All-Flash Quarterly

Summer No 1 Issue

10¢

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 IT'S 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 Human

Superman — HONORARY MEMBERS.

The Spectre
The Sandman
Doctor Fate

Batman

GOSH! THE FLASH IS RELIEVED FROM DUTY IN THE JUSTICE SOCIETY! OBOY! I BETCHA I GET INVITED TO TAKE HIS PLACE! HOTCHA!

... 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! 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... 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 tonight! 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 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 . . .

 Hey - that gas - powerful stuff - knocking me woozy - 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 something to you! The doctors say those hard-water gases have speeded up your nervous and bodily reflexes! You'll be the fastest thing on earth!

You—your hand... disappeared! I can't see it!

I—just moved it a little! Wow! I am fast!

When Jay Garrick is discharged from the hospital, he is constantly surprised as he discovers one by one his many powers!

He is so swift he can hurl an ordinary drinking straw right through a door!

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.

A lifelong friend—Joan Williams—shares his secret...

All murderers and thieves are superstitious cowards at heart— I'll throw a scare into them by wearing this uniform designed to illustrate speed—and I'll call myself—The Flash!

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 college, a strange, swift creature speeds through the night and day, creating havoc and despair among all criminals—The Flash!
The Flash

When Old Mr. Norris 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 misused the formula realize that Jay Garrick, who assisted Norris 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 KZ-10 solution of yours... supposed to turn corpses into stone, or something like that...

Yes, it will revolutionize the embalming business! Just imagine turning 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...
Eureka! I did it! I made a daisy into a living statue! Look, Jay—look!

By golly! You did! Let me have it... I’ll try it on this table...

The transformed flower rings as it hits the table...

You helped me a lot, Jay! You get credit for this, and half of any money I make from it?

Forget it, Norris! I’m always glad to help a scientist!

The outer door opens...

Good morning! Is Jackson in?

He must be somewhere around! I haven’t seen him yet this morning!

Hm-m. That’s an odd looking flower! May I see it?

It’s a secret of mine! How to turn things into a sort of metal—stone!

Quite a feat! I wonder if it would work with humans!

Now why should he want to know that? Aw, maybe I’m just over—suspicious!

Well, good luck with it!

Thanks! I hope I make some money from it... I could use some!

Norris, if I were you, I wouldn’t let on about that solution! You never can tell—someone might steal it!

Down the street goes the inquisitive stranger—to the Ritz-Kat Club...

Hey, Callen, I got something that’ll knock your eye out! Wait’ll you get a load of it!

Start talkin’! I’m listenin’!
...turns 'em into stone! I tell you I saw it. What a racket that is! Imagine bumping off guys - then keepin' them around to decorate th' place! Hey, it ain't such a bad idea at that!

That evening as Norris is walking home -

That him? Yeah! Hey you, get 'em up!

But really, I don't know you! What is the meaning of this?

You'll learn fast enough!

The inventor is taken before Callen...

'I'm interested in science! I'm buyin' you a whole laboratory to make that solution of yours!'

But - but I have a job! Anyway half the credit belongs to Jay Garrick!

Now you run along with my boys! I'll arrange about your job! And I'll take care of your pal Garrick, too!

Well... o-kay!

Now - you guys drop in friendly-like to see this Garrick guy! Make sure he don't talk no more!

Right! We getcha boss!

In front of Jay's apartment a few minutes later...

Hey, a skirt? Better wait till she goes away!

Joan Williams visits Jay...

Here's that blood plasma serum you asked for!

Thanks, Joan! I've been working on it for a long time! It will do away with the four known blood groups, and make one serum do for all!
JOAN WILLIAMS DOESN'T STAY LONG...

NOW'S OUR CHANCE! IF ANYBODY SUSPECTS US - WE CAN PIN IT ON THE DAME!

YEAH!

GET 'EM UP! ONE DEEP AN' WE SPLATTER LEAD ALL OVER YA!

OH...

YER NAME GARRICK? YOU TH' GUY THAT WORKS WITH NORRIS THE CHEMIST?

YES... THAT'S RIGHT... WHAT ABOUT NORRIS? IS HE IN TROUBLE?

HE AIN'T BUT YOU ARE!

GOT HIM!

BUT JAY GARRICK (THE FLASH) MOVES EASILY OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE-

I'LL LET THEM THINK THEY SHOT ME!

HE MOVES HIS BODY BACK INTO POSITION SO SWIFTLY THAT THE GUNMEN FAIL TO NOTICE HIS MOVEMENT!

AH! THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM! HE'LL DO NO TALKING ABOUT THAT NEW SOLUTION JOE CALLEN IS GETTIN'!

GOOD JOB, KILLER! LET'S SCRAM!

TSK-TSK! POOR WORK BOYS! YOU SHOULD HAVE LOOKED TO SEE IF YOUR BULLETS HIT THEIR MARK!

IF WHAT I THINK IS GOING TO HAPPEN DOES HAPPEN, THIS BLOOD PLASMA WILL PREPARE ME FOR IT! AH, JUST ENOUGH!
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! Hmm—thats 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 immortalized 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!
PROBABLY WENT TO A DANCE OR SOMETHING, LITTLE ONE BUT I'LL TRY TO FIND HER FOR YOU!

