

SPRING ISSUE

No. 14

AEE-FEE-OKE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



A SUPERMAN-DC PUBLICATION
10¢
IND

Hillman

IN THIS ISSUE-

A STORY

written and edited
exclusively by

**WINKY, BLINKY,
AND HODDY!**

whew! are they
crazy!

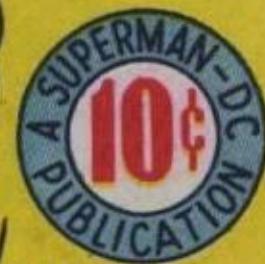


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The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

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*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year for the duration.

THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF

America

SENDS YOU

**THIS
MESSAGE!**



**THE AMERICAN RED CROSS
NEEDS YOUR HELP!**

During the month of March the American Red Cross will raise its 1944 War Fund. A goal of \$200,000,000 has been set. This must be met if the Red Cross is to continue its work on an undiminished scale.

The millions of volunteer donors who have visited American Red Cross blood donor centers have helped save the lives of great numbers of our soldiers and sailors. These centers are equipped with up-to-the-minute scientific apparatus, and their operation is financed from Red Cross funds.

Members of the American Junior Red Cross take part in many activities of the adult organization. In 1943, in addition to many other activities, they provided 1,000 Christmas decoration kits for use by the American Red Cross in military and naval posts and hospitals overseas. Part of each contribution to the 1944 Red Cross War Fund will help support the work of these young Red Cross workers.

Disaster relief units equipped with mobile first aid facilities and canteens are on the alert at strategic points to aid victims of fire, flood or accident.

Your Red Cross is at his side. Husbands and fathers, brothers and sons in the service, all call upon the Red Cross in an emergency.

A soldier in the South Pacific received word of serious trouble at home. He went to the American Red Cross representative assigned to his unit. The latter, in cooperation with the man's home chapter, worked out a satisfactory solution of the family's difficulties.

The American Red Cross maintains a staff of trained workers to aid service men's families in trouble. This and other services to members of our armed forces and their families can be continued only with your help.

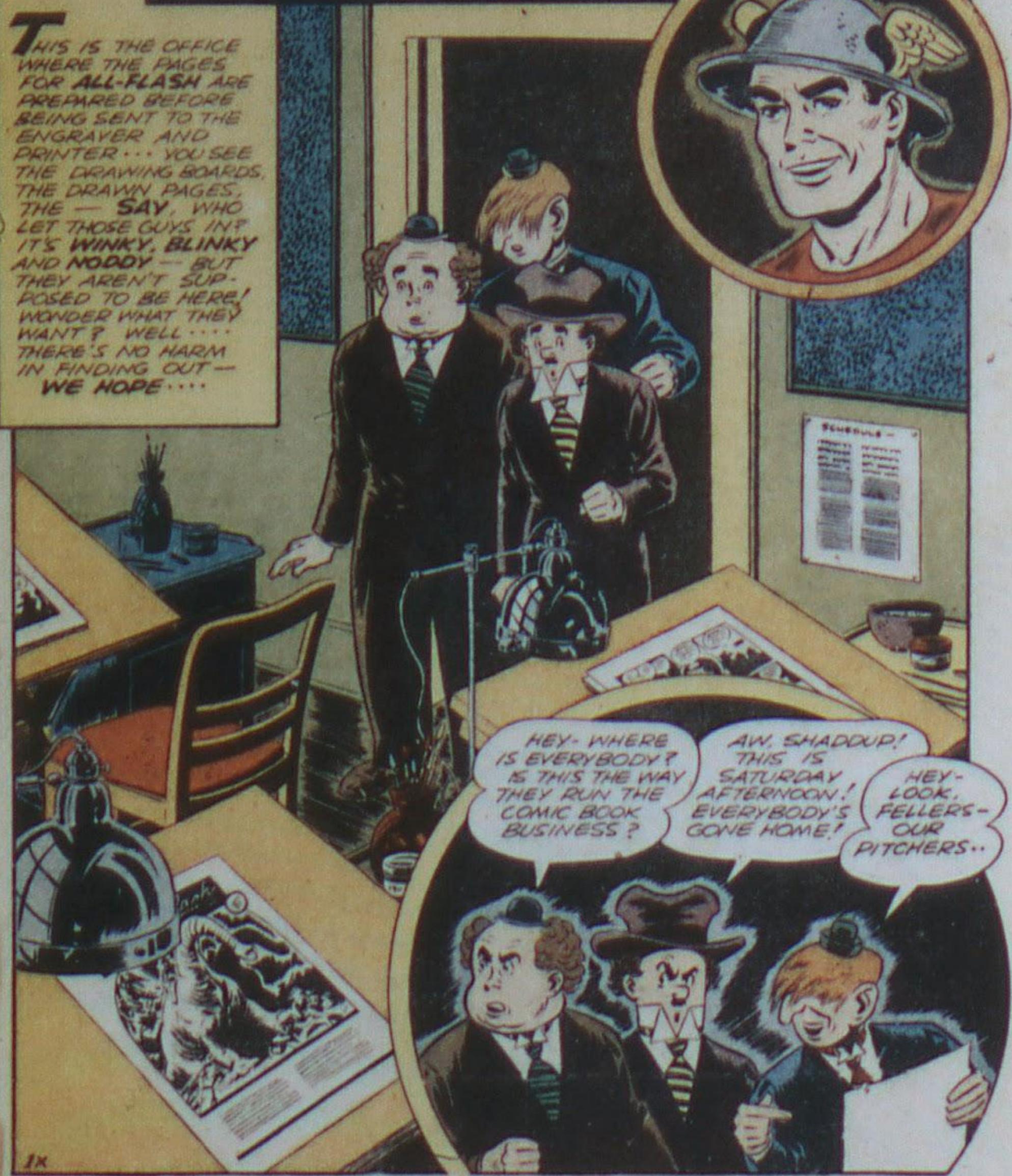
**SUPPORT THE 1944
RED CROSS WAR FUND**

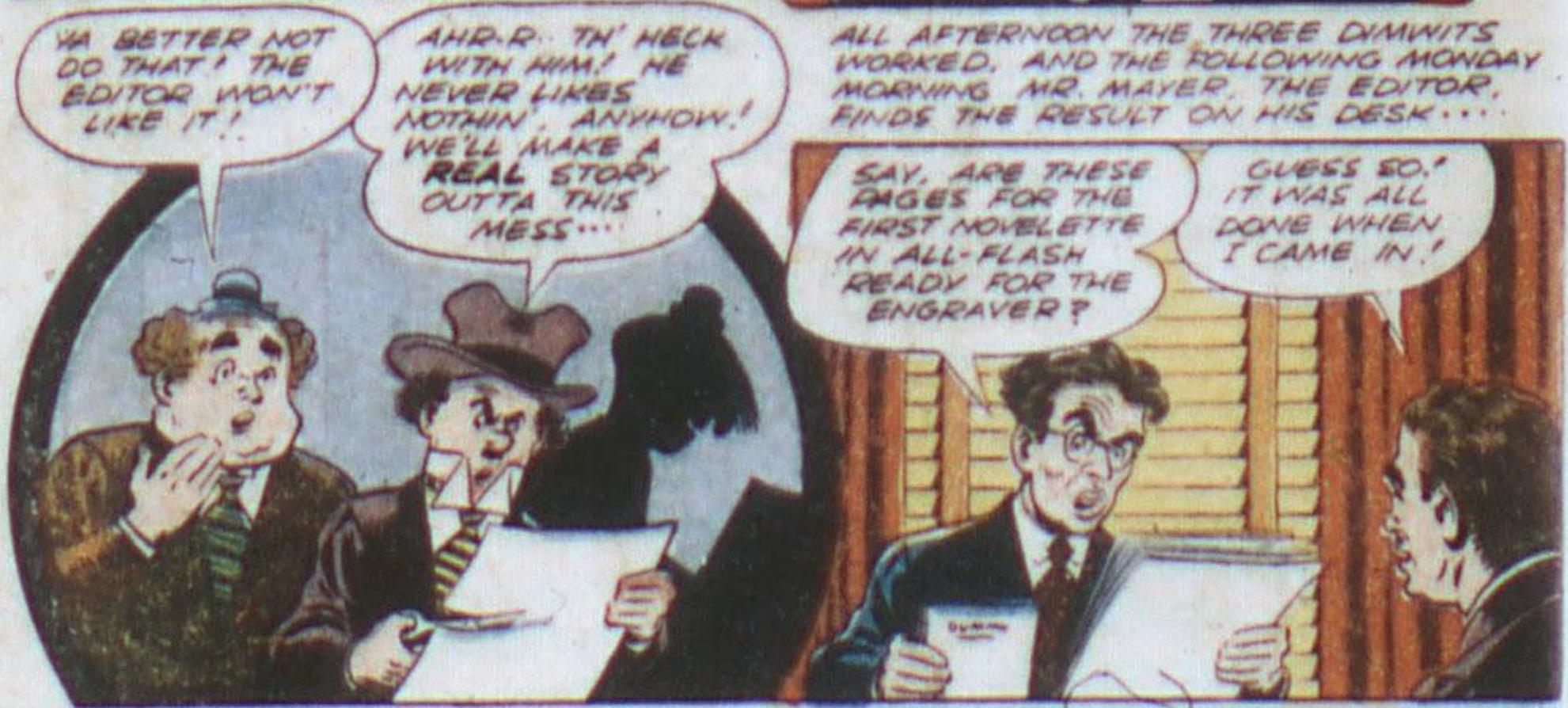
The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIGGINS

THIS IS THE OFFICE WHERE THE PAGES FOR ALL-FLASH ARE PREPARED BEFORE BEING SENT TO THE ENGRAVER AND PRINTER... YOU SEE THE DRAWING BOARDS, THE DRAWN PAGES, THE — SAY, WHO LET THOSE GUYS IN? IT'S WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY — BUT THEY AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HERE! WONDER WHAT THEY WANT? WELL... THERE'S NO HARM IN FINDING OUT — WE HOPE....





The Flash

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. C. ST. JAMES

CHAPTER
— ONE —

DINOSAURS,
DOUGH AND
DUMBBELLS!
!

APR.

APRIL FOOL
NOVELETTE!



THIS IS BROADWAY, IN THE YEAR 1944! FROM THE THROATS OF HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE COMES A CRY OF MINGLED AWE AND HORROR... FOR THUNDERING DOWN THE PAVEMENT COME THOSE TERRORS OF A PREHISTORIC WORLD — THE DINOSAURS!

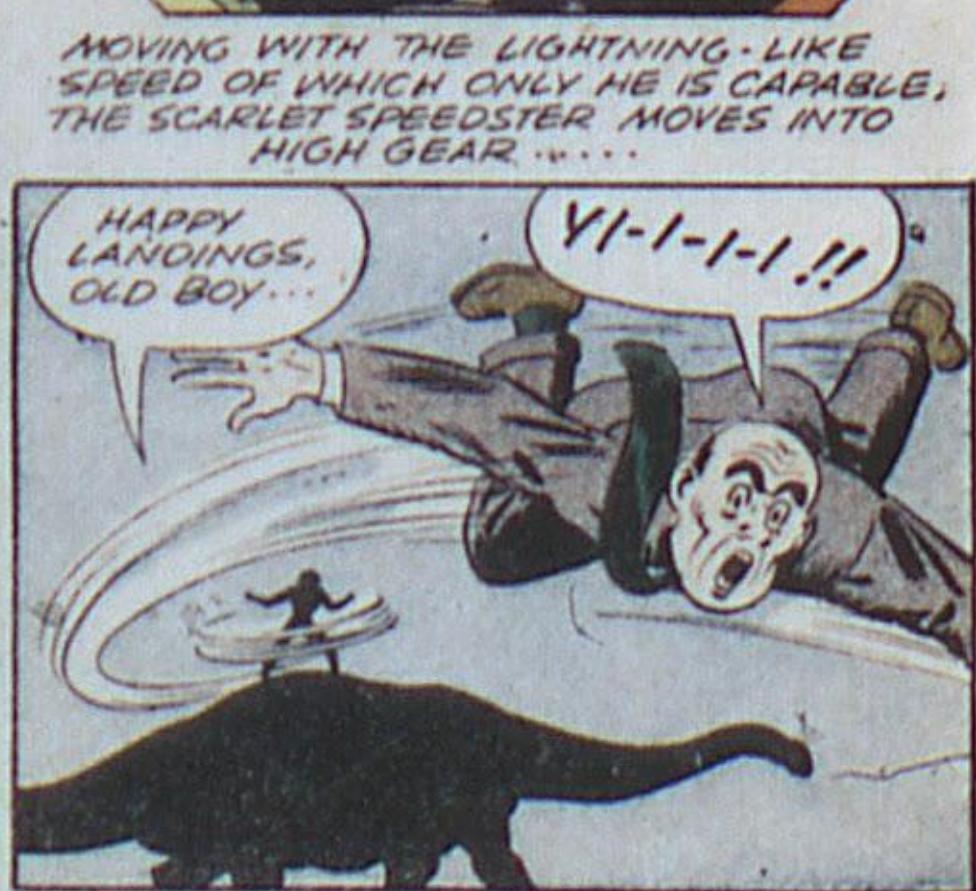
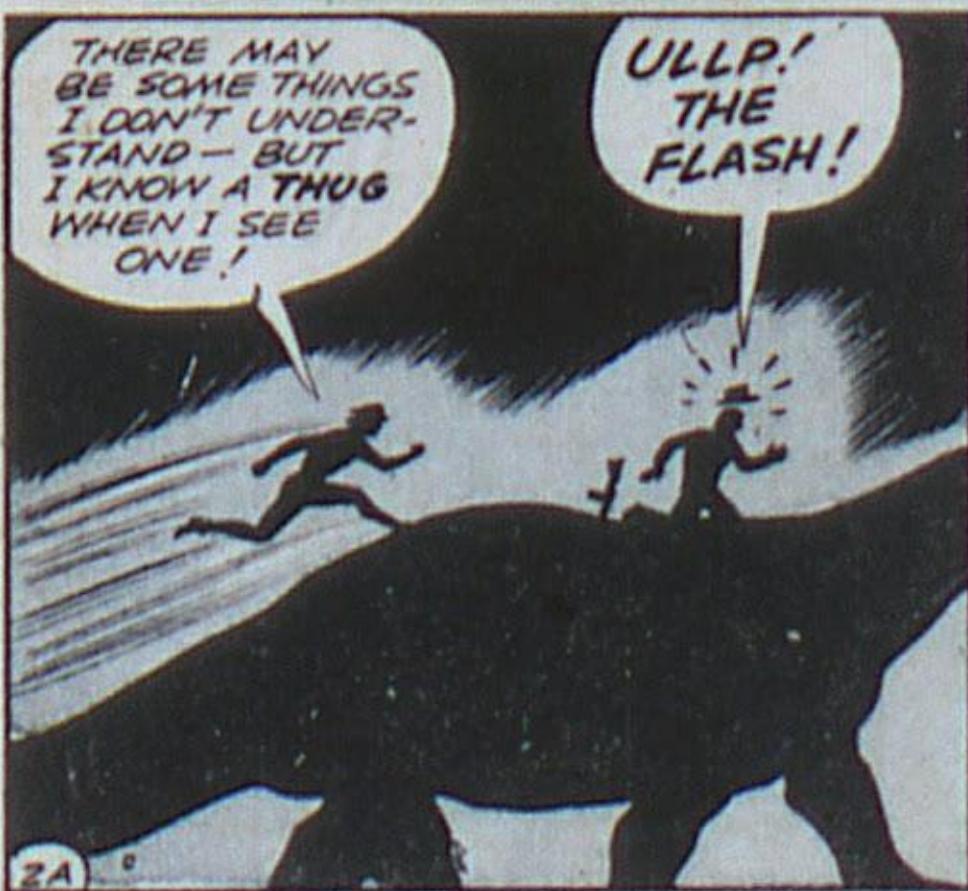
FROM THE BACKS OF THESE FIERCE MONSTERS SOUNDS THE SPUTTERING CHATTER OF SUB-MACHINE GUNS IN THE HANDS OF HARDENED KILLERS AS THEY PURSUE THE

THREE DUMWITS OF DOPEDOM, WHO ARE FLEEING FOR THEIR VERY LIVES!

YET — FROM THE SHADOWS OF A NEARBY BUILDING STREAKS A SCARLET BOLT OF LIGHTNING, AS THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE HURLETS WITH TERRIFIC SPEED INTO THE AFFAIRS OF

THE MAN WHO UNLEASHED THE PAST!

THE FLASH MANAGES TO RESCUE WINKY AND BLINKY, BUT NODDY TRIPS AND FALLS — AND FINDS HIMSELF IN THE PATH OF A MIGHTY FOOT



LEAPING FROM THE BACK OF THE HUGE MONSTER, THE FLASH STARTS DIGGING FURIOUSLY IN THE STREET.....

THIS SHOVEL I FOUND WILL BE THE ANSWER TO STOPPING THIS STAMPEDE.....

UNABLE TO STOP THEMSELVES, THE MIGHTY BEASTS PLUNGE INTO THE TRAPS THE SPEED MERCHANT HAS MADE.....

RRUMPPF!

SAY, JUST WHO IS THIS GUY, AND WHAT DOES HE THINK HE'S DOING?

HUH? NOW WE HAVE A TALKING DINOSAUR!

ONE OF THE STRUGGLING BEASTS LASHES OUT WITH HIS POWERFUL TAIL.....

PARDON ME, HAVE YOU SEEN MURPHY? ...NO, I GUESS YOU HAVEN'T!

OHH!

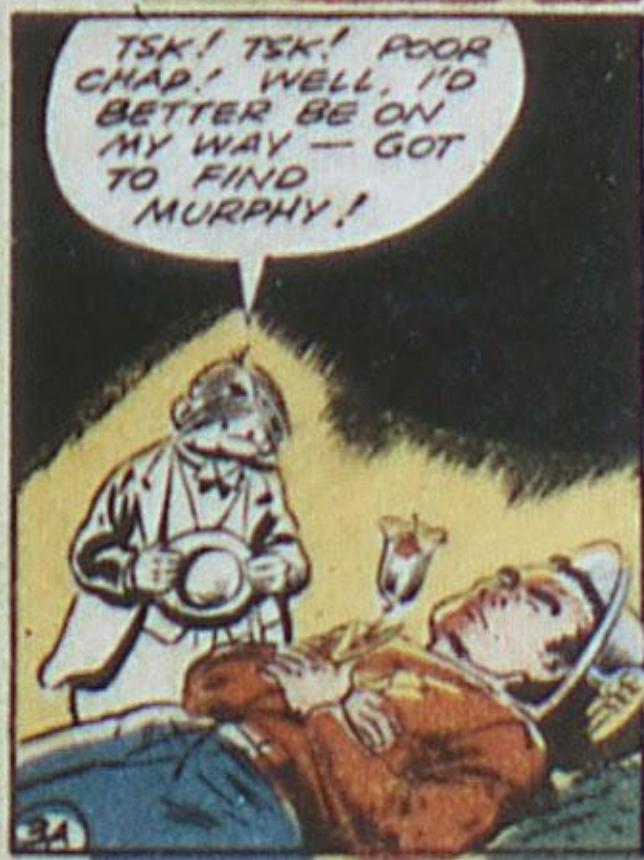
WHAM!

