Spring Issue No. 4

All-Flash Quarterly

10¢

The Flash

Upsets Father Time as he flashes back through the pages of history...

Another 64 page novel-length story featuring the fastest man alive!
WILD INDIANS, MODERN STYLE

Augustus and the Mountains
By Le Grand

The Bobbs-Merrill Company

Augustus had lived on a shanty-boat all the eleven years of his life—and he had never ridden in an automobile. So when Pop traded his shanty-boat for a car of ancient vintage things were bound to happen to Augustus and the whole family. And they did. For instance, Pop found to his surprise that you couldn't navigate a car like a boat, counting on the wind and the tide to carry you around an oncoming car! And when it came to paying a dollar toll to get over a bridge—no siree! this river-family found their own way to take their car across—a home-made raft. Well, they did get to those Kentucky mountains at last, and there really were Indians there. And then began the best adventure of all, when Augustus and his new Indian friends, Lone Eagle and Red Bird, trapped a robber and cleared the Indians of the Mountainers' unjust suspicions. To reward him, they made Augustus a member of the tribe—an Indian warrior, feather headdress and all.

This book is amusing as well as exciting, and the pictures are especially funny. Ask for it at your library.
Stealing a March on the Old Gentleman with the Scythe and Hourglass, THE FLASH Goes Back in Time as He Battles Against Grim Evil. Take an Absent-Minded Professor, a Money-Loving Millionaire with a Peculiar for Crooked Work, a Time Capsule, Pills That Have the Power of Bringing Back Lost Ages. Mix Well, Add the Flash—And Watch Time Fly!

The Fastest Man Alive Races into the Weirdest Adventure of His Thrill-Studded Career in This New Novel-Length Story—The Tale of the Time Capsule!

In a little workshop attached to a small house on the rocky shore of Northern Long Island, Professor Archibald McQuatness Mixes Powders with Mortar and Pestle...

I think I've done it! I think I've found a way to travel backwards in time... to any period in history!
At last I've perfected "Sleepian" - the drug that redistributes the electrons of the body, and readjusts them in ratio with the curve of time! And there's only one way to find out if it works.

Explanation!... Time is curved, like a circle! Each dot on the line of its circle represents a span of years! If it were possible to draw a line across the circle, a person on one side could move to another and travel through time! That is what the professor's "Sleepian" does... It changes the structure of the human body and then lets it travel across the line that segments the ages - until the body reappears again years and years behind that time...

Well... here goes.

The professor swallows the pill and suddenly finds his house has disappeared under him and he is all alone in an ancient forest.

Wh...? I've done it! I've done it! I'm in the forest that covered this part of the country years ago!

My pills are a success... Hello! Isn't that a man there? Why is he burying a metal cylinder?

You bet your time-pills it's a man, professor! It's the Flash! But what's he doing here?

Pardon me... but are you a redskin? Those strange clothes...

Why, professor, don't you remember me? I'm the Flash!

Why - he's disappeared! Just faded into thin air! How did he know me? I'm sure I never saw him before... I'm all confused! I'd better get back to 1942!

Popping another pill into his mouth, the professor reappears in his workshop.

Betsy! Betsy! I've done it! Betsy! Where are you?

Oh, I forgot! Betsy is entertaining friends - Joan Williams and Jay Barrick! I won't bother her now... guess I'll go see Reginald Hasto. My financial backer... and tell him about my success!
A FEW MILES FROM THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, THE TOWERING RESIDENCE OF REGINALD HASTO, MILLIONAIRE, DECORATES THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE...

SOMETIMES I THINK I'M SLIPPING! HERE I AM WITH A REPUTATION FOR BEING A SHREWD BUSINESS MAN -- AND I LOAN PROFESSOR McQUATNESS A THOUSAND DOLLARS SO HE CAN WORK ON HIS FOOL EXPERIMENTS! I'LL PROBABLY NEVER SEE IT AGAIN!

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HAA! IMPOSSIBLE... BUT EVEN IF IT DOES WORK... WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO ME? HOW CAN YOUR CRAZY "TIME-PILLS" BRING ME A PROFIT ON MY INVESTMENT!

BUT THEY CAN! WHEN I WENT INTO THE PAST I SAW A MAN BURY SOMETHING! I KNOW THE EXACT SPOT; MAYBE IT'S TREASURE! SHALL WE GO SEE?

BAN! SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME... BUT ALL RIGHT! I'LL CALL MY BODYGUARDS! THEY CAN DO THE DIGGING!

WHILE THE PROFESSOR AND HIS FINANCIAL BACKER ARE DRIVING TO THE SCENE OF THE BURIED CYLINDER, BETSY McQUATNESS MEETS JOAN WILLIAMS AND JAY (THE FLASH) GARRICK...

NO, INDEED! IT'S SOMETHING TO DO WITH TRAVELING IN TIME, GOING INTO THE PAST, YOU KNOW. HE HAS A MAN INTERESTED IN IT -- A MILLIONAIRE THAT I DON'T TRUST!

OH! JAY! I'M GLAD YOU COULD COME! IT'S SO DULL HERE -- AND DAD IS ONLY INTERESTED IN HIS PILLS!

OH, HE'S A DOCTOR?

OH, IT'S THE WAY HE LOOKS, HIS EYES SO GREEDY AND MONEY-LOVING! I'M AFRAID HE'S GOING TO CHEAT POOR DAD... HE'S SO TRUSTING -- AND DUMB!

MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING WE CAME DOWN, EH, FL... I MEAN, JAY? HMM-M COULDBE!

THERE'S DAD NOW, WITH MR. HASTO, AND THEY'RE DIGGING! LET'S SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!

DIG A LITTLE FOREHAN. I'LL SEE IF THERE IS ANYTHING HERE! IF THERE IS, I WON'T LET THE PROFESSOR SEE IT -- IF IT'S SOMETHING GOOD I'LL KEEP IT FOR MYSELF!
MASTO PLANS DIRTY WORK—

TAKE THE PROFESSOR OFF TO ONE SIDE AND KEEP HIM BUSY SO HE DOESN'T LOOK INTO THE HOLE! I'LL FIND OUT IF THERE'S ANYTHING THERE—IF THERE IS, TAP HIM OVER THE HEAD!

PROFESSOR—WOULD YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH TO SHOW ME SOME OF YOUR SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS? I'M VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN SCIENCE—IN AN AMATEURISH SORT OF WAY!

Eh? Of course—of course—come with me—

THE PROFESSOR WAS RIGHT, SIR! THERE IS SOMETHING BURIED HERE!

AH...

AT A SIGNAL FROM MASTO, THE PROFESSOR IS RUTHLESSLY SLUGGED....

OH...

SWEET DREAMS, PROF!

WHAP!

MOVING SO FAST HE BECOMES INVISIBLE, JAY TAKES THE FLASH UNIFORM FROM HIS SUITCASE—CHANGES INTO IT—AND A SPLIT-SECOND LATER IS RACING DOWN THE BEACH....

THE FLASH STRIKES REGINALD MASTO'S GUARDS LIKE A TROPICAL TYPHOOON...

OOF! OWW-W!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUT WHEN A MAN GETS HIT BEHIND HIS BACK—IT'S TIME TO INVESTIGATE!
WITH THE RAPIDITY OF HIS MOVEMENTS CREATING A MINOR SANDSTORM, THE FLASH HURLS A MAN ALONG THE BEACH SO SWIFTLY THAT HE LOOKS LIKE A PLOW IN ACTION.

PRFFFOOGHT!

HE COMPLETELY DISRUPTS THE MORALE OF HASTO'S UNIFORMED GUARDS...

I'LL GET YOU TWO FEEL LIKE PRETTY HOT STUFF ABOUT NOW!

OOOON! I'M BURNING UP!

OOW-W!

SEIZING A SHOVEL, THE FLASH Digs HOLE AFTER HOLE IN THE SAND...

IT'S TIME TO DO SOME SPRING PLANTING!

INTO THE HOLES GO HASTO AND HIS HENCHMEN... UP TO THEIR EARS IN SAND...

YOU'LL PROBABLY DIG YOURSELVES OUT IN A HALF HOUR OR SO... BY THAT TIME I'LL HAVE THE PROFESSOR SAFELY OUT OF YOUR CLUTCHES!

BUT-BUT THE TREASURE IS MINE...

MINN! MINN!

THE FLASH DIGS UP THE CYLINDER AND SEES IT FOR THE FIRST—OR IS IT THE SECOND TIME? HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE IT... BUT REMEMBER THAT THE PROFESSOR SAW HIM BURYING IT!

HM-M-PEGULAR LOOKING TREASURE CHEST!

AT THAT MOMENT, PROFESSOR MCQUATNESS REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS....

OH, DEAR! THERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN! HE MUST BE ANGRY AT OUR TRYING TO STEAL HIS TREASURE! MAYBE THAT'S WHY HE HIT ME SO HARD!

I'LL HIDE THIS SOMEPLACE WHERE NONE BUT MYSELF WILL KNOW HOW TO GET IT!
MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS! HE - HE'S DISAPPEARED AGAIN!

BETSY! THE STRANGEST THING HAS HAPPENED! THAT MAN IN THE FUNNY RED SUIT HAS RETURNED...

I KNOW, DAD! I SAW IT ALL!

HELLO, PROFESSOR! YOU HAD QUITE A ROUGH TIME UNTIL THE FLASH CAME ALONG!

WHAT? WAS THAT THE FLASH? TO GEEZ! I'M AFRAID I DON'T LIKE HIM! HE HIT ME HARD AND I WASN'T LOOKING!

WITH HIS USUAL SURPRISING SUDDENNESS THE FLASH APPEARS BEFORE THEM....

PARDON ME, PROFESSOR, BUT THAT TREASURE... THOSE MEN WANTED SO BADLY - WHO OWNS IT?

OH! IT'S YOU! BLESS ME, YOU'RE FAST! WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?

MY GOOD MAN, YOU OWN THAT TREASURE! IF IT IS TREASURE!

WHAT? I OWN IT?

NOW, NOW OF COURSE YOU DID! IT WAS - LET ME SEE - ABOUT TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO - YES I SAW YOU BURY IT, THE BEACH!

I - ER - IT SEEMS I DO REMEMBER! IT'S SO LONG AGO ALMOST FORGOTTEN BUT REALLY - YOU DON'T LOOK YOUR AGE.

I'M NOT TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD... YOU ARE! BUT WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT AFTER DINNER!
After the professor and Betsy go inside the house...

He's crazy as a loon, Joan! He thinks he saw us two thousand years ago! Whew...

Yeah, he has—but I haven't! So how did I go back all those centuries—even if I did? Wow! If I keep thinking about it, I'll drive myself crazy!

Well... maybe he did, Betsy told me. He's been experimenting with time-pills!

That evening, the Flash humors the old bent—

Tell me what was it like in those times? I can hardly wait to experiment again!

Oh, same thing as today—

You know, people who want to boss everybody else and people with enough gumption not to let them!

I knew it! I knew it! I'll bet that Julius Caesar fellow was just another Hitler! I'll have to go back to his time and pay him a visit!

Oh—w—wonder how I ever let Joan talk me into coming here?

After dinner, the professor leads the Flash into his laboratory.

These are my time-pills! With them I can go back into whatever period in history I want to! Isn't that grand? I'll have such fun!

Oh, yes... ha-ha! Lots of fun!

What an imagination he has! Balm to a summer breeze!

Let's each take a pill and see what the world was like a hundred years ago. Shall we—just for fun?

Er—later on! Right now, don't you think it would be nice to see what's in that treasure cylinder? If it's ming, I ought to be morally entitled to open it!

The Flash dashes away....

I just had to get away from that old fellow for a few minutes! He'll have me creepy too, unless I get a rest!
Meanwhile, Masto has not been idle—a few of his strong-arm men free themselves and then rescue him....

McQuatness won't get away with this! He can't steal my treasure like that! I loaned him a thousand dollars to finance his experiments and I'm entitled to that treasure!

Yes, sir, you sure are...

