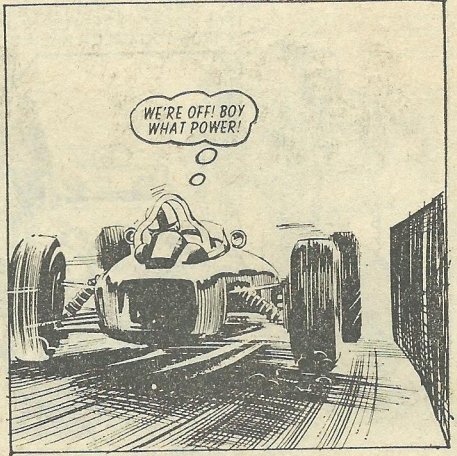


IT'S RUNNING LIKE A TOP, MICK! BEAUTIFUL! TAKE IT OUT!



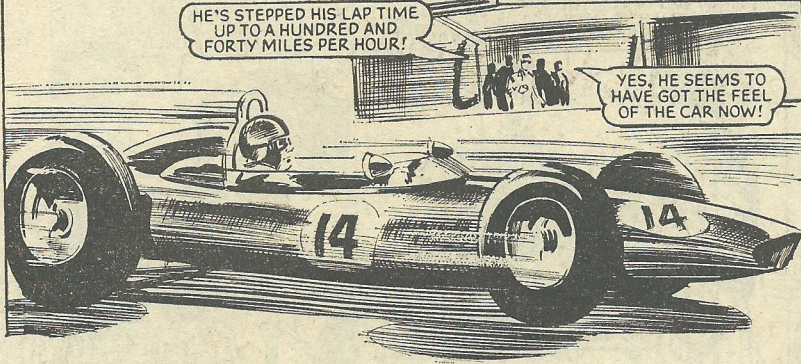
THE NORMAL REVS ARE THIRTY THOUSAND! KEEP THE POWER UP TO THAT, MICK! I'M RELYING ON YOU!



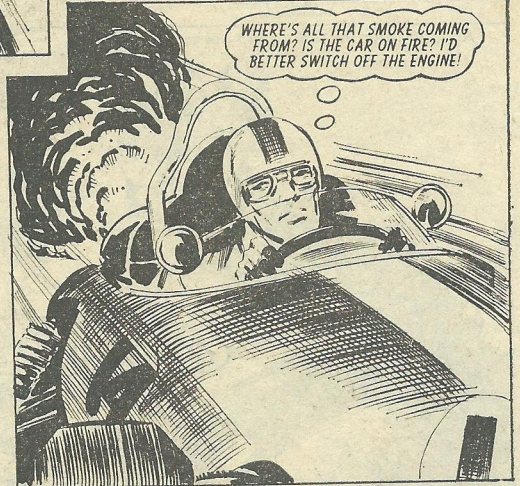
WE'RE OFF! BOY WHAT POWER!

After a few cautious laps, Mick began to pile up the speed!

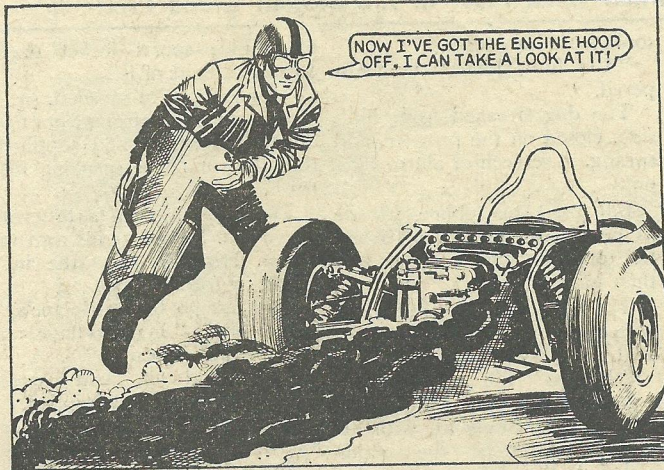
HE'S STEPPED HIS LAP TIME UP TO A HUNDRED AND FORTY MILES PER HOUR!



YES, HE SEEMS TO HAVE GOT THE FEEL OF THE CAR NOW!



WHERE'S ALL THAT SMOKE COMING FROM? IS THE CAR ON FIRE? I'D BETTER SWITCH OFF THE ENGINE!



NOW I'VE GOT THE ENGINE HOOD OFF, I CAN TAKE A LOOK AT IT!



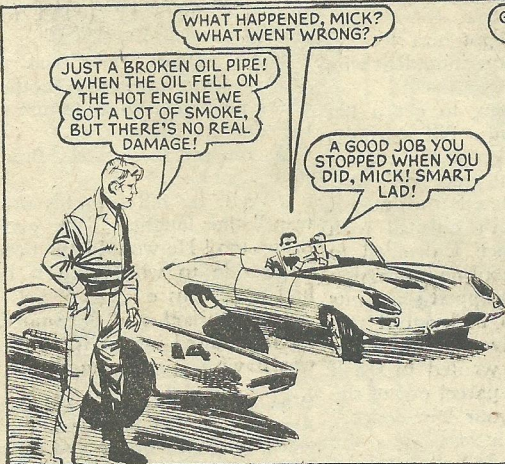
SO THAT'S ALL THAT'S WRONG—A BROKEN OIL PIPE! THANK GOODNESS IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS!

That evening.

LOOK, LADS—LOOK AT THIS!

Next day, all the main newspaper motoring correspondents arrived at Hallerton Park.

THERE'S RAKER'S PAL, MARTY DOVEEN! CLEM RICHARDSON CAN'T STAND HIM.



WHAT HAPPENED, MICK? WHAT WENT WRONG?

JUST A BROKEN OIL PIPE! WHEN THE OIL FELL ON THE HOT ENGINE WE GOT A LOT OF SMOKE, BUT THERE'S NO REAL DAMAGE!

A GOOD JOB YOU STOPPED WHEN YOU DID, MICK! SMART LAD!

GOSH, HOW DID THE PAPERS GET A HOLD OF IT? HOW DID IT LEAK OUT?



THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A SPY AT OUR TRACK.

FIRST TEST OF NEW BOMBARD ENDS IN FIRE—GET BACK IN TRAIL RUN.

