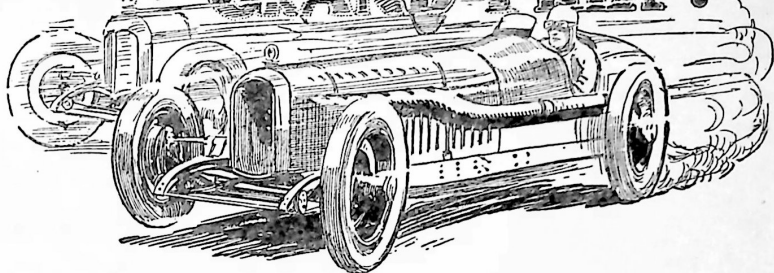


THE GHOST OF THE GRAND PRIX!



By ALFRED EDGAR

A Thrilling Mystery-Adventure Yarn of a Plucky Youngster's First Big Race

THE FIRST CHAPTER The Realm of High Speed!

FOR what seemed the twentieth time. Bob Burton settled his goggles more comfortably over his eyes, and then, with hands that quivered more than a little, once again gripped the big, cord-bound steering-wheel before him.

The booming bellow of his racing-car's exhaust seemed to thud into his brain. All around him long, low-built speed machines were thundering and roaring as their drivers waited impatiently for the start of the race.

In front of Bob was the knife-like tail of a blazing red Fiat, standing alongside a low, squat blue Delage, each car throbbing to the eager impulse of its mighty engine. Alongside him were the other two Fleet machines, his own car being the third of the Fleet team. Back of him were crackling blue Bugattis, fierce red Alfa-Romeos, a blaring Benz, and a purposeful straight-eight Duesenberg, which had travelled all the way from the U.S.A. for this great race.

Behind the spring-spoked steering-wheels sat lean-faced, iron-jawed men, with the clear, wind-washed eyes which come only to those who adventure the realm of high speed. They were a grim, steely-nerved, sinewy-muscled crowd—experienced dare-devils! And against them was Bob, just a boy, and riding alone in a big race for the very first time.

"Goash, I wish to goodness they'd buck up and start!" he grunted to himself. "I'll be all right once I get going."

He pulled the visor of his crash helmet a little farther over his eyes, trod on the accelerator pedal, and watched the needle of the revolution counter surge on the dial. For weeks he had trained and worked for this moment, and now he was nervous.

He had ridden in big races before, but only as a mechanic to the great Peter Hamel. This was the first time that he had sat actually behind the wheel. He knew why he was nervous. He felt that he would not be able to hold his own against the famous speedmen ranged against him—that he'd make a mess of things. But it was his

chance to make good, and he meant to go through with it.

So he sat in the narrow, hot cockpit, with swift thoughts flitting through his brain, and the tumult of preparation all about him, while over at the replenishment pits—where cars would pull in for repairs and fuel during the race—two men watched him through field-glasses.

They stood behind the plank that ran across the front of the Fleet pit. One of them was burly Jim Sullivan, the racing-team manager, and the other was a director of the Fleet firm. Sullivan was an old racing man, and his lean lips twitched to a thin smile as he heard his companion growl:

"Young Burton's as white as a sheet! Sullivan, I've got a feeling that he'll let us down. He keeps on twitching his goggles and his helmet, and wriggling in his seat. He's as nervous as a kitten! We ought not to have let him drive!"

"The boy's all right," grunted Sullivan. "Waitin' for the start of a race like this is enough to rattle anybody. Young Bob's the best we've got since Bowen crashed in practice—and don't forget that Peter Hamel trained the boy to the game. Hamel told me once that Bob will beat the best of 'em before he's finished. He won't let us down."

"He was Hamel's mechanic for long enough, I know," said the director quietly. "A fine chap, Hamel! And, you know, Sullivan, I believe he loved that boy. I used to see him looking at Bob sometimes, when there was nobody else about, and there was something in Hamel's eyes—" He broke off.

Peter Hamel was the racing driver to whom Bob had acted as a mechanic. Hamel had crashed on that same course just a year before—a year to that very day!

He'd crashed and he'd been killed on what the speedmen called Red Corner; and at the beginning of the red-brick wall on the outside of the turn there was a marble-white monument erected to Peter Hamel.

