

The Perishers

No 14



*Raising a new crop
of champion chuckles*

A DAILY MIRROR BOOK

20p

HULLO,
B.H. (CALCUTTA)
Failed

HULLO,
THERE, BOOT
OLD CHAPS,
HOW ARE THINGS
RECEDING?

THINGS ARE DEUCED
AWKWARD AT THE MOMENT,
OLD FELLOW

THERE'S BEEN
A NASTY ATTACK
OF POVERTY
IN THE VICINITY
OF MYSELF

OH,
DEARIE
ME—I HOPE
IT ARE NOT
CATCHING

IN FACT
I'M WONDERING
WHERE MY NEXT
MEAL IS COMING
FROM

I SHALL LEAVE
YOU TO YOUR
MEDITATIONS
THEN

DON'T
INVOKE *US*,
WE'LL INVOKE
YOU!

MY MEDITATIONS HAVE
BORNE FRUIT

ENLIGHTENMENT
HAS COME UPON
ME IN THE SHAPE
OF THE PRINCIPLE
OF *SHARING*

YOU CAN
SHARE THIS
ENLIGHTENMENT IF
YOU'D CARE TO
SHARE THAT
BONE



SHARE THIS BONE?
MY DEAR CHAPS—THAT
ARE PHYSICALLY
IMPOSSIBLE

ONE
DOG CAN
HAVE *ONE*
BONE

OR
TWO DOGS
CAN SHARE
TWO
BONES



BUT *TWO* DOGS
CAN'T SHARE *ONE*
BONE

GO ON—GO ON
—I'M BEGINNING
TO GRASP THE
PRINCIPLE



THAT
PRINCIPLE
YOU ARE
GRASPING LOOKS
REMARKABLY
LIKE A BONE I
WAS RECENTLY
ACQUAINTED
WITH



IT'S A
PRINCIPLE
THAT OTHERS
WILL FIND
DIFFICULT TO
SHARE

ER, AH,
AHEM

I'M
FROM THE
DEPARTMENT
OF MISSING
BONES



WE HAVE
REASON TO BELIEVE
THAT YOU HAVE A
MISSING
BONE

A
MISSING
BONE?



LET ME TAKE
A QUICK MENTAL
INVENTORY

MMM
LET ME
SEE MM...

CRANILUM MM...
VERTEBRAE... SCAPULA...
HUMERUS... MMM META-
CARPALS... ILIUM... SACRUM...
FEMUR... FIBULA...



A TOUR OF THE
PREMISES SHOWS
EVERY BONE TO BE
PRESENT AND
CORRECT

BUT IT
WAS NICE OF
YOU CHAPS TO
BOTHER



ONE MOMENTS,
OLD CHAPS—YOU
HAVE GRASPED
THE WRONG END
OF THE
POLE



WHEN I AM
SAYING I'M FROM
THE DEPARTMENT
OF MISSING BONES
I AM NOT SAYING
ONE OF *YOUR*
BONES ARE
MISSING...



I'M SAYING
ONE OF *OUR*
BONES ARE
MISSING

BY THE
LORD HARRY
—HOW VERY
UNFORTUNATE!



• STILL
(HUF HUF HUF)
I SUPPOSE THE
DEPARTMENT WILL
KEEP *LIMPING*
ALONG



YOU ARE DELIBERATELY
MISCOMPREHENDING ME

YOU ARE UNDER SUSPICION
OF KNOWING THE WHERE-
ABOUTS OF A CERTAIN BONE
WHICH HAS STRAYED OR
BEEN TAKEN FROM ITS
RIGHTFUL OWNER



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS — WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

WELL,
WHY DON'T YOU
ANSWERING
ME?



MY MOTHER
TAUGHT ME NEVER
TO SPEAK WITH
MY MOUTH
FULL



F44

SUFFICIENT
OF THIS SHILLY-
SHALLY, I WILL
COME RIGHT OUT
AND SAYING
IT

**YOU'VE
GOT MY
BONE**

'PON MY
SOUL BUT
YOU'RE A
PERSISTENT
ROGUE—HERE,
TAKE THE BONE
AND THERE'S
AN END TO'T

THERE
—MY
CONSCIENCE
IS CLEAR,
I HAVE
DONE THE
DECENT
THING

NOT THAT
I MUST
EXPECT ANY
REWARD
NOT JUST
FOR BEING
VIRTUOUS

VIRTUE
IS ITS *OWN*
REWARD—
THAT'S WHAT
THEY
SAY

AND
WHOEVER
THEY ARE—
THEY'RE A
BUNCH OF
**CHEAP-
SKATES**



SO
THERE
YOU ARE,
BOOT



WHAT A
FAIR-WEATHER
FRIEND **YOU**
TURNED OUT
TO BE

A BIT
OF A CRISIS
AN' YOU
DISAPPEAR



YOU'RE
NEVER HERE
WHEN THE
CHIPS ARE
DOWN

AND
THEY'RE
NEVER DOWN
FOR VERY
LONG BY THE
LOOKS OF
THINGS

IT'S
NO USE YOUR
STARIN' AT YOUR
BOWL— THERE'S
NOTHIN' IN
THERE



AN' IT'S
NO USE STARIN'
AT THE LARDER—
THERE'S NOTHIN'
IN THERE



IT'S
ESPECIALLY
NO USE STARIN'
AT ME



AN' I'LL
THANK YOU TO
TAKE THAT STUPID
REMARK YOU'RE
THINKIN' RIGHT
OUT OF YOUR
MIND



OH,
IT'S **ALL**
RIGHT,
ISN'T IT?

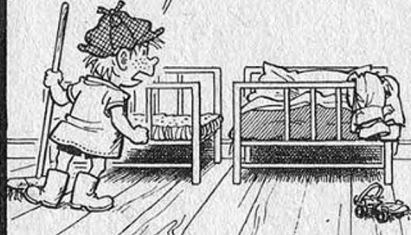


Y'GO GALLIVANTIN'
OFF FOR DAYS AN' THE
FIRST THING YOU DO
ON YOUR RETURN IS
LOOK FOR FOOD

AN'
THE
SECOND
THING YOU DO IS ROLL
OVER AN' GO TO
SLEEP



WELL I HOPE
YOU'RE NOT UNDER
THE ILLUSION THAT
YOU'VE COME BACK TO
A LIFE OF **IDLE**
LUXURY



OH
COME NOW,
LEAVE ME A
FEW FRAGILE
DREAMS



first
the good news,
new baby

spring is
comin'

an' spring
means lots
of rain

an' lots
of rain means
puddles

an' puddles
mean jumpin'
an' splashin' an'
throwin' mud
about

an' now
for the bad
news

it all
usually ends
with a thick
ear



LOOK,
BOOT, IT'S
NO USE YOU
STARIN' AT
THAT
LARDER



THERE'S
NOTHIN' IN
IT



I S'POSE
YOU THINK
THAT IF YOU STARE
HARD ENOUGH
A POUND OF
SAUSAGES WILL
LEAP OUT AT
YOU



PERHAPS
IF WE **BOTH**
STARED AT
IT...

WELL, I'M OFF INTO
THE COLD CRUEL WORLD
TO TRY TO RETRIEVE
OUR FORTUNES

BUT
DON'T DISTURB YOUR-
SELF—YOU JUS' CARRY
ON SLEEPIN'



YOU CARRY ON SLEEPIN' THE
SLEEP OF THOSE WHO DON'T
HAVE TO BEAR THE BURDEN
OF *RESPONSIBILITY*

SLEEP THE
SLEEP OF THOSE
WHO DON'T HAVE
TO *WORK AN'*
WORRY



SLEEP THE
SLEEP OF THOSE
WHO KNOW THAT
SOMEBODY
ELSE WILL
PROVIDE



THAT'S A
RATHER LARGE
ORDER TO FILL
IN ONE GO
—BUT REST
ASSURED

I'M
WORKING
FLAT-OUT
ON IT





DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS — WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



F6Z



LOOK, *YOU'D* LIKE ONE OF MY NICE NEW BUGGIES— AN' I'D LIKE SOME OF YOUR NICE NEW MONEY SO...

STOP THAT, WELLIN'TON

HE'S NOT GOIN' TO BUY A BUGGY AN' THAT'S *THAT*

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS — WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



DON'T YOU INTERFERE, MAISIE—LET HIM SPEAK FOR HIMSELF

ONLY *JUST*— AN' WHEN HE *DOES* HE ALWAYS SAYS SOMETHIN' ABSOLUTELY *RIDICULOUS*

HE CAN SPEAK FOR HIMSELF, CAN'T HE?



NOW YOU *STOP THAT*, MAISIE—I'M NOT *STUPID*

I'M JUST AS SMART AS *YOU ARE*



SEE WHAT I MEAN?

SAVED, BOOT,
SAVED!

WE'VE
BEEN SENT
A FOOD
PARCEL

PÂTÉ,
CAVIAR, BLEU DE
BRESSE, KNACK-
WURST, MORTADELLA,
WILTSHIRE HAM,
BLACK PUDDING,
FAGGOTS,
HASLET...

I'M
NOT SURE
IF A LOT
OF THAT
FOOD IS
SUITABLE
FOR A
DOG

REST
ASSURED,
A LOT OF
THIS DOG IS
SUITABLE
FOR THAT
FOOD

HEY, WELLIN'TON,
COMIN' OUT TO
PLAY?

NO
THANKS—I'M
STUDYIN'

STUDYIN'?

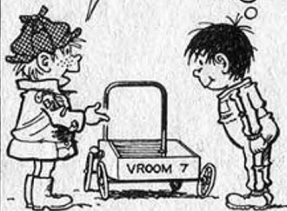
FLAT
ON YOUR
BACK?

THAT'S
RIGHT—I'M
STUDYIN' THE
CEILIN'

...WIDE
BOOTS, TWIN
BICARBS,
BITS-OF-HOSE-WITH-
FUNNELS-STUCK-IN-
THE-END-TO-LOOK-
LIKE-TWIN-
EXHAUSTS

MARLON

VROOM-
VROOM



MARLON-
I WANT A
WORD WITH
YOU

VROO.....

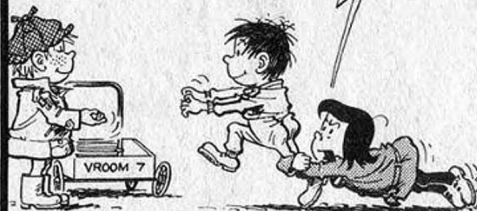


I'VE HAD ENOUGH
OF THIS BUGGY
NONSENSE-I
WON'T STAND FOR
ANY MORE OF IT

YOU'VE GOT
TO CHOOSE-A
BUGGY OR
ME



I'LL GIVE
YOU 24 HOURS
TO THINK IT
OVER



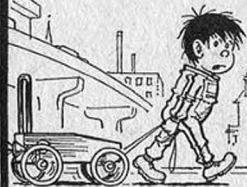
WELL YOU *DID* IT,
DIDN'T YOU—YOU WENT
AN' BOUGHT A BUGGY IN
SPITE OF WHAT I SAID
HONESTLY I
DON'T KNOW
WHERE...

AN' A
BUCKET, MAISIE,
DON'T FORGET
I BOUGHT A
BUCKET

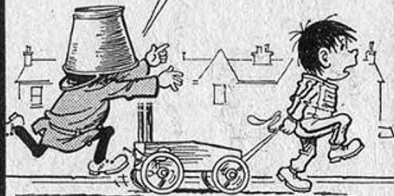
... YOU'VE PUT
YOUR BRAINS AN'
THAT'S ANOTHER
THING THAT
BUCKET—WHAT
D'YOU WANT
WITH...

... A
BUCKET?

WAHHH



YOU PUT A
BUCKET OVER
MY HEAD — YOU
HATE THE SIGHT OF
ME, SO YOU PUT A
BUCKET OVER MY
HEAD

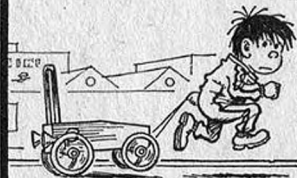


THAT'S NOT
SO, MAISIE, I PUT A
BUCKET OVER YOUR
HEAD BECAUSE YOU
LOOK **PRETTIER**
LIKE THAT

OH



WAHHH



SO, YOU'VE
CONDEMNED
ME TO A LIFE OF
LONELINESS, IS
THAT IT?

NOBODY
KNOWS
LONELINESS
LIKE A PERSON
WITH A BUCKET
ON HER HEAD

WELL,
WHY
DON'T YOU
JUST TAKE
IT OFF
THEN?

OH, IT'S NOT
AS SIMPLE AS
THAT, MARLON,
YOU PUT IT ON
— SO YOU
SHOULD TAKE
IT OFF,
SHOULDN'T
YOU?

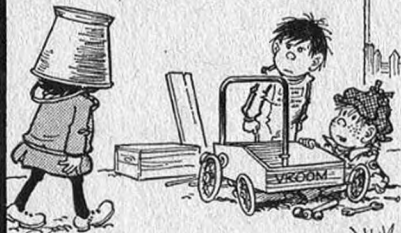
WELL
ANSWER ME—
WHY DON'T YOU
ANSWER
ME?

OH, SO *THAT'S* IT, IS IT?
— *THAT'S* THE GAME? I'M
NOT GOIN' TO GET A **WORD**
OUT OF YOU— OH YOU'LL DRIVE
ME MAD— **MAD** I TELL YOU
— MAD MAD MAD
MAD MAD

YOU PUT
THIS BUCKET
OVER MY HEAD,
MARLON

I DON'T
SEE WHY I
SHOULD TAKE
IT OFF WHEN
YOU PUT IT
ON

WE'LL DON'T
JUST *STAND*
THERE — *DO*
SOMETHIN'



RUB-A-DUB-
RUB-A-DUB

I LIKE IT,
I *LIKE* IT, BUT
YOUR RIM-SHOTS
NEED A BIT MORE
POLISH



MARLON—IT WAS YOU WHO PUT THIS BUCKET ON MY HEAD AN' YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE IT OFF

OTHERWISE I'LL WEAR IT FOR EVER AN' EVER

AN' THEN I'LL DIE

AN' YOU'LL GET INTO TROUBLE AN' THEY'LL HANG YOU AN'...

ALL RIGHT—ALL RIGHT—IT WAS A JOKE —JUST A JOKE

A JOKE, EH? THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL A JOKE, EH? THAT'S YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE, EH? EH?

HOWEVER I CANNOT REMAIN ANGRY AT MY MARLON FOR VERY LONG

GIVE US A KISS

YEUK

JOCK

HULLO,
OLD CHAPS,
ANY NEWS
FOR THE
NEWS-
HOUND?

