

EVERY FRIDAY



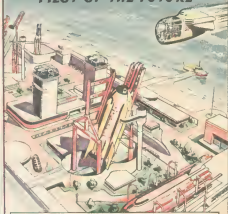
THREEPENCE

EAGLE

14 APRIL 1950 No. 1

DAN DARE

PILOT OF THE FUTURE



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE INTERPLANET SPACE FLEET
SOME YEARS IN THE FUTURE

IN THE LAUNCHING CONTROL ROOM

"KINGFISHER'S
READY TO GO,
SIR HUBERT"

"RIGHT
DAN"

HELLO KINGFISHER
FLEET CONTROLLER
HERE. WE'RE GOING TO
GIVE YOU THE GUNNERY
GOODBYE AND THE
BEST OF LUCK

"THEY'LL
NEED IT!"

RAMP 2
AUXILIARY
ROCKET
BOOST



WELL, THERE
SHE GOES, SIR — I WONDER
IF SHE'LL EVER
COME BACK?

SHE'LL NOT BE IN THE DANGER ZONE
UNTIL THIS TIME NEXT WEEK, DAN —
ALL WE CAN DO UNTIL THEN IS WAIT
..... AND KEEP OUR FINGERS
CROSSED.

A WEEK LATER -
IN DICK DARE'S QUARTERS

MORNING, SIR!

MORNING, BOBBY-
MACON & EGGS?

NAVY, IT'S NOBBIT
THEM VITAMIN
BLOCKS AGAIN!

JUMPIN' JETS!
I'LL LOOK LIKE
A VITAMIN
SOON!

CHEER UP, SIR, IT'S NOT YOUR
FAULT YOU DIDN'T GO IN THE
"KINGFISHER".



WELL, IT SUITS ME, SIR,
LIFE AT HQ'S A LOT
BETTER THAN GADDING
ABOUT IN NASTY, HOT
SPACE SHIPS TO NASTY
COLD PLANETS LIKE
MARS

BUT MY DEAR DUMB DISB, IN CASE
YOU HAVEN'T HEARD A RADIO
OR SEEN A PAPER IN THE LAST
FEW WEEKS, "KINGFISHER"
TRYING TO REACH ~~REACH~~ **MARS**
NOT MARS!

THAT MAKES IT WORSE?
--WE DO KNOW WE
CAN REACH
MARS



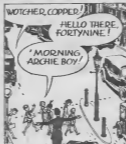
IT MUST BE NEWS
FROM THE "KINGFISHER",
DIG. -- COME ON!

DICK AND DICKY HURRY
OUT TO DICK'S DEFEET*
(JET-PROPELLED
GYROSCOPIC JEEP)



The Adventures of P.C.49

FROM THE FAMOUS RADIO
series by ALAN STRANKS



TO BE CONTINUED

PLOT AGAINST THE WORLD

A gripping new Serial by Chad Varab



Chapter 1

The Ghost from the Sea

JIM suddenly felt himself falling.

He had been strolling home from the Club with his hands in his pockets, whistling a popular rather tune that was driving his family crazy, and peering up at the sky trying to identify the Pole Star. Then he tripped on nothing.

His feet shot sideways and downwards. Before he could get his hands out of his pockets, he had slid down a chute, going his head a crack on the edge that made him see the Pleiades, and dropped several feet on to a rocky moraine. The avalanche he started took him with it and went on crashing and getting him even after he'd reached the bottom with his.

The taste of the gut in his mouth told him what had happened. Some fool had left a manhole-cover off, and Jim was now stoned up with somebody's cold ration.

Before he could pull himself up, he saw a shadow on the gritty white-washed wall—evidently cast from a light in a connecting cellar. It came of the grotesque daintiness. Jim saw what it was, and he could hardly believe his eyes. It was a man with a gun.

He tried as if paralyzed at the avastor silhouette. The shadow began to creep towards him, and he remembered his was a hurry. He hadn't a second in a million of being able to scramble out in time, so he got to his feet and pecked up a huge lump of coal. He heaved it with all his strength, not at the approaching figure, which was still around the corner of the passage, but at the pile of coal behind him. As a death avalanche started, he yelled at the top of his lungs:

"Come on, chap! Add shoot to kill!"

The approaching shadow faltered. The man, it seemed, was not aware that his shadow could be seen. Discouraged, Jim heaved another lump (it felt like slate), and shouted:

"Wait for Tiger—then we'll rush them!"

A shot rang out, terrifying and deafening in that confined space. In the same moment Jim felt the gun near into his knee. As he fell, he groined:

"They got me, pals! Don't let 'em get away!"

Tenderly his hand explored the exposed knee. He was unaccounted not to find it was hurt. He sagged the knee-cap. Nothing seemed to be broken. Then his hand touched a familiar object—a lump of slate with a shape he recognized. It had boomed back when he threw it, and clouted his knee.

He gave a whistle of relief. Then he looked hastily at the wall. The shadow had gone!

Had it ever been there? He could hardly believe it and yet his ears and ring with the sound of the shot. Why wasn't a policeman

peering down the manhole by now, demanding to know "What's all this 'ere'?"

Jim stood perfectly still, and listened. It was then that he heard it—a sort of scuffle in the next cellar, and a strange animal sound. There was something horrible and smug about it, and his skin crawled. He wasn't a coward, but he'd had plenty for one night. The gunshots were bad enough, but then—the shuffling, snuffling sound made him think of some hideous reptile—an alligator, perhaps.

"I'm getting out of this!" muttered Jim.

He scrambled up the coal, and managed to pull himself up on to the chute. But it was slippery, and he fell off. As he pecked himself up again, he cast a glance at the wall that was hardly lit.

Cripes! It was an alligator! Lower down than the shadow he'd seen at first, crawling on the floor, was a monstrous shape.

Jim hit out a yell and jumped for the chute, scrambling frantically against the side walls, and scraping his fingers raw. At last he got a grip on the edge of the manhole, and heaved himself up until his head and shoulders were out in the clean night air.

He was just going to leave himself out of the hole when he saw a host of flames at the end of the street. The bullet whizzed past his head with a "wooo-EE!" just before he heard the crack of the shot. He ducked instinctively, lost his balance, and fell back onto the cellar. This time he caught the point of his chin on the edge of the hole. Just before he lost consciousness he sobbed "O gee—no Tiger!"

WHEN he came to, he couldn't remember at first where he was. He was lying on something soft and warm and sticky.

He opened his mouth to yell, and his thought better of it. For there was an unmistakable ugly right against his nose and a fearful stench against his mouth.

The smell was boot-polish and the texture was wool. The contact between those homely things and the horror he strained imagination had pictured was so great that he gagged.

His face was pressed against someone's shoes and socks, and so far as he knew, alligators didn't wear shoes.

Then he stopped gagging. He was lying on a man, and the man was badly hurt. The stickiness against his hand was not reptilian slime but human blood.

"Was the man dead?"

Jim carefully rolled off him, felt along his body to his face, and was reassured by the warm moisture of breathing.

Obviously this must be the victim of the man with the gun and his accomplice, if any. And he needed help badly.

But it was too dark in the coal cellar. Jim crept cautiously round the corner, down a very short passage and into another cellar, parallel to the first. It was lit by a hurricane lamp hanging from a hook in the ceiling.

He could see the marks on the dirty floor where the man had painfully dragged himself along. They started from a row of wine-bars along the passage wall. It looked as if the man had crawled from one of the bars.

