

SUDDENLY DINING WITH THE CAPTAIN HAS LOST ITS LUSTRE.

GULP. CANT DO WITH-SLURP-  
LONG SILENCES AT-SNORT-  
DINNER, FOSDYKE.



NOTHING BETTER  
IN MY OPINION THAN  
THE-GRUNT-HEALTHY SOUND.

..OF BANGERS-SNORT-ON A BED  
OF SMOKED-SLURP-RICE PUD  
BEING CHEWED 28 TIMES...



..AND GOING IN-GULP-ROUGHLY  
THE RIGHT DIRECTION-CHOKE-  
STEWARD, LOOK AFTER MY GUEST!

ARE YOU WILLING TO RISK  
ME BRINGING THE SWEET  
TROLLEY ROUND, SIR?



CAN ANYTHING INTERRUPT THE CAPTAIN'S DIGESTIVE SYSTEM?

DOCKING-CHOKE-TOMORROW.  
HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE TRIP-

LARSEN, THE GIANT SWEDE  
GONE BERSERK. HE'S RUNNING  
AROUND WAVING A PICKAXE-

..IN PEACE!



EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN,  
WE HAVE A PROBLEM!



THANK GOD FOR THAT!  
NOW, AT LAST I CAN HAVE A MEAL..



NEW YORK AT LAST!

TRIBE MIGHT FILL THE GAP IF PROHIBITION HAS IMPACTED ON PEOPLE'S LIVES.



BIG CROWDS ON THE QUAYSIDE AND, GOSH, IT LOOKS LIKE DAD WAS RIGHT!

THE QUESTION IS... WHERE TO START AND HOW? I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN.

WELCOME TO ALCOHOL FREE USA



..AND NOBODY KNOWS ME!



FREE OF THE DEM DRINK

DAT'S DE GUY, LOUIE!

LOOK OUT, TOM!

WELCOME TO NEW YORK,  
LIMEY. BLAST HIM,  
LOUIE!

DROP YOUR  
WEAPONS!

LOOK OUT, LOUIE,  
IT'S DE COPS-

LUCKY, I WAS CARRYING SAMPLE  
SHEETS OF SHATTERPROOF,  
DEHYDRATED TRIPE!

# WHY WAS TOM ATTACKED THE MOMENT HE HIT NEW YORK?

I'VE NO IDEA WHY I WAS SHOT AT! I'M IN AMERICA ON BUSINESS!



IF I WERE YOU, MR. POSDYKE, I WOULD GO HOME ON THE NEXT BOAT!

CAN'T RETURN AS A FLOP..I MUST GET INTO THE AMERICAN MARKET...



CAN'T SAY I LIKE NEW YORK. THINK I'LL TRY SOMEWHERE QUIETER!

SLEEPER TO CHICAGO, PLEASE!



MAYBE TOM'S LUCK WILL CHANGE IN CHICAGO? 'ALL ABOARD!'

AFTER YOU,  
MADAM!

WHY THE ATTACK IN NEW YORK? IT'S ALL  
VERY CONFUSING BUT THERE'S NO  
POINT IN WORRYING ABOUT IT...

EXCUSE ME,  
MADAM, BUT YOU'RE  
IN MY -

WHY, THANK  
YOU, YOUNG MAN!

CLICK  
CLICK

I'M TIRED. THINK I'LL TURN  
IN IN 5 OR 10 MINUTES - YAWN!

SHADDAP,  
LIMEY AND  
HOPIN!

THAT CHICAGO TYPEWRITER IS POINTED STRAIGHT AT TOM!

YEAH, I'M THE NICE OLD LADY  
YOU HELPED ONTO THE TRAIN...



...BUT DON'T LET THE  
KNITTING FOOL YOU, SONNY...

.. BECAUSE I'M GOING TO  
BLAST YOU AT THE NEXT  
TUNNEL- WHICH IS NOW!



CAN'T REACH THE GUN  
IN TIME BUT IF I CAN GRAB-

PUT IT DOWN OR I DROP ALL  
OF YOUR STITCHES!



A LUCKY ESCAPE FROM AN ELDERLY ASSASSIN...

STEWARD, DID YOU SEE AN OLD LADY WITH A TOMMY GUN?

NOT RECENTLY, SIR. I 'AINT SEEN NUTHIN'

CHICAGO IN 10 MINUTES, SIR!

PHEW! I'LL BE GLAD TO GET OFF THIS TRAIN!



I JUST HOPE I HAVEN'T MADE ANOTHER MISTAKE COMING HERE!

NO. LOOKS QUIET ENOUGH!





CHICAGO IS QUIET.. A LITTLE TOO QUIET...



AIR ACE ALBERT COMPETES FOR THE MANCHESTER-CALCUTTA SOLO PRIZE.

MUST STAY AWAKE AND EAT PRETTY REGULARLY. WONDER HOW MANY ARE LEFT IN THE RACE?



ARCHIE BINKS CRASHED NEAR A PUB AND DISAPPEARED. REG COGGINS DECIDED TO WALK. HUH, I'M ON MY OWN!

zoom



GOOD GRIEF! I FORGOT THE HON. CYNTHIA SPOFFORTH!

WHAT HO, FOZZERS!



THE HON. CYNTHIA SPOFFORTH, A WORTHY RACE RIVAL!

BY GUM, SHE CAN MOTOR IN HER BAGNALL WHIPLASH MK IV! TOUGH AIRCRAFT...

...WHICH WILL BE MURDEROUS FOR A SLIP OF A GIRL. I MUST WISH HER LUCK.

YOU MIGHT CATCH HER NEXT CIRCUIT OF THE AIRFIELD, M'SIEU!

...BUT THE NEXT LEG IS OVER THE SAHARA...



THE TWO RACE LEADERS MEET FOR THE FIRST TIME!

BERTIE FOZZERS! GOOD CHAP!  
TIME WE WERE OFF! TATA!

CRUNCH!

MAM'SELLE, M'SIEU, TAKE CARE!  
THE LOCAL TRIBES ARE IN REVOLT..

