

FALL ISSUE
No. 16

Ace-Flash



FIVE CLUES TO CRIME

10¢

IND.



An important
message to the
boys and GIRLS
of AMERICA!



from
**GENERAL
ARNOLD**

COMMANDING GENERAL
U.S. ARMY
AIR FORCES

WAR DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

We of the armed forces urge every young man and woman of pre-military age who has been filling a summer war job to return to school this autumn. Such work is important, but your education has top priority. You will serve your country best by making the most of your education opportunities, for this is not only a brave man's war--it is also a smart man's war.

If you plan to enter military service, you will find that a good education offers the best assurance of progress and recognition. In all branches of service, we need trained leaders, engineers, scientists and specialists. And in the years to follow victory we will need them even more, as our nation charts its progress in the post-war world.



H. H. Arnold
H. H. ARNOLD,
General, U. S. Army,
Commanding General, Army Air Forces.

(Prepared in cooperation with the Office of War Information and published in the interest of the NATIONAL GO-TO-SCHOOL DRIVE, sponsored by the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, and the U. S. Office of Education, Federal Security Agency.)

ALL-FLASH No. 389439- Vol. 2, No. 16, Fall, 1944 issue. Published quarterly by Jolaine Publications Inc., 429 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. M. C. Gaines, President; Sheldon Mayer, Editor. Registered as second-class matter Sept. 1, 1943, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. inc. including postage. U. S. Patent Office Trade Mark No. 389439 under the

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Printed in U. S. A.



The Flash

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

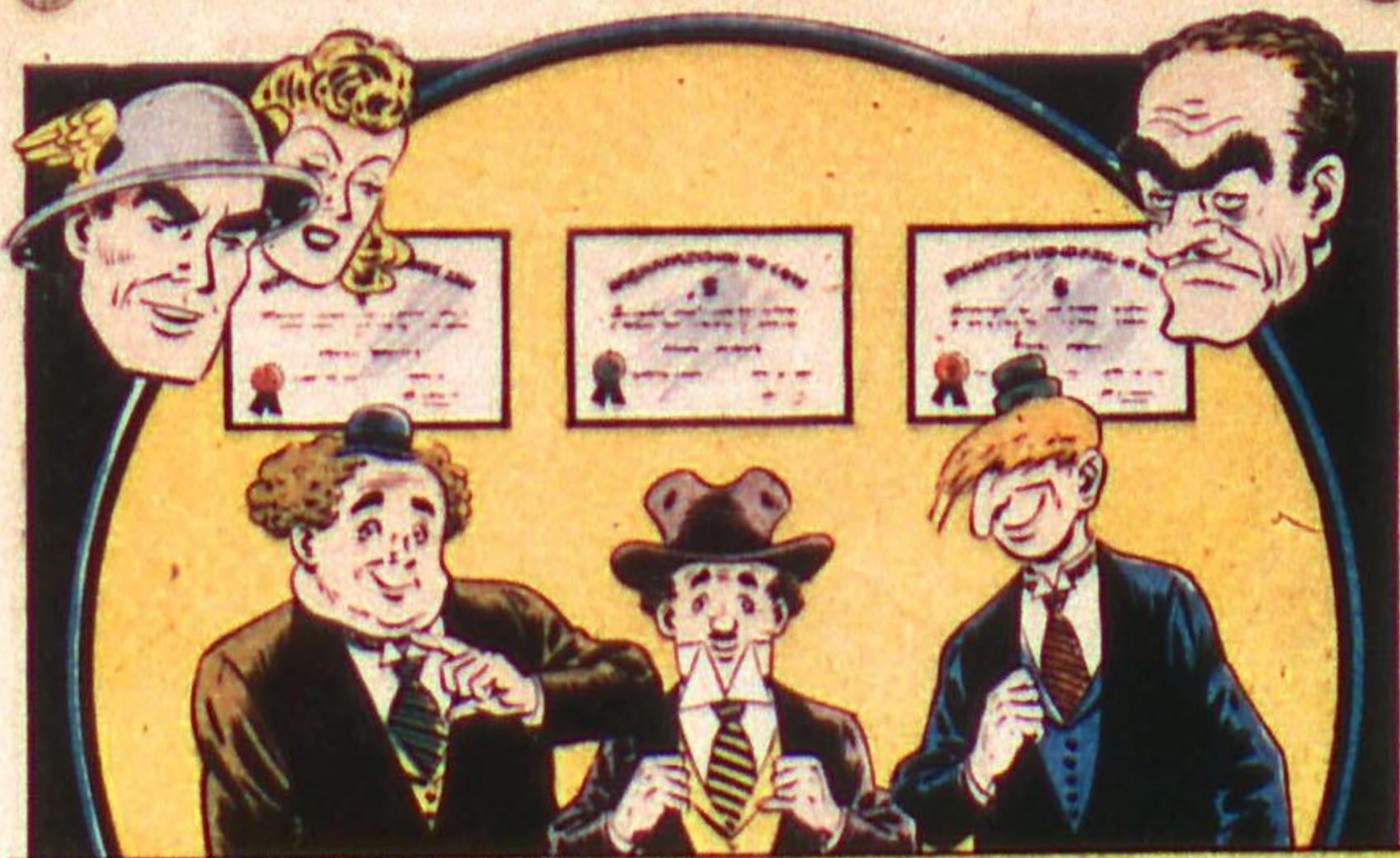
FIVE CLUES TO CRIME



1A

FIVE CLUES, FIVE TONGUES OF DESTINY SPEAKING FROM THE GRAVE,
PUTTING THE FINGER ON THE GREATEST CRIMINAL GENIUS OF THE AGE!
INSIGNIFICANT THINGS, SO WELL HIDDEN THAT ONLY THE FAST THINKING
AND AMAZING LEG WORK OF THE FLASH CAN FATHOM THEIR RIDDLE!

AND SO, ONCE AGAIN WE PRESENT THE FLASH, FASTESt MAN ALIVE,
IN ANOTHER FULL-LENGTH STORY.....



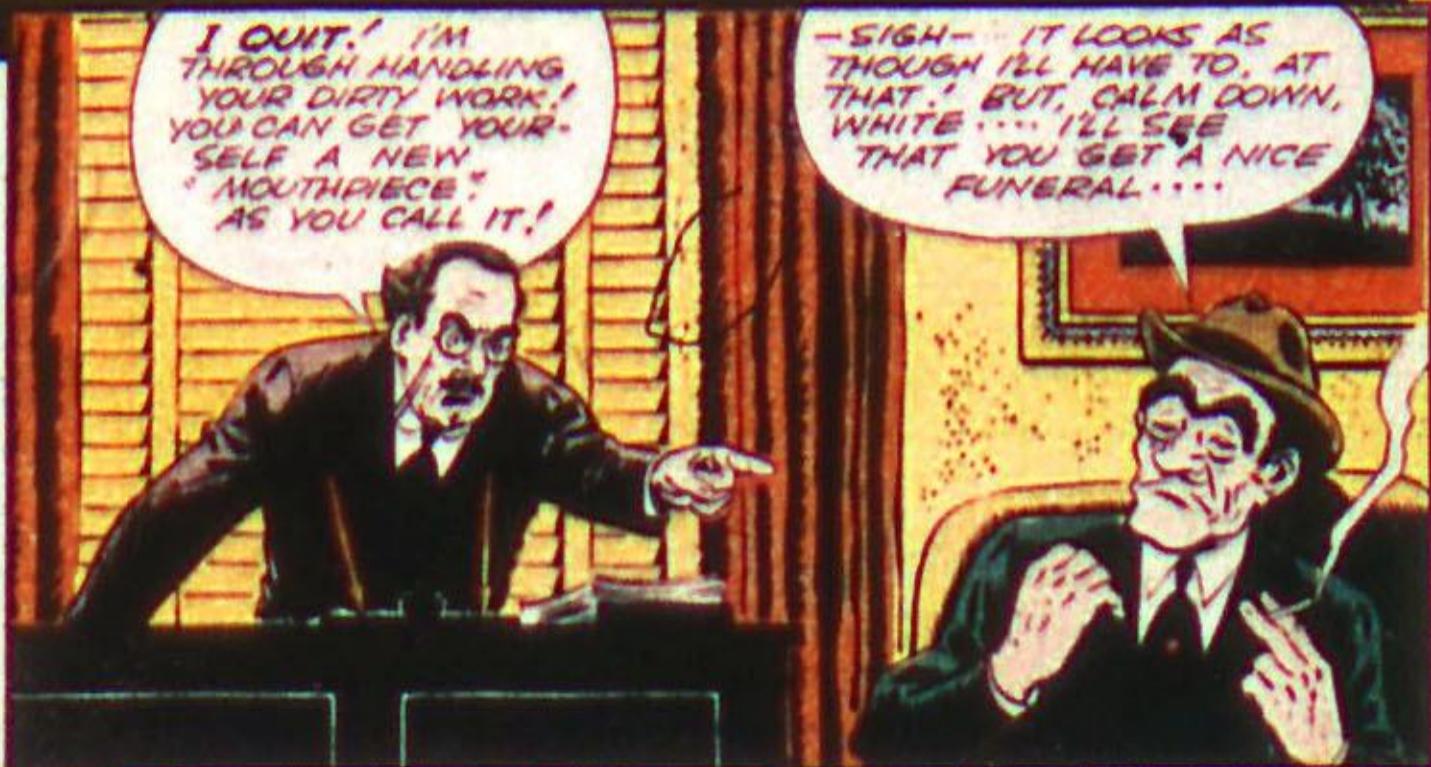
THREE DIPLOMAS, GLEAMING ON THE WALL! THREE BRAND NEW LAWYERS, WAITING FOR BUSINESS, FILLED WITH HOPE AND AMBITION, READY TO FIRE ANY COURT WITH BLAZING ORATORY AND CLEVER BRIEF

UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE JUDGES OF THIS FAIR LAND, THESE NEW LAWYERS ARE WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY, THE BIRDBRAINS OF THE LEGAL WORLD... GRADUATES OF A CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW, THEY HAVE SET UP

THEIR OFFICE AND ARE READY FOR BUSINESS

AND WHAT BUSINESS, THEY ARE ABOUT TO GET! AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY ARE ABOUT TO BE GIVEN THE BUSINESS. WHEN THE FLASH AND THAT MASTER OF MISDEED — THE SINISTER — LOCK GRIPS IN A BATTLE FOR POSSESSION OF "THE LETTER OF THE LAW!"

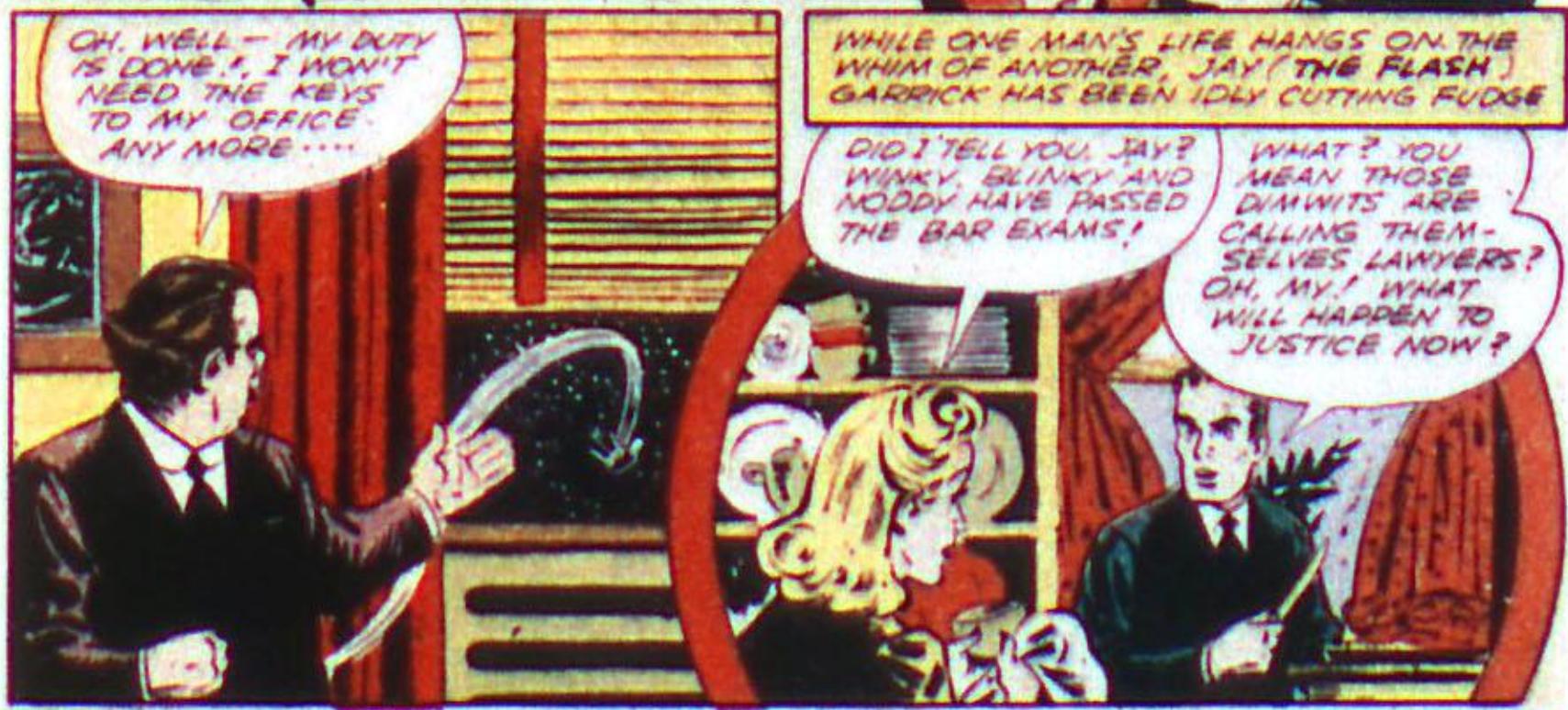
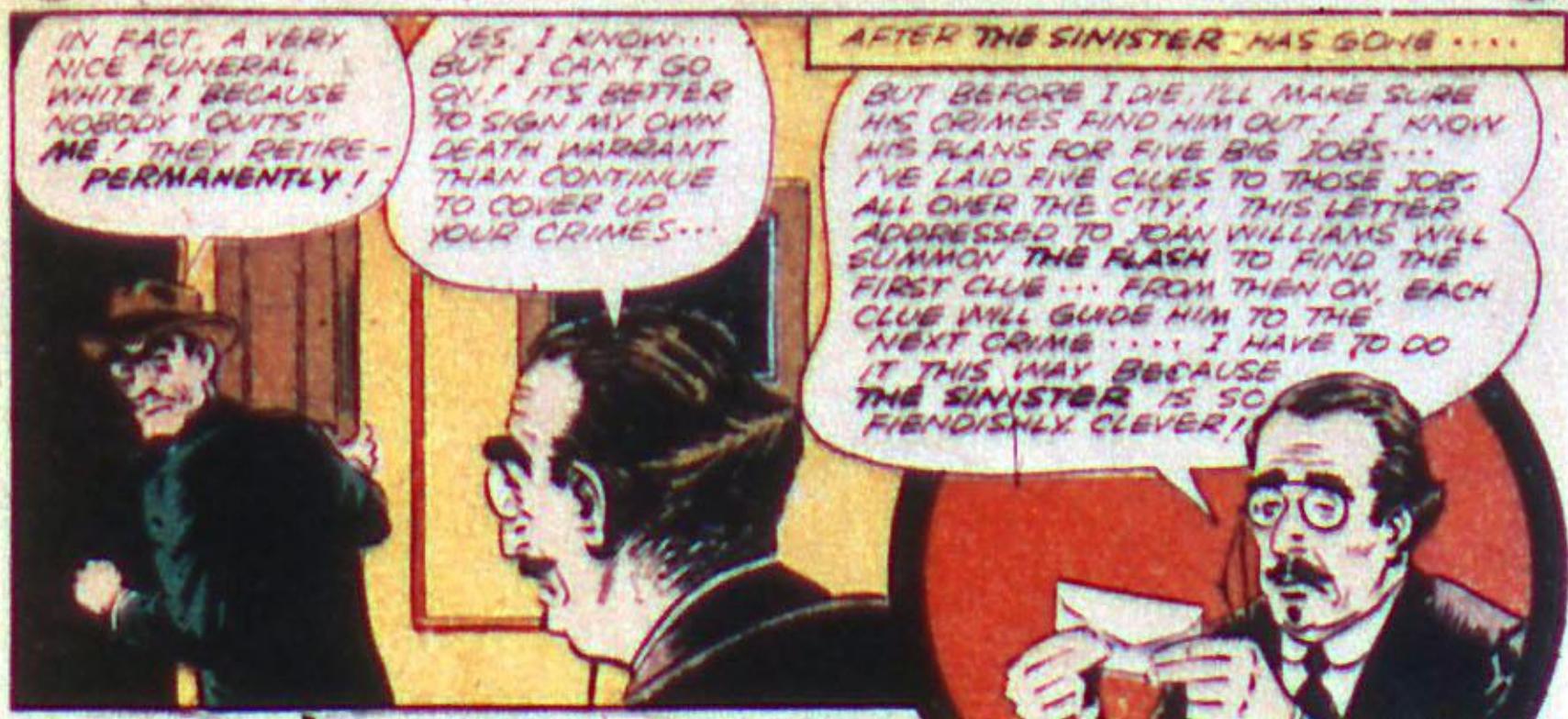
IN HIS SPACIOUS LAW OFFICE, THE NOTORIOUS MOUTHPIECE J. EMMET WHITE, CONFERS WITH HIS EQUALLY NOTORIOUS CLIENT... THE SINISTER... !

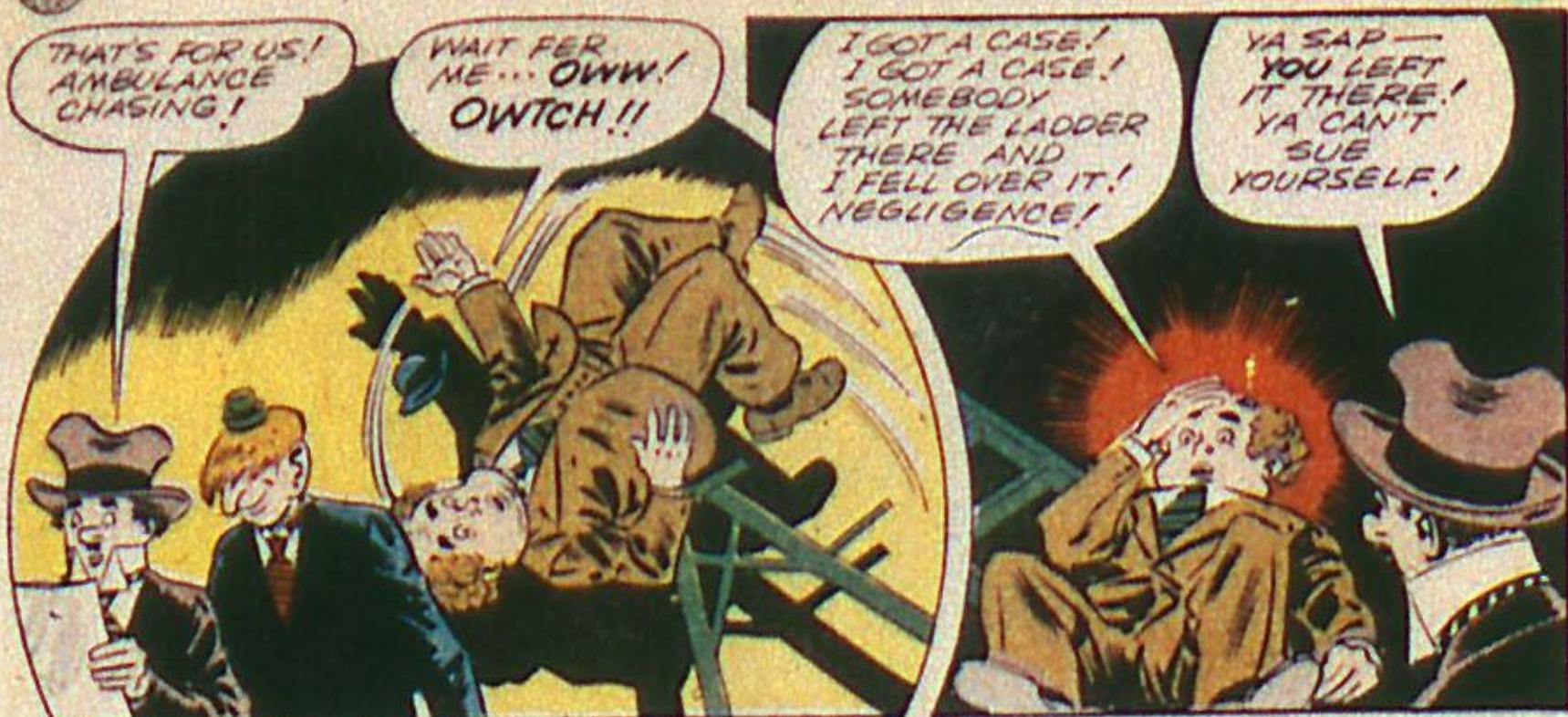


I OUT! I'M THROUGH HANDLING YOUR DIRTY WORK! YOU CAN GET YOURSELF A NEW MOUTHPIECE, AS YOU CALL IT!

