

HOT RODS

No. 5

and

RACING CARS

10¢
CBC

SPORTS
PRESS

Report
by
as

Motor

In This Issue :

SPEED DAVIS
Bearcat by the Tail

CORNISH GIANT:
The First "Hot-Rod"?

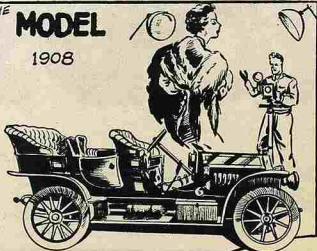
GIANTS' DESPAIR :
Hill Climb

HOT ROD TALK
Adventures of
BUSTER CAMSHAFT



THE **MODEL**

1908

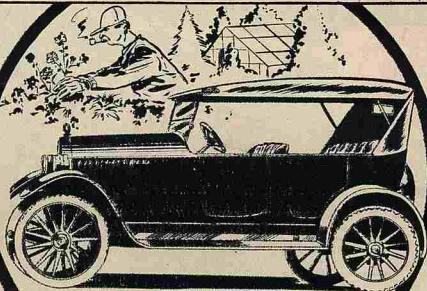


THE **BAKER** 1908

THIS HANDSOME DESIGN GAVE THE BAKER ELECTRICS A DISTINCTION AND INDIVIDUALITY WHICH DENOTED SUPERIORITY AND REFINEMENT.



CAR CURIOSITIES



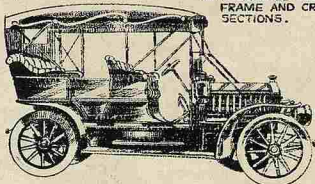
THE **GARDNER**

1923, SOLD FOR LESS THAN \$1,000



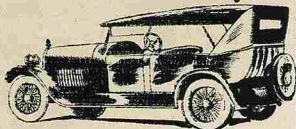
THE **SHOEMAKER** 1908

MOTOR: 4 1/2 x 5 1/4, 40HP, 4-CYLINDERS
WHEELBASE: 114 INCHES
GASOLINE: 15 GALLONS
WHEELS: 34 x 4 INCHES
FRAME: PRESSED STEEL CHANNEL WITH CHANNEL SUB-FRAME AND CROSS-SECTIONS.



THE **PILOT** 1923

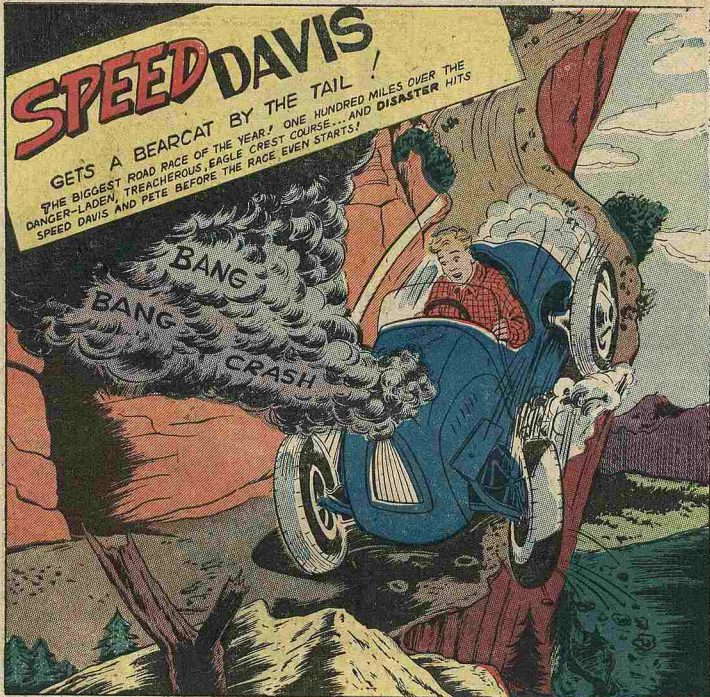
THIS PILOT 6-36 SOLD FOR \$2,000



HOT RODS & RACING CARS

SPEED DAVIS

GETS A BEARCAT BY THE TAIL!
THE BIGGEST ROAD RACE OF THE YEAR! ONE HUNDRED MILES OVER THE
DANGER-LADEN, TREACHEROUS, EAGLE CREST COURSE... AND DISASTER HITS
SPEED DAVIS AND PETE BEFORE THE RACE EVEN STARTS!



A BRISK MORNING NEAR THE 'CLIFF CORNER' OF THE FAMOUS EAGLE CREST ROAD RACE COURSE...

SPEED, IN TESTING **THIS** COURSE, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO REMEMBER A **LOT** OF THINGS ABOUT THE CAR. WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE **CHANGES** FOR THIS HILLY, WINDING LAYOUT.

OKAY, PETE! WE'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO MODIFY THE GEAR RATIO AND GIVE UP SOME SPEED FOR **MORE POWER** ON THOSE LONG, UPHILL PULLS.

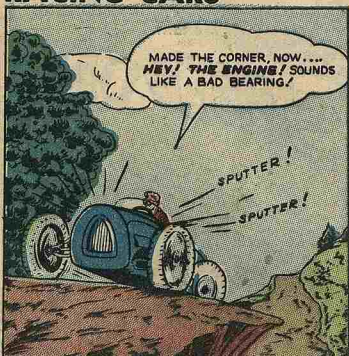
... HOPE THAT SUPERCHARGER IS ADJUSTED **RIGHT!** MUST BE FIVE OR SIX HUNDRED FEET DIFFERENCE IN ELEVATION BETWEEN THE TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE COURSE. WELL, CLIFF CORNER WILL GIVE ME A CHECK ON **THAT!**



HOT RODS & RACING CARS



CLIFF CORNER! WOW, 180 DEGREE TURN, TWENTY PER-CENT GRADE! THIS REALLY TAKES IT OUT OF BOTH THE DRIVER AND THE CAR!



MADE THE CORNER, NOW... **HEY! THE ENGINE!** SOUNDS LIKE A BAD BEARING!



IT'S **MORE** THAN A BEARING! PUT ON THE BRAKES, FAST!

THIS CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING! A PISTON LET LOOSE AND **SMASHED** RIGHT THROUGH THE BLOCK! BOY, SUDDENLY LOSING POWER LIKE THAT... IT'S LUCKY I DIDN'T SLIDE **BACK OVER THAT CLIFF!**

WHAT HAPPENED, SPEED?

PLENTY! UNLESS YOU CAN PERFORM A MIRACLE, WE'RE **OUT** OF THE EAGLE CREST RUN!



YEAH, FROM WHAT YOU SAY I GUESS I'M GOING TO FIND A BROKEN PISTON AND A HOLE THROUGH THE BLOCK, ONCE I GET THE HEAD OFF! TAKE ABOUT **FOUR WEEKS** TO GET ANOTHER BLOCK LIKE THAT!

I KNOW... SO WE'LL BRING SANDWICHES AND COFFEE AND **WATCH** THE REST OF THE CARS RACE! BOY, HOW **ROUGH** CAN OUR LUCK GET?



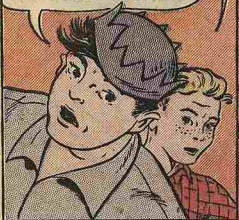
PETE... LISTEN! MAYBE WE CAN BE IN THIS RACE **YET!** REMEMBER MY TELLING YOU ABOUT SEEING THAT **OLD STUTZ BEARCAT?**

NOW LOOK SPEED... THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKES!

HOT RODS & RACING CARS

I'M **NOT** JOKING, PETE! THAT OLD 1914 BEARCAT WAS A **GREAT** CAR... PARTICULARLY ON A RUGGED COURSE LIKE THIS!

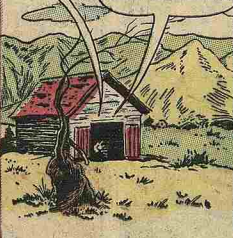
NAHH, SPEED, IT'S CRAZY... HMMM... WELL, MAYBE IT'S NOT **TOO** CRAZY. LET'S GO TAKE A LOOK AT THE ANTIQUE!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT IF THERE'S ANY LIFE LEFT IN....**HEY!**

I DUNNO ABOUT THE "BEAR" PART OF THIS BEARCAT, BUT THE "CAT" PART SURE SEEMS ALIVE!



YOU KNOW, SPEED... I'M BEGINNING TO REMEMBER ABOUT THIS CAR NOW. IT WAS ENGINEERED **FOR** IN ADVANCE OF ITS DAY! OF COURSE, THIS FOUR-CYLINDER ENGINE LOOKS LIKE IT SHOULD BE IN A **MOTORBOAT!**

IT'S GOT PLENTY OF POWER THOUGH, PETE! DISPLACES **390** CUBIC INCHES! **GOSH,** A RIGHT-HAND DRIVE! **THAT'LL** TAKE SOME PRACTICE!



MAYBE I'M CRAZY, SPEED, BUT I THINK I CAN TUNE THIS OLD CROCK UP SO IT WILL GIVE THE SHINY NEW JOBS A HEADACHE!

GET AT IT, PETE! I CAN DRIVE IT... I'M SURE OF THAT!



WHILE PETE TORE THE ANCIENT JUGGERNAUT APART...

I'M SURE GLAD DAD LEFT ME ALL THESE BOOKS ON OLD TIME RACES AND CARS! IT'S GOING TO TAKE **PLENTY** OF BONING UP TO LEARN **HOW TO HANDLE THAT BEARCAT!** I'M JUST HOPING I CAN PUT THE THEORY I LEARN FROM THESE BOOKS INTO PRACTICE!



FIVE DAYS LATER...

I THINK YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE, SPEED! THIS IS **SOME BUGGY!** I JUST FINISHED REPLACING THAT OVER-SENSITIVE CARBURETOR THEY PUT IN THESE OLD STUTZS! THE NEW ONE WON'T GIVE **ANY TROUBLE!**



THEN I PUT IN A NEW REAR-END! THE ORIGINAL ONES HAD A HABIT OF BREAKING LIKE GLASS! AND OF COURSE, NEW AND BETTER CLUTCHES HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED SINCE THIS JOB WAS BUILT, SO I CHANGED THAT TOO!

ACCORDING TO THE BOOKS I'VE BEEN READING, YOU FIXED UP ALL THE BUGS IN THIS CAR, PETE! **GOSH, I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GIVE IT A TRYOUT!**

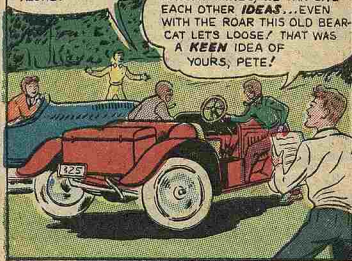


HOT RODS & RACING CARS

THE DAY OF THE RACE FOR THE EAGLE CREST CUP
DAWNS, COLD AND GRAY...

