

Spring Issue

No. 4

ACE-FLASH QUARTERLY

10¢

A SUPERMAN
PUBLICATION IND



THE FLASH

UPSETS FATHER TIME AS HE FLASHES
BACK THROUGH THE PAGES OF HISTORY...

-ANOTHER 64 PAGE NOVEL-LENGTH STORY
FEATURING THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE!

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WILD INDIANS, MODERN STYLE

Augustus and the Mountains

By Le Grand

The Bobbs-Merrill Company

Augustus had lived on a shanty-boat all the eleven years of his life—and he had never ridden in an automobile. So when Pop traded his shanty-boat for a car of ancient vintage things were bound to happen to Augustus and the whole family. And they did. For instance, Pop found to his surprise that you couldn't navigate a car like a boat, counting on the wind and the tide to carry you around an oncoming car! And when it came to paying a dollar toll to get over a bridge —no siree! this river-family found their own way to take their car across—on a home-made raft. Well, they did get to those Kentucky mountains at last, and there really were Indians there. And then began the best adventure of all, when Augustus and his new Indian friends, Lone Eagle and Red Bird, trapped a robber and cleared the Indians of the Mountaineers' unjust suspicions. To reward him, they made Augustus a member of the tribe—an Indian warrior, feather headdress and all.

This book is amusing as well as exciting, and the pictures are especially funny. Ask for it at your library.



SUPERMAN CODE MESSAGE!

CODE MERCURY:

CVZ VOJUFE TUBUFT EFGFOTF TUBNQT

ALL FLASH QUARTERLY No. 4, Spring, 1942 issue. Published quarterly by Jolaine Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. Managing Editor; Sheldon Mayer, Asst. Editor. Entered as second class matter May 14, 1941 at the Post Office at New York, N.Y. under the Act of Mar. 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U.S. 50c including postage. U.S. Patent Office trademark No. 389439 under the act of February 20, 1905. Entire contents copyrighted 1942 by Jolaine Publications, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

The Flash

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!

64
GARDNER FOX
AND
E.E. HIBBARD

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

STEALING A MARCH ON THE OLD GENTLEMAN WITH THE SCYTHE AND HOURGLASS, **THE FLASH** GOES BACK IN TIME AS HE BATTLES AGAINST GRIM EVIL! — TAKE AN ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR, A MONEY-LOVING MILLIONAIRE WITH A PENCHANT FOR CROOKED WORK, A TIME CAPSULE, PILLS THAT HAVE THE POWER OF BRINGING BACK LOST AGES, MIX WELL, ADD THE FLASH — AND WATCH TIME FLY!

THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE RACES INTO THE WEIRDEST ADVENTURE OF HIS THRILL-STUDDED CAREER IN THIS NEW NOVEL-LENGTH STORY — **THE TALE OF THE TIME CAPSULE!**



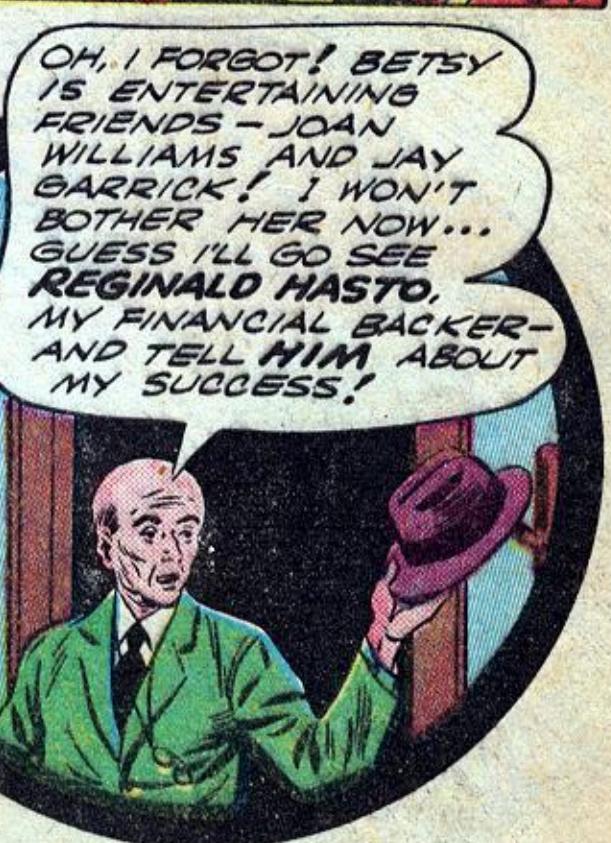
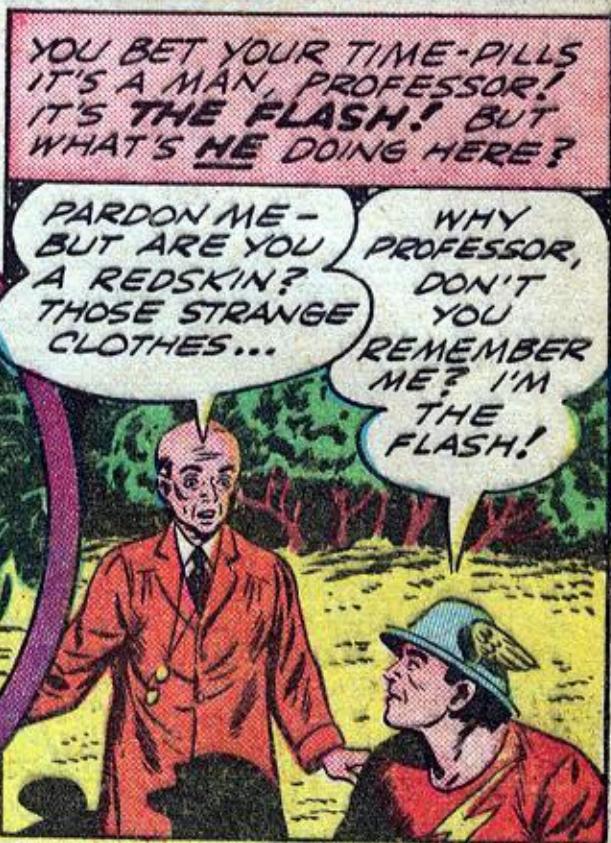
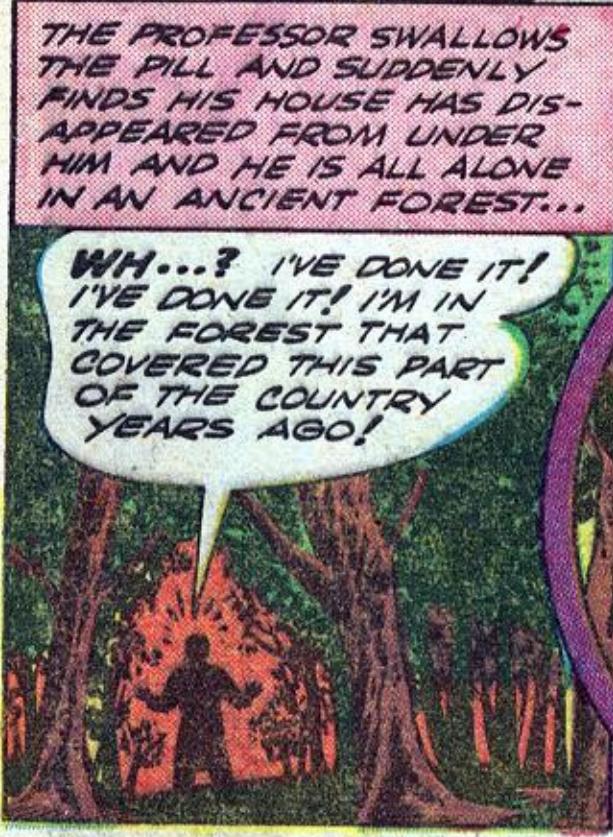
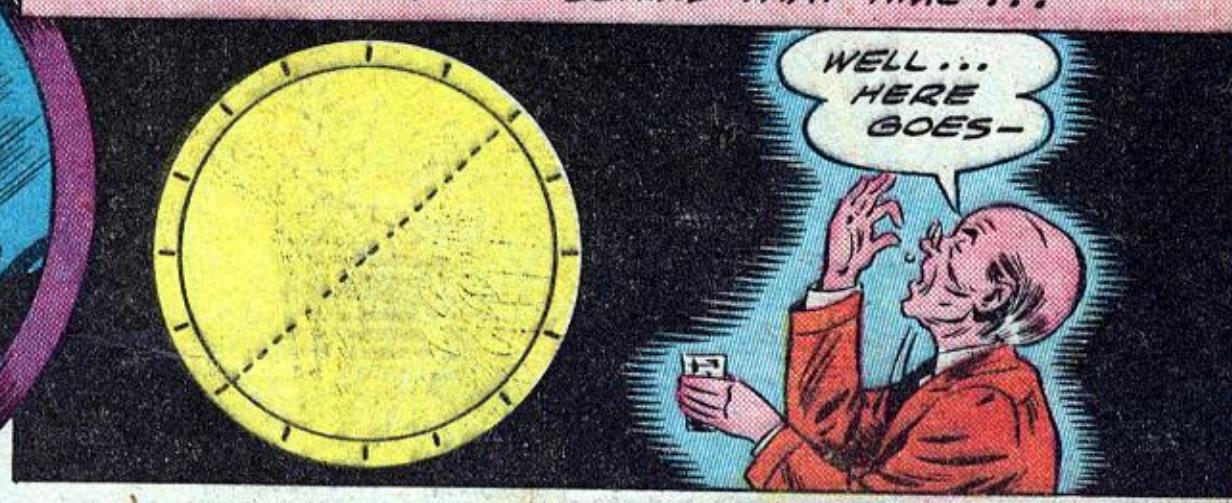
IN A LITTLE WORKSHOP ATTACHED TO A SMALL HOUSE ON THE ROCKY SHORE OF NORTHERN LONG ISLAND, PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD MCQUATNESS MIXES POWDERS WITH MORTAR AND PESTLE....

I THINK I'VE DONE IT!
I THINK I'VE FOUND A WAY TO TRAVEL BACKWARDS IN TIME.... TO ANY PERIOD IN HISTORY!



AT LAST I'VE PERFECTED "SLEEPIAN" - THE DRUG THAT REDISTRIBUTES THE ELECTRONS OF THE BODY, AND READJUSTS THEM IN RATIO WITH THE CURVE OF TIME! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT IF IT WORKS ...

EXPLANATION! TIME IS CURVED, LIKE A CIRCLE! EACH DOT ON THE LINE OF ITS CIRCLE REPRESENTS A SPAN OF YEARS! IF IT WERE POSSIBLE TO DRAW A LINE ACROSS THE CIRCLE, A PERSON ON ONE SIDE COULD MOVE TO ANOTHER - AND TRAVEL THROUGH TIME! THAT IS WHAT THE PROFESSOR'S "SLEEPIAN" DOES ... IT CHANGES THE STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN BODY AND THEN LETS IT TRAVEL ACROSS THE LINE THAT SEGMENTS THE AGES - UNTIL THE BODY REAPPEARS AGAIN YEARS AND YEARS BEHIND THAT TIME ...



A FEW MILES FROM THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, THE TOWERING RESIDENCE OF REGINALD HASTO, MILLIONAIRE, DECORATES THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE...

SOMETIMES I THINK I'M SLIPPING! HERE I AM WITH A REPUTATION FOR BEING A SHREWD BUSINESS MAN - AND I LOAN PROFESSOR MCQUATNESS A THOUSAND DOLLARS SO HE CAN WORK ON HIS FOOL EXPERIMENTS! I'LL PROBABLY NEVER SEE IT AGAIN!

HERE HE COMES NOW, SIR!

I'VE DONE IT, MR. HASTO! MY PILLS WORK! I'VE GONE BACK IN TIME!

HA! IMPOSSIBLE!... BUT EVEN IF IT DOES WORK... WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO ME? HOW CAN YOUR CRAZY "TIME-PILLS" BRING ME A PROFIT ON MY INVESTMENT?

BUT THEY CAN! WHEN I WENT INTO THE PAST I SAW A MAN BURY SOMETHING! I KNOW THE EXACT SPOT! MAYBE IT'S TREASURE! SHALL WE GO SEE?

BAH! SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME... BUT ALL RIGHT! I'LL CALL MY BODYGUARDS! THEY CAN DO THE DIGGING!

WHILE THE PROFESSOR AND HIS FINANCIAL BACKER ARE DRIVING TO THE SCENE OF THE BURIED CYLINDER, BETSY MCQUATNESS MEETS JOAN WILLIAMS AND JAY (THE FLASH) GARRICK...

NO, INDEED! IT'S SOMETHING TO DO WITH TRAVELING IN TIME, GOING INTO THE PAST, YOU KNOW! HE HAS A MAN INTERESTED IN IT - A MILLIONAIRE THAT I DON'T TRUST!

WHY NOT?

JOAN! JAY! SO GLAD YOU COULD COME! IT'S SO DULL OUT HERE - AND DAD IS ONLY INTERESTED IN HIS PILLS!

OH, HE'S A DOCTOR?

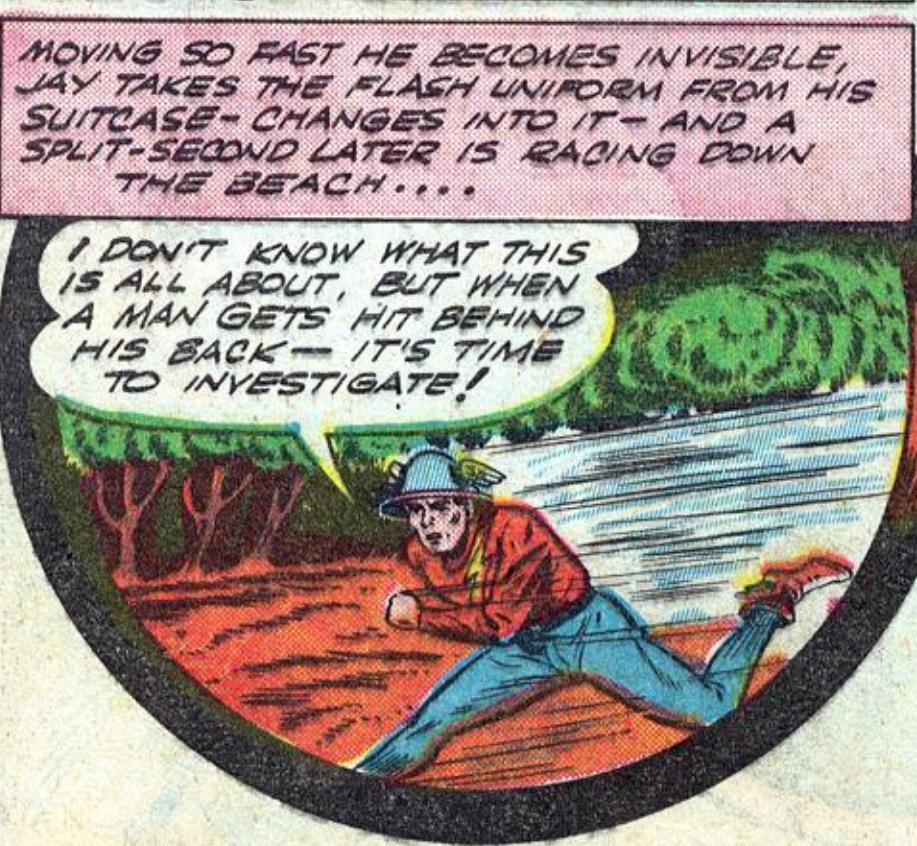
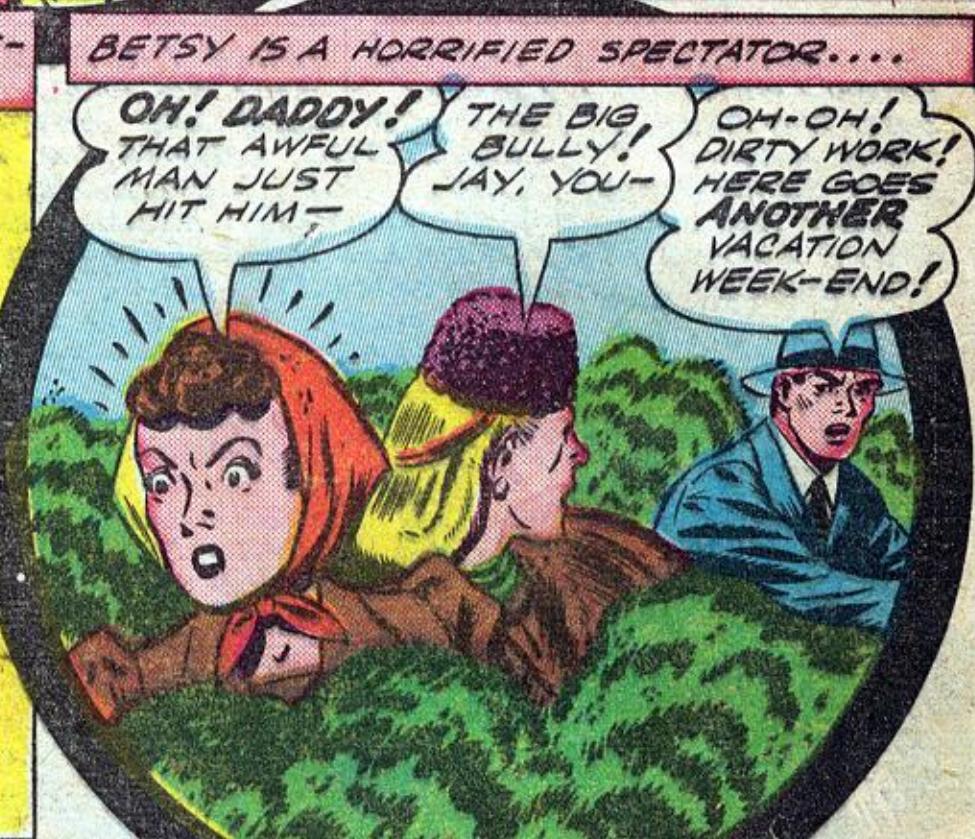
OH, IT'S THE WAY HE LOOKS, HIS EYES SO GREEDY AND MONEY-LOVING! I'M AFRAID HE'S GOING TO CHEAT POOR DAD... HE'S SO TRUSTING - AND DUMB!

MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING WE CAME DOWN; EH, FL... I MEAN, JAY?

HM-M COULD BE!

THERE'S DAD NOW, WITH MR. HASTO AND THEY'RE DIGGING! LET'S SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!

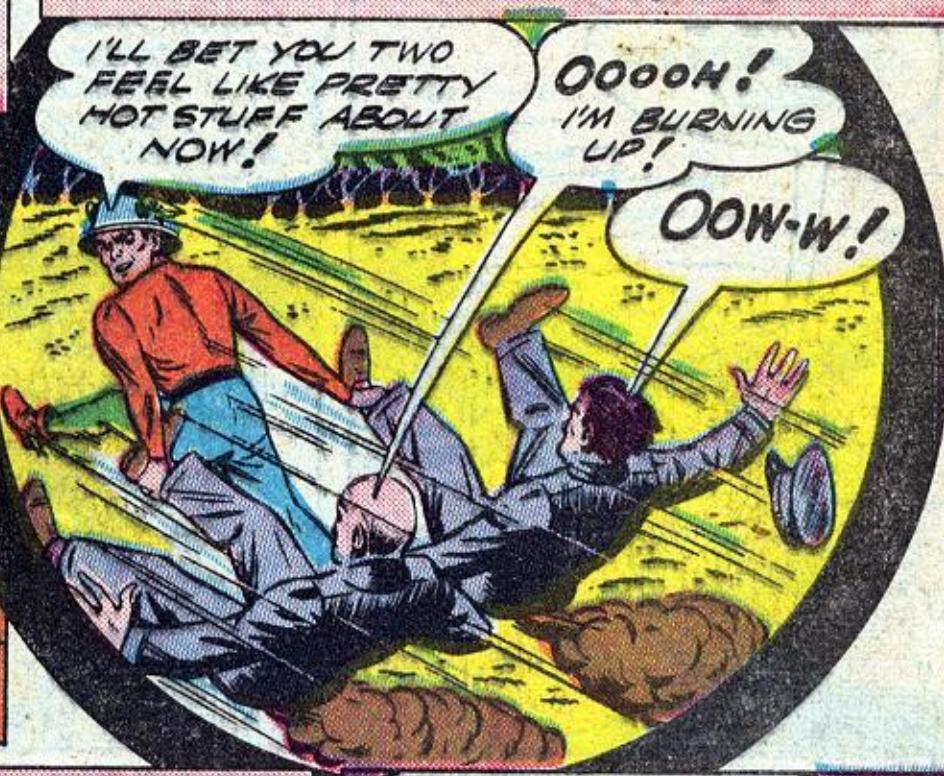
DIG A LITTLE DEEPER, BOYS! I'M SURE I SAW HIM BURY IT HERE! I WON'T LET THE PROFESSOR SEE IT - IF IT'S SOMETHING GOOD I'LL KEEP IT FOR MYSELF!



WITH THE RAPIDITY OF HIS MOVEMENTS
CREATING A MINOR SANDSTORM, THE
FLASH HURLS A MAN ALONG THE BEACH
SO SWIFTLY THAT HE LOOKS LIKE A
PLOW IN ACTION....



HE COMPLETELY DISRUPTS THE MORALE
OF HASTO'S UNIFORMED GUARDS...



SEIZING A SHOVEL, THE
FLASH DIGS HOLE AFTER
HOLE IN THE SAND...



INTO THE HOLES GO HASTO
AND HIS HENCHMEN....
UP TO THEIR EARS IN
SAND...

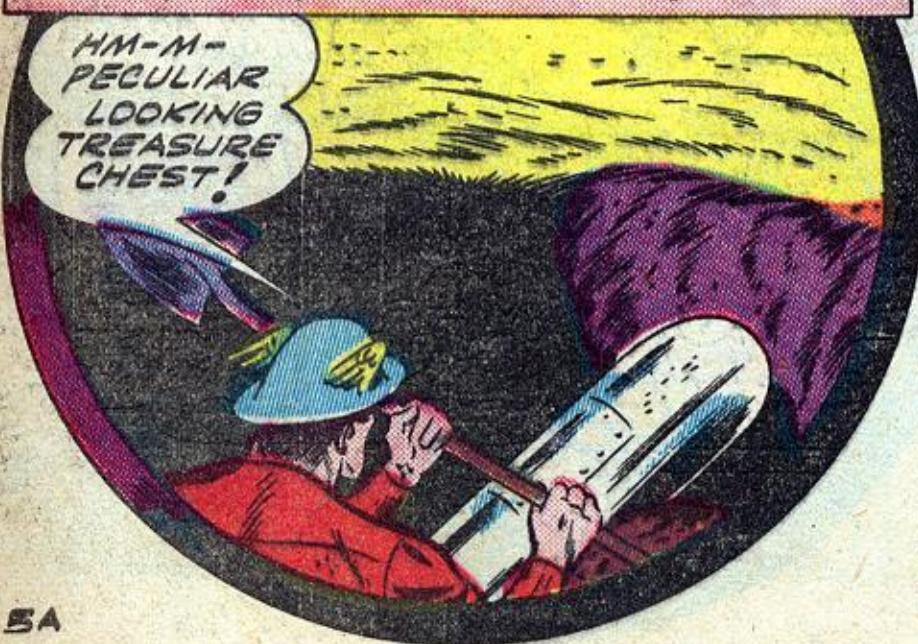
YOU'LL PROBABLY DIG YOURSELVES OUT IN A HALF HOUR OR SO! BY THAT TIME I'LL HAVE THE PROFESSOR SAFELY OUT OF YOUR CLUTCHES!

BUT-BUT THE TREASURE IS MINE, I TELL YOU! MINE!

TREASURE, EH? SO THAT'S WHY YOU HAD HIM SLUGGED! I THINK I'D LIKE TO HEAR THE PROFESSOR'S SIDE OF THIS STORY—I WONDER IF HE KNOWS THAT THERE IS A TREASURE INVOLVED?

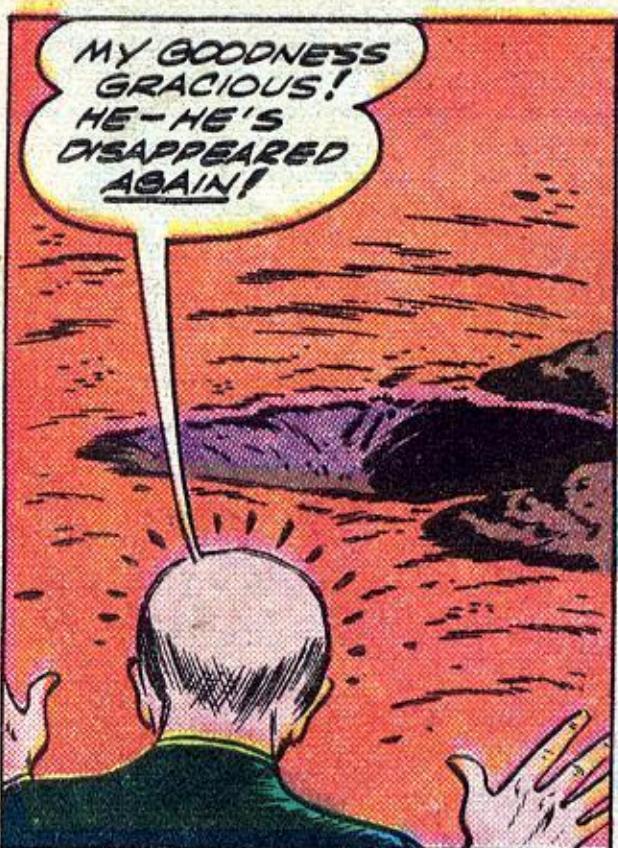


THE FLASH DIGS UP THE CYLINDER AND SEES IT FOR THE FIRST—OR IS IT THE SECOND TIME? HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE IT... BUT REMEMBER THAT THE PROFESSOR SAW HIM BURYING IT!



AT THAT MOMENT, PROFESSOR MCQUATNESS REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS....





AFTER THE PROFESSOR AND BETSY GO INSIDE THE HOUSE....

HE'S CRAZY AS A LOON, JOAN! HE THINKS HE SAW ME TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO! WHEW...

WELL... MAYBE HE DID! BETSY TOLD ME HE'S BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH TIME-PILLS!

YEAH, HE HAS - BUT I HAVEN'T! SO HOW DID I GO BACK ALL THOSE CENTURIES - EVEN IF HE DID? WOW! IF I KEEP THINKING ABOUT IT I'LL DRIVE MYSELF CRAZY!

THAT EVENING, THE FLASH HUMORS THE OLD GENT -

TELL ME WHAT WAS IT LIKE IN THOSE TIMES? I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO EXPERIMENT AGAIN!

OH, SAME THING AS TODAY - YOU KNOW, PEOPLE WHO WANT TO BOSS EVERYBODY ELSE AND PEOPLE WITH ENOUGH GUMPTION NOT TO LET THEM!

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! I'LL BET THAT JULIUS CAESAR FELLOW WAS JUST ANOTHER HITLER! I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO HIS TIME AND PAY HIM A VISIT!

OW-W- I WONDER HOW I EVER LET JOAN TALK ME INTO COMING HERE?

AFTER DINNER THE PROFESSOR LEADS THE FLASH INTO HIS LABORETORY-

THESE ARE MY TIME-PILLS! WITH THEM I CAN GO BACK INTO WHATEVER PERIOD IN HISTORY I WANT TO! ISN'T THAT GRAND? I'LL HAVE SUCH FUN!

OH, YES... HA-HA! LOTS OF FUN!

WHAT AN IMAGINATION HE HAS! BALMY AS A SUMMER BREEZE!

LET'S EACH TAKE A PILL AND SEE WHAT THE WORLD WAS LIKE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, SHALL WE - JUST FOR FUN?

ER- LATER ON! RIGHT NOW, DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE NICE TO SEE WHAT'S IN THAT TREASURE CYLINDER? IF IT'S MINE, I OUGHT TO BE MORALLY ENTITLED TO OPEN IT!

THE FLASH DASHES AWAY....

I JUST HAD TO GET AWAY FROM THAT OLD FELLOW FOR A FEW MINUTES! HE'LL HAVE ME CREEPY TOO, UNLESS I GET A REST!

MEANWHILE, HASTO HAS NOT BEEN IDLE - A FEW OF HIS STRONG-ARM MEN FREE THEMSELVES AND THEN RESCUE HIM....

MCQUATNESS WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! HE CAN'T STEAL MY TREASURE LIKE THAT! I LOANED HIM A THOUSAND DOLLARS TO FINANCE HIS EXPERIMENTS AND I'M ENTITLED TO THAT TREASURE!

YES, SIR, YOU SURE ARE...

AND WHAT WAS WRONG WITH YOU GUYS, TO LET ME GET SLAMMED AROUND LIKE THAT? WHAT DO I PAY YOU FOR? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO GUARD ME!

AFTER A HOT SHOWER AND A GOOD MEAL, HASTO PLANS SOME MORE DIRTY WORK....

'TENSHUN! WE'RE GOING TO THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE AND MAKE HIM RETURN THAT TREASURE! GET YOUR MOTORCYCLES AND TOMMY-GUNS!

THE MONEY-GRUBBING MILLIONAIRE SETS OUT IN FORCE TO GET THE CYLINDER....

HE ORDERS HIS MEN TO ASSUME THEIR POSITIONS, LIKE A GENERAL ON A BATTLEFRONT....

YOU, HENDERSON, TAKE SOME MEN TO THE REAR OF THE HOUSE! YOUNG, YOU AND THE OTHERS COVER THE FRONT!

YES, SIR!

AT ONCE SIR!

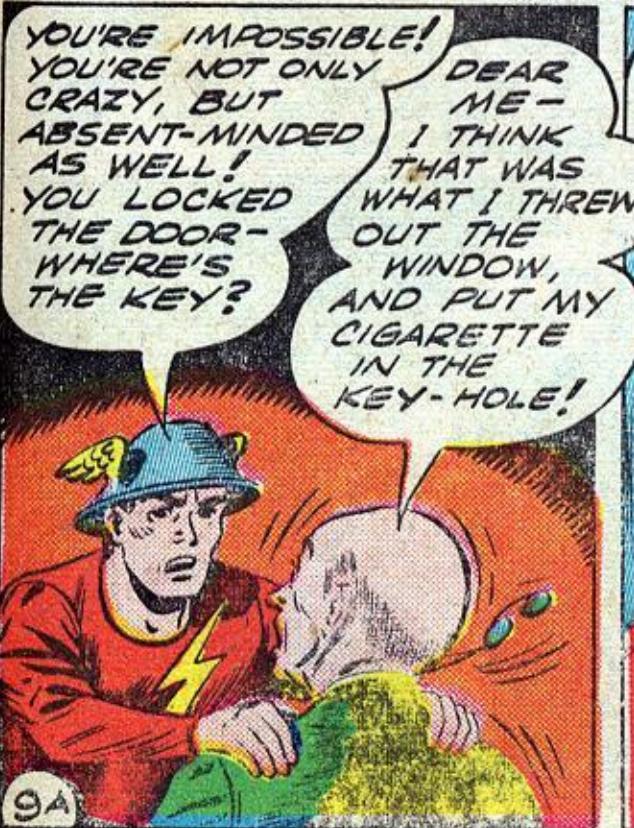
I'LL SHOW PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD MCQUATNESS I MEAN BUSINESS! TRYING TO CHEAT ME ME, THE BIGGEST CHEAT THAT EVER CHEATED - HA! HOW DOES HE THINK I EVER GOT TO BE A MILLIONAIRE!?

IN THE MEANTIME, THE FLASH HAS RETRIEVED THE CYLINDER AND CARRIES IT BACK TO THE HOUSE.... HE ARRIVES JUST BEFORE HASTO'S MEN SURROUND THE PLACE....

OH, I FORGOT! IT'S YOURS - YOU KNOW WHAT'S IN IT! I GETTING SO EXCITED ABOUT?

GO AHEAD AND OPEN IT! WHY SHOULD I SPOIL THE SURPRISE FOR YOU? ANYWAY, I BURIED IT SO LONG AGO - I'VE REALLY FORGOTTEN WHAT'S IN IT -

MEANWHILE - OUTSIDE...



