

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC

SUMMER

No. 15

AAE-FLASH

10¢

IND.

"WORRY, WORRY
EVERYWHERE"

"UNDER THE
SORCERER'S SPELL"

"THE CASE OF THE
MYSTERIOUS STRANGER"

FILE
CASE HISTORIES OF
THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE!

3 Complete NEW
ADVENTURES
OF THE **FLASH**
FASTEST
MAN
ALIVE!

A SUPERMAN
DC PUBLICATION

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"WORRY, WORRY
EVERYWHERE"



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The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

PAGING SHERLOCK HOLMES! PAGING SHERLOCK HOLMES!

YOU ARE NEEDED AT ONCE TO DECIPHER THE RIDDLE THAT BAFFLES AN ENTIRE CITY!

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT ADMITS ITS HELPLESSNESS, AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE THE CLUE SLEUTH REFUSES TO TAKE THE CASE!

BUT WAIT! PERHAPS THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE CAN SOLVE THE SERIES OF ENIGMAS THAT BEGINS WITH A SLIP OF PAPER AND ENDS WHEN THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER RIPS THE VEIL THAT SHROUDS THE

SECRETS OF A STRANGER!



INTO THE THRONGED SHOW ROOMS OF "DIFFLY AND COMPANY, JEWELERS, STEPS AN OVER-COATED FIGURE WITH A STRANGE REQUEST.

YOU HEARD ME!
I WANT TO SEE THE
KOHMINAR
DIAMOND!
I WANT TO PURCHASE
IT!

BUT THE
KOHMINAR!
THE PRICE OF THAT
IS IN THE MILLIONS!
YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE
MR DIFFLY HIMSELF
ABOUT THAT... WE
DON'T SHOW IT TO
EVERYONE!

AND SO, THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER
IS USHERED INTO THE OFFICE OF
MR DIFFLY...

DID I UNDERSTAND
YOU ARE INTERESTED
IN PURCHASING
THE KOHMINAR
DIAMOND?

YES... YOU LOOK
A BIT DOUBTFUL,
MR. DIFFLY...
DON'T WORRY...
I'M PREPARED
TO PAY YOU A
PROPER PRICE!

THIS PIECE OF PAPER... IS IT FAIR TRADE?

THAT--THAT IS MORE THAN FAIR! GIVE IT TO ME! TAKE THE DIAMOND, QUICKLY... AND GO! GET OUT! GET OUT!

FOR LONG MOMENTS, IRA DIFFLY STARES AT THE PIECE OF PAPER IN HIS HAND... HIS CHEEKS WHITEN WITH A QUEER PALLOR, AND SUDDENLY HE CRUMPLES IN HIS CHAIR

MR. DIFFLY! WHY-HE- HE'S DEAD!

ONE HOUR LATER, IN THE LUXURIOUS OFFICES OF JOHN K THWAITE, PRESIDENT OF THE CENTRAL BANK CORPORATION....

HMM.. YOU'VE REQUESTED A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR LOAN! HAVE YOU BROUGHT THE SECURITIES WITH YOU?

YES, INDEED... I BROUGHT YOU A BUTTON!

A BUTTON? ARE YOU BEING FUNNY, SIR? I DO NOT APPRECIATE SUCH HUMOR... ULP! *

THAT BUTTON! IT.. IT WILL DO... YES, YES! I WILL ACCEPT IT... TAKE THE MONEY... BUT..... LEAVE THE BUTTON!

THREE HOURS LATER, A MUFFLED REPORT SOUNDS FROM THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT THWAITE, AND WHEN HORRIFIED EMPLOYEES ENTER....

HE'S DEAD! HE SHOT HIMSELF!

THAT SAME AFTERNOON, AT A RARE BOOK AUCTION, A FIRST EDITION OF POE'S "TAMERLANE" BRINGS AN OFFER OF FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS....

SOLD FOR FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

PARDON ME, BUT I'LL TAKE OVER NOW.... YOU SEE, THAT FIFTY THOUSAND IS MINE!

WHAT'S THIS? I THOUGHT GREG HENRY OWNED THE BOOK!

HE DOES... I'LL CALL HIM OVER RIGHT AWAY!

DO SO.. HE WILL AGREE THAT THE MONEY BELONGS TO ME!

Bottom Lines on Following Pages Tell What to Do While Battle Rages

WHEN MR. HENRY APPEARS, THE STRANGER, WHILE ADDRESSING HIM, HOLDS OUT A PIECE OF GLASS.

AS THE STRANGER LEAVES, MR. HENRY DAZEDLY STARES AT THE BIT OF GLASS IN HIS HAND AND.....

MR. HENRY, THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME ARGUMENT.... I SAY THE PRICE OF POE'S "TAMERLANE" SHOULD BE GIVEN TO ME... SHOULDN'T IT? INCIDENTALLY... THIS BIT OF GLASS BELONGS TO YOU!

THE...
PIECE OF
GLASS...
YES, YES!
BY ALL
MEANS...
PLEASE GIVE
HIM THE MONEY,
AUCTIONEER!

Y-YES, I THINK
SO... HOWEVER, I'D
BETTER GO HOME...
AT ONCE!

BUT THAT EVENING AT HIS HOME GREG HENRY FALLS INTO A DEATHLIKE COMA, AND THE HEADLINES OF THE DAILY COURIER BLAST A CHALLENGE TO THE POLICE...

GETCHA EVENIN'
PAPLUH HERE...
HELLO, MISTER
GARRICK!

HI, JIMMY.
HM.. LOOKS
LIKE BIG
NEWS
TONIGHT!

JAY (THE FLASH) GARRICK GREETS JOAN AND HER NEPHEW WITH THE LATEST NEWS...

HELLO, JOAN,
WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF THE
BIG MYSTERY?

THE PAPERS
ARE FULL OF IT!
I THINK THE
FLASH OUGHT
TO GO TO WORK
ON THE CASE!

AHR... THE PAPERS
SAY IT'S A CASE FOR
THE CLUE SLEUTH
AN' I THINK
SO, TOO!

WELL, THE
CLUE SLEUTH
IS A GREAT
DETECTIVE...
BUT YOU'VE
NEVER SEEN
THE FLASH
IN ACTION!

THE PAPERS INSIST NO
ONE ELSE CAN SOLVE
THE CASE BUT THE
CLUE SLEUTH! THAT'S
ENOUGH FOR THE FLASH!
I KNOW... I MEAN HE
KNOWS WHEN HE'S
NOT WANTED!

LATER THAT NIGHT...

NEWS FLASH: THE CLUE SLEUTH HAS
REFUSED TO TAKE THE CASE OF
THE MYSTERIOUS
STRANGER...

WELL, IF HE
ISN'T INTERESTED
MAYBE THE
FLASH WILL
BE!

OH, NOW DON'T
BE CHILDISH,
JAY... YOU...
ER.. I MEAN
THE FLASH
KNOWS BETTER
THAN THAT!

DID YOU
HEAR THAT,
JAY?

NOW
THEY'LL NEVER
SOLVE IT!



Tin Cans in the Garbage Pile Are Just a Way of Saying "Heil!"

AN HOUR LATER AT THE LOCAL POLICE DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS

BUT WE NEED YOU CLUE SLEUTH.. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SOLVE THIS CASE!

HERE'S ONE FELLA WHO'S WILLING TO TRY!

HOW CAN I SOLVE IT WITHOUT CLUES? NO ONE CAN!

FLASH! BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU... MEET THE CLUE SLEUTH!

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE, BUT I LIKE TOUGH PROBLEMS!

I'VE ADMIRE YOUR WORK A LOT, FLASH, BUT THIS CASE IS A TOUGH ONE! YOU'LL BUTT YOUR HEAD AGAINST A STONE WALL!

IF THERE WERE A CHANCE OF SUCCESS, I'D TAKE THIS CASE MYSELF.. I'D GET A GOOD FEE, AND A LOT OF PUBLICITY! BUT IN ORDER TO BREAK A CASE, I MUST HAVE CLUES..... FORGET IT, FLASH.. DON'T RISK YOUR REPUTATION!

BESIDES, ARE YOU SURE THERE ARE ANY CRIMES? NO ONE HAS MADE A COMPLAINT!

BUT THERE IS A MYSTERY, AND THAT'S WHAT I INTEND TO CLEAR UP!

ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU'RE HEADING FOR TROUBLE!

TROUBLE? SINCE WHEN HAVE I STEERED CLEAR OF THAT?

BUT AS THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER LEAVES THE POLICE OFFICE, SHADOWY FIGURES LIE IN WAITING!

HERE HE COMES NOW!

OKAY.... LET 'IM HAVE IT!

THE SUDDEN RATTLE OF SUB-MACHINE GUN FIRE BLASTS A PATH OF DEATH AT THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE...

OH! OH! LOOKS LIKE THAT TROUBLE HAS ALREADY BEGUN!

Waste Fats in Good Condition Help to Make Fine Ammunition

MOVING WITH THE SPEED OF
LIGHT, THE FLASH DODGES
THE BULLETS...

LUCKILY I CAN SEE
THE BULLETS. BUT IT'S
KEEPING ME MIGHTY BUSY
TRYING TO DODGE THEM!

I'M ALWAYS BEST
WHEN I CAN GET MY
HANDS ON SOMETHING...

OWTCH!



HAVEN'T WORKED A PUMP
HANDLE IN A LONG TIME, BUT
THIS WILL DO JUST AS WELL!

S-S-START
THE
C-C-CAR!
START IT?
WE'RE DOING
NINETY
NOW!



OH, NOTHING MUCH...
I'LL JUST GIVE YOU A
WORM'S-EYE VIEW
OF WHERE WE'RE
GOING!

AND TO THINK I
USED TO WANNA
BE A STREET-
CLEANER!

LET'S GO INTO A
BLACKOUT, BOYS!
HEY.. I BEEN
STRUCK BLIND!
EITHER THAT
OR NIGHT FALLS
AWFUL FAST
AROUND THESE
PARTS!



Boys and Girls, Every Day, Can Give War Aid in Many a Way—

I KNOW JUST THE SPOT TO PUT
YOU LADS THROUGH YOUR PACES!

PUT US THROUGH
OUR PACES & HE
THINKS WE'RE HORSES!

I WISHT WE'D
HAD ENOUGH
HORSE-SENSE
TO LEAVE THE
FLASH ALONE!

PARDON ME,
BOYS... I WON'T
BE LONG!

AWW, FEEL
FREE TO TAKE
YER TIME A...

YEAH! WE AINT'
IN NO HURRY!
I GUESS WE
AIN'T GOIN'
NO PLACE!

THAT'S WHERE
YOU'RE WRONG!
I'M GIVING YOU
A FREE RIDE...
STRAIGHT UP
INTO THE AIR!

YEEOW!
THIS THING'S
AN AIR-PLANE!

ANYTIME YOU'LL
TELL ME WHO
PAID YOU TO
SHOOT AT ME...
YOU GO FREE!

AAAAGH!
I'M GETTIN'
DIZZY!

YOU BEEN
DIZZY ALL
YER LIFE..
I'M GETTIN'
SICK!

COULDN'T WE
TELL THE FLASH?
JUST A TEENY-
WEENY HINT?

ARE YOUSE
NUTS & YA KNOW
WHAT'D HAPPEN
TO YA, DON'T
YA?

TEN MINUTES AND A COUPLE OF
THOUSAND REVOLUTIONS LATER...

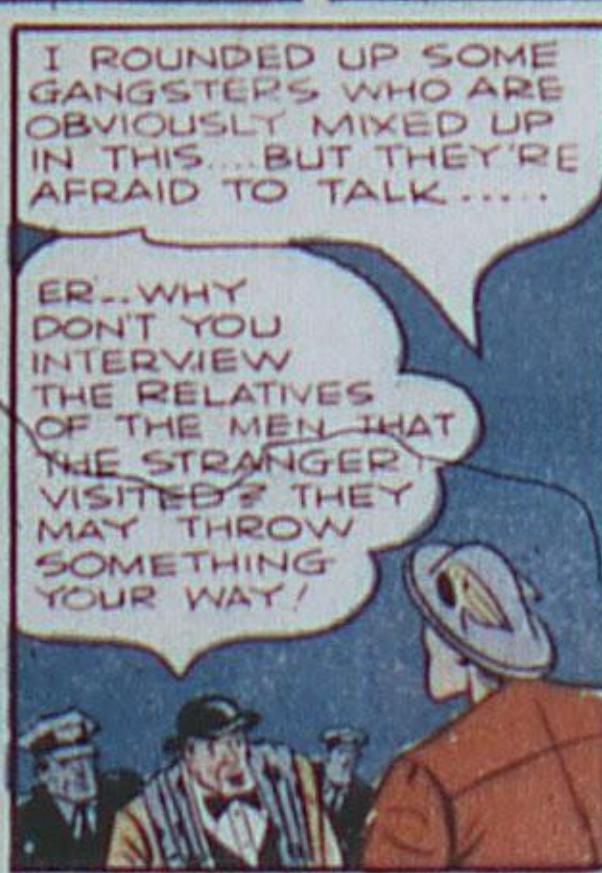
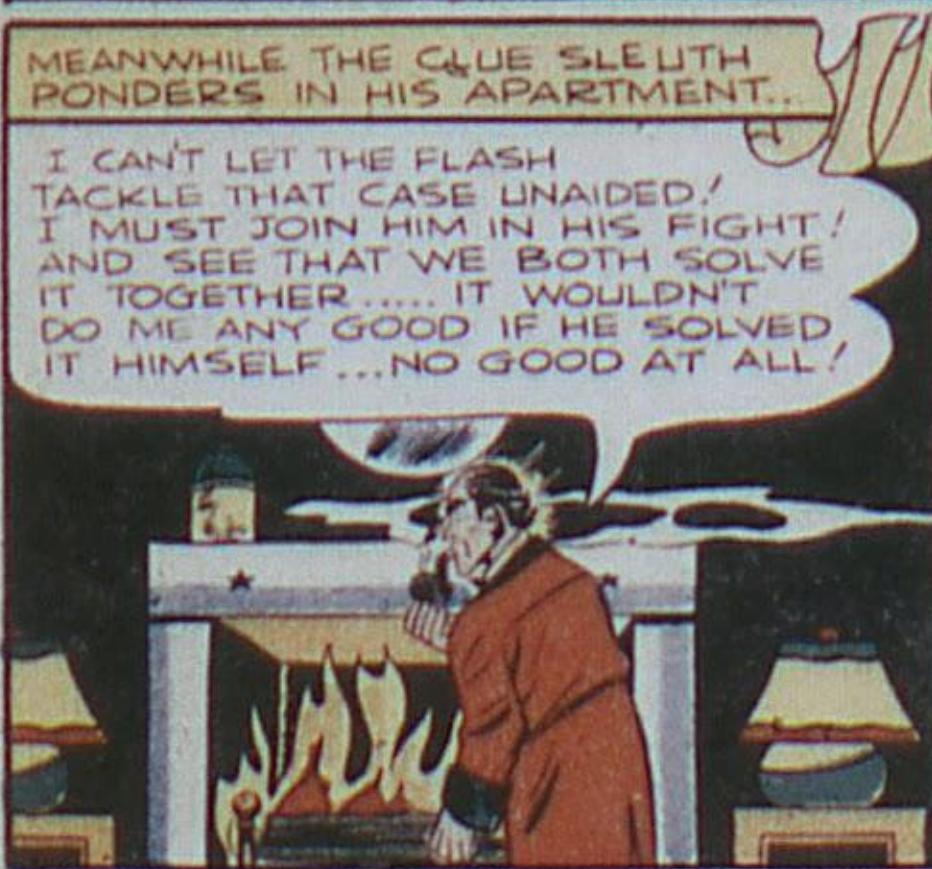
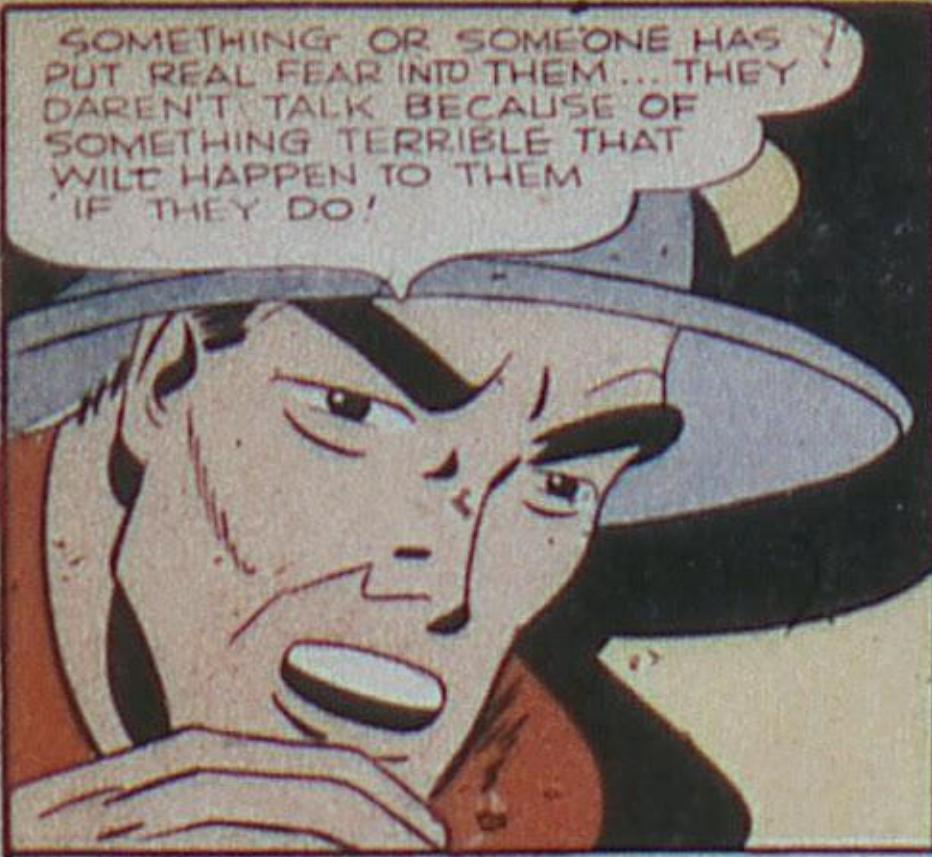
HMM.. STILL
FEELING
RETICENT?

IF YOU MEAN
WILL WE TALK?
WE DASSN'T!

YEAH...WE'D
GET INTO TROUBLE
IF WE DID!

TROUBLE?
DIS
WASN'T
NO JOY-
SPOT!

Every Time You Buy a Stamp, You Feed the Flame in Freedom's Lamp!



If You Have an Extra Quarter, Buy a Stamp to Make War Shorter

IRA DIFFLY'S WIDOW GIVES THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER A COLD RECEPTION...

BUT MRS. DIFFLY...
I'M ONLY TRYING
TO HELP!

CAN'T YOU ALLOW
PEOPLE TO SUFFER
IN SILENCE? THERE HAS
BEEN NO CRIME COM-
MITTED... AND I WON'T
HELP YOU DIG ONE UP..
I REFUSE TO DO ANY-
THING AT ALL... ANY-
THING, DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?

AND AT THE THWAITE HOME.....

AS JOHN'S SISTER, ALL I CAN
SAY IS WE DESIRE NO PUBLICITY...
JOHN IS DEAD AND GONE...
LET'S FORGET THE REST OF IT...
NOTHING ELSE IS IMPORTANT
NOW!

HM... SO YOU
FEEL THAT WAY
TOO, EH?

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH
THOSE PEOPLE?
HAVEN'T THEY ANY
DESIRE TO DISCOVER
WHAT CAUSED THOSE
STRANGE DEATHS IN
THEIR FAMILIES? WELL,
MAYBE I CAN LEARN
MORE FROM GREG
HENRY HIMSELF...
I WONDER IF HE'S
STILL IN A COMA!

AT THE HOME OF GREG
HENRY...

NO, FLASH.. YOU'LL GET
NO INFORMATION HERE...
MY DAD WAS IN A COMA
FROM THE TIME HE CAME
HOME ILL.. AND...
AND HE DIED THIS
MORNING!

OH... I'M
TERRIBLY
SORRY!

DON'T BE SORRY! JUST
FORGET THE WHOLE
MATTER AND DON'T ASK
ANY MORE QUESTIONS...
FOR I HAVEN'T THE
ANSWERS!

ALL RIGHT...
OF COURSE...
I.. I WON'T
TROUBLE
YOU AGAIN...

