

The Perishers

OMNIBUS N° 2



240 PAGES CONTAINING STRIPS LOVINGLY
RESTORED FROM BOOKS 5 TO 8

Another
collectors'
gem from the
DAILY MIRROR
60p

...AN' TWIN EXHAUSTS,
A WHEEL AT EACH CORNER,
AN' I'LL EVEN THROW IN
A GO-FASTER
G.T. STICKER

VROOM
VROOM

AHA!

I'M REPOSSESSIN'
THIS MARLON ON
ACCOUNT OF YOU ARE
USIN' HIM FOR THE
PURPOSE OF PLYIN' A
TRADE, WHICH WAS
NOT ALLOWED IN
THE CONTRAC'

NO YOU
DON'T

HE'S
WHAT WE IN
THE TRADE CALL A
CAPTIVE AUDIENCE
AN' THAT'S THE WAY
HE'S GOIN' TO
STAY

HE'S
MINE, HE'S
MINE — I SAW
HIM FIRST
AN' I GIFT-
WRAPPED
HIM

LOOK,
MAISIE, I'LL
MAKE YOU AN
OFFER





IT'S NO USE
YOU SITTIN' AN'
STARIN' AT THAT
LARDER DOOR—IT
WON'T OPEN BY
ITSELF

LARDER



?

LARDER



HE'S
RIGHT, YOU
KNOW

MAYBE
THAT'S
WHY MEN RULE
THE WORLD
INSTEAD OF
DOGS

LARDER



THEY
JUST SEEM
TO *KNOW*
ABOUT THESE
SORT OF
THINGS



now if I concentrate really *hard*

I'll rise slowly off the ground

DON'T YOU DARE

D'YOU WANT TO WRECK THE WHOLE NATIONAL ECONOMY?

IF EVERYBODY WAS TO START LEVITATIN' THEY'D ALL GO *BROKE*

WHAT ABOUT THE BOOT AN' SHOE INDUSTRY?

THERE'D BE STRIKES, RIOTS, CIVIL WAR, EVEN

AN' APART FROM ALL THAT I HAPPEN TO KNOW IT *CAN'T BE DONE*

AN' NO ROTTEN LITTLE KID'S GOIN' TO MAKE A LIAR OUT OF *ME*





shoo-shoo-go
'way, doggies

ASSUREDLY,
OLD CHAPS,
YOUR DIAGNOSIS
ARE CORRECT
- A SEVERE
OUTBREAK OF
VENTRILOQUIST'S
FEET

you'll
ruin mi
concentra-
tion

NOW
see what
you've done,
you've ruined
mi levitation

WHAT ARE
THE DOGS'
MANUAL
ADVISING
IN CASES
LIKE THIS?

HMM-IT WOULD BE
CLASSIFIED UNDER
'EXTRAORDINARY
PHENOMENA'

WHICH SHOULD
BE APPROACHED
OBJECTIVELY, KEEP-
ING A COMPLETELY
OPEN MIND, AVOIDING
ALL PRECONCEIVED
THEORIES

BUT
BEST OF
ALL...

... PRETEND IT
HASN'T HAPPENED

IT'S
THE ONLY
WAY



YOUNG WELLINGTON SHALL *NOT* WANT FOR SUSTENANCE—THE NOBLE DOG HAS SWORN IT



DOG AND SAUSAGES FORGE AHEAD TOGETHER ON THEIR MISSION OF MERCY



PAUSING ONLY FOR A LITTLE LIGHT LUNCH




IF YOU THINK THAT TWO ROTTEN OLE SAUSAGES ARE GOIN' TO MAKE UP FOR WHAT YOU DID...



TWO?

DAM' SAUSAGES DON'T HAVE ANY *STAYING POWER* THESE DAYS





OH, THIS IS
HOPELESS, BOOT,
HOPELESS

I'M MAKIN'
NO HEADWAY
AT **ALL**




LET'S
FACE IT (*SIGH*)
I'M GOIN' TO HAVE
TO GIVE YOU A
BATH




LOOK - IT'S
NO USE YOU
HIDIN' - IF I SAY
YOU'RE GOIN' TO
HAVE A BATH -
YOU'RE GOIN' TO
HAVE A BATH EVEN
IF I HAVE TO USE
FORCE

BY THE
LORD HARRY
- I'LL NOT
KNUCKLE
UNDER TO
THREATS




COME OUT, COME
OUT, WHEREVER YOU
ARE, YOU TATTY,
SMELLY, OLE
RATBAG

CUNNING
LITTLE DEVIL
- NOW IT'S
FLATTERY

A boy is walking towards a girl who is kneeling and working on a soapbox car. A dog is sitting in the car. The boy is looking at the girl with a concerned expression.

THE SPECIALLY-TUNED-PERFORMANCE EXHAUST SYSTEM HAS FALLEN OFF THE BACK OF MY HOT-ROD BUGGY

SIGH


The boy is talking to the girl. The dog is still in the soapbox car. The boy is looking at the girl with a questioning expression.

ARE YOU REFERRIN' TO THAT BIT OF RUBBER HOSE AN' WATERIN'-CAN TOP I NAILED TO THE BACK OF YOUR SOAP-BOX?


ER

YES

I S'POSE SO

The boy is walking away from the girl, looking back over his shoulder. The soapbox car is behind him.

IT'S JUST THAT I'D THOUGHT YOU'D FIX IT—I'D HAVE PAID YOU, OF COURSE

The boy is running away from the girl. The dog is running alongside him. The girl is looking after him with a determined expression.

FITTIN' AN' TUNIN' PERFORMANCE EXHAUST SYSTEMS TO HOT-ROD BUGGIES DONE WHILE YOU WAIT, SIR!

I UNDERSTAND
THAT YOU'RE TRYIN'
TO SELL MARLON
ANOTHER
BOOBY

BUGGY,
MAISIE,
THEY'RE CALLED
BUGGIES

YOU'RE ONLY
GETTIN' AWAY WITH
IT BECAUSE HE'S
STUPID AN' EASILY
TALKED INTO
THINGS

I DON'T
SEE HOW YOU
CAN TAKE SUCH
ADVANTAGE OF
A FRIEND

I'LL HAVE
YOU KNOW THAT I
REGARD MARLON AS
MORE THAN JUST
A *FRIEND*

I LOOK
UPON HIM AS MY
BREAD AN'
BUTTER



A HOLE!

