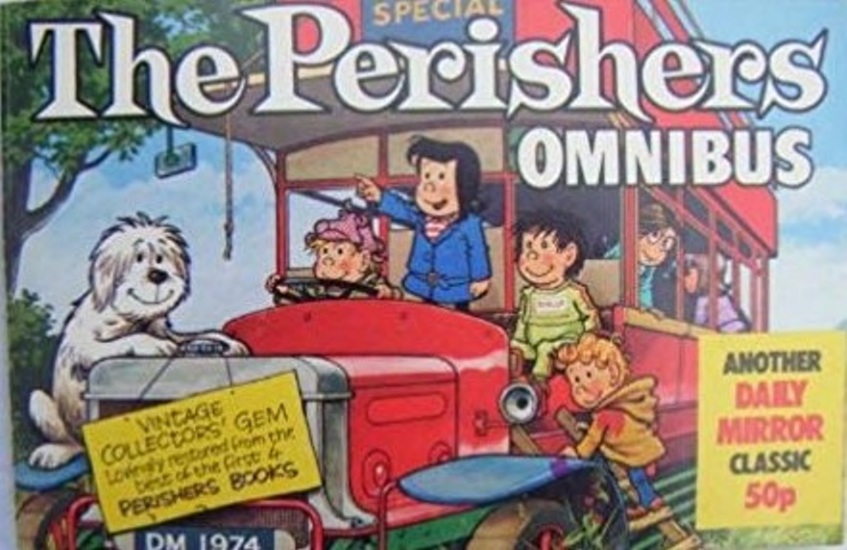


SPECIAL The Perishers OMNIBUS

A colorful illustration of a red vintage car. A large white dog is sitting in the driver's seat. A girl with a pink bow is in the front passenger seat. A boy in a blue jacket is standing in the open rear hatch, pointing. Two other boys are sitting on the back of the car. A girl is climbing a ladder on the side. The background shows a blue sky and green trees.

VINTAGE
COLLECTORS' GEM
Lovely restored from the
best of the first 4
PERISHERS BOOKS

DM 1974

ANOTHER
DAILY
MIRROR
CLASSIC
50p

I SAY, I SAY,
SEEING HERE,
OLD CHAPS

COME AND
LOOKING IN THIS
PUDDLE

BY
THE LORD
HARRY
—IT'S
ME

AND ALSO ME

BUT ASKING
YOURSELF THIS
QUESTION—
WHICH ME IS
ME?

I MEAN,
I WAS ME
AND THEN
I BECAME
YOU

YES, BY
THUNDER, AND
I BECAME
YOU

SO *YOU*
WERE ME,
AND *ME* WAS
YOU

NO,
NO—YOU
CAN'T SAY
THAT

YOU MEAN
I WAS YOU,
NOT ME

I'M BEGINNING
TO FEEL A LITTLE
WOMBLY

BUT IF
YOU'RE
NOT ME—
WHO AM I

ME
ME
ME ME

ME ME
ME ME ME
ME ME
ME ME

THE
SITUATION ARE
GETTING A TRIFLE
CONFUSED

CAN
DOGS GET
RHEUMATISM
?

WHAT ARE
YOU TWO STUPID
DOGS DOING IN THAT
PUDDLE?

GET UP AT
ONCE



I WONDER
WHAT'S SO SPECIAL
ABOUT *THIS*
PARTICULAR
PUDDLE?

THEY MUST
HAVE BEEN
LAYIN' IN IT FOR A
REASON



OH, THERE
COULDN'T BE
ANYTHIN'

COULD
THERE?

IT'S
TOO SILLY FOR...

BUT S'POSE
THERE *WAS* AN'
I NEVER...



SIGH

WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH
ME?



WELLIN'TON'S
RIGHT—
THIS ATOMIC
NUCLEAR LASER
DISINTEGRATOR
RAY IS A
TERRIBLE
WEAPON

I COULD EASILY WIPE
OUT THE *ENTIRE* WORLD

BUT I MUST EXERCISE
RESPONSIBILITY
AN' *MERCY* AN'
SELF-CONTROL

WELL—I
WON'T WIPE OUT
EVERYBODY,
JUS' THE *NASTY*
AN' *EVIL* ONES
THAT I *DON'T*
LIKE

BUT THE *REST*
ARE GOIN' TO HAVE
TO *LICK MY*
BOOTS

BABY
GRUMLIN'

hee hee
hee hee

YOU'RE TO STOP
JUMPIN' IN THAT
PUDDLE AN' COME
HOME WITH ME AT
ONCE

won't
won't

won't
won't
won't

I WARN YOU—FROM NOW
ON I SHALL EXPECT *INSTANT*
OBEDIENCE TO MY *EVERY*
COMMAND

ON ACCOUNT OF I'VE
GOT THIS ATOMIC NUCLEAR
LASER DISINTEGRATOR
RAY

poo—that
ole funnel on
the end of a
broomstick
—what can
you do with
that?

you won't
tell mum I
jumped in
puddles
will you,
maisie?

a, maisie?

a?





DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS — WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



MAISIE

MAISIE

STOP
IT—YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE **DOIN'**



OH YES
I **DO**

I'M TAKIN'
ACTION WHERE
OTHERS HAVE MERELY
TALKED



I'M TEARIN' DOWN
THE OLD OUTMODED
STRUCTURE OF
SOCIETY

I'M
DESTROYIN'
THE TIRED OLD
HYPOCRITICAL
SYSTEM



AN' I'M GOIN'
TO EAT ALL THE
CAKES AN' SWEETS
THAT FALL OUT
OF THE SHOP
WINDOWS



NOW WE'VE
ALL GOT ATOMIC
NUCLEAR LASER
DISINTEGRATOR
RAYS

BUT IN
ORDER
TO AVOID
FURTHER
DESTRUCTION
WE'RE PREPARED TO
MAKE A PACT

WE'LL THROW
OURS AWAY
IF YOU THROW
YOURS
AWAY

RIGHT

RIGHT

right

ZAPP

OH...
CALL ME
FICKLE IF YOU
LIKE...



OF COURSE, NOW THAT
I'VE GOT ALL THE ATOMIC
NUCLEAR DISINTEGRATOR
LASER RAYS—I'M GOIN'
TO RULE THE WORLD

BUT I
WANT YOU
TO KNOW THAT I
SHALL BEHAVE
WITH STRICT
IMP...IMPAR...
IMPARSH...

I SHALL
BEHAVE *VERY*
FAIRLY

TREATING
ALL WITH
JUSTICE

SHOWIN'
FAVOURS TO
NONE

BUT MERCIFUL
HEAVENS, I'M
ONLY *HUMAN*
AFTER ALL

SO I'LL HAVE TO BE
CAREFUL THAT PEOPLE
DON'T *GET AT* ME WITH
CHOC'S AN' SWEETS OR
ICE CREAMS, OR A DOLLY
WOULD BE NICE
OR EVEN...