THERE'S SOME-
THING FUNNY
ABOUT ALL
THIS!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, MRS. DIFFLY
APPEARS AT THE DOOR OF JOAN
WILLIAMS' APARTMENT...

I CAME TO SEE YOU,
MISS WILLIAMS, BECAUSE
YOU'RE A FRIEND OF THE
FLASH... I'M MRS. DIFFLY...
YOU MUST HELP ME!

WHY, OF
COURSE.
PLEASE
COME IN!

JAY, WHO IS VISITING, IS ANNOYED
WITH WHAT HE OVERHEARS.....

YOU MUST TELL
THE FLASH TO DROP
THE INVESTIGATION...
PLEASE... HE
MUST!

I'LL TELL HIM...
BUT.. ER.. HE'S
A BIT STUBBORN
AT TIMES!

STUBBORN,
HUUH?
WELL, I
LIKE THAT!

However far soldiers roam, they want to have some mail from home

JAY CALLS JOAN ASIDE, AND...

YOU BET I'M STUBBORN WHEN I THINK SOMETHING FISHY IS GOING ON AND I CAN'T DIS-COVER WHAT!

SSH, SHE'LL HEAR YOU! WHY NOT SPEAK TO HER AS THE FLASH?

THEN...

ER... I WAS JUST PASSING BY...

JOAN WAVED FROM THE WINDOW!

WHY DON'T YOU CONFIDE IN THE FLASH, MRS DIFFLY? HE'S HELPED SO MANY FOLKS IN THE PAST!

I IMAGINE YOU'RE AFRAID OF A SCANDAL... I CAN PROMISE YOU THERE'LL BE NONE OF THAT.... I GIVE YOU MY WORD!

IF IF I COULD COUNT ON THAT... BUT BUT WHY NOT? THERE MAY BE OTHER PEOPLE AS DESPERATE AS I I'LL TELL YOU!

YEARS AGO, IRA KILLED A MAN ACCIDENTALLY.... HE WROTE OUT A CONFESSION TO SEND TO THE POLICE, BUT HE LOST HIS NERVE.... SOMEHOW, HE LOST THAT PAPER AND NEVER HEARD OF IT AGAIN...

MEANWHILE, IRA BUILT UP HIS FIRM AND REPUTATION. WE HAD FORGOTTEN THAT OTHER AFFAIR... THEN THE DAY HE DIED, A MAN CAME INTO THE STORE AND IN EXCHANGE FOR A VALUABLE GEM, GAVE HIM A SLIP OF PAPER... TORN FROM HIS CONFESSION OF YEARS AGO!

HOW AWFUL FOR HIM!

THE SHOCK AFFECTED HIS HEART... HE FELL DEAD! SO THAT'S WHAT'S BEHIND THESE CASES... A CLEVER FORM OF BLACKMAIL.... AND...

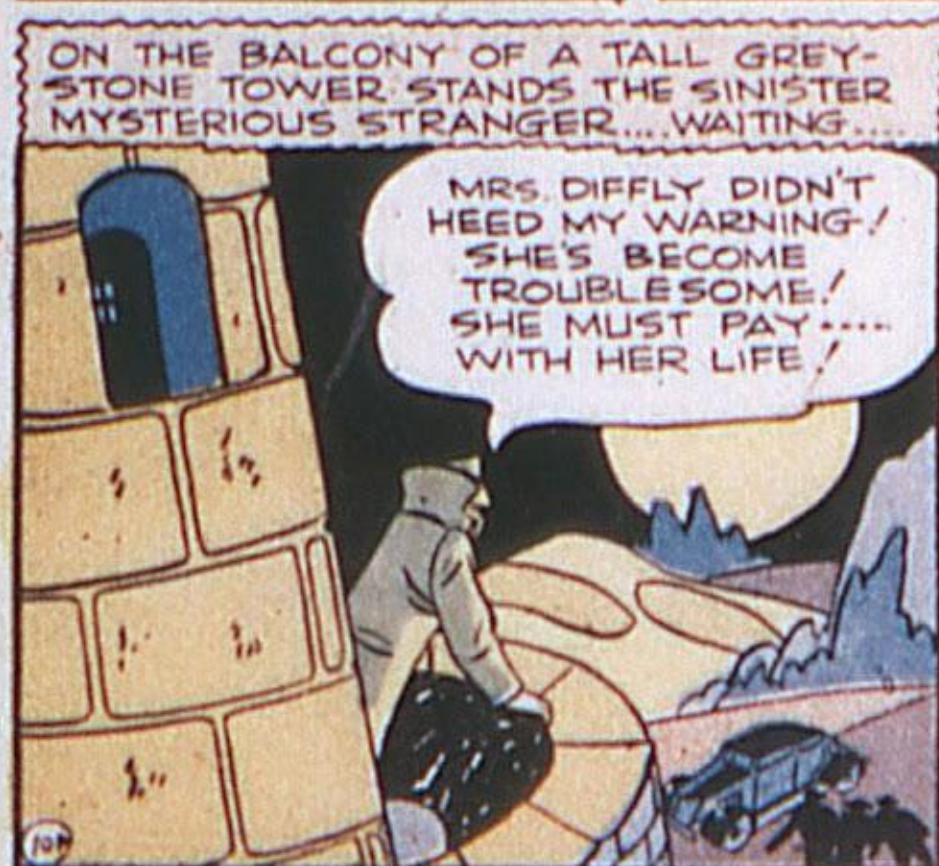
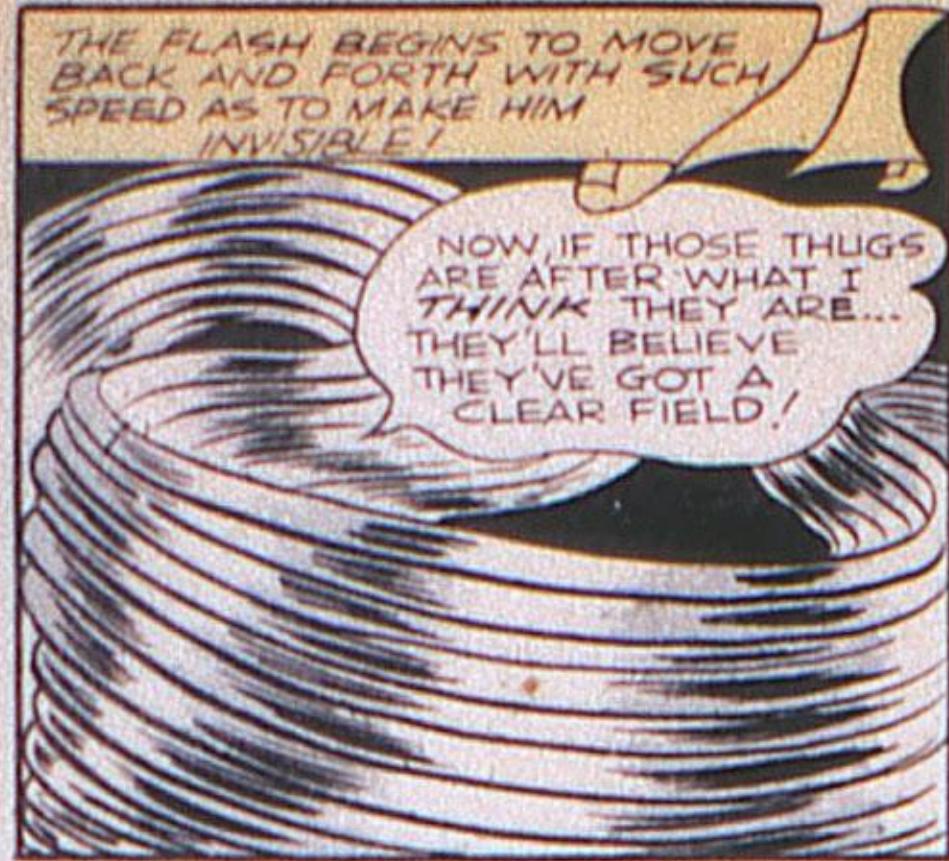
OHOH!

MRS DIFFLY WENT INTO THAT APARTMENT... GET HER WHEN SHE COMES OUT!

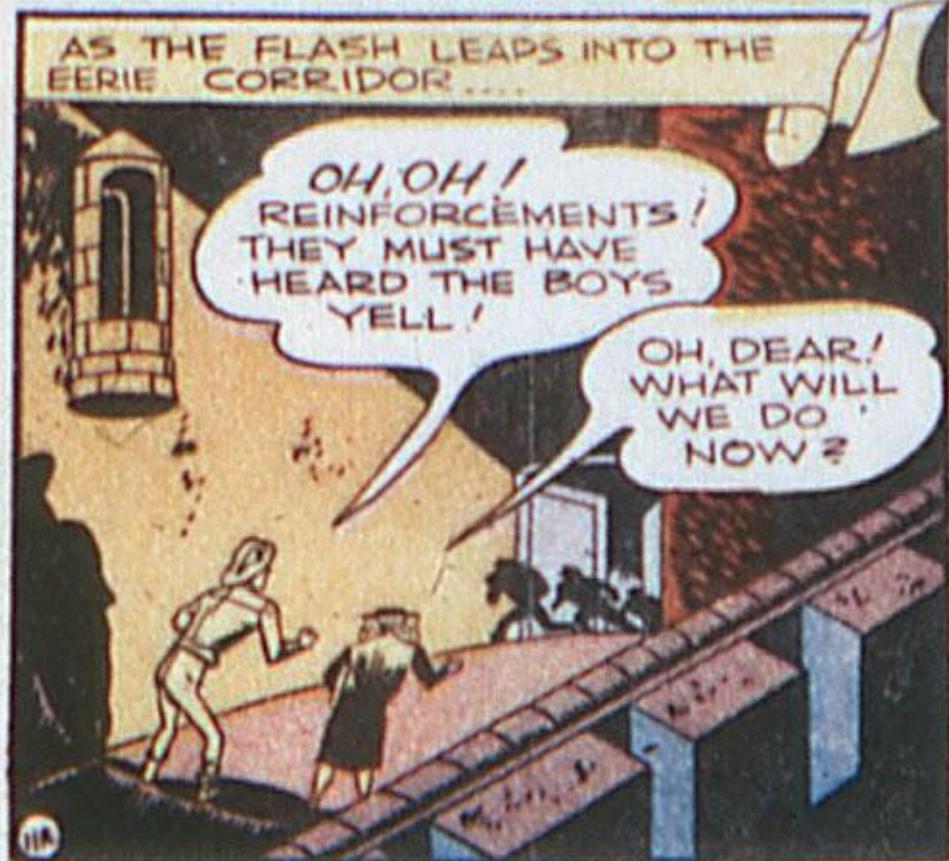
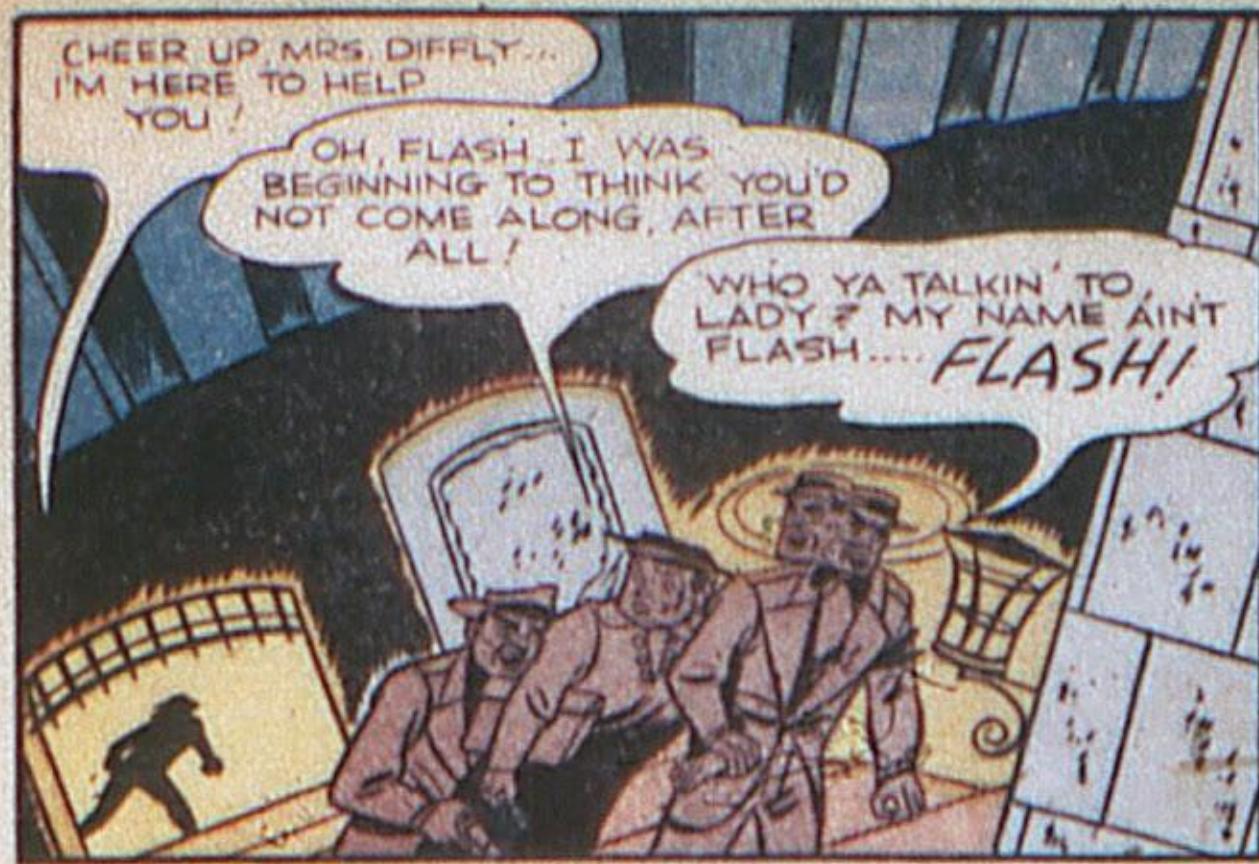
SURE THING, BOSS!

THOSE MEN DOWN THERE. THEY LOOK A BIT ON THE ROUGH SIDE
COME, MRS DIFFLY I'LL SEE YOU HOME!

Collect Old Paper, Turn It In - Help Your Uncle Sam to Win



You Can Walk to School and Store! Saving Gas Helps Win the War!



Boys Are Smart, Girls Are Wise, Black Markets Not to Patronize



IF YOU STILL HAVE METAL SCRAP, TURN IT IN TO BEAT THE JAP.

BUT THE SPEED-STUDDED HANDS OF THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE ARE NOT IDLE! HIS FINGERS BEND AND REBEND THE THIN WIRE, CRACKING AND BREAKING IT....

I CAN WORK THESE WIRES BACK AND FORTH SO SWIFTLY, THEY'LL SPLIT... BUT CAN I BEAT THE CURRENT TO THE WIRES!

I CAN... AND DID! NOW, MISTER CLUE SLEUTH, YOU'RE GOING TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS!

NO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! NOBODY CAN BE THAT FAST!

I'VE A HUNCH YOU SOLVED A LOT OF CASES BUT NEVER REPORTED THEM OFFICIALLY BECAUSE IT WAS MORE PROFITABLE NOT TO!

UGGH!

YOU KEPT CERTAIN CLUES THAT POINTED TO THE REAL CRIMINAL... YOU PRESENTED THOSE CLUES TO DIFFLY, THWAITE AND HENRY! THEY REALIZED YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW THEY WERE GUILTY... AND GAVE YOU THE DIAMOND AND MONEY TO KEEP YOU QUIET! THE SHOCK JUST HAPPENED TO CAUSE ALL THEIR DEATHS!

FLASH... YOU'RE TOO SMART TO LIVE!

WHEN YOU SAW ME GET TOO HOT ON THE CASE, YOU SENT YOUR THUGS AFTER ME.... MRS DIFFLY GOT IN YOUR WAY TOO, SO YOU DECIDED TO ELIMINATE HER! DIDN'T YOU?

SUDDENLY THE CLUE SLEUTH KICKS HIMSELF LOOSE FROM THE FLASH'S GRIP.....

ALL RIGHT... ALL RIGHT... BUT YOU'LL NEVER TURN ME IN... I'LL....

LOOK OUT!

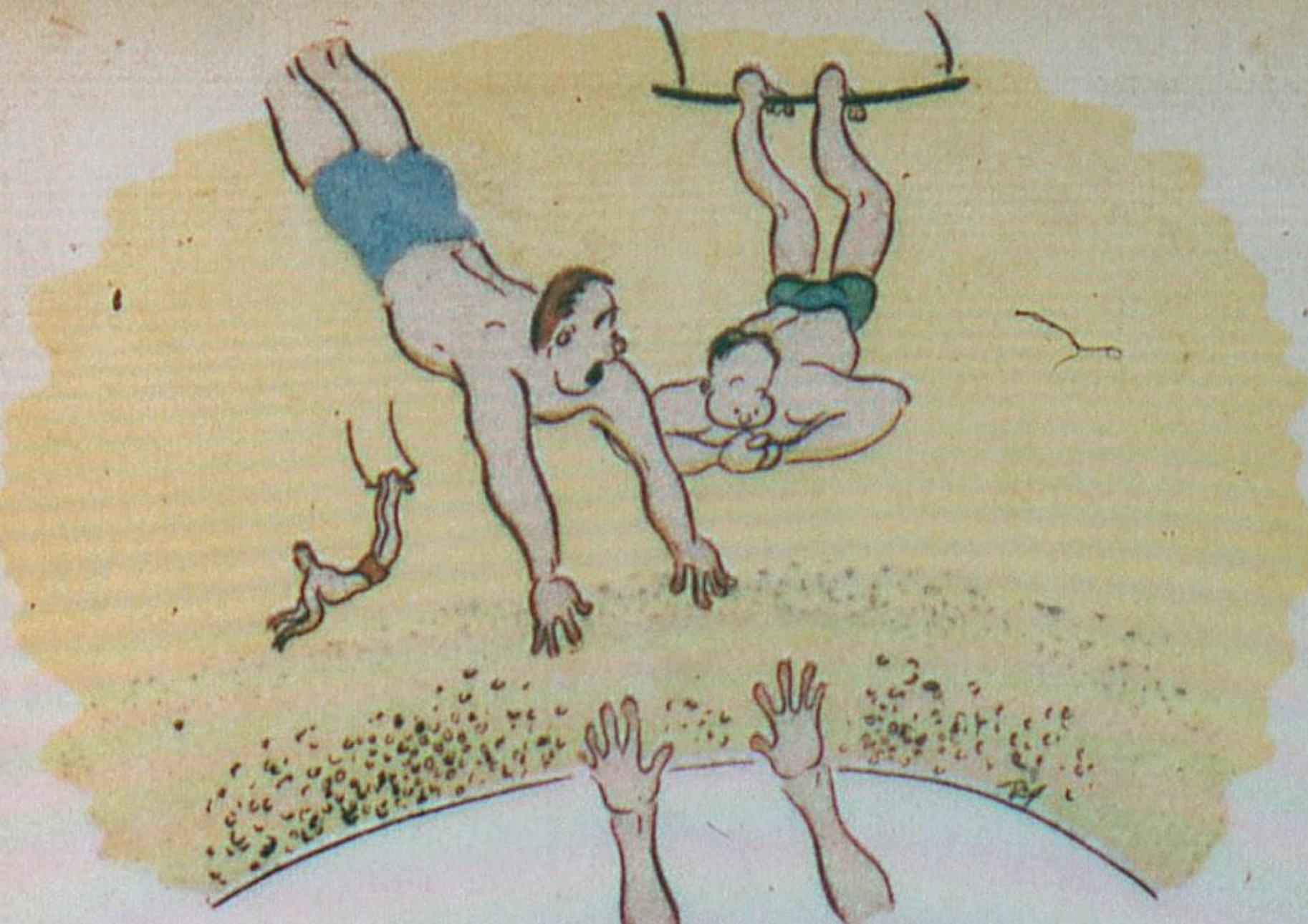
YOU'LL GO THROUGH THAT WINDOW!

HE'S GONE! THAT THOUSAND FOOT DROP IS THE END OF A VICIOUS CRIMINAL CAREER.... PERHAPS I'D BETTER LEAVE THE CASE AS IT STANDS NOW... IF ANY OF THE REAL FACTS COME OUT, IT WILL ONLY CAUSE UNHAPPINESS TO THE FAMILIES OF THE THREE DEAD MEN!

