

SEPT.-OCT.
1952

HOT ROD

AND *Speedway* COMICS
A HILLMAN PUBLICATION

10¢



Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time!

I'll Put a "Shoe Store Business" in Your Pocket!

SHOE BUSINESS



You Don't Invest a Cent!

I Furnish Everything Free!

Want to have lots of money in your pocket—always? Then rush the coupon below and start toward your own business. In many ways it's better than a retail store of your own! I plan to give it to you absolutely FREE. You don't invest a penny now or ever! Be in this highly profitable business QUICK.

HERE'S WHY IT'S BETTER!

As the direct factory man handling the quick-selling line of this 47-year old, million-dollar company you have a limitless market, because everybody wears shoes. Start by selling to relatives, friends, neighbors. That will prove the fine quality leathers—superb craftsmanship—money-saving value—and unequalled comfort-fit! Then branch out on a big scale.

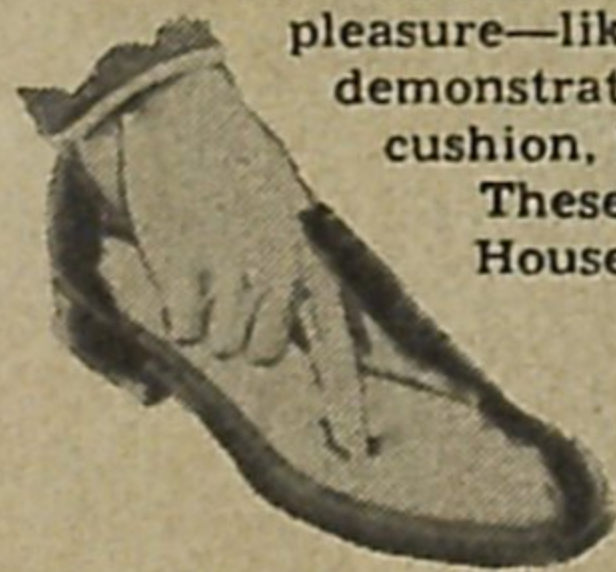
It's easy to fit folks in the exact style they want—no need to substitute—you draw on our huge factory stock of over 175,000 pairs plus huge daily factory production.

Sales build up from friend to friend quickly, like a snowball. Recommendations, repeat orders and new customers build you a big income in a surprisingly short time. No wonder some of our top Shoe Counselors make from \$5 to \$10 every hour they spend taking orders!

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

People demand nationally advertised Mason Shoes because of their exclusive comfort features, up-to-the-minute styling. Foamy-soft exclusive Velvet-Eez Air Cushion innersole makes walking a real pleasure—like "walking on air!" Ten-second demonstration lets customer actually feel air cushion, brings quick sales!

These splendid shoes bear famous Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal.



Velvet-eez
THE ALL-OUT FIT OFF

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
Dept. M-953, Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

BIG, STEADY PROFITS FOR YOU — NO OVERHEAD!

That's right! You have all the advantages of a profitable shoe store business *without* the expenses of rent, light, heat, etc. You are independent and invest nothing but your time. Your generous profit is ALL YOURS! No wonder Mason men are making more money than ever before. Even if you start in spare time, you will soon want to devote full time to this steady, repeat-order big-income business!

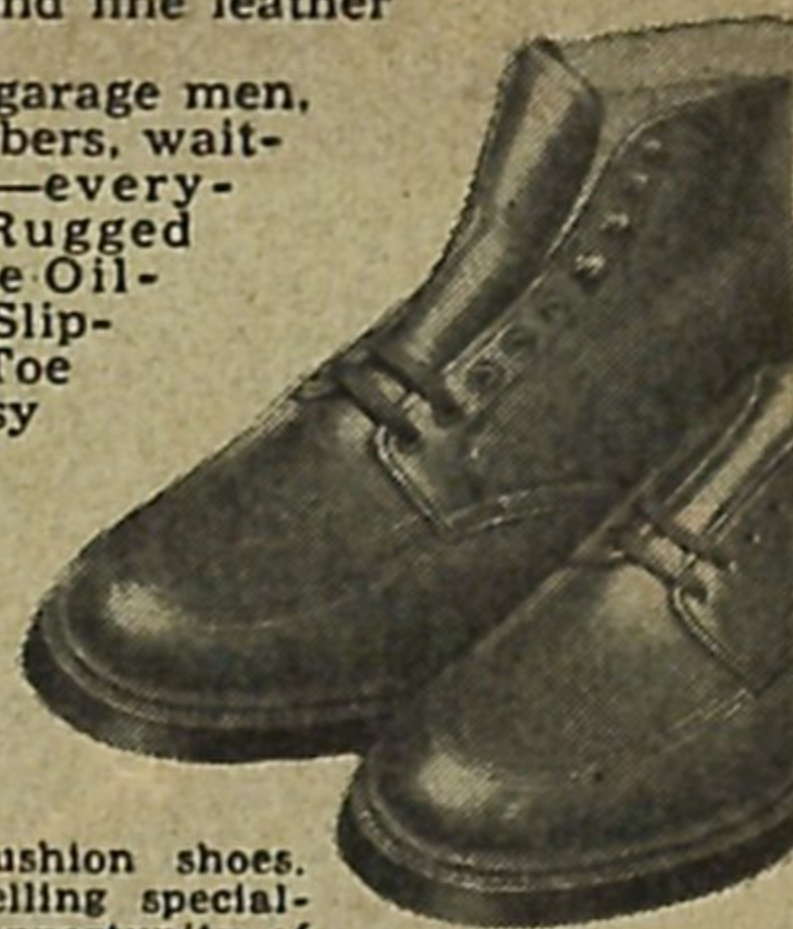
No Experience Needed... Make Money First Hour!

You need no experience to make money right away. Some men have made up to 20 sales their first day. You feature 151 styles of smart dress shoes, casual sport shoes, and practical work and service shoes for men and women, boots and fine leather jackets, too.

Sell to service station and garage men, waiters, factory workers, barbers, waitresses, nurses, housewives—everybody! Such features as Rugged Horsehide Shoes, Neoprene Oil-Resistant Soles, Gro-Cork Slip-Resistant Soles, Steel Safety Toe shoes make Mason Shoes easy to sell.

SEND NOW!

I have a powerful Selling Outfit I'm going to send you absolutely FREE as soon as I receive your coupon. This outfit includes actual 10-second demonstrator, famous Automatic Selling Plan, and features exclusive Velvet-Eez Air-Cushion shoes, fine leather jackets—other fast-selling specialties. To take advantage of this opportunity of your life, rush me the coupon below NOW! You'll be glad you did!



SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT

Mr. Ned Mason, Sales Manager
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. M-953
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

Please put a "Shoe Store Business" in my pocket by rushing FREE and postpaid your Powerful Selling Outfit—so I can start making Big Money my very first hour!

Name

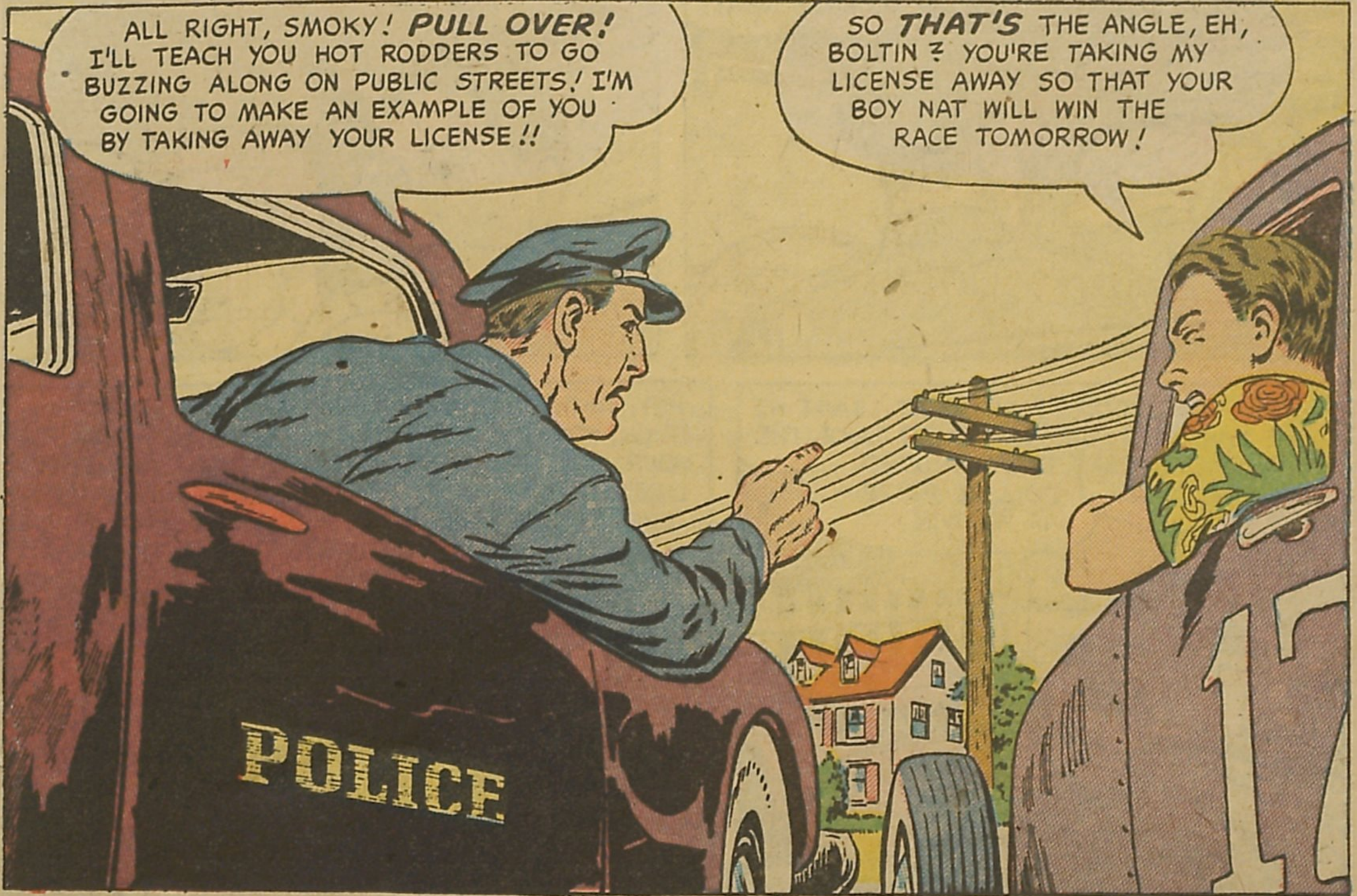
Age

Address

Town..... State.....

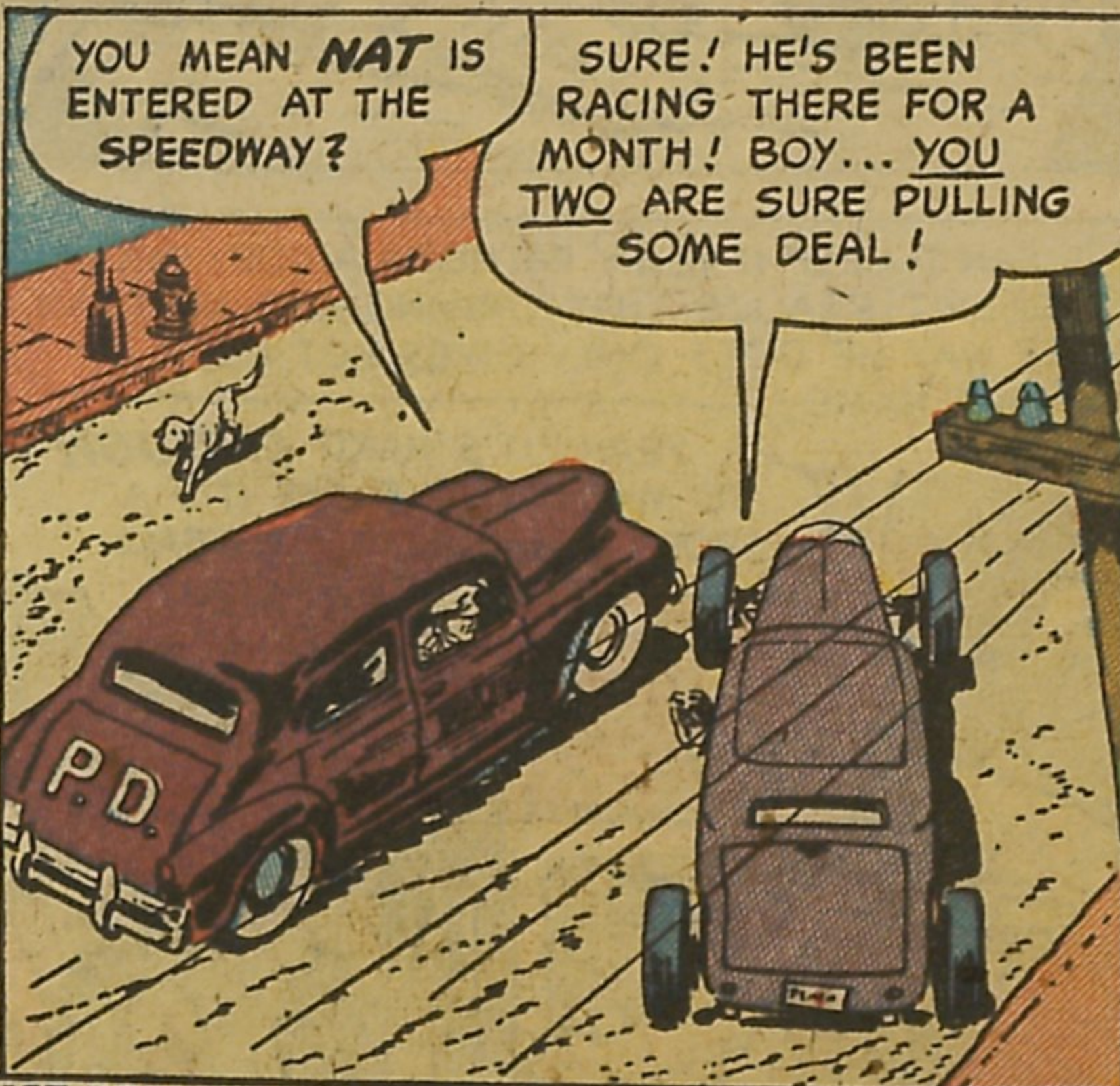
SOUPED-UP SPITE

A GOOD RODDER DOESN'T ASK ANY ODDS—AND HE DOESN'T LIKE TO GIVE 'EM... ALL HE ASKS IS THAT EVERYTHING IS "EVEN" AT THE TRACK WHEN THEY PULL THE TRIGGER ON THE "MILLS"... AND RIGHT NOW SMOKY MILLAY BLOWS A GASKET AS OFFICER BOLTIN EASES UP TO HIS HOT ROD...



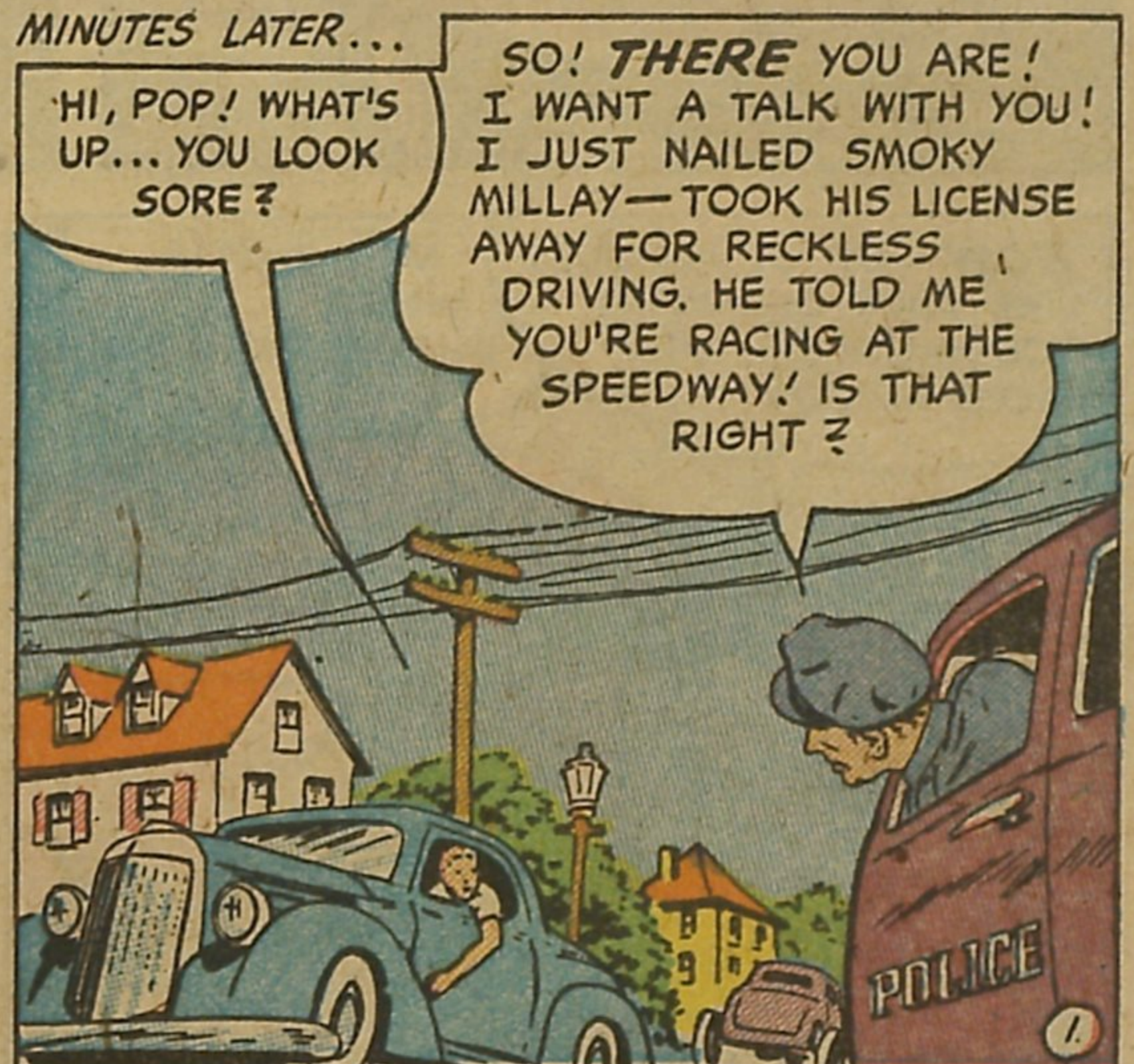
ALL RIGHT, SMOKY! **PULL OVER!** I'LL TEACH YOU HOT RODDERS TO GO BUZZING ALONG ON PUBLIC STREETS! I'M GOING TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU BY TAKING AWAY YOUR LICENSE!!

SO **THAT'S** THE ANGLE, EH, BOLTIN? YOU'RE TAKING MY LICENSE AWAY SO THAT YOUR BOY NAT WILL WIN THE RACE TOMORROW!



YOU MEAN **NAT** IS ENTERED AT THE SPEEDWAY?

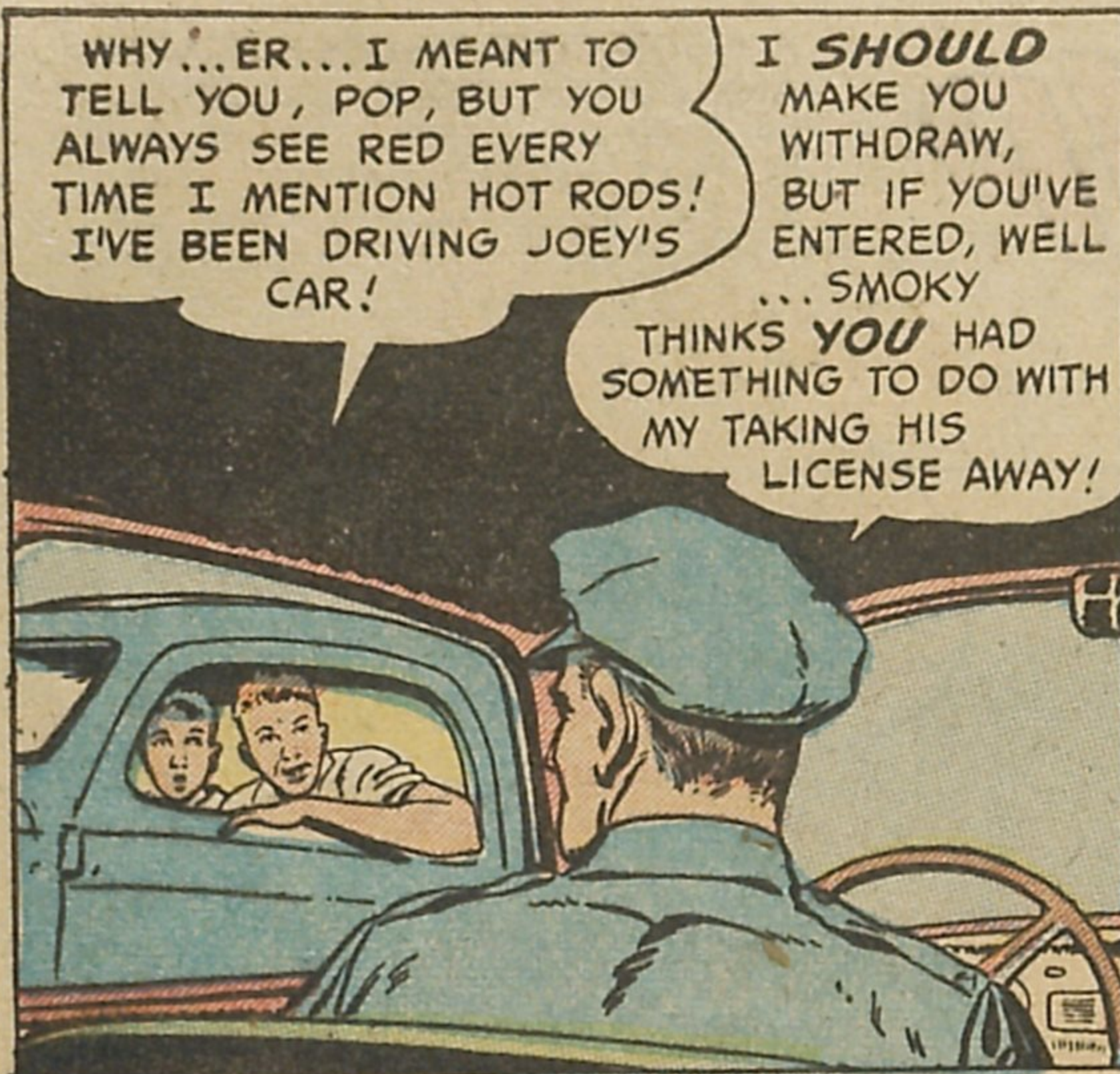
SURE! HE'S BEEN RACING THERE FOR A MONTH! BOY... YOU TWO ARE SURE PULLING SOME DEAL!



MINUTES LATER...

HI, POP! WHAT'S UP... YOU LOOK SORE?

SO! **THERE** YOU ARE! I WANT A TALK WITH YOU! I JUST NAILED SMOKY MILLAY—TOOK HIS LICENSE AWAY FOR RECKLESS DRIVING. HE TOLD ME YOU'RE RACING AT THE SPEEDWAY! IS THAT RIGHT?



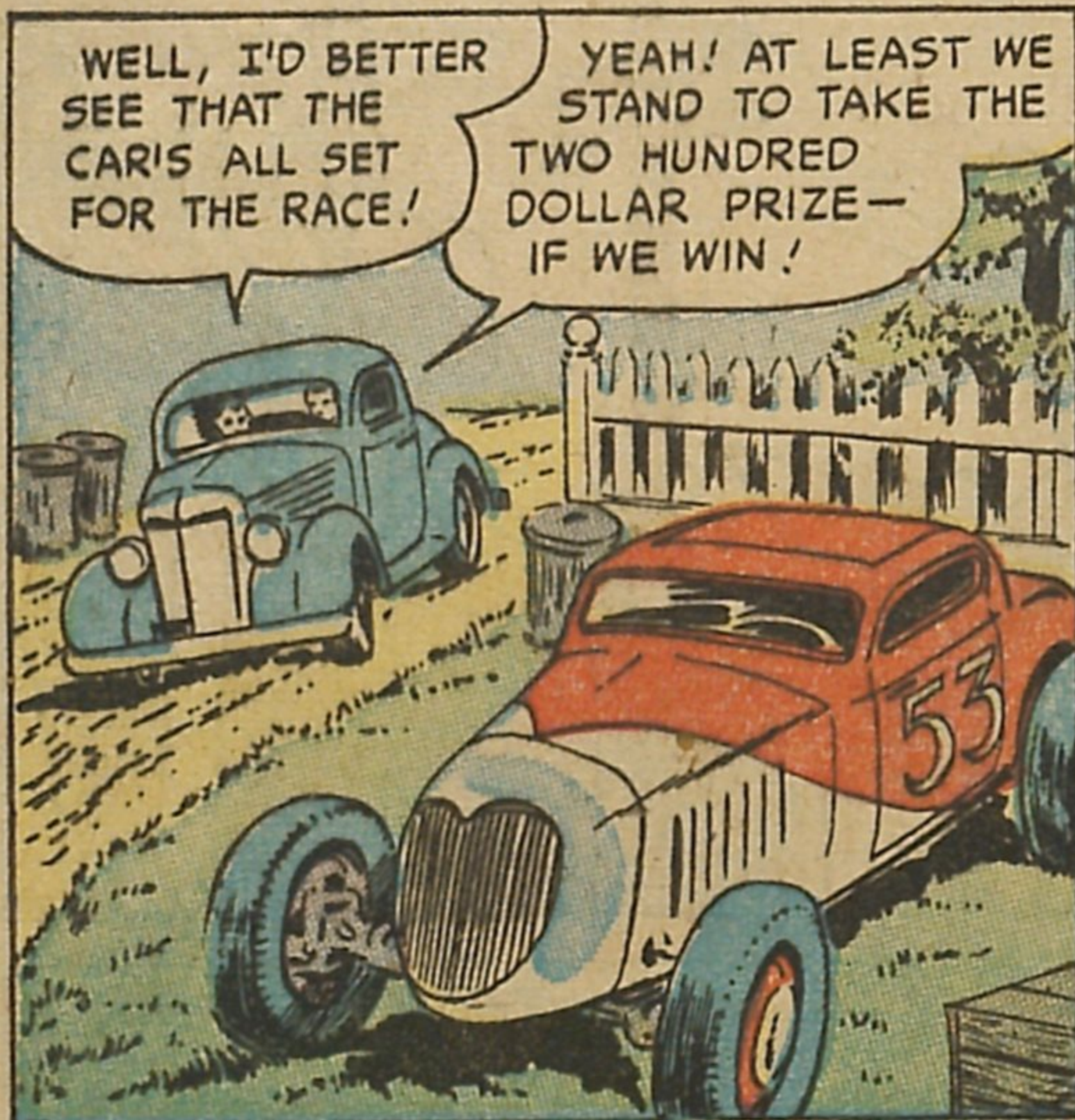
WHY... ER... I MEANT TO TELL YOU, POP, BUT YOU ALWAYS SEE RED EVERY TIME I MENTION HOT RODS! I'VE BEEN DRIVING JOEY'S CAR!

I **SHOULD** MAKE YOU WITHDRAW, BUT IF YOU'VE ENTERED, WELL... SMOKY THINKS **YOU** HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH MY TAKING HIS LICENSE AWAY!



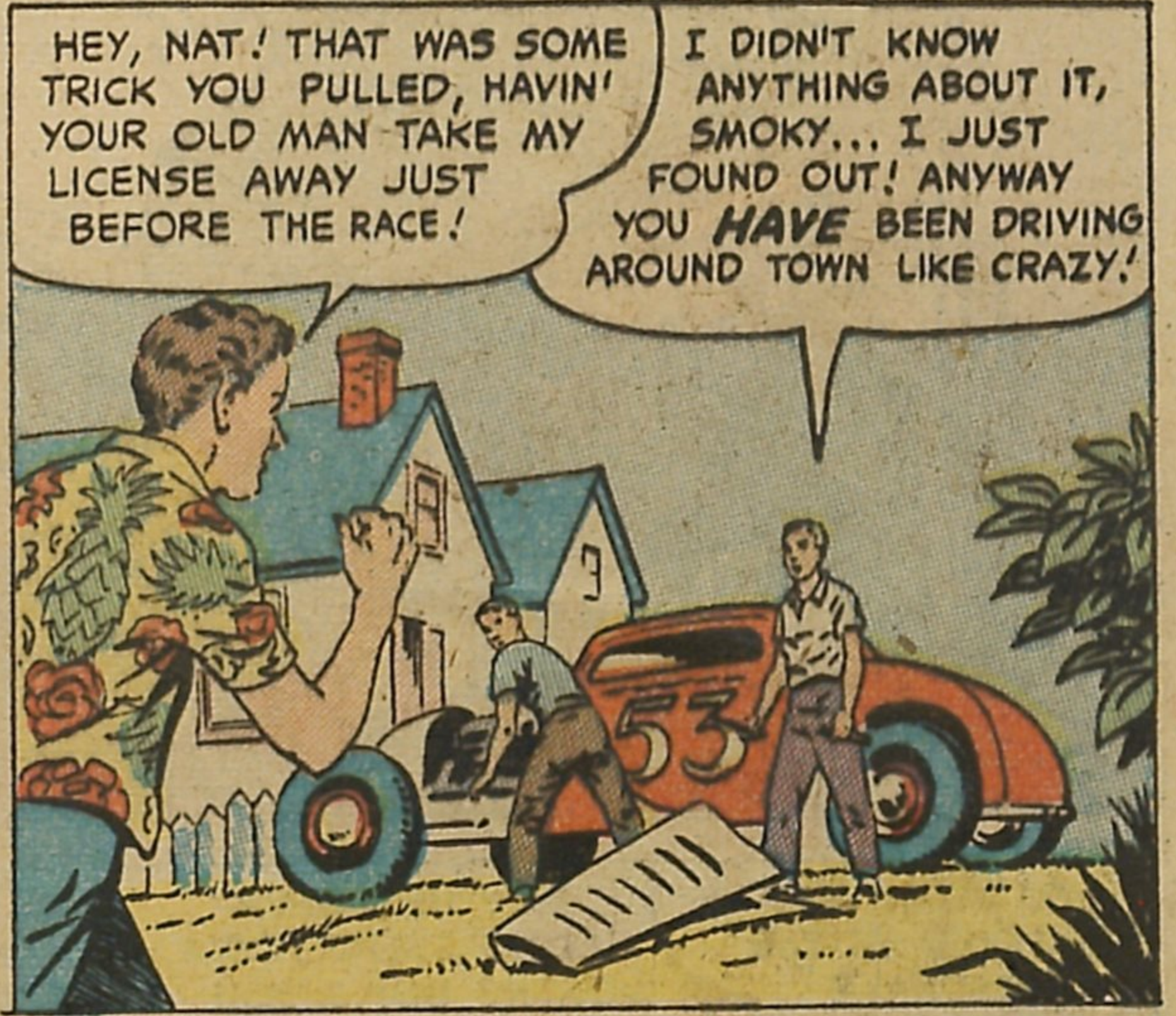
THIS IS GREAT! SMOKY'S A GUY I WOULDN'T TRUST FOR LOVE OR MONEY! NOW HE'S OUT OF THE RACE! YOU SHOULD WIN GOIN' AWAY!

I SUPPOSE I **SHOULD** BE GLAD, BUT EVEN IF HE IS A DIRTY DRIVER, THIS DOESN'T MAKE **ME** LOOK ANY BETTER!



WELL, I'D BETTER SEE THAT THE CAR'S ALL SET FOR THE RACE!

YEAH! AT LEAST WE STAND TO TAKE THE TWO HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE— IF WE WIN!



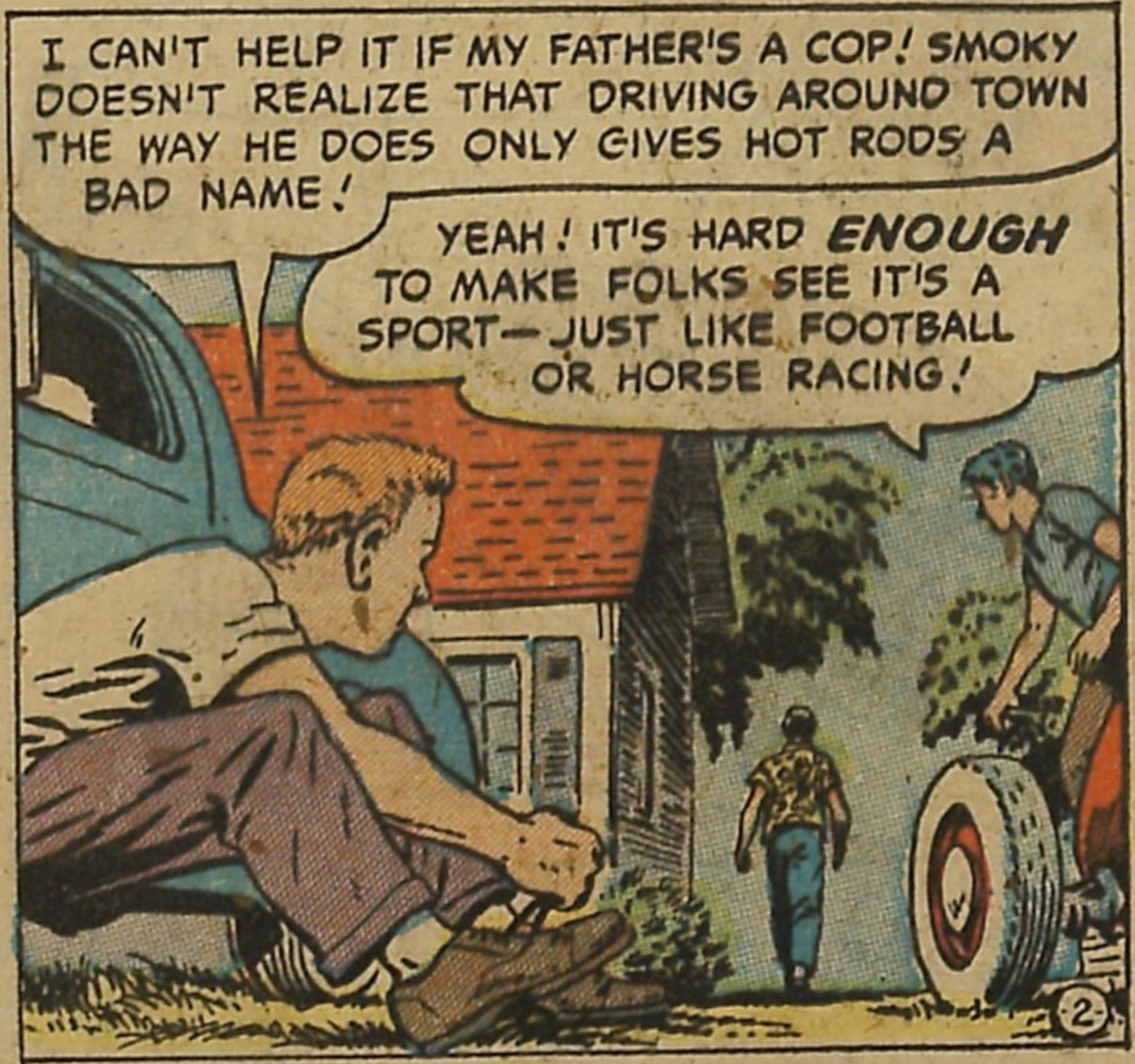
HEY, NAT! THAT WAS SOME TRICK YOU PULLED, HAVIN' YOUR OLD MAN TAKE MY LICENSE AWAY JUST BEFORE THE RACE!

I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT, SMOKY... I JUST FOUND OUT! ANYWAY YOU **HAVE** BEEN DRIVING AROUND TOWN LIKE CRAZY!



NOW YOU SOUND JUST LIKE YOUR OLD MAN! YOU WAIT! I'LL FIX YOUR WAGON!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE... AW, WHAT'S THE USE?



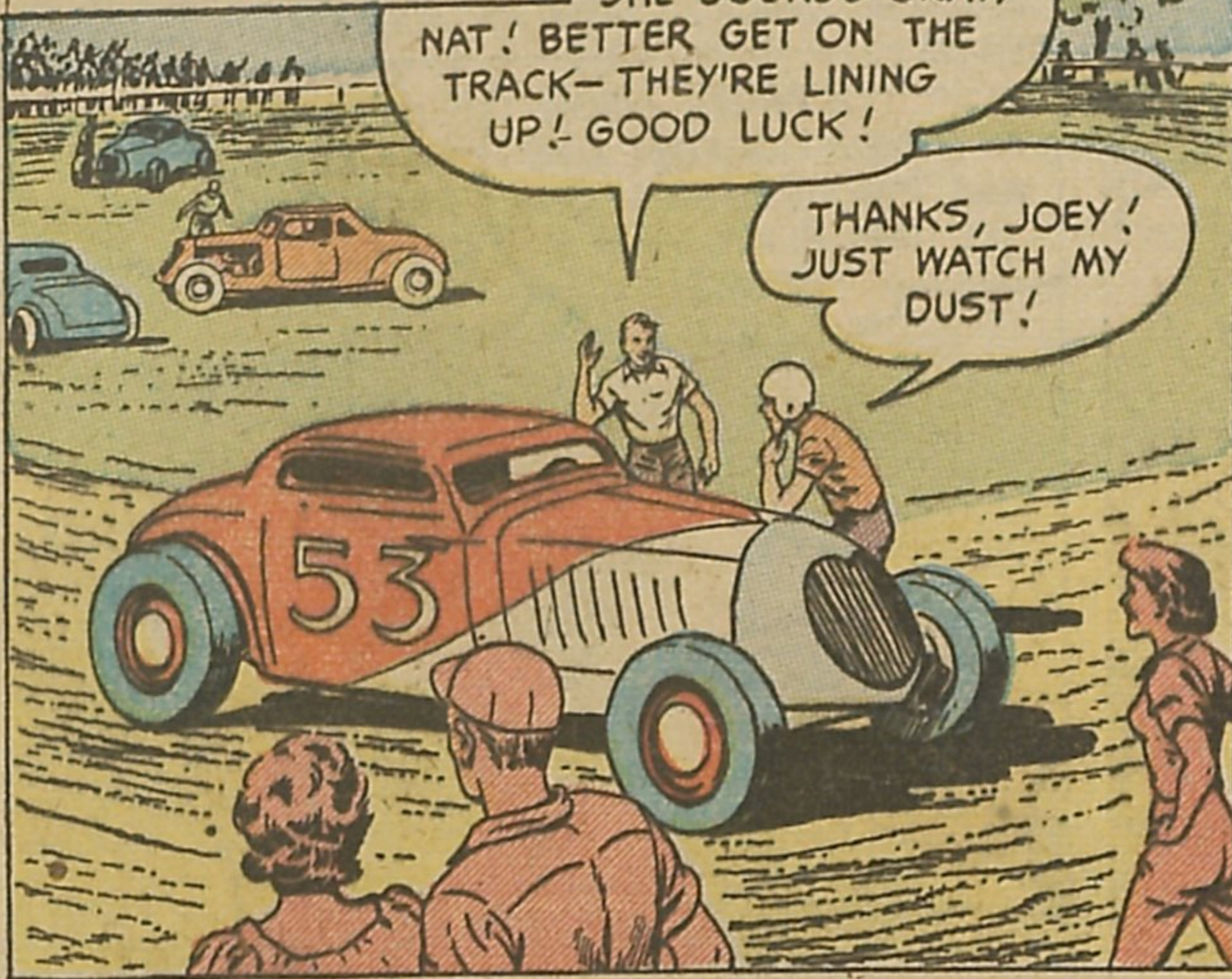
I CAN'T HELP IT IF MY FATHER'S A COP! SMOKY DOESN'T REALIZE THAT DRIVING AROUND TOWN THE WAY HE DOES ONLY GIVES HOT RODS A BAD NAME!

YEAH! IT'S HARD **ENOUGH** TO MAKE FOLKS SEE IT'S A SPORT— JUST LIKE FOOTBALL OR HORSE RACING!

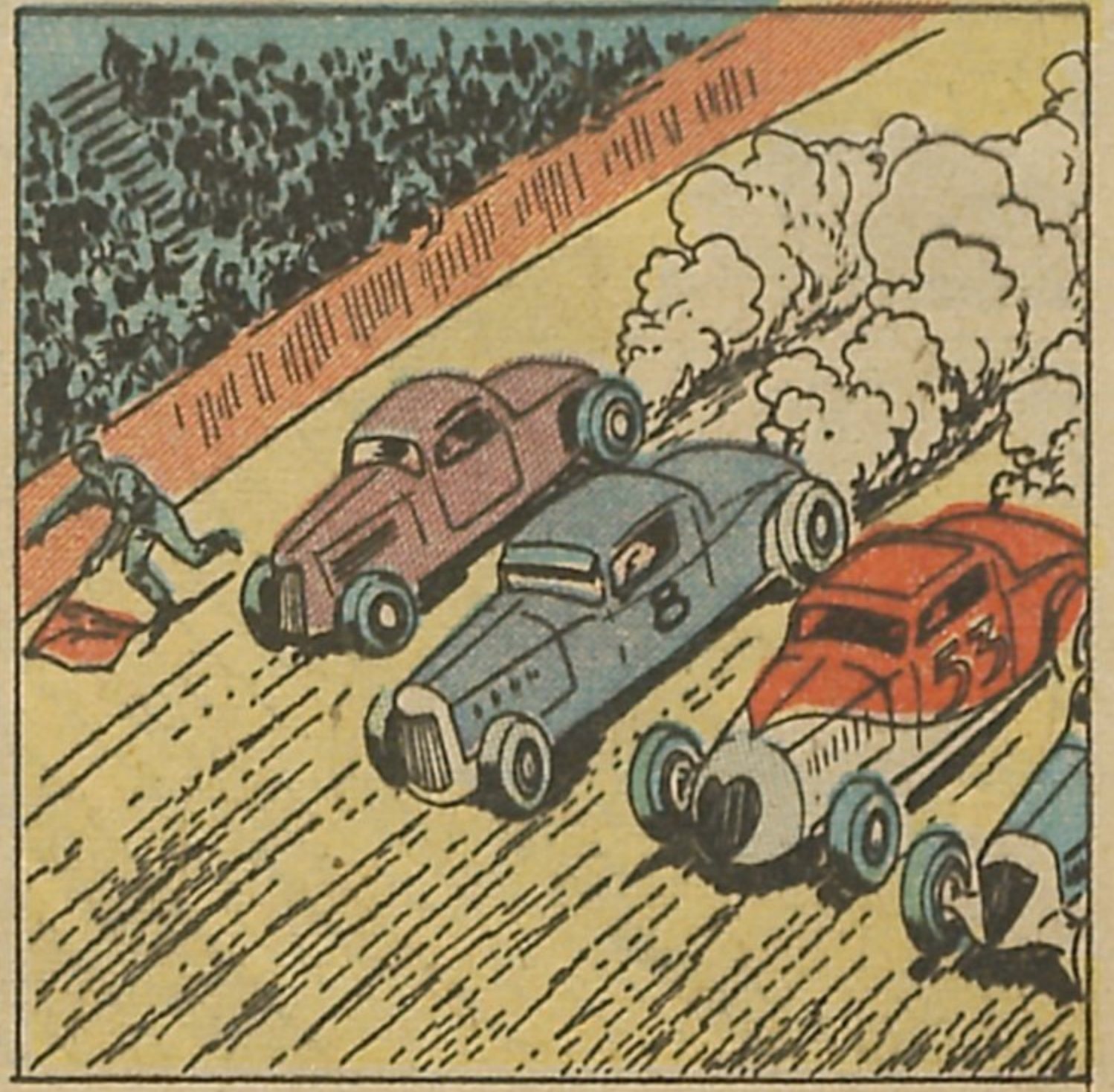
THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

SHE SOUNDS OKAY, NAT! BETTER GET ON THE TRACK—THEY'RE LINING UP! GOOD LUCK!

