Take the mystic potency of an ancient Green Lamp -- potency which enables a man to walk through walls and gives him immunity to metals -- combine it with the tremendous willpower of Alan Scott -- and you have ....

**GREEN LANTERN**

Imagine a hunter in a forest, charged by a savage roaring lion! Suppose upon aiming his gun at the raging beast, it turns into a chirping canary! Suppose the champion prizefighter of the world steps into the ring expecting to meet the most dangerous opponent of all time, only to discover that he's matched against one of singer's midgets! Their feelings of consternation could only be equaled by the Green Lantern's when he set out to capture a dangerous criminal and found himself pitting his talents against a man whose only aim in life was to go straight!

Presenting

**THE REFORMING OF ELEGANT ESMOND!**

The underworld hangout of Elegant Esmond, craftily camouflaged as a delicatessen store where a scene of horror transpires!

No, No!

D-do n't boss! I c-an't stand it!

For Elegant Esmond -- arch czar of crime -- is making a horrifying announcement to his mob....

Yes boys, it's true! I'm retiring from the racket. Going straight!

I've made a million and I got it stashed away! I got a new identity all made up! I'm gonna become somebody else ... live like a gent and enjoy my dough!
What's more, I'm gonna undo all my crimes. I'm gonna do a good turn everyday for somebody, see? I got everything listed, and one by one I'm gonna cross 'em all off!

Ha-ha-ha Baloney!

Cut to the quick, poor misunderstood Esmond exits...

So ya don't believe me, huh? Well, I'll show ya - I'm goin' out and do a good turn right now!

I ain't had much experience with this honesty racket! I wonder how you do a good turn!

But essa wrong to give so much hot dogs to da deeds? Dey get a sick!

Shaddap and give 'em all they want! Elegant Esmond is doin' a elegant good deed!

Thank you, kind sir! You've been most helpful!

Somehow these here good turns ain't givin' me the right feelin'! I oughta do somethin' noble!

Little does Elegant Esmond realize that a seedy character whom he is passing will shortly play a large role in his career of good works!

I've been hungry and broke since my old man kicked me out! And now nobody will even lend me a nickel!

What a life! What a life!

So the papers say I've been kidnapped, hey? Well... now I'm going to give them plenty to write about! Something worse than kidnapping!
Along the river bank, the tattered tramp hesitates a moment, and then...

Suicide's the thing! I'd rather be dead than broke!

But there is one witness to the death scene... elegant Esmond!!!

Don't give up, buddy! Elegant Esmond's comin'! Y! I forgot ta remove me elegant three-piece suit!

I gotcha pal! Don't worry...

Let me alone... I want to die! Don't butt in!

Minutes later, Esmond hails a passing cab - doby dickles quaint jalopy.

Hey, cab! I just pulled this guy outta the river - drive us to 99 rogin street!

Sure - hop in, boss!

As the taxi rattles across the cobblestones...

In his hideout at 99 rogin street... elegant esmond exhibits his good turn...

There! ya see? me good turn... I just rescued this guy!

B-boss! You don't know what you done!

Throw him back, boss! Throw him back!

Now where did I take a gander at dat face before? dis seems awful funny... If de guy just pulled dat kid outta de river, why don't we take him to a hospital? 99 rogin street is a delicatessen store!
WHAT'SA MATTER? THAT'S THE RICH BRAT WHAT'S BEEN MISSIN' FOR A MONTH! THE COPS SAY HE WAS SNATCHED! THEY'LL THINK YOU DONE IT!

Y-YEAH?? YOU MEAN IT?? THEY'RE QUITE RIGHT, MY FRIEND. LAST MONTH I WAS DISINHERITED. WHEN I FOUND I COULDN'T LIVE BY MY WITS I DISAPPEARED... TRIED TO END IT ALL! THEN YOU BUTTED IN!

WE'RE GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!

OH, NO I'M NOT! - YOU SEE, I CAN MAKE YOU DO IT! ONE NOTE FROM ME TO THE COPS WILL SEND YOU UP FOR LIFE ON A KIDNAPPING CHARGE! THE COPS WOULD CERTAINLY THINK A CROOK LIKE YOU... ER... SNATCHED ME!

WHERE DID I GET A LOAD O' DAT MUG? WHERE...? WHERE...? HEY! I KNOW! I REMEMBER!

MEANWHILE...

AND THROUGH THE CITY STREETS HURTLES THE DEMON HACKIE!

DAT WUZ RONNY D'WINK, DA BRAT DAT WAS SNATCHED! I BETTER SEE ALAN!

AT ALAN SCOTT'S HOME, A BREATHLESS DOIBY POURS OUT HIS STRANGE STORY!

AND... AND DIS GUY MUST BE DA ONE DAT SNATCHED RONNY! I KNOW DA PLACE WHERE HE'S GOT 'IM!

GOOD FOR YOU, DOIBY! GREAT WORK!
...AND ALAN SCOTT EMERGES AS THAT EMERALD SCOURGE OF CRIME--THE GREEN LANTERN!

IN BRIGHTEST DAY, IN BLACKEST NIGHT, NO EVIL SHALL ESCAPE MY SIGHT. LET THOSE WHO WORSHIP EVIL'S MIGHT BEWARE MY POWER--GREEN LANTERN'S LIGHT!

A LIGHTNING CHANGE OF COSTUME....

THE GREEN LANTERN!

JUST DROPPED IN FOR A SNACK, BOYS!

OH HH!

UGH HH!!

YOU SURE ARE IN A PICKLE, HEY PAL?

G-GLUB!

FROM HIS MIGHTY POWER RING, GREEN LANTERN SENDS FORTH A NEEDLE-SHARP RAY....

NOW LET'S WASH IT DOWN WITH A CUP OF COFFEE!
AND AS THE STEAMING HOT LIQUID SPRUTS FORTH...

YEOOOWWW!

LEMMME OUT O' HERE!

WHO'S STOPPIN' YA?

DON'T BE HASTY!

I'LL BE AFTER YOU KIDNAPPERS IN A SECOND - WHEN I'VE CHECKED UP ON D'WINK!

BUT--

THIS IS THE SECOND TIME TODAY I DON'T WANT TO BE RESCUED!

ONE SIDE, PUNK!

ESMOND - WAIT FOR ME! YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME SO EASILY!

UNK!

WH--2 OHHH..

AND GREEN LANTERN IS FELLED BY THE ONLY WEAPON WHICH CAN HARM HIM - A WOODEN CHAIR - A NON-METAL!

COCA 7UP

DIS LOOKS LIKE A INVOLVED CASE, LANTRIN!

I THINK WE BETTER WORK ON IT TAGEDDER!

WHILE IN A DARK ALLEY...

YA CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

OH YES I CAN! YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO DUK THAT KIDNAPPING RAP UNLESS HELP YOU... SO WILL FOR A MILLION BUCKS.

YA GOT ME... ME THAT WAS GONNA REFORM!

YOU'RE MAKIN' ME TURN CROOKED TO RAISE THE DOUGH! YA CROOK!

SO A RELUCTANT ELEGANT ESMOND IS FORCED TO RETURN TO CRIME!
I've failed at everything else, but now I'm going to turn crook. Master Crook, you'll run a mob for me and obey my orders till I've made a million!

Who—me?

Then, late one night he assembles his new mob...

I'm disgusted! How kin I pull a job with youse guys? There ain't a respectable crook expecta? Crookin' ain't what it used to be!

Oh well, I guess you'll have ta do! Now like I said, our first job is gonna be J.B. Throttleneck's mansion. He's got a fortune there in objects of art! C'mon!

J.B. Throttleneck's luxurious Park Avenue home...

Okay—i cut the alarm wire! Gee, he knew exactly where it wuz!