SNEAKING CAREFULLY A-ROUND THE HOUSE, HASTO SEES THE PROFESSOR AT WORK TRYING TO FIX THE SCREWDRIVER....

HE CALLS SOME OF HIS MEN AND THEY BURST IN-TO THE LABORATORY...

GRAB THE TREASURE CYLINDER!

WHAT? WHO'S THAT?

THAT ISN'T YOURS! IT BELONGS TO MR. FLASH! YOU CAN'T TAKE IT!

I AM TAKING IT! HURRY UP, MEN!



NO! YOU CAN'T!
I WON'T
LET YO...
OOH-H!

THAT'LL HOLD YA!

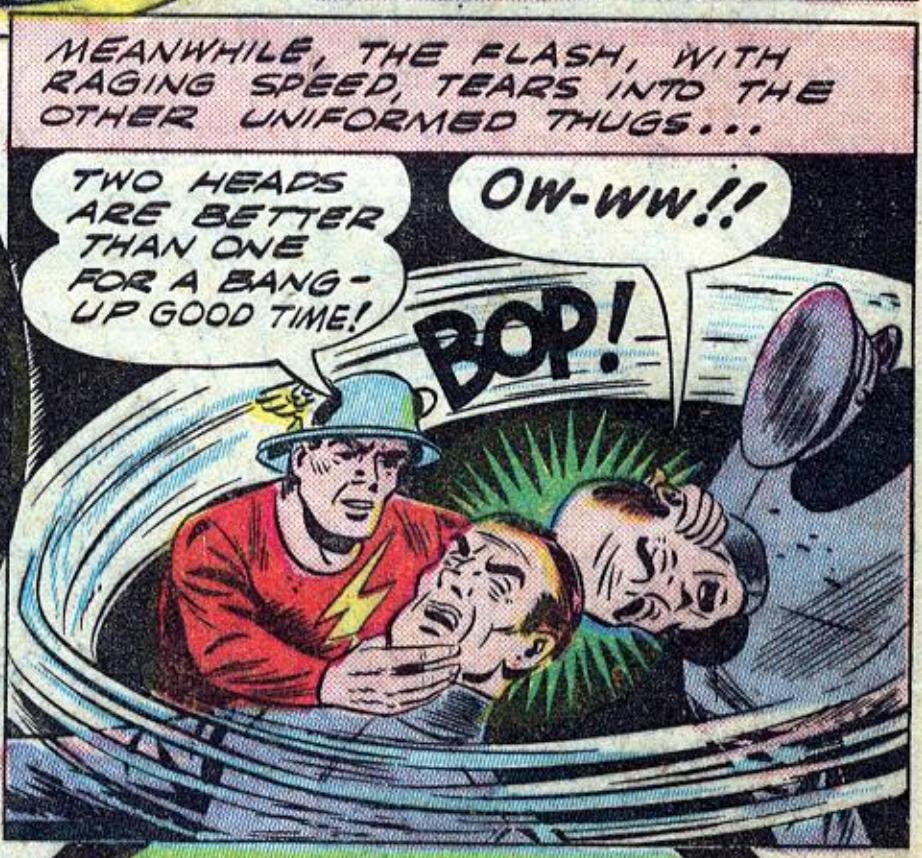
SPLAT!

MEANWHILE, THE FLASH, WITH RAGING SPEED, TEARS INTO THE OTHER UNIFORMED THUGS...

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE FOR A BANG-UP GOOD TIME!

OW-WW!!

BOP!



THE MASTER OF SPEED WHIRLS AND LEAPS ACROSS THE ROOM AS MORE OF HASTO'S BODYGUARDS RUSH INTO THE ROOM....

THAT'S THE FLASH!
GRAB HIM!

HOW?
I CAN'T EVEN SEE HIM!

AHA, GENTLEMEN,
JUST IN TIME
FOR A LITTLE DANCE...

WITH HIS TERRIFIC RAPIDITY, THE FLASH RAMS THE FEET OF THE THUGS SO DEEP IN THE WALL THAT THEY ARE IMPRISONED AS THOUGH THE WALL HAD BEEN BUILT AROUND THEM...

THERE!
I CALL THAT
THE "ONE - TWO - FIND - THE - SHOE"
DANCE!



FLASH GRAPS ANOTHER GUARD BY THE ANKLES AND STARTS SPINNING LIKE A TOP...

LET'S GIVE IT A WHIRL, NOW!

OOWWW!

SO GREAT IS THE SPEED OF THE FLASH AS HE SWINGS AROUND THAT THE GUARD SAILS OUT THE DOOR AND CARRIES HIS FELLOW-GUARDS WITH HIM, AND THEN THEY START TO RISE LIKE A PLANE...

WHEN THE VELOCITY OF THEIR FLIGHT IS SPENT THEY FALL...

I HEAR BODIES!

WHO FLUNG THAT CANNON-BALL?

BACK TO THE FLASH...

COME WITH ME, GIRLS! I'LL FEEL BETTER IF I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!

THAT SUITS ME, AND HOW!

ME, TOO!

THEY ENTER THE LAB...

OH! DADDY! THAT MAN HASTO HAS HIT HIM AGAIN!

THE CYLINDER! IT'S GONE!

THEY BRING THE PROFESSOR AROUND...

OOOH... FLASH-HASTO STOLE YOUR TREASURE - I COULDN'T STOP HIM...

BUT I WILL! AND RIGHT NOW! WAIT HERE!

OHH! HE'S GONE!

ONE THING ABOUT THE FLASH - HE DOESN'T WASTE MUCH TIME! HE FINISHES THINGS ALMOST BEFORE HE STARTS THEM!

HASTO ISN'T GETTING AWAY WITH THIS... BESIDES, I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW JUST WHAT IS IN THAT CYLINDER!



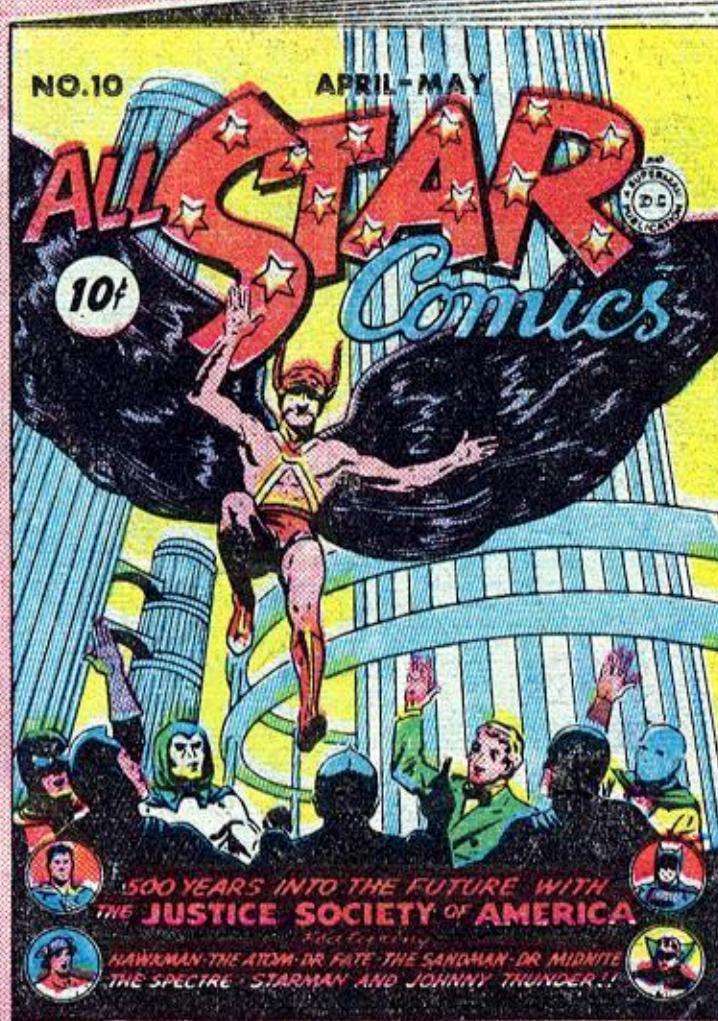


WELL, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK A COUPLE OF THOUSAND YEARS TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO THE FLASH, THE PROFESSOR, THE GIRLS, AND REGINALD HASTO!

SO - LET'S TAKE A PILL OURSELVES, WHIRL BACK THROUGH TIME - AND PICK UP THE THREADS OF OUR STRANGE STORY AS IT UNFOLDS INTO THE PAST!

**500 YEARS
INTO THE
FUTURE
with
THE JUSTICE
SOCIETY
OF
AMERICA!**

**AGAIN
THE JUSTICE
SOCIETY
APPEARS IN
ANOTHER
FULL-LENGTH
ADVENTURE
STORY!**



**ONCE
AGAIN
THEY FIGHT
GALLANTLY FOR
AMERICA
· AND ·
Democracy**

**BUT THIS
TIME THEY
TRAVEL FAR
INTO THE
FUTURE
TO DO IT!
DON'T MISS
-THIS-
TREMENDOUS ISSUE!**

ALL-STAR NO. 10 NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!



**THANKS A MILLION,
BOYS AND GIRLS.
FOR THE SWELL
RECEPTION YOU
GAVE THE FIRST
GREEN LANTERN
QUARTERLY!**

**My second issue is a complete
64 page novel-length story in
four chapters featuring
DOIBY DICKLES and myself!**

**ANOTHER FIT COMPANION TO SUPERMAN,
BATMAN and THE FLASH!**



GREEN LANTERN NO. 2 - NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

COMEDY "SHORT" NOTHING LIKE BEING FORMAL

By - Ed Wheelan -

THE RECREATION CENTER AT FORT SNAG

SAME HERE, KID - COME OUT AGAIN SOMETIME!

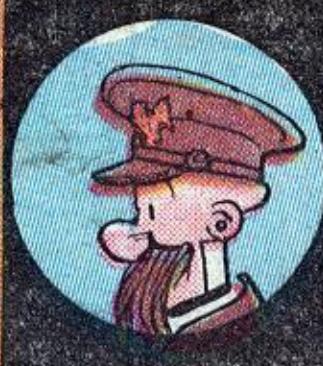
GEE, CAPTAIN,
IT'S BEEN A
REAL PLEASURE
MEETING YOU
HERE!

ELMER Q.
DIMWITZ, A
BIG-HEARTED
SUBURBANITE
LIVING NEAR
THE CAMP.

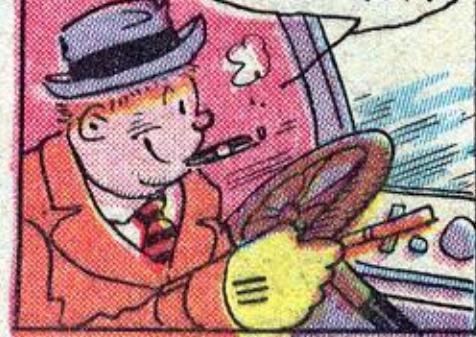
FILLER PHUN



CAPT. HOWE
CROOD, A HARD-
BOILED OF-
FICER OF THE
OLD SCHOOL
"ARCHIBALD
CLUBB"



THE OLD CAP IS A
DIAMOND IN THE
ROUGH!



HONEY-BUG, WE MUST HAVE
HIM HERE FOR DINNER - HE'S
A SKETCH !!

I'LL SEND HIM
AN INVITATION
TOMORROW,
ELMER!



MRS. YVONNE
DIMWITZ WAS A
SOCIAL CLIMBER
WHOSE FOOT WAS
STILL ON THE FIRST
RUNG OF SOCIETY'S
LUDICROUS LADDER.

LOTTA TALENT



I'LL COPY THIS INVITATION RIGHT
OUT OF THE "CORRECT
LETTER-WRITER" TO
IMPRESS THE CAPTAIN !



Mr and Mrs Elmer Dimwitz
request the pleasure of
Capt. Crood's Company
for Supper
Monday evening, February
nineteenth, at seven O'clock.
Thirteen Thirteen
ash can Avenue - Boobville

AND THEN
CAME THE
EAGERLY
AWAITED
OCCASION

?

HOWDY, FOLKS -
HERE'S MY
COMPANY !!

WHEN DO WE EAT ?

END

The Flash

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!

BY GARDNER FOX AND E-E-HIBBARD

- CHAPTER TWO -

"TOMMY-GUNS VERSUS SPEARS!"

WHEN A BUNCH OF CUT-THROATS LED BY MONEY-CRAZED REGINALD HASTO INVADE THE WORLD OF 50 B.C. WITH TOMMY-GUNS AND HIGH PRESSURE CRIMINAL METHODS, OLD MAN TIME TAKES A BEATING, AND SO DO THE ROMANS AND EGYPTIANS! BUT THE FLASH IS TIMING HIS MOVES EXACTLY, AND ALTHOUGH THE WORLD OF 50 B.C. IS STRANGE TO HIM, HE FINDS HIMSELF RIGHT AT HOME WHEN THE FIREWORKS BEGIN!

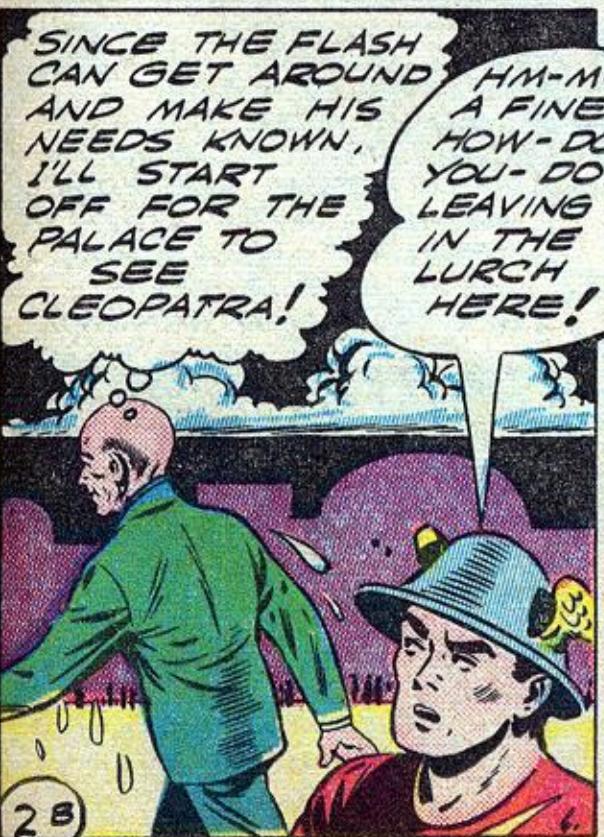
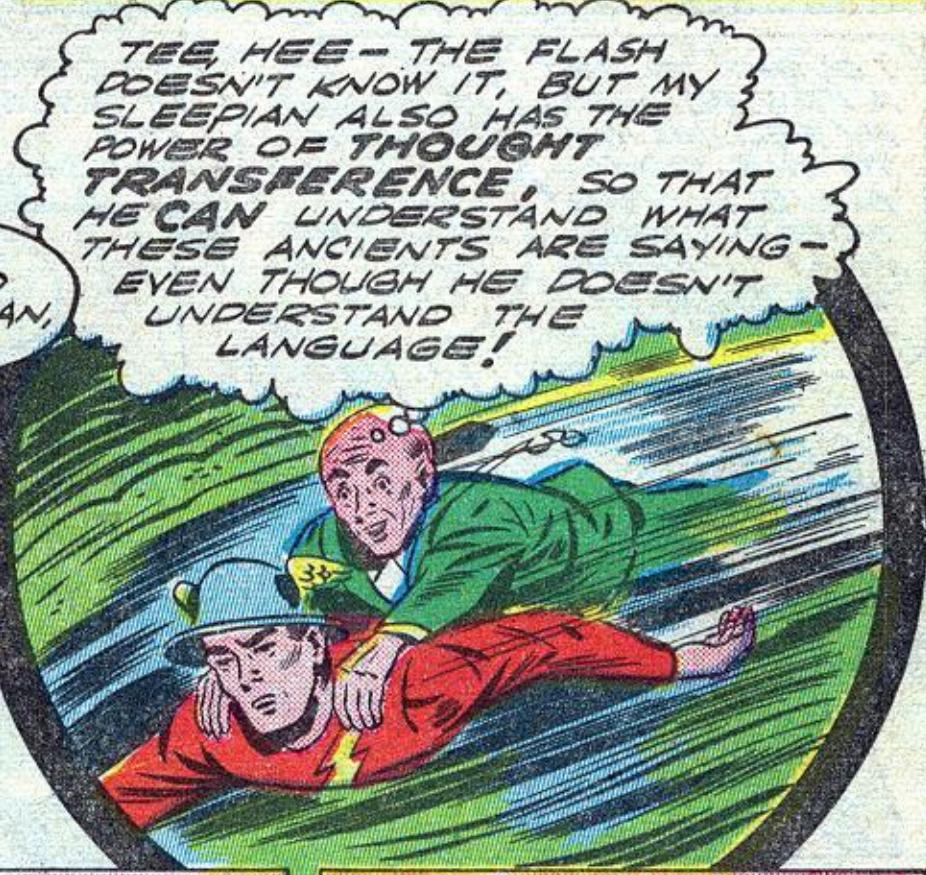
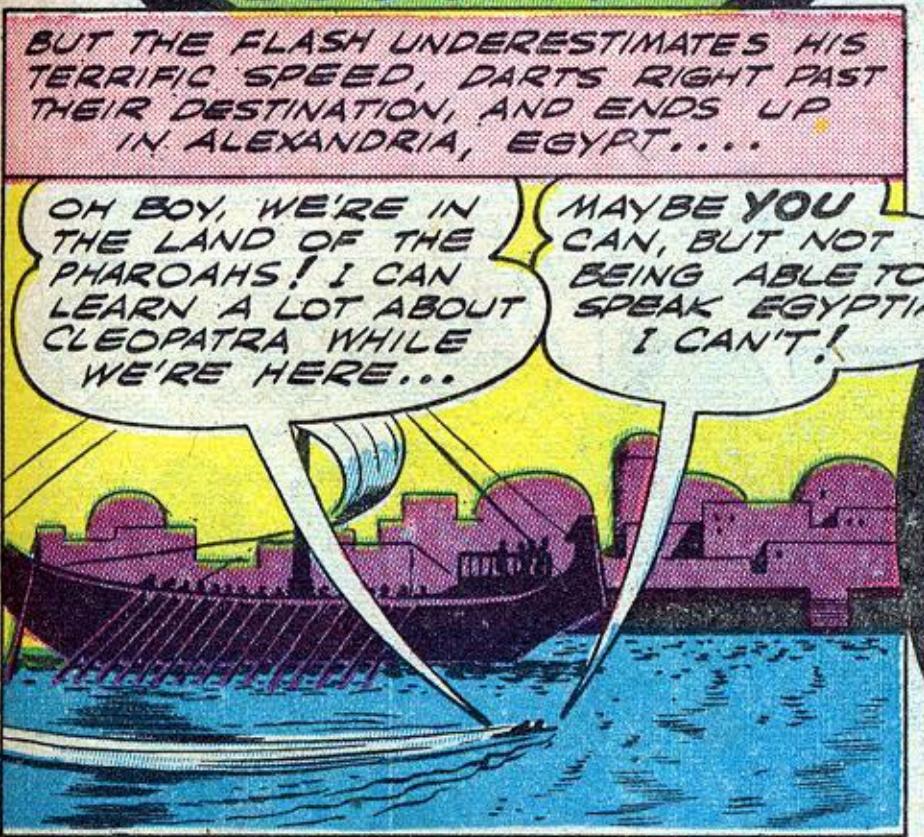
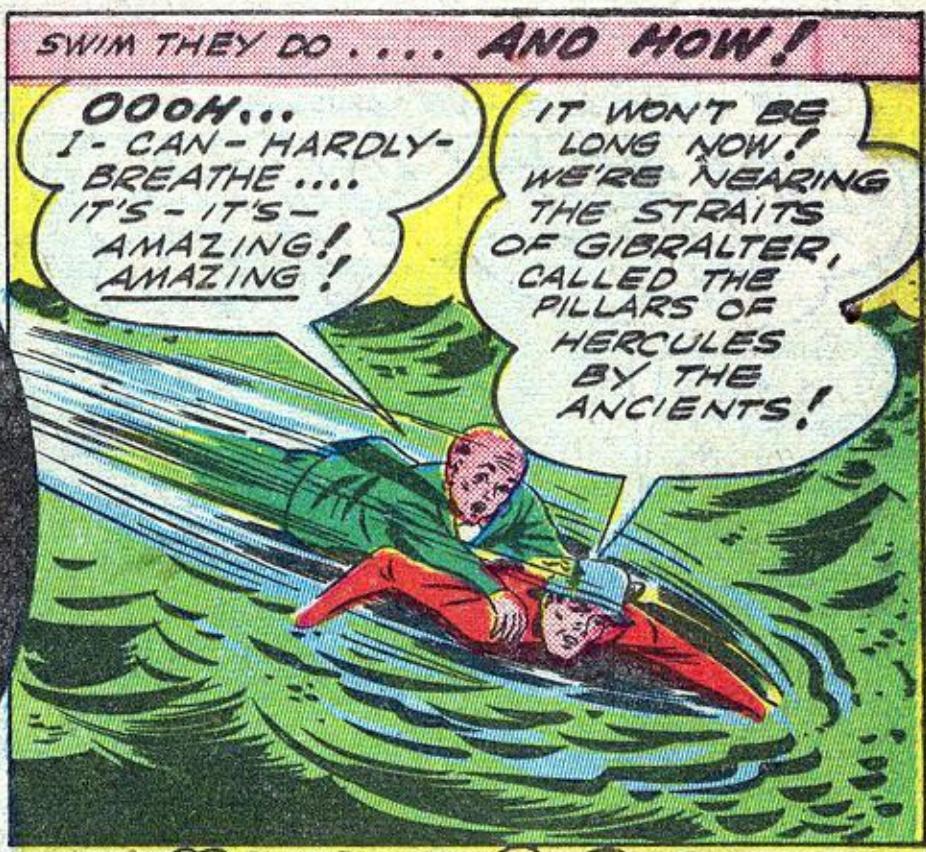


AFTER TAKING THE TIME PILL,
THE FLASH EXPERIENCES A
MOMENT WHEN HE FEELS HE
IS FALLING APART, THEN HIS
LEGS STEADY AND HE OPENS
HIS EYES.....

OH... IT
WORKED!
WHERE
ARE
WE?

THIS IS LONG ISLAND,
TWO THOUSAND YEARS
AGO, BUT IF WE WANT TO
SEE ANCIENT ROME, WE'LL
HAVE TO CROSS THE AT-
LANTIC! IT WILL TAKE
A LONG TIME TO BUILD
A BOAT!





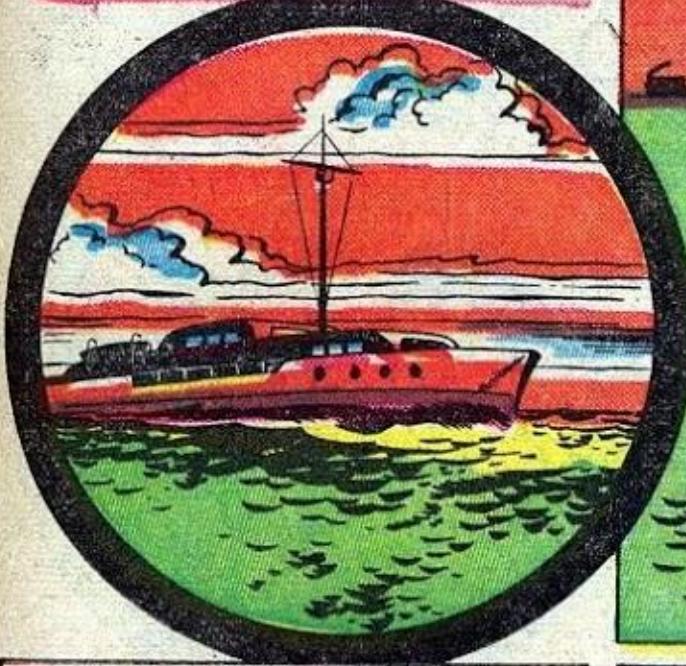


HASTO AND HIS MEN ARE SOON BUILDING A BOAT TO TAKE THEM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC...

ALL I DO IS TAKE A PILL, GO BACK FOR THE EQUIPMENT WE NEED, INCLUDING A DIESEL ENGINE, AND PRESTO - WE'RE ALL SET!



OUT INTO THE BROAD SWELLS OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN CHUGS THE DIESEL-POWERED CRAFT...



AS THEY DRAW NEARER, HASTO HALES THE ROMAN FLAG SHIP...



4B

SLEEPIAN, AS IT IS DIGESTED IN THE HUMAN FORM, THROWS OFF AN AURO OF POWER THAT CONTROLS ANY OBJECT THE HUMAN BODY TOUCHES - SUCH AS, SHOES, CLOTHES, WEAPONS... SO, BY PUTTING HANDS ON A SAW AND HAMMER, THOSE OBJECTS ALSO GO BACK THROUGH THE MISTS OF TIME...

OF COURSE THIS WOULD NOT APPLY TO ANYTHING AS LARGE AS A BOAT, SO HASTO BRINGS THE TOOLS, AND BUILDS ONE!

THE BOAT IS FINISHED...

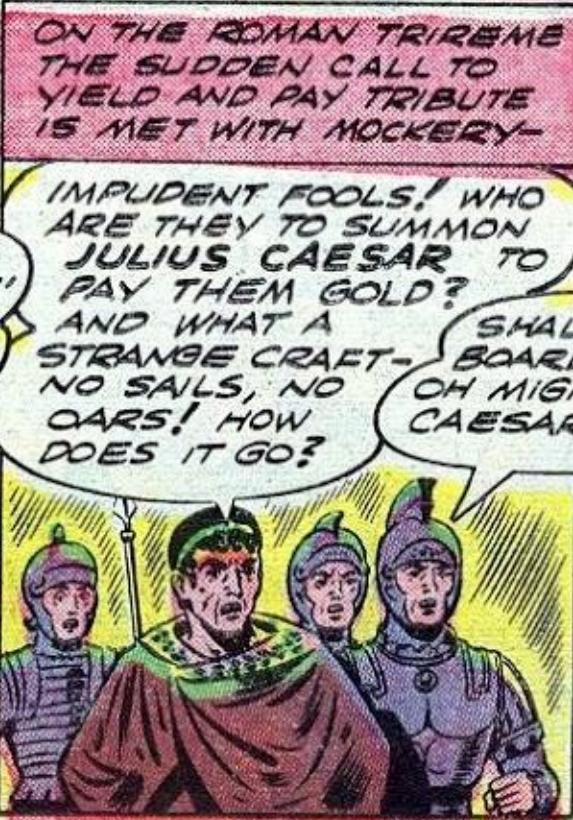
ALL ABOARD! I'M NOT AT FOR ROME AND ALL POINTS EAST! LET'S GO LADIES!

ALL SURE WE WOULDN'T BE SAFER RIGHT HERE!

OH, COME ON, JOAN! IT'LL BE FUN!



NEARLY TWO WEEKS LATER, THEY SIGHT A ROMAN FLEET, AND HASTO GETS IDEAS...





ON BOARD THE SAME SHIP,
CLEOPATRA, AND OF ALL
PEOPLE, PROFESSOR MCQUAT-
NESS...

OLYMPUS, IT
IS THE ROMAN
FLEET! YOU
SAID CAESAR
WOULD NEVER
DEFEAT ME!
BUT HOW AM
I GOING TO
STOP HIM?

WHY, THERE'S THE
PROFESSOR! AND
LOOK AT THE
CLOTHES HE'S
WEARING! HE
MUST HAVE
TALKED HIMSELF
INTO A SOFT
JOB!

JUST READ
YOUR
HISTORY
BOOKS, CLEO,
JUST READ
YOUR HIS...
WELL OF ALL
THINGS...
THE FLASH,
HERE!

FLASH! I'VE BEEN
SO BUSY GETTING
THIS JOB AS
CLEOPATRA'S
ADVISOR
I FORGOT
ALL ABOUT
YOU! YOU
CAN SAVE US
FROM THE
ROMAN
FLEET!

I WOULD
IF I COULD,
BUT THAT
SLEEPIAN
DRUG OF
YOURS HAS
SLOWED
ME DOWN!

THAT COULDN'T BE,
UNLESS YOU TOOK A
LOT OF SALT - WAIT A
MINUTE! THAT SWIM
ACROSS THE OCEAN!
YOU MUST HAVE
SWALLOWED SOME
SALT WATER!
IT HAS REACTED ON
THE SLEEPIAN IN
YOUR SYSTEM!
COME WITH ME!

HOW? OR AREN'T
THESE IRON CHAINS
WHAT I THINK
THEY ARE?

OF COURSE!
HOW STUPID OF
ME! CLEO, HEY,
CLEO, I THINK
I CAN SOLVE
YOUR ROMAN
PROBLEM! COME
HERE A MINUTE!

COMING,
OLYMPUS!
WHAT'S ON
YOUR
MIND?

THE FLEETS NEAR ONE ANOTHER....

WHEN MY SOLDIERS
WITH THEIR BROADSWORDS
GET ON THOSE BOATS
THE BATTLE
WILL SOON
BE OVER!