A strange man he had been; the most dour, the most daring driver that ever held a hurtling car to the road. Somehow Bob had always been afraid of him, with his blaz-

ing eyes and his dark skin. And yet Bob had liked him. Hamel was the kind of man who doesn't talk much, and it was but seldom that he ever praised Bob's work. But he would never let another mechanic share the heat-tortured cockpit of his car during a big race.

Bob had been in the machine with him when the car had crashed, a year before. Now, as he sat in his own racer—the car that Hamel would have driven had he lived—his thoughts went back to his old chief and their smash.

Bob had been flung out, clean over the wall to the bushes beyond, and had escaped almost unhurt. His hands had been the first to lift Hamel from the shattered wreckage of the car, his face the last that the great speedman ever saw.

"That's what's making me feel so shaky," Bob told himself. "I've got to drive over the same circuit—and do it alone. Pity they don't let mechanics ride in racing cars now; it'd be company. I wish old Hamel was here, just to sort of drop me a word. What was that he said to me once? '*Any time you need my help when you're driving, just let me know.*' I reckon he must have meant that for the time when he was out of the game, and I was older. Gosh, but I'm lucky to get this chance so early, an' I've got to make good. I've got—Hullo, something happening now!"

Officials were scurrying out in front. He saw them clearing from the track. From the side of the white, sun-scorched road a heavy touring-car moved to take its place in front of the rows of racing machines. It was the pace-making car, and would lead them off for a rolling start. When it had led them to the front of the grandstands, and they were all doing sixty miles an hour, the pace-maker would pull to the side of the road, and leave the racing cars to get on with it.

Bob slipped into gear and revved up his engine. He watched the big semaphore at the side of the road, with the timekeeper standing at the foot.

Not long to wait now! Bob went over the instructions that Sullivan had given him.

He was to try to lie in about eighth position in the race at first. No. 5 Fleet was going to make the pace with the leaders, and No. 6 was to keep so that he could close up into the leading position if anything happened to No. 5. Bob, on No. 7, was to be ready in case either of his mates in the team cracked up; if they did, he had got to go after the leaders himself.

Very abruptly the red-and-white semaphore arm dropped. The pace-making car surged forward, with the eager lines of racing machines at its tail, keeping formation.

Cars picked up speed, roaring towards the grandstand and the actual starting-line. Bob held the Fleet steadily in position, watching the man who leaned over the back of the pace-making car, a white flag raised in his hand.

Suddenly the flag slashed down, and the car swept to the side of the road.

With a bellowing, shattering roar the racing machines leaped into the fight.

THE SECOND CHAPTER

"Ride to Win, or——"

BLAZING exhausts thundered defiant challenge. Billows of dust gouted from the thudding tyres as they stamped the road, and the roaring cars abruptly changed to coloured streaks of speed—red and blue, green and white and yellow.

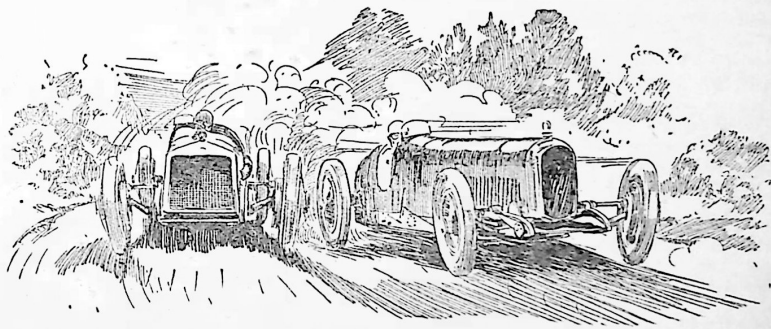
In the heart of the pack Bob Burton rode, deafened by the mad welter of sound, and holding his car between the Benz and a flaring Alfa-Romeo, fighting for position, jockeying his machine as the speedometer needle slewed upwards on the dial.

He had one glimpse of his team-mates rocking away from him, with No. 1 sliding into the lead as his black-mouthed exhaust crashed full-throated defiance at a Fiat and a Delage, storming for the lead.

