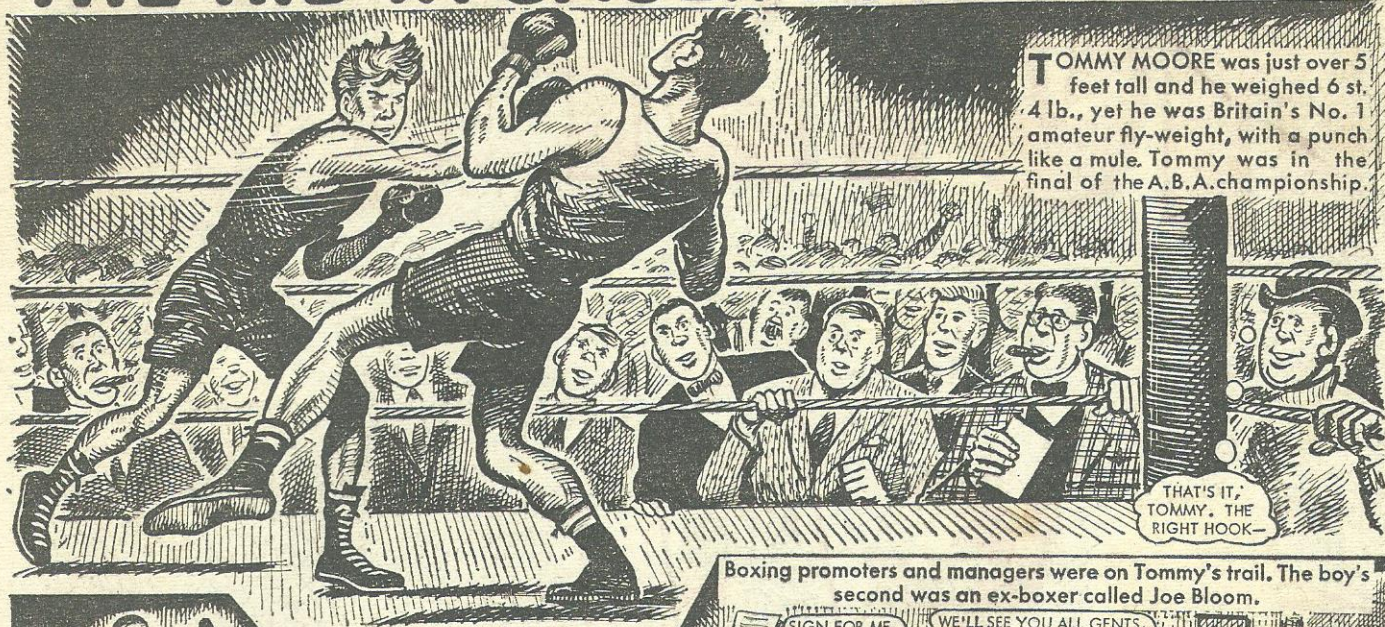


Starts Today—The story of the fly-weight with dynamite in his fists!

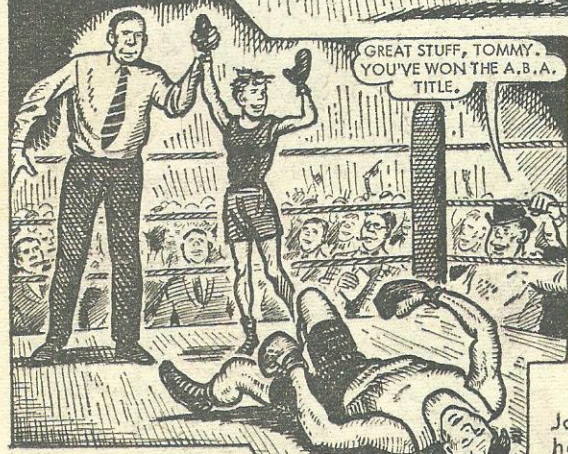
THE KID IN CAULIFLOWER ALLEY



TOMMY MOORE was just over 5 feet tall and he weighed 6 st. 4 lb., yet he was Britain's No. 1 amateur fly-weight, with a punch like a mule. Tommy was in the final of the A.B.A. championship.

THAT'S IT, TOMMY. THE RIGHT HOOK—

Boxing promoters and managers were on Tommy's trail. The boy's second was an ex-boxer called Joe Bloom.



