

WINTER
No. 13

Ace-Flash



10¢
IND.



THREE MYSTERY MEN
SLUG IT OUT WITH CRIME
AND EACH OTHER
IN THIS FULL-LENGTH
NOVELETTE.

MUSCLEMAN,
THE DJINN ^{and}
THE FLASH !

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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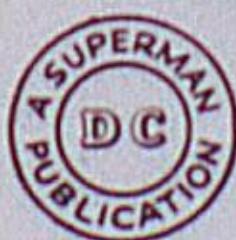
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*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly. ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published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

GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

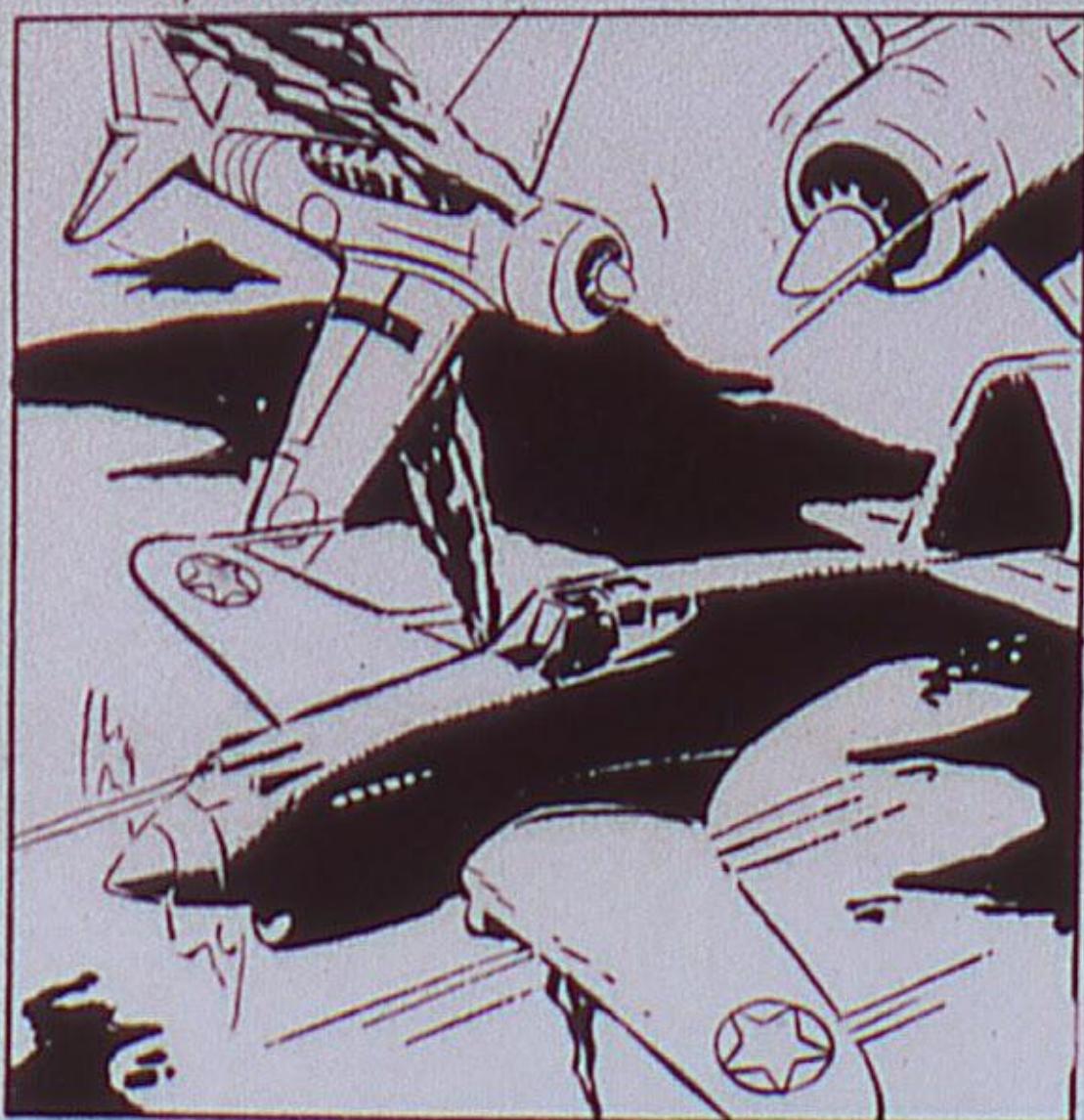
reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading

of the Child Study Association of America

America's Fighting Planes In Action

By Reed Kinert



You may think you know something about planes, but you'll be surprised at all you will find out about them in this book. Here are about seventy different planes, with a full page action picture of each, and just the things about them that you want most to know: their construction and design, speed, fighting equipment and what they can do to the enemy in the air, at sea and on the ground.

Did you know, for instance, that the Lightning Lockheed P-38 easily outclimbs the Jap Zero and is much faster in level flight? Did you know that the Commando Curtis C-46 is the largest twin-engine transport plane in the world? What do you know about our "Watchdogs of the Navy"—the Blimps that patrol the sea lanes?

This book makes clear the different uses and differences in construction of bombers, fighters, interceptors, training planes—in fact every type of plane now being used by the U. S. Army and Navy to win this war.

If planes are your special interest, ask your librarian for this new book.

The Flash

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

CLAMOR

IS THIS
MAN
A
MENACE
?

15¢

CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE FLASH!

- CHAPTER ONE -
THE FLASH GIVES UP HIS CAREER!

BENEATH THE SCARLET TUNIC OF THE FLASH IS A HUMAN HEART.... A HEART THAT KNOWS JOY AND SORROW, LOVE, AND HATRED OF EVIL THINGS! A HEART THAT THROBS WITH THAT MOST HUMAN OF ALL EMOTIONS — ANGER!

ASTONISHED AND HURT — A BIT SAD, TOO — THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE REACTS TO INGRATITUDE AS YOU OR I..... AT FIRST HE IS BEWILDERED, SOMEWHAT INCLINED TO INDIGNATION.... THEN HE RETIRES, HIS PRIDE HURT,

INTO A SILENT ALOOFNESS.....

MENACE TO SOCIETY! THE HEADLINES SCREAM AT HIM.... SHOULD REVEAL IDENTITY! MAY PROVE WORST CRIME CZAR OF ALL!... THE FLASH SHOULD RETIRE, AND LET THE POLICE FIGHT CRIME!.. AND — THE FLASH DOES RETIRE! AND THEN THE UNDERWORLD STIRS INTO ACTION.....

IN A FIFTH AVENUE PENTHOUSE, GANG LEADER DAPPER DON DOLAN ARRANGES HIS TIE WITH CRITICAL EYE...

THERE, THAT'S BETTER... YOU'VE GOT TO ATTEND TO BUSINESS THE WAY I ATTEND TO MY CLOTHES, SOAPY — WITH METICULOUS ATTENTION!

HUH?
YEAH—
ER—
I GUESS
SO!

I CAME TO KEYSTONE CITY TO MAKE MONEY! THE FLASH WILL INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS — SO... I REMOVE THE DANGER OF THE FLASH!

YA DO,
HUH?
JUST LIKE
DAT-PRESTO,
AN' HE'S
GONE!



IN THE PAST, OUR FELLOW CROOKS HAVE OVERLOOKED THEIR GREATEST ALLY — PUBLIC OPINION! IF WE COULD AROUSE THE PEOPLE AGAINST THE FLASH, MAKE THEM FEAR HIM — WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?

WHY...
HE'D GET
SORE, AN'
BE WORSE'N
EVER.
DAT'S WHAT!

NO, NO, SOAPY! THE PEOPLE WOULD COMPEL A LAW TO BE PASSED FORBIDDING THE FLASH TO OPERATE! AND BEING SO LAW-ABIDING — HE'D OBEY IT!



TWO HOURS LATER, AT A CERTAIN RESTAURANT ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE ...

I'VE WRITTEN THE MAGAZINE ARTICLE, AND HAD IT SET UP IN TYPE! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET IT ON THE PRESSES! I DON'T CARE HOW... BUT — DO IT!

OKAY,
BOSS!
CONSIDER
IT
DONE!

THAT NIGHT, AS THE ROLLING DRESSES OF 'CLAMOR MAGAZINE' THUNDER INTO LIFE ...

OKAY, PUNKO!
WE'LL TAKE
OVER FROM
HERE...

OH!



FOR HOURS THE GREAT ROLLERS PRINT AND PRINT UNTIL 'CLAMOR MAGAZINE' IS READY FOR ITS DISTRIBUTORS AND GOES OUT ON THE STANDS...

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

WHY - WHAT'S THIS?
THE FLASH -
A MENACE!!!
OH OH, I'D BETTER
SEE JAY, BUT
QUICK!

JAY - HAVE YOU
SEEN CLAMOR YET? IT HAS AN ARTICLE
IN IT ABOUT YOU! AND THE ODD
PART IS - I DON'T
KNOW WHETHER
TO LAUGH OR
BE ANGRY!

READ
IT TO
ME -
I'M
BUSY!

IT SAYS — 'IS WORLD'S
FASTEST MAN A MENACE
TO SOCIETY? OF LATE,
WE READ MORE AND
MORE ABOUT THE
ACTIVITIES OF A
MYSTERIOUS BEING
KNOWN AS THE FLASH!
FORTUNATELY, THUS
FAR, HE HAS ALIGNED
HIMSELF ON THE SIDE
OF THE LAW, AGAINST
CRIME

ARE THEY
KIDDING?
WHAT DO
THEY MEAN -
THUS
FAR?

'FOR THIS WE ARE
GRATEFUL, BUT WHAT
OF OUR POLICE FORCE?
WE PAY TAXES TO
SUPPORT THE MEN IN
BLUE, AND WE HAVE
NO COMPLAINT ABOUT
THEIR SPLENDID WORK!
THE FLASH HAS TAKEN
OVER A GREAT PORTION
OF THEIR BUSINESS!'

AS THE FULL MEANING OF THE ARTICLE
DAWNS ON HIM, JAY GARRICK LOSES
HIS TEMPER....

THAT'S LIKE SAYING I OUGHT
TO MIND MY OWN BUSINESS,
AND KEEP MY NOSE OUT OF
OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS....
THEY'VE GOT A NERVE!

BUT IT'S SO
RIDICULOUS!
I HAVE A LOT
OF FRIENDS ON
THE POLICE
FORCE! BESIDES
I ALWAYS GIVE
THEM ALL THE
CREDIT FOR
A JOB...

SHH - LISTEN....
"WHY DOES NOT THE
FLASH REVEAL HIS
IDENTITY? IF HE
IS SO HONEST AND
UPRIGHT AS HE
APPEARS, HE HAS
NOTHING TO FEAR!"

"THE THOUGHT REMAINS THAT
IF THE FLASH EVENTUALLY INTEND-
ED TO 'GO BAD,' HIS SERVICE
WITH THE POLICE, OBSERVING THEIR
METHODS, WOULD STAND HIM IN
GOOD STEAD! ALSO, HE HAS IN-
SINUATED HIMSELF INTO THE HEARTS
OF THOUSANDS, AND HAS MADE
HIS NAME ONE TO TRUST! AS
A CRIMINAL, HE WOULD BE
UNSURPASSED! HIS SPEED WOULD
RENDER HIM INVULNERABLE!
HE WOULD BE RULER OF THE
WORLD! THE FLASH IS
REALLY A MAN TO FEAR !!!"

ELSEWHERE, PEOPLE ARE READING
THE SAME ARTICLE — AND LAUGHING
AT IT

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

THIS SURE
IS FUNNY!

STILL AND ALL,
I DON'T THINK
IT'S A GOOD IDEA!
SOME SAPS ARE
LIABLE TO GET
TAKEN IN BY
THAT BALONEY!

HAW-HAW! THIS
IS RICH! THIS IS
REAL HUMOR . . .
THE FLASH A
CROOK! HA-HA!

YEAH... HA-HA!
CLAMOR'S GOT
THE COMEDY
ARTICLE OF
THE YEAR!



WE DON'T WANT TO CALL ANYONE
SAPS, BUT

OOOH,
JUST SUPPOSE
DE FLASH
DID TURN
CROOK!

AWW, HE
WOULDN'T
DO THAT...
I HOPE.
I HOPE!

YA CAN'T
TRUST
NOBODY
THESE
DAYS...

WE GOT
TO FIND
OUT!

YEAH! IF
HE IS GONNA
BE A CROOK,
MAYBE WE
CAN BE IN
HIS GANG!

SURE,
EVERY
CROOK
NEEDS
A GANG!

AT JAY GARRICK'S

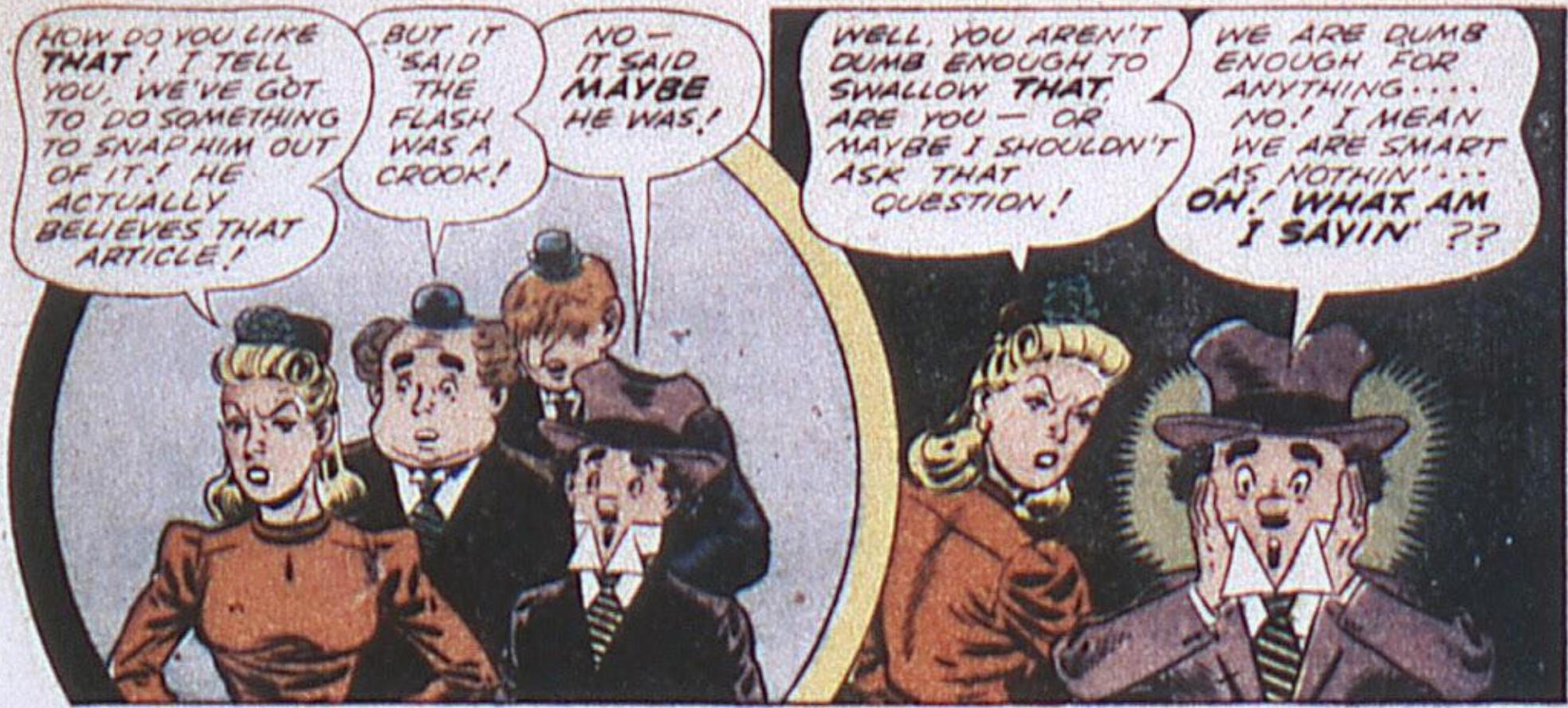
JAY, DID
YOU READ
THIS ARTICLE?
IS THE FLASH
REALLY GONNA
BE A CROOK?

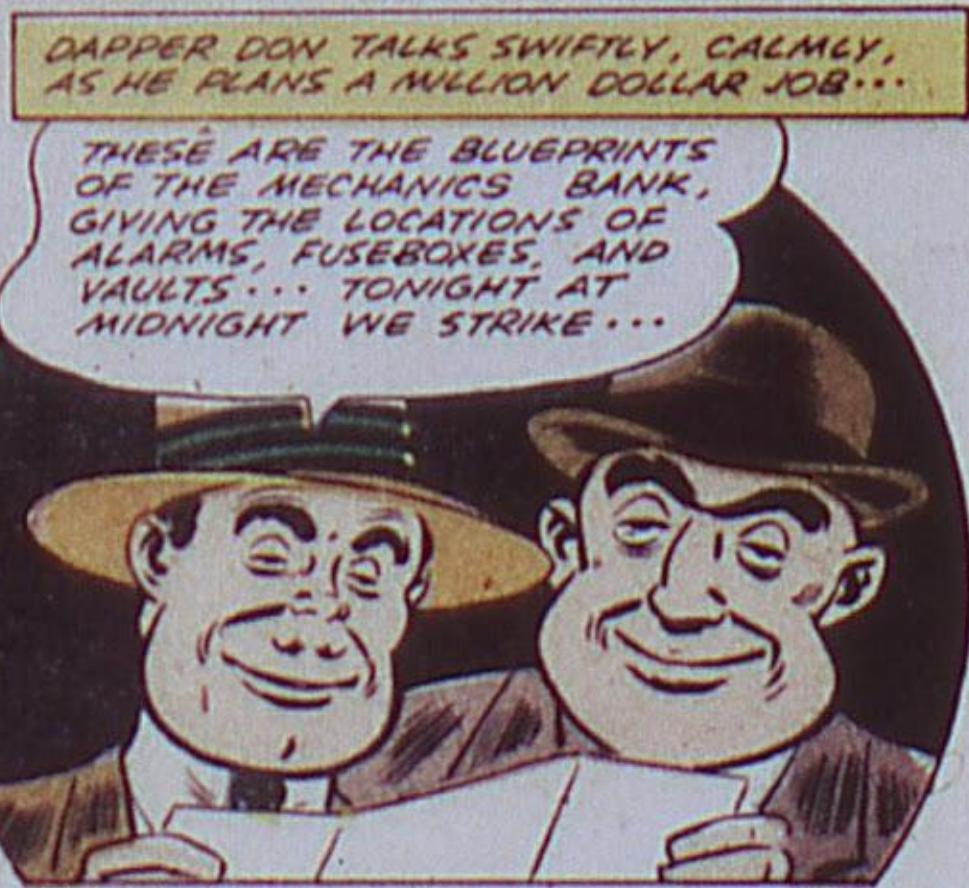
HE IS NOT!
IN FACT—
YOU'VE ALL
HEARD THE
LAST OF THE
FLASH! NO
ONE WILL
EVER SEE HIM
AGAIN!

FLA—I MEAN
JAY! YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHAT
YOU'RE
SAYING!

OH, DON'T
I? YOU'LL
SEE! THE
FLASH NEVER
EXPECTED
ANY PRAISE
OR REWARD,
BUT HE DID
THINK HE'D
GET A LITTLE
GRATITUDE!

MAYBE THAT ARTICLE
IS RIGHT! AFTER
ALL, I HAVE NO
RIGHT TO GO BUTTING
IN ON POLICE WORK!
I WOULDN'T EXPECT
THEM TO TELL ME
HOW TO CONDUCT MY
CHEMICAL WAR
RESEARCH WORK...





NEWSPAPER HEADLINES SPUR JOAN ON TO HEIGHTS OF ORATORY....

... A PUBLIC DUTY TO THE CITIZENS! YOU CAN'T RETIRE NOW! PEOPLE WILL SAY YOU QUIT UNDER FIRE! YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF!

IT'S NO USE, JOAN! I'VE MADE UP MY MIND!

I'VE THOUGHT IT ALL OUT! IF THE POLICE NEED ME, THEY'LL LET ME KNOW! WHY SHOULD I GO OUT OF MY WAY TO TELL THEM HOW TO MANAGE CRIME?

BUT THAT ISN'T THE POINT...

