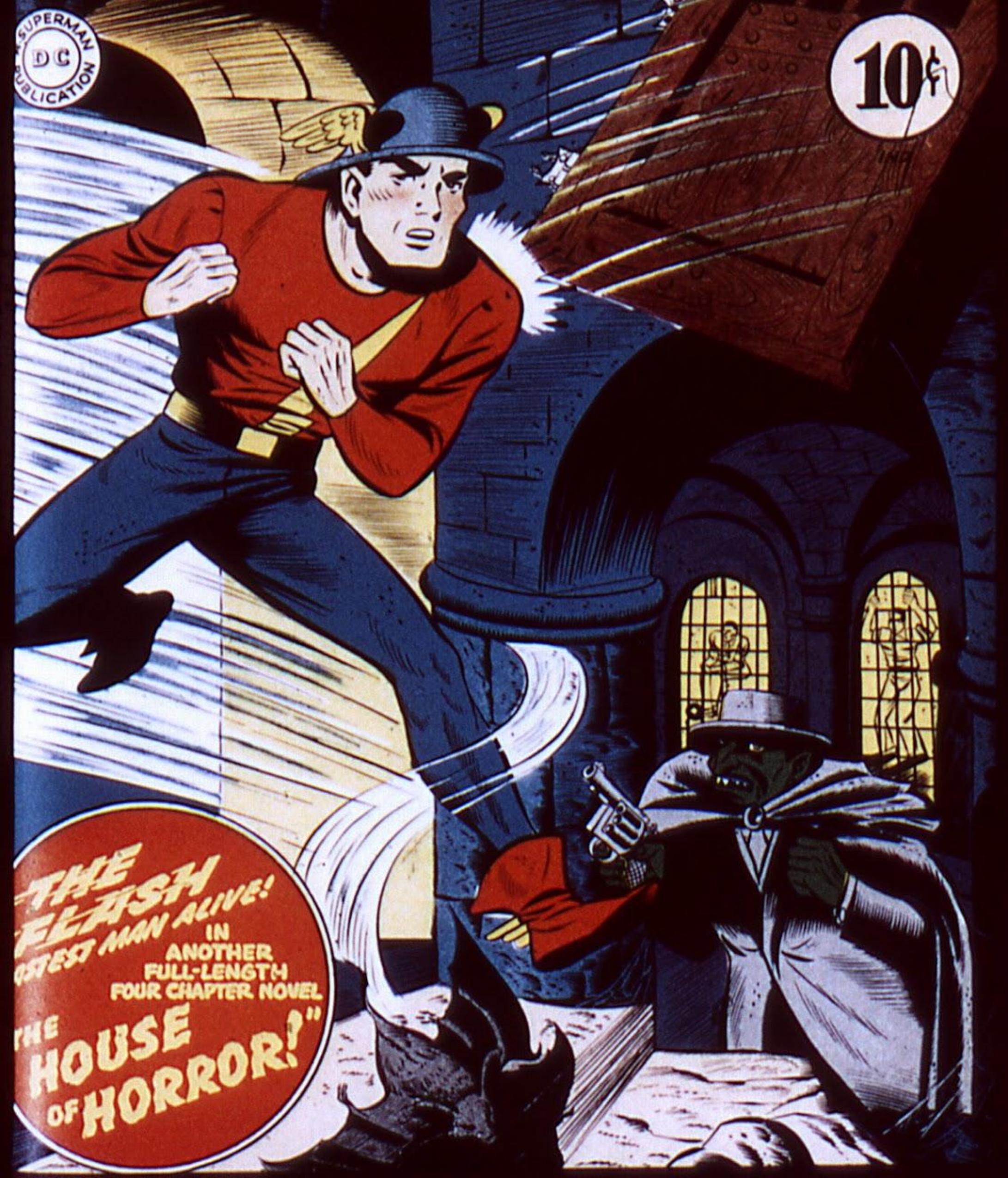


NOV..DEC.  
NO 7

# Ace-Flash



THE  
FLEETSH  
FASTEST MAN ALIVE!  
IN  
ANOTHER  
FULL-LENGTH  
FOUR CHAPTER NOVEL  
THE  
HOUSE  
OF HORROR!"

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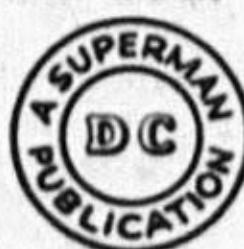
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# GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America

## CARCAJOU

By Rutherford G. Montgomery

Carcajou the killer! Of all the beasts of prey that prowl for food, and fight in the frozen north country, Carcajou the wolverine is the most feared and hated by man and beast alike. So fierce and cunning is he that even the giant cougar and the king wolf surrender their kill to Carcajou rather than risk a fight.

Against his power the Indian trappers hunting for pelts in the great white forests were helpless, for they feared that an evil spirit dwelt within the black form of Carcajou. But the wily white trappers who tricked the Indians as readily as they killed the animals, thought to use Carcajou for their own purposes. It was they who sent the wolverine forth, in a white heat of vengeance, to wreck the Indian's trap and thus force him to trade his most cherished hunting companion—his big black bear.

But the laws of man and nature take swift toll of those who break these laws in the frozen northland. Thus it was this same Carcajou, turned loose by the thieving traders, who returned to destroy their most precious possession—their cached food and blankets—leaving them to freeze and starve at the mercy of the blinding snowstorm.

If you like stories about wild animals, here is a real thriller for you. Ask your librarian for it.

## HAVE YOU JOINED THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA?

-IF YOU HAVE, YOU CAN READ THIS MESSAGE IN  
"THE FLASH" CODE

ΩΤΞΨ ΦΗΝ ΒΗΑΖΨΧ ΜΩΨ ΒΝΖΑΗΚ  
ΒΝΛΑΜΑΩΨ ΛΗΦΑΨΜΡ ΗΩ ΤΕΨΚΑΦΤ

# The Flash

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

"The House of Horrors"  
CHAPTER I "THE ADVENTURES OF A WRITER'S FANTASY"



MURDER AND MAYHEM, DEAD BODIES, THE CLANKING OF CHAINS, AND THE EERIE SHRIEKS OF HAUNTING GHOSTS ARE WOVEN INTO A WIERD STORY WRITTEN BY THE FAMOUS AUTHOR, AMBROSE VAN EPT; AND FROM HIS TYPEWRITER COMES A TALE OF HORROR... AND SO REAL PEOPLE FIND THEMSELVES LIVING THROUGH THE MYSTERIES HE CREATES, WHILE TO THE TUNE OF CLACKING KEYS, THE FLASH AGAIN CATAULTE INTO HIGH SPEED AND TACKLES "THE ADVENTURE OF A WRITER'S FANTASY."

THE FAMOUS MYSTERY STORY WRITER AMBROSE VAN EPT LECTURES TO AN AUDIENCE OF ART RECIPIENTS SONGS, THE MEMBERS OF A LADIES' LITERARY GUILD AND CONCLUDES HIS LECTURE BY TYPING A BEGINNING TO HIS NOVEL  
-----'HOUSE HAUNTED'----



IT WON'T DO  
YOU ANY HARM  
TO GET A  
LITTLE  
CULTURE..  
COME ON,  
I'LL INTRODUCE  
YOU!

TO HIM?  
HE MAY  
CONTAMIN-  
ATE ME!  
..BUT..  
..ALL  
RIGHT!



YES INDEED MISS  
WILLIAMS, I FIND  
INSPIRATION OVER-  
FLOWING IN THIS  
LOVELY GATHERING  
THAT'S WHY I  
STARTED MY  
FIRST CHAPTER  
HERE!



HMM...  
THE STORY  
IS  
ABOUT  
A HAUNT-  
ED HOUSE.  
SOME  
COMPLIMENT  
TO THE  
LADIES!

MY DEAR MAN,  
I CAN SEE YOU  
ARE TOTALLY UN-  
FAMILIAR WITH  
THE STIMULAT-  
ING EFFECT  
OF SOCIAL  
FRIENDLINESS.  
IT IS A CHANGE  
FROM THE  
EXCITEMENT OF  
MY USUAL LIFE!

EXCITEMENT!  
YOU? HOW  
DO YOU  
GET IT...  
BY  
SAYING  
"BOO"  
AT  
YOURSELF  
IN THE  
MIRROR?



I LIVE MY STORIES OF HORROR  
AND TERROR, MY GOOD MAN. I SHARE  
EVERY VICARIOUS THRILL, EVERY  
SPINE-CHILLING EVENT! I AM  
PART OF EVERY STORY I WRITE!  
THAT'S WHAT MAKES THEM  
CLASSICS!

CLASSICS? OH-HO-HO!  
YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT  
MALARKEY? HA-HA! YOU  
THINK THAT BUNK YOU  
WRITE COULD REALLY  
HAPPEN!

JAY!  
OH, MY  
GOODNESS..  
..I'M SO  
EMBARRASSED!

I KNOW  
YOU HAVEN'T  
SEEN  
ANYTHING  
OF THE WORLD,  
MR. GARRICK  
SO I  
FORGIVE  
YOUR  
DOUBTS!



IF I COULD ONLY PROVE  
TO YOU THAT LIFE DOES HOLD  
WEIRD MYSTERIES! THE ODD-  
EST THINGS ARE FOUND IN  
FACT. WHY I COULD WRITE  
PURE TRUTH AND NEVER  
RUN OUT OF PLOTS!

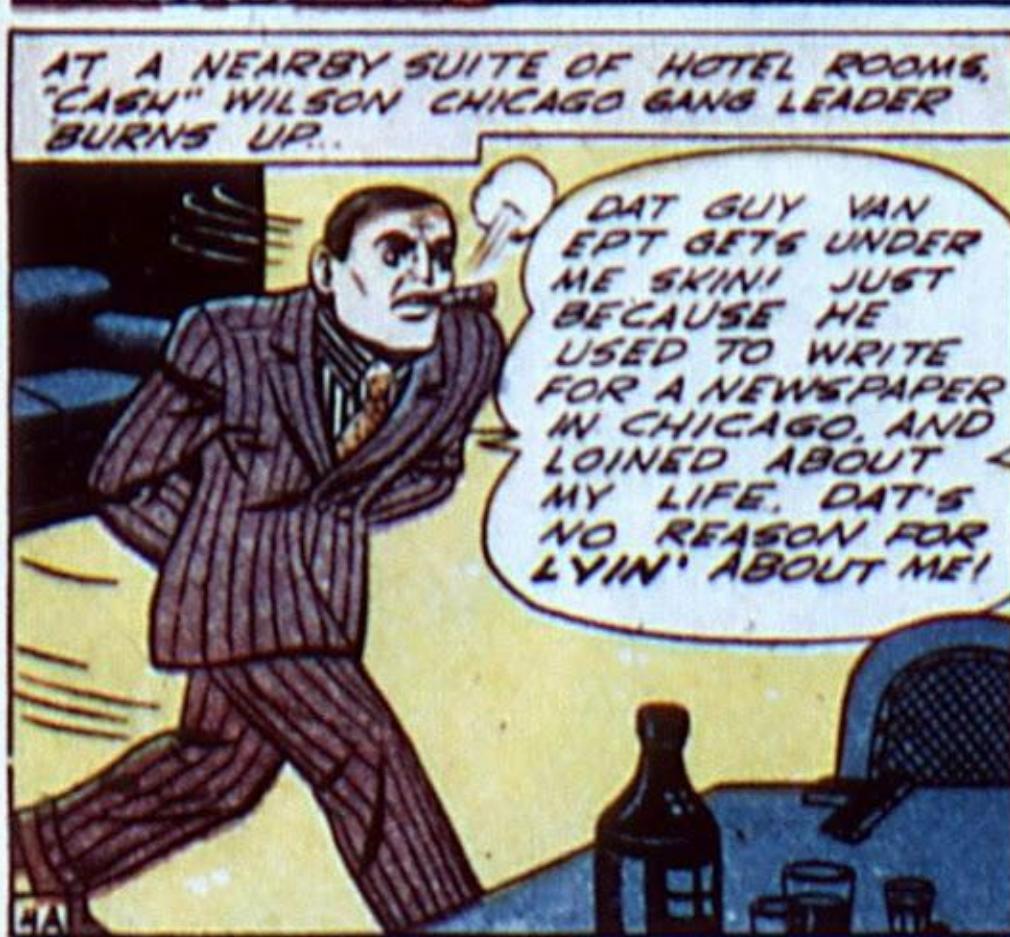
WELL, WHY  
DON'T YOU?  
YOU'VE BEEN  
USING THE  
SAME PLOT  
FOR YEARS!  
CLASSICS..  
OH-HO-HO!

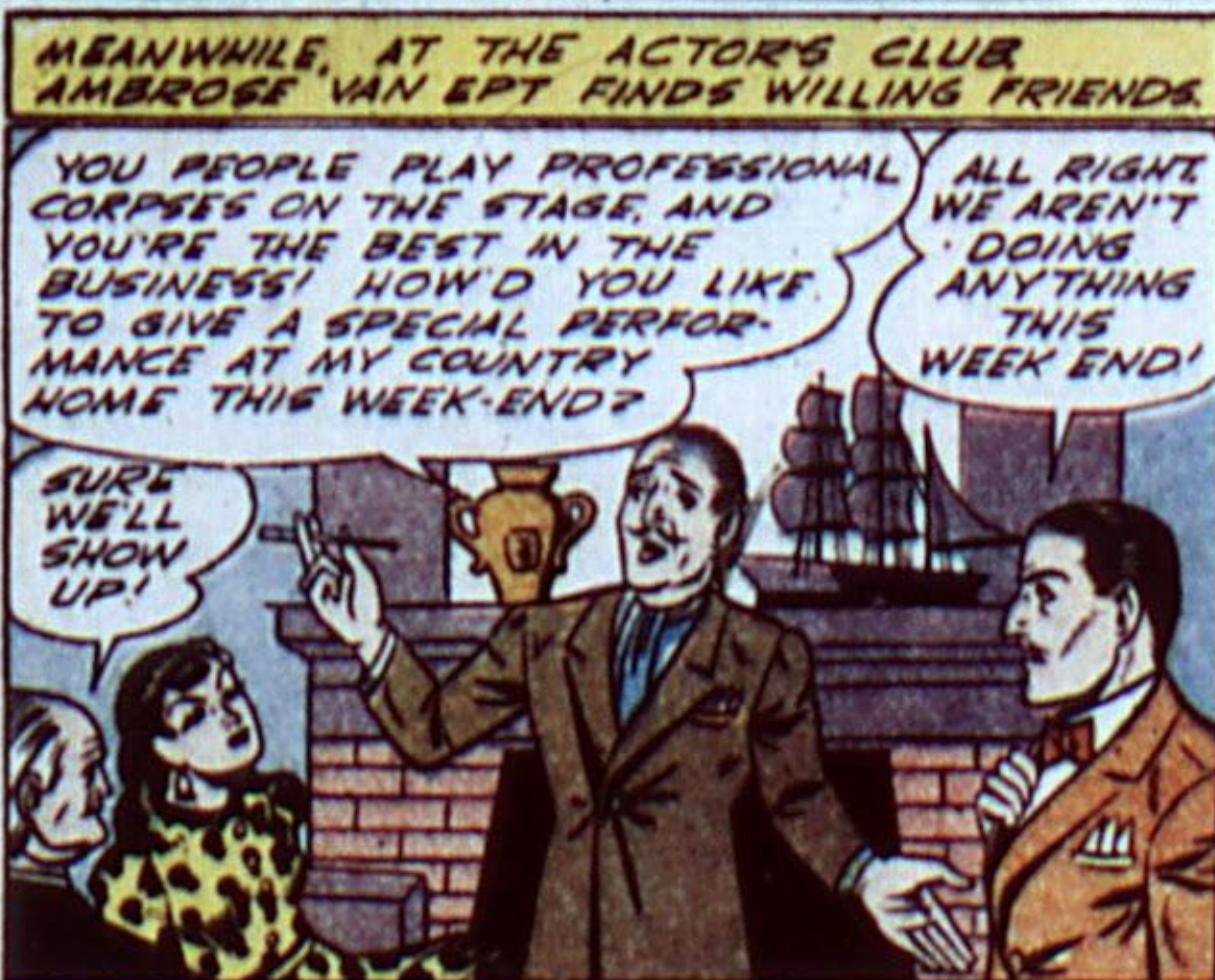


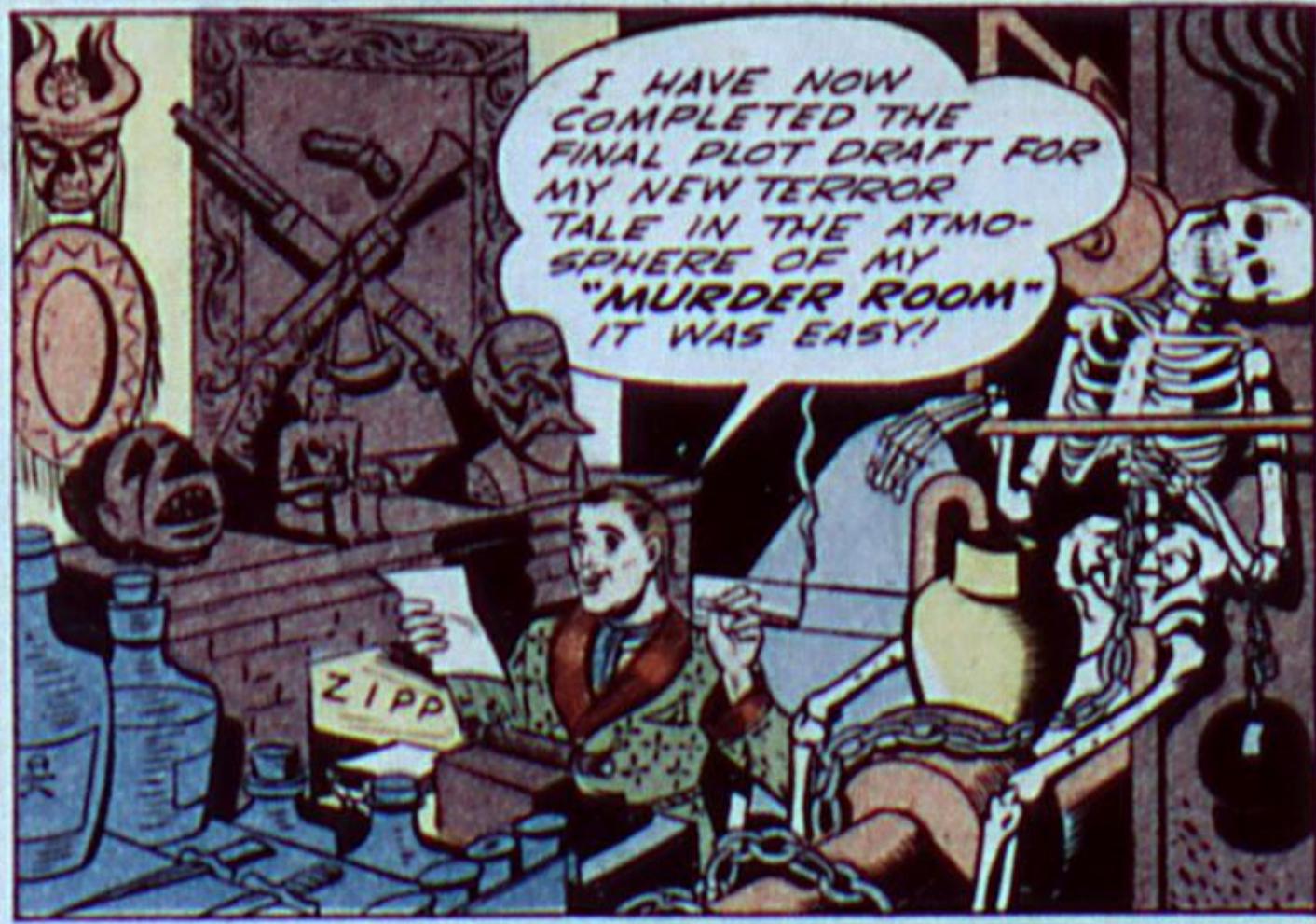
MISS WILLIAMS,  
YOUR FRIEND IS...  
..IS REALLY  
IMPOSSIBLE!

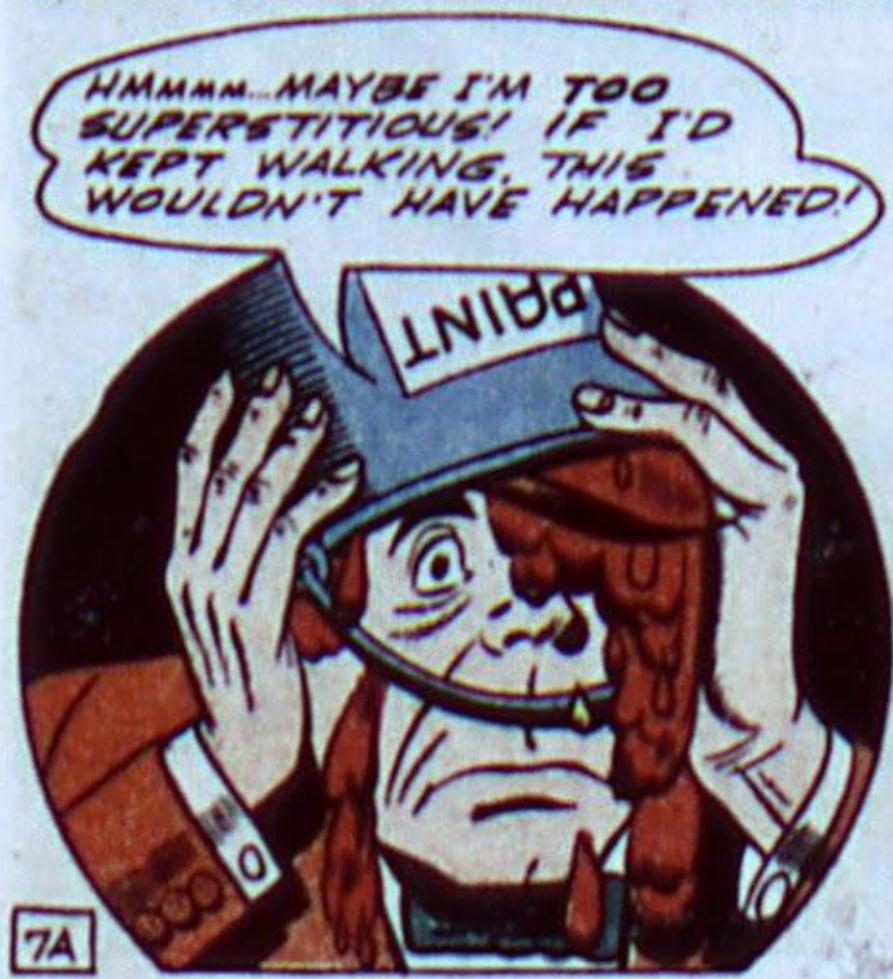
YOU WAIT  
TILL I GET  
HIM  
ALONE!





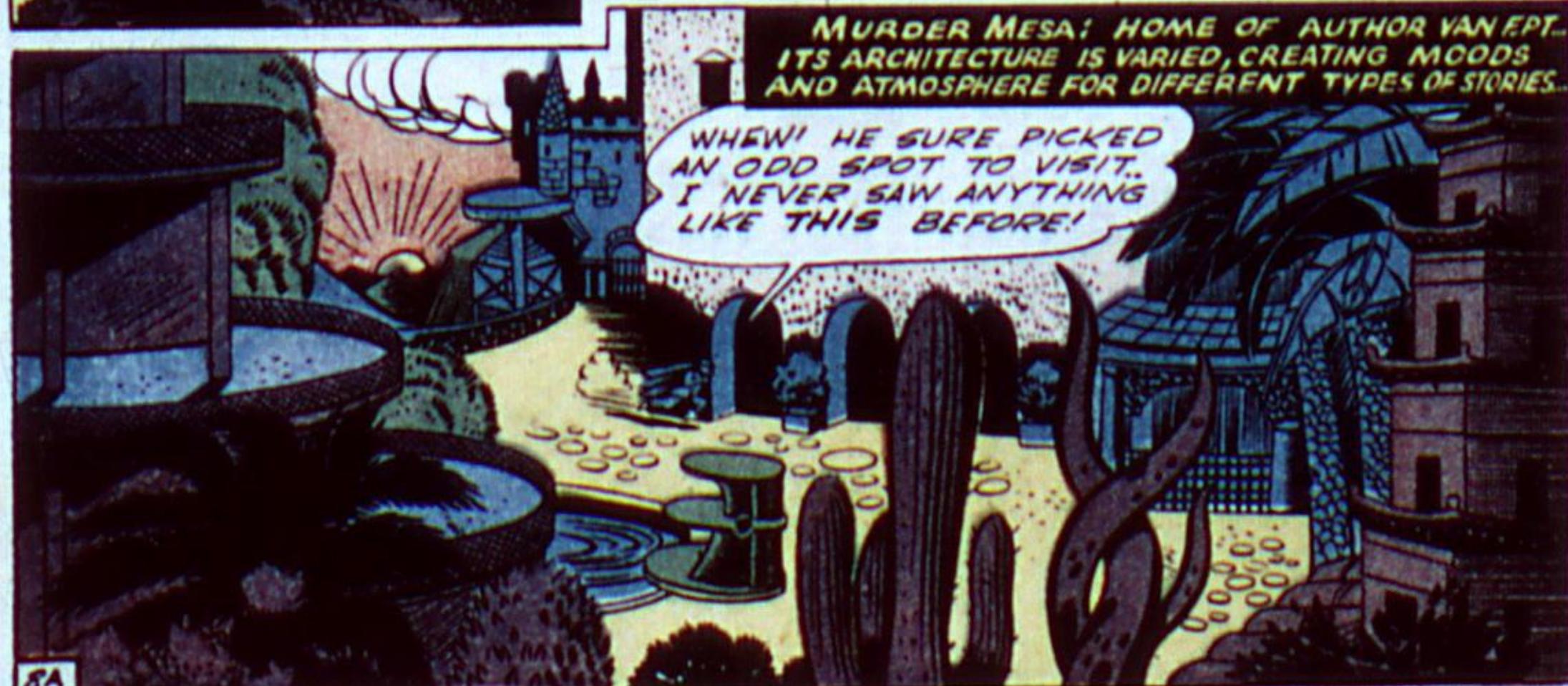
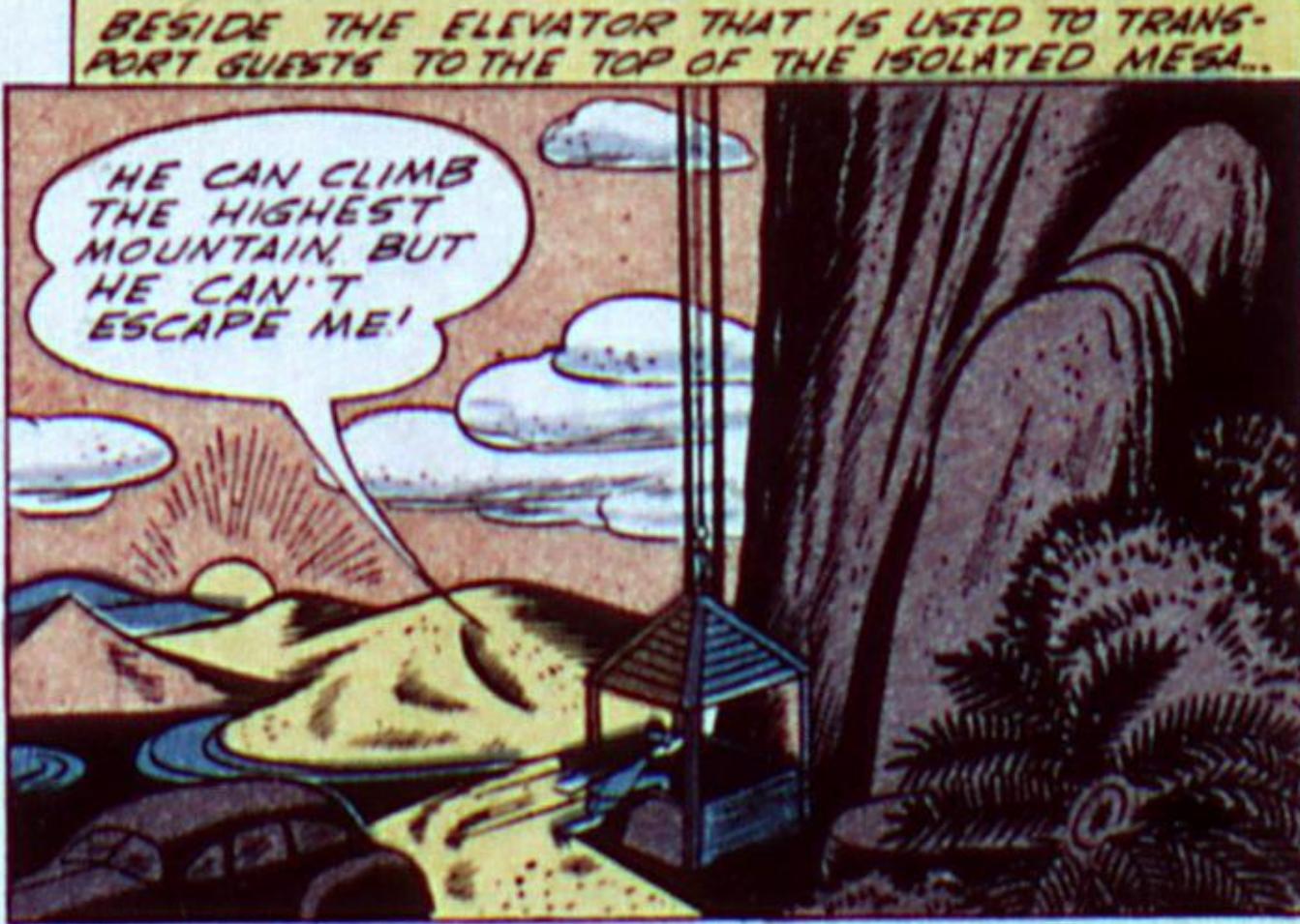