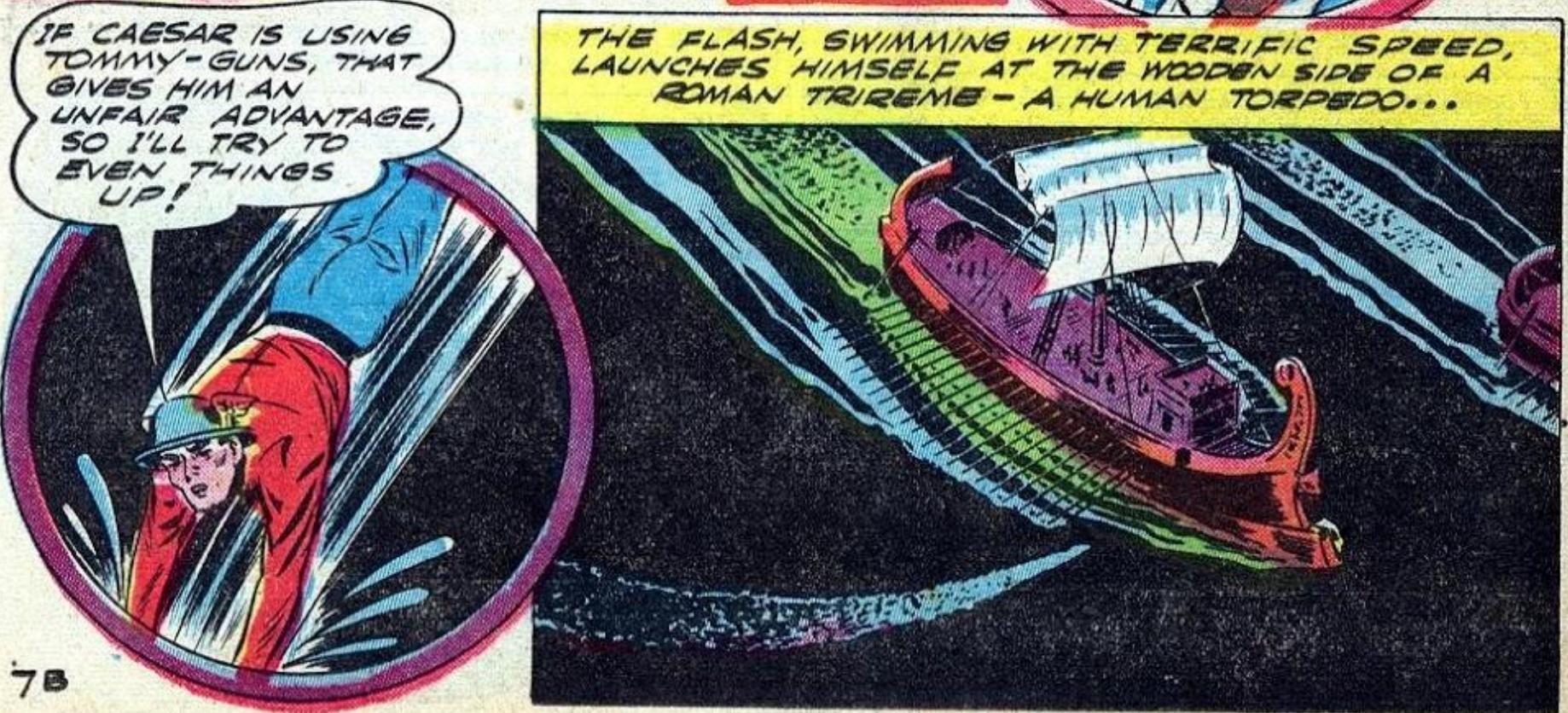
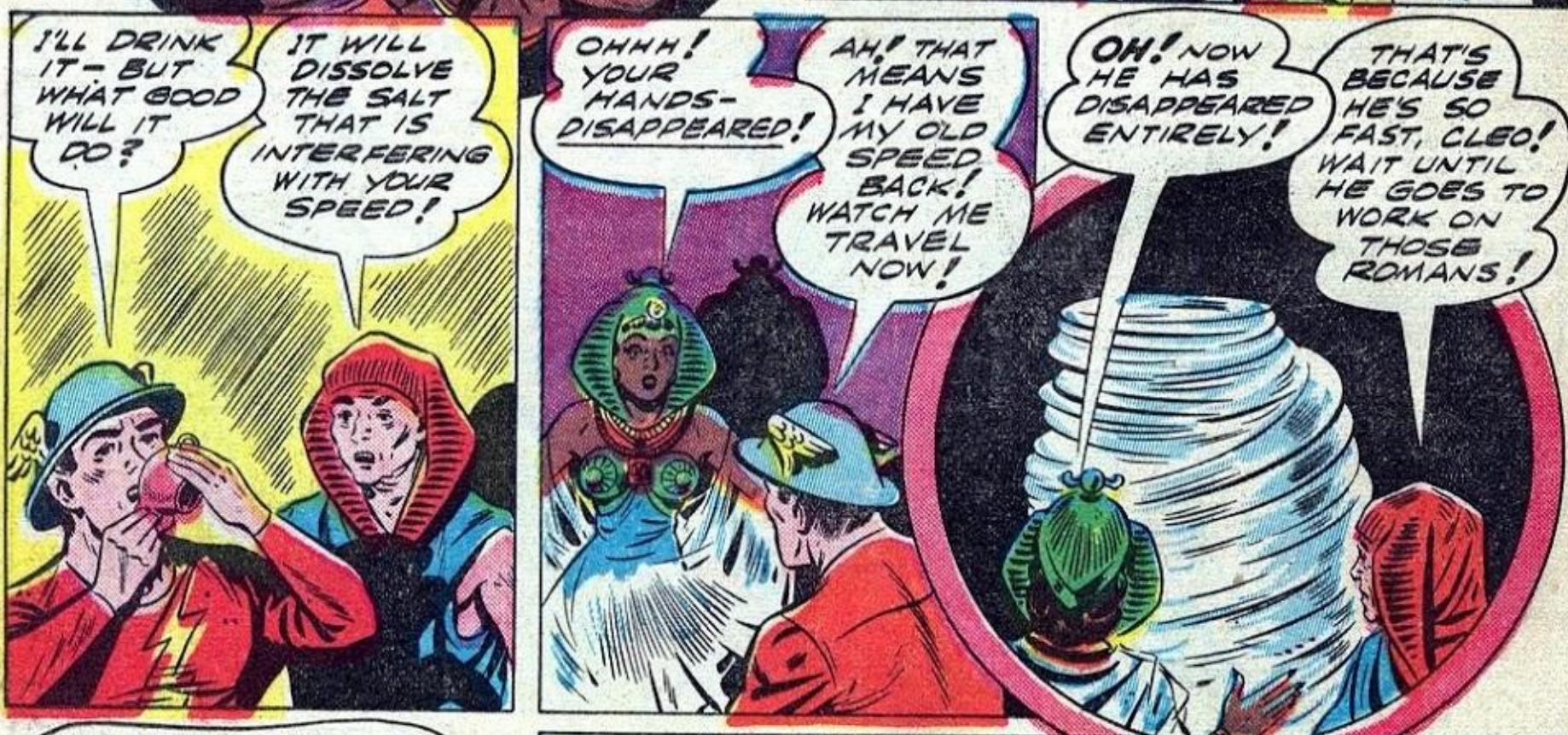
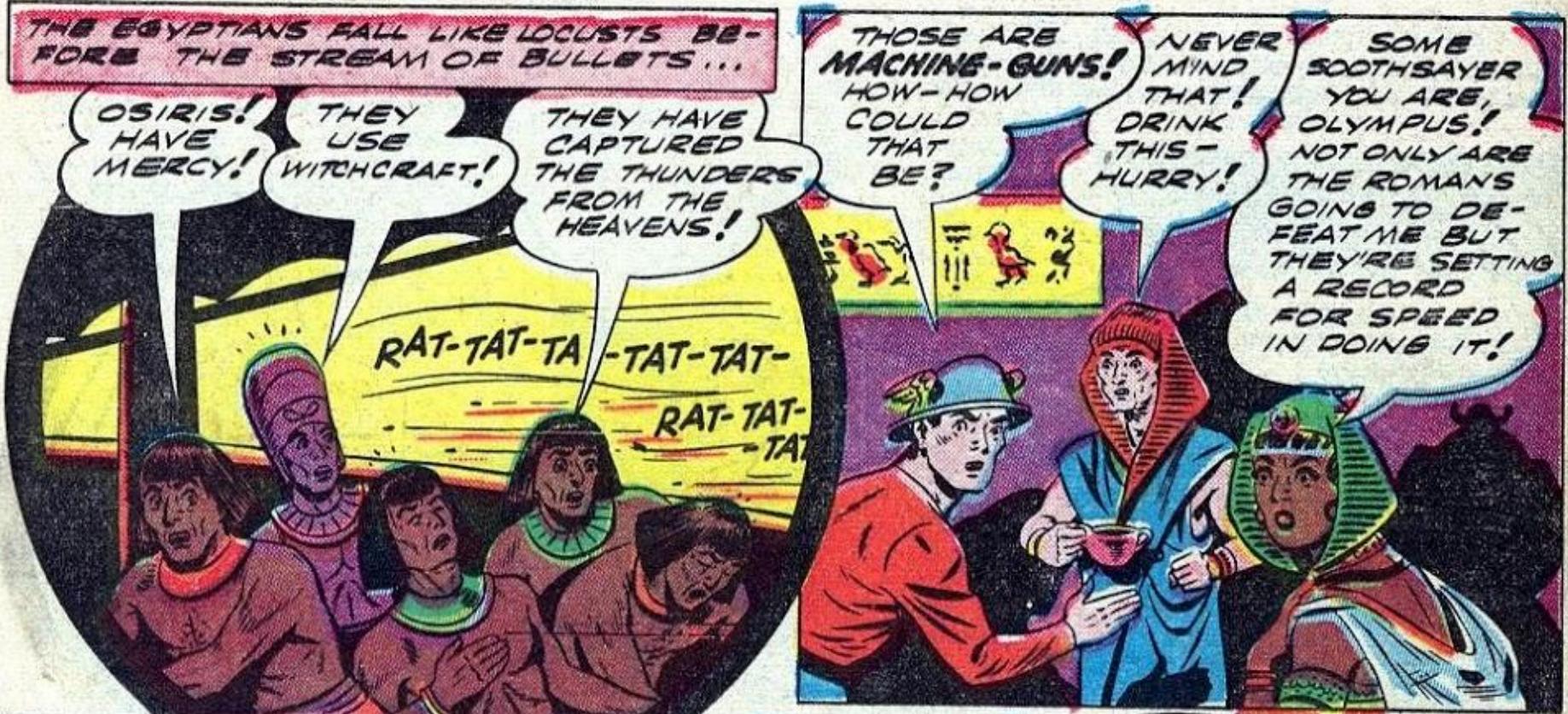
AND MY BOYS
WITH THEIR
TOMMY-GUNS
CAN SOFTEN
THEM UP
FOR YOU!

THE TOMMY-GUN BRIGADE GOES TO TOWN
ON THE HELPLESS EGYPTIANS....

THIS IS
GREAT
SPORT!

YEAH,
WE CAN'T
MISS AT
THIS
DISTANCE!

RAT-TAT
TAT-TAT-TAT



THE FLASH CRASHES INTO THE SIDE OF THE ROMAN SHIP, BELOW THE WATER-LINE — HIS PACE, LIKE AN IRRESISTIBLE FORCE, IS SO SWIFT THAT HE DOES NOT HURT HIMSELF...



LEAVING BEHIND HIM A GAPPING HOLE THROUGH WHICH THE WATER IS POURING — HE RACES ON DECK...

THE-THE SHIP — IT'S STARTING TO SINK!

IT SURE IS, AND IF YOU'RE JULIUS CAESAR, HISTORY IS GOING TO GET A BLACK EYE IF I LET YOU DROWN!

HELP! HELP! SOME DEMON HAS ME IN HIS GRASP!



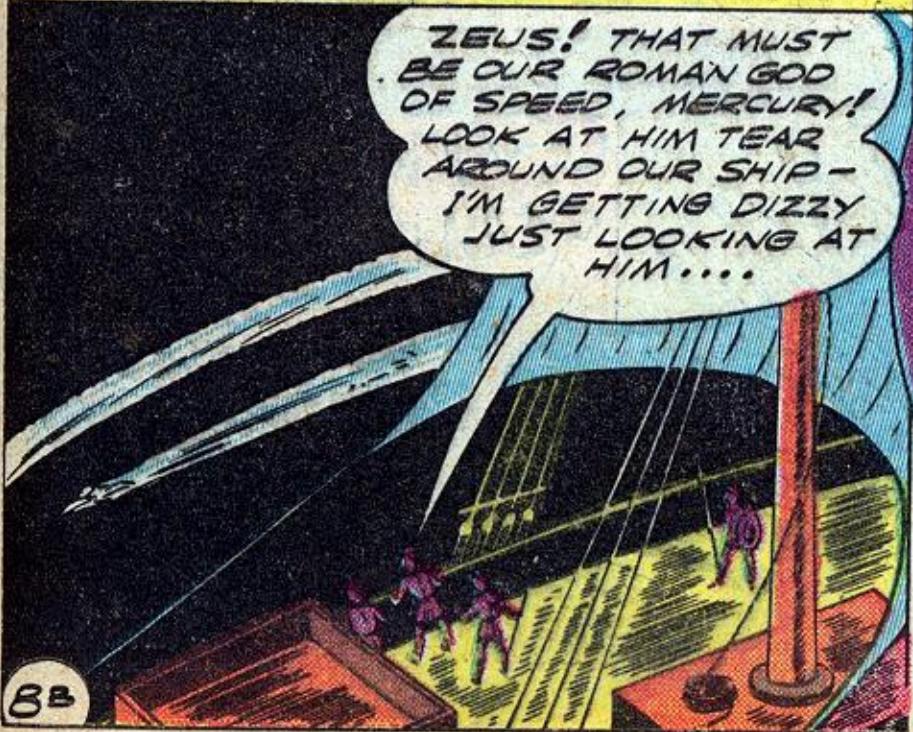
DEPOSITING CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR ON THE DECK OF THE EGYPTIAN FLAGSHIP, THE FLASH DEPARTS AFTER THE REST OF THE FLEET...



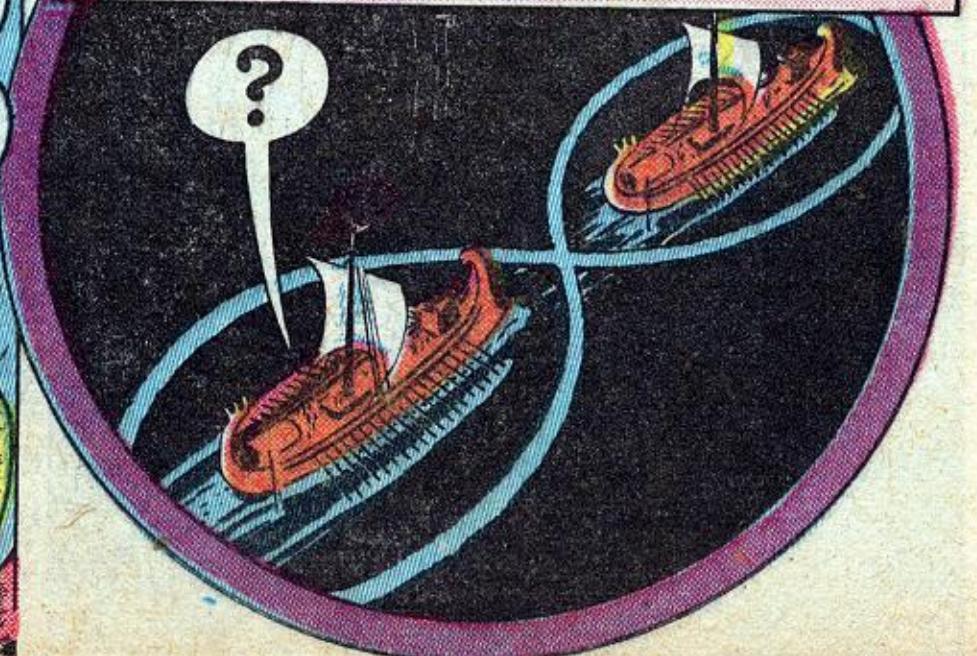
HISTORY TELLS US THAT OLYMPUS UNROLLED A RUG IN FRONT OF CAESAR, AND CLEOPATRA WAS INSIDE IT! BUT THE PROFESSOR (OLYMPUS) DID NO SUCH THING... CLEOPATRA WAS "CUTTING A RUG" IN TRUE JITTERBUG FASHION, AS THE PROFESSOR HAD TAUGHT HER, AND DUE TO THE INABILITY TO TRANSLATE THIS INTO EGYPTIAN, THE HISTORIANS SAID THE RUG WAS UNROLLED!

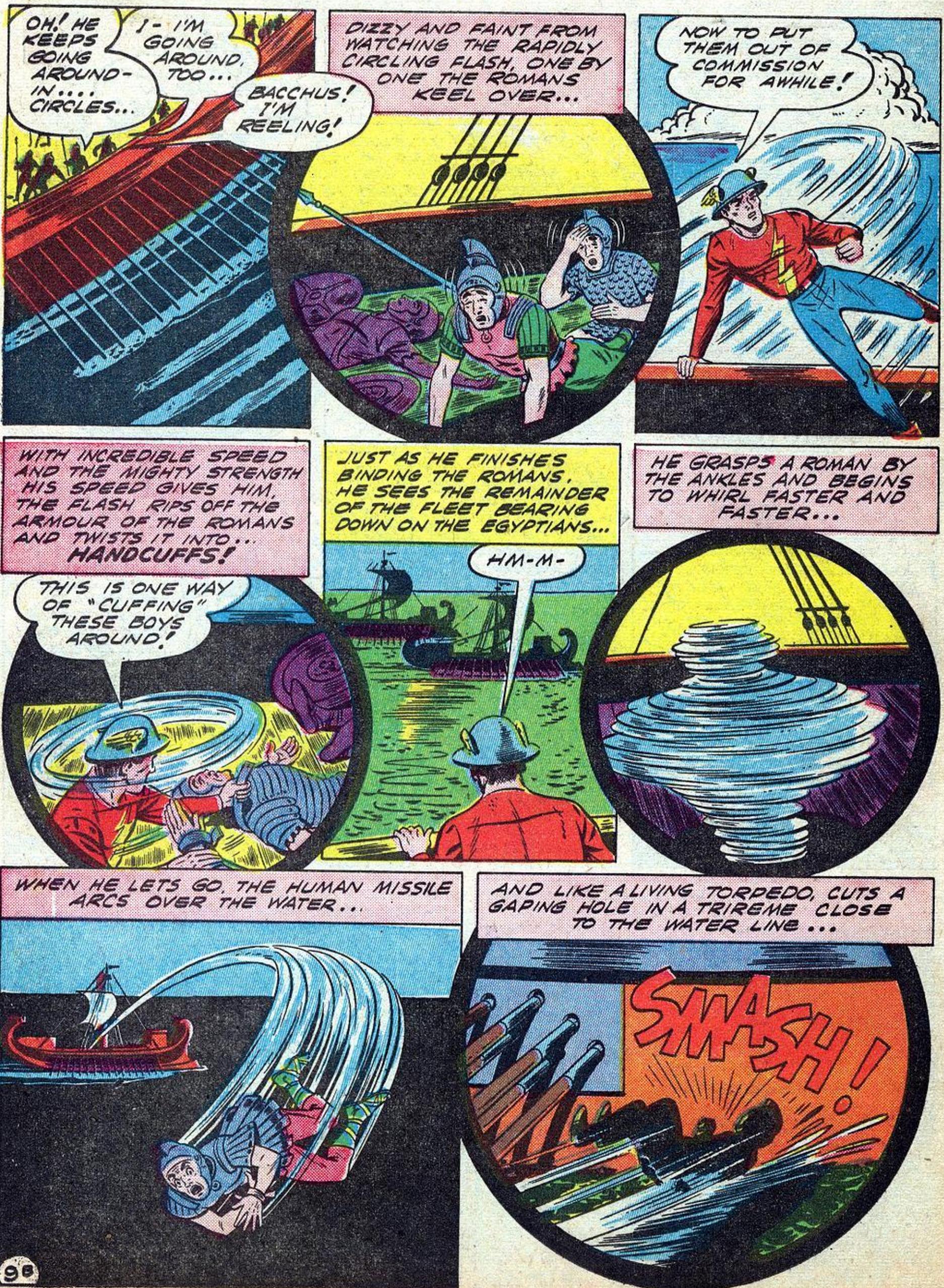


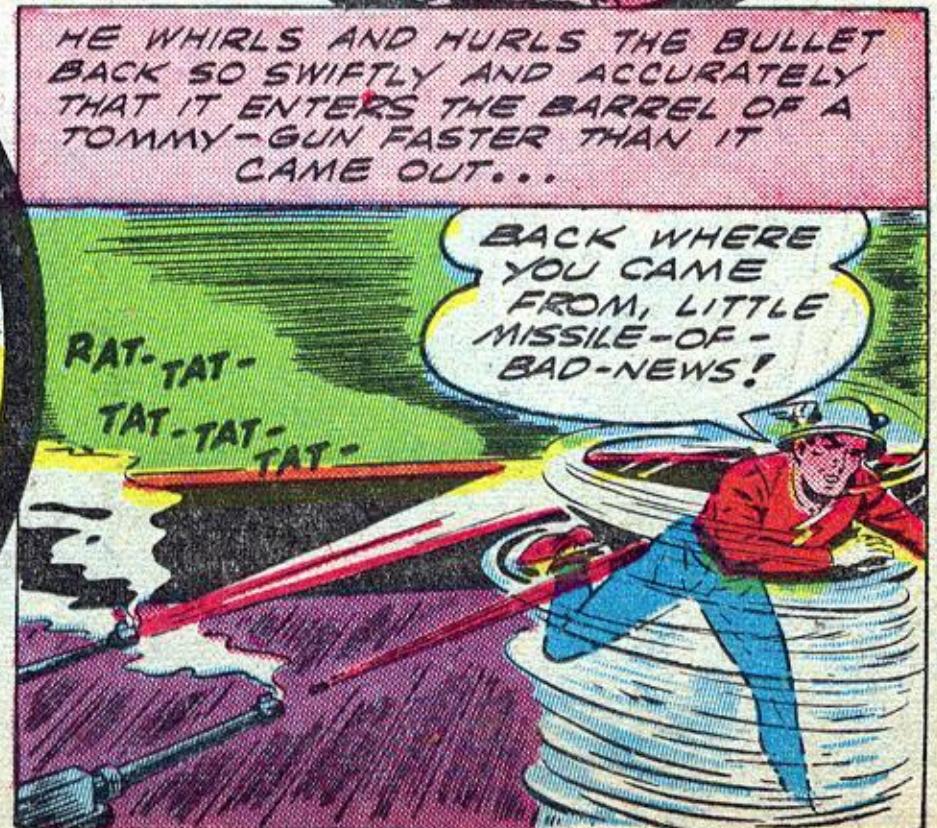
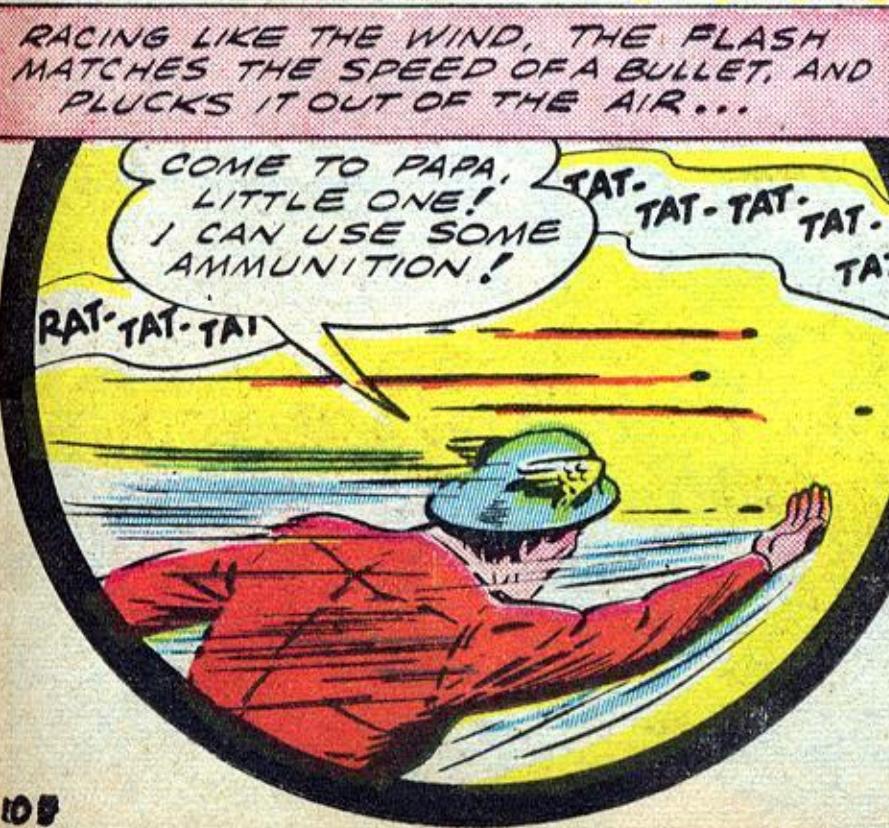
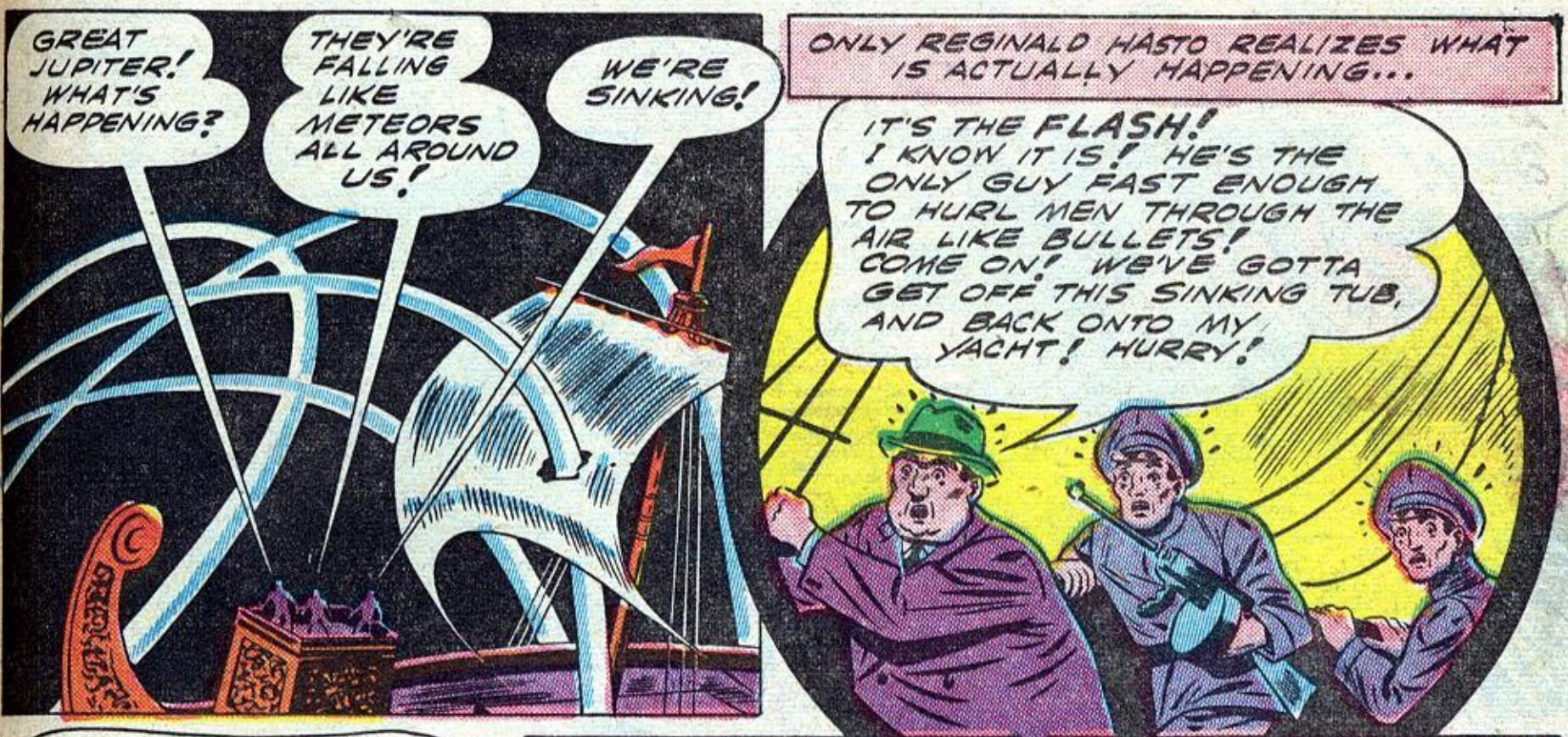
IN THE MEANTIME THE FLASH RACES FOR THE OTHER ROMAN SHIPS...



AROUND AND AROUND THE ROMAN SHIPS TEARS THE FLASH, SWIMMING WITH THE SPEED OF A FRIGHTENED MINNOW....







THE BULLET FINDS THE AMMUNITION CHAMBER OF THE "CHATTER-BOX"...

OWW!

BLAM!

THE FLASH HURLS BULLET AFTER BULLET BACK INTO THE GUN MUZZLES...

TA-DA- DE-DUM... INTO THE BARREL...

OUCH! WHAM!

BOOM! BANG!

THAT FLASH GUY IS TOO MUCH FOR ME! BUT I CAN GET RID OF JOAN AND BETSY FOR REVENGE!

HE LUMBERS INTO THE YACHT'S CABIN...

SORRY, GIRLS, BUT I GOTTA LIQUIDATE YOU!

OHH!

YOU BULLY!

ON THE DECK OUTSIDE THE FLASH SUSPECTS FUNNY BUSINESS AS HE SEES HASTO RACE INTO THE CABIN... SO, GRASPING ONE OF THE UNIFORMED GUARDS, HE TOSSES HIM THROUGH THE CABIN DOOR...

SAY HELLO AS YOU'RE PASSING THROUGH!

WHAT TH- ?

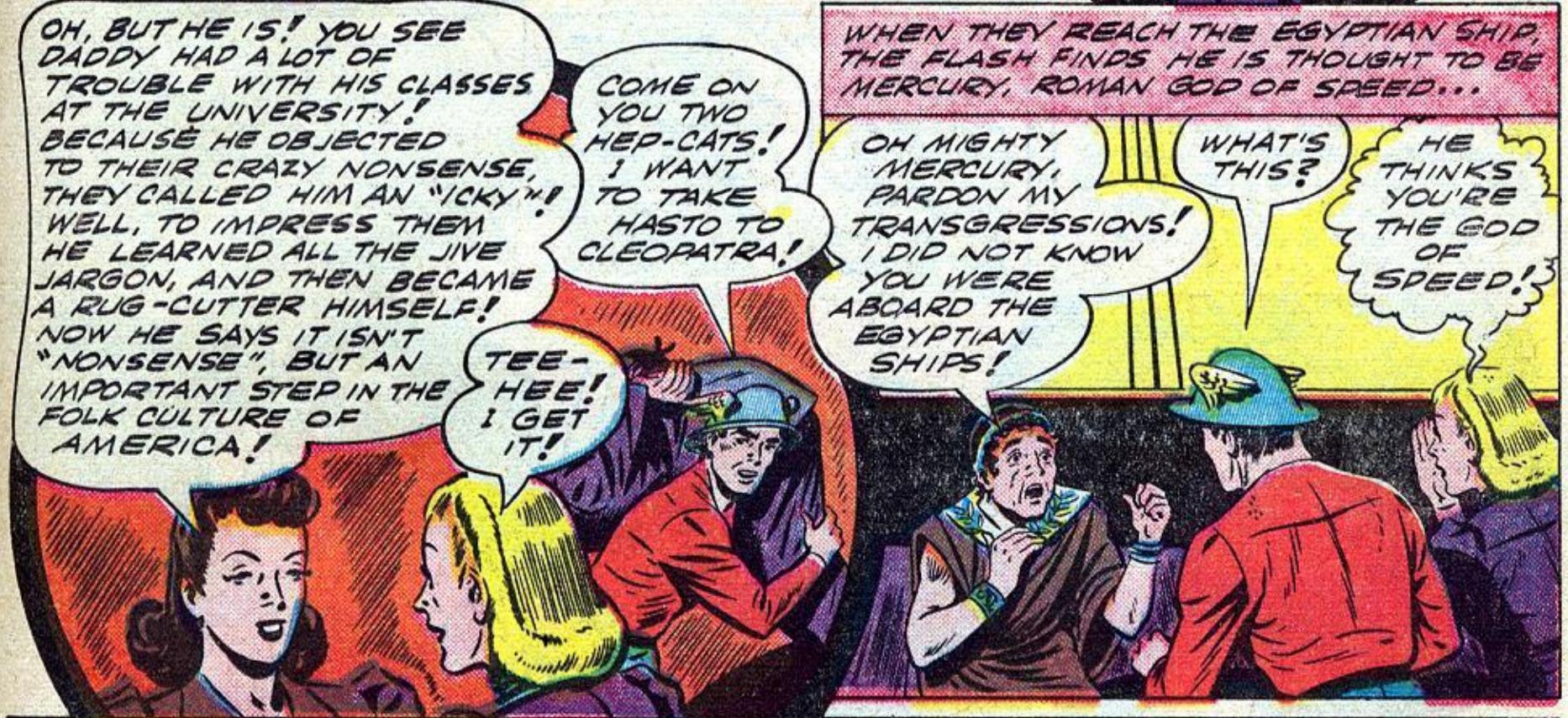
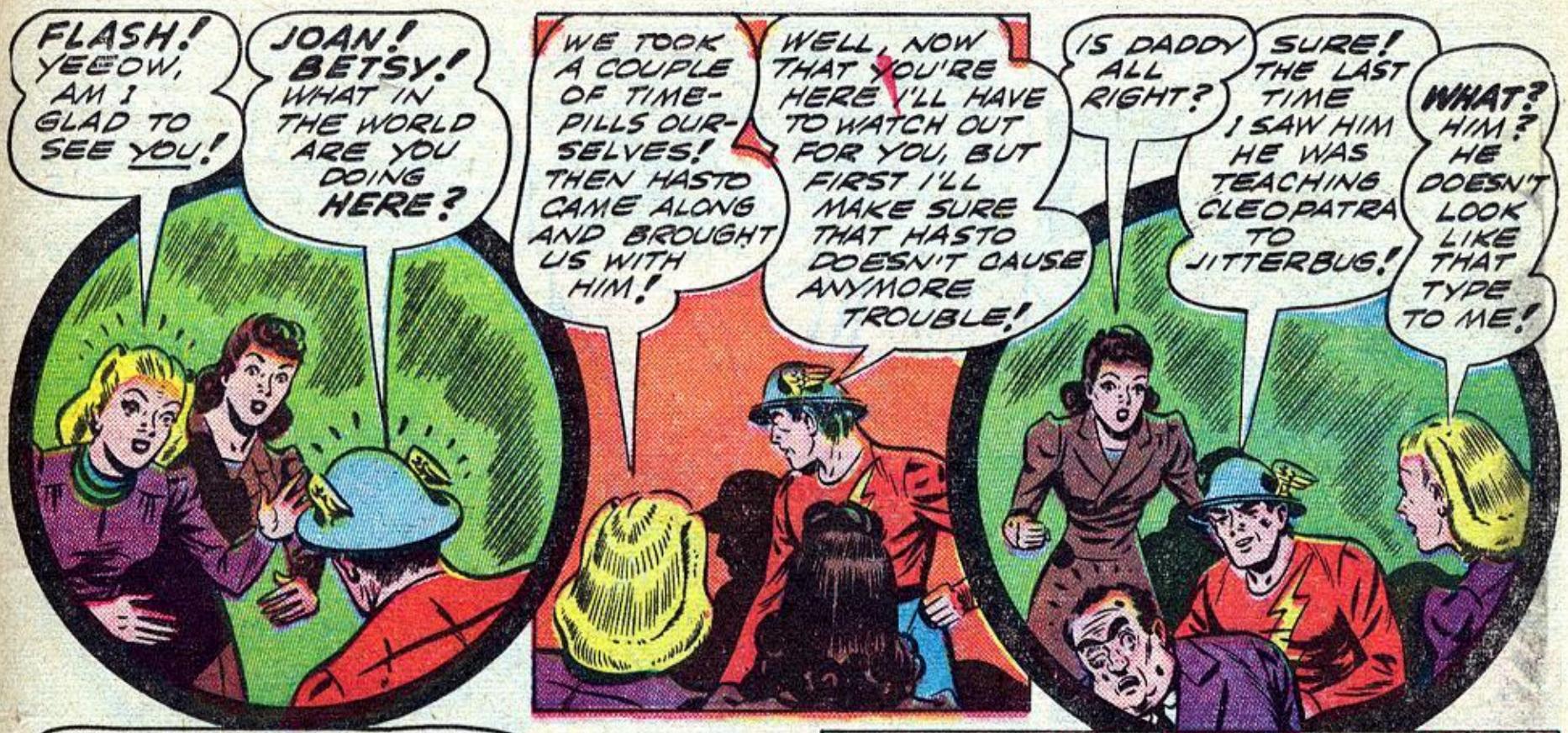
SORRY, BOSS, BUT I'M SUPPOSED TO SAY "HELLO" TO YOUSE!