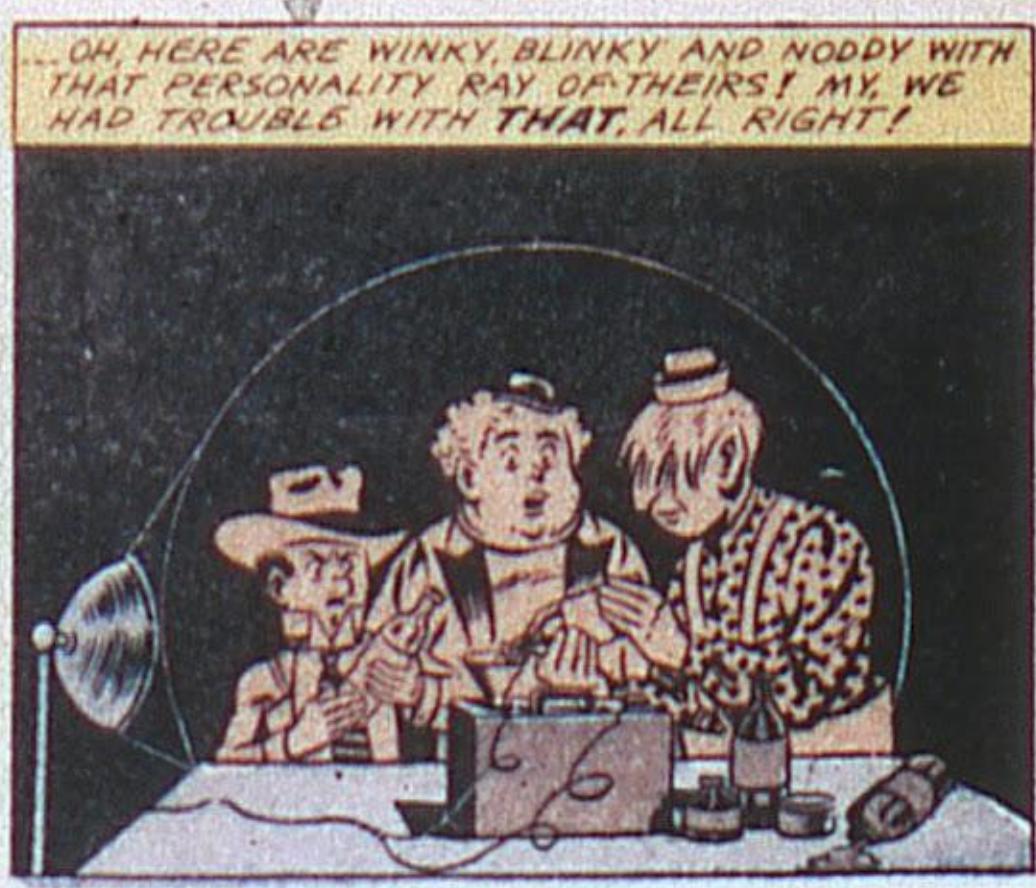
SOMETIMES THINGS OCCUR BEYOND THE ABILITY OF THE POLICE TO DEAL WITH! LOOK AT THIS SCRAPBOOK! WHAT MEMORIES IT RECALLS....

HERE, FOR INSTANCE! REMEMBER THOSE THREE DICTATORS FROM KARMA AND THEIR MARVELOUS INVENTIONS? COULD THE POLICE HAVE HANDLED THEM?

BUT THAT'S ALL OVER WITH!

...WHAT ABOUT THE MIRROR THAT WAS THE GATEWAY TO THE FOURTH DIMENSION? I SUPPOSE ANYONE COULD HAVE SOLVED THAT CASE!

AND FAIRYLAND... WITH THOSE EVIL GIANTS! MY, I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW YOU TIED INTO THEM....



AT THAT MOMENT, IN FRONT OF THE
MECHANICS BANK . . .

THE DOORS OPEN SOUNDELESSLY, AND
WAIT A MINUTE - WHO'S THIS?

THIS KEY YA MADE
FROM THAT WAX
IMPRESSION FITS
LIKE A GLOVE!

DAPPER
THINKS
OF
EVERY-
THING!

I MAKE
NO
MISTAKES!

LOOKS AS THOUGH I'VE
STUMBLED ON SOME-
THING! IF THOSE
GUYS AREN'T
CROOKS, I'LL EAT
MY MASK!

INTRODUCING . . .
MUSCLEMAN!

AND IN THIS
CORNER . . . PARDON
ME - I MEAN ON
THE FLOOR . . .
THE RATS OF
THE UNDER-
WORLD!

YEEOW!
DEM BULLETS
DON'T HURT
HIM NONE . . .
LOOKIT 'EM
BOUNCE!

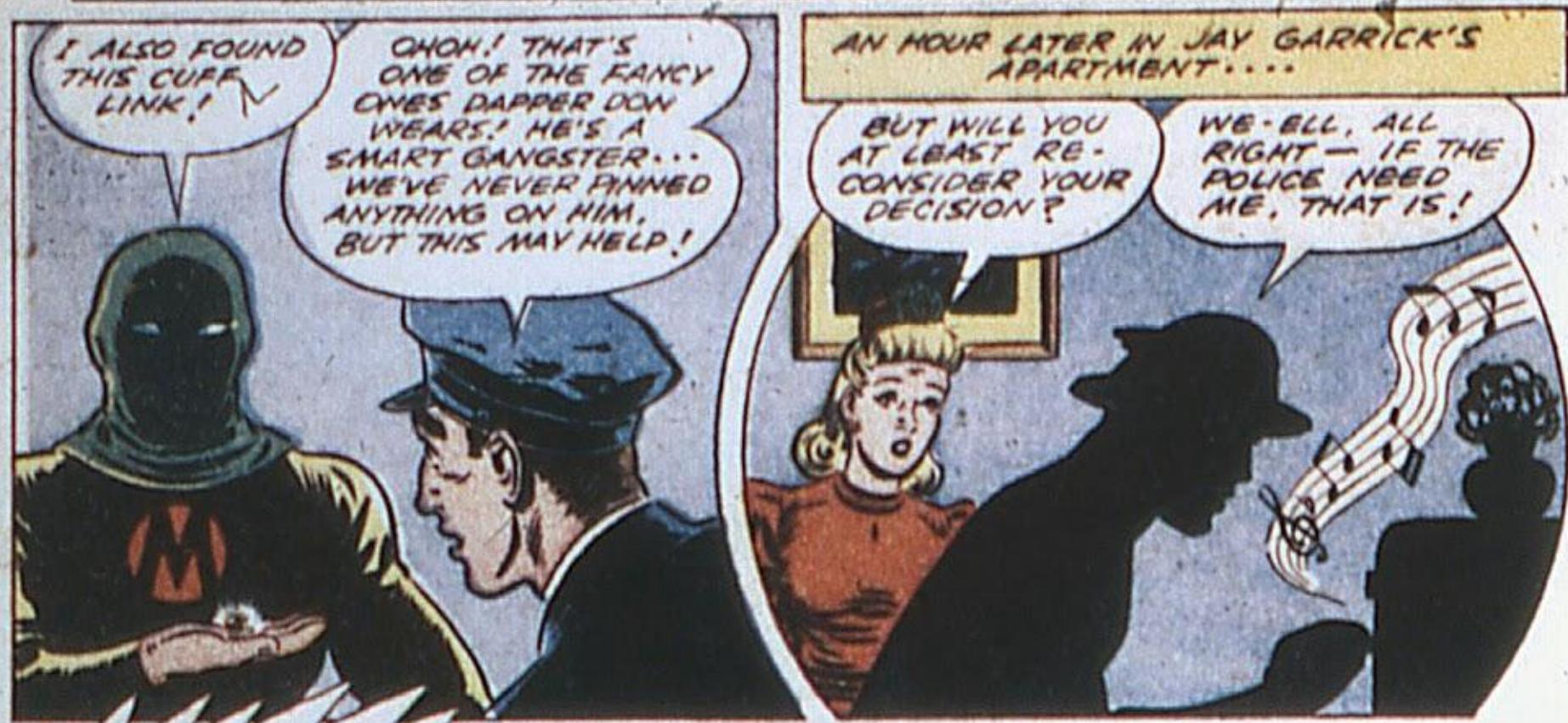
WHO'S
DIS GAZABO?
HE'S AS
BAD AS
DE FLASH!!

COME ON,
BOSS . . .
LET'S
SCRAM!

WHAT A BREAK!
I NO SOONER GET
RID OF THE FLASH
THAN THIS NEW
MYSTERY MAN
SHOWS UP! WHAT
A LIFE!

YOU GONNA LET
HIM GET AWAY
WITH THAT
STUFF?

DID YOU SEE
THOSE BULLETS
BOUNCING OFF
HIS CHEST?
WHAT CAN YOU DO
WITH A GUY
LIKE THAT?



THIS ISN'T SO GOOD! THE FLASH CAN'T GO AND DO THAT TO US! HE IS NEEDED TO BATTLE CRIME. BUT HE CERTAINLY DOESN'T REALIZE IT! JOAN HAS A LITTLE SCHEME TO GET HIM BACK IN ACTION.... BUT WILL IT WORK?

MORE ADVENTURES OF *The FLASH* IN-

NOW ON
SALE



AT YOUR
DEALER'S

PLUS MANY MORE EXCITING STORIES.....
and the Hop Harrigan Quarterly Award for Flying Heroism!

THE JUSTICE SOCIETY FOLLOWS
CLUES FROM AN OLD PIANO....



A HIGH NOTE IN
ADVENTURE !!

Sing out
FOR
YOUR
COPY
TODAY!

The Flash

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



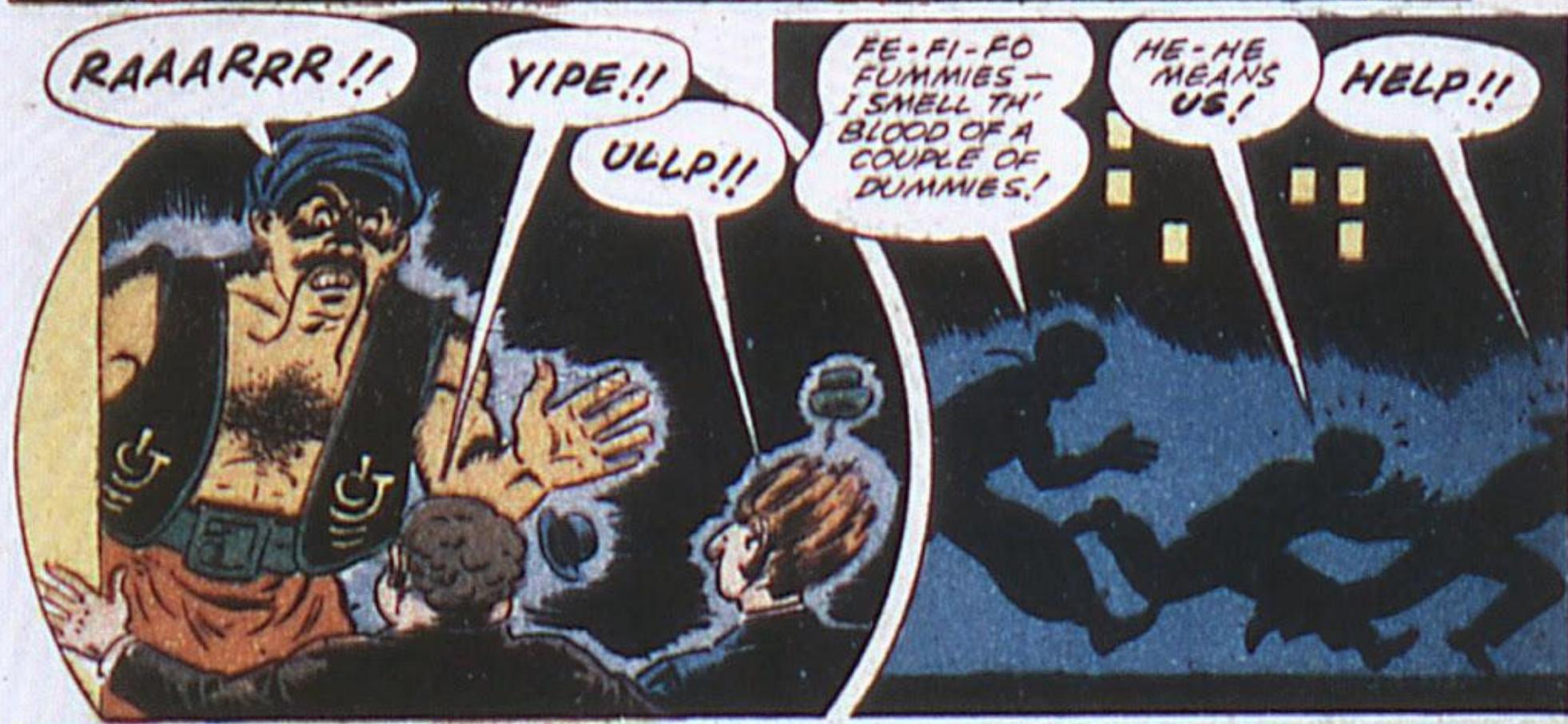
- CHAPTER TWO - HELP WANTED: MUSCLEMAN!

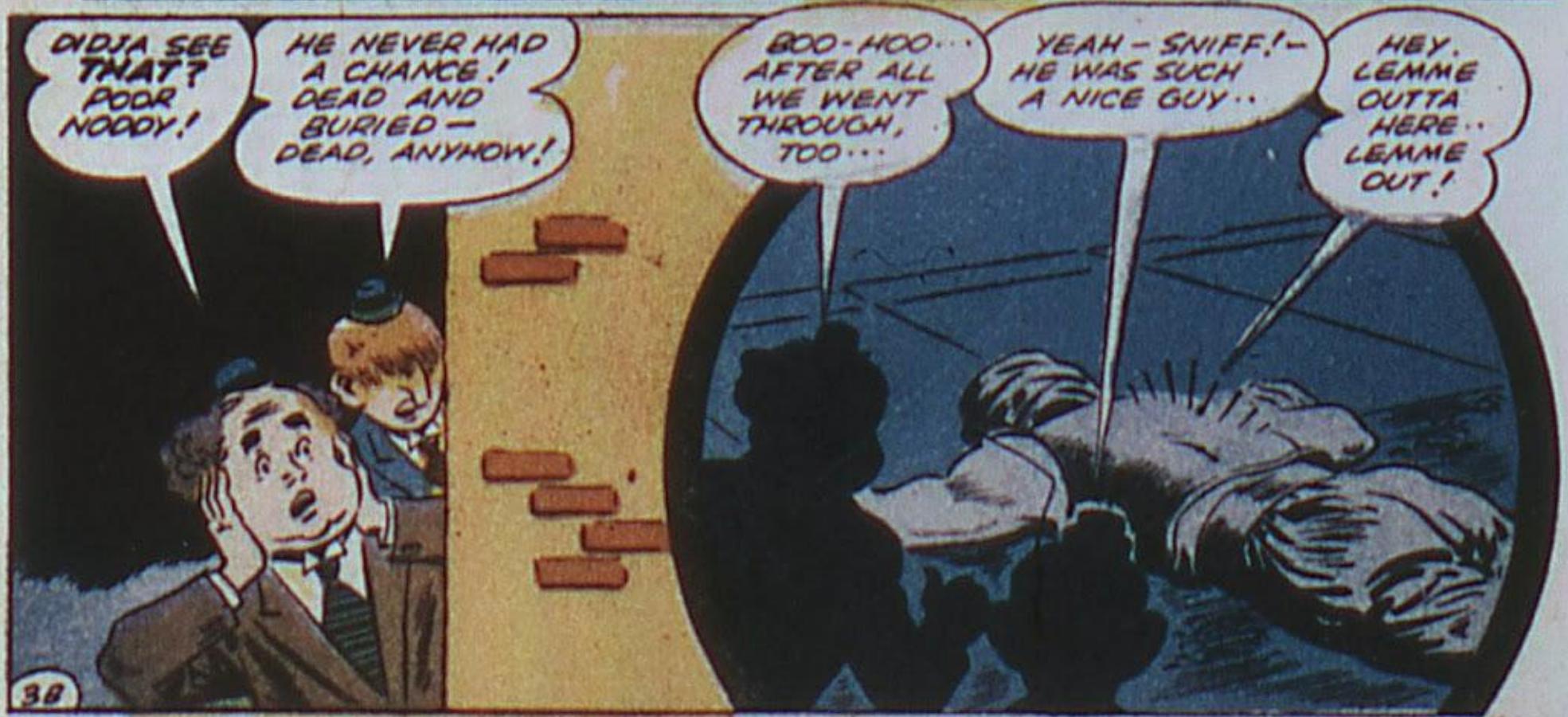
Alas for the intentions of The Flash! Fate in the form of an Arabian Djinn, who rises seemingly from a magic vase amid a cloud of smoke, forces him to don once more the scarlet habiliments of the Fastest Man Alive! But so swiftly does the Flash move that he is in and out of trouble before anyone can realize that he has appeared in his old role of crime-smasher!

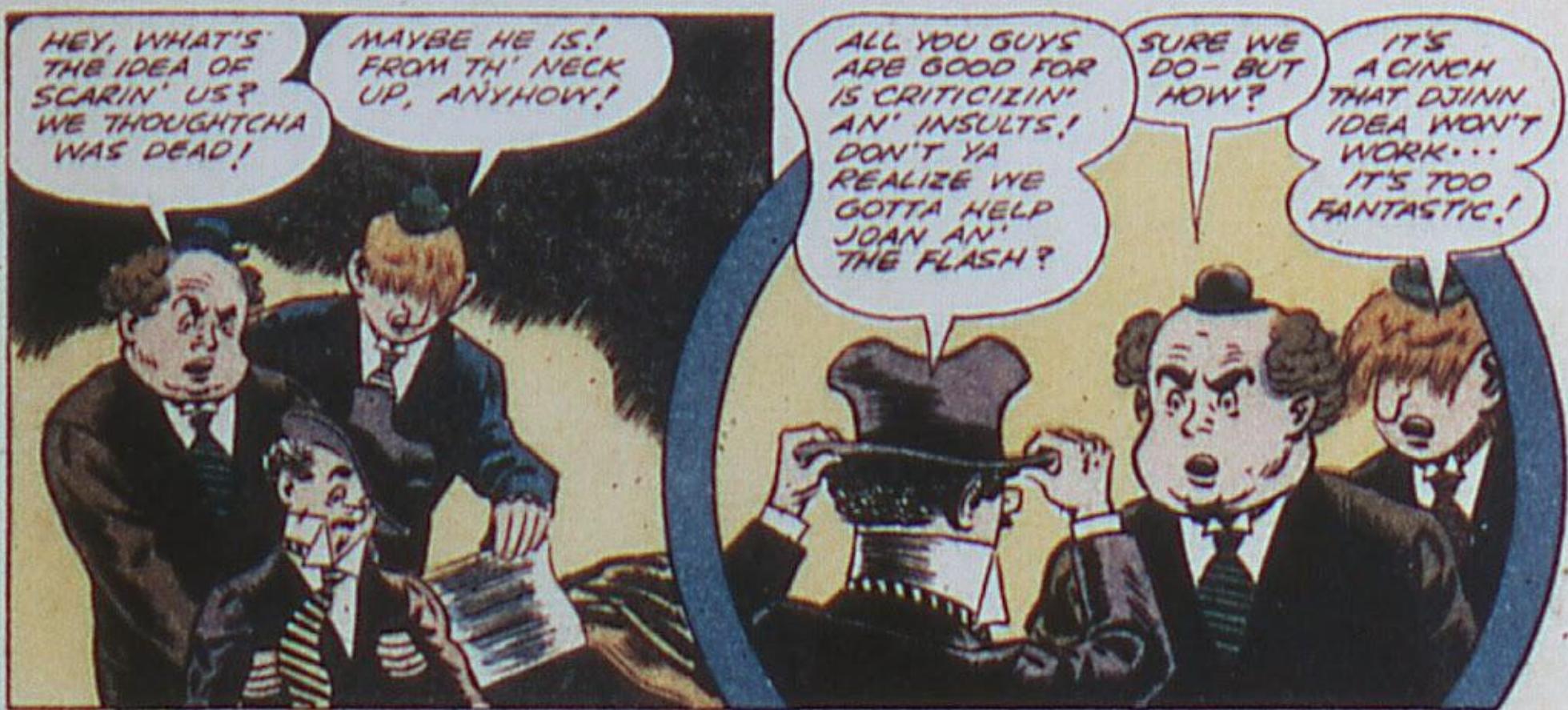
ARE YOU
SURE YOU
KNOW
WHAT
TO DO?

LEAVE IT TO US,
MISS JOAN!
I BETCHA THE
FLASH'LL GO INTO
ACTION WHEN HE
FINDS OUT WHAT
WE GOT DOPED OUT!