ANOTHER
HOLE IN
TH' GARDEN!



BABY GRUMPLIN'—
YOU KNOW WOT MUM SAID
ABOUT DIGGIN' HOLES IN
TH' GARDEN—
BABY GRUMPLIN',
YOU COME OUT OF
THAT HOLE AT
ONCE!

*er, this
hole wasn't dug
by baby grumpling
— this hole was
dug by us
moles*



RIGHT— I'M GOIN'
STRAIGHT IN TO TELL
MUM

KERUMBS,
MAISIE, I DON'T
THINK YOU'RE
BEIN' *FAIR* TO
THAT KID



NOT BEIN'
FAIR— WOT'RE
YOU *TALKIN'*
ABOUT?

WELL
— *YOU*
HEARD WOT
THAT MOLE
SAID



MILORD BOOT
ADJUSTED HIS
SILKEN CRAVAT,
AND WITH A
DEVIL-MAY-CARE
SMILE...

THIS HAS
GOT TO
STOP

PROD!
PROD!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S GOT INTO
YOU, BUT YOU SEEM
TO BE GETTIN'
IDEAS ABOVE YOUR
STATION

PROD

WELL ALLOW *ME* TO
INFORM *YOU* THAT I'M
A *PEOPLE* AN' YOU'RE A
DOG AN' *PEOPLE*, TO
QUOTE A WELL-KNOWN
SAYIN', ARE
TOP-DOGS

PROD!
PROD!

TO QUOTE ANOTHER
WELL-KNOWN PHRASE
— I WOULDN'T COUNT
ON IT









AS THERE'S
NOTHIN' IN THE
LARDER, BOOT,
I'VE TAKEN UP
THE BRUSH AN'
PALETTE

'POTBOILIN'
WE CALL IT
IN THE
TRADE



IT MAY NOT BE
AS RESPECTABLE AS
FLOGGIN' USED CARS
BUT I'VE GOT TO DO
SOMETHIN'

AN' THERE'S
NOTHIN' WORSE
THAN SEEIN' A
CHILD BEGGIN'



ON
THE *OTHER*
HAND - DOGS ARE
NOTORIOUS
FOR IT!



MARLON,
ARE YOU GOIN'
TO BUY ME A
PRESENT FOR
MOTHER'S
DAY?

WHY?—
YOU'RE NOT
A MOTHER

I'M A *POTENTIAL*
MOTHER, AIN'T I?

THAT'S AS
MAY BE, MAISIE,
BUT RIGHT *NOW*
YOU'RE A SCRUFFY
LITTLE SCHOOL-
KID!

YOU RATBAG

RATBAG

SCRUFFY
YOURSELF, YOU
RATBAG

RATBAG

RATBAG

AN' YOU'RE
DIM AN' STUPID
AN'...AN'
SMELLY

HEY—*JUST*
A MINUTE

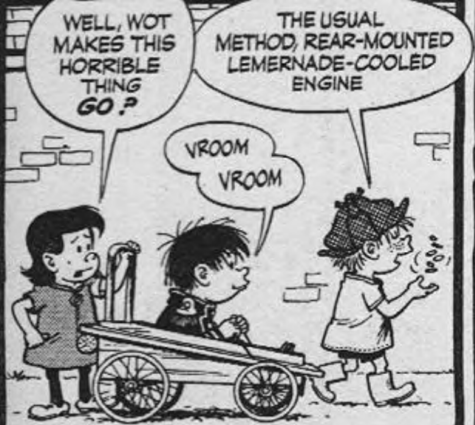
YOU
HAVEN'T
ANSWERED MY
QUESTION



this hole wasn't dug by baby grumplin'

this hole was dug by tiger ants hee-hee-hee

help, help - have us tiger ants offended you?



OH OH OH
OH OH OH

I AM SINGING
THE PRESCRIBED
SONG OF SORROW
FOR A LOST
BONE

WHAT-
EVER'S UP, OLD
FELLOW?

SNIFF HIGH AND LOW
THOUGH I MAY, THE
BONE CANNOT BE
LOCATED

I AM
LOSING THIS
BEAUTIFUL BONE
MANY DAYS
AGO.

HAVE YOU
CONSIDERED
SNIFFING UNDER
YOUR VERY OWN
SITAR?
(HUR-HUR)

GOODNESS
GRACIOUS!

MY GHAST
IS ABSOLUTELY
FLABBERED

WHO'D HAVE
THOUGHT THAT
A MERE BONE
COULD HAVE
POSSESSED SUCH
CUNNING





COME ON,
BOOT, COME
ON

I'LL BET
THIS 'SILENT'
DOG WHISTLE
DOESN'T
WORK

NOTHIN'
WORKS ANY
MORE

WHERE
WILL IT ALL
END?



GASP

GASP

TELL
ENGLAND
I DIED
TRYING!

YOO-HOO—
MARLON,
LOVER

DID YOU
SEND ME THAT
VALENTINE CARD WITH
THE CHEEKY
POEM IN
IT?

ER, NO,
MAISIE



OH? WELL DID
YOU SEND THAT
VALENTINE CARD WITH
THE PICTURE OF A
KITTEN AN' COVERED IN
GRAY SPOTS?

NO
MAISIE



WHAT? DO
YOU SEND
THAT VALENTINE CARD
WITHOUT A STAMP AN'
WITH A DISGUSTIN'
MESSAGE?

NO NO
MAISE



RATBAG RATBAG
YOU DON'T EVEN SEND
A VALENTINE CARD



HAIL,
COMRADE,
WHICH ARE THE
DATE FIXED FOR
WE DOGS TO BE
TAKING OVER
THE WORLD?



TAKING
OVER THE...OH,
THAT... DEY-VIL
TAKE IT, I'M VERY
MUCH AFRAID THAT
I SOLD OUT TO
THE HUMAN
RACE

SLURP SLURP



WHAT? SOLD
OUT? HAVE YOU NO
PRINCIPLES?
NO SCRUPLES?