THANKS, JOEY! JUST WATCH MY DUST!



MINUTES LATER, THE STARTER'S GREEN FLAG SIGNALS FOR THE RACE TO BEGIN...



SAY, JOEY, IS SMOKY WORKING MECHANIC ON NAT'S CAR TOO? BOY, THAT'S SOME SWITCH!

NO! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



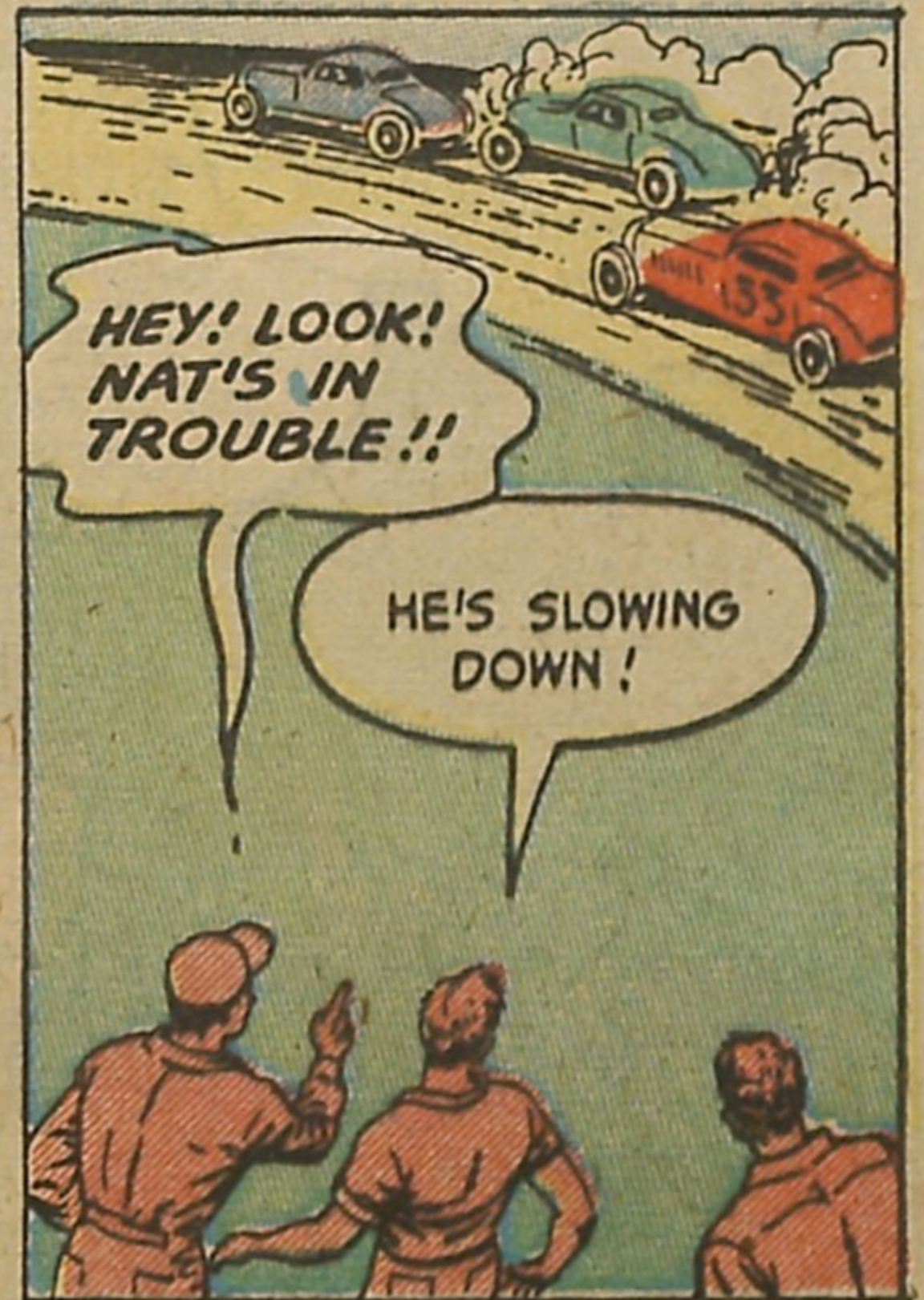
OH, NOTHING... ONLY I'D HAVE SWORN I SAW HIM WORKING ON 53'S MOTOR WHILE YOU AND NAT WERE OVER GETTING A HOT DOG!

ARE YOU ON THE LEVEL? I WONDER WHAT HE WAS UP TO?



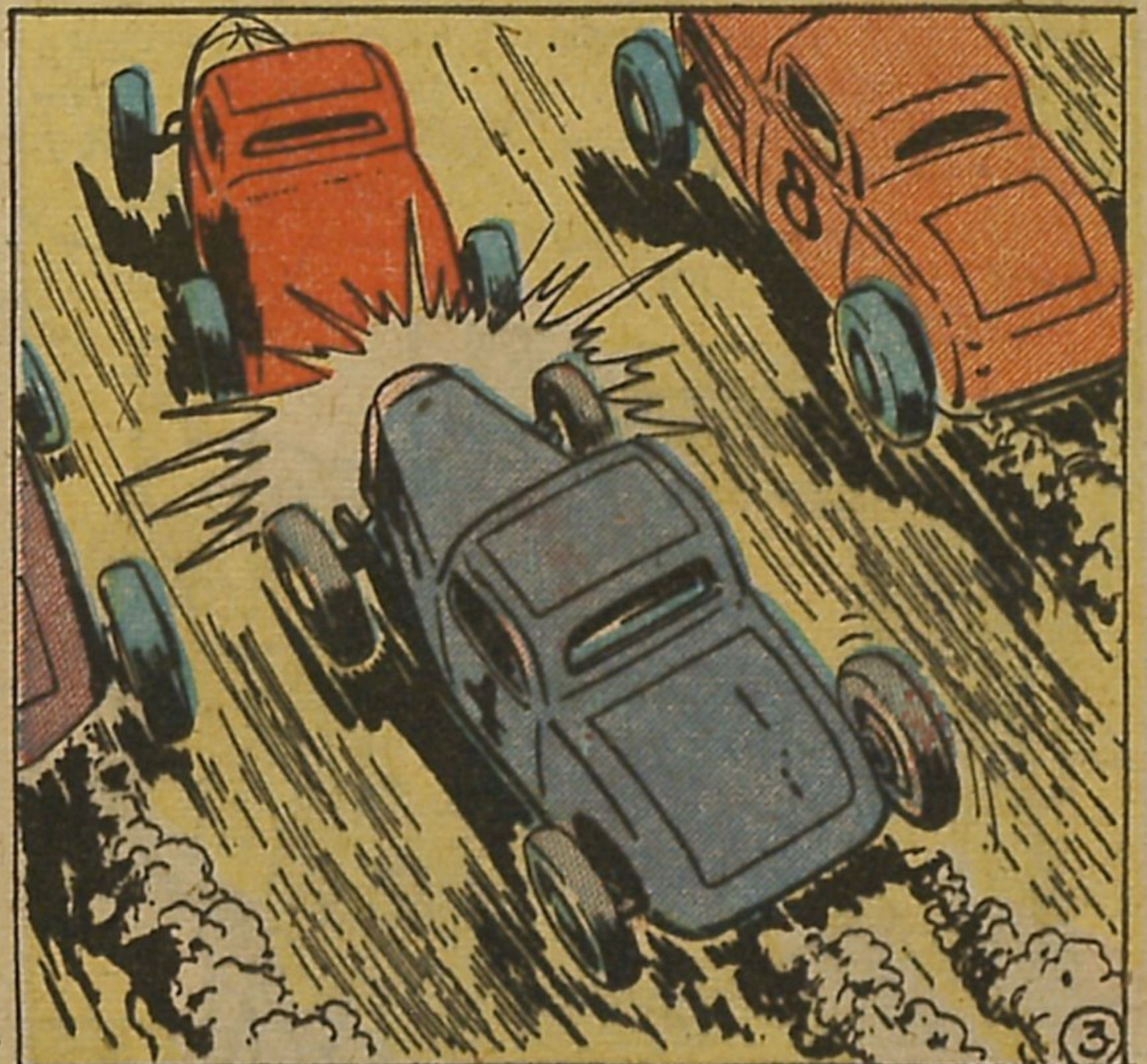
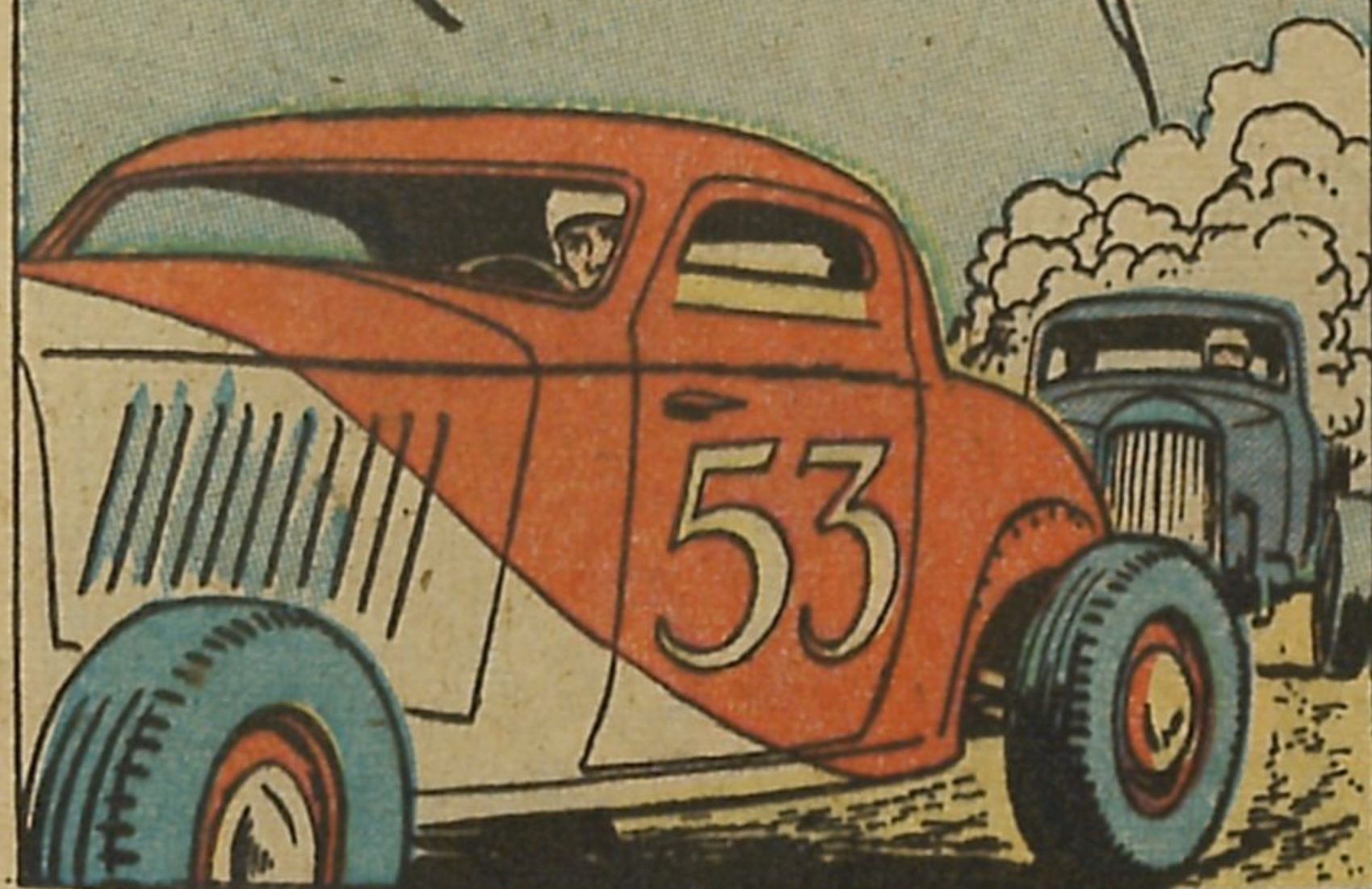
HEY! LOOK! NAT'S IN TROUBLE!!

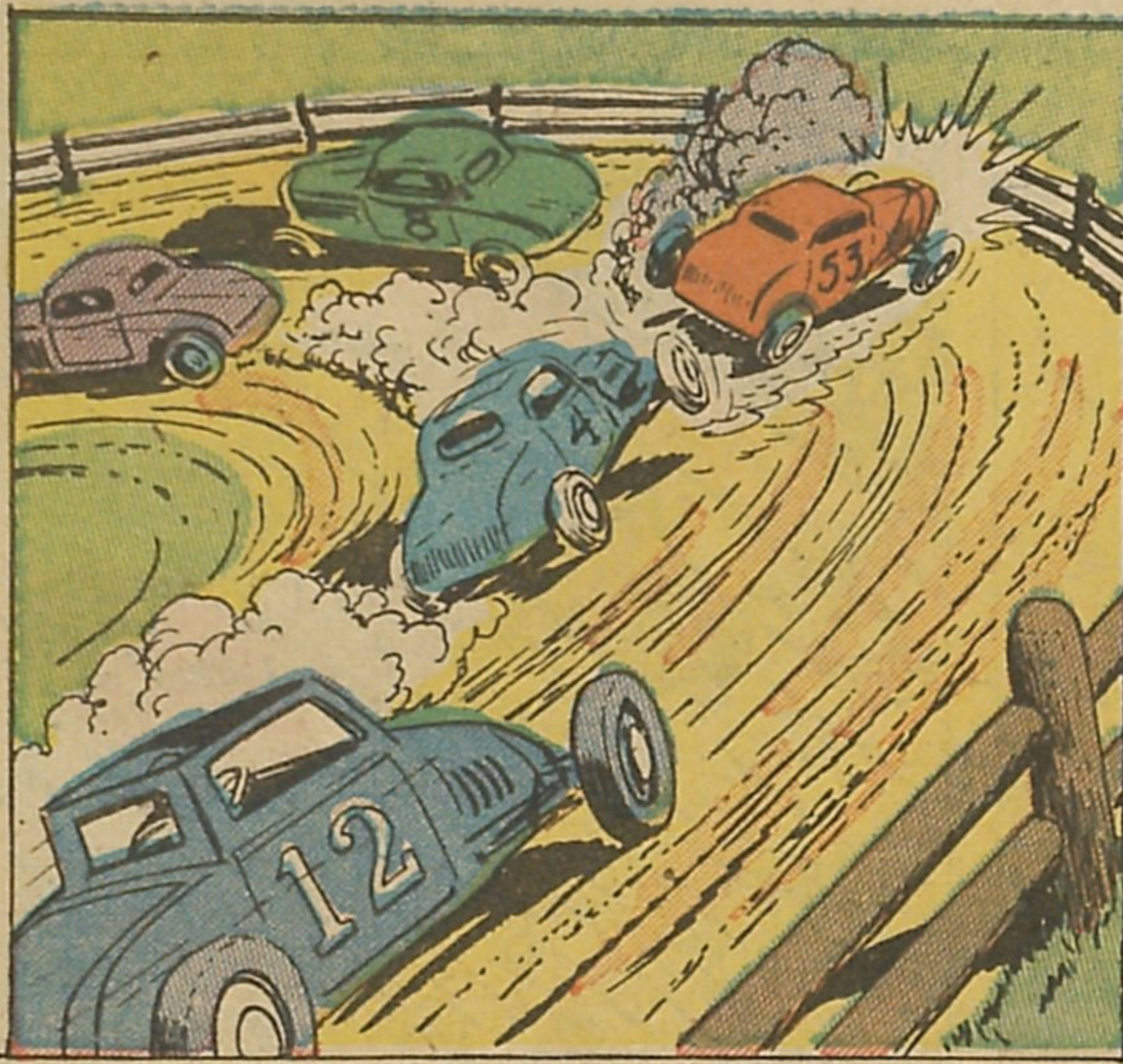
HE'S SLOWING DOWN!



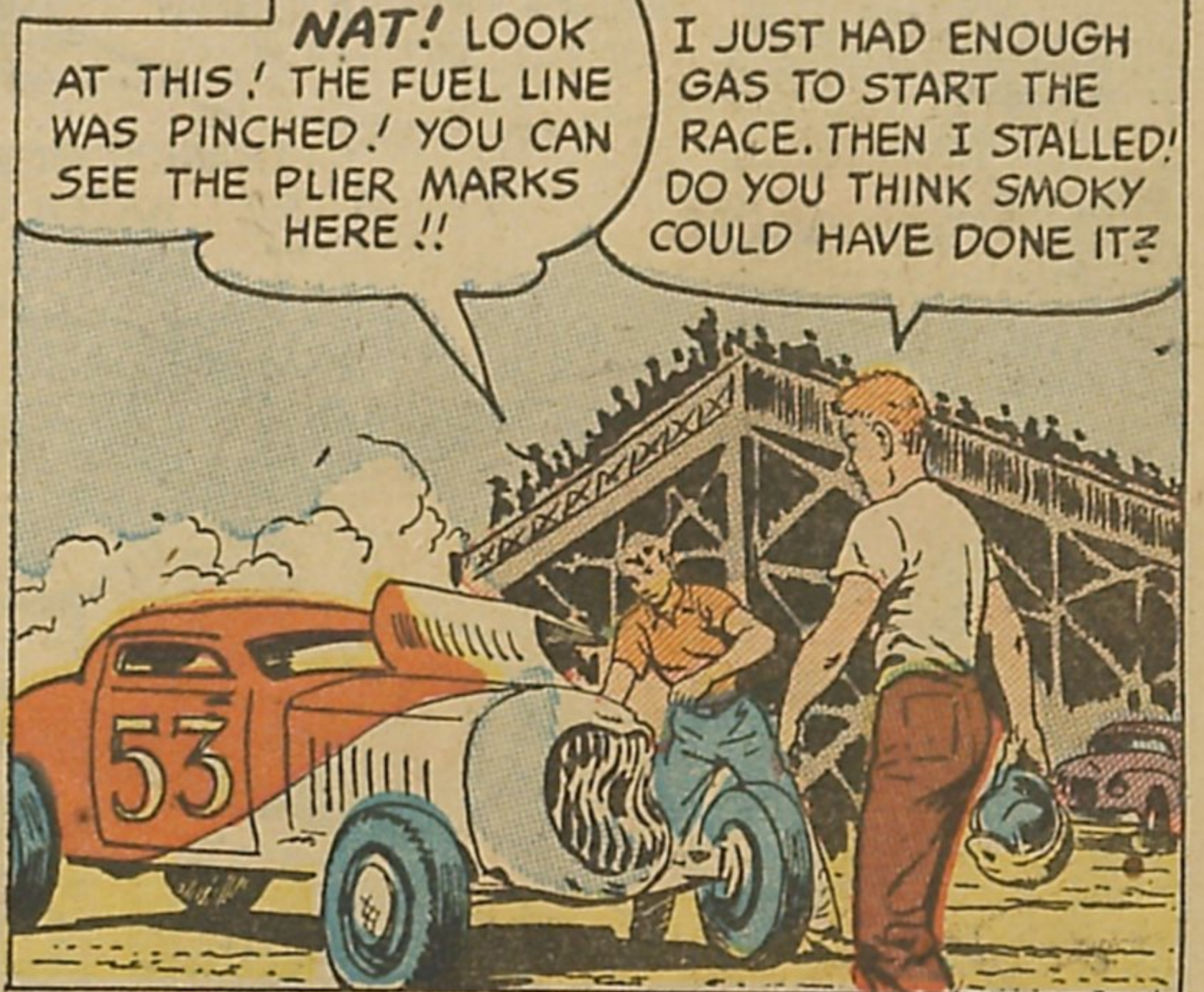
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED... THE MOTOR'S CONKED OUT!

HEY! LOOK OUT!!





NAT IS UNHURT IN THE CRASH—HIS CAR IS DRAGGED FROM THE TRACK... THEN AS JOEY INSPECTS THE ENGINE...



NAT! LOOK AT THIS! THE FUEL LINE WAS PINCHED! YOU CAN SEE THE PLIER MARKS HERE!!

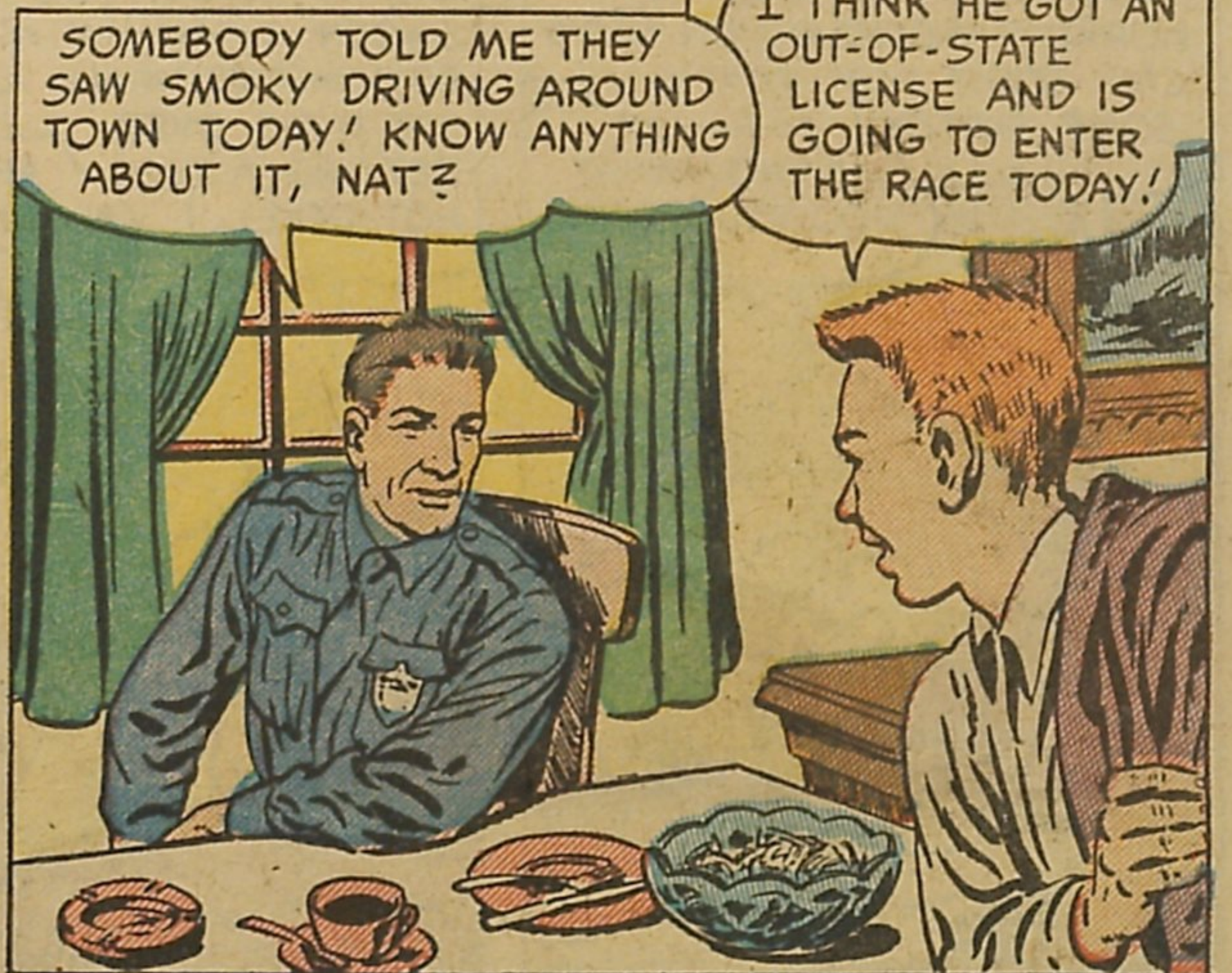
I JUST HAD ENOUGH GAS TO START THE RACE. THEN I STALLED! DO YOU THINK SMOKY COULD HAVE DONE IT?



I **KNOW** HE DID! JIM SAID HE SAW SMOKY MONKEYING WITH THE MOTOR WHILE WE WERE AWAY!

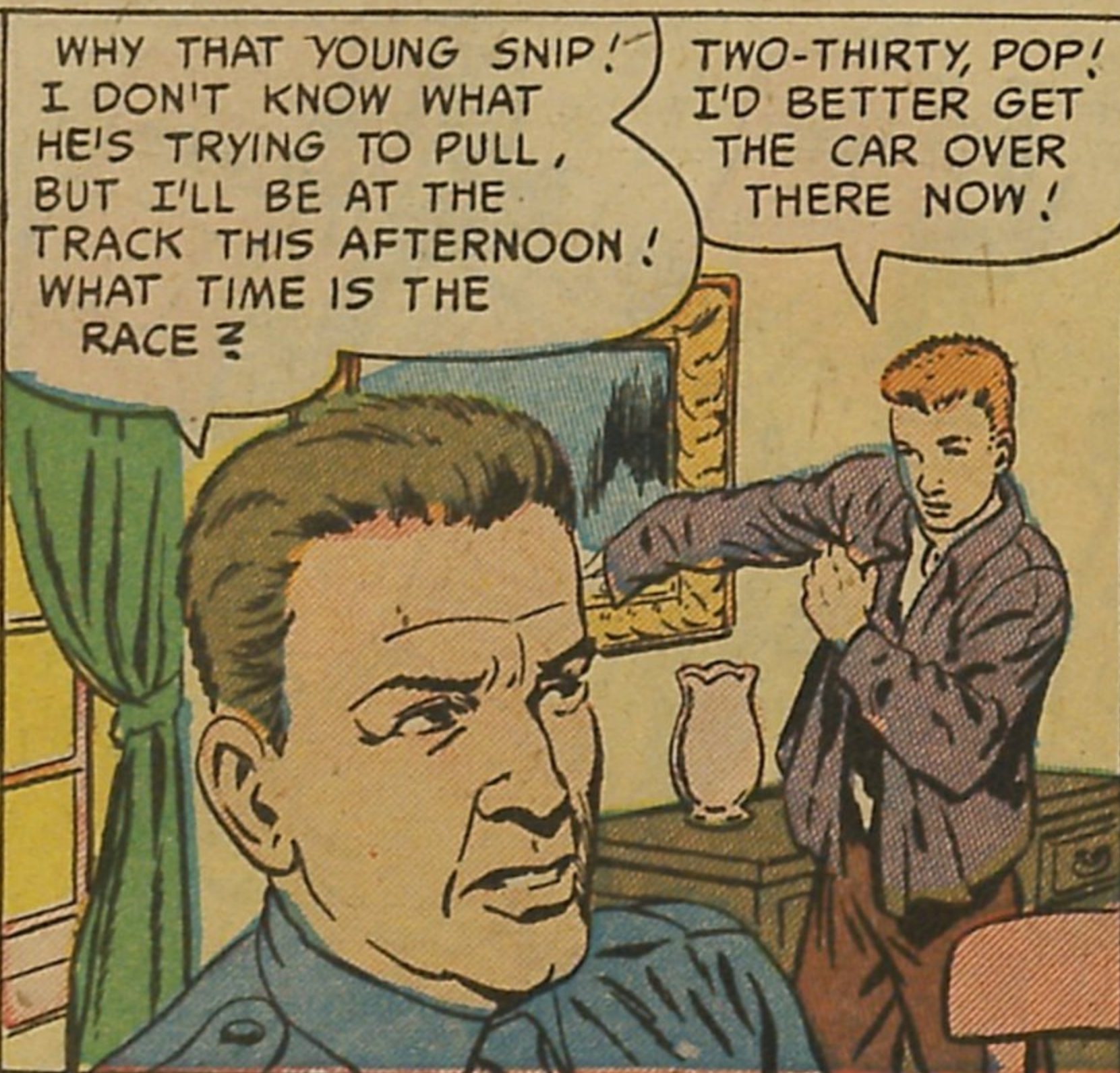
OF ALL THE DIRTY TRICKS! I DIDN'T THINK HE'D SINK **SO** LOW! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THOSE BIG STAKES NEXT SATURDAY!

THEN, THE NEXT SATURDAY...



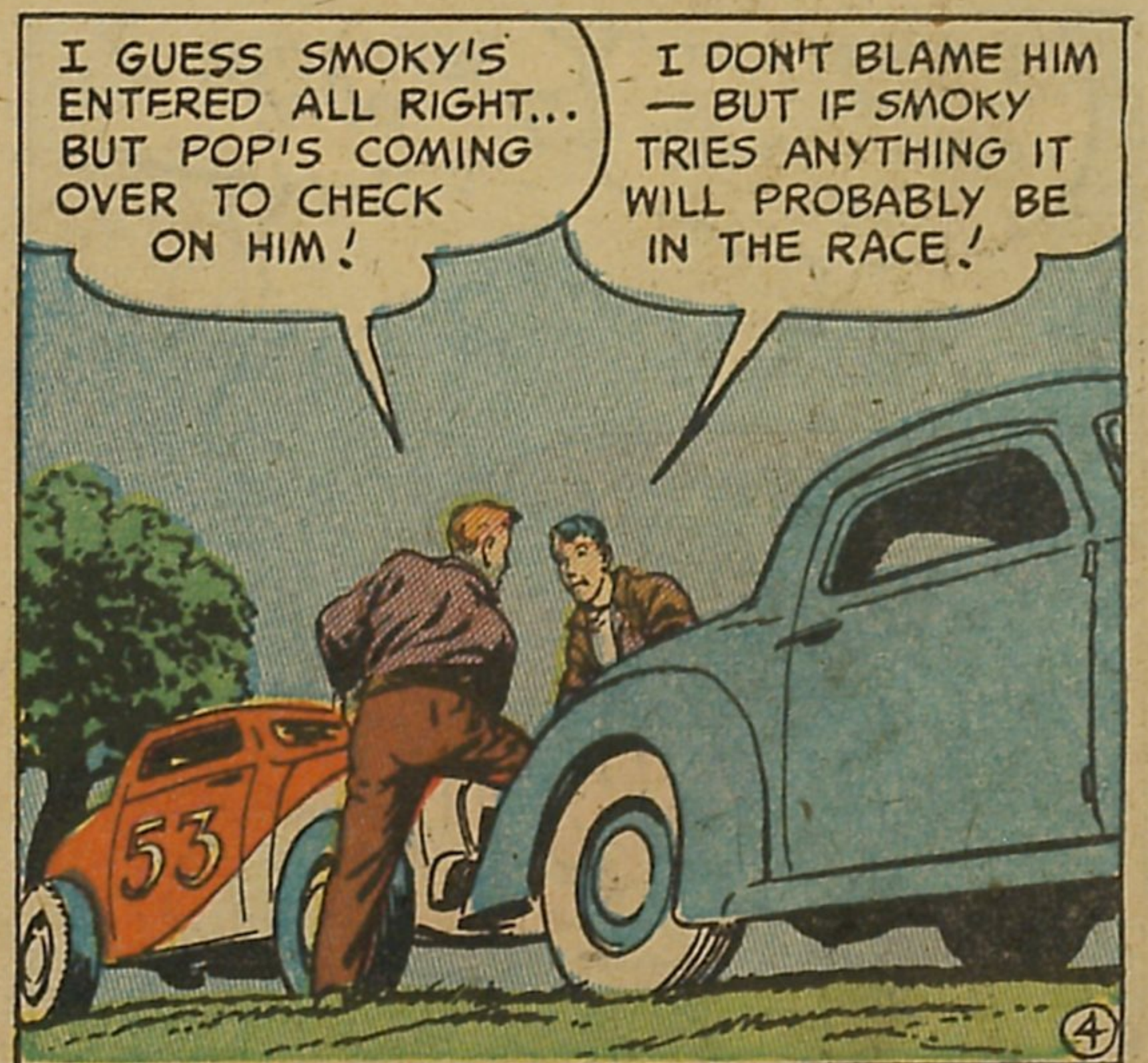
SOMEBODY TOLD ME THEY SAW SMOKY DRIVING AROUND TOWN TODAY! KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT, NAT?

I THINK HE GOT AN OUT-OF-STATE LICENSE AND IS GOING TO ENTER THE RACE TODAY!



WHY THAT YOUNG SNIP! I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S TRYING TO PULL, BUT I'LL BE AT THE TRACK THIS AFTERNOON! WHAT TIME IS THE RACE?

TWO-THIRTY, POP! I'D BETTER GET THE CAR OVER THERE NOW!



I GUESS SMOKY'S ENTERED ALL RIGHT... BUT POP'S COMING OVER TO CHECK ON HIM!

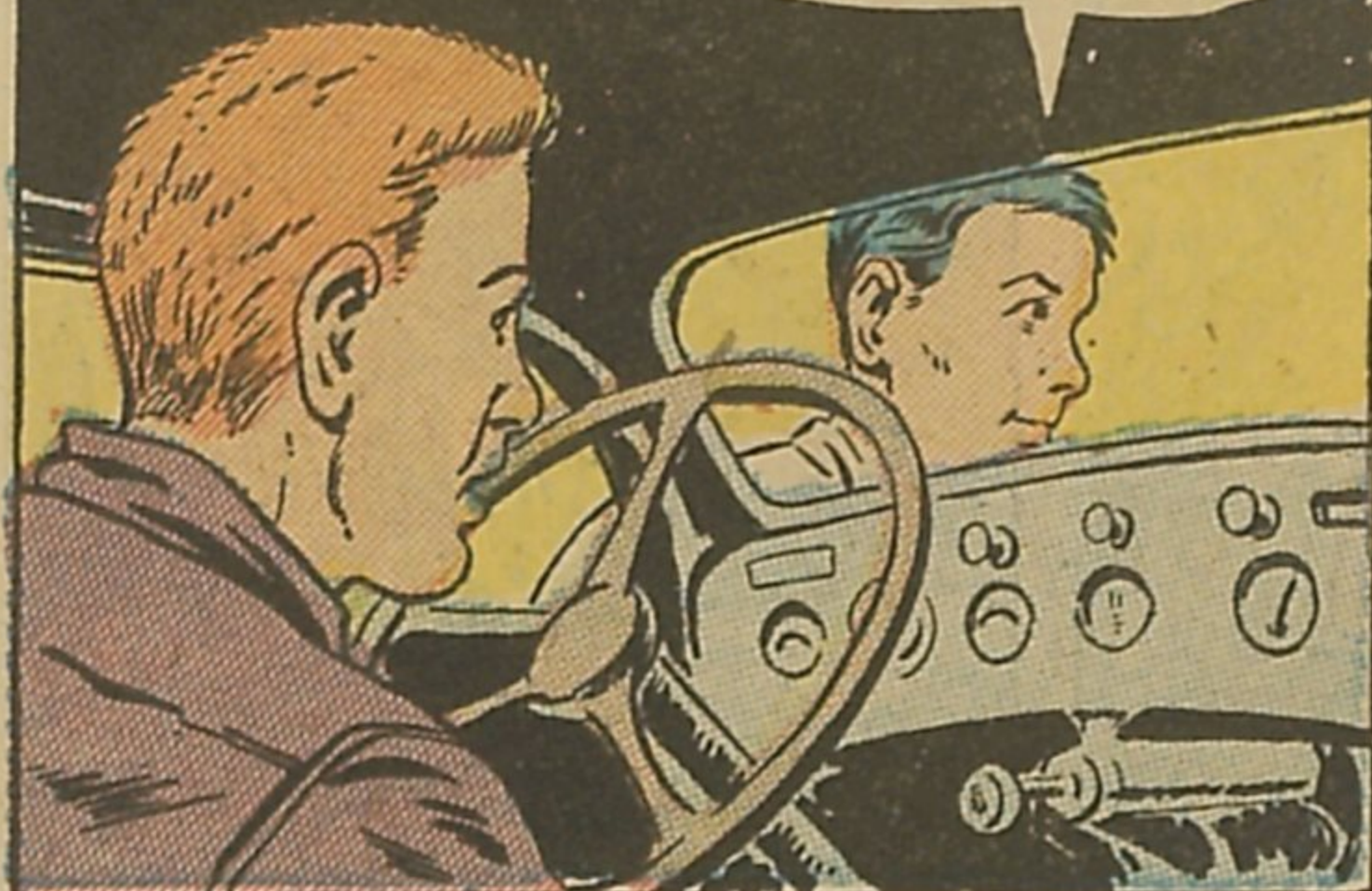
I DON'T BLAME HIM — BUT IF SMOKY TRIES ANYTHING IT WILL PROBABLY BE IN THE RACE!

ONCE POP'S AT THE TRACK HE'LL PROBABLY STAY AND WATCH THE RACE! IF I HAVE ANY TROUBLE LIKE LAST WEEK— HE'LL BE DOWN ON RACING FOR SURE!

LOOK! THERE'S SMOKY AND YOUR FATHER NOW!

ALL RIGHT, SMOKY... I GUESS I CAN'T STOP YOU FROM **TRACK** DRIVIN'! BUT...

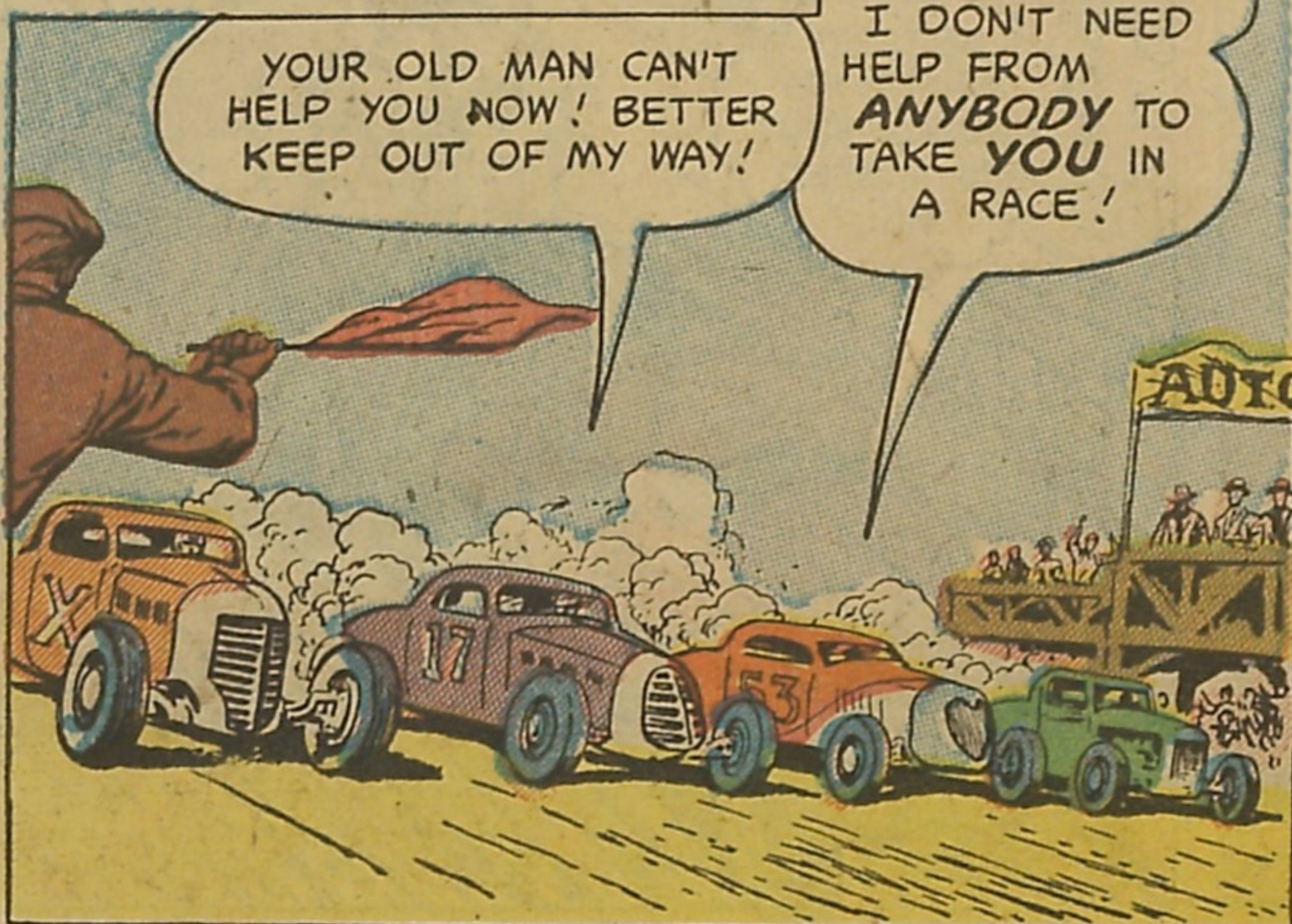
...BUT **NOTHING!** NOBODY'S GOING TO STOP ME FROM RACING TODAY!



TENSION AMONG THE SPECTATORS AND THE DRIVERS MOUNTS AS THE RACE BEGINS...

YOUR OLD MAN CAN'T HELP YOU NOW! BETTER KEEP OUT OF MY WAY!

I DON'T NEED HELP FROM **ANYBODY** TO TAKE **YOU** IN A RACE!