My—my—how easy this is!

That painting's worth $12,500! The other's worth $25,000. The etching cost $1,500. The clock is worth ten grand! Take 'em all!

Hmph! You'd t'ink he sold dis ta Throttleneck?

But when the clock chimes the hour of midnight...

Midnight! Time fer da unmaskin'!
THEN—DOIBY DICKLES ATTACKS:
COME ON, GREEN LANTERN!
A TRAITOR IN MY MOB—I HIRED A TRAITOR!

D—DID HE MENTION THE GREEN LANTERN?
DOUBLE-CROSS ME, WILL YA?? I'LL LEARN YA!

OHHHH!

SHOULD I LET 'IM HAVE IT, BOSS?
NO! NO KILLIN'! I NEVER DONE IT YET, AND IF I WAS TO START NOW, I'D BEGIN WITH TH' RAT DAT GOT ME INTO THIS MESS!

ESMOND'S MOB EXITS... LEAVING A STRIPPED HOME BEHIND THEM...

THAT GUY'S STILL OUT COLD!
SWELL—LET'S GO! WE GOT THE NEXT JOB TO TAKE CARE OF AND IT WON'T BE AS EASY!

SECONDS LATER...
DOIBY! I'M SORRY YOU JUMPED THE GUN! IT'S MIDNIGHT NOW...THAT CLOCK MUST HAVE BEEN FAST!

OHH, ME HEAD! I NEVER SHOULDA TRUSTED A CLOCK WORTH TEN G'S!

HEY LANTREN—C'MON! I JUST REMEMBERED WHERE ESMOND'S GONNA PULL HIS NEXT JOB!

JUST A MINUTE! THAT PICTURE—WHY DIDN'T THEY TAKE IT?
MEANWHILE -- OUTSIDE THE NATIONAL BANK.

AWW, IT'S JUST A PHOTO O'THROTTLENECK, THE GUY WHAT OWNS THIS DUMP! WORTHLESS!

HMMMM! VERY INTERESTING! ALL RIGHT. LET'S GO!

ALL RIGHT HERE GOES THE SOUP! NOW KEEP YOUR HEADS AND WORK FAST -- WE GOT TO BE CAREFUL IN CASE GREEN LANTERN COMES SNOOPIN'!

SECONDS LATER, THROUGH THE DEEP GREEN GLOW OF A DISSOLVING WALL TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES SILENTLY ENTER...

NOW DAT WE'RE IN DA BANK, MAYBE WE'LL CATCH 'EM OFF GUARD HEY?

OKAY, GUYS -- LET'S GO!

AND THE DYNAMIC DUO DOES CATCH THEM OFF GUARD!

LANTRIN, WE GOT 'EM! LESS TALK, MORE ACTION, DOIBY!

BUT...

DOIBY--IT'S A LURE -- OHHHH!

I KNEW THEY'D FOLLOW US! THEY WALKED INTO THE TRAP JUST ELEGANT!

NEVER MIND TYIN' THEM! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHERE OUR NEXT JOB IS 'S YOU GUYS WAIT OUTSIDE WHILE I FINISH THIS MYSELF!

VERY WELL! A MASTER CROOK SHOULDN'T SOIL HIS HANDS WITH ROBBERY!
THE SECONDS SLOWLY TICK OFF THE DUE'S RETURN TO CONSCIOUSNESS.

WELL... WE'RE A COUPLE OF PRIZE SAPS! OH MY HEAD!

TA WALK RIGHT INTO A TRAP LIKE THAT! OH... ME TOO!

HMMM, THAT'S ODD! ONLY ONE SAFE DEPOSIT BOX LOOTED! NOW HOW DID ESMOND KNOW EXACTLY WHICH BOX TO OPEN?

QUICKLY THE GREEN LANTERN CHECKS THE VAULT REGISTRY.

HERE IT IS... NO. 1987.099! REGISTERED IN THE NAME OF J. B. THROTTLENECK!

JEPPERS! WHAT'S ESMOND'S NEXT JOB GONNA BE?

AND WHERE'S ESMOND LEFT THROTTLENECK'S INSURANCE POLICY BEHIND! LET'S GO OVER TO THE ACME CO. AND FIND OUT WHAT OTHER VALUABLES THROTTLENECK HAS INSURED!

SECONDS LATER - THE ACME INSURANCE OFFICE.

GOLLY, LANTRIN! YOU'RE SURE ARE LEAVIN' A LOT O' REPAIR WORK AROUND FER YOURSELF!

THE POWER RING CAN FIX IT ALL UP! AH, THE SAFE'S OPEN!

HERE IT IS - THROTTLENECK'S CARD!

LET'S SEE QUICK! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!

AHA! THROTTLENECK HAS A HALF A MILLION IN RARE GEMS INSURED ABOARD HIS YACHT IN THE ISLAND BASIN, AND I'LL BET THAT'S WHERE ESMOND'S GOING!

BUT WHY'RE YOU SO SURE IT'S GONNA BE THROTTLENECK?
JUST THEN THE GREEN LANTERN MAKES AN AMAZING DISCOVERY...

HOLY SMOKE - LOOK AT THIS! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT???

WHATEVER IT IS, LANTRIN, LET IT RIDE! WE GOTTA GET OVER TA THAT YACHT! C'MON!

WHILE ON THE WHARF ALONGSIDE THE ISLAND YACHT BASIN.

ALL RIGHT, ESMOND - YOU PICKED THAT YACHT FOR OUR NEXT OBJECTIVE! GET US OUT THERE!

YES, SIR!

OH, BOY! THIS IS THE LIFE! I SURE GET A KICK OUT OF ORDERING A TOUGH THUG LIKE ESMOND AROUND! I SHOULDN'T HAVE TURNED CROOK YEARS AGO - IT'S WONDERFUL!

WITH ESMOND IN MY POWER I'LL ORGANIZE A COLOSSAL CRIME RING! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

SO HE'S GETTING TO BE A BIG SHOT, EH? WELL, HE'S GONNA GET HIS BEFORE I'M THROUGH!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS! STRIP THE PLACE! YOU STAY WITH ME, ESMOND - I'M SUPERVISING THIS JOB!

SUDDENLY...

AH, ELEGANT ESMOND AND RONNY D'WINK, I BELIEVE!

HOWDJAY DO?

WE JUST HADDA RETAIN DAT SURPRISE PARTY YOU GAVE US!

WITH INTEREST, OF COURSE!

AWWK!
IS YOUSE GUYS INTERESTED IN NAUTICAL TOIMINOLOGY? DESE IS KNOWN AS LIFE PRESERVERS!

OWWW!

JUST THE OLD SALT FROM EPSOM TAKING YOU FOR A SPIN!  SH-HH-HH-SHIVER M-ME T-T-T-TIMBERS!

BA-BAR-BARB-RBAR!

AS A POTENT BLAST OF EERIE GREEN LIGHT SURGES TOWARD THE REVOLVERS.

OH, NO, YOU DON'T, GREEN LANTERN! I HEARD ALL ABOUT THAT THERE RING O' YOURS!

LOOK OUT, YOU IDIOT!

AND THE SHAFT OF LIGHT DRILLS DEEP THROUGH THE HULL OF THE YACHT.

ESMOND! YOU'VE SCUTTLED THE YACHT!

BUT MY BOYS STILL HAVE THEIR GUNS! AND NOW I'M FOR MURDER!

DA NAME O' DIS TUNE IS "ANCHORS AWAY"!

DAH NAME O' DIS TUNE IS "ANCHORS AWAY"!

G-G-GLONK!

ONCE MORE, POWERFUL RAYS FLASH OUT—FREEZING THE THUGS IN THEIR TRACKS!

