

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!**

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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—on 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 Mountaineers' 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.



SUPERMAN CODE MESSAGE!

CODE MERCURY:

CVZ VOJUE TUBUFT EFGFOTF TUBNOT

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The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!

64
GARDNER FOX
AND
E.E. HIBBARD

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 PENCHANT 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 BACK-
WARDS IN TIME.... TO
ANY PERIOD IN HISTORY!

AT LAST I'VE PERFECTED "SLEEPIN'" - 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 "SLEEPIN'" 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 A-GAIN YEARS AND YEARS BEHIND THAT TIME ...

WELL... HERE GOES--

THE PROFESSOR SWALLOWS THE PILL AND SUDDENLY FINDS HIS HOUSE HAS DISAPPEARED FROM UNDER HIM AND HE IS ALL ALONE IN AN ANCIENT FOREST...

MY PILLS ARE A SUCCESS... HELLO! ISN'T THAT A MAN THERE? WHY, HE'S BURYING A METAL CYLINDER!

YOU BET YOUR TIME-PILLS IT'S A MAN, PROFESSOR! IT'S THE FLASH! BUT WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?

WH...? I'VE DONE IT! I'VE DONE IT! I'M IN THE FOREST THAT COVERED THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY YEARS AGO!

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!

HERE HE COMES NOW, SIR!

I'VE DONE IT, MR. HASTO! MY PILLS WORK! I'VE GONE BACK IN TIME!

HA! 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?

BAH! 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...

JOAN! JAY! SO GLAD YOU COULD COME! IT'S SO DULL OUT HERE—AND DAD IS ONLY INTERESTED IN HIS PILLS!

OH, HE'S A DOCTOR?

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!

WHY NOT?

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 HE CAME DOWN, EN, FL... I MEAN, JAY?

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

HIM-M COULD BE!

DIG A LITTLE DEEPER, BOYS! I'M SURE I SAW HIM BURY IT HERE!

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!

HASTO 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!

LEAVE IT TO ME, SIR!

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? WHY OF COURSE— OF COURSE— COME WITH ME—

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

AH...

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

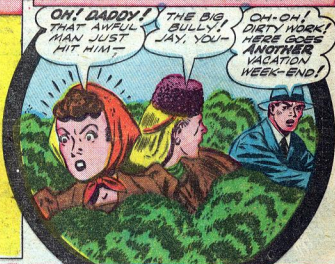


OH...

SWEET DREAMS, PROF!

WHAP!

BETSY IS A HORRIFIED SPECTATOR....



OH! DADDY! THAT AWFUL MAN JUST HIT HIM—

THE BIG BULLY! JAY, YOU—

OH-OH! DIRTY WORK! HERE GOES ANOTHER VACATION WEEK-END!

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....



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUT WHEN A MAN GETS HIT BEHIND HIS BACK— IT'S TIME TO INVESTIGATE!

THE FLASH STRIKES REGINALD HASTO'S GUARDS LIKE A TROPICAL TYPHOON...



OOF!

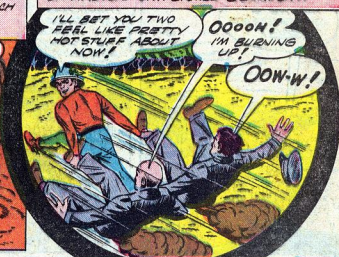
OW-W!

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....



PPFFEGGHT!

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



I'LL BET 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!"

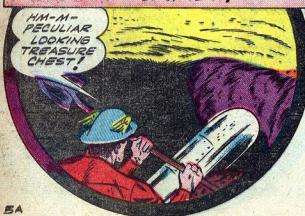
INTO THE HOLES GO HASTO AND HIS HENCHMEN.... UP TO THEIR EARS IN SAND....

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, I TELL YOU! MINE!

TREASURE, EH? SO THAT'S WHY YOU HAD HIM SLUGGED! I THINK I'D LIKE TO HEAR THE PROFESSOR'S SIDE OF THIS STORY—I WONDER IF HE KNOWS THAT THERE IS A TREASURE INVOLVED?

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-PECULIAR 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!



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



AFTER THE PROFESSOR AND BETSY GO INSIDE THE HOUSE....

HE'S CRAZY! A LOON, JOAN! HE THINKS HE SAW HIS TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO! WHEW...

WELL... MAYBE HE DID! BETSY TOLD ME HE'S BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH TIME-PILLS!

YEAH, HE HAS - BUT I HAVEN'T! SO HOW DID I GO BACK ALL THOSE CENTURIES - EVEN IF HE DID? WOW! IF I KEEP THINKING ABOUT IT I'LL DRIVE MYSELF CRAZY!

