

MORE GLORY FOR ALBERT!



A GHASTLY SHOCK FOR VICTORIA FOSDYKE!



SIR JOS CANNOT BELIEVE HIS OWN EYES!



STILL DITCHLEY PERSISTS...



BAD NEWS TRAVELS FAST!

I'LL THRASH DITCHLEY WHEN MY NEXT LEAVE COMES UP. THERE'S MY 89th VICTIM, POOR DEVIL.



ANOTHER AMATEUR WHEN I ONLY WANT TO MEET-THERE HE IS!

THE RED BARON! LET'S SEE WHO HAS THE MOST-AH!



HE'S CLIMBING OUT ONTO THE WING. GOOD! NOW WHERE'S MY-BLAST!

ONE UP TO RICHTHÖVEN! FORGOT MY CHALK!



SKY SPORT BEGINS!



MEANWHILE IN MANCHESTER...

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN DITCHLEY MONEY, JOS, HE'LL ONLY WANT MORE!



RIGHT, YOU! ON YOUR- HE'S NOT IN THE BEDROOM!

IN YOUR OFFICE ACTUALLY, FOSDYKE, LOOKING AT SOME VERY INTERESTING PAPERS!



WE'RE AT WAR YET YOU HAVE CONTRACTS WITH A GERMAN COMPANY. DON'T FRET, OLD CHAP, I WON'T TELL A SOUL...

...FOR €10,000!



DITCHLEY TURNS THE SCREW...



HAS DITCHLEY TRIUMPHED?

SORRY, LUV. HE FOUND THE SCHMIDT CONTRACTS AND IF I DON'T LICK HIS BOOTS...



..HE'LL REPORT ME FOR TREASON. WE'RE ABSOLUTELY DONE FOR...

HE'LL BLEED US DRY, TURN US AGAINST EACH OTHER. BECKY, WHAT CAN WE DO-



BECKY!

BECKY!



CAN JOS SAVE THE CAD DITCHLEY?



BECKY, YOU'VE HACKED.
WHERE IS HE?

£10 IF YOU DON'T CRINGE ENOUGH.
£25 IF YOU SPEAK WITHOUT
PERMISSION—

I'LL HAVE £750 WORTH
OF DUMB INSOLENCE!

HIDING IN THE WARDROBE. I
EXPECTED VIOLENCE SO I HAVE
FIXED A SCALE OF FINES.

FAIR ENOUGH, DITCHLEY
YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT!

A CRITICAL SITUATION CALLS FOR DESPARATE MEASURES!

VICKY, DITCHLEY'S GOT US
OVER A BARREL. I NEED
SOME PAPERS -



MOTHER TOLD ME EVERYTHING.
YOU WANT ME TO CHARM HIM.

IT'S A LOT TO ASK, LUV, AFTER
WHAT HE DID BUT -

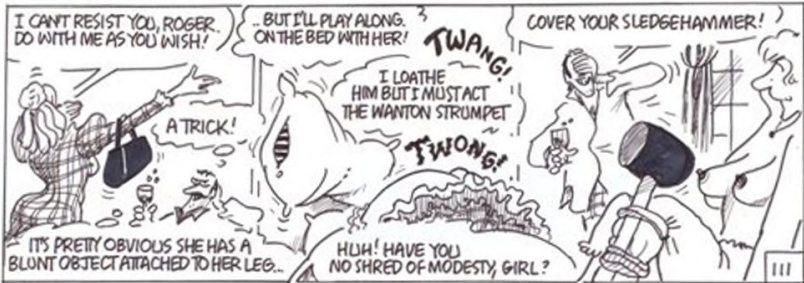


I'LL DO IT TO SAVE
THE FAMILY, FATHER. I'LL
GO AND PRETTY MYSELF.

THAT SLEDGEHAMMER
REALLY MATCHES YOUR
DRESS, LUV!



WILL VICKY'S CHARMS FOOL DITCHLEY?



VICTORIA FACES A FATE WORSE THAN...



WHAT MADE THAT ENJOYABLE SOUND?



THE FOSDYKE SECRET IS SAFE!



THE DEFEAT OF DITCHLEY HAS TURNED TO ASHES!



THE ROSDYKE HOME IS A BLAZING INFERNO!



HOLD ON! ALL IS NOT WHAT IT SEEMS!

BY GUM, THIS FIRE WAS NO ACCIDENT!
IT WAS STARTED DELIBERAT-

BY ME, FOSDYKE.
TAKE THAT!

THUD!

WHILE YOU CELEBRATED
VICTORY, FOOL, I WAS BUSY. WHEN YOU
COME ROUND I'LL BE TOO LATE. BYE!

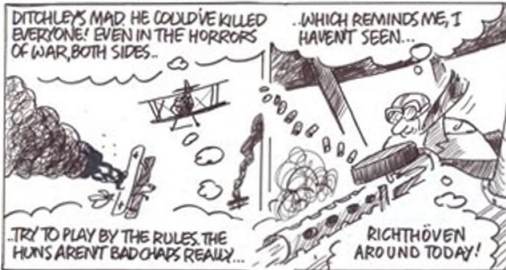
OUCH-MY HEAD-WHERE AM I-
OH NO, FLAMES EVERYWHERE..CANT
REACH THE DOOR..TRY THE ROOF...