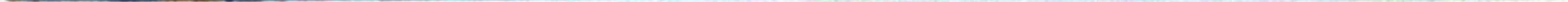




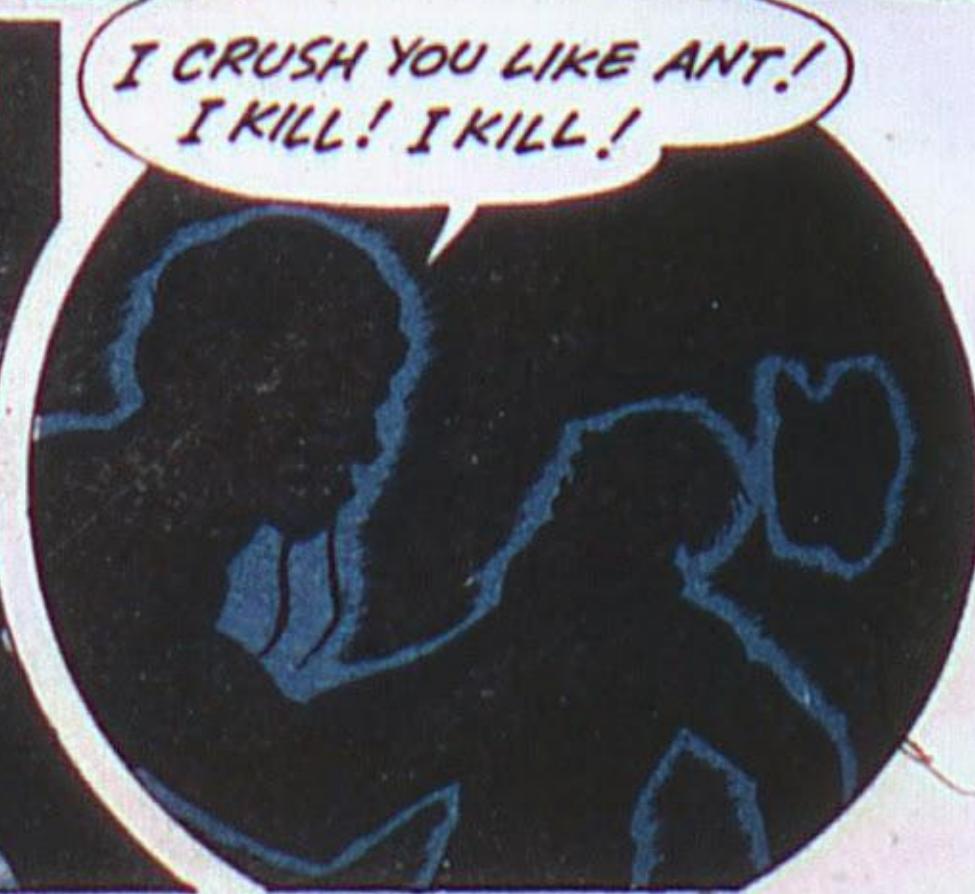


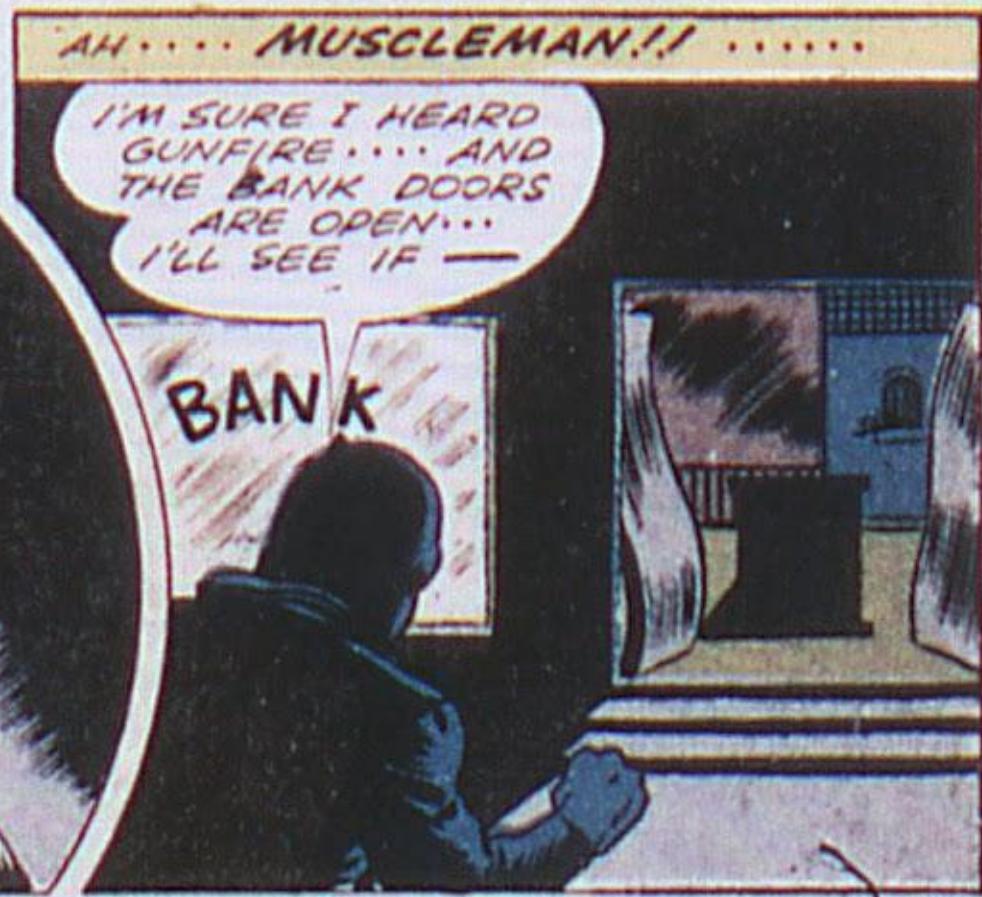


THE FOLLOWING DAY, JOAN WILLIAMS FINDS JAY GARRICK ENgrossed IN A NEW HOBBY....



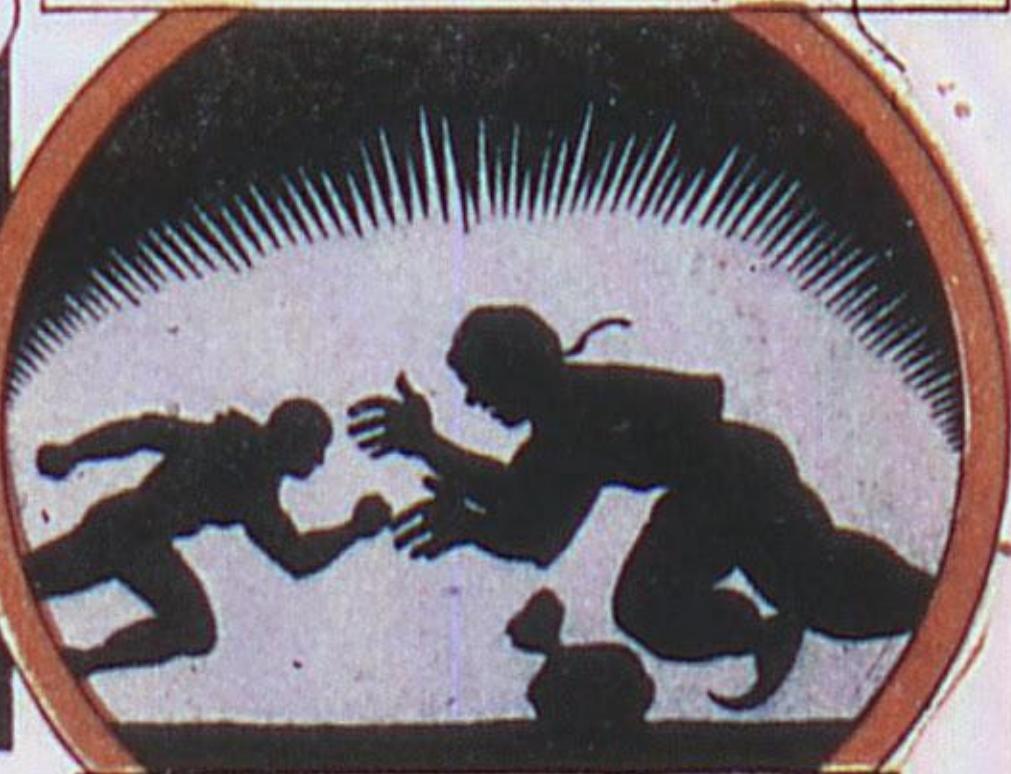
THE DAYS PASS INTO WEEKS. AND THEN, ONE NIGHT, AT THE CITY INDUSTRIAL BANK....





AARRGH!
ONE SIDE,
OR I CRUSH!
I KILL!

LIKE MADDENED ELEPHANTS, THE
TWO GIANTS RUSH TOGETHER WITH
THE FORCE OF BATTERING RAMS ..



WHEW... THIS FELLOW
IS STRONG...
... GOT TO LAND A
TELLING BLOW...
... CAN'T KEEP THIS
UP FOREVER...

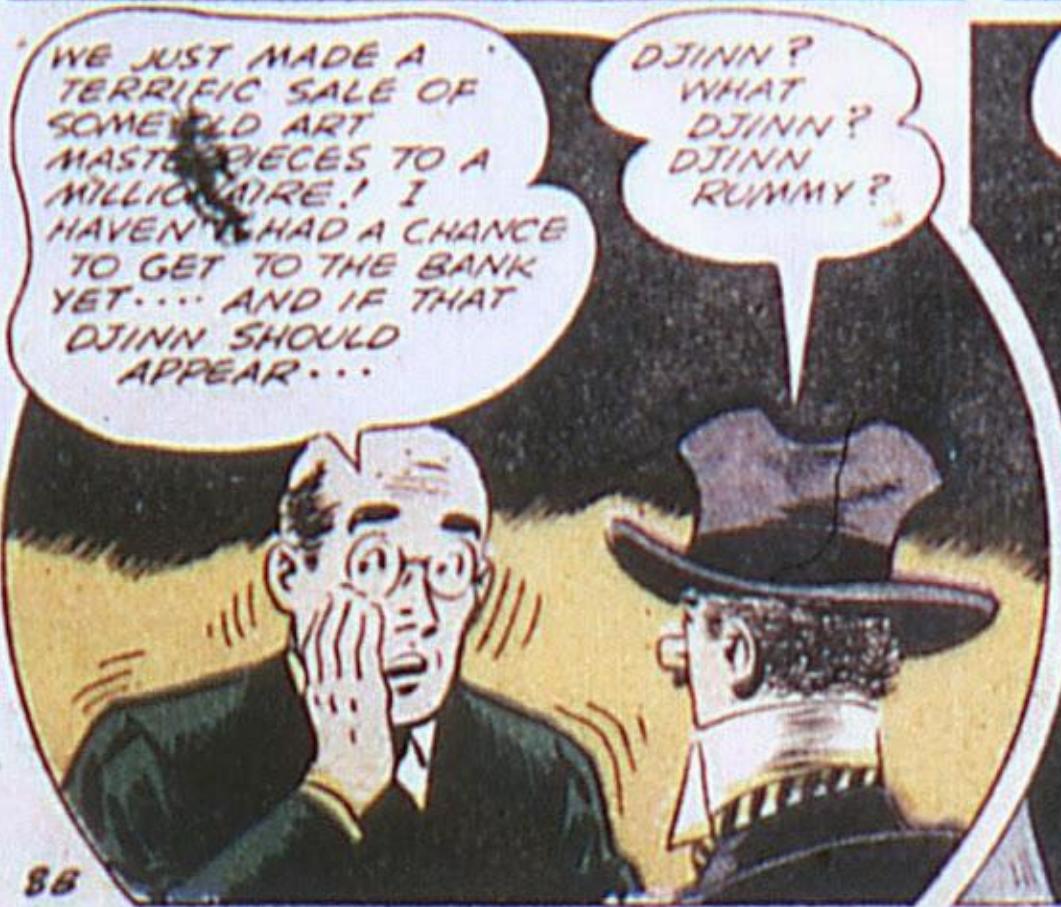
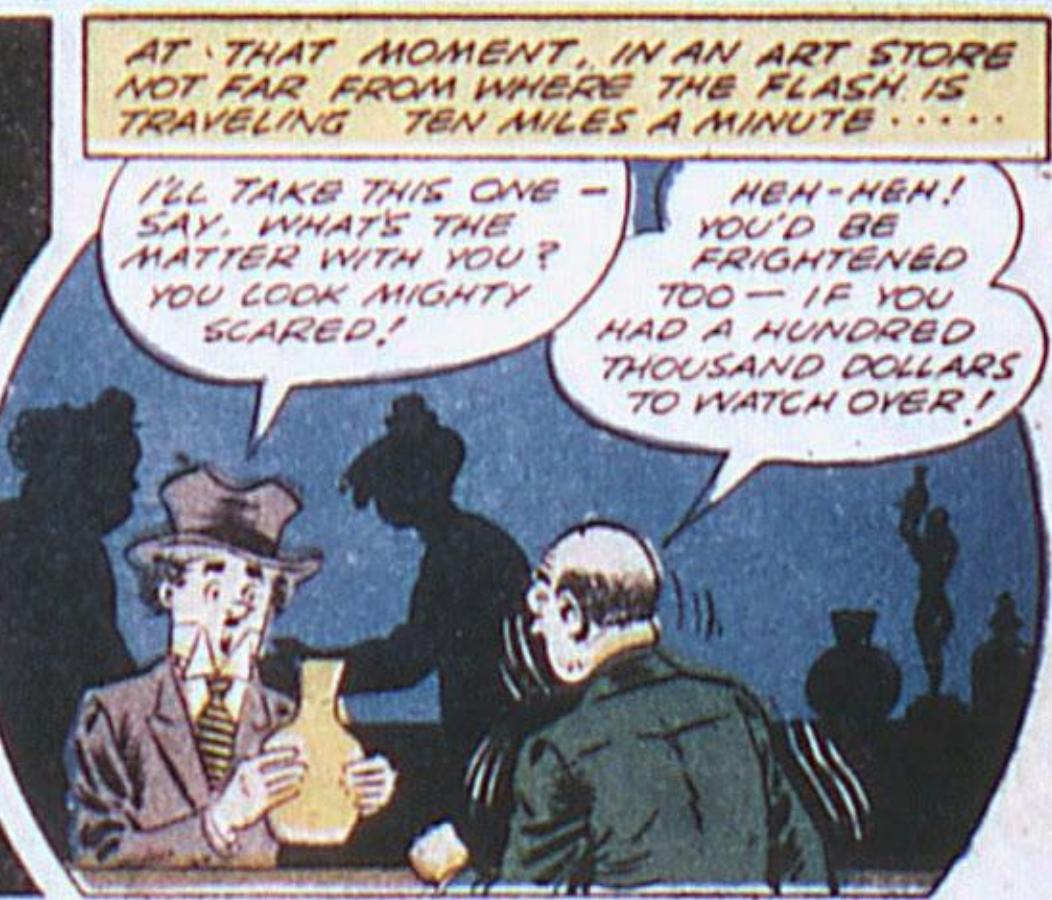
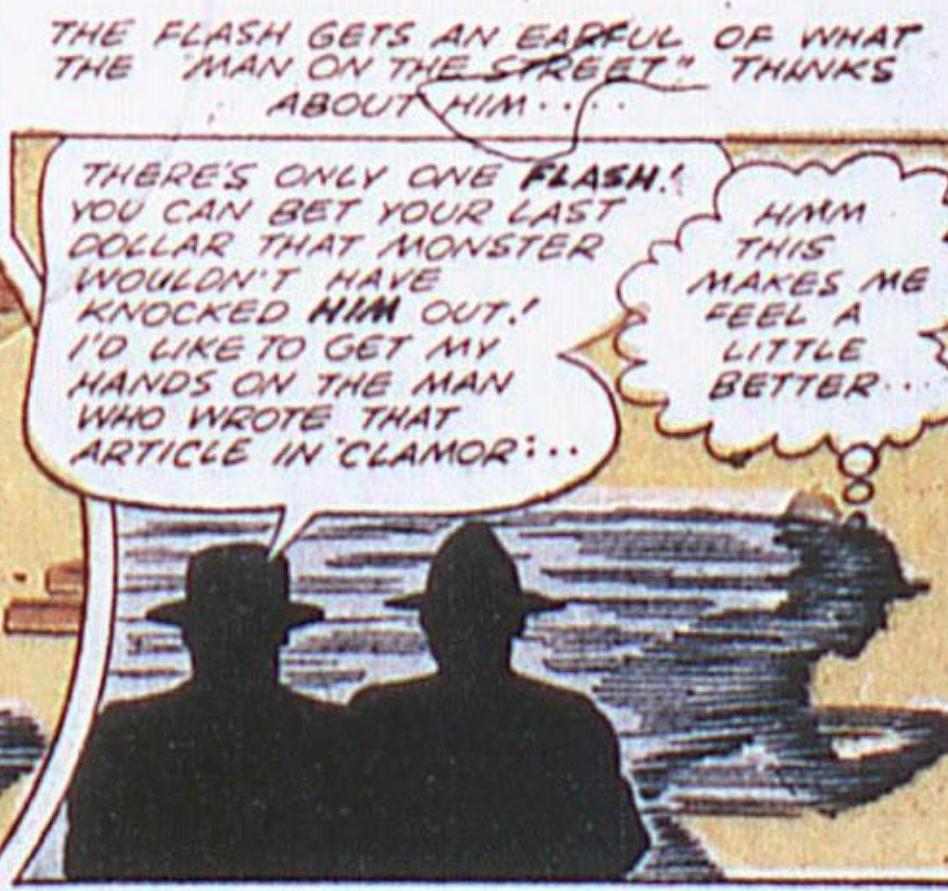
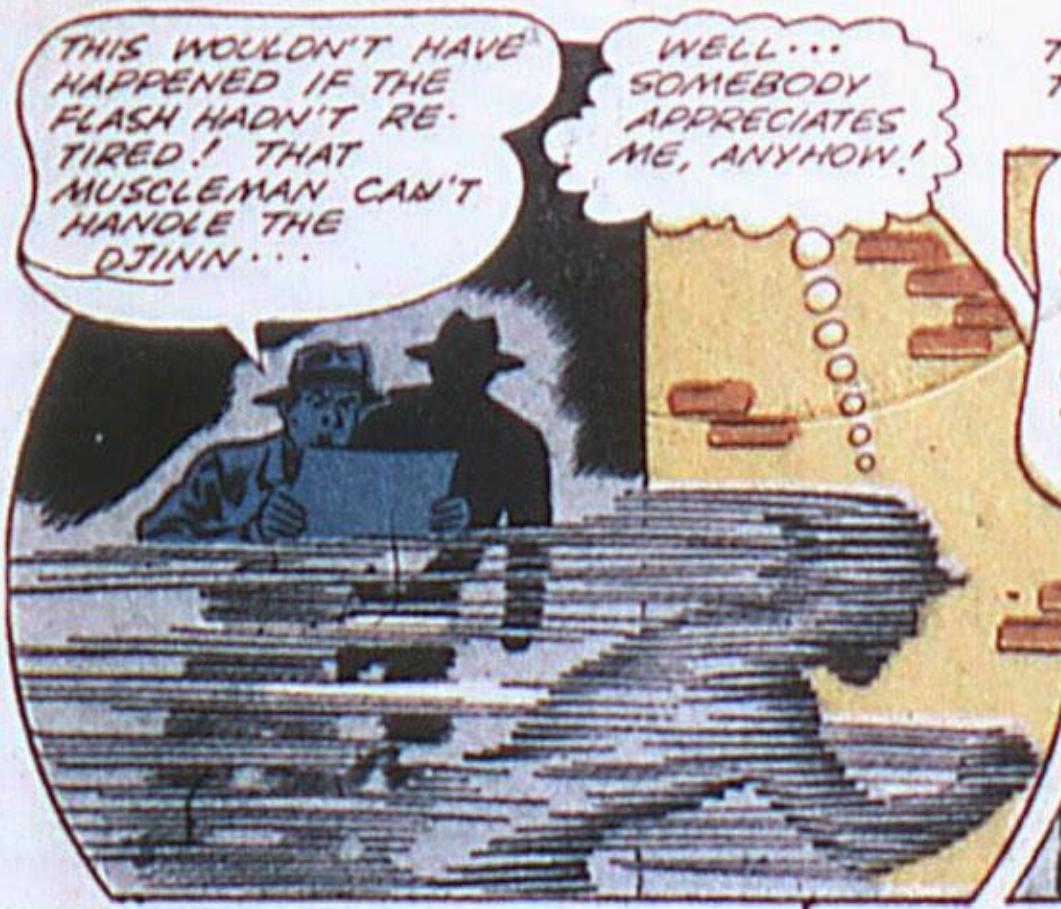
AARRGH!!

A WILD, DESPERATE BLOW LANDS
WITH PARALYZING FORCE ON
MUSCLEMAN'S FACE



UGGH!!







OOOHH!

AH! THE OJINN!
I'M IN LUCK!

BUT, A MOMENT LATER, AS THE FLASH
PAUSES, MUSCLEMAN APPEARS....

I'VE CORNERED YOU
THIS TIME, OJINN!
NOW, BEAT ME
AGAIN — IF
YOU CAN!

THE ANSWER
TO A PRAYER—
MUSCLEMAN!

FLASH GRABS MUSCLEMAN'S ARMS AND
SLAMS THEM INTO THE OJINN AT
TERRIFIC SPEED....

THIS WAY NO
ONE WILL EVER
KNOW THE
FLASH CAME
OUT OF
RETIREMENT!

SAY, I SEEM
TO BE
GETTING
FASTER!

A CASCADING PINWHEEL OF ROCK-LIKE
FISTS CRASH ON THE MONSTER
FROM ALL DIRECTIONS! BATTERING,
PUMMELED, SAVAGELY PUNISHING,
THEY POUND HIM BACKWARDS....

AAARRGH!!

HE REELS - FALLS - AND
SHATTERS APART....

PUFF.
PUFF.
PUFF.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU
KNOW? A MECHANICAL
MAN! HIS STRENGTH
WAS MACHINE-MADE....
BUT TERRIFIC!

NO ONE KNEW
I WAS THERE!
MUSCLEMAN
WILL GET ALL
THE CREDIT.
HMM... AND
JOAN WILL BE
ANGRIER
THAN EVER!

WE DON'T KNOW
WHO MUSCLEMAN
IS, BUT WE'VE A
FEELING THAT
HE'LL KEEP
NEEDING THE
FLASH'S HELP...
SO THE FLASH
MIGHT AS WELL
STAGE A
COMEBACK IF HE
HAS TO KEEP
ASSISTING HIS
"SUBSTITUTE"!

KEEP READING!
THE FLASH
ISN'T A HAS-BEEN
BY ANY
MANNER
OF
MEANS!....

Join THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA

GET THIS EMBLEM

ACTUAL SIZE.
Four brilliant
colors... ready
to sew onto your
favorite sweater,
shirt, sport coat.



**AND THE SECRET
CODE CHART
THAT ENABLES YOU
TO READ THIS MESSAGE IN...**



The FLASH Code ΑΦΗΨΛ ΤΚΨ ΚΤΜΑΗΖΨΧ ΛΗ ΜΤΓΨ
ΦΤΚΨ ΗΩ ΡΗΝΚΛ ΧΗΖΜ ΓΑΦΓ ΛΜΗΖΨΛ ΗΚ ΟΤΔΓ AZ ΘΝΧΧΔΨΛ

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SUITABLE FOR FRAMING**

**★ MINUTE MAN STORY
FOUR PAGES IN FULL COLOR**

**★ VICTORY CLUB BULLETIN
START ONE IN YOUR SCHOOL**

**★ WAR STAMP ALBUM
FILL IT UP AND GET A BOND**

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

WITH ONLY

15¢

WONDER WOMAN, Secretary,
THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA
480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

AF13

Please enroll me as a charter member of the JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA. I promise to uphold the principles of right and justice. I enclose 15 cents in coins to cover cost of Complete Membership Outfit.