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 TO DAY - 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 WAS JUST ANOTHER HITLER! I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO HIS TIME AND PAY HIM A VISIT!

OW-W- I 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! BALMY AS 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 MINE, 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, HASTO 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...

AND WHAT WAS WRONG WITH YOU GUYS, TO LET ME GET SLAMMED AROUND LIKE THAT? WHAT DO I PAY YOU FOR? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO GUARD ME!

AFTER A HOT SHOWER AND A GOOD MEAL, HASTO PLANS SOME MORE DIRTY WORK....

'TENSUN! WE'RE GOING TO THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE AND MAKE HIM RETURN THAT TREASURE! GET YOUR MOTORCYCLES AND TOMMY-GUNS!

THE MONEY-GRUBBING MILLIONAIRE SETS OUT IN FORCE TO GET THE CYLINDER....

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!

YES, SIR!

AT ONCE, SIR!

I'LL SHOW PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD MCQUATNESS I MEAN BUSINESS! TRYING TO CHEAT ME ME, THE BIGGEST CHEAT THAT EVER CHEATED—HA! HOW DOES HE THINK I EVER GOT TO BE A MILLIONAIRE!?

IN THE MEANTIME, THE FLASH HAS RETRIEVED THE CYLINDER AND CARRIES IT BACK TO THE HOUSE.... HE ARRIVES JUST BEFORE HASTO'S MEN SURROUND THE PLACE....

OH, I FORGOT! IT'S YOURS—YOU KNOW WHAT'S IN IT! WHAT AM I GETTING SO EXCITED ABOUT?

GO AHEAD AND OPEN IT! WHY SHOULD I SPOIL THE SURPRISE FOR YOU? ANYWAY, I BURIED IT SO LONG AGO—I'VE REALLY FORGOTTEN WHAT'S IN IT—

HERE IT IS, PROFESSOR!

LET ME OPEN IT, PLEASE! THIS IS ONE OF THE GREATEST MOMENTS OF MY LIFE!



MEANWHILE - OUTSIDE...

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

OH!!!

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!
EEEEEEHH!
YOOOOWWW!!

FLASH-
HEEELP!
I SAID
HEEEELP!
EEEOWWW!

CUT
IT
OUT!

YOU'LL
PUNCTURE
OUR
EAR-
DRUMS!

THAT WAS
JOAN!
SOMETHING
IS HAPPENING
OUT THERE!

OH, DEAR
NOW I
REMEMBER!
I FORGOT
TO FIX
THIS
SCREWDRIER!
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 SCREWDRIER
THAT WON'T WORK
AND A CIGARETTE
FOR A KEY! IT'S
A GOOD THING THIS
MATCHET 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...

THAT ISN'T YOURS! IT BELONGS TO MR. FLASH! YOU CAN'T TAKE IT!

I AM TAKING IT! HURRY UP, MEN!

GRAB THE TREASURE CYLINDER!

WHAT? WHO'S THAT?



NO! YOU CAN'T! I WON'T LET YD... OOH-H!

THAT'LL HOLD YA!

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!!

BOP!

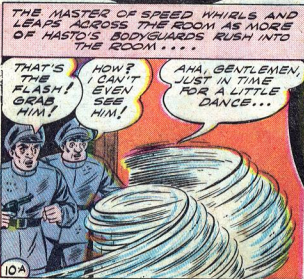


THE MASTER OF SPEED WHIRLS AND LEAPS ACROSS THE ROOM AS MORE OF HASTO'S BODYGUARDS RUSH INTO THE ROOM....

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 FEET 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 GRASPS ANOTHER GUARD BY THE ANKLES AND STARTS SPINNING LIKE A TOP...

LET'S GIVE IT A WHIRL, NOW!

Ooooww!



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 BODIES!

WHO FLUNG THAT CANNON-BALL?



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! ME, TOO!



THEY ENTER THE LAB...

OH! DADDY! THAT MAN HASTO HAS HIT HIM AGAIN!

THE CYLINDER! IT'S GONE!



THEY BRING THE PROFESSOR AROUND...

Ooo... FLASH - HASTO STOLE YOUR TREASURE - I COULDN'T STOP HIM...

BUT I WILL! AND RIGHT NOW, WAIT HERE!



OH! HE'S GONE!

ONE THING ABOUT THE FLASH - HE DOESN'T WASTE MUCH TIME! HE FINISHES THINGS ALMOST BEFORE HE STARTS THEM!