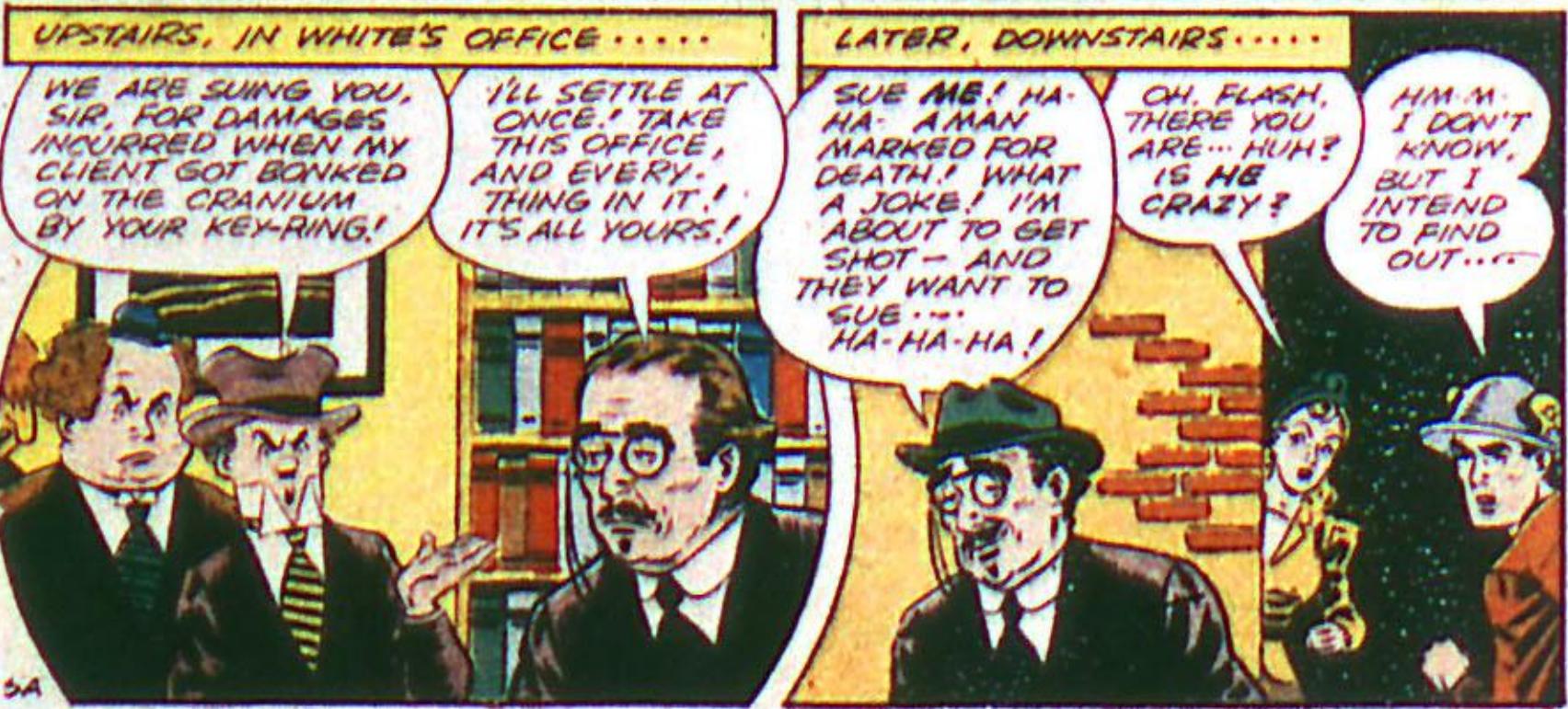
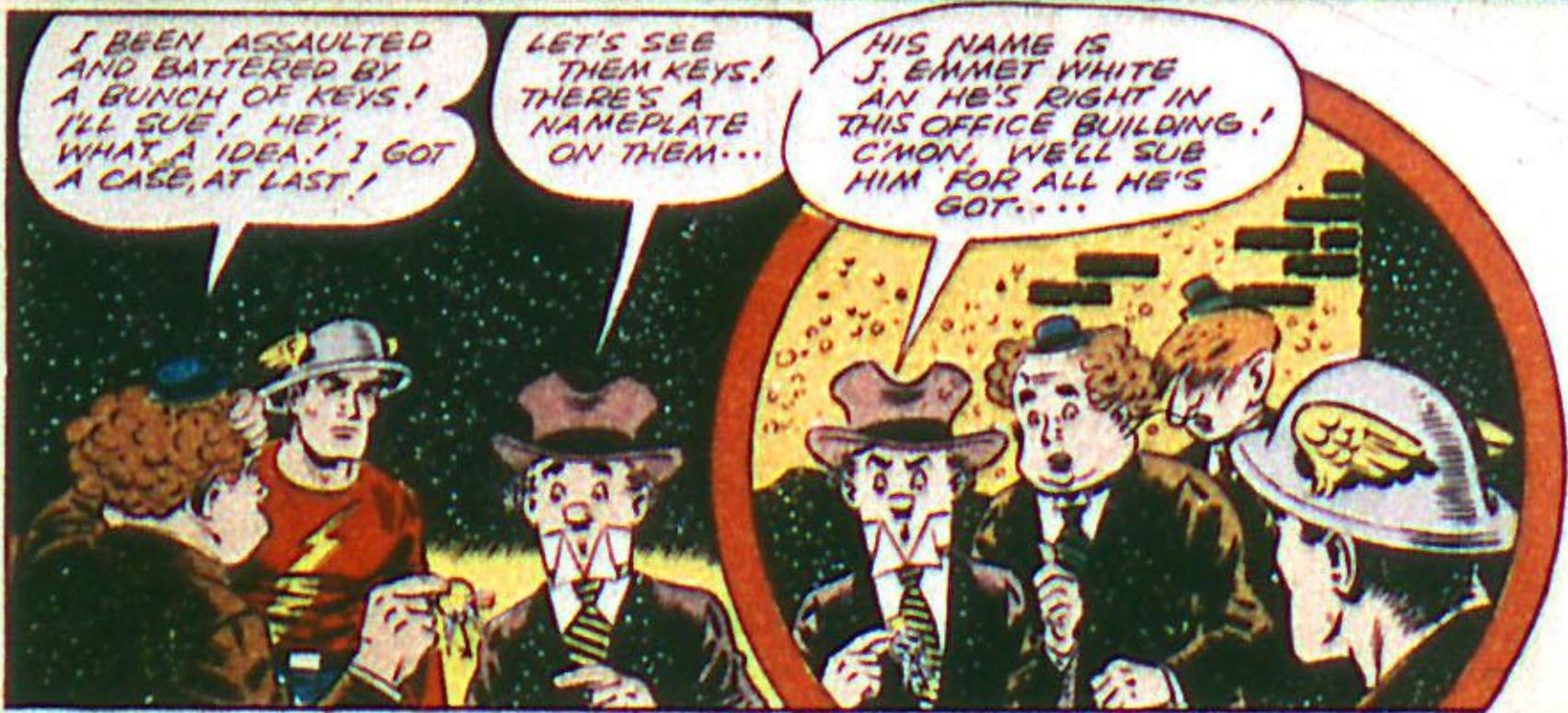
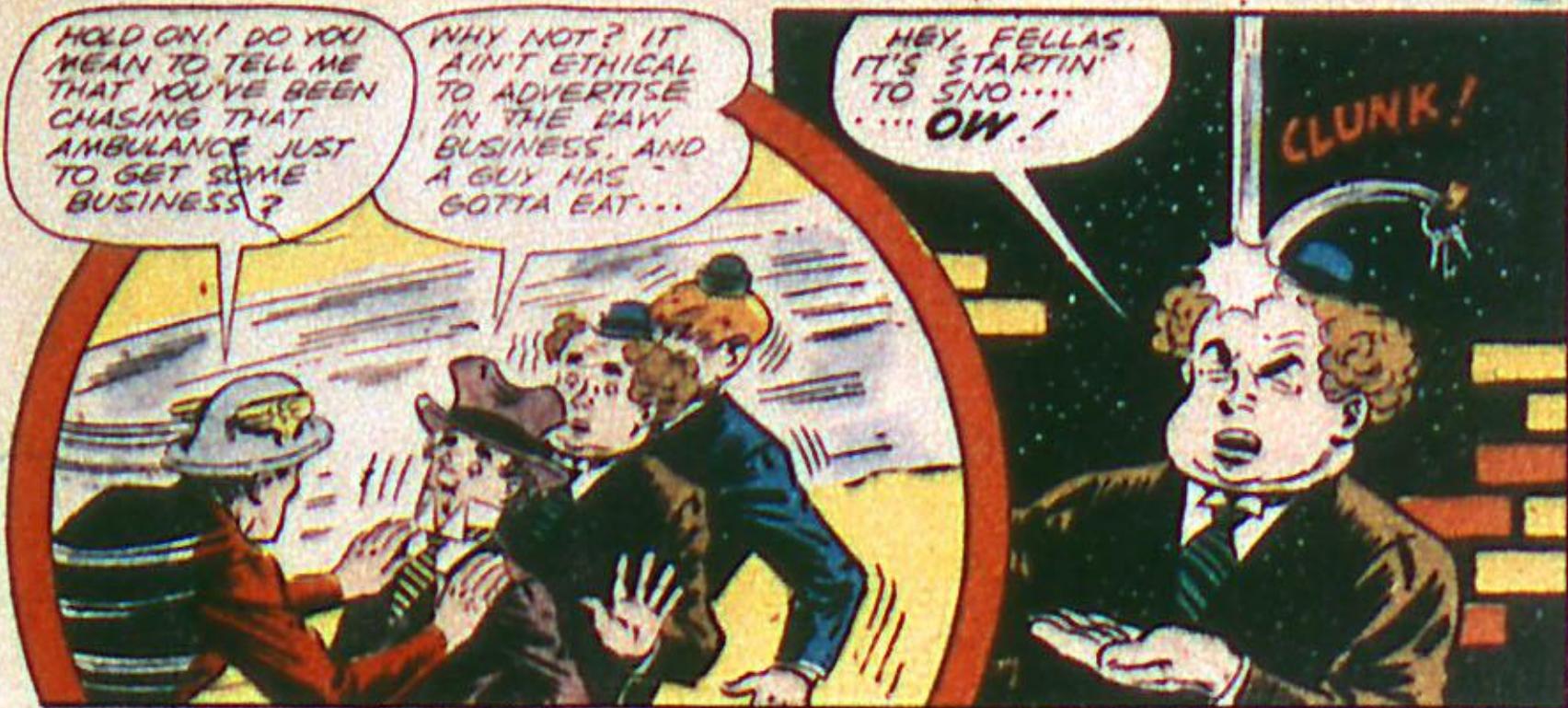
-SIGH- IT LOOKS AS THOUGH I'LL HAVE TO, AT THAT! BUT, CALM DOWN, WHITE . . . I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A NICE FUNERAL

ALL FLASH

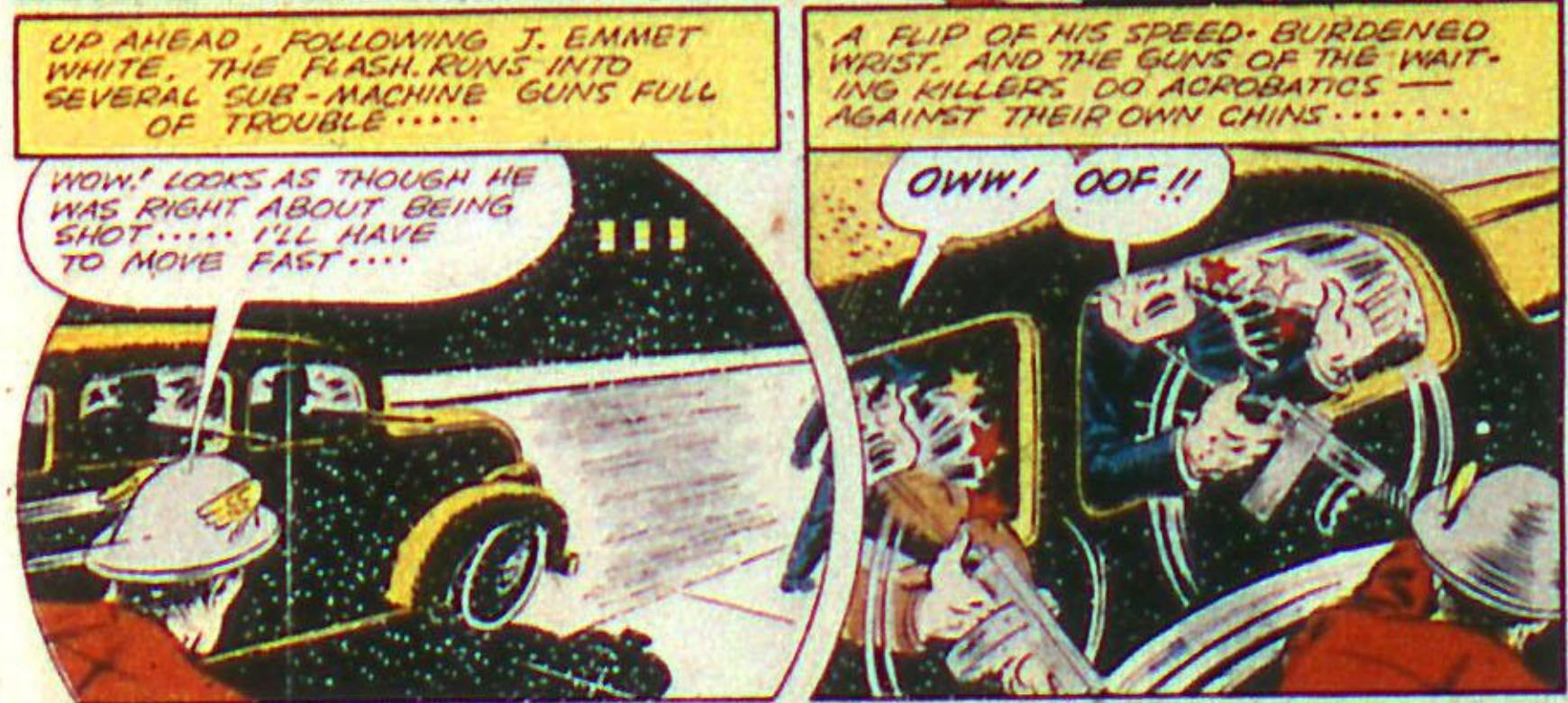




ALL-FLASH



ALL-FLASH



ALL-FLASH

THREE PAIRS OF EYES PEER THROUGH THE SWIRLING SNOW AT THE SLOWLY STROLLING FORM OF J. EMMET WHITE...

AND ONE INSTANT LATER, THOSE EYES BLINK IN AMAZEMENT — FOR THE NOTED MOUTHPIECE HAS COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED!!!



OKY THE SOFTLY DROPPING SNOW CONTAINS THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF J. EMMET WHITE'S DISAPPEARANCE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT BEFORE THE WATCHING EYES OF THREE MEN... AND SNOW DOES NOT TALK! —

FOUR BLOCKS AWAY, IN FRONT OF THE LOCAL POLICE PRECINCT STATION.....



ALL-FLASH

MINUTES LATER... AT THE OFFICES OF
MOYLEN, BOYLAN AND TOYLAN...
(FORMERLY J. EMMET WHITE) —

HE DISAPPEARED, ENT
HIM-M. MAYBE THE BOYS
GOT HIM AFTER ALL...
I MEAN, TOO BAD!, SAY,
HOW'D YOU GUYS LIKE
TO MAKE A THOUSAND
BUCKS?

OH,
I DUNNO...
I GUESS SO...

WHERE'S
WHITE?
WHAT'RE
YOU GUYS
DOING
HERE?

FOR YOUR
INFORMATION,
SIR, J. EMMET
WHITE TURNED
THIS BUSINESS
OVER TO US!

YEAH—
JUST
BEFORE HE
DISAPPEARED,
IN BROAD
DAYLIGHT,
TOO...



WHAT??
A THOUSAN....
HOW? WHERE?
WHO DO WE
GOTTA
MOIDER?

NOW, NOW, CALM
DOWN... NOTHING
LIKE THAT! I JUST
WANT TO GO
TO JAIL...

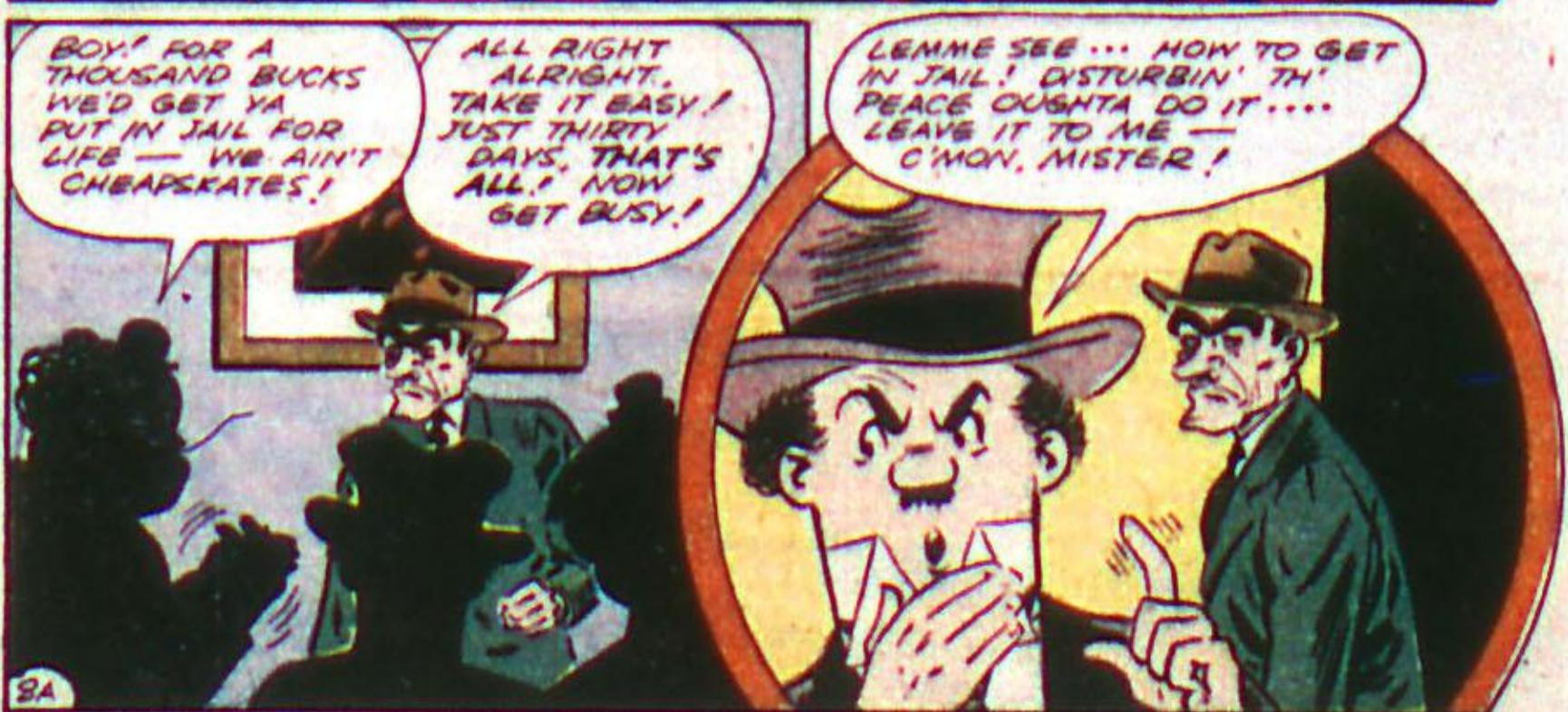
YOU BOYS LOOK DUM... I MEAN
SMART ENOUGH TO GET ME
PUT IN JAIL FOR THIRTY
DAYS! THIRTY DAYS —
A THOUSAND BUCKS....



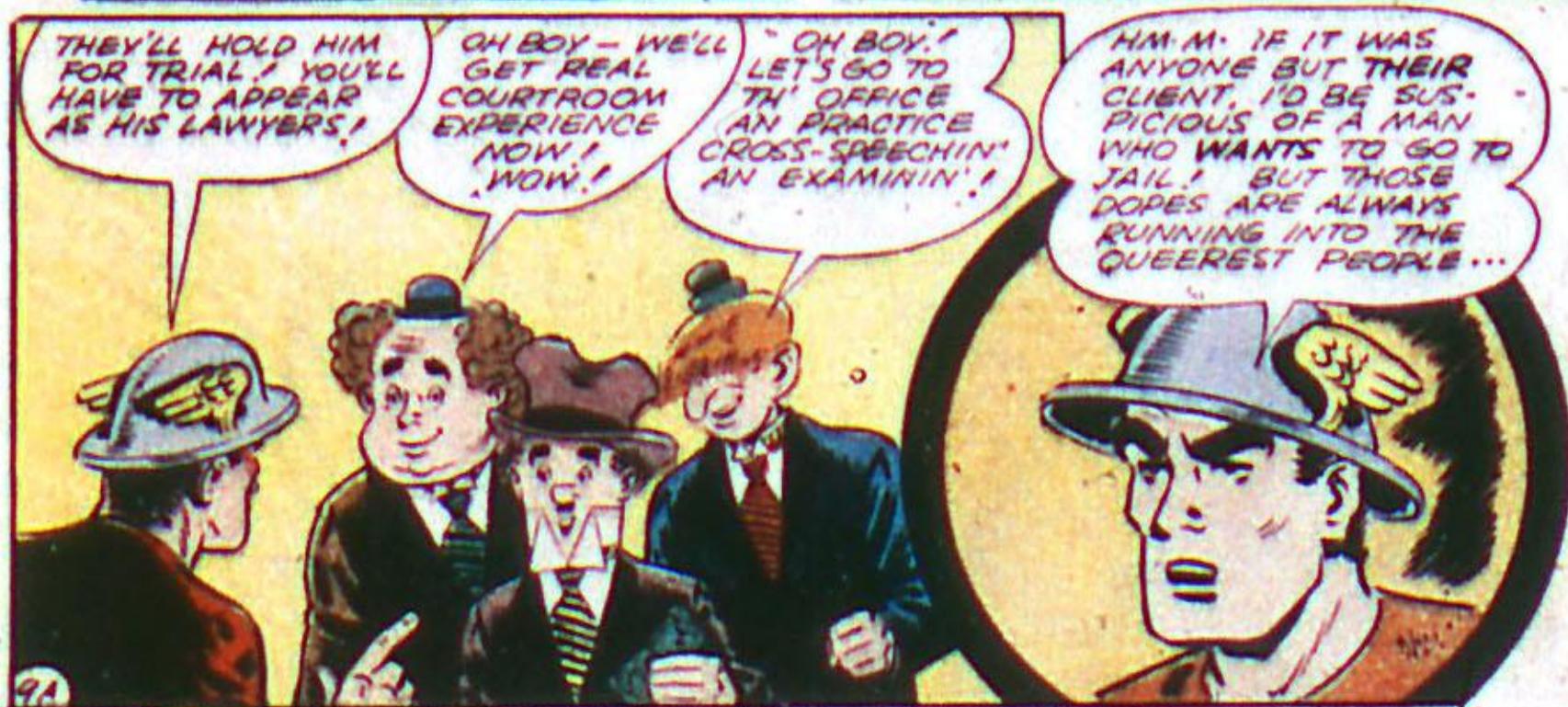
BOY! FOR A
THOUSAND BUCKS
WE'D GET YA
PUT IN JAIL FOR
LIFE — WE AINT
CHEAPSKEATES!

