

FEB.-MAR.
1952

HOT ROD

AND *Speedway* COMICS
A HILLMAN PUBLICATION

10¢



*Mothers-
Housewives-*
HERE'S AN AMAZING
New Plan!

Gorgeous Dresses for You *without* *paying 1¢...*

YOUR CHOICE
OF MORE THAN
100 BEAUTIFUL
NEW STYLES

AND OPPORTUNITY TO EARN UP TO \$7⁰⁰ IN A DAY
IN EASY DELIGHTFUL SPARE TIME VISITING!

← Washable linen-weave rayon. Crease-resistant—color-fast. Champagne or Creme-de-Menthe.



↑ Delicate green fern painted on white pique sundress and bolero.

→ Suit perfection in cool, lightweight rayon—Topaz yellow, White, Coral Red, Navy.

No wonder thousands of happy women everywhere are raving about this amazingly easy plan to get dresses WITHOUT PAYING ONE PENNY! It's so simple! We send you ABSOLUTELY FREE the famous Harford Frocks full color presentation showing more than 100 latest dress styles at LOW, MONEY SAVING PRICES. You show them to friends, neighbors, fellow-workers and members of your family . . . send in as few as 3 orders . . . and presto! . . . you select a dress for yourself, your own style, fabric, and size, and it's yours, without paying even one penny! You can get dress after dress this delightfully easy way, and be doing your friends a big favor, bringing them the very latest fashions at astonishing low prices. Yes . . . all gorgeous, fine quality fabrics . . . all sizes, even stouts . . . and not only dresses, but also lingerie, hosiery, suits, children's wear, etc. You need no experience, and you can do all this in your spare time. Mail the coupon at once for FREE Sample Outfit, and see for yourself.

**Imagine! Up to \$7.00 in a Day
For Your Spare Time!**

And here's more great news! If you prefer, you can make good money taking orders—actually up to \$7.00 in a single day—because famous Harford Frocks are so exclusive, so well made, so utterly charming, and such wonderful values, that dozens and dozens of women who see them will give you their orders. Yes, when you rush the coupon below you are entering on an exciting adventure . . . dresses of your own without cost—money of your own for all the things you'd like to have. No matter where you live or what your age, rush this coupon now. SEND NO MONEY. Everything you need to start will be rushed to you ABSOLUTELY FREE!

**Mail Coupon Now
... Everything FREE**

You've never seen such an elaborate, costly presentation of lovely dresses, and it's all YOURS—ABSOLUTELY FREE—just for sending the coupon. You'll see a complete selection of the very latest gorgeous styles—dresses, separates, mix-and-match, convertibles, new casuals, little girls' dresses—all shown in full real colors and offered in all quality fabrics—rayons, nylons, cottons, woolens, crepes—at amazingly low prices, and guaranteed to fit, wear and launder or money back. You don't pay one penny now or ever for this wonderful presentation. It's ABSOLUTELY FREE! Rush coupon now!



HARFORD FROCKS, Inc.

DEPT. G-285 CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

HARFORD FROCKS, Inc.
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Rush Absolutely Free the complete Harford Frocks Style Presentation so I can start quickly getting personal dresses without paying one cent for them, and making money in spare time.

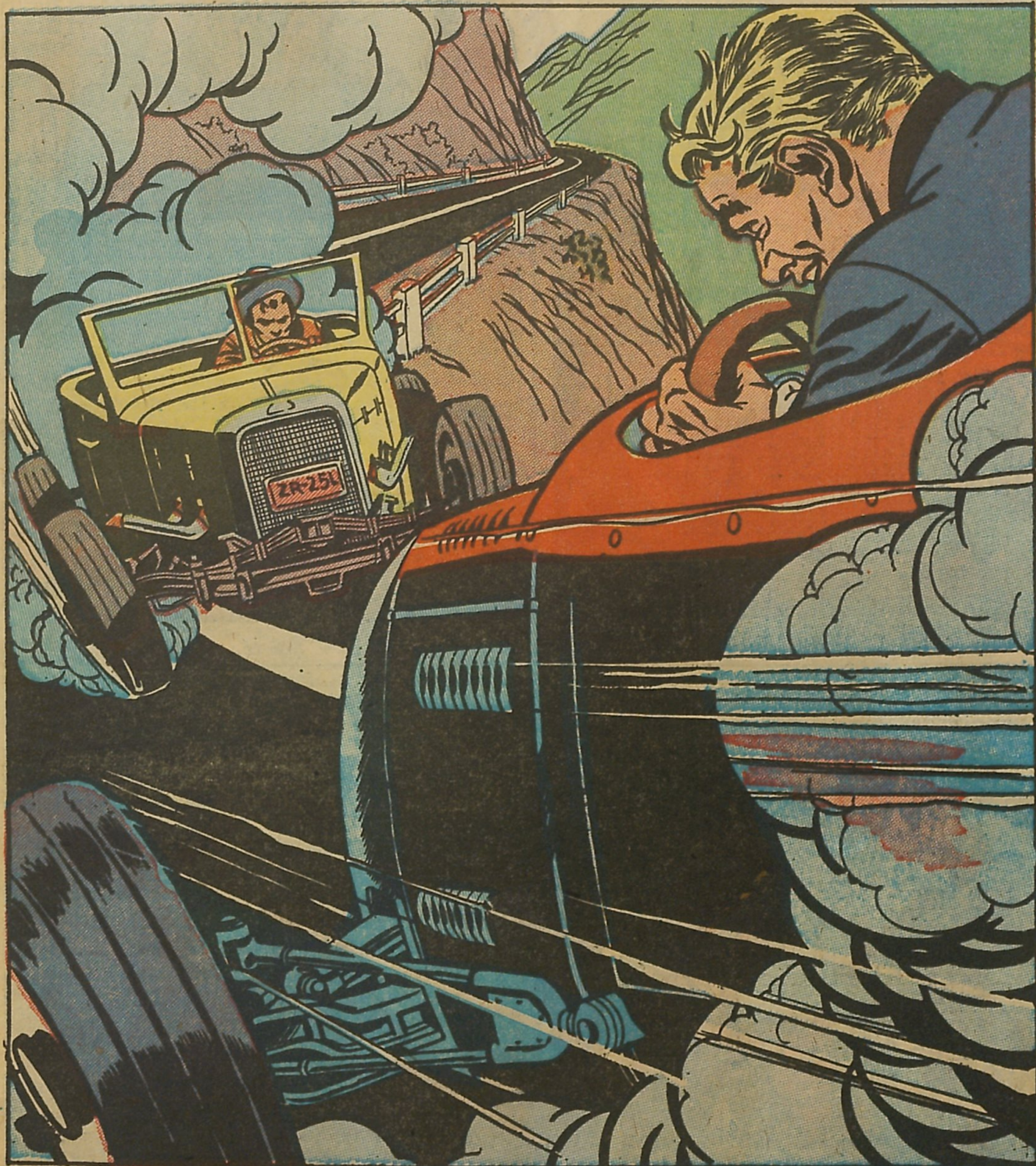
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Dress Size _____ Age _____

BILL SPANG

--- HOT-RODDER

TANGLES WITH THE
**CHICKEN
DRIVER**...

THE SCREWBALL MENACE
WHOSE NEELED BUCKET CAME
RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE
ROAD... AND ALWAYS FAST!!!



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HERE COMES GEORGIE—
SHOWING OFF
AGAIN! WHY
DON'T YOU
DRAG HIM
OUT, BILL?
MAYBE THAT
WOULD QUIET
HIM DOWN
FOR A WHILE!!

THAT'S JUST WHAT
OFFICER MOONEY
SAYS **NOT** TO DO!
THOSE DRAGS WE
RAN LAST MONTH
GOT THE WHOLE
TOWN DOWN ON
US! AFTER **THAT**
BLOWS OVER WE
CAN TAKE CARE
OF GEORGIE!!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T BILL SPANG,
THE 'HOT-SHOT' DRIVER!
HOW ABOUT MEETING ME
TONIGHT DOWN AT ROUTE 3—
THAT IS, IF YOU'RE NOT
AFRAID TO RACE ME!!

LOOK, GEORGIE! IT WAS
BECAUSE OF **YOU** WE
WERE KICKED OFF THE
ROADS IN THE FIRST PLACE
...YOU WON'T CATCH ME
PULLING A FOOL
TRICK LIKE
THAT!



IF YOU'RE
NOT RACING
YOUR CAR
WHY DO
YOU KEEP
WORKING
ON IT?

YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT,
GEORGIE, BUT THERE'S MORE TO
OWNING A **HOT ROD** THAN JUST
RACING IT! THE SECRET TO YOUR
CAR IS IN ITS POWERHOUSE, AND
WHEN I FIND OUT
EVERYTHING THERE
IS TO KNOW ABOUT
IT, I'LL CONSIDER
MYSELF A **REAL**
HOT RODDER!



SOON AFTER GEORGIE LEAVES...

THEN AT THE MEETING THAT NIGHT...

HI, FELLAS! I'VE ARRANGED A TOWN
MEETING FOR TONIGHT!—AND IF THE
PEOPLE SAY OKAY, YOU BOYS WILL
BE BACK ON THE ROADS IN A FEW
DAYS!

GOLLY, OFFICER MOONEY!
WITHOUT YOUR HELP WE
WOULDN'T STAND A
CHANCE!



THOSE BOYS **AREN'T** MANIACS,
THEY'RE JUST YOUNGSTERS WITH
A LOVE FOR SPEED IN THEIR CARS...
AND THEY'RE ALL BETTER DRIVERS
THAN WE'LL EVER HOPE TO BE!
AND THAT'S WHY. I...

WAIT A MINUTE,
MOONEY! IF
THEY'RE ALL
SUCH SAFE
DRIVERS HOW
DO YOU ACCOUNT
FOR THE ACCIDENT
ONE OF THEM ALMOST
CAUSED ON ROUTE 3
THIS AFTERNOON?



THAT WASN'T ONE OF US, JUDGE! WE WERE WORKING ON OUR CARS OVER AT THE GARAGE ALL DAY!! THE ONLY OTHER BOY IN MID-CITY WHO OWNS A HOT ROD IS GEORGIE FISHER... AND HE'S NOT A REAL HOT-RODDER!

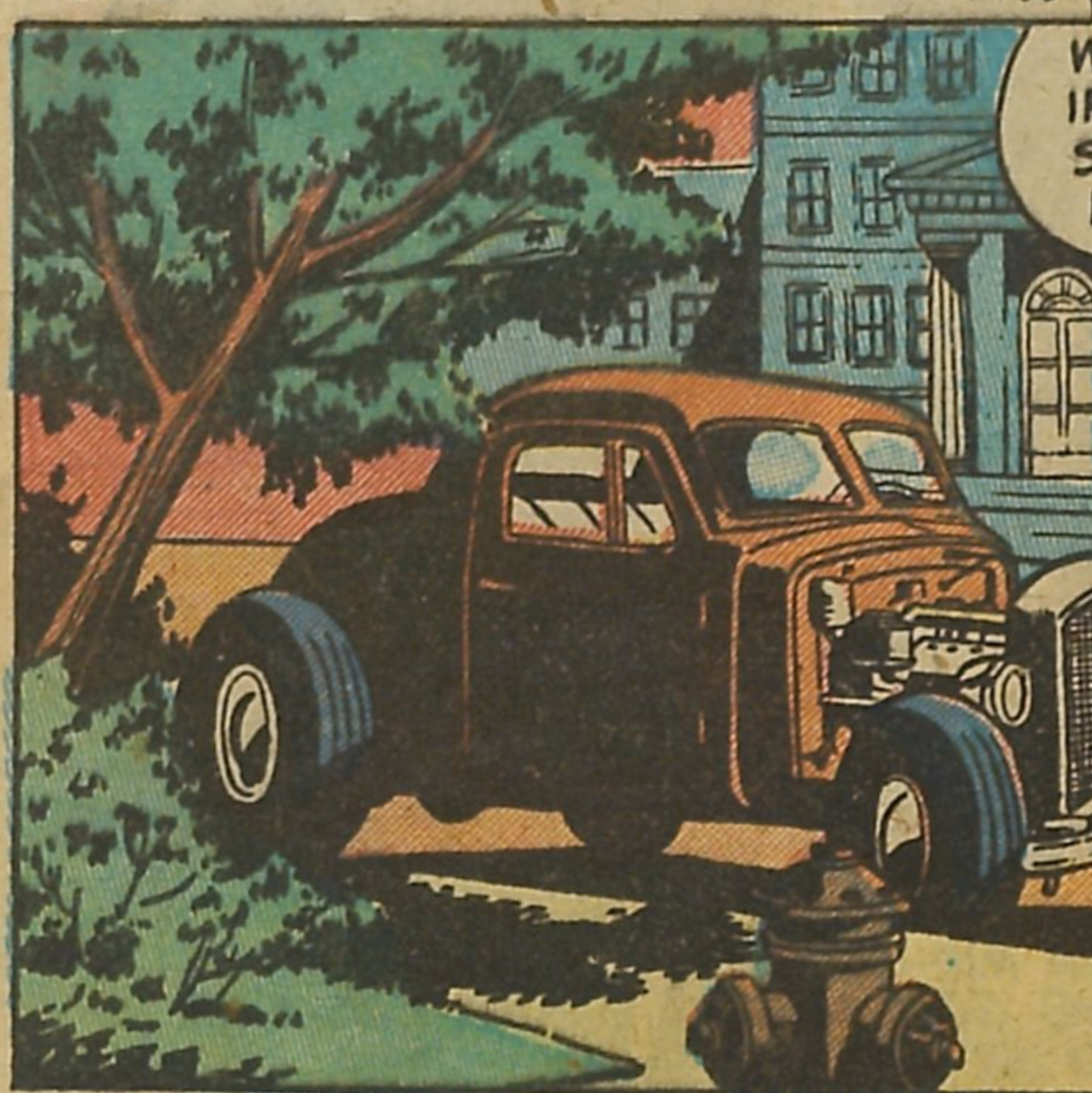


I'M SORRY, BILL, BUT WITH THE HIGH ACCIDENT RATE IN MID-CITY WE JUST CAN'T PERMIT YOU BOYS TO ZOOM ALONG AT THOSE SPEEDS— AND UNTIL SOMETHING HAPPENS THAT'LL MAKE ME CHANGE MY MIND, YOU'LL HAVE TO DRIVE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!

I UNDERSTAND, JUDGE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY... WE'LL STICK BY YOUR DECISION!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON AFTER SCHOOL...



BUT WHY DO WE HAVE TO STOP? IF GEORGIE FISHER STILL RACES HIS HEAP, WHY CAN'T WE?

ONE OF THESE DAYS OFFICER MOONEY'LL CATCH HIM AND WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GEORGIE FISHER! BUT 'TIL THAT TIME WE DO JUST AS JUDGE CHASE SAYS— NO DRAGS!!

I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID, BILL! BUT NEVER MIND THAT! HAVE YOU GUYS SEEN THE NEW CHICK THAT'S MOVED INTO TOWN? BOY, WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A DATE!

HE'S RIGHT, BILL, THAT'S THE NEW GIRL YOU WERE ASKING ABOUT IN CLASS!



ER... I'M JANE MORRIS! I JUST MOVED TO MID-CITY AND I'M AFRAID I'M LOST! COULD ONE OF YOU BOYS TELL ME WHERE THE PUBLIC LIBRARY IS?

BETTER THAN THAT, JANE... I'LL DRIVE YOU THERE PERSONALLY! THAT IS, IF YOU DON'T MIND RIDING IN A NEW SOUPED-UP HOT ROD!

THE WAY YOU DRIVE SHE PROBABLY WOULD— IF SHE KNEW THE DIFFERENCE!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE
WHO
DRIVES?

THAT'S THE TROUBLE!
EVERYBODY THINKS
YOU JUST GET IN
AND GO! THEY
DON'T REALIZE
THAT GEORGIE HERE
IS A "SQUIRREL"... A
WILD DRIVER IN TRAFFIC!
ONCE HE GETS BEHIND
THOSE HORSES HE
FORGETS EVERYTHING!

I'VE HEARD ABOUT
YOU! YOU'RE BILL
SPANG, THE ONE-MAN
SAFETY CRUSADER! WELL,
YOU DON'T HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT
ME — I CAN
TAKE CARE
OF MYSELF!

THAT'S
TELLING
HIM, JANE!
C'MON, LET'S
GO!



I DON'T
CARE WHAT
HE SAYS,
GEORGIE...
LET'S SEE
HOW FAST
THIS THING
CAN GO!

AT-A-BABY!
THAT'S THE
WAY TO TALK!
BUT, ER...IN
TOWN WE'D
BETTER NOT!
WAIT 'TIL WE
GET ON THE
HIGHWAY!



LATER, AS BILL WORKS ON HIS
MILL-GRINDER...

HI, "FENDERS!"
JUST FINISHED
PUTTING ON
THOSE NEW
HEADS —
I...

NEVER MIND
ABOUT THAT,
BILL! I JUST
FOUND OUT
THAT GEORGIE
FISHER ACCEPTED
A CHALLENGE FROM
A RODDER FROM
CENTERVILLE TO PLAY
CHICKEN TONIGHT!
SAYS HE DOESN'T
CARE WHAT JUDGE
CHASE SAYS!



... AND HE'S
TAKING JANE
MORRIS WITH
HIM! PROBABLY
FIGURES HE
CAN IMPRESS
HER THAT
WAY!

I DON'T CARE
ABOUT THAT,
BUT IF THE
JUDGE
FINDS OUT—
IT'LL SET
HOT RODS
BACK AT LEAST
A YEAR IN MID-CITY!
**WE'VE GOT
TO STOP
HIM!**



THEN THAT NIGHT...

THEY CAN
ONLY **CHICKEN** ON TWO
ROADS — ROUTE 3 AND U.S. 9!
FENDERS AND I WILL COVER
3... THE REST OF YOU GO
OUT TO 9 AND
WATCH FOR
GEORGIE!

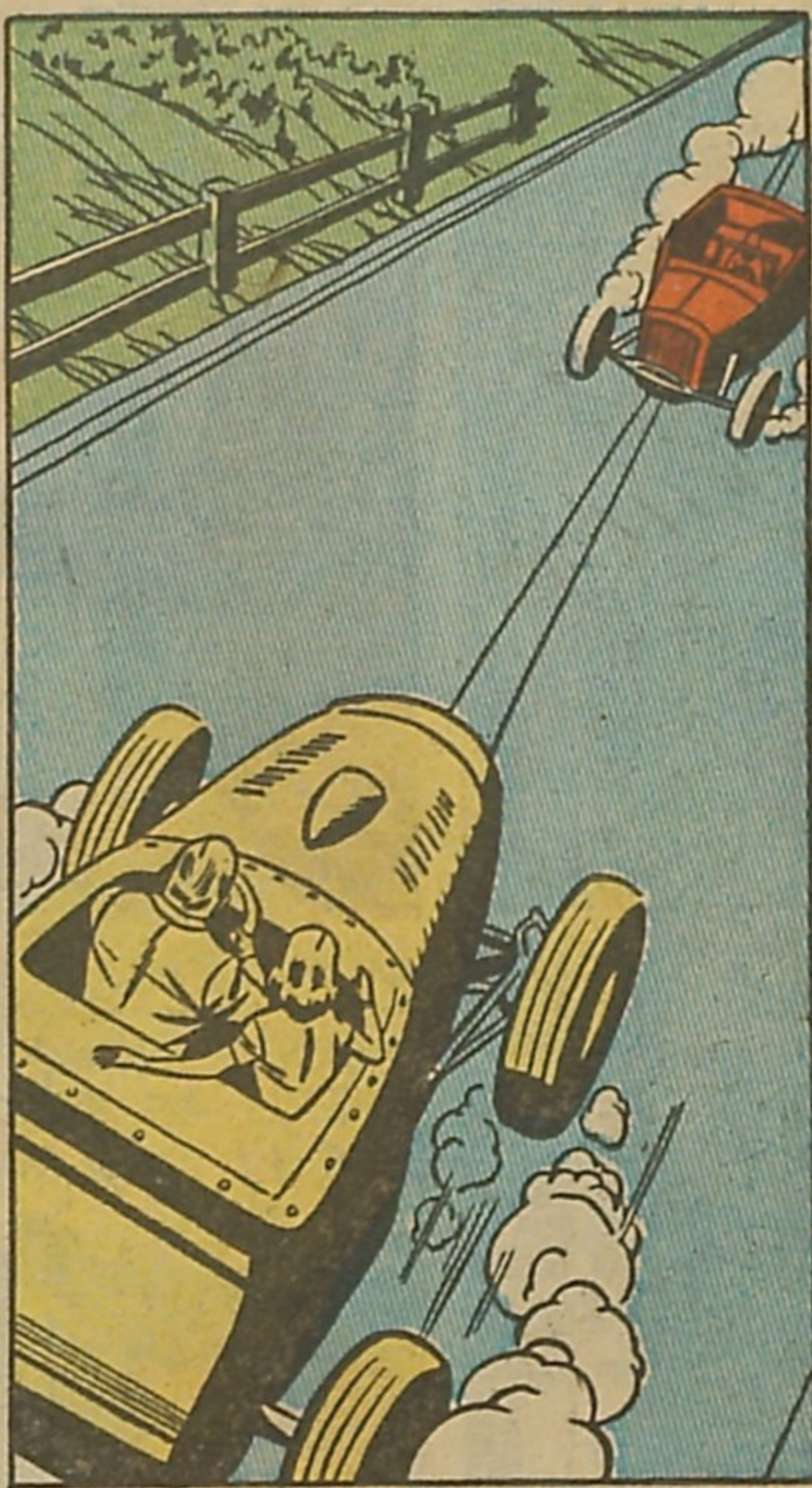
WE
KNOW WHAT
TO DO WHEN
WE FIND HIM!



WE'RE TOO LATE! THAT'S GEORGIE'S CAR UP AHEAD! I'D KNOW THE SOUND OF THOSE STACKS ANYPLACE!



AND IT IS TOO LATE...FOR ON THE HARD RIBBON OF THE HIGHWAY, THE TWO SOUPED-UP JUGGERNAUTS HURTLE TOWARDS EACH OTHER! 110-120-130 MILES PER HOUR!



THERE GOES OFFICER MOONEY! HE CAN'T STOP THEM NOW... THEY'RE TOO CLOSE TO EACH OTHER!



NO! NO! LOOK OUT!

I'VE KILLED HIM! I'VE KILLED HIM!

IT'S A LITTLE TOO LATE FOR HYSTERIC, GEORGIE! BUT THERE'S ONE THING I'VE GOT TO DO BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE!



... THERE! IT WASN'T ENOUGH THAT YOU HAD TO KEEP US OFF THE ROADS- YOU HAD TO CAUSE AN ACCIDENT TO THE ONE MAN WHO HAD FAITH IN US!

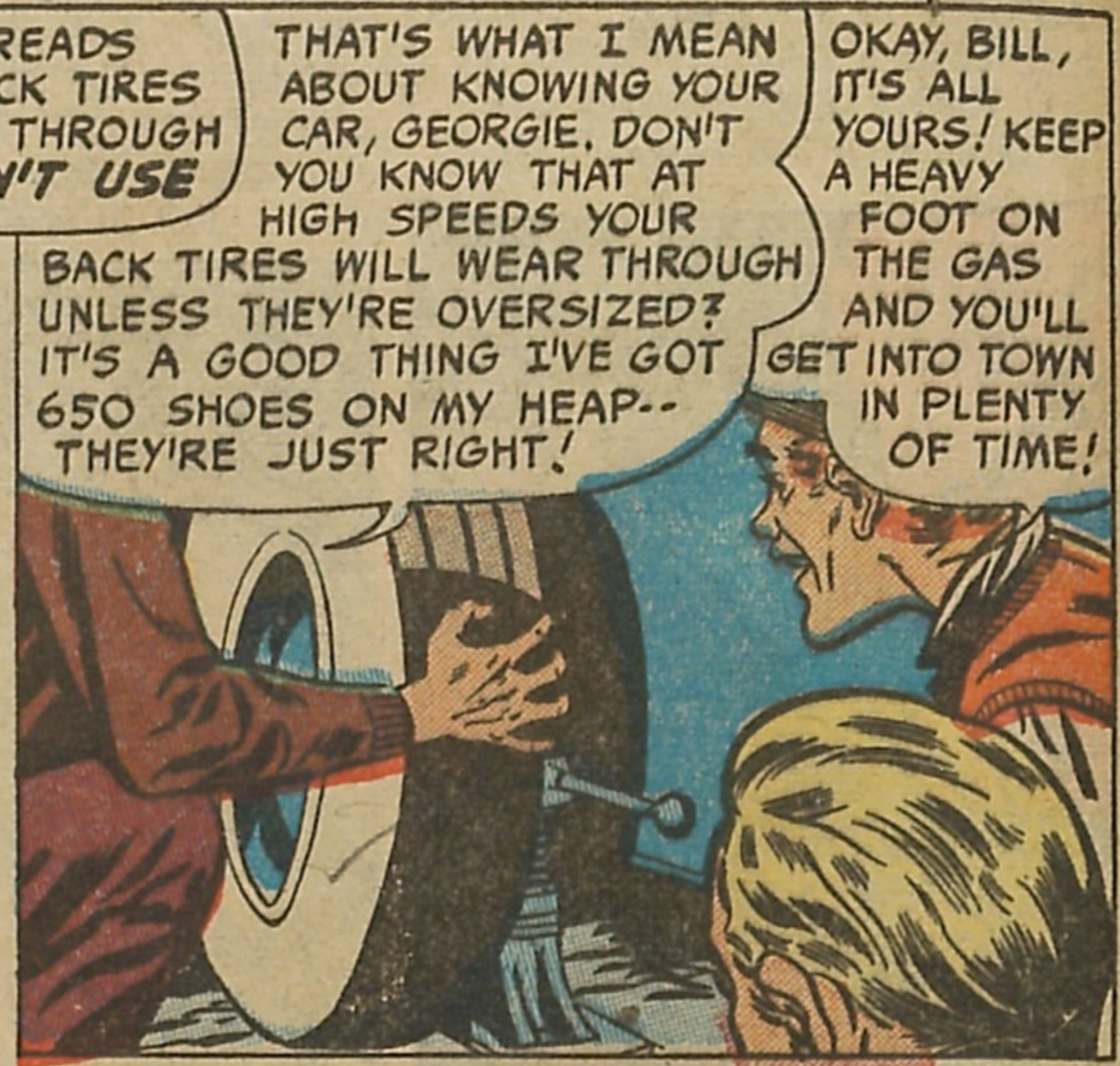




HE'S STILL ALIVE!
WE'VE GOT TO GET
HIM TO THE HOSPITAL
... AND **FAST!**
WHO'S GOT THE
HOTTEST ROD
HERE?

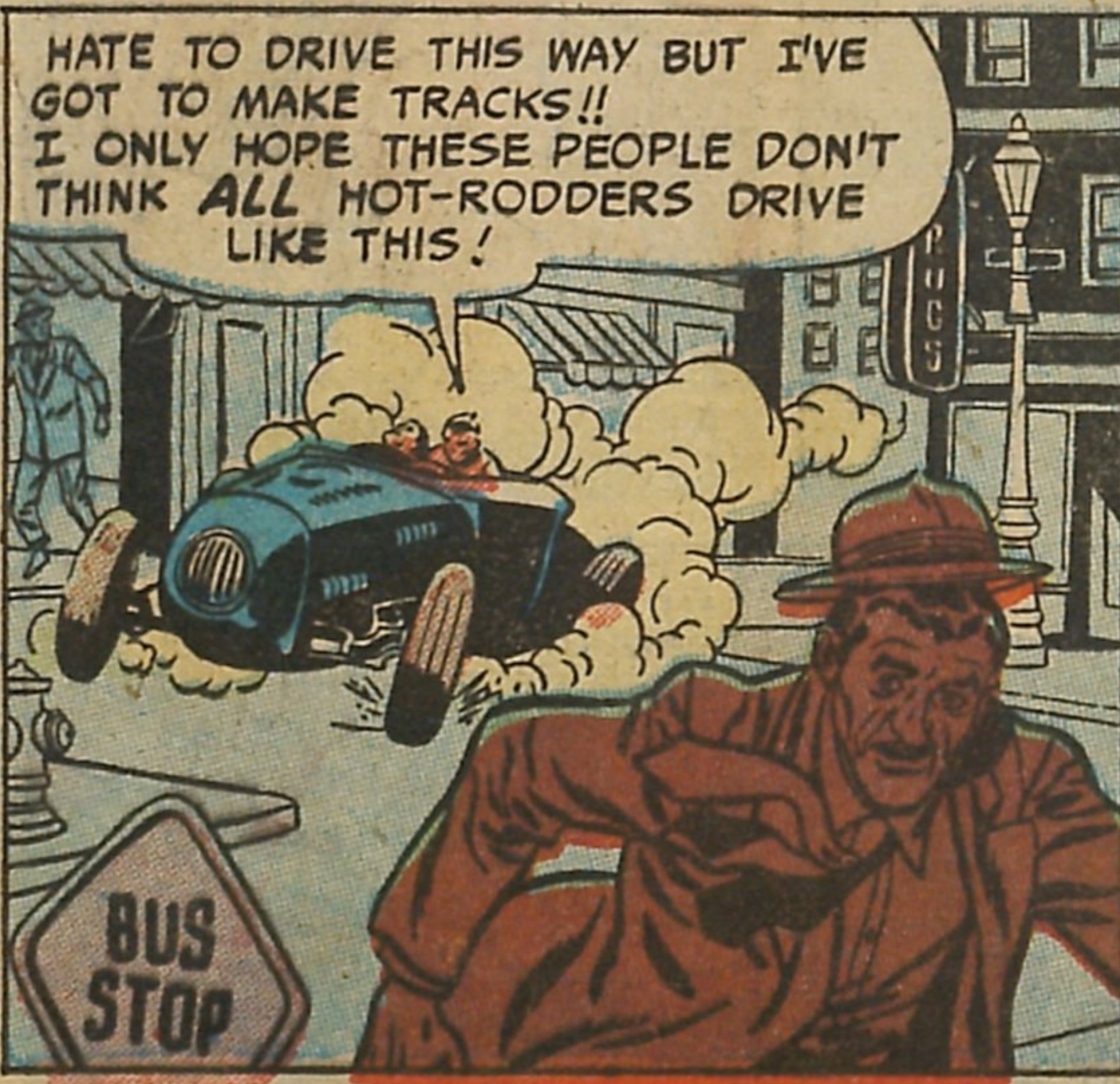
GEORGIE
HAS! TAKE
HIS!

