

all WINNERS

FIRST IN A SERIES OF WINNING CARS TO BE PRESENTED IN EACH ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE SO THAT YOU WILL HAVE A PERMANENT COLLECTION FOR YOUR OWN ENJOYMENT AND REFERENCE... REMEMBER..THESE CARS ALL WON THE INDIANAPOLIS "500"...AND THAT IS AN OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT IN ANY MAN'S LANGUAGE!

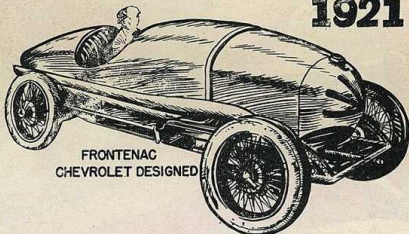
RAY HARROUN 1911



RAY HARROUN, ONE OF THE EARLIEST WINNERS OF THE 500 FLASHED ACROSS THE FINISH LINE IN HIS NO 32 WHICH RESEMBLES AN OLD FASHIONED AIRPLANE...
*No 2 rear view mirror!

MARMION
"6"

TOMMY MILTON 1921

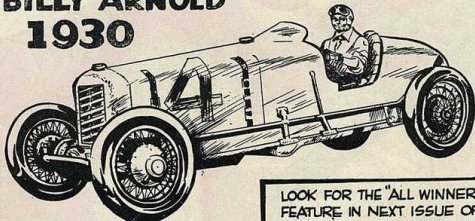


FRONTENAC
CHEVROLET DESIGNED

TOMMY MILTON'S CAR, ENGINEERED IN THE SHAPE OF A HUGE TEAR DROP IN ORDER TO CUT DOWN WIND RESISTANCE, RESEMBLES SOME OF THE MORE MODERN BODY DESIGNS, EXCEPT FOR IT'S HEIGHT FROM THE GROUND WHICH IS CONSIDERABLY MORE THAN PRESENT DAY CARS.

BILLY ARNOLD 1930

BY 1930 RACING CARS HAD BECOME FASTER, BUT ALSO A LOT SAFER. MANY USED HYDRAULIC FOUR WHEEL BRAKES AND THEIR STEERING MECHANISMS ARE FAR SUPERIOR TO THE OLDER MODELS SHOWN ABOVE. THE CENTER OF GRAVITY IS NOW MUCH LOWER, REDUCING CHANCES OF A SPILL. HERE IN BILLY ARNOLD'S NO 4 IS A GOOD EXAMPLE.



MILLER-HARTZ
FRONT WHEEL DRIVE

LOOK FOR THE "ALL WINNERS" FEATURE IN NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE. START YOUR PERMANENT COLLECTION **NOW**

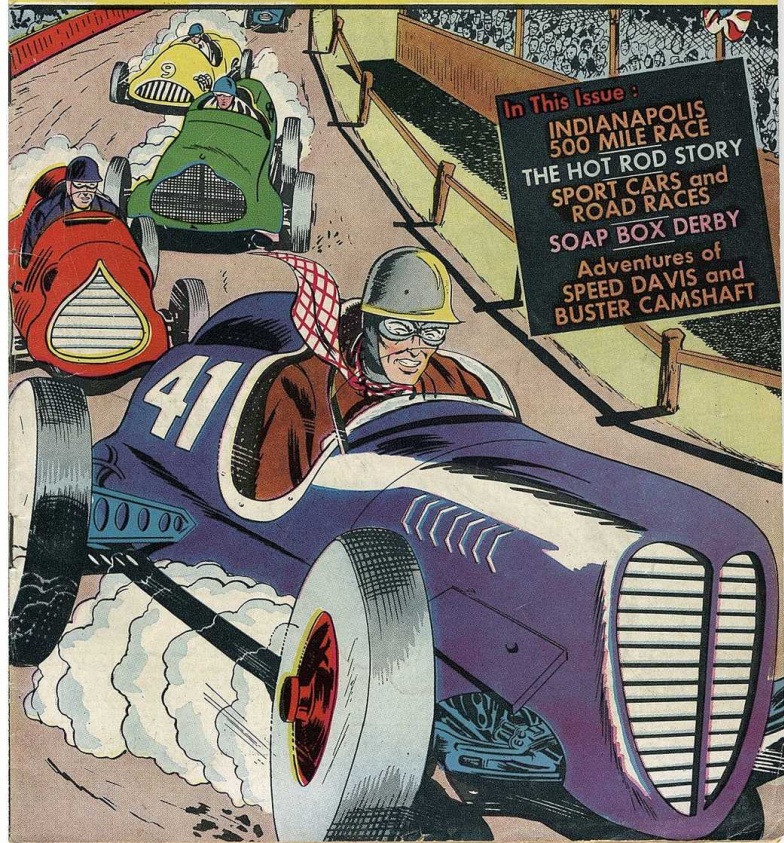
HOT RODS

and

No.1

RACING CARS

10c
CDC



In This Issue :

**INDIANAPOLIS
500 MILE RACE**

**THE HOT ROD STORY
SPORT CARS and
ROAD RACES**

SOAP BOX DERBY

**Adventures of
SPEED DAVIS and
BUSTER CAMSHAFT**

HOT ROD COMICS

NEXT DAY, SPEED VISITS HIS TWO "HOT ROD" PALS--



THERE'S THAT DAVIS KID. CRAZY ABOUT CARS, AND KNOWS A LOT ABOUT THEM. THE KID'S GOT CARS IN HIS BLOOD....

HIS OLD MAN WAS KILLED RACING IN THE '500', WASN'T HE? THINKS MAYBE SOME DAY HE'LL BE A HERO TOO?

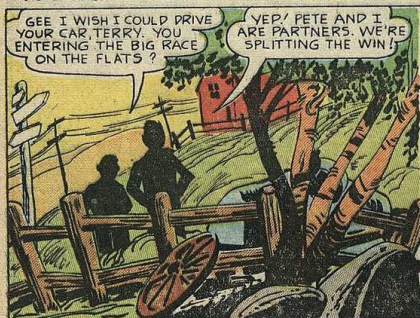
HI, FELLOWS!

HI THERE, SPEED!

ALL SET, PETE... LET'S TAKE HER OUT FOR A SPIN. HOP IN, KID AND GET A THRILL!



PETE TAKES THE ROD FOR A FAST TEST BY HIMSELF!



GEE I WISH I COULD DRIVE YOUR CAR, TERRY. YOU ENTERING THE BIG RACE ON THE FLATS?

YEP! PETE AND I ARE PARTNERS. WE'RE SPLITTING THE WIN!



WHAT WAS THAT?

DUNNO, KID HOPE IT ISN'T...

BANG!



WHAT'S A MATTER, PETE? YOU ALL RIGHT!

LET UP TOO LATE WHEN I TOOK THAT CORNER. SORRY, TERRY-- AND THE RACE ONLY A FEW WEEKS AWAY!



YOU OVERCONTROLLED PETE... SHOULD HAVE STARTED THE SWING ABOUT THERE!

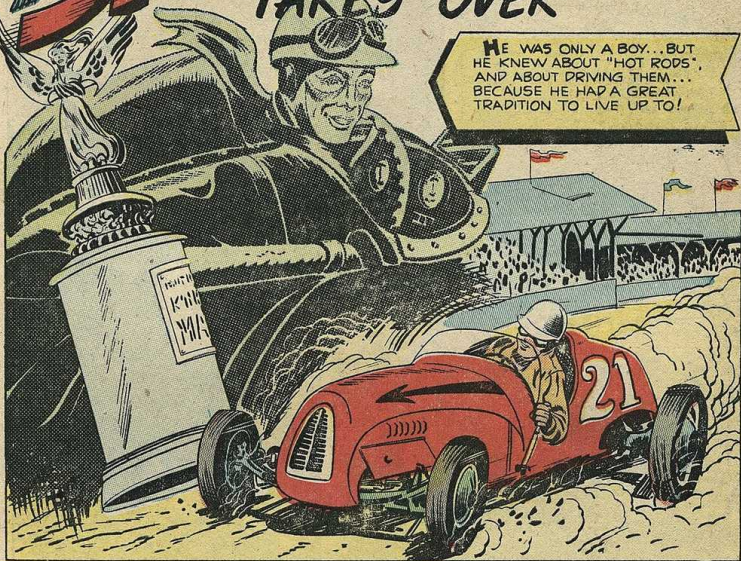
YOUR DAD TAUGHT YOU ABOUT TURNS TOO, SPEED?

THE KID'S RIGHT, PETE YOU REACT TOO SLOWLY FOR HER SPEED! C'MON. LET'S GET THIS CRATE IN THE WORKSHOP!

SPEED DAVIS

TAKES OVER

HE WAS ONLY A BOY... BUT HE KNEW ABOUT "HOT RODS", AND ABOUT DRIVING THEM... BECAUSE HE HAD A GREAT TRADITION TO LIVE UP TO!



LOOK! ONE OF DAD'S INDIANAPOLIS RACING PRIZES. GEE! IT'S HEAVY... WHY DO YOU ALWAYS KEEP DAD'S TROPHIES LOCKED UP, MOM?

PUT IT RIGHT BACK, SPEED, AND THAT RACING HELMET TOO.



