

All-Flash

QUARTERLY



10¢

SUMMER
NO 1
ISSUE



A COMPLETE 64 PAGE ISSUE
CONTAINING ALL NEW, NEVER-
BEFORE-PUBLISHED EPISODES
OF *The Flash*
-FASTEST MAN ALIVE!

THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF *America*

IS HEREBY RESOLVED TO AND HEREBY DOES HONOR TO ONE OF ITS MEMBERS — **THE FLASH** — AND DOES HEREBY BID HIM GODSPEED AND, SINCE HE HAS BEEN MADE AN HONORARY MEMBER, LIKE **SUPERMAN** AND **BATMAN**, MAY HE PROSPER LONG AND CONTINUE TO BE THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE — IN HIS STRUGGLE AGAINST CRIME AND CORRUPTION

The Green Lantern
-CHAIRMAN

The Hawkman
The Hourman
The Atom

The Spectre
The Sandman
Doctor Fate

HONORARY MEMBERS:-

Superman

Batman



... AND JOHNNY IS RIGHT — FOR IN THE VERY NEXT ISSUE OF **ALL STAR COMICS** JOHNNY THUNDER IS INITIATED INTO THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA! IF YOU WANT TO GET SOME FUN, EXCITEMENT AND ADVENTURE BE SURE TO GET **ALL STAR COMICS** NUMBER 6!

NO. 5
NOW ON
SALE
EVERYWHERE!

Remember!
ALL STAR
Comics

NO. 6
ON SALE
ABOUT
JUNE 25TH

THE FLASH

-Fastest Man Alive!

BY GARDNER FOX
AND E. E. HIBBARD.



THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN PLAY TENNIS WITH HIMSELF AS A PARTNER... SNARE BULLETS OUT OF THE AIR... AND MOVE FASTER THAN A BOLT OF CHAIN LIGHTNING! BY STANDING IN ONE PLACE AND MOVING HIS BODY WITH A SLIGHT WEAVING MOTION, HE CAN BECOME INVISIBLE TO HUMAN EYES... AND WHEN HE IS IN A HURRY HIS INVISIBLE PASSING IS LIKE A GREAT GUST OF WIND!

THE FLASH HAS DEDICATED HIS STRANGE GIFT OF SPEED TO BRINGING JUSTICE INTO A CRIME RIDDEN WORLD... AIDING THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER AGAINST ALL CRIME AND RUTHLESSNESS...!

A FEW YEARS AGO, THE FLASH WAS SIMPLY JAY GARRICK — AN ORDINARY STUDENT AT A WESTERN UNIVERSITY —

HECK! I'M A FLOP AT FOOTBALL — BASEBALL — ALL SPORTS! ALL I CAN DO IS RESEARCH IN A CHEMISTRY LAB!



HELLO, JAY! I SEE YOU'RE EARLY!

YOU WANTED THAT EXPERIMENT FINISHED TO-NIGHT! I'LL WORK ALL NIGHT IF NECESSARY!



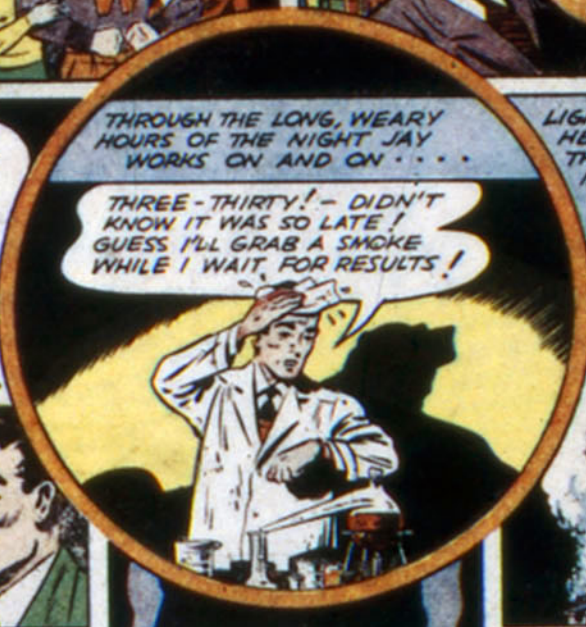
THAT'S FINE! FINE! WELL, THE IDEA IS TO BREAK DOWN HARD-WATER INTO ITS GASEOUS ELEMENTS! I'VE A FEELING WE MAY STUMBLE ONTO SOMETHING BIG —!

JUST LEAVE IT TO ME, SIR! I'VE BEEN READING UP ON THIS VERY THING!



THROUGH THE LONG, WEARY HOURS OF THE NIGHT JAY WORKS ON AND ON

THREE-THIRTY! — DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS SO LATE! GUESS I'LL GRAB A SMOKE WHILE I WAIT FOR RESULTS!



LIGHTING A CIGARETTE, HE DOES NOT NOTICE THAT HIS EXPERIMENT IS COMING TO A SUCCESSFUL CONCLUSION!

WHEW! — I'M GETTING DIZZY — MUST BE FROM SMOKING ON AN EMPTY STOMACH.



HE PUTS OUT A HAND TO STEADY HIMSELF AND ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKS HIS EXPERIMENT TO THE FLOOR

OOOPS!



HEY — THAT GAS — POWERFUL STUFF — KNOCKING ME WOOREY — I — UH . . . OH, I'M . . . SLEEPY



JAY FALLS TO THE FLOOR, AND ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT SLEEPS FITFULLY AS THE GASES SEEP INTO THE PORES OF HIS SKIN; INTO HIS MOUTH AND NOSTRILS AND IN THE MORNING

JAY! OH . . . WHAT HAS HAPPENED? IS HE . . . IS HE — DEAD?!



BUT JAY LIVES, NURSED
BACK TO HEALTH....

I FEEL
SWELL!
WHY CAN'T
I LEAVE
THE
HOSPITAL?

BECAUSE THAT
GAS DID SOME-
THING TO YOU!
THE DOCTORS
SAY THOSE HARD-
WATER GASES
HAVE SPEEDED
UP YOUR NER-
VOUS AND BODILY
REFLEXES!
YOU'LL BE THE
FASTEST THING
ON EARTH!

YOU - YOUR
HAND...
DISAPPEARED!
I CAN'T
SEE IT!

I - I JUST
MOVED
IT A
LITTLE!
WOW!
I AM
FAST!

WHEN JAY GARRICK IS
DISCHARGED FROM THE
HOSPITAL HE IS CON-
STANTLY SURPRISED AS
HE DISCOVERS ONE BY
ONE HIS MANY POWERS!

HE IS SO SWIFT HE
CAN HURL AN ORDI-
NARY DRINKING
STRAW RIGHT THROUGH
A DOOR!

PLUNK!

HE MATCHES THE
SPEED OF FLYING
BULLETS... AND
PLUCKS THEM RIGHT
OUT OF THE AIR!

WHEN HE RUNS HIS
SPEED IS SO GREAT IT
CREATES A TERRIFIC
SUCTION BEHIND
HIM....

ANXIOUS TO FIND
A WORTHY CAUSE IN
WHICH HIS GREAT SPEED
WILL BE OF SOME USE,
HE TURNS TO FIGHTING
CRIME....

THANK YOU FOR
YOUR TIME, !
SERGEANT!
YOU'VE GIVEN
ME A GOOD
IDEA OF THE
CRIMINAL
SECTIONS OF
THIS CITY -

I CAN'T
IMAGINE
WHAT
YOU
WANT
THAT
INFORMATION
FOR!

BUT THE POLICE SERGEANT
DOESN'T KNOW WHAT JAY'S
PLANS ARE....

ALL MURDERERS AND
THIEVES ARE SUPERSTITIOUS
COWARDS AT HEART -
I'LL THROW A SCARE
INTO THEM BY WEAR-
ING THIS UNIFORM
DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE
SPEED - AND I'LL CALL
MYSELF -

THE FLASH!

A LIFELONG FRIEND -
JOAN WILLIAMS, SHARES
HIS SECRET....

I KNOW YOU'LL BREAK
UP CRIME, JAY! YOU'VE
GOT TO - IT'S YOUR
MISSION - USE YOUR
GREAT SPEED TO AID
THE WRONGED AND
OPPRESSED!

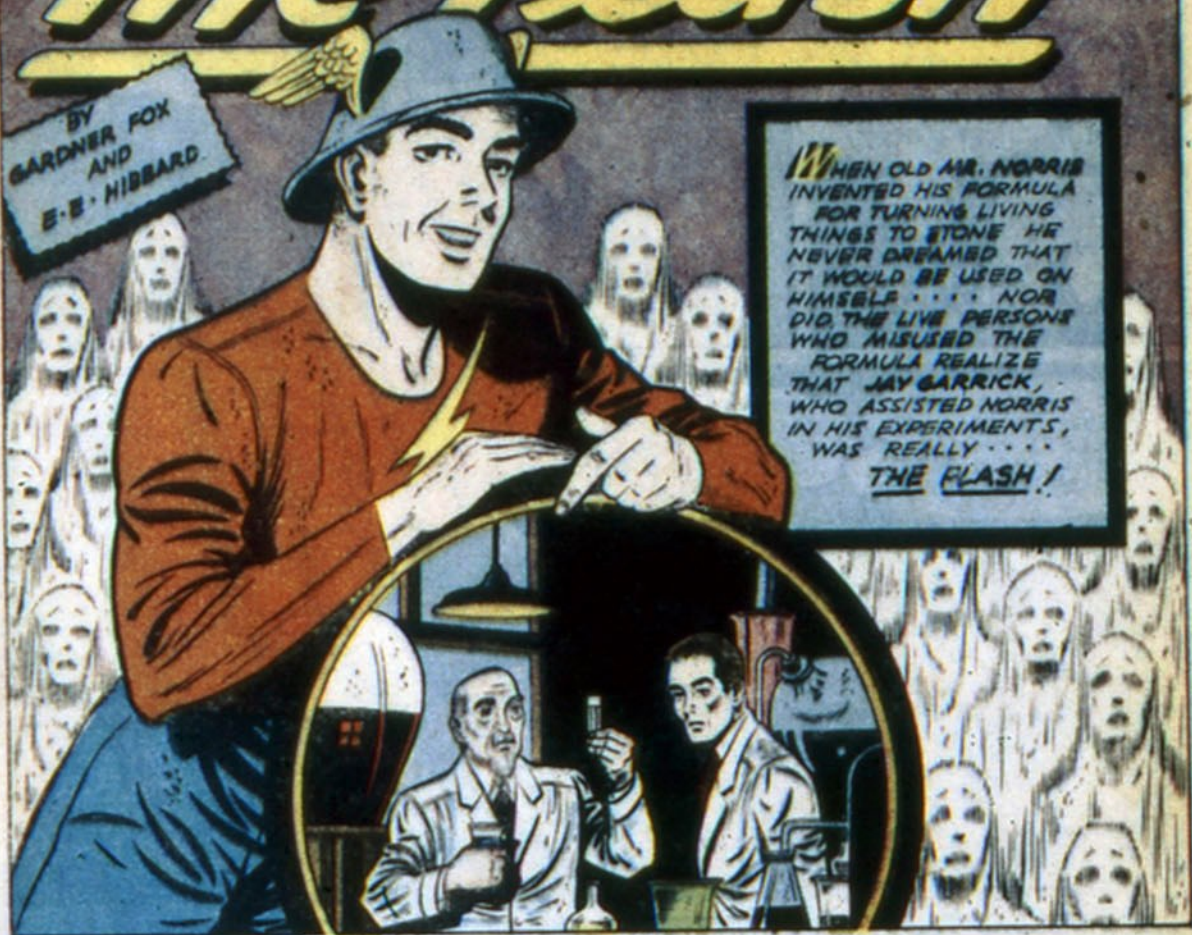
AND SO... A FEW MONTHS
AFTER JAY GARRICK'S
GRADUATION FROM COL-
LEGE, A STRANGE, SWIFT
CREATURE SPEEDS THROUGH
THE NIGHT AND DAY,
CREATING HAVOC AND DES-
PAIR AMONG ALL CRIMINALS -
THE FLASH!



The Flash

BY
GARDNER FOX
AND
E. E. HIBBARD

WHEN OLD MR. MORRIS INVENTED HIS FORMULA FOR TURNING LIVING THINGS TO STONE HE NEVER DREAMED THAT IT WOULD BE USED ON HIMSELF NOR DID THE LIVE PERSONS WHO MISUED THE FORMULA REALIZE THAT JAY GARRICK, WHO ASSISTED MORRIS IN HIS EXPERIMENTS, WAS REALLY
THE FLASH!



IN THE OFFICES OF CHEMICAL RESEARCH INCORPORATED . . .

WELL, JAY, MY NEW FORMULA IS ALMOST READY FOR THE WORLD!

OH, YES! THAT'S THAT K2-10 SOLUTION OF YOURS . . . SUPPOSED TO TURN CORPSES INTO STONE, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT . . .

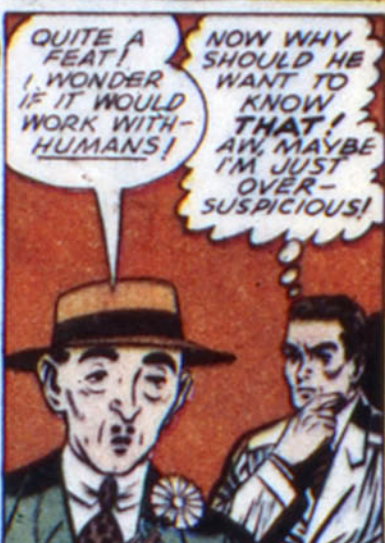
YES, IT WILL REVOLUTIONIZE THE EMBALMING BUSINESS! JUST IMAGINE YOUR BELOVED DEAD INTO STATUES, AND KEEPING THEM WITH YOU ALL THE TIME!

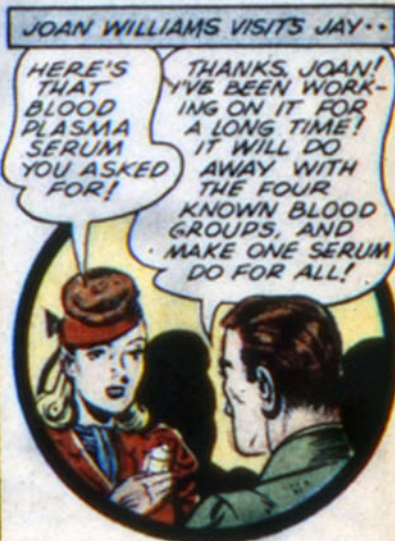
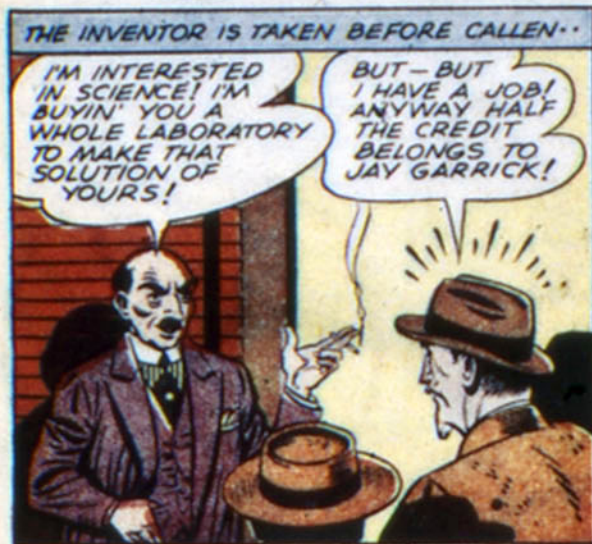
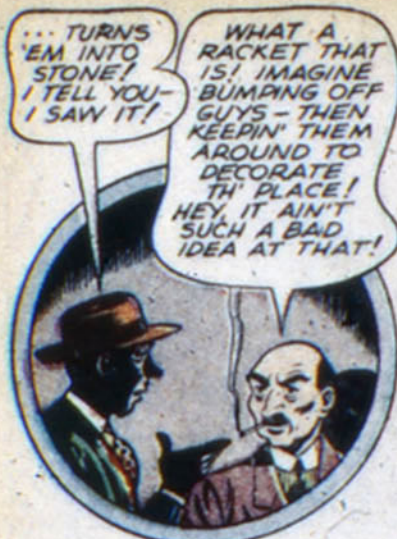
UGH! GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

WELL, I MUST GET BUSY! I LEFT A DAISY IN THE SOLUTION OVERNIGHT—ANXIOUS TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED!

GOOD LUCK! I'VE GOT TO GET TO WORK ON THIS . . . NEW BLOOD PLASMA FORMULA . . .









JAY INOCULATES HIMSELF
WITH BLOOD PLASMA—

NOW—TO CHANGE
INTO THE COSTUME
OF THE FLASH!
AS THE FLASH I CAN
DO A LOT OF THINGS
JAY GARRICK
CAN'T!



ALL I HAVE TO DO
IS FIND A MAN
NAMED "JOE CALLEN!"
HIM-M- THAT'S NOT
VERY MUCH TO
GO ON!



MEANWHILE, IN JOE
CALLEN'S RESEARCH
LABORATORY...

PERFECT!
AN ORCHID
MADE OF
STONE-METAL
ALLOY!
BUT, WILL IT
WORK ON—
HUMANS?

I—I DON'T
KNOW!
I NEVER
TRIED
IT!



WE'LL FIND
OUT...
GO OUT AND
ROUND UP A
FEW PEOPLE,
BOYS! WE
WANT TO MAKE
'EM INTO
STATUES!

RIGHT,
BOSS!

LEAVE
IT TO
US!



STRANGELY ENOUGH, THEIR FIRST
VICTIM IS JOAN WILLIAMS...

EASY, SISTER!
AIN'T YOU GLAD
YER GONNA BE
MADE INTO
A STATUE?

YOU—
LET ME—
GO!!



MEN AND WOMEN—ALONG
ALL STREETS—ARE
PICKED UP BY THE
CROOKS—

BAWWWW!
MOMMY
COME
BACK TO
ME—!

SHUDDUP,
KID! YER
MA'S GONNA
GET IMMORTAL-
IZED AS A
STATUE!



MOMMY!
MOMMY!