BUT THE TREADS
ON THE BACK TIRES
ARE WORN THROUGH
... **YOU CAN'T USE
IT!**

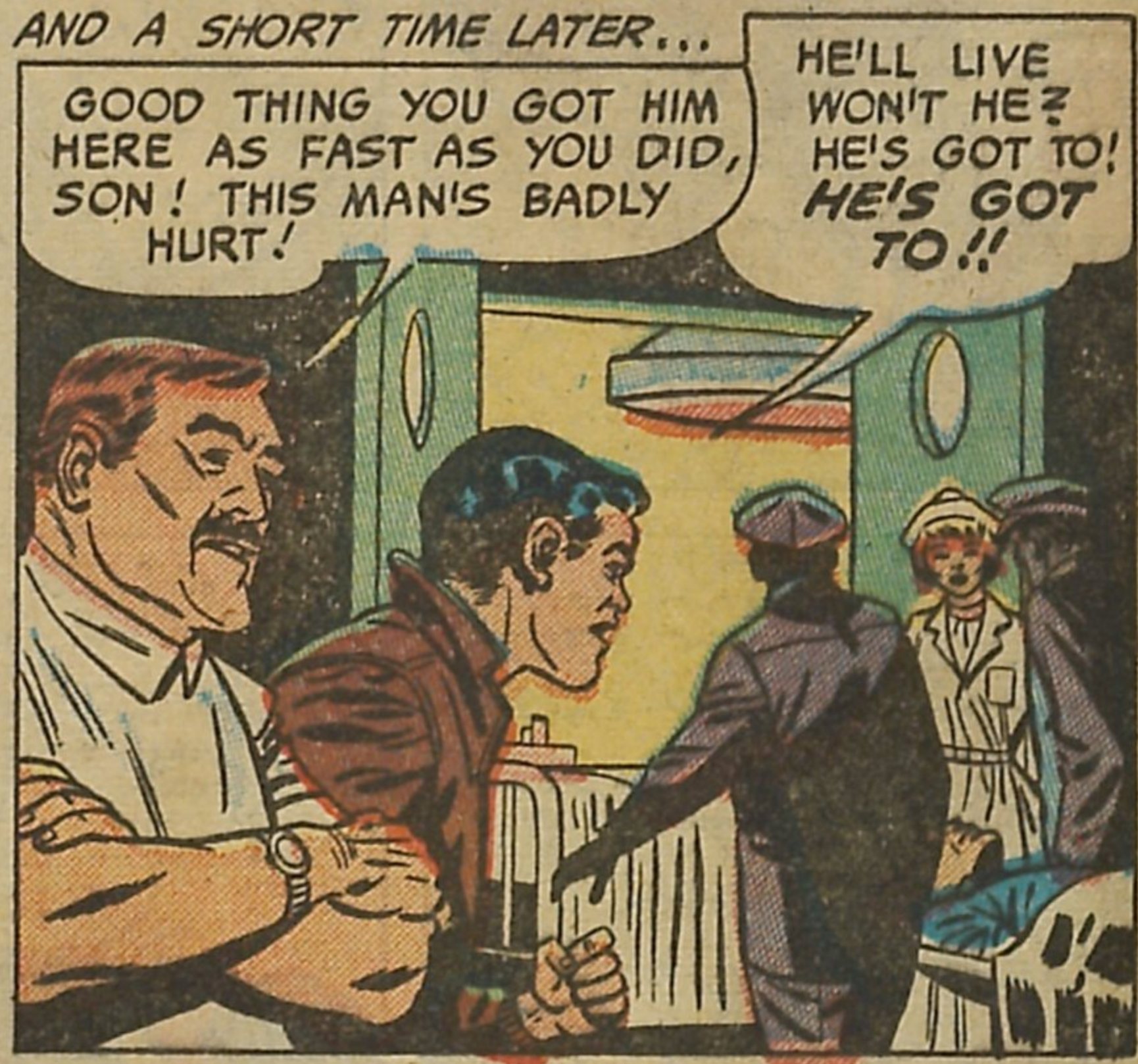


THAT'S WHAT I MEAN
ABOUT KNOWING YOUR
CAR, GEORGIE. DON'T
YOU KNOW THAT AT
HIGH SPEEDS YOUR
BACK TIRES WILL WEAR THROUGH
UNLESS THEY'RE OVERSIZED?
IT'S A GOOD THING I'VE GOT
650 SHOES ON MY HEAP--
THEY'RE JUST RIGHT!

OKAY, BILL,
IT'S ALL
YOURS! KEEP
A HEAVY
FOOT ON
THE GAS
AND YOU'LL
GET INTO TOWN
IN PLENTY
OF TIME!



HATE TO DRIVE THIS WAY BUT I'VE
GOT TO MAKE TRACKS!!
I ONLY HOPE THESE PEOPLE DON'T
THINK **ALL** HOT-RODDERS DRIVE
LIKE THIS!



AND A SHORT TIME LATER...
GOOD THING YOU GOT HIM
HERE AS FAST AS YOU DID,
SON! THIS MAN'S BADLY
HURT!

HE'LL LIVE
WON'T HE?
HE'S GOT TO!
**HE'S GOT
TO!!**



THE WEEKS
PASS
QUICKLY,
AND THEN...



FENDERS TOLD ME
THE WHOLE STORY,
BILL! IF YOU HADN'T
KNOWN ABOUT
SWITCHING THOSE
TIRES I WOULDN'T
BE HERE NOW TO
THANK YOU FOR
SAVING MY LIFE!

AW, I DIDN'T
DO ANYTHING
SPECTACULAR.
BUT I GUESS
THE ONLY GOOD
THING THAT CAME
OUT OF THAT NIGHT
WAS GEORGIE **LOSING
HIS LICENSE!**



SOMETHING ELSE CAME OUT OF IT, BILL.
STUBBORN FOOLS LIKE MYSELF REALIZE
THAT THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU
KIDS FOOLING AROUND WITH CARS, SO
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR RACES AGAIN! BUT
MIND YOU, NOT ON THE CITY STREETS--
YOU'LL HAVE TO CONFINED YOUR DRAGS
TO THAT
OLD HORSE
TRACK OUT
ON THE EDGE
OF TOWN!

GOLLY--THANKS, JUDGE
CHASE! I... I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO
SAY!
DON'T SAY
ANYTHING!
JUST LET THOSE
EXHAUST STACKS TALK FOR
YOU!

**IF YOU
CAN WHISTLE-
or
HUM A TUNE-**

**"HOPPY" WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO PLAY THIS METAL
WM. KRATT
HARMONICA
In 15 Minutes — Or Money Back**



**ONLY
\$1.69**

SENT ON SEVEN DAY APPROVAL

Learn to play in a day or it costs you nothing! We make this daring offer to every man or woman, boy or girl who enjoys music and who would like to play the harmonica. Now, for the first time, you can get a nationally advertised, genuine metal professional harmonica, and receive as a gift Hoppy's new method for playing it. Along with the music and the words to 200 of your favorite songs—songs that were selected so that you can sing and play right along with your favorite radio program or records. Expert harmonica players will tell you that the best harmonicas are the easiest ones to play. The harmonica you receive in this amazing offer is the full size metal professional model manufactured by the W.M. KRATT CO., makers of the world's finest harmonicas. It comes in the Key of C so that you can accompany any other music. Each metal reed is individually tuned and tested. *You cannot buy a harmonica with finer workmanship, no matter how much you pay.* Hoppy's new discovery for showing you how to play makes it as simple as ABC and it's lots of fun. *Anyone who can whistle or hum a tune—and count up to ten can learn so quickly that it is unbelievable!* Most people say that this amazing method itself is worth the \$1.69 price of the harmonica! Order your harmonica now while this introductory offer is being made. Remember, Hoppy guarantees that you will soon be playing song hits of all kinds or your money back!



**IN THIS
AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER
You get all this for only \$1.69!**

- Nationally Advertised Wm. Kratt Harmonica with Solid Brass Plates and Bronze Reeds
- Hoppy's New Method of Instruction for Harmonica
- Words and Music of 200 Songs Chosen for Radio Popularity

SEND NO MONEY—ORDER TODAY

Just send your name and address on penny postcard. Your beautiful Key of C professional metal Harmonica and Hoppy's Complete Book of Instructions and 200 Songs will be mailed at once. On arrival, pay postman just \$1.69 plus C.O.D. and postage. Keep for 7 days on free trial offer. If you are not satisfied, return and your money will be refunded at once. Supplies are limited. Don't risk disappointment. Order now—TODAY!

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1665 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Illinois**

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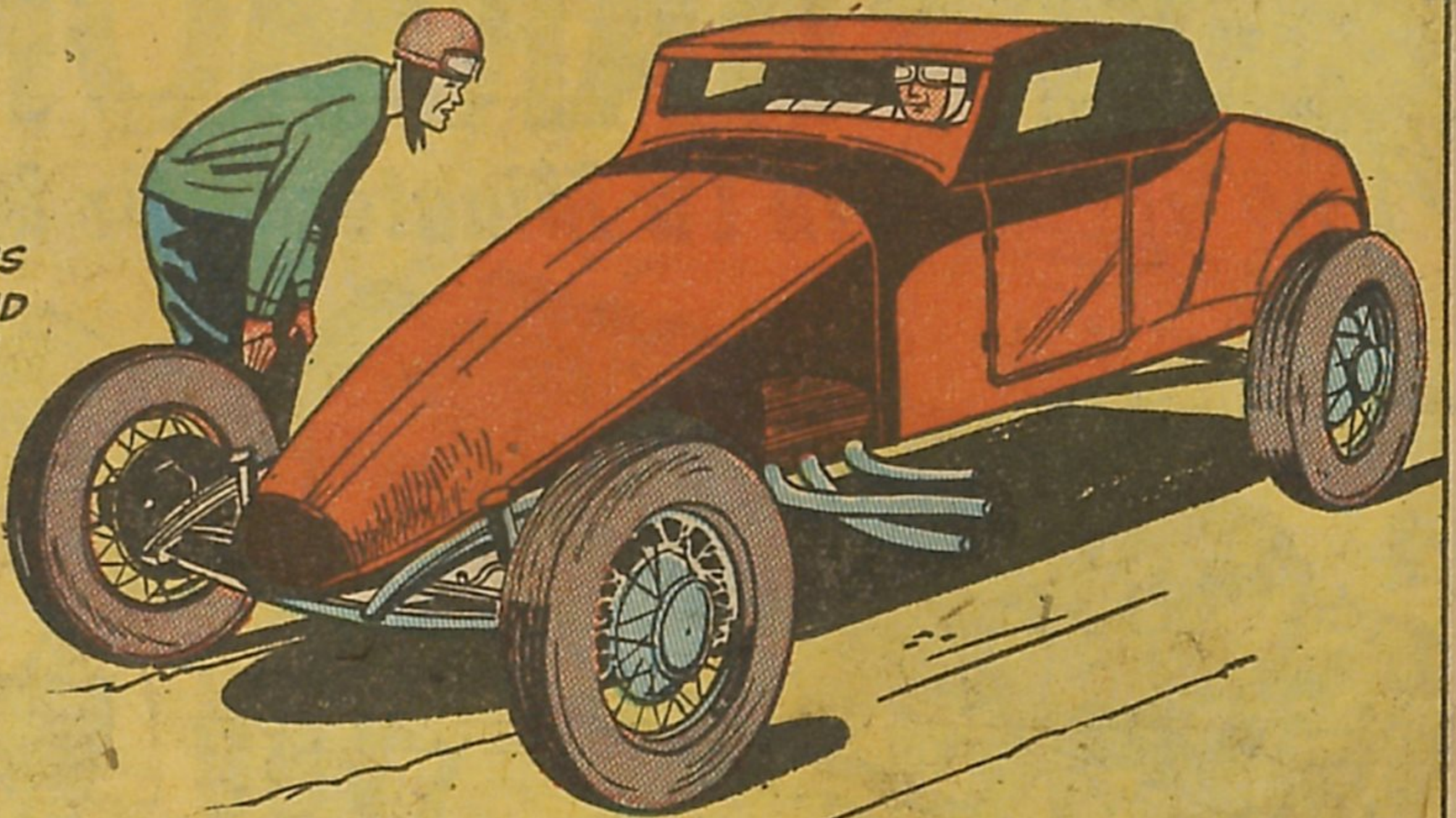
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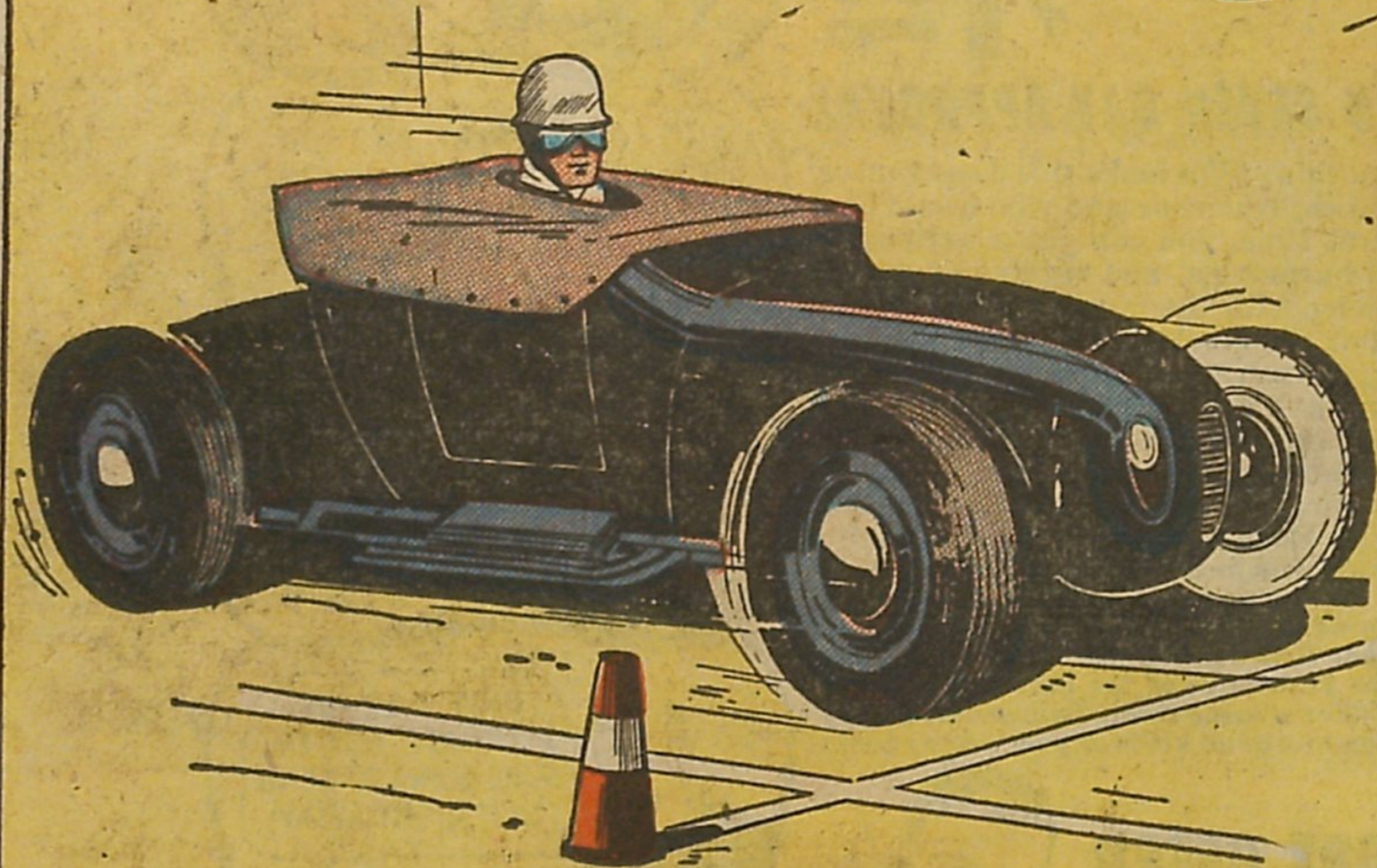
City _____ State _____

BROTHERS TO A BULLET

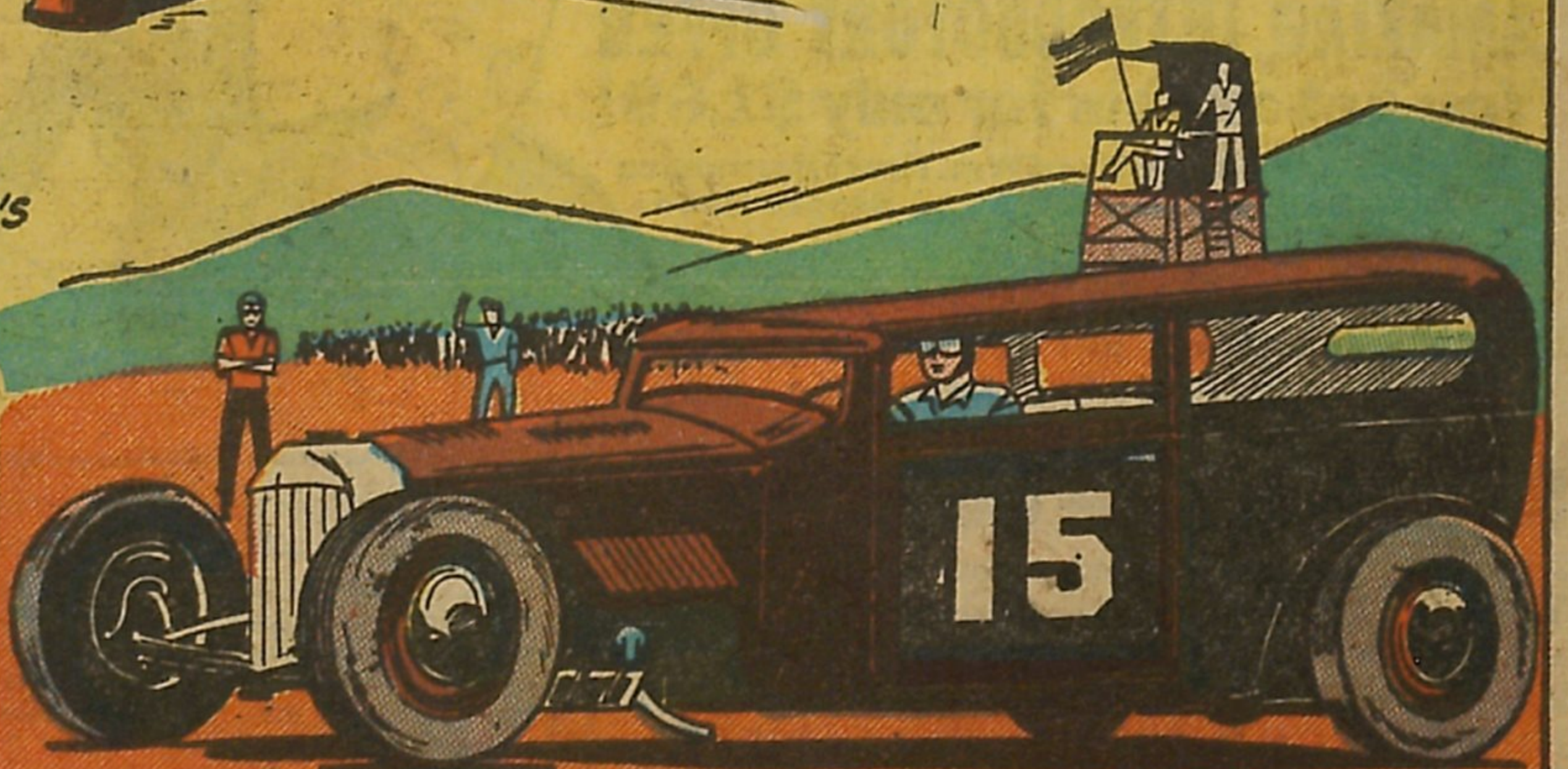
THERE'S VIRTUALLY NO END TO THE INGENUITY OF THE HOT ROD FRATERNITY. THIS ODD APPEARING CREATURE IS A CROSS BETWEEN A TANKER AND A COUPE, WITH PLENTY OF STREAMLINING. THE BODY IS COMPLETELY HAND-MADE, AND THE TOP IS CANVAS. VISIBILITY TO THE SIDES DOES NOT APPEAR TO BE VERY GOOD. FOR ACCESS TO ENGINE THE ENTIRE TOP OF THE HOOD LIFTS OFF. THIS WEIRD HYBRID HAS BEEN CLOCKED AT WELL OVER 100 M.P.H.!



AL DAL PORTO'S BULLET-NOSED 1925 "T," WITH A MERCURY PLANT UNDER THE HOOD, WOULD NOT TAKE ANY BEAUTY PRIZES—BUT IT HAS BEEN TIMED AT 144 M.P.H., MAKING IT ONE OF THE FASTEST CLASS "C" MODIFIED ROADSTERS. AL DRIVES WITH HIS FEET AND HANDS "BLIND"—HAS ONLY HIS HEAD PROTRUDING THROUGH CANVAS FAIRING. THIS ADDS SEVERAL M.P.H. TO TOP SPEED OF HIS ROD.



THE ORIGINAL MAKE AND VINTAGE OF KENNY ELDRED'S CLASS "C" SEDAN HAS BEEN LOST THROUGH GENEROUS BODY CHOPPING, BEEFED-UP WITH THE SUBSTITUTION OF A V-8 FOR ITS ORIGINAL ENGINE, THIS SLICED-DOWN OLDSTER HAS TURNED IN SPEEDS THAT ITS ORIGINAL BUILDER WOULD HAVE CONSIDERED FANTASTIC!



HEAVY FOOT AND GREEN

IT'S ALMOST STARTING TIME FOR THE CLASS "A" TWO-MAN ROADSTER EVENT AT A LONG ISLAND TRACK.... YOUNG DANNY REYNOLDS IS DRIVING HIS FIRST RACE — AND TO HIS SURPRISE THE SLICK WHEEL-MAN DUKE BRENNAN ANKLES OVER AND PUMPS HIS HAND WITH GOOD WISHES... BUT DANNY'S OLDER BROTHER PETE SMELLS A RAT.....



WHAT ARE YOU DOING AROUND MY PIT, BRENNAN? DON'T TELL ME IT'S A **FRIENDLY** CALL! YOU HATE MY INSIDES, AND EVERYBODY IN RACING KNOWS IT!

ME? DON'T BE SILLY, REYNOLDS! I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST YOU! THAT'S THE REASON I CAME OVER — IT'S YOUR BROTHER DANNY'S FIRST RACE — AND I WANT TO WISH HIM LUCK!

THANKS, BRENNAN!

I DON'T GET IT EITHER, DUKE — WHY THE GLAD HAND? PETE REYNOLDS AND HIS BROTHER ARE THE GUYS WE HAVE TO BEAT TODAY!

DON'T WORRY, SLIM... I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! JUST REMEMBER — IN THIS GAME IT'S THE **LAST LAP** THAT COUNTS!

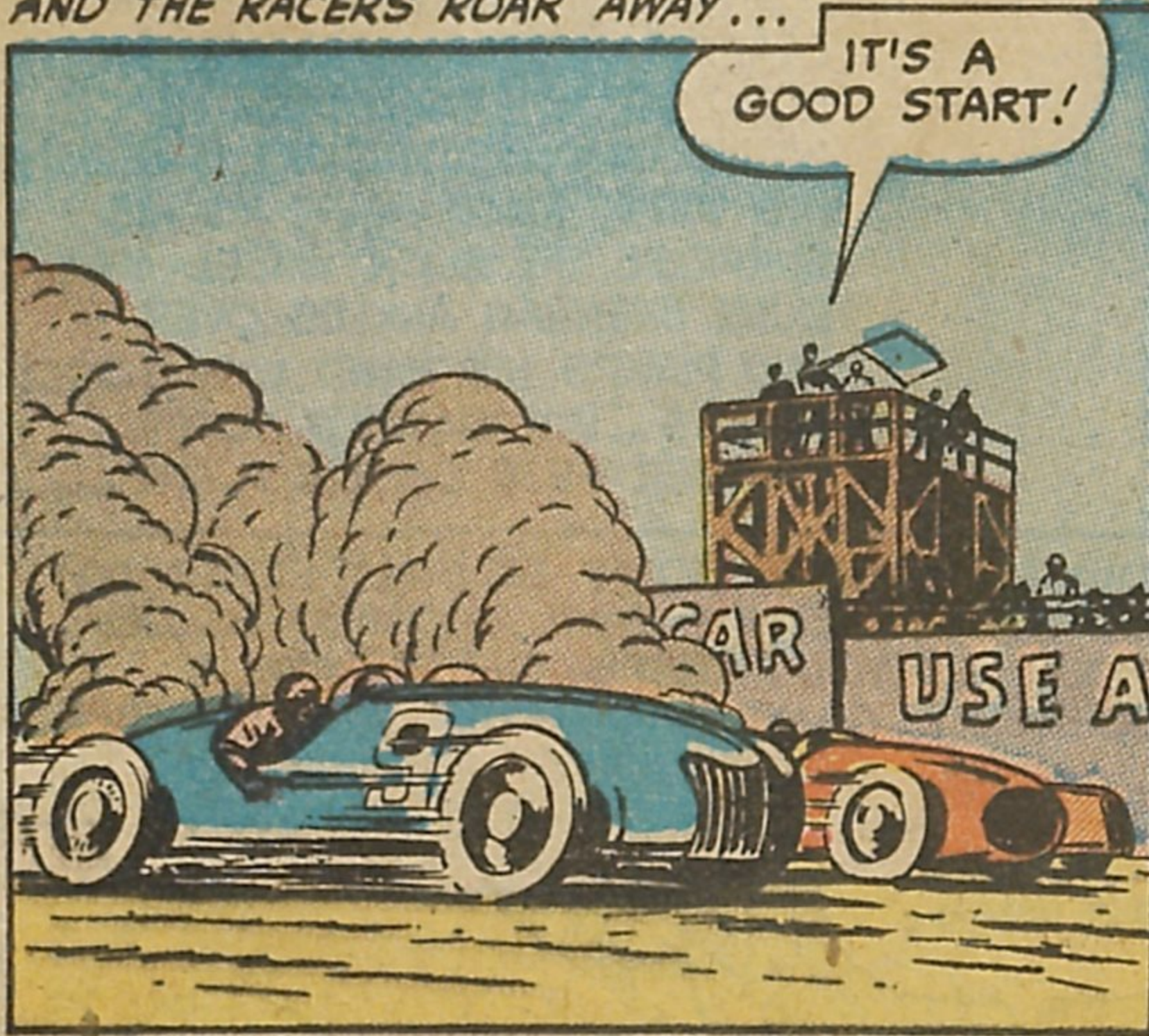
A SHORT TIME LATER...



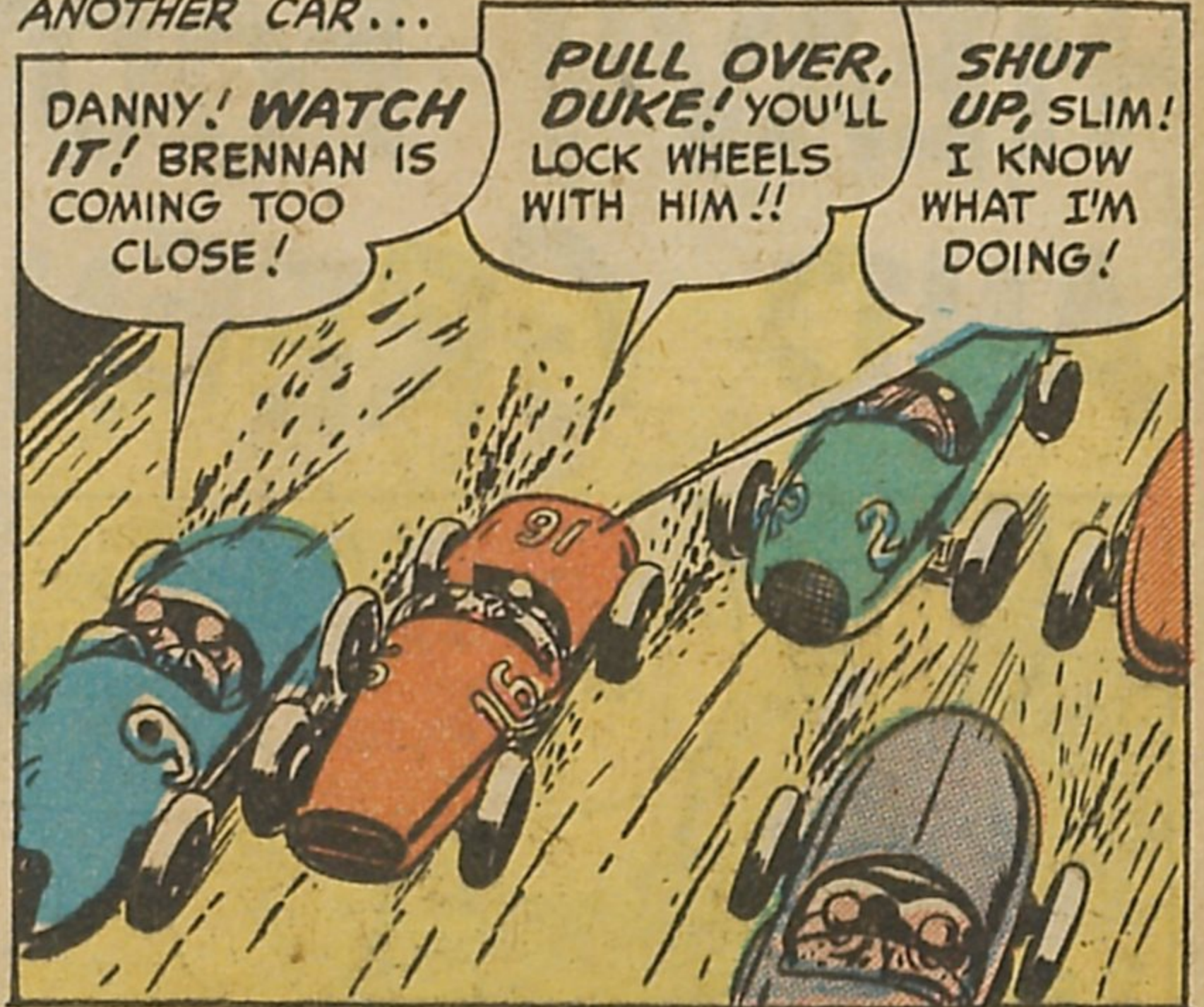
RELAX, DANNY... TAKE IT EASY! BUT WATCH OUT FOR BRENNAN! I DON'T TRUST THAT GUY!

THIS IS IT, PETE! I HOPE I CAN REMEMBER EVERYTHING YOU TAUGHT ME!

