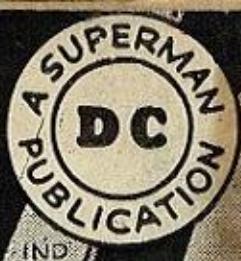


NO. 28

APRIL-MAY

TEN
CENTS



AEE-EE-FLASH

THE COURIER **EXTRA**

THE FLASH
FASTESt MAN ALIVE
CLEANS UP
ANOTHER RACKET!



Editorial Advisory Board

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK

Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise",
etc. Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize;
President, The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

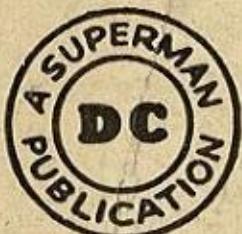
Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. S. HARCOURT PEPPARD

Acting Director, Bureau of Child Guidance
Board of Education, City of New York



The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

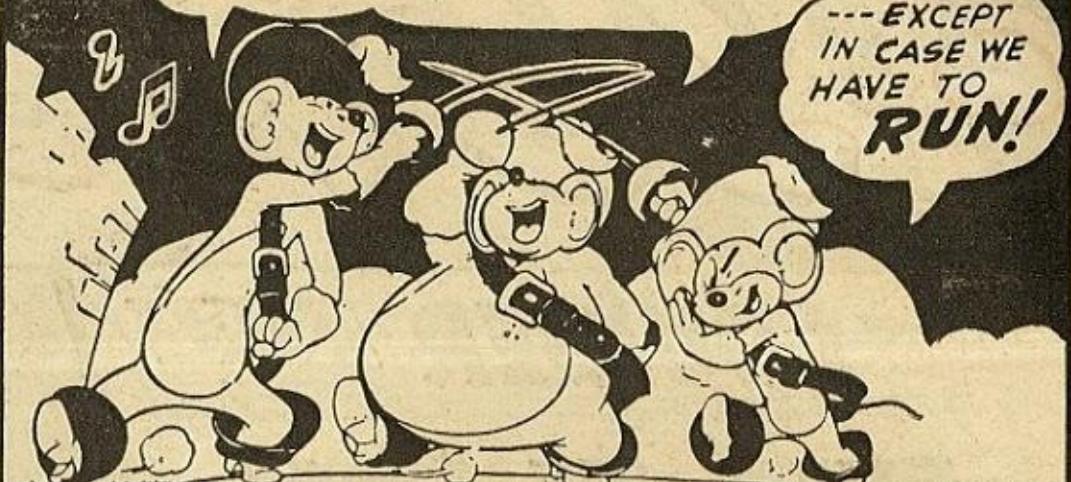
ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
ALL-FLASH
ALL FUNNY COMICS
ALL-STAR COMICS
ANIMAL ANTICS
BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
BUZZY
COMIC CAVALCADE
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
FUNNY FOLKS
FUNNY STUFF
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
MUTT & JEFF
REAL FACT COMICS
REAL SCREEN COMICS
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

THREE MOUSEKETEERS

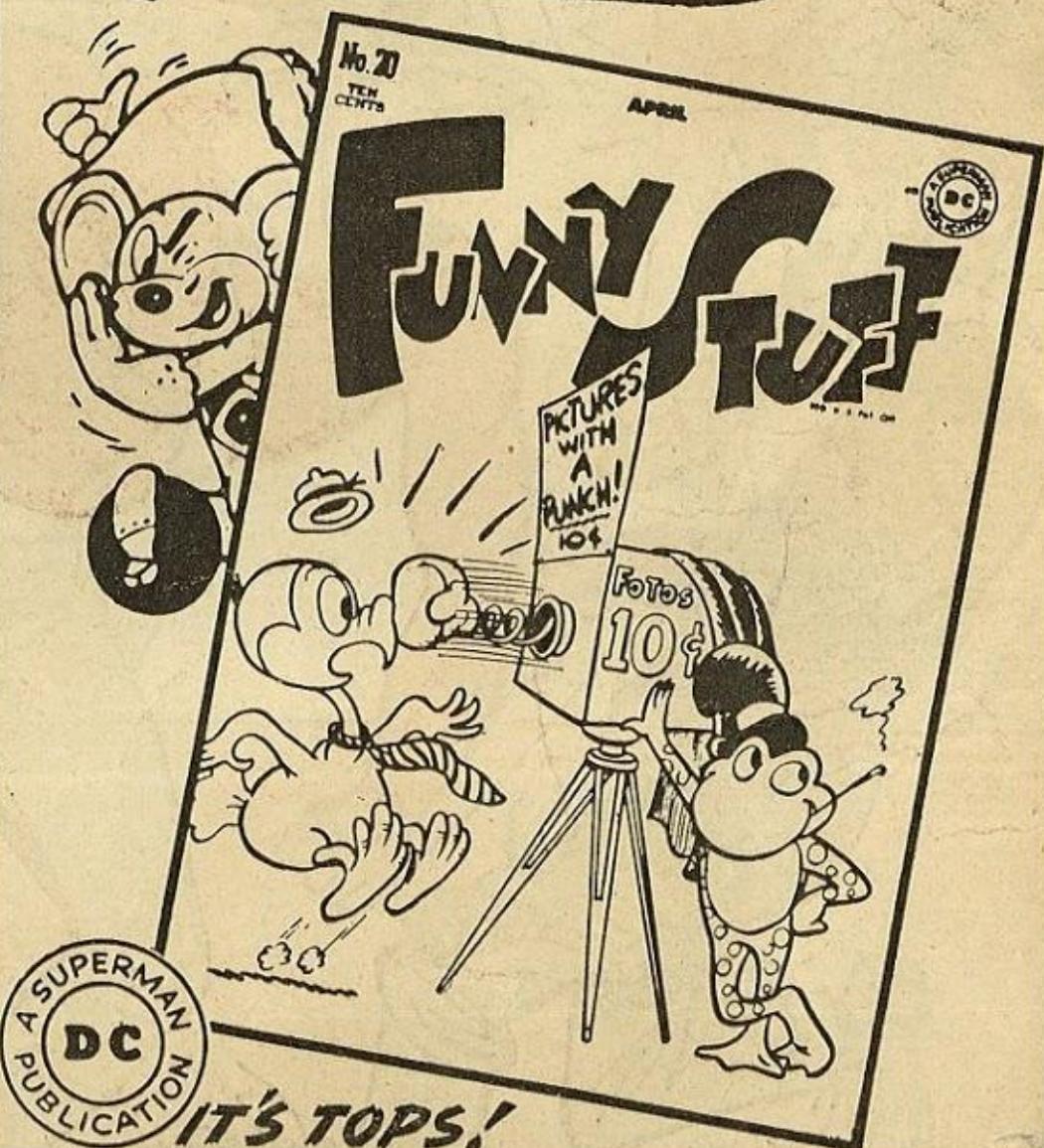
ARE WE!

BRAVE AS BRAVE CAN BE!
WITH TRUSTY SWORD IN HAND,
A GALLANT LITTLE BAND! IT'S ONE
FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE --

-- EXCEPT
IN CASE WE
HAVE TO
RUN!



...AND IF I WERE
YOU, I'D RUN RIGHT
TO MY NEWSDEALERS
AND GET A COPY
OF THIS MAGAZINE
NOW ON SALE
EVERWHERE!



IT'S TOPS!

ALL-FLASH, No. 28. April-May, 1947. Published bi-monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sheldon Mayer, Editor. Reentered as second class matter Feb. 21, 1946 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, \$1.50 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon

& Co., 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1947 by National Comics Publications, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U.S.A.

The Flash

FASTESt MAN ALIVE!!



AF
29

WHAT GANGSTER WOULDN'T GIVE HIS BOTTOM DOLLAR TO HAVE THE FLASH IN THE SPOT TUFFY TILTON HAS HIM IN AT THIS MOMENT?... DOES THIS REALLY MARK THE END OF THE CELEBRATED CRIME-CRACKING CAREER OF THE FLASH? WHAT STRANGE SET OF CIRCUMSTANCES COULD COMBINE THEMSELVES TO PUT THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE IN SUCH PERILOUS DANGER? IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE THE EXPLANATION...

"**THAT'S RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG!**"

1A

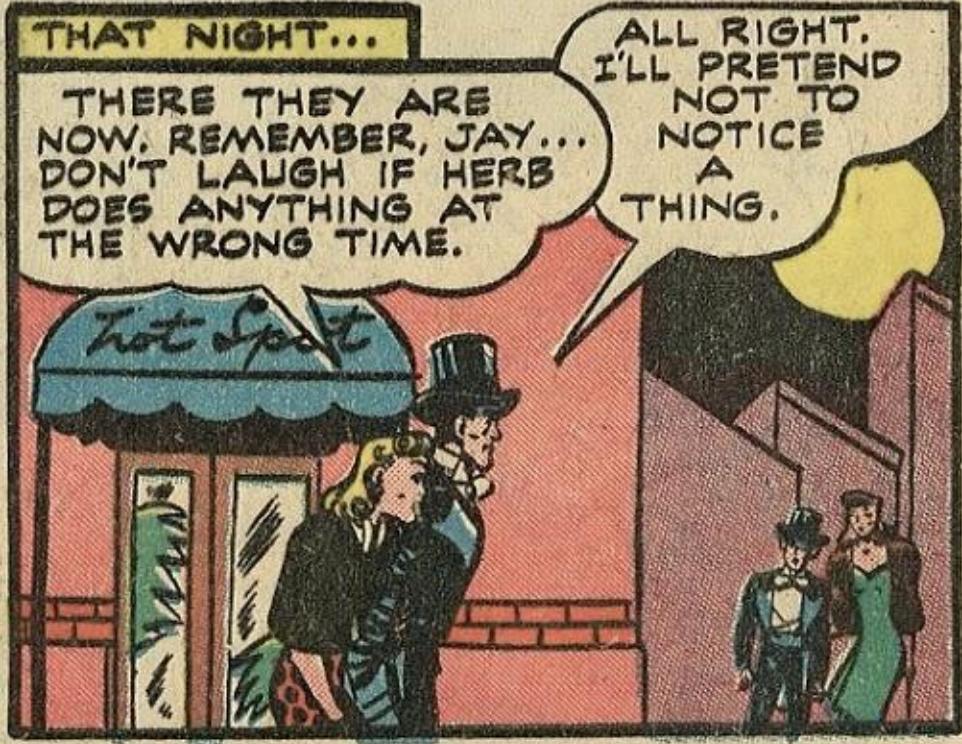
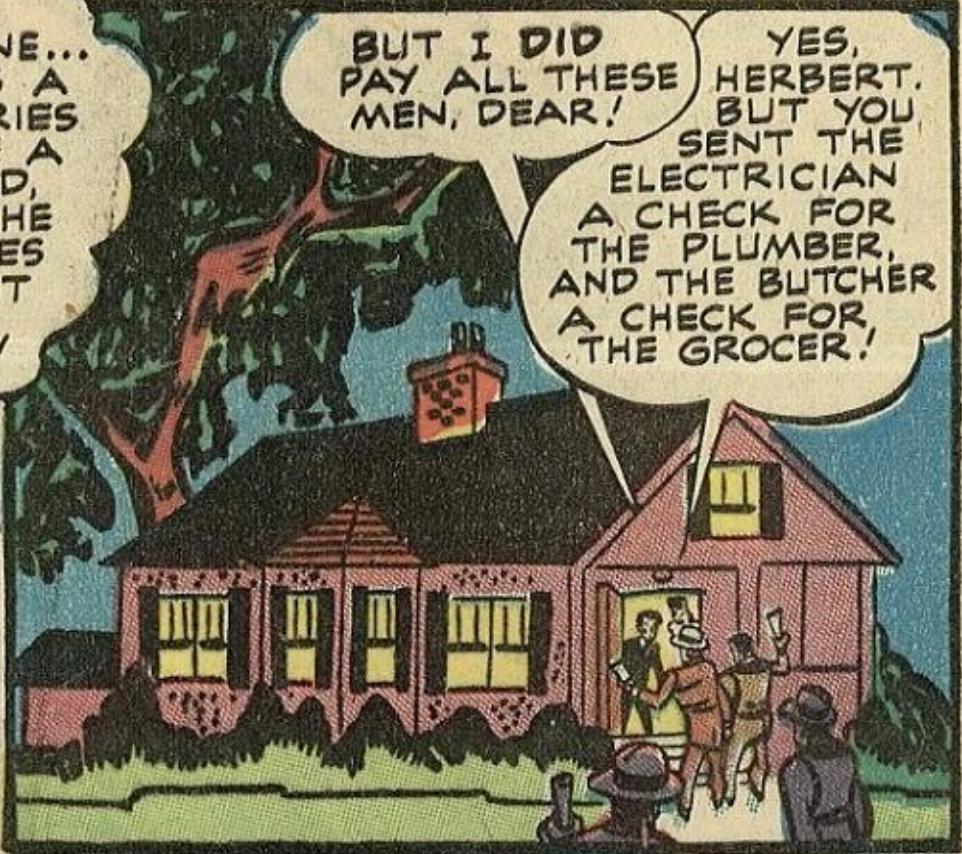
WE TAKE YOU BACK A DAY TO A CHANCE MEETING BETWEEN JOAN WILLIAMS AND AN OLD FRIEND...

HILDA HERBERTS! HOW ARE YOU... AND YOUR HUBBY?

PERFECTLY FINE... AND HERBERT'S A DARLING. HE TRIES SO HARD TO BE A MODEL HUSBAND, YET SOMEHOW HE ALWAYS MANAGES TO DO THE RIGHT THING AT THE WRONG TIME!

"WHY, ONLY LAST NIGHT A SWARM OF BILL COLLECTORS INVADED OUR FRONT DOOR..."

BUT I DID PAY ALL THESE HERBERT MEN, DEAR! YES, SENT THE ELECTRICIAN A CHECK FOR THE PLUMBER, AND THE BUTCHER A CHECK FOR THE GROCER!



TROUBLE WITH HERBERT IS, HE ACTS BEFORE HE THINKS. LOTS OF PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT, ONLY HE SEEMS TO HAVE MADE A SPECIALTY OUT OF IT!



IN THE NIGHT CLUB'S PRIVATE OFFICES,
TUFFY TILTON PUTS ON A FASHION
PARADE...

YOU SURE
LOOK SNAZZY,
TUFFY.

I GOT RIGGED UP LIKE
THIS BECAUSE I'M
SUPPOSED TO MEET A
GUY FROM DETROIT.
HE'S GOT SOME INFO
THAT MEANS DOUGH
TO US.



I'M GONNA RECOGNIZE HIM WHEN
HE PAYS A CHECK TO ME. HE'LL
SPOT ME BY THIS SOUP-AND-FISH
WITH THE FLOWER IN MY BUTTON-
HOLE.



HE SHOULD HAVE BLOWN IN HERE
BY NOW. I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND.



NO, JAY,
I'LL TAKE
THE CHECK.
I INSIST!

BUT... WELL,
ALL RIGHT,
HERB.



WATCH IT, HERB. YOU'RE
DOING THE RIGHT THING
TO PAY THE CHECK...
BUT...

HERE YOU
ARE,
WAITER.

WAITER??
WHAT'S THIS,
A GAG?
I OWN
THIS JOINT...
I MEAN,
PLACE.

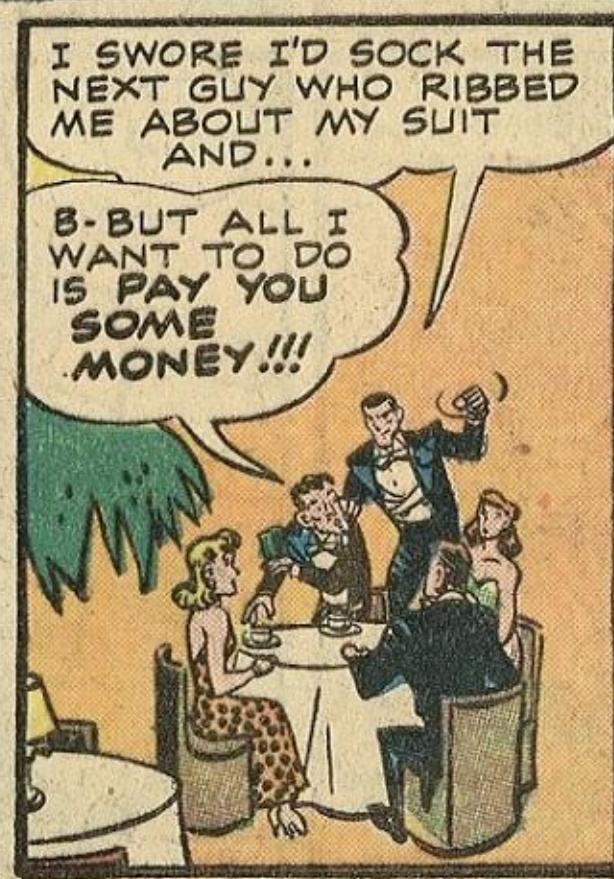
I SWORE I'D SOCK THE
NEXT GUY WHO RIBBED
ME ABOUT MY SUIT
AND...

B-BUT ALL I
WANT TO DO
IS PAY YOU
SOME
MONEY!!!

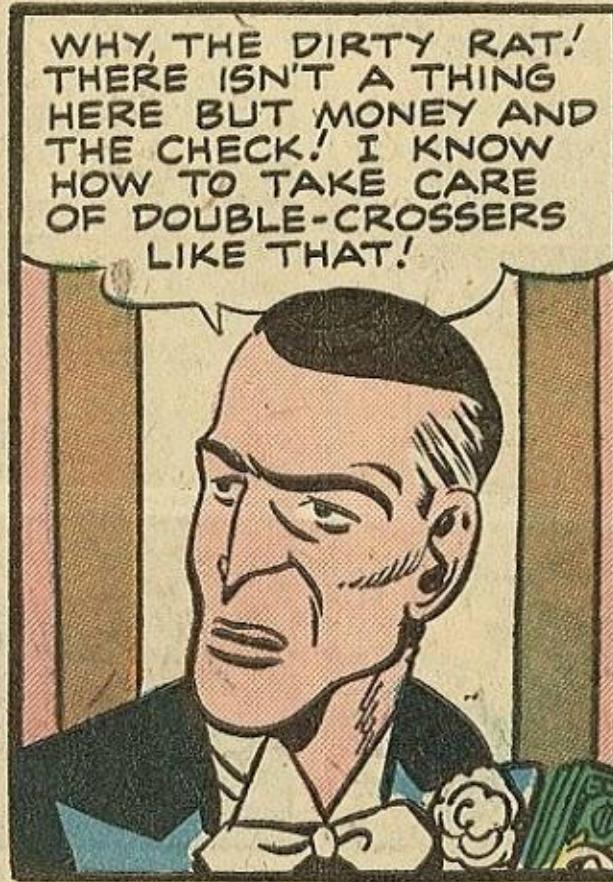
HOLY SMOKE... WHAT A
DOPE I AM! UM... I
DIDN'T KNOW YOU AT
FIRST, SIR. HOW'S THE
WEATHER BEEN IN
DETROIT LATELY?

HUH?

!



All-Flash Comics

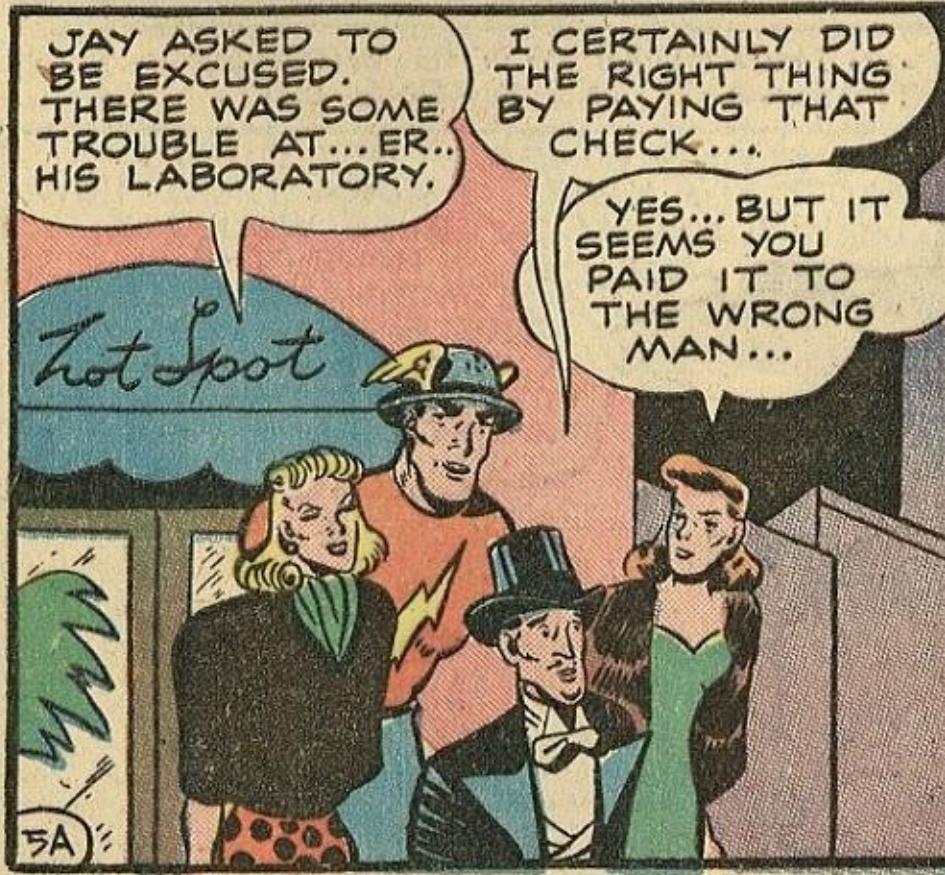


CAREFULLY CONCEALED IN THE SPACIOUS CLOAKROOM, JAY GARRICK SWIFTLY WORKS A SURPRISING CHANGE OF COSTUME...





