU CAN EAT?



DID YOU HEAR THAT, MAMA?  
WHAT LUCK!

NOT LUCK,  
VICTORIA!

OLD BEN'S SEARCHING GLANCE  
NOTED YOUR FATHER'S PATENT HONESTY  
AND GOOD CHRISTIAN UPBRINGING!



YOU CAN ALWAYS TRUST A MAN  
WHO TUCKS HIS SHIRT INSIDE  
HIS UNDERPANTS!

TRIBE EXCHANGE ECHO  
CLOSING PRICES

OLD BEN TO BUY ALL OTHER TRIP
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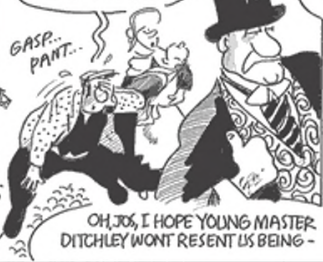
MR. DITCHLEY'S REALLY TAKEN TO US,  
BECKY, LETTING US RUN BEHIND  
HIS CAB!



FASTER  
CABBIE!

POSFIKE, YOU CAN STAY WITH ME AND  
MY LAD TILL YOU FIND A HOVEL OR  
A HANDCART TO LIVE UNDER.

PHEW! IT'S A MANSION!  
DITCHLEY HOUSE.



GASP...  
PANT...

OH, JOE, I HOPE YOUNG MASTER  
DITCHLEY WONT RESENT US BEING -

DONT THINK SO. HE'S TAKEN A SHINE  
TO VICTORIA ALREADY!



MORNING, MR. DITCHLEY. WE ARE  
READY TO BEGIN OUR  
HONEST LABOUR.

GOOD!  
HAND THESE  
OUT...

TRIPLE SLITTING SHED



.. AND YOU CAN START HERE AFTER THE  
WORKFORCE HAS SONG SEVERAL HYMNS.

BY GAW, FOSDYKE, THAT YOUNG 'UN  
OF YOURS SINGS LIKE AN ANGEL!



SHAME TO WASTE A VOICE  
LIKE THAT IN THE FETID AND ACRID  
ATMOSPHERE OF THE SLITTING SHED!

OH, MISTER DITCHLEY...  
HIS OWN HANDCART!





FOSDYKE, WATCH YOUR DAUGHTER WI' YOUNG BITCHLEY! HE'S HAD EVERY LASS IN T'PLACE TWICE OVER.

MISTER ROGER! SURELY NOT-

I DONT BELIEVE YOU! HE IS A NOBLE SPIRIT. A MAN OF CHARACTER JUST LIKE HIS FATHER!

OH YES! HE'S LIKE HIS FATHER RIGHT ENOUGH!

SEE HE DONT GET HER IN THE SCALDING ROOM. THATS WHERE IT HAPPENS!

ME LIKE MY FATHER - BUST! THAT CAN ONLY MEAN-

DAD! IT'S MY TURN!

SCALDING ROOM

KEEP OUT!



I'M RIGHT PLEASED WI' YOU FOSDYKES, IN PARTICULAR, YOUR DAUGHTER WHO IS BUILT LIKE A DRAYHORSE.



VICTORIA?  
YES, SHE—

MRS. DITCHLEY'S DEAD TEN YEARS AND I'LL BE BLUNT, JOS—MAY I CALL YOU 'JOS—ALLOW ME TO BECOME YOUR LOVING SON-IN-LAW...

AND THERE'S A SEAT ON THE TRUPE EXCHANGE BOARD WAITING FOR YOU. WHAT D'YOU SAY, DAD?



ER.. I'LL.. ER.. HAVE TO SPEAK TO— HERE SHE IS NOW!

JOS! VICKY'S RUN OFF WI' YOUNG ROGER. THEY BOUGHT SINGLE TICKETS AT THE STATION FOR... WIGAN!

A SUICIDE PACT!



THAT WASTREL, NO GOOD SON OF MINE  
RUNNING OFF WITH THE LASS I WERE  
GOING TO WED!

NAY, LAD, I KNOW MY ROTTEN, WORTHLESS  
SON. HE'S GOT HER UP THE STICK, THE VILE,  
DISGUSTIN', SCHEMIN' SCOUNDREL!

ARE YOU SAYIN' MY LAD'S  
NOT CAPABLE?

WE FEAR THEY HAVE GONE TO  
WIGAN TO... DO AWAY WITH THEMSELVES!

NO, MR. DITCHLEY,  
WE ARE SURE THAT  
YOU ARE MISTAKEN!



FOSDYKE, HE IS IN SEVERE SHOCK. HAS HE BEEN CHASING THE TRIFE GIRLS AGAIN?

...SO KEEP HIM IN COMPLETE QUIET AND ABOVE ALL... NO MORE SHOCKS!

...HERE'S MY BILL!

NO. HE WAS HOPEING TO MARRY OUR LASS BUT ROGER RAN OFF WITH -

I HEARD THAT! US DITCHLEYS ARE MADE OF STERNER STUFF. GET OUT!

AAAAAAY...

TUT-TUT! HE'S AN OLD MAN AND ANOTHER TURN COULD KILL HIM..

VERY WELL...







ROGER, LET US GET MARRIED-

WHAT? YOU, A WORKING CLASS STRUMPET...