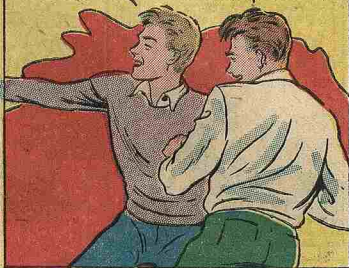
I DUNNO WHAT GOOD I'M
GOING TO DO AS A RIDING
MECHANIC... BUT IF YOU
SAY SO... I'LL GO
ALONG!

YOU'LL DO PLENTY GOOD!
AND WITH THESE AVIA-
TION TYPE HELMETS,
WITH EARPHONES AND
THROAT-MIKES, WE CAN GIVE
EACH OTHER IDEAS... EVEN
WITH THE ROAR THIS OLD BEAR-
CAT LETS LOOSE! THAT WAS
A KEEN IDEA OF
YOURS, PETE!

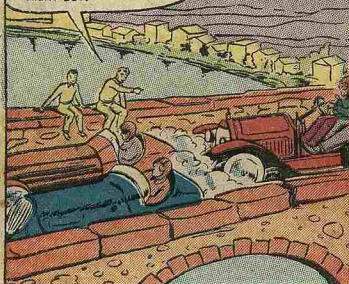


LOOK AT THAT! WHY... THAT
WAS OUT-OF-DATE WHEN
BARNEY OLDFIELD WAS A
BOY!

WHAT DO THEY THINK
THEY'RE ENTERED IN...
AN ANTIQUES FAIR?

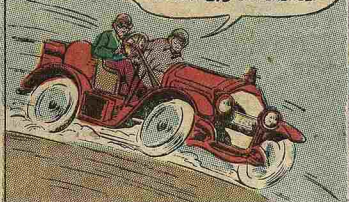


WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! LOOK
AT THAT OLD STUTZ STEP
RIGHT OUT!



PETE, LOOK AT THE WAY
THIS BABY TAKES
THE TURN!

YEAH, SPEED! FORTY-FIVE
HUNDRED POUNDS OF UNDER-
SLUNG WEIGHT, PLUS THOSE
SMALL, HIGH-PRESSURE TIRES,
MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE!



THEY'RE PULLING AWAY! YOU GOT IT
WIDE OPEN!

SURE, BUT DON'T
WORRY! THERE ISN'T
MUCH STRAIGHTAWAY
ON THIS EAGLE CREST
COURSE!



SPEED! BRAKE HER!
LOOK OUT!

HANG ON, PETE!
I KNOW WHAT I'M
DOING!



LOOK AT THAT KID THROW THAT OLD
STUTZ AROUND! HE TOOK THAT TURN
FASTER THAN ANY OTHER CAR IN
THE RACE!

THAT KID KNOWS
HIS CAR! THAT HEAVY FRAME
GIVES HIM SUPER RIGIDITY,
AND HE'S PLAYING IT
ALL THE WAY OUT!

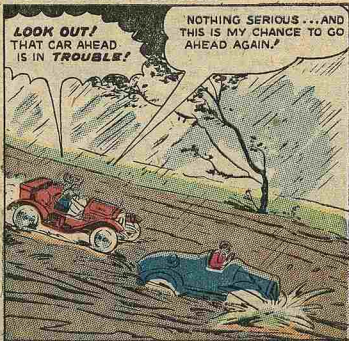


HOT RODS & RACING CARS



RAIN! SPEED, WHAT'S THIS GOING TO DO TO OUR CHANCES?

IMPROVE THEM! THE MORE IT RAINS, THE BETTER I'LL LIKE IT!



LOOK OUT! THAT CAR AHEAD IS IN TROUBLE!

NOTHING SERIOUS... AND THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GO AHEAD AGAIN!

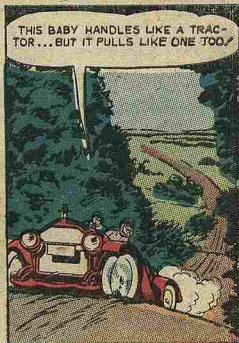


SPEED! LOOK OUT, PLEASE! THESE BUGGY-RIM TIRES DON'T GIVE YOU ANY TRACTION ON THIS MUD! YOU'LL END UP IN THE DITCH!



YEOWW! NOW WE'RE IN THE SOUP WITH... **HEY, WE'RE MOVING!**

SURE, THIS BEARCAT LOVES MUD! THOSE BIG WHEELS AND ALL THAT CLEARANCE MAKE IT LAUGH AT THESE SHALLOW LITTLE DITCHES.



THIS BABY HANDLES LIKE A TRACTOR... BUT IT PULLS LIKE ONE TOO!



THIS IS THE LAST **BAD** TURN, PETE! IF I CAN GAIN A FEW LENGTHS HERE, WE'LL **TAKE THAT CUP HOME** WITH US!

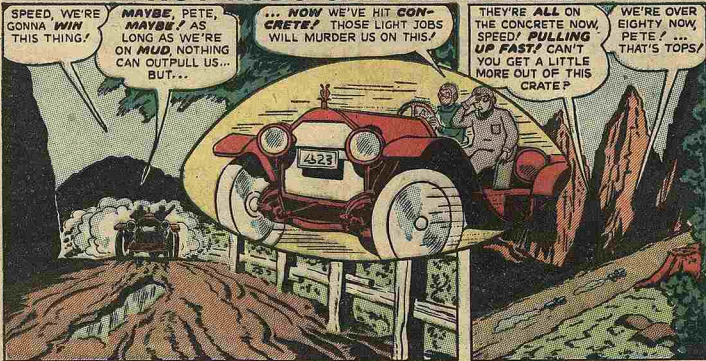
YEAH, BUT LOOK AT THAT SWAMP UP AHEAD! THEY CALL **THAT** A ROAD?



YIPPEE! LOOK OUT BEHIND, PETE... AND MAKE SURE WE STILL GOT THE CULTIVATOR AND PLOW!

I'D OF **NEVER** BELIEVED IT! THIS CRATE TREATS MUD LIKE IT WAS CON-CRETE!

HOT RODS & RACING CARS



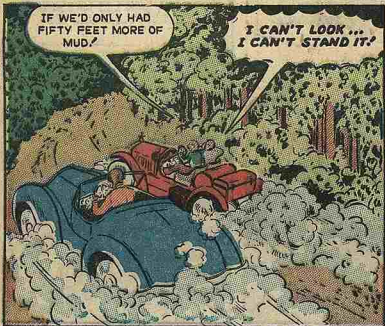
SPEED, WE'RE GONNA WIN THIS THING!

MAYBE, PETE, MAYBE! AS LONG AS WE'RE ON MUD, NOTHING CAN OUTPULL US... BUT...

... NOW WE'VE HIT CON-CRETE! THOSE LIGHT JOBS WILL MURDER US ON THIS!

THEY'RE ALL ON THE CONCRETE NOW, SPEED! PULLING UP FAST! CAN'T YOU GET A LITTLE MORE OUT OF THIS CRATE?

WE'RE OVER EIGHTY NOW, PETE! ... THAT'S TOPS!



IF WE'D ONLY HAD FIFTY FEET MORE OF MUD!

I CAN'T LOOK ... I CAN'T STAND IT!



THE OLD CRATE WON! WHADDAYAKNOW?

WHY THAT KID WASN'T EVEN BORN WHEN THAT CAR WAS BUILT!



THAT WAS **SOME** RACE YOU DROVE, SONNY! IMAGINE A CAR OVER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD **WINNING** THIS GRIND!

BOY, AM I TIRED! WELL, WE GOT A PRETTY GOOD ASSIST FROM THE WEATHER... AND THIS TWISTING COURSE!

...AND FROM YOUR KNOWING **EXACTLY** WHAT THAT BEARCAT COULD DO!



AND LATE THAT NIGHT...

BETTER LEAVE THIS HOOD OPEN! SEEMS THE OLD JOB IS STILL GOING TO GET SOME USE!

'WELL, AFTER TO-DAY, THERE COULDN'T BE A BETTER INSPIRATION THAN FOR THOSE KITTENS TO STICK **CLOSE TO THIS BEARCAT!**

HOT RODS & RACING CARS

BUSTER CAMSHAFT

BY
ART
GATES

SCREWBALL OF THE HOT RODDERS

FASTER, CAMSHAFT! I'LL MAKE
SERGEANT FOR THIS... THINK OF IT!
TWENTY SPEEDING TICKETS ALL AT ONCE
... MY ALL TIME RECORD!

BUT THEY'RE MY
BEST FRIENDS!
THEY'LL KILL ME...
BURN ME IN OIL...
FEED ME TO TH'
WOLVES... THAT'S
WHAT MY BEST
FRIENDS WILL DO
TO ME FOR
THIS!

HERE HE IS AGAIN...
THAT UNPREDICTABLE,
UNREASONABLE, UNSTABLE,
UNORGANIZED, UNPRE-
PARED, UNDERWEIGHT
BUSTER CAMSHAFT
... AMERICA'S
ZANIEST TEENAGER!

A MEETING OF THE HOT ROD
RACING AND CHOWDER CLUB...

GENTLE BROTHERS OF THE HEATED
ROD... OUR BIG RACE IS SCHEDULED
FOR THIS AFTERNOON! BUT WE
HAVE LEARNED OFFICER PINCHMORE
AND HIS CRUISING CAR ARE HIDING
IN THE BUSHES ABOUT A MILE OUT
ON WILLOW ROAD... AND THAT
IS THE ONLY ROAD THAT'S SUIT-
ABLE FOR THE RACE!

EXALTED
PRESIDENT!

IF ONE OF US WAS TO
SPEED OVER THAT STRETCH
FIRST, PINCHMORE WOULD
CHASE HIM... LEAVING
TH' ROAD ALL CLEAR FOR
THE RACE... PRETTY
CLEVER OF ME TO THINK
IT UP, EH?

THAT'S AN EXCELLENT IDEA, CAMSHAFT...
NOW, ACCORDING TO THE RULES OF THIS
CLUB WE MUST DECIDE WHO WILL
HAVE THE HONOR OF DECOYING THE
POLICEMAN. NOMINATIONS ARE NOW
OPEN...

I NOMINATE
CAMSHAFT!

SECOND IT!

HEY!