PRATTLE
NOT OF
NEWS TO ME,
FELLOW,
'TIS SORRY
READING AND NO
MISTAKE

THE MORE I
READ OF THE ANTICS
OF HUMANINANITY
THE MORE CONVINCED
AM I THAT *DOGS*
SHOULD RULE THE
WORLD

ALAS,
DEAR
CHUM,
IT'S SAID
THAT WE
DOGS ARE
UNSUITABLE
FOR THE ROLE
BECAUSE WE HAVE
VERY SHORT
MEMORIES

SHORT
MEMORIES?

STUFF,
NONSENSE, AND
TARRADIDDLE,
SIRRAH

I CAN
REMEMBER
AS FAR BACK AS
THE DAY BEFORE
YESTERDAY

IT'S NOT LACK OF MEMORY THAT'S THE CHIEF OBSTACLE TO DOGS RULING THE WORLD—IT'S THE LACK OF AN *OPPOSABLE THUMB*

A *WHAT-ABLE WHAT?*

AN OPPOSABLE THUMB—THE POSSESSORS OF WHICH CAN CONSTRUCT ARTIFACTS, GRASP TOOLS, DIG, DELVE, BUILD

I'LL GIVE YOU A PRACTICAL EXAMPLE—OBSERVE THAT OLD LOLLY-STICK

NOW TRY TO PICK IT UP—YOU'LL FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO DO SO

BY *CRKEY*—YOU ARE ABSOLUTEMENT *RIGHT*

I AM OBSERVING AWAY LIKE BILLY-HO, MY DEAR OLD CHAPS

WELL—YOU GET THE POINT

BLIMEY, INDEED, HE WHO CAN PICK UP THAT LOLLY-STICK RULES THE WORLD

BUT HOW CARELESS OF THEM TO LEAVE IT ABOUT LIKE *THAT*—SUPPOSE IT FELL INTO THE WRONG HANDS, OH MY DEAR CHAPS THE CONSEQUENCES MAKE ME FEEL PECULIARLY FEARFUL

THE MIND BOGGLES

I WONDER
IF THERE'S
ANYTHING TO
THIS STORY OF
PEOPLE HAVING
LONGER
MEMORIES
THAN HAVE
DOGS



I MEAN
- I CAN
REMEMBER
AS FAR BACK
AS SEVERAL
DAYS - HOW
FAR CAN *HE*
THINK
BACK?

H'LO,
BOOT
OLE BOY,
WHERE
HAVE YOU
BEEN
THEN?



A
WEEK?

TWO
WEEKS?

WHAT'RE YOU
STARIN' AT, YOU
FUNNY OLE
THING?

I REMEMBER
YOU USED TO SIT
AN' STARE AT ME
JUS' LIKE THAT
WHEN YOU WERE
A *PUP*



?

OH
COME
NOW



HE WHO CAN
PICK UP THIS
LOLLY-STICK CAN
RULE THE WORLD
—SO THE
LEGEND
GOES

IT'S LIKE
KING ARTHUR
AND THE
SWORD IN THE
STONE



GOT IT
—I AM NOW
**RULER OF
THE WORLD**

MIND YOU,
IT'S GOING TO
BE TRICKIER
THAN I
THOUGHT



IT'S A GREAT
RESPONSIBILITY
BEING THE FIRST
PERSON TO
RULE THE WORLD
WITH HIS LEGS
WAVING IN THE

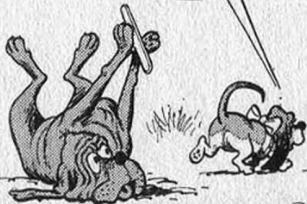
'ULLO,
SAILOR



GOODNESS
GRACIOUSNESS
NOT NOW,
MADAM, A PERSON
IN MY POSITION
CANNOT TRIFLE
WITH THE LIKES
OF YOU



A PERSON
IN *YOUR* POSITION
CAN'T TRIFLE WITH
THE LIKES OF
ANYTHING — BUT
SUIT YOURSELF,
DEARIE, SUIT
YOURSELF



COME
BACK, MADAM,
COME BACK
IMMEDIATELY
I AM SAYING



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS — WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

BY VIRTUE OF
THE FACT THAT I
HOLD THIS LOLLY-
STICK, I AM
**RULER
OF THE
WORLD**
AND
YOU ARE MY
SUBJECT



OOH YOU
MASTERFUL
BRUTE



MIND
YOU, YOU
CAN'T DO
A WHOLE
LOT OF
MASTERFUL
BRUTIN' WHILE
ROLLIN' ABOUT
ON THE GROUND
HOLDIN' A
DIRTY OLE
STICK

BY JINGO
I'M BEGINNING TO
THINKING YOU'RE
RIGHT — RULING
THE WORLD ISN'T ALL
IT ARE CRACKED UP
TO BEING



RIGHT
YOU **ARE**
THEN,
SAILOR



YOU
REALISE WHAT
I'VE GIVEN UP FOR
LOVE?



YES —
A DIRTY OLE
LOLLY-STICK,
OOH I **AM**
A LUCKY
GIRL

F66

HEY, COMRADE,
DID'YA HEAR WOT
THAT OVERGROWN
WOG WHIPPET SAID
ABOUT THAT DIRTY
OLE LOLLY-
STICK?

KOF

KOF

YEAH, MAN,
YEAH

"WHOEVER
CAN PICK UP THAT
LOLLY-STICK CAN
RULE THE
WORLD"

OH, THERE'LL BE SOME
CHANGES MADE NOW
THAT **WE** RULE THE
WORLD

THERE'LL BE AN IMMEDIATE
RE-DISTRIBUTION OF
WEALTH, IN **OUR** FAVOUR

THE FIRST
CHANGE THAT'S
GONNA BE
MADE IS
FROM **WE**
TO / AS FAR
AS RULIN'
THE WORLD IS
CONCERNED

AN'
HERE'S AN
IMMEDIATE
RE-DISTRI-
BUTION OF
THIS LOLLY-
STICK TO
PROVE
IT

WAIT, COMRADE,
WAIT

PLEASE LET ME
RULE THE WORLD
WITH YOU—
PLEASE

PLEASEPLEASE
PLEASEPLEASE
PLEASE



OK—I'LL THINK
ABOUT IT

BUT LET'S
SEE IF YOU CAN
DO A FEW SIMPLE
HELPIN'-TO-RULE-
THE-WORLD
EXERCISES



GET DOWN
ON YOUR
KNEES

RIGHT—
NOW KISS MY
BOOTS



NOPE—
IT'S NO GO
—YOU JUST
AIN'T
IT

WHY?
I DONE
EVERYTHIN'
YOU ARST!



YEAH—BUT I JUST
REMEMBERED

YOU'D
BE NO GOOD
AT HELPIN'
TO RULE THE
WORLD—
YOU'RE AS
COMMON
AS MUCK



GIMME
THAT LOLLY-
STICK, YOU
TROTSKYITE

LEGGO
LEGGO-IT'S
MINE, YOU
MARMITE

CRUNCH

THUD

himmel — vas ist
los meine lieben
kameraden?

why all den
kickink undt
punchink?

HEY,
IT'S OLE
KILROY

YEAH,
KILROY—
WHERE YOU
BEEN?

I haft
hidink from a
hostile world
been but am now
thinkink das den
time hast come
to emerge
undt *danner*
undt *blimtses!*

I vas
bonkers to
leave der
bunkers!

HEY, KILROY,
WHAT'VE YOUSE
BEEN DOIN'
SINCE WE LAST
SEEN YEZ?

I haft
workink
been for ein
subversive group
who are wishink
to confuse der
authorities...

...tourink der
country writink
mein name on der
walls of certain
establishments

YEAH, KILROY, WE
SEEN IT ALL OVER
THE PLACE—'KILROY
WAS HERE'

undt
I haft
been *superseeded*
because of verdammt
DISCRIMINATION

Nobody is wantink
to read messages 2ft.
off der ground they
are tellink me

so I lost mein
job to ein tall undt
unscrupulous
forger



Undt now, mein lieber kameraden ist *MEIN* turn for der questions askink

Why were you fightink over das lolly-stick?

CRIPES! YEAH! THE LOLLY-STICK

LEGGO

PANT-PUFF

WHOEVER HOLDS THIS LOLLY-STICK CAN RULE THE WORLD (PUFF PUFF) AN' HE JUST AIN'T COUTH ENOUGH FER THE JOB

I'M COUTHER'N WOT YOU ARE, YOU RATBAG

ach, so? kindly allow *ME* to examinink das lolly-stick I'M ein expert at world-ruling beink

WELL WHADAYA THINK, KILROY?

YEAH, WHADAYA THINK?

donner undt blintses, gott in himmel, Wilson betty undt kepple! undt all das kind of stuff

Undt now—*Hande hoch* you miserable dummkopfs!

ruling das world ist no job for amateurs

BABY
GRUMPLIN'?



YOU KNOW
WHAT MUM
SAID...



...ABOUT
DIGGIN' HOLES
IN...



...THE
GARDEN?



now
let's not
jump to any
conclusions

YOU YOU *WRETCH*
YOU

MUM *TOLE* YOU
NOT TO DIG HOLES IN
THE GARDEN—AN' YOU
DUG *THIS* HOLE AN' I
FELL IN IT AN'
NEARLY
BROKE MY
NECK

what
evidence
have you that
I dug this
hole?

YOUR BUCKET'S
IN IT—AN' *YOUR*
SPADE'S IN IT, AN'
WHAT'S WORSE—
YOU'RE IN IT!

purely
circumstantial
—you'd better
withdraw your
case

THE ONLY
THING I'M GOIN'
TO WITHDRAW
IS *YOU*

is
this—
what you
call *british*
justice?

NO—THIS
IS KNOWN AS
A KICK UP THE
REAR



Und now / der lolly- stick haft gegotten, / der ruler of der world am being

EINS ZWEI

EINS ZWEI

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS — WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



EINS ZWEI

EINS ZWEI



EINS ZWEI DREI

DRY?



Ja - but not to worry - I remedyink der situation am mit ein quick slurp at der schnapps in here hee hee hee no

slurp

slurp

FIRST HE
SNATCHES AWAY OUR
CHANCE OF RULIN' THE
WORLD - THEN HE HOLDS
US UP WITH OUR OWN LOLLY-
STICK, AN' NOW HE'S HAVIN'
A PARTY IN THERE AN' **WE**
AIN'T BEEN
INVITED

I'M HURT,
COMRADE, I'M
REALLY HURT

NOT AS MUCH
AS **HE'S** GONNA
BE

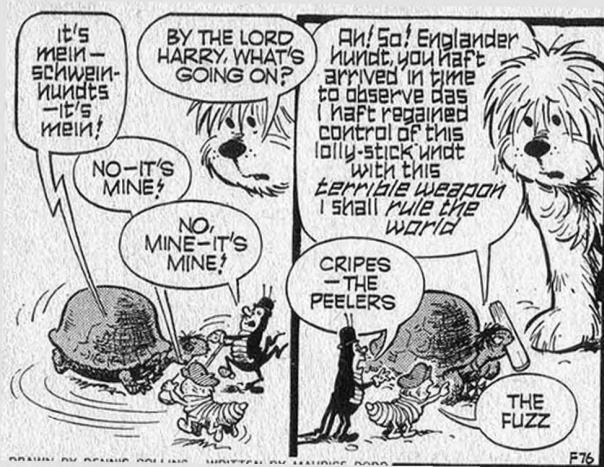
Was no
mein hut
brown
mädchen

WELL
HE CAN'T BE
JUGGIN' UP AN'
WATCHIN'
US - HERE'S
FOR A QUICK
KICK IN THE
LOLLY-
STICK

WHATCHA
MEAN?

gridley
undt
wiskin!

dummkopfs -
all deliveries
of timber
must be to der
tradesmen's
entrance!



RIGHT THEN,
FELLOW, LET'S NOT
HAVE ANY MORE
TALK OF RULING
THE WORLD

HEY—PSST—
KILROY—WHAT
HAPPENED?

der verdammt
deadly lolly-
stick isn't
working

ISN'T
WORKIN'? ALLOW
US TO EXAMINE IT
KILROY DEAR
FRIEND

I pointed it
at das Engländer
hundt, undt
nothing
happened

INDEED
YERST, MAN,
WE IS
EXPERTS
AT NOT
WORKIN'

SEEMS TO BE
WORKIN' ALL RIGHT
TO *ME*, COMRADE

YEAH—BUT
MY TRAINED
EARS DETECT A
DISTINCT KNOCKIN'
IN THE HEAD
GASKET

Schweinhunds—
together we could
haft ruled der
world

riches beyondt
compare could haft
been ours—soft beds,
fine clothes, jewels,
bratwurst, *notthink*
was beyondt our
reach

KOF
KOF



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

I tried every appeal
I knew to keep you
dummkopfs *steady*
to *der* cause

*discipline, glory,
loyalty*—all failed,
undt now I am der
hands washink of
der affair

auf
wiedersehen



HEY, WAIT,
KILROY, WAIT—
Y'DIDN'T TRY
BRIBERY

YEAH—WOT'S
WRONG WITH
BRIBERY?



F78

THE
CONCEIT
OF THAT
TELTONIC
TERRAPIN—
THINKING HE
COULD RULE
THE WORLD



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS

IF **ANY**
SPECIES IS TO
WREST CONTROL
OF THE WORLD
FROM MANKIND'S
FALTERING HAND
IT WILL BE WE
DOGS



WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

THEN THERE'LL BE
SOME **CHANGES** MADE

NONETHELESS I INTEND
TO TEMPER **JUSTICE**
WITH **MERCY**

LITTLE CHILDREN
SHALL LIVE TO CALL ME
'BOOT THE MERCIFUL'



IF YOU
DON'T GET YOUR
HORRIBLE NOSE OUT
OF MY EARHOLE
YOU'LL GET A
THUMP IN THE
RUMP

THOSE
OF THEM
THAT
LIVE

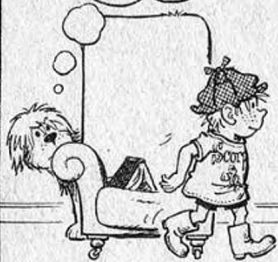


F79

IT'S *TIME*
EVOLUTION MOVED
FORWARD A NOTCH
AND *DOGS* STEPPED
ON TO THE STAGE OF
THE WORLD



THE
BUSINESS WON'T
BE *WORTH* TAKING
OVER IF *MANKIND*
RUNS IT FOR MUCH
LONGER



GIVE UP

HAND
OVER CONTROL
OF THE WORLD

HEY,
BOOT,
GRUBS
UP

OR, BY THE
LORD HARRY, A
WORTHIER
SPECIES WILL TEAR
IT FROM YOUR
GRASP




AFTER
LUNCH, OF
COURSE





MANKIND
MUST HAND
OVER THE
CONTROLS



IF MANKIND
RULES THE WORLD
MUCH LONGER IT
WON'T BE FIT FOR
DOGS TO *LIVE*
IN

EH?