In the wall opposite, an opening led to a short flight of steps curving upwards. At the top he could just see a door, battered but stout, with a rusty lock. Grumbling under his breath at the grit that crunched beneath his feet, Jim stole up the steps and gently tried the door. It was locked.

He stood uncertainly for a moment, eying the door. Then he noticed the bolt on the inside, near the top. It was coated with rust. A long struggle followed before the bolt gave way to Jim's frantic heaving and shed suddenly to. He heaved the corroded staple would hold if the gunman should return.

Swiftly he returned to the wounded man and again heard the snuffling noise that had

scared him before. The man had recovered consciousness and was trying to talk. He must be gagged! Jim felt for the man's mouth, and his fingers found the problem. There was a wodge ball in his mouth! He got it between his finger and thumb and managed to pull it out.

For a few moments the man made extraordinary noises, then he whispered, "Bless 'em, 'em, 'em, 'em." Jim, fumbling with his own fingers at the knots, glad that in his days with the Scouts he'd learnt to deal with knots himself. At last his companion was free. Jim helped him back onto the light, offered, and made a rough bandage for the nasty wound in his shoulder.

He was relieved that it was no worse. But the man needed help, for he had lost a lot of blood, and his arms and ankles had been gashed cruelly tight.

Jim made him as comfortable as he could against a wall and the man sent him his thanks.

"You a nurse?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Jim. "I'm only sixteen."

"I said 'nurse', not 'minor'. You look as black as a sweep."

"Oh, that," said Jim, looking down ruefully at his clothes and hands. "Yes, I don't know what Mums will say if it comes to that, you're pretty filthy too. See how full through the manhole, as well? Some fool left the cover off!"

"No—I was the fool. They chased me down into the cellar, and I tried to get out of the manhole, but they pulled me back. If you hadn't happened along, they'd have... Well, never mind. Can't you think why they haven't turned up at it yet?"

"I've heaved the cellar door, so I think you should be safe while I get up through the manhole and fetch the police—unless that chap's still abouting. Can't you think why they haven't turned up at it yet?"

"Not the police, if I don't see 'em," said the man, looking up at Jim anxiously. "And they are on the job—I heard a police whistles just as you fall, after the second shot, when I knocked me out by falling on it. I don't think there'll be anyone watching the manhole now."

For Jim, one thing stood out of all this.

"Why not the police?" he asked. "Are you a criminal?"

"No," replied the man. He looked Jim straight in the eye, with such a frank gaze that the boy felt inclined to believe him. "I'll tell you part of the reason later. Can you get someone who won't talk to help me out and put me up for the night?"

Jim nodded. Then his face cleared.

"Yes," he said.

PATRON climbing out of the manhole, Jim dashed out a large rounded lump of coal, half expecting it to be shattered by it. He made his way along the passage as fast as he could, keeping a little from his bruised knee and leaning from the cracks on his head and chin. His imagination conjured up shadowy figures lurking in doorways, and once from just behind him the long-driven howl of a lion, cat and sloven down his spine.

At the door of the house he was waiting for he paused uncertainly, then turned away and went round the back alley. There was no light in the window, and he wanted to get home without waking his mother. It must be very late—what on earth would Mums say when he got home? Especially when he saw the state he was in!

Thirty-nine, thirty-seven, thirty-five. No number on this back door, but it must be thirty-three, the one he wanted. Better, it was locked. He heaved there was no broken glass on the yard wall as he leapt and caught the top with his fingers.

He heaved himself up, one foot on the ledge of the door. But the wall was too high for a jump down into the yard. Instead, he walked along the top, balancing precariously, and managed to clench on to the slate roof of the out-house. As quietly as he could, he crawled up the roof over the scullery.

He had nearly reached the back bedroom



when his injured knee gave way, and he slipped. He clutched victory at the roof, breaking the rest of the nails on his sore fingers, and at last managed to get the side of his foot into the gutter to arrest his fall. As he thought of the crash of his fallen fat on his stomach and nose on to the flag below, he shuddered, and blamed the house workman who had fixed that gutter so securely.

He lay for a moment, recovering his senses and listening. There was no sound except that of his own labored breathing. His slide had made suspiciously little noise.

Remembering the temptation to call it a day and get down and knock at the door, he crawled up the roof again. The window he was aiming for was well open a little at the top, so it couldn't be bashed. He managed to get his long-suffering finger-nails under the bottom half of the window, trying to cling to the sloping roof by vacuum-suction, pressing his hollow stomach against it. The window squeaked, slightly, but such by inch he managed to raise it until the opening was big enough to get through.

There was no sound from the room. His eyes had got used to the darkness by now, and he could faintly make out a bump in the bed-headboard, slightly, but such by inch he managed to raise it until the opening was big enough to get through.

He put his arms and head through the window, and got his chest across the sill.

Suddenly the window slammed down on to him with such force that it knocked all the breath out of his body. A moment sooner and it would have punished him.

He shouted, "Ken, Ken! It's me, Jim!" At least, he thought he shouted, but it was only a choked whisper from his crushed chest. Then he passed out for the second time that night - or was it morning, now?

When he came to, he was lying flat on the floor, and someone was trying to pull his nostrils apart, so that he could open his eyes, his left wrist warm to his face. When he saw that he wasn't going to get a soap flannel in his eyes he opened them, and looked up. Ken's sister Pru was squatting by his head in her pyjamas, looking at him.

"He made a hairy grab at his trousers, and heard Ken's voice from somewhere near his seat."

"All right, Jim," it said. "Can't put you into Pru's bed in these filthy things."

"Bed?" squealed Jim. "I can't go to bed - I've got an urgent job to do."

"Oh, not so loud," whispered Pru. "You owe me to bed - you're all in."

"Pru nearly killed you!" murmured Ken. He had the cheek to sound slightly amused about it.

"What happened?" asked Jim, trying to sit up, and groaning as his bruised ribs decided otherwise.

"Ken gave another pull at his trousers, but Jim kept a tight hold. He'd noticed this on his own account last time."

"The story of a bad buccaneer & of the many sticky ends which nearly repel him."

"We sail at dawn!"

"Puwash is about to set out on yet another mission."

"That night..."

"But at dawn..."

"I heard answers on the roof, and thought we had burglars. There wasn't time to get anyone - they all sleep like the dead."

"Good thing, too," interrupted Ken. "Keep your voice down, for Heaven's sake!"

"And in any case," continued Pru more quietly, "I thought the man might be armed and it would be better to talk him at a disadvantage."

"You certainly did!" complained Jim. "So I crept out of bed, arranged the pillow to look like someone asleep, grabbed the cricket bat Ken had left here when we changed rooms, and flattened myself against the wall near the window."

"Good idea!" granted Jim admiringly. "How in your dad's knock my head off with the bat?"

"She didn't want to kill the chap," explained Ken. "If she'd knocked him silly he'd probably have fallen off the roof and killed himself!"

"Besides," said Pru, "I've always wanted to gullotine someone with a window - nasty of me, I know."

"Look here," said Ken, "we're the ones that want some explanation. Who's been beating you up?"

"Apart from me," put in Pru shyly, transferring the saucy fannel from Jim's shirt to her hands and arms to his great relief.

"And what did you want me for, and when did you become a lioness boy?" You said nothing about it at Club-to-night."

"I'll tell you as we go," said Jim. "I've waited too much time already, but I couldn't stand until now."