... SADDLING A GENTLEMAN OF BREEDING WITH A NEWLING INFANT. OH NO, YOU WERE STARTING TO BORE ME ANYWAY. GOODBYE!



ROGER, YOU CANNOT LEAVE ME LIKE THIS!

BLAST! SHE'S RIGHT! MY HONOUR AS AN EDUCATED, WELL DRESSED GENTLEMAN.

I MUST GO BACK...



...FOR MY TROUSERS AND UMBRELLA!

GOOD RIDDANCE! GIVING THE 'SAILORS DELIGHT'  
LODGING HOUSE A BAD-HELLO  
SAILOR AND FRIEND!



I CANNOT GO HOME FOR THE SHAME OF  
IT SO THERE IS NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE.

GOODBYE, CRUEL WORLD!



STOP!  
DON'T DO IT!

D'YOU MIND IF I GO FIRST BEFORE THE  
POLICE ARRIVE?



WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE  
MRS. PANKHURST WILL J  
INTO THE CANAL AT T  
FOLLOWING TIMES

VICTORIA?

NO NEWS, SIR,  
NOTHING.

MINE, MR. DITCHLEY!  
DID YOU SAY-

HE CAN'T HEAR  
YOU, MR. FOSDYKE.  
HE'S GONE.

I LIKE THE SOUND OF IT!

JOS, LAD, I AM SINKING  
FAST...LISTEN CLOSE..TRIPWORKS IS  
YOURS, UNDERSTAND? I'M GIVIN' YOU THE LOT!

BECKY, DID YOU HEAR  
THAT? NOBODY EVER CALLED  
ME 'MISTER' BEFORE!



I THINK I'LL BUY A COUPLE OF THEM  
HORSELESS CARRIAGES, HALF A DOZEN  
MIXED SERVANTS...



..A BILLIARDS TABLE, MAYBE  
A FLYING MACHINE AND A  
STRING OF RACEHORSES-

HOLD ON RIGHT THERE, JOS  
FOSDYKE! FIRST THINGS FIRST!



I'VE BEEN WEARING  
THESE CLOTHES AND SHOES  
FOR THE LAST TWELVE  
YEARS! ISN'T IT TIME -

NOW, NOW, REBECCA..

..DON'T LET OUR NEW FOUND WEALTH  
GO TO YOUR HEAD!





THE DITCHLEY SIGN IS DOWN, BECKY.  
IT'S 'FOSDYKE'S TRIPE' NOW - WHAT  
IS IT, ALBERT LAD?

THEY KNOW A GOOD THING, BECKY AND  
THEY'RE FALLING OVER THEMSELVES TO  
LEND ME MONEY!

OH, JOS, GOOD  
TIMES AT LAST!

THERE'S A MAN TO SEE YOU,  
DAD. MR. SPARKNORTH OF  
BEE DUES BANK. I'LL LET HIM IN.

JUST WATCH HOW I HANDLE THIS  
CREEPY PEN PUSHER! BRING HIM IN!

THAT'S DITCHLEY'S DEBTS SETTLED, FOSDYKE  
KEYS PLEASE!



WHAT DID THE SOLICITOR SAY, DAD?

WOOLLOVER-EYES SOLICITOR

ROGER BITCHLEY SQUANDERED THE FIRM'S MONEY. THERE'S NOWT LEFT!

WHAT'S THE USE OF TRYING TO IMPROVE OUR LOT, DAD? WHY DON'T WE STICK TO WHAT WE ARE. WORKING CLASS SCUM!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, TOM BUT THERE'S STILL HOPE..

..WHILE WE'VE GOT A ROOF OVER OUR HEADS!

FOSDYKES

FOSDYKES

NO WORK, NO MONEY, JUST ANOTHER FACE  
IN A SEA OF UNEMPLOYED  
WORKERS—

NO JOBS  
FOR AT LEAST  
10 YEARS

LOOK OUT! A  
RUNAWAY HORSE AND  
CARRIAGE!

IT COULD BE CARRYING A WEALTHY  
ECCENTRIC WHO, OUT OF GRATITUDE  
FOR SAVING HIS LIFE...

GIVES ME A LARGE SUM OF MONEY!  
BECKY, IT'S RISKY BUT IF ANYTHING  
HAPPENS TO ME...



...I LOVE YOU AND THE KIDS. IT'S  
ALL OR NOTHING AND I HAVE NO CHOICE—

ALL STARTERS FOR THE  
10,000 GUINEAS!



DON'T GIVE UP, BECKY! THE LUCK OF THE FOSDYKES MUST CHANGE!

'FORGIVE ME! HERE IS £50. WILL WRITE SOON. VICTORIA!'

.. A FANCY ADDRESS!



HERE, MATE, A LETTER FOR YOU!



HOW DID THE POSTMAN KNOW WHERE TO—

SIMPLE, LASS THE FIRST STEP ON THE ROAD TO FINANCIAL RECOVERY IS..



NO. 1  
HANDCART  
VILLAGES

THUD!

OUCH!

PRINZ KNACKERSTEIN OF OSTROVAKIA.  
DO ME THE HONOUR, BRAVE FELLOW,  
OF ACCEPTING THIS GIFT!

I'LL TAKE THAT, SIR. IT'S SID NOB WICK  
FIFTEENTH DUD CHEQUE TODAY!

LOOK AT THAT MAN!  
WHAT AMAZING COURAGE!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT?  
EXACTLY TEN THOUSAND GUINEAS!