HASTO ISN'T GETTING AWAY WITH THIS... BESIDES, I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW JUST WHAT IS IN THAT CYLINDER!



RACING AHEAD OF HASTO'S CAR, THE FLASH SCARES THE DRIVER....



IN SWERVING TO MISS THE FLASH, THE CAR CRASHES...



THE FLASH RETURNS THE CYLINDER TO THE PROFESSOR'S HOME - AND HIDES IT IN A CLOSET...

IT'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? HM-M- THEY TOLD ME WHERE THEY WERE GOING, BUT I'VE FORGOTTEN!



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!
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'LL I SEE
THAT FLASH
AGAIN! I'LL TELL
HIM A THING OR
TWO—LEAVING US
BEHIND LIKE THIS!

REGINALD HASTO, SEETH-
ING BECAUSE THE FLASH
HAS TWICE UPSET HIS EVIL
PLANS, RETURNS TO THE
MCQUATTNESS HOME ONCE
MORE...



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

I HOPE
HE
GIVES
US A
CHANCE!

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

HUH?
DISAPPEAR?
I— I DON'T
BELIEVE—
SAY, THE
OLD PROF
DID TELL ME
HIS PILLS
WERE A
SUCCESS!

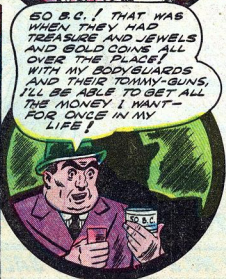


THEY— THEY'RE
GONE! BACK
INTO THE PAST!
RIGHT IN FRONT
OF MY EYES!

HASTO AND HIS MEN RUSH
INSIDE....



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



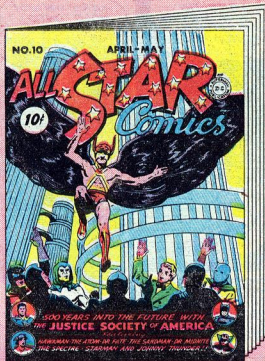
60 B.C.! THAT WAS
WHEN THEY HAD
TREASURE AND JEWELS
AND GOLD COINS ALL
OVER THE PLACE!
WITH MY BODYGUARDS
AND THEIR TOMMY-GUNS,
I'LL BE ABLE TO GET ALL
THE MONEY I WANT—
FOR ONCE IN MY
LIFE!

WELL, IT LOOKS
AS THOUGH WE'VE
GOT TO GO BACK A
COUPLE OF THOUSAND
YEARS TO SEE WHAT
HAPPENS TO THE
FLASH, THE PROFESS-
OR, THE GIRLS, AND
REGINALD HASTO!

SO— LET'S TAKE A
PILL OURSELVES;
WHIRL BACK THROUGH
TIME— AND PICK
UP THE THREADS
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!



ONCE
AGAIN
THEY FIGHT
GALLANTLY FOR
AMERICA
AND
Democracy

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

DON'T MISS
-THIS-
TREMENDOUS ISSUE!

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
DOBBY DICKLES AND MYSELF!**

ANOTHER FIT COMPANION TO SUPERMAN,
BATMAN AND THE FLASH!



GREEN LANTERN NO.2 - NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

COMEDY "SHORT"

NOTHING LIKE BEING FORMAL

By Ed Wheeler

THE RECREATION CENTER AT FORT SNAG

SAME HERE, KID - COME OUT AGAIN SOMETIME!

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



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

FULLER PHUN



CAPT. HOWE CROOD, A HARD-BOILED OFFICER OF THE OLD SCHOOL

ARCHIBALD CLUBB



THE OLD CAP IS A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH!



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!



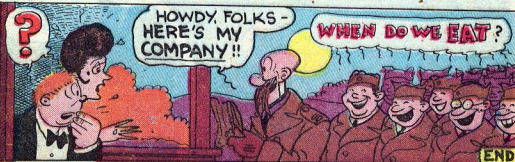
Mr and Mrs Elmer Dimwitz request the pleasure of Capt. Crood's Company for Supper Monday evening, February nineteenth, at seven o'clock. Thirteen Thirteen Ashcan Avenue - Boobville

AND THEN CAME THE EAGERLY AWAITED OCCASION

?

HOWDY, FOLKS - HERE'S MY COMPANY !!

WHEN DO WE EAT?



END

The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!

BY GARDNER FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

— CHAPTER TWO —

"TOMMY-GUNS VERSUS SPEARS!"

WHEN A BUNCH OF CUT-THROATS LED BY MONEY-CRAZED REGINALD HASTO INVADÉ 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!

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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?