PLEASE

**DO NOT SEND
postage stamps!**

Name (Please PRINT Plainly)

Age

Street or Box No

City

State

The Flash

FA-TEST MAN ALIVE!!

BY R. F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

CHAPTER
- THREE -

THE FLASH STEPS OUT!

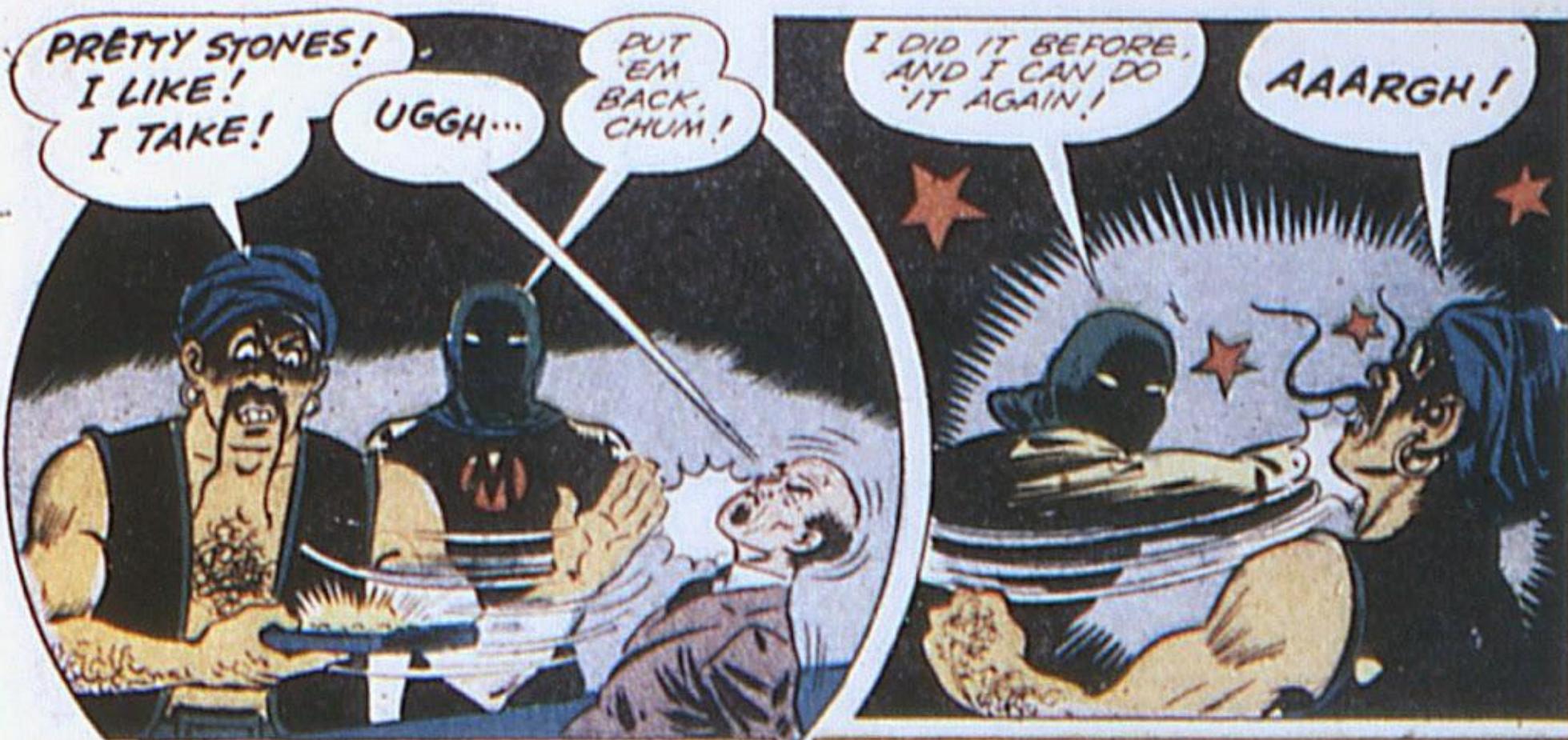
NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT THE FLASH TURNED DOWN ANYONE IN NEED, EVEN IF THAT PERSON WERE MUSCLEMAN, HIS PROTEGE! FOR WHEN THIS LATEST OF KEYSTONE CITY'S MYSTERY MEN TURNS HIS TALENTS TO THE FIELDS OF CRIME, HE FINDS A FERTILE HARVEST AWAITING HIM! BUT HE OVERLOOKS THE FLASH WHO CHANGES THE OLD SAYING TO AS YOU REAP, SO SHALL YOU WOE ..

THE SOMBER VEIL OF NIGHT HIDES TWO FORMS THAT SLIP FURTIVELY THROUGH A DARK ALLEY...

SHAKE A LEG, SOAPY! WE GOT WORK TO DO!







THE DJINN FLEES... WITH MUSCLEMAN
IN SWIFT PURSUIT....

AN HYSTERICALLY GRATEFUL CLERK
TELLS HIS STORY TO THE POLICE...



AS THE DAYS
SLIPPED BY,
THE DJINN
MADE MORE
AND MORE
ATTEMPTS AT
BANK VAULTS
AND FACTORY
PAYROLLS,
BUT
INEVITABLY,
LIKE HIS
OWN SHADOW,
MUSCLEMAN
WAS
THERE
TO
GREET
HIM...



AND A FEW DAYS LATER, IN
JAY GARRICK'S APARTMENT

...SO YOU
SEE, JOAN,
MUSCLEMAN
IS DOING
ALL I COULD,
AND MORE!

IF YOU ASK
ME, HE'S
DOING
TOO
GOOD A
JOB!

NOW JOAN—
DON'T GET
JEALOUS!
HERE, LOOK
AT THE
CARICATURES
OF WINKY,
BLINKY AND
MOODY I
WHITLED
OUT!

HMM—THEY
DO LOOK
PERFECTLY
NATURAL!
POOR
DEARS.
I WONDER
WHAT THEY'RE
DOING?

CATER...

HEY LOOK!
HERE COME
JOAN AND
JAY, NOW!

OKAY,
LET'S GO!
WE'LL
SHOW
THEM THE
CRIME WE
THOUGHT
UP!

STICK 'EM UP!
THIS IS A
STICK-'EM-UP!

HELP!
HELP!

SEND FOR
THE FLASH—
QUICK!

I'LL HANDLE
THIS 'BAD
MAN!'

OOOFF!

HA-HA! YOU'LL
HAVE TO DO
BETTER THAN
THAT TO GET
THE FLASH
BACK ON
THE JOB,
BOYS!

AWW,
NOTHIN'
WE THINK
OF WORKS!
IT'S
DISCOURAGIN'!

YEAH!
IT'S
DIS...
DIS...
UPSETTIN'!

THERE, YOU
POOR DEAR—
I'M SORRY
I HIT YOU
SO HARD!

SHE—
SHE
KISSED
ME
!!
YOU'RE
WASTIN'
YOUR
KISSES ON
HIM, MISS
JOAN!
NO SENSE,
NO FEELIN';
YA KNOW!

COME
ON,
GANG!
I'LL
TREAT
YOU ALL
TO
DINNER!

TWO HOURS LATER, AT THE MAIN STREET BANK . . .

WHIRLING SO SWIFTLY THAT HE TAKES THE GUARDS COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, MUSCLEMAN DASHES THEIR HEADS TOGETHER . . .

AND DON'T COME BACK!

THAT MUSCLEMAN! HE'S QUITE A GUY, AIN'T HE!

THIS IS THE MOMENT I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR, CHUMS . . .

ALL THIS BUILDUP FOR THIS ONE JOB! BUT IT'S WORTH IT! HALF A MILLION BUCKS.. WOW, WHAT A HAUL!

LATER . . .

HERE Y'ARE, DAPPER! THE GUARDS IS STILL OUT COLD!

YOU SEE, SOAPY? I'VE KILLED TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!

TWO BOIDS?

SURE! I COLLECT A HALF A MILLION BUCKS— AND GIVE THE REAL MUSCLEMAN A BLACK EYE! NOBODY'LL TRUST HIM ANYMORE! HE WON'T BE A HERO, AND WE CAN DO WHAT WE LIKE! SMART, HUH?

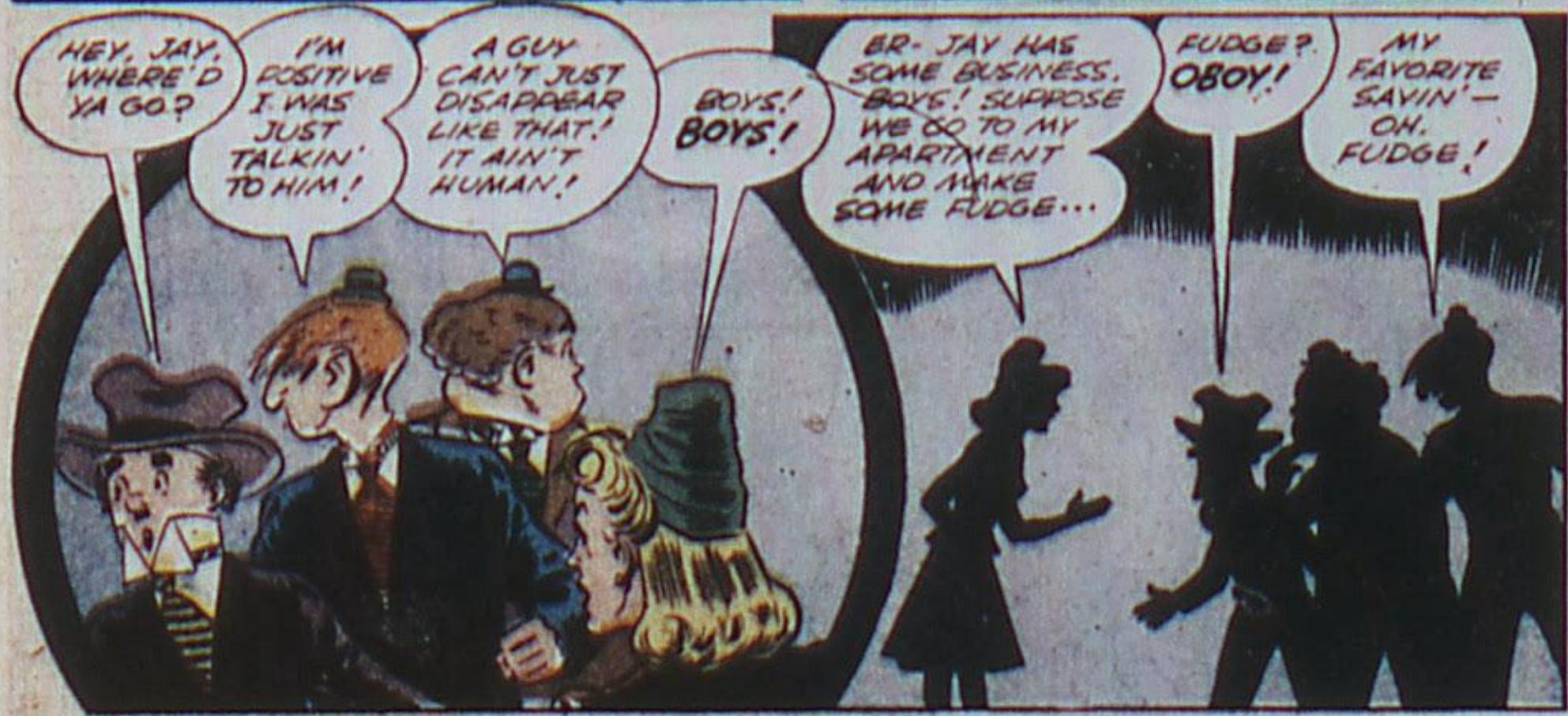
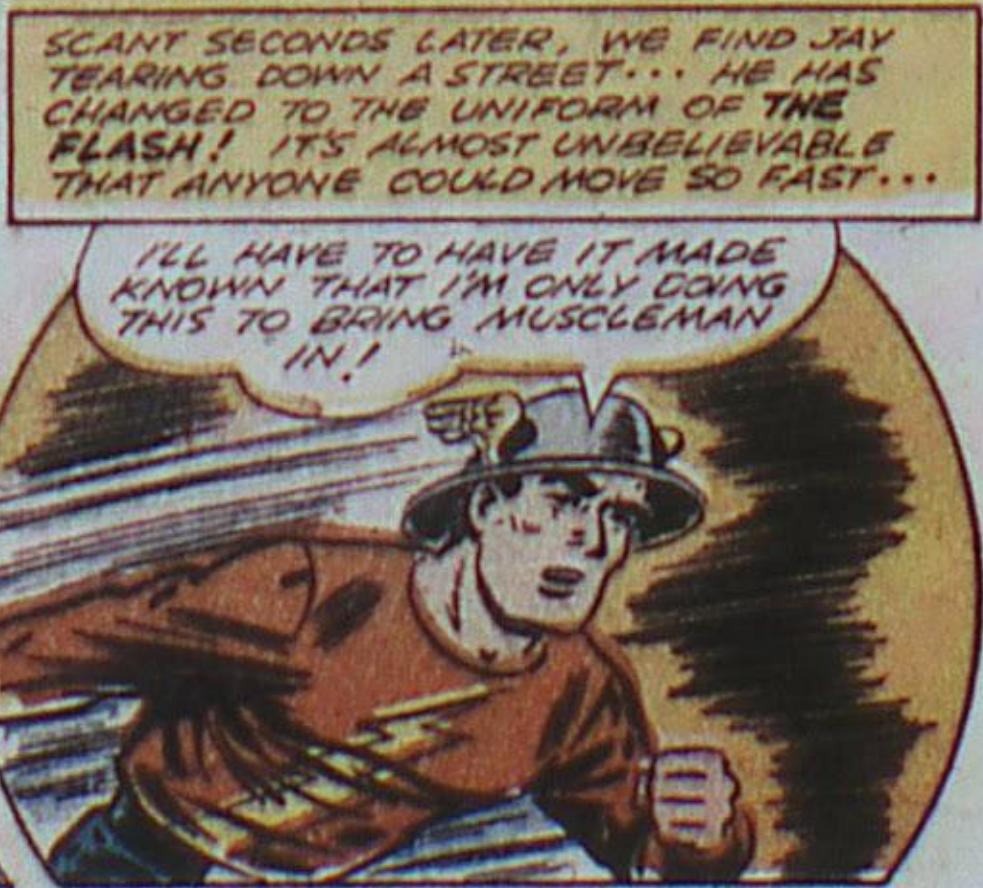
ON A BUSY STREET CORNER A LITTLE LATER . . .

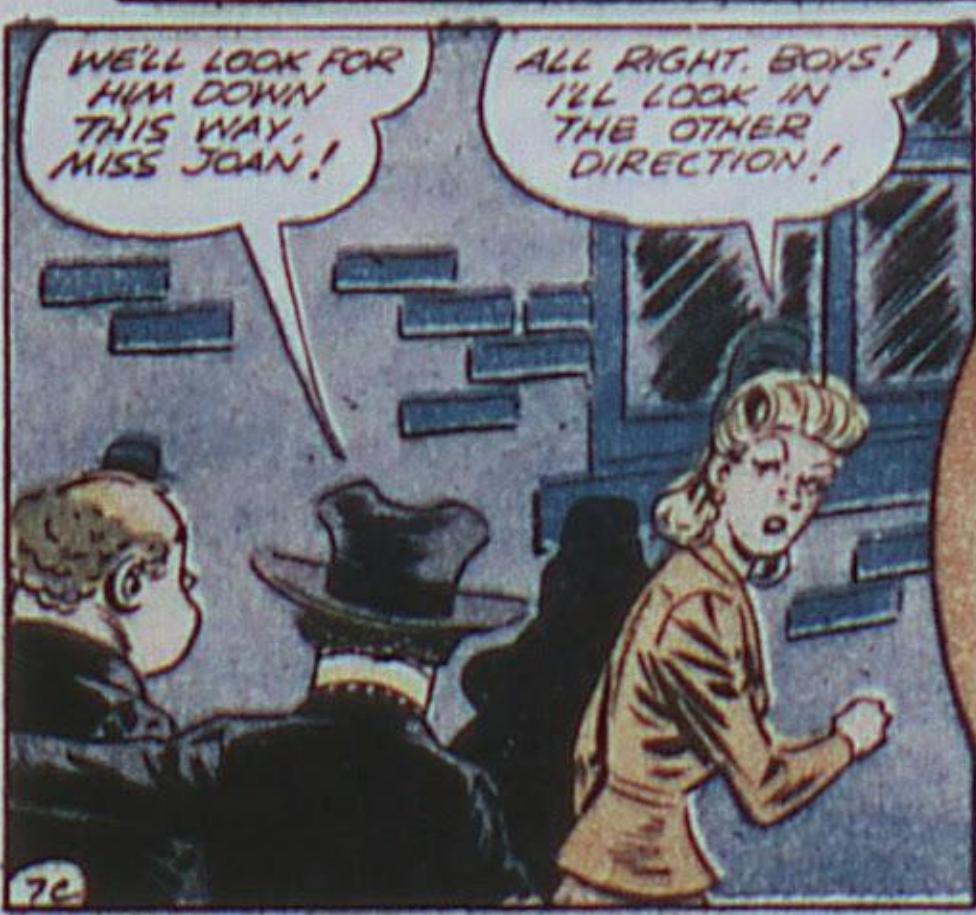
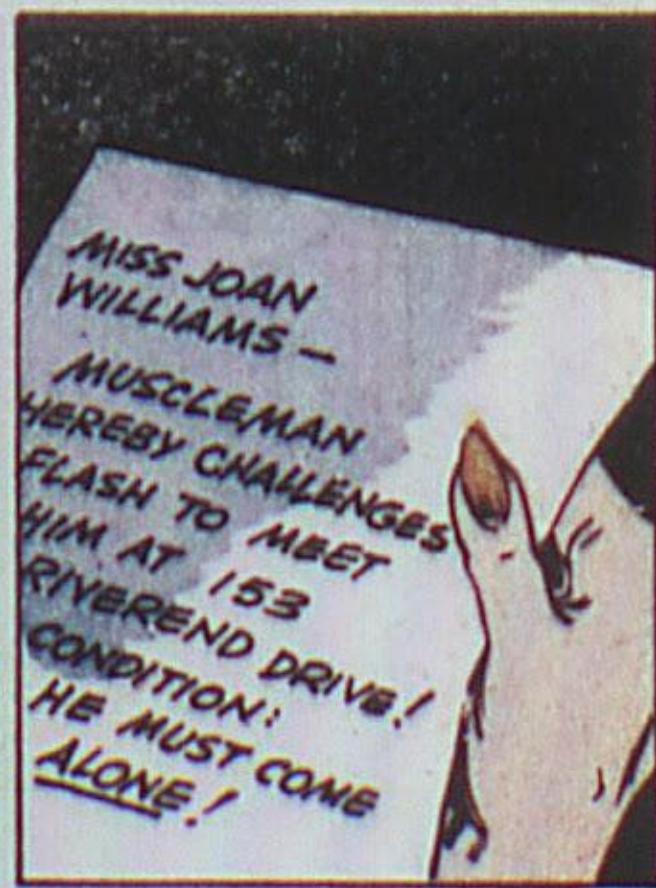
EXTRA!
EXTRA!

MUSCLEMAN TURNS CROOK!
ROBS BANK!
EXTRA!

AM I HEARING THINGS?
JAY—
WHAT IN THE WORLD—?

HEY.
HE
CAN'T
DO
THAT!







IN THE MEANTIME JOAN HAS FOUND THE FLASH

YES... IT'S A CHALLENGE FROM MUSCLEMAN!

SOUNDS FISHY TO ME! WHY SHOULD MUSCLEMAN ARRANGE TO LET ME KNOW WHERE HE IS — UNLESS HE HAS SET A TRAP FOR ME?

BUT JUST TO SHOW HIM HE'S BITTEN OFF MORE THAN HE CAN CHEW, I'LL ACCEPT HIS INVITATION!



MEANWHILE, AT 15B RIVEREND DRIVE . . .

HERE'S WHERE I TAKE CARE OF YOU, PUNK . . .

SUDDENLY TWO HANDS THAT ARE BARELY VISIBLE, GRASP NOODY'S HEAD AND MOVE IT ASIDE



IT'S THE FLASH! GRABBING NOODY'S FIST, HE SLAMS IT WITH GREAT FORCE AGAINST MUSCLEMAN'S JAW

OOOF!!

HEY, I SLUGGED HIM! WHADDYA YA KNOW?



STAND ASIDE, LITTLE ONE! THAT BABY IS MY MEAT!

HUH? HEY... WHAT??

ANOTHER MUSCLEMAN! HMM-- NOW, I WONDER...



YOU'RE THROUGH
RUINING MY
GOOD NAME,
YOU FAKE!

BAH! STOP
TALKIN' AN'
START
SWINGIN'!

WILDLY SMASHING FISTS GATTER WITH
CATAPULTING FORCE AGAINST JUTTING
JAWS AS THE MYSTERIOUSLY CLOAKED
FIGURES SWAY BACK AND FORTH WITH
THE TIDE OF BATTLE . . .



SO THERE ARE TWO OF THEM!
THEN WE DID THE REAL
MUSCLEMAN AN INJUSTICE!
HE IS HONEST! THAT'S
GOOD NEWS!



THE IMPOSTOR IS NO MATCH FOR
MUSCLEMAN'S RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION...