NO. SHE DIDN'T! A MAN WANTED HER TO BE A STATUE!

STATUES! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO! WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?

D-DOWN THAT S-STREET!

OH! THAT'S THEIR CAR!

IT IS? WELL, LITTLE ONE, WE'RE GOING IN THAT HOUSE AFTER YOUR MOMMY!

AS THE FLASH ENTERS THE HOUSE.

AHA! CAUGHT HIM!

I WAS KINDA SORRY WHEN YOU BRING IN THE FLASH'S GIRL FRIEND, BOYS, BUT NOW I CAUGHT HIM, AND I'M GLAD!

YOU BEAST!

THE NET SWINGS OVER A VAT CONTAINING THE STATUE MAKING SOLUTION—

METAL WIRES! IMPOSSIBLE TO BREAK THEM!

THEY ARE PLUNGED INTO THE LIQUID!

I'M SORRY, LITTLE GIRL! WE—BLUBBB...

BOY, OH BOY! WAIT 'TILL THE UNDERWORLD HEARS I CAUGHT THE FLASH! I'LL SET UP HIS STATUE AND CHARGE ADMISSION! WHEE! I'M SO HAPPY I COULD DANCE!

COULD DANCE TOO—WITH HOBNAILS ON YOUR EVIL FACE! OHMM... FLASH!

WELL, THERE SHE IS—SAFE AND SOUNDER THAN EVER!
AH! IT'S DONE! THEY'LL BUILD STATUES OF ME ALL OVER THE UNDERWORLD WHEN THEY HEAR I GOT THE FLASH! GEE, I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO MUSCLE IN ON THE ARTISTS THAT'LL CARVE 'EM!

WHATTA RACKET! NOBODY CAN SAY I KILL MY ENEMIES! I JUST MAKE STATUES OUTTA THEM! OH BOY! WHATTA RACKET!

Yeah, that's right! I caught the Flash! It'll cost ya ten bucks to take a look at him! Tell everybody!

The underworld flock to his door...

One at a time, mugs! One at a time.

It's him, awright! He sent me brudder up de river! I'd like to sock him one, but he looks kinda hard.

Joan Williams, numb with horror, is led to the vat of KZ-10...

I don't care what happens to me! The Flash is dead! I might as well die too!

Step this way, folks! The greatest menace to crime known—captured by me, Joe Calhoun, in person! Only $1 is a look! I raised the ante since I got his girl friend too!

Look! He ain't dead! I just seen his eyes open!

Huh? Run fer yer lives!
That dame! She was seeing 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 —

What a business! I musta made a million bucks to-day! I am 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 get through with the Joe Callohn there won't be enough of him left to make a vase 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!

Now I know where they're all going — but I don't know which ones to start after first!

The Flash is a little pulled!
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 CONVERSATION
WITH THE GANG
LEADER.

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

HUH? WHO
SAID THAT... WHAT?

ULB-GLUB-BUB!

CALLEN DASHES WILDLY
INTO THE STATUE ROOM...

THE FLASH—
GONE! OOOOW!
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!

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

OOH! OOF...

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

OH! I'M DIRTY!
KOFF! KOFF!
HELP!

HE IMMERSES JOE UP TO HIS NECK
IN SOLUTION RZ-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-1-1-1-1-1-1!!
NOW JUST STAY THERE A WHILE AND PONDER ON THE FATE OF MEN WHO USE THEIR POWER TO KILL AND HURT POOR PEOPLE!

OH! I WANT TO BE GOOD! OH! PLEASE HELP ME, SOMEBODY!

NOW FOR THE BRICKLAYERS' UNION!

YOU HOLD US! JOE CALLAHAN SENT US TO COLLECT! EITHER YOU PAY UP OR WE START BANGING AWAY!

WE AINT IN YOUR RACKET!

LEAVE US ALONE!

GETTIN' TOUGH, HEY?

TAKE THAT AN' THAT!

NICE PLAYFUL FELLOWS! WE'LL SEE...

WORKING WITH THE RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT, THE FLASH BUILDS A WALL AROUND EACH GUNMAN......

I'LL BE — WHAT'S GOIN' ON AROUND HERE? I'M STUCK INSIDE A WALL!

WITHIN A FEW SECONDS.....

HO-MO-HO! LOOKA THI' TOUGH GUYS!

HA-HA-HA!

SA-AY! I GOTA HUNCH TH' FLASH'S BEHIND THIS!

BUT TH' FLASH IS DEAD! DE BOSS CAUGHT HIM!
The other boys ought to be manhandling Wallace about now—just in time for me to step in!

Aha! I thought so! You been holdin' out on us long enough. Wallace! Callen's gonna turn you into a statue!

Yes? Think again, boys? Hey! Don't tie us up! Wallace is th' guy wot's supposed to be tied!

De flash! See! I thought he was dead! Not dead, boys! You'll see! Let's go team...

With the Flash leading the way, the hefty muscle men get plenty of exercise...