'FRAID NOT, I HAD TO
SETTLE FOR A GREAT
BIG JUICY MARROWBONE
— YOU KNOW
HOW IT IS

CHEW
GRONFF BITE
SLURP
CHEW



ALAS, NO I
DON'T — AND BY
THE SOUND OF
THINGS IT DOESN'T
SEEM AS IF I'M
GOING TO





I'M SICK AN'
TIRED OF PUSHIN'
THIS ROTTEN THING,
SICK AN' TIRED,
I TELL YOU

VROOM
VROOM

WELL, THAT'S
THAT - THE END -
KAPUT - FINI - I'LL
NOT SHOVE THIS
BOOBY ANOTHER
INCH

BUGGY,
MAISIE - HOW
MANY TIMES
MUST I TELL
YOU - THEY'RE
CALLED
BUGGIES


VAROOM

I WAS **NOT**
REFERRIN'...

...TO THE
VEHICLE

VROOM
VROOM



A girl in a checkered hat and apron stands next to a small wooden crate with a teapot on top. Two boys are looking at the teapot. The girl is speaking.

HOW ABOUT THAT, THEN?

WOT IS IT?

The girl is speaking to the boys. The boy on the left is speaking. The boy on the right is speaking.

MY ENTRY—
FOR THE NEXT
SECTION OF THE
'D. OF E.'S
AWARD

I HAD TO
CHOOSE BETWEEN
GARDENIN' AN'
POTTERY

The girl is looking at the boys. The boy on the left is speaking. The boy on the right is speaking.

ER...

WHICH DID
YOU DECIDE
ON?

that old
king herod

I could
smash that
old king herod
for what he
did

I could get a
nuclear laser atomic
disintegrator ray and
smash that king herod
and his palace and
all his mob
and ...

IT'S *NO*
USE YOU GOIN'
ON LIKE THAT—
'VENGEANCE IS
MINE' SAITH
THE LORD

yeah?..

well...

ok...

I hope
he knows
what he's up
against



HERE Y'ARE, BOOT,
HERE'S YOUR —OH
KERUMBS

ARE YOU *STILL*
WEARIN' THAT SILLY
BARREL?

LOOK,
YOU'RE NOT GOIN'
TO GET ANY MORE
TO EAT UNTIL
YOU TAKE IT
OFF

SO IT'S ONE
THING OR THE
OTHER — MAKE UP
YOUR MIND

YOU
CAN'T HAVE
YOUR CAKE AN'
EAT IT

HOW VERY
TRUE



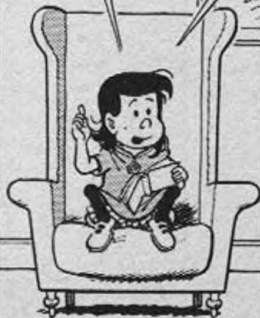
HICKORY DICKORY
DOCK
THE MOUSE RAN UP
THE CLOCK

THE CLOCK STRUCK
ONE
THE MOUSE RAN
DOWN

HICKORY
DICKORY
DOCK

hockery
dockery
dick

it all sounds
rather sick





IF I CAN'T
SELL A FEW
CARS, BOOT,
IT'LL BE A
THIN, LEAN
CHRISTMAS

THE FOUR
HORSEMEN OF
THE APOTHECARY
WILL BE BARKIN'
AT OUR
DOOR

MONEY'S
SO *TIGHT*—
THAT'S THE
TROUBLE

NONETHELESS, AT
THIS TIME THERE ARE
USUALLY A FEW CITIZENS
WHO ARE PREPARED TO
PURCHASE A GOOD QUALITY,
FIRST CLASS, CHECKED-OUT
AN' FULLY GUARANTEED
VEHICLE

IF ONLY
I COULD PERSUADE
THEM TO TAKE
MINE INSTEAD



HERE SITS THE NOBLE
DOG, FAITHFULLY GUARDING
HIS YOUNG MASTER, WHO IS
WITHIN, AND WON'T COME
WITHOUT AND IS ALTOGETHER
NOT HIMSELF TODAY

WHAT A
PITY, OLD
SPORTS,
I THOUGHT
YOU'D LIKE TO
COME OVER TO
MY PLACE



WHAT? DESERT MY
POST? LEAVE MY STATION?
NOT FLOOD NOR FIRE NOR
HEAVEN'S RAGE WILL MOVE
ME FROM THIS SPOT

I HAD
A COUPLE
OF SHINBONES
AND THE SCRAPS
FROM A MASONIC
DINNER...



NOW,
BRIBERY —
MIND YOU...



NOW'S THE
TIME TO BUY A
CAR, WE'RE OFFERIN'
EXTRA INDUCEMENTS
THIS MONTH

WOT
INDUCEMENTS?

WELL, HOW
ABOUT A FREE
KISS FROM GREAT
BIG LOVABOBBLE
OLE BOOT
HERE

YEUK!

YEUK?
WHAT D'YOU
MEAN,
YEUK?

WELL,
WHO WANTS
A HORRIBLE
WET DRIBBLY
NOSE STUCK
IN THEIR MUSH?

Y'RIGHT—
IT'S TOO MUCH
TO ASK

BUT BOOT WAS
PREPARED TO MAKE
SACRIFICES





HERE HE COMES, THEN

AFTER YET ANOTHER HARD DAY OF PROFFERIN' SUCCOUR TO POOR TRAVELLERS IN THE FROZEN WASTES

AN' MAY I SAY FRANKLY, THAT I DON'T THINK THERE'S MANY AS NEEDS THAT SORT OF THING THESE DAYS?

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, LADDIE



THERE'S NOT MANY AS ACTUALLY GETS IT

BURP

YOU **BUFFOON**
YOU, YOU **NINCOMPOOP**,
YOU **POLTROON**

'ERE
'ERE

WOT'S
ALL THIS
FOQN, POOP, AN'
TROON STUFF
THEN ?