.. AND THE LEGION  
CANNOT 'ELP IF-

FEAR NOT FOR  
US, OLD STICK. LET'S  
RIP, FOZZERS!

MON DIEU, I 'ATE TO  
TO THINK WHAT WOULD 'APPEN  
TO ZAT LOVELY CREATURE IF..

.. SHE FELL INTO ZE 'ANDS OF  
OMAR THE TERRIBLE!

THE LUCKY  
DEVIL!

HOURS LATER... THE HON. CYNTHIA SPOFFORTH SUDDENLY LOSES HEIGHT!

WHAT THE - IS SHE IN TROUBLE?

PULL UP, WOMAN, YOU'RE TOO LOW. PULL UP...

..OR AT LEAST GET A LONGER HOCKEY STICK!

NO, SHE'S BUZZING THOSE TROUBLESOME TRIBESMEN ATTACKING A LEGION FORT

THE HON. CYNTHIA IS FLYING MUCH TOO LOW—



# ALBERT LANDS AND RACES TO THE BESIEGED LEGION FORT!

SORRY ABOUT THAT BUT I'M IN THE LEGION TO FORGET. COME ON IN ANYWAY...



AND I'LL TAKE YOU BOTH TO MEET THE COLONEL.

THANK YOU. BY THE WAY WHAT DID YOU JOIN THE LEGION FOR TO FORGET?



I..ER..ER-

PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU!

YOU FORGOT TO CLOSE THE GATE!



# ARE ALBERT AND CYNTHIA SAFE IN THE FORT?

MAM'SELLE, M'SIEU, MAY I  
PRESENT COLONEL  
BEAU JUSTE!



COLONEL, I CAN SEE THAT  
YOUR POSITION IS CRITICAL...  
LOW ON AMMO AND WATER...

NO RELIEF COLUMN.. REDUCED TO  
DECEIVING THE ENEMY WITH DEAD  
MEN AT THE LOOPHOLES, BUT...



BY GEORGE,  
YOU CAN RELY ON  
US TO PITCH IN-

CYNTHIA, IT'S A WASTE OF  
TIME TALKING TO HIM-

OUI, M'SIEU, HE WAS SHOT  
LAST WEDNESDAY!





INSIDE BESIEGED FORT LEJEUNE...

LOOKS LIKE 'BYE-BYE' TO  
THE AIR RACE, FOZZIE!



COULD BE 'BYE-BYE' TO  
EVERYTHING. THERE'S  
ONLY 6 OF US LEFT...

..NO AMMO OR  
WATER-

THEN LET'S  
GO DOWN IN A  
BLAZE OF GLORY!



FIX BAYONETS, OPEN THE  
GATE AND FOLLOW CYNTHIA AS  
WE CHARGE THE SEETHING HORDE-

WHAT SEETHING  
HORDE?



# THE REBELLIOUS TRIBESMEN HAVE DISAPPEARED!



MEANWHILE AT THE LUXURY 4 STAR HOLIDAY OASIS...

WHAT? THE FORT WAS NOT TAKEN! FOR THIS YOU WILL DIE 423  $\frac{7}{8}$  THS. DEATHS!

WE DID NOT WISH TO HURT...HER-

HER? WHO HER?

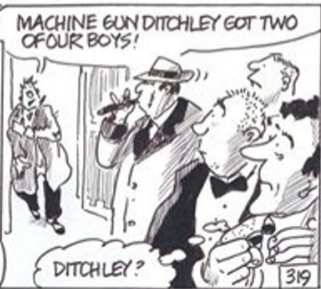
TWO FLYING MACHINES LANDED BY THE FORT. A MAN AND-

YES?

A LARGE WHITE GODDESS WHO WEIGHS IN AT, AT LEAST 18-21 STONE!

AH! PREPARE MY ELASTIC SIDED BED!

CHICAGO AND BIG AL MEAN TROUBLE FOR TOM!



# DITCHLEY... IN AMERICA?



# HOW CAN TOM CONVINCe CAPONE THAT HE HATES ROGER DITCHLEY?



THE WATER FLOWS DARK AND DEEP!



HAS TOM AVOIDED A WATERY DEATH?



IS HE STILL ALIVE?

HE DOESN'T LOOK SO GOOD-

...STANDING ON YOUR TOE!

HARD TO TELL, MR. NESS.

SHH!  
HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING!

HOW..WOULD..YOU..LOOK..HALF DROWNED.. WITH...SOMEBODY..



TOM IS QUESTIONED AS HE RECOVERES.



TOM STRESSES HIS INNOCENCE...

I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT WHISKY SOAKED BOOTLEG TRIPE, MR. NESS!

YOU COULD BE WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR, FOSDYKE. HERE'S THE DEAL!

I'M HERE TO INTRODUCE THE DELICIOUS NEW TRIPEBURGER TO-

HELP ME AND I'LL PROVIDE YOU WITH AN 80 STOREY TRIPE CENTRE. DEAL?

YES. ANYTHING TO QUIETEN THINGS DOWN!

DITCHLEY'S TRIPEASY

WHAT? FOSDYKE IN CHICAGO?

IN THE SAHARA, ALBERT AND CYNTHIA AWAIT THEIR FATE.

OUR POSITION IS CRITICAL.  
NO RELIEF COLUMN SO THE  
FORT WILL FALL.



YOU AND I, MSIEU. WILL BE  
DEAD.. AND MAM'SELLE.. SHUDDER!

I CAN WAIT NO LONGER FOR THE  
ROLLING ACRES OF HER WHITE  
BODY.. I'LL OFFER GENEROUS TERMS!



THE MEN CAN GO  
FREE.. AND THE WOMAN...

..CAN WEAR THIS  
FLAG!



# OMAR'S OFFER IS SCORNE!

CLEAR OFF, YOU DIRTY OLD MAN!

CYNTHIA, YOU MUST NOT FALL INTO HIS HANDS.

CURSES!

A man with a beard and a turban is shown in a state of anger, shouting and cursing. He is pointing towards the right. In the background, there is a simple building with a doorway.