MAN AFTER MAN COMES FLYING THROUGH THE CABIN....

BATTERED, BRUISED, POUNDED TO A PULP BY THE FLYING GUARDS— HASTO LIES CRUSHED...

HAALP!

OOOOH-H-H... I'VE BEEN BLITZKREIGED!





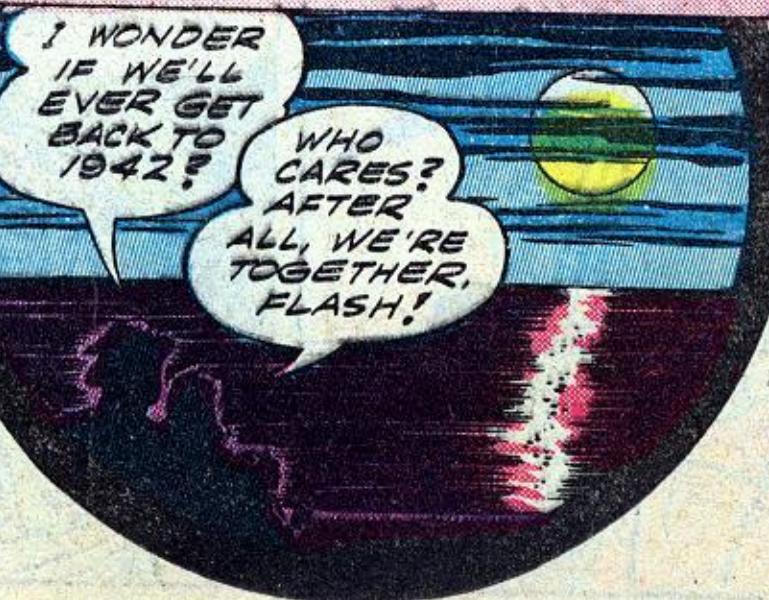
AND SO THE FLASH, WITH JOAN, BETSY AND THE PROFESSOR, HEAD FOR ROME IN CLEOPATRA'S FLEET, WITH REGINALD HASTO IN IRONS, AND JULIUS CAESAR TRYING TO GET FLASH TO CONSENT TO HIS TAKING OVER THE WORLD...



BUT CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR LIKES PEOPLE TO OBEY HIM, AND EVEN IF MERCURY ISN'T ON HIS SIDE, HE STILL INTENDS TO BE A WORLD CONQUEROR...



UNDISTURBED BY THE CLOUDS OF TROUBLE THAT ARE FOMENTING IN CAESAR'S warped BRAIN, THE FLASH AND JOAN ENJOY A FEW MINUTES UNDER A ROMANTIC MOON...



BUT HOW LONG
WILL THEY REMAIN SAFELY
TOGETHER,
ESPECIALLY SINCE
CONQUEST-MAD
CAESAR KNOWS
THAT ANOTHER
VILLAIN LIKE
HIMSELF -
REGINALD HASTO -
IS ALWAYS
READY TO DO
A LITTLE
DIRTY
WORK
FOR
MONEY -
?

WE WERE ALL KIDS ONCE!

by
ART HELFANT,



CHARLES!
DO YOU HEAR ME...
COME DOWN
THIS INSTANT!



CHAH-RLIE! ♫
I'M CALLING YOU
FOR THE LAST
TIME!



OH
Boy!
CHARLIE -
DON'T YOU WANT
A PIECE OF THIS
DELICIOUS STRAWBERRY
SHORT CAKE?

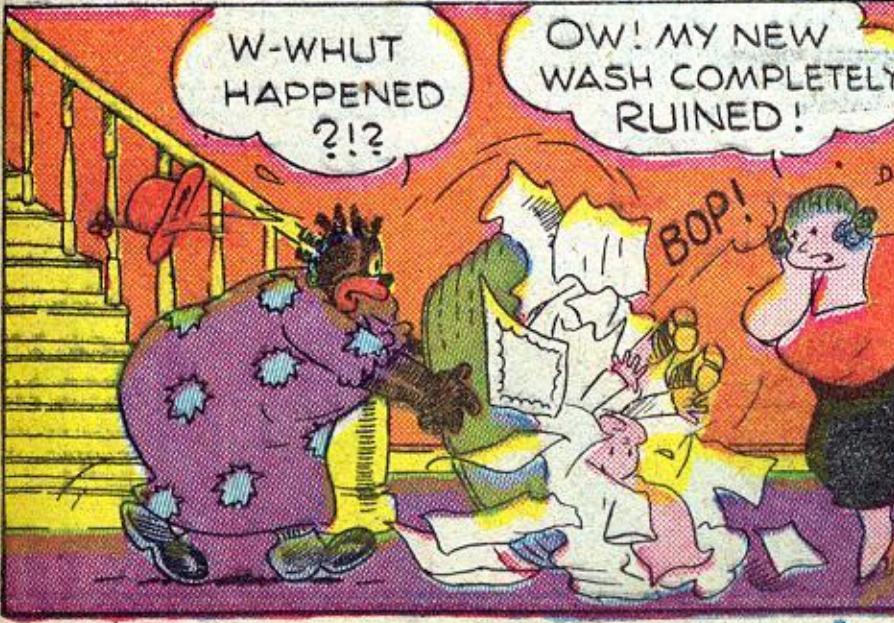


COMING MOM!
I'LL BE
RIGHT DOWN!



YO' WASH
MRS.
SIMPSON!

SWISH
OH...!
LOOK
OUT!



W-WHUT
HAPPENED
?!?

OW! MY NEW
WASH COMPLETELY
RUINED!



DON'T BE TOO HARD ON DE CHILE
MRS. SIMPSON - WE WUZ
ALL KIDS ONCE!

COME
BACK
HERE
!!

BUTCH MC LOBSTER

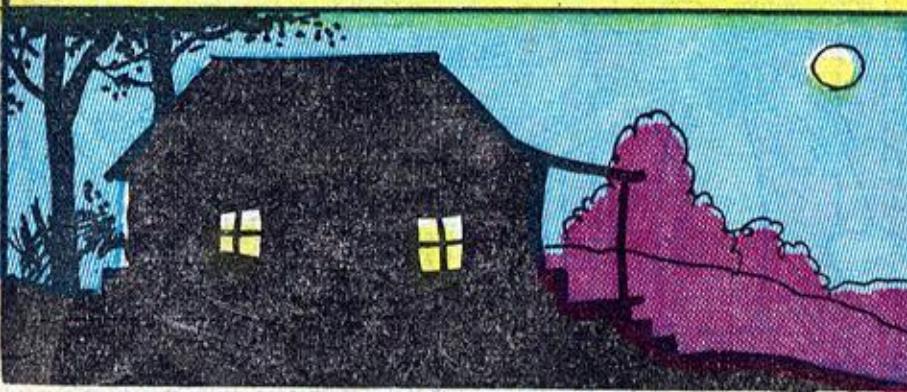
THE SUPER MOBSTER

By -Ed Wheelan -

JEST AS SOON AS I KIN TINK UP ANUDDER
POIFECT CRIME ME AN' ME MOBSTERS WILL
GIVE IT DE WOIKS - AN'
HOW !!!



THE SECRET HIDE-OUT OF THE DESPERATE
MCLOBSTER MOB, AS DARING A GANG
OF NON-SEAFARING PIRATES AS EVER
SCUTTLED A "SCUTTLE O' SUDS".

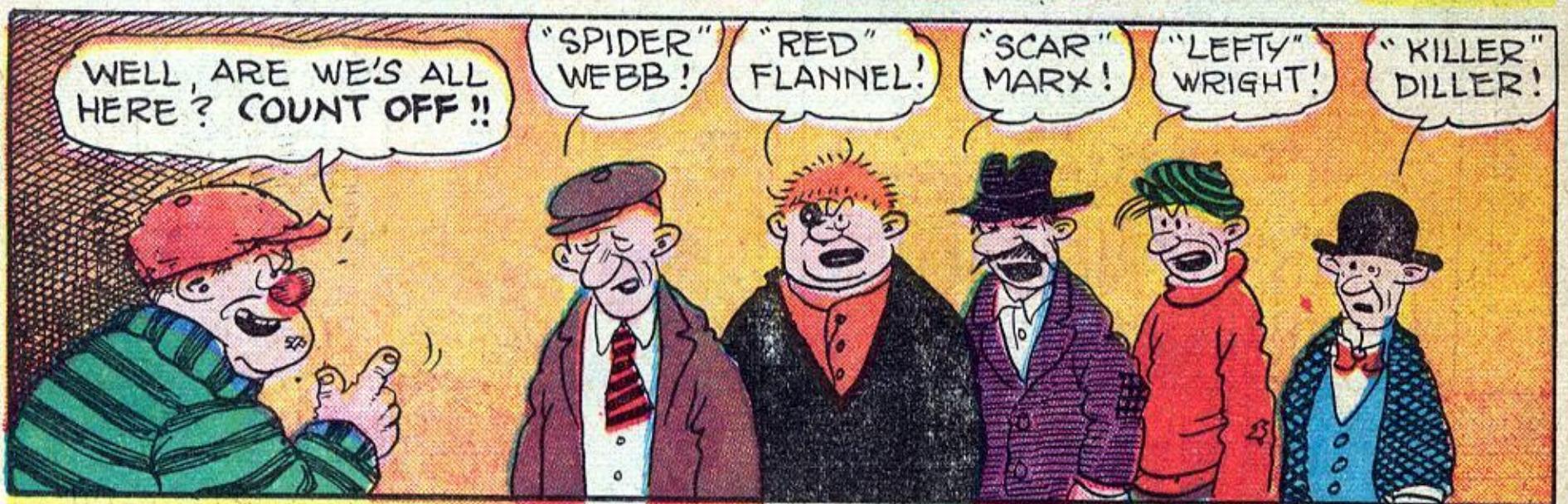


MAKE IT SNAPPY, YOUSE
MUGS, BEFORE DE "DICKS"
PICK OUR TRAIL AGIN !!



WELL, ARE WE'S ALL
HERE? COUNT OFF !!

"SPIDER" WEBB! "RED" FLANNEL! "SCAR" MARX! "LEFTY" WRIGHT! "KILLER" DILLER!



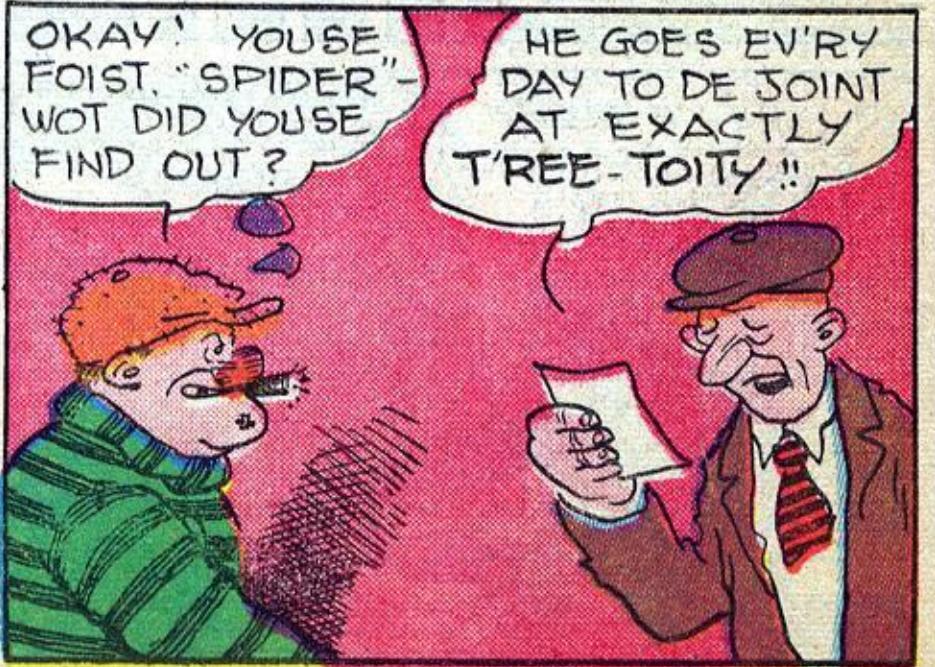
DAT'S DE STUFF, MUGS — NOW WE
GOTTA WOIK OUT DE DETAILS OF DE
MCLOBSTER MOB'S NEXT HAUL' HAVE
YOUSE ALL GOT YER
REPORTS READY?

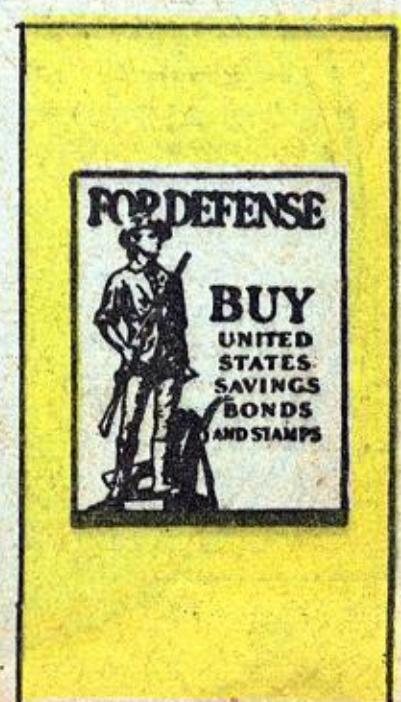
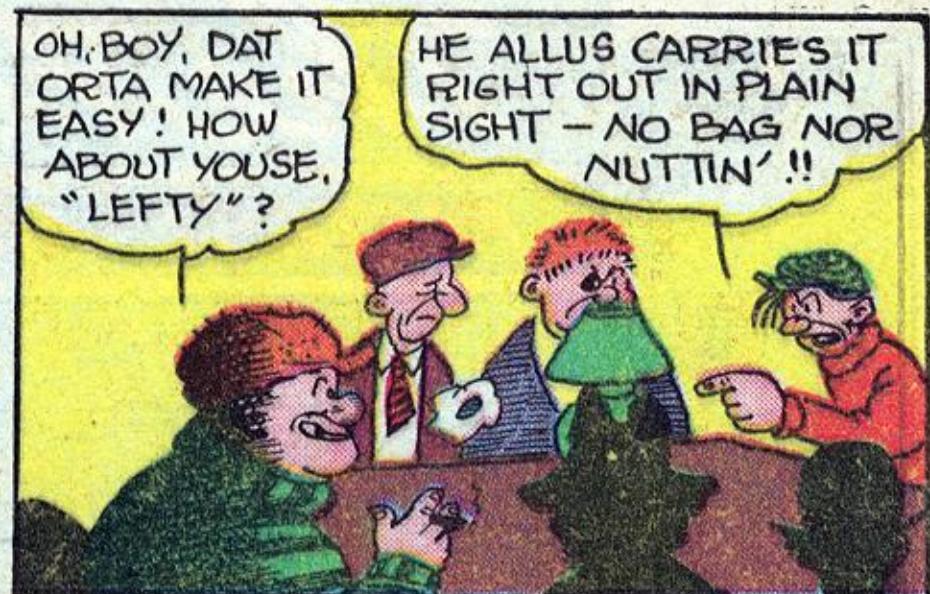
WE GOT 'EM,
BUTCH !!



OKAY! YOUSE,
FOIST, "SPIDER"—
WOT DID YOUSE
FIND OUT?

HE GOES EV'RY
DAY TO DE JOINT
AT EXACTLY
T'REE-TOITY !!





The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

— CHAPTER THREE —
— "BREAKNECK SPEED - 50 B.C." —

By
GARDNER
FOX
and
E. E.
HIBBARD



• CHAPTER THREE •

JULIUS CAESAR WAS AN EVIL, VICTORY-MAD INFLUENCE IN THE LIFE OF ANCIENT ROME! HISTORY TELLS US THAT HIS ENEMIES, BRUTUS AND CASSIUS, PLANNED TO KILL HIM BECAUSE HE WAS PLUNGING ROME DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO BLOODY CONFLICTS! PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS FLEW THICK AND FAST IN THAT ERA

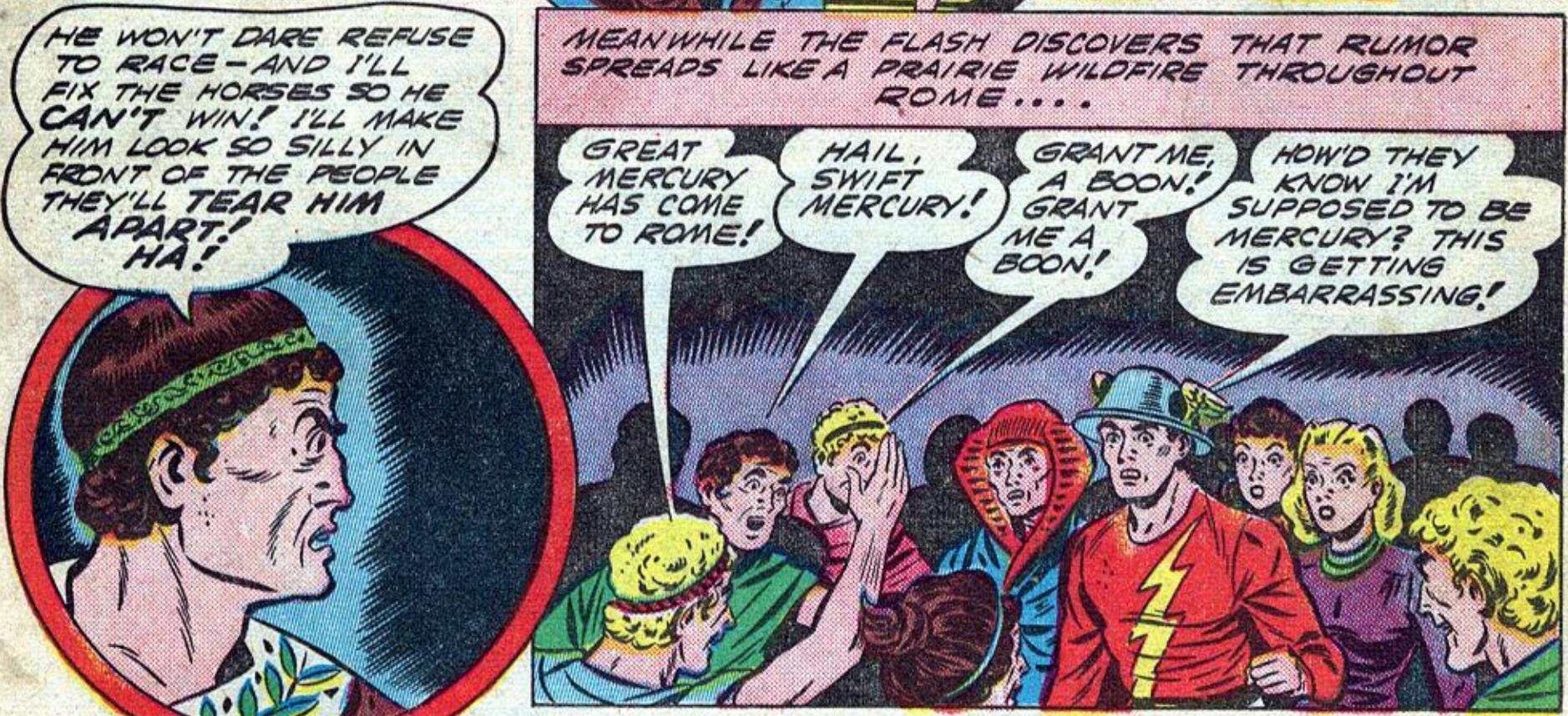
INTO THIS RAGING MAELSTROM OF TROUBLE COMES THE FLASH WITH HIS FRIENDS - AND REGINALD HASTO, WHO SEES AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE SOME "EASY MONEY" !

AS CLEOPATRA'S FLEET DISEMBARKS AT OSTIA, THE SEAPORT OF ANCIENT ROME, CAESAR DRAWS THE FLASH ASIDE . . .

O, MOST GRACIOUS MERCURY, I WILL GIVE YOU THE PLACE OF HONOR IN MY VICTORY PARADE! YOU SHALL RIDE WITH ME! THEN PEOPLE WILL KNOW THAT EVEN THE GODS FAVOR CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR!

OH, YEAH? THINK UP SOMETHING ELSE, BUDDY, BECAUSE I'M NOT RIDING IN ANY PARADE!





BRUTUS AND CASSIUS, SWORN ENEMIES OF CAESAR, WATCH THE PEOPLE FLOCK AROUND THE FLASH...

WE WILL NEVER DEFEAT CAESAR WITH MERCURY - A LIVING GOD OF ROME - ON HIS SIDE...

THAT IS TRUE - IF HE IS A GOD! AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT... BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE STRANGE WEAPONS CAESAR'S CAPTIVES USE?

IF YOU MEAN THOSE THINGS THEY CALL "TOMMY-GUNS", I HAVE! IF WE ONLY HAD THEM ON OUR SIDE...

WHY NOT? AS CONSUL, YOU CAN FREE THOSE MEN AND MAKE A DEAL WITH THEM TO FIGHT FOR US!

AS PLOTS THICKEN IN THE SULTRY AIR OF ROME, CAESAR'S MIGHTY VICTORY PARADE MARCHES THROUGH THE STREETS -

FLUSHED AND TRIUMPHANT, THE CONQUEROR MAKES PLANS FOR THE VICTORY GAMES IN THE COLOSSEUM.

...AND MERCURY HIMSELF WILL RACE AGAINST ROME'S MIGHTIEST CHARIOTEERS!

BUT WILL A GOD RACE AGAINST MORTALS, CAESAR?

THIS ONE WILL... FOR A LITTLE SIDE BET!

AH, GOOD! A LITTLE WAGER TO LIVEN THE AFTERNOON! WHAT IS YOUR BET?

I'LL BET ANYTHING YOU WANT AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE! IF I WIN YOU MUST GRANT THEM FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OF RELIGIOUS WORSHIP, AND NOT MAKE THEM FIGHT AGAINST PEOPLE THEY HAVE NO QUARREL WITH!

AGREED, O MERCURY! WRITE OUT THE TERMS AND WE'LL BOTH SIGN THEM!

HMM-M-HE AGREED SO EASILY I'M A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS!

YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO ASK FOR IF I WIN? NOW I REALLY HAVE TO WIN... THINK OF IT!

OW! THE SECRET FORMULA WITH WHICH YOU TRAVEL THROUGH TIME! CLEOPATRA TOLD ME ABOUT HE COULD CAUSE WITH THAT SECRET!



BRUTUS AND CASSIUS VISIT THE PRISON QUARTERS...

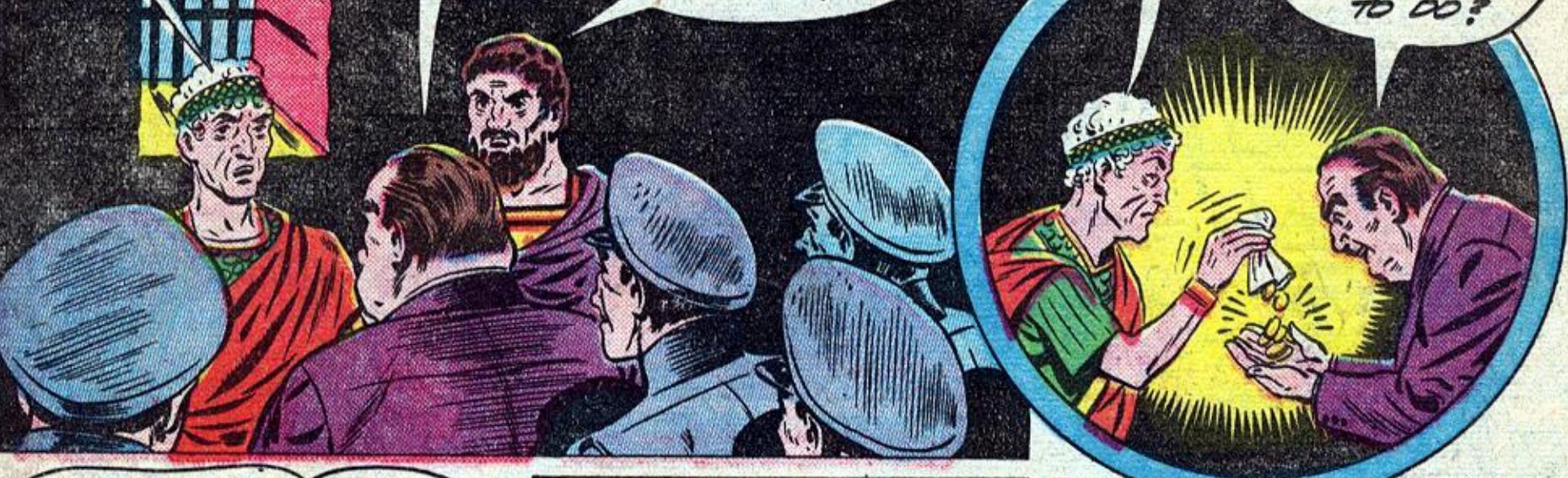
WE COME FOR REGINALD HASTO AND HIS MEN!

THAT'S ME, AND THESE ARE MY MEN! WHO ARE YOU?

TWO SENATORS OF ROME WHO CAN GIVE YOU MUCH MONEY - IF YOU HELP US IN RETURN!

HERE ARE SOME GOLD COINS TO PROVE WE MEAN BUSINESS...

GOLD! REAL, HONEST-TO-GOODNESS PURE GOLD! NO ALLOY IN THESE COINS! WHAT DO WE HAVE TO DO?



WE WILL FREE YOU AND YOUR MEN, AND GET YOUR "TOMMY-GUNS" FOR YOU! YOU WILL ATTEND THE CELEBRATION AT THE COLISEUM, AND THERE YOU WILL KILL CAESAR AND THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF MERCURY!

AND WHAT DO I GET FOR DOING THIS?

A MILLION GOLDEN TALENTS! WEALTH ENOUGH TO BUY A KINGDOM!

FOR THAT MUCH DOUGH WE'D KILL SANTA CLAUS! - WE CAN TAKE CARE OF SOME MORE ROMANS FOR YOU, TOO, ALL FOR THE SAME PRICE!

NO, NO, JUST CAESAR AND THAT MERCURY FELLOW - WE STILL DON'T BELIEVE HE'S A GOD!

A GOD? THAT'S RICH! HE'S A GUY NAMED THE FLASH, AND HE'S PRETTY FAST, I ADMIT, BUT HE AIN'T NO DIETY!

AH! THAT'S FINE, FINE! AS LONG AS WE DO NOT HAVE THE VENGEANCE OF THE GODS TO FEAR, WE CAN PREPARE A MASS ATTACK ON CAESAR'S PARTY! AS SOON AS THEY'RE DONE AWAY WITH WE WILL BE THE LEADERS OF ROME!

AFTER BRUTUS AND CASSIUS LEAVE...

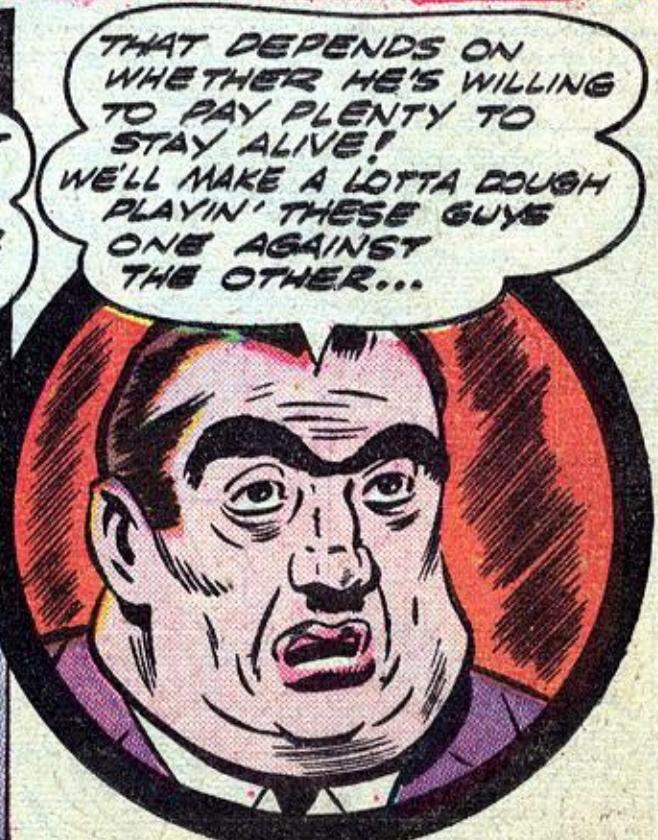
HMM-I DON'T KNOW... ME AND MY MEN AS STOOGES FOR THEM GUYS, EH?... IF WE KILL CAESAR AND SOMEBODY HAS TO TAKE THE RAP - IT'LL BE US! I DON'T KNOW...

WHATTA WE GONNA DO, BOSS - SWING OVER TO DE FLASH'S SIDE?

NAW! WE'LL GET THE FLASH FOR PERSONAL REASONS! THAT'L SHOW CAESAR HE WASN'T NO GOD...

DON'T WE SHOOT CAESAR, BOSS?

THAT DEPENDS ON WHETHER HE'S WILLING TO PAY PLENTY TO STAY ALIVE! WE'LL MAKE A LOTTA DOUGH PLAYIN' THESE GUYS ONE AGAINST THE OTHER...