HOT RODS & RACING CARS



THE MOTION HAS BEEN MADE AND SECONDED THAT **BUSTER CAMSHAFT** BE OUR FAVORITE GUY... I MEAN OUR **HEROIC DECOY!** ALL IN FAVOR SAY **AYE!** ALL OPPOSED SAY...

AYE! NAY.

AYE!



CONGRATULATIONS, CAMSHAFT! YOU'RE ELECTED! NOW DON'T LET YOUR LOYAL VOTERS DOWN! YOU GO AHEAD... WE'LL START THE RACE IN FIVE MINUTES!

GOSH... I WANTED TO STOP AT THE GAS STATION BEFORE THE RACE STARTED... BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT FOR!

RIDERS... MAN YOUR HOT RODS!



WELL, I'LL BE GOING PAST PINCHMORE ANY SECOND NOW! WISH I COULD GET THAT DARN GAS STATION OUT OF MY MIND... WHY DID I WANT TO STOP **THERE?**



OH, MY GOSH!! I REMEMBER... **GAS!** I'M OUT OF GAS!



AS BUSTER COASTS INTO A SIDE ROAD...

CAMSHAFT! BEAT IT... THIS IS A PRIVATE SPEED TRAP...

CAN'T HELP IT... I'M OUT OF GAS!

OH, MY GOSH... I GOTTA THINK FAST!



OFFICER PINCHMORE, NOW THAT WE'RE OUT OF ANYONE'S HEARING DISTANCE, YOU GOTTA ADMIT YOU ADMIRE MY CAR'S **SPEED!** HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TUNE UP THE **CRUISER?**

CAMSHAFT... I'LL NOT ADMIT **NUTHIN'!** BUT I WISH YOU'D LOOK AT IT!



AND SO...

ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE **DOIN'** CAMSHAFT?

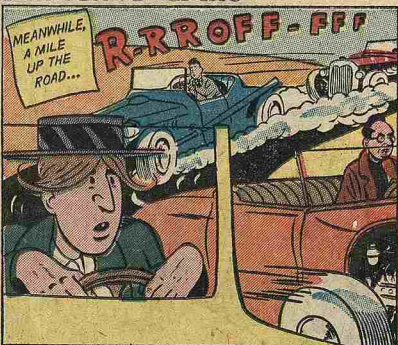
HA! KNOW WHAT I'M DOING? I ONLY HOPE THIS'LL BE APPRECIATED!

HOT RODS & RACING CARS



YOU'RE A GOOD GUY, CAMSHAFT... I'M GOING TO LET YOU BORROW MY **TWO GALLONS OF EMERGENCY GAS!**

THANKS, PINCHMORE... YOU'RE NOT **ONE MILE** AS BAD AS I THOUGHT YOU WERE... I CONSIDERED YOU A SQUARE... I HAD YOU FIGURED FOR A PINHEAD... A REAL JERK... I THOUGHT RADISHES GREW UNDER YOUR HAT!



MEANWHILE, A MILE UP THE ROAD...

R-RROFF-FFF



WELL, CAMSHAFT, THERE'S YOUR TWO GALLONS OF GAS!

THANKS! MIND WIPING THE WINDSHIELD, CHECKING THE OIL AND TAKING A LOOK AT THE WATER?



SUDDENLY... THE DISTANT ROAR OF THUNDERING ENGINES!!

SPEEDERS, CAMSHAFT! MILLIONS OF 'EM... GET TH' CAR READY... QUICK!

OKAY, MR. PINCHMORE... I'LL HAVE IT READY... IN TEN MINUTES!



TEN MINUTES? OH, MY GOSH! AN! THIS WAS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME... A SPEED COP'S DREAM COME TRUE.

DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN, PINCHIE... COME ON... WE'LL CHASE 'EM IN **MY** HEAP!



AND SO...

HA HA... WILL TH' GANG GET A KICK OUTTA THIS? WE CAN CHASE 'EM... BUT IT DOESN'T MEAN WE HAVE TO **CATCH 'EM!**

CAMSHAFT! THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS... THOSE GUYS ARE **YOUR FAL'S.. ALL OF 'EM!**

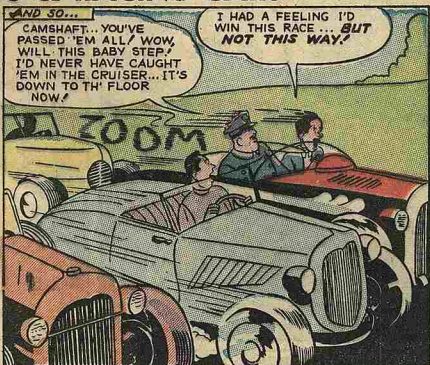
HOT RODS & RACING CARS



I THINK WE'D HAVE A BETTER CHANGE OF CATCHING 'EM IF I HELPED YOU DRIVE. TAKE YER FOOT OFF THE GAS... I'LL HANDLE THAT... YOU JUST STEER!

THUR-P

HEY!



AND SO... CAMSHAFT... YOU'VE PASSED 'EM ALL! WOW, WILL THIS BABY STEP, Y'D NEVER HAVE CAUGHT 'EM IN THE CRUISE... IT'S DOWN TO TH' FLOOR NOW!

I HAD A FEELING I'D WIN THIS RACE... BUT NOT THIS WAY!



A MINUTE LATER... LINE UP FOR YOUR TICKETS, BOYS... AN' DON'T CROWD... THERE'S ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY... COME ON... GET OUT!

CAMSHAFT... YOU'RE A TRAITOR... A TROJAN HORSE! THE BENEDICT ARNOLD OF WILLOW ROAD!

NO!



BROTHERS... CAMSHAFT WAS ELECTED TO LEAD OFFICER PINCHMORE AWAY FROM WILLOW ROAD... INSTEAD, HE ASSISTED IN OUR ARREST. I MOVE HE BE PERMANENTLY BLACK-BALLED IN DISGRACE FROM OUR CLUB!

NO! PLEASE... WAIT... TELL 'EM, PINCHMORE... HOW I RAN OUT OF GAS! AN' HOW I PUT YOUR CAR OUT OF COMMISSION... SO'S YOU COULDN'T CHASE 'EM! TELL 'EM... ETC... ETC!



IS THAT TRUE, PINCHMORE? IF IT IS, I WITHDRAW MY MOTION AND RECOMMEND CAMSHAFT BE AWARDED TH' ORDER OF THE HEATED ROD!

YEAH! IT'S TRUE! ...SO!

SEE?



CAMSHAFT! I COULD ARREST YOU FOR OBSTRUCTING JUSTICE... BUT I'VE A MUCH BETTER IDEA!



AND SO... LONG AFTER MIDNIGHT...

HMM... MOTOR TUNE UP, NEW POINTS, SPARKS CLEANED, TIRES SWITCHED AROUND, CARBURETOR ADJUSTED, AND A GREASE JOB... A CAR WASH AND YOU'RE THROUGH, CAMSHAFT!

POLICE GARAGE KEEP OUT

NEXT TIME, PINCHMORE, SEND ME TO THE CHAIR!

The End

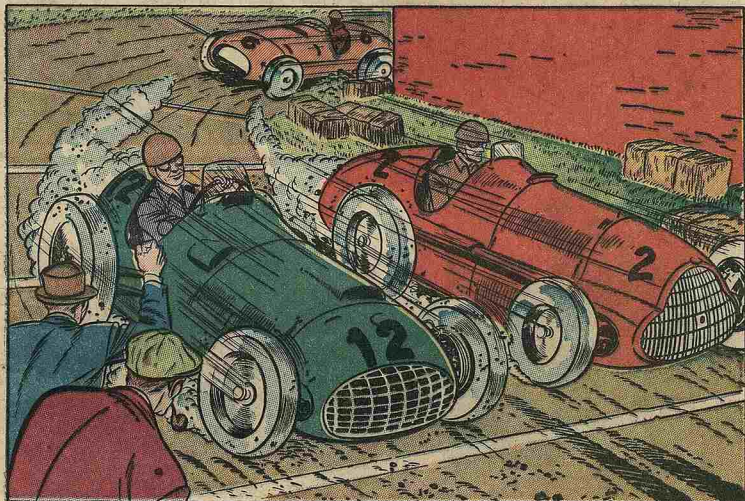
HOT RODS & RACING CARS

JIMMY MULLANE VISITS

SLICK SILVERSTONE

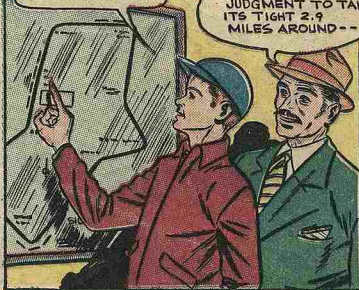
ENGLAND'S FAST AIRPORT CIRCUIT

WHEN TWO WELL-MATCHED OPPOSITION CARS SLUG IT OUT ON A WELL-BUILT COURSE ... YOU HAVE A REAL RACE--- AS JIMMY MULLANE SAW WHEN HE TOOK IN ENGLAND'S FAMOUS SILVERSTONE GRAND PRIX.



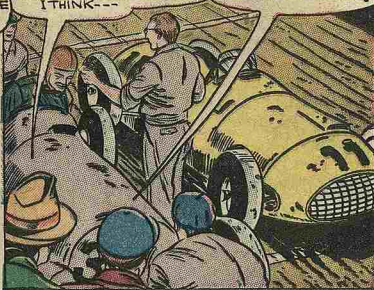
NO VERY LONG STRAIGHTAWAYS, AND NO VERY SHARP CURVES--- THAT MAKES SILVERSTONE INTERESTING.

YES, JIMMY, BUT IT CALLS FOR PLENTY OF GOOD JUDGMENT TO TAKE ITS TIGHT 2.9 MILES AROUND--



WEATHER IS GOOD TODAY, AND IT'S GOING TO BE A PITCHED ARGUMENT BETWEEN TWO GREAT MAKES OF CARS, I THINK---

OH! YOU MEAN BETWEEN THE FERRARI AND THE ALFA ROMEO?



HOT RODS & RACING CARS

YES, JIMMY-- THIS IS GOING TO BE A REAL RACE! RIVALRY BETWEEN THE "BLOWNS" AND THE "UNBLOWNS" IS KEEN.

BET THE BRMS WILL GIVE THEM A BATTLE --



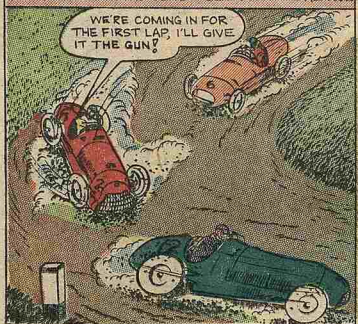
THEY'RE OFF! NOW WATCH THAT FERRARI DRIVEN BY GONZALES, HE HIT OVER 100 IN THAT "UNBLOWN" CAR AT PRACTICE.