THE MIND
BOGGLES



ALTHOUGH I'VE
GOT ALL THE ATOMIC
NUCLEAR LASER
DISINTEGRATOR
RAYS IT WON'T MAKE
ANY DIFFERENCE
TO ME

I SHALL REMAIN
A SWEET SIMPLE
GIRL

EXCEPT,
OF COURSE,
I SHALL
RULE THE
WORLD

MIND YOU—
EVERYBODY'S
GOT TO DO
EXACTLY WOT
I SAY—OTHER-
WISE I WON'T
BE ABLE TO
CHANGE EVERY-
THING

I DON'T
WANT TO BE
NASTY, GOODNESS
KNOWS, BUT PEOPLE
ARE GOING TO HAVE
TO *JUMP TO IT*
WHEN I COMMAND,
AFTER ALL...

I S'POSE
NONE OF YOU
ARE *TALKIN'*
TO ME NOW



AS RULER OF
THE WORLD WITH
MY POWERFUL
SECRET WEAPONS
I *DEMAND* THAT
YOU LOT *TALK*
TO ME

I'LL TELL HIM TO
MACHINE-GUN
YOU AN' *DRIVE*
TANKS OVER YOU
TILL YOU *HAVE*
TO TALK TO
ME

I'LL
TELL THE HEAD OF
THE ARMY TO
MAKE YOU

LOOK,
MAISIE, YOU'LL
DO NO SUCH
THING

'COS YOU'RE NOTHIN'
BUT A POTTY LITTLE
SCHOOLGIRL

AN' YOU HAVEN'T
GOT ANY SECRET
WEAPONS

JUST
A LOT OF SILLY OLE
FUNNELS TIED TO
POLES

AN' YOU
DON'T RULE
THE WORLD

IN FACT
YOU RULE
NOTHIN'

ALL *RIGHT*
THEN

I'LL TELL
MY MUM



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



E13

AND
FIREBALLING
OUT OF THE PITS
COMES BOOT, THE
WONDER DOG
RACERIST

AND HE'S RIGHT
ON NUVOLARI'S
TAIL

AND HE'S
STICKING RIGHT
THERE AS THEY
GO UP THE
STRAIGHT

AND
NUVOLARI IS
GOING ROUND
THE BEND

BUT
THEN AGAIN—
AREN'T WE
ALL?

HULLO,
B. H. (CALCUTTA) Failed,
WHAT NEWS FROM
THE NEWSHOUND
BUSINESS?



OH, GOOD
NEWSES, BOOT
OLD CHAPS

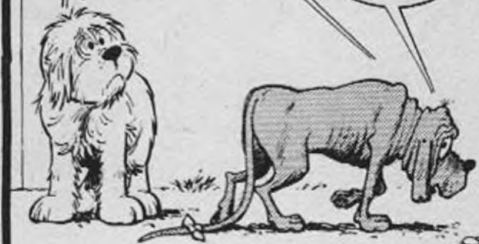
I'VE GAINED
EMPLOYMENT WITH
'THE WEST CRUNGE
CLARION AND DUBIOUS
ADVERTISER'

AS A
REPORTER.?



ER,
NO!

AS A
DOG!



YOU'VE GOT
A POSITION ON A
*REAL NEWS-
PAPER?*

INDEED
YES

AS A
DOG?

CORRECT

WOULD THAT
BE A POSITION
ON THE NEWS
DESK?

ER

NO

ON THE
FLOOR



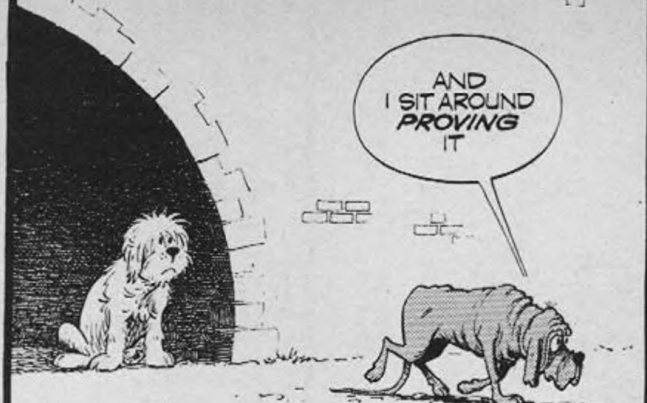
LOOK
HERE, B.H.
(CALCUTTA)
Failed—JUST
WHAT DO YOU
DO ON
THIS NEWS-
PAPER?

A black and white comic strip panel showing two dogs in a yard. A small, scruffy dog is on the left, and a larger, darker dog is on the right, looking at the smaller one. They are standing in front of a wooden fence. A large speech bubble from the larger dog contains the text.



WELL, ALL
THE REPORTERS
SIT AROUND
SAYING IT'S A
DOG'S LIFE

A black and white comic strip panel showing the same two dogs. The larger dog is now on the left, and the smaller dog is on the right, looking at the larger one. A large speech bubble from the smaller dog contains the text.



AND
I SIT AROUND
PROVING
IT

A black and white comic strip panel showing the same two dogs. The larger dog is on the left, sitting and looking towards the right. The smaller dog is on the right, walking away from the larger dog. A large speech bubble from the smaller dog contains the text.





WE'VE COME TO
GIVE YOU A PRACTICAL
DEMONSTRATION OF THE
APPALLIN' CONSEQUENCES OF
THOSE ROTTEN
SANDWICHES
OF YOURS

YEAH—
'COS WE THINK
YOU'RE TOO STUPID
TO REALISE WOT
YOU'RE DOIN'

A?

OBSERVE—
THERE YOU HAVE
TWO SLICES OF
BREAD SEPARATED
BY AN INCH-THICK
(UGH) KETCHUP
FILLIN'

I SHALL NOW
DEMONSTRATE
(HEE HEE)
THAT WHEN YOU
COMPRESS
ONE END

HEE
HEE

WOT DOES
COMPRESS
MEAN?

OH
DEAR

PRESS
DOWN
PRESS
DOWN

THIS
WASN'T QUITE
WHAT WE HAD
IN MIND



YOU, YOU MORON,
MARLON, TAKE
THAT

AN' YOU
TAKE
THAT

AARGHH

AN'
THAT

EEK

YOWP

ARE
ARE

might
a person
enquire as
to what's
goin' on
here?

obviously
some
childish
dispute
involving
ketchup and
such

would
it not be
better to refer
this matter to
arbitration?

could not one
such as I act as
mediator?

apparently
not

WELL, I'M
AFRAID THAT
THE GREAT
KETCHUP BATTLE
COULD LEAD TO
ONLY ONE
END



A BATH

AN' I
TRUST YOU'LL
NOTE THAT I'VE
JUST SLAMMED
THE DOOR
BEHIND US



AN'
THEREFORE
THERE IS NO
MEANS OF
ESCAPE
AN'...



...OH
COME
NOW



WHERE'S
YOUR SENSE OF
PROPORTION?



NOW
YOU CAN MAKE
UP YOUR
MIND

PUFF
GASP

THAT
YOU'RE GOIN'
TO HAVE
A...