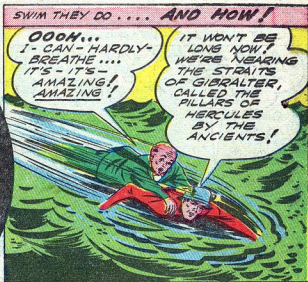
THIS IS LONG ISLAND, TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO, BUT IF WE WANT TO SEE ANCIENT ROME, WE'LL HAVE TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC! IT WILL TAKE A LONG TIME TO BUILD A BOAT!





WELL, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO PAY CAESAR A VISIT- WE CAN **SWIM!**

WHAT...?



SWIM THEY DO AND HOW!

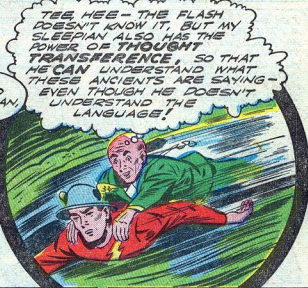
OOOH... I- CAN- HARDLY- BREATHE.... IT'S- ITS- AMAZING! AMAZING!

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

BUT THE FLASH UNDERESTIMATES HIS TERRIFIC SPEED, DARTS 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!



TEE, HEE- THE FLASH DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT MY SLEEPYMAN 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!



SINCE THE FLASH CAN GET AROUND HIM- M- A FINE HOW- DO- YOU- DO- I'LL START OFF FOR THE PALACE TO SEE CLEOPATRA!

LEAVING ME IN THE LURCH HERE!

SUDDENLY THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE REELS, DIZZY...

OOOH, MY HEAD! I'M A LITTLE SICK- MUST BE THE AFTER EFFECTS OF THAT SLEEPYMAN! 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
FASAN 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
BITTEN
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 UNFOR-
TUNATES TO HUGE
OARS....

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

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

DADDY!
DADDY!
WHERE
ARE YOU?

FLASH!
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?
I'M NOT
KIDDING!
COME HERE!

REGINALD HASTO AND HIS
BODY GUARDS ARRIVE
BACK IN THE YEAR 50
B.C. ALSO....

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

I'VE A HUNCH
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!

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!



SLEEPY, AS IT IS DIGESTED IN THE HUMAN FORM, THROWS OFF AN AUROR OF POWER THAT CONTROLS ANY OBJECT THE HUMAN BODY TOUCHES - SUCH AS, SHOES, CLOTHES, WEAPONS... SO, BY PUTTING HANDS ON A SAW 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!

THE BOAT IS FINISHED...

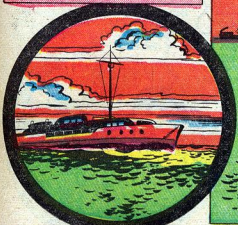
ALL ABOARD FOR ROME AND ALL POINTS EAST! LET'S GO LADIES!

I'M NOT AT ALL SURE WE WOULDN'T BE SAFER RIGHT HERE!

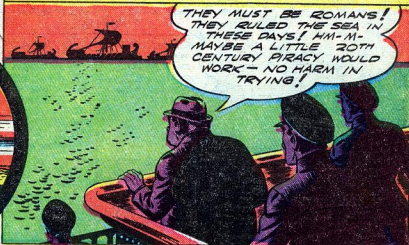
OH, COME ON, JOAN! IT'LL BE FUN!



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



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



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

AS THEY DRAW NEARER, HASTO HAILS THE ROMAN FLAG SHIP...



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

THAT'S TELLIN' 'EM, CHIEF!

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

IMPUDENT 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!



SHALL WE BOARD IT, ON MIGHTY CAESAR?



SO, THEY'RE GETTIN' TOUGH, EH...
OKAY BOYS—
START FIRING!

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



OH!!

WHAT SORT
OF WEAPON
HAVE
THEY...?

OWW!



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

IT
SHALL
BE
DONE,
MIGHTY
CAESAR!

SO HASTO AND CAESAR
COME FACE TO FACE ON
THE DECK OF THE ROMAN
TRIEMEN...

SO YOU'RE THE
MAGICIAN WITH
THE DEATH-
DEALING HANDS!
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!

MILLIONAIRE?
CASH?
MAZUMA?
STRANGE
WORDS, BUT
I GATHER
YOU WANT
GOLD!

'ATS THE
BOY
JULIUS!
YOU
CATCH
ON
FAST!



JULIUS CAESAR RECOGNIZES
REGINALD HASTO FOR WHAT
HE IS, AND DESIRING TO
GET THOSE "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!

WILL YOU
LOAN ME
YOUR
THUNDER-
WANDS, REGGIE?