The END

Turn Out Lights Not in Use—War Production Needs the "Juice"

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"Joe loses his grip every time he forgets his Wheaties."

IT'S REALLY NO JOKE. DAREDEVIL AERIAL PERFORMERS... LIKE ALL REAL ATHLETES... KNOW THE IMPORTANCE OF STAYING IN TOP PHYSICAL CONDITION. THEY KNOW IT HELPS TO EAT RIGHT... STARTING WITH BREAKFAST. AND MANY OF THE ATHLETIC GREATS HAVE BUILT THEIR FIRST IMPORTANT MEAL AROUND MAN-SIZED BOWLS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES,

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

GOOD NOURISHMENT? POSITIVELY... ALL THE WIDELY-KNOWN ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT OF CHOICE WHOLE WHEAT.



GOOD FLAVOR? ABSOLUTELY... WHEATIES "SECOND-HELPING" FLAVOR WINS MANY A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

HELP YOURSELF TO GOOD NOURISHMENT, AND GOOD FLAVOR... AND GOOD FUN. HELP YOURSELF TO WHEATIES. YOU'LL FIND THAT FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" IS MIGHTY GOOD EATING... MORNING, NOON, OR NIGHT.

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT... STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 683, MINNEAPOLIS, 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!

A PRODUCT OF
GENERAL MILLS, INC.

"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH FRUIT AND MILK

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

The Flash

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

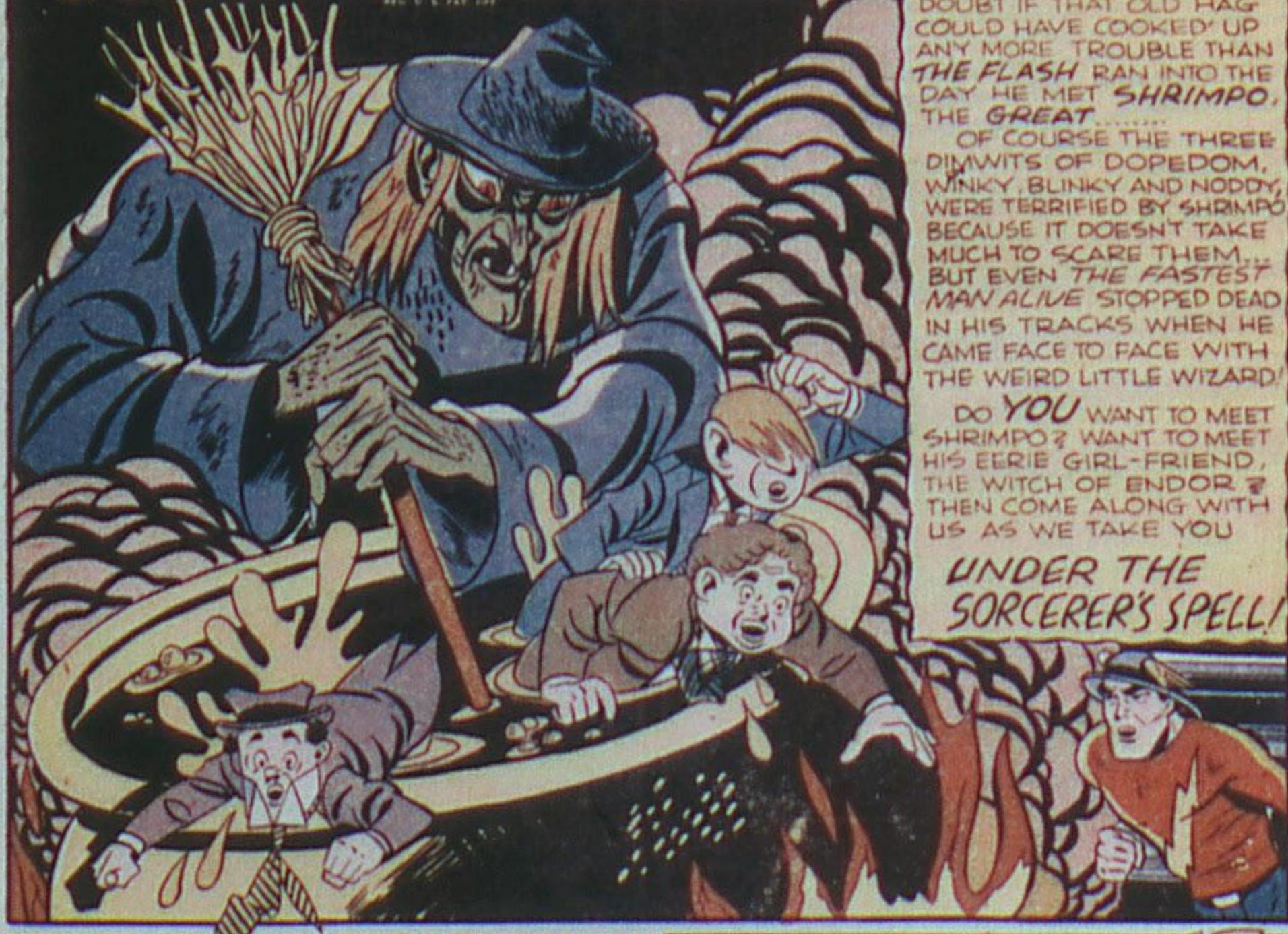
DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL
AND TROUBLE,
FIRE BURN AND
CAULDRON BUBBLE...
SHAKESPEARE

O NE OF THE WITCHES
IN SHAKESPEARE'S
MACBETH Muttered
THE ABOVE, HUNDREDS
OF YEARS AGO... BUT WE
DOUBT IF THAT OLD HAG
COULD HAVE COOKED' UP
ANY MORE TROUBLE THAN
THE FLASH RAN INTO THE
DAY HE MET SHRIMPO,
THE GREAT.

OF COURSE THE THREE
DIMWITS OF DOPEDOM,
WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY,
WERE TERRIFIED BY SHRIMPO
BECAUSE IT DOESN'T TAKE
MUCH TO SCARE THEM...
BUT EVEN THE FASTESt
MAN ALIVE STOPPED DEAD
IN HIS TRACKS WHEN HE
CAME FACE TO FACE WITH
THE WEIRD LITTLE WIZARD!

DO YOU WANT TO MEET
SHRIMPO? WANT TO MEET
HIS EERIE GIRL-FRIEND,
THE WITCH OF ENDOR? THEN
COME ALONG WITH US AS WE TAKE YOU

UNDER THE
SORCERER'S SPELL!



IT IS BRIGHT AFTERNOON... ON THREE
EASELS, THREE UNUSUAL PAINTINGS
ARE SWIFTLY BEING RENDERED
STILL MORE UNUSUAL...

WHAT A
SCENE!
WHAT A
VISION!

VERY
BEAUTIFUL!
PHOOEY!

THE WORST
PICTURE I
EVER DID WAS
OF A DECAYED
APPLE... BOY,
WAS IT
ROTTEN!

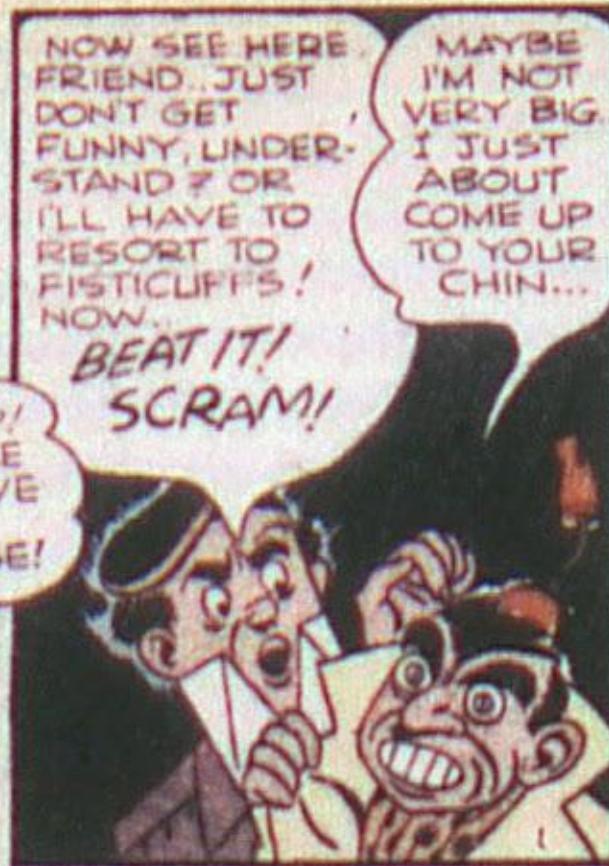
BUT THEN COMES A STRANGE
INTRUSION...

SAY, YOU CAN'T
PAINT HERE... THIS
PROPERTY IS
RESTRICTED!

HEAR WHAT
HE SAYS,
NODDY?

HUH!
A LITTLE
GUY LIKE
HIM,
ORDERIN'
US
AROUND!
SUCH
NOIVE!

Tin Cans in the Garbage Pile Are Just a Way of Saying "Heil!"



BUT IF I COME UP TO YOUR CHIN OFTEN ENOUGH, MAYBE YOU'LL SEE THAT I MEAN BUSINESS!



SUDDENLY! A VAST, BILLOWING BLACK CLOUD SWOOPS UPWARD FROM THE VERY EARTH, SWALLOWING THE TINY TYRANT!

WITCH OF ENDOR, HEAR ME... APPROACH! ABRACADABRA!

ULLP!
WHA- WHAT'S THAT?

I-I DUNNO
B-BUT IT'S LAUGHIN'!

HEE.. HEE.. HEE!



AAAGH! IT'S...
IT'S A W-WITCH!
EEOW!

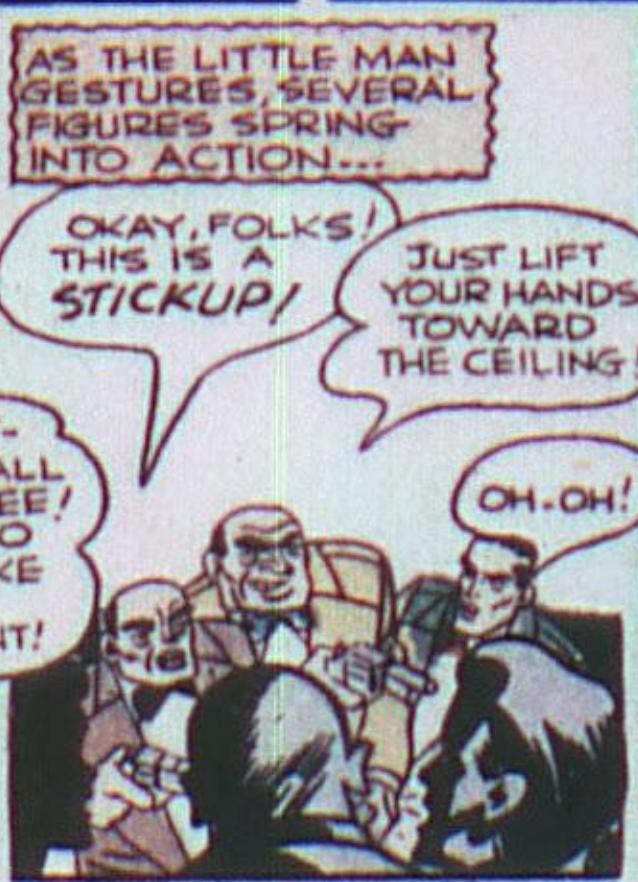
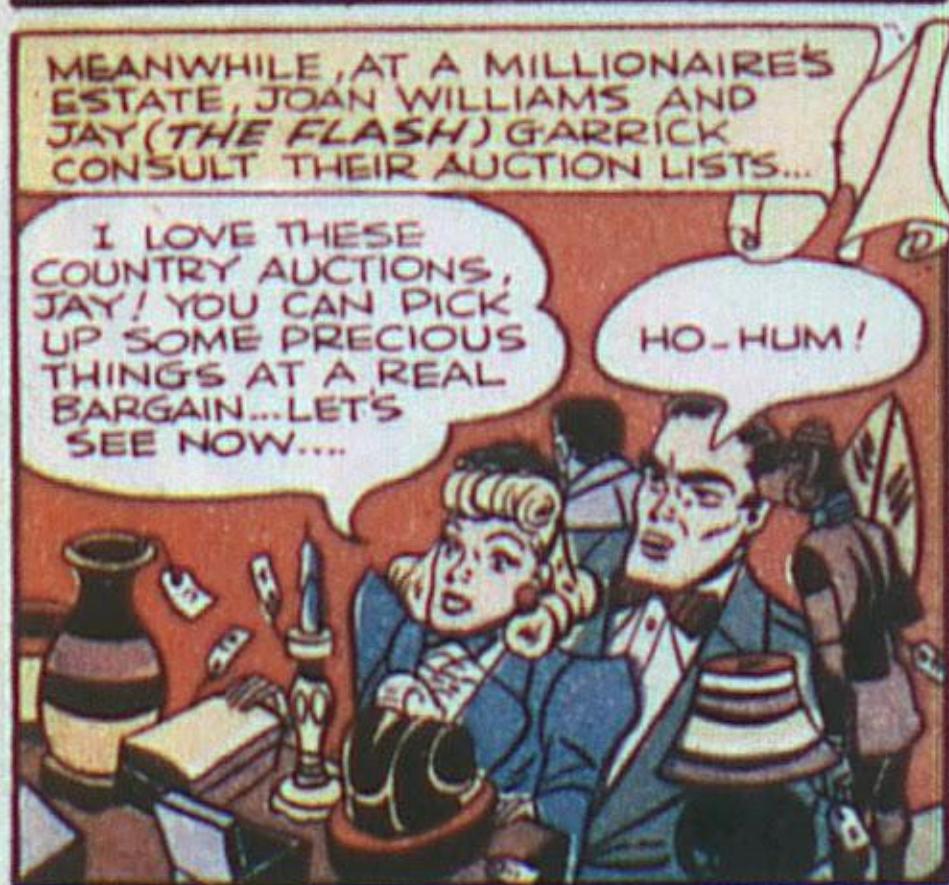


WHA-WHAT'S SHE D-DOIN' NOW?

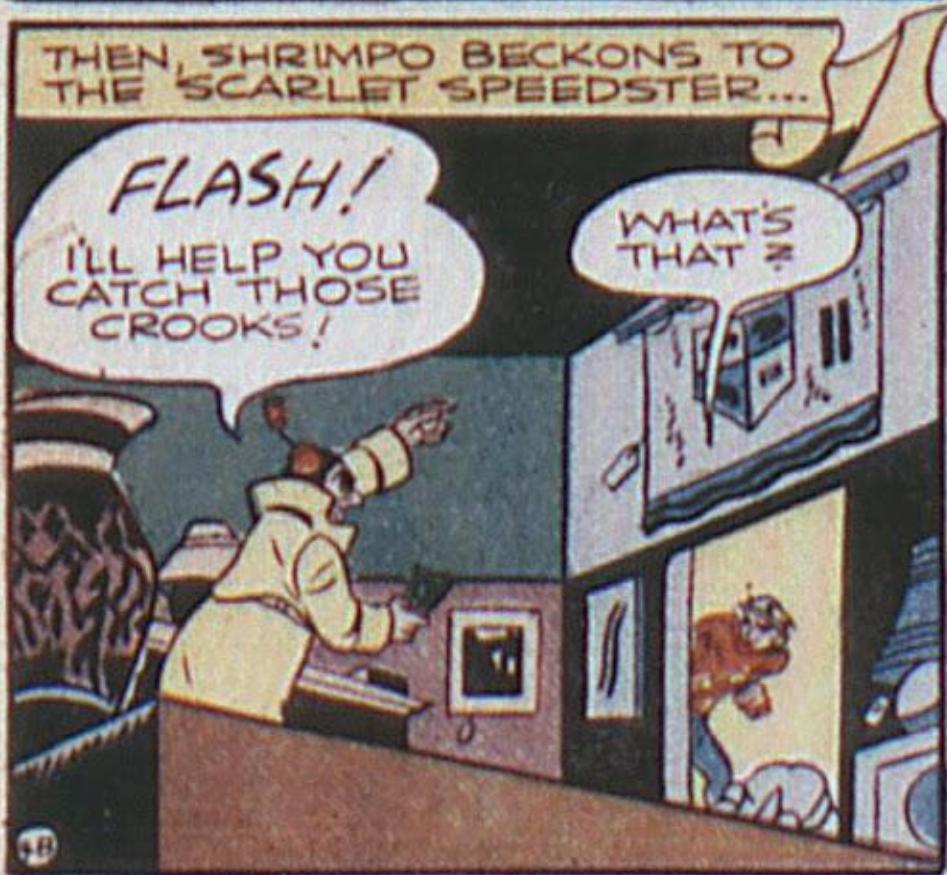
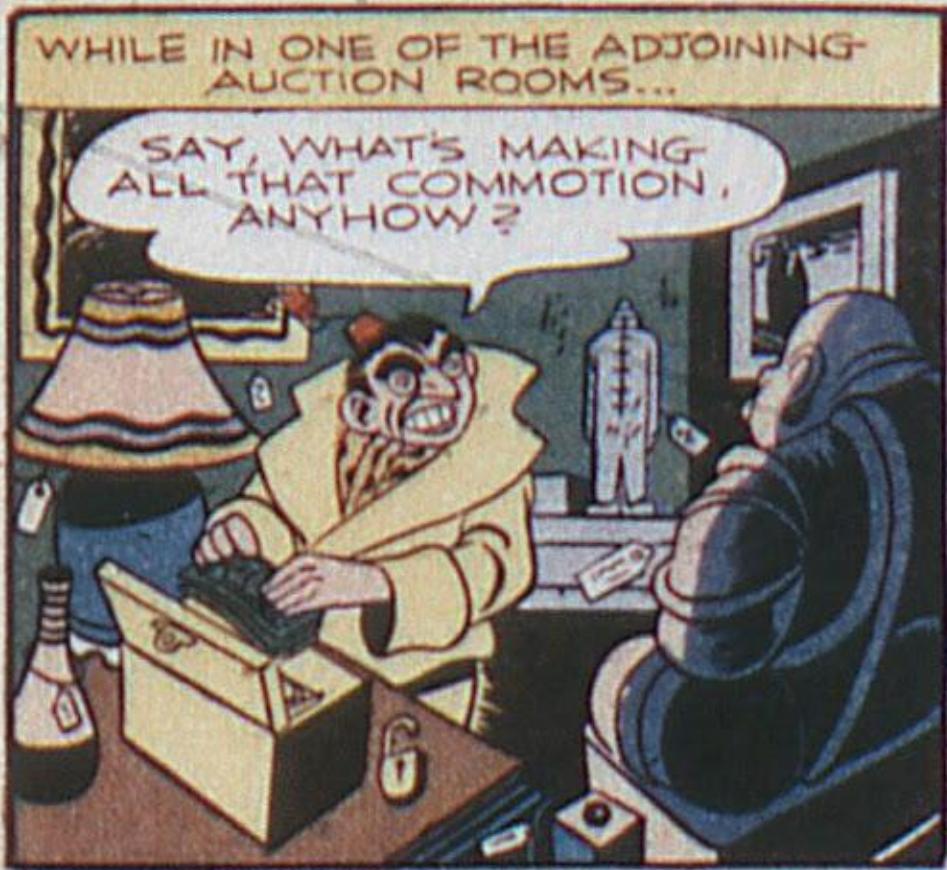
SHE-SHE-SHE-

SHE'S GONNA STEP ON-ON US!

Waste Fats in Good Condition Help to Make Fine Ammunition



Boys and Girls, Every Day, Can Give War Aid in Many a Way—



Every Time You Buy a Stamp, You Feed the Flame in Freedom's Lamp!

MOMENTARILY DAZED, THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE STANDS PERFECTLY STILL

TCH, TCH! AND I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE FLASH WOULD BE A TOUGH CUSTOMER TO HANDLE!

DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS... BUT SOMETHING'S GOT ME FROZEN TO THIS SPOT!

FROM UNDER A TABLE IN THE ADJOINING ROOM, SHRIMPO'S HAND REACHES FOR JOAN WILLIAMS' JEWEL BOX....

I'LL JUST HIDE THIS CASH IN HERE, SO THAT IF I'M CAUGHT ON THE WAY OUT, THEY WON'T FIND ANY EVIDENCE ON ME...

'AND THEN I'LL ROUND UP THE BOYS AN' GET GOIN'!

SECONDS LATER... AND THE FLASH BEGINS TO RECUPERATE...

WHEW!