ALL RIGHT
ALRIGHT.
TAKE IT EASY!
JUST THIRTY
DAYS, THAT'S
ALL! NOW
GET BUSY!

LEMME SEE... HOW TO GET
IN JAIL! DISTURBIN' TH'
PEACE OUGHTA DO IT....
LEAVE IT TO ME —
C'MON, MISTER!



ALL FLASH



ALL FLASH

THE NEXT DAY, JOAN WILLIAMS RECEIVES A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER....



NEVER GUESSING THE IMPORTANT CONTENTS OF THE ENVELOPE, JOAN HASTILY STUFFS IT INTO HER HANDBAG AND HURRIES DOWNTOWN....



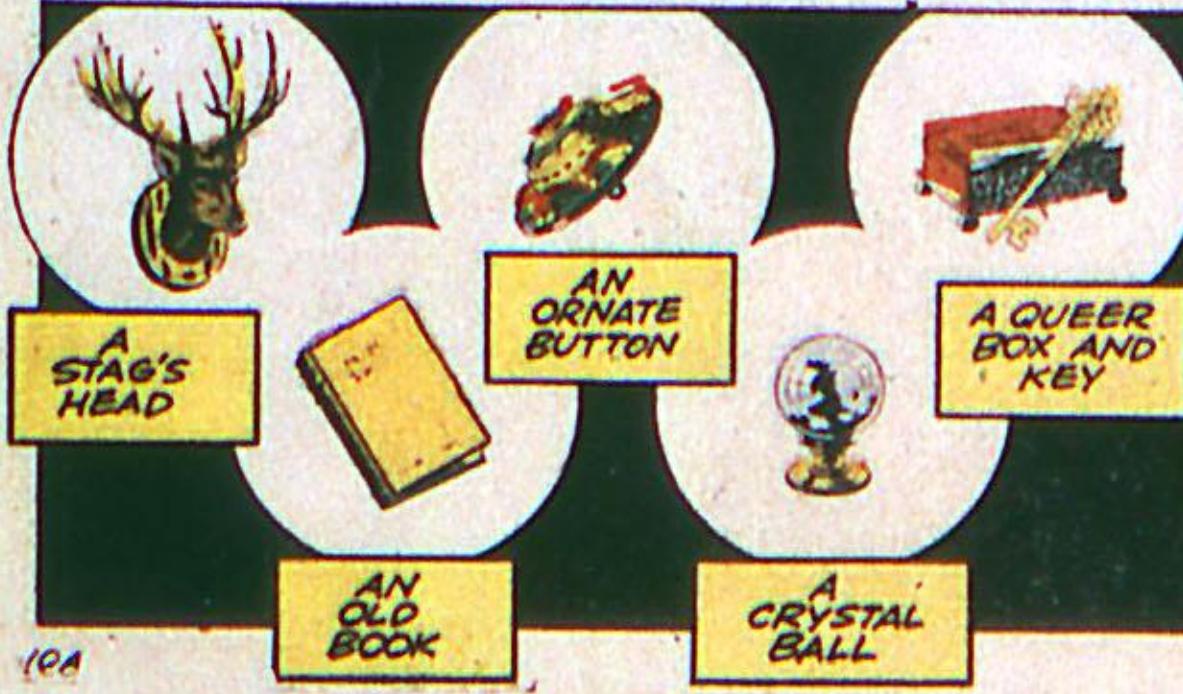
A LEAPING FORM, EXPERT FINGERS CLOSING ABOUT A HANDBAG, A RAPID TATTOO OF RACING FEET....



AND SO THE LETTER FROM J. EMMET WHITE THAT IS MEANT FOR THE FLASH, THE LETTER THAT POINTS OUT CLUE NUMBER ONE TO THE FIVE CRIMES SCHEDULED BY THE SINISTER, DISAPPEARS IN THE CLUTCHES OF A PICKPOCKET !



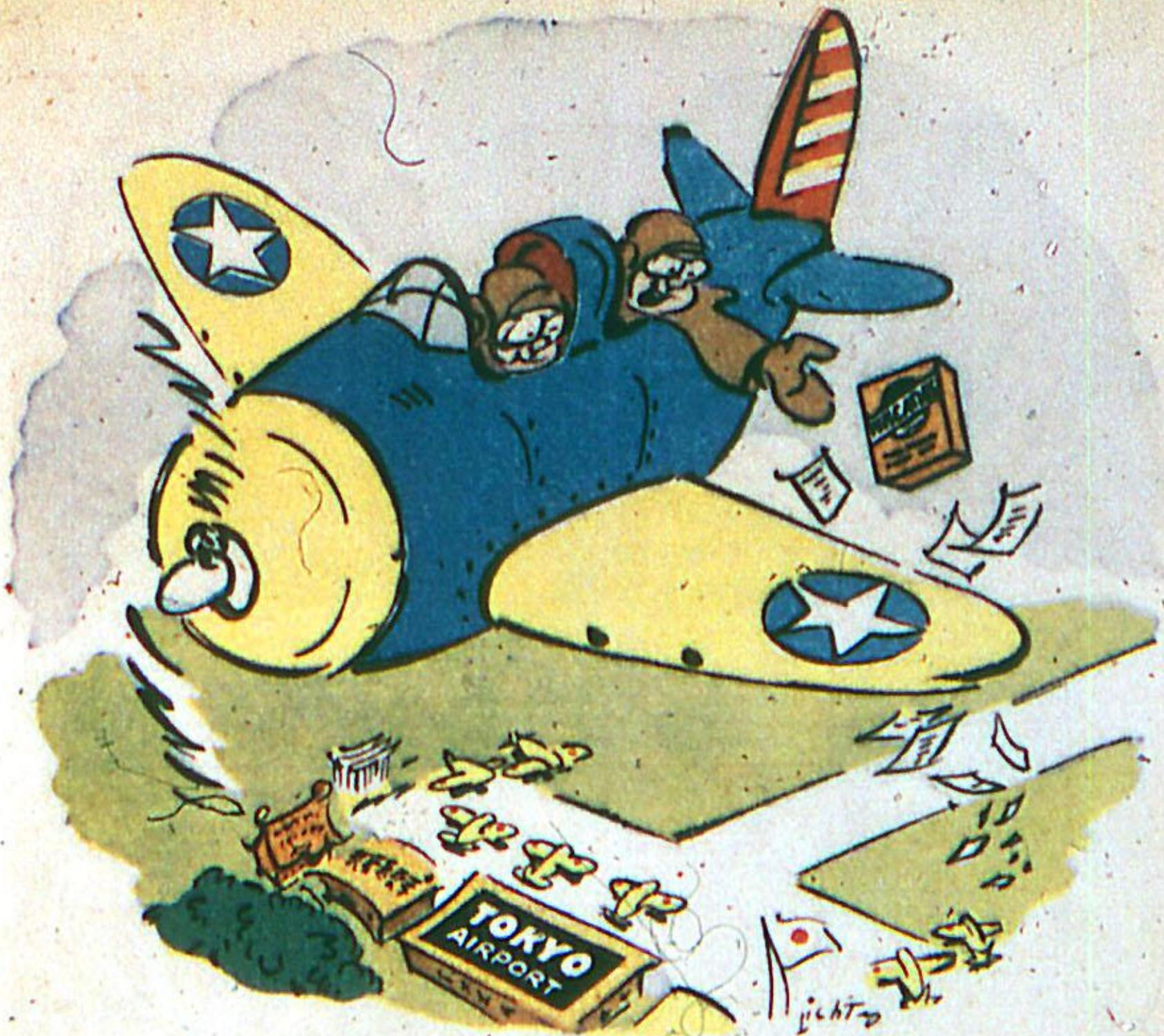
FIVE CLUES — USELESS TO PREVENT THE CRIMES THEY BETRAY UNLESS THEY'RE KNOWN TO THE FLASH...



IF THE FLASH DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THOSE CLUES, HE CAN'T SOLVE THE RIDDLE LEFT HIM BY LAWYER J. EMMET WHITE, AND IF HE ISN'T AWARE OF THEM... HOW CAN HE STOP THE SCHEMES OF THE SINISTER, WHO IS EVEN NOW ON HIS WAY TO THE PERFECT ALIBI....

THIRTY DAYS IN JAIL!

?



"The leaflets tell 'em they'd be better off by surrenderring ... and the box of Wheaties will convince 'em."



HERE'S A SUGGESTION WE'D LIKE TO DROP WITH YOU.
TRY WHEATIES AND LET THOSE BIG WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES CONVINCE YOU THAT THE GOOD BREAKFAST YOU NEED CAN BE REAL FUN TO EAT. YOU GET CRACK WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT IN WHEATIES. THE SAME VALUABLE FOOD ENERGY RECOMMENDED BY LEADING COACHES AND FAMOUS ATHLETES. YOU GET THAT WELL-KNOWN "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR, TOO. A ZIPPY, NUT-SWEET FLAVOR THAT MAKES A DIRECT HIT WITH YOU.

TAKE OFF WITH A LOAD OF GOOD NOURISHMENT AND GOOD FLAVOR AND GOOD FUN... EVERY MORNING. TAKE ON A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."



"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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

CHAPTER
- TWO -"MENACE
IN THE
MUSEUM!"**The Flash**FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!
BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

THE PEOPLE VS THE SINISTER! COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE, MOYLAN, BOYLAN AND TOYLAN! AS THE CLERK CRIES OUT, "ALL THOSE HAVING BUSINESS WITH THIS CRIMINAL COURTS SESSION DRAW NEAR, GIVE YOUR ATTENTION, AND YOU SHALL BE HEARD".... NODDY LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND

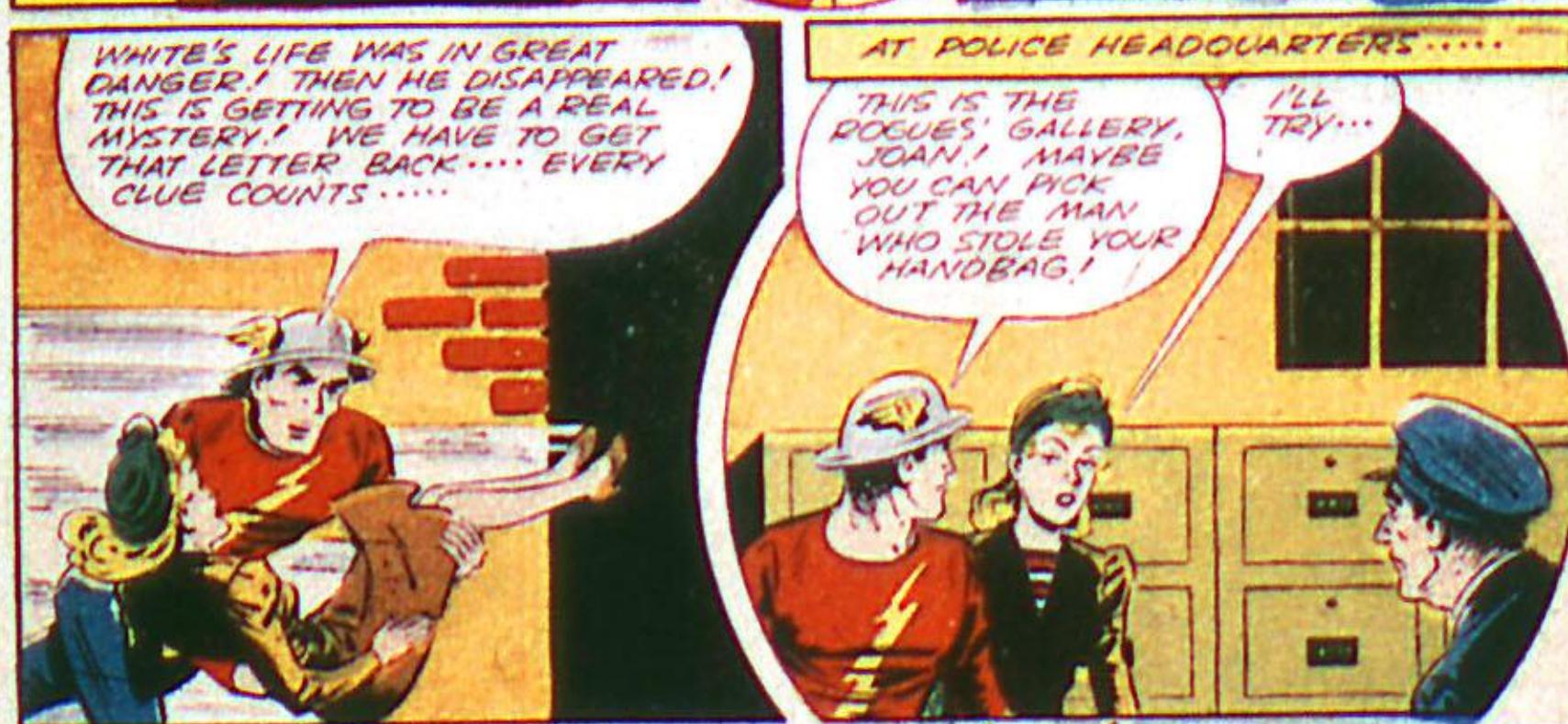
YOUR HONOR! OUR CLIENT HIT A COP WITH A TOMATO... THAT IS REPREHENSIBLE... THE FREEDOM OF LIFE DOES NOT TOLERATE SUCH ACTION... IT IS TYRANNY... AND BESIDES, TOMATOES ARE KINDA HARD TO GET THESE DAYS... WE ASK A THIRTY-DAY SENTENCE TO TEACH HIM A LESSON.... AND....

ORDER IN THE COURT! ORDER!
ORDER!!

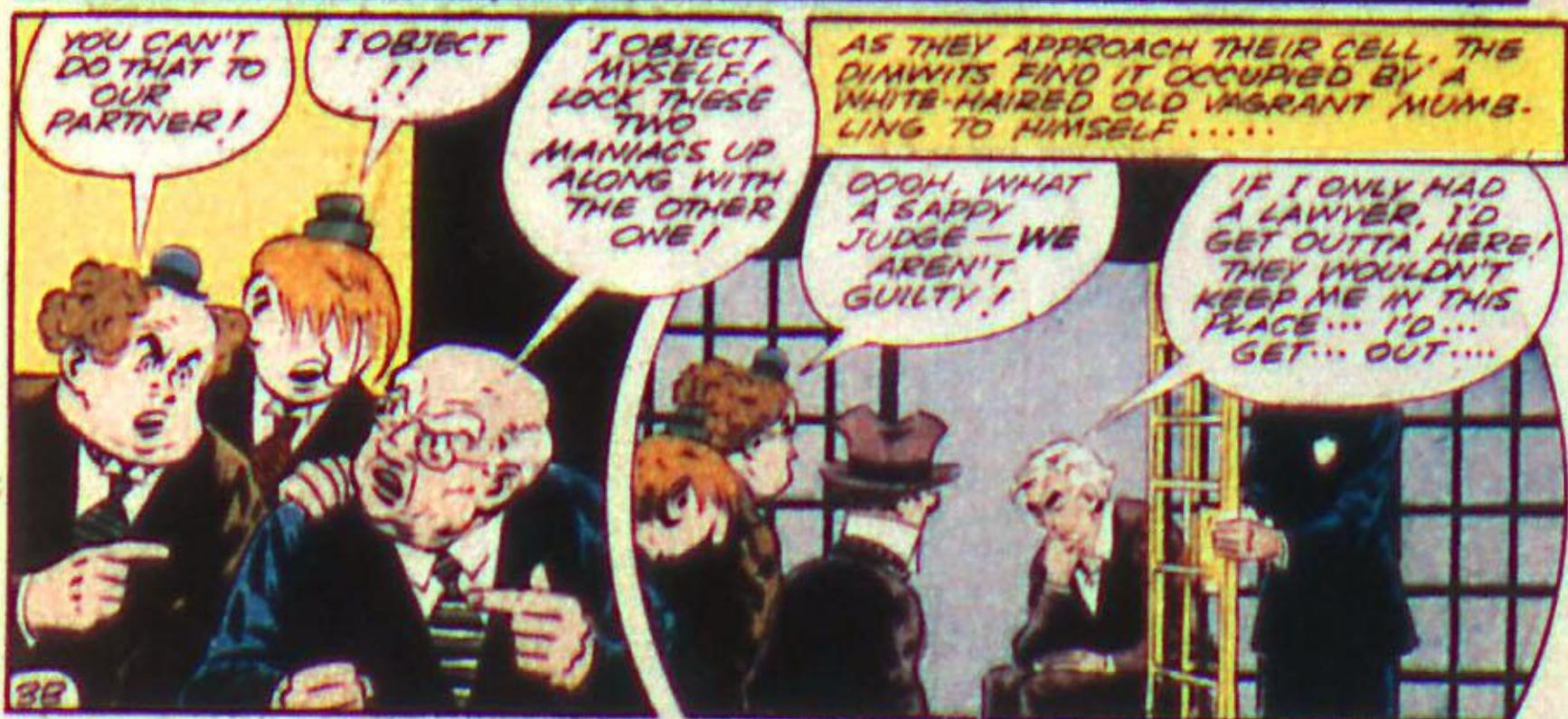
QUIET!

MR. ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE, WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOR...?
SIT DOWN UNTIL YOUR CASE IS CALLED!!!

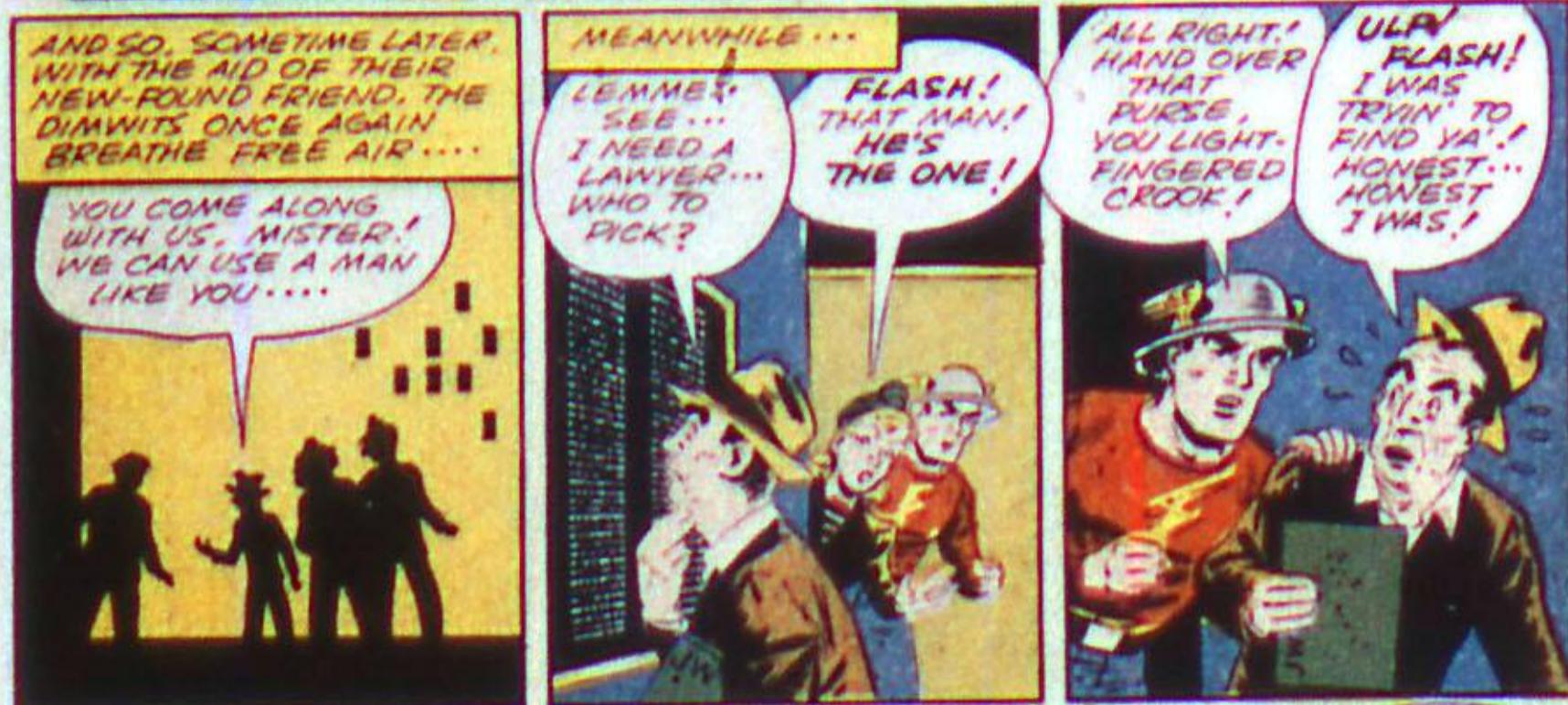
ALL-FLASH

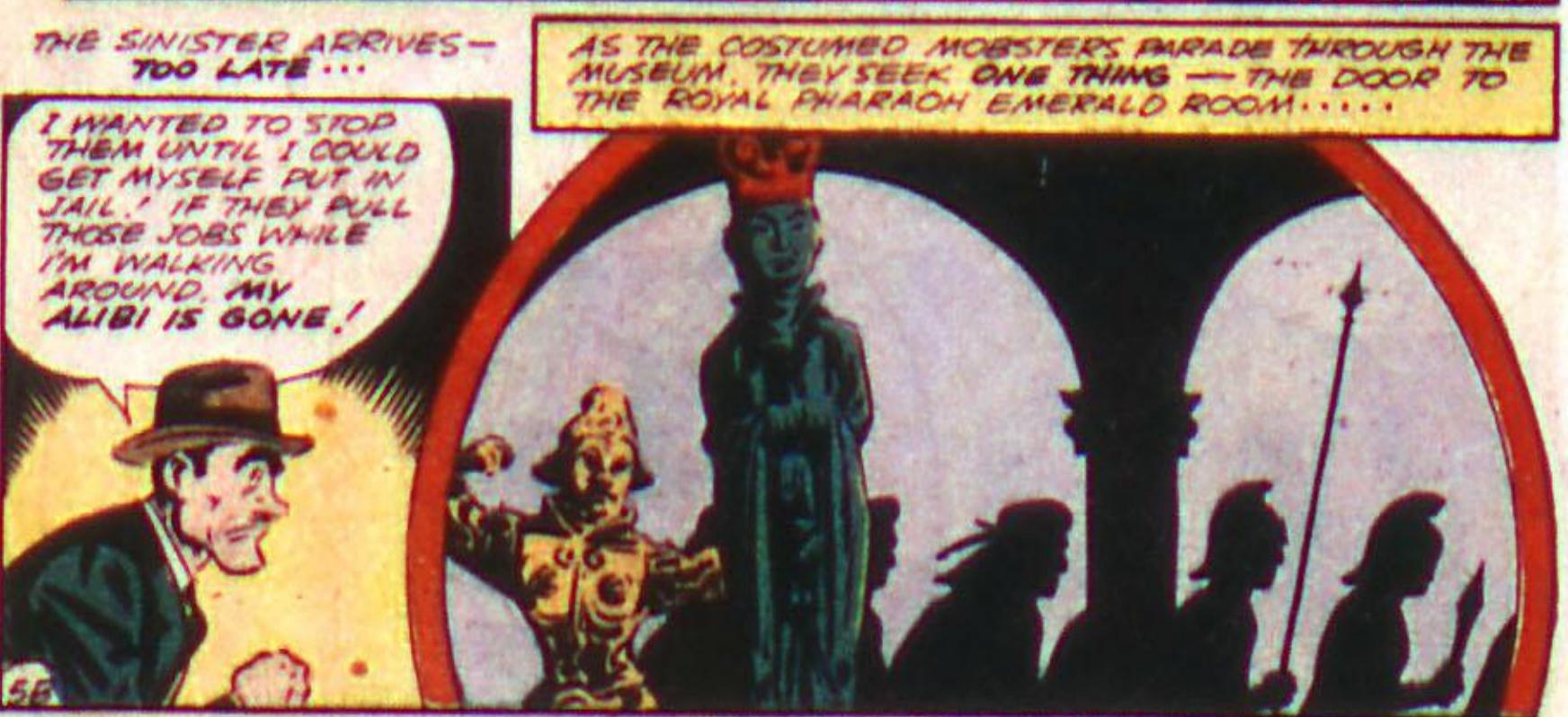


ALL FLASH



ALL FLASH





FROM THE OPPOSITE END OF THE MUSEUM COMES THE FLASH, SEEKING HIS FIRST CLUE

WHITE MUST HAVE HAD A FRIEND IN THE MUSEUM IN ORDER TO GET TO USE THIS BOX . . . AH! THERE'S A PAPER INSIDE, ALL RIGHT . . .

