Good Books For Christmas
reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor
Children's Book Committee
Child Study Association of America

Every year, just before Christmas, a great many new books are published for young people of all ages. We have selected only a few of the many fine titles which you may want to put on your list of "things I want for Christmas".

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS UP TO TEN!

CAPTAIN KIDD'S COW. By Phil Stong. Dodd Mead.
When boys go a-pirating on the Des Moines River anything can happen. Here a band of young buccaneers meet up with many adventures, including a stowaway cow, a pesty little girl who threatens to tell their hiding place to their searching parents, and, finally, an encounter with a band of real cattle thieves—with a price on their heads. It all turns out to be very exciting and amusing and satisfactory.

THE MYSTERY DOGS OF GLEN HAZARD. By Maristan Chapman, Grosset and Dunlap.
Two children in search of adventure find all they want when their family moves from the city to a deserted Tennessee farm. Trying to solve a mystery leads them straight into trouble, but they come out of it the proud owners of two dogs—one for each.

FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS!

BLUEBERRY MOUNTAIN.
By Stephen W. Meader
Harcourt Brace.
Winter Floods, the owner of a sugar cane fields, a boy, in his first attempt to save money. Between seasons he had time to play fine football and win games for his high school team, but by the time he had finished high school he had built up a thriving blueberry farm of his own and was well on the road to business success.

WORLD SERIES. By John R. Tunis
Harcourt Brace.
Here is "The Kid from Tompkinsville" again—no longer a rookie but a full-fledged right fielder in the big league. How he trains with his club and plays his way through many tough games to the crowning victory in the world series make a thrilling story in itself, and gives you a real picture of the baseball world as seen by a fine sports writer who knows it well.

WITH DANIEL BOONE ON THE CAROLINY TRAIL.
By Alexander Kay
The John C. Winston Co.
At fourteen young Daniel Boone was already "well nigh grown"—and as good a woodsman as any man. With his father he scouted the dark, tangled forests of the Carolines. This is the story of how he met up with young George Washington and his party of surveyors, how he was beset by Indians on the warpath and escaped from torture and a horrible death, and how he won the friendship and help of a young Cherokee chief.

THE BLACK TANKER. By Howard Pease
Doubleday Doran.
When Vance Warren ships on a tanker bound for China he knows he is headed for danger, in the war-torn Orient. Mystery, espionage, and murder circle about the cargo of oil, destined for the Japanese invaders at a Chinese port. How Vance solves the mystery and narrowly misses death in the flaming destruction of the tanker makes a thrilling story in an up-to-the-minute setting.

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THE Flash!
FASTEST MAN ALIVE!

by
GARDNER FOX
and
E.E. HIBBARD

Presenting
ANOTHER COMPLETE FOUR CHAPTER NOVEL-LENGTH STORY OF THE FLASH
"FASTEST MAN ALIVE!"
CHAPTER I: "THE ADVENTURE OF THE DUPLICATE FACES!"

Ever since that fateful day at a Western University when Jay Garrick, a student, mixed various solutions of hard waters together and made a gas that rendered him the swiftest thing on Earth, the name of The Flash has made history! Swifter than the sizzling crack of lightning in the sky, faster than light and sound, The Flash devotes his great speed to the pursuit of justice, always aiding the forces of law and order against crime and criminals!

Once more we present, in one complete novel-length story, a new lightning fast tale of adventure and thrilling excitement with—

THE FLASH!
CHAPTER ONE - "THE ADVENTURE OF THE MISPLACED FACES"

There is a rush of wind down the aisle of the charity hospital operating amphitheater... the Flash has come again, swift and deadly, to prevent crime!

Don't look now— but I think the Flash has caught us!

Ohh!

Good evening, gentlemen! Paying the hospital a little visit, eh?

Ohh!

The Flash whirs and releases his human boomerang — and around the room with lightning rapidity he sails....

Ohh! Ohhh! I'm scared!
OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL...

WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING THOSE BOYS SO LONG? I'D BETTER LOOK IN AND HURRY THEM UP—OR ADDAMS WILL HAVE MY HIDE!

HE WANDERS INTO THE HOSPITAL AND COMES FACE TO FACE WITH A HUMAN BOOMERANG!

YOW! WHAT—WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

OHHH! LEMME DOWN! OHH!

WE'LL TALK! HELP!

OHWW! MY ARM! OHWW!

OKAY! START TALKING!

WELL WE WORK FOR HEY! HE AIN'T HERE NO MORE! MUSH WUSS WUSS DREAMIN'!

HUUH! DAT WUSS NO DREAM, BROTHER—IT WUSS A HURRICANE!

BUT THE FLASH IS STILL PRESENT!

TRY TO SHOOT ME, EH? WELL, BETTER MEN THAN YOU HAVE TRIED AND FAILED!

IF THEY TALK—ADDAMS AND HIS WORK IS RUINED! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

LOOK HERE—SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT—SAY—I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE JEB YOUNG!

YES—I AM BUT—

SAY—YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE DIED! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? WHY HAVE YOU BECOME A COMMON CRIMINAL?

IT'S A LONG STORY AND A STRANGE ONE! A FRIEND OF MINE, JAY GARRICK, AND I WERE WALKING DOWN THE STREET ONE DAY....

3A
This may come as a shock to you, Jay—but I’ve only got six months to live! Jeez! Are you serious? You must be kidding!

No, Jay—I’ve been to see specialists all over the world! There’s only one chance left—a scientist named Addams who has a private research laboratory in the city! I’m going to see him tonight!

Hmm—I believe I can cure you! But it won’t be easy, and you must pay a price—a high price! You must serve me faithfully for one year—no questions asked!

I’m a wealthy man! Any monetary fee I’ll gladly pay, but—but to work for you without question, we-ell I don’t know...

You are a proud man, Mr. Young—but remember your pride won’t do you any good in six months—you’ll be dead!

I mean that with my hormone-gland treatments, I can alter the human face—to look like any other face! I can play tricks on mother nature! Ha! Ha! Funny tricks!

All that night I prowled the streets, unable to sleep—thinking....

Alive for many years to come—only one year to pay to him—I’ll do it! Yes, it’s worth it many times over—I’ll serve Addams for a whole year.

My theories are startling ones, Mr. Addams. I believe that the human face is shaped the way it is because of glandular activities of the human body!
THEN HE NEEDED MORE RADIUM TO CONTINUE HIS EXPERIMENTS! TWO OF HIS EERIE HELPERS AND I CAME HERE TO STEAL IT! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW WE'D BE HERE?

NEVER MIND THAT - I KNOW A LOT MORE THAN YOU THINK!

OF COURSE THE FLASH KNOWS MORE THAN JEB THINKS! IN FACT JEB WOULD BE SURPRISED TO KNOW THAT FLASH IS HIS FRIEND JAY GARRICK - WHEN JAY IS THE FLASH IN THE FILMS MOVIES. SO QUICKLY THAT EVEN WHEN HE IS VISIBLE HIS FEATURES ARE A SORT OF HAZE...

NOW LET US GO BACK A FEW HOURS! WE FIND JAY AND HIS GIRL FRIEND JOAN, VISITING FRIENDS - A DOCTOR FRENCH AND HIS WIFE...

JAY, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT ADAMS MAN YOU SAID YOUR FRIEND VISITED! I RECALL HIM NOW! I GRADUATED WITH HIM FROM MEDICAL SCHOOL, BUT HE WAS NEVER ADMITTED TO PRACTICE BECAUSE OF - WELL, DANGEROUS BELIEFS!

HMM - THAT'S INTERESTING! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO JEB YOUNG? COME TO THINK OF IT, I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM LATELY!

LATER - ON THE WAY HOME...

SEE, JOAN? NOTHING TO DISTURB THE FLASH ABOUT!

NOW... WHY ALL THIS FUSS ABOUT THAT HOSPITAL? I CAN USE A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP AS WELL THE DOCTOR AS THE NEXT FELLOW!

DONT YOU UNDERSTAND IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TONIGHT...

AFTE SEEING JOAN TO HER HOME, JAY DONS HIS FLASH UNIFORM AND SPEEDS FOR THE CHARITY HOSPITAL...

MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING IN WHAT JOAN SAID! I WOULD FEEL PRETTY GUILTY IF ANYTHING DID HAPPEN, AND I HAD DONE NOTHING TO PREVENT IT!

SO THAT'S HOW THE FLASH HAPPENED TO CATCH JEB YOUNG STEALING THE RADNUM... WE GO BACK TO THE HOSPITAL NOW AND FIND THE FLASH RACING FROM THE BUILDING WITH JEB FLUNG OVER HIS SHOULDER....

ACROSS THE STREET - ADAMS SITS AND WAITS - HE FAILS TO SEE THE SPEEDING FLASH AND HIS BURDEN!

I WOnder WHAT CAN BE KEEPING YOUNG AND THE OTHERS! I THOUGHT I'D DROP DOWN AND PICK THEM UP! HMM - I'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THINGS!
YOU WHERE'S THE RADUM, FOOLS? GET IT! HE SLAMMED US AROUND AND CARTED OFF JEB YOUNG! DOOH!

I'M SERVED BY FOOLS AND IDIOTS! THE FLASH! BAH, WHO EVER HEARD OF HIM!

WE DID... OH! I'M STILL DIZZY!

ENTERING HIS SPECIALY BUILT CAR, ADDAMS OPENS A SECRET COMPARTMENT...

SO - A FELLOW NAMED FLASH THINKS HE CAN BEAT ADDAMS! EH? HAH! WITH ONE OF MY PLASTIC-SURGERY MASKS I CAN IMITATE DOCTOR FRENCH AND GET JEB YOUNG BACK IN MY POWER!

HE PLACES A PLASTIC MASK OVER HIS FACE

NOW! I DARE EVEN LOUISA FRENCH TO TELL ME FROM HER FAMOUS HUSBAND!

BUT WHY WILL YOU SERVE A MAN YOU KNOW IS A CRIMINAL? IF HE'D STEAL RADUM, WHY NOT OTHER THINGS TOO?

EVEN IF HE DOES STEAL RADUM, HE SAVED MY LIFE! HUMANITY DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO HELP ME - HE OWE HIM MY HELP!

RACING DOWN THE STREET, THE FLASH SPIES THE FALSE DOCTOR FRENCH IN HIS CAR

DON'T BE ALARMED, DOCTOR! I'M THE FLASH THAT JOAN WILLIAMS SPOKE TO YOU ABOUT EARLIER THIS EVENING! I SAVED YOUR HOSPITAL SUPPLY OF RADUM TO-NIGHT! ONE OF THE ROBBERS IS IN THE POLICE STATION!