...BATH

PUFF
PUFF

AN!
LET'S
NOT TURN
IT INTO

GASP

THE
USUAL



PANTOMIME



ALLEZ

OOP?



LOOK, BOO!
YOU'RE GOIN' TO
HAVE A BATH
AN' *THAT'S*
THAT



WELL,
NOW YOU'VE
DONE IT—BY
JINGO NOW
YOU'VE *DONE*
IT



I DON'T
MIND HAVIN' A
BATH

BUT
I TAKE *STRONG*
EXCEPTION TO
HAVIN' A BATH WITH
MY *CLOTHES*
ON



I DON'T
SEE WHY

I HAVE
TO





AH, THERE
YOU ARE, OLD
CHAPS - JUST IN
TIME TO SHARE A
LITTLE LUNCH
WITH ME



WELL,
THAT'S
UNCOMMON
CIVIL OF YOU,
I... *BY*
THE LORD
HARRY!



ARE YOU
SUGGESTING
THAT I EAT A
TORTOISE?

A
TORTOISE?



I
THOUGHT
IT WERE A
MEAT PIE



himmel, mein
disguise has
penetrated
been

DEY-VIL TAKE IT,
B.H. (CALCUTTA) FAILED,
WHAT LED YOU TO
BELIEVE THAT THIS
TORTOISE WAS A
MEAT PIE?

HE
HIMSELF
WERE
TELLING ME
THIS VERY
THING

hummel
I am
grassed
upon
being

BY THE LORD HARRY
—USE YOUR COMMON
SENSE

DIDN'T IT OCCUR TO YOU
THAT, FOR A *MEAT PIE*
HE WAS A TRIFLE
CRUSTY

OF *COURSE*
IT DID — D'YOU
THINK I'M A
NINCOM-
POOP?

a non-
aryan
non-
entity

BUT HE
EXPLAINED
THAT HE WERE
A *STALE*
MEAT PIE



HEY, KILROY,
WHAT'S ALL THIS
ABOUT BEING A MEAT
PIE - WHAT'S THE
GAME?



game?
ach these
Englishers,
everything
is ein
game



travelling incognito
is the name of the
game

forced to flee by
m.i.5 undt the West
Drunge Loan undt
Finance Company

but now they are
not einthing suspecting
because of mein
incredibly clever
disguise



AS A MEAT
PIE?



I DON'T CALL
THAT MUCH OF
A SUBTERFUGE

ach, no?
mein herr
clever
dick



haf
you ever
heard of a
subversive
meat pie?



WHY IS M.I.5
AFTER YOU?

himmel!
questions, always
questions!

the
schwein-
hunds are
objecting
to mein
hobby

WHAT IS YOUR
HOBBY?

overthrowing

OVERTHROWING?

OVERTHROWING
WHAT?

cars,
buses,
govern-
ments—
anything
on four
wheels

YOU RIDICULOUS
REPTILE, A
GOVERNMENT
HASN'T GOT FOUR
WHEELS

donner
undt
blintses!

shtop
bothering
me with
these
petty
details!

BY THE LORD HARRY,
YOU TEUTONIC TERRAPIN,
I'M BEGINNING TO HARBOUR
CERTAIN SUSPICIONS IN
REGARD TO YOUR PERSON



mein
kampff
I am
undone!

THAT FACE...THAT
MOUSTACHE...THAT
ACCENT... THAT
TENDENCY T'WARDS
SUBVERSION...AND HIS
NAME IS **ADOLF**...



BY
THUNDER
-I'VE GOT
IT

HEY THERE, KILROY

ADOLF KILROY

TORTOISES
ARE SUPPOSED TO
HIBERNATE IN
THE WINTER



WHY
DIDN'T **YOU**
HIBERNATE?



insomnia!





RIGHT, YOU CRUSTED
CRETIN, ALLOW ME TO
DROP YOU OFF
SOMEWHERE



hansel
und Gretel!
where are
the schwein-
hund
police?

AND NEVER DARKEN MY
FOOD-BOWL AGAIN

there's never
one about when
you want one,
ouch, ouch!



HEY,
PSST, KILROY—
WE SEEN WOT
THAT DIRTY DOG
DONE



YEAH—
THAT'S THE
ESTABLISH-
MENT FOR
YOU, MAN



Accies undt Pollock/
when I am to power coming
I shall stamp outt all
verdammt policemen as
well as gipsies undt all
red-headed grannies who
take snuff—but most
especially—
dogs

YEAH—
THE DIRTY
FASCISTS



keep
politics out
of this, you
commie
bum



YOU OUGHTA START A
PROTEST MOVEMENT
AGAINST THAT DOG,
KILROY

YEAH,
MAN, AN' WE'RE
JUST TH' BOYS TO
HELP, ON ACCOUNT
OF WE'RE
PROFESSIONAL
STUDENTS

KOFF
KOFF



Ach, so?

very
well then, mein
lieben kamaraden,
we shall attack
at dawn

ATTACK?

WE WAS
THINKIN'
MORE OF
SENDIN' A
**NASTY
LETTER**

LIKE,
YEAH

KOFF
KOFF



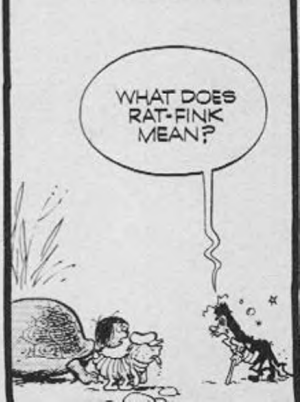
ein
letter?

Swan undt
Edgar!
I thought you
said you were
students

WELL, YEAH,
COMRADE—
THAT'S JUST
IT

WE'RE TAKIN' A
**CORRESPONDENCE
COURSE**







DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



LOOK, KILROY, WE
DECIDED TO GO INTO
YOU TO GO INTO
ACTION

YEAH, KILROY,
ON ACCOUNT OF
YOUSE IS LIKE A
ARMOURD
TRUCK

KOFF
KOFF



WITH ALL THAT
ARMOUR YOU CAN
TRUNDLE UP TO HIS
OUTER DEFENCES

AN' THEN
WE'LL STORM
OUT AN' GIVE 'IM
THE OLE ONE
TWO

but
don't
forget to
out-come
when der time
ist ripest



sieg-heil,
you schweinhund
rat-fink
bourgeoise dog
you



GRRR

Gott
in himmel, why
are you two
not coming
out?



ER,
WELL, IT'S
LIKE THIS,
KILROY

WE
CHANGED OUR



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



E42



either shtop
shmoking in there
or oudt you go -
das ist mein
ultimatum

OK,
KILROY,
DON'T
BLOW YER
GASKET

ach, ein
blessed relief
ist das, undt...

was ist
das?

CRACKLE
CRICKLE
CRUNCH

donner undt blintses
- they have gegangen
too far

get oudt, get
oudt, before I
breathe deeply
undt squashing
der both of
you

CRIPES,
KILROY, YOU'RE
VERY BAD
TEMPERED,
D'YOU KNOW
THAT?

schweinhunds
- if there's ein
thing I'm hating
worse than
shmoking it's
eating crisps
in bed!