HEY! LANTRIN! DA TIDE'S RISIN' KINDA HIGH!

IT'S NOT THE TIDE, YOU LUBBER -- WE'RE SINKING!

ESMOND'S WHOLE MOB IS READY FOR DELIVERY. HAVE YOU GOT THE JEWELS, DOBY?

YEAH! I TOOK 'EM LIKE YOUSE SAID!
GREEN LANTERN! YOU'VE GOT ELEGANT ESMOND!

SORRY, OFFICER, BUT THERE'S NO CHARGE AGAINST ESMOND!

THROTTLENECK WAS ESMOND'S ALTER EGO... THE PERSONALITY HE WAS GOING TO RETIRE UNDER! I KNEW THAT BY THE PICTURE IN HIS HOME! IN ORDER TO STAY STRAIGHT ESMOND ROBBED HIMSELF!

AND GREEN LANTERN REVEALS HIS AMAZING DISCOVERY...

BUT I DISCOVERED THIS, RONNY! YOUR FATHER DID NOT DISINHERIT YOU COMPLETELY, THE ACME CO. WHICH INSURED ESMOND'S PROPERTY IS IN YOUR NAME! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO TURN CROOK!

ESMOND GOES FREE BECAUSE HE ONLY ROBBED HIMSELF! BUT YOU GO TO JAIL BECAUSE YOU ROBBED HIM AND DEFRAUDED THE STOCKHOLDERS OF YOUR OWN INSURANCE COMPANY WHO WILL HAVE TO MAKE GOOD THE LOSSES!

AFTER THE POLICE ARE GONE...

EVERYTHING I WORKED FOR IS GONE - I'VE BROKE! I'VE ROBBED MYSELF POOR ALL THE LOOT WENT DOWN WITH THE SHIP!

NEVER MIND, ESMOND! I REALLY BELIEVE YOU WANT TO GO STRAIGHT, SO I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU!

AND SO A MONTH LATER... GREEN LANTERN AND DOIY VISIT A LARGE DEFENSE FACTORY...

HI, ESMOND! HOW ARE YOU DOING?

I'M DOIN' SWELL! BOY THIS JOB IS ELEGANT... SIMPLY ELEGANT! MORE FUN THAN SAFE-CRACKIN'!

ON ACCOUNT O' ME SPECIAL TALENT I GOT THE JOB OF TUNIN' UP THESE MOTORS! I CAN HEAR IF THEY AIN'T WORKIN' RIGHT... JUST LIKE I USED TO HEAR THE TUMBLERS FALL WHEN I OPENED A SAFE!

FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF THE GREEN LANTERN AS HE BLASTS HIS WAY INTO ACTION IN EVERY ISSUE OF ALL AMERICAN COMICS!
ENERGY ON THE ALERT!

Ever on the alert are the American Coastal Patrol Blimps ... their motors driven by high energy fuel.

BABY RUTH IS HIGH IN FOOD-ENERGY

Baby Ruth, rich in dextrose, is fine "fighting food" ... helps guard against fatigue in the human motor.

Wherever our battle flag flies, Baby Ruth marches along with American men, providing extra stamina ... raising their spirits.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILL.
Producers of Fine Foods

Cookies are delicious made with Baby Ruth! RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

If you cannot find Baby Ruth on the candy counter, remember Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you.

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
GOSH, IT FEELS GOOD TO RIDE IN THE OLD CAR AGAIN!

YEY! IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE WE RODE IN THE CAR I ALMOST FORGET HOW TO DRIVE!

SHE'S SMOKING! WHAT'S CAUSING THAT?

YOU NEED GAS!

GIMME A QUARTER OF A GALLON OF FRESH GAS PLEASE!

I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN BE SHORT OF GAS I PUT SOME IN HERE BEFORE WE LEFT!

DON'T PUT GAS IN THERE! THAT'S NOT THE GAS TANK!

NO? THEN WHAT IS IT?

THAT'S THE CLUTCH!

WHERE'S THE GAS TANK?

THAT'S IN THE BACK!

THE CLUTCH NEEDS OILING!

HEY! DON'T LOOK IN THERE WITH A MATCH! THAT'S DANGEROUS!

IT'S O.K! THESE ARE SAFETY MATCHES!

BOY, I GOT OUT OF THERE JUST IN TIME!

BOOM
Mutt & Jeff

Mutt, what's ceiling prices mean?

Well, that means the government has set fixed prices on different things like food, clothing, rents and so forth.

For instance, if I went in a drugstore now and bought a rubber tire they couldn't charge me any more than the highest price they charged last March!

And the same with rents! The government fixed it so the landlady can't raise my rent!

Shucks! They didn't have to bother about that!

You never pay any anyway!

That's the first time I ever heard anything like that! I don't know what they are but I'm gonna look for 'em!

Nope, don't see any here!

None over here!

What are you looking for?

Ceiling prices!

Floor below:

Bang! Bam!

Heavens! The ceiling is falling!
Al Pratt—better known as the Atom—arch-enemy of evil-doers—was a friendly young soul who thirsted for good clean fun after his college classes were over. His girl friend, Mary, usually joined him—but this once she didn’t... and the agile Atom was unexpectedly plunged into a thrill-packed adventure with a surprising climax when he discovered the mystery lurking behind The Friendship Dance!

What’s this? Is the notorious Baldy Gang about to break up??

What’ll we do, Baldy...? Th’ Mayor’s cracked down on every decent racket!

Yeah! It’s enough ta join a self-respectin’ crook honest!

Snap!

Wait! I got it! We’ll make plenty of dough—by giving it away!

I—you’re tetchd, Baldy! Jus’ plain nuts!

Stop griping an’ start packing! We’re movin’ to a small town!
A FEW DAYS LATER... AND AL PRATT IS HAVING HIS USUAL LUCK WITH MARY...

GEE WHIZ, OFFICER MURPHY. I CAN’T EITHER. BUT AS LONG AS WE HAVE NOTHING TO DO TONIGHT WHY DON’T YOU GO TO THE FRIENDSHIP DANCE? I’M GOING MYSELF!

“EVERYBODY! GET $1.25 IN RETURN FOR YOUR $1.00 ADMISSION FEE AT THE FRIENDSHIP DANCE TONIGHT 8:00 P.M. BLUE MOON BALLROOM!”

S’LONG, AL... TIME FOR ME TO GO OFF DUTY AND COLLECT MY PAY. I GUESS EVERYBODY IN TOWN ENJOYS PAYDAY-SATURDAY.

PAY ME LATER, BOYS! RIGHT NOW FIND YOURSELVES A NICE PRETTY PARTNER... HAVE A GOOD TIME FOR FRIENDSHIP’S SAKE!

HERE’S HOPING I GET SOMEONE BEAUTIFUL!
Mr. Baldy pays $1.25 for every $1.00 admission.

Isn't this wonderful?

Free money... telescopic lenses... wonder what the angle is.

Officer Murphy—now in plain clothes—is first in line.

Meet me in the coatroom, guys!

I'm getting in there first!

Mr. Baldy's pay is enough to pay for the wine.

D-don't you want to see—

I saw enough, Miss... er—

Excuse me.

In a nearby phone booth outer clothing is shed to reveal the atom.

This $1.25 for a dollar set-up is a trick to make people reach for their wallets while Baldy and his crooks-wearing special glasses—spot the amounts carried!
SHORTLY AFTER...

DID ALL YOU MUGS PICK YOUR SUCKERS?

YEAH!... I SPOTTED A GUY WID A ROLL DAT WOULD CHOKA A HORSE!!

ALL SET, BALDY!