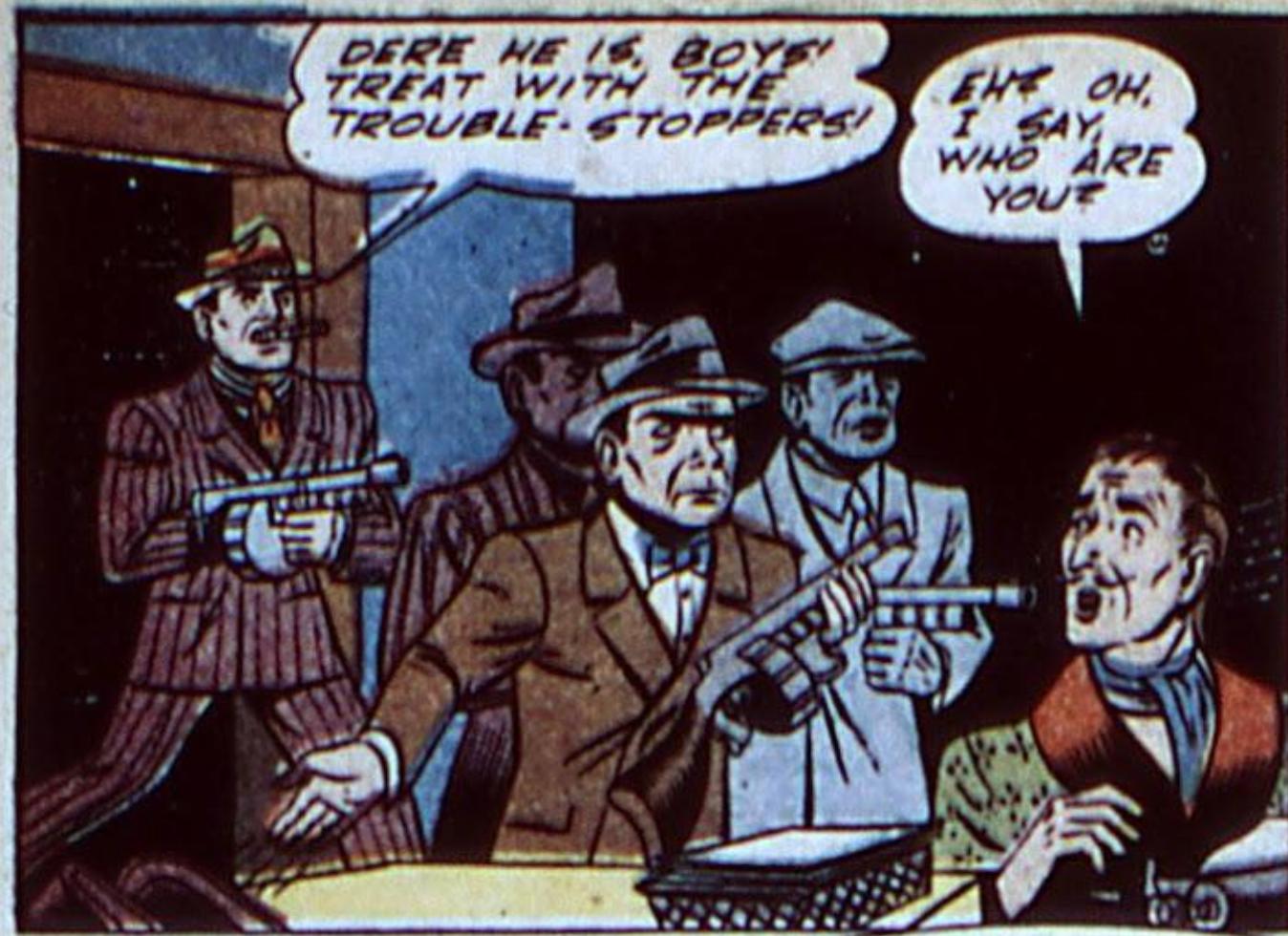
MEANWHILE...





ABOVE THEM, AMBROSE VAN EPT IS GETTING A FEW LESSONS FROM THE "HIRED HELP."





HE'S TELLIN' YOU HE'S  
NOT WASTIN' ANY MORE  
TIME.. HE'S COME TO  
GET RID OF YOUSE  
FER SQUEALIN' ON  
HIM TO DE PUBLIC!

IT'S ALL  
IN DIS INK.  
TAKER ALLA  
'BOUT ME  
AN' MY BOYS!

OHHHH.. YOU'RE  
J.J. 'CASH' WILSON  
THE CHICAGO  
MOBSTER!

DAT'S  
FRYIN'  
WIT'  
BUTTER!





HOLDING UP THE STARTLED VAN EPT, THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE HIDES EASILY BEHIND HIM. MOVING SO FAST HE CANNOT BE SEEN...



EXPLANATION: THE SPEED OF THE FLASH, SWIFTER THAN ANY SPEED BUT THAT OF LIGHT ITSELF, IS SO TERRIFIC THAT EVEN THE STEEL GUN-BARRELS BEND WITH THE PRESSURE OF THEIR FLIGHT THROUGH THE AIR.





THAT'S JUST WHAT WE WERE THINKING OF, JOAN! THERE'S A PARCEL OF GANGSTERS DOWN THE CELLAR AND AN UNIDENTIFIED WOULD-BE KILLER ON THE LOOSE AROUND THE GROUNDS! JOAN KNOWS THAT JAY IS THE FLASH..... AND SHE KNOWS WHAT MAY HAPPEN IF HE LEARNS THAT AMBROSE VAN EPT IS PLAYING A JOKE ON HIM...! THINGS ARE GETTING HOTTER AND HOTTER!



HERE  
IT IS,  
BOYS  
AND GIRLS!  
THE FIRST ISSUE  
OF  
**WONDER  
WOMAN!**

IN LESS THAN  
A YEAR—ONE OF  
THE LEADING  
COMIC-BOOK  
CHARACTERS OF  
AMERICA!



YOU'LL LOVE  
HER POWER  
THAT SHE HAS  
IN THESE  
NEW  
ADVENTURE-BRINGING  
MAGAZINE  
EPISODES!

EDITED BY  
ALICE MARBLE  
FORMER WORLD'S  
TENNIS CHAMPION

NOW ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE!



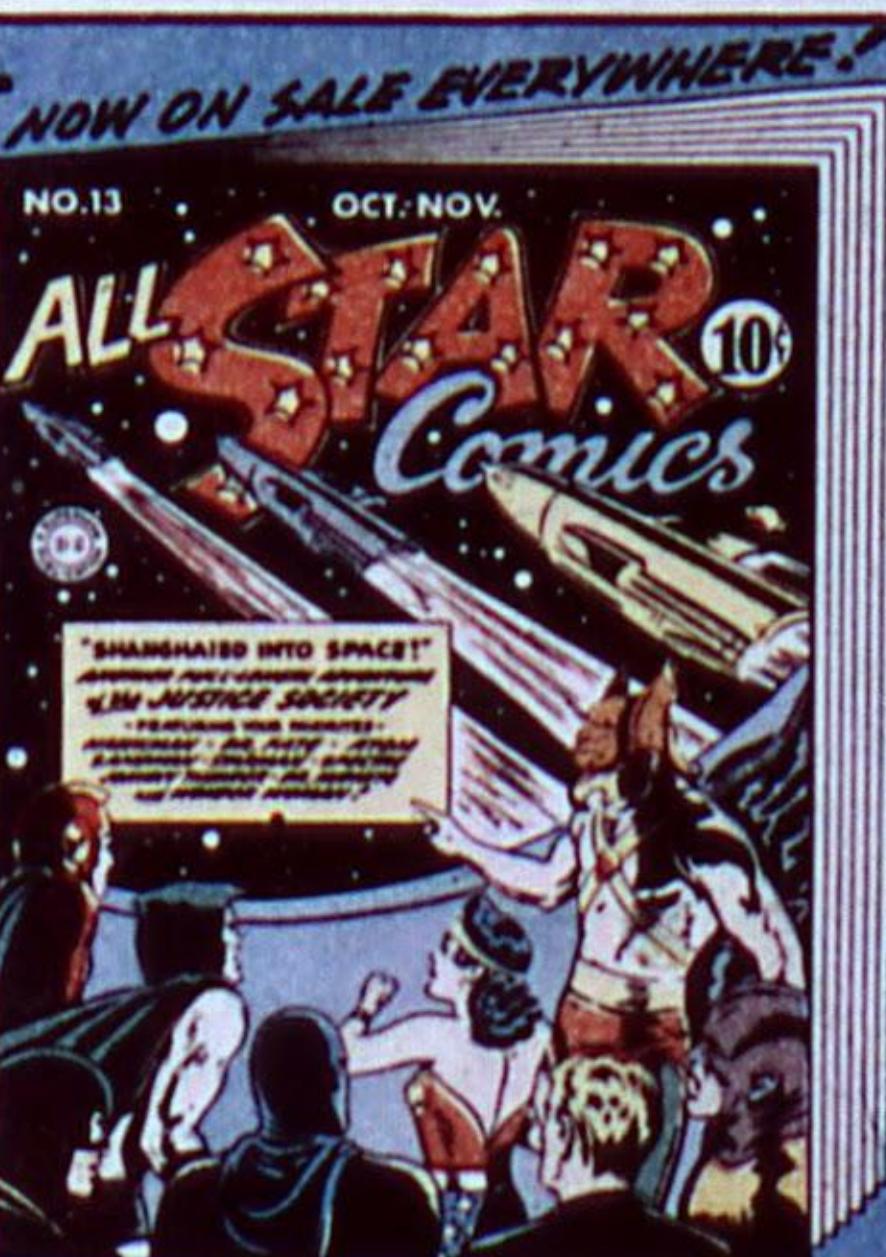
ANOTHER FIT COMPANION TO THE OTHER  
HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY!  
SUPERMAN • BATMAN • THE FLASH • GREEN LANTERN



Here it  
is again!

ANOTHER  
COMPLETE  
FULL-LENGTH  
ADVENTURE  
OF THE  
**JUSTICE  
SOCIETY**

FEATURING ALL  
YOUR FAVORITE  
CHARACTERS  
!



BE SURE TO GET THIS ISSUE TO SEE HOW YOU CAN JOIN  
**THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA !**

AXIS AGENTS  
SHANGHAIE THE  
JUSTICE SOCIETY  
INTO ROCKET  
SHIPS AND  
SEND THEM  
TO SCATTERED  
PLANETS IN  
THE UNIVERSE!

READ  
THIS NEWEST  
STRANGEST  
ADVENTURE  
OF ALL—  
**"SHANGHAIED  
INTO SPACE"**



# The Flash

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

CHAPTER  
II

DOWNTOWN  
DO AND GO

THEY WERE JUST ACTORS WHO HAD COME TO THE HOUSE OF HAUNTED ROOMS. THEIR PARTS WERE ASSIGNED... THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO ACT IN A DRAMA PORTRAYING LIFE AND DEATH! YET... ONE DID MORE THAN ACT HIS ROLE...

ONE LIVED IT!

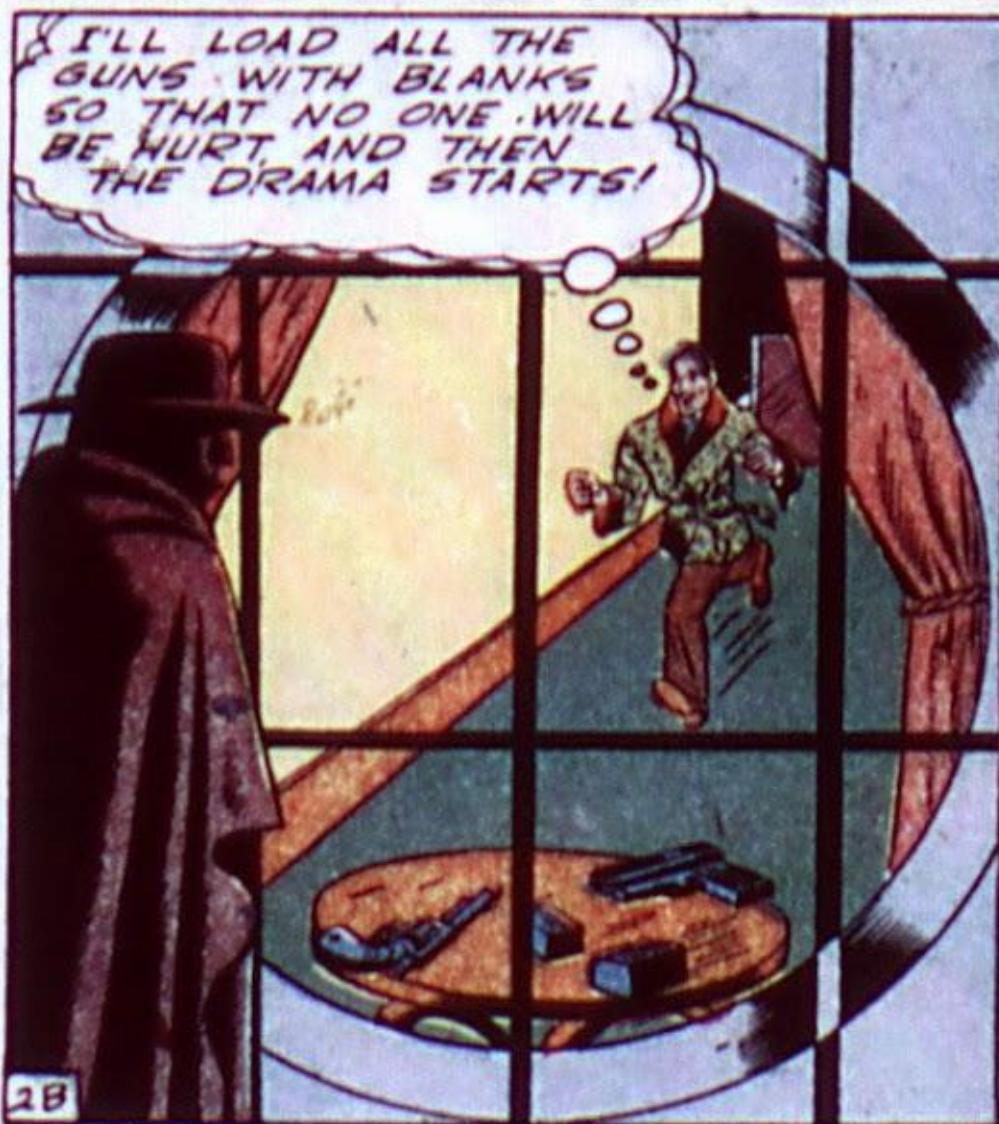
AND ONE DIED.....

MURDERED!

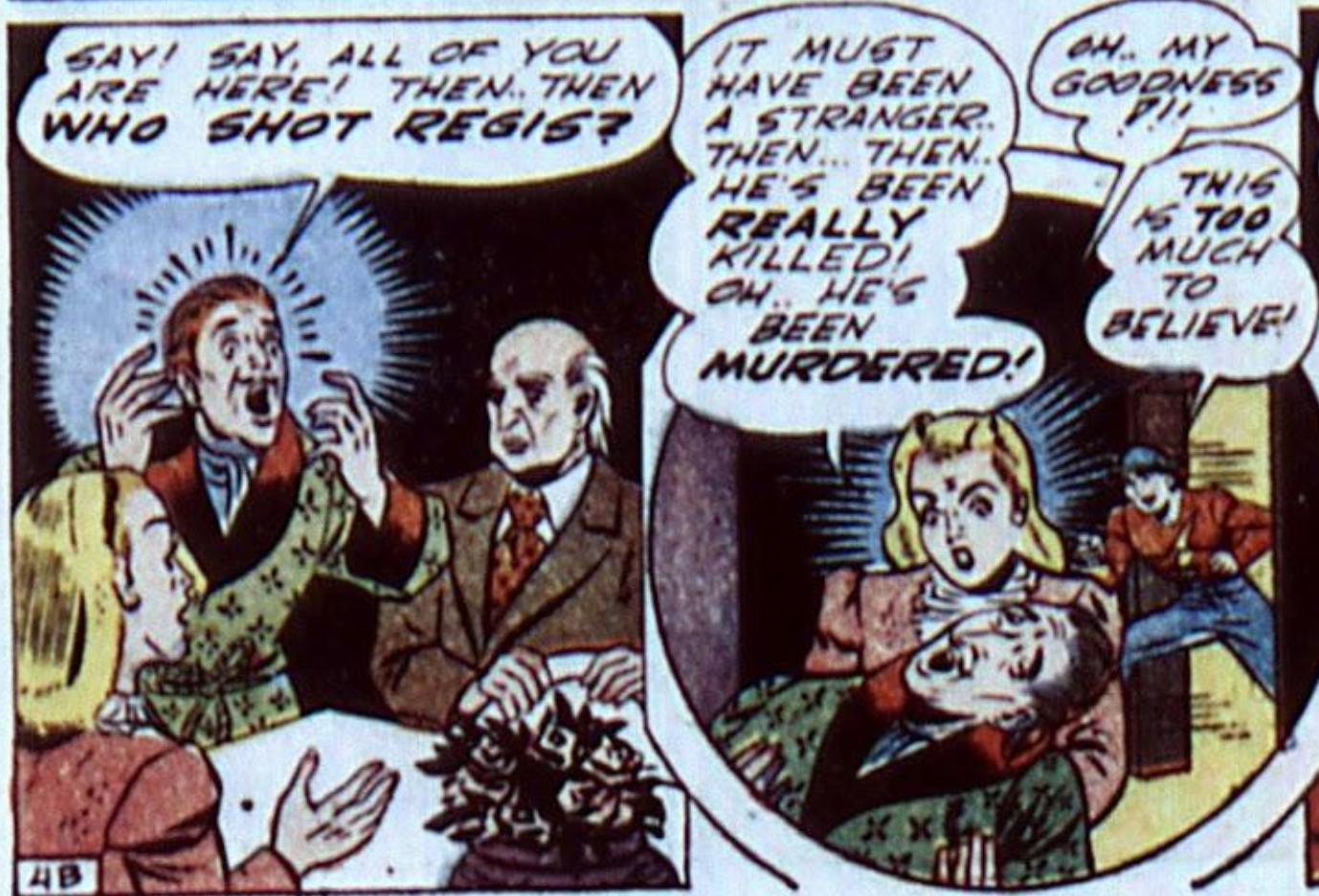
THE BLACKNESS OF A CLOAK SHIELDS THE MURDERER.... FLASH RACED AGAINST FATE THE DOOR WAS OPEN WHEN...

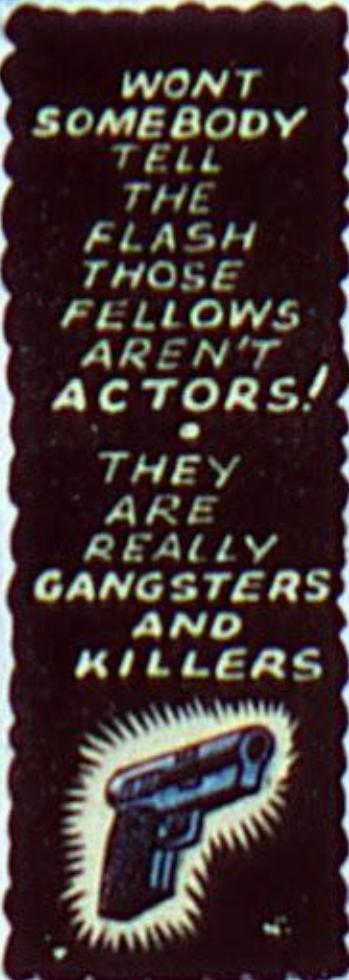
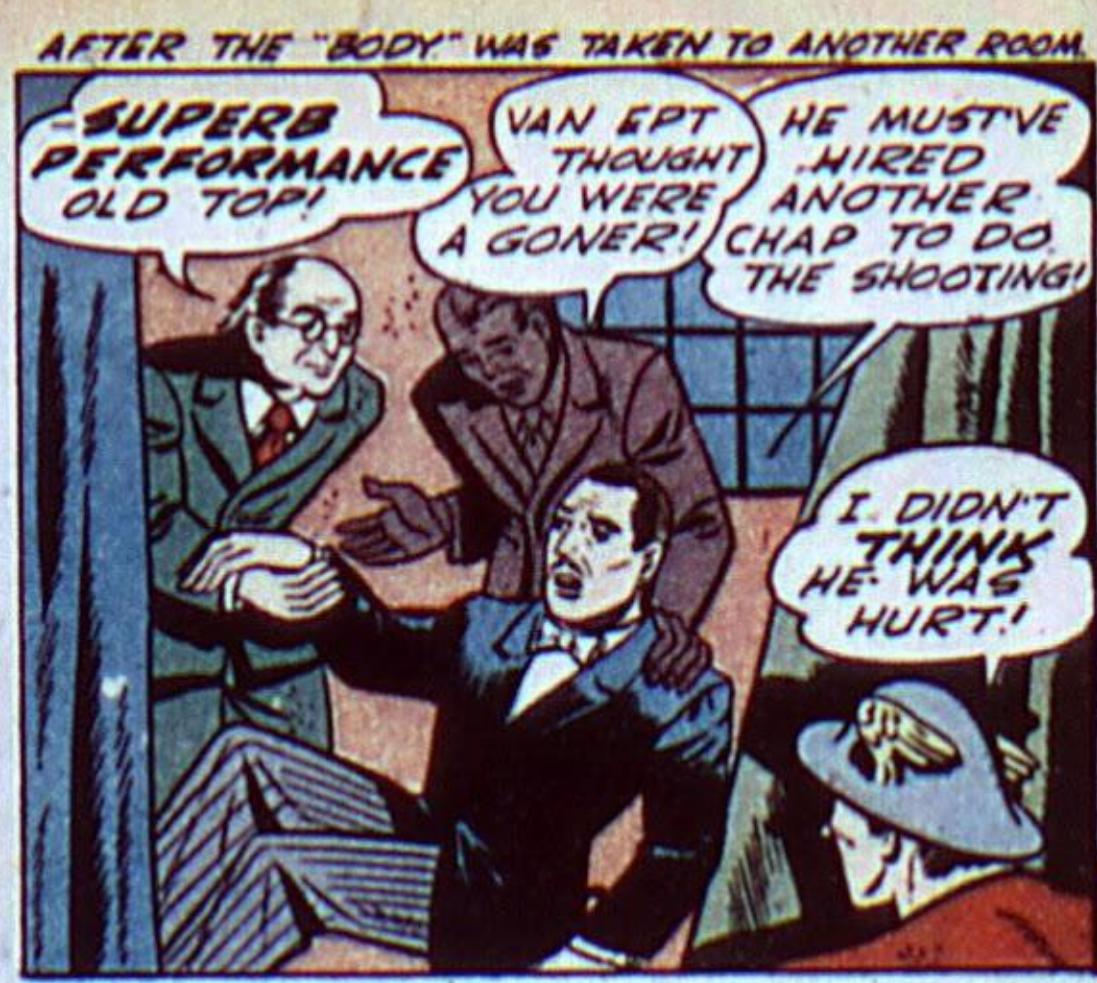
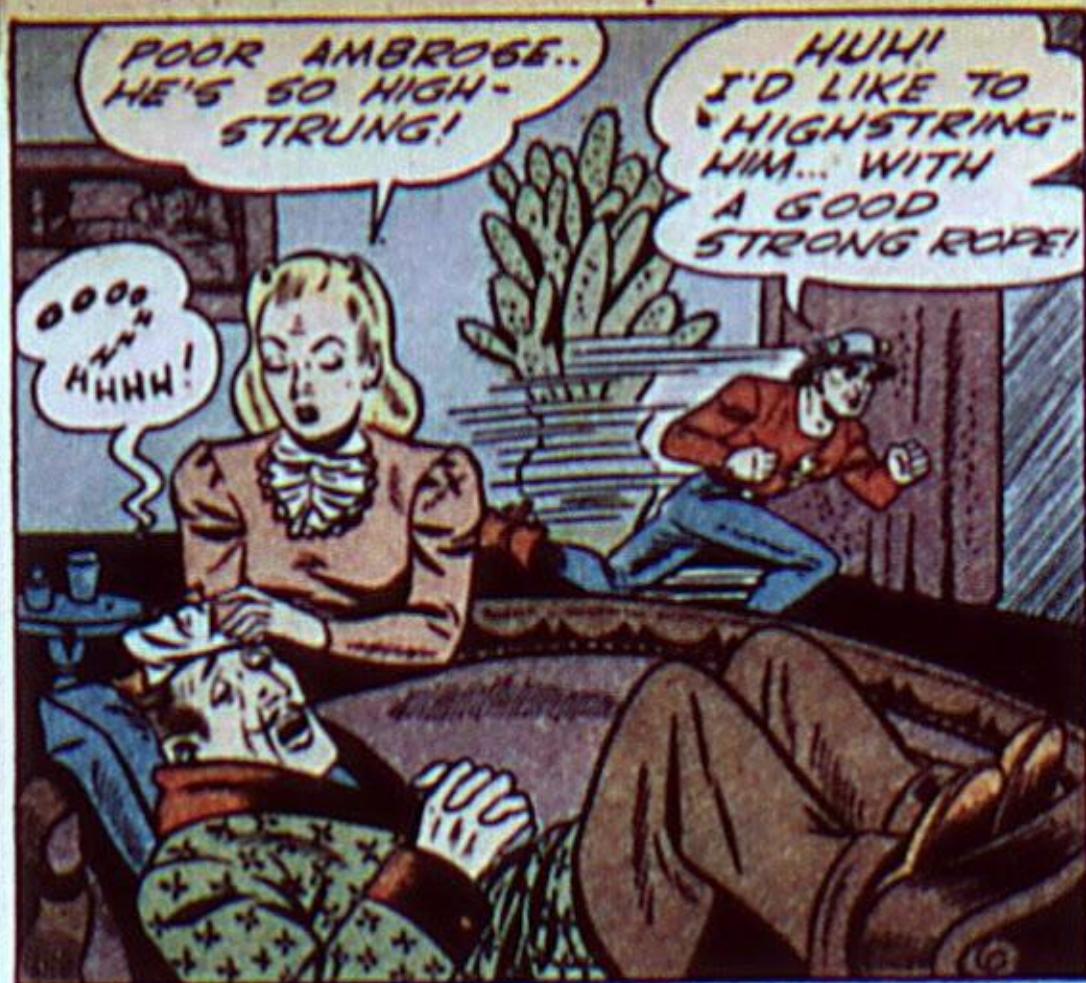
"DEATH CAME TO DINNER!"

"THAT EVENING AT THE DINNER TABLE, THE CURTAIN LIFTS ON THE AUTHOR VAN EPT'S TALE OF DEADLY DRAMA! A DRAMA DESIGNED TO CONVINCE JAY GARRICK THAT LIFE DOES HOLD TERROR AND HORROR EXACTLY AS VAN EPT WRITES IT!"