He tried to get up, but even with Pru's help he could only stagger to the bed and sit on it.

"You can't now," commented Ken. He gave a push at Jim's chest, whipped off his trousers, and had him naked into bed before he knew what was happening.

"Now you'll stay there if I have to drag you!" growled Ken threateningly. "If there's anything to be done, Pru and I will do it."

Jim was about to protest, but looking at Ken's face he could see it would be a waste of time. And, boy! did it feel good to be in bed.

Quickly he told them what had happened to him. He couldn't have wished for a better narrator. Their giggling eyes and gasps of astonishment and sympathetic horror as he described the shadow that had looked and sounded like an alligator made him feel for the first time that it was good to be in for some excitement even if he had got knocked about. As soon as he mentioned the wounded man, Ken broke in.

"Hang on a minute," he said. "He rapped out of the room. Pru just had time to whisper 'You were jolly brave, Jim,' and Jim to reply 'What about you, you braver!'"

When Ken resumed carrying his clothes and a first aid box, and a pyjama jacket which he threw at Jim. He snatched out the light, and said to Jim: "You can talk while we dressing."

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Jim patiently handed off his shirt, wrangled into the jacket, and continued his story. By the time he had finished his friends were ready.

"Don't worry, Jim," said Ken. "We'll look after you just - and keep warm about it!"

Look! Rawlings of the power will help us - he's on all night, and he'll have a rope and lend a bit. I'm sure his wife will give the chap a bed. You can go to sleep and don't worry -

"You certainly did!" complained Jim. "So I crept out of bed, arranged the pillow to look like someone asleep, grabbed the cricket bat Ken had left here when we changed rooms, and flattened myself against the wall near the window."

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others were as Jim had described them, but there was no lamp and the door at the top of the steps was locked but not bolted.

"So we were 'men' on!" growled Dick angrily. He made a dive for Pru to carry out his threat, but stopped as he read on something springy. It was a scribe ball, and except for roomy games it looked as if it had been washed.

"We'd better get out of this," said Dick gravely. He gave Pru a big up and bashed Ken after him and drove them back to his garage. "There's a job for the police," he pronounced.

"But the man asked..." said Pru. "Ah'm tellin' ye."

"He says to Secret Service," muttered Ken. "We'll talk about it in the morning. Now, back off 'one - and keep out of mischief of 'em."

"You'll not ring them up tonight!" begged Pru.

"Not till I've spoke to Jim myself. Now 'p in."

"Thanks, Dick - you're a sport."

They ran off as he turned back to his work. As they approached their street, Ken said, "You can sleep home. I'll just see if there's a bit of Jim's house and if there's I'll set his mother not to worry."

"All right," said Pru, yawning. "Don't forget you're sleeping downstairs."

She ran off towards her home. Just before she reached the front door a car drew up beside her. Two men sprang out and seized her. Before she could utter a sound, something soft was pressed over her mouth and nose and she was smothered with a sweet sickly smell. She struggled frantically but was held firm by the men who had seized her. She felt her neck being against the running-board as she was dragged into the car.

Jim awoke with a start. Someone was creeping in at the window. It was too late to do Pru's guillotine trick, even if he had been in any condition to move swiftly.

He felt for the pear-shaped switch of the light over the bed, and pressed it. The sudden light dazzled him, so it did the intruder. He was standing by the foot of the bed with his hair very plastered down and water dripping from a down his face.

It was someone he recognized, someone he knew well, someone he loved and admired.

It was his cousin Ray.

And the reason why his blood ran as he opened his mouth for a shriek which the man's wet hand quickly stifled, was that Ray was dead. He'd been dead two years. His jet aircraft had crashed somewhere in the sea off Ireland, and the wreckage had been found. The report said there could not possibly have been any survivors.

Did ghosts feel as solid as the clanking hands that gripped him?

To be continued next week

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CAPTAIN PUGWASH

THE STORY OF A BAD BUCCANEER & OF THE MANY STICKY ENDS WHICH NEARLY REPEL HIM.

"WE SAIL AT DAWN!"

"PUGWASH IS ABOUT TO SET OUT ON YET ANOTHER MISSION."

"THAT NIGHT..."

"BUT AT DAWN..."

CAPTAIN PUGWASH HAS THREE PARTICULAR BELONGINGS:

- ① HIS PLAN
- ② HIS COMPASS
- ③ HIS SPECIAL BOX (UNUSUALLY HEAVY)

"WE SAIL AT DAWN!"

"PUGWASH IS ABOUT TO SET OUT ON YET ANOTHER MISSION."

"THAT NIGHT..."

"BUT AT DAWN..."

HE ALSO HAS A WIFE, WHO HAS FAREWELL TO HIM MORE THAN PUGWASH.

"WE SAIL AT DAWN!"

"PUGWASH IS ABOUT TO SET OUT ON YET ANOTHER MISSION."

"THAT NIGHT..."

"BUT AT DAWN..."

AND A FIRST MATE, WHO PREFERS SLEEPING TO ANYTHING ELSE...

"WE SAIL AT DAWN!"

"PUGWASH IS ABOUT TO SET OUT ON YET ANOTHER MISSION."

"THAT NIGHT..."

"BUT AT DAWN..."

CRICKET COACHING BY LEARY CONSTANTINE

THIS WEEK THE STANCE



1. FEET & SHOULDER - THE ARROW
2. BATTERY & SHOULDER - THE BATTERY
3. BATTERY & SHOULDER - THE BATTERY
4. BATTERY & SHOULDER - THE BATTERY
5. BATTERY & SHOULDER - THE BATTERY
6. BATTERY & SHOULDER - THE BATTERY



STANCE (1)
LEFT HAND GIRD
MUST BE EASY.



STANCE (2)
HOW NOT TO DO IT
STANCE IS BAD



STANCE (3)
BODY WELL POSED OVER LEGS
AND FEET —
CREATES EASY MOVEMENT



STANCE (4)
A GOOD
POSITION



STANCE (5)
BACK LIFT
LIFT YOUR BAT STRAIGHT
GRIP NOT TOO TIGHTLY —
LOOSELY BUT FIRMLY



FOLLOW THROUGH (2)
MUST BE CONTROLLED
AND KEPT STRAIGHT



FOLLOW THROUGH (3)
THE END OF
A MOVEMENT.



THE COMPLETE BATTING
POSITION OF LEFT HAND
FACILITATES USE
OF STRAIGHT BAT
RIGHT HAND
IS POWER HAND
A GOOD
GRIP FOR
LATER ON
LEFT ELBOW
NOT SO
STRAIGHTENED
BUT STILL
PERFECT — WHEN
YOU KNOW THE
POSITIONS OF LEFT
WRIST AND ELBOW



THE STANCE
THE FINISHED
THING.
EASY
DOES
IT.
NEXT WEEK
THE MAIN
DEFENSIVE
STROKE

A SHORT HISTORY OF WRITING



No. 1 Prehistoric picture writing

Thousands of years ago primitive man experienced the urge to record the things he saw around him by means of simple pictures scratched on the walls of caves. These examples of man's earliest attempts to create a permanent record are to be found in many parts of the world. The tools available for the purpose were crude by modern standards and doubtless consisted of sharp flints or stones to cut into the surface of the rock.

How different it is today when the secretion of the brain fulfils its purpose in seconds in words or pictures so quick, so easy and so perfectly clear. Are you using a Biro — the modern way of writing and the best?