Bob saw other machines surging forward out of the pack, and he opened up. The speedometer needle clocked on—eighty—ninety. Ninety miles an hour, and still he couldn't leave behind the cars that leaped and swayed on either side of him! If he could snatch the lead from those two he'd be in his right position according to the team's plans.

In front, the racing cracks were streaking ahead in dust and smoke, out to smash one another by sheer speed, hurtling at the first turn on the circuit, and with the slower machines tailing out in rear of them.

Bob rammed his foot hard down now. From the corner of his eye he could see the other two machines dropping back to his tail. He was leaving them behind—holding his position. He'd got the speed of them, and——



Out of the murk ahead Bob glimpsed the white bulk of the Duesenberg. Bob went after him, got him just before the bends, and raced him into the first curve! (See Chapter 2.)



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GOING "ALL OUT" TO WIN!

Out of the whirling azure smoke-cloud ahead there suddenly leaped the colourful banners and bunting, the tiers of seats, and the banks of excited spectators that marked the first turn. It seemed to slam at Bob, and he stamped on the brake pedal. Shoes screamed in the finned drums, and he slowed like magic, and, like twin projectiles, the two cars behind suddenly shot past and in front of him.

He saw them wheeling round the corner. He could hear the tearing whistle of their tyres as they strove to grip the road, and then the two were out of the turn and tearing ahead, leaving him yards behind.

"I was too slow!" he gasped to himself. "I've got to corner quicker than that! What's the matter with me? I did better than this in practice. Come on! Put your foot down!"

He'd changed down on the corner instead of before he reached it, and now his engine screamed in gear as he accelerated fiercely. Then he was rocking into the straight beyond the turn, roaring after the twin shapes in the hazy dust-cloud ahead of him.

All the time the other two machines seemed to be drawing away from him. When he came to the bends at the end of the straight, the white Duesenberg snarled past him and beat him to the first curve. Bob chased him through the turns, held the other's tail until they came to the hairpin bend beyond, and then the American car seemed to leave him standing in the dangerous curve, and pulled away by yards as Bob came out of it.

In the days of practice before the race, Bob had twice covered the seven-miles circuit within two seconds of the record time for the distance, and spectators wondered what was the matter with him now. If they had understood, they would have realised that it was just over-anxiousness that made Bob slow. He knew that he was losing ground, and twice, in his anxiety on corners, he missed his gear change, bungling the turns badly.

At the Fleet pit, Jim Sullivan was watching for him and timing him, and the team manager's heart was heavy when he saw the

bad show that the boy was making. But the old racing driver believed in Bob, and he knew the boy could drive. Bob had more than proved it in practice.

"He's shaky—that's all that's wrong. The waiting and thinking about how big the race is has rattled him. Give him time—two or three laps—and then he'll settle down, and pick up some of those that have passed him."

The team manager was right. At the end of his second lap, Jim saw a Delage in front of him just as he passed the grandstands. His speedometer needle was steady at a shade above the hundred mark, and now he put his foot down and brought the needle higher, and brought the rounded, fat tail of the blue machine nearer!

He edged up to it, pulling his leaping car out to pass. He saw the bunting and the open stands of the first corner slashing at him again; but he was on the tail of the French machine now. He could see the jerking, helmeted head of the driver, could glimpse the dancing dials on his instrument board—could see his hands on the shifting steering-wheel.

Then he was level with him. He'd got the speed of him; he could beat him to the turn!

He did it. He passed the Delage, changed down crisply, then used brakes and gear to take him steadily round the corner at a speed that was as fast as ever he had covered the turn in those dashing practice spins.

Beating that Delage lent him heart. He could hear the machine coming after him, and he jammed the accelerator pedal hard down, to leave him behind. Then, out of the murk ahead, he glimpsed the white bulk of the Duesenberg. Bob went after him, got him just before the bends, and raced him into the first curve.

For two laps he went on like that, picking up and passing car after car, and bringing a broad grin to Jim Sullivan's face.

"The leaders will lap him," the team manager said. "But he'll pick 'em up again a bit later. He's getting into his stride now—and there's a long way to go yet!"

There was a long way to go. The distance was fifty laps of the seven-mile circuit—three hundred and fifty miles. The leading machines were setting a cracking pace, and in the opening laps Bob had lost a tremendous amount of ground. For all that, he had worked his car up to just eighth place by the twenty-fifth lap, and signals from the Fleet pit told him to steady.