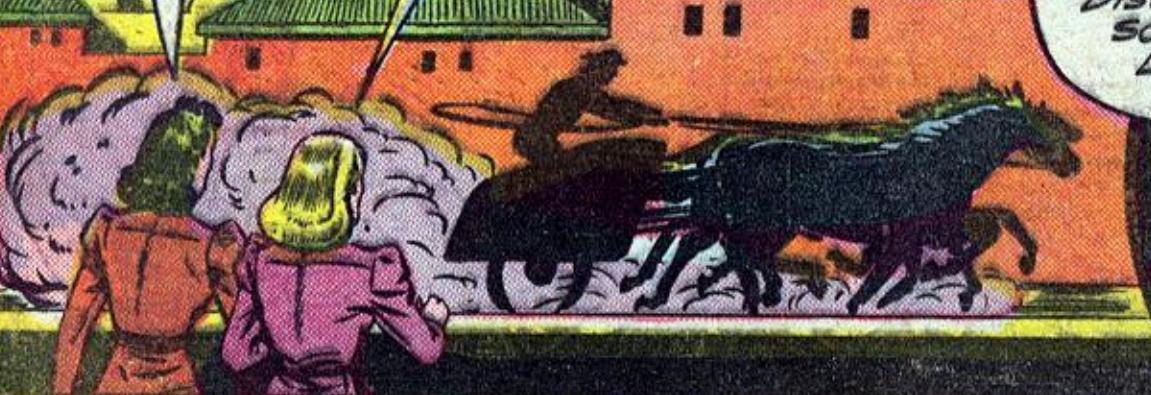
MEANWHILE THE FLASH IS EXERCISING THE FIERY ARABIAN STALLIONS CAESAR HAS GIVEN HIM TO RACE WITH...

I SURE HOPE THE FLASH WINS! THE POOR PEOPLE OF ROME NEED A GOOD BREAK FOR A CHANGE!

I'LL SAY! BY THE WAY— WHERE'S YOUR FATHER?

HE'S BEEN VISITING ALL THE APOTHECARY SHOPS TRYING TO FIND DRUGS TO MAKE SOME MORE SLEEPY-TABLETS! HE'S AFRAID IF THE FLASH CHANGES HISTORY BY MAKING CAESAR EASE UP ON THE ROMAN PEOPLE, MAYBE AMERICA WON'T BE DISCOVERED—OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT—

HOLY COW! THEN WE WOULDN'T HAVE A HOME TO RETURN TO! GOSH! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!

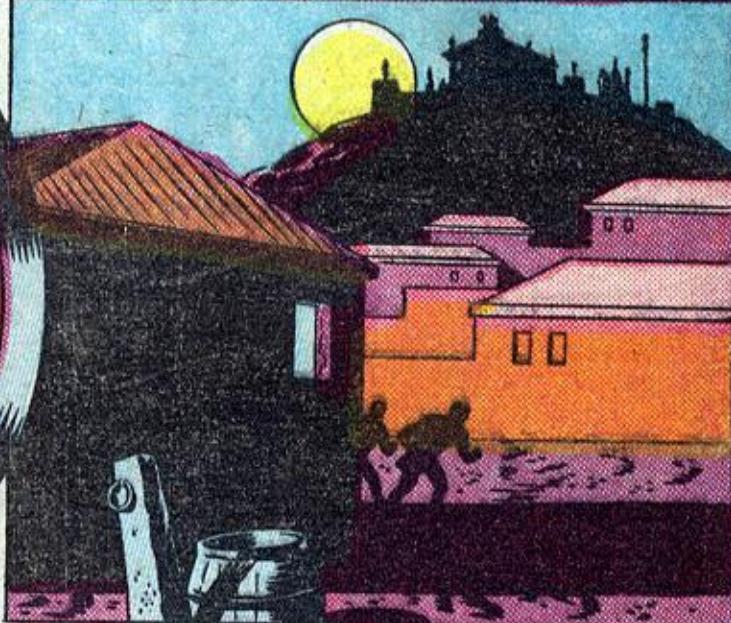


IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE FLASH WILL LET HIMSELF IN FOR A LOT OF TROUBLE, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS.... WHO KNOWS WHAT 1942 WOULD BE LIKE IN AMERICA IF HE MANAGES TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY!

RIGHT NOW HIS ONLY CONCERN IS FOR HIS HORSES...

FINE! FINE! THE RACE WILL BE A BREEZE FOR US, THE WAY YOU HONEYGS ARE RUNNING! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THE ROMAN PEOPLE WILL GET A NEW LEASE ON LIFE PRETTY SOON...

BUT THAT SAME NIGHT — THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BIG RACE... DARK FIGURES CREEP TOWARD THE STABLES WHERE THE FLASH'S HORSES ARE KEPT....



NEXT DAY, THE ROMANS START GATHERING IN THE COLISEUM, BRIGHT AND EARLY...

IMAGINE SEEING MERCURY HIMSELF IN A CHARIOT RACE!

BY ZEUS! IT'LL BE SOMETHING, ALL RIGHT!

I HEARD THAT CAESAR MADE A BET WITH MERCURY ON THE RACE! IMAGINE — BETTING WITH ONE OF OUR GODS!

THE FLASH DISCOVERS THAT HIS HORSES HAVE BEEN DRUGGED!

SO THAT'S THE WAY CAESAR PLAYS, EH? WELL I CAN PLAY THAT GAME MYSELF! AND HOW! — I'LL WIN THAT RACE IN SPITE OF HIS CROOKED WORK!



THE RACING CHARIOTS COME TO THE STARTING LINE AMID THE CHEERS OF ALL ROME!

I'M BETTING ON YOU, MERCURY!

HOORAY!

I'VE BET MY LIFE'S SAVINGS ON YOU!

THEY'RE OFF! THE FLASH'S DRUGGED HORSES ARE EXTREMELY SLOW ON THE GOT-AWAY....

ALL THESE PEOPLE HAVE THEIR HARD-EARNED MONEY ON ME! THEIR LIBERTIES DEPEND ON MY WINNING! I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE!

IN THE COLISEUM - HASTO AND HIS MEN, DISGUISED AS ROMANS...

THIS IS A GOOD SPOT! WE CAN GET THE FLASH FROM HERE!

LOOK AT HIM, WILL YA! HE'S LAST AND TRAILING FURTHER BEHIND EVERY MINUTE!

HERE HE COMES! WHEN HE GOES PAST - GET HIM! YOU CAN'T MISS HIM AT THIS RANGE!

SINCE A BULLET TRAVELS FASTER THAN SOUND, THE FLASH SEES THE TOMMY-GUN BULLETS FLYING TOWARD HIM BEFORE HE HEARS THE SHOOTING....

OOPS! I'LL HAVE TO MOVE...

...FAST!

SO SWIFT IS THE REFLEX ACTION OF THE FLASH THAT AS SOON AS HIS SUPER-SWIFT EYESIGHT SEES THE BULLETS, HE DUCKS...

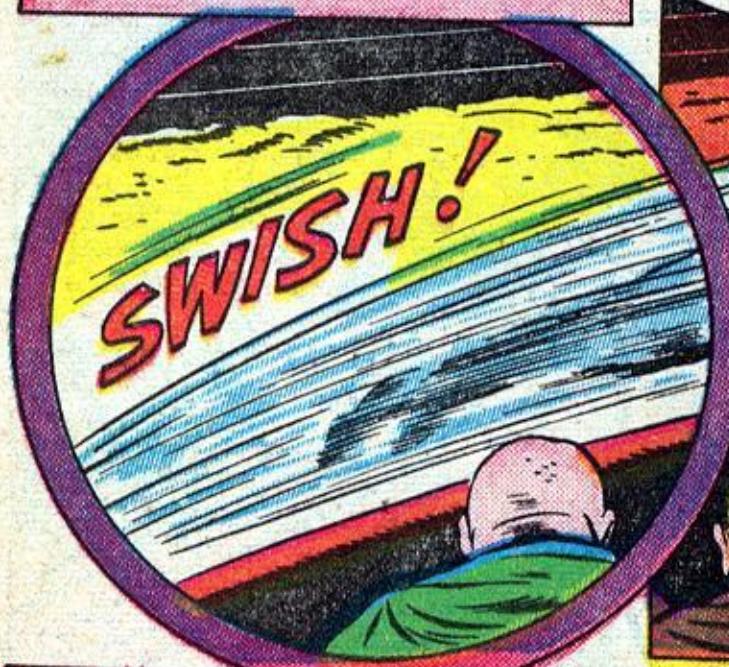
USING HIS POWERFUL LEGS, THE FLASH CATAPULTS HIMSELF BACKWARDS FROM THE CHARIOT, MISSING THE BULLETS AS THEY PLUNK INTO THE FLOORING . . .



*MOVING SO FAST HE BECOMES INVISIBLE,
THE FLASH STARTS SEARCHING FOR
HIS WOULD-BE ASSASSINS....*

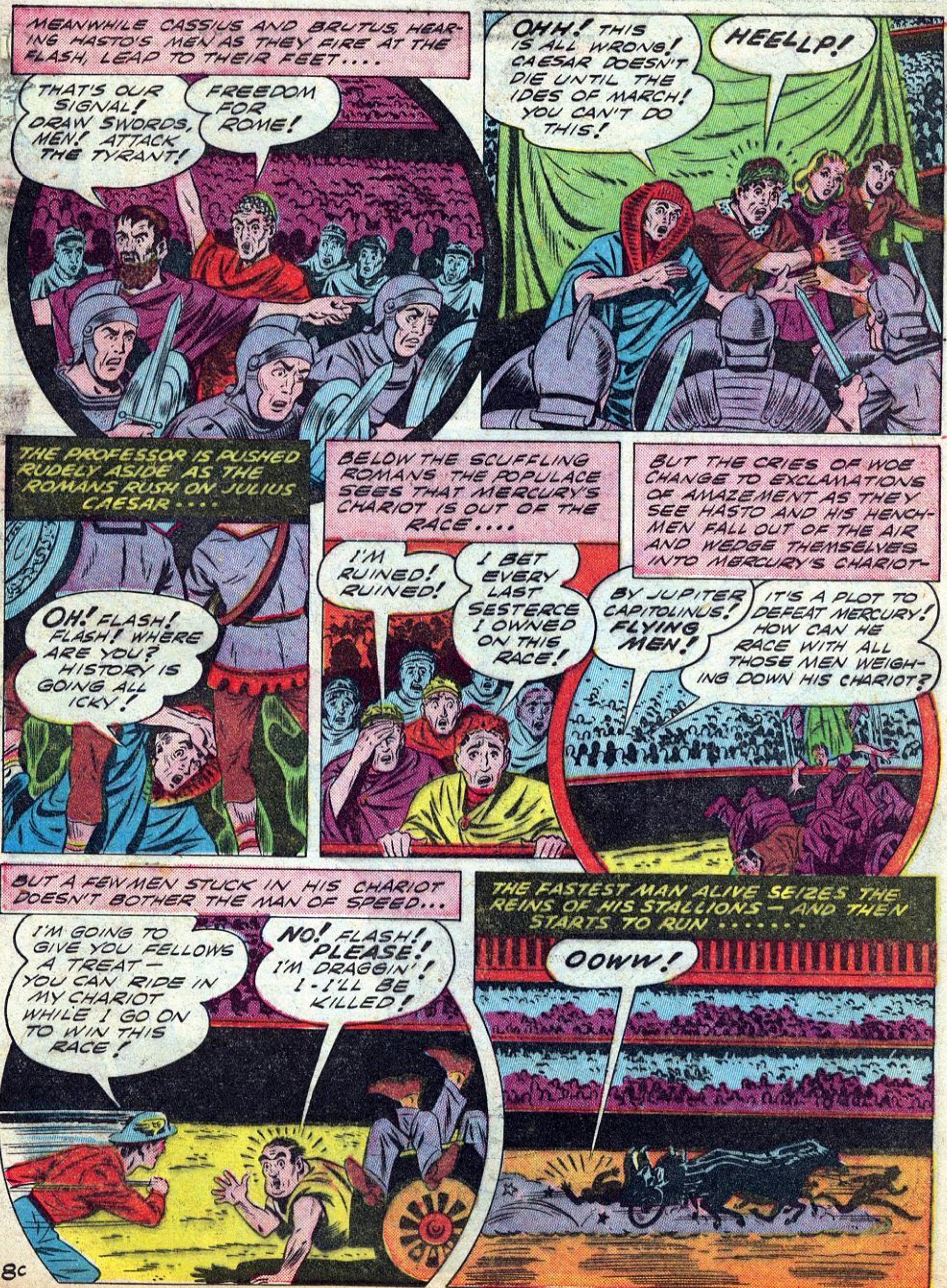


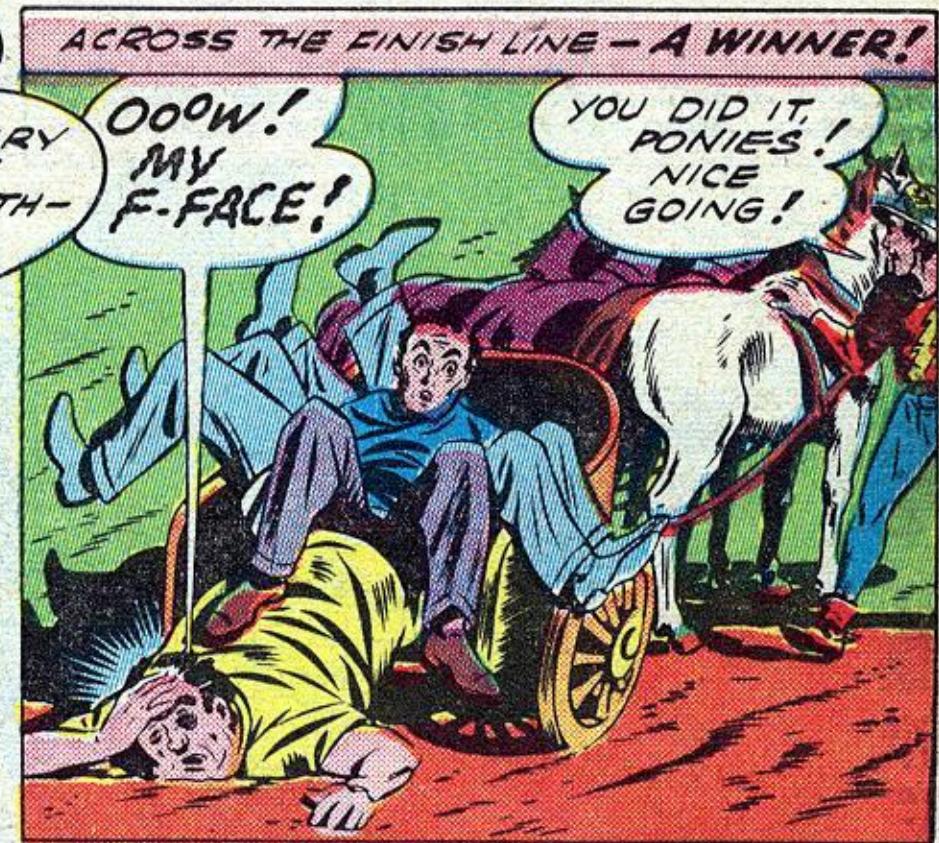
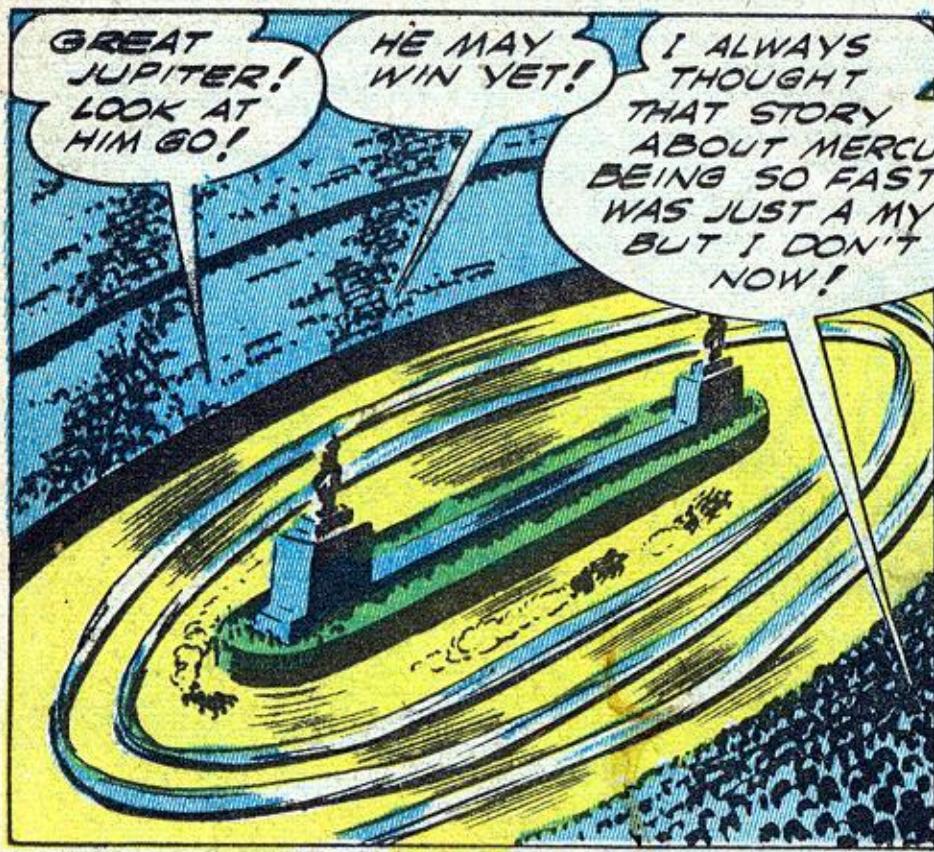
LAUNCHING HIMSELF INTO THE AIR WITH TERRIFIC SPEED, THE FLASH FLIES THROUGH THE AIR LIKE AN ARROW....



**THE FLASH SEIZES HASTO,
SPINS LIKE A HAMMER —
THROWER, AND TOSSES HIM
OUT OVER THE ARENA...**

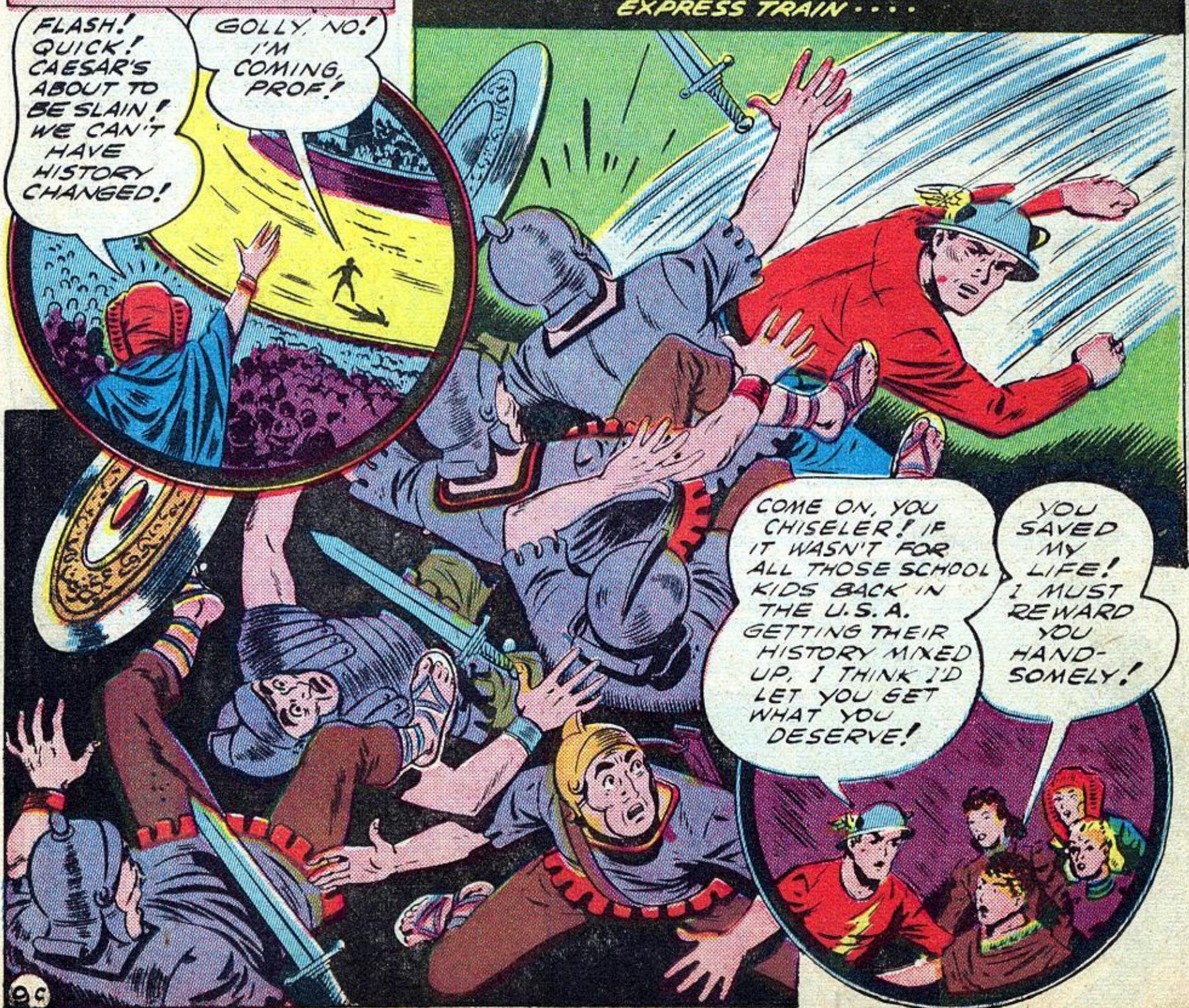


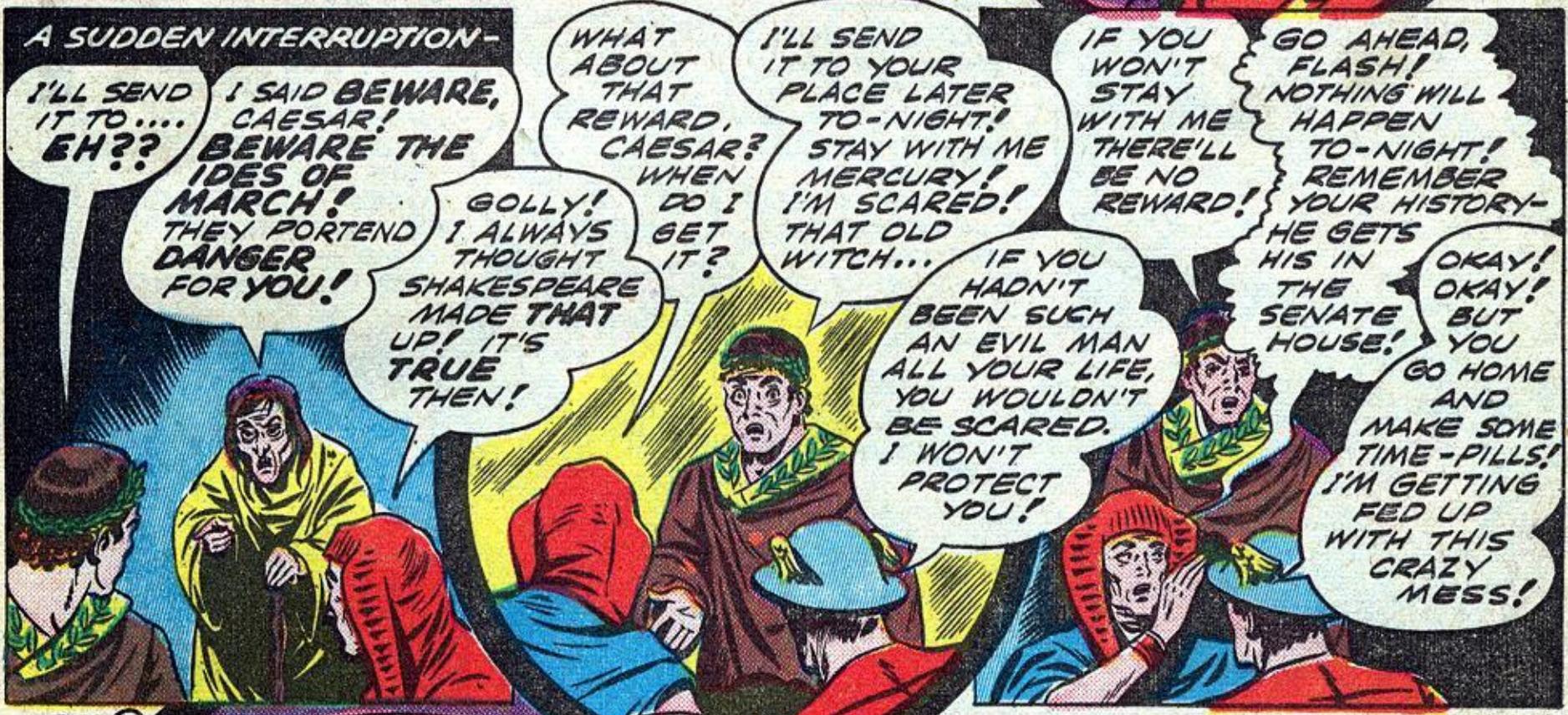
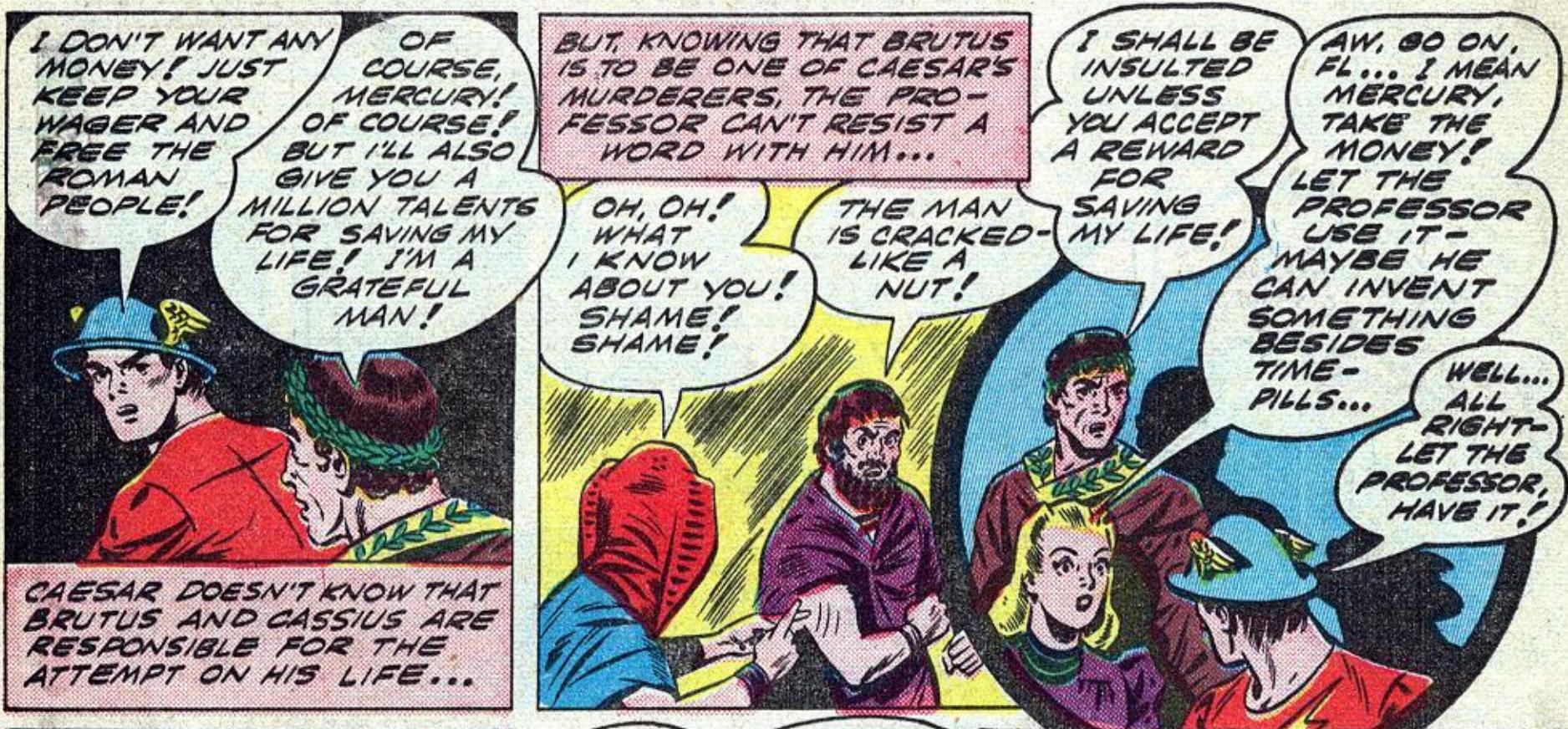


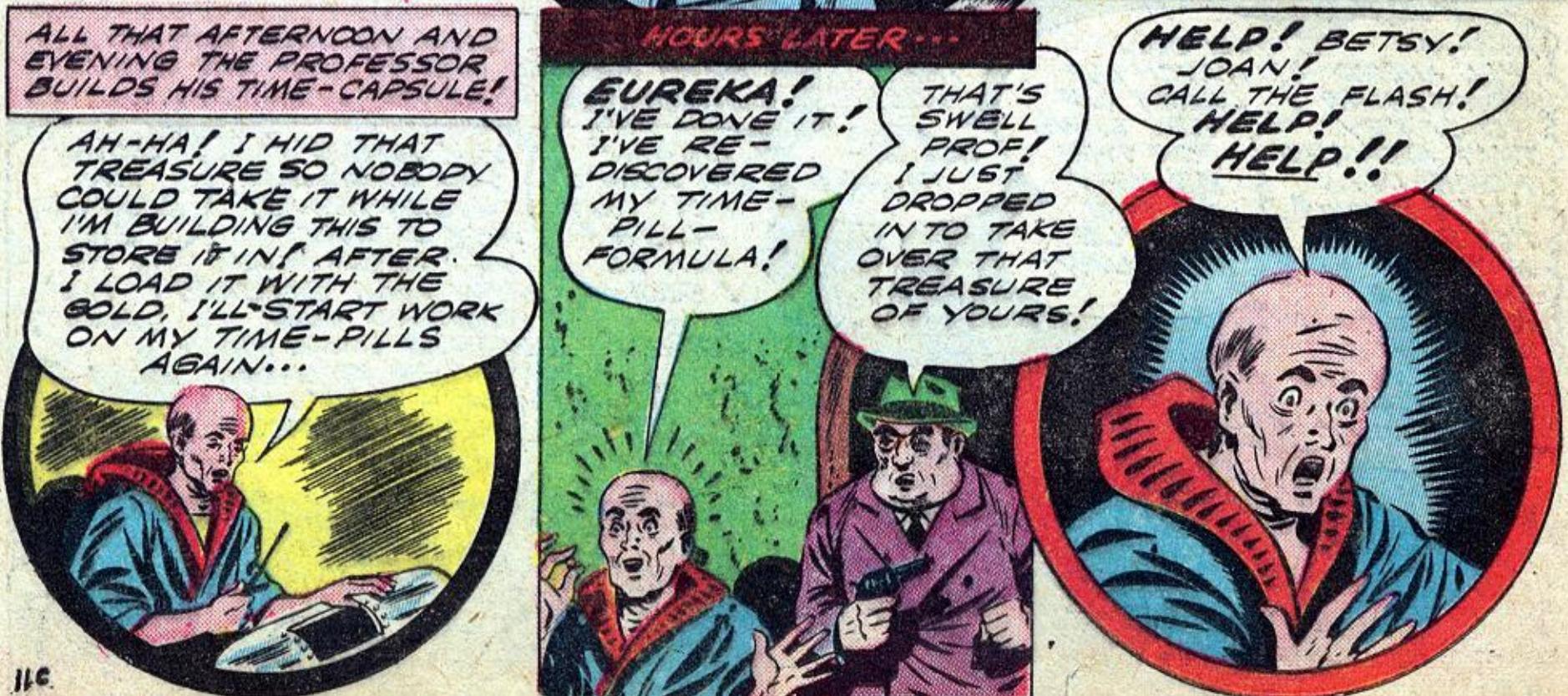
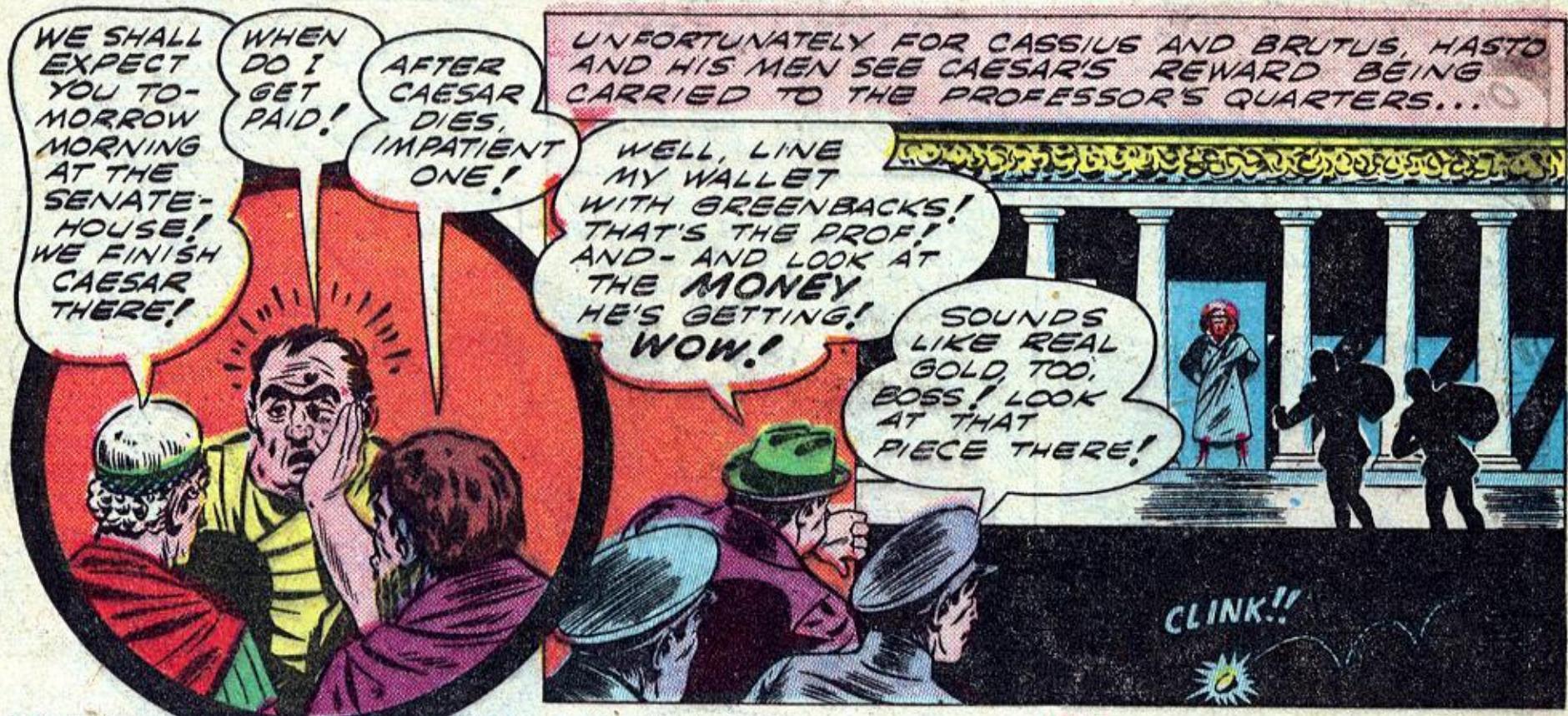


THE PROFESSOR CALLS FROM THE STANDS...