The money-grubbing millionaire sets out in force to get the cylinder....

The Flash has retrieved the cylinder and carries it back to the house.... He arrives just before Masto's men surround the place....

I'll show Professor Archibald McQuatness I mean business! Trying to cheat me like that ever cheated to ha! How does he think I ever got to be a millionaire?!

Here it is, Professor! Let me open it, please! This is one of the greatest moments of my life!

In the meantime, the Flash has retrieved the cylinder and carries it back to the house.... He arrives just before Masto's men surround the place....

Oh, I forgot! It's yours—you know what I'm in it! What am I getting so excited about?

He orders his men to assume their positions, like a general on a battlefront....

You, Henderson, take some men to the rear of the house! Young you and the others cover the front.

Tenshun! We're going to the professor's house and make him return that treasure! Get your motorcycles and Tommy-guns!
MEANWHILE - OUTSIDE...

ATTACK, MEN! GO IN AND GET THAT TREASURE FOR ME! I'LL WAIT OUT HERE!

OHHH!

SORRY, LADIES! WHERE'S THAT OLD GINK, THE PROFESSOR?

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE? GET OUT OF HERE OR I'LL SCREAM!

BETTER NOT SCREAM OR I'LL HAVE TO HURT YA, LADY!

THEN YOU HAD BETTER START HURTING... HAAALP! YEE-EEE! EEEEEOOHH! YOOOOOOGGHHH!

FLASH-HEEELP! SAID HEEELP! EEEOWWW!

CUT IT OUT!

YOU'LL PUNCTURE OUR EAR-DRUMS!

THAT WAS JOAN? SOMETHING IS HAPPENING OUT THERE!

OH, DEAR NOW REMEMBER! I FORGOT TO FIX THIS SCREWDRIVER! THE HANDLE ISN'T TIGHT! IT KEEPS TURNING...

WHAT PERFECTLY GORGEOUS SCREAMING I COULDN'T DO BETTER MYSELF!

YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE!

YOU'RE NOT ONLY CRAZY, BUT ABSENT-MINDED AS WELL! YOU LOCKED THE DOOR WHERE'S THE KEY?

DEAR ME, I THINK THAT WAS WHAT I THREW OUT THE WINDOW, AND PUT MY CIGARETTE IN THE KEY-HOLE!

A SCREWDRIVER THAT WON'T WORK AND A CIGARETTE FOR A KEY? IT'S A GOOD THING THIS HATCHET ISN'T A KNITTING NEEDLE, OR I'D HAVE TO REALLY BREAK THROUGH THIS DOOR...

HASTO'S MEN BACK AGAIN! SEEMS TO BE TIME FOR SOME MORE EXERCISE!
Sneaking carefully around the house, Hasto sees the professor at work trying to fix the screwdriver....

He calls some of his men and they burst into the laboratory...

Grab the treasure cylinder!

What? Who's that?

That isn't yours! It belongs to Mr. Flash! You can't take it!

I am taking it! Hurry up, men!

No! You can't! I won't let you.... Ooh-hh!

Splat!

Meanwhile, the Flash, with raging speed, tears into the other uniformed thugs...

Two heads are better than one for a bang-up good time!

Ow-ww!!

The master of speed whirls and leaps across the room as more of Hasto's bodyguards rush into the room....

That's the Flash! Grab him!

How? I can't even see him!

Aha, gentlemen, just in time for a little dance....

With his terrific rapidity, the Flash rams the fleet of the thugs so deep in the wall that they are imprisoned as though the wall had been built around them....

There! I call that the "one-two-find-the-shoe" dance!
FLASH GRABS ANOTHER GUARD BY THE ANKLES AND STARTS SPINNING LIKE A TOP...

LET'S GIVE IT A WHIRL NOW!

Oooow!

SO GREAT IS THE SPEED OF THE FLASH AS HE SWINGS AROUND THAT THE GUARD SAILS OUT THE DOOR AND CARRIES HIS FELLOW-GUARDS WITH HIM, AND THEN THEY START TO RISE LIKE A PLANE...

Oow-ww! We're going up!

WHEN THE VELOCITY OF THEIR FLIGHT IS SPENT THEY FALL...

I HEAR BOIDIES! WHO FLUNG THAT CANNONBALL?

BACK TO THE FLASH...

COME WITH ME, GIRLS! I'LL FEEL BETTER IF I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!

THAT SUITS ME, AND HOW!

OH! OH! OH! OH!

THE CYLINDER! IT'S GONE!

THEY ENTER THE LAB...

DADDY! THAT MAN HASTO HAS HIT HIM AGAIN!

THEY BRING THE PROFESSOR AROUND...

OH! HE'S GONE!

OH! HE'S GONE!

ONE THING ABOUT THE FLASH - HE DOESN'T WASTE MUCH TIME!

HASTO ISN'T GETTING AWAY WITH THIS...

BESIDES, I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW JUST WHAT IS IN THAT CYLINDER!

BUT I WILL AND RIGHT NOW! WAIT HERE!
Racing ahead of Hasto's car, the Flash scares the driver...

"Yooww! A man! He'll be killed!"

In swerving to miss the Flash, the car crashes...

CRASH!

The Flash returns the cylinder to the Professor's home—and hides it in a closet...

"I'll be safe here until we're ready to open it! I don't want Hasto walking off with it again!"

"Hello, Professor! Where are the girls?"

The girls? They told me they were going, but I've forgotten!

Thanks, pal! This is what I want!

Oow-ww!

Come on, Flash—let's take a pill and go back to the year 50 B.C.—I want to see Julius Caesar and I'd be scared without you along!

"I'd better humor him! One little pill can't do me any harm!"

Okay, Professor—let's go!

The girls, who had gone off to fix up a little snack for the Professor, return just as he fades into thin air....

Daddy! Oh, now he's gone and taken another one of those old pills of his....

Oh, the Flash, too! They would leave us alone!
FLASH! WAIT FOR US! I—OH HE'S GONE!

Well, let's go too! Why should we be afraid to take a pill?

Here we go! Hold onto my hand, so we won't get separated!

Don't worry! I will! And wait till I see that Flash again! I'll tell him a thing or two—leaving us behind like this!

REGINALD HASTO, SETHING BECAUSE THE FLASH HAS TWICE UPSET HIS EVIL PLANS, RETURNS TO THE MOOSAINES HOME ONCE MORE...

WHEN YOU SEE THE FLASH, SHOOT HIM DOWN! DON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE!

IF DAD AND THE FLASH CAN TAKE THESE PILLS AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE PAST—SO CAN WE!


THEY—THEY'RE GONE! BACK INTO THE PAST! RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY EYES!

MÄSTO AND HIS MEN RUSH INSIDE....

THIS IS THE JAR THEY TOOK THE PILLS FROM! GRAB ONE! EACH OF YOU MEN AND TAKE IT!

SO B.C.! THAT WAS WHEN THEY HAD TREASURE AND JEWELS AND GOLD COINS ALL OVER THE PLACE! WITH MY BODYGUARDS AND THEIR TOMMY-GUNS, I'LL BE ABLE TO GET ALL THE MONEY. I WANT—FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE!

Well, it looks as though we've got to go back a couple of thousand years to see what happens to the Flash, the Professor, the girls, and Reginald Hasto.

SO—LET'S TAKE A PILL OURSELVES, WHIRL BACK THROUGH TIME—and pick up the thread of our strange story as it unfolds into the past.
500 YEARS INTO THE FUTURE WITH THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA!

AGAIN THE JUSTICE SOCIETY APPEARS IN ANOTHER FULL-LENGTH ADVENTURE STORY!

ALL-STAR NO. 10 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!

GREEN LANTERN NO. 2 - NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

ONCE AGAIN THEY FIGHT GALLANTRY FOR AMERICA AND DEMOCRACY.

BUT THIS TIME THEY TRAVEL FAR INTO THE FUTURE TO DO IT!

DON'T MISS THIS TREMENDOUS ISSUE!
COMEDY "SHORT"

NOTHING LIKE BEING FORMAL

By Ed Wheelan

THE RECREATION CENTER AT FORT SNAG

SAME HERE, KID - COME OUT AGAIN SOMETIME!

GEE, CAPTAIN, IT'S BEEN A REAL PLEASURE MEETING YOU HERE!

CAPT. HOWE CROOD! A HARD-BOILED OFFICER OF THE OLD SCHOOL ARCHIBALD CLUDBB ...

THE OLD CAP IS A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH!

ELMER Q. DIMWITZ, A BIG-HEARTED SUBURBANITE LIVING NEAR THE CAMP.

FULLER PHUN

HONEY-BUG, WE MUST HAVE HIM HERE FOR DINNER - HE'S A SKETCH!!

I'LL SEND HIM AN INVITATION TOMORROW, ELMER!

MRS. YVONNE DIMWITZ WAS A SOCIAL CLIMBER WHOSE FOOT WAS STILL ON THE FIRST RUNG OF SOCIETY'S LUDICROUS LADDER.

LOTTA TALENT

I'LL COPY THIS INVITATION RIGHT OUT OF THE "CORRECT LETTER-WRITER" TO IMPRESS THE CAPTAIN!

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Dimwitz request the pleasure of Capt. Crood's Company for Supper Monday, evening, February nineteenth, at six o'clock.

Thirteen, Thirteen Avenue - Boulder.

AND THEN CAME THE EAGERLY AWAITED OCCASION?

HOWDY, FOLKS - HERE'S MY COMPANY!!

WHEN DO WE EAT?

END
— CHAPTER TWO —

"Tommy-Guns versus Spears!"

When a bunch of cut-throats led by money-crazed Reginald Hasto invaded the world of 50 B.C. with Tommy-guns and high pressure criminal methods, Old Man Time takes a beating. And so do the Romans and Egyptians! But the Flash is timing his moves exactly, and although the world of 50 B.C. is strange to him, he finds himself right at home when the fireworks begin.

After taking the time pill, The Flash experiences a moment when he feels he is falling apart. Then his legs steady and he opens his eyes.......

Oh... it worked! Where are we?

This is Long Island, two thousand years ago. But if we want to see ancient Rome, we'll have to cross the Atlantic! It will take a long time to build a boat!
WELL, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO PAY CAESAR A VISIT—WE CAN SWIM!

WHAT...

OOH... I CAN HARDLY BREATHE.... IT'S - IT'S - AMAZING! AMAZING!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! WE'RE NEARING THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR, CALLED THE PILLARS OF HERCULES BY THE ANCIENTS!

OHH! THE FLASH DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT MY SLEEPPIAN ALSO HAS THE POWER OF THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE, SO THAT HE CAN UNDERSTAND WHAT THESE ANCIENTS ARE SAYING EVEN THOUGH HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE!

BUT THE FLASH UNDERESTIMATES HIS TERRIFIC SPEED, PARTS RIGHT PAST THEIR DESTINATION, AND ENDS UP IN ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT....

OH BOY, WE'RE IN THE LAND OF THE PHAROAHS; I CAN LEARN A LOT ABOUT CLEOPATRA WHILE WE'RE HERE....

MAYBE YOU CAN, BUT NOT BEING ABLE TO SPEAK EGYPTIAN, I CAN'T!

SINCE THE FLASH CAN GET AROUND AND MAKE HIS NEEDS KNOWN, I'LL START OFF FOR THE PALACE TO SEE CLEOPATRA!

HMM... A FINE HOW-DO-YOU-DO! LEAVING ME IN THE LURCH HERE!

SUDDENLY THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE REELS, DIZZY....

OHHH, MY HEAD! I'M A LITTLE SICK—MUST BE THE EFFECTS OF THAT SLEEPPIAN! I'LL TAKE A LITTLE WALK—MIGHT DO ME SOME GOOD...

AS HE WALKS ALONG THE DOCKS, HE SEES A NOT UNUSUAL SIGHT FOR THOSE TIMES—a slave-driver whipping his helpless charges...

OH, OH! MY SPEED HAS DESERTED ME....
THE SLOWED-UP FLASH TRIES TO STOP THE CRUEL SLAVE-DRIVER...