GUESS I'LL KEEP MY EYE ON THE BLOWN ALFA, GRANDPA --- HE'S NOT DUSTY EITHER!



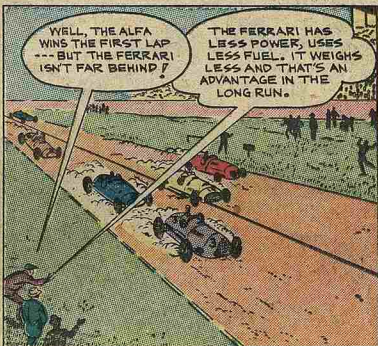
THE FERRARI HAS A SLIGHT LEAD OVER THE ALFA...

WE'RE COMING IN FOR THE FIRST LAP, I'LL GIVE IT THE GUN!



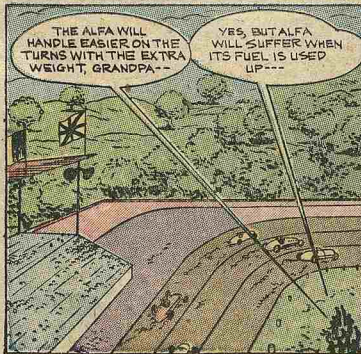
WELL, THE ALFA WINS THE FIRST LAP --- BUT THE FERRARI ISN'T FAR BEHIND!

THE FERRARI HAS LESS POWER, USES LESS FUEL. IT WEIGHS LESS AND THAT'S AN ADVANTAGE IN THE LONG RUN.

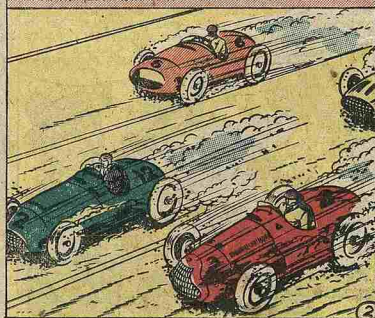


THE ALFA WILL HANDLE EASIER ON THE TURNS WITH THE EXTRA WEIGHT, GRANDPA--

YES, BUT ALFA WILL SUFFER WHEN ITS FUEL IS USED UP---



THE ALFA'S LEAD WAS SOON TRIMMED BY THE FERRARI! LEADING IN THE SECOND LAP ---



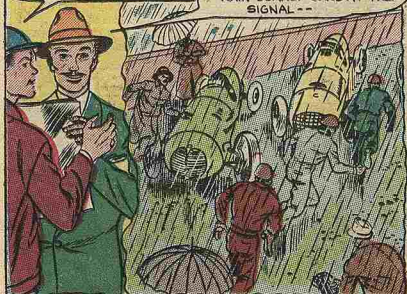
HOT RODS & RACING CARS

THIS IS A CLEAR, WONDERFUL DAY FOR A RACE, GRANDPA-NOT LIKE THE ONE LAST MAY?

NO- THAT ONE STARTED OFF IN A RAINSTORM. DRIVERS AND MECHANICS RAN TO THEIR RAIN-SOAKED CARS AT THE SIGNAL--

AS THE STARTER'S FLAG FELL, THE CARS RUSHED INTO A CURTAIN OF RAIN...

MOMENTS LATER, WE HEARD A BANG?



HIT BY ANOTHER CAR, A SIMCA WAS PUSHED BACK TO ITS PIT, TO REPLACE A BROKEN WHEEL...

VISIBILITY WAS SO BAD, CARS RAN INTO EACH OTHER AT THE START!



SIX LAPS LATER, THE HEAVY DOWNPOUR HAD FLOODED THE COURSE, BUT THE RACERS KEPT FIGHTING DOGGEDLY ON... UNTIL---

THE MANAGERS DECIDED TO CALL OFF THE CONTEST.

BUT WHO WON, AND HOW?



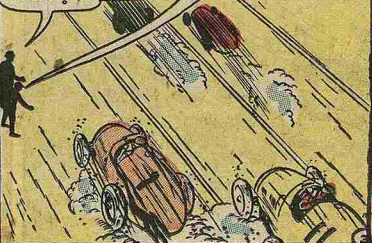
THERE WAS "NO RACE" - PRIZES WERE GIVEN ACCORDING TO CAR POSITIONS WHEN THE RACE WAS CALLED OFF--

I'LL BET THE DRIVERS WERE GLAD- RACING IN A RAINSTORM SURE IS DANGEROUS!



LOOK! JIMMY! WHILE I WAS TALKING TO YOU, THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER SCRAP DEVELOPING FOR THIRD POSITION, NOW IT'S BETWEEN THAT FERRARI AND ANOTHER ALFA!

THE ALFA SEEMS TO BE GAINING, GRANDPA, SAY--- ISN'T THAT SMOKE COMING FROM UNDER ITS HOOD?



HOT RODS & RACING CARS

SURE ENOUGH, THE ALFA IS IN TROUBLE!

FLAMES ARE COMING OUT OF THE ENGINE! THE DRIVER'S SAFE THOUGH.

THAT PUTS THE ALFA OUT OF THE RACE. THE FERRARI MOVES INTO THIRD PLACE. THIS IS A SCRAPPY RACE... LIKE THE SAVANNAH ONE WAY BACK ---



IT WAS ON NOVEMBER 26, 1908, ALONG THE 25.05 MILE-LONG DUSTY COASTWISE SAVANNAH BACK ROADS, DRIVERS PUSHED THEIR HUGE CARS TO THE LIMIT, FROM THE START.

ERLE, IN A BENZ, LOST A TIRE, WHICH HIT HIM ON THE HEAD. HE CRASHED HIS CAR!



SOON, THE RACE DEVELOPED INTO A SAVAGE CONTEST BETWEEN WAGNER IN A FIAT AND HEMERY IN A BENZ...

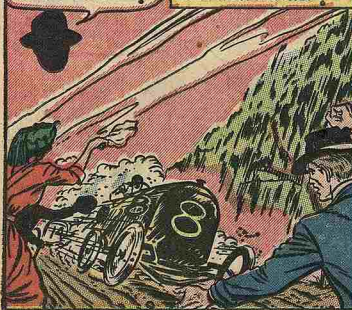


THE TWO KEPT GOING, HOUR AFTER HOUR, EATING UP THE 400 MILES, RADIATOR TO RADIATOR.



I'LL NEVER FORGET THE LAST FEW MILES - IT WAS TERRIFIC!

AS HEMERY'S BENZ CAME IN OVER THE FINISH LINE, HE KNEW HE WAS LICKED!



IT TOOK MOMENTS TO FIGURE EXACT RACING TIME ---

WHEN THE FIGURING WAS DONE, IT WAS WAGNER WHO WON... WITH A MARGIN OF ONLY 56 SECONDS! HE HAD AVERAGED JUST LESS THAN 65 MPH.

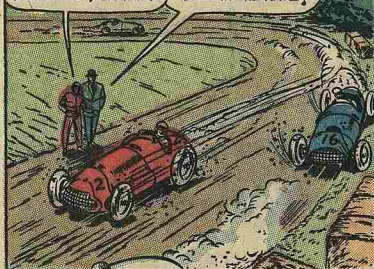


HOT RODS & RACING CARS

SPINNING OUT AT COPSE CORNER, A FERRARI LETS AN ALFA GET AHEAD ---

THE ALFA JUST AVOIDED A CRASH WITH THE FERRARI, GRANDPA--

THE FERRARI ISN'T HURT - IT'LL GET BACK IN THE RACE!



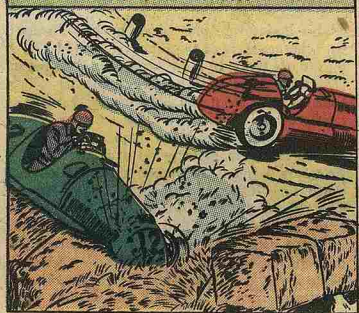
DUELS WERE GOING ON IN THE PITS TOO--AS THE RACE TIGHTENED UP!

BOY IS THE DRIVER MAD AT THE FERRARI THAT'S PASSING HIM!

THAT BALKY WHEEL COSTS THE ALFA AT LEAST THREE MINUTES IN THE PITS!



THE FERRARI'S SMACKING INTO THE STRAW WALL GIVES THE ALFA A 60-YARD LEAD...

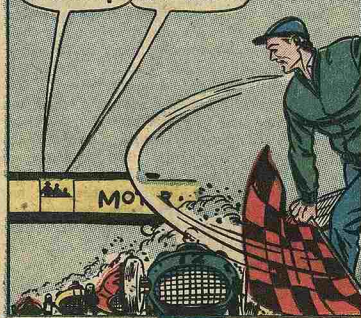


THOUGH THE BRITISH BRM'S ARE OUTCLASSED, THEY STICK TO THE GRIND.



THE FERRARI WON, JIMMY!

THERE'S THE ALFA BEHIND IT.



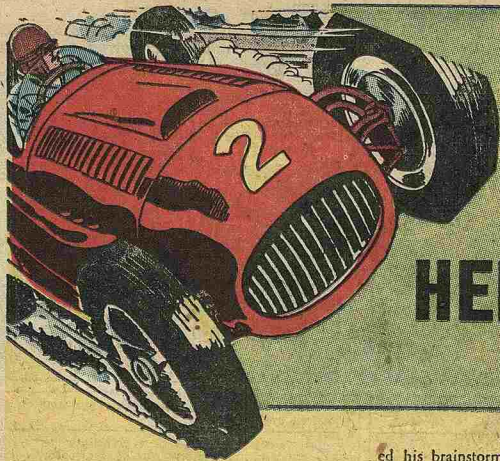
GONZALES, IN HIS FERRARI, WON THE RACE WITH A TERRIFIC AVERAGE OF 96.11 MPH.

MY RIVAL, FANGIO, BROUGHT HIS ALFA IN ONLY 51 SECONDS BEHIND ME... THIS WAS A GOOD RACE!



IN THE BATTLE BETWEEN LARGE UNBLOWN ENGINES AND SMALL UNBLOWN ONES, THE UNSUPERCHARGED FERRARI WON OUT... BUT IS THE BIG QUESTION OF ONE AS AGAINST THE OTHER SETTLED? OTHER CONTESTS MAY HAVE A DIFFERENT ENDING!