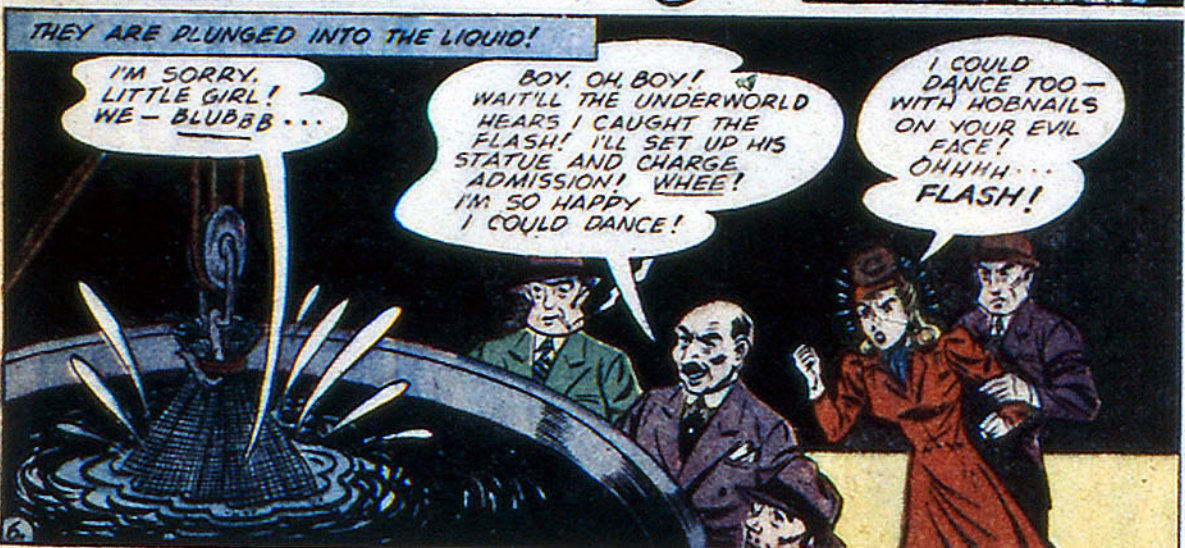
HELLO!
SOMETHING
WRONG,
LITTLE
GIRL?

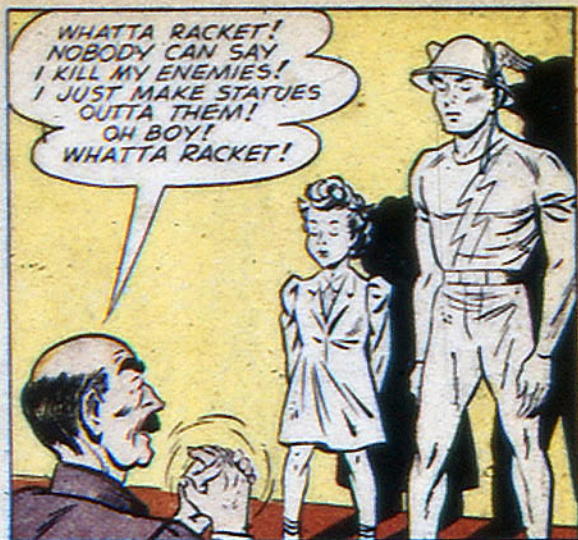
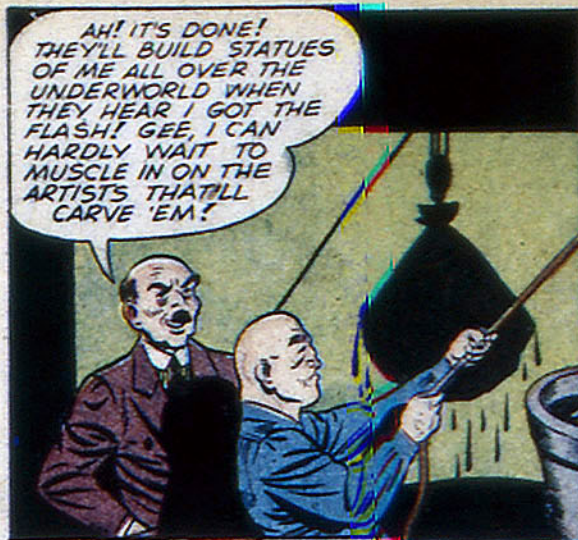


THERE, THERE!
TELL ME WHAT
HAPPENED!
MAYBE
I CAN
HELP!

TWO MEN
GRABBED
MY MOMMY
AND TOOK
HER AWAY!
BAWWWW!
I WANT
HER BACK!







THAT DAME!
SHE WAS
SEEN!
THINGS! THE
FLASH IS
DEAD! DIDN'T
I MAKE HIM
INTO A STATUE?

SURE!
DE
DAME
WAS
NUTS!

SO THE LONG DAY WEARS
TO A CLOSE . . .

WHATTA BUSINESS!
I MUSTA MADE A
MILLION BUCKS
TODAY! AN' WHEN
THE NEWS SPREADS—
YIPPEE!

BUT IN THE ROOM WHERE
THE STATUES ARE—

I—CAN JUST—
MOVE—
AN ARM—

IT'S GOING! THE
EFFECT IS WEARING
OFF! MUST BE BECAUSE
I INJECTED MYSELF
WITH THAT BLOOD PLASMA!

I'LL RUN UP AND
DOWN THE ROOM A
LITTLE TO—
WHOA! IT'S
JOAN! HE GOT
JOAN!

YOU REST EASY,
SWEET STUFF!
WHEN I GET THROUGH
WITH THIS JOE CALLEN
THERE WON'T BE
ENOUGH OF HIM LEFT
TO MAKE A WASE
OUT OF!

SO THIS IS
WHERE HE
GIVES HIS
ORDERS, EH?

... GET JOLLY OF,
THE BRICKLAYERS'
UNION! HE HASN'T
BEEN PAYIN' HIS DUES!
YOU OTHER GUYS GO
AFTER WALLACE OF
THE ACME TIE CO.!

THE FLASH IS A LITTLE PUZZLED!

NOW I KNOW
WHERE THEY'RE
ALL GOING—BUT
I DON'T KNOW
WHICH ONES TO
START AFTER
FIRST!



IN MY EXPERIENCE
IF YOU ATTEND TO
THE BIGGEST RAT
FIRST, THE REST OF
THEM WILL FALL IN
LINE! HERE GOES—



MOVING SO SWIFTLY HE IS
INVISIBLE, THE FLASH
CARRIES ON A CONVERSA-
TION WITH THE GANG
LEADER!

HIYA, JOE, YOU
RODENT!
WHAT'S BECOME
OF THE FLASH?
WHERE'S THE
FLASH, JOE...
WHERE'S THE
FLASH...?

HUH?
WHO
SAID
THAT...?
WHAT...?



CALLAN DASHES WILDLY
INTO THE STATUE ROOM...

THE FLASH—
GONE!
OOOOOW!
THIS IS
TERRIBLE!
AND ME ALL
ALONE!



YOU HAVEN'T
ANY IDEA
HOW TERRIBLE
IT REALLY
IS!

FLASH!
NO—
PLEASE!
STAY
AWAY
FROM
ME...



OH! I'M
SO SORRY
JOE...
I MADE
YOU DROP
YOUR
CIGAR...
HERE!

ULB-
GLUB-
BUB!



GRASPING CALLAN'S THROAT
THE FLASH MAKES HIM
INHALE AND EXHALE WITH
TREMENDOUS SWIFTNESS!

OOH!
OOF...



OH!
I'M DIZZY!
KOFF!
KOFF!
HELP!

AND THAT MY
"FRIEND" IS
ONLY A STARTER!
COME ON!



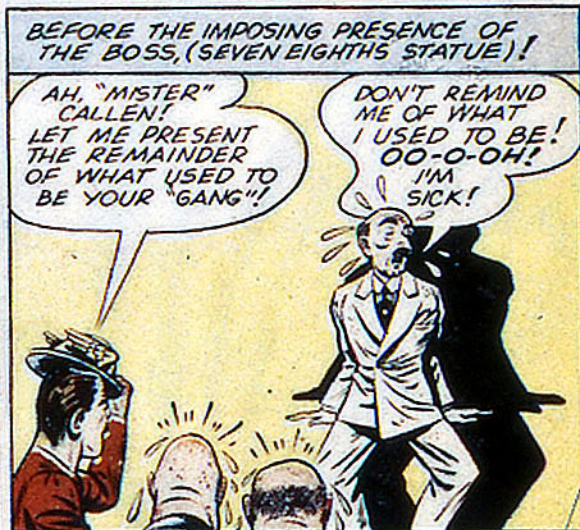
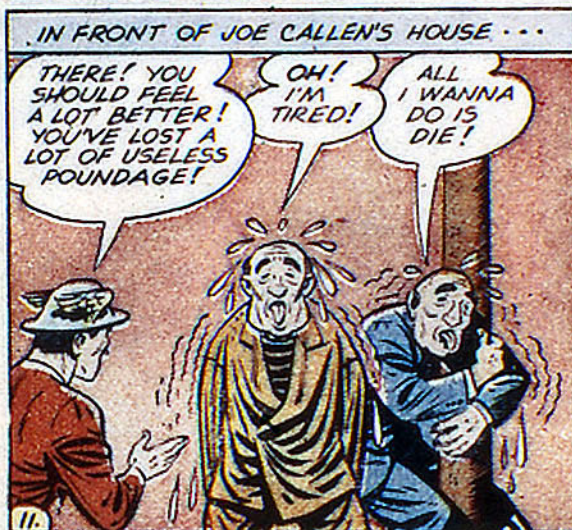
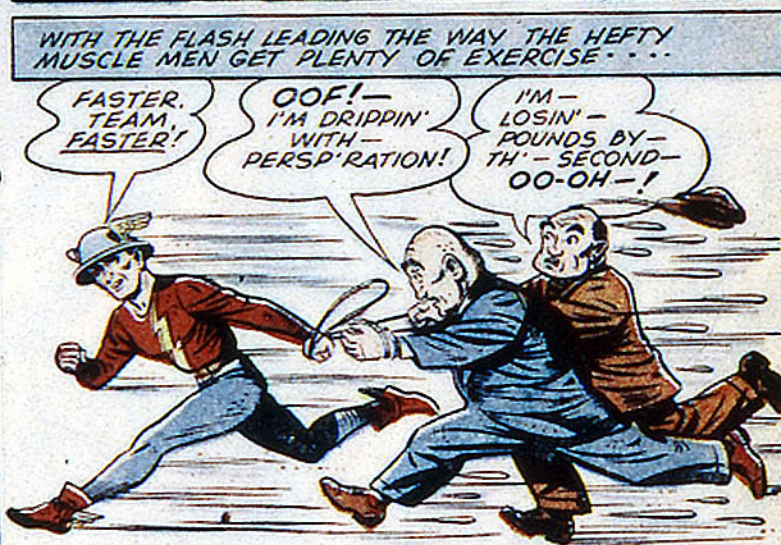
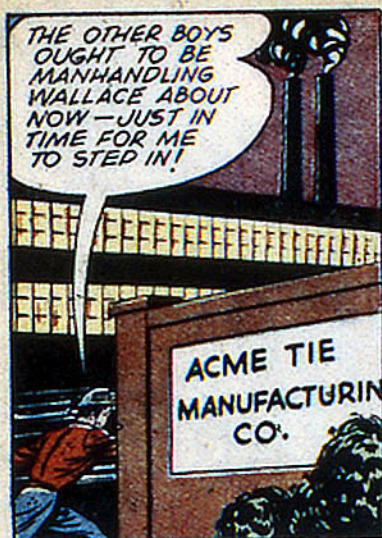
HE IMMERSSES JOE UP TO HIS NECK
IN SOLUTION KZ-10!

I WONDER HOW
YOU'LL LIKE IT
WHEN THE BOYS
PASS BY AND SEE
YOU AS A STATUE!

NO, MISTER
FLASH...
PLEASE!
I DIDN'T MEAN
NOTHIN'—
I WAS ONLY
FOOLIN'!
YI-I-I-I-I!!







BY THE WAY,
WHERE IS
NORRIS,
THE INVENTOR
WHOSE SECRET
YOU STOLE,
AND HAVE GOTTEN
YOURSELF SO
NICELY WRAPPED
UP IN?



HE'S DOWN IN TH'
CELLAR - A STATUE!
BOO-HOO!
WHY OH WHY
DIDN'T I LEAVE
WELL ENOUGH
ALONE?



THIS BLOOD PLASMA
OUGHT TO DO THE
TRICK - IF I CAN
INJECT NORRIS
WITH IT!



THE FLASH INJECTS THE
OLD SCIENTIST...

THE SKIN IS THIN
ON THE WRIST.
THE ALLOY SHOULD
BE TOO...
AH! MADE IT!
NOW TO SEE IF
CHAFING WILL
HELP!



THIS OUGHT TO
RESTORE THE
CIRCULATION
OF HIS BLOOD!



WHERE AM
I? WHO ARE
YOU? OH!
I REMEMBER!
CALLER THRUST
ME INTO THE
KZ-10 VAT!
WHAT!...
DIDN'T IT
WORK?

YES, IT
WORKED!
BUT
I HAVE
THE
ANTIDOTE
RIGHT
HERE!



INJECT THEIR
WRISTS! I'LL
CHAFE THEM
BACK TO
CONSCIOUSNESS!

I'LL DO ANYTHING
I CAN TO REPAY
WHAT I OWE FOR
HAVING GIVEN
MY FORMULA
TO CALLEN!



JOAN RECOVERS...

OH, FLASH!
THEN IT WAS
ALL A DREAM -
YOUR BEING
TURNED INTO A
STATUE AND
EVERYTHING...

WELL, NOT QUITE!
BUT YOU KEEP
RIGHT ON
BELIEVING IT
WAS A DREAM!



MOMMY!
MOMMY!

AN' TO
THINK I EVER
THOUGHT TO
HURT THEM!
OH-BOO-
HOO-HOO!
I'M CRUEL
AND MEAN!



NOW ALL I NEED
IS A POLICEMAN,
AND THE CASE
IS COMPLETE!



STOP BEEFING!
I'M TURNING
JOE CALLEN
AND HIS
GANG OVER
TO YOU!
ISN'T THAT
ENOUGH?

SHURE
IT 'TIS!
THAT IS,
IF ME
BREATHIN'
APPYRATUS
IS ALL
RIGHT BY
THEN!



HULLY COW
OF IRELAND!
'TIS THE
SPALDEEN
HISSELF!

AN' I'M
MIGHTY
SORRY, CASEY!
MIGHTY SORRY!
TAKE US ALL
AWAY TO
JAIL!



OH, MOMMY,
HERE'S THE
MAN WHO
SAVED
US!

OH-ER-
HELLO
THERE,
LITTLE
GIRL!



YOU
WONDERFUL
MAN!
SMACK!
SMACK!
SMACK!

JOAN-
HELP
ME-
HE-ELP!



OH-
HE GONE
AND
WENTED
SOME-
WHERE!

THE FLASH HAS
A PECULIAR HABIT
OF DOING THAT,
LITTLE ONE!
HE DOES IT WHEN
HE GOES AFTER
CROOKS AND DOES
IT AFTER HE'S
CAUGHT 'EM!

WHUEW!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!
I THOUGHT
FOR A
MINUTE SHE
WAS GOING
TO ASK ME
TO KISS HER
MOTHER
TOO!

AS THOUGH
YOU
WOULDN'T
HAVE
LIKED
IT!
HUH!



FOLLOW
THE ADVENTURES
OF
THE FLASH
EVERY
MONTH IN
**FLASH
COMICS!**

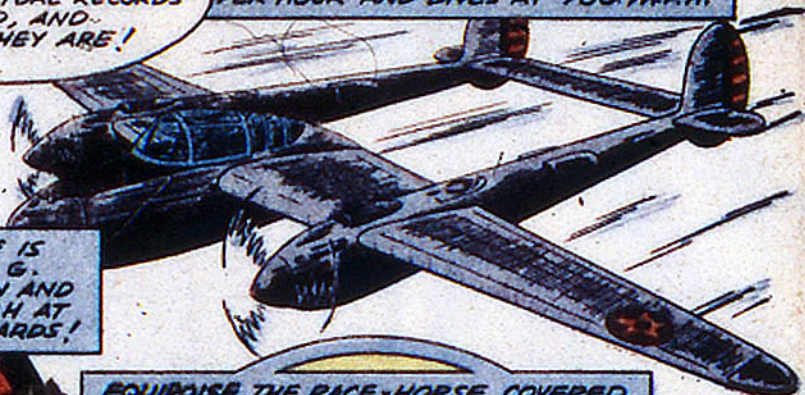
THE FLASH Presents

HIS HALL OF SPEED RECORDS



I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU READERS MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN VARIOUS SORTS OF SPEED RECORDS! SO I GOT IN TOUCH WITH MR. HIBBARD, THE ARTIST WHO DRAWS MY ADVENTURES, LOOKED UP SOME ACTUAL RECORDS FOR SPEED, AND HERE THEY ARE!

THE LOCKHEED P-38 INTERCEPTOR FLIES ON A LEVEL AT 500 MILES PER HOUR AND DIVES AT 700 M.P.H.



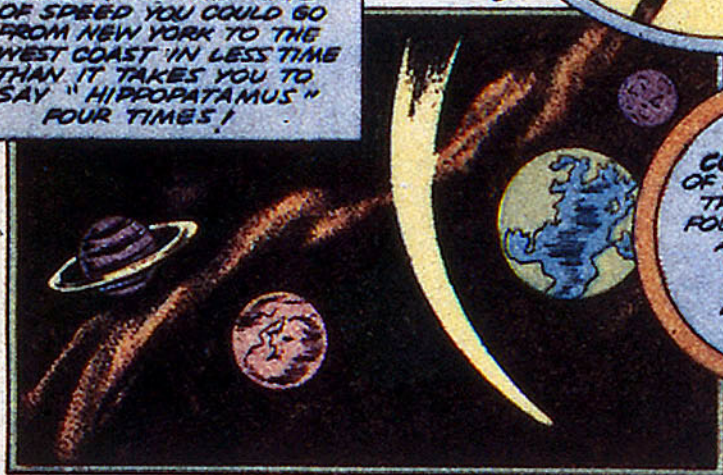
THE FASTEST ANIMAL ALIVE IS THE CHEETAH! KENNETH G. DOWER, BRITISH SPORTSMAN AND AUTHOR, CLOCKED A CHEETAH AT 70 MILES AN HOUR FOR 100 YARDS!



EQUIPOISE, THE RACE-HORSE COVERED THE MILE IN ONE MINUTE, 34 AND TWO FIFTHS SECONDS!