IF THE WORST HAPPENS, SAVE ONE BULLET -

SORRY, BERTIE, BUT MY STRONG RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES WON'T ALLOW THAT.

A man in a turban is running away from a building. He is looking back over his shoulder with a worried expression. The building has a doorway and a small flag on top.

I'LL USE MY HOCKEY STICK!

DONK!

A man in a patterned coat is holding a hockey stick and hitting a man in a turban. The man in the turban is on the ground, and the man with the hockey stick is shouting. Two other men in traditional clothing are standing nearby, watching the scene.

# THE FINAL ASSAULT!



# A MAD DASH FOR THE AIRCRAFT!

FASTER, CYNTHIA, THEY'RE GAINING ON US!



GOOD! ONLY TWO GUARDS / ON MY KITE-



I'LL TAKE THE GOOD LOOKIN' ONE!



# THE ASSAULT IS SWIFT AND DEADLY...



# WHY ARE THE DEVILS OF THE DESERT LAUGHING?

NEVER MIND, BERTIE, LET 'EM LAUGH. WE'RE ON OUR WAY—

NOW THEY'RE LAUGHING AND SHOUTING! WHAT ON EARTH'S GOING ON?

SOMETHING'S WRONG! WE SEEM TO BE—OH CRIPES!

93... 94... 95...





FOSDYKES AT HOME THINK OF FOSDYKES ABROAD...

TOM 'N' ALBERT 'LL COME GOOD!  
US FOSDYKES ARE TOUGH, AND  
WE HAVE A MISSION...



TO FEED THE 'UNGRY' WORLD!  
TOM 'LL DO AMERICA AND I'M  
THINKIN' OF GOIN' EAST.

'ERE, LADS, GO TO CORNER SHOP AND  
GET ME A MAP OF  
RUSSIA!



RUSSIA? NO,  
JOS, NO!

IT'S A HOTBED OF  
REVOLUTION!

FAIR ENOUGH. GET ME A MAP  
OF THE SOVIET UNION  
INSTEAD!



# WHAT DOES JDS SEE IN THE WORKERS PARADISE?

BIG PLACE, LOTS OF PEOPLE COMIN' OUT OF A BLOODY REVOLUTION. THEY'LL BE CRYIN' OUT.



FOR FOSDYKE'S NUTRITIOUS TRIPE!

JOS THEY'RE COMMUNISTS AND YOU'RE A CAPITALIST OPPRESSOR OF THE WORKING CLASS!



YOU'RE RIGHT, LUV THEY'LL BE TOUCHY ABOUT OUR FAMOUS WHITE AND BLACK TRIPE...

...SO WE'LL GIVE 'EM RED!



# JOS PREPARES HIS OWN RED REVOLUTION!



# OFF TO RED HORIZONS FROM MANCHESTER VICTORIA!

MOSCOW HERE I COME,  
RED TRIBE AN' ALL!

YOU'RE A BIT OLD  
FOR DASHING TO-

NO, BECKY, I HAVE  
TO PROVE TO MESELF THAT I'M  
STILL BOSS OF POSTDYKES!

AND IF THAT MEANS CONQUERIN'  
NEW WORLDS, SO BE IT!

TAKE CARE,  
JOS!

STAY CLEAR OF  
THE SECRET POLICE AND  
SIBERIAN LABOUR CAMPS

DON'T WORRY I'LL TELL  
'EM I'M A CONSERVATIVE!

HOUR AFTER HOUR, DAY AFTER DAY, JOS CHUGS EASTWARD..

HOW LONG DOES THIS  
FLIPPIN' TRIP LAST?

TCHAI!

IT SEEMS LIKE FOREVER  
SINCE I LEFT MANCHESTER..

..FRANCE, GERMANY, POLAND,  
PHEW, IF WE DON'T REACH  
MOSCOW SOON..

..I'M GOIN' TO HAVE TO USE  
THE TOILET ON THIS TRAIN!



SUDDENLY EXCITEMENT IS IN THE AIR!

HULLO, WE'VE STOPPED!

ANGUSKI KAPITALISTI  
FOSDYKSKI!

TOVARICH FOSDYKSKI-  
MWAH-MWAH!

PREZWICZY

FOSDYKSKI!

AYUP THIS LOOKS  
TRICKY! OH DEAR, WHAT  
A PLACE TO DIE!

HELLO THERE.  
-ER-I AM SIR  
JOS-ER-FOSDYKE!

# DITCHLEY LEARNS OF TOM'S ALLIANCE WITH NESS.

POSDYKE..THE UNTOUCHABLES -  
BLAST! THAT FAMILY  
HAUNTS ME!



ALCOHOLIC  
TRIPE SALES  
UP AN  
UP!

NOW OF ALL  
TIMES TO PICK, JUST AS  
I'M ON THE VERGE OF BEING..

...THE BIGGEST TRIPELEGGER  
IN CHICAGO - RIGHT, I'VE HAD  
ENOUGH OF TOM POSDYKE!



A QUICK CALL  
SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

DITCHLEY WISHES TO CONVENE A  
MEETING OF THE CRIME  
SYNDICATE, MR CAPONE!



# BIG AL CAUS THE CRIME SYNDICATE TO ORDER!





# DITCHLEY PLEADS HIS CASE!

ANY FOTHER BIZZNIZ, BOYS?  
APART FROM THE WRATH.

IF FOSDYKE FLOODS CHICAGO WITH GOOD  
TRIBE WE'RE FINISHED. I PROPOSE OUR  
OUR ASSOCIATE COMPANY..

COULD WE JUST SHOOT HIM?  
IT REALLY DOES SAVE  
ON PAPERWORK!

NO? OKAY, THE CHAIR CALLS ON  
MACHINE GUN DITCHLEY!

MURDER INCORPORATED  
ATTEND TO HIM, I WANT HIM PULPED,  
I WANT HIM CUT TO PIECES, I WANT-

RUB-OUT  
CONTRACT M

MURDER  
INCORPORATED  
REGISTERED  
CHARITY  
No: 760804

AS HIS FUTURE IS SHORTENED, TOM TALKS TO ELIOT NESS...