I FEEL A LITTLE BETTER NOW, AND... OH, OH! I'VE GOT TO GET AFTER THOSE CROOKS BEFORE THEY ESCAPE!

OUT OVER THE COUNTRY-SIDE DARTS THE SCARLET SCOURGE IN A NEVER-ENDING RACE....

THAT'S FUNNY... I... I CAN'T SEEM TO GAIN ON THEM, NO MATTER HOW FAST I RUN...

UH! SAY, WHAT GOES ON, ANYWAY? THEY.. THEY'VE DIS-APPEARED! I ALMOST THINK I'VE BEEN CHASING GHOSTS!

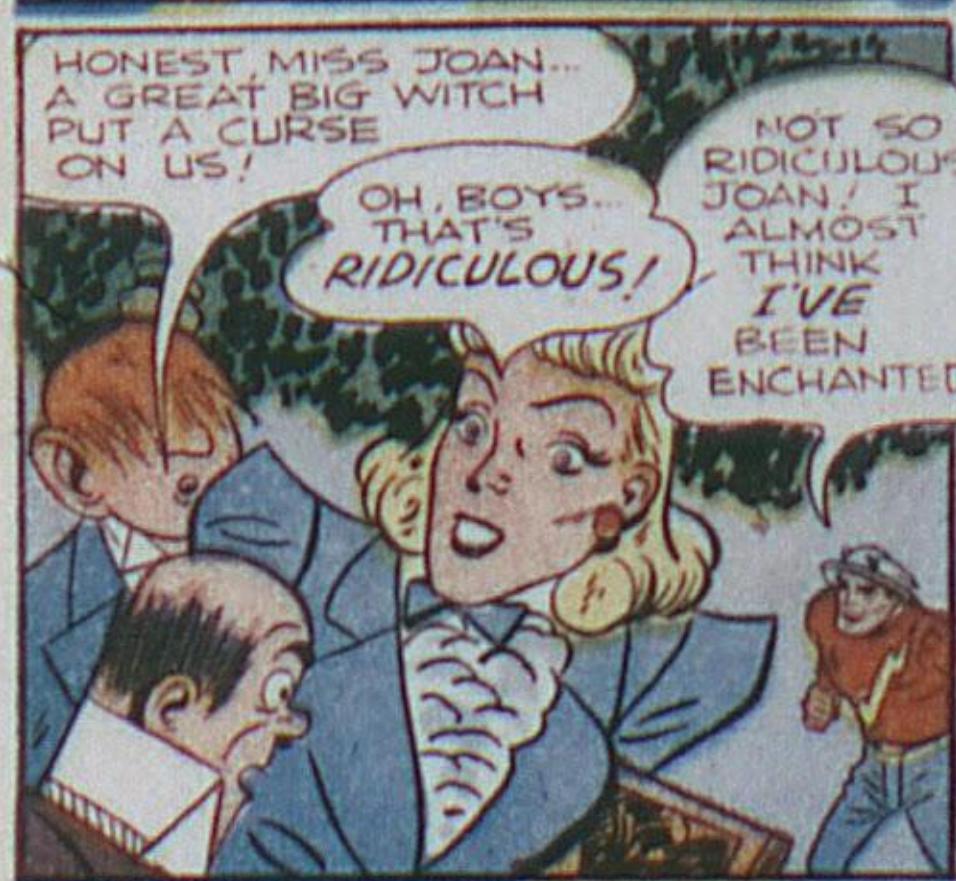
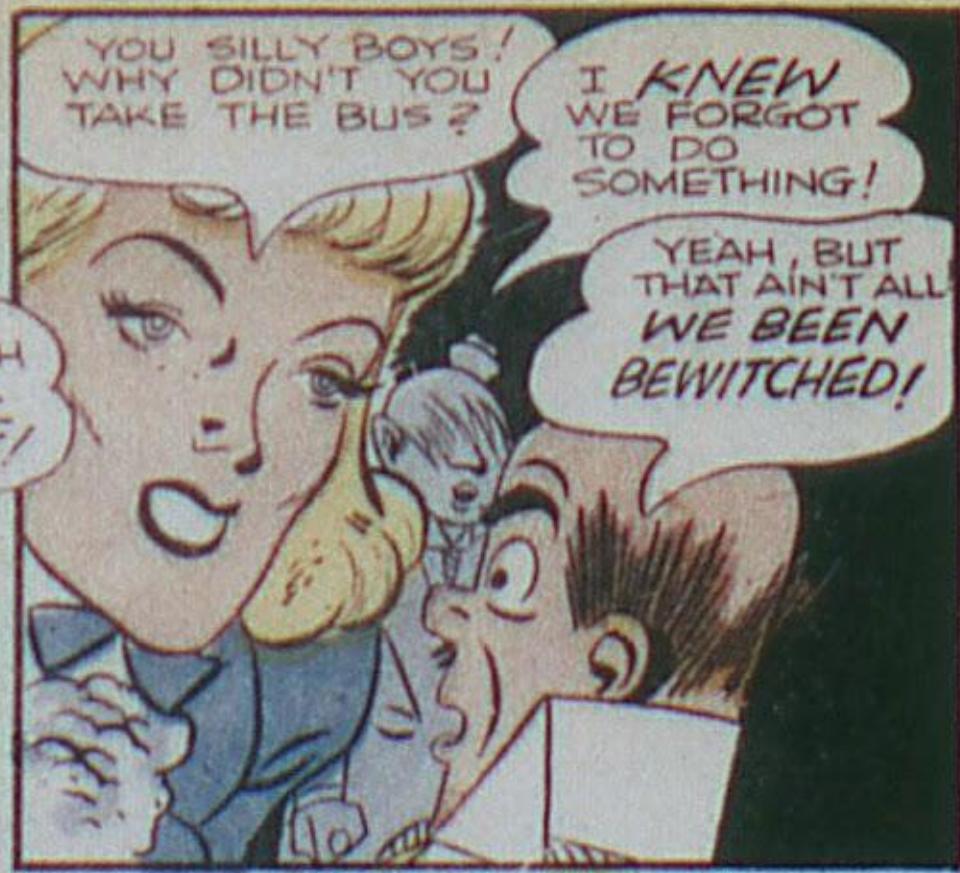
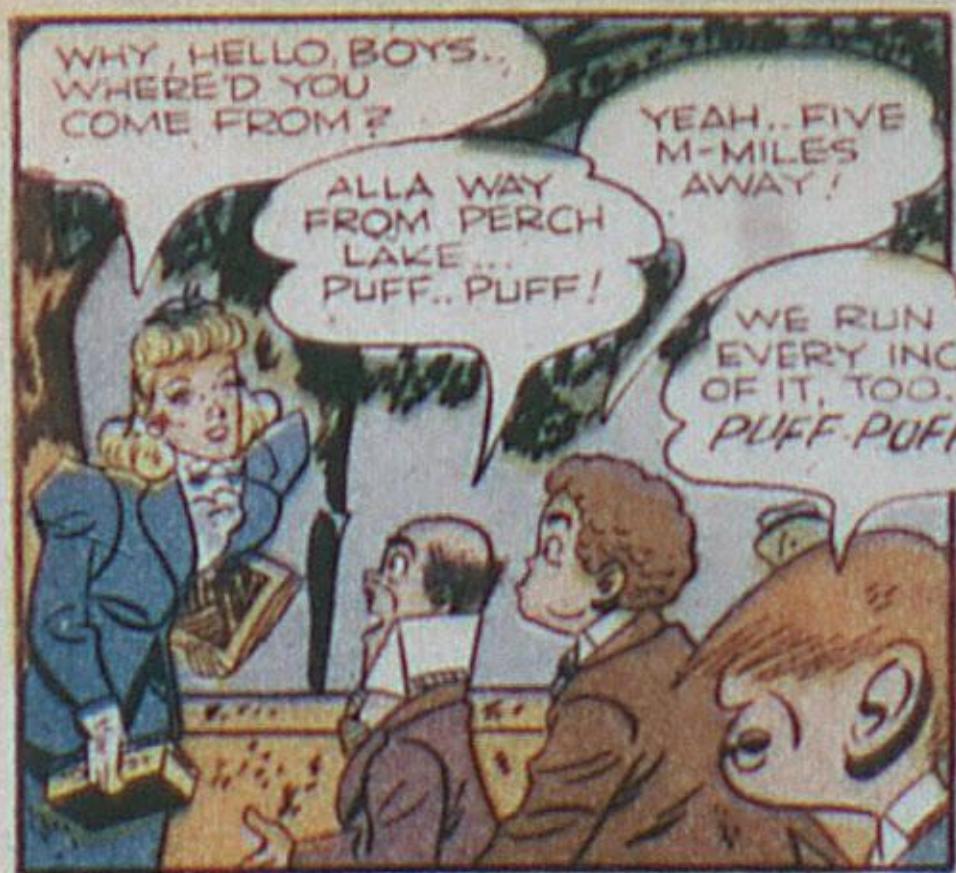
O MAYBE YOU HAVE, FLASH. MAYBE YOU HAVE!

MEANWHILE...

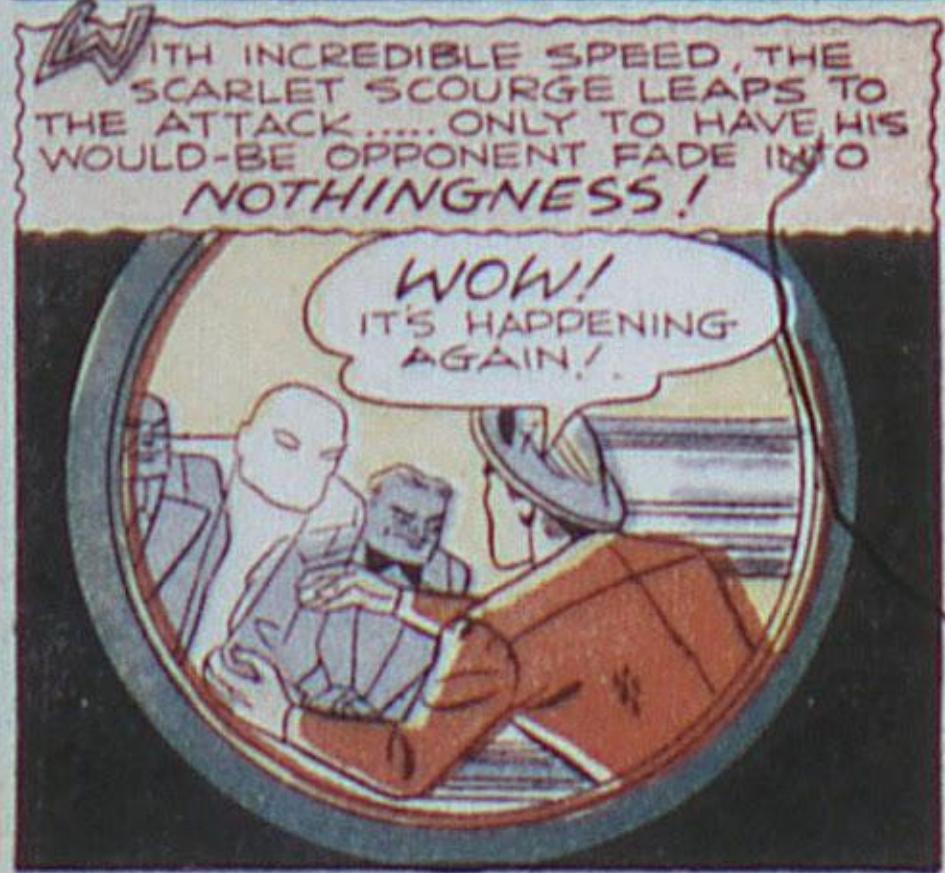
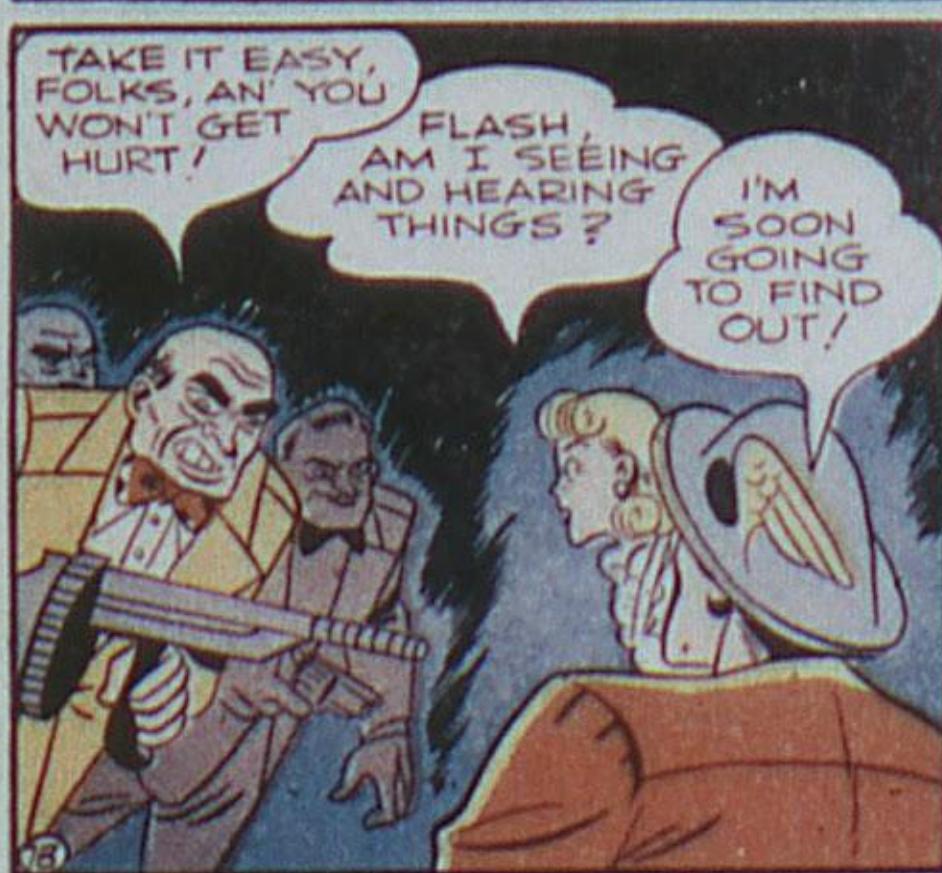
I'LL TAKE THESE... IT WAS FORTUNATE THAT THE FLASH SHOWED UP IN TIME TO BREAK UP THE ROBBERY, WASN'T IT?

YES'M.. BUT THEY DID GET AWAY WITH A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS IN BILLS!

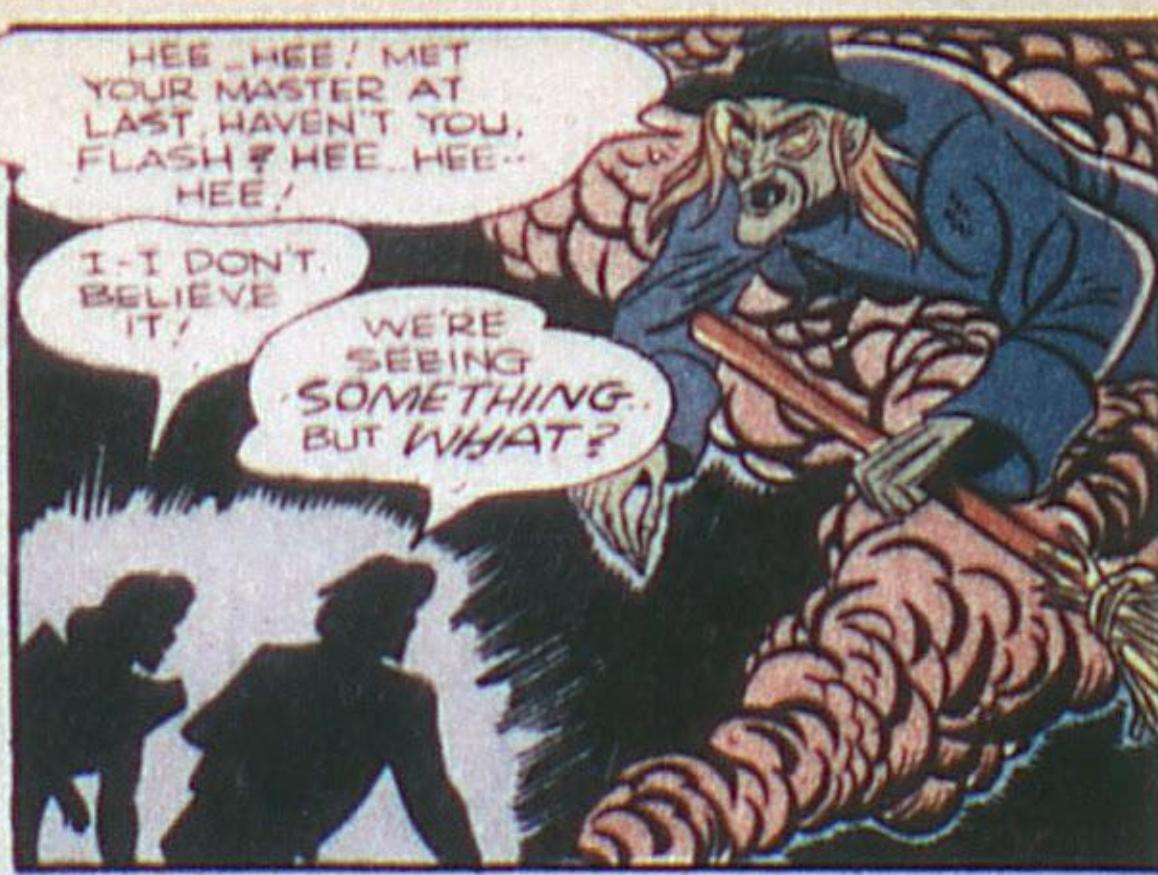
THERE GOES A GIRL WITH THAT JEWEL BOX. BUT WE'RE NOT USING ANY MORE STRONG-ARM STUFF, WITH THE FLASH LIABLE TO RETURN ANY MOMENT.. WE'LL JUST FOLLOW HER!



However far soldiers roam, they want to have some mail from home.



Collect Old Paper, Turn It In – Help Your Uncle Sam to Win



You Can Walk to School and Store! Saving Gas Helps Win the War!

LET'S GO, BOYS! I HAVE WHAT I CAME FOR!

AN' HE TOOK IT AWAY FROM THE FLASH! WOW!

NOTHING TO IT,
THE FLASH IS
NO COMPETITION
FOR SHRIMPO
THE GREAT!

TERRIFIC,
BOSS,
TERRIFIC!

BACK AT JOAN'S APARTMENT...

FLASH!
SNAP OUT
OF IT...
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

I...OH!

I'M SORRY, FLASH...
I HAD TO DO THAT...
YOU LOOKED SO...
SO ODD... IT
FRIGHTENED
ME....

IT'S A GOOD
THING YOU
DID, JOAN...
BECAUSE IT
SO HAPPENS
THAT I WAS...
HYPNOTIZED!

THAT EXPLAINS WHY WE
ALL SAW THE WITCH,
AND WHY THOSE GUNMEN
DISAPPEARED WHEN I
ATTACKED THEM! THAT
LITTLE MAN IS A MASTER
HYPNOTIST WHO CAN
CREATE IMAGES IN
PEOPLES MINDS AT
WILL!... AND THROUGH
HYPNOTISM, HE CAN
ALSO MAKE MATERIAL
OBJECTS SEEM TO
DISAPPEAR INTO THIN
AIR!

WELL, HE'S GOTTEN AWAY
NOW... BUT WAIT! THERE'S
SOMETHING IN THE
LINING I RIPPED
OFF HIS COAT!