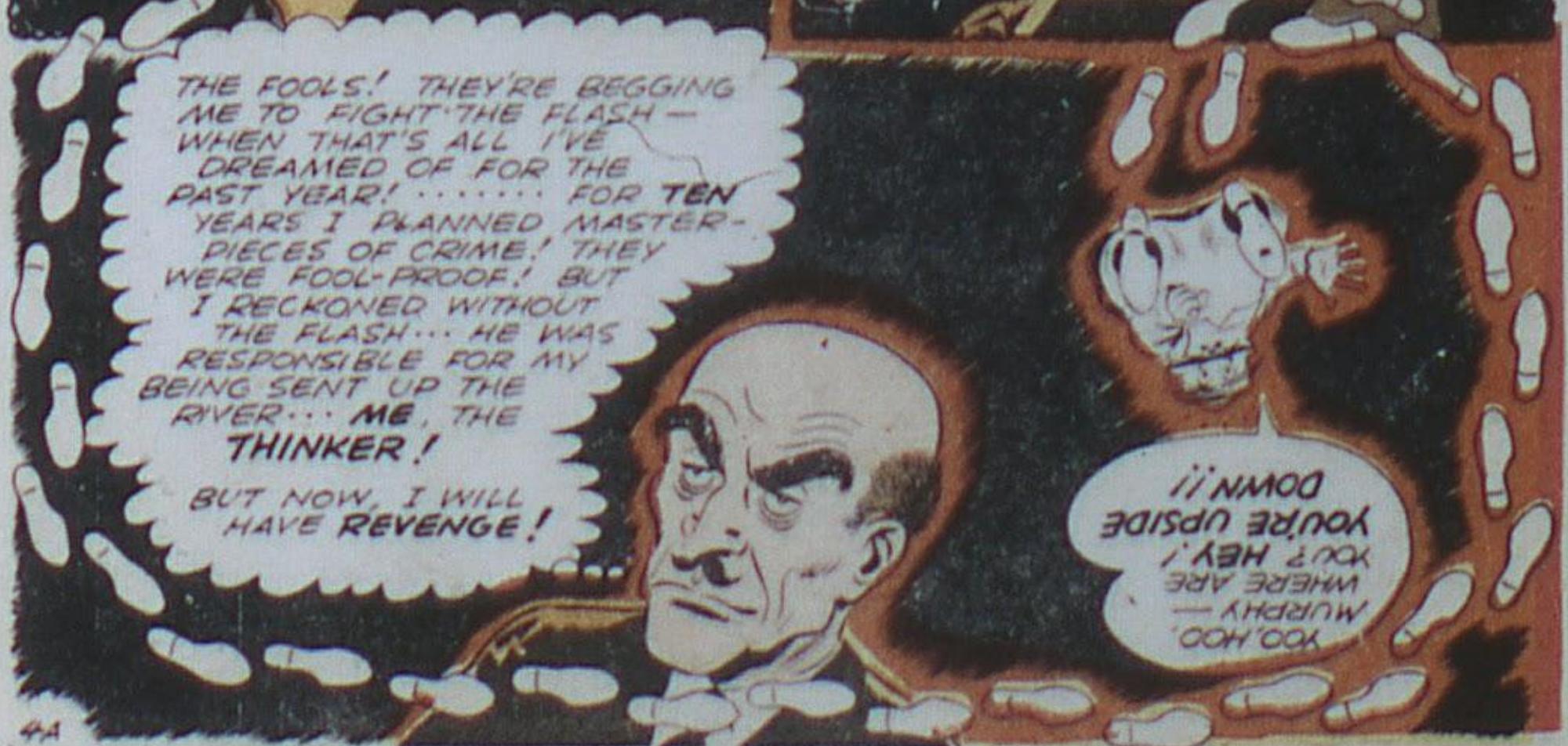
TSK! TSK! POOR CHAD! WELL, I'D BETTER BE ON MY WAY — GOT TO FIND MURPHY!

OOOH! WHAT A CRAZY DREAM! TALKING DINOSAURS... NODDY DUMMING UP THE MAGAZINE... CRAWLING THROUGH A PANEL LINE... WHEW!

IT WASN'T NO DREAM, FLASH!

NO! IT'S ALL TRUE... AN' IT'S OUR FAULT...





THE THINKER? FOR A WHOLE YEAR HE HAS BROODED IN THE BIG HOUSE, HIS BRAIN FILLED WITH MANIACAL HATE, AN EVIL DESIRE FOR REVENGE FESTERING IN HIS HEART... UNTIL, ONE DAY ...

THAT NIGHT, AMID THE EXCITEMENT JUST BEFORE SHOW TIME, THE THINKER IS LAUNCHED FROM THE CATAPULT

IT'S ALL SET, THINKER! JUST BEFORE THE SHOW GOES ON TONIGHT, WE'LL PUT REAL CATAPULT CABLES ON THIS OLD STAGE PROP.... AND OVER THE WALLS YOU'LL GO ...

GOOD! AT LAST A CHANCE FOR FREEDOM... AND THE CAPSULE I BURIED WITH MY FORMULAS AND PLANS WILL GIVE ME A NEW START...

TWANG!

WAITING TO PICK HIM UP IN THE WATERS OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS IS A SMALL SUBMARINE ...

AND SO - TWO DAYS LATER, IN AN ISOLATED GROVE IN THE WOODS ...

HURRY UP, BOSS! YOU'VE BEEN MISSED... I HEAR TH' SIRENS!

OKAY, OKAY! I'M HERE - SHUT UP AND GET STARTED!

AH! ALL MY SCHEMES, MY PLANS AND INVENTIONS - SAFE!

PARDEN US FER DIGREZZIN FOLKZ BUT WE HADTA SHOW YA HOW THE THINKER GOT OUTA JAIL -
SIGNED -
Wimpy Blund
Muddly

MODDY CONTINUES HIS STORY ...

WE FINALLY PERSUADED PROFESSOR FEEND TO HELP US ...

WELL, SINCE YOU BOYS ARE SO INSISTENT, I'LL BE YOUR VILLAIN! BUT WE SHOULD HAVE A FANTASTIC SCHEME ... PERHAPS ONE WITH - ER - DINOSAURS!

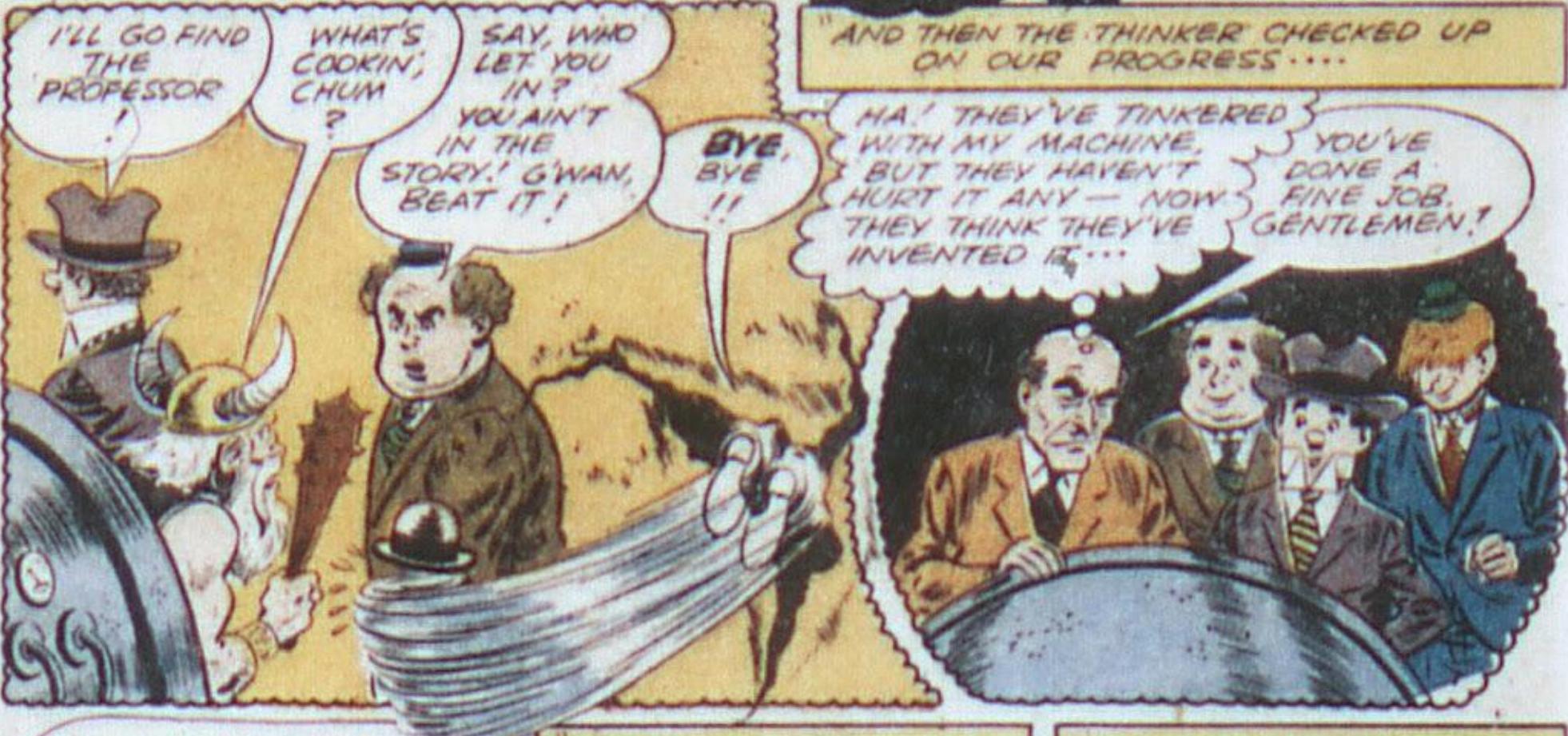
DIN - DINOSAURS? WHA - WHAT'S THEM ?

DEAD ANIMALS, YA SAP!

WE'LL HAVE SOME HIRED GANGSTERS RIDE INTO A BANK ON DINOSAURS. THEN HAVE THEM RACE DOWN BROADWAY AND ESCAPE...

DEAD ANIMULES ROBBIN' A BANK! WOW, WHATTYA STORY! YEAH - BUT HOW WE GONNA GET THEM ANIMALS?







RUMBLING THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITY COME THE HEAVY TRUCKS, LADEN WITH MIGHTY BEASTS....

WHEN PEOPLE GET A SQUINT AT THESE BABIES, THEY'LL LEAVE EVERYTHING AND SCRAM....

AN' WHILE THEY FOLKS ARE RUNNIN' AWAY, WE'LL BE RUNNIN' INTO THEIR STORES AND FACTORIES, BANKS AND JEWEL HOUSES....

GO GET 'EM, TIGE!!



TERROR STALKS ABROAD AS THE FIERCE SABER-TOOTHED CATS LEAP INTO FRENZIED ACTION

EEEEK !!!

HELP!

HELP!!

OMIGOLLY!
LOOK.
FLASH.
LOOK!
WILD ANIMILES!!!

NOW WHAT?
OH OH!



THIS IS THE END OF THE TALE FOR YOU....

STOP! STOP!
HOLD
EVERYTHING!

WHY
STOP
?

YES,
WHY
?

BECAUSE
IT'S THE
END OF
THE
CHAPTER.
THAT'S
WHY!
YOU'VE GOT
TO WAIT
FOR
CHAPTER
TWO!

IT LOOKS
AS THOUGH
BLINKY
IS RIGHT
FOR ONCE.
AND
EVERYTHING
WILL
HAVE
TO WAIT—
INCLUDING
US...

SO LET'S
TURN THE
PAGE AND
SEE WHAT
HAPPENS
NOW...





"No planes approaching, Sarge—but, boy oh boy, I can hear the cook givin' orders for Wheaties for breakfast again!"

SMART COOK! HE KNOWS HIS WHEATIES, AND KNOWS THAT SO MANY PEOPLE GO FOR THESE GOOD WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES WITH THE "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR. WHAT'S YOUR SCORE IN THE "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" LEAGUE? WANT TO GET RUGGED? FOR ONE THING, YOU NEED THREE SQUARE MEALS EVERY DAY, INCLUDING A GOOD BREAKFAST. START

THAT BREAKFAST WITH PLENTY OF MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." BOY, THOSE WHEATIES ARE GOOD!

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT... STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 558, MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!



A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MILLS, INC.

"Breakfast of

Champions
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

The Flash

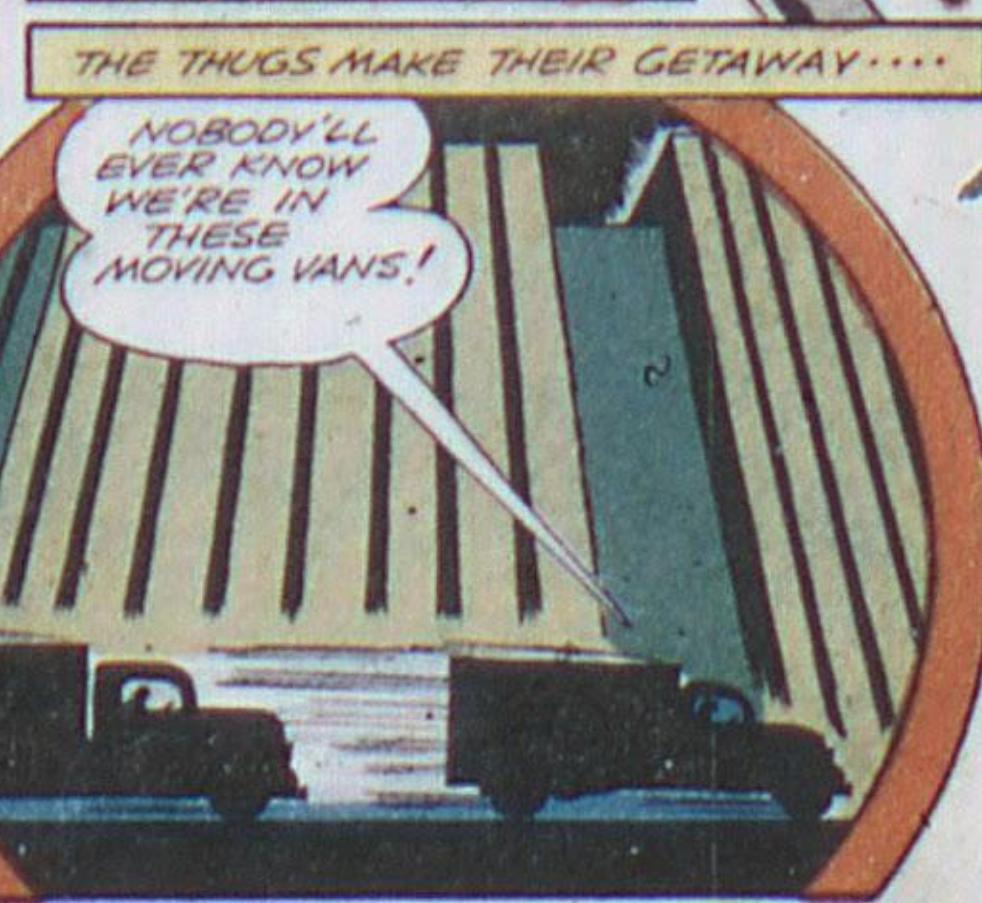
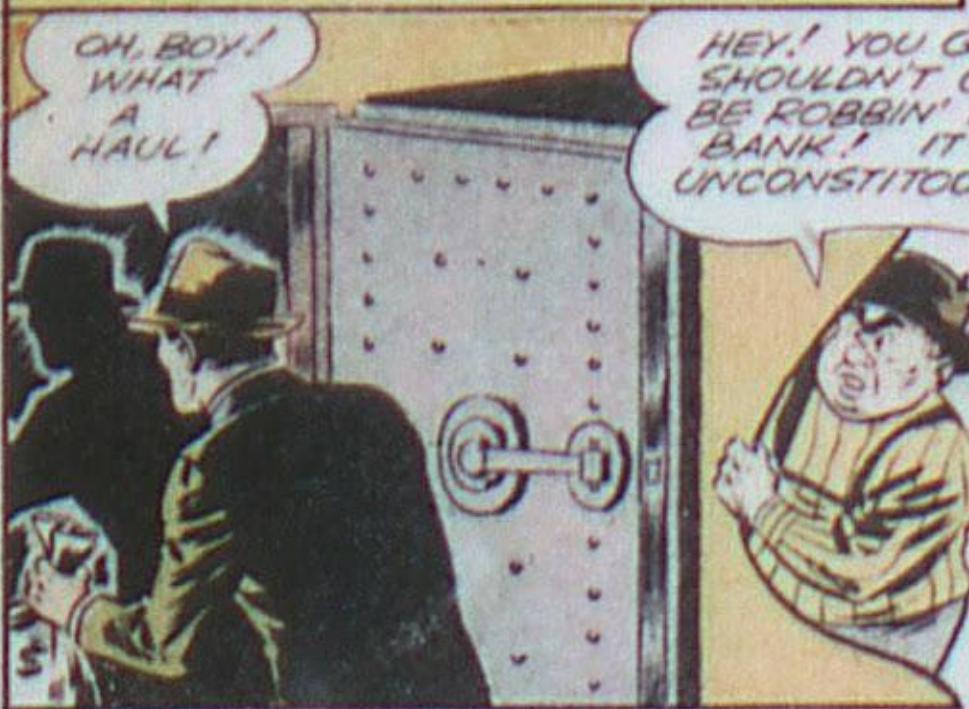
FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!
BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

CHAPTER
—TWO—



LIKE A BEAM OF SCARLET LIGHT, THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE HURLES INTO PULSE-STUNNING ACTION AS HE TOSSES PREHISTORIC SABER-TOOTH TIGERS UP, DOWN, THROUGH AND ALONG THE STREETS OF KEYSTONE CITY

WHILE PEOPLE ARE FLEEING IN TERROR FROM THE SABER-TOOTH TIGERS, THE THINKER'S MEN ARE HELPING THEMSELVES TO THE BANK'S TREASURE...



PARDON US FOR A STRANGE INTERLUDE.

HEY, MR. HIBBARD,
YA GOTTA GET
THE FLASH! THEM
CROOKS IS MAKIN'
OFF WITH TH' SWAG...

OH, GO
BOther
GARDNER FOX!
HE WRITES
THIS STUFF —
I ONLY DRAW IT!

LOOK, MR. FOX —
IF YA DON'T GET
THE FLASH AFTER
THEM CROOKS,
IT'LL RUIN TH'
WHOLE STORY...

BUT I WROTE
IN A PANEL
WHERE THE
FLASH GOES
AFTER THEM —
DIDN'T
HIBBARD
DRAW IT?

OF COURSE I DREW
IT! STOP SQUAWKING!
THERE'S THE
FLASH!

OH,
HELLO,
FLASH!
HOW ARE
YA?

BUT HOW DO
YOU KNOW THE
CROOKS ARE IN
THOSE TRUCKS?

DIDN'T I PUT
THE BOOK
TOGETHER?
THAT'S HOW
I KNOW...

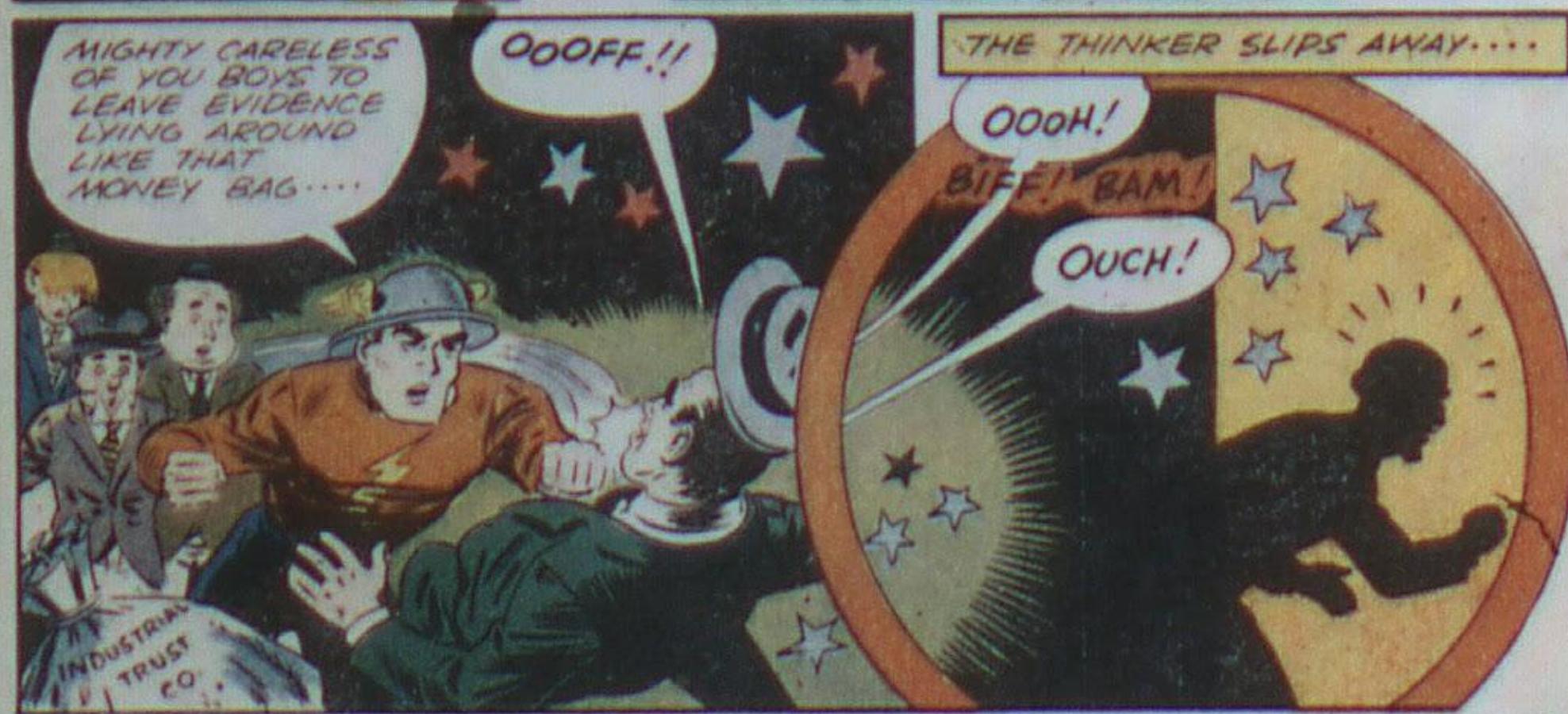
MEANWHILE....