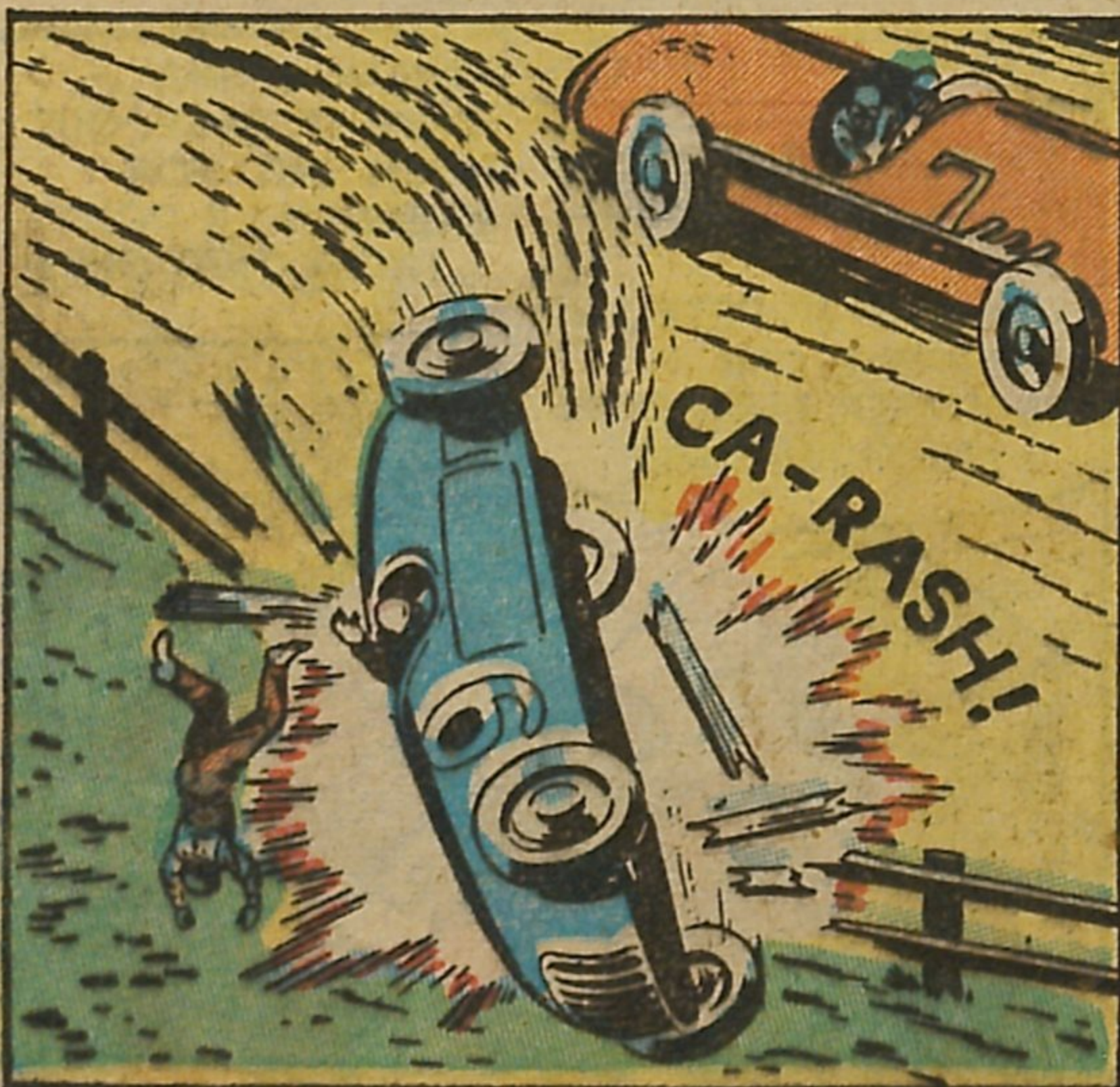
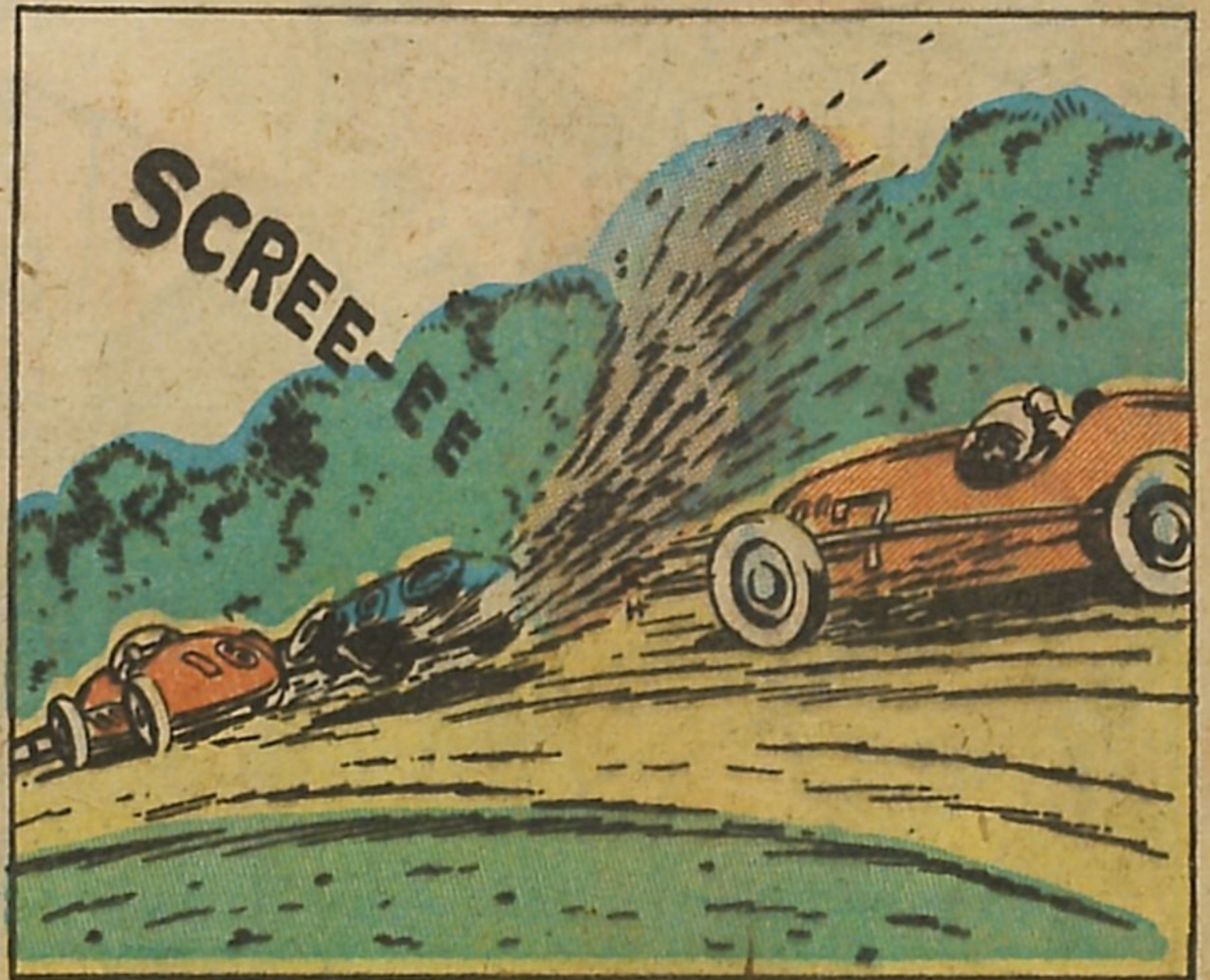
THE STARTER'S GREEN FLAG WHIPS DOWN... AND THE RACERS ROAR AWAY...



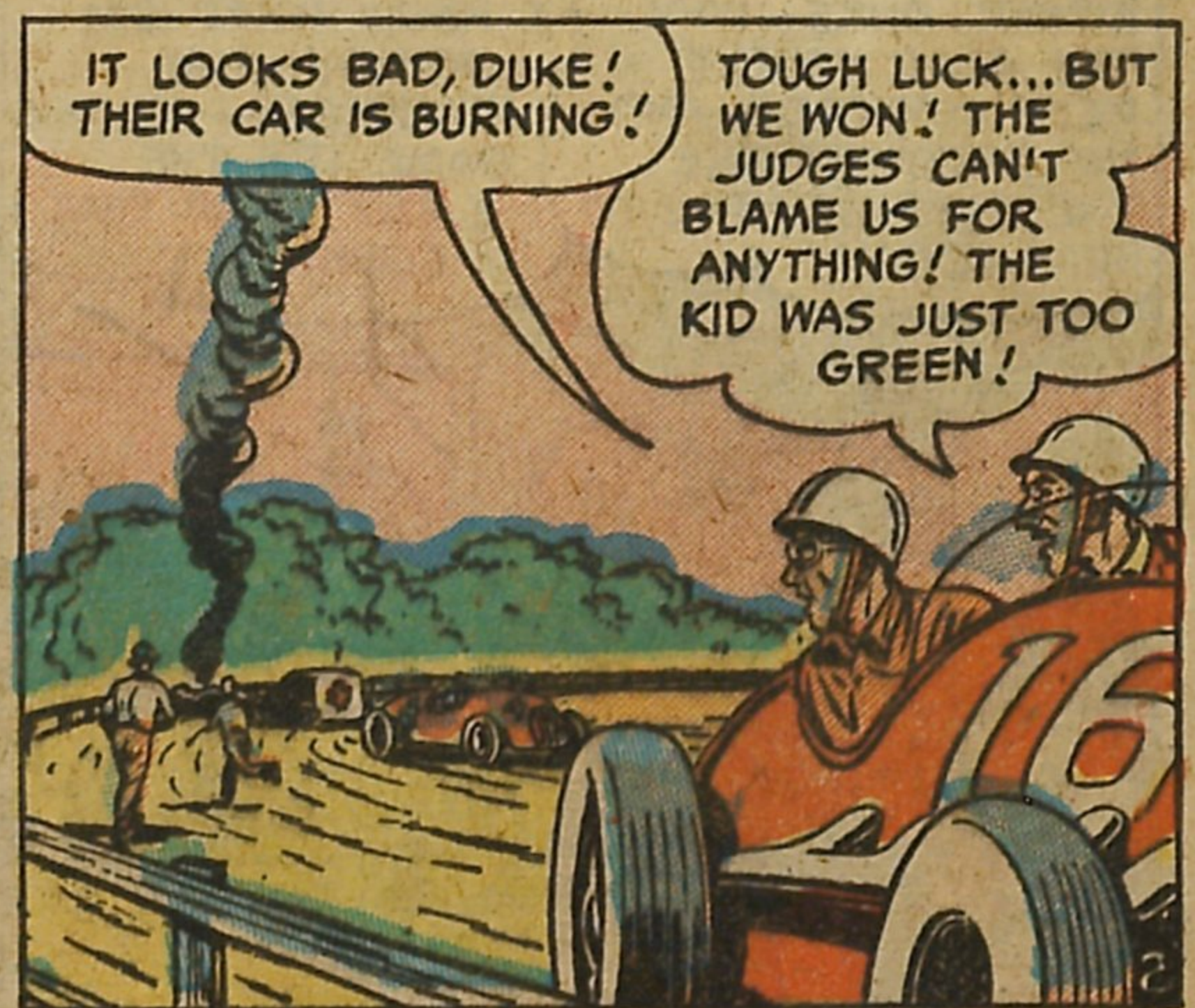
AFTER A FEW LAPS DUKE BRENNAN MAKES HIS BID AND SQUEEZES BETWEEN NO. 9 AND ANOTHER CAR...



DANNY FIGHTS HIS WHEEL TO KEEP CONTROL OF THE BUCKING RACER— THEN SUDDENLY...



THE YELLOW FLAG IS WAVED AND THE CARS HOLD THEIR POSITION... DUKE BRENNAN IN THE LEAD...





DANNY... DANNY!! HIS FIRST RACE, AND... HE'S DEAD!!

REYNOLDS—I... I'M SORRY! I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD THIS HAPPEN FOR **ANYTHING!!** YOU KNOW THAT!



YEAH, I KNOW! IT WAS JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS! A SCARED KID... AND YOU LOCKED WHEELS WITH HIM!

ALL RIGHT, REYNOLDS... TAKE IT EASY! WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU TO THE HOSPITAL!



DID YOU SEE THE WAY HE **LOOKED** AT YOU, DUKE? HE'S SORE! I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN YOUR BOOTS WHEN HE GETS OUT OF THE HOSPITAL!

DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT ME, SLIM! WE'RE PULLING OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW! I'M FINISHED WITH THE TRACKS IN THIS SECTION!

THE MONTHS GO BY—AND THEN ONE DAY AT A TRACK IN THE MIDWEST...



DUKE! THE PAPER SAYS PETE REYNOLDS IS LEAVING THE EASTERN CIRCUIT! HE'S COMING OUT THIS WAY!

THEN WE'RE MOVING ON! I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT GUY!

BUT WEEKS LATER ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST...



DUKE! I JUST SAW REYNOLDS—**HERE!** HE'S UNLOADING HIS RACER!

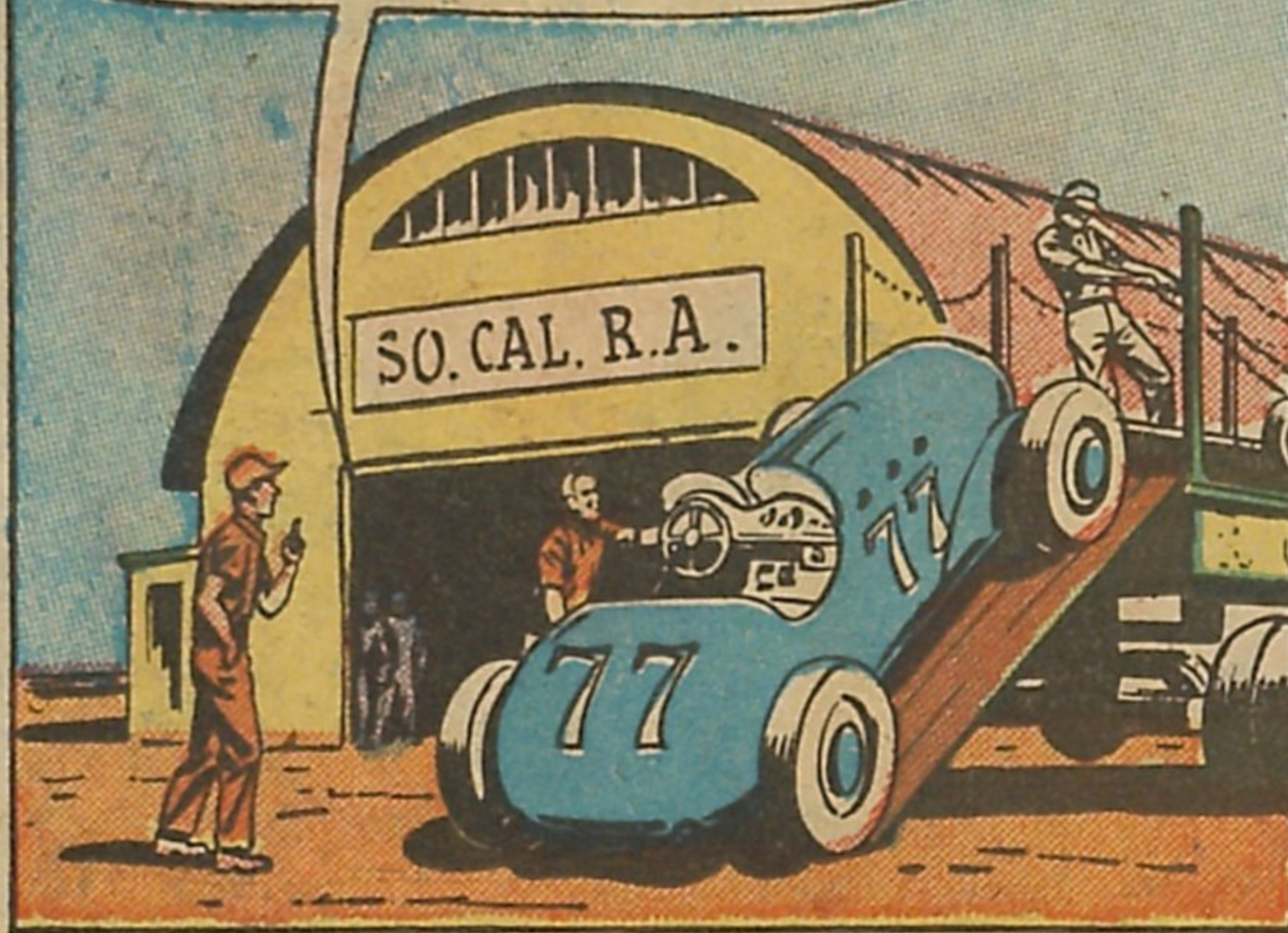
WHAT! BUT WE CAN'T PULL OUT THIS TIME! WE NEED DOUGH—AND THIS RACE IS TOO BIG!



THAT'S NOT ALL! REYNOLDS IS TEAMED UP WITH "SUICIDE" KARPER! THEY'RE IN THIS AFTERNOON'S RACE, BUT REYNOLDS ISN'T DRIVING!

OH, NO! KARPER IS HIS BEST FRIEND! THEY'RE **BOTH** OUT TO GET ME!!

WELL, LET THEM TRY! THEY'RE NOT DEALING WITH A **BEGINNER!** I KNOW ALL THE TRICKS THEY COULD PULL! THEY'LL NEVER GET **ME!**



DUKE—I... I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT! I'M PULLING OUT!

THINK AGAIN, SLIM! I'M NOT LETTING YOU GO! YOU WERE IN THIS IN THE BEGINNING... AND YOU'RE STAYING 'TIL THE END!



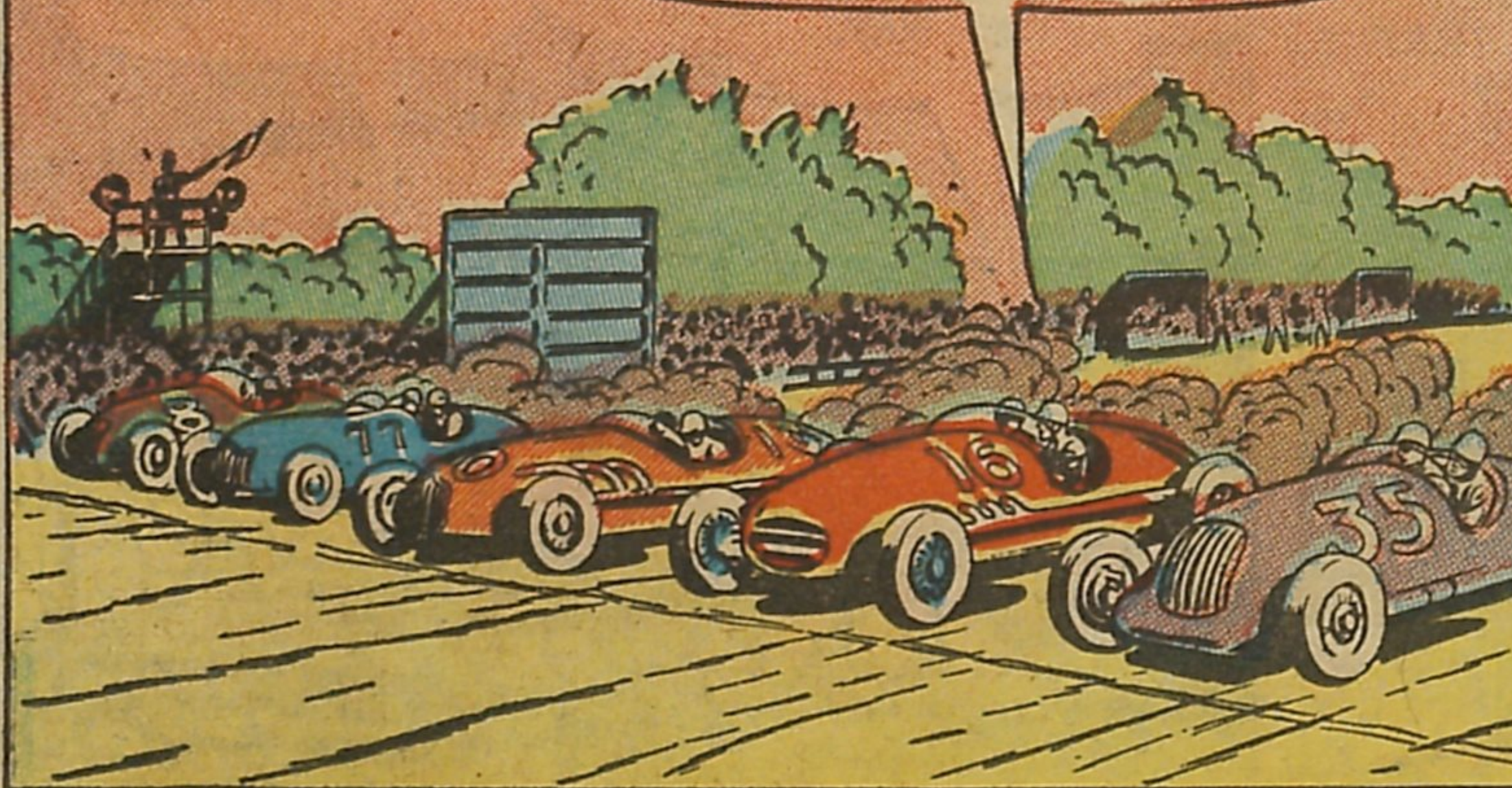
SO, THAT AFTERNOON...

THERE GOES THE FLAG! PUMP THE GAS, SLIM... WE'RE GOING TO GRAB THE LEAD AND HOLD IT! THEN THEY CAN'T DO ANYTHING!

ONE LAP... TWO... FIVE— AND THEN...

DUKE! THEY'RE GAINING ON US!

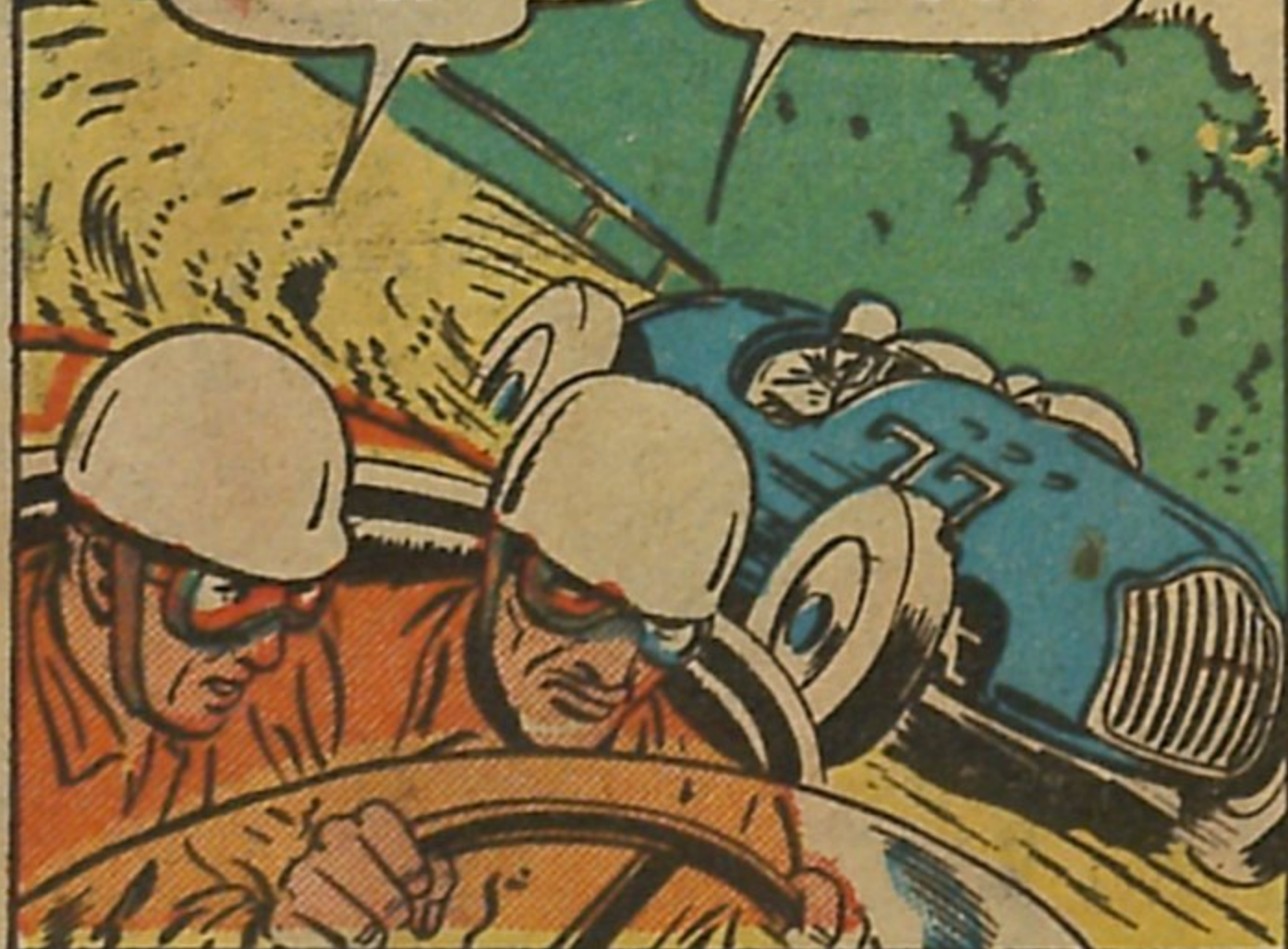
PUMP THAT GAS! **FASTER!!**



BUT PETE REYNOLDS' CAR CLOSES THE GAP, AND TWO LAPS LATER...

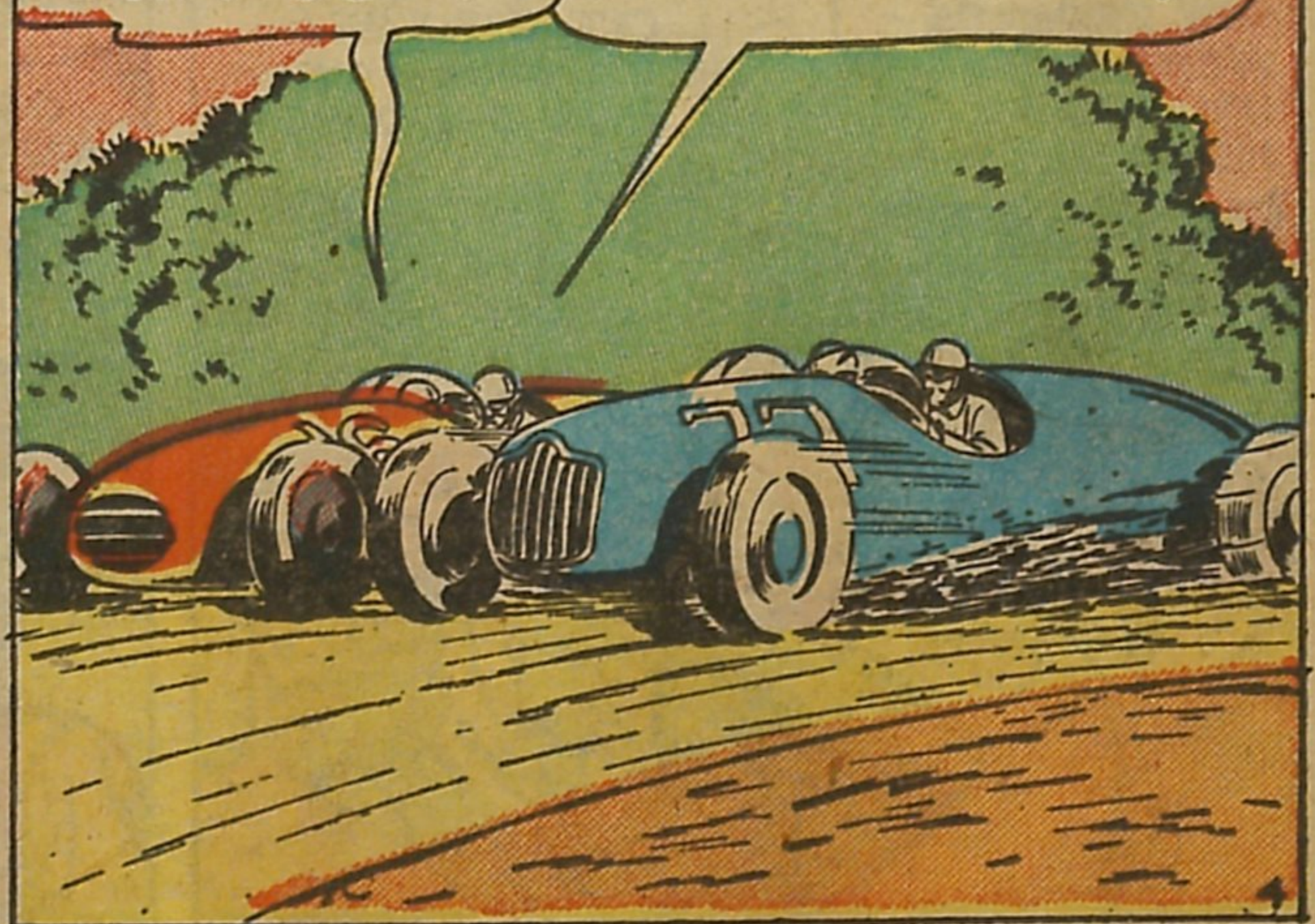
WE CAN'T STAY AHEAD OF THEM, DUKE! THEY'VE GOT A FASTER MILL!

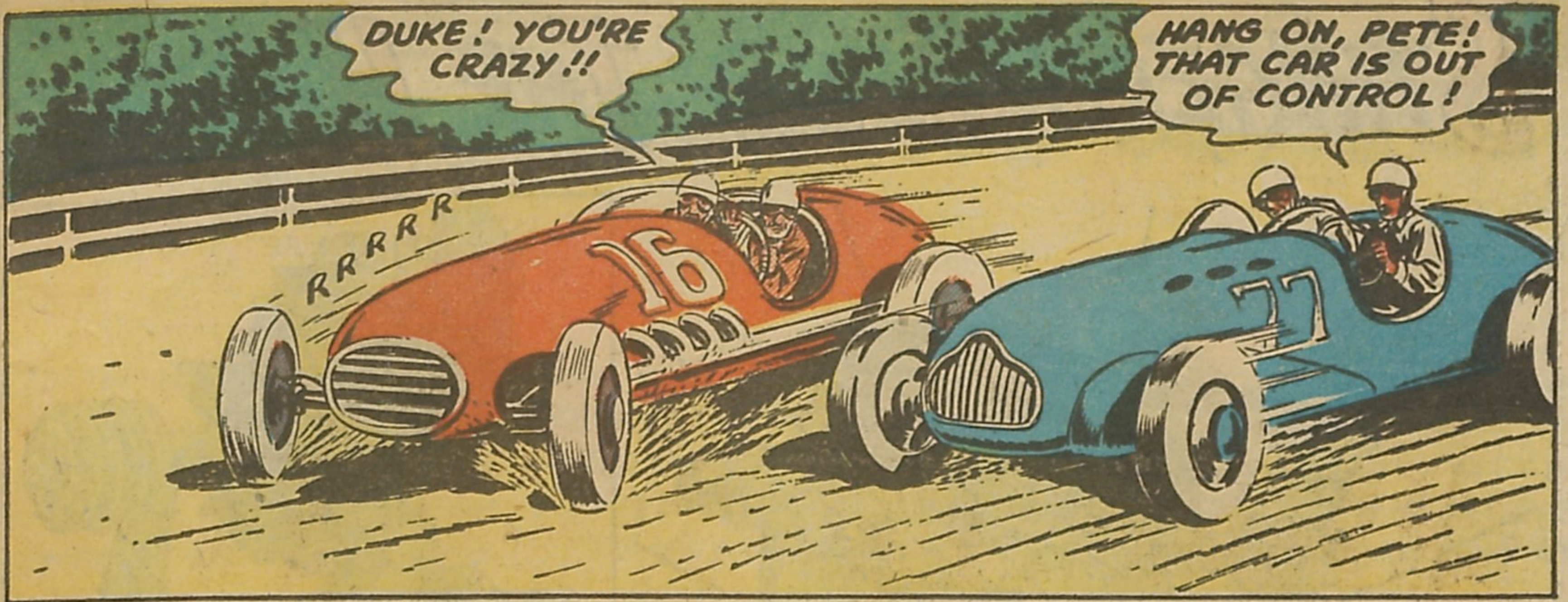
THEN LET THEM COME! I'LL GET **THEM** BEFORE THEY GET **US!**



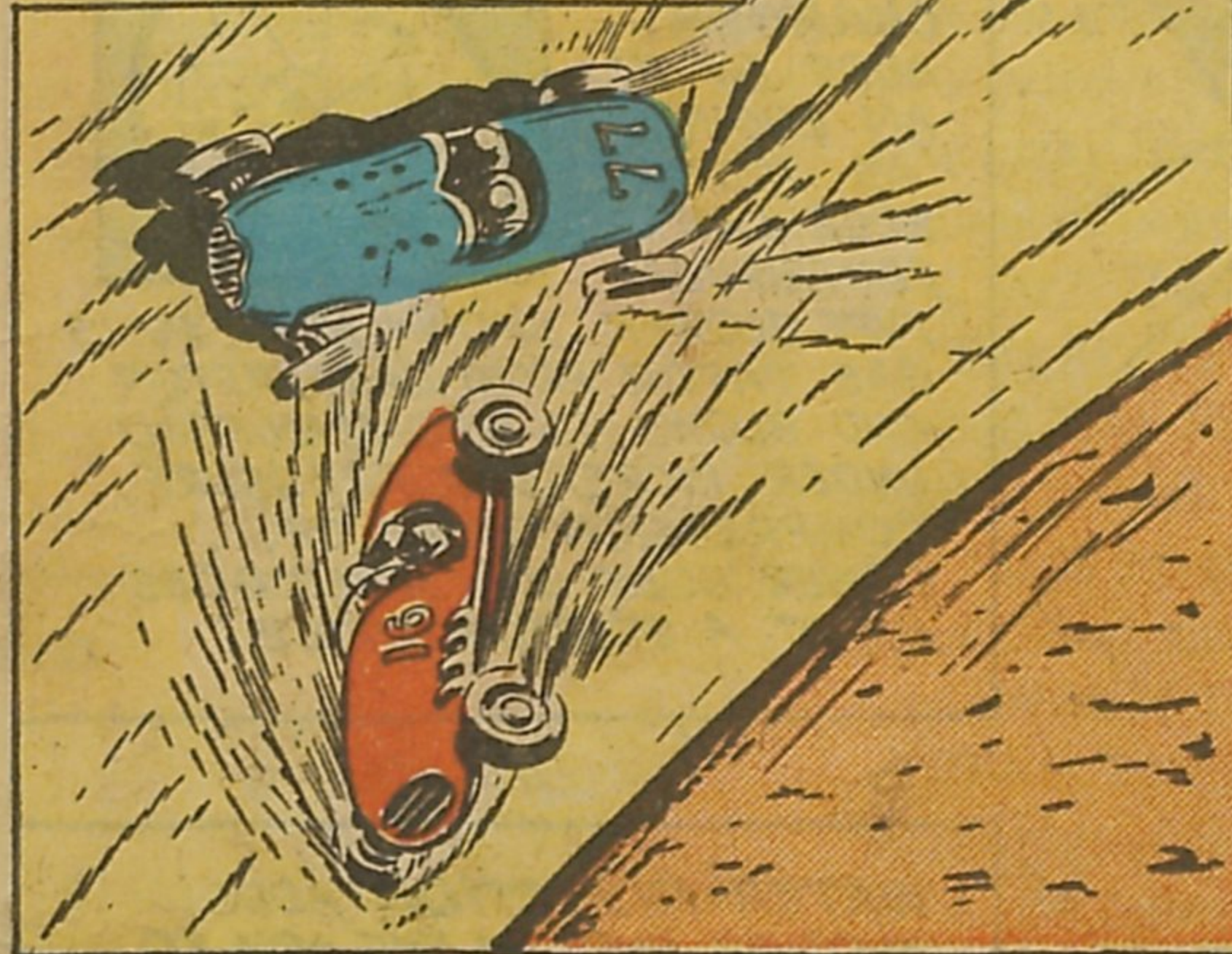
NO, DUKE! DON'T DO IT!