THAT TROPHY WOULD SURE LOOK GOOD IN MY ROOM! JUST FOR ONE NIGHT, HUH, MOM?

NO! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO BOTHER ABOUT CARS... ESPECIALLY RACERS.

IT KILLED HIS FATHER IF I DON'T WATCH SPEED I'LL LOSE HIM TOO.



WHY DOES MOM SAY I'LL NEVER BE A RACING DRIVER LIKE DAD?... SOME DAY I'D LIKE TO WIN TROPHIES, LIKE HE DID!

GOOD NIGHT, SPEED! DON'T DREAM ABOUT ALL THAT AUTOMOBILE TRASH, SON!



HOT ROD COMICS

BACK IN THE GARAGE, DAYS LATER...

BEAT BEFORE WE START! WE'LL NEVER GET THIS JOB IN SHAPE FOR THE RACES, PETE!

SEEMS TO HAVE NO FEP. TERRY WOULD TAKE A MONTH TO SOUP HER UP AGAIN... NO CAR AND NO TIME TO GET ANOTHER FOR THE BIG RACE!



SHE'S GOT ALL IT TAKES TO WIN! ONLY THE REAR END'S GOT TO BE CHANGED

THAT NEW DUAL INTAKE MANIFOLD WITH THE TWIN CARBURETORS SHOULD SHOOT THAT GAS INTO THE WORKS FASTER.



WITH THE NEW ALUMINUM CYLINDER HEAD, WE GOT THAT COMPRESSION RATIO OVER 8... AS HIGH AS WE CAN WITHOUT USING ALKY OR NITRO

WE GOT US MAXIMUM POWER AND TORQUE, WITH THOSE HIGH LIFT RACING CAMS.



BO? DID WE GRIND THE CORRECT ANGLE, PAL?

REMEMBER HOW WE HAD TO COMPENSATE THAT CAMSHAFT GRINDING BY LENGTHENING THE VALVES? THE SWEAT THAT WENT INTO THAT JOB!



YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE YOU ENGINEERED THE WHOLE THING, WHO SPENT HOURS AT THE LATHE TURNING DOWN THE CRANKSHAFT FOR A LONGER PISTON STROKE!

IF WE COULD ONLY BUILD UP THAT RATIO.



RATIO, HE SAYS! I'VE DONE MORE MATH ON THIS THAN IN FOUR YEARS OF HIGH SCHOOL. PETE, THEY SHOULD TEACH MORE ABOUT RATIO IN SCHOOL.

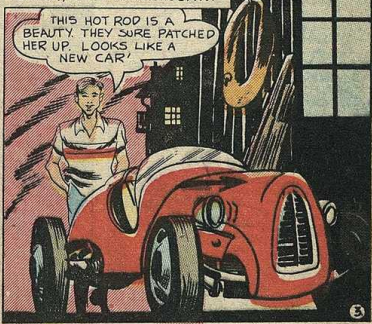
PHOOEY, LET'S GO HOME, I'M BUSHED!

LET'S TAKE HER OUT FOR ANOTHER TRY. WE CAN'T BE TOO FAR FROM HITTING HER IDEAL RATIO.



LATER, LATE AFTERNOON...

THIS HOT ROD IS A BEAUTY. THEY SURE PATCHED HER UP. LOOKS LIKE A NEW CAR!



HOT ROD COMICS

"BORROWING" HIS PAL'S ROD, SPEED HIT THE ROAD...



"GOWS" FAST. 60MPH IN 9-SECONDS.

ON A STRETCH OF ROAD WITH NO HOUSES, NO SIDE ROADS, HE SAW LIGHTS, AND MAYBE A DOZEN CARS... HOT RODS.



HI THERE, BUD!

SAY JACK, THAT'S A NEW GUY!

MAYBE HE WANTS TO TRY HIS RIG WITH US!



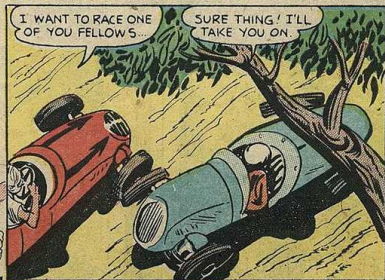
THIS IS A SPEED TRIAL ON THIS STRAIGHT STRETCH OF ROAD... WANT TO RACE.

NO, I'LL JUST WATCH!

SPEED WATCHED THEM POST A SENTINEL AT EITHER END OF THE 4 OR 5 MILE STRAIGHTAWAY. FELLOW AT FAR END BLINKED HIS HEADLIGHTS, AND A PAIR OF HOT RODS TOOK OFF, RACING CAR AGAINST CAR.



IT WAS GETTING IN HIS BLOOD, THIS RACING FEVER...



I WANT TO RACE ONE OF YOU FELLOWS...

SURE THING! I'LL TAKE YOU ON.

LIKE A VETERAN DRIVER, SPEED WAS FEELING GREAT. SCARCELY GLANCING AT HIS OPPONENT.



ALL CLEAR!

IT WAS NECK AND NECK... AND THEY FINISHED ALMOST TOGETHER!



GOOD TIME, KID YOU CLOCKED AT 3:55 1/2... QUITE A CAR YOU HAVE THERE

THANKS. NOT BAD. NEEDS A LITTLE WORK DONE ON HER YET... GOOD BYE!

SPEED CONTINUED RIGHT TO THE GARAGE... AND HIS PALS WERE WAITING!



TRYING TO KIDNAP A CAR, SPEED?

SAY WHO SHOWED YOU HOW TO DRIVE?

MY DAD, WHEN I WAS LITTLE.



MET UP WITH SOME FELLOWS, SERIOUS HOT RODS... THOSE WHO DON'T GO FOR "CHICKEN" AND "DRAG RACES"... THEY RACE CLEAN.

HOT ROD COMICS



HOT ROD COMICS



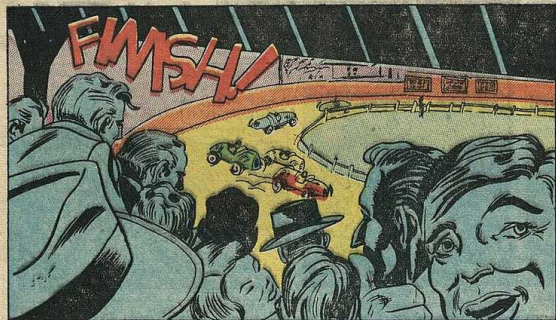
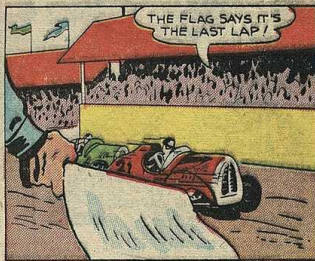
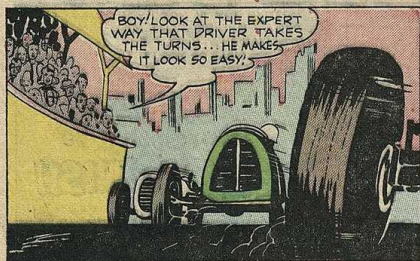
BACK FROM A TRIAL RUN, AFTER SPEED'S IDEAS ARE USED...



THE PAY OF THE HOT ROD RACE, TERRY'S TWO-MAN TEAM GOES ABOUT ITS PREPARATIONS FOR THE CONTEST.



HOT ROD COMICS

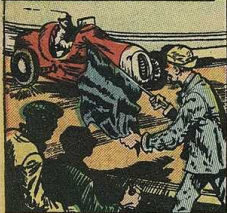


WHAT THE



THEY'RE OFF... THE GREEN FLAGS DOWN AND FROM THE STARTER'S VANTAGE POINT WE SEE A SPECTACULAR ARRAY OF SHINY NEW DEMONS OF SPEED!

RACE DRIVING MEANS A LOT MORE THAN SITTING BEHIND THE WHEEL... THE TACTICS AND STRATEGY OF A RACE MAY CALL FOR THE STARTER'S BLACK FLAG - IT MEANS STOP FOR CONSULTATION



LOOKOUT! CAR ATTEMPTING TO PASS YOU... WARNS THE STARTER'S VIVID BLUE AND ORANGE FLAG... THE PITMAN'S EYE AND HIS BRAIN SAVE YOU MANY A SPILL...



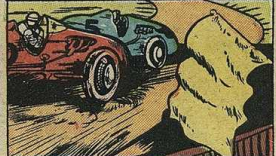
SIGNAL FLAGS

MEAN from Start to FINISH

WHAM! AND SOMEONE'S OVER ON HIS BACK-AFIRE!!! BURSTING... SPOUTING HOT STREAMS BEFORE ON-COMING CARS - RED, MEANS STOP!



GOING SO FAST, DRIVERS SOMETIMES ARE UN-AWARE OF DANGER LURKING IN THEIR PATH... A FRIENDLY FLAG - YELLOW - DRIVE WITH CAUTION - MAINTAIN POSITION...



SOMETIMES WITH A SIGH OF RELIEF - IF YOU'RE OUT IN FRONT... THE LAST LAP WHITE STARTING FLAG IS ALL YOU NEED TO KEEP AHEAD!



YEOWEE! AN' THERE IT IS! THE OLD CHECKERED BLACK AND WHITE... YOU DID IT AGAIN!!! EVERYTHING'S OVER BUT THE CELEBRATION - FINISH!