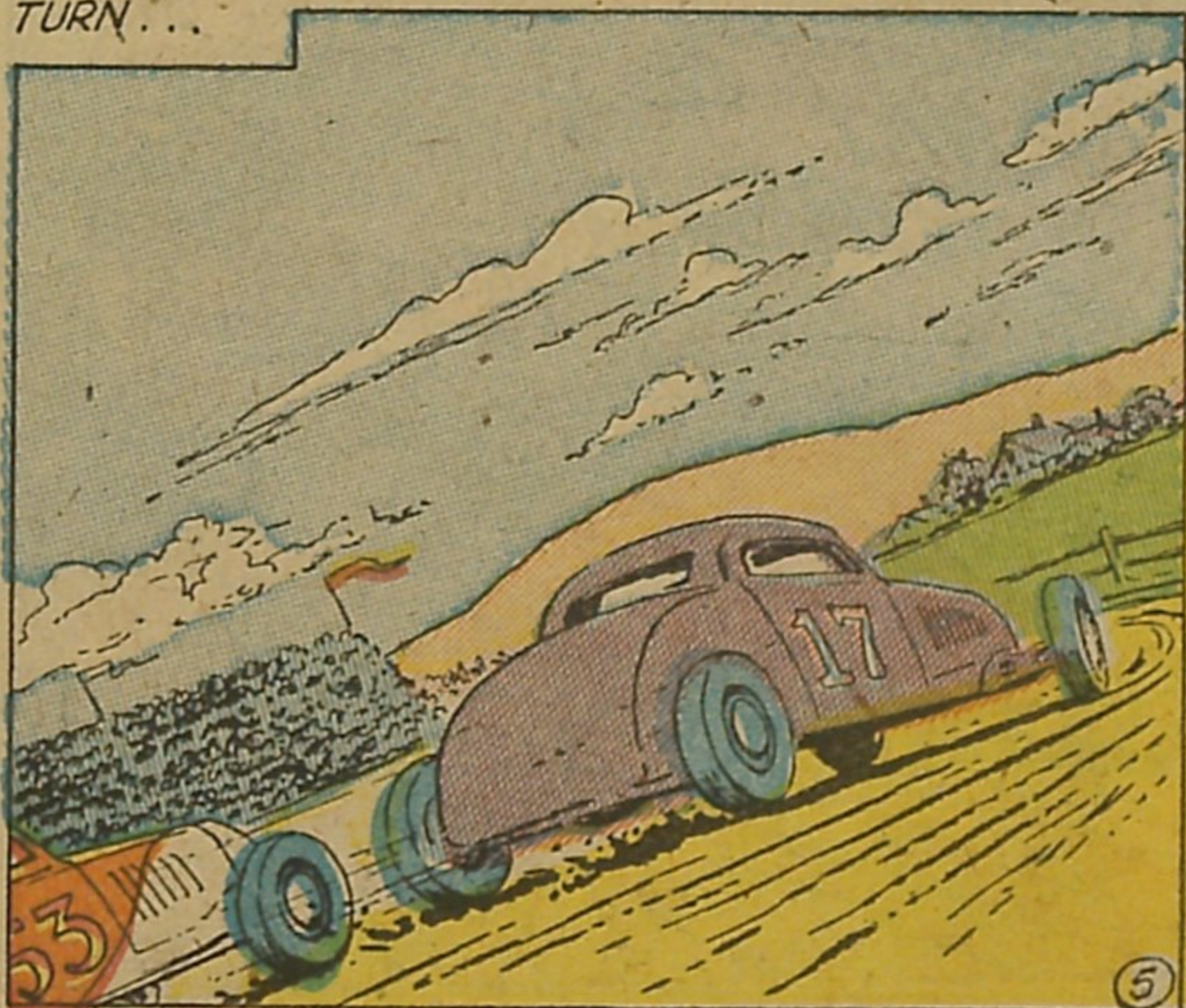
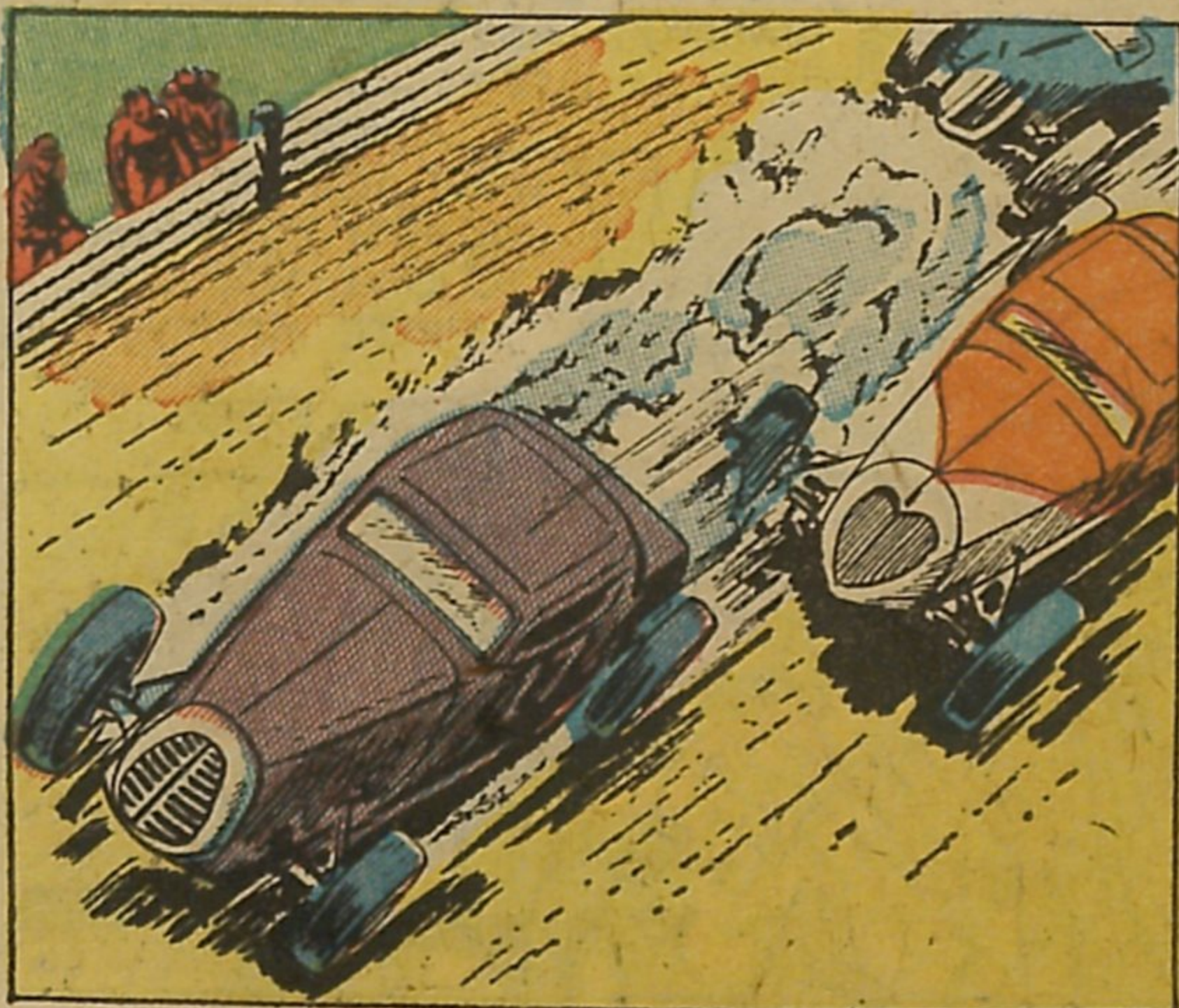


I'VE JUST GOT TO WIN **THIS** ONE!!



AFTER THE FIFTH LAP OF THE RACE SMOKY KEEPS A SLIGHT LEAD OVER NAT...

BY THE EIGHTH LAP SMOKY HAS INCREASED HIS LEAD BUT AS HE SWINGS WIDE ON A FAR TURN...





SMOKY'S MADE A WIDE TURN!
CUT IN ON HIM,
NAT! CUT IN!

BUT AS THE CARS COME OUT OF
THE TURN...

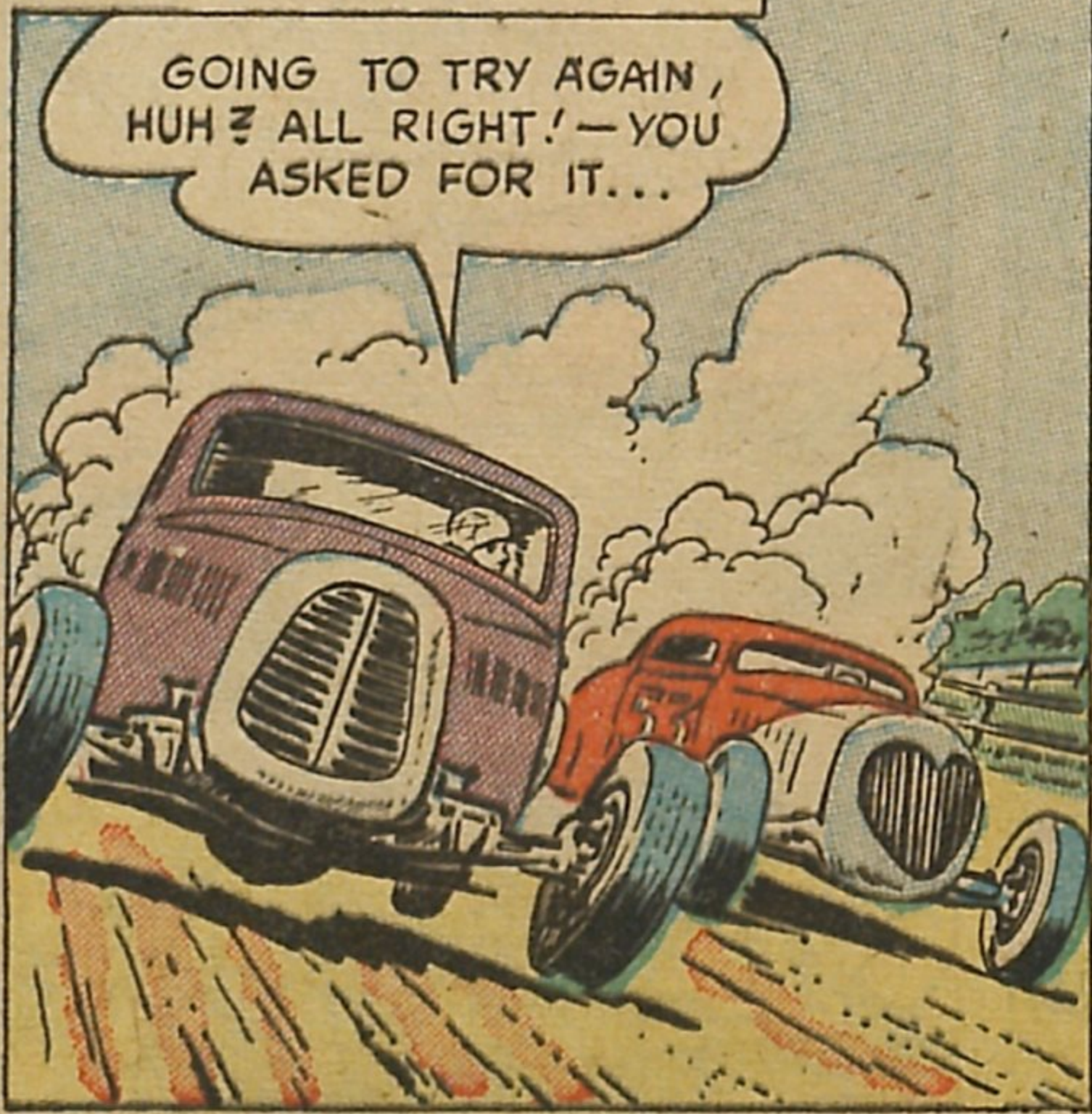


YOU'RE NOT GETTING
THE INSIDE ON
ME!

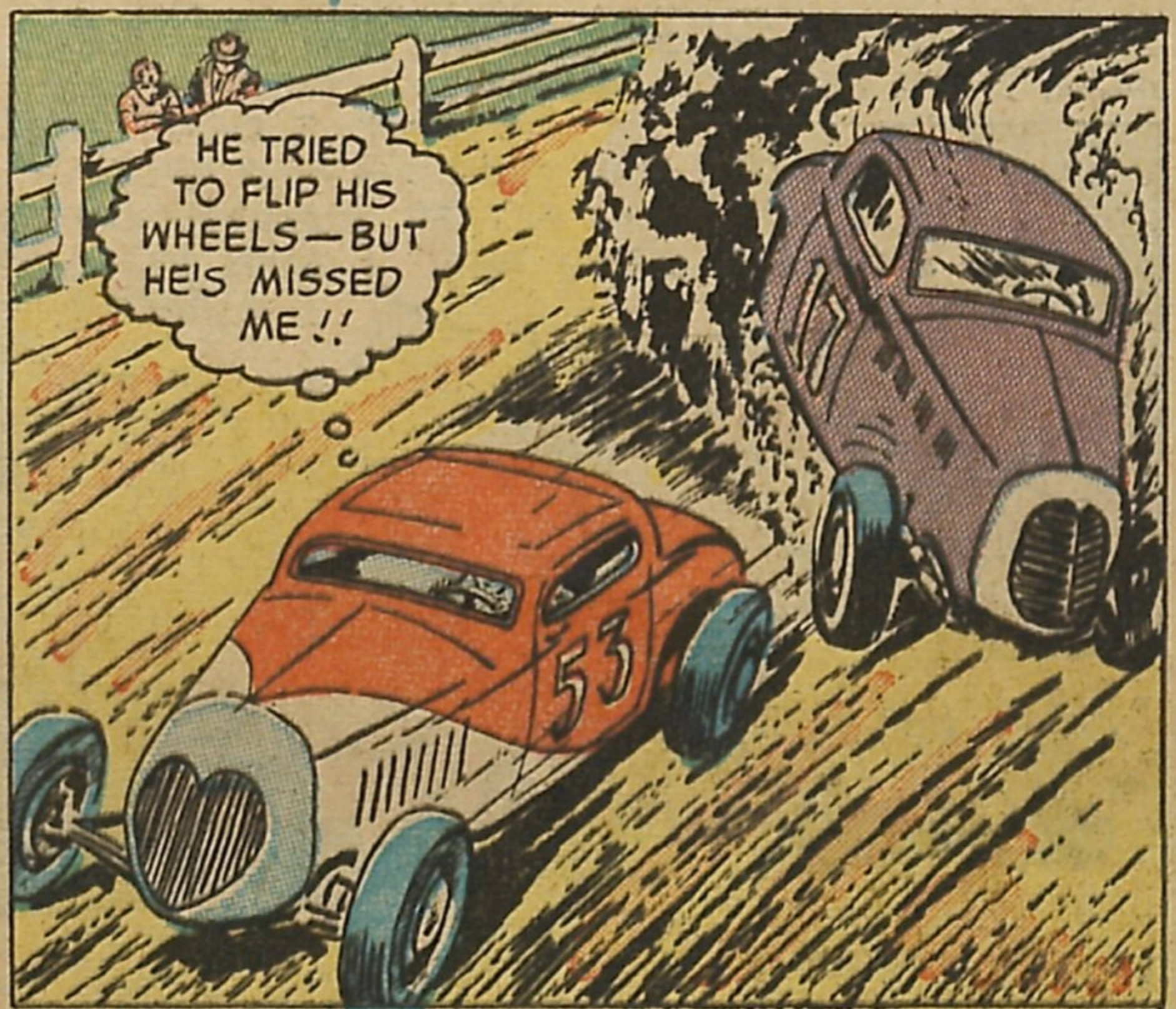


I'VE GOT TO MAKE
IT ON THIS TURN!

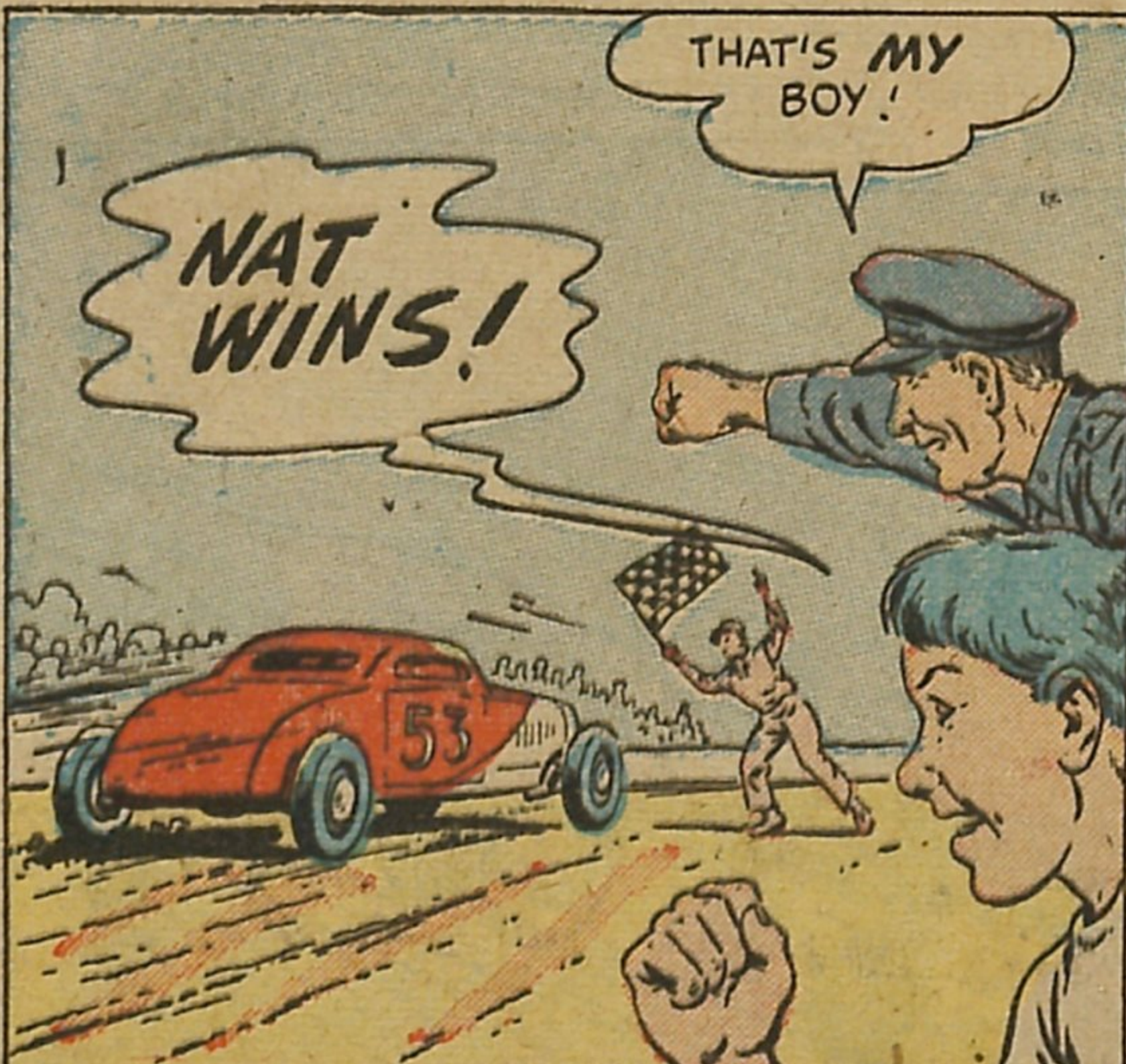
THEN, ON THE LAST TURN...



GOING TO TRY AGAIN,
HUH? ALL RIGHT! — YOU
ASKED FOR IT...

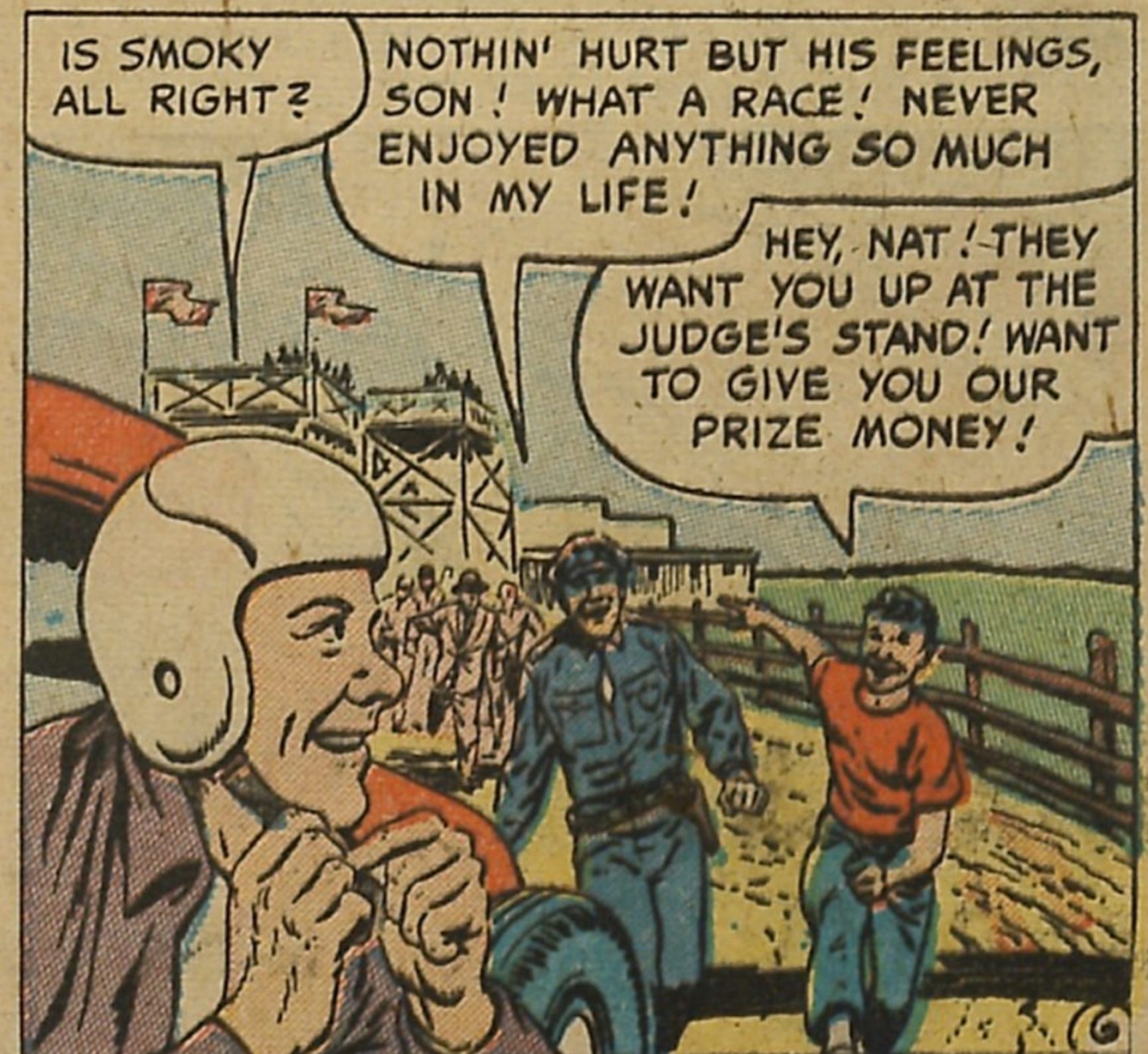


HE TRIED
TO FLIP HIS
WHEELS — BUT
HE'S MISSED
ME!!



**NAT
WINS!**

THAT'S *MY*
BOY!



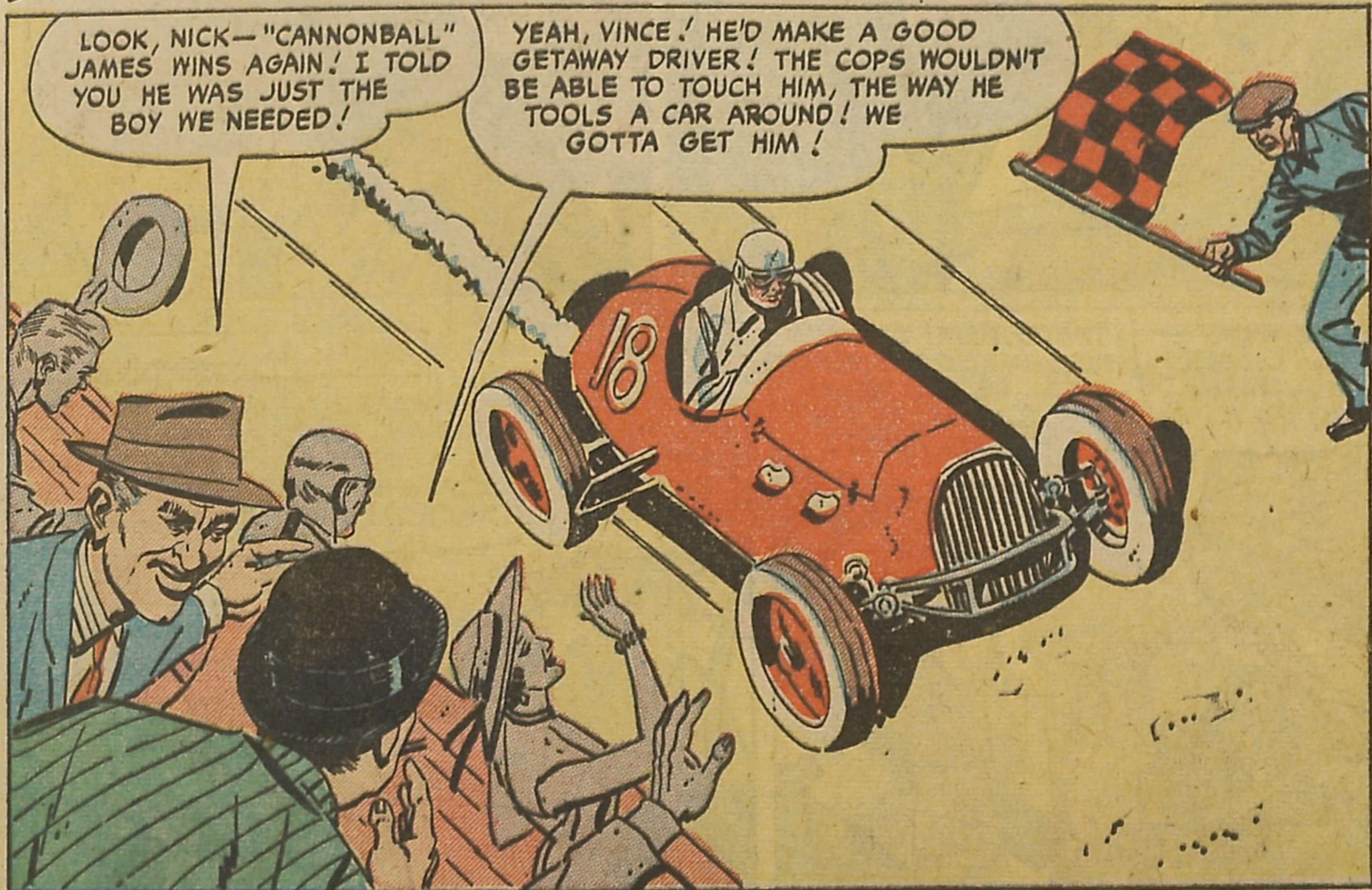
IS SMOKY
ALL RIGHT?

NOTHIN' HURT BUT HIS FEELINGS,
SON! WHAT A RACE! NEVER
ENJOYED ANYTHING SO MUCH
IN MY LIFE!

HEY, NAT! — THEY
WANT YOU UP AT THE
JUDGE'S STAND! WANT
TO GIVE YOU OUR
PRIZE MONEY!

CANNONBALL LOSES A FLAG

CANNONBALL JAMES WAS A HOT MIDGET DRIVER AND HE WAS ALMOST A SURE THING TO GRAB A WINNER'S FLAG AT ANY TRACK... A THING THAT HE'S AGAIN DOING RIGHT NOW... WHILE TWO CHARACTERS IN THE STAFF GET EXCITED ABOUT IT...



LOOK, NICK—"CANNONBALL" JAMES WINS AGAIN! I TOLD YOU HE WAS JUST THE BOY WE NEEDED!

YEAH, VINCE! HE'D MAKE A GOOD GETAWAY DRIVER! THE COPS WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO TOUCH HIM, THE WAY HE TOOLS A CAR AROUND! WE GOTTA GET HIM!

LATER, IN CANNONBALL'S WORKSHOP...

YOU DRIVE A GREAT RACE, KID—BUT YOU'RE WASTIN' YOUR TIME ON THIS TWO-BIT TRACK! YOU COULD BE MAKIN' SOME REAL DOUGH WITH YOUR TALENT!

THANKS, MISTER—BUT I'M DOING OKAY!

DON'T BE A CHUMP, KID! JUST DRIVE A GETAWAY CAR FOR US AN' YOU'LL MAKE PLENTY! IT'LL BE WORTH \$1,000 A JOB... MAYBE MORE!





A **GETAWAY** CAR? I WOULDN'T TOUCH YOUR FILTHY MONEY! GET OUT!

A TOUGH KID, HUH? WELL, WE CAN BE TOUGH, TOO! THROW IN WITH US... OR THIS PINEAPPLE GOES OFF IN YOUR FUTURE FATHER-IN-LAW'S GARAGE!



WHAT! BUT YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT! YOU...

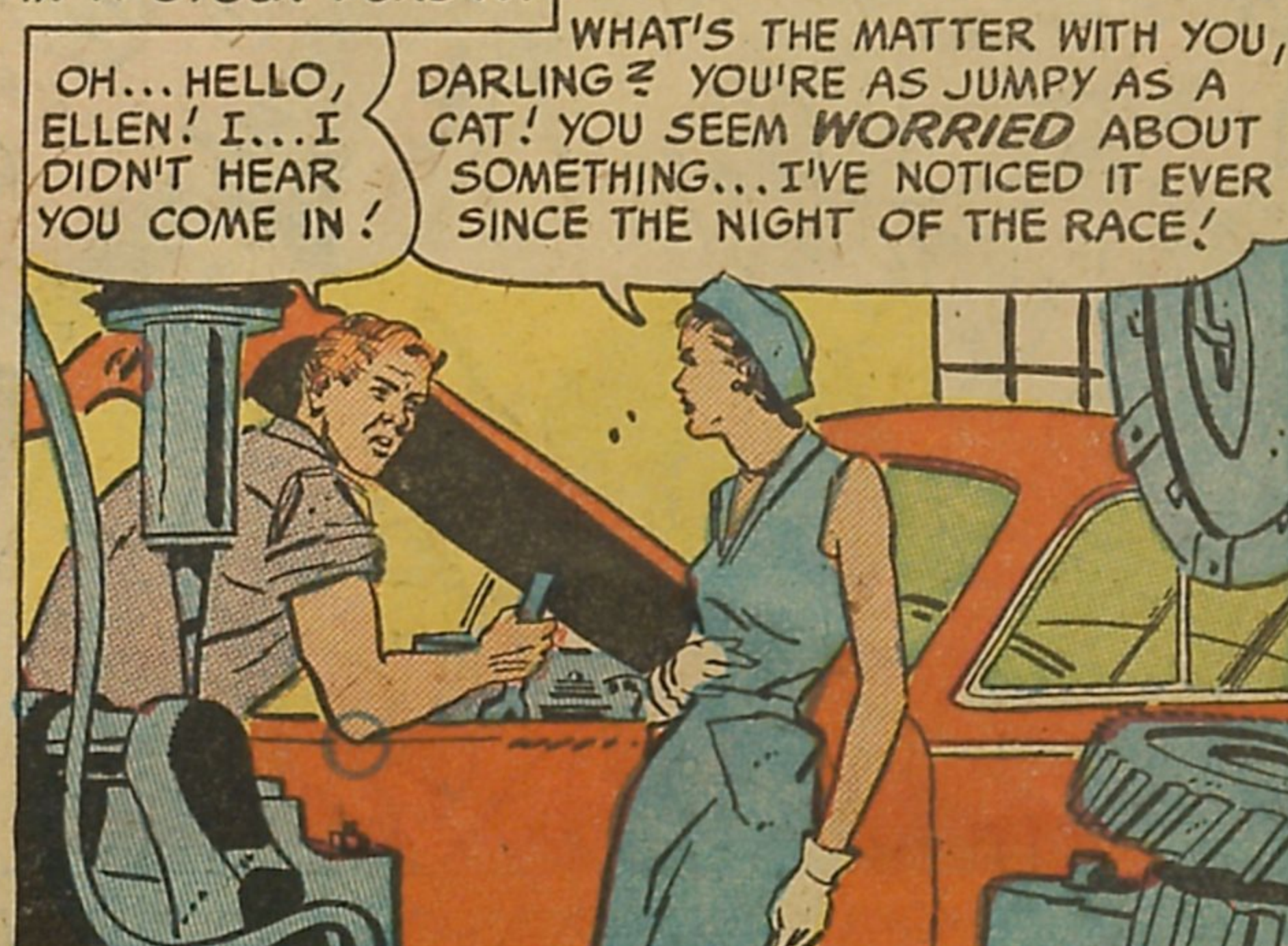
DON'T MAKE BOOK ON IT, KID! WE WANT YOU, AN' WE'RE GONNA GET YOU! WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER NOW?



ALL RIGHT — I... I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DO IT!

THAT'S BEIN' SMART! NOW, HERE'S THE SET-UP... IT'LL BE TWO WEEKS FROM TONIGHT, AT THE ROBBINS PLANT!

A WEEK LATER, IN PAT SHERRY'S GARAGE WHERE CANNONBALL IS HELPING INSTALL A CADILLAC ENGINE IN A STOCK FORD...



OH... HELLO, ELLEN! I... I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, DARLING? YOU'RE AS JUMPY AS A CAT! YOU SEEM WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING... I'VE NOTICED IT EVER SINCE THE NIGHT OF THE RACE!



ME - WORRIED? HA! HA! YOU MUST BE KIDDING, ELLEN! WHAT WOULD I BE WORRIED ABOUT?

I DON'T KNOW - BUT YOU'VE SEEMED... WELL... DIFFERENT! I DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL!



NONSENSE, ELLEN! I'VE JUST BEEN BUSY! NOW RUN ALONG AND LET ME GET TO WORK! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



WHAT'S EATING OUR GLAMOR GIRL, SON?

SHE'S JUST BEING FOOLISH, PAT... THINKS I'M WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING!



BUT IS SHE BEING FOOLISH? I'VE NOTICED SOMETHING MYSELF! YOU'VE CHANGED, SON... YOU'VE CHANGED A LOT!



WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG? ARE YOU FED UP WITH THIS FORDALAC, OR...

STOP IT, PAT! I'M ALL RIGHT, I TELL YOU!



THEN, A FEW DAYS LATER...

OH, CANNONBALL... WHAT IS IT? WHEN YOUR DANCING IS OFF I KNOW SOMETHING'S WRONG! WHAT IS IT, DARLING?

I... I GUESS I'M JUST TIRED, ELLEN— THAT'S ALL! LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT IT ANY MORE— PLEASE!

THEN, THE DAY BEFORE THE ROBBERY, CANNONBALL IS BUSY STUDYING THE GETAWAY ROUTE, WHEN...



NOW I KNOW WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU, CANNONBALL JAMES! YOU'VE BEEN CARRYING ON WITH ANOTHER GIRL! I'LL BET THAT'S A LOVE LETTER FROM HER!

WH-WHAT?



YOU DON JUAN! LET ME SEE IT!

HEY! NO! GIVE ME THAT!



WHY, IT-IT LOOKS LIKE... A **HOLDUP PLAN!**

NO, ELLEN... YOU'RE WRONG! GIVE ME THAT!



SO THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN ACTING SO STRANGELY! I **KNEW** THERE WAS SOMETHING! YOU'RE IN ON A **HOLDUP!**

ELLEN — DON'T BE SILLY! YOU'RE JUST IMAGINING...



DON'T LIE, CANNONBALL... **PLEASE!** SOMEBODY IS **FORCING** YOU TO DO IT!...THOSE MEN I SAW LEAVING YOU AT THE TRACK! THEY'RE THE ONES!



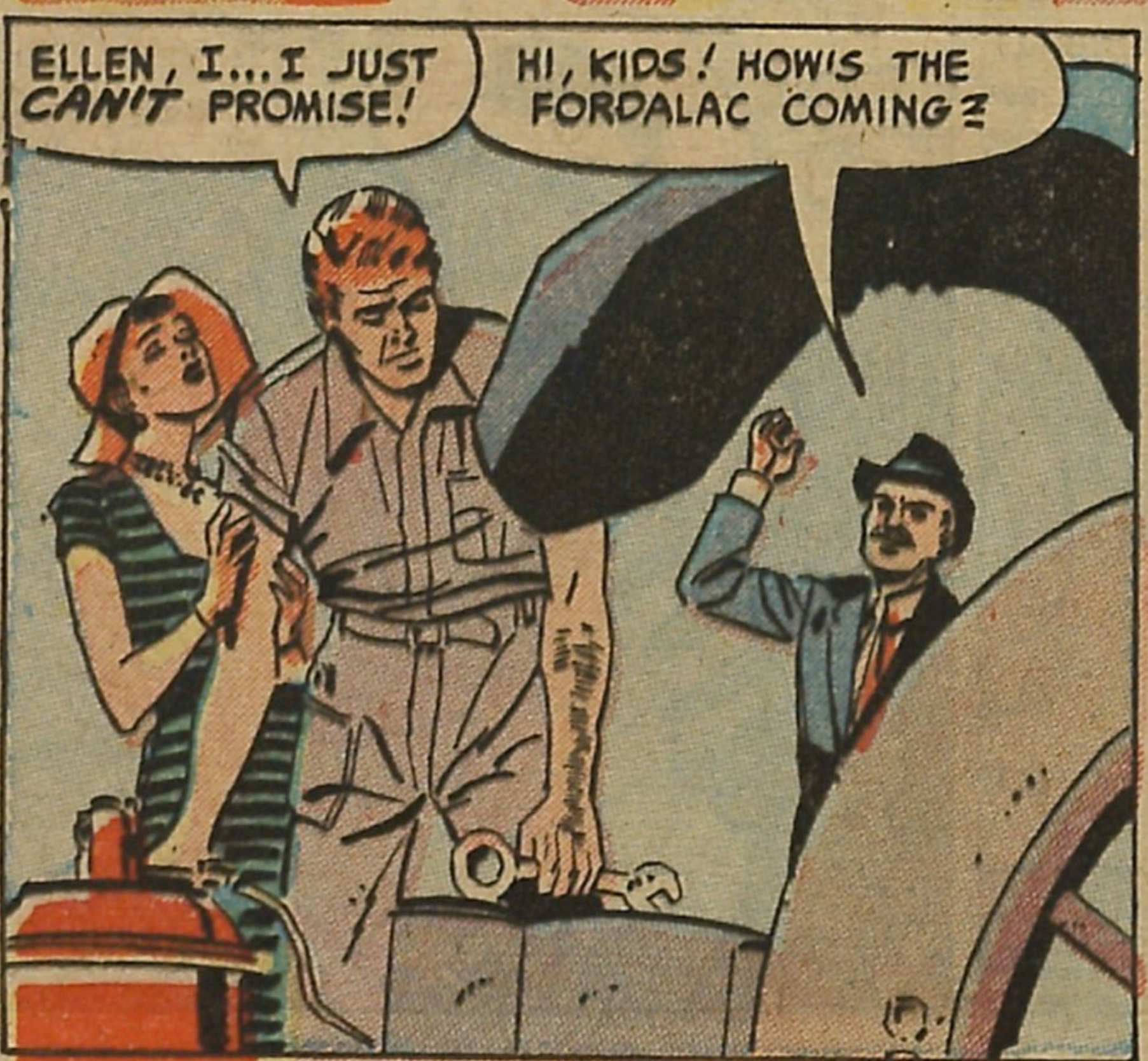
YOU--YOU'RE TALKING CRAZY! I...I...OH, ELLEN...ELLEN!

IT'S FANTASTIC! BUT WHY, DARLING... **WHY?**



I- I CAN'T TELL YOU... I JUST **HAVE TO!**

BUT YOU MUSTN'T — FOR **ANY REASON!** PROMISE ME YOU WON'T GO TOMORROW NIGHT!



ELLEN, I...I JUST **CAN'T** PROMISE!

HI, KIDS! HOW'S THE FORDALAC COMING?



I- I JUST FINISHED HER, PAT! SHE'S ALL READY TO GO!

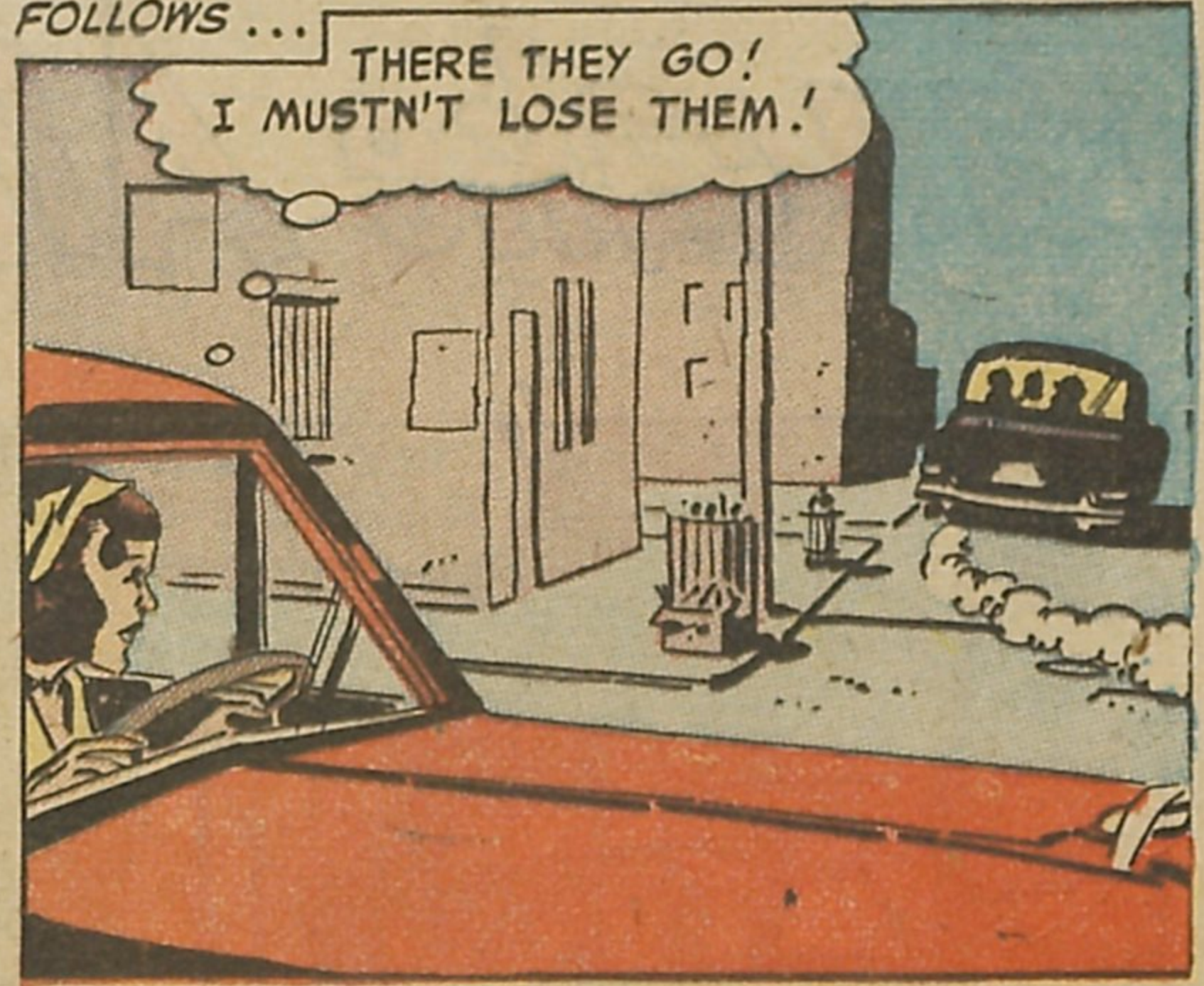
THAT'S GREAT! SHE'LL BE THE **FASTEST** THING ON THE ROAD!

THE NEXT NIGHT, A BLOCK AWAY FROM PAT SHERRY'S GARAGE...

AS CANNONBALL DRIVES OFF, A POWERFUL CAR FOLLOWS...