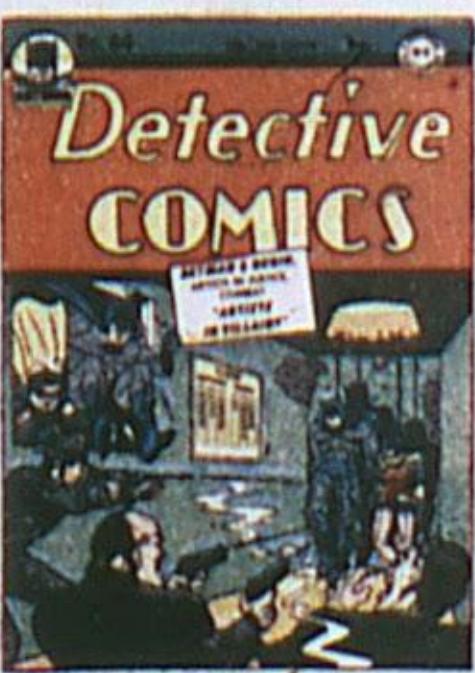
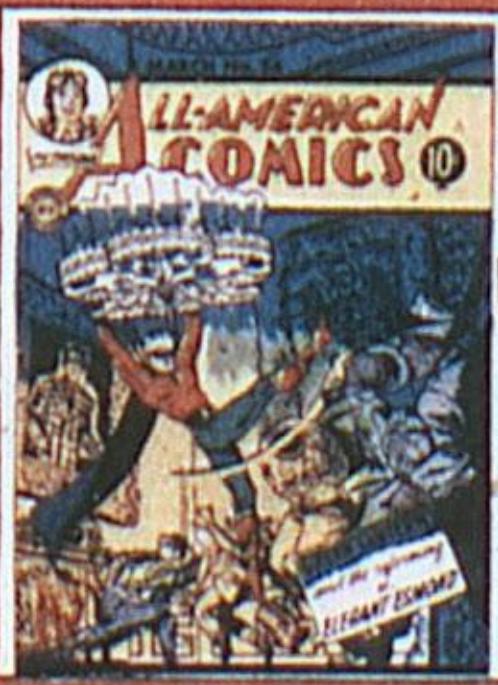
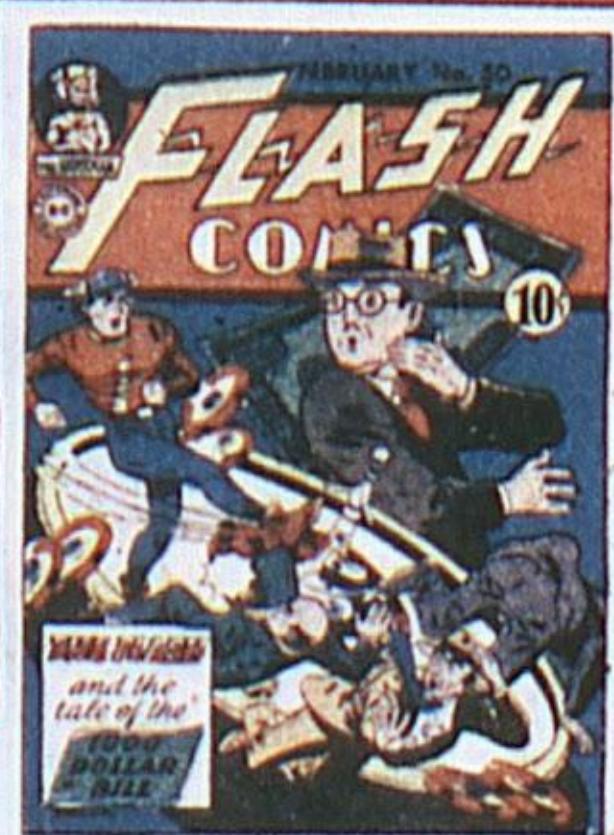


WE'VE DONE YOU
AN INJUSTICE,
MUSCLEMAN!
I'M SORRY!
I'LL MAKE SURE
THE NEWSPAPERS
LEARN THAT THERE
WAS A FALSE
MUSCLEMAN...

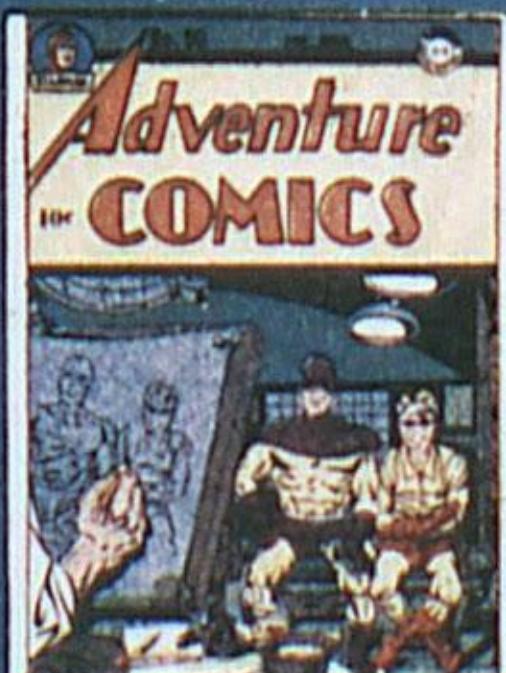
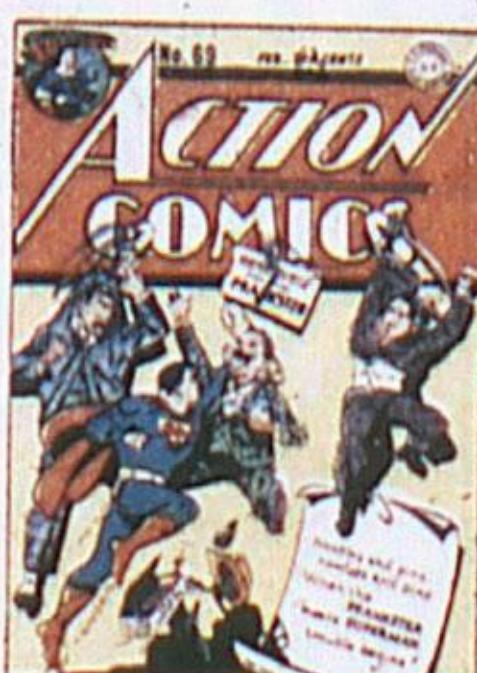


I'M GLAD TO
LEARN OF
HIS HONESTY —
IT MEANS I CAN
RETIRE FOREVER...
AND I WILL!

NOW
THAT
MUSCLEMAN
HAS BEEN
CLEARED
OF ALL
CHARGES,
IT SEEMS
THAT THERE
ISN'T ANY
REASON FOR
THE FLASH
TO RETURN
TO HIS
CAREER AS
CRIME-FIGHTER!
OR IS THERE?
FIND THE ANSWER
IN THE FINAL
CHAPTER OF THIS
STORY...
AT THE BACK
OF THIS ISSUE!



FOLLOW
THE FLASH
every month in
FLASH
COMICS



NOW ON SALE

EVERYWHERE

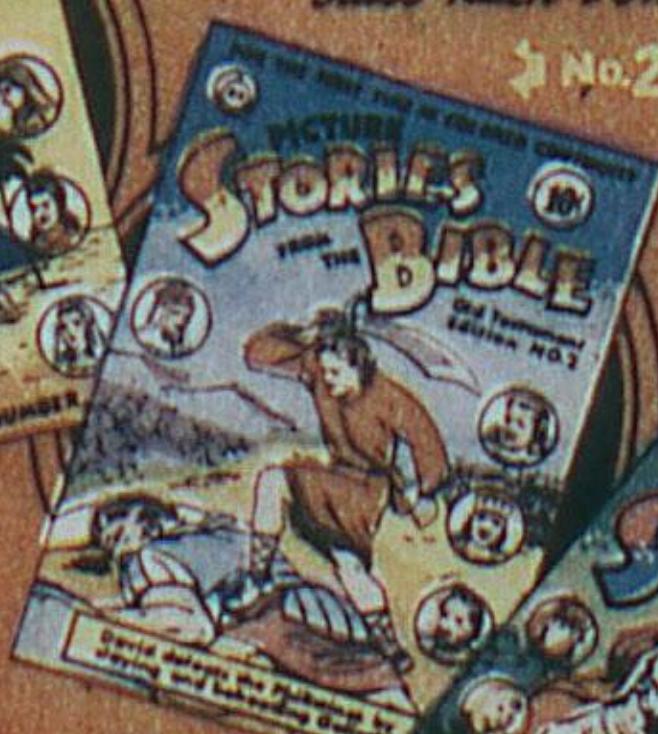


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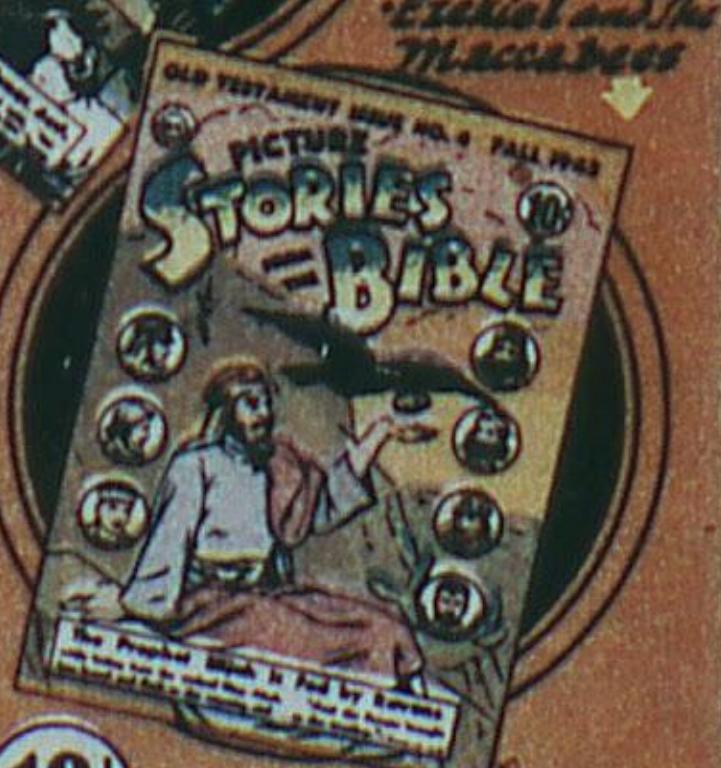
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No. 2: The stories of Joshua, Samson, David, Solomon and Daniel



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THE KING



AFTERNOON RUSH HOUR AT A BANK -- AND THE STAID, SEVERE ATMOSPHERE IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED

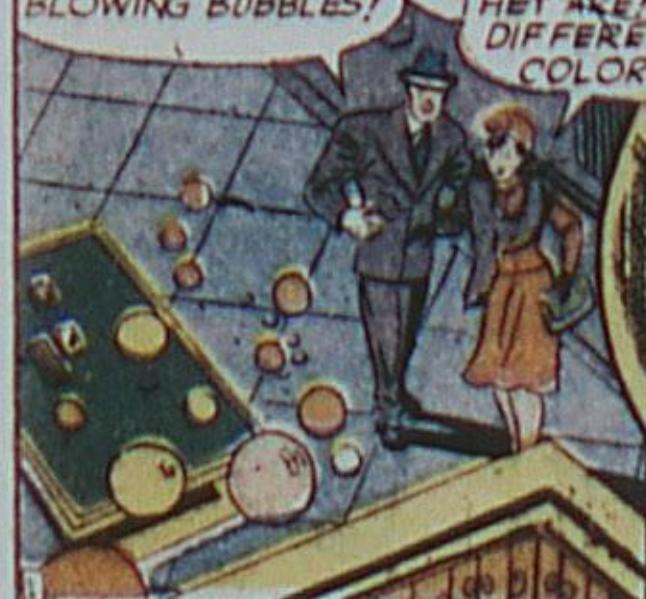
SOMEBODY'S BLOWING BUBBLES!

LOOK HOW PRETTY THEY ARE! ALL DIFFERENT COLORS!

I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES! HA-HA! MUST BE SOME SORT OF ADVERTISING STUNT!

BUT AS THE BUBBLE BURSTS - LAUGHTER CHANGES TO WAILING TERROR!

OH! MY LEGS! I CAN'T MOVE... PARALYZED OH!!



IN THE BALCONY OF THE BANK
RISES A MODERN KING COLE!

AH, ME! MY
PIPE AND
BOWL HAVE
PRODUCED
RESULTS AT
LAST!

DEAR ME, I CAN BE
VERY MERRY INDEED
WITH ALL THIS MONEY! BUT
I MUST HURRY, FOR THE
EFFECT OF MY BUBBLES
DOESN'T LAST VERY LONG!

HA-HA! I'LL
BET THOSE PEOPLE
WILL JUST "BUBBLE"
OVER AS SOON AS
THEY RECOVER!
HA-HA!

BUBBLES
FOR BAUBLES...
HA-HA!

I'LL JUST
PLAY THIS
SAFE...
HEE, HEE!

HO-HO-HO!
NOTES OF MUSIC
AND NOTES FROM
A BANK! HOW
WELL THEY
HARMONIZE!

IN THE WEEKS THAT
FOLLOW, THE JESTING
CRIMINAL STRIKES AGAIN
AND AGAIN---

THE UNDERWORLD SEETHES
WITH CURIOSITY-----

KING COLE?
WHO'S HE?
WHERE DOES
HE HANG
OUT?

THAT KING
COLE'S A
BRAINY GUY
ALL RIGHT!

OH, HE
COMES FROM
SOME FAR-OFF
CITY! THE
WITCH TOLD
ME!

THE WITCH,
EH? TRUST
HER TO BE IN
ON SOMETHING
JUICY!

SO?

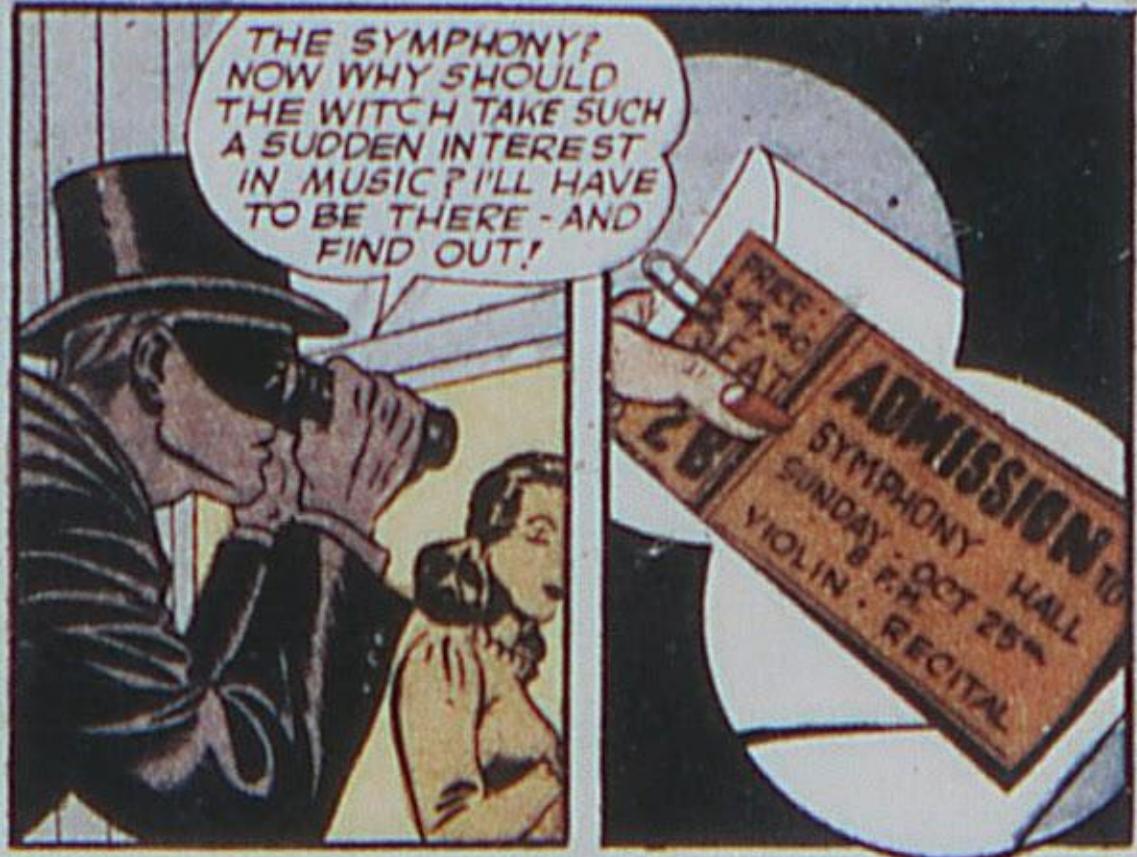
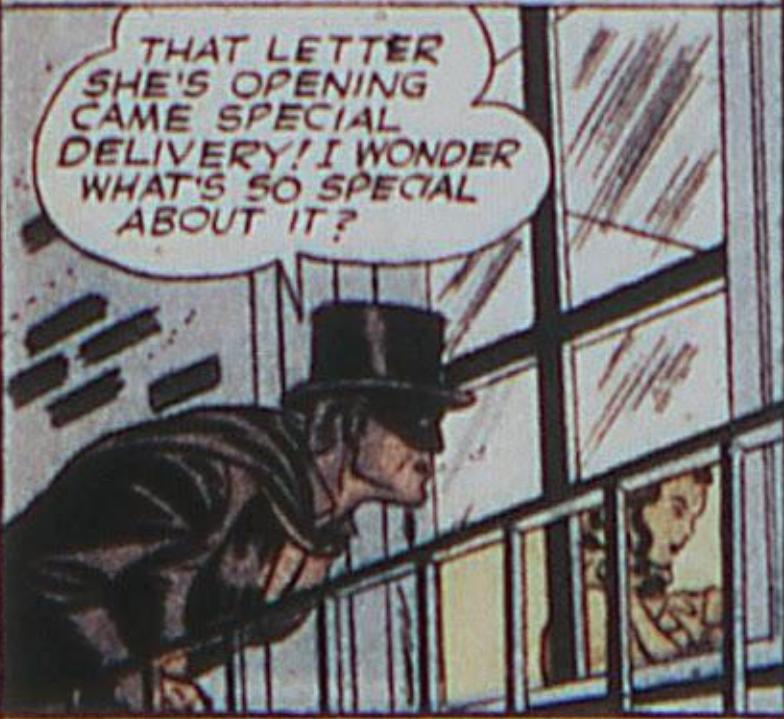
MORE ROYALTY?
I'D LIKE TO MEET
HIS HIGHNESS
BUT FIRST I'LL
DROP IN ON THE
WITCH!

AND SO,
TWO KINGS ARE
PITTED AGAINST
EACH OTHER----
FOR THE SHABBY
FIGURE IS, IN
REALITY, THAT
CRIME-BUSTING
MASTER OF
MAKEUP----

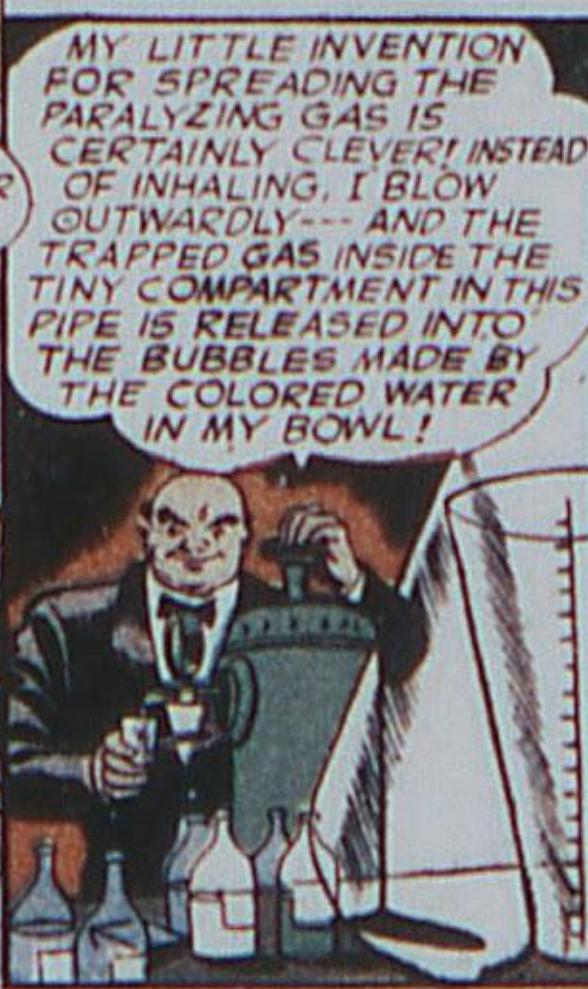
KING STANDISH!



SHORTLY AFTER --- ALL-OBSERVING EYES GAZE AT THE WITCH-----



AS THE KING STEALS SILENTLY AWAY THE WITCH'S HAND REACHES FOR A TELEPHONE...



SUDDENLY THE FIDDLERS BECOME CHATTERING MACHINE GUNS THAT TERRORIZE AN AMAZED AUDIENCE.....



AND THEN AS THE AUDIENCE REMAINS RIGID WITH TERROR, DOWN THE AISLE COMES LAUGHING, THIEVING KING COLE ----



AND DOWN THE OTHER AISLE

DON'T BE ALARMED! NO ONE WILL BE HURT! JUST PASS OVER ALL YOUR VALUABLES!

THE WITCH! I'D KNOW HER ANYWHERE, MASK AND ALL!