WHAT?



WE DOGS MUST *ACT,*
STRIKE, TAKE
OVER, ASSUME
COMMAND

BY
CRIKEY—YOU'RE
RIGHT, TO
ARMS! TO
ARMS!



WELL,
COME *ON*
THEN

OH

YOU
MEAN,
TODAY
?

WHAT HAVE OUR
PRESENT RULERS
GOT THAT WE DOGS
HAVEN'T

OPPOSABLE
THUMBS AND STATE
PENSIONS—
THAT'S ALL



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

SO WHEREFORE
DO *THEY* RULE
AND NOT...

'ULLO,
SAILOR

OH,
ER, HULLO,
TATTY
OLDBITT



WOTCHER
THINKIN' OF
(I'LL
BET) YOU
WICKED
BOY



AS A MATTER OF FACT, MADAM,
I HAVE BEEN PONDERING UPON
THE NATURE OF POWER

I AM SEEKING TO
BEND PEOPLE TO
MY WILL

TO *HAVE*
MY WAY WITH THEM,
EVEN BY *UNDERHAND*
METHODS

OOOOHHH!
SAY NO MORE,
SAILOR, I'M YOURS I'M
YOURS



F8Z

BY THE
LORD HARRY-'TIS
SMALL WONDER THAT
MEN, NOT DOGS,
RULE THE
WORLD



THE LENGTH
AND BREADTH OF
THE REALM HAVE I
ROAMED, SEEKING
TO RAISE THE
BANNER OF
DOGDOM



AND WHAT HAVE
I MET UP WITH?
INDIFFERENCE
AND
APATHY



SOUNDS
A LIKELY
PAIR OF LADS
TO HAVE IN A
TIGHT
SPOT



ARISE YOU
STARVELINGS
FROM YOUR
SLUMBERS



EH?

EH?

WHERE
AM I?

WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

I SAID, "ARISE YOU
STARVELINGS FROM
YOUR SLUMBERS" —
IT'S A RALLYING CRY
— A SIGNAL TO START
TAKING OVER THE
WORLD



GOODNESS
GRACIOUSNESS, OLD
CHAPS, I'M A BLOOD-
HOUND NOT A
STARVELING

YOU'LL FIND
THEM DOWN THE
ROAD, FIGHTING THE
SPARROWS FOR A
HALF OF LAST
WEEK'S HOVIS



THE MIND
BOGGLES





DEY-VIL TAKE IT,
B.H. (CALCUTTA) FAILED
— DON'T YOU *WANT*
TO *STRUGGLE* FOR
POWER?

TO *CHALLENGE*
THE UPSTART
BIPEDS?

TO *WREST*
CONTROL FROM
THEIR FALTERING
GRASP?

TO *HURL*
HUMANINANITY
FROM THE ARENA
OF THE
WORLD?

DO YOU
WANT TO RUN
A WORLD OR
A WRESTLING
MATCH?

BEFORE
I MAKE MY
BID TO TAKE
OVER THE
CONTROLS OF
THE WORLD



I'LL
OBSERVE
THE MODUS
OPERANDI OF
THOSE WHO
RUN IT AT
PRESENT



IT
MUST SPEND
MOST OF ITS
TIME ON
*AUTOMATIC
PILOT*



OBSERVING
BABY GRUMPLING
MAY GIVE ME SOME
TIPS ON THE
BEHAVIOUR TO BE
EXPECTED...



... WHEN
I RULE THE
WORLD



GLOP



I'M
DREADING
THOSE STATE
BANQUETS



SO FAR, MY
OBSERVATIONS OF
THE HUMAN RACE
HAVE TAUGHT ME
NOTHING OF
HOW TO RULE THE
WORLD...

ONCE
I'VE WRESTED
CONTROL
FROM...

GIVE
US A KISS
—GIVE US A
KISS



BY
THE LORD
HARRY—IF *THAT*
TREND CONTINUES
THERE WON'T BE
ANY OF THEM LEFT
TO WREST IT
FROM



MY STUDIED OBSERVATIONS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOUR HAVE MADE ME EVEN *MORE* CERTAIN THAT THEY ARE UNFIT TO RULE THE WORLD



AND THAT WE DOGS MUST HEED THE TRUMPET CALL OF

HERE, BOOT!



HOITY-TOITY, SIRRAH—IS THE PROUD BOOT TO RUN TO *YOUR* BECK AND CALL?

HERE, BOOT—GRUB UP, BOOT



I'LL NOT SELL *MY* FUTURE FOR A MESS OF POTTAGE

AN' THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL BIG BONE



MIND YOU, I'M ALWAYS PREPARED TO *NEGOTIATE*



GREETINGS, COMRADE

FORWARD THE
REVOLUTION

THOUGH 
COWARDS FLINCHING
AND TRAITORS
SNEERING, WE'LL
KEEP THE RED
FLAG... 

COMRADE?
REVOLUTION?
DAMMIT,
SIRRAH, I'LL
HAVE NONE
OF YOUR
LEVELLERS'
RANTING TARRA
DIDDLE
HERE



WHAT?

YOU WERE
DISTINCTLY
TELLING ME YOU
WERE ALL FOR TAKING
OVER THE WORLD AND
ALL THAT KIND OF
STUFFING

THAT
WAS *YESTERDAY*
FELLOW— NOW I'M
MORE INTERESTED IN
TAKING OVER THIS
BONE



SO *THAT* ARE
BEING THE NAME OF
THE GAME

YOU HAVE COPPERED
OUT— BETRAYED THE
CAUSE— *SOLD*
YOUR SOUL



ER

IS THERE
MUCH OF A
MARKET FOR
SOULS?
(*SLURP*
SLURP)



WELL,
I GAVE IT UP
— I GAVE UP MY
CHANCE TO
RULE THE
WORLD...



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS — WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

... I GAVE
IT UP FOR A
BONE...



... A WARM
HEARTH...

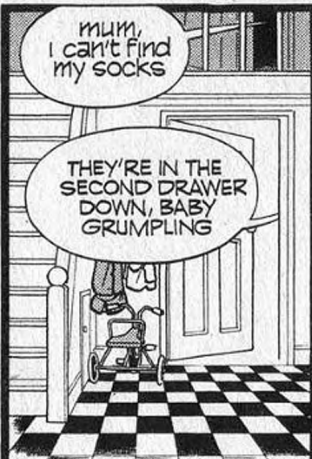


**THERE YOU
ARE — YOU SCRUFFY
OLE RATBAG,
THERE YOU ARE
THEN**

... AND THE
OCCASIONAL
WORD OF
PRAISE



F91



mum,
I can't find
my socks

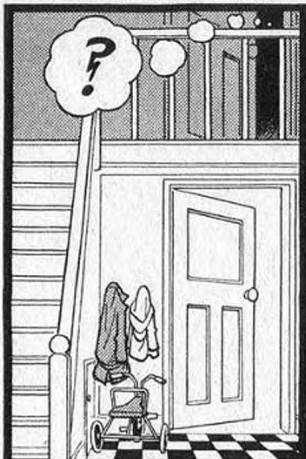
THEY'RE IN THE
SECOND DRAWER
DOWN, BABY
GRUMLING

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



I can't
see them,
mum

GOODNESS
GRACIOUS, BABY
GRUMLING -
THEY'LL LEAP OUT
AND **BITE** YOU IN
A MOMENT



?



mum?
can
you come
up an' get my
socks?

THE NOBLE
DOG STANDS
SILHOUETTED
AGAINST THE
EVENING
SKY...



HIS
PROUD HEAD
ERECT, HE
SURVEYS HIS
DOMAIN...



WITH FIERCE
EXULTATION HE
HURLS HIS
CHALLENGE TO
THE SKY...



ARF


ARF

WOOF
WOOF

ARF

THE
NOBLE DOG
WISHES HE KNEW
WHAT'S THE
POINT OF IT
ALL?






could you
fix my buggy,
wellin'ton?




WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH
IT?



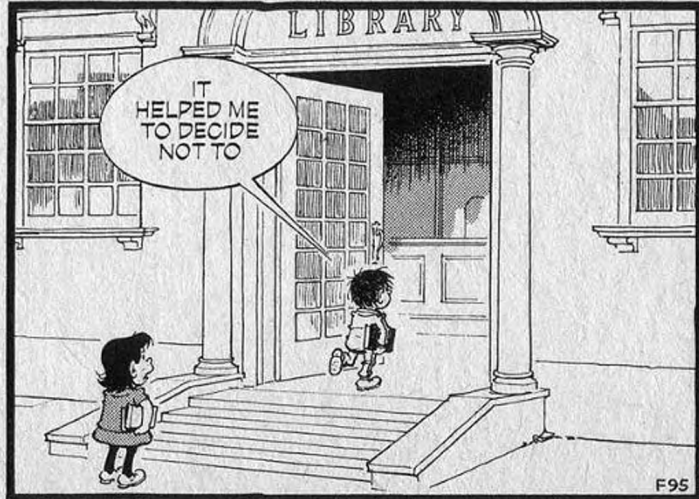
well—
it's only
giving me 776 hp
at 5500 rpm—
there's a flat-
spot on the
webers...



... there's
slap on the
piston an'
convulsions in
the cams...



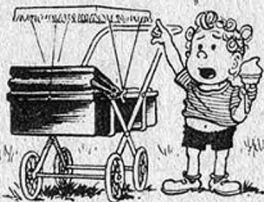
an'
the pedal's
come off



you'd
hardly believe
it, new baby, but
the addiction is
highest among the
nation's school-
children



an' the
pushers
operate quite
openly in the
streets



an' in spite
of what people say
— y'get *hooked*
on the stuff,
I should know — hell's
teeth, I should
know



which
is why I'm not
goin' to give you
a lick of mi
ice-cream



AND AS THEY COME
BARRELLING UP THE
STRAIGHT, BOOT, THE
WONDER DOG
RACERIST, IS
BREATHING DOWN
NUVOLARI'S
NECK...



... THEY LEAN
INTO THE BEND
AND NUVOLARI IS
GIVING IT ALL
HE'S GOT...

PUFF

PANT



PUFF

PANT

GASP



... BUT WITH A
MIGHTY SURGE
OF POWER, BOOT
FIGHTS FOR
SUPREMACY, AND
AS HE STAMPS
ON THE
THROTTLE...

... THE
ELASTIC
BREAKS!

OOH
PUFF
PANT GASP
GROAN

WHAT'S THE
POINT OF
THIS SILLY
GAME,
PUFF?

PANT

GROAN



WELLIN'TON, I'M
COLLECTIN' VOTES
FOR 'QUEEN OF THE
MAY'

THIS
YEAR IT'S GOIN' TO BE
A FIGHT TO THE FINISH
BETWEEN ME AN'
BLOSSOM
Mc GINSBERG



I TRUST THERE WILL
BE NO REPETITION OF THE
SKULDUGGERY OF
PREVIOUS
YEARS,
MAISIE

WHAT'RE
YOU *TALKIN'*
ABOUT—I HAVEN'T
DUGGED ANY
SKULLS

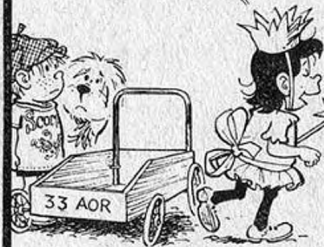


I AM REFERRIN' TO
THE USE OF FOUL PLAY
AN' UNDERHAND
METHODS

OH,
WELL, NO, OF
COURSE
NOT



NOT IF THERE'S A
REASONABLE
ALTERNATIVE



I TAKE IT
I CAN COUNT
ON BOTH
YOUR VOTES
FOR 'QUEEN
OF THE
MAY'

I DON'T
KNOW
MAISIE, I'VE
HEARD SOME
UGLY RUMOURS
CONCERNIN' THE
CONDUCT OF
YOURSELF AN' YOUR
OPPONENT—BLOSSOM
Mc GINSBERG



YEAH,
—*YOU* PUT
BIRD-LIME ON
HER WAND AN'
SHE PUT
GLUE IN YOUR
CROWN



AN' *YOU* ACCUSED
HER OF TAKIN'
DOPE AN' *SHE*
ACCUSED
YOU OF
BEIN' A
BOY

WELL
IT WAS
ALL THAT
STUPID MISS
PONSONBY'S
FAULT



SHE TOLD US SHE
EXPECTED US TO BEHAVE
IN A PROPER SPORTIN'
MANNER



THAT'S 2p FOR PLAIN
JANE FOR VOTIN' FOR ME
AN' 2p FOR AMY SNODRITCH
FOR VOTIN' FOR ME AN' I
WON'T HAVE TO PAY JIMMY
SHORTHOUSE AS HE'S
VERY SMALL AN' I CAN
BASH HIM

IS THAT HOW
YOU'RE GETTIN'
YOUR VOTES
FOR MAY
QUEEN

WELL
IT'S NOT GOOD
ENOUGH, IT'S JUST
NOT GOOD
ENOUGH

BRIBERY
AT 2p A
TIME

HAVEN'T
YOU GOT ANY
SCRUPLES?

AN'
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH GOOD
BRITISH
MONEY?

THERE GOES
MAISIE, BRIBIN' AN'
NOBBLIN' HER WAY
TO BECOMIN' MAY
QUEEN

DON'T
LET HER
SWAY YOU,
MARLON

YOU GO AN' TELL
HER YOU'LL HAVE
NO PART IN HER
SUBVERSIVE CHICAN-
ERY— AN' THEN
REPORT BACK
TO ME

RIGHT

I'LL HAVE
NO PART IN YOUR
SUBVERSIVE
CHICANERY

OUCH!

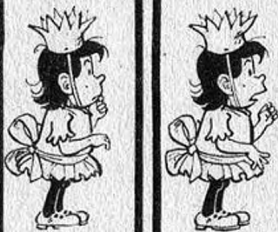
RIGHT—
THERE'S 2½p,
NOW YOU GET OVER
THERE AN' FIX
THAT BLOSSOM
Mc GINSBERG
LIKE I TOLD
YOU



IT'LL BE A
PLEASURE



MARLON?



YOU
STOP
THAT



I MEANT
NOBBLE
NOT
NIBBLE



WELL—YOU
DIDN'T GET TO
BE MAY QUEEN,
DID YOU
MAISIE?

AFTER ALL
YOUR NOBBLIN' AN'
CHEATIN' VIRTUE
TRIUMPHED IN
THE END

VIRTUE
DIDN'T TRIUMPH
— BLOSSOM
Mc GINSBERG
DID

AN' IF YOU ASK
ME THAT MISS
PONSONBY COULD
DO WITH A BIT OF
INVESTIGATIN'

OH
COME NOW,
YOU'RE NOT
SAYIN' THAT MISS
PONSONBY WAS
GOT AT?