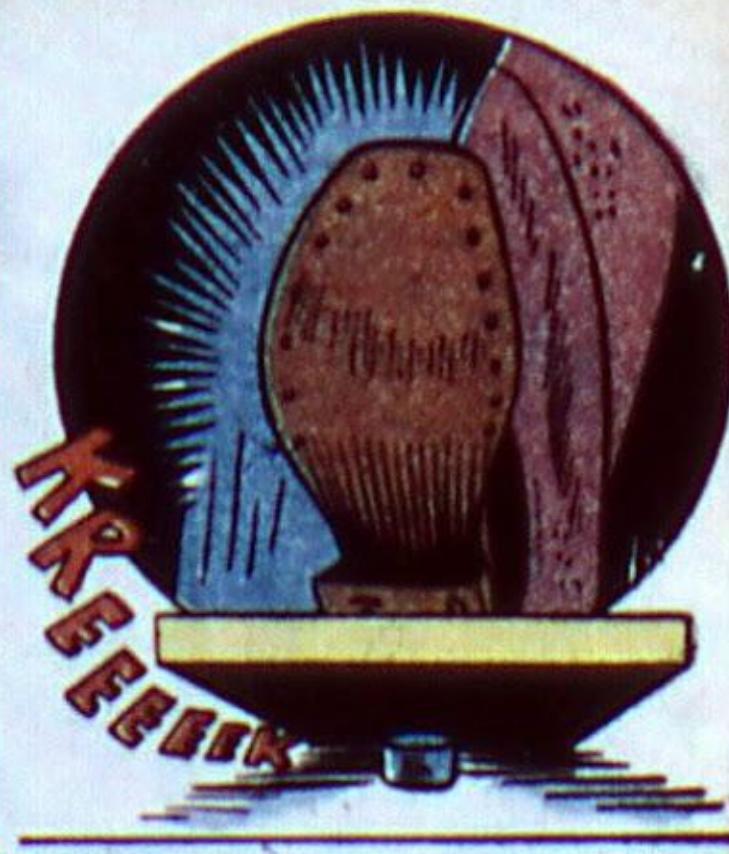




"TWO-BITS" AND HIS PAL DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND  
OF HOUSE THEY HAVE WANDERED INTO...



"TWO-BITS" STEPS ON A CONCEALED PANEL...



..AND THEN THINGS START  
TO HAPPEN... !



NOW WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THEM TO RECOVER! THIS JOB IS KILLING ME.. THERE IS NO FUTURE IN IT! BUT VAN EPT IS PAYING GOOD WAGES!



IN THE DINING ROOM..



I'LL TOSS SOME SALT OVER MY LEFT SHOULDER AND AVOID THE CURSE!



YAAAAGHNN DOPE! DOLT! NITWIT!



TAKE THAT! NOW... GET OUT!! OOFFF!



MR. MEEK UNWITTINGLY STEPS ON ANOTHER BUTTON

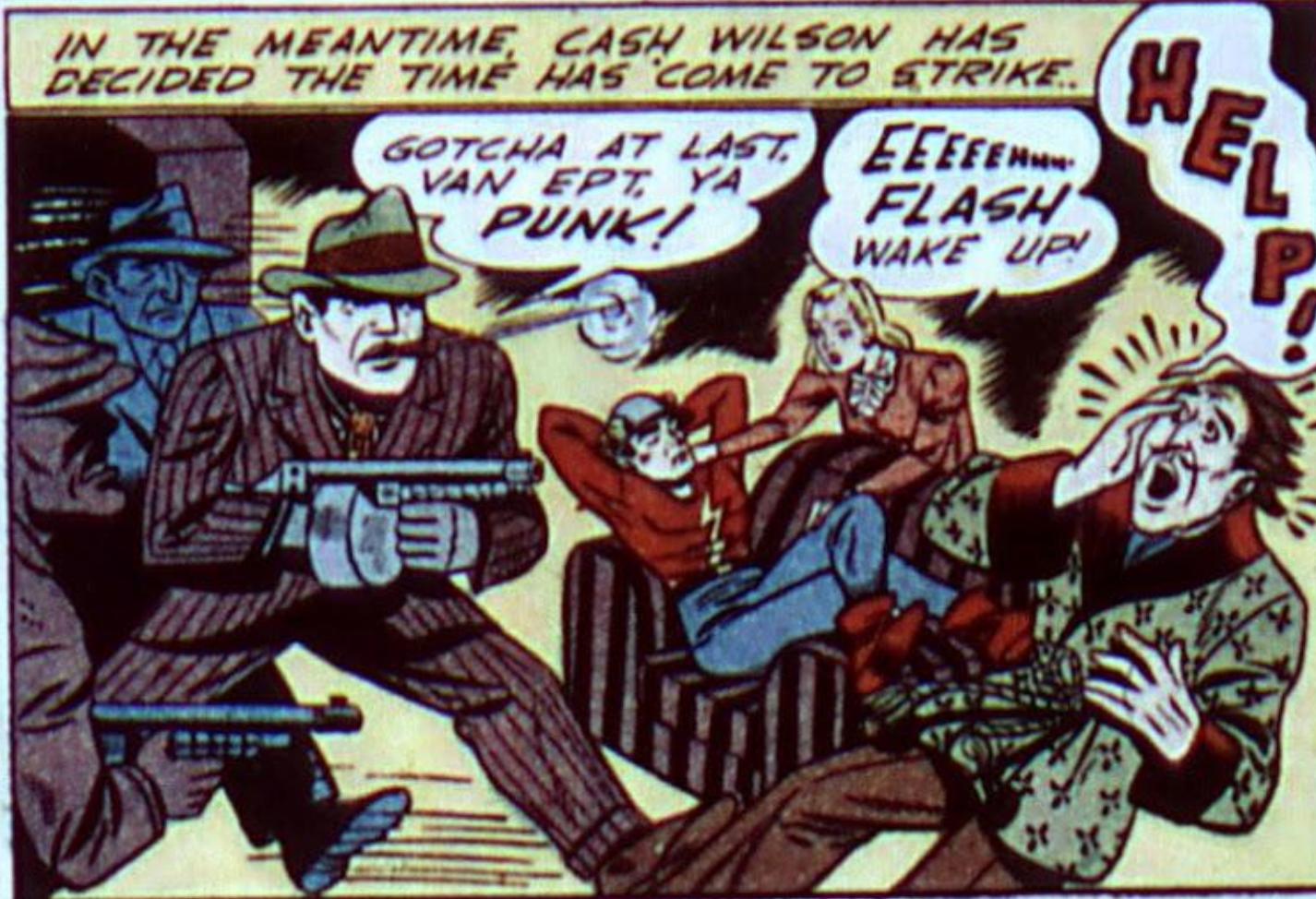
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! EVERYTHING I DO IS WRONG! ...WHOOOPS!



LANCES.. YAAAAGHHHH I'M A GONER!



IN THE MEANTIME, CASH WILSON HAS DECIDED THE TIME HAS COME TO STRIKE..



YOUSE HAVE BEEN MAKIN'  
UP STORIES ABOUT ME  
FER A LONG TIME! I'M  
GONNA GIVE YOUSE  
A REAL STORY!

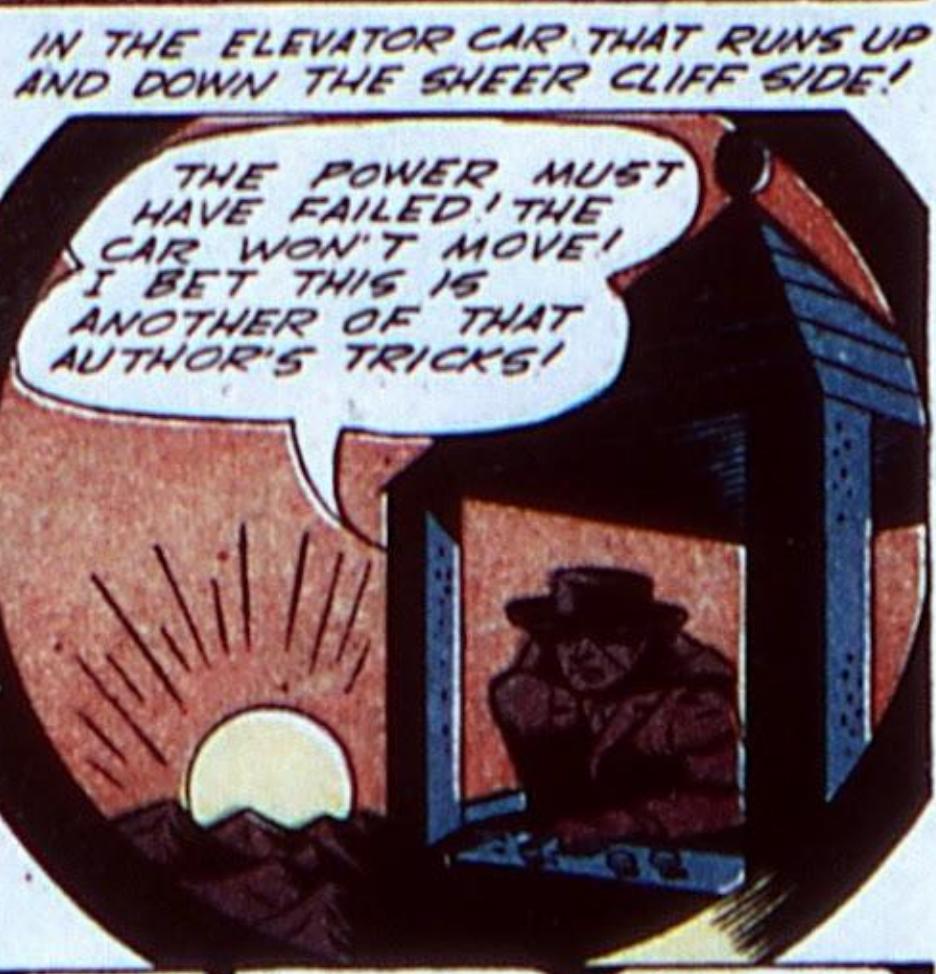
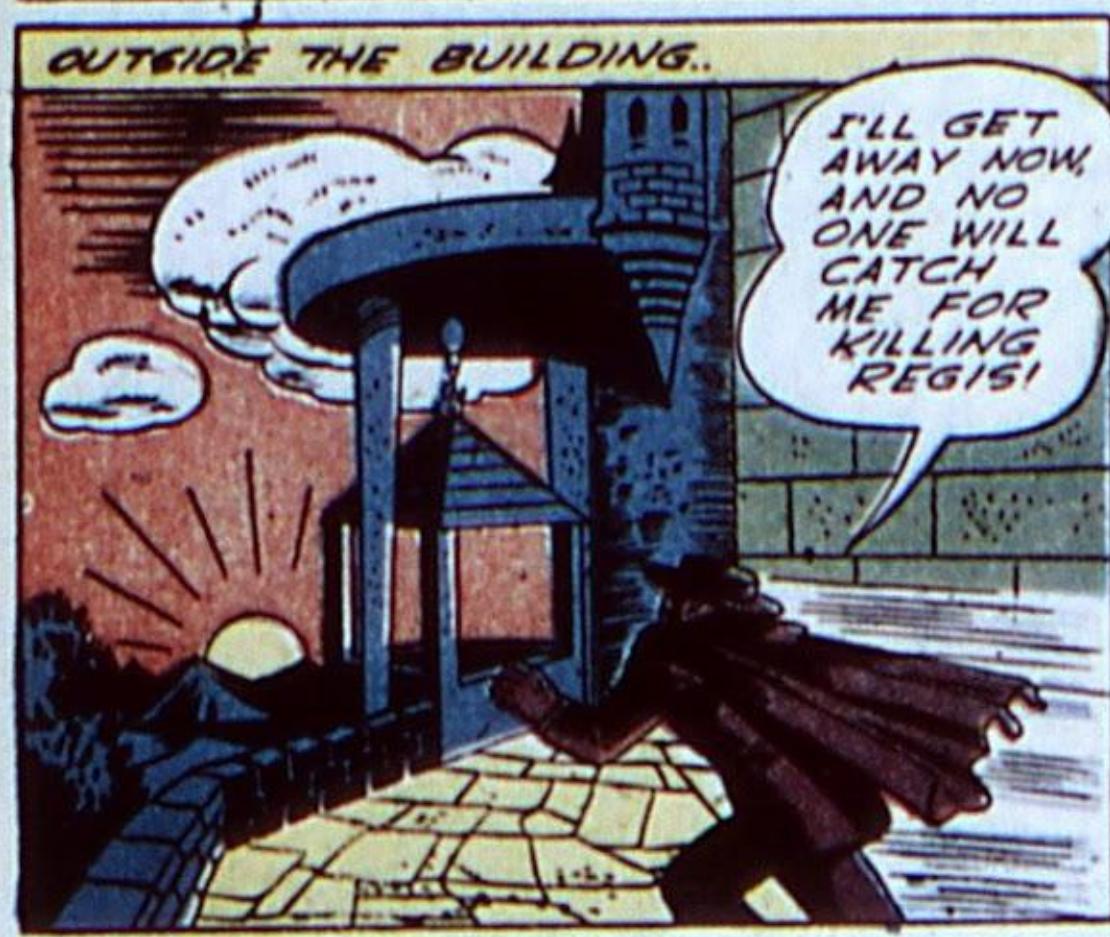
FLASH! WAKE UP!  
THOSE AWFUL MEN  
ARE GOING TO HURT  
AMBROSE!

I'M TOO  
SLEEPY,  
JOAN...  
SOME  
OTHER  
TIME!

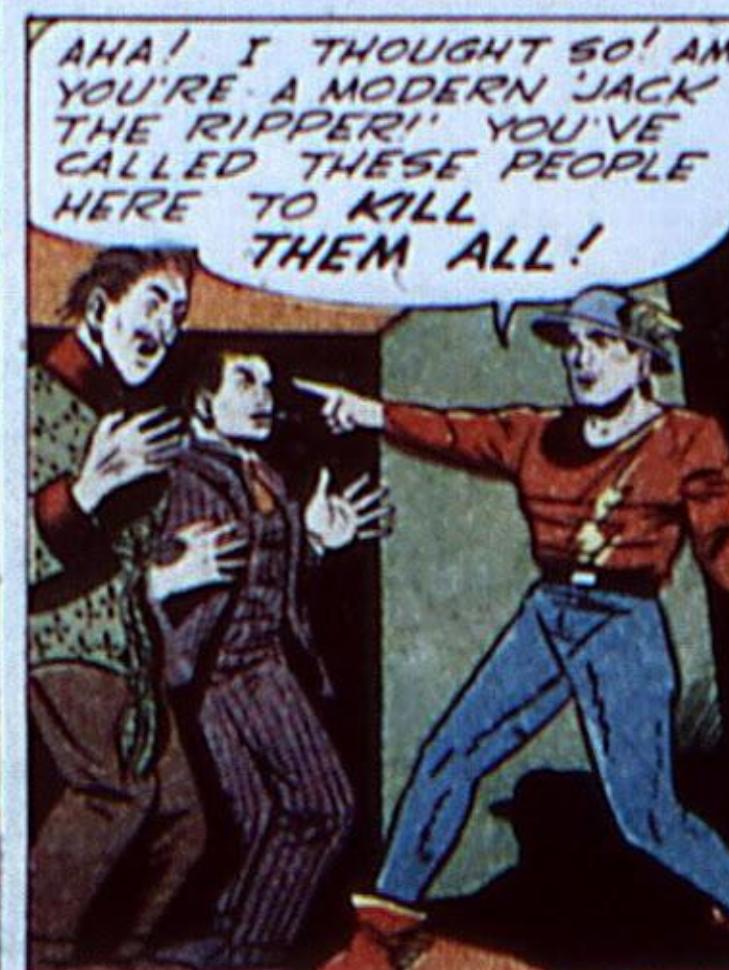
DESE KNUCKLES'LL  
LOOK GOOD ON  
YOUSE!

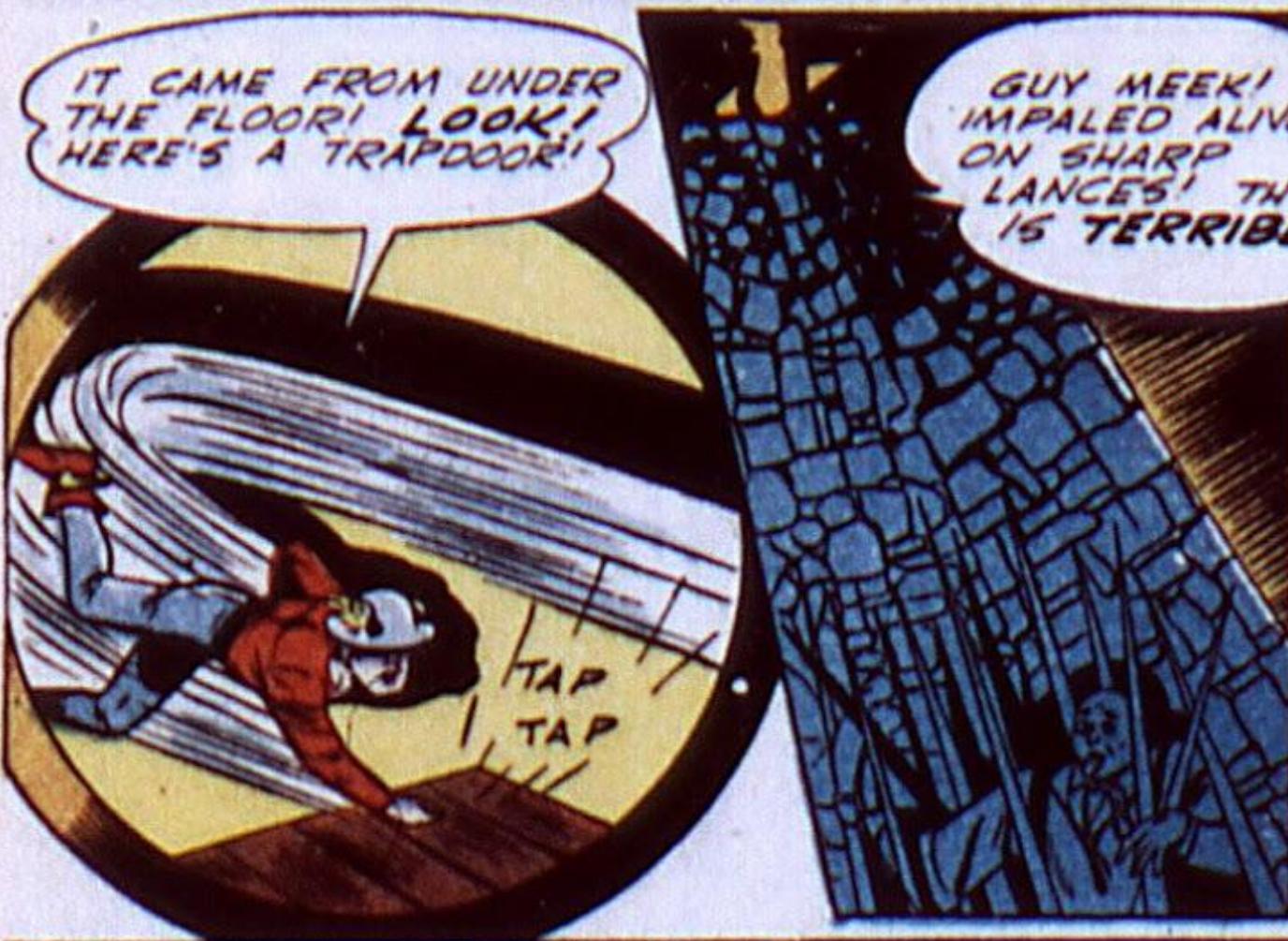
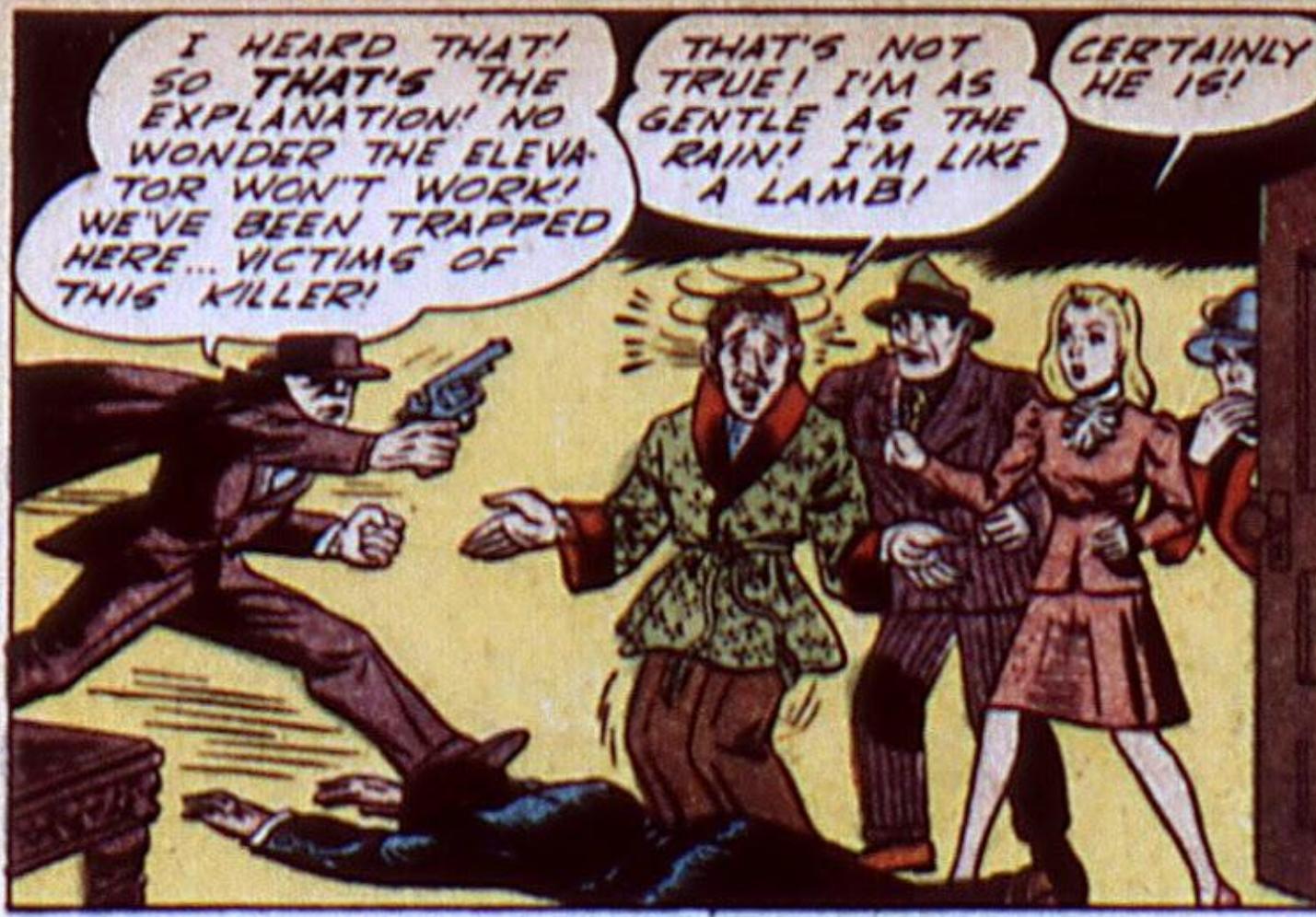
OooOHH!

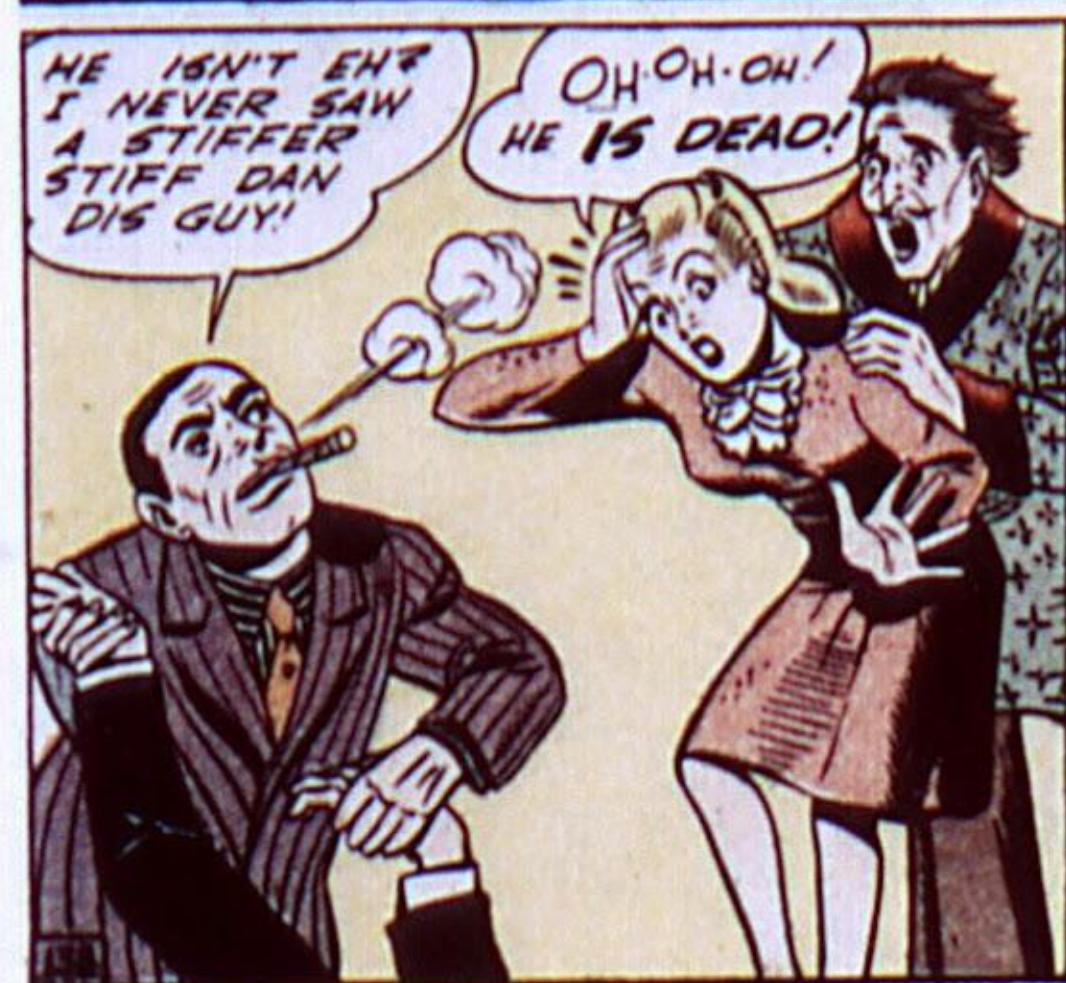
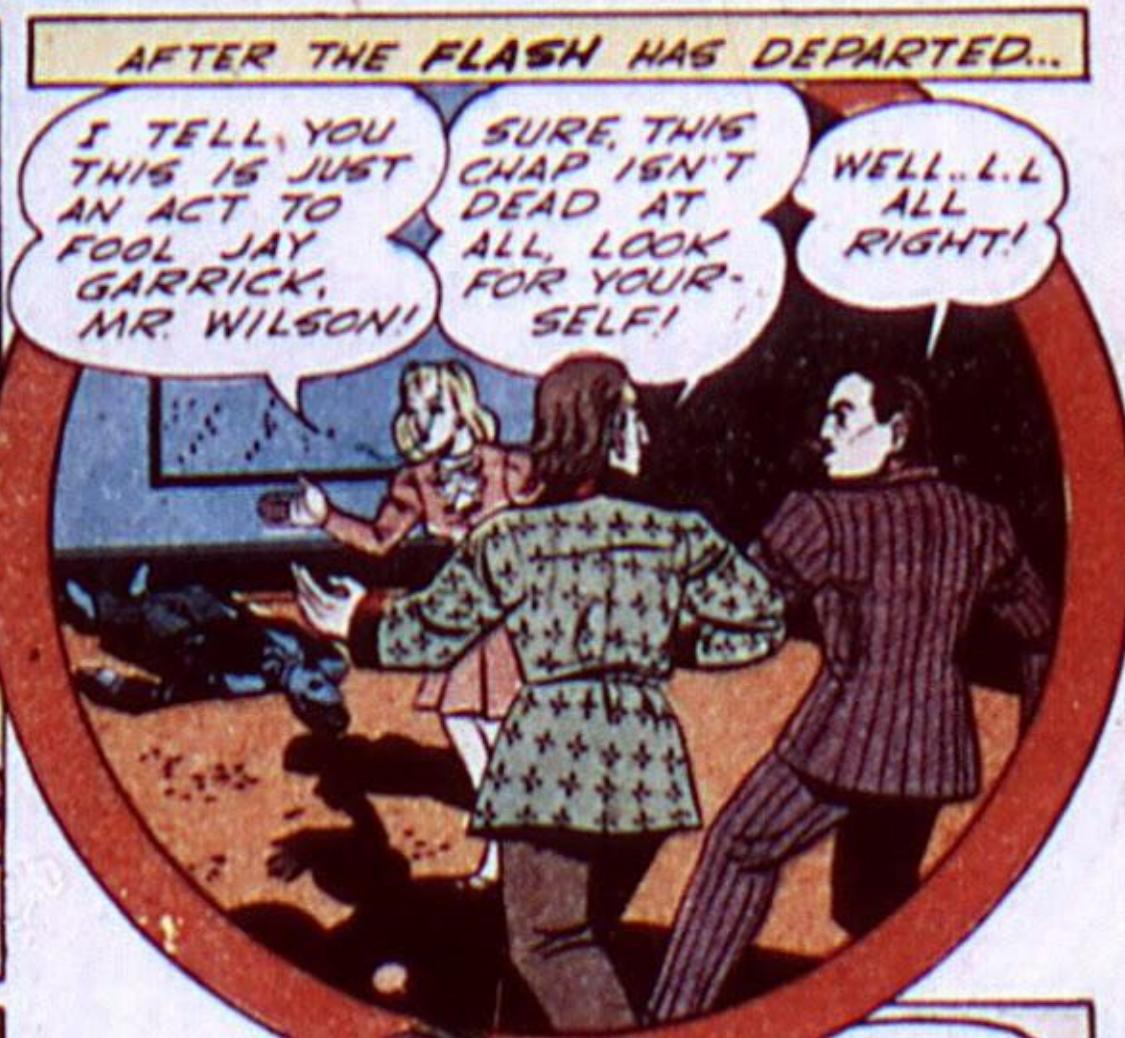




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# SWEET ADELINE

by

ART HELFANT.