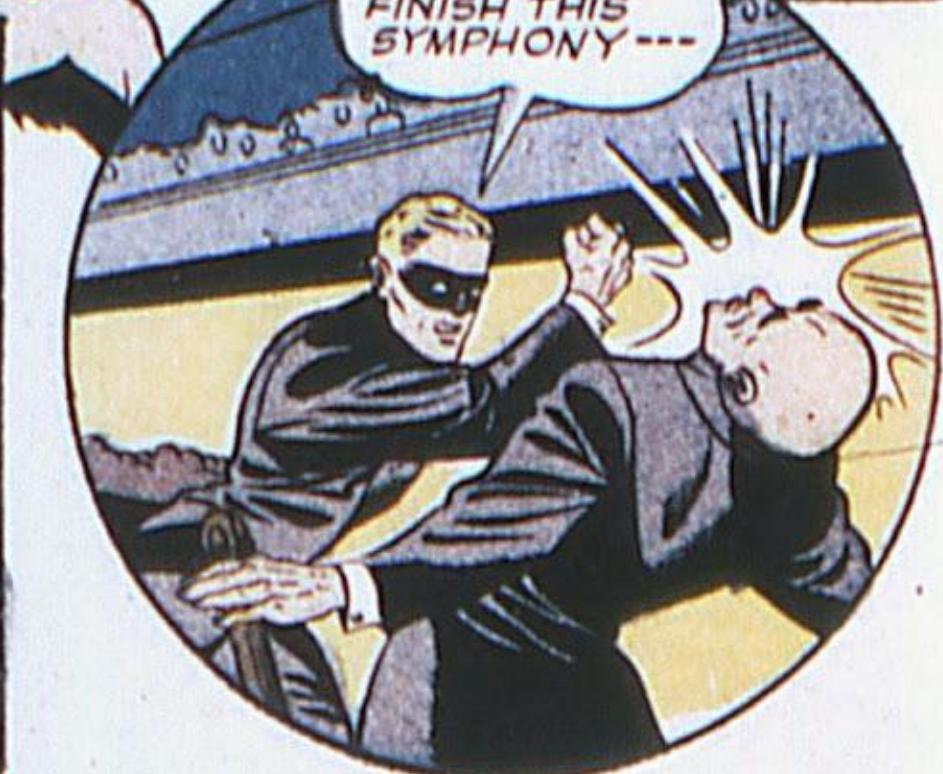
GOING ON A TRIP, WITCHIE?

OOHHH---

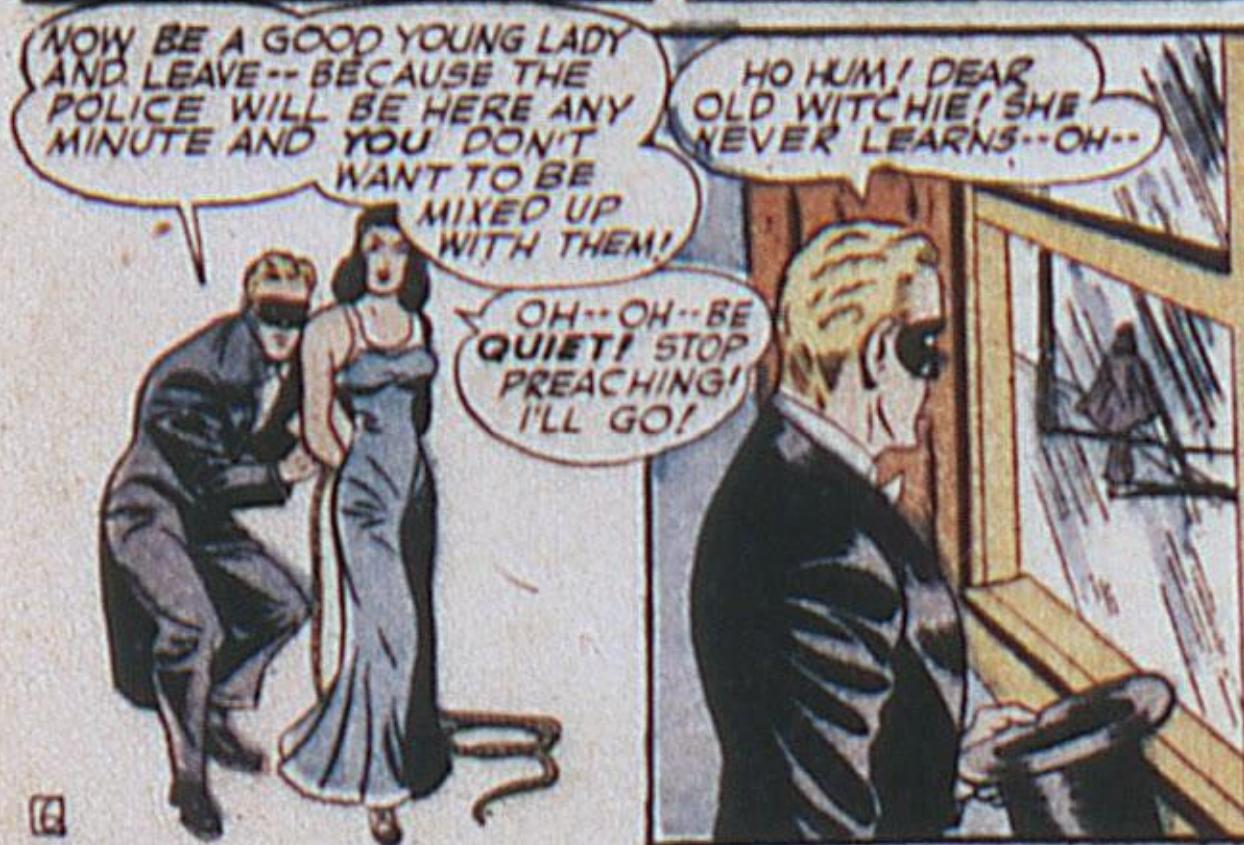
HA-HA! A YOUNG MAN WITH SPIRIT, EH? IN THAT CASE I'LL BUBBLE UP A LITTLE TROUBLE FOR HIM!

HERE'S A LITTLE VIOLENCE FOR YOUR VIOLINS!

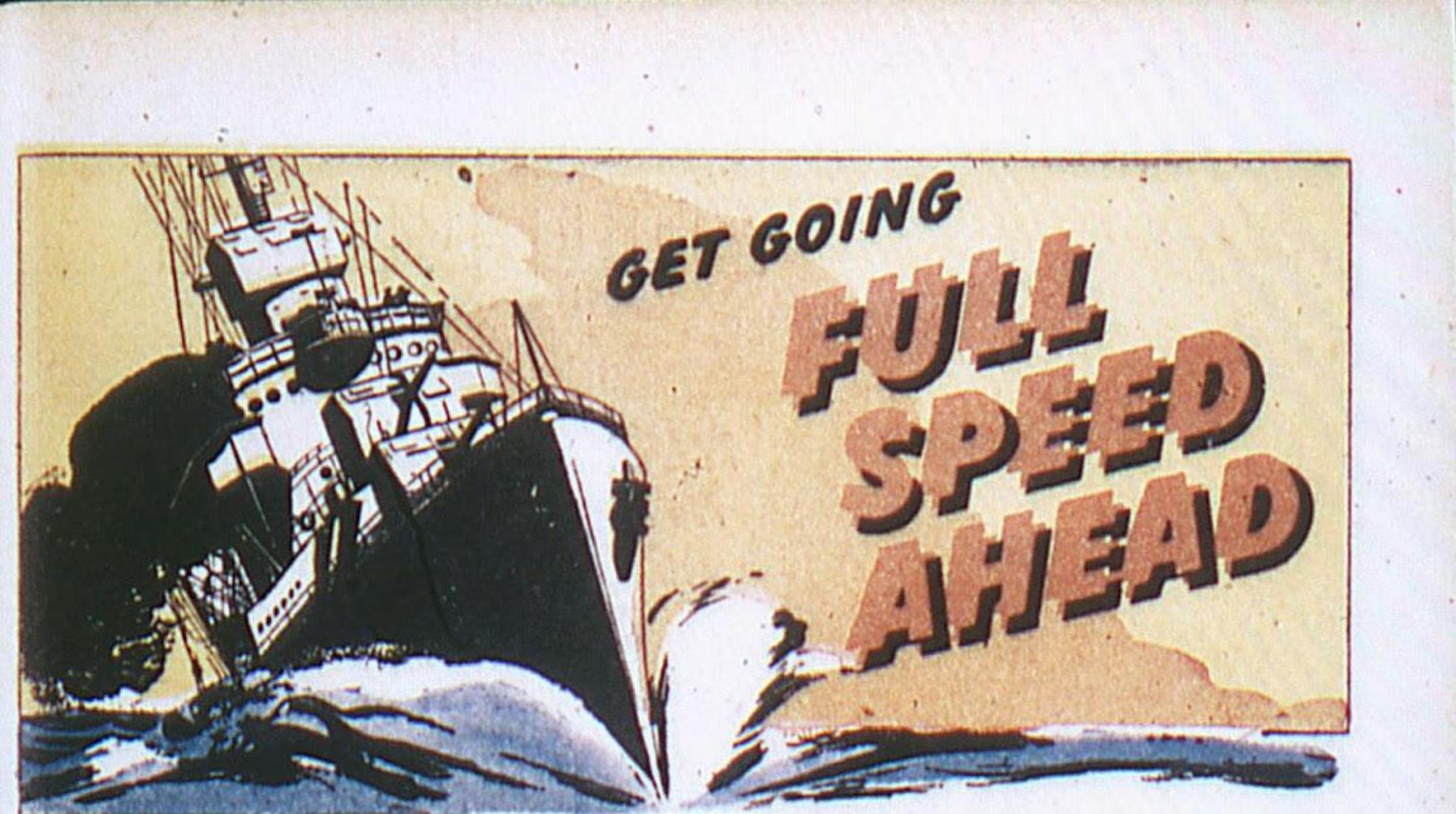
UNLIKE SCHUBERT, I'LL FINISH THIS SYMPHONY ---







FRESH OFF THE
GRIDDLE! A SIZZLING
NEW ADVENTURE
OF THAT MASTER OF
MAKEUP - **THE KING** -
IN EVERY ISSUE OF
ALL-FLASH COMICS!



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Yes, get going with a real athlete's training dish, the kind hundreds of your favorite champions pick for steady duty on the training table. Wheaties give you *all* the vital food-energy, *all* the well known essential food values of good whole wheat.

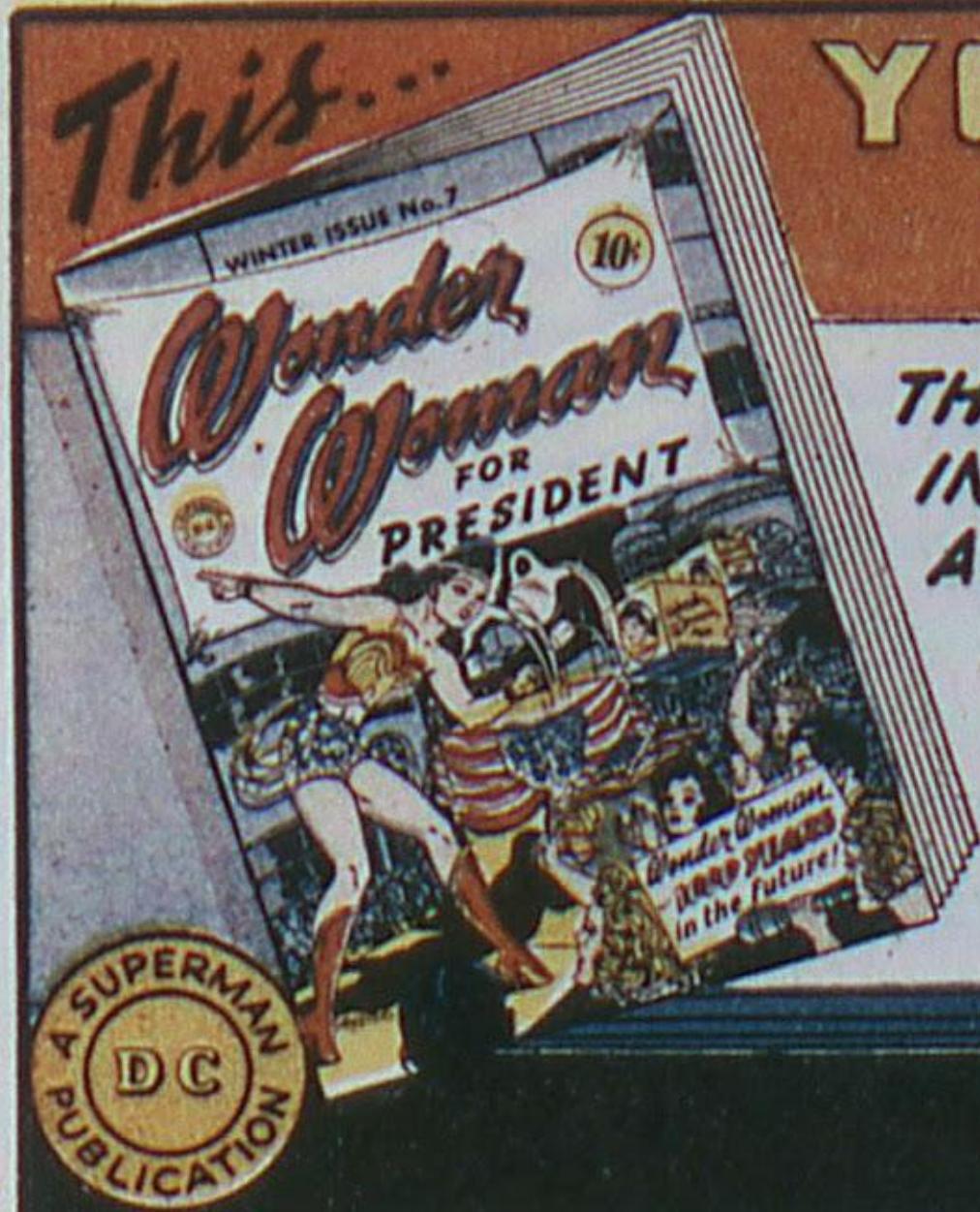
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WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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MISS!

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NEW ISSUES

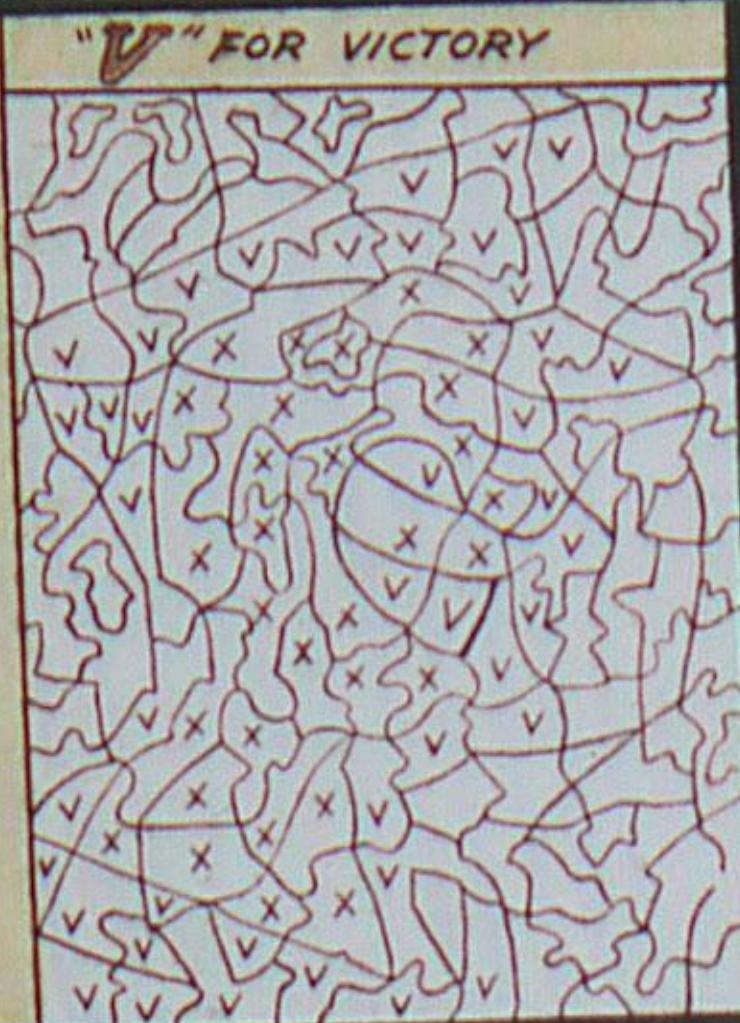
of your
OLD
favorites



VICTORY PUZZLES

THE X'S
MARK
THE ISLAND'S
WHERE THERE
ARE JAPS.
SHADE IN ALL
OF THE X
SECTIONS TO
SEE ONE.

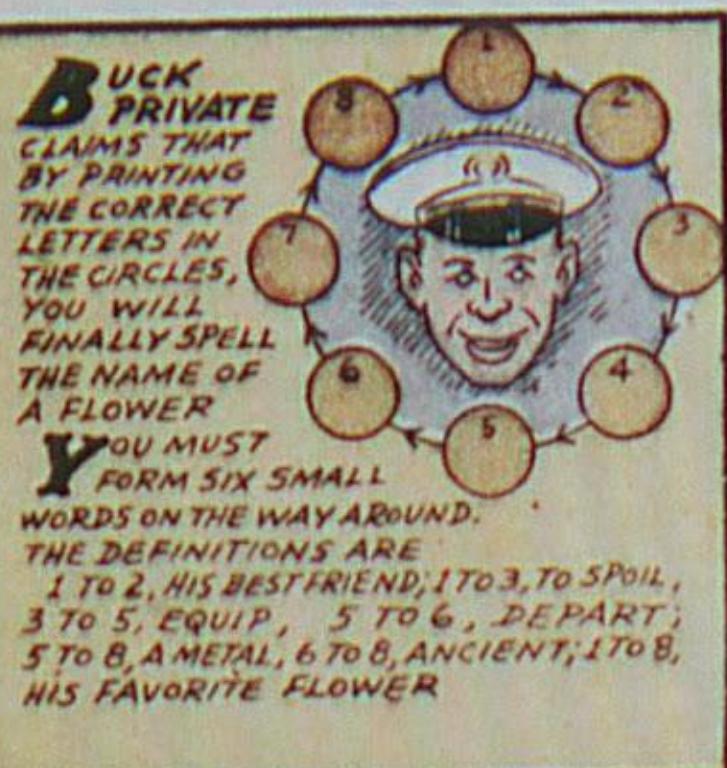
THEN SHADE IN THE PARTS MARKED V TO SEE THE JAPS VANISH FROM ALL OF THE ISLANDS AND YOU WILL FIND GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR IN COMMAND.



TRY TO SPELL THREE
VEHICLES BY USING ONLY
THE LETTERS IN THIS GREAT
NAME.

NAME. **MACARTHUR**

AT EASE!

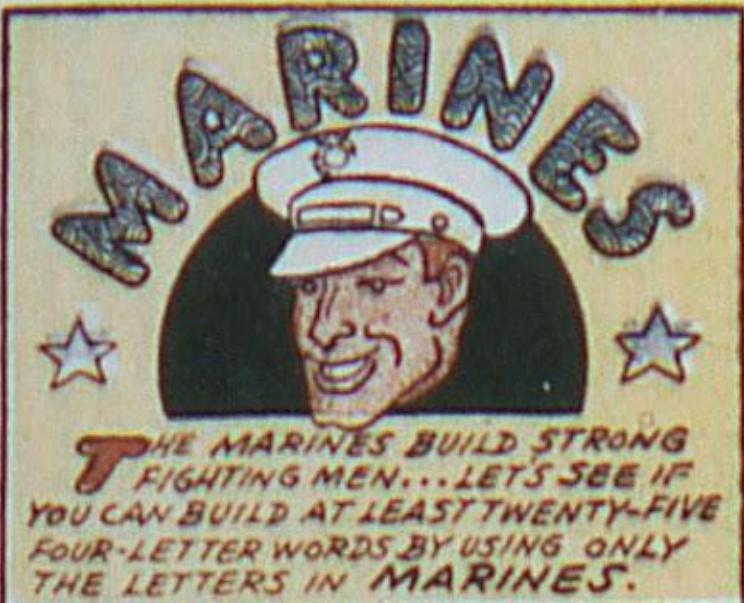


BY A. W. NUGENT

What large city suggests to shoot at a body of water? +



A WORD GAME



THE MARINES BUILD STRONG
FIGHTING MEN...LET'S SEE IF
YOU CAN BUILD AT LEAST TWENTY-FIVE
FOUR-LETTER WORDS BY USING ONLY
THE LETTERS IN MARINES.

SERVE OUR SERVICEMEN!

MUSTARD · BANANA · SYRUP · VINEGAR · PEPPER
SALT · HONEY · GRAPES · BEANS · APPLE · PEARS
NUTS · TART · PEAS · SOUP · LAMB · TEA · PIE · EGG · BUN
SUGAR · BREAD · SPINACH · RELISH · MILK · CELERY



CAN YOU SET THIS TABLE OF FOODS? PRINT ALL OF THE ABOVE TWENTY-SIX FOODS IN THE EMPTY SQUARES SO THEY WILL READ ACROSS AND DOWN AS IN A CROSSWORD PUZZLE. WE WROTE IN ASPARAGUS TO GIVE YOU A START.

The GUNS that WOULDN'T FIRE!

HOP HARRIGAN stepped under the wing tip of the Airacobra and with his seat-pack chute bobbing against the back of his legs, squatted in the shade of the wing and fastened the chute harness.