It was then that, from behind him, the three machines in the lead came roaring to his tail—a Delage, a Fiat, and No. 5 Fleet. Inside a mile they had passed him, and he realised that they had lapped him, and were now just seven miles ahead.

That didn't worry Bob. Jim Sullivan was managing the race, and he knew what he was doing. There was the chance that either or all of those leading machines would crack under the terrific speed, and Jim had got to hold his car ready for an effort to snatch the lead, if it were necessary.

For all that, he could not resist the temptation to match his machine against the leaders, just to see if he really had their speed. So he sat on their tails down the mile straight from the first corner after the stands, and, as he neared the series of bends at the end, he saw No. 5 Fleet surge forward and challenge the car in front for the first bend.

"Go on—pass him!" Bob grunted. "You can do it. Gosh, he's fast! He could go up in front any time he——"

His thoughts snapped off as he saw the Fleet machine lurch on the road. From somewhere at the front of it there jerked up what looked like a black streak; it whipped for the veriest fraction of time at the blue sky above, and then was gone.

With sight of the streak, the tail of the car slewed round, full across the road and dead in Bob's path. Instinctively he trod on the brake pedal. The other machine's off-side front tyre had gone, stripped of its tread!

He had a hazy glimpse of the driver straining at the wheel, face distorted beneath his dust-rimmed goggles. Then the Fleet slung round, heaved to the side of the road, and clearly Bob heard the crash as the tail

of the machine mounted the low, grassy bank and slammed into a tree.

He had a glimpse of the car rearing up and turning over—a vision of mangled wheels and shattered body-work. Smoke gouted in a black pall, and then he was past it.

"He's done!" he gasped. "Crashed—wrecked! Heavens!"

He was now driving mechanically into the bends—and an Alfa-Romeo rocked past him unheeded.

Bob had a memory picture of the smiling, cheerful driver of No. 5 as he had been that morning, with his:

"Best o' luck, young 'un! Make a good show!"

And now he'd seen him wrecked! He'd be lying there in the smoking remnants of his car, battered and broken like—like Peter Hamel!

Bob felt weak and empty somewhere inside. Cars came up from the back and passed him—passed him continually. But he couldn't challenge them—he couldn't rid his mind of the smash he had seen. It might—it might have been himself! Piled up there, with riven metal all around, and smoke and dust and new-torn earth.

He was at the grandstands again before he realised it, and his gaze went instinctively to his pit.

No. 6 Fleet was standing there, and at the end of the pit signals were flying, flagging him in. He pulled in and rolled his car to a stop, while the single mechanic who was his attendant leaped forward.

"Boss wants to speak to you!" he heard the man shout.

Bob clambered out of the hot cockpit, and stumbled across to the pit-plank. Jim Sullivan was leaning over it, staring into his face. He marked how white was the boy as he said:

"Bob, No. 6 is out of the race—big end gone! And No. 5——"

"I—I saw him crash!" Bob gasped. "It was—awful!"

Jim Sullivan's eyes narrowed. Now he understood why Bob's last lap had been so slow, and why the boy was so white.

"Listen! He's hurt, but not too badly. He managed to lift himself in the cockpit, and got slung out when the car hit the tree. He's not badly hurt. And, look, you're the last we've got in the race! It's up to you, Bob! You've got to drive all out—absolutely all out—all the time! Ride to win, or bust your machine!"

Bob stared at him, swallowed hard, then gasped:

"I'll do it," and leaped back to assist his mechanic. Swiftly, with trained precision that was the outcome of long practice, and with movements almost mechanical, they filled with water and petrol and oil.

"Tyres!" yelled the mechanic as he flung back the fuel feed-pipe.

"They're sound!" Bob shouted to him as he raced around the car, feeling the treads. He had been cornering carefully, and he knew that the tyres would last out the race. To have changed them as a precaution would have meant losing time.

He scrambled into the cockpit. The mechanic pushed the car forward, the engine fired, and he roared away from the pit—just as the two leading machines came by again, now two laps in the lead!

THE THIRD CHAPTER

"The Ghost Driver!"