TOO DERN BAD  
THIS GROCERY  
IS IN THE RED  
INK SO—

OUGHT TO HAVE  
A BAKERY—  
THE WAY WE KNEAD  
THE DOUGH!

I THINK WE NEED  
A SALESMAN  
TO SORT OF RUN  
THE STORE

HE'D RUN US  
OUT OF  
BIZNESS

YEP, THAT  
AND MEBBE  
MORE!

SAY, HERE COMES  
A FELLER NOW—  
HE MUST BE NEW  
IN TOWN

LOOKS LIKE  
A CITY  
SLICKER

YOU MEN  
ALWAYS  
RUN 'EM  
DOWN!

WELL HOWDY EVERYBODY—  
STEP UP AND MEET  
GOOD NEWS!

GETTIN' AWFUL  
HOT IN HERE—

THINK  
I'LL TAKE  
A SNOOZE

RIGHT NICE WEATHER  
WE'RE HAVIN'—  
OR DON'T YOU  
LIKE ME TOO?

I DIDN'T SAY  
I DIDN'T— .  
BUT THEN I DON'T  
KNOW YOU

'TIS PHILIP PIP  
THEY CALLS ME..  
BUT WE'LL JUST  
LET THAT SLIDE

MY, BUT THAT SOUNDS  
PRETTY SLICK  
AND YOU'RE SO  
CITIFIED !

YOU'RE NOT SO BAD  
YOURSELF GAL,  
AND WHAT MIGHT  
BE YOUR NAME ?

'TIS ADELINE THEY  
CALL ME —  
MY UNCLES ARE  
TO BLAME

I'M LOOKIN' FOR  
A BIZNESS  
I'D LIKE TO BUY  
THIS STORE

WAIT 'TIL I CALL  
MY UNCLE  
I'LL CALL THEM BOTH  
WHAT'S MORE

OH NEVER MIND THAT GIRLIE  
I'D RATHER BUY FROM YOU.  
I'LL HAVE TO PAY INSTALLMENTS  
SO SIGN THIS "I.O.U."

UNCLE CY,  
I SOLD THE  
STORE!  
I SIGNED  
HIS PAPER  
TOO!

WHOOPS!  
HOORAY!  
WHEN DO  
YE START  
?

WHEN YOU  
PAY THIS  
"I.O.U."

IT'S GOT YOUR  
NAME RIGHT ON IT.  
SO GET OUT OR  
PAY ME

I THOUGHT  
HE LOOKED  
SO HONEST.

SHUCKS  
THE STORE  
IS YOURS  
BY GEE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER  
AIN'T YOU MAD  
NOW THAT I OWN  
YOUR STORE ?

GOSH NO  
WE'RE  
GLAD YOU  
GOT IT..

WE OWED TWICE  
THAT MUCH  
AND MORE !

ART  
HELFANT



## BOYS AND GIRLS!

Thanks for sending in your coupons from ALL-FLASH Number 6, telling us whether you want us to continue to run "ALL-FLASH" as it is now in a complete four-chapter novel, or to run four separate FLASH stories; also giving us your opinion of the three Dimwits, Moylan, Boylan and Toyland.

Those of you who sent in your coupons before our supply of one thousand copies of this issue was exhausted have already received your free copies. All of you have doubtless received your free FLASH buttons.

This issue was prepared before we received all your entries, so don't be alarmed at the absence of the three Dimwits — they will be back again in our next, if you want them!

The Editors

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NEW!**

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**M.C. GAINES, PUBLISHER  
225 LAFAYETTE ST., N.Y.C.  
PLEASE SEND ONE COPY  
OF "PICTURE STORIES  
FROM THE BIBLE," FOR  
WHICH I ENCLOSE 10¢.**

**NAME \_\_\_\_\_**

**STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_**

**CITY AND STATE \_\_\_\_\_**

# FLYING COLORS

by

JOHN M. JENKS

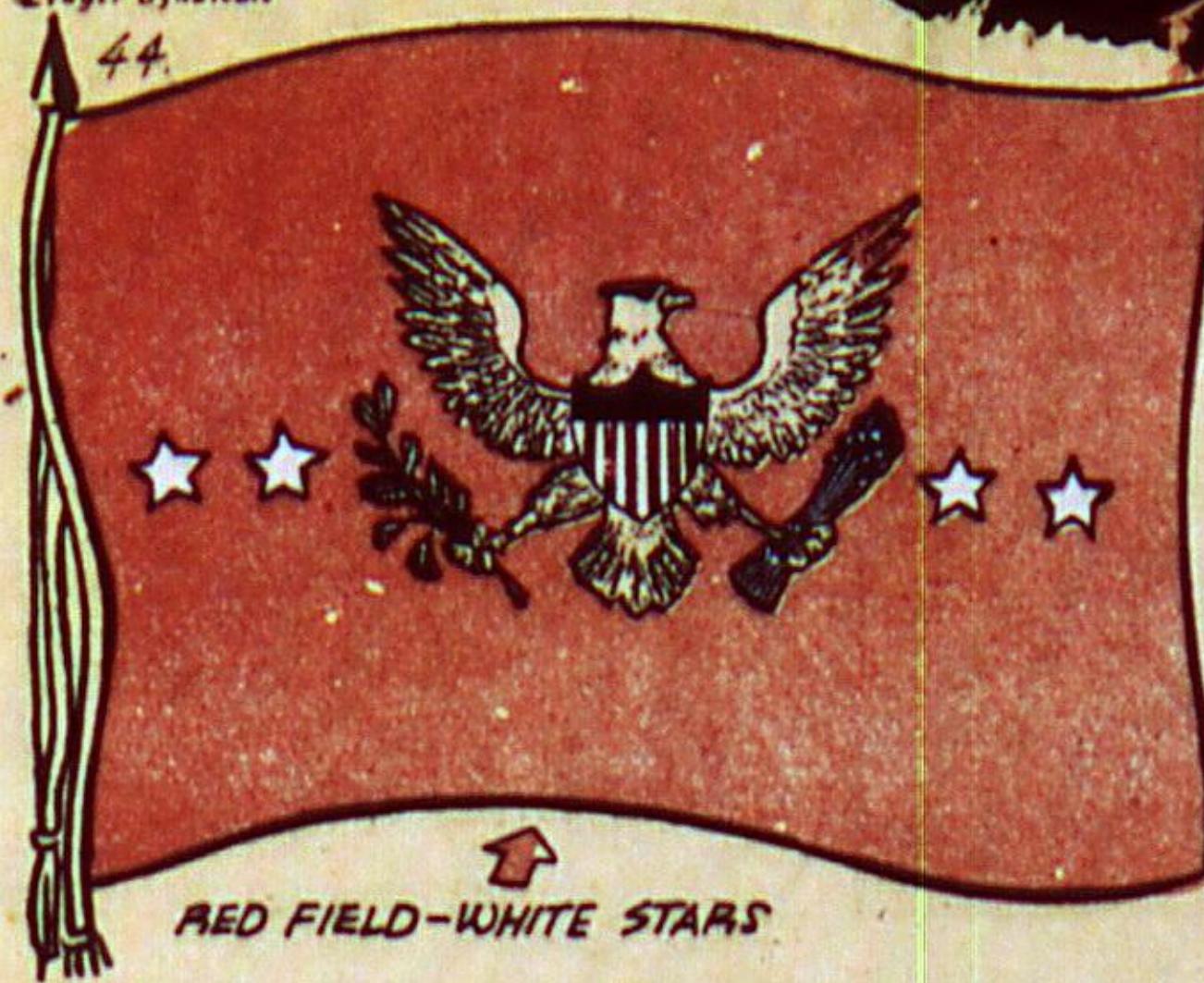
APPOINTMENT OF  
**DOUGLAS**  
**MacARTHUR**  
AS A FULL GENERAL  
RAISED THE TOTAL  
OF OFFICERS  
BEARING THAT  
RANK TO THREE!

**T**HE OTHERS ARE  
**JOHN J. PERSHING**  
AND **GEORGE**  
**MARSHALL** —



Ledger Syndicate

44.



RED FIELD-WHITE STARS

**T**HIS "GENERAL  
OF THE ARMIES"  
FLAG WAS CREATED  
IN 1930 FOR  
**GENERAL PERSHING**,  
THE ONLY LIVING  
**PERMANENT**  
**GENERAL** IN  
THE U.S. ARMY!

# An Important Message to Members of THE ALL-AMERICAN FLYING CLUB



## Boys! Girls! Have YOU Joined The American Observation Corps?



Can you "spot" a plane in the sky? Can you recognize an American from a British plane or from an enemy German, Italian or Japanese plane? Can you tell one American plane from another? Can you recognize the various types of enemy planes? Well, here's your chance to learn how! In every issue of ALL-AMERICAN COMICS, sever-

al American, British and enemy planes will be illustrated and described authentically! And every member of the ALL-AMERICAN FLYING CLUB now has the opportunity of also becoming a member of the AMERICAN OBSERVATION CORPS, for ONLY MEMBERS OF THE ALL-AMERICAN FLYING CLUB ARE ELIGIBLE TO JOIN!

### 1. IF YOU ARE A MEMBER of the A-A FLYING CLUB:-

If you are a member of the All-American Flying Club, you can join the American Observation Corps by filling in the coupon "AF" on the left, below, with your name, membership number and address, and sending it with 10c in stamps or coin to Hop Harrigan, President. In a few

The handsome American Observation Corps pin (which is made out of soft pewter because this metal does not interfere with defense priorities) should be worn BELOW the All-American Flying Club pin, just as "Prop" Wash and "Tank" Tinker are wearing theirs!

Here's another advantage of becoming a member of the American Observation Corps! In past issues of ALL-AMERICAN COMICS, we announced an important book, entitled, "HOW YOU CAN DEFEND YOUR HOME", in which over fifty American, British, and enemy planes are authentically illustrated and described! This book now



Hop Harrigan, President, All-American Flying Club  
c/o All-American Comics, 225 LAFAYETTE ST., N. Y. C.

A.F.

I am a member of the All-American Flying Club. I want to join the A.O.C. and I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing, etc.

I also want a copy of "How You Can Defend Your Home" at the special 10c price:  (Put X in box if wanted and enclose additional 10c — total 20c.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ NO. \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY & STATE \_\_\_\_\_

sells for 15c all over the country, but members of the A.O.C. can purchase this book (as long as the supply lasts) direct from the publisher for 10c — a savings of 5c, which is half of what you need to join the American Observation Corps!

If you want us to send you a copy of "HOW YOU CAN DEFEND YOUR HOME", send an additional 10c with coupon "AF" and it will be sent to you with your THE A.O.C.; AND 20c IF YOU WANT TO JOIN THE A.O.C., AND ALSO GET A COPY OF "HOW YOU CAN DEFEND YOUR HOME" AT THIS REDUCED PRICE!

### 2. IF YOU ARE NOT A MEMBER:-

If you are not yet a member of the All-American Flying Club, you can join by filling in the application directly below and mailing it to HOP HARRIGAN, President, All-American Flying Club, 225 Lafayette St., N. Y. C. together with 10c. Remember, all new members also get five of the U. S. Army "KEEP 'EM FLYING!" stickers, as well as the four baggage stickers, one from each of the big air lines in the United States, absolutely FREE!

If you join IMMEDIATELY, when you receive your membership pin and card from the All-American Flying Club you will receive a coupon entitling YOU also to become a member of the American Observation Corps and to purchase a copy of "How You Can Defend Your Home" at the reduced price! SO SEND IN THIS COUPON AT ONCE!

A.F.NO.7

HOP HARRIGAN, President,  
ALL-AMERICAN FLYING CLUB  
c/o ALL-AMERICAN COMICS, 225 LAFAYETTE ST., N. Y. C.

Dear Hop:

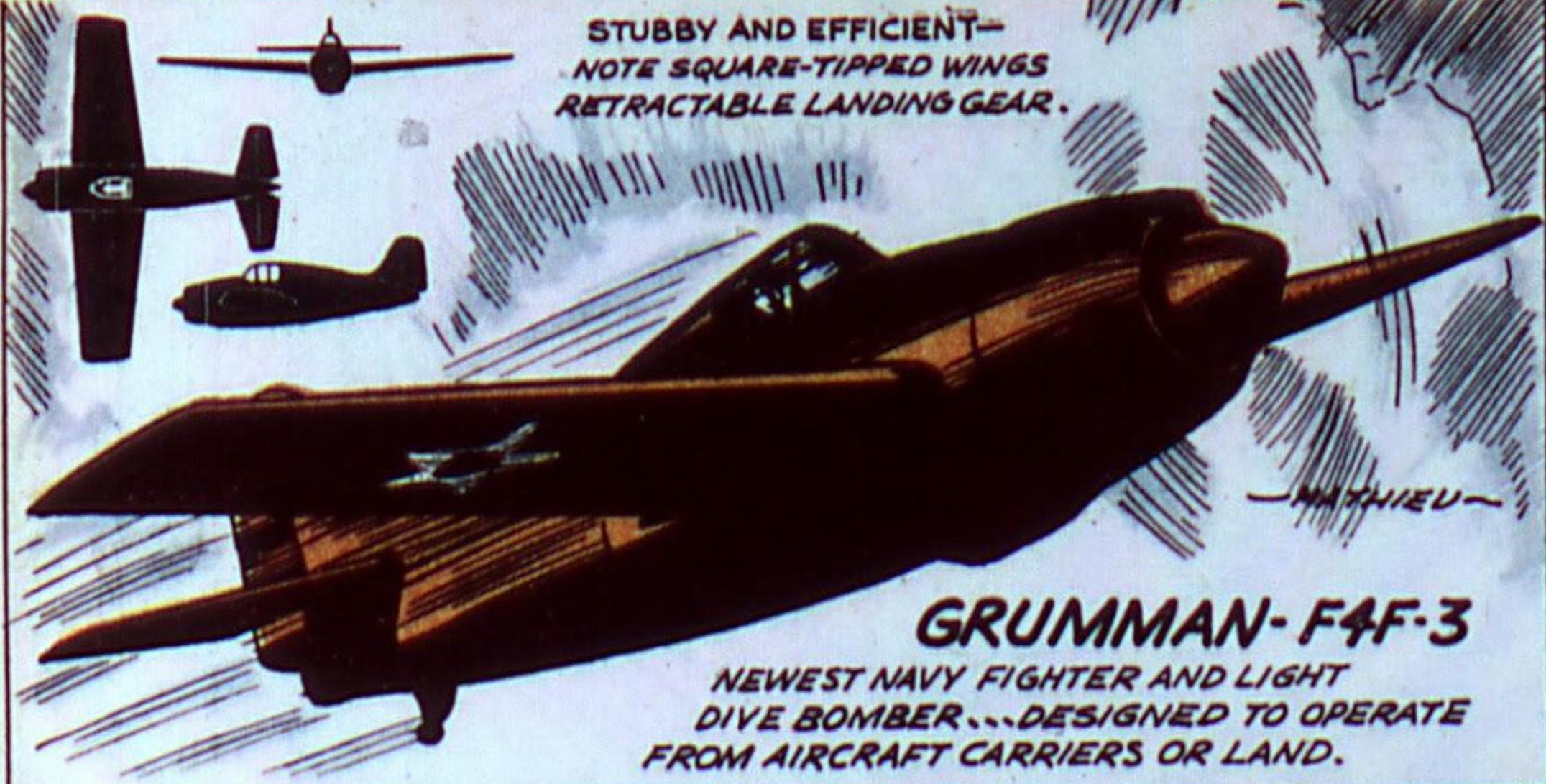
Please enroll me as a Charter Member of the ALL-AMERICAN FLYING CLUB! I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of mailing, etc.

It is understood that I am to receive a Membership Card and emblem and be entitled to all the privileges of the organization.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ CITY & STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# HOW TO *Spot the Planes* IN THE SKIES



## GRUMMAN-F4F-3

NEWEST NAVY FIGHTER AND LIGHT DIVE BOMBER...DESIGNED TO OPERATE FROM AIRCRAFT CARRIERS OR LAND.

'ROUND THE WORLD IN 3 HOURS! — ?

WE DON'T HEAR MUCH ABOUT IT BUT PATIENT MEN ARE AT WORK EVERY DAY DEVELOPING THE PROBABLE AIRCRAFT OF THE FUTURE—ROCKET SHIPS... MODEL ROCKET SHIPS (THEY WEIGH FROM 30 TO 80 LB.) HAVE REACHED A HEIGHT OF 7500 FT., AND ATTAINED A SPEED OF 700 M.P.H!... GREAT ROCKET SHIPS COULD FLY HUNDREDS OF MILES ABOVE THE EARTH'S SURFACE FOR THEY DO NOT DEPEND UPON A PROPELLOR THRUST AGAINST DENSE AIR TO DRIVE THEM FORWARD—THE RECOIL OF EXPLOSIONS IN THE ROCKET TUBES DOES THE TRICK,—LIKE KICKS FROM A TREMENDOUS SHOTGUN,—OR THE TAKE-OFF OF A 4TH OF JULY SKYROCKET... THERE ARE MANY PROBLEMS YET TO BE SOLVED, BUT DOZENS OF TYPES OF MOTORS, GYRO-STEERING AND BRAKING DEVICES ARE BEING DEVELOPED AND TESTED,—AND IT IS POSSIBLE THAT IN A FEW YEARS STRANGE SHIPS WILL FLY OVER THE EARTH AND EVEN INTO OUTER SPACE AT 10,000 MILES AN HOUR!



## WHICH ANSWER IS RIGHT?

WHAT IS "PARASITIC RESISTANCE"?

1. BARNACLES ON THE FLOATS OF A SEAPLANE.
2. THE SUCTION OF EDDYING AIR CURRENTS BACK OF WHEELS, TAIL, BRACES, ETC., THAT DRAG OR HOLD BACK THE PLANE.



# The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

CHAPTER III "A SEANCE WITH THE DEAD"

THE GRIM THREAT OF THE MYSTERIOUS SINISTER ONE HANGS HEAVY OVER THE WEEKEND GUESTS OF AMBROSE VAN EPT BUT, INASMUCH AS THE FLASH DOES NOT REALIZE JUST WHAT HAS HAPPENED, HE MAY BE FORGIVEN FOR NOT TAKING THINGS AS SERIOUSLY AS HE MIGHT--FOR VAN EPT WILL HAVE HIS JOKE---!! AND IT BEGINS TO LOOK AS THOUGH THE JOKE IS ON HIM!



IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO CONCEITED, THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!

BUT IT WAS ALL A JOKE! HOW WAS I TO KNOW A MAN WOULD REALLY BE KILLED!

THERE, THERE, IT'S  
AS MUCH MY  
FAULT AS IT IS  
YOURS! I WAS A  
PARTY TO THIS  
FARCE TOO!  
HMM...

SHE'S  
TOUCHING  
MY HAND.  
GOSH,  
HOW  
NICE  
AND  
SOFT HER  
HAND IS!

SHE'S SO WONDERFUL.  
SO DEPENDABLE...  
AND SO PRETTY, TOO--  
SAY! I FEEL HOT AND  
COLD ALL OVER...

OH-OH IS AMBROSE VAN EPT  
FALLING FOR JOAN? THIS  
WON'T DO AT ALL!

GULP..JOAN..  
OH, JOANIE,  
DEAR!

SSH! I'M  
TRYING TO  
THINK! I'VE  
GOT TO FIND  
A WAY OUT  
OF THIS



OH... JOAN! GULP!  
HOW WONDERFUL YOU  
ARE! YOUR EYES ARE  
POOLS OF BLUE. YOUR  
LIPS ARE SCARLET  
POPPIES!

SAY ARE YOU  
SICK? WHAT,  
ARE YOU LOOKIN'  
AT ME LIKE  
THAT FOR?

JOANIE  
I THINK  
YOU'RE  
LOVELY.  
YOU'RE  
WONDERFUL



STOP TALKING SILLY.  
WE HAVE SOMETHING  
IMPORTANT TO DO. WE'VE  
GOT TO CATCH A KILLER,  
THIS IS NO TIME FOR  
MUSH!

ISN'T SHE  
MARVELOUS?

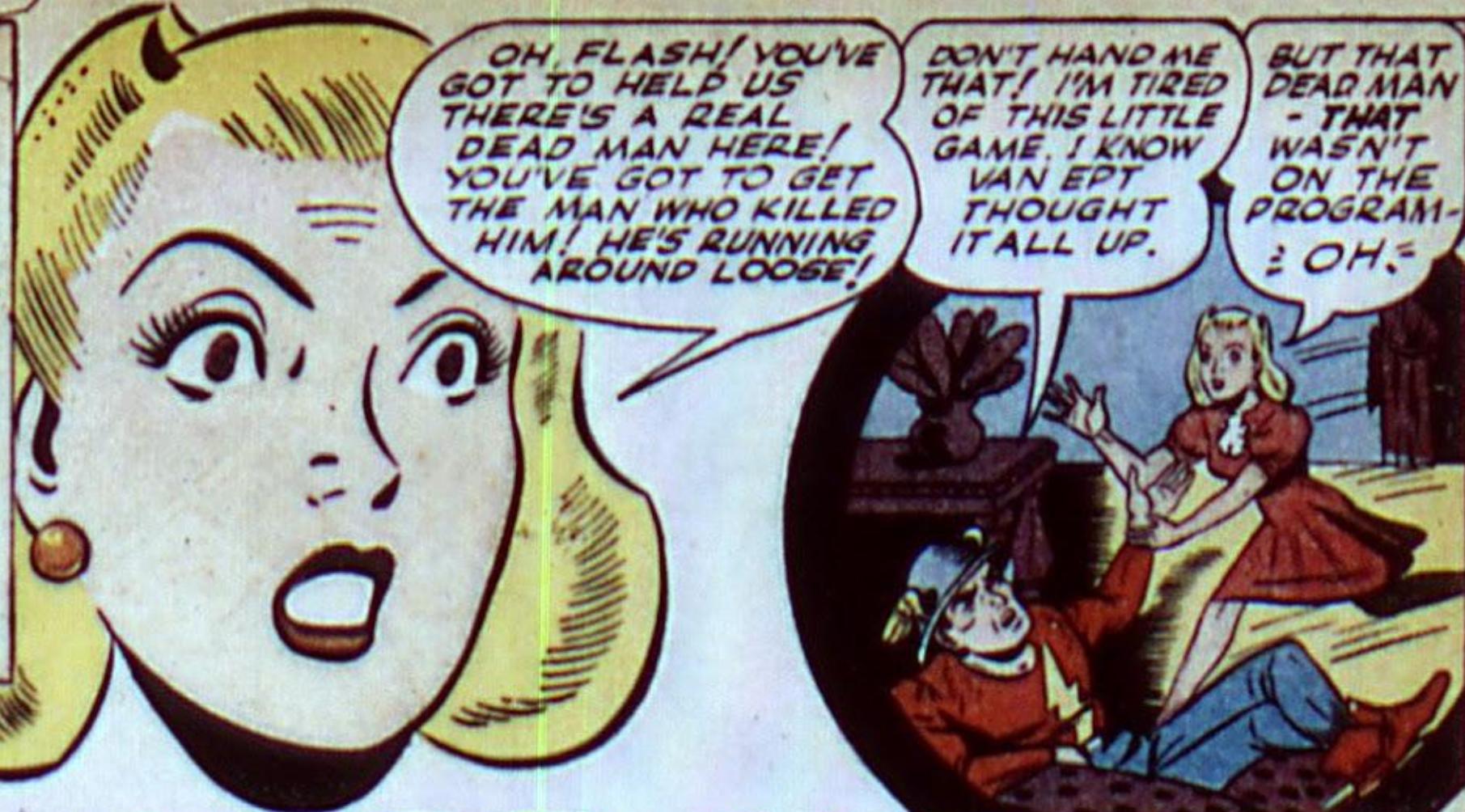
FRANKLY, WE DON'T KNOW HOW THE  
FLASH WILL TAKE THIS! HE LIKES  
JOAN HIMSELF, YOU KNOW!



NOW YOU STAY  
THERE... WHERE  
YOU'LL BE ABLE TO  
KEEP OUT OF  
TROUBLE.

THANK  
YOU  
SO MUCH,  
MR. FLASH!

THE FLASH NOT KNOWING THAT A REAL MURDER HAD BEEN COMMITTED COMES RUNNING INTO THE LIVING ROOM WHERE JOAN AND VAN EPT ARE



AHA! SO YOU WERE IN ON THIS TOO! JOAN, I NEVER THOUGHT YOUD TAKE SIDES WITH THAT DOPE AGAINST ME!

AMBIE ISN'T A DOPE! HE'S A DEAR BOY!

HEAR THAT EVERYBODY? A DEAR BOY SHE CALLED ME! WHOOPS!

I TELL YOU THAT MAN REALLY WAS KILLED!

SHE LOVES ME! SHE LOVES ME! HOORAY! HOORAY!

HMM...I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. I SAW THAT QUEER NUT SHOOT THIS FELLOW WHILE I WAS RESCUING MEEK FROM THOSE LANCES



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND HIM... SAY WHAT'S BITING HIM? HE ISN'T GOING CRAZY I HOPE?