OH MY GOD, WHAT
IF THE FIREMEN DONT HAVE
ANYTHING FOR ME TO JUMP INTO?

SQUELCH!

YOU CAN RELY ON
FOSDYKE'S
TRIPE!

MORE FLAMES BUT WE'RE IN FRANCE.



DITCHLEY'S MAD. HE COULD'VE KILLED EVERYONE! EVEN IN THE HORRORS OF WAR, BOTH SIDES...

...WHICH REMINDS ME, I HAVEN'T SEEN...

RICHTHÖVEN AROUND TODAY!

...TRY TO PLAY BY THE RULES. THE HUNS AREN'T BAD CHAPS REALLY...



...COULD HAVE 'FLU. THERE'S A LOT OF IT ABOUT!

OOOMPH!

THE BEST OF ENEMIES!

STILL NO SIGN OF RICHTHÖVEN. BE GOOD MANNERS TO PAY A COURTESY CALL TO SEE IF HE'S OKAY.



JUST DROPPED IN TO CHECK ON THE BARON. NOT POORLY I HOPE!



FILL HER UP, THERE'S A GOOD CHAP!



DRINKS IN BARON'S LAIR.

KIND OF YOU TO CALL, HERR FOSDIECK.
IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS. A FEW, SLIGHT
BULLET WOUNDS...



NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT I'LL BE
AFTER YOU AND THE OTHERS SOON.

JOLLY GOOD. MUST GO. THEY
WORRY IF I'M LATE. YOU KNOW
HOW IT IS, BARON!



JA. THEY DONT UNDERSTAND
THE COMRADESHIP OF ALL WHO
FLY AND DIE. OH, BY THE WAY...

..YOU HAVE EXACTLY
10 SECONDS... GO!



'BYE!'

THE DEADLY GAME CONTINUES...

GOOD SORT, RICHTHOVEN.
ONLY SENT 40 OF HIS
BOYS AFTER ME...



..AND THERE'S NUMBER
40 SEEN OFF. STRANGE...

TOOK ME NEARLY 10 MINUTES TO
DOWN THEM.. CRATE SEEMED A
BIT SLUGGISH...



NOT ANSWERING LIKE SHE - WHAT'S
THIS UNDER MY SEAT? OH, ISN'T THAT NICE!

'IN CASE OF FIRE!
ALL THE BEST.
ERICH.R.'



BROKEN AND DESTITUTE, DITCHLEY HEARS A CRY FOR HELP!



A RECOVERING DITCHLEY OUTLINES HIS STRATEGY.



A LONE VOICE IN THE SMALL TRIFE DEALERS CAMP..



DITCHLEY KNOWS HOW TO DEAL WITH A REBEL...



WE DON'T WANT ANOTHER TRIPE WAR!
IN THE BURNLEY CONFLICT I SAW
MEN TIED TO LAMP-

..POSTS AND THEN-OOF!

GRAB HIM,
LADS!

TARRED AND
TRIPED!

FOSDYKE'S

HE'S UNSETTLING THE SMALL TRIPE
MEN AND WILL PROBABLY TIP OFF
FOSDYKE, SO AN EXAMPLE IS NEEDED!

HERE'S A MESSAGE
YOU CAN TAKE TO THE
GREAT FOSDYKE!

THE BLACKENED FIGURE SETS OLD MEN THINKING...

THERE 'AINT BIN A TARRIN' AND A TRIPIN' SINCE THE BURNLEY TRIPE WAR. THIS IS BAD, CLEM!



IGNORE 'EM, BECKY. JUST OLD CODGERS MIXING UP PLACES AND-

HE WERE TIED TO A LAMP IN GREAT NOSEBLAST STREET-



NO, REG, IT WERE EFFLUVIA DRIVE!

SEE WHAT I MEAN, LUV? IN ACTUAL FACT IT WAS DREGGS LANE!

THIS IS HOW THE BURNLEY TRIPE WAR STARTED, JOS!



THERE'S A SMELL OF TRIPE WAR IN THE AIR..

SOMETHING'S UP. ASSEMBLE
ALL OF OUR DELIVERY MEN!

ALBERT ARDWICK, CANAL STREET.
TRIPE WAR.. LOAD STOLEN.. DRIVER'S
MATE THROWN IN CANAL-

NOT INSIDE A SACK!

THEY'RE ALL OUT
SIR JOS. BUT THEY'LL BE
BACK ANY-MY GOD, ALBERT!

CAN HE SWIM?

JOS FOSDYKE NEVER DUCKS A CRISIS...



GET ME A VEHICLE. I'M GOING TO CANAL STREET-

NO, JOS, NO!

VERY WELL, BUT I'M COMING. WHEREVER YOU GO, I GO!

A TRIPE WAR'S NO PLACE FOR A FRAIL, DELICATE-

I SAID I AM COMING WITH YOU!

OH, COME ON THEN!