I GOT MINE, TOO, IT'S THAT BIG GUY WITH FLAT FEET WHO WAS FIRST ON LINE. WELL, WHEN THE VICTIMS YOU'VE PICKED OUT LEAVE - TRAIL EM AND GET THEIR DOUGH!

YER PLENTY SMART, BALDY... SPEICILLY FER RUNNIN' DIS RACKET ON A SATIDDY NIGHT WHEN MOST PEOPLE GETS PAID AN' CARRIES PLENTY!!

HEY! WHAT'S DAT?

HELLO, EVERYBODY!!

IT'S...THE ATOM!

THIS IS JUST FOR FRIENDSHIPS SAKE!

YOU'RE NO FRIEND OF MINE..... OWWW!

DON'T LET HIM GIT AWAY!?

HE KNOWS THE RACKET!

BONK!

CRACK

WHY SHOULD I WORK? I'LL LET THE LADS TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER!
Too bad ya don't use a gun, Atom... they come in handy sometimes!

Ugh!

Soon afterwards...

This'll hold him, Baldy! Want me to bump him off?

No! Murder raps only mean the Coppers never quit trailing a guy!

Hey, Baldy! Dat big guy wit de big roll is about to leave! He's your sucker!

Thanks, Trigger. I'll go right after him.

It's Officer Murphy. That clothes hanger—maybe I could pull down my gag with it!

Alone, The Atom struggles desperately.

There! That gets rid of the gag. Now to use my mouth—and my head!

Lucky thing that the knot people usually tie is a slip knot! It won't be long now!

Sixty seconds later...

Don't anyone leave until the police come! This whole dance is a racket!

I'll get the cops, mister Atom!

Let's shut that guy up once an' for all!

Yeah! We shoulda knocked him off before!
But—BACK TO YOUR HIRED INSTRUMENTS, PUNKS!

NOWP!

AFTER THE ANGERED ATOM HAS FINISHED MOPPING UP...

AREN'T WE GONNA GET ENOUGH TROUBLE HERE COME COPPERS!

I CAN LEAVE NOW AND ATTEND TO A CROOK NAMED BALDY!

SOME TIME LATER, NEAR OFFICER MURPHY'S HOME—

I'VE TRAILED HIM FAR ENOUGH FROM THE DANCE HALL TO MAKE THIS LOOK GOOD. NOW TO PINCH HIS ROLL!

WH—AHNNH...

WH—WHAT HIT ME—?

THIS GUYS PLENTY TOUGH. I'LL CLUNK HIM AGAIN!

CORRECTION, PLEASE! YOU GET CLUNKED;

THANKS, ATOM. THANKS A MILLION!

THE NEXT DAY, AL PRATT GOES VISITING...

WHAT? WHY—I WENT TO THAT FRIENDSHIP DANCE LAST NIGHT TO—AND I SAW YOU DANCING WITH ANOTHER GIRL!

GODDIE!

Women may have al Pratt puzzled—but as the Atom he'll continue to solve enigmas of crime in every issue of all American Comics FOR VICTORY.
Dr. Mid-Nite

When the heavens open up and deluge the earth with a black, inky rain, it certainly seems like black magic! Yet, there is one who, like the owl, can see in blackness...Dr. Mid-Nite—known in everyday life as Dr. Molder—who prowls beneath a jet sky like a hunter, seeking his prey as crime goes on a spree in the tale of the black rain!

Drawn by Stan Josephs

The bright neon lights of Times Square are blotted out one night by a queer deluge...

What an odd rainstorm looks like India ink!

Can't see through it?

From a waiting car, masked figures leap...

The car is fifteen paces from the store—remember that, so we can find our way back!

I never forget what the cloud tells me—it ain't safe!
"Blind" Dr. McNider and his assistant, Myra Mason, are caught in the fantastic downpour.

I've never seen rain like this before... it's black!

Really, Myra? How strange!

Unknown to everyone, the "blind" man possesses a queer power... the ability to see in blackness! As he gazes across the street, he sees...

Oh-oh! A holdup! Time to drop McNider's blind identity and go into action as Dr. Mid-Nite!

Wait here a moment, Myra— I'll be right back, but Doctor!

Moments later, as the thugs leap for their car they suddenly halt in their tracks!

Hey, look! Instead of black rain comin' down—it's comin' up from the sidewalk! Oooops! It's Dr. Mid-Nite!

If you weren't so curious about my blackout bomb, you might have avoided this!

Oh-- so curious about my black out bomb, you might have avoided this! Oooof!

My, this certainly is a damp night!

Oooh! My nose! Oww!

Meanwhile, in the gangster car...

Oooh—somethin' went wrong! I better get out of here... pronto!

The driver got away! But I can't help it! I've got to turn these babies over to the police! I won't forget that license number!
Twenty minutes later, in a gaunt old house on the outskirts of town...

Time to shut off the machine! The boys have had time to rob a dozen stores!

Cloud! Cloud! The boys have been captured by Dr. Mid-Nite! We got 'em all!

The fools!

I've spent years perfecting my rain-making invention! I don't intend to be robbed of its profits by anyone--especially Dr. Mid-Nite!

By shooting clouds containing a special black soot into the sky where they precipitate black rain, I have also perfected a perfect cloak for robberies!

Sure, boss, but Dr. Mid-Nite saw us!

Dr. Mid-Nite! Bah! He may not like my rainstorms, but he can't stop them!

Some time later, that same night. Myra escorts Dr. McNider to his home.

Too bad you missed all the excitement! Dr. Mid-Nite was wonderful!

I walked away for a few minutes to hear a radio bulletin from one of the stores--and missed all the fun! It's a shame!

Still later.

Whew! I'm lucky that Myra believed my story about that broadcast! That black rain--it's got me puzzled! It isn't natural--therefore it must be man made!
There should be some way of learning when that artificial rain will fall—and it's up to me to find it—but how?

In the days that follow, the black rain always means that crime is on the prowl! Masked figures lurk behind the downpour with itching trigger fingers and greedy hands....

Let's go—th' rain's hiding us! Haw! Haw!

Don't bother to make a move, buddy! No one can see it!

B-but—

The cloud gets richer and richer....

What did I tell you, boys? You've made more dough than you've ever dreamed of! Gold! Gold! We're rich!!

Now listen! Here's the set-up on your next job!

We're all ears....

Like the rainbow Dr. Mid-Nite always arrives after the ebony shower is over.... There must be a way—some way—that black water.... Look! They robbed that store!

One afternoon, while walking with Myra Mason....

Come along, doctor! We can't waste time here!

I've got to get those dolls without Myra suspecting! Thanks to my special infra red glasses I can see perfectly by day!
YOU WANT TO BUY DOLLS? YOU'RE NOT GETTING CHILDISH, ARE YOU?

ER-NO-- IT'S JUST A WHIM!

HOPE I'M RIGHT IN MY THEORY!

ARRIVING HOME, DR. M'NDER KEEPS A CONSTANT WATCH OVER THE DOLLS, WITH THEIR PRETTY BLUE DRESSES....

HOURS LATER, THE COLOR OF THE DRESSES SLOWLY CHANGES - FROM BLUE TO PINK!

IT WORKED! THEY'VE COME THROUGH!

MYRA DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT THOSE DOLLS ARE HYDROSCOPIC! TREATED WITH COBALT CHLORIDE, THEIR DRESSES ARE BLUE IN FAIR WEATHER AND TURN PINK WHEN IT'S ABOUT TO RAIN!

SPEEDING ALONG, DR. MID-NITE SEES A JET BLACK THUNDERSTORM RAGING WITH TERRIBLE FURY....... THANKS TO THOSE DOLLS - I'VE COME ON TIME!

THAT CAR-LICENSE NUMBER SM 2634 - THE SAME ONE USED IN THE JEWEL STORE ROBBERY! THOSE CROOKS ARE SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE!

