

Fosdyke Saga Two

by **BILL TIDY**

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



NON STOP JOS HAS ITCHY FEET...



JOS SAYS THE FUTURE IS BLACK!



TRAGIC NEWS FROM THE SALVATION ARMY...



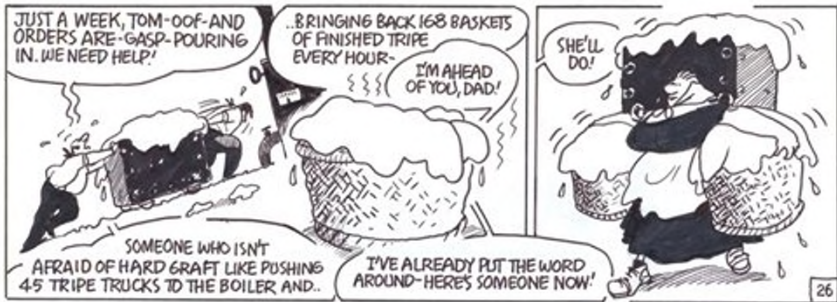
MANY TONS OF TRIPE LATER...



THE DEAL IS DONE!



THE FOSDYKES ARE TRIPE MASTERS BUT IT'S TOUGH GOING!



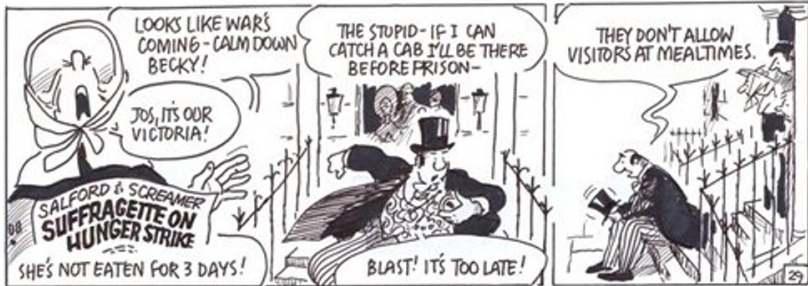
MORE MUSCLE, YES, BUT IDEAS?



DARK CLOUDS LINE THE TRIPE HORIZON...



AS IF THE THREAT OF WAR IS NOT BAD ENOUGH...



JOS WAITS IN THE GRIM SHADOW OF STRANGWAYS...



FATHER AND DAUGHTER UNITED AT LAST!



VICTORIA MAKES A DESPARATE CHOICE!



THE CROWDS FLOCK TO THE DERBY...



TRAGEDY AVERTED BUT...



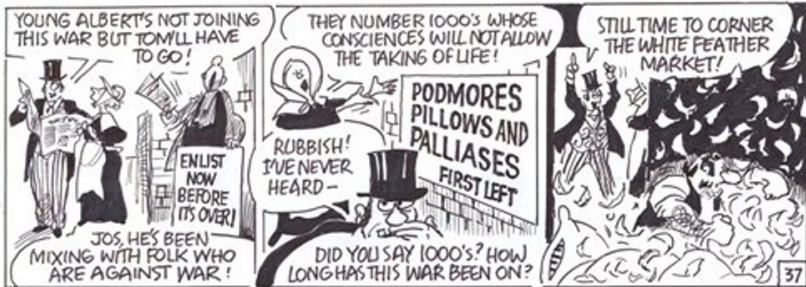
WHAT SHAME HAS VICTORIA BROUGHT ON TO HER FAMILY?



AT LAST THE FOSDYKES HAVE REACHED THE TOP!



IT'S DECISION TIME AGAIN...



DUTY...OR CONSCIENCE?



JOS IS FORCED INTO A CORNER!



IS TOM'S DECISION FINAL?



HAS JOE GONE TOO FAR?

YOU AND YOUR MOUTH! TOM'S LEFT HOME AND THIS IS FROM YOUNG ALBERT!

I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED AND IF YOU'RE SO DAM' PATRIOTIC WHY DON'T YOU ENLIST?

PUNCTURED EARDRUMS!

"I HAVE JOINED THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS!" MY SON UP IN THEM CONTRACTIONS!

I TRIED, BECKY. THE ARMY AND THE NAVY TURNED ME DOWN.