GUESS I'LL RUN HOME AND... OH, THERE'S DOCTOR FRENCH! I SUPPOSE HE'S ON A DUTY CALL!

YOU'D BETTER KEEP HIM HERE UNTIL I CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH DR. FRENCH!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, FLASH! YOUR WORD IS GOOD AROUND HERE!
That didn't sound like Doctor French, but—maybe I'm a little too suspicious as Joan always says! I'll just run along home.

**IN THE POLICE STATION...**

I know the Flash is a wonderful man! It just happens that he exceeded his—er—authority! I'll take Mr. Young along with me.

Well... okay! If you won't prefer charges, I'll have to let him so!

**THE NEXT MORNING...**

What's this? Man arrested for attempted radium theft is freed by hospital head? Hmm—Doctor French must have gotten kind-hearted—

Oh, good morning, Dr. French! I was just reading about your freeing Jeb Young.

What? Who freed who? You mean that man the Flash caught last night is free?

I can see you aren't pooling, but I saw—I mean the papers say you went to the police station.

But—when you left last night I went straight to bed. Could it have been an imposter?

I told you this Addams was a brilliant man! It's obvious he is the one who impersonated me!

Hmm—so I see! Well, I'll ask Joan to get in touch with the Flash and see what can be done!

**ACROSS THE CITY, IN ADDAMS PRIVATE LABORATORY...**

The time has come to take my revenge on Doctor French! I will send several of my men to his hospital—to impersonate doctors working there!

But—how can you get away with that?

I have been diligent! I have captured the entire surgical staff of the charity hospital! Here they are—except for Doctor French, and he will be brought here soon!

But—why? What good will it do?
ADAMS THROWS OPEN A DOOR, AND IN FILE HIS “CREATIONS”! THEY STAND BEHIND THE MEN THEIR FACES ARE PATTERED AFTER...

YOU SEE NOW? MY HORMONE GLANDULAR TREATMENTS HAVE BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL I HAVE CREATED DUPLICATE DOCTORS FOR THE CHARITY HOSPITAL STAFF!

OH! IT'S INCREDIBLE!

GO TO THE HOSPITAL! KILL AND MANGLE ALL THE PATIENTS THEY BRING IN TO YOU! YOU WILL NOT BE HURT! IT WILL BE THE REAL DOCTORS WHO ARE BLAMED!

MEANWHILE DOCTOR FRENCH LEAVES THE FLASH, WHO WATCHES HIM THROUGH A WINDOW...

DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME, OR ARE THOSE THE SAME MEN I ENCOUNTERED AT THE HOSPITAL LAST NIGHT? THEY ARE!

HE QUICKLY CHANGES INTO THE COSTUME OF THE FLASH—

EASY DO, DOC! JUST HOPE IN THE CAR! NO ROUGH STUFF OR YOURE GETS HOIT!

I WON’T INTERFERE, JUST YET! I’LL FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

THIS IS INCREDIBLE! IMPOSSIBLE!
Moving swiftly back and forth so he becomes invisible, The Flash clings to the side of the car....

What—what do you mean? He's got guys dressed up like doctors—ha-ha-ha! An' they're gonna try to operate on the poor luggs in yer hospital! Ha-ha!

That—that's murder of innocent people, let me go—ohhh...

We don't wanna nafta hunt youse, doc. But...

Mister Adams wants to see youse, doc! Yeah—wait till you hear what he's got in mind for youse! It's a personal grudge! Unnerstan'!

The flash races ahead of the car....

I can help doctor French later! Right now I must get to the hospital and prevent these cruel murders!

Ohhh!... the wind! It's dragging the chair!

Sorry nurse, but I'm in a hurry!

And it looks as though I'm just in time!

Sweeping forward, the Flash grasps the sharp blade....

Owwwwoow! Nurse! Be careful!

Well, you wanted it. Didn't you—You faker?
WHO SAID THAT? OH, NEVER MIND! GIVE ME ANOTHER SCALPEL!

OW! OW! STOP IT! OWW!

YOU WANTED ANOTHER SCALPEL? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS ONE?

SO YOU ARE A DOCTOR, EH? WELL, WHO AM I?

YOU—YOU'RE THE FLASH!

AH HA! SO YOU KNOW ME! THAT MEANS YOU'RE NO DOCTOR! HOW MANY MORE OF YOUR KIND ARE THERE AROUND HERE?

HALP! I'M IN THE CLUTCHES OF A MADMAN!

THE FLASH TOSSES THE FALSE DOCTOR THROUGH A DOOR... WITHOUT BOTHERING TO OPEN IT...

OOOH!

THERE! NOW YOU JUST WAIT HERE UNTIL I PICK UP A FEW MORE OF YOUR PALS! THEN YOU CAN ALL PAY FOR THE DOOR!

ROOM AFTER ROOM HE SEARCHES....

HOW ABOUT TAKING THAT MEDICINE YOURSELF, DOCTOR?

NO! NO! IT'S POISONED!

ANOTHER "DOCTOR" JOINS HIS PAL IN THE DOOR....

UH... ER... HELLO!
The Flash quickly weeds the bad doctors from the good...

Come along, my friend! I've saved a choice spot for you. You'll look good framed in a door!

Nurse see that these fake doctors are kept here until Doctor French returns to accuse them of their crime! I'm the Flash!

Oh! You're the man who saved the radium last night! Don't worry, I won't get away!

Meanwhile, the Flash has entered the house!

Ah, Doctor French, you are ruined! By now my doctors are killing patients who trusted your name and reputation!

You - you inhuman monster! My poor patients!

One thousand buckaroos! Boy, dis Addams guy sure lays it on de nose fer deliverin' de goods!

I think I'll do a little laying it on the nose myself!

Inside the house...

Ah! Here we are! Now to find out what happened to Doctor French!

Still invisible, the Flash moves his fist in a terrific swing....

Ow! You hit me. Youse traitor!

Ow! Youse has fainted!

Youse slugged me and swiped my dough, youse trickster!

Why, Jokey, how unkind! Youse has fainted. I tell youse!

This money will make a nice donation to the charity hospital - since it has been having so much trouble!

Socko!
Youse just pulled dat faint to make off wit' de dough! Where is it?

Wham! Biff!

Meanwhile, in another room, it looks as though Addams didn't forget a thing...

A little surprise for you, Doctor French. I had your wife and her guest, Joan Williams, brought here to make my triumph complete!

Ah, but Addams did forget something—the Flash!

Doctor French! Where is Addams?

Oh! The Flash! Thank heavens you're here!

I have a submarine hidden beneath the house in a mooring in the East River! I'll take you with me, Louisa!

I have it coming to me! My only excuse is that I tried to live up to my promise—but I didn't realize what a thorough scoundrel Addams is!

The Flash and Jeb Young free Doctor French and the others.

Flash! Oh, it's so good to see you! But—quick! Addams took Louisa down the back way!

Well, I hope you're proud of yourself, Jeb Young!

This way, Flash. That scamp doesn't miss a trick, does he?
But Addams has a head-start, and he knows the underground passages....

Now we will go away—and your husband will go after you!

No! No! Never!

I'd rather die!

Louisa French flings herself into the dark river....

The little fool! She'll drown! Blast it! I haven't time to go after her.... With that speed-demon after me!

And so Adam Addams flees the world, safe in his submarine in which he sets out to sea to disappear for awhile from the haunts of men....

Chin up, Mrs. French! I'll have you out of there in a jiffy!

Flash! Ohhh...

I'm afraid he got away! I hunted down there—but the river is deep and his submarine is a fast one!

Never mind, flash! He'll never bother us again! We—you, that is—have broken the power of that fiend forever!

But Adam Addams' power is not really broken! The next chapter of our story will reveal what new and deadly menace his diabolical mind conceives to threaten the safety of mankind!
AND HERE IT IS—

ALL STAR COMICS No. 8!

Under the leadership of HAWKMAN (who is now chairman since the GREEN LANTERN has become the fourth Honorary Member, like SUPERMAN, BATMAN and THE FLASH) the Justice Society has resolved to carry on its good work. But suddenly it comes face-to-face with a new, weird—evil that threatens the very foundation of Justice! Never before has the Justice Society been faced with such a perplexing problem until the advent of DOCTOR MID-NITE, and his mascot HOOTY, a wise old owl!

Be sure to get your copy of ALL-STAR No. 8 and see how DR. MID-NITE and the STAR MAN (who has replaced the HOUR MAN) win their spurs as active members of THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA!

ALL STAR COMICS No. 8 NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

THANKS A MILLION, BOYS AND GIRLS.

FOR THE SWELL RECEPTION YOU GAVE THE FIRST

GREEN LANTERN QUARTERLY.

My second issue is a complete 64 page novel-length story in four chapters featuring DOIBY DICKLES and MYSELF!

ANOTHER FIT COMPANION TO SUPERMAN, BATMAN AND THE FLASH!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE JUST BEFORE XMAS.
Far away on a tropical island, set like a white jewel in the blue of the ocean, the centaur, that mythological half-man and half-horse, roams the equatorial sands!

But these strange creatures didn’t exist before that evil genius, Adam Addams, fleeing from the vengeance of the Flash, landed on this peaceful island....

Our story resumes two months after Addams has landed and made this island the headquarters for his evil purposes....
AT THE SAME MOMENT, MANY MILES ACROSS THE SEA—DOCTOR FRENCH AND HIS WIFE ARE BIDDING GOODBYE TO JAY GARRICK AND JOAN WILLIAMS...

BUT THIS SUDDEN DESIRE TO GO BACK TO YOUR UNIVERSITY, JAY... I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!

IT'S JUST FOR A VISIT, DR. FRENCH! THEY'RE HAVING HOMECOMING WEEK ON YOUR UNIVERSITY, AND WE WANT TO SEE OUR OLD FRIENDS... ESPECIALLY DOCTOR MANNING!

DOCTOR MANNING WAS THE CHEMISTRY TEACHER AT THE UNIVERSITY WHEN THAT HARD-WATER GAS WAS DISCOVERED BY THE FLASH!

OH, REALLY? WELL, I WISH YOU A HAPPY JOURNEY!

JAY! JOAN! SO GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK WITH US!

YOU DON'T LOOK IT, DOCTOR! WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU?

YOU RECALL THE EXPERIMENT WITH HARD-WATER YOU WERE WORKING ON, JAY? THE VIAL BROKE, REMEMBER, AND SOMEONE INHALED A LOT OF THE GAS! IT MADE HIM VERY FAST—I THINK HE CALLS HIMSELF THE FLASH NOW...

WELL, IT SEEMS THAT SOMEONE BELIEVES I KNOW THE FORMULA FOR THAT HARD-WATER GAS! THEY THREATEN TO GET ME UNLESS I GIVE IT TO THEM... AND I DON'T KNOW IT!