All-Flash Comics



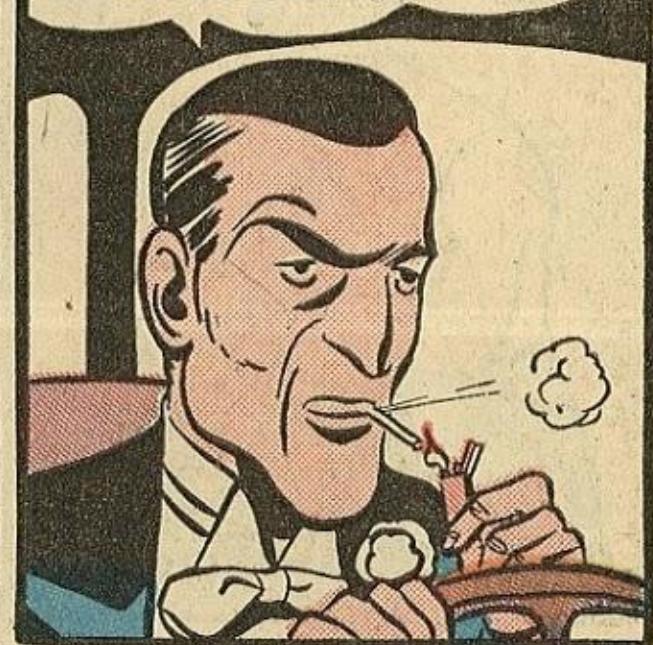
IF THAT DETROIT GUY THINKS HE'S GOING TO SELL ME OUT NOW, HE'LL FIND OUT I WON'T TAKE IT LYING DOWN. I'LL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHERE HE LIVES...



THE FLYING WINGS AIRPLANE FACTORY HAS A TERRIFIC PAYROLL. IF I CAN FIND OUT WHEN IT WILL BE IN THE COMPANY SAFE, AND HOW TO GET IT, I'LL BE SET FOR LIFE!



AFTER I SEE WHERE THAT DETROIT GUY LIVES, I'LL PAY HIM A VISIT TOMORROW WITH THE BOYS, WHEN THE FLASH ISN'T AROUND.



LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

HIYA, DETROIT. YOU FOOLED ME LAST NIGHT, BUT NOW WE'RE GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS.

WHY, IT'S THE NIGHT CLUB OWNER!



YOU WAS SUPPOSED TO HAND ME THE PAYROLL INFO IN THEM DOLLAR BILLS. WHO'S PAYIN' YOU MORE DOUGH?

REALLY, THERE'S SOME MISTAKE. I'M NOT THIS -- ER-- DETROIT PERSON.



CAREFUL, HERB! IT'S ALL RIGHT TO PROVE WHO YOU ARE -- THAT WOULD BE THE RIGHT THING -- BUT ...

MY NAME IS HERBERT J. HERBERTS. I'M CHIEF BOOKKEEPER FOR THE FLYING WINGS AIRPLANE FACTORY AND I HAVE THE PAPERS TO PROVE IT!

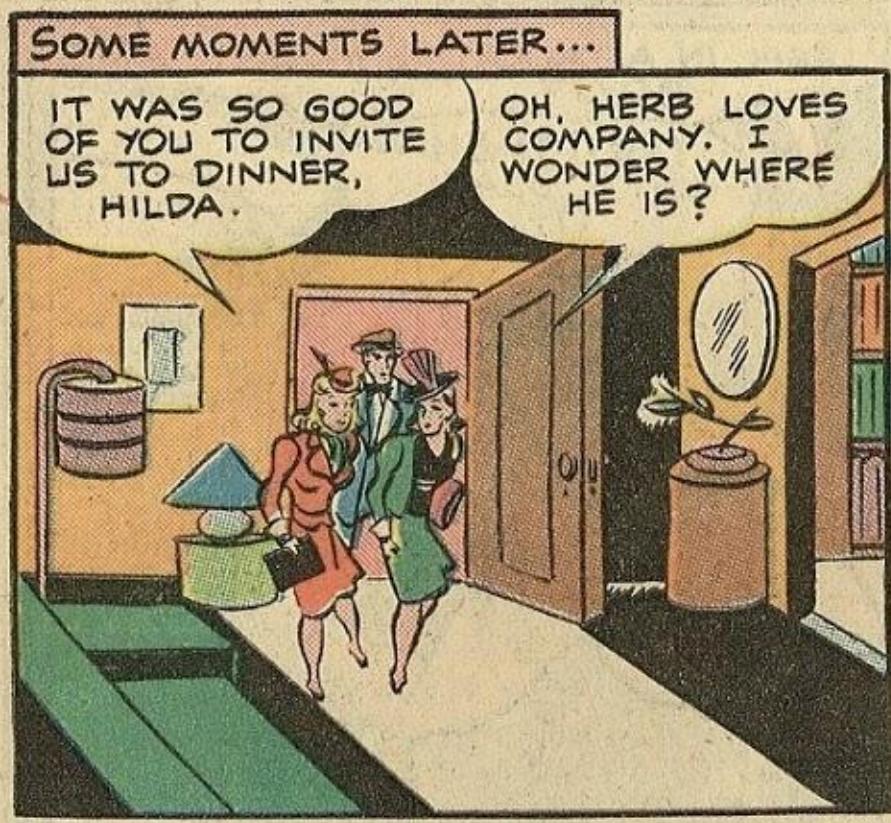


.... THIS SURE IS THE WRONG TIME... AND THE WRONG GUY!

THE FLYING WINGS FACTORY? KEEP TALKIN', CHUM!

IF I DIDN'T WORK THERE HOW ELSE WOULD I HAVE THE COMBINATION TO THE BIG FLYING WINGS SAFE, WHICH I'M PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR?







All-Flash Comics



THEY TOOK SOME IMPORTANT FACTORY PAPERS I KEPT HERE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANT THEM FOR, UNLESS THEY PLAN TO ROB THE PLACE...

I'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!

I'LL DROP IN AT THE HOT SPOT NIGHT CLUB AND PERSUADE TUFFY TO DO A LITTLE TALKING...



GOOD... THEY HAVEN'T OPENED YET. NOW NO BYSTANDERS WILL BE HURT!

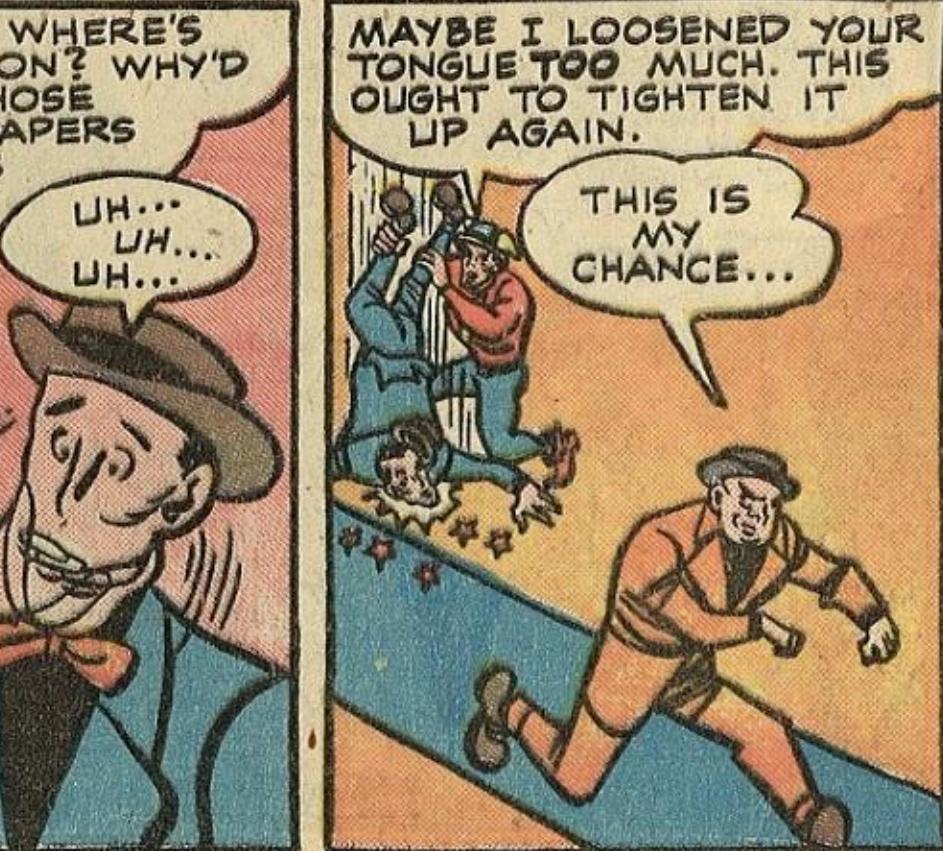
FEEL IN A TALKATIVE MOOD, BOYS?

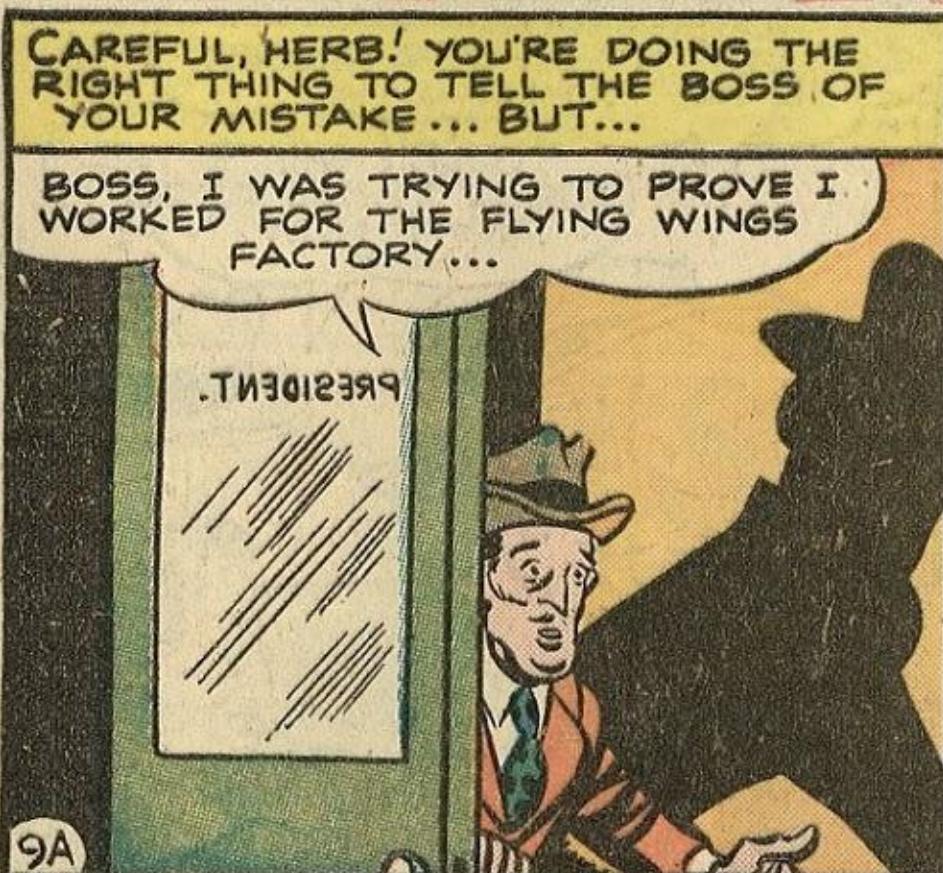
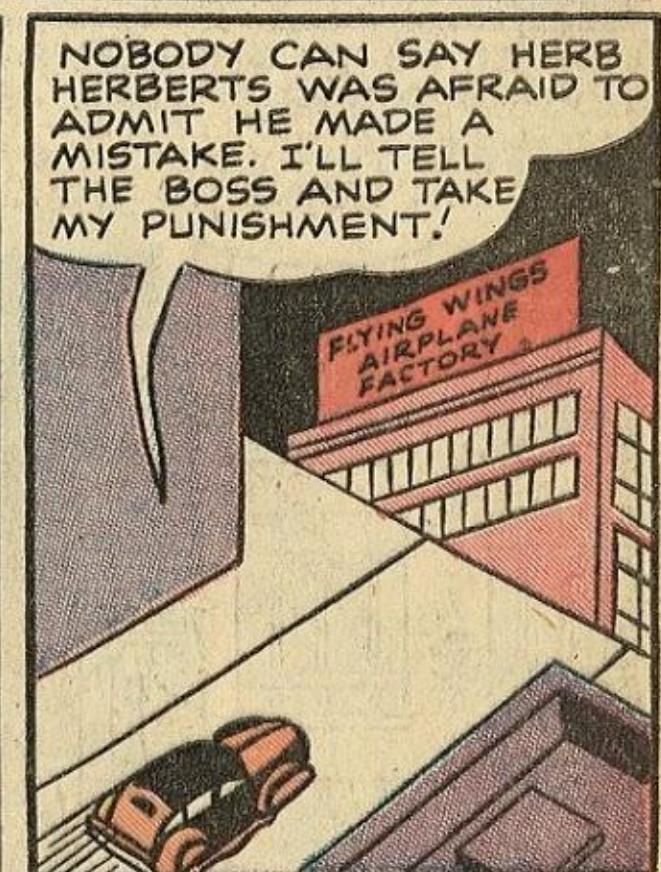


I'LL LOOSEN YOUR JAW A LITTLE... IT'LL HELP YOU TALK FREELY!

ALL RIGHT, WHERE'S TUFFY TILTON? WHY'D HE TAKE THOSE FACTORY PAPERS FROM HERB HERBERTS?

UH... UH... UH...





All-Flash Comics

WHILE BACK IN THE HOT SPOT NIGHT CLUB...

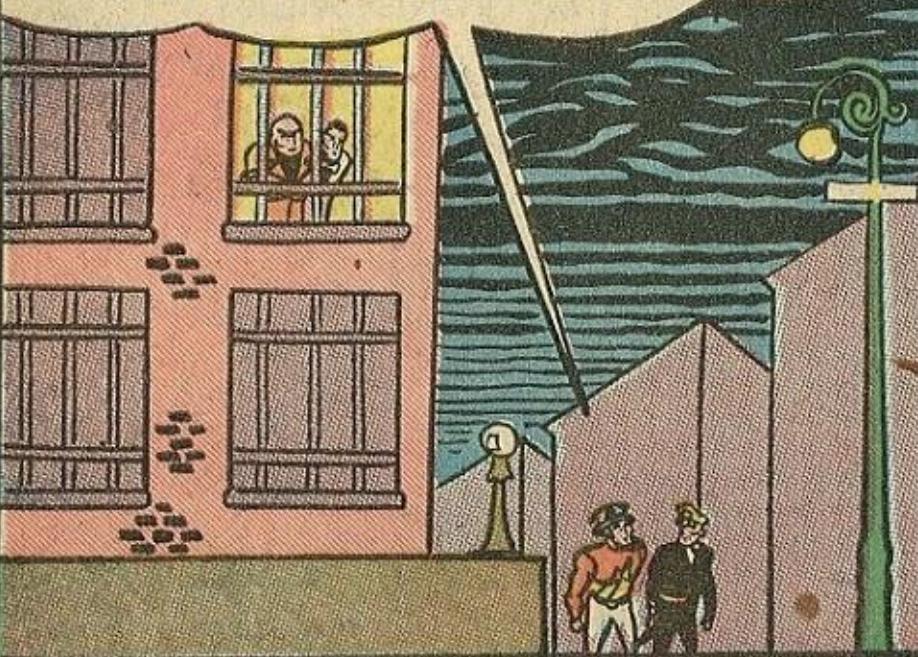
MAYBE NOW YOU FEEL LIKE A PHONOGRAPH, FLASH. TUFFY IS AFTER THE FLYING WINGS FACTORY PAYROLL. A FELLA FROM DETROIT WHO'D QUIT HIS JOB AT THE FACTORY HAD ALL THE DOPE...

HE KNEW WHEN THE PAYROLL WAS DUE, WHERE IT WAS KEPT, AND HOW TO GET IT. HE WAS TO GIVE THE INFO TO TUFFY BY PAYIN' A BILL TO HIM.

TUFFY WAS GONNA PAY THIS GUY PLENTY FOR THE INFO. BUT HE MIS-TOOK HERBERTS FOR THE DETROIT CHARACTER! THEN WHEN HE LEARNED HERBERTS WAS BOOK-KEEPER OF THE FLYING WINGS FACTORY... HE GOT HIS INFORMATION ANYHOW!



I'M GOING TO DASH OVER TO THE FLYING WINGS FACTORY, OFFICER. I DON'T KNOW IF THERE'S STILL TIME TO STOP TUFFY AND HIS CROOKS, BUT I'M GOING TO TRY!



IF THERE'S STILL TIME, THE FLASH WILL MAKE IT!



AT THE FACTORY...

THIS IS GREAT. YOU CAN OPEN THAT SAFE, HERBERTS. IT'LL SAVE US A LOT OF TIME...

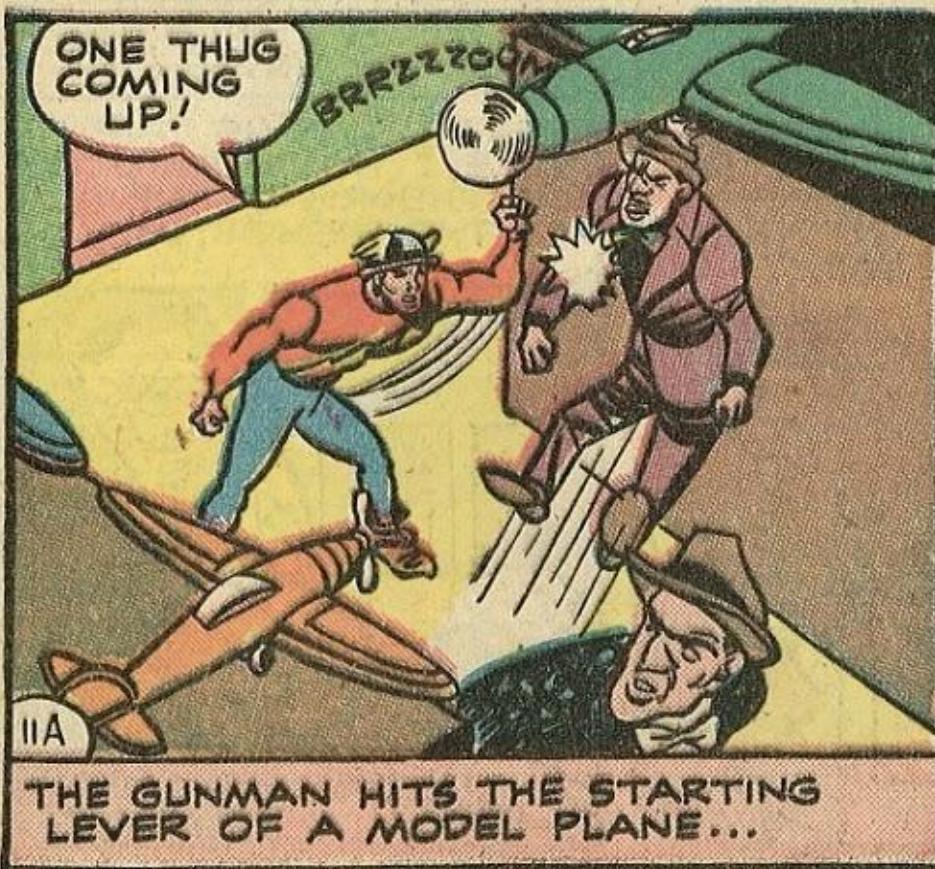
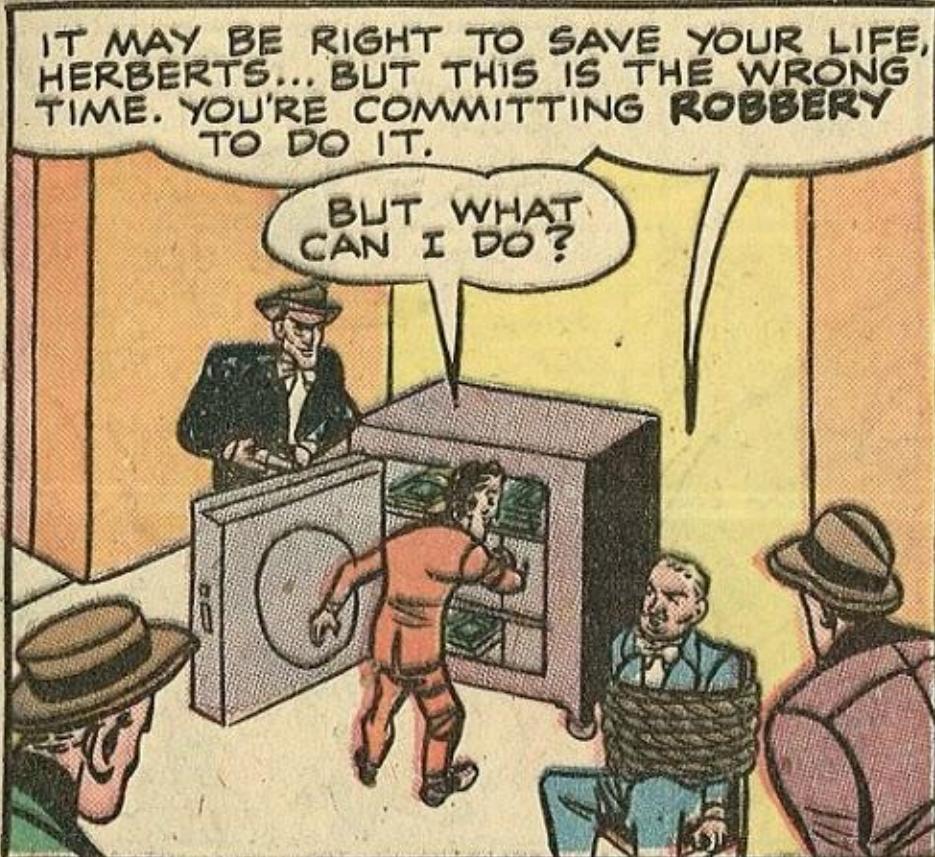


I'VE GOT A NERVOUS FINGER, SO HOP TO IT!

GULP! WHAT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO RIGHT NOW?