FOURTEEN miles behind, and twenty-four laps to go! Bob gritted his teeth and sent his roaring machine after the leaders. He had got to pass them three times before he could get the lead, and there was less than half the race in which to do it.

Away went his car, rocketing down the broad straightaway for the corner. His hands were steady on the steering-wheel now, and he was holding his machine magnificently. He saved split seconds on the turn as he went round without the sign of a skid. On the straight at the other side he picked up the two machines, and was sitting behind them when he got to the bends.

At the side of the track was a crowd. He knew that the folk there were grouped about what was left of the wrecked Fleet car, but he did not look in that direction. He hurled

his car through the bends and on to the hairpin, round that, and it was then that he pulled out to pass the first of the two machines that were still fighting one another for the lead.

By inches Bob crept up to him and went by, the two cars hurtling in a tearing storm of sound. Two hundred yards in front was the leading machine, and Bob passed him just before they reached the glowing wall of Red Corner.

"Got 'em! I'm faster than they are! All I've got to do is to keep my foot down and I can catch 'em again. I'm just under the two laps behind now!" he told himself, and the way he went past the grandstands brought the men at the Fleet pit to their feet in sudden applause.

Stop watches clocked him on every lap—and on each lap he drew closer and closer to the leaders. When forty laps had slid under the thudding wheels he passed them again, but not so speedily nor so easily.

Passing them left him just one lap behind them, and there were ten laps to go to the finish. But now the strain of the race was taking its toll.

From the grid beneath the dash fumes were slinging into his face. Heat swept back from the engine, searing the soles of his feet and parching his throat. Every muscle in his body ached from the pounding of the hurtling machine. The steering-column had drummed bruises on his knees, and the palm of his hand was a burning agony from the snatching use of brake and gear levers.

He was gasping with thirst, worn and racked, and he knew that he was slowing!

From the Fleet pit they were flying the "all out" signal still, and when the physical agony of driving made Bob slow, Jim Sullivan grabbed the signal and waved it wildly at him as he rocked past.

"Go faster! I can't go faster! But I've got to! I've——"

From behind Bob came the leading Delage, poking its blunt nose up to him.

"They're coming up! By heck, I can't let 'em pass!" And Bob's foot went down once more.

Another lap passed in hot agony, and still the emphatic "all out" signals flew.

"That's the signal they gave old Hamel when he crashed!" The thought whipped through Bob's mind. "I heard him cursing 'em for it. I can't go any faster—I'm cornering fast as I can. Wish old Hamel was here to show me how to cut 'em finer! My feet are like fire now. Gosh, but it's hot. I can't stick it. I've got to stick it!"

The S-bends and hairpin slid behind him, and then he stormed down at Red Corner. The sun, sinking towards the west, threw the corner into shadow, but a vagrant ray limned the marble-white monument that they had erected to Peter Hamel at the beginning of the wall.

It seemed to stand out, and to Bob's eyes as he peered through his dust-edged goggles, it seemed that the head cut in the white stone turned to watch him.

"I bet he'd have won if he was driving this—and never mind how far they were ahead of him!" Bob thought. "Old Hamel was—What's that?"

Suddenly, back of him, seeming to come from the wall itself, he glimpsed the white shape of a car—right on his tail! The car was on him, pulling out—driving him to the outside of the turn, forcing him to take it in a long, fast curve without daring to slow, and then the car seemed to fall away.

"Who was that? Funny, he's gone now! Gave me a scare for a minute. I remember now that's just the way old Hamel used to take Red Corner—wide. Right out to the wall, and pulling his car round all the time. Said it was the fastest way of taking it by a good half-second.

"Gosh, I thought it was Hamel himself for a minute!" his thoughts ran on. "Bet he wouldn't think much of me if he were at our pit now, and watching. I can't let him down. Darn it, what's it matter if my feet hurt a bit, and—"

Whoo-oo-oom! He was at the first corner after the stands when he heard the white car behind him, pursuing him. He went into the bend, and the other car seemed to cut on the outside of him, making him take it short on the inside.

And as he went round Bob seemed to get a clear sight of the white machine. At the wheel, lacking helmet and goggles, was a man with dark and blazing eyes. He seemed to be looking at Bob as he forced him in.