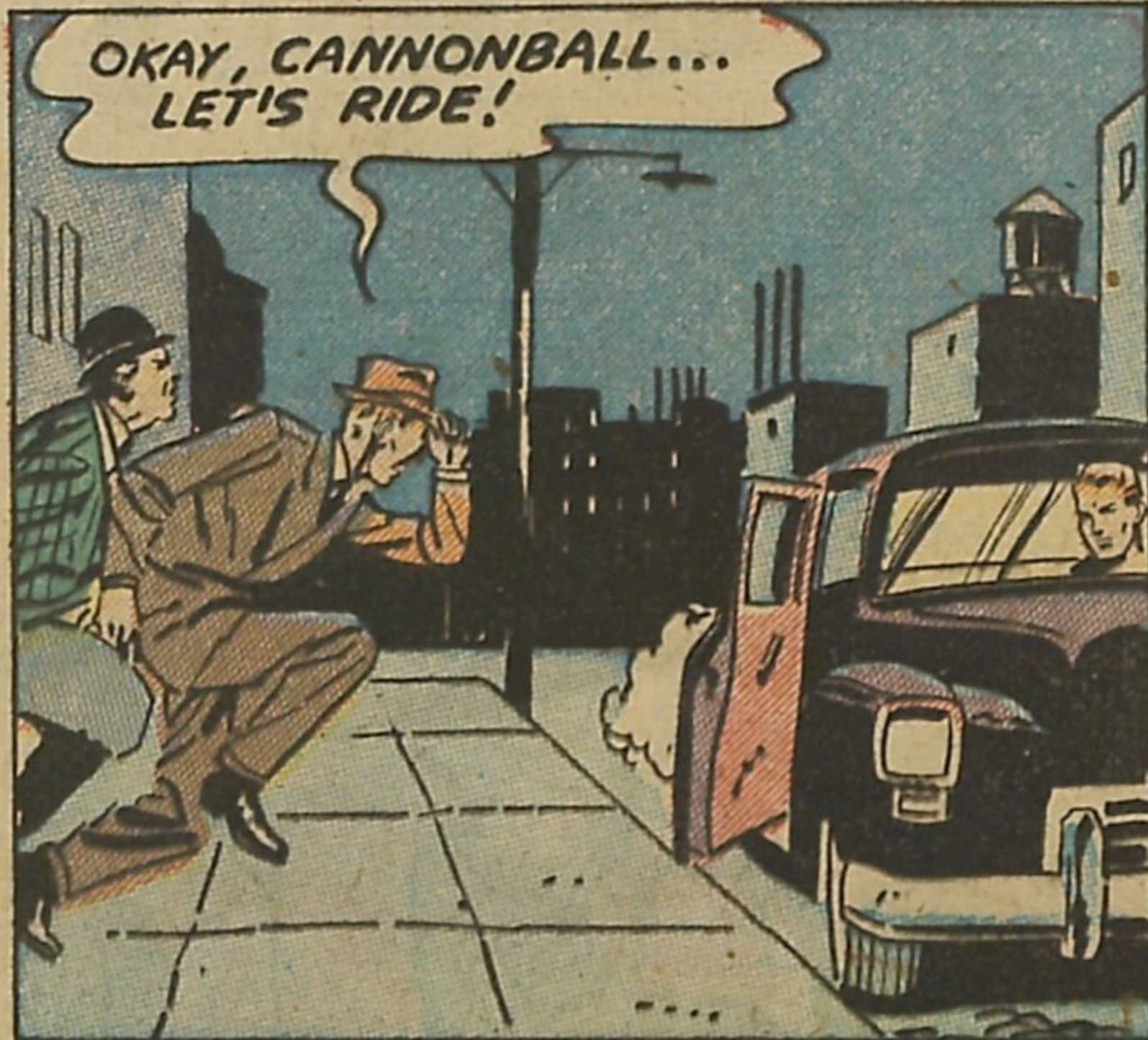
HOP IN, CANNONBALL!
AN' JUST PRETEND IT'S ANOTHER RACE...
ONLY THIS TIME YOU GET A REAL
PAYOFF!



THERE THEY GO!
I MUSTN'T LOSE THEM!

THE ROBBERY GOES OFF SMOOTHLY, AND...

BUT FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT THE HIGH-POWERED FORDALAC SOON OVERTAKES THE HOLD-UP CAR! THEN...



OKAY, CANNONBALL...
LET'S RIDE!



HEY! THAT GUY IS
FORCIN' US OFF THE
ROAD!



NICK! IT'S THE
LAW!

ALL RIGHT, FELLA...
UP WITH THEM!

ELLEN!

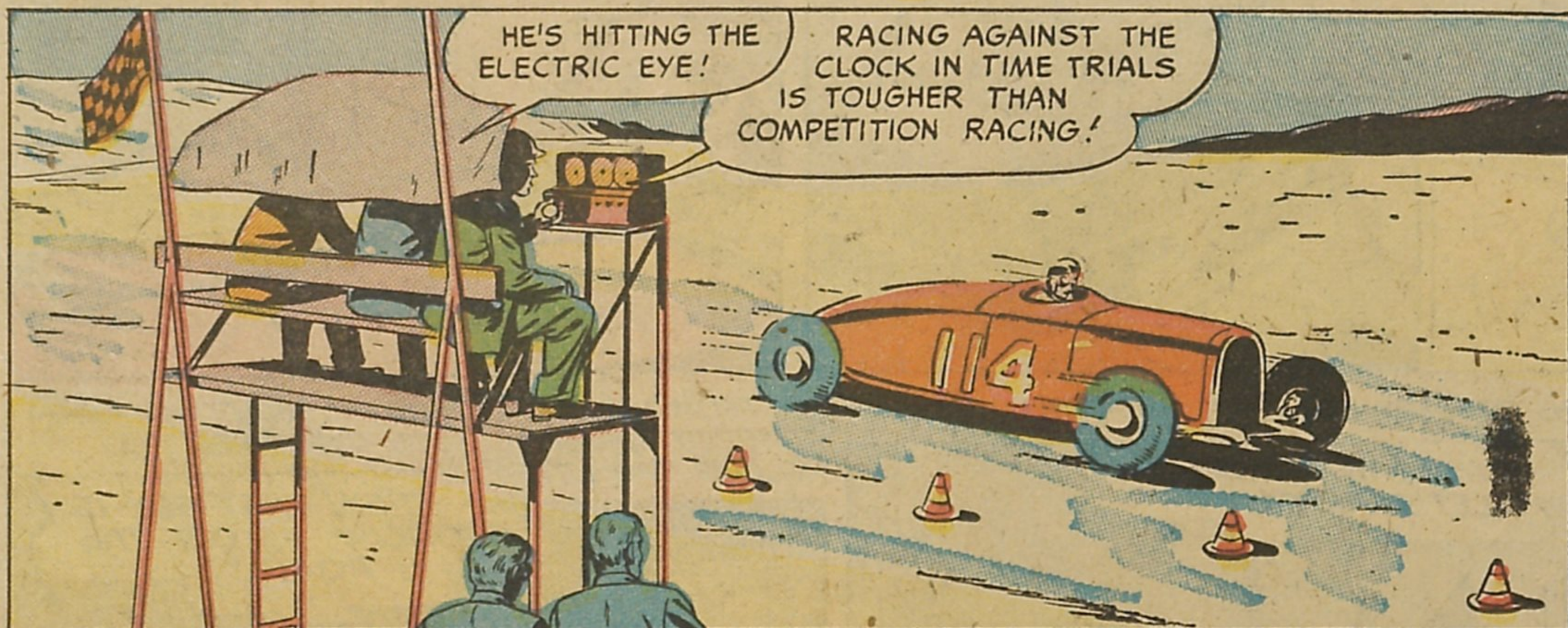


THEN... ELLEN, THIS IS THE FIRST
TIME I EVER LOST A RACE AND
FELT GOOD ABOUT IT!

AND YOU
RISKED
EVERYTHING...
FOR DAD AND ME!

Pancake Alley

IT'S THE BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS OF UTAH... SCENE OF THE NATIONAL SPEED TRIALS, FIRST RUN IN 1949... WHERE THE DRIVER'S TOUGH COMPETITOR IS THE SENSITIVE TIMING DEVICE.... AND WHERE HOT ROD SPEEDS ARE CLOCKED AT BETTER THAN 200 MILES PER HOUR....



HE'S HITTING THE ELECTRIC EYE!

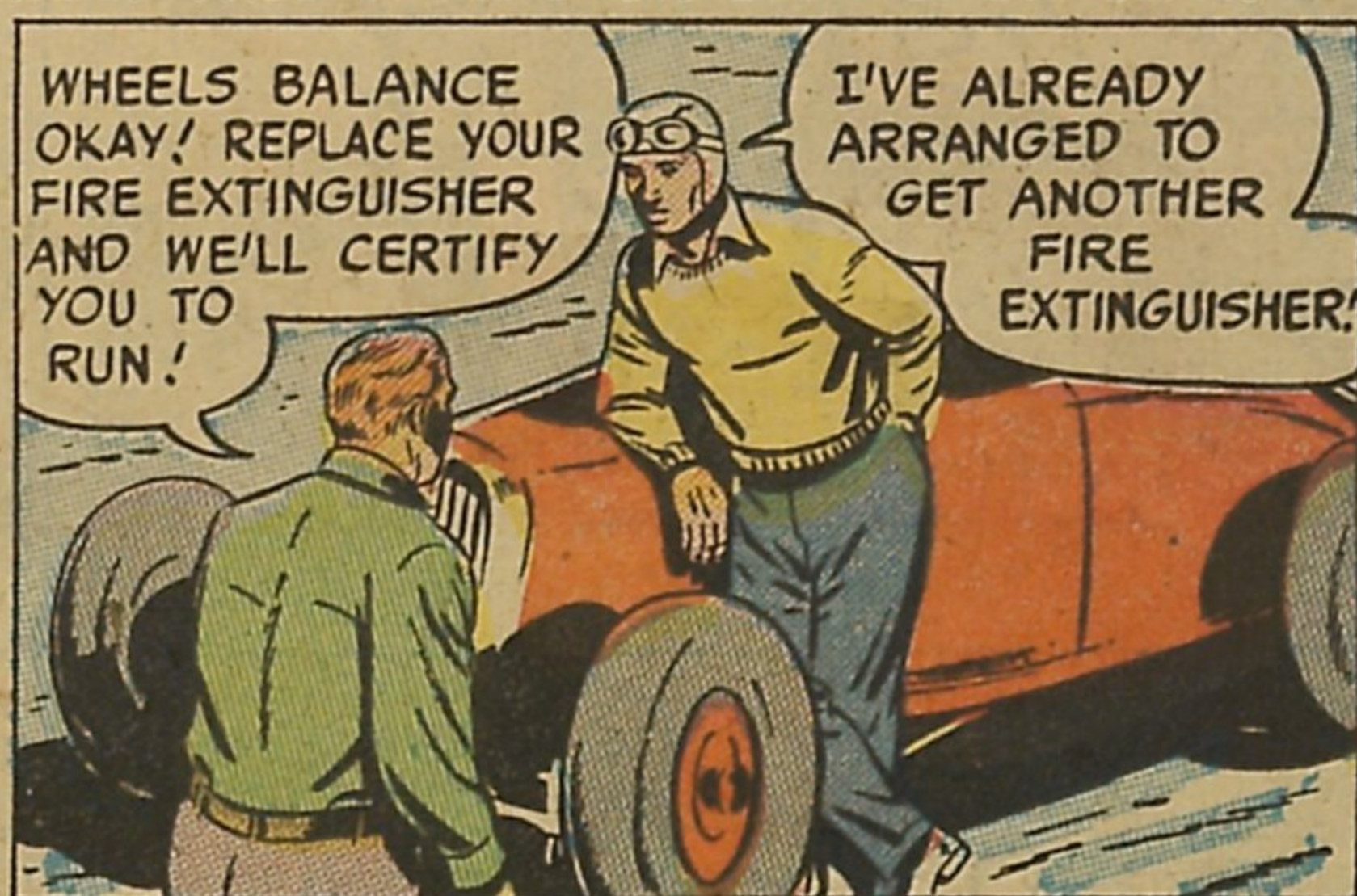
RACING AGAINST THE CLOCK IN TIME TRIALS IS TOUGHER THAN COMPETITION RACING!

CONDUCTED BY THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TIMING ASSOCIATION, THE BONNEVILLE FLATS MEETS ARE HELD UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS...

SPECTATORS ARE KEPT BACK 1,000 FEET FROM THE FIVE-MILE COURSE, AND EVERY CAR MUST PASS A RIGID SAFETY INSPECTION...



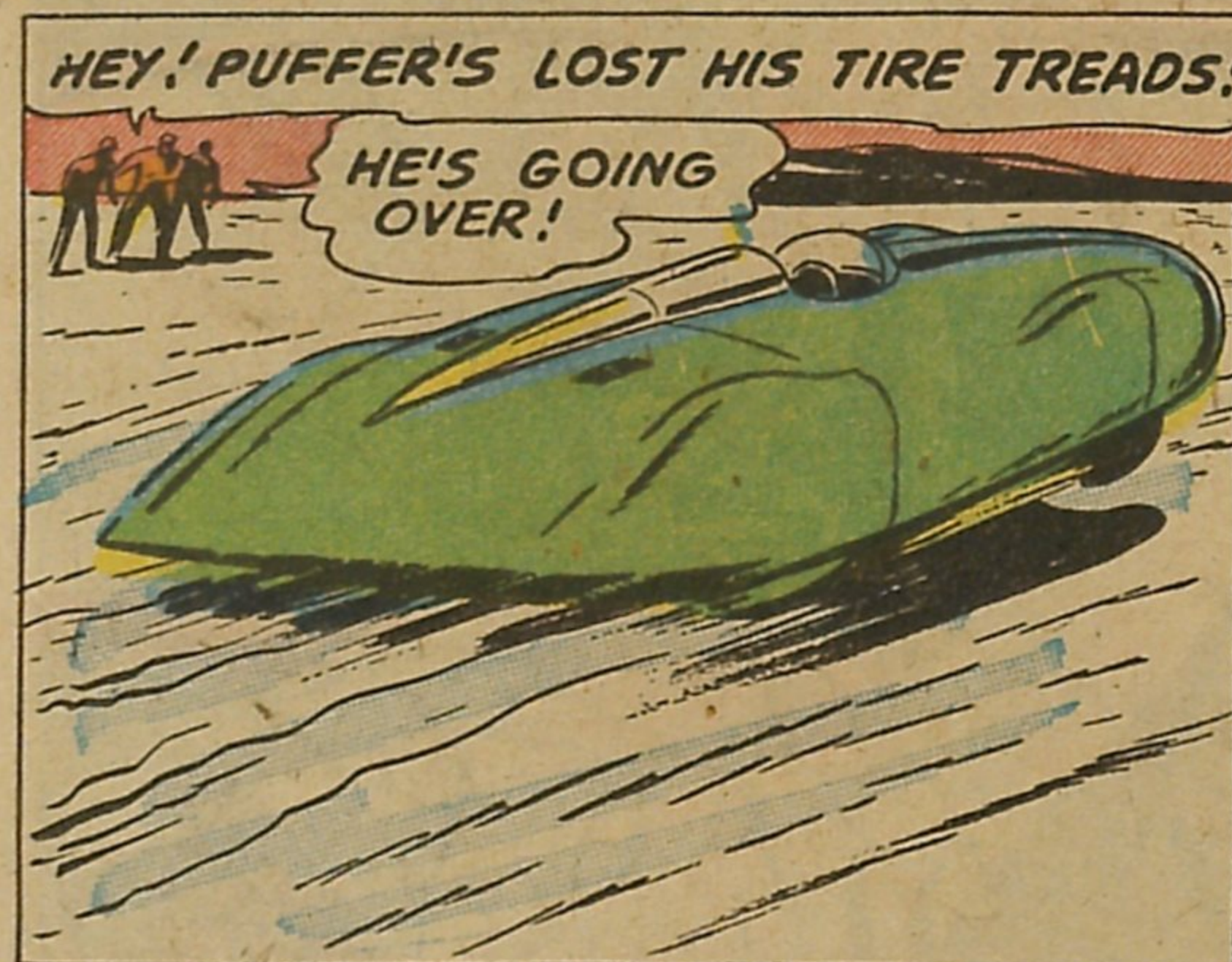
THIS OLD LAKE BED MAKES AS SMOOTH A SPEEDWAY AS YOU CAN GET! THAT HARD-PACKED SALT IS EASY TO DRIVE ON... IT ACTUALLY HELPS A MAN HANDLE HIS CAR!



WHEELS BALANCE OKAY! REPLACE YOUR FIRE EXTINGUISHER AND WE'LL CERTIFY YOU TO RUN!

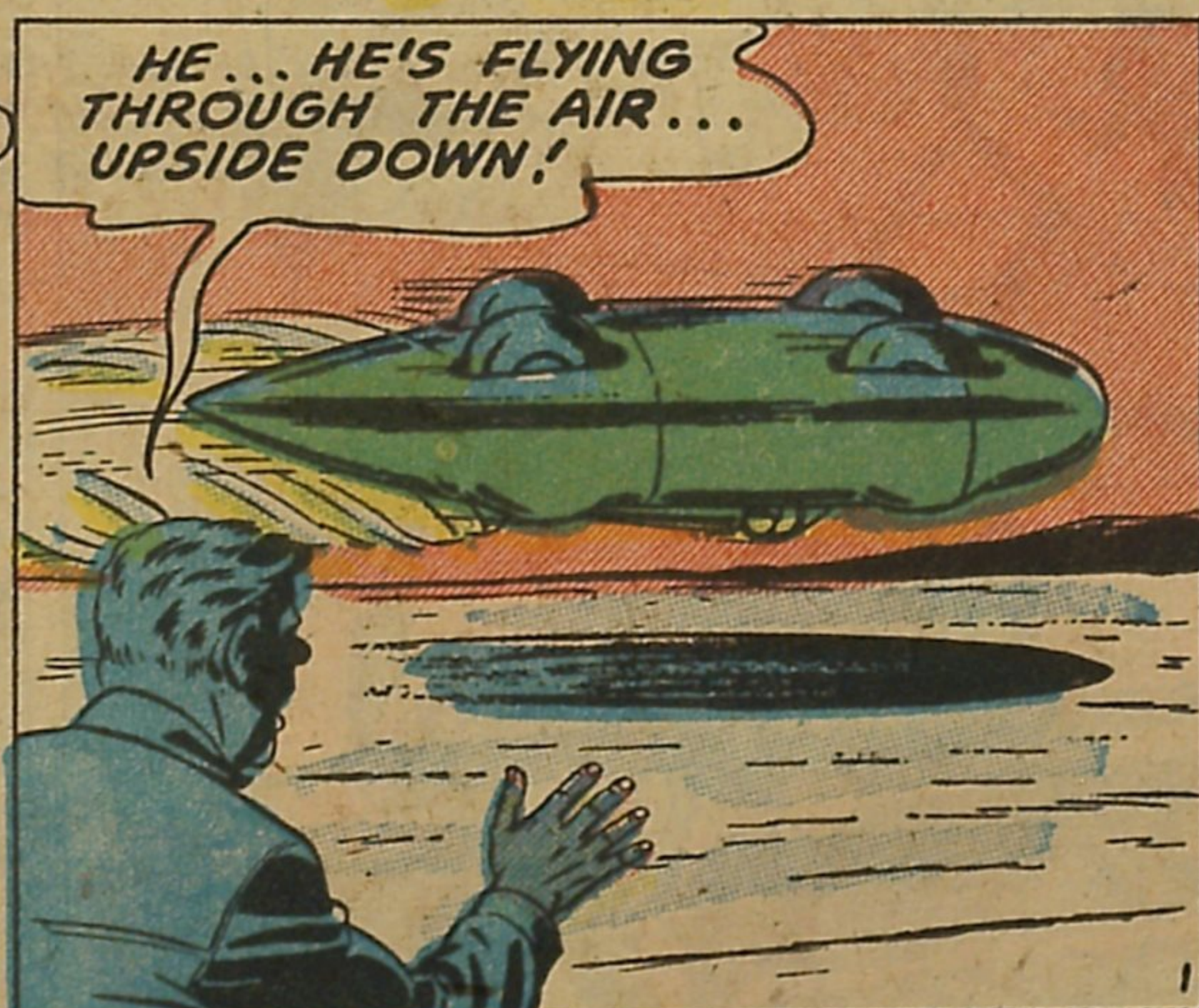
I'VE ALREADY ARRANGED TO GET ANOTHER FIRE EXTINGUISHER!

SO RUGGED ARE THE CARS THAT IN THE 1950 MEET...



HEY! PUFFER'S LOST HIS TIRE TREADS!

HE'S GOING OVER!



HE... HE'S FLYING THROUGH THE AIR... UPSIDE DOWN!

DRIVER "PUFFY" PUFFER'S STREAMLINED RACER HURTTLED 156 FEET THROUGH THE AIR AND LANDED UPSIDE DOWN, BUT THEN...

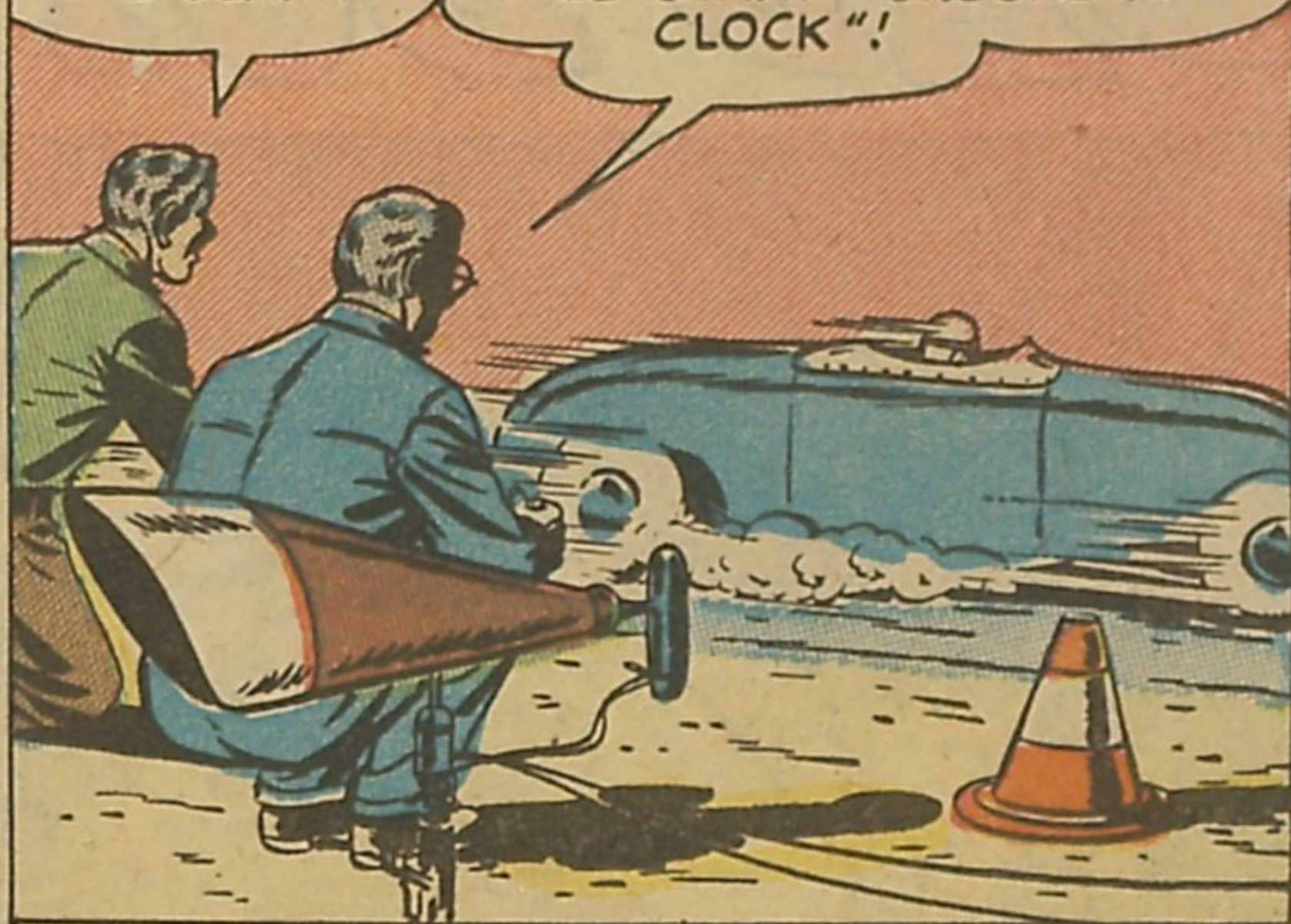
THE ACTUAL SPEED TESTS ARE MADE ON THE CENTER MILE OF THE FIVE-MILE COURSE! THE FIRST TWO MILES ARE FOR BUILDING UP SPEED..

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
HE ISN'T HURT AT ALL!



HE'S TRIPPED THE BEAM!

THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL WILL START "CROCKER'S CLOCK"!



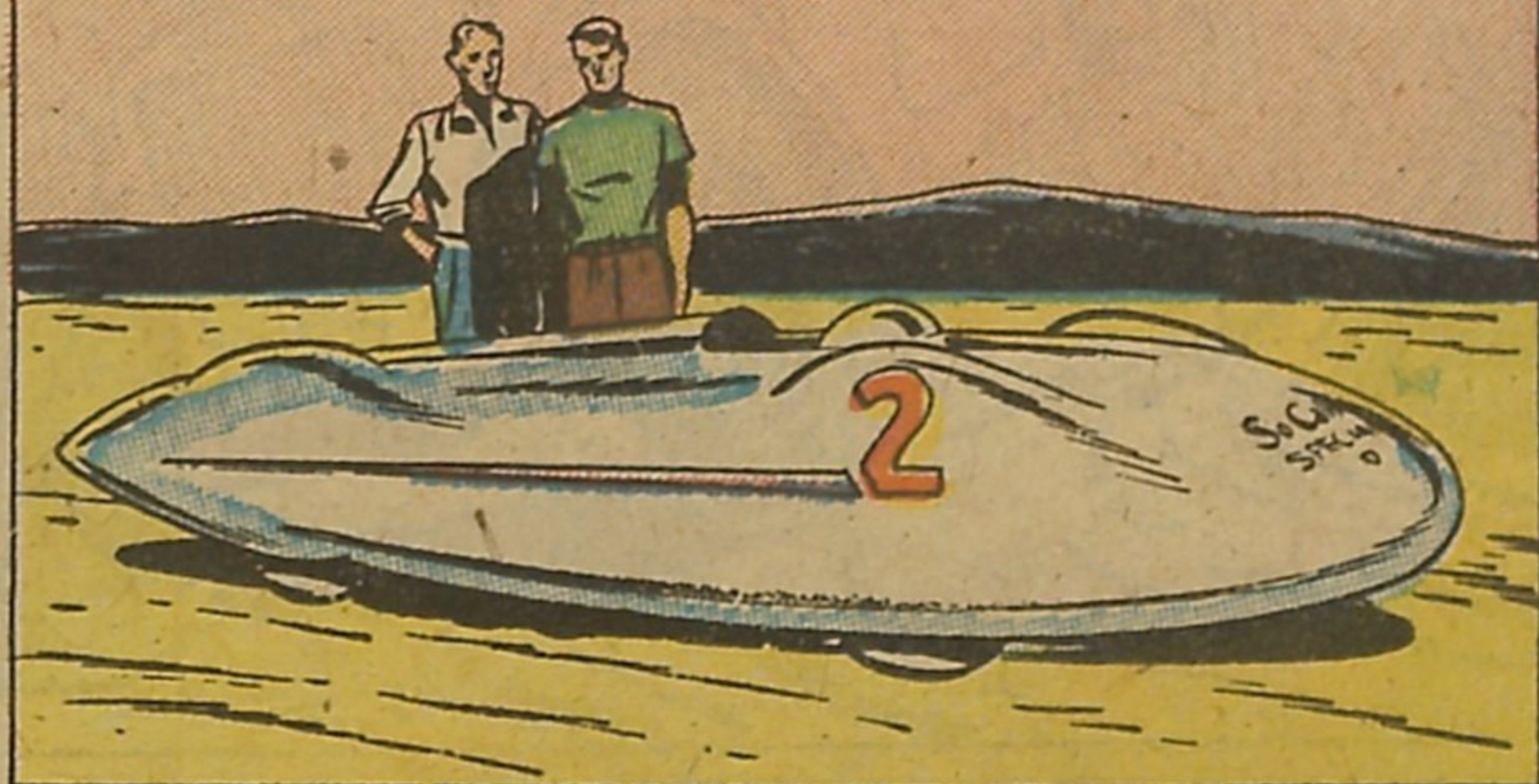
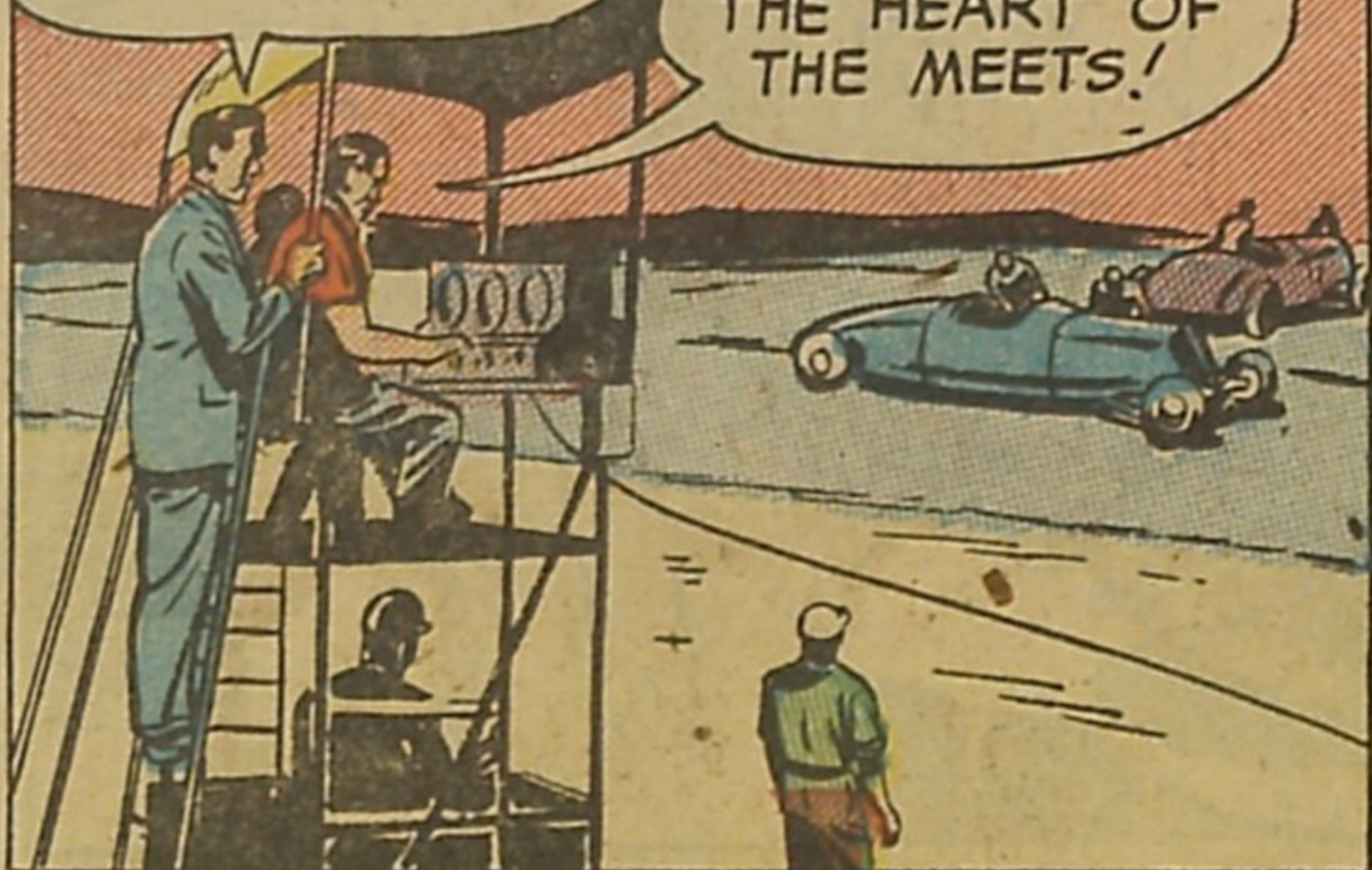
"CROCKER'S CLOCK", AN EXTREMELY DELICATE TIMER, HAS AN ERROR TOLERANCE OF ABSOLUTE ZERO...

A LONG-TIME AMBITION OF SPEED ADDICTS WAS ACHIEVED IN 1950 WHEN THE "SO-CAL SPECIAL" TOPPED 200 MILES PER HOUR...

IMAGINE THIS CLOCK PICKING UP DIFFERENCES OF TWO THOUSANDTHS OF A SECOND BETWEEN CARS!

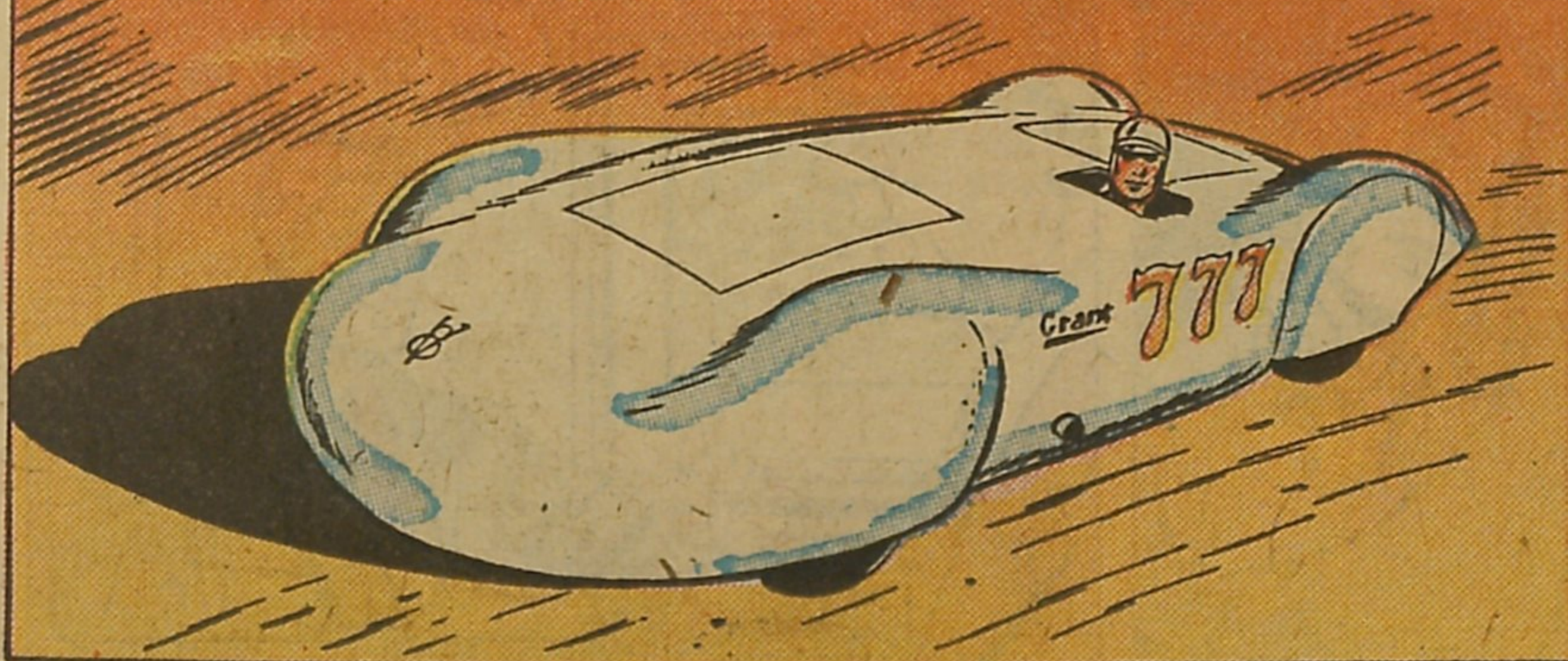
THIS TIMER IS WHAT GIVES THESE BONNEVILLE RUNS THEIR ABSOLUTE ACCURACY! IT'S THE HEART OF THE MEETS!

TOP SPEED: 210.8962 M.P.H. ENGINE: 1948 MERCURY V-8 - 600 (MODIFIED), 3 CARBURETORS, ALL-ALUMINUM BODY BUILT OVER MODEL T FORD RAILS, TWICE WON NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP FOR CLASS "C" STREAMLINERS!



ANOTHER 200-M.P.H. STREAMLINER IS THE "KENZ TWIN FORD", POWERED BY TWO FORD V-8 ENGINES...

168 M.P.H. (ONE ENGINE) TOP SPEED: 210.6489 M.P.H. (2 ENGINES). ALL-ALUMINUM BODY BUILT OVER STEEL-TUBING FRAME, WON TROPHY FOR BEING BEST DESIGNED CAR ENTERED IN BONNEVILLE SPEED TRIALS.



THE HOT-ROD BOYS, RUNNING IN CAREFULLY SUPERVISED EVENTS SUCH AS BONNEVILLE, ARE MAKING MANY CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF AMERICAN AUTOMOBILES!



BAD BOY

SKID KNEW ALL THE DIRTY WHEEL TRICKS OF THE ROUGHHOUSE BOYS.... BUT HE DIDN'T USE THEM.... HE ALWAYS TRIED TO "LEVEL," EVEN WHEN THE SLUGGING WAS HOTTEST AND STAKES WERE UP FOR "GRABS".... AND NOW BELOW, A MECHANIC TELLS SKID THAT THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE HIM.....



HEY, SKID... BEAT IT OVER TO MR. BARSTON'S OFFICE-- HE WANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY!!

OKAY! THANKS, CHARLIE!

THE BOSS! GOLLY... I WONDER WHAT HE WANTS ME FOR!

SOON AFTER, IN THE OFFICE OF J.T. BARSTON, OWNER OF BARSTON MOTORS...



SKID... YOU AND AL GRAXEL HAVE BOTH QUALIFIED FOR THE BIG DRAG THIS YEAR! I WANT YOU TO TEAM UP 'TIL THE RACE!

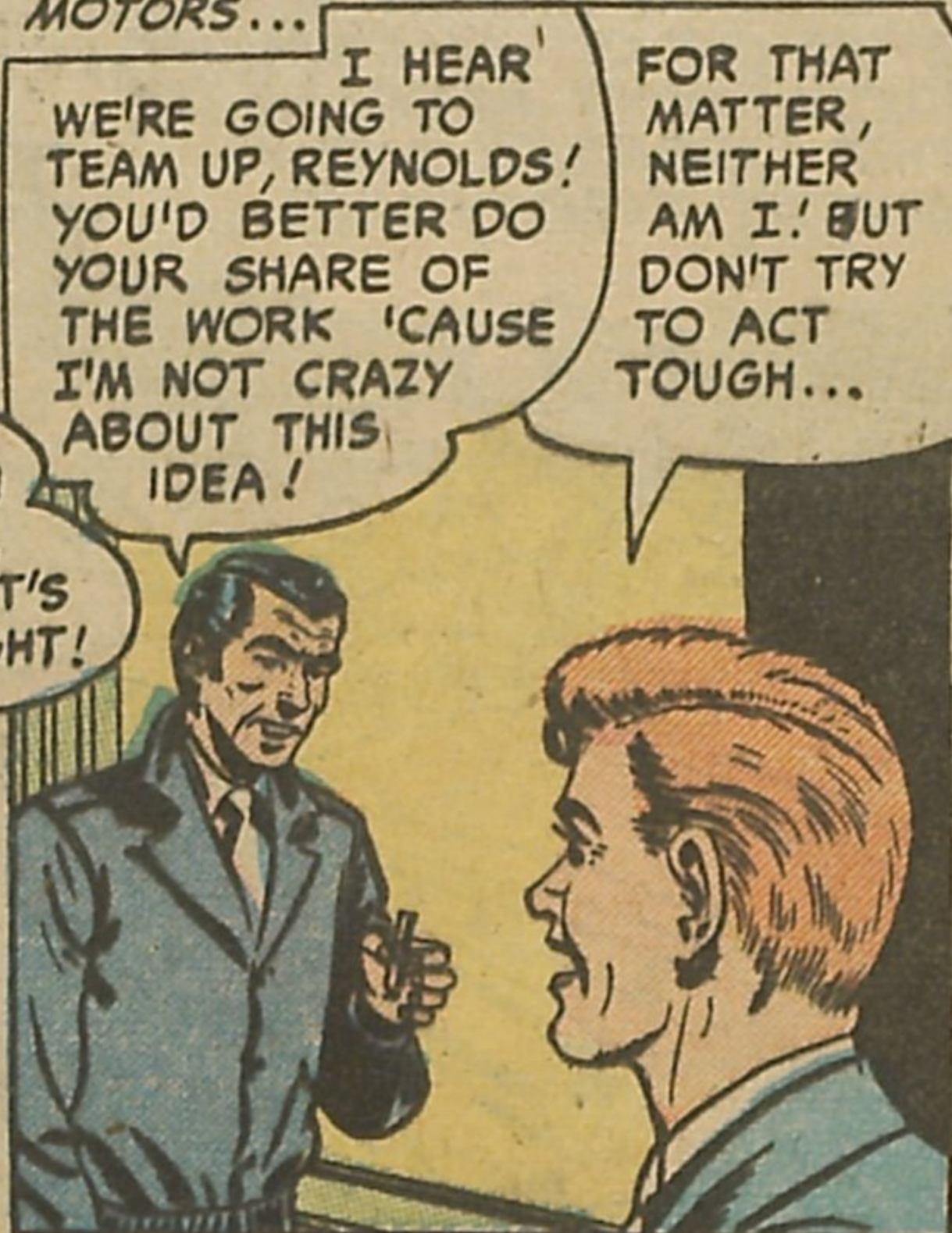
THAT'S GREAT, MR. BARSTON! WAIT'LL I TELL MY SISTER!

THAT EVENING AFTER WORK... THEN THE NEXT DAY AT BARSTON MOTORS...



THAT'S IT, SIS— NOW I MIGHT GET A CHANCE TO WIN THAT TWENTY-THOUSAND-DOLLAR GRAND PRIZE!

BUT, SKID... YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK WITH GRAXEL! YOU KNOW YOU DON'T GET ALONG WELL WITH HIM! SUPPOSE... OH... I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT!



I HEAR WE'RE GOING TO TEAM UP, REYNOLDS! YOU'D BETTER DO YOUR SHARE OF THE WORK 'CAUSE I'M NOT CRAZY ABOUT THIS IDEA!

FOR THAT MATTER, NEITHER AM I! BUT DON'T TRY TO ACT TOUGH...



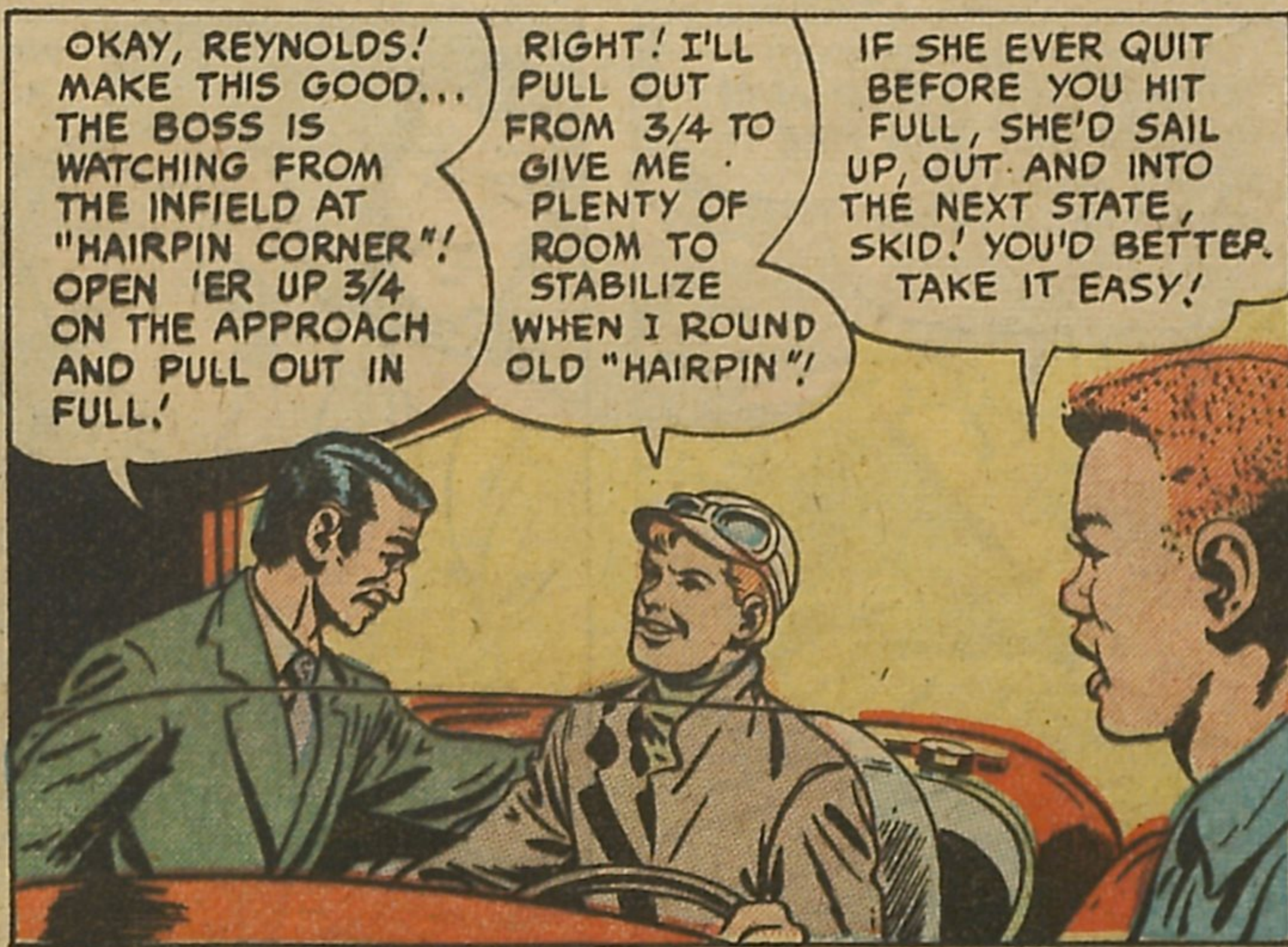
YOU LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE, WISE GUY? I'LL... OOPS!!