Oof! I'm drippin' p'erspiration! I'm losin' pounds by th' second—Oo-oh—!

In front of Joe Callen's house...

There! You should feel a lot better! You've lost a lot of useless poundage! Oh! I'm tired! All I wanna do is die!

Before the imposing presence of the boss (seven eighths statue)!

Ah! "Mister" Callen! Let me present the remainder of what used to be your "gang"!

Don't remind me of what I used to be! Oo-oh! I'm sick!
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 THE 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 CALLEN THRUST ME INTO THE K2-10 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!
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. Higbard, the artist who draws my adventures, to look up some actual records for speed, and... here they are!

The fastest animal alive is the cheetah. Kenneth G. Down, British sportsman and author, clocked a cheetah at 70 miles an hour for 100 yards!

The Lockheed P-38 Interceptor flies on a level at 500 miles per hour and dives at 700 m.p.h.

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 fashionable Broadway theatre, where a fashion show is about to begin.

Can you imagine—these hats are worth a hundred thousand dollars! The diamond on this one is valued at $150,000! I'm almost scared to handle it!

A hand reaches into the doorway and drops a glass vial on the floor...

Gas rises from the broken vial to choke the models into unconsciousness.

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!

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 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!

Somebody 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!

NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THEM! SIMPLY GORGEOUS!

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

FLASH! FLASH! SPEAK TO ME!

OHH! 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 HERE—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—

NOMBODAY IN THERE WITH ANY JEWELS!

AND TROLLEY CARS...

'NOT A CROOK IN A CARLOAD!'
AND NOW, LET US INTRODUCE YOU TO THE BRAINS OF A DEADLY CRIMINAL OUTFIT - THE SMOOTH, SLAVE CLEVER MONOCLE!

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

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 TOMORROW!

OKAY, BOSS! WORKING FOR YOU IS A CINCH!

YEYAH - 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 FOUNDERS...

SOMEBOY Took THOSE JEWELS! BUT WHO . . . ?
OH WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL GO TO BED - WILL GET UP EARLY IN THE MORNING 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...

SPLAT!

KAFF-KAFF!!!

OH BOY — WHAT A HAUL!

NO WITNESSES, EITHER! ALL OF 'EM GASED!

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 BEFORE 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!

NOW! 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 FLAGPOLE!

HELP!

CRASH!

ONE BY ONE THE FLASH IMPALE THE WORLD-BE ROBBERS ON A FLAGPOLE!

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

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

HEEY, BOSS! WE BEEN CAPTURED BY A MAN CALLING HIMSELF THE FLASH!

WHAT'LL WE DO?

THE FLASH! IS HE MORNIN' 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?

ISO 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!

CLAREN CAUSEWAY

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! 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 NAME—
HE'S HIDING FROM ME!

AH! MR. MONOCLE,
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...

OHH!

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!

CURSES! I never thought of that!

I will! Now—which figure in the mirrors is me?
This mirror business works both ways!

A trap-door opens behind 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?

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 helps two rooms 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?

Whoa! A trap!

And the Flash is seen!
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 FOR YA!

JUST TAKE A DEEP BREATH—FLASH—HERE ARE YOU?

THE FLASH HAS HIS HANDS PULL...

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—

THE MONOCLE—ALWAYS FARSIGHTED—IS IN A PLANE, RISING FROM THE ROOF...

I'M BLIND—MY EYES!—HOW CAN 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!

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 PROPULSION 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 — IOAN!

WHAT ABOUT HER? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HER?
JOAN IS ABOUT TO BE SHOT

I DON'T LIKE THIS JOB! ONE TWO TH...

A MOTORCYCLE COP STOPS
THE KILLERS' CAR

PULL OVER THERE, YOU!

A COUPLE OF
MOBSTERS DOIN'
IN A DAME, EH?
GET EM UP!

YOU GREAT BIG
COLOSSAL MAN!
YOU HERO!

IXNAY, LADY!
I GOT A WIFE
AND KIDS!

THE FLASH ARRIVES

FLASH! OH, THANK
HUNGRY, YOU'VE
COME!

JOAN! YOU'RE
STILL ALIVE!
WHAT HAPPENED?

THEY DIDN'T HAVE
NO REAR LICENSE
PLATE, SO I PULLED 'EM
OVER!

SO? THEY MUST
HAVE BEEN IN
AN ACCIDENT!

WE DIDN'T
HAVE NO
ACCIDENTS!
I'LL HAVE YA
KNOW I'M
A CAREFUL
DRIVER!

SO WHAT?
I SUPPOSE
I DID IT?
HUh!

WE KNOW THE
FLASH DID CAUSE
THE CROOKS TO LOSE
THE LICENSE PLATE!
BUT HE DROPS
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!
Jay Garrick never goes anywhere or does anything without finding suddenly that there is need for him to appear in his other identity — as — THE FLASH!

Cowboy Jack Crofts is about to bulldog a bear chas’d 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 whirs and dives to gore the prostrate cowboy...

The enraged animal whirs and dives to gore the prostrate cowboy...