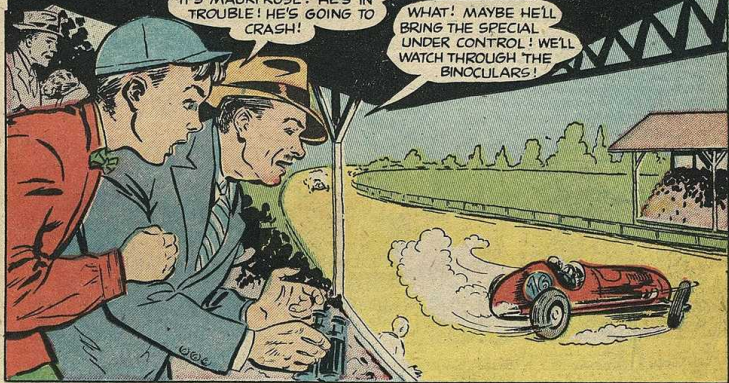


Jimmy Mullane at INDIANAPOLIS

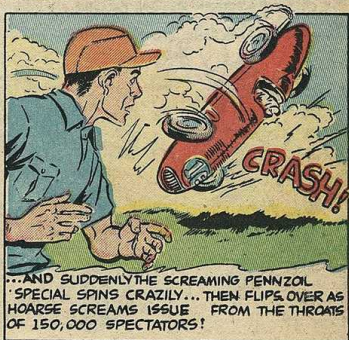
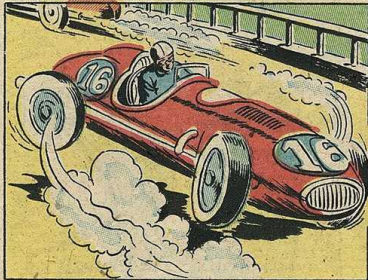
IT'S A FAR CRY FROM 1951 TO 1911, WHEN THE FIRST "500" WAS RUN AT INDIANAPOLIS! BUT, THOUGH SPEEDS HAVE INCREASED FROM 74.59 TO A BLAZING 126.244 M.P.H., THE THRILLS IN THIS GREATEST OF ALL AUTOMOTIVE CLASSICS REMAIN THE SAME!

GRANDPA! GRANDPA! LOOK!
IT'S MAURI ROSE! HE'S IN
TROUBLE! HE'S GOING TO
CRASH!

WHAT! MAYBE HE'LL
BRING THE SPECIAL
UNDER CONTROL! WE'LL
WATCH THROUGH THE
BINOCULARS!

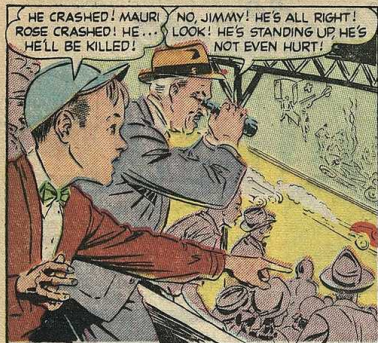


MAURI ROSE IS ONE OF THE GREATEST DRIVERS IN THE WORLD, BUT EVEN HE CANNOT CONTROL A HOT BOILER AT OVER 125 M.P.H. WITH A BROKEN AXLE!



...AND SUDDENLY THE SCREAMING PENNZOIL
'SPECIAL SPINS CRAZILY... THEN FLIPS OVER AS
HORSE SCREAMS ISSUE FROM THE THROATS
OF 150,000 SPECTATORS!

HOT ROD COMICS



HE CRASHED! MAURI... NO, JIMMY! HE'S ALL RIGHT!
ROSE CRASHED! HE... LOOK! HE'S STANDING UP, HE'S
HE'LL BE KILLED! NOT EVEN HURT!



GOSH! I WAS SCARED!
BUT I BET THERE WERE
NEVER CRACK-UPS LIKE
THAT WHEN YOU WERE
DRIVING, GRANDPA! NOT
REALLY BAD ONES I
MEAN!

HA! HA! DON'T YOU BELIEVE
IT, JIMMY, MY BOY! THERE
WERE MORE CRASHES IN
THOSE DAYS, AND THEY
WERE MORE SERIOUS
BECAUSE THE CARS WEREN'T
AS GOOD!



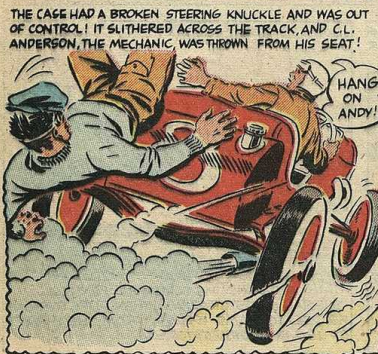
YOU'RE KIDDING ME
GRANDPA! GOSH NO-
BODY COULD GET
HURT THE WAY
THOSE CARS USED
TO CRAWL AROUND
THE TRACK!

WELL, I CAN SEE
THAT I'VE GOT TO
SET YOU STRAIGHT
ON A FEW THINGS
YOUNG MAN. LET
ME TELL YOU ABOUT
ONE OF THE WORST
CRASHES IN THE "500'S"
HISTORY...

I WAS A YOUNGSTER OF ABOUT 15 AND I WAS WORKING AS A GREASE-MONKEY
IN THE BENZ PIT, RIGHT OVER THERE, DURING THE 1911 RACE. SUDDENLY, ON
THE 87TH LAP...

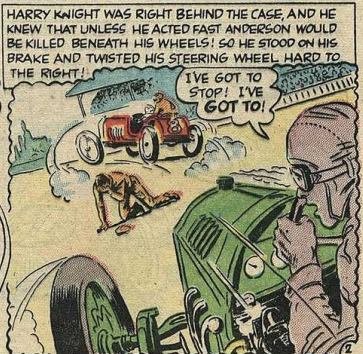


LOOK! THE CASE CAR IS IN
TROUBLE! JOE JAGERSBERGER
WILL NEVER GET IT UNDER CONTROL!



THE CASE HAD A BROKEN STEERING KNUCKLE AND WAS OUT
OF CONTROL! IT SLITHERED ACROSS THE TRACK, AND C.L.
ANDERSON, THE MECHANIC, WAS THROWN FROM HIS SEAT!

HANG
ON
ANDY!



HARRY KNIGHT WAS RIGHT BEHIND THE CASE, AND HE
KNEW THAT UNLESS HE ACTED FAST ANDERSON WOULD
BE KILLED BENEATH HIS WHEELS! SO HE STOOD ON HIS
BRAKE AND TWISTED HIS STEERING WHEEL HARD TO
THE RIGHT!

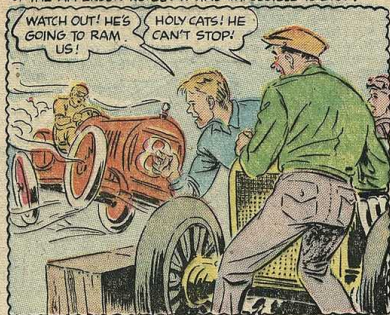
I'VE GOT TO
STOP! I'VE
GOT TO!

HOT ROD COMICS

HARRY KNIGHT'S RACER HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE SIDE OF THE APPERSON NO. 35! IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO STOP!

WATCH OUT! HE'S GOING TO RAM US!

HOLY CATS! HE CAN'T STOP!



NO. 8 CRASHED INTO THE APPERSON WITH A TERRIBLE CRUNCHING OF METAL... AND BOTH CARS FLEW INTO THE AIR!

LOOK! IT'S GOING TO LAND ON US!

HERB LYTLE IS FALLING OUT!



CRASH!

THE APPERSON FLEW STRAIGHT FOR THE BENZ PIT... AND CRASHED RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY STARTLED EYES! I WAS NEVER SO SCARED IN MY LIFE!

WOW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!



AND HARRY KNIGHT'S NO. 8 LANDED SMACK ON TOP OF THE FIAT, WHICH WAS HAVING A NEW DRAG ROD INSTALLED! IT WAS A TERRIBLE CRASH!

OOOOOFF!

WON'T THIS EVER END? THAT'S THE FOURTH CAR SMASHED IN THIS CRACKUP!



FEARING FIRE, WE QUICKLY DRAGGED HERB LYTLE'S MECHANIC FROM THE APPERSON!

HURRY! THE GAS TANK MIGHT GO UP ANY MINUTE!

HE'S LUCKY A FIRE DIDN'T START BEFORE THIS!



IN THE MEANTIME, THE FIAT CREW DRAGGED HARRY KNIGHT AND JOHNNY GLOVER FROM WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE WESCOTT NO. 8!

THEY'RE BOTH UNCONSCIOUS!

AFTER A SMASH-UP LIKE THAT THEY'RE LUCKY THEY'RE NOT DEAD!

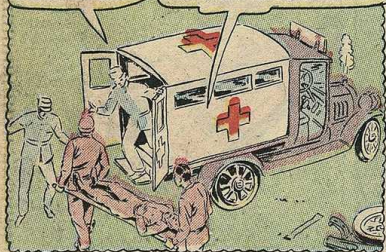


HOT ROD COMICS

AN AMBULANCE SOON ARRIVED, AND I HELPED LOAD THE UNCONSCIOUS MEN ABOARD, FOR A HURRIED TRIP TO THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL HOSPITAL!