HURRY UP, LUV. WE'RE NOT GOING OUT EMPTY!

5 CWT FOSDYKES TRIPE

CANAL STREET IS DISARMINGLY STILL...



THE PIG AND DITCHLEY ON TOP AGAIN!



IN FRANCE TOM LEARNS OF DITCHLEYS ASSAULT!



CAN TOM REMAIN UNSCATHED IN NO-MAN'S LAND?



I'VE BEEN HIT.. KNOCKED MY
TIN HAT OFF.. CHECK THE WOUND..
DON'T PANIC.. MY HEAD!

BLAST! NO ASPIRIN!

OOH.. AAH. MY HEAD!
OPEN FIELD DRESSING KIT..
MORPHINE.. BANDAGES..

TOM SLOWLY RECOVERS. ON THE CRAWL TO SAFETY.

NEARLY HOME.. THIS IS
OUR TRENCH-

HALT!

IS THAT YOU, NOBBY? DON'T
SHOOT! IT'S FOZZIE!

GIVE US A HAND, MATE!

OF COURSE,
MATE!

ON THE WESTERN FRONT TRENCHES CHANGE HANDS...



IS THIS MORALE BUILDING TINNED TRIPE OR...



CAN TRIPE BE SAFELY DEFUSED?

STAND BACK, FRITZ, I'M
OPENING THE TIN... NOW!



NOTHING HAPPENED!
NO BANG. WELL?



HIMMEL! IT COULD BE
A DEADLY, ODOURLESS GAS-
YES, I HEARD SOMETHING!

HARDLY ODOURLESS!



THE PRISONERS ARRIVE IN GERMANY...



MEANWHILE IN MANCHESTER A MOTHER PACKS A PARCEL...



TOM'S WAR IS OVER BUT FIGHTING IS SAVAGE IN MANCHESTER!

NOT MORE TROUBLE WITH DITCHLEY AND THE SMALL TRIPE MEN?



GETTING WORSE, LUV. ONE OF OUR DRIVERS FELTED WITH 2 LB. JARS OF PICKLED TRIPE!

HE'S IN FAINTHOPE HOSPITAL. I TOLD HIS MAM I GO AND SEE HIM!



GIVE HIM MY BEST WISHES, JOS, AND..

..DON'T GO EMPTY-HANDED!



IN HIS CANAL STREET H.Q. DITCHLEY REFLECTS GLEEFULLY...

MY SALES BOOM AS PEOPLE BUY IN
TERROR FROM MY THUGS AND
EACH DAY...



FOSDYKE'S EMPIRE
SHRINKS AND MINE -
WHAT WAS THAT?

NUTTER M'GEE, WORKHOUSE
LANE SECTOR. HEAVY
FIGHTING -



GOOD, BUT WHY
HAVE YOU COME
BACK?



TO CHECK ON YOUR
7 RULES REGARDING
PRISONERS.

NO PRISONERS!

SORRY, MOTHER.



THE HISTORIC BATTLE FOR GAS STREET RAGES...



DITCHLEY LAUNCHES HIS THUGS!



BEHIND THE WIRE TOM FACES HIS FIRST ROLL CALL!



TRIPE AND SAUSAGE MEET!



WHY IS SCHMIDT SO TOUCHY?



HOW DO YOU STOP PRISONERS ESCAPING FROM A PRISON CAMP?



SUDDENLY PRISON CAMP FOOD IS ON THE MAP!

I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY PRISONERS AND GUARDS SMILING!



AND THESE I.O.U.'S WILL MAKE OUR ARMS RICH AT WAR'S END!

THE FIRST STEP TO WORLD FOOD DOMINATION!

HURRAH!



THIS CALLS FOR A SLAP-UP CELEBRATION. LET'S EAT!

CERTAINLY, GENTS. I CAN FIT YOU IN NEXT THURSDAY!



THE FOOD BECOMES BETTER AND BETTER...

LISTEN TO THIS, TOM. SEVERAL MASS BREAK-OUTS AT OTHER CAMPS, BUT...

FOOD CRITICS REVIEW INT'S

...NOT ONE ESCAPE FROM HERE! THAT'S GOOD, EH?

NO? SOMETHING WRONG? WHAT'S THAT MURMURING OUTSIDE THE WIRE?

BLAST! I THOUGHT THIS MIGHT HAPPEN!

SORRY NO VACANCIES FOR ESCAPED PRISONERS!

IS IT TIME FOR FOSDYKE-SCHMIDT EXPANSION?



SUDDENLY FRITZ IS CONCERNED!

TOM, IF NOBODY ESCAPES MY SUPERIORS WILL BE SUSPICIOUS!

DON'T WORRY...

A PRISONER WILL ESCAPE EVERY FRIDAY EVENING!

HE'LL BE SELECTED BY PICKING NAMES OUT OF A HAT.

RIGHT, LADS.. AND THE UNLUCKY WINNER IS...
4CPL CRUST!

CHARLIE, TRY NOT TO MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE WHEN YOU LEAVE ON FRIDAY NIGHT...

