

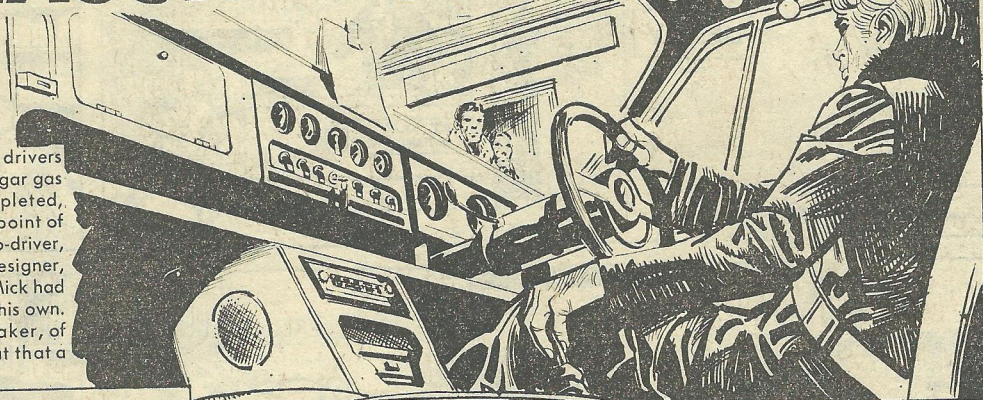
A MAN WITH A CROOK CAN CLEAR MICK MASON FROM A CROOKED CHARGE!

MICK MASON

THE KID ON THE GRID

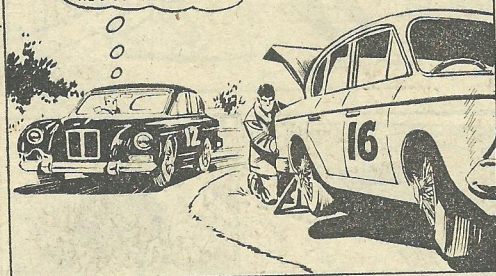
MICK MASON, one of the young drivers being trained to handle the Cougar gas turbine racing car when it was completed, was nearing Torquay, the finishing point of the 3½-day Anglo-Scottish rally. His co-driver, Clem Richardson, the Cougar chief designer, had been recalled to the factory, so Mick had driven most of the arduous course on his own. Richardson had wagered Dudley Raker, of the rival Hengist team, a bowler hat that a Cougar car would win the rally.

FORTUNATELY FOR ME, THERE WASN'T A LOT OF DIFFICULT MAP READING TO DO ON THIS RALLY. I WAS ABLE TO CONCENTRATE ON DRIVING!



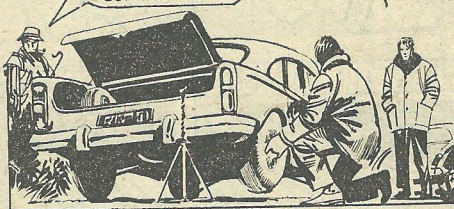
Mick overtook another young Cougar driver, Monty Melford, who had also had to drive alone, because his co-driver, Abe Jarow, had been recalled to the factory.

THAT'S ROTTEN LUCK FOR MONTY. HE'S GOT A PUNCTURE!



HARD LUCK, MONTY. SORRY I CAN'T HELP, BUT THE RULES DON'T ALLOW ANY HELP FROM OTHER COMPETITORS.

WHAT BE GOING ON, MISTER? WHERE'S ALL THEM CARS WITH BIG NUMBERS ON 'EM COMING FROM?

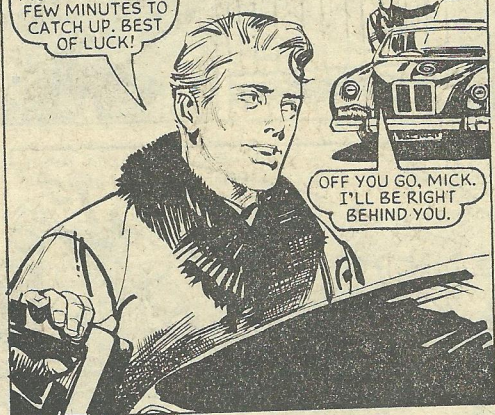


IT'S A CAR RALLY. WE'RE RACING AGAINST THE CLOCK.