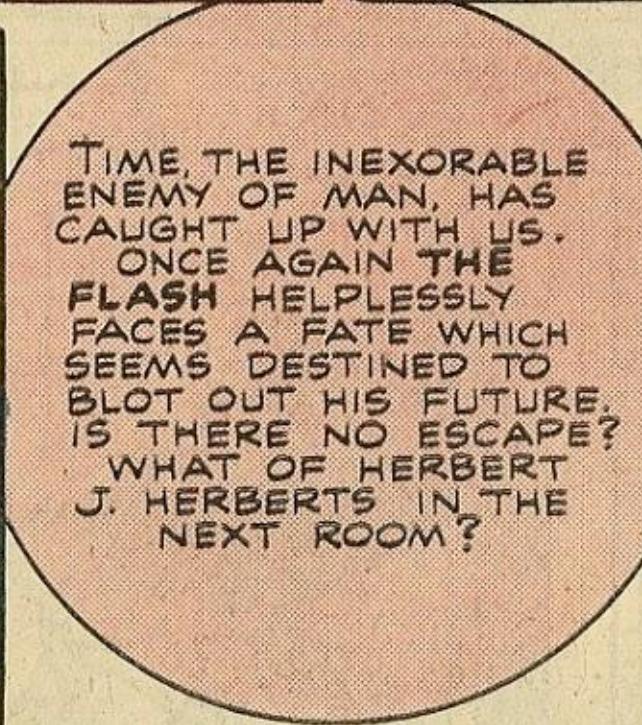
All-Flash Comics



THE GUNMAN HITS THE STARTING LEVER OF A MODEL PLANE...



All-Flash Comics



BUT AS THE FIRE LEVER GOES DOWN, IT SETS OFF AN AUTOMATIC FIRE-CONTROL SPRINKLER SYSTEM WITHIN THE FACTORY...



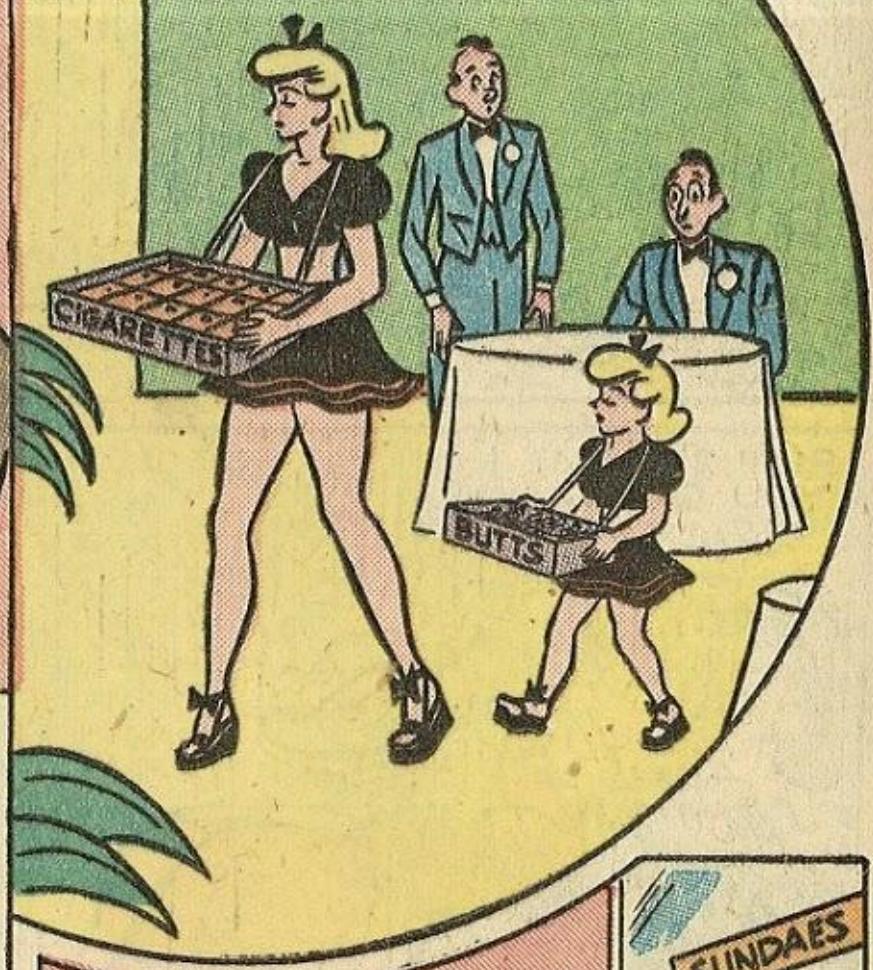


TON O' FUN

NOTICE TO
DISCHARGEES
YOU MUST REPORT
TO YOUR LOCAL
DRAFT BOARD
WITHIN 10 DAYS
AFTER DISCHARGE



BY HARRY LAMPERT



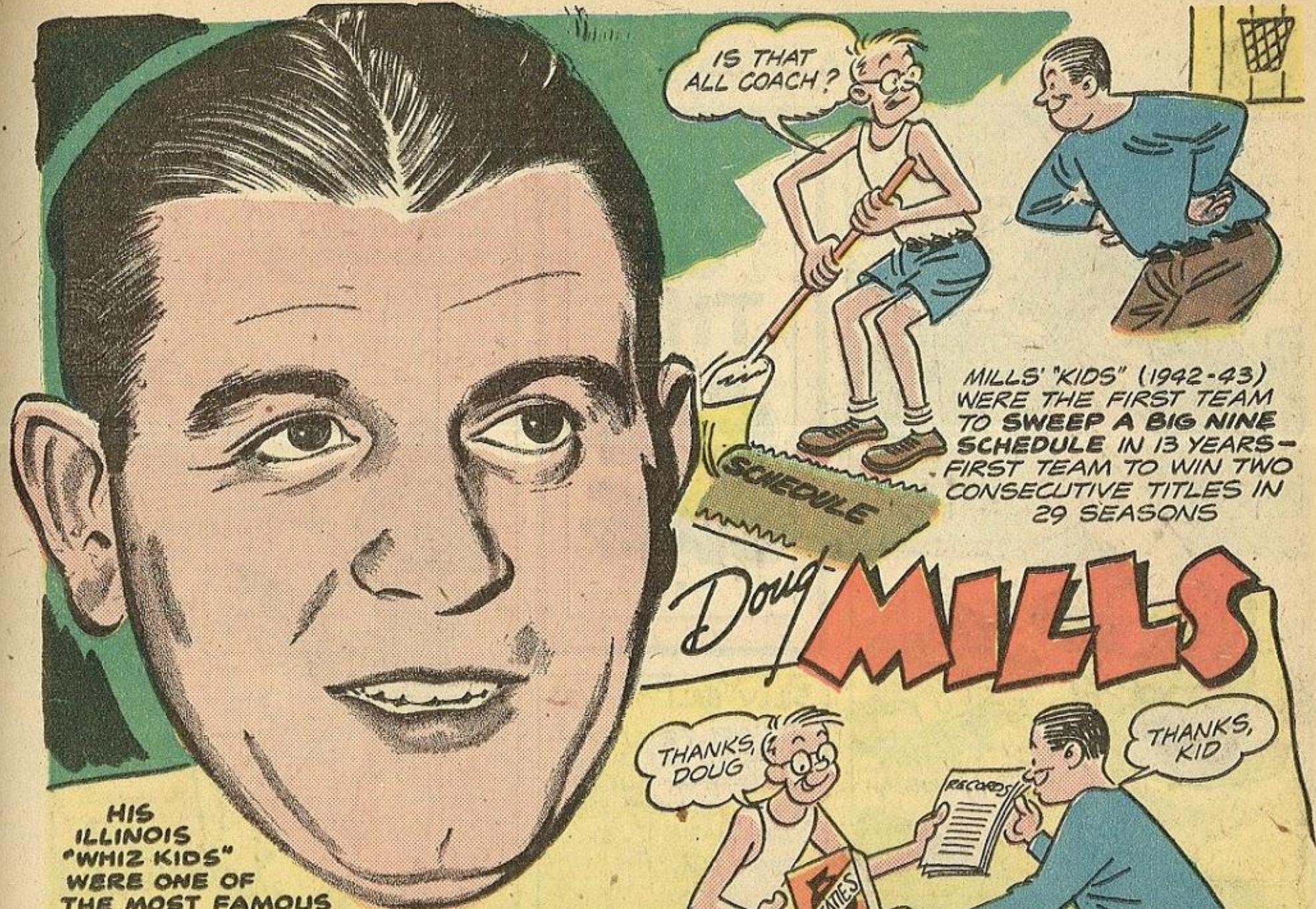
"SO THAT'S THE CATCH TO IT!"



"THERE! THAT WASN'T HARD TO LEARN, WAS IT? NOW, YOU TOSS ME INTO THE AIR."



"LET'S GO! THEY CATER TO TOO YOUNG A CROWD!"



HIS
ILLINOIS
"WHIZ KIDS"
WERE ONE OF
THE MOST FAMOUS
TEAMS IN COLLEGE
BASKETBALL
HISTORY

MILLS' "KIDS" (1942-43)
WERE THE FIRST TEAM
TO SWEEP A BIG NINE
SCHEDULE IN 13 YEARS—
FIRST TEAM TO WIN TWO
CONSECUTIVE TITLES IN
29 SEASONS



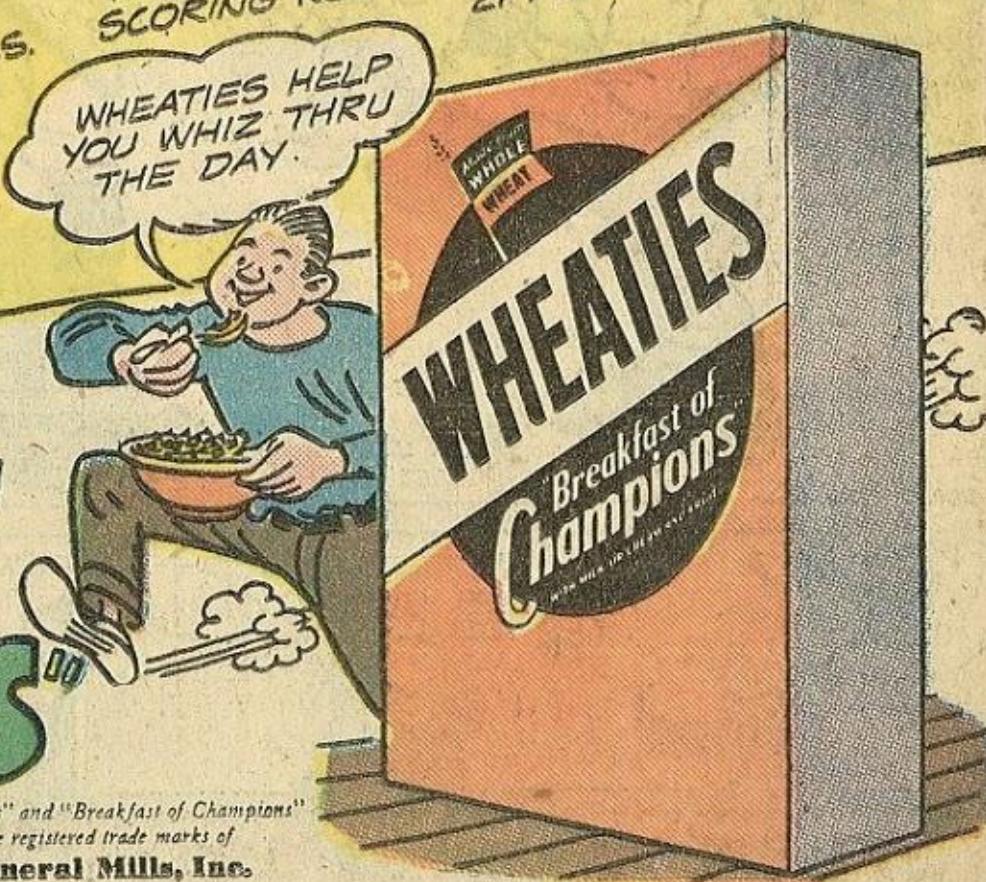
"A NOURISHING BREAKFAST IS AN
IMPORTANT PART OF AN ATHLETE'S
TRAINING SCHEDULE," SAYS DOUG MILLS.
"THAT'S WHY I RECOMMEND WHEATIES,
'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,' WITH
MILK AND FRUIT, AS AN IDEAL
TRAINING DISH. I THINK YOU'LL LIKE
THAT SWELL WHEATIES FLAVOR, TOO!"

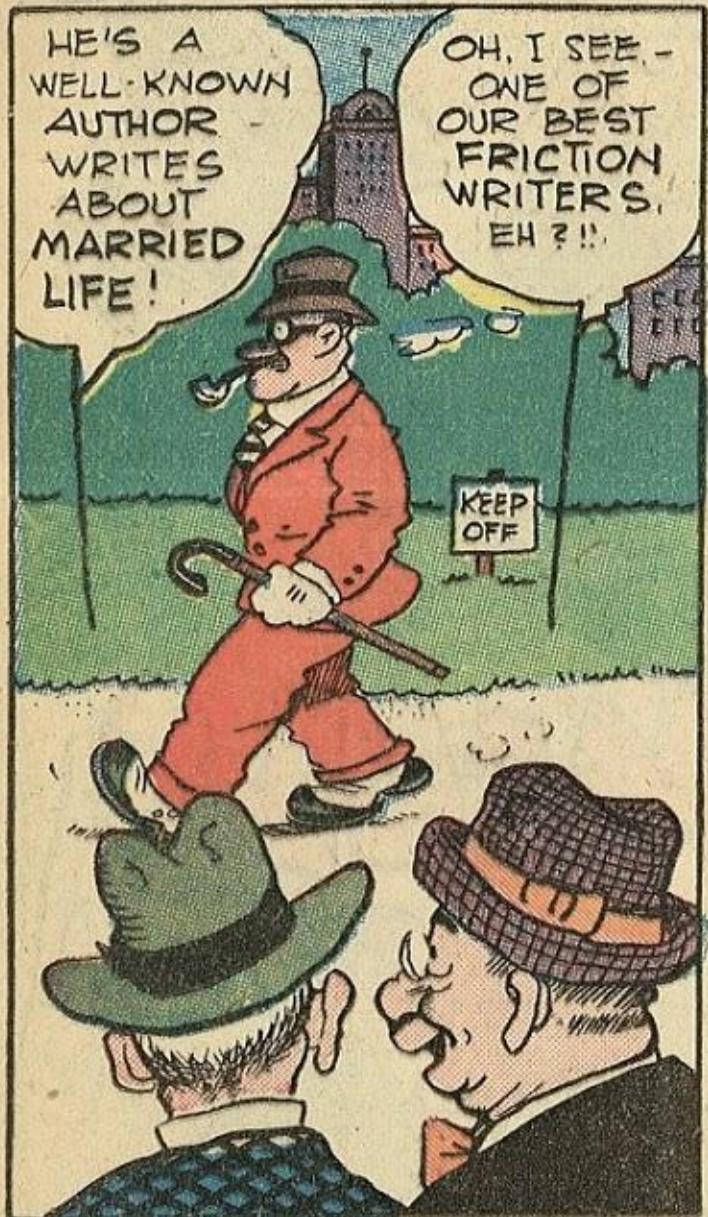
THE "KIDS" GAVE
COACH MILLS BIG
NINE RECORDS FOR
TOTAL POINTS, TOTAL
FIELD GOALS, AND
TOTAL GAMES. ONE
KID SET AN INDIVIDUAL
SCORING RECORD WITH BETTER THAN
21 POINTS PER GAME

WHEATIES BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

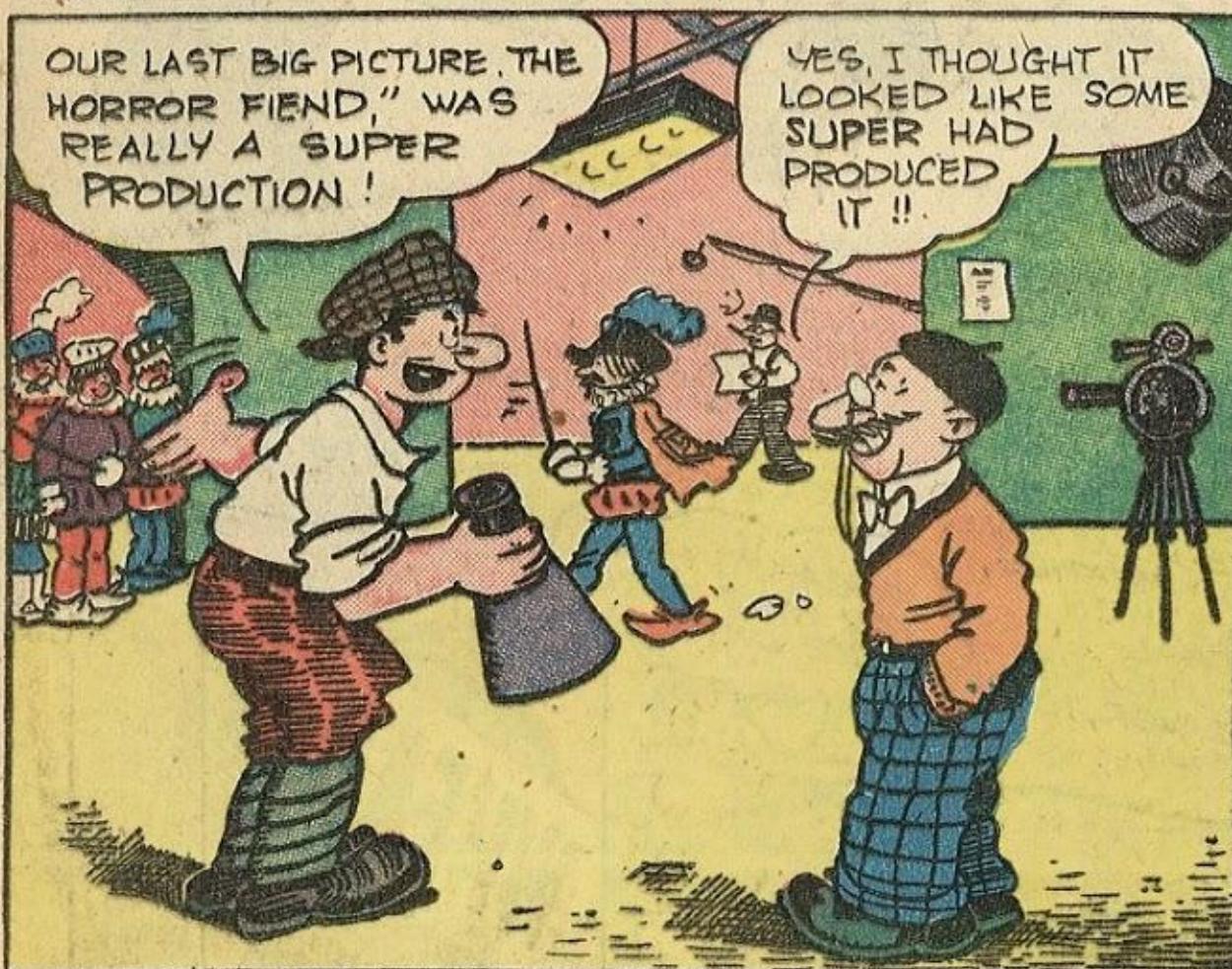
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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





SILLY SALLY SAYS:
"MY GIRL FRIEND TRIES TO ACT AWFUL KITTENISH BUT I KEEP TELLIN' HER SHE HASN'T THE PUSS FOR IT!"

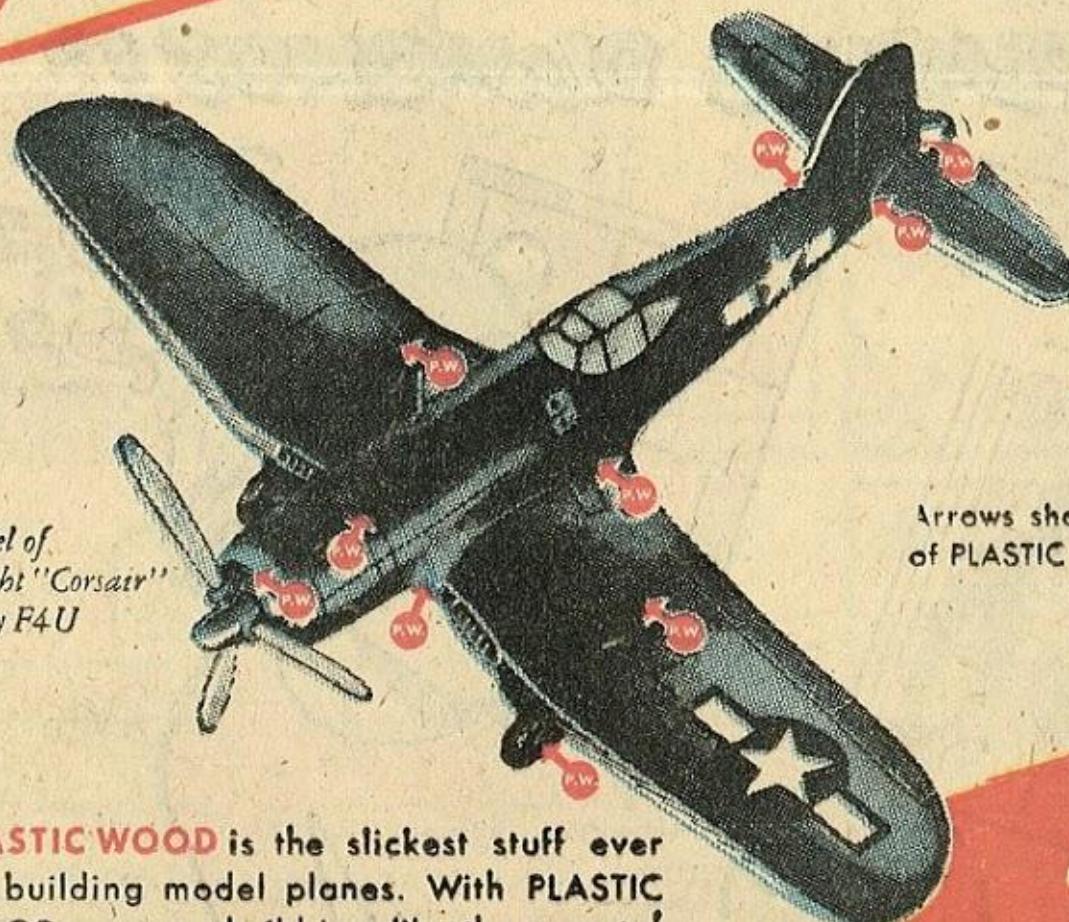


P.S.
(PERFECT SIMILE)
MINDS ARE LIKE PARACHUTES:
THEY FUNCTION ONLY WHEN OPEN

FOR MODEL BUILDING—

IT'S slick!
IT'S quick!
PLASTIC WOOD

Model of
Vought "Corsair"
Navy F4U



Arrows show uses
of PLASTIC WOOD



PLASTIC WOOD is the slickest stuff ever for building model planes. With **PLASTIC WOOD** you can build 'em like the experts!