.. AFTER THE INFORMAL GOING-AWAY PARTY BY THE HOLE IN THE WIRE.

LOSING THE TRIPE WAR IS GETTING TO JOS...



NO NEED TO BITE MY HEAD OFF!
I ONLY ASKED IF THAT SHIRT HAD
BEEN CHANGED THIS CENTURY?

FOOD TRIP!

...AND I'M AFRAID THAT
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY
TO STOP THEM!

YES, I'M CALLING IN THE
TRIPE INSPECTOR!

SORRY, LUV. DITCHLEY'S
THUGS HAVE TAKEN HERNIA ROAD
AND WORKHOUSE VIEW. IT'S CRITICAL...

NO, JOS, NO,
NOT THAT!

EEK!

THE ULTIMATE IN TRIPE. THE INSPECTOR!

JOS, THE INSPECTOR HASN'T BEEN CALLED IN SINCE THE BURNLEY TRIPE RIOTS!



WELL, I'M DOING IT RIGHT NOW - WHAT WAS THAT NOISE OUTSIDE?

ONE OF DITCHLEY'S MOB. HE MUST'VE HEARD US!



NOW IT'S A RACE, LUV...

.. WHO GETS TO THE OFFICE FIRST!



IT'S A BRUTAL CLIMB AND DITCHLEY IS AHEAD!

IT'S DITCHLEY.. HE'S FITTER THAN I AM-PUFF-BUT THE RACE DOESN'T ALWAYS GO...

HA! TYPICAL DITCHLEY. ONLY A FOOL WOULD GO FLAT OUT..

..AND REASONABLY SIZED BOULDERS!

TO THE SWIFTEST AND I'LL APPROACH THIS STEEP HILL WITH CAUTION-

OVER A TREACHEROUS SURFACE OF SMALL STONES..

THE DISHEVELLED PAIR REACH THE TRIPE INSPECTORS CAVE.



IN THE PRESENCE OF A LEGEND!



CAN A BEARDED 119 YEAR OLD LADY BE IMPARTIAL?



119 YEARS OF BLINDFOLD TRIPE INSPECTING IS PUT TO THE TASTE!



BACK AT HOME JOS BREAKS THE NEWS.

AND HE'S UP THERE WITH THE TRIPE INSPECTOR PRETENDING HE LOVES-



YES BUT WITH HIM MAKING UP TO HER WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!

SHE'S 119 YEARS OLD WITH A LONG GREY BEARD!



SHE SHAVED IT OFF FOR HIM, LUV!

HUH! SHE'S HAD IT SINCE SHE WAS TWELVE!



I MUST GO THERE AND LURE ROGER AWAY OR THE FOSDYKES ARE LOST!

THAT SHOULD MAKE HER MAD WITH JEALOUSY!



VICTORIA MAKES HER WAY TO THE TRIPE INSPECTOR'S CAVE...

A BALD HEADED WOMAN ON A BICYCLE. IS THE WORLD GOING POTTY?



THERE'S THE CAVE.
I'LL APPROACH QUIETLY.

YOUR TRIPE STINKS, ROGER BUT I'M DECIDING IN YOUR FAVOUR. NOW, LET'S GET A LITTLE CLOSER-



HELLO, ROGER,
DARLING!

YOU SWINE! I
SHAVED OFF MY BEARD
FOR YOU AND YOU HAVE YET
ANOTHER HAIRLESS TART!

I MIGHT GET ONE
OF THEM BIKES!



NO STAMP ON THE ENVELOPE SO IT MUST BE FROM...

THE TRIPE INSPECTOR. SHE'S MAD AT DITCHLEY...



... BUT FURIOUS AT OUR VICKY FOR PRETENDING TO BE HIS LOVER!

IN OTHER WORDS THE TRIPE WAR CONTINUES. A COPY OF THIS LETTER HAS BEEN SENT TO MR. DITCHLEY.



JUST THE RESULT HE WANTED, JOS. I'LL BET HE'S JUMPING UP AND DOWN WITH GLEE!

YOU ROGER DITCHLEY? THERE'S A PENNY POSTAGE TO PAY ON THIS!



DAMN, DAMN!

MEANWHILE ALBERT LOSES A FRIEND...

WHAT HO, FOZZIE.. HAR HAR.. HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE FRENCH GIRL?

THANK GOD FOR A CHEERY SOUL LIKE YOU, REGGIE!

HAR HAR! LIFE'S TOO SHORT TO FRET, OLD BEAN. LET'S BAG A FEW HUNS. SHE TOOK A SAILOR HOME..

THERE'S THE BARON. TALLY HO!



..AND WHEN HE ASKED HER WHY THERE WAS A GIRAFFE IN THE WARDROBE..

GOING TO MISS OLD REGGIE!

THE FRENCH GIRL SAID... HAR HAR!

IN A CLEAR SKY THE STRANGE DAREDEVIL GAME CONTINUES...

WHAT THE-HA! ONE UP TO THE BARON. I'M NOT INTO MID-AIR OIL PAINTING!



MY TRICK I THINK, HERR FOSDEICK!

BUT WITH A BIT OF LUCK MAYBE I CAN PULL ONE BACK.. STEADY...