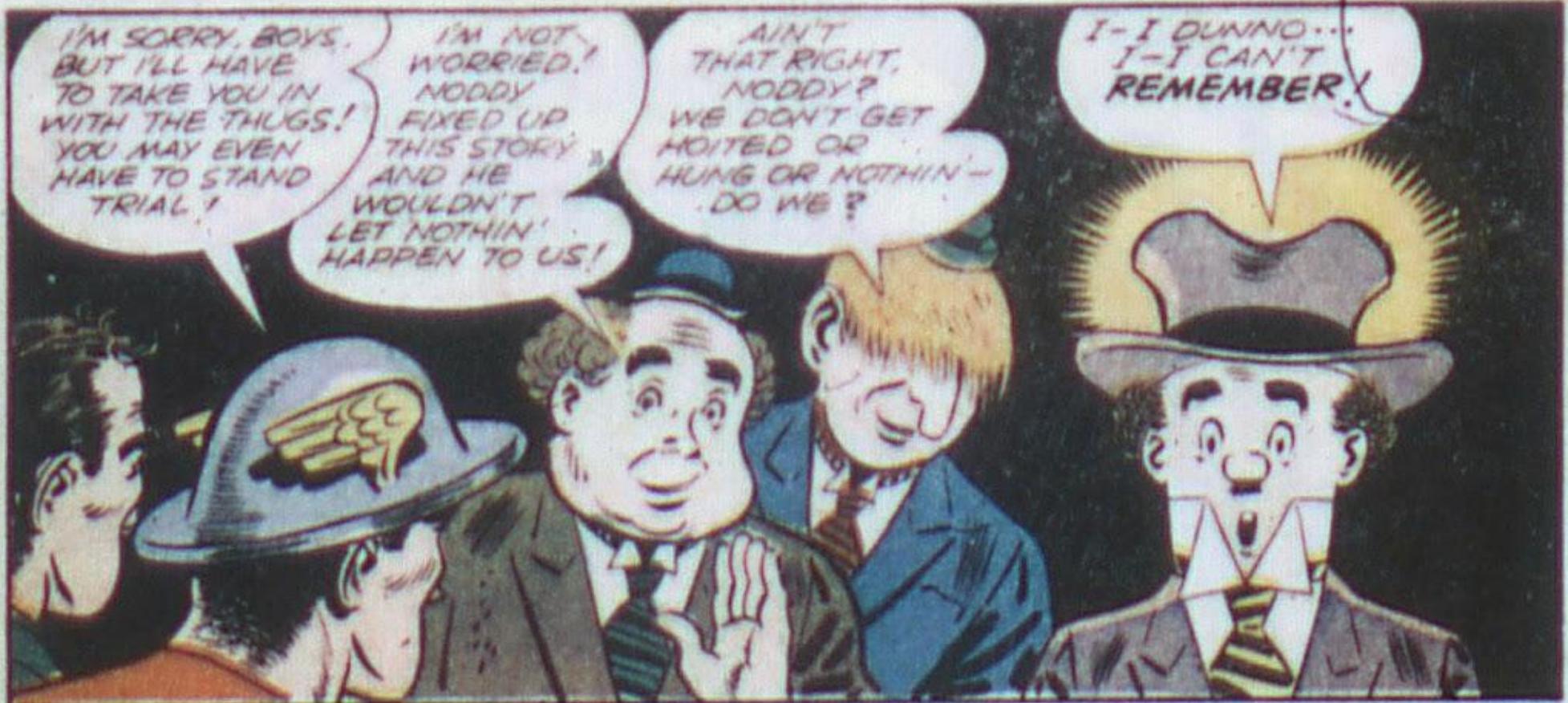
HERE Y'ARE,
THINKER — THE
BEST HAUL THAT'S
EVER BEEN MADE
IN THIS TOWN ...
AND THE BEST PART
IS, NO ONE HAS
ANYTHING ON US!

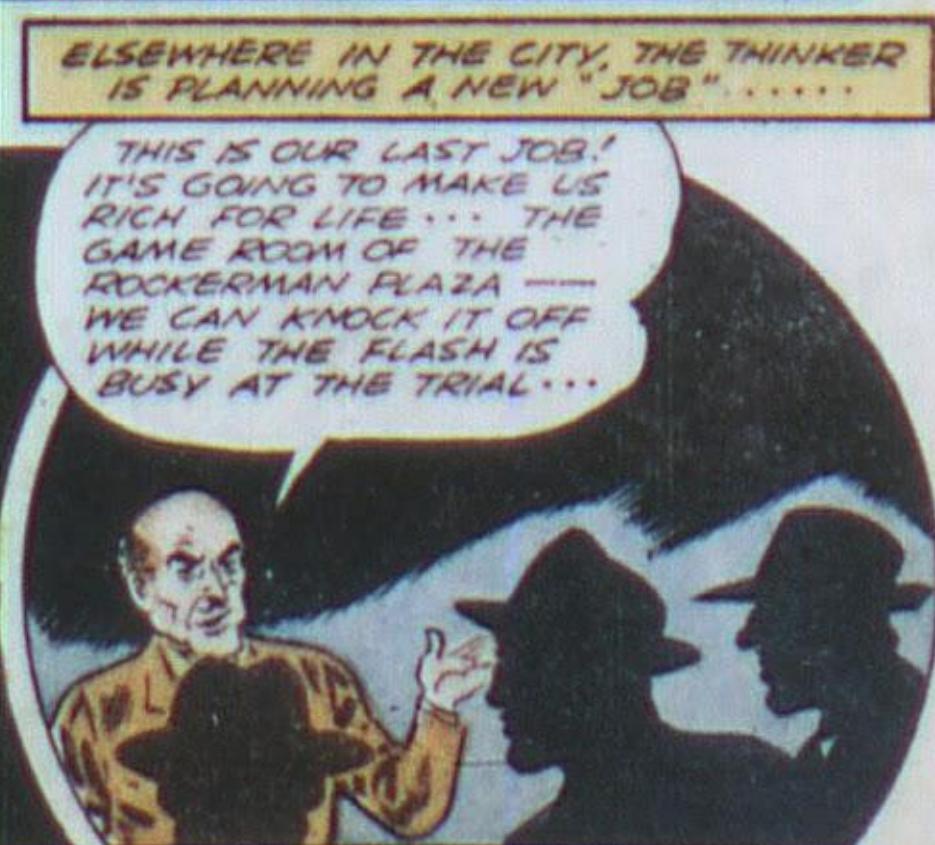
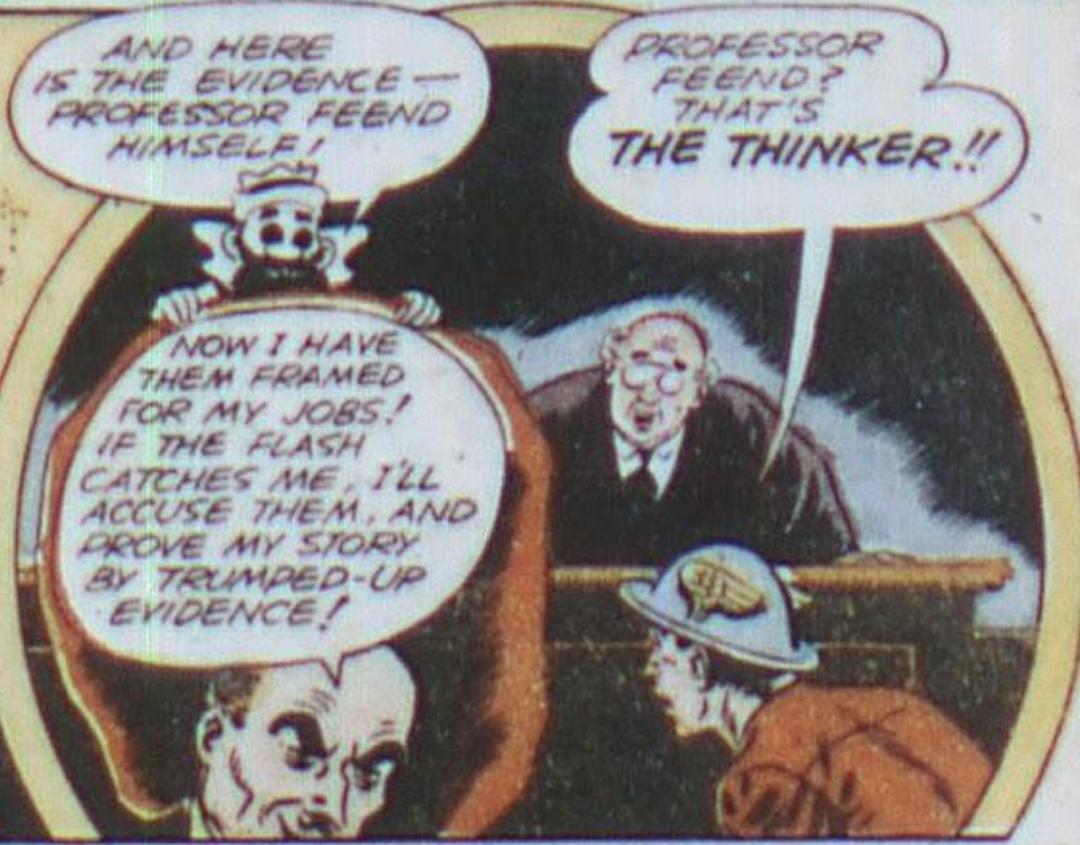
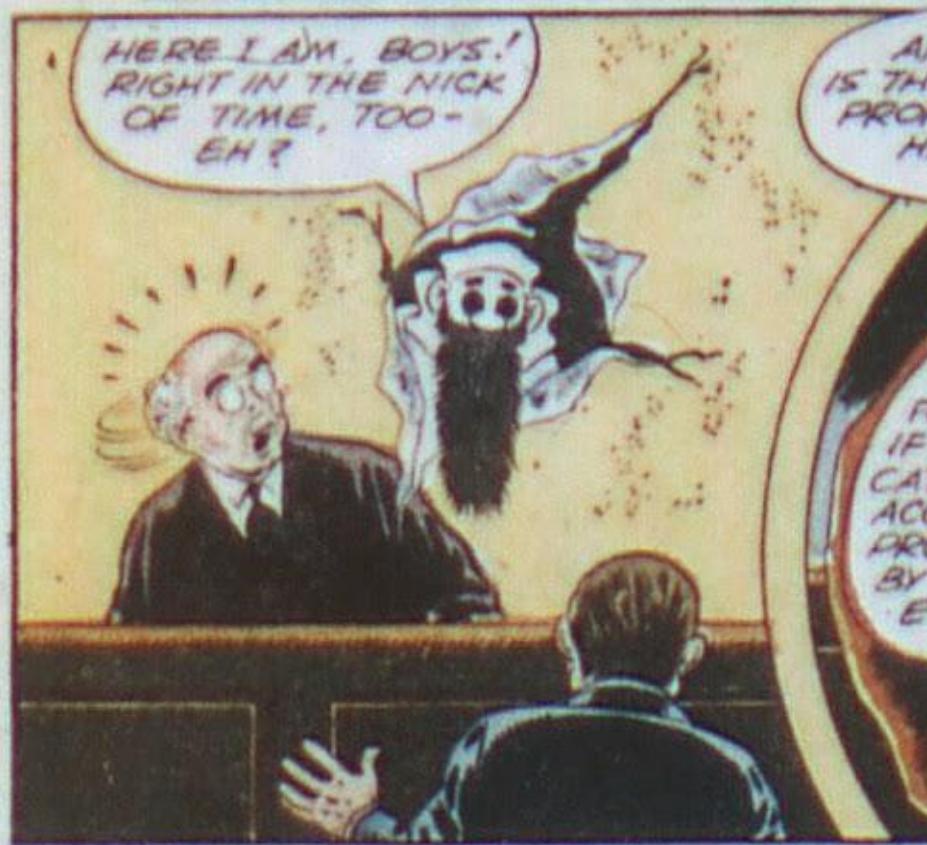
SURE! THAT'S WHY
I MADE THOSE
DUMBBELLS THINK
THEY BUILT THE
TIME MACHINE!
THEIR FINGER-
PRINTS ARE
ALL OVER IT....

NOW I HAVE
THEM FRAMED
FOR MY JOBS!
IF THE FLASH
CATCHES ME, I
ACCUSE THEM, AND
PROVE MY STORY
BY TRUMPED-UP
EVIDENCE!

AHA.
THAT'S
THE CUE
FOR
MURPHY...

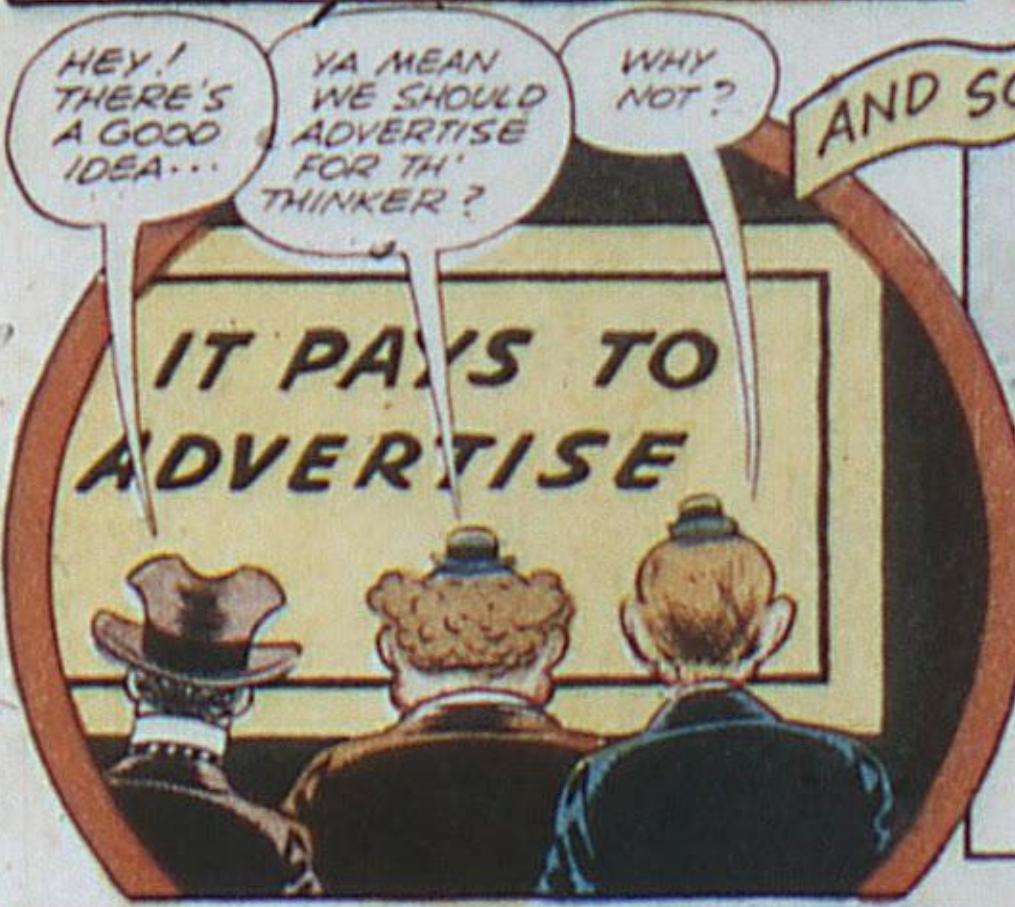






LATER... AT THE ROCKERMAN PLAZA
PLAY ROOM

IN THE MEANTIME, THE FLASH IS
SEARCHING KEYSTONE CITY



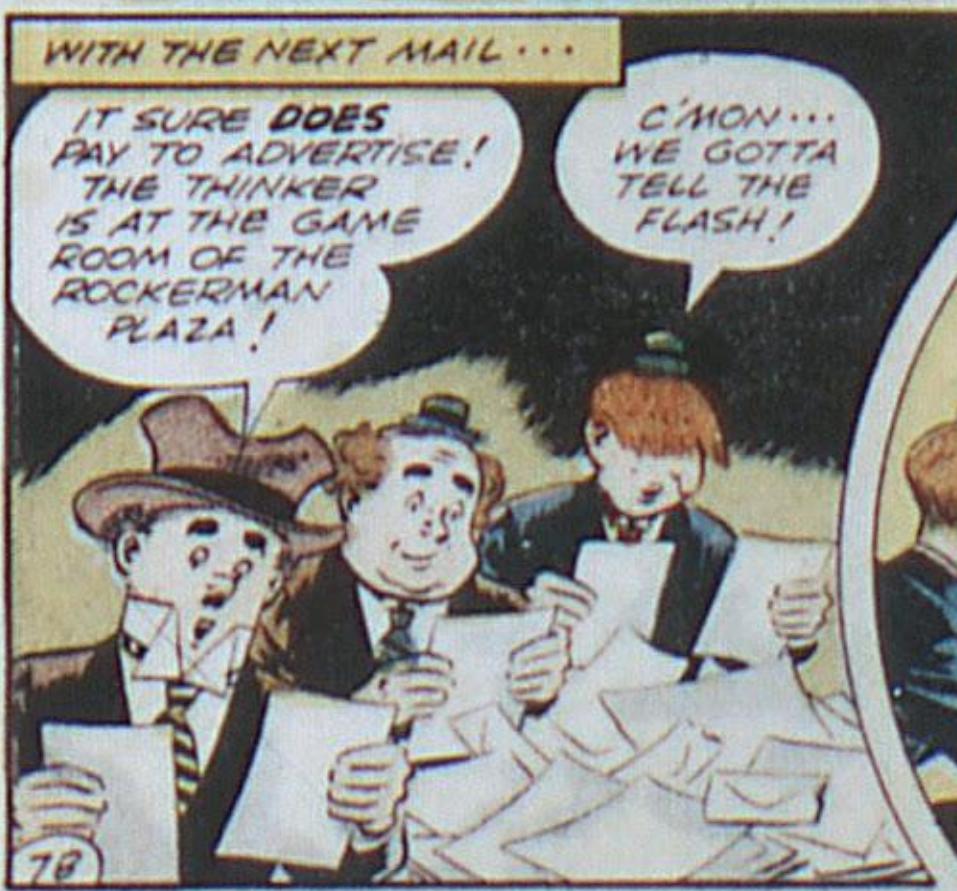
AND SO...