Biro

A PEN FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Manufactured by The Miles Birse Pen Co. Ltd.

The Ovaltine's OWN CORNER of AMUSEMENT

IF you want to be a happy, healthy Ovaltine you should do as all other Ovaltine do — drink 'Ovaltine' regularly every day. This delicious food beverage provides nourishment to build up robust health and to give you the energy and fitness which will help you to be successful in games and schoolwork.

EVERY BOY AND GIRL SHOULD JOIN THE LEAGUE OF OVALTINE'S The League has been formed by the proprietors of 'Ovaltine' to promote the health and happiness of children everywhere. Boys and girls all over the country have joined and are having great fun with the many high-ups, games and raids. You can join the League and obtain the official Ovaltine Book and Badge by sending a label from a tin of 'Ovaltine' with your full name, address and age to — THE CHIEF OVALTINE, Dept. 54, 41 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W 1.

Can you imagine the Towns pictured here?



Drink delicious
Ovaltine
for Health,
Strength & Energy

THE ANSWERS			
Face this paper towards a mirror			
HTAS	2	RTT2H3MAM	1
MAH3LO	2	1 M3M3C3T3L3	1
YB3UR	2	2 M3M3C3T3L3	1

THE SPY WHO SAVED LONDON

First of a series of real-life Spy stories told by

BERNARD NEWMAN



DO YOU remember the flying bomb and the rockets? If you lived in the London region in 1944, the answer is a big Yes. But did you also know this — that whereas the bombs and rockets came over on an average of a hundred a day, the Germans had planned to send a thousand a day? And that their campaign started six months later? Why? Because we were warned.

The story I have to tell you, now revealed for the first time, records one of the most important spy episodes of the war. In September, 1938, I was riding around the Baltic on a bicycle, and arrived at the German island of Rügen. There I stayed by accident into an enclosed area, and was arrested. I was released after a few hours, and politely escorted from the district.

However, in my brief spell at large I had noticed a few things. There were huge fragments of concrete scattered about. One was shaped in a semi-circular hollow, with a narrow drain down the centre.

I talked with local villagers. They described explosions, followed by queer noises between a rumble and a rattle — like an express train, they said. At one time something had evidently gone wrong, whose consequences had left the area.

I could make little of this myself, but experts in London did. The Germans were experimenting with rockets! The concrete was part of a launching platform, and it was evident that rockets were blasting as soon as they left their launching launchers. I came to the conclusion that even in 1938 we knew quite a lot about the German experimental.

Later, from German friends, I learned their attempt had even been made to fire man-carrying rockets. The first 'volunteer' was a convict, prosecuted for fraud when he would make the experimental trip. He did not live to carry an parcel.

From time to time more information came in. Our agents picked up bits and pieces of news, and clever men fitted them together into a jigsaw puzzle.

Now when France collapsed in 1940 our Secret Service received a nasty blow. Fortunately, the Nazis played into our hands by taking thousands of immigrants to work in Germany. These French, Czechs and Poles were our friends, a wonderful recruiting ground for spies.

The same changes in the Polish capital, Warsaw, in 1941. A small group of Polish 'volunteers' was about to leave for Germany. As they gathered for a farewell party, a friend took some of them on one side.

"I don't know where you're going, but keep your eyes open," he said. "With us not occasionally, and if you're on the track of anything important, bring in the phrase, 'I wonder how old Auntie Katja likes this weather.' Leave the rest to me. Understand?"

They did. They knew that their friend was a Polish Resistance leader — but they did not know that he was also a British agent.

The forced 'volunteers' were off to Germany, and were moved from job to job. At last some of them were transferred to a plant

on the Baltic, named *Pensmenfide*. From casual conversation they gathered that it was an unusual place — an experimental plant.

Our men were employed on laboursome jobs — storing furnaces, digging foundations, and so on. But they could and did keep their eyes and ears open. The first came when one of the Poles wrote his letter mentioning Auntie Katja.

Three weeks passed. Then an officer arrived — in German uniform. He was from the branch of the German Todt organisation responsible for the recruiting and welfare of foreign workers. He was also a Polish agent, working in liaison with the British!

"Well, what have you got?" he asked of the man who had an alias named Katja.

"Something queer going on at this plant. It's a Luftwaffe factory, an experimental place. I've heard rockets mentioned more than once, and one of our men saw in a shed small aircraft, with one engine — but with no place for a pilot."

"Ah! We're on to something!" "Yes, I think so. Of course, it's very difficult for us to get really inside the buildings — very carefully guarded."

"Take any risks you like. And you could do this — make out some sort of map of the plant."

"Yes, we could do that. Two of our men are camp scavengers — they get all around."

"Good. Mark the buildings which are most important. And mark also the offices and homes of the technical experts. A job like this depends mainly on brains. If we knock out the key men, we can stop the work."

Hugnet Raid

When Mr. Winston Churchill spoke later in Parliament on July 30, 1944 — after the arrival of the first flying bombs — he said:

"During the early months of 1943 we received through our many and varied intelligence sources reports that the Germans were developing a new long-range weapon with which they proposed to bombard London." Seligson in history has a prime minister acknowledged the work of his spies!

Mr. Churchill continued: "In August last the full capacity of Bomber Command was sent out to attack these installations."

The raid on *Pensmenfide* was one of the biggest of the war. Every bomber which could fly was allocated to the job. The experimental factory was utterly blasted. Not only were buildings destroyed, but dozens of technical experts were killed — including General Jeschonnek, Chief of Staff of the Luftwaffe. The plan suggested by the Polish workmen had indeed been complete!

Yet espionage has no end. The Germans would not halt because of one disaster. From foreign workers all over Germany came more reports — fragments of the jigsaw puzzle. One factory was manufacturing *chit*, another *bit* — and experts recognised both as parts of a rocket.

Now the scene changes again. Poles living near Munich reported an unusual factory nearby. It was especially heavily guarded. No trains entered its extensive grounds by day, but by night came trains of extra-large wagons with an armed guard in every track.

A Polish Intelligence officer from the Underground Army arrived. He began to interrogate the engine drivers who brought the trains. Then, working at the other end, he found a Frenchman who had managed to get inside the German factory concerned. At one time the factory had been engaged on "atomopeder" delicate radio sets to be attached in balloons which would float over England, and which would automatically emit details of our weather conditions. Now the production had changed. The Frenchman reported that he heard a technician say, "We must know the time at which they explode. Then we shall know whether they have reached their destinations."

The next fragment of the jigsaw puzzle was picked up at Regency, near Lublin, also in Poland, about 200 miles from that guarded camp at Mladec. A mysterious bomb exploded, doing heavy damage — and a party of German technicians arrived to make an examination.

In a quiet house in Kensington, British experts were comparing reports. They realised that, very shortly before the explosion at Regency, agents at Mladec had reported the discharge of a strike weapon — "An aircraft, but with a light in its tail."

"More information! Scaps of the projectile — anything?" was the signal sent to the Polish agents. Their task was very difficult for the Germans held every advantage. But fragments of the bomb were collected by dozens of amateur spies.

Then came a piece of luck: an eye-witness will agree that back in 1941 a vital factor in the Battle of Britain. It was already obvious that the Germans were trying out their new weapons. Then one day a flying bomb fell near a village near the River Rye — and it failed to explode!

The Polish Underground had warned all its agents to look out for the new missiles. Immediately the local men rushed to the scene. They found the flying bomb. As it was too big for normal methods of concealment, they pushed it into the river!