...AN' A
KIND OF FLAT
SPOT WHEN I PUT
MY FOOT DOWN ON
A LEFT-HAND BEND
AFTER LIGHTIN'-
UP TIME



WILL
THAT DO
IT ANY
GOOD?

NO



BUT
IT DOES
AN AWFUL
LOT FOR
ME



AND AS
THEY BREAST
THE RISE IT'S
NUVOLARI,
CLOSELY
FOLLOWED BY
BOOT, THE
WONDER DOG
RACERIST



NOW
NUVOLARI IS
SLOWING—
HIS MACHINE'S
BELCHING
BLACK
SMOKE...



PUFF
PUFF

GROAN

HE'S
GOT TROUBLE
WITH HIS
**CRANK-
CASE**



GASP
GASP

BUT WHAT'S
THIS?



THE DEMON
DOG IS COMING
TO A HALT

I MUST BE MAD—RAVIN'
MAD—PUSHIN' A GREAT HAIRY
HEAP LIKE **YOU**—WHY
AREN'T YOU PUSHIN'
ME? WHAT'S THE
POINT OF IT ALL?
WHERE WILL IT
ALL **END?**



HE'S GOT
TROUBLE
WITH HIS
**NUT-
CASE!**







THERE MUST
BE SOMETHIN'
YOU CAN
DO



SOME
USE TO WHICH
I CAN *PUT*
YOU



I KNOW!

HOW ABOUT
A BOOK-
END?



OR
ALTERNATIVELY

HOW ABOUT
A TROUSER-
PRESS?



WHY DO I
STAND FOR ALL
THIS NONSENSE
FROM THAT
YOUNG PUP
WELLINGTON?



WHY DO I
ENDURE HIS
SNEERS AND
INNUENDOES?



WHY DO I LICK
HIS HAND AND
ACCEPT HIS
SCRAPS?

WHICH
LEADS ME
TO *ANOTHER*
QUESTION



WHAT'S
WRONG WITH A
FEW GOOD, HONEST,
SCRAPS?



LITTLE DOES
HE KNOW OF
THE WATCHES OF
THE NIGHT

WHEN
THE NOBLE
DOG MANS THE
RAMPARTS

THE COLD
DARK NIGHT

AWASH
WITH
RAIN

ALIVE
WITH WIND

A-SHRIEK WITH
WITCHES AND WARLOCKS...
VAMPIRES... BANSHEES
(GULP) GOBLINS,
GREMLINS AND
GOLEMIM

LITTLE
DOES HE
KNOW

AND
WHAT HE
DOESN'T KNOW
WON'T HURT
HIM

NOW THAT
THE DAYS ARE
DRAWIN' OUT A
BIT MORE,
BOOT...



WE
CAN START
TO GET OUT AN'
ABOUT

AN' GET
A BIT OF
PRACTICE...



WITH THE
GOOD OLE 'ACME'
SILENT DOG
WHISTLE...

WHICH
AS YOU
KNOW...



BLOWS
A NOTE

THAT
ONLY DOGS
CAN HEAR



OF
COURSE,
I CAN
ADJUST
IT A BIT



YOU'N I ARE GOIN'
TO EMBARK UPON A
COURSE OF *TRAININ'*
WITH THIS 'SILENT DOG
WHISTLE' SO YOU MIGHT
AS WELL STOP
MESSIN' ABOUT

FIRSTLY,
WE'LL ASCERTAIN ITS
RANGE AN'
PENETRATION

SO
GET ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THIS
DOOR

NOW I'M JUS' GOIN'
TO GIVE THE THING A
BLAST AN' YOU CAN
INDICATE WHETHER OR
NOT YOU'VE *HEARD*
IT

I
WONDER
IF I'M DOIN'
THE RIGHT
THING?







NOW, BOOT,
I WANT TO FIND
OUT THE RANGE
OF THIS SILENT
DOG WHISTLE

SO YOU
WAIT HERE
AN' I'LL GO
'WAY OVER
THERE AN' GIVE
IT A BLAST

HE'S
GONE RIGHT
OUT OF
SIGHT

HIM
AND HIS
SILENT DOG
WHISTLE

HOW
RIDICULOUS
CAN THIS
GET?

ASK A SILLY
QUESTION...



HULLO,
OLD
CHAPS

WHAT
ARE YOU
WAITING
FOR?

I'M WAITING
FOR MY EARS TO
STIFFEN, MY HAIRS
TO STAND ON
END, AND TO BE
SOMERSAULTED
ONTO MY
BACK



D'YOU
COME HERE
OFTEN?



D'YOU
MEAN TO SAY
THAT EVERY TIME
YOUNG WELLINGTON
BLOWS THAT
WHISTLE



THIS
HAPPENS?

YES



WHAT'S
THE POINT OF
IT ALL?

WELL...
IT'S A
LIVING...



WHAT'S
ALL THIS
THEN?



THERE WAS
I - BLOWIN'
MY HEART
OUT ON THIS
STUPID
'SILENT DOG
WHISTLE

AND HERE
ARE YOU
TWO PLAYIN'
THE FOOL,
ROLLIN' ABOUT
ON YOUR
BACKS



OH, I'M FED UP,
FED UP - I
DON'T S'POSE
THE ROTTEN
THING'S
WORKIN' ANY-
WAY - NOTHIN'
WORKS THESE
DAYS, I DON'T
KNOW WHERE
IT WILL ALL
END



GO ON,
OLD CHAPS
- GIVING IT A
BLOW, I **DARE**
YOU, GIVING IT
A BLOW





WHAT
Y'GOT THERE,
WELLIN'TON?

IT'S A
SILENT DOG
WHISTLE -
I'LL GIVE YOU A
DEMONSTRATION

IT BLOWS
A NOTE SO
HIGH THAT IT
CAN BE HEARD
ONLY BY
DOGS

AN' *SOME*
PEOPLE!

PUT MY MARLON DOWN
AT ONCE—D'YOU *HEAR*
ME, WELLIN'TON, AT
ONCE!

WHERE
AM I? WHAT
HAPPENED?

WHAT'S THE
WORLD COMIN'
TO, THAT'S WHAT
I WANT TO
KNOW I
REALLY...

IT
WAS THAT
WHISTLE,
MAISIE

NO HARM DONE,
MAISIE, IT'S JUST
THAT THERE'S SOME-
THIN' ABOUT THE
SILENT DOG
WHISTLE THAT
MAKES HIM
JUMP

OH, VERY *WELL* THEN

I CANNOT
STAY ANGRY AT MY
MARLON FOR
VERY LONG

COME
ON, PEACHY,
*GIVE US A
KISS!*



YOU'N' YOUR
SILENT DOG
WHISTLE—YOU'VE
MADE A **FOOL** OF
MY MARLON—
A PERFECT
FOOL

I **CANNOT**
CLAIM THE
CREDIT—
GENETICS
GOT THERE
WAY AHEAD
OF ME

WILL
YOU TWO
STOP TALKIN'
ABOUT ME AS
IF I WEREN'T
EVEN HERE?