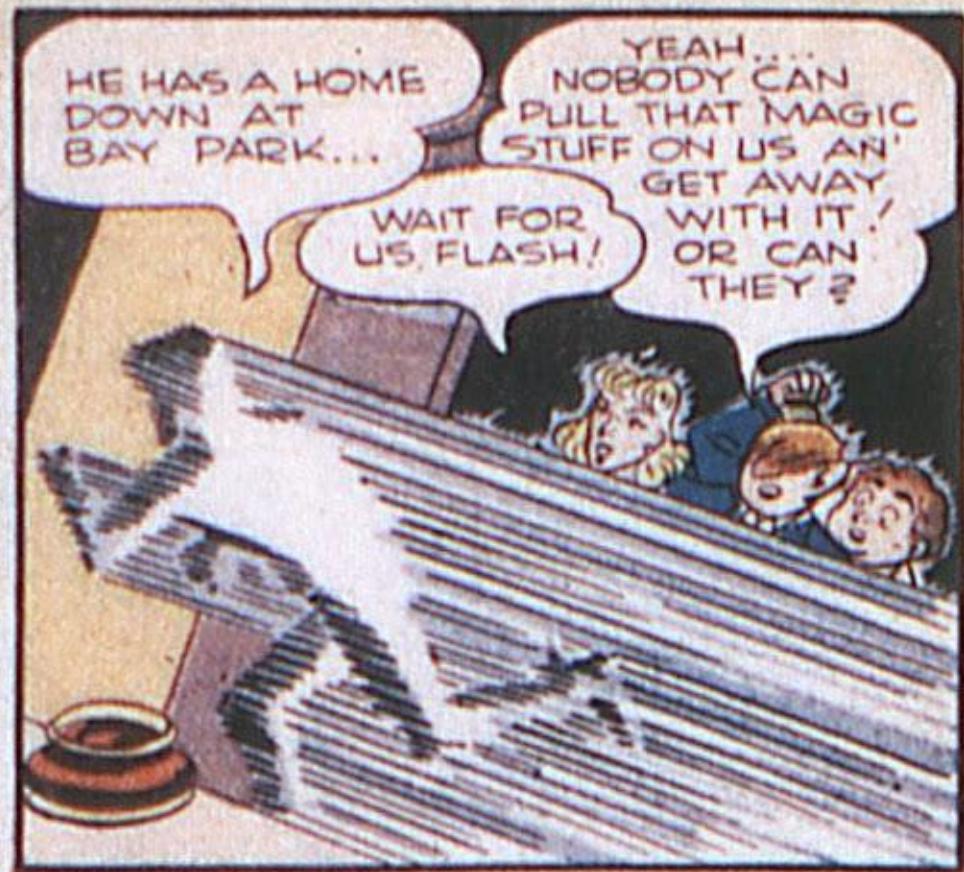
A FOLDED
PAPER! OPEN IT
UP..QUICKLY!

WELL, WELL! HE MAY
HAVE BEEN A FAMOUS
MAGICIAN IN EUROPE...
BUT HE'S JUST A PLAIN
CROOK HERE!

SHRIMPO THE GREAT!
Famous European Magician!
JUST ARRIVED IN AMERICA!
SEE HIS ILLUSIONS!
AND STAGE MIRACLES!
IN PERSON NIGHTLY
beginning JAN. 11....
STAGE THEATRE

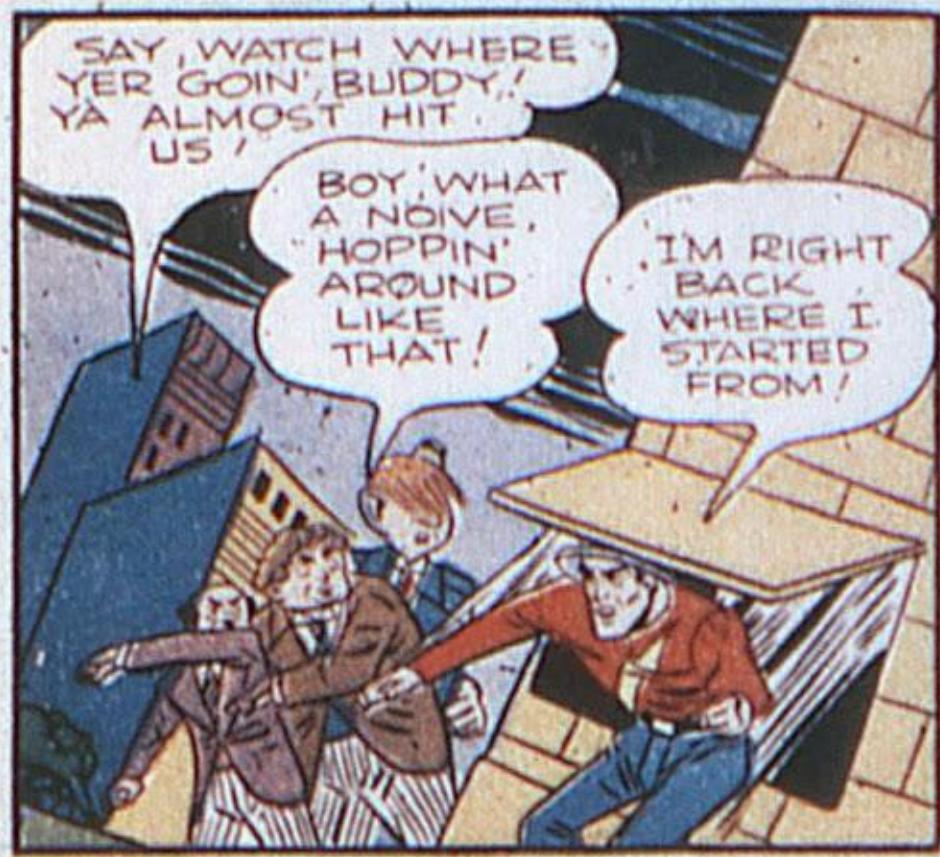
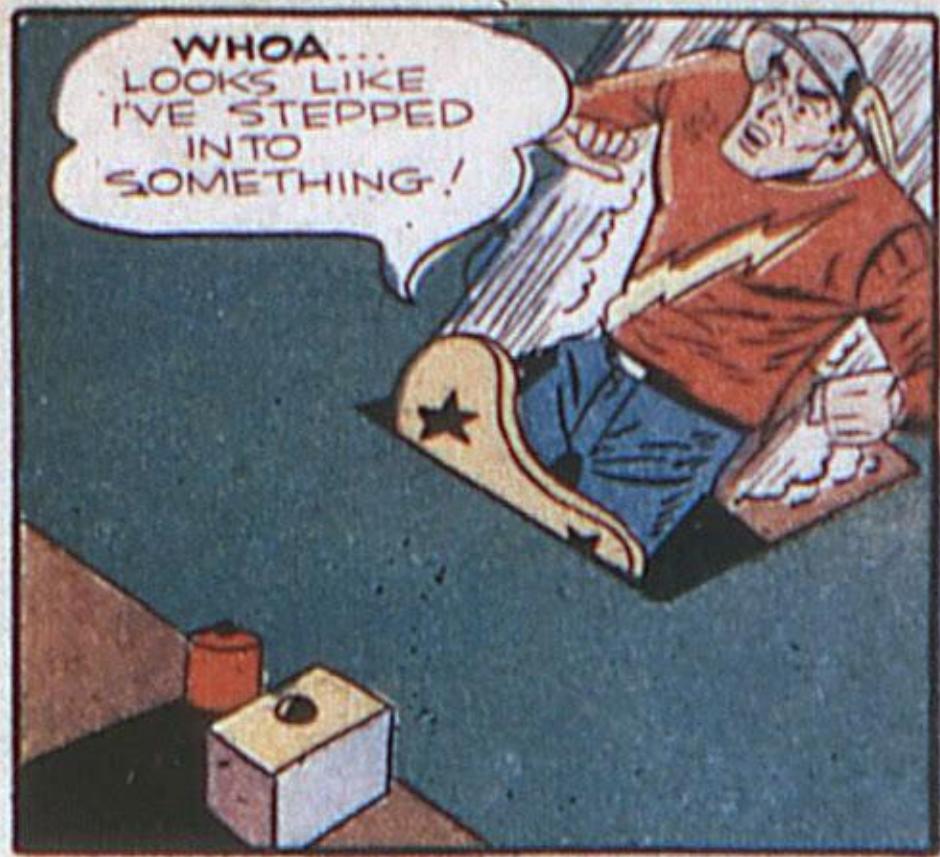
ADVERTISEMENT

Boys Are Smart, Girls Are Wise, Black Markets Not to Patronize

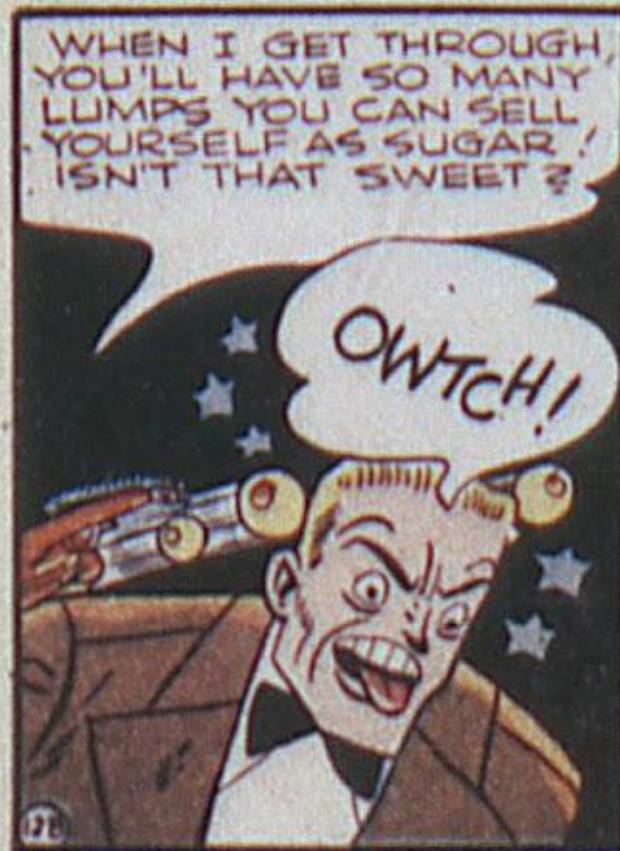


109

IF YOU STILL HAVE METAL SCRAP, TURN IT IN TO BEAT THE JAP.



Turn Out Lights Not in Use—War Production Needs the "Juice"



Tin Cans in the Garbage Pile Are Just a Way of Saying "Heil!"



Contributed to VICTORY by the publishers of this magazine

A LETTER TO YOU from CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER!



THIS is fearless Captain Eddie Rickenbacker—Ace of Aces of World War I—now President and General Manager of the Eastern Air Lines.

Captain Rickenbacker has made a number of secret missions over the entire world for the War Department—on one of these he was forced down in the middle of the Pacific Ocean and he and his crew were dramatically rescued after drifting for twenty-one days without food, on rubber rafts. This is the message Captain Rickenbacker has for the readers of this magazine.



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INCORPORATED

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OFFICE OF
THE PRESIDENT

MEMBER OF THE
NATIONAL AIR TRANSPORTATION

Dear Boys and Girls:

I have had the privilege of seeing and talking to our American soldiers in the combat zones of the old world and throughout the Pacific, and I am convinced that if you knew what these soldiers are going through for your sake, you would not hesitate to buy every single War Stamp and War Bond possible!

You, of course, are too young to fight—but you should accept the privilege of buying more and more War Stamps, to help finance and win this war in the shortest possible time, thereby also helping to save the lives of thousands upon thousands of American soldiers!

Will you buy at least one War Stamp—today—tomorrow—every day?

Sincerely yours,

Eddie Rickenbacker

EVR:BD

HAVE YOU BOUGHT
ONE MORE STAMP OR BOND DURING
THIS FIFTH WAR LOAN DRIVE?

Save Bags FROM Popsicle CREAMSICLE • Fudgicle



LOOK, BOYS AND GIRLS!
SWELL FREE GIFTS FOR YOU

OTHER GIFTS FOR BAGS

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- #133 CARTOON INSTRUCTION BOOK
- #233 KHAKI TOILET KIT
- #136 9-PC. MANICURE SET

For 200 Bags or 25¢ and 100 Bags

- #126 INDOOR BASEBALL
- #161 "CAMERA" PENCIL BOX
- #163 PISTOL & HOLSTER
- #171 SLIDE POCKET KNIFE
- #146 FLASHLIGHT
- #173 MEXICAN NOVELTY NECKLACE
- #149 3-PC. PERFUME SET
- #175 33-IN. EXTENSION PERISCOPE

For 100 Bags or 10¢ and 50 Bags

- #135 FIRST AID KIT
- #125 PIN-UP PICTURES & PUZZLES

For 50 Bags or 5¢ and 25 Bags

- #144 GAME & PUZZLE PACKAGE
- #263-282 FOREIGN POSTAGE PACKETS

AND MANY OTHERS



WAR SAVINGS STAMPS in such cases where we can not supply you with the premiums you select, we reserve the right to substitute one 10¢ U. S. War Savings Stamp for each 50 genuine bags submitted for prizes.

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CHICAGO, ILL. 1000 N. Ogden Avenue
LOS ANGELES, CAL. 2744 E. 11th Street
ATLANTA, GA. 325 Elizabeth St., N. E.

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Rapid Fire MACHINE GUN



Big ack-ack gun . . . 24½ inches long! Sounds like a real battle! Has swivel-head stand, so you can aim in any direction. Easily converted into Tommy Gun by removing stand. Solid wood; harmless. Thrilling fun! Premium #118 . . . 350 bags, or 50¢ and 150 bags.

Rocket Type CATAPLANE



Special air-pressure catapult tube sends your CATAPLANE looping, diving, gliding and spinning through the air! Simple adjustments make your CATAPLANE fly like a real plane. Thrilling fun, indoors and outdoors. Premium #152 . . . 100 bags, or 10¢ and 50 bags.



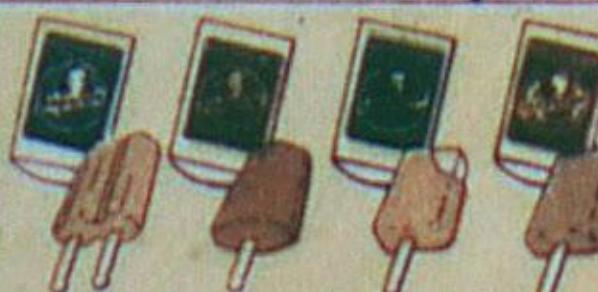
Junior G-Man SECRET CODE KIT

It sends and receives secret G-Man code messages! Contains two alphabet slide rules and full, simple instructions. Thrills galore! Every boy and girl will enjoy it! Premium #174 . . . 200 bags, or 25¢ and 100 bags.



MYSTIC WHEEL OF KNOWLEDGE

Set the "Mystic Pointer" in center of magic wheel and presto! . . . it spins by itself, without anyone touching it, to right answer on quiz card. 12 sets of quiz cards included. Premium #147 . . . 350 bags, or 50¢ and 150 bags.



Start Saving Bags Today!

When you have the required number of bags for the free gift you desire, send them to the nearest "POPSICLE" Service Department. Ask your ice cream dealer for complete new gift list today!

The above offer is void and is not extended in any State or locality where redemption or issuance thereof is prohibited or where any tax, license or other restriction is imposed upon the redemption or issuance thereof.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

This offer effective until Jan. 1, 1945

FAT AND SLAT

DEALERS IN UN-RATIONED "CORN"
YEP, NO POINT!





TREACHERY OVER TUNIS



LIEUT. HOP HARRIGAN stood outside the briefing-hut of the small Tunisian air-drome, scanning the northeastern sky through a pair of powerful field-glasses. The plane glimpsed in them was a bluntnosed, square-wing-tipped pursuit ship—of the Messerschmitt class!

"Well?" Major Byrnes, the tall, leathery-faced C.O. at Hop's side, was all impatience. "Is it, or isn't it Barclay?"

"It is, sir!" Hop replied, his voice rising in excitement. "He's left the landing-gear down, as you instructed—so we'd recognize him if he had to fly back in a Nazi plane!"

The C.O. sounded relieved: "I never thought he'd make it!"

"If he hadn't, sir," Hop stated, "I'd have felt personally responsible!"

"I know how you feel, Harrigan," the Major said, quietly. "This was your idea, and you wanted to shoulder the risk yourself! But you couldn't have pulled it off. You don't look enough like Humboldt. Why, Barclay's almost the spitting image of that Nazi ace you shot down. If anyone was to go back disguised as Humboldt, in an effort to get that information—Barclay's the man!" The Major's tone was grim. "It's worth any risk to find out the location of those plants that are producing Germany's new super-bombers. Given that information, we can cripple production of that plane so badly, it will take the Nazis months to get started again!"

Hardly had the Major finished talking when a startled cry came from Hop. He'd seen three Nazi planes dive through a cloud formation and pounce

upon Barclay. The Yank in the Nazi plane continued to head for home. The Germans, in hot pursuit, were still a little out of firing-range.

"Jerries on his tail, sir!" Hop said, breathlessly. "Three of them!"

"What?" The Major seized the glasses and looked for himself as he rapped orders:

"Harrigan, take that revved-up P-47 at the edge of the field. The squadron's on patrol now, so you'll have to go it alone.

Hop shoved the throttle up the rack, and the engine roared into life. As he taxied down the runway, Hop told himself that Barclay must have obtained the information or the Nazis wouldn't have tailed him so doggedly.

The Nazis had finally caught up with Barclay. Two were converging on his tail. The third, angling for an underside attack, changed his mind, apparently, at sight of Hop. He rolled out, and came hurtling down to meet the Yank head-on.

Hop was ready for him—with a three-second burst that caught the Nazi's engine squarely. Smoke billowed from it instantly. The plane plunged past Hop in a fiery dive of death, a sheet of flame trailing in its wake. Hop continued to zoom up.

A second Schmitt came down to meet him, wing guns blazing. Hop rolled out, flipped his plane into an Immelman and came out on the tail of the third Nazi, who was stitching .50-caliber holes in Barclay's right wing.

Hop pressed the cannon button, and a 20 mm. shell ripped away part of the Nazi's tail assembly. The crippled Nazi plane was forced to pay all its attention to Hop, and Barclay's plane slipped away to the airport for a landing. Hop grinned with satisfaction. Then his chattering m.g.'s found their mark in the Nazi's underside. The plane exploded in midair.

Then one of those freak air accidents occurred. Falling parts of the exploded plane snarled the propeller of the re-

maining Nazi, who was zooming up to join the fight. His engine coughed, stopped—and the ship went into a flat tailspin from which it never recovered.

As Hop sat his ship down on the field, he sighted Barclay's plane. Major Denton and a half dozen mechanics were grouped around it. Hop swung out of his plane and raced over. But the sight of the C.O.'s face told him at once that something was wrong, very wrong.

Then he glanced into the cockpit, the hood of which was raised. Barclay was slumped over the controls, his body riddled with bullets.

"He's dead!" the Major told Hop. "Just managed to bring the ship in, before those bullets got him." Major Denton motioned Hop aside. The two walked in silence toward operations headquarters. Then the Major held something out to Hop. The Yank ace recognized it as Barclay's—a gold locket containing a tiny American flag, made of butterfly wings. Barclay had carried it for luck. Hop noted that a bullet had lodged in the locket. Hop was noticing something odd about that bullet when the Major's voice broke into his thoughts:

"I thought you might want it. You were good friends, I know."

Hop palmed it eagerly, slipped it into his pocket.

"Barclay got the information, all right," the Major said. "He stole one of the Nazi maps showing the whereabouts of all the plants producing that new bomber!" He added, as an afterthought: "Apparently, he didn't have to reduce it to film!"

The sudden African night was descending as Hop took leave of the Major, in front of the operations tent. He strode swiftly across the tarmac toward his own hutment. He yanked off helmet and jacket and flung himself down on the cot. Then he pulled out the locket and examined it thoughtfully. That bullet lodged in the locket had never come from a machine-gun! Hop knew something of ballistics. That bullet had the marks of being fired.

from a Luger pistol. The more he examined it, the more certain Hop became. Lieut. Barclay was killed with Luger bullets! His heart pounded with excitement as a thudding realization came home to him—Barclay must have been dead before the plane landed!

Someone else had brought that plane in. But who? A Nazi, it had to be—of course. But where was he? How had he hidden? What was he doing now? All manner of torturing thoughts assailed Hop as he plowed grimly out of the hut, legging for the Nazi plane still on the field.

He tripped over something, cursed his luck and started to run on. Then he saw that he'd tripped over the inert form of the sentry that had been posted outside the guardhouse. The Nazi must have knocked him out and released the prisoner. Hop's blood ran cold as he remembered who'd been imprisoned there, for overstaying a pass in town—his best buddy, Tank Tinker!

Hop stumbled on, praying he wasn't too late to stop what was happening. In the dark, he could just make out two figures nearing the Messerschmitt. One held a gun in his hand, prodded the second man before him. Hop crept forward warily. Then with all his strength, he lunged. The gun barked flame. The Nazi went sprawling on the ground, the wind knocked out of him, as his monocle flew off, smacking against the plane with a splintering sound. Tank grasped the opportunity to snatch up the gun. He was grimly aiming it at the Nazi. The German's mouth worked with rage and disappointment.