STOP IT! LEAVE THOSE MEN ALONE... OH!

LIFT YOUR PAGAN HAND TO ME, WILL YOU...! TAKE THAT!

CRACK!

HEY! I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU FELLOWS.

WHAT CAN WE DO, OH STRANGE ONE? HE IS MERCILESS!

HURRY UP! CAPTURE HIM!

I OUGHT TO GET A FEW PENNIES BY SELLING HIM TO THE ROYAL SLAVE BUYER! NOBODY CARES WHAT HAPPENS TO A STRANGER IN ALEXANDRIA!

IT BEGINS TO LOOK AS IF I'VE BITTERN OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW!

HE'S CHEAP AT TWICE THE PRICE!

MAYBE! HE DOESN'T LOOK VERY STRONG! WELL, IT ISN'T MY MONEY, SO I'LL BUY HIM FOR CLEOPATRA!

SO - OUR HERO BECOMES A GALLEY SLAVE... MANACLED ALONG WITH OTHER UNFORTUNATES TO HUGE OARS....

IF MY HEAD WOULD ONLY CLEAR, AND MY SPEED COME BACK....

MEANWHILE, THREE THOUSAND MILES FROM EGYPT, BETSY MCCOUNTNESS AND JOAN WILLIAMS STAND ON THE ANCIENT LONG ISLAND SHORE...

.REGINALD HASTO AND HIS BODYGUARDS ARRIVE BACK IN THE YEAR 3000 B.C. ALSO....

OH! IT'S THAT MAN HASTO! WELL, AT LEAST WE'LL GET SOME PROTECTION FROM WILD BEASTS!

I'VE A MUNCH I'D RATHER FACE THE WILD BEASTS!

HELLO, GIRLS! I'M FEELING IN RARE GOOD HUMOR TODAY! THOSE PILLS WORKED - AND HERE WE ARE, ARMED WITH 20TH CENTURY WEAPONS, IN A WORLD OF SPEARS AND ARROWS!

DADDY! DADDY! WHERE ARE YOU?

FLASH! CAN YOU HEAR ME? I'M NOT KIDDING! COME HERE!
HASTO AND HIS MEN ARE SOON BUILDING A BOAT TO TAKE THEM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC...

ALL I DO IS TAKE A PILL, GO BACK FOR THE EQUIPMENT WE NEED, INCLUDING A DIESEL ENGINE, AND PRESTO - WE'RE ALL SET!

SLEEPYAN, AS IT IS DIGESTED IN THE HUMAN FORM, THROWS OFF AN AURA OF POWER THAT CONTROLS ANY OBJECT THE HUMAN BODY TOUCHES - SUCH AS, SHOES, CLOTHES, WEAPONS... SO, BY PUTTING HANDS ON A PIANO AND HAMMER, THOSE OBJECTS ALSO GO BACK THROUGH THE MISTS OF TIME...

OF COURSE THIS WOULD NOT APPLY TO ANYTHING AS LARGE AS A BOAT, SO HASTO BRINGS THE TOOLS, AND BUILDS ONE!

OUT INTO THE BROAD SHELVES OF THE ATLANTIC, OCEAN CHUGS THE DIESEL-POWERED CRAFT...

NEARLY TWO WEEKS LATER, THEY SIGHT A ROMAN FLEET, AND HASTO GETS IDEAS....

THE BOAT IS FINISHED...

ALL ABOARD FOR ROME AND ALL POINTS EAST! LET'S GO LADIES!

I'M NOT AT ALL SURE WE WOULDN'T BE SAFER RIGHT HERE! OH, COME ON, JOAN! IT'LL BE FUN!

OUT INTO THE BROAD SHELVES OF THE ATLANTIC, OCEAN CHUGS THE DIESEL-POWERED CRAFT...

NEARLY TWO WEEKS LATER, THEY SIGHT A ROMAN FLEET, AND HASTO GETS IDEAS....

THE MUST BE ROMANS! THEY RULED THE SEA IN THESE DAYS! HMM-M-M MAYBE A LITTLE 20TH CENTURY PIRACY WOULD WORK - NO HARM IN TRYING!

AS THEY DRAW Nearer, HASTO HAILS THE ROMAN FLAGSHIP...

HEY, YOU GUYS! PULL OVER, THERE! I WANT SOME DOUGH OR ELSE WE START GIVING YOU THE ONCE-OVER LIGHTLY!

ON THE ROMAN TRIREME, THE SUDDEN CALL TO YIELD AND PAY TRIBUTE IS MET WITH MOCKERY -

IMPIDENT FOOLS! WHO ARE THEY TO SUMMON JULIUS CAESAR TO PAY THEM GOLD? AND WHAT A STRANGE CRAFT - NO SAILS, NO OARS! HOW DOES IT GO?

RAKE THEM WITH JAVELINS AND DECK ARROWS! TEACH THEM MANNERS WHEN THEY SPEAK TO ROMANS!
SO, THEY'RE GETTIN' TOUCHY, EH... OKAY! BOYS - START FIETING!

THE SHARP CHATTER OF TOMMY-GUNS SOUNDS ABOVE THE TWANG OF THE BOW-STRINGS...

OHN!

WHAT SORT OF WEAPON HAVE THEY...

OHN!

ENOUGH OF THIS! WE CANNOT FIGHT MAGIC! DISPLAY A FLAG OF TRUCE!

IT SHALL BE DONE, MIGHTY CAESAR!

SO YOU'RE THE MAGICIAN WITH THE DEALING WANDS! WHY DO YOU ATTACK A ROMAN SHIP? WHO ARE YOU?

I'M AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE AND THIS IS A SHAKE-DOWN, BROTHER! FORK OVER THE CASH! MAKE WITH THE MAZUMA!

JULIUS CAESAR RECOGNIZES REGINALD HASTO FOR WHAT HE IS, AND DESIRING TO GET THESE "MAGIC-STICKS" ON HIS OWN SIDE, OFFERS HASTO A DEAL...

'A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION-

Noble Caesar! The Egyptian fleet has come into sight! If we beat them we can conquer Egypt easily!

I COULD USE A MAN LIKE YOU! Suppose we join forces! This is gold that is worth plenty! Count me in, Julius!

YOU WANT, JULIE, OLD BOY!

AND - IN THE EGYPTIAN FLEET, CHAINED TO AN OAR, SITS THE FLASH!

THIS EXERCISE IS TOUGHENING ME UP, BUT IT ISN'T BRINGING MY OLD SPEED BACK....
ON BOARD THE SAME SHIP, CLEOPATRA, AND OF ALL PEOPLE, PROFESSOR MOUNTNESS...

OLYMPUS, IT IS THE ROMAN FLEET! YOU SAID CAESAR WOULD NEVER DEFEAT ME! BUT HOW AM I GOING TO STOP HIM?

JUST READ YOUR HISTORY BOOKS, CLEO. I JUST READ YOUR HISTORY BOOKS, CLEOPATRA'S ADVISOR. I FORGET ALL ABOUT YOU! YOU CAN SAVE US FROM THE ROMAN FLEET!

FLASH! I'VE BEEN SO BUSY GETTING THIS JOB AS CLEOPATRA'S ADVISOR. I FORGET ALL ABOUT YOU! YOU CAN SAVE US FROM THE ROMAN FLEET!

I WOULD IF I COULD, BUT THAT SLEEPING DRUG OF YOURS HAS SLOWED ME DOWN!

WHY, THERE'S THE PROFESSOR! AND LOOK AT THE CLOTHES HE'S WEARING! HE MUST HAVE TAKEN HIMSELF INTO A SOFT JOB!

THAT COULDN'T BE, UNLESS YOU TOOK A LOT OF SALT-WAIT A MINUTE! THAT SALT ACROSS THE OCEAN! YOU MUST HAVE SWALLOWED SOME SALT WATER! IT HAS REACTED ON THE SLEEPING DRUG SYSTEM! COME WITH ME!

HOW I OR AREN'T THESE IRON CHAINS WHAT I THINK THEY ARE?

OF COURSE! HOW STUPID OF ME! CLEO, HEY! I THINK I CAN SOLVE YOUR ROMAN PROBLEM! COME HERE A MINUTE!

COMING, OLYMPUS! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

THE FLEETS NEAR ONE ANOTHER....

WHEN MY SOLDIERS WITH THEIR BROADSWORDS GET ON THOSE BOATS THE BATTLE WILL SOON BE OVER! AND MY BOYS WITH THEIR TOMMY-GUNS CAN SOFTEN THEM UP FOR YOU!

THE TOMMY-GUN BRIGADE GOES TO TOWN ON THE HELPLESS EGYPTIANS....

THIS IS GREAT SPORT!

YEAH, WE CAN'T MISS AT THIS DISTANCE!

RAT-TAT TAT-TAT TAT-TAT TAT
THE EGYPTIANS FALL LIKE LOCUSTS BEFORE THE STREAM OF BULLETS...

OSIRIS! HAVE MERCY!

THEY USE WITCHCRAFT!

THEY HAVE CAPTURED THE THUNDERS FROM THE HEAVENS!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

THOSE ARE MACHINE-GUNS!

HOW—HOW COULD THAT BE?

NEVER MIND THAT! DRINK THIS—HURRY!

SOME SOOTHSBAYER YOU ARE, OLYMPUS! NOT ONLY ARE THE ROMANS GOING TO DEFEAT ME BUT THEY'RE SETTING A RECORD FOR SPEED IN DOING IT!

I'LL DRINK IT—BUT WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO?

IT WILL DISSOLVE THE SALT THAT IS INTERFERING WITH YOUR SPEED!

OH, OH, YOUR HANDS—DISAPPEARED!

AH! THAT MEANS I HAVE MY OLD SPEED BACK! WATCH ME TRAVEL NOW!

OH! NOW HE HAS DISAPPEARED ENTIRELY!

THAT'S BECAUSE HE'S SO FAST, CLEO! WAIT UNTIL WE GET TO WORK ON THOSE ROMANS!

IF CAESAR IS USING TOMMY-GUNS, THAT GIVES HIM AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE, SO I'LL TRY TO EVEN THINGS UP!

THE FLASH SWIMMING WITH TERRIFIC SPEED, LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT THE WOODEN SIDE OF A ROMAN TRIREMIS—A HUMAN TORPEDO...
The Flash crashes into the side of the Roman ship, below the waterline—his pace, like an irresistible force, is so fast that he does not hurt himself...

Leaving behind him a gaping hole through which the water is pouring—he races on deck...

Help! Help! Some demon has me in his grasp!

Help! Help! Some demon has me in his grasp!

The—The ship—It's starting to sink!

It sure is, and if you're Julius Caesar, history is going to get a black eye if I let you drown!

Depositting Caius Julius Caesar on the deck of the Egyptian flagship, the flash departs after the rest of the fleet...

Ah! The greatest Caesar of them all, our prisoner! I must hurry and tell Cleo of this! Come along, Julius—Ulp!

History tells us that Olympus unrolled a rug in front of Caesar, and Cleopatra was inside it! But the professor (Olympus) did no such thing... Cleopatra was cutting a rug in true Jitterbug fashion, as the professor had taught her, and due to the inability to translate this into Egyptianian, the historians said the rug was unrolled!

Truckin' on down the 10th Avenue... Wha-at?

Cleo, the flash captured Caesar! Dancing during a battle with my Romans! Highly insulting! The least you could have done was worry a little!

In the meantime, the Flash races for the other Roman ships...

Zeus! That must be our Roman god of speed, Mercury! Look at him tear around our ship—I'm getting dizzy just looking at him....

Around and around the Roman ships tears the Flash, swimming with the speed of a frightened minnow....
OH! HE KEEPS GOING AROUND IN......CIRCLES...

I - I'M GOING AROUND TOO...

BACCHUS! I'M REELING!

DIZZY AND FAINT FROM WATCHING THE RAPIDLY CIRCLING FLASH. ONE BY ONE THE ROMANS KEEL OVER...

NOW TO PUT THEM OUT OF COMMISSION FOR AWHILE!

WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED AND THE MIGHTY STRENGTH HIS SPEED GIVES HIM, THE FLASH RIPS OFF THE ARMOUR OF THE ROMANS AND TWISTS IT INTO HANDCUFFS!

JUST AS HE FINISHES BINDING THE ROMANS, HE SEES THE REMAINDER OF THE FLEET BEARING DOWN ON THE EGYPTIANS...

HE GRABS A ROMAN BY THE ANKLES AND BEGINS TO WHIRL FASTER AND FASTER...

THIS IS ONE WAY OF "CUFFING" THESE BOYS AROUND.

HM-M-

WHEN HE LETS GO, THE HUMAN MISSILE AIRS OVER THE WATER...

AND LIKE A LIVING TORPEDO, CUTS A GAPING HOLE IN A TRIREMME CLOSE TO THE WATER LINE.....

SMASH!
GREAT JUPITER! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
THEM'RE FALLING LIKE METEORS ALL AROUND US!
WE'RE SINKING!

ONLY REGINALD HASTO REALIZES WHAT IS ACTUALLY HAPPENING...
IT'S THE FLASH! I KNOW IT IS! HE'S THE ONLY GUY FAST ENOUGH TO HURL MEN THROUGH THE AIR LIKE BULLETS! COME ON! WE'VE GOTTA GET OFF THIS SINKING TUB, AND BACK ONTO MY YACHT! HURRY!

AH, THERE'S MY GOOD FRIEND REGINALD HASTO DESERTING A SHIP LIKE THE RAT HE IS! I GUESS I'LL PAY HIM A LITTLE VISIT...

OH! LOOK! THE WATER'S CHURNING UP! THAT MEANS THE FLASH IS HEADIN' DIS WAY!

MOVING SO SWIFTLY HE CANNOT BE SEEN, THE FLASH BOARDS HASTO'S YACHT...
START SHOOTIN' SPRAY BULLETS ALL OVER TH' DECK! MAYBE YOU'LL HIT HIM!

RACING LIKE THE WIND, THE FLASH MATCHES THE SPEED OF A BULLET, AND PLUCKS IT OUT OF THE AIR...

COME TO PAPA, LITTLE ONE! I CAN USE SOME AMMUNITION!

HE WHIRLS AND HURLS THE BULLET BACK SO SWIFTLY AND ACCURATELY THAT IT ENTERS THE BARREL OF A TOMMY-GUN FASTER THAN IT CAME OUT...

BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM, LITTLE MISSILE-OF-BAD-NEWS!
THE BULLET FINDS THE AMMUNITION CHAMBER OF THE "CHATTER-BOX"...

OWW!

BLAM!

THE FLASH HURLS BULLET AFTER BULLET BACK INTO THE GUN MUZZLES...

TA-DA- 

DE-DUM...

Ouch! Wham! Boom! Bang!

Into the barrel...

OWW!

THAT FLASH GUY IS TOO MUCH FOR ME! BUT I CAN GET RID OF JOAN AND BETSY FOR REVENGE!

HE LUMBERS INTO THE YACHT'S CABIN...

SORRY GIRLS, BUT I GOTA LIQUIDATE YOU!

OHH!

You Bully!

ON THE DECK OUTSIDE THE FLASH SUSPECTS FUNNY BUSINESS AS HE SEES HASTO RACE INTO THE CABIN... SO, GRASPING ONE OF THE UNIFORMED GUARDS, HE TOSSES HIM THROUGH THE CABIN DOOR...

SAY HELLO AS YOU'RE PASSING THROUGH!

WHAT TH?!

SORRY, BOSS, BUT I'M SUPPOSED TO SAY "HELLO" TO YOUSE!

MAN AFTER MAN COMES FLYING THROUGH THE CABIN....

HAALP!

BATTERED, BRUISED, POUNDED TO A PULP BY THE FLYING GUARDS—HASTO LIES CRUSHED...

Ooooh-n-h-h... I'VE BEEN BLITZKREIGED!
FLASH! YEEOW, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

JOAN! BETSY! WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING HERE!

WE TOOK A COUPLE OF TIME-TRAVELING PILLS OURSELVES! THEN HASHTO CAME ALONG AND BROUGHT US WITH HIM!

WELL, NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE I'LL HAVE TO WATCH OUT FOR YOU BUT FIRST I'LL MAKE SURE THAT HASHTO DOESN'T CAUSE ANYMORE TROUBLE!

IS DADDY ALL RIGHT?

SURE! THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE WAS TEACHING CLEOPATRA TO JITTERBUG!

WHAT?

OH, BUT HE IS! YOU SEE DADDY HAD A LOT OF TROUBLE WITH HIS CLASSES AT THE UNIVERSITY! BECAUSE HE OBJECTED TO THEIR CRAZY NONSENSE, THEY CALLED HIM AN "ICKY" WELL, TO IMPRESS THEM HE LEARNED ALL THE JIVE JARGON, AND THEN BECAME A RUG-CUTTER HIMSELF! NOW HE SAYS IT ISN'T "NONSENSE", BUT AN IMPORTANT STEP IN THE FOLK CULTURE OF AMERICA!

COME ON YOU TWO MUSCLES! I WANT TO TAKE HASHTO TO CLEOPATRA!

TEEE-HEE! I GET IT!

WHEN THEY REACH THE EGYPTIAN SHIP, THE FLASH FINDS HE IS THOUGHT TO BE MERCURY, ROMAN GOD OF SPEED...

OH MIGHTY MERCURY, PARDON MY TRANSGRESSIONS! I DO NOT KNOW YOU WERE ABOARD THE EGYPTIAN SHIPS!

WHAT'S THIS?

HE THINKS YOU'RE THE GOD OF SPEED!

CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR, YOU HAVE DONE MANY EVIL DEEDS! BUT IF YOU GIVE UP YOUR IDEAS OF CONQUERING THE WORLD, I'LL FORGIVE YOU!

I WILL MAKE PEACE WITH ALL, OH MIGHTY MERCURY! WE'LL ALL GO BACK TO ROME! IMAGINE LANDING IN ROME WITH THE GOD OF SPEED BESIDES ME? THE PEOPLE WILL MAKE ME EMPEROR!
THE FLASH TAKES THE PROFESSOR ASIDE...

BUT I DON'T WANT TO GO TO ROME! I WANT TO GO BACK TO THE PRESENT! WE HAVE HASTO AND HIS MEN, SO WHAT'S TO PREVENT IT?

ER-- MY MEMORY, FLASH!

AND SO THE FLASH, WITH JOHN, BETSY AND THE PROFESSOR, HEAD FOR ROME IN CLEOPATRA'S FLEET, WITH REGINALD HASTO IN IRONS, AND JULIUS CAESAR TRYING TO GET FLASH TO CONSENT TO HIS TAKING OVER THE WORLD...

BUT, MIGHTY MERCURY, WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH A TIME-PILL AND GOING BACK TO 1942?

ER-- EVERYTHING! YOU SEE, I FORGOT TO BRING ALONG THE PILLS.

OW-W! STUCK BACK IN TIME AND NO WAY TO RETURN! THE CROOKS OF 1942 WILL MAZE A ROMAN HOLIDAY!

THAT'S AN IDEA! WE NOT GO TO ROME FOR A HOLIDAY OURSELVES? EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE! LET'S DO IT, MAYBE I CAN RE-MEMBER THE FORMULA AND MAKE MORE PILLS!

BUT CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR LIKES PEOPLE TO OBEY HIM, AND EVEN IF MERCURY ISN'T ON HIS SIDE, HE STILL INTENDS TO BE A WORLD CONQUEROR...

THERE ARE WAYS AND MEANS OF DOING WHAT I WANT, EVEN WITHOUT HIS CONSENT! I'LL SHOW HIM HE CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME....

UNDISTURBED BY THE CLOUDS OF TROUBLE THAT ARE FOMENTING IN CAESAR'S WARPED BRAIN, THE FLASH AND JOAN ENJOY A FEW MINUTES UNDER A ROMANTIC MOON...

I WONDER IF WE'LL EVER GET BACK TO 1942?

WHO CARES? AFTER ALL, WE'RE TOGETHER, FLASH!

BUT HOW LONG WILL THEY REMAIN SAFELY TOGETHER, ESPECIALLY SINCE CONQUEST MADE CAESAR KNOW THAT ANOTHER VILLAIN LIKE HIMSELF-- REGINALD HASTO IS ALWAYS READY TO DO A LITTLE WORK FOR MONEY--?
WE WERE ALL KIDS ONCE!

by

ART HELFANT,

CHARLES! DO YOU HEAR ME... COME DOWN THIS INSTANT!

CHAH-RLIE! 🎈
I'M CALLING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME!

OH... BOY!

CHARLIE - DON'T YOU WANT A PIECE OF THIS DELICIOUS STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE?

COMING MOM!
I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

YO' WASH MRS. SIMPSON!

OH...! LOOK OUT!

W-WHAT HAPPENED?!?

OW! MY NEW WASH COMPLETELY RUINED!

DON'T BE TOO HARD ON DE CHILE MRS. SIMPSON - WE WUZ ALL KIDS ONCE!

COME BACK HERE!!
BUTCH McLOBSTER
THE SUPER MOBSTER

Jest as soon as I kin tink up anudder perfect crime me an' me mobsters will give it de woiks—an' how!!!

The secret hide-out of the desperate Mclobster mob, as daring a gang of non-seafaring pirates as ever scuttled a 'scuttle o' suds! 

Make it snappy, youse mugs, before de dicks pick our trail agin!!

Don't worry, Butch—we gave 'em de slip dis time!

Nuttin' to it!

Well, are we's all here? Count off!!

'Spider' Webb! 'Red' Flannel! 'Scar' Marx! 'Lefty' Wright! 'Killer' Diller!

Dat's de stuff, mugs—now we gotta woik out de details of de Mclobster mob's next haul! Have youse all got yer reports ready?

Okay! Youse, foist, 'spider—wot did youse find out?

We got 'em, Butch!!

Okay! Youse, foist, 'spider—wot did youse find out?

He goes ev'ry day to de joint at exactly T'ree-Toity!!
DAT'S GREAT, "SPIDER"! WOT DID YOUSE FIND OUT, "RED"?
HE ALLUS TRAVELS ALONE, BUTCH! NO ONE AIN'T NEVER WID IM!!
OH, BOY, DAT ORTA MAKE IT EASY! HOW ABOUT YOUSE, "LEFTY"?
HE ALLUS CARRIES IT RIGHT OUT IN PLAIN SIGHT - NO BAG NOR NUTTIN'!!

IT ORTA BE A CINCH, BUTCH! DE SWEETEST LIL JOB WE EVER PULLED!
LOOKS LIKE I PLANNED SUMPIN', EH? "SCAR"?
LISTEN, BUTCH, MEBBE I BETTER STAY BEHIND JUST IN CASE HE DECIDES TO GET TOUGH! YOUSE KIN TRUST OLD "KILLER" DILLER TO ATTEND TO IM DEN!!

THREE THIRTY THE NEXT AFTERNOON.
ON YER TOES, MUGS - HE'S COMIN' OUT NOW - LE'S GO!!

I GOT IT - COME ON - BEAT IT-QUICK!!

SCATTER, MOB - I'LL MEET YOUSE AT DE HIDE-OUT!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, BUDDY?
SOMEBODY JUST STOLE MY ALL DAY SUCKER! WAY-W-W!!

FOR DEFENSE
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
**CHAPTER THREE**

**Julius Caesar was an evil, victory-mad influence in the life of ancient Rome.** History tells us that his enemies, Brutus and Cassius, planned to kill him because he was plunging Rome deeper and deeper into bloody conflicts. Plots and counterplots flew thick and fast in that era.

Into this raging maelstrom of trouble comes the Flash with his friends and Reginald Hasto, who sees an opportunity to make some "easy money."
YOU DARE TO SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT? I-

SKIP IT CAESAR! YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK OF YOUR "WORLD BELONGS TO JULIUS CAESAR" IDEAS! NOW YOU WANT TO USE ME FOR A STOOGES? I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANYMORE ABOUT IT - OR I'M LIABLE TO LOSE MY TEMPER!