WELL I **TOLE** HIM THAT
THE EARTH'S GOIN' TO
SPLIT UP ALL OVER INTO
GIANT CRACKS AN' ALL
HE'S WORRIED ABOUT IS
HIS **TROUSERS** FALLIN'
DOWN

WELL
I THINK
THAT MY
MARLON'S
SHOWIN'
RIGHT AN'
PROPER
THINKIN'

THERE'S **NO** NEED
TO GO AROUN' WITHOUT
YOUR TROUSERS ON JUS'
BECAUSE THE EARTH'S
CRACKIN' UP

THE MIND
BOGGLES





IT'S DEUCED
WORRYING,
THE NOTION THAT
ONE'S DINNER
COULD SUDDENLY
DROP DOWN A
CRACK IN THE
EARTH



THANK
HEAVEN
THAT FISSURES
DON'T APPEAR IN
TABLES

BOOT!
I'VE TOLE YOU
BEFORE
ABOUT JUMPIN'
ONTO THAT
TABLE

GRONFF



ONE OF
THESE DAYS
IT'LL JUST *FALL*
APART





THERE WAS AN
OLD WOMAN
WHO LIVED IN
A SHOE

SHE HAD SO MANY
CHILDREN
SHE DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO

after hearing that
story several times,
one cannot help but
note that no mention
is ever made of a
husband

Just what
kind of a place
was the old girl
running?



I THINK THAT
AT TIMES LIKE THIS,
COUPLES SHOULD BE
FRANK AN'
SINCERE WITH
EACH OTHER



EACH HAVE THEIR NEEDS
AN' THE HEART WILL NOT BE
DENIED, AFTER ALL WE LIVE
IN AN AGE OF EMACIATION,
WOMEN ARE NO LONGER
MERE CHATTELS TO BE
CONSTANTLY
DILATED TO



NO LONGER
CONTENT TO BE
RULED BY OUTMODED
CUSTOMS AN' SHIBBO...
ER...SHIBBO...ER-
THINGS



WOT *ARE*
YOU *TALKIN'*
ABOUT?



GIVE US
A KISS

YEUK





NOW *THOSE*,
BABY GRUMPLIN', ARE
BUTTERFLIES

SO CALLED
BECAUSE THEY
ARE ATTRACTED BY THE
SMELL OF BUTTER...

WELL,
GHAST MY
FLABBER

...AN' WILL
GO TO ALMOST
ANY LENGTH TO
OBTAIN...

WOT
HAPPENS
IF IT'S
MARGARINE?

IF IT'S MARGARINE?
OH, WELL, IF IT'S
MARGARINE...
THIS DIRTY GREAT BIRD
WITH LONG LEGS AN'
BEAK COMES DOWN
AN'...

RUN,
BOOT, RUN—
THIS COULD BE
CATCHIN'



KER-UMBS, BOOT,
THE GRASS SHOT UP
A BIT WHILST WE
WERE AWAY

WE'RE
GOIN' TO HAVE TO
GET STUCK INTO
THAT LOT AN' NO
MISTAKE

THE *MOWER*
MUST BE IN THERE
SOMEWHERE...

...IN THERE
SOMEWHERE

HUF

HUF

HUF

ER, I THINK THIS
JOB CALLS FOR
THE NOBLE
DOG...

... WHOSE
KEEN EYE AN'
UNERRIN' NOSE
WILL LEAD HIM TO
THE GOAL

SO
OFF YOU GO
THEN, MANKIND'S
EVER-READY
AN' FAITHFUL
FRIEND

OH, BY
THE WAY...

LET
ME KNOW IF
THERE'S ANYTHIN'
DANGEROUS
IN THERE

ARF
ARF

?



AND BOMBING AROUND THE BEND COMES BOOT, THE WONDER DOG RACERIST



AND HE'S GAINING ON NLVOLARI

NLVOLARI IS WORRIED

NLVOLARI IS LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER...



...NLVOLARI IS LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER...



...NLVOLARI IS LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER...



PUFF

PUFF

GASP

WHAT'S THE POINT OF IT ALL - THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW

HE NEEDN'T HAVE BOTHERED



AH, HERE'S A GENTLEMAN WHO LOOKS AS IF HE'S GOT A POINT OF VIEW

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAY SOMETHIN' INTO THE MICROPHONE, SIR?

ER

YES

ER

HULLO, MICROPHONE

HULLO, MICROPHONE?
HULLO, MICROPHONE?
THAT'S PRETTY STUPID, INNIT?

WELL, IT'S NO MORE STUPID THAN GOIN' ABOUT WITH A COCOA-TIN NAILED TO A PIECE OF WOOD, ASKIN' PEOPLE IF THEY'D LIKE TO SAY ANYTHIN' INTO THE MICROPHONE

33 AOR

33 AOR

'TIS ALL A MATTER
OF BREEDING, REALLY

IF YOU BREED
GENERATIONS OF
MANGSERVANTS
THEY'RE **BOUND**
TO HAVE **SOME** OF
THE RIGHT
INSTINCTS

TAKE YOUNG
WELLINGTON—HE
ALWAYS OPENS
THE DOOR FOR
ME

BUT
AFTER
THAT—
THINGS SEEM
TO GO TO
POT

HEY,
BOOT, STOP
PUSHIN'

OH, NO, YOU
DON'T

WILL
YOU STOP
PUSHIN'?

PEOPLE
BEFORE
DOGS, IF
YOU DON'T
MIND

HOWEVER,
COME WHAT MAY,
BREEDING **WILL**
OUT

SO, YOU THINK
YOU'VE GOT
THE UPPER
HAND?

NO, FELLOW,
THE UPPER
BOTTOM
(HUF HUF
HUF)

WE'LL LET *ME*
TELL *YOU*. IT
WON'T BE FOR
LONG —
YOU'RE
GOING TO
HAVE TO
SUBMIT
TO ME

SUBMIT?
BOW THE HEAD?
HAUL DOWN THE
FLAG? BY THE
LORD
HARRY!