HA! HA! TAKE IT EASY, GRAXEL! I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET HURT— YOU'RE STILL MY PARTNER!



YOU CAN LAUGH NOW, HAMSTER— BUT I AIN'T FORGETTIN' THIS!!

WEEKS LATER, AFTER MANAGING TO CONTROL THEIR TEMPER, SKID AND AL BEGIN TO CLICK AS A TEAM! THEN, BEFORE THE FIRST ROAD RUN ON THE COMPANY TRACK...



OKAY, REYNOLDS! MAKE THIS GOOD... THE BOSS IS WATCHING FROM THE INFIELD AT "HAIRPIN CORNER"! OPEN 'ER UP 3/4 ON THE APPROACH AND PULL OUT IN FULL!

RIGHT! I'LL PULL OUT FROM 3/4 TO GIVE ME PLENTY OF ROOM TO STABILIZE WHEN I ROUND OLD "HAIRPIN"!

IF SHE EVER QUIT BEFORE YOU HIT FULL, SHE'D SAIL UP, OUT AND INTO THE NEXT STATE, SKID! YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT EASY!

MEANWHILE...



HENRY, AS VICE PRESIDENT YOU KNOW HOW IMPORTANT IT IS FOR "BARSTON'S BEST" TO WIN THIS YEAR! WE CAN'T CONTINUE TO OPERATE WITHOUT SOME NEW ACCOUNTS!

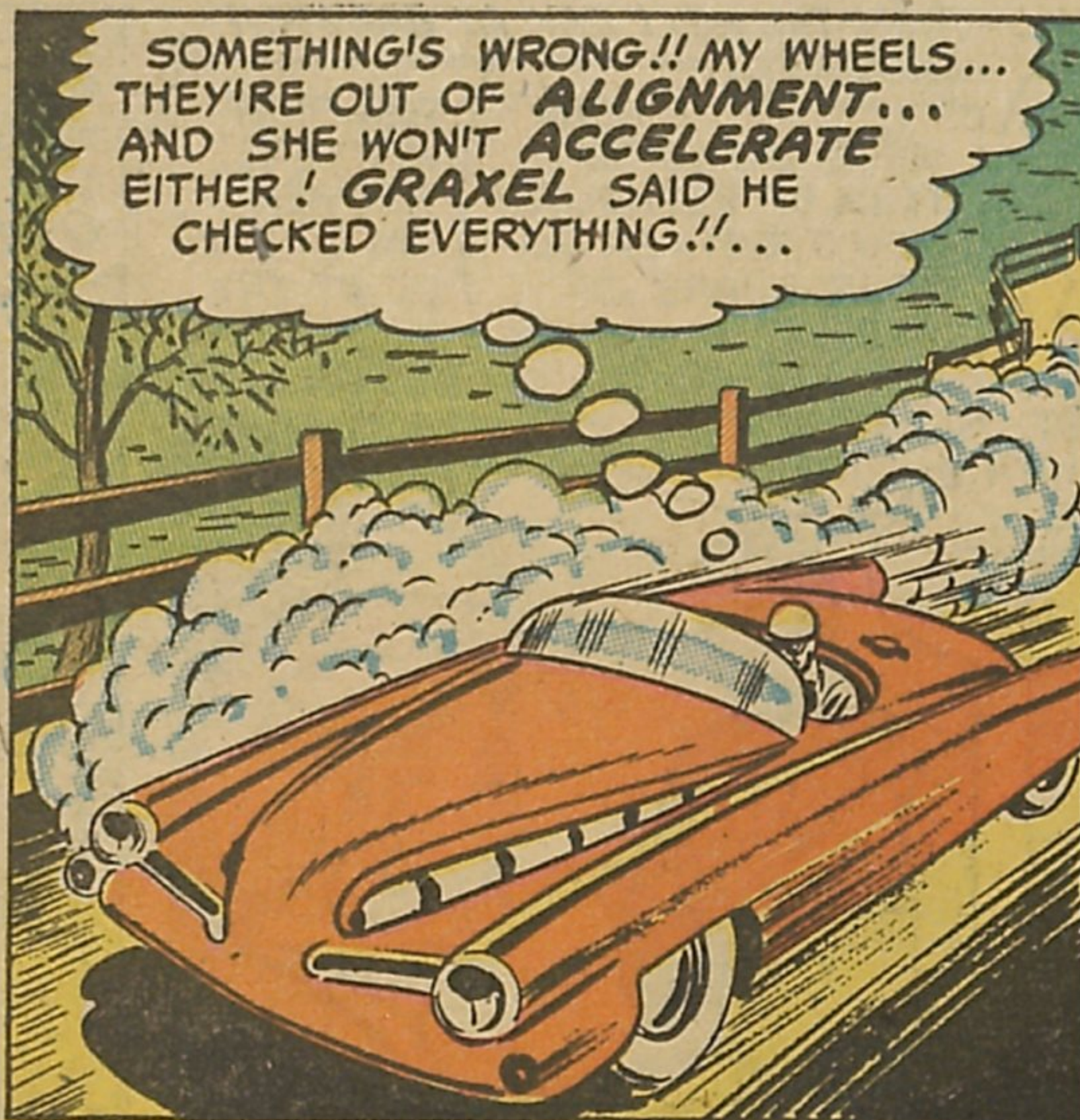
I KNOW, ROY— BUT WE HAVE ONE CHANCE. SIGNOR TORTONI OF SPARTA SPORT CARS HAS COME WITH AN AMERICAN FRANCHISE FOR THE WINNER!

COME QUICKLY, GENTLEMEN! YOUR DRIVER HAS STARTED HIS TRIAL RUN!!





HERE HE COMES NOW! ... **HEY!** IT LOOKS AS IF SKID'S TRYING TO TAKE THAT TURN AT MORE THAN 3/4! SIGNAL HIM TO SLOW DOWN—**HURRY!**



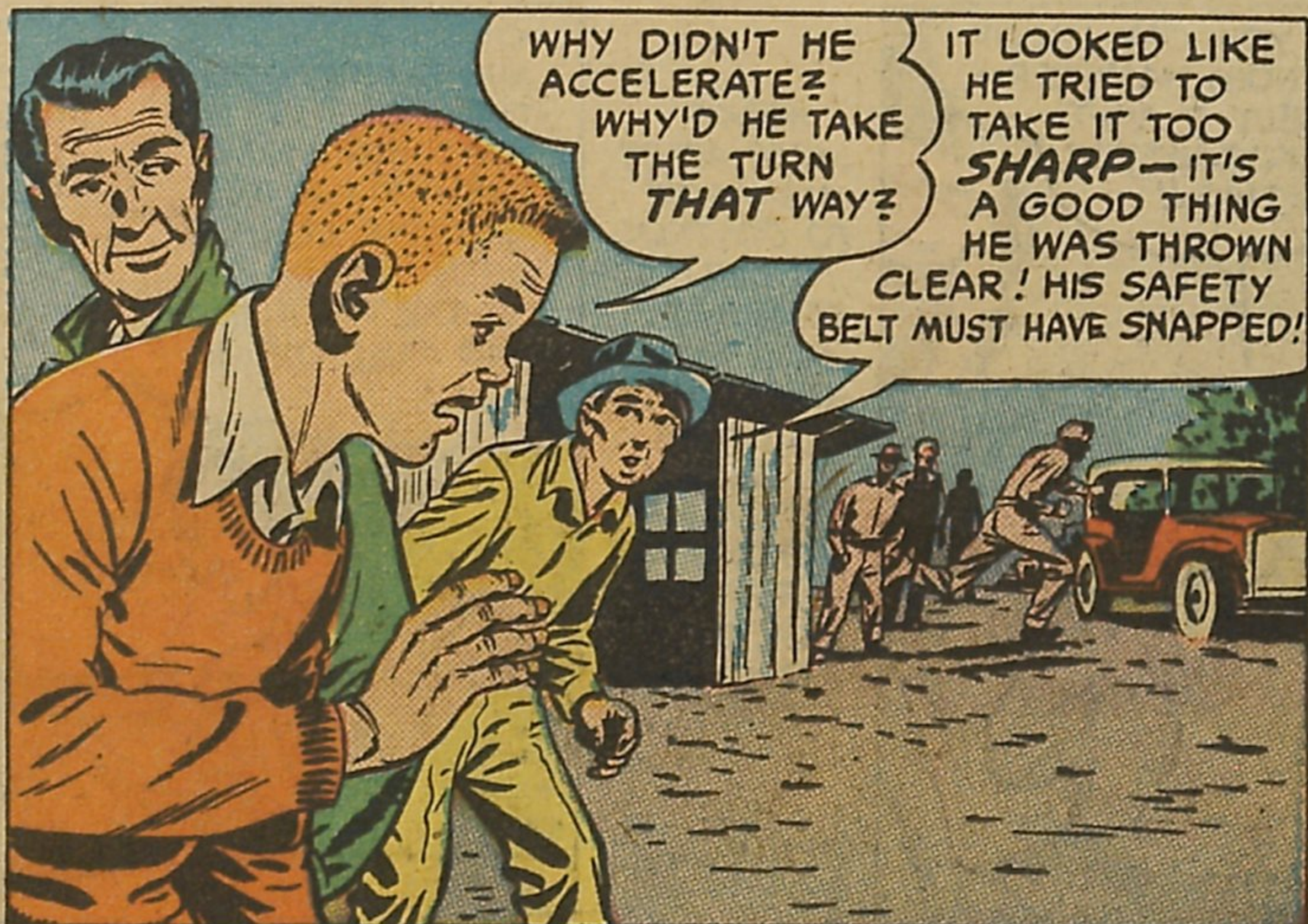
SOMETHING'S WRONG!! MY WHEELS... THEY'RE OUT OF **ALIGNMENT...** AND SHE WON'T **ACCELERATE** EITHER! **GRAXEL** SAID HE CHECKED EVERYTHING!!...



SIGNOR BARSTON!! YOUR CAR... IT IS OUT OF **CONTROL!!**



I TOLD HIM TO TAKE IT EASY... **I TOLD HIM!** HURRY—GET THE FIRE SQUAD AND THE AMBULANCE DOWN THERE!



WHY DIDN'T HE ACCELERATE? WHY'D HE TAKE THE TURN **THAT WAY?**

IT LOOKED LIKE HE TRIED TO TAKE IT TOO **SHARP**—IT'S A GOOD THING HE WAS THROWN CLEAR! HIS SAFETY BELT MUST HAVE **SNAPPED!**

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...



I'M SORRY, MR. BARSTON— BUT MR. REYNOLDS STILL CAN'T RECEIVE VISITORS!

IS THAT SO? WELL, WHEN HE CAN— YOU TELL HIM HE'S **THROUGH...** **WASHED UP,** AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED!

WEEKS PASS AND SKID IS FINALLY DISCHARGED...



I'VE JUST GOT TO SEE THE FINAL WORKOUTS! I ONLY HOPE MR. BARSTON DOESN'T SEE ME!

THEN, AS SKID APPROACHES THE TUNING AREA...



MMM...THERE'S GRAXEL! AND HE'S WITH TWO SHADY-LOOKING CHARACTERS!

YOU GOT IT STRAIGHT, GRAXEL? YOU FIX IT SO YOU'LL LOSE THE RACE! THEN YOU GET PAID THE OTHER HALF!

DON'T WORRY! I'M GOOD AT FIXING THINGS! ... HOW'D YOU LIKE THE JOB I DID ON REYNOLDS?

GREAT! I... HEY! SOMEONE WAS LISTENIN'! GET HIM!!

THEN SUDDENLY...

OOPS!... MR. BARSTON!

OOF! SKID! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU...

YOU WERE WRONG! IT WAS GRAXEL... HE MADE SURE I'D CRASH! AND NOW HE'S PLANNING TO THROW THE RACE!

WHAT? WHY THAT...

QUICK! AFTER THEM BEFORE THEY GET AWAY!

HEY, YOU GREASEMONKEYS! STOP THOSE GUYS... THEY WERE TRYING TO FIX THE RACE!

C'MON... LET'S CLEAR OUT OF HERE!

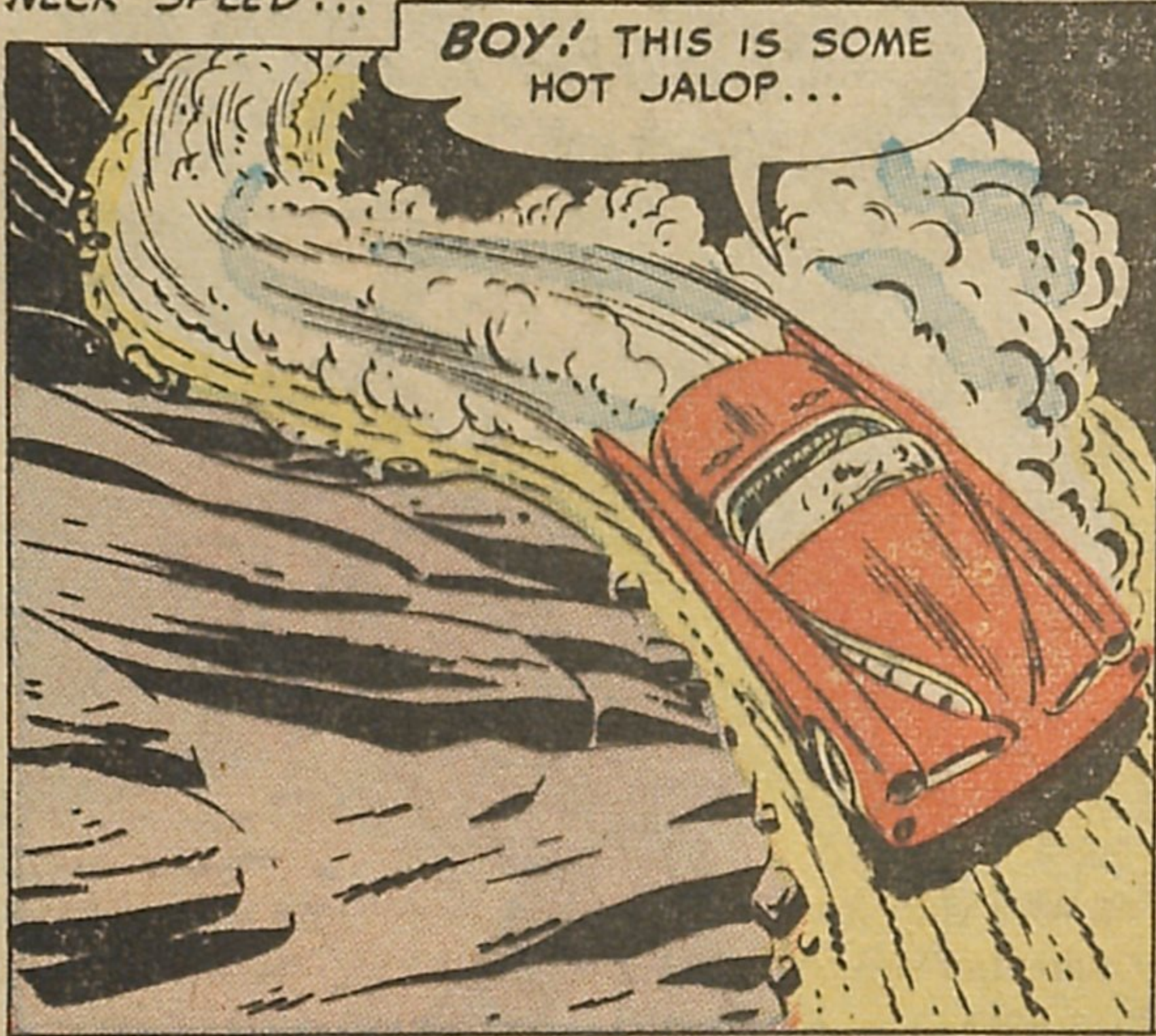
THE TWO HOODS ARE SUBDUED, BUT GRAXEL MAKES HIS WAY TO A SOUPED-UP SPORTS CAR AND...

SKID JUMPS INTO THE REBUILT "BARSTON'S BEST"...

CHARLIE... TAKE CARE OF THESE TWO - I'M GOING AFTER GRAXEL!

HE'S GOT A HEAD START ON ME! I'D BETTER CATCH HIM BEFORE HE GOES OVER THE BORDER!

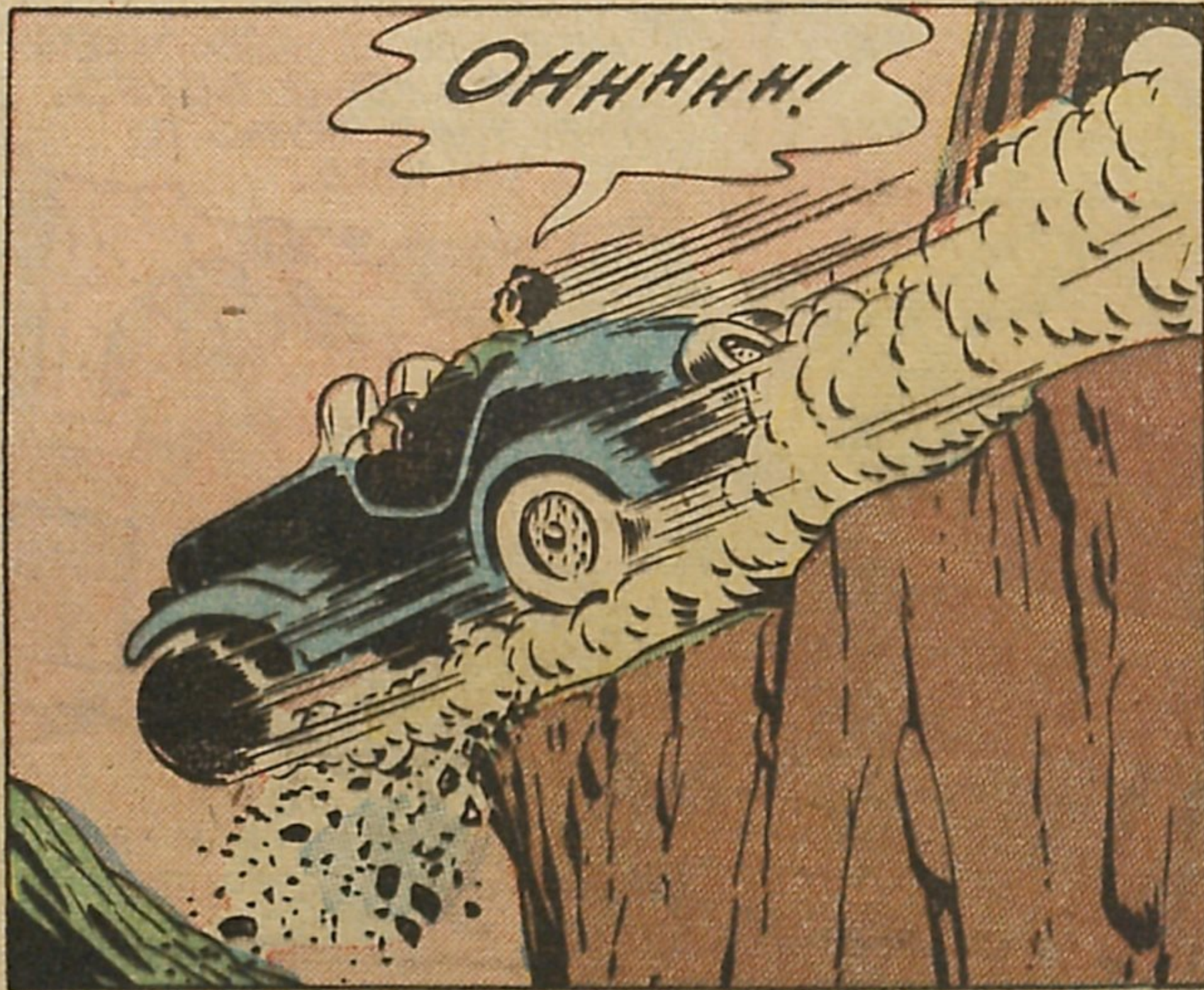
SKID WHEELS AROUND THE SHARP TURNS AT BREAK-NECK SPEED...



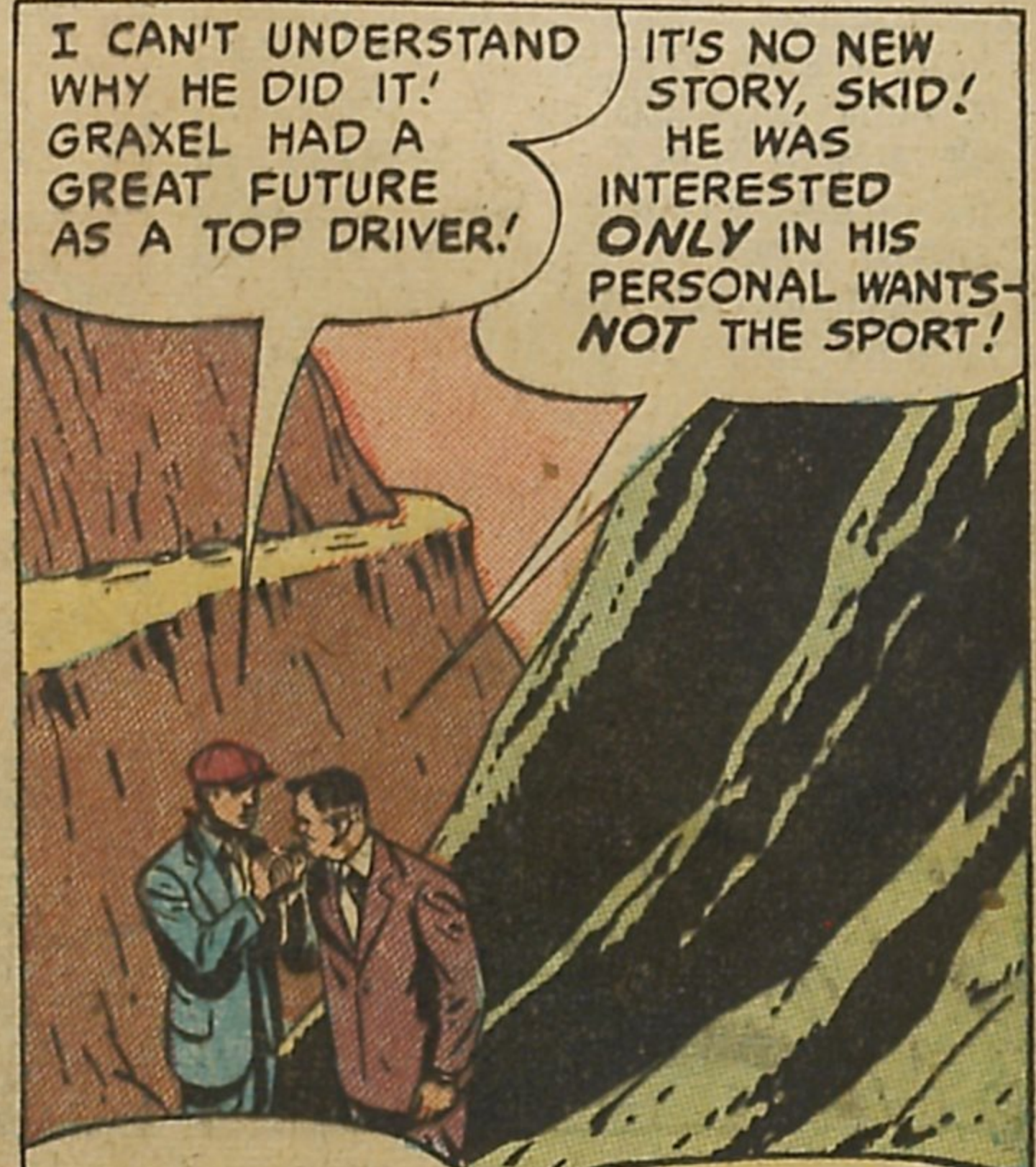
BOY! THIS IS SOME HOT JALOP...



WHAT'S GRAXEL DOING? HE'LL NEVER MAKE THAT CURVE AT THE SPEED HE'S GOING!

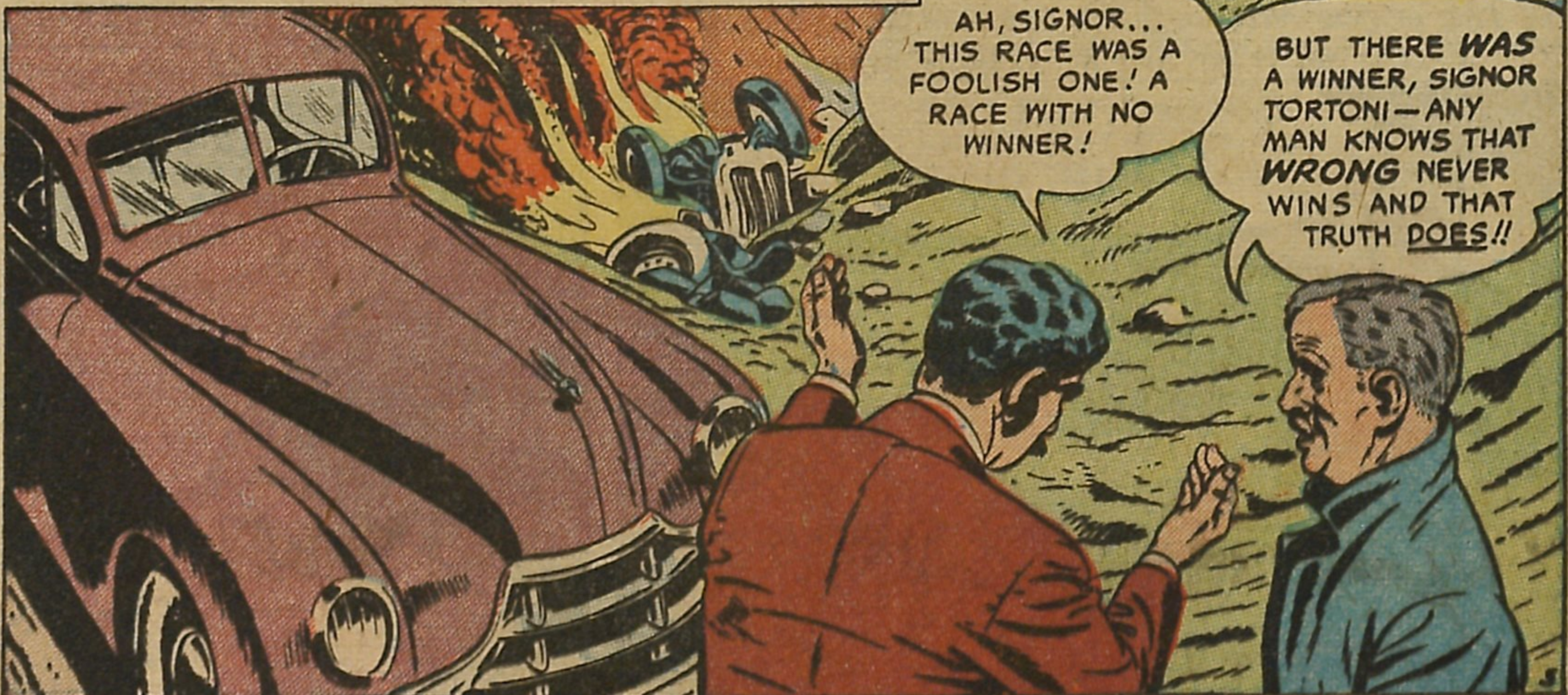


OH HHHH!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE DID IT! GRAXEL HAD A GREAT FUTURE AS A TOP DRIVER!

IT'S NO NEW STORY, SKID! HE WAS INTERESTED ONLY IN HIS PERSONAL WANTS—NOT THE SPORT!



AH, SIGNOR... THIS RACE WAS A FOOLISH ONE! A RACE WITH NO WINNER!

BUT THERE WAS A WINNER, SIGNOR TORTONI—ANY MAN KNOWS THAT **WRONG** NEVER WINS AND THAT **TRUTH** DOES!!

Maverick Wheelman

OFFICER MULVANEY walked out of Bert's Lunch and toward the waiting patrol car. Sergeant Pearce was behind the wheel, his grey head nodding.

"Hey, Sarge, you better get a cup of coffee! We got two more hours duty!" Pearce blinked his tired eyes.

"Coffee won't help, Tom! It's just my age, I guess! I'll be glad to retire next year! Things are sure quiet..."

It was then they heard it, coming with a roar and singing tires up the highway. A Hot rod! Mulvaney spotted its dust moving around the distant curve like a tornado's tail. He jumped behind the patrol car's wheel as Sergeant Pearce eased over. Then Mulvaney gunned the patrol car out onto the road, blocking the right of way. Mulvaney had a nervous feeling in his stomach as he saw the hot rod coming like a bullet up the highway, shimmering in the heat waves that rose from the white concrete. Maybe the young fool didn't have the brakes to stop that hopped-up jalopy! The two policemen just sat, watching the rod coming on. The roar was terrific. Then without slackening speed it went around and past them on the

shoulder of the road, leaving the patrol car shaking with the vibration. Mulvaney wheeled around in pursuit. Sixty. Seventy. Eighty-five. The speedometer needle bobbed around ninety. The patrol car weaved from side to side despite Mulvaney's steadying hands. And the rod was still pulling away from them. Mulvaney eased off on the gas pedal and slowed to a stop. He looked at Sergeant Pearce, his face grim.

"We'll never catch him in this heap! But I got a good look at the car! We'll pick him up later!"



Joe Hunter looked solemn as he entered the garage-clubhouse of the Gear Grinders Hot Rod Club. The other guys stopped yakking when he rapped for order. Joe's voice was tight with tension as he spoke.

"Fellows, Officer Mulvaney picked up Howie Maxwell for 'burning out' on the state highway in his rod this afternoon! I talked with Howie at the station house and he says he didn't do it! He says he left the keys in his rod and somebody 'borrowed' it for the afternoon! The cops don't believe him, but I figure

Howie wouldn't lie! Somebody used Howie's rod and we're being blamed for it! We've got to do something or the cops will close the club!" Pudgy Willie Sommers stood up. "Why, I saw Chris Barnes in Howie's rod this afternoon! I asked him what he was doin' with it and he said he borrowed it..."

"You sap," a voice interrupted, "Howie would never lend that creep his rod!" A chorus of angry protests arose. Joe Hunter rapped for order.

"Quiet, guys! Evidently, Chris Barnes is the one who got Howie and the club in bad with the cops! Now what are we gonna do about it?"

"Let's beat up the crumb," someone shouted. There was a chorus of excited voices that suddenly stilled when someone noticed a large figure in blue standing in the doorway. It was Officer Mulvaney.

"Mind if I come in, boys? I heard you talking about Chris Barnes! I know how you feel! It looks like he did frame Howie Maxwell and your club! And I know Barnes isn't very popular with you boys or anyone else in town! His father wasn't much account and people have made

Chris suffer for it! We're all at fault! It's going to be hard proving he was in that rod today but I promise I'll see to it that Howie and the club are cleared if you guys go easy on Chris! You might even ask him to join the club! He probably can't afford a rod, but he did some mighty hot driving out there today! Well, think it over! So long, boys!"



Chris Barnes sauntered from the small frame house he shared with his mother, and he looked off into the night. Then he started down the walk. Suddenly strong hands grabbed him from behind and a towel was held over his mouth.

"Okay, guys, bring him along," said a muffled voice.



Chris looked with hatred at the impassive faces of the Gear Grinders led by Joe Hunter. Inside the clubhouse it smelled of grease and methanol.

"Okay, Barnes," said Joe Hunter, "we're wise to what you did today! Lucky for you, it didn't work out as you planned..."

"All right," snapped Chris, "beat me up, you dirty cowards! I'm not afraid of you... big timers... always drivin' around in your rods! I'm glad I did it!" Joe Hunter shook his head sadly.

"We're not going to beat you up, Barnes! We've got a better idea! You like to drive fast! Well, we're offering you a membership in the club and a chance to compete in the time trials at Piute Lake next month! The winner represents our club at the National Championships this summer! You're always yapping that nobody gives you a fair deal! Well, this time you've got no excuses!" Chris Barnes looked puzzled as he scanned the faces

of the Gear Grinders. Then he laughed harshly. "Aw, go blow your gaskets! I got no time for a bunch of hams tinkerin' with hopped-up jalopies! Besides, I got no guarantee this is on the level!" Chris walked through the clubhouse door. "See you around," he snapped over his shoulder.



The hot sun beat down on the dry, dusty bed of Piute Lake. The roar of motors and the smell of methanol and nitromethane filled the air as guys tinkered with their rods, preparing for the day's time trials. Many had been up all night working over their engines. Many a set of plugs had been changed by flashlight. Now it was day, and out on the timing strip a rod flashed by every few minutes on a fast run. To one side the Gear Grinders worked over their rust buckets. One of the guys kidded Joe Hunter.

"Well, Joe, your boy Barnes never showed up! I told you he was chicken!" Joe shrugged. "I tried, Sam! I guess... hey!... here comes a police car from town! It's Officer Mulvaney, but who's that with him?"

"Hey, it's Chris Barnes!" Officer Mulvaney came across the dusty lake bed followed by a scowling Chris Barnes.

"Hello, fellows! I brought you a new member! I found him hitch-hiking his way here! Right, Chris?" Chris Barnes nodded and scuffed his foot nervously. "Now, here's his dues for the year!" Mulvaney handed Joe Hunter some money. "That makes him a member in good standing! When can he drive a trial?" Howie Maxwell grinned and stepped forward. "He can drive my second run, if it's okay with him." Mulvaney smiled. "It's okay with him, all right!"



When it came time for Chris to drive, it was late in the day, and the timing strip was hazy with dust and tricky with holes

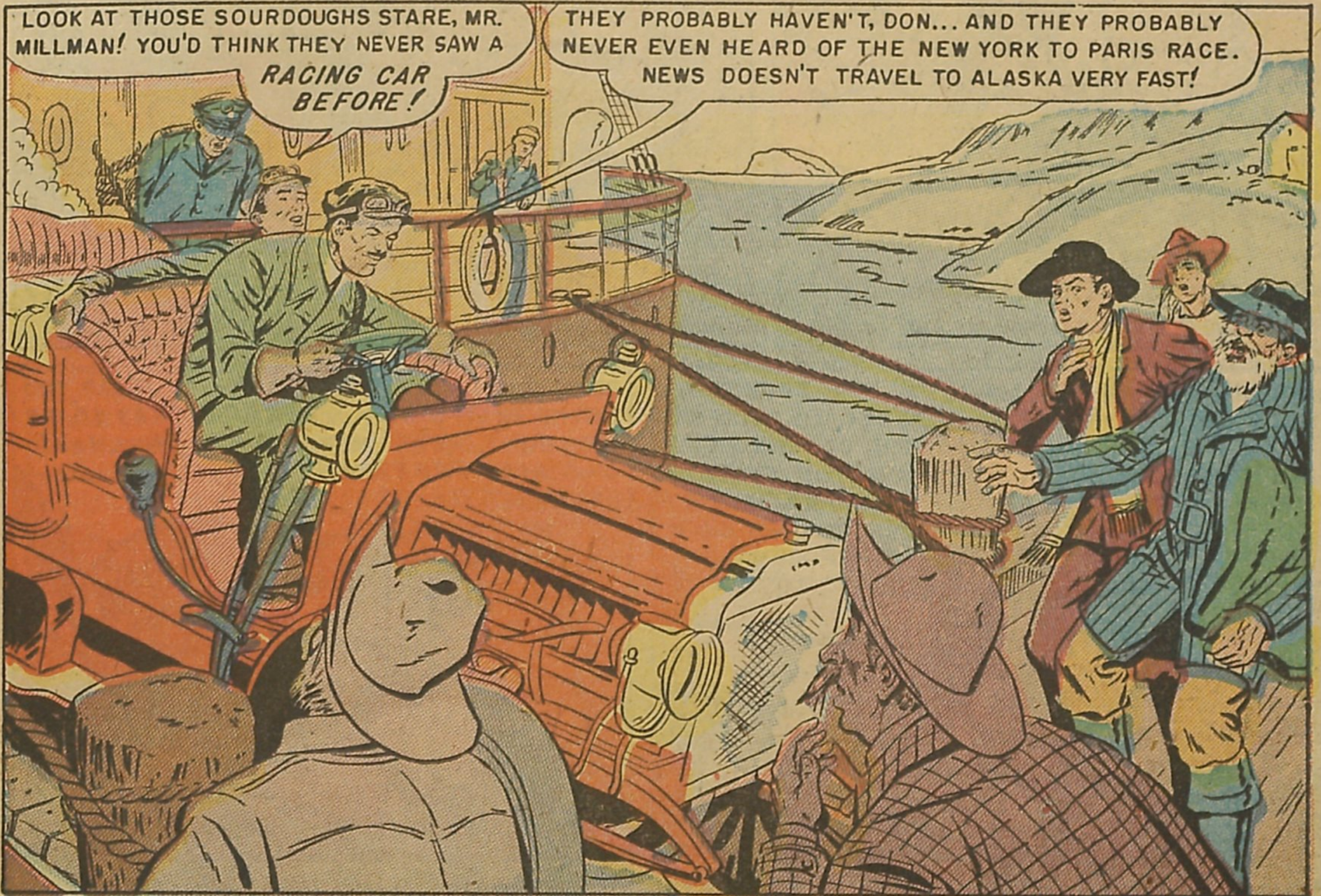
and soft spots. The Gear Grinders watched him get behind the wheel of Howie Maxwell's B class roadster. For the first time they saw a smile replace the scowl on his face. They watched as he was pushed up to the starter's position. Ahead lay the markers of the straightaway course. Then with a roar he broke away to a good start. The Gear Grinders watched the rod pick up speed for the first mile and a quarter, and then flash through the light beam, activating the timer. For one tenth of a mile it roared at full power through the traps, or timing lights, and then coasted into the two-mile shutdown stretch. The Gear Grinders whistled when they heard the time. One hundred and twenty-nine point sixty-five miles per hour. The best time of the day. The guys mumbled among themselves.

"Hey, Joe, does this mean we have to send Chris Barnes to the Nationals this summer? Brother!!" Joe Hunter shrugged and looked blank. "It's Howie's rod! It's up to him..." Officer Mulvaney then spoke up. "Look, fellows, Howie has the best car and next best time, but Chris will wonder just how good your word is if you back down on this thing now! Maybe there's a way we can prevent that happening!" Howie Maxwell then came forward. "My Dad can finance my way to the Nationals! Then we can send Barnes with the club funds!... Chris can drive the roadster and I'll be mechanic! Then we'd have a real team at the Nationals!" Joe Hunter grinned and turned to the others. "What d'you say, guys? Hey!... here comes Chris back now..." Mulvaney watched as the Gear Grinders rushed up to surround Chris and the hot rod. The big cop smiled as he watched them pat Chris and congratulate him. Then with a chuckle he trudged toward the patrol car. Maybe things had turned out even better than he had hoped.

The End

NEW YORK TO PARIS ON WHEELS

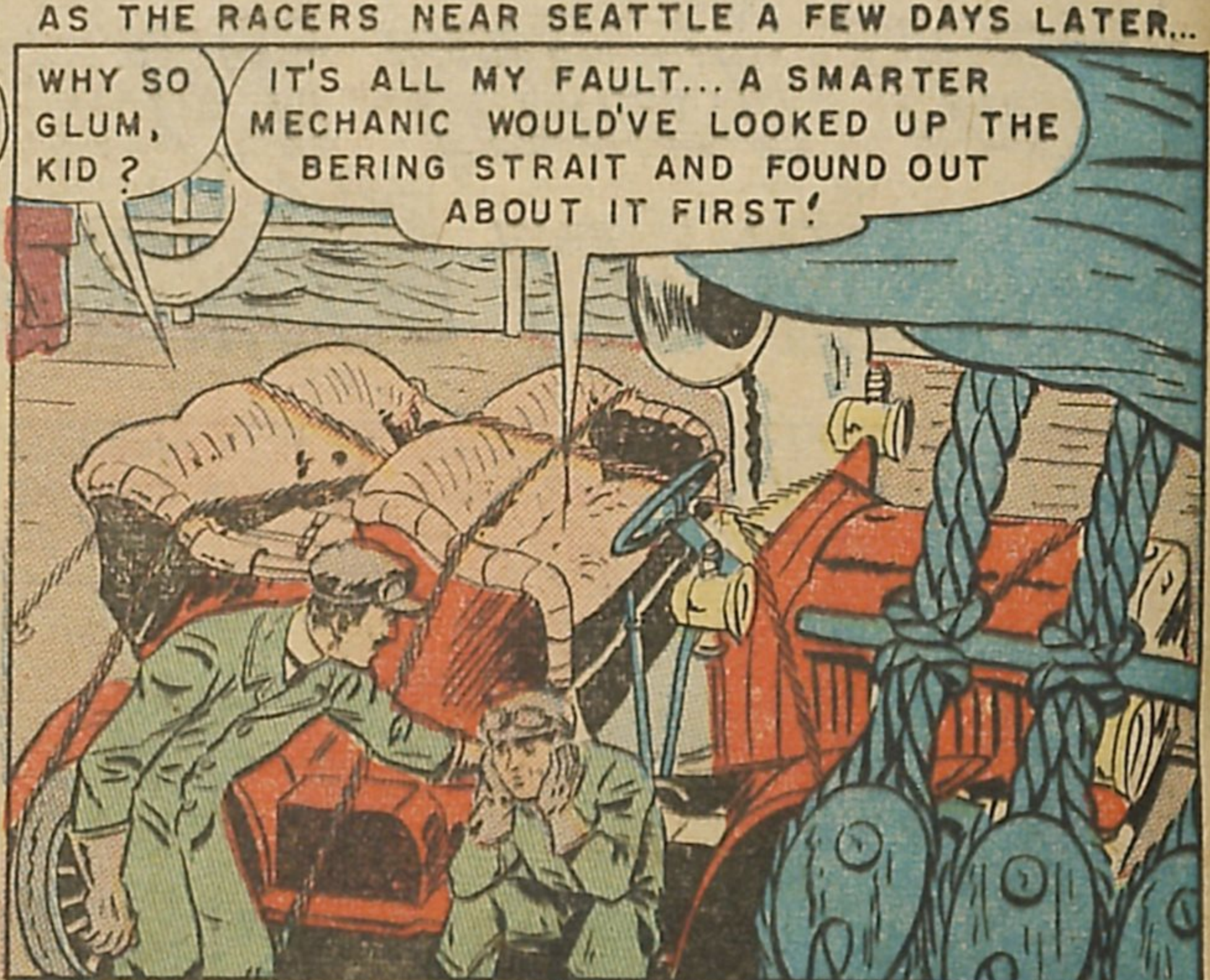
THINGS POPPED ONE DAY IN ALASKA... BECAUSE IT WAS 1908... AND AS A SAN FRANCISCO STEAMER PUTS IN AT VALDEZ, DOWN THE GANGPLANK COMES A SNAPPY UP-TO-DATE HORSELESS CARRIAGE... IT IS DRIVEN BY THE DARING GEORGE MILLMAN WITH DON COLVIN AS HIS MECHANIC... AND IT'S A "RACE" THAT HAS BEGUN IN NEW YORK.