"Now what gives, rat?" Tank demanded. "Talk fast before this gun starts talking!"

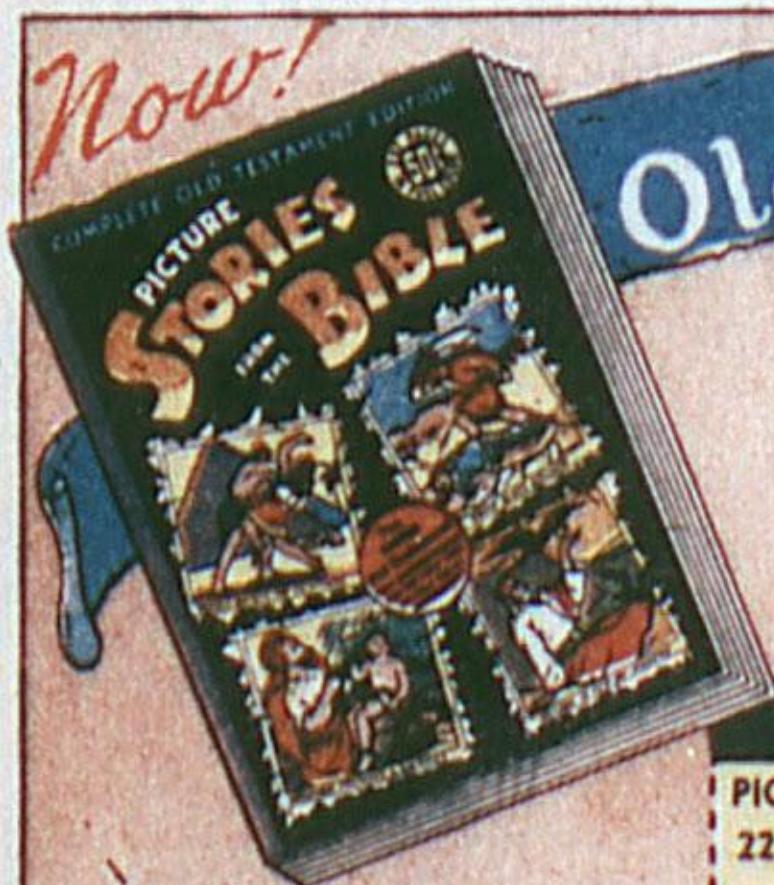
The Nazi glanced from Tinker to Harrigan. Apparently, he saw they meant business. He moistened his lips, and began "Your man took me prisoner in the plane he stole. I broke loose during the trip, and shot him. I landed the plane, put his body

at the controls, and hid in the rear of the ship—planning to escape later. That is all."

"Is it?" Hop smiled as he played his flash over the splintered monocle he'd picked up. Something seemed to be holding the broken pieces of glass together. Slowly, with a good deal of care, Hop peeled a thin, transparent film from the smashed monocle. "This is why you landed here, instead of flying back to Germany after you'd shot Barclay. You hoped to fool us. You took this film, which Barclay had under the glass of his locket—and substituted an ordinary map of Germany which you had in your pocket. You marked certain places, to make us think they were the factories putting out your new bomber—but I'll bet my bottom dollar they're nothing but swamps and dummy buildings!"

Hop motioned with the Luger. The German got to his feet, and marched off silently before the two Americans.

THE END



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THREE
MOUSEKET-
EERS

AND THEIR
PAL...

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The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD



DO YOU WORRY? IS SOME LITTLE THOUGHT GNAWING AWAY, BOthering YOULL ARE THE TROUBLES OF THE WORLD GETTING YOU DOWN?

THEN CHEER UP! MEET EBENEZER JONES, THE "WORRYIN'EST MAN IN THE WORLD"! WITH HIM, IT'S CHRONIC..... HE JUST CAN'T STOP WORRYING... MAYBE YOU CAN FORGET YOUR WORRIES, BY SEEING HIM AND HIS PROBLEMS, AND THE TROUBLE THE FLASH GOES TO IN ORDER TO PREVENT THE SPREAD OF...

**WORRY, WORRY
EVERYWHERE!**

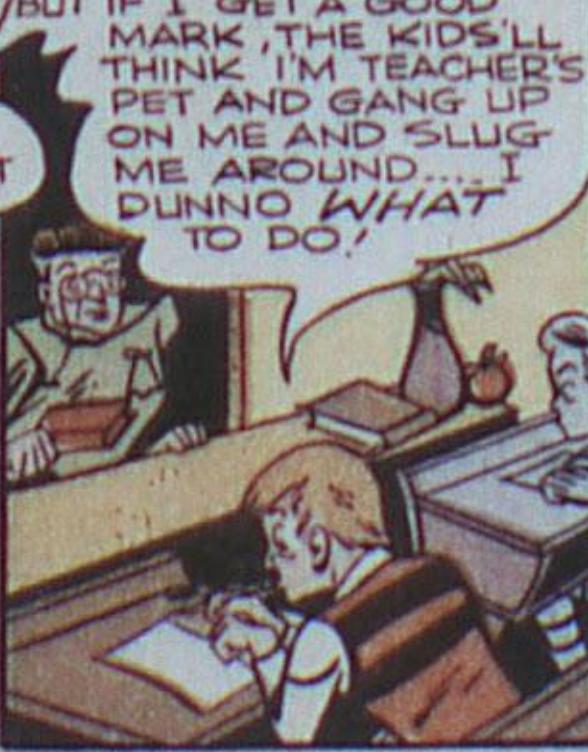
MANY YEARS AGO, YOUNG EB JONES WAS A SCHOOL-BOY, WITH PLENTY ON HIS MIND...

GOLLY, I BETCHA I FLUNK THAT EXAM TODAY... THEN I'LL GET LEFT BACK, AN' MY POP WILL SPANK ME!

HUH, I CAN ANSWER THESE EASY.. YEAH, BUT IF I GET A GOOD MARK, THE KIDS'LL THINK I'M TEACHER'S PET AND GANG UP ON ME AND SLUG ME AROUND... I DUNNO WHAT TO DO!

WHY, EBENEZER JONES! YOU DIDN'T ANSWER A SINGLE PROBLEM, AND TIME'S UP!

NO, MA'AM! I WAS SO BUSY WORRYIN', I GUESS I DIDN'T HAVE TIME FOR THEM!



If You Have an Extra Quarter, Buy a Stamp to Make War Shorter

EB FOUND HIGH SCHOOL A REGULAR VOLCANO OF PUZZLING, HARASSING PROBLEMS...

I'D GO OUT FOR THE TEAM, ONLY I'D SURELY GET HURT... BUT IF I DON'T, THE GUYS'LL THINK I'M A SISSY...



I'D ASK HER TO DANCE, BUT I'D STEP ALL OVER HER TOES... THEN HER BIG BROTHER WOULD TAKE A POKE AT ME... MAYBE HE WILL ANYHOW.... HE'LL THINK I THINK SHE'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO DANCE WITH!



I'M JUST A BORN WORRY-WART.... EVERYTHING BOthers ME... SIGH! GOLLY, I'M SICK OR SOMETHING... I COULD DIE TONIGHT, I BETCHA... GOLLY, THAT'S POSSIBLE TOO... PEOPLE HAVE DIED IN THEIR SLEEP.... BUT THEN I'LL BE SO TIRED TOMORROW IF I DON'T!



YEARS LATER, THE BUSINESS WORLD DISCOVERS THAT A VEXED FROWN IS DISTURBING... AND CATCHING!

SORRY, JONES, BUT I'LL HAVE TO LET YOU GO... EVERY TIME I LOOK AT YOU, I BEGIN TO WONDER IF MY BUSINESS WILL FOLD UP, AND IF I LEFT THE LIGHT ON AT MY HOUSE.... I... I'M SORRY!



AND AT STILL ANOTHER JOB...

YOU HAVE THEM ALL WORRYING! THEY CAN'T DO ANY WORK... SINCE YOU CAME HERE, MY BUSINESS IS FAILING... MY WIFE IS MAD AT ME, AND ALL I DO IS SIT AND WORRY... YOU'RE FIRED, JONES!



NOW I HAVE TO DRAW SOME MONEY OUT OF THE BANK TO LIVE, AND AFTER THAT'S GONE, I'LL BE POOR AND PROBABLY STARVE!



MINUTES LATER AT THE INDUSTRY BANK AND TRUST COMPANY...

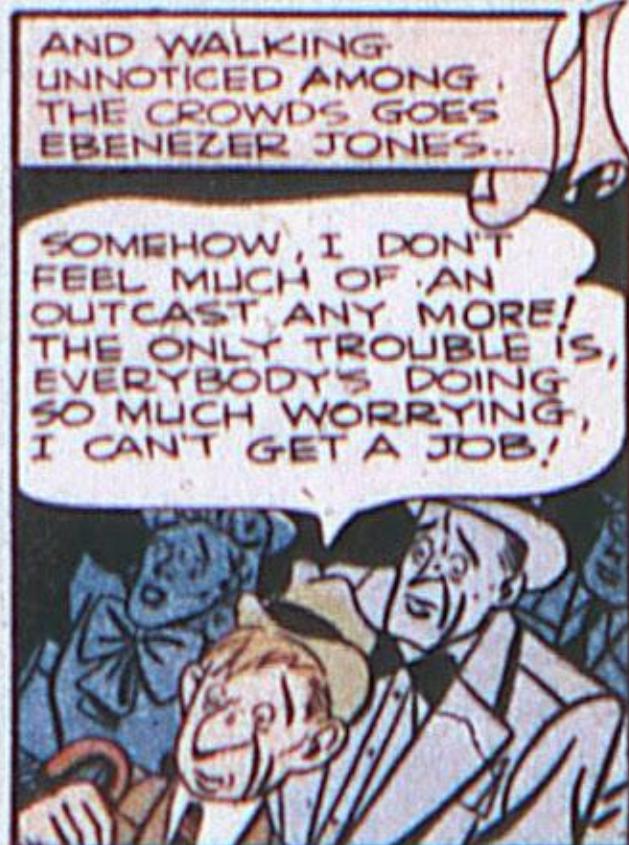
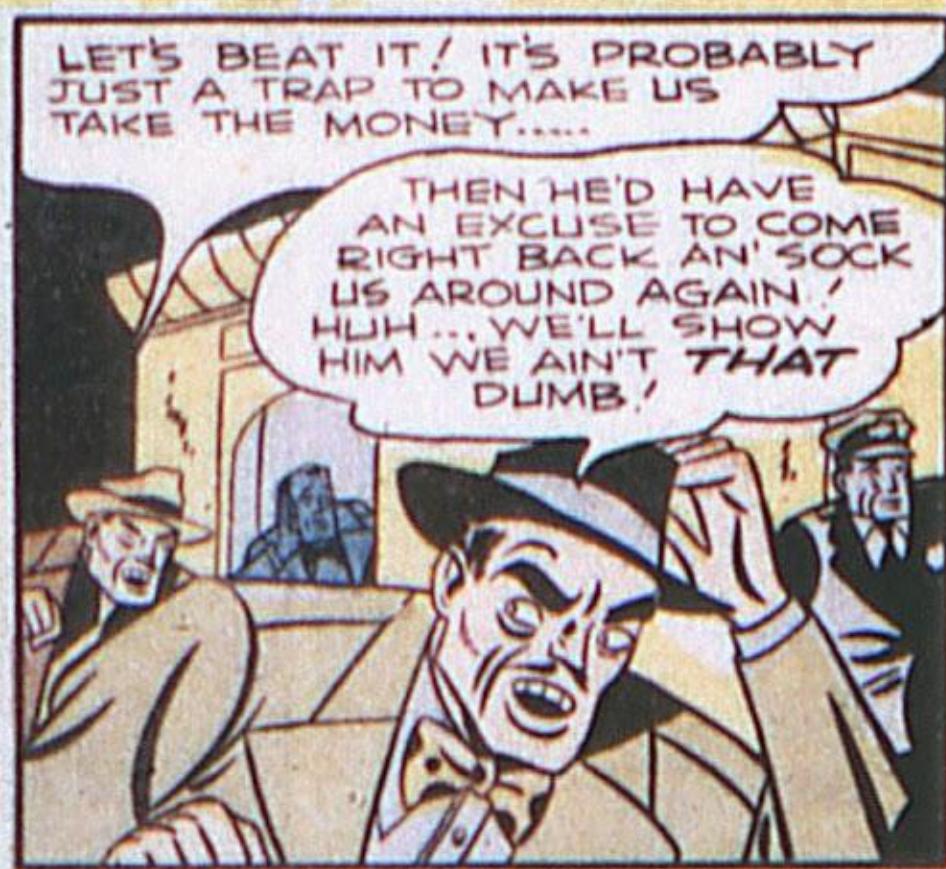
HERE YOU ARE, MR. GARRICK!

THANKS, TED! SAY, DO YOU FEEL FUNNY = AS THOUGH SOMETHING WERE HAUNTING YOU?

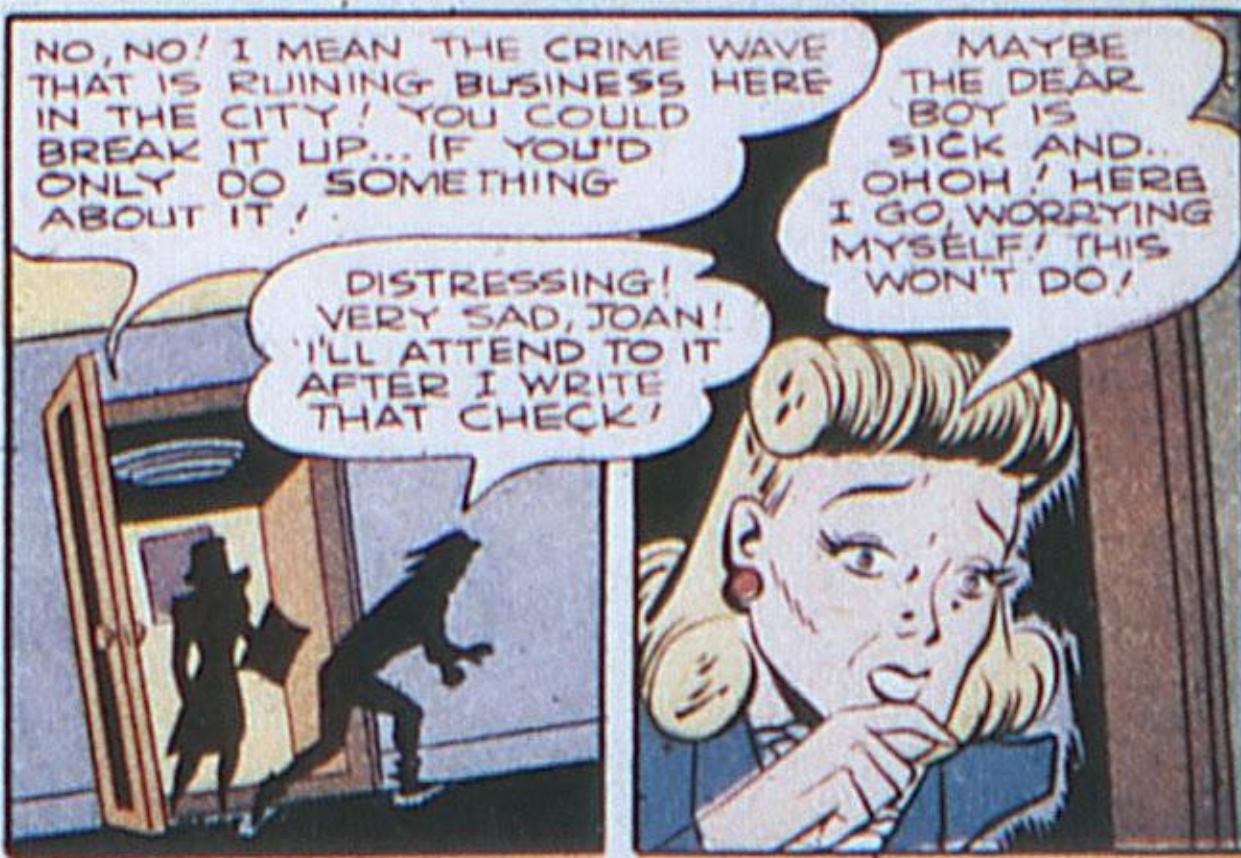
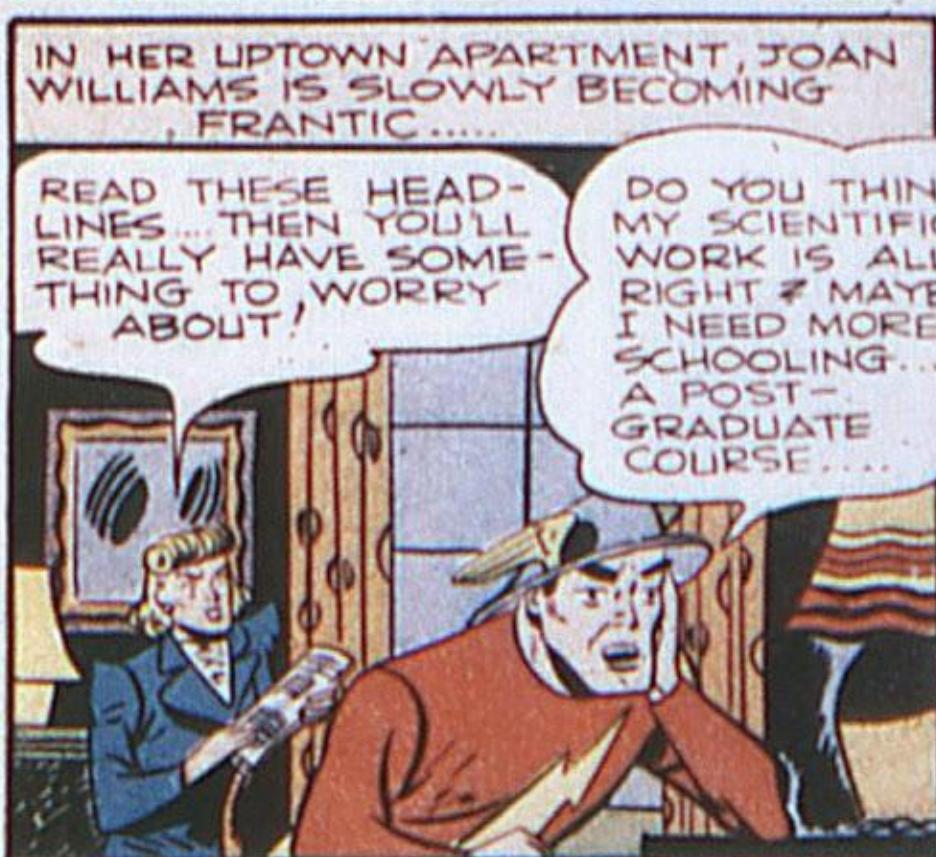


However far soldiers roam, they want to have some mail from home





You Can Walk to School and Store! Saving Gas Helps Win the War!



Boys Are Smart, Girls Are Wise, Black Markets Not to Patronize

I'LL EVEN HAVE THE
CHECK CERTIFIED SO
THERE WON'T BE
ANY DELAY!

JUST LIKE PICKING
IT UP OFF THE
STREETS!

YEAH, BUT I MISS
THE THRILL OF THE
OLD TIMES... GUNS
POPPIN'... COPPERS
CHASIN' US... IT
AIN'T THE SAME!



PARDON ME, FELLA,
BUT YOU SEEM TO
BE THE ONLY ONES
WORKING AROUND
HERE... COULD YOU
GET THIS CERTIFIED
FOR ME?

UH! THE - THE
FLASH!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HIS GAME
IS, BUT I AIN'T GONNA STAY
TO FIND OUT!

ME
NEITHER!

FIX THIS UP,
TELLER,
WILL YA?



HERE'S THE STAMP...
CERTIFY IT YOURSELF...
I GOT WORRIES THAT
KEEP ME BUSY!

YOU HAVE
WORRIES?
LET ME TELL
YOU ABOUT
MINE! NOW
TO START
WITH...