THE END



"THE HEL CAR"

William Scott was worried as he added up the total receipts for the month and then subtracted all the expenses. As general manager and chief stockholder of the Linwood Airport it was his duty to see that the enterprise made money. But since Centerport, the adjacent town, had built itself a new modern airport, his operations were beginning to show a loss. So busy was Mr. Scott that he failed to notice his son and heir, young Peter Scott, who had entered the administration building and was now standing in front of his father's desk. Finally Mr. Scott adjusted his eyeglasses, looked at the clock on the wall, and then noticed the presence of his son.

"I wish I had taken that auto agency instead of getting into this business," he complained. "Maybe the airplane is the way we are all going to travel tomorrow. But just now we live in the automobile age and millions and millions of more cars are going to come off the production line. No use, son, I think I'll call it quits for the day. Can't make the books balance no matter how many times I add up the figures. Which car did you use? That hotrod of yours or the sedan?"

One look, at his son's face and he knew the answer. Father and son left the administration building and walked past the repair shop. However Peter took his father by his left arm and guided him towards runway three. Then he spill-

ed his brainstorm, one which he had discussed with the members of the Linwood Hotrod Club.

"No use trying to kid yourself, dad," he began, "that Centerport outfit has only been able to take business away from you because they have more money behind them. But there is a way of getting additional income and you have overlooked it. Hotrod clubs are growing all over this country. And ours is one of the pioneer groups. We had a tough time to get the authorities to understand what we are trying to do. But now they and the business clubs are behind us 100%. We could run drag races out here. We could charge admission for the cars as well as the spectators. Make it just one dollar entry fee for the cars and fifty cents for the spectators and I think you'll pack the place. You don't use this runway since the planes mostly come in from the south. What do you say, dad?"

Two days later, Mr. Scott, along with Mr. Henderson and Mr. Forsyth, the two other stockholders, were on runway three. Stubby Mike Ziling explained the details to the three men as five hotrods were lined up on the runway.

"This runway is almost one mile in length and one hundred and fifty feet in width. We have advertised the first meet for this Saturday at ten in the morning. Any kind of a car can be entered provided it has a body on it. Later we will have different meets. Any driver can challenge any other driver to a race. That means only two cars at a time. We'll record speeds with an electric timer. Go like blazes up to the half mile mark then cut down to finish."

Dan Traub, editor of the Linwood Weekly, gave the hotrod club a big boost in his paper. And probably as a result of curiosity, many people came from adjacent cities, villages, and even from the farms to see a drag race. Every entered car was given a safety check and Peter gave each driver a homemade crash helmet. Mr. Traub and a friend were present. Introductions were quickly made and the stranger who said his name was John Galliard examined one of the crash helmets.

"I wonder if one of these would really work?" he sort of challenged. "It looks like something made from plastic, aluminum, and I think some coils. What a contraption. I'm not that blood-thirsty to say I would like to see an accident. But if it doesn't work, that will be another story."

Sam Peterson, an old time auto racer had agreed to act as announcer and he had a sense of humor as he held the mike up to his mouth.

"You spectators who came out to see some excitement, just don't try to give us any. Just stay back of the white lines and unless you want to die quickly, don't try to cross over to the other side. If there's an accident, don't run towards the car. You haven't got a fire extinguisher or first aid kit in your pocket. We gave you programs and every car has a white number. First race is between Stubby Ziling of the Linwood Hotrod Club in number 3 car and William Fallob, unattached, in number 9 car."

The spectators caught the enthusiasm soon after the first race was finished. And before noon they were cheering themselves hoarse.

Among the spectators was Peter's girl, Helen Carroll, who could make life worth while living for any teen age fellow, no matter how dark things looked. She went over to Peter, who was making some last minute adjustments on his beloved hotrod which he called "Helcar." Peter usually spent twenty minutes explaining he had named the car, not for the regions below the earth, but for his girl by using the first three initials of her first and last name.

"You are going to race against Eddy Ward," she said, "and I hope you beat him. He's been bragging about the way he has fixed his motor up and says he is miles ahead of you in everything. I regard that as a personal insult. So you just leave him behind and let him taste your dust. Provided you can find some dust for him."

Peter laughed. He liked it when his girl showed an interest in racing. A previous generation had talked about the fact that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach. This new generation knew it was through his hobby, which in this case happened to be hotrods and racing.

"Come on, let's get a bite," he teased. "Don't worry about that race. It comes off in an hour.

Let's go over to the refreshment stand."

Perhaps it was fate, but who should be at that stand but a tall thin fellow who went by the name of Eddy Hard. With mock seriousness he greeted his rival.

"In days of old, nights were bold, and fought for the lady fair on the tournament field. In this modern age we can duel with our hotrods. The winner takes Helen to the dance tomorrow evening at the country club."

There is nothing so flattering to a woman's heart as to know she is desired by two or more young gentlemen who are willing to fight for her. In short order the idea was agreed upon.

Peter's car was lined up for his race with Eddy. Stubby went over to Eddy and insisted he wear the safety helmet.

"It will annoy me to think I must wear this little toy designed and built by my rival. But rules are rules and who am I not to follow them."

This was the race of races. The flag went down and the two cars roared off down the runway. They were almost at the halfway mark when Eddy's right wheel went. Frantically he tried to control the car. It spun over, hit the dirt on side of the runway, and caught fire. Dense smoke and flames covered the area as the emergency car rushed to the rescue. Peter thought quickly. The race forgotten, he worked frantically to slow his car. He turned sharply from the right side of the runway. For a moment it seemed as though his car would overturn but it held to its path. He reached the blazing hotrod well ahead of the speeding emergency car, jumped out of his still moving racer and rushed to assist his competitor who had been thrown clear and lay motionless next to his overturned car.

Peter dragged his unconcious rival away from the burning wreck only seconds before a deafening explosion rent the air.

The doctor checked, and double checked Eddy. Dan Traub, his friend, and the rest of the gang were all in the administration building.

"If it weren't for that crash helmet you would have been dead. Your head hasn't a single bruise on it. Remarkable, remarkable. You'll be fit as a fiddle in just as much time as it takes to get your wind back."

Eddy grinned. "Helen you go with Peter to the dance. He certainly won the race."

"If you don't mind, I would like you all to be my guests," interrupted Mr. Traub's friend. "I happen to be a colonel in the air force and that helmet is a whizz. Shows you what contributions hotrod boys are making. I think Uncle Sam will be very much interested in it."

"I too am very much interested in one particular hotrodder" concluded Helen as she planted a kiss straight on Peter's lips.

HOT RODS & RACING CARS

'FISH' hits 183.125 MILES PER HOUR!

AT KILOMETER STONE 525 ON THE AUTOBAHN FROM INGOLSTADT TO MUNICH, A CURIOUS "RACE IS GOING ON----



THAT'S HIS 22ND TRY ON THE MEASURED COURSE SO FAR...

YES--GO LET'S SEE WHAT THE BEAM SPEED RECORDER SAYS OF THE 'FISH'S' SPEED THIS TRIP!

IT READS A LITTLE BETTER THAN 175 M.P.H.!

EVEN IF THE NSU 2-CYLINDER MOTOR DOES TURN OUT 110 H.P. AFTER SOUPING UP, I WOULD NEED TWICE THAT POWER WITHOUT THE STREAM-LINED BODY... AT 173 M.P.H.

HERZ ZINGS HIS "FISH" DOWN THE 2-MILE MEASURED STRETCH AFTER A RUNNING START... NO TREES OR HEDGES ALONG ROAD, TO AVOID WIND REACTION INTERFERING WITH STEERING AT HIGH SPEED.

WILL HERZ IS SURE GETTING SPEEDOUT OF THAT 100 H.P. N.S.U. JOB!

TANKS ARE NEARLY FULL, HERR HERZ?

ALL RIGHT, I WILL MAKE ONE MORE RUN--BOTH WAYS FOR A RECORD!



HERZ TURNS "FISH" AROUND READY FOR RETURN OVER SAME COURSE.

TIME-KEEPER SAYS YOU MADE THE MEASURED MILE AT 173.125 M.P.H., HERR HERZ?

THAT'S GOOD, NOW WE TRY TO BEAT THAT!

HERZ COMES IN "ON HIS LAST TRIAL RUN."

YOU MADE 176.469 M.P.H. ON RETURN LEG, HERR HERZ.

I MUST BETTER THAT--- MY AIM IS 186.411 (300 KMS) M.P.H.



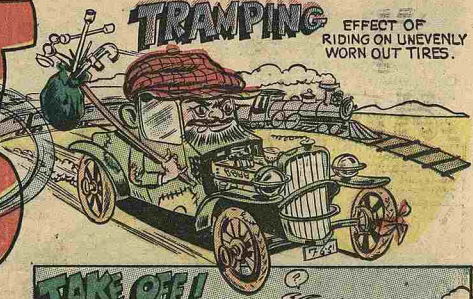
~~~~~  
WILLIAM HERZ'S AVERAGE SPEED OVER THE TWO RUNS WAS 177.711 M.P.H., SO HE COVERED 262.47 FEET IN ONE SECOND--- IN THE "FISH"!  
~~~~~

HOT RODS & RACING CARS

HOT ROD TALK

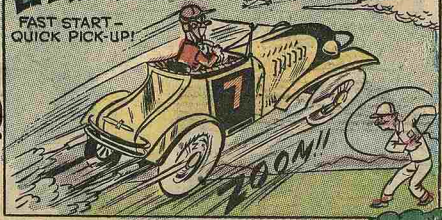
TRAMPING

EFFECT OF RIDING ON UNEVENLY WORN OUT TIRES.



TAKE OFF!

FAST START - QUICK PICK-UP!



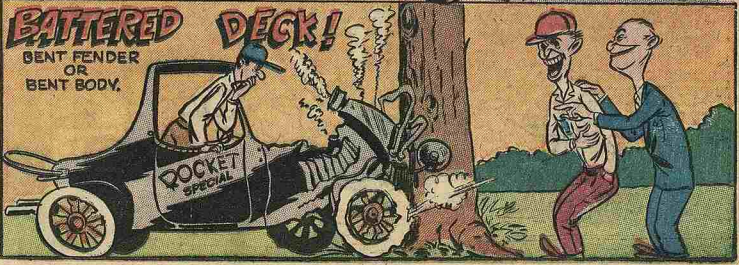
THROW OUT THE ANCHOR!!

PUT ON THE BRAKES!
STOP THE CAR!!!



BATTERED DECK!

BENT FENDER
OR
BENT BODY.



HOT RODS & RACING CARS

SHAVE CRANK SHAFT

ALSO CALLED "STROKING"
CUTTING DOWN THROW OF
CRANKSHAFT, TO OBTAIN MORE
POWER, -- -- AND SPEED

SOME OF OUR
CUSTOMERS HAVE BECOME
BIG HITS AT BONNEVILLE,
AND PEBBLE BEACH!