The enraged animal whirs and dives to gore the prostrate cowboy...
OH- OH- OH! HE'LL BE KILLED!

NOT IF I CAN HELP HIM...

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

OOF! WHAM!

THE STEER FALLS IN SUCH A WAY THAT ONE OF IT'S LONG HORN'S BURIES INTO THE GROUND RIGHT UP TO THE HILT ... THE MAD ANIMAL IS HELPLESS.

SARRICK GRAPHS THE DAZED COWBOY PLACES HIS HAND ON THE STEER'S HORN ... TID PADD'S QUICKLY FROM THE SCENE.

NOW WHERE DID THAT MAN GO?

CALM YOURSELF. SWEET STUFF! CALM YOURSELF!

R-R-RUMP!

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

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

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


AYV - WHAT AM I TALKIN' ABOUT? I'M GONI' SUGGEST!
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 YIH—WHHEW! RECKON IT WAS FAST! I DON'T REMEMBER A THING.

I SMELLED BITTER ALMONDS WHEN I LOOKED AT THAT STEER! THAT MEANT PRUSSIC ACID HAD BEEN PUT ON IT'S HORN'S! BUT—WHY DOES SOMEONE WANT JACK CROFT'S TO DIE?

GEH! HE HAS NO MONEY! HE'S ONLY A COWBOY! WHAT'S HE TRYING TO DO?

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 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!

YEPAH! THIS TIME WE DO THE JOB RIGHT!
Dashing ahead of the killer's car, the Flash head 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!

I'm more and more curious as to why those city toughs want to kill you!

Are you wealthy? Married? Expect to inherit money? Got any enemies? I ain't muzzling in on any rackets in town?...

ULP!

You strike me as being a pretty harmless sort of fellow. It's beyond me why anyone wants to get rid of you!

The Flash rushes to rescue cowboy Jack...

Hey! Who are you? The circus ain't due in town till next week!

Come on! Those killers will plug you while you stand around advertising!
TELEGRAM FOR MISTER JACK CROFTS!

THAT'S ME, SHORE NUFF! HEY, SON—HERE!

MAH! SO—YOUR FATHER DISCOVERED OIL ON HIS OKLAHOMA FARM!

VIPDEE! I'LL BE RICH!

SO THAT'S WHAT IT IS! THESE CITY GANGSTERS HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT THAT OIL! FOR SOME REASON THEY DON'T WANT HIM TO GET BACK TO OKLAHOMA!

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!

I'VE GOTTA CATCH A TRAIN FOR OKLAHOMA RIGHT AWAY!

WELL, SO LONG, COWBOY BO PEEDEE! ENJOY YOUR TRIP!

ON THE WAY TO JOAN'S APARTMENT.....

JAY, YOU CAN'T LET THAT POOR GOOF GO TO OKLAHOMA ALONE! WHY, HE'S SO INNOCENT HE'LL GET HIMSELF KILLED BEFORE HE GETS TO THE STATION!

IT'S NONE OF MY AFFAIR, JOAN! AFTER ALL, I SAVED HIS LIFE ONCE. THAT'S ENOUGH!

WELL, IF YOU WON'T HELP HIM, I WILL! THE POOR GINK!

OH, ALL RIGHT, IF YOU GO TO FOLLOW YOU ANYWAY--TO KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE!

THEY TAKE UP THEIR STAND OPPOSITE COWBOY JACK'S RENTED ROOM.......

LOOK! HERE HE COMES NOW! SEE HIM!

THAT CAR! THE DRIVER INTENDS TO RUN JACK DOWN!!
Moving with the rapidity of light, Jay Garrick races beside the wheels of the murder car...

The car, traveling 60 miles an hour, goes into a mad spin...

Yi-i-i-i-i! Oh-h!

Tsh-tsh! These city fellers shore are reckless drivers!

Cutting tires is a mean trick—but saving a man's life justifies it!

The flash keeps his eyes on Cowboy Jack all the way to the station.

I shore got thum runniest feelin' somebody's watchin' me—but I can't see nobody!

Hmm—

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—

LOOK AT THAT ISN'T IT TOUCHING?

Yeah, SURE! BUT I'VE GOT OTHER THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR—AH!

MAW! PAW! JACK, MY SON! HELLO BOY! GLAD TO SEE YAH!

There! And let that be a lesson to you!

...I THINK YOU NEED A LITTLE EXERCISE!

YEO-OW!

OUT INTO THE COUNTRY—BY THE TIME I GET FINISHED WITH YOU—YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO LIFT YOUR LITTLE FINGER!

Ooohh!!

Paw—What's this about Oil?

We struck it all right—but we haven't got much equipment so I gave a man a mortgage—and he gave me some money!

Hm—M. I GET IT! FIRST THEY DO AWAY WITH JACK THEN HIS FATHER AND MOTHER! NICE FELLOWS!

Strange things have been happenin' lately, Son! Bunch of men hangin' around lookin' over thuh equipment! Best keep your eyes open!

Dashing back to the depot—Jay listens in on an interesting conversation...
You register at the nearest hotel, Joan. I've got a few things to look into — and I think I had best do it as THE FLASH!