HURRY UP, MEN! WE WANT TO SAVE THEM IF IT'S POSSIBLE!

I HOPE THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT DOCTOR, BUT I DON'T SEE HOW THEY COULD HAVE LIVED THROUGH IT!



I COULDN'T GET THE THOUGHT OF THE WRECK OUT OF MY MIND, BUT THEN, LATER IN THE AFTERNOON!

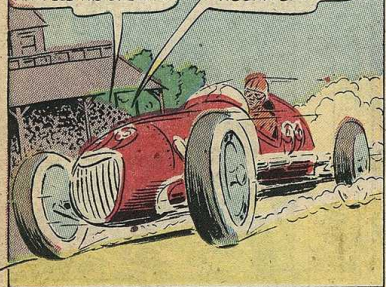
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED WORD FROM THE HOSPITAL! THE INJURED DRIVERS ARE ALL WELL... NONE ON THE DANGER LIST

DID YOU HEAR THAT? WHAT GREAT NEWS!



BUT I BET YOU DIDN'T HAVE A FINISH LIKE THIS! LOOK AT THE WAY LEE WALLARD HANDLES HIS SPECIAL

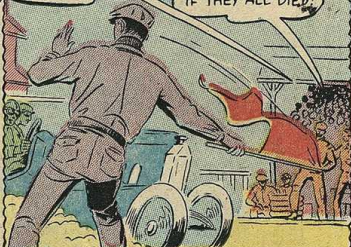
TALKING OF A FINISH LIKE THIS! JIMMY! LET ME TELL YOU HOW THAT 1911 RACE WOUND UP...



FOR A WHILE IT LOOKED AS IF THE RACE WAS GOING TO BE CALLED OFF, BUT THEN...

THE RED FLAG! THEY'RE GOING TO LET THEM GO ON!

I HOPE THEY GET TO THE HOSPITAL IN TIME! IT WOULD BE TERRIBLE IF THEY ALL DIED!



* Back in 1911 RED MEANT A CLEAR COURSE!

GOSH, THAT MUST HAVE BEEN EXCITING GRANDPA! I HAD THE SHIVERS JUST LISTENING TO YOU DESCRIBE IT!

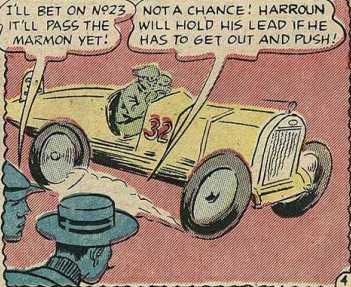
THEN YOU KNOW HOW I FELT, JIMMY! THAT FIRST RUNNING OF THE 500 WAS REALLY SOMETHING!



THE CARS CAME DOWN THE STRETCH IN THE FINAL LAP RAY HARRON WAS IN THE LEAD, BUT IT WAS GOING TO BE A BATTLE FOR SECOND PLACE!

I'LL BET ON N°23 IT'LL PASS THE MARMON YET!

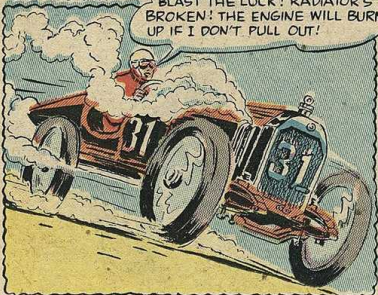
NOT A CHANCE! HARRON WILL HOLD HIS LEAD IF HE HAS TO GET OUT AND PUSH!



HOT ROD COMICS

BUT SUDDENLY A CLOUD OF STEAM MUSHROOMED FROM THE 2ND MARMON, AND DAWSON WAS FORCED TO STOP HIS CAR!

BLAST THE LUCK! RADIATOR'S BROKEN! THE ENGINE WILL BURN UP IF I DON'T PULL OUT!



THAT'S THE WAY DAWSON LOST THE \$5000 SECOND PLACE PRIZE! HE HAD TO JUST SIT THERE WHILE THE OTHER CARS FLASHED PAST HIM!

GOOD LUCK, FELLOWS! IT'S JUST THE BREAKS OF THE GAME, I GUESS!



AND RAY HARROUN'S SPEEDY MARMON NO 32 CROSSED THE FINISH LINE... THE WINNER OF THE FIRST 500 GRIND!

THE WINNER
RAY HARROUN!

WHAT A DRIVER! HE'LL GET \$10,000... AND HE REALLY DESERVES IT! HE STAYED AHEAD FOR 300 MILES!



GEE WHIZ! THAT WAS REALLY TOUGH LUCK FOR DAWSON WASN'T IT?

IT CERTAINLY WAS JIMMY! BUT LET'S HOPE NOTHING LIKE THAT HAPPENS TODAY! LET'S GO DOWN TO THE PITS TO SEE THE FINISH OF THE RACE.



THERE ARE ONLY TEN MORE LAPS TO GO... TWENTY-FIVE SHORT MILES... WHEN JIMMY AND HIS GRANDFATHER ARRIVE AT LEE WALLARD'S PIT... AND HIS CREW IS BURSTING WITH EXCITEMENT!

HELLO, BILL! EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL?

YOU BET! WALLARD IS BURNING UP THE TRACK! HE HASN'T USED HIS BRAKES ONCE THE LAST TEN LAPS!



YES, HE'S REALLY SOME DRIVER! HE WAS IN SIXTH POSITION LAST YEAR WHEN THE RACE WAS STOPPED BECAUSE OF RAIN!

A GOOD CHANCE OF WINNING THEN, TOO IF YOU REMEMBER.

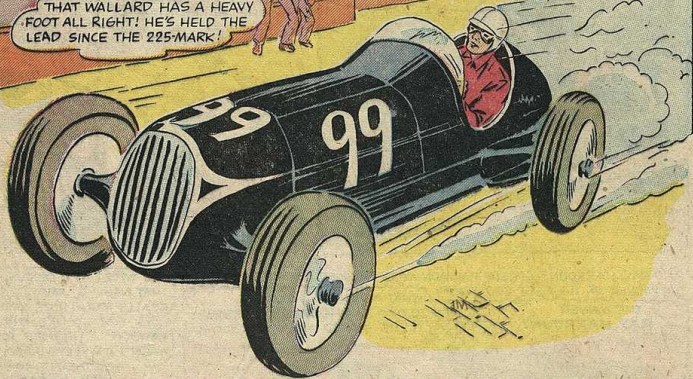
HE WAS ONLY TWO LAPS BEHIND PARSONS WHEN THEY WERE FLAGGED OFF THE TRACK!



HOT ROD COMICS

LEE WALLARD COMES INTO THE STRETCH AGAIN, THROTTLE CRACKED WIDE, HIS ENGINE SCREAMING LIKE A THING GONE BERSERK

THAT WALLARD HAS A HEAVY FOOT ALL RIGHT! HE'S HELD THE LEAD SINCE THE 225-MARK!



GRANDPA! IS HE SIGNALING WALLARD IN ?

NO, JIMMY, THEY'RE LETTING HIM KNOW THAT HE'S IN FIRST POSITION AND JUST FINISHING THE 192ND LAP!



ONLY EIGHT MORE TO GO! MY GOOD-LUCK CHARM IS WORKING PLENTY GOOD TODAY!



GOOD-LUCK CHARM? SURE, THESE DRIVERS ARE ALL SUPERSTITIOUS! LEE WALLARD ASKED HIS WIFE TO WEAR A CHECKERED SKIRT TODAY!

CHECKERED SKIRT... MEANING WINNER, EH? I ALSO HEARD HE'S CARRYING A TEN-CENT PIECE THAT TED HORN ALWAYS USED TO PUT IN HIS SHOE BEFORE A RACE! THEY WERE GREAT BUDDIES!



HOT ROD COMICS

AT 126 M.P.H. THE LAPS ARE EATEN UP AT A RAPID RATE AND SOON...

LOOK, GRANDPA! THE STARTER IS GIVING LEE WALLARD THE WHITE FLAG!

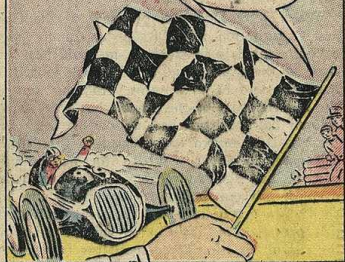
THAT MEANS JUST ONE MORE LAP TO GO... AND HE'LL BE CROWNED THE WINNER!



AND SECONDS LATER...

IT'S ALL OVER GRANDPA! WALLARD WON THE RACE!

COME ON, JIMMY! WE'LL GO OVER TO VICTORY LANE BEFORE IT GETS MOBBED!



JIMMY AND HIS GRANDFATHER ARE WAITING IN VICTORY LANE WHEN LEE WALLARD COMES IN... AND THE FIRST THING WALLARD DOES IS CALL FOR HIS MECHANIC, GEORGE SALIGH!

YOU DID IT, LEE! YOU COPPED FIRST PLACE!