QUICK, TOO! DRIES FAST! Use it for fillets, patching, repairing, gussets, motor mounts and dozens of slick new tricks. With **SOLVENT** it makes a swell base for that hard, high-gloss finish that'll be the envy of every model builder in your neighborhood. Sands easily, takes paint, varnish or dope perfectly.

31 out of 33 WINNERS in a recent, big model contest used **PLASTIC WOOD**—proof that with **PLASTIC WOOD** you, too, can build better models.

FREE BOOKLET "SLICK NEW TRICKS"

Get your copy at your local store, or send a postcard with your name and address to:

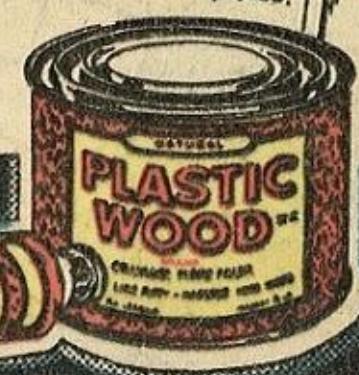
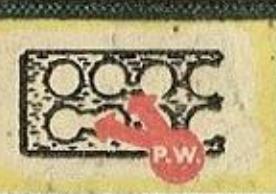
BOYLE-MIDWAY INC., 22 E. 40th St., New York 16, N.Y.

FREE BOOKLET

Slick New Tricks for Building Better Model Planes*

FREE! Compliments
of your Model Dealer

SECRETS of the EXPERTS!
FUN with **PLASTIC WOOD**!



*Boats and Jeeps, too!

PLASTIC WOOD

A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER

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

The Flash

DID JAY GARRICK STEAL THOSE JEWELS? CAN THE FLASH PROVE THAT JAY IS INNOCENT?OR MUST THE FLASH TURN JAY IN? WHAT MAKES ALL THIS THE MORE INCREDIBLE IS THAT JAY GARRICK AND THE FLASH ARE ONE AND THE SAME PERSON. THUS, WITH HIS OWN GOOD NAME AT STAKE, THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE SPEEDILY SETS OUT ON THE TRAIL OF....

"The DISAPPEARING DIAMONDS!"



All-Flash Comics

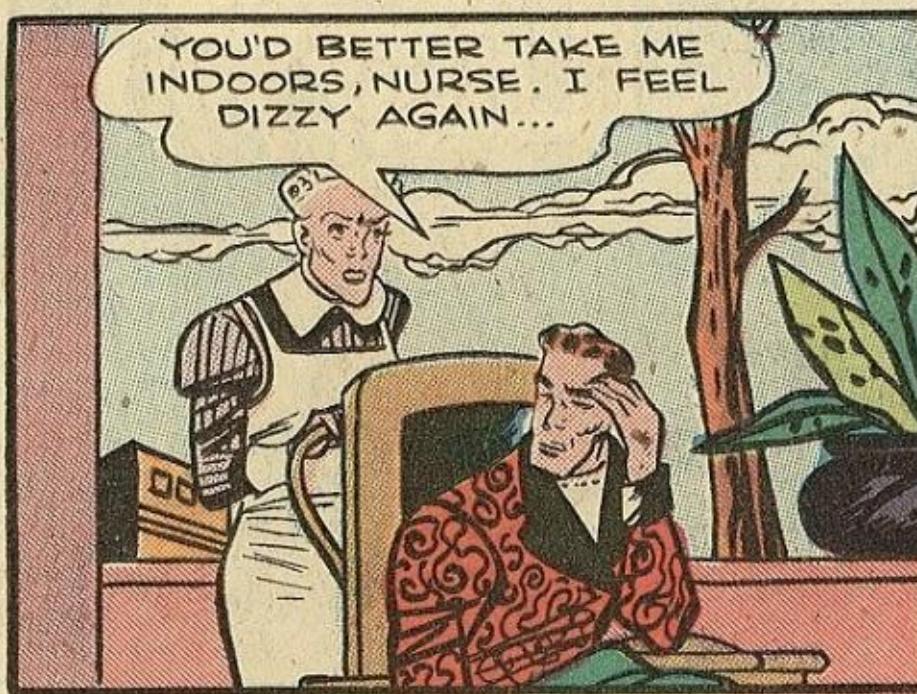
A CONFUSED AND DAZED MIND FIGHTS BACK AGAINST THE SHOCKING ACCUSATION...



MY MIND IS A CONFUSED JUMBLE. I CAN'T REMEMBER... ANYTHING... EXCEPT THAT I'M JAY GARRICK, AND... AND THE FLASH! WHY DOES MY MEMORY KEEP PLAYING TRICKS ON ME?



THOUGH THE SUPERBLY CONDITIONED BODY OF JAY GARRICK QUICKLY HEALS, HE CONTINUES TO FEIGN ILLNESS....



AND THEN ONE NIGHT...

I FEEL IN GOOD ENOUGH SHAPE NOW TO QUIT THIS HOSPITAL... AND START WORKING AS THE FLASH ON THE MYSTERIOUS CASE OF JAY GARRICK... THIEF!

OH..OH! THE DOOR!



MOVING FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE RENDERS HIMSELF INVISIBLE....



WHILE THE POLICE ARE MAKING A FRUITLESS SEARCH FOR JAY GARRICK, HIS ALTER EGO WILL SPRING INTO ACTION AND TRY TO CLEAR HIS NAME...



A BRIEF STOP AT HIS APARTMENT, A QUICK CHANGE OF APPAREL, AND THE SCARLET SCOURGE RACES THROUGH THE NIGHT...

ALL I REMEMBER IS THAT AIRPLANE TRIP WITH STANLEY YOUNG, AND THE FALLING PLANE.... THE CRASH INTO THE OCEAN. HE'LL SET ME STRAIGHT ON THE REST OF THE DETAILS....





All-Flash Comics



WE WERE IN HIS PLANE ... JUST THE TWO OF US... GOING ON A FISHING TRIP TO HIS SEA ISLE HOME. BUT WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE THEN ?....

A FINE FELLOW LIKE JAY GARRICK, JUST A COMMON CROOK ! I TELL YOU, MY DEAR... I KNOW HE STOLE THOSE DIAMONDS !

HM! NOT A VERY PROMISING START!

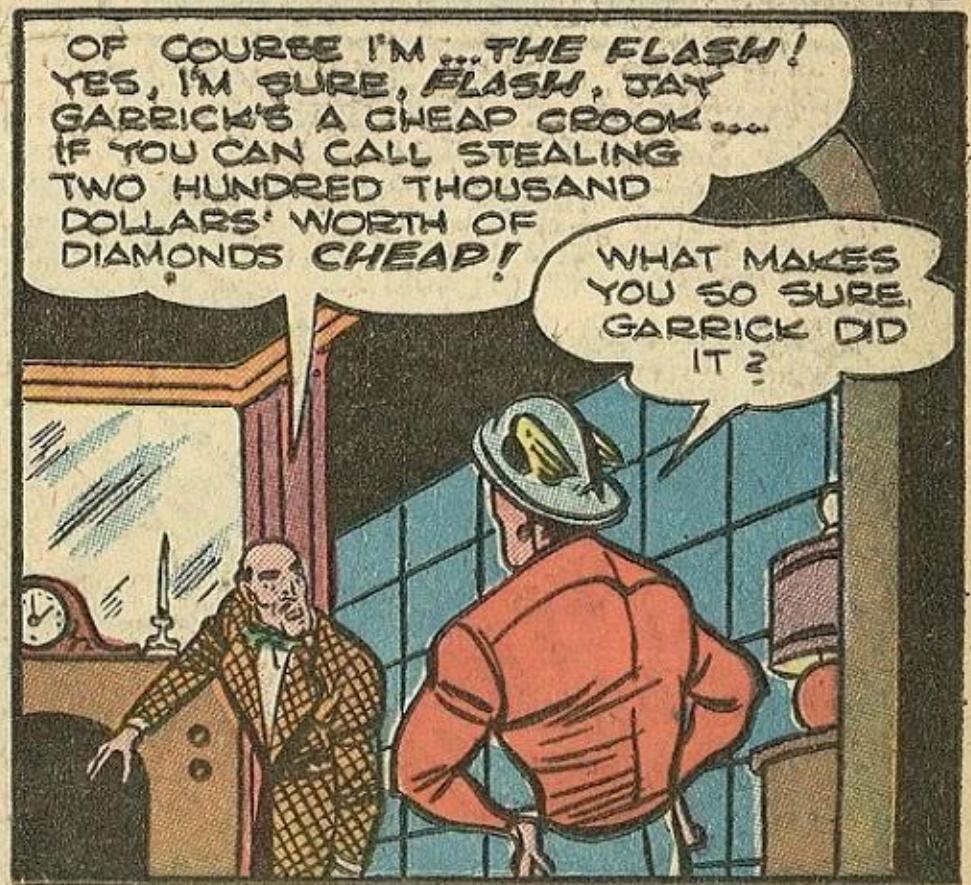


HIS MIND COMPLETELY WRAPPED UP IN HIS TROUBLES, THE FLASH DOES NOT HEAR A TWIG CRACK AND A CLUB DESCEND UNTIL ALMOST TOO LATE...



* THESE GROUNDKEEPERS DON'T SEEM TO RECOGNIZE ME. FOR ALL THEY KNOW, THEY'RE FIGHTING OFF SOME INTERLOPER, SO I'LL HAVE TO DO THIS AS SWIFTLY AND AS PAINLESSLY AS I CAN....





All-Flash Comics

I CAN BELIEVE MY OWN EYES, CAN'T I? I SAW THE LOOT IN HIS POCKET! OH, HE'S A SMOOTH WORKER ALL RIGHT... AND ALL THE TIME HE PRETENDED TO BE MY FRIEND!

THIS GETS WORSE BY THE MINUTE!

SUPPOSE... JUST SUPPOSE... THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'VE OVERLOOKED..... SOME EXTEMUATING CIRCUMSTANCE. GARRICK HAS ASKED ME TO HELP HIM OUT. LET'S HEAR THE WHOLE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING...

I DOUBT IF IT'LL DO ANY GOOD.. BUT...

"I THREW A HOUSE PARTY THE NIGHT BEFORE I LEFT ON MY VACATION. JAY GARRICK HAD COME TO GET A SUBSCRIPTION FROM ME FOR SOME CHARITY..."

I EXPECT TO MAKE A DEAL FOR THESE DIAMONDS TONIGHT... AND WHEN I DO, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHECK. MEANWHILE, YOU AND JOAN ENJOY YOURSELVES AT THE PARTY.

THANKS, STAN.

"LATER THAT NIGHT..."

THOSE DEALS WENT THROUGH, JAY. YOU'LL GET YOUR CHARITY MONEY AS SOON AS I OPEN THE SAFE!

FINE!

"NEXT MORNING, MY PARTNER, BILL MALONEY AND JAY'S FRIEND, JOAN WILLIAMS, SAW US OFF ON OUR FISHING VACATION..."

AFTER THE SALE YOU MADE, STAN, WE CAN AFFORD A LITTLE FOR CHARITY!

HAVE A GOOD TIME.., JAY!
GOOD FISHING,
AND FORGET ABOUT BUSINESS,
STAN!

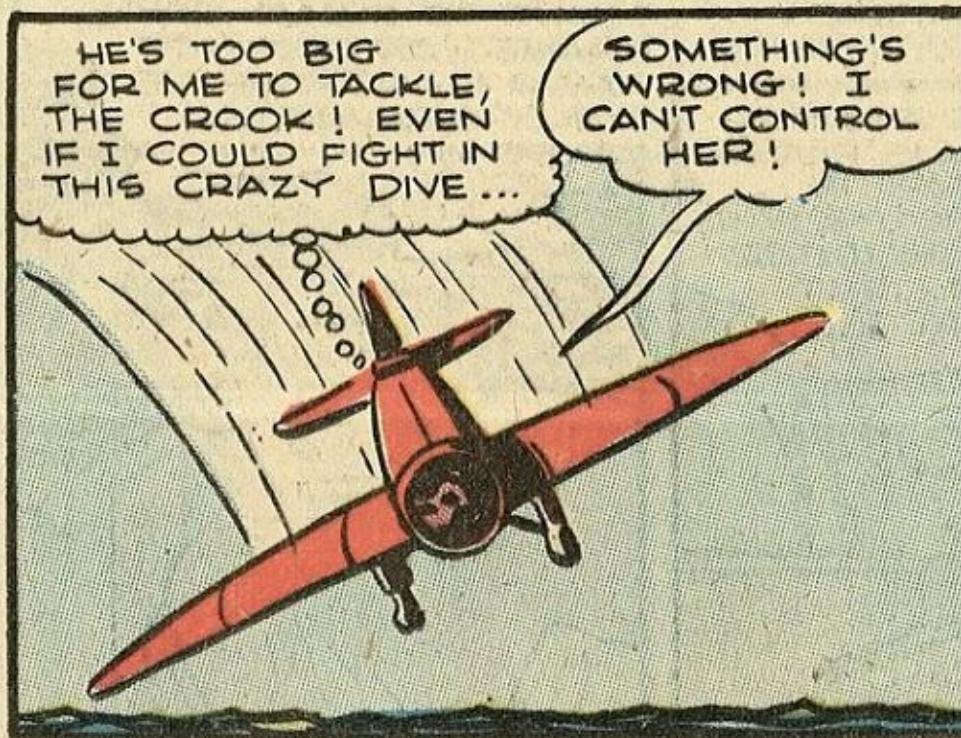
"ON THE TRIP, WHILE JAY WAS AT THE CONTROLS, I WAS CLEANING MY FISHING TACKLE WHEN..."

OOPS. CARELESS OF ME. KNOCKED JAY'S TOPCOAT DOWN...

"FROM HIS COAT POCKET POURED FORTH A STREAM OF DIAMONDS...
MY DIAMONDS..."

: GULP: GARRICK'S CHARITY TALK MUST JUST HAVE BEEN A COME-ON. ALL HE WAS INTERESTED IN WAS MY DIAMONDS. BUT WHY IS HE TAKING THE LOOT WITH HIM?

"SUDDENLY, BEFORE I COULD SPEAK, THE ENGINE SPUTTERED, AND THE PLANE LOOPED INTO A DIVE..."



All-Flash Comics

I WISH YOU LUCK, FLASH...
BUT I THINK YOU'RE JUST
WASTING YOUR TIME.
GARRICK IS GUILTY!



AS HIS NIMBLE FEET
CHURN THE ROADS, THE
FASTEST MAN ALIVE
TORTURES HIMSELF
WITH WORRY...

THE EVIDENCE AGAINST
JAY GARRICK IS PILING
UP! THERE WAS A
FAMOUS DETECTIVE WHO
COMMITTED A **MURDER**
IN HIS SLEEP. IS IT
POSSIBLE THAT I



IT'S THE UNCERTAINTY OF
IT ALL THAT'S SO HORRIBLE.
I'VE **GOT** TO FIND OUT. I
HAVE TO CLEAR JAY'S
NAME... OR CONVICT
HIM! AND THERE'S
ONLY ONE WAY TO
DO IT!



IN JAY GARRICK'S RESEARCH
LABORATORY, DESERTED AT NIGHT,
THE FLASH PUZZLES OVER THE
CRIME...

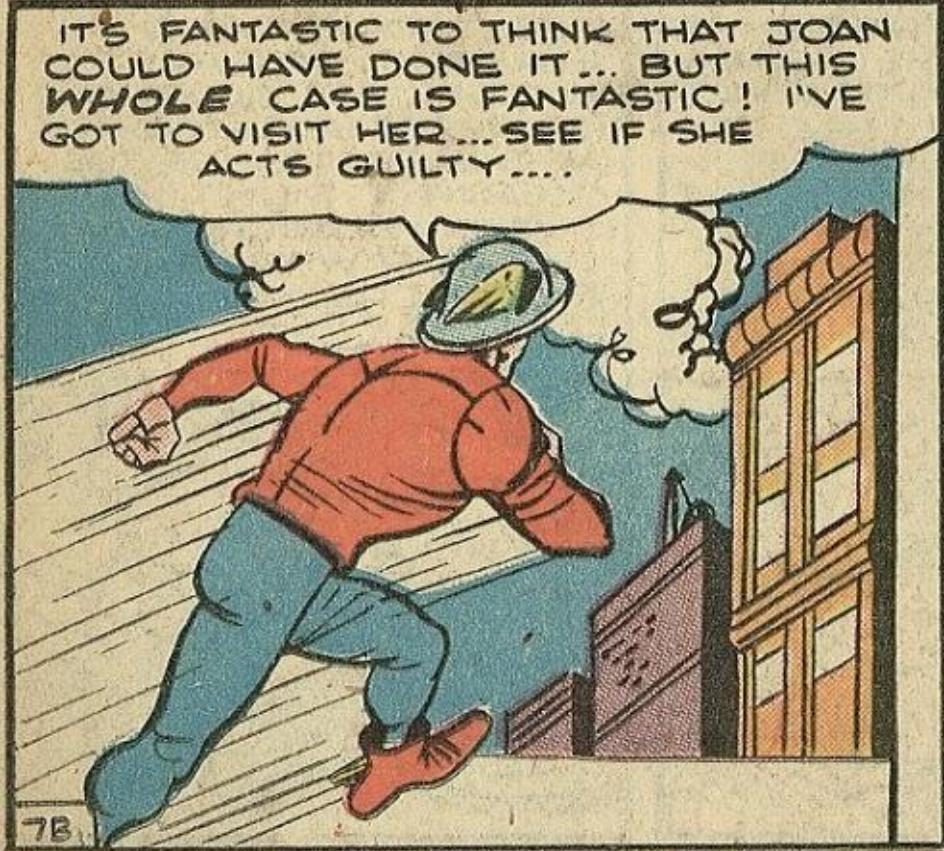
THE KEY TO THE WHOLE CASE IS
THIS. THE JEWELS WERE IN JAY'S
TOPCOAT POCKET IN THE PLANE. BUT
WHEN HE GOT DRESSED THAT MORNING,
IN HIS CLOTHES BACK FROM THE
DRY CLEANER'S, THE JEWELS WERE
NOT IN HIS POCKET!



THE ONLY PEOPLE HE SAW SINCE
HE GOT DRESSED AND GOT IN THE
PLANE WERE STANLEY YOUNG, HIS
PARTNER MALONEY AND... AND
JOAN WILLIAMS!



IT'S FANTASTIC TO THINK THAT JOAN
COULD HAVE DONE IT... BUT THIS
WHOLE CASE IS FANTASTIC! I'VE
GOT TO VISIT HER... SEE IF SHE
ACTS GUILTY....



I'LL MISS JAY THESE
TWO WEEKS. I **DO**
HOPE HE IS HAVING
A GOOD TIME!

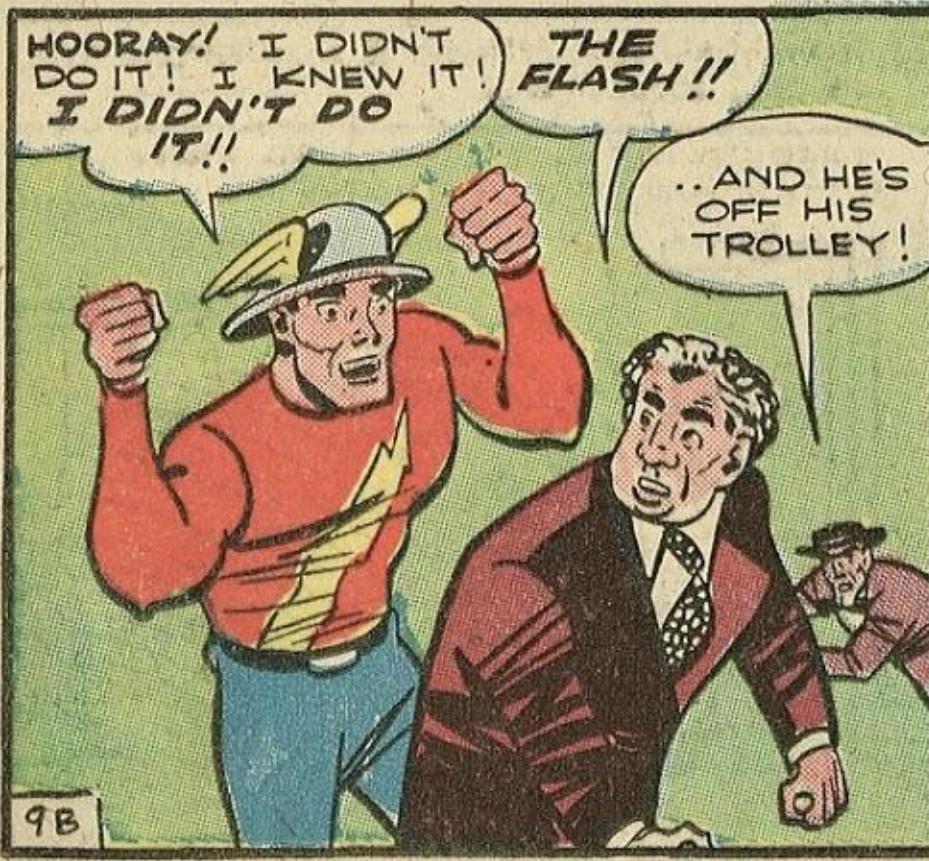
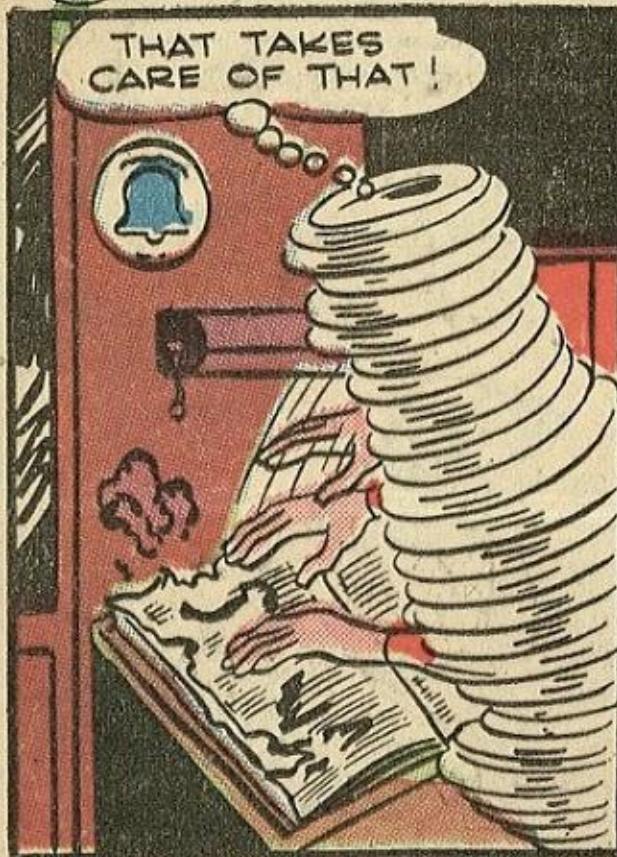
A GOOD
TIME?
OH, JOAN,
IF YOU ONLY
KNEW!