DO YOU WANT
YOUR SPARK-PLUGS
POLISHED, SUH?



BALDY

BAD TIRES,
WITH BARE, WORN
OUT TREADS.

THE THIRD
FLAT
THIS WEEK---

NO WONDER WE'RE
ALWAYS GETTIN'
FLATS - THAT
TIRE IS BALD!



RAINBOWS

WILDLY COLORED
OR PAINTED "HOT RODS!"

HEY! SAM! I NEED SOME
MORE RED PAINT!

LOOK AT WHAT I FOUND!
JUST THE COLOR WE
WANT, TOO!



HAMMERS

IN ENGINE -
NOISES OR KNOCKS
IN THE MOTOR---

HE'S GOT
SLEDGE
HAMMERS
IN THAT
ENGINE!



HOT RODS & RACING CARS COMPETITIVE WHEELING!

ANY KIND OF AUTO RACING FOR PRIZES—



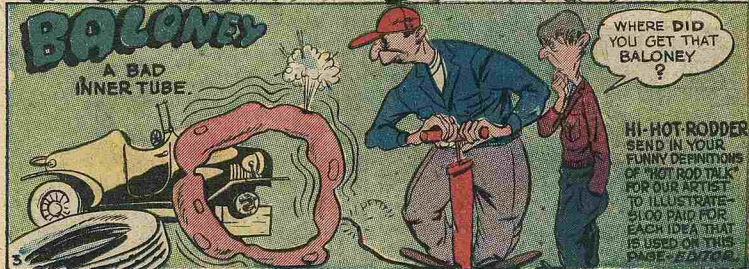
SHOES

LINING OR TREAD ON TIRE, OR ON BRAKE DRUM.



BALONEY

A BAD INNER TUBE.



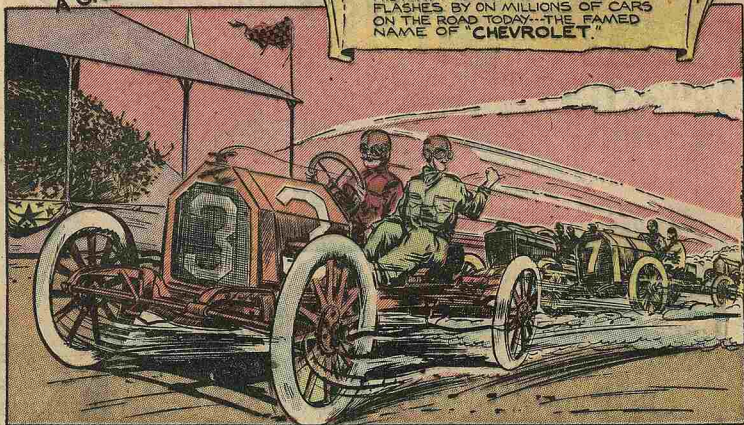
HI-HOT-RODDER SEND IN YOUR FUNNY DEFINITIONS OF "HOT ROD TALK" FOR OUR ARTIST TO ILLUSTRATE—\$100 PAID FOR EACH IDEA THAT IS USED ON THIS PAGE—EDITOR.

HOT RODS & RACING CARS

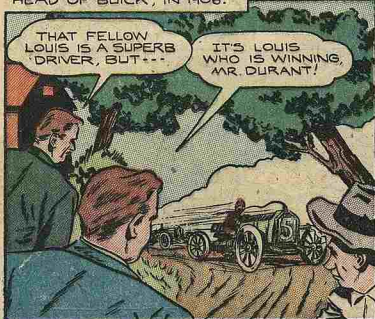
Louis CHEVROLET

A GREAT RACING DRIVER, WITH A CAR NAMED AFTER HIM!

HERE'S A RACING DRIVER WHOSE NAME IS WRITTEN BIG IN AUTOMOBILE'S HISTORY! HE BEARS A NAME THAT FLASHES BY ON MILLIONS OF CARS ON THE ROAD TODAY--THE FAMED NAME OF "CHEVROLET."



LOUIS AND HIS BROTHER, BOTH DRIVERS, TRY FOR A JOB WITH WILLIAM C. DURANT, HEAD OF BUICK, IN 1906.



THAT FELLOW LOUIS IS A SUPERB DRIVER, BUT...

IT'S LOUIS WHO IS WINNING, MR. DURANT!

WELL, ARTHUR, I WANT YOU AS MY PERSONAL CHAUFFEUR.

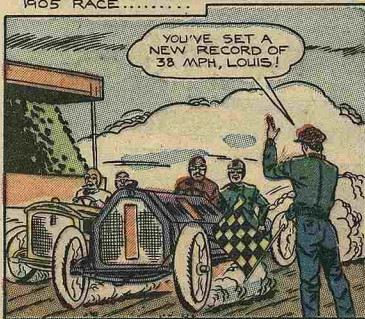
BUT, MR. DURANT.... I WAS THE ONE WHO WON THIS RACE!

MR. DURANT DIDN'T TAKE YOU BECAUSE HE FELT YOU WON BY TAKING SOME CHANCES!



HOT RODS & RACING CARS

IT IS SAID CHEVROLET OUTDROVE THE GREAT BARNEY OLDFIELD IN A MINOR 1905 RACE.....



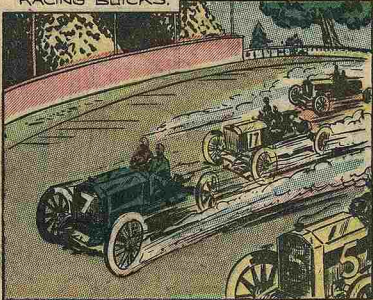
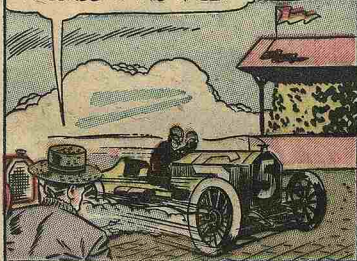
CHEVROLET WON THE 1909 INDIANAPOLIS SPECIAL EVENTS WITH A BUICK SPECIAL IN FIRST RACES HELD AT THE SPEEDWAY.

IN 1908, CHEVROLET DROVE A FIAT IN THE VANDERBILT CUP RACE ON LONG ISLAND.....



80,000 SPECTATORS TURNED OUT FOR THE 1910 INDIANAPOLIS RACES IN WHICH CHEVROLET WON TWO EVENTS, STILL RACING BUICKS.

CHEVROLET, DEPALMA, BARNEY OLDFIELD! THEY'RE ALL SMASHING AMERICAN RECORDS IN THIS RACE!



CHEVROLET WAS A MASTER RACER, BUT HE HAD IDEAS FOR CAR DESIGNS. HIS EXPERIMENTAL MODELS WERE FINANCED BY WILLIAM C. DURANT, RETIRED GENERAL MOTORS GIANT.



I AM AFRAID I'M LOSING FAITH IN OUR CAR'S FUTURE, MR. DURANT---I AM SELLING OUT MY INTERESTS IN THE CHEVROLET COMPANY.



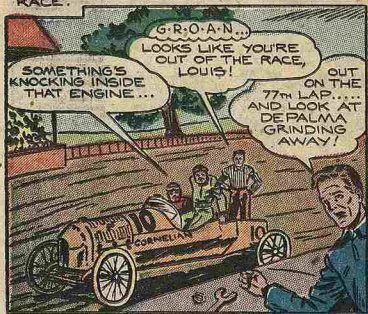
CHEVROLET COMPANY SHARES ZOOMED SOON AFTER BEING OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.



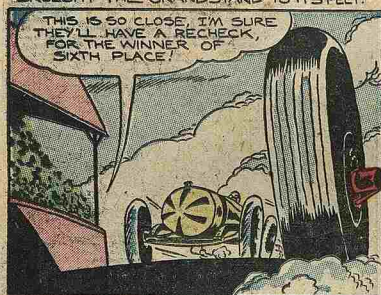
LATER, DURANT JUMPED INTO GENERAL MOTORS CONTROL THRU CHEVROLET HOLDINGS.

HOT RODS & RACING CARS

CHEVROLET WENT BACK TO RACING. HE DROVE A "CORNELIAN", SMALLEST IN THE RACE.



IN THE 1919 INDIANAPOLIS CLASSIC, THE REAL RACE WAS BETWEEN CHEVROLET AND DEPALMA, A GREAT BATTLE THAT BROUGHT THE GRANDSTAND TO ITS FEET!



IN THE NEXT INDIANAPOLIS RACE, ONE OF HIS CARS HIT A CONCRETE WALL...



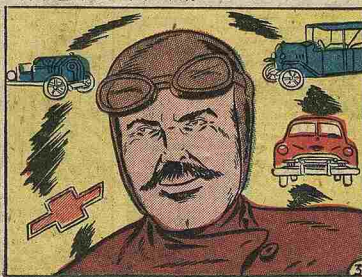
DRIVING A FRONTENAC, CHEVROLET BROUGHT CHEERS FROM THE STANDS AS HE RACED BY IN 1916 INDIANAPOLIS CLASSIC.



AT INDIANAPOLIS, IN 1920, A FRONTENAC AND A MONROE, BOTH DESIGNED BY LOUIS CHEVROLET, CAME IN 1ST AND 10TH.

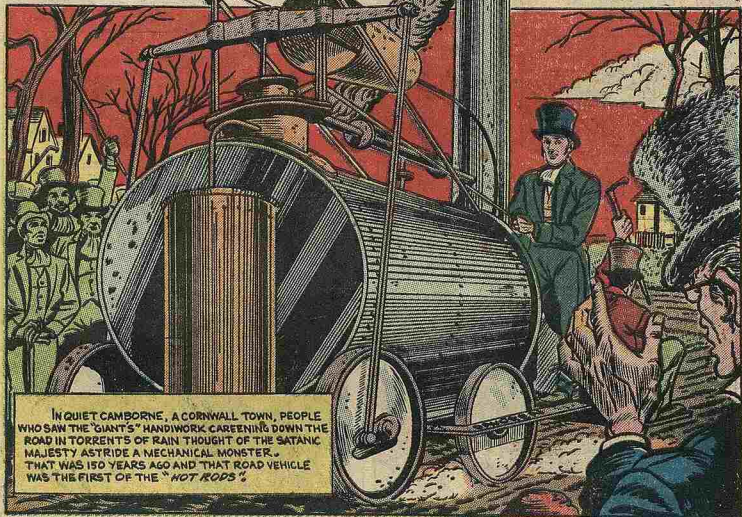


FAMOUS AS A DRIVER AND DESIGNER OF CARS, LOUIS CHEVROLET'S NAME LIVES ON THROUGH THE WORLD-RENOWNED "CHEVROLET MOTORCAR" WHICH BEARS HIS NAME. LOUIS CHEVROLET DIED IN DETROIT IN 1941.