I WONDERED! SEEMS STRANGE LIKE!



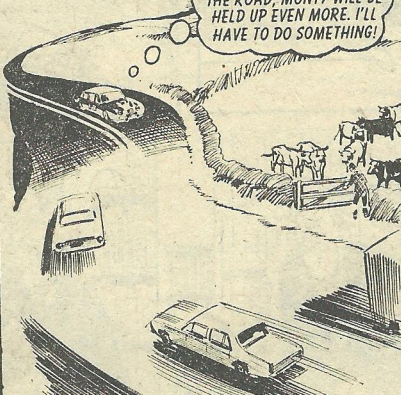
IS THAT IT FIXED, MONTY? YOU'VE A FEW MINUTES TO CATCH UP. BEST OF LUCK!



OFF YOU GO, MICK. I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

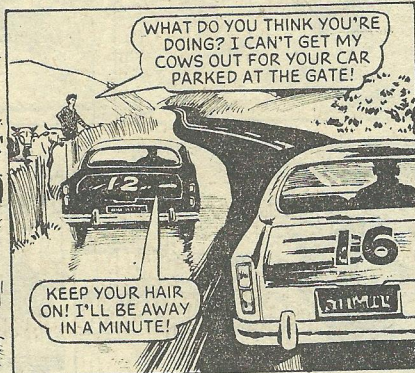
A mile farther on—

GOSH, IF THAT FARM HAND DRIVES THESE COWS ON TO THE ROAD, MONTY WILL BE HELD UP EVEN MORE. I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!

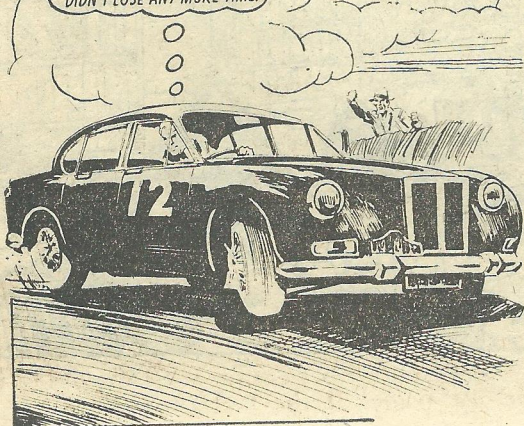


WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? I CAN'T GET MY COWS OUT FOR YOUR CAR PARKED AT THE GATE!

KEEP YOUR HAIR ON! I'LL BE AWAY IN A MINUTE!

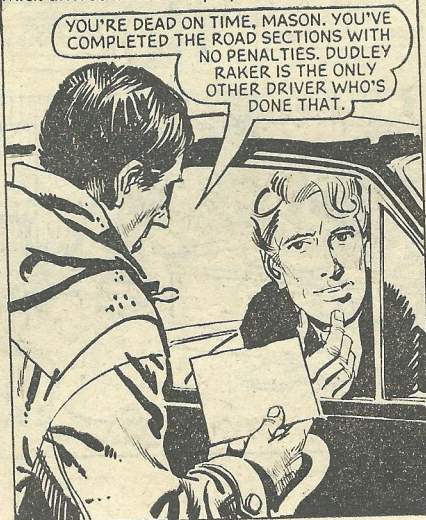


I'LL GET GOING AGAIN. MONTY DIDN'T LOSE ANY MORE TIME!



Mick arrived at the Torquay control point.

YOU'RE DEAD ON TIME, MASON. YOU'VE COMPLETED THE ROAD SECTIONS WITH NO PENALTIES. DUDLEY RAKER IS THE ONLY OTHER DRIVER WHO'S DONE THAT.



Mick and Raker were so far ahead that even if they dropped maximum points in the driving tests, no one could overtake them. Monty lay sixth. But, as Mick left the car park—

YOU'RE WANTED IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM, MASON. THERE'S BEEN A COMPLAINT.

A COMPLAINT? WHAT ABOUT?