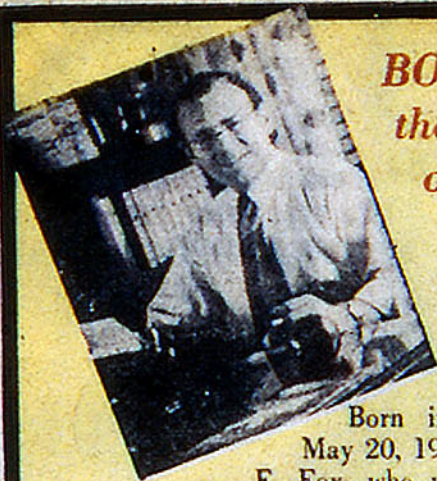
BUT FOR THE GREATEST SPEED OF ALL, WE HAVE TO GO OFF THE EARTH! A NEWLY DISCOVERED COMET TRAVELS AT THE RATE OF 800 MILES A SECOND! AT THIS RATE OF SPEED YOU COULD GO FROM NEW YORK TO THE WEST COAST IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES YOU TO SAY "HIPPOPOTAMUS" FOUR TIMES!



GLENN CUNNINGHAM OF KANSAS RAN THE MILE IN FOUR MINUTES AND FOUR SECONDS AT DARTMOUTH!



**BOYS & GIRLS: Meet
the author and artist
of THE FLASH—
fastest
man
alive!**



Born in Brooklyn, May 20, 1911, Gardner F. Fox, who writes "THE FLASH", obeyed his family's wishes, and after graduating from St. John's College with a B. A. degree in 1932, attended St. John's Law School for three years. He passed his New York State bar examination the first time he took it, and became a full-fledged lawyer at the age of 24, in 1936.

Well, here was Gardner, an attorney-at-law, who suddenly discovered he wanted to be a writer! So he practiced law in the daytime and wrote adventure stories at night until he became so busy at writing that he had to give up a successful law practice!

His hobbies are criminal law, science and travel. His library contains a large variety of books dealing with odd corners of the globe, and he himself is a veritable fount of information on queer scientific facts and prehistoric phenomena. When asked how he came to think of a character like the FLASH, he laughingly says:

"In college, I played football and basketball, and I was also on the fencing squad and swimming team. Speed, of course, is essential in all these sports, and my coaches used to tell us to get there "like a flash". So when my Editors assigned me a new strip to write, I made up my mind to create a character that was as fast as I would like to have been when I took part in college athletics!"

Gardner is married and lives on Long Island with his wife and a year-old son who is a potential FLASH fan.

E. E. Hibbard is a big, easy going Oklahoman, who, although a very successful cartoonist, still insists on retaining his musician's union card!

He was born in 1909 in the town of Tahlequah, Oklahoma, went to high school there and later to Northeastern College. He played the saxophone in the college band, but even then his ambitions were to be an artist.

At the age of 20, he was on the way to Chicago, to study at the Chicago Art Institute and stopped in Detroit where he was offered a job playing the saxophone with a big band. He was a little confused, remembering that he had started out to be an artist, but he finally took the job and traveled all over the country with the band.

After five years, he decided to go back to his first love, art, and went to Boston to study with a very fine illustrator. Two years ago, after having spent some time making just "coffee and cake", as he puts it, he came to New York. One day he wandered into the offices of FLASH COMICS, where the Editors were searching for an artist to draw "THE FLASH". One look at Hibbard's samples, and the search was over!

Music is still his favorite hobby. When he has nothing else to do, he writes original arrangements on popular themes, which, according to his wife, are so well disguised that they can never be recognized.

His first name is Everett, but don't ever call him that! Everyone calls him "Hib", and he prefers to let it go at that.

The Flash!

THE ADVENTURE OF "THE MONOCLE"
AND HIS GARDEN OF GEMS.....



THE MONOCLE



JOAN WILLIAMS

THE DRESSING ROOM OF A FASHION-
ABLE BROADWAY THEATRE, WHERE
A FASHION SHOW IS ABOUT TO
BEGIN.....

A HAND REACH-
ES INTO THE DOOR-
WAY AND DROPS A
GLASS VIAL ON THE
FLOOR....

GAS RISES FROM THE BROKEN
VIAL TO CHOKE THE MODELS
INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS —

CAN YOU
IMAGINE —
THESE HATS
ARE WORTH A
HUNDRED
THOUSAND!

THE DIAMOND
ON THIS ONE IS
VALUED AT
\$150,000!
I'M ALMOST
SCARED TO
HANDLE IT!



OH!

I'M
CHOKING!



DOWN THE HALL COMES JOAN WILLIAMS, BUSTLING WITH IMPORTANCE!

AS COSTUME DESIGNER FOR THIS SHOW I'M DOING ALL RIGHT — I'VE GOT THE GIRLS ALL LOOKING LIKE SIRENS!



OH! THAT FUNNY SMELL — WHY — IT'S GAS!



THE GIRLS ARE ALL UNCONSCIOUS! AND THE HATS — THEY'VE BEEN STOLEN!



OUTSIDE IN THE LOBBY OF THE THEATRE JAY GARRICK (THE FLASH) IS WAITING...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING AT A FASHION SHOW, BUT JOAN THINKS I OUGHT TO BE HERE —

OH, OH, OH — JAY!



— THEY'VE STOLEN ALL THE MODELS' HATS! QUICK!

NOW WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT A BUNCH OF DIZZY HATS?



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND —

I'LL SAY, I DON'T! SOME OF THOSE NEW HAT STYLES WOULD SCARE A SPOOK!



BUT, JAY — THOSE HATS WERE WORTH A HALF MILLION DOLLARS! THEY ALL HAD VALUABLE JEWELS SET IN THEM!

BLAZES! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? YOU WOMEN! CHATTER, CHATTER — BUT YOU DON'T SAY ANYTHING!



— THEN WE ALL CHOKED UP WITH THE GAS — AND — AND — THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER!

THE SHOW'S RUINED! NO HATS! OH, DEAR!

YOU LEAVE THOSE HATS TO ME!



JAY DASHES FOR HOME —

I NEVER HAD AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS BEFORE! I'M GOING TO MAKE JOAN A SET OF HATS THAT'LL KNOCK HER EYES OUT!



HE STOPS OFF ON THE WAY BUYS A COUPLE OF BOLTS OF MATERIAL, AND UPON REACHING HOME CHANGES RAPIDLY INTO THE COSTUME OF THE FLASH!



NOW — IF I CAN'T TURN OUT A BATCH OF HATS IN A COUPLE OF SECONDS, I'M NOT THE FLASH!



WITH UNBELIEVABLE SPEED THE FLASH TURNS OUT HATS — AND SUCH HATS!

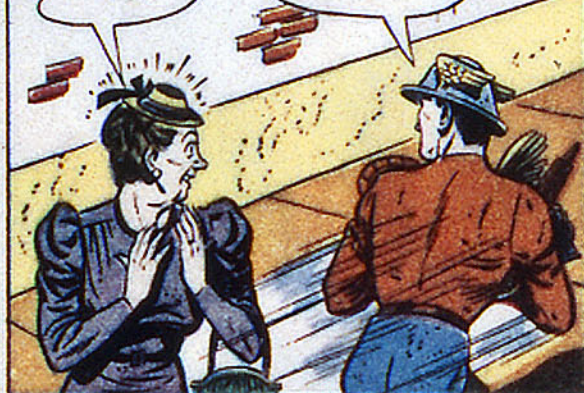
HOTCHA! THESE OUGHT TO BE GOOD FOR A LOT OF LAUGHS WHEN THEY SEE THEM! HA! HA!



CARRYING HIS "CREATIONS" THE FLASH RACES TOWARD THE THEATRE . . .

OH! — THOSE HATS!

YEAH, I KNOW — THEY'RE FUNNY!



BUT WHAT THE FLASH DOESN'T KNOW —

IF I COULD ONLY HAVE A HAT LIKE ONE OF THOSE — SIGH . . . THEY WERE BEAUTIFUL!



AT THE THEATRE —

WHY THEY'RE WONDERFUL, JAY — I DIDN'T KNOW . . . SUCH BRILLIANT DESIGN AND EXECUTION!

HUH?



THEY'LL BE SENSATIONAL! OF COURSE THE FIRM LOST THE JEWELS — BUT THESE HATS WILL SELL!

SOME-BODY PINCH ME, I'M DREAMING!



THE FASHION SHOW STARTS—

NOW—JUST WATCH
THOSE HATS GET A
LAUGH! JOAN MUST
THINK THE AUDIENCE
IS DUMB TO TAKE
THOSE THINGS
SERIOUSLY!



BUT THE AUDIENCE
VIGOROUSLY APPLAUDS!

DARLINGLY
ORIGINAL!

WONDERFUL!

NEVER SAW
ANYTHING
LIKE THEM!
SIMPLY
GORGEOUS!



BACKSTAGE—JOAN REVIVES
THE OVERCOME FLASH WITH
ONE OF HIS HATS . . .

FLASH! FLASH!
SPEAK TO
ME!

OOH!
I GIVE UP!
I'LL STICK TO
CRIME AND
CRIMINALS
AFTER
THIS!



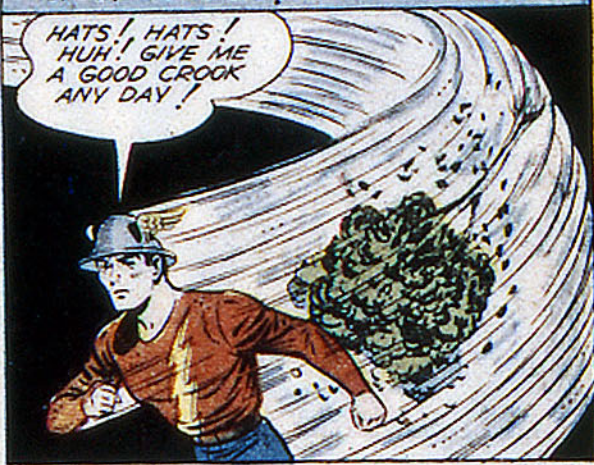
OH YES, THAT
REMINDS ME—
THE RATS WHO STOLE
THOSE JEWELS ARE
STILL WANDERING
AROUND LOOSE—
I'D BETTER GO
AFTER THEM!

I'M SO HAPPY
THOSE HATS ARE
A SUCCESS—
I ALMOST DON'T
CARE WHETHER
YOU FIND THE
CROOKS OR
NOT!



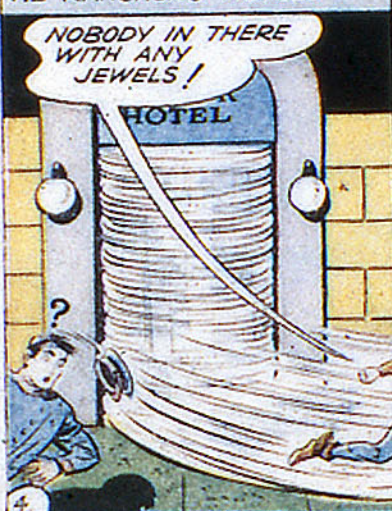
THE FLASH IS SO OVERCOME BY HIS
"CREATIVE POWERS" HE FORGETS HIMSELF
AND RUNS SO FAST HE DRAGS A SHRUB
UP BY ITS ROOTS!

HATS! HATS!
HUH! GIVE ME
A GOOD CROOK
ANY DAY!



HE RANSACKS HOTELS—

NOBODY IN THERE
WITH ANY
JEWELS!



AND TROLLEY CARS . . .

'NOT A CROOK
IN A CARLOAD!



I'M STUMPED! I'VE
BEEN ALL OVER
TOWN—AND NOT A
CLUE! I'LL HAVE TO
WAIT FOR SOMETHING
TO BREAK, I GUESS!



AND NOW, LET US INTRODUCE YOU TO THE
BRAINS OF A DEADLY CRIMINAL OUTFIT—
THE SMOOTH, SUAVE, CLEVER
MONOCLE!

AH!—HERE COME
MY BOYS NOW, WITH
THE JEWELS!

HERE YOU ARE,
BOSS! IT WAS
EASY! THAT GAS
OF YOURS SURE
KNOCKS 'EM FOR
A LOOP!

HM-M-M—
BEAUTIFUL!
THESE GEMS
SHALL GO INTO
MY GARDEN!
WAIT HERE
UNTIL I RETURN!

THE GARDEN OF GEMS!
PRICELESS JEWELS INSET
TO REPRESENT THE PISTILS OF
THE FLOWERS!

AH, MY LITTLE GEMS—
WORTH OVER A HUNDRED
THOUSAND DOLLARS—
EACH OF YOU WILL
TAKE YOUR PLACE IN
MY JEWEL GARDEN!
I OWN THE GREATEST
GEMS IN THE ENTIRE
WORLD, NOW!

BACK TO THE "BOYS"—

NOW I NEED
MONEY! YOU
BOYS WILL DO
A LITTLE JOB
FOR ME AT
THE CARSON
BANK, FIRST
THING TO-
MORROW!

OKAY,
BOSS!
WORKING
FOR YOU
IS A
CINCH!

YEAH—
YOU
NEVER
MAKE
MISTAKES
EITHER!

YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE
"GREY MATTER" TO BE
A GOOD CROOK! NOW,
TAKE THESE GAS
PELLETS—DROP THEM
ON THE FLOOR OF THE
BANK—THEY'LL KNOCK
EVERYONE UNCONSCIOUS!
YOU BOYS WEAR GAS
MASKS—THEN, TAKE
THE MONEY AND
WALK OUT!

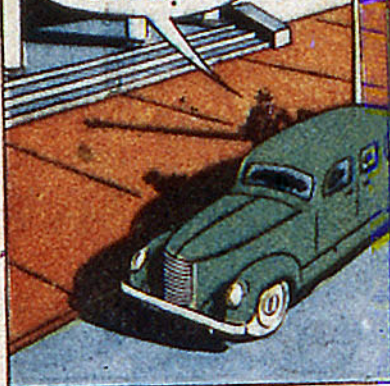
YES, IT TAKES BRAINS!
NO ONE IN THE
WORLD HAS AS MUCH
BRAINS AS I HAVE!

SOME DISTANCE AWAY
THE FLASH PONDER...

SOMEBODY TOOK
THOSE JEWELS!
BUT WHO....?
OH WELL, I MIGHT
AS WELL GO TO BED—
I'LL GO DOWNTOWN
EARLY IN THE
MORNING—GOT TO
MAKE A DEPOSIT IN
THE CARSON BANK—

NEXT MORNING — THE
CARSON BANK . . .

COME ON, GUYS!
THEY JUST
OPENED TH'
DOORS!



A GLASS PELLET SPLATTERS
ON THE FLOOR —

THAT'LL HOLD 'EM!
BUT GIVE 'EM A
FEW MORE — TO
MAKE SURE!



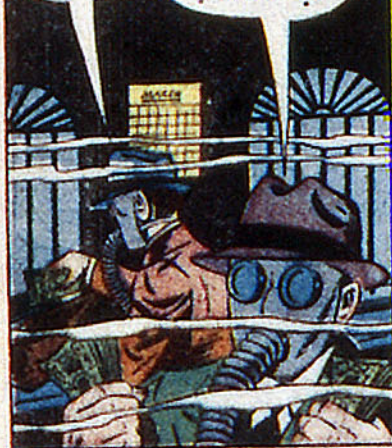
OH! I —
CAN'T
BREATHE . .

KAFF —
KAFF —!!



OH BOY —
WHAT A
HAUL!

NO WITNESSES,
EITHER!
ALL OF 'EM
GASSED!



DOWN THE STREET COMES
JAY GARRICK, HEADING
FOR THE CARSON BANK!

WHAT A
SWELL
DAY!



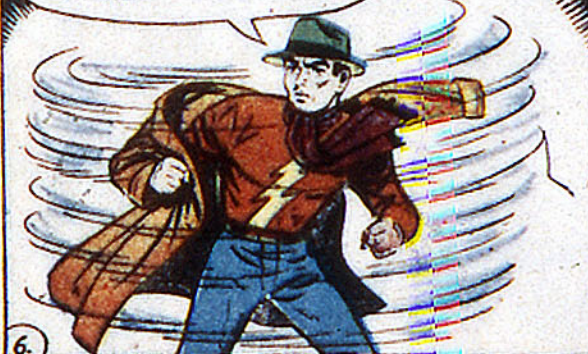
BUT AS HE STEPS INTO
THE BANK . . .

OOH! KOFF!
KOFF!
WHAT —?
GAS!!



JAY STARTS TAKING OFF HIS TOPCOAT . . .

MY SPEED IS SO GREAT
I EXHALED THAT GAS BE-
FORE IT COULD TAKE
EFFECT! I'LL HOLD MY
BREATH SO I DON'T
INHALE ANYMORE!



PRODUCES HIS HELMET FROM A PAPER BAG,
AND LO! HE IS THE FLASH!

NOW! THE SUCTION OF MY SPEED
WILL PULL ALL THE GAS OUT OF THE
BANK! THEN I CAN GO IN AGAIN!
THIS TIME I'LL . . . SAY-Y — GAS!
THESE CROOKS MUST BE
THE SAME ONES WHO STOLE
THOSE JEWELS!



BACK INTO THE BANK, AND FACE TO FACE
WITH ONE OF THE CROOKS . . .

GULP!!
ALLUVA SUDDEN
YOU LEAP RIGHT AT
ME! IS THAT ANY
WAY TO ACT?

MAYBE
NOT . . .

- BUT THIS IS!
YOU GOT A DATE
WITH A FLAG-
POLE!

HELP!

CRASH!

ONE BY ONE THE FLASH
"IMPALES" THE WOULD-BE
ROBBERS ON A FLAGPOLE!

BUT THE MONOCLE KEEPS
IN CONSTANT TOUCH
WITH HIS MEN BY RADIO!

BENNETT! SANDERS!
WHAT IS WRONG?
WHY HAVEN'T YOU
REPORTED TO ME
AS USUAL?

HEY, BOSS! WE
BEEN CAPTURED BY
A MAN CALLIN'
HIMSELF THE FLASH!
WHAT'LL WE DO?

THE FLASH! IS HE
HORNING IN? WHAT
TO DO? LET ME SEE—
AH! I'LL TRICK HIM
INTO COMING HERE!
THEN I'LL KILL HIM
ONCE AND FOR ALL!