FROM A ROOF TOP, DR. MID-NITE LUNGES FORWARD....

- AND THERE THEY ARE?

- HAND OVER THAT PAYROLL, CHUM - UNLESS YOU WANT IT TO RAIN LEAD TOO!
I always enjoy putting my foot into things!

Ow!

Aagh!

Do you boys cry black tears too?

Roll out the barrels—and we’ll have a barrel of fun—

I’ll let him get away—Tag along with him—and learn who’s causing these rains!!

With a grind of gears and tires skidding on wet pavement, the big sedan lurches forward.

There’s room for a stowaway here—

A few minutes later, at the gangster hideout.

Where’s the rest of the gang? Eh? What happened?

P-plenty! That Dr. Mid-Nite showed up again!

Dr. Mid-Nite! I wish I could get my hands on him!
HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOUR WISH, PAL....

ALWAYS GLAD TO GIVE A GUY A HAND-OUT!

MAYBE YOU'RE GLAD-- BUT I AIN'T?

GREAT THING! THE MACHINE AGE!

YOW!

HOW DO YOU FEEL, CHUM?

I AIN'T HAPPY!

AS SOON AS WE WAIT A LITTLE WHILE WE'LL ALL PAY A NICE VISIT TO THE POLICE STATION!

WAIT? WHAT WE GONNA WAIT FOR? YOU'VE CAUGHT US, ANTCHA?

...LET 'IT RAIN, LET IT Pour, YOU'LL LIKE DR. MID-NITE MORE AND MORE...

YES, BUT I THOUGHT WE'D WAIT UNTIL THE RAIN WAS OVER-- IT MIGHT-BR- BRING BACK SAD MEMORIES TO YOU!

IN EVERY ISSUE OF ALL-AMERICAN COMICS!

1 BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
WE HAVE A NEW ENEMY TO FIGHT THIS TIME, GENTLEMEN—AN ENEMY WHOSE VICTIMS ARE LITTLE CHILDREN! MANY OF THEM HAVE BEEN LEFT CRIPPLED AND HELPLESS AS A RESULT OF ATTACKS BY THIS VICIOUS MONSTER!

WHAT? WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE STOP HIM?

TAKE IT EASY, BOYS. SO FAR THIS MONSTER IS UNDER CONTROL... THANKS TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

GENTLEMEN, THE MONSTER IS INFANTILE PARALYSIS! FOR YEARS IT HAS TAKEN A HEAVY TOLL AMONG CHILDREN. BUT THANKS TO THE WONDERFUL WORK OF THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS, ITS SEVERITY HAS BEEN MINIMIZED GREATLY!

YES, BUT TO CARRY ON ITS WORK THE FOUNDATION IS CONSTANTLY IN NEED OF FUNDS. THAT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY BALL AND THE MARCH OF DIMES! NOW I HAVE A PLAN...

AND BOYS AND GIRLS, THIS IS THE PLAN WHICH THE JUSTICE SOCIETY ADOPTED

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA, AND AT THE SAME TIME CONTRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY BALL CELEBRATION...

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

I enclose 15 cents in cash as a contribution to the March of Dimes, to help fight Infantile Paralysis. Please enroll me, FREE, as a Charter Member of THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA and send me the Complete Membership Kit at once.

Name__________________________ Age__________________________

Street Address__________________________

City__________________________ State__________________________
Scribbly and the Red Tornado

Hey, what's that awful sound?

That's my hunkel practicing her singin' lesson.

Golly... it sure sounds awful... I need a drink of water.

Mi-Mee!

Mi-Mee!

What happened to this glass--yeow! It happened again!

Hey--look.

Nobody but you knows that the Red Tornado and the Cyclone Kids are really Ma Hunkel, Dinky Jibbet, and Sissy Hunkel--so keep quiet about it and go ahead... read this story.

Yeeow! I've gone blind! I've gone blind!

No, ya haven't dope--just put yer finger to yer glasses!

Why--there's no glass in 'em! They're busted!

Like all the other glass in this house!

Why I--

I believe I must've done it myself with my singin'... Caruso ust'a bust glasses every time he hit high 'C'... wow! I must be terrific!
MY GOODNESS -- NOW MOM'S A SINGER! IF IT AIN'T ONE THING IT'S ANOTHER--C'MON, LET'S PLAY BALL!

SURE--

HA! BALL-PLAYERS! SO YOU'RE TH' ONES WHO BROKE MY WINDOW!

WHO US? NO---WE DIDN'T DO IT!

WE AINT STARTED PLAYIN' YET---

SLAM!

WHEN!!

AND AT THAT MOMENT....... M-M-M-

MEE-RAH!

ALL RIGHT! I GIVE UP! HOW DID YA DO IT?

HE WON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING WE SAY NOW--SO WE RUN!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW SIS?

HEY MA! OPEN TH' DOOR -- QUICK!

SLAM
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! BUT I'LL GET JUSTICE! I'LL GET JUSTICE!

HUNKEL'S

GROCERIES

HUNKEL'S GROCERIES

AHA!

NOW I FEEL BETTER!

YOU SAY MY SINGIN' BROKE THAT FELLOW'S WINDOWS? GEE--I FEEL AWFUL GUILTY ABOUT THAT!

Yeah--if I were you I'd pull a RED TORNADO, YEAH--AN' WILL FIX HIS AN' WELL HELP YA... AS TH' CYCLONE KIDS!

AND SO... A FEW MINUTES LATER

HEY... WHAT IS THIS?

RED TORNADO SERVICE... WE'RE FIXIN' YOUR WINDOWS FREE OF CHARGE!

THERE--ALL FINISHED-- SAY--THAT'S FINE--AN' WHILE YOU'RE AT IT--THERE'S ANOTHER WINDOW ON THE NEXT BLOCK THAT'S BROKE. YOU CAN FIX THAT TOO--

ALL TH' WAY DOWN TH' NEXT BLOCK? HOW'D THAT HAPPEN? OH--WELL--OKAY WE'LL FIX IT!

OH, SURE!
Hey! It's our grocery store!

Say... your voice couldn't carry this far...

Hunkel's Groceries

Oh, it wasn't me who did it this time... somebody threw a brick thru it!

What a dirty trick! I wonder who... oh! oh!

Are you thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?

I think so...

Gotta hand it to that Red Tornado feller... sure is a nice guy - I musta been wrong when I said there ain't no justice!

Guys like him an' th' Cyclone kids sure make up for a lot of the injustice in this world - yessir.

Oh! Oh!

Oh my goodness! Those hoodlums again! Stop it! Stop it! I say... oh! oh! oh! oh! my nice new windows! ohhh!

Crash

Crash

Th' trouble with this world is there ain't enough people in it like th' Red Tornado an' th' Cyclone kids.

And the old gent isn't far from wrong either - you'll find 'em in every issue of All-American Comics!
Evan Parsons came slowly up the steps from the company cafeteria. He started to cross the typists’ room to get to his own office. Miss White’s voice stopped him.

“Message for you, Mr. Parsons,” she said. “From Mr. Gregor. Sounds urgent.”

He scanned it quickly. A frown settled over his broad face.

“Mr. Gregor wants the Groundworth plans right away, at the Maywoodie office. Hmm.” He glanced sharply at Miss White. “You’re sure you got the message right?” he asked. “He wants me to bring them over myself?”

Miss White went on typing, without looking up.

“That’s what he said!” she snapped. “He wants you to bring the Groundworth plans to him, personally, at the Maywoodie office. They’re having a conference or something there. He’s in a rush.”