IN A SPLIT SECOND THE FLASH IS UP IN THE STANDS, AND STRIKES THE ROMANS WITH THE FORCE OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN . . .







HASTO ATTACKS THE PROFESSOR, WHO SPILLS TIME-PILLS ALL OVER THE FLOOR!



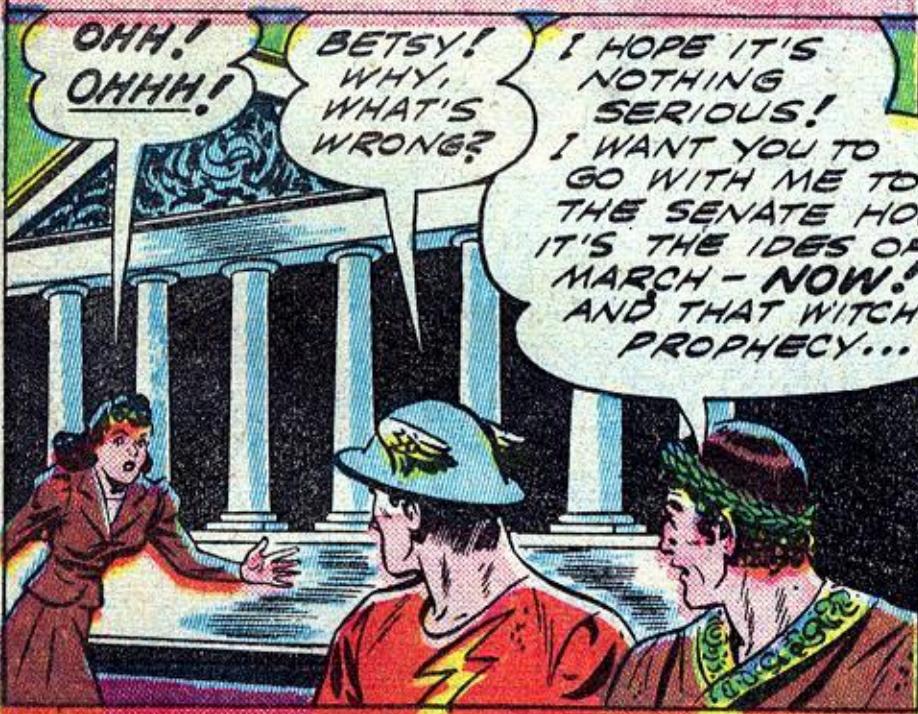
BUT "THOSE GALS" PUT UP A PRETTY GOOD BATTLE....



BETSY GETS AWAY, AND LEAPS FROM A WINDOW-

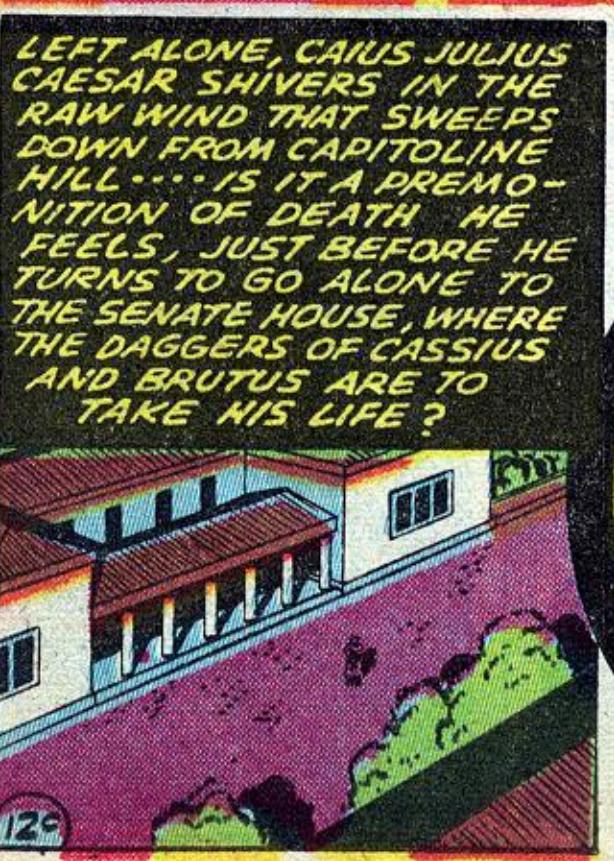
THANK HEAVENS FOR MY PEARLY TEETH - THEY GOT ME OUT OF THAT ALL RIGHT! NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS FIND THE FLASH - HE'S WITH CAESAR!

BUT ROME, EVEN IN THOSE DAYS, WAS A BIG CITY, AND IT IS NOT UNTIL MORNING THAT BETSY FINDS CAESAR'S HOUSE!



IT'S HASTO! HE AND HIS MEN CAME LATE LAST NIGHT AND HIT DADDY, AND TRIED TO CAPTURE JOAN AND ME! I GOT AWAY!

WHY, THAT TREACHEROUS DOG! COME ON, BETSY! WE'LL FIND HIM AND MAKE HIM SORRY FOR THIS!



MEANWHILE THE FLASH AND BETSY RUSH TO THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE TO FIND...



IRONICALLY THE FLASH RACES RIGHT PAST THE TIME-PILLS SPILLED ON THE FLOOR BY THE PROFESSOR....



BUT HE DOESN'T RACE
PAST SOMETHING ELSE -

HELLO!
LOOK WHAT'S
HERE! OUR-
OR RATHER
MY TIME-
CAPSULE!

DADDY
MUST HAVE
PUT THE
TREASURE IN
IT! CAN'T
WE TAKE IT
ALONG?

SURE, WHY NOT?
OSTIA...
FIRST
STOP!

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC
SWIMS THE FLASH, STILL
SEARCHING FOR HASTO -

WELL, THEY
WEREN'T AT
OSTIA - THEY
MUST HAVE SET
OUT FOR LONG
ISLAND...

THE FLASH AND BETSY FIND
THEMSELVES ON THE LONG
ISLAND SHORE ALL TOO
SOON... BECAUSE IT IS
LONELY AND DESERTED...

OH! THEY
AREN'T HERE!
D-DADDY!
OH! I'LL
BET HE-
HE'S DEAD!
OHH!

I'LL GO
BACK AND
SEARCH ALL
EUROPE FOR
HIM AS SOON
AS I BURY
THIS CAPSULE,
BETSY...
CHEER UP!

THE FLASH DASHES UP THE
BEACH AND STARTS BURY-
ING THE TIME CAPSULE,
WHEN...

PARDON ME,
BUT ARE
YOU A
REDSKIN?
THOSE
STRANGE
CLOTHES...

WHY
PROFESSOR,
DON'T YOU
REMEMBER
ME? I'M
THE FLASH...

OH! HE-
DISAPPEARED!
JUST FADED
INTO THIN
AIR! I'D
BETTER
GET BACK
TO 1942!

SCRAM,
BROTHER!
YOU'RE
NOT
WANTED!

SAY, WHAT IS THIS? WE
CAME IN AT THIS POINT-
OR DID WE? NO, SIR,-
THERE'S MORE TO COME...

FLASH! DIDN'T
I HEAR MY
FATHER'S
VOICE?

YES! HE
WAS HERE!
HE TOOK A PILL
AND, SAY!
HE DROPPED
SOME PILLS!
LOOK!

NO WONDER
YOUR DAD
THOUGHT THE
TIME-CAPSULE
WAS MINE!
HE SAW ME
BURYING IT!
AND ALL THE
TIME I
THOUGHT
HE WAS
CRAZY!

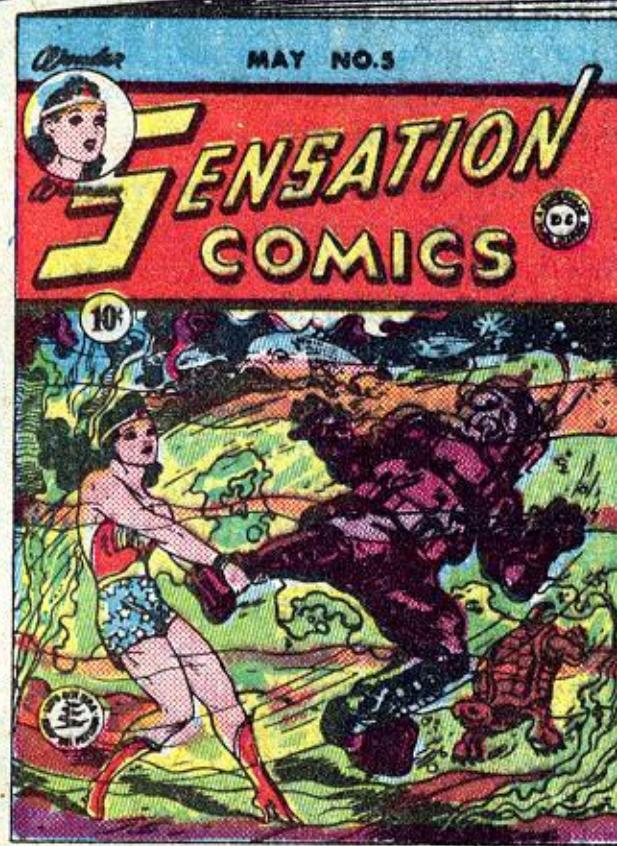
I HOPE
WE
FIND
HIM AND
JOAN
SAFE
'AND SOUND
BACK IN
1942!

LOOKING FOR
SOMEONE LOST
IN TIME IS COM-
PARABLE TO FIND-
ING THE PROVERB-
IAL NEEDLE IN
THE HAYSTACK -
ONLY WORSE -
BECAUSE IT
INVOLVES PERSONAL
DANGER --
BUT THERE ARE
STILL MORE PAGES
OF OUR STORY...

AND THEY TELL
THE THRILLING
TALE OF HOW THE
FLASH
BUT READ
ON AND
SEE

And now the 'BIG SEVEN' becomes the 'BIG EIGHT'! 'Tops in monthly comic magazines!'

Introducing,



Dear Charley:

August 22, 1941

Thanks very much for your letter of the fourteenth
and for the copies of the new feature. I think they are
remarkable and I want to congratulate you on "Wonder Woman."

With best wishes, believe me,

Sincerely yours,
Gene Tunney
Gene Tunney

My dear Charley:

October 10, 1941

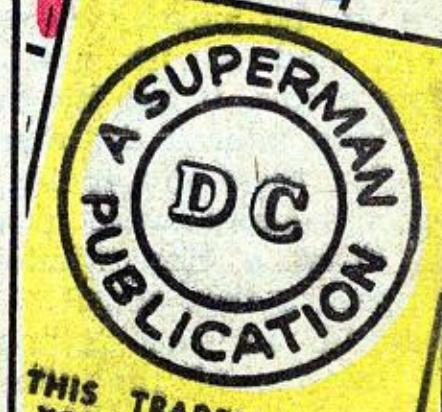
Congratulations on your new feature, "Wonder
Woman". I am sure it will be a huge success
in the comic magazine field.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Jack Dempsey
Jack Dempsey

MAY ISSUE NO. 5
SOON ON SALE EVERYWHERE!



THIS TRADEMARK IS
YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN
COMIC READING

DUMMY DYNAMITE

(A Hop Harrigan Story)

HOP wakened with a start. For a minute he couldn't remember where he was. It was dark, and the air was bad, and his back and arms ached from his cramped position. His hands groped about him. Slowly it dawned on him that he was in his own plane, the *Winnie*. He had gone into the hangar earlier in the afternoon to check provisions for a hunting-trip in the rear compartment of the *Winnie*. Tired out from hard flying the two weeks previous, he had fallen asleep in the plane.

Hop remembered something that made him spring to his feet in alarm.

"I left the hangar door open!" he muttered, half-aloud. "It's been open for hours!"

Almost at once, his fears were confirmed by the sound of voices, talking in whispers. He heard a scraping sound—the hangar door opened, all the way! Then the trend of the conversation put all other thoughts from his mind.

"If we could get an Army plane, it would be just the thing!" one voice muttered. "They'd never suspect *then* until it was all over!"

"Dis vill do," a second voice said, with finality. "Diss Hop Harrigan iss known to der Army men at der nearby Army Air Field, und so iss diss cabin plane of his. It has his initials, so!" Hop figured the man was pointing them out to his companions—there were three in all. From a tiny window he glimpsed a thin pencil of light. Thankful for the darkness of the interior of the plane, he crouched among the cases in the rear compartment.

"What now?" Hop wondered.

But he didn't have long to wait. His whole being atremor, he felt the plane being rolled out of the hangar, heard the engine warm up and felt the familiar rising sensation as the plane zoomed into the air.

"A stowaway on my own ship!" Hop mused, grimly. "Well, these spies don't know it yet, but they've got a spy right on their own tail!"

Some eight minutes later, the plane was set down in a clearing surrounded by woods. The men got out. Hop heard the third man get out, with a sigh of relief. They did not suspect his presence. That meant he was free to find out what their dastardly scheme was, and to prevent it!

Hop heard a series of short, quick orders given by a short man, who seemed to be the leader. A second man strode rapidly toward the frame house in the distance. The third man—Hop held his breath—the third man was re-entering the plane! He looked around, wild-eyed, for a weapon. There was nothing—nothing, that is but his bare fists, and he was more than ready with them. If only the spy didn't enter pointing a gun!

He didn't. He slid open the panel door separating the rear compartment from the cabin, and slowly covered the floor with his flashlight. He was looking for something, not someone, Hop reasoned—probably a tool of some kind. Hop stood motionless, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of being discovered. The light fell on top of his shoe, traveled quickly upward . . . to his face! He heard a muttered oath, leaped

just in time to keep the spy's right hand from wielding a gun.

Hop clipped the bigger man on the jaw. He went back, reeling. But he came on again, snarling like an animal at bay. He fought desperately, and the two blows he connected with Hop's midriff made him wince. Hop paused for a minute to get his breath, then moved in quickly with a blow to the jaw that sent his opponent sliding peacefully to the ground. Panting, he bent over to frisk the man for a gun. A voice, low, hoarse, guttural, froze his movement.

"Stand up. Lift der hands," it warned. "Und start moving out of the plane, qwick!"

The coldly menacing steel in the German's eye told Hop he'd better move fast, if he wanted to ever move again. He followed instructions, made for the brown frame house toward which the third spy had been dispatched just a few minutes before. A man opened the door before Hop and the gun-wielding spy approached.

"Ve haff a spy—in the plane mit us! Der low-lifer!" the leader growled, prodding Hop across the threshold.

Hop stifled a mad desire to laugh. He, the rightful owner of the plane, was a spy—they, conniving, treacherous crooks, trying to destroy the country that fed and protected them, talked as though *they were right!*

"Swine!" Hop scoffed. He couldn't help it. They'd probably kill him. But he had to say it.

"Svine, is it?" the leader glowered. "Throw him in dot room, Karl—in chains. Ve take care of him later."

His ankles and wrists were

beginning to chafe from the chains. He had no idea how long he was imprisoned in the little room, but it seemed like a century. Hop's eyes were fixed in curiosity on a dummy at the far end of the room. It was peculiarly lifelike, and was made with many joints at knees and wrists and elbows, so that it looked almost like a real man lying there. Hop pondered over it for a while, then crawled painfully toward it. The dummy wore an aviator's suit, complete even to parachute!

"A dummy parachutist!" thought Hop. "There's more to this than meets the eye!"

He pulled the dummy to a sitting position. It was heavy! At least 200 pounds heavier than it looked! Hop listened carefully. The men were talking in the next room. He could not hear their words, only the dull murmur of their voices. Quickly he started to pull the aviator's suit from the dummy. He examined it carefully from head to foot, found what he was looking for—a catch under the right arm. He pressed it, and the top half of the dummy opened like a trunk. Neatly fitted in the head was a bomb!

"A time bomb!" Hop quickly noted. "They haven't set it yet, of course. Now I see it, their whole scheme . . . why they wanted my airplane, and all!"

"I remember, back in the hangar, one of them mentioned the Army Airport near here—how the men knew my plane and would not suspect it. They probably schemed to fly my ship over the airport, then make the engine cough and fake motor trouble so they could let this dummy parachutist land on the airport! The bomb would be set to go off a few minutes after landing, blowing up the whole airport! Of all the rotten, lowdown——"

Hop gritted his teeth, struggled futilely with the chains. He thought better of it in a minute, for a plan was brewing in his mind. He was measuring the dummy with his eye, thinking

it was about six feet just enough for him to slip into with plenty of room to spare! His manacled hands lifted the bomb out of its "case", carried it to the closet a few paces away and hid it among some old clothes. Then swiftly he closed the dummy and drew the aviator's suit over it. Then he crawled to the window, which was set high. Hop noted there were no chairs in the room, either. He heard steps approaching. He had to think. He threw himself prone on the floor just under the window, in such a position that he looked as though he had fallen to the floor in a vain attempt to reach the window ledge, knocking himself unconscious. His iron-clad hands were flung over his head. It was a long chance, but he had to take it.

Someone opened the door, closed it. Hop heard a low sneer. Steps came closer. A foot kicked his ribs.

"Knocked yourself out trying to get away, eh?" a voice gloated. "Serves you——"

The man was leaning directly over Hop, who had his eyelids parted just enough to see him. Then he moved. He swung his manacled hands in a mighty arc over his head, and with a thud, down on the head of the spy. He went down without a sound, Hop turned him over, looked in every one of his pockets until he found what he was looking for. He found the key in a vest pocket and quickly freed himself of his shackles. He stuffed them in the closet, next to the bomb. Next he climbed up to the window and pushed it open. Swiftly, then, he picked up the fallen spy's gun and put it in his own pocket. Then he got inside the dummy case and waited. It was another five minutes before the other two men burst into the room.

"Karl! He got Karl!" shouted one.

"Der vindow! He iss es-
caped!" Hop heard the leader cry. "Qwick! Take der dummy."

Ve must do der job in a hurry now before der fool varns somevun!"

Hop held his breath as the two men lifted the dummy. They did not look inside. His ruse had worked! Through the two slits he had made in the eyes, Hop could see all that was going on. He almost groaned as the men tossed the dummy roughly onto the floor of the plane. But he managed to fall limply.

He felt the plane rise. Sweat stood on his brow. It was hard to breathe encased in that dummy. He forced himself to lie still. The gun was just up his sleeve. He waited for the right minute to use it.

"Get der dummy ready. Set der bomb——" the leader's voice gritted. Hop tensed. There were four men in the plane. All were armed. But then, none suspected trouble! When he leaped to his feet and pointed his gun at the two approaching spies, their eyes widened in horror and they stepped back, trembling.

"Der dummy — it's alife!" they shrieked. "It—it points a gun at us!"

"Yes, and this gun says LAND—right in enemy territory, or there's gonna be shooting! Hop gritted. "Those United States Atmy men are just itching to get their hands on you!"

Hop covered the three men standing while he lifted their guns. Then he took the pilot's. He didn't move his gun from the pilot's back until the Winnie had taxied to a stop on the Army landing-field. Men came running toward the plane. In a few minutes the four spies were delivered into officer's hands. At sight of the walking dummy, the men blanched. But Hop begged:

"Get me out of this thing! I'm suffocating!"

"It's HOP!" an army pilot laughed. "HOP HARRIGAN!"

They still rib Hop about how he landed at the airport all rigged up in a dummy.

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



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! For, beginning with the May issue of ALL-AMERICAN COMICS, which will soon be on sale, several American, British and enemy planes will be illustrated and described every month! 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!

If you are a member of the All-American Flying Club, you can join the American Observation Corps by filling in the coupon "F" 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 days, you will receive the A.O.C. pin, pictured below, together with a handsome membership certificate.

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! On the inside back cover of this magazine, we announce a very 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 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 — 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 "F", and it will be sent to you with your A.O.C. membership pin and certificate. REMEMBER, ENCLOSE ONLY 10c IF YOU WANT TO JUST JOIN 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!



EMBLEM OF THE
AMERICAN OBSERVATION CORPS

Hop Harrigan, President, All-American Flying Club
c/o All-American Comics, 480 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C.

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 _____

F

IF YOU ARE NOT A MEMBER of the A-A FLYING CLUB:-

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, 480 Lexington Avenue, 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!

F.Q. NO.4

HOP HARRIGAN, President,
ALL-AMERICAN FLYING CLUB
c/o ALL-AMERICAN COMICS, 480 Lexington Ave., 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 _____

The Flash

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

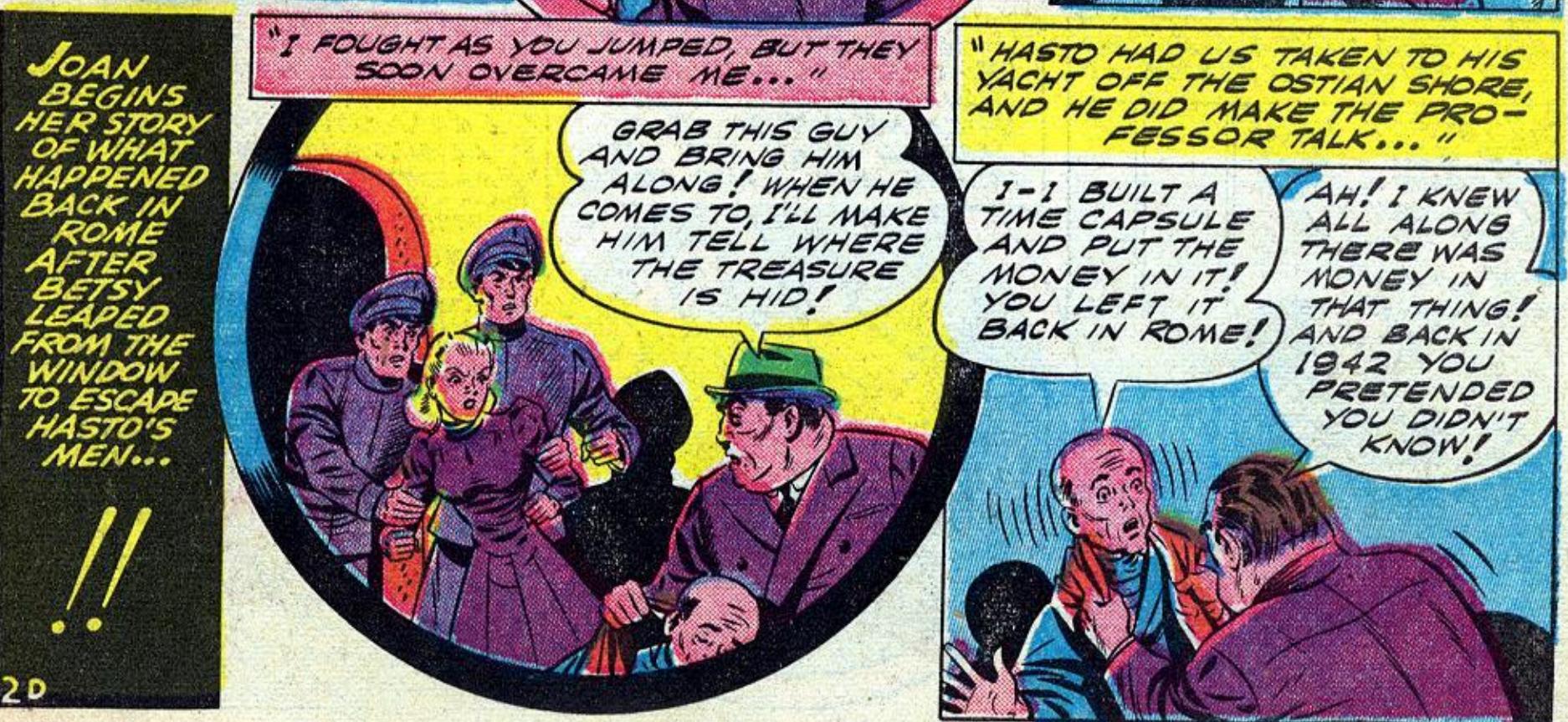
- CHAPTER FOUR -
" TRAIPSING THROUGH TIME! "

ACROSS THE VAST REACHES OF TIME THE FLASH FLINGS HIMSELF IN HIS UNTIRING EFFORTS TO RELOCATE THE LOST PROFESSOR MCQUATNESS! SINCE THE OLD INVENTOR CAN BE ANYWHERE IN THE PAST FROM THE DAYS OF THE DINOSAURS UP UNTIL YESTERDAY, THE FLASH WOULD HAVE TO SWALLOW THOUSANDS OF BUSHELS OF PILLS JUST TO BEGIN TO LOOK FOR HIM.... AND WHILE HE SEARCHES FOR THE ERRANT PROFESSOR, OUR OLD FRIEND, MONEY-CRACKED REGINALD HASTO IS NOT IDLE...

SWALLOWING TWO OF THE TIME-PILLS THE PROFESSOR DROPPED IN HIS EXCITEMENT BETSY AND THE FLASH REAPPEAR IN 1942....

HOME AT LAST!
I-I WONDER IF
DADDY AND
JOAN HAVE
COME HOME
YET?

HM-M- THE
PLACE LOOKS
DESERTED....



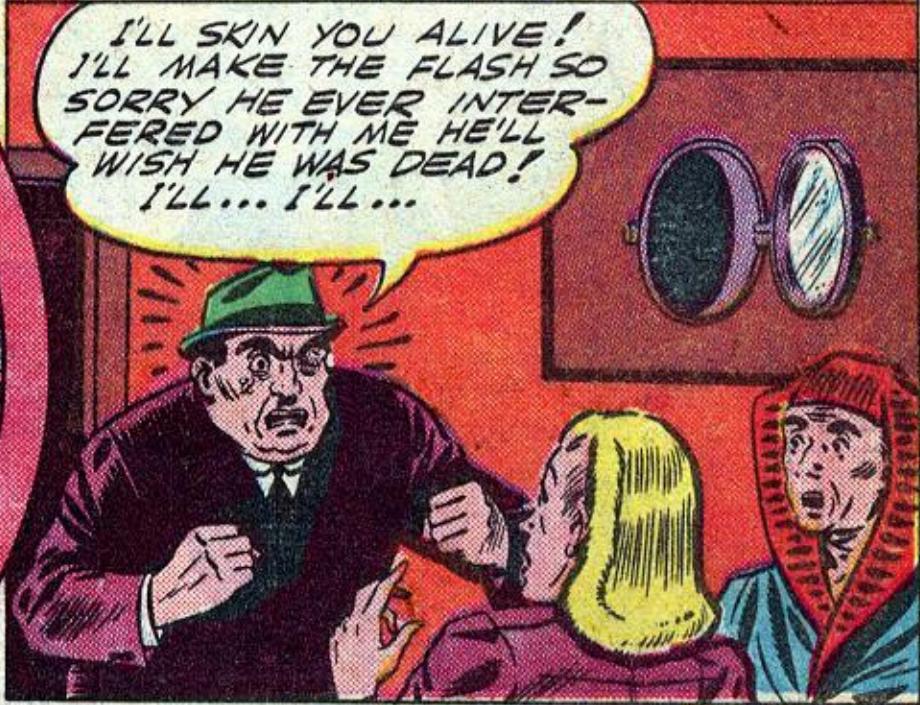
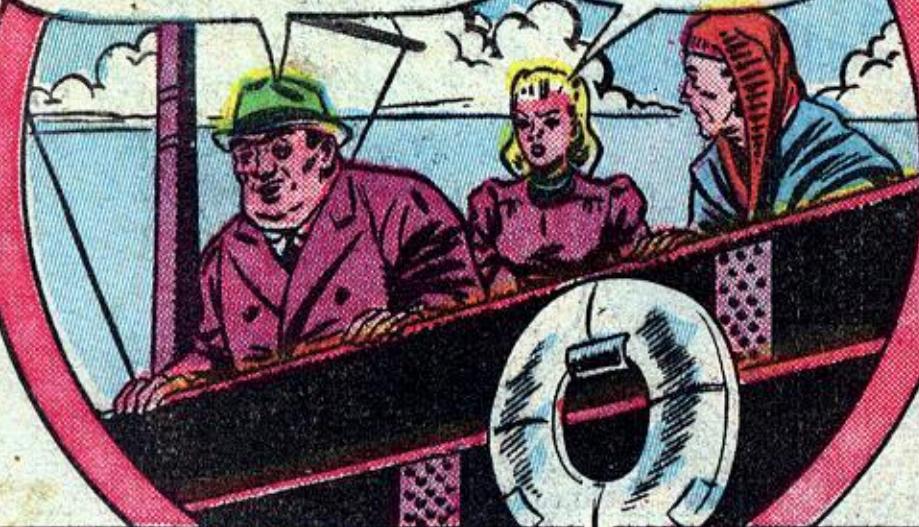
"WE SAILED UP THE COAST OF ITALY—"

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW
BEFORE I GET MY
HANDS ON THAT GOLD!
I FEEL SO GOOD I'M
FORGIVING YOU TWO
FOR ALL THE TROUBLE
YOU'VE CAUSED ME!