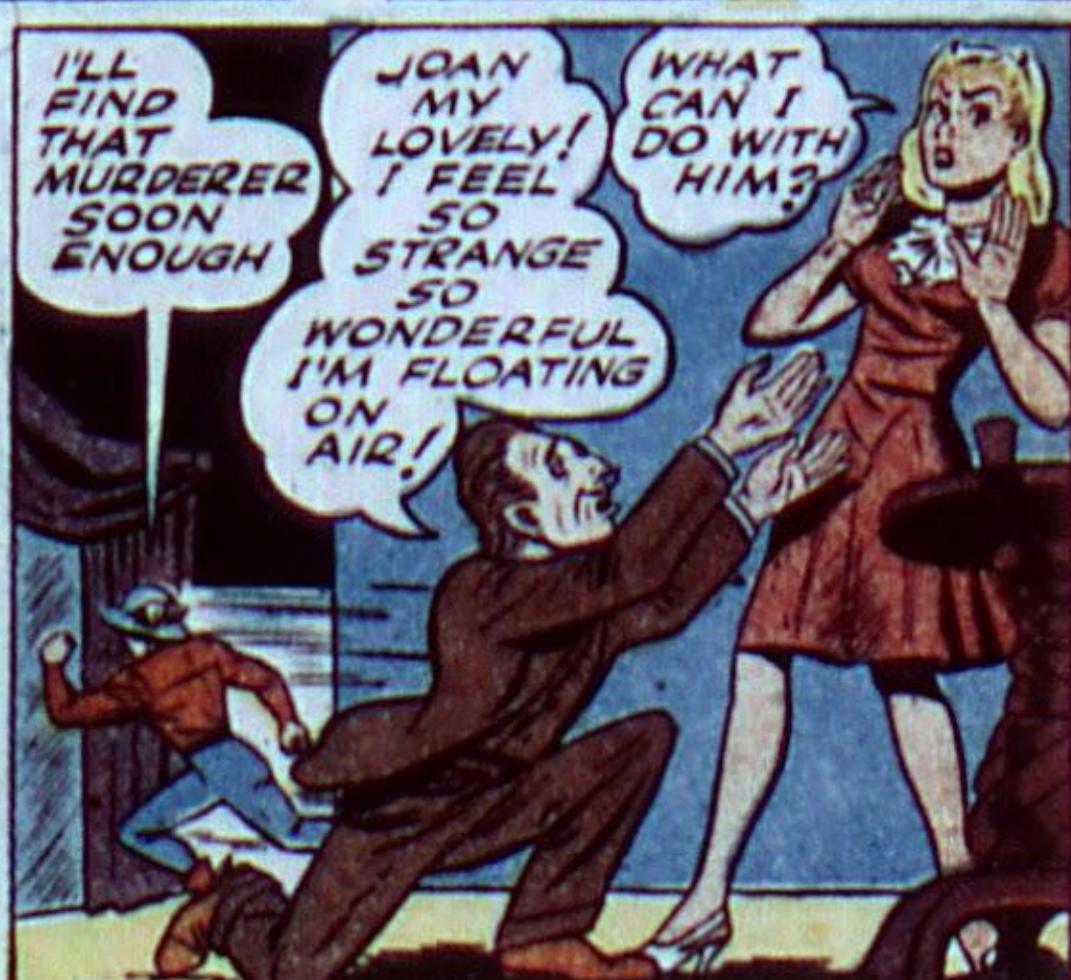
OH, HE'S JUST... JUST EXCITED

WHEEE

I'LL FIND THAT MURDERER SOON ENOUGH

JOAN MY LOVELY! I FEEL SO STRANGE SO WONDERFUL I'M FLOATING ON AIR!

WHAT CAN I DO WITH HIM?

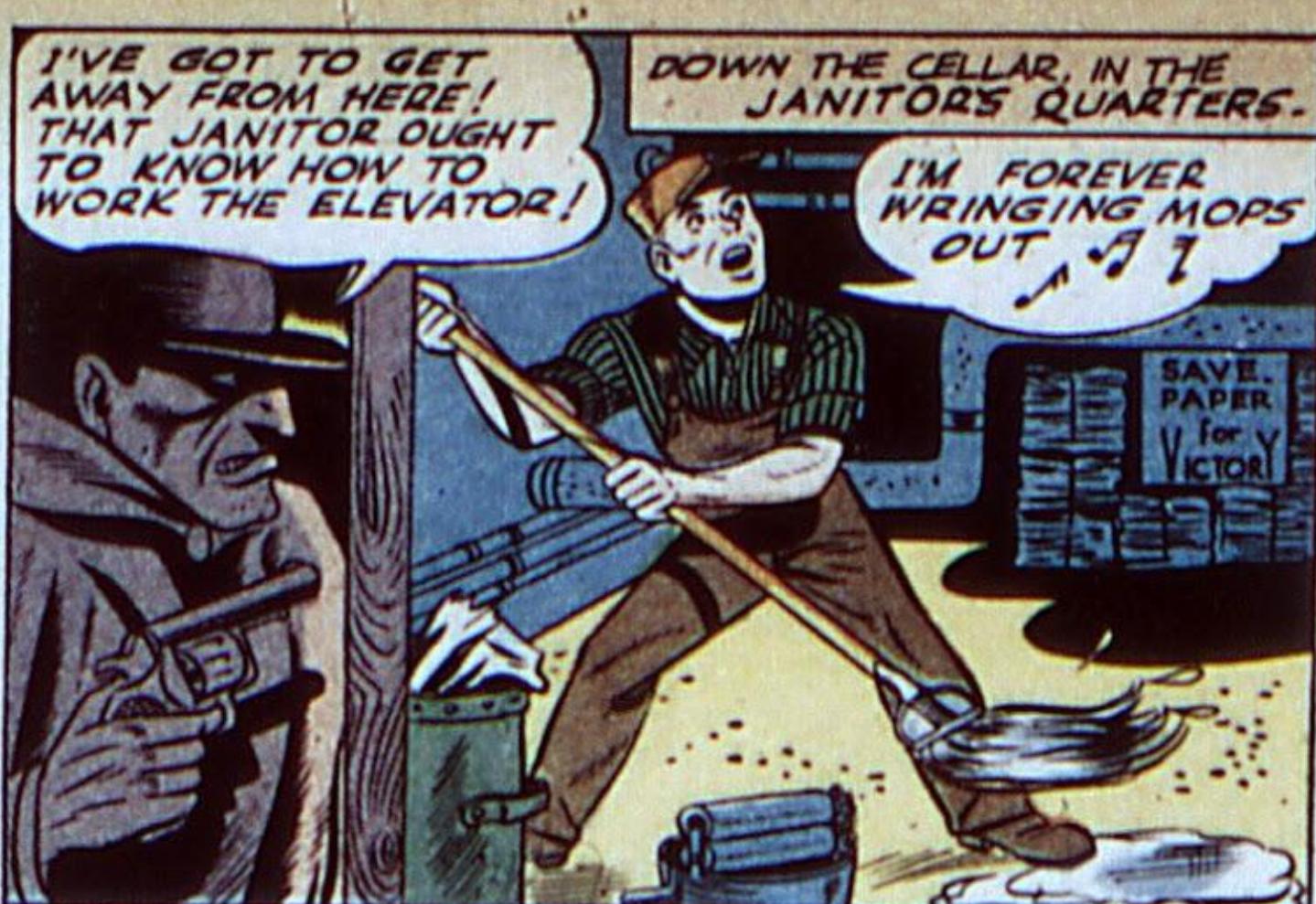


HE CAN'T BE VERY FAR. I'LL SEARCH THE HOUSE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM...

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE! THAT JANITOR OUGHT TO KNOW HOW TO WORK THE ELEVATOR!

DOWN THE CELLAR, IN THE JANITOR'S QUARTERS.

I'M FOREVER WRINGING MOPS OUT OF IT!





WHAT AN IDIOT THAT VAN EPT IS! IF HE WASN'T SO DIZZY I'D FEEL SORRY FOR HIM!

SAVE YOUR SYMPATHY FLASH-BECAUSE AMBROSE VAN EPT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY FOR YOU!

SO SHE THINKS THAT FLASH GUY'S A HERO! BAH.. TWO MORE BAH'S! I COULD BE A HERO TOO. IN FACT, I THINK I WILL BE!

I'LL FIGURE OUT A NEW PLOT... THIS TIME I'LL PUT IT OVER ON ALL OF 'EM... AND BOY WILL I MAKE MYSELF OUT A HERO TO JOAN!

GEE, THIS IS EXCITING! AND IT'S SO CONVINCING. I ALMOST BELIEVE IT MYSELF! JOAN IS SURE TO GO FOR IT!

UPSTAIRS JOAN BEGINS TO PACK

THAT AMBROSE IS WORRYING ME! I HAVE A HUNCH HE'S FALLING FOR ME. THAT'LL NEVER DO! FLASH'D TAKE HIM APART SO FAST.. WHEW!

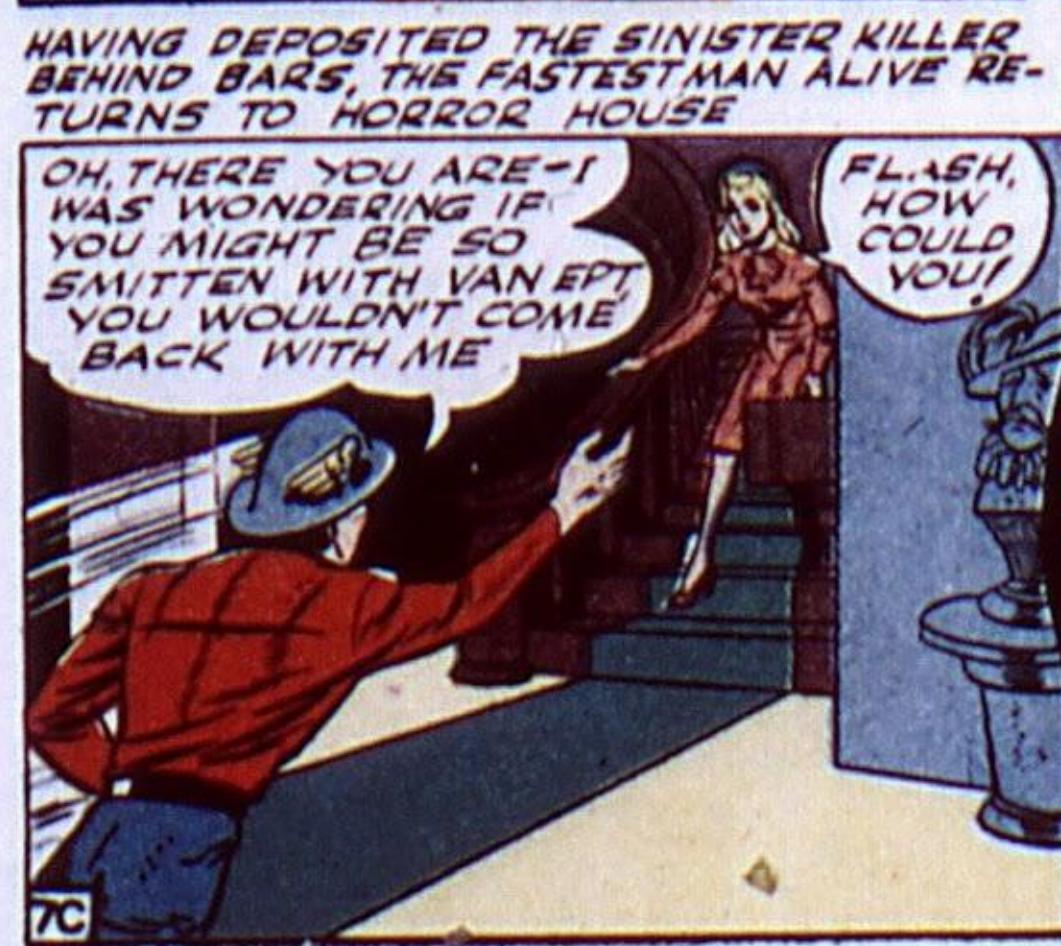
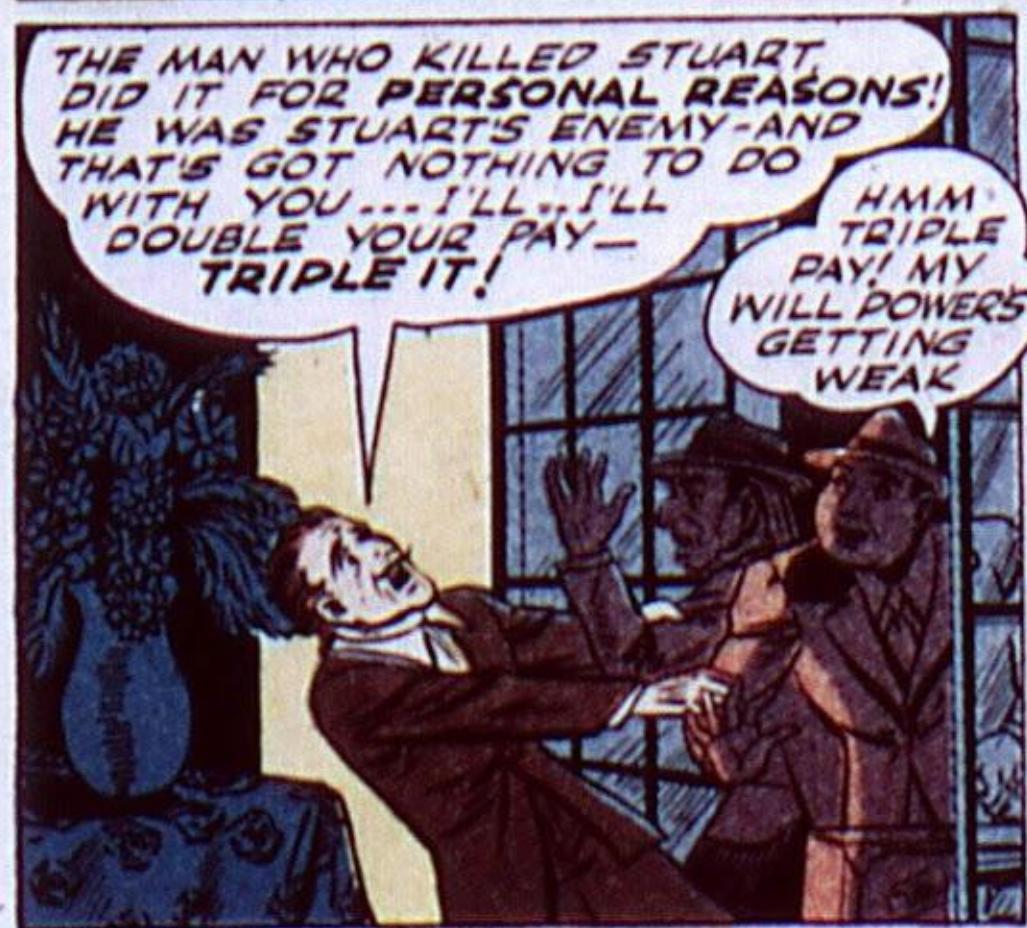
STILL, IT IS NICE TO KNOW THAT A FELLOW'S IN LOVE WITH YOU! MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A SCHOOL-GIRL AGAIN!

MEANWHILE

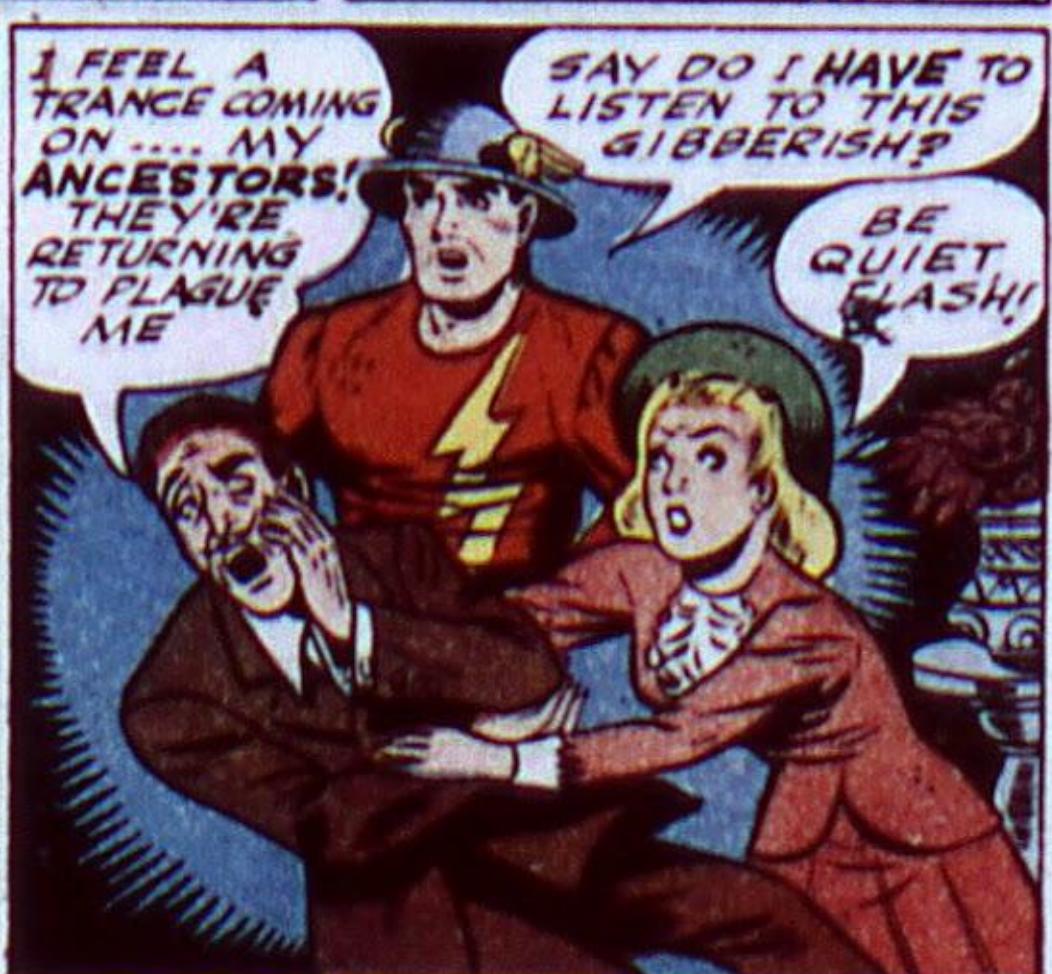
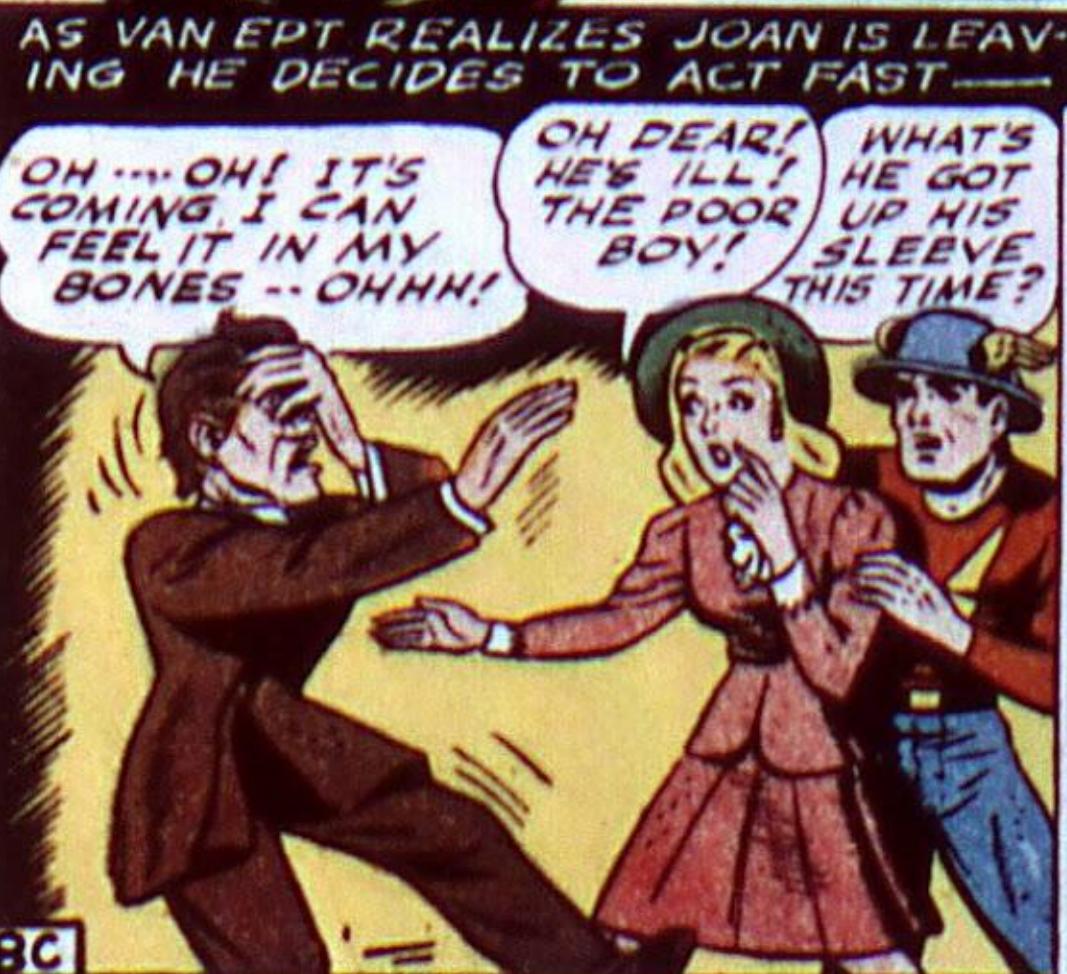
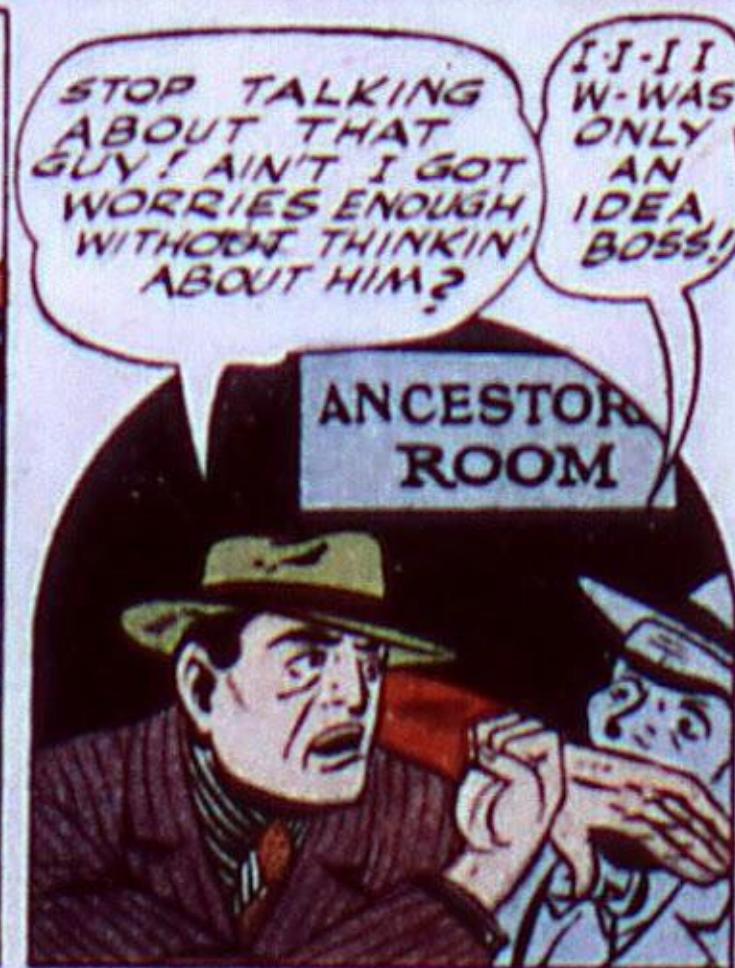
THAT DOPE VAN EPT! WHY'D WE EVER COME OUT HERE, ANYHOW?

YEAH STUART GOT BUMPED OFF!

WHO KNOWS WHO'LL BE NEXT?



IN THE MEANTIME, CASH WILSON HAS BEEN HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH HIS MUSCLEMEN



I'VE GOT TO SEE  
THAT HE ISN'T  
SICK, DON'T I?

SICK?  
NO SUCH  
LUCK! HE'S  
JUST GOT A  
TOUCH OF  
FAKERITIS!

MY ANCESTORS  
ARE CALLING  
TO ME!

IN THE ANCESTORS' ROOM, CASH HEARS  
FOOT-FALLS APPROACH.....

LISSEN! DERE'S SOMEBODY  
COMIN' WE GOTTA SCREAM!

YOUSE AIN'T  
KIDDIN!!

CREAK  
CREAK

DIS CLOSET'LL  
HIDE ALL  
OF US

I  
HOPE  
SO!

NOW  
YOU  
BE  
QUIET,  
AMBIE!

I CAN'T! THE DAY  
OF RECKONING  
IS DRAWING  
CLOSER! I CAN  
FEEL THE SHADES  
OF ALL THE LONG-  
DEAD VAN EPTS  
CROWDING  
CLOSE ABOUT  
ME - FORCING  
ME TO MEET  
MY DOOM

HADDYA LIKE THAT HOOEY?  
IF THAT DOESN'T TAKE THE  
STUFFED CODFISH... MEET  
MY DOOM..... "THE LONG-  
DEAD VAN EPTS".... WELL  
THEY SURE ARE LUCKY  
STIFFS! THEY DON'T  
HAVE TO LISTEN TO HIM!

THE LIGHTS! PUT THEM OUT!  
THE TIME HAS COME, AND I  
MUST MEET MY FATE LIKE  
THE MAN I AM!

ISN'T THAT  
JUST THRILLING  
FLASH? PUT  
OUT THE  
LIGHTS!

IS THIS  
ANOTHER  
STUNT  
YOU'RE  
PULLING?

NO, NO! WAIT  
AND SEE - IT  
HAPPENS  
EVERY NOW  
AND THEN -  
IT'S A LEGEND  
OF MY FAMILY!

I HAVE BETRAYED MY FAMILY TRUST. ALL MY FORBEARS WERE WARRIOR! BY BECOMING A WRITER, I BROUGHT DOWN A DREADFUL CURSE ON MY HEAD

I MUST FIGHT MY FAMILY ENEMY IN A DUEL TO THE DEATH! BUT I'M NOT AFRAID EVEN THOUGH I DIE!

FLASH, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!

DO YOU BELIEVE ALL THIS MALARKEY? THIS GUYS AS CROOKED AS A PRETZEL! THIS IS JUST ANOTHER ONE OF HIS GAGS!

I DON'T THINK SO!



IN THE FEY LIGHT OF THE MOON,  
THE SEANCE BEGINS...

CONCENTRATE!  
EVERY ONE CON-  
CENTRATE! WE  
MUST ESTABLISH  
A PSYCHIC FORCE  
SUFFICIENT TO  
RECALL MY  
ANCESTORS  
FROM THEIR  
GRAVES!

WHEW!  
WHAT  
JUNK  
HE  
CAN  
THINK  
UP



DE LIGHTS  
ARE OUT!  
**HEY**  
WHAT'S DAT!



CASH  
SEEMS TO  
HAVE SEEN  
SOME THING  
STARTLING

WHAT  
WAS IT  
THAT  
WOULD  
MAKE A  
TOUGH  
GANGSTER'S  
HAIR CURL  
ON END

?

WELL, JEFF,  
WE MADE IT!  
STARTING WITH  
THIS NEXT BIG  
ISSUE,

## MUTT + JEFF

BECOMES A  
QUARTERLY!



SAY, THAT MEANS  
WE COME OUT  
ON THE STANDS  
EVERY THREE  
MONTHS FROM  
NOW ON! WOW!  
NOW WE'LL HAVE  
TO BE FUNNIER  
THAN EVER TO  
DESERVE SUCH  
POPULARITY!

NOW ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE!

## DOIBY DICKLES, SPEAKIN':

HERE IT IS AGAIN, BOYS AN'  
GOILS! ANNUDER COMPLETE  
NOVEL-LENGTH STORY FEATURIN'  
ME AN' ME PAL, **GREEN LANTERN**,  
FIGHTEN' DE AXIS IN DE DESERT,  
ON DE SEA, AN' IN DE AIR!!

DON'T MISS IT !!



NOW ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE!

# THE CLOUD MONSTER



another Hop Harrigan story

based on the comic strip by Jon L. Blummer  
and appearing monthly in All-American Comics



A HALF-NAKED, badly sunburned man stumbled forth from the fringe of the jungle. He uttered one last parched and rasping shout for help . . . then collapsed on the edge of the Madang air field.

Hop Harrigan was the first man to reach the delirious airman, for that's who it turned out to be. Shot down above the Coral Sea he had been adrift for three days, floating half conscious in his Kapok life ring. Machine-gunned by Japs and finally captured by them and removed to one of the islands in the New Hebrides group, he had escaped in a native sampan or canoe. With very little food and water he had managed to make his way to the island of New Guinea, north of Australia. Here he had wandered for two days in the jungle before stumbling upon his old command, the 211th Squadron of the U. S. Army Air Force.

Hop carried the exhausted fellow into a first-aid tent and remained with him for a half hour while he was treated for shock and sun-burn. The delirious airman mumbled continuously. Hop leaned close on several occasions and frowned in perplexity at what he heard. Then he left on the run for the Commandant's headquarters.