WHITE SAID IN HIS LETTER THAT A SPECIALLY MADE KEY WOULD UNLOCK A BOX ON DISPLAY IN THE KEY ROOM . . . AND IN THAT BOX ARE THE CLUES TO THE FIRST TWO CRIMES . . .



OH OH! THEY'RE AFTER THE UNCUT EMERALDS ON DISPLAY IN THE ROYAL PHARAOH ROOM! AND AFTER THAT, THEY HAVE A DATE AT THE SEANCE ROOM OF SAHIB MOHAMMED ALI . . . WHOEVER HE IS . . .

MEANWHILE, THE SINISTER'S MOB HAS BEEN APPLYING NIMBLE FINGERS

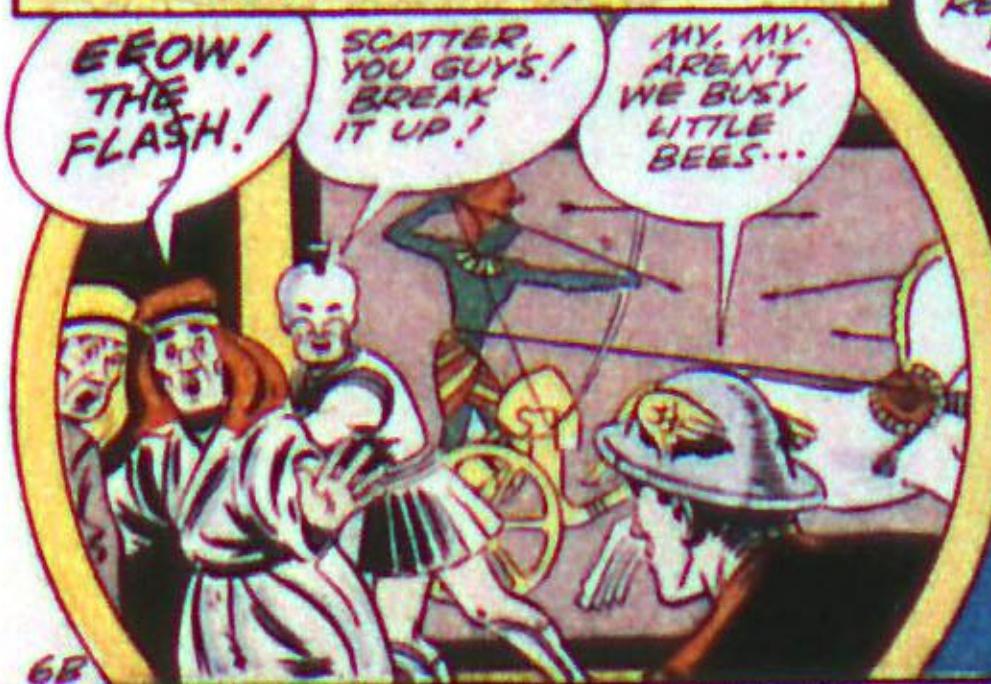
OKAY, THAT'S ALL OF THEM! NOW, DON'T FORGET WHAT WE'RE TO DO WITH THESE, IN CASE WE'RE CAUGHT



JUST THEN, THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER CATAPOLTS INTO THE ROOM

WHAT SAY WE MAKE THIS A REAL LIVELY PARTY?

OWOO!



DON'T RUSH OFF, FELLAS!
LET'S TALK THINGS
OVER, HUH?

BONG!

WITH SPEED-ATTUNED FINGERS, THE
FLASH SEARCHES THE THUGS, BUT...

OKAY, I GIVE UP!
WHERE'D YOU PUT
THOSE EMERALDS?
THEY AREN'T ON
ANY OF YOU!

WE...WE
DON'T
KNOW...

I COULD DISCOVER WHERE
THOSE JEWELS ARE, IF
YOU'D GIVE ME FIVE
MINUTES ALONE WITH
THOSE BABIES....

WE CAN'T,
FLASH!
WE GOT
ORDERS
TO BRING
'EM RIGHT
IN!

PUFF-PUFF! YOU
DON'T
LOOK
ANY TOO
GLAD
TO SEE
US!

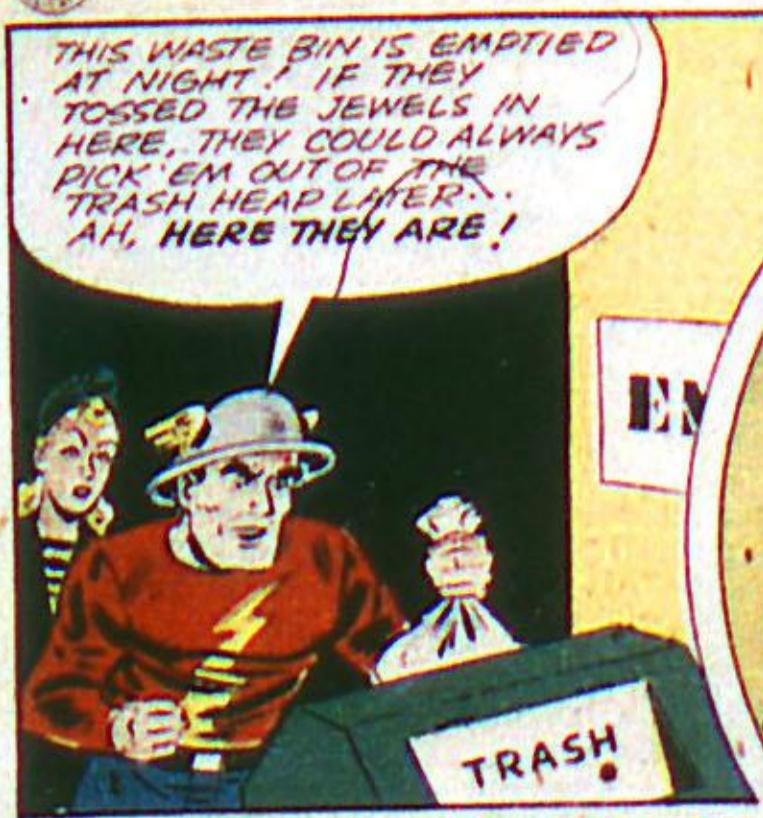
SH-H-
I'M
THINKING
!

I KNOW THEY TOOK
THE EMERALDS!
I CAUGHT UP WITH
THEM BEFORE THEY
COULD HAVE GIVEN
THEM TO ANYONE...
PROBLEM: WHERE
ARE THEY?

WELL, WHAT'S THE
MOST IMPROBABLE
PLACE TO PUT THEM?
WITH SOME OTHER
JEWELS, OF COURSE!

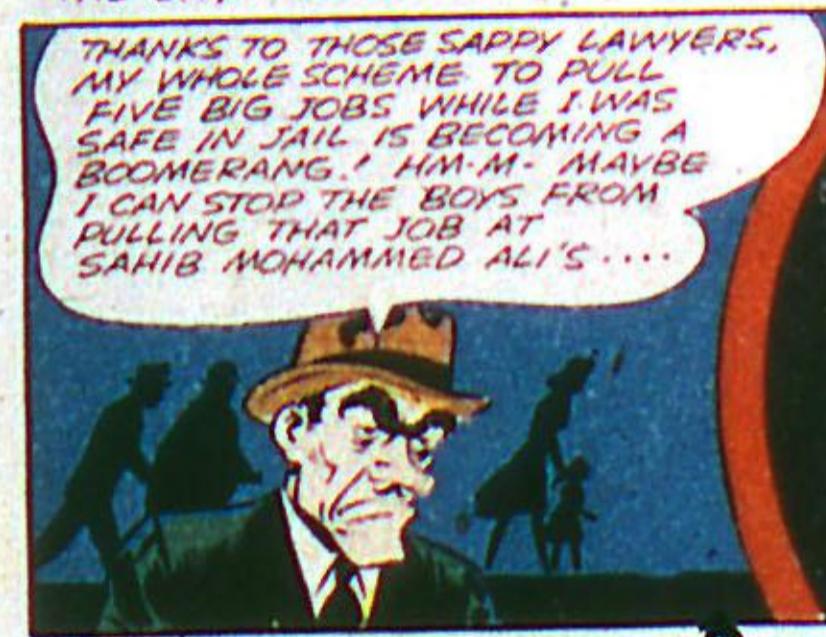
NO, BECAUSE THEY
COULDN'T GET TO THEM
EASILY ENOUGH LATER ON.
BUT THERE IS ONE OBJECT
THAT IS TAKEN OUT OF THE
MUSEUM EVERY NIGHT!
AND THAT'S WHERE THE
JEWELS ARE...
I HOPE!

ALL-FLASH



MEANWHILE, UNAWARE THAT THE FLASH HAS FOUND THE EMERALDS, THE SINISTER HAS HURRIED FROM THE CITY MUSEUM.....

SOME MINUTES LATER, BEFORE A QUEER DOOR IN AN ODD HOUSE...

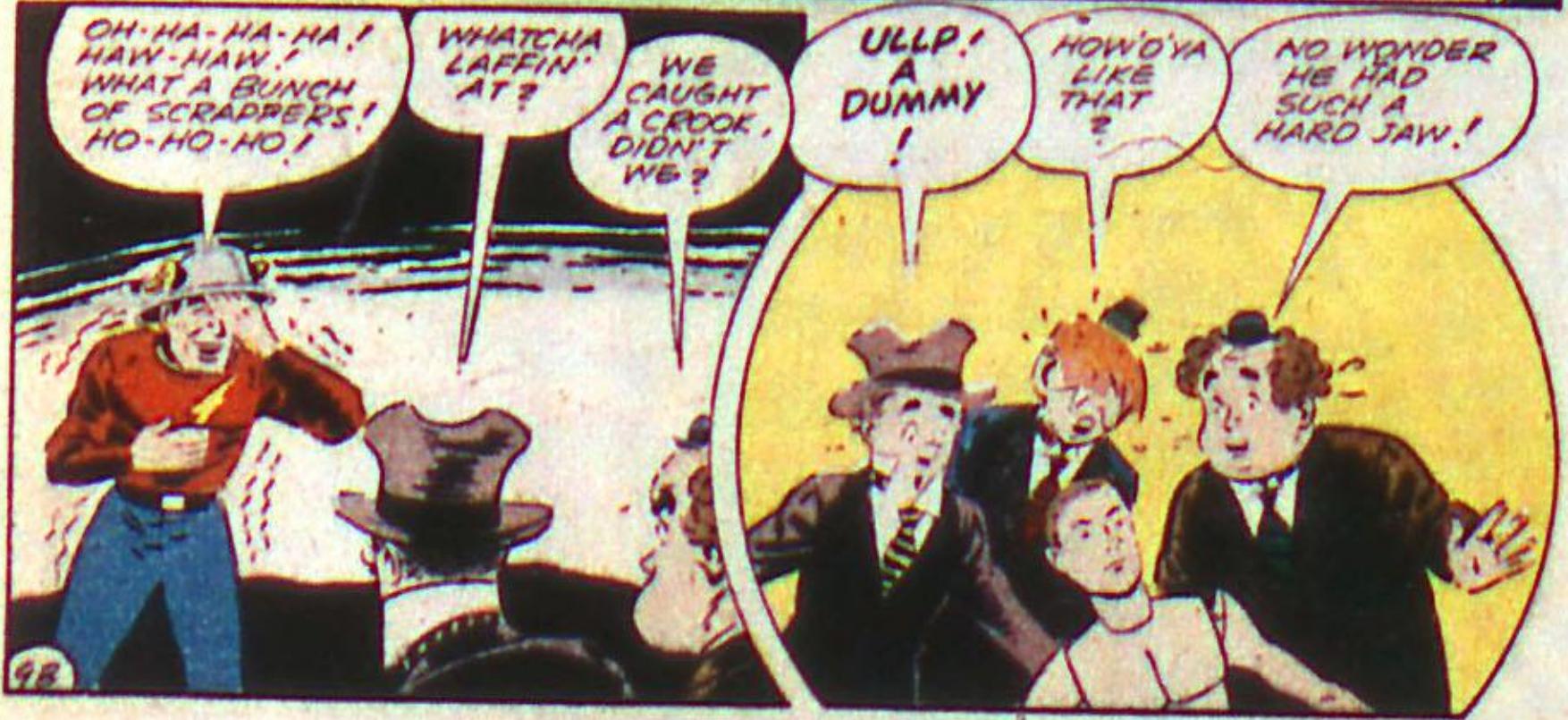
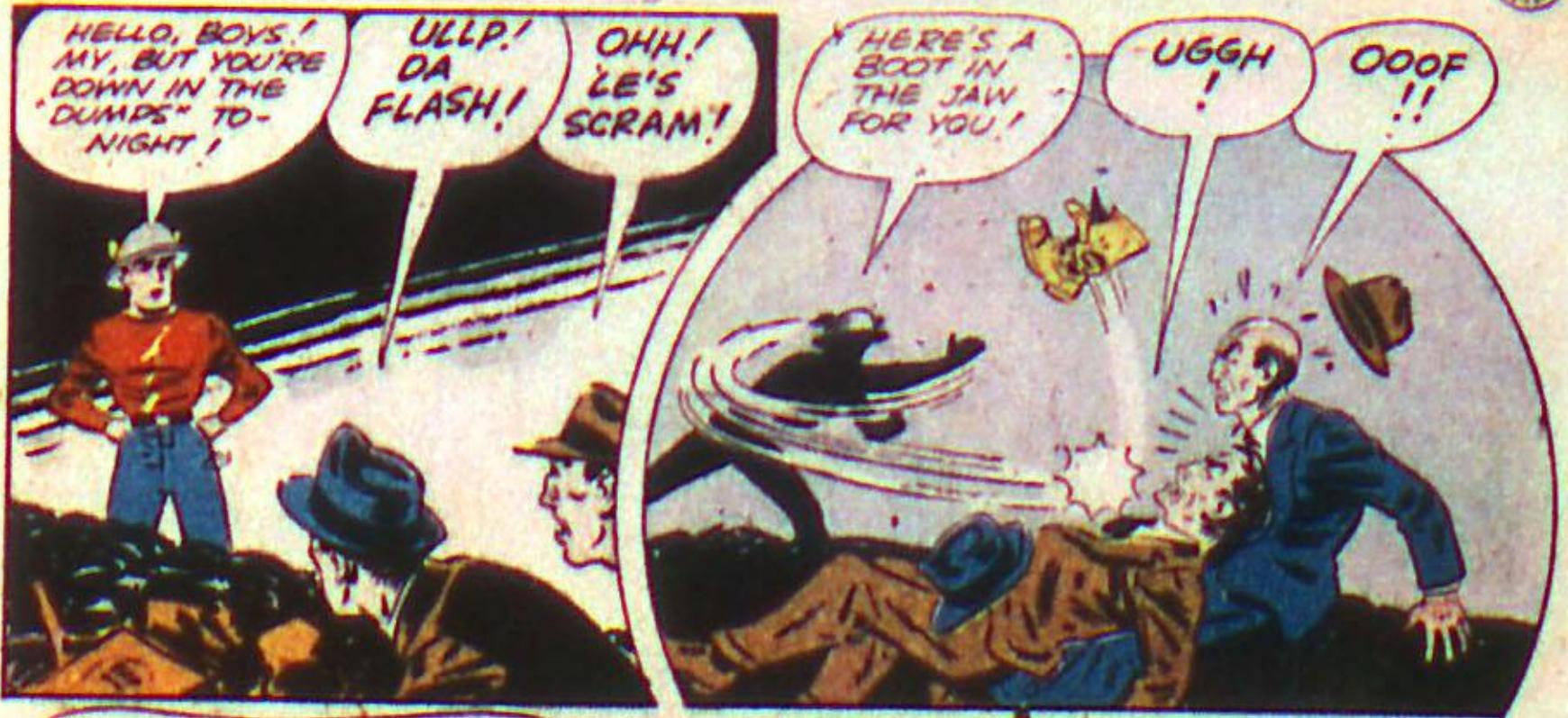


AT THE SAME MOMENT, THE WASTE BINS OF THE CITY MUSEUM ARE EMPTIED INTO THE CITY DUMP.

MINUTES LATER...



ALL-FLASH



ALL FLASH

AFTER THE TWO MOBSTERS HAVE BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE, THE FLASH TAKES THE THREE DOPES INTO HIS CONFIDENCE

CHEER UP, FELLAS! YOU CAN HELP ME BREAK UP THE NEXT CRIME!

THAT'S SWELL OF YOU, FLASH!

IT'LL TAKE OUR MINDS OFF OUR TROUBLES!

I FOUND THE CLUE THAT WAS PLANTED IN THE MUSEUM! THE NEXT CRIME IS SCHEDULED TO TAKE PLACE AT A SEANCE ROOM OWNED BY A SAHIB MOHAMMED ALI!

WHAT'S A SEANCE ROOM?

WHY, IT'S A PLACE WHERE GHOSTS WALK AROUND AND TAP ON TABLES, AND TALK TO YOU . . . OR THAT'S WHAT THE MEDIUMS CLAIM ANYWAY

WHADDAYA KNOW? WE CALL THAT A GRAVE-YARD WHERE I COME FROM!

GHO-OSTS, HUH? WELL, I'LL BE SEEIN' YA . . . SO LONG!

LET'S HAVE NO MORE NONSENSE! MAYBE YOU CAN HAVE YOUR FORTUNE TOLD!

MY FORTUNE? ALL I GOT IS A DOLLAR AN' FIFTEEN CENTS, AN' THAT AIN'T NO FORTUNE!

AHR... SHUT UP!

TOWARD THE GERRIS DOOR OF THE MIGHTY MAGI, SAHIB MOHAMMED ALI, WALK THE FLASH AND HIS THREE HELPLESS HELPMATES WHAT WEIRD SECRETS HIDE BEHIND THAT DOOR? WHAT EVIL CRIME IS ABOUT TO BE REVEALED . . . ?



150 MILE RACE

TO SAVE A NATION!

OUT OF THE RECORDS OF A LONG-AGO WAR COMES THIS TRUE STORY OF A BOY'S AMAZING RACE AGAINST TIME...WITH HIS COUNTRY'S FATE AT STAKE! ALMOST 2500 YEARS AGO, A HORDE OF BARBARIANS SNEPT DOWN ON A FREEDOM-LOVING NATION--AND ONLY YOUNG PHILIPPIDES' STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE COULD SAVE HIS NATIVE GREECE!

IN 490 B.C. A POWER-HUNGRY RULER SENT HIS GANGSTER ARMY AGAINST BRAVE LITTLE GREECE. THE PERSIANS SOON OVERWHELMED THE BORDER CITY OF ERITREA... AND THE CONQUERING GENERAL GLOATS...



BUT ALREADY NEWS OF THE INVASION HAS REACHED ATHENS. THE GREEK GENERAL, MILTIADES, HAS RALLIED A SMALL BAND OF BRAVE WARRIOR...

MILTIADES PLANS TO MARCH OUT TO MEET THE PERSIANS ON THE PLAINS OF MARATHON... BUT BEFORE THEY START...



See the NEW Thom McAn "MARATHON!"

THE MARATHON WAS DESIGNED FOR FELLOWS LIKE YOU! BUILT TO TAKE PUNISHMENT AND COME UP FOR MORE, THIS "HUSKY" HAS THE FAMOUS MEL-FLEX SOLE... SPRINGY, FLEXIBLE, WATERPROOF, INSULATED AGAINST HEAT AND COLD... AND GUARANTEED TO OUTLAST LEATHER EVERY TIME! THE MOCCASIN-DESIGN GIVES YOUR FOOT PLENTY OF ROOM TO SPREAD (IMPORTANT FOR QUICK STARTS AND STOPS)... AND THE DOUBLE-FLAP LACING GIVES YOU ADJUSTABLE INSTEP FIT FOR EXTRA SUPPORT AND SNUGNESS! MAKE SURE YOUR NEXT SHOES ARE THOM MCAN "MARATHONS!"

