

THE GOAL ON OUR COVER

Famous Goals No. 3 this week turns the spotlight on Mike Trebilcock, Everton's 1966 Cup Final hero, jumping with joy! With Sheffield Wednesday going into a 2-0 lead, the Cup seemed to be slipping away from The Toffees, but Trebilcock pulled one back. Could Everton get the equaliser? Trebilcock got the ball 18 yards out and he hit it hard-right past a despairing Ron Springett for the equaliser. As just about everyone knows, Temple got the winner to give Everton the F.A. Cup, but it was definitely Mike Trebilcock's Final.

Famous Goals No. 4 features the winning goal in the 1965 Scottish Cup Final. See this great goal in fortnight's time. The scorer was a Celtic hero!

NEXT WEEK'S STAR-PHOTO cover features another eleven top-notch players.

The clubs represented are Chelsea, Dundee United, Rotherham, Manchester City, Partick Thistle, West Bromwich, Norwich, Coventry, Airdrie, Bolton and Dundee.

Your favourite player may be among these eleven photos to add to your collection.

bleated the professor. "Himmel—I am the only man with a lighter-than-air balloon in Hamburg!"

"You were," corrected Lord Harry.

The sunlight filtering through the clouds gleamed on his monocle.

"I'd wager that the men in that balloon are agents of the Shadow's organisation. A balloon would be nothing for them to acquire. They could probably get hold of a battleship if they needed one!" he commented.

The distance between the two balloons was closing rapidly. The professor was taking evasive action like mad as the Shadow agents aimed their rifles and poured a fusillade of lead in the direction of their enemies.

"Watch what you're doing, Professor," Lord Harry warned. "We still haven't warned that fourth collier of the terrible danger of the infernal machine in her machinery. We must get directly over her. Ignore those fiends in the other balloon!"

"Ignore 'em!" shouted Parsons.

He was on his feet now, anger written all over his beefy face, his great fists flailing in the air.

"If I could get me ruddy 'ooks on 'em I'd soon show 'em what—"

"I say, steady on, Parsons," admonished Lord Harry mildly.

Parsons looked abashed.

"So sorry, me lord," he replied.

The professor's balloon was dropping towards the fourth collier. A little above, the balloon carrying the Shadow men was coming down after it. Shots were still being fired.

Lord Harry was relieved to know that the agents were shooting at himself, Parsons, and the professor. As long as they didn't start shooting at the gas-filled envelope above the basket he was not greatly worried.

The professor's balloon was almost over the smoky collier. That of the Shadow men was coming in fast for the kill. The professor panicked.

He jerked the ropes violently, allowed more gas to escape from the envelope, and his balloon shot away across the sea so violently that Lord Harry and Parsons were almost thrown out of the basket.

Now it was the Shadow's balloon immediately over the little collier. And then the infernal machine on her screw shaft exploded!

Lord Harry saw the collier seem to open up in the middle. A great red glow boiled deep down in her engine-room for a fraction of a second, and then a mighty gout of flame erupted into the sky, to be followed by a shattering explosion which sent blast waves across the frothing sea.

The balloon carrying the Shadow agents stood no chance of survival. It was wholly engulfed by the mass of swirling fire from the bowels of the collier, and simply disappeared in a holocaust of flame. Lord

Harry pursed his lips. Here was poetic justice with a vengeance.

They were very likely the men who had planted the infernal machines on the colliers in the first place. It was fitting that they should die with the men whose deaths they had planned.

Where the collier had been there was now nothing but a blazing mass with smoke and steam swirling and hissing about its outer edges.

"Look, look!"

The professor was screaming and pointing upwards. Now Lord Harry became aware of the ominous hissing sound which came from the balloon overhead. He was also aware that the balloon was descending rapidly into the sea.

The explosion that had destroyed the collier and the Shadow agents' balloon had also ripped a great hole in the coloured envelope in their own, and the balloon was plunging to its certain destruction.

"My balloon, my wonderful lighter-than-air—" The professor was crying.

"Forget it, Professor!" Lord Harry told him. "I'll see that you get another or the money to build one with. Now, jump, both of you. Hurry. If we land in the water with that envelope on top of us we will all be drowned!"

Fifty feet from the surface of the sea the three men jumped. The professor insisted that he be the last to leave his doomed balloon command, and he plummeted into the water mere seconds behind the two Englishmen.

They were not left to soak for long. A boat from one of the colliers was launched, and the three men were hauled out by brawny German seamen.

Parsons came over the gunwale with his bowler hat still firmly fixed on top of his bullet head, and Lord Harry with his monocle still tight in his eye, and his ebony sword-cane in his right hand.

Later, when they had put on coarse but dry clothing, the naval officer on the collier to which they had been taken, came to their cabin under the bridge.

He was formally correct.

"I take it that you gentlemen were responsible for dropping those notes warning us of the infernal machines placed on board these colliers?"

"We were."

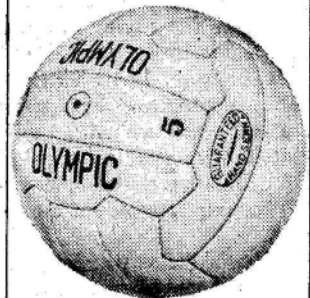
Lord Harry bowed.

"Allow me to introduce myself, dear sir. Lord Harry Crandall-Smythe. This is my manservant, Parsons."

"I have to thank you, Lord Harry," said the German officer. "You may not know it but the consequences would have been serious had all the colliers been destroyed. They might have been catastrophes had we reached our destination before the explosions came."

"Yes, we know all about the Russian fleet on its way to Japan," Lord Harry told him with a disarming smile. "I will tell you everything, so that you may make a full report on your return to land."

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Later, when they were alone, watching through a porthole the smoke of the Russian warships on the horizon, Lord Harry said softly:—

"The Shadow; that is a name we must remember, Parsons. World chaos, eh? Yes, I have a feeling that you and I will come up against the Shadow again some time in the future, and when we do we must be certain that our resources are adequate to meet the emergency, what?"

"Just as you say, me lord," replied Parsons without a change of expression.

● **NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE STORY** is a thrilling adventure with the Resistance Movement in German-occupied Holland. You can find out more about this great story on Page 29, lads!