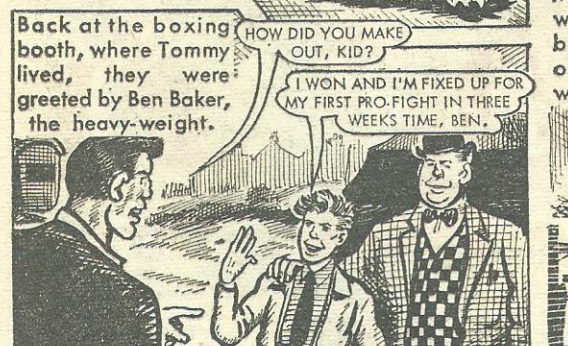
GREAT STUFF, TOMMY. YOU'VE WON THE A.B.A. TITLE.



SIGN FOR ME, TOMMY.

WE'LL SEE YOU ALL GENTS, BUT LET ME GET MY BOY INTO THE DRESSING ROOM.

NO, NO! I'LL GIVE YOU BETTER TERMS—

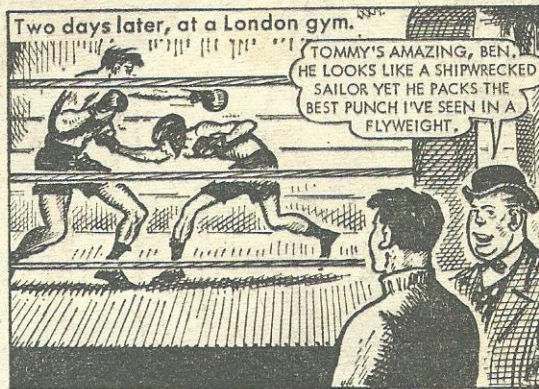


Back at the boxing booth, where Tommy lived, they were greeted by Ben Baker, the heavy-weight.

HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT, KID?

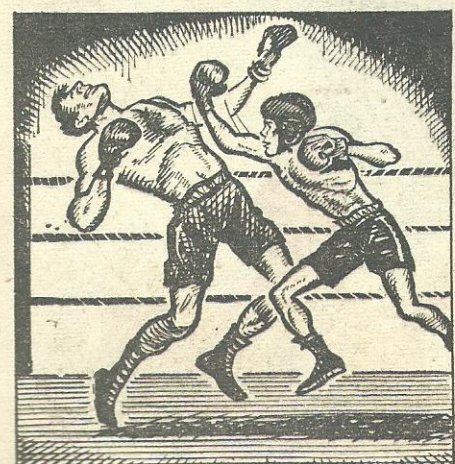
I WON AND I'M FIXED UP FOR MY FIRST PRO-FIGHT IN THREE WEEKS TIME, BEN.

Joe was the booth boss and he decided that as Tommy was to be a professional boxer, he would be better off in London. Ben Baker went with Joe and Tommy.

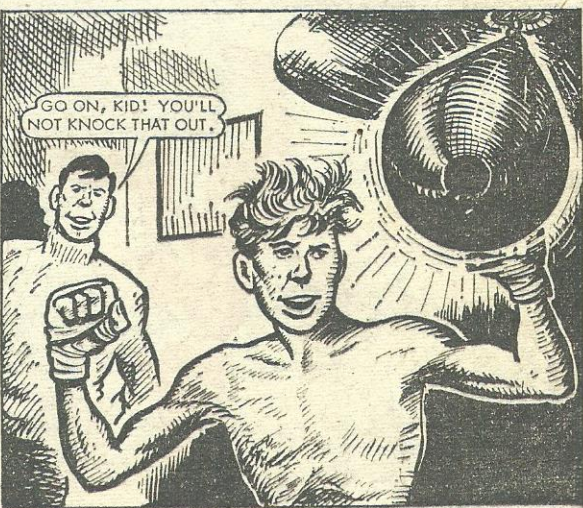
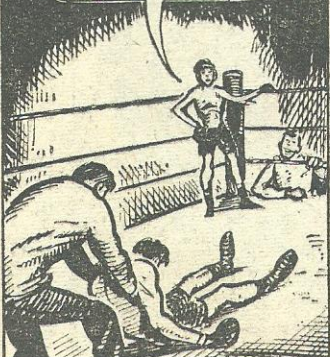


Two days later, at a London gym.

TOMMY'S AMAZING, BEN. HE LOOKS LIKE A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR YET HE PACKS THE BEST PUNCH I'VE SEEN IN A FLYWEIGHT.



YOU'LL NOT GET MUCH EXPERIENCE IF YOU GO ON KNOCKING OUT YOUR SPARRING PARTNERS.



GO ON, KID! YOU'LL NOT KNOCK THAT OUT.