ALL I'M SAYIN'
IS— BLOSSOM
McGINSBERG GETS
MORE POCKET-
MONEY THAN
I DO

AN' MISS
PONSONBY'S
JUST OPENED
AN ACCOUNT
AT A SWISS
BANK

THE
NOBLE DOG
STANDS POISED
ON THE BRINK
OF THE
DAY



HIS
KEEN EYES
SCAN THE
FLOWING
LANDSCAPE



HIS
KEEN NOSE
TESTS THE
STIRRING
BREEZE



HIS
KEEN EARS
TRAP EACH
WANDERING
SOUND



WELL,
AFTER
ALL—IT'S A
LIVING





DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



F105





GIVE US A KISS - GIVE US A KISS

I'M TOO YOUNG - I'M TOO YOUNG

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS - WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



I'M BEGINNIN' TO THINK THAT YOU DON'T WANT TO KISS ME

ANY EXCUSE WILL DO FOR YOU



I CAN'T KISS YOU TODAY ON ACCOUNT OF IT'S THURSDAY THE 4th



WAAAHH

WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?

WELL YOU SAID - ANY EXCUSE WILL DO

F106

SUSPECTIN'
A TRACE OF
COOLNESS IN MY
LOVED ONE'S
MANNER, I TURN TO
THE FOUNTS OF
WISDOM



THE
ACCUMULATED
LORE OF BEAUTIFUL
AN' FASCINATIN'
WOMEN DOWN THE
AGES WILL BE THE
WEAPON OF LOVE'S
ARMOURY



AN'
WHEN MY
LOVE FEELS THE
IMPACT OF THIS
GIRLISH
GUILF



HE JUS'
WON'T KNOW
WHAT'S HIT
HIM



MARLON
ARE YOU GOIN' TO
GIVE ME A KISS
—YES OR
NO?

NO!

OH!

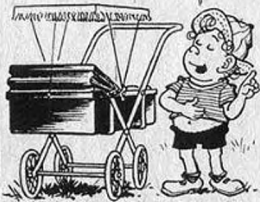
MAISIE—
YOU DON'T
WANT TO TIE YOUR
SWEET YOUNG
LIFE TO MINE—I'M
NOT A FIT
MAN

—I KEEP
GETTIN' THESE
BLINDIN'
HEADACHES

Well,
the summer
season is
almost with
us, new
baby



and summer
means jellies
and strawberries
and ice
lollies



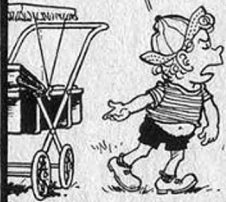
but
it also
means ants
and flies and
wasps



and if a
wasp gets on
your ice lolly just
when you're going
to put it into your
mouth,
well POW!



an'
what kind
of a world
is *that* to bring
children
into?



THAT OLE
TEACHER—SHE
SAID I WAS
MORONIC

WOULD
YOU SAY THAT,
MARLON, WOULD
YOU SAY I WAS
MORONIC?



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

OH
YEAH

WELL, I
MEAN

IT'S
OBVIOUS
INNIT?



WOT
DOES MORONIC
MEAN?



F110

YOU KNOW
WHAT **YOUR**
TROUBLE IS — YOU
PRETEND TO KNOW
THE MEANIN' OF LONG,
COMPLICATED
WORDS



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS — WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

AN'
MOST OF THE
TIME YOU
DON'T



BUT YOU SHOULD
ASK — DON'T BLUFF
YOUR WAY THROUGH,
IF YOU DON'T KNOW
THE MEANIN' OF
COMPLICATED
WORDS THEN
ASK




WOT DOES
'COMPLICATED'
MEAN,
MAISIE?'



AN'
ANOTHER
OF YOUR TROUBLES
IS — YOU'RE
STUPID



FIII




IT
WAS HARD
AT SCHOOL TODAY,
BOOT, DEAD HARD
TODAY

AN' WHERE
WILL IT ALL END
- THAT'S WHAT
WORRIES
ME

DAY AFTER
DAY WE'RE
BEIN' CRAMMED
WITH VITAL
AN' NECESSARY
KNOWLEDGE

WILL
THERE BE ANY
ROOM LEFT FOR
ALL THE HIGHLY
ENJOYABLE
NONSENSE



FACTS
'N' FIGURES
FACTS
'N' FIGURES



DAY
AFTER DAY
AFTER
DAY



HOW
MUCH CAN
ONE MIND HOLD?
EVEN AN
AMBITIOUS MIND
LIKE MINE?



I'LL END
UP WITH A
HEAD LIKE
A STUFFED
MARROR

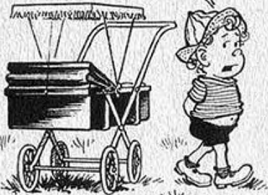
AMBITIOUS
INDEED - AT
THE MOMENT
IT MERELY
RESEMBLES A
TURNIP

tomorrow
we all go to
church, new
baby



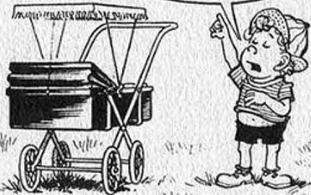
not you—us
grown-ups

we all go
to church
to say a few
words to
God



not that you
can't speak to
God any day of
the week mind
you

God
hears
every word
you say no matter
where you
are



which
makes it a bit
tricky to slip you
the *inside* stuff
if you see what
I mean, kid



MOIL, TOIL,
WORK, SLAVE,
TOTE THAT BARGE,
LIFT THAT
BALE



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

WHERE WILL
IT ALL
END?

WHERE...

WHAT?

OH!

LICK
LICK
LICK



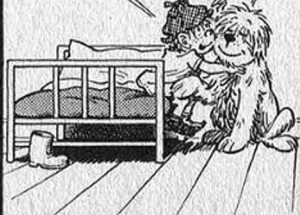
DEAR OLE
BOOT

DEAR OLE
FAITHFUL
FRIEND

WHY
AM I ALWAYS
TALKIN' ABOUT
MYSELF?

HUF
HUF
HUF

PAT
PAT



BECAUSE I *LIKE*
TALKIN' ABOUT MYSELF
— THAT'S WHY

OH, WHY DO I WORK
SO HARD? WHERE
WILL IT ALL END?
WHAT'S THE POINT
OF IT ALL?..



F115

THE
WORLD'S
GOING TO RACK
AN' ROONEY AN'
THAT'S A FACT
MUMBLE
MUMBLE



WHERE'S
IT ALL
LEADING TO
MUMBLE MUMBLE
MUMBLE



STILL—IT'S
NO USE GOIN' ON
LIKE THIS, LIFE MUST
GO ON, I'VE GOT TO
KEEP GOIN' IF
ONLY FOR DEAR
OLE BOOT'S
SAKE

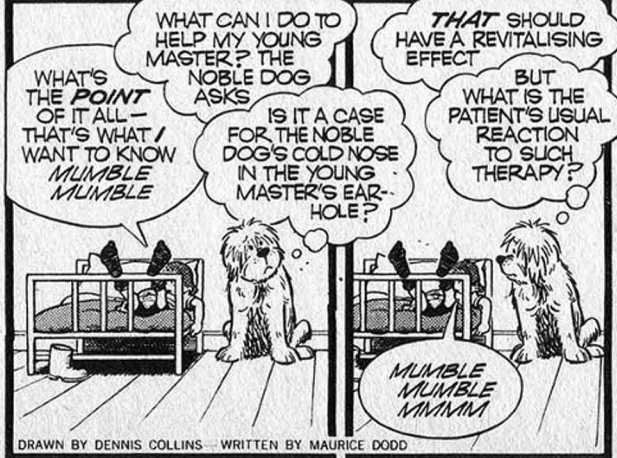
AH—
NOW
YOU'RE
TALKING



AN' MAYBE
HE COULD **HELP**
OUT, MAYBE I COULD
FIND HIM SOMETHIN'
USEFUL TO
DO...

AND
NOW
YOU'RE
RAVING





DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS — WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



...I MEAN
THE THING
THAT'S GETTIN'
ME DOWN IS
THAT I HAVE TO
DO ALL THE
WORK



WHO DOES
ALL THE COOKIN'?'
ME! AN' THE
SWEEPIN'?' **ME!** AN'
THE WASHIN' UP?'
ME!



AN'
YOU - WHAT
CAN **YOU**
DO?



OK-OK,
SO YOU'RE GOOD
FOR A FEW
LAUGHS

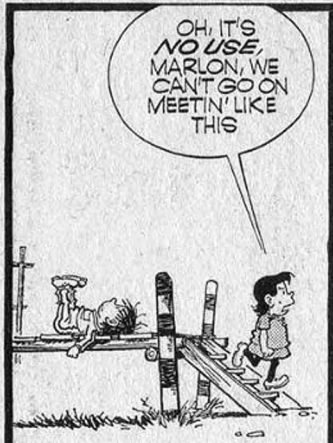


HAS IT STRUCK YOU THAT THERE IS A VERY UNEQUAL DIVISION OF LABOUR IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT?

I'LL GO FURTHER—THERE IS *NO* DIVISION OF LABOUR—I'VE GOT IT ALL

I'LL GO FURTHER *STILL*—I DO ALL THE WORK AN' YOU'RE AN IDLE SHIFTLESS LOAFER

THERE IS *NO* NEED TO LOSE YOUR TEMPER



another rich experience you've got coming to you, new baby, is known as - "you kids aren't going to sit around the house on a fine day like this"

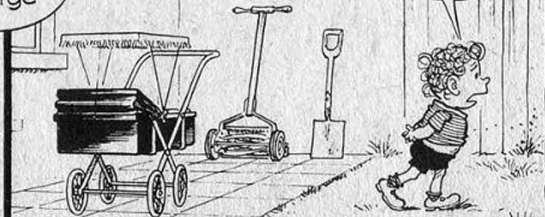


mum wads us up with sandwiches, crisps, lemonade, a bat and ball, an old blanket to make a tent with and raincoats (just in case) and sends us for a day in the park

with maiseie in charge



I fair dreads it



I MADE UP
THIS LITTLE
BROOM

SO YOU CAN
DO A BIT MORE
TO THE FLOOR
THAN JUST
LIE ON IT



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO
IS PUT ONE END IN YOUR
MOUTH AN'
PUSH

YOU
WILL THEN
BE DOIN' THAT
WHICH IS
KNOWN AS
SWEEPIN'
UP



AN' WHILE
YOU'RE
DOIN' THAT
-I'LL
DO THE
WASHIN'
UP



AN' THEN WE
CAN GO OUT AN'
...*OH*
CRUMBS!



I'M
BEGINNIN' TO
THINK THAT YOU
DON'T *WANT*
TO HELP



THE *CHEEK*
OF THAT PUP
WELLINGTON...

...SAYING THAT
I DO NO WORK...

HUP
TWO-
THREE

...I WHO
MAN THE
RAMPARTS
OF THE
NIGHT...

...FEARING
NO FOE...

HUP
TWO-THREE

...NO
MATTER HOW
DEADLY...

...WELL...

...FEARING
ALMOST
NO FOE...

...FEARING
VERY *FEW*
FOES?..

...TAKING
EVERY
REASONABLE
PRECAUTION

WHAT Y'DOIN'
MARLON?

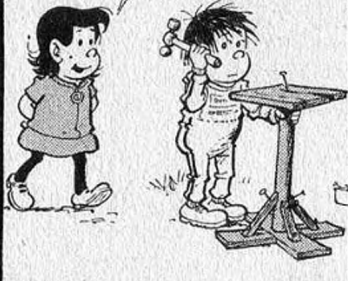
MAKIN'
A BIRD
TABLE



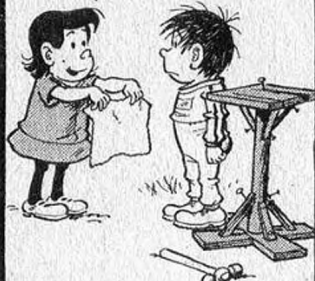
AN' I
DON'T WANT
YOU GETTIN'
IN THE
WAY



YOO-HOO,
MARLON, GUESS
WHAT I'VE
MADE



A BIRD
TABLE-CLOTH



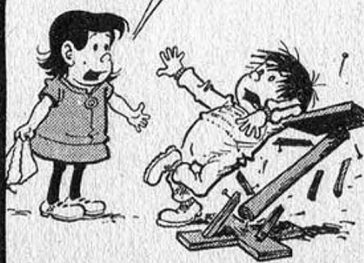
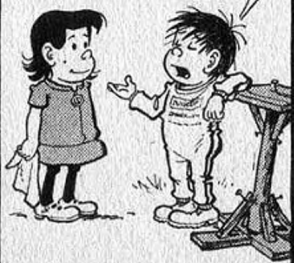
WELL—
D'YOU LIKE THE
TABLE-CLOTH
I MADE TO GO ON
YOUR BIRD-TABLE,
MARLON?

OH—
GREAT, JUS'
GREAT

HOW ABOUT A
BIRD-TABLE PLACE-
MAT AN' A BIRD-
TABLE NAPKIN AN'
A BIRD-TABLE
KNIFE, FORK AN'
SPOON?

TEE-HEE
NOW YOU'RE
BEIN' SILLY —
YOU'RE JUS'
BEIN' SILLY

IT'S
GOT TO BE
SOMETHIN' I CAN
KNIT



I *WON'T*
BE BEATEN



I WON'T
I WON'T
I WON'T



THERE
NOW, BABY
GRUMPLIN', WHAT
D'YOU THINK OF
THAT?



WOT DOES
'UNSTABLE'
MEAN?



THINGS
DO SEEM TO
BE SOMEWHAT
AT ODDS
'TWIXT MYSELF
AND YOUNG
WELLINGTON



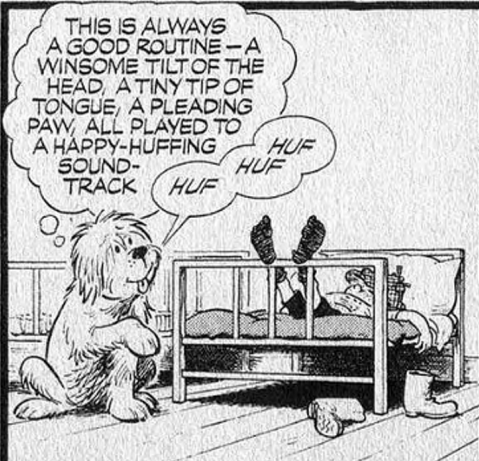
DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS

WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

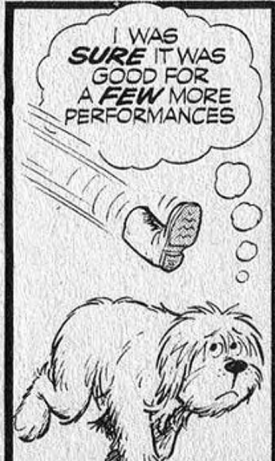
MUCH AS IT
GOES AGAINST
THE GRAIN, A BIT OF
INGRATIATING
SEEMS TO BE
CALLED FOR



THIS IS ALWAYS
A GOOD ROUTINE - A
WINSOME TILT OF THE
HEAD, A TINY TIP OF
TONGUE, A PLEADING
PAW, ALL PLAYED TO
A HAPPY-HUFFING
SOUND-
TRACK



I WAS
SURE IT WAS
GOOD FOR
A *FEW* MORE
PERFORMANCES



F127

'LO, MARLON—
HOW'S THE
BIRD-TABLE
BUSINESS?