YOU HAVEN'T
GOT THE
CAPSULE YET!
MAYBE THE
FLASH WILL
STOP YOU,
SOMEHOW!

"AND YOU MUST HAVE STOPPED HIM, FOR
WHEN HE RETURNED FROM ROME, HE
WAS RAGING..."

I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE!
I'LL MAKE THE FLASH SO
SORRY HE EVER INTER-
FERED WITH ME HE'LL
WISH HE WAS DEAD!
I'LL... I'LL...



I'LL... HEY! WHAT
AM I GETTING SO
EXCITED ABOUT?

ALL I GOTTA DO IS GO
BACK TO 1942 AND TAKE
THE TIME CAPSULE FROM
YOUR HOUSE, PROFESSOR!
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF
THAT BEFORE? HUH,
I'LL SHOW THAT
FLASH GUY!

"WE SAILED ACROSS THE
ATLANTIC AND LANDED
WHERE NEW YORK HARBOR
IS TODAY..."

"WE TOOK THE TIME-PILLS
THAT HASTO SUPPLIED, AND
RETURNED TO 1942....
HASTO PHONED FOR HIS
CHAUFFEUR AND WE WERE
WHISKED TO HIS PENTHOUSE
ON THE DRIVE..."

TAKE CARE
OF THEM,
BOYS!
I'M GOING
OUT TO LONG
ISLAND AND
GET THAT
TIME CAPSULE!

I'VE GOT
TO GET AWAY
AND SEE IF
I CAN FIND
THE FLASH!



I'VE ALREADY
LOST ONE HEEL
TONIGHT, SO
I CAN STAND
LOSING
ANOTHER...

TAKE THAT,
BIG BOY!

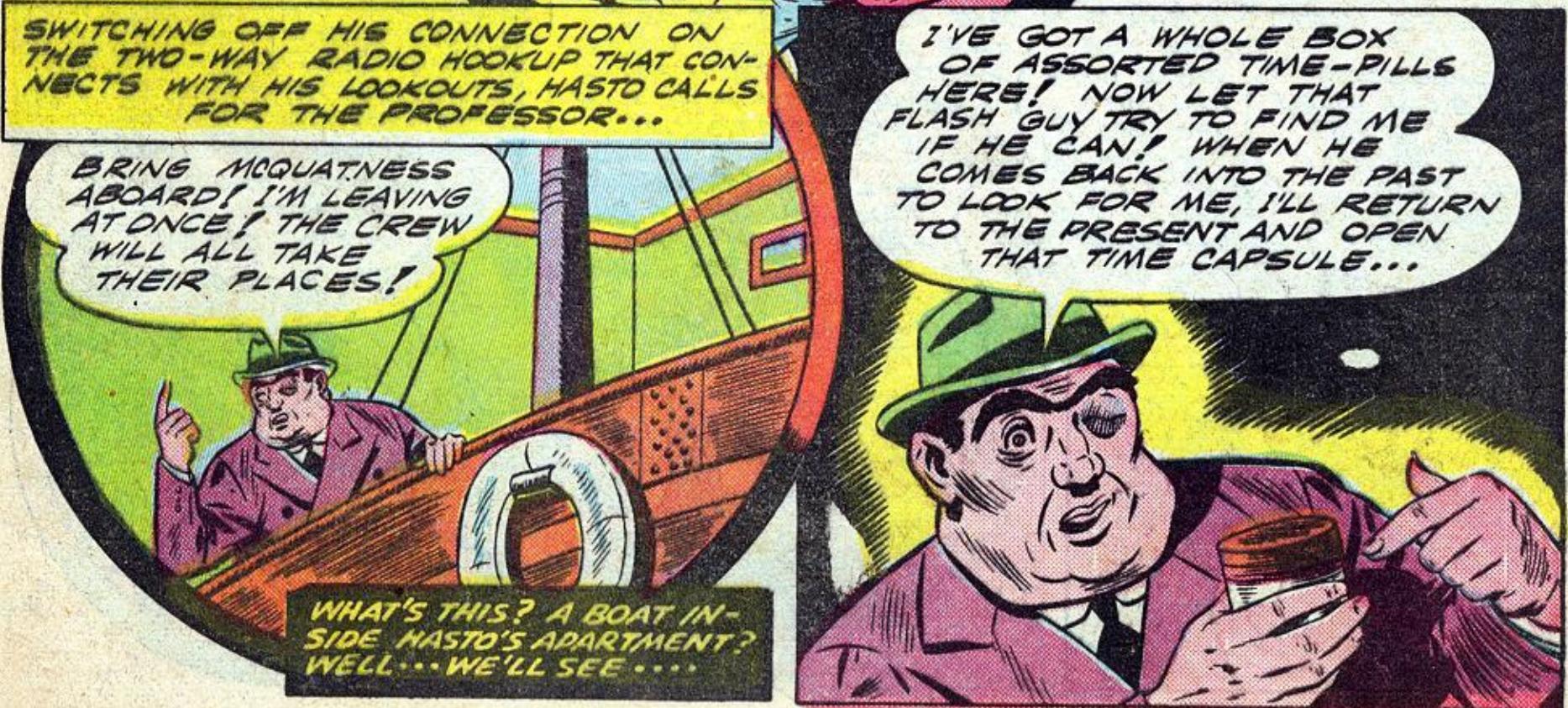
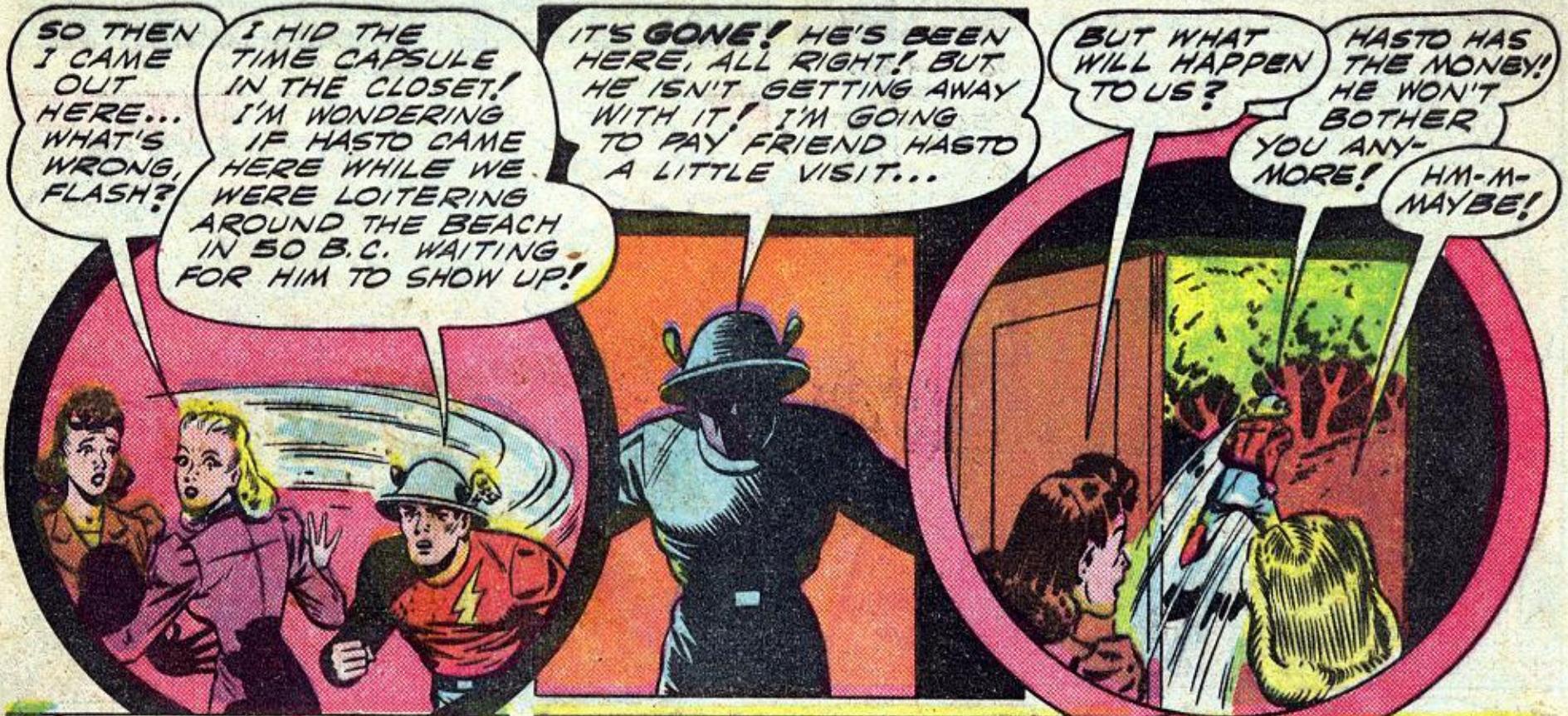
WHAP!

"WE WERE TIED AND PLACED
IN SEPARATE ROOMS..."

I'VE GOT
TO GET
LOOSE...
I'VE JUST
GOT TO...

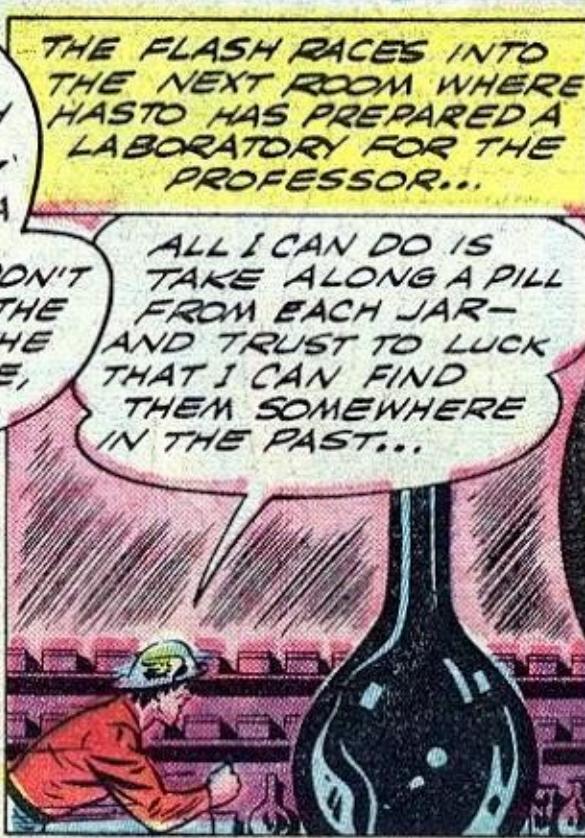
I KICKED OFF THE HEEL
OF MY SHOE, AND WITH
THE NAILS THAT WERE
STICKING OUT OF IT I
JABBED AWAY AT MY
ROPES UNTIL I WAS FREE-







WITH TERRIFIC SPEED THE TOMMY-GUNS FLY BACK AT THE GUARDS AND WRAP THEMSELVES LIKE ROPE AROUND THEIR FORMER OWNERS...



HE FINDS HIMSELF ON THE
EDGE OF A RIVER....



HIS SEARCH PROVES
FRUITLESS, SO HE STARTS
SWIMMING THE ATLANTIC...



IT'S COLUMBUS, ON HIS
WAY TO DISCOVER AMERICA!

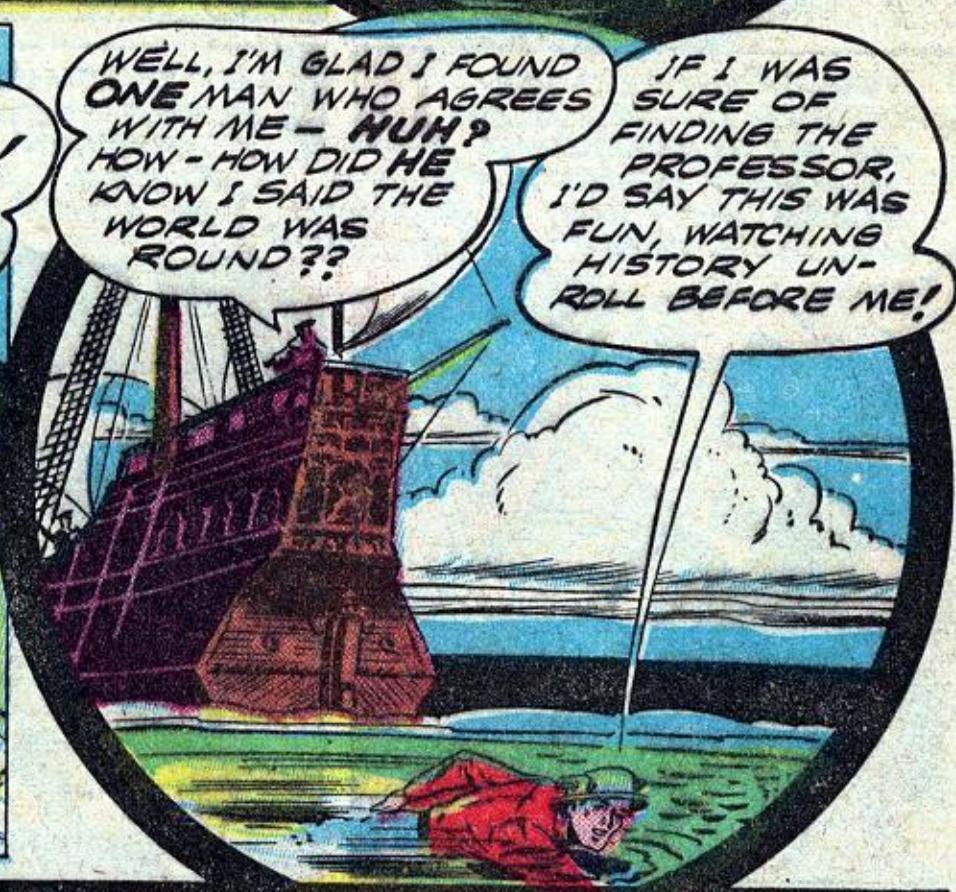
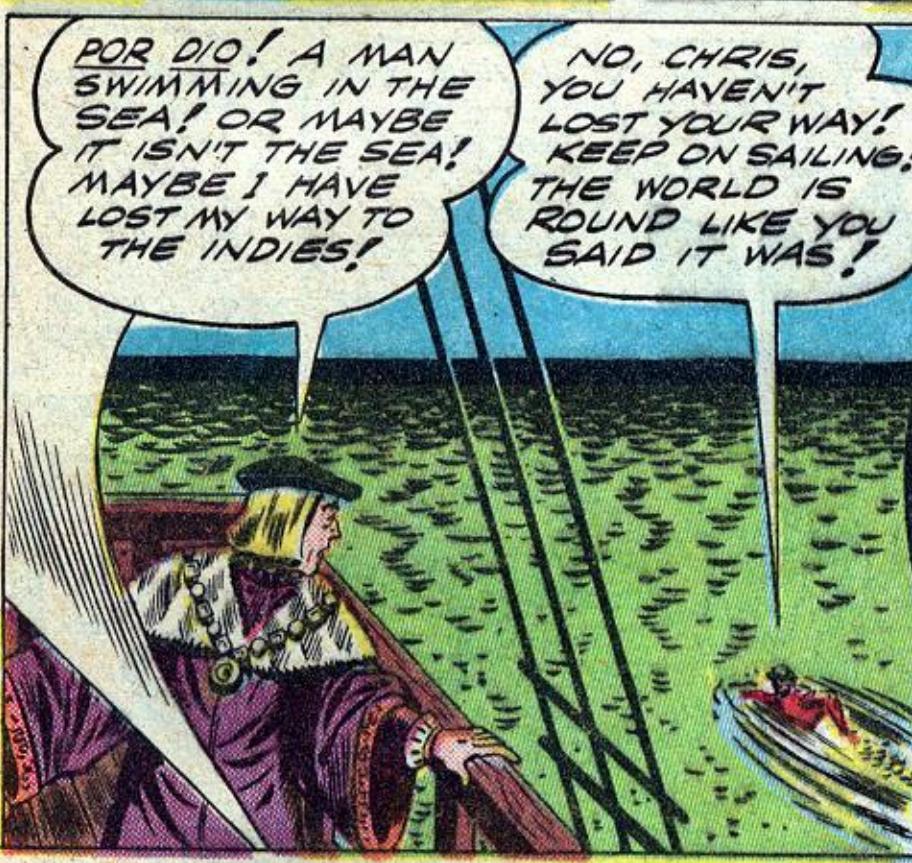


POR DIOS! A MAN
SWIMMING IN THE
SEA! OR MAYBE
IT ISN'T THE SEA!
MAYBE I HAVE
LOST MY WAY TO
THE INDIES!

NO, CHRIS,
YOU HAVEN'T
LOST YOUR WAY!
KEEP ON SAILING!
THE WORLD IS
ROUND LIKE YOU
SAID IT WAS!

WELL, I'M GLAD I FOUND
ONE MAN WHO AGREES
WITH ME - HUH?
HOW - HOW DID HE
KNOW I SAID THE
WORLD WAS
ROUND??

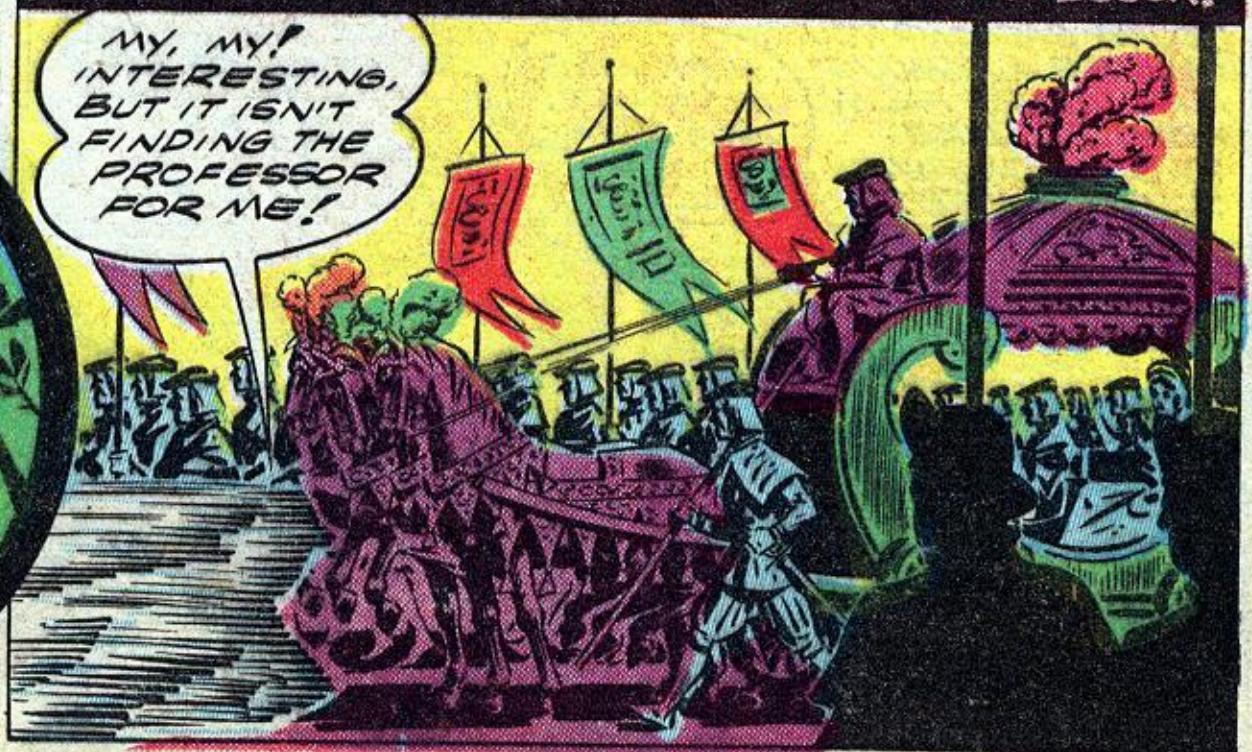
IF I WAS
SURE OF
FINDING THE
PROFESSOR,
I'D SAY THIS WAS
FUN, WATCHING
HISTORY UN-
ROLL BEFORE ME!

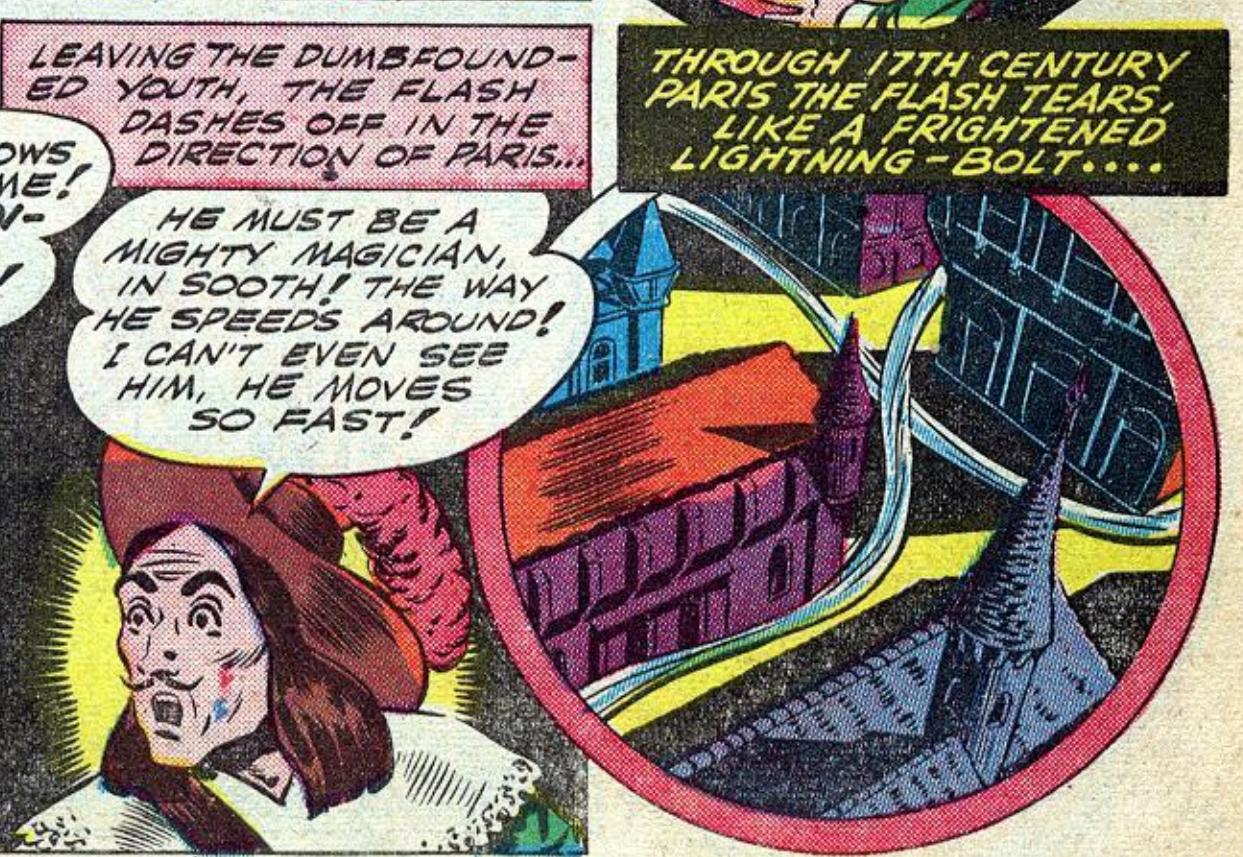
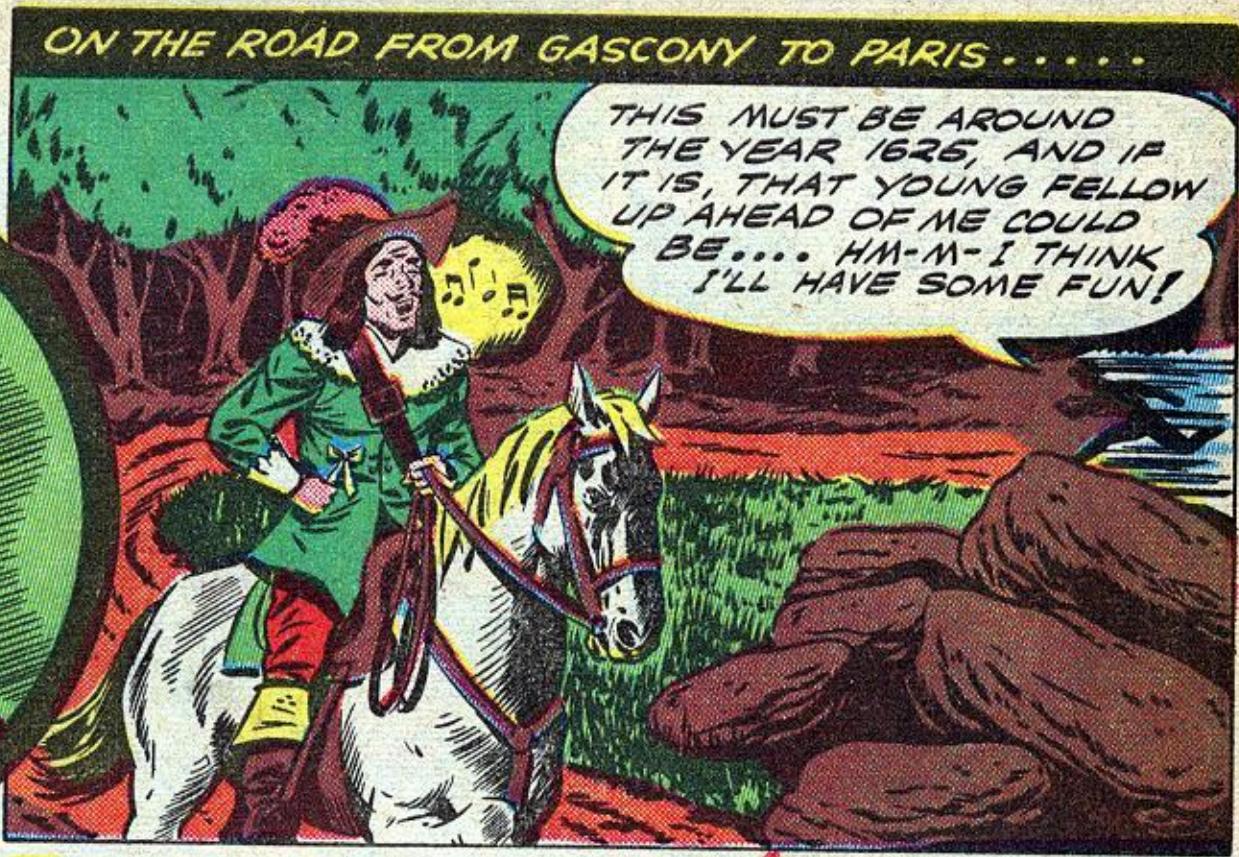


I'LL TAKE A GANDER
THROUGH SPAIN FIRST,
THEN START NORTH
THROUGH FRANCE...



MY, MY!
INTERESTING,
BUT IT ISN'T
FINDING THE
PROFESSOR
FOR ME!







MEANWHILE REGINALD HASTO RETURNS TO HIS PENTHOUSE APARTMENT...

I'VE GOT TO BE PREPARED FOR THE FLASH IN CASE HE RETURNS FROM THE PAST AFTER ME! I HAVE THE TIME-CAPSULE BUT I'D BETTER GET DOUBLE INSURANCE BY HAVING JOAN AND BETSY AS HOSTAGES...

GO OUT TO THE PROF'S HOUSE AND GET THEM! I'LL BE WAITING HERE!

WE GOT YA, BOSS! WE'LL BE BACK PRONTO WITH DE DAMES!



THE MAN OF SPEED AND THE PROFESSOR DECIDE IT IS TIME FOR THEM TO LEAVE THE 16TH CENTURY AND RETURN TO THEIR OWN TIMES...

AT THE PROFESSOR'S SUGGESTION, I HAVE ENTITLED THIS PLAY - HAMLET - THE MELANCHOLY DANE!

BUT, PROF, THIS ISN'T GETTING US ANYWHERE! LET'S GET BACK TO 1942! THINK OF YOUR DAUGHTER!

BETSY! AH, YES! I MUST THINK OF HER, MUSTN'T I? WELL, IF YOU SAY SO...

I KNOW YOU HATE TO LEAVE THESE HISTORICAL SCENES, BUT OUR DUTY COMES FIRST!

DUTY, YES! I CAN'T LET MY SELFISH DESIRES INTERFERE WITH MY PARENTAL DUTIES!



IN A FLASH THE FLASH CROSSES THE OCEAN, AND AS THEY LAND, DRIPPING, ON THE LONG ISLAND SHORE ONCE MORE, THEY EACH TAKE A TIME-PILL...

I'LL BET BETSY WILL BE VERY HAPPY TO SEE YOU!

