

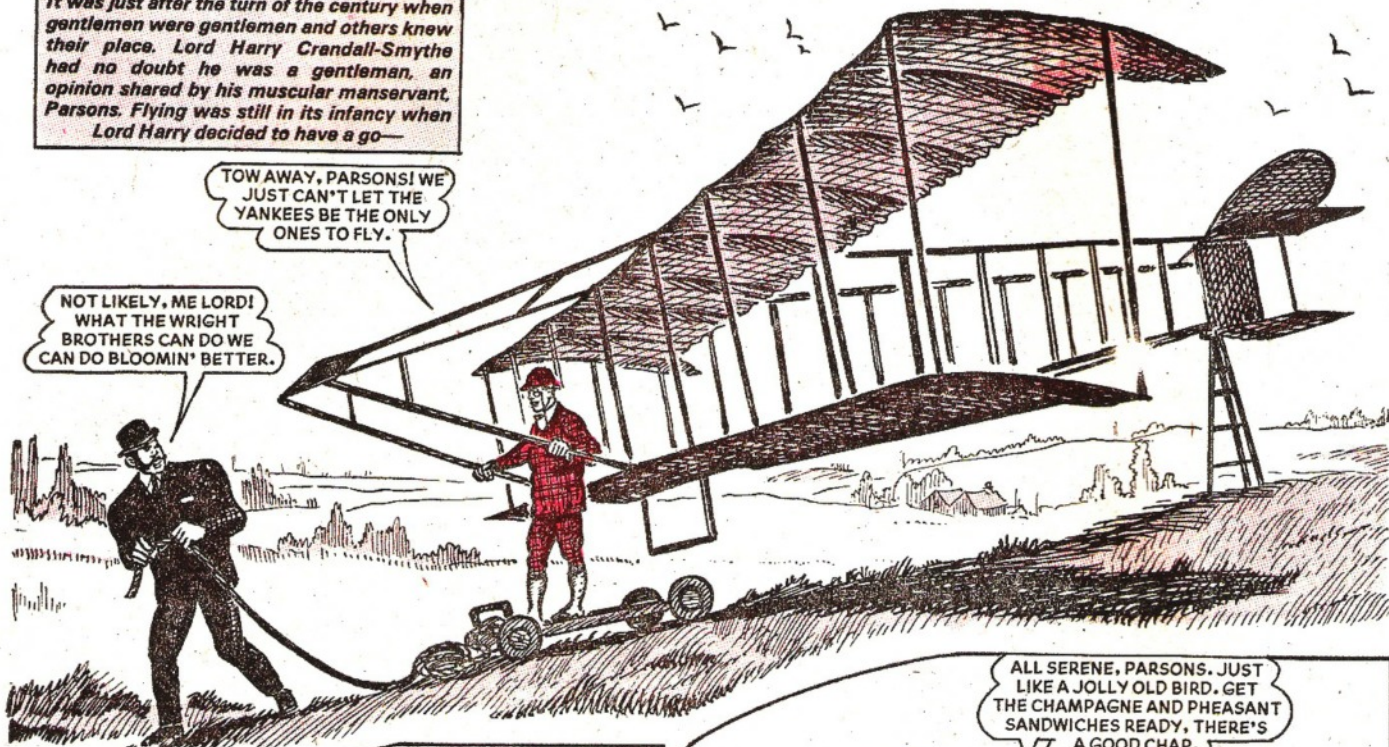
Lord Harry takes to the air to uphold England's honour and to hoodwink a gang of hoodlums!

# The TOUGHEST TOFF in TOWN

It was just after the turn of the century when gentlemen were gentlemen and others knew their place. Lord Harry Crandall-Smythe had no doubt he was a gentleman, an opinion shared by his muscular manservant, Parsons. Flying was still in its infancy when Lord Harry decided to have a go—

TOW AWAY, PARSONS! WE JUST CAN'T LET THE YANKEES BE THE ONLY ONES TO FLY.

NOT LIKELY, ME LORD! WHAT THE WRIGHT BROTHERS CAN DO WE CAN DO BLOOMIN' BETTER.



ALL SERENE, PARSONS. JUST LIKE A JOLLY OLD BIRD. GET THE CHAMPAGNE AND PHEASANT SANDWICHES READY, THERE'S A GOOD CHAP.



GOOD MAN, PARSONS. I FEEL THE CONTRAPTION LIFTING!

PHEEEEW! I WAS RUNNING OUT OF PUFF, ME LORD.



MIND THE CREASE IN YOUR TROUSERS, ME LORD!

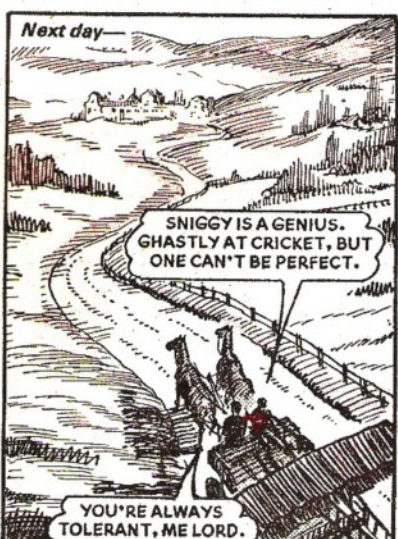


COMING, ME LORD!

WELL RUN, PARSONS! HAD A MOST CAPITAL VIEW OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.



WE HAVE NOW ONLY TO FIND A SUITABLE ENGINE. I SHALL CALL ON MY OLD INVENTOR FRIEND, SIR CHARLES CALLEMMUIR, ER, \* SNIGGY \* FOR THAT. SPIFFING TYPE!



Next day—

SNIGGY IS A GENIUS. GHASTLY AT CRICKET, BUT ONE CAN'T BE PERFECT.

YOU'RE ALWAYS TOLERANT, ME LORD.