Later that afternoon he and Tank Tinker roared aloft from

the jungle airfield and pointed the nose of their interceptor for Torres Island, northernmost of the New Hebrides. The Commandant was the last to talk with them before the take-off.

"Do you really believe this stuff, Hop?" Tank turned to his partner at the controls. "Are you sure this isn't the biggest wild goose chase ever?"

"I don't think so, Tank. That poor fellow had his information straight. He won through 400 miles of shark-infested sea and the hell-heat of the jungle to bring us that information . . . I trust it implicitly!"

Tank Tinker looked long and searchingly at Hop Harrigan before turning his mind toward the thoughts of this latest gargantuan nightmare of the war.

The mumbling of a fever-ridden man about a super dreadnaught of the air! A semi-rigid dirigible over a thousand feet in length with a crew of 80 men and a protecting group of fifteen fighters that were carried on a long, flat, especially constructed flight deck on top of its rounded surface. A plane carrier of the air! But most astonishing of all the mumbled reports from the swollen lips of the rescued airman was the fact

that this dreadnaught of the skies carried a chemical plant amidships that formed a white cloud about itself, completely camouflaging and hiding it innocently high above its target. Countless ducts and vents in its monstrous side emitted this white disguising vapor.

This monster of the air could coast along effortlessly and noiselessly, taking advantage of the prevailing westerly winds at 10,000 feet and avoiding detection from the keenest mechanical ears of the Air Force! Its engines would be needed only on its return flight from our West Coast after it had dumped its huge cargo of bombs or gas. The airman who had heard about it while a prisoner and under sentence of death had said that there was only one ship built as yet . . . if the experimental one proved successful, a fleet of one hundred would be built. They could then be sent to America to raze warplane factories and create havoc at communication centers.

Hop and Tank were to search the skies above New Hebrides to try to find the mystery dreadnaught. A high-flying white cloud of death coasting innocently above the broad Pacific! Tank thought vividly about this latest creation of German engineers for the Mikado. Suddenly, he gagged on

his speaking tube as he saw, high above them and dead ahead, a large white cloud floating at fifty miles an hour! Everywhere there was just the cloudless blue sky of the tropics. There was only this one ghost-like accumulation of vapor in all the heavens. Hop saw it at the same instant and poured in the "coals". Good American 100-octane gasoline! The interceptor's supercharged carburetors took it as smooth as rabbits' fur.

They climbed at 2,500 feet a minute and quickly leveled off above the peculiar white cloud that hid a new type of war monster . . . or could they be mistaken? Was it just another cloud? They were not able to penetrate it for ten feet with their powerful binoculars!

"I wonder if those fifteen fighters are out on the flight deck, Hop, preening themselves like lousy fowl?" Tank eased himself nearer the 20-mm. nose cannon triggers.

Hop grinned, "Suppose we drop a little 'egg' and find out?"

"You're crazy, Hop! We can't fight fifteen of those Nips at once . . . or can we?" Tank rubbed his big fists fondly over the full shell cases.

"I've got a better idea, Tank! We're going on through that cloud . . . look there!" Hop Harrigan pointed off to the West below them. There, in formation, were fifteen Zeros ten miles off and heading back toward the mother ship! "We'll get on that deck first and then I have a hunch those Zeros won't find any deck

there to land on when they come in!"

This was no time for Tank to ask the questions welling up to his lips. Hop was diving the interceptor down into the heart of the mystery cloud. Down, down through the vapors they went. Then almost too late they saw the flight deck! It was clear and Hop set his ship down and used his toe-brakes just in time to keep from nosing fatally over the edge.

"Follow me below decks!" Hop was heading for a hatchway nearby. Down the two flyers plunged, their folded parachutes bumping them as they ran; two flights of stairs sped under their flying feet. Then they burst into the control cabin of the dirigible! Three little yellow men were poring over maps on a plywood table. Before they knew what hit them, Hop had crossed a right and a left and Tank had picked up the third bodily and heaved him straight down into the Pacific through the plexiglass window!

Quickly then, Hop Harrigan studied the bewildering array of dials and knobs on the control panel. He found what he was searching for, the aileron controls. He pulled the right one over hard! The dirigible tipped slowly but surely and rolled over to the right. Gripping bracing handles the two men watched the dials. Now the huge monster was in inverted flight! Upside down, they held her over there with opposite elevators. Then came the crash and crack of the returning Zero fighters! The landing deck was now underneath the dirigible and the

Jap planes were landing pell-mell onto the rounded surface of the ship's bottom! Some had crashed completely through the hull and had started fires in the inflammable gas bags. Only America had non-inflammable helium. In mere seconds the entire fabrication was a roaring inferno.

A gibberish of sounds came from the speaking tubes in the control cabin as the crew in different parts of the ship attempted to get instructions from their officers.

"Time to skip ship, Tank!" Hop wore a broad smile but was forced to cough as the swirling smoke entered from amidships of the doomed dirigible.

"Right! See you downstairs, Hop. Glad the Commandant said he would send along a fast PT boat to follow us up . . . those chaps are eagle-eyed. I don't worry about being picked up . . . yeah! along with all these little yellow Nip-compoops that will be dotted around down there. I'm gonna dunk a few of 'em too . . . haven't had a doughnut for a long while and I gotta keep in practice!"

"Be seeing you, Tank." Hop reached for the window sill and stuck out one foot. "This cloud camouflage wouldn't hold up anyway — it's only steam. A B-19 could fly over her with one of those Hollywood machines that shoot out real snow for the movies. That snow would turn the steam into rain and leave the big blimp hanging naked as a plucked hen! And boy! what a sweet target that would be!"

# The Flash

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

CHAPTER IV



HOLY H. SMOKE!  
I'M SEEIN'  
**GHOSTS!**  
INTO DE CLOSET,  
GUYS, BUT FAST

OH, MY  
GOODNESS!



IN THE DEAD SILENCE OF THE SEANCE, IN A ROOM LIGHTED ONLY BY THE SILVER RAYS OF THE MOON STRANGE FORMS RISE FROM THE TWISTING, GREY TENDRILS OF THE WILLO-THE-WISP THAT DANCES ON THE TABLE -

FOOLISH FOP!  
BETRAYER OF  
THE GREAT  
NAME OF  
VAN EPT!

AMEN-DA,  
SET AND  
OSIRIS ARE  
WROTH WITH  
THEE, SON  
OF MY SON'S  
SONS!

TO THINK I FOUGHT WITH  
CAESAR'S LEGIONS AND  
THIS MAN BEARS MY  
NAME! GREETINGS  
HOTEP AND  
GOG!

GREETINGS,  
ROMAN!

FROM THE SWAYING MISTS STEPS SOLDIER AFTER  
SOLDIER. AMBROSE VAN EPT'S ANCESTORS.....

A WRITER OF  
STORIES! PAH!

I Grieve he has  
NEVER KNOWN  
THE THRILL OF  
BATTLE ON A  
TOSSING LONGSHIP

OR SEEN  
THE WAY  
WE BEAT  
THE FRENCH  
AT CRECY!

MY THANKS,  
FRIENDS, FOR  
AFFORDING  
US THIS  
OPPORTUNITY

SAY, WOULD  
SOMEBODY MIND  
EXPLAINING  
WHAT THIS  
HOCUS POCUS  
IS ALL  
ABOUT?

ALLOW ME, SIR!  
AS YOU CAN SEE,  
WE ARE ALL SOLDIERS  
OF THE NAME  
VAN EPT

ARE YOU TRYING  
TO CONVINCE ME  
THAT YOU'RE ALL  
GHOSTS? YOU  
EXPECT ME TO  
BELIEVE THAT?

THERE IS A SCIENTIFIC  
EXPLANATION, SIR! MAY  
I BE PERMITTED TO  
EXPOUND IT?

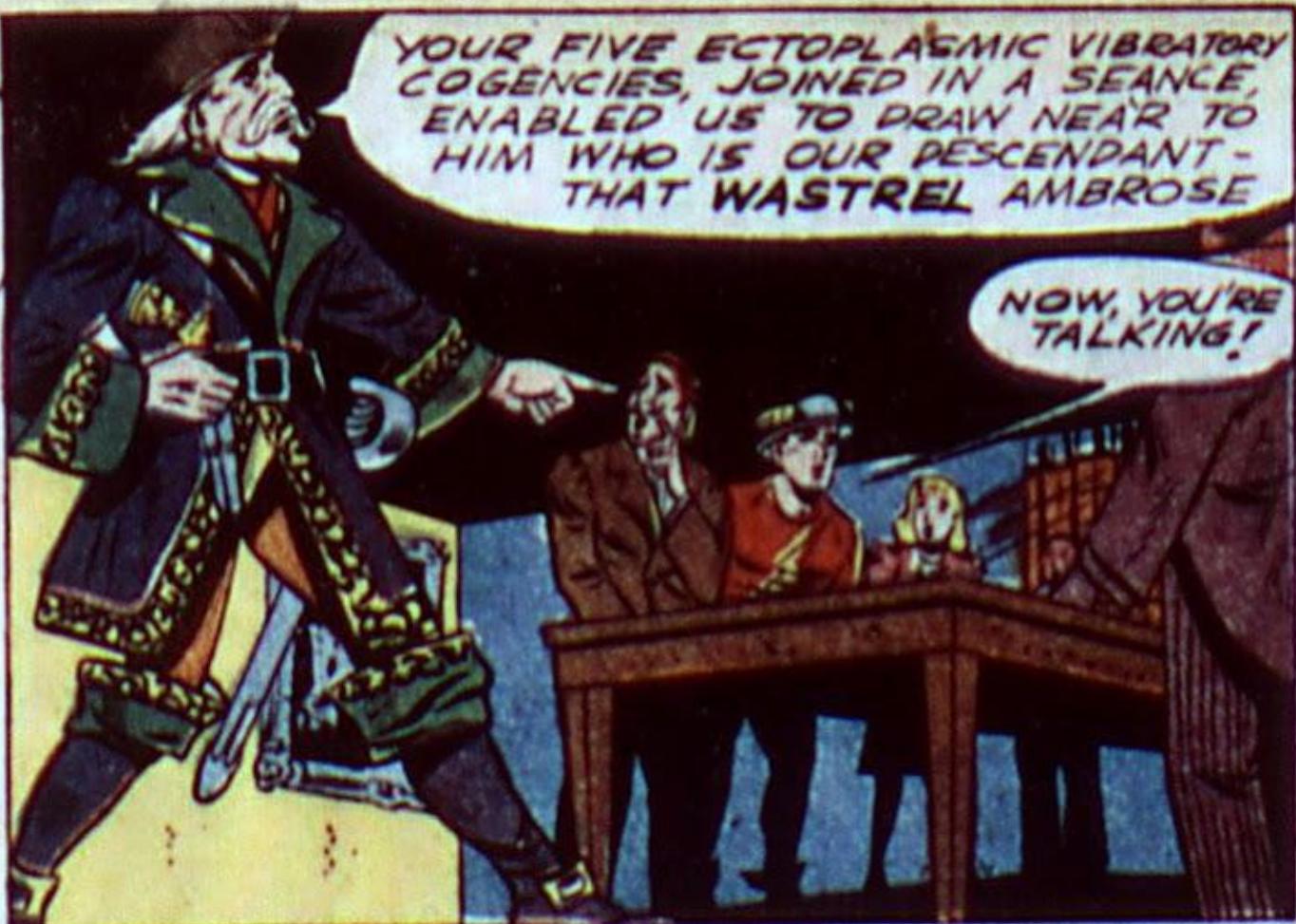
I'LL LISTEN.  
...BUT I'M  
HARD TO  
CONVINCE!

IN OUR WORLD THERE IS SUCH A THING AS "ECTOPLASM VIBRATIONS". EVERY LIVING PERSON POSSESSES THIS TO A DEGREE. IN A DESCENDANT THIS FORCE IS VERY POWERFUL WITH REGARD TO HIS ANCESTORS!



YOUR FIVE ECTOPLASMIC VIBRATORY COGENCIES, JOINED IN A SEANCE, ENABLED US TO DRAW NEAR TO HIM WHO IS OUR DESCENDANT - THAT WASTREL AMBROSE

NOW, YOU'RE TALKING!



WE CAME IN ANSWER TO A PLEDGE MADE BY ALL OUR FAMILY -- TO DESTROY ALL THE FEUDAL DESCENDANTS AND KIN OF OUR FAMILY ENEMIES.... THE HARPERS!



AMBROSE MUST UPHOLD THAT PLEDGE AND FIGHT THE LAST OF THE HARPERS, TO THE DEATH!

AYE, MON, THAT HE MUST, I WELL KEN!



I STILL THINK THIS IS A GAG - BUT YOU'RE PUTTING ON A GOOD SHOW, ANYHOW, SO KEEP IT UP! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO FIND THIS HARPER?



WE MUST ALL JOIN HANDS, YE UNDERSTAND? THEN OUR COMBINED POWERS WILL BRING HIM!

SAYS YOU!



WHAT'S THIS--  
WHERE AM I?  
WHAT--WHAT'S  
GOING ON?

IT'S MIKE  
HARPER.  
THE LAST  
OF OUR  
ENEMIES!  
HE'S A  
LUMBER-JACK!  
ONE OF THE  
BEST IN THE  
BUSINESS!

YOU BET  
I AM...AND THAT'S A  
SAMPLE OF MY  
STRENGTH, IN CASE  
YOU WANT TO TRY  
ANYTHING  
FUNNY!

THIS IS THE  
MAN WHO WILL  
KILL YOU, MAD  
MIKE HARPER--  
HE IS THE--  
THE LAST OF  
THE VAN EPTS!

HIM?  
THAT  
SCRAWNY  
FOP?  
I'LL RIP  
HIM LIMB  
FROM LIMB!

FLASH-  
STOP,  
THIS!  
THE  
BIG  
BULLY'LL  
KILL  
HIM!

NO SUCH LUCK!  
I THINK AMBROSE  
WILL ACT UP VERY  
MARVELOUSLY  
IN THIS CRISIS!

BECAUSE THIS IS  
JUST LIKE SOMETHING  
HE'D THINK  
UP--WHERE HE CAN  
APPEAR A HERO!  
WELL, WE'LL SEE!

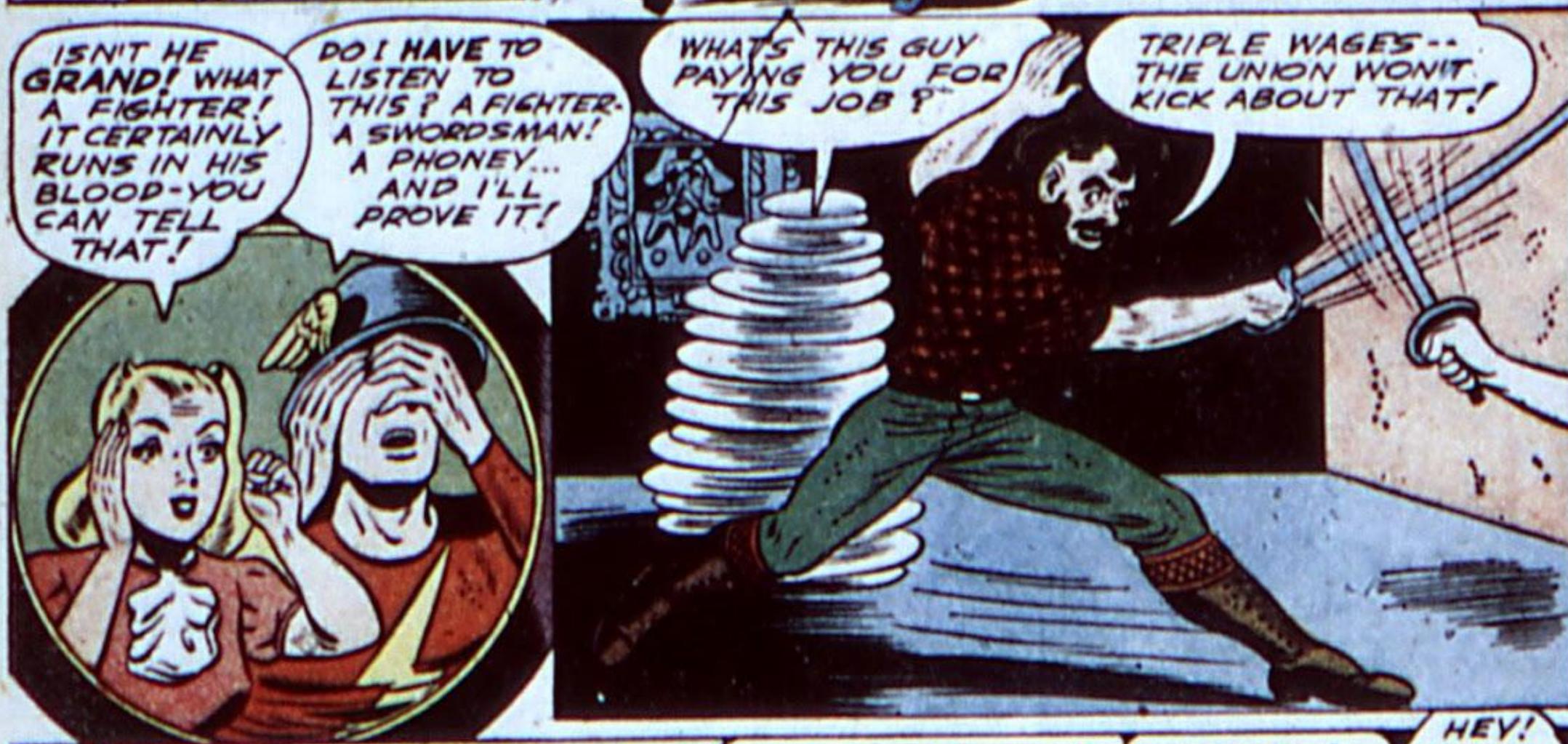
AWAKE, AMBROSE VAN EPT,  
AND MEET YOUR FATE!  
THE TIME HAS COME TO  
FULFILL THE  
LEGENDARY FEUD  
BATTLE!

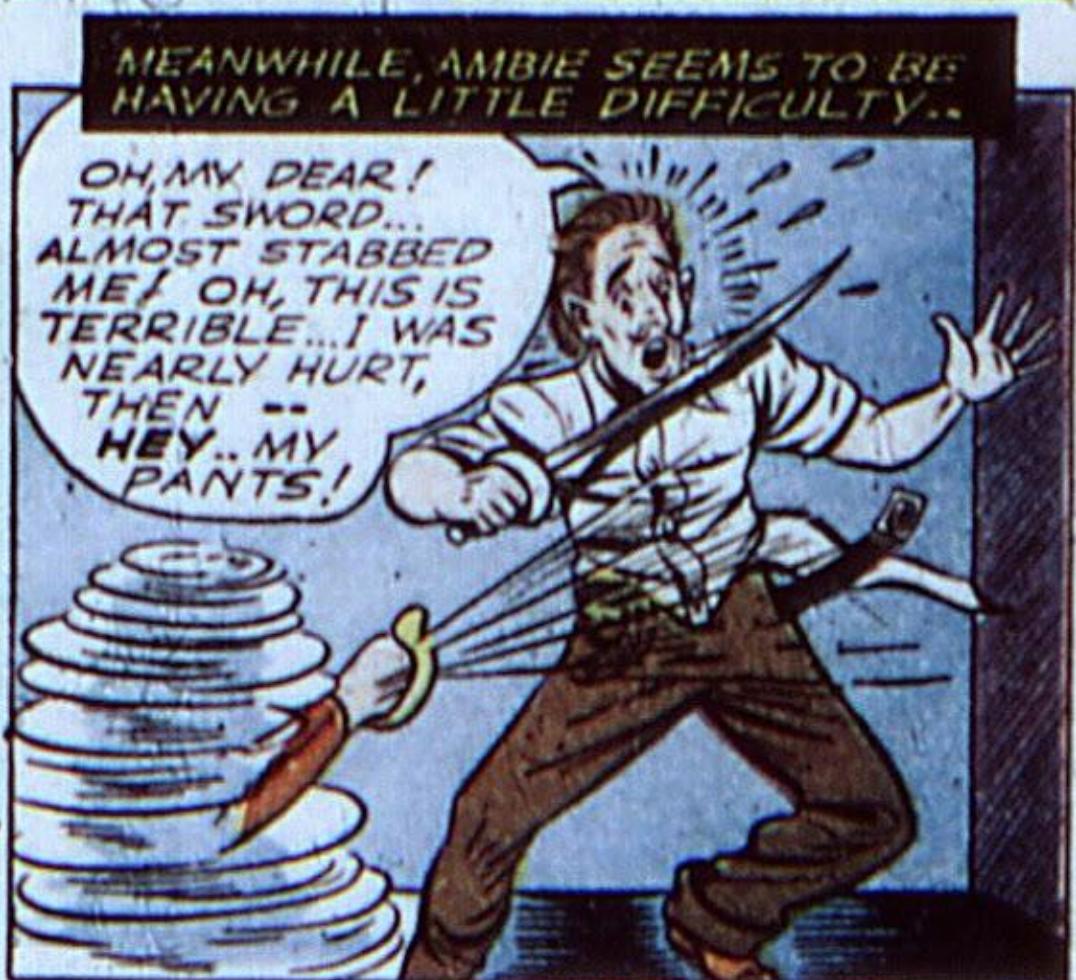
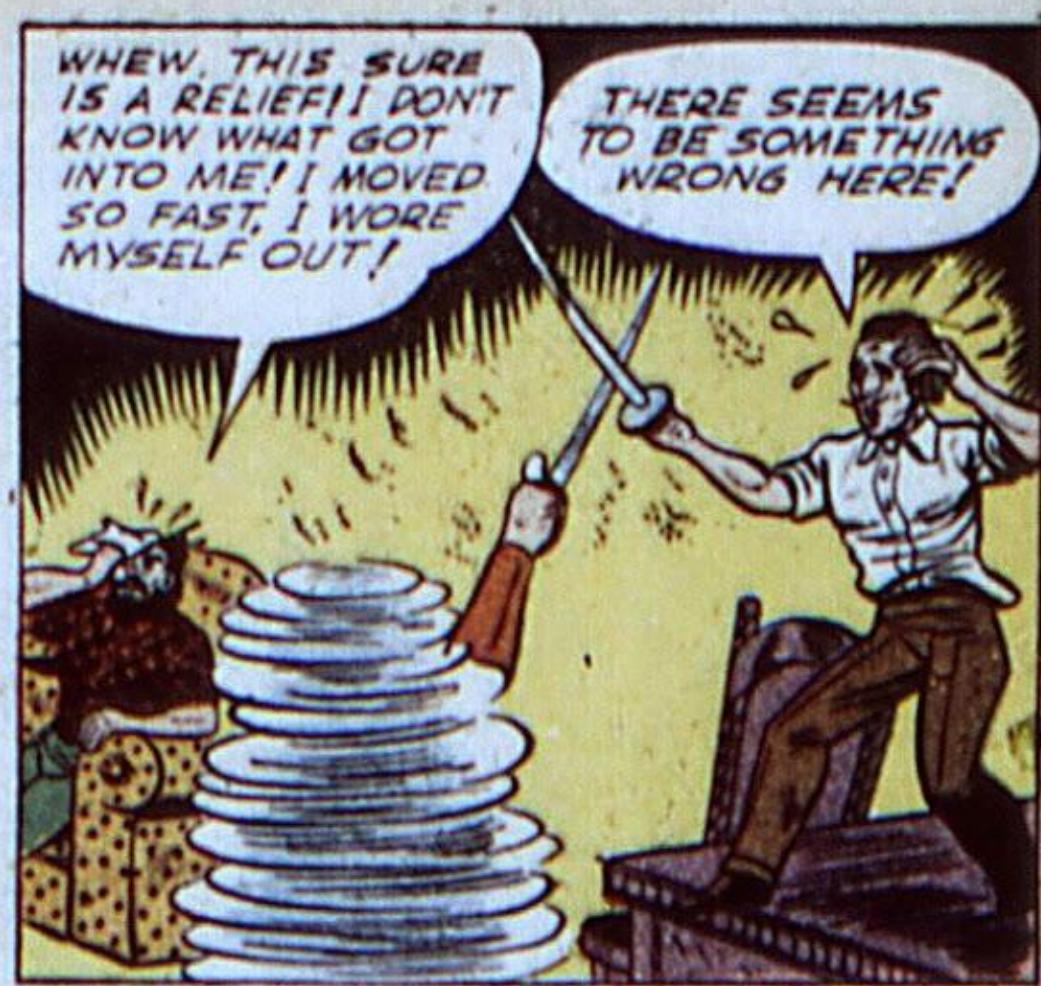
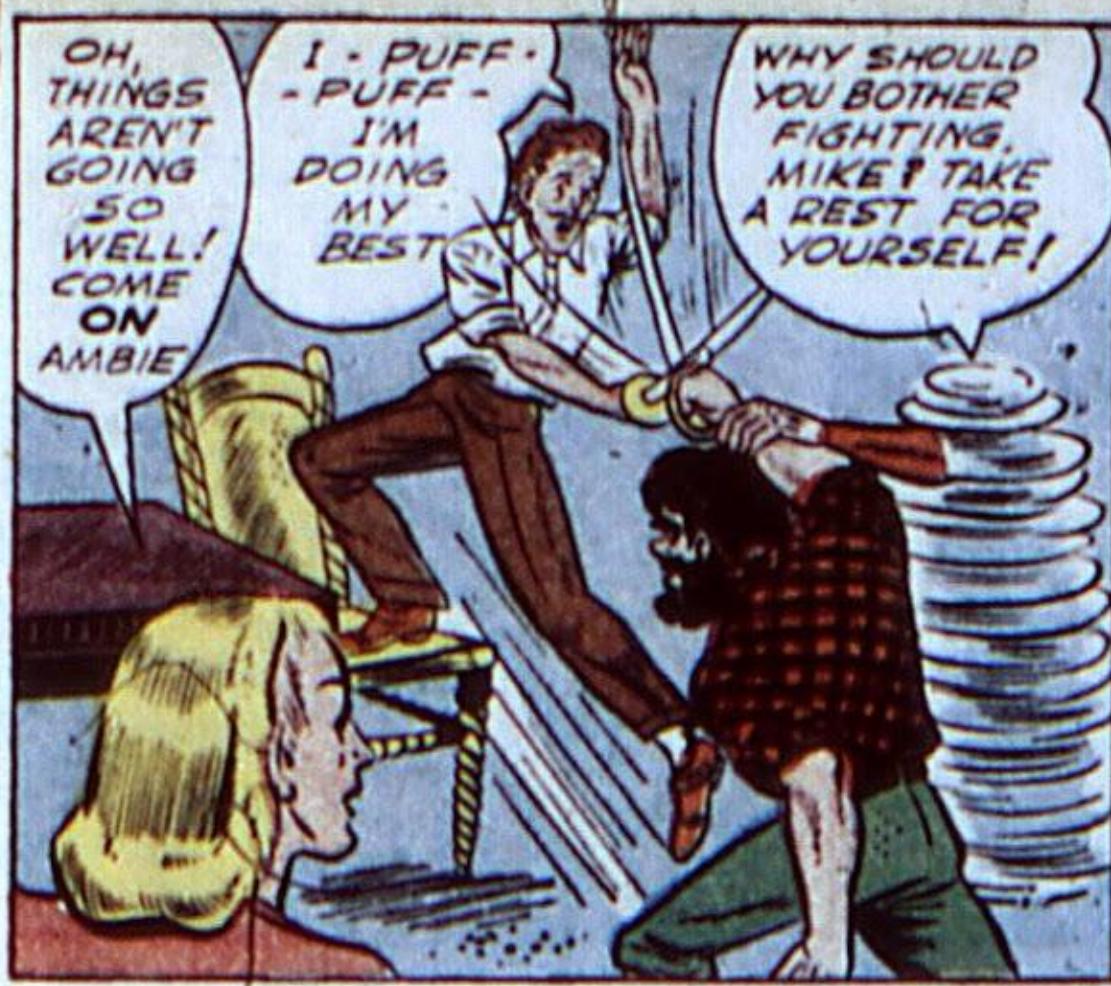
WHAT  
?

I AM NOT  
AFRAID!  
GIVE ME A  
BLADE! I  
SHALL MEET  
THIS ENEMY  
AND VANQUISH  
HIM!

YOU? OH-  
OH-OH!  
GIVE ME A  
BLADE TOO--  
A HEAVY  
ONE!

HOLY COW!  
WHAT CORN! IT  
SICKENS ME!