SHUT UP AND HOLD ON! I'M CUTTING THEM OFF!!





KARPER QUICKLY THROWS HIS CAR INTO A SKID—AND BRENNAN ROCKETTS BY, HIS WHEELS FLYING OFF THE GROUND...



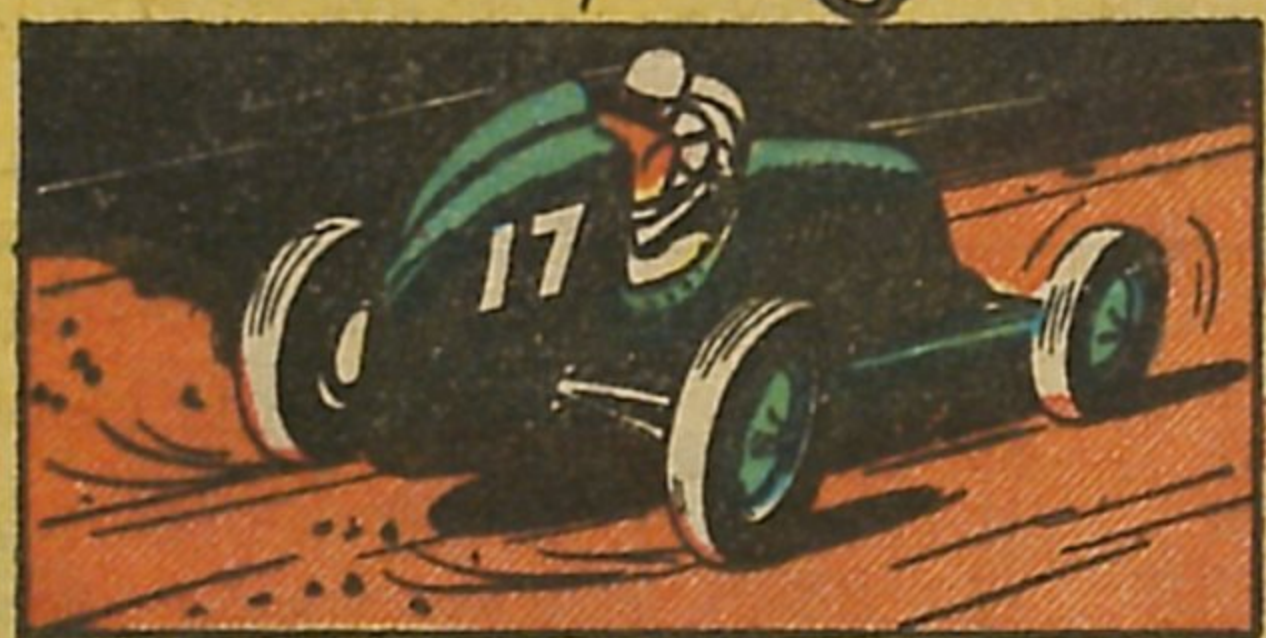
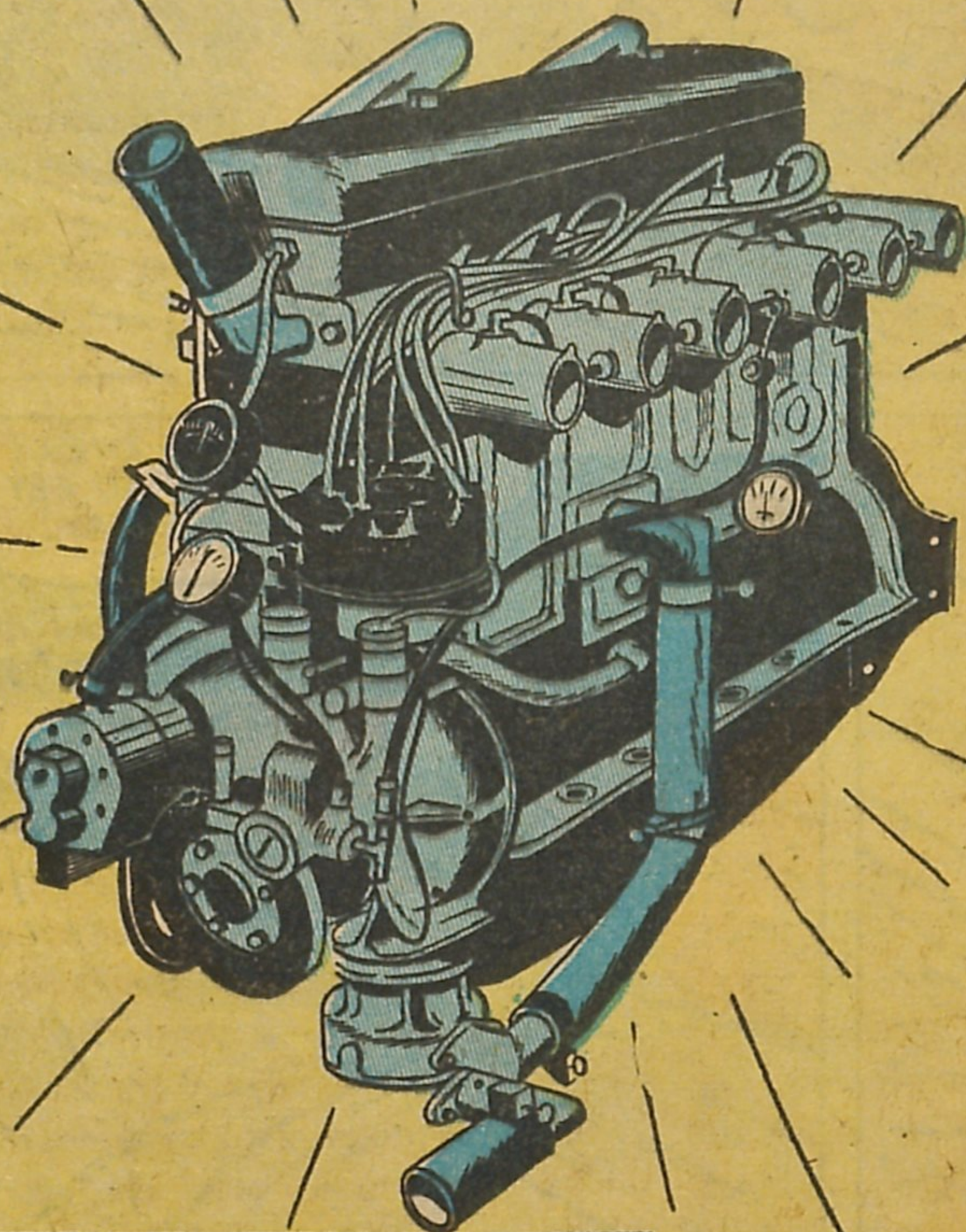
SUDDENLY...



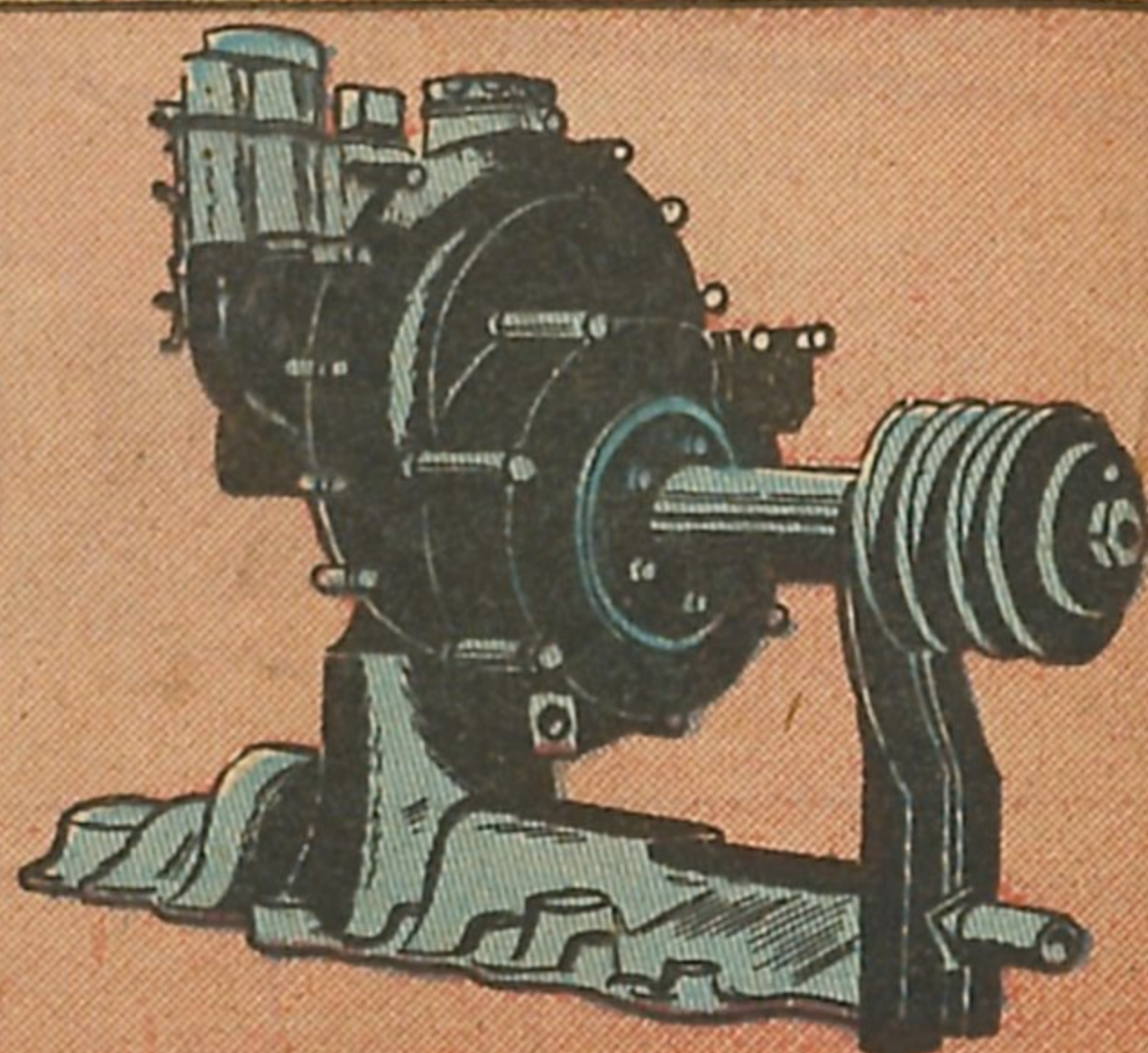
THEN, MINUTES LATER...



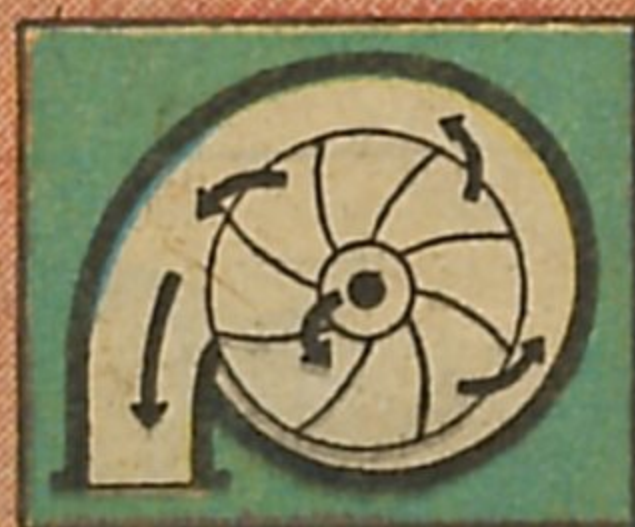
STINGERS UNDER THE HOOD



THE HORNING GMC, ORIGINALLY BUILT AS A TRUCK ENGINE, IS A PLANT THAT'S HARD TO BEAT FOR CONVERSION PURPOSES. ABOUT THE SAME SIZE AS A CHEVY ENGINE, THE BOYS IN THE KNOW SAY IT CAN RUN RINGS AROUND ITS STOCK CAR COUSIN. BUILT TO 'TAKE IT' IN LARGE DOSES, THE HORNING WAS DESIGNED TO GIVE HIGHEST POSSIBLE PERFORMANCE. IT HAS BEEN USED WITH SUCCESS IN SEVERAL RODS— AND YOU'LL PROBABLY HEAR A LOT MORE ABOUT IT FROM THIS POINT ON!

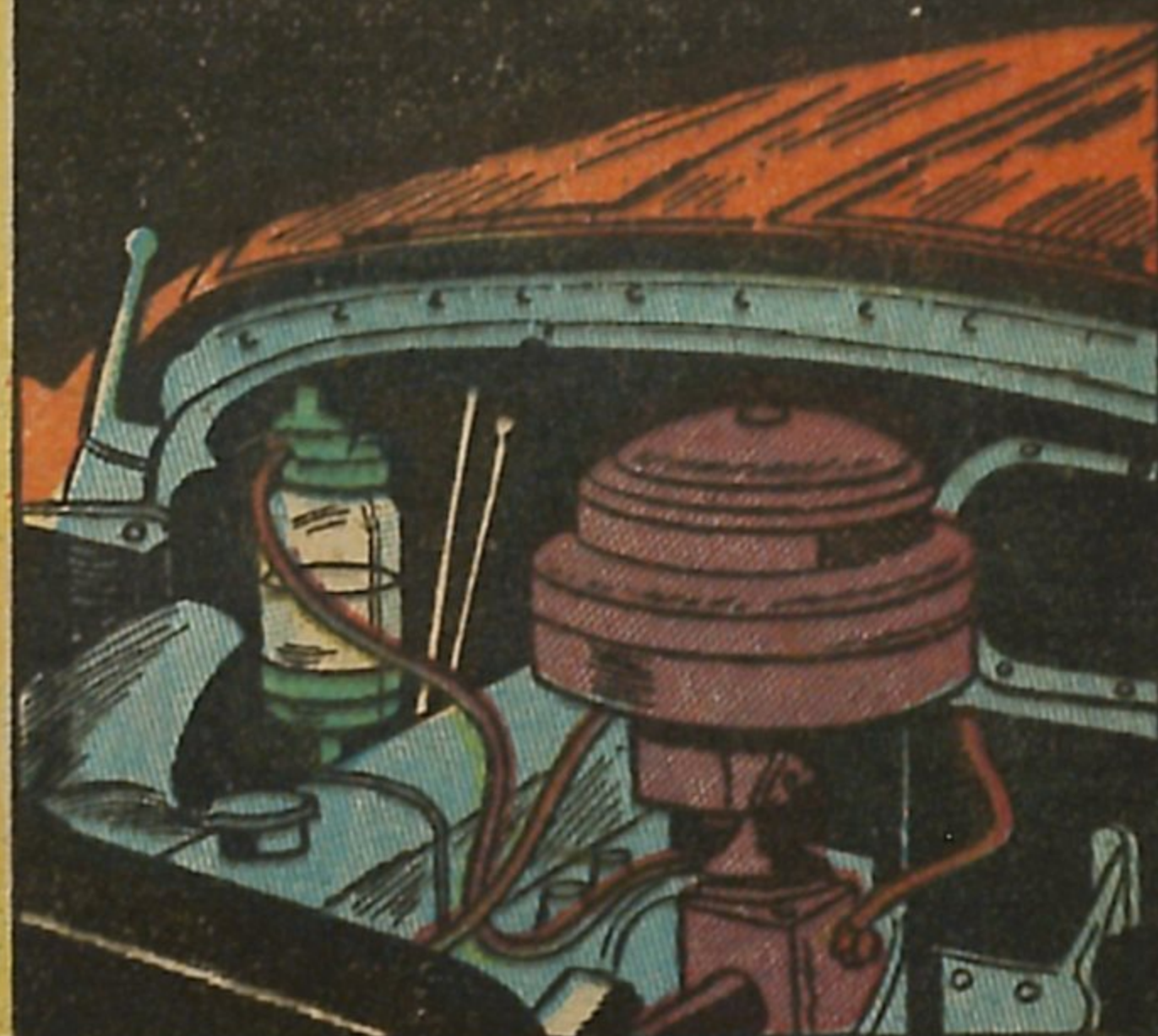


A SUPER-CHARGER ADDS ZIP TO AN ENGINE AS NOTHING ELSE CAN!



CENTRIFUGAL TYPE BLOWER, SHOWN HERE, PULLS GAS VAPOR FROM CARBURETOR AND BLOWS IT INTO MANIFOLD UNDER INCREASED PRESSURE. COMPRESSION GOES UP... POWER GOES UP... SPEED GOES UP AT A STARTLING RATE!

WATER-INJECTION ADDS ANOTHER SHOT IN THE ARM TO THE ENGINE. DEVELOPED DURING WORLD WAR II TO GIVE WARPLANES MORE PUNCH, THE SQUIRT SYSTEM GIVES MORE PEP, REDUCES CARBON SLUDGE, AND CUTS KNOCKING TO THE BONE.



Big-Time at Last

FROM his vantage point in the pit, young Ernie White, the new mechanic, held his breath as the streaking Maserati racing car screamed down the straightaway at 185 miles per hour.

Behind the wheel was his idol, Gary Miller, the greatest racing driver of them all. And today Miller was showing his class to 32 of the world's fastest cars and 200,000 speed-mad fans who had descended on Indianapolis from near and far for the speed classic of the year.

With the 300-mile mark behind him, Miller and his mechanic, Pete Schreiber, were enjoying a one-lap lead over the field.

★ ★ ★

Alongside of young White stood Jake Adams, veteran grease monkey, holding a big chalk-inscribed blackboard over his head so that the onrushing driver could see it. The sign had two big letters on it—an "E" and a "Z," which in racing parlance means to take it easy or slow the pace a bit.

"That guy's gonna kill himself if he don't ease up on the throttle," grunted Jake as the blue and white car shot by. "Why can't he drive a normal race like Dutch Herman?"

At the same time he indicated the sister-ship Maserati car in third place which just shot by.

Both cars were out of Ernie White's pit—both of them owned by Dudley Davenport, the millionaire patron of the speedway.

"There's only one Gary Miller," said a voice spinning them both around, and Ernie White looked into the admiration-filled eyes of Dudley Davenport.

"Nobody can hold him back once he gets behind that wheel. He's piled up before while running away from the field, but he's dedicated to getting the most out of a car," Davenport concluded.

"Right, Mr. Davenport," agreed Jake, "but not even Gary Miller knows the power under the hood of that Maserati. He hasn't had time to learn every trick of that Italian job."

The millionaire owner laid a friendly hand on Jake's shoulder.

"Let's leave it to Gary," he said quietly. "He'll do all right."

★ ★ ★

All of this drama in the pit, punctuated by three-mile-a-minute cars shooting by, served to increase the pulse-beat of young Ernie White. Thirty days ago he had been an eager young hot rod who had sunk a life's savings into putting together a speed car which he hoped would qualify at Indianapolis. All his life he had dreamed of showing his stuff in the big classic. He had made a pretty good record, too, on the dirt tracks of the Middle West.

Then came that crushing blow when he brought his car to the big track and sought a qualifying application. The official took one look at the car and shook his head with a wry smile.

"Better get a good seat in the grandstand, sonny. This car would be lapped before you hit the backstretch."

And watching the ace drivers come close to 200 miles per hour on the straightaways during warmup heats, he knew the official was right. Heartbroken, he started to wander away. Then he felt a friendly hand on his shoulder. He looked up and his heart missed a beat. It was the friendly, smiling face of Gary Miller, the champion, looking down at him.

"Tough luck, kid," he said softly. "I couldn't help but overhear."

"I—I guess I'm just a bush-leaguer, Mr. Miller," he stammered. "And the sooner I get out of here the better."

The champion's eyes grew serious.

"We just had a pit assistant walk out on us," he said. "I've noticed your savvy around the other cars. How about giving us a lift?"

And that was how Ernie White got the thrill of a lifetime, as the kid in the pit of the champion's car. . . .

★ ★ ★

The blazing Maserati of Gary Miller's had opened almost a

full lap on the field now as it screamed through the turns of the two and one-half mile track with unbelievable speed.

All at once there was a grunt from Jake Adams as he pointed to the Davenport-owned sister-ship Maserati wheeling into the straightaway.

"Dutch Herman's signalling he's coming into the pit. And I've got a good notion it's foot trouble."

A moment later they were looking into the pain-filled face of Dutch Herman behind the wheel.

"My left foot's cooked. I can't take another lap. Get me a doctor."

Everybody in the pit knew Dutch Herman was through. Like a lot of other racing drivers he had suffered a blistered foot once too often from the excessive engine heat. Dutch hadn't healed from his last bad burn. And now he was at the end of his rope as far as the classic was concerned, at least.

Suddenly there was a roar from the crowd that turned all eyes back to the track. The blazing speedster of Gary Miller had begun to weave in the back end. It was on the verge of going out of control.

"There he goes," shouted Jake Adams. "I knew he was too wide open!"

In the next instant the streaking blue and white car sloughed crazily down to the inside rim of the track. As the tires caught hold of the rim, the Italian-made car suddenly went into a spin that carried it clear up to the top restraining wall. There was a gasp from the crowd as it shot through the rail and sailed twenty-eight feet through the air.

Ernie White went pale as he saw the telephone wires beyond the turn go down. And then came the sickening crash.



It was like somebody coming back from the dead when Gary

Miller, battered, bruised and covered with iodine, limped over to the Davenport pit a few minutes later to electrify the crowd. There was still the look of a champion in his eye. Dudley Davenport rushed over to clap an arm around his neck, but the kingpin of them all waved him aside with a smile as his eyes fell on the idle Maserati belonging to Dutch Herman.

His quick eye saw Herman getting the kind of first aid that meant he was out for keeps.

Abruptly he turned on the breathless Ernie White.

"Want to take a ride, kid?" he smiled.



Before he realized what was happening, the two of them were rolling out of the pits. Ernie White was now side-by-side with Mr. Speed himself.

"We're back to fifth spot in Dutch's car, but we're not staying there," he laughed. "We can't let Mr. Davenport down, can we?"

And then Ernie White began to know the feel of real speed. They screamed into the far turn and then belted down the backstretch. The speedometer rose steadily above the 100 mark. The tires began to whine. The heat of the engine struck him full in the face. But he didn't care. He was riding with the great Gary Miller now.

They caught the fourth place car of Choo-Choo Williams' just past the four hundred mile mark, coming into the home stretch. The kid was conscious of the waving of a hundred thousand hats in the stands as they began to creep up on Jimmy Palermo in third. Turn after turn they matched, almost hub to hub as the tires screamed and the crowd roared.

But Ernie caught the look of victory now on the grim, confident Miller mask behind the wheel. They took over third place half a lap later,

Now it was the red and white car of Carl Cox putting up the challenge. They were charging down the straightaway close to 185 m.p.h. Ernie White's heart stopped beating as he felt the back end start to sway again. Were they going into another spin? How long could Gary Miller cheat death? As they shot into the north turn, he saw the Cox car swing a bit wide. It was then that the kid saw true genius as Gary Miller steadied the car, shot it through a needle-eye opening to capture the rail and second place—less than fifty yards behind the lead car of Dizzy Ballou.



Five laps to go. The kid hung on until his knuckles went white. They were hitting the turns like something out of a rocket. They were alongside Dizzy Ballou now, with the old master wearing a faint smile as he winked at the kid.

They were beginning to sway again with the airplane speed. But Gary Miller smelled victory now.

With his throttle foot clear to the floor he gave the screaming Maserati the last ounce of power. She careened dangerously wide on the home stretch. Then righting herself, she showed her class. Whining down the home stretch just below 200 miles an hour she overtook the flying Ballou, and went out in front. The last lap was just a formality, but it was ridden to the most earth-shaking ovation ever heard at Indianapolis. They were the champions now.


Before the crowd could get to them in the pits as they were climbing out, Gary Miller said to the kid:

"Come back next year, kid. You're the kind of good luck I want to take for the whole distance."

And then the crowd swept in to take him up on their shoulders.

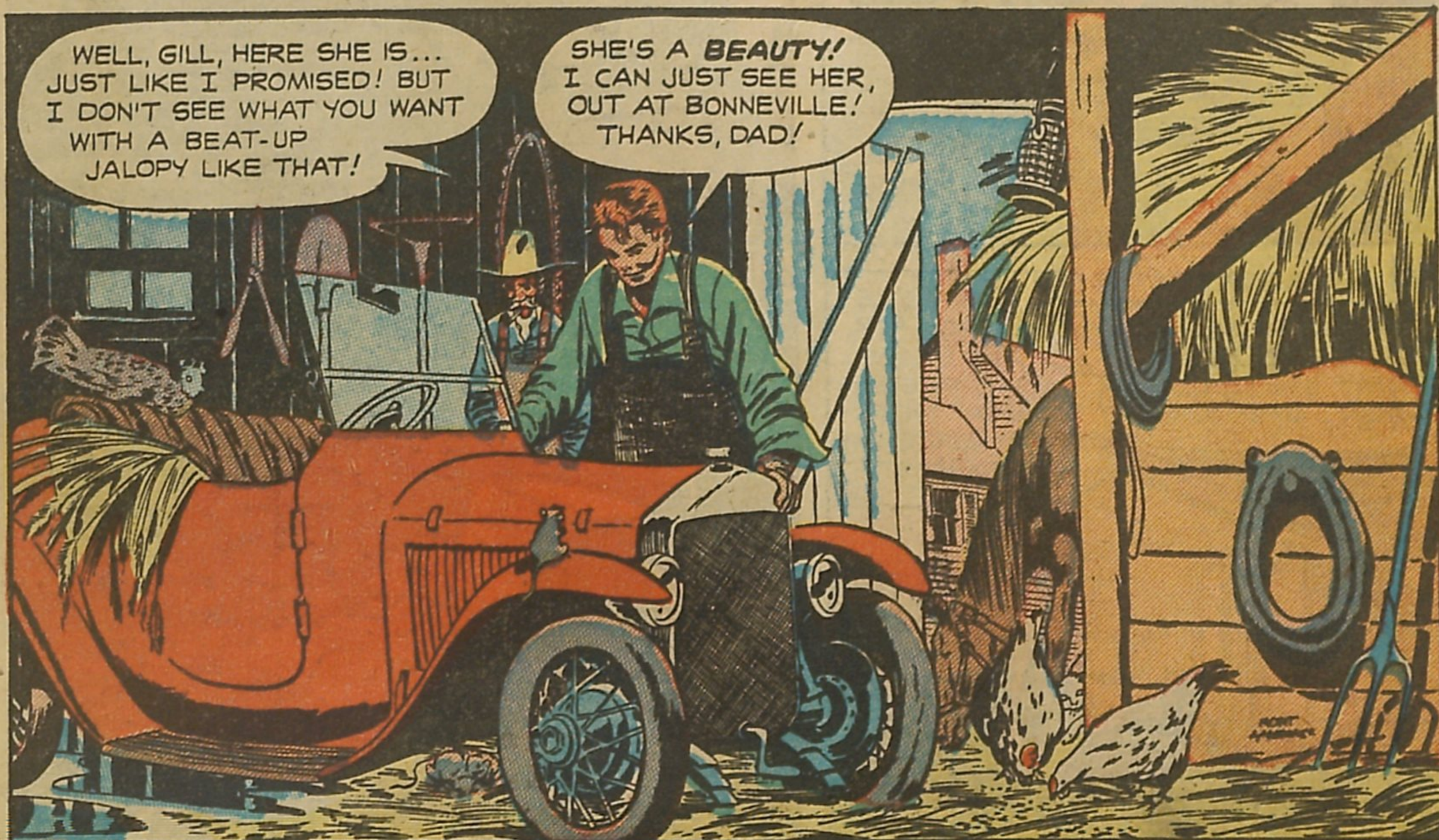
The End

NICE GUYS



FINISH LAST

GILL PARKER WAS A FARM KID... HE WAS GREEN 'TIL HE GOT BEHIND THE WHEEL OF A "LOADED MILL"... AND THEN HE WAS ONE GUY WHO HATED TO LOSE!!..... BUT NOW AT THE START WE SEE GILL AS HIS FATHER GIVES HIM HIS FIRST "WHEELS"...



WELL, GILL, HERE SHE IS... JUST LIKE I PROMISED! BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT WITH A BEAT-UP JALOPY LIKE THAT!

SHE'S A **BEAUTY!** I CAN JUST SEE HER, OUT AT BONNEVILLE! THANKS, DAD!

I GUESS YOU CAN'T SEE WHAT **I** SEE IN THIS CAR, DAD! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DRIVE FAST— AND **NOW** I'M GOING TO HAVE THE CHANCE!