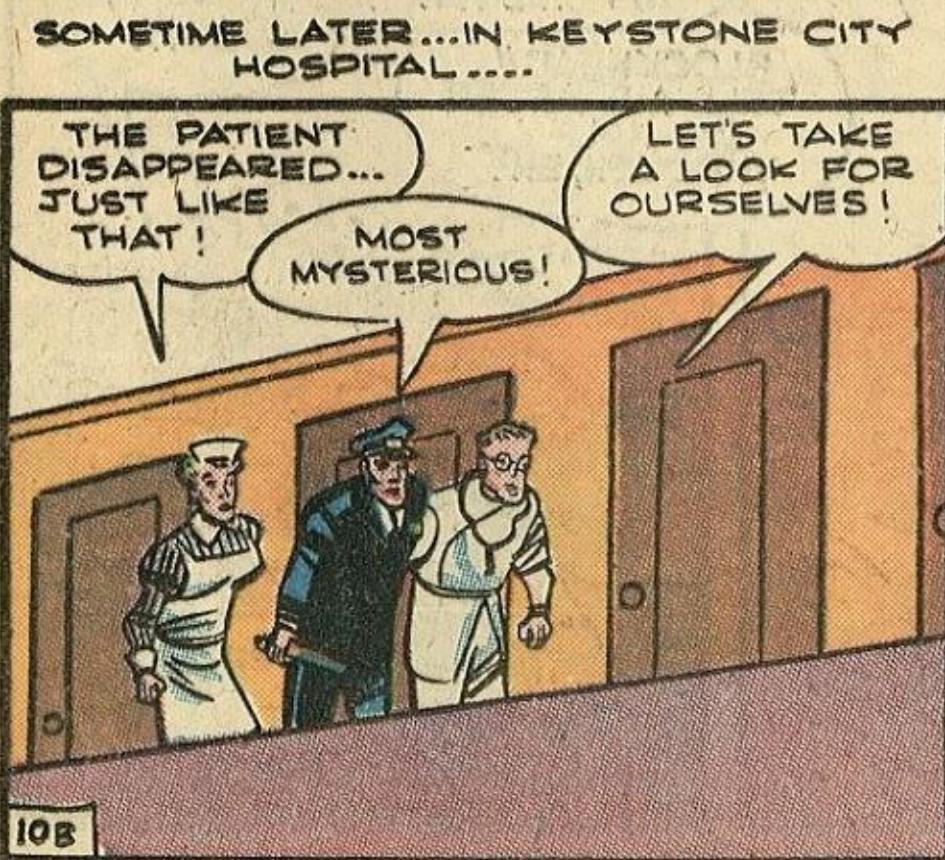
All-Flash Comics



All-Flash Comics



All-Flash Comics



ROCKHEAD MCWIZZARD

THE STONE AGE GENIUS.

GETTIN' A HAIRCUT
IS AN AWFUL
BUSINESS!
=GULP=

YOU'LL FEEL BETTER
IN A WEEK, SIR...
NEXT!!

YE-OWWW!!



YOW!! MEBBE I SHOULD'A TOLD YA I CAN'T
PAY RIGHT NOW!

WOT???

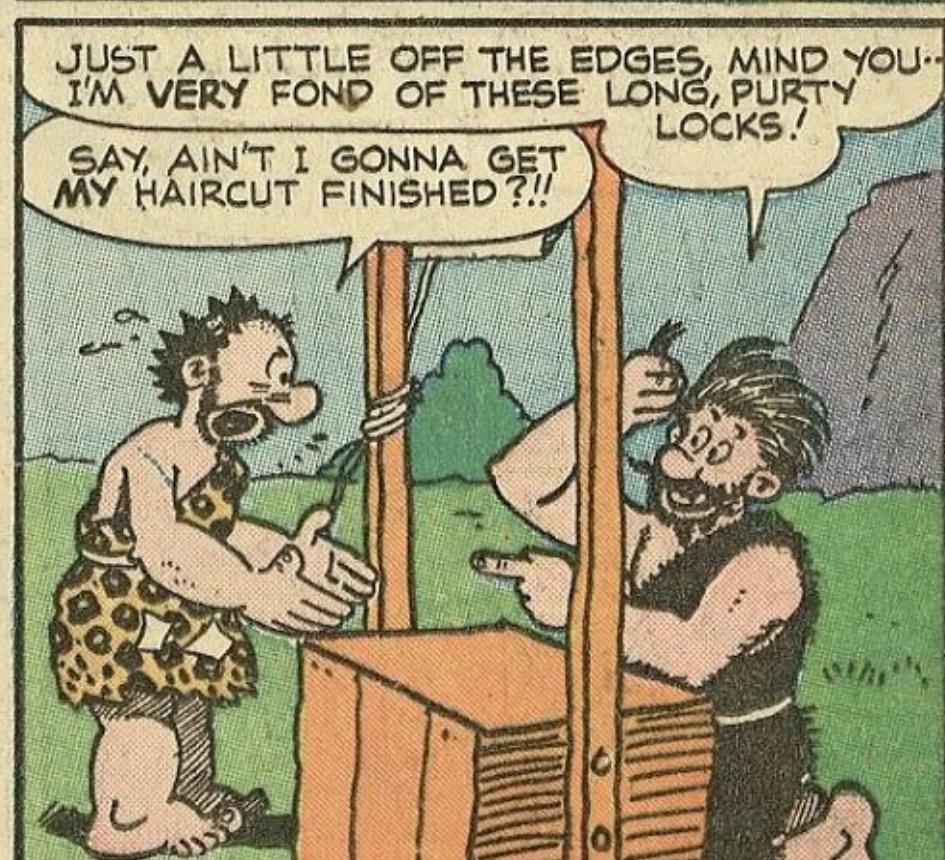
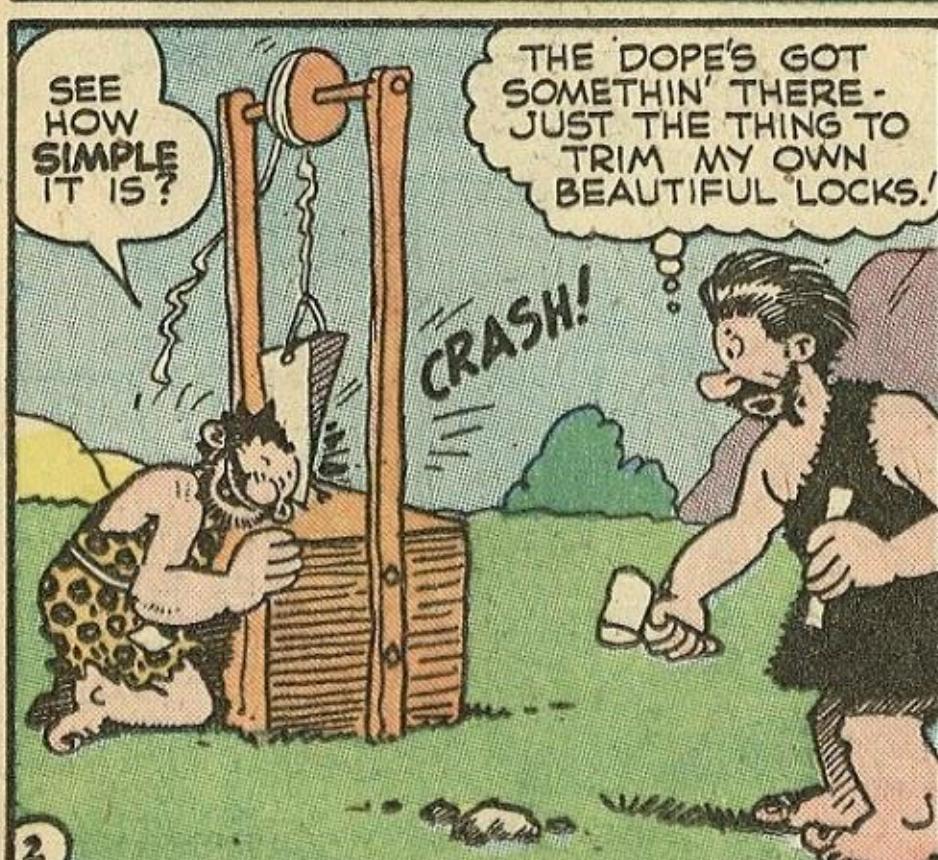
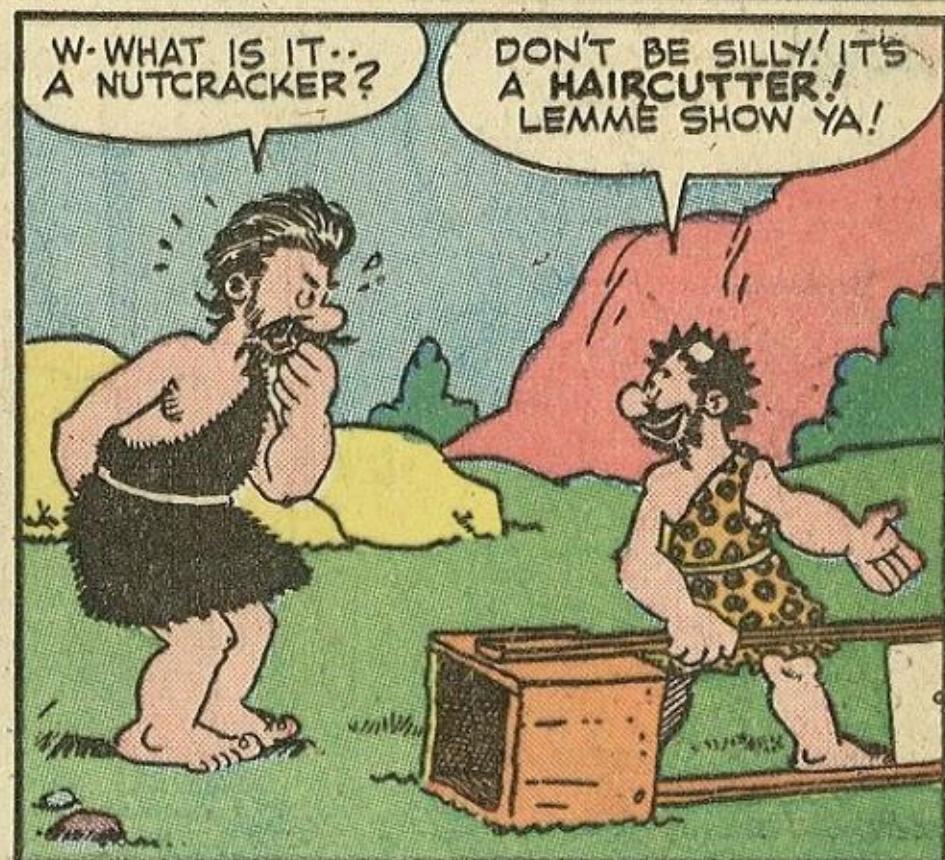
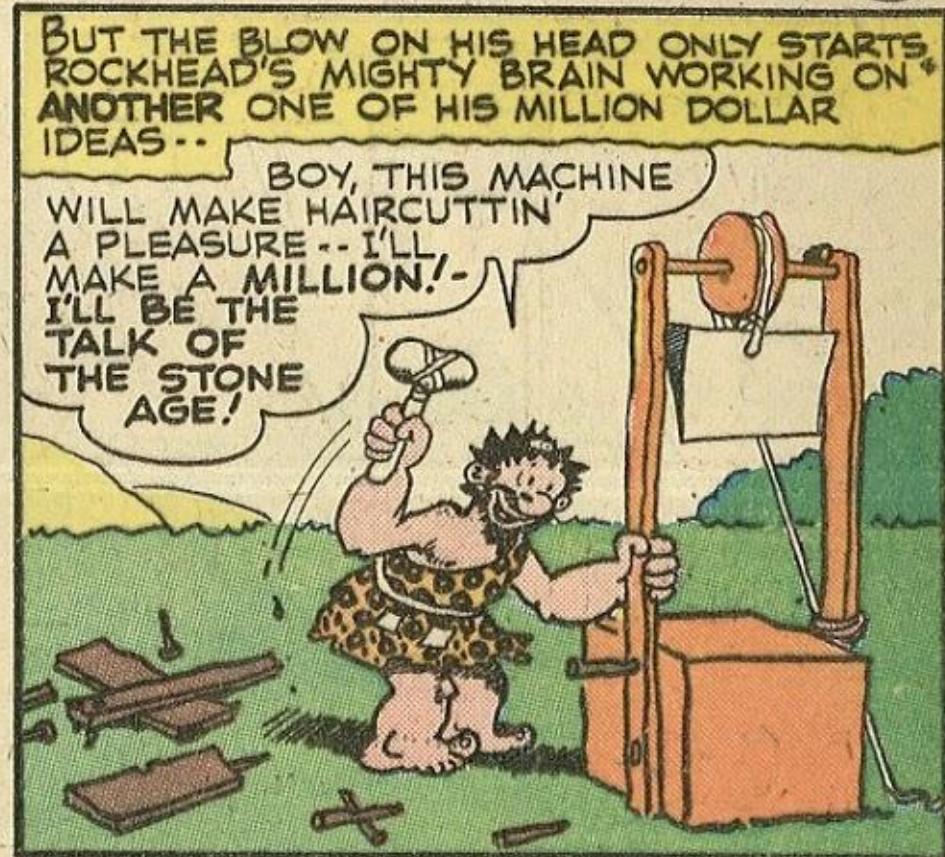
BUT I'LL PAY YOU NEXT...
OUCH!

BLOCKHEAD!!
TELL ME AFTER
I'M HALF
THROUGH, EH?

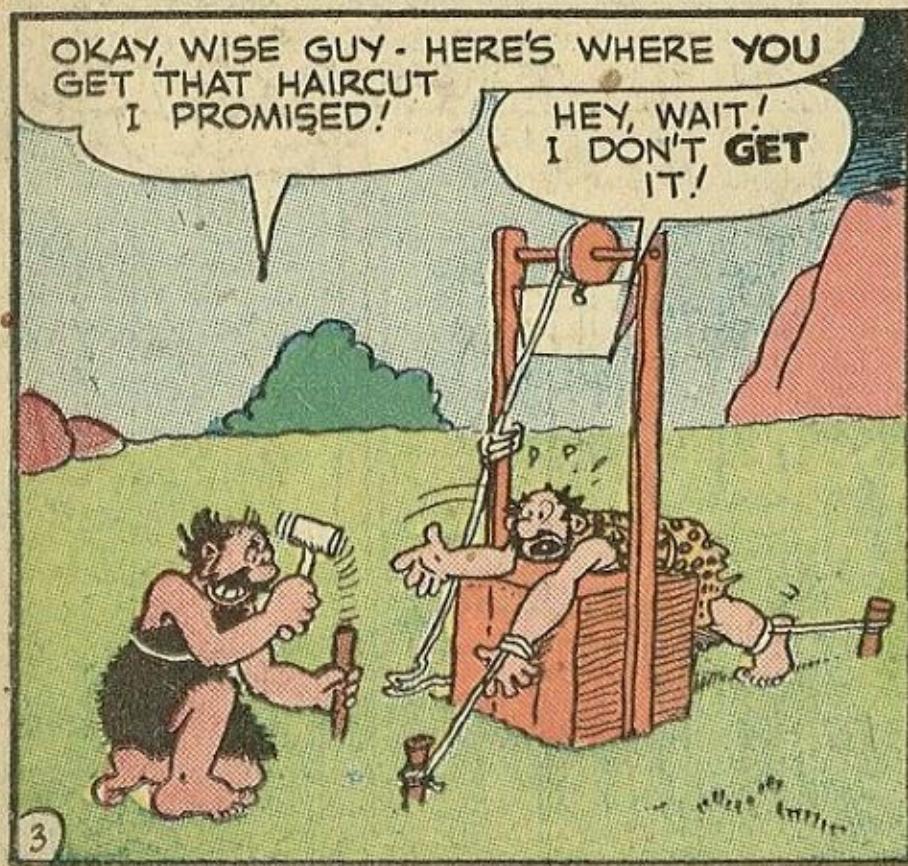
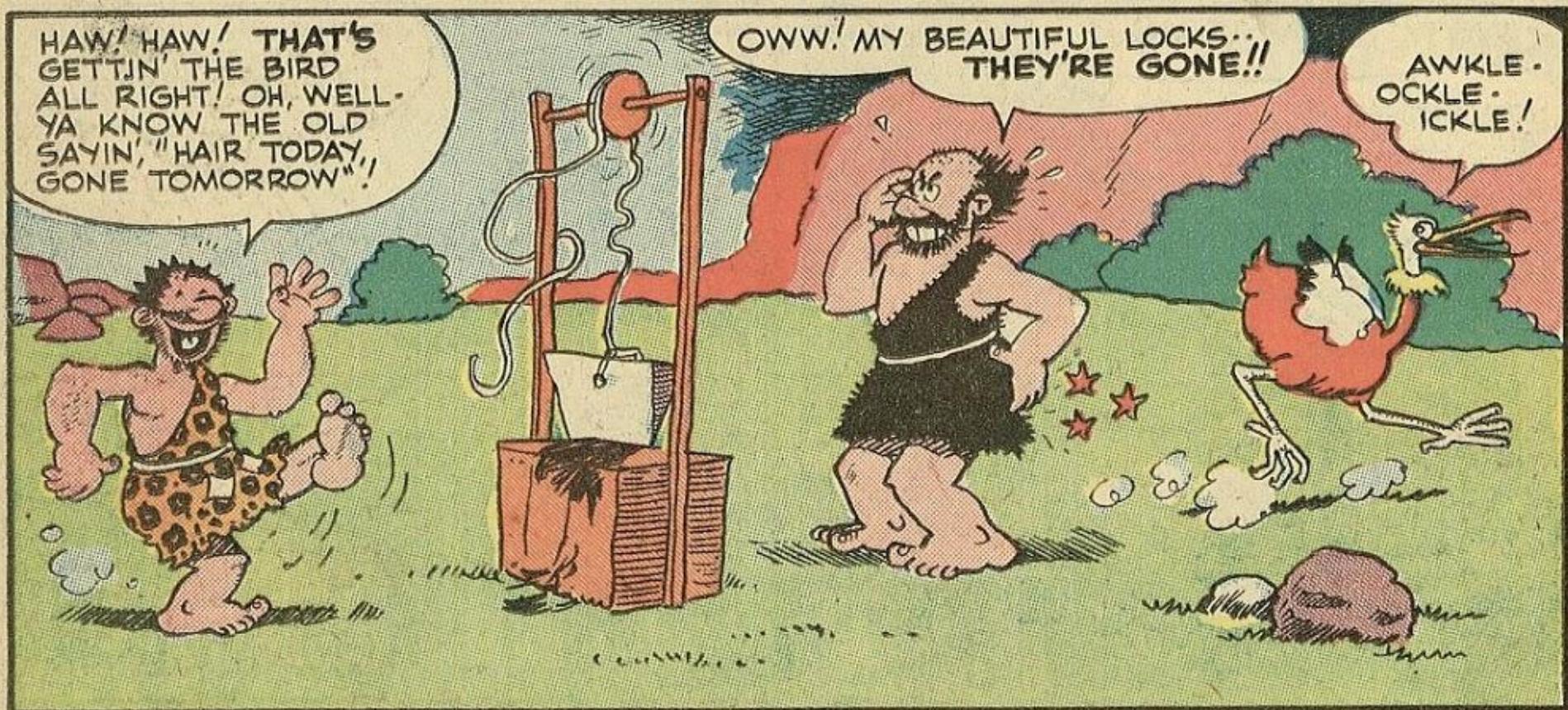
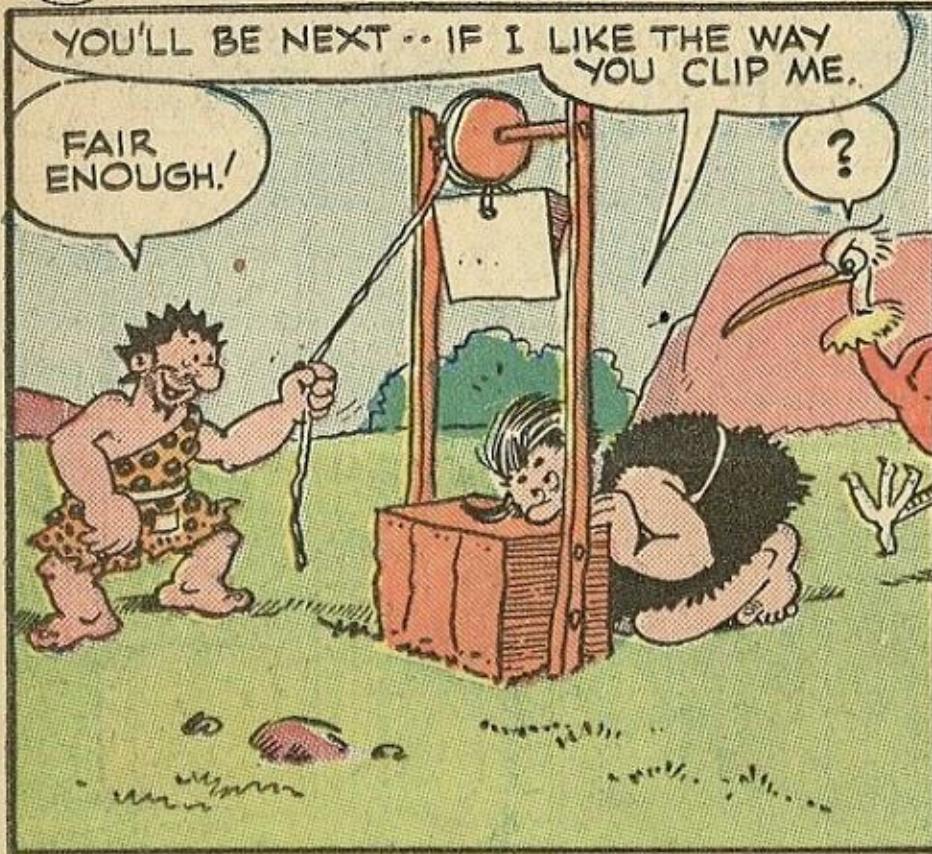
BOP!