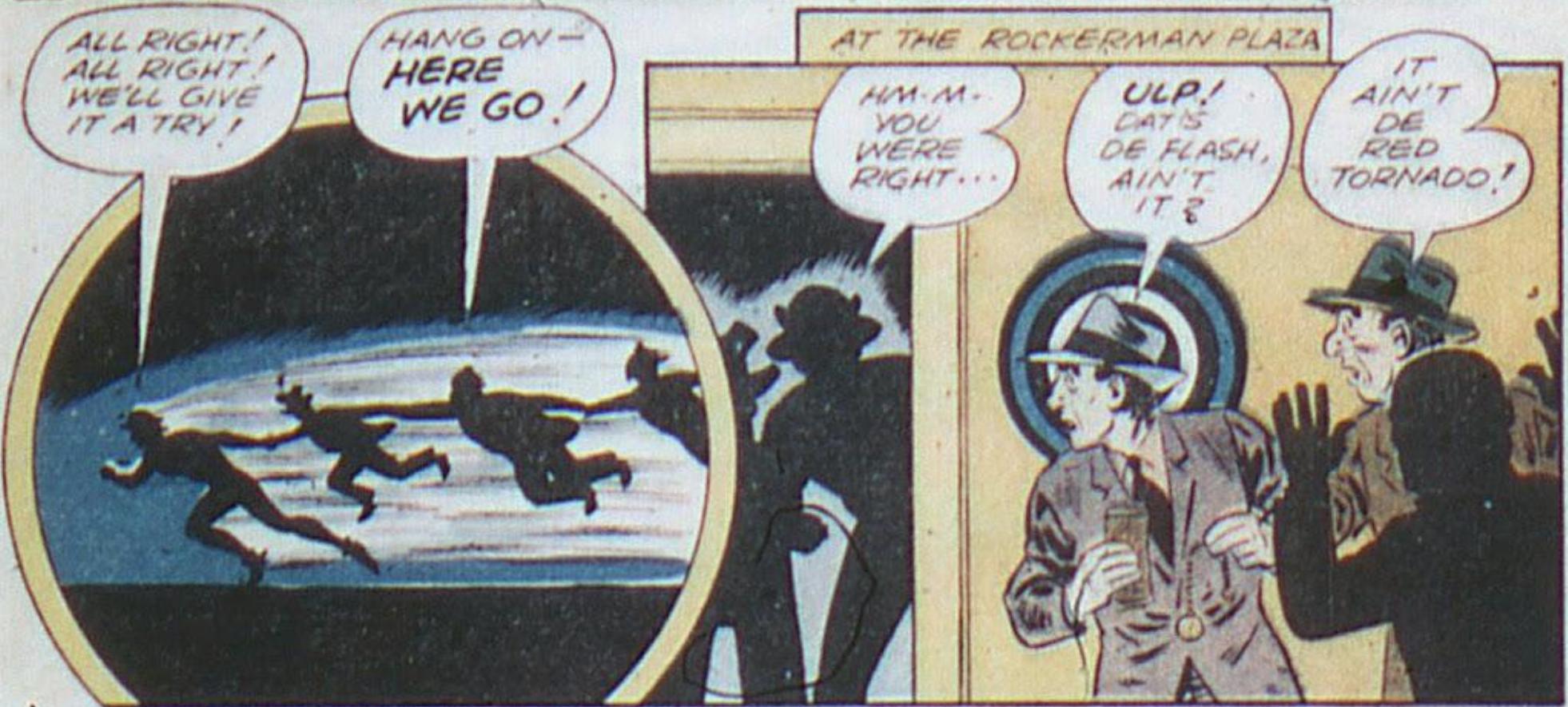
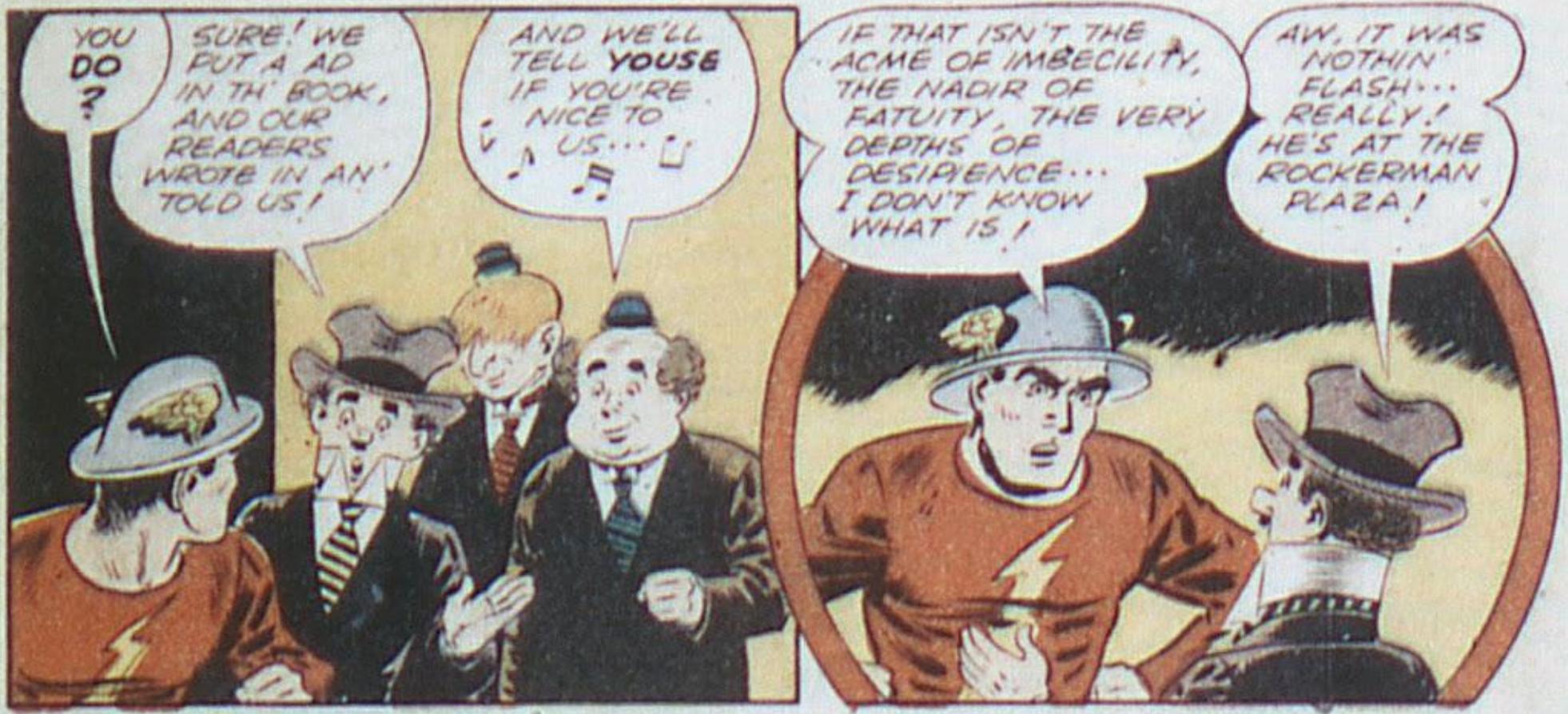
ADVERTISEMENT
MAKE MONEY! MAKE MONEY!!!

ANSWER THIS ADVERTISEMENT WITH A FIFTY WORD LETTER TELLING US WHERE THE THINKER (ALIAS PROF. FEEND) CAN BE FOUND! WHY NOT CUT YOURSELF IN ON THIS OPPORTUNITY TO AMOUNT TO SOMETHING!

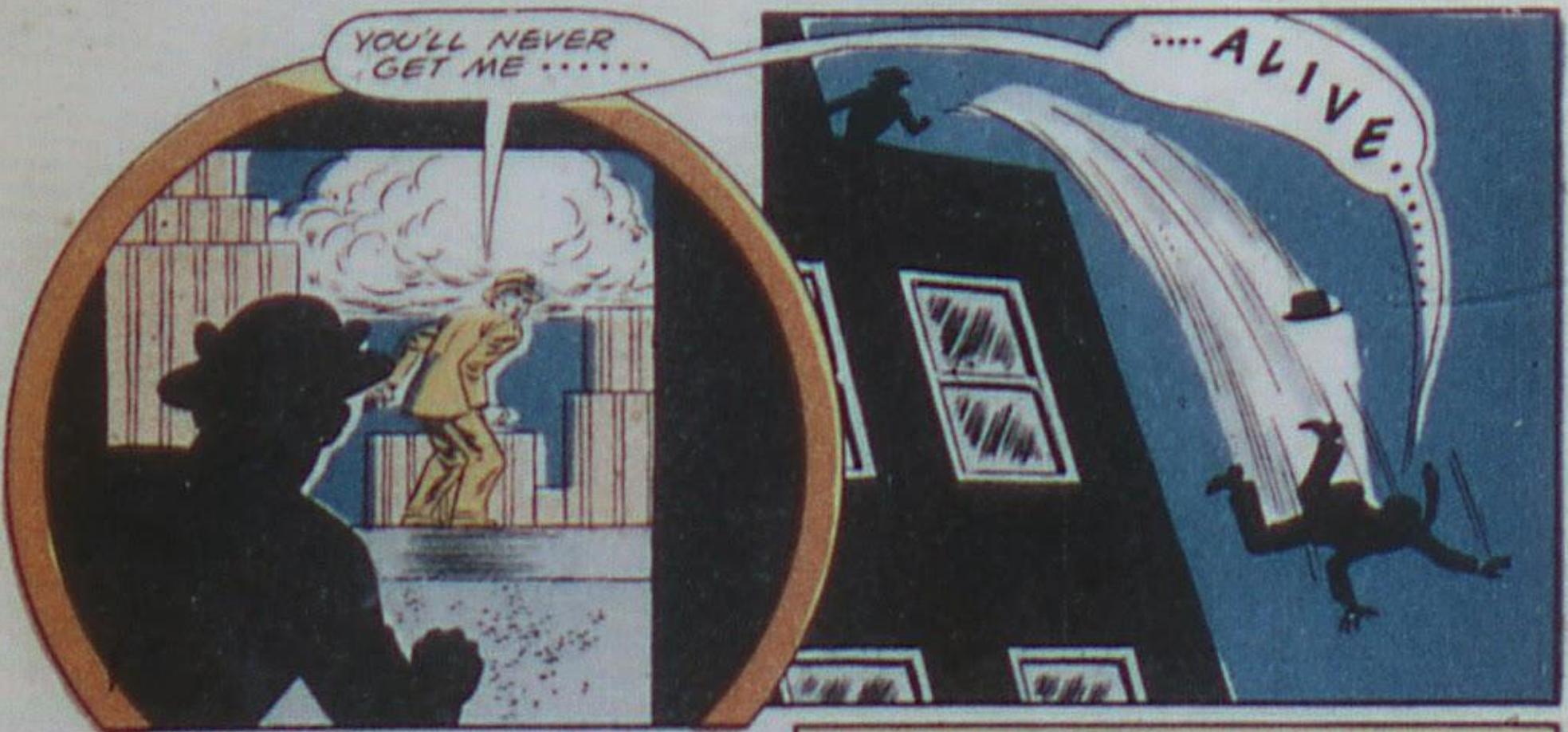
ADDRESS ALL REPLIES
TO

MOYLAN, BOYLAN &
TOYLAN — CARE OF
ALL-FLASH COMICS.



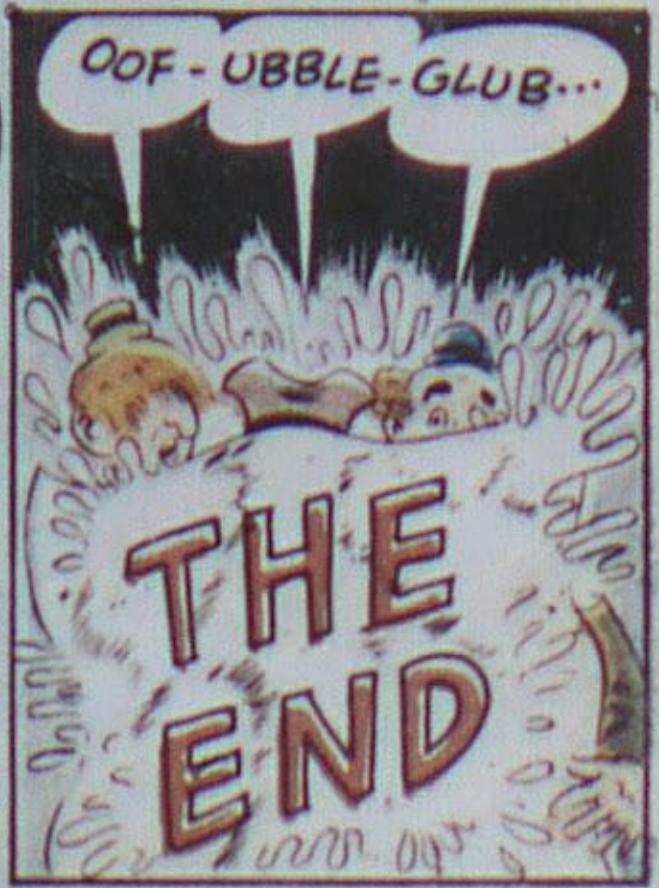






WHIRLING LIKE A KANSAS CYCLONE,
THE FLASH CREATES A VAST AIR
SUCTION BY THE TREMENDOUS
VELOCITY OF HIS ROTATION.....

LIKE A BIT OF THISTLEDOWN CAUGHT
IN A BREEZE, THE THINKER SHOOTS
UPWARD.....



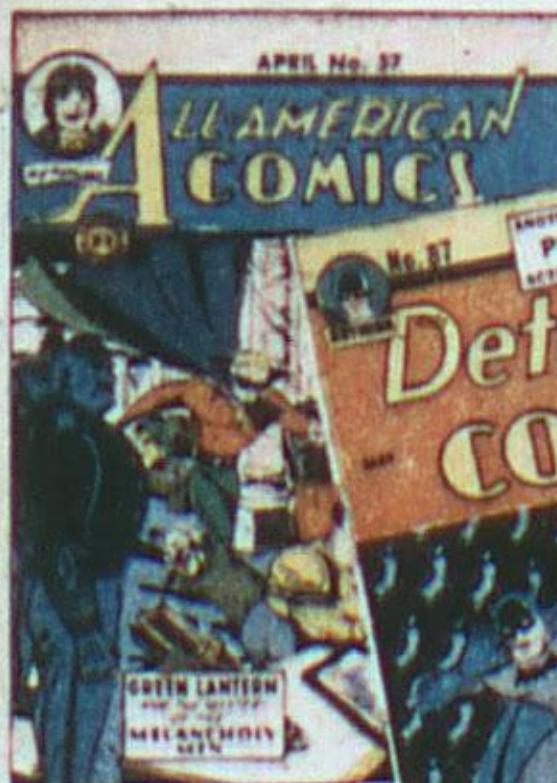
NOW
ON SALE

AT ALL
DEALERS



THE
BIG EIGHT

TOPS IN
COMIC MAGAZINES



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 21, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF ALL FLASH published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1941.

State of New York }
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid personally appeared J. B. Liebowitz who, having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the ALL FLASH and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date above in the above caption, required by the Act of August 21, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 327, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Julian Publications, Inc., 180 Lexington Ave., New York 12, N. Y.; Editor, Sheldon Mayer, 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N. Y.; Managing Editor, M. C. Gaines, 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N. Y.; Business Manager, J. B. Liebowitz, 180 Lexington Ave., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the paper is not owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given. Julian Publications, Inc., 180 Lexington Ave., New York 12,

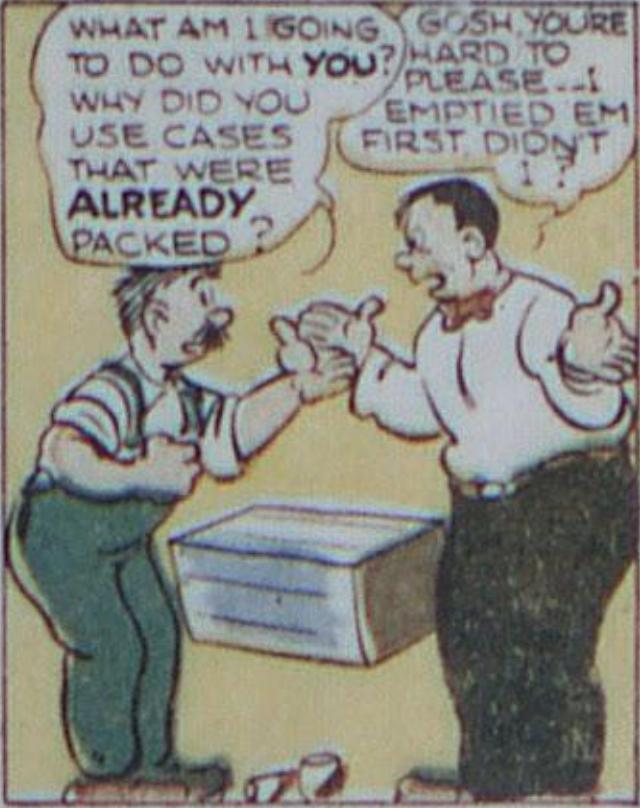
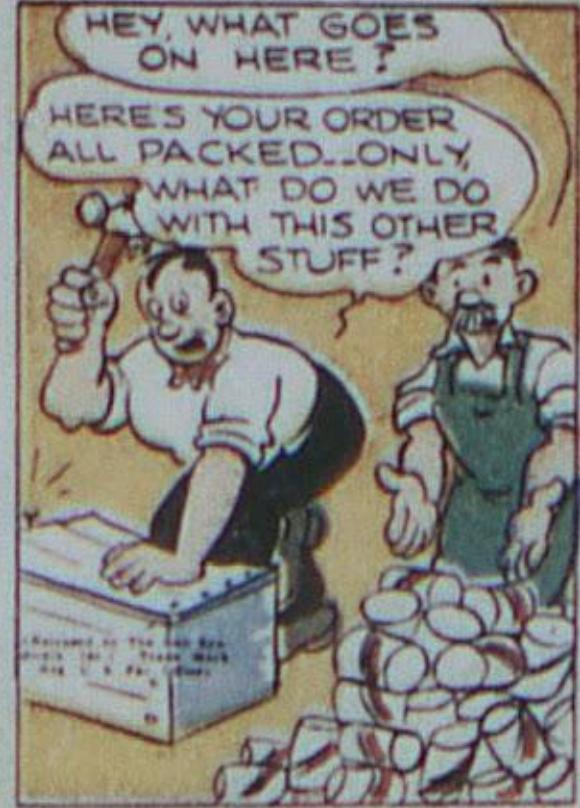
S. Y. M. C. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., J. B. Liebowitz, 180 Lexington Ave., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in case where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing all facts under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a lone holder, and this affidavit has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. B. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager

Swear to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1941.
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30, 1944.)



COMMANDO TRAINING

With Thom McAn

THE FELLOWS IN HOMETOWN PRACTICE ON THEIR OWN "COMMANDO COURSE!"... MODELED AFTER THE REAL OBSTACLE COURSE USED IN TRAINING FIGHTING COMMANDOS.

TRIM, HUSKY THOM MC AN AS USUAL ENDS UP "OUT FRONT!" BUT HIS PAL, BILL, LOSES AGAIN!

HURRAY THOM!



THE "COMMANDO" SHOE WITH MEL-FLEX SOLE!

YEP, FELLOWS, THE THOM MC AN "COMMANDO" IS THE SHOE FOR YOU! ---ADJUSTABLE TONGUE CONSTRUCTION GIVES YOUR INSTEP THE SNUGNESS AND SUPPORT IT NEEDS...UP FRONT THERE'S PLENTY OF THE TOE ROOM YOU SHOULD HAVE FOR RUNNING AND JUMPING.

THE "COMMANDO" IS TOUGH AND HUSKY, TOO, WITH THE FAMOUS MEL-FLEX SOLE THAT IS GUARANTEED TO OUTLAST LEATHER EVERY TIME! THE "TANK TREAD" SURFACE MAKES YOU AS SURE-FOOTED AS A REAL COMMANDO! MAKE SURE YOUR NEXT SHOES ARE...

THOM MC AN "COMMANDOS!"
(MODEL M40)

HOW TO BUILD YOUR OWN "COMMANDO COURSE."

LAY OUT COURSE ABOUT 500 PACES LONG. AVOID CROSSING STREETS, RAILROAD TRACKS, ETC. SPACE OUT OBSTACLES AT LEAST 20 PACES APART. SET UP OBSTACLES LIKE THESE:

1. SET UP OPEN-END CARTON OR BARREL 24 INCHES IN DIAMETER. CRAWL THROUGH.
2. LEAN LADDER AGAINST FENCE 6 FEET HIGH. CLIMB UP AND DROP DOWN OPPOSITE SIDE.

3. HANG KNOTTED ROPE ABOVE OBSTACLE SWING ACROSS.

4. MARK OFF WATER HAZARD OR STREAM. JUMP ACROSS.

5. SET UP OPEN BOXES CLOSE TOGETHER. RUN ACROSS STEPPING IN EACH BOX.

6. STRETCH WIRE OR CORD 18 INCH ABOVE GROUND. CRAWL UNDER WITHOUT TOUCHING.

7. PLACE HORIZONTAL LADDER ABOUT 6 FEET ABOVE GROUND. SWING ACROSS, USING HANDS ONLY.

8. INVENT OTHER OBSTACLES, USING MATERIALS AVAILABLE....

© PREPARED IN COOPERATION WITH THE COMMITTEE ON PHYSICAL FITNESS, FEDERAL SECURITY AGENCY.

WHY DON'T YOU
GET THOM MC AN'S
COMMANDOS... JUST LIKE
THE PAIR I'M WEARING?
THEY'RE PLENTY RUGGED
AND... BOY! ARE THEY
COMFORTABLE!

YEAH...
I'LL ASK
MY DAD
TONIGHT!

THESE
FEEL SWELL!
AND THEY LOOK
JUST LIKE
YOURS,
DAD!

ALL RIGHT,
BILL, WE'LL
TAKE
THEM!

AND THE
NEXT
DAY...

YEAH BILL!



HOW TO MAKE SHOES LAST LONGER— LOOK BETTER AND STAY COMFORTABLE:

1. KEEP SHOES SHINED. POLISHING PRESERVES LEATHER.
2. KEEP WET SHOES AWAY FROM HEAT. STUFF WITH CRUMPLED NEWSPAPER AND DRY SLOWLY.
3. DON'T WAIT TOO LONG TO HAVE SHOES REPAIRED. BADLY RUN DOWN HEELS MAKE SHOES LOSE SHAPE, AND WORN-THROUGH SOLES ARE HARDER TO REPAIR. HAVE SOLES SEWN, NOT NAILED ON.
4. DON'T BUY SHOES TOO SHORT. A GOOD FIT INCREASES WEAR.

LEATHER GOES TO WAR!!

ALL THE BEST SOLE LEATHER OF MILITARY WEIGHTS RIGHTLY GOES TO OUR ARMED FORCES. * THIS HITS HIGH-PRICED SHOES HARDEST. TODAY THERE IS LESS DIFFERENCE THAN EVER BETWEEN THOM MC AN'S AND THE HIGHEST-PRICED SHOES YOU CAN BUY. YOU SAVE SAFELY... SENSIBLY WITH THOM MC AN.