SUDDENLY THE FLASH IS
STARTLED TO HEAR HIS
NAME . . .

HELLO
FLASH!
MONOCLE
SPEAKING!
I DARE YOU
TO COME
AFTER
ME!

MONOCLE?
WHO SAID
THAT?
OH—A
RADIO,
EH?

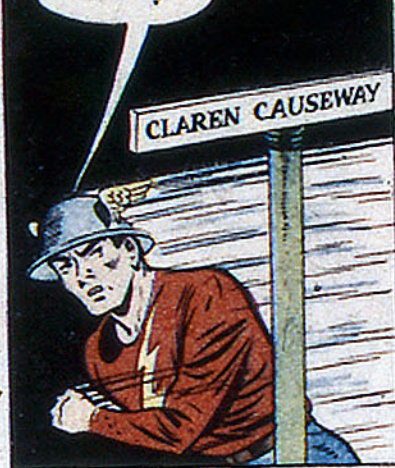
OKAY, MR.
MONOCLE!
IT WILL BE
A PLEASURE
TO COME AND
GET YOU!
WHERE DO
YOU
LIVE?

150 CLAREN
CAUSEWAY!
I'LL BE
WAITING!

IF THAT MONOCLE
FELLOW THINKS HE
CAN BLUFF ME,
HE'S CRAZY!
I'LL TIE HIM
IN KNOTS!



I OUGHT TO BE
THERE REAL
SOON!



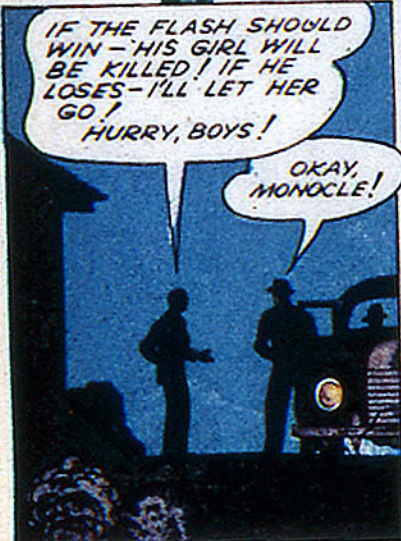
MEANWHILE THE MONOCLE
LIVES UP TO HIS REPUTATION
FOR BEING "SLICK AS
AN EEL"!

I KEEP RECORDS OF
ALL LAW-ENFORCING
MEN AND WOMEN IN
THIS BOOK! LET'S
SEE NOW... AH! —
THE FLASH! HM-M-
HE HAS A GIRL FRIEND
NAMED JOAN WILLIAMS!
I'LL SEND THE BOYS
AFTER HER!

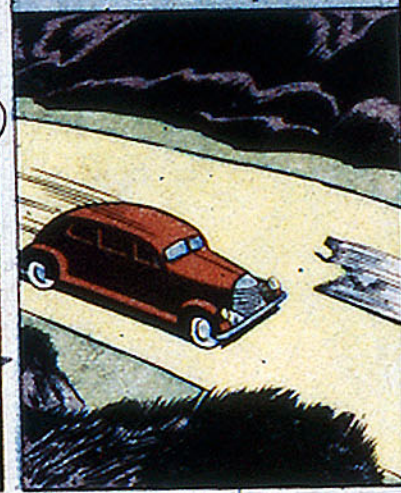


IF THE FLASH SHOULD
WIN — HIS GIRL WILL
BE KILLED! IF HE
LOSES — I'LL LET HER
GO!
HURRY, BOYS!

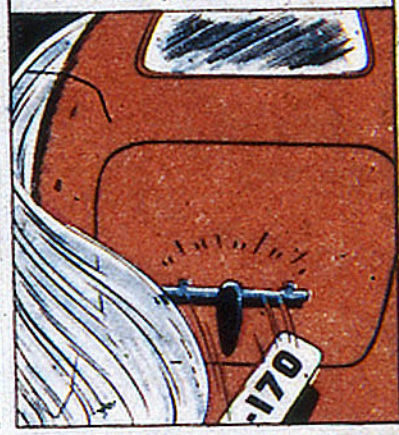
OKAY,
MONOCLE!



THE GUNMEN MEET
THE FLASH!



HE PASSES THE CAR WITH
SUCH TERRIFIC SPEED
HE CREATES A SUCTION
THAT RIPS OFF THE
REAR LICENSE PLATE!



WHILE THE FLASH GOES ON TOWARD THE
MONOCLE'S HOME — THE GUNMEN
REACH JOAN WILLIAMS'.....

THIS IS HER ADDRESS —
LET'S GO!



GET A MOVE
ON, SISTER!
YOU'RE COMIN'
WITH US!

OH!...



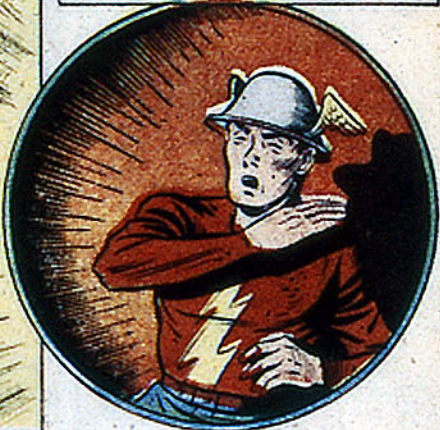
INSIDE THE MONOCLE'S HOME-

THAT CHEAP
FAKE!
HE'S HIDING
FROM ME!

AH! MR.
FLASH!
YOU'LL FIND
ME IN THE
GLASS ROOM-
SECOND DOOR
ON THE RIGHT!
I'M THE MONOCLE-
AND I'M WAITING
FOR YOU!

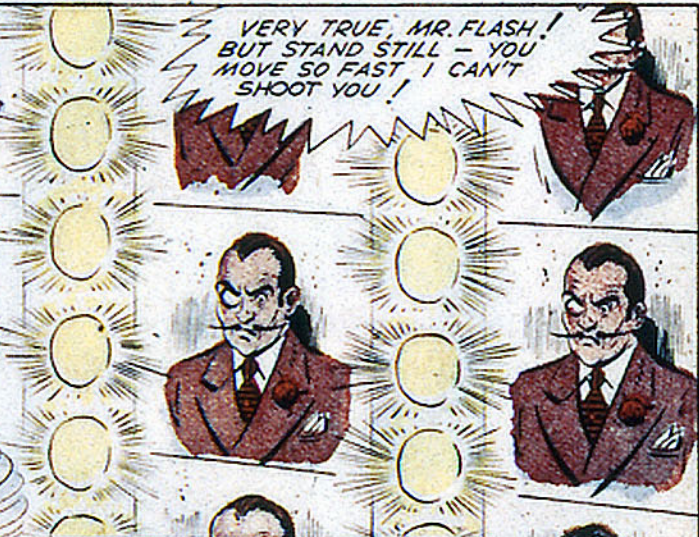
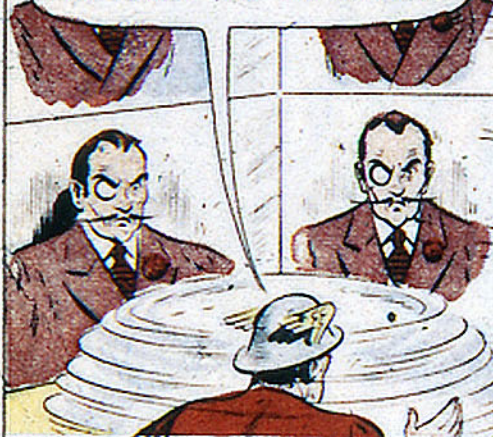
OKAY, MR.
MONOCLE -
I'M COMING
TO... OH!

A THOUSAND LEERING
MONOCLES AND A THOUSAND
LIGHTS TEMPORARILY
BLIND THE FLASH!



WOW! I UNDER-ESTIMATED
THIS MONOCLE FELLOW -
I CAN'T TELL WHICH IS HIM
AND WHICH ARE THE IMAGES!

VERY TRUE, MR. FLASH!
BUT STAND STILL - YOU
MOVE SO FAST I CAN'T
SHOOT YOU!



I WILL! NOW -
WHICH FIGURE IN THE
MIRRORS IS ME?
THIS MIRROR
BUSINESS WORKS
BOTH WAYS!

CURSES!
I NEVER THOUGHT
OF THAT!

A TRAP-DOOR OPENS BE-
HIND THE REAL MONOCLE -

HA-HA-HA!
TOO LATE,
FLASH!

WHEW!
THIS
GUY IS
SLICK!



AS THE FLASH LEAVES THE MIRROR ROOM—

TOO BAD, MR. FLASH! BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME! MEANWHILE, I'VE SENT MEN TO CAPTURE JOAN WILLIAMS FOR A HOSTAGE... THAT MEANS YOU HAD BETTER NOT BE TOO AMBITIOUS ABOUT CATCHING ME, OR SHE WILL SUFFER!

YOU RAT! YOU PLAY NICE AND CLEAN, DON'T YOU!



HE HUNTS HIGH AND LOW—

I'LL TAKE THIS HOUSE APART UNTIL I FIND HIM!



WHILE THE MONOCLE FOLLOWS HIS EVERY MOVE—

AS HE ENTERS EACH ROOM HE TOUCHES OFF MY ELECTRIC EYE SYSTEM! AH! HE'S TWO ROOMS DOWN, NOW! TIME TO GET MY MEN PLACED IN READINESS FOR HIM!



NOW— WHEN THE FLASH ENTERS— SHOOT HIM DOWN WITHOUT MERCY!

OKAY, BOSS— IF WE CAN SEE HIM!



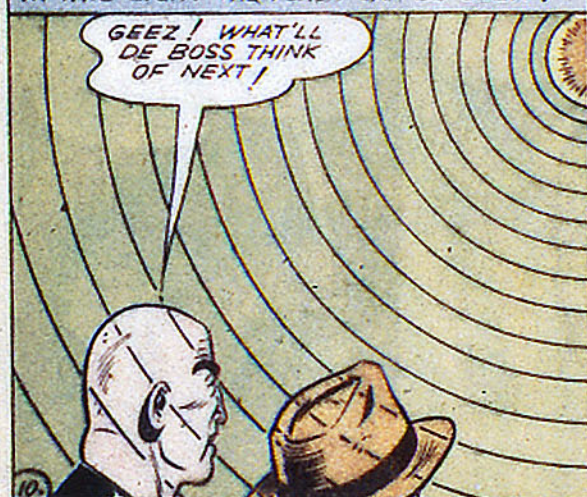
YOU WILL SEE HIM! I HAVE ARRANGED A FAST BLINKING LIGHT SYSTEM TO SLOW DOWN THE FLASH'S ACTIONS SO HE CAN BE SEEN BY HUMAN EYES!



A STROBOSCOPE IS A SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT WHICH IS USED TO STUDY OBJECTS MOVING TOO SWIFTLY FOR THE HUMAN EYE TO SEE! IN THE SAME MANNER, ELECTRIC LIGHT CAN BE MADE TO SPEED UP OR DECREASE! FOR INSTANCE AN ORDINARY LIGHT BULB DOES NOT GIVE STEADY LIGHT, BUT IN REALITY IT FLICKERS, THE FLICKERING, OF COURSE, BEING TOO FAST FOR THE EYE TO NOTICE!

IN THIS LIGHT THE FLASH CAN BE SEEN!

GEEZ! WHAT'LL DE BOSS THINK OF NEXT!



AND THE FLASH IS SEEN!

WHOA! A TRAP!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!



IN THE GARDEN OF GEMS—

WELL—THE FLASH IS TAKEN CARE OF BY THIS TIME! IT'S POSSIBLE HE MAY HAVE MENTIONED THAT HE WAS COMING HERE TO SOME ONE—IN WHICH CASE I'D BETTER FIND A TEMPORARY HIDING PLACE FOR MY JEWELS!



HE GETS IN TOUCH WITH THE MEN WHO WENT AFTER JOAN WILLIAMS—

HELLO—BARNES? DID YOU GET HER?—YOU DID? WELL WE HAVE NO FURTHER USE FOR HER...WE'VE GOT THE FLASH WHERE WE WANT HIM....



...KILL HER AT ONCE! OH! HE MEANS ME! THAT'S RIGHT, LADY! BUT I'LL TRY TO MAKE IT EASY FER' YA!



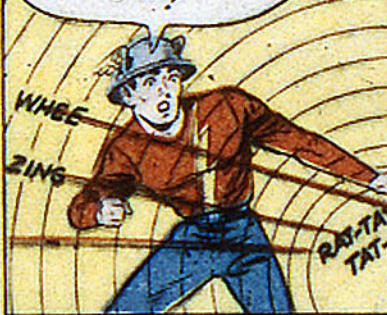
JUST TAKE A DEEP BREATH—IT'S LIKE DIVIN'!

OH!...! FLASH! WHERE ARE YOU?



THE FLASH HAS HIS HANDS FULL....

THIS IS NO FUN! ONE OF THOSE LEAD PILLS IS GONNA HIT ME IN A SECOND YEEOW! ANOTHER CLOSE ONE!



AS BULLETS ZIP AND HUM ABOUT HIM THE FLASH STREAKS ACROSS THE ROOM—

I FEEL LIKE AN INDIAN RUNNING THE GAUNTLET—BUT I'VE GOT TO REACH THAT LIGHT SWITCH!



HE THROWS THE SWITCH—THE REGULAR LIGHTS GO ON—AND THE GUNMEN ARE HELPLESS IN THE BLINDING GLARE—

I'M BLIND!

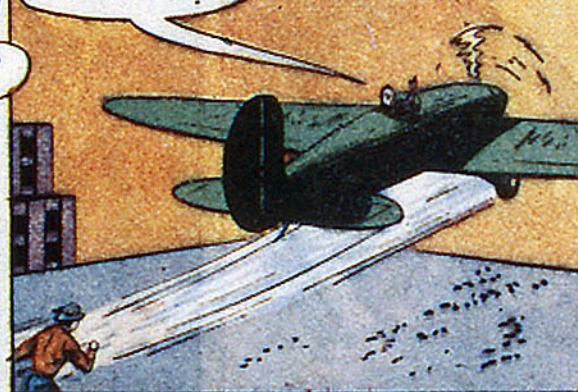
MY EYES! HOW C'N I EARN A LIVING BUMPING GUYS OFF—IF I CAN'T SEE?

I'LL COME BACK FOR YOU BOYS! RIGHT NOW I'M AFTER THE MONOCLE!



BUT THE MONOCLE—ALWAYS FAR-SIGHTED—IS IN A PLANE, RISING FROM THE ROOF....

SO LONG, SLOWPOKE!



SLOWPOKE EH?
I'LL SHOW HIM A
THING OR TWO!

MOVING FASTER THAN A
BULLET HE HURLS HIMSELF
INTO THE AIR! HIS PRO-
PULSION IS SO GREAT HE
SOARS RIGHT UP TO THE
PLANE!

HE LANDS ON THE PLANE'S
FUSELAGE—

OKAY, MONOCLE—
TAKE HER DOWN
OR YOU GET
HURT!

OH, YEAH,
YOU'RE
THE ONE
THAT'S
GONNA GET
HURT!

FLASH YANKS THE MONOCLE FROM HIS SEAT
AND SPINS HIM MADLY IN THE AIR—

ALL RIGHT,
WISE GUY—
DO I LET
YOU GO?

NO! NO! I'LL BE
KILLED! SPARE ME
FLASH! SPARE ME!
I'LL SURRENDER!
I'LL DO ANYTHING!

WILL YOU RETURN
THOSE JEWELS—
AND REFORM?

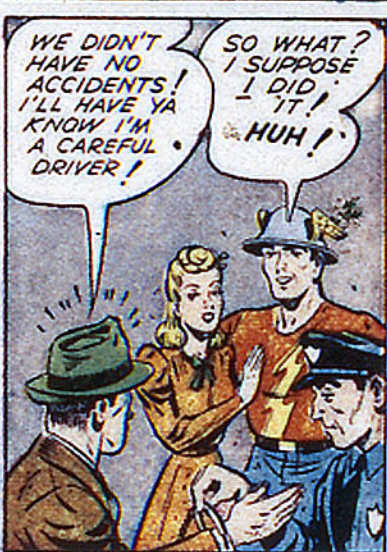
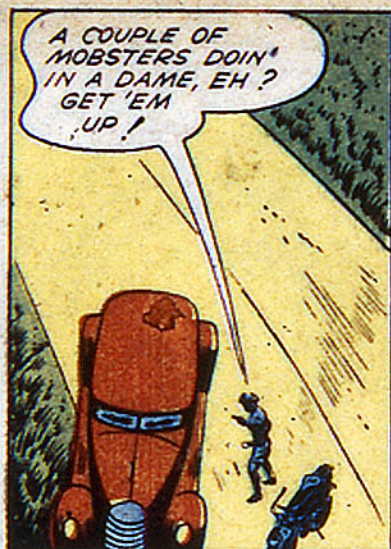
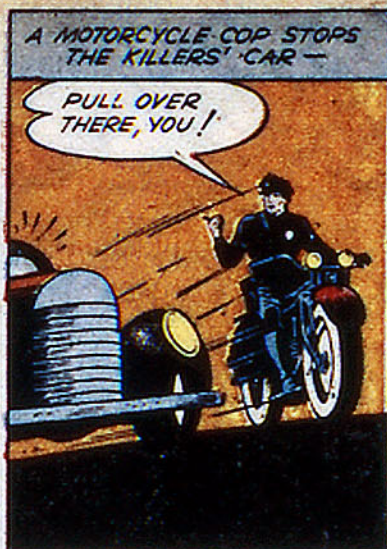
YES! YES!
ANYTHING!!

OKAY—TAKE THE
PLANE DOWN!

YOU'VE GOT
MORE JEWELS
IN HERE THAN
THEY HAD AT
THE WORLD'S
FAIR!

YOU HAVE
MADE ME
SEE THE
EVIL OF
MY LIFE!
I SHALL
REFORM
IMMEDIATELY!

OH!—I ALMOST
FORGOT! JOAN!
WHAT ABOUT
HER? WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE WITH
HER?



WE KNOW THE FLASH DID CAUSE THE CROOKS TO LOSE THE LICENSE PLATE... BUT HE DOESN'T! SO WE'LL KEEP IT A SECRET!

AND DON'T FORGET YOU CAN READ MORE OF THE FLASH'S THRILLING ADVENTURES EVERY MONTH IN—

FLASH COMICS!

