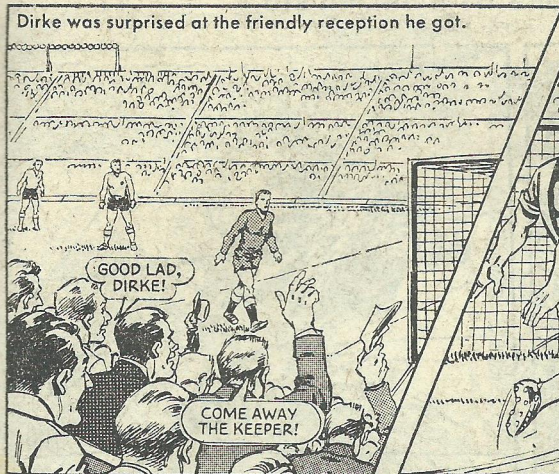
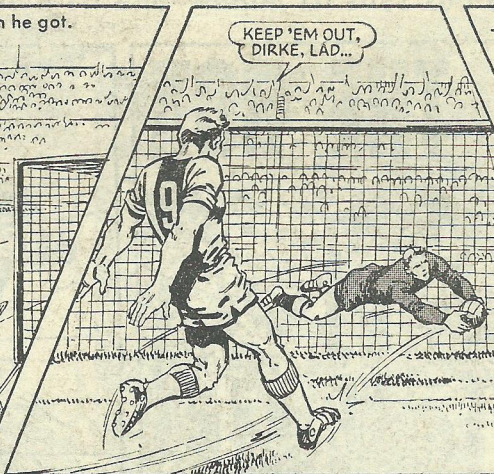


Dirke was surprised at the friendly reception he got.

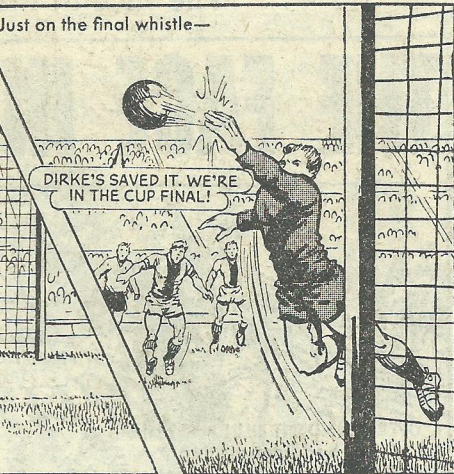


KEEP 'EM OUT, DIRKE, LAD...



Just on the final whistle—

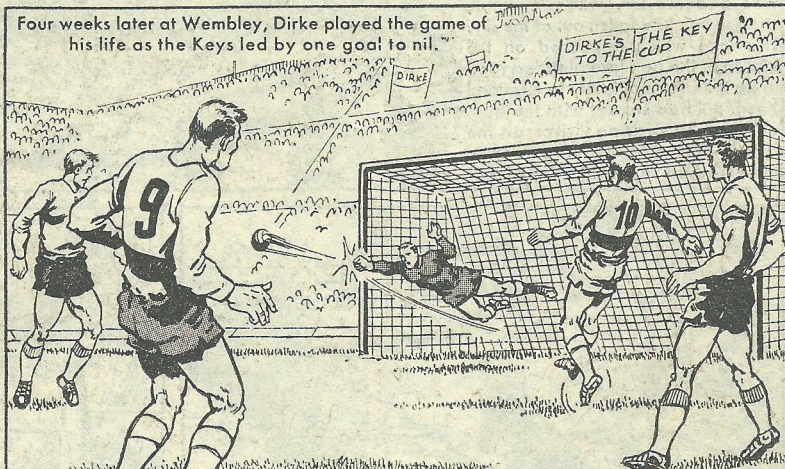
DIRKE'S SAVED IT. WE'RE IN THE CUP FINAL!



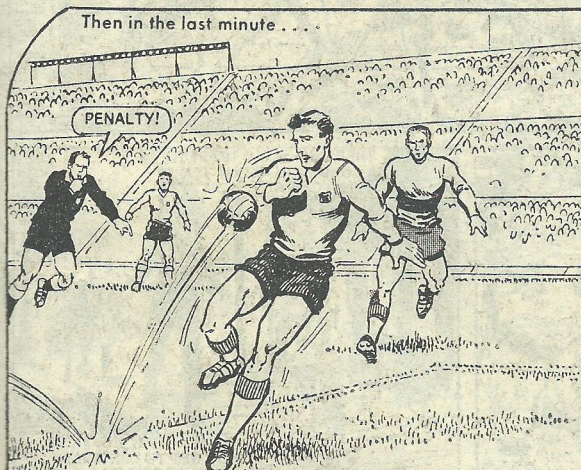
THE BEATING UP I GOT WAS WORTH IT TO SEE THIS. I JUST HOPE DIRKE GETS A WINNER'S MEDAL.



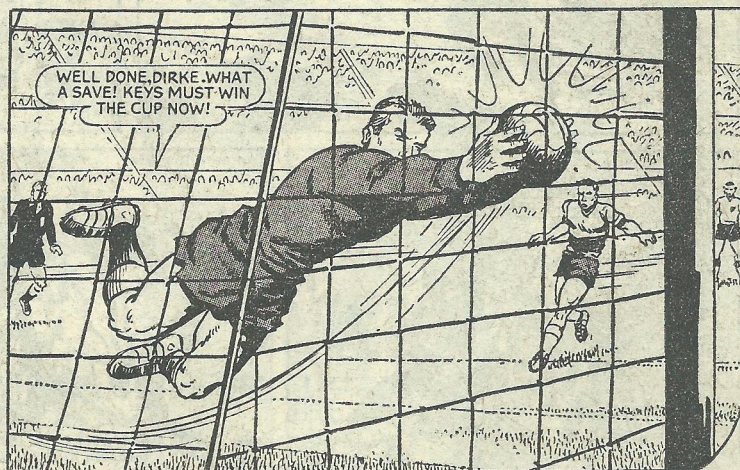
Four weeks later at Wembley, Dirke played the game of his life as the Keys led by one goal to nil.



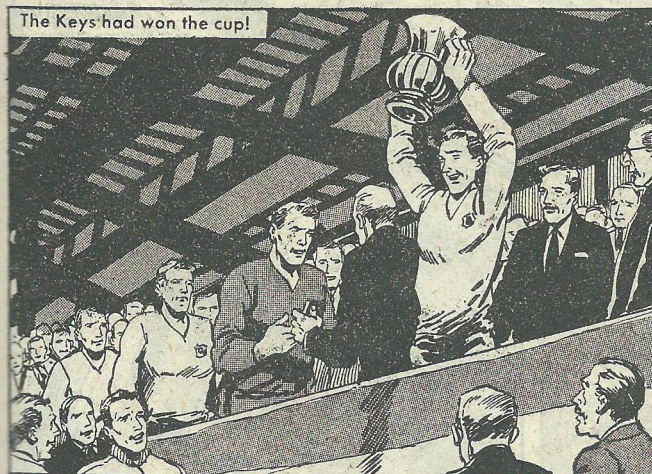
Then in the last minute...



WELL DONE, DIRKE. WHAT A SAVE! KEYS MUST WIN THE CUP NOW!



The Keys had won the cup!



HERR HARRY, I GIVE YOU MY WINNER'S MEDAL. I WIN ANOTHER NEXT YEAR WITH KEYS! YOU KEEP THIS FOR BEING MY GOOD FRIEND, AND FOR HELPING ME TO FIT WITH KEYS.



In NEXT WEEK'S story the Keys plan an escape from a prisoner-of-war camp — by playing football!