Hey! I want to be back in this, too! Jay, wait!

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 happened? I-I don't see them no more!

Bang! Bang!
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, TH' 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...

HEE! 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—

OOOF! HELP! WHATEVER YOU SAY, PAL—

LIGHTNING-LIKE BLOWS RAIN ON HIM WITH THE SPEED AND POWER OF A CYCLONE—
Ooh! We been invaded—a whole army just jumped on me! Oooh!

He discovers something else also...

My oil well! They stole my oil well too!!

Hey, Mr. Benton! The crooks got away?

Their car drove by too 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 crooks chug up in their wheezing old jalopy...

So you're back again, eh?

See here, Benton! You leave me alone after this! From now on I'm handling their business! But right now—you get 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—j juries and take over the place! Put that in your corn cob 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 Harries what business!

Okay, Boss!
**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!!**

**AND IN A NEARBY HOUSE.....**

**BOSS—PUFF!—PUFF!— THEY 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! That's 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 thun devil are you, mister? That outfit you're wearin'

Never mind! '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—
Now for you, Mister Benton!
I don't believe it! The fire went out all by itself!

You're telling the sheriff of the county what you've been up to?
Vi-iiii! 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...

They need for New York—
And Cowboy Jack still doesn't know the score!

I wonder if Cowboy Jack appreciates all you did for him, Jay?

Wonder who that fellow in the red shirt was? He shore was an excitable hombre! Shucks—thun! Fire was out afore we even got here!

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!

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!"

Now On Sale Everywhere! Be Sure To Get Your Copy!

EVE'REYBODY'S BEEN SAYIN' SUCH NICE THINGS ABOUT ME SINCE I GOT MIXED UP WID MR. GREEN LANTERN! CHEE --- I DONT DESERVE NO CREDIT I JUST DOES ME DOOTY DAT'S ALL!!!

BOYS AND GIRLS! IF YOU LIKE MUTT & JEFF

HERE'S A WHOLE BOOK FULL OF IT!!
ALSO CONTAINS MANY PAGE OF CICERO'S CAT!

64 PAGES
ALL IN COLOR
Only 10¢

NOTE! FOUR TO FIVE PAGES OF MUTT & JEFF AND CICERO'S CAT IN EVERY ISSUE OF ALL-AMERICAN COMICS!
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 Lauring is a Nazi spy. They don't believe me. Lauring 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—

"Lauring 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, because Lauring 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 Lauring 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. "Lauring 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 Lauring's speech. When they all seemed to be there, and Hop could see Lauring's big figure on the platform in the center, he went into action! The "Speed Demon" began to do tricks 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 ignored Lauring 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 Mapleton.

“Lauring 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 people. We’ve got to make him confess.”

Then Buddy listened in wide-eyed silence as Hop explained the rest of his plan to trap Lauring.

Towards 2 o’clock in the morning, Lauring’s huge figure, 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. Behind a tree, Hop watched Lauring 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 slingshots! To the terrified Lauring and his cronies it seemed like a thousand of them! Actually there were 186—all members of the All-American Flying Club in Mapleton whom Buddy had rounded up!

Lauring 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 wailed.

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

“No, no. I’ll confess,” Lauring gasped. “I am a Nazi spy. I was supposed to substitute faulty materials in the dam, bridges and buildings, if I became 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 middle of the ceremonies, Hop disappeared and the boys grinned to see his “Speed Demon” streaking through the sky toward New York.

Suddenly the plane banked, turned and came back.

“Gee, he must’ve forgotten something!” Buddy mumbled.

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

HAPPY LANDING!

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

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

---

HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF THE “ALL-FLASH QUARTERLY” NAME CONTEST SELECTED FROM OVER 6000 ENTRIES!

First Prize Winner ($10.00) . . . . George Robbins, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Second Prize Winner ($7.50) . . . . Carol Stutz, Pewaukee, Wis.
Third Prize Winner ($5.00) . . . . William Schell, Chicago, Ill.
Fourth Prize Winner ($2.50) . . . . Esther Barros, Marion, Mass.

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 SUPERMOBSTER

by Ed Welslan

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

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

MEANWHILE

AH THE SIGN OF OUR ROVING FRATERNITY WHICH BESPARKS 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, "STAR" MARX, LEFTY WRIGHT, AND "KILLER" DILLER AWAIT THE BIG BOSS.

LISTEN - I TINK HE'S - COME!
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 FOR ALL OF YOUSE!

THAT NIGHT

CHEES, I CAN’T FIND DE MARK I MADE. BUT I TINK DIS IS DE DUMP!!

SPIDER AN’ SCAR AN’ ME WILL STAY BEHIND T’COVER YER TRACKS. BUTCH!!

A FEW MINUTES LATER

OKAY, “RED” HERE’S DE SWAG. YOUSER AN’ LEFTY COME WIT ME!!

BACK IN THE HIDE-OUT

NOW OPEN DE SACK, MUGS, AN’ YOUSER’LL GIT A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!!

WOT DE...?!

YOUSER MUSTA GOT IN DE WRONG YARD, BUTCH!!