I WOULDN'T HAVE WITHOUT YOUR HELP, GEORGE! YOU KEPT THE CAR TICKING!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO PRESENT YOU WITH THE BORG-WARNER TROPHY, LEE! YOU BROKE ALL EXISTING RECORDS TODAY!

WOW! IT SURE IS BIG! I'VE DREAMED OF THIS MOMENT A LONG, LONG TIME!



AND HE ALSO RECEIVES ANOTHER PRIZE, A KISS, NOT FROM GLAMOROUS MOVIE STAR LORETTA YOUNG, BUT—

CONGRATULATIONS LEE!

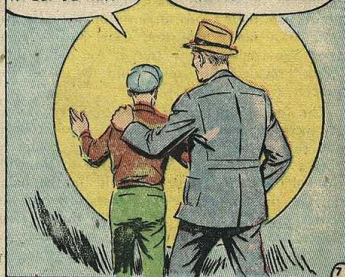
THIS IS SOMETHING ELSE I'VE DREAMED OF, TOO! I HOPE MISS YOUNG DOESN'T MIND! IF MY WIFE COMES FIRST!

AFTER THE WAY YOU DROVE TODAY I DON'T MIND ANYTHING!



GOSH, LEE WALLARD IS LUCKY! I HOPE I CAN WIN THE 500 WHEN I GROW UP! THAT WOULD BE NEAT!

HMMM! ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO WIN JUST FOR WINNING, JIMMY... OR SO YOU'LL GET KISSED BY A MOVIE ACTRESS?



HOT RODS TO THE RESCUE

When Jerry Donahue, president of the General Organization of the Ridgeway County High School wanted to be stubborn he could beat any mule at the game. And just now he looked as mad as could be as he arose from his seat in the council room of the school. His wavy carrot colored hair was bunched up on his head and his two large brown eyes seemed to gaze at his classmates in anger. "What's the matter with us?" he half shouted. "Are we just plain dumb oxen or did our brains dry up during the hot spell? We got to raise ten thousand dollars for that operation or Ray Conrad will be a cripple the rest of his life. Three specialists have examined Ray. They all say there is only one man who can do the job and he is Dr. Hans Krommeister of Switzerland. What's the matter with you fellows? An idea to raise the cash, who has that idea?"

Chubby Burt Hines, representative of the sixth terms got up. "I'm not going to suggest we rob a bank or try to run a varsity show for the money. Our principal, Dr. Robert Lodie, will back us in any plan. A raffle is out of the question because the state's attorney notified the Board of Education it is illegal in this state regardless of the purpose. Well, last night I had a dream."

"Who wants to hear your dream?" interrupted Morris, Sharftman, seventh term representative. "Dreams are a dime a dozen. We need some brainstorm that will shower down cold cash for us. Got that brainstorm, Burt?"

"I got just what is needed to get the cash," shot back Burt in no uncertain tone of voice. "Yesterday the paper called us The Hot Rod Kings of Ridgeway County. They said the way we souped up our old cars was something that ought to make the auto manufacturers take notice. So there's our brainstorm to raise the cash. Why not a Hot Rod Cash Raising Contest? We could have a race at the old Wilton Track provided the bank would let us use the property?"

The fourth termers had elected Steven Silver as their representative on the school council and thin as he was, Steve was honor bound to always have his say. "All we have to do with that old Wilton Track is to fill in the holes on the runway, repair the fences, fix up the stands, then get our billboards, throw away sheets, radio time, print tickets, sell them, get lots of cash to pay bills, and if anything is left, I guess it's left."

A pleasant smile began to creep over Jerry Donahue's determined lips. "After all, your father is a major stockholder in the bank, Burt, so you begin to work on your old man. Get the track for us and we'll do the rest."

Two weeks later, on a Saturday afternoon, about fifty determined sixth termers, armed with rakes and shovels, were busy leveling the rough spots in the runway of the old race track. A middle aged rather stout man, whom you'd spot at once as an educator, sighed a bit as he watched his students working. Next to him was a tall man, Robert Lawlor, editor of "The Ridgeway County News." "I can't see for the life of me," admitted the editor, "how you ever coaxed an o. k. out of the Board of Education for this Hot Rod Classic of the year. Even the metropolitan papers are playing up the story big and sales are good." People in Ridgeway County always spoke with respect about the principal of their high school. "A man with brains," was the compliment he always got. "It wasn't an easy job to get that o. k. from the Board of Education," he admitted. "But when the bank began working on the members of the Board they saw the light. Especially since the bank is hesitating about selling the Pine Street property for our athletic field. And that race will show that the old race track isn't a white elephant. The bank wants to sell it."

Jerry looked with pride at the old heap he had rescued from a junk yard. When it was new it never had hit the speed that he got out of the old motor he had rebuilt. Helen Darlington, sweet sixteen and leader of the cheering squad, looked with admiration at the young man who just now had eyes only for his entry in the race. "The track is a half-mile long," he explained, "and we agreed to have a two hundred lap race. That means a car has to make a hundred miles to stay in the running. We have twenty-seven entries and three silver loving cups as prizes. And the way I fixed up the carburetor on this car, she'll handle gas like a kitten taking milk." Jerry continued speaking for twenty minutes more about the race. Helen looked attentive, though the words went in one ear and out the other. At the proper intervals she would remark, "How wonderful!" or "Now isn't that exciting?" or "I know you are going to win."

The Saturday of the race, the weatherman cooperated and the few threatening clouds in

the sky vanished somewhere to the East. Bill Parson, formerly a midget auto racer driver and now radio announcer over the local station had agreed to start the race as well as draw up something that looked like a set of rules. He insisted that each car have four new tires. "With old treads you might skid right into trouble, he advised. "And in the racing game you have enough troubles looking for you so one less helps out." The old repair pits were a mess. "Each car will have two spare tires. We'll have spotters around the track. If they think your tires, or anything else, need attention they'll flag you in. Carry an extra fellow to help you with repairs. And he'll be able to watch out if the cars on your right get too close. No gangin' up on cars. No nudging. You should be able to carry enough gas without refueling."

Jerry drew number nine and Chubby Burt Hines was his helper. Both wore football helmets as crash headgear. The cars were lined up in fours and started on the drop of the flag. Helen Darlington had the cheer squad working at a high pitch. They were saying something about someone who was told to "Come on and Win."

Jerry was doing his best to edge in for an inside position on the track. Once he hit a soft spot and the car bounced up and then returned to the ground. "Thought we were heading for heaven," said Chubby Burt Hines. "You do that again and my digestive system is going to get mixed up. Be careful, there's Lou Ostrow coming mighty close. O. K. He's ahead of us now."

The souped up sport model that Lou Ostrow, of the Ostrow family which owned the motorboat agency on the river, was the one car that Jerry felt would be his most serious competitor. It was an eight cylinder job that really had pep even when it started to go over seventy. But Jerry managed to keep right on its tail. Then Burt shouted, "Our number is up. Guess it's the right rear tire. Let's stop at the pit." The stewards had been on the job. The outside rear tire always takes a beating and Jerry's had begin to throw a tread. They made a fast change and were back in the race again.

With his foot down on the accelerator, Jerry was getting every inch of speed out of his car. "If the figures aren't wrong, then we must clear over 70 on the straightaway," remarked Burt. And then it happened! Lou's car started to go crazy, went out of control, smashed through the inside fence into the empty field, turned over twice and flames shot out of the car. Without any hesitation, Jerry headed for the weak fence, crashed right through it,

and brought his car alongside the burning car. "Get that fire extinguisher," he yelled to Chubby as he jumped out of his car and ran for the door of the burning car. His heart was in his mouth. If the door were jammed? He turned the handle and the door opened. He dragged the half conscious but unharmed body of Lou Ostrow out of the burning car while Chubby played the extinguisher on it. The county ambulance was soon there Chubby made the suggestion. "Let's finish the race even if we come in last."

The first prize went to Steven Silver who had averaged fifty-two miles an hour with a job that he had bought from the junk yard for twenty-five dollars and completely rebuilt himself. Jack Farley, a seventh term, got second prize with a speed of forty-eight miles an hour and Kindell Hester, a big fourth term got the last cup with an average speed of forty-five miles an hour. But Jerry received a special prize from Helen Darlington who planted a big kiss right on his two lips with the observation, "My hero! And don't say it wasn't something, the way you pulled Lou from that burning car. If you hadn't run off the track, he might have died in an exploding car."

There was a glum look on the members of the General Organization of the Ridgeway County High School, as Mr. Michael DeSario, head of the accounting department, made his report. "In round figures, you took in \$12,000 and expenses were about \$3,500, so that leaves you with only \$8,500 towards your necessary goal for that operation." Not a student had anything to say. The principal nodded to a stranger who arose and said something that left them all speechless.

"My name is Ernest Hemington and I am head of Amalgamated News Features. Our photographers took shots of the entire race to show as a news item in movie houses. It was the purpose of this Hot Rod Race as well as the heroic rescue performed by Jerry Donahue that gave me an idea. I'm going to issue a short film called, "The Hot Rods Do A Good Deed." Our check for ten thousand dollars will be mailed to you tomorrow. Your classmate Ray Conrad will have his operation. And the extra cash can be used to get that old race track in shape for the kind of racing the public wants to see."

Jerry looked at Chubby and Steven Silver looked at Morris Sharftman. There was nothing they could say. For complete happiness sometimes produces something in the throat that makes words impossible.