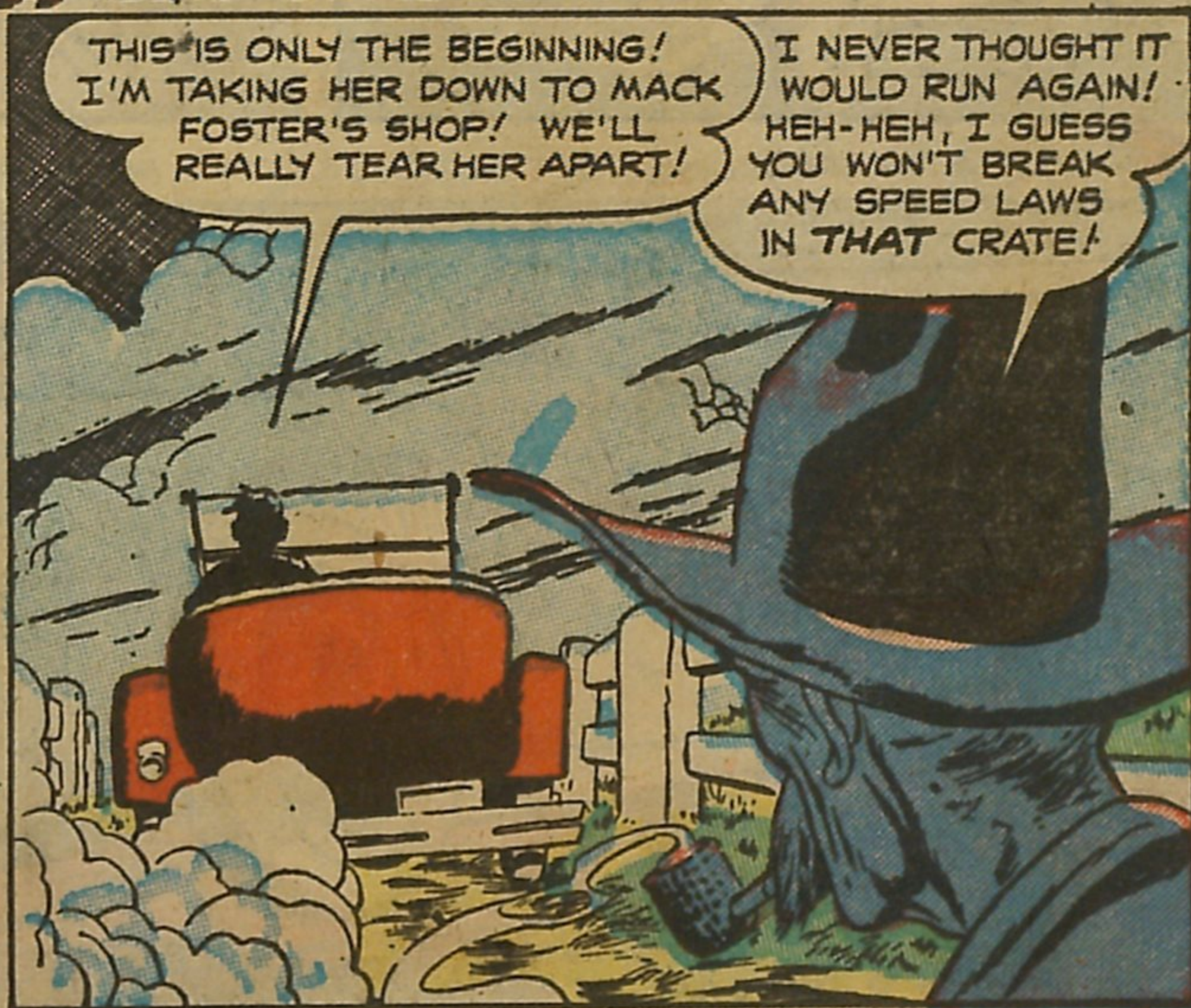
AS LONG AS YOU DON'T BREAK YOUR FOOL NECK, IT'S ALL RIGHT!



A WEEK LATER GILL HAS THE CAR IN RUNNING ORDER...

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! I'M TAKING HER DOWN TO MACK FOSTER'S SHOP! WE'LL REALLY TEAR HER APART!

I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD RUN AGAIN! HEH-HEH, I GUESS YOU WON'T BREAK ANY SPEED LAWS IN **THAT** CRATE!



LATER, AT MACK'S SERVICE STATION...

SHE AIN'T MUCH ON LOOKS, GILL, BUT SHE'S PLENTY SOLID! WITH A NEW CAMSHAFT, REBORED CYLINDERS, A COUPLE OF CARBURETORS AND A FEW ODDS AND ENDS, I THINK WE'LL KICK UP PLENTY OF DUST! C'MON, LET'S GET 'ER INSIDE!

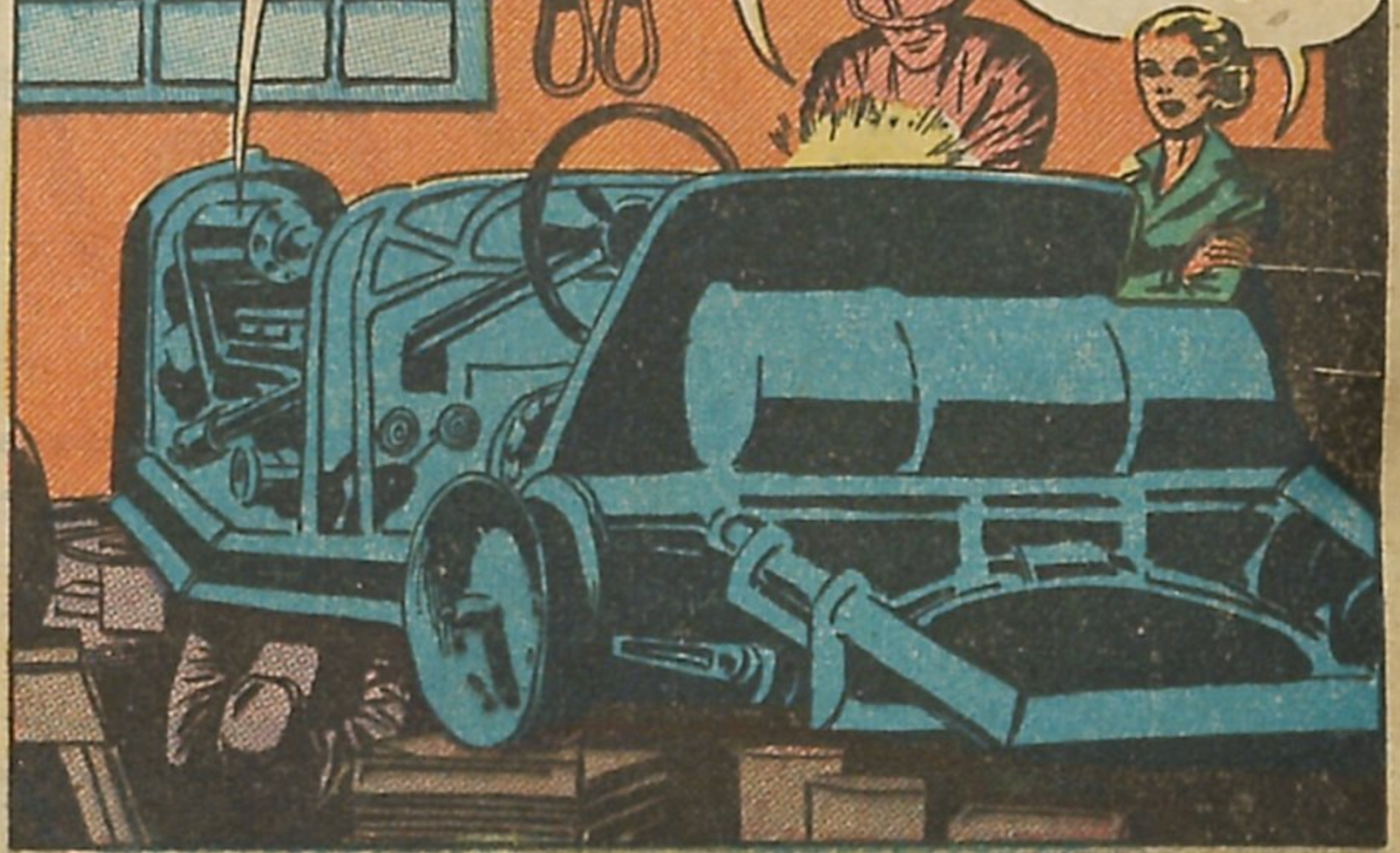


AND SO...

I'M GONNA TEAR THE FRONT BRAKES OUT! THEY ONLY ADD WEIGHT!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME! ANYTHING GOES AS LONG AS IT PUTS MORE SPEED IN THIS ROADSTER!

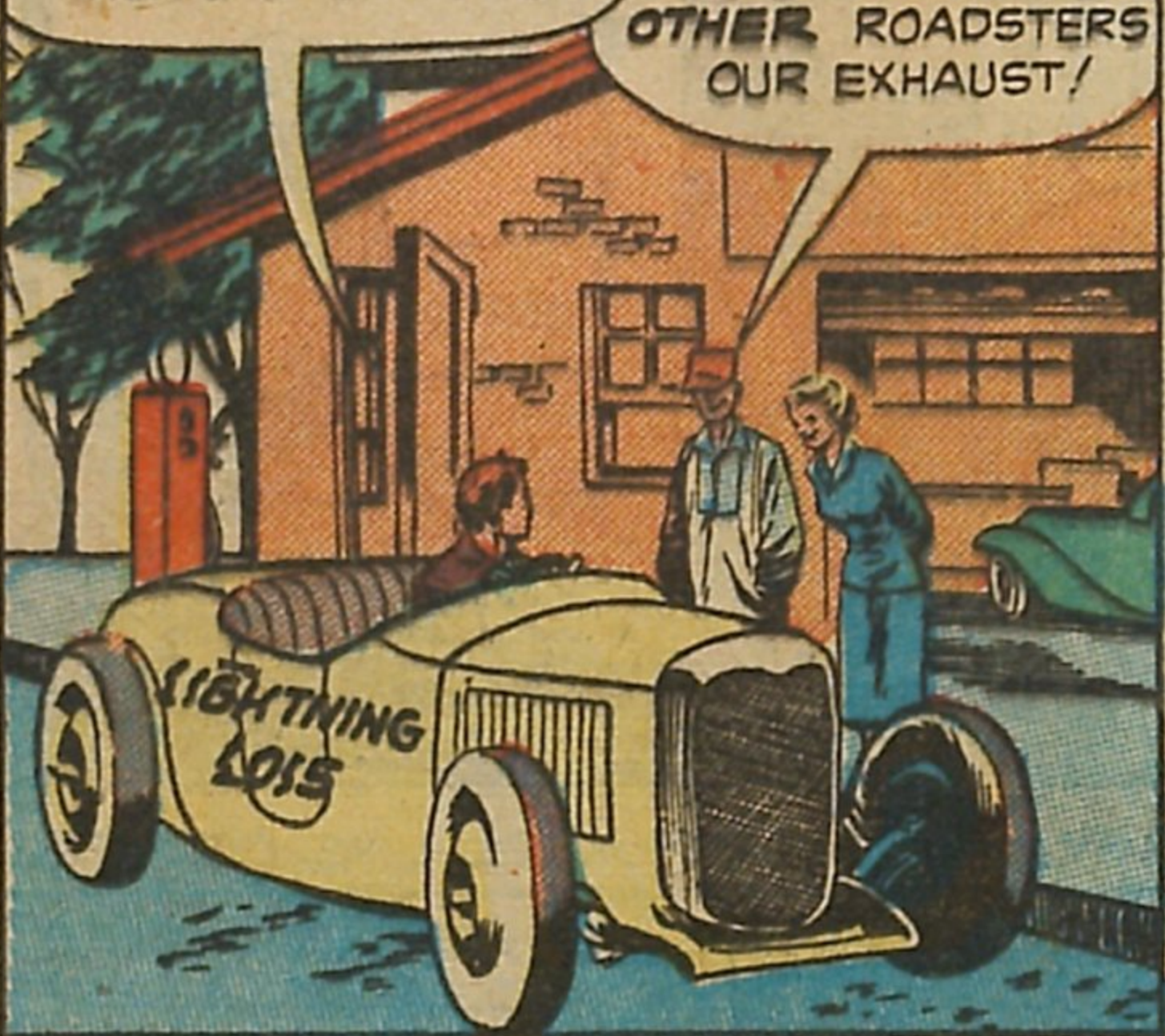
MAYBE YOU CAN HAVE IT READY FOR THE DRAGS NEXT MONTH AT THE PASCO FLATS!



A FEW WEEKS LATER...

SHE RIDES LIKE A DREAM! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT SHE'LL DO WHEN I OPEN HER UP!

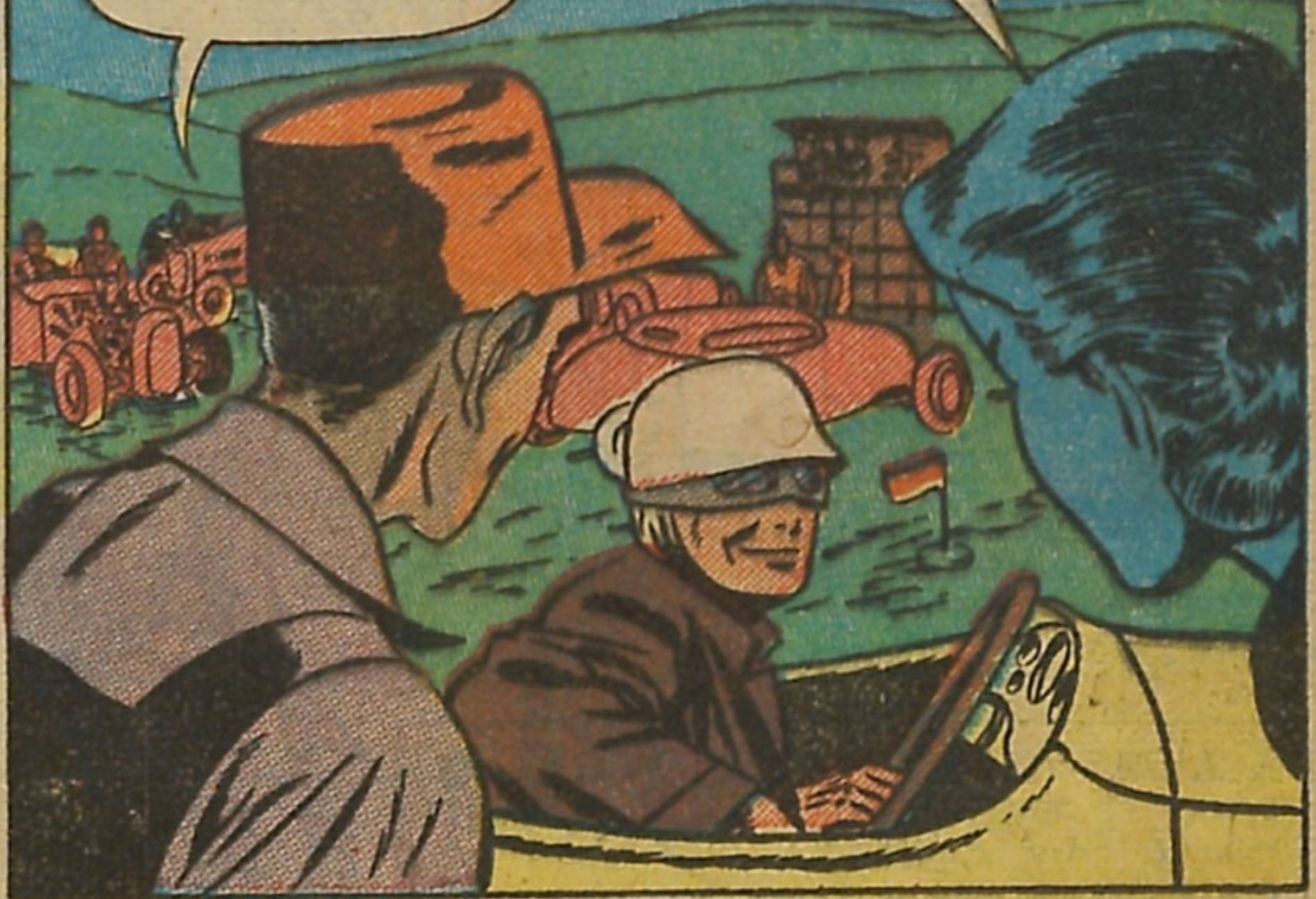
NOW WE'RE READY FOR THE DRAGS... AND WE'RE GOING TO SHOW THOSE OTHER ROADSTERS OUR EXHAUST!



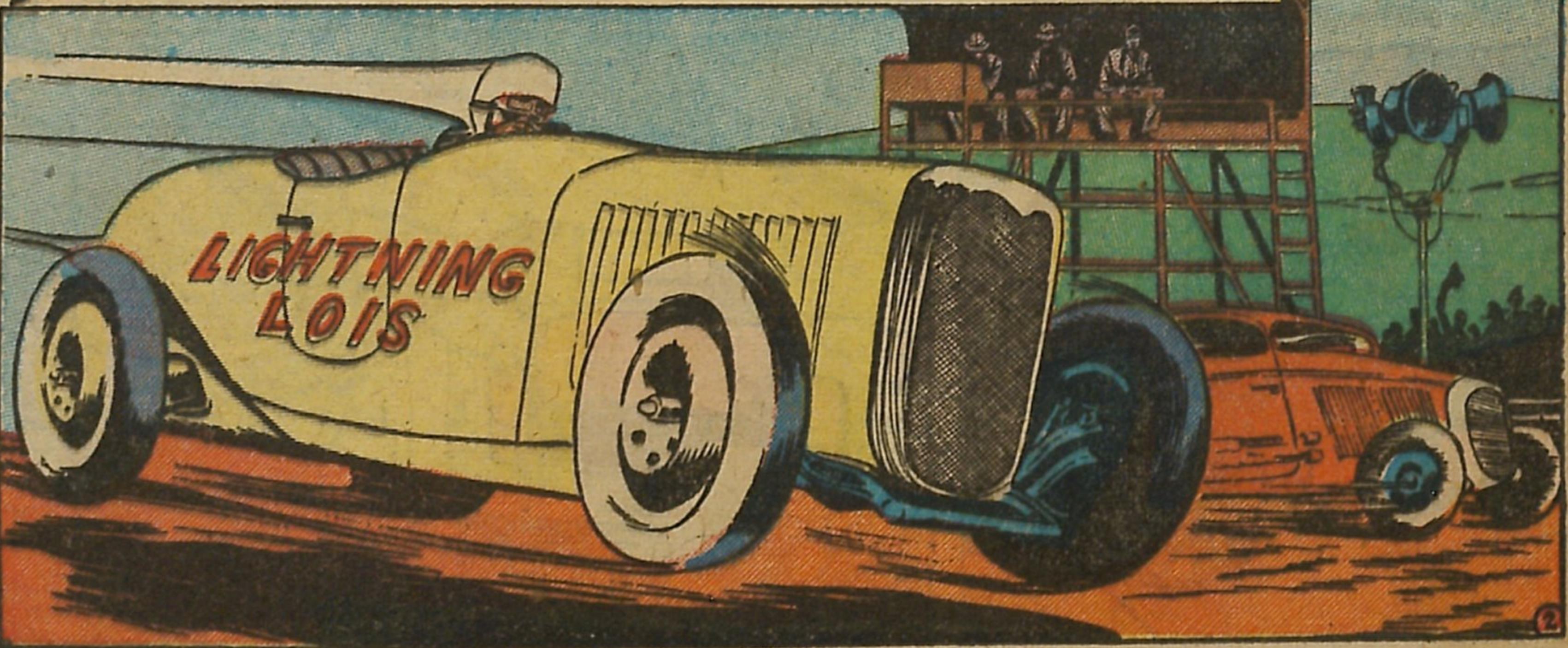
AT PASCO FLATS...

YOU'RE ON NEXT, GILL! BRING HER DOWN TO THE STARTING LINE!

WHATEVER YOU DO-- BE CAREFUL, GILL! I WANT THAT TROPHY, BUT YOU'RE MORE IMPORTANT!



THEN, IN A TORNADO-LIKE DUST CLOUD, GILL AND HIS COMPETITOR ARE OFF...



BUT THERE ARE SPECTATORS WITH OTHER INTERESTS...

THINK WE'LL FIND SOME DECENT JOCKEYS OUT HERE FOR OUR STOCK RACES, RICK?

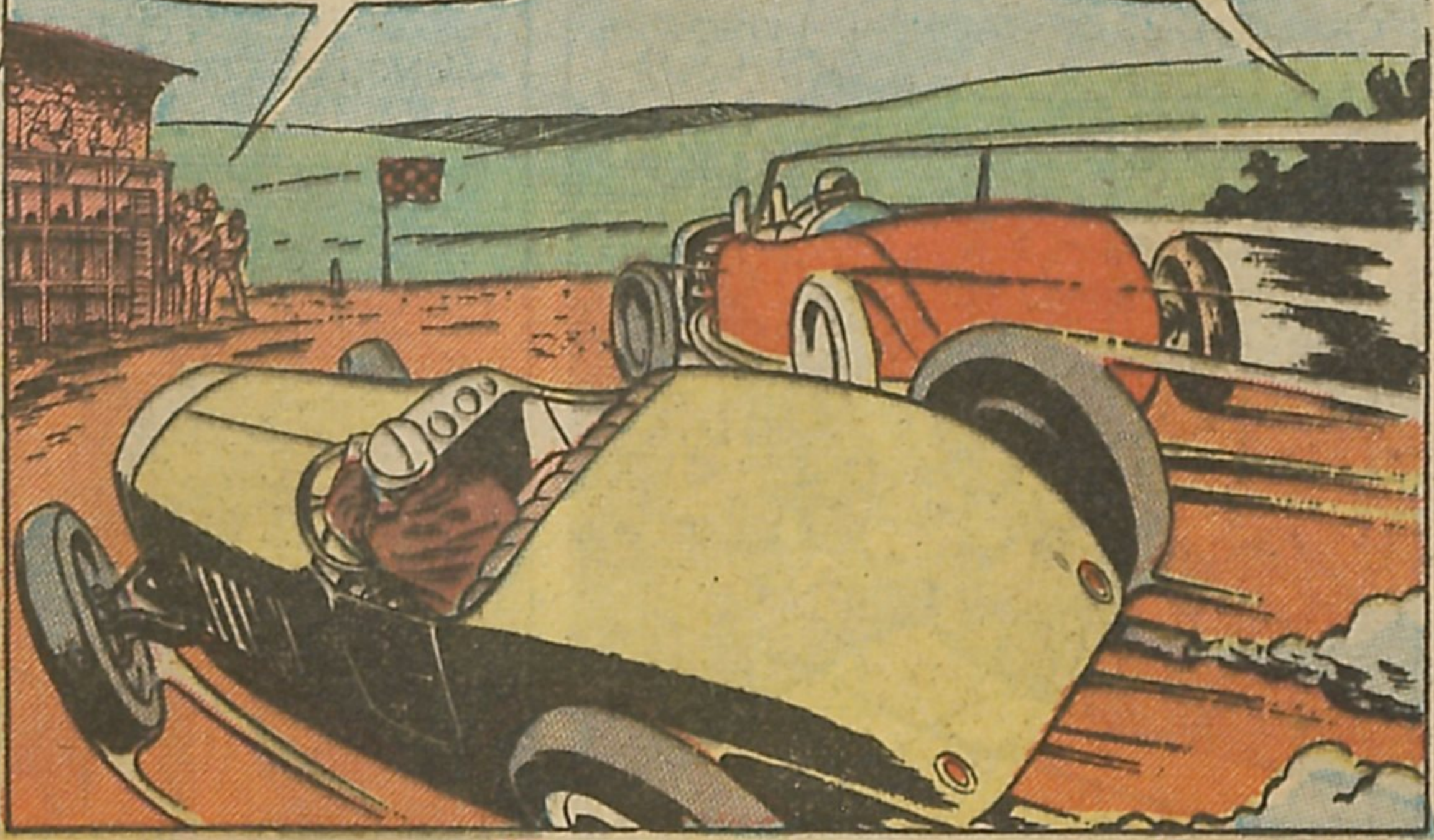
I DUNNO, DUSTY! THEY ALL CAN HANDLE RODS BUT IT TAKES CONTROL TO RACE SPORT CARS! THAT'S WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!



JUST THEN...

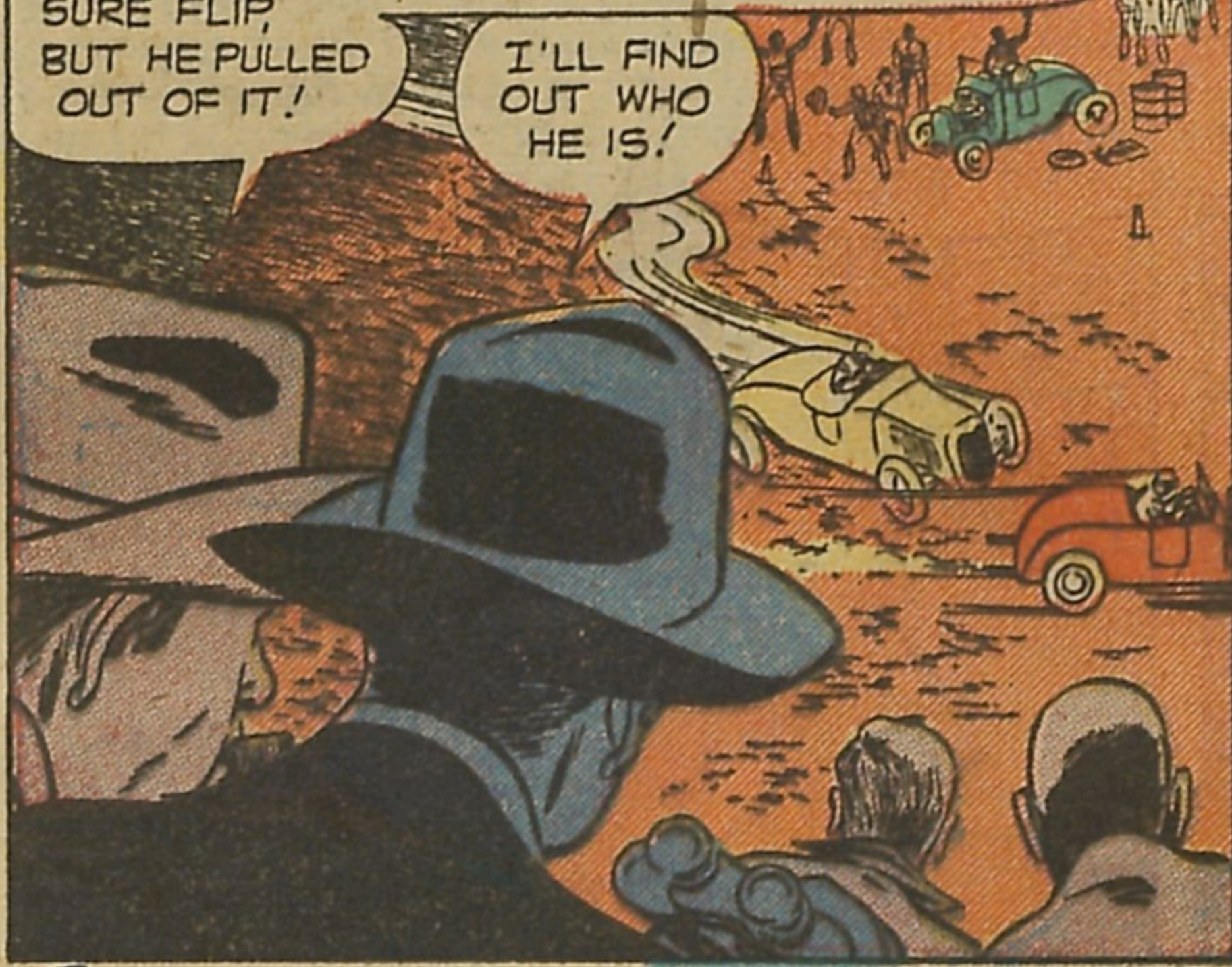
LOOK!! HE'S SKIDDING! HE'S GONNA TURN OVER!

GILL! GILL! WATCH OUT!



Wow! DID YOU SEE THAT! NOW THERE'S A JOCKEY I WANNA MEET! IT WAS A SURE FLIP, BUT HE PULLED OUT OF IT!

I'LL FIND OUT WHO HE IS!



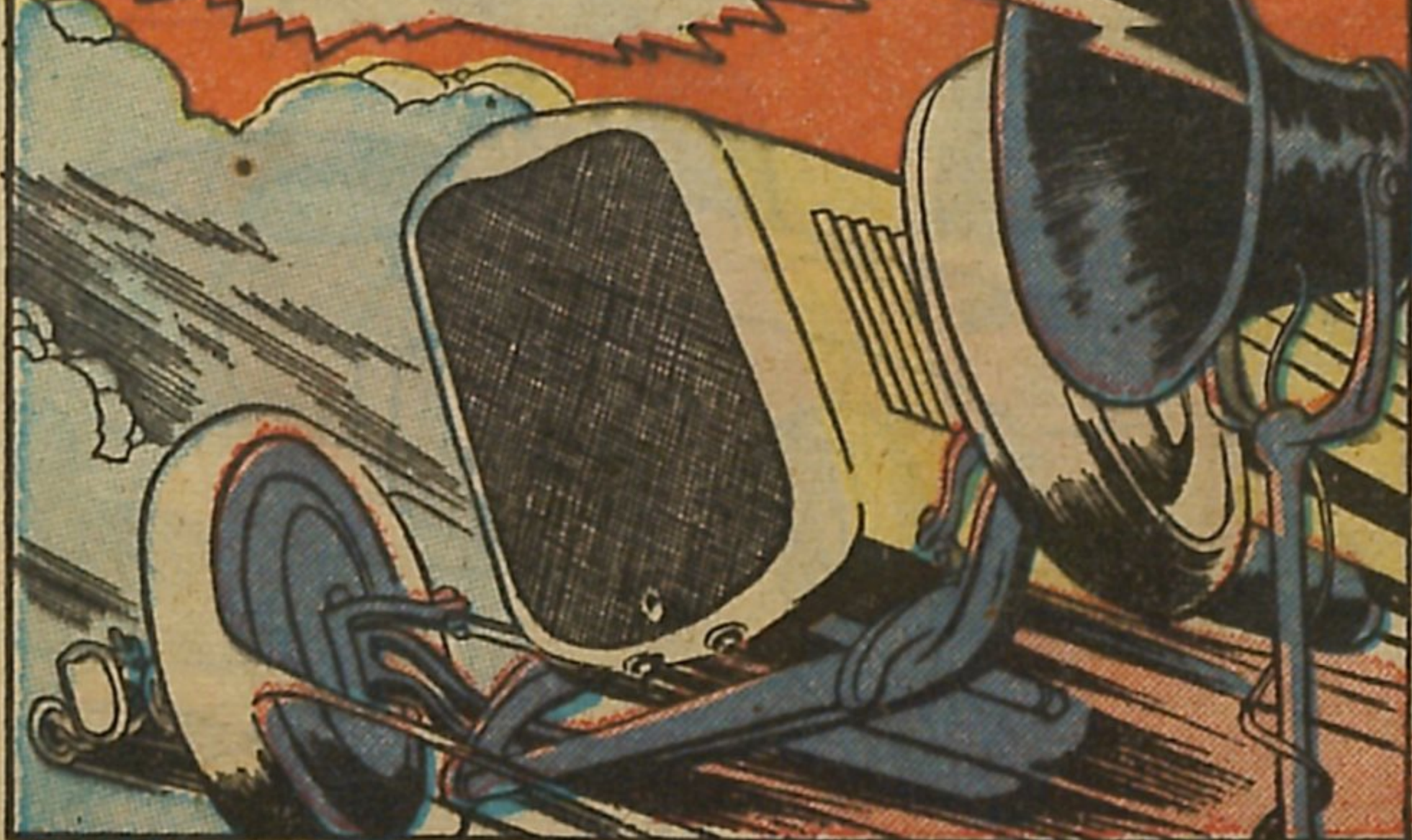
BACK AT THE STARTING LINE...

WHAT ARE YOU DISAPPOINTED ABOUT? YOU DID ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-EIGHT, EVEN WITH THAT BAD SKID! JUST WAIT FOR THE NEXT HEAT!



