



Don't miss NEXT WEEK'S great instalment when Mick races in the Belgian Grand Prix!

JOXER— The Wonder Dog



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ing for it, the bits of wax would have escaped notice.

"Aye, an impression has been taken!" Bradshaw exclaimed. "It's the key to shed eighteen. What do we keep in it?"

"It's another clothing store, mostly R.A.F. stuff," stated Bullen. "I'd like to know," he went on angrily, "who got in here and how he did it? The window's shut."

"Nick Frearson didn't stay for the concert," Bill said.

"Aye, he's a bit of a crafty cuss," muttered Bradshaw. "He may have seen his chance when Frank went to the show instead of eating his sandwiches in here. O K! Fore-warned is fore-armed, they say! We'll be ready for 'em!"

The Trapped Trapper.

BILL looked at his wrist-watch. The luminous hands showed it was a quarter-past eleven. He sat on a bale of R.A.F. overalls in a corner of shed eighteen, and Joxer lay stretched out by him.

Bill had gone off duty in the usual way at six o'clock and come back when it was dark. The superintendent had locked him in the store and, with other police, was hiding in the vicinity.

The distant sound of shunting in the railway yard stopped and soon afterwards Joxer lifted his head.

Moments passed before Bill himself heard stealthy footsteps. They stopped at the door. The lock gave a click.

Bill heard the low rumble made by the opening doors. He saw silhouetted against the dim light, the crouching figure of a man. As the intruder edged into the shed, Bill drew his big

torch from his pocket.

"Get him, Joxer," he whispered.

The dog streaked from Bill's side, closed on the prowler, and sprang. A screech of alarm rang out.

Bill used his police whistle as he ran forward. He flashed his torch on the intruder and then gasped.

The man who staggered about with Joxer hanging on to his arm was Major Sneed!

"Let go," Bill rapped.

Joxer dropped away and snarled menacingly as, with his sleeve in tatters, the major reeled back against a pile of bales.

"Have you got him?"

It was the superintendent who shouted.

"You're going to get a big surprise," said Bill grimly.

"Here's your crook!"

"Have you gone off your head?" spluttered the major.

"Since I wasn't satisfied with your competence I decided to make a test! I took an impression of a key and dropped some bits of wax just to find out if you were sufficiently on the alert to take action. I wanted to see if I could take a parcel out of the shed without your knowledge."

Bradshaw looked at the major's sleeve. It had belonged

to a nice sports jacket until Joxer got hold of it!

"I hope you're satisfied, sir," he said curtly, realising from the details the major had supplied that the man was speaking the truth.

The major drew up his tattered sleeve and looked at his arm in alarm. His skin bore the imprints of Joxer's fangs.

"I must go to the doctor's," he burred. "I must have an anti-tetanus injection."

"I asked if you were satisfied?" Bradshaw rapped.

"Yes, indeed," gasped Major Sneed. "You have been very vigilant. Will you get somebody to fetch my car? I feel too shaken to walk."

Since Major Sneed was so dithery, Bradshaw asked another of the policemen to drive him to the doctor's house.

As the car sped away, Bradshaw chuckled.

"Well, he fell into his own trap," he laughed. "A good thing, too! He would have been impossible to work with if he had caught us out."

Joxer barked, and Bill smiled, for it sounded just as if his dog was having a good laugh, too!

Who are the thieves at Luldown Aerodrome? Thrills galore next week when Bill Bailey and Joxer go out to find the answer!