STEADY...

GOTCHA!



AN EXTRA PASSENGER MEANS A QUICK REFUEL...

THE BARON HAS NOT
FINISHED PAINTING,
M'SIEU!

DON'T WORRY, MAM'SELLE,
HE'LL GET HIS CHANCE!

GOOD AFTERNOON, MISS. YOU
BACK ALREADY, SIR?

FIL HER UP,
OLD CHAP, I'M
IN A HURRY!

6 BOTTLES SHOULD DO
THE TRICK, SIR.

TIME TO GET EVEN WITH RICHTHÖVEN!

READY FOR TAKE-OFF. SIR, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS A GOOD IDEA?



YOU'RE DANGEROUSLY OVER THE WEIGHT LIMIT!

YOU REALLY SHOULD LIGHTEN THE AIRCRAFT!

I WILL TAKE OFF MY EARRINGS!



NOT REQUIRED MAM'SEULE. SERGEANT, CATCH THIS CHISEL!

RODIN ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS!



THE KINGS OF THE SKY HAVE A QUEEN...

CANT START WORK ON THE QUEEN OF THE SKY...

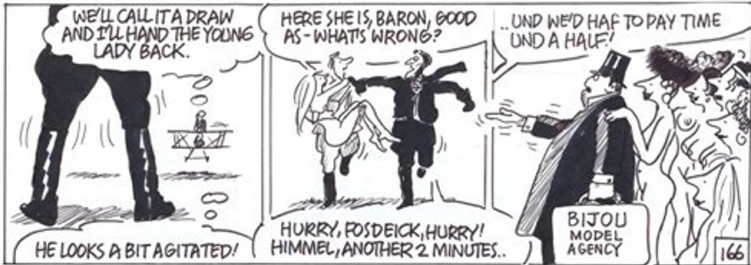
GOOD. NOW KEEP STILL WHILE I TRY TO CAPTURE THE ROUNDNESSESS OF YOUR PERFECT- HA!

HMM... MAYBE I HAVE BEEN A LITTLE GENEROUS!

..TILL I GET THE BLASTED COVER OFF THIS BLOCK OF MARBLE!

THE BARON'S HERE. I WONDER WHAT HE THINKS OF MY-

TIME TO MEET UP WITH THE OLD ENEMY!



WE'LL CALL IT A DRAW
AND I'LL HAND THE YOUNG
LADY BACK.

HERE SHE IS, BARON, GOOD
AS - WHAT'S WRONG?

...UND WE'D HAF TO PAY TIME
UND A HALF!

HE LOOKS A BIT AGITATED!

HURRY, FOSDEICK, HURRY!
HIMMEL, ANOTHER 2 MINUTES..

BIJOU
MODEL
AGENCY

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AND WHAT OF SCHMIDT-FOSDYKE POST-WAR CATERING PLANS?

FRITZ, I SEE A CHAIN OF OUR FRANCHISED P.O.W. CAMPS. BRANCHES EVERYWHERE!



AND WHEN HOSTILITIES CEASE WE CAN BUY THESE SITES—

TOM, IT WOULD COST MILLIONS TO PULL DOWN THE WIRE, HUTS, MACHINE GUN TOWERS—



WE'LL FIND A WAY, FRITZ, BUT ONE THING!

THE TOWERS STAY!



THE DREAM OF A NE-FOOD P.O.W CAMPS IS INTERRUPTED!

KOMMANDANT, ITS COUNT VON STUMPFER
THE FIENDISH DIREKTOR OF
P.O.W CAMPS!

OH MEIN GOTT,
IF HE FINDS-

TRY TO STALL HIM
AND DONT PANIC!

EVERYONE KNOWS BY
HEART THE EMERGENCY
DRILL CODE WORDS!



THEY'LL HIDE
EVERYTHING THE MOMENT I SHOUT..

THE RITZ
14 COURSE
LUNCHEON
NOW BEING
SERVED

'THE FOX IS IN THE
HEN COOP'



IN THAT CASE
I'LL HAVE THE
SALMON!

HURRY! COUNT VON STUMPF IS INSPECTING THE CAMP!

COLONEL, THIS IS NOT A DRILL!
WE HAVE TO LEAVE -

D'YOU MIND,
FOSDYKE!

THIS TRIPE A LA WIGAN HAS TO BE
EATEN SLOWLY. CANT BE WOLFED!

IT'S IN A VERY RICH SAUCE
MADE FROM -

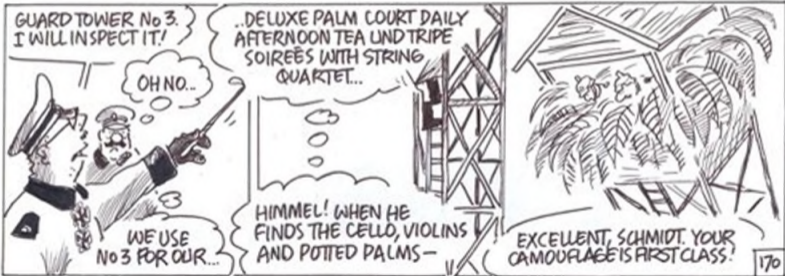
COLONEL,
PLEASE!