MURDER INCORPORATED AFTER ME?  
I'M ONLY HERE TO SELL TRIPE-

YEAH-

SORRY, ELIOT, BUT IT'S  
NOT WORTH THE RISK I'VE  
JUST COME OUT OF A WAR. TATA!

TOM, I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU  
THE HARM DONE BY  
BOOTLEG TRIPE-

NO THANKS. SPARE ME THE  
GUIDED TOUR OF FILTHY SLUMS  
AND RUINED, WRECKED LIVES!

OKAY, WE ARE NOW ENTERING THE  
LEAFY OUTSKIRTS OF THE SELECT  
TRIPE QUARTER...

THE DECISION TO DUCK-OUT IS WAVERING!



LOOK, TOM! DITCHLEY'S ALCOHOLIC TRIPE ADDICTS. JUST EMPTY SHELLS OF MEN!

I DIDN'T REALISE!

BUDDY.. CAN.. YOU.. SPARE SOME.. TRIPE

BUT IT'S NOT ALL BAD NEWS. WE'VE SET UP A CARE UNIT..

..FOR SEVERE CASES. SEE THAT GUY OVER THERE!

TRIPE ANONYMOUS HOME

HE WAS A HOPELESS CASE WHEN THEY BROUGHT HIM ON, BUT JUST ONE WEEK..

..ON YOUR TRIPE AND.. SEE THE IMPROVEMENT?

YES. LOOK AT THAT SMILE!

I'M REFERRING TO THE PORTER!

VINEGAR WARD

IN THE TORRID SAHARA ALBERT AND CYNTHIA ARE GOING... NOWHERE!

LOW ON JUICE, FOZZERS AND  
THEY'RE DOWN THERE WAITING.  
ANY SUGGESTIONS?

SOME TYPICALLY FOSDYKIAN,  
DEVIL-MAY-CARE CAPER,  
I'LL BET!

I'M GOING TO  
GET OUT ON  
THE ROPE-

NOT AT THE MOMENT-UNLESS-  
YES, IT MIGHT JUST WORK!

NO, FOZZERS,  
IT'S MADNESS!

YOU'LL RUIN YOUR  
TEETH!

# CAN ALBERT GNAW HIS WAY TO FREEDOM?



MUNCH..MUNCH..I HAVEN'T EATEN FOR DAYS

PHEW!

IS THE ROPE NEVER GOING TO-



TWANG!

LOOK AT THE INFIDEL!



HE DARES TO ENTER THE HAREM OF OMAR THE TERRIBLE!

WUMP!

# ALBERT PLUNGES INTO OMAR'S HAREM!



OMAR THE TERRIBLE IS FEELING... TERRIBLE!



# THE FLEEING CYNTHIA RECONSIDERS...

CANT LEAVE FOZZERS TO THOSE DEVILS.. NO..



..I MUST GO BACK AND BARTER...

..MY BODY FOR HIS!



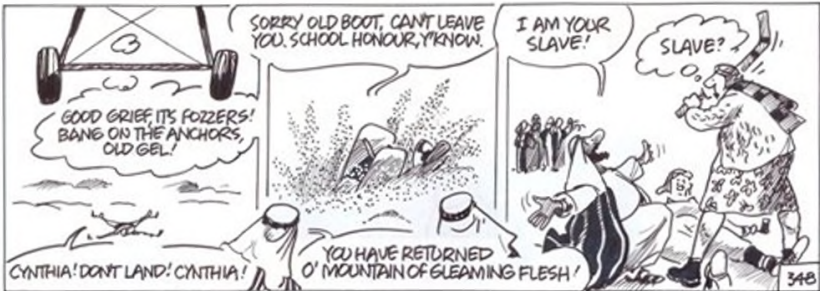
NEED A FLAT STRETCH TO PUT HER DOWN-AH, THERE!

NOT A GOOD IDEA, CYNTHIA!





AN IDEAL LANDING PLACE - HOLD ON, CYNTHIA!



# CYNTHIA HAS FOUND OMAR'S WEAKNESS!

FREE THIS BRAVE LAD AND I  
WILL CONSIDER AN INTIMATE  
RELATIONSHIP-

YOU SHOULD'VE ESCAPED-

I BURN WITH  
DESIRE, O' FLOWER  
OF THE COCKPIT!

CAN I GET-GASP-A COUPLE OF THE  
LADS TO-DOO- GIVE ME  
A HAND?

NO!

A RELATIONSHIP!  
O' JOY SUBLIME, LET US FEAST

DON'T FRET, FOZZERS WE'LL  
BE OUT OF HERE SOON. I'LL LET  
HIM TAKE ME TO HIS TENT.

FAR AWAY SIR JOS SPEEDS THROUGH SNOWY FORESTS...

WELCOME TO MOTHER RUSSIA, FOSDYKSKI.  
WE GO TO MEET TRIPE COMMISSAR  
POLIKIN WITH ALL SPEED!

I LIKE THAT. NO MUCKIN'  
ABOUT. STRAIGHT DOWN TO  
BRASS TACKS.

THAT'S HOW WE GET THINGS DONE HERE, TOVARISH.  
IMMEDIATE ACTION. NO TIME TO WASTE!

I RECKON ME AN' HIM'LL  
GET ON FINE. HAVE I GOT TIME FOR  
A QUICK WASH'N' BRUSH UP?

YES WE REACH  
MOSCOW IN A WEEK!

STILL THE ENDLESS COUNTRYSIDE FLASHES BY...



MOSCOW AT LAST BUT A WEEK IS A LONG TIME IN POLITICS...

LET ME DO THE TALKING, FOSDYKSKI.  
THE POLITICAL SITUATION IS A  
LITTLE FLUID-



WHO'S THAT WITH  
TRIPE COMMISSAR POLIKIN?

I'M PERISHIN', LAD. ANYONE  
GOT A SPARE FUR-



SHH! THERE'S BEEN A PURGE.  
DON'T WORRY. POLIKIN WILL SUPPLY  
YOU WITH A FUR COAT.