ONLY
\$2.99



EQUIPPED ONLY WITH EXTRA SANDALS AND A FLASK OF WATER, THE YOUNG ATHLETE STARTS TOWARD SPARTA...

YOU CARRY OUR FATE, COMRADE! GOOD LUCK!

HOUR AFTER HOUR, ALL DAY AND THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, PHILIPPIDES' GREAT ENDURANCE CARRIES HIM ON... AND ON.... AND ON...

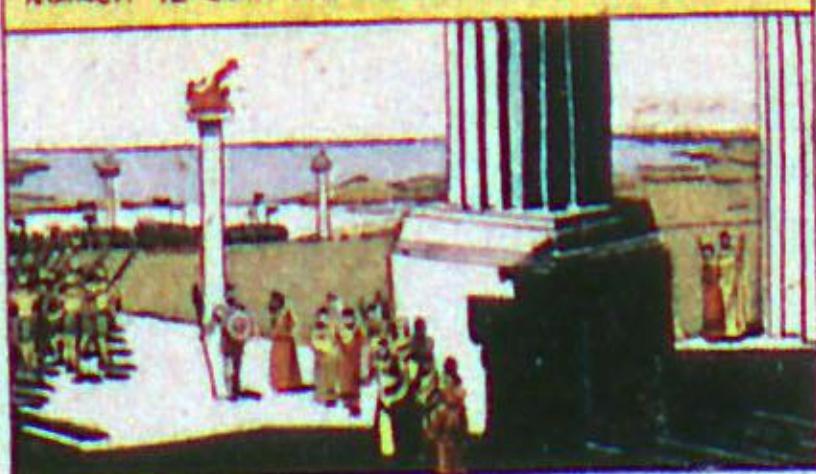


TWO DAYS AND TWO NIGHTS AFTER HE LEFT ATHENS, PHILIPPIDES STUMBLERS EXHAUSTED INTO THE ARMS OF A SURPRISED SPARTAN GUARD...

TAKE ME TO YOUR COMMANDER!



THE ARMY OF SPARTA STARTS A FORCED MARCH TO JOIN ITS ALLIES AT MARATHON --



BRAVE MEN DEFENDING THEIR NATIVE COUNTRY, THE OUT-NUMBERED GREEKS FORCE THE MIGHTY ARMY TO FLEE... A GREAT VICTORY FOR THE WORLD'S FIRST DEMOCRACY!

And Rahe...

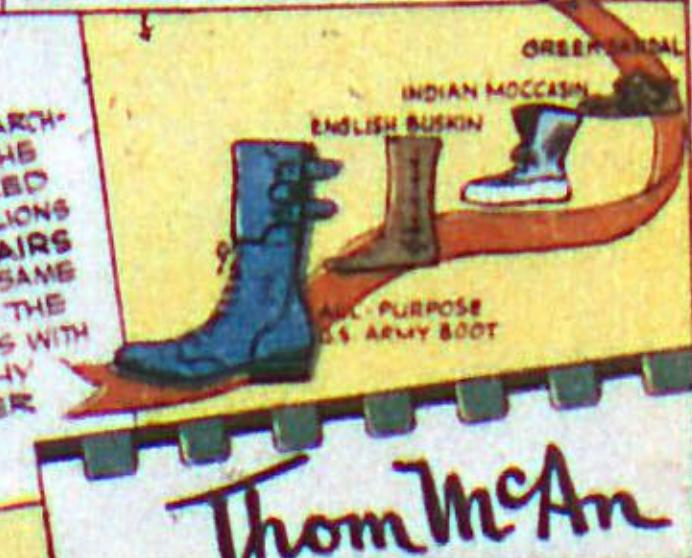
YOU HAVE RUN THE GREATEST RACE IN HISTORY. MY SON. AND ALL GREECE THANKS YOU!



PHILIPPIDES AMAZING FEAT OF STRENGTH, AND THE GREAT GREEK VICTORY, ARE REMEMBERED IN TODAY'S LONG-DISTANCE "MARATHON RACE!"

OUR ARMY FIGHTS ON ITS FEET, TOO!

EVEN IN TODAY'S MECHANIZED WARFARE, THERE'S PLENTY OF MARCHING AND FIGHTING ON FOOT... AND UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS NEED THE FINEST LEATHER AND EXPERT WORKMANSHIP IN THEIR SHOES. SKILLED CRAFTSMEN IN THOM MCAN'S 11 HUGE FACTORIES HAVE MADE MILLIONS OF PAIRS OF ARMY SHOES... ARE RIGHT NOW TURNING OUT 25 PAIRS A MINUTE OF THE SPECIAL NEW ARMY ALL-PURPOSE BOOT! THESE SAME CRAFTSMEN BUILD EXTRA MILEAGE INTO THOM MCAN SHOES FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY. STOP IN AT ONE OF THE 600 THOM MCAN STORES WITH THE FAMILIAR WHITE FRONT... AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHY MORE PEOPLE BUY AT THOM MCAN'S THAN AT ANY OTHER SHOE STORE IN THE COUNTRY!



Thom McAn

CHAPTER
- THREE -
"MEDDLING
WITH A
MEDIUM!"

The Flash

FAST!

BY GARD

HIBBARD



IN THE DRAPED SEANCE ROOM OF SEER SAHIB MOHAMMED ALI SITS THE SINISTER, HOPING, FOR ONCE IN HIS LIFE, TO PREVENT A CRIME! HE FEARS THAT IF HIS GANGSTERS CONTINUE THEIR PLUNDERING PILGRIMAGE, HE WILL BE BLAMED FOR IT

AND HASTENING TO FORESTALL HIS PLANS IS THE FLASH, FASTEST MAN ALIVE, SEEKING THE CLUE THAT WILL SPELL THE DOWNFALL OF THE SINISTER FOREVER

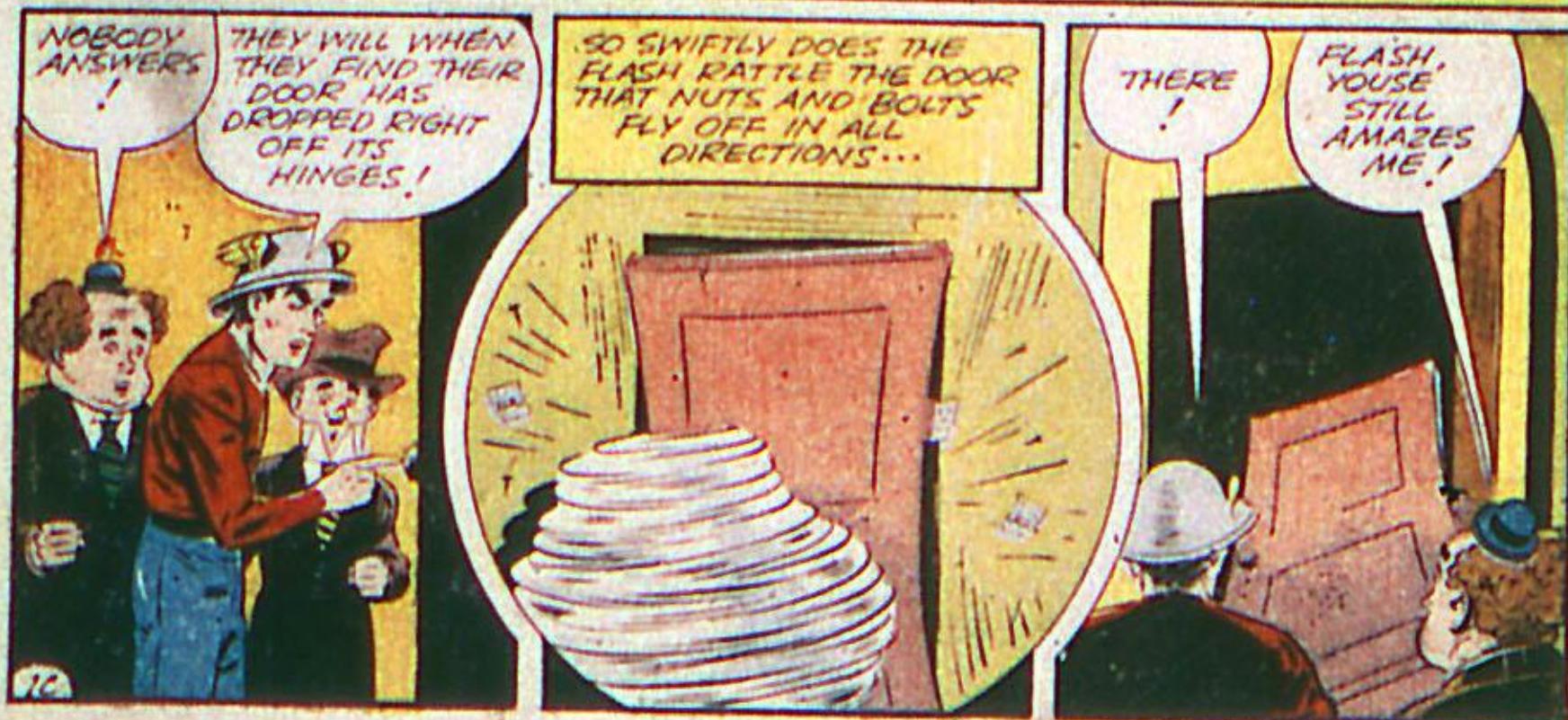
NOBODY ANSWERS !

THEY WILL WHEN THEY FIND THEIR DOOR HAS DROPPED RIGHT OFF ITS HINGES!

SO SWIFTLY DOES THE FLASH RATTLE THE DOOR THAT NUTS AND BOLTS FLY OFF IN ALL DIRECTIONS . . .

THERE !

FLASH, YOUSE STILL AMAZE ME!



ALL-FLASH

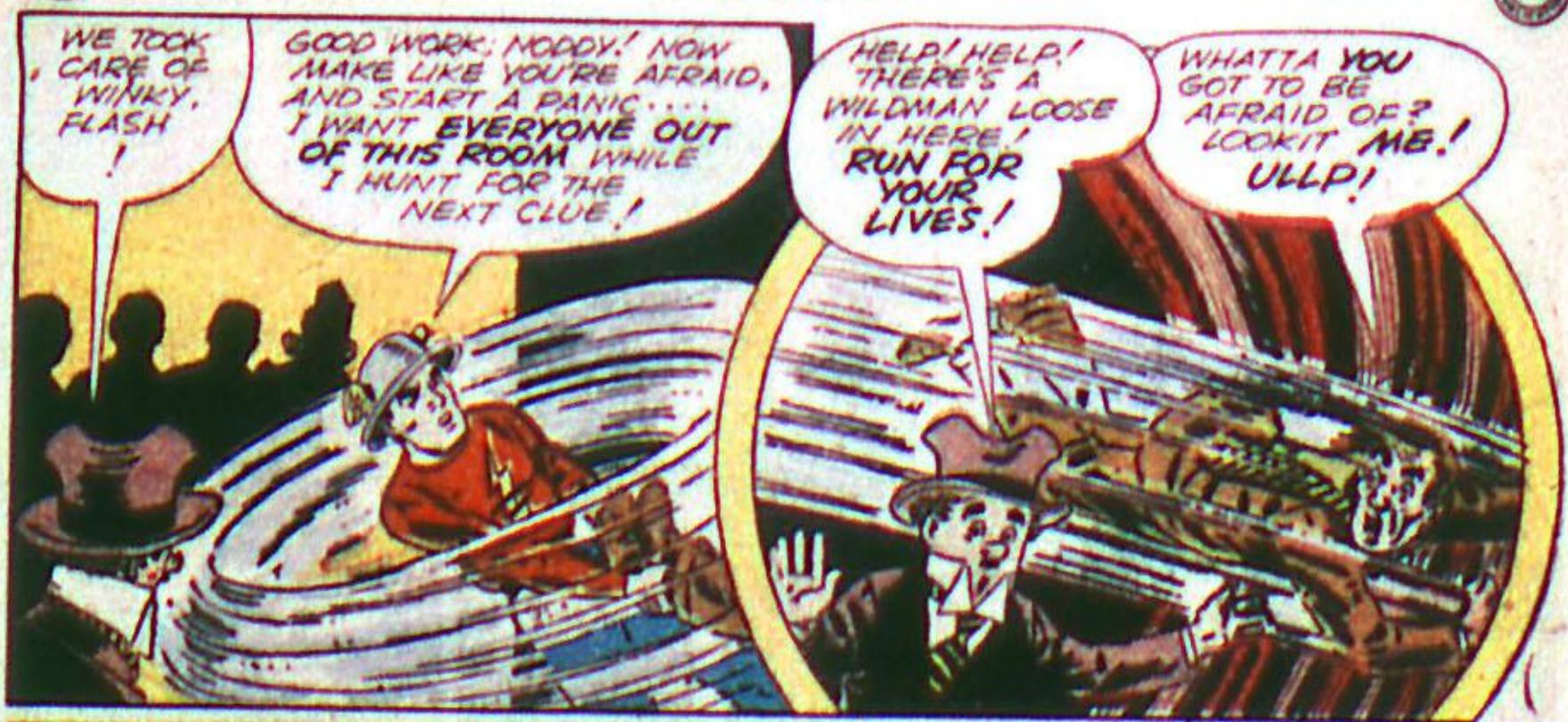


ALL-FLASH

IN THE SEANCE ROOM, THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO HAPPEN . . . THE SINISTER'S "BOYS" HAVE ARRIVED . . .



ALL-FLASH



ALL-FLASH



HMM. THE HOTEL RICHNESS IS A FAVORITE MEETING SPOT FOR BIG BUSINESS MEN! THEY MAY HAVE A BIG DEAL ON, WITH PLENTY OF CASH IN THE HOTEL SAFE! ANYHOW, I'LL BE THERE...

SOME TIME LATER, OUTSIDE, THE SINISTER WATCHES AS THE FLASH BIDS THE DOPIES GOOD-BYE...

SEE YOU TONIGHT AT SIX, BOYS!

WE'LL BE THERE!

THOSE DUMB LAWYERS—
W WITH HIM!
I WONDER IF THEY KNOW WHO
I REALLY AM,
OR WHY I WANTED TO GO TO JAIL?

I'LL FOLLOW THEM AND FIND OUT HOW MUCH THEY KNOW... I DON'T LIKE IT... THEY'RE TOO FRIENDLY WITH THE FLASH....



AT THE THREE DUMMITS' OFFICE...

HEY, MISTER... AIN'TCHA SURE AT US NO MORE?

OF COURSE NOT! LET BYGONES BE BYGONES! TELL ME, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?

DOIN' WELL... MAYBE WE COULDN'T PUT YOU IN JAIL, BUT WE COULD PUT OTHER GUYS IN... AN' DID!

SURE... WE'VE ALWAYS HELPED THE FLASH OUT, YOU KNOW! WE HANDLE ALL HIS PROBLEMS... WHY, HE ALWAYS CALLS ON US WHEN WE'RE IN TROUBLE... I MEAN, WHEN HE NEEDS US!

HMM. TELL ME MORE!



OH, BY THE WAY... ER... WHAT WERE YOU DOING AT THAT SEANCE?

WE WAS FOLLOWIN' UP SOME CLUES IN A LETTER...

YEAH, THAT J. EMMET WHITE WROTE TO THE FLASH ABOUT SOME BIG SHOT CROOK... SEEMS THERE WAS FIVE CLUES...

WOW!
NOW THEY'VE DONE IT!

FIVE CLUES, EH? TWO ALREADY FOUND! FLASH KNOWS THEM, EH? AH, SPLENDID! SPLENDID WORK, BOYS!

AWW, IT WAS ONLY OUR DUTY!



ALL-FLASH

AT TWO MINUTES TO SIX, THE HOTEL RICHNESS LOBBY HUMS WITH ACTIVITY

TH' SINISTER COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER SPOT! EVEN IF THE COPPERS DO SHOW UP, THEY WON'T DARE SHOOT FOR FEAR OF HITTIN' SOMEBODY

AT EXACTLY SIX P.M. . . .

TH' SAFE, BUB MAKE WITH TH' COMBINATION AN' FAST!

HUH? YE YESSIR!



WITH INCREDIBLE SUDDENNESS, AS IF FROM SPACE

THE REMAINING CROOKS MAKE A WILD DASH FOR FREEDOM THE FLASH CAN'T UNLEASH HIS FULL SPEED FOR FEAR OF HURTING SOME INNOCENT BYSTANDER

OOH!
TH'
FLASH!!

SPLAT!

THOSE RATS ARE GETTING AWAY - BUT NOT FAR!



THE PANICKY GUNMEN RACE INTO THE HOTEL RICHNESS TURKISH BATHS, AND ARE SOON HIDDEN IN BILLOWING CLOUDS OF STEAM

HA! HE'LL NEVER FIND US HERE!

HMM.
I KNOW THEY'RE HERE — BUT WHERE?



ALL-FLASH

AND ON THE STREET OUTSIDE.....

IT'S AFTER
SIX! WE'RE
TARDY!

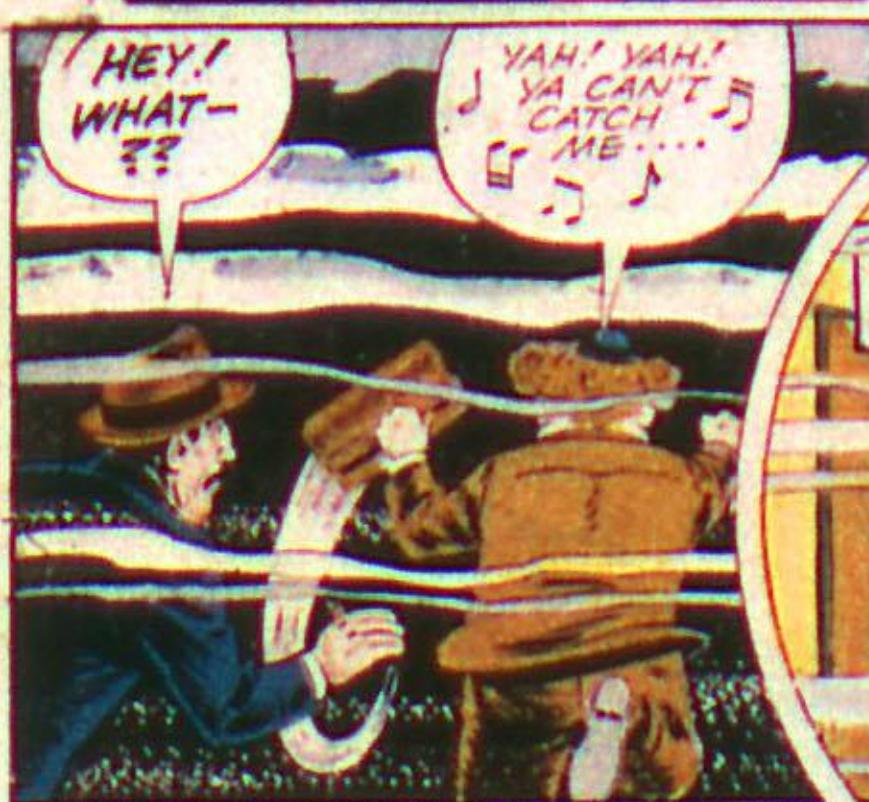
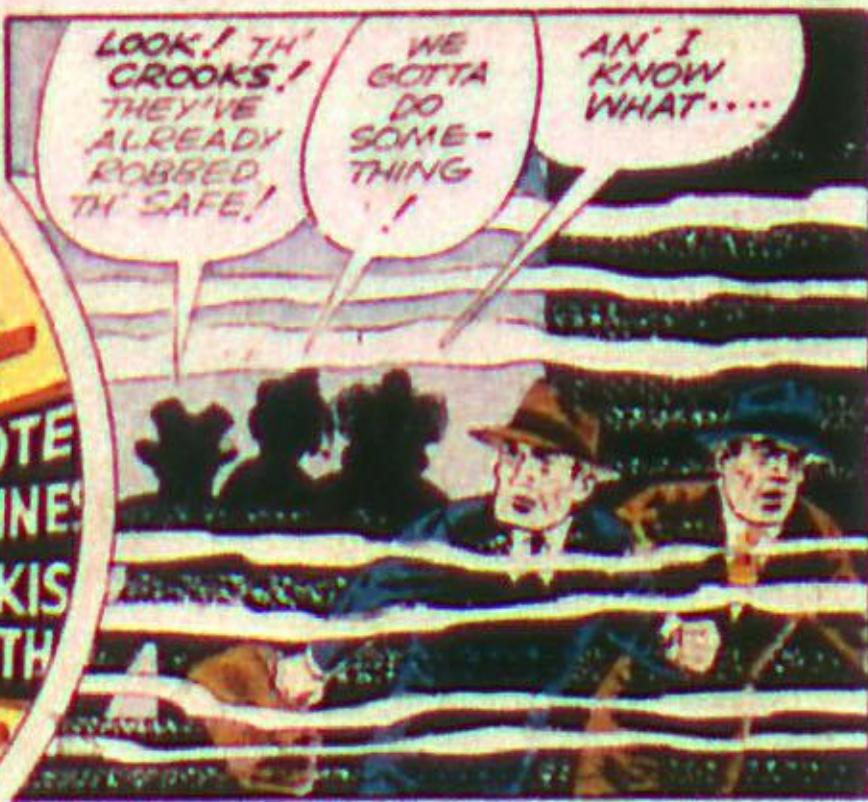
YEAH, AN' WE'RE
LATE, TOO!

LET'S GO
IN THIS
DOOR!

LOOK! TH'
CROOKS!
THEY'VE
ALREADY
ROBBED,
TH' SAFE!

WE
GOTTA
DO
SOMETHING

AN' I
KNOW
WHAT....



ALL-FLASH





IN THE MEANTIME, THE SINISTER HAS VISITED THE OFFICES OF MOYLAN, BOYLAN AND TOYLAN IN THEIR ABSENCE...

...A COPY OF A LETTER ADDRESSED TO JOAN WILLIAMS! IT MUST BE THE ONE FOR THE FLASH....