Parsons shrugged, slipped the message in his pocket and went to his office. The Groundworth plans were for a new gun-turret design. Gregor, president of Air-Rite Plane Parts Company, planned to start production on the new gun-turret in a few days. Right now he was conferring with the Maywoodie plant, which made plane fittings. The two companies worked closely, as their manufactured parts were closely related.

Parsons reached in his pocket for the message. He laid it carefully on the desk. Then he worked the combination on the safe. As Gregor’s confidential secretary, Parsons was the only person outside of the president himself who knew the combination to the safe.

The heavy door swung open. He removed the folded plans, tucked them into a briefcase, passed quickly through the typists’ room to the front office.

“Be back shortly,” he said to Miss White.

One of the messenger boys waiting on the bench got up and followed Parsons out the door. The boy was Jimmy Stone. The G-man Phil Hackett, covering the Air-Rite plant, had assigned him here. For months, information had been leaking. But how or why, the company head did not know.

“Phil said to watch all phone messages,” Jimmy thought, following Parsons along a crowded street. The secretary crossed, disappeared down a subway entrance. “There might be nothing wrong, since the call was from Gregor himself—but still, I’d better keep an eye on those plans!”

Jimmy sauntered casually down the subway steps. Parsons’ tall, thin frame was just ahead. Next to Jimmy, a drunk was making his way staggeringly downstairs. Jimmy thought he would topple headlong any minute.

As Parsons passed through the turnstile, the drunk put his arm under his coat and drew something out. In a flashing arc, the thing came down on Parsons’ head. The secretary plunged to the ground, the precious briefcase falling from his grip. The man, discarding the drunk act, grabbed the briefcase and ran. A woman screamed.

Flinging caution aside, Jimmy grabbed the man’s legs. He was no match for the older man in strength—but by taking a terrific drubbing, he kept him from getting away. Jimmy locked his arms around the older man and hung on grimly. He grunted as blows hammered at his ribs. If he could hold out till the police came—

“You little devil, I’ll kill you!” the man snarled, twisting in a frantic effort to free himself. Man and boy rolled to the edge of the platform. Jimmy heard a hoarse cry.

“Stop them! They’ll go over!”

Then it was too late. It was a short distance to the tracks below, but Jimmy felt as if he were falling from a precipice. They landed with a dull thud, Jimmy on the underside. He heard the roar of a train, then everything went black.

* * *

Amid the babble of voices, Jimmy heard Phil’s!

“Bad bruise on the side of your head—but otherwise okay”—Jimmy sat up and stared at the gray-eyed G-man bending over him.

“The other guy?” Jimmy grabbed Phil’s arm. “Did you get him?”

Phil shook his head. “The train did! I tried to save him, but there wasn’t time! I just managed to get you up on the platform before the train rolled into the station!”

“But, gee,” Jimmy gasped at thought of his close escape. “How’d you happen to be here?”

“I checked up on phone messages at the Air-Rite office. I figured you’d followed Parsons and the plans. Of course, you had to take the subway to get to the Maywoodie plant! If you hadn’t followed Parsons, the plans for the new
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Red, White, and Blue!

It's no laughing matter, fellows. Doris is plenty angry and is letting Red, Whitey, and Blooey know about it in no uncertain terms. Why should the female member of the Musketeers of Mayhem go berserk with wrath? You'll find the answer in--it's tough to be a hero.

Why should Whitey Smith act like this when he gets a certain letter?

Ha! This letter is some wise guy's idea of a gag!

And why does Blooey Blue feel the same way about his letter?

Not a bit funny! I'd like to get my hands on the bird who wrote it!

What's this? Red Dugan got a letter too!

Hmm--think I'd better look into this!

You've guessed it! They've all got copies of the same letter! But before we read the letter, let's see who sent it and why!

Earlier that morning in an East Side tenement house--

Mail the letters right away! They are all the same--except for the time! One is for six o'clock, one for seven and one for eight!

These three men are guards at G-2 headquarters. Surely one of them will rise to our bait, nein? You are so clever, Herr Volk!
YES, RED CERTAINLY IS REACTING DIFFERENTLY FROM HIS TWO PALS --

HOLY SMOKE! IT'S FIVE TO SEVEN! THERE'S NO TIME TO CONTACT HEADQUARTERS - SO I'LL HAVE TO GO AHEAD ON MY OWN HOOK!

MINUTES LATER -- AT THE MIRROR RESTAURANT --

HELLO DORIS? I'M AWFULLY SORRY ABOUT OUR DATE TONIGHT, BUT I JUST CAN'T MAKE IT!

BOTH DORIS AND I ARE G-2 AGENTS, BUT SINCE I'M FORCED TO DO THIS JOB WITHOUT OFFICIAL CONSENT - I DON'T WANT TO INVOLVE HER!

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS IN THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER, RED WAITS PATIENTLY UNTIL ...........

PARDON ME, BUT AREN'T YOU MR. BASCH?

OH-OH! HERE IT IS! WHY YES! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

YOUR INSTRUCTIONS ARE IN THIS ENVELOPE -- ALSO A $500 ADVANCE! THERE'LL BE MORE MONEY IF YOU DO THIS JOB RIGHT!

OKAY -- I GET IT! HOPE NOBODY SEES THIS TRANSACTION!

BUT SOMEONE HAS SEEN IT! HER DATE CALLED OFF, DORIS HAPPENS TO SELECT THE MIRROR RESTAURANT FOR DINNER!

SO-O-O THAT'S WHY HE BROKE OUR DATE!
I hope you can take care of this job!

Don't worry, Miss! Here's one guy who can keep out of trouble!

Suddenly...

Doris! What are you doing here? I-I--

You two-timing double-crosser! I'll show you what I'm doing here--

No! No! Not that!

There's no cover charge for this! And never speak to me again!

The brute! How can he be so mean to a helpless woman like me?--Sob's

G-2 Headquarters--

Hi, Doris! I thought you had a date with Red! So did I--till I saw him just now with some glamour girl at the mirror restaurant!
DID YOU SAY "MIRROR RESTAURANT"? O' MON, BLOOEY, LET'S GET GON!

HUH? WHAT? YEAH, GOOD-BYE, DORIS!

GEE! RED MUSTA GOT ONE OF THOSE LETTERS TOO! BUT I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D FALL FOR IT!

WHILE AT THE MIRROR RESTAURANT --

NOW THAT I'VE GOT THE SPAGHETTI CLEANED OFF, AND THAT FEMALE SPY IS GONE, I'D BETTER HURRY AND DRAW UP SOME PHONY PLANS OF THE NEW BOMBER!

DORIS SURE WAS ANGRY--BUT NO TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT! I'VE GOT TO MAKE A DASH FOR THE ADDRESS THEY GAVE ME!

RED! WE WERE JUST LOOKIN' FOR YOU! WHERE --?

HALF AN HOUR LATER --

THIS IS THE HOUSE, ALL RIGHT!

HE'S GON' IN! BOY, I NEVER THOUGHT OUR PAL WOULD TURN RAT!

MOUNTING THE RICKETY STAIRS TO THE TOPMOST FLOOR, RED COMES UPON A BRIGHTLY LIT ROOM --

HELLO! HAVE YOU GOT THE PLANS?

YES, I HAVE THEM -- WOW! A COLONEL!

COME IN, DUGAN!

WELL, SERGEANT, WE WERE JUST TESTING YOU BEFORE I SENT YOU ON A REAL IMPORTANT MISSION--AND YOU'VE PROVED TO BE -- A TRAITOR!

WHAT A TRAP! AND I WALKED RIGHT INTO IT!

BUT--BUT--
WITH YOUR EXCELLENT RECORD, WE NEVER SUSPECTED YOU'D SELL OUT TO THE ENEMY! HAND OVER THAT PLAN!