"Hamel!"

The recognition came like a douche of cold water. Hamel—after him! Hamel—ashamed of the race he was riding, trying to run him down.

Gone was all the rack and the pain of wearied muscles. The bruises and the burns were wiped away. He never felt the jarring crash of road bumps or the slam of the iron-hard squab at his back.

Hamel was behind him, glaring at him. Bob could hear the snarling blare of his exhaust, and the car was white because it wasn't a real car. It was a ghost car!

Bob gave himself no time to think it out, or to reason that Hamel *could not* be there. He only knew that he had been riding a bad race, and that Hamel was ashamed of him. He was trying to drive him off the road! But he wouldn't catch him. He'd keep in front! He'd *got* to keep in front!

And with the weariness wiped from his brain and his eyes, it seemed to Bob that the road ahead was crisp and clear. On the bends he got glimpses of the grey-white shape behind leaping at him, roaring after him.

At the bends, the glowering ghost-driver was a fierce and monstrous shape, that seemed to dart at him, making him take the turns at the uttermost edge of safe speed.

Panic grew on him. Bob went driving mad. His foot went hard down on the throttle pedal all the time, never easing until the last possible fraction of a second. Fiercely he used his brakes, the drums screaming on the juddering axles—and ever the ghost machine was behind him.

It was with him on every corner; it chased him down the straightaways. It was at his tail when he overtook and passed slower cars. It roared and thundered maddeningly as he made up the lap he lay behind and closed down on the leaders.

He never saw the staring, shouting, excited crowds in the stands. He saw nothing

of Jim Sullivan, leaning over the pit-bank, waving both hands and yelling wildly as he passed. He didn't know about the startled, wide-eyed, gasping Fleet mechanics as they watched his flying machine crash past them.

On he went—on—on! Anything to get away from the pursuing Hamel! He took corners like a speedman inspired, and where he skidded he did it on inches.

Amazed timekeepers clocked his speed, checking figures that smashed the fastest lap records.

His teeth were tight clenched, and his eyes were wide behind his goggles. He lost all count of laps, gave no thought to pit signals. He drove only in a sobbing agony of desperate endeavour, the tearing crash of the ghost car's exhaust coming with a demon roar each time he rocked round Red Corner and past the gleaming monument there.

And then, when it seemed that his brain must crack under the awful strain, when the ghost car was sitting on his tail and snubbing out continually to pounce on him—it was then that there appeared on the broad road before the stands a figure which waved a chequered flag.

"The finish! I've done the distance!" Bob thought. "But I can't stop! He'll get me if I do!"

Without check, his car shot past the finishing flag and thundered on. Then, from beneath the engine cover there came a spluttering, spitting sound. Back of it, surging all around him, was a demonic roar—a fierce, exultant roar of triumph as the ghost car surged down on him once again.

"Carburettor spitting back." Bob identified the sound from the engine. "Running out of juice! He's got me!"

His machine was slowing—slowing! The white car was on him! Slower and still more slowly, and then, with a bellowing roar, the ghost car seemed to leap full at him.

Desperately, Bob swung the wheel over. Saw the white shape loom beside him, found himself heading for the side of the road, and saw people running desperately. He tried to straighten—too late!

There was a sudden, jarring crash. Something struck him crushingly.

"He's got me!" he thought.

After that there was only blackness.

Bob came round to find himself sitting on a pile of blankets at the side of the road. There was a crowd around him, but beyond them he could see his car. One of the front wheels was buckled, and steam was gouting from the broken radiator, but that was all.

"Marvellous driving, Bob!" Jim Sullivan's face was before him, and the team manager was shaking his hand. "You passed the leaders at the beginning of the last lap. That was the winner's flag they gave you, boy. You've won!"

"Stone through his tank, an' all!" a mechanic exclaimed. "He'd lost a lot o' juice! Ran right out of petrol just after the finish!"

"Never seen anything like——"

Bob cut in on the voice.

"Where's Hamel?" he asked.

He saw Sullivan staring at him wonderingly.