THE END

A NEWSMAN WITH A GREAT IDEA

HOW THE SOAP BOX DERBY CAME TO BE

ON A HOT JULY AFTERNOON IN 1933 MYRON SCOTT, A NEWSMAN, SAW SOMETHING THAT SENT A FLASH OF JOYFUL INSPIRATION WHIRLING THRU HIS BRAIN... WHY NOT... YES!!! IT WAS A SOAP BOX "EVENT"—EVEN AS YOU AND I HAVE SEEN MANY TIMES IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOODS.. BUT HERE WAS A MAN WITH AN IDEA!



HOW ABOUT A RACE LIKE THE 'BIG BOYS' AT INDIANAPOLIS? LOOK KIDS- NEXT WEEK I'LL RUN A RACE... BUT WE NEED MORE CONTESTANTS!

HMM!
IF YA MEAN IT, I'LL BRING ALL MY FRIENDS!

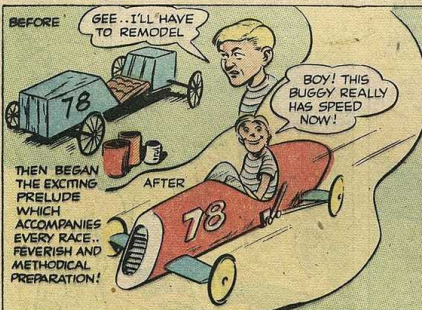
GEE!

OH BOY

HOT ROD COMICS



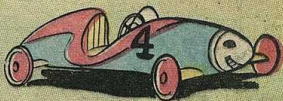
KIDS WHO DON'T HAVE CARS... SOON HAD BETTER ONES THAN THE 'OLD TIMERS' WHO PIONEERED THE EXCITING SPORT... COMPETITION WAS REALLY KEEN!



BEFORE



AFTER



AND SO IT WAS THAT WHEN THE BIG DAY CAME...

...THE ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD OF ONLOOKERS, TENSE WITH EXCITEMENT, HAD TO BE KEPT IN LINE BY THE LOCAL POLICE FORCE, LEST IN THEIR ENTHUSIASM, THEY INTERFERE WITH THE RACE...



HOT ROD COMICS

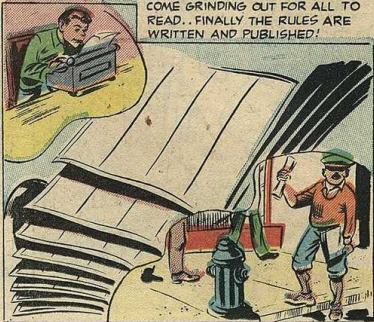
NEWSMAN SCOTT IS SO HAPPY WITH HIS IDEA HE TALKS IT OVER WITH HIS PUBLISHER...

I TELL YOU CHIEF, IT'LL BE THE BIGGEST HUMAN INTEREST STORY IN YEARS! THESE KIDS ARE THE POTENTIAL RACERS OF TOMORROW!!

I SEE YOUR POINT, I'LL BACK YOU WITH A SUPPORT FROM THIS NEWSPAPER! BUT YOU'D BETTER MAKE THEM COME THRU!



ALL WEEK LONG IN THE CITY ROOM, COLUMNS OF ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE FOR THE YOUNG DRIVERS OF THE FUTURE, COME GRINDING OUT FOR ALL TO READ... FINALLY THE RULES ARE WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED!



..AND "VIOLENCE" BREAKS OUT... OF A SORT THAT MEANS HEALTHY PRIDE AND STIRRING CONFIDENCE!! THE LITTLE DEMONS TAKE THEIR RACING SERIOUSLY!!

MY CAR WILL BEAT YOU'RE ANY DAY OF TH' WEEK!

SEZ WHO? I'LL KNOCK YER BLOCK OFF!

YOU GUYS CAN WASTE YER TIME FIGHTIN'! I'M WORKIN' ON MY CAR!



THE BIG DAY ARRIVES, AND MORE THAN 400 BOYS ENTER THE CONTEST...

HE'S OKAY MAC!

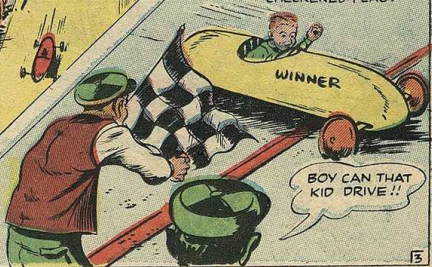
YOU'RE THE 400TH!



40000 PEOPLE... WOW! A BIG CROWD IN ANY MAN'S LANGUAGE... ALL HERE TO SEE THE BIGGEST LITTLE RACE EVER RUN OFF TILL THAT TIME... LOOK AT THOSE KIDS GO!



..AND THE WINNER.. CHAMP OF SKILL AND PROWESS THE FIRST WINNER OF JUVENILE AUTO RACING HISTORY- ZOOMS PAST THE FAMOUS CHECKERED FLAG!



HOT ROD COMICS

ENCOURAGED BY THE AMAZING SUCCESS OF HIS IDEA, NEWSMAN SCOTT TOOK HIS IDEA TO THE OFFICIALS OF CHEVROLET IN DETROIT.. BEFORE A BOARD OF DIRECTORS SCOTT, WITH A BOYISH GLEE, CONVINCED THEM TO A MAN...

NOT ONLY WILL IT STIMULATE HEALTHY COMPETITION, BUT IT WILL ENCOURAGE BOYS TO CREATE NEW CAR DESIGNS AND MAKE THE NATION AUTO CONSCIOUS MORE THAN EVER!

I'M CONVINCED OF ITS PUBLICITY VALUE AND WILL DIRECT OUR ADVERTISING STAFF TO GO TO WORK ON IT!

YES! THE NATION NEEDS THIS NOW!



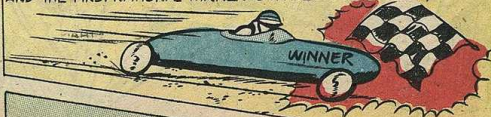
ALL THIS... IN 1934... IN THE MIDDLE OF A DEPRESSION .. WAS LIKE A SHOT IN THE ARM! YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE FELT THAT HERE AT LAST WAS A BRIGHT SPOT AGAINST THE GRAY OF A NATION DERESSED..



LOCAL CHAMPS SENT FROM EACH CITY, GATHER IN DROVES AT AKRON FOR THE FINALS...

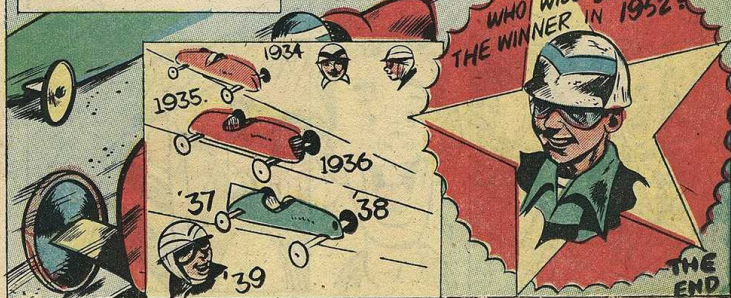


THE MOST EXCITING AMATEUR RACE OF ALL TIME IS THEN RUN OFF AND THE FIRST NATIONAL WINNER IS MADE.. SOON AFTER,



.. A PERMANENT RACE COURSE WAS DECIDED UPON.. MONEY WAS RAISED FOR IT AND IN A SHORT TIME MIGHTY MIDGETS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY HAD SOMETHING RESEMBLING THEIR OWN INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY.

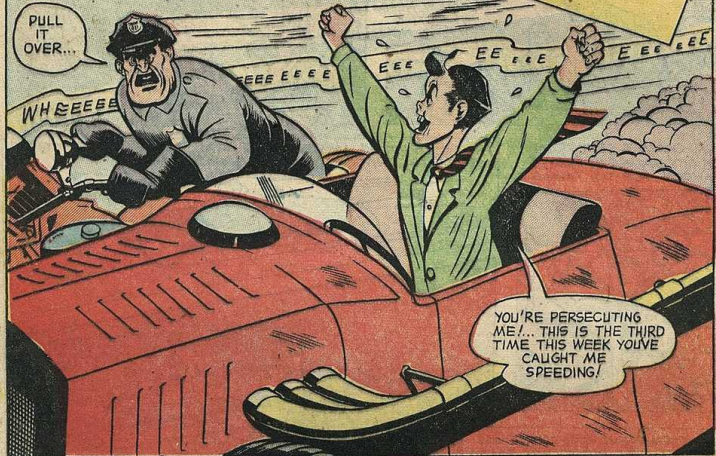
IT WAS DUBBED "DERBY DOWNS" AND IS STILL USED IN ALL NATIONAL FINALS...



BUSTER CAMSHAFT

SCREWBALL OF THE HOT RODS

BUSTER CAMSHAFT IS THE KIND OF A GUY WHO WOULD TRY TO BUILD A HOT ROD BY CROSSING A HOT ROD RIVER STEAM-BOAT WITH A KIDDY CAR... CLIMB ABOARD AND TAKE A SPIN WITH HIM... BUT WE WARN YOU... FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELT!!



PULL IT OVER...