REMEMBER—YOU'LL BE COURT-MARTIALED FOR THIS!

I-I REALIZE THAT, SIR—GOODBYE!

YES, SIR. AND I'LL HAND IN MY UNIFORM TOMORROW...

AND WE SURE PUT A FAST ONE OVER ON THAT DUMB SERGEANT!

SOUNDS INTERESTING! THINK I'LL TAKE A PEEK THROUGH THIS KEYHOLE!

THE FUEHRER CAN USE THESE PLANS OF THE NEW BOMBER, NEIN?

THAT INSTANT---

EKK! HE'S BACK!

WH-H? QUICK! SHOOT HIM DOWN, FRITZ!

CRASH

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW, PALs!

BANG

DIE, YOU YANKEE DOG—UGGH!
SIMP ODILL

SAY, SIMP, RUN OVER TO MY HOUSE AND TELL MY WIFE I WON'T BE HOME TO DINNER

SURE, GEORGE, MAYBE FLORENCE WILL ASK ME TO EAT YOUR DINNER

GEORGE SAYS TO TELL YOU HE WON'T BE HOME TO DINNER

OH, HE DID, DID HE? THE HOUND!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'LL DO TO HIM IF HE LOSSES ALL HIS MONEY PLAYING POKER AGAIN?

I TRUST YOU'LL BE SYMPATHETIC

HELL NEED SYMPATHY WHEN I GET THROUGH SHAKING HIM LIKE THIS

P.P.POOR, GEORGE!

AND A BLACK EYE LIKE THIS WOHN'T ADD NONE TO HIS MANLY BEAUTY!

OUCH! GEORGE WILL FEEL HUMILIATED!

THEN I'LL BOOT HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE AND TELL HIM TO STAY OUT!

KICKED OUT OF HIS OWN HOUSE, MY-MY!!

SOK!

I CAN SEE THAT YOU DELIVERED MY MESSAGE IN AN AMIABLE MOOD

GEORGE YOU BETTER NOT GO HOME WITHOUT A POLICE ESCORT, YOUR WIFE AIN'T

IS THAT SO? WELL, GO BACK AND TELL HER SHE CAN'T SCARE ME

YOU TELL HER, GEORGE...I DON'T MAKE A HIT WITH FLORENCE BUT SHE SCORES TOO MANY OFFA ME.
CAN YOU RIDE A BIKE, MUTT?
CAN I RIDE A BIKE?
I WAS THE CHAMPION BIKE RIDER IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD!
-WHEN I WAS A KID!
MUTT, DO YOU MIND IF I TRY RIDING IT AROUND THE BLOCK?
GO AHEAD! IT'S ALL YOURS - I HAD ENOUGH!
HEY, MUTT! LOOK!
NO HANDS!
HEY, MUTT! LOOK!
NO FEET!
HEY, MUTT! LOOK!
NO TEETH!
"Butch ain't got de nerve to hit this new kid—not since he seen him carry home eight packages o' Wheaties."

NOT VERY SMART TO PICK A FIGHT WITH A GUY WHO KEEPS IN THE PINK OF CONDITION! AND KEEPING IN CONDITION INVOLVES EATING RIGHT, THREE SQUARE MEALS A DAY—INCLUDING A NOURISHING BREAKFAST. MANY AN UP-AND-COMING YOUNGSTER INCLUDES WHEATIES IN THE BREAKFAST LINEUP. MIGHTY IMPORTANT NOURISHMENT IN A MAN-SIZE BOWL OF THESE SWELL-TASTING WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES! SO SQUARE OFF TO THE BREAKFAST DISH THAT'S A FAVORITE WITH MANY BIG-TIME SPORTS STARS. HAVE MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES—"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

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. 544, MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!

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NAME (PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)  AGE

STREET ADDRESS  CITY AND STATE

BE SURE TO ENCLOSE 10¢ WHEN MAILING COUPON
HIDING AMONG THE INNUMERABLE ISLANDS IN THE AREA DESIGNATED SECTOR XYGZ3 ON YOUR MAP IS A CONSIDERABLE JAP FORCE. THIS MORNING ONE OF OUR PLANES FELL INTO THEIR HANDS! IN THAT PLANE WERE GENERAL WINGOVER AND SENATOR BLOWFUSS!

They are being held as hostages, to force us to let the entire Jap contingent escape our tightening ring! You, Lieutenant Harrigan, and you, Sergeant Tinker, are detached from regular service to free those men! Get 'em back here safe! Make your own plans! Start at once!

Yowzah—er—sir!

Roger!
THAT'S THE ISLAND! YOUR DISSEREGARD FORCE WILL BOMB THE NORTH END AS TANK AND I BAIL OUT ON THE SOUTH!

CAPTAIN TO FLIGHT, YOU HEARD HOP! GOT IT?

ROGER! WILCO!

OKAY, TANK! THERE'S THE SHOW! LET'S GO!

HOP AND TANK FLOAT TO EARTH, AND, BY WHISTLING TO EACH OTHER, MEET...

DIDJA NOTICE, HOP? NO FLAK WAS TOSSED AT OUR BOMBERS! THIS PLACE IS TOO SILENT!

THE WHOLE ISLAND IS DESERTED! NOT EVEN A NATIVE IS LEFT ALIVE!

THE PRISONERS WERE KEPT IN THIS WIRED ENCLOSURE... ALL DEAD! NOT EVEN GIVEN DECENT BURIAL! BUT HERE'S HIS CAP!

THE JAPS WERE EXPECTING SOMETHING LIKE THIS, SO THEY DECamped! BUT WHERE TO? LOOK AROUND, TANK, THE GENERAL MAY HAVE LEFT A CLUE...

Naw! All he was doin' was playin' tic-tac-toe! Look...

THE GUY WITH THE X'S WON EVERY GAME!

THEY'RE ALL ALIKE! THIS IS IT! SEE! THE LETTER "N" FOR 'NORTH'! THREE X'S NORTH; TWO X'S EAST! WHERE'S OUR MAP?

WHAT ELSE COULd IT MEAN BUT THREE ISLANDS NORTH AND TWO EAST? THIS ONE? I HOPE YOU ARE RIGHT. IT'S THE ONLY CLUE WE GOT!
Dawn finds hop and tank well on their way...

Lucky we found this outrigger with a sail! It's better 'n paddlin' or swimmin'!

Jap plane! Over the side! Quick!

White men in canoe?

Quiet, tank! Don't splash! Then tell this shark to keep away from me!

As the Jap plane skims the water for a closer look at the outrigger, the sharks, seeming to sense the helplessness of their victims, swirl in to attack!

Ho! Many sharks! Anyone seeking to hide in water to escape our fire becomes sea food! Do not waste more ammunition!

To protect tank's legs and his own, hop dives headlong toward a huge on-rushing shark and slashes down with his jungle knife!

Good boy! Right on the snoot! He's runnin' for his own life now! The other Japs are after him!

Yes, they smell blood. Climb aboard, tank. The Japs are gone, too!

Oohh! Look what's comin' up behind us! A big black storm!

Good! We should make the island just as it breaks over us!

Good? Is that good?
I'M DRENCHED! AND IT'S BLACKER 'N PITCH! HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO...

BREAKERS APLENTY! THEY'LL SPOT US SURE!

WE'LL SWIM ALONG THE SHORE! HAND ME THE SAIL ROPE FIRST!

LOOK! AMMUNITION DUMP!

YEAH, AND JAP Guardians, too!

HOP PULLS THE ROPE, HOISTS THE OUTRIGGER'S SAIL. THE SAIL BELIES IN THE WIND. THE OUTRIGGER LEAPS AHEAD...

THE BOYS SCRAMBLE ASHORE...