COME ON, GIRLS! LET'S GIVE ROME THE ONCE OVER!

!!*!?!?

HUMPH! I'LL SHOW HIM UP! I'LL FORCE HIS HAND. PREPARE FOR A GREAT CHARIOT RACE! SPREAD THE WORD THAT MERCURY, THE GOD OF SPEED HIMSELF, WILL DRIVE CAESAR'S HORSES...

IT SHALL BE DONE ON MIGHTY CAESAR!

HE WON'T DARE REFUSE TO RACE - AND I'LL FIX THE HORSES SO HE CAN'T WIN! I'LL MAKE HIM LOOK SO SILLY IN FRONT OF THE PEOPLE THEY'LL TEAR HIM APART! HA!

MEANWHILE THE FLASH DISCOVERS THAT RUMOR SPREADS LIKE A PRAIRIE WILDFIRE THROUGHOUT ROME....

GREAT MERCURY, HAS COME TO ROME!

HAIL SWIFT MERCURY!

GRANT ME A BOON! GRANT ME A BOON!

HOWD THEY KNOW I'M SUPPOSED TO BE MERCURY? THIS IS GETTING EMBARRASSING!

HELP US, MERCURY! GIVE US BACK OUR LIBERTIES!

MY SON WAS TORTURED BECAUSE HE WOULDN'T FIGHT FOR CAESAR!

HELP US!

HELP!

HM-M, I WISH I COULD!

YES! THAT HAS BEEN THE COURSE OF HISTORY THROUGH THE AGES! ONE MAN TRYING TO ENSLAVE ALL OTHERS TO HIS WILL! I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING WE COULD DO!

THERE IS! YES SIR, I HAVE A PLAN, AND IF IT WORKS, THESE PEOPLE WILL BE FREE!
BRUTUS AND CASSIUS, SWORN ENEMIES OF CAESAR, WATCH THE PEOPLE FLOCK AROUND THE FLASH...

WE WILL NEVER DEFEAT CAESAR WITH MERCURY - A LIVING GOD OF ROME - ON HIS SIDE...

THAT IS TRUE - IF HE IS A GOD! AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT...

BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE STRANGE WEAPONS CAESAR'S CAPTIVES USE?

IF YOU MEAN THOSE THINGS THEY CALL "TOMMY-GUNS" I HAVE!

IF WE ONLY HAD THEM ON OUR SIDE...

WHY NOT? AS CONSUL, YOU CAN FREE THOSE MEN AND MAKE A DEAL WITH THEM TO FIGHT FOR US!

As plots thicken in the sultry air of Rome, Caesar's mighty VICTORY PARADE MARCHES THROUGH THE STREETS.

AH, GOOD! A LITTLE WAGER TO LIVEN THE AFTERNOON! WHAT IS YOUR BET?

I'LL BET ANYTHING YOU WANT AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE!

IF I WIN YOU MUST GRANT THEM FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OF RELIGIOUS WORSHIP, AND NOT MAKE THEM FIGHT AGAINST PEOPLE THEY HAVE NO QUARREL WITH!

AGREED, O MERCURY! WRITE OUT THE TERMS AND WE'LL BOTH SIGN THEM!

HIM M - HE AGREED SO EASILY I'M A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS!

YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO ASK FOR IF I WIN THE SECRET FORMULA WITH WHICH YOU TRAVELLED THROUGH TIME? CLEOPATRA TOLD ME ABOUT IT!

OW! NOW I REALLY HAVE TO WIN... THINK OF THE MISERY HE COULD CAUSE WITH THAT SECRET!

AND MERCURY HIMSELF WILL RACE AGAINST ROME'S MIGHTIEST CHARIOTEERS!

BUT WILL A GOD RACE AGAINST MORTALS, CAESAR?

THIS ONE WILL FOR A LITTLE SIDE BET!

FLUSHED AND TRIUMPHANT, THE CONQUEROR MAKES PLANS FOR THE VICTORY GAMES IN THE COLISEUM.
Brutus and Cassius visit the prison quarters

We come for Reginald Masto and his men!

That's me and these are my men! Who are you?

Two senators of Rome who can give you much money - if you help us in return!

Here are some gold coins to prove we mean business...

GOLD! Real, honest-to-goodness, pure gold! No alloy in these coins! What do we have to do?

We will free you and your men, and get your "Tommy-guns" for you! You will attend the celebration in the Coliseum, and there you will kill Caesar and the man who calls himself Mercury!

And what do I get for doing this?

A million golden talents! Wealth enough to buy a kingdom!

For that much cash we'll kill just Caesar and that Mercury fellow - we still believe he's a god!

No, no, that's enough! He's a god!

A god? That's enough! He's a god!

Ah! That's fine. Fine as long as we do not have the vengeance of the gods to fear, we can prepare a mass attack on Caesar's party!

As soon as they're done away with we will be the leaders of Rome!

After Brutus and Cassius leave...

Naw! We'll get the Flash for personal reasons! That'll show Caesar he wasn't no god...

What if we shoot Caesar, boss?

Don't we shoot Caesar, boss?

That depends on whether he's willing to pay plenty to stay alive!

We'll make a lotta dough playin' these guys one against the other...

MM-M! I don't know... We gonna do, boss - swing over to be Flash's side?

What if we gonna do, boss - swing over to be Flash's side?

I don't know...
Meanwhile, the Flash is exercising the fiery Arabian stallions Caesar has given him to race with...

I'll say! By the way—where's your father?

He's been visiting all the apothecary shops trying to find drugs to make some more sleepers tablets! He's afraid if the Flash changes history by making Caesar ease up on the Roman people, maybe America won't be discovered—or something like that—

Holy cow! Then we wouldn't have a home to return to! Bosh! I never thought of that!

It looks as though the Flash will let himself in for a lot of trouble, no matter what happens! Who knows what 1942 would be like in America if he manages to change the course of history?

Right now his only concern is for his horses...

Fine! Fine! The race will be a breeze for us, the way you honey are running! I'm beginning to think the Roman people will get a new lease on life pretty soon...

But that same night—the night before the big race... dark figures creep toward the stables where the Flash's horses are kept...

Next day, the Romans start gathering in the Coliseum, bright and early...

Imagine seeing Mercury himself in a chariot race!

By Zeus! It'll be something, all right!

I heard that Caesar made a bet with Mercury on the race! Imagine—betting with one of our gods!

The Flash discovers that his horses have been drugged!

So that's the way Caesar plays, eh? Well, I can play that game myself, and how? I'll win that race in spite of his crooked work!
THE RACING CHARIOTS COME TO THE STARTING LINE AMID THE CHEERS OF ALL ROME!

I'M BETTING ON YOU, MERCURY!
HOORAY!
I'VE BET MY LIFE'S SAVINGS ON YOU!

THEY'RE OFF! THE FLASH'S DRUGGED HORSES ARE EXTREMELY SLOW ON THE GET-AWAY....

ALL THESE PEOPLE HAVE THEIR HARD-EARNED MONEY ON ME! THEIR LIBERTIES DEPEND ON MY WINNING! I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE!

IN THE COLISEUM - HASTO AND HIS MEN, DISGUISED AS ROMANS...

THIS IS A GOOD SHOT! WE CAN GET THE FLASH FROM HERE!

LOOK AT HIM, WILL YA? HE'S LAST AND TRAILING FURTHER BEHIND EVERY MINUTE!

HERE HE COMES! WHEN HE GOES FAST - GET HIM! YOU CAN'T MISS HIM AT THIS RANGE!

SINCE A BULLET TRAVELS FASTER THAN SOUND, THE FLASH SEES THE TOMMY-GUN BULLETS FLYING TOWARD HIM BEFORE HE HEARS THE SHOOTING....

OOPS! I'LL HAVE TO MOVE....

...FAST!

SO SWIFT IS THE REFLEX ACTION OF THE FLASH THAT AS SOON AS HIS SUPER-SWIFT EYESIGHT SEES THE BULLETS, HE DUCKS....
Using his powerful legs, The Flash catapults himself backwards from the chariot, missing the bullets as they plunk into the flooring....

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-

Moving so fast he becomes invisible, The Flash starts searching for his would-be assassins....

I don't see him anymore! We must have chopped him into tiny pieces!

Ha! Ha! We got the Flash!

Hello, my playful friends!

Oo-off! Ow-w!

Well, well! It's Reggie and his boys! I thought they were in jail!

Yee-oww! It's him! We didn't kill him after all!

Swish!

Launching himself into the air with terrific speed, The Flash flies through the air like an arrow....

The Flash seizes hasto spines like a hammer thrower, and tosses him cut over the arena....

Oo-o-o-o-oh!

And now for you, gentlemen! I couldn't possibly leave you out of this?

Aw, now. Flash couldn't you, maybe, please, hum?

I couldn't think of it! Besides, I've always had a yen to see rats fly!

Yeah. How's about it, Flash. Ol' pal, Ol' pal?

Haald!
Meanwhile Cassius and Brutus hearing Hastos's men as they fired at the flash, leap to their feet...

That's our signal! Draw swords, men! Attack the tyrant!

Freedom for Rome!

Oh! This is all wrong! Caesar doesn't die until the Ides of March! You can't do this!

Heelllo!

The professor is pushed rudely aside as the Romans rush on Julius Caesar...

Oh! Flash! Flash! Where are you? History is going all icky!

I'm ruined! I bet every last sesterce I owned on the race!

I'm going to give you fellows a treat— you can ride in my chariot while I go on to win this race!

No! Flash! Please! I'm dragging! I'll be killed!

By Jupiter, Capitolinus! It's a plot to defeat Mercury! How can he race with all those men weighing down his chariot?

But the cries of woe change to exclamations of amazement as they see Hasto and his henchmen fall out of the air and wedge themselves into Mercury's chariot...

But a few men stuck in his chariot doesn't bother the man of speed...

The fastest man alive seizes the reins of his stallions— and then starts to run...

Ooww!
Great Jupiter! Look at him go!

He may win yet!

I always thought that story about Mercury being so fast was just a myth—but I don’t now!

Across the finish line—a winner!

Ooow! My F-face!

You did it, ponies! Nice going!

The professor calls from the stands...

Flash! Quick! Caesar’s about to be slain! We can’t have history changed!

Golly no! I’m coming, prof?

In a split second the Flash is up in the stands, and strikes the Romans with the force of an express train....

Come on, you chiseler! If it wasn’t for all those school kids back in the U.S.A. getting their history mixed up, I think I’d let you get what you deserve!

You saved my life! I must reward you handsomely!
I don't want any money! Just keep your wages and erase the Roman people!

But knowing that Brutus is to become one of Caesar's murderers, the professor can't resist a word with him...

Oh, oh! What I know about you! Share shame!

The man is cracked like a nut!

I shall be insulted unless you accept a reward for saving my life! I'm a grateful man!

Caesar doesn't know that Brutus and Cassius are responsible for an attempt on his life...

A sudden interruption - I'll send it to... Eh??

I said beware, Caesar! Beware the Ides of March! They portend danger for you!

Golly! I always thought Shakespeare made that up! It's true then!

I'll send it to your place later to-night! Stay with me Mercury! I'm scared!

If you won't stay with me there'll be no reward!

If you didn't send me such an evil man all your life, you wouldn't be scared. I won't protect you.

Meanwhile Cassius and Brutus have freed Hasto and his men from the Flash's chariot....

Him-m-m - I'll need something to carry that reward home in... And I know! I'll put it in a time capsule and bury it so I can dig it in the twentieth century!

You can watch me draft up new laws for the benefit of the people, Mercury!

Well, that will be something!

Oooh! I'm dying! That guy Flash! Wait'll I see him again!

You idiot! You spoiled everything! Why didn't you help our men kill Caesar? Instead you wasted your time trying to shoot that Tennessee demon - Bah!

Awh, go on, fl... I mean Mercury, take the money! Let the professor use it - maybe he can invent something besides time pills...

Well... All right, let the professor have it!