HOT RODS & RACING CARS
MIGHTY
CORNISH GIANT

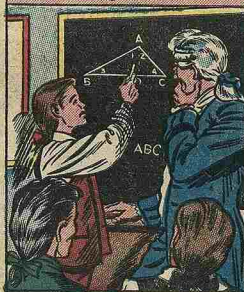
...WHO WRESTLED WITH NATURE'S FORCES AND BENT THEM TO HIS WILL



IN QUIET CAMBORNE, A CORNWALL TOWN, PEOPLE WHO SAW THE "GIANT'S" HANDIWORK CAREENING DOWN THE ROAD IN TORRENTS OF RAIN THOUGHT OF THE SATANIC MAJESTY ASTRIDE A MECHANICAL MONSTER. THAT WAS 150 YEARS AGO AND THAT ROAD VEHICLE WAS THE FIRST OF THE "HOT RODS."

THIS WAS THE TIME AN INVENTIVE GENIUS NAMED JAMES WATT TOURED WESTERN CORNWALL FOR ORDERS FOR HIS STEAM ENGINE... RICHARD TREVITHICK WAS A LITTLE BOY AND WAS TO BE KNOWN AS THE "CORNWALL GIANT." THESE TWO GIANTS WERE TO SLUG IT OUT - ON RELATIVE MERITS OF STEAM POWER.

YOUNG RICHARD WAS A WHIZ AT MATH - AND ONCE CHALLENGED HIS TEACHER!



RICHARD HAD THE STRENGTH OF A GIANT - WAS NOTED WRESTLER BEFORE 21.

HE HANDLES THAT MANDREL LIKE A FEATHER!

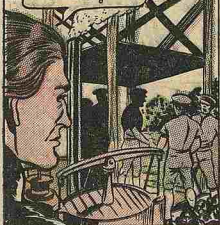
IT MUST WEIGH NEARLY HALF A TON!



HOT RODS & RACING CARS

RICHARD KNEW A LOT ABOUT ENGINES - THE KIND USED IN MINES.

WE DO A LOT WITH ENGINES HERE; PUMP WATER FROM MINES, RUN LIFTS... WONDER WHETHER THEY COULD TRANSPORT COAL... HMMM!



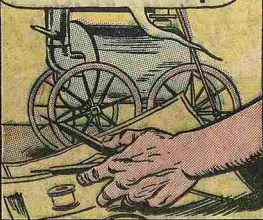
RICHARD BECAME FAMOUS AS AN ENGINE EXPERT, WORKED IN 20 DIFFERENT MINES.

WITH HIGH STEAM PRESSURE, I CAN USE SMALLER BOILERS. SMALL BOILERS MAKE POSSIBLE SELF PROPELLING ENGINES!



FROM RICHARD TREVITHICK'S FERTILE BRAIN CAME MANY ENGINE INVENTIONS.

LET MR. JAMES WATTS STICK TO HIS ENGINE - MY HIGH PRESSURE DOUBLE-ACTING ENGINE IS BETTER. WITH IT I WILL MAKE A VEHICLE TRAVEL FROM PLACE-TO- PLACE!



PROUDLY, RICHARD SHOWS HIS ROAD ENGINE MODEL TO LORD AND LADY DE DUNSTANVILLE.

SEE HOW IT RUNS ON THIS KITCHEN TABLE!

LET'S CALL IT "CATCH ME WHO CAN!"



RICHARD TREVITHICK'S INVENTIVE GENIUS PRODUCED THE "CAMBORNE COMMON ROAD LOCOMOTIVE" - A VERY EARLY "HOT ROD" TYPE!

THE NAME PLATE SAYS IT WAS MADE IN 1797 - -

AND IT'S STILL IN WORKING ORDER!



FOUR YEARS LATER, RICHARD PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON A FULL-SIZE ENGINE.

THAT'S FINE! LADS, WE'RE FINISHING THIS JOB INSIDE OF A YEAR.

AND IT'S ENTIRELY HANDBUILT, TOO SIR!

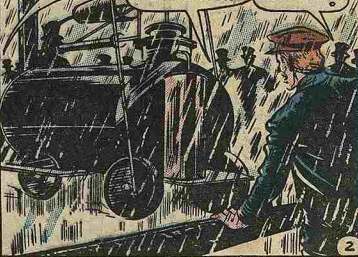


MEANWHILE, THE CAMBORNE MACHINE HAS ITS FIRST PUBLIC TRY-OUT!

THIS MUST BE THE DEVIL'S CARRIAGE - -

YES! IT'S HISsing STEAM, AND SPITTING SPARKS...

EVEN THE RAIN DOES NOT STOP IT!



HOT RODS & RACING CARS

A FEW DAYS LATER, ON A TRIAL RUN, THE STEERING WHEEL JERKED OUT OF CAPT. ANDREW VIVIAN'S HAND...

THE ENGINE'S GOING OVER, IN THAT GULLY?

OH I WANTED SO TO TAKE A RUN ON IT!

NOTHING CAN HURT THAT BIG MONSTER.



NOBODY WAS HURT IN THE ACCIDENT - AND THEY STOWED THE ENGINE AWAY IN A SHED, MEANWHILE REFRESHING THEMSELVES AT A NEARBY INN...

THE WATER BOILED AWAY - AND THE IRON BECAME RED-HOT?

THE METAL FUSED AND SET FIRE TO THE SHED.

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT! ... SHED AND ENGINE ARE DESTROYED.

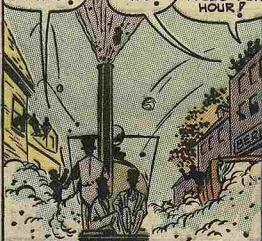


TO APPLY FOR STILL ANOTHER PATENT, A NEW ENGINE WAS BUILT AND SHIPPED TO LONDON.

OXFORD STREET HAS NEVER SEEN THE LIKES OF THIS?

HERE! TAKE THIS?

IT'S TEARING DOWN OUR STREET AT 12 MILES PER HOUR?



DIFFICULT TO CONTROL BECAUSE OF POOR STREETS, THE ENGINE RIPPED UP SOME-BODY'S FRONT YARD FENCE--

IT'S TOO BAD - BUT IT GIVES ME AN IDEA ... WHY NOT A ROAD OF ITS OWN, LIKE AN IRON RAIL?



TREVITHICK RAN HIS ENGINE ON A CIRCULAR COURSE AT THE LONDON 1818 EXHIBITION ... START OF THE RAIL-ROAD IDEA.

ONE SHILLING A RIDE ... ON THE "CATCH-ME-WHO-CAN".



THE GIANT'S GREAT INVENTIONS AND PLANS FORCED HIM INTO DEBT...

YOU CAN'T PAY - IN PRISON YOU GO?

EVERYTHING MUST BE SEIZED, BOOKS, PAPERS, INSTRUMENTS...



BUT NOW A NEW ADVENTURE AWAITS THE GIANT, IN SOUTH AMERICA!

FAREWELL, DON FRANCISCO, AND BE SURE TO BRING BACK SOME OF THOSE ENGINES INVENTED BY THAT ENGLISHMAN, JAMES WATTS --

YES, WE NEED THEM FOR OUR MINES IN PERU.

I WILL DO WHAT I CAN, SENORS? NOW I LEAVE SOUTH AMERICA FOR LONDON?



HOT RODS & RACING CARS

DON FRANCISCO WAS ABOUT TO RETURN TO SOUTH AMERICA WITHOUT THE WAT ENGINE, NOT SUITABLE FOR THE HIGH ALTITUDES OF PERU.

THAT ENGINE MODEL IN YOUR WINDOW - I WANT TO BUY IT. HOW MUCH, SENOR ?

OH, THAT WORKING MODEL OF THE FAMOUS "CATCH-ME-WHO-CAN" ENGINE ? TWENTY POUNDS, SIR ?



DON FRANCISCO RETURNED TO PERU, TESTED THE MODEL, FOUND THAT IT WORKED IN HIGH ALTITUDES.

YES, IT WORKS WELL... BUT WHO IS THE INVENTOR, THE BUILDER ?

IT SAYS "TREVITHICK" ON THE NAME PLATE... I'LL GO BACK TO ENGLAND AND FIND HIM.

MAYBE HE'LL MAKE FULL-SIZE ENGINES FOR OUR MINES ?



AS TREVITHICK ARRIVES AT LIMA, AFTER CROSSING THE ANDES FROM BUENOS AIRES...

THAT GUN SALUTE IS FOR YOU, PROFESSOR RICARDO TREVITHICK ?

A WONDERFUL WELCOME, SENOR ! NOW WE MUST REACH THE MINES.



THE GIANT HAD TO COME AND SHOW THEM HOW TO WORK HIS ENGINES, WHICH SEEMED TO HAVE TROUBLE...

THESE ENGINES WERE DESIGNED TO BURN COAL - AND WE HAVE ONLY WOOD UP HERE IN THESE MOUNTAINS. WE'LL MAKE THEM WORK WITH WOOD !



THE CORNISH GIANT, CAUGHT IN THE WAR FOR LATIN AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, BECAME A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.



AFTER THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE, COSTA RICA'S SILVER AND GOLD BECKONED...

IF I GET OUT OF THIS, IT'S HOME FOR ME ---

GLAD TO OBLIGE, SIR ?



THE GIANT RECEIVED A CORNISH WELCOME AS HE CAME HOME, AFTER YEARS OF ADVENTURE.

ROBERT - IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME - ELEVEN YEARS ?

GLAD TO BE BACK HOME... FOR GOOD THIS TIME ?