YOU MUST THINK I'M AN
IDIOT—AN ABSOLUTE
IDIOT

I SHALL
GO **MAD** I TELL
YOU, MAD, MAD,
MAD

YOU JUS'
WAIT 'TIL I GET
MY HANDS ON THAT
JEAN ETTICS!





OH THE *SHAME*
THE *GRIEF* THE
HUMILIATION

BOWLED
OVER BY
A BUNCH OF
BONZOS



I'LL DIE
— I'LL JUS'
DIE

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS

CHEER
UP, MAISIE,
THINGS COULD
BE WORSE



WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

HOW *TRUE* —
HOW *VERY TRUE*



E69





I WAS
THINKIN'
OF EARNIN'
MY LIVIN' AT
POLLUTION

I COULD
BE ONE OF THEM
BLOKES WOT GOES
ABOUT STOPPIN'
PEOPLE BUNGIN'
BIKES IN CANALS
AN' STUFF

YOU'RE
THINKIN' OF
BECOMIN' AN'
ECOLOGIST?

OH,
I DON'T
KNOW ABOUT
THAT!

I DON'T
SEE WHY
I SHOULD
CHANGE MY
RELIGION



FOR SOME
TIME I WASN'T
ABLE TO MAKE
UP MY MIND...

... WHETHER
TO BE A BRAIN
SURGEON...

... OR A BLOKE
WHO WEARS THIGH-
LENGTH WADERS
AN' GOES DOWN
SEWERS

A DIFFICULT
CHOICE BY
JINGO

YEAH—
BUT I GOT IT
ALL SORTED
OUT, NOW

I'M GOIN'
TO BE A BRAIN
SURGEON WHO WEARS
THIGH-LENGTH WADERS,
AN' WHO GOES DOWN
SEWERS ON HIS
DAY OFF



MAISIE'S
RIGHT,
MARLON

THE IDEA OF YOU
BEIN' A BRAIN SURGEON
IS LUDI-ER... LUDI-ER...
IS *DOWNRIGHT*
SILLY!

YEAH—YOU
CAN'T HAMMER A
NAIL WITHOUT
HITTIN' YOUR
THUMB

QUITE
SO

AN' IF YOU HAD TO PERFORM
AN INTRICATE PIECE OF DELICATE
AN' INVOLVED SURGERY YOU
WOULDN'T KNOW WHERE
TO BEGIN

OH YES I
WOULD

IN THE
LIBRARY

I LICK
I LICK

BY JINGO,
MARLON, LET'S
STOP BEATIN' ABOUT
THE BUSH, SPEAK
PLAINLY, AN' COME
RIGHT OUT WITH IT
—RIGHT?

RIGHT

A BRAIN
SURGEON HAS
TO BE SENSITIVE,
SKILFUL, CLEVER
AN' EDUCATED

AN' YOU'RE
SCRUFFY,
CLUMSY, THICK AN'
ALL-IN-ALL
DOWN-
RIGHT
DIM

NOW—D'YOU
REALLY THINK THAT
YOU'D BE CAPABLE OF
PERFORMIN' A PIECE
OF DELICATE AN'
COMPLICATED BRAIN
SURGERY?

WELL—
CRUMBS
—NO

NOT AT
FIRST

OH YOU'LL
DRIVE ME MAD—
MAD—D'YOU
HEAR ME?



IT'S
NO USE HAVIN'
AMBITION FOR A
JOB THAT'S WAY
BEYOND YOUR
CAPABILITIES



IT'S NO
USE GOIN' ON
AN' ON ABOUT
SOMETHIN'
YOU'LL
NEVER BE
ABLE TO COPE
WITH

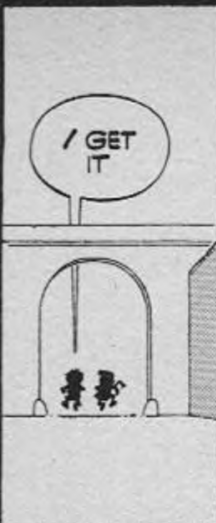
OK—OK—
I **WON'T** BE
A BRAIN
SURGEON

I'LL BE A
BLOKE WHO
WEARS THIGH-
LENGTH WADERS
AN' GOES DOWN
SEWERS



THERE
YOU GO
AGAIN





I GET
IT



YOU
THINK I'M
STUPID,
DON'T
YOU?



GO ON,
ADMIT IT—
YOU THINK I'M
STUPID



ALL RIGHT,
ALL *RIGHT*—
I THINK YOU'RE
STUPID



OH, SO
THAT'S
WHAT YOU
THINK, IS
IT?

WELL, EVEN IF I CAN'T
BECOME A BRAIN SURGEON
—I **CAN** HELP **OTHERS**

I SHALL
LEAVE MY BRAIN
TO MEDICAL
SCIENCE

WELL
THAT
SHOULD KEEP
SOME OF THE MOST
EMINENT MEN IN THE
PROFESSION BUSY
FOR **WEEKS**

EXAMININ'
IT?

NO—
LOOKIN' FOR
IT!





HULLO,
OLD CHAPS,
WHY THE DEEP
GLOOMINGS?

SIGH

I WAS MOURNING
THE LACK OF AN
OPPOSABLE
THUMB

WHEN
ALL'S
SAID AND
DONE 'TIS THE
ONLY REASON WHY
MANKIND RULES CREATION
—AN OPPOSABLE
THUMB

JUST THINK WHAT I
COULD BE DOING *EVEN*
NOW HAD I BUT AN
OPPOSABLE
THUMB

SWINGING
ABOUT IN
TREES?

THAT
WASN'T *QUITE*
WHAT I HAD IN
MIND





MUM—
COULD I
HAVE A PET
MONKEY?

NO,
MAISIE

MUM—
A YOUNG GIRL
LIKE ME NEEDS
SOMETHIN' SHE CAN
LOVE, A YOUNG
GIRL LIKE ME
NEEDS SOMETHIN'
SHE CAN LAVISH
AFFECTION
UPON

A
YOUNG
GIRL LIKE
ME *NEEDS*
THAT

YOU'VE GOT A
BABY BROTHER—
LOVE YOUR BABY
BROTHER—LAVISH
AFFECTION UPON
YOUR BABY BROTHER
—WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOUR BABY
BROTHER?

WELL
CAN I HAVE
A *WHITE*
RAT?

I'VE GOT
SARDINE AN'
BANANA WITH
MUSTARD PICKLE
TODAY —
WHAT'VE YOU
GOT?



NOT THOSE
SANDWICHES WITH
THE (UGH)
INCH-THICK
KETCHUP
FILLIN'?



MY MUM
SAID SHE WOULDN'T
MAKE THOSE FOR
ME AGAIN — NOT
NEVER EVER
AGAIN

WELL
THAT'S A
RELIEF — YOU
WERE A MENACE
WITH THOSE
THINGS — A
REAL...