OF COURSE. I WON'T NEED THIS  
IN SIBERIA



# LIFE IS TOUGH IN THE NEW USSR!

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO POLIKIN?

DON'T WORRY, HIS COAT FITS YOU BEAUTIFULLY!



WE HAVE A NEW TRIPE COMMISSAR STRAVITCH. HE IS VERY HARD MAN.

OH AYE? LET'S SEE IF HE'S AS HARD AS OLD JOS



WHEN DO I MEET THIS 'HARD' MAN?

THIS MORNING AFTER HIS WORKOUT...

.. WITH OLGA THE WEIGHT LIFTING BALLERINA!



# STRAVITCH IS READY FOR WORK!

ENOUGH, OLGA. I HAVE BUSINESS WITH OUR ENGLISH FRIEND



CERTAINLY, COMMISSAR

CRASH!

FRATERNAL GREETINGS, POSDYKSKI. LET US DISCUSS ONE MILLION TONS OF TRIPE!



ONE MILL- AT TUPPENCE A-THAT'S NEARLY-

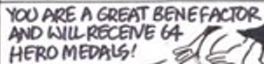
YOU AGREE? GOOD! WE DEEPLY APPRECIATE YOUR GENEROUS GIFT!



GIFT?

IN MOSCOW JOS MAKES A DECISION...

YOU ARE A GREAT BENEFACTOR  
AND WILL RECEIVE 64  
HERO MEDALS!



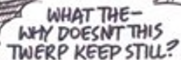
DON'T LOSE YOUR RAG, LAD.  
HE'S JUST TRYING TO  
CONFUSE YOU!



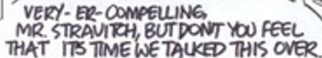
...IN A CIVILISED MANNER?



WHAT THE—  
WHY DOESN'T THIS  
TWERP KEEP STILL?



VERY- ER- COMPELLING,  
MR. STRAVITCH, BUT DON'T YOU FEEL  
THAT IT'S TIME WE TALKED THIS OVER...





# ALARM BELLS ARE RINGING IN DITCHLEY'S ALCOTRIPE EMPIRE!

THE BOSS IS BURNING UP! SINCE  
DAT FOSDYKE TEAMED UP  
WID NESS...

CLUB'S HALF EMPTY AND  
WE'RE SHORT OF TRIPE-

IT'S SIXTEEN CUSTOMERS TO EACH  
BOTTLE OF TRIPE!



# ALCOTRIPE STARVATION IS HITTING DITCHLEY HARD!



# DITCHLEY'S CUSTOMER SATISFACTION LEVEL IS DISAPPOINTING!

BOSS! THEY'RE SMASHING THE CLUB  
TO MATCHWOOD!



KEEP 'EM AT BAY WHILE I SAVE  
MY PRIVATE STOCK OF 100% PROOF-  
QUICK, ANSWER THAT 'PHONE!

IT'S OUR MAN ON THE INSIDE!  
NESS AND POSDYKE WILL BE  
HERE IN -



NOBODY MOVE! THIS  
IS A POLICE RAID!

HUH, THEY'VE BEEN  
TIPPED OFF!



IT'S A RAID. EVERYONE UP AGAINST THAT WALL BUT WHERE'S THE ALLOOTRIPE?



THE SEARCH FOR DITCHLEY'S PRIVATE STOCK OF ALCOTRIPE IS FRUITLESS...



TOO MANY PUSHY COPS.. A DELKATE BUBBLE - BANG! POP!



YOU FOOL, BUBBLES!

THE CLUB'S CLOSED AND YOUR CROOKED ASSOCIATES ARE ARRESTED. YOU'LL GO DOWN FOR LIFE!

IT MIGHT BE BETTER IF YOU WERE TO SEE ME IN MY OFFICE!

POP

EEK

THAT'S YOU, FINISHED, DITCHLEY. ARREST HIM!

GLEN DITCHLEY ALCOHOL

DON'T BANK ON IT, POSDYKE! I HAVE A SUPERB LEGAL TEAM SO... I DEMAND TO SEE MY LAWYER!

# A NEW DAY DAWNS IN THE SAHARA...

IT'S DAWN. WHAT SHE MUST  
HAVE BEEN THROUGH  
TO SAVE ME!

IF SHE SURVIVES HER ORDEAL I AM  
OBLIGED AS A GENTLEMAN TO MARRY  
THE GIRL - ACTIVITY AT OMAR'S TENT!

OF COURSE YOU CAN BE  
OUR BEST MAN,  
FOZZERS!

I'LL DASH OVER AND BEFORE THEY SILENCE  
ME, CRY 'CYNTHIA.. MARRIAGE! IS THERE ANY  
CHANCE THAT YOU WOULD CONSIDER ME AS-

# ROMANCE IN THE OASIS OF OMAR!

OMAR THE TERRIBLE AND I WILL MARRY, FOZZERS. CAN'T SAY I LOOK FORWARD...



...TO BEING CALLED MRS. TERRIBLE BUT HE DOESN'T LIKE OMAR SPOFFORTH EITHER-

YOU CAN'T, CYNTHIA! YOU ARE AN ENGLISH ARISTOCRAT AND HE-



THINK, GIRL! YOU'LL HAVE TO ADAPT TO HIS DESERT LIFESTYLE. WEAR A VEIL CONSTANTLY-

A DECENT COVE, FOZZERS! NEEDS A TAP WITH A HOCKEY STICK NOW AND-



NOT SUCH A BAD IDEA!





# A DESERT WEDDING IS ARRANGED!

ALL IS IN PLACE, O VISION OF  
LARGENESS. A GREAT FEAST  
IS BEING PREPARED...



BUT YOU WOULD NOT BE  
HERE IF IT WERE NOT FOR  
THIS MAN. HOW CAN I REPAY YOU-

SLOW DOWN, OMAR. NO NUPTIALS TILL  
YOU SACK YOUR ENTIRE HAREM!



IT SHALL BE  
DONE, O BELOVED HEAP!