DASH IT, FORCING A CHAP TO
GOBBLE HIS FOOD CAN - OOH - I'M
FEELING QUITE - GULP - QUEAZY!

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO SEE!
A PRISONER BEING CARRIED
FROM SOLITARY!

OOH!

SO FAR THE INSPECTION IS GOING WELL, BUT...



THE DIRECTOR OF P.O.W. CAMPS IS COMING CLOSER...



VERY BUT, SCHMIDT. NOW, THE PRISONERS FOOD.

THEY COOK THEIR OWN!

WE WILL LOOK AT THIS VILE, TASTELESS PULP!

OH NO, HE'S COMING AND FAT HIGGINS IS STILL ON HIS 5TH COURSE!



'ERE, I ASKED FOR RARE TRIPE FLORENTINE. THIS IS MEDIUM!

I WOULDN'T GIVE THIS TO OUR CAT!



THE INSPECTION IS COMPLETED.



THE ALBERT-RICHTHÖVEN CONTEST REACHES NEW HEIGHTS!

FOZZY, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO SOME TO TOP THE BARON'S STUNTS THIS WEEK!

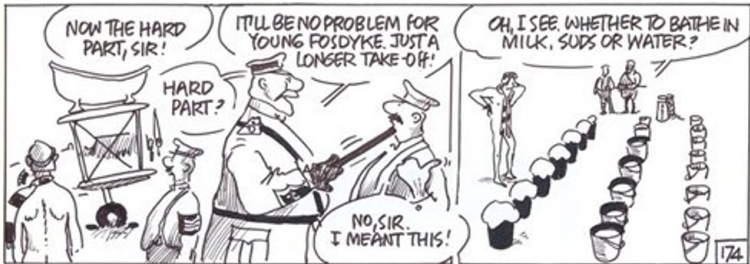
...ON MONDAY AND THE FOOTBALLING JUMBO ON-

MY GOD, FOZZY WITHOUT A LOOFÄH AND TOWEL?

THE ENTIRE CAST OF THE BAVARIAN STATE OPERA SINGING 'LÖHENGRIN' AT 800 FEET...

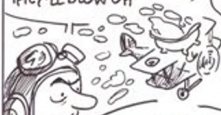
I'LL TRUMP HIM TODAY. SEE WHAT I'M GOING UP IN?

ALBERT'S BATH IS SECURED TO HIS AIRCRAFT.



A DIFFICULT BATHTIME CHOICE...

SUDS LOOK GOOD BUT THE WEATHER CHAPPIE SAYS THEY'LL BLOW OFF



PLAIN WATER'S BORING AND LEAVES A RING AROUND THE BATH..

THE OFFICER'S MESS COOK LET ME HAVE THE MILK BUT NOW THE BLIGHTER WANTS IT BACK!



WHAT?

NOT BLASTED RICE PUDDING AGAIN!



'MILK'S GOOD FOR THE SKIN!' THEY CRIED AS ALBERT TOOK OFF, BUT...

HURRY UP, RICHTHÖVEN. THIS MILK IS ON THE TURN!



IT'S CURDLING! I'LL BE ENCASED IN YOGHURT!

GET OUT SLOWLY.. YOGHURT IS VERY SLIPPERY. LEFT LEG..



GENTLY. NOW TRANSFER THE WEIGHT TO-

DAM! STEPPED ON THE SOAP!



ALBERT FOSDYKE PLUMMETS TO THE GROUND...

IS THIS IT? MY LIFE IS
FLASHING BEFORE
W MY EYES...



...MOTHER AND
FATHER'S STRUGGLE IN THE
TRIDE WORLD. ROGER DITCHLEY...

...MY FIRST KISS IN THE TRIDE
SHED.. WHAT WAS HER NAME..
BIG NELLIE... SHE WAS
SOFT AND.. AND..



THAT'S THE
WORD!



A FORTUNATE LANDING...

IT'S THE PILOT FROM THAT KITE WITH THE BATH ON IT, SIR!



MUST BE FOSDYKE. ASK HIM IF HE'D LIKE TO JOIN US.

WELCOME ABOARD. I ASSUME THAT WAS PART OF YOUR MAD DUEL WITH RICHTHOVEN?



YES. NUISANCE LOSING THE BATH HARD TO COME BY. IT HAD THE ONLY-

FEAR NOT! GRABBED IT AS YOUR KITE WENT DOWN!



AT HOME DITCHLEY IS FURIOUS!

FOSDYKE SHOULD BE ON HIS KNEES BUT YOU SMALL TRIPLEMEN..



.. ARE USELESS, GUTLESS COWARDS. GET OUT AND LET ME THINK!

I NEED A RUTHLESS, OUTSIDE FORCE OF HARDENED THUGS TO DO THE DIRTY- YES!



THE O'MALLEYS!
OF COURSE! I'LL HIRE THEM NOW! GET MOVING, ROGER!

JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR. THE O'MALLEY SISTERS!