SHE'S
ALWAYS
SAYIN' THINGS
LIKE THAT



OH-H-H
I SUPPOSE
THIS LIFE OF
DREAMS AND
SCHEMES IS
ALL VERY
WELL



BUT
(SIGH) I
SOMETIMES
WISH THERE
WERE SOME-
THING MORE
PRACTICAL
I COULD
DO



WHAT *IS* IT,
BOOT?

WHAT *IS*
IT, DEAR OLE
FRIEND

DEAR OLE
BROWN EYES

Y'KNOW—THIS LIFE OF
DREAMS AN' SCHEMES IS
ALL VERY WELL

BUT I SOMETIMES
WISH THERE WERE
SOMETHIN' MORE
PRACTICAL YOU
COULD DO



THE MIND
BOGGLES



FROM
WHENCE COMES
HIS FANTASTICAL
POWER TO
READ MINDS?



WHERE,
INSIDE THAT
YOUTHFUL HEAD,
CAN ITS
LOCATION
BE?



MAYHAP...
IF I STUCK
MY NOSE IN
HIS EAR...



I DO
HOPE THAT
YOU'RE NOT
THINKIN' OF
STICKIN' YOUR
NOSE IN MY
EAR



I CAN READ
YOU LIKE A BOOK,
SO I CAN

NOW
YOU'RE
RUBBING
IT IN



HEY, B.H. (CALCUTTA)
Failed - I'VE FOUND OUT
WHY MEN AND NOT DOGS,
RULE THE
WORLD

OH,
GOODNESS,
IMPART THIS
PRECIOUS PEARL
OF KNOWLEDGE
TO ME - I'M
BEGGING OF
YOU

MEN CAN
READ DOGS'
MINDS

GOODNESS
GRACIOUSNESS!

WHAT AILS
THEE, FELLOW?
WHY ARE YOU
PEERING IN
MY EAR?

I FAIL
TO SEE WHY
THIS GIVES
THEM SUCH
ADVANTAGE

BY THE LORD HARRY, SIRRAH, I'LL NOT HAVE MY NEWS TREATED WITH COLD CONTEMPT

'TIS PERFECTLY OBVIOUS THAT ANYONE WHO CAN READ ANOTHER'S MIND IS IN A POSITION OF GREAT ADVANTAGE

I SHALL NOT ARGUE WITH YOU, OLD CHAPS

LET ME MERELY STATE THAT IN MY OPINION IT'LL NEVER REPLACE 'TIT-BITS'

BY THUNDER, FELLOW, 'TIS A PITY THAT YOU CAN'T READ MY MIND AT THIS VERY MOMENT IN TIME

THE PROSPECT DOESN'T EXACTLY ELECTRIFY ME

BECAUSE I WAS THINKING OF *BITING YOUR TAIL*—WHAT'VE YOU GOT TO SAY TO *THAT*?

ANYONE WHO'S GOT ANOTHER'S TAIL IN HIS MOUTH IS IN A POSITION OF GREAT ADVANTAGE







WHY,
I WONDER,
WAS HE NOT
SUSCEPTIBLE
TO MY
MESMERIC
FLUENCE?

AFTER
ALL, WHAT'S
SO SPECIAL
ABOUT
HIM?

WAIT—I'VE GOT
IT—BY THE LORD
HARRY, I'VE
GOT IT

THE
SUBJECT
SHOULD HAVE
BEEN LYING
DOWN

I'M
GETTIN'
A BIT
WORRIED
ABOUT
YOU!

PERHAPS
I'D GET THE
HANG OF THIS
MESMERISM IF
I PRACTISED A
LITTLE

CONCENTRATE
CONCENTRATE

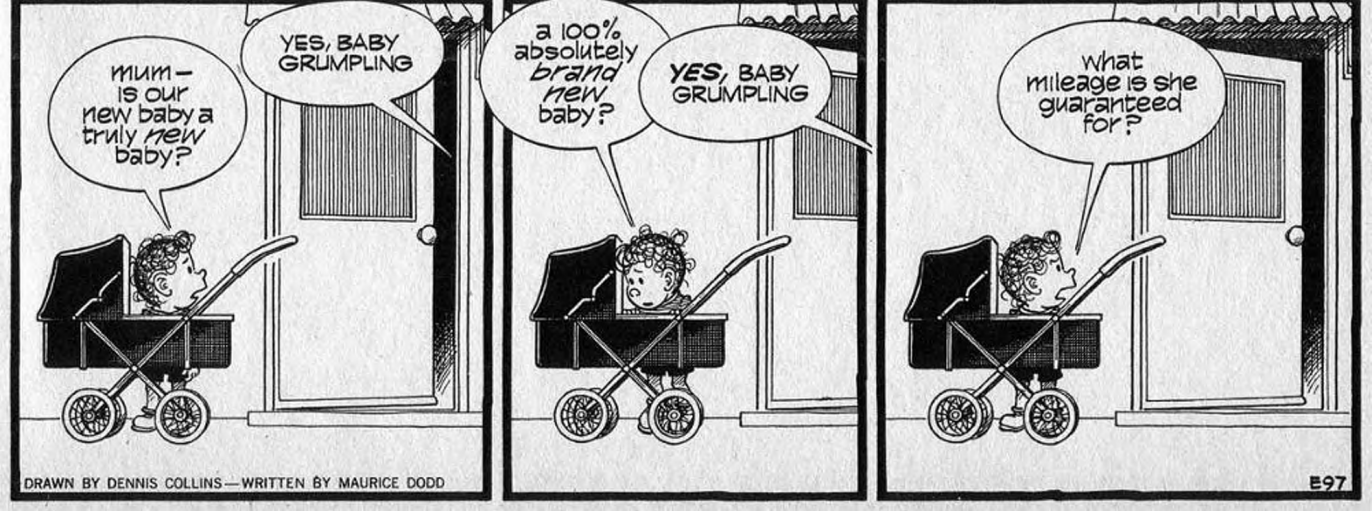
YOU ARE
SINKING
INTO A DEEP
SLEEP...
D-E-E-P
S-L-E-E-P

I'M *DOING* IT
I'M *DOING* IT

AND IF
IT'S WORTH
DOING

IT'S
WORTH DOING
WELL





mum -
is our
new baby a
truly *new*
baby?

YES, BABY
GRUMLING

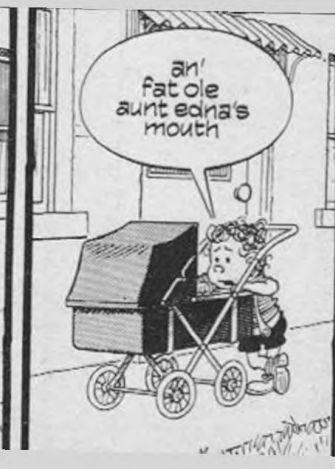
a 100%
absolutely
brand
new
baby?