Then, when the German tons of scientific stores the district, they could not find the bomb. As soon as safe, the Poles hauled it out of the river. Polish technicians came from

Warsaw. They photographed the flying bomb, examined its mechanism, and compiled a detailed report. This was handed to a man who appeared to be a Swedish seaman. So he was, but he was a secret-test job as well. He carried the report from Stettin to Sweden between the rubber and the curves of his sea boots.

It reached London safely. That same night the BBC's Polish programme contained the phrase, "Little is not satisfied with paper promises — he wants the real thing. Well, so do we."

The Poles understood. They covered the essential parts of the bomb's mechanism weighing nearly a hundredweight, to a force in Southern Poland. Here was a clearing — two years earlier it had been used by German fighters as an emergency landing ground.

"Operation Whirlwind" was planned. It was difficult, for German soldiers were on a road less than a mile away, and others were billeted in nearby villages.

An R.A.F. Dakota was ordered to fly from Italy. Just as a suitable day arrived, a German fighter squadron landed without warning on the abandoned clearing! The anxiety of the Poles on the spot can be imagined. Plans for warning the Dakotas pilot were hastily improved. But fortunately the German flew away.

So the Dakota landed safely, soon after midnight — with only a dozen peasant farmers' old-lime as its flare-path. The parts of the flying bomb, with a technician in charge, were loaded.

Now the luck changed. As the Dakota made its take-off run, it struck a soft patch of ground and its wheels were bogged. Imagine the scene. Within half a mile were hundreds of Germans — the sound of their horns could be heard.

Now the hard decision, the pilot judged that he must destroy his aircraft, apparently hopelessly embedded. He had actually begun to pour petrol over it, when the Polish technicians stepped in. From adjacent farms more peasants were collected. With spades and bare hands they dug out the aircraft. Before dawn the Dakota took off.

Precious Secret

It reached Breslau in Italy and thence the precious secret was rushed to London. There experts reconstructed the latest type of V-1.

Then, although the flying bombs and rockets were formidable, at least we knew more for them. Further, now we knew the secret, we were able with our friends to organize a vast scheme of sabotage in the factories where the missiles were being made.

I can now return to the point from which I started out. The Germans planned to send a thousand V-1s and V-2s a day, but sent only a handful, and they started in months late. Can you imagine the effects of the original plan, if it had succeeded? London would be enough as it was, but not millions extra and a terrible attack would have made it necessary to evacuate the capital. Millions of people would have been dispersed all over the country. The confusion might have lengthened the war by a year.

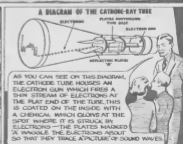
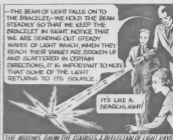
But the German plan did not succeed in full. Why? The principal answer is in the colonial R.A.F. raid on *Pensmenfide*. We gave full credit to Bomber Command for this great exploit, which cost 41 aircraft. Yet I suggest that we must give even greater credit to the agent who told the R.A.F. where and when to go.



Another true spy story
by Bernard Newman

PROFESSOR BRITTAIN EXPLAINS: RADAR

IN PROFESSOR BRITTAIN'S LABORATORY

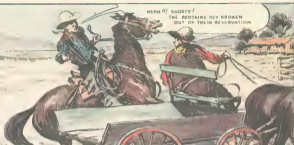


Any Questions?

Write to Professor Brittain, c/o EAGLE, if you have any questions or problems you would like him to deal with. He will be on this page every fortnight.

SETH AND SHORTY - COWBOYS

A tale
of heroism and hardship
in a lawless land,
— South-West Texas
sixty years ago



HEAR ^{BY} SHORTY!
THE REDSkins REY BROWER
OUT OF THEIR RESERVATION



COME ON!!
LET'S FIND
THE BOSS!!

GOIN'!!
WONT BE
RAGE!!



HEAL!! WHERE
ARE THE
REDSKINS!!

I KINDA SUPPOSE
THEY'VE CROSSED
THE RIVER
BY NOW
BOSS!!



YOU GET SADDLED
SHORTY!! RIDE OUT
WITH SETH AND WARN
THE REST OF THE
OUTFIT!!

O.K!!
BOSS!!



WILL HAVE A
LOOK AT THE
CANYON ON OUR
WAY



WANTS THAT
DOWN IN
THE CANYON
SETH?

THAT'S THE INDIAN
CANYON... AND THERE'S
ONE OF THE VAMPIRES
BEHIND A ROCK



WELL BE
PLENTY BIG
STEERS BY
MOONLINE
REDNEATHER



LOOKS AS IF THE BOSS
IS GOING TO LOSE SOME
CATTLE-COME ON/LAT'S
WARN THE BOYS!!

BOSS!! THIS
RANGE
IS COMING
NUN!!

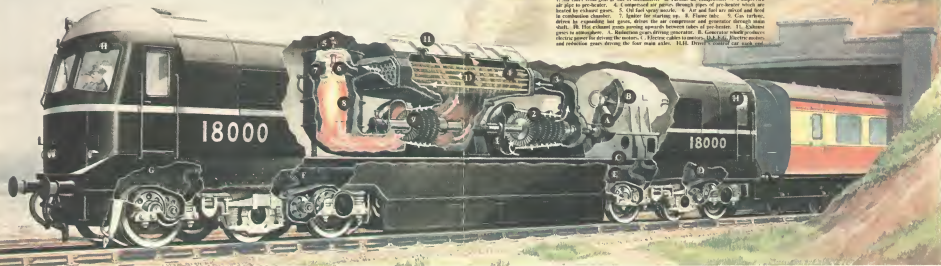
THE NEW GAS TURBINE-ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE

A new-comer to British Railways that will run on the Western Region Service

Length 79 ft. Weight 117 tons.

KEY TO CYCLE OF OPERATIONS

1. Air enters from grill at side of locomotive. 2. Turbine air compressor. 3. Compressed air goes to pre-heater. 4. Compressed air passes through pipes of pre-heater which are heated by exhaust gases. 5. Hot fuel spray injected. 6. Air and fuel are mixed and fired in combustion chamber. 7. Turbine for starting up. 8. Power take-off. 9. Gas turbine drives the compressor, but gases drive the air compressor and generator through main shaft. 10. The exhaust gases passing upwards between tubes of pre-heater. 11. Exhaust gases in atmosphere. 12. Main turbine driving generator. 13. Generator steady-power electric power for driving the motor. 14. Electric cables to motors. 15. A.C. Electric motor and reduction gears driving the four main axles. 16. H.R. Driver's control car each end.



SKIPPY

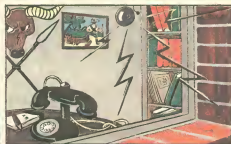


THE KANGAROO



BY DANET, DUBRISAY, GENESTRE

AN ANDRÉ SARATU PRODUCTION



HEROES OF THE CLOUDS



THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR PROVIDES A THRILLING STORY OF ACHIEVEMENT IN THE FACE OF GREAT DIFFICULTIES. NOW AIRPLANES DEVELOPED FROM FLIMSY AFFAIRS OF WOOD AND WIRE TO THE SLEEK JET-PROPELLED MACHINES OF TODAY WILL BE EXPLAINED EACH WEEK BY THE NICHOLSONS...



FATHER...