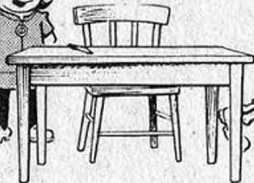
I HAVEN'T
HAD A SINGLE
BIRD ON IT
YET

AN' *MY* BIRD
TABLE'S GOT THE
BEST FOOD IN THE
BLOCK



YOU KNOW
THAT— I KNOW
THAT— BUT DO THE
BIRDS KNOW
THAT?

OH—
YOU THINK
YOU'RE SO
SMART



BUT
I WAS *WAY*
AHEAD OF
YOU



'PON MY SOUL
BUT WHAT A
TIZZ THE
LAD'S IN

THIS
DEMANDS
SOME PRETTY
BASIC
TACTICS

MUMBLE
MUMBLE
MOIL TOIL ALL
WORK NO PLAY
MUMBLE...

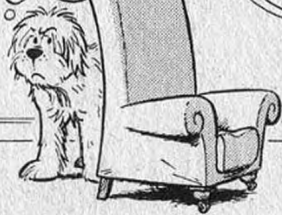
...MUMBLE

WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
YOU? I HOPE YOU
HAVEN'T GOT
FLEAS

OH IT'S
HOPELESS
TRYING TO WAG
A TAIL ONE
HASN'T
GOT

FAILED—
ALL HAS FAILED,
INGRATIATING,
DOWNGRIGHT
CREEPING—
ALL MY
WIVES HAVE
FAILED

MUMBLE
MUMBLE
DO ALL THE
WORK
ROUND HERE
MUMBLE



BUT BY
THE LORD
HARRY I'M
NOT BEATEN
YET...

MUMBLE
WHERE WILL
IT ALL END?
MUMBLE



I'VE
STILL GOT
ONE TRICK
LEFT

MUMBLE



WHICH
DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE
GOING
DOWN TOO
WELL



HE CAN'T
COOK, WASH-
UP, SWEEP OR
ANYTHIN'—
—WHAT ON
EARTH IS HE
GOOD
FOR?

HE CAN'T
GUARD,
BARK, BITE
OR EVEN
SMELL
WORTH A
DAMN,
WHAT **USE**
IS HE?

MIND
YOU—HE'S
GOT SOME
FUNNY OLE
WAYS

OF
COURSE
HE'S GOT
SOME
COMICAL
LITTLE
MANNERISMS

BUT
I'D KICK
HIM OUT
TOMORROW
SO I WOULD
IF IT WEREN'T
FOR ONE
THING

YET I'D
WALK OUT
TOMORROW,
'PON MY SOUL
I WOULD, IF
IT WEREN'T
FOR ONE
THING

HE
NEEDS
ME





YOU ALWAYS RECKON THAT MY MARLON'S STUPID, DON'T YOU, WELLIN'TON, WELL YOU COME AN' SEE THE SUPER BIRD-TABLE HE'S MADE



I DON'T SAY HE'S STUPID, MAISIE, BUT ON THE OTHER HAND ONE DOESN'T NEED TO BE AN ISAMBARD BRUNEL TO BUILD A BIRD...

F
A
I
N
T
P
R
A
I
S
E
F
A
I
N
T
P
R
A
I
S
E



I *TOLE* YOU TO KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN



WE'VE
COME FOR
THE GRAND
RE-OPENIN'
OF THE BIRD-
TABLE

STEP THIS
WAY

YOU
WON'T BE
DISAPPOINTED
I CAN TELL
YOU



COMPLETELY
RE-BUILT AN'
RENOVATED
—STRONG
ENOUGH FOR
**COACH-
LOADS** OF
BIRDS

AN' WHEN
I TELL YOU
WHAT'S ON THE
MENU...



WASN'T
'BOUEF
STROGANOFF'
JUST A
LEETLE
AMBITIOUS?






HULLO,
OLD CHAPS



I EXTEND
THE HAND OF
FRIENDSHIP
TO YOUR GOOD
SELF AND THAT
REMARKABLY
ATTRACTIVE
BONE

WE'LL
DON'T
EXTEND THE
TONGUE OF
FRIENDSHIP—
THAT'S ALL



I HAVE
REASON TO
BELIEVE THAT
YOUR TONGUE IS
PREPARED TO GO TO
EXTRAORDINARY
LENGTHS TO
SNEAK A LICK AT
A FELLOW'S
BONE



OH—
FLATTERER



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



F136

YOU
WRETCH
YOU LITTLE
WRETCH

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

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

if
you'll
suspend the
hysterics 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

THIS HAS GOT TO STOP— ALL THIS HOLE-DIGGIN' HAS GOT TO STOP!

YOU WAIT TILL MUM SEES THESE HOLES

look, maisie, i'll fill them in, maisie, don't tell mum, maisie, a, maisie? a?

WELL, WE'LL SEE

I'LL COME OUT AGAIN AN' SEE IF YOU'VE FILLED THEM IN PROPERLY

BUT IF YOU SHRIEK

sorry, maisie - i was holdin' that one in reserve

THEY
PREPARED TO
SALLY FORTH
ONCE MORE — THE
NOBLE DOG AND
HIS SQUIRE



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS

FROM A
LONE TURRET A
SILENT BANNER
STREAMED
AGAINST THE
MORNING
SKY



WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

AS TO THE TAP
OF A MUFFLED
DRUM THEY
STRODE PAST THE
RESPECTFUL
RANKS OF SILENT
FIGHTING
MEN



FOR THIS WAS
TO BE THE DAY
THAT WOULD
DECIDE THE
FATE OF...

RIGHT
THEN



WALKIES,
BOOT?
WALKIES?!



F139

OH, A
WALK IS AN
EDUCATION
IN ITSELF,
BOOT

OBSERVIN'
THE
FORMATION AN'
DISSOLUTION OF
THE CLOUDS



FEELIN' THE AIR
BEIN' TRANSMUTED
THROUGH THE LUNGS
TO OXYGENATE THE
BLOODSTREAM



WATCHIN'
THE THREADS
OF LIFE'S RICH
TAPESTRY

ENJOYIN'
YOUR WALKIES,
BOOT?



I WOULD
IF IT WEREN'T
FOR ALL
THE SILLY
TALKIES

OH YES,
MOTHER
NATURE IN
HER MANY
MOODS...



A BOY
AN' HIS DOG,
BOOT, STRIDIN'
OVER LIFE'S
HORIZON

A BOY
AN' HIS DOG
STEPPIN'
INTO THE
FUTURE...

...TOGETHER

WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH
YOU?

... ALL I SAID
WAS...

...OH
VERY WELL...

A *DOG*
AN' HIS
BOY STRIDIN'
THROUGH...

HUF
HUF
HUF

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

F41

AS
LONELY AN'
DARK A SPOT
FOR THE DEED AS
ONE COULD FIND,
BOOT

AN' I WISH
YOU'D KEEP
STILL

THIS
IS A DELICATE
AN' DANGEROUS
OPERATION

DON'T
PUSH—DON'T
PUSH

CRACKLE

NOW
YOU'VE DONE
IT

THARRUMP
THARRUMP
THARRUMP

NEED
ANY HELP
WITH THAT
PAPER
BAG?

EXCUSING
ME, OLD CHAPS,
BUT ARE YOU
HAVING A
LICENCE
FOR THAT
BONE?



BY THE LORD
HARRY - WHAT
TRUMPERY IS
THIS?

WHOEVER
HEARD OF A
LICENCE FOR A
BONE?



OH, I AM POSSESSING
SUCH A DOCUMENT
LET ME ASSURING
YOU

IT AUTHORISES
ME TO TAKE THIS
BONE OFF YOU



IT'S
WHAT WE CALL AN'
OFF-LICENCE



Y'GOTTA
LOT OF BIRDS
ON YOUR BIRD-
TABLE,
MARLON

YEAH,
I'VE JUST
PUT OUT
THE
FOOD

IT'S PRETTY
GOOD SCOFF,
TOO

NUTS, RAISINS,
BISCUITS, SOME OF
MY AUNT FLORRIE'S
WEDDIN'
CAKE

THERE'S
EVEN SOMETHIN'
FOR THE
BIRDS



I'VE GOT BAD NEWS FOR YOU, B.H. (CALCUTTA) Failed

I'VE JUST DOGNOSED A SEVERE CASE OF MISAPPROPRIATION OF THE BONE



THE SYMPTOMS BEING AN EXCRUCIATING PAIN IN THE TAIL WHICH CAN ONLY BE RELIEVED BY REMOVAL OF THAT BONE WHICH IS RESTRICTING YOUR MOUTH

GOODNESS GRACIOUSNESS



I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D TAKEN THE HIPPOCRATIC OATH

I DIDN'T TAKE IT SO MUCH AS BORROWED IT FOR THE AFTERNOON



WOT'S
ALL THIS
THEN?

BITS
OF WOOD-
SHAVIN'S?
BITS OF
STRING? BITS
OF CORK?

IT'S MY ART
PROJECT

CREATIN'
TEXTURES AN'
SPRAYIN' THEM
WITH GOLD
PAINT

IT'S
STUPID
THAT IS—
THAT'S WOT
THAT IS—
STUPID



HEY,
MUM

YOUR
GOLDEN BOY
IS HOME



THE
FIRST DAY
OF SUMMER
AND THE NOBLE
DOG GOES FORTH
TO TASTE
'THE NEW
WINE'



THE NOBLE DOG'S SENSITIVE
NOSE IS RAISED TO DRINK
DEEP OF EVERY
WAYWARD
SMELL

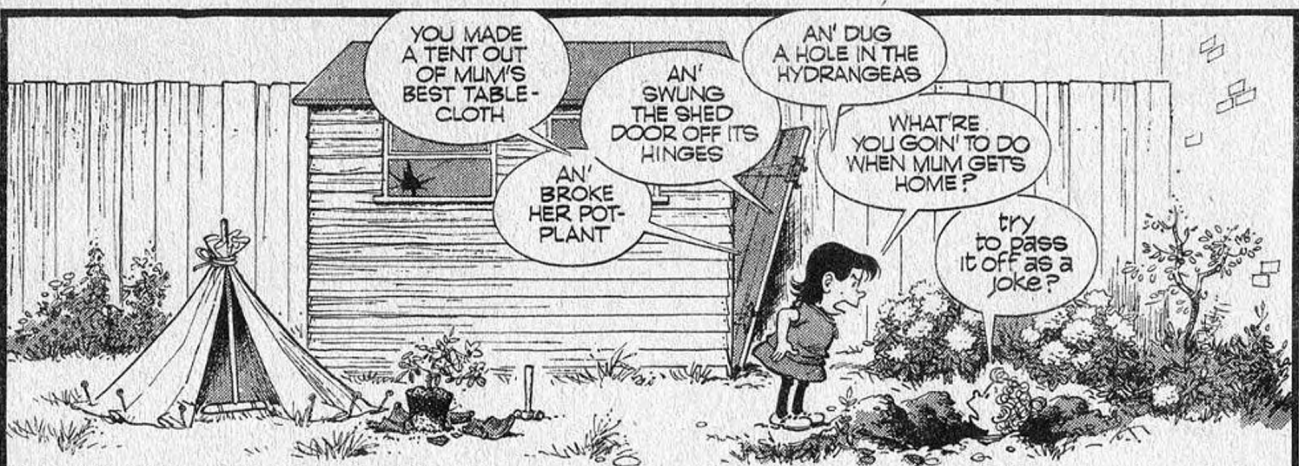


DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS — WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

THE NOBLE DOG
DIDN'T REALISE
WHAT HE WAS
TAKING ON



F147



YOU MADE
A TENT OUT
OF MUM'S
BEST TABLE-
CLOTH

AN'
SWUNG
THE SHED
DOOR OFF ITS
HINGES

AN' DUG
A HOLE IN THE
HYDRANGEAS

AN'
BROKE
HER POT-
PLANT

WHAT'RE
YOU GOIN' TO DO
WHEN MUM GETS
HOME?

try
to pass
it off as a
joke?



AGGH! IT'S THE GENGHIS ST. GANG!

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



NO—LET'S FIGHT

LET'S RUN

WHAT AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY THIS WOULD BE TO USE THE DREADED 'KUNG-FU'

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



WHAT WHO?

WHO WHAT?

'KUNG-FU'—IT'S A DEADLY FIGHTIN' METHOD KNOWN ONLY TO A HANDFUL OF CHINESE

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



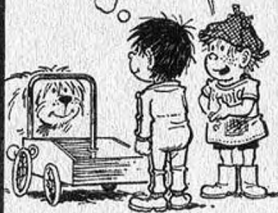
WELL—WHY DIDN'T YOU USE THE DREADED 'KUNG-FU'?

I TOLD YOU—IT'S KNOWN ONLY TO A HANDFUL OF CHINESE

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

...WIDE WHEELS (EX-SILVER CROSS), TWIN BICARBS, OVERHEAD CON-SHAFT, OH—*WAIT* TILL YOU GET THE *FEEL* OF THIS ROAD-ROD

VROOM
VROOM



WHY NOT FIRE HER UP AN' TAKE HER FOR A

MARLON!

VROOOO...



YOU'RE *NEVER* THINKIN' OF BUYIN' ANOTHER BUGGY—*NOT* FROM *THIS* SMART-ALEC, WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ANOTHER BUGGY, WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH YOU, MARLON?



WOULD YOU ACCEPT A PLEA OF INSANITY?