ALL H&S ARE YOURS,  
FOS EL DYKE!



IN MOSCOW THE FLYING STRAVITCH IS GROUNDED!

KAPITALISKI PIG, FOSDYKSKI!  
YOU PAY FOR THIS!

SORRY BUT I CAN'T  
STAND FELLERS DANCIN' ROUND  
WHEN I'M DOING BUSINESS!

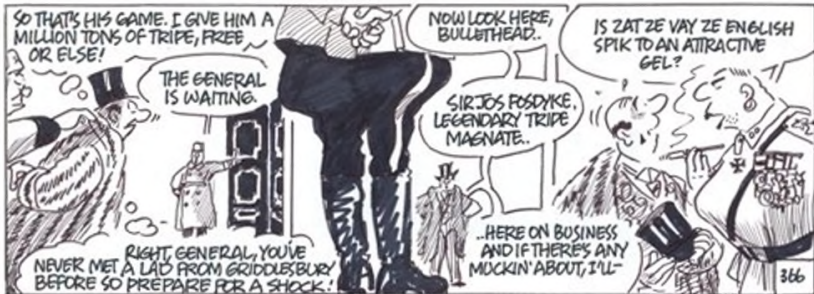
OOH!

COMMISSAR, SHALL I HAND HIM  
OVER TO THE MVD, KGB,  
OGPU OR NKVD?

NO. THE STP!

BLIMEY, THEY'VE GOT A  
SECRET TRIBE POLICE!

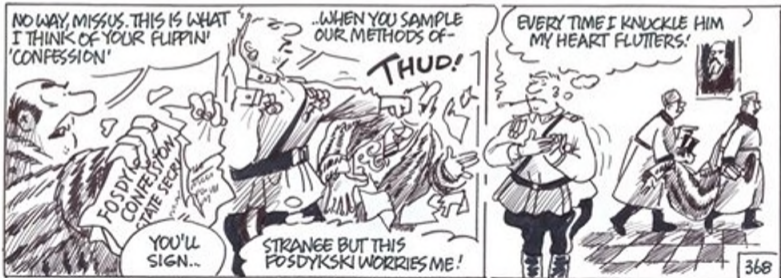
# JOS FACES THE DREADED CHIEF OF THE SECRET TRIPE POLICE



# GENERAL BLASKOVA INTERROGATES...



SIR JOS, DEFIANT AS EVER REFUSES TO SIGN!



NO WAY, MISSUS. THIS IS WHAT I THINK OF YOUR FLIPPIN' 'CONFESSION'

FOSDYK  
CONFESION  
STATE SECR

YOU'LL SIGN..

...WHEN YOU SAMPLE OUR METHODS OF-

THUD!

STRANGE BUT THIS FOSDYKSKI WORRIES ME!

EVERY TIME I KNUCKLE HIM MY HEART FLUTTERS!

# A SLOW AWAKENING IN A PRISON CELL...



YOU ARE TO BE INTERROGATED BY GENERAL BLASKOVA IN PERSON.



NOW IT BEGINS...

THE PRISONER FOSDYKSKI IS  
HERE, GENERAL BLASKOVA!



THROW  
HIM IN!

DO YOUR WORST! YOU'LL NOT  
BREAK ME. THERE'LL BE NO  
CONFESSIONS TONIGHT!



OH YES THERE WILL!

I LOFF YOU, FOSDYKSKI!



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IN CHICAGO IT'S CONGRATULATIONS ALL ROUND!





ONE WEEK LATER...

SO THIS IS THE REPUBLIC OF CHILIGUAY.. RIGHT, TOM, IGNORE CORRUPT MINOR OFFICIALS..



.. AND GO DIRECTLY TO THE TOP MAN WHO MUST BE THE PREZ. NOW, WHERE DO I FIND...



JUST BEHIND THAT SHED, SEÑOR!



# TOM NEEDS A CONNECTION IN CHILIGUAY!

OH! NOW I HAVE TO FIND THE CURRENT PREZ. I'LL ASK THAT CHAP!

OUR NEW PRESIDENTE IS LUIZ MORALES. HE TOOK OFFICE TEN MINUTES AGO.

SI, SEÑOR. AS A MATTER OF FACT WE ARE GOING THAT WAY OURSELVES!



THANKS. COULD YOU POSSIBLY DIRECT ME TO HIS PALACE?

CHILIGUAY IS PROVING TO BE VERY EXCITING!

PRESIDENTE MORALES IS A PIG WHO I WILL KILL! ARE YOU WITH US, SEÑOR?

TOM FOSDYKE.  
ER... YES!

NOT EXCEPTIONAL, SEÑOR. WE HAD NINE LAST WEDNESDAY AND THAT WAS EARLY CLOSING DAY!

FIRST ONE TO GET HIS FEET ON THE DESK!

GOSH! TWO PRESIDENTS IN TEN MINUTES. PHEW!

GULP!..ER..WHO IS NEXT FOR THE POSITION?



# A SWIFT CHANGE OF APPAREL AND...



ALBERT, LOCKED IN THE SAHARAN WEDDING OF THE YEAR, FRETTS...

I SHOULD BE IN THE MANCHESTER-INDIA AIR RACE BUT I'M STUCK HERE WAITING FOR...



...THE HON. CYNTHIA SPOFFORTH TO WED OMAR THE TERRIBLE!

WORSE STILL, HE'S GIVEN ME HIS PREVIOUS 45 WIVES!



'SCUSE ME, YOU THE LAD GETTING WED TO THIS GROUP?

OVER HERE, ALI! HE CAN WAIT...

I'M STARTING ALLOVER FROM SCRATCH AGAIN!



THE HON. CYNTHIA SPOFFORTH IS NOW MRS. TERRIBLE...



THAT'S IT! LET'S GET TO THE EATS!

..YOUR PREVIOUS 45 WIVES BUT-

YOU REFUSE MY GIFT, FOS EL DYKE!

..JUST FOR THE WEDDING GROUP PICTURES.