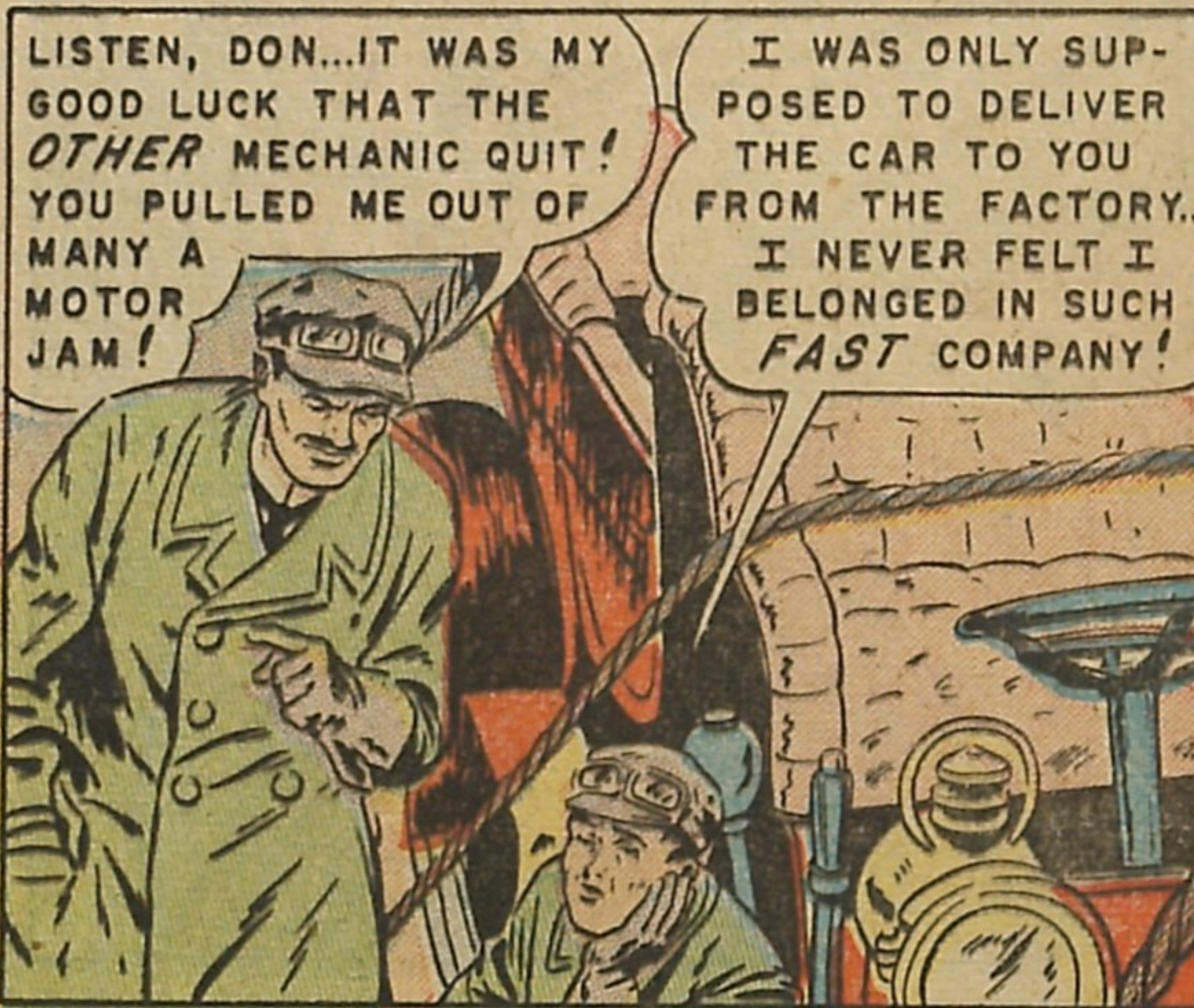
GEE, MR. MILLMAN... WE'LL BE THE **LAUGHING STOCK** OF THE WHOLE WORLD!

NOT YET, DON! WE'RE GOING BACK TO SEATTLE BY SHIP AND START OUT AGAIN!



WHY SO GLUM, KID?

IT'S ALL MY FAULT... A SMARTER MECHANIC WOULD'VE LOOKED UP THE BERING STRAIT AND FOUND OUT ABOUT IT FIRST!



LISTEN, DON...IT WAS MY GOOD LUCK THAT THE **OTHER** MECHANIC QUIT! YOU PULLED ME OUT OF MANY A MOTOR JAM!

I WAS ONLY SUPPOSED TO DELIVER THE CAR TO YOU FROM THE FACTORY.. I NEVER FELT I BELONGED IN SUCH **FAST COMPANY!**



DON...YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE IN LIFE WITH A **LOSER'S** OUTLOOK! WE'RE GOING TO WIN THIS RACE **TOGETHER!** REMEMBER THAT!

IF...IF YOU SAY SO, MR. MILLMAN!



AS THE SHIP DOCKS IN SEATTLE... LOOK! THE GERMAN, ITALIAN, AND FRENCH DRIVERS ARE ALREADY HERE!

GOOD! WE'LL BE TAKING THE SAME SHIP TOGETHER!



DIETRICH, THE GERMAN DRIVER IMMEDIATELY LAUNCHES A "WAR OF NERVES"...

HA! YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD THE JUMP ON US... BUT WE CAUGHT YOU!

LISTEN, DIETRICH... WHEN WE WERE LEAVING THE STATES, YOU WERE **STILL** IN COLORADO! YOUR CAR COULD **NEVER** CATCH US!

WAIT A MINUTE! HERE COMES THE WEST COAST REFEREE FOR THE RACE...HE'LL EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED!

ALL CARS WILL BOARD THE NEXT SHIP FOR VLADIVOSTOK! THE RACE WILL CONTINUE FROM THERE ON A HANDICAP BASIS! MILLMAN LEADS THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN CARS BY TWO DAYS...THE GERMAN CAR MUST FORFEIT TEN DAYS FOR BEING SHIPPED FROM IDAHO BY RAIL FOR REPAIRS!

BAH! WHAT IS TEN DAYS? I WILL MAKE THAT UP ACROSS SIBERIA!



AND ALL THROUGH THE VOYAGE TO SIBERIA...

THEY SAY THE SIBERIAN PLAINS *NUMB THE BRAIN* OF THE INEXPERIENCED! YOU'LL BE ENDANGERING MILLMAN'S LIFE IF YOU FALL UNDER THE SPELL, COLVIN!

I...I'M NOT GOING TO LET MR. MILLMAN DOWN! I PROMISED HIM!



DRIVERS, TOO, HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO CRACK UNDER THE STRAIN! YOU MAY NEVER LIVE TO SEE ST. PETERSBURG!

HEY, YOU GUYS! VAMOOSE!



IF I SEE EITHER ONE OF YOU HECKLING MY MECHANIC AGAIN, I'LL BUST YOU ONE ON THE SNOOT!

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND RACING, MY FRIEND...BE PREPARED FOR THE WORST! HA! HA!



I...I TOLD 'EM YOU WERE THE BEST DRIVER IN THE WORLD, MR. MILLMAN...BUT THEY KEPT DROWNING ME OUT!

YOU SHOULD'VE TOLD 'EM *WE'RE* THE BEST ROAD TEAM IN THE WORLD, KID...BECAUSE *WE WON'T* BE BEATEN!



WHEN THE SHIP PULLS INTO VLADIVOSTOK THE GERMAN CAR THUNDERS ASHORE FIRST...

GOOD BYE, AMERICANS! LOOK US UP IN PARIS!

WE'LL BE AT THE FINISH LINE WHEN YOU GET THERE, DIETRICH!



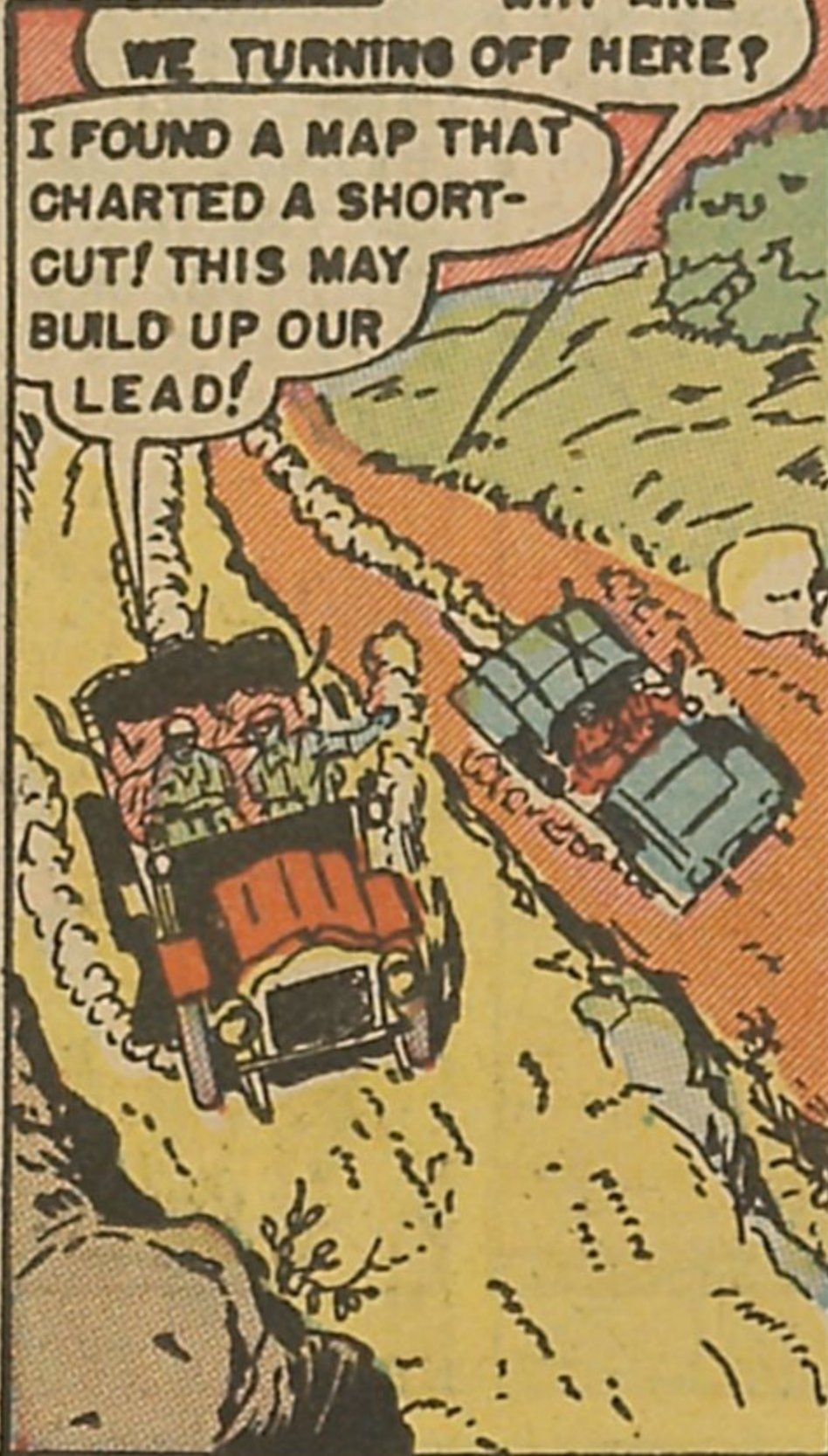
THEN BEGINS A ROARING DUEL ACROSS THE PLAINS OF SIBERIA...



ALL RIGHT, DIETRICH... WE'RE COMING THROUGH!

THE RACE IS NOT YET OVER, MY FRIEND!

SUDDENLY...



WHY ARE WE TURNING OFF HERE?

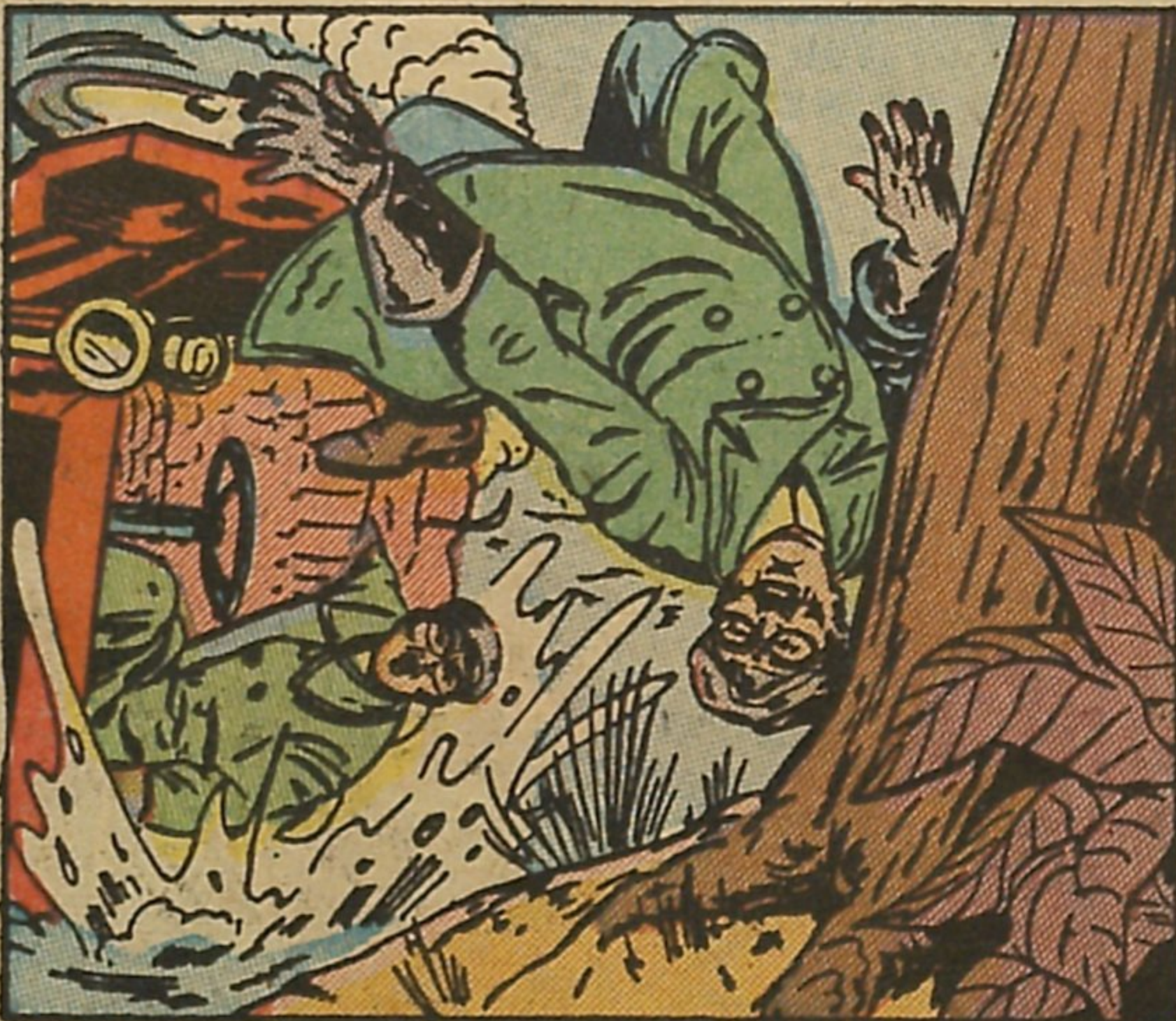
I FOUND A MAP THAT CHARTED A SHORT-CUT! THIS MAY BUILD UP OUR LEAD!

A SECOND LATER...



LOOK OUT!

THE MAP WAS WRONG!



MY ARM... IT'S BROKEN!

DON'T WORRY, MR. MILLMAN! I'LL FIX IT!



THE CAR'S WRECKED-- BROKEN ARM-- LOOKS LIKE WE'RE LICKED!

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE BEATEN!!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

LOOK! A WOLF PACK!



HAND ME THAT RIFLE... QUICK!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM, MR. MILLMAN!



BEFORE THE KID'S DEADLY FIRE, THE PACK IS DISPERSED...

WOW! YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOU COULD SHOOT!

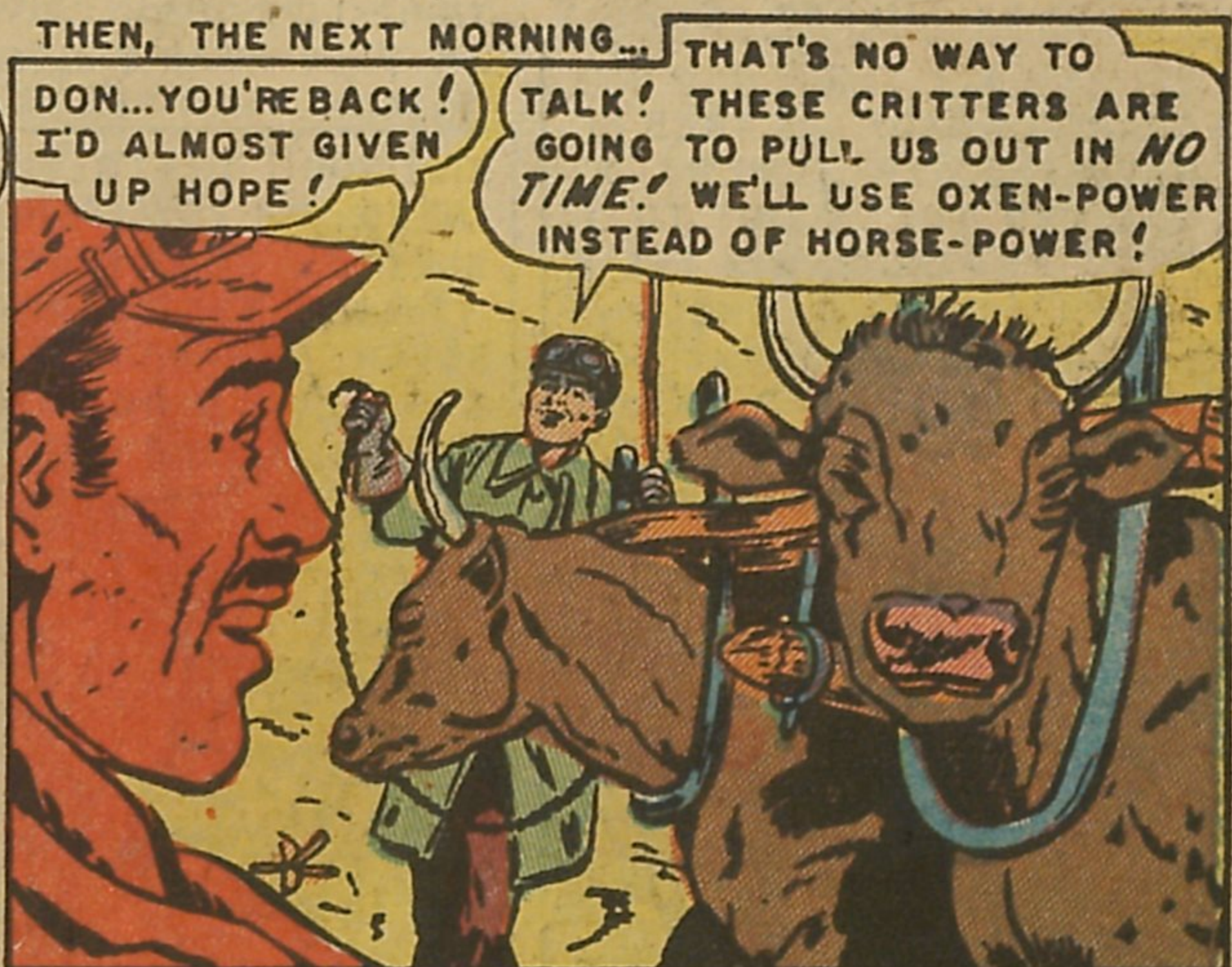
I USED TO HUNT A LITTLE BACK ON THE FARM!



AFTER MILLMAN HAS BEEN MADE COMFORTABLE...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, DON? THERE ISN'T A HUMAN WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES!

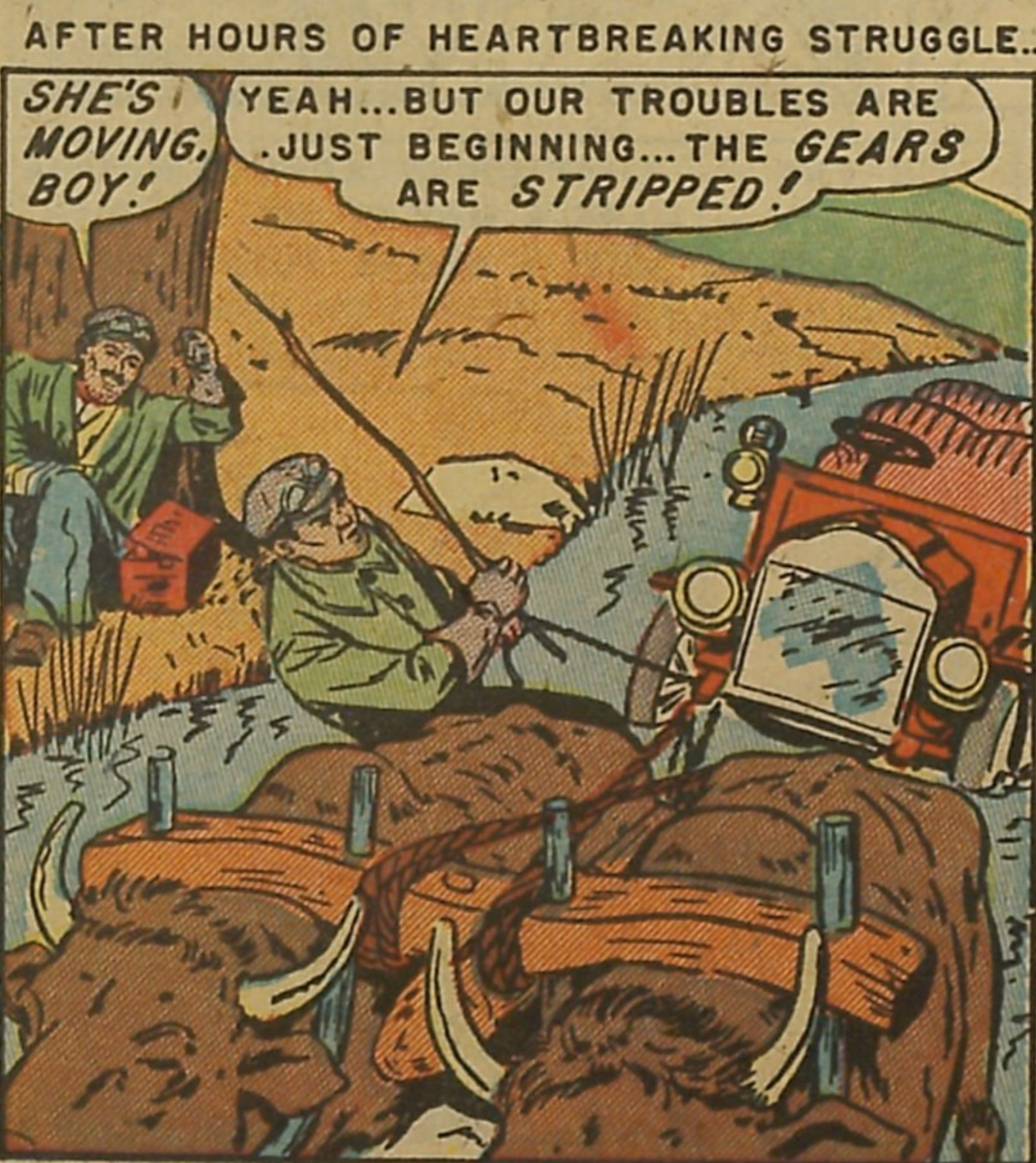
LET ME DO THE WORRYING! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUR BUGGY BACK IN THAT RACE!



THEN, THE NEXT MORNING...

DON... YOU'RE BACK! I'D ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE!

THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK! THESE CRITTERS ARE GOING TO PULL US OUT IN NO TIME! WE'LL USE OXEN-POWER INSTEAD OF HORSE-POWER!



SHE'S MOVING, BOY!

YEAH... BUT OUR TROUBLES ARE JUST BEGINNING... THE GEARS ARE STRIPPED!



FOR FIVE MORE DAYS THE YOUNGSTER FUMBLES WITH BROKEN PARTS... TRYING TO FIND ENOUGH GEAR TO REASSEMBLE THE TRANSMISSION...

IT'S NO USE, KID... WE MIGHT AS WELL THROW IN THE TOWEL... WE'RE LICKED!

THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU TAUGHT ME! WE'RE GOING TO BE BACK ON THE ROAD WITHIN ANOTHER DAY!

THE NEXT DAY...

WHOOPEE...SHE STARTS!

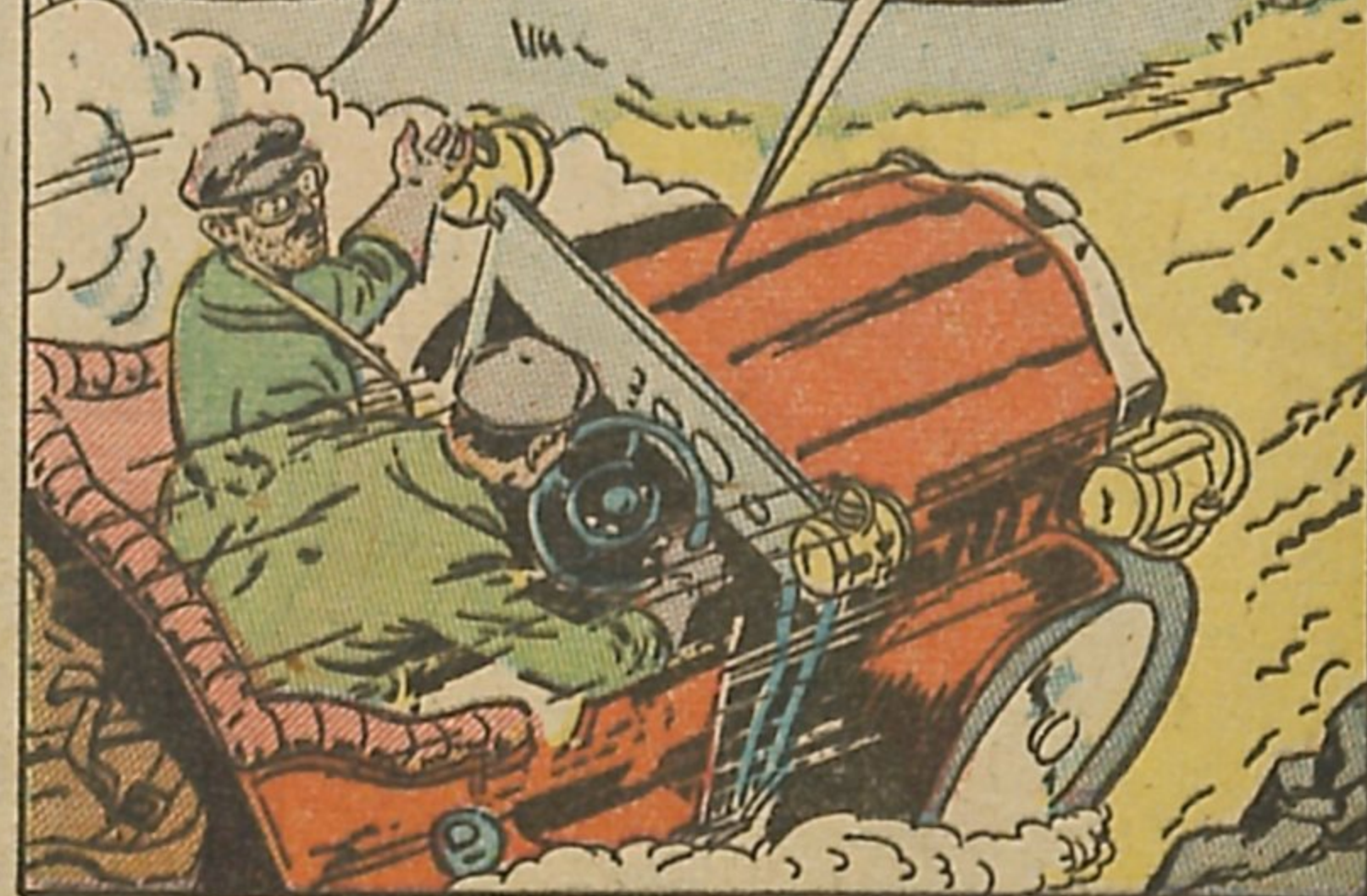
THE GERMANS'VE MADE UP EVERY BIT OF THEIR HANDICAP BY NOW...AND NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO DRIVE!



HOURS LATER...

HEY! YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOU COULD DRIVE LIKE THAT... KEEP IT UP!

YOU'VE JUST OPENED MY EYES, BOSS... HANG ONTO YOUR HAT...WE'RE GOING PLACES!



THROUGH ST. PETERSBURG THE AMERICAN CAR ROARS...

YOU'RE LATE...THE CZAR ALREADY GAVE THE GERMAN CAR THE PRIZE AS FIRST RACER ACROSS RUSSIA!

WHO CARES? WE'RE OUT TO WIN THE WHOLE RACE!



NIGHT AND DAY THE TIGHT-LIPPED KID DRIVES AS THEY ROAR THROUGH MOSCOW...THEN BERLIN...

KID! YOU NEED SLEEP... YOU'LL NEVER LAST!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK... WE'RE BEATING THAT GERMAN HANDICAP..AND I'M NOT STOPPING NOW!



AT THE FINISH LINE IN PARIS, THE GERMAN TEAM IS EAGERLY CLAIMING THE PRIZE...

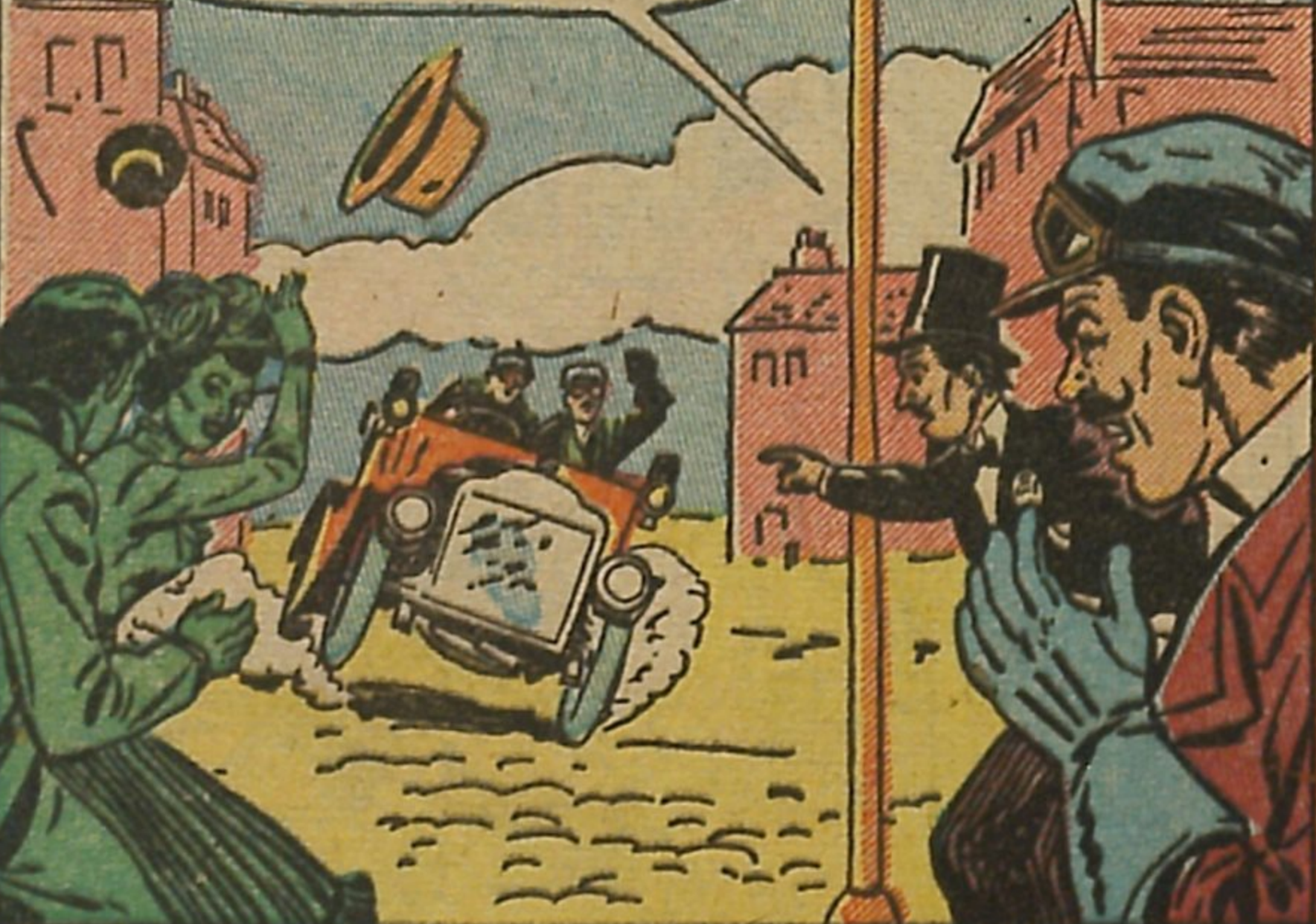
THOSE AMERICANS WILL NEVER FINISH! YOU MIGHT AS WELL AWARD THE PRIZE RIGHT NOW!

WAIT! I HEARD THE AMERICANS HAVE JUST REACHED THE SUBURBS!



IT'S TRUE! LOOK! THE AMERICAN CAR...ONLY FOUR DAYS BEHIND! THEY WIN THE RACE!

IT CAN'T BE!



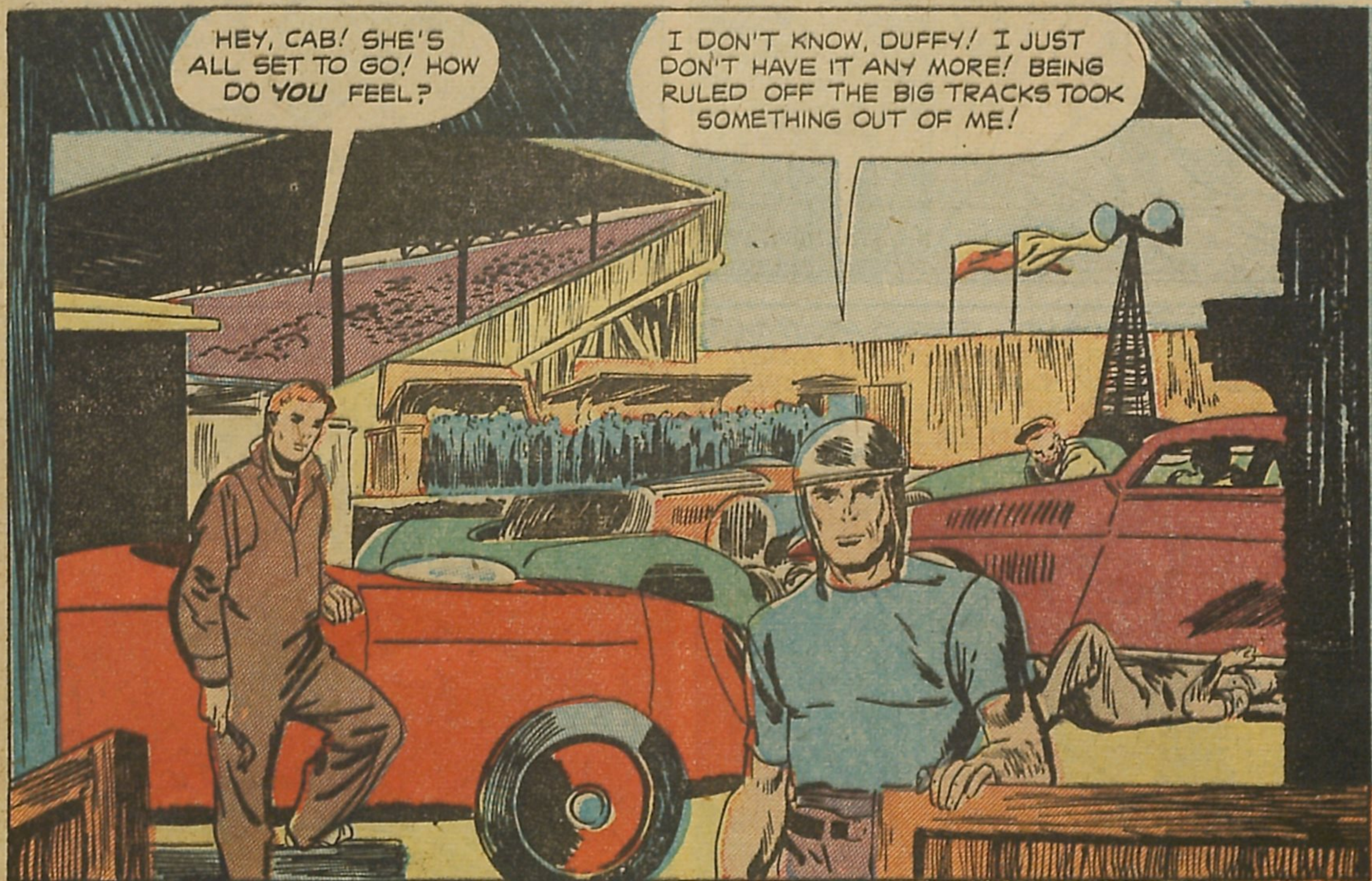
IT'S THE BOY AT THE WHEEL! W...WHERE DID HE GET SUCH NERVE?

THAT DRIVE ACROSS RUSSIA MADE A MAN OF ME, DIETRICH! BUT IT WAS A TWO-MAN TEAM THAT WON FOR THE UNITED STATES!



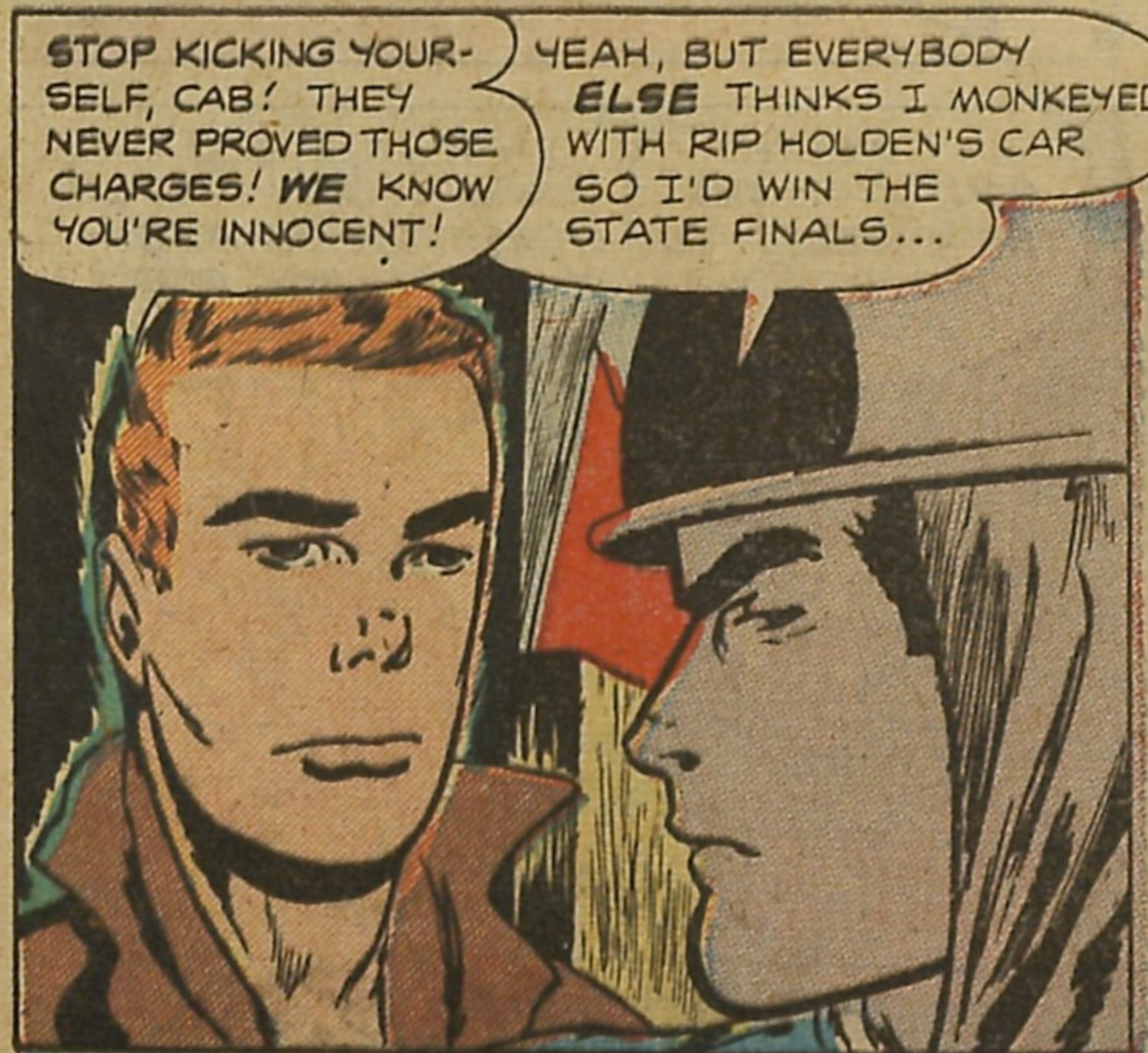
BUSH TRACK SENTENCE

"CAB" PEARSON HAD BEEN A GOOD BIG-TRACK STOCK DRIVER... BUT THEN CAME THE FRAME-UP JAM... AND CAB FOUND HIMSELF PUSHED OFF THE BIG GRINDS AND OUT INTO THE BUSH TRACKS... IT WAS A TOUGH DOSE TO SWALLOW — AND NOW CAB IS IN THE DUMPS AS HIS MECHANIC DUFFY GIVES HIM THE WORD TO GO...