YEH, DIS AINT LIKE DE SWELL STUFF YOUSER WAS TELLIN’ US’ ABOUT!!

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

GEE WHIZ, CAN IT BE THAT OLD BUTCH MY’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!!!!
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 PACKER KING, WAS OUT TO GET PARKER...

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

I LIKE 'EM! I'LL BUY THE TEAM!

GOOD! COME TO MY OFFICE AND WE'LL SETTLE THE DETAILS!

NOW... JUST SIGN THIS, VICKERS!

OKAY! — HERE'S YOUR CHECK!

WELL, THE TEAM'S YOURS, JOE!

WHAT'S THIS? SELLIN' OUT, MAC? I HOPE YOU TOLD THIS GUY THAT I HAVE A SHARE IN THE REDSHIRTS, TOO!
GUNNER PARDNER! YOU - YOU OWN A SHARE OF THE TEAM...?

Yeah... That's right, Buddy... And it kinda looks like you've let yourself in for something. DAGGER DANIELS IS OUT TO GET MY ROLL-AN' HE'S LIABLE TO START IN ON THE REDSHIRTS!

AND I SUNK ALL MY MONEY INTO THIS! IF DANIELS STARTS ANYTHING I'M SUNK! I WAS DEPENDING ON THE TEAM WINNING THE MANLEY CUP SERIES TO GET MY MONEY BACK!

THAT'S TOUGH... WELL - SO LONG, PARTNER!

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

HELLO, JOE!

JAY CARRICK WONDERS IF VICKERS IS GETTING SNOBISH...

AHUH! HE NEVER GAVE ME THE FROZEN SHOULDERBLADE BEFORE! LOOKS - WHY HE LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S SICK!

HEY, JOE, WHAT'S WRONG? SICK?

OH, HELLO, JAY! NO... I JUST BOUGHT THE REDSHIRTS AND NOW I FIND OUT A COUPLE OF GAMBLERS ARE IN ON THE DEAL!

IT'S NO USE TRYING TO GET MY MONEY BACK NOW! SO - UNLESS THE TEAM CAN WIN THE MANLEY CUP SERIES - DARN IT! I WOULDN'T MIND SO MUCH, BUT MY DAUGHTER NEEDS AN OPERATION, AND...! NOW, TAKE IT EASY, JOE! WE'LL WORK SOMETHING OUT!

JOE'S A GOOD EGG! WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING FOR HIM! HE WAS A GREAT HOCKEY PLAYER IN HIS DAY - CRIPPLED DAUGHTER AND ALL...

JUST THEN...

TAKING OUR ADVICE, BUDDY - AND DON'T HANG AROUND VICKERS PLACE NO MORE! MAYBE HE MIGHT NOT BE SO HEALTHY FOR YA!

GOOD-NIGHT...
CERTAINLY, GENTLEMEN! OF COURSE! I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE. I'LL MOVE ALONG!

DIS GUY'S GOT BRAINS, CHUCK? HE KNOWS WHAT'S BEST FOR HIM!

THOSE RATS! I HAD TO PRETEND TO FEAR THEM — BECAUSE I DON'T WANT THEM TO SUSPECT THAT JAY GARRICK IS THE FLASH!

JAY GARRICK PULLED OUT SOME SPEED...

BUT AS THE FLASH I DON'T NEED TO FEAR BEING SEEN! AND BOY, I WILL I HAVE SOME FUN WITH THOSE FELLOWS!

ARRIVING HOME, HE CHANGES SWIFTLY INTO THE COSTUME. THE UNDERWORLD HAS LEARNED TO KNOW — AND FEAR!

FIRST I'LL SEE HOW JOE AND HIS DAUGHTER ARE TAKING THIS — MAYBE I CAN CHEER THEM UP!

NOW I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO HELP JOE VICKERS! IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO GIVE THOSE RATS OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE WHAT THEY DESERVE!

NOW DON'T YOU WORRY, VIRGINIA — WE MAY WIN THE CUP MONEY AFTER ALL...

THE FLASH, MOVING SO FAST HE CANNOT BE SEEN, IS INSIDE VICKERS HOUSE IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND!

BUT IF DAGGER DANIELS HATES GUNNER PARKER — AND TRIES TO BREAK UP THE TEAM—!

HM-M—SO IT'S DANIELS AND PARKER...

HELLO, THERE! I'M THE FLASH! I HEARD YOU WERE IN TROUBLE AND I'VE DECIDED TO HELP YOU OUT — BUT FIRST — HOW ABOUT A LITTLE IMPROMPTU ENTERTAINMENT?

AS A STARTER I'LL MAKE THIS BOOK DISAPPEAR...!

GO ON — YOU CAN'T DO IT?
THE FLASH MOVES HIS HAND WITH A WEAVING MOTION AND THE BOOK DOES DISAPPEAR.

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

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

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

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

WE CATCH WISE, MISTER!

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

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 HEADQUARTERS . . .

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

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

OH! . . . WHAT DO YOU WANT?

HEY, BUDDY — YOU PLAY CENTER FOR THE REDSHIRTS, DONTCHA? WELL — YOU'RE GONNA GROW 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! Same here!