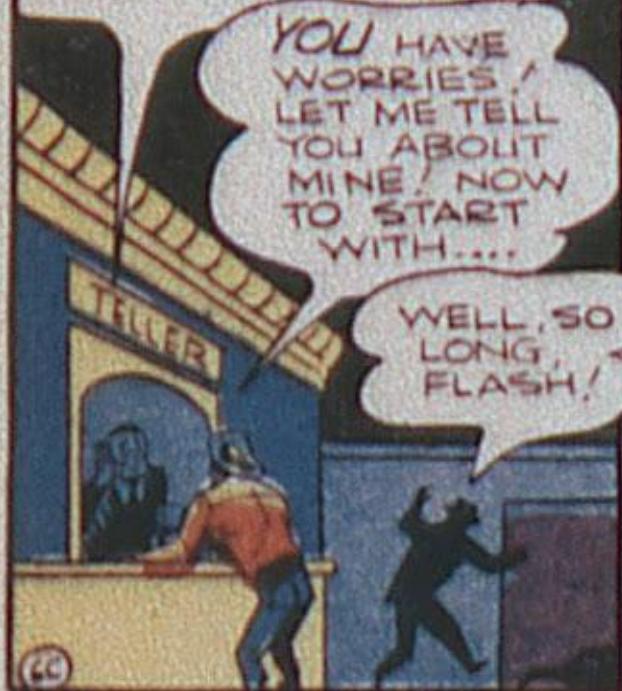
WELL, SO
LONG,
FLASH!

WHEDY! THAT WAS
A CLOSE CALL... BUT
WE GOT AWAY...
THE FLASH DIDN'T
SUSPECT A THING!

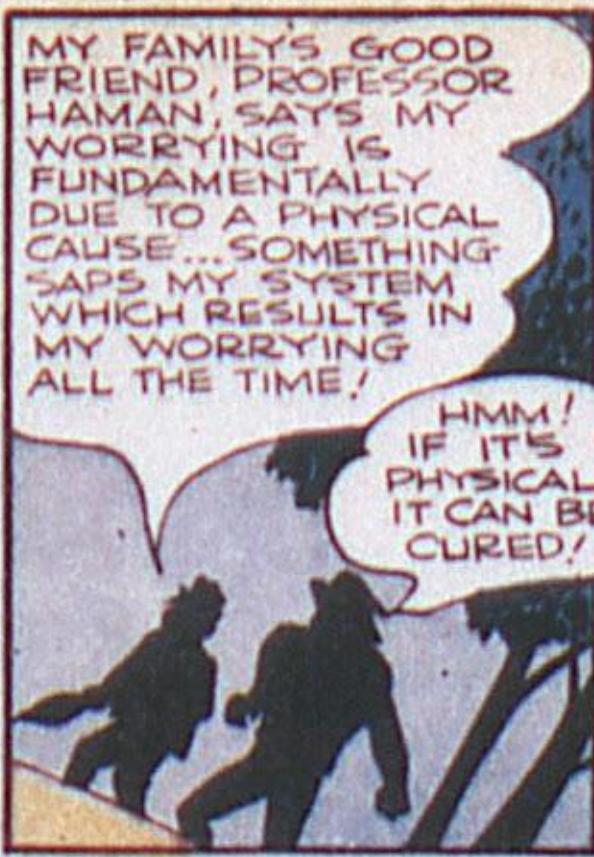
YEAH!
EVEN THE
FLASH
SEEMS TO
HAVE
THE WORRY
BUG!

PARDON ME, SIR, BUT
WOULD YOU ASK THE
TELLER TO CASH MY
CHECK NOW? I
NEVER GET WAITED
ON ANYWHERE I GO!

WHY, I GUESS
SO... WE'VE BOTH
BEEN HAVING
OUR WORRIES,
YOU KNOW!



IF YOU STILL HAVE METAL SCRAP, TURN IT IN TO BEAT THE JAP



Turn Out Lights Not in Use – War Production Needs the "Juice"

THE GERM WEAKENS THE RESISTANCE OF THE BODY, AND BRINGS ABOUT A MENTAL AND EMOTIONAL DISTURBANCE WHICH WE SHALL CALL **WORRY!** IT'S CONTAGIOUS AND BY NOW EVERYBODY'S GOT IT EXCEPT US, BECAUSE OF THE INOCULATIONS WE'VE HAD!

NOW FIND EB... TELL HIM I WANT HIM TO PICK UP SOME SWEETS AT THE CANDY FACTORY... AND FORGET THE FLASH... HE'S TOO BUSY **WORRYING** TO HARM YOU!

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD THAT MAKES ME FEEL!

BUT IN THE GARRICK RESEARCH LABORATORIES...

HERE, DRINK THIS... IT'S A STRONG TONIC, FILLED WITH IRON, CALCIUM AND OTHER INGREDIENTS... IT'LL FIX YOU UP!

WE.. ELL! ALL RIGHT... BUT I HOPE IT DOESN'T POISON ME, OR MAKE ME SICK!

ZOWIE! I FEEL GREAT! GOLLY, I HAVEN'T FELT LIKE THIS IN YEARS! IN FACT, NEVER! WHY... I HAVEN'T GOT A CARE IN THE WORLD! WHOOPEE!

GOSH! I WISH I COULD SAY THE SAME! I THINK I'LL TAKE SOME OF THIS MYSELF... IT'S A COUNTER-MEASURE TO THAT WORRY BACILLUS!

KEEP THIS UNDER YOUR HAT FOR A WHILE, EB! ER... TO SURPRISE PEOPLE!

SURE I WILL, GOLLY, I CERTAINLY DO FEEL WONDERFUL!

HEY, EB! PROFESSOR HAMAN SAYS TO PICK UP SOME CANDY FOR HIM OVER AT SWEETSTUFF FACTORY!

HIVA, WORRY-WART! HAW!

HUH?

OH, SURE... GLAD TO!

SAY... THAT'S THE SAME BUNCH OF CROOKS WHO WERE ROBBING THE CHEMICAL BANK!

Tin Cans in the Garbage Pile Are Just a Way of Saying "Heil!"

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WHY YOU CHEAP THUG,
I'LL MANGLE AND
RE-MANGLE
YOU!

WOW!

OOPS! CAN'T LET
HIM KNOW I'M CURED!

OH, DEAR, I MUST
WATCH MY TEMPER!
I MIGHT HURT SOME-
ONE, AND I DON'T WANT
TO DO THAT!

AH!
THAT'S
BETTER,
WORRY-
WART!

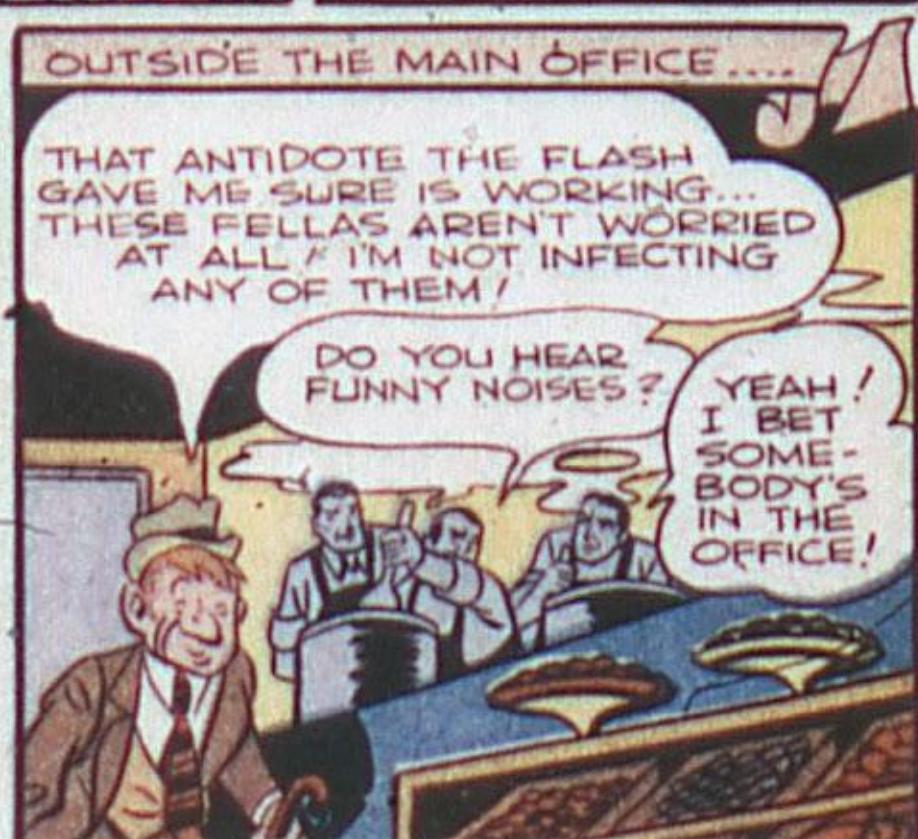
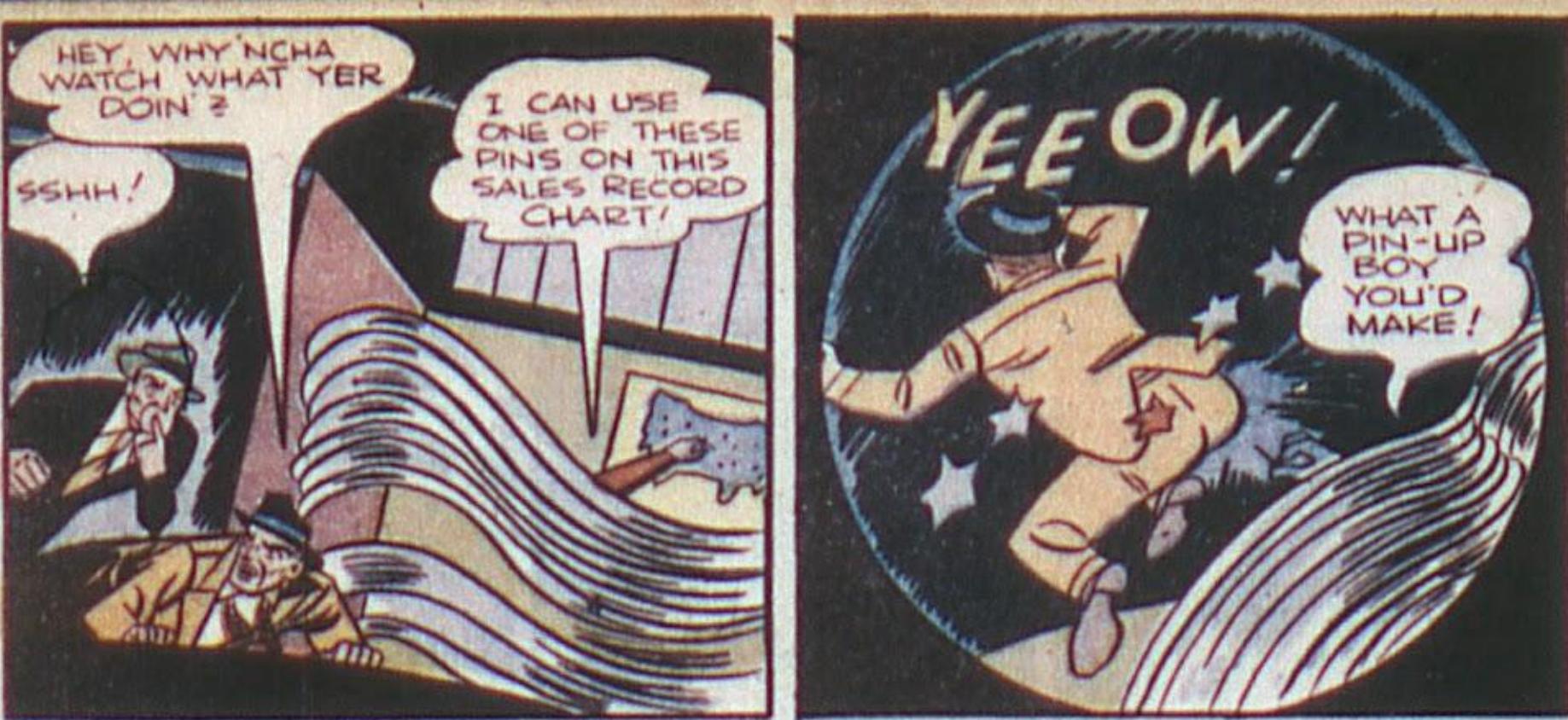
JUST WAIT, MY FINE
FRIEND, UNTIL THE
TIME COMES TO GO
INTO ACTION.....
THEN WE'LL SEE
WHO'S A WORRY-
WART!

THESE RATS MUST BE USING
EB TO SPREAD THE WORRY
BACILLUS ... THEY FOLLOW HIM
AROUND ON HIS ERRANDS, AND
CLEAN UP WHILE HE DOES HIS
CHORES!

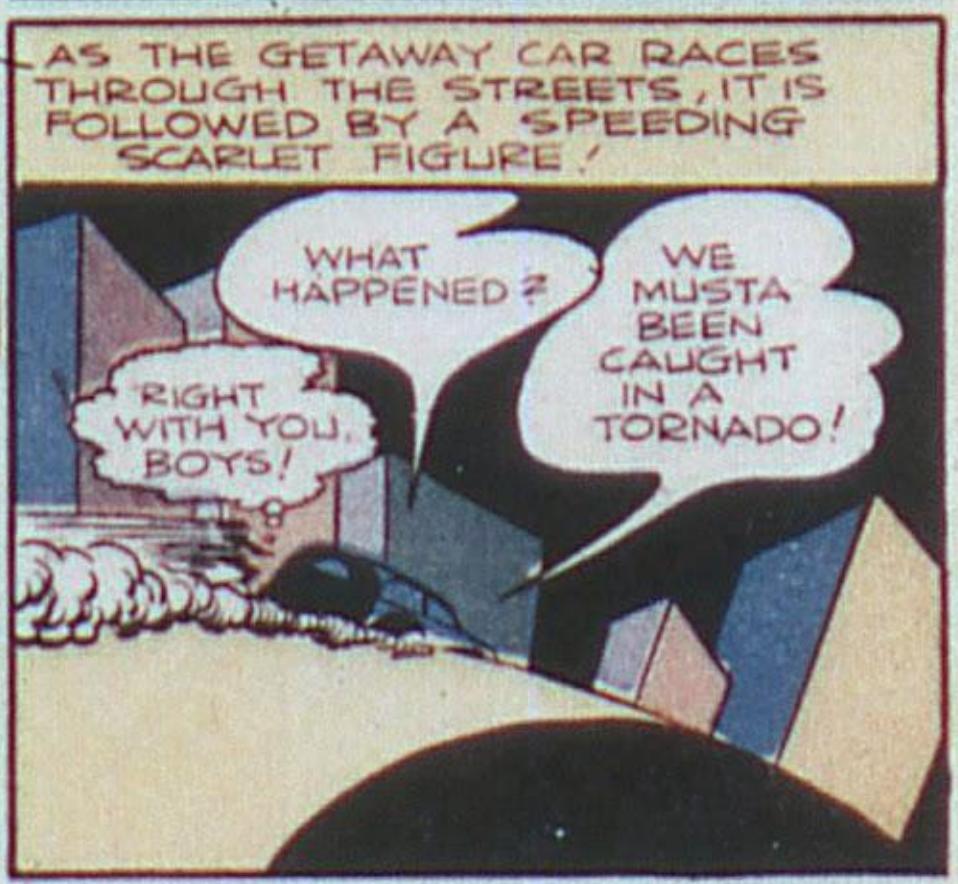
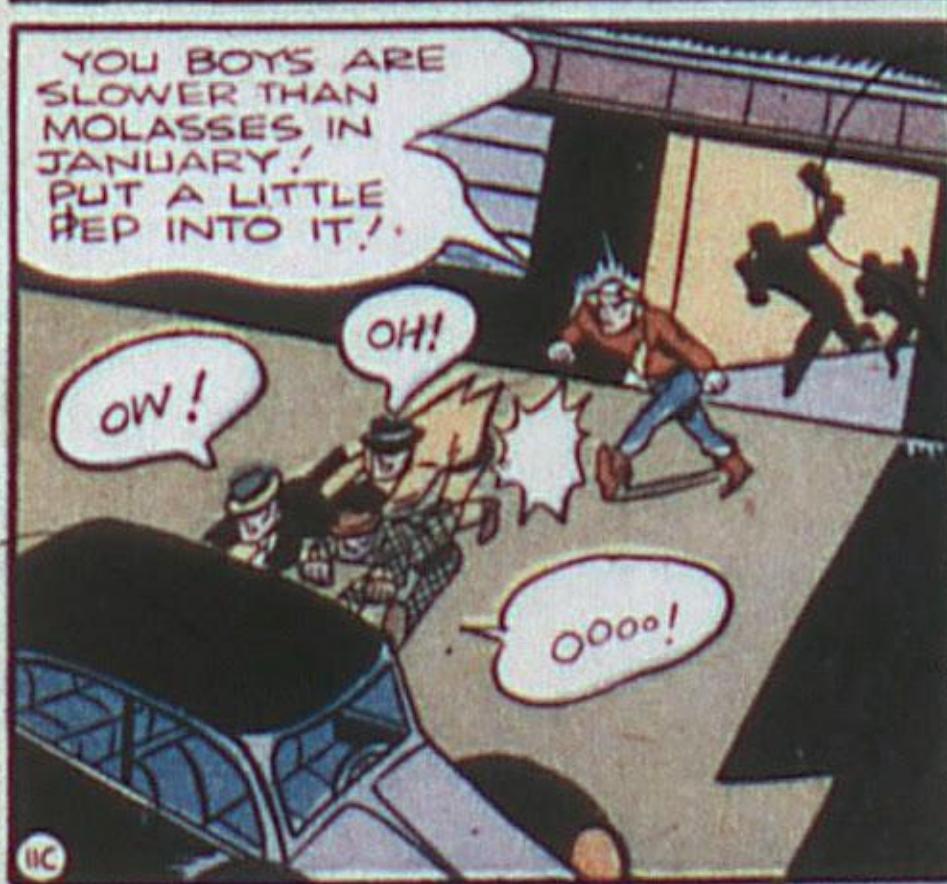
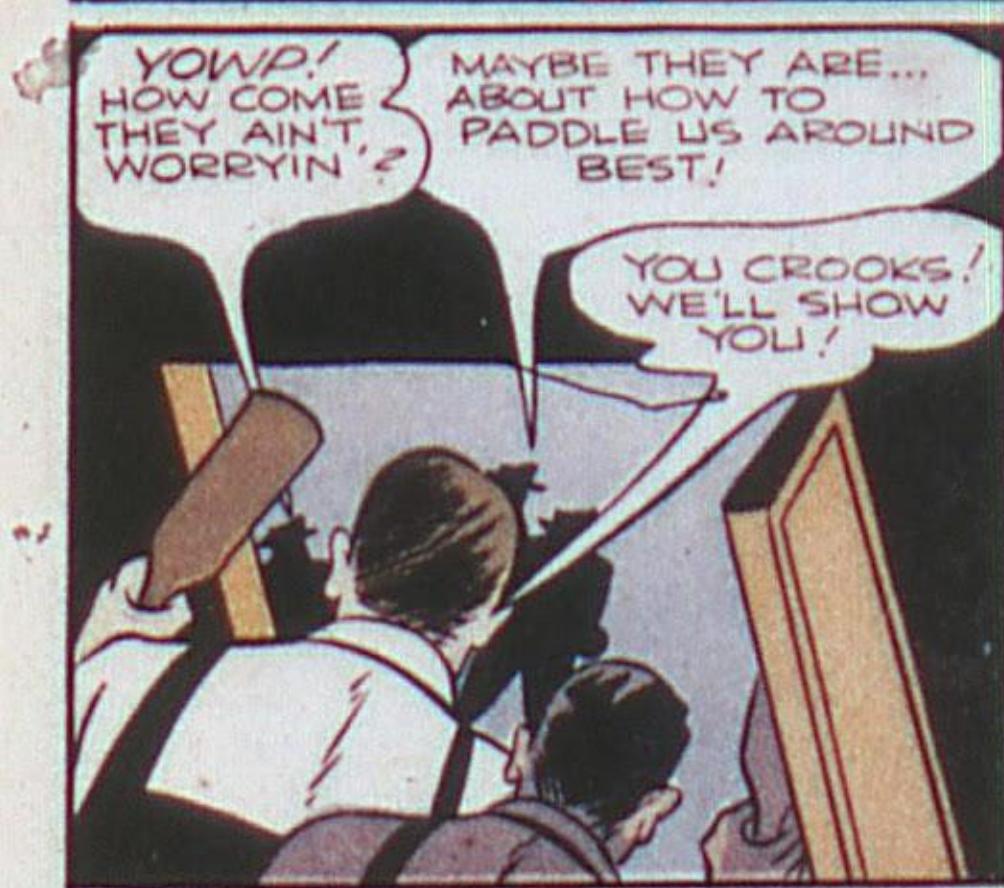
BUT THIS TIME, THEY'RE GOING
TO FIND THEMSELVES SEVERELY
HANDICAPPED, BECAUSE I CAN
MAKE A LOT OF TROUBLE, EVEN
THOUGH THOSE THUGS CAN'T
SEE ME!