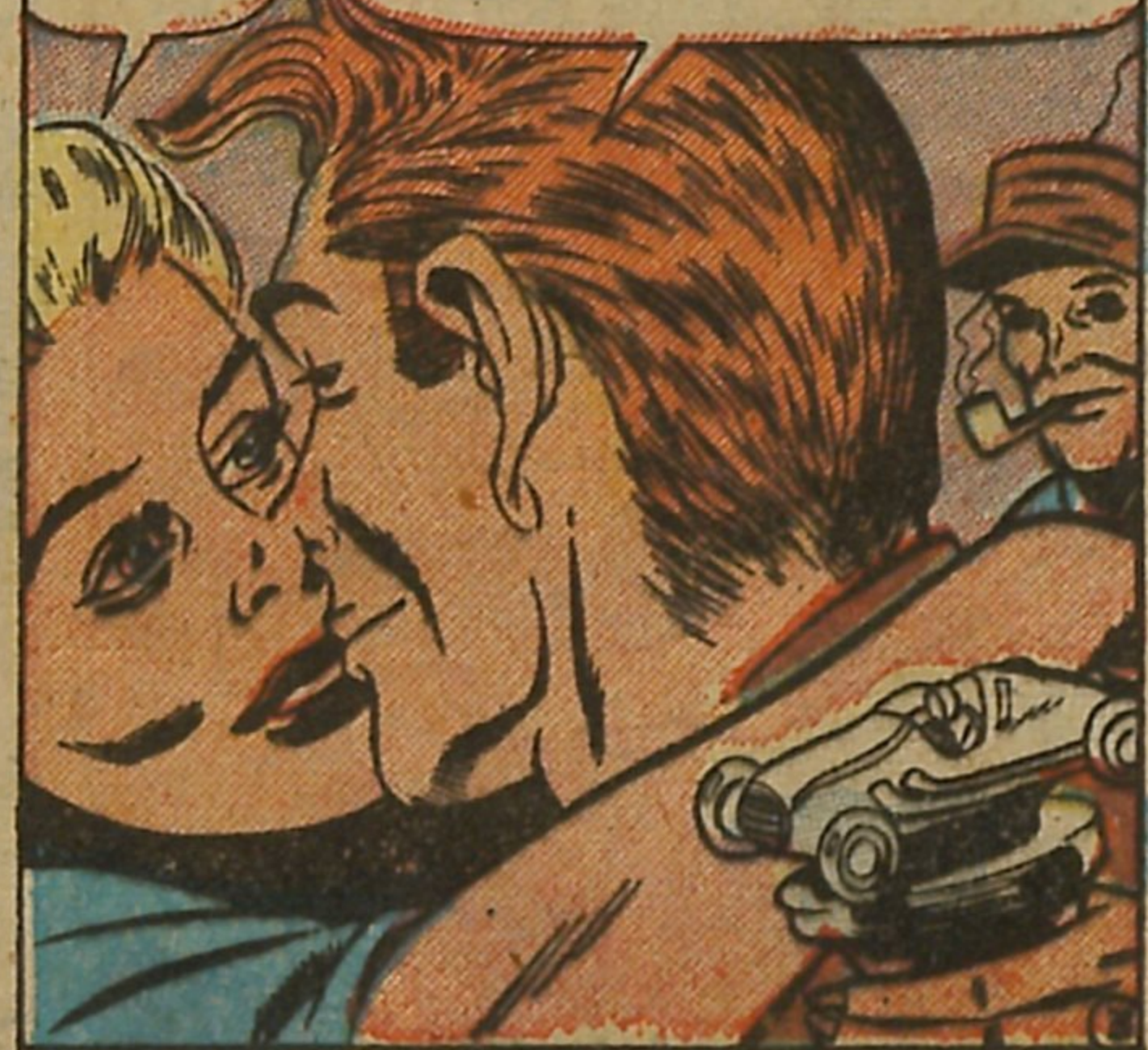
GILL'S LAST TRIAL SWEEPS HIS CLASS...

THE WINNER OF CLASS "A" WITH A BEST SPEED OF ONE HUNDRED FIFTY-THREE AND SIXTY-EIGHT HUNDREDTHS MILES PER HOUR THE "LIGHTNING LOIS," DRIVEN BY GILL PARKER!



OH, GILL... I KNEW YOU'D DO IT!

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING, LOIS! WE'RE GOING TO GO ALL THE WAY TO THE NATIONALS AT BONNEVILLE!





HEY! JUST A SECOND-- I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU! YOU CAN MAKE A GREAT CAREER OUT OF RACING--

A CAREER OUT OF RACING... WHO ARE YOU?



MY NAME'S RICK SLOANE! I'M A RACING CAR OWNER, FROM NEW YORK! LISTEN, KID! YOU CAN BE A BIG WHEEL... CROWDS CHEERING... AND PLENTY OF DOUGH IN YOUR POCKETS! ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS SIGN UP WITH ME, KID!

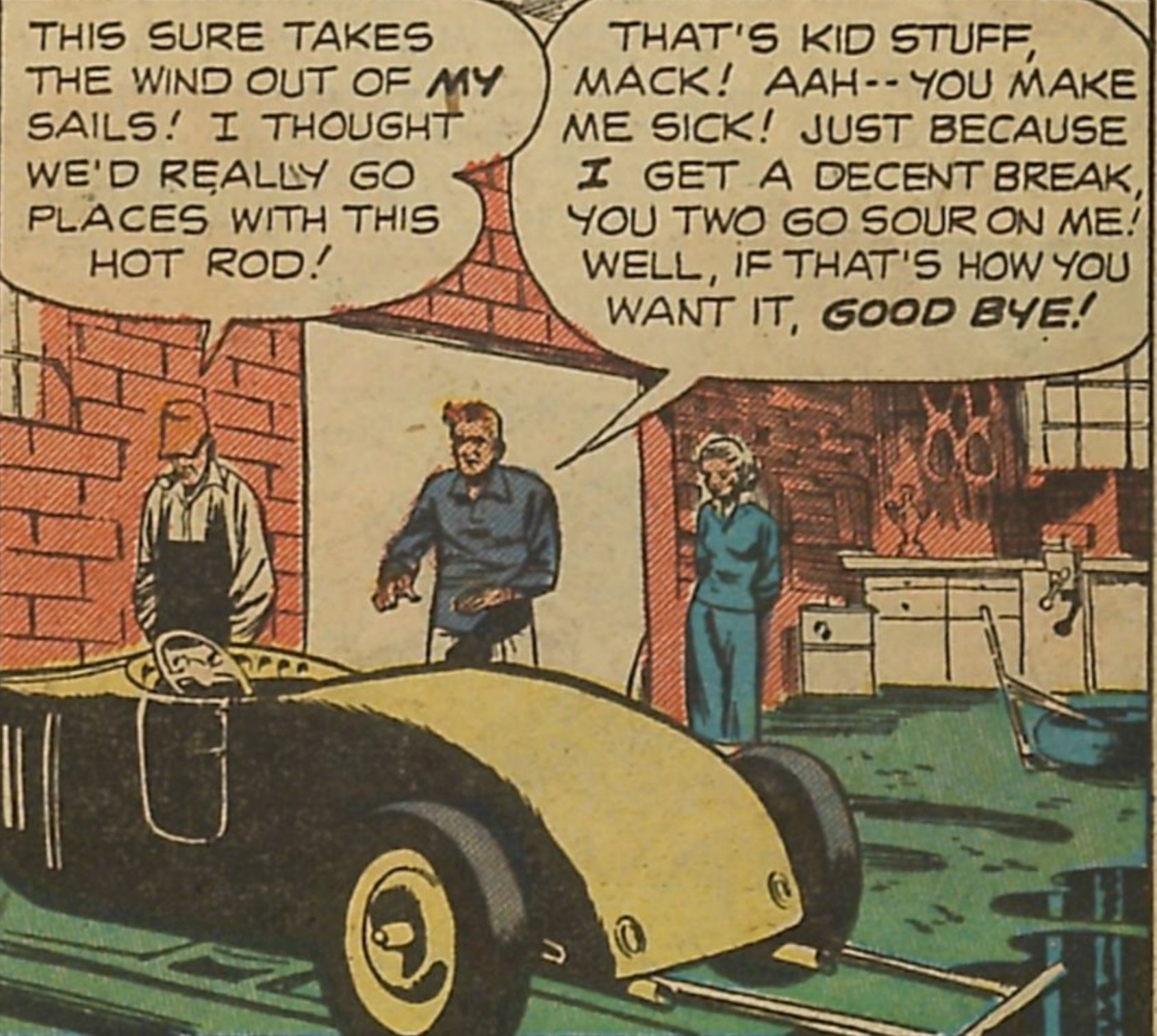
GOLLY! IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

LATER, AT MACK'S SHOP...



IT'S ALL SETTLED! I'M GOING TO NEW YORK WITH A CONTRACT IN MY POCKET! I'M IN THE BIG TIME, NOW!

THAT'S GREAT FOR YOU, GILL! I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO PUT THIS TROPHY ON ICE!



THIS SURE TAKES THE WIND OUT OF MY SAILS! I THOUGHT WE'D REALLY GO PLACES WITH THIS HOT ROD!

THAT'S KID STUFF, MACK! AAH-- YOU MAKE ME SICK! JUST BECAUSE I GET A DECENT BREAK, YOU TWO GO SOUR ON ME! WELL, IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT, GOOD BYE!

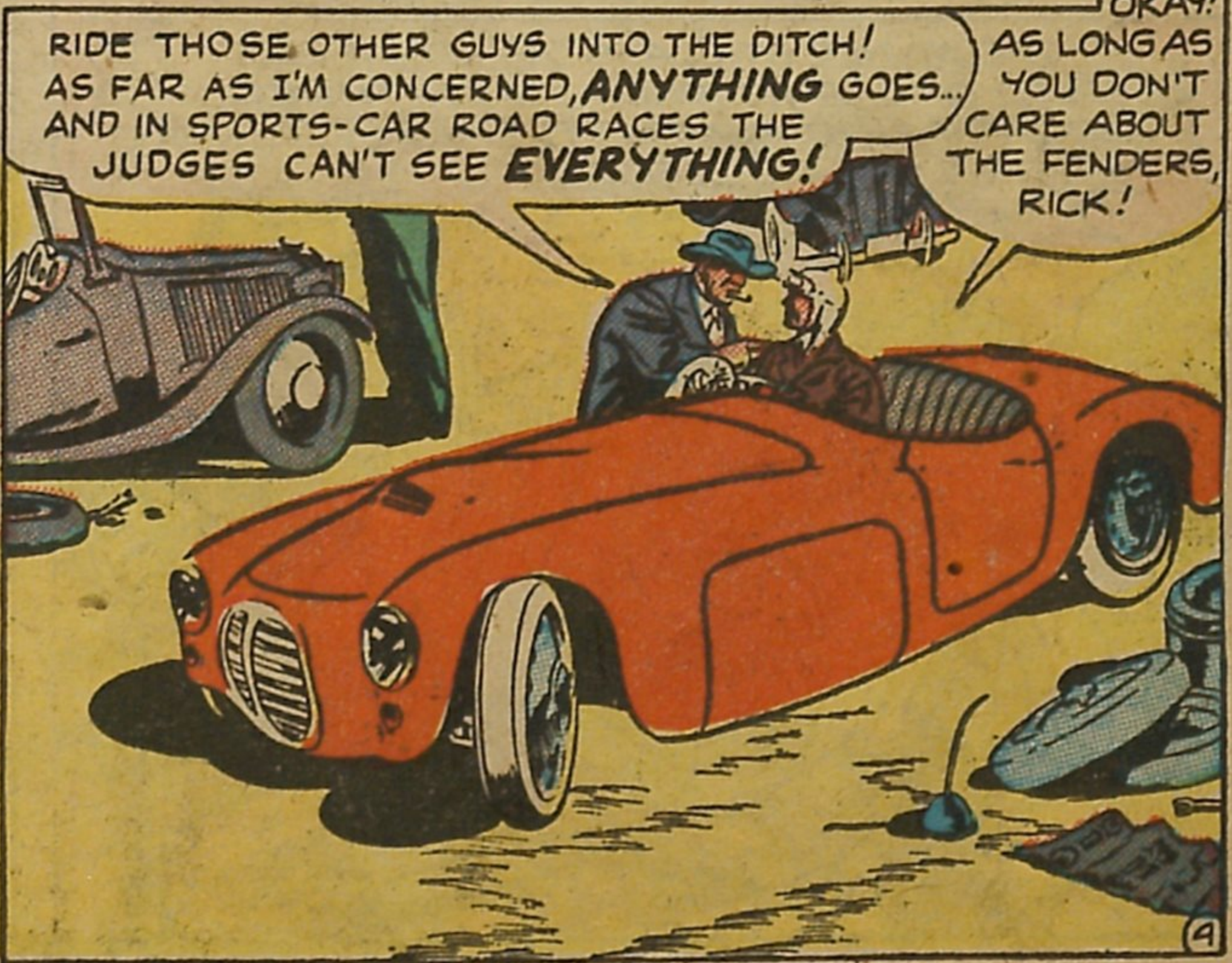
A WEEK LATER, IN NEW YORK...



NOW GO OUT THERE AND QUALIFY. THIS CAR CAN TAKE ANYTHING! REMEMBER, WE'VE GOT A LOT OF MONEY RIDING ON YOU!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS! I'LL KEEP MY FOOT DOWN ON THE FLOOR BOARDS!

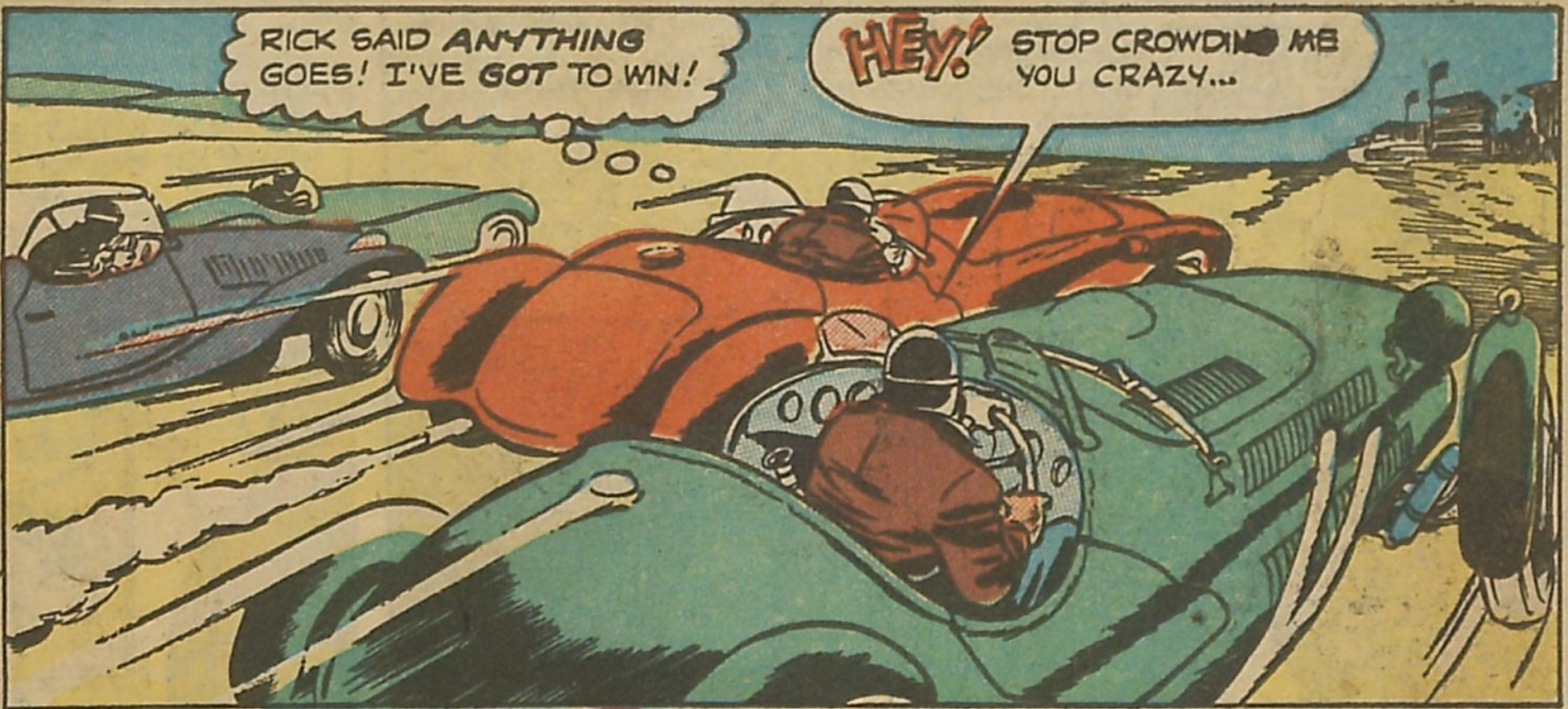
GILL QUALIFIES WITH FLYING COLORS, AND THEN...



RIDE THOSE OTHER GUYS INTO THE DITCH! AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, ANYTHING GOES... AND IN SPORTS-CAR ROAD RACES THE JUDGES CAN'T SEE EVERYTHING!

OKAY! AS LONG AS YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT THE FENDERS, RICK!

THE SPEEDY SPORTS CARS TEAR AROUND THE COURSE FOR TEN LAPS..... THEN GILL MAKES HIS BID...



RICK SAID ANYTHING GOES! I'VE GOT TO WIN!

HEY! STOP CROWDING ME YOU CRAZY...

THEN FINALLY...



THE WHITE FLAG! ONE MORE LAP... I'M IN THE LEAD, AND NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP ME NOW!!

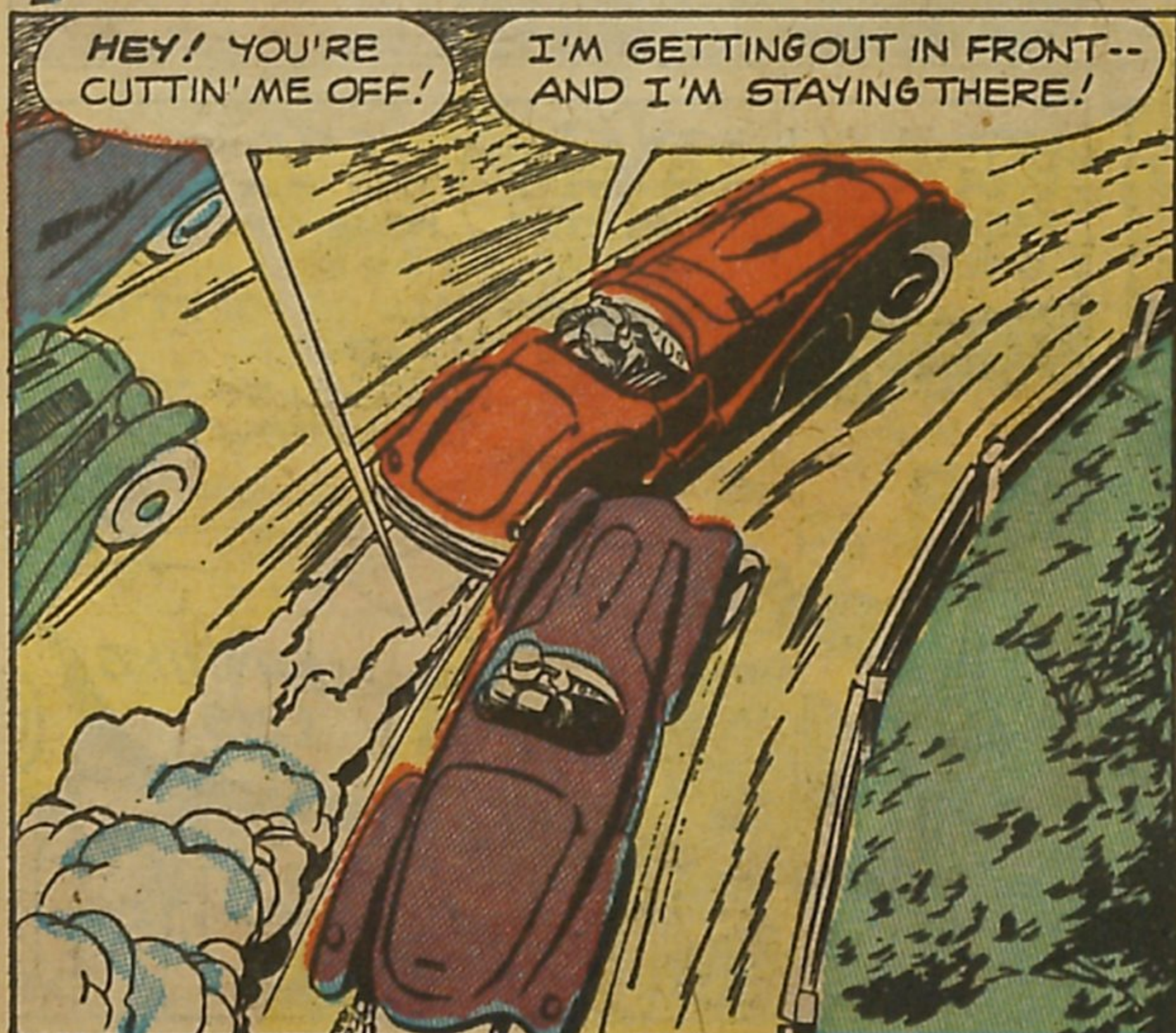
THE NEXT MORNING AT GILL'S HOTEL ROOM...



THE PAPERS SAY I DROVE A FAST RACE, BUT I WASN'T CLEAN! I DON'T GET IT, RICK!

DON'T MIND THEM SPORTSWRITERS! THEY PLAY THE FAVORITES AND NEVER HAVE A GOOD WORD FOR A NOVICE. JUST KEEP DRIVING THE WAY YOU DID YESTERDAY. OH... HERE'S AN EXTRA HUNDRED! I LIKE WINNERS, KID!

FOR MONTHS GILL ROARS HOME IN TOP POSITION...



HEY! YOU'RE CUTTIN' ME OFF!

I'M GETTING OUT IN FRONT-- AND I'M STAYING THERE!

BACK IN THE PITS...



GO ON! YOU GUYS ARE BURNT UP BECAUSE I COPPED THE FINALS. WHY DON'T YOU LEARN HOW TO DRIVE?

YOU'RE THE MEANEST CUSS I'VE EVER SEEN AROUND TRACKS, PARKER! I'M GOING TO REPORT YOU TO THE ASSOCIATION!

A FEW DAYS LATER...

HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF LOCKIN' THE GARAGE DOOR? I'M SUPPOSED TO BE DRIVING TODAY!

I'M SORRY, BIG SHOT! THE BOSS' ORDERS!

WHAT'S THE DEAL, RICK? WHY CAN'T I RACE TODAY?

YOU'RE THROUGH! IF YOU DRIVE ONE OF MY CARS, THE ASSOCIATION WILL THROW ME OFF THE TRACKS. THEY DON'T LIKE **DIRTY DRIVERS!!** NOW GET OUT!

FOR DAYS GILL TRIES TO FIND A JOCKEYING JOB...

BUT I TELL YOU, I CAN DRIVE WITH THE BEST OF THEM!

GO HOME, PARKER! YOU'RE WASHED UP IN THE EAST! NOBODY'LL LET YOU DRIVE FOR THEM. YOU'VE GOT THE LABEL **MEAN AND DIRTY** PINNED ON YOU!

IN DESPERATION GILL IS FORCED TO RETURN HOME...

I GUESS I DESERVE EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS TO ME! THEY'VE PROBABLY ALL READ THE PAPERS BACK HOME!

LATER...

GILL! YOU'VE COME HOME AGAIN! IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU!

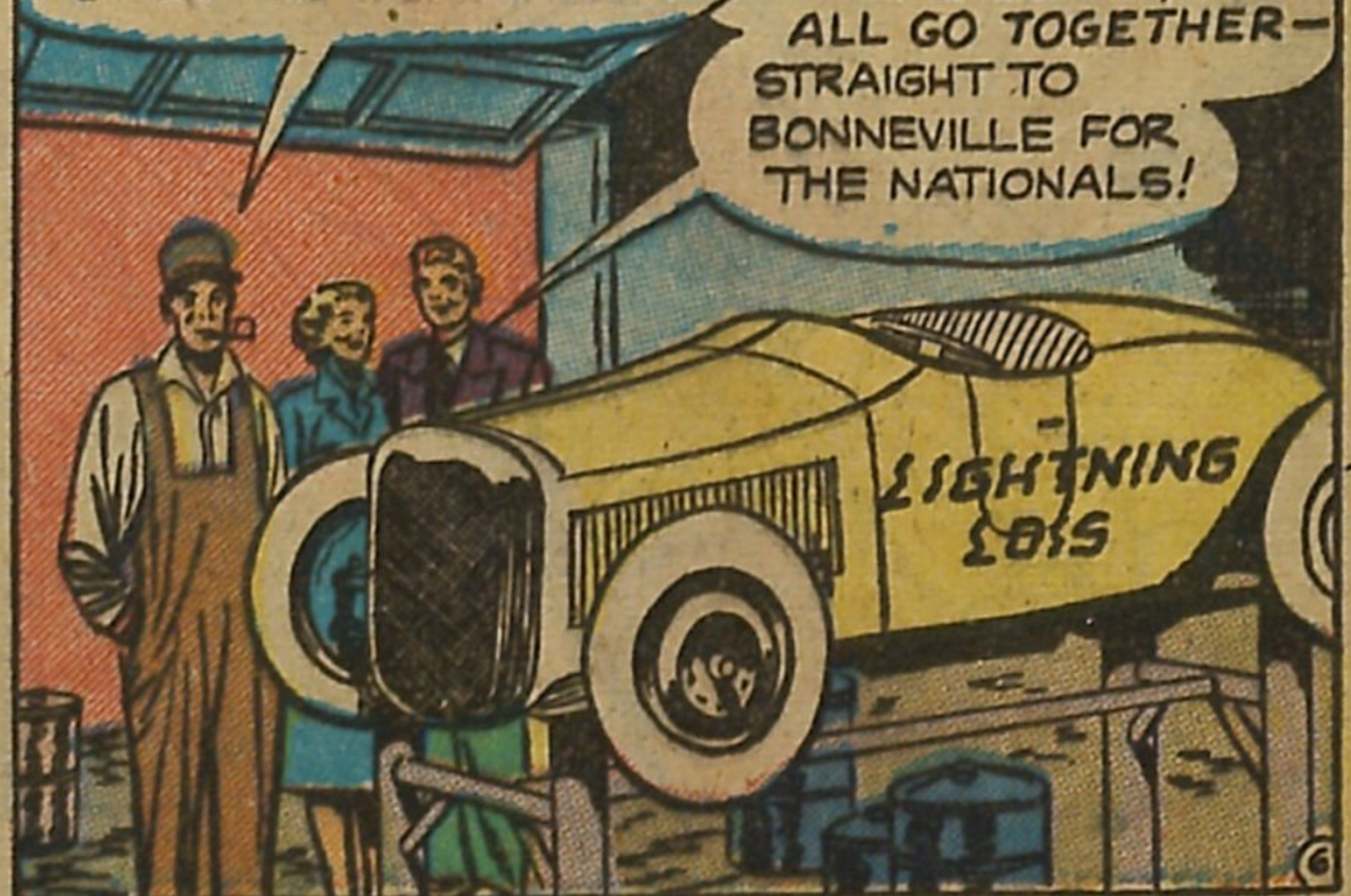
LOIS! YOU... YOU'RE NOT ANGRY?

NO! I READ THE PAPERS... BUT I COULD READ BETWEEN THE LINES! I KNEW YOU WERE HAVING A ROUGH TIME! C'MON, I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING!