LITTLE
DOES HE
KNOW WHO
HE'S DEALING
WITH

IT'S NEARLY
TEA-TIME AN' *I'M*
THE ONLY ONE WHO
CAN HANDLE A
TIN-OPENER

HE
KNOWS
DAM' WELL
WHO HE'S
DEALING
WITH

THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY OF EXPLOITIN' YOU— TO REPLACE ALL THE SAUSAGES YOU SCOFFED

WHAT'RE YOUR NATURAL RESOURCES? YOU CAN'T DO MUCH AN' *THAT'S* A FACT

YOU'RE BIG AN' HAIRY AN' VERY GOOD AT DISPOSIN' OF OTHER PEOPLE'S PROPERTY

I'VE GOT IT

WE'LL DRESS YOU IN A RED ROBE AN' HIRE YOU TO A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE FOR *CHRISTMAS*

IT'LL BE A *TWIST*

INSTEAD OF 'SANTA' YOU CAN BE '*DOGGIE CLAWS*'

BY THE LORD HARRY



I must admit —
there *are* times
when I question
the wisdom of a
recreational
period, boot

oh, I know that they
can't be kept under lock
an' key *all* day

at least
so I'm given to
understand

but I'm certainly
glad that *I'm* not
livin' in the
vicinity

because
one day, mark my
words, one of them
will *escape*





ALL RIGHT, THEN,
WHEN I PULL THAT SOCK
OUT OF YOUR MOUTH YOU'VE
GOT TO SAY THAT
YOU LOVE ME



AN' MIND YOU—
YOU'VE GOT TO SAY IT
AS IF YOU *MEAN*
IT!



YEUK



PLAY FAIR!



BY THE
LORD HARRY — THE
YOUNG MASTER
MUST HAVE
PASSED THIS
WAY



MY FRIEND,
SPEAK TO ME,
MY *DEAR* OLD
FRIEND

I SHALL HAVE
TO ADMINISTER
THE *KISS* OF
LIFE

ER, YES,
THE (GULP) *KISS*
OF LIFE



THE
KISS OF
LIFE?

GALLANTLY THE
NOBLE DOG DASHES
OFF TO SEEK
ASSISTANCE FOR
HIS FRIEND



ONE BRIGHT AND
SUNNY MORNING MILORD
BOOT MEASURED
HIS TREAD ALONG
THE HIGH TOBY
TO VISIT HIS
ESTATE AND

YIPE



BY THE LORD HARRY
SOME OF THE ESTATE
SEEMS TO BE
VISITING
ME

OUT
OUT



CRIPES,
THE
RESTAURANT'S
FALLIN' TO
BITE

I'LL HAVE
YOU KNOW,
MINE HOST, THAT
YOU ARE
SUFFERIN' FROM
*DILAPIDATED
FOUND-
ATIONS!*



I'LL HAVE
YOU KNOW,
FELLOW, THAT
MY *FIGURE*
IS MY *OWN*

AWK



NOW, WE MAY
BE FRIENDS AGAIN,
BOOT, BUT I WANT
TO SEE A **CHANGE**
IN YOUR
ATTITUDE



I WANT TO SEE
YOU MAKIN' YOURSELF
USEFUL AROUND
HERE

I WANT
YOU TO TURN
OVER A **NEW**
LEAF

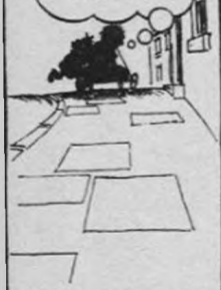


DUTIFULLY
THE NOBLE DOG
GOES OFF TO DO
HIS YOUNG MASTER'S
BIDDING

BUT
IT SURE
BEATS THE
HELL OUT OF
ME



AND NUVOLARI
LOOKS ANXIOUSLY
OVER HIS SHOULDER
AS BOOT, THE
WONDER DOG
RACERIST, COMES
THUNDERING UP
THE HILL



AND THE
DOG PILES ON
THE PRESSURE
AS THEY ZOOM
DOWN THE
HILL



AND AWAY
THEY GO
AGAIN—**UP**
THE HILL



DOWN
THE
HILL



UP
THE
HILL



DOWN THE
HILL

YOU
CAN SEE THAT
NUVOLARI THINKS
HE'S NOT GOING
TO MAKE IT, AND
BOOT, THE
WONDER DOG
RACERIST...



THINKS
HE'S
GOING TO
BE SICK







HEY, BOOT!

BOOT

WHERE
ARE YOU,
YOU GREAT
HAIRY IDIOT?

BY
THE LORD
HARRY

HOW *DARE* THAT
MENIAL ADDRESS
THE NOBILITY IN SUCH-
LIKE MANNER

I'D
CALL THE DOLT
OUT IF HE
WEREN'T A
MINOR

WELL I'LL TEACH
HIM HIS MANNERS,
SO I WILL

HE'LL
FEEL THE
BARBED HOOK
OF THE WIT THAT
WAS THE TOAST
OF LONDON

A
TONGUE
LASHING
- THAT'LL
GHAST HIS
FLABBER

WOOF
WOOF
ARF
WOOF



WHAT I HAVE
HERE IS A PROBLEM IN
COMMUNICATION

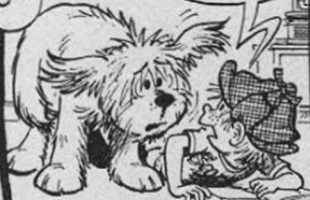
SOMEHOW I *MUST*
ACQUAINT YOUNG
WELLINGTON WITH THE
TRUE FACTS REGARDING
OUR PROPER
STATIONS
IN LIFE

I'LL USE THE
REVOLUTIONARY
TECHNIQUE OF THAT
CONTROVERSIAL
YOUNG DOCTOR
MESMER AND PUT
THE MAGNETIC
'FLUENCE ON
HIM

I AM AN
EIGHTEENTH CENT-
URY ARISTOCRAT
AND *YOU* ARE MY
MANSERVANT... I
AM AN EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY ARISTO-
CRAT AND *YOU*
ARE... I WONDER
IF I'M GETTING
THROUGH TO
HIM?