SSSH! DON'T MAKE NO
NOISE ... WHILE EB IS
SPREADING THAT WORRY
GERM, WE GET TO THE
SAFE BUT WE'LL KEEP
QUIET UNTIL THE GUARDS
START WORRYING!

LET
ME FOOT
THE BILL!



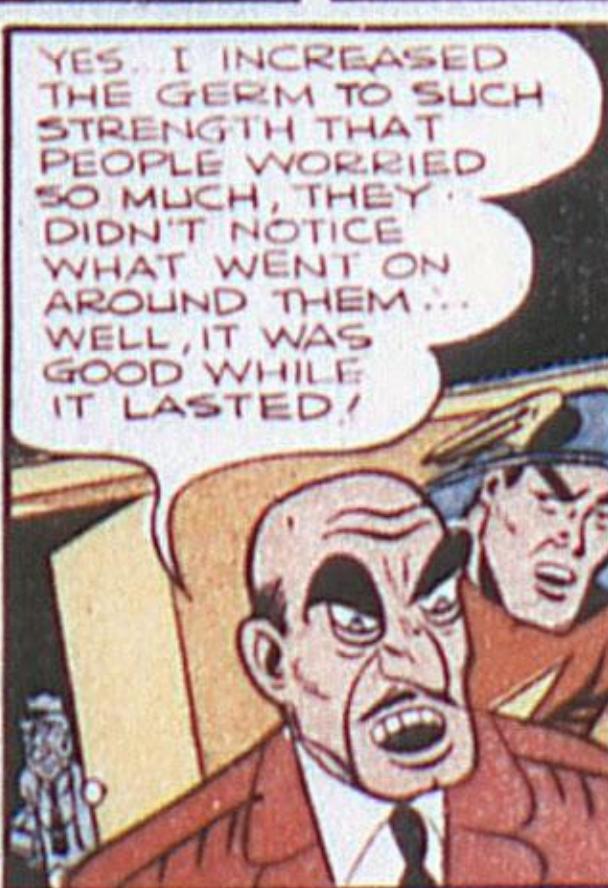
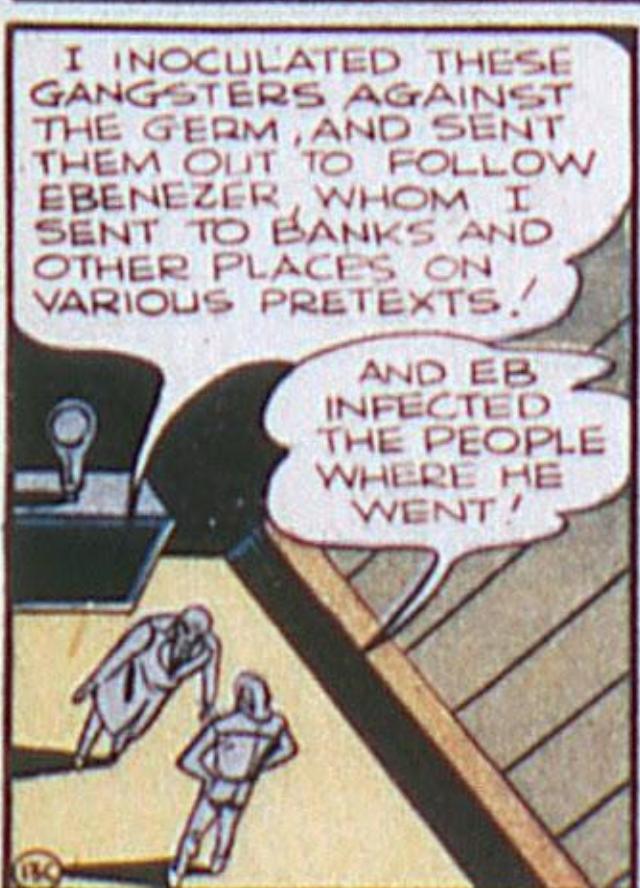
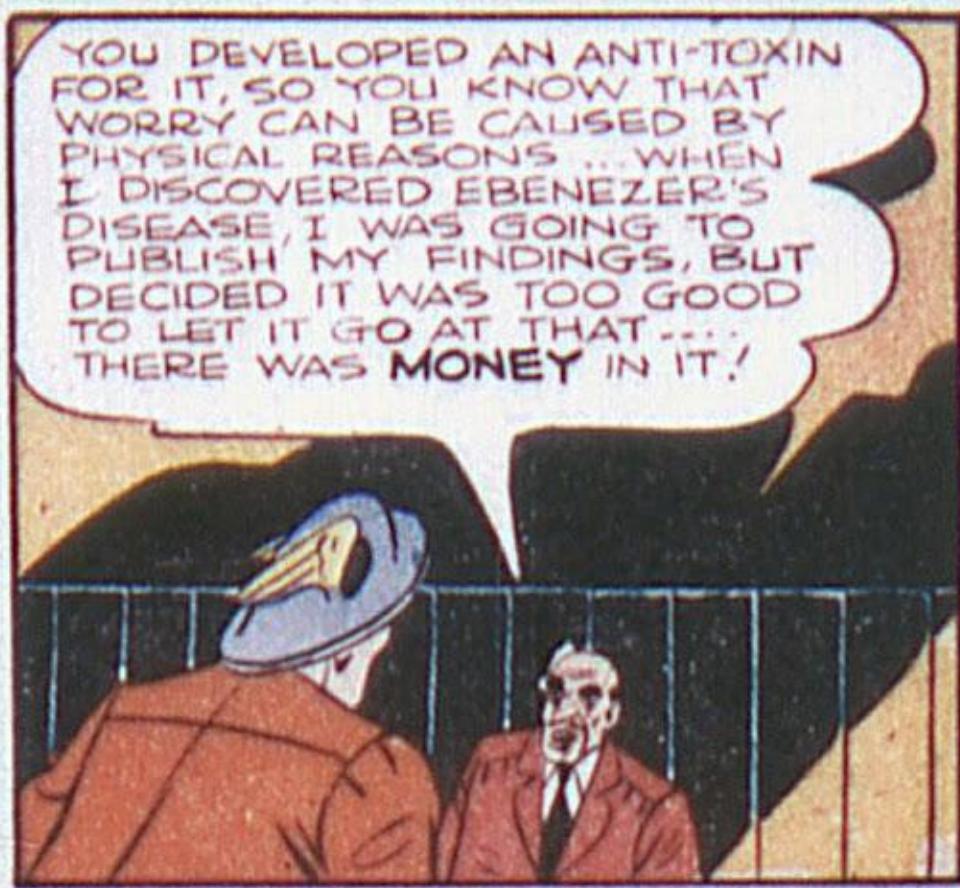
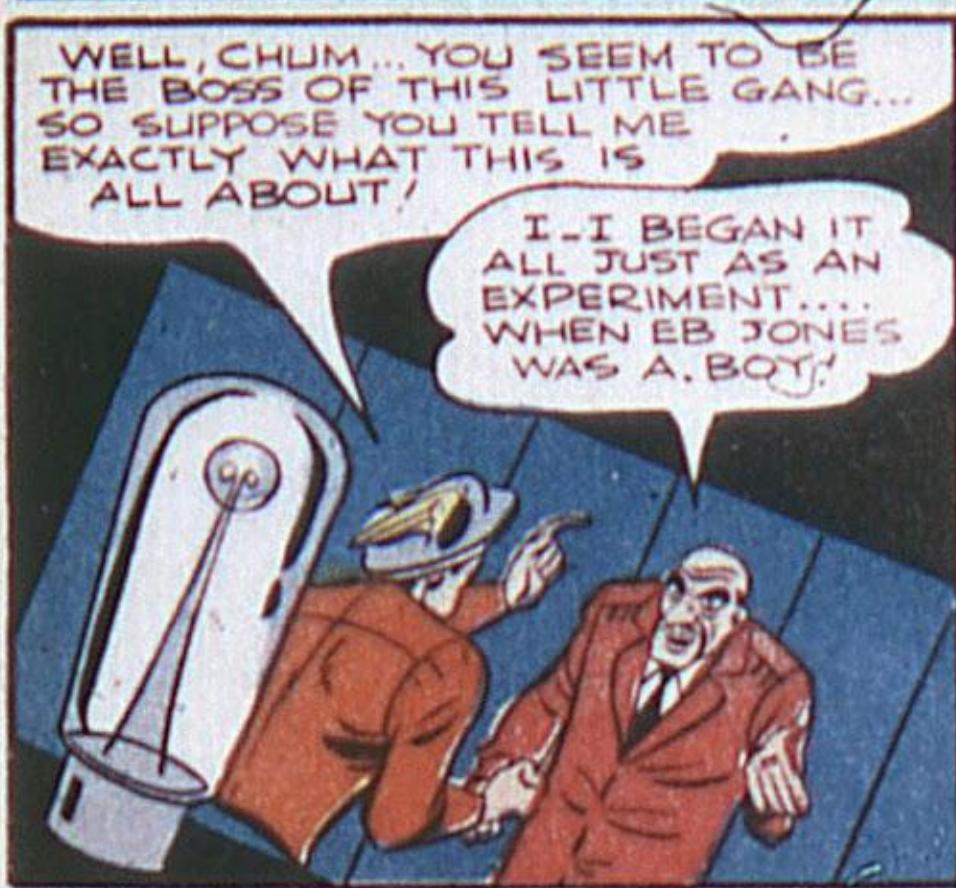
Boys and Girls, Every Day, Can Give War Aid in Many a Way—



Every Time You Buy a Stamp, You Feed the Flame in Freedom's Lamp!



If You Have an Extra Quarter, Buy a Stamp to Make War Shorter



However far soldiers roam, they want to have some mail from home



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

FREE!

WITH 2 WHEATIES BOX TOPS
FLYING FIGHTERS

EASY-TO-BUILD • EASY-TO-FLY • EASY-TO-GET

You build these amazing new planes yourself. You fly and fight authentic models of two super aircraft. The dauntless British Supermarine Spitfire-V with full-color, official RAF markings. And the tough German Focke-Wulf-190 with the sinister insignia of the Nazi Luftwaffe.

Easy to build. You receive complete unassembled models, laid out on specially treated cover stock. The plane designs are drawn to characteristic proportion, clearly and expertly marked for cutting and gluing. A top notch assembly job takes about two hours.

Easy to fly. Your Spitfire and Focke-Wulf-190 fighters actually fly. Yes, your model ships are designed to glide and soar forty feet or more when launched by hand. They're built for speed and real maneuverability. And they're built for ruggedness, too. You can fly your planes on hundreds of missions—in-

Supermarine Spitfire-V
Focke-Wulf-190

doors and out—without serious damage to the ships. Easy to get. Full cutout material for your planes is ready to speed to you by return mail. Follow the simple directions below. But act now! At once!

Your extra dividend for eating Wheaties, that's what these model planes are. Once you get next to Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit, you'll wonder why you didn't start eating 'em before Whole wheat flakes with a "second helping" flavor. That's Wheaties—your dish!

LIMITED OFFER
SEND NO MONEY!

To obtain two complete assembly kits for your flying model Spitfire and Focke-Wulf, send your name and address with two Wheaties box tops to Jack Armstrong, Box 7800, Chicago, Illinois. Send no money—put your dimes in War Stamps. But remember this special offer is good only while limited supplies last, or until July 1, 1944. So send today!



"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

How to Make YOUR Body Bring You FAME

... Instead of SHAME! //

ARE YOU
Skinny?
Weak?
Flabby?

Will You Let Me
Prove I Can Make You
a New Man?

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

What Dynamic Tension Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps — yes, on each arm — in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day — right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new beautiful suit of muscle!

Only 15 Minutes A Day

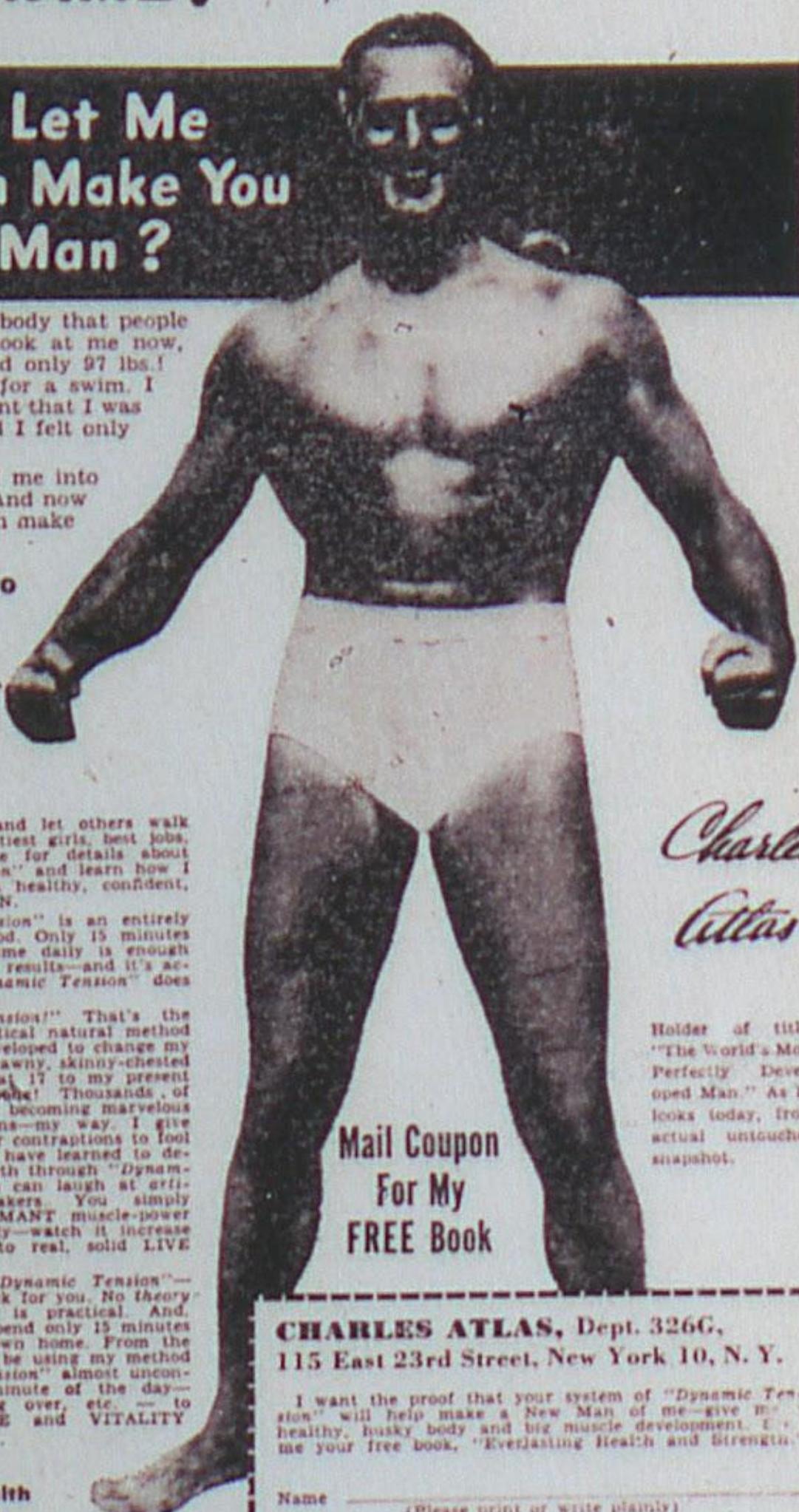
No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY



Mail Coupon
For My
FREE Book

Charles
Atlas

Holder of title,
"The World's Most
Perfectly Devel-
oped Man." As he
looks today, from
actual untouched
snapshot.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 326G,
115 East 23rd Street, 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 muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____ (Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Check here if under 18 for Booklet A.

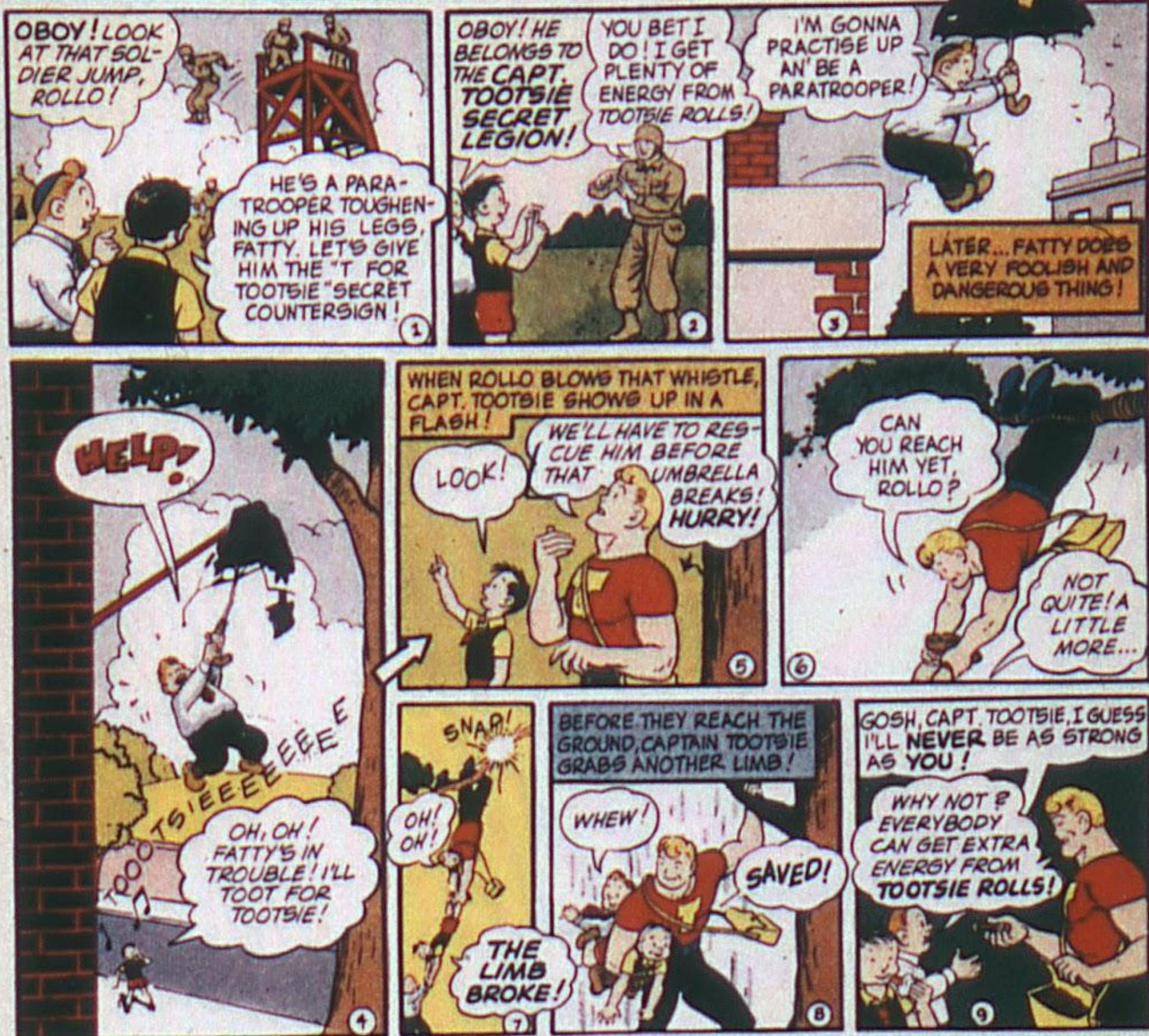


FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today, AT ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 326G, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Captain Tootsie AND THE BUMPER-SHOOT JUMP!

BY ROD REED AND C. C. BECK



ZOWIE!

IMAGINE GETTING AS MUCH ENERGY from a Chewy, Chocolatey TOOTSIE ROLL AS YOU USE TO RIDE A BICYCLE 3 MILES!

Chewy, chocolatey TOOTSIE ROLLS, made with milk enriched with dextrose, are real energy food. Get Tootsie Rolls! See how they help you win. 3¢ and 1¢.

Tootsie Rolls

and Still Only 1¢

Remember, there's another fine Tootsie product TOOTSIE V-M—the new vitamin-mineral fortifier that makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls! Ask grocers for it.

Captain Tootsie AND THE
BUMBERSHOOT JUMP!

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Tootsie Rolls

and Still Only 1¢

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