NOT EVEN I—I MEAN, I DON'T SUPPOSE THAT EVEN THE FLASH RECALLS THE FORMULA! IT WOULD BE A TERRIBLE THING IF CRIMINALS EVER BECAME AS FAST AS THE FLASH!

HUMPH! THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY!

AS JOAN AND JAY ENJOY HOMECOMING WEEK, A STRANGE CHANGE COMES OVER THE TROPICAL ISLAND SEVERAL THOUSAND MILES AWAY FROM THEM...

IT HAS TAKEN ME TWO MONTHS TO BRING ALL MY EQUIPMENT FROM THE SUBMARINE TO THIS LITTLE NEST I'VE BUILT! BUT NOW—I HAVE HELPERS!

I FOUND PLenty OF WILD HORSES ON THE ISLAND! I INJECTED THEM WITH MY HORMONE-GLAND DISCOVERY, AND TURNED THEM INTO CENTAURS!
**CENTAURS!**

*Now I have half-men who are my slaves! I am the only person they have ever seen! I've taught them to speak! I've trained them to be savage and brutal! Soon I shall loose them on an unsuspecting world and become its master!*

**IN A TELEGRAPH OFFICE OFF KEY WEST...**

*Hey, Jim, listen to what I just picked up... if hard-water gas formula can't be learned, bring Manning to me. What do you make of that? Just some wealthy guy on vacation wants to talk business! Forget it...*

**AND IN THE TOWN WHERE WESTERN UNIVERSITY IS LOCATED... OUR OLD FRIENDS...**

*He wants us to bring Manning! Yeah... I can read! Let's get busy!*

**COLLEGE STATION**

**BACK TO THE STRANGELY POPULATED ISLAND...**

*Now... to prevent the flash from interfering with my getting Manning, I'll create a little diversion for him at the charity hospital. Hercule, I put you in charge of the Centaurs... take the amphibian and parachute-land them on the roof of the charity hospital! Tell them to wreak their hate on mankind!*

*Sure, Doc—Dat's me! Weak mentally, but physically—Oh, boy, huh, Doc? Ain't strong, Doc? Yes, oats, you are! Now get on the plane, and kill all the people you see after your parachute lands you!*

*Hey, Doc, what do I do? Oats? All my experiments were successful except you! Of all my creations, you're the strongest physically and the weakest mentally!*
GIANT MOTORS ROAR THROUGH THE NIGHT

OVER THE CHARITY HOSPITAL

TOWARD EARTH FLOATS THE WEIRD HORDE...

JUMP FOR THE HOSPITAL ROOF! LAND, AND SMITE ALL YOU SEE! KILL, FOR THE LOVE OF KILLING!

A NURSE GETS THE SURPRISE OF HER YOUNG LIFE....

OHHHHH!

I - I'M DELIRIOUS!

OH....

IS DAT THE KINGA PEOPLE WE GOTTA KILL?

HUUU, HERCULE?

GOSH, SHE'S PURTY, AIN'T SHE, HERCULE?

KILL, OATS! KILL!

I GOTTA KILL HER, AW RIGHT!

BUT I DON'T WANNA! HUH, MAYBE SHE COULD RUN AWAY IF I LET HER, HUH?

SSHH! NO NOISE!

OR I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU, AN' I DON'T WANTA DO THAT, DO I, HUH?

OH!

YOU'RE REAL!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

GOSH, YOU SURE ARE PURTY!

WE'RE GONNA KILL PEOPLE, BUT DON'T TELL NOBODY!

NO, I WON'T COME INTO THIS LITTLE ROOM WITH ME!

THE 'LITTLE ROOM' CONTAINS A PRIVATE RADIO STATION...

YOU SAY YOU WERE SENT BY A MAN ON AN ISLAND TO KILL PEOPLE, BUT DON'T TELL NOBODY IN THE CHARITY HOSPITAL?

YEAH, DAT'S RIGHT!

BUT DON'T TELL NOBODY, THE 'DOC' WOULD BE AWFUL SURE!
As oats unknowingly broadcasts to a nation-wide hook-up, the other centaurs are spreading panic throughout the hospital...

Kill for the love of killing!

If you'll leave whiskey alone, you won't see any more pink elephants and things...

Oh?! You're right, doc! Now I see a half-man and half-horse... ooooh!

Yeeooow! I see him myself! I never knew chronic alcoholism was contagious before! Haalp!

Help! Help! Lemme outta here!

I kill! I kill!

All over the hospital the centaurs run rampant!

Somebody call the police! Call the army! The navy! Call somebody!

I thought these things were only in storybooks! Help!

Bang! Bang!!
The broadcast is heard at Western University...

Jay quickly changes into the uniform of the Flash, and heads east...

Oh--Jay!!

Imagine it--Centaurs!!

Centaurs! In the hospital! I--er--barn--don't want you out... you don't want me to tell you?--Gosh--that's right! Gosh--you're purty!

Across the continent he races far too fast for the human eye to follow...

And minutes later, he arrives at the charity hospital...

Hold on, there! Eh? What did I hear something?

You're not only going to hear something, you hang over from a nightmare, you're going to feel it as well!

Swa--sh...

The Flash throws the rifle with such speed that it wraps around the centaur...

Hwa--what happened to me?? You've just been introduced to the Flash, my equine friend!

This odds-and-ends room ought to furnish me with what I need! Ah--lead bars and a forge!

It is the work of a split-second for the Flash to start a blazing fire, and cut the lead bars into sections...

These little gadgets ought to bring those centaurs to reason--without hurting them.
WITH AN ARMFUL OF OVERWEIGHT LEAD HORSESHOES, HE TAKES UP THE CHASE...

OH! - OH! - OWWW! - I MEAN, LEGGO! 
- I MEAN, LEGGO! 
- I MEAN, LEGGO! 
- I MEAN, LEGGO!

NOT YET, MY WHINNYING BEASTIE! NOT UNTIL I'VE GIVEN YOU SOME SHOES!

OH! I CAN HARDLY LIFT MY LEGS! I CAN'T RUN WITH THOSE THINGS ON ME!

THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA! NEVER HAVING WORN SHOES, THOSE HEAVY LEAD ONES FEEL EVEN HEAVIER THAN THEY REALLY ARE!

HEY! - YOU WITH THE FOUR FEET! TURN AROUND! 
WHY THE? 
WHO THE? 

CENTAUR AFTER CENTAUR GETS NEW SHOES - AND WHAT SHOES...

I OUGHT TO HAVE A SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE! THEN ALL I'D NEED WOULD BE A POET TO WRITE ABOUT ME!

AND DON'T TRY TO GET AWAY OR THE NOOSSES OF THESE LASSOES WILL CHOKER YOU TIGHTER THAN CLAMS!

IF I HAD MY WAY, I'D WRITE ABOUT YOU ON A TOMBSTONE - YOUR EPIGRAPH!

NO WONDER THE MASTER DOESN'T LIKE THIS GUY!

CENTAURS UNABLE TO RUN, THE FLASH EASILY OVERPOWERS THEM...

THAT'S ENOUGH BACK-BITING! JUST TROT ALONG LIKE GOOD LITTLE NERDS! WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE CHIEF OF POLICE!

AT THE POLICE STATION UNEXPECTED DIFFICULTIES ARISE...

I KNOW WHAT THEY DID, FLASH, BUT THEY AIN'T HUMAN BEINGS! THE STATUTES DON'T MAKE NO PROVISIONS FOR HORSE-GUYS LIKE THEM! ANYWAYS, THEY WON'T FIT IN THE CELLS!

HAMM... I CAN SEE WHAT YOU MEAN...
While the Flash and the police try to decide what to do with their unusual prisoners, a lot is happening out West...

There's the doorbell. Doctor! I'll go—You sit still!

Take it easy, Sister!

Where's dis guy Manning? Oh! You two? Hey! I know da dame. It's Joan Williams, da Flash's palsy-walsy friend!

Whadda ya mean, us two? Hey! I know da dame. It's Joan Williams, da Flash's palsy-walsy friend!

It sotvenly is! I didn't reckerize her at first!

Hey! Dis is fine! We got Manning and da dame too! Whatta haul!

Yeah! If de Flash gets fresh, we give her da works! We're settin' purty, jokey!

They go to a nearby airport, and soon a plane lifts swiftly into the air, with Joan and Manning—prisoners...

Meanwhile the Flash has the centaurs on his hands...

I don't know what to do with you, that's a fact! I—Hey, here's another one! Must of missed him!

Hiya, fellers! Who's that guy with you, nit-wit? And where've you been, incidentally?

This is the one who captured us. Nit-wit! Girl, Hercule! And where've you been, incidentally? I was with a purty girl, Hercule! She was purty!

Oh—no! That's the voice that was broadcasting. Probably didn't know it. Though! Hm-m-m—He gives me an idea!
The Flash takes oats to one side and talks to him privately...

I feel sorry for you boys, left to yourselves here! Do you know how to get back where you came from?

Oh, sure, mister! It was an island! We came in a big sea-plane! All we gotta do is find another one!

Ah, there it is! Come on boys... We'll have to swim out!

On board the big amphibian...

Ho-hum! What a boring life! Nothing exciting ever happens... All I do is sit here and drink soda-pop!

Yeeow! Am I seeing things?

Greetings from the Flash's private circus!

Soda-pop? Soft drink? You'd think that I'd been drinking whiskey?

I'm leaving! I'm not staying where guys can't make up their minds whether they're men or horses, so long!

The Flash flatters oats into standing guard over the rest...

If those pals of yours don't like the way you run things, just bop them one!

Sure, mister! I'll show them! Hum, mister?
FAR AHEAD OF THEM, ON ADDAMS' TROPIC ISLE...

YOU DID IT, BOYS! GOOD WORK!

OH! IT'S ADAM ADDAMS!

THAT TERRIBLE MAN YOU WERE TELLING ME ABOUT, WHO HATES DOCTOR FRENCH?

I'M GLAD YOU THINK I'M TERRIBLE, MANNING! BECAUSE WHEN I TELL YOU I WANT THAT HARD-WATER GAS FORMULA THAT MAKES THE FLASH SO FAST, YOU'LL GIVE IT TO ME... OR ELSE!

BUT... BUT I DON'T KNOW IT!

STOP LIVING! TELL ME THAT FORMULA!

STOP IT! HE DOESN'T KNOW! I'M SURE HE DOESN'T! LET HIM ALONE! DON'T HURT HIM!