ALL-FLASH

IN HIS LUXURIOUS APARTMENT, THE SINISTER UNWRAPS A SCIENTIFIC GADGET: A STROBOSCOPE

THE ONLY ADVANTAGE THE FLASH COULD HAVE IS HIS SUPER-SWIFT EYES! WITH THIS THING I CAN SEE FAST OBJECTS, OR SPECIALLY GROUPED WORDS, TOO

AH . . . SO! CLEVER OF J. EMMET WHITE! HE LEAVES THESE CLUES FOR THE FLASH, AND BEATS ME AT MY OWN GAME

BUT IF I JUST WANDER OUT AND REMOVE THOSE CLUES MYSELF . . . THE FLASH WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO STOP ME!

MINUTES LATER . . . AMID THE WRECKAGE OF SAHIB MOHAMMED ALI'S SEANCE ROOM

HMM-MM. SO THE NEXT CLUE IS A MOUNTED STAG'S HEAD AT TELLER'S TAXIDERMIST SHOP MAYBE I CAN BEAT THE FLASH THERE

UNAWARE THAT THE ARCH-CRIMINAL IS ON THE TRAIL OF THE CLUES, THE FLASH HAS JUST TURNED HIS CAPTIVES OVER TO THE POLICE

GREAT WORK, FLASH! YOU OUGHT TO GET A MEDAL!

WHAT I OUGHTTA GET IS SOME CLOTHES!

I'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME, JOAN! I'LL GET AFTER THOSE CLUES WHILE THE BOYS BUY WINKY SOME CLOTHES

I HOPE THEY KNOW WHAT TO BUY



AS THE SINISTER PROCEDES TO THOSE LOCALITIES WHERE HIS FORMER MOUTHPIECE HAS HIDDEN HIS CLUES, THE FLASH FOLLOWS WITH JOAN! WILL THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER BE IN TIME? IF THE SINISTER REMOVES THOSE CLUES, HOW CAN THE FLASH STOP HIS CRIMES?



FARM BOY, Ted Ransom, figured he'd weigh one-ninety when he took his physical for the Marines on his eighteenth birthday next month.

At the studied the brown and seared pasture where his brother's young oxen tried to graze on the parched grass, his handsome blue eyes clouded.

'Just thirty days more here on the farm. Then both he and the farm would be gone!

Banker Dirksen was going to foreclose the \$600 balance on the mortgage then and Ted's aging parents would be forced out of their home.

Ted's brother, Roy, crew chief of a Marine amphib tractor somewhere in the South Pacific, was sending home all he made, but Dirksen's abrupt decision to foreclose that Fall, was making it virtually impossible for them to save the farm.

The present drought had lasted for two months and the grain crops were practically lost. Little money would come in from the farm . . . unless he sold Roy's oxen. And this would break Roy's heart, he knew.

Later in his small bedroom, Ted read again the announcement in the County paper. It was the annual pulloometer contest to be held at the County Fair. The trials would be held all through Fair week with the finals on the last day.

This pulloometer contest was going to be a free-for-all. Any pair of animals could be entered. Draft horses, mules or oxen.

The entry fee, thirty dollars. The purse was expected to be a large one and the winner take all.

Ted had seen many of these contests at the County Fairs. The pulloometer was a machine bolted to the chassis of a five-ton truck. Attached to the machine was a tested steel cable a half inch thick. Contesting farmers would hook their animals through a whiffle-tree to this cable and urge them to pull.

It was a mechanical tug-of-war for beast and man. The machine would automatically register the tonnage that each team moved. In addition, the heavy truck wheels were braked and blocked with four by four lengths of oak!

Ted Ransom's eyes glowed. He had come to a decision.

The following morning the sun had hardly risen before young Ransom was putting the heavy, wooden yoke over the necks of Roy's oxen.

He knew he would be up against tough competition, and what the big, black beasts needed was experience. Just the right kind of know-how. How to gather their feet under them in just the exact spot to begin their pull. Precisely how far to lower their huge head and horns, toward the dust before pushing those rhythmic bulges of power through their great flanks. How to dig in with their fore-feet, legs stretched and straight. Steady, flowing power that could move tons of

deadweight.

Yes you had to know your oxen and know exactly what they could pull. They should be given greater loads gradually so that they would learn to pull in confidence. Never make a young ox try to pull what's too much for him for then he'll never trust his master again.

Ted Ransom steadily gained their confidence. Gradually he called upon the tremendous reserve power in the gallant beasts.

For their final test, Ted had saved a fallen black oak tree thirty feet long, and two feet in diameter at its butt end.

The big, rugged fellows strained under their mighty oaken yoke. Their flanks started to quiver under the strain; their wide nostrils flared and huge gusts came from their barrel-like lungs.

The oak tree trembled . . . slowly moved an inch . . . two, then four.

"Whoa, boys! Enough . . . enough!" He knew now they would give anyone's animals a contest!

The second day following, Young Ransom won his trials at the Fair. His father had been with him out at the Fair barns.

"Son," the elder Ransom broke off a fresh chew, "you have just two parties to beat, I figure. One of 'em is that bloated Dirksen, with his Belgian draft horses, and the other is Ronny Newkirk with his heavy team of grey mules!"

Ted bit his lip. "They say Dirksen paid a thousand dollars for his team."

"Them grey mules is good," the elder Ransom insisted. Better git your black ones' heads right in the dust Saturday . . . or else . . ."

The day of the finals found an expectant crowd overflowing the seating capacity near the pulloometer contest. Six teams were listed for the finals. Three went out at seven tons, tied for fourth place. But today, there was no fourth money. Winner would take all.

The heavy team of greys tried valiantly at 14,900

pounds, but Lem Partin, their owner-driver, got excited and whistled at the wrong moment. They bucked into their breast harness a fraction before the hitch was tight and reared back on their haunches. The fear of the unknown weight they were hitched to welled into their big eyes. They pitched high, forefeet pawing, broke the traces and raced across the track, disqualified.

That left Young Ransom and his black oxen, and Bunker Dirksen with his giant Belgians.

The crowd grew tense as Dirksen lost the toss and brought up his team for their final and last pull.

He took his time getting hitched. He was cool . . . and cruel. He held a short, thick whip. So far he had not used it. Now he laid it on as he yipped frantically at his huge Belgians. They were magnificent as they arched their thick necks and braced against the drag-line hitch.

The pulloometer officials consulted the dials on the truck. The crowd roared at one when the result was announced. 17,820 pounds! A new State record!

Dirksen swelled up like a turkey gobbler; strutted around and waved to his friends in the crowd.

But Young Ransom had the crowd with him, too, as he led out his sleek, black fellows. The heavy yoke they wore was new, fashioned at night through many long hours, by the young farmer. He knew it just suited them.

Ted had them hitched in seconds. He crouched over them, whispering. His steady hands pressed between their somber eyes. The crowd was spellbound by the tableau on the track.

Suddenly the hitch was tight! Things were lined up for the pull.

"Now!"

"Together! Yip, yip eeeeeee!" The black fellows gradually inched ahead one foot, two feet. "Yip, yip eeeeeee!" They gathered momentum. Young Ransom stood out in front, hands no

longer pressing down on their heads. They were coaxing hands, cajoling hands, pleading hands.

The black fellows responded. Their muscles bulged in twenty-pound knots. Their breath heaved their sides in and out. They kept going.

Then suddenly, unexpectedly it happened! - The half inch steel cable snapped in two!

Released from the terrific weight behind, the oxen surged ahead. They stumbled, lost their footing and somersaulted on top of Young Ransom!

Ted woke up hours later in the hospital ward. Beside him with sleep-rimmed anxious eyes were his father and mother. Judge Newton was there too, and a tall, rugged young chap wearing a Marine Sergeant's natty dress rig.

His mother smiled and laid her hand over his, resting on the bed clothes. His father coughed in his embarrassment. Judge Newton spoke first.

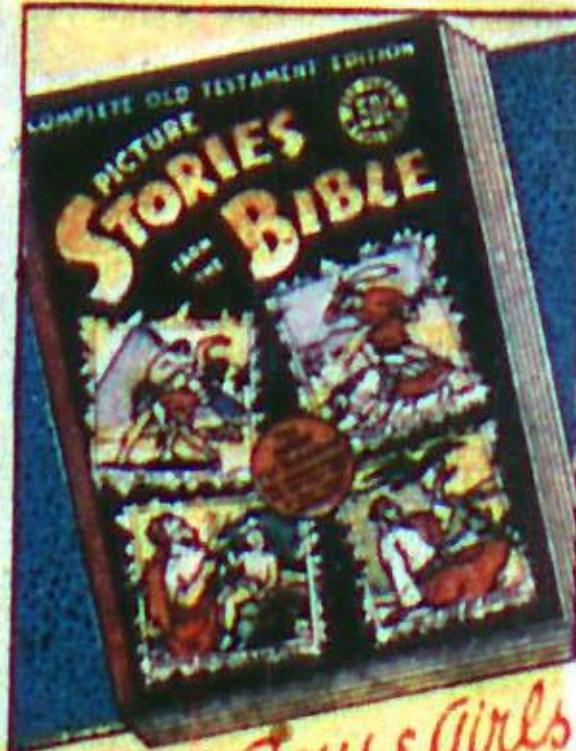
"The Doc says you got internal injuries from the weight of them big boys of yours, but that you'll be out of bed in two, three weeks. This here," the Judge extended a green, stiff piece of folded paper, "is a War Bond for \$750. . . . Equivalent of first prize money. And don't worry about Dirksen's mortgage; I'm takin' that over. You're a fine lad."

The elder Ransom could contain himself no longer. "Son, Roy's black devils broke that steel cable tested for 20,000 pounds! I'm putting in fer you, fer a new world's record!"

The Marine Sergeant edged forward. He shook hands. "Mighty glad your injuries won't keep you out of service, Ransom. I was with your brother, Roy. I'm on furlough . . . just got in today. He says it's okay to sell those oxen . . . if things get tough. . . ."

"Tell him," Ted whispered grimly, "things ain't that tough. . . . Them oxen don't get sold—unless," he choked up, looked out the window, "unless he sells 'em to me!"

THE END



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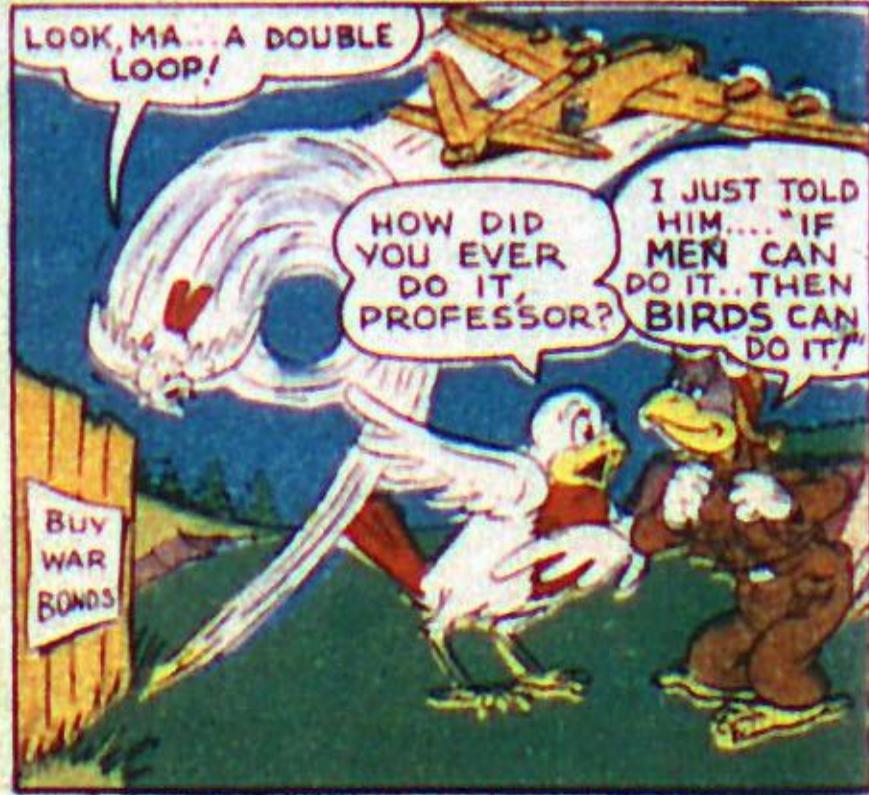
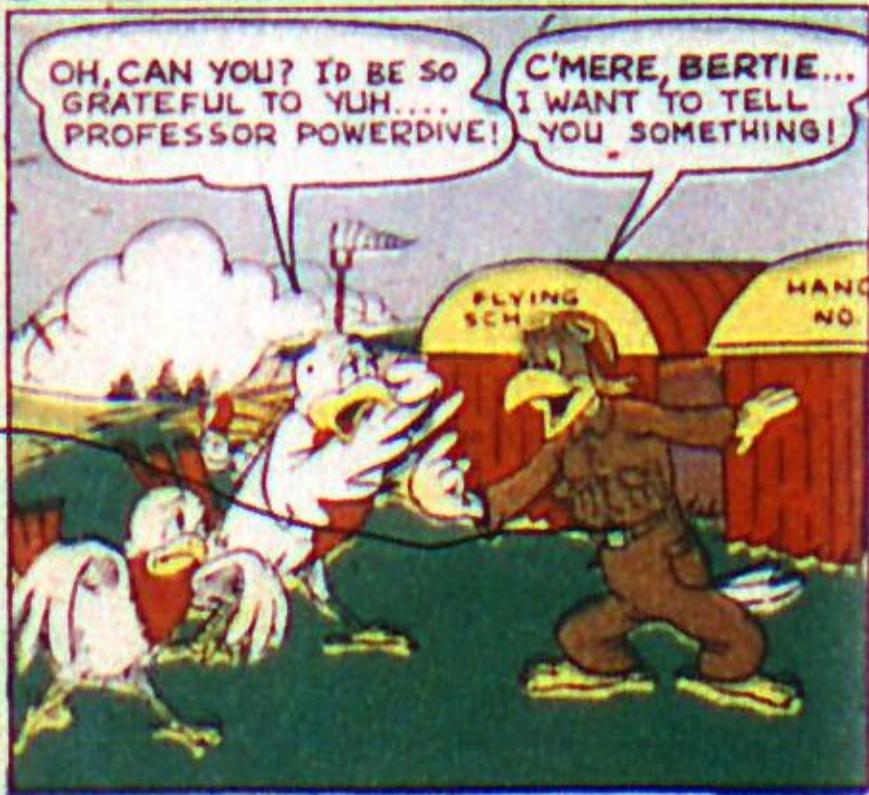
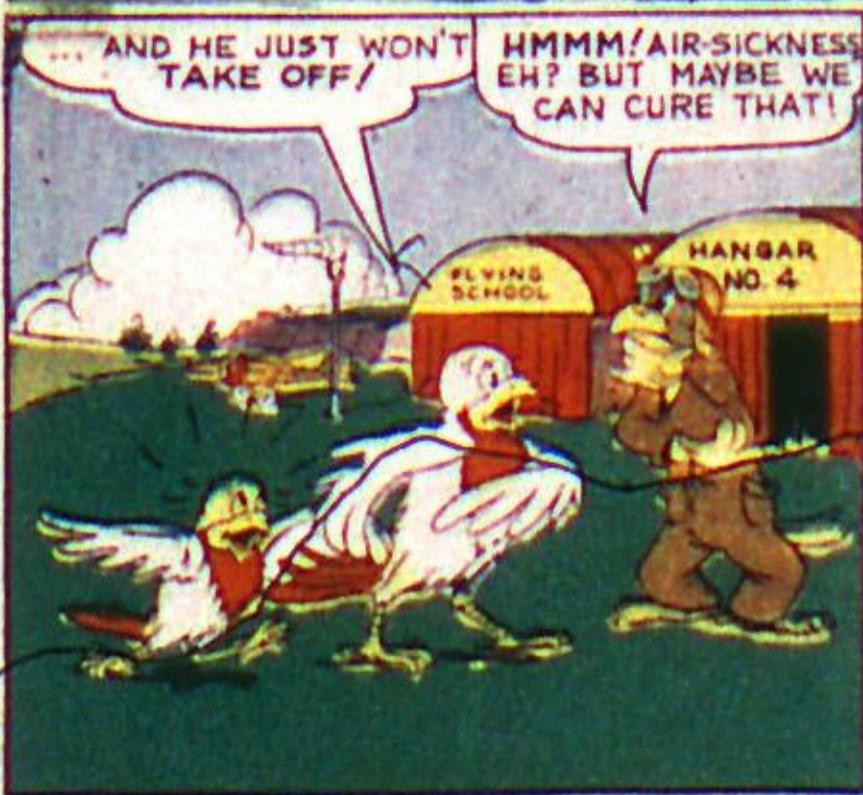
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THE BIG EIGHT!!

TOPS IN
COMIC
MONTHLIES





The Flash

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

OF WHAT USE THE BLINDING SPEED OF THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE, NOW THAT THE SECRET OF THE FIVE CLUES IS KNOWN BY THAT ARCH-CRIMINAL — THE SINISTER? INDEED THE FLASH CAN LOSE NO TIME AS HE EMBARKS ON THE LAST LEG OF HIS MIGHTY CHASE, FOR ALREADY HIS ENEMY HAS BEGUN TO ELIMINATE THOSE CLUES, ONE BY ONE

CHAPTER
FOUR

"IT ALL COMES OUT IN THE WASH!"



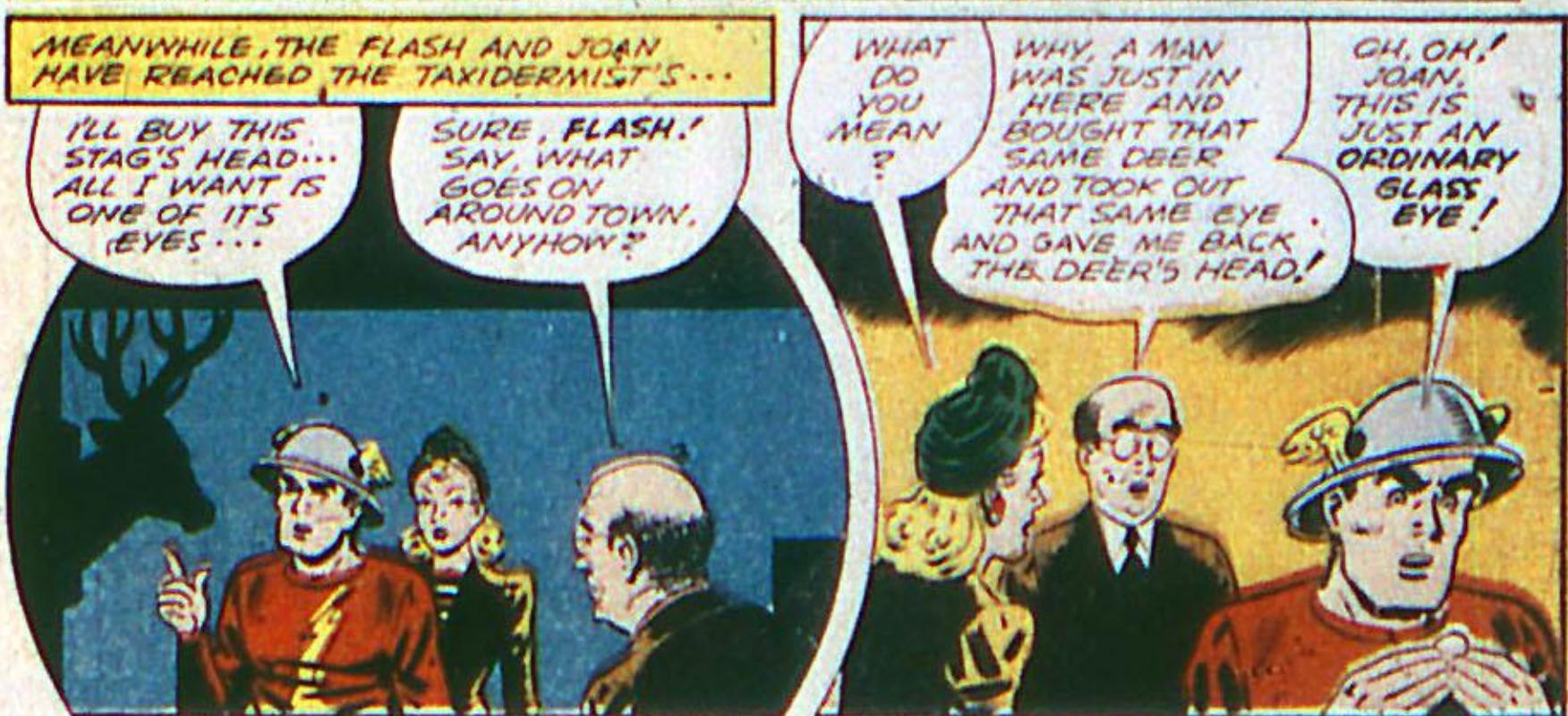
AT TELLER'S TAXIDERMIST SHOP, THE SINISTER REMOVES A GLASS EYE FROM THE MOUNTED STAG'S HEAD...

OH! CLUE NUMBER THREE! ONE LESS THAT THE FLASH WILL FIND!

THE SINISTER WHISTLES SOFTLY AS A JEWELER'S MAGNIFYING-GLASS REVEALS

NEYER'S JEWEL STORE — AT TEN ON THE TENTH — FOR NEXT CLUE, GO TO UNIVERSAL JUNK SHOP — BEWARE THE SINISTER!