What do we do? I ain't havin' my wife shot! I ain't job or no job — 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... Aha! The game's started — keep your fingers crossed, everybody!

Jay! My boys are letting the blue stripes win! They're chucking the game! If they lose — I'm washed up!

Quicker than a player can skate from one end of a hockey rink to the other, Jay has dashed home — changed into his flash costume — and is back at the stadium....

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!
NOW TO SUBSTITUTE FOR SOMEONE... THE CENTER WILL DO!

HEY! WHAT IS THIS - A CIRCUS?

WELL I WILL WILL YA LOOK AT THAT!

GO SIT ON THE BENCH, BIG BOY - I'M SICK OF WATCHING YOU GUYS THROW THIS MATCH!

HUH...

SAY - WHERE'D GARRICK GO...

LOOK DAD, THE FLASH - OUT ON THE ICE!

AND THEN THE FLASH BEGINS TO PLAY UNHEARD OF HOCKEY...

WHERE - WHERE DID HE GO? AND WHERE'S THE PUCK?

WOW! - I DIDN'T SEE ANYONE COME DOWN HERE WHAT GOES ON...

BRRRR!

THE LITTLE RED BELL RINGS UP A SCORE!

UP THE ICE AGAIN AND AGAIN GOES THE FLASH...

GEE! I CAN'T SEE HIM - BUT I CAN READ THE SCORE!

HE'S MARVELOUS!

WHERE THEY BEEN HIDIN' HIM??

HEY, UMPIRE! STOP THAT GUY WILL YA - PRETTY SOON HE'LL BE SKATIN' ON CEMENT!

THE UMPIRE CALLS A HALT...

WE ARE STOPPING THE GAME UNTIL THE ANOMALY RIPPES RE-ICE THE RINK! PLAY WILL BE RESUMED SHORTLY!

DUE TO THE FLASH'S SWIFT FACE THE ICE STARTS TO MELT - AND SOON THE PLAYERS ARE STANDING IN WATER!

HEY, UMPIRE! STOP THAT GUY WILL YA - PRETTY SOON HE'LL BE SKATIN' ON CEMENT!
YOU HEARD US, VICKERS! TH' BOSS SAYS CALL OFF THE FLASH OR YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER GET HURT!

BUT I TELL YOU I DIDN'T SEND FOR HIM — HE CAME ON HIMSELF!

WHAT'S TH' SENSE OF SHOOTING VICKERS, THEN?

WELL — WE CAN'T SHOOT THE FLASH — WE CAN'T EVEN SEE HIM!

HEY, BOSS, VICKERS SAYS HE DIDN'T SEND FOR THE FLASH...

YAH! — TH' MUG'S PROBABLY LYIN' — GIMME A GUN — I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT ROBIN HOOD IN A WINGED HAT?

PLAY IS RESUMED . . .

NOW WHERE IS HE . . .

WELL, WELL, LOOK WHO'S ALL SET TO SHOOT ME!

WITH SURPRISING SUDDENNESS THE FLASH APPEARS RIGHT UNDER DANIELS' NOSE . . .

LOOKING FOR ME, DAGGER?

ULP! WHY — ER — A YESTERDAY SORT OF WAY . . .

WELL, THIS'LL KEEP YOU BUSY FOR AWHILE!

WITH LEFT AND RIGHT JABS THE FLASH STARTS DANIELS ROCKING SWIFTLY BACK AND FORTH.

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

BACK INTO THE GAME — SNATCHING THE PUCK FROM A BLUESTRIPE . . .

NOW YOU SEE IT — NOW YOU DON'T!

AW, RATS! THAT GUY IS BACK AGAIN!

THE SCORE IS 98 TO 3! WOULDN'T CATCH UP IN THE TIME THAT'S LEFT — IF ALL THE REDSHIRTS WENT OFF THE ICE TOGETHER!

WHAT'S TH' USE! THEY WIN! LET'S QUIT!
OH DADDY, WE WON! NOW WE GO INTO THE CUP PLAYOFFS BUT CAN WE WIN THEM WITHOUT THE FLASH?

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

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

DID I MISS SOMETHING?

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

GOSH - I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SEEN THAT!

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

NOW DON'T WORRY, VICKERS - IT'S NOT EVERYTHING TURNING OUT ALL RIGHT!

YES - BUT WE'RE STILL GOT TO BUCK DANIELS AND WIN THE CUP PLAYOFFS!

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

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

THAT FLASH GUY USED ME FOR A PUNCHING BAG - I BEEN ROCKIN' 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 can't help it - but I'll get Vickers and the Flash for this! I'll kidnap their whole team - that's what I'll do . . .

Dat's a good idea, Boss.

Okay, you guys - hurry up and finish dressin'! You're goin' for a little ride . . . and you won't be back until the Manley Cup Playoffs are over!

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!

Dat's the General Idea - now 'cmon!
Hm-m - Entire redshirt hockey team kidnapped!

Right after a game with the Blue Stripes, enlivened by the spectacular playing of the Flash, gunmen kidnapped Joe Vickers' whole team!