FAR AWAY, ALBERT TAKES TO THE AIR...



AN AIRFIELD IN FRANCE NEAR THE FRONT...



ALBERT MEETS HIS COMMANDING OFFICER...



DITCHLEY UNFOLDS HIS EVIL PLAN...

SIR, IS IT WISE TAKING FOSDYKE
INTO RICHTHOFEN'S AREA? HE'S
A NEW BOY-



AIRCRAFT ARMED, TANK FULL, CHEESE
ROLL AND PICKLE, BRUSH
AND PAINTPOT-



'SCUSE ME, SIR. I USUALLY STENCIL
EACH NEW VICTIM ON YOUR AIRCRAFT!

THANKS BUT I'LL
DO THIS ONE!



A DASTARDLY BETRAYAL!



DITCHLEY IS DOWN.. AND OUT!



AT HOME A SUMMARY OF THE FOSDYKE WAR EFFORT...



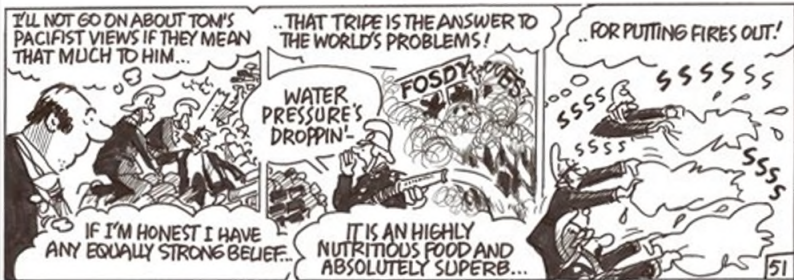
CAN JOS CONTAIN HIMSELF AT THE PEACE RALLY?



A TERRIFYING NEW THREAT TO TRIPE!



AS TOM IS RESCUED FROM THE BOMBED TRIPWORKS...



RECONCILIATION IS IN THE AIR...



A TRIPEWORKS IS REBORN...

THEY'RE WORKING WELL, JOE,
BE FINISHED IN NO
TIME-

S AYE, LASS. DIVE
IN HERE OUT OF
THE RAIN!

BIT CRAMPED BUT DRY! LOOK, BECKY! THE OLD, GLOOMY, COLD...

..TRIBE SLASHING SHED I SLAVED IN. GONE!
NOW OUR 300 STAFF WILL HAVE A NEW
SHED.. AND EVEN A RECREATION ROOM!

WE'RE IN
IT, LUV!

A RECREATION-OH,
JOS, LET ME SEE IT!

TROUBLED THOUGHTS PLAGUE A MOTHER'S MIND...



AT THE FRONT A PUZZLED COMRADE...



SAFELY BACK IN OUR LINES...

H.R.H. IS UP IN THE SHARP END
TO HAVE HIS PICTURE TOOK AND
THIS TRENCH IS FILTHY!

REALLY! THEN HOW DO YOU
ACCOUNT FOR THIS DUST?

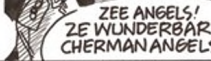
BLIMEY, SARGE, I'VE
SPENT HOURS MAKING THIS TRENCH
ABSOLUTELY SPOTLESS!

BOOM

THAT NIGHT A STRANGE PHENOMENA...



ARE THE LIGHTS REALLY ANGELS OF PEACE?



LATER AMONGST A GROUP OF PRISONERS...



IS TOM ON THE BRINK OF SOMETHING BIG?



A BARBED WIRE BOARDROOM MEETING...

WE TALK BIG BUSINESS AND
WHEN CHERMANY WIN-



NO, NO!
FORGIVE ME, FOSDEICK. NO
MORE TALK OF DAM' WAR, EH?

ONLY FRIENDSHIP, PEACE UND OUR
TWO GREAT NAMES TOGETHER!



I CAN SEE IT NOW.
SCHMIDT UND FOSDEICK, FOSDEICK
UND SCHMIDT. IT DOESN'T MATTER...

HEAD OFFICE,
BERLIN!



CLICK!

AN ANGLO-GERMAN BUSINESS IS BORN...



TOM FOSDYKE IS IN BUSINESS BUT WHAT OF BROTHER ALBERT IN FRANCE...