OMAR, CAN I HAVE A WORD. IT REALLY IS VERY KIND OF YOU TO GIVE ME...

BEHAVE YOURSELVES YOU TWO AND LISTEN TO ME. ALBERT WILL KEEP THE WIVES...

# IS ALBERT TO BE STUCK WITH 45 WIVES?

BRIDES AND GROOMS.. BIG SMILES PLEASE..  
GOOD.. KEEP PERFECTLY STILL.. THAT'S IT!



WHAT WAS THAT?  
I'M SURE I HEARD-

SOMEBODY MOVED!





# THE LEGION'S ARRIVAL STARTS A TYPICAL WEDDING FIGHT!



# THE HAPPY BACHELOR REJOINS THE MANCHESTER-INDIA AIR RACE!

ON MY WAY AT LAST BUT SHE'S VERY SLUGGISH TODAY. C'MON, OLD GIRL!



IT FEELS LIKE WE'RE CARRYING EXTRA OH NO!

I AM FARIDA, 25TH WIFE AND I AM YOURS FOR ETERNITY!

BLAST!



SORRY, LUV BUT I'LL HAVE TO LAND. THERE'S NO ROOM FOR USELESS PASSENGERS ON THIS TRIP.

USELESS! ME? WATCH THIS!



OH NO... A BELLY DANCER!

**BLAST! STUCK WITH A STOWAWAY TILL THE NEXT REFUELLING!**



I'LL DROP HER WHEN I PICK UP JUICE AT - WHERE'S THE MAP?

OH NO!

...YOU'RE NEXT STOP IS CAIRO!

CAIRO

BAGHDAD

I THINK YOU'RE SITTING ON IT.. NO, I'LL GET IT-

DO NOT FEAR BELOVED. I THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING...

GULP! IT'S GOING TO GET A BIT TICKLISH WHEN I START LOOKING FOR KABUL!

CAIRO AT LAST! ALBERT IS CATCHING UP IN THE AIR RACE...



# STOWAWAY FREE, ALBERT LONES FOR A RELAXING BATH...

AND REPORTS OF THE AIR RACE. WHO'S STILL IN?



DON'T KNOW MUCH I'M AFRAID BUT YOU'RE THE SECOND IN HERE TODAY!

LUDOVIC SNEEGROVE, THE FLYING, HOT GOSPELLING, MUSCULAR EVANGELIST OF THE CHURCH...



...OF NINTH DAY WONDERS. YOU MAY HAVE TO WAIT FOR YOUR BATH.

HE'S CONVERTING SOME OF THE LOCALS.



IN MOSCOW JOS IS IN GENERAL BLASKOVA'S FEETID EMBRACE...

GERROF, GENERAL, I'M  
HAPPILY MARRIED!

GIF YOURSELF TO  
ME, FOSDYKSKI!

AND DON'T CALL  
ME 'GENERAL!'

I AM OLINKA BLASKOVA, A LONELY  
WOMAN CRYING OUT  
FOR LOFF!

-OUCH- YOU'RE  
CRUSHIN' ME, MISSUS!  
HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!

ARREST THEM BOTH!

SAVED! IT'S THAT  
MURDEROUS, LUNATIC  
STRAVITCH!

# STRAVITCH HAS SIR JOS AT HIS MERCY...

SO.. NOT ONLY A SPY BUT A FILTHY BEAST PREYING ON SECRET TRIBE POLICE CHIEFS!

YOUR PUBLIC TRIAL BEGINS TOMORROW. YOU WILL BE GIVEN A FAIR HEARING. TONIGHT YOU SPEND HERE.

THE SCRIPT FOR YOUR TRIAL IN 3 ACTS!

GET KNOTTED, STRAVITCH!

YOU WILL BE WELL TREATED AND PROVIDED WITH READING MATERIAL TO PASS THE TIME.

FURBYTSKY TRIAL ACTS 1-3

# JOS CANNOT BELIEVE THE SCRIPT OF HIS FORTHCOMING TRIAL!

IT'S A PACK OF LIES! I'M NOT SAYIN' THIS IN COURT. GET LOST, IVAN!



NO, YOU COME! THE WORLD'S PRESS AND RADIO IS WAITING!

THIS IS OUR GREATEST SHOW TRIAL EVER SO PLAY YOUR PART WELL!

NEVER!



BE QUIET AND REMEMBER ONE THING, FOSDYKSKI...

♪ THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS ♪





IN MOSCOW THE CASE PRIOR TO FOSDYKE'S CLOSES.

HOW DID YOU GET ON,  
MATE?

50 YEARS  
HARD, SIBERIA!

I HOPE YOU'VE REMEMBERED  
TO PROVIDE ME WITH A LAWYER?

OF COURSE! YOU WILL BE  
DEFENDED-

IT WOULD BE  
NICE TO MEET HIM  
SOMETIME!

HE'S OVER THERE. LOOK,  
BEING CONGRATULATED..

..ON HIS EXPERT DEFENCE  
OF THE LAST CASE.

# THE FOSDYKE MOSCOW SHOW TRIAL FARCE BEGINS...

CASE No. 2. SOVIET PEOPLE AGAINST  
FILTHY CAPITALIST SPY AND  
PERVERT, FOSDYKSKI!

BOO! BOO! BOO!  
BOO! BOO!  
BOO!  
BOO!  
BOO!  
BOO!  
BOO!  
BOO!

ORDER! ORDER!

THIS IS DISGRACEFUL!  
I WILL CLEAR THE COURT..

.. IF THE STANDARD OF BOOING  
DOESN'T IMPROVE!



# SIR JOS PROTESTS ANGRILY AT THE SPURIOUS ALLEGATIONS!

IT'S ALL RUBBISH. I AM INNOCENT!



STATE PROSECUTOR,  
YOU MAY BEGIN.

COMRADES, YOU SEE BEFORE YOU  
A SPY, AND FILTHY SEDUCER AND  
I DEMAND THE SUPREME PEN-



HOLD IT,  
SUNSHINE!

WALLACE GRIMLEY OF GRIMLEY,  
GRIMLEY, GRIMLEY, PRUNE AND  
KNOBLETT!