ALL FLASH

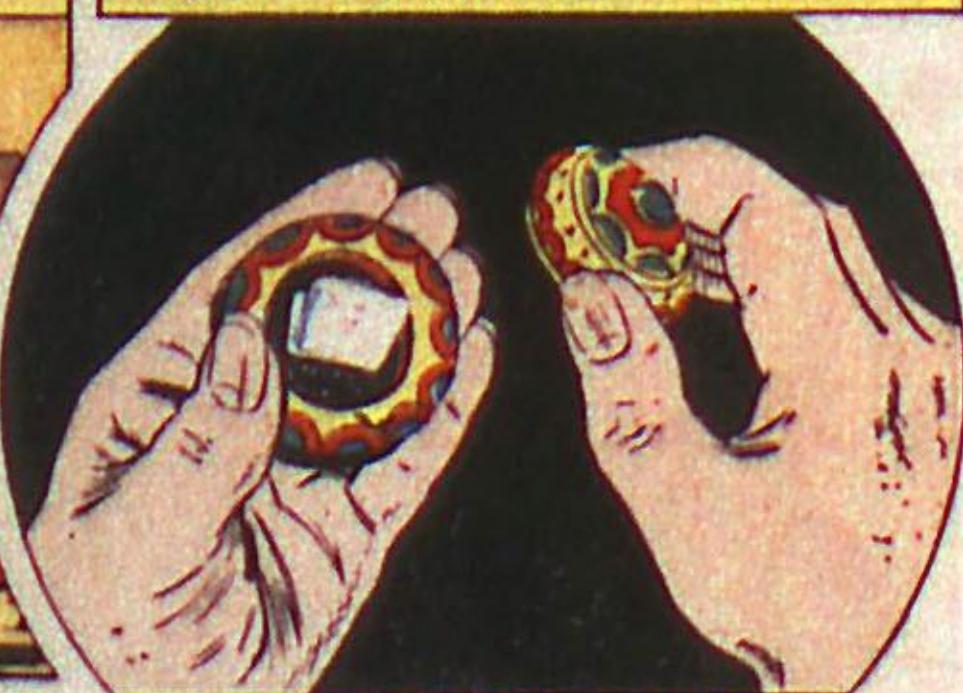


ALL-FLASH

AMID THE JUMBLED LITTER OF A THIRD AVENUE JUNK SHOP, THE SINISTER FINDS AN ORNATE BUTTON

AN OLD STYLE BUTTON WITH TOP AND BOTTOM THAT COME APART AND INSIDE — CLUE NUMBER FOUR!

HMM-M- ONE OF WHITE'S DISCARDED SMOKING JACKETS . . . SMART LAWYER, THAT FELLOW! TOO BAD I HAD TO GET RID OF HIM



TOO LATE, JOAN AND THE FLASH FIND THEIR QUARRY GONE

OH, DEAR,
THIS IS GETTING
WORSE AND
WORSE

HE GOT HERE
AHEAD OF US,
ALL RIGHT!

THE LAST CLUE OF ALL DISAPPEARS
FROM BETWEEN THE COVERS OF AN
OLD BOOK IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

HA, HA! CLUE
NUMBER FIVE!
NOW I'VE GOT
'EM ALL!



AND, BRIEF MOMENTS LATER

GONE! WHAT
A SWEET FIX
WE'RE IN!
I MUFFED THE
WHOLE JOB!

THREE MORE ROBBERIES
TO OCCUR BUT
WHERE? AND
WHEN? THERE MUST
BE ANOTHER WAY TO
HANDLE THIS! THERE'S
GOT TO BE

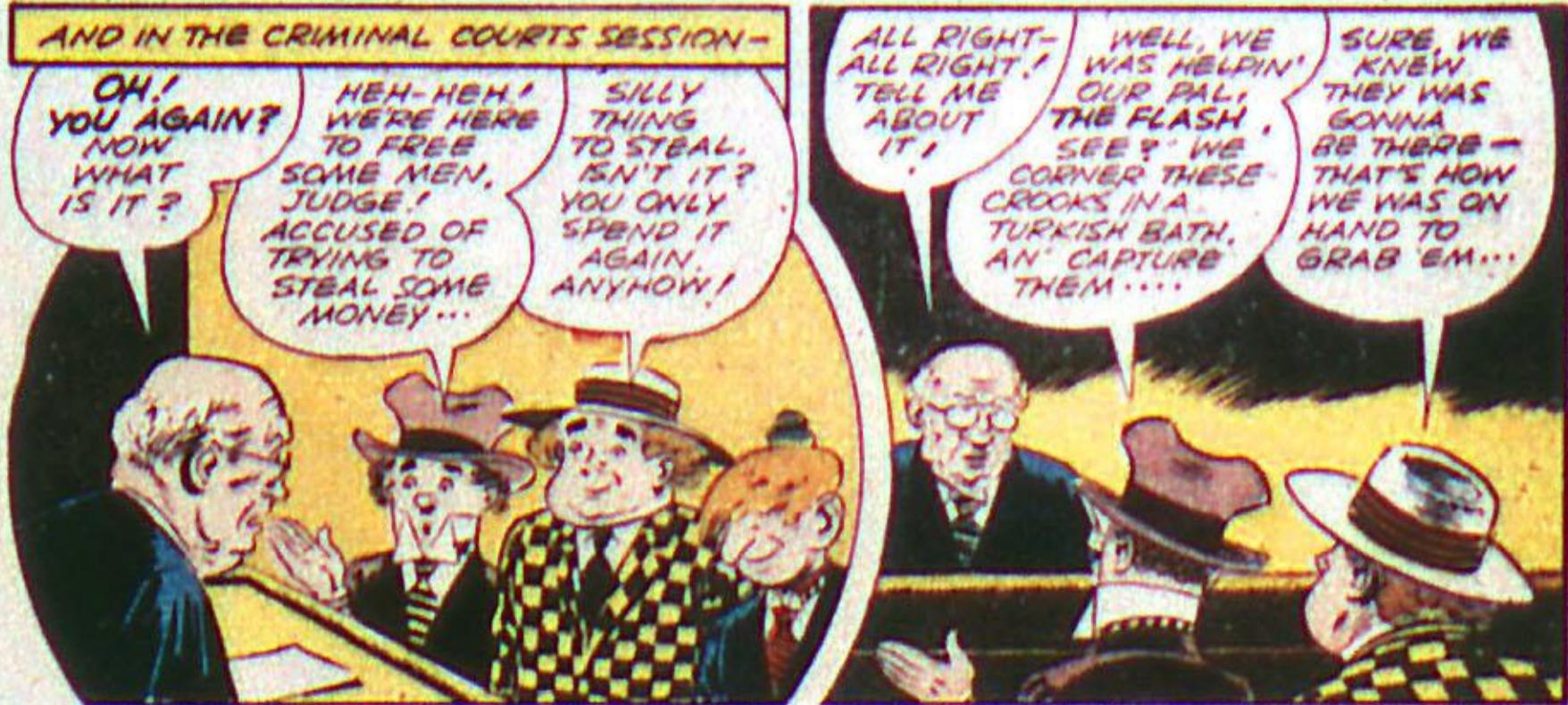
YES
BUT HOW?
EVEN YOU
CAN'T BE
EVERWHERE
AT THE
SAME
TIME!



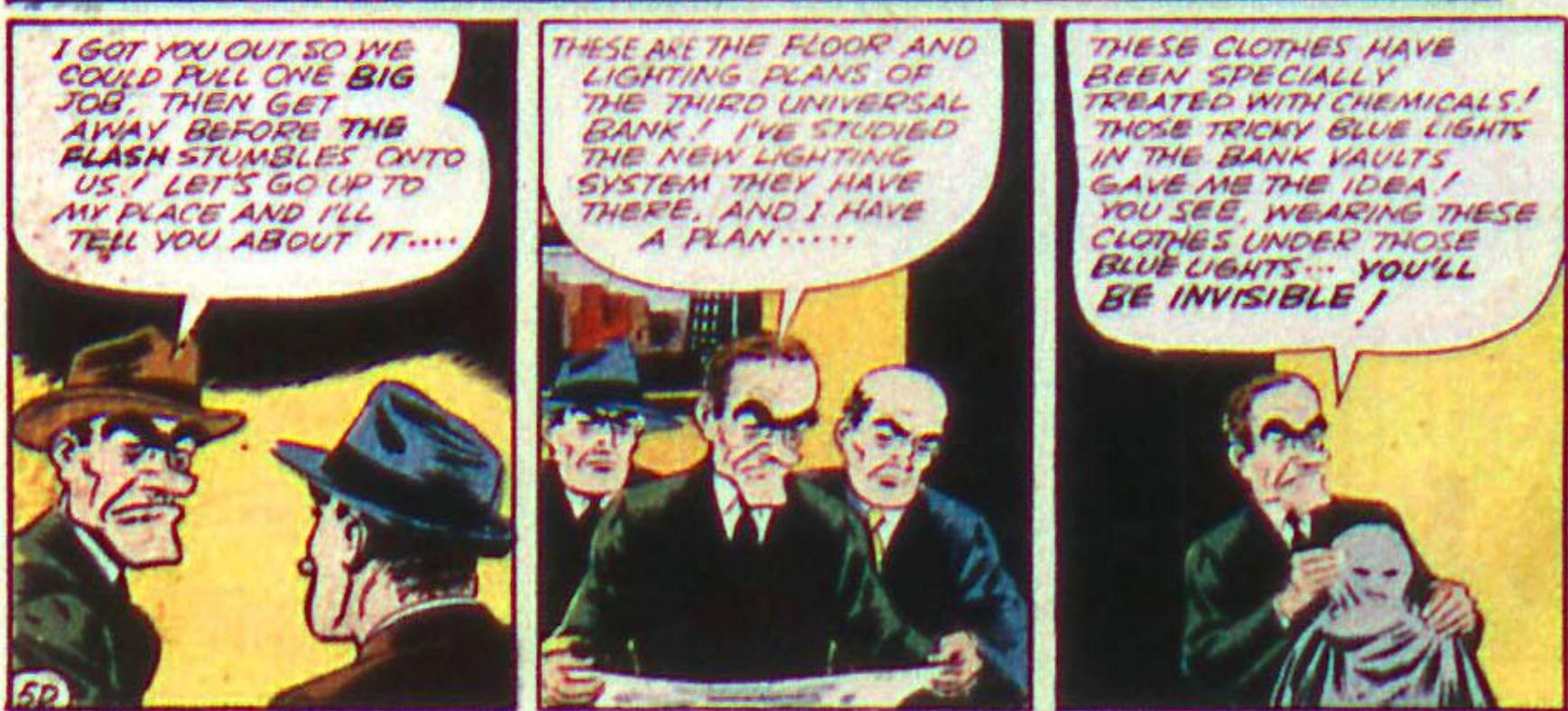
ALL-FLASH

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE SINISTER CALLS AT THE DOPES' OFFICE

THE THREE DUMMITS CONTACT THEIR VAGRANT FRIEND



ALL-FLASH



ALL-FLASH

MEANWHILE, THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE IS STILL UNABLE TO LEARN WHAT CRIMES THE CLUES POINTED TO.....

I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF! BUT HOW WAS I TO KNOW THE SINISTER WOULD STUMBLE ON THE SECRET OF THOSE FIVE CLUES?

OH SOMEONE AT THE DOOR! I'LL ANSWER IT....

BEG PARDON, MISS WILLIAMS, I'M LOOKING FOR THE FLASH....

OH, YES, YOU'RE THE NEW FRIEND OF THE BOYS! COME IN....



IT'S ABOUT MOYLAN, BOYLAN AND TOYLAN! THEY'RE IN JAIL AGAIN! IF YOU'LL GO AND SEE THE JUDGE AND PERHAPS EXPLAIN TO HIM....

AT A TIME LIKE THIS I HAVE TO PLAY NURSE-MAID TO THOSE IDIOTS!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT... I'LL GET THEM OUT... I HOPE!

WE'LL MEET YOU AT THEIR LAW OFFICE, FLASH....



THE JUDICIAL CHAMBERS OF THE CRIMINAL COURTS....

HELLO, FLASH! GLAD TO SEE YOU! ANYTHING I CAN DO?

YES, THERE IS, JUDGE! THREE FRIENDS OF MINE - ER - ARE IN JAIL! THEY'RE DUMB, BUT THEY AREN'T CRIMINALS! IF YOU COULD...

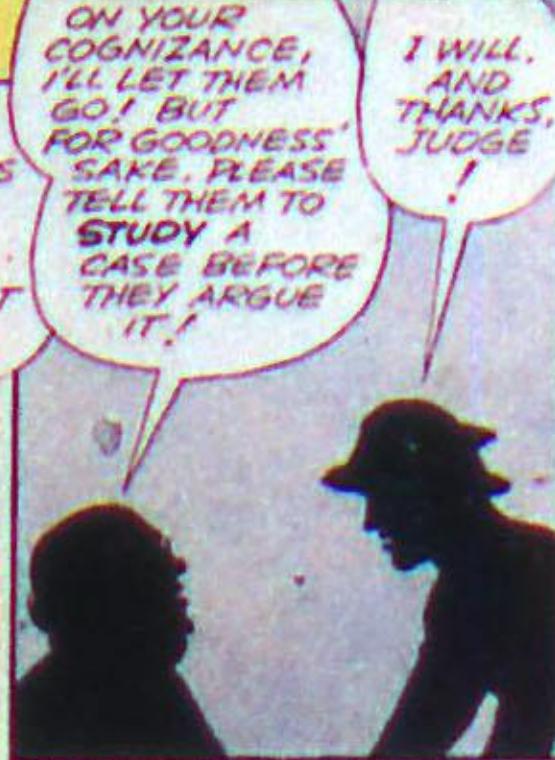
ON YOUR COGNIZANCE, I'LL LET THEM GO! BUT FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, PLEASE TELL THEM TO STUDY A CASE BEFORE THEY ARGUE IT!

I WILL. AND THANKS, JUDGE!

HALF AN HOUR LATER....

TRY TO THINK UP A WAY TO DISCOVER WHAT THE SINISTER IS DOING! THAT'S ALL I ASK!

SURE, FLASH! GEE, IF WE ONLY KNEW WHO HE WAS, THEN WE COULD DESCRIBE HIM TO YA....



LATER, AT THE OFFICE OF THE THREE DIMITITS

HEY! THAT'S
THE GUY
THAT
RAILROADED
US!
YEAH, HE
COULD'A GOT
US OUT WITH
ONE OF
THEM HABEAS
CORPUSICLES!

WE'LL TEACH
HIM TO LOSE
OUR CASES
FOR US!

SAY, BUB.
DO YOU WANT
TO SEE SOME
STARS
?

WHY, YES! I'VE
ALWAYS BEEN
INTERESTED IN
ASTRONOMY,
BUT YOU CAN'T
SEE STARS IN THE
DAYTIME

OH,
NO?

SHAME ON
YOU.
WINKY!

OH, WHAT
HIT ME?
I REMEMBER
NOW... OOOH,
HAVE I GOT
TROUBLES...

YOU'VE GOT
TROUBLES?
SAY, WITH THE
SINISTER
RUNNING AROUND
LOOSE IN THIS
TOWN, AND ME
WITHOUT ANY
CLUES
TROUBLE?
HUN!!

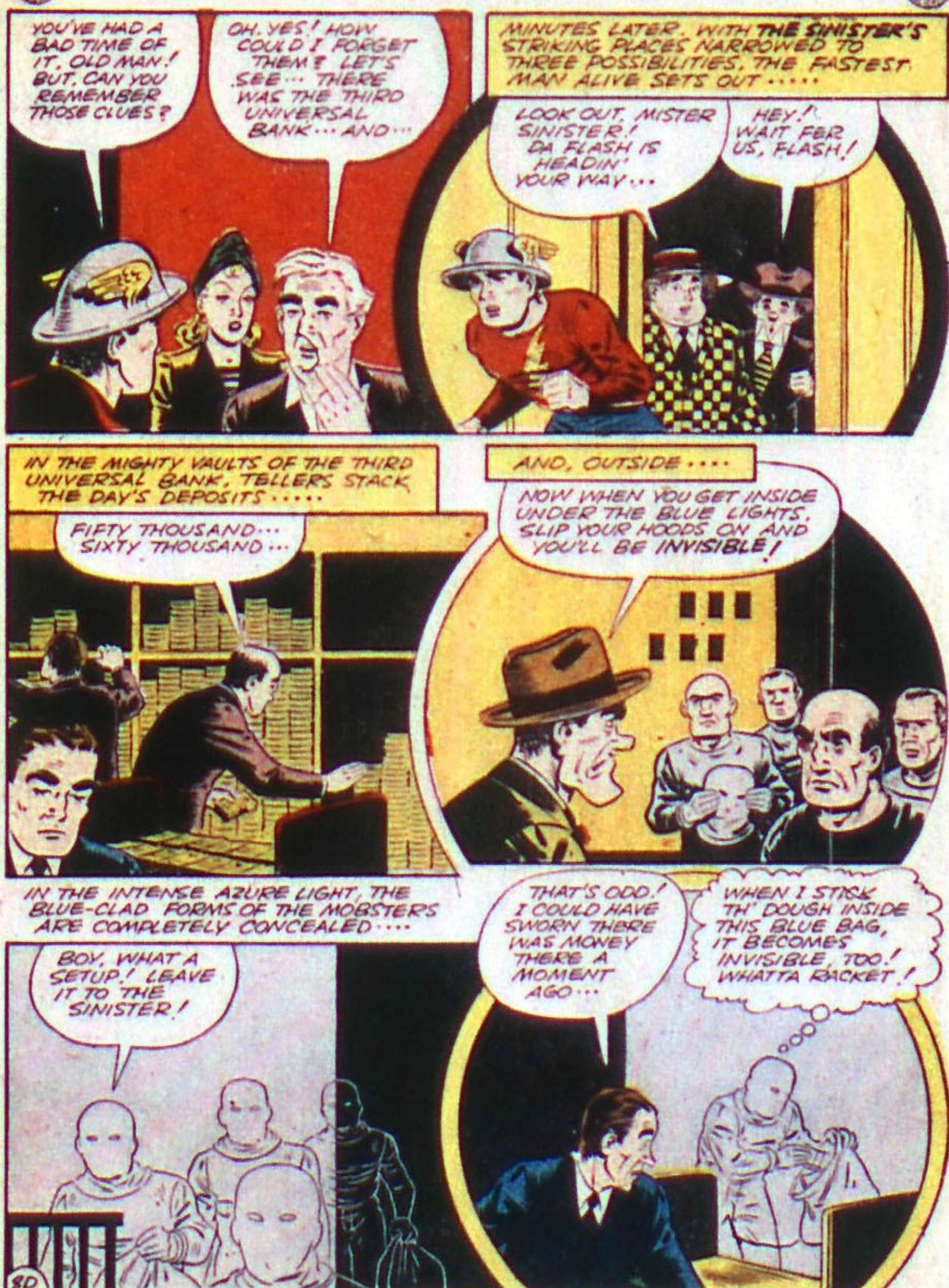
THE SINISTER?
HE'S MY
TROUBLE, TOO,
FLASH,
AND YOU CAN
HELP ME!

SAY, WAIT
A MINUTE!
IF YOUR
HAIR WAS
DARK, AND
YOU WORE
A BEARD...
YOU'D BE
J. EMMET
WHITE!!

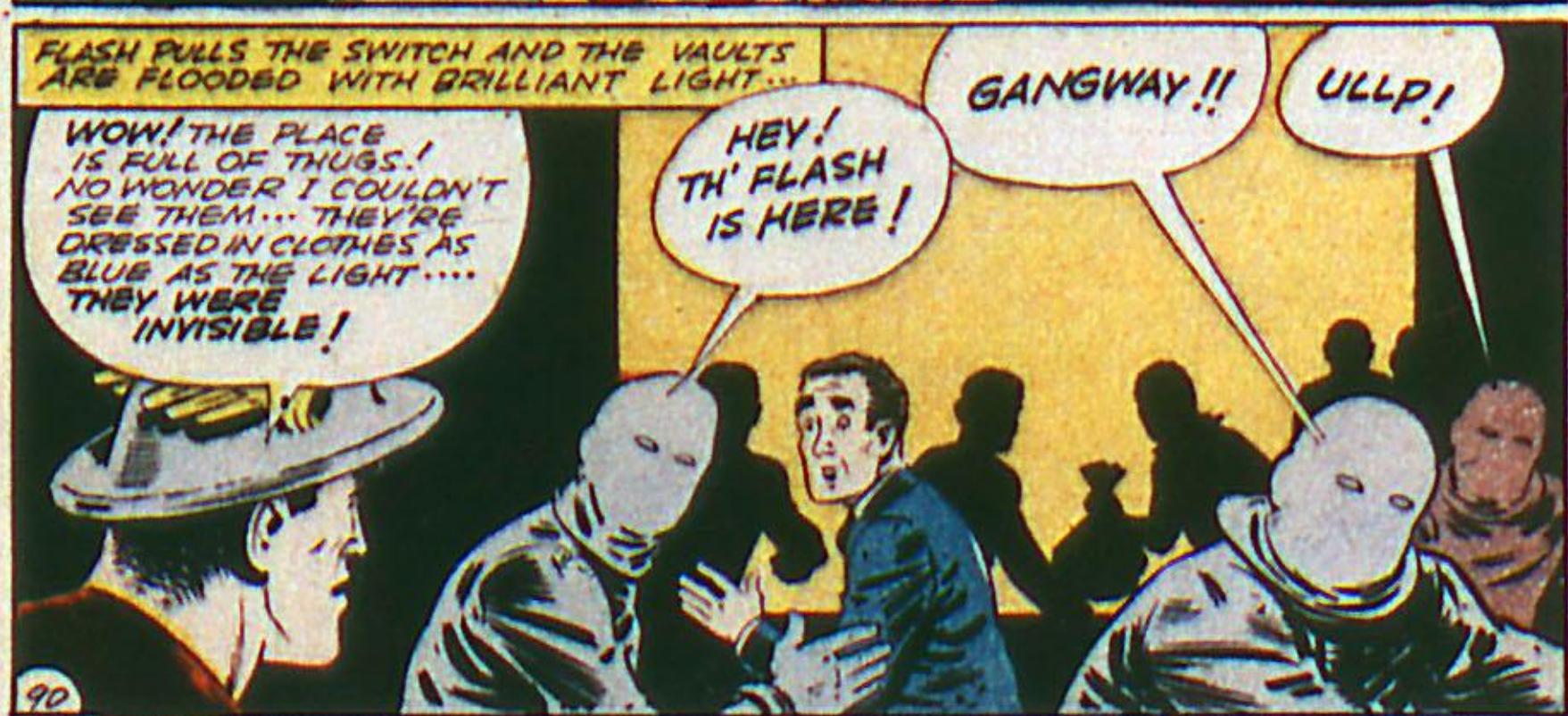
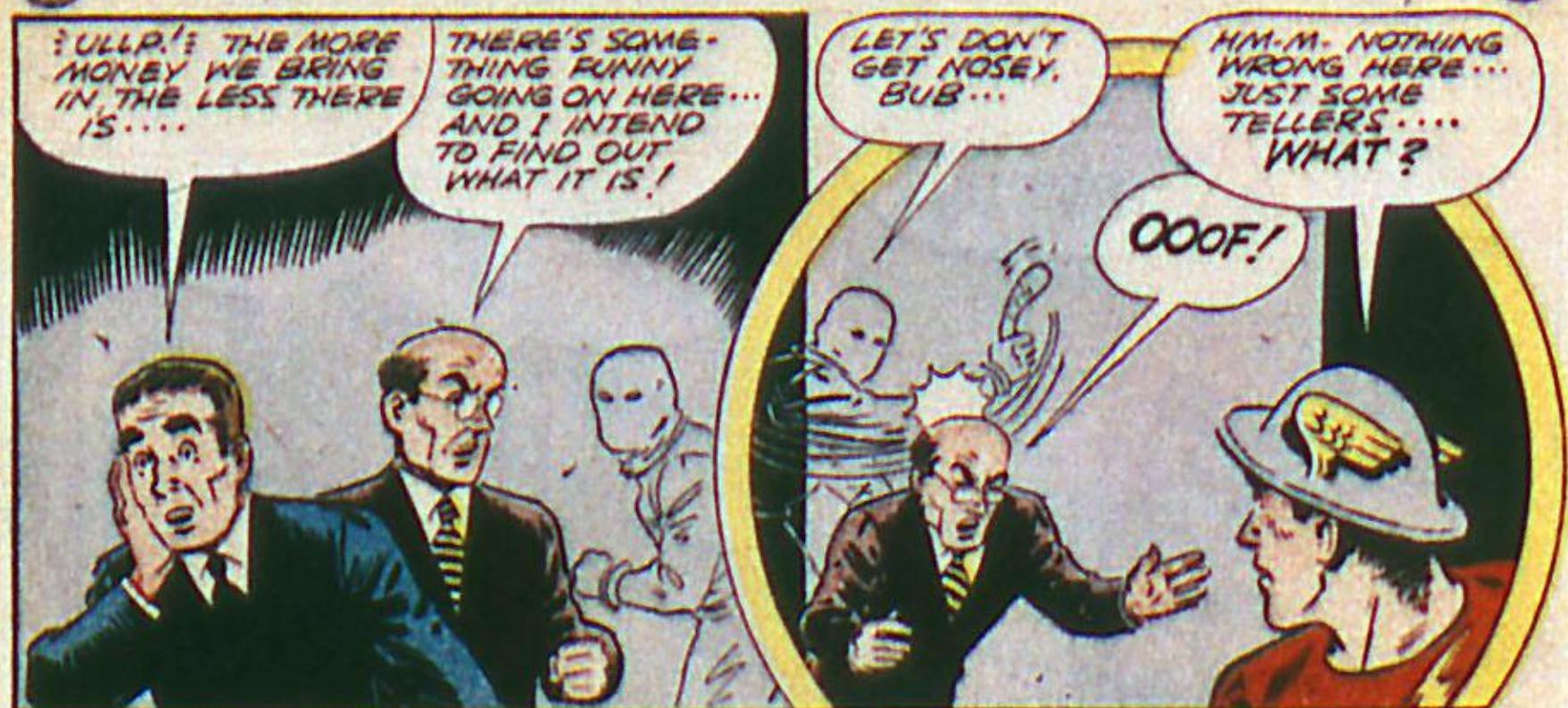
I AM EMMET WHITE!
THAT DAY YOU LAST SAW
ME, I FELL INTO AN
OPEN SEWER, AND WAS
CARRIED INTO THE RIVER!
I- ER- USED TO DYE MY
HAIR BLACK... A LITTLE
CONCEIT, YOU KNOW...
BUT THE WATER WASHED
THE DYE OUT, AND
TURNED IT WHITE . . .