HMMPH! YOU'RE PROBABLY BOTH LYING! MANNING, YOU'RE GOING INTO MY LABORATORY AND EXPERIMENT UNTIL YOU DO LEARN THAT FORMULA! MISS WILLIAMS, YOU ARE MY PRISONER!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET THAT GAS! I WON'T NEED ANYBODY TO HELP ME THEN! I'LL...

WHAT'S THAT?

HEARS THE ROAR OF POWERFUL MOTORS, AND SIGHTS HIS AMPHIBIAN RETURNING...

THE PLANE THAT CARRIED THE CENTAURS! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED!

ALL MEN JUMPED SAFELY, SIR! I STAYED AROUND FOR A WHILE! PEOPLE WERE LEAPING FROM THE HOSPITAL WINDOWS IN THE PANIC!

GOOD! GOOD! ANOTHER BLOW AT FRENCH! IT SERVED TO DISTRACT THE FLASH, TOO, FOR I'VE SUCCEEDED IN CAPTURING MANNING!
IT IS A PLANE! AN AMPHIBIAN LIKE MINE? IT'S GONNA TO LAND!

SIR, DIDN'T I, HUH? I BROUGHT YOUR FIGHTING CENTAURS BACK! HUH, SIR? DIDN'T I?

BLAST THE LUCK! THAT Dope, OATS! HE WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH AN UMBRELLA IF IT WAS RAINING!

AS THE FLASH RACES OFF THE PLANE TOO FAST TO BE SEEN BY ADDAMS, HE SPYES A HANDKERCHIEF IN THE WATER...

THAT HANDKERCHIEF! INITIALS J.W.? IT'S JOAN'S?

OATS, YOU AMAZE ME! YOU CERTAINLY DID! BUT HOW?

WELL, I GOT SOME HELP FROM A GUY IN A RED COSTUME, WITH A ZIG-ZAG BOLT DOWN THE FRONT! BUT I DONE MOST OF IT!

RED COSTUME? LIGHTNING BOLT? YAA HAH! THAT'S THE FLASH!

HELP SOME OF YOU! GET ME AWAY FROM HERE! ANYWHERE! THE FLASH IS AFTER ME!

Yes, sir! Hop on me, sir!

HOW COULD SHE BE HERE? I LEFT HER AT WESTERN WITH DOCTOR MANNING!
This is Joan's! I'd know it anywhere! She has dozens just like it! But how? Why...? I've got to find her!

Not realizing he has stumbled again on Adam Addams, he sets out to find Joan...

Buildings! Walls! Why, there's quite a place here! I wonder who built it?

Who, me? I didn't say nothin'!

It wasn't either of you! It was me! Oh! The Flash!

This time you are going to hurt yourselves! Ooohh!! Here we go again!

The two thugs sail through the air in long curves that finally meet...

Ooff! Oouchh!

Joan? Oh-boo-hoo—oohh—ohh—what?

The Flash races through the house and finds...
ADDAMS QUICKLY LOADS MANNING AND THE LABORATORY EQUIPMENT INTO THE PLANE.

I'VE DAMAGED THE OTHER PLANE SO THAT HE CANNOT FOLLOW ME! WHEN THE TIME IS READY, I'LL SEND FOR YOU! FAREWELL, HERCULES!

HOURS LATER, THE FLASH MANAGES TO REPAIR THE OTHER PLANE AND WE FIND HIM AND JOAN SAYING GOODBYE TO CATS...

GOODBYE CATS! AS I UNDERSTAND IT, THAT HORMONE MISTER GLAND INJECTION THAT'S WHAT HE WAS TELLING US...

AND IN THE HIGH FLYING PLANE THAT CARRIES ADDAMS AWAY...

NO, DOCTOR MANNING, THE FLASH WOULDN'T WIN ALL THE TIME — NOT AFTER YOU DISCOVER THAT HARD-WATER GAS FORMULA AND YOU WILL DISCOVER IT BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU! THEN IT WILL BE MY TURN! HO-HO-HA-HA-HA-HA!

WITH ADDAMS' MANIACAL LAUGHTER RINGING IN OUR EARS WE CLOSE THE SECOND CHAPTER OF OUR NOVEL.

WILL ADDAMS SUCCEED IN BECOMING AS FAST AS THE FLASH? READ ON, AND SEE!
How To Develop Your Speed by THE FLASH!

Three days a week run 100 yards at a rather easy pace (about one-half speed) — don't strain yourself! It is important not to overdo it at this early stage!

Practice your starting form constantly! A good start often means the difference between a winner and a runner-up!

Go for long walks frequently! Breathe deeply as you walk along! This will develop your stamina and wind power so that when you have to "step-up" your speed, you will have the reserve power and ability to do so!

One important thing to keep in mind is condition! You can't be a fast runner unless you set your mind to it and develop the talents you possess! You must get at least nine hours of sleep! Be in bed by nine o'clock ... get a good night's rest!

Walk on grass as much as possible, rather than on pavement! It is more springy and is easier on the muscles of your legs!
BUTCH M'LOBSTER.
The super-mobster
by
Ed Wheeler

Boy, oh boy, jes' lookit dis mail fer me from de mug's wid idees fer poifect crimes!!

Mug's, we'll open de foist letter dat I lay me mitts on an' see wot it says!

Dis is from Fred Donlin of Pittsboig! He says, "Dear Butch."

He starts off nice, don't he?

I envy house mobsters, allus gittin' away wid easy pickin's while de rest of us hafta woik fer ours. "Ha-ha dat's right, Fred!

Listen, mug's, den Fred says, "But in me spare time I doped out a poifect crime fer youse an' am enclosin' a map so's youse can't go wrong!"

Oh boy!

Chees, aint dat swell of Fred? Yeh, he must be a reg'lar mug!

Let's see dat map, Butch!

Hixville

N Main St.
Rest Room
Church
Library
Newsstand
Stores
Grand Ave
City Hall
Lake

R.R. (tracks)
Look, here, Mob—I'm gonna pull dis job meself! Wid dis map of Fred's I can't miss!

Go ahead, Butch! It's probly some dump belongin' to a rich mug who's away on his vacation!

An' shux!

Yeh, an' dat orta be easy pickin's fer ol' Butch—ha-ha—so-long, mugs—I'll be seein' youse all later!!

So-long, Butch—good luck!!

Hixville ain't more'n five miles from here, an' de ol' jalopy will git me dere an' back in no time!!

Well, here's main street—now to git out Fred's map an' git all set fer de big haul—it won't be long—now!!

*Easy pickin's*!!!—Why, Fred Donlin, youse double-crossin' no good bum!!

Was youse speakin' 'time, brudder?!

City dump

Wot's de matter, Butch—couldn't youse locate de dump?—Yes!

Fred's letter and map

Hey, mugs, send in a 'perfect crime' and watch Butch and his mobsters move in on it!!
CHAPTER III. "HOUSE-GUESTS OF DEATH!"

The evil genius of Adam Addams hovers like a sinister shadow over his new headquarters — a mansion in the vast deserts of Arizona, equipped with all the magnificence that money can buy, and beneath it a veritable labyrinth of cellars and secret passageways filled with strange scientific equipment!

In this underground laboratory, Doctor Manning is forced to work, constantly threatened with death unless he discovers the formula for the mysterious hard-water gases that made the Flash the fastest man alive!
AS THE THIRD CHAPTER OF OUR STORY OPENS WE FIND ADDAMS SITTING AT HIS DESK WAITING - INVITATIONS!

THE TIME HAS COME TO INVITE A FEW GUESTS TO MY LOVELY HOME WHERE THEY CAN AMUSE THEMSELVES WITH FEAR - UNTIL I DECIDE THEY SHALL MEET DEATH! OH-HO-HA-HA-HA! ALL MY OLD FRIENDS MUST COME AND A NEW ONE RUTHERFORD ROCKFORD, THE RICHEST MAN IN AMERICA! HA-HA! I SHALL TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE WORLD WHILE HE LIES IN ONE OF MY GLASS COFFINS! HO-HO-HO-HA-HA-HA!

DOCTOR FRENCH AND HIS WIFE RECEIVE THEIR INVITATION....

JOAN AND JAY ALSO GET AN INVITATION - FROM DOCTOR FRENCH!

WHY, IT'S AN INVITATION! TO A SELECTED FEW, JAY GARRICK SENDS GREETINGS! COME DOWN TO MY NEW ESTATE IN ARIZONA FOR A FEW DAYS OF FUN!

IMAGINE THAT! HE MUST HAVE INHERITED MONEY!

YES, JOAN - IT CAME THIS MORNING. FUNNY THING - I NEVER SUSPECTED DOCTOR FRENCH WAS BUILDING A PLACE DOWN THERE.

SO - BY SWIFT PLANE AND ROARING EXPRESS TRAIN COME THE GUESTS - UNKNOWINGLY BOUND FOR A RENDEZVOUS WITH ADDAMS - AND WITH - DEATH!

GOOD OF JAY TO INVITE ME! I CAN USE SOME SUNSHINE AND FRESH AIR!
A STATION-WAGON MEETS JOAN AND JAY—

WHOW! JAY MUST HAVE MADE HIMSELF A MILLION! I'M SO GLAD FOR JOAN'S SAKE, BUT I HAVE A SNEAKING FEELING SHE LIKES THAT FLASH FELLOW BETTER THAN JAY!

Gopher, Arizona

AND THE OTHER GUESTS ALSO RECEIVE THE SAME COURTEOUS TREATMENT...

OUT ON THE ARIZONA DESERT A BEAUTIFUL HACIENDA AWAITS THEM—BUT IT IS FILLED WITH THE MEN AND WEAPONS OF HATE, WAITING LIKE HUNGRY, SILENT ANIMALS FOR THEIR PREY TO ARRIVE...

WHY THERE'S WEB YOUNGS! I GUESS DOCTOR FRENCH SENT HIM AN INVITATION, TOO!

Hmm—His prison term must be over!

I SURE WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THIS CHANCE, JAY! IT MEANS A LOT TO ME!

JAY, YOU CERTAINLY ARE A MARVELOUS HOST!

ISN'T HE JUST A DEAR, JOAN? INVITING US ALL DOWN HERE!

BUT—BUT—DIDN'T YOU INVITE US? WHAT IS THIS?

IF YOU THOUGHT I INVITED YOU AND WE THOUGHT YOU INVITED US—who did do it—and why?
Rutherford Rockford and his young daughter Gloria arrive...

Hello, French! Decent of you to have us down! Oh! It's Rockford! He has donated a lot of money to the charity hospital! But... I didn't invite him... This is too much for me!

Don't be alarmed... I'm Stanton Carver. I also received an invitation... I got here early... There... ah... doesn't seem to be anyone around!

Oh? Who's that?