YOU'RE PERSECUTING ME!... THIS IS THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK YOU'VE CAUGHT ME SPEEDING!



WELL, PINCHMORE, HOW FAST WAS I GOIN' THIS TIME?

OVER A HUNDRED!... AND ON A CURVE TOO!



A HUNDRED?! THEN MY NEW HIGH SPEED REAR END WORKS!



LEMME TUNE HER UP A BIT AN' LET'S TRY IT AGAIN... JUST BE SURE YOU CLOCK ME RIGHT!

THAT DOES IT... YOU'RE GOIN' TO TH' JUDGE!

HOT ROD COMICS



YOU MEAN THAT WENT A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR?

YEP, I CLOCKED IT MYSELF!

I COULD'VE DONE BETTER BUT MY VALVES WERE STICKIN'!

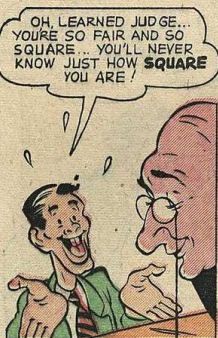


I DON'T BELIEVE IT! PINCH MORE... DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING PERSONAL AGAINST THE DEFENDANT?



SURE HE HAS! HE'S TH' FLY IN MY OINTMENT... TH' GRASSHOPPER IN MY JELLO...

JUST AS I THOUGHT! CASE DISMISSED!



OH, LEARNED JUDGE... YOU'RE SO FAIR AND SO SQUARE... YOU'LL NEVER KNOW JUST HOW SQUARE YOU ARE!



A MOMENT LATER!

HEY... STOP/ STOP I SAY!

OH-OH! THAT SILLY OLD JUDGE... WHAT DOES HE WANT?



YOU'VE GOT TERRIFIC PICK-UP... MY CAR IS SLUGGISH... COULD YOU FIX IT UP FOR ME?

SURE! LEAVE IT AT AL'S GARAGE! IT'LL JUST COST YOU A FEW PEBOS FOR PARTS...



CHARGE ANYTHING YOU NEED AT AL'S. AND THERE'LL BE TEN DOLLARS IN IT FOR YOU!

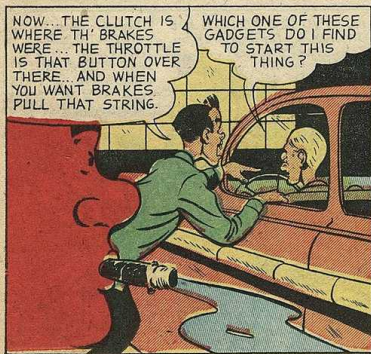
OKAY! WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH IT YOU'LL NEVER RECOGNIZE TH' CAR!



AL... I'VE GOT TO DO A JOB ON JUDGE LONGSTRETCH'S CAR... THAT'S A LIST OF THE PARTS I'LL NEED!

HMMM... MIGHT HAVE TROUBLE GETTING TH' PT BOAT ENGINE, BUT I GUESS WE CAN FIX YOU UP!

HOT ROD COMICS



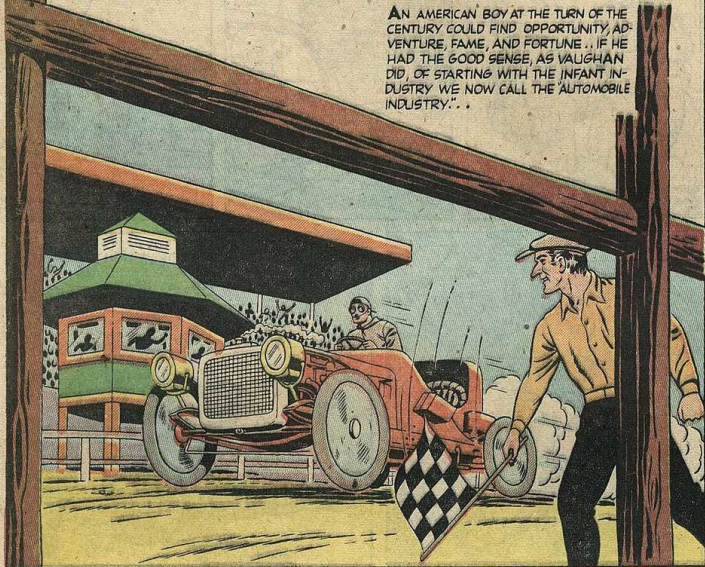
HOT ROD COMICS



GUY VAUGHAN

THE BOY WHO LEARNED ABOUT CARS EARLY!

AN AMERICAN BOY AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY COULD FIND OPPORTUNITY, ADVENTURE, FAME, AND FORTUNE... IF HE HAD THE GOOD SENSE, AS VAUGHAN DID, OF STARTING WITH THE INFANT INDUSTRY WE NOW CALL THE 'AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY'...



GUY VAUGHAN YOU'RE PAYING TOO MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE STREET!

BUT TEACHER, THAT'S ONE OF THE FIRST AUTOMOBILES I EVER SAW! LOOK! NO HORSES!



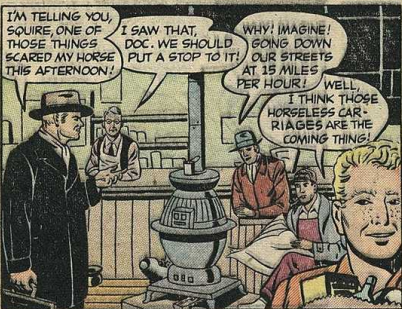
I'LL NEED AT LEAST THREE QUARTS OF OIL MY GOOD MAN!

KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS CONTRACTION GUY!

NO! BUT I'D SURE LIKE TO LEARN!

HOT ROD COMICS

FIRST HORSELESS CARRIAGES PROVOKED HEATED ARGUMENTS IN THE COMMUNITIES... AND GUY LISTENED IN!



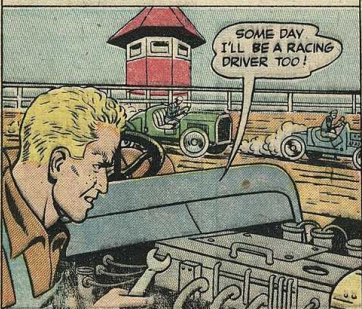
ATTRACTION OF THIS NEW INVENTION WAS IRRESISTIBLE TO GUY VAUGHAN...



AT THE DESBERON PLANT, YOUNG GUY LEARNED FIRST HAND ABOUT CARS...



BY THE TIME HE WAS TWENTY, GUY KNEW HIS WAY AROUND CARS!



GUY VAUGHAN WON WORLD'S RECORDS BY THE TIME HE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE...



HOT ROD COMICS

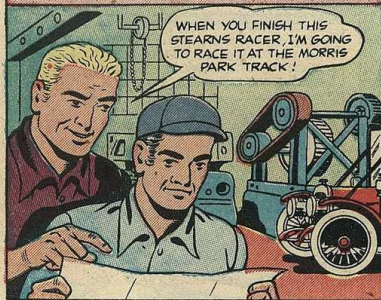
WITH A DECAUVILLE, GUY WON THE FIVE MILE RECORD FOR THE SYRACUSE TRACK ...



GUY VAUGHAN DESIGNED A SMALL TOURING CAR BODY WHICH BECAME THE RAGE ...



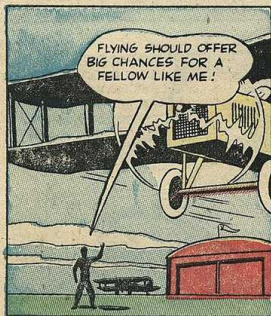
GUY TEAMED UP WITH STEARNS, MAKING CARS IN CLEVELAND ...



GUY VAUGHAN WANTED HIS OWN NAME ON A CAR- AND SHOWED HIS FIRST MODEL AT THE ASTOR, NEW YORK, IN 1913 ...



VAUGHAN TURNED TO AVIATION WITH THE FIRST WORLD WAR ...



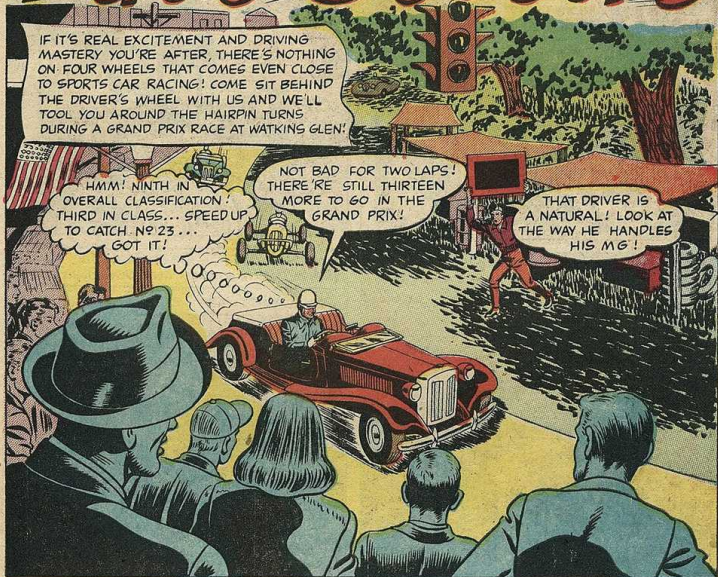
HE JOINED THE WRIGHT (CURTIS) COMPANY AS THE WAR BROKE OUT, AND RAPIDLY MOVED TO THE TOP ...