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....

I COULD USE
A MAN LIKE
YOU! SUPPOSE
WE JOIN FORCES!
THIS IS WORTH
THIS GOLD TO
SEAL THE
BARGAIN!

REAL
GOLD!
SAY,
THIS IS
WORTH
PLENTY!
COUNT ME
IN, JULIUS!

ANYTHING
YOU WANT,
JULIE, OLD
BOY!



ON BOARD THE SAME SHIP, CLEOPATRA, AND OF ALL PEOPLE, PROFESSOR MCQUATNESS...

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, JUST READ YOUR HIS... WELL OF ALL THINGS... THE FLASH, HERE!

FLASH! I'VE BEEN SO BUSY GETTING THIS JOB AS CLEOPATRA'S ADVISOR I FORGOT 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 TALKED HIMSELF INTO A SOFT JOB!

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

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

OF COURSE! HOW STUPID OF ME! CLEO, HEY, CLEO, 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 SORTEN 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

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-TA -TAT-TAT-
RAT-TAT-
TAT

THOSE ARE
MACHINE-GUNS!
HOW-HOW
COULD
THAT
BE?

NEVER
MIND
THAT!
DRINK
THIS-
HURRY!

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

I'LL DRINK
IT- BUT
WHAT GOOD
WILL IT
DO?

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

OHNN!
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
HE GOES 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 TRIREME - A HUMAN TORPEDO...

THE FLASH CRASHES INTO THE SIDE OF THE ROMAN SHIP, BELOW THE WATERLINE — HIS PACE, LIKE AN IRRESISTIBLE FORCE, IS SO SWIFT THAT HE DOES NOT HURT HIMSELF...



LEAVING BEHIND HIM A GAPING HOLE THROUGH WHICH THE WATER IS POURING — HE RACES ON DECK....

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!

HELP! HELP! SOME DEMON HAS ME IN HIS GRASP!



DEPOSITING 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 MURRY 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 EGYPTIAN, THE HISTORIANS SAID THE RUG WAS UNROLLED!

TRUCKIN' ON DOWN THE AVENUE... WHA-AT?

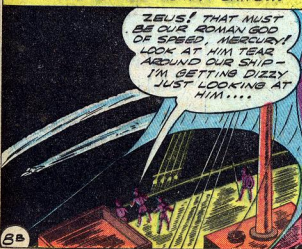
CLEO, THE FLASH CAPTURED CAESAR!

DANCING DURING A BATTLE WITH MY ROMANS! HIGHLY INSULTING! THE LEAST YOU COULD HAVE DONE WAS WORRY A LITTLE!

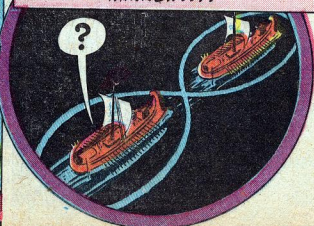


IN THE MEANTIME THE FLASH RACES FOR THE OTHER ROMAN SHIPS...

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....

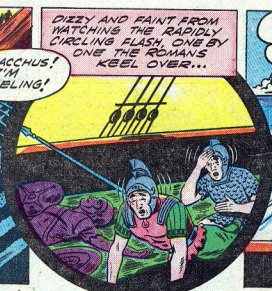




OH! HE
KEEPS
GOING
AROUND-
IN....
CIRCLES...

I- I'M
GOING
AROUND.
TOO...

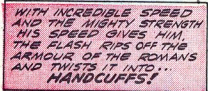
BACCHUS!
I'M
REELING!



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!



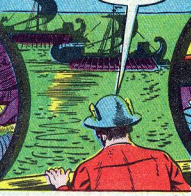
JUST AS HE FINISHES
BINDING THE ROMANS,
HE SEES THE REMAINDER
OF THE FLEET BEARING
DOWN ON THE EGYPTIANS...



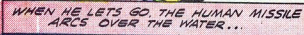
HE GRASPS A ROMAN BY
THE ANKLES AND BEGINS
TO WHIRL FASTER AND
FASTER...



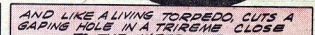
THIS IS ONE WAY
OF "CUFFING"
THESE BOYS
AROUND.