LICK
LICK

NOW YOU JUS' **STOP**
THAT, MAISIE

MARLON
CAN MAKE UP HIS
OWN MIND ABOUT
BUYIN' A BUGGY



NOW THEN
- ALLOW ME TO
DEMONSTRATE

MARLON
CAN'T MAKE
UP HIS OWN
MIND

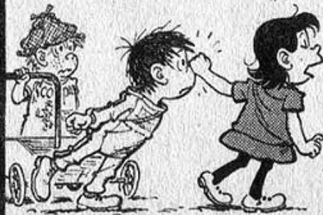
LICK
LICK



BECAUSE
MARLON IS
VERY **EASILY**
LED



ALLOW **ME** TO
DEMONSTRATE



YOU MUST BE STUPID, THINKIN' OF BUYIN' ANOTHER BUGGY, ABSOLUTELY STUPID



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS

MAISIE, YOU STOP THAT



WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

I'VE TRIED TO DO MY BEST FOR YOU GOODNESS KNOWS BUT ONE CAN ONLY...

THE WAY YOU KEEP GOIN' ON CONSTITUTES *MENTAL CRUELTY* - YOU COULD UPSET THE BALANCE OF HIS *BRAIN* - DESTROY HIS *MIND*



YEAH



I HAD A GOOD CASE GOIN' THERE, FOR A MOMENT



F152

...AN' YOU'RE STUPID AN' YOU'RE IDLE AN' YOUR SOCKS DON'T MATCH

...AN' YOU'VE GOT NO FINESSE AN' WHAT'S WORSE YOU'VE GOT NO MONEY AN'...

CRUMBS, MAISIE—ARE YOU STILL GOIN' ON GOIN' ON?

APART FROM ANYTHIN' ELSE IT'S ALL SO **NEGATIVE**— WHY DON'T YOU TRY KINDNESS FOR A CHANGE?

HMM—I DUNNO I S'POSE YOU **COULD** BE RIGHT

WE **COULD** KISS AN' MAKE-UP

YOU **SHUTTUP**, WELLIN'TON— MAISIE KNOWS WOT SHE'S DOIN'

UPWARDS
EVER UPWARDS
THE NOBLE
DOG FORGES
THROUGH THE
GATHERING
GLOOM

UPWARDS
TO THE WIND-
WHIPPED
RAMPARTS
OF THE
WORLD

UNTIL HE TURNS
DEFIANTLY TO FACE
THE SAVAGE
ONSLAUGHT OF THE
STORM

THE
NOBLE DOG
WISHES HE
HADN'T
DONE
THAT

BABY GRUMPLIN'—
YOU REMEMBER
WHAT MUM
SAID ABOUT
DIGGIN' HOLES
IN HER
GARDEN?



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

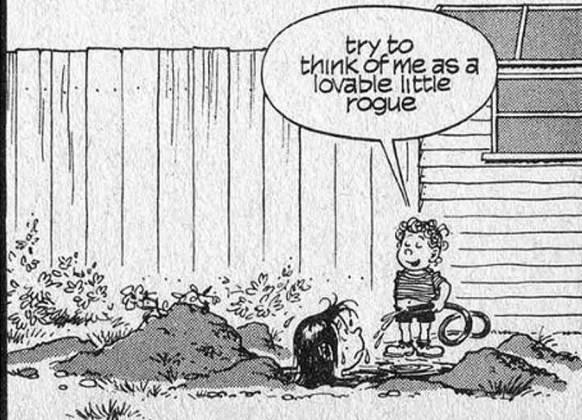
AN'
WHAT'RE
YOU DOIN'
WITH THAT
HOSE?



IF
YOU'RE
DOIN' WHAT
I *THINK*
YOU'RE DOIN',
MY LAD



try to
think of me as a
lovable little
rogue



F155



.DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

HULLO, OLD CHAPS

I BELIEVE YOU HAVE JUST BURIED A WELL-BELOVED OLD BONE



THAT'S RIGHT— A BONE WHICH WAS A BOON TO MY LONELY HOURS

I AM COME TO PAY MY RESPECTS



ITS MEMORY IS STILL FRESH (SLURP SLURP) IN MY MIND



NOT GONE— JUST *RESTING*, THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO... *DAMME*, FELLOW, YOU SAID YOU'D COME TO PAY YOUR *RESPECTS*

OH INDEED SO, MY DEAR CHAPS, MY VERY *DEEPEST* RESPECTS

SNOFFLE SNOFFLE GRONFF



FIEND!
GHOUL!
GRAVEROBBER!

GET OUT OF
THERE AND
LET MY BONE
REST IN PEACE

SNOFFLE
SNOFFLE

FIEND YOURSELF—
I HAVE REASON TO
BELIEVE THAT THIS BONE
ARE NOT
TRULY
DEAD

BY
THE LORD
HARRY

DEY-VILLE TAKE
IT, THE FELLOW IS
DERANGED— WHAT
ARE YOU *DOING*
DOWN THERE?

ADMINISTERING
THE
'KISS OF LIFE'

DEY-VILLE TAKE IT,
B.H. (CALCUTTA) FAILED-IF YOU
DON'T LEAVE MY BONE ALONE
I'LL TAKE SUCH
ACTION AS I
MAY LATER
REGRET

SLURP
SLURP
GRONFF
SLURP



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

I GIVE
YOU ONE LAST
WARNING,
FELLOW

SNOFFLE
SNOFFLE
SLURP



THERE
IS **NO** NEED
TO LOSE YOUR
TEMPER



F159

COME ON THEN—
OUT, *OUT*

I HOPE
YOU'VE LEARNED
YOUR LESSON—
*LEAVE MY BONE
BEHIND*



I SAID
*LEAVE MY BONE
BEHIND*



BONE?

WHAT
BONE?

WHAT'S
THAT YOU'VE
GOT IN YOUR
MOUTH?



IN MY
MOUTH?
YEUK!



DEY-VILLE TAKE
IT, B.H. (CALCUTTA)
Failed, GET **AWAY**
FROM THIS
BONE



AND
TAKE YOUR
INCREDIBLY
LONG TONGUE
WITH YOU



I WANT YOU
FARTHER AWAY
THAN **THAT**,
FELLOW

BACK,
BACK, **WAY**
BACK

I'D
LIKE
TO SAY
A FEW
PARTING
WORDS



OH YES?
AND WHAT
MAY **THEY**
BE?



LICK-LICK-
LICK-LICK-
LICK!



BY THE LORD HARRY—
WHAT A
CONFOUNDED
NUISANCE THAT
FAILED BLOOD-
HOUND IS



A FELLOW CAN'T
CALL A BONE HIS OWN
WITH *HIM* ABOUT

MIND YOU,
I WAS A TRIFLE
TERSE



I *COULD*
HAVE *SHARED*

EXTENDED
THE PAW OF
FRIENDSHIP



THE TRUTH OF
IT IS, MY CONDUCT
IS NOT WHAT ONE
SHOULD EXPECT
FROM A CHRISTIAN
GENTLEMAN



BUT IT'S
EXACTLY
WHAT ONE
WOULD EXPECT
FROM A
DOG

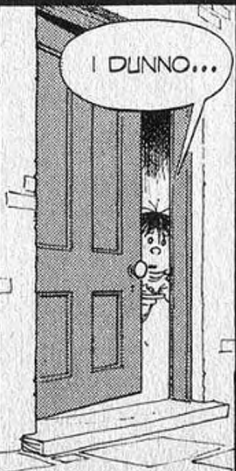


I THOUGHT
YOU'D GIVEN UP
THAT BIRD-TABLE
LARK—DO YOU
EVER GET ANY
BIRDS ON
IT?



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

I DUNNO...



...BUT
I'LL LET YOU
KNOW...




WHEN I
MANAGE TO
GET...



SOME
FOOD ON
IT



F163

A black and white comic panel showing a woman and a dog looking out from a window. The woman is wearing a hat and a dress. The dog is sitting next to her. The window is on a brick wall. In the foreground, there is a decorative metal fence.

AT
THIS TIME
OF YEAR, BOOT,
THE GOOD
GARDENER DOES
NOT REST ON
HIS LAURELS

A black and white comic panel showing a woman and a dog walking in a garden. The woman is wearing a hat and a dress. The dog is walking next to her. There are bushes and butterflies in the background. In the foreground, there is a simple wooden fence.

INDEED
NOT—THE GOOD
GARDENER WILL FIND
A HUNDRED AN'
ONE THINGS
TO DO

A black and white comic panel showing a man relaxing in a chair in a garden. The man is wearing a hat and a shirt. He is sitting in a wicker chair with his feet up. There is a table with a pitcher and a glass next to him. A dog is lying on the grass in front of him. A large tree is in the background.

BUT
PEOPLE
LIKE YOU AN' I,
BOOT, PEOPLE
LIKE YOU
AN' I...

TINKER,
TAILOR,
SOLDIER,
SAILOR

RICH MAN,
POOR MAN,
BEGGAR-
MAN...

HEY-MUM
CAN I HAVE
SOME MORE
CHERRIES?

CERTAINLY
NOT, MAISIE -
YOU'VE HAD QUITE
ENOUGH

WELL -
I HOPE YOU
REMEMBER THAT
WHEN I END UP
MARRYIN' A
THIEF!

...IF IT'S
NOT MESSIN'
ABOUT WITH
BEACH-BOOBIES
IT'S THIS STUPID
BIRD LARK...



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS

AH!

TABLE
FOR ONE,
SIR?

YOU'VE
GOT NO
AMBITION



WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

DON'T
YOU EVER
WANT TO **BE**
SOMEBODY?

STEP
THIS WAY,
SIR

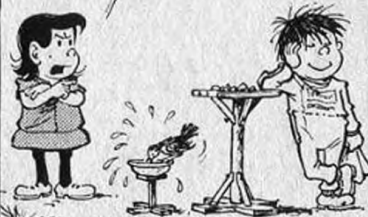


DON'T YOU
EVER WANT TO
AMOUNT TO
ANYTHIN'?

P'HAPS
YOU'D CARE FOR
A DRINK AT THE
BAR FIRST?



OK—
OK— SO YOU
RUN A GOOD
BIRD-TABLE



F166

HAPPY
HAPPY SING AN'
DANCEY NO MORE
SCHOOL FOR
EIGHT WHOLE
WEEKS



OH
THERE'S SO
MUCH TO **DO**-
SO MUCH TO
ORGANISE...



...HIKES, PICNICS, VISITS
TO MUSEUMS... WHAT ARE
YOU LOOKIN' FORWARD
TO DOIN' MOST,
MARLON?

I SAID- WHAT
ARE YOU LOOKIN'
FORWARD TO
DOIN' MOST,
MARLON?



I'M
ALREADY
DOIN'
IT



ONE FINE
MORNING
MILOR' BOOT
SET OUT TO
SURVEY HIS
ESTATES



FROM NORTH
TO SOUTH, FROM
EAST TO WEST

ALL, ALL,
THE NOBLE DOG
CLAIMED AS HIS
DOMAIN



BIG
DEAL



WOULD YOU SAY THAT YOUR BIRD-TABLE WAS A SUCCESS - AN UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS?



WOT DOES UNQUALIFIED MEAN?



GOODNESS GRACIOUS— YOU'RE NOT GOIN' THROUGH SUMMER WITH **THAT** TATTY OLE WAGGON, ARE YOU?

VROOM
VROOM



I COULD AT LEAST DO A BIT OF CUSTOMISIN' FOR YOU—I COULD SPRAY IT RED



WOT'S WRONG WITH THE COLOUR IT IS **NOW**—? WHY SHOULD HE HAVE IT SPRAYED **RED**?

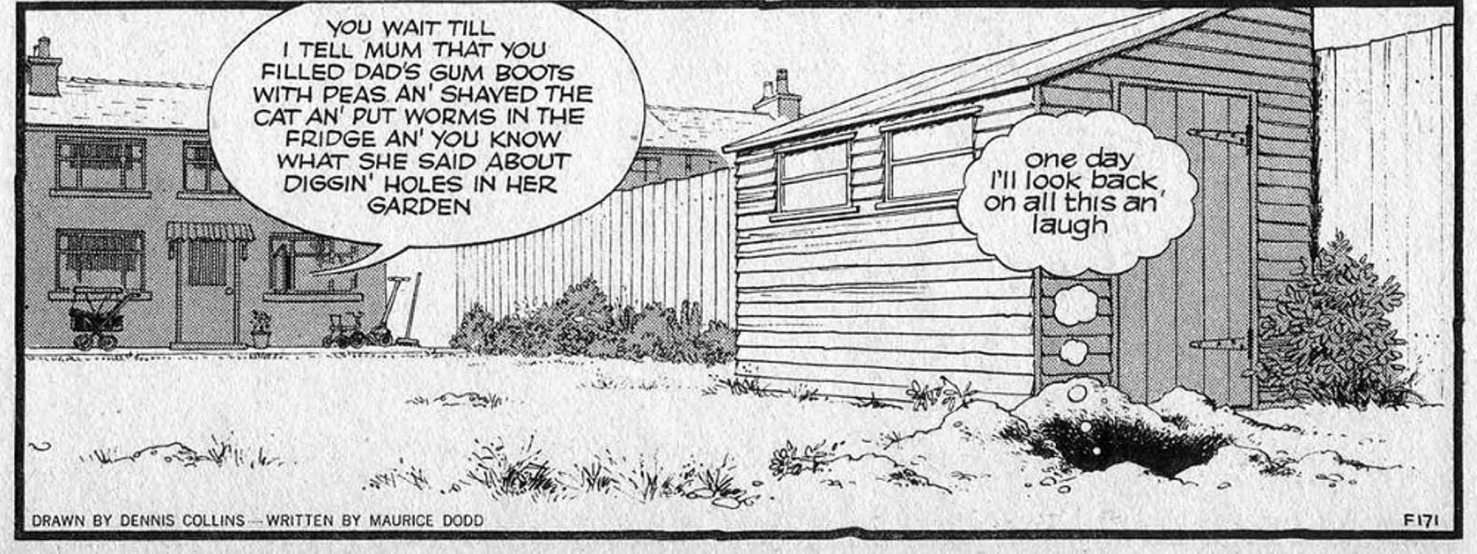
ALL SPORTS CARS SHOULD BE RED—IT'S ONLY RIGHT AN' PROPER, LIKE GRASS SHOULD BE GREEN AN' SKIES SHOULD BE BLUE...

RUBBISH
RUBBISH
RUBBISH



AN' IN **ONE** PARTICULAR INSTANCE— **EYES** SHOULD BE **BLACK**





YOU WAIT TILL
I TELL MUM THAT YOU
FILLED DAD'S GUM BOOTS
WITH PEAS AN' SHAVED THE
CAT AN' PUT WORMS IN THE
FRIDGE AN' YOU KNOW
WHAT SHE SAID ABOUT
DIGGIN' HOLES IN HER
GARDEN

one day
I'll look back,
on all this an'
laugh

A LITTLE
SOMETHIN'
FOR THE BIRD-
TABLE?

YEAH

AN' I'VE
GOT A FEW
CHOICE—
OH—
OH!