The Flash!

BY GARDNER FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

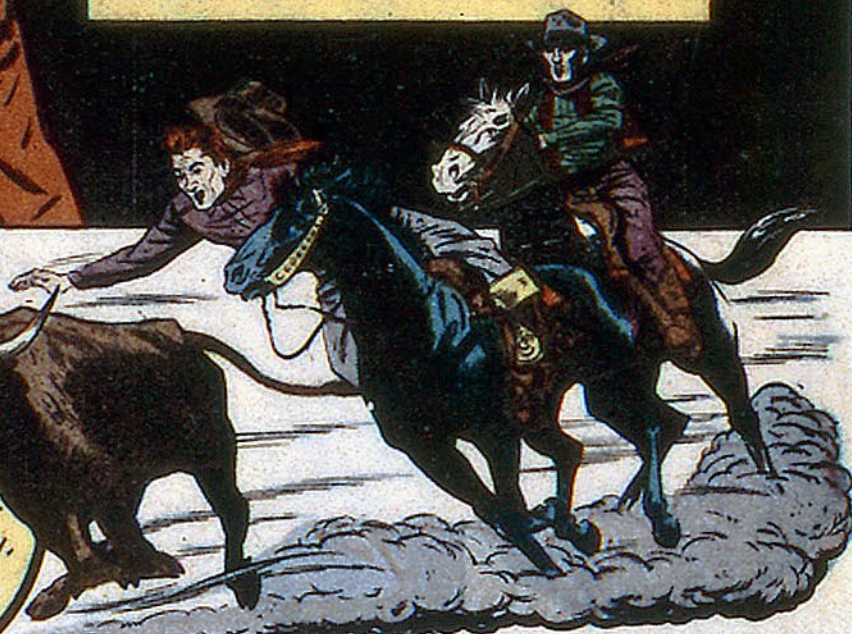
JAY GARRICK NEVER GOES ANYWHERE OR DOES ANYTHING WITHOUT FINDING SUDDENLY THAT THERE IS A NEED FOR HIM TO APPEAR IN HIS OTHER IDENTITY . . . AS —

THE FLASH!



COWBOY JACK CROFTS IS ABOUT TO BULLDOG A FEAR CRAZED STEER . . .

WE ARE IN NEW YORK SQUARE GARDEN, WHERE THE ANNUAL RODEO IS IN PROGRESS!



THE AUDIENCE - AMONG THEM JAY GARRICK AND HIS GIRL FRIEND, JOAN WILLIAMS - ARE HELD SPELLBOUND AS THE COWBOY MAKES THE JUMP.

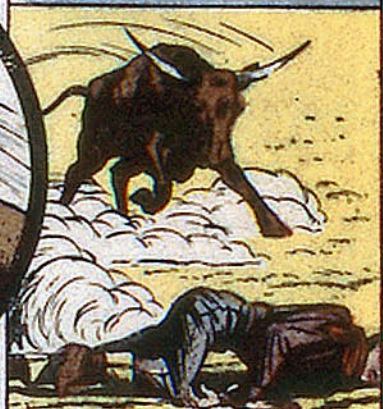
OH! HE'LL BE KILLED!

NOT COWBOY JACK! THIS IS OLD STUFF TO HIM!

BUT AS COWBOY JACK GRABS FOR THE STEER'S HORNS, HIS HANDS SLIP . . .

WHAT TH' — ? GREASED HORNS . . .

THE ENRAGED ANIMAL WHIRLS AND DIVES TO GORE THE PROSTRATE COWBOY . . .



OH-OH-
JAY!
HE'LL
BE
KILLED!

NOT IF
I CAN
HELP
HIM...

JAY GARRICK - THE FLASH - IS ACROSS THE ARENA IN THE FLICKER OF AN EYELASH... WITH TERRIFIC MOMENTUM HE CRASHES INTO THE STEER WITH HIS SHOULDER... CATCHING THE ANIMAL OFF BALANCE THE BLOW KNOCKS IT TOPSY-TURVY...

OOF!

WHAM!

THE STEER FALLS IN SUCH A WAY THAT ONE OF ITS LONG HORNS BURIES INTO THE GROUND RIGHT UP TO THE HILT... THE MAD ANIMAL IS HELPLESS -

GARRICK GRASPS THE DAZED COWBOY - PLACES HIS HAND ON THE STEER'S HORN - AND FADES QUICKLY FROM THE SCENE -

NOW WHERE
DID THAT
MAN GO?

CALM
YOURSELF,
SWEET
STUFF!
CALM
YOURSELF!

R-R-RUMPF!

OH! DISAPPEARING
AGAIN, EN?
WHAT HAVE
YOU BEEN
UP TO?

TAKE A
LOOK AT
THE ARENA!
YOU'LL
FIND OUT!

THE DUST, CAUSED BY THE FLASH'S UNBELIEVABLE SPEED, CLEARS FROM THE ARENA, AND LO!... COWBOY JACK HAS BULLDOGGED HIS STEER IN RECORD TIME!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON? YOU
TOOK A DIVE DIDN'T YUH?
THREW THE THING, HUH?
BUT - WHO'S PAYIN' YUH?
AWW - WHAT AM I TALKIN'
ABOUT? I'M GOIN' NUTS!

NOT HAVING SEEN WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED IN THE ARENA—THE OFFICIALS AWARD COWBOY JACK THE BULLDOGGING PRIZE—

... IN TWENTY YEARS OF JUDGING I NEVER SAW A FASTER JOB! WHY—I EVEN THOUGHT I DIDN'T SEE YOU—YOU WERE SO FAST!

ER—AH—THANK YUH—

WHEW! I RECKON IT WAS FAST! I DON'T REMEMBER A THING!

BUT—I DIDN'T SEE HIM TOSS THAT STEER—OH!—NOW I GET IT—SO THAT'S WHERE YOU WERE!

I COULDN'T LET HIM GET KILLED! BESIDES—I DISCOVERED THAT THE STEER'S HORNS WERE GREASED—AND THERE WAS POISON ON THE TIPS OF THEM!

YOU MEAN SOMEONE TRIED TO KILL COWBOY JACK?

SURE! WHOEVER IT WAS FIGURED THE STEER WOULD TRY TO GORE HIM—THEY OFTEN DO—AND A MERE SCRATCH FROM THOSE HORNS WOULD HAVE BEEN FATAL!

I SMELLED BITTER ALMONDS WHEN I UPSET THAT STEER! THAT MEANT PRUSSIC ACID HAD BEEN PUT ON ITS HORNS! BUT—WHY DOES SOMEONE WANT JACK CROFTS TO DIE?

GEE! HE HAS NO MONEY! HE'S ONLY A COWBOY!

THERE HE GOES NOW! FOLLOW HIM!

SUDDENLY A CAR SHOOTS AHEAD OF THEM...

AH—HA! TROUBLE STARTS! LOOK AT THE MEN IN THAT CAR!

WITHIN ONE-HALF OF A SPLIT-SECOND JAY GARRICK BECOMES—THE FLASH!

JUST KEEP DRIVING DOWN THE STREET, JOAN!

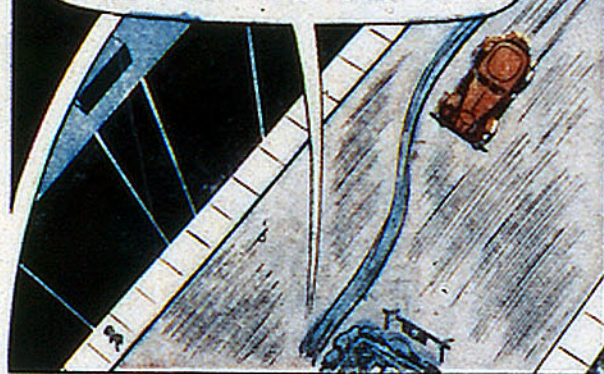
GUNS ARE THRUST FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE SEDAN—AIMED AT COWBOY JACK—

THIS TIME WE AIN'T TRUSTIN' NO STEER!

YEAH! THIS TIME WE DO THE JOB RIGHT!

DASHING AHEAD OF THE KILLER'S CAR THE FLASH HEADS FOR A CONSTRUCTION DITCH IN THE STREET . . .

IT'S SO EASY TO TAKE AWAY THOSE FELLOWS' GUNS THAT I'M GOING TO SHOW 'EM A TRICK OR TWO - THE HARD WAY!



LEAPING INTO THE EXCAVATION, HE GRABS A PICK, WITH HIS EYE ON AN UNCOVERED WATERMAIN . . .

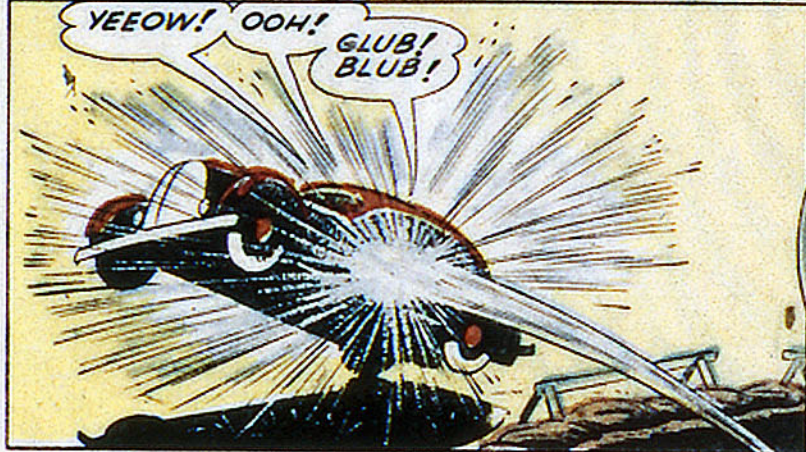
I GET TIRED OF DISARMING "ROUGH-NECKS"! AFTER ALL, I NEED A LITTLE VARIETY TO KEEP FROM GOING STALE!



WOW! VARIETY IS RIGHT! THE FLASH SMASHES THE WATER-MAIN, AND A POWERFUL STREAM OF WATER SHOOTS OUT AT THE GANGSTERS' CAR, STRIKING IT WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE . . .

YEEOW! OOH!

GLUB! BLUB!



THE FLASH RUSHES TO RESCUE COWBOY JACK . . .

HEY! WHO ARE YOU? THE CIRCUS AIN'T DUE IN TOWN TILL NEXT WEEK!

COME ON - OR THOSE KILLERS WILL PLUG YOU WHILE YOU STAND AROUND ADVERTISING!



I'M MORE AND MORE CURIOUS AS TO WHY THOSE CITY TOUGHS WANT TO KILL YOU!

U.L.P!



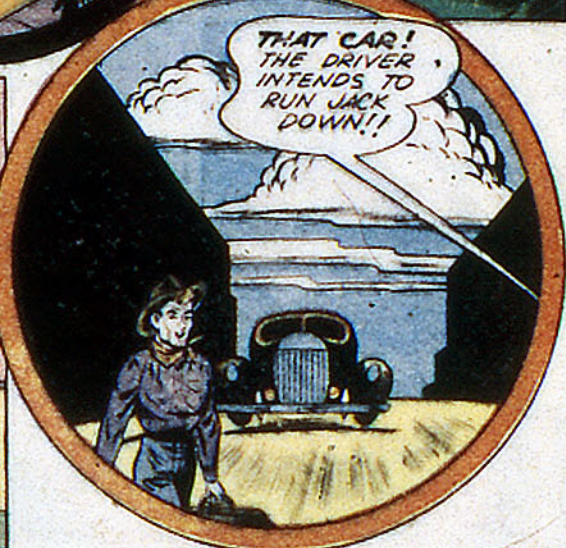
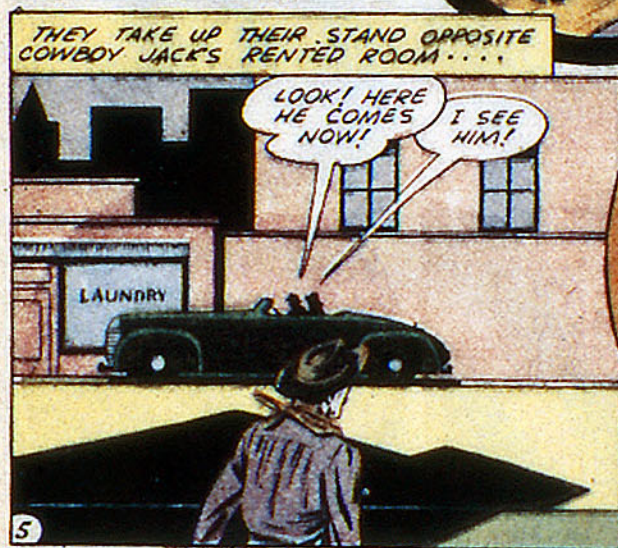
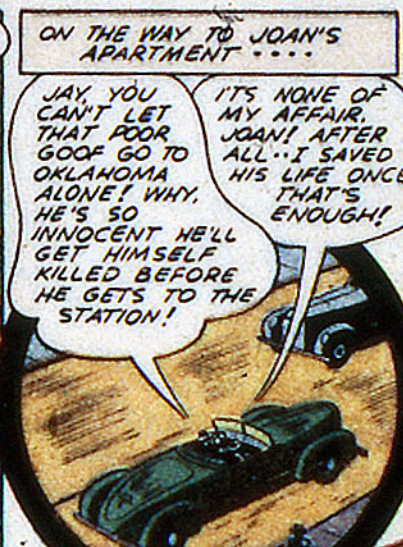
ARE YOU WEALTHY? MARRIED? EXPECT TO INHERIT MONEY? GOT ANY ENEMIES? MUSCLING IN ON ANY RACKETS IN TOWN?...

NOPE! I AIN'T DONE NONE OF THEM THINGS!



YOU STRIKE ME AS BEING A PRETTY HARMLESS SORT OF FELLOW! IT'S BEYOND ME WHY ANYONE WANTS TO GET RID OF YOU!



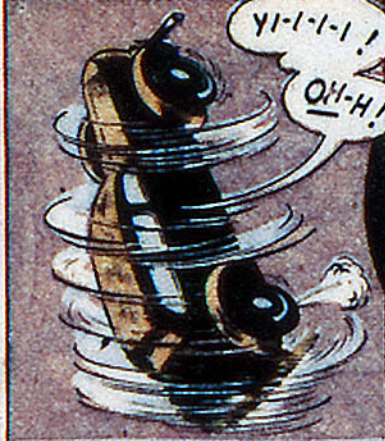


MOVING WITH THE RAPIDITY OF LIGHT, JAY GARRICK RACES BESIDE THE WHEELS OF THE MURDER CAR...

CUTTING TIRES IS A MEAN TRICK — BUT SAVING A MAN'S LIFE JUSTIFIES IT!



THE CAR, TRAVELING 60 MILES AN HOUR, GOES INTO A MAD SPIN...



TSH-TSH! THESE CITY FELLERS SHORE ARE RECKLESS DRIVERS!



THE FLASH KEEPS HIS EYES ON COWBOY JACK ALL THE WAY TO THE STATION —

JACK GETS HIS TICKET AND BOARDS THE TRAIN...

I SHORE GOT THUH FUNNIEST FEELIN' SOMEBODY'S WATCHIN' ME — BUT I CAN'T SEE NOBODY!

HM-M — I SEE JOAN HAS ARRIVED, TOO...

OH, JAY! YOU BACK AGAIN?

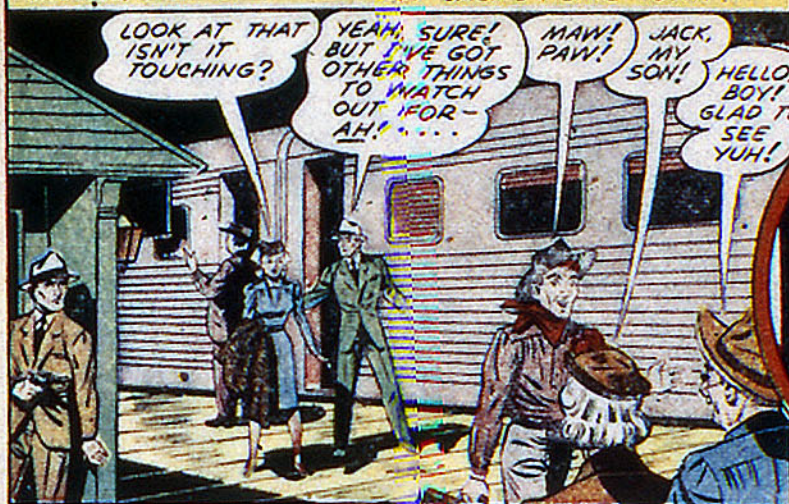
RIGHT! I'VE BEEN MAKING SURE NOTHING HAPPENED TO OUR FAIR-HAIRED BOY!



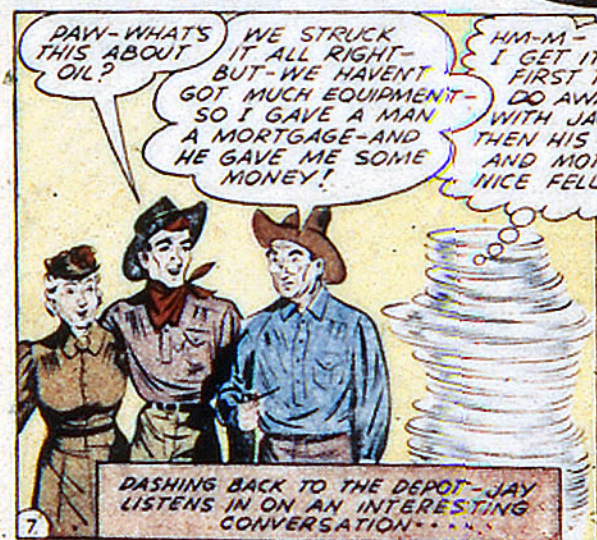
ACROSS COUNTRY ROARS THE LIMITED — CARRYING COWBOY JACK, JOAN AND JAY!



OILVILLE, OKLAHOMA — COWBOY JACK'S HOME TOWN —



YOU THUGS DON'T TAKE A MINUTE OFF! HOW YOU MUST LOVE YOUR WORK! COME ON...





BUT JAY IS OFF SO FAST JOAN CAN'T SEE HIM—

WHERE DID HE GO? ALWAYS SNEAKING OFF SO I CAN'T FOLLOW HIM! DARN! DARN! DARN!