Go ahead, Flash! Nothing will happen to-night! Remember your history - he gets his in the Senate house. You go home and make some time pills, I'm getting fed up with this crazy mess!
UNFORTUNATELY FOR CASSIUS AND BRUTUS, HASTO AND HIS MEN SEE CAESAR'S REWARD BEING CARRIED TO THE PROFESSOR'S QUARTERS...

WELL, LINE MY WALLET! WITH GREENBACKS! THAT'S THE PROF! AND LOOK AT THE MONEY HE'S GETTING! WOW!

SURE! YOU THINK I'M A Dope LIKE THAT ABSENT-MINDED PROF? I GOT PLENTY OF THESE! HERE, YOU EACH BETTER TAKE ONE - ONLY DON'T LOSE IT!

HOURS LATER...

EUREKA! I'VE DONE IT! I'VE DISCOVERED MY TIME-PILLS FORMULA!

THAT'S SWELL PROF! I JUST DROPPED IN TO TAKE OVER THAT TREASURE OF YOURS!

HELP! BETSY! JOAN! CALL THE FLASH! HELP! HELP!!
HASTO ATTACKS THE PROFESSOR, WHO SPILLS TIME-PILLS ALL OVER THE FLOOR!

OW-W!! CALL FOR THE FLASH WILL YA, MY MEN! GO GET THOSE GALS!

BUT "THOSE GALS" PUT UP A PRETTY GOOD BATTLE....

LET GO OR I'LL BITE! GR-RR.

HEY! DON'T YEOW! SHE BIT ME!

BETSY GETS AWAY, AND LEAPS FROM A WINDOW-

THANK HEAVENS FOR MY PEARLY TEETH! THEY GOT ME OUT OF THAT ALL RIGHT! NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS FIND THE FLASH HE'S WITH CAESAR!

BUT ROME EVEN IN THOSE DAYS, WAS A BIG CITY, AND IT IS NOT UNTIL MORN-

ING THAT BETSY FINDS CAESAR'S HOUSE!

OHH! OHHH!

BETSY! WHAT'S WRONG?

I HOPE IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS! I WANT YOU TO GO WITH ME TO THE SENATE HOUSE! IT'S THE IDEE OF MARCH - NOW! AND THAT WITCH'S PROPHECY....

IT'S HASTO! HE AND HIS MEN CAME LATE LAST NIGHT AND HIT DADDY, AND TRIED TO CAPTURE JOAN AND ME! I GOT AWAY!

WHY, THAT TREACHEROUS DOG! COME ON BETSY! WE'LL FIND HIM AND MAKE HIM SORRY FOR THIS!

LEFT ALONE, CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR SHIVERS IN THE RAW WIND THAT SWEPS DOWN FROM CAPITOLINE HILL... IS IT A PREMONITION OF DEATH HE FEELS, JUST BEFORE HE TURNS TO GO ALONE TO THE SENATE HOUSE, WHERE THE BODIES OF CAIUS JULIUS AND BRUTUS ARE TO TAKE HIS LIFE?

MEANWHILE THE FLASH AND BETSY RUSH TO THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE TO FIND....

THEY'RE GONE, BETSY! WE MAY BE LEFT ALONE IN THE PAST-FOREVER!

OHHH!

IRONICALLY THE FLASH RACES RIGHT PAST THE TIME-PILLS SPILLED ON THE FLOOR BY THE PROFESSOR....

WE'VE GOT TO GET TO OSTIA! I JUST REMEMBERED THAT HASTO HAS A DIESEL-POWERED YACHT WAITING THERE! HE'LL PROBABLY BEAD FOR IT!
But he doesn't race past something else—

Hello? Look what's here? Our or rather my time capsule?

Daddy must have put the treasure in. It can't we take it along?

Sure, why not? Ostia... first stop!

Across the Atlantic swims the Flash, still searching for Hasto—

Well, they weren't at Ostia — they must have set out for Long Island...

The Flash and Betsy find themselves on the Long Island shore all too soon... because it is lonely and deserted...

Oh! They aren't here! P. Daddy! Oh! I'll go back and search all Europe for him as soon as I bury this capsule, Betsy... cheer up!

The Flash dashes up the beach and starts burying the time capsule, when...

Pardon me. But are you a Redskin? Those strange clothes...

Why, professor! Don't you remember me? I'm the Flash...

Say, what is this? We came in at this point or did we? No, sir — there's more to come...

Oh! He disappeared! Just faded into thin air! I'd better get back to 1942!

Scram, brother! You're not wanted!

Flash! Didn't I hear my father's voice?

Yes! He was here! He took a pill and say! He dropped some pills! Look!

No wonder your dad thought the time capsule was mine! He saw me burying it! And all the time I thought he was crazy!

I hope we find him and Joan safe 'and sound back in 1942!

Looking for someone lost in time is comparable to finding the proverbial needle in the haystack — only worse — because it involves personal danger — but there are still more pages of our story...

And they tell the thrilling tale of how the Flash... but read on and see...
And now the 'BIG SEVEN' becomes the 'BIG EIGHT'!
'Tops in monthly comic magazines!'

Introducing

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,

Gene Tunney

My dear Charley:

October 10, 1941

Congratulations on your new feature, "Wonder Woman". I am sure it will be a huge success in the comic magazine field.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Jack

MAY ISSUE NO. 5
SOON ON SALE EVERYWHERE!
Hop awakened with a start. For a minute he couldn't remember where he was. It was dark, and the air was bad, and his back and arms ached from his cramped position. His hands groped about him. Slowly it dawned on him that he was in his own plane, the Winnie. He had gone into the hangar earlier in the afternoon to check provisions for a hunting-trip in the rear compartment of the Winnie. Tired out from hard flying the two weeks previous, he had fallen asleep in the plane.

Hop remembered something that made him spring to his feet in alarm. "I left the hangar door open!" he muttered, half-aloud. "It's been open for hours!"

Almost at once, his fears were confirmed by the sound of voices, talking in whispers. He heard a scraping sound—the hangar door opened, all the way! Then the trend of the conversation put all other thoughts from his mind.

"If we could get an Army plane, it would be just the thing!" one voice muttered. "They'd never suspect then until it was all over!"

"Dis vill do," a second voice said, with finality. "Diss Hop Harrigan iss known to der Army men at der nearby Army Air Field, und so iss diss cabin plane of his. It has his initials, so!" Hop figured the man was pointing them out to his companions—there were three in all. From a tiny window he glimpsed a thin pencil of light. Thankful for the darkness of the interior of the plane, he crouched among the cases in the rear compartment.

"What now?" Hop wondered. But he didn't have long to wait. His whole being atremor, he felt the plane being rolled out of the hangar, heard the engine warm up and felt the familiar rising sensation as the plane zoomed into the air.

"A stowaway on my own ship!" Hop mused, grimly. "Well, these spies don't know it yet, but they've got a spy right on their own tail!"

Some eight minutes later, the plane was set down in a clearing surrounded by woods. The men got out. Hop heard the third man get out, with a sigh of relief. They did not suspect his presence. That meant he was free to find out what their dauntless scheme was, and to prevent it!

Hop heard a series of short, quick orders given by a short man, who seemed to be the leader. A second man strode rapidly toward the frame house in the distance. The third man—Hop held his breath—the third man was re-entering the plane! He looked around, wild-eyed, for a weapon. There was nothing—nothing, that is but his bare fists, and he was more than ready with them. If only the spy didn't enter pointing a gun!

He didn't. He slid open the panel door separating the rear compartment from the cabin, and slowly covered the floor with his flashlight. He was looking for something, not someone, Hop reasoned—probably a tool of some kind. Hop stood motionless, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of being discovered. The light fell on top of his shoe, traveled quickly upward to his face! He heard a muttered oath, leaped just in time to keep the spy's right hand from wielding a gun.

Hop clipped the bigger man on the jaw. He went back, reeling. But he came on again, snarling like an animal at bay. He fought desperately, and the two blows he connected with Hop's midriff made him wince. Hop paused for a minute to get his breath, then moved in quickly with a blow to the jaw that sent his opponent sliding peacefully to the ground. Panting, he bent over to frisk the man for a gun. A voice, low, hoarse, guttural, froze his movement.

"Stand up, Lif der hands," it warned. "Und start moving out of the plane, quick!"

The coldly menacing steel in the German's eye told Hop he'd better move fast, if he wanted to ever move again. He followed instructions, made for the brown frame house toward which the third spy had been dispatched just a few minutes before. A man opened the door before Hop and the gun-wielding spy approached.

"Ve haff a spy—in the plane mit us! Der low-lifer!" the leader growled, prodding Hop across the threshold.

Hop stifled a mad desire to laugh. He, the rightful owner of the plane, was a spy—they, conniving, treacherous crooks, trying to destroy the country that fed and protected them, talked as though they were right!

"Swine!" Hop scoffed. He couldn't help it. They'd probably kill him. But he had to say it.

"Swine, is it?" the leader glowered. "Throw him in dot room, Karl—in chains. Ve take care of him later."

His ankles and wrists were
beginning to chafe from the chains. He had no idea how long he was imprisoned in the little room, but it seemed like a century. Hop's eyes were fixed in curiosity on the dummy at the far end of the room. It was peculiarly lifelike, and was made with many joints at knees and wrists and elbows, so that it looked almost like a real man lying there. Hop pondered over it for a while, then crawled painfully toward it. The dummy wore an aviator's suit, complete even to parachute!

“A dummy parachutist!” thought Hop. “There's more to this than meets the eye!”

He pulled the dummy to a sitting position. It was heavy! At least 200 pounds heavier than it looked! Hop listened carefully. The men were talking in the next room. He could not hear their words, only the dull murmur of their voices. Quickly he started to pull the aviator's suit from the dummy. He examined it carefully from head to foot, found what he was looking for—a catch under the right arm. He pressed it, and the top half of the dummy opened like a trunk. Neatly fitted in the head was a bomb!

“A time bomb!” Hop quickly noted. “They haven't set it yet, of course. Now I see it, their whole scheme...why they wanted my airplane, and all!”

“I remember, back in the hangar, one of them mentioned the Army Airport near here—how the men knew my plane and would not suspect it. They probably schemed to fly my ship over the airport, then make the engine cough and fake motor trouble so they could let this dummy parachutist land on the airport! The bomb would be set to go off a few minutes after landing, blowing up the whole airport! Of all the rotten, lowdown—”

Hop gritted his teeth, struggled futilely with the chains. He thought better of it in a minute, for a plan was brewing in his mind. He was measuring the dummy with his eye, thinking it was about six feet just enough for him to slip into with plenty of room to spare! His manacled hands lifted the bomb out of its case, carried it to the closet a few paces away and hid it among some old clothes. Then swiftly he closed the dummy and drew the aviator's suit over it. Then he crawled to the window, which was set high. Hop noted there were no chairs in the room, either. He heard steps approaching. He had to think. He threw himself prone on the floor just under the window, in such a position that he looked as though he had fallen to the floor in a vain attempt to reach the window ledge, knocking himself unconscious. His ironclad hands were flung over his head. It was a long chance, but he had to take it.

Someone opened the door, closed it. Hop heard a low sneer. Steps came closer. A foot kicked his ribs.

“Knocked yourself out trying to get away, eh?” a voice gloated. “Serves you—”

The man was leaning directly over Hop, who had his eyelids parted just enough to see him. Then he moved. He swung his manacled hands in a mighty arc over his head, and with a thud, down on the head of the spy. He went down without a sound, Hop turned him over, looked in every one of his pockets until he found what he was looking for. He found the key in a vest pocket and quickly freed himself of his shackles. He stuffed them in the closet, next to the bomb. Next he climbed up to the window and pushed it open. Swiftly, then, he picked up the fallen spy's gun and put it in his own pocket. Then he got inside the dummy case and waited. It was another five minutes before the other two men burst into the room.

“Karl! He got Karl!” shouted one.

“Der window! He iss escaped!” Hop heard the leader cry. “Quick! Take der dummy. Ve must do der job in a hurry now before der fool vars somevun!”