Major Hargrove, advance base operations manager, was already hunkered there in the shade and as Hop squatted at his side, pulled forth a frayed map and spread it out on the tarmac. He picked up a handful of yellowish pebbles and put several of them at each corner of the map, to weight it down. He picked up a second handful and taking one at a time, placed them at various spots on the two-foot-square map.

"This pebble, here, with the small red flecks in it," the Major said, "is where the Japs are building their advance base. It isn't finished yet and there will be only four or five Zeros there. Find out if it will be worthwhile to send an entire squadron of bombers to wipe it out, to ruin the runways."

"This squarish pebble here, is another one and is the apex of your flight triangle. The same goes for it. Of course, your main interest on this flight, Lieutenant Harrigan, is to test out the new secret rear guns. Naturally, this means you must have Zeros on your tail. All these Jap advance bases have from four to five of the bamboo-eaters."

"Then I can expect to have some company upstairs, after all." Hop marked the map where the pebbles were.

"And I trust you will be a good host to your 'company,' Harrigan! I dislike to choose you

for these mean jobs, but you are frankly the best man in any outfit in China and I wish you the best of luck! Sergeant Tinker was in charge of the rear gun installation. I trust you find them set up to your satisfaction."

The Major saluted and turned smartly on his heel. Hop returned the salute, then spoke to the bronzed, bald-headed mechanic who had just finished gassing up the plane.

"Hiya, Curly! Why isn't Sergeant Tinker out here to explain these new rear guns and to weigh me down with an armful of good luck charms?"

"Well, sir, I believe the Sergeant, sir, has gone to look for the squadron mascot. He wanted you to take the rooster with you, sir."

"Uncle Bud missing again? That bird needs a ball and chain. Ever since we ran out of Coca-Cola over at Lake Yachen, he's been out of sorts."

"Begging your pardon, sir, but the Sergeant must have found some Coca-Cola som'eres; here's the bottle." The mechanic stooped down on the other side of the plane and held up an empty. "Funny why that fighting cock must always hafta drink Coca-Cola, ain't it?"

"Not at all, Curly. That bird was brought up on the stuff—turns up his beak at water. Well, I've work to do! No use waiting for Tinker to find Uncle Bud. Drive that tank off a ways, Curly. Give this 'Cobra some elbow room."

Inside the cockpit, Hop Harrigan studied the set of rear-vision mirrors that were lined up above the instrument panel. The mirrors that would clearly

show any plane on the P-39's tail. All of them were focused so that they sighted directly at the plane's fin.

On the stick was a second firing button, marked with an R. The regular firing button, that would hurl blasts of lead from the usual wing guns and the nose cannon, had lately been decorated with a large F.

"Quite a rig Tank has fixed up here," thought Harrigan. "Two rear guns in the trailing edge of each wing. Slapping the Japs with a back-hand—not bad!"

The Allison to the rear of the cockpit started bellowing and Hop warmed up the big motor against the brakes. Satisfied with what the instruments told him, he eased up on the brakes and raced across the small field. He waited until the last moment before pulling her up. Extra guns had given the 'Cobra extra weight to lift. Hop grinned, "Tank's kept her in perfect balance! Good work!"

At 20,000 feet Hop peered down at the junction of the Yangtze-kiang and Yuchen rivers. "Look like yellow yarns dropped on a green carpet. Hello, that brown patch beyond must be the Jap advance base. Quite a sizable chunk they've cut out of the forest. Guess I'll drop down to about four thousand and get a better look. Tired of this oxygen mask, anyway."

As Harrigan nosed the Airacobra downward, several tiny specks danced in the rear-vision mirrors. Hop, instead of going in a chandelle, attempting to out-manuever the Zeros on his tail, remembered his new rear guns and grinned widely.

He was ready to hand out that backhand slap!

The specks in the mirror rapidly enlarged. Hop counted them. Five Zeros.

"So-called sons of heaven, come up a mite closer, my little Tojo men," Hop fingered the button with the large R, "another hundred yards, you honking hens from Honshu, and we'll let you in on a little surprise!"

But the chill of surprise raced up Harrigan's spine the next ten seconds as he pressured the firing button marked R and nothing happened! He took his eyes off the rear-vision mirrors for a fleeting instant and examined the firing button. It went in against its spring contact in answer to his thumb push, but no answering blast of gunfire resulted.

A row of 50-calibers from the nearest Jap stitched themselves along his right wing and he banked sharply as they ate their way toward the cockpit. Hop dove and twisted like a wounded hawk but the dancing specks in the mirrors followed him as if they were glued to the glass!

As another burst from a tailing Jap tore into his landing wheel bay, Hop spotted a cloud. A filmy haven of security if he could get within its depths before he was riddled like a sieve. Desperately he climbed the 'Cobra with four Nips on his tail. The fifth Tojo man had anticipated Harrigan's move for the protection of the cloud and was heading him off!

But the fifth Nip failed to anticipate Harrigan's next maneuver and now the trailer was being trailed. Harrigan had the Jap in his crosshairs and with ready thumb, pressured the firing button marked F. Guns of the Airacobra roared, but they did not disintegrate the Jap. The blasts of lead went out through the rear guns!

And as Harrigan darted into the protection of the cloud he saw a burst of flame sparkle up in his mirrors. His new rear guns had brought down the first bamboo eater, quite by accident!

Once lost from sight in the cloud, Harrigan reversed direction and climbed out of the cloud a half mile higher.

Harrigan frowned at the two firing buttons and pushed first one and then the other. The button marked F would shoot out the rear but the button marked R wouldn't fire at all! The firing buttons were crossed and in addition to that, for some reason the front guns would not function.



HOP HARRIGAN
in full color
by Jon L. Blummer
appears in every issue of
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS

Diligently, Harrigan let the four remaining Tojo men get on his tail . . . get within 500 yards. Then, aiming by using the rear-view mirrors, he got the lead Jap centered within the ring and blasted him to bits with well-placed fire.

Hop rolled to the right but only one of the Nips followed, darting in close behind, throwing lead at Harrigan's Airacobra. Harrigan again pressed the forward gun button to bring down the Jap on his tail! With engine smoking the Nip plane fell off, dropped precipitately, out of control. His two remaining flight members turned yellow inside, too, and fled for their base.

Hop's gas supply was nearly gone and without forward fir-

ing guns, he was forced to let the Japs go. "Three out of five is fair backhand slapping," he grinned as he looped the 'Cobra around for his own base.

Hop's first thought upon landing at the advance base was to locate Tank Tinker and tell him off in no uncertain terms about the botched job of wiring.

Hop found Tank in the mess shack hunched over on a bench, his head in his hands and Uncle Bud, mascot of Fighting Cock Squadron, on his lap. Uncle Bud was dead. Tank was looking down at the demised fighting cock and sorrow was spreading drearily over his homely, freckled face.

Hop's words of bitter condemnation stuck in his throat. Instead, Hop tapped his buddy lightly on the shoulder. Tank raised his head.

"Poor Uncle Bud. The little fella ain't our mascot no more. He's passed on to bird heaven." The carrot-top roused himself with difficulty. "I tell you, Harrigan, we've lost Uncle Bud. He died this afternoon."

"Yeah, I see he has, Tank. But yesterday Uncle Bud was in good shape. Have you any idea what he died from?"

"I—I think s-s-so." Tank turned crimson around his ears. "I found a half bottle of Coca-Cola in the battery dolly when I wheeled it out onto the field to fix those new rear guns for your 'Cobra. But it got mixed up somehow while I was working out there in the hot sun. Hop—please don't get sore at me—I'm afraid that I gave some brown battery acid to Uncle Bud to drink, and poured the Coca-Cola into your front gun battery!"

"That's all I want to know," thought Harrigan as he tried to keep back a bursting chuckle that rippled up from deep inside. "No wonder I couldn't fire my forward guns with fizz water in the battery!" Out loud he said, "We'll cremate Uncle Bud and sprinkle his ashes over Tokio! Okay?"

"Okay, Hop," said Tinker.
THE END

The Flash!

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOY

E. E. HIBBARD

CHAPTER
—FOUR—

THE RETURN OF THE FLASH!

A NEW MYSTERY MAN HAS TAKEN OVER THE FLASH'S BEAT MUSCLEMAN! KEYSTONE CITY AND ITS UNDERWORLD WERE IN GOOD HANDS.. UNTIL MUSCLEMAN SUDDENLY FINDS HIS PROBLEMS TOO MUCH FOR HIM AND THEN NOTHING WILL HELP THE SITUATION BUT THE RETURN OF THE FLASH....



THE QUIETNESS OF THE NIGHT IS SHATTERED BY THE BLAST OF GUNS AND THE THUNDERING TATTOO OF DRUMMING FEET A POLICEMAN FALLS . . . KEYSTONE CITY HAS HAD ANOTHER ROBBERY!

AS THE THUGS FLEE DOWN A TREE-BORDERED AVENUE, A SHADY FIGURE AWAITS THEM

SUDDENLY THE SHADY FIGURE RELAXES HIS GRIP AND FALLS



THAT NIGHT THE VARIOUS GANG LEADERS OF KEYSTONE CITY GATHER IN THE BACK ROOM OF A SMALL TAVERN.....

NOW, THIS IS MY IDEA, BOYS... WE WON'T GET ANYWHERE WORKING SEPARATELY... WE GOTTA ORGANIZE! ON THE NIGHT AFTER NEXT WE'LL STAGE ROBBERIES SIMULTANEOUSLY ALL OVER TOWN! THAT WOULDN'T BOTHER THE FLASH, BECAUSE HE CAN TRAVEL FROM ONE SPOT TO ANOTHER IN A SPLIT SECOND...

BUT IT WILL BOTHER MUSCLEMAN! IF HE GETS ONE GANG, THE OTHERS WILL STILL GET AWAY... THEN WE SPLIT THE TAKE! WE CAN'T LOSE!

SO THAT'S THEIR SCHEME! WELL... I'LL BREAK IT UP RIGHT HERE AND NOW!

WELL, WELL - IMAGINE FINDING ALL YOU BIG SHOTS TOGETHER.... GET READY FOR A BLITZ, BOYS!

MUSCLEMAN!!

OHH!!

THE MYSTERY MAN GOES AFTER DAPPER DON FIRST... AND, LIKE A CORNERED RAT, DON FIGHTS BACK... MUSCLEMAN LEADS WITH HIS RIGHT, AND....

OOF!!

HUH? ONE PUNCH - AND I PUT MUSCLEMAN OUT OF ACTION? WOW!!

OOOH... OOOH....

HAW-HAW! DID YOU SEE THAT, BOYS? MUSCLEMAN-RUNNING AWAY FROM US!

I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT! DAPPER, YOU SURE ARE SOME PUNCHER!

DRAGGING FEET BRING A WEARY MYSTERY MAN TO THE SANCTUARY OF HIS OWN ROOM... A SHAKING HAND LIFTS TO REMOVE HIS MASK....

WHAT'LL I DO NOW? I CAN'T KEEP ON BECAUSE ALL MY POWERS HAVE LEFT ME.... THIS IS AWFUL... WHAT DID THE FLASH HAVE TO QUIT FOR, ANYHOW?

WHY... OF ALL PEOPLE! IT'S... BLINKY!!!

I GOT TO GET THE FLASH TO GO BACK AND FIGHT THOSE CROOKS! I GOTTA SWALLOW MY PRIDE....

MEANWHILE, IN LONELY VALLEY, AN ARTIST RECEIVES HIS COPY OF CLAMOR-

WHAT IS THIS? THIS ISN'T THE COVER I DREW FOR CLAMOR! WHO ARE THEY TRYING TO KID?

THE CRAZY IDIOTS! THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'LL SEE THE EDITOR!

AS BLINKY BOYLAN, FORMERLY MUSCLEMAN, SURVEYS HIMSELF IN A MIRROR.....

YOU AN' YER HYPNOTISM.... BAH!!

NEXT DAY, AT JOAN WILLIAMS'

WHY, HELLO,
BLINKY! COME
RIGHT IN!
WHERE ARE THE
OTHERS?

OH-ER- THEY'RE
BUSY! MISS
JOAN - YA GOTTA
GET THE FLASH
RIGHT AWAY!
IT-IT'S OIGENT!

YA-YA SEE -
I'M MUSCLEMAN,
AN' I AIN'T
GOT NO POWERS
NO MORE....

WHA-
WHAT?
YOU?
MUSCLEMAN?



HA-HA-HA!
TH-THAT'S
RICH!

OH-HO-
HO-HO-HO!
HAW-HAW.
HAW!

I-I KNOW
IT'S FUNNY.
BUT-LOOK,
I'LL SHOW
YA...

I DISCOVERED AN ANCIENT
BOOK ON HYPNOTISM!
I TRIED IT OUT, WISHIN'
I WAS STRONG AND
AFRAID OF NOTHIN'....
AN' IT WORKED...
ABAZALABOO....
ABAZAZAKOO....



SEE? IT STILL
WORKS! I'M A
DIFFERENT
PERSON...
STRONG, TOO...

JAY, THIS
IS...
INCREDIBLE!

I-I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO SAY...

THE CATCH IS -
MY STRENGTH
FADES AWAY...
SEE - IT'S GONE
ALREADY....
THAT MEANS
I CAN'T BE
MUSCLEMAN
NO MORE...

HM-M-
THIS SURE
PUTS A
DIFFERENT
LIGHT ON
THINGS...
JOAN, YOU'D
BETTER GO FIND
THE FLASH!



AND AT THE OFFICE OF 'CLAMOR'....

WHAT'S THE USE OF
KNOCKING MYSELF OUT
DOING A COVER IF
YOU'RE GONNA SHOVE
IT ASIDE, HUH?
ANSWER ME THAT!

I'M SORRY,
BILL!
SOME
CROOKS
RAN THAT
EDITION
ON US!.

WE PULLED THE ISSUE
OFF THE STANDS AS SOON
AS WE DISCOVERED
WHAT HAD HAPPENED!
HM-M- THAT REMINDS
ME... I WANT TO
CALL ON JOAN
WILLIAMS AND HAVE
HER CONVEY MY
APOLOGIES TO THE
FLASH!
WHY NOT COME
WITH ME?

I WILL!
AND
YOU CAN
APOLOGIZE
TO BOTH
OF US!

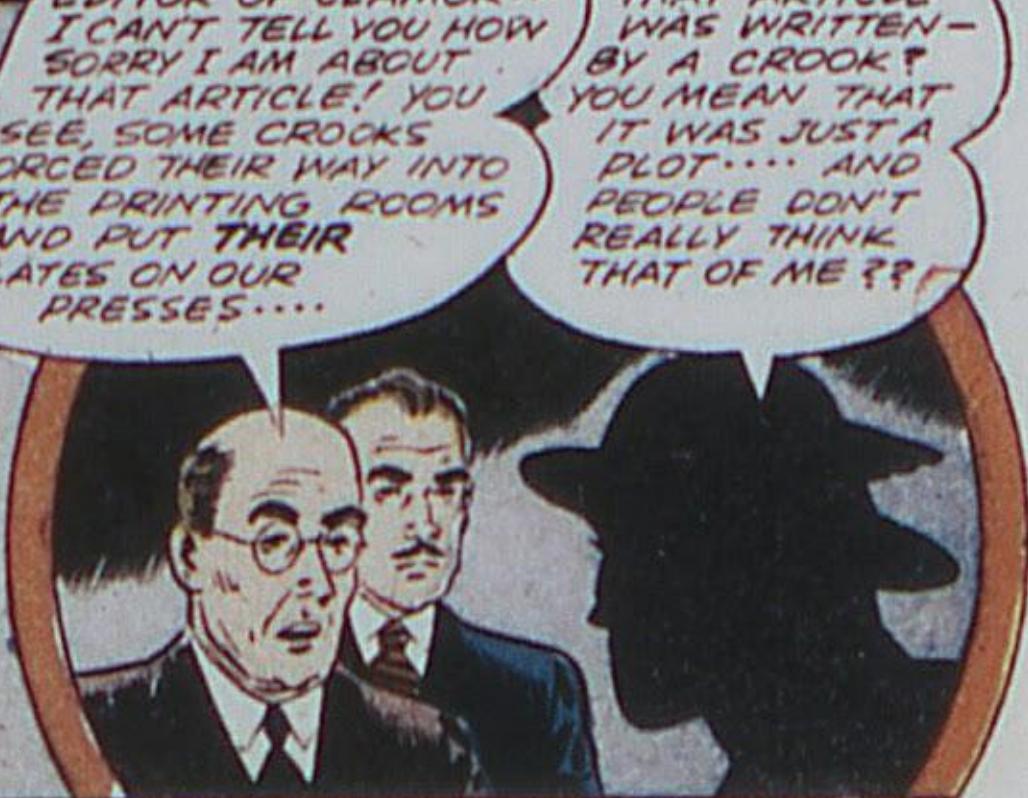


AT JOAN WILLIAMS' APARTMENT...

HELLO, MISS WILLIAMS!
I'D LIKE TO... OH,
THE FLASH IS
HERE, NOW....

FLASH, I'M THE
EDITOR OF 'CLAMOR'...
I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW
SORRY I AM ABOUT
THAT ARTICLE! YOU
SEE, SOME CROOKS
FORCED THEIR WAY INTO
THE PRINTING ROOMS
AND PUT THEIR
PLATES ON OUR
PRESSES....

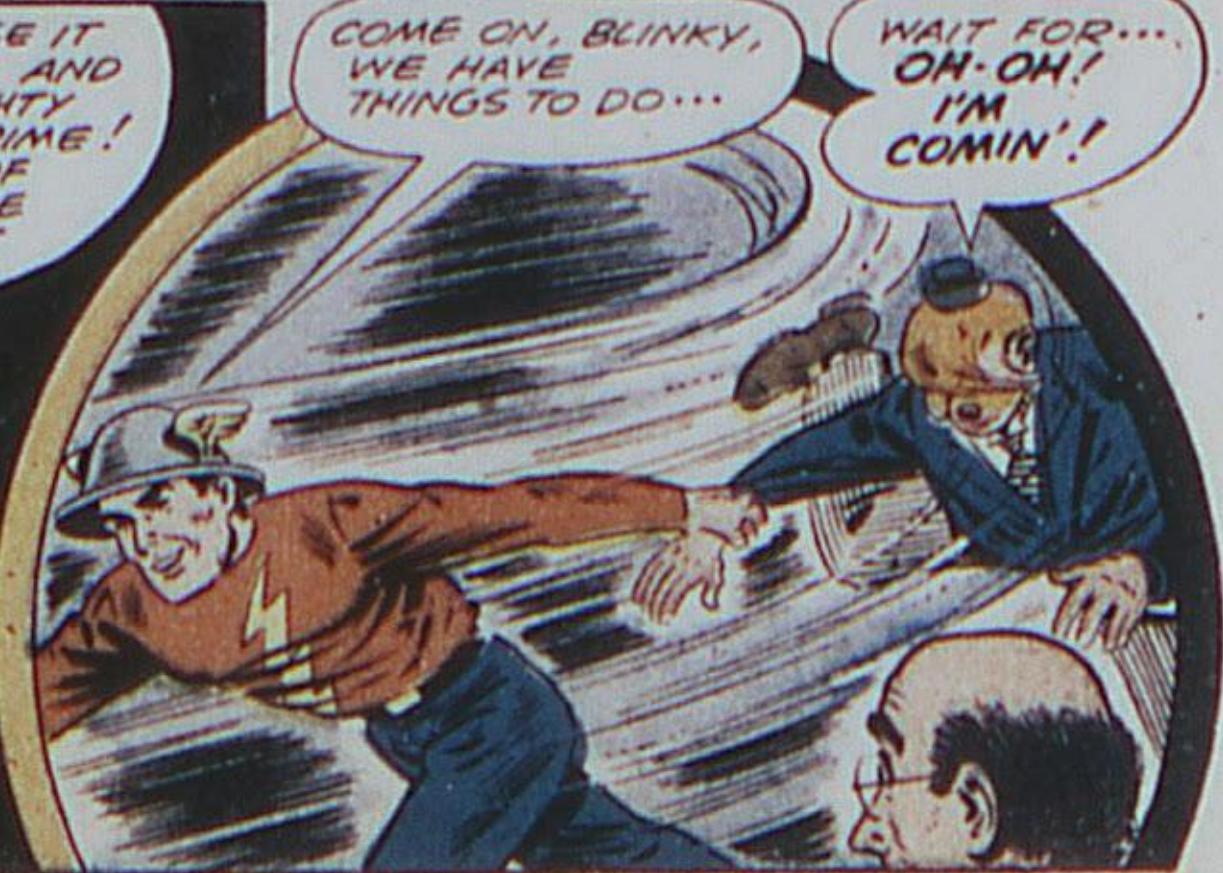
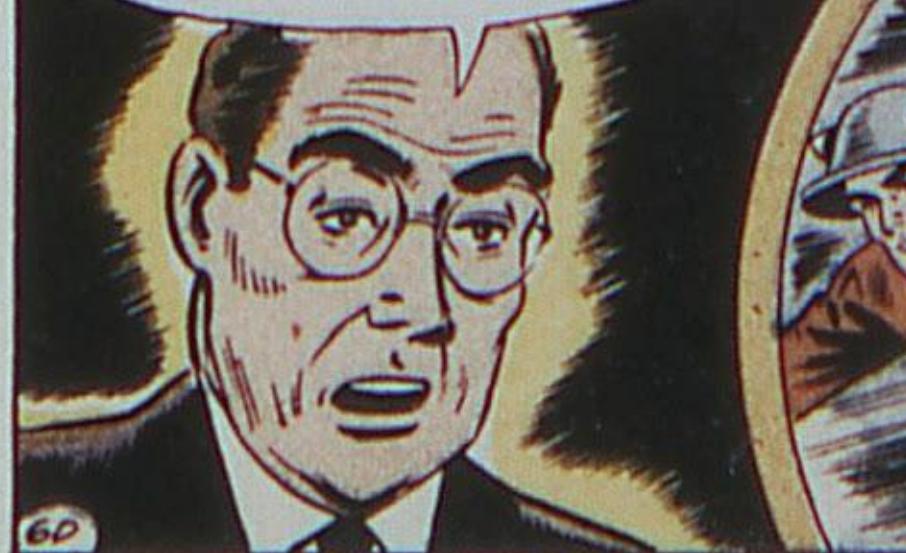
YOU MEAN
THAT ARTICLE
WAS WRITTEN—
BY A CROOK?
YOU MEAN THAT
IT WAS JUST A
PLOT.... AND
PEOPLE DON'T
REALLY THINK
THAT OF ME???