Another guest arrives...

Doctor Hart: Well, well... glad to see you! Jay, this is the doctor who plunked Adams out of medical-say, say Adams... invited us here? Hm-m... wonder...

Hmm... maybe...

That evening the guests find a full-course dinner set by unseen hands...

Well, we're here. We might as well enjoy ourselves!

Oh! Look! This is getting weird! I haven't seen a servant since those men who brought us here drove away!

Weird or not, they decide to eat...

Come... come... let's not get panicky. I drink a toast to a happy vacation... with death!

Ooh-hh! If that's supposed to be humor, I don't like it.

Carver drinks... and collapses...

- Oh... oh! My throat is burning! I've been poisoned!

One of you is a murderer! I've been killed... you—you will all be killed too... if aaaaah!!
DEAD! THIS IS HORRIBLE!
I - I'M SCARED! TAKE IT EASY - IN THIS HOUSE OF DEATH?
NOT ME! I - I'M GETTING AWAY FROM HERE FAST!
DOCTOR HART FINDS THE GARAGE EMPTY...
I'LL GET AWAY! I WON'T STAY!
OH, THE CARS GONE! WE - WE'RE PRISONERS!

IN PANIC, DOCTOR HART STAGGERS OFF INTO THE DESERT...

HE'S GONE! POOR FELLOW, THE SHOCK UNNERVED HIM!

DOCTOR FRENCH! I WAS JUST CHECKING UP!
THE TELEPHONE WIRES HAVE BEEN CUT!
WE ARE PRISONERS!

EHHHHH!
IT - IT'S BEEN MOVED!

SOMEONE IS WATCHING US! HE KNOWS OUR EVERY MOVE AND WE CAN'T SEE HIM!

AFTER THE GIRLS RETIRE FOR THE NIGHT...

I'LL BE UP AND PROWLING AROUND, JOAN. DON'T YOU WORRY!

JEB, YOU STAND GUARD OUTSIDE THE GIRLS' ROOM WHILE I MOSE AROUND THE PILE OF SUDDEN DEATH AND SEE WHAT THERE IS TO SEE!

JAY RUSHES TO HIS OWN ROOM AND QUICKLY DONS THE COSTUME OF THE FLASH...

NOW FOR SOME REAL INVESTIGATION! ADDAMS MAY BE BEHIND THIS... EVERY GUEST BUT ROCKFORD HAS BEEN CONNECTED WITH HIM AT SOME TIME OR OTHER.

OKAY, JAY
As the Flash races through the house, he sees a door close...  

Ah-ha! More queer business going on! I'll have to see who is moving around here!

Behind the door...  

All right, the show's over! You two go back and keep an eye on our "guests" while I think up some new entertainment for them... listen!

Someone's trying to open the door! The fools! Don't they know that I've taken every precaution against one of them blundering into my secret tunnels!

Stanton Carver's "Death" has thrown fear into them! And, as each and every one of them "dies," that fear will increase until they become gibbering maniacs! Adam Addams now begins a revenge that will go down in the annals of crime as the work of genius!

Back to the Flash...

Hm-m-m... stuck tight! I could have sworn I saw it close! Perhaps it was an optical illusion, due to the light! I'll move along, and see what may be seen!

He re-enters the living room... and sees...

What—? Another one!

Hearing the Flash's exclamation of surprise, Joan and Dr. French come running into the room...

Oh! It's Mr. Rockford! You... the Flash! Now... why?... stop shouting! Stay here and watch the body... I'll be right back!
DON'T WORRY, FLASH! I'LL WATCH THE BODY!

BUT DOCTOR FRENCH'S ATTENTION WANDERS FOR A MOMENT! A SLIDING PANEL OPENS NOISELESSLY... A DUPLICATE BODY IS PUSHED FORWARD AND THE REAL ROCKFORD IS QUIETLY CARRIED OUT.

HIM-M-M-NICE BIT OF ART WORK! IT... WHAT'S THAT?

I COULD HAVE SWORN I HEARD SOMETHING! GUESS IT'S MY YEEEOOOW!!

RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIS EYES THE "BODY" DECOMPOSES INTO GAS — ULP! HORRORS! IT— IT'S FADING INTO —THIN AIR!

FLASH! FLASH! ROCKFORD'S BODY DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!

WHAT?

IN THE CELLARS BELOW, ROCKFORD'S "BODY" IS CARRIED TO ADDAMS...

I—I'M DEAD, AM I NOT? WHO—WHO ARE YOU? I'M ADAM ADDAMS AND YOU AREN'T DEAD— JUST DRUGGED A LITTLE! NOW, FOR ANOTHER LITTLE SURPRISE... FLASH! COME IN HERE!

OH! THE FLASH! I—I THOUGHT HE WAS A GOOD MAN... AND NOW I FIND HIM SERVING YOU!

EXACTLY! THE FLASH IS NOW—MINE!

I AM HERE, MASTER!
I HAVE A MAN WORKING FOR ME TRYING TO DISCOVER THE HARD-WATER GAS THAT MADE THE FLASH AS FAST AS HE IS! HE HASN'T DISCOVERED IT YET, BUT I MADE OVER ONE OF MY BOYS INTO—A FLASH!

THEN HE ISN'T THE REAL FLASH—JUST A PRETENDER! EXACTLY! BUT WHEN THOSE PEOPLE UPSTAIRS SEE WHAT THE FALSE FLASH IS GOING TO DO—THEY WON'T TRUST THE REAL FLASH ANYMORE!

ADAMS' CUNNING PLAN IS SOON PUT INTO ACTION....

MEANWHILE—UPSTAIRS

THAT FLASH FELLOW SURE GIVES ME A LOT OF CONFIDENCE, HAVING HIM AROUND AS A PROTECTION!

YOU! BACK ALREADY! THAT WAS FAST, BUT THEN YOU'RE THE FASTEST THING ALIVE!

THAT'S RIGHT! COME HERE A MINUTE, JEB!

SURE, FLASH! DID YOU DISCOVER SOMETHING?

OH, THERE YOU ARE, FLASH! I WANTED TO....

OH! FLASH! YOU HIT JEB!! OHHH!

SOCK!
BEFORE JOAN'S ASTONISHED EYES THE FALSE FLASH LIFTS JEB'S UNCONSCIOUS BODY TO HIS SHOULDER AND RACES DOWN THE HALL!

FLASH, YOU — YOU CAME BACK HERE!

HE DASHES AROUND A CORNER AND THROUGH A SECRET PANEL...

FLASH! WHERE ARE YOU?

WELL, HE DECIDED TO REALLY RUN, AND WHEN HE DOES THAT, NO ONE CAN SEE HIM! BUT HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL SPEAK TO HIM!

IN THE CELLARS...

PERFECT! YOU SAY JOAN WILLIAMS SAW YOU? GOOD! THAT MEANS SHE WONT TRUST THE FLASH ANYMORE!

SHE SAW ME, ALL RIGHT!

JOAN FINDS THE STANTON CARVER MASK! ADDAMS HAS "PLANTED" IT TO INCREASE THE TERROR OF HIS "GUESTS"!

EEEEEAAAAH! SOMEBODY HAS SKINNED THE POOR MAN!

HAAAALP!!

THE REAL FLASH COMES RUNNING IN ANSWER TO JOAN'S SCREAM...

JOAN! WHAT HAPPENED! YOU HIT JEB — AND MAYBE YOU SKINNED POOR MR. CARVER! OHHH!

OH — HOW GRUESOME!

BUT — BUT JOAN — I WAS WITH DOCTOR FRENCH ALL THE TIME!

OH, DON'T LIE TO ME FLASH... I SAW YOU HIT JEB!

SUDDENLY A TERRIFIED SCREAM ECHOS THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE...

EEEEEEEEAEHNNNN

WHAT'S THAT? QUICK! IT CAME FROM THE GIRLS' ROOM!
IT'S JEB! YOUNG! DEAD!

EHEEH!

OH! HE FELL OUT OF THE CLOSET!

BEFORE THEIR HORRIFIED EYES THE BODY GOES UP IN SMOKE...

OHHH! IT DISAPPEARED!

OH! FLASH! HOW COULD YOU? I SAW YOU CARRY OFF JEB. YOU STUCK HIM IN THE CLOSET! OHHH!

GET OUT OF HERE! YOU'RE NO FRIEND OF MINE - YOU - YOU KILLER! GET OUT!

BUT - BUT, I DON'T DO ANYTHING!

THE PUZZLED FLASH GOES OUTSIDE...

IT'S BEYOND ME! HOW COULD JOAN HAVE SEEN ME HIT JEB WHEN I DIDN'T?

THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD ABOUT THIS PLACE! MYSTERY! ALWAYS MYSTERY!

BEHIND A THIN PANEL IN THE CLOSET ADDAMS HAS HEARD IT ALL.

HA-HA! JOAN THOUGHT IT WAS THE FLASH WHO KIDNAPPED AND 'KILLED' YOUNG. NOW THE FLASH WON'T BE TRUSTED BY ANY OF THEM! HA-HA-HA!

LATER, IN HIS UNDERGROUND LABORATORY, HE HEARS SOME MORE GOOD NEWS....

ADDAMS LOSES NO TIME IN MAKING USE OF THE NEW DISCOVERY....

I'VE HIT ON SOMETHING, ADDAMS - BUT IT'S JUST THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT I WAS WORKING FOR... I'VE DISCOVERED A GAS THAT SLOWS PEOPLE DOWN!

FINE, MANNING, FINE! BUT KEEP TRYING FOR THAT SPEED-GAS!

BRING THAT SLOWING-UP GAS ALONG - I'M GOING TO FIND THE FLASH AND FEED IT TO HIM!

THE FLASH SITS DISCONSOLEDLY IN THE LIVING-ROOM - UNSEEN EYES STARE AT HIM....
THE GAS BEGINS SLOWING INTO THE ROOM, AND THE FLASH BREATHES IT IN, UNKNOWINGLY...

OOG-HUM - I FEEL SO SLEEPY AND DROWSY - SO-OO-TIRED...

UPSTAIRS, A COUNCIL OF "WAR" IS CALLED...

WHERE'S MR. GARRICK? SHOULDN'T HE BE HERE?

SAY, THAT'S RIGHT! I HAVEN'T SEEN JAY FOR SOME TIME...

MAYBE HE WENT OUT IN THE DESERT LOOKING FOR DOCTOR HART!

YOU SAY THE FLASH HIT JEB, JOAN! THAT'S HARD TO BELIEVE!

BUT, HE DID! I SAW HIM. I TELL YOU!