LEFT: MEET CAPT. BRIAN NICHOLSON, O.B.E. ONE OF OUR EARLIEST PIONEERS AND AN ACE OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR. HE WILL TELL YOU OF THE STRUGGLES AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE FIRST MEN TO FLY.

RIGHT: SGM LOR 'DICK' NICHOLSON, O.P.C. HIS SON, IS A TEST PILOT FOR A LEADING AIRCRAFT COMPANY AND A BATTLE OF BRITAIN VETERAN. HE WILL KEEP YOU IN TOUCH WITH ALL THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN THE WORLD OF AVIATION.

SON...



And Their MACHINES



LEFT: THE FARMER-TYPE BIPLANE FLOWN BY CAPT. BRIAN NICHOLSON IN 1910. MAXIMUM SPEED WAS 35 M.P.H. WITH A 30 HP GANOME ROTARY ENGINE. NO PROVISION WAS MADE FOR THE COMFORT OF THE PILOT AS YOU CAN SEE!

RIGHT: THE IMAGINARY PHANTOM JET-PROPELLED FIGHTER FLOWN BY DICK NICHOLSON EMBODIES ALL THE LATEST DESIGN FEATURES SUCH AS SWEPT BACKWING AND LONG RANGE TANKS AND IS NEARLY TWELVE TIMES AS FAST AS THE FARMER!



Next Week...

CAPT. NICHOLSON WILL DESCRIBE THE FIRST ASCENT BY MAN IN A HOT-AIR BALLOON.

DISCOVERING THE COUNTRYSIDE

by John Dyke

The Hedgehog



LOOK ANN, THERE'S NO DYKE AT THE YARD GATE AND HERE'S OLD SUEP COMING TO MEET US!



WULLD THERE? GLAD TO SEE YOU BOTH AGAIN. I'M JUST OFF DOWN THE ROAD, CARE TO COME ALONG?



LOOK WHERE FOUND A HEDGEHOG! WELL, IT'S SAFE ENOUGH ROLLED UP, SHEP CAN GET THROUGH THOSE SPIKES THOUGH SAIDERS AND POWERS DO SOMETHING!



COULD BE THERE? HE SAYS! SOMEWHERE NEAR... ON THE... WHEN THEY ARE USUALLY AMONG ONE-OF-DEAR LEAVES AT THE BOTTOM OF A HEDGE OR BANK - OR EVEN FROM A CUSHY BLANKET. THE FIRST HEDGE-ROCK-BETWEEN THREE AND SIX OF THEM-ARRIVE ABOUT NOW. THEY ARE GIVEN WITH LONG SHOUTS AND BOLD SQUEALS AND WHEN THEIR VIBES IN ABOUT A FOURTH.



OF COURSE THE HEDGEHOG SLEEPS DURING THE WINTER. HE IS FED BY THE FAT STORED IN HIS BODY DURING THE SUMMER. THE POINT THEN HE WANTS WHEN HE WAKES IS A DRINK - HE CAN'T HAVE A HEDGEHOG WHO WAS VERY FOND OF A LADLE OF MILK AFTER HIS SLEEP.



WHAT DO THEY USUALLY EAT? MRS DYKE?

ON INSECTS, SLUGS, WORMS, AND THEY ARE ESPECIALLY FOND OF SPARKS. THEY KEEP BITING THEM UNTIL THEY'RE DEAD, AND THEN GO ON TO EAT THEM FROM THE TAIL END.



WELL, WE HAD BETTER DETACHING NOW ABOUT COMING TO PLAY TOOK NEXT WEEK?

REAL LIFE MYSTERIES



THE LOST LINER

They launched the *Waratah* on the Clyde in the early spring of 1906. The men who built her said she was a fine ship. She made her maiden voyage in November, 1906.

On 27th April 1909 the *Waratah* sailed for Australia. On her homeward run via South Africa, she steamed into Durban on the 25th July. She took on 250 tons of coal, increased her passengers to 92 and sailed for Capetown

next day.

At sunrise on the morning of 27th July, the *Waratah* overtook a big freighter, the *Clas Marletre*, also steaming down the coast. Neither ship had wireless. They spoke with signal lamps.

"What ship are you?" asked the *Clas Marletre*.

"*Waratah*, bound for London."

"*Clas Marletre* here," answered the freighter. "Also bound London. Goodbye."

The officers on the *Clas Marletre*'s bridge watched the big liner disappear over the horizon ahead. They were the last men to see the *Waratah*. Nothing more was ever heard of her.

Then watchmen searched for her. A ship named the *Sewra* hunted for more than a month and covered 2,700 miles. Another ship, the *Sabine*, chartered by the *Waratah*'s owners, cruised for 90 days and covered 15,000 miles. The *Sabine* even explored the

empty sea towards the Antarctic.

The *Waratah* had passed five separate inspections for sea-worthiness. The builders, the owners, the Board of Trade, Lloyd's, the Emigration Authorities, had all carefully examined her.

The liner's disappearance is as much a mystery today as it was on that July morning forty-one years ago.

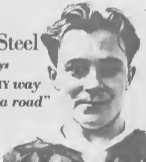
Another Real Life Mystery from The White Queen of the Sunbelt

One of the most brilliant forwards that ever came from Scotland . . .

Billy Steel

says

"Here's MY way to cross a road"



"It's a forward's job to break through — on the football field. He must be able to dodge the defence — and have plenty of dash. But dodging and dashing is just asking for trouble when you're crossing a road. Here's my way:

- 1 At the kerb — HALT.
- 2 Eyes — RIGHT.
- 3 Eyes — LEFT.
- 4 Glance again — RIGHT.
- 5 Walk clear — QUICK MARCH.

"No need to run, because I wait until there is a real gap in the traffic."

"In Soccer, you go all out to win, so of course you take risks — it would be pretty dull otherwise! But traffic's not a game. By taking a chance, you may get killed, or kill someone else. So just use your head, remember you're part of the traffic, learn to be a good Road Navigator, and cross every road the Kerb Drill way."

Billy Steel

Cadbury's Corner QUIZ

HAVE YOU ANYTHING IN YOUR HOUSE THAT'S 100,000 YEARS OLD?

Yes. Scientists tell us that millions of years ago there were trees and ferns which, as they died away, became buried under more plants. The earth gradually changed, rocks shifted and these decayed plants became coal. But coal is not dangerous and dangerous. All the time they changed, some changed — into the coal we burn on our fire today.



WHAT IS THE LARGEST COCOA CUP IN THE WORLD?

Enough Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa to send you to bed! It's a million average-size breakfast cups every day.



CAN YOU BUY COAL IN A DRAPERS SHOP?



Yes, but not in a shop. Did you know that nylon stockings, sewing machine threads, are made from coal? So next time your mother warns her options you can tell her that she's really dressed in coal!

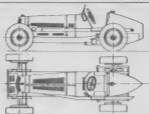
My, isn't that the best purchase and that's why —

I want Cadburys!

WHICH QUEEN BARRIED COAL FIRES?

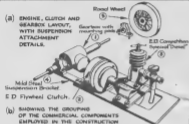


Queen Elizabeth. Nicotine says this part of her memoirs at Parliament were necessary goodness when burnt wood on the fire. The Queen learning that, as they were used to wood, she had to learn to burn coal. She learned coal fires in London while Parliament was meeting.



TRACK - FRONT - 4' 3½" TRACK - REAR - 4' 2"
WHEELBASE - 8' WHEELS - 30" x 4.00

- (2) ENGINE, CLUTCH AND GEARBOX LAYOUT, WITH SUSPENSION ATTACHMENT DETAILS.