All-Flash Comic



All-Flash Comics



HURRY, HURRY! LAST CHANCE TO OWN A VALUABLE COMPASS RING!

HEY, KIDS! DON'T MISS OUT ON THIS HANDSOME, SCIENTIFIC RING!



AND DON'T MISS A MORNING OF MY FAVORITE CEREAL, NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT!



- Specially designed for National Biscuit Company!
- Styled by a leading American ring designer!
- Streamlined, sturdy construction!
- Self-adjusting band, fits any finger!

- Gleaming, gold-color victory bronze!
- Accurate magnetized needle always swings North!

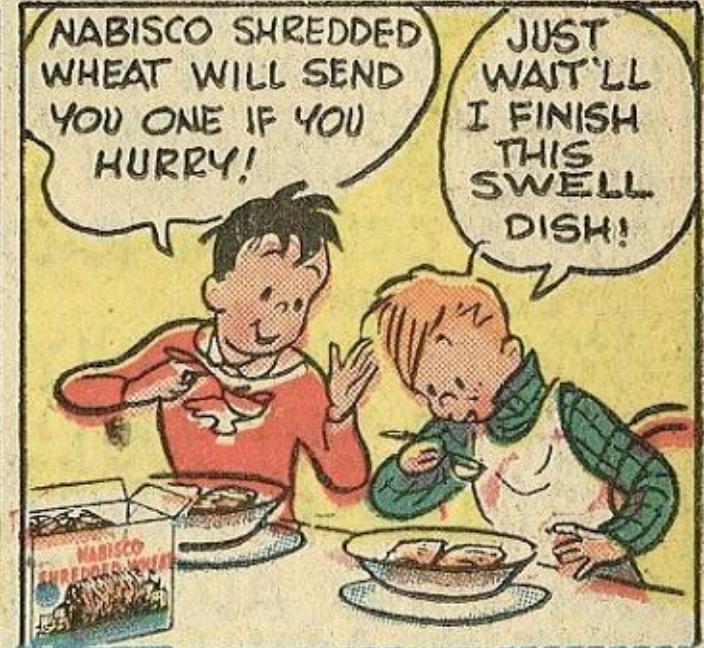
Copyright 1941, National Biscuit Company

HIS NIBS

By Roland Cole

I'LL BET YOU A BOWL OF NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT YOU CAN'T POINT NORTH!

I...I THINK IT'S THAT WAY.



LAST CALL for this compass ring! Not a toy, but a jewel of a scientific instrument set in a magnificent finger ring! Just as no woodsman would ever be without a compass so no bright boy or girl will be without this compass ring! Why, it might even help make you a hero! Here's all you do to get your compass ring: mail 15¢ with one box top from that famous favorite.

Nabisco Shredded Wheat. It's tempting — it's tasty — it's the hearty whole wheat cereal with the picture of Niagara Falls on the box. Always good and good all ways — the flavor's baked in for keeps! Ask Mother to buy you a box of Nabisco Shredded Wheat. Then mail the box top with 15¢ for your compass ring. But hurry — there aren't too many left!



BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

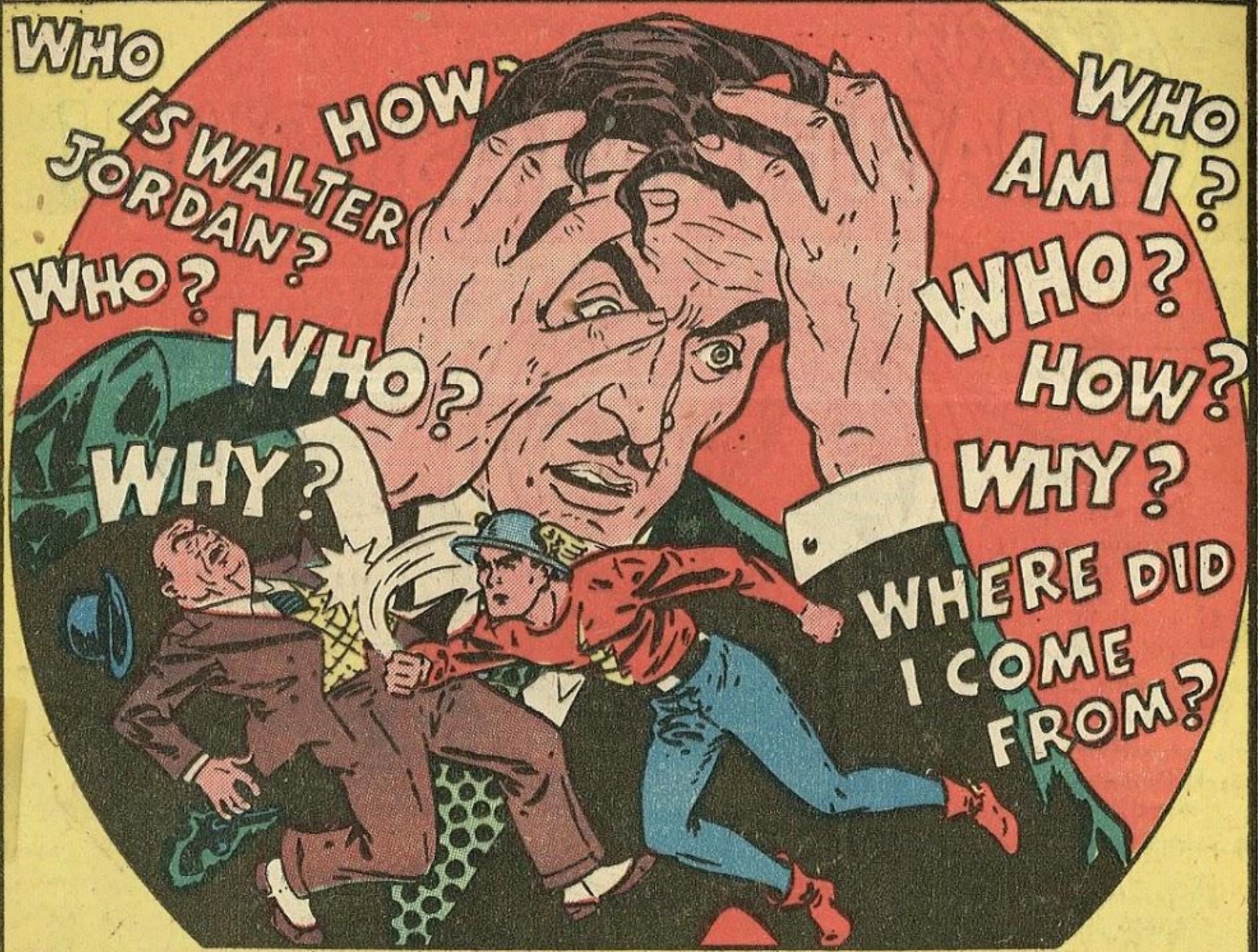
MAIL THIS ORDER NOW
FOR RUSH SERVICE!

Nabisco Shredded Wheat,
Dept. 2-C
P. O. Box 15, Station O.
New York 11, N. Y.
Please rush me my COMPASS RING. I'm enclosing 1 Nabisco Shredded Wheat box top and 15¢.
(Please print name and address)

Name _____

Address _____

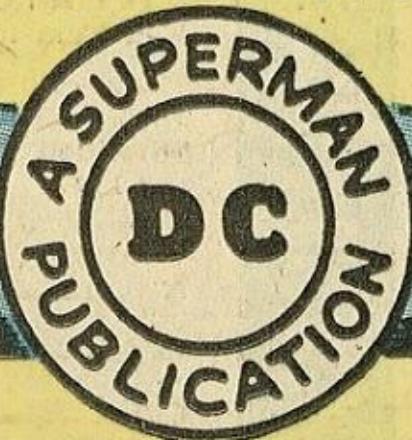
City _____ Zone _____ State _____



IT WAS ENOUGH TO DRIVE THE MAN STARK-RAVING MAD! HIS LIFE HAD ALWAYS BEEN NORMAL AND QUIET. THEN...ONE MORNING.. HE AWOKE TO FIND THAT HE WAS SOMEBODY ELSE! HE NOW HAD A DIFFERENT NAME, DIFFERENT CLOTHES.. AND A CRIMINAL PAST. WHICH MAN WAS HE?

YOU'LL NOT ONLY FIND THE ANSWER, BUT YOU'LL ALSO BE THRILLED BY ANOTHER GRIPPING ADVENTURE OF THE FLASH (FASTEST MAN ALIVE) IN THIS ISSUE.

NOW
ON
SALE



AT ALL
DEALERS!



~~FAST~~ FREIGHT

by Jim Robinson

TOM EVANS grabbed the handrail and swung up into the cab on engine No. 313. As the glare from the open fire-doors fell upon his ruddy young face the old hogger on the engineer's seat gave a surprised exclamation. "Tom!" the grey-faced engineer twisted toward the young fireman. "Where's your Pa? This hog rolls at 8:31. He's past due!"

"Pop's sick in bed, Mr. Dale. The dispatcher gave me the run in his place."

"What? Why he can't do that! Why . . . why . . . Burley always fires for me . . . has for eight years!" Automatically he pulled out his watch and studied it intently.

"I know I haven't had any experience on this new type self-stoker hog, but the dispatcher had no one else he could reach in time." Tom heard the veteran engineer gasp and mutter. To quiet his fears he added quickly, "but my Pop's often explained the differences to me, Mr. Dale . . . , and I've studied. I'll keep her steam, don't you worry!"

"Keep her steam! Studied!" The freight engineer tugged at the bandana around his neck like it was choking him. He shifted his chew, rolled it and spat out the cab window at a switch frog. "My gosh, boy! Do you know we're a 'special' t'night? We been given the right o' way clear into Bellows Falls? This train's got fifty cars of Red Cross supplies which have to reach the flooded area as quickly as possible! And your father had to get sick t'night!"

"Not sick enough to keep me off this run, I guess!" It was the elder Evans who now swung up into the cab of No. 313. They both stared at him. The fireman's face was chalk-white and his mouth set in a hard straight line:

"Pop! You got out of bed against the Doc's orders. And how'd you ever get an okay from the dispatcher?"

The old engineer's face lit up with a wide grin when he saw his steady fireman standing in his old place. "Here, Burley, read the orders. Sure glad you was able to make it."

"Me too." The elder Evans studied the orders. "You might as well ride along tonight, Tom," he reached over and stuck the flimsy on the spindle, "the dispatcher said the experience would come in handy."

Tom acknowledged this information with a smile and hunkered down in the head brakeman's seat. The conductor standing below Mr. Dale's window waved his arm and shouted, "Highball!" Then he turned and started to run toward the rear of the train.

Old Dale, his face grey and pain-pinched once more, released the air, shoved the Johnson bar down in the corner, jerked the whistle cord twice and eased back on the throttle. No. 313 slid slowly forward. Her exhaust belched black and the drivers started to spin on the rails. The vet engineer eased off on the throttle and fed the hog sand. The drivers gripped the rails now and no. 313 bunch-ed ahead taking the slack out of the train. She hung to her load like a panting ox. They rolled from the Manson yards and out into the flat.

The headlight flicked on to full power, probing the fog ahead. The endless ties beyond came back at them faster and faster. Old Dale had moved the Johnson bar up a little, shortening the valve stroke. The "special" picked up more speed, but the load was a heavy one. Little wonder that the dispatcher had put the fastest hogger on her . . . old Hot-Box Dale. He'd get more out of No. 313 than any man in the division.

Presently, thru the fog the signal light at Rolesville glowed on the board. It was yellow. Old Dale pulled the whistle cord and held it down in a long blast, imperatively demanding a clear track. The light changed to green.

"She's green!" Tom sung it out loud.

"Green!" answered old Dale.

They thundered by and Tom could see the operator arc his lantern from the tiny platform. "Highball! Old Dale had his orders all right," thought Tom, "they're sure clearing the track ahead. The Ohio must be

rising higher yet!"

The train hit the long trestle at Boonville doing seventy-five. The cab pitched and rocked like a bucking horse. Tom glanced over apprehensively at his father on the opposite seat. He looked terribly pale and was pressing his right hand across his stomach as if to confine the pain.

No. 313 zoomed into the upgrade at Tolland and Tom jumped to the injector to give the hog more water and to keep the crown sheet covered. By now his father had sagged off his seat and was writhing in agony on the floor of the cab. Tom sprang to assist him.

"Not me!" his father gasped thru tightly clenched teeth. "Look after Dale!" Tom spun and peered across the rocking cab. Old Dale had slumped on the cushions; his hand had slid away from the wide open throttle at the top of its quadrant.

Leaping over the inert engineer, Tom dragged him away from the gangway and a possible death-slide onto the thrashing drivers. As he jumped back toward the vacant engineer's seat he heard a track torpedo's sharp warning. A second one banged under the drivers just as Tom peered ahead thru the fog. The red glare of a fusee flashed past as he slammed the Johnson bar, swung closed the throttle and dumped the sand. He grabbed for the air and fifty sets of brakes struck white sparks along the right of way as their shoes dragged hard at the wheels.

What had gone wrong ahead? No. 313 had been given a clear track. Was it that No. 82, southbound, had not been able to get into the "hole?" Then she must be ahead in the fog, not yet on the siding! And the "special" was still sliding along at forty! Tom's eyes ached as they tried to pierce beyond the headlight beam.

Slowly, grudgingly, No. 313 slackened speed and then Tom saw the twin red lights on the rear end of No. 82. A brakeman holding a flaring fusee was running alongside now beneath his window. No. 313 brought up roughly, just twenty feet short of No. 82's rear platform.

Tom grinned down nervously at the brakeman of No. 82. "Hey, fellas, you didn't give us much time!"

"I know," the man shouted back, "but we got a hot-box and had to stop. Be out of your way in a few minutes. Where's Dale?"

"I'm here, don't worry none, Bo!" Old Dale squeezed down beside Tom on the seat. His face was ruddy now and his eyes held a sparkle. Tom looked at him in astonishment as the brakeman of 82 ran back to his train.

"You know our secret now, Tom," Old Dale choked on the words, "your dad's and mine. I had one of these attacks two months ago, but your father covered up for me."

"Covered up?" Tom mumbled.

"Yeah, son. I got only another month to go before retirement and your father wanted me to stick it out . . . after forty years. That's why he felt he had to come along t'night, out of a sick bed. He knew I'd need him if I ever got another. But I was a fool to take such a chance. Imagine what might have happened to the train and the supplies if—No! This's my last run. I'm going to step down!"

"Step down?"

"Right! It's time your father got his promotion and took my place, Tom. I should have done it a coupla months ago. And I'm gonna recommend you as his fireman."

"Thank you, Mr. Dale." Tom got up and crossed the cab. His father, although feeling better, was still pale and shaky. Tom dropped down on the cushions beside him.

"Pop, you better swing down at Stockton when we stop for water and put up with Bob Struthers for a few days."

"Guess I will," Burley Evans gripped his son's arm and squeezed it hard. "I'm resting easy now, son, after seeing you work tonight. My idea of studying and getting prepared for the next job ahead, *before you get it*, seems pretty sound now, eh, Tom?"

"Sure thing, Pop. If you hadn't taught me that, we'd have telescoped 82 tonight at full throttle and scalded in our own steam!" He grinned wryly, "And this old hog sure has plenty of it!"

"Well, give me some, then," cried old Dale from his seat. "82's now in the hole and we gotta make up for lost time!" He gripped the whistle cord and gave it a good whoop. No. 313 rolled onward thru the fog.



REMEMBER CUSHY CLARKE? REMEMBER ON TOP OF HOW HE USED TO BE THAT WAS LONG AGO. SINCE THEN, CUSHY HAS GONE DOWN FAST -- HIT BOTTOM. WHY? LET'S SAY HE HAD A WEAKNESS -- A BAD WEAKNESS. HE ALSO HAD A BUNCH OF GUN-TOTING THUGS WATCHING HIS EVERY MOVE. IT LOOKED LIKE CURTAINS FOR CUSHY -- UNTIL THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER WHIZZED INTO ACTION AND PAVED THE ROAD FOR ---

"The COMEBACK TRAIL!"

DID YOU EVER LOOK THROUGH A BACK NUMBER OF AN OLD MAGAZINE? REMEMBER THE THRILL OF RECALLING SOMETHING YOU HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN?

LOOK, JAY. HERE'S AN OLD COPY OF STAGELIGHT WITH A PICTURE OF CUSHY CLARKE ON IT!

OH, YES -- CUSHY CLARKE! HE USED TO BE A FAMOUS VAUDEVILLE ACTOR.



"REMEMBER WHEN HE PLAYED THE WINTER GARDEN?"

YESSIR, FOLKS! I QUIT THAT LAST JOB ON ACCOUNT OF ILLNESS-- THE BOSS GOT SICK OF ME!

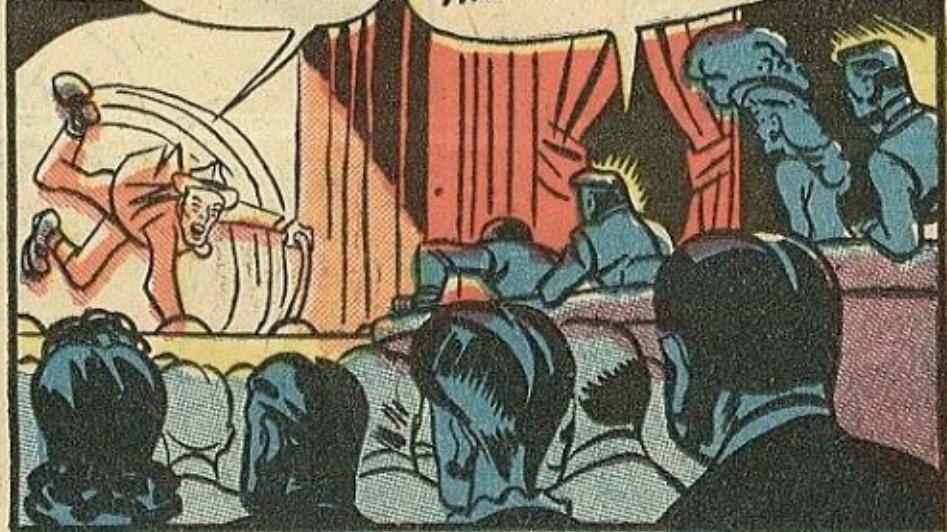
HA! HA!



"THERE WAS NEVER AN EMPTY SEAT WHEN CUSHY CLARKE PLAYED A THEATRE."

THE TRAGIC PART OF A FLEA'S LIFE IS THAT IT KNOWS, SOONER OR LATER ITS CHILDREN WILL GO TO THE DOGS!

HA! HA! HA!



I HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING ABOUT CUSHY LATELY. I WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING NOW?

OH, HE'S PROBABLY RETIRED AND LEADING A LIFE OF EASE.



A LIFE OF EASE? WELL, HARDLY, BECAUSE CUSHY IS ON HIS WAY TO WORK, RIGHT NOW ---

WHAT A COME DOWN FOR CUSHY CLARKE -- WORKING IN A FIFTH-RATE NIGHT CLUB FOR PEANUTS!



BUT I CAN'T KICK. I HAVE ENOUGH TO EAT AND A PLACE TO SLEEP. AND I CERTAINLY CAN'T AFFORD TO DO ANY MORE GAMBLING!



I USED TO BE KINGPIN OF THE ENTERTAINERS --- BUT NOW MY LUCK IS ALL BAD! IT TURNED BAD WHEN I STARTED TO BET ON HORSES, CARDS AND DICE - AND IT HAS STAYED BAD EVER SINCE.



MAYBE CUSHY'S LUCK IS READY TO CHANGE, BECAUSE, JUST ABOUT THIS TIME, THREE MAD INVENTORS ARE AT WORK!

I STILL THINK WE SHOULD OUGHTA HAVE MADE SHOES OUTTA BANANA SKINS!

YOU ARE NUTS!