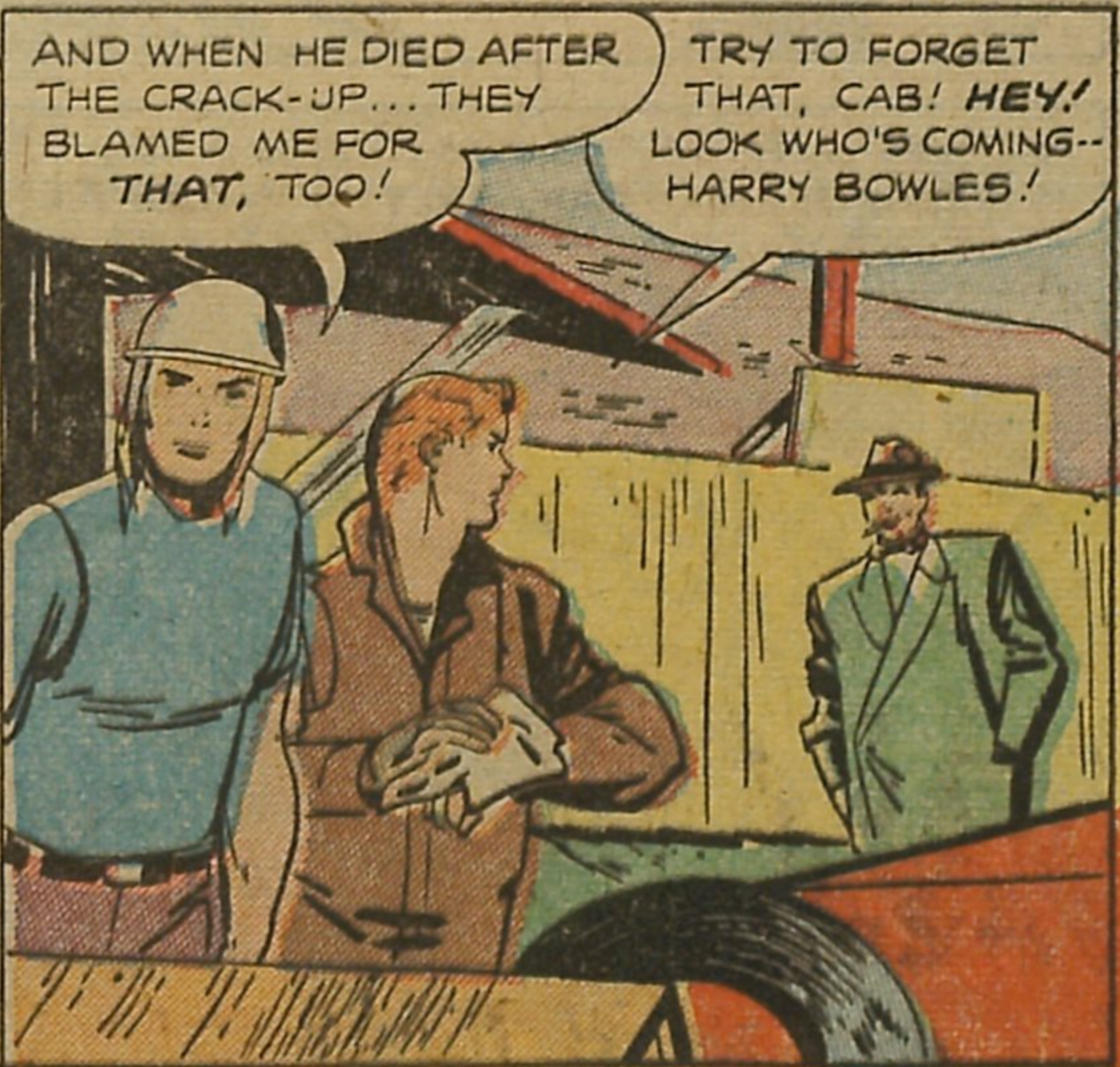
HEY, CAB! SHE'S ALL SET TO GO! HOW DO YOU FEEL?

I DON'T KNOW, DUFFY! I JUST DON'T HAVE IT ANY MORE! BEING RULED OFF THE BIG TRACKS TOOK SOMETHING OUT OF ME!



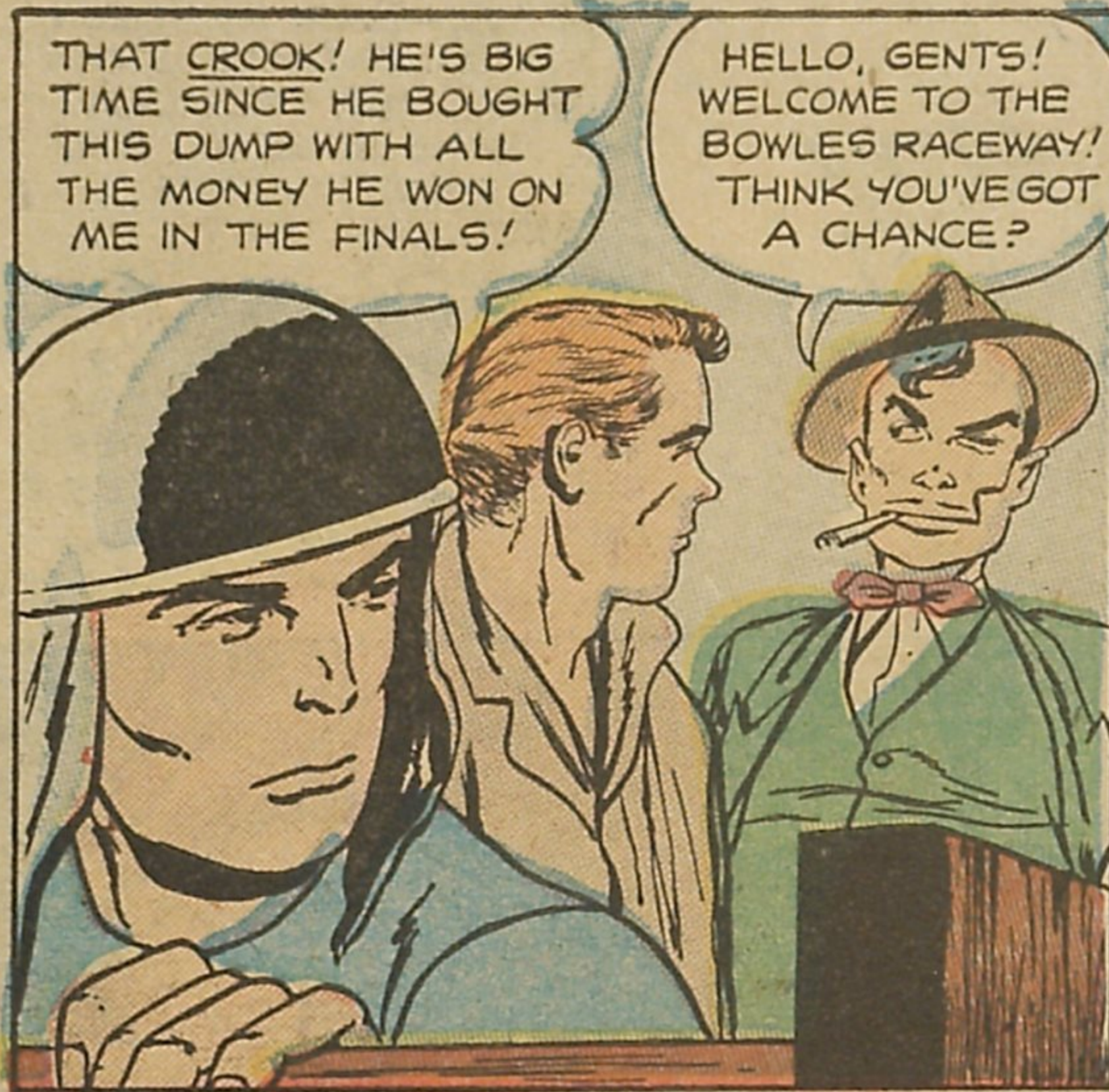
STOP KICKING YOURSELF, CAB! THEY NEVER PROVED THOSE CHARGES! WE KNOW YOU'RE INNOCENT!

YEAH, BUT EVERYBODY ELSE THINKS I MONKEYED WITH RIP HOLDEN'S CAR SO I'D WIN THE STATE FINALS...



AND WHEN HE DIED AFTER THE CRACK-UP... THEY BLAMED ME FOR THAT, TOO!

TRY TO FORGET THAT, CAB! HEY! LOOK WHO'S COMING-- HARRY BOWLES!



THAT CROOK! HE'S BIG TIME SINCE HE BOUGHT THIS DUMP WITH ALL THE MONEY HE WON ON ME IN THE FINALS!

HELLO, GENTS! WELCOME TO THE BOWLES RACEWAY! THINK YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE?



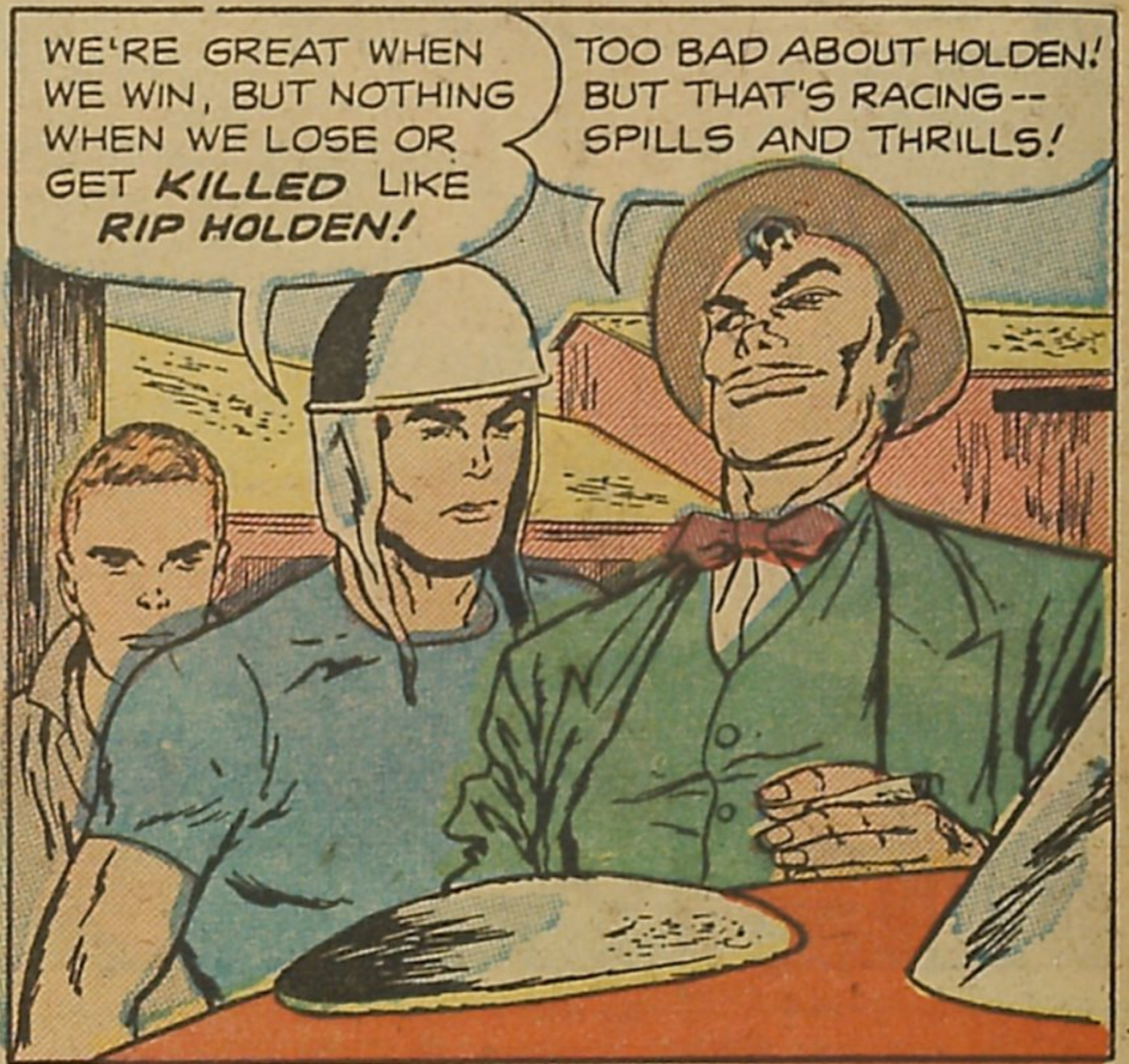
WITH A FAIR SHAKE, CAB'LL WIN IT!

HMM... MAYBE! BUT MY DOUGH'S RIDING ON JACK GARVER IN 97. HE'S A SURE THING!



YOU ALWAYS PLAY SURE THINGS, DON'T YOU, BOWLES? LIKE WHEN I WON THE STATE FINALS!

STILL BEEFING ABOUT THAT PEARSON? **GET WISE!** YOU WERE BIG TIME **ONCE**, BUT **NOW** YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER BUSH DRIVER!



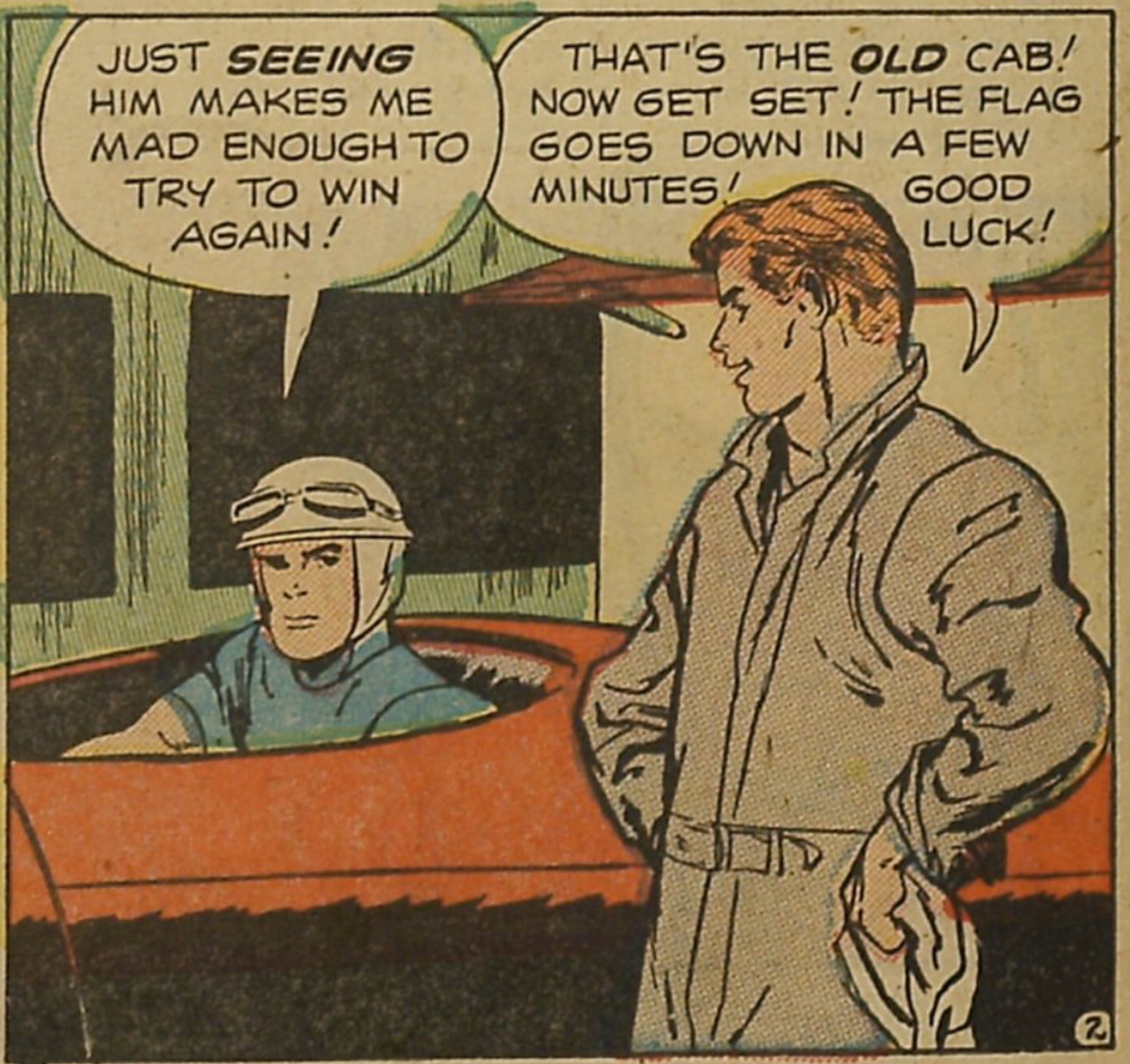
WE'RE GREAT WHEN WE WIN, BUT NOTHING WHEN WE LOSE OR GET **KILLED** LIKE **RIP HOLDEN!**

TOO BAD ABOUT HOLDEN! BUT THAT'S RACING-- SPILLS AND THRILLS!



IS **THAT** WHY THERE'S A 60FT SPOT ON THE FIRST TURN? IT **SHOULD** BE FIXED!

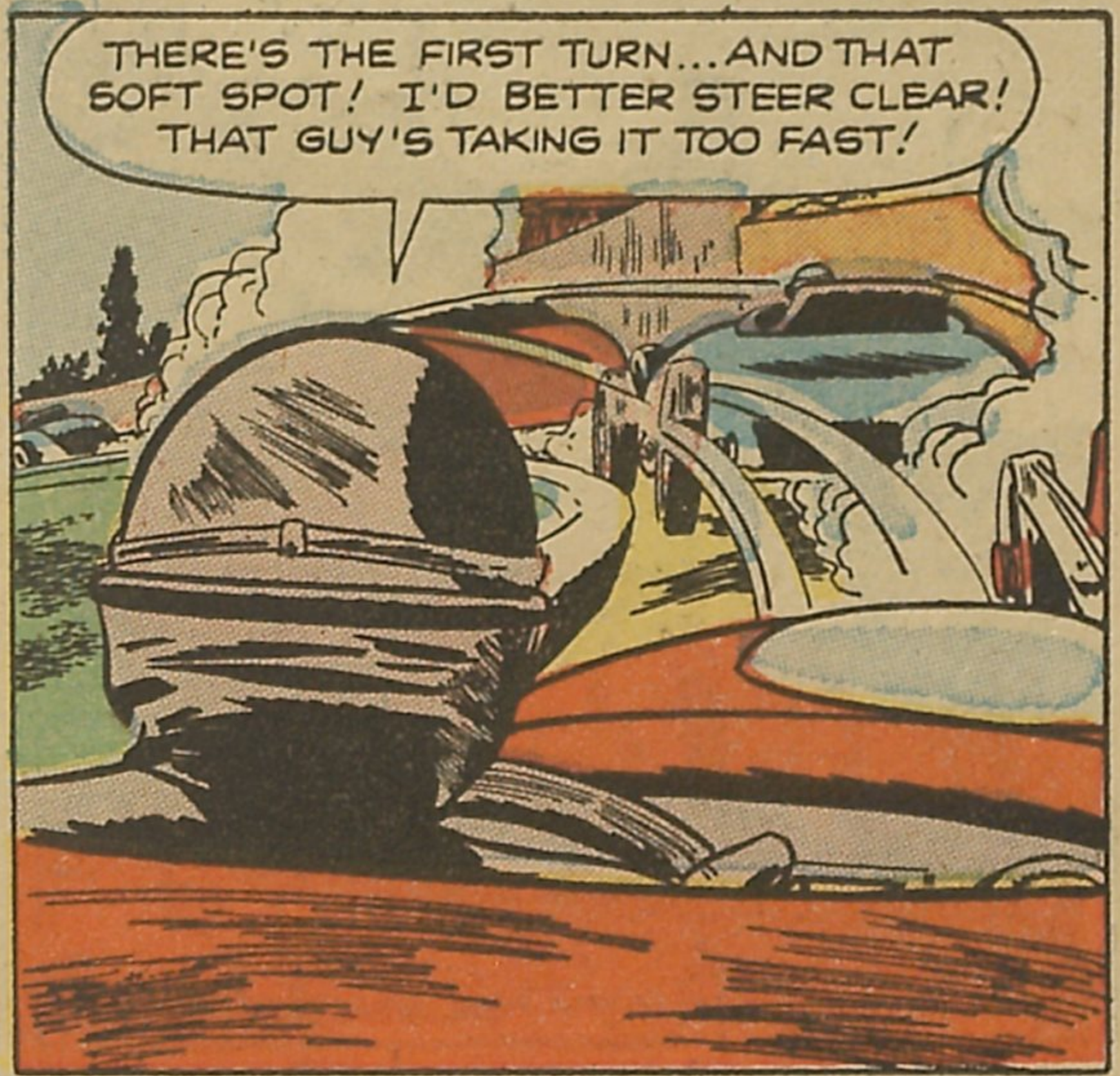
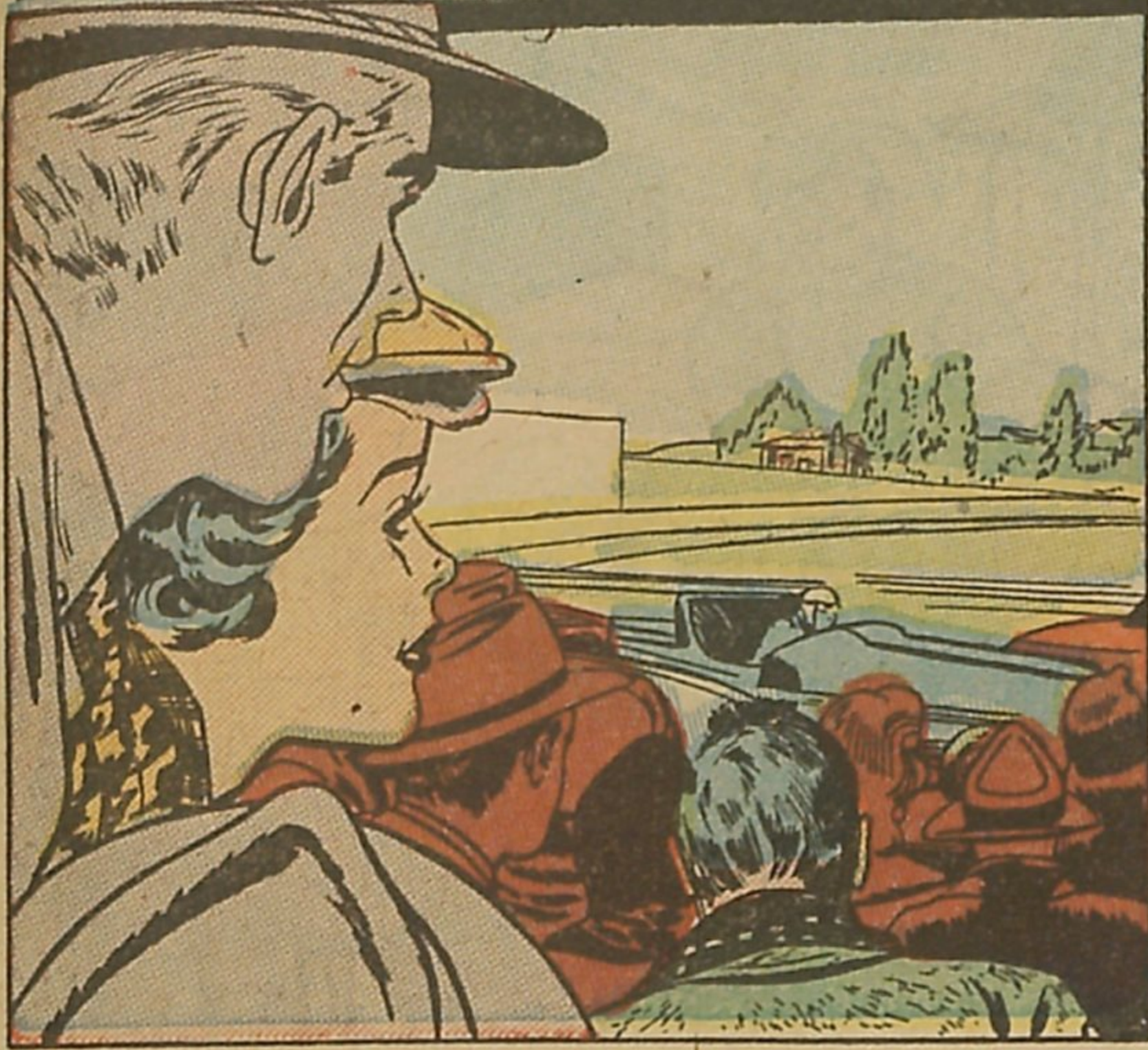
WHAT ARE A FEW CRACK-UPS? THAT'S WHAT THE PUBLIC PAYS TO SEE! WELL, LOTS OF LUCK, GENTS!



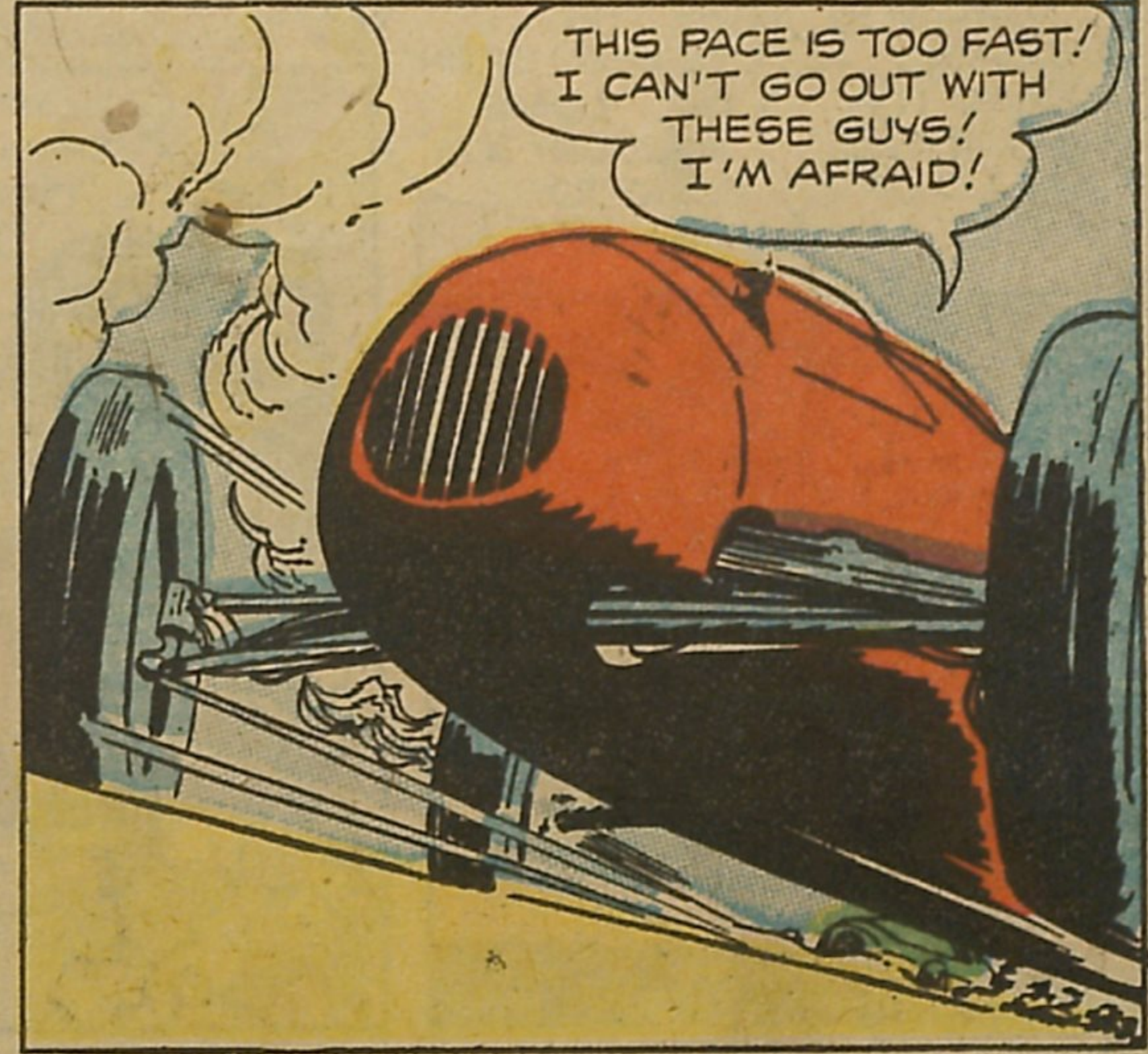
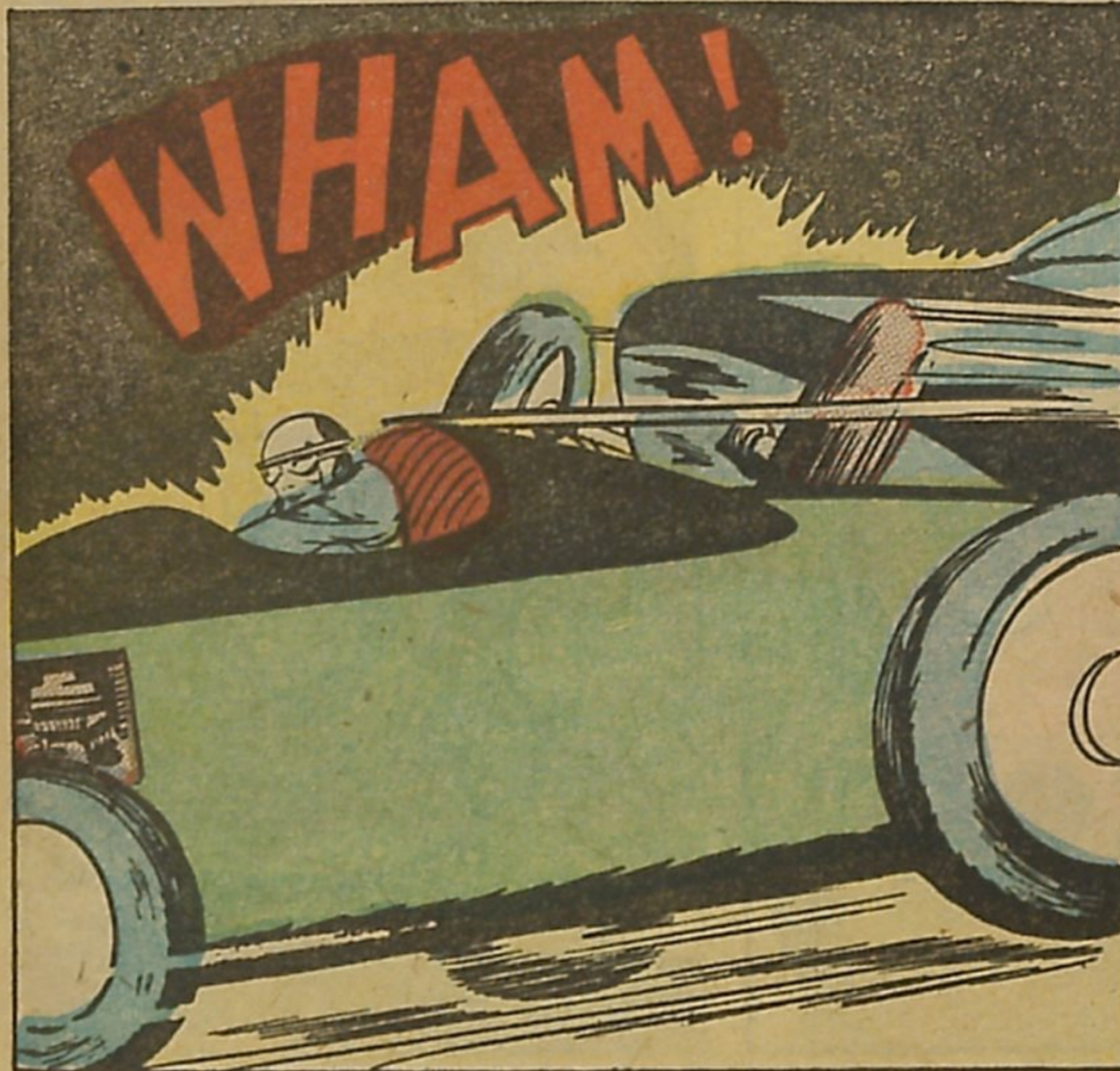
JUST **SEEING** HIM MAKES ME MAD ENOUGH TO TRY TO WIN AGAIN!

THAT'S THE **OLD** CAB! NOW GET SET! THE FLAG GOES DOWN IN A FEW MINUTES! **GOOD LUCK!**

THE GREEN FLAG SHOOTS DOWN AND THE CARS ARE OFF...



THERE'S THE FIRST TURN... AND THAT SOFT SPOT! I'D BETTER STEER CLEAR! THAT GUY'S TAKING IT TOO FAST!

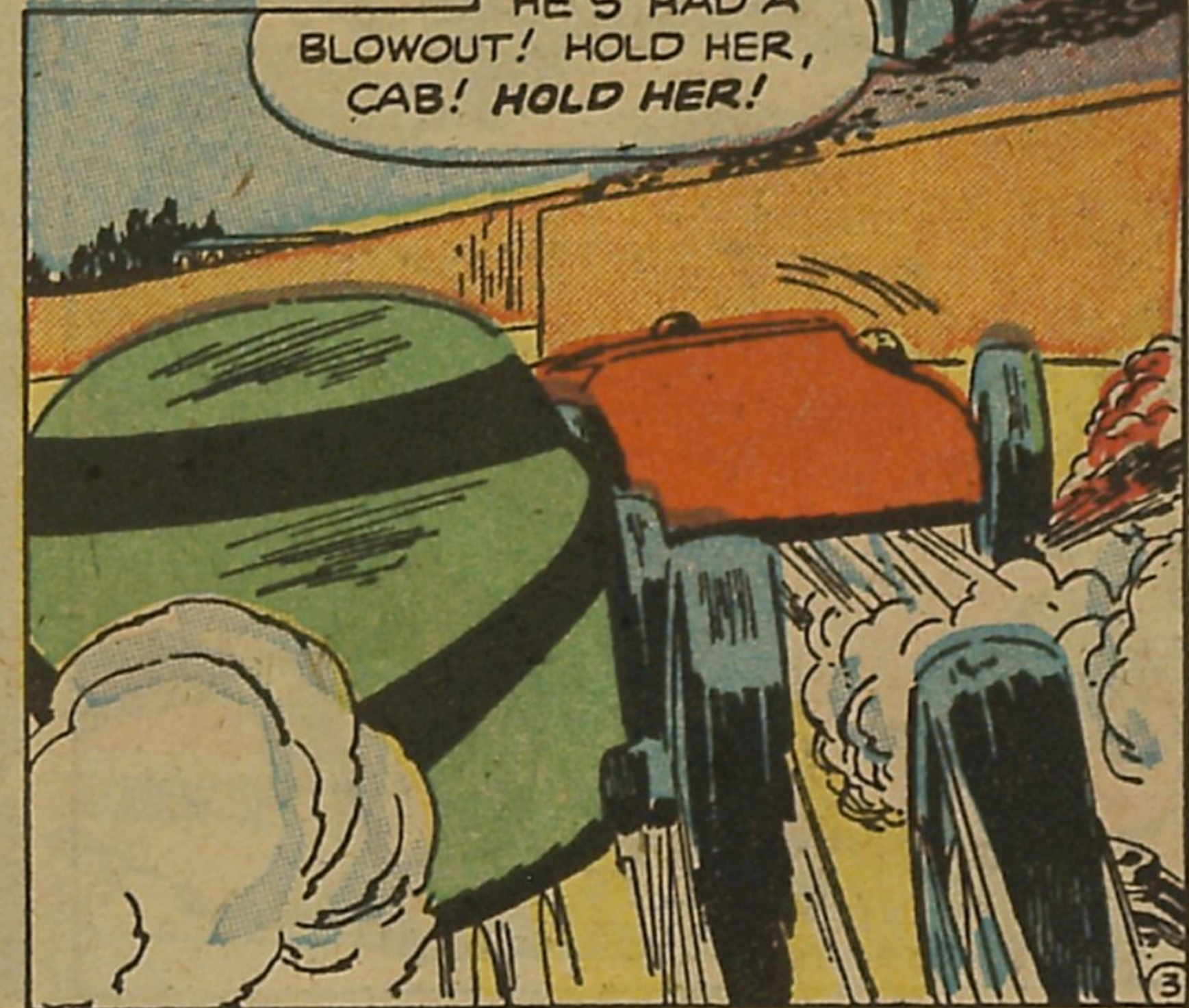


THIS PACE IS TOO FAST! I CAN'T GO OUT WITH THESE GUYS! I'M AFRAID!

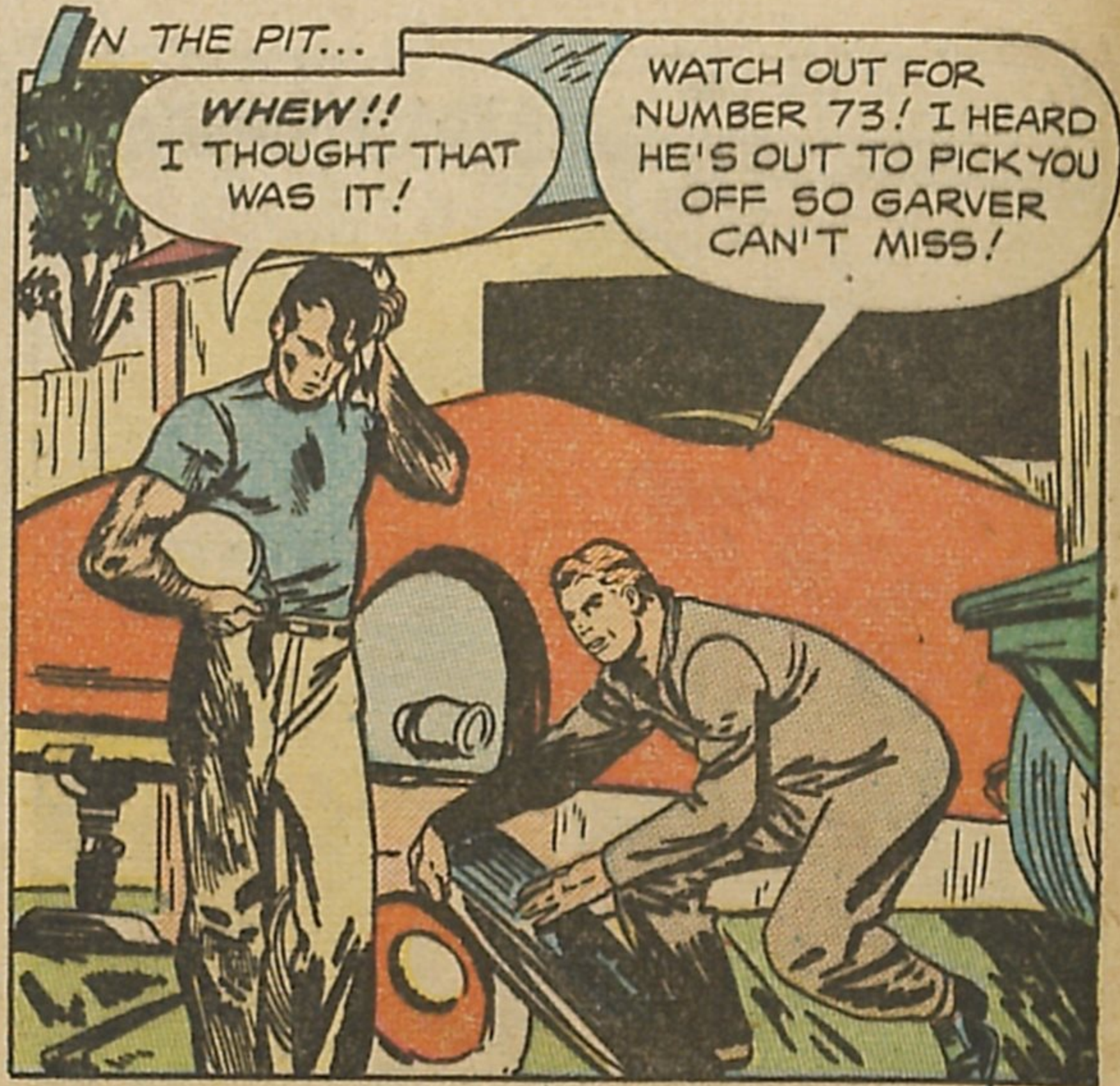
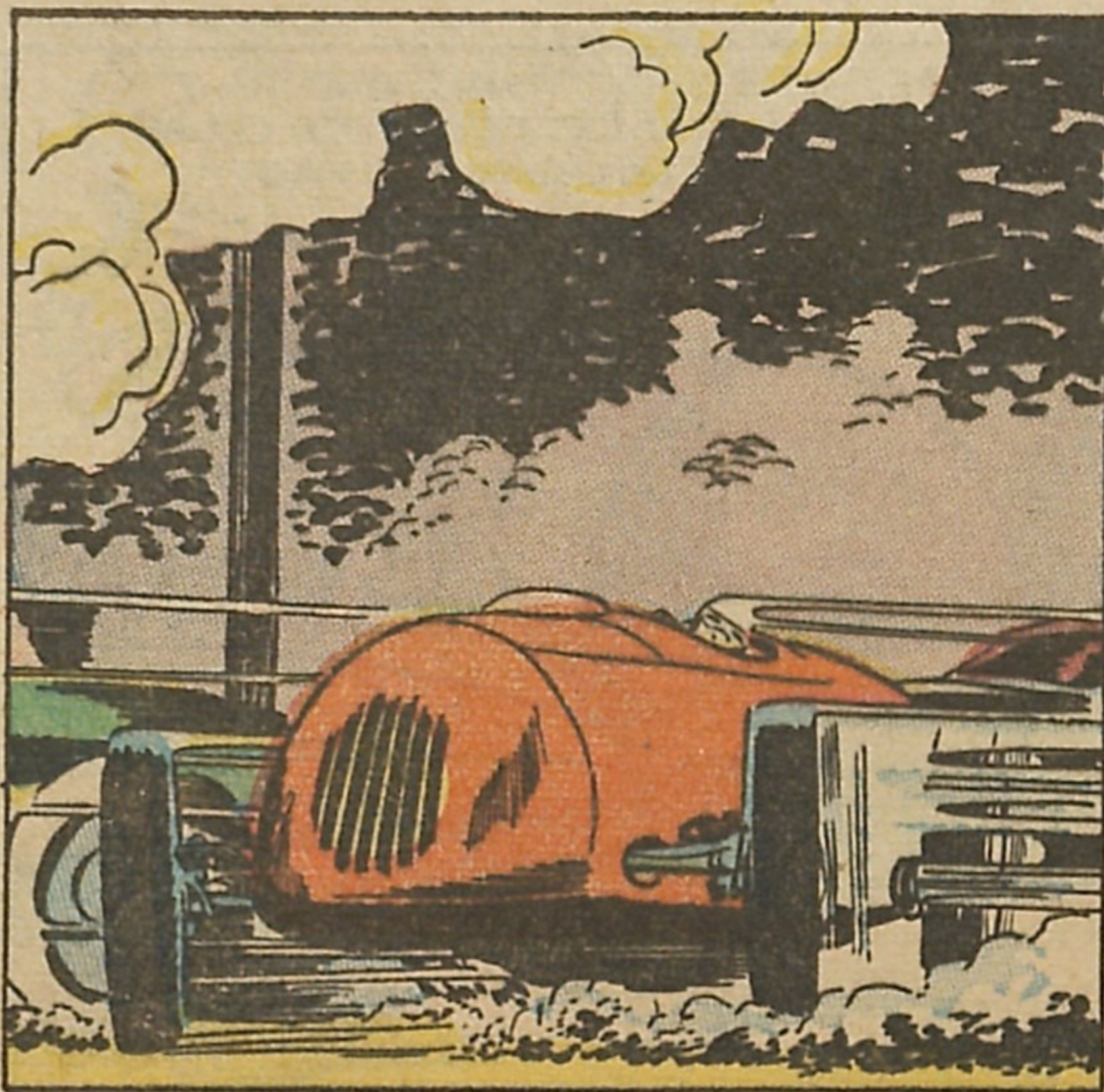


COME ON, CAB! GET HER OUT! DON'T FREEZE... YOU CAN DO IT!

BUT CAB HANGS BACK... AND AT THE THIRTY LAP MARK...



HE'S HAD A BLOWOUT! HOLD HER, CAB! HOLD HER!



IN THE PIT...

WHEW!!
I THOUGHT THAT
WAS IT!

WATCH OUT FOR
NUMBER 73! I HEARD
HE'S OUT TO PICK YOU
OFF SO GARVER
CAN'T MISS!



... BOWLES IS
PROBABLY
BEHIND IT--
HE'S **STILL**
AFRAID OF
YOU!

WHY THAT...
I'VE BEEN EATIN'
DIRT **LONG**
ENOUGH! I'M
GOING TO
OPEN UP!