GET YOUR
HORRIBLE
SPONGY WET
NOSE OUT OF MY
AURAL CAVITY
YOU SCRUFFY
OLE RAT-
BAG

APPARENTLY
NOT









I'M FED UP
WITH PUSHIN' YOU
IN THIS BUGGY, IT'S
TIME YOU PUSHED
ME!

SO GET
BEHIND IT AN'
GET BEHIND
IT



GET
YOUR PAWS
UP AN'...

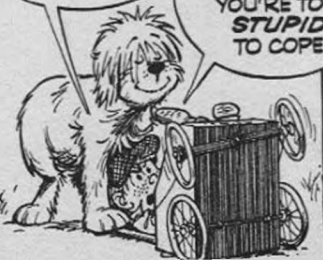
NO, NO,
NOT ON ME—
ON THE ROLL-
OVER BAR



OH,
KER-UMBS

YOU'RE
USELESS—
USELESS

YOU'VE
JUST PROVED
TO ME THAT
YOU'RE TOO
STUPID
TO COPE



I'D
HAVE BEEN
EVEN MORE
STUPID IF I'D
PROVED TO
YOU THAT
I COULD!



GRUB UP,
BOOT, SAUSAGES
FOR ME AN' DOGGO-
MEAT FOR—OH—
KER-UMBS



SUPPOSE
I SEIZED THE
OPPORTUNITY TO LIE
DOWN LIKE *THIS*
WHENEVER THE
CHANCE PRESENTED
ITSELF, WHAT WOULD
YOU DO?



I'D
SEIZE THE
OPPORTUNITY
TO GET *UP* LIKE
THIS



AND MAKE A
DASH FOR THE
DIRECTORS' DINING
ROOM



OF COURSE,
DOGS AND NOT
MEN SHOULD
RULE THE
WORLD



AFTER ALL,
WHAT QUALIFIES
MANKIND FOR SUCH
LEADERSHIP?

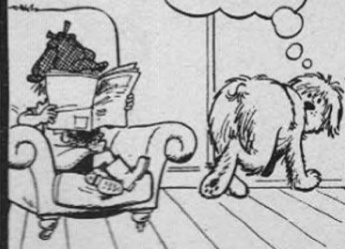
A
ROTATABLE
FOREARM, AN
OPPOSABLE
THUMB



HEY, BOOT,
STOP TRYIN' TO
TAKE THE PLACE
OVER, GET OUT OF
MY CHAIR.



AND A
POSITIVELY
FIENDISH
SIXTH SENSE WHICH
LAYS BARE ONE'S
INNERMOST
THOUGHTS



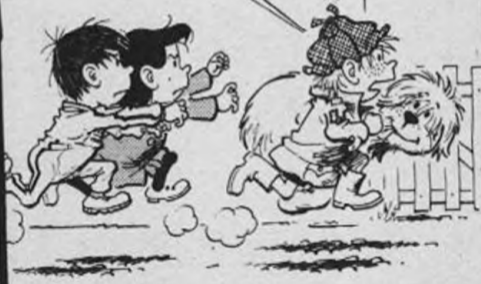
LOOK,
WELLIN'TON,
WE KNOW IT'S
YOUR BIRTHDAY
TOMORROW

AN' WE'RE
VERY HAPPY
FOR YOU - BUT
THE ONLY THING
IS, WE'VE GOT NO
PRESENTS
'COS WE'VE
GOT NO
MONEY

WELL
AT LEAST - I
KNOW I'VE GOT
FRIENDS

AN' I THINK
THAT FRIENDS
CAN BE WORTH
A **GREAT
DEAL**

AN' I'D
READILY SWOP YOU
TWO FOR SOME THAT
WERE



HEY,
WELLIN'TON -
Y'COMIN'...
KER-LIMBS, HE'S
AT THAT OLE
RADIO AGAIN

POO - ON *THAT*
OLE THING THE
TOP O' THE POPS IS
'SWANEE RIVER' WITH
THE CHARLESTON
COMIN' UP
FAST

YEAH,
BY THE
WAY - HOW
IS QUEEN
BOADICEA?

ROMANS - ONE,
ANCIENT BRITONS
- TWO

TEE HEE

TEE
HEE

TEE
HEE HEE
HEE

SHUT-UP, YOU
TWO, I'M TRYIN' TO
CONCENTRATE

SOMETHIN'S
HAPPENED
TO THE
TITANIC



OH
IT'S ALL VERY
WELL FOR YOUNG
WELLINGTON TO
SAY THAT I'M
USELESS

LITTLE
DOES HE KNOW
OF HOW THE NOBLE
DOG FACES THE
WATCHES OF
THE NIGHT

OF HOW THE
STERN DOG TREADS
THE MEASURED
PATH OF
DUTY

OF
HOW THE
UNFLINCHING
DOG FACES THE
LONELINESS AND
THE COLD

THE
APPALLING
DANGER

THE
HIDDEN
MENACE THAT
LURKETH IN THE
GLOOM

THE
WISE DOG
RE-GROUPS
AND *REVIEWS*
THE *ENTIRE*
STRATEGY







I'M NOT
AS STUPID
AS YOU
THINK



I MAY
NOT BE
BRILLIANT

BUT I
KNOW HOW
MANY BEANS
MAKE FIVE




ALL
RIGHT
THEN—HOW
MANY?

ER

LIM

ER



COULD
I HAVE A
PENCIL AN'
PAPER?



I'M NOT AS STUPID AS YOU THINK



I MAY NOT BE BRILLIANT

BUT I KNOW HOW MANY BEANS MAKE FIVE




ALL RIGHT THEN - HOW MANY?

ER

LIM

ER



COULD I HAVE A PENCIL AN' PAPER?

IT DOESN'T TAKE
A VERY ASTUTE
OBSERVER TO NOTE
THAT AMONG THE
RANKS OF THE MOST
NOTED BRAIN SURGEONS,
AND INDEED AMONG
THE MEDICAL
PROFESSION AS A
WHOLE...