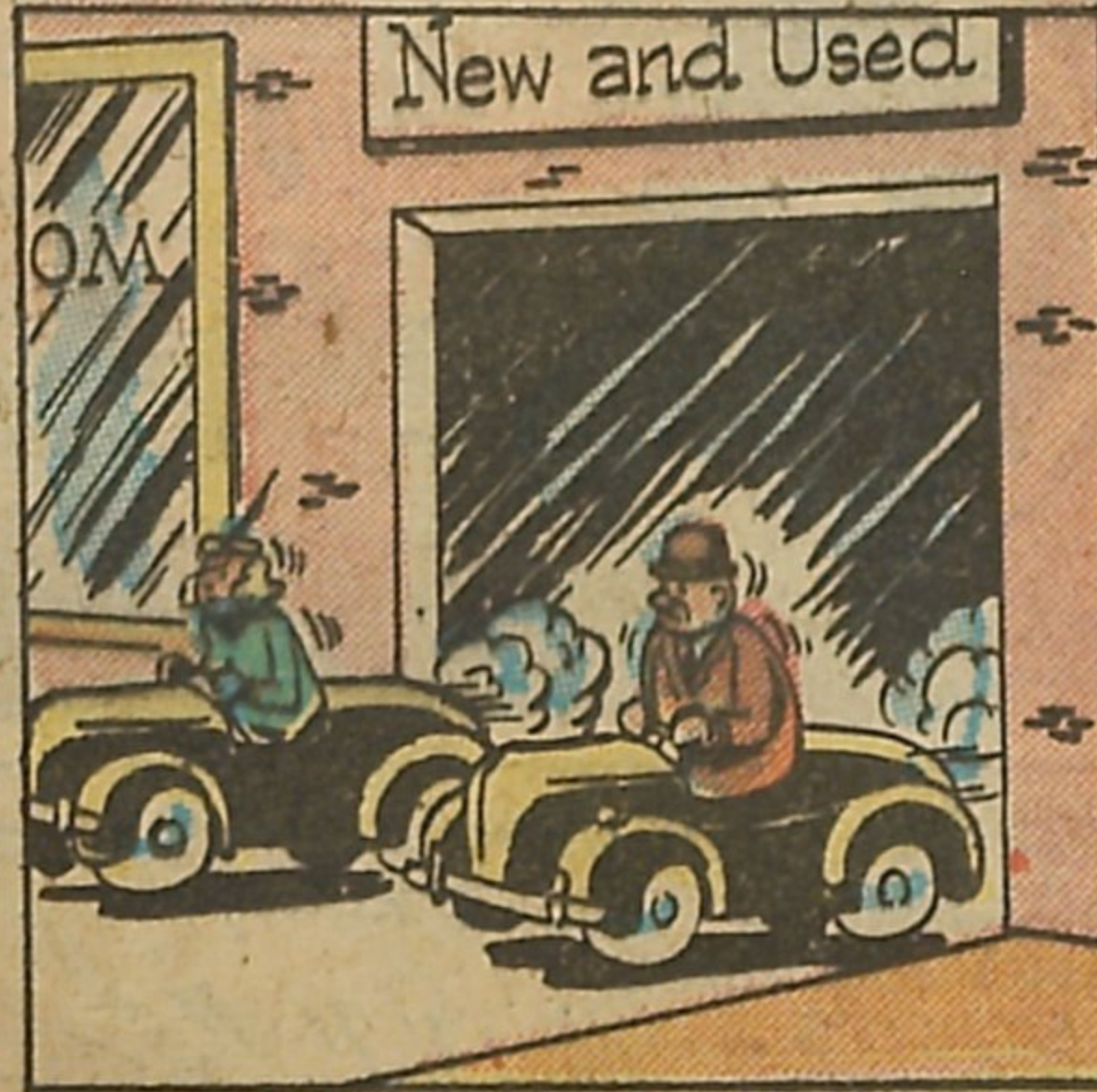
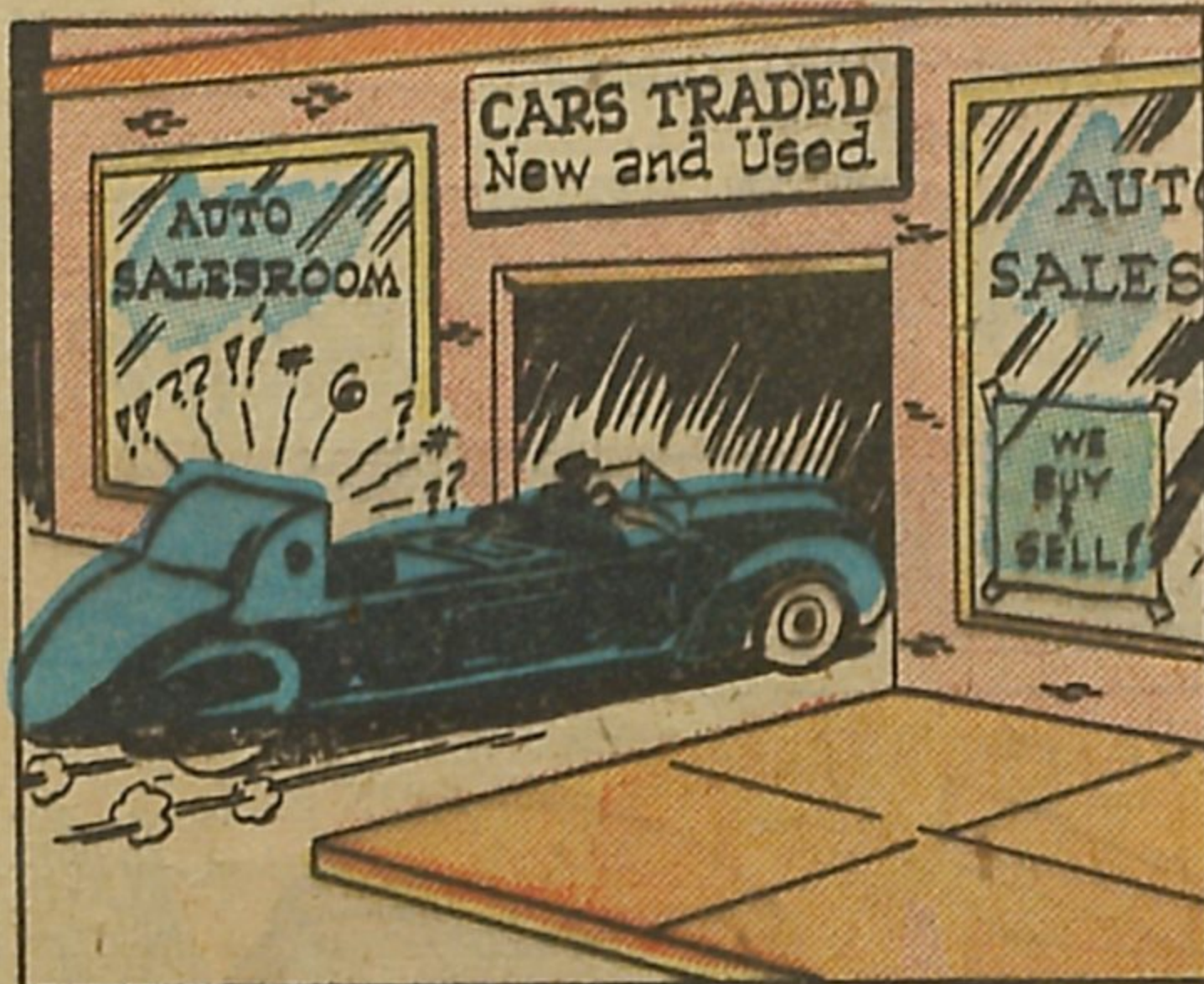
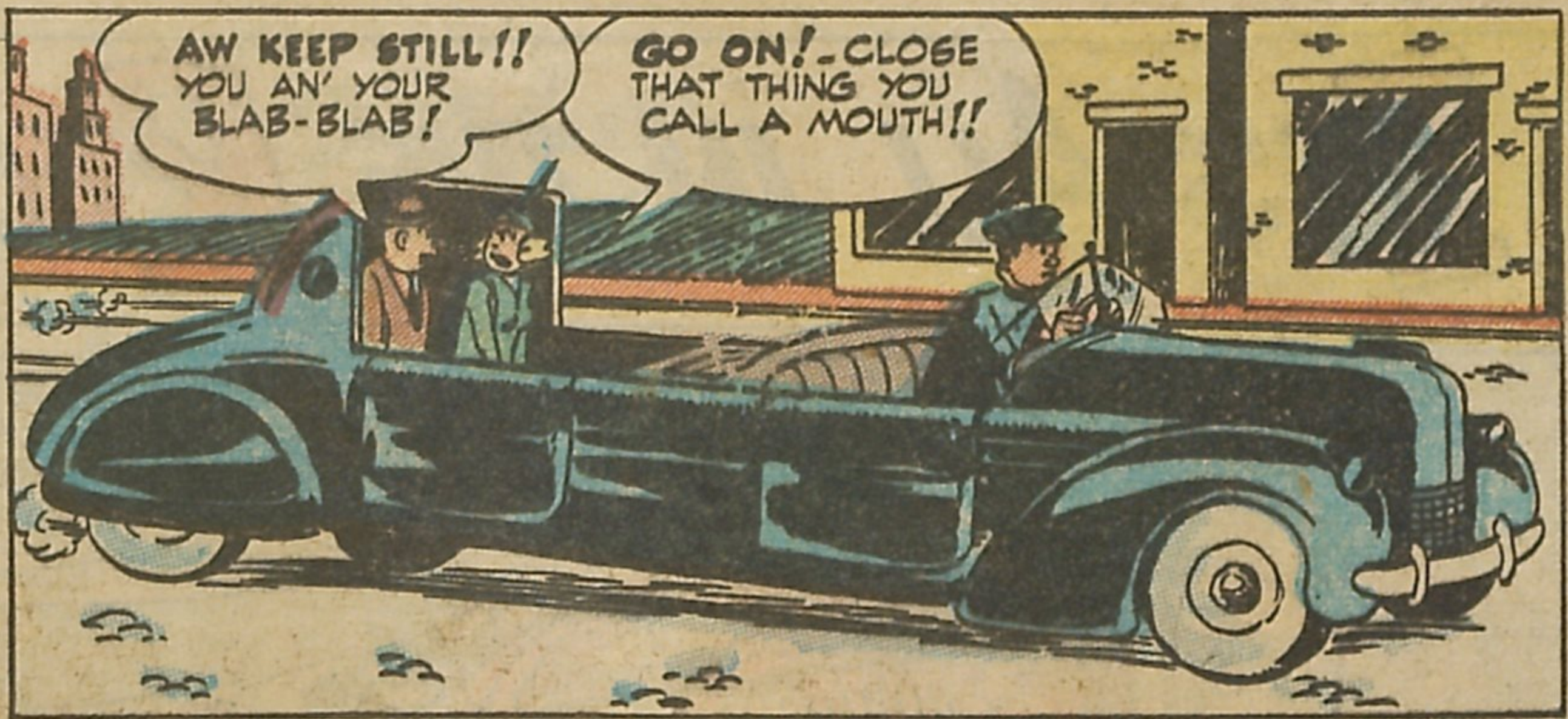
HEY-- THERE'S MACK WAVING! GOLLY! THIS IS THE NICEST THING THAT'S HAPPENED TO ME IN MONTHS!

LOOK, GILL! NOBODY ELSE EVER DROVE HER! SHE'S BEEN UP ON BLOCKS EVER SINCE YOU WENT AWAY!

THE OLD HOT ROD! THIS IS A REAL HOME-COMING! NEXT TIME I LEAVE, WE ALL GO TOGETHER-- STRAIGHT TO BONNEVILLE FOR THE NATIONALS!



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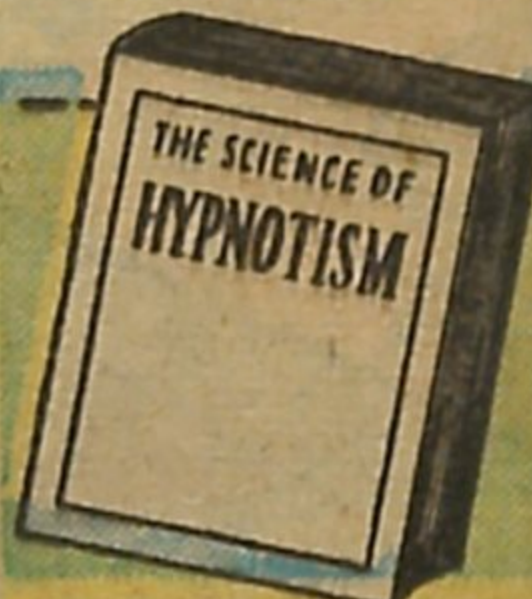
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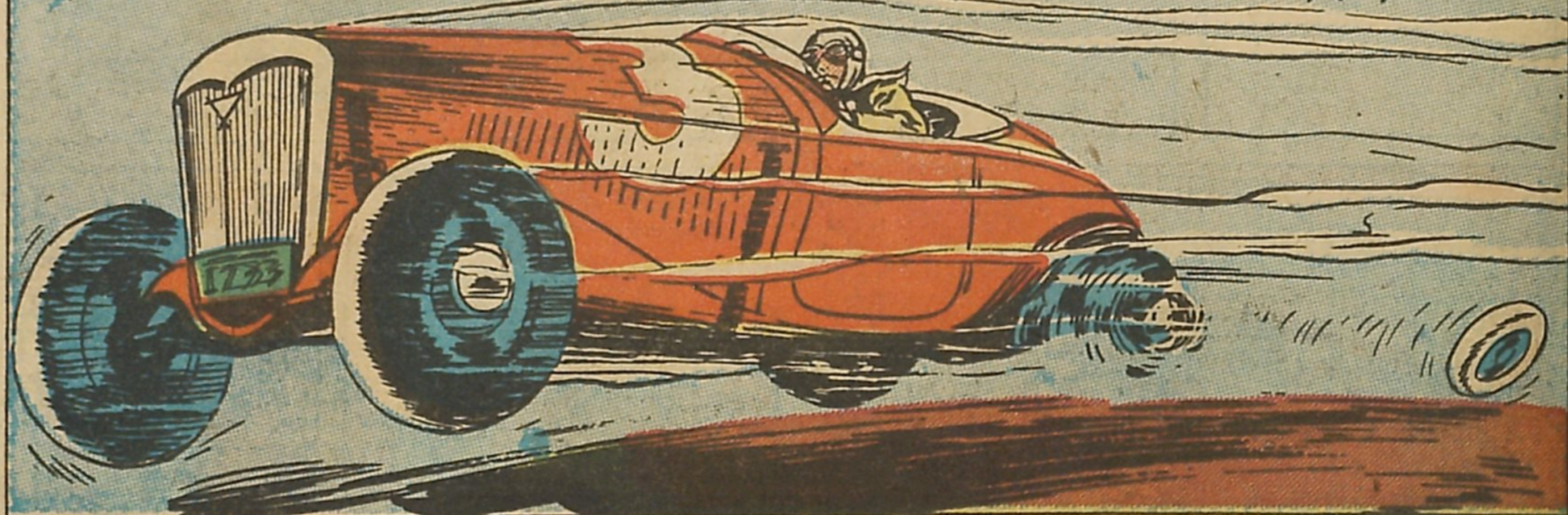
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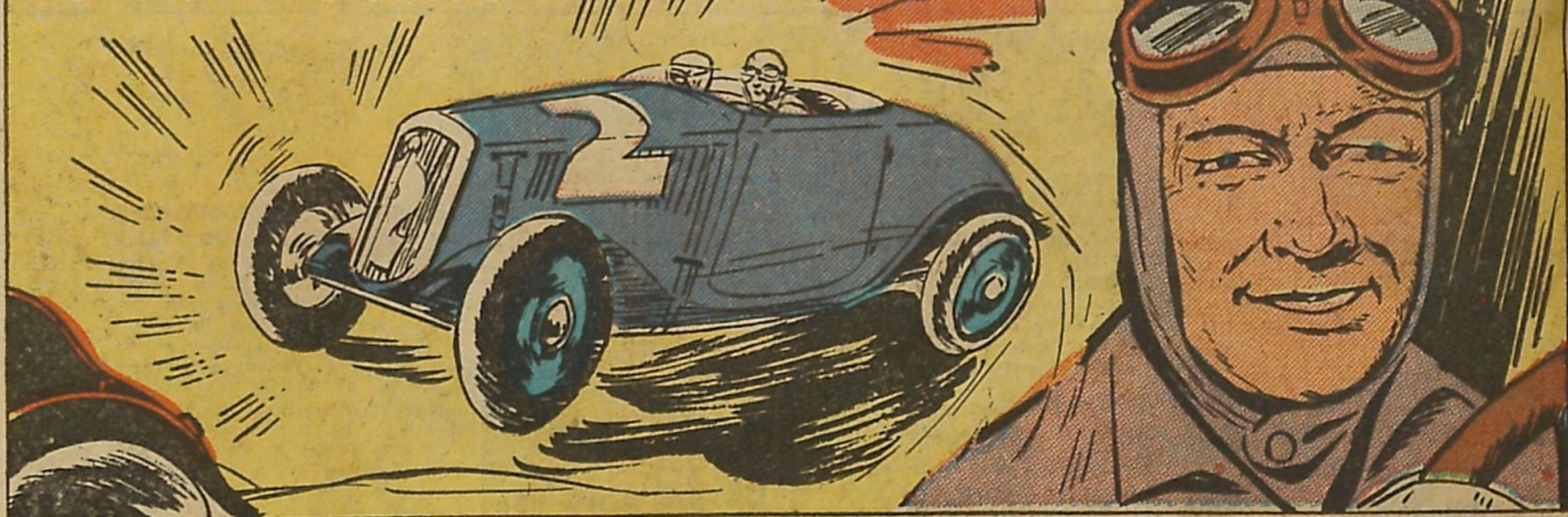
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AFTER DRIVING A RACING CAR OVER A MILE ON THREE WHEELS, "WILD BILL" SCHNITZ, STEPPED OUT OF HIS CAR UNINJURED..... AT LOCKPORT, N.Y., 1928



"WALL SMACKER"... THIS NICKNAME WAS GIVEN PETER DE PAOLO, NOTED SPEED KING, AFTER WRECKING HIS CAR 5 TIMES IN 6 STARTS.....



TOMMY MILTON...

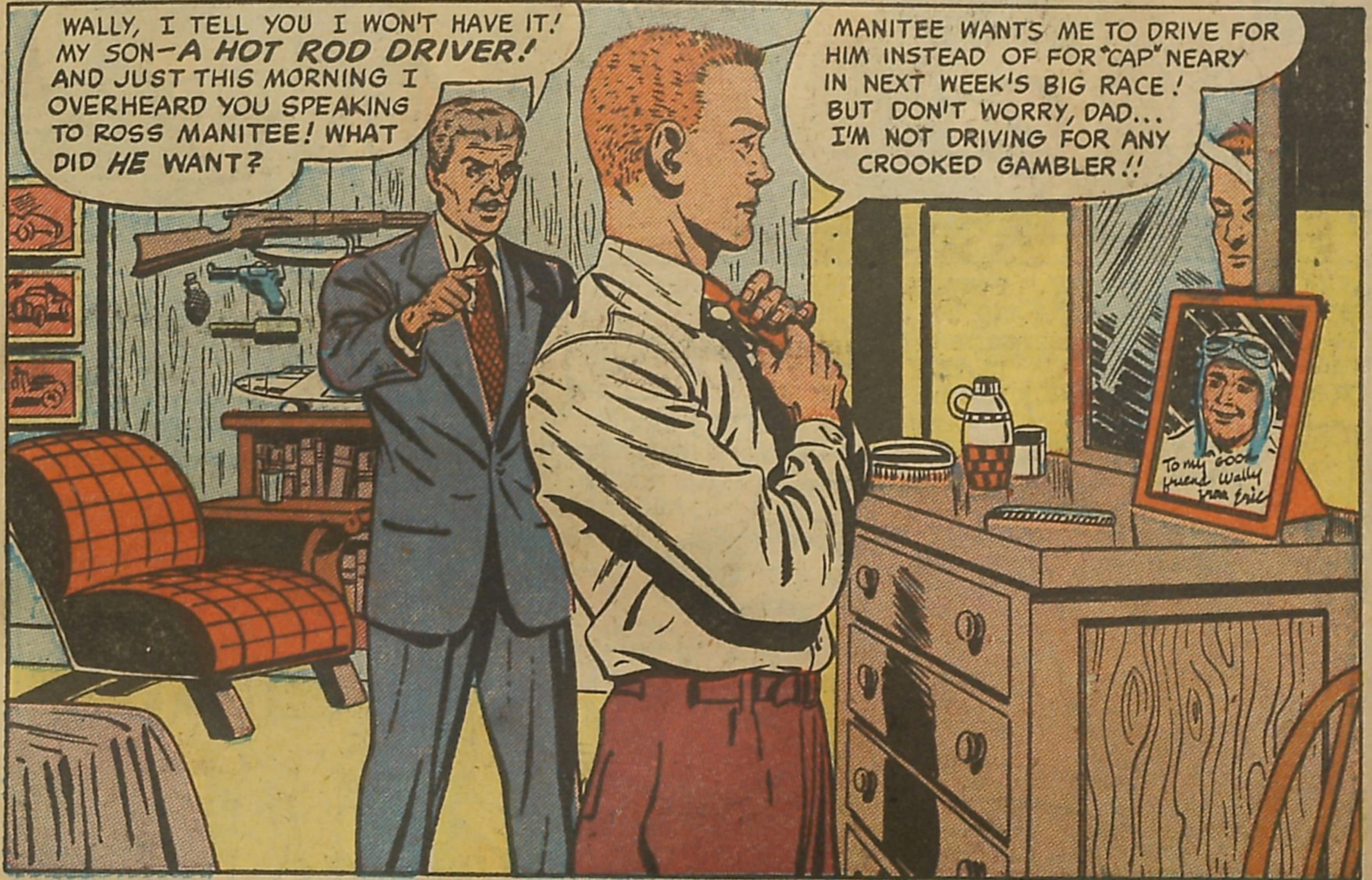
THE **FIRST** TWO-TIME WINNER AT INDIANAPOLIS, 1921...1923

"WHIRLWIND" ART KLEIN... PLACED BOTH 5TH AND 7TH IN THE SAME RACE..... FINISHING 5TH IN A 300 MILE GRIND, KLEIN LEAPED INTO THE CAR OF A MAN WHO HAD FAINTED, AND FINISHED 7TH... ...CINCINNATI, OHIO, 1916



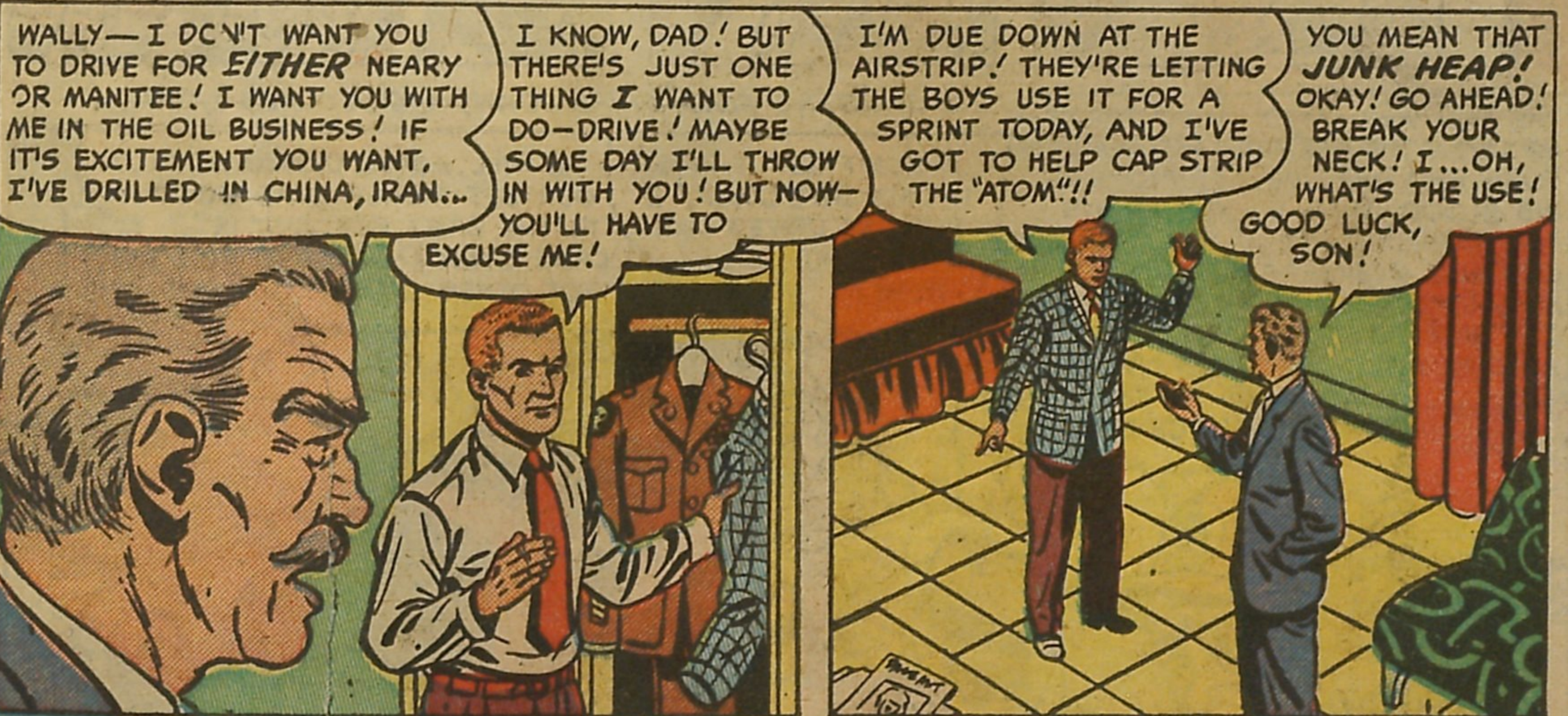
FOUR WHEELS AND A FRIEND

LIKE A LOT OF OTHER HOT-RODDERS, WALLY GYER LEARNED TO LOVE SPEED WHEN HE WAS A G. I.— BUT HE NEVER DREAMED THAT CERTAIN OF THESE WAR MEMORIES WOULD SNAP BACK AS A WEAPON TO BE USED AGAINST HIM ... AND NOW WALLY LISTENS TO HIS WORRIED FATHER....



WALLY, I TELL YOU I WON'T HAVE IT! MY SON—A HOT ROD DRIVER! AND JUST THIS MORNING I OVERHEARD YOU SPEAKING TO ROSS MANITEE! WHAT DID HE WANT?

MANITEE WANTS ME TO DRIVE FOR HIM INSTEAD OF FOR 'CAP' NEARY IN NEXT WEEK'S BIG RACE! BUT DON'T WORRY, DAD... I'M NOT DRIVING FOR ANY CROOKED GAMBLER!!



WALLY— I DON'T WANT YOU TO DRIVE FOR *EITHER* NEARY OR MANITEE! I WANT YOU WITH ME IN THE OIL BUSINESS! IF IT'S EXCITEMENT YOU WANT, I'VE DRILLED IN CHINA, IRAN...

I KNOW, DAD! BUT THERE'S JUST ONE THING I WANT TO DO—DRIVE! MAYBE SOME DAY I'LL THROW IN WITH YOU! BUT NOW—YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME!

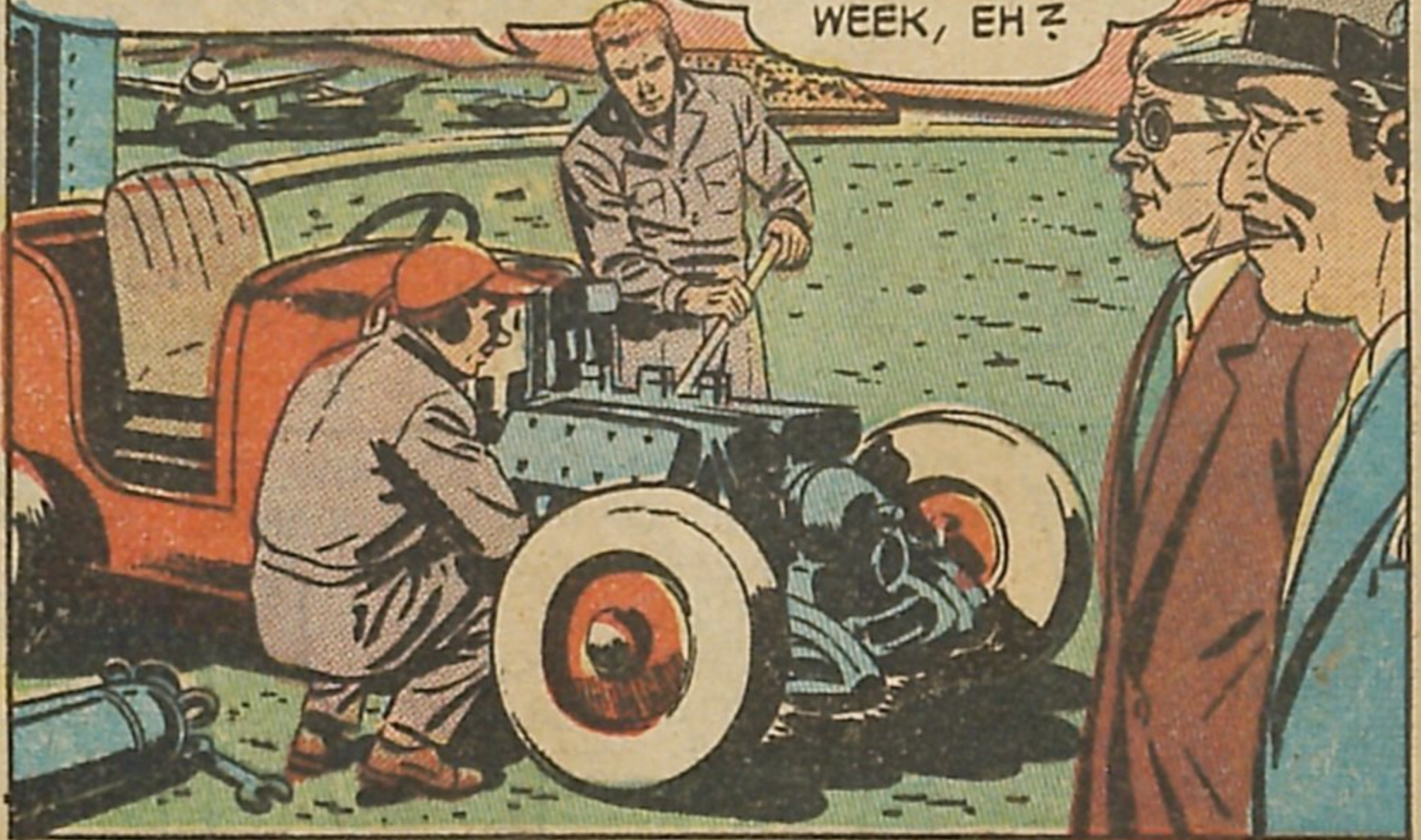
I'M DUE DOWN AT THE AIRSTRIP! THEY'RE LETTING THE BOYS USE IT FOR A SPRINT TODAY, AND I'VE GOT TO HELP CAP STRIP THE "ATOM"!!!

YOU MEAN THAT **JUNK HEAP!** OKAY! GO AHEAD! BREAK YOUR NECK! I... OH, WHAT'S THE USE! GOOD LUCK, SON!

LATER, AT THE AIRSTRIP...

I GUESS THAT DOES IT, CAP! THE WAY IT'S STRIPPED WE SHOULD HIT ONE-FIFTY!

THAT'S A LOT OF SPEED, GYER... EVEN FOR A SPRINT! BUT THIS IS JUST THE WARM-UP FOR THE BIG ONE NEXT WEEK, EH?



THAT'S RIGHT, MANITEE! BUT WHY ARE YOU INTERESTED? THERE'S NO MONEY IN GAMBLING ON THESE RACES!

DON'T GET ME WRONG, NEARY! I'M JUST INTERESTED IN NEXT WEEK'S RUN! THE WAY I SEE IT, GYER AND THE "ATOM" WILL BE A TOUGH COMBINATION TO BEAT!



I'LL BEAT 'EM, TOUGH OR NOT! SHUT UP, KEHOE! YOU'RE A GOOD DRIVER BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH! HAVE YOU THOUGHT OVER MY OFFER, GYER?

I HAVE... AND THE ANSWER IS **NO!** I DRIVE FOR CAP NEARY!



THEN I GUESS IT'S A GOOD THING I HIRED **ERIC ROSSEN** TO DRIVE FOR ME! THEY TELL ME HE'S PRETTY GOOD!

ERIC-- WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ERIC ROSSEN?



WHY, JUST THAT HE'S A GOOD DRIVER! HE'S BEEN BURNING UP THE TRACKS IN EUROPE! I'M BRINGING HIM OVER HERE TO DRIVE FOR ME NEXT WEEK!

WALLY...WHAT'S WRONG? WHEN YOU HEARD THAT NAME--- WAIT A MINUTE! **ERIC ROSSEN!** THAT'S THE MAN...



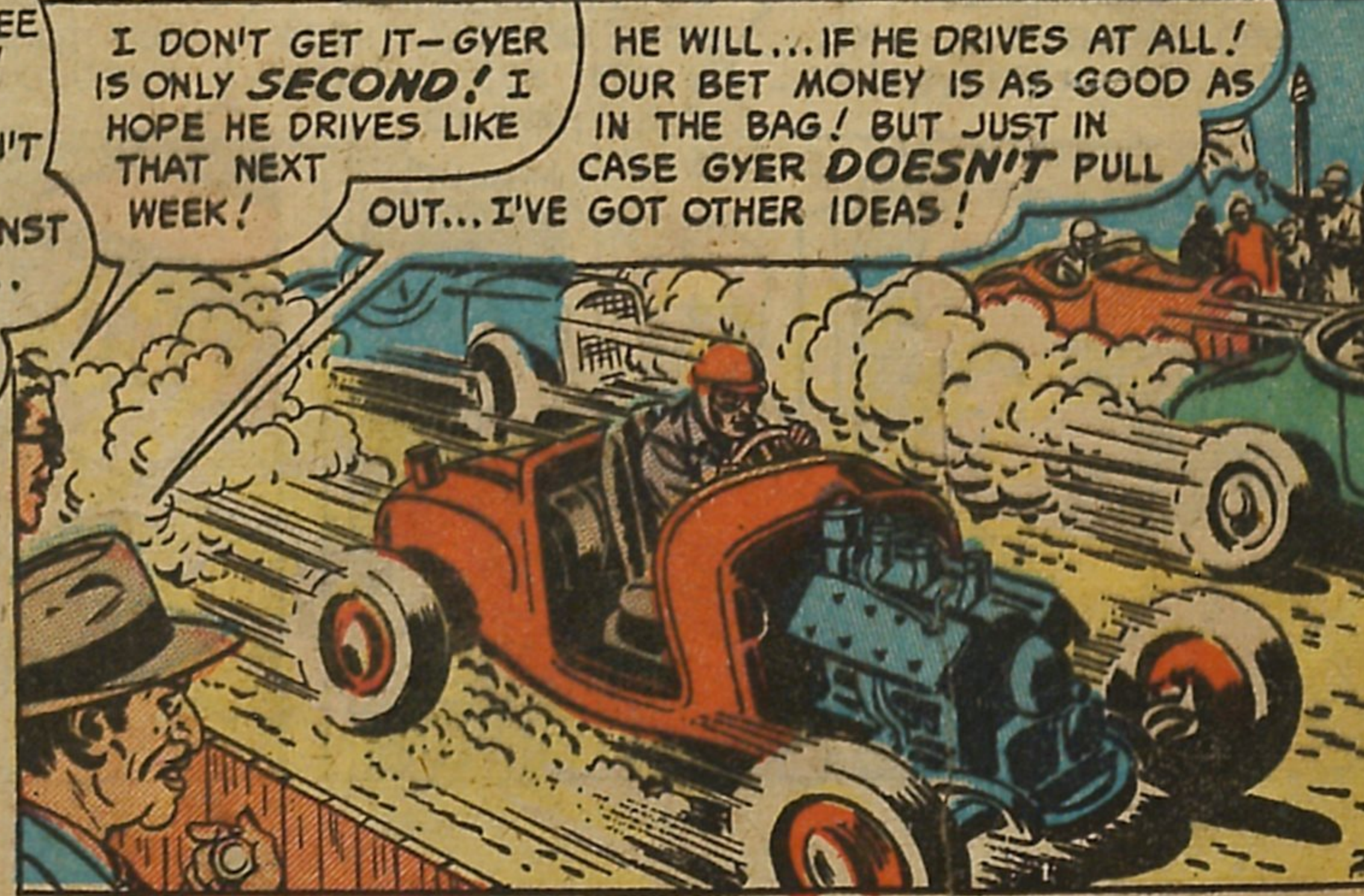
THE MAN WHO SAVED MY LIFE...THE GERMAN FLIER WHO GAVE ME HIS BLOOD WHEN I WAS WOUNDED AND CAPTURED OVERSEAS! MY BEST FRIEND...AND I'LL HAVE TO DRIVE AGAINST HIM!