Hop held his breath as the two men lifted the dummy. They did not look inside. His ruse had worked! Through the two slits he had made in the eyes, Hop could see all that was going on. He almost groaned as the men tossed the dummy roughly onto the floor of the plane. But he managed to fall limply.

He felt the plane rise. Sweat stood on his brow. It was hard to breathe encased in that dummy. He forced himself to lie still. The gun was just up his sleeve. He waited for the right minute to use it.

“Get der dummy ready. Set der bomb—” the leader's voice gritted. Hop tensed. There were four men in the plane. All were armed. But then, none suspected trouble! When he leaped to his feet and pointed his gun at the two approaching spies, their eyes widened in horror and they stepped back, trembling.

“Der dummy—it's alife!” they shrieked. “It—it points a gun at us!”

“Yes, and this gun says LAND—right in enemy territory, or there's gonna be shooting!” Hop gritted. “Those United States Army men are just riching to get their hands on you!”

Hop covered the three men standing while he lifted their guns. Then he took the pilot's. He didn't move his gun from the pilot's back until the Winne had taxied to a stop on the Army landing-field. Men came running toward the plane. In a few minutes the four spies were delivered into officer's hands. At sight of the walking dummy, the men blanched. But Hop begged:

“Get me out of this thing! I'm suffocating!”

“It's HOP!” an army pilot laughed. “HOP HARRIGAN!”

They still rib Hop about how he landed at the airport all rigged up in a dummy.
An Important Message to Members of
THE ALL-AMERICAN FLYING CLUB

Can you "spot" a plane in the sky? Can you recognize an American from a British plane or from an enemy German, Italian or Japanese plane? Can you tell one American plane from another? Can you recognize the various types of enemy planes?

Well, here's your chance to learn how! For, beginning with the May issue of ALL-AMERICAN COMICS, which will soon be on sale, several American, British and enemy planes will be illustrated and described every month! And every member of the ALL-AMERICAN FLYING CLUB now has the opportunity of also becoming a member of the AMERICAN OBSERVATION CORPS, for ONLY MEMBERS OF THE ALL-AMERICAN FLYING CLUB ARE ELIGIBLE TO JOIN!

If you are a member of the All-American Flying Club, you can join the American Observation Corps by filling in the coupon "F" on the left, below, with your name, membership number and address, and sending it with 10c in stamps or coin to Hop Harrigan, President. In a few days, you will receive the A.O.C. pin, pictured below, together with a handsome membership certificate.

The handsome American Observation Corps pin (which is made out of soft pewter because this metal does not interfere with defense priorities) should be worn BELOW the All-American Flying Club pin, just as "Prop" Wash and "Tank" Tinker are wearing theirs!

Here's another advantage of becoming a member of the American Observation Corps! On the inside back cover of this magazine, we announce a very important book, entitled, "HOW YOU CAN DEFEND YOUR HOME", in which over fifty American, British, and enemy planes are authentically illustrated and described! This book now sells for 15c all over the country, but members of the A.O.C. can purchase this book (as long as the supply lasts) direct from the publisher for 10c — a savings of 5c — half of what you need to join the American Observation Corps!
If you want us to send you a copy of "HOW YOU CAN DEFEND YOUR HOME", send an additional 10c with coupon "F", and it will be sent to you with your A.O.C. membership pin and certificate. REMEMBER, ENCLOSE ONLY 10c IF YOU WANT TO JUST JOIN THE A.O.C.; AND 20c IF YOU WANT TO JOIN THE A.O.C., AND ALSO GET A COPY OF "HOW YOU CAN DEFEND YOUR HOME" AT THIS REDUCED PRICE!

IF YOU ARE NOT A MEMBER of the A-A FLYING CLUB:--

If you are not yet a member of the All-American Flying Club, you can join by filling in the application directly below and mailing it to HOP HARRIGAN, President, All-American Flying Club, 480 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C., together with 10c. Remember, all new members also get five of the U.S. Army "KEEP 'EM FLYING!" stickers, as well as the four baggage stickers, one from each of the big air lines in the United States, absolutely FREE!

If you join IMMEDIATELY, when you receive your membership pin and card from the All-American Flying Club you will receive a coupon entitling YOU also to become a member of the American Observation Corps and to purchase a copy of "How You Can Defend Your Home" at the reduced price! SO SEND IN THIS COUPON AT ONCE!

---

Hop Harrigan, President, All-American Flying Club  
c/o All-American Comics, 480 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C.

I am a member of the All-American Flying Club. I want to join the A.O.C., and I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing, etc.

I also want a copy of "How You Can Defend Your Home" at the special 10c price: [ ] (Put X in box if wanted and enclose additional 10c — total 20c.)

NAME ___________________________ NO. ____________________
ADDRESS ____________________________
CITY & STATE ____________________________

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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 ______
Across the vast reaches of time the Flash flings himself. In his untiring efforts to relocate the lost professor he's been searching for, since the old inventor can be anywhere in the past from the days of the dinosaurs up until yesterday, the Flash would have to swallow thousands of bushels of pills just to begin to look for him... and while he searches for the errant professor, our old friend, money-cracked Reginald Hastings is not idle...

Swallowing two of the time-pills the professor dropped in his excitement, Betsy and the Flash reappear in 1942....

Home at last!... I wonder if Daddy and Joan have come home yet?

Hm-m - the place looks deserted....
THEY—THEY AREN'T HOME YET! OH, DEAR! I'LL NEVER SEE MY DADDY AGAIN!

CHEER UP! IT ISN'T AS BAD AS IT ALL THAT! WE'LL FIND THEM! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS...

THE FLASH PAUSSES, OVERAWED AT WHAT HE HAS TO DO!

...IS SEARCH EVERY PLACE OF EVERY DAY THAT THE WORLD HAS BEEN IN EXISTENCE!

WOW!!

THAT—THAT MEANS YOU'LL HAVE TO SEARCH EVERY COUNTRY IN AMERICA, ASIA, AFRICA, EUROPE AND AUSTRALIA FOR EVERY DAY IN A MILLION YEARS! THEY COULD BE BACK IN THE AGE OF REPTILES, OR IN THE SHAKESPEARIAN ERA—OH, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

YOO HOO! ANYBODY HOME?

THAT SOUNDS LIKE JOAN!

IT IS! AND DADDY WILL BE WITH HER!

JOAN! GOLLY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! WHEN! AM I RELIEVED!

OH, FLASH, EVERYTHING THAT COULD HAPPEN, HAS HAPPENED! I JUST MANAGED TO GET AWAY ALIVE!

WHERE—WHERE'S DADDY?

I DON'T KNOW, BETSY! I REALLY DON'T! LET ME TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED...

I FOUGHT AS YOU JUMPED, BUT THEY SOON OVERTAKEN ME...

GRAB THIS GUY AND BRING HIM ALONG! WHEN HE COMES TO, I'LL MAKE HIM TELL WHERE THE TREASURE IS HID!

I—I BUILT A TIME CAPSULE AND PULLED THE MONEY IN IT! YOU LEFT IT BACK IN ROME!

AH! I KNEW IT ALL ALONG! THERE WAS MONEY IN THAT THING! AND BACK IN 1942 YOU PRETENDED YOU DIDN'T KNOW!
"WE SAILED UP THE COAST OF ITALY—"

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE I GET MY HANDS ON THAT GOLD! I FEEL SO GOOD I'M FORGIVING YOU TWO FOR ALL THE TROUBLE YOU'VE CAUSED ME!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE CAPSULE YET! MAYBE THE FLASHER WILL STOP YOU SOMEHOW!

"AND YOU MUST HAVE STOPPED HIM, FOR WHEN HE RETURNED FROM ROME, HE WAS RAGING..."

I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE! I'LL MAKE THE FLASHER SO SORRY HE EVER INTERFERED WITH ME HE'LL WISH HE WAS DEAD!

I'LL... I'LL...

"I'LL... HEY! WHAT AM I GETTING SO EXCITED ABOUT?"

ALL I GOTTA DO IS GO BACK TO 1942 AND TAKE THE TIME CAPSULE FROM YOUR HOUSE, PROFESSOR! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE? HUN, I'LL SHOW THAT FLASH BUDDY!

"WE SAILED ACROSS THE ATLANTIC AND LANDED WHERE NEW YORK HARBOR IS TODAY..."

"WE TOOK THE TIME-PILLS THAT HASTO SUPPLIED, AND RETURNED TO 1942... HASTO PHONED FOR HIS CHAUFFEUR AND WE WERE WHISKED TO HIS PENTHOUSE ON THE DRIVE..."

TAKE CARE OF THEM, BOYS! I'M GOING OUT TO LONG ISLAND AND GET THAT TIME CAPSULE!

"I KICKED OFF THE HEEL OF MY SHOE, AND WITH THE NAILS THAT WERE STICKING OUT OF IT I JABBED AWAY AT MY ROPE UNTIL I WAS FREE—"

I'VE ALREADY LOST ONE HEEL TONIGHT, SO I CAN STAND LOSING ANOTHER...

"TAKE THAT, BIG BOY!"

WHAP!

"WE WERE TIED AND PLACED IN SEPARATE ROOMS..."

I'VE GOT TO GET LOOSE... I'VE JUST GOT TO..."
SO THEN I CAME OUT HERE... WHAT'S WRONG, FLASH?

I MIGHT THE TIME CAPSULE IN THE CLOSET! I'M WONDERING IF HASTO CAME HERE WHILE WE WERE LOITERING AROUND THE BEACH IN 50 B.C. WAITING FOR HIM TO SHOW UP.

IT'S GONE! HE'S BEEN HERE, ALL RIGHT! BUT HE ISN'T GETTING AWAY WITH IT! I'M GOING TO PAY HASTO A LITTLE VISIT...

BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO US?

HASTO HAS THE MONEY! HE WON'T BOTHER YOU ANYMORE!

HMM-M-M-MAYBE!

I'LL GET THAT MONEY-CRAZY BUG BEFORE HE EVEN KNOWS I'M BACK FROM THE PAST, AND WHAT I DO TO HIM SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HITLER!

Wahlen reporting, boss! I just saw the flash through these stroboscopic glasses! He's heading for the city! Fast! I'd get away if I were you!

But Reginald Hasto, with all his millions behind him, has arranged look-outs along all streets leading to his city penthouse....

Explanation!

Stroboscopic glasses are lens-systems fitted with revolving prisms that slow down motion so the observer can see with them what he would be unable to with the unaided eye!

They are used by scientists to study great degrees of speed!

Switching off his connection on the two-way radio hook-up that connects with his lookout, Hasto calls for the professor...

Bring McQuatness aboard! I'm leaving at once! The crew will all take their places!

I've got a whole box of assorted time-pills here! Now let that flash guy try to find me if he can! When he comes back into the past to look for me, I'll return to the present and open that time capsule....

What's this? A boat inside Hasto's apartment? Well... well, we'll see....
Delay him as long as you can! I've treated the boat with "sleepian" so that when we go back in time, it will settle into the river... I'll sail for Europe and escape him for good!

The boat disappears...

I still can't get used to seeing that! Yeah, it's weird! They just vanish into thin air!

Oh! De flash!

Hello, boys! Glad to see me again?

Quick! Shoot him!

Tsik! Tsik! What a way to welcome an old friend!

Just to show you how much I value your friendship, I'm returning your guns...

Look out!

Duck!

With terrific speed the Tommy-guns fly back at the Japanese and wrap themselves like rope around their former owners...

Ow-w! I-I don't believe it!

Where's Hasto and the professor? Come on, give! Or I'll start giving myself, and you wouldn't like that!

He—he took the prof with him into the past! They had a batch of pills! I don't know what the dates on the pills were, honest...

The Flash races into the next room where Hasto has prepared a laboratory for the professor...

Searching the veil of years for the professor will be a monumental task... but the Flash is undaunted...

All I can do is take along a pill from each jar—and trust to luck that I can find them somewhere in the past...

I'll try this one first... here goes!
He finds himself on the edge of a river.

I'll scout around here first, before I start my swim to Europe!