HE HAS GOOD REASONS TO GO ALONE—

THIS IS A TOUGH AND DESPERATE CROWD I'M BUCKING! IF THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD HURT ME THROUGH JOAN—THEY WOULDN'T HESITATE TO KILL HER!



MEANWHILE —

I WANT THOSE OIL WELLS, UNDERSTAND? YOU GUYS HAVE BUNGLED EVERYTHING! YOU COULDN'T GET COWBOY JACK IN NEW YORK, AND I'VE BEEN WAITING UNTIL HE— AS THE ONLY HEIR— WAS BUMPED OFF BEFORE I STEPPED IN.... AH! HERE COME THE CROFTS NOW— MAKE SURE YOU GET THEM ALL THIS TIME!

OKAY, MR. BENTON!



BOY—WHAT EASY TARGETS!

YEAH! I'M GONNA SHUT MY EYES TO GIVE MYSELF A LITTLE OPPOSITION!



BULLETS START TO FLY—

OH!

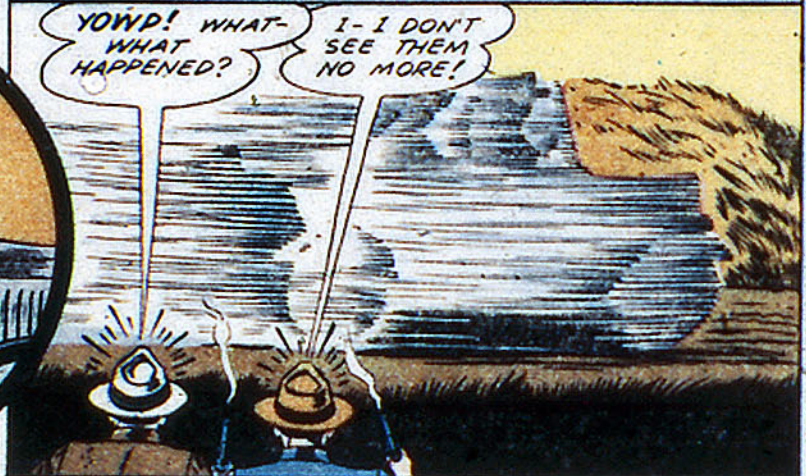
WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!



BUT—SUDDENLY THE ANCIENT CAR LEAPS FORWARD SO SWIFTLY IT BLURS BEFORE THE KILLER'S EYES—

YOWP! WHAT—WHAT HAPPENED?

I—I DON'T SEE THEM NO MORE!



THAT'S RIGHT—IT'S THE FLASH! HE CERTAINLY GETS AROUND, DOESN'T HE?

I'LL BET THESE FOLKS NEVER HAD A RIDE TO EQUAL THIS!

WOW! I ALWAYS WANTED A SPEEDY CAR—BUT NOT ONE SO SPEEDY IT BURNS UP THE TIRES!

OH! HAVE WE FINALLY STOPPED?

YEP! YOU KNOW IT'S FUNNY THUN WAY THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING EVERYWHERE I'VE BEEN LATELY! MIGHTY FUNNY!

GOOD OLD COWBOY JACK! DUMB BUT HONEST! AH! THERE'S THAT CROOK BENTON, LOOKING OVER THE PROPERTY HE INTENDS TO STEAL!

HA! ALL MINE! MINE AT LAST!

THE FLASH GOES INTO ACTION—

WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WILL GIVE THAT CROOK HEART-FAILURE!

THE FLASH, MOVING LIKE LIGHTNING, STARTS TAKING AWAY THE DERRICK...

HEY! SOMEBODY'S STEALING MY EQUIPMENT! STOP IT!

YOUR EQUIPMENT? HUH! THAT'S A LAUGH, YOU CROOK!

WHO SAID THAT? COME ON! BE A MAN! I'LL FIGHT YOU WITH GUNS! OR FISTS! OR....

LIGHTNING-LIKE BLOWS RAIN ON HIM WITH THE SPEED AND POWER OF A CYCLONE—

OOF! HELP!

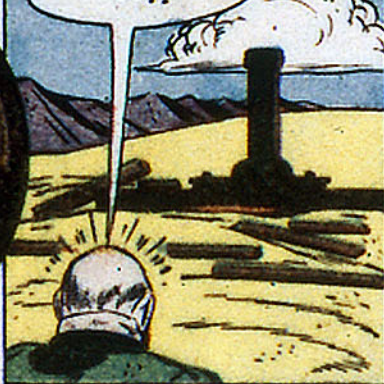
WHATEVER YOU SAY, PAL—

OOH! WE BEEN
INVADED — A WHOLE
ARMY JUST JUMPED
ON ME —
OOOOH!



HE DISCOVERS SOMETHING
ELSE ALSO

MY OIL WELL!
THEY STOLE
MY OIL WELL
TOO!!



HEY, MR.
BENTON!
THE CROFTS
GOT AWAY!

THEIR CAR
DROVE BY
SO FAST WE
COULDN'T
EVEN SEE IT!

LOOK AT HIS
FACE — WOW!



YOU COULDN'T SEE IT!
THERE'S SOMETHING
MIGHTY FUNNY GOING
ON AROUND HERE! WE'VE
GOT TO BE CAREFUL!
BUT I WANT THOSE OIL
WELLS! HUNT AROUND
FOR THE EQUIPMENT!

SURE,
BOSS —
SURE!



THE CROFTS CHUG UP IN THEIR WHEEZING
OLD JALOPY

SO YOU'RE
BACK AGAIN.
EH?

SEE — HERE, BENTON!
YOU LEAVE MY FOLKS
ALONE AFTER THIS!
FROM NOW ON I'M
HANDLING THEIR
BUSINESS! BUT RIGHT
NOW — YOU GIT OFF
THIS LAND?



OH, YEAH? I'VE GOT
A \$20,000.00 MORTGAGE
ON THE STOCK ON THIS
PLACE! IT'S DUE
TOMORROW! UNLESS
I GET MY MONEY — OR
OIL IS DISCOVERED —
I FORECLOSE AND TAKE
OVER THE PLACE!
PUT THAT IN YOUR
CORNCOB AND
SMOKE IT!



THE INVISIBLE FLASH HAS
HEARD THE WHOLE THING —

HUH! GUESS
I SHOWED
HIM A THING
OR TWO!

— AND
MAYBE I WON'T
SHOW YOU A
THING OR TWO!



YOU GUYS STAND
RIGHT HERE
AND SHOOT
ANYONE THAT
TRIES TO DRILL
FOR OIL ON
THIS FARM!
I'LL SHOW OLD
JOHN CROFTS
I MEAN
BUSINESS!

OKAY,
BOSS!



THAT NIGHT ...

THERE! THIS IS THE THIRD SPOT I'VE SHIFTED THIS THING HOPING TO STRIKE OIL! SO FAR I'VE STRUCK NOTHING BUT MY FINGERS TRYING TO RIG IT UP!

BENTON'S KILLERS STROLL PAST ...

THERE'S ONE OF CROFT'S DRILLS! HE MUST HAVE A LOT OF 'EM! I'VE SEEN THREE TO-NIGHT!

HA! IF HE ONLY KNEW IT WAS THE SAME ONE... I THINK I'LL GIVE THEM A LITTLE SCARE!

SCORNING THE ELECTRIC MOTOR, THE FLASH WORKS THE DRILL HIMSELF!

WHEN I GET THIS THING MOVING FAST ENOUGH—THOSE BABIES WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE IT!

AND SURE ENOUGH ...

IT-IT'S GONE!

WE BETTER TELL MR. BENTON ABOUT THIS!

EXPLANATION

WHEN THE FLASH MOVES THE DRILL WITH GREAT SPEED, THE HUMAN EYE CANNOT SEE IT! THE POWER THE DRILL EXERTS AS IT DRIVES AND LIFTS SHAKES THE FRAMEWORK OF THE DERRICK! THIS FRAMEWORK IS SHAKEN IN TINY, RAPID VIBRATIONS SO MINUTE AND YET SO FAST—THAT THE FRAMEWORK TOO, BECOMES...

INVISIBLE!!

WHILE THE THUGS DASH OFF TO TELL BENTON, THE FLASH KEEPS DRILLING—SUDDENLY ...

OIL!
I STRUCK IT!
IT'S A GUSHER!

I BETTER TELL CROFTS ABOUT THIS! HE'LL BE WORRIED ABOUT THE MORTGAGE!

AND IN A NEARBY HOUSE ...

BOSS—PUFF!—PUFF!— THEY GOT DISAPPEARIN' DRILLS OUT AT CROFTS— ONE MINUTE THEY'RE THERE— AND THEN THEY AIN'T!

GET THE CAR!
I'M GOING OUT THERE!



THEY STRUCK IT!
DOGGONE!
THEY FOUND
OIL!



I'LL SET FIRE TO IT!
THEN SEE WHAT
THEY'LL DO! THIS
PIECE OF OIL-SOAKED
WOOD WILL DO IT!



THE MIGHTY STREAM OF OIL
ROARS INTO FLAMES...



BUT, MR.
BENTON—
HOW'LL YOU
GET YOUR
TWENTY
GRAND IF
THE OIL ALL
BURNS UP?

CURSES!
I NEVER
THOUGHT
OF
THAT!



MEANWHILE—

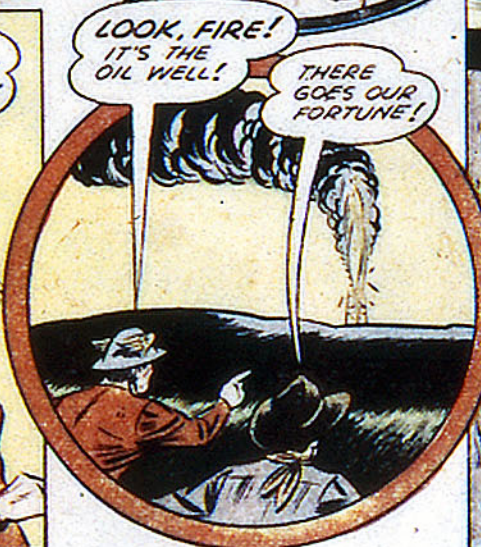
YOU MEAN—
YOU DID
STRIKE
OIL?

YES, YES,
HURRY!
IT'S A
GUSHER—
WE'VE GOT
TO CAP IT!



WHO THUH
DEVIL ARE
YOU, MISTER?
THAT
OUTFIT
YOU'RE
WEARIN'...

NEVER
MIND!
C'MON!



LOOK, FIRE!
IT'S THE
OIL WELL!

THERE
GOES OUR
FORTUNE!



YOUR FORTUNE
ISN'T LOST—YET!
THERE'S STILL
A CHANCE!

THE FLASH RACES AROUND THE FLAMING WELL IN A GREAT CIRCLE...

IF I CAN GET UP ENOUGH SPEED—I'LL PULL ALL THE OXYGEN AWAY FROM THE WELL—LEAVING A VACUUM—IN WHICH THE OIL CAN'T BURN!

HIS SPEED PULLS THE FLAMES OUT HORIZONTAL TO THE GROUND—

AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF INTENSE EFFORT THE FLAMES FLICKER OUT—

NOW FOR YOU 'MISTER' BENTON!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THE FIRE WENT OUT ALL BY ITSELF!

YOU'RE TELLING THE SHERIFF OF THIS COUNTY WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO!

VI-I-I-I! HELP!

ALL RIGHT, BENTON—START TALKING!—OR DO YOU WANT ME TO GIVE YOU THE SAME TREATMENT I GAVE THAT FLAMING OIL?

YOU DID THAT? I GUESS I AIN'T GOT A CHANCE AT ALL—SHERIFF—ARREST ME!

THE FLASH RACES TO JOAN'S HOTEL ROOM—

HUH! I'LL SHOW THE FLASH HE ISN'T GOING TO KEEP ME OUT OF ANY FUN! I'LL SOLVE THIS OIL PROBLEM AND...

STOP MUTTERING, SWEET STUFF! YOU'RE GOING HOME WITH ME!

THEY HEAD FOR NEW YORK—

I WONDER IF COWBOY JACK APPRECIATES ALL YOU DID FOR HIM, JAY?

PROBABLY NOT! THINGS HAPPENED SO FAST AROUND HIM HE NEVER DID KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON!

AND COWBOY JACK STILL DOESN'T "KNOW THE SCORE"!

WONDER WHO THAT FELLAH IN THE RED SHIRT WAS? HE SHORE WAS A EXCITABLE HOMBRE! SHUCKS—THUH FIRE WAS OUT AFORE WE EVEN GOT HERE!

YEP!

SPLAT

Don't Forget—

THE FLASH

APPEARS MONTHLY IN

FLASH COMICS

GET YOUR COPY NOW

!



You'll be crazy about the GREEN LANTERN'S new crime-chasing partner, DOIBY DICKLES! If you haven't met him yet, don't dare miss the July issue of ALL-AMERICAN COMICS!



EVERYBODY'S BEEN SAYIN' SICH NICE T'INGS ABOUT ME SINCE I GOT MIXED UP WID MR. GREEN LANTERN! CHEE... I DONT DESOIVE NO CREDIT- I JIST DOES ME DOOTY, DAT'S ALL!!!



And that's plenty! He's only a tough little taxi driver with a funny way of talking, but "don't mess wit' Doiby 'cause he sure can fight!"

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MUTT & JEFF

BY BUD FISHER



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The Mayor Of Mapletown

(A Hop Harrigan Story)

HOP HARRIGAN, youthful president of the All-American Flying Club, leaned thoughtfully against the engine cowling of his plane, the "Speed Demon". He gave close attention to the letter in his hand:

"Dear Hop:

"I am a member of your Club and I am 12 years old. Now there is something I want to tell you, Hop. The people here in Mapletown need your help. They are in very bad trouble. If they aren't careful, they are going to elect a Nazi Mayor of Mapletown!

"I told many people that this man Luring is a Nazi spy. They don't believe me. Luring is a storekeeper here and they think he is a good man, especially because he makes such fine speeches. But he is a Nazi, Hop. And this is how I know—

"Luring owns the general store here in Mapletown. He is a very fat man. He must weigh about two hundred and fifty pounds. Every Sunday my brother Peter and I used to watch him get into his car in horseback riding clothes and drive away. Peter and I, we were sorry for the poor horse, be-

cause Luring is such a fat man. One day we thought it would be funny to watch him ride, so we hung onto the back of his car and we followed him.

"Well, Hop, here's the point. He wasn't going horseback riding at all. He stopped the car at a picnic ground and got out and said 'Heil!' to a lot of other Germans who were dressed in riding clothes. That was their Nazi costumes! They had a Nazi flag there too. They met every Sunday and drilled and had parties.

"Peter and I never said anything, because, well, it didn't seem important then. But we should have. Now that Luring is campaigning for Mayor, no one will listen to me. And me and Peter are the only ones who know.

"The other candidate, Lehigh, I think is a good man. Tomorrow the people vote.

"Will you help us, Hop?

"Your loyal member,

Buddy Tuppins"

In slightly less than four hours, Hop brought the "Speed Demon" down on the Mapletown landing-field. Buddy was waiting, as per Hop's instructions via telegram.

"Hop Harrigan!" Buddy

gasped, eyes round. "I can't believe it's you—in person!"

"It's me all right," Hop laughed, embarrassed. "Only shucks, let's not waste time, Buddy. We got work to do!"

"You're right," Buddy declared. "Luring makes his final campaign speech today in the square—in half an hour. The whole town will turn out."

Hop's next step surprised Buddy. They got into the plane and flew the "Speed Demon" to a lonely field outside the town. Then Hop got out and painted a Nazi cross, in black, on the wings of the plane!

Hop circled the "Speed Demon" over the square while the people gathered for Luring's speech. When they all seemed to be there, and Hop could see Luring's big figure on the platform in the center, he went into action! The "Speed Demon" began to do turns and loops and somersaults that made Buddy feel



as if he'd had too much pie!
But he wouldn't have missed it
for the world.

Then Buddy realized with a
thrill what Hop was doing. He
was *skywriting*! Carefully Hop
spelled out the words in the
trail of smoke behind him:

**VOTE FOR LAURING—A
GOOD NAZI! WE OF THE
NAZI PARTY ENDORSE
HIM!**

The crowd in the square ig-
nored Luring now. Hop could
see his fat arms waving in the
air, his fist gesticulating. But
the crowd gazed in shocked
silence at the words in the sky.

To Buddy's surprise, Hop
brought the plane down on a
field just outside Mapletown.

"Luring will come after
us," Buddy said. "Maybe we
should land further off."

"We want him to come after
us," Hop Harrigan explained.
"It isn't enough just to cast
doubt in the minds of the peo-
ple. We've got to make him
confess."

Then Buddy listened in
wide-eyed silence as Hop ex-
plained the rest of his plan to
trap Luring.

Towards 2 o'clock in the
morning, Luring's huge fig-
ure, armed with a revolver,
stepped into the clearing. Four
men were with him. They stole
toward the "Speed Demon".
In their hands they carried
matches, rags, cans of oil. Be-
hind a tree, Hop watched Laur-
ing start to strike a match. He
whistled softly.

Suddenly from behind trees,

bushes, tall grass, leaped boys
of all ages armed with stones,
sticks, B. B. guns and sling-
shots! To the terrified Luring
and his cronies it seemed like
a thousand of them! Actually
there were 186—all members
of the All-American Flying
Club in Mapletown whom Bud-
dy had rounded up!

Luring lay on the ground
panting. Thirteen boys were
piled on top of him! His lip
was cut, his nose bleeding, both
eyes blackened.

"I can't breathe—" he wail-
ed.

"All right, boys. Get off,"
Hop ordered. "Are you ready
to confess to being a Nazi spy,
Luring, or will the boys go
to work on you again?"

"No, no. I'll confess," Laur-
ing gasped. "I am a Nazi spy.
I was supposed to substitute
faulty materials in the dam,
bridges and buildings, if I be-
came Mayor, for purposes of
sabotage."

It was two days later that
Hop and the 186 members of
the All-American Flying Club
were publicly honored by the
new Mayor Lehigh. In the mid-
dle of the ceremonies, Hop dis-
appeared and the boys grin-
ned to see his "Speed Demon"
streaking through the sky to-
ward New York.

Suddenly the plane banked,
turned and came back.

"Gee, he must've forgotten
something!" Buddy murmur-
ed.

Then the smoke screen came
out from behind the plane,
forming the words:

HAPPY LANDING!