SO THAT'S WHY MANITEE HIRED HIM! HE KNOWS YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO DRIVE AGAINST ROSSEN!... HEY! WE'RE DUE AT THE SCRATCH LINE!

THE STARTER'S FLAG WHIPS DOWN, AND SECONDS LATER...

I DON'T GET IT--GYER IS ONLY **SECOND!** I HOPE HE DRIVES LIKE THAT NEXT WEEK!

HE WILL...IF HE DRIVES AT ALL! OUR BET MONEY IS AS GOOD AS IN THE BAG! BUT JUST IN CASE GYER **DOESN'T** PULL OUT...I'VE GOT OTHER IDEAS!



A WEEK LATER... PERFECT! SHE OUGHT TO HANDLE LIKE A DREAM! YOU'RE A CINCH TO WIN TONIGHT, WALLY!

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT UNTIL... CAP, I CAN'T RACE TONIGHT-- NOT AGAINST ERIC! I OWE HIM TOO MUCH! I...

SO THIS IS WHERE YOU'VE BEEN FOR THE PAST WEEK! LOOK AT YOU! FULL OF GREASE... JUST TO DRIVE A PILE OF JUNK AROUND A TRACK!

DAD, PLEASE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BLOW YOUR TOP... I WON'T BE DRIVING TONIGHT!

WHAT? BUT WALLY!...

SUDDENLY... ALL RIGHT-- HOLD IT! ALL OF YOU!

WHAT-- WHO ARE YOU?

THREE GUESSES, GYER! YOU HAD A WEEK TO PULL OUT OF TONIGHT'S RACE BUT YOU DIDN'T, SO...

HE'S SMASHING THE ENGINE-- NO-- OHHHH!

I SAID TO HOLD IT, JUNIOR!

WALLY!

HIT MY SON FROM BEHIND, WILL YOU? I CAN HANDLE TOUGHER RATS THAN YOU! GET THE OTHER ONE, NEARY!

WITH PLEASURE! SO MANITEE LIKES TO PLAY ROUGH, EH?

SOON... WHAT--WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU WERE SLUGGED! SO THAT'S HOW MANITEE DOES THINGS?

THE ENGINE IS RUINED! THEY... THEY SMASHED EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE BLOCK!

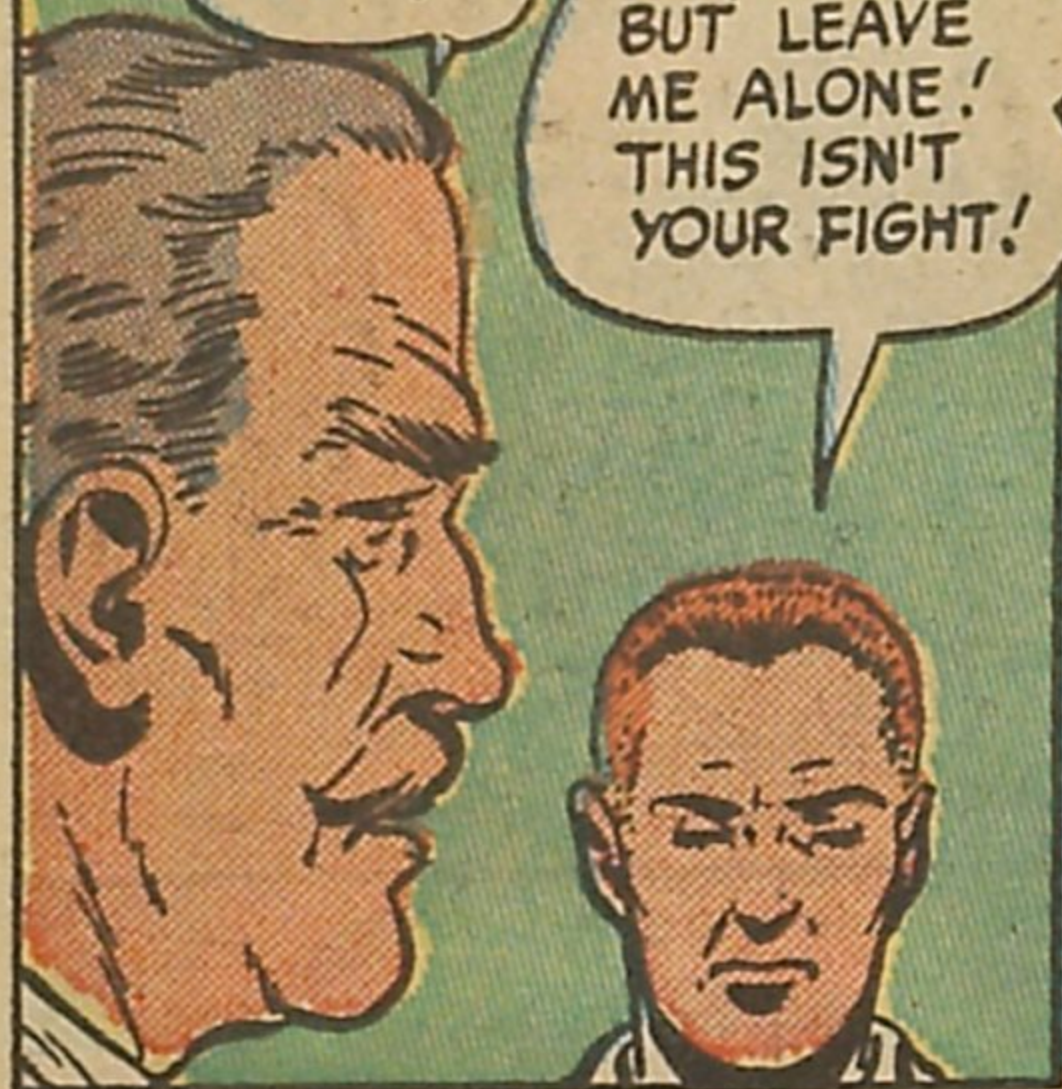
THAT MEANS WE'RE LICKED! BUT... BUT MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL! NOW I WON'T HAVE TO DRIVE AGAINST ERIC!

LICKED? SINCE WHEN DOES A GYER ADMIT HE'S LICKED? AND WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT ERIC?

WALLY EXPLAINS TO HIS FATHER, AND THEN...

SO MANITEE HIRED ERIC TO MAKE YOU QUIT THE RACE, EH? WHEN THAT DIDN'T WORK HE DISABLED YOUR CAR! AND NOW YOU'D QUIT! I'M ASHAMED OF YOU!

YOU WANTED ME TO QUIT!... BUT LEAVE ME ALONE! THIS ISN'T YOUR FIGHT!



IT IS NOW! SEEING YOU RISK YOUR NECK IS ONE THING, BUT SEEING A GANG OF MOBSTERS PUSHING YOU AROUND IS ANOTHER! YOU OWE ERIC A LOT— BUT NOT THIS MUCH!

YOUR DAD IS RIGHT, WALLY! ANYWAY, IF ERIC WERE REALLY A FRIEND OF YOURS HE'D HAVE COME TO SEE YOU BY NOW!



YOU'RE RIGHT! I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT LIKE THAT! BUT ERIC—DAD, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GOING TO WORK! I WAS A PRETTY FAIR MECHANIC ONCE! WE'RE GETTING THIS HEAP BACK INTO SHAPE—AND WE'RE GOING TO WIN TONIGHT'S RACE!



HOURS LATER AT THE TRACK...

MANITEE! I WAS JUST DOWN THE LINE! THE "ATOM'S" IN HER PIT... THEY HAVEN'T PULLED HER!

WHAT! I TOLD THOSE LUNKHEADS TO SMASH THE ENGINE! ... BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER! I'VE KEPT ROSSEN AWAY FROM GYER— BUT NOW I'LL LET THEM MEET! GYER WON'T DRIVE AGAINST ROSSEN— I'M SURE OF IT!



SO, SHORTLY...

WALLY! MY FRIEND—IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! BUT THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE NOT IN THE CITY... I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!

WELL! SO GYER AND ROSSEN KNOW EACH OTHER, EH?

AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW!



HOW WOULD I KNOW? BUT... THIS OUGHT TO MAKE FOR A REAL INTERESTING RACE! FRIEND AGAINST FRIEND! HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, GYER?

I-- I'M NOT SURE! HOW SHOULD I FEEL?



FEEL? IN A RACE THE BETTER MAN WINS, NO? WHAT HAS IT TO DO WITH FRIENDSHIP?

NOT A THING, ROSSEN! NOT A THING! BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE MET YOUR OLD PAL... LET'S GO! WE'VE GOT THINGS TO TALK ABOUT!



LATER...

OKAY, ROSSEN —
HERE'S THE SETUP! GYER IS
THE GUY WE'VE GOT TO
BEAT! BUT I'M HOPING
NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE
HE'LL GET
RATTLED
AND...

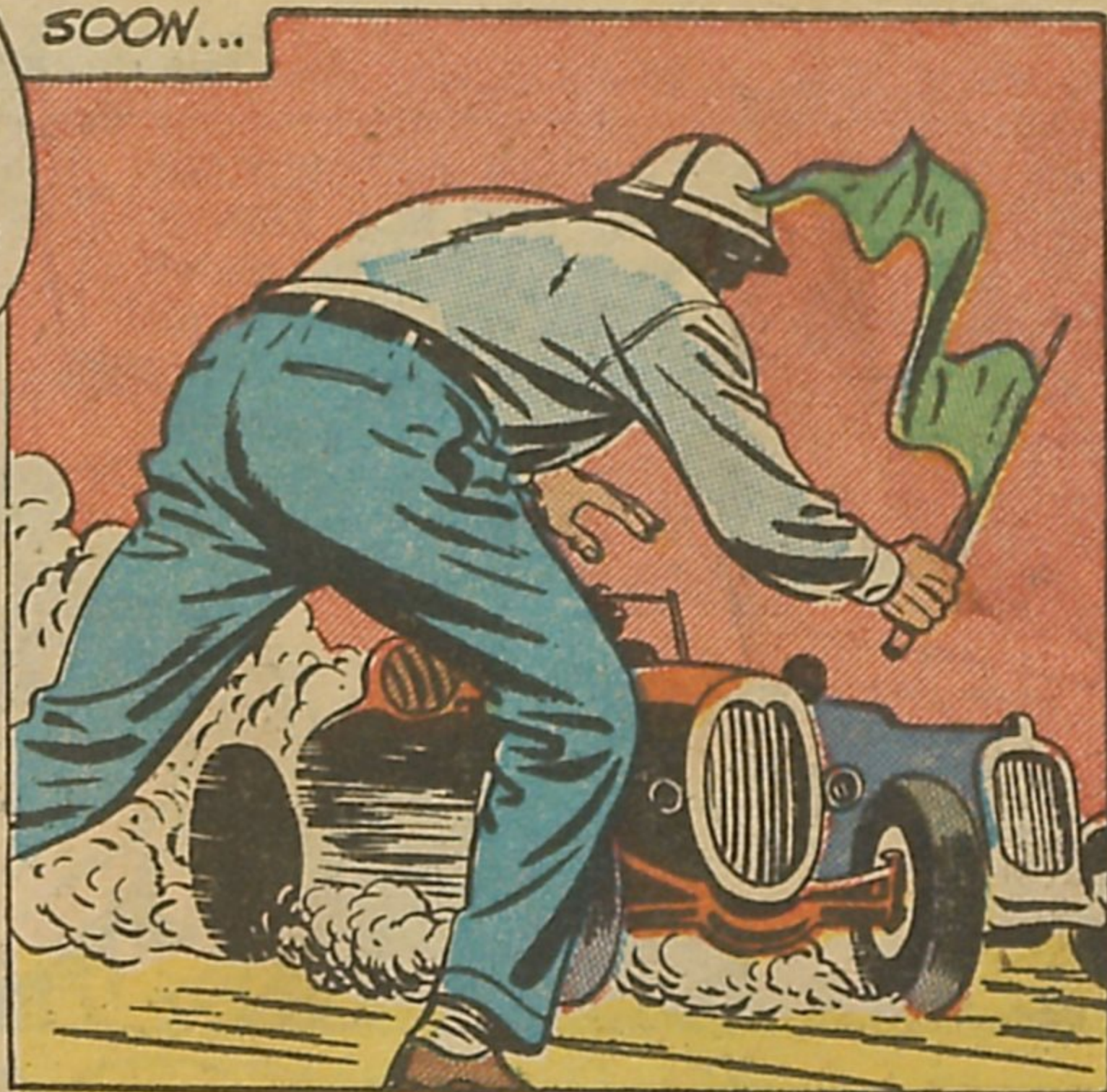
RATTLED? I DO
NOT UNDERSTAND!
THAT IS NOT HONEST,
YES?



SURE IT'S HONEST! BUT
TO BE **DOUBLY SURE** —
I'M ENTERING **TWO CARS!**
YOU'LL DRIVE NO. 5 AND
KEHOE WILL JOCKEY NO. 8!
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO WIN,
ROSSEN! I'VE GOT A
PILE BET ON YOU!
JUST FOLLOW KEHOE!
HE KNOWS WHAT
TO DO!



SOON...



MANITEE!
SOMETHING'S
COCKEYED!
ROSSEN HASN'T
EVEN **TRIED**
TO PASS THE
"ATOM"!

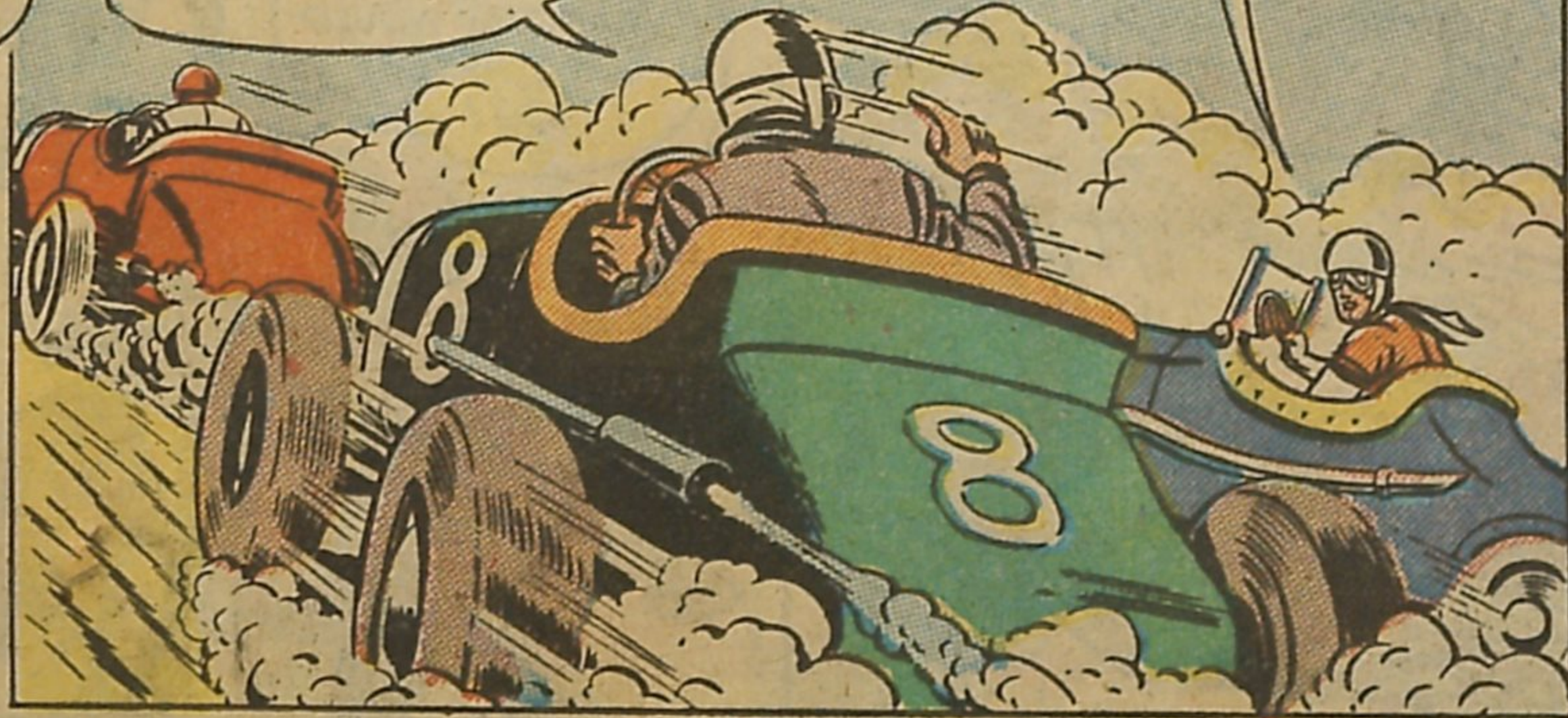
RELAX! HE'S
JUST FOLLOWING
ORDERS! HE'LL
WIN -- AFTER
KEHOE GETS
RID OF GYER!



AS THE RACE NEARS THE FINISH...

ROSSEN! WE'VE GOT ONLY FIVE
LAPS TO GO! WHEN I PUT HIM
THROUGH THE RAIL,
TAKE OVER!

WHAT? NO! I WILL
NOT LET YOU!



ROSSEN! YOU'RE
COMING UP TOO
FAST! PULL BACK!!



SUDDENLY...



THE WHITE FLAG FLASHES DOWN, AND THEN...



THE "ATOM" WINS !!

ROSSEN CROSSED US... AND HE'S NOT EVEN HURT! COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO PAY THAT RAT OFF!

MINUTES LATER...

DOUBLE-CROSS? BUT I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! I RACE FAIR... AND I LOSE FAIR! IT IS NO DISGRACE TO LOSE!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT STUFF, ROSSEN! I BROUGHT YOU OVER HERE TO BEAT GYER... AND YOU HELPED HIM WIN!



I DO NOT LIKE THE WAY YOU TALK! YOU ARE A CROOK! I DO NOT WORK FOR CROOKS!



WHY, YOU--

HOLD IT... ALL OF YOU!

ERIC, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I FIGURED MANITEE WOULD COME AFTER YOU!



YOU ARE JUST IN TIME, MY FRIEND! THIS MANITEE SHOULD HAVE LEARNED THAT **GOOD FRIENDS** ALWAYS STICK TOGETHER!

NOW THAT THE SITUATION IS WELL IN HAND... NICE RACE, SON! BUT NEXT TIME...



NEXT TIME? DAD... YOU MEAN YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT RACING?

I SAW WHAT HAPPENED ON THE TRACK! ANY SPORT THAT CAN PRODUCE A MAN LIKE ERIC IS OKAY BY ME! I'M GOING TO BUILD A CAR OF MY OWN AND HAVE HIM DRIVE FOR ME!

THEN WE'LL REALLY GIVE WALLY A RACE, EH? COME... WE GO DRINK A TOAST TO POP WITH SODA POP! IS GOOD

JOKE, YES?

IS GOOD JOKE-- **NO!** BUT WE'LL **STILL** DRINK THAT TOAST! CAP AND I HAVE TO KEEP TABS ON OUR COMPETITORS, YOU KNOW!



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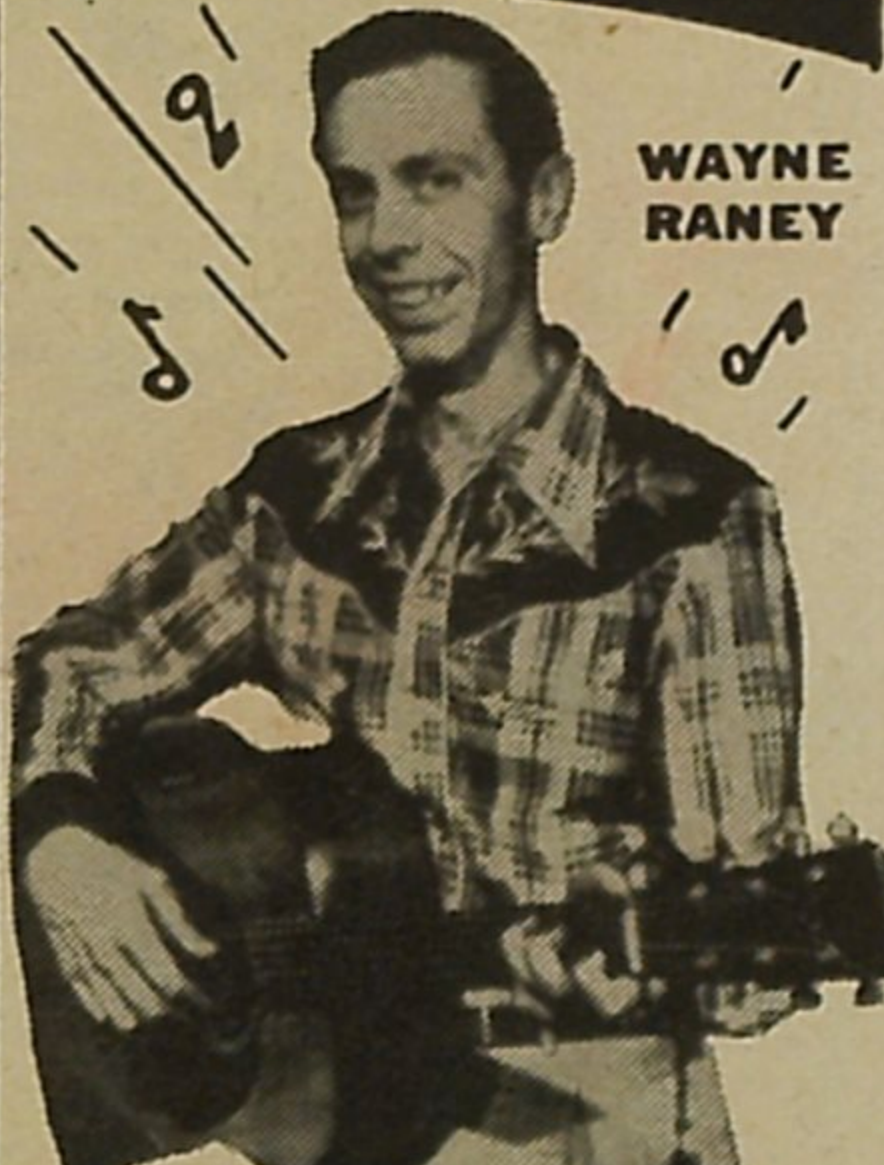
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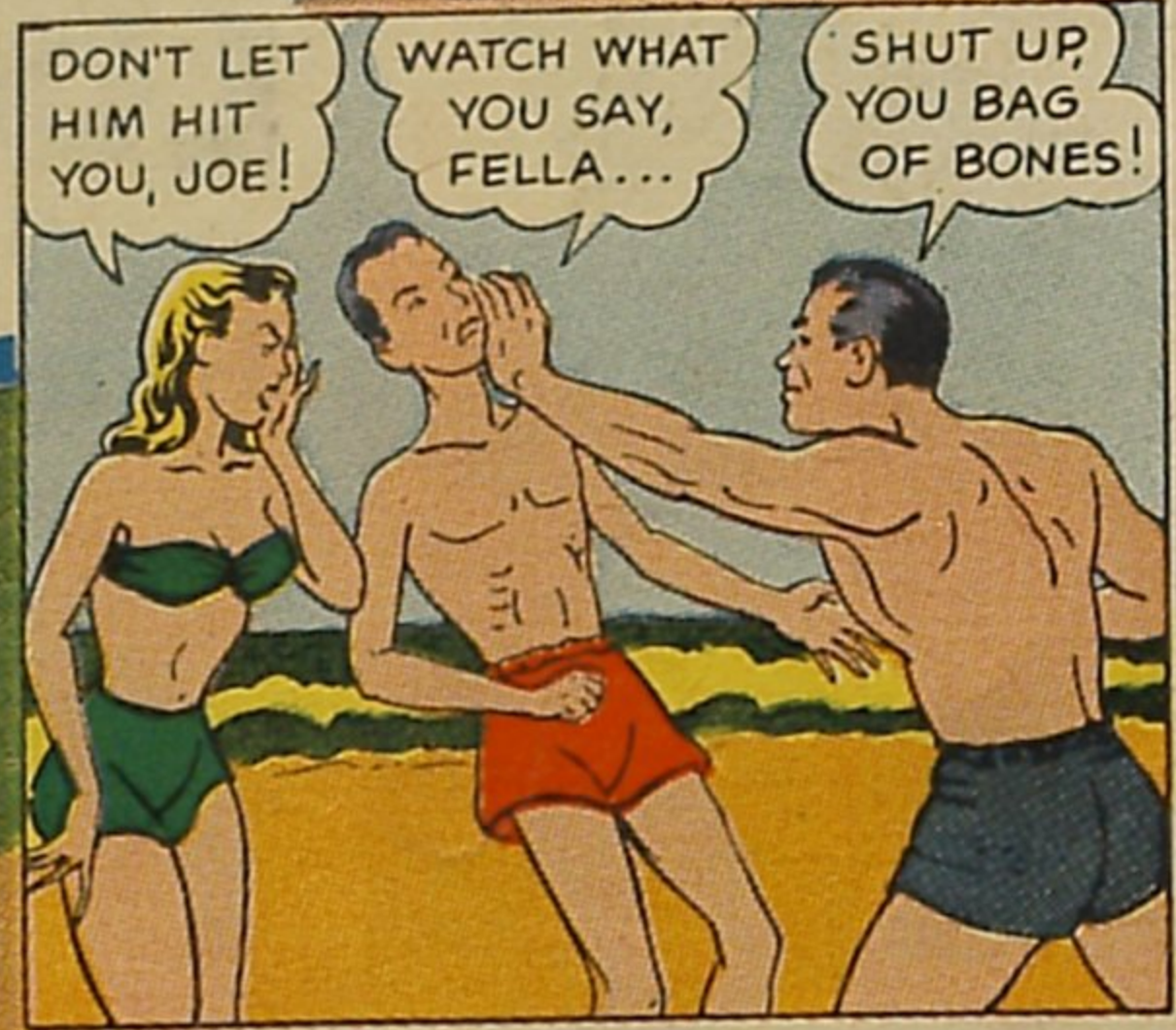
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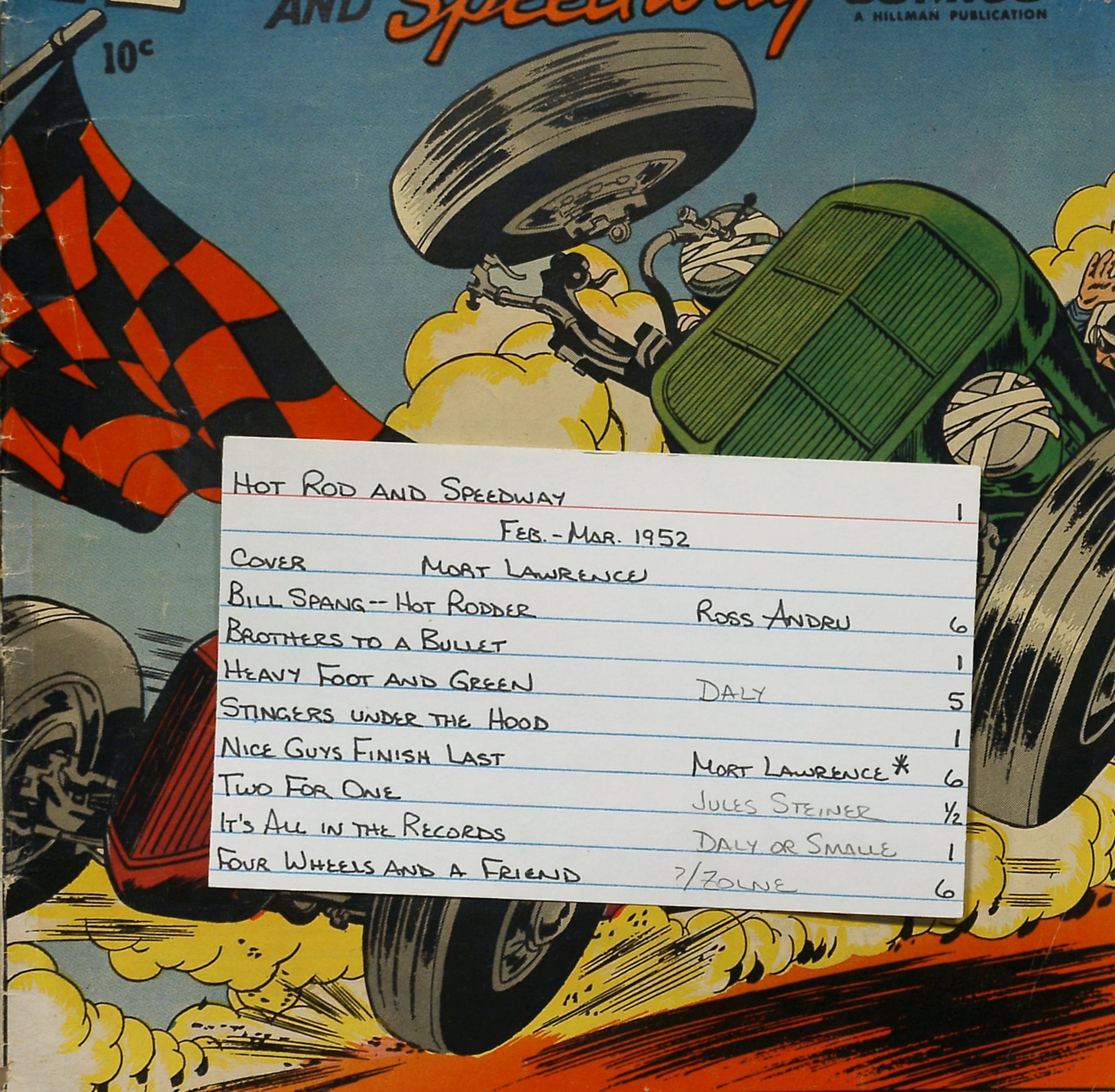
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BROTHERS TO A BULLET		1
HEAVY FOOT AND GREEN	DALY	5
STINGERS UNDER THE HOOD		1
NICE GUYS FINISH LAST	MORT LAWRENCE*	6
TWO FOR ONE	JULES STEINER	1/2
IT'S ALL IN THE RECORDS	DALY OR SMALE	1
FOUR WHEELS AND A FRIEND	?/ZOLNE	6