THERE ARE
NO DOGS

AND
IT CAN'T BE
BECAUSE WE
LACK THE
INTELLIGENCE,
THE WIT, OR THE
BREEDING



NO BY THE
LORD HARRY—
I'LL TELL ME
WHAT WE
LACK

AN
OPPOSABLE
THUMB—



WE CAN GRASP
THE *POINT* BUT
NOT (*HUF HUF*) THE
KNIFE

AND
SO FATE
DENIES US THE
DEDICATED PATH
TO GLORY




WHICH IS
JUST AS WELL
BECAUSE IT'S
EXTREMELY
TIRING





When you grow up you'll be able to have ice-cream like me



but not *mi* ice-cream— you'll have to get your *OWN*


it's a bit *worryin'* really


I *mean*, there must be a *limit* to the world's resources of ice-cream...

an' what with *hundreds* of you lot arriving every day...

MUM!

Will you impress upon this rotten kid that *I was here first!*





WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE THE VOTE—LIKE THE OTHER CITIZENS?

IT DEPENDS, OLD CHAPS, ARE IT VERY EXPENSIVE?

BY THE LORD HARRY—YES, IN EXCHANGE FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF THE VOTE THEY HAVE TO PAY TAXES

AS IN CARPET TACKSES?

NO, NO—*MONEY* TAXES—THERE'S *INCOME* TAX, PURCHASE TAX, EMPLOYMENT TAX, ROAD FUND TAX, A TAX ON BEER, WINES, SPIRITS, TOBACCO—OH THE LIST IS LONG INDEED

IT ARE *VERY* COSTLY—WHAT DO THEY GET IN RETURN?

WELL, AS FAR AS I CAN ASCERTAIN, ONCE EVERY FOUR YEARS, THEY ARE ALLOWED TO PUT AN X ON A PIECE OF PAPER AND PLACE IT IN A BOX

OH, COME NOW, OLD CHAPS, THERE MUST BE MORE TO IT THAN THAT

YES—I SUPPOSE THERE *MUST* BE

AS SOMEBODY ONCE SAID—'YOU CAN'T FOOL *ALL* OF THE PEOPLE *ALL* OF THE TIME'

BY JOVES I SHOULD THINK NOT

MIRROR,
MIRROR,
ON THE WALL
WHO IS THE
FAIREST OF
THEM ALL?



WELL?



ANSWER
UP

SAY
SOMETHIN',
YOU STUPID
MIRROR



they
just don't
make mirrors
like they
used to



WELL —
HEY THERE,
HOW'S THE
BEAUTY
QUEEN?



HOW'S THE
TREATMENT
GOIN'?

— WASHIN'
YOUR
FACE WITH
CONDENSED
MILK HO HO
HO



IT'S BENEATH
MY DIGNITY TO
TALK TO YOU

AN'
WOT'S MORE I'LL
HAVE YOU KNOW
THAT MY BEAUTY
TREATMENT IS BEING
PERSONALLY
SUPERVISED BY
RUBENSTEIN



HELENA
RUBENSTEIN?

NO



HETTY
RUBENSTEIN —
THE GIRL WITH THE
GEFULTE FISH
SANDWICHES







BUT IS IT
FITTING THAT
A BRITISH LORD
(ALBEIT WRAPPED IN
THIS HAIRY HUSK)
SHOULD STAND IN
SERVILITY FOR THE
BREAKFAST
SCRAPS?



BOW THE HEAD FOR
A BIT OF BACON?

TOUCH THE FORELOCK
FOR A SLIVER OF
SAUSAGE?

SCRAPE THE GROUND
FOR A SCRAP OF
EGG?



BY THE LORD HARRY-'TIS
NOT, *DEFINITELY* NOT

AND I'LL NOT ENDURE IT
ANY MORE, ABSOLUTELY
NOT

DEFINITELY NOT,
I WON'T

NOT




SUBJECT,
OF COURSE, TO
A PROVISIO FOR
RETRACTION IF IT
HAPPENS TO BE
BACON, SAUSAGE
AND EGG





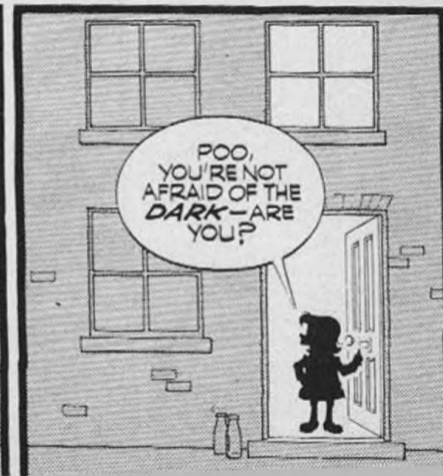
GOODNESS
GRACIOUSNESS!



YOU
ARE LOOKING
ABSOLUTELY,
POSITIVELY AND
DOWNRIGHT
CLEAN



I'LL
THANK YOU TO
KEEP A CIVIL
TONGUE IN
YOUR HEAD



THE *CHEEK* OF
THAT YOUNG PUP
WELLINGTON

SAYING THAT
I DON'T DO ANYTHING
USEFUL



LITTLE DOES
HE KNOW THAT
I'M STUDYING
*TIME AND
MOTION*



BUT THE
TROUBLE IS,
THAT WHEN IT'S
TIME TO
STUDY



I RUN OUT OF
MOTION










WHO
NEEDS
THISTLES?



FAR BE IT
FROM *ME* TO
QUESTION THE
WISDOM OF THE
ALMIGHTY—
BUT, YET,
WHY
THISTLES?



BY
THE LORD
HARRY—
I *CAN'T*
STAND
THISTLES



I'M GOING
TO *HAVE* TO
MOVE IN A
MINUTE

WALKIES,
BOOT?

WALKIES?

WALKIES?
BY THE LORD
HARRY—
SUCH MIMSEY-
MAMSEY
TARADIDDLE—
I'LL NOT HAVE
IT!

WALKIES
THEN?..ER...
OH DEAR...

COMPANY
PRESENT, CORRECT,
AND READY TO
MARCH OUT AT
08-30 HOURS,
SAH!

THE MIND
BOGGLES

HUF
HUF
HUF

JUST CHECKIN' THE
CONTENTS OF THE
LARDER, BOOT

...TWO COLD
SAUSAGES...HALF
A BONIO...THAT JAR
OF CALVESFOOT JELLY
I WAS SAVIN'...