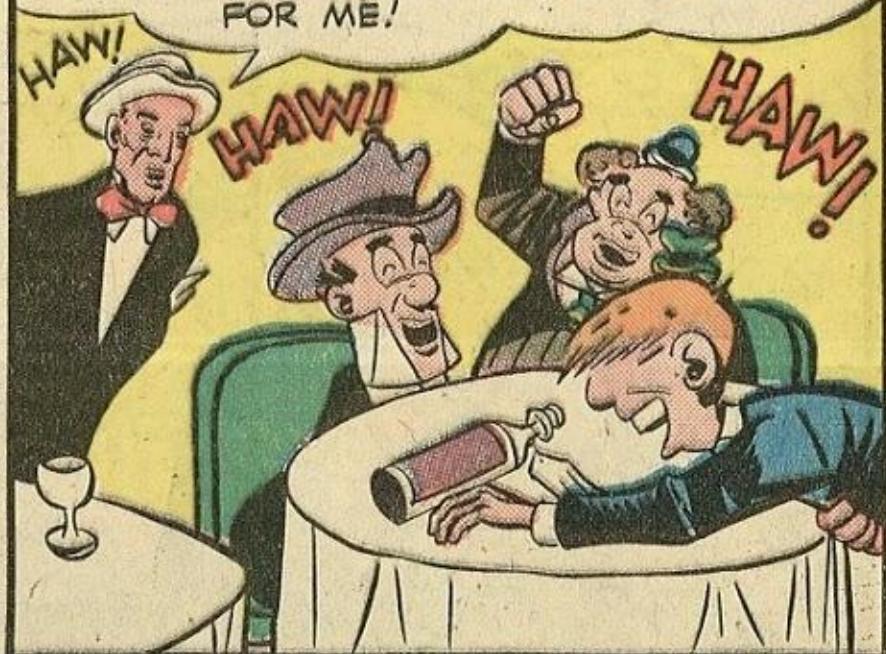
All-Flash Comics



SO THIS COWBOY MORON BOUGHT A DACHSHUND -- HE SAID EVERYBODY WAS SINGING, "GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIE" --- SO HE DID!



GOLLY, I HAVEN'T HAD A RECEPTION LIKE THIS IN FIFTEEN YEARS! AND IT ALL BEGAN WHEN THOSE GUYS CAME IN. THEY MUST BE GOOD LUCK FOR ME!



NEXT DAY, AT THE GARRICK RESEARCH LABORATORIES ---

-- SO THEN THIS CUSHY CLARKE COMES OVER AND ASKS US TO BE HIS MANAGERS, JAY.

NOW ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE? JOAN AND I WERE TALKING ABOUT HIM ONLY LAST NIGHT.



THIS CYLINDER CONTAINS A VARIETY OF LAUGHING GAS, BOYS. ONE WHIFF OF IT AND YOU'LL GO OFF INTO PEALS OF LAUGHTER.



IS THAT SO?
HMMMM!

CUSHY KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOIN', ALL RIGHT, WHEN HE MADE US HIS MANAGERS. WITH THIS INVENTION OF OURS, WE'LL ALL MAKE A FORTUNE.

SURE, EVEN IF THE CUSTOMERS DON'T WANNA LAUGH --- WELL MAKE 'EM!



QUITE A COMBINATION, JOKES AND LAUGHING GAS! AND AS THE WEEKS PASS, CUSHY CLARKE MOVES UP AND UP ---

HERE'S YOUR CONTRACT, CLARKE. A THREE-WEEK ENGAGEMENT AT THE CRANE CLUB.

BOY, THAT IS GOOD NEWS!



4C

CUSHY'S CHANGE OF FORTUNE REACHES INTERESTED EARS ---

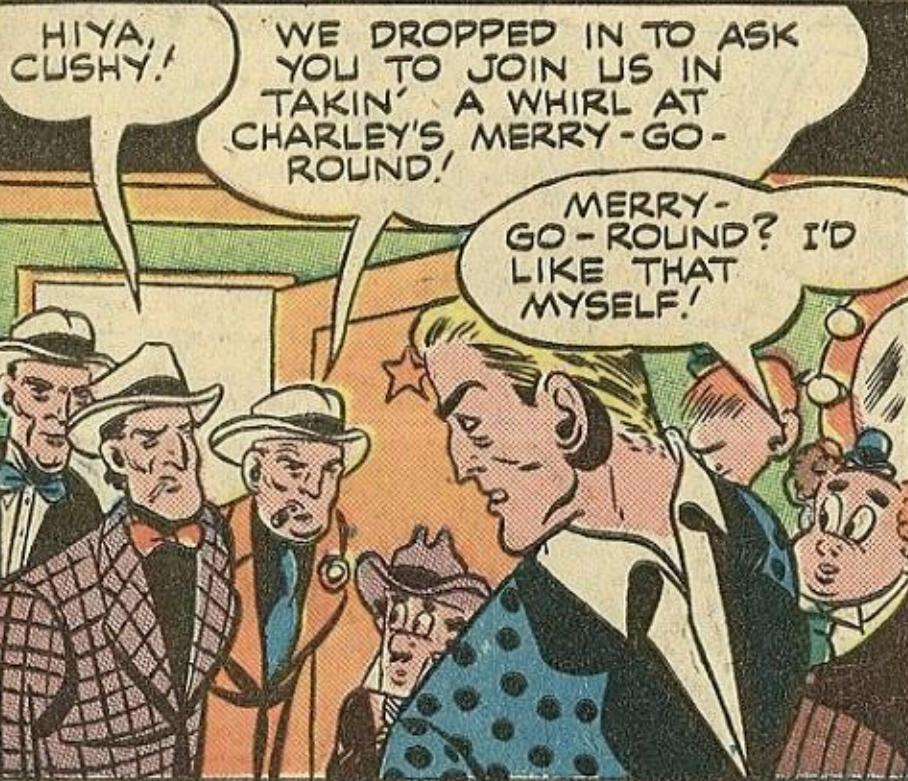
CAN Y'IMAGINE CUSHY GETTIN' ALL THAT DOUGH? REMEMBER WHEN HE USED TO DROP TEN GRAND AN EVENIN' IN OUR GAMBLIN' PLACE?

I THINK IT'S TIME WE LOOKED UP OUR OLD PAL AGAIN ---



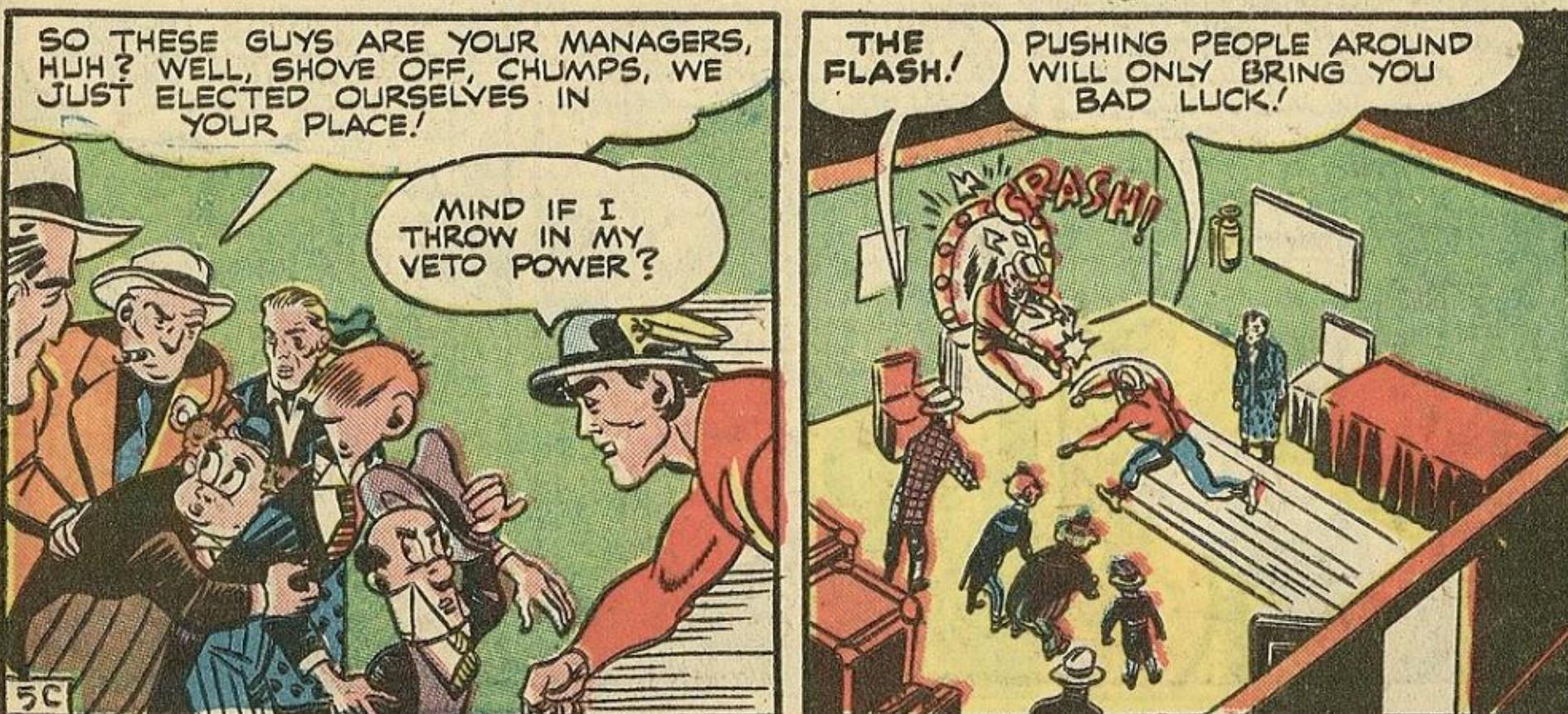
All-Flash Comics

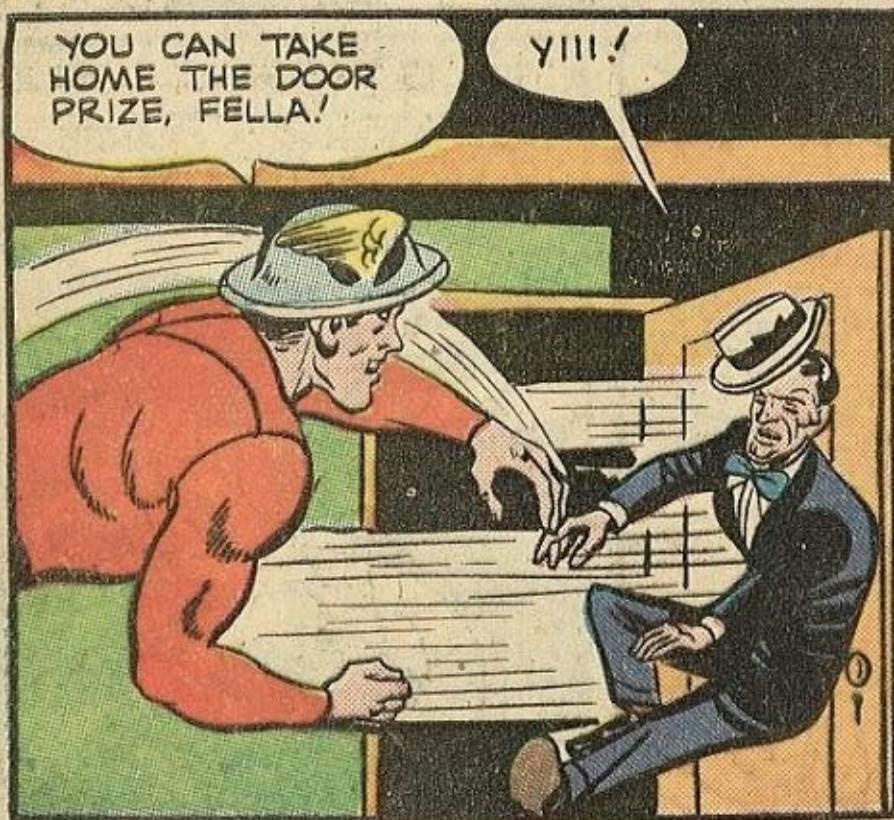
THAT SAME EVENING --



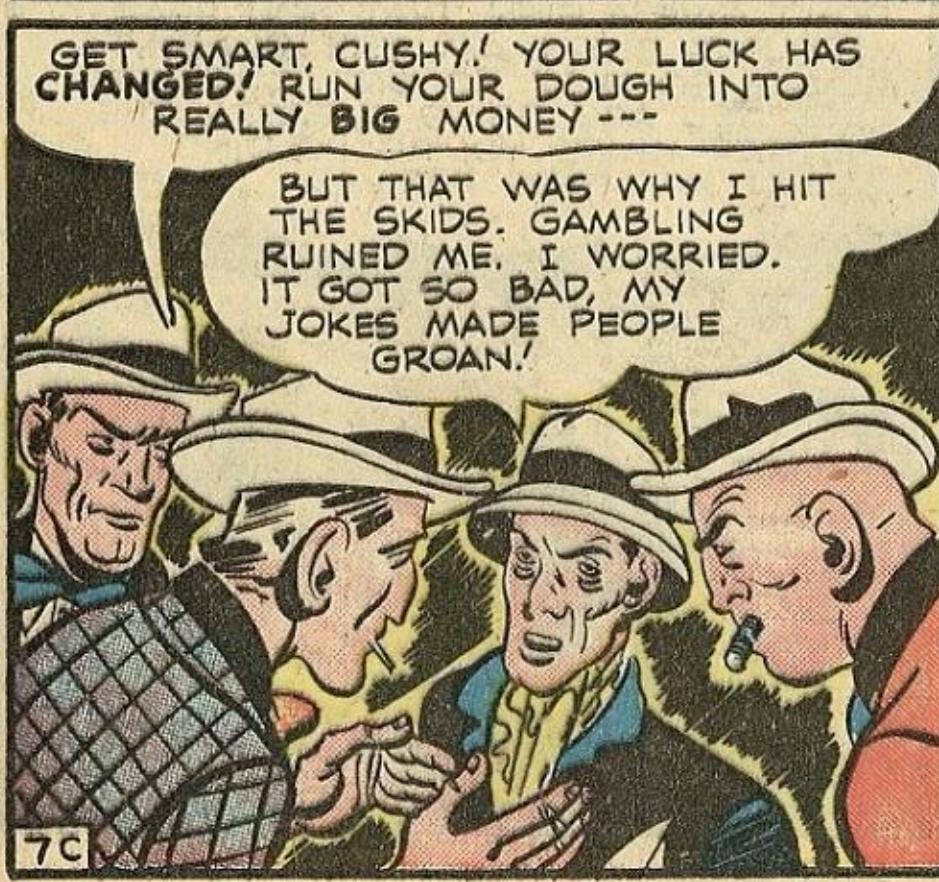
A MERRY-GO-ROUND IS GAMBLER'S TALK FOR A ROULETTE WHEEL, WINKY. THAT'S HOW I HIT THE SKIDS -- BY GAMBLING AWAY MY FORTUNE.

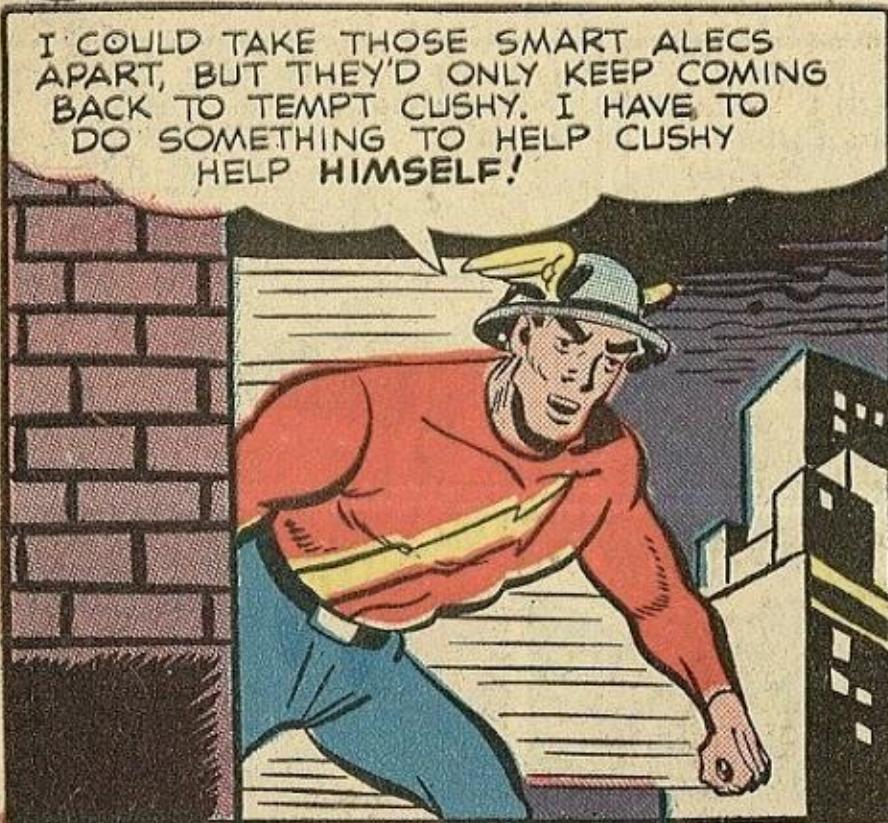
THEN YOUSE BETTER LEAVE IT ALONE.





All-Flash Comics





I NEED A SMOKE TO QUIET MY NERVES. BUT I'LL BE RIGHT BACK. I THINK THAT LUCK'S ON MY SIDE TONIGHT!

OKAY, CUSHY.



CUSHY, A MAN'S A FOOL TO GAMBLE. EVERY DECK AND PAIR OF DICE IS STACKED AGAINST HIM. I COULD GO IN AND CLEAN UP THIS PLACE --- BUT OTHER CROOKED PLACES WOULD MUSHROOM UP OVER NIGHT ---



WHAT I WANT TO DO IS CLEAN YOU OUT ON THE INSIDE, WHERE YOU WANT TO GAMBLE. WILL YOU GIVE ME THAT CHANCE?

IF YOU CAN HELP ME, FLASH, I'LL BE THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE WORLD!



MIND YOU, NOW, I DON'T APPROVE OF GAMBLING --- BUT TO CONVINCE YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL WHAT A CROOKED BUSINESS IT IS, I'M GOING TO PUT YOU THROUGH A WHIRL OF GAMBLING THAT'LL MAKE YOUR HEAD SPIN!

SHORTLY ---

FOUR ACES! YOUR PAL WILL HAVE A ROYAL FLUSH IF THE BOTTOM CARD IN THE DECK IS A DIAMOND TEN!



SURE ENOUGH -- HERE IT IS! IF IT GETS IN HIS HAND -- IT'LL BE ONLY BY CHEATING!



A SWEET ROYAL FLUSH, CUSHY. I WIN!

YOU CERTAINLY DO! AND I SEE THAT DIAMOND TEN HELPED!

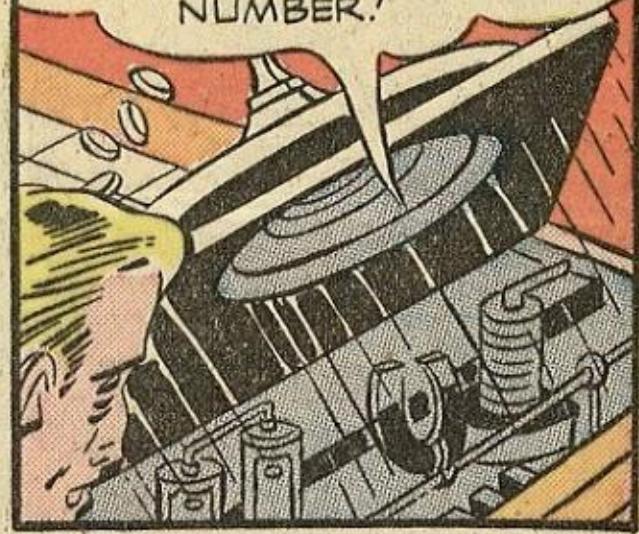
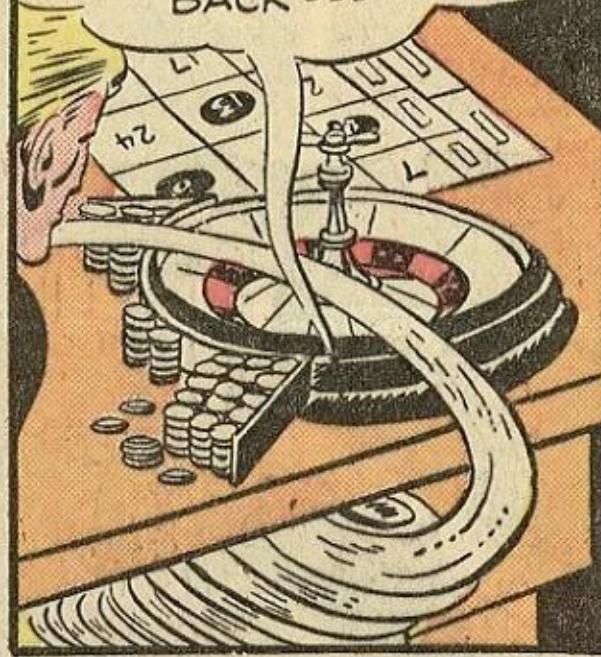


HOYLE GIVES ODDS OF OVER 649,000 TO 1 AGAINST A MAN GETTING A ROYAL FLUSH --- YET THAT MAN GETS THEM WHENEVER HE NEEDS THEM.