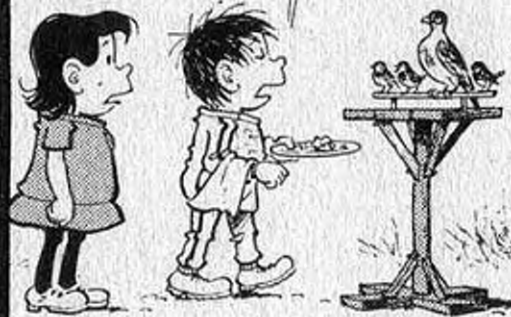
GO 'WAY
SHOO
SHOO!



GERROFF
SHOO
GERROFF!



I CAN'T HAVE
THESE TRIPPERS
UPSETTIN' MY
REGULARS



I'M IN DEAD TROUBLE WITH MY BUGGY—WOULD YOU TAKE A LOOK AT IT?

I'M SORRY—I'M UP TO MY EARS, I REALLY AM



WELL YOU COULD TAKE A LOOK AT IT, COULDN'T YOU? I MEAN—CRUMBS, TAKE A LOOK AT IT



MMM

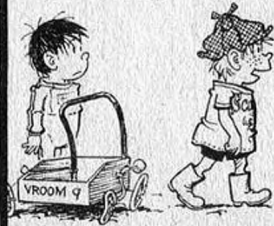
YES

OH DEAR!

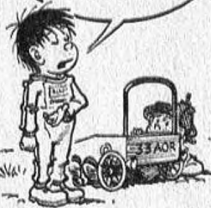
MMM



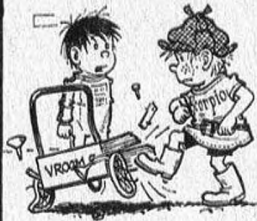
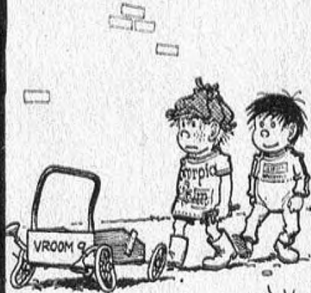
— I SEE WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST



THERE'S
A ROUGH-SPOT
AT 50 AN' A
FLAT-SPOT AT 70,
THE BLOWER WON'T
SLUCK AN' IT'S MAKIN'
A NOISE LIKE
'WHEEP-WHEEP-
WHEEP'



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



I'M
BEGINNIN' TO
THINK THAT YOU
DON'T LOVE
CARS



F174



ONWARDS
AND UPWARDS
FORGES THE
NOBLE DOG



INTO THE
HEART OF THE
STORM—THE
TEETH OF THE
GALE



HE RAISES
HIS NOBLE
HEAD IN
DEFIANCE

KABOOM



ON THE
OTHER HAND
THE NOBLE
DOG WAS
NEVER ONE
TO START
TROUBLE

YOU MIGHT
HELP A BLOKE

WHEN A BLOKE'S
BUGGY'S ACTIN' UP
YOU MIGHT
HELP



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS - WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

WE'LL
LOOK AT IT -
I *ASK* YOU - JUS'
LOOK AT
IT

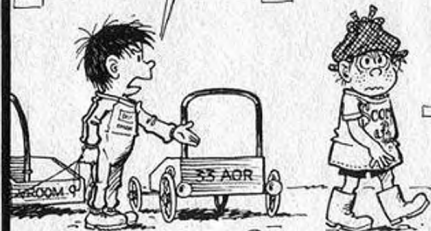


THERE'S *NOTHIN'*
MORE I CAN DO WITH
IT - ABSOLUTELY
NOTHIN'

I WASH MY
HANDS OF
IT



WHATEVER
HAPPENED TO
ALL THE *GREAT*
MECHANICS?

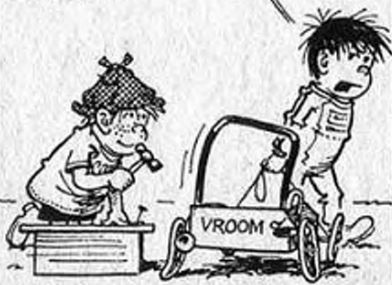


F176

ALL RIGHT THEN
ALL *RIGHT* THEN
—IF YOU WON'T
HELP ME FIX MY
BUGGY I'LL DO
IT *MYSELF*



ANYTHIN'
YOU CAN DO
I CAN DO
BETTER



OR
MAYBE
NOT





LOOK,
COULD YOU
BODGE IT UP
FOR ME
JUS' FOR THE
HOLIDAYS
AN'...

AAGH

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS - WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



I CAN'T STAND
IT I CAN'T **STAND**
IT I JUS' CAN'T **TAKE**
ANY **MORE** I SHALL
GO **MAD, MAD**
I TELL YOU

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS - WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



MAD
MAD MAD
MAD MAD
MAD MAD MAD
MAD

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS - WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



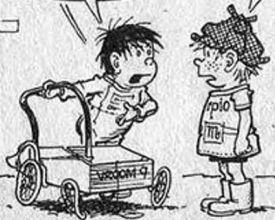
WELL,
WHAT D'YOU
SAY?

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS - WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

WELL YOU COULD DO *SOMETHIN'* WITH IT, COULDN'T YOU, I MEAN, CRUMBS, YOU COULD DO *SOMETHIN'*

I NEED IT FOR THE HOLIDAYS

OH, VERY WELL THEN (SIGH)



LEAVE IT WITH ME



HMM

OH DEAR



OH WELL...



IS IT READY YET?



OH, IT'S
NO USE—IT'S
NO USE

I CAN'T
DO ANYTHING
WITH THIS ROTTEN
THING

LOOK—IT'S
A *CHALLENGE*—
WHY DON'T YOU
LOOK ON IT AS A
CHALLENGE

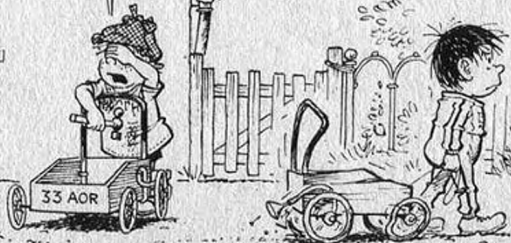
OH
I HAVE—
I *HAVE*

BUT IT
LOOKS RIGHT
BACK AT ME AS A
DISASTER

ALL RIGHT THEN
—WOT AM I GOIN' TO
DO WITH IT—YOU COULD
AT LEAST MAKE A
SUGGESTION,
CRUMBS, MAKE A
SUGGESTION



PUT A
MATCH TO IT—
THAT'S ALL I CAN
SUGGEST, PUT
A MATCH
TO IT



IT
DIDN'T
WORK



of course
you're too
young, new baby,
you won't have
to face it
yet



... sleeping
rough



long, long
marches across
the burning
sand



raging
thirsts,
stings, bites,
blisters



it's
what's
known as a
'holiday'







AHEM

IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT SINCE THE RECENT UNFORTUNATE LOSS OF YOUR BUGGY YOU MIGHT BE NEEDING ANOTHER VEHICLE

NOW I HAVE HERE...

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS - WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



JUSTA MINNIT, YOU RATBAG

YOU TOLD MY MARLON TO BURN HIS BOOBY AN' NOW YOU'RE TRYIN' TO SELL HIM ANOTHER

BUGGY, MAISIE, THEY'RE CALLED BUGGIES

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS - WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



YOU THINK THAT MY MARLON IS SOFT AN' SILLY AN' GORMLESS AN' STUPID - DON'T YOU? TELL THE TRUTH, DON'T YOU?

WELL - SINCE YOU ASK, YES


DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS - WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



'ERE


ARE YOU TRYIN' TO CAUSE TROUBLE BETWEEN ME AN' MY FRIEND?

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS - WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



ARE YOU GOIN' TO THE RHUBARB THRASHIN' FINALS AT ST. MORIBUND'S THIS YEAR?

A black and white comic strip panel showing three children walking. A girl on the left asks a boy on the right about the rhubarb thrashing finals. A girl in the middle is also present.




I DON'T KNOW— THERE'S AN UGLY RUMOUR GOIN' ABOUT

A black and white comic strip panel showing the same three children. The girl in the middle responds to the boy's question, mentioning an ugly rumor.



THAT THE ANTI-RHUBARB CRUELTY LEAGUE

A black and white comic strip panel showing the children walking. The girl in the middle continues her story about the Anti-Rhubarb Cruelty League.



ARE GOIN' TO NOBBLE THE CANES

A black and white comic strip panel showing the boy on the left looking shocked and worried as he hears the rumor. In the background, the other two children are walking away.

YOU'RE
BONKIN' INTO
THINGS AGAIN,
BOOT, IT'S TIME
I GAVE YOU A
TRIM

YIPE

HANG
ABOUT AN'
I'LL GET THE
TONSORIAL
TOOLERY

CRUMBS, THIS HAIR
OF YOURS GROWS
FASTER THAN THE
LAWN

I'VE CLIPPED *YARDS*
OFF AN' HAVEN'T COME
ACROSS AN EYEBALL
YET

IF YOU
DO I HOPE
I'LL BE THE
FIRST TO
KNOW

THERE
— THAT'S
BETTER

WELL,
AT *LEAST*
YOU CAN SEE
WHERE YOU'RE
GOIN'



MIND YOU —
I *MIGHT* HAVE
OVERDONE IT

JUST A
TEENSY
BIT



IN FACT
YOU LOOK A BIT
LIKE THE THREE
BARES



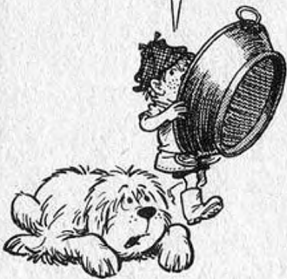
BARE LEFT

BARE RIGHT

AN' BARE BEHIND



WELL,
NOW THAT
I'VE GIVEN YOU A
TRIM—I MIGHT AS
WELL GIVE YOU
A *BATH*



OH COME ON—
COME ON, BOOT,
DON'T BE SUCH A
BABY

ALL
YOU'VE GOT
TO DO IS
SIT IN THE
BATH



DON'T BE A
GREAT BIG
BABY

HE'S
RIGHT—
HE'S *RIGHT*—
I *MUSTN'T* BE
A *BABY*

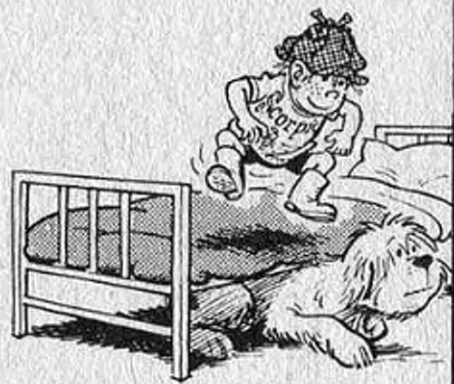


NOW
I'LL JUS' GO
AN' GET THE
WATER

GA
GA
GA
GA
GA







DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS — WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



F190



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS — WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



I WANT
YOU IN THIS
BATH BEFORE
WE GO ON
HOLIDAY



YOU'RE
NOT GOIN'
TO SHARE A
TENT WITH *US*
THE WAY *YOU*
ARE



WHICH
IS LIKE A
TATTY OLE
REDUNDANT
RATS'
NEST

AND
NOW YOU'RE
GOING TO
RUIN
THE *WHOLE*
EFFECT





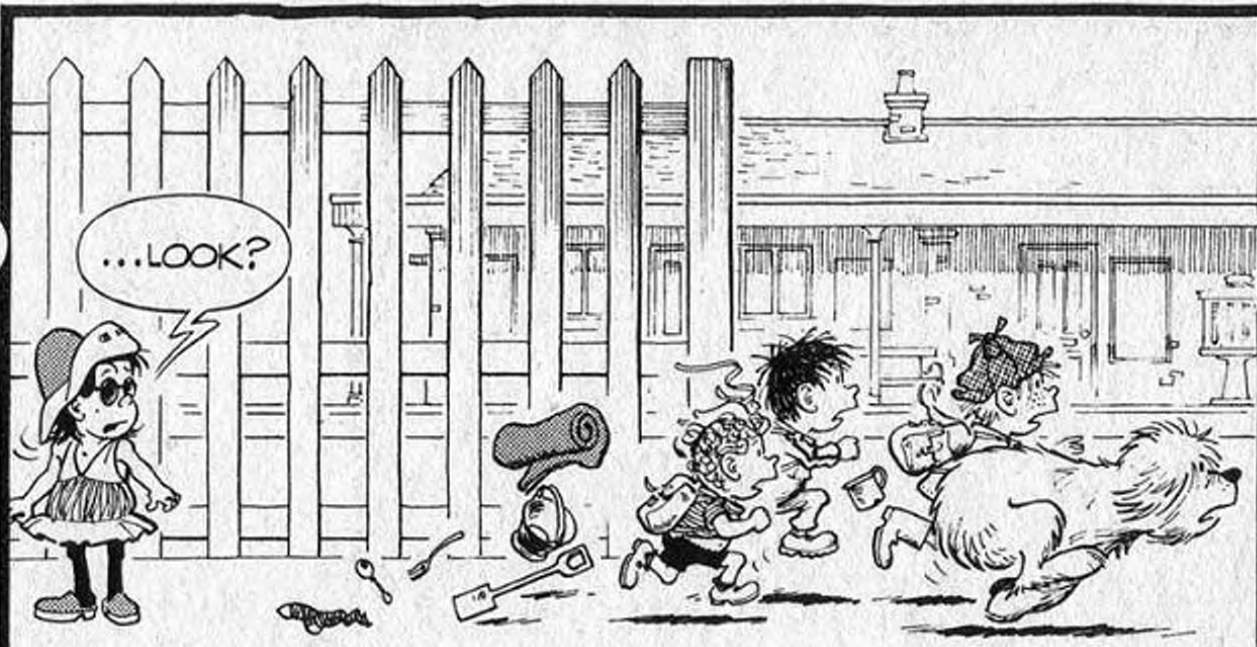
DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS - WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



F193



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS — WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



F194

WAIT, YOU
RATBAGS,
WAIT

YOU
DIDN'T TELL
ME WHAT YOU
THOUGHT OF
MY NEW
GEAR

WELL ALL I
CAN SAY, MAISIE,
IS WOT WITH THE
WEATHER WE'VE
BEEN HAVIN'—IF
YOU GO AROUN' LIKE
THAT YOU'RE
LIKELY TO CATCH
YOUR DEATH

WHY,
MARLON,
HOW NICE OF
YOU TO WORRY
ABOUT
ME

WORRY?
IT'S MORE A
QUESTION OF
HOPE



YEAR
AFTER YEAR
IT'S THE SAME
AN' I'M *FED*
UP WITH
IT



SHARIN' A
TENT WITH THREE
SCRUFFY BOYS AN'
A GROTTY OLE
DOG

A GIRL SHOULD
HAVE A PLACE OF HER
OWN — A GIRL SHOULD
HAVE *SEPARATE*
ACCOMMODATION



THIS
WASN'T WHAT
I HAD IN
MIND?