...FOR WHEN WE
MIGHT BE ILL—
**HEY,
STOP PUSHIN'**

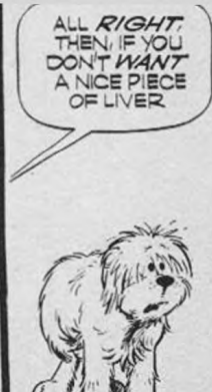
**STOP
PUSHIN',
I SAY**

THE ONLY
PUSHIN' I WANT
YOU TO DO IS
OFF

**GO
ON—GET
OUT OF
IT**


THERE'S
A LOT TOO
MUCH OF THIS
EGALITARIANISM
IN THIS PLACE

WELL THEN
LET ME GET AT
IT BEFORE YOU
SCOFF THE
LOT





HULLO,
OLD CHAPS,
WHAT ARE
YOU
DOING?



ER... AH... UM...
I'M MOUNTING GUARD —
MANNING THE RAMPARTS
WHILE MY YOUNG MASTER
IS AWAY

GOODNESS
GRACIOUSNESS
YOU WERE FAST
ASLEEP

NONSENSE — I WAS
MERELY LYING
DOGGO

'DOG', BEING ME,
MYSELF, 'OH' BEING
THE SOUND ANY
MISCREANT
WOULD UTTER
ON BEING BEREFT
OF THE BELIEF
THAT I WAS
ASLEEP

A
LIKELY
TALE

RIGHT, CULLY,
HERE'S AN EVEN
LIKELIER
TAIL

TO WIT —
YOURS

YOU'VE
JUST
VOLUNTEERED FOR
SENTRY DUTY

ANY MOVE-
MENT BY YOU
TOWARDS THE
HORIZONTAL
WILL CAUSE
MY JAWS TO
CLING LOVINGLY
TOGETHER


EIGHT
O'CLOCKS
AND ALL'S
WELL



OH, LORD,
THOU DIDST
NOT GIVE THY
HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE DOG, AN
OPPOSABLE
THUMB




AND
THEREFORE
THY HUMBLE
SERVANT
CANNOT GRASP
TOOLS



CANNOT
DIG, DELVE,
BUILD, BOLT,
HEW, HACK, SEW
OR SWEEP, FOR
ALL OF WHICH
I AM



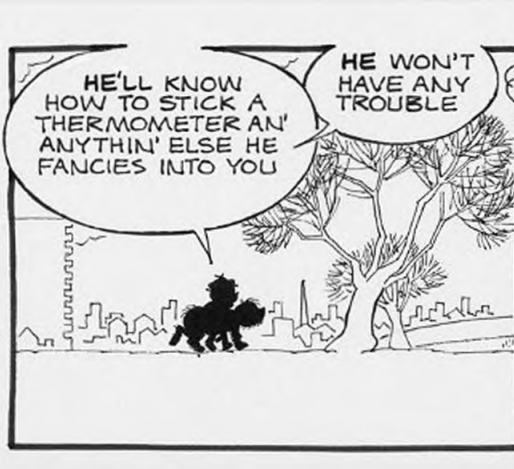
DULY
THANKFUL

A man wearing a checkered hat, a coat, and boots is talking to a shaggy dog. They are standing on a cobblestone street next to a wooden board leaning against a wall. In the background, there are buildings and a factory with smoke rising from its chimneys.

I SHOULD'VE
DONE THIS IN
THE FIRS' PLACE,
BOOT - I'M TAKIN'
YOU TO THE
VET

W23


Maury Dood

A silhouette of a dog is running across a city street. In the background, there are buildings and a large, leafy tree.

HE'LL KNOW
HOW TO STICK A
THERMOMETER AN'
ANYTHIN' ELSE HE
FANCIES INTO YOU

HE WON'T
HAVE ANY
TROUBLE

OH YES?

A silhouette of a dog is running across a city street. In the background, there are buildings and a large, leafy tree.

IF IT'S THE
SAME VET WHO
THOUGHT HE KNEW
LAS' TIME - WELL,
HE WON'T EVEN
TRY



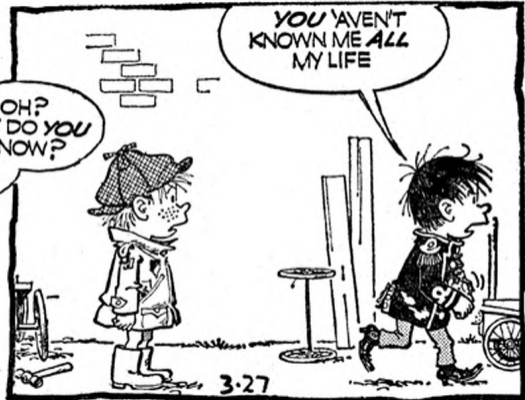
WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S THE LATEST FROM CARNABY ST. - THE NEW JUMBO-SIZED ALL-IN-ONE V.C., CROIX DE GUERRE AN' IRON CROSS, NIFTY, HUH?



WHAT? BUT YOU NEVER PERFORMED *NOTHIN'* 'ABOVE AN' BEYOND', YOU NEVER SAVED THE DAY, CLEARED THE CREST OR BATTLED THE BULGE

OH? 'OW DO YOU KNOW?



YOU 'AVEN'T KNOWN ME *ALL* MY LIFE



3-28

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AND NOW, BOMBING AROUND THE BEND, COMES *BOOT*—THE DEMON DOG RACERIST

3-30

AND THERE'S NOBODY IN FRONT OF HIM BUT NUVOLARI

AND NUVOLARI IS LOOKING ANXIOUSLY OVER HIS SHOULDER AS HE TRAMPS ON THE PEDAL

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BUT AS THEY APPROACH THE BRIDGE, *BOOT* IS SURGING FORWARD, HE'S GOT HIS EYES ON NUVOLARI

YES — HE'S GOT HIS EYES ON NUVOLARI



WHICH PROBABLY ACCOUNTS FOR HIS GOING OFF THE ROAD



By MAURICE DODD & DENNIS COLLINS