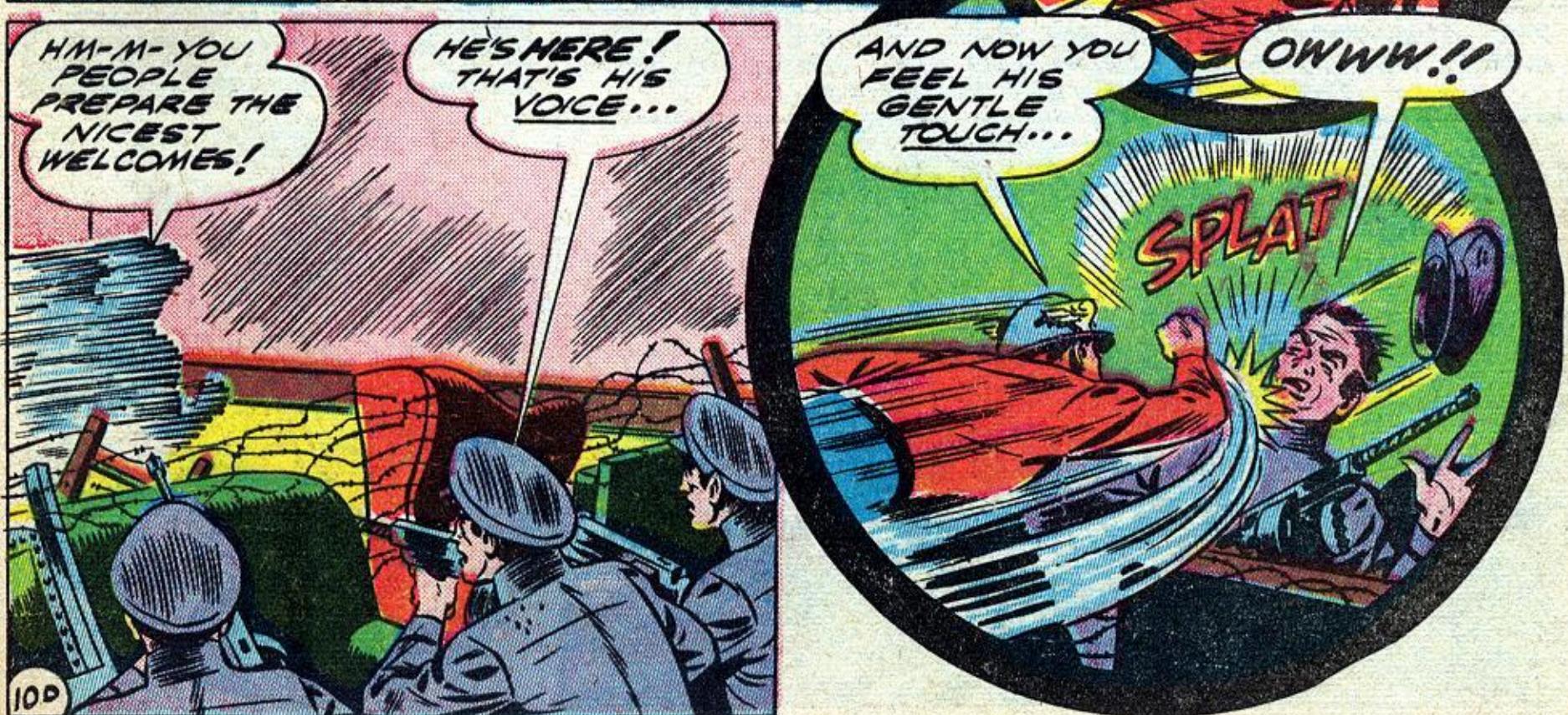
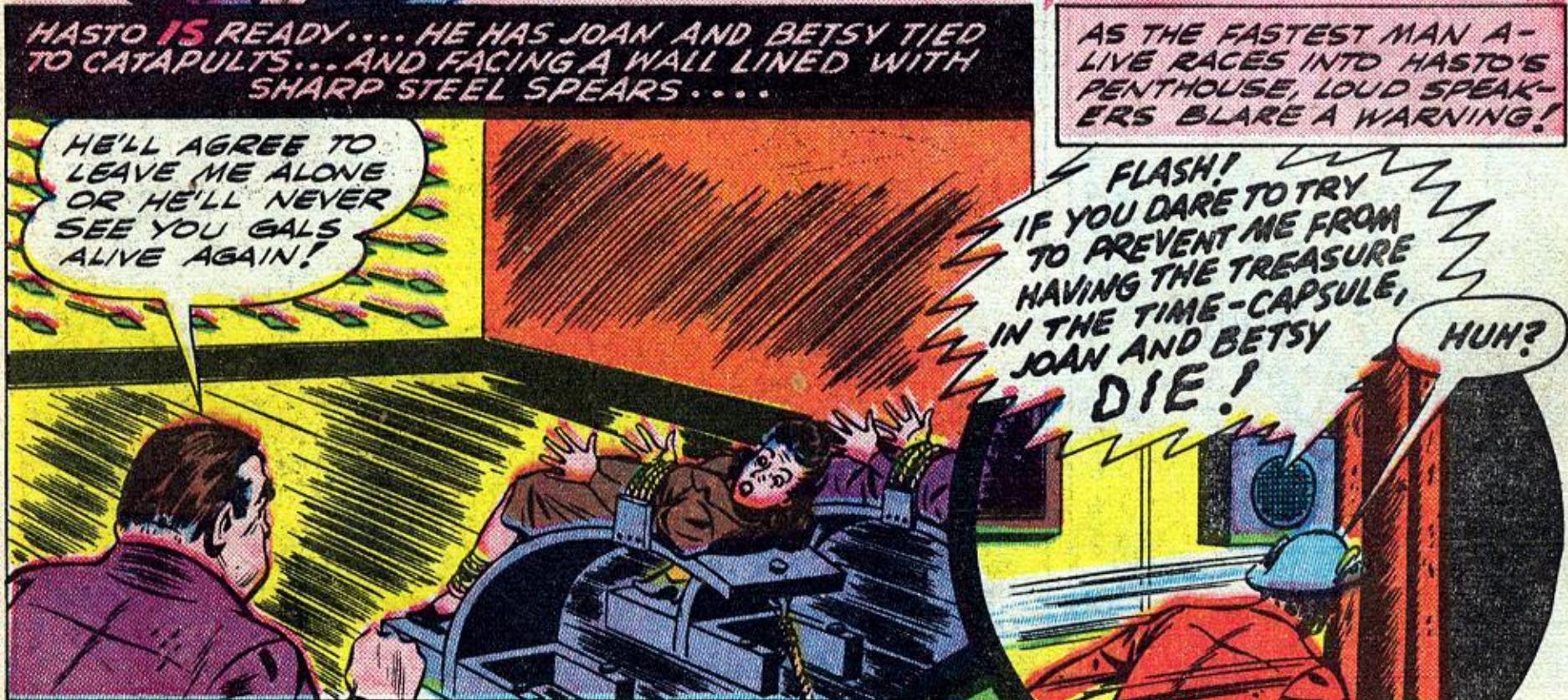
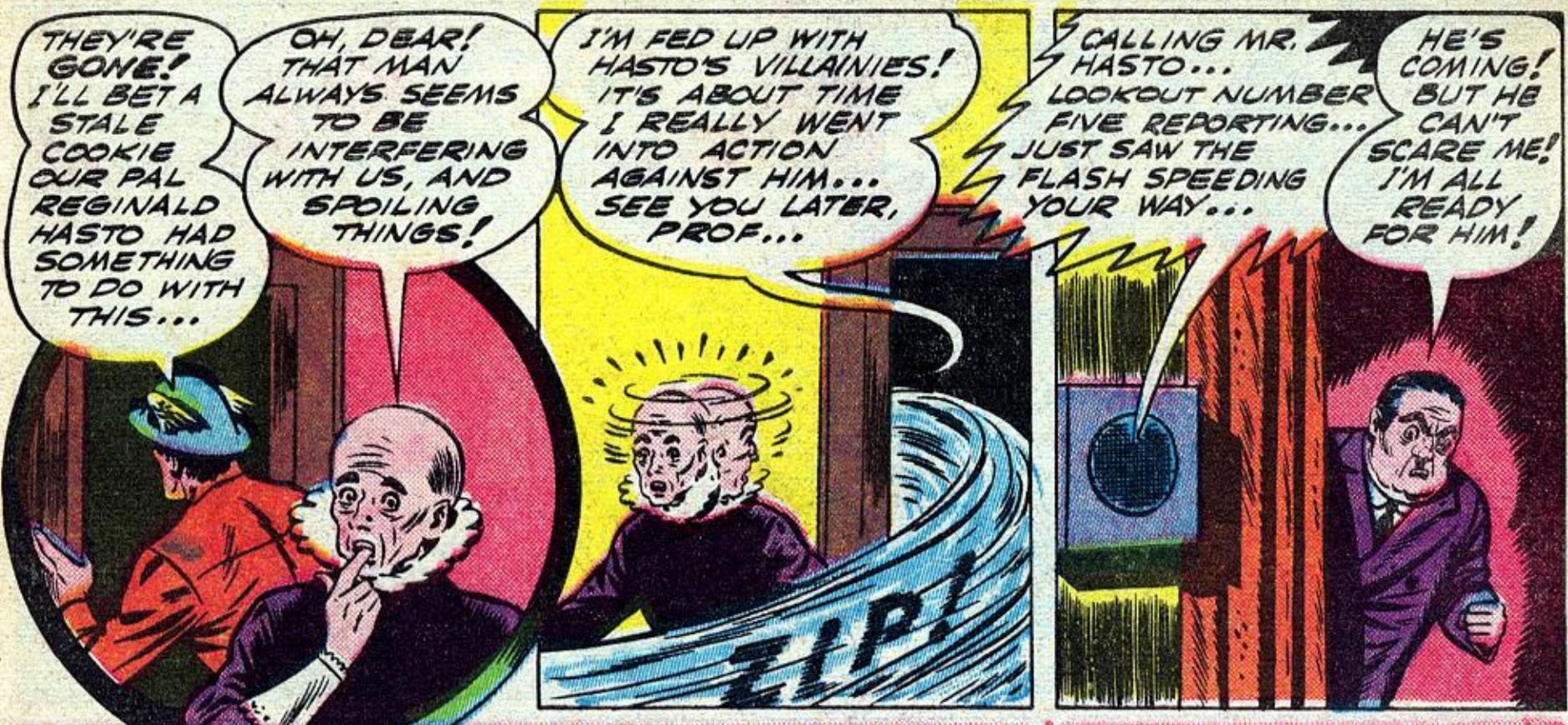
AH, YES, MY DEAR DAUGHTER! I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE HER, TOO!

RETURNING TO THE PRESENT, THEY FIND THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE SILENT AND DESERTED....

THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE HERE! JOAN! BETSY! WHERE ARE YOU?

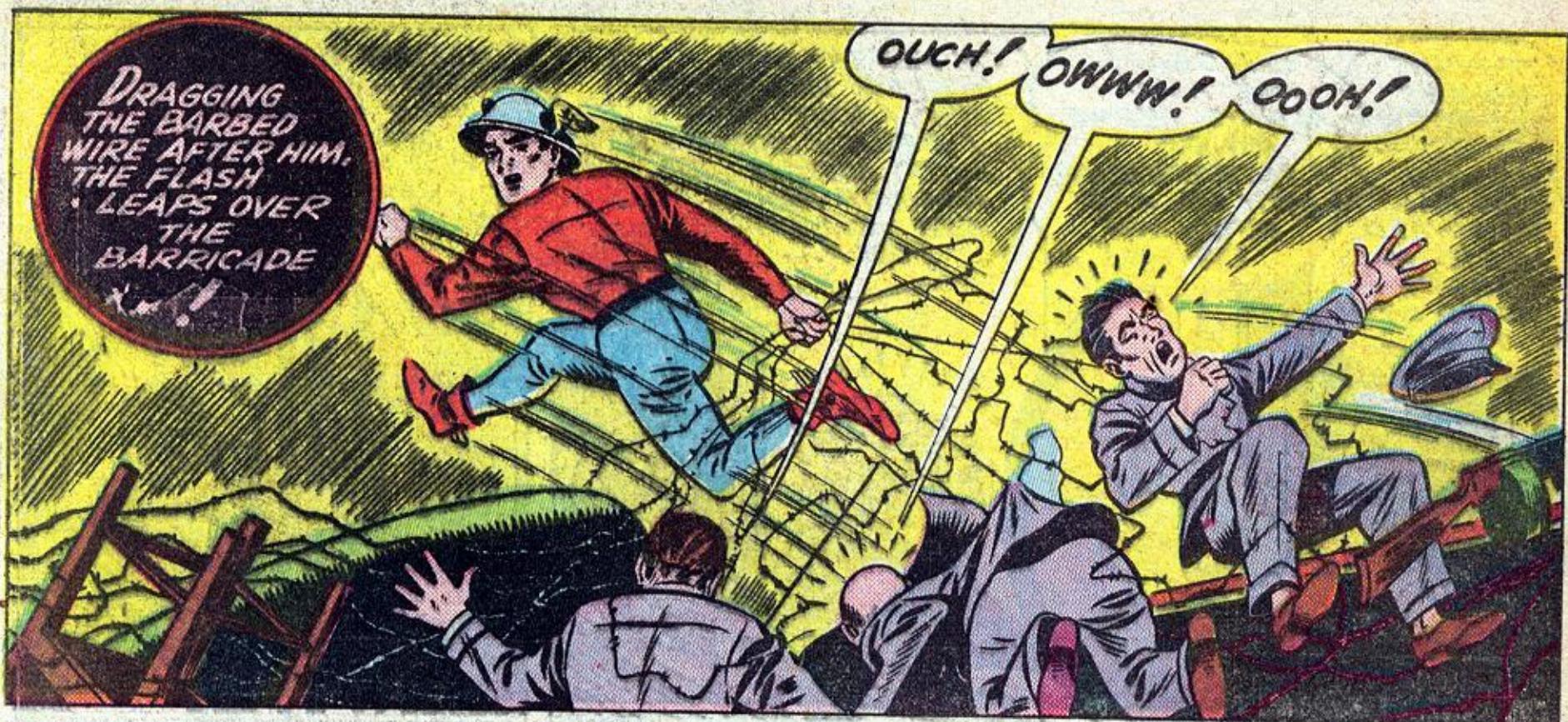
MAYBE THEY'RE HIDING!





DRAGGING
THE BARBED
WIRE AFTER HIM,
THE FLASH
LEAPS OVER
THE BARRICADE

OUCH! OWW! OOH!



HIDDEN BEHIND A STEEL
DOOR, REGINALD HASTO
SEES WHAT IS HAPPENING
TO HIS MEN....

OH! OH!
OHHH!

I'LL SHOW HIM!
I'LL MAKE HIM
SORRY HE EVER
STARTED ANYTHING!
I'LL SHOW HIM...

A LONG SWEEP OF A
POWERFUL MACHETE,
AND HE SEVERS THE ROPE
THAT HOLDS BACK THE
TAUT POWER OF A
CATAPULT...

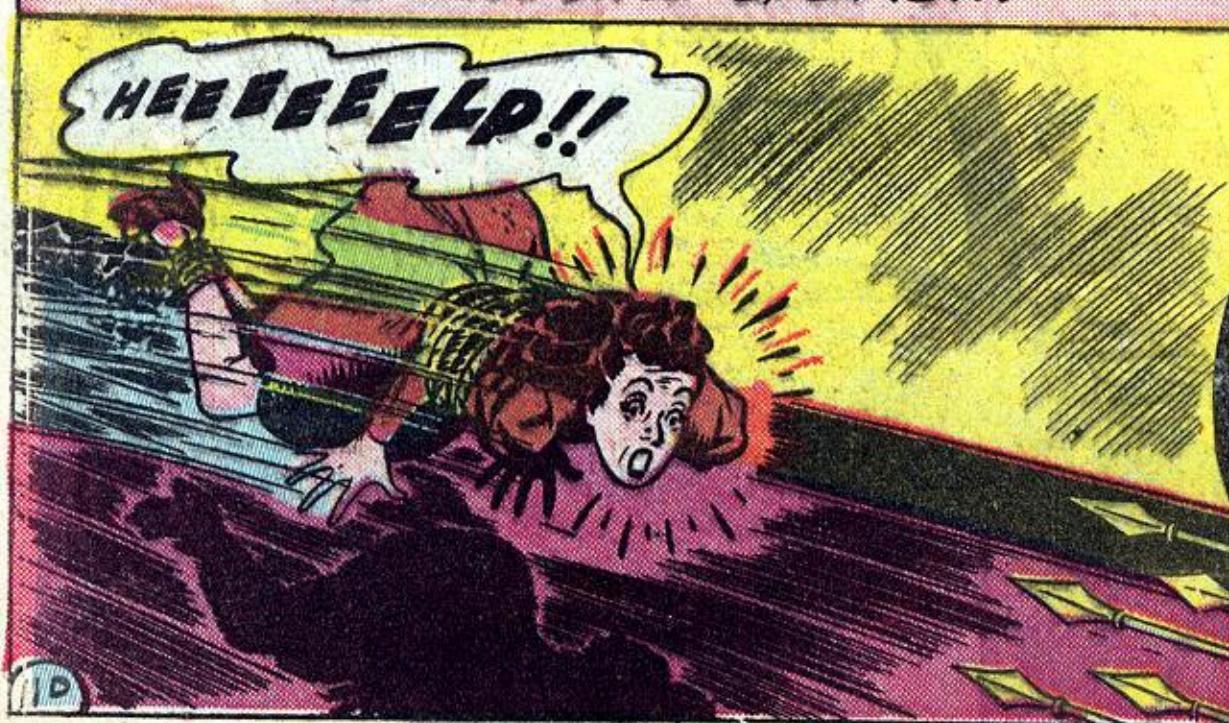
WHEN HE FINDS YOU
GIRLS IMPALED ON
THOSE SPEARS HE'LL
BE SORRY...

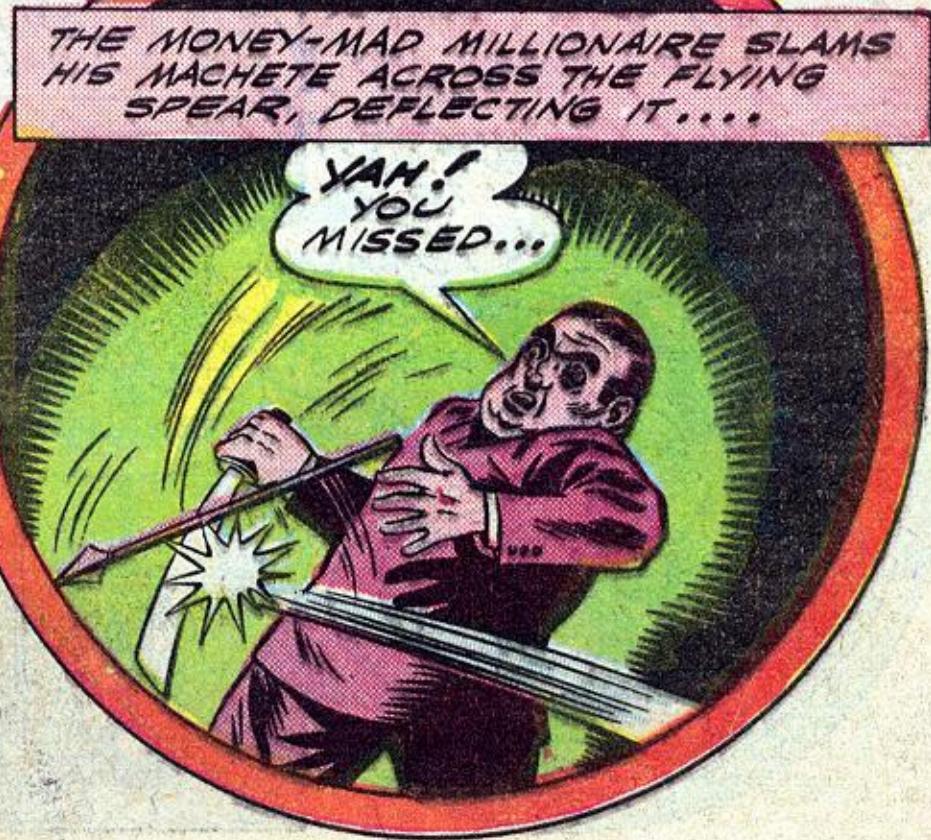
THE MIGHTY CATAPULT, RELEASED, SPRINGS FOR-
WARD, HURLING THE HELPLESS GIRL STRAIGHT FOR
THE SHARPENED SPEARS...

THE FLASH HEARS THE
TERRIFIED SCREAM...

HEEEEEEELP!!

BETSY!...

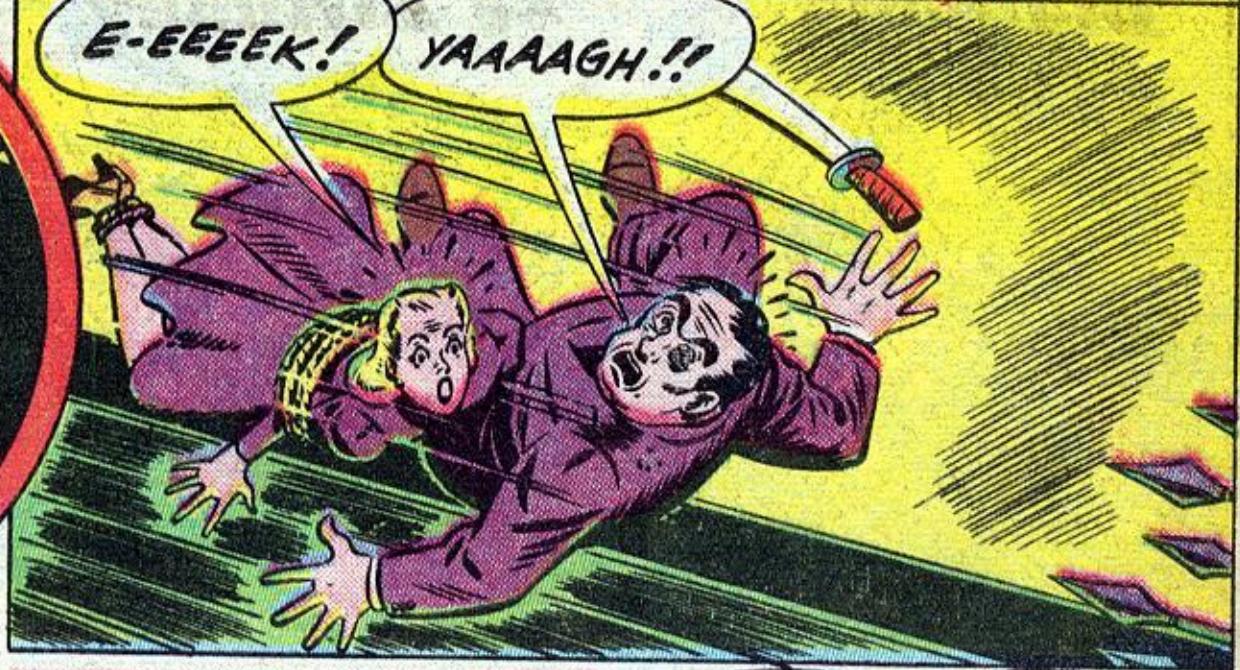




BUT THE DEFLECTED
SPEAR STRIKES AND CUTS
THE ROPE THAT HOLDS
THE CATAPULT...



UNFORTUNATELY FOR HASTO, HE IS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE CATAFALC, AND THE POWERFUL SPRING HURLS BOTH HIM AND JOAN FORWARD... STRAIGHT FOR THE SPEAR-STUDDED WALL...



WITH ALL HIS SPEED, THE FLASH CAN ONLY SAVE JOAN.... AND REGINALD HASTO MEETS THE FATE HE WOULD HAVE DEALT OUT TO OTHERS...

THE FLASH TAKES THE GIRLS BACK TO THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER RE-APPEARS WITH THE TIME CAPSULE THAT HAD BEEN HIDDEN IN HASTO'S PENTHOUSE...



NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT'S REALLY IN THIS THING...

OH, DEAR,
I-I JUST
REMEMBERED...

WHY, IT-
IT'S
EMPTY!

I FORGOT
TO PUT THE
TREASURE
IN IT! I WAS
SO BUSY
TRYING TO
RE-INVENT
THOSE PILLS,
I FORGOT
ALL ABOUT
IT....



BUT, YOU
CAN ALWAYS
TAKE A
TIME-PILL
AND GO
GET IT...

NO, I CAN'T!
THERE ARE
NO MORE
PILLS... AND
I HAVEN'T ANY
MONEY TO
MAKE
MORE!

FLASH...
OH, HE'S
GONE
AGAIN!

THE FLASH CHANGES HIS CLOTHES, AND RE-ENTERS THE BUNGALOW AS JAY GARRICK....

OH, JAY!
THE PROFESSOR
NEEDS HELP!
HE HAS TO
HAVE MONEY
TO MAKE
SOME TIME-PILLS
SO HE CAN GO
AFTER HIS
TREASURE...

WELL, PERHAPS
FATE NEVER MEANT
HIM TO HAVE IT...
IF I WERE YOU, PROF,
I'D LET WELL ENOUGH
ALONE - YOU MIGHT
NOT BE LUCKY ENOUGH
TO GET BACK FROM
THE PAST WITH A WHOLE
SKIN A THIRD TIME...

YOU'RE RIGHT!
LET'S JUST
CONTINUE
OUR WEEK-
END PARTY
AS IF
NOTHING
HAD
HAPPENED...
AND BE
THANKFUL
THAT WE'RE
HERE TO
ENJOY IT!



THE
END

**THE FLASH • (FASTEST MAN ALIVE) Is Thanked
for His Great Help in the President's
Diamond Jubilee Birthday
Celebration!**

From The NATIONAL CHAIRMAN:-

THE COMMITTEE FOR THE CELEBRATION
OF THE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc.
60 EAST 42nd STREET • NEW YORK CITY • MURRAY HILL 2-9020

January 8, 1942



Mr. M. C. Gaines, President
All-American Comics, Inc.
480 Lexington Avenue
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Gaines:

May I thank you and All-American Comics, Inc. for your
wholehearted cooperation in the 1942 Infantile Paralysis
Campaign.

Through your "Flash" cartoon you have vividly portrayed
the need for the continuation for this fight against the
crippling disease. Close to the heart of our President is
the health of our boys and girls and young men and young

Best regards.

Sincerely,

Keith Morgan
National Chairman



-And
on the next
page are a few of the
many Letters Received from
the State Chairmen of the President's
BIRTHDAY BALL COMMITTEE !

From the NEW YORK State Chairman

"Dear Mr. Gaines:

This will acknowledge receipt of your recent communication enclosing a copy of each of your publications containing publicity for the Celebration of the President's Birthday which you are donating to this most worthy cause.

The last paragraph of your letter impressed me most deeply because it is my experience that working on any cause as humane as this one is, is always a source of deep personal satisfaction to us. I do want you to know how appreciative we all are of your fine cooperation and know that it will be the means of bringing a fine message to many people who otherwise might not be reached.

Cordially yours,
ARTHUR CARTER, Chairman"

From the PENNSYLVANIA State Chairman

"Dear Mr. Gaines:

Thank you very much for sending me the copies of your publications containing publicity for the President's Diamond Jubilee Birthday Celebration. This is a very worthwhile advertising method because I have seen various copies of your magazine in the hands of youngsters, who seem to enjoy reading them.

Reciprocating the season's greetings, I am

Sincerely yours,
CORNELIUS D. SCULLY, Chairman"

From the ARIZONA State Chairman

"Dear Mr. Gaines:

Just received your copies of publications containing the publicity for the President's Diamond Jubilee Birthday Ball. I want to add my appreciation, along with the National Committee, for your splendid cooperation. It certainly should add materially to our drive.

I feel just as you do that the war should serve to accentuate rather than lessen, in the people's minds, the need for raising funds.

Yours sincerely,
TERRENCE A. CARSON, Chairman"

From the WEST VIRGINIA State Chairman

"Dear Mr. Gaines:

It was thoughtful of you to send me copies of your publications containing valuable references to the President's Diamond Jubilee Birthday Celebration. Many young (and not-so-young) "Superman" enthusiasts and followers of "All-Star Comics", "Green Lantern", "Sensation Comics", "Flash Comics", and "All-American Comics" will have the birthday celebration brought to their attention in a way which will appeal strongly to them.

Please permit me to congratulate you on your generosity in making this splendid contribution to the cause which we all are supporting.

Sincerely,
PATRICK D. KOONTZ, Chairman"

FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF

THE FLASH
-FASTEEST MAN ALIVE!
• EVERY MONTH IN •
FLASH COMICS!

also featuring
JOHNNY THUNDER-
AND HIS THUNDERBOLT!

THE KING-
MAN OF A MILLION MASQUES

GHOST PATROL
3 SHADES AND THEIR ESCAPADES!

THE WHIP.
Ed Wheeler's **MINUTE MOVIES**
and

THE HAWKMAN!



MAY ISSUE NOW ON SALE!

**HERE ARE THE ANSWERS
TO EVERYONE'S QUESTIONS!
THE BOOK THAT SHOULD
BE IN THE HOME OF
EVERY AMERICAN!**

**HOW YOU CAN
Defense 15¢
YOUR HOME!**

**WHEN THE
ENEMY
STRIKES!**

- HOW TO "BLACKOUT"
- WHAT ARE SAFEST SHELTERS
- FIRST AID HINTS
- WHAT TO DO AT HOME
- WHAT TO DO AT SCHOOL
- THE REFUGE ROOM
- PUTTING OUT INCENDIARY BOMBS
- CIVILIAN DEFENSE INSIGNIA

*Where to
Volunteer
Your Services*

**HOW
TO SPOT
THE PLANES
IN THE
Skies!**

**A HANDBOOK OF AIR
RAID PREPAREDNESS!**

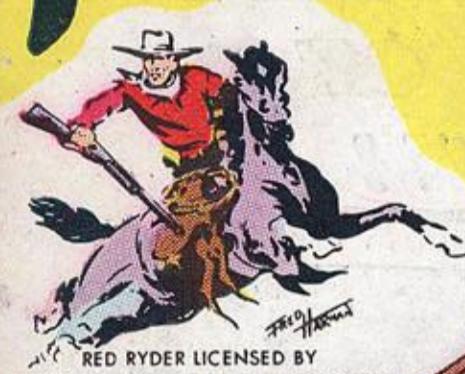


**AUTHENTIC ILLUSTRATIONS AND
DESCRIPTIONS OF 50 AMERICAN
ENGLISH and ENEMY PLANES**

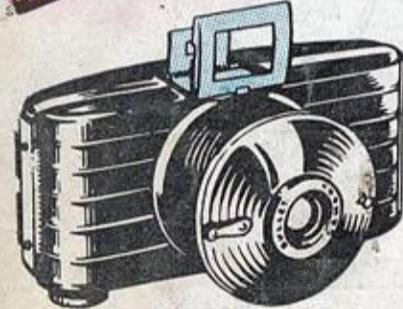
Based on official information from the U. S. Office of Civilian Defense.

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

PRIZES FOR ALL!

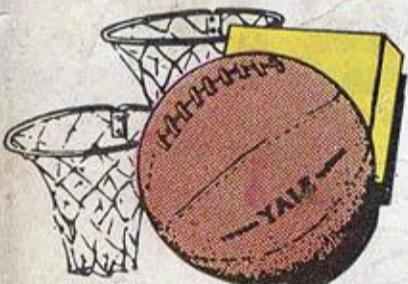


RED RYDER LICENSED BY
STEPHEN SLESINGER INC., NEW YORK



EASTMAN CAMERA

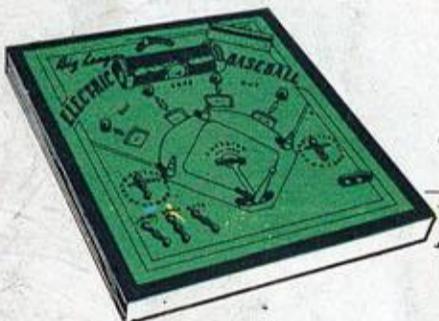
Given for selling only one order.



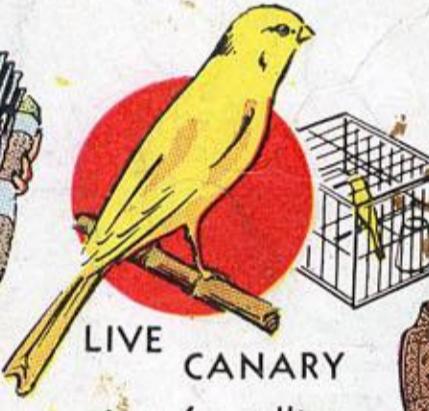
Complete Basketball Set.
For boys and girls.



Pepperell "warm-weave" part-wool blanket. Warm, soft and fleecy!



Electric Baseball Game. Hours of fun for all the family—the game you'll never tire of playing.



LIVE CANARY

given for selling only one order. Safe delivery guaranteed.



You can be a "Two-Gun Cowboy" with this fine set. Gene Autry friendship ring FREE.



Boys! Girls!
Get a STREAM-LINED BIKE.



GENE AUTRY
GUITAR
Full size, full tone,
decorated with western scene and
Gene Autry's signature.

EXTRA VALUE PRIZES

Given for selling extra orders as explained in BIG PRIZE BOOK.

SEND COUPON TODAY

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., DEPT. 810, LANCASTER, PA.
Please send my FREE SINGING LARIAT, the BIG GIFT BOOK, and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

R.F.D. Box or Street No _____

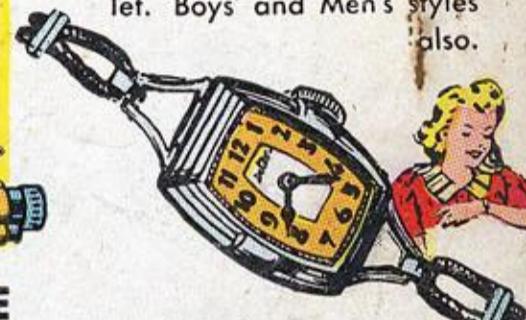
City _____ State _____

FREE! A GENUINE SINGING LARIAT GIVEN FREE FOR MAILING THE COUPON TODAY! ACT AT ONCE

Any prize shown in this circle, and dozens of others in our **FREE PRIZE BOOK**, is **GIVEN** to you for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Everybody wants American Seeds—they are fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once. Send the coupon now for **FREE SINGING LARIAT**, Seeds and Free Prize Book showing over sixty prizes like Toilet Set, Roller Skates, Radio, etc.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU
AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 810, Lancaster, Pa.

Sell only one order and get a beautiful Girls' or Women's WRIST WATCH, with cord bracelet. Boys' and Men's styles also.



DAISY'S RED RYDER CARBINE

A lightning-loading, fast-shooting, 1000 shot Air Rifle.

CROQUET SET
Complete set given for selling one order.

GENE AUTRY
TWO-GUN
HOLSTER SET



Boys! Girls!
Get a STREAM-LINED BIKE.