NO REPLY, JOE! I'VE SENT
A DOZEN LETTERS
TO ALBERT...

..CHANGE YOUR UNDERWEAR
OFTEN AND PLEASE ANSWER
THIS LETTER...

DEAR MOTHER, I
HOPE THIS FINDS YOU
AS IT LEAVES ME...

"DEAR SON, THE PAPERS ARE
FULL OF YOUR EXPLOITS AS AN
AIR ACE. I WORRY ABOUT YOU..

MOTHER'S RIGHT! IT'S
TIME I REPLIED. WHERE'S
THAT PEN AND WRITING PAD?

MEANWHILE, BEHIND GERMAN LINES ALBERT'S REPUTATION GROWS...

STUBBEL, TELL BARON VON RICHTHOVEN ABOUT THE ENGLANDER!



HE'S A DEVIL! HE SHOT ME DOWN WHILE WRITING A 16 PAGE LETTER TO HIS MOTHER! I HAD NO CHANCE!

INTERESTING. ANYONE ELSE? DON'T BE SHY!



LEUTNANT HULK. I WAS VERY LUCKY HERR BARON!

HE WAS ONLY WRITING A POSTCARD TO HIS SISTER!



ALBERT'S AERIAL ANTICS TOUCH A RAW NERVE!

SO... A PERSONAL DUEL TO FIND THE MOST DARING: FOSDEICK OR MYSELF -



GOOD! DOES THE REGIMENTAL BAND HAVE ITS MUSIC READY FOR MY TAKE-OFF?



I DO ENJOY STRAUSS, DON'T YOU?



BARON VON RICHTHOVEN STARTS TO PLAY THE GAME BUT...

FOZZIE, HE'S PLAYING BADMINTON
AT 800 FEET. IT'S ALL GOOD, CLEAN
FUN BUT KEEP AN EYE ON THE C.O.!



DITCHLEY'S GOT IT IN FOR YOU SO,
WHATEVER MAD STUNT COMES NEXT-

DON'T FRET BINKY, HE
WOULDN'T DARE TAMPER
WITH MY MACHINE!



WOULDN'T I?
WAIT TILL DARK!

GOODBYE,
FOSDYKE!



IS THE BARON'S FLYING PIANO MORE DARING THAN ALBERT'S BIKE?



AT LAST... THE SHOWDOWN!

YOU TRIED TO KILL ME, DITCHLEY,
SO LET'S SETTLE THIS NOW
LIKE MEN!



RIGHT, DITCHLEY, I'VE
WAITED A LONG-



I MUST REMEMBER
TO OIL MY GLOVE!



VERY WELL BUT LET'S DO IT IN 10
MINUTES IN THE CHATEAU MAIN
HALL WITH THE GLOVES ON, OK?

WHAT WAS
THAT RUSTY, CREAKING-

A TRAINLOAD OF WOUNDED PULLS IN TO MANCHESTER...



THE FOSDYKES DRAW A BLANK!



DITCHLEY'S VICTIM, ALBERT FOSDYKE LAYS STILL AND SILENT...



SEVERAL BLOWS LATER...



IS THE UNTHINKABLE... THINKABLE?



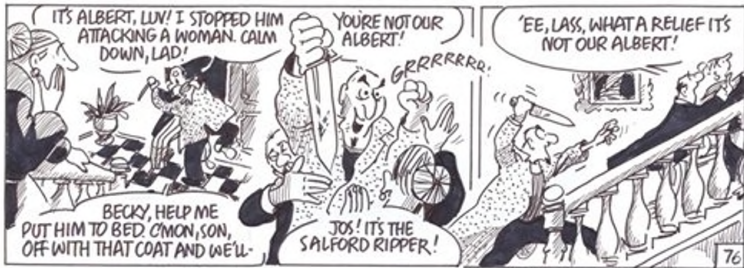
A GRIM PURSUIT THROUGH DARK ALLEYS...



SUDDENLY IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT...



JOS REACHES THE SAFETY OF HOME...



DEFENCELESS AGAINST A MADMAN UNLESS...



TRAPPED... BY THE SALFORD RIPPER!



JUST AS THE RIPPER IS ABOUT TO STRIKE... VISITORS!



JOS SPRINGS AND DOWN THE STAIRS THEY TUMBLE !