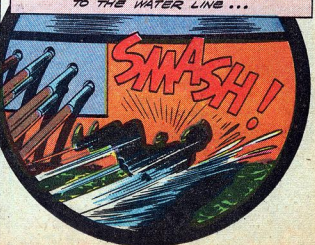
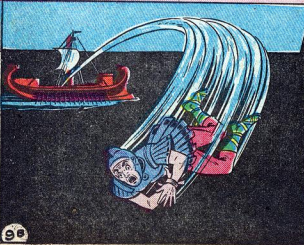
HM-M-



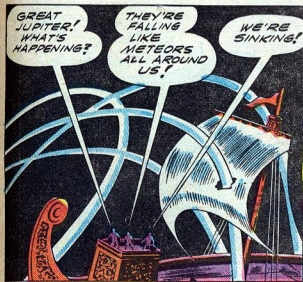
WHEN HE LETS GO, THE HUMAN MISSILE
ARCS OVER THE WATER...



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



SMASH!

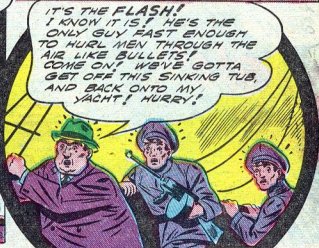


GREAT JUPITER!
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

THEY'RE
FALLING
LIKE
METEORS
ALL AROUND
US!

WE'RE
SINKING!

ONLY REGINALD HASTO REALIZES WHAT
IS ACTUALLY HAPPENING...



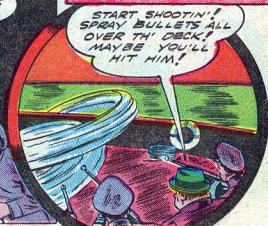
IT'S THE FLASH!
I KNOW IT IS! HE'S THE
ONLY GUY FAST ENOUGH
TO HURL MEN THROUGH THE
AIR LIKE BULLETS!
COME ON! WE'VE GOTTA
GET OFF THIS SINKING TUB,
AND BACK ONTO MY
YACHT! HURRY!

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



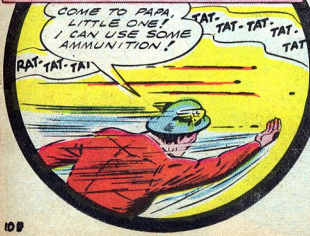
OH! LOOK! THE
WATER'S CHURNIN'
UP! THAT MEANS
THE FLASH IS
HEADIN' DIS
WAY!

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...

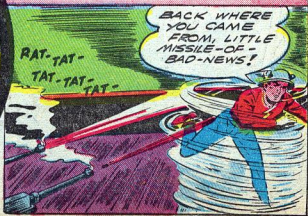


COME TO PAPA,
LITTLE ONE!
I CAN USE SOME
AMMUNITION!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

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!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

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...♪
INTO THE BARREL...

OUCH! WHAM!
BOOM! BANG!

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 GOTTA LIQUIDATE YOU!

OH! 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'?

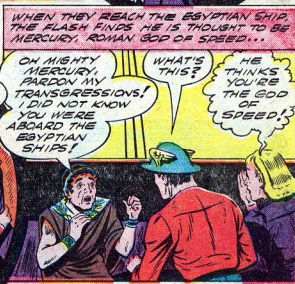
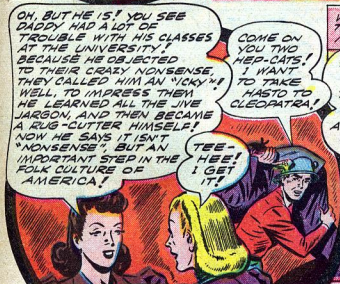
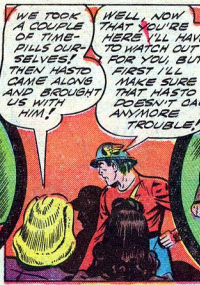
SORRY, BOSS, BUT I'M SUPPOSED TO SAY "HELLO" TO YOUSE!

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

HAALP!

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

OoooH-H-H... I'VE BEEN BLITZKREIGED!



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!

YOUR MEMORY? WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH TAKING 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 HAVE A ROMAN HOLIDAY!

THAT'S AN IDEA! WHY NOT GO TO ROME FOR A HOLIDAY OURSELVES? EVERYTHING WILL BE OKAY!

YES, FLASH! LET'S GO! MAYBE I CAN RE-MEMBER THE FORMULA AND MAKE MORE PILLS!

AND SO THE FLASH, WITH JOAN, 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 POSSIBLE OBJECTION COULD YOU HAVE TO MY RULING THE WORLD?

BECAUSE YOU AND ALL THE REST OF THE SO-CALLED "WORLD-CONQUERORS" WANT TO BOSS EVERYBODY INTO YOUR OWN WAY OF DOING THINGS!