- (b) SHOWING THE GROUPING OF THE COMMERCIAL COMPONENTS EMPLOYED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THIS MODEL. NOTE THE METHOD WHICH WILL BE ADOPTED FOR INSTALLATION OF THE GEARBOX.

G.W. ARTHUR - BRAND
Associate Editor, *The Model Engineer*

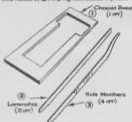
You can make for yourself an actual working model of this famous E.R.A. racing car if you follow these drawings and instructions each week.

The only parts you need to buy are the motor flywheel-clutch unit, back axle and road wheels. If you want to know where to get them and how much they cost, write to the Editor, EAGLE, 43 Silver Lane EC4 (enclosing is stamped, addressed and paid).

Next time (in a fortnight) we shall start the actual building of the model. The sketch on the right shows the doors to be made and the materials, with their 'raw' dimensions, we shall need.

The tools you will need are:—
a first saw, a jigsaw, hand drill with
 $\frac{1}{8}$ " inch bit and a sheet each of
medium and fine sandpaper.

Boat, $\frac{1}{2} \times 12 \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ Resin Bonded Plywood
Laminates, $\frac{1}{8} \times 12 \times 1$ Resin Bonded Plywood
Sails, $\frac{1}{2} \times 12 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ Resin Bonded Plywood



S.H. MORTENSEN WAS BORN AT DURHAM IN 1921 AND PLAYED IN THE TOWN TEAM AT TWELVE.

BLACKPOOL SIGNED HIM WHEN HE WAS SIXTEEN.

INJURED WHILE IN THE R.A.F. IT WAS THOUGHT HE WOULD NEVER PLAY AGAIN BUT WAS SOON PLAYING IN HIS FIRST GAME FOR ENGLAND.

HIS BEST PERFORMANCE WAS FOR ABERDEEN SELECT ELEVEN V. THE ARMY. HE PLAYED CENTRAL FORWARD OPPOSITE STAN, CULLIS AND ALTHOUGH BEATEN 5 TO 4 MORTENSEN SCORED, ALL FOUR GOALS.

MORTENSEN IS PROBABLY THE FASTEST MAN WITH THE BALL IN PRESENT DAY FOOTBALL.



BLACKPOOL
and
ENGLAND

A DYNAMIC INSIDE FORWARD
AND A TERRIFIC SHOT WITH EITHER FOOT.

Chloroform

THE EAGLE CLUB

AND EDITOR'S PAGE

14 April 1950

The Editor's Office
EAGLE
43 Shoe Lane, London, EC4

EAGLE, as you can see, is an entirely new kind of strip-cartoon paper—and it looks as if there is going to be a very big demand for it. So I suggest you ask your newagent to order a copy for you each week. At the bottom corner of this page, you will find a form which you can cut out and hand to your newagent. If you want to make sure of your copy fill it in straight away.

I'm sure you will agree that EAGLE is a really good value for 3d. We are using only the best authors and the best artists.

The EAGLE CLUB is going to be one of the most important features in the paper; and we've got a pile of ideas for making it a really good Club to join.

It has very definite aims and standards. To begin with, a member has to agree to the Club Rules. Here are the most important of them—

Members of the EAGLE CLUB will—

(a) Enjoy life and help others to enjoy life.

They will not enjoy themselves at the expense of others.

(b) Make the best of themselves. They will develop themselves in body, mind and spirit. They will tackle things for themselves and not wait for others to do things for them.

(c) Work with others for the good of all around them.

(d) Always lend a hand to those in need of help. They will not shirk difficult or dangerous jobs.

The other main aims are: First, to link together those who read and write EAGLE. Second, to organize meetings, expeditions, holidays, camps, etc., for members. Third, to make special awards to members who achieve anything really worthwhile.

Thus, at what you do to join the Club—Send in the Editor at the above address, (1) your name and address; (2) your age and date of birthday; (3) your school and club (if you belong to one) and (4) a postal order for one shilling. Especially don't forget to tell us your birthday.

To receive your copy you (1) The EAGLE badge, made as gift, like the one shown here. (2) A Charter of Membership. (3) The Club Book of Rules.

The badge is really free value—and all those who join the Club within the next four weeks, i.e., before 14th May, will be able to get it as part of the 1/- membership fee. After four weeks, new members will have to add an extra 6d. to pay for the badge. So send in your application right away.

The first 100 members to join will get a special prize. They are to be divided into four groups of 25 according to where they

live. Twenty-five living in the South of England will be taken first to Farnborough Air Display on July 8th. Twenty-five living in the Midlands will go to Silverstone Grand Prix Races on May 13th. Twenty-five from the North of England to a Test Match against the West Indians; and twenty-five from Scotland to the Highland Games. The younger members will be invited to bring one parent or guardian free of charge.

The women will be those 100 members whose applications for membership are opened first, on Wednesday, April 19th.

Then there will be, from time to time, special competitions for selected members—for example, a trip to the T.T. races at the Isle of Man, to the Edinburgh Festival, to the Monte Carlo Rally, to the 1951 Festival of Britain, and to orienteering places abroad. There will be something to suit all tastes and interests.

But joining the Club is only the first step. There's a second special kind of membership. This second step is to become a *stunt*.

That may sound a rather strange thing to become. This shortly is what it's all about. There are really only two kinds of people in the world. One kind are the *stunts*. The opposite of the *stunts* are the *stuns*, also called *stun* boys, *stun* girls, *stun* boys, *stun* girls or *stun* boys.

The *stunts* are the people who are some use in the world; the people who do some thing worthwhile for others instead of just grubbing for themselves all the time.

Of course the *stun* is a *stun*. They use the word *stun* as an insult. "Arna't they *stun*?" they say about people who believe in living for something bigger than themselves.

That is why someone who gets called a *stun*, is likely to be a pretty good chap. For one thing—

he's got to have gone home he doesn't mind being called a *stun*. He likes it. He's the sort who will volunteer for a difficult or risky job and say cheerfully, "Alright, I'll be the *stun*." That doesn't mean he is stupid. It means he's got the right idea and doesn't think it is at all clever to be a *stun*-type, like the gardeners we have drawn here.

So when you join the EAGLE CLUB the next step is to become a *stun*. We shall then send you a special badge to attach to the ring at the bottom of the EAGLE badge. And there are many special privileges arranged for *stuns* which we'll tell you about another time.

But you cannot become a *stun* just by writing to us. You have got to do something to earn it and someone—not yourself!—has got to tell us about it. If someone who

knows you—say, a school teacher, Club leader, and so on—writes to us and suggests your name, we shall go into it carefully and, if you really qualify, award you a badge and special certificate.

One of the privileges that *stuns* will have is to be invited to take a hand in running the EAGLE CLUB and EAGLE. At regular intervals, we shall be calling an editorial conference in London, to which we shall invite selected *stuns*. They will be able to meet the Editor and his artists and writers and discuss the whole policy of the paper.

Of course, there are thousands of *stuns* already—the great *stuns* of history. People like Scott of the Antarctic, who gave his life to discover new lands, or Michael Faraday—people and he was talking nonsense when he said that electricity could be used to nerve men; or the *stuns*—people and they were wasting their time when they were working to isolate radium.

Here, for example, is a picture of one famous *stun*—J. L. Ward.

People laughed at him when he started to suggest that there could be such a thing as television. They wanted him to give up trying—but he was right for he didn't.

