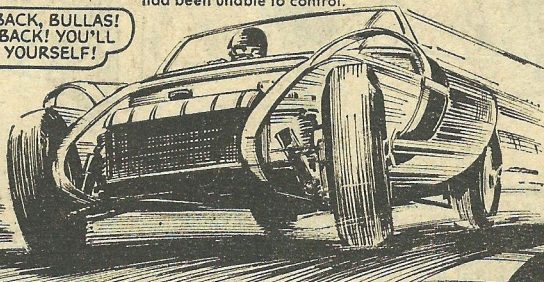
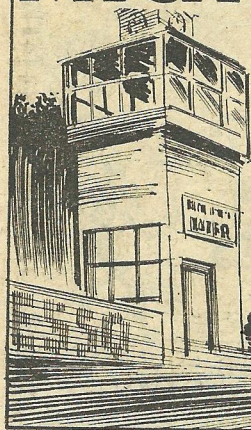


# DRIVE WITH MICK MASON ON THE THRILL-PACKED CAR RALLY!

## MICK MASON THE KID ON THE GRID

MICK MASON was one of the young drivers being trained by the Cougar Car Company to handle their new gas turbine race car. Roger Bullas, a new driver Mick had discovered, failed a test on a stationary car similar to the Link trainers used to train air pilots. Determined to prove his ability, Bullas drove off round the Cougar test track in a turbine-powered sports car which even Abe Jarrow, the Cougar team boss and ex-world driving champion, had been unable to control.

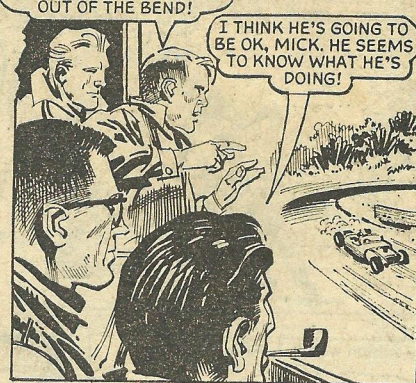
COME BACK, BULLAS!  
COME BACK! YOU'LL  
KILL YOURSELF!



Mick led the dash up to the control tower to get a better view of Bullas.

HE'S HOLDING THE CAR  
WELL—EVEN ON THAT  
BUMPY SURFACE COMING  
OUT OF THE BEND!

I THINK HE'S GOING TO  
BE OK, MICK. HE SEEMS  
TO KNOW WHAT HE'S  
DOING!



Clem Richardson, the chief designer, button-holed Bullas.

DID YOU WATCH THE  
INSTRUMENTS, BULLAS?  
HOW MUCH THROTTLE  
DID YOU USE?

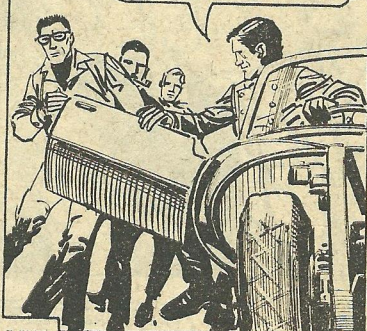
OIL PRESSURE  
SEVENTY POUNDS  
TEMPERATURE EIGHTY  
DEGREES CENTIGRADE.  
MAXIMUM REVS—EIGHT  
THOUSAND!



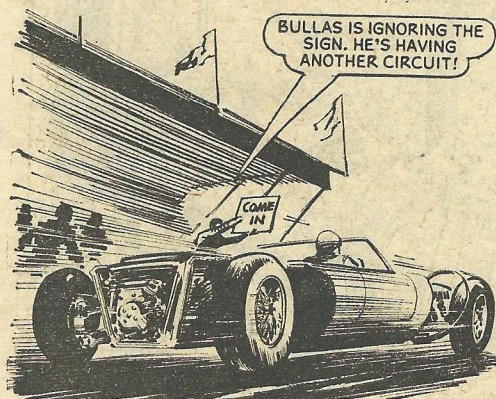
HE'S A SMART LAD!  
IT'S ODDS ON HE'LL  
BE ALLOWED TO  
STAY.

At last, Bullas brought the car in.

NO DOUBT YOU'LL SACK ME,  
MISTER JARROW. BUT AT LEAST  
I'VE PROVED I CAN DRIVE!

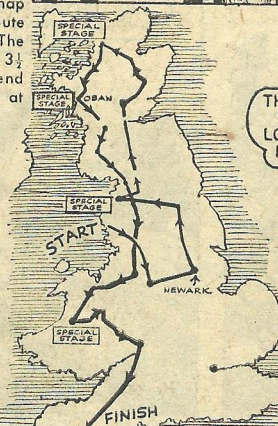


BULLAS IS IGNORING THE  
SIGN. HE'S HAVING  
ANOTHER CIRCUIT!



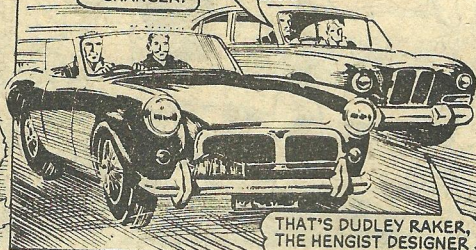
That night Bullas was with the team in the lounge when Abe Jarrow appeared.

Jarrow produced a map on which the rally route had been marked. The rally would last for 31 days and would end with driving tests at Torquay.



Mick and Richardson drove to the rally starting point at Blackpool.

THERE GOES KEN SKILLEN, THE DRIVER  
WE SACKED FOR RECKLESSNESS! IT  
LOOKS AS IF HE'S GOING TO DRIVE THAT  
HENGIST IN THE RALLY. HE'S A REAL  
CHANCER!



THAT'S DUDLEY RAKER,  
THE HENGIST DESIGNER  
WITH HIM!

The rally would be virtually won and lost on the special stages which would be run on private roads.

Next morning, the rally started, the cars driving off a ramp at two-minute intervals.

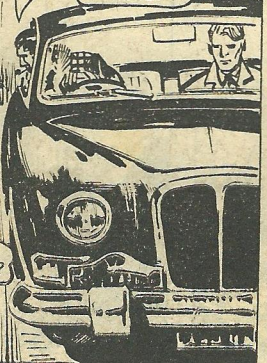
At Blackpool.

SO YOU MADE IT IN THAT  
SCRAP HEAP OF YOURS,  
RICHARDSON!

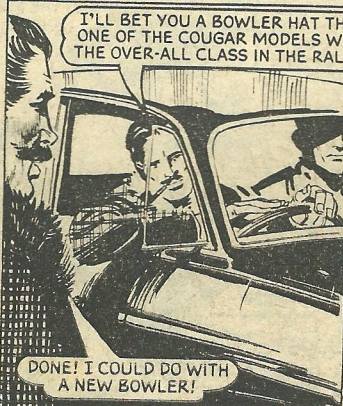
THIS CAR WILL STILL BE GOING  
LONG AFTER THE HENGIST IS  
FINISHED—



ARE YOU WILLING TO BACK  
YOUR JUDGEMENT, OLD BOY?



I'LL BET YOU A BOWLER HAT THAT  
ONE OF THE COUGAR MODELS WINS  
THE OVER-ALL CLASS IN THE RALLY!



DONE! I COULD DO WITH  
A NEW BOWLER!

TEN SECONDS  
AND YOU'RE OFF, MASON!