NOW'S OUR CHANCE! TOSS A COUPLE OF GRENADES INTO THE AMMO DUMP—AND DIVE FOR THE WOODS!

HOW'S THAT FOR PITCHING?

THE WEIRD SHAPE, HALF SEEN IN THE STORM, DISTRACTS THE JAPS...

THAT DID IT! THE NIPPOS ARE RUNNIN' ROUND LIKE CRAZY!

THERE'S THE PRISON COMPOUND! NO GUARDS! HURRY, TANK! CUT THE WIRE!

SENATOR! GENERAL! C'MON! LET'S GO!

RIGHT, LIEUTENANT! LEAD THE WAY!
GRAB A RIFLE, SENATOR! UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM TO...
NEVER MIND THE SPEECH, BIG BOY! CLEAR THE JAPS OFF, THAT BARGE!
WITH THE AMMO DUMP POPPING OFF, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SURPRISE 'EM!

WELL DONE, BLOWFLUS! THANK YOU, GENERAL! SHOVE OFF AND CLIMB ON!
WE'RE GONNA PILE UP SOMEWHERE! THE ENGINE ON THIS THING IS CONKED! AND THERE'S A JAP PATROL BOAT COMIN' ALONGSIDE!

JUMP IT!

THE JAPS REALIZE TOO LATE THAT THE OCCUPANTS OF THE BARGE ARE NOT FRIENDLY!
YOU BOYS FIGHT WELL! FOR AN OLD COOT YOU'RE NOT SO BAD YOURSELF, GENERAL... OH OH... ER... SIR!
STORM'S CLEARING, BLUE SKY AHEAD! NOT SO GOOD JUST YET!
BLUE SKIES NOT GOOD? WHY?
AS SOON AS THE JAPS MISS YOU, THEY'LL SEND PLANES...
YOU'RE RIGHT, HOP! AND HERE THEY COME!

BOOM!

NEAR MISS! BUT WE'RE SINKING!

Hey! More Planes! Eeyippee! Americans!

Look at those Japs scatter!

Owahh! Those Wildcats are diving at us!

We're in a Jap boat!

Where's the radio on this tub?

Lay off this blasted boat, you blasted Skywinders, or I'll dang well blast your blasted hides! I'm aboard here!

Ohoh! I recognize that delicate voice! Roger, General Wingover, we'll lay off!
MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL! ORDER US A MEDIUM BOMBER! THIS THING IS SINKING UNDER US, AND WE'VE GOT TO BEACH ON A HOSTILE SHORE!

WILCO, GENERAL, AND WE'LL TRY TO CLEAR THE BEACH FOR YOU!

AS THE SINKING BOAT RUNS FOR THE BEACH, THE WILDCATS STRAFE AND DIVE-BOMB THE JAP SHORE INSTALLATIONS...

THE JAPS BEAT IT FOR THE WOODS! THEY'LL BE BLOWING US TO BITS WITH FIELD PIECES IF WE'RE NOT AWAY SOON!

AND HOW! DIG IN! GENERAL! HERE COMES OUR PLANE!

IT'S LANDED! RUN FOR IT!

ALL ABOARD! TAKE OFF!
WE'VE BEEN HIT!
CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN! PULL UP!

THE TREES! PULL UP!
CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN! PULL UP!

THE PILOT'S BEEN SHOT!
... ME, TOO ...

HOP DIVES FOR THE
CONTROLS...
OVER!
LATER:

... AND NOT TOO
SOON! WE HAVEN'T
A DROP OF GAS
LEFT!

HARRUMP! WELL DONE,
MY BOYS! I SHALL
INSIST ON
CITATIONS...

PLEASE, SENATOR,
NO...

HUSH UP, HOP! A
COUPLE O' MEDALS
WOULD LOOK
GOOD ON MY CHEST!

SERGEANT! DIDN'T YOU
CALL ME 'OLD COOT'
BACK THERE?

UP! YES, SIR!

WELL!
DON'T YOU EVER
AGAIN CALL
ME 'OLD'!

READ
HOP HARRIGAN
IN EVERY ISSUE OF
ALL-AMERICAN
COMICS

HEAR HOP'S ADVENTURES
ON YOUR RADIO
BLUE NETWORK
STATIONS,
Mondays through Fridays.
**Boys!**

**FREE**

5 POWER TELESCOPE

**WITH THIS OFFER**

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 12-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine, applique glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

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**New COMMANDO KRAK-A-JAP MACHINE GUN**

**Safe! Harmless!**

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise, that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

The Krak-A-Jap is made of wood and non-critical material and it's built to stand up and take plenty of hard knocks. It measures over 27 inches from the handle to the tip of the gun and it's painted in true army camouflage colors throughout. It's loads of fun—makes a noise like a real battle is going on—but it's absolutely SAFE and HARMLESS. Rush your order today while our limited supply lasts.

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**SEND NO MONEY**

To Get Your COMMANDO Machine Gun and FREE Telescope

ILLINOIS, MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 1137
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for $1.98. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

Name __________________________
Address _________________________
City ____________________________
State __________________________ 

☐ Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope c.o.d. I will pay the postman $1.98 plus postage and c.o.d. charges.

☐ Please send me 2 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 2 Free Telescopes at the special price of $3.79 (a saving of 17c).

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**BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"**

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free Telescope arrive, just pay the postman $1.98 plus a few pennies postage and c.o.d. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

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**Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon**
HURRY! HURRY!
SELL SEEDS FOR VICTORY GARDENS!
GET YOUR PRIZE!

$1000.00
IN CASH PRIZE
in addition to your regular prize
WIN CASH or U.S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS
Mail Coupon TODAY

PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING SET — Exactly like regular airplane cockpit — every instrument moves. Gunsight and cannon trigger too. This complete outfit for selling only one order.

FREE Secret bomb sight game, with this wonderful prize.

The RAIDER MACHINE GUN
Plenty of noise — plenty of fun — with this BIG gun; operates on a survival or dismantled, like army guns. Sell only one order.

GIVEN!
5 CLOTH BOUND BOOKS — Over 200 pages each. Choose any five from 24 thrilling stories for boys, girls and the family — all given for selling only one order.

AXE AND TELESCOPE SET
A strong, regulation size hand axe with sheath that can be attached to your belt for instant use and a compact 5 power telescope that every camper,iker or woodsman needs. All given for selling only one order.

GIVEN!
Genuine Holster Set for Boys. Here's that set you've wanted. "Texas" type pistol in jewelled holster, leather belt, kerchief and lariat — ALL for selling only one order.

CANDID-TYPE CAMERA GIVEN — This fine Camera takes 16 pictures on each roll of film — easy to operate. Sell only one order.

COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET — Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments — and Magic Book of 50 mysterious Chemistry exhibitions. Sell only one order.

The Raider's Machine Gun
Boys! Softball's the popular game.

Here's the big 3 piece outfit for it. An official softball and a regulation bat — also a Big League type cap to give you that real "baseball player" look. All for selling one order.

Say it with Music
Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele, decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell only one order.

Croquet Set
CARRYING RACK INCLUDED
Hours of fun for all the family with this full-size Croquet Set. Solid rock maple balls and mallets. Handsome carrying rack also included. Given for selling one order PLUS $1.50 extra. Wt. 15 lbs. Sent express collect.


Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will remit them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my price.

My choice of prize is:

- [ ] My choice of prize is: [ ]
- [ ] Name: [ ]
- [ ] Address:
- [ ] City: [ ]
- [ ] State: [ ]

Get Your Prize This Easy Way

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds for Victory Gardens — they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY — send coupon today for free prize book and seeds.

Our 26th Year
Send No Money — We Trust You
American Seed Co. Inc., Dept. 100, Lancaster, Pa.