The people gathered for the
ceremonies waved enthusias-
tically to Hop Harrigan and
watched until the silver plane
was out of sight.

*Read all about Hop Har-
rigan and his All-American
Flying Club every month in
All-American Comics!*

**HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF THE "ALL-
FLASH QUARTERLY" NAME CONTEST
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Checks have already been mailed to these
four prize winners—and the 500 FREE copies
of ALL-STAR COMICS No. 5 have already
been mailed out to the 500 entries postmarked
the earliest!

BUTCH McLOBSTER

THE SUPER-MOBSTER

BY

—Ed Wheeler—



AFTER SNOOPIN' AROUND FER DAYS AN' NIGHTS, AT LAST I FIND ME A HOUSE DAT'S CARELESS!



I'LL JIST PUT A MARK HERE SO'S I KIN SPOT DE DUMP AGIN WIDOUT NO MISTAKE!



AN NOW TO TELL ME MOBSTER'S DAT DE JOB IS ALL SET FER TONIGHT!



MEAN-
WHILE

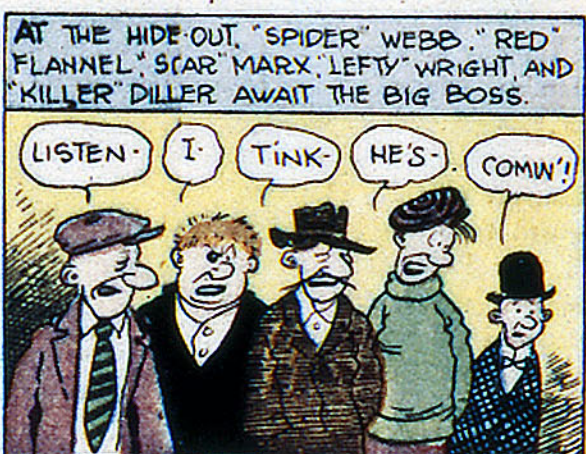
AH, THE SIGN OF OUR ROVING FRATERNITY WHICH BESPEAKS A GENEROUS HANDOUT OF EATS FROM WITHIN!



NO!!! GET OUT OF HERE, YOU LOAFER!



SOME PRACTICAL JOKER, THE BIG BUM! I'LL RUB OUT THIS MARK SO AS NOT TO MISLEAD ANOTHER HUNGRY BROTHER IN SEARCH OF HOSPITALITY!



AT THE HIDE-OUT, "SPIDER" WEBB, "RED" FLANNEL, "SCAR" MARX, "LEFTY" WRIGHT, AND "KILLER" DILLER AWAIT THE BIG BOSS.

LISTEN - I - TINK - HE'S - COMIN'!

ON ARRIVAL, BUTCH OUTLINES THE NEW HAUL TO HIS DARING MOBSTERS.

-AN' JIST AS SOON AS IT'S DARK, WE'LL GIT BUSY! DERE ORTA BE SUMPIN NICE IN DIS JOB FER ALL OF YOUSE!



THAT NIGHT

CHEES, I CANT FIND DE MARK I MADE BUT I TINK DIS IS DE DUMP!!

"SPIDER" AN' "SCAR" AN' ME WILL STAY BEHINDT T'COVER YER TRACKS. BUTCH!!



A FEW MINUTES LATER

OKAY, "RED" HERE'S DE SWAG! YOUSE AN' "LEFTY" COME WIT ME!!



BACK IN THE HIDE-OUT

NOW OPEN DE SACK, MUGS, AN' YOUSE'LL GIT A SIGHT FER SORE EYES!!



WOT DE... ?!!!

YOUSE MUSTA GOT IN DE WRONG YARD, BUTCH!!

VEH, DIS AINT LIKE DE SWELL STUFF YOUSE WAS TELLIN' US ABOUT!!



BOY, OH, BOY - WUZ DAT JOB A WASHOUT!!



GEE WHIZ, CAN IT BE THAT OLD BUTCH M'LOBSTER, MASTER MORON AND INVENTOR OF "POIFECT CRIMES" IS SLIPPING?

IF YOU CAN THINK OF A SUPER-COLOSSAL CRIME WHICH, WHEN COMMITTED, ADDS UP TO APPROXIMATELY ZERO, THEN SEND IN THE GRIM DETAILS TO POOR BUTCH AND THE CRAFTY SUPER-MOBSTER WILL MULL IT OVER IN HIS ALLEGED MIND. WATCH FOR HIS NEXT HAUL!!!!

**LOOK KIDS! See how
Easy to Get These FREE GIFTS!**



Model Book
A 128 Model Assembly Book, 24 pages of plans, instructions, and photos, showing how to build a model of a ship, plane, or car. 100 bags.



Special - Brand New!
A 127 Special Baby Brownie Camera, 127 pages of instructions, 100 bags.



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A 134 Clock, 134 pages of instructions, 100 bags.



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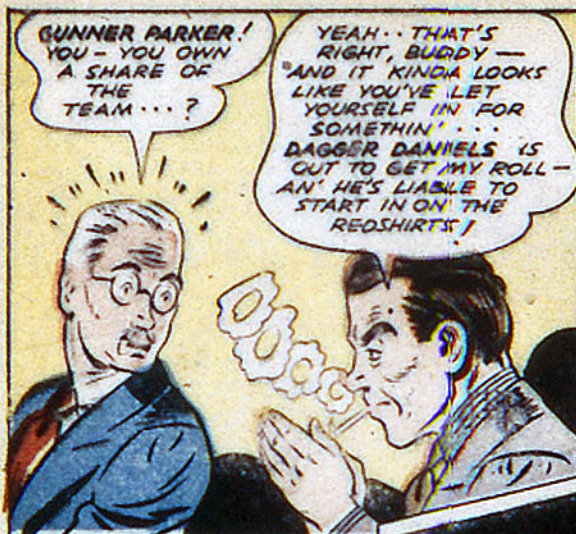
THE

Flash

WHEN JOE VICKERS WENT TO SEE THE REDSHIRTS' BRILLIANT LEAGUE HOCKEY TEAM PLAY, HE INTENDED TO BUY THE TEAM WITH THE ENTIRE SAVINGS OF HIS LIFETIME... BUT HE DID NOT KNOW THAT GUNNER PARKER HAD AN INTEREST IN THE TEAM... OR THAT DAGGER DANIELS, GANGSTER AND RACKET KING, WAS OUT TO GET PARKER...

HM-M, NOT BAD!
NOT BAD
AT ALL!





WORRIED SICK, JOE VICKERS WANDERS UNSEENING OUT INTO THE NIGHT...



JAY GARRICK WONDERS IF VICKERS IS GETTING SNOB-BISH...



HEY, JOE, WHAT'S WRONG? SICK?



IT'S NO USE TRYING TO GET MY MONEY BACK NOW! SO - UNLESS THE TEAM CAN WIN THE MANLEY CUP SERIES...!

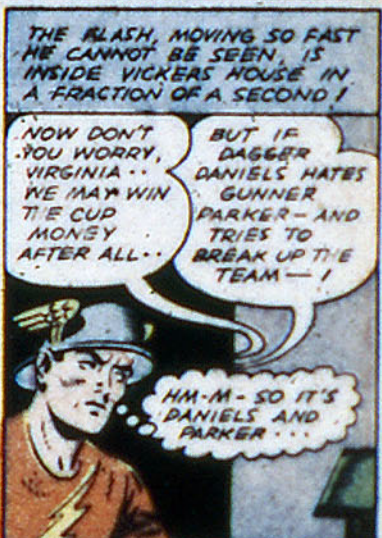
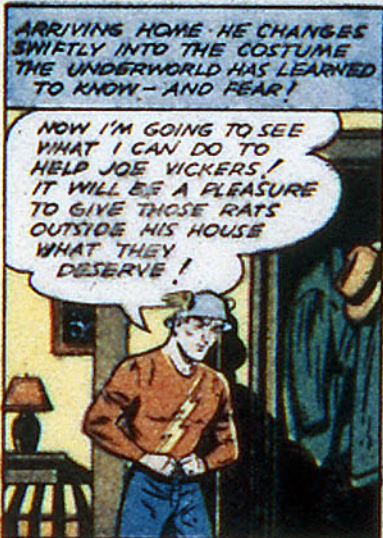


NOW, TAKE IT EASY, JOE! WE'LL WORK SOMETHING OUT!

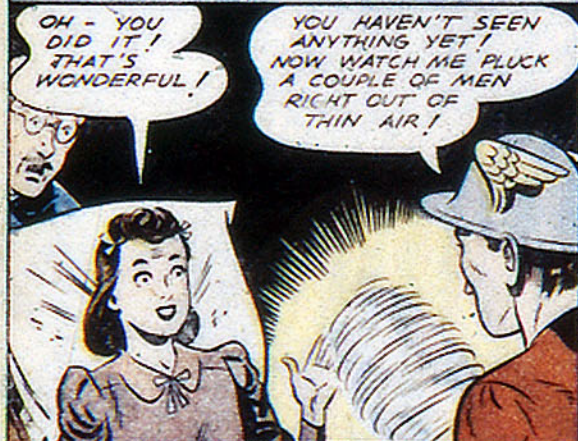


JUST THEN...!





THE FLASH MOVES HIS HAND WITH A WEAVING MOTION AND THE BOOK DOES DISAPPEAR



OH - YOU DID IT! THAT'S WONDERFUL!

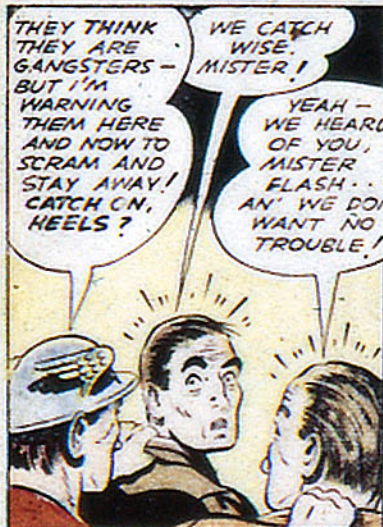
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET! NOW WATCH ME PLUCK A COUPLE OF MEN RIGHT OUT OF THIN AIR!

THE FLASH DISAPPEARS AND THEN RE-APPEARS - WITH THE TWO GANGSTERS THAT HAVE BEEN WATCHING VICKERS' HOME



PRESTO!... THESE ARE MEN - BUT THEY'RE ALSO - RATS!

OH!... IT - IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!... THEY - THEY LOOK LIKE GANGSTERS!



THEY THINK THEY ARE GANGSTERS - BUT I'M WARNING THEM HERE AND NOW TO SCRAM AND STAY AWAY! CATCH 'N, HEELS?

WE CATCH WISE, MISTER!

YEAH - WE HEARD OF YOU, MISTER FLASH... AN' WE DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE!



OKAY THEN - RUN ALONG LIKE NICE BOYS!

SURE! SURE!

WE'RE GOIN'!



WHEN THOSE BABIES GET TO DANIELS I'LL BE IN FOR SOME ACTION! OH WELL, I WAS GETTING A LITTLE LAZY!



AT DAGGER DANIELS HEAD-QUARTERS

... AND - AND IT WAS THE FLASH THAT GRABBED US!

THE FLASH! I - I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS IN ON THIS! BUT - HE AIN'T GONNA STOP ME! GET GOIN' - THROW A SCARE INTO THE REDSHIRTS!



DAGGER'S BOYS "GET GOING" -

OH!... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

HEY, BUD - YOU PLAY CENTER FOR THE REDSHIRTS, DON'TCHA? WELL - YOU'RE GONNA THROW TO-MORROW NIGHT'S GAME - OR ELSE...!



OR ELSE, WHAT? YOU CAN'T SCARE ME!

NO? THEN HOW'D YOU LIKE TO FIND YOUR WIFE - AND BABY... DEAD?

THE FOLLOWING EVENING AT THE HOCKEY STADIUM — JOE VICKERS ADDRESSES HIS NEWLY ACQUIRED TEAM.....

YOU'VE GOT TO GO OUT AND WIN THIS ONE, BOYS! IT'S THE RUBBER GAME — AND IF WE WIN WE GO INTO THE PLAYOFFS!



AFTER VICKERS LEAVES —

DID A COUPLE OF DANIELS' GUNMEN COME TO SEE YOU LAST NIGHT?

YEAH — THREATENED TO SHOOT MY WIFE — AND KID!

MINE, TOO! SAME HERE!



WHAT DO WE DO?

I AIN'T HAVIN' MY WIFE SHOT!

YEAH.. JOB OR NO JOB — I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES EITHER!



THE PLAYERS DECIDE TO THROW THE GAME!

LET 'EM WIN!

RIGHT!



AND IN THE STANDS WE FIND VICKERS — HIS DAUGHTER — JAY GARRICK — AND HIS GIRL FRIEND JOAN WILLIAMS —

AH! THE GAME'S STARTED — KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED, EVERYBODY!



JAY! — MY BOYS ARE LETTING THE BLUE STRIPES WIN! THEY — THEY'RE CHUCKING THE GAME! IF THEY LOSE — I'M WASHED UP!

HM-M-M — I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!



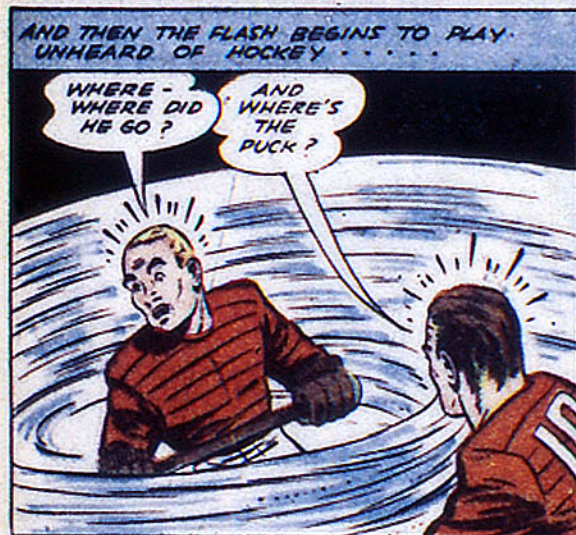
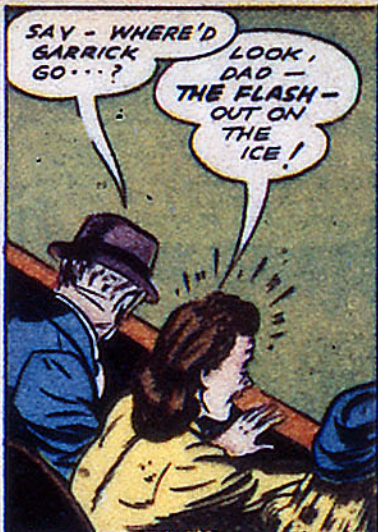
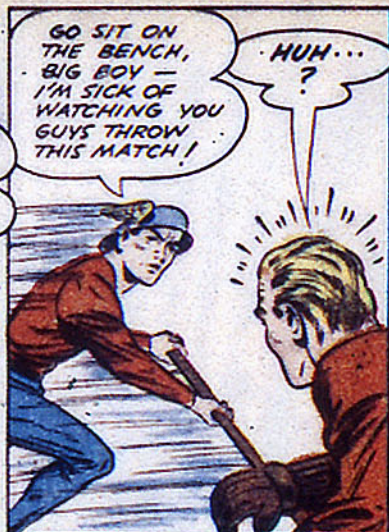
QUICKER THAN A PLAYER CAN SKATE FROM ONE END OF A HOCKEY RINK TO THE OTHER, JAY HAS DASHED HOME — CHANGED INTO THE FLASH COSTUME — AND IS BACK AT THE STADIUM.....

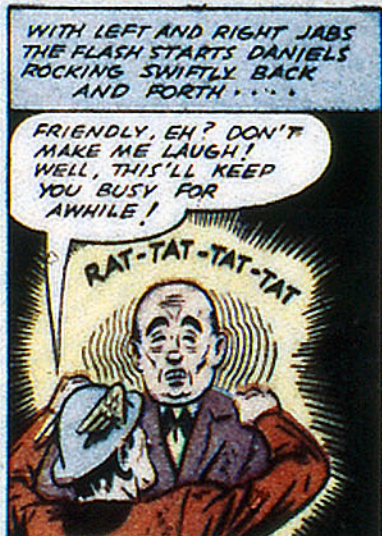
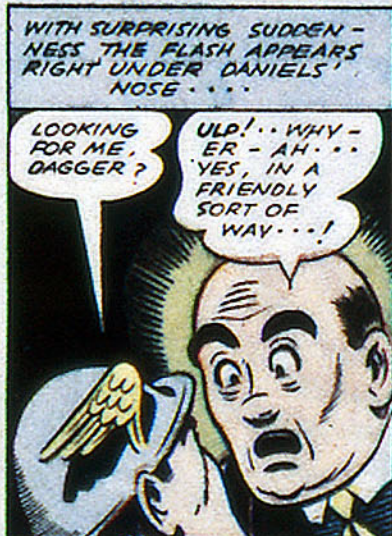
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT ON THAT ICE AND PLAY! I CAN'T LET JOE DOWN NOW!

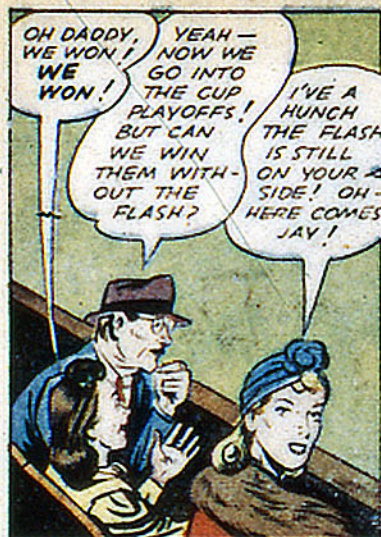


I KNOW HOW TO SKATE — AND MY SPEED'LL DO THE REST! DAGGER DANIELS WILL SURE BE SURPRISED TO SEE WHO'S PLAYING FOR THE REDSHIRTS!









OH DADDY, WE WON! WE WON!

YEAH - NOW WE GO INTO THE CUP PLAYOFFS! BUT CAN WE WIN THEM WITHOUT THE FLASH?

I'VE A HUNCH THE FLASH IS STILL ON YOUR SIDE! OH - HERE COMES JAY!



YEP - THE FLASH HAS PULLED ANOTHER OF HIS QUICK CHANGES - AND HE'S BACK ALREADY - DRESSED AS JAY GARRICK!