His search proves fruitless, so he starts swimming the Atlantic.

It's Columbus, on his way to discover America!

Mmm... what's this?

Por Dio! A man swimming in the sea! Maybe it isn't the sea! Maybe I have lost my way to the Indies!

No, Chris, you haven't lost your way! Keep on sailing! The world is round like you said it was!

Well, I'm glad I found one man who agrees with me — Nuh? How did he know I said the world was round?

If I was sure of finding the professor, I'd say this was fun, watching history unroll before me!

The man of speed lands in Spain...

I'll take a gander through Spain first, then start north through France...

He sees lavish spectacles as he searches the land of Castille and Aragon for the professor!

My, my! Interesting, but it isn't finding the professor for me!
ON THE ROAD FROM GASCONY TO PARIS.....

THIS MUST BE AROUND THE YEAR 1626, AND IF IT IS, THAT YOUNG FELLOW UP AHEAD OF ME COULD BE..... HM-M-I THINK I'LL HAVE SOME FUN!

HOLA! WHY DO YOU APPEAR IN FRONT OF ME SO SUDDENLY? WOULDN'T CROSS A BLADE WITH ME, UNUSUAL ONE?

SURE! IF I HAD AN EXTRA BLADE!

LET THAT NOT BOTHER YOU! I HAVE AN EXTRA BLADE!

OKAY! DEFEND YOURSELF!

YOU'VE GOT TO BE FASTER THAN THAT IF YOU HOPE TO BE A MUSKETEER!

HOLD STILL! MA POU! HOW YOU MOVE AROUND! WHAT? HOW DID YOU KNOW I WANTED TO BE A MUSKETEER?

LEAVING THE DUMBFOUNDED YOUTH, THE FLASH DASHES OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF PARIS...

HE KNOWS MY NAME! MA POI- IT IS MAGIC!

HE MUST BE A MIGHTY MAGICIAN, IN SOOTH! THE WAY HE SPEEDS AROUND! I CAN'T EVEN SEE HIM, HE MOVES SO FAST!

THROUGH 17TH CENTURY PARIS THE FLASH TEARS LIKE A FRIGHTENED LIGHTNING-BOLT....
THIS IS GETTING HARDER
AND HARDER! HE
ISN'T IN FRANCE,
SO I'LL TRY
ENGLAND—AND
ANOTHER PIL!

HE APPEARS IN ENGLAND DURING THE DAYS
OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.... WE FIND HIM RACING
INTO A SCENE AT COURT....

I TELL YOU IT'S TWO
BEES!

BUT WILL SAYS
HE INTENDED TO
HAVE MORE
THAN THAT!
FORSOOTH! HE DID!

LOOKS AS THOUGH
IT'S THE SAME
OLD STORY—"TO
BE OR NOT TO BE,
THAT IS THE
QUESTION!"

IN A NEARBY ROOM
SEVERAL MEN HEAR THE
FLASH'S WORDS...

COME, COME, I MUST GIVE
CREDIT WHERE IT IS DUE!
WHO SAID...

SHAKESPEARE
SAID IT, THAT'S
WHO...

OH, DID I?
WELL, WELL,
CLEVER CO.
OF ME, WHAT?
I'LL HAVE TO
PUT THAT IN
A PLAY! WHAT A
LINE! WHAT A
LINE!

HM-M-
OF COURSE
THAT'S
THE LINE!
WHY
COULDN'T
I THINK
OF IT?

THE FLASH ENJOYS LOOKING AT ENGLAND'S GREAT...

WOW! ELIZABETH,
ESSEX, WALTER
RALEIGH,
DRAKE.... GOSH, IT'S
GREAT SEEING ALL
THOSE—SAY! DID
I JUST SEE THE
PROFESSOR IN
THE OTHER ROOM???

I DID! HELLO,
PROF! GOOD TO
SEE YOU AGAIN!

WHY, FLASH!
COME IN!
COME IN! LET
ME INTRODUCE
WILLIE
SHAKESPEARE,
BEN JONSON
AND THE
OTHERS...
Meanwhile Reginald hasto returns to his penthouse apartment...

I've got to be prepared for the Flash in case he returns from the past after me! I have the time-capsule but I'd better get double insurance by having Joan and Betsy as hostages...

Go out to the prof's house and get them! I'll be waiting here!

We got yr. boss! We'll be back pronto with de dames!

The man of speed and the professor decide it is time for them to leave the 16th century and return to their own times...

At the professor's suggestion, I have entitled this play - Hamlet - the melancholy Dane?

But, prof, this isn't getting us anywhere! Let's get back to 1942! Think of your daughter?

Betsy! Ah, yes! I must think of her, mustn't I? Well, if you say so...

I know you hate to leave these historical scenes, but our duty comes first!

Duty, yes! I can't let my selfish desires interfere with my parental duties!

In a flash the Flash crosses the ocean, and as they land dripping on the Long Island shore once more, they each take a time-pill...

I'll bet Betsy will be very happy to see you!

Ah, yes, my dear daughter! I'm anxious to see her, too!

Returning to the present, they find the professor's house silent and deserted...

There doesn't seem to be anyone here! Joan? Betsy? Where are you?

Maybe they're hiding!
HE'S HERE! THAT'S HIS VOICE...
AND NOW YOU FEEL HIS GENTLE TOUCH...
OWWW!!
SPLAT

FLASH! IF YOU DARE TO TRY TO PREVENT ME FROM HAVING THE TREASURE IN THE TIME-CAPSULE, JOAN AND BETSY DIE!

HIM-M-M-YOU PEOPLE PREPARE THE NICEST WELCOMES!

HE'S READY.... HE HAS JOAN AND BETSY TIED TO CATAPULTS... AND FACING A WALL LINED WITH SHARP STEEL SPEARS....

AS THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE RACES INTO HASTO'S PENTHOUSE, LOUD SPEAKERS BLARE A WARNING!

CALLING MR. HASTO... LOOKOUT NUMBER ONE REPORTING... JUST SAW THE FLASH SPEEDING YOUR WAY....

HE'S COMING! BUT HE CAN'T SCARE ME! I'M ALL READY FOR HIM!

I'M FED UP WITH HASTO'S VILLAINIES! IT'S ABOUT TIME I REALLY WENT INTO ACTION AGAINST HIM... SEE YOU LATER, PROF....

OHH, DEAR! THAT MAN ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE INTERFERING WITH US, AND SPOILING THINGS!

THEY'RE GONE! I'LL BET A STALE COOKIE OUR PAL REGINALD HASTO HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS....

HE'LL AGREE TO LEAVE ME ALONE OR HE'LL NEVER SEE YOU GALS ALIVE AGAIN!
Dragging the barbed wire after him, the Flash leaps over the barricade.

Ouch! Owww! Ooh!

Hidden behind a steel door, Reginald hasto sees what is happening to his men.

Oh! Oh! Ohhh!

I'll show him! I'll make him sorry he ever started anything! I'll show him!

A long sweep of a powerful magnet, and he severs the rope that holds back the taut power of a catapult.

When he finds you girls impaled on those spears he'll be sorry...

The mighty catapult, released, springs forward, hurling the helpless girl straight for the sharpened spears...

The flash hears the terrified scream...

Betsy!!

Heeeelllpp!!
The all-steel door is no barrier to the tremendous speed of the fastest man alive...

CRASH!

GRRRR! AGAIN YOU SPOIL EVERYTHING FOR ME....

...BUT I'LL GET EVEN... JOAN WILLIAMS WILL DIE - NOW!

The flash yanks one of the spears from the wall and hurls it.......

No you don't....

The money-mad millionaire slams his machete across the flying spear, deflecting it....

Yah! You missed....
UNFORTUNATELY FOR HASTO, HE IS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE CATAPULT, AND THE POWERFUL SPRING HURLS BOTH HIM AND JOAN FORWARD... STRAIGHT FOR THE SPEAR-STUDDED WALL....

E-EEEK! YAAAAGH!!

WITH ALL HIS SPEED, THE FLASH CAN ONLY SAVE JOAN... AND REIGNALD HASTO MEETS THE FATE HE WOULD HAVE DEALT OUT TO OTHERS...

OHHHH!! HOW AWFUL...

THE FLASH TAKES THE GIRLS BACK TO THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, AND A SECOND LATER RE-APPEARS WITH THE TIME CAPSULE THAT HAD BEEN HIDDEN IN HASTO'S PENTHOUSE...

WHY, IT'S EMPTY!

NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT'S REALLY IN THIS THING...

OH, DEAR, I- I JUST REMEMBERED...

I FORGOT TO PUT THE TREASURE IN IT! I WAS SO BUSY TRYING TO RE-INVENT THOSE PILLS, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT....

THE FLASH CHANGES HIS CLOTHES, AND RE-ENTERS THE BUNGALOW AS JAY GARRICK....

OH, JAY! THE PROFESSOR NEEDS HELP! HE HAS TO HAVE MORE MONEY TO MAKE SOME TIME-PILLS... AND I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY TO MAKE MORE!

FLASH OH, HE'S GONE AGAIN!

NO, I CAN'T! THERE ARE NO MORE PILLS... AND I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY TO MAKE MORE!

OH, HE'S GONE AGAIN!

YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S JUST CONTINUE OUR WEEK-END PARTY AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED... AND BE THANKFUL THAT WE'RE HERE... ENJOY IT!

THE END
To: Mr. M. C. Gaines, President
All-American Comics, Inc.
480 Lexington Avenue
New York City, N.Y.

From: Keith Morgan
National Chairman

January 8, 1942

Dear Mr. Gaines:

May I thank you and All-American Comics, Inc. for your wholehearted cooperation in the 1942 Infantile Paralysis Campaign.

Through your "Flash" cartoon you have vividly portrayed the need for the continuation for this fight against the crippling disease. Close to the heart of our President is the health of our boys and girls and young men and young women.

Best regards.

Sincerely,

Keith Morgan
National Chairman

-And on the next page are a few of the many Letters Received from the State Chairmen of the President's BIRTHDAY BALL COMMITTEE!
From the NEW YORK State Chairman

"Dear Mr. Gaines:

This will acknowledge receipt of your recent communication enclosing a copy of each of your publications containing publicity for the Celebration of the President's Birthday, which you are donating to this most worthy cause.

The last paragraph of your letter impressed me most deeply because it is my experience that working on any cause as humane as this one is, is always a source of deep personal satisfaction to us. I do want you to know how appreciative we all are of your fine cooperation and know that it will be the means of bringing a fine message to many people who otherwise might not be reached.

Cordially yours,
ARTHUR CARTER, Chairman"

From the PENNSYLVANIA State Chairman

"Dear Mr. Gaines:

Thank you very much for sending me the copies of your publications containing publicity for the President's Diamond Jubilee Birthday Celebration. This is a very worthwhile advertising method because I have seen various copies of your magazine in the hands of youngsters, who seem to enjoy reading them.

Reciprocating the season's greetings, I am

Sincerely yours,
CORNELIUS D. SCULLY, Chairman"

From the ARIZONA State Chairman

"Dear Mr. Gaines:

Just received your copies of publications containing the publicity for the President's Diamond Jubilee Birthday Ball. I want to add my appreciation, along with the National Committee, for your splendid cooperation. It certainly should add materially to our drive.

I feel just as you do that the war should serve to accentuate rather than lessen, in the people's minds, the need for raising funds.

Yours sincerely,
TERRENCE A. CARSON, Chairman"

From the WEST VIRGINIA State Chairman

"Dear Mr. Gaines:

It was thoughtful of you to send me copies of your publications containing valuable references to the President's Diamond Jubilee Birthday Celebration. Many young (and not-so-young) "Superman" enthusiasts and followers of "All-Star Comics", "Green Lantern", "Sensation Comics", "Flash Comics", and "All-American Comics" will have the birthday celebration brought to their attention in a way which will appeal strongly to them.

Please permit me to congratulate you on your generosity in making this splendid contribution to the cause which we all are supporting.

Sincerely,
PATRICK D. KOONTZ, Chairman"

---

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