YES, BABY
GRUMLING

what
mileage is she
guaranteed
for?



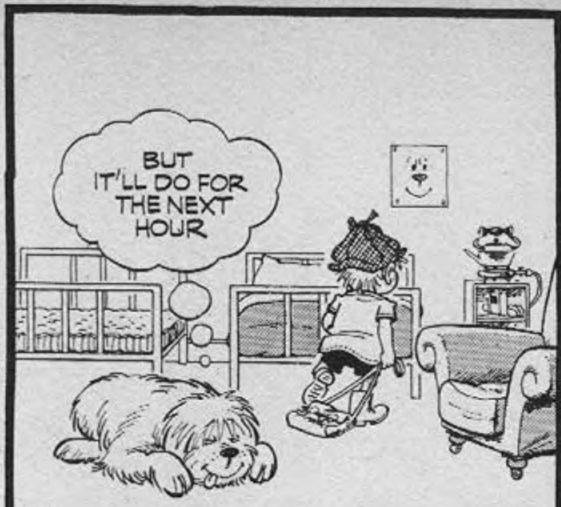
you've
got mum's eyes,
dad's nose,
maisie's ears



an'
fat ole
aunt edna's
mouth



I think you
should seriously
consider whether
it's worth while
goin' on!



WHAT
WOULD *YOU* DO
IF I DIDN'T
GET OUT AN'
GET?



WHAT
WOULD *YOU* DO
IF I SPENT ALL *MY*
TIME LOAFIN'
ABOUT?



WHAT
WOULD *YOU* DO
IF I SPENT ALL *MY*
TIME SLEEPIN' ON
THE FLOOR



ASK A SILLY
QUESTION...



WHO DOES
ALL THE COOKIN'
AN' CLEANIN'?
ME



AN' WHO
DOES ALL THE
REPAIRIN' AND
MAINTAINANCIN'?
ME



AN' WHO
DOES ALL THE
NOTHININEN?;

WELL —
THANKS
FOR THE
MENTION



I THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER STOP
GOIN' ON ABOUT
YOURSELF



THERE IS
ONE AMONGST
US WHO IS A BIT
OF A DRAG ON THE
REST OF THE
COMMUNITY



THERE IS
ONE AMONGST
US WHO CAN'T DO
HARDLY ANY-
THING USEFUL
**WHATSO-
EVER**



OH-H-H
IT'S TRUE

AND I **KNOW**
I SHOULD FEEL
**WORRIED AND
CONCERNED**



THERE IS
ONE AMONGST
US WHO NEEDS
CONSTANT
CARE AN'
ATTENTION

BUT
I CAN'T HELP
LIKING YOU
IN **SPITE** OF
IT ALL





TOTE
THAT BARGE,
LIFT THAT
BALE

MOIL,
TOIL,
WORK,
SHMIRK

WELL,
I CAN'T DO IT
ALL, YOU KNOW,
I CAN'T DO IT
ALL

IF AT
FIRST YOU
DON'T SUCCEED,
TRY, TRY...



ONE *MOMENT*,
SIR!

YOU ARE
SURELY NOT
GOIN' TO SURGE
INTO SUMMER
WITH *THAT* OLE
BATTERED
BUGGY

NOT WHEN YOU HAVE THE
OPPORTUNITY OF BOGGLIN'
YOUR MIND WITH *THIS*
HAIRY ROAD-ROD

WIDE BOOTS, TWIN
THROATS, BLOWN
MILL, AN' A FREE
GO-FASTER
STICK-ON

VROOM
VROOM

THANK
YOU, SIR

CALL
AGAIN WHEN
YOU FEEL
ANOTHER
ATTACK
COMIN' ON

'ERE

JUSTA
MINNIT
THOUGH

WOT'S THE
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN MY
OLD BUGGY
AN' THE ONE
I'VE JUST
BOUGHT?

SEVERAL DAYS'
SURVIVAL FOR A POOR
BUT HONEST ORPHAN
BOY AN' HIS HUNGRY
HAIRY DOG

I'M
SORRY
I ASKED

YOU,
YOU **SMART**
ALEC YOU,
WELLIN'TON

YOU SOLD
MY MARLON
ANOTHER
BOOBY

BUGGY,
MAISIE —
THEY'RE
CALLED
BUGGIES

VROOM
VROOM

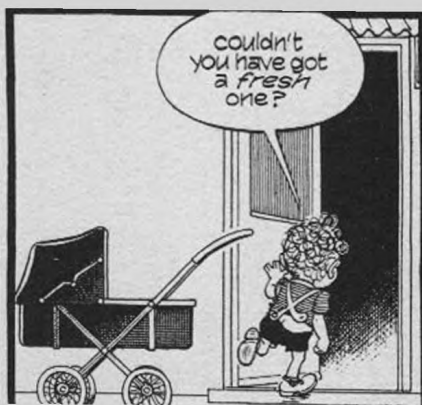
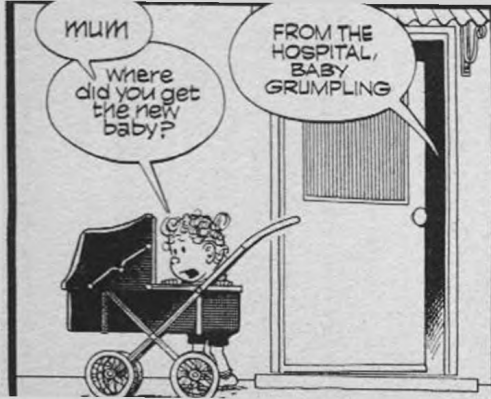
DOES HE NEED
ANOTHER BOOBY?
I ASK YOU — DOES HE
NEED ANOTHER
BOOBY?

HE NEEDS
ANOTHER BOOBY
LIKE HE NEEDS A
HOLE IN THE
HEAD

'ERE,
MAISIE,
WOT'RE YOU
SAYIN'?

I DON'T
NEED A HOLE IN
THE HEAD!





WELL,
I'VE HAD IT
—HAD IT
I TELL YOU—
HADITHADIT
HADIT!



I'VE
HUNG UP
MY BOOTS AN'
SADDLE



LET THEM AS CAN
WORK—WORK, AN'
THEM AS DON'T WANT
TO—DON'T, AN' THEM
AS CAN'T—WELL
HARD LUCK—
AN' THAT'S THE
NAME OF THE
GAME



I HEREBY
RENAME THIS
GAME, 'LET THEM AS
CAN WORK—WORK,
AND THEM AS CAN'T—
MAKE DAM' SURE
THAT THEM AS
CAN, DO'



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

I'M NOT
SATISFIED

THIS BUGGY YOU
SOLD MY MARLON —
I'M NOT SATISFIED AN'
I WANT HIS MONEY
BACK

I DEMAND
A REFUND OF THE
*FULL PURCHASE
PRICE* OF THIS
VEHICLE

WOULD YOU
KNOW OF A MARKET
FOR TWO DEAD TADPOLES,
A PENKNIFE WITH A BROKEN
BLADE, A 78 OF SANDY
POWELL, A GRENADE
GUARD'S BUTTON AN'
A CHAMPION
CONKER?