DID I MISS SOMETHING?

YOU DID - YOU MISSED SEEING THE FLASH! HE WON THE GAME FOR US!



GOSH - I WOULD LIKED TO HAVE SEEN THAT!

EVEN YOU AREN'T FAST ENOUGH TO SIT DOWN AND WATCH YOURSELF PLAY HOCKEY!



NOW DON'T WORRY, VICKERS - ISN'T EVERYTHING TURNING OUT ALL RIGHT!

YES-S - BUT WE'VE STILL GOT TO BEAT DANIELS AND WIN THE CUP PLAYOFFS!



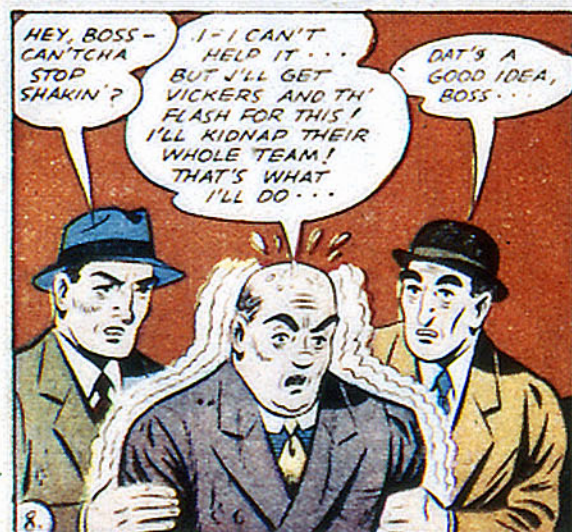
BUT HE ISN'T HALF AS WORRIED AS DANIELS . . .

OH, HERE HE IS! WHERE YOU BEEN, BOSS - WE AIN'T SEEN YA' FOR HALF A HOUR . . . ?

I BEEN HERE ALL TH' TIME - YOU PUNKS! WHAT GOOD ARE YA'?



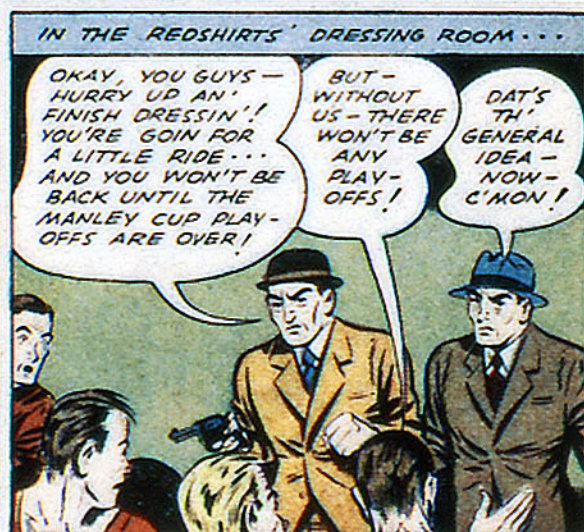
THAT FLASH GUY USED ME FOR A PUNCHING BAG - I BEEN ROCK-IN' BACK AND FORTH SO FAST YOU AIN'T BEEN ABLE TO SEE ME! I'M SLOWIN' DOWN NOW!



HEY, BOSS - CAN'TCHA STOP SHAKIN'?

I - I CAN'T HELP IT . . . BUT I'LL GET VICKERS AND TH' FLASH FOR THIS! I'LL KIDNAP THEIR WHOLE TEAM! THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO . . .

DAT'S A GOOD IDEA, BOSS . . .

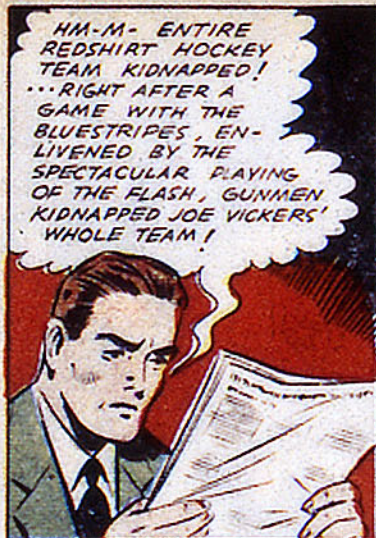


IN THE REDSHIRTS' DRESSING ROOM . . .

OKAY, YOU GUYS - HURRY UP AN' FINISH DRESSIN'! YOU'RE GOIN FOR A LITTLE RIDE . . . AND YOU WON'T BE BACK UNTIL THE MANLEY CUP PLAYOFFS ARE OVER!

BUT - WITHOUT US - THERE WON'T BE ANY PLAYOFFS!

DAT'S TH' GENERAL IDEA - NOW - C'MON!



HM-M- ENTIRE REDSHIRT HOCKEY TEAM KIDNAPPED! ...RIGHT AFTER A GAME WITH THE BLUESTRIPES, ENLIVENED BY THE SPECTACULAR PLAYING OF THE FLASH, GUNMEN KIDNAPPED JOE VICKERS' WHOLE TEAM!



SO THAT'S DANIELS' MOVE, EH? HUH— WAIT'LL HE SEES MINE!



JAY VISITS JOE VICKERS...

POOR DADDY— WE'RE LICKED NOW!

OH, NO YOU'RE NOT!



BUT HAVEN'T YOU SEEN THE PAPERS? THEY KIDNAPPED THE TEAM!

I KNOW! BUT WITH THE FLASH ON YOUR SIDE— ALL YOU NEED IS FIVE OTHER PEOPLE ON THE ICE!



FIVE PLAYERS, YES! BUT— WHERE'LL I GET THEM?

LOOK— I DIDN'T SAY PLAYERS— I SAID PEOPLE! HOW ABOUT YOU— YOUR DAUGHTER— JOAN WILLIAMS— THE MANAGER OF YOUR HOCKEY TEAM— AND THE MASCOT, YOUNG BILLY JAMES? I'D HELP OUT BUT I'M GOING TO BE VERY BUSY!



BY GOLLY— WE'LL DO IT! WE WON'T HAVE TO PLAY— JUST STAY ON THE ICE WHILE THE FLASH RUNS UP THE SCORE!

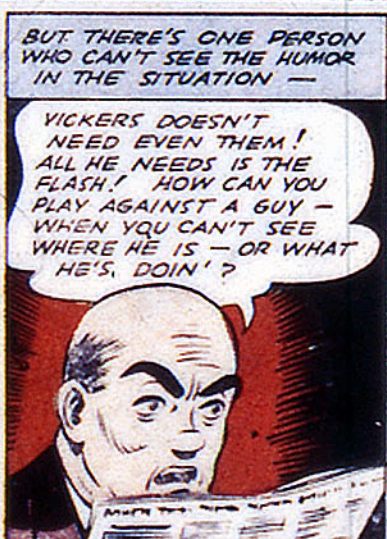
OH, IT'LL BE FUN!



THE EVENING PAPERS POKE FUN AT VICKERS'...

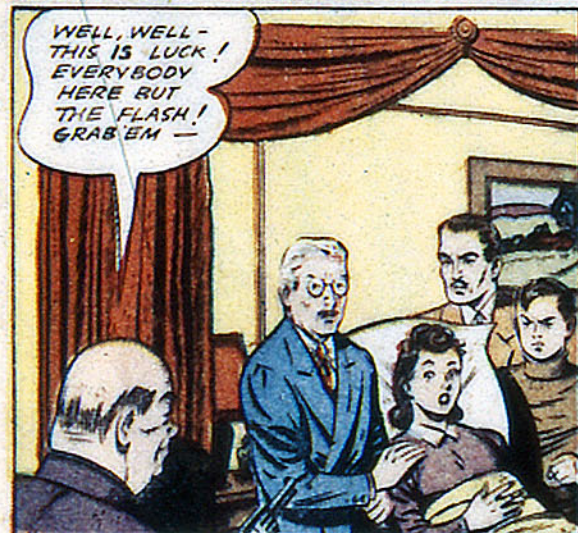
HEY, BILL— DID YOU SEE THIS PICTURE OF VICKERS' NEW HOCKEY TEAM? HO! HO!

YEAH— HA! HA!— FUNNIEST THING I EVER SAW....



BUT THERE'S ONE PERSON WHO CAN'T SEE THE HUMOR IN THE SITUATION—

VICKERS DOESN'T NEED EVEN THEM! ALL HE NEEDS IS THE FLASH! HOW CAN YOU PLAY AGAINST A GUY— WHEN YOU CAN'T SEE WHERE HE IS— OR WHAT HE'S DOIN'?



THE REDSHIRTS GO OUT ON THE ICE....

THIS IS THE
SILLIEST TEAM
I EVER
MANAGED!

YEAH - BUT WITH
THE FLASH
PLAYIN' FOR US -
IT'S ALSO THE
BEST YOU EVER
MANAGED!



WE'RE ALL
SET TO GO,
UMPIRE!

SOME TEAM YOU'VE
GOT! I'VE HEARD
OF YOUR SPEED -
BUT I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!



THE GAME BEGINS - AND
THERE IS A SCORE FOR THE
REDSHIRTS -

HEY -
WHEN
DO WE
START?

WE ALREADY
STARTED!
THE
FLASH
JUST
MADE
A SCORE!

SO -
YOU'VE
HEARD OF
MY SPEED
BUT YOU
DON'T BE-
LIEVE IT -
EH?



EVERY TIME THE PUCK IS
DROPPED THE FLASH GOES
DOWN THE ICE FOR A SCORE.
BEFORE ANY PLAYER CAN
MAKE A MOVE!

I KNEW IT
WOULD BE
KIND OF
DULL HERE -
SO I BROUGHT
MY KNITTING
ALONG!

KIN I HOLD
THE WOOL,
LADY? I FEEL
SORTA SILLY.
JUST STANDIN'
AROUND DOIN'
NOTHIN'!



AT THE END OF THE FIRST
PERIOD: REDSHIRTS 40,
STARS NOTHING!

WE WON'T
BOTHR
GOING TO
THE DRESS-
ING ROOM!
NO ONE
IS TIRED!

IT DOES GET
A LITTLE
TIRING JUST
STANDING
AROUND!
HOW ABOUT
SOME
CHAIRS?



AT THE START OF THE SEC-
OND PERIOD THE RED-
SHIRTS ARE COMFORTABLY
SEATED!

THIS IS
THE WAY
TO PLAY
HOCKEY!

YOU
SAID
IT!

SAY, MAYBE
YOU GUYS
HAVE GOT
SOMETHING
AT THAT!



BUT THE FLASH DECIDES
THE STARS NEED SOME
EXERCISE - SO HE SKATES
PAST THEM SO FAST THE
SUCTION PULLS THEM
ALONG WITH HIM!

ANYTIME
YOU BOYS
DECIDE
YOU'VE HAD
ENOUGH -
LET ME
KNOW!

AW - YOU CAN
HAVE THE
OLD MANLEY
CUP AND THE
MONEY! IT
AIN'T WORTH
ALL THIS
HUMILIATION!



HERE YOU
ARE, VICKERS!
EVERYBODY
SAYS YOU WIN
THE CUP
WITHOUT
HALF
TRYING!

JUST WHEN
I WAS ALL
SET TO
START A
LITTLE
POKER GAME
WITH THE
STAR
PLAYERS!



BUT WHEN HE IS ALONE IN THE PRIVACY OF THE DRESS-
ING ROOM VICKERS CUTS LOOSE.....

YIPPEE! NOW VIRGINIA
CAN HAVE THAT LEG OF
HERS OPERATED ON!
SAY - WHERE'S THE
FLASH? I GOTTA
THANK HIM!



OH, THE FLASH...
HE WENT AFTER
DANIELS - TO GET
YOUR REGULAR TEAM
BACK AGAIN -
I THINK!



IN JOAN WILLIAMS' HOUSE
DANIELS AND HIS MEN ARE
BEGINNING TO SLOW DOWN
FROM THE MAD SPIN THE
FLASH PUT THEM IN...

HIYA, BOYS!
THE REDSHIRTS
WON - ISO TO
NOTHING!

I KNOW
WHEN I'M
LICKED! YOU
DON'T HAVE TO
SLAP ME IN THE
FACE WITH A
HORSE AND BUGGY!
I GIVE UP!

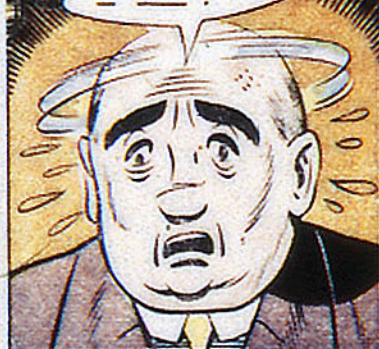


I WISH
I COULD
BELIEVE
YOU - BUT
A MAN
LIKE YOU,
DAGGER -

I DIDN'T WANT
TO HAVE ANYTHING
TO DO WITH YOU,
FLASH - BUT
GUNNER PARKER
WANTED THE
REDSHIRTS ALL
TO HIMSELF...



... HE HIRED ME TO
SCARE VICKERS, SO
HE'D QUIT AND SELL
HIS SHARE OF THE
TEAM CHEAP!
I AIN'T IN THE
DEAL NO MORE -
I QUIT!



I'VE GOT TO SEE
GUNNER - AND
PERSUADE HIM TO
QUIT TOO! AND
I RATHER THINK
HE WILL!



AT GUNNER PARKER'S HOME -

MY SHARE OF
THE CUP MONEY
IS PLENTY -
BUT I'LL REALLY
CLEAN UP WHEN
I GET EXCLUSIVE
OWNERSHIP
OF TH' REDSHIRTS!



HI, PARKER!
I'M GOING
TO GIVE YOU
YOUR CHANCE!
EITHER HAND
OVER A DEED
TO THE
REDSHIRTS -
OR I GO
INTO
ACTION!

YAH -
YOU CAN'T
SCARE ME
LIKE YOU
DID
DAGGER -
YOU'RE JUST
A -



THE FLASH DOESN'T LIKE GUNNER PARKER'S TONE OF VOICE - AND HURLS HIM WHISTLING THROUGH THE AIR -

CAREFUL, GUNNER!
I MIGHT GET ANGRY -!

HEY!

HE SALES RIGHT THROUGH A BRICK WALL - AND GETS CAUGHT!

YEOOWWWW!!
LEMMIE OUTTA HERE! GET A BRICKLAYER - A HOUSEWRECKER - HELP!!

OKAY, WISE GUY - I'M THE ONLY ONE AROUND TO GET YOU LOOSE - BUT NOT UNTIL YOU AGREE TO TURN FULL OWNERSHIP OF THE REDSHIRTS OVER TO VICKERS!

NO!
NO!

BUT WHEN A HAILSTORM RISES - GUNNER CHANGES HIS MIND -

THIS IS THE LAST STRAW - I QUIT! HE CAN HAVE TH' REDSHIRTS - THEY AIN'T WORTH BEIN' STONED TO DEATH FOR!

SO WE FIND GUNNER GIVING UP HIS SHARE OF THE TEAM TO VICKERS -

WHY - GUNNER - THIS IS REAL DECENT OF YOU!

AW - FERGIT IT! IT WAS DIS GUY FLASH'S IDEA, ANYHOW!

VICKERS' DAUGHTER IS OPERATED ON -

OH, DADDY - THEY SAY I'LL WALK AGAIN!

THAT'S WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL!

AND THESE DAYS YOU'LL ALWAYS SEE FOUR ROOTERS FOR THE REDSHIRTS - ALWAYS IN THE SAME BOX - AND THEY NEVER MISS A GAME -

I'VE WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU WALKING, DEAR!

AND TO THINK THAT SWELL FLASH MAN DID IT FOR ME! HE MUST FEEL GOOD ABOUT ALL THE KIND DEEDS HE DOES!

I WISH I COULD SEE HIM SOME TIME - TO TELL HIM HOW GRATEFUL DAD AND I ARE!

I THINK HE KNOWS HOW YOU FEEL, DEAR - I'M SURE HE DOES!

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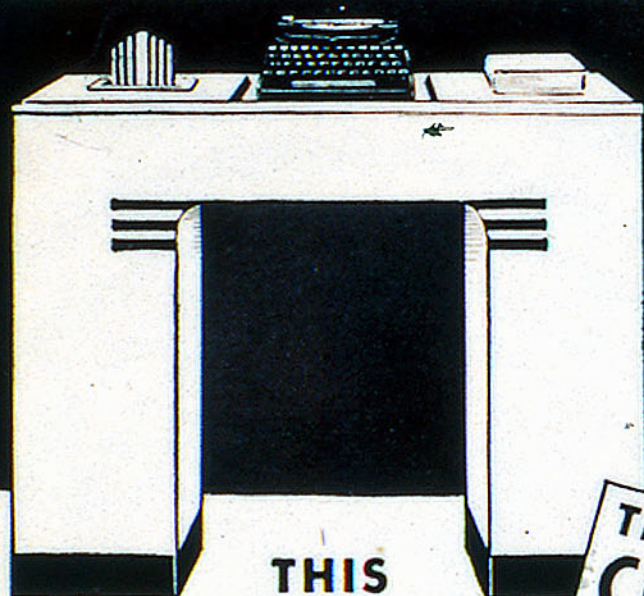
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1. Each contestant must shoot an Official Target and complete THE SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because..." in 20 words or less. Sentence must be written in space provided on Official Target.
2. Contest starts May 1, ends July 25. All Targets and completed SENTENCES must be received at Daisy Manufacturing Company, Frimanch, Michigan by midnight, July 25, 1941.
3. Any air rifle using .22 type shot may be used.
4. Contestants may be of any age up to and including 18 years, at start of Contest, May 1, 1941, and must be residents of the Continental United States.
5. Official Targets only may be used and must be properly filed in and signed by an adult witness before being mailed to Daisy. Target will be furnished you free at your Daisy Dealer. If you write us direct for Free Official Target, enclose 2¢ stamp to cover our mailing-handling cost of sending Official Target to you.
6. Contestants must submit only one Official 5-Bull Target. They must shoot at each bull 5 times. Each Target must record a total of 25 shots. If more than 25 shots appear on any one target, the 25 lowest count for score. These 25 shots must be shot consecutively, one after the other, in 20 minutes.
7. Standing position without artificial support must be used.
8. Target must be 20 feet away from air rifle muzzle when shooting your Official Score.
9. PRIZES will be awarded on the combined basis of Target score and aptness of thought in finishing the SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because..." in 20 words or less.
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