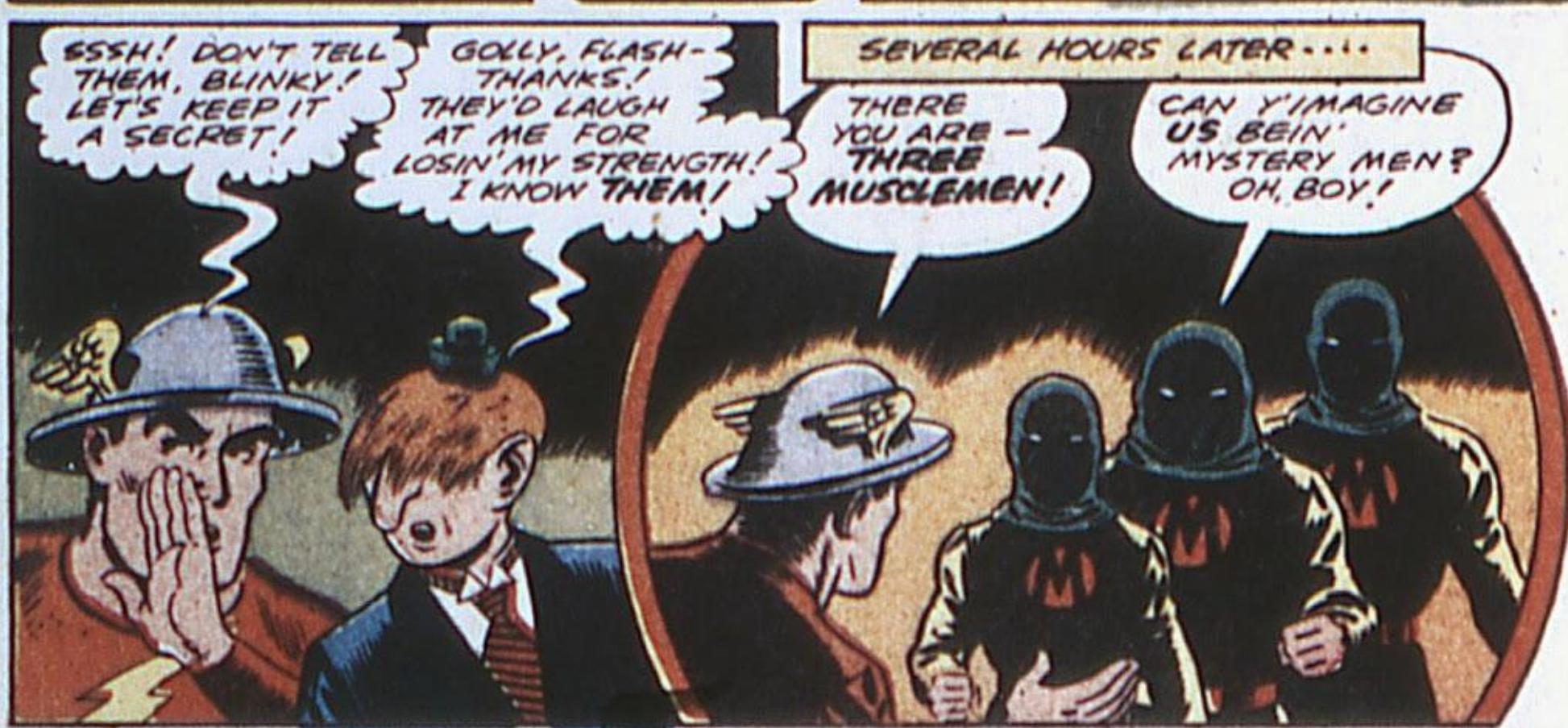


ARE YOU KIDDING? OF COURSE IT
WAS WRITTEN BY A CROOK! AND
THE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN MIGHTY
SORRY YOU QUIT FIGHTING CRIME!
WHY, I'VE HAD THOUSANDS OF
LETTERS DEMANDING THAT WE
PRINT A RETRACTION OF THAT
STORY, AND....

COME ON, BLINKY,
WE HAVE
THINGS TO DO...

WAIT FOR...
OH-OH!
I'M
COMIN'!





THE THUGS MAKE QUICK WORK OF THE VAULT DOOR... IT SWINGS OPEN TO DISCLOSE - MUSCLEMAN!

THEY'RE SO EXCITED, THEY DIDN'T EVEN FEEL THE BREEZE AS WE WENT PAST THEM...

HELLO, BOYS!

ULP!!

HOW-
HOW'D
YOUSE GET
IN THERE?

AS THE VAULT DOOR OPENED THE FLASH AND ONE OF HIS MUSCLEMEN DASHED IN - TOO QUICKLY TO BE SEEN.... NOW, GRASPING MUSCLEMAN'S ARMS, THE FLASH WADES INTO THE CROOKS...

COME AND GET IT, RATS!
OBOY, WHAT A MYSTERY MAN I MAKE, HUH, FLASH?

OWW!

OWTCH!!

A SPLIT SECOND LATER, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN....

I JUST GOT HERE IN TIME...

LOOK - MUSCLEMAN!

HE PICKED US OUT... WELL ANYWAY - THE OTHER GUYS'LL MAKE THEIR HAULS...

AGAIN, THE FLASH GUIDES MUSCLEMAN'S FISTS TO THEIR MARKS....

I'LL HAVE TO GET THIS OVER IN A HURRY - WINKY IS EXPECTING ME AT MAIN AND FIFTH....

YEOW-W! HE'S FASTER'N DE FLASH!

AN DIS WAS DADDER'S IDEA! WAIT'LL I SEE HIM!

ONE DEMORALIZED GANG LATER....

I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE STRIKING NEXT, AND GET A 'MUSCLEMAN' THERE TO STOP THEM....

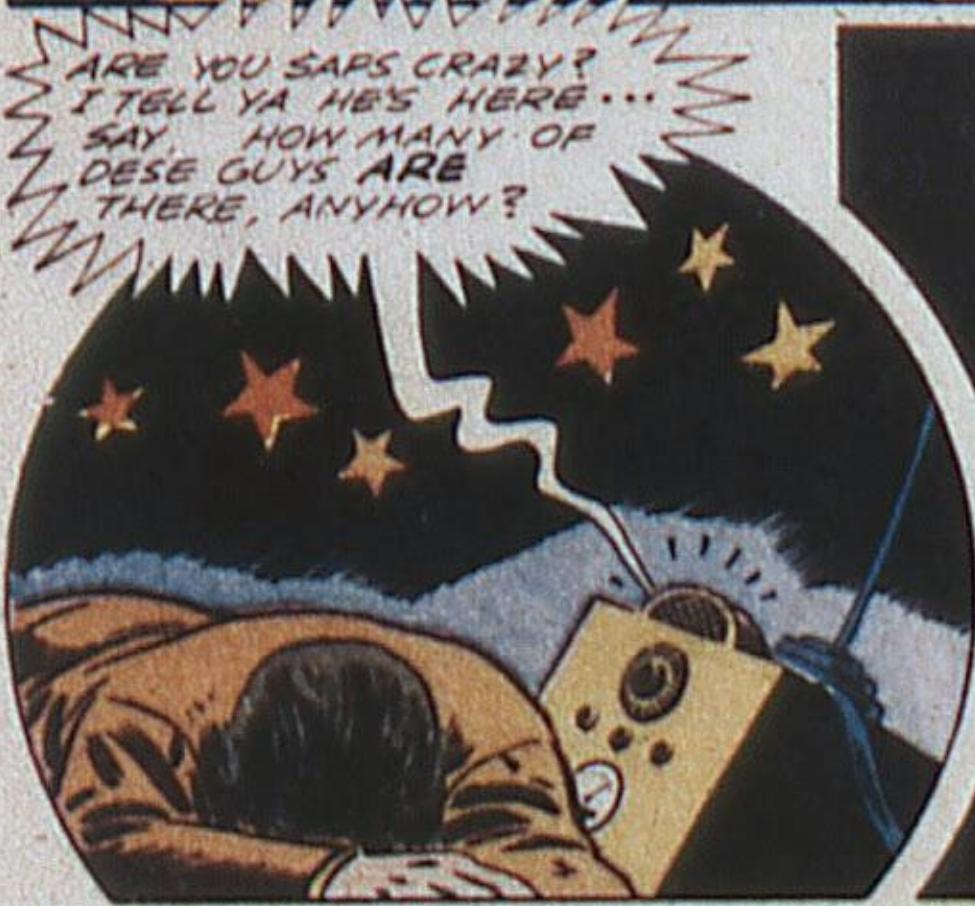
AH, LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BEING PAGED, MUSCLEMAN....

I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I GOT A FEELIN' I OUGHTA BE SOMEPLACE ELSE, RIGHT NOW....

THE CROOK'S RADIO COMMUNICATION GOES INTO ACTION, BUT THE FLASH ZIPS ABOUT FROM ONE GANG TO THE OTHER AS FAST AS THE ETHER WAVES....



YOUSE IS NUTS! MUSCLEMAN'S RIGHT HERE... OOOOF! I OUGHTA KNOW!



ULP! THIS MUSCLEMAN GUY AIN'T QUINTUPLETS - AND HE AIN'T NO SPEED DEMON! HE - HE MUST HAVE THE FLASH HELPIN' HIM!!!



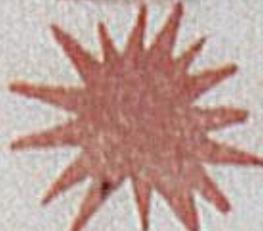
WELL, ANYWAY, ON THAT MEMORABLE NIGHT, THE ENTIRE CITY ERUPTS WITH BENT THUGS AND BROKEN TOMMY GUNS...

AND WHEN THE SMOKE OF BATTLE CLEARS.....

ONE - TWO - THREE MUSCLEMEN! WHADDYA KNOW ABOUT THAT... ULP! AN' TH' FLASH WITH 'EM!

SAY... I JUST REMEMBERED! WHERE'S DAPPER DON? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ANYWHERE AROUND!

THERE HE IS - FLASH!



I QUIT! I KNOW WHEN I'VE BEEN SLAPPED IN THE FACE WITH A SKYSCRAPER!

NOW YOU'RE GETTING SMART, DAPPER! OH, YES, THANKS TO YOUR ORGANIZATION IDEA WE'VE ROUND-ED UP EVERY GANG IN TOWN! YOU WERE A BIG HELP!

LATER, AFTER THE POLICE HAVE CART-ED THE CROOKS OFF TO JAIL....

YEAH, BUT WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS - WHERE'S THE REAL MUSCLEMAN?

YA KNOW WHAT I THINK? I THINK IT WAS THE FLASH ALLA TIME!

HEH-HEH-YEAH. I GUESS IT WAS! BU-BUT WOULD YOUSE LAUGH IF I SAID IT WAS ME?



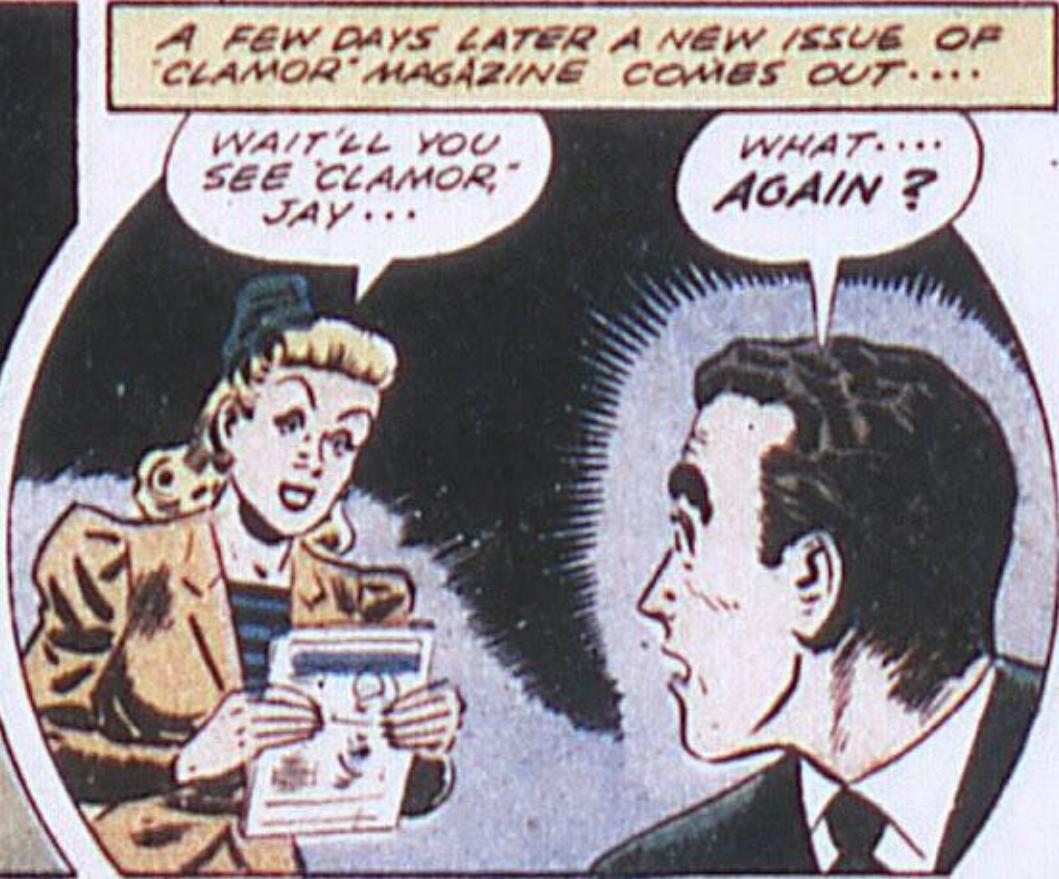
YOU? HA! I SUPPOSE YOU'LL HYPNOTIZE YERSELF INTO THINKIN' SO SOME DAY!

YOU AN' YER, HYPNOTISM! BALONEY! NO, NOT BALONEY - MEAT'S TOO SCARCE... NUTS - YEAH - NUTS!

A FEW DAYS LATER A NEW ISSUE OF 'CLAMOR' MAGAZINE COMES OUT....

WAIT'LL YOU SEE 'CLAMOR,' JAY...

WHAT... AGAIN?



SAY - THIS IS A SURPRISE!

AND.... THE ERSTWHILE MUSCLEMAN?

OH, WELL... I HAD MY DAY... SIGH



GET THIS BOMBER AND SECRET BOMB-SIGHT FREE

4 BATTLESHIPS and 4 TANKS INCLUDED

Here's the most amazing offer that we have ever made! Imagine a big realistic bomber, fully colored, equipped with a secret bombsight and a large bomb bay holding several "block-buster" bombs, plus an automatic precision bomb-release and 4 big enemy battleships and a large ocean battleground—also 4 fully camouflaged deadly-looking tanks and a real battlefield. You load the bomber, carefully sight the enemy, through the bombsight, turn the bomb release—SOCKO, a direct hit! Read on—see how you can get yours absolutely FREE with this offer.

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OFFER

FEEL FLYING THRILLS WITH THIS TRAINING COCKPIT AND PRE-FLIGHT COURSE

Here's the thrill that you have been dreaming about and waiting for.

If you crave real flying sensations, here they are! This training cockpit is not a toy—it will provide exciting hours of fun and spine-tingling thrills for the entire family. It is a replica of a real airplane cockpit, combining fun with actual aviation instruction. Every instrument moves, every lever works. Sit in it! Switch on the ignition! Slowly advance the throttle, ease back the stick and ZOOM...you're off on the greatest adventure of your life...AND...it's absolutely safe!



Here's your machine gun and camera sight. You see enemy planes pass before your gun sight. Soot your eye carefully in the cross hairs! Identify him correctly, pull the trigger, and if you are right, you will get him and see him burst into flames right before your very eyes.



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Big 20 inch durable Wheel-Control that can be moved up and back, with wheel that can be turned to right and left just like those in real planes.

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Because of the tremendous demand for these amazing thrill producers, our supply is limited. ORDER NOW to be sure of getting yours. Send no money just coupon! When the postman brings yours, pay him \$1.69 plus postage and C.O.D. charge, or 2 sets for \$3.25, plus delivery charges. Only 2 to a customer. (Avoid disappointment. Have money ready when your postman arrives.)

GUARANTEE

If you are not completely satisfied that you got more than your money's worth, return in 5 days and we will refund purchase price. You take no risk—ORDER TODAY!

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MONEY**

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38 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

- Rush my TRAINING COCKPIT and free gifts immediately. I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage and C.O.D. charge when it arrives.
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I NAME

I ADDRESS

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Des-Kit is a complete portable writing desk... it's new... perfect as a gift.



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\$1.98
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Ship me immediately, charges prepaid, Des-Kits as checked below. In the box, indicate quantity wanted. My check, money order in is enclosed. Check insignia desired:

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 Model A: standard Des-Kit, price \$1.98 each, with insignia checked.
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 No insignia; instead give (PRINT) name and address of name wanted.
 Model C: de Luxe Des-Kit, price \$2.98 each, includes insignia and name of recipient and FREE WRITE-O-GRAF gift.

NAME

STREET

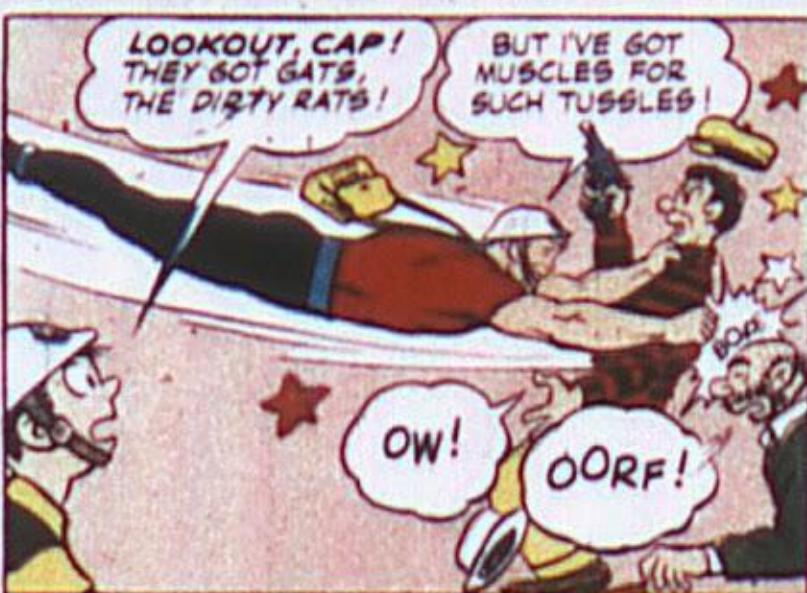
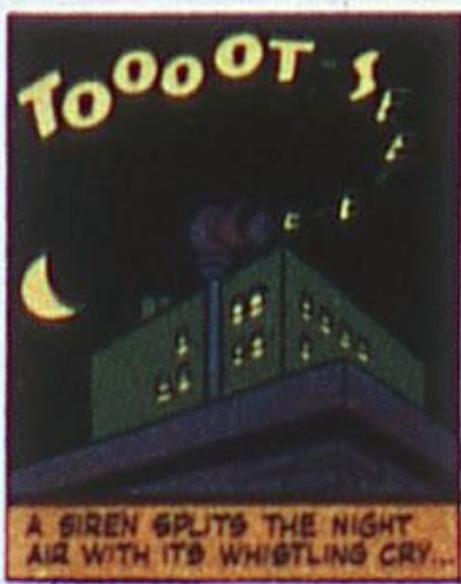
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Rush me your Australian zoomerang, postage paid, by fast mail. I enclose one dime.

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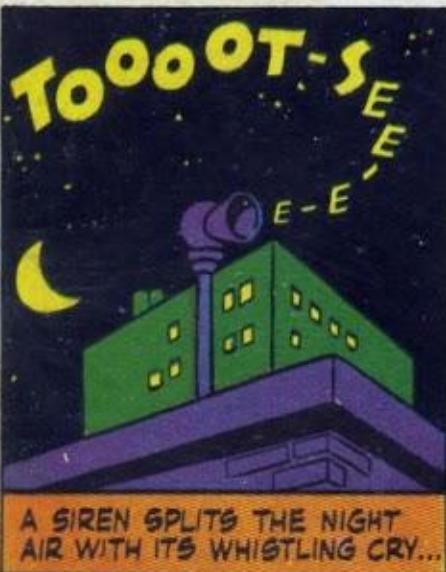
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Zooms!
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Goes 50 to 75 Feet!
Harmless!
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Girls! Boys! Imagine the thrill of having this genuine Australian zoomerang. You'll be the envy of every kid on your street. You'll spend hours having the time of your life with it! Get yours while supply lasts! This offer expires May 31, 1944. Mail coupon below today.

TOOTsie ROLLS
Department C-3 Hoboken, N. J.

Rush me your Australian zoomerang, postage paid, by fast mail. I enclose one dime.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
(Please print plainly)