I WAS FISHED OUT OF
THE RIVER BY A BARGE
CAPTAIN... BUT I HAD
LOST MY MEMORY! SO
HE TOOK ME TO A
CHARITY MISSION WHERE
THEY FED AND SHAVE
ME! THEN I WANDERED
ABOUT THE CITY, AND
WAS JAILED FOR
VAGRANCY

ALL-FLASH



ALL-FLASH



ALL-FLASH

THE FLASH MAKES SUCH QUICK WORK OF THE BLUE-CLAD ROBBERS THAT THEY THINK THEY HAVE BEEN SLIGHTLY MANHANDED BY A TORNADO

HERE'S YOUR MONEY, BOYS! I'VE STOPPED THE CROOKS, BUT I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND THE SINISTER!

WHW! WHATTYA GUY... SO FAST I DIDN'T EVEN SEE HIM...



OUTSIDE

SAY! THAT MAN... HE'S THE SINISTER!

HIM? HE'S ONE OF OUR CLIENTS!

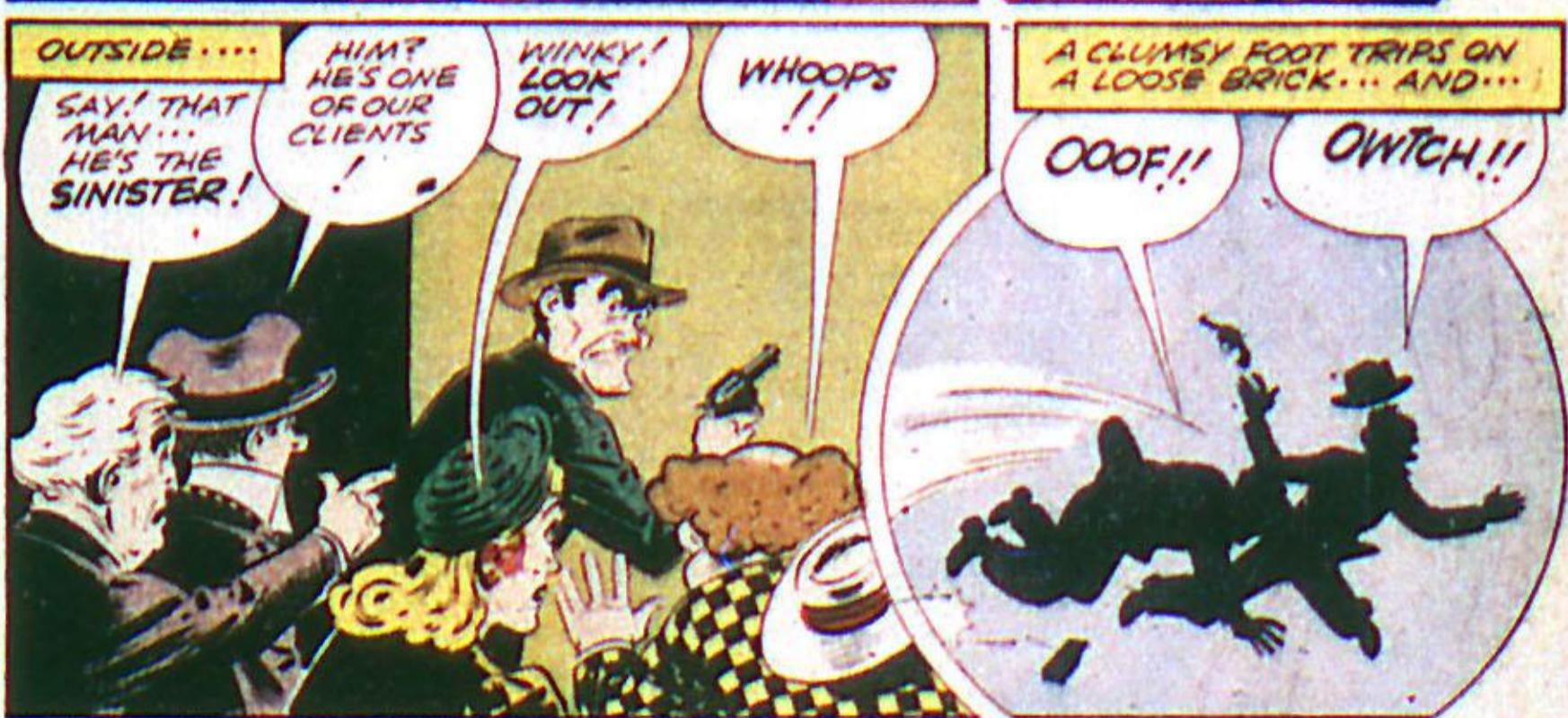
WINKY! LOOK OUT!

WHOOPS !!

A CLUMSY FOOT TRIPS ON A LOOSE BRICK . . . AND . . .

OOOF!!

OWTCH!!



SOME MINUTES LATER, AFTER ARRESTS HAVE BEEN MADE, AND IDENTITIES REVEALED

GREAT WORK, WINKY! YOU CAUGHT THE SINISTER!

THA-THANKS, FLASH! IT WAS JUST AS EASY AS FALLIN' DOWN!

THERE'S SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO SAY BEFORE YOU TAKE ME TO JAIL . . .

ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU LET THOSE THREE GUYS BE MY LAWYERS! BOY, I'LL BE OUT AGAIN IN NO TIME!

OH, YEAH? WELL, SO WE'RE GONNA THERE. FOOL YA! WE'RE MISTER GIVIN' UP LAW SINISTER. ON ACCOUNTA WE'RE SICK O GETTIN' PUT INTO JAIL ALLA TIME . . .

YOUSE IS A GONER!



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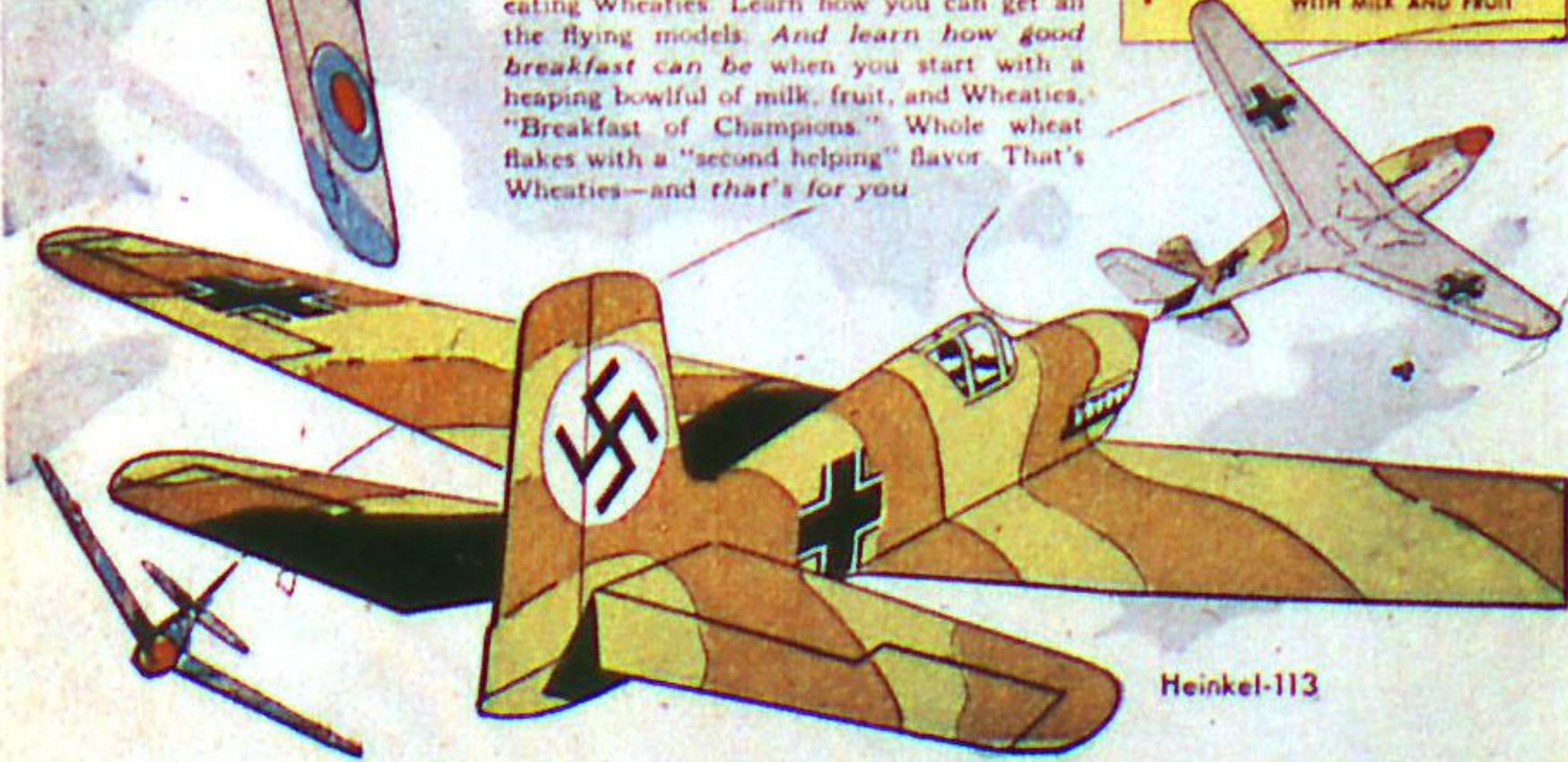
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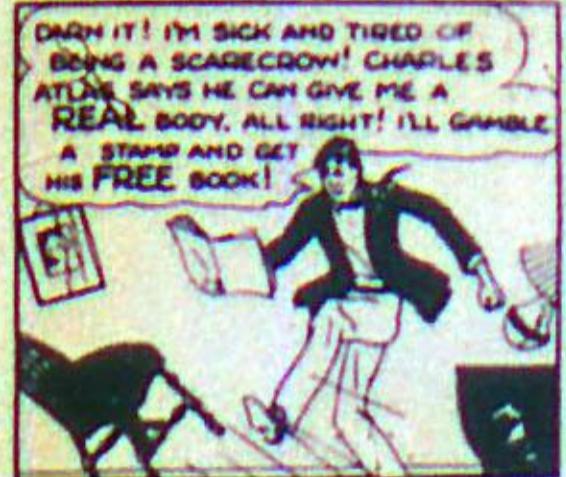
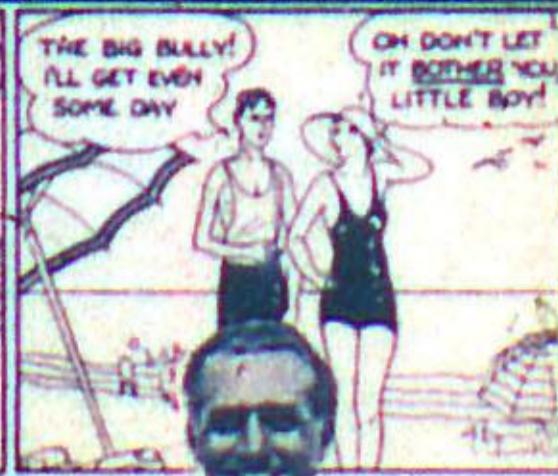
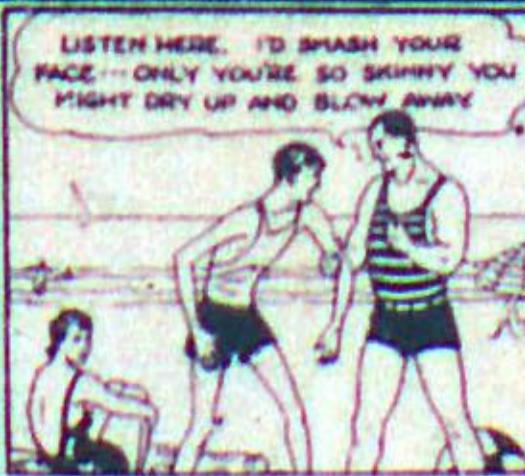
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**I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too,
in Only 15 Minutes a Day!**

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

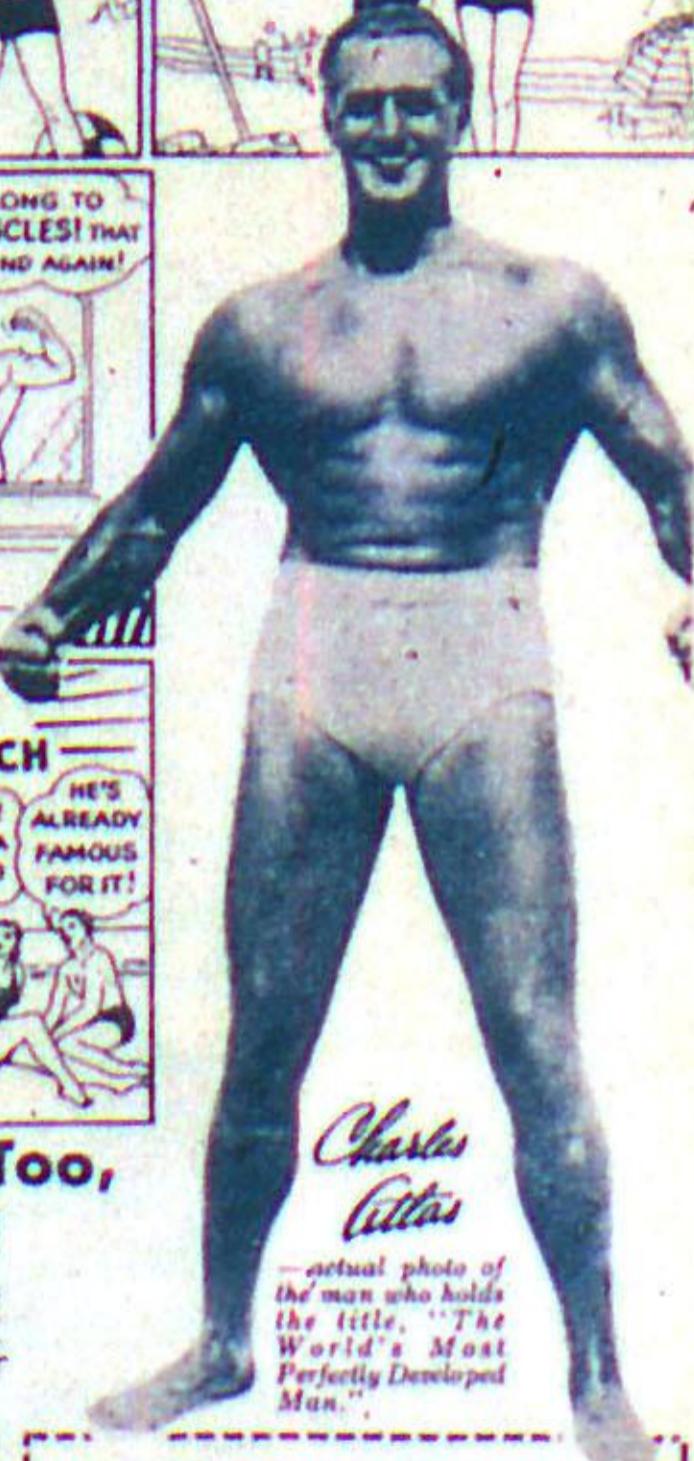
NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New-Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—**FREE**. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions.

It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 354K, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



*Charles
Atlas*

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 354K,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

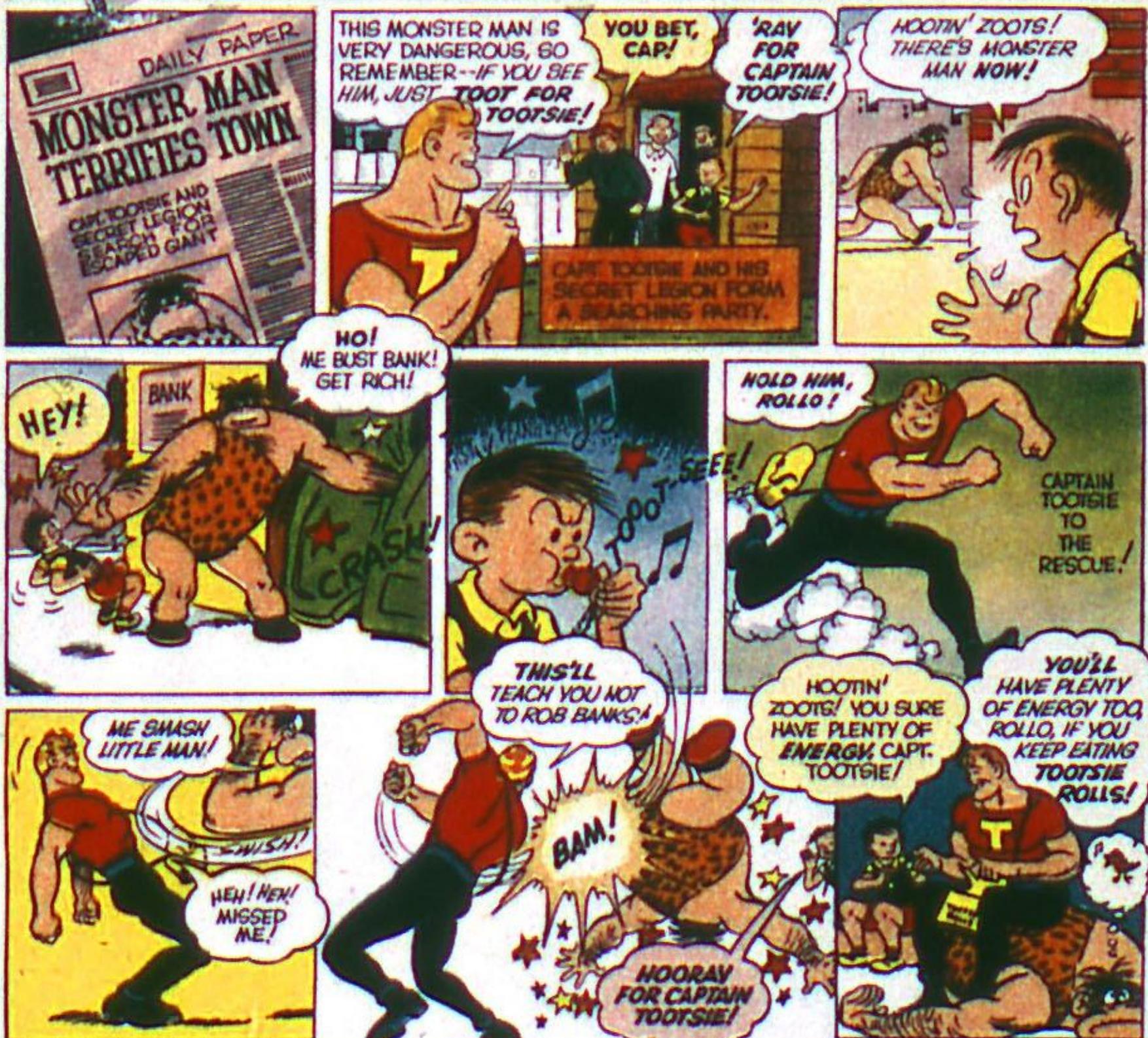
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