WHAT CAN WE DO? WE CAN'T LEAVE HERE. AND IF WE STAY - WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

YES, WE WILL! LIKE STANTON CARVER, MR. ROCKFORD AND NOW - JEB YOUNG. OH! WHAT A MESS!

CAN'T WE LOCK OURSELVES IN THIS ROOM?

THAT'S IT...

THERE! NOW IT'S LOCKED! WE'RE SAFE - FOR AWHILE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, JOAN! RIGHT NOW, ADDAMS IS WATCHING YOU, AND WITH HIM IS THE FALSE FLASH...

THEY'RE ALL IN THIS ROOM. GO THROUGH THE SECRET PANEL AND GRAB ONE OF THEM!

YES, MASTER! BOY, WILL THEY BE SCARED!

A CLOSET DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND THE FALSE FLASH RACES IN...

EEEEH! THE FLASH AGAIN! STOP HIM!
BEFORE THE OTHERS CAN PREVENT IT, THE IMPOSTER GRABS GLORIA ROCKFORD AND DASHES FROM THE ROOM...

OH! STOP HIM, SOMEBODY!

HELP!

ROCKFORD'S DAUGHTER, EH? GOOD! TAKE HER DOWN TO THE CELLARS!

FLASH! FLASH! I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE A GOOD MAN!

AH, BUT I'M NOT! YOUR FATHER, AND JEB YOUNG IN COFFINS!

NOOO! DADDY! DADDY!

HEEELPP! HEEELPP!!

GLORIA'S SCREAMS, THOUGH VERY FAINT, TOUCH A HIDDEN SENSE IN THE DRUGGED FLASH!

WH- WHAT? I THOUGHT I HEARD SCREAMS! MUST HAVE BEEN ASLEEP....

HE LEAPS FORWARD... BUT HE HAS LOST ALL HIS FORMER SPEED!

WHAT- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME? I CAN'T ANYMORE!

HE IS WATCHED BY THE FIENDISH ADDAMS....

AH-M! NOW IS MY CHANCE! GET THE FLASH, BOYS! QUICK! GET HIM! HE'S POWERLESS!

SO! NOW THAT I'M HELPLESS, THE RATS COME OUT OF THE WALLS!

NONE OF YER LIP, MISTER FLASH!

I BEEN WAITIN' FOR DIS CHANCE FOR A LONG TIME!
SLOWED DOWN BY THE GAS, THE FLASH NEVERTHELESS FIGHTS WITH TERRIFIC FURY.

I MAY NOT BE AS FAST AS I WAS, BUT I'M STILL NO PUSHOVER.

OUCH! LEHME GETTA PUNCH AT 'IM!

WHAM!

BUT HE IS SOON OVERPOWERED BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS...

QUICK! SLUG HIM!

I DID! OOH...

MEANWHILE, OUT ON THE DESERT, DOCTOR HART STUMMLES ALONG—STARVED AND MAD WITH THIRST...

AH! SUCCESS! THROW HIM INTO THE ALL-METAL ROOM—AND TURN ON THE HEAT!

BRRR—WHAT A DEATH! UGH!

SHUT UP! HE DESERVES IT!

WATER... WATER...

AND LOCKED IN A ROOM, QUIVERING WITH FEAR, THE OTHER VICTIMS...

IT WILL BE OUR TURN NEXT!

HE—HE MUST BE MAD!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THE FLASH COULD TURN AGAINST US...

AND THE HEAT IS TURNED ON—THE METAL WALLS, FLOOR AND CEILING BEGIN TO GLOW WITH RED-HOT HEAT! THE HELPLESS, SLOWED-DOWN FLASH IS SLOWLY BEING BAKED ALIVE!

A NEW HELPLESS, BEATEN FLASH... IN THE POWER OF A CRUEL MAD-MAN—

BUT THE FLASH IS NOT DEAD YET— AND WHILE THERE'S LIFE... THERE'S MORE TO THE STORY!
THE roar of his light amphibian sounded dully in Hop's ears as he scanned the relentless blue of the horizon.

Wash was out there somewhere... according to official reports, headed for Germany-occupied France in a bomber that he had been assigned to ferry to England! It was crazy, it didn't make sense... yet that's what the pilots of the other planes testified! All that Hop knew was that his friend, Prop Wash, was in trouble, and that he was going to help him.

A half-hour earlier, Prop Wash thrilled to the feel of the powerful bomber he was to ferry to England. Because of his reputation as a top-notch test pilot, they had entrusted him with the most valuable plane of the lot. And he wasn't letting them down! Not by a long shot! He'd see that this plane got to England, or else—

Then the Messerschmitts struck! A squadron of them, swooping down from their hiding place above the clouds, where they had evidently lain in wait, took the bombers completely by surprise! The American pilots had had instructions to avoid a skirmish, if at all possible, but these fellows meant business! Wash felt a stinging fury at the idea that they had flown into a trap! What rat, or rats, were responsible for this? Who could have given out information? Not even Wash himself knew he was flying to England until two hours before the takeoff!

Spurting savage flames of death at the American planes, the Messerschmitts were ducking and diving and spinning like very demons of death! After the first savage onslaught, Wash saw an American bomber go up in smoke and hurtle wildly down in a series of crazy loops and turns. The sight of the pilot's face, twisted in agony, made him see the hunger for revenge and he swung his plane into the midst of the fighting. To his amazement, the German planes gave him wide leeway, zooming neatly out of his path and attacking another bomber!

"I don't get it!" Wash muttered to himself. But he didn't wonder long.

"Get out of the fighting, quickly. Set your course for France," a clipped voice said behind him, and he felt cold metal between his shoulders.

"Okay, brother," Wash said tightly. "It's your turn—now!"

His face white with rage and helplessness, Wash rolled out of the fight to its outskirts. No one tried to stop him. He could understand why, now.

"Tie up Collins so he makes no trouble," Stanton, the radio operator, went on. The man he addressed was Timms, the gunner.

"Well, at least I know how we divvy up," Wash thought. "Collins, the bombardier, is okay, Stanton and Timms are the rats—probably the ones who've been preparing the Germans to meet us!"

"The Fatherland will appreciate this plane," Stanton said, his voice melting with self-satisfaction. "The newest type American bomber—and in perfect condition! We did not do so badly, eh, Timms?"

He moved the gun away from its position tight against Wash's back, and sat toying with it, a vast smile on his ugly face. "Eh, Timms?" he repeated.

"We're not going back to the Fatherland yet," Timms growled, getting ready to secure Collins' hands behind his back. "I won't feel safe until we are!"

"How right you are, Sonny Boy!" Wash thought, a thin smile spreading across his lips. "You're a long, long way from your Fatherland, and lots of things can happen!"

Without warning, he shoved the stick as far forward as it would go and sent the ship into a screaming power dive. Vaguely, he was aware of a shot, then the sound of the gun clattering to the floor as Stanton lost balance. Later, he remembered wondering if he was shot. He was aware only of a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach as the plane nosed seaward like a falling meteor! The roar of the engines was deafening. The wind thundered past like a cyclone. Jammed down in his seat, he felt as though he weighed two tons! For a few minutes, he felt himself losing conscious-
ness, but he held on determinedly and in a few seconds the dizziness passed. He almost laughed! He was used to this! He wasn't a crack test pilot for nothing! But the others weren't—and this was for their benefit!

He pulled back hard on the stick and drew the ship up to even keel. Then he whirled round, and chuckled. Stanton was on the floor, flat on his stomach, groaning like a schoolboy. Timms was out cold. Collins had stood up somewhat better, but even he was pale.

"That was something to write home about!" Collins gasped, weakly.

"Better search Timms for a gun," Wash ordered crisply. "I'll take care of Stanton."

So saying, he bent to pick up the gun that had fallen from Stanton's nerveless grasp. Only then did he realize that Stanton's shot had gone home—in his right shoulder. He stifled a cry of pain, swooped up the gun and put it in his own pocket.

"You're shot!" he heard Collins say. "Can you handle the ship?"

"Just a scratch! Don't worry about me!" Wash said, gritting his teeth. "Better tie up those two rats before they give us any more trouble."

Collins closed the door, leaving Wash alone in the cockpit. Quickly, he reset his course—toward the point on the west coast of England he was headed for. He found himself wondering how many of the bombers had gotten through, after all. He had seen one shot down. Well, at least he had the two men responsible for that loss! The schemers responsible for the Germans being able to trap them! At least, there would be no repeat performances!

It was about twenty minutes later that Wash smelled smoke. After that, things happened so fast he had trouble remembering later!

Setting the stabilizer, he tore open the cabin door... to find Collins on the floor of the plane, unconscious, an ugly gash on the side of his head! Then, startled, he saw that the door of the plane hung open! He stared out. Far below, two falling specks greeted his eyes... two parachuted figures descending toward the ocean!

"They're crazy!" Wash murmured. "They can't live more than a few hours in that choppy sea—if that long!"

All the two spies had taken with them were life preserver rings. No food. No water. Wash wondered at the foolhardiness of them.

Then, as he stared a little longer, he began to understand. Nerves at fever pitch, he grabbed the glasses, focusing them rapidly. He was right! It was... it was a submarine! That was the periscope plainly visible above the water, and the submarine was coming to the surface! Even as he watched, the spies landed in the water, and after floundering for a few minutes, were picked up by the submarine, which once again submerged itself except for the periscope which still remained above water. It seemed to be waiting for something. A chill ran down Wash's spine, as he realized... the submarine was waiting for him! His plane was on fire and he had to descend!

He heard a groan. Collins was coming to. He sat up, rubbing his head where the spies had struck him. He opened his eyes wide, sniffed rapidly.

"We're on fire!" he yelled.

Wash didn't answer. All depended on one last maneuver. He must not fail. He banked sharply, nosing the ship down toward the water... toward the very spot where the submarine lay in waiting. Beads of perspiration stood out on his brow. The fire was spreading, and the smoke made it hard to breathe.

"This is about it!" he said, judging the position. Then he let go with a fierce blast of machine gun fire that shattered the periscope of the submarine, leaving it useless. The submarine was blinded!

Quickly, Wash lowered the pontoons and settled the ship on the water. Then, helping Collins, the two men jumped clear of the burning ship and struggled with the waves. They watched sadly as the plane went up in a blazing inferno, the smoke seeming to rise hundreds of feet in the air.

Hop, beginning to lose hope of finding any sign of Wash, caught sight of a fire blazing below! He lost no time in circling low to investigate, and at sight of two figures struggling in the waves nearby, brought the amphibian expertly to rest on the water near them. Then Hop snaked out a rope, which Wash caught and pulled himself and Collins onto the plane.

"We— we got them—the spies——" was the first thing Wash gasped to Hop. He pointed excitedly to the submarine that would be forced to stay on the surface. Then he related the whole tale to Hop on their flight back to Canada.