Perhaps your picture may appear here one day. Each month we shall pick the *stun* or *stuns* and publish his or her photograph. And at the end of the year, there'll be a special "do" laid on for the *stuns* of the year. Don't forget to write and tell us what you think of EAGLE.

Yours sincerely
THE EDITOR

COMPETITION CORNER

Send in your answers to: The Editor, EAGLE, 43 Shoe Lane, London, EC 4, and mark the envelope "Competition". Don't forget to include your name, address and age.

1. STRIP CARTOON STORY We are always on the look-out for bright ideas about stories to make our strip cartoons. There will be a prize of a 10/6 National Savings Certificate to the reader of the best suggestion for a suitable story. It must be an original story that you have made up yourself and what we want is an outline of the plot is not more than 300 words. Last date for entries is April 26th.

2. PICTURE CROSSWORD

To solve the puzzle use the Black Letter and the first letter of each object drawn. You have to find the seven words running across the puzzle. The clues at the side will help you.

1. Fruit growing soon
2. Long bones
3. A Wild Flower
4. A Bird
5. Another Bird
6. Species of Shark
7. English Support

A prize of 10/6 is offered for the first correct solution opened on April 26th.



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CHICKO

by thelwell



Graved Squash is debel.

Lash grinned and went on: "Uncle's got a chestnut mare called Chuckle. Every time I can remember he's been terribly proud that he's the only man on Coodalah Creek Station who can ride Chuckle. Every now and again he'll offer ten pounds to anyone on the station who could stay on him back. They all tried - and they all came off."

Squash gulped down a mouthful of gilly and asked: "Did you get thrown, too?"

"Uncle said I was too young to try riding Chuckle. But at night I used to go down to the paddock and make friends with her. It took me the night and morning, but in the end she let me go backhock, Yes, backhock. But of course I never let Uncle know."

"Then, the day I was seventeen, he called me out at front of all the men and said I was old enough to try to ride Chuckle. And I refused."

"What?" cried the amazed boy.

Rawhide cut in: "Lash could have ridden her back to front with his hands in his pockets. But don't you see it would have broken Uncle Peter's heart? It was his great pride that he was the only one who could sit that rambunctious mare."

Lash went on to describe how his uncle said he was ashamed of his own flesh and blood. Finally he ordered him off the station, telling him not to return if he'd perished himself a man. Lash stepped up stage Rawhide O'Reilly, just as the Irishman, "and I takes the last of Uncle Peter goes as a shemrock! Lash and tells me to do a job as well. So before sundown we was just a couple of wanderers on the face of the earth."

Lash laughed and said: "It all turned out for the best. I was determined to make a name for myself - a champion roughrider and stock-ramp expert - with the help of the old man and friend a man ever had. I mean that hairy Irishman, Rawhide O'Reilly."

"What a heart-steady, body-buster!" those years had him been through, said Rawhide. "But now he's Champion of Champions!" "And now," said Lash, with a warm smile for the other two, "we've gone back in triumph to Uncle Peter Longman. And this time Squash'll be there of us."

At that very moment, Uncle Peter lay at



the bottom of a ravine 15 miles from the homestead of Coodalah Creek. Over his lifeless body stood half-a-dozen aborigines, shaking spears and boomerangs with grief at the death of one whom they knew as Big White Friend.

As they walked, they wondered why he should be clanking in his hand a piece of rock that glimmered deep purple and soon blue and fiery red in the rays of the starling sun.

"Two whopper ran through the back!" "Those J. Gills makes long Coodalah Creek."

In their own secret and mysterious way, the aborigines passed on the message as the three riders ambled along the dusty road that led to the far West.

It was three weeks since they had left Sydney, and they were all looking forward to the end of their long and arduous ride. Rawhide let the reins trail on the neck of his lean and very chaste, Shavey Lou, as he stumped at his tempo and sang:

"Oh, we ride through the pines
And the meigs scrub,
And across the saltbush plain,
And we sing as we go

With a yeh-ho-ho-ho!

"It'll soon be home again!" On his left rode Lash, mounted on proud-stopping Mustang. The third of the trio was Squash, who rode Patch, a white pony that Lash had bought for him in Sydney.

"It'll be the tail of my nose to a bushel of new buttons that your Uncle Peter will make you owners," declared Rawhide.

Squash grinned: "I reckon he'll get a lot of a surprise when he sees me!"

"He'll get a surprise to see all of us," replied Lash. "I haven't written to him so my wife's coming home. I thought it would be best if—"

He stopped short. His keen eye had caught the glint of sunlight on the twirling boomerang.

"Duck!" yelled Lash, reaching swiftly for the stockwrap at his belt.

Rawhide and Squash flattened themselves on their horses' necks as the curved, sharp-edged weapon whizzed towards them. Lash flung the handle of his whip, and the thing whirled into the air. The boomerang up struck like a stake at the boomerang.

"Bully-aye!" the boomerang fell harmlessly at Mustang's feet.

"Into the scrub!" cried Lash. All three turned their horses towards the mulga trees. "Then blisters' myalls!" scowled Rawhide, peering ahead into the shimmering summer air.

"Mo-pole!" The plaintive notes came from a nearby patch of sandalwood.

Lash and Rawhide looked at each other sharply. No mo-pole had ever called in broad daylight. It must be Mo-pole's head.

"Mo-pole!" called Lash to a melancholy tone.

A moment later they stepped down behind a tree a tall and strong young blackfellow. He wore nothing but a lion-garment of plaited reeds, and he carried a boomerang and a spear.

The black man beckoned. Then he stumped behind the tree again.

"It's Mo-pole all right," and Lash as he urged his horse forward.

"What'll he play?" Lash and seek for?" growled Squash.

"No more," said Rawhide. He told the

boy that the aborigine was a good friend of them. He was one of a tribe of blacks who lived in a camp on the outskirts of Coodalah Creek station.

"Mo-pole!" came the cry from the bush somewhere ahead.

Riding on, Lash was puzzled by this strange behavior. Suddenly they came to a clearing. Beside a little waterhole stood Mo-pole.

The time the aborigine came forward to meet his friends. His black face wore a grin that displayed flashing white teeth. Suddenly Mo-pole's face became grave, and his voice took on a sad note. As he told his story in a mixture of English and his own native words, Lash learned for the first time of the death of his Uncle Peter.

Dazed by the news, he listened as it dawned to the story of how the owner of Coodalah Creek had been found by some blacks at the bottom of a ravine. The man's skull was broken, and he had obviously been killed instantly by his fall.

When they brought him to the homestead, he was still clutching a piece of beautiful opal.

"Then there is more opal up there!" cried Rawhide. "I reckon—"

"Quiet!" cried Lash with a fierce intensity that shocked the Irishman into silence.

The aborigine said that Mo-pole the first man had taken charge and had arranged the funeral at the nearby settlement called Tarravarras.

"Dago Messer!" roared Rawhide fiercely. "Why, he—"

The Irishman cut himself short as Lash's wish glared.

As Mo-pole went on with his story, he became very excited. He used more and more of his own native words that only Lash could understand. The young roughrider's face clouded with anger and dismay.

Abreast the aborigine said, "This folk go long walk home. Goodbye." He turned and made for the trees.

Lash turned Mustang's head towards home. "There's trouble ahead," he told his companions as they made for the road again.

And the name of that trouble appears to be Dago Messer.

To be continued next week.

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