HERE - THAT
GO-FASTER STRIPE
YOU SOLD
ME

IT
HASN'T MADE
THE BUGGY
GO ONE *BIT*
FASTER



WELL - I'M *NOT*
SURPRISED

YOU'VE PUT
IT ON UPSIDE
DOWN

TURN IT
OVER AN' TRY
IT AGAIN



I DON'T
KNOW, BOOT,
THERE ARE TIMES
WHEN...

OH,
GOODNESS
GRACIOUS



I DON'T
THINK YOU'VE
QUITE GRASPED
THE POINT







AN' THERE'S
A SORT OF
SKRITCHIN'
SOUND IN THE
WIDGEON-DUCT
WHEN...



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

ARE YOU TRYIN'
TO DRIVE ME MAD,
MAD, IS *THAT* IT—
DRIVE ME
MAD



NO—NO—KERUMBS
—OF *COURSE* NOT—
NO NEVER OLE FRIEN'—
NO—NEVER—NOT
NEVEREVER—
NO

OH
OH WELL

THAT'S
ALL RIGHT
THEN



GOOD

NOW,
ABOUT THIS
SKRITCHIN'
SORT OF
SOUND
IN...



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JUS' FEEL THE
SURGIN' POWER OF
2000 C.C. NON-
COMPRESSION TWIN-
BICARB LUMP
WITH

MARLON

VROOM
VROOM



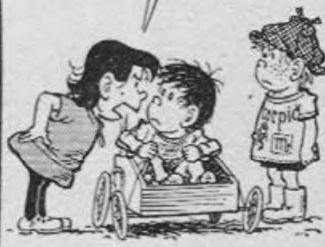
YOU'RE LETTIN'
THAT SMART-ALEC
WELLIN'TON TALK
YOU INTO BUYIN'
ANOTHER
BOOBY

BUGGY,
MAISIE,
THEY'RE
CALLED
BUGGIES

VR...O...



CAN'T
YOU USE THAT
HEAD OF YOURS FOR
ANY OTHER REASON
THAN KEEPIN' YOUR
EARS APART?



IS
THERE
ANOTHER
REASON?





WELL, I'VE
JUST ABOUT
HAD ENOUGH
OF YOU



WOT WITH
CALLIN' ME
MONEY-MAD
AN' OTHER
THINGS



AN' IF YOU
THINK I'M GOIN' TO BE
YOUR FRIEND AFTER
THE WAY *YOU'VE*
BEHAVED...



WELL, LET
ME TELL *YOU*
THAT YOU'VE GOT
ANOTHER...
ER...

NEED ANY
HELP WITH
THAT PAPER
BAG?



SHALL
I RUN ROUND
FOR A SNIFF AT
THE FISH-
MONGER'S?



OR BELT
OVER TO BEN
THE BUTCHER'S
FOR THE LOAN OF
A BONE?



OR DASH
ACROSS TO
B.H. (CALCUTTA)
Failed, TO
INSPECT HIS
LARDER?



OR
RACE...OH—
COME LAD,
GET A **GRIP** ON
YOURSELF



NO GOOD
CAN COME
FROM ALL THIS
MAD DASHING
ABOUT



...AN' THEN
THIS INDIAN PUT
HIS EAR TO THE
GROUND AN' WAS
ABLE TO HEAR
THE CAVALRY
COMIN' FROM
MILES
AWAY

HOW D'YOU
MEAN?



LIKE
THIS,
SEE?



'ERE -
ARE YOU
HAVIN' ME
ON?

OF
COURSE
NOT, WHY?



WELL, I
CAN'T HEAR
THE CAVALRY
COMIN'





LOOK, LET'S
START AGAIN—
SHALL WE, LET'S
START AGAIN



I SAW THIS INDIAN,
SEE? IN THIS FILM,
SEE? AN' HE STUCK HIS
EARHOLE TO THE GROUND
'COS IT WORKS LIKE A
HUGE RADIO RECEIVER,
SEE?

WOT *HE*
WAS LISTENIN'
FOR WAS THE
U.S. CAVALRY
—AN' THAT'S
WHAT HE
GOT



BUT
YOU WON'T
GET THE U.S.
CAVALRY—'COS
THERE AREN'T
ANY ROUND
HERE



BUT THERE ARE
OTHER THINGS

SO *FORGET*
THE INDIAN—
JUS' THINK WHAT
YOU COULD
GET BY STICKIN'
YOUR EAR TO
THE GROUND



AN
EARHOLE
FULL OF
DIRT?



LOOK, LET'S
START AGAIN—
SHALL WE, LET'S
START AGAIN



I SAW THIS INDIAN,
SEE? IN THIS FILM,
SEE? AN' HE STUCK HIS
EARHOLE TO THE GROUND
'COS IT WORKS LIKE A
HUGE RADIO RECEIVER,
SEE?

WOT *HE*
WAS LISTENIN'
FOR WAS THE
U.S. CAVALRY
—AN' THAT'S
WHAT HE
GOT



BUT
YOU WON'T
GET THE U.S.
CAVALRY—'COS
THERE AREN'T
ANY ROUND
HERE



BUT THERE ARE
OTHER THINGS

SO *FORGET*
THE INDIAN—
JUS' THINK WHAT
YOU COULD
GET BY STICKIN'
YOUR EAR TO
THE GROUND



AN
EARHOLE
FULL OF
DIRT?



NOW
PRESS
YOUR EAR TO
THE GROUND
—RIGHT
DOWN TO THE
GROUND



? ?



A FEW
MORE YEARS AND
THEY'LL BE GETTING
THE *VOTE* — THAT'S
WHAT WORRIES
ME



AN' WOT, MAY I
ASK, ARE YOU TWO
IDIOTS
DOIN'?

WE'RE
PRESSIN' OUR
EARS TO THE
GROUND

YEAH—
INDIANS DO IT TO
LISTEN FOR THE
CAVALRY

POO—I'VE
NEVER HEARD
ANYTHIN' SO
SILLY

IT'S ALSO
A LITTLE-
KNOWN BUT
INFALLIBLE
WAY OF
AMASSIN'
A SECRET
FORTUNE

IF YOU
THINK YOU CAN
CATCH *ME* WITH
THAT KIND OF CHILD-
ISH NONSENSE,
WELLIN'TON, YOU'RE
VERY MUCH
MISTAKEN

Why
were you
doin' *that*
a, maisie?
a?

YOU
WRETCH
YOU LITTLE
WRETCH

I *TOLE* YOU ABOUT
DIGGIN' A HOLE IN MLM'S
GARDEN

AN' *NOW* I FIND YOU
DIGGIN' *ANOTHER*
ONE

if
you'll
suspend the
hysteries for just
one moment

you
will see that
far from diggin'—
I am *fillin' in* the
hole as per your
instructions

however,
I've got to
get the earth from
somewhere



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS

WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

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