"All we have to do now is to radio their position to headquarters," said Wash. Hop grinned contentedly.

"I knew if you went off the course, you had a darned good reason!" he chuckled.
Here’s The Letter From The Adjutant General’s Office of the United States Army, Thanking Us For Our Co-operation!

BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE ALL-AMERICAN FLYING CLUB!

You, too, can cooperate with the U.S. Army in National Defense by sending for the five "KEEP 'EM FLYING" stickers which I am sending FREE to all members requesting them! You can paste one on your automobile windshield and give some to your friends to do likewise! Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to HOP HARRIGAN, President, All-American Flying Club, 480 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C., and I will mail them to you absolutely free of charge. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

Here’s What You Get When You Join The All-American Flying Club!

1. A beautifully engraved membership card containing all the rules of the Club.
2. A beautiful golden-winged emblem, illustrated above.
3. Opportunity to enter many contests for prizes and free trips.

SO JOIN AT ONCE, and don’t forget to send in 10c to cover cost of mailing and handling.

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WAR DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Mr. H. C. Gaines, President,
All-American Comics, Inc.,
1414 East Lexington Avenue,
New York, New York.

Dear Mr. Gaines:

Your cooperation with the U.S. Army Recruiting Service in preventing early losses of " Fritz " planes as an Army Aviation Cadet is fully appreciated.

It is contemplated having each of the Army's fifty nine recruiting stations use " Keep 'Em Flying " as extensively as possible.

It is hoped that the Air Corps' newest aviation Cadets will have the satisfaction of many thousands of young Americans interested in Aviation.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

HOP HARRIGAN, President,
ALL-AMERICAN FLYING CLUB
c/o ALL-AMERICAN COMICS, 480 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C.

Dear HOP:

Please enroll me as a Charter Member of the ALL-AMERICAN FLYING CLUB! I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of mailing, etc.

It is understood that I am to receive a Membership Card and emblem and be entitled to all the privileges of the organization.

NAME

AGE

STREET ADDRESS

CITY & STATE
Mutt & Jeff

Help!
My little boy fell in the lake!

Did he come up yet?
Yes, he came up over there but he went down again!

Did he come up again?

DID HE COME UP AGAIN, LADY?

No!

DID HE COME UP AGAIN?

Yes, but he went down again!

Tell him to come down again!

Yeh, we'll wait for him.

55 cents

It's coming again, boys and girls!

The Long and Short of it!

The new Mutt & Jeff book is on its way to you with more laughs and howls than ever! It will be on sale everywhere on December 10th! Be sure to get your copy!

Mutt & Jeff appears monthly in All-American Comics——
Chapter II: "The Flash vs. The Flash!"

The Flash is being slowly burned alive... like a potato in a Dutch oven, he roasts in tremendous heat!

Meanwhile, the triumphant Adam Addams prepares to entomb Gloria Rockford...

Now, my pretty heiress, you shall join your father in one of my glass coffins! Then I will be at liberty to impersonate him - and get all his great wealth and property!
GLORIA ROCKFORD'S UNCONSCIOUS BODY IS LAID TO REST...

THERE, THAT'S TAKEN CARE OF! NOW, CALL MY FLASH - HE HAS WORK TO DO!

ADDAMS GIVES INSTRUCTIONS TO THE FALSE FLASH...

PAY ANOTHER LITTLE VISIT TO THE ROOM UPSTAIRS WHERE MY GOOD 'FRIENDS' ARE LURKING. DROP THIS FAKE BODY AND COME BACK HERE!

YES, MASTER!

HELLO, FOLKS! HERE'S ANOTHER PRESENT FROM THE FLASH!

YOU - YOU BEAST! OH, OH, FLASH! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?

POOR GLORIA! DEAD-LIKE ALL THE OTHERS!

HA-HA! YOU CAN'T CATCH ME!

YOU - YOU SNAKE! YOU WORM!

MEANWHILE, THE HEAT AWAKENS THE REAL FLASH FROM HIS COMA -

OOH... WHAT? WHERE... WHERE AM I?

OH, I GET IT... I'M SUPPOSED TO BURN TO A CRISP! FUNNY THING - I FEEL MUCH BETTER! I GUESS I'VE PERSPIRED SO MUCH THE ILL-EFFECTS OF THAT GAL HAS BEEN CARRIED AWAY!

WOW! IT'S HOT! I'LL JUST JOG AROUND A LITTLE TO KEEP A BREEZE GOING... HEY! I - I'M REGAINING MY OLD SPEED!
I'll tear around this room so fast the breeze I create will cool it off...

With swiftly moving hands and a tiny screwdriver that he carries with him everywhere, the Flash starts to work on the look of the torture-chamber...

Still hot—But I can risk a few burns on my hands to get out of here!

Hello, Joan! Doctor French!

Eek! He's back!

You—you beast! Get out of here!

Flash—I don't know whether I can beat you or not, but if you come a step closer you'll know you've been in a fight!

Say—I'm sick and tired of all this talk! I haven't done anything! I've just escaped being burned to death—look at my hands!

Oh, my darling! I—To think I believed...

A ghastly mistake. How can you forgive us?

It's no mistake! It's very cunning. The whole thing!

No—no mistake? What do you mean?

You mean you did do all those things?

No, no, of course not! I mean that there is a false flash around. I'm getting blamed for his deeds! It's part of a very clever plan...
HOW STUPID WE'VE BEEN! BY DISCREDITING THE FLASH—OUR ONLY HOPE—WE PLAYED RIGHT INTO OUR EVIL HOST'S HANDS... WHOEVER HE IS!

EEEEH! LOOK! GLORIA IS GETTING UP!

WELL, I'LL BE—SHE ISN'T DEAD!

GLORIA! GLORIA—SPEAK TO US!

OH!! SHE BLEW UP!

SO! I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND! THAT BODY WAS A FAKE! IT WAS FORMED OF GASES THAT HOLD A MATERIAL APPEARANCE FOR A CERTAIN TIME! THEN—THEY FADE BACK INTO GASBOUS FORM AGAIN!

BEHIND THE HIDDEN COMPARTMENT OF THE CLOSET, ADAM ADAMS RAGES!

WHOEVER THAT IS TALKING HAS STUMBLED UPON MY SECRET!—HE MENTIONED THE FALSE FLASH! THAT MUST MEAN..... OHHH!

THE FLASH HAS ESCAPED!

THE DOOR TO MY HOT-ROOM IS OPEN! OH, THIS IS AWFUL! THE REAL FLASH IS AT LARGE AGAIN!

THE FLASH PLANS SOME ACTION...

THAT FAKE FLASH CAME THROUGH THIS CLOSET! THERE MUST BE A SLIDING PANEL SOMEWHERE!

HE DID, EH? WELL, WATCH OUT! I'M GOING THROUGH THERE!

THE FLASH "GOES THROUGH"—AND HOW!

CRASH!
SO, THAT'S IT! A REGULAR LABYRINTH OF TUNNELS UNDER THE HOUSE! WE'LL SOON SEE WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS!

HM-M-- I HEAR VOICES!

THE FLASH BURSTS INTO THE ROOM WHERE ADDAMS IS TALKING TO HIS THUMBS! ADDAMS THINKS HE IS THE FALSE FLASH....

NOW WE'LL TIGHTEN THE WALLS OF THAT ROOM UPSTAIRS AND CATCH THEM THERE, AND SQUEEZE THEM INTO A PULP! OH, FLASH COME HERE!

SO... IT IS ADDAMS!

GO UPSTAIRS AND GET JOAN WILLIAMS! IF I CAN GET HER INTO A GLASS COFFIN, I MAY BE ABLE TO TRICK THE FLASH... SAY, WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING ABOUT?

OH, I'M JUST HAPPY ABOUT THE WHOLE THING!

HAPPY, EH? WELL YOU WON'T BE IF THE REAL FLASH GETS AFTER YOU... BAH! I'LL NOT LET THE THOUGHT THAT HE'S FREE SCARE ME! I JUST WON'T LET IT!

MO-MO- IF HE ONLY KNEW....! I'LL FIND JOAN NOW!

HE PASSES THE ROOM OF GLASS COFFINS

I'LL TELL HER TO- OHH! WHAT'S THIS?

HM-M-- I SEE HE HAS CREATED FALSE BODIES OF ALL OF US, TOO... THERE SHOULD BE SOMETHING IN THIS THAT I CAN WORK TO ADVANTAGE. AH, I HAVE IT!
ADDAMS GOES INTO ANOTHER ROOM AND FINDS THE FALSE FLASH!

HEY, YOU! I TOLD YOU TO GET JOAN WILLIAMS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING LOAFING HERE?

YOU TOLD ME TO WHAT? I'VE BEEN RIGHT HERE FOR AN HOUR!

DON'T LIE TO ME! GET GOING! BRING JOAN WILLIAMS TO ME!

TRYING TO TELL ME HE WASN'T WITH ME? HUH!

HERE'S JOAN WILLIAMS!

AGAIN ADDAMS MISTAKES THE REAL FLASH FOR HIS FALSE ONE...

YOU - YOU GOT HER ALREADY? I THINK YOU'RE GETTING TO BE AS FAST AS THE REAL FLASH!

I WAS LUCKY! BESIDES, I KNEW YOU WANTED ACTION!

YEEEOOW! SHE'S FALLING APART!

HM-M - FEEBLE BLOOD CIRCULATION, NO DOUBT!

ADDAMS GRASPS JOAN'S ARM - AND IT BREAKS OFF....

ADDAMS GETS A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE...

YAAAAGHH! SHE'S BLOWING UP!

WHHEW! THAT WAS SO UNEXPECTED IT GAVE ME A START! THAT DUMBBELL! HE BROUGHT ME THE FAKE BODY BY MISTAKE!

HA THAT SCARED HIM PLENTY... WHY, THERE'S DOCTOR MANNING!

EH? WHO'S THAT?
DOCTOR MANNING, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU WORKING FOR ADDAMS!

THE FLASH! THE REAL FLASH! THANK HEAVEN YOU'VE COME! HE'S FORCING ME TO TRY TO DISCOVER THAT HARD-WATER GAS FORMULA!

H.M.M.-WELL, YOU KEEP RIGHT ON WORKING! IF YOU DISCOVER IT, I HAVE AN IDEA IT WILL SERVE ADDAMS WITH IRONIC JUSTICE!

MEANWHILE....

HERE'S JOAN WILLIAMS, MASTER! YOU IDIOT! YOU WILL PLAY JOKES ON ME WILL YOU...

WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING HER IN THE FIRST PLACE? I OUGHT TO BEAT THE TAR OUT OF YOU FOR SCARING ME WITH THAT FAKE BODY!

I-I-WHAT? I DIDN'T DO IT... HONEST!

Perhaps the real flash did it! He found a way into your tunnels, you know!

WHAT? OH....OH...

O-H, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! I'M LOST! HELP! MEN! COME HERE!

GO INTO THE LABORATORY AND FIND OUT WHAT SUCCESS MANNING HAS HAD WITH THAT SPEED GAS HE'S BEEN WORKING ON! QUICKLY! THERE'S NO TIME TOlose!

CAN Y'IMAGINE HOW SURPRISED DE FLASH'LL BE WHEN WE'RE AS FAST AS HIM?

HELLO, BOYS! Y-I-I-I! IT'S HIM! OH-H!!
You boys never did heed my advice, so I won't bother advising you anymore! I'll just show you what I mean!

Now, Flash, we're always ready to listen to your words of wisdom, Flash, ol' pal, ol' pal!

Pivotting on his toes the Flash starts whirling like a Chinese pinwheel...

All around the mulberry bush! Da-da-da-da-da dum!

Haalp! Glllp!

He releases them and down a tunnel they sail....

They pass a very astonished Addams.

So long, boss!

Oh! They must have met the Flash!
They sail straight up the tunnel and out into the room where Doctor and Louisa French are...

Bye-bye!

Oh! What the...

Through a window and out into the desert...

It's cool. Travellin' like dis!

Yeah... But-but when do we stop?

Doctor Hart, having wandered in a huge circle, returns to where he started from...

Ohh... More Mirages! Now I see men flying through the air! And-and that house! Why... Why—it's the same one!

Meanwhile, in the cellars...

Manning! Manning! The Flash is loose! You—you've got to help me!

I've done it! I've discovered the hard water gas formula!

You have? Quick, inject me! I'll get away from the Flash yet!

Maybe I shouldn't do this. But my scientific curiosity makes me want to see what will happen!

The injection, that will make Addams as fast as the Flash...

In the meantime, the Flash has found Joan...

Oh, Flash! Get me out of here!

I sure will, then I'll take care of that Addams once and for all!
IN THE ROOM UPSTAIRS - THE WALLS! THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON US!

OH! HELP!

OH - THE FLASH! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!

RELAX - I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN A JIFFY!

WITH THE TERRIFIC SPEED HE ALONE IS CAPABLE OF, THE FLASH TAKES DOCTOR FRENCH, HIS WIFE, AND JOAN OUT TO THE EDGE OF THE DESERT...

THE FALSE FLASH COMPLETES HIS TASK OF "CRUSHING" DOCTOR AND LOUISA FRENCH - HE THINKS...

STAY HERE - DON'T MOVE! I'M GOING AFTER ADDAMS!

OH, FLASH - BE CAREFUL!

THERE! THAT'S CRUSHED AND RE-CRUSHED THEM! NOW I'LL REPORT TO ADDAMS!

ADDAMS STANDS UP, BUT DOES NOT REALIZE THE TERRIFIC SPEED THE GAS GIVES HIM! THE ORDINARY MUSCULAR REACTION THAT WOULD BRING HIM UP STANDING - SENDS HIM SCORING TOWARD THE CEILING...

IXNAY! STAY AWAY FROM ME! NONE OF THAT STUFF FOR ME! LOOK AT HIM!

ADDAMS IS STUCK IN THE CEILING...

BLUB! GLUB! OW-OW...
MANNING PULLS ADDAMS DOWN FROM THE CEILING—

THERE!

BOY, AM I FAST! WHEE, DID YOU SEE ME TRAVEL?

By George, he is fast! I've done it! I've discovered the formula!

Wha—wha— I'm going so fast!—oh...

Oww—owww!

He rebounds...

CURSE THIS IDEA OF MINE! I'M BANGING MYSELF TO PIECES! I CAN'T CONTROL MY MOVEMENTS!—oh!

I'M KILLING MYSELF! STOP ME! STOP ME! Ooooww!!

The friction of his terrific fleetness buries his head in the wooden flooring...

I'm—mm ble can't—free—mumble—mumble....

In the tunnel outside, the real flash meets the false flash...

Oh—ho! I meet myself!

Oh! The flash!
I usually do this the other way, but there's no reason why you can't travel feet first instead of head first... bon voyage!

Down the tunnel sails the false Flash...

Gaangway!

Ah! Free at last!

Heel meets 'Heel'...

Owww!

The false Flash buzz-saws Addams' battered face...

NNN-GGGAAA...

His head vibrates like a tuning fork...

MmmmFFFFAAAACCEEE!!

Well, well! Looks as though you boys have been having a party! May I join in the fun?

Fun? Fun? Fun?

Ohhh!

Fix up some antidote injections for those people in the glass coffins, Doctor Manning! I'll be right back!
THE FLASH TAKES ADDAMS OUT TO THE EDGE OF THE DESERT... AND SPINS HIM LIKE A TOP....

There! That will keep you busy until I get back!

HE THEN DASHES BACK TO MANNING.... THEY INJECT THE "CORPSES" AND BRING THEM BACK TO LIFE....

Oh! We're alive! Of course! You were only drugged!

He's crazy! What is he jabbing himself with?

ALL ALIVE! I've failed! Failed! Well—to the victim belongs—DEATH! Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha!

They go outside and find Addams...

They meet the others....

Hello, everybody! We met Doctor Hart just about dying of thirst!

Glad to see you're all-safe! Thanks to the flash!

I'm going to see that the false flash and those other thugs who helped addams get prison terms! Meet you later!

Hurry back!

Just before their train is to leave for the east, Jay Garrick shows up....

Hello, people! I went looking for Doctor Hart and got lost. I hear I missed some excitement!

You missed plenty! My, my! That flash fellow is a wonder!

COPPER ARIZONA

THE END.
FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF

THE FLASH
"FASTEST MAN ALIVE!"
EVERY MONTH IN
FLASH COMICS!
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'I'll be seeing you on
the screen... with more
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adventure strip character
is now the movies greatest
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BOYS AND GIRLS,
HERE'S A LAD
WHO IS ONLY
TWENTY-ONE AND
HAS ALREADY
ESTABLISHED A
NUMBER ONE RANKING
AS A MILE RUNNER...

LESLEY MACMICHELL!

ON FEBRUARY 3, 1940 LESLEY
MACMICHELL MADE HIS DEBUT
IN THE WANA MAKER MILE AT
THE MILL ROSE GAMES IN MADISON
SQUARE GARDEN... HE FAILED
MISERABLY, NOT EVEN FINISHING
THE RACE... CHUCK
FENSLKE CAME IN FIRST, EQUAL-
ING THE INDOOR RECORD OF
4 MINUTES 06 SECONDS!

EXACTLY ONE YEAR LATER, ON
THE SAME TRACK, MACMICHELL
NOT ONLY FINISHED, BUT HE
SOON EXTENDED HIS FURIOUS
PACE FORCED FENSLKE OUT
OF THE RACE... HE EQUALLED
FENSLKE AND CUNNINGHAM'S
RECORD OF 4:07.4 FOR THE
INDOOR MILE

EXPERTS PREDICT THAT OF
ALL THE KNOWN RUNNERS,
MACMICHELL IS THE MOST LIKELY
TO RUN A FOUR MINUTE
MILE...

LIKE MOST GREAT MILE RUNNERS,
MACMICHELL HAD TROUBLE WITH HIS LEGS AS A CHILD—
AT THE AGE OF SEVEN HE WAS STRICKEN WITH
DIPHTHERIA, AND AFTER FOUR MONTHS IN BED
HE HAD TO BE TAUGHT TO WALK ALL OVER
AGAIN— WHEN HE RECOVERED, HIS
FRIENDS WOULDN'T PLAY WITH HIM BECAUSE
HE COULDN'T RUN AS FAST AS THEY COULD—
TO-DAY THOSE SAME BOYS PAY TO SEE
THEM OLD CHUM RUN...

IN ADDITION TO HIS RUNNING ABILITY,
MACMICHELL IS ALSO A GOOD STUDENT...
HIS CLASSROOM AVERAGE AT NEW YORK
UNIVERSITY IS EIGHTY NINE PER CENT!
And now the 'BIG SEVEN' becomes the 'BIG EIGHT'!
'Tops in monthly comic magazines!'

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COMICS

No. 1 January

WITH THAT NEW
SENSATIONAL CHARACTER

Wonder Woman

HERE'S WHAT GENE TUNNEY,
FORMER UNDEFEATED WORLD'S
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION
THinks of WONDER WOMAN!

DEAR CHARLEY:

August 22, 1941

Thanks very much for your letter of the fourteenth
and for the copies of the new feature. I think they are
remarkable and I want to congratulate you on 'Wonder Woman.'

With best wishes, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

Mr. W. C. Gaines, Pres.
All-American Comics, Inc.
480 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York

Gone Tunney
Your Christmas Daisy READY

LOOK EM OVER NOW!

DAISY SINGLE SHOT
- Only 1 shot at a time. Lever action

NICKELLED 500-SHOT REPEATER
- All metal parts nickel plated. A repeater

LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE
- Daisy's original Shot Gun Carbine featuring Lightning Loader invention. Adjustable Double Notch Rear Sight.

BUCK-JONES SPECIAL
- No pump repeaters in Daisyline Style. Pump is in stock beside accurate Daisy brand

DAISY PUMP GUN - THE KING OF ALL AIR RIFLES
- 50 shot force feed Pump. Comes in colored carton. Choose your favorite Daisy—buy it now at any hardware, sports goods or department store.

RED RYDER SADDLE CARBINE
- Tell Dad to hang one of these beautiful Daisys on your Christmas Tree! Why not make it a western saddle carbine? RED RYDER CARBINE features Golden Bands, adjustable double-notch Rear Sight, Lightning-Loader invention for loading 1000 shot in 20 seconds, carbine style Cocking Lever, full-length Fore-piece, 16-inch Leather Thong knotted to authentic Swivel Carbine Ring—and Red Ryder's brand on pistol grip stock. Comes packed in colored carton. Choose your favorite Daisy—buy it now at any hardware, sports goods or department store.

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- Red Ryder says—'I’ve seen everything in the Daisy Corral—it’s all pictured in this new 16 page Daisy Air Rifle Catalog. Send for yours quick, tellers, and show it to Dad. Write Daisy today for your Free copy.

DAISY TARGETEE PISTOL
- The gun that’s fun for the whole family! Targetee Pistol. Big star, spanning “banger” targets. 22 Long. USA made.

DAISY AIR RIFLES

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT
- BIG JUMBO

Daisy Added in Canada