* THOM MC AN HAS ALREADY MADE OVER 4,000,000 PAIRS OF MILITARY SHOES FOR UNCLE SAM.

FINE SHOES FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY.

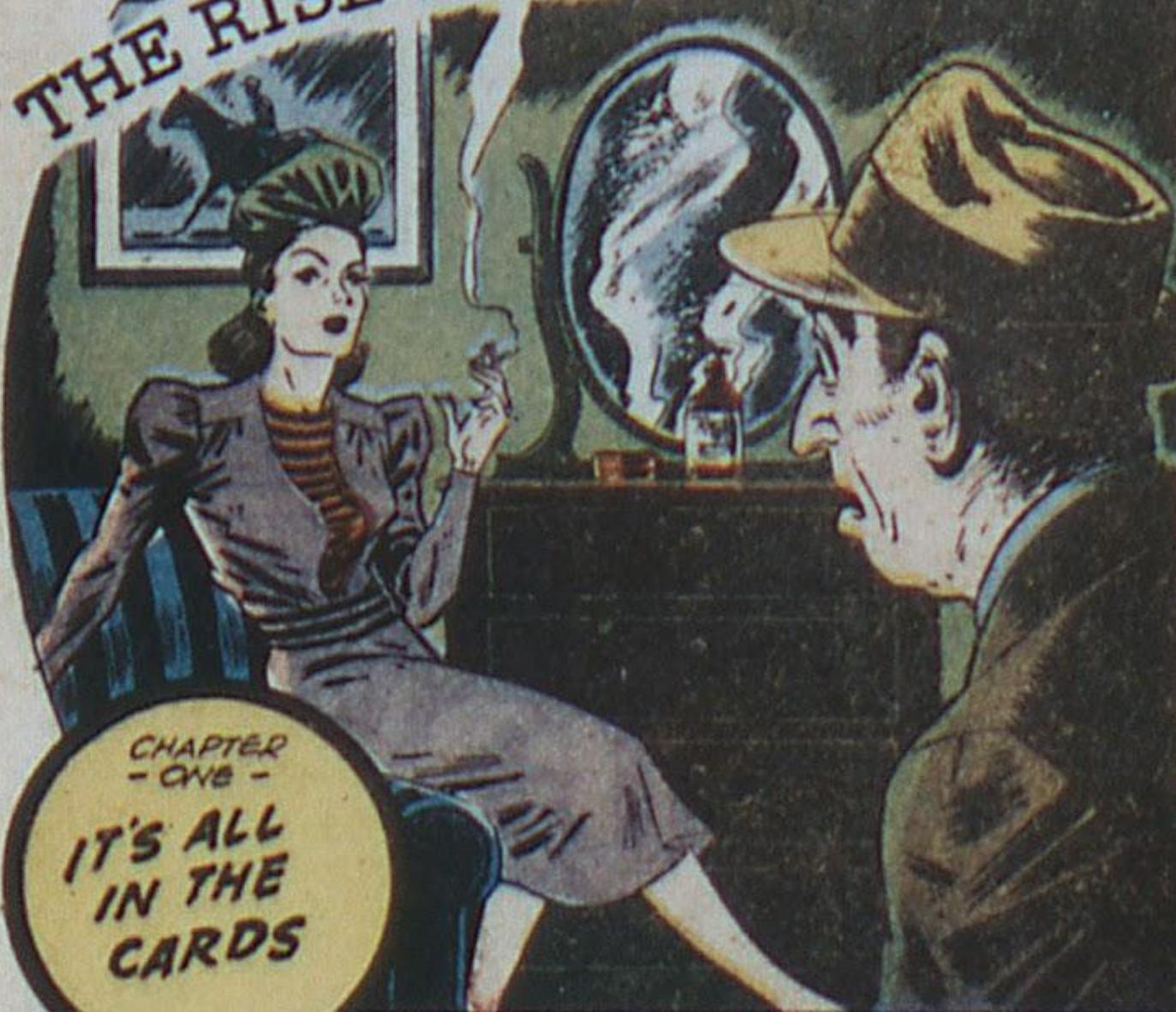
Thom Mc An

The Flash

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBERD

THE RISE AND FALL OF NORMAN EMPIRE



"MY NAME
IS
DEUCES WILDE
AN' I GOT NO LITTLE
REPUTATION AS A
CARD PLAYER — BUT
ONE TIME THAT REP
GETS ME INTO A LOT
OF TROUBLE — LISTEN..."

"I AM RETURNING
HOME ONE MORNING
FROM A CARD GAME
FEELING PRETTY GOOD
BECAUSE I AM FIVE
HUNDRED BEANS TO
THE GOOD. WHEN I
OPEN MY DOOR AND
RUN INTO TROUBLE!
I WISH TO STATE THAT
I DO NOT KNOW JUST
HOW MUCH TROUBLE I
AM RUNNING INTO OR
I WOULD TURN AND
RUN SOMEPLACE ELSE!
BUT HOW AM I TO
KNOW IT'S TOUGH LUCK
WHEN I SEE THIS
FANCY FRAIL SITTING
IN MY ROOM WAITING
FOR ME?"

"YOU ARE THE WELL-
KNOWN DEUCES
WILDE, THE CARD
EXPERT? THE
GAMBLER?"

"THAT'S MY
MONIKER,
LADY...
WHAT'S
COOKIN' D.

"I WANT YOU TO PLAY
CARDS FOR ME...
THE STAKES ARE
TREMENDOUS... BECAUSE -
IF YOU LOSE,
I DIE!!"



THERE ARE
MAYBE
AROUND
TOWN SOME
TOUGH
CHARACTERS
LIKE ERASER
EDDIE OR
BAD-EGG
BENNY TO
WHOM SUCH
A STATEMENT
IS NOT
ALARMING.
BUT I
AM IN NO
WAY
LIKE
THEM...



NOW THIS NORMAN EMPIRE IS A CHARACTER WHOM I GLADLY STAY AWAY FROM AT ALL TIMES. BUT BAD-EGG BENNY AND SAM THE SNITCH ARE VERY PERSUASIVE! THEY HAUL THE FRAIL AND ME ACROSS TOWN — AND...



"IT MIGHT MAKE YOU PLAY BETTER IF I TOLD YOU A LITTLE STORY ABOUT THE LADY, HER HUSBAND AND - THE RISE OF NORMAN EMPIRE ..."

"I AM BORN A NATURAL MATHEMATICAL GENIUS, DEUCES' (HE SAYS TO ME) EVEN THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL I AMAZE MY TEACHER ..."

"I STUDY TRIGONOMETRY AND CALCULUS AT THE AGE OF TEN! I AM THEN BRANCHING OUT INTO PHYSICS AND ASTRONOMICAL MATHEMATICS - AS A SIDE LINE ..."

LOOK, MISS JONES - THIS TWO AND TWO MAKES FOUR IS KID STUFF ... HERE'S THE WAY TO SOLVE A TOUGH PROBLEM ...

$$15+4=19 \\ AB+Cz = 4C-1 \\ AB+1 = 4C+2$$

?



"FIGURES ALWAYS CAME EASY TO ME ... IT REDUCED LIVING TO A FORMULA! I AM ALL THE TIME THINKING IN TERMS OF ALGEBRA OR ARITHMETIC! THERE IS NO BRANCH OF MATHEMATICS THAT I DO NOT SOON MASTER, EVEN BEFORE I GO TO HIGH SCHOOL..."

"THAT GUY GIVES ME A PAIN! HE ALWAYS WINS!"

"YEAH... HE'S NUTS, TOO! SAYS ME FIGURES OUT THESE GAMES ACCORDIN' TO SOME "FORMULA OF CHANCE!"

"ALL GAMES OF CHANCE ARE BASICALLY MATHEMATICAL! I COMPUTE THE EXACT AMOUNT OF FRICTION A MARBLE CAUSES IN ROLLING ACROSS THE GROUND - THE EXACT AMOUNT OF FORCE AND ANGLE OF COLLISION - AND IT'S EASY TO WIN..."



"I EVEN HELPED MY OLD MAN, WHO WAS NO DUMBHEAD HIMSELF..."

DAD, IF YOU'D WORK OUT YOUR SALES ROUTES THIS WAY, YOU'D SAVE TRAVELING EXPENSES, AND INCREASE SALES BY EXTENDING TERRITORIES!

WHY - WHY - THAT'S SENSATIONAL, SON... !!

YOUR MATHEMATICAL ABILITY WILL MAKE YOU A BUSINESS LEADER SOME DAY, NORM... YOU'LL OWN THE EMPIRE MILLS ...

BUT I'D RATHER GO TO THE CITY, DAD! THIS TOWN IS TOO SMALL FOR ME!



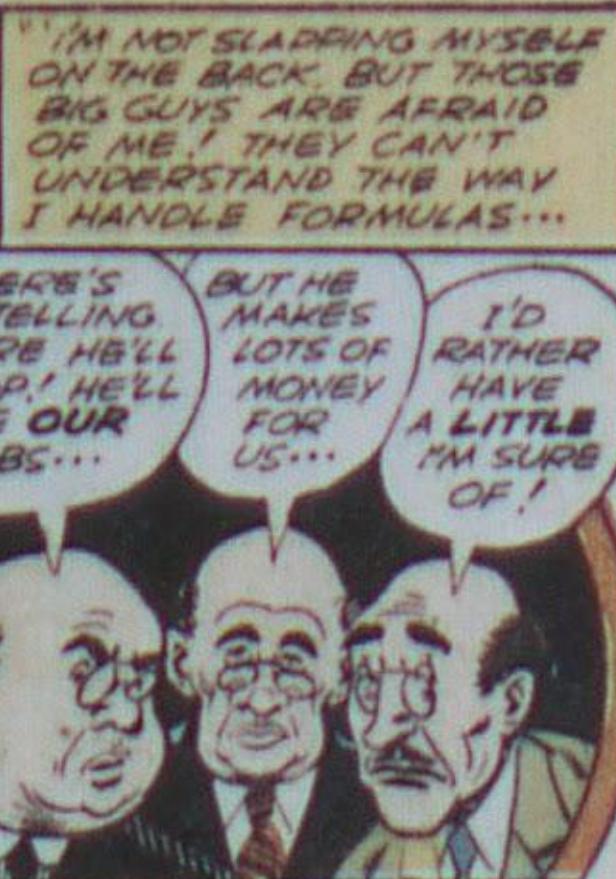
"IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY
I LEFT HOME... I WANTED
BIG BUSINESS AND I GOT
IT — IN THE NECK..."

"I'VE REDUCED THIS
ENTIRE INDUSTRY TO
FORMULAS WHICH SAVE
THE CONCERN MILLIONS
OF DOLLARS A YEAR!
I'M GONNA ASK
FOR A RAISE....

"YOU PAY
ME WHAT
YOU PAY A
CLERK!
I WANT
MORE MONEY!
I'M WORTH
IT, AND
YOU KNOW
IT..."

"BUSINESS
WON'T
WARRANT
IT!
SORRY..."

"I'M NOT SLAPPING MYSELF
ON THE BACK, BUT THOSE
BIG GUYS ARE AFRAID
OF ME! THEY CAN'T
UNDERSTAND THE WAY
I HANDLE FORMULAS..."



"SO IT TURNS OUT I GET MY
WALKING PAPERS! I AM NOT
EXACTLY BROKE, SO I DO NOT
WORRY MYSELF SICK....

"HM-M- WHAT
TO DO....
I JUST CAN'T
LOAF ALL
THE TIME..."



"PERSONALLY,
I AM NEVER
ONE FOR
TURNING
UP MY
NOSE
AT A
LITTLE
GAMBLING,
SO I
FIND
MYSELF
ONE
NIGHT
IN
THE
PUT AND
TAKE
CLUB
WAGERING
A FEW
X-
NOTES..."

"FIGURING THE ROTATION
OF THE WHEEL, ALLOWING
FOR FRICTION AND WEIGHT
OF THE BALL, I CAN
CALCULATE VERY CLOSELY
JUST WHERE IT WILL
STOP... HM-M. JUST
LIKE PLAYING MARBLES..."



"INDEED, IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE I
BECOME AN ANIMATED BANKROLL,
THE WAY I AM WORKING OUT THE
ANGLES ON THIS ROULETTE GAME..."

"YOU MEAN TO SAY I
HAVE TO CARRY A
HUNDRED THOUSAND
DOLLARS OUTTA HERE —
IN CASH?"

"I'M VERY
SORRY! THE MAN
WHO SIGNS
OUR CHECKS
HAS LEFT..."

"DERE HE GOES...
DO YOUSE SEE
TH' KILLIN' HE
MADE TONIGHT?"

"AN' ME
IN NEED
OF A FEW
SAWBUCKS!"



"I AM WALKING DOWN A SIDE STREET WHEN I FEEL SOMETHING POKING INTO MY BACK WHICH I AM POSITIVE IS NOT A STICK OF PEPPERMINT!"



"ALONG ABOUT THEN I HEAR A LOW MOANING NOISE LIKE A BULLET AND I AM THINKING I AM SEEING RED, BUT IT TURNS OUT TO BE THE FLASH..."



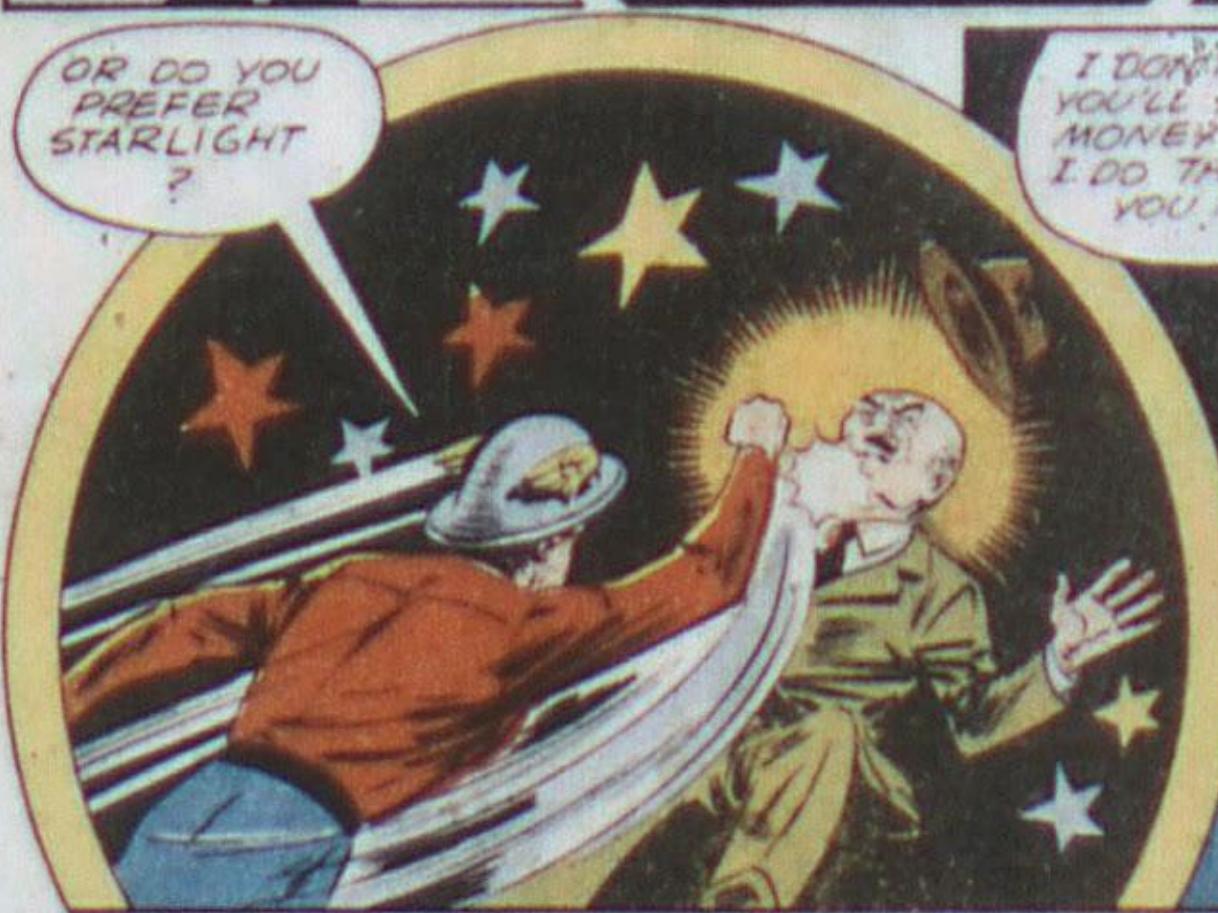
"MAYBE THIS WILL HELP YOU SEE THE LIGHT!"



"OR DO YOU PREFER STARLIGHT ?"

"I DON'T IMAGINE YOU'LL ACCEPT MONEY, BUT I DO THANK YOU!"

"FORGET IT! I'LL SEE YOU HOME TO MAKE SURE NO ONE ELSE TRIES TO ROB YOU!"



"AFTER THAT NIGHT I ALWAYS HAD A SOFT SPOT IN MY HEART FOR THE FLASH... EVEN IF WE ARE ENEMIES!"



"WHILE I AM LISTENING TO NORMAN EMPIRE TELL HIS STORY, THINGS ARE HAPPENING IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN WHICH I LATER LEARN ARE VERY IMPORTANT TO EMPIRE... AND TO ME ALSO..."

"IT SEEMS FRENCHY JOE, WHO IS BORN IN BROOKLYN AND IS REALLY NOT ANY MORE FRENCH THAN I AM, IS PAYING A LITTLE VISIT TO A BANK OVER NEAR BROADWAY..."

"TH' BOSS SURE KNOWS HIS RITHMETIC! Dese FIGURES MAKE IT EASY TO CRACK THIS BOX..."





"BUT THIS NORMAN EMPIRE IS SUCH A GUY AS HAS ALL THE ANGLES COVERED... WHILE THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE IS FREELY DEMONSTRATING HIS SPEED, OTHER MOBSTERS LEAVE BY A DIFFERENT EXIT..."

EVEN IF THE OTHER GUYS ARE CAUGHT, WE GET AWAY! EMPIRE FIGURES THINGS TO A "T"!



"WOW! IT LOOKS FROM HERE LIKE I AM VERY GLAD HE DOES! THAT GUY IN THE RED SHIRT AIN'T SANTA CLAUS! WE BETTER TELL TH' BOSS..."



"MEANWHILE I AM TAKING IN EVERYTHING NORMAN EMPIRE IS TELLING ME WHEN IN COMES FANCY FINGERS FREDDIE..."

I SOON REALIZE THAT CRIME IS ONE CERTAIN WAY OF TURNING MY GIFTS TO ADVANTAGE, SO I GATHER A FEW GUYS AROUND ME, AND....

BOSS, BOSS... I GOTTA SEE YA...



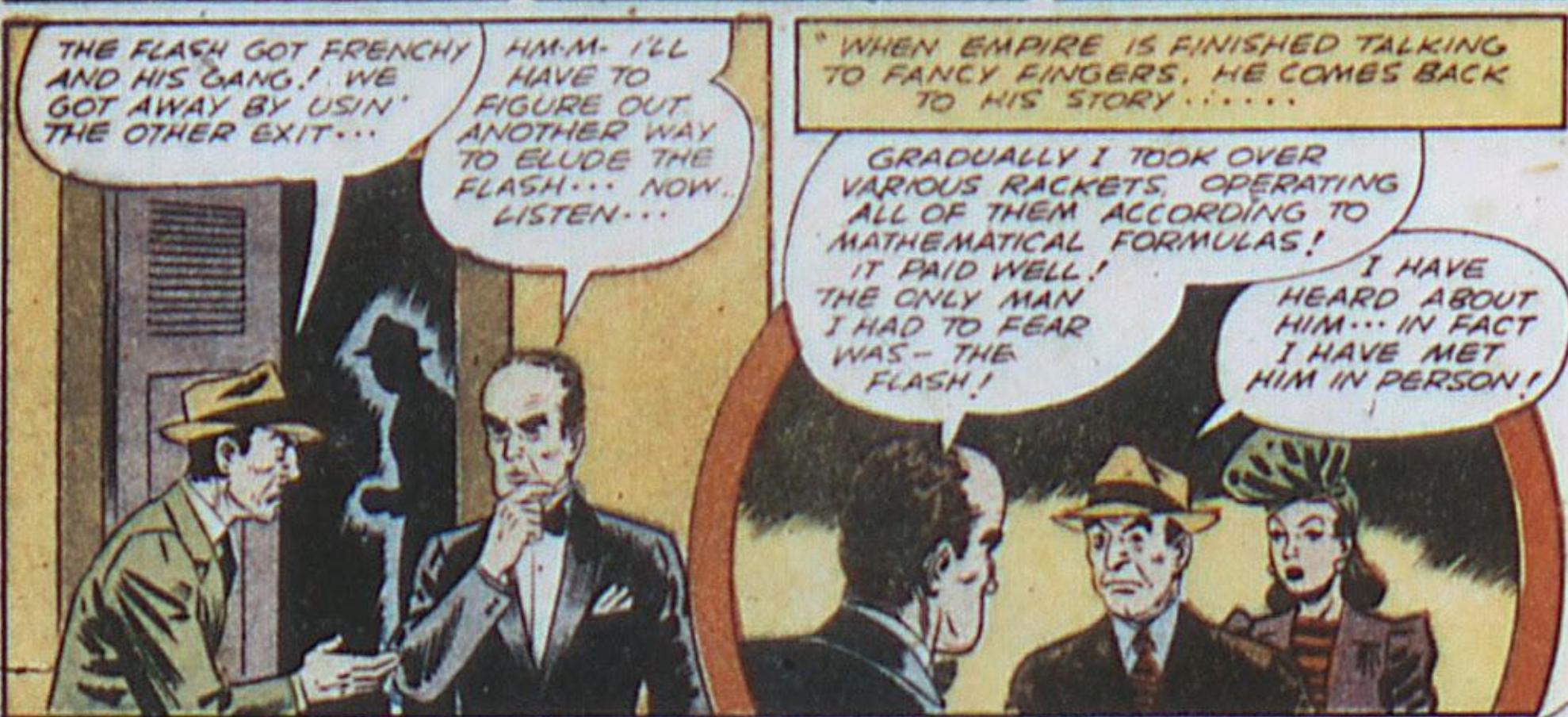
THE FLASH GOT FRENCHY AND HIS GANG! WE GOT AWAY BY USIN' THE OTHER EXIT...