I GET FED UP IN
THE COUNTRY, THERE'S
NOTHIN' TO DO IN THE
COUNTRY

NOTHIN' TO DO?
THERE'S SUNSHINE AN'
GREEN FIELDS AN' BIRDS
AN' BUTTERFLIES...



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS — WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

AN' YOU
CAN WATCH
THE FLOWERS
GROW



DOES IT
TAKE VERY
LONG?



F198

does God
ever have
a holiday,
Maisie?

OH,
WELL... I
DON'T *THINK*
GO, BABY
GRUMPLIN'



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

well
I think he
should

after
all...



I *am*
old enough
to take care
of myself
now



F199

IT'S TIME I
TOOK MY ANNUAL
QUIZ INTO THE
ROCK-POOL

I WONDER
IF THOSE OLD
CRABS ARE STILL
THERE

...AND
EACH YEAR
ABOUT THIS
TIME, BROTHERS,
THERE APPEAR
THE *EYEBALLS*
IN THE
SKY

THE
WHAT-
BALLS?

EYEBALLS,
EYEBALLS

SAY
AGAIN?

EYEBALLS—
THE EYEBALLS
IN THE SKY

OH IT'S
NO USE

I SHALL
HAVE TO GET
THIS DAM'
DEAF AID
FIXED

I KEEP
THINKING YOU'RE
SAYING 'EYEBALLS
IN THE SKY'

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS — WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

FZOO



THEY'RE
HERE — THEY'RE
**HERE — THE
EYEBALLS IN
THE
SKY**

**MUST
GET THIS
DEAF-AID
FIXED**

I COULD
SWEAR HE
KEEPS SAYING
'EYEBALLS'



I COULD
DO A BIT OF
SWEARING
MYSELF

**I AM SAYING
EYEBALLS**

COME
BACK
COME
BACK

MUMBLE
MUMBLE



LOOK UP
LOOK UP,
YOU DEAF OLD
CRAB

WHAT
UP? —
UNHAND
ME, YOU
RUFFIAN



AWK

TAKE
THAT AND
THAT — IT'S
TIME WE HAD
SOME **CLAW
AND ORDER**
ON THE
STREETS



THEY'RE
HERE, BROTHERS
- THE EYEBALLS
- THE EYEBALLS IN
THE SKY

FOLLOW
ME, FOLLOW
ME

RHUBARB
RHUBARB

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



SLURP

DID
HE SAY
HIGH-
BALLS?

WHERE?
WHERE?

HIGH-
BALLS?

GASP

LOOK UP,
BROTHERS,
LOOK UP

I'D
LOVE A
BABY-
CHAM



WHERE'S
THIS
BOOZE?

STOP
SHOVIN'

LOOK UP,
BROTHERS,
LOOK
UP!

NO,
WAIT

LOOK OUT,
BROTHERS,
LOOK OUT!

AIEE

EKK

AWK



OH WELL,
BOTTOMS UP,
BROTHERS,
BOTTOMS
UP

THERE'S
A LOT OF
FLURRY AND
SCURRY
GOING ON
DOWN THERE
— I WONDER
WHAT THEY'RE
UP TO?



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS - WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

BEHOLD,
BROTHERS —
THEY'RE HERE
— THEY'RE HERE
— THE EYEBALLS
IN THE SKY!

GET
OFF THAT
PODIUM, YOU
PUDDLED POLTROON
— SCIENCE IS ABOUT
TO PROVE THAT THE
EYEBALLS IN THE
SKY DO NOT
EXIST



DO NOT
MEDDLE WITH
THE METAPHYSICAL,
YOU MYOPIC MORON,
YOU WILL REND THE
FABRIC OF THE
POOLIVERSE



STAND
ASIDE, YOU
CREDULOUS
CRACKPOT — WE ARE
GOING TO LAUNCH
A SPACE
CRABSULE

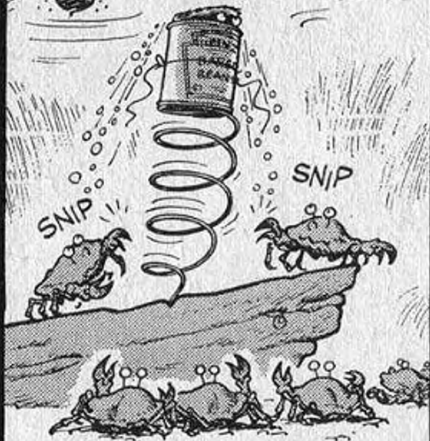
AWK



F203

FRIENDS, AS I
CUT THE LAUNCHING
STRING OF THE SPACE
CRABSULE (HEINZ I) I AM
AWARE THAT CRABKIND
STANDS ON THE THRESHOLD
OF THE DAWN OF THE
BEGINNING OF A GLORIOUS
NEW SCIENTIFIC
ERA

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS -- WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



GOINGG OINGG

OR
POSSIBLY
NOT

F 204

AND NOW SCIENCE
WILL PROVE THAT
THERE'S A RATIONAL
EXPLANATION FOR THE
EYEBALLS IN THE SKY BY
SENDING UP THIS RATIONAL
TIN—I MEAN—
CRABSULE,
(HEINZ II)

ARE
YOU READY
CORPORAL?

YES,
SIR

WAIT,
WAIT, YOU
CAN'T SEND
THAT BRAVE
BOY OUT
THERE

THERE'S
NOTHING
TO SUPPORT
LIFE OUT
THERE—
NOTHING BUT
EMPTY AIR

'ERE!
JUST
A MINUTE

YOU DIDN'T
TELL ME THERE
WAS NOthin' UP
THERE BUT
EMPTY AIR

ER,
WELL,
IT WAS
GOING TO
BE A LITTLE
SURPRISE
KNOWN IN
SCIENTIFIC
CIRCLES AS A
CALCULATED
RISK

WELL, 'ERE'S A
LITTLE SURPRISE
FOR YOU—IT'S KNOWN
IN THE TRADE AS A
CLAW IN THE
CAKEHOLE

CRUNCH
THIS
IS MUTINY—
THIS IS
REVOLUTION

BOO

SHAME

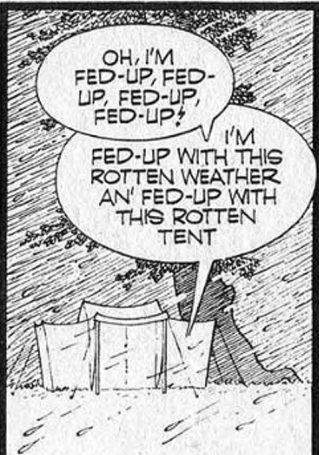
SHUTTUP

IT'S
REVOLUTION

UP
YOURS

UP THE
REVOLUTION

CRUNCH
SNAP
AWK
THUD
EEK
I WONDER
WHY THEY
GET IN SUCH
A TIZZ—
THERE'S
PROBABLY A
RATIONAL
EXPLANATION
FOR IT
ALL



OH, I'M
FED-UP, FED-
UP, FED-UP,
FED-UP!

I'M
FED-UP WITH THIS
ROTTEN WEATHER
AN' FED-UP WITH
THIS ROTTEN
TENT

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



THERE'S
NOTHIN'
WORSE THAN
A WET TENT



OKAY—
OKAY—SO
THERE IS
SOMETHIN' WORSE
THAN A WET
TENT



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS - WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



F207





C'MON,
BOOT, HERE
WE GO, BOY,
HEY HEY
HEY!

ARF
ARF

DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD



COME ON,
BOOT—YOU'RE
NOT AFRAID OF
A LITTLE
WATER, ARE
YOU?



NO
IT'S THE
THOUSANDS-OF-
UNCONTROLLED-
GALLONS KIND
THAT WORRIES
ME

F209



FIRST
DAY BACK
AT SCHOOL,
BOOT



WHAT
CAN I SAY—
WHAT ON
EARTH CAN
I SAY



YUK!



THAT'S
WHAT I CAN
SAY

It was
unbelievable,
new baby,
absolutely
unbelievable

gog



I got a
bag of crisps,
an ice-lolly, a
paddle, an' I dug
a hole in the
sand

blub



how they
managed to
pack so much
action into a two-
week holiday I'll
never know

berk





LOOK HERE
B.H. (CALCUTTA)
Failed - IT'S
RIDICULOUS THAT
I SHOULD HAVE
TO GO ABOUT
SNIFFING ON YOUR
BEHALF

I MEAN -
YOU'VE GOT
THE BASIC
EQUIPMENT,
HAVEN'T
YOU?

I HAVE?

DEY-VIL
TAKE IT, FELLOW,
WHAT'S THAT BIG
BLACK SHINY THING
ON THE END OF
YOUR FACE?

THERE
IS *NO* CAUSE
FOR *HYSTERIA* -
I WAS REFERRING
TO YOUR
NOSE

YIPE

BY THE LORD HARRY
— A BLOODHOUND WHO
CAN'T SMELL IS A
NONSENSE

I'M GOING TO
GIVE YOU SOME
RE-TRAINING



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY,
LOOK *VERY* CLOSELY,
AT THE POINTED END OF
YOUR FACE YOU'LL
OBSERVE A BLACK,
QUIVERING
OBJECT

THAT
IS YOUR
NOSE



IT IS USED FOR
SNUFFLING, SNIFFING,
TRACING, TRACKING
AND POKING INTO
WHERE IT
DOESN'T
BELONG

ANY
QUESTIONS
SO FAR?



HOW
DO I GET
MY EYEBALLS
APART
AGAIN?



F214

OWING TO YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS
ABOUT WATCHING
MY NOSE,
MY EYES ARE
LOCKED IN THIS
PECULIAR
POSITION

I THINK
THIS CALLS
FOR A LITTLE
GALVANIC
THERAPY—
HANG ABOUT



YI IPE



HOW'S
THAT, MY DEAR
FELLOW?

THANKS
FOR YOUR
HELP



HOLD HARD, CULLY,
HOLD HARD

I HADN'T
FINISHED THE
TREATMENT



THOSE CROSSED
EYES, RIGID EARS AND
CORRUGATED
TAIL HAVE
ALL BEEN
INDUCED BY
SHOCK

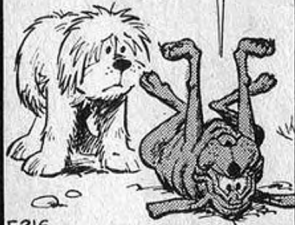
I SHALL
NOW **UN**DUCE
THEM BY A
COUNTER
SHOCK



IT'S
THE LATEST
FORM OF
THERAPY



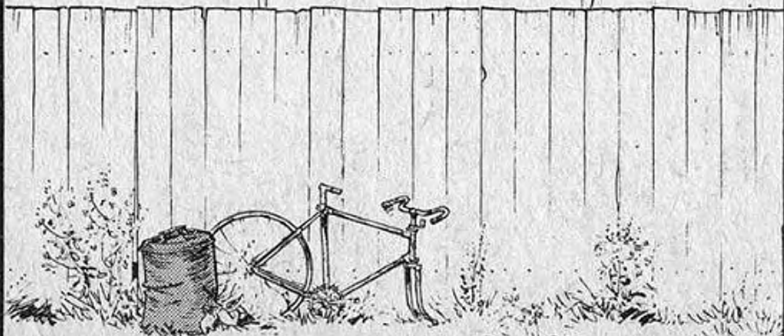
IS
THERE
MUCH OF IT
ABOUT ?



THANKS TO YOU,
BOOT OLD CHAPS, I'VE
GOT PERMANENTLY
CROSSED EYES, RIGID EARS
AND A CORRUGATED
TAIL

I HOPE YOU'RE NOT
COMPLAINING

AFTER ALL,
I **AM** GIVING YOU FREE
TREATMENT FOR YOUR FAULTY
SENSE OF SMELL



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

YES,
BUT WHEN
I **STARTED**
I WAS ABLE TO
WALK TO THE
SURGERY



F217

I DON'T WANT TO SEEM UNGRATEFUL, OLD CHAPS, BUT SQUINT EYES, RIGID EARS, CORRUGATED TAIL AND A PERMANENT RECUMBENT POSITION SEEMS A HIGH PRICE TO PAY FOR YOUR HELPING TO LOCATE MY NOSE

DON'T TAKE ON SO, FELLOW, PUT THIS FUNNEL IN YOUR MOUTH

I AM ABOUT TO ADMINISTER A POTION

'T WAS CULLED BY A GIPSY CRONE FOR MY UNCLE BORIS - BARON BORIS AS WAS

HE SWORE BY IT



I FIND IT
DIFFICULT TO
BELIEVE THAT
YOU CAN'T SMELL,
B.H. (CALCUTTA)
Failed, I'D LIKE
TO CONDUCT
A SIMPLE
TEST



DRAWN BY DENNIS COLLINS—WRITTEN BY MAURICE DODD

I'VE PLACED A
NUMBER OF OBJECTS
ON THE GROUND—I WANT
YOU TO CLOSE YOUR EYES
AND TRY TO IDENTIFY
THEM BY
SNIFFING

SNOFFLE
SNOFFLE
SNOFFLE



RIGHT!
THAT'S
MARVELLOUS—
YOU SEE? NOW
HOW DID YOU
IDENTIFY
IT?

WELL, ONE
OF THEM IS A
CHAMPAGNE
CORK



IT GOT
RAMMED UP
MY NOSE



F219



WHAT
WE NEED IS
SOMETHING
FOR YOU TO
FOLLOW



SOMETHING
WITH A GOOD
STRONG
SMELL



'ERE -
WOT'S YOUR
GAME?

NOW WHAT I HAVE
HERE IS AN EX-HERRING,
A SUPERANNATED
KIPPER WHICH CAN
BE SMELLED A
MILE AWAY

I'M
GOING TO DRAG
IT ALONG ON THIS
PIECE OF STRING AND
YOU CAN FOLLOW
IT



COULD
YOU BRING
IT A BIT
CLOSER?

OH...
VERY
WELL

HOW'S
THIS?



CLOSER
CLOSER



HOW'M I
DOING?

THE MIND
BOGGLES



CUT IT
OUT, BABY
GRUMPLIN'

WE
ARE NOT
CRASHIN'
OUT OR
MAKIN' A
BREAK

YEAH

AN'
WHAT'S
MORE WE'VE
JUS' SIMPLY
BEEN TO
SCHOOL

WE
HAVE NOT
BEEN DOIN'
PORRIDGE