THE RIPPER ARRESTED, AND THE FALL DOWNSTAIRS HAS CHANGED ALBERT!



ALBERT ON THE MEND AND THE RIPPER STORY OVER... OR IS IT?



BACK IN THE TRENCHES TOM FOSDYKE PACKS UP HIS TROUBLES...



IS TOM CLOSING IN ON SCHMIDT?

WAKE UP THERE! THIS CAMP 'OLDS
30,000 'UNS AND SINCE I'VE
BIN IN CHARGE...



HOW WILL I FIND HIM? I DON'T
EVEN KNOW IF HE'S IN THIS CAMP!

..NOT ONE HAS LEGGED IT. NOT
ONE OUT OF FIFTY FAHSAND!



AND DO YOU KNOW
WHY THAT IS?

THE FOOD! SCHMIDT
MUST BE HERE!



POW. CAMP ROLL CALL...TOM WAITS!



200 PRISONERS CALLED 'SCHMIDT' BUT TOM GUESSES CORRECTLY. THE KITCHEN!



NEWS OF THE ANGLO-GERMAN DEAL REACHES HOME, BUT...



ALBERT'S RECALL PAPERS ARRIVE...



SQUADRON COMMANDER FOSDYKE-AND DITCHLEYS COME-UPPANCE!



AS ALBERT RETURNS TO FRANCE JOS AND BECKY REFLECT...

OFF TO THE WAR AND GIVE VITAL EVIDENCE AGAINST THE SON OF THE MAN...



..TO WHOM WE OWE EVERYTHING!
IF ROGER'S FOUND GUILTY, BECKY...

.. IT'S THE CRACK OF RIFLES AT GREY DAWN AND AN UNMARKED GRAVE. POOR OLD BEN DITCHLEY-



BECKY, ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?

YES JOS. WE'LL STOP FOR A QUIET THOUGHT AT THE CEMETARY.

OH, I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING FOR TRIPE 'N' CHIPS!



OLD BEN DITCHLEY
THE LANCASHIRE
TRIPE KING
R.I.T.

IN FRANCE ALBERT REPORTS FOR DITCHLEY'S COURT MARTIAL.

FILTHY BUSINESS. DITCHLEY AND
ALGY SPROUNCE ON PATROL. AN
ENEMY AIRCRAFT ATTACKS-

ONE?

RICHTHÖVEN BREAKS OFF IN DISGUST,
DITCHLEY FLEES DISCARDING HIS
'COWARDS FLAG.'

HAS IT BEEN
RECOVERED?

I MUST REACH OUR LINES
WITH THESE INCRIMINATING
UNDERPANTS!

THE RED BARON. ALGY HAS NO CHANCE!
WHEN DITCHLEY IS ATTACKED HE WAVES
A WHITE OBJECT.. AND SURRENDERS!

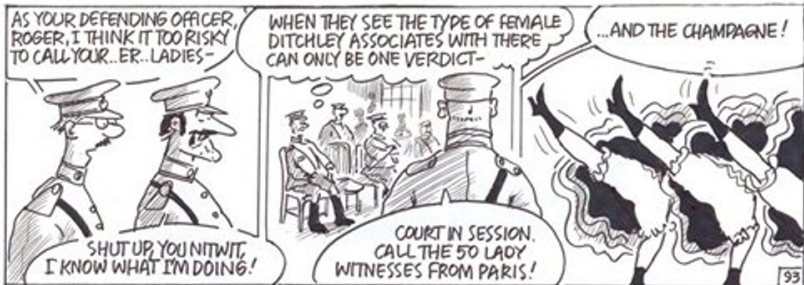
YES, FROM THE HELL OF
NO-MAN'S LAND. IT COST US 49
MEN TO BRING THE THING BACK!



THE STAR OF DITCHLEY'S COURT MARTIAL APPEARS...



WILL DITCHLEY'S DEFENCE HOLD UP?



DOES DITCHLEY ESCAPE JUSTICE AGAIN?



MEANWHILE BEHIND THE WIRE...



WILL TOM'S WORLD CRUMBLE BENEATH HIM?



TOM DOES THE RIGHT THING!



TOO LATE!



THE ESCAPE NEWS REACHES HOME!