The SWORD IS MOVING ALL AROUND HIM, CUTTING BELT AND CLOTHES AND MOVING FAST AROUND HIS FACE

ZIPP!

YEE OW! HAALP!!  
HE'S GONE MAD!  
HE'S GOING TO CHOP OFF  
MY HEAD! I CAN FEEL  
THE WIND WHISTLING  
AROUND MY EARS!--  
AND IT AIN'T NICE!

SWISSH

FLASH!  
FLASH, YOU STOP THAT  
THIS INSTANT!  
HOW DARE YOU  
INTERFERE IN  
A DUEL  
LIKE THAT?

YOU CALL  
THAT PHONEY  
DRAMA A DUEL?  
IT WAS ALL  
STAGED!

THAT IS NOT TRUE, FAIR LADY!  
THIS IS A GRIM BATTLE TO SATISFY THE FAMILY HONOUR!

'YOU SEE? NOW, PLEASE LEAVE THEM ALONE!

I'LL SEE THAT HE STAYS OUT OF THIS

HE'S JEALOUS OF ME!  
THE FLASH KNOWS I'M A HERO!

THAT VAN EPT GETS UNDER MY SKIN!

AS THE DUEL BEGINS ALL OVER AGAIN, CASH WILSON CAUTIOUSLY OPENS THE CLOSET

WE GOTTA HAVE AIR!  
I'M CHOKIN'!

WHEW!  
DIS FRESH AIR SURE FEELS GOOD!

DE FLASH MIGHT NOT LET US GET AWAY IF HE SEES US, SO WE'LL BORROW DESE COSTUMES!

OOP!

LISTEN, GHOSTIE, OL' KID. DON'T GET SORE, BUT I NEED DESE FANCY CLOTHES!

I SEEN THAT FACE BEFORE!



ONE BY ONE, AS THEY PASS THE LINEN CLOSET DOOR, THE ACTORS ARE PULLED IN  
*Silently*



...AND THE DUEL STILL GOES ON...



WE'LL MAKE OFF WIT' DIS'  
DOPE VAN EPT SEE! HIS  
PUBLISHERS'LL PAY US  
GOOD DOUGH TO LET HIM  
GO.... I HOPE!

SURE,  
BOSS!

HA! I'VE RUN YOU  
THROUGH, BASE  
VILLAIN!

OH!

OHHHHH-  
ISN'T HE A  
WHIRLWIND  
WHEN AROUSED?  
AMBIE - YOU'VE  
KILLED  
HIM!

HO-HUM-  
HE'S A  
WIND ALL  
RIGHT—  
A WHOLE  
BAG OF  
IT!

NO, NO FAIREST  
LADY! YOU MUST  
APPROACH NO  
CLOSER! IT IS  
UNSEEMLY  
THAT YOUR EYES  
SHOULD DWELL  
ON SUCH A  
SIGHT!

AMBIE,  
YOU'RE  
SO  
THOUGHT-  
FULL!

WARRIOR  
BLOOD  
ALWAYS  
TELLS,  
AMBIE!  
YOU ARE  
MAGNI-  
FICENT!

'TWAS  
NOTHING,  
JOAN.  
MY  
ANCESTORS  
WERE ALL  
FIGHTING  
MEN!  
IT'S IN  
MY VEINS

OH-H-H!  
DO I  
HAVE  
TO  
LISTEN  
TO  
THAT  
SORT OF  
STUFF?

WE'RE MIGHTY  
PROUD OF YOUSE,  
AMBROSE, MY  
BOY! JUST FOR  
THAT WE'RE GO-  
ING TO TREAT  
YOUSE TO A  
TRIP!

YEAH?  
THAT'S...  
HEY, WHAT  
ARE YOU  
TALKING  
ABOUT?

WE'LL ENTER DE  
MISTS OF THE  
**GREAT BE-**  
**YOND!** WE'LL  
TAKE YOUSE  
TO EXPLORE  
DE WHOLE  
WORLD!

ARE YOU  
NUTS?  
STOP  
TALKING  
LIKE THAT!  
NOW BEAT  
IT!

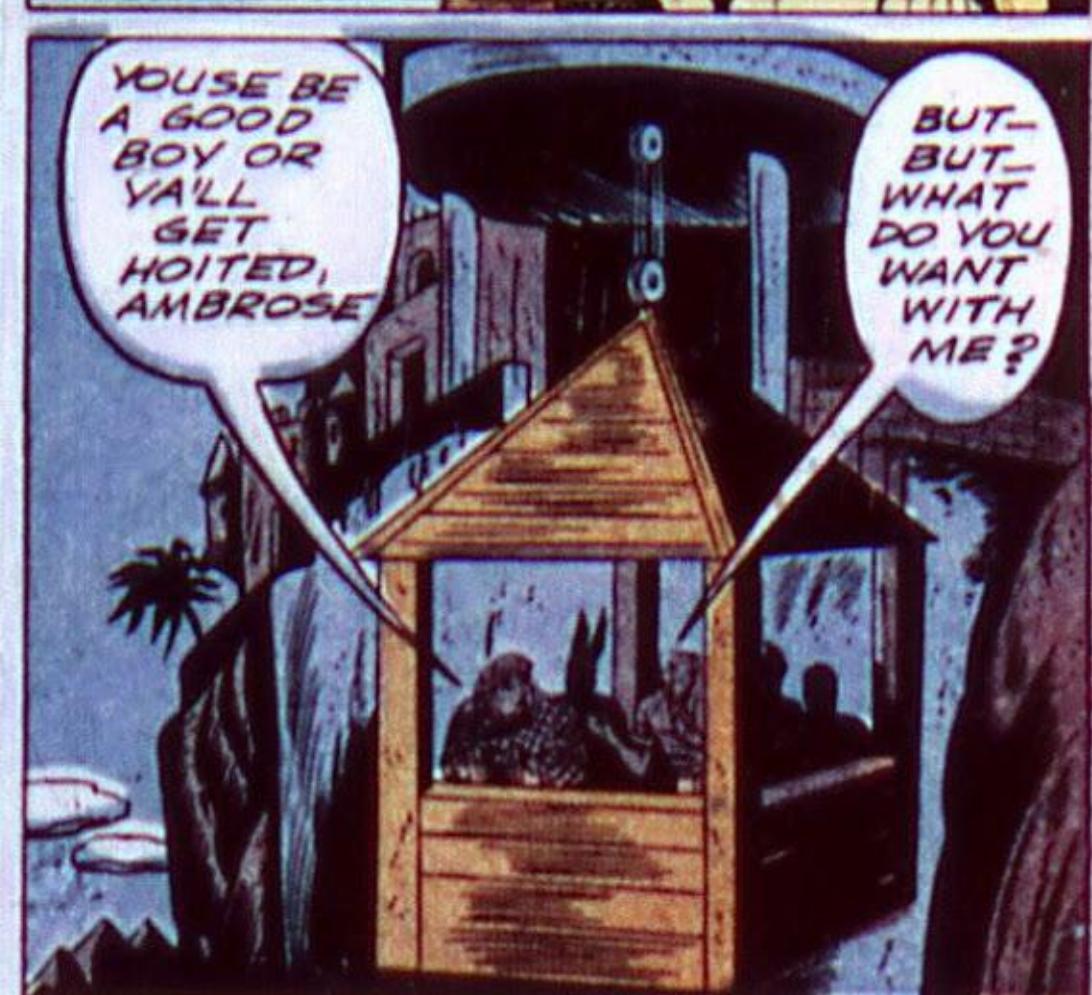
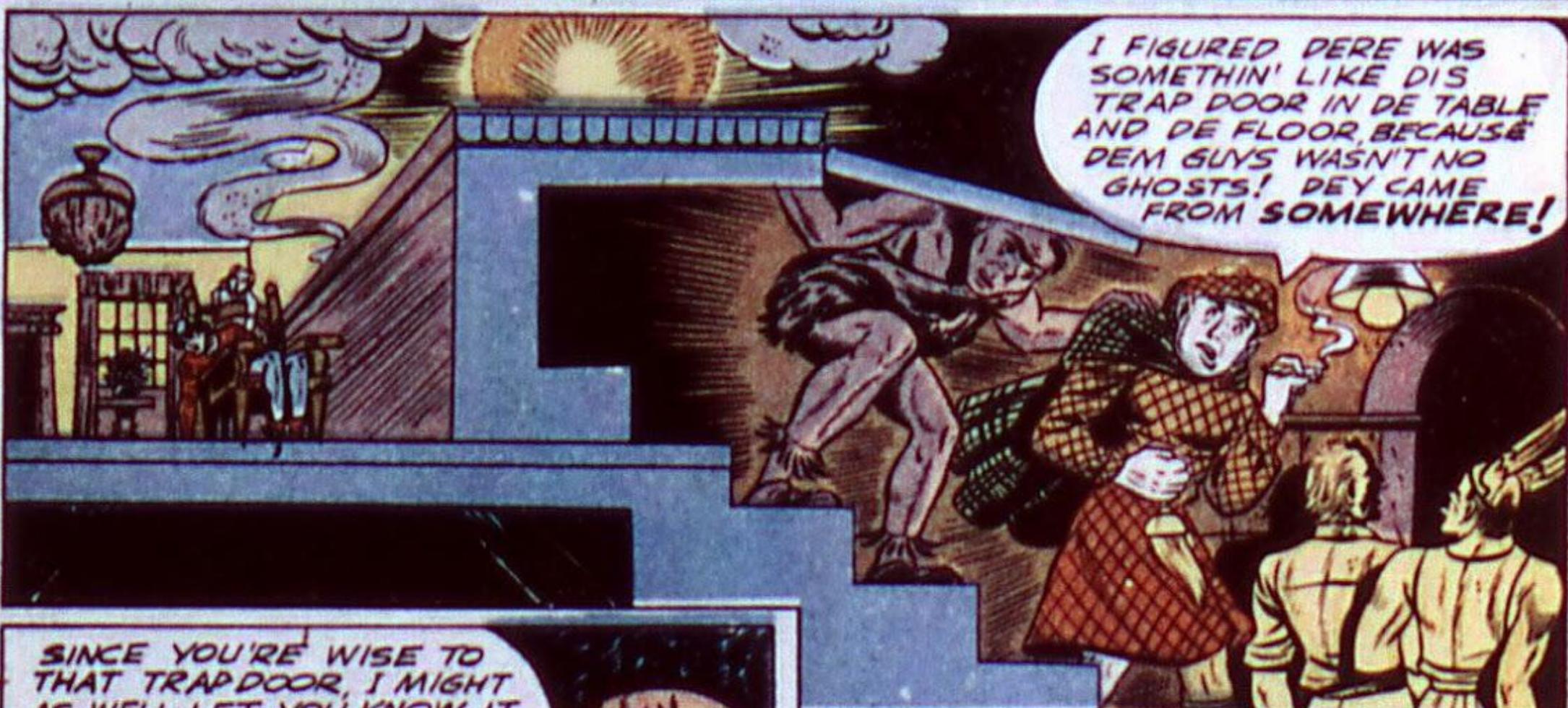
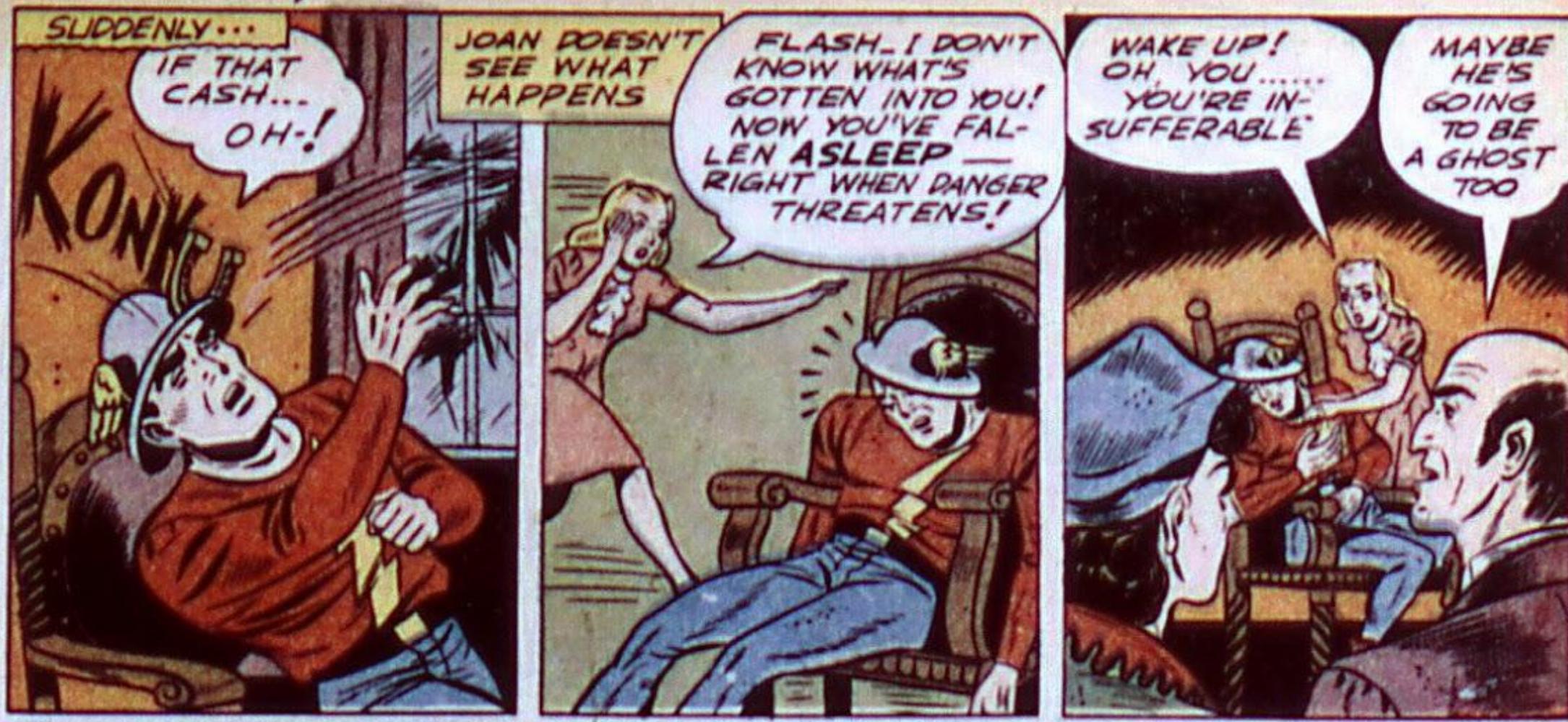
THAT  
VOICE--  
I'VE  
HEARD  
IT  
BEFORE  
!  
COME ALONG,  
SON OF  
MY SON,  
OR  
WHAT-  
EVER  
IT IS! I  
WOULDST  
TAKE YOUSE  
WIT ME!

VAN  
SEEMS  
ER.....  
RELUC-  
TANT!

LET  
ME  
GO!

OHHHH!  
FLASH...  
HELP  
HIM!

I SMELL  
A RAT!



WE DON'T WANT NOTHIN'  
FROM YOUSE! BUT YOUR  
PUBLISHERS DO - WHY I DON'T  
KNOW!.... AND IF DEY'LL PAY  
TO GET YOUSE BACK,  
YOUSE GOES!  
OTHERWISE.....

OTHERWISE YOUSE'LL  
REALLY BE A GHOST--  
**SLICCCHT!**

OH?

OH!

WOW! WHAT FELL  
ON ME? IT FELT LIKE  
THE SIDE OF THE  
HOUSE!

DON'T PULL  
THE WOOL  
OVER MY EYES!  
YOU WERE  
ASLEEP!

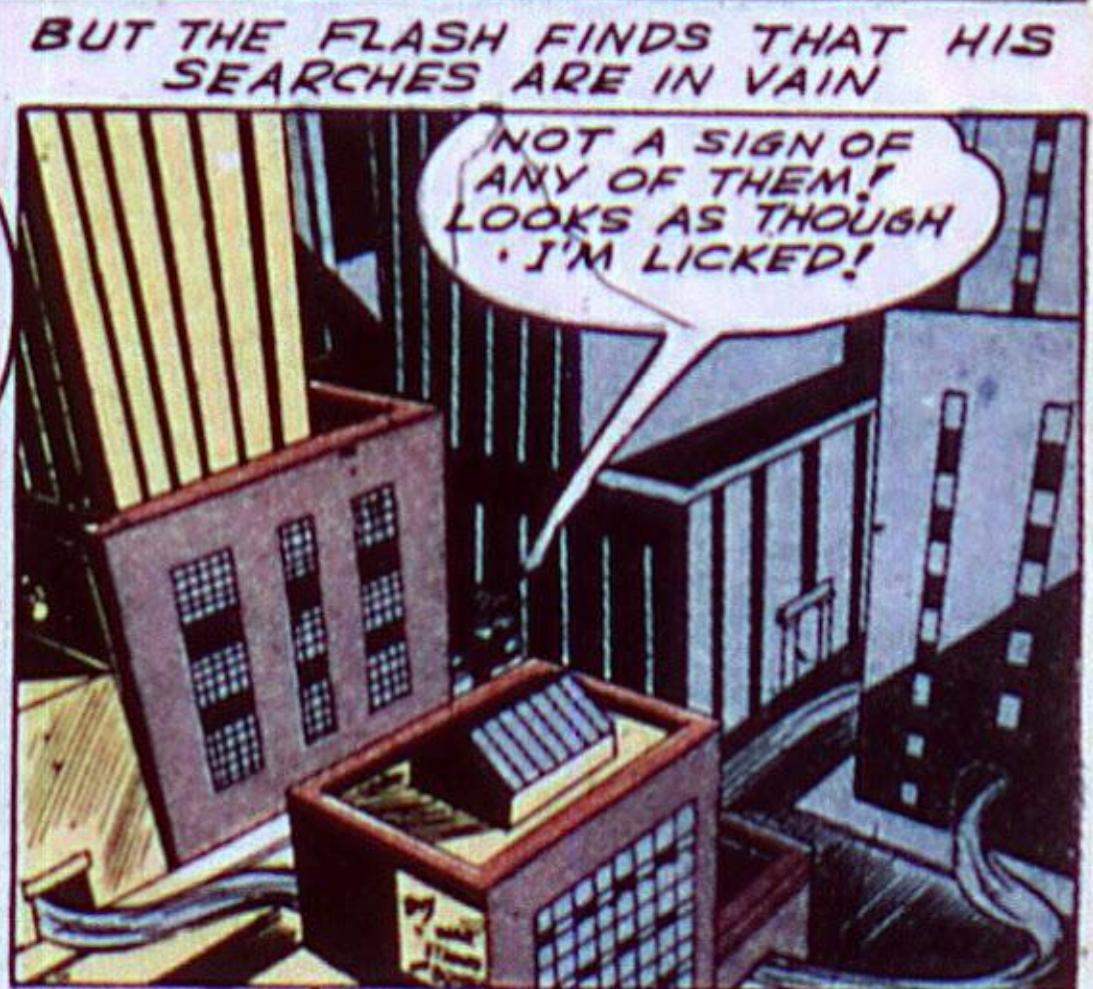
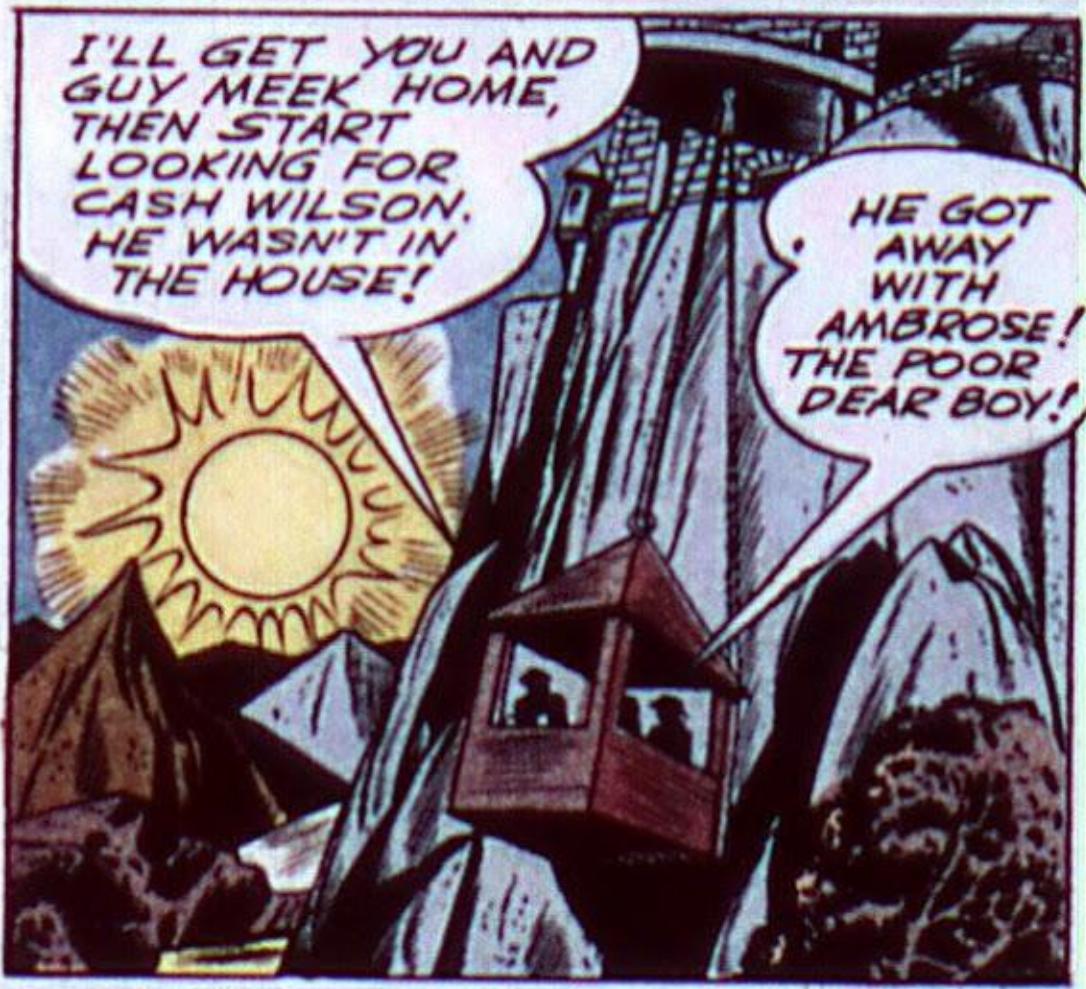
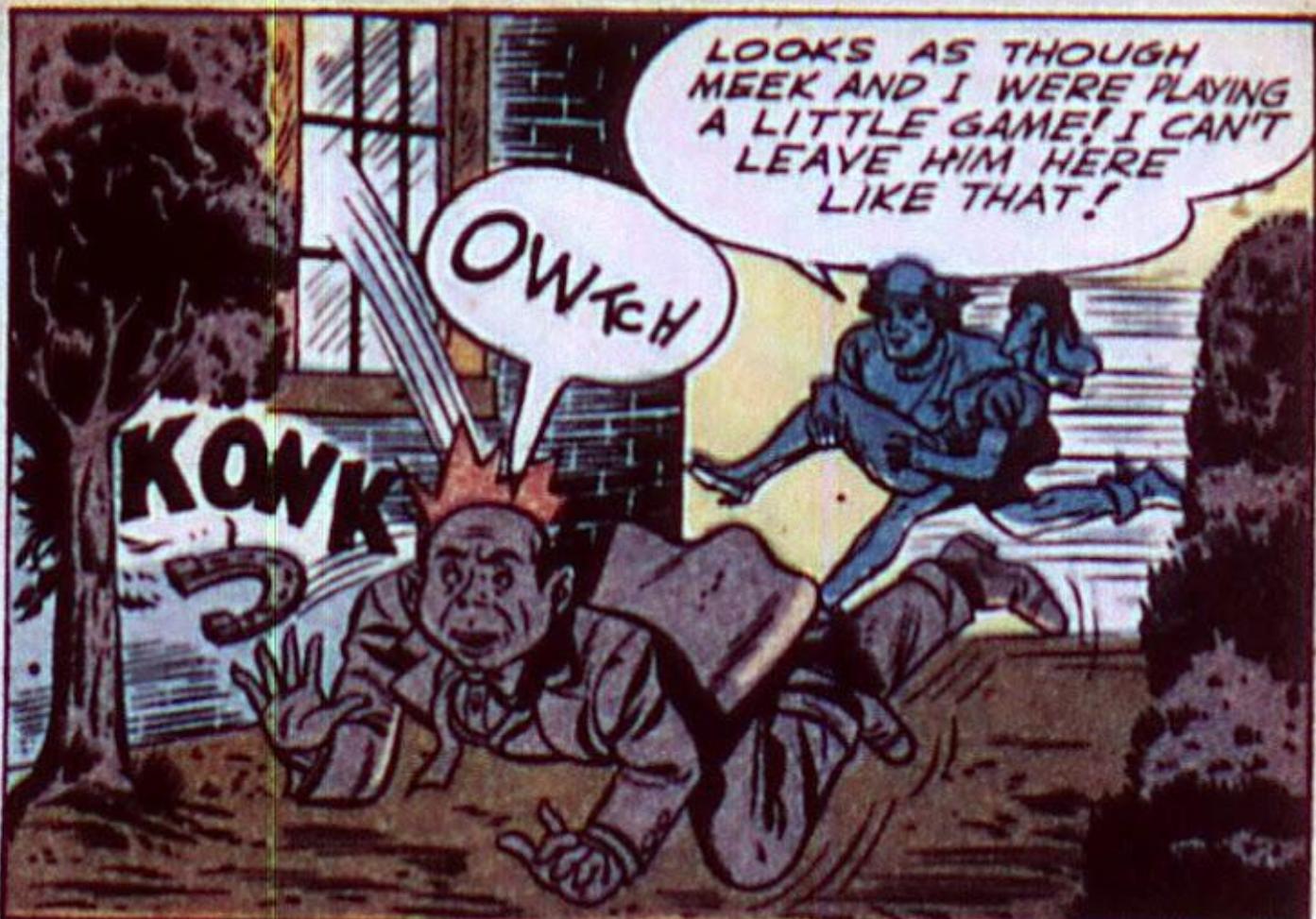
HMM.. A  
HORSESHOE-INDUCED  
SLEEP. I'M GLAD  
THEY TOOK THE  
HORSE OFF FIRST!

OH... DEAR...  
I-I'M SORRY  
FLASH!

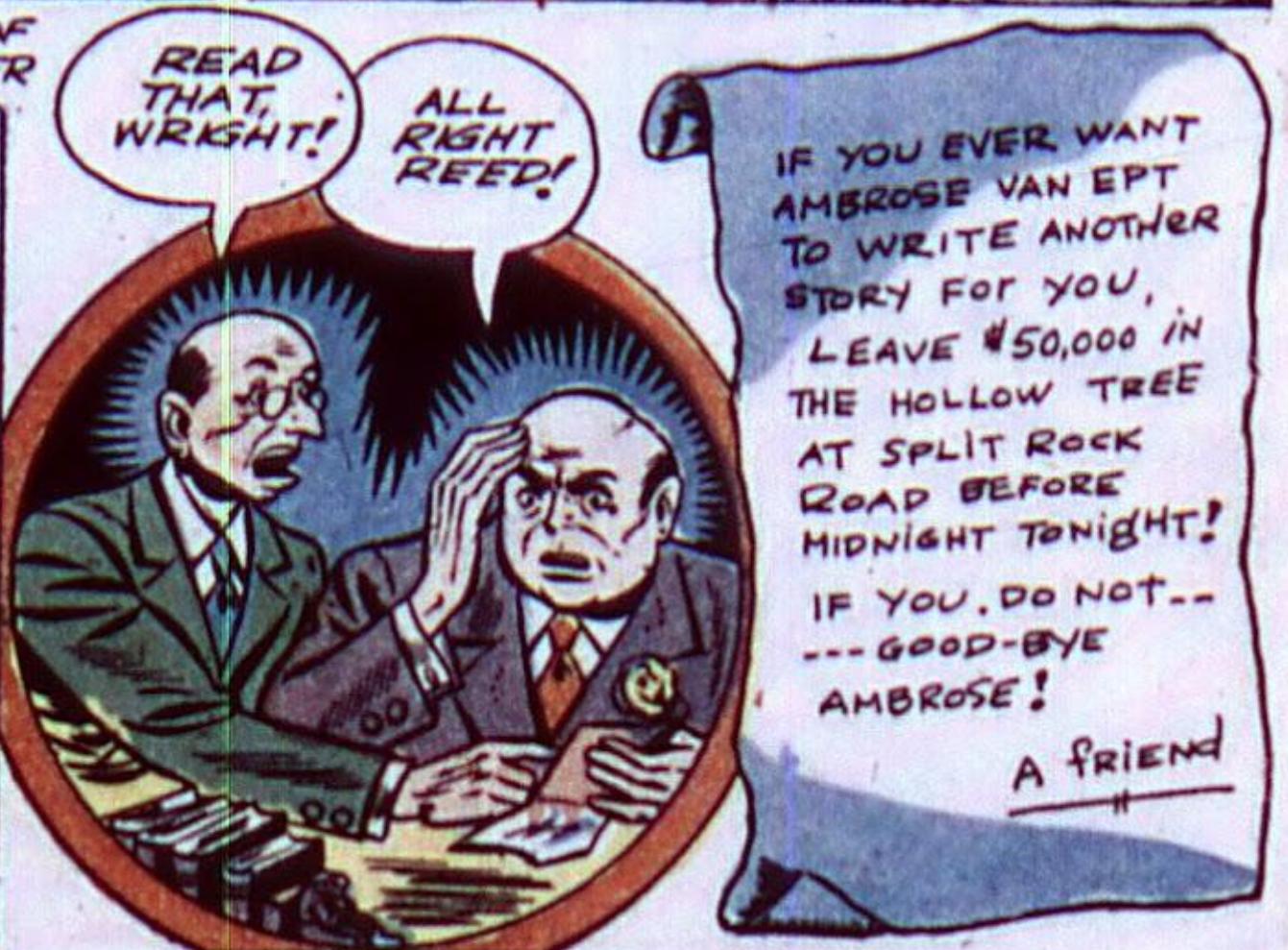
WE'LL FORGET ABOUT  
WHAT HAPPENED, JOAN.  
LET'S GET OUT OF  
THIS PLACE!