THERE ARE TOO MANY FREE-THINKING, PEACE-LOVING PEOPLE IN THE WORLD FOR ONE MAN TO RULE OVER ALL OF THEM! I SAY NO! AND IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY-- YOU'LL DO AS I SAY!



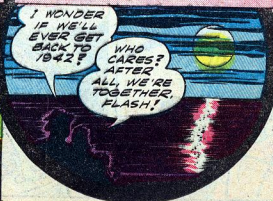
BUT CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR LIKES PEOPLE TO OBEY HIM, AND EVEN IF MERCURY ISN'T ON HIS SIDE, HE STILL INTENDS TO BE A WORLD CONQUEROR...

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...

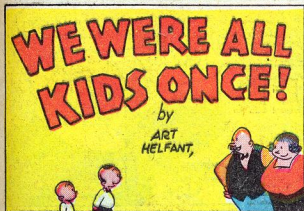
THERE ARE WAYS AND MEANS OF DOING WHAT I WANT, EVEN WITHOUT HIS CONSENT! I'LL SHOW HIM HE CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME...

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-MAD CAESAR KNOWS THAT ANOTHER VILLAIN LIKE HIMSELF-- REGINALD HASTO-- IS ALWAYS READY TO DO A LITTLE DIRTY WORK FOR MONEY-- ?



BUTCH McLOBSTER

THE SUPER MOBSTER

By Ed Whelan

JEST AS SOON AS I KIN TINK UP ANUDDER
POIFECT 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 !

NUITTIN'
TO IT !

WELL, ARE WE'S ALL
HERE ? COUNT OFF !!

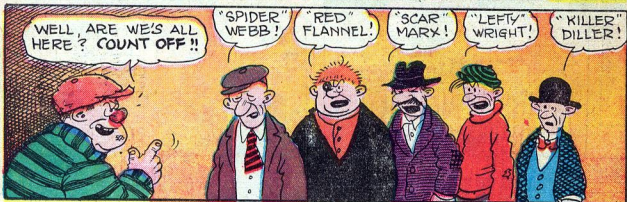
"SPIDER"
WEBB !

"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 ?

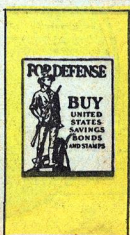
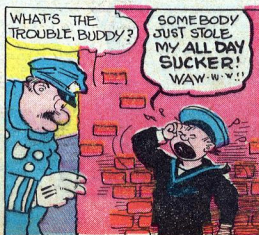
WE GOT 'EM,
BUTCH !!



OKAY ! YOUSE,
FOIST, "SPIDER"
- WOT DID YOUSE
FIND OUT ?

HE GOES EV'RY
DAY TO DE JOINT
AT EXACTLY
T'REE-TOITY !!



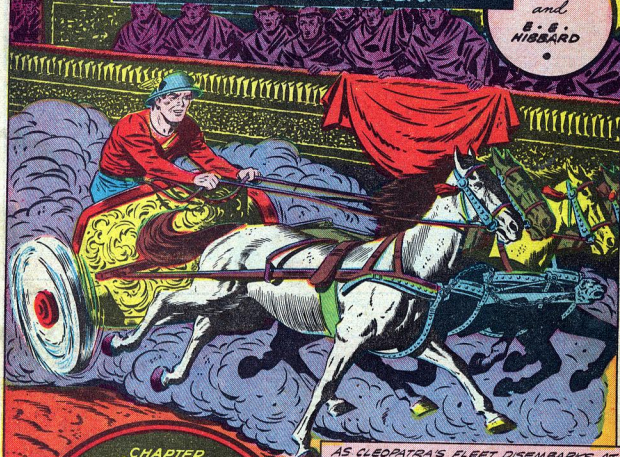


The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!

— CHAPTER THREE —
— "BREAKNECK SPEED - 50 B.C." —

By
GARDNER
FOX
and
E. E.
HIBBARD



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 NASTO, WHO SEES AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE SOME "EASY MONEY"!

AS CLEOPATRA'S FLEET DISEMBARKS AT OSTIA, THE SEAPORT OF ANCIENT ROME, CAESAR DRAWS THE FLASH ASIDE...

O, MOST GRACIOUS MERCURY, I WILL GIVE YOU THE PLACE OF HONOR IN MY VICTORY PARADE! YOU SHALL RIDE WITH ME! THEN PEOPLE WILL KNOW THAT EVEN THE GODS FAVOR CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR!

OH, YEAH? THINK UP SOMETHING ELSE, BUDDY, BECAUSE I'M NOT RIDING IN ANY PARADE!



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 -

FLUSHED AND TRIUMPHANT, THE CONQUEROR MAKES PLANS FOR THE VICTORY GAMES IN THE COLISEUM.