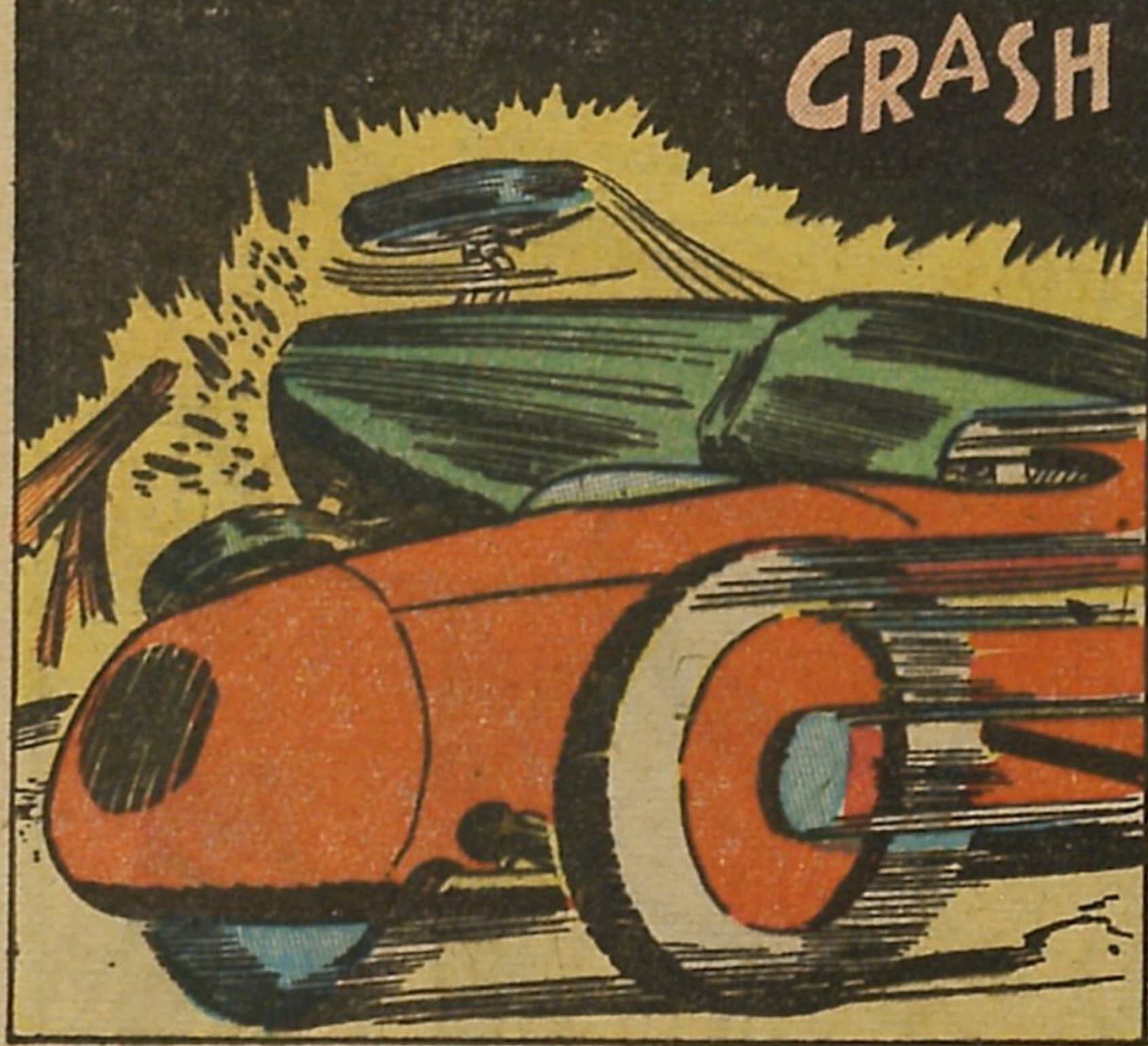
BACK IN THE RACE, CAB POURS ON
TO MOVE UP WITH THE LEADERS...



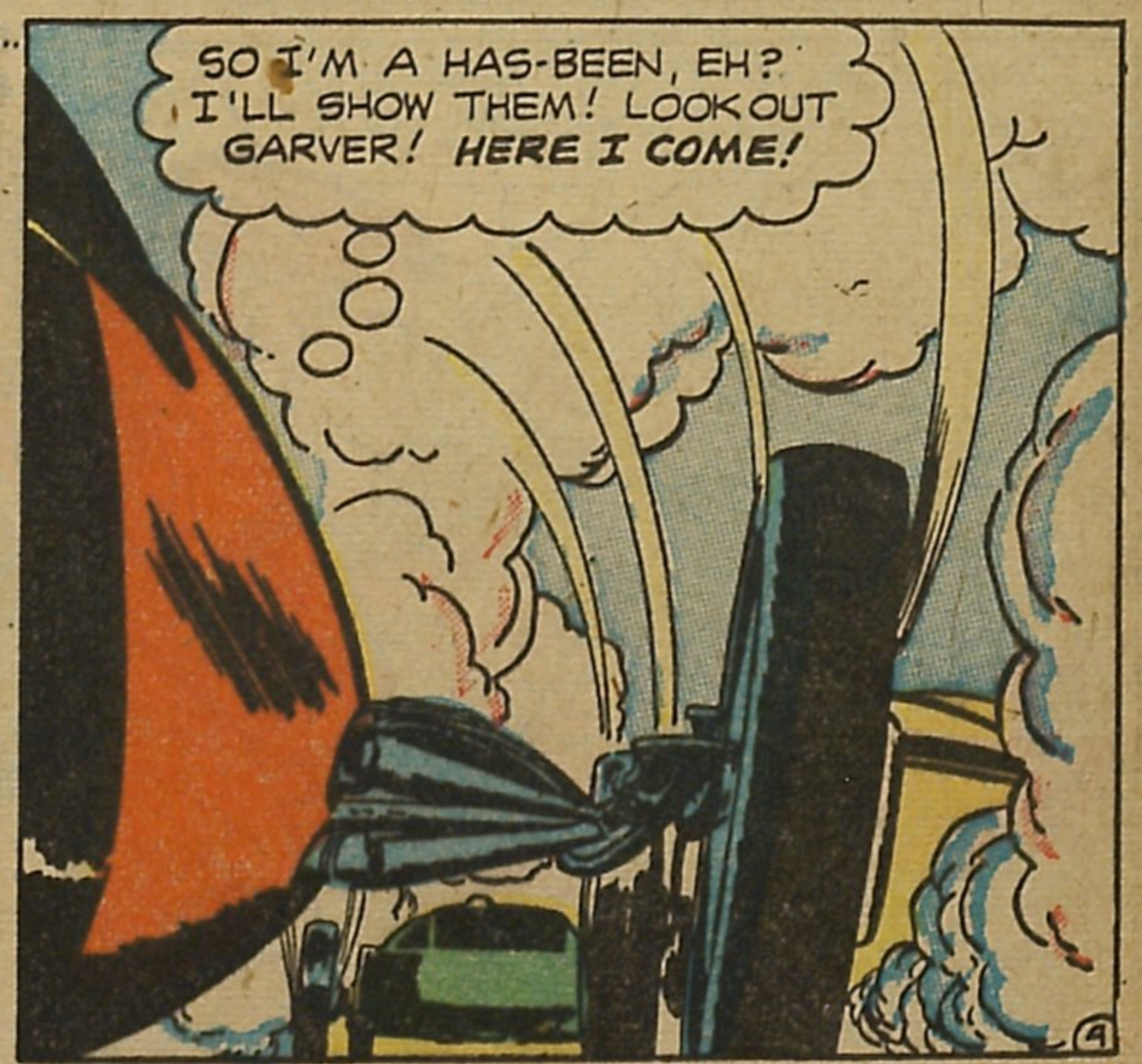
THAT'S BOWLES' BOY...
TRYIN' TO EDGE ME
OFF THE TRACK! BUT
I KNOW A TRICK
OR TWO...



CAB'S TACTICS CAUSE 73 TO BRAKE SUDDENLY AND...



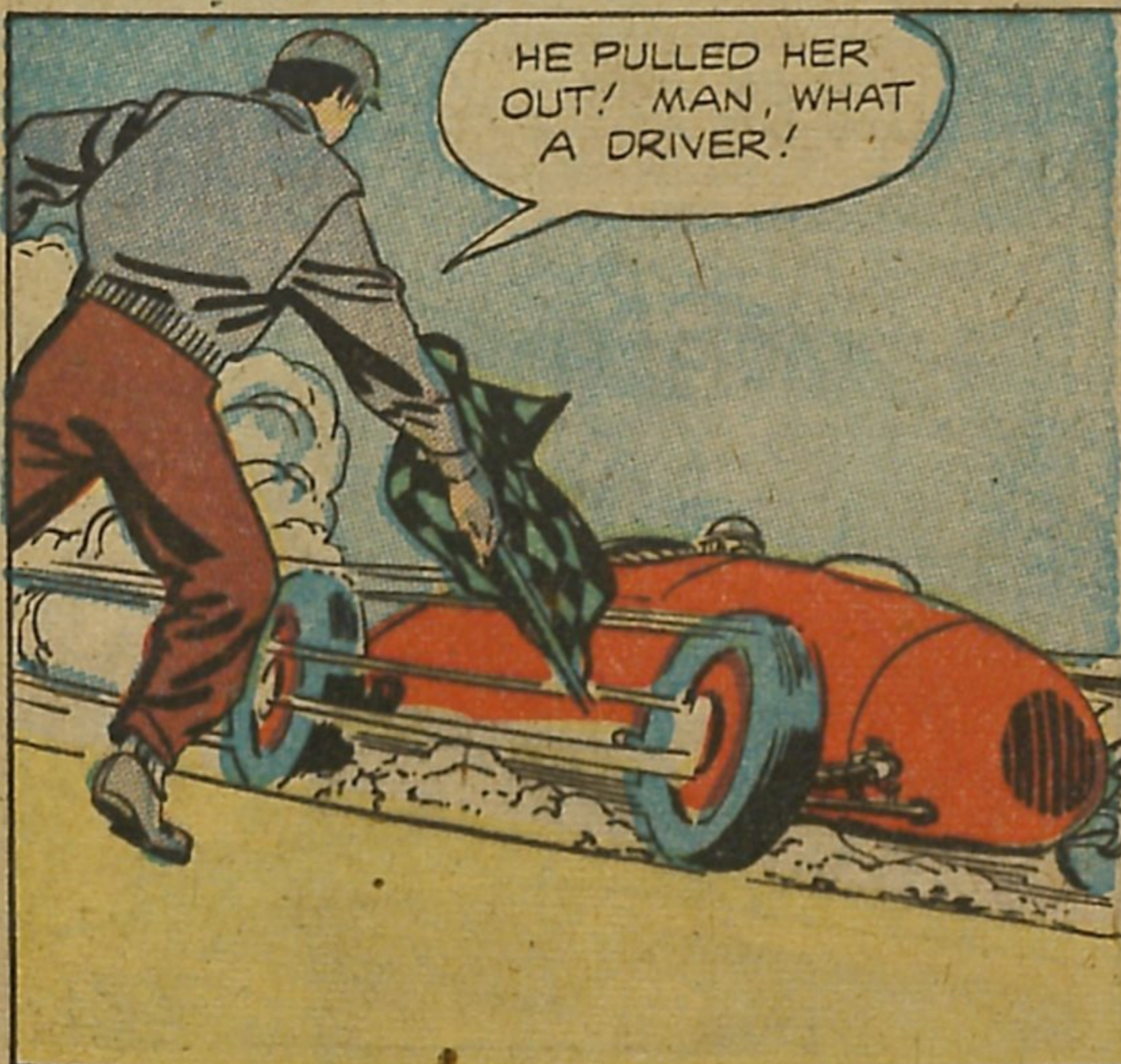
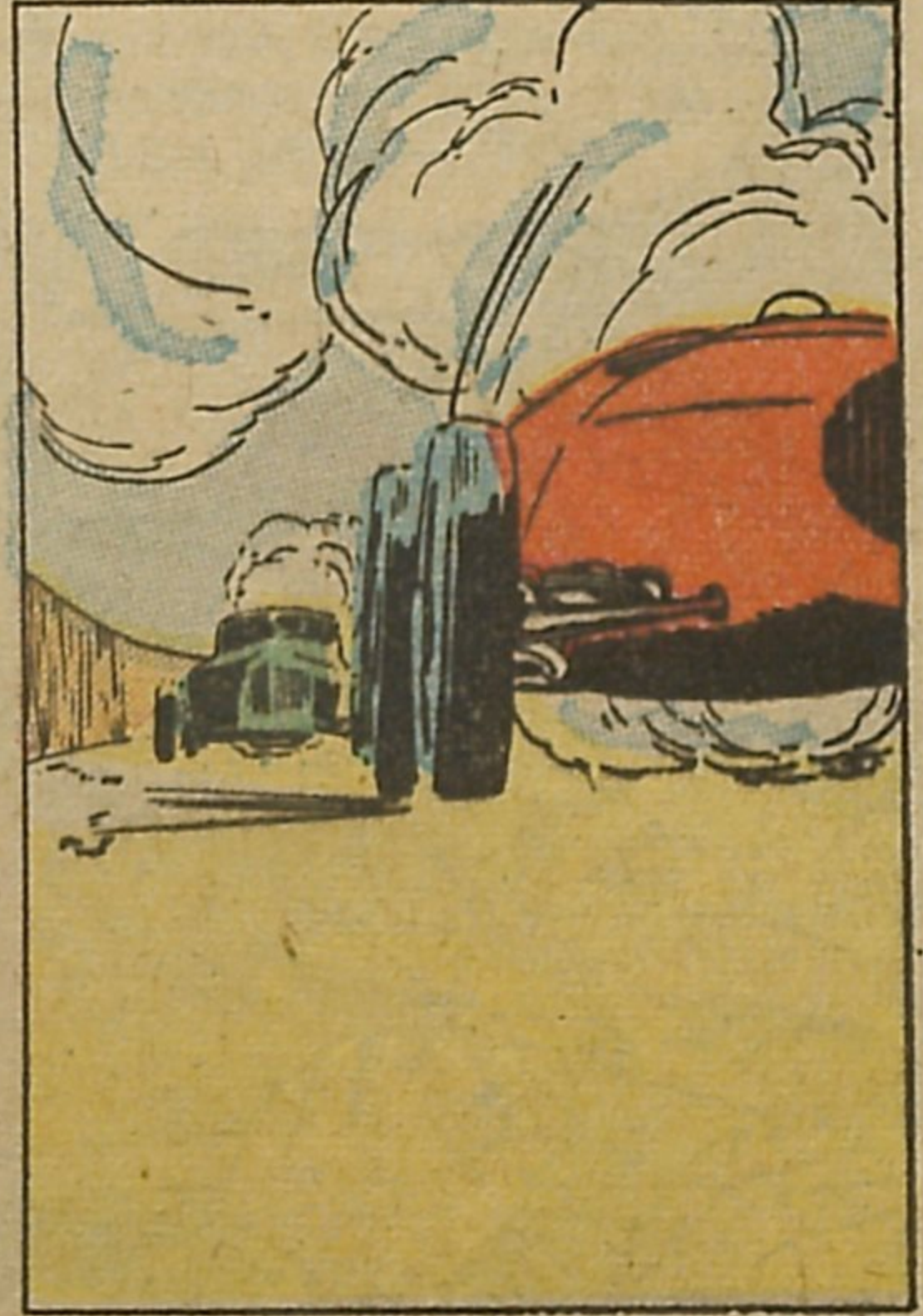
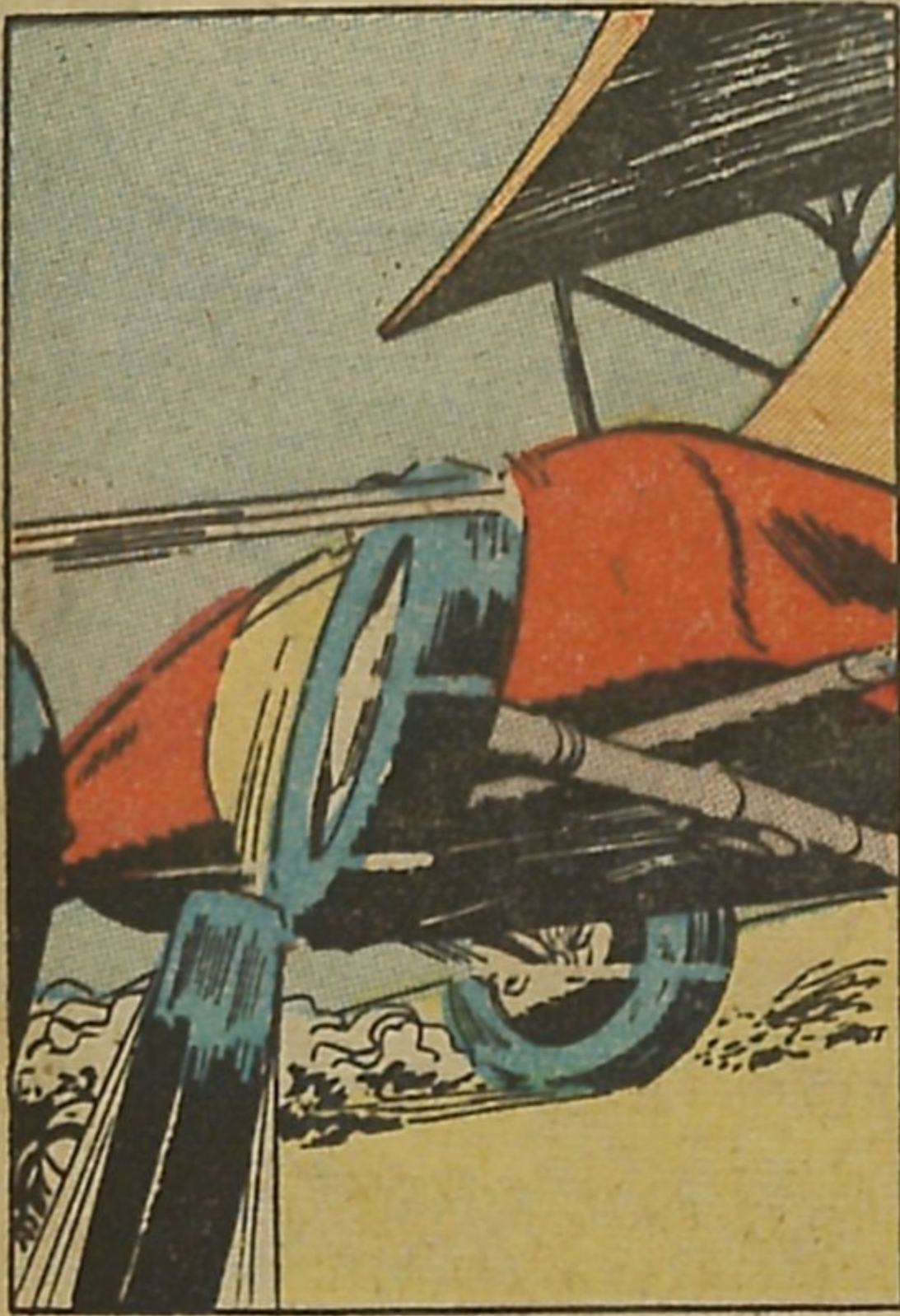
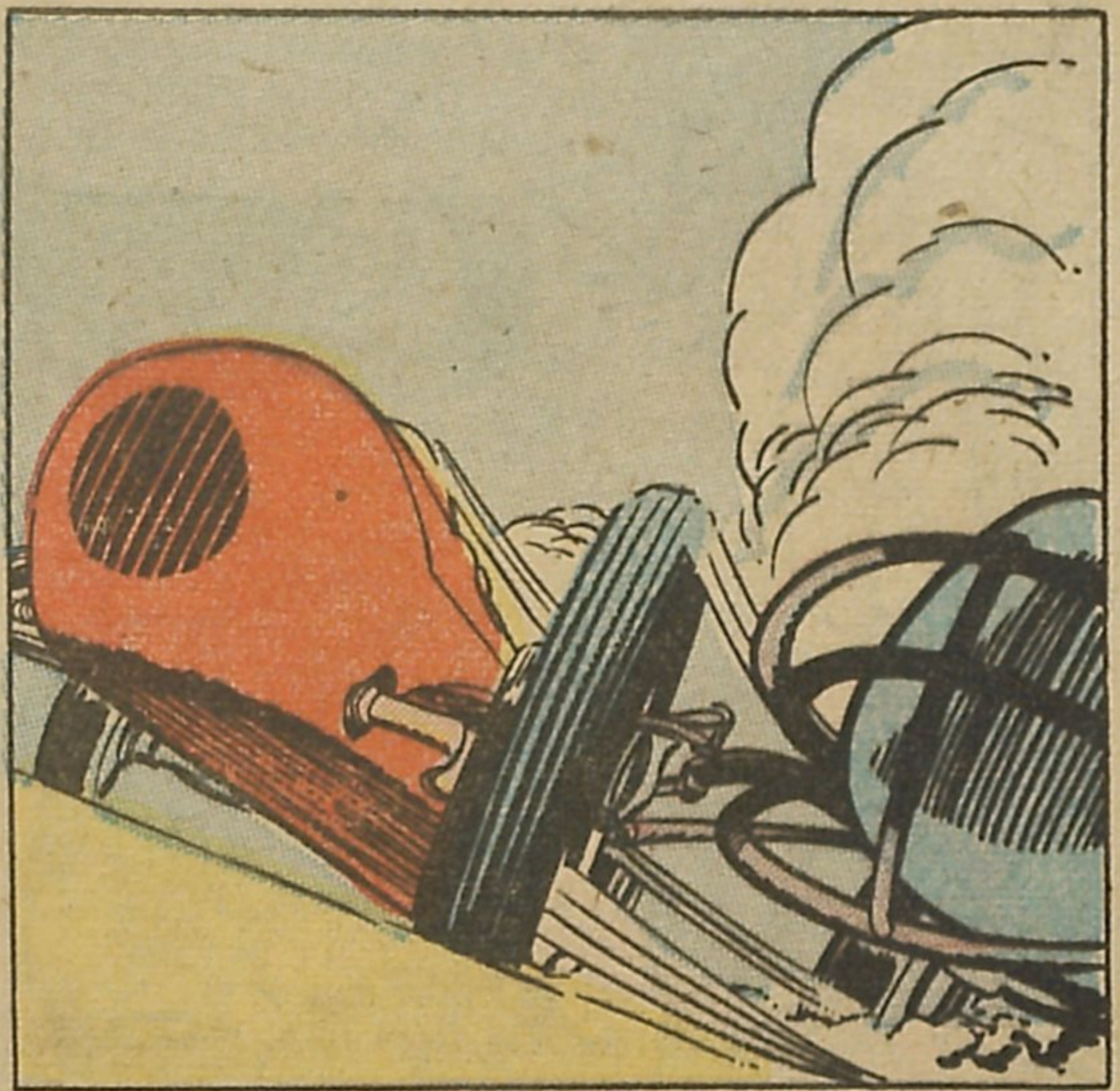
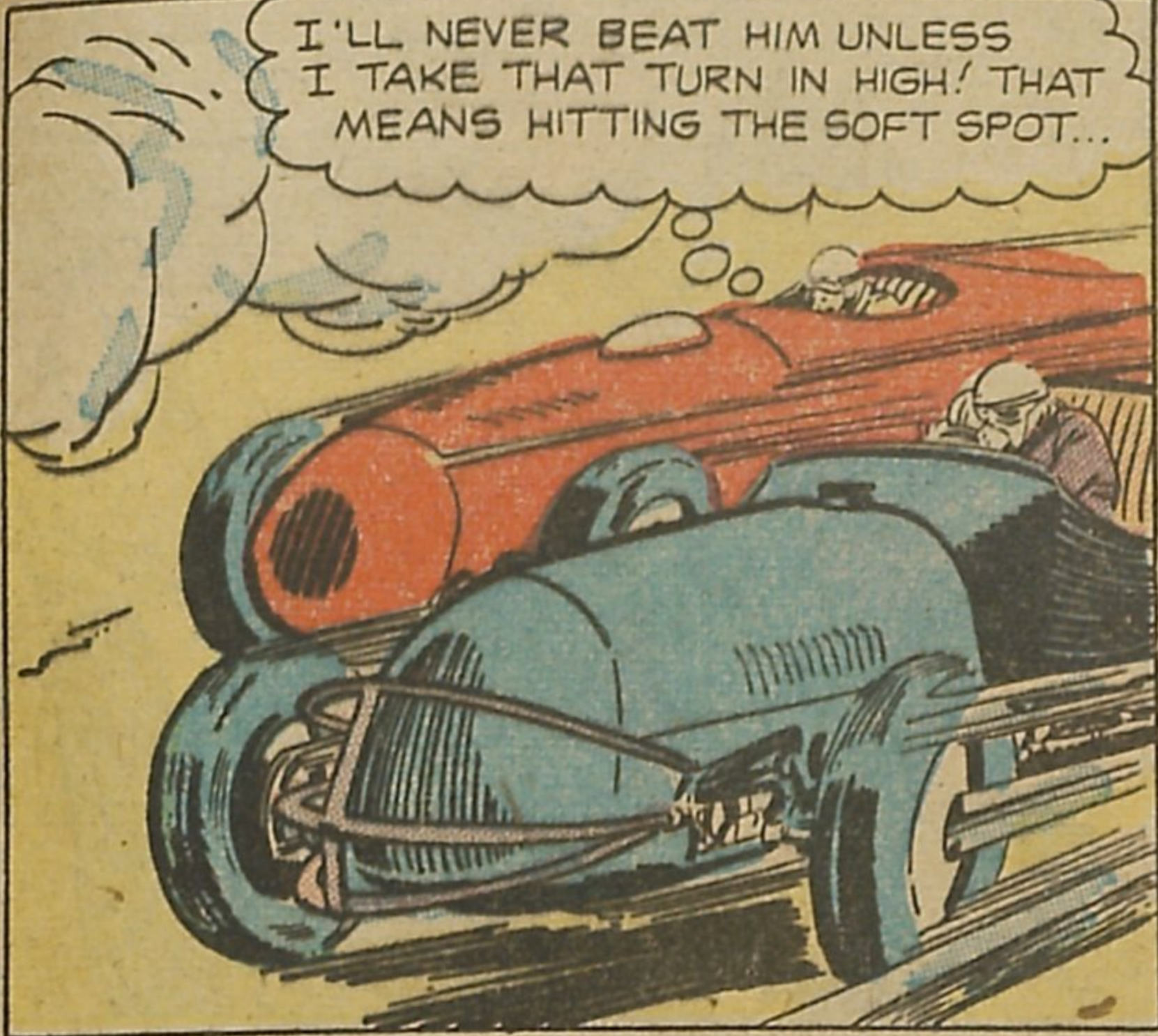
CRASH



SO I'M A HAS-BEEN, EH?
I'LL SHOW THEM! LOOK OUT
GARVER! **HERE I COME!**

HALF A LAP BEHIND WITH TEN TO GO, CAB POURS ON THE PRESSURE. THEN, ON THE LAST LAP...

I'LL NEVER BEAT HIM UNLESS I TAKE THAT TURN IN HIGH! THAT MEANS HITTING THE SOFT SPOT...



HE PULLED HER OUT! MAN, WHAT A DRIVER!



WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S GARVER?

YOU WON, CAB! GARVER TRIED TO STAY WITH YOU AND PILED UP!
YOU WON!
YIPPEE!



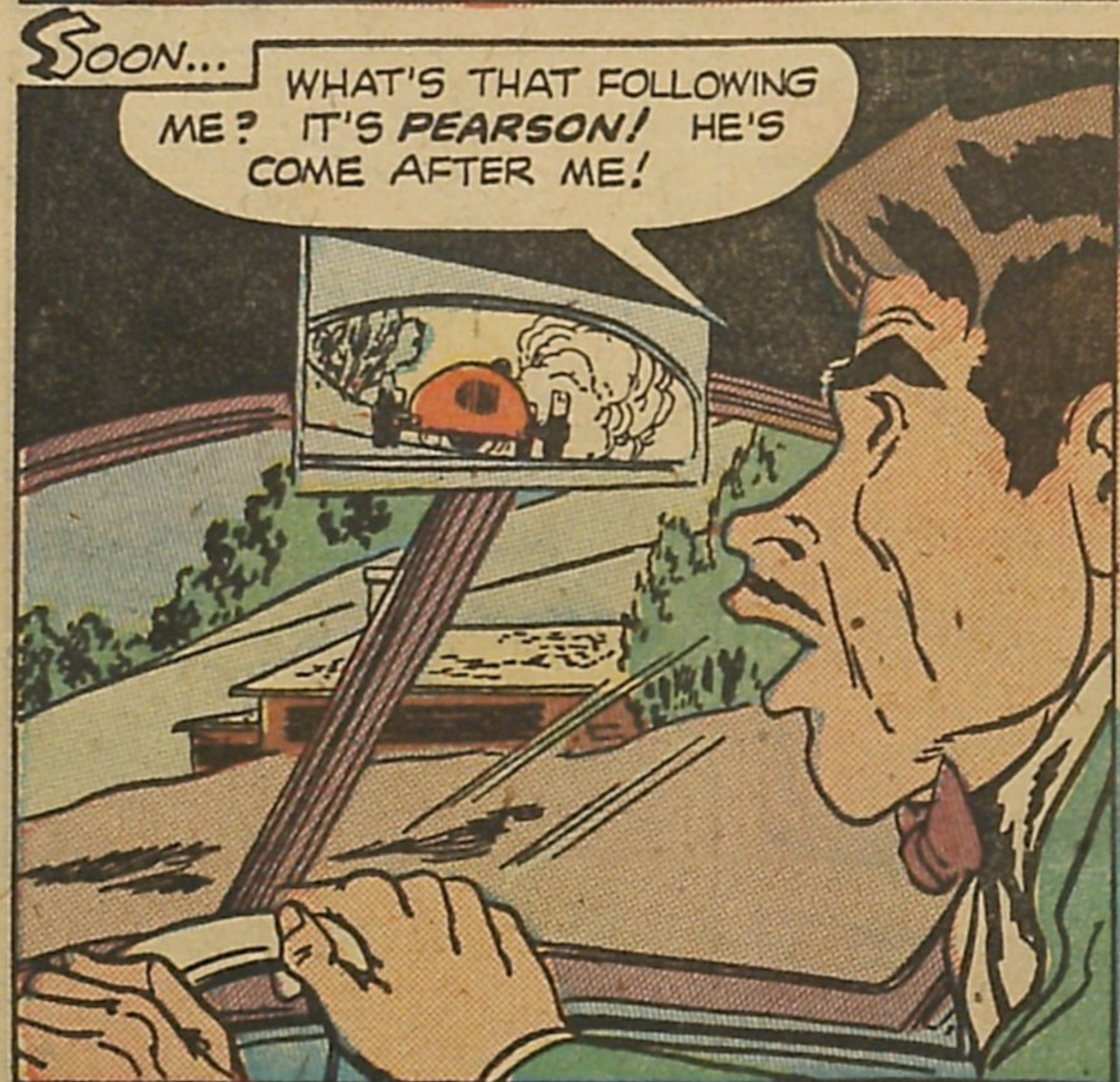
LATER...

CAB! BOWLES VAMOOSSED WITH THE GATE RECEIPTS AND YOUR PRIZE MONEY!



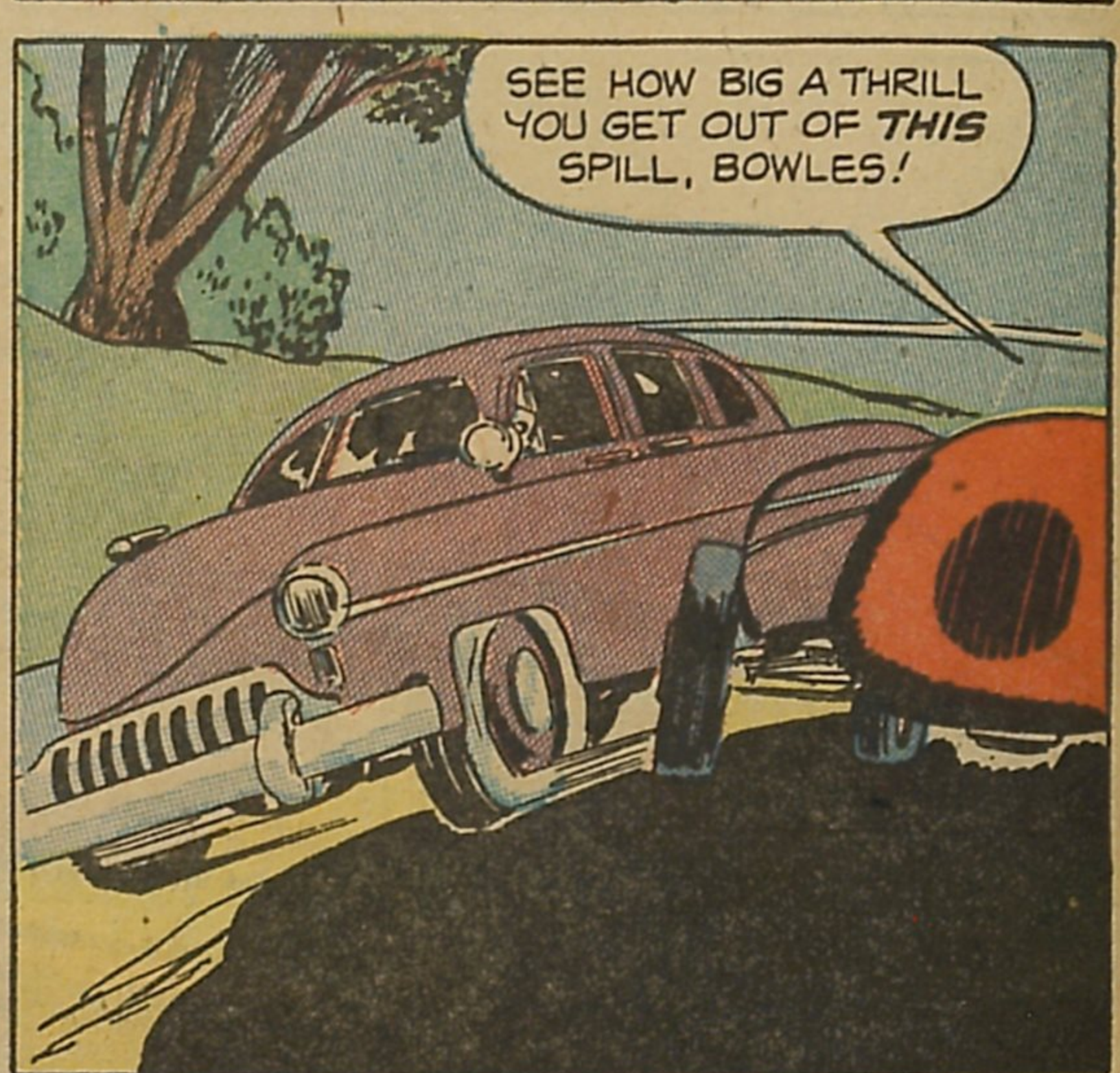
WHAT? I'M GOING AFTER HIM! WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

HE'S PROBABLY HEADING FOR THE COUNTY AIRPORT! HE'S GOT A PLANE THERE!



SOON...

WHAT'S THAT FOLLOWING ME? IT'S PEARSON! HE'S COME AFTER ME!



SEE HOW BIG A THRILL YOU GET OUT OF THIS SPILL, BOWLES!



NO! DON'T HIT ME! THE MONEY'S IN THE CAR! YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL!

THE MONEY'S NOT ALL I WANT FROM YOU, BOWLES!



LATER...

SO BOWLES ADMITTED HE FIXED HOLDEN'S CAR AT THE STATE FINALS! THAT MEANS YOU'RE CLEARED, CAB! YOU HAVE A CLEAN SLAT!

YEAH, BUT YOU'D BETTER NOT CLEAN OFF THAT GREASE! WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE BIG TIME!

"Scram! You SKINNY Scarecrow!"

the boys shouted at me
ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO!

"I was a SKINNY, scared, girl-shy skeleton. Now I feel and look great. Pal, do as I did, right NOW! Mail the Coupon below.

I gained 53 lbs. of MIGHTY MUSCLE
6½ inches on my CHEST; 3 inches on each ARM. You can do it in 10 minutes a day!"

Roger D. Hirsch —New York

YOU CAN WIN
THIS 15" TALL
SILVER TROPHY
AS THEY DID!
10 MINUTES
OF FUN A
DAY IS ALL
YOU NEED!



ROGER
HIRSCH
was an
112 lb. 6 ft.
weakling
LOOK AT HIM NOW!

"They used to call me,
'SKINNY, SKINNY'"

But look
at me now
—an All-
American
Jowett Cham-
pion"—says
John Sill, Utah, who
like millions, mailed
me 10c and a coupon
like the one below
YOU MAIL NOW!



"This is The GREAT CHANGE You
made in me in 90 DAYS!"

From a SKINNY WEAKLING to a MIGHTY
MAN. With ONE hand I can now lift
overhead a boy weighing 145 pounds.

I can bend a 1½
inch IRON BAR
around my neck.
Jowett gives you
muscle quality as
well as quantity."

Yours,

Jobie Jackson Jr.

ARKANSAS



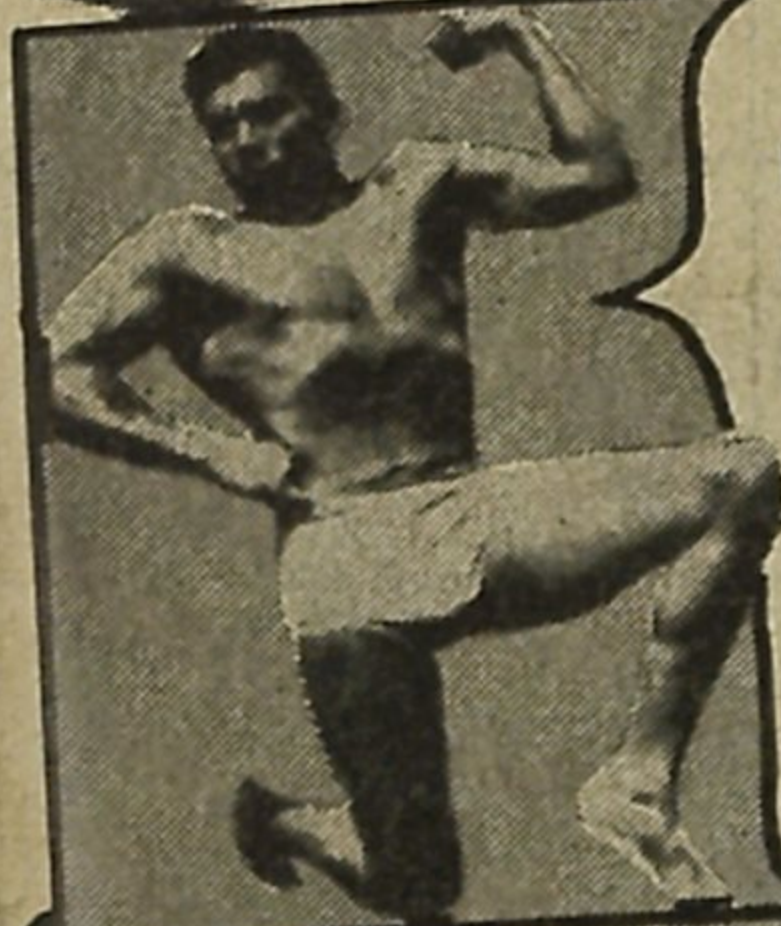
Jobie Jackson
NOW!!!

Jobie Jackson
Only 90 DAYS ago!

"NOW, I am a NEW STRONG MAN.
It's wonderful! I never dreamed I
could live to have a big 49 inch
CHEST!! powerful 17 inch ARMS!! a
small 32 inch WAIST the big 17
inch difference between my chest
and waist attracts everybody's
admiration at the beach."

Felipe Mendoza

—CALIFORNIA



MAN! aren't YOU as SICK and
TIRED as I and thousands of
MIGHTY JOWETT HE-MEN
WERE
OF
BEING
SKINNY?

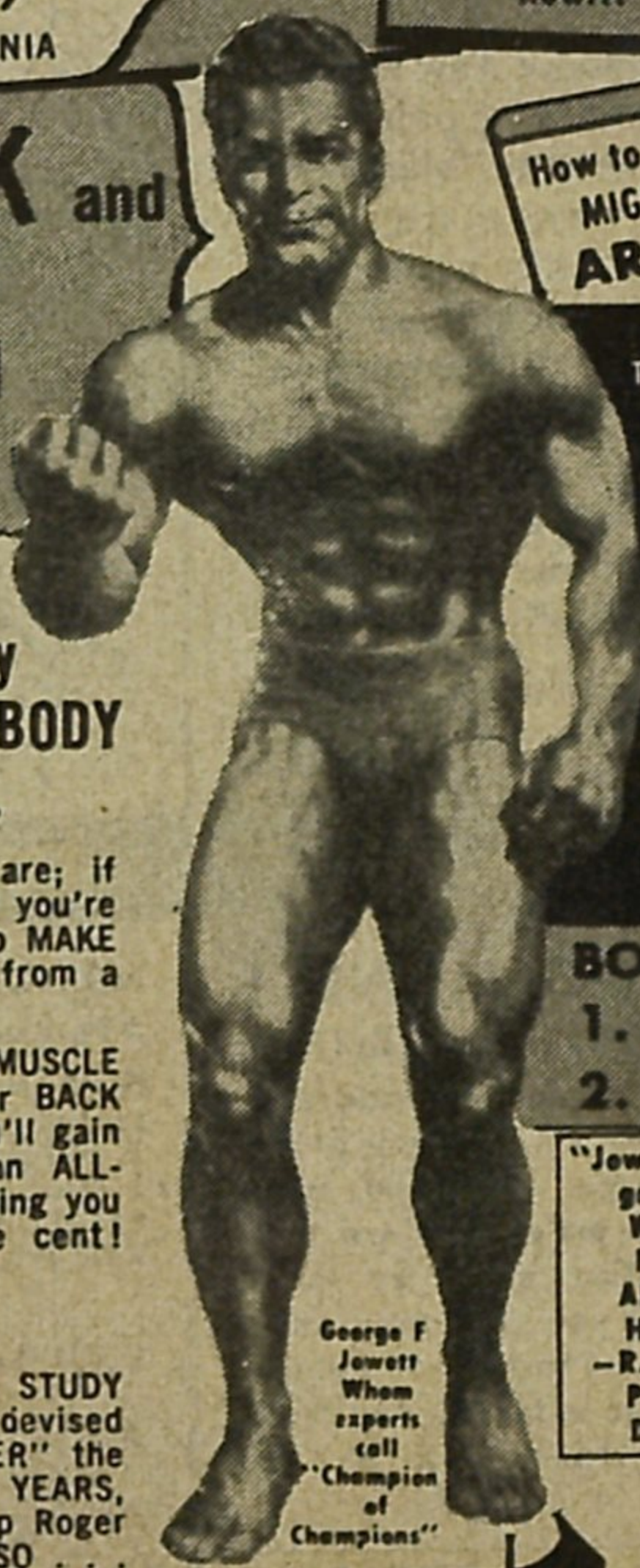
Then, Come on, Pal, do as they did!
Give me 10 Pleasant Minutes a Day
and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if
you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is to MAKE
YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a
wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE
added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK
AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain
SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-
Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you
tackle—or my Training won't cost you one single cent!

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY
of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised
the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the
only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS,
DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger
Hirsch . . . Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO . . .



George F
Jowett
Whom
experts
call
"Champion
of
Champions"

How to Build
MIGHTY
ARMS

How to Build
A MIGHTY
CHEST

How to Build
A MIGHTY
BACK

FREE
Photo Book How
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—R.F. Kelley
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