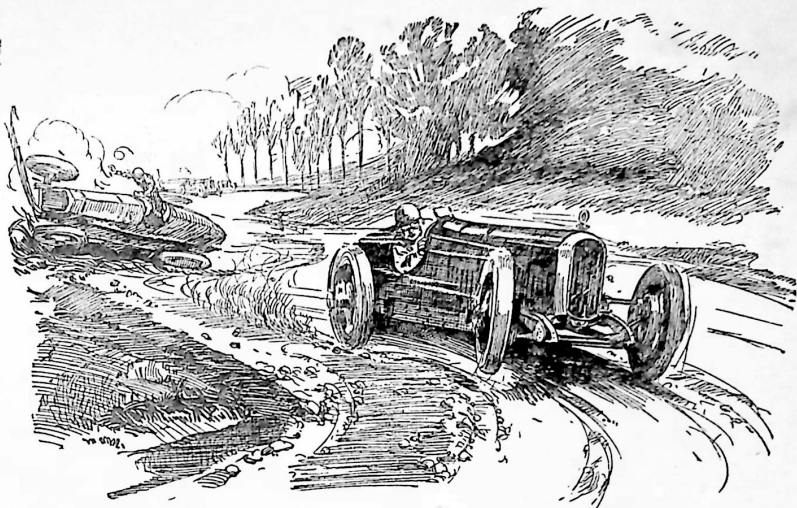
"He was after me," Bob explained. "I saw him glaring! I couldn't get away from him!"

They said nothing for a space.

"Bit too much strain for him," he heard Jim Sullivan murmur presently. "Take it easy, Bob. You'll be all right in a minute or two. You skidded the old 'bus into a post when you stopped, and bumped your head. I've never seen anybody take corners the way you did, boy! Took 'em along the same line every time, fast as anyone could go. It was just like somebody was guiding you round! Wonderful driving!"

Guiding him! Jim stared, wide-eyed, at the manager of the racing team. Guiding him! That's what the ghost car had been doing! Forcing him out on the bends, putting him on the line to take them the fastest way.

He'd wished Hamel had been there to show him how to cut them finer—and he'd come! "*Any time you need my help when you're driving, just let me know!*"



Bob had a hazy glimpse of the driver straining at the wheel. Then the Fleet swung round, mounted the low, grassy bank, and slammed into a tree! (See Chapter 2.)

"It was Hamel!" he murmured. "Showing me. He was after me all the time! He——"

"Bob," Jim Sullivan's strong hand dropped gently on his shoulder. "You mustn't think things like that. The only thing after you was the white Duesenberg. That American was trying to pass, but you wouldn't let him do it. He was mighty fast, but he couldn't get by, and he sat on your tail about the last six laps."

Bob looked up and smiled.

They thought it was the white Duesenberg, did they? He knew differently. He got to his feet, with mechanics helping him to stand. He could see his car, with bouquets of flowers on it, and the winner's laurel wreath hanging from the radiator cap.

But he knew he hadn't won the race. It was Hamel who'd done that, only it was no good telling them, because they wouldn't understand.

So Bob let them lead him away. The

mighty crowds cheered him, and after that there was a reception and a dinner. But all the time he wanted to get away to Red Corner.

He did it at last.

Late that night, when the moon was shining full and clear, and when the speed monsters had long since been silenced, a slim figure stood with bared head before the white monument on the red wall.

"They say it was the white Duesenberg after me all the while," Bob murmured as he looked at the face chiselled out of stone. "But it wasn't. It was you helping me—helping me to remember all the things you'd taught me, and helping me to win. Never mind what they say. You were there—I know it! Thank you, and——"

On the plinth of the marble-white monument he laid the victor's laurel wreath that he had brought from the radiator cap of his wrecked car.

THE END

In the Land of the "Aussies"



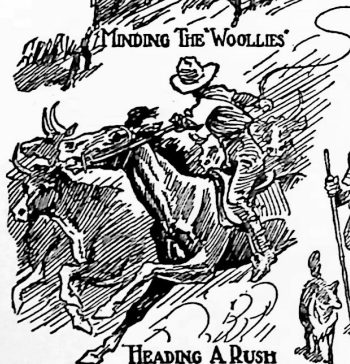
KANGAROO HUNTING



"MINDING THE WOOLLIES"



THE OLD-TIME TOUCH



HEADING A RUSH



A "SUNDOWNER"



BUCKJUMPER!