BUT WHAT  
ABOUT AMBROSE?  
WE CAN'T LEAVE  
HIM WITH THOSE  
GHOSTS!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! I'LL  
GO RESCUE HIM! BUT AFTER  
I DO, I WANT YOU TO FORGET  
THAT PHONEY. I'M FED UP  
WITH HIM!



A DAY LATER, IN THE OFFICES OF  
REED AND WRIGHT, BOOK PUBLISHER



PRINTING PRESSES THUNDER FORTH THE NEWS...



I'LL PAY A VISIT TO THESE PUBLISHERS AND LEARN WHERE THAT RANSOM IS TO BE PAID!



TAKE A LETTER ABOUT THE RANSOM MONEY....



YOU'RE THE FLASH!

RIGHT, REED!

OF COURSE I READ AND WRITE! WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?



YOU WANT VAN EPT BACK, DON'T YOU? AND YOU'D LIKE YOUR MONEY BACK TOO? THEN LET ME HANDLE THIS MY OWN WAY!



HE'S RIGHT, WRIGHT

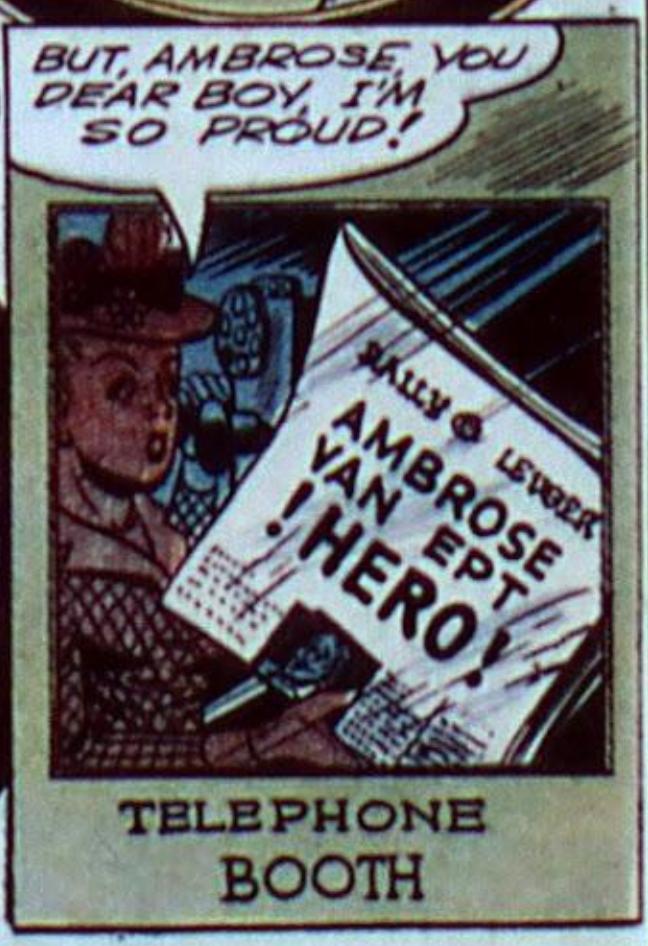
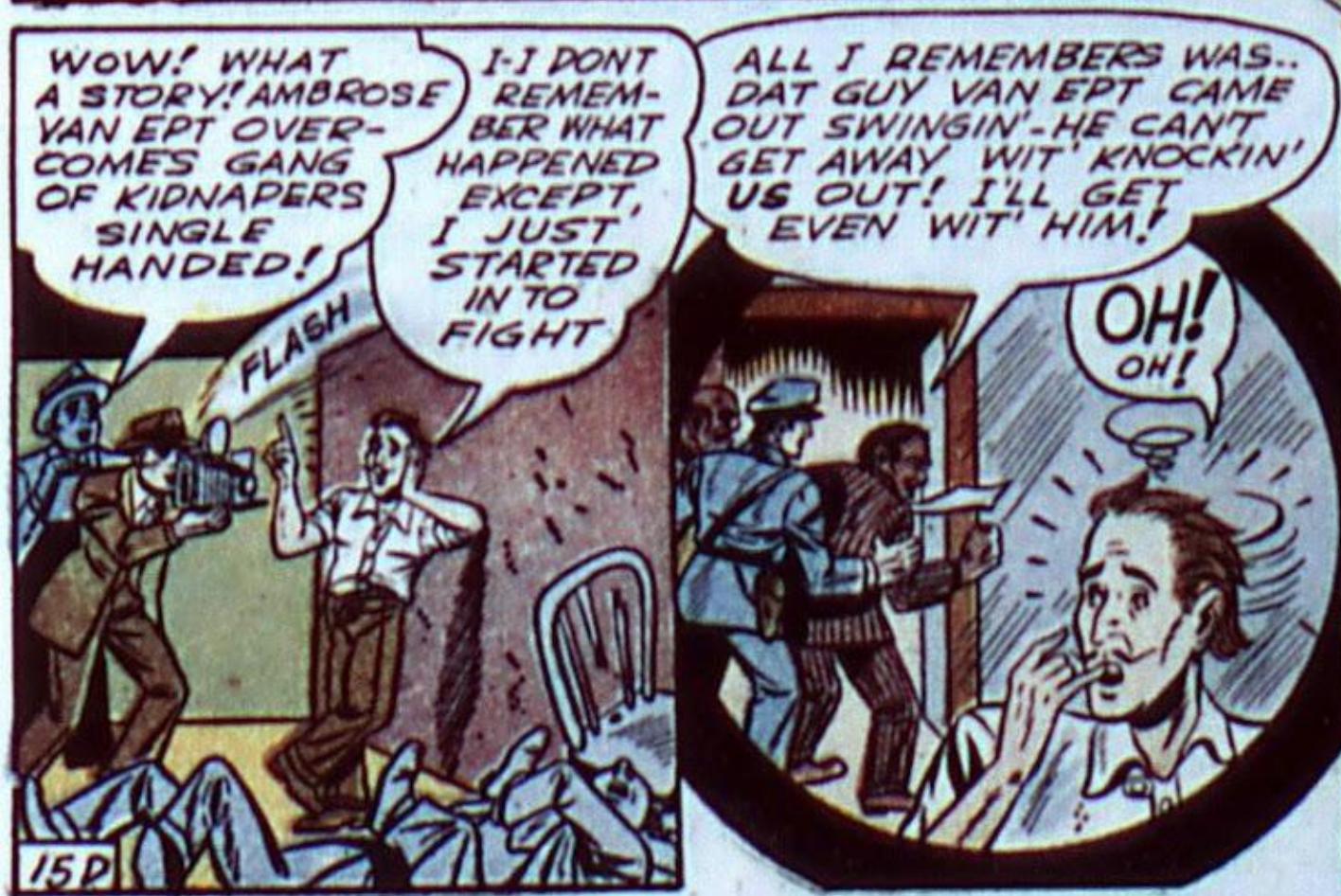
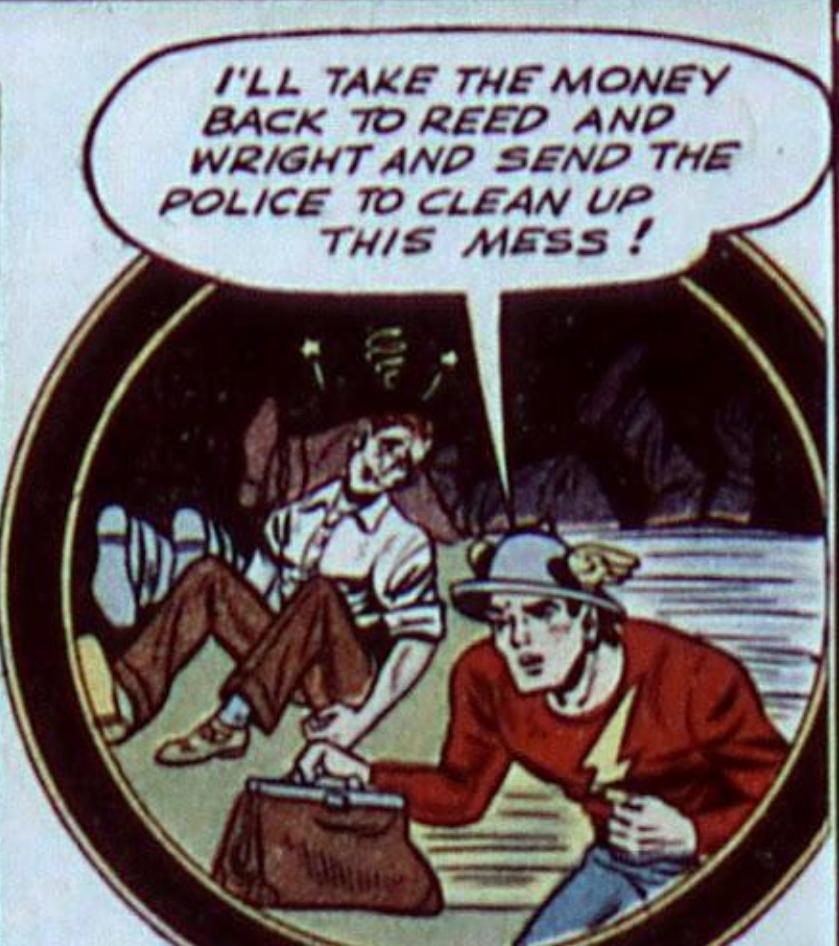
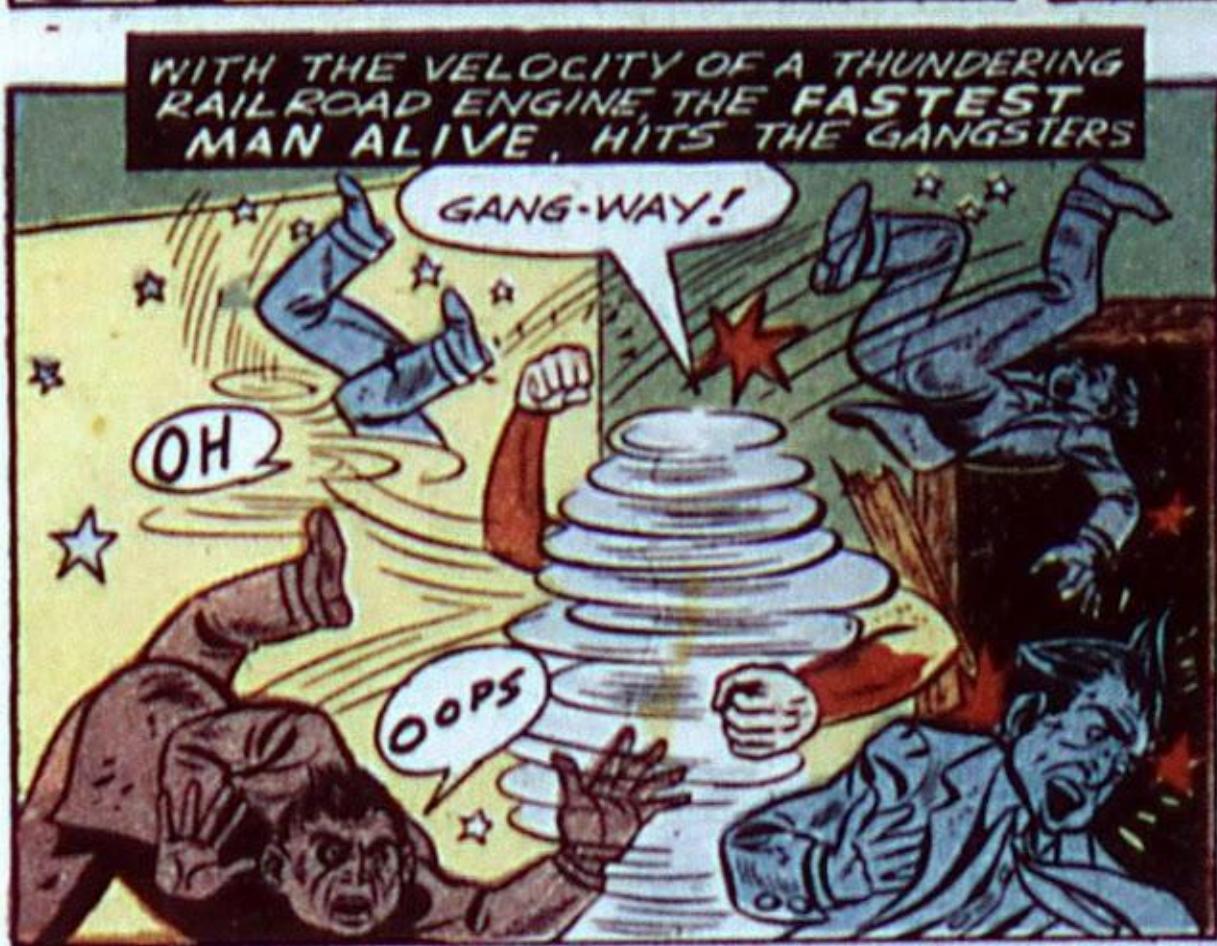
YOUR OWN WAY IT IS, REED!

THAT OLD OAK TREE IS HOLLOW. I'M TO PLACE THE BAG OF MONEY INSIDE IT!





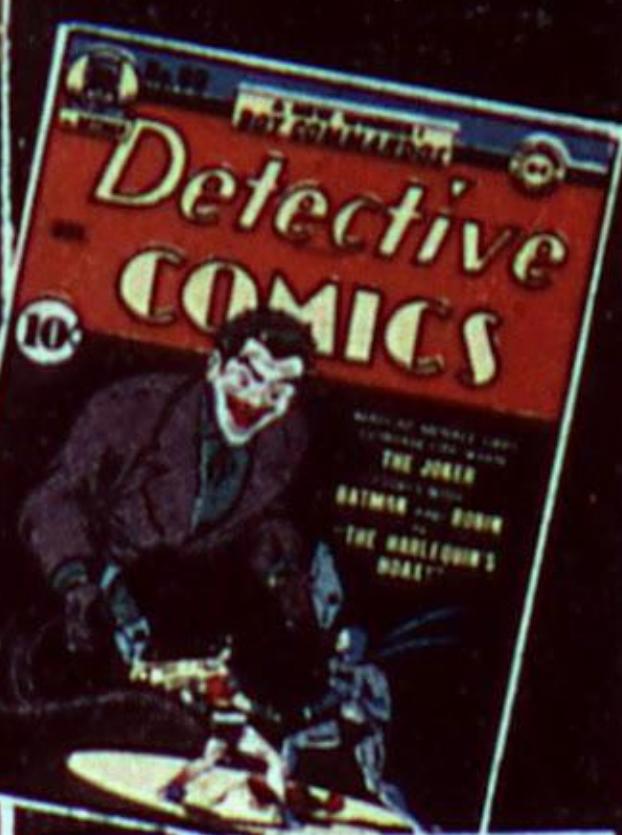
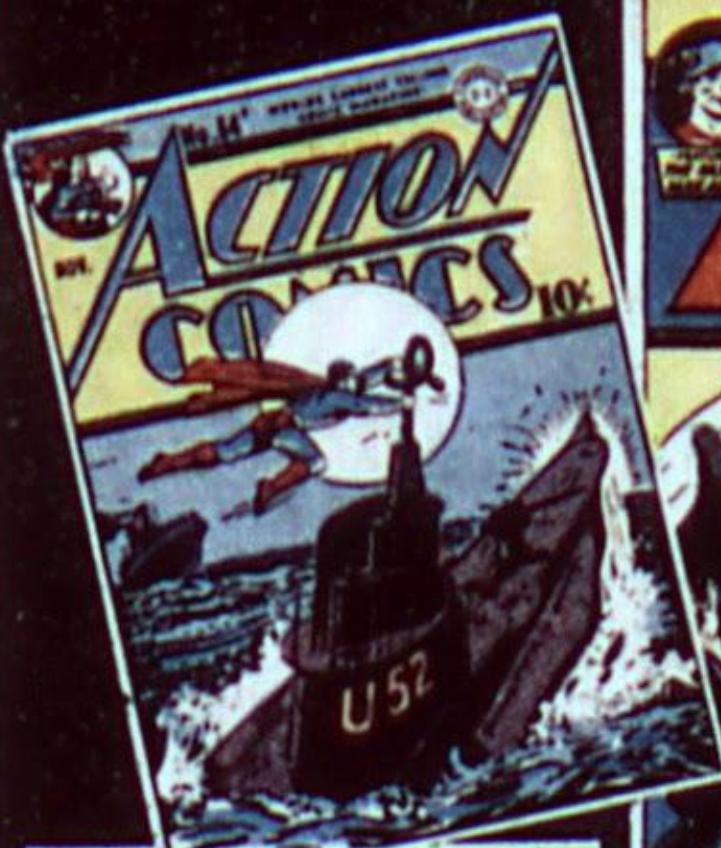
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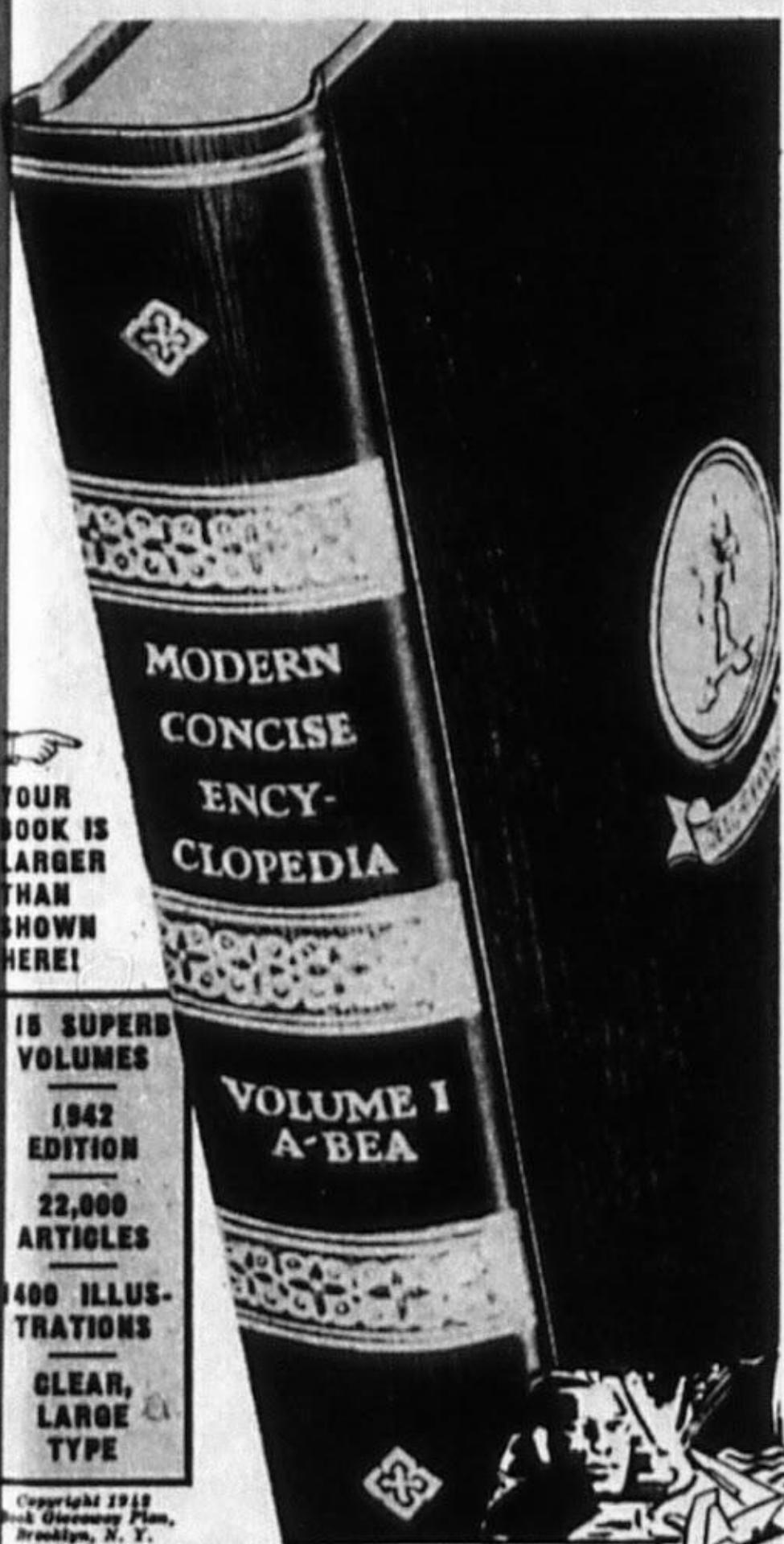
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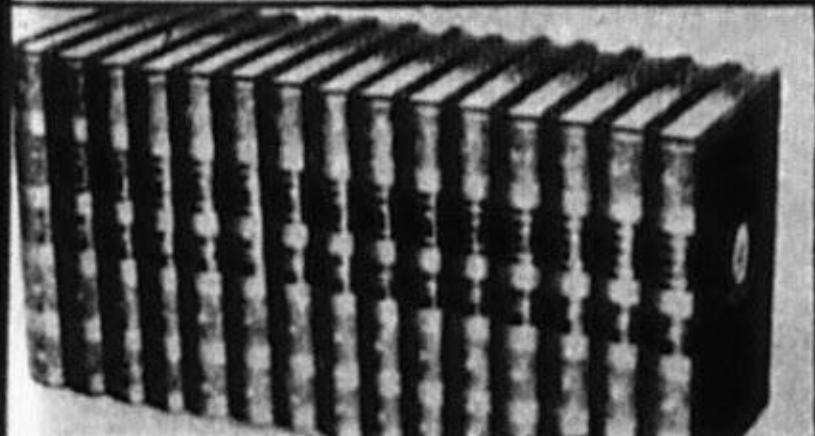
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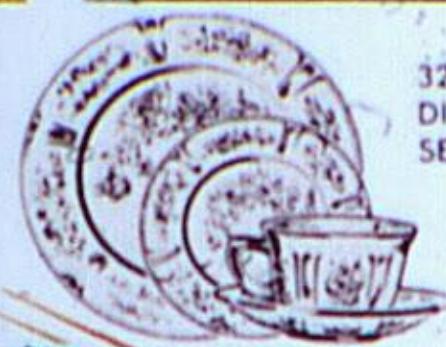
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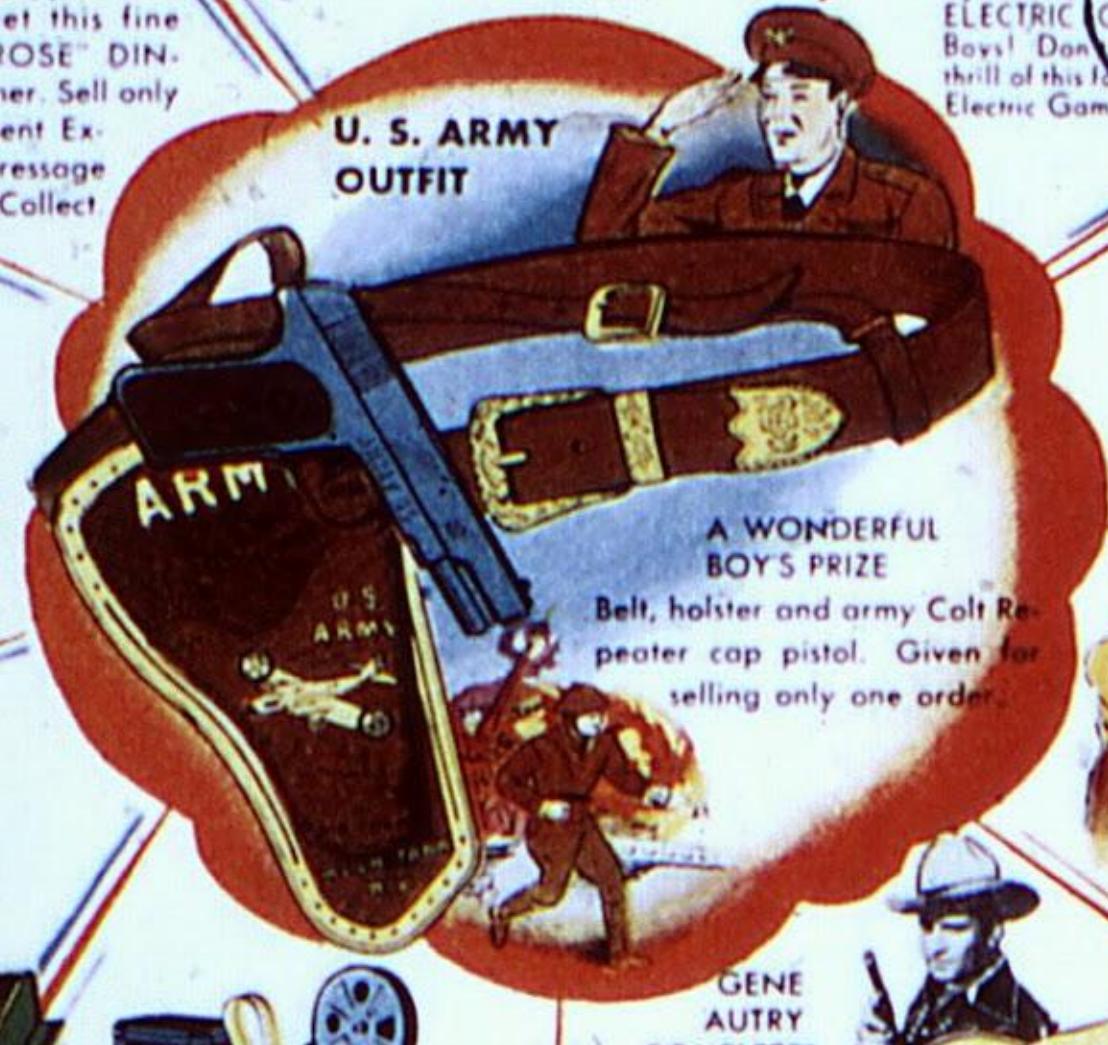
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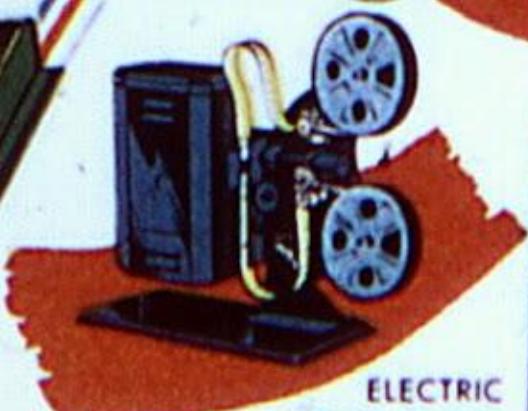


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