ROGER DITCHLEY CLOSES IN ON HIS NEW ALLIES...



THE O'MALLY SISTERS ARRIVE WITH A SPRING IN THEIR STEP!



DITCHLEY EXPLAINS THE HISTORY OF THE TRIFE WAR.

FOSDYKE STOLE MY-DOF-
INHERITANCE-AAH-I
NEED ASSISTANCE-

MADAM, THE PRESENCE OF YOUR
COALHEAVERS BOOT ON MY SKULL
GIVES ME SOME INDICATION-

..EVEN IF HE DOESNT
RECOGNISE DANCING
PUMPS!

YOU ARE AWARE, SIR, OF
OUR OPERATING METHODS?

GOOD! I LIKE
A PERCEPTIVE MAN...

OUCH!
OUCH!
OUCH!

DITCHLEY AND THE O'MALLEY SISTERS. A DEAL IN THE OFFING?



DITCHLEY AND THE SISTERS FROM HELL!

IT'S A DEAL BUT DON'T BOTHER BUYING US TRAIN TICKETS. IT'S ONLY 40 MILES...



...AND AS WE WALK THE BIRDS WILL SING US ALONG OUR WAY...

WILDFLOWERS WILL ABOUND AND PERHAPS SOMEONE WILL PLAY CRICKET OR MAYPOLE DANCE?



DAM! ARE THESE CREATURES SOFT UNDERNEATH?

WE CAN SMASH A FEW TOWNS AND VILLAGES - ON THE ROAD!



IS DITCHLEY ON THE VERGE OF VICTORY?



THOSE HAGS SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW - AH, THIS LOOKS PROMISING!

DITCHLEY'S INFERIOR TRIFE,
IT'S NASTY BUT IT'S CHEAP!

IT'S NASTY BUT IT'S CHEAP!

THE POLICE IN FULL RETREAT!

GOOD! THE NEXT MOVE IS AGAINST FOSDYKE HIMSELF. BUT WHERE ARE -

WHAT KEPT YOU LADIES?

WE STOPPED TO WRECK A LADIES HAIRDRESSERS!

A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION LEADS TO...

DITCHLEY'S SET THOSE UGLY, WITCHES ON US AND THERE'S NOWT WE CAN DO, BECKY!



WIGAN DISMANTLED!
SAVAGE FEMALE THUGS
STOP FOR TEA!

NO, FATHER
WE MUST FIGHT
THE O'MALLEYS!

VICKY, THEY ARE A FORCE OF NATURE LIKE A VOLCANO, OR AN EARTHQUAKE!



MEN CANNOT STOP
THE O'MALLEY SISTERS!

I WASN'T THINKING OF MEN, FATHER!

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE
MOVEMENT -
HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION



MEANWHILE IN A GERMAN P.O.W. CAMP...

AS DIRECTOR OF CAMPS WITH MY OWN ZEPPELIN I CAN VISIT NEW OUTLETS FOR BUSINESS!



I WILL TALK TO EVERY KOMMANDANT-WHAT'S WRONG?

DOESN'T SOUND RIGHT!

BUT WE AGREED!

'KAMP KOMMANDANT' SOUNDS REALLY HARSH. WE'LL NOT ATTRACT CUSTOMERS UNLESS...

'BRANCH MANAGER!'



SCHMIDT IS LEAVING ON P.O.W BUSINESS...

TOM, I WILL SIGN UP MANY CAMPS FOR OUR FOOD EMPIRE!



GOOD LUCK, FRITZ. WHO ARE YOU LEAVING IN COMMAND?

SERGEANT GUMMEL.



GUMMEL? BUT HE'S A SADIST!

SADIST?

YES, HE NEVER ALLOWS...

.. SECONDS WHEN WE HAVE TRIPE NAPOLITANO WITH WIGAN SAUCE!



USING CRUEL SERGEANT GUMMEL IS GOOD THINKING!

TOM, WE REPATRIATED 2 MEN TO ENGLAND BECAUSE OF OBESITY, BUT NOW...



GUMMEL KEEPS THE CALORY COUNT DOWN AND HIGH COMMAND FORGETS US!

YOU'RE RIGHT, FRITZ, SOME OF OUR CHAPS - WHAT'S THAT?

BELCH!



PARDON!

IS THAT SOIL TRICKLING OUT OF HIS TROUSERS? AH!

GUMMEL'S GOT THEM DIGGING SECRET ESCAPE TUNNELS FOR EXERCISE!



THE FIRST SCHMIDT-ROSDYKE PASSING OUT PARADE!

SECRET CATERING EXPERTS OF THE
TREPPE UND SCHWIENWURST
COMPANY, YOU NOW GO TO...



CAMPS ACROSS GERMANY
FOR WORK EXPERIENCE SO
THAT WHEN THE WAR IS OVER-

GET ON WITH THE
PRIZEGIVING, FRITZ IT'S
NEARLY LUNCHTIME!



JA! GET ON
MIT IT!



VERY WELL.
IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE PICKING A
WINNER SO THE SAUSAGE OF HONOUR..)