HMM- I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT ANOTHER WAY TO ELUDE THE FLASH... NOW, LISTEN...

"WHEN EMPIRE IS FINISHED TALKING TO FANCY FINGERS, HE COMES BACK TO HIS STORY.....

GRADUALLY I TOOK OVER VARIOUS RACKETS, OPERATING ALL OF THEM ACCORDING TO MATHEMATICAL FORMULAS! IT PAID WELL! THE ONLY MAN I HAD TO FEAR WAS - THE FLASH!

I HAVE HEARD ABOUT HIM... IN FACT I HAVE MET HIM IN PERSON!

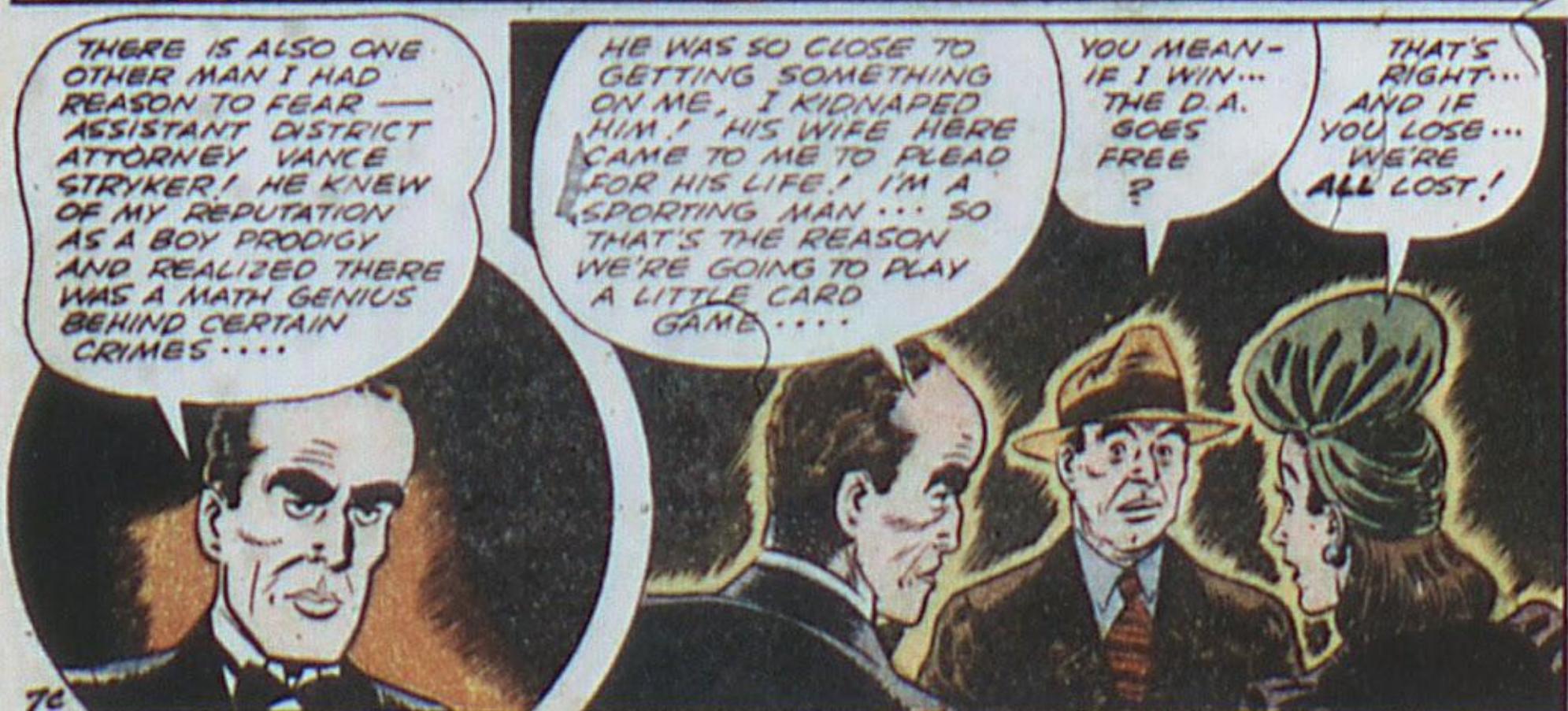


THERE IS ALSO ONE OTHER MAN I HAD REASON TO FEAR — ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY VANCE STRYKER! HE KNEW OF MY REPUTATION AS A BOY PRODIGY AND REALIZED THERE WAS A MATH GENIUS BEHIND CERTAIN CRIMES....

HE WAS SO CLOSE TO GETTING SOMETHING ON ME, I KIDNAPED HIM! HIS WIFE HERE CAME TO ME TO PLEAD FOR HIS LIFE! I'M A SPORTING MAN... SO THAT'S THE REASON WE'RE GOING TO PLAY A LITTLE CARD GAME....

YOU MEAN - IF I WIN... THE D.A. GOES FREE?

THAT'S RIGHT... AND IF YOU LOSE... WE'RE ALL LOST!



"SO I AM PLAYING A TENSE GAME OF LONG STUD WITH THIS MATH WHIZ WHEN HIS MOBSTERS LEAVE THE CLUB NORMAN...."

EMPIRE SAYS TO PULL ANOTHER JOB RIGHT AWAY 'CAUSE TH' FLASH'LL NEVER EXPECT US TO STRIKE TWICE ON TH' SAME NIGHT...

NEXT DOOR TO THE RIVERSIDE BANK - A FEW MINUTES LATER....

KEEP 'EM UP AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND, OR

AROUND THE CORNER, JOAN WILLIAMS HAS BEEN WAITING PATIENTLY...

JOAN - DID YOU SEE SOME MEN GO INTO THAT WAREHOUSE NEXT DOOR?

NO... DON'T TELL ME YOUR IMAGINATION HAS BEEN WORKING OVERTIME!

WELL, I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING... I'D LIKE TO MAKE SURE... IT'LL ONLY TAKE A SECOND...

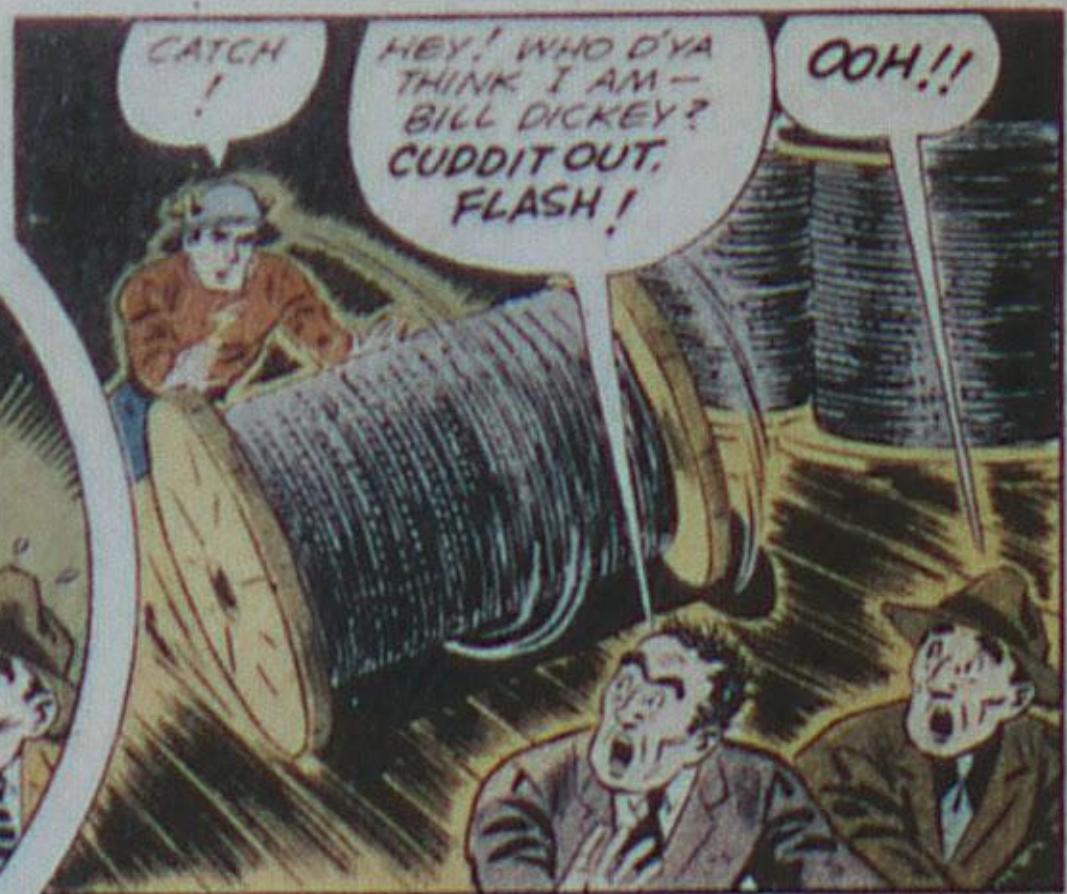
HO HUM...

I WAS RIGHT! I DIDN'T THINK I'D HAVE TO HANDLE ANY MORE CROOKS AROUND HERE TONIGHT...

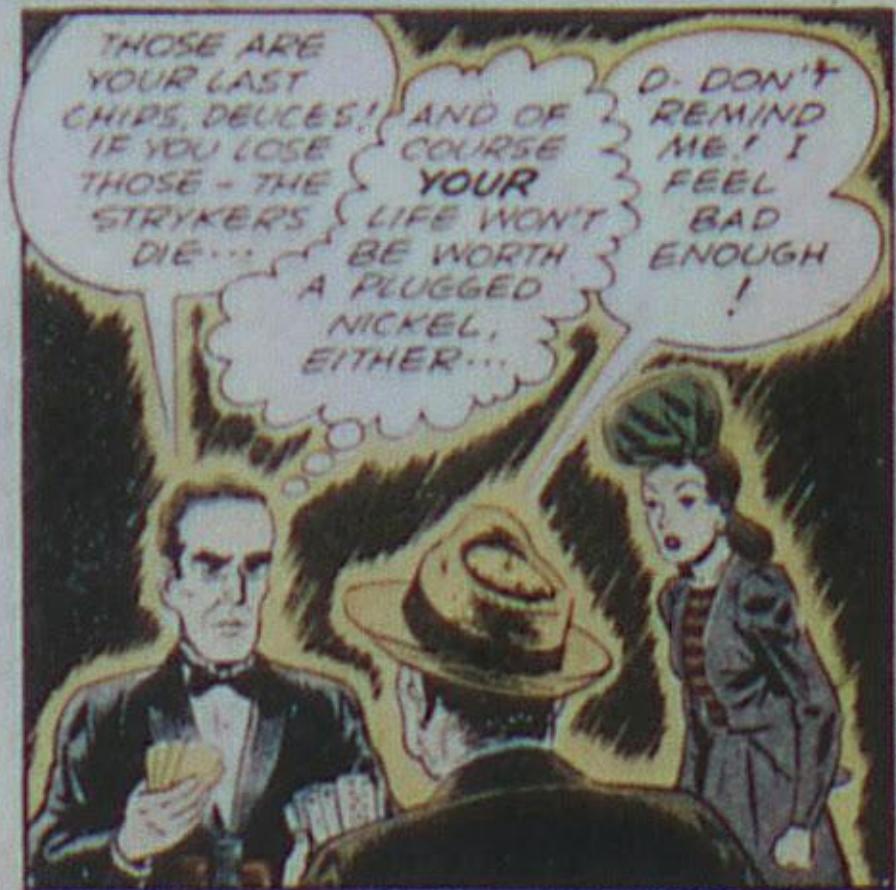
DID YOUSE HEAR ANYBODY TALKIN' JUST NOW?

I WAS TALKING! IS THAT ALL RIGHT?

OH, SURE! I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE A COP...



"~~WE~~ THIS
IS TAKING
PLACE
AROUND
AND ABOUT
TOWN. I
AM LOSING
STEADILY
TO
NORMAN
EMPIRE
AND I
MIGHT
SAY THAT
IT IS
VERY
STEADY
LOSING
INDEED..."



THAT DOES IT!
YOU LOSE, MY FRIEND!
MY FOUR ACES TO
YOUR THREE KINGS!
AND NOW, IF YOU'LL
PARDON ME, I'LL GO
MAKE CERTAIN-ER-
ARRANGEMENTS!

CAN I
LEAVE
NOW
?

YOU UNDERSTAND
I CAN'T LET YOU GO,
WILDE! I CAN'T
CHANCE YOUR
TELLING WHAT YOU
KNOW ABOUT THE
WHEREABOUTS
OF THE STRYKERS!

!!!
ULLP!

SO WE'RE PRISONERS...
GEE, MRS STRYKER,
I'M SORRY I COULDN'T
WIN... HEY! LOOK!
THE FLASH....
DOWN BELOW!

OH! CAN'T
WE
SIGNAL
HIM
SOMEHOW
?

EMPIRE WOULD BE ON OUR
NECKS IF WE SHOUTED FOR
HELP! I'VE GOT TO FIND A
BETTER WAY... WAIT A
SECOND! THESE CARDS!
THERE'S STILL A CHANCE...

JOAN! LOOK!
THOSE
CARDS...

SO
WHAT
?

SO WHAT? THAT'S
WHAT WE'D LIKE TO
KNOW! WHAT DOES
THE FLASH SEE IN
THOSE CARDS THAT
JOAN DOESN'T?
LET'S TURN A FEW
PAGES AND FIND
OUT... KEEPING
IN MIND THAT THE
STRYKERS AND OUR
FRIEND DEUCES ARE
STILL IN THE GRASP
OF NORMAN EMPIRE,
WHO SEEMS TO BE
A GUY WHO CAN
HANDLE ANYONE
WHO GETS IN HIS
WAY... AND IN NO
UNCERTAIN MANNER,
EITHER....

CAMOUFLAGED ISLAND

HOP'S face was the picture of woe. The big redhead in the rear of the two-seater observation plane tried to cheer him up.

"I got a swell set of pictures, Hop," he said. "And that's all the C.O. sent us out for—pictures of the islands in this area! So what you beefing about?"

"I know, I know," Hop cried. "We did our job okay, Tank. But you know as well as I that some real trouble is brewing. Headquarters got wind of it—some Japs scheme to land on Australia—but no one knows exactly what it is. I thought we might spot something today, but we didn't—not a goldarned thing!"

Tank, intent on his job of aerial photography, paid scant attention to Hop's last words. He had spotted another small island below:

"Dive 'er, Hop!" he said. "Gotta get pictures!"

Hop nosed the plane down several thousand feet. He circled, and Tank started photographing. Then the big redhead tensed, and gasped with excitement.

"Look below, Hop!" he yelled. "Look at that island!"

Hop looked, and his eyes widened in amazement. At a thousand feet, that island sure did look queer. It looked—phony!

They had no time just then to look further. Four Zeros zoomed out of the clouds and pounded on their tail.

"Looks like the Nips don't want us to have a look at that island!" Hop said, pushing on the stick. The Zeros were above them. Hop knew he had no chance in an observation plane against four fighting Zeros but he meant to sell his life—and Tank's—dearly. The Curtiss O-52 plunged in a 90 degree dive. A Zero zoomed after it. An oily smile slitted the Jap pilot's face. He was set for a quick kill.



JON L. BLUMMER'S
HOP HARRIGAN STORIES
APPEAR IN
EVERY ISSUE OF
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS

But the wily Hop pulled the Curtiss out of its dive, and pointed its nose right up at the oncoming Jap! Lead and flame spurted at the Zero. It burst into flame and hurtled into the sea.

Then Hop accounted for another Zero. But the remaining two Jap planes closed in. Hop and Tank heard the chatter of guns. Then flames were licking along both wings of their plane. The Curtiss was doomed!

Before they bailed out, the two flyers shook hands.

"Guess they'll get us on the way down!" Tank said.

Hop nodded. "Their favorite sport—shooting down parachutists! Well, here goes nothing, pal—we had a lot of fun!"

Hop jumped first. Then Tank followed. But they were due for a surprise. The Nip pilots, instead of swooping down after them to finish them off, climbed their planes into the sky and made off. Why they did it, Hop didn't know, but he laughed aloud with joy. Then his eyes spotted the small island below and the sight made him forget all else.

He saw a great number of enemy transports—troopships and cargo vessels—grouped together and cleverly camouflaged to look like an island! Tar-paulin, painted green, was stretched across the miles-wide expanse of ships. Shrubs and trees had been taken from the islands, and placed on top of the ships. Any pilot flying over a thousand feet would be fooled into thinking it a real island!

Then it came to Hop that this was what he had been looking for—this was the plan headquarters was interested in!—

This "island" of troopships and cargo ships was no more than a few miles off Australia—and moving closer every day!

"I've got to get word back!" Hop grated. "But how?"

When the flyers landed, dozens of Nip soldiers sprang from the shrubs and seized them. Hop saw that they had landed on a disguised aircraft carrier. The trees and shrubs were tied in place, and could be removed at a few moments' notice.

"Boy, maybe we should've stayed in that plane!" gasped Tank. "Look at this welcoming committee!"

"This explains why those pilots didn't shoot us! They think they can use us!" Hop said grimly, as a couple of Jap soldiers prodded him toward a commanding officer. The officer surprised them by speaking perfect English.

"You understand we wish to use you," he said, smiling. "That is good. Then we need not persuade you to give us the information we want!"

Hop glared at him sullenly, said nothing.

"As you probably know by now," the Jap continued, "this is part of our great offensive to take Australia. Nothing can stop us! But it would be useful—" he paused, eyeing Hop and Tank—"to know more about the coastal defense of Australia."

"We're not telling you a thing, chum," grated Hop.

The Jap's face was cold, impassive.

"We have ways of changing your mind," he said. He gave two sharp commands, and the two Americans were kicked and shoved toward a small cabin at one end of the carrier. It took three Japs to hold Hop down while a fourth gave him a lashing for twenty minutes. Then the Nips left the two exhausted fliers alone on the floor, bloody and aching in every muscle. The commander had snapped a

parting message:

"There is pen and paper on that desk. In a few hours, maybe we send you food—if information we want is on that paper."

"The dirty killers!" Tank gritted. "They'll keep on beating us like this! But remember—we don't talk, Hop!"

Hop nodded his bruised head. "You said it, pal!"

Hop went over to the desk and picked up the paper. A grin crossed his dirt-smeared face as he tore it to bits. Tank grinned back. Just then, Hop's eyes fell on a letter-opener. It was pointed, like a dagger. He jabbed the tip of it into his arm. Tank sat bolt upright, eyes staring.

"Are you goin' nuts?" he gasped, dashing toward Hop. "Gimme that thing before ya hurt yourself!"

"Don't worry, pal," Hop smiled. "I got plans. This is just a scratch, but I'm going to smear blood all over this letter-opener, and when the Nips come in to feed us—"

Tank laughed. "I think I see what you mean!" he said.

It was night when the cabin

door opened and two armed guards entered. They gasped at the sight that met their eyes. The Yank prisoners had committed Hari-Kari! The fat American lay flat on his back, a crimson stain across his shirt-front. The slim, blonde one lay on his stomach—a bloodstained letter-opener clenched in his right hand. With startled exclamations, the two Japs fled to tell their commander, leaving the door open.