I'D LIKE TO CONDUCT  
T'LADS DEFENCE, AYUP!

# HELP FROM A TOTALLY UNEXPECTED SOURCE!

WALLACE GRIMLEY, THE FINEST  
LEGAL BRAIN IN SALFORD...  
IN MOSCOW!

THIS IS A SOVIET  
COURT AND THE ACCUSED IS  
ALREADY REPRESENTED...

...BUT WE WILL ALLOW YOU TO CONFER  
WITH ROSDYMSKI IN PRIVATE FOR A  
FEW MINUTES.

TA! WHERE  
CAN WE—

AN INTERVIEW ROOM IS AT THIS  
MOMENT BEING PREPARED.

JOIN THE RED AND YELLOW  
WIRES OF THE LISTENING  
DEVICE TO THE...

# SIR JOS CONFERS WITH HIS LEARNED FRIEND...

BY GUM, MR. GRIMLEY, TO THINK THAT SUCH A LEGAL GIANT WOULD COME TO MOSCOW TO DEFEND ME—



ANYTHING FOR A FELLOW TRIPE GOURMET. NOW...

THIS IS WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN— BUT YOU MUST DO EXACTLY AS I SAY, OK?



YES. I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU SPIN A LEGAL MAZE TO BAFFLE AND CONFUSE—

IT'S EASY, LAD. ALL YOU DO IS PLEAD GUILTY!



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# JOS IS GOBSMACKED BY GRIMLEYS ADVICE!

PLEAD GUILTY? ARE YOU MAD?  
I HAVEN'T DONE OWT!

SHH! ...HIDDEN MICROPHONES THEY'LL  
BE LISTENING IN SO WE'LL HAVE TO  
WHISPER VERY QUIETLY!

THEY'VE STARTED  
WHISPERING!

CALM DOWN, LAD.  
I HAVEN'T FINISHED YET!

YES.. IS THAT LOW ENOUGH?

SHH!  
SO HAVE WE!

# WALLACE GRIMLEY COMES CLEAN!

SIR JES, DURING THE HOLIDAYS I WORK FOR OUR SECRET SERVICE AND...



...WE WANT TO ARRANGE A SWAP, ONE OF OURS FOR ONE OF THEIRS SO PLEAD GUILTY, TOKEN SENTENCE...

...AND HOME IN NO TIME! YOU'RE NEEDED AT HOME. DEPRESSION'S COMING AND TRIFE -



VERY WELL. I WILL PLEAD GUILTY...

...AND THROW MYSELF ON THE MERCY OF THE COURT.

WISE DECISION. SENTENCE... SHOT AT DAWN... NEXT!



# AN UNEXPECTED SENTENCE!

SHOT AT DAWN! YOU SAID I'D  
GET A TOKEN 3 MONTHS!

CUT OFF IN ME PRIME. YEARS OF  
TRIFE AHEAD OF ME AND I HAVE  
TO DIE IN THIS—

DON'T MAKE HER CRY, JOS, JUST  
REMEMBER THE GOOD TIMES.  
TRIPS TO BLACKPOOL..

HMM..I'M A TAD  
SURPRISED MESELF  
BUT THESE THINGS HAPPEN!

FOSDYKSKI.  
PEN, PAPER..

...YOU WRITE LAST  
LETTER TO YOUR WIFE.

"DEAR BECKY, HAVING  
A LOVELY TIME. WISH  
YOU WERE HERE." JOS.



# DAWN IN MOSCOW. A CELL DOOR OPENS...

IT IS TIME, FOSDYKSKI!  
PREPARE YOURSELF.

MMF?

RIGHT, JOSIAH, THIS IS IT!

SHOW 'EM HOW A TRIPE GIANT  
FACES - AYUP, I'VE GOT THIS  
LAST LETTER FOR BECKY!



AH SAY, YOU IN FRONT. WILL YOU  
SEE MY MISSUS GETS THIS LETTER!

GIVE IT TO HER YOURSELF, WE  
HAVENT GOT A STAMP!



QUICK!  
HOP IN, LAD!

# A LAST SECOND REPRIEVE FOR THE TRIPE KING!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON, GRIMLEY?  
I THOUGHT I'D HAD ME  
CHIPS-

THEY LIKE TO DO IT  
ACCORDING TO THE  
BOOK.

IT'S ALL OVER  
APART FROM THE SWAP.

PHEW! I EVEN WROTE A LAST  
LETTER TO MY WIFE!

YOU CAN SHOW IT  
TO HER FOR A LAUGH.

NO THANKS! I SAID I'D SPENT THE  
BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE  
WITH HER!

# JOS SAYS 'GOODBYE' TO MOSCOW AND 'HELLO, FREEDOM!'

WE'RE CLOSE TO THE SWAP AREA, SIR JOS. LISTEN TO CAPTAIN RUDEVITCH.



WHEN YOU SEE YOUR FELLOW EXCHANGEES, AT MY COMMAND, START WALKING!

DO NOT STOP OR LOOK BACK! CONTINUE WALKING TILL YOU REACH YOUR CAPITALIST PIG-



I'M NOT DEAF OR STUPID!

OF COURSE I UNDERSTAND, TWERP!

GOOD. START WALKING!



# MEANWHILE IN THE CHILIGUAYAN BRANCH OF FOSDYKES...

WELL, TRIPPELLINO, YOU LIKE MINISTER OF TRIPE JOB?



IT'S NOT WHAT I CAME HERE FOR, ERNESTO. I'M HERE TO LAUNCH FOSDYKE TRIPE -

THAT CAN WAIT! FIRST WE THINK OF THE PEOPLE. THIS IS MY CRASH BUILDING PROGRAM!



THEY LOOK FOR SOMEWHERE SAFE, SECURE, SO THESE PLANS..

..SHOULD TAKE CARE OF MOST OF THE POPULATION



# Fosdyke Saga **Six**

by **BILL TIDY**



*Another fantastic volume from the famous strip in the* **DAILY MIRROR**