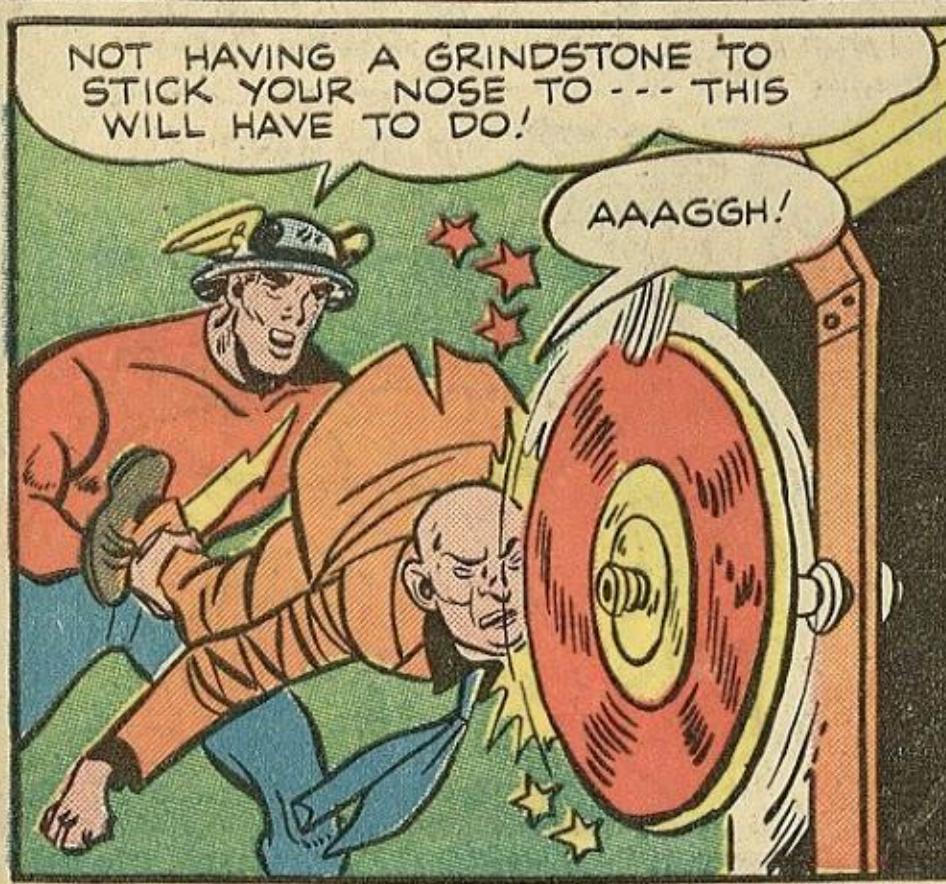
WHAT ABOUT THE ROULETTE WHEEL?

I HAVE TO DO THIS SO FAST THAT CUSHY WILL GET JUST ONE QUICK LOOK --- AND THEN I HAVE TO GET IT BACK ---

SEE THAT MAGNET AND THE FLOOR SWITCH? A BIT OF METAL IS SET IN THE WHEEL SO IT CAN BE STOPPED AT ANY OF THREE NUMBERS, IN CASE TOO MUCH MONEY IS WAGERED ON A POSSIBLE WINNING NUMBER!



All-Flash Comics





LATER...

THANKS TO THE FLASH, I'M THROUGH BEING A DUMMY! NO WONDER I LOST ALL MY MONEY!



YOU?

YEAH.. YOU DIDN'T THINK WE'D LET YOU GET AWAY AFTER BRINGIN' IN THE FLASH AGAINST US... HEH-HEH! NOT THAT HE'LL BOTHER US ANYMORE!



YOU SEE WE GOT THE FLASH!

YEAH... AN' NOW WE'RE GONNA PAY YOU OFF...

TO THINK THAT ONCE I THOUGHT YOU WERE PALS OF MINE! YOU KILLERS!



HAS THE FLASH FINALLY MET HIS END?

PALS? HA! THAT FRIENDLY STUFF WAS JUST SUCKER BAIT TO GET YA TO BLOW YOUR DOUGH. NOW THAT YOU'RE GONNA BE BUMPED OFF, WE'LL TELL YA. WE PLAYED YA FOR A SUCKER ALL THE WAY ---



THE TROUBLE WITH YOU MUGS IS, YOU CAN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT EVEN WHEN IT COMES TO GUNS. YOUR BULLETS HIT MY HELMET AND ONLY DAZED ME!

YAGHH!



THAT DID IT, FLASH! IF I WASN'T CONVINCED BEFORE, I AM NOW!

YES, CUSHY. YOU'VE HEARD THE TRUTH FROM THEIR OWN LIPS...

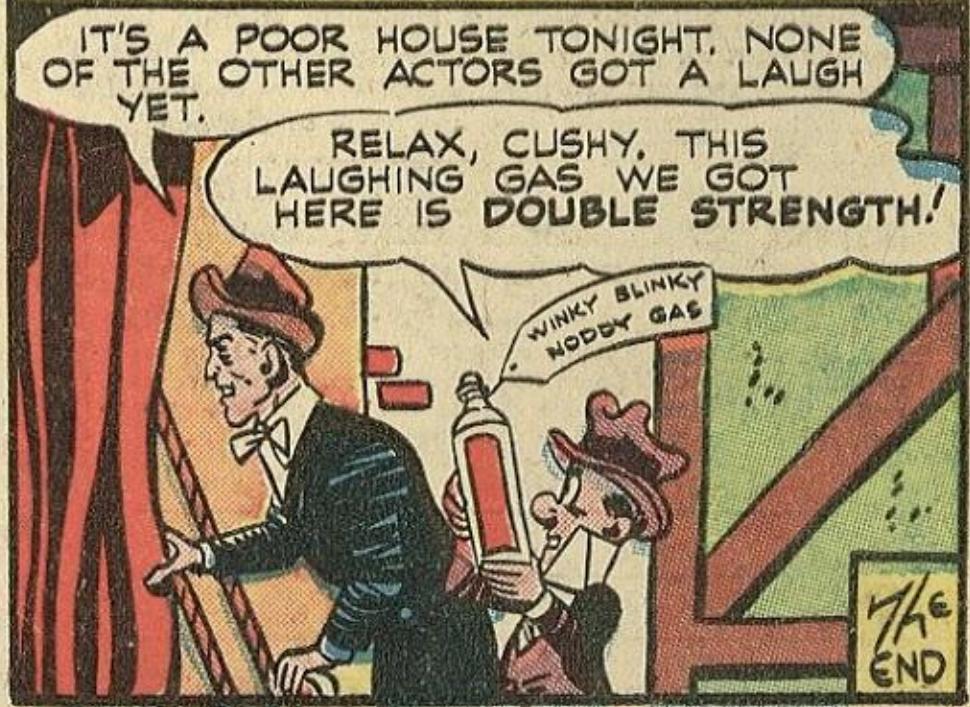
NOW RUN ALONG-- I'LL WAIT TILL THE POLICE ARRIVE AND TAKE THESE MURDEROUS CROOKS AWAY!



AND SO, CUSHY WENT ON AND UP THE COMEBACK TRAIL -- AHEM! -- WITH A BIT OF HELP, NOW AND THEN, THAT IS ---

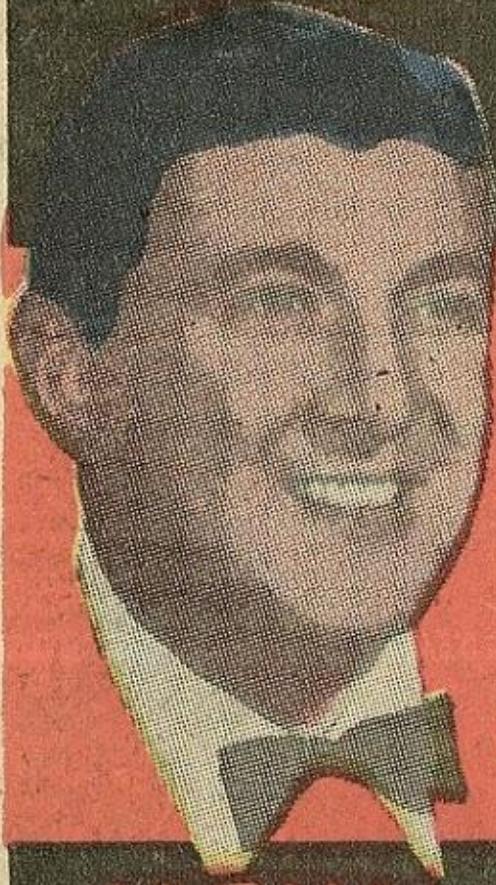
IT'S A POOR HOUSE TONIGHT, NONE OF THE OTHER ACTORS GOT A LAUGH YET.

RELAX, CUSHY. THIS LAUGHING GAS WE GOT HERE IS DOUBLE STRENGTH!

WINKY BLINKY
NODDY GASTHE
END

TONY PASTOR

Famous Saxophonist and Band Leader



Says IF YOU CAN CARRY A
TUNE YOU CAN PLAY
THE **GAHOON**

PICK IT UP AND
PLAY IT!

NEW! Real Precision
Saxophone Mouthpiece

New, tempered aluminum alloy ligature-clamp holds reed in perfect adjustment, just as you wish it, for hot swing, boogie, etc. If you lay the Gahoon down and pick it up, the new clamp has held reed firmly in place so that you are always in perfect pitch.

BOYS! GIRLS!

Play by "ear". Use the big dance orchestras for your accompaniment. Turn on the radio, or play a record on the "Vic", and you take the "lead" with your **GAHOOON**. Get your friends interested and organize a **GAHOON** Band for school entertainment and party concerts. Or be the "hot" star parties with your Solo **GAHOON**. Easy to play, fun to play, and real music without study or reading notes. Get Dad or Mother to order **GAHOONS** for the whole family, and see how quick you'll be putting in the "hot licks" while the family plays the harmony. Any boy or girl ten years of age, or older, can learn to play the **GAHOON** in one session or less. Send your order today. Remember, you get your money back if you return the **GAHOON** in ten days.

**9 Out Of 10
PLAY IT IN
10 MINUTES**

THE AMAZING GAHOON—the sensational new musical invention that nine out of ten people can play in 10 minutes. Gives two full octaves of rich, clear tone like an E-flat Saxophone. Genuine Sax mouthpiece—Genuine Sax reed. Built on the same principle as a Saxophone, EXCEPT, with the mysterious new simplified Principle. Instead of opening air ports, you merely bend the coiled-spring stem. This shortening or lengthening of the air column determines the tone, half-tone or quarter-tone. What a hit at parties, in school bands, army camps, in amateur

or professional hill-billy and jug bands, in rhythm bands, or as accompaniment for singing. Plays any type of music from Bach to Carmichael. The more you play, the better you become. Play "hot, sweet," loud, soft, rhumba, boogie-woogie or classical.

DEPT. 21

INTERNATIONAL MERCHANTISE CORP.
BOX 50, OZONE PARK 16, NEW YORK

Mail postage prepaid One Standard E-Flat Alto **GAHOON**, with simple and exact instructions for playing melody in ten minutes. I enclose \$1.98 in full payment and you agree to return this \$1.98 if I return the Gahoon in ten days after getting it. None Sold C.O.D. Canadian orders \$1.98.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Extra
REED
furnished
Free!

SOUNDS LIKE A
SAXOPHONE

NOT A
HUMMING TOY
NOT A
WHISTLING
GADGET

IT'S A
REAL
MUSICAL
INSTRUMENT

PLAYS SWEET
PLAYS
HOT

NOTHING
MORE TO PAY
Complete

\$1.98

The **GAHOON** is yours for \$1.98—a hundred dollars worth of fun and melody. AND—\$1.98 is NOT the DOWN PAYMENT. It is the complete and only and final payment. Simple and exact instructions furnished with each **GAHOON**. Read them once, THEN if you are not playing melody in 10 minutes, return the **GAHOON** and your \$1.98 will be refunded at once, without quibble or question. Send for yours now. Be the first in your group to introduce this amazing new musical sensation. Surprise and delight your friends with your musical skill. Send the coupon with \$1.98 or P. O. Money Order.

INTERNATIONAL M'DSE CORP., Dept. 21, Box 50, Ozone Park 16, N.Y.

Now Any AUTO REPAIR JOB Can Be a "Push-Over" for You!

IN LESS TIME—
WITH LESS WORK—
AND MORE PROFITS!

MoToR's new AUTO REPAIR MANUAL shows you how to service and repair ANY part of ANY car! Now you can lick even the toughest jobs when you have this amazing Manual to make your work easier!

Every job on every car built since 1935 is explained as simply as A-B-C. Clear, illustrated instructions lead you step by step. NOW you can tackle ANY job from carburetor to rear end—and do it quick, easy, right, the FIRST time! Just look up make, model, and the job in the quick index of MoToR's AUTO REPAIR MANUAL—and go to work!

ONLY Manual of Its Kind

No wonder this manual is used by the U. S. Army, Navy, trade and technical schools everywhere, and thousands of successful auto servicemen!

To make this great book possible, the engineer-editors of MoToR Magazine condensed all the meat from 150 official factory manuals for you. They dug out all the information you need; made sure *every word* is crystal-clear; and put "the whole works" into this one great, handy book!



Same FREE 7-Day Offer Applies on MoToR's Truck Repair Manual

For mechanics, truck specialists, service stations, fleet owners. Covers EVERY job on EVERY truck made since 1936! 1400 pictures, 914 pages, 300,000 facts. Used by Armed Forces. Warranted to contain every essential fact you need to know. Strong binding, size 8½ x 11.

Covers all types Gasoline Engines; Diesels and Hesselmanns. Fuel Systems, Governors, Lubrication Systems, Ignition Systems, Starters, Generators, Clutches, Transmissions, Axles, Torque Dividers, Transfer Cases, Brakes, Steering,

etc., etc.

Also services buses, farm and industrial tractors, contractor and road building equipment, stationary power machinery, etc. (on all parts described in Manual).

Offered on same FREE 7-Day examination as Auto Repair Manual. Check box in coupon at right.

Published by
MoToR, The
Leading Automot-
ive Business Magazine.
MoToR's manuals assure high
standards of repair work.

MoToR's AUTO REPAIR MANUAL is a big book: 764 large pages, 8½ x 11 inches, bound in sturdy covers. Nearly 200,000 service, repair, adjustments, replacement, tune-up facts on every car built from 1935 through 1946!

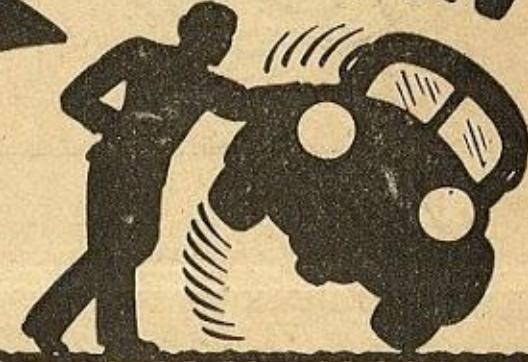
Over 1,000 Pictures!

More than 1,000 cutaway photos, diagrams, drawings, charts, SHOW you what the clear text TELLS you! No wonder thousands of men call this amazing book their Auto Repair "Bible"! No wonder it will save YOU countless hours of work—and help you make MORE MONEY from auto repairs!

See for yourself—without cost!—what a work-saver, time-saver, and "life-saver" MoToR's AUTO REPAIR MANUAL will be for you! TRY it FREE—for 7 days. Learn first-hand how it can pay for itself the first few times you use it!

**FREE
7-DAY OFFER
SEND NO MONEY**

Just mail coupon below—without money! When the postman brings your book, examine it thoroughly. Make it show you what it's got! Unless you agree this is the greatest time-saver and work-saver you've ever seen—return book in 7 days and pay nothing. Mail coupon today! Address: MoToR Book Department, Desk 136D, 572 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

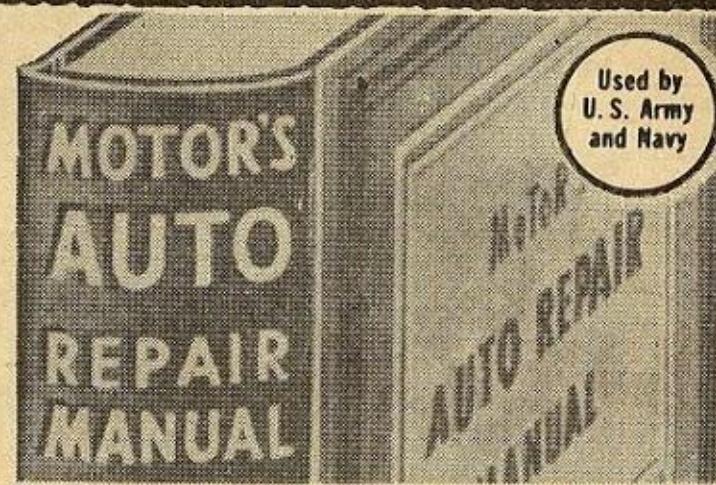


Clear, Pictured Facts on Every Job on Every Car Built Since 1935!

Nearly 200,000 service and repair facts on all these makes:

American	Crosley	La Salle	Packard
Bantam	De Soto	Lincoln	Pierce
Auburn	Dodge	Lincoln	Arrow
Austin	Ford	Zephyr	Plymouth
Buick	Graham	Mercury	Pontiac
Cadillac	Hudson	Nash	Reo
Chevrolet	Hupmobile	Oldsmobile	Studebaker
Chrysler	Lafayette	Overland	Terraplane
Cord			Willys

764 big pages; including 50 pages of carburetor text, charts, illustrations covering all models. Over 500 charts, tables: Tune-up Chart; Valve Measurements; Compression Pressure; Torque Wrench Reading; Starting Motor; Engine Clearances; Generator; Clutch & Brake Specifications; Front End Measurements, etc.; Engines; Electric, Fuel, Cooling, Lubricating Systems; Transmissions; Universals; Front Ends; Wheels; Rear Ends, etc.



MoToR Book Dept., Desk 136D, 572 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22

Rush to me at once: (Check box opposite book you want)

MoToR's AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. If O.K. I will remit \$1 in 7 days, plus 35¢ delivery charge, \$2 monthly for 2 months and a final payment of 95¢ one month after that (Book's price \$5.95). Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$8 cash with order.)

MoToR's TRUCK REPAIR MANUAL. (Described at left.) If O.K. I will remit \$2 in 7 days, and \$2 monthly for 3 months, plus 35¢ delivery charge with final payment (\$8.35 in all). Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$11 cash with order.)

Print Name..... Age.....

Print Address..... Zone No. (if any)

City.....

State..... Occupation.....

SAVE 35¢! Check here if enclosing full payment (check, money order or postal note) WITH coupon. We pay 35¢ shipping costs. Same 7-day return-refund privilege.



"Get This Handy 128 Page **DAISY HANDBOOK** Pronto, Partner!" - Red Ryder

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET, BOYS...

You'll receive a comic book plus a popular science and mechanics book plus a "how to make it" book plus a western story book plus a marksman-ship manual and a complete Daisy Air Rifle Catalog—ALL combined into ONE thick, pocket-size, 128-page handbook. How you'll



make it" book plus a western
story book plus a marksman-
ship manual and a complete
Catalog—ALL combined into
pocket-size, 128-
book. How you'll



 Buck Rogers comics trips—page after page of rib-tickling jokes —what to do if you get lost in the woods—shooting at the moon! Shows you how to make all these things—a butterfly kite, autogiro, throwing sticks, a parachute, field



Buck Rogers comics trips—page after page of rib-tickling jokes —what to do if you get lost in



gun, fishing rod—teaches you how to cook without kettles. Tells you how all these thrilling inventions work—the magnet,



gun, fishing rod—teaches you how to cook without kettles. Tells you how all these thrilling



1000 SHOT

RED RYDER

LOANED BY STEPHEN STEINBERG INC. N.Y.

Heading the steadily increasing parade of Daisy Air Rifles to Daisy Dealers is the world-famed Daisy RED RYDER CARBINE, designed by Fred Harman, America's favorite cowboy cartoonist. This beautiful saddle carbine looks, feels, handles like a real Western rifle. Features: 1000 shot, Lightning-Loader Carbine Ring, Leather Thong, Carbine Bands, Double-Notch Sight, Pistol-Grip Stock. And remember . . . Daisys are being made and delivered to dealers as fast as the supply of materials and labor permit.

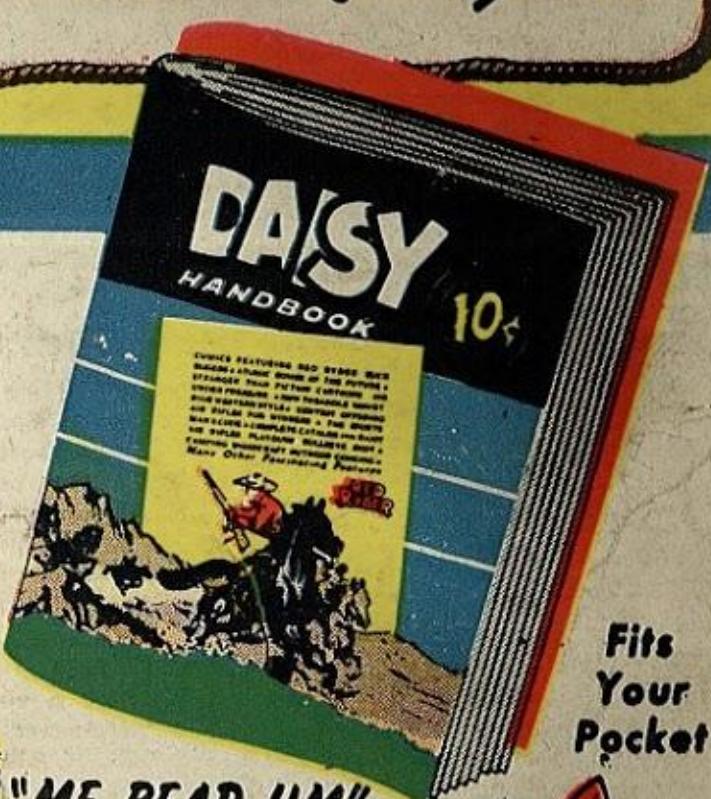
*Don't order air rifles direct from the factory
Prices subject to change without notice*



SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., 804 UNION ST., DEPT. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICH.



**Fits
Your
Pocket**



stamp direct to Daisy. We'll mail your Hand-book postpaid! Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.



MAIL COUPON TODAY!

DAISY MFG. CO., 804 Union St., Dept. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICH.
Send _____ copies of the 128-page Daisy **HANDBOOK** for which
I enclose one thin dime (10c) plus an unused 3c stamp for **EACH**
copy ordered. (A TIP: Most boys are ordering an **extra** copy for
the Girl Friend.)

Name _____

Street and Address: _____

City _____ State _____