..IS AWARDED TO
HEINZ SCHNITT'S DOG
'KUMBERLANDT!'

GRRRRR



SOB

FOSDYKE+SCHMIDT ARE BRANCHING OUT!

THERE'S FRITZ AND 250 OF OUR BEST COOKS OFF TO SPREAD THE WORD!

PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT AND THERE COULD BE A SEAT ON THE BOARD!

HERR **MANAGING** DIREKTOR GUMMEL!



NEXT TO GET SERGEANT GUMMEL ABOARD WITH A POSSIBLE PLACE IN THE FIRM!

THAT SHOULD KEEP HIM SAFELY ON OUR SIDE!

EXPANSION PLANS ARE EVOLVING...

TOM, I'VE SIGNED UP 50 P.O.W. CAMPS, FOUND 94 FRENCH COOKS HIDING IN A CONVENT.

GUMMEL, HE KEEPS ALL OF THE TIPS. YOU'LL HAVE TO DEMOTE HIM!

...THE EASTERN FRONT DEEP FROZEN TRIPE EXPERIMENTAL UNIT!



AND LOTS OF SATISFIED-
TOM, IS ANYTHING WRONG?

NO, TOM,
I WILL PROMOTE HIM TO...

WITH GUMMEL ON HIS WAY, TOM LOOKS AT THE BOTTOM LINE.



CAMP 42. NO COMPLAINTS, TAKING UP 10% ON LAST MONTH - WHAT'S THIS?

CAMP 43 FOOD POOR, SURLY STAFF, LONG QUEUES, DIRTY TABLE LINEN!

ONE MORE BAD REPORT AND YOU ARE OUT, YOU LADY...

CAMP 43? THE MANAGER, PLEASE. I'D LIKE A FEW WORDS IN PRIVATE..

800 MILES AWAY THE OPPOSING FORCES MUSTER.

SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT! THAT CROWD OF UPPERCRUST CISSIES AGAINST US!



WE'LL MARMALISE THEM! GIVE 'EM THIS CHALLENGE...

A FACE TO FACE, HEAD-ON COLLISION, GAS STREET LUNCHTIME, SUNDAY



BRILLIANT! FOSDYKE CANNOT REFUSE A SPORTING CONTEST UNDER...

MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERY RULES. NO KICKING ABOVE THE BELT!"



CAN SUFFRAGETTES TAKE ON THE O'MALLEY SISTERS?

OF COURSE WE CAN THE CHALLENGE IS ACCEPTED!



IT WON'T BE LIKE CHAINING YOURSELVES TO RAILINGS IN DOWNING STREET!

YOU'RE SOCIETY LADIES WITH REFINED TASTES. THEY ARE SHE-DEVILS!



TEA ANYONE?

SIR JOS IS RIGHT. WE MUST GET INTO HARD TRAINING. AFTER ME, LADIES!

SLURP!



SIR JOS FEARS FOR HIS CHAMPIONNETTES...

VICKY, THE O'MALLEYS WILL SMASH YOUR LADIES. I WISH I HADN'T-



SUFFRAGETTES ARE TOUGH, FATHER. THEY'VE TRAINED HARD ALL WEEK!

LOOK! THEY'RE PERSPIRING HEAVILY. SOME ARE EVEN SWEATING!



I'M IMPRESSED, WV, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY BRICKS, STONES OR BOTTLES?

FATHER, THEY'RE NOT ALLOWED IN CROQUET!



OH NO! JOS FOSDYKE HAS BOTTLED!

I'M STOPPING THIS BATTLE OF WOMEN, BECKY. EARLIER TODAY I..ER..I-

YOU DID WHAT?

I MADE AN ANONYMOUS CALL TO THE SALFORD BUGLE!

WHAT? WOMEN IN MORTAL COMBAT! GUTTERS RED WITH BLOOD. WHEN? WHERE? WHO IS THIS?



HOLD THE FRONT PAGE!

O'MALLEYS V SUFFRAGET, ..
SPECIAL SOUVENIR EDITION!
PICTURES OF BOTH TEAMS PAGES 4-33
WIN A SEAT WITHIN BLOODSPATTER RANGE WHICH HOSPITAL WAS WON THE TREATMENT CONTRACT?

BLAST!
'SPOT THE FIRST COMPETITION HERE'S WHAT YOU DO TO WIN £100 WHICH SIDE WILL THE POLICE BE CHIEF CONSTABLE FAVOURS O'N BUT BISHOP

THE FOSDYKE PLAN SEEMS TO HAVE MISFIRED!



THE HUGE CROWD HUSHES AS THE O'MALLEYS TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND...

GO! DEMOLISH FOSDYKE'S PATHETIC SUFFRAGETTES!

NO! I TOLD THEM THIS ISN'T A DOWNING STREET PROTEST. I CAN'T WATCH!

WHAT ARE OUR GIRLS DOING, BECKY?

JOS LOOK!

CLUNK!

THEY'VE CHAINED THEMSELVES TO SOME RAILINGS!

Fosdyke Saga **Three**

by **BILL TIDY**



from the famous strip in the
DAILY MIRROR