Then the two corpses became very much alive! They burst out the door, into the darkness. They could hear the roar of a mighty bomber, warming up. It was a Kawanishi 96, being primed to take off from the carrier. Mechanics were rushing back and forth.

"It's our only chance!" Hop whispered. "And a lot depends on whether or not we get through!"

The very trees and bushes set on the carrier to fool the enemy, served to *bide* Hop and Tank as they made their way toward the bomber!

The two Yanks dashed inside the huge flying boat and slam-

med the door just in time! They could hear excited shouts as the Japs came running.

But Hop, who could fly anything with wings, was already zooming the ship down the carrier. It rose into the wind, and Hop climbed her. He banked, dive-bombed the Kawanishi and let go with a few hundred-pound bombs.

"Zowie! Look at that string of explosions—like firecrackers!" Tank howled. "You hit a munitions ship—and took care of the whole 'island'!"

Hop watched the flames spread. They lit up the whole "island", consuming trees and tarpaulin and plainly exposing the ships. The dull boom-boom of the exploding vessels was music to his ears.

"You see, Tank? That's what I meant today—"

"You mean about spotting the Nip plan to land troops and supplies on Australia?" They watched the camouflaged island slowly sink out of sight. "Hop, my boy—you got the whole shebang!"

THE END

Now!

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Ed Wheeler presents
THOSE "CORNY"
CUT-UPS

FAT AND SLAT.

FAT... FULLER PHUN
SLAT... ARCHIBALD CLUBB

GEE, SLAT, THEY'RE
NOT GOIN' TO HAVE
LAMP POSTS
ANY LONGER!

WHY, FAT?
ON ACCOUNT
OF THE WAR?

NO, BECAUSE
THEY'RE LONG
ENOUGH NOW!

YES, SLAT, ALL MY ANCESTORS WERE FISHERMEN,
SO CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I'M AT THE
END OF A LONG FISHING
LINE!

YEAH, I
SEE,
FAT!

YOU'RE THE
WORM!!

SAY, SLAT, DO YOU
AS A STOREKEEPER,
BELIEVE IN FREE
SPEECH?

NOT ONLY AS A STORE-
KEEPER, FAT, BUT AS
A LOYAL AMERICAN
CITIZEN I FIRMLY BE-
LIEVE IN
**FREE
SPEECH!**

GOOD, THEN I CAN
USE YOUR PHONE!
HELLO, GIMME
"LONG
DISTANCE!"

LISTEN, FAT, I CAN
SPELL "BUM" WITH TWO
LETTERS - BM,
BUM!

OH, NO, SLAT.
BM DOESN'T
SPELL
"BUM"!

GEE, THAT'S RIGHT-
I LEFT YOU
OUT!!

BUY
FLASH
COMICS
EACH
MONTH



AS THE PASTEBOARDS COME "FLUTTERING OUT OF THE AIR, THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER SIZZLES TO A HALT, HIS EYES WIDENING IN PUZZLEMENT, THEN NARROWING SWIFTLY IN SUDDEN UNDERSTANDING

"UP ABOVE HIM I AM STANDING AROUND, HOPING IT IS REVEALED TO HIM WHAT I AM GETTING AT BY TOSSING THOSE CARDS OUT THE WINDOW, AND I MIGHT ADD THAT I AM HOPING VERY HARD, AT THAT!"



DEUCES! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE WORKING FOR THE CLUB NORMAN NOW?

DON'T BE SILLY! BUT I'M IN A VERY SERIOUS PICKLE, FLASH...

"I AM SHOOTING THE CHIN-PATTER TO THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE, WISING HIM UP TO WHAT IS GOING ON AROUND — BUT UNKNOWNN TO US, NORMAN EMPIRE HEARS EVERYTHING....

SO...! THE DICTAPHONES I PLANTED ARE PAYING DIVIDENDS! HM-M. NOW THAT THE FLASH HAS HORNED IN I'LL HAVE TO USE DESPERATE MEASURES....

I COULD NEVER HOPE TO COPE WITH THE FLASH'S SPEED.... SO I MUST USE A WEAPON THAT CAN... GAS! ODORLESS AND COLORLESS, IT WILL STRIKE BEFORE HE IS AWARE OF IT!

'SO - ALL OF A SUDDEN -

WHA - WHAT'S HAPPENING? I FEEL... WEAK....

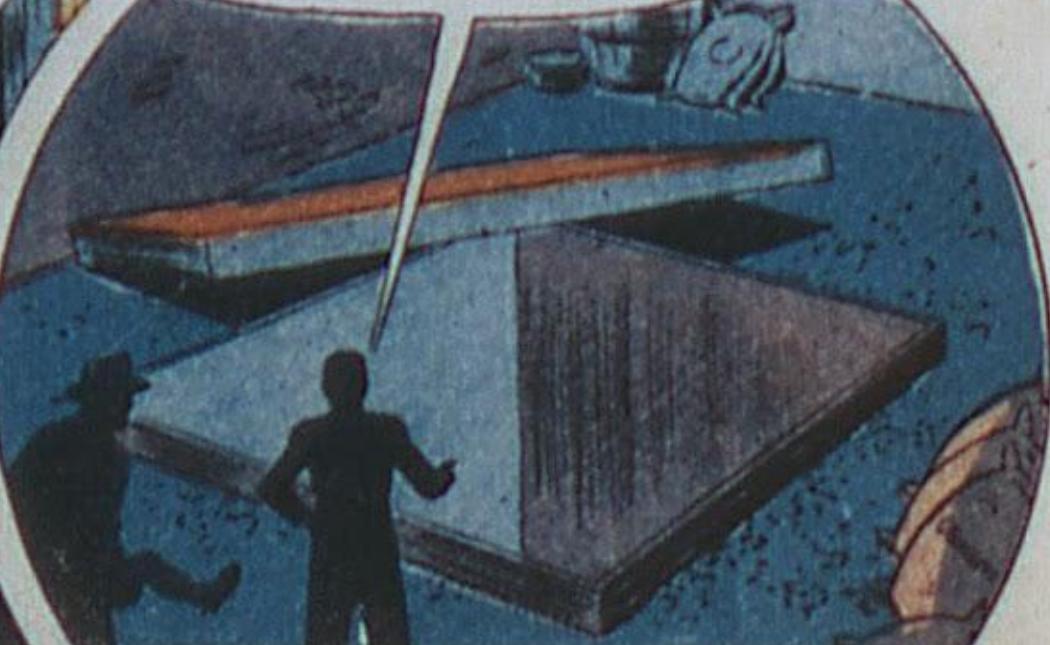
COFF - COFF... OOH...

WELL, THAT'S THAT! NOW, WHEN THE GAS DISSIPATES, WE'LL GET THEM OUT! I HAVE A SPECIAL TREAT FOR THE FLASH AND WILDE.... MRS. STRYKER I'LL TAKE CARE OF LATER!

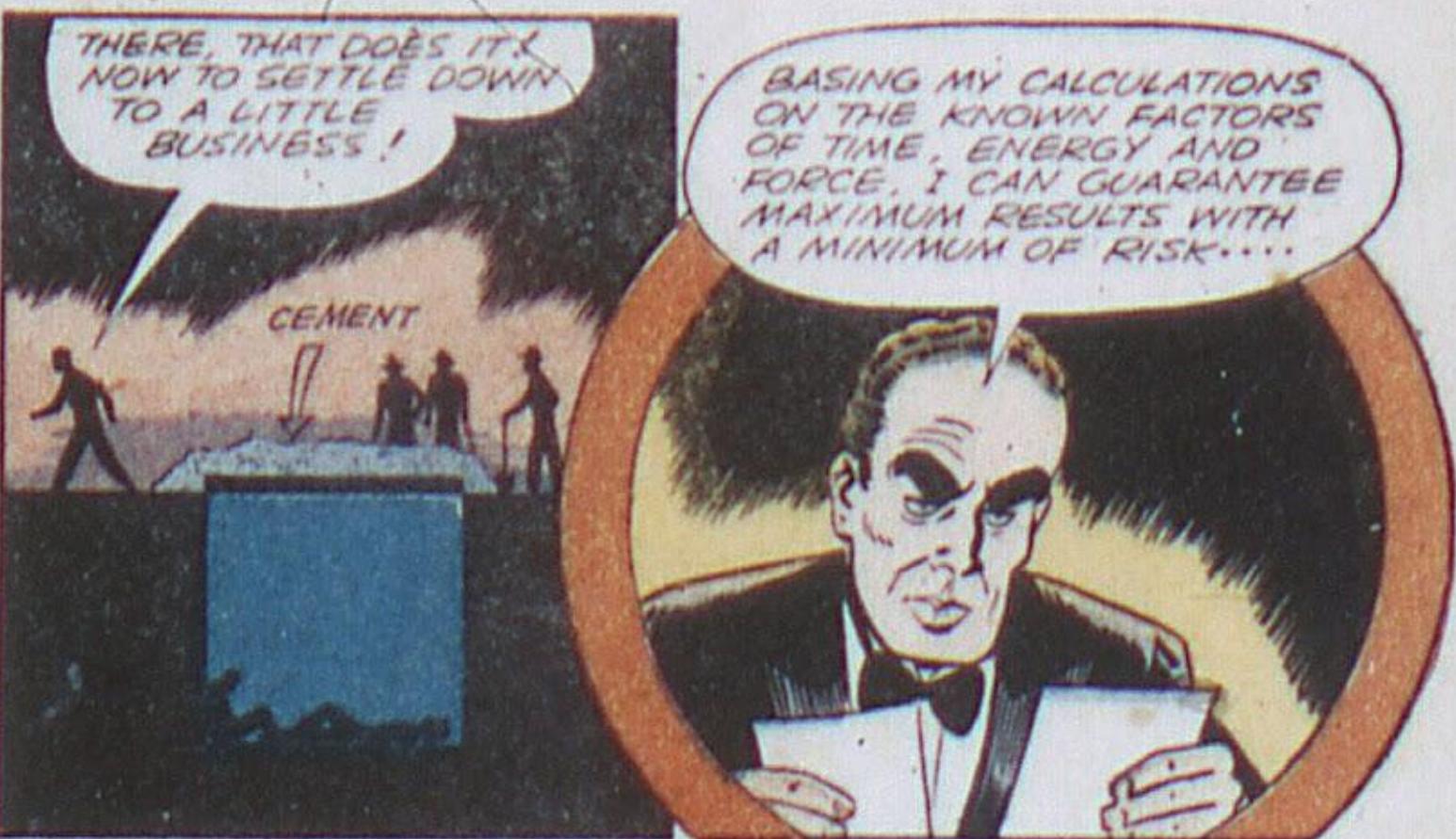
WOW! I NEVER THOUGHT WED EVER HAVE THE FLASH IN DIS PREDICAMENT!

TAKE THEM DOWN TO THE CELLAR, BOYS!

THIS METAL TOMB BURIED DEEP IN THE GROUND AND COVERED WITH CEMENT SHOULD DO AWAY WITH THE FLASH - FOREVER! TOSS THEM IN, BOYS!



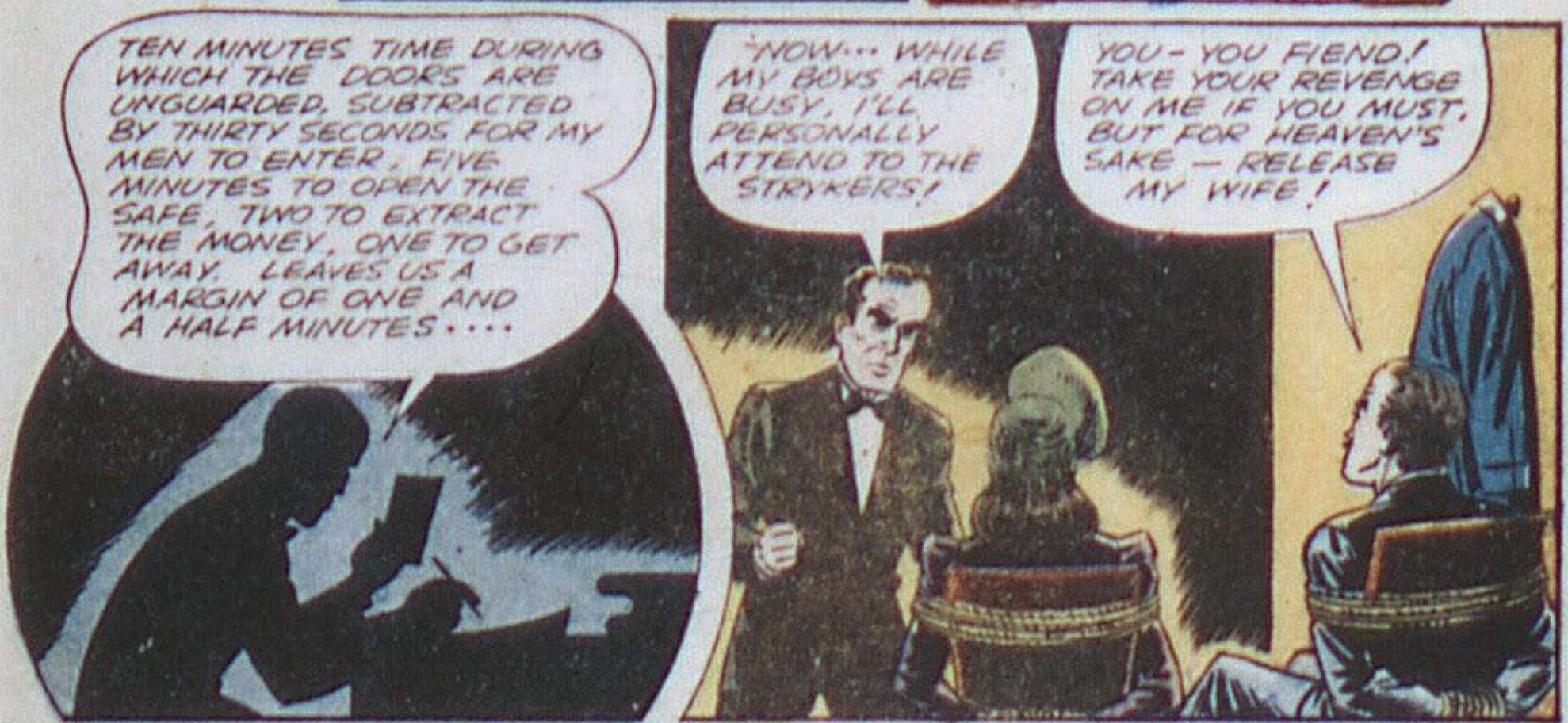
"I MIGHT STATE THAT IT IS A VERY GOOD THING FOR ME I DO NOT KNOW AT THIS TIME THAT THE METAL BOX I AM IN IS BURIED UNDER A TON OF HARDENING CEMENT, OR I WOULD SURELY WORRY MYSELF TO DEATH....



TEN MINUTES TIME DURING WHICH THE DOORS ARE UNGUARDED, SUBTRACTED BY THIRTY SECONDS FOR MY MEN TO ENTER, FIVE MINUTES TO OPEN THE SAFE, TWO TO EXTRACT THE MONEY, ONE TO GET AWAY. LEAVES US A MARGIN OF ONE AND A HALF MINUTES....

NOW... WHILE MY BOYS ARE BUSY, I'LL PERSONALLY ATTEND TO THE STRYKERS!

YOU - YOU FIEND! TAKE YOUR REVENGE ON ME IF YOU MUST, BUT FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE - RELEASE MY WIFE!



"MEANWHILE, JOAN WILLIAMS IS IMPATIENTLY WAITING FOR THE FLASH....

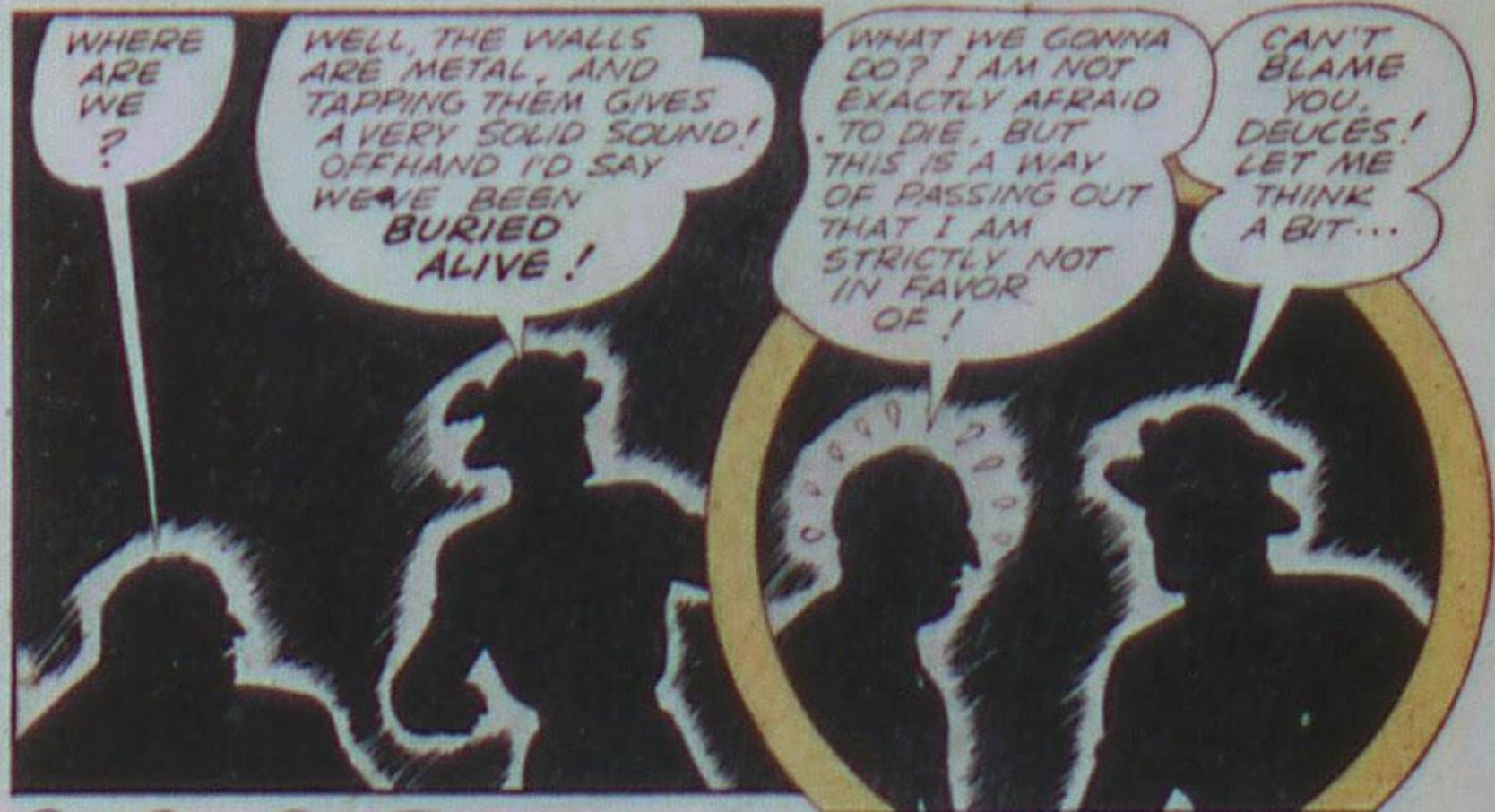
I DON'T KNOW WHY I LET MYSELF BE TALKED INTO THINGS LIKE THIS! IF THE FLASH PULLS THIS STUFF ON ME ONCE MORE.... OH!....

WE'LL GO WHERE WE CAN HAVE SOME PRIVACY!

OH, MY GOODNESS! THAT WAS VANCE AND ETHEL STRYKER! AND THAT MAN WAS COVERING THEM WITH A GUN! I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THEM... OH, WHERE'S THE FLASH....?



BY THIS TIME I AM MORE HOT AND UNCOMFORTABLE THAN SOMEWHAT. THERE DOES NOT SEEM TO BE ANY AIR IN THIS METAL BOX UNDERNEATH ALL THAT CEMENT...



HM-M- IF I WERE ALONE
WITH MY SPEED I COULD
CREATE A SUCTION IN
HERE THAT MIGHT DRAW
IN ONE OF THE WALLS...
BUT THAT WOULD BE
ALMOST SURE TO BE TOO
BAD FOR DEUCES...
AH, I HAVE IT... I'LL
SPIN HIM, TOO....

" I AM ONE SURPRISED GUY WHEN
THE FLASH LAYS HANDS ON ME AND
STARTS TO SPIN AROUND AND
ABOUT



AND WHEN
THE
FASTESt
MAN
ALIVE
STARTS
SPINNING,
IT IS A
SAFE
BET
THAT
YOU
HAVE
NEVER
SEEN
SUCH
SPINNING
BEFORE
IN
YOUR
LIFE...