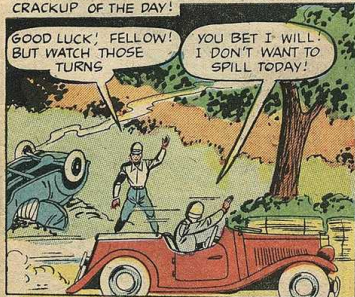
VAUGHAN RETIRED AS BOARD CHAIRMAN OF THE COMPANY TWO YEARS AGO, AND NOW LIVES ON HIS FARM IN RIDGEFIELD, CONN. ...



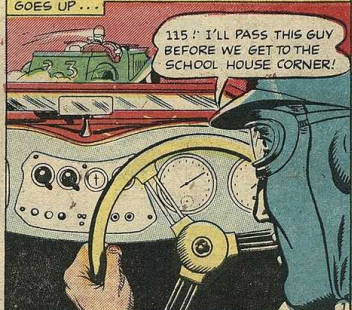
Pace Setters



YOU RACE UP OLD CORNING HILL, AND FLASH PAST SENECA LODGE! THEN YOU'RE APPROACHING THE WHITE HOUSES... AND SEE THE FIRST CRACKUP OF THE DAY!



THEN YOU HIT THE BACKSTRETCH AND CLAMP A LEAD FOOT ON THE GAS... AND YOUR SPEED GOES UP...



HOT ROD COMICS

YOUR SUPERCHARGED MG IS MUCH FASTER THAN NO 23 AND YOU WHIP PAST IT AS YOU DRAW NEAR THE RAILROAD UNDERPASS!

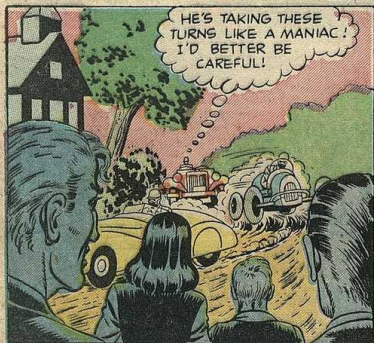


ONE MORE DOWN! NOW I'M EIGHTH OVERALL AND SECOND IN MY CLASS! I'LL WIN THE GRAND PRIX YET!

YOU CATCH ANOTHER CAR JUST AS YOU REACH THE SCHOOL HOUSE CORNER! IT'S GOING TO BE A TIGHT SQUEEZE, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO PASS HIM! YOU HAVE TO!



WE'RE IN THE FAST STUFF NOW!



HE'S TAKING THESE TURNS LIKE A MANIAC! I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL!

SUDDENLY YOU GET YOUR CHANCE! THE OTHER DRIVER OVERCONTROLS AND GOES INTO A SPIN!



THAT DOES IT! NOW I CAN GO THROUGH!

JUST AS YOU WHIP BY, THE OTHER CAR SLAMS INTO THE BALED HAY! HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET BACK INTO THE RACE, BUT HE'LL NEVER CATCH YOU NOW!



HE GUNNED TOO HARD OUT OF THAT TURN... NOT ME!

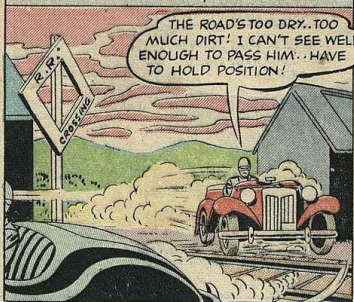
YOU HOLD YOUR POSITION UNTIL YOU REACH ARCHIE SMITH'S CORNER! THEN YOU CATCH ANOTHER DRIVER WHO SKIDS ON THE DIRT ROAD!



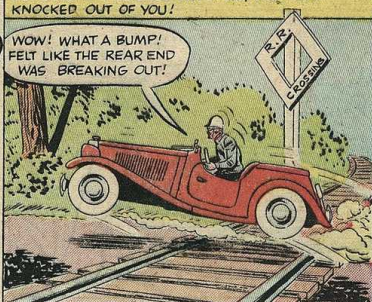
THIS BRINGS ME UP TO SIXTH! WHAT LUCK!

HOT ROD COMICS

YOU CLAMP A HEAVY FOOT ON THE GAS AGAIN AS YOU HIT THE RAILROAD STRAIGHT, BUT THEN...



YOU SLOW TO 70 FOR THE RAILROAD CROSSING! BUT STILL YOU BOUNCE SKYWARD, THE WIND KNOCKED YOU OFF!



THEN YOU PASS FRIAR'S CORNER AND HIT CONCRETE! THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO IMPROVE YOUR POSITION THIS LAP, AND YOU TAKE IT!



THEN MILLIKEN'S CORNER! A SHARP LEFT, 50 YARDS, AND A SHARP RIGHT AGAIN! THIS IS ONE OF THE TOUGHEST SPOTS OF THE COURSE!



THEN BY THE PITS AGAIN... AND YOU STEAL A QUICK LOOK AT THE BLACK BOARD!

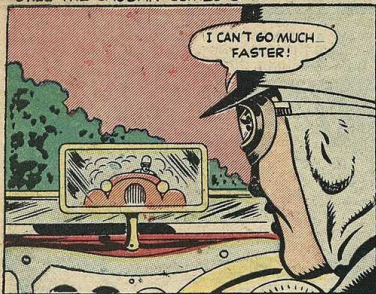


YOU REALIZE THAT YOU'VE GOT TO GO FASTER STILL! NO. 5 IS A JAGUAR XK120.. THE FASTEST SPORT CAR BUILT! IT'S GOING TO TAKE FANCY DRIVING, TO STAY AHEAD OF IT!



HOT ROD COMICS

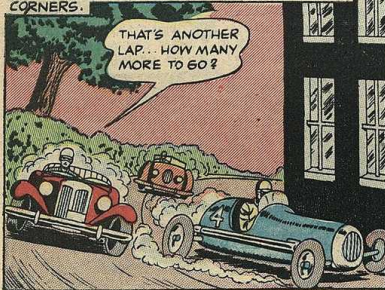
AGAIN YOU HIT THE BACKSTRETCH AND THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING FASTER THAN BEFORE! BUT STILL THE JAGUAR COMES UP...



TACHOMETER REVS NEARLY 5000- YOU'RE ROLLING AFTER THAT STEEP DOWNGRADE... MILLKENS CORNER COMING UP AGAIN. YOU FIGURE YOU'RE DOING 114 NOW. YOU BRAKE, WATCH THE TACH AND...



BRAKE AGAIN, INTO SECOND.. SHARP LEFT, THEN NINETY DEGREE TURN INTO MAIN STREET. YOU SLIDE A BIT AS YOU BEND YOUR CAR AROUND CORNERS.



YOU'RE GETTING WEARY NOW.. YOUR PIT MAN IS HOLDING UP A SIGN. YOU READ "ONE" ON IT...



NEXT TIME YOU EXPECT THE FINISH FLAG!... AND IT ISN'T THERE! NOR SEVERAL TIMES AFTER THAT...



HERE'S THE FINISH FLAG! AND YOU'RE NOT CERTAIN OF YOUR POSITION AS YOU COME TO A STOP.



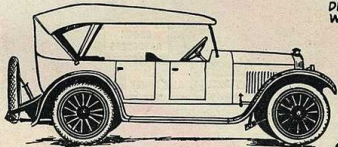
YOU'RE TERRIBLY TIRED FOR A MINUTE, BUT THEN YOU GRIN! YOU HEAR THE CROWD CHEER..



CAR Curiosities

IN THE SIXTY YEARS OF THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY, SEVEN THOUSAND DIFFERENT MAKES OF CARS HAVE BEEN OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

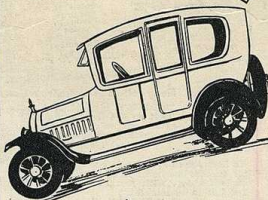
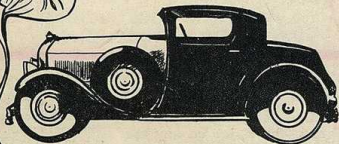
OUT OF THESE, ALTHOUGH SIXTY-NINE HUNDRED ARE NO MORE, WE COULD ALMOST DRESS UP ONE OF OUR HOT ROD DRIVERS WITH A SNAPPY WARDROBE OF CARS.



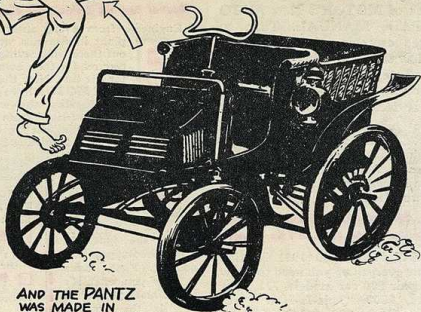
THE COATS
CAME FROM
CHICAGO
IN 1922.



THE DERBY
WAS A FRENCH CAR
IN 1931.



THE WESTCOTT
(WAISTCOAT - FANCY
NAME FOR VEST)
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