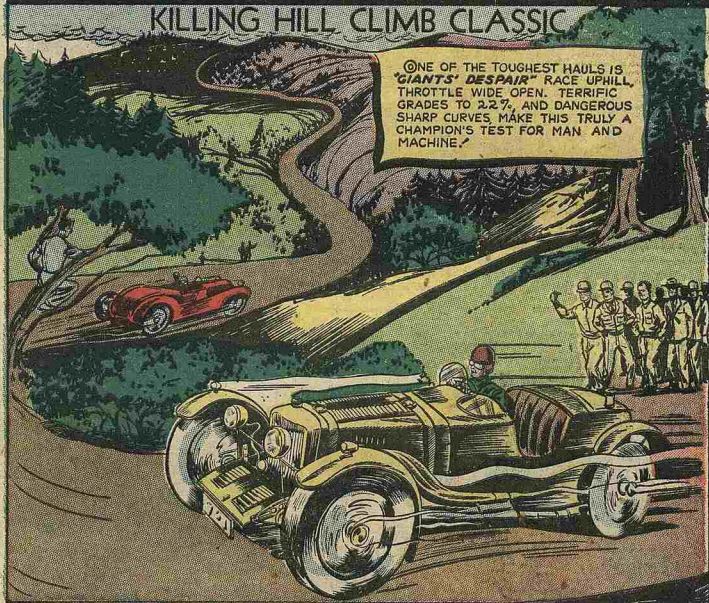


RICHARD TREVITHICK "CORNISH GIANT" DIED IN 1833. HE WAS ONE OF THE PIONEERS OF MOTORIZED VEHICLES -- PERHAPS THE FIRST OF THE HOT-RODDERS ?

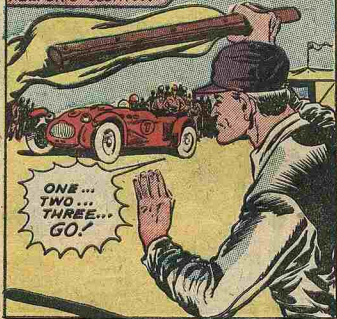
GIANTS' DESPAIR

KILLING HILL CLIMB CLASSIC

ONE OF THE TOUGHEST HAULS IS "GIANTS' DESPAIR" RACE UPHILL. THROTTLE WIDE OPEN. TERRIFIC GRADES TO 2.2%, AND DANGEROUS SHARP CURVES MAKE THIS TRULY A CHAMPION'S TEST FOR MAN AND MACHINE.



AS A CONTESTANT LISTENS TO THE TIME - KEEPER'S COUNT...



ONE...
TWO...
THREE...
GO!

... HE'S OFF WITH A ROAR WITH ALL HE'S GOT!..



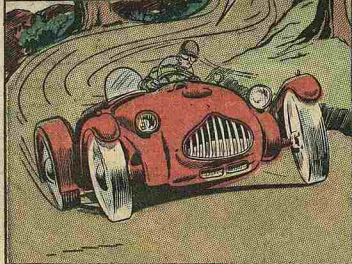
HE MADE THE PEAK OF THE FIRST SLOPE IN SECONDS...

I CAN FEEL HIM SHIFTING INTO SECOND NOW...

HOT RODS & RACING CARS

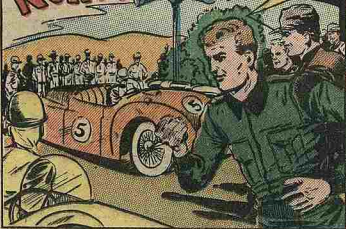
DRIVER WATCHES THOSE TREACHEROUS HAIR PIN CURVES AS HAND OF TACHOMETER HITS TOP SPEED...

'DEVIL'S ELBOW!'
WHAT A NAME FOR A CURVE!



LOUD SPEAKERS AT FINISH LINE ROAR CAR'S ARRIVAL NOTE!

ROAR!



I CLOCK HIM IN AT **ONE MINUTE, 7.5 SECONDS!**

THAT'S 53.18 MILES PER HOUR... **UPHILL... ALL THE WAY!**



A GIANT OF EARLY DAY DRIVING... RALPH DE PALMA... SET A RECORD FOR THE CLIMB... IN 1905.

WELL HE'S GOT 190 HORSES IN THAT 4-CYLINDER FIAT TO MAKE IT WITH...

THAT FLYING START WILL HELP, THOUGH... HE'S GOT 5,700 FEET TO GO... **ALL UP!**



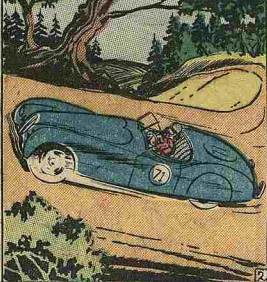
DE PALMA'S STRIPPED FIAT RUSHES OVER THE DIRT ROAD IN RECORD TIME.

OFFICIAL TIME IS... ONE MINUTE, 28.4 SECONDS!

AVERAGE SPEED IS 46.51 MILES!



'GIANTS' DESPAIR' CLIMB IS SO TOUGH, THAT IN FORTY-ODD YEARS, ONLY ABOUT 20 SECONDS WERE CLIPPED OFF DE PALMA'S RECORD!



HOT RODS & RACING CARS

TOUGHEST ROAD IN PENNSYLVANIA'S WYOMING VALLEY MINING AREA, GIANTS' DESPAIR RISES 100 FEET IN JUST OVER A MILE!



LAST EVENT OFFICIALLY OPENED BY WILLIE HAUPT, 1908 WINNER...



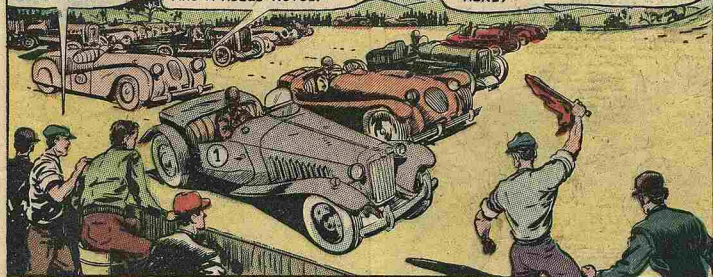
SURE FEELS FINE GOING UPHILL IN A LE MANS "BENTLEY", THIS TIME!

SIXTY-THREE CARS OF ALL MAKES WERE ENTERED... INCLUDING SOME "GRANDADDIES"...

SAY! ISN'T THAT A STUTZ BEARCAT OVER THERE?

YES, IT IS! AND THERE'S A MERCEDES, TOO, AND A ROLLS ROYCE!

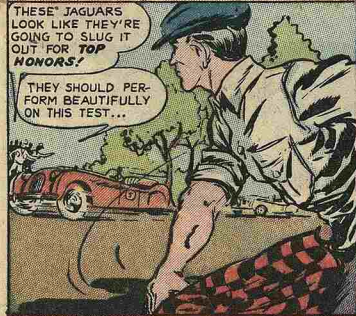
BUT THERE ARE MORE MG'S AND JAGUARS THAN ANYTHING ELSE HERE.



DIVIDED INTO NINE CLASSES, ACCORDING TO CHARACTERISTICS, CONTESTS QUICKLY DEVELOPED...

THESE JAGUARS LOOK LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO SLUG IT OUT FOR TOP HONORS!

THEY SHOULD PERFORM BEAUTIFULLY ON THIS TEST...



IT TURNED INTO A DUEL OF JAGUARS...

THIS SURE IS CLOSE! FIRST JAGUAR MADE IT IN ONE MINUTE, 12.9 SECONDS... SECOND ONE CLIPPED 7-TENTHS OFF THAT TIME...

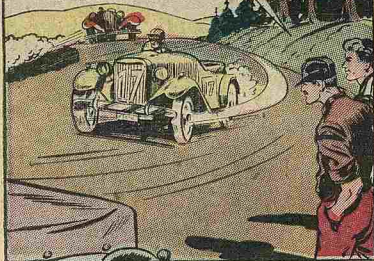
OFFICIAL TIME ON THIS IS ONE MINUTE, 11.6 SECONDS!



HOT RODS & RACING CARS

ANOTHER DUEL DEVELOPED BETWEEN MG'S ...
BLOWN AND UNBLOWN!

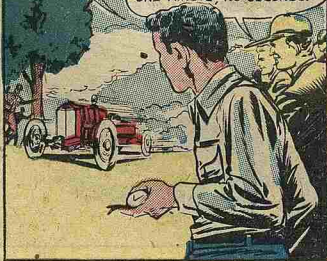
JUST THINK... ABOUT A SECOND'S
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO CLASSES
OF MG'S...



MAYBE OLD CARS NEVER DIE...

WELL, HERE COMES OUR 1928
MERCEDES BELLE!

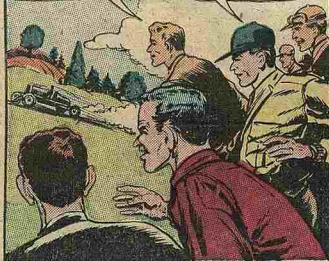
SHE'S GOT NOTHING TO
BLUSH ABOUT... MADE IT IN
ONE MINUTE, 23 SECONDS!



WITH ITS OLD COCKINESS OF YEARS GONE BY,
COMES A BEARCAT!

THAT'S A 1914 STUTZ,
ISN'T IT?

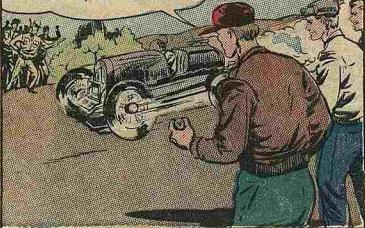
SURE IS ... AND
IT'S A BEAUTY, TOO!



BUT WINNER OF "UNRESTRICTED" CLASS WAS
FOURTH FASTEST CAR OF DAY!

THAT OLD BUGATTI REMINDS ME
OF OLD RACING DAYS...

WELL, IT'S STILL GOT ITS OLD PER.. LOOK
AT THIS WATCH... IT SAYS IT DID IT IN
ONE MINUTE, 12 SECONDS!



PRIZE WINNER WAS SLOWEST TIME IN CLIMB...

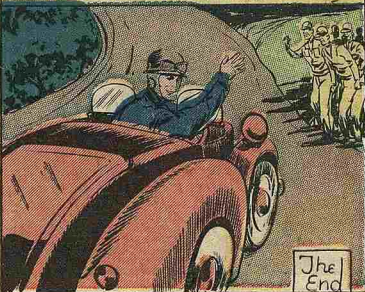
THAT WHITE ROLLS ROYCE SURE TOOK IT
EASY!

YES, I HEARD TIMEKEEPER SAY
TWO MINUTES, 52.3 SECONDS...

THAT'S MORE THAN TWICE THE
TIME DE PALMA TOOK FORTY
ONE YEARS AGO!



OVER TORTUOUS ROADS, AT HIGH AVERAGE SPEEDS,
THIS IS A CONTEST THAT TESTS SKILL AND
STAMINA! WATCH FOR NEW RECORDS AT
GIANTS' DESPAIR THIS YEAR!



The
End

IN EVERY ISSUE OF-

HOT RODS ^{and} RACING CARS

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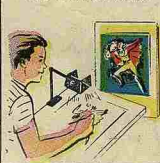
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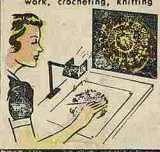
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