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 - well we'll do it! We won't have to play just stay on the ice while the Flash runs up the score.

The evening papers poke fun at Vickers' . . .

Hey, Bill - did you see this picture of Vickers' new hockey team? Ho! 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 doing?
I'll beat him to the punch! We're gonna kidnap his new "team" too!

Their first stop is Joan Williams' house...

Get your hat, Babe! You've been kidnapped too!

Oh, yes? That's what you think!

Don't get sassy, sister! I ain't in no mood.

Hey, boss—look! The whole "team" is in here! Look!

Well, well—this is luck! Everybody here but the Flash! Grab 'em!

What makes you think I'm not here, dagger? You fell into my trap nicely. I thought you'd try your methods on them—so I'm standing guard.

The Flash spins Daniels at such a terrific speed he becomes invisible—

Hey! He's made the boss disappear! Hully Golly—let's get outta here!

No, may be about it—you are!

They've gone!

No—they're still here—just spinning... and they will be for some time! Come on, let's get over to the hockey stadium!
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's a score for the Redshirts -

Hey - when do we start? We already started!

So you've heard of my speed but don't believe 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 bother going to the dressing room! No one is tired!

It does get a little tiring just standing around. How about some chairs?

At the start of the second period the Redshirts are comfortably seated!

This is the way to play hockey!

Say, maybe you guys have got something at that!

But the flash decides the stars need some exercise - so he skates them so fast the suction pulls them along with him!

Anytime you boys decide you've had enough - let me know!

Ah - you can have the old manley cup and the money! It ain't worth all this humiliation!

Here you are, Wickers! Everybody says you win the cup without half tryin'!

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 DRESSING 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...

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...

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!

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'M 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 HURTS HIM WHISTLING THROUGH THE AIR.

CAREFUL, GUNNER! I MIGHT GET ANGRY!

HEY!

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

YEOWWWW!! LEMME 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 - FORGET 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 -

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

I WISH I COULD SEE HIM SOME TIME - TO TELL HIM HOW GRATEFUL I AM!
FOLLOW THE FURTHER AND
AMAZING ADVENTURES OF
THE FLASH—Fastest Man Alive
Every Month in FLASH COMICS!

ALSO IN
FLASH COMICS EVERY MONTH:
— THE HAWKMAN
— ED WHEELAN'S MINUTE MOVIES
— THE WHIP
— JOHNNY THUNDER
— LES SPARKS
— THE KING

A new issue of FLASH COMICS is on sale
everywhere about the 15th of every month!
ACT NOW!
ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER.

THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY $1.00

WITH ANY REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar ($1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to type by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdy-built of 3-ply wood bound with a special DuPont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard—back spacers, margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacers; paper gliders; makes as many as seven characters; takes paper 9.5” wide; writes lines 8.2” wide; black keys and white letters, rubber cushioned.

SEND COUPON NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept 460-6
465 Washington St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet, for as little as 10c a day. Send catalogue.

Name:________________________
Address:_______________________
City:__________________________
State:_________________________
WIN 2 FREE TRIPS TO RED RYDER'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO

ME HOPE YOU WIN NOW PRIZE!

STRAIGHT SHOOTIN' AND THINKIN' WINS A TRIP TO MY RANCHO

BOYS! CONTEST ENDS JULY 25th! ENTER NOW—START SHOOTIN'

210 PRIZES GIVEN!

1st and 2nd PRIZE

A Thrilling 2 Weeks' EXPENSES-PAID Trip to Red Ryder Rancho!

These 2 happy Trip Winners will enjoy at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 16, and under responsible adult supervision, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Elk Park, Garden of The Gods, Then cowboys life on the Rancho—a mountain park-trip to Cliff Dwellings, Indian Reservation, etc. See Fred Harmon actually DRAW his famous Cartoon Strip "RED RYDER" in the mountain studio. What a trip!—What a contest!—Enter!

PORTABLE HOME RECORDER RADIO PHONOGRAPH

RECORDER JR.

Winner of these 150 beautiful, musical, RHYTHMIC MACHINE of the new Century. Carry anywhere. Make home records of your voice, instrument, play back. Can also make radio or phonograph records of your favorite radio programs. Complete with "mike" and black recording discs. EACH: $395

PORTABLE HOME RECORDING SET

5 RECORDS each of Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, and his Orchestra, $1.00 each.

DAISY TARGET PISTOL

Your choice—Red Ryder for Boys. Outlaw for Girls. $2.00 each.

100% COTTON

DAISY CARTRIDGE

80 Strange and Unusual Uses for the Daisy Target Pistol. A Free 16-page Booklet. $0.25 each

GUN BRACKET

A pair of air rifle wall brackets, wooden cut-outs of Fred Harmon's famous "THUNDER," VALUE each $1.00

RED RYDER CARBINE

ONLY $2.95

SADDLE CARBINE

Two Saddle Cartridges

RED RYDER CARBINE

ON SALE INSIDE

GET FREE CONTEST TARGET ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS OR WRITE US!

INSCRIBED to the owners

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 931 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.