I AM NEVER QUITE CLEAR AS TO WHAT HAPPENS THEN — BUT IT IS EXPLAINED TO ME LATER THAT IF YOU COULD CAUSE A CYCLONE INSIDE A METAL CHAMBER (AND THE FLASH CAUSES A CYCLONE SUCH AS NO ONE NEVER EXPERIENCED) IT WILL SOON SEEK A WAY TO ESCAPE, EVEN IF IT HAS TO BATTER DOWN METAL WALLS TO DO IT....



* BEFORE 'YO-YO' REALIZES THERE IS ANYTHING AMISS, THE FLASH HAS YANKED THE CHAIR FROM UNDER HIM AND CONKED ANOTHER MOBSTER WITH IT—

"THE FLASH THEN LETS GO WITH A KICK THAT COMBS 'YO-YO'S LOCKS ON A BARREL TOP....

MAY I BORROW THIS CHAIR...? THANK YOU...

OOF!

THIS'LL PUT A HEAD ON THAT STUFF YOU CALL BEER — YOUR HEAD!

PHWAAAATHH!
THIS STUFF
IS AWFUL!

"ANYWAY, TO MAKE A LONG TALE SHORT, IN A MATTER OF SECONDS THE FLASH HAS MADE A SHAMBLES OF TH' JOINT.... NOT ONLY THAT, HE HAS PRODUCED SOME COPS, TOO.... WHATTA GUY!"

THERE THEY ARE, OFFICERS!
TAKE 'EM AWAY!

WOW!
FLASH,
YOU SURE
GET
AROUND....

THIS IS
ONLY
THE
BEGINNING
!!

"MEANWHILE, NORMAN EMPIRE IS ACQUIRING HIS REVENGE IN SUCH A MANNER AS STILL GIVES ME GOOSE PIMPLES WHEN I THINK OF IT....

THERE! VERY
INGENIOUS, IF
I DO SAY SO...
WHEN THE CANDLE
BURNS DOWN TO
THE POWDER...
YOUR TROUBLES WILL
BE OVER AND I'LL
BE SAFE!

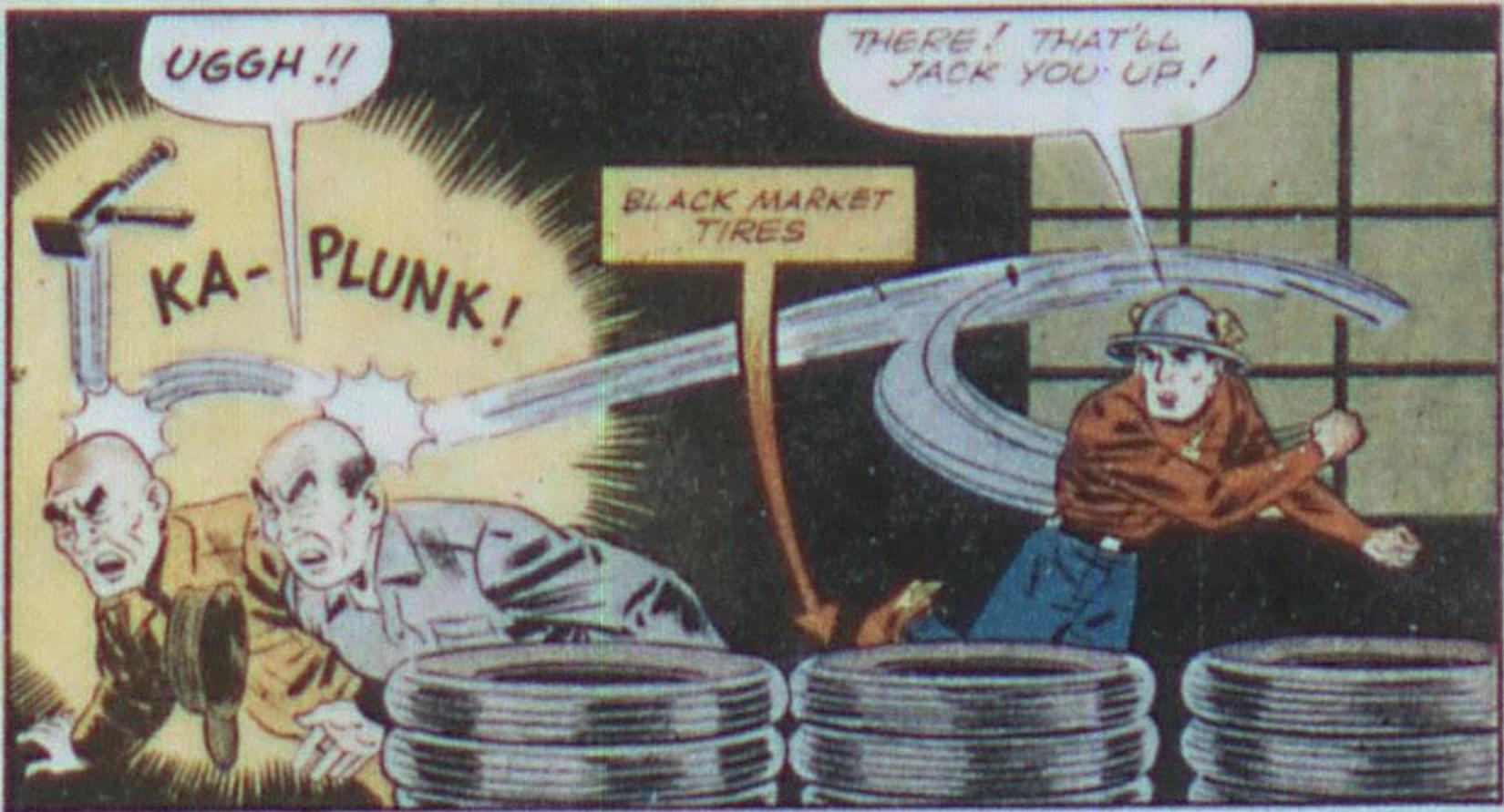
AND TO MAKE DOUBLY SURE, WE LOWER THE WHOLE BUSINESS DOWN INTO THE RIVER....

AFTER EMPIRE LEAVES, JOAN, WHO HAS FOLLOWED AND SEEN EVERYTHING, COMES OUT OF HIDING....

I DIDN'T DARE SHOW MYSELF UNTIL THAT HORRID PERSON LEFT! BUT WHAT CAN I DO? THAT CANDLE WILL BLOW THEM UP WHEN IT TOUCHES THE POWDER.... I MUST FIND THE FLASH, BUT QUICKLY....

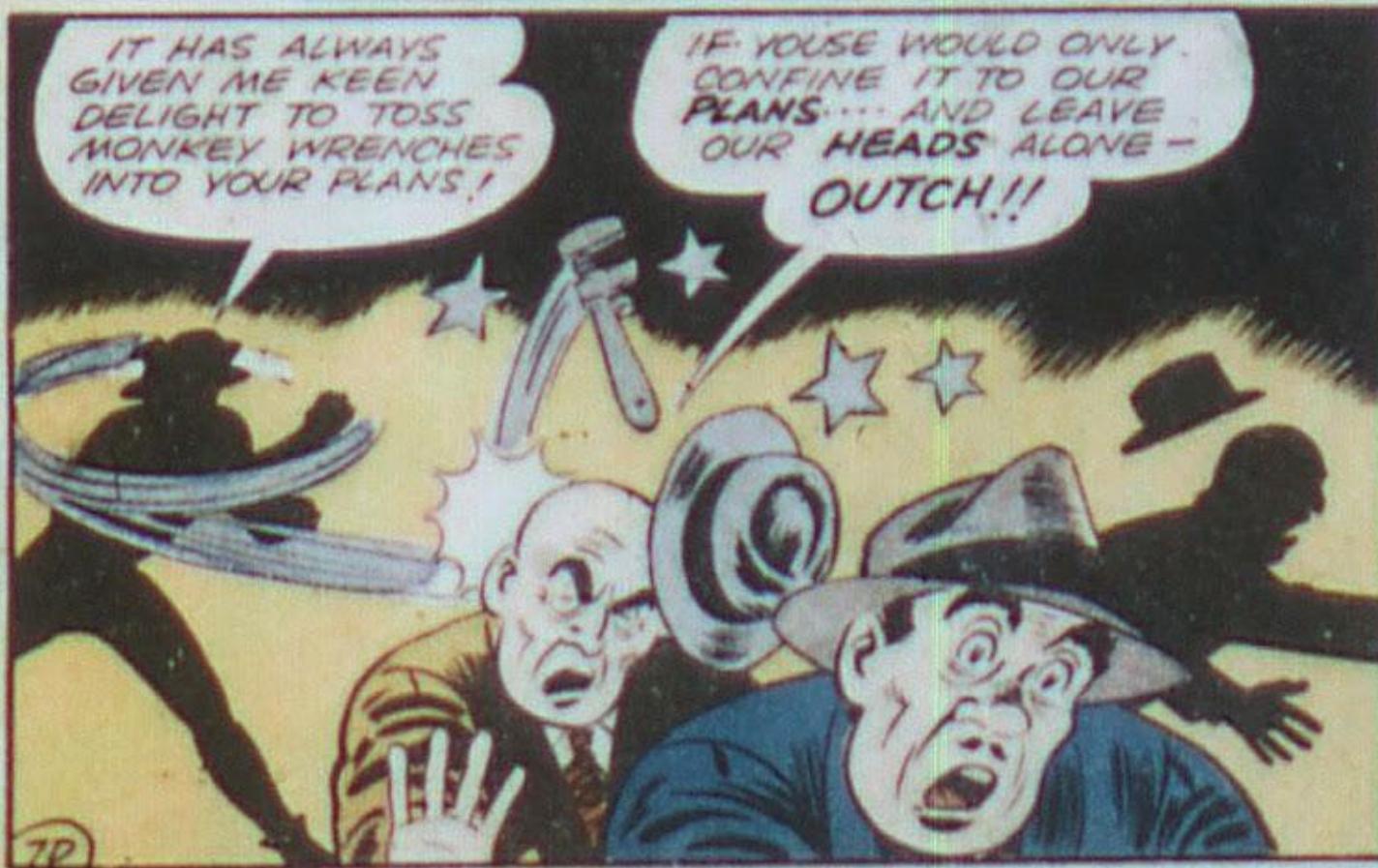


* IT IS TOO BAD THE FLASH IS NOT AROUND AT THE MOMENT, BUT HE IS VERY BUSILY ENGAGED IN SMASHING ANOTHER RACKET, THIS TIME AT THE NORMAN GARAGE...



IT HAS ALWAYS GIVEN ME KEEN DELIGHT TO TOSS MONKEY WRENCHES INTO YOUR PLANS!

IF YOUSE WOULD ONLY CONFINE IT TO OUR PLANS.... AND LEAVE OUR HEADS ALONE - OUTCH!!



* AS A MATTER OF STRICT FACT, THE FLASH IS ALL OVER TOWN AROUND THIS TIME, AND DOES NOT CONFINE HIMSELF TO ONLY A FEW OF EMPIRE'S RACKETS, BUT MANAGES TO COVER THEM ALL, WHICH HE DOES VERY WELL INDEED...

"I AM WALKING BACK TO MY ROOM ABOUT THIS TIME WHEN WHO SHOULD I RUN INTO BUT JOAN WILLIAMS, EXTREMELY AGITATED....

OH, DEUCES! I MUST FIND THE FLASH! HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?

HE IS AROUND TOWN CLEANING UP ON NORMAN EMPIRE'S GANGS! IF I CAN REMEMBER THE LIST IN THE LEDGER, MAYBE WE CAN FIND HIM....

"IN A VERY LITTLE WHILE WE MANAGE TO FIND THE FLASH....

FLASH! FLASH! THE STRYKERS! THEY'RE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER, ABOUT TO BE BLOWN UP!

WHICH IS NOT A NICE WAY TO LEAVE THIS VALE OF TEARS!

WE'LL BE THERE IN A SECOND OR TWO...

OH! THE CANDLE IS FALLING INTO THE POWDER!

I DO NOT EXPECT TO BE BELIEVED, BUT THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE DIVES INTO THE WATER, SMASHES THAT GLASS GLOBE AND GETS THE STRYKERS BACK TO LAND... BEFORE THE CANDLE, WHICH IS FALLING WHEN HE DIVES, TOUCHES THE POWDER!

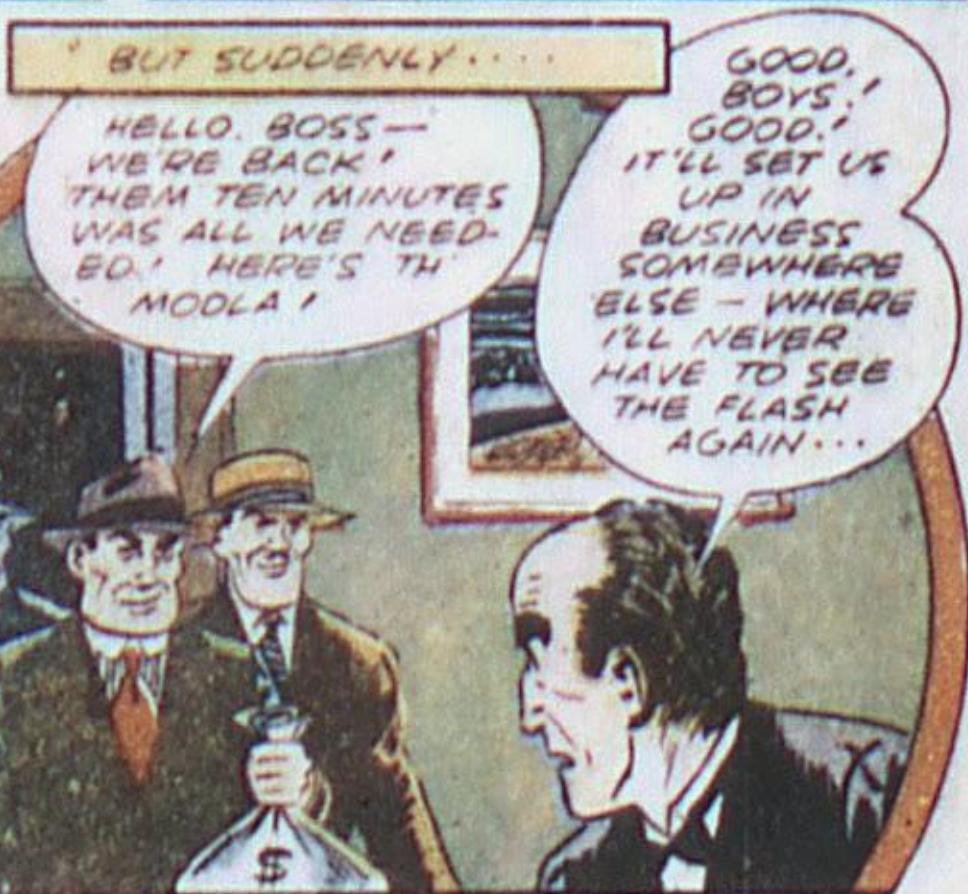
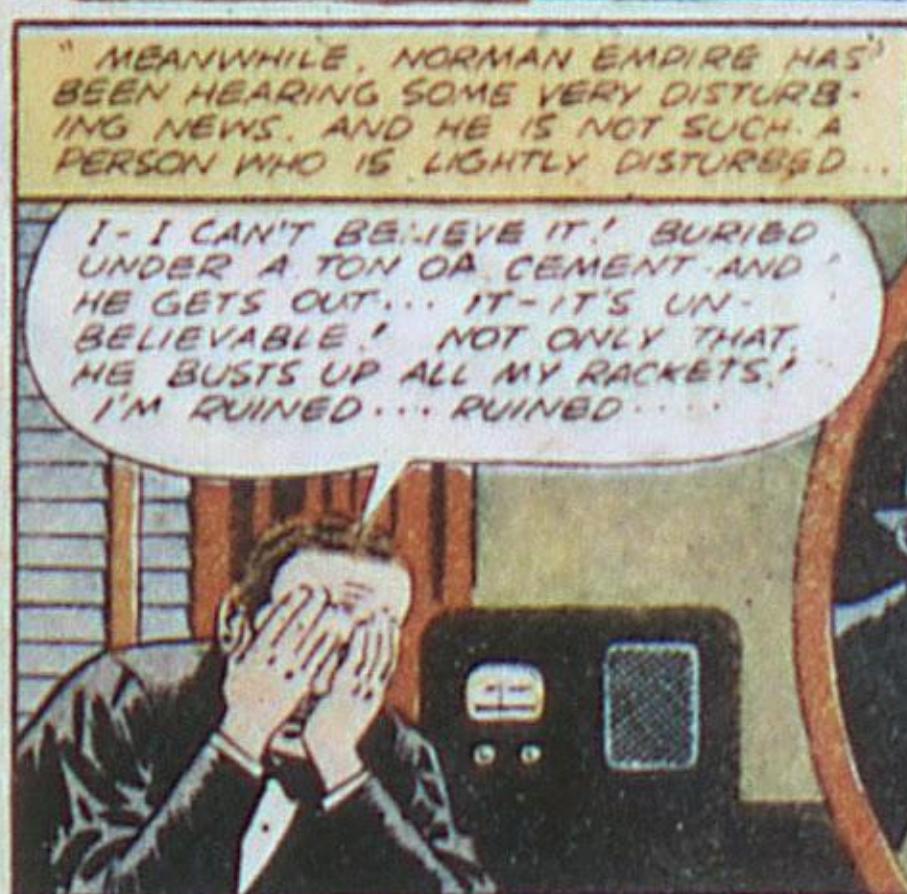
WHW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

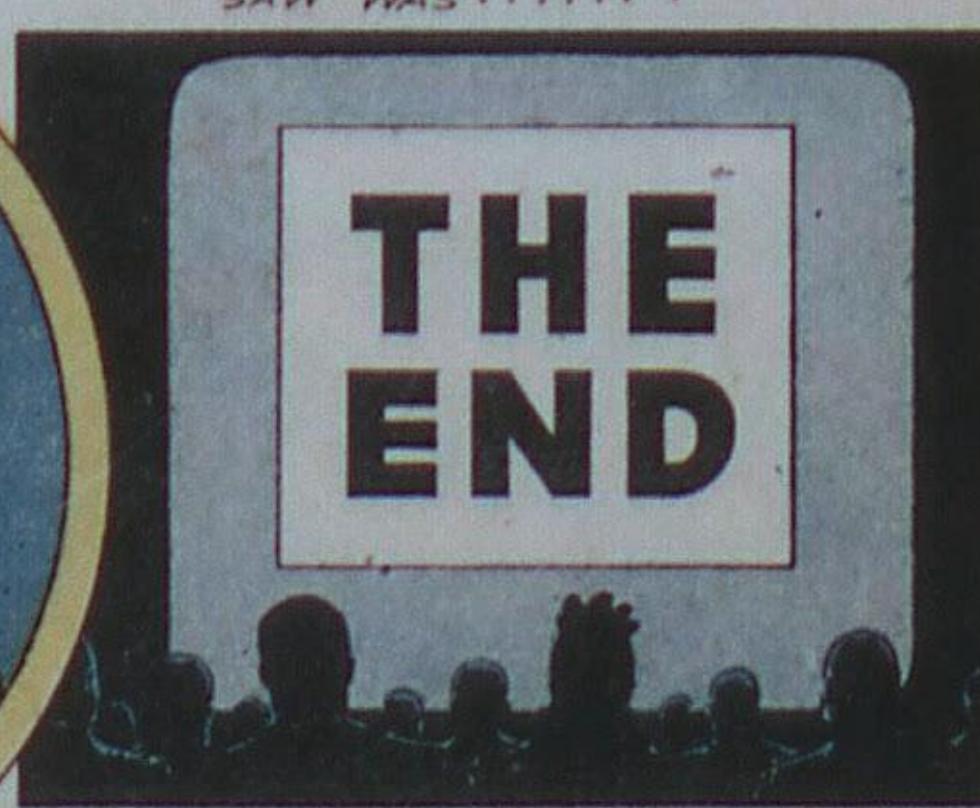
BOOM!

YOU POOR DARLING!

IT WAS HORRIBLE...

MAN... YOU'RE COLOSSAL! WAIT'LL I PUBLISH THE EVIDENCE I HAVE AGAINST THAT NORMAN EMPIRE!





OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

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PREDICTS THE WEATHER
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

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 Send C.O.D. I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.58.

Name _____

Please print plainly

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FREE
for prompt
action

7½" high—5" wide
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Made of Genuine Walnut

GOOD LUCK LEAF Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—a person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success.

AS YOU RECEIVE IT

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BOYS! GIRLS!

GET THESE NAVY CODE SIGNAL FLAGS
for only 10¢

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If You Mail Coupon At Once!

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TOOTsie ROLLS
Dept. N-I, Station O, P.O. Box 16
New York 11, New York
Rush the Navy Code signal flags to me postage paid by fast mail. I have enclosed a dime.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)