...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!

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!

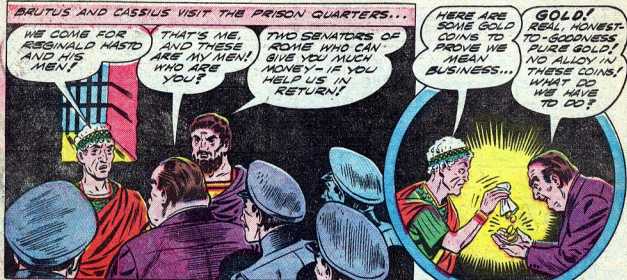
AGREED O MERCURY! WRITE OUT THE TERMS AND WE'LL BOTH SIGN THEM!

HIM-M-H 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 TRAVEL THROUGH TIME! CLEOPATRA TOLD ME ABOUT IT!

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

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS VISIT THE PRISON QUARTERS...



WE COME FOR REGINALD HASTO 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 AT 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 DOUGH WE'D KILL SANTA CLAUS! - WE CAN TAKE CARE OF SOME MORE ROMANS FOR YOU, TOO. ALL FOR THE SAME PRICE!

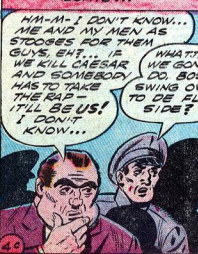
NO, NO, JUST CAESAR AND THAT MERCURY FELLOW - WE STILL DON'T BELIEVE HE'S A GOD!

A GOD? THAT'S RICH! HE'S A GUY NAMED THE FLASH, AND HE'S PRETTY FAST, I ADMIT, BUT HE AIN'T NO DIET!

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...



HM-M-I DON'T KNOW... ME AND MY MEN AS STOOGES FOR THEM GUYS, EHT... IF WE KILL CAESAR AND SOMEBODY HAS TO TAKE THE RAP - I'LL BE US! I DON'T KNOW...

WHATTA WE GONNA DO, BOSS - SWING OVER TO DE FLASH'S SIDE?

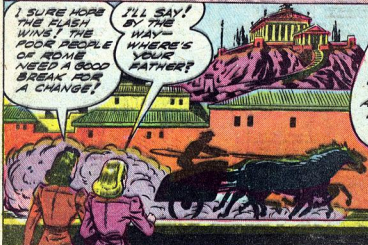
NAW! WE'LL GET THE FLASH FOR PERSONAL REASONS! THAT'LL SHOW CAESAR HE WASN'T NO GOD... THEN - WE'LL...

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...



MEANWHILE THE FLASH IS EXERCISING THE FIERY ARABIAN STALLIONS CAESAR HAS GIVEN HIM TO RACE WITH...



I SURE HOPE THE FLASH WINS! THE POOR PEOPLE OF ROME NEED A GOOD BREAK FOR A CHANGE!

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 SLEEPING 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! GOSH! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!

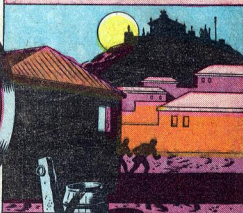
IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE FLASH WILL LET HIMSELF IN FOR A LOT OF TROUBLE, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS..... WHO KNOWS WHAT 1942 WOULD BE LIKE IN AMERICA IF HE MANAGES TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY!

RIGHT NOW HIS ONLY CONCERN IS FOR HIS HORSES...

FINE! FINE! THE RACE WILL BE A BREEZE FOR US, THE WAY YOU HONEYE 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...



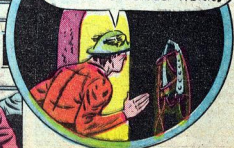
IMAGINE SEEING MERCURY HIMSELF IN A CHARIOT RACE!

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 START-
ING LINE, AMID THE CHEERS OF ALL ROME!

I'M BETTING
ON YOU,
MERCURY!

HOORAY!

I'VE BET
MY LIFE'S
SAVINGS
ON YOU!



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

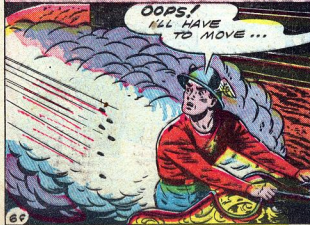
THIS IS A
GOOD SPOT!
WE CAN GET
THE FLASH
FROM HERE!

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



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

OOOPS!
I'LL HAVE
TO MOVE...



THEY'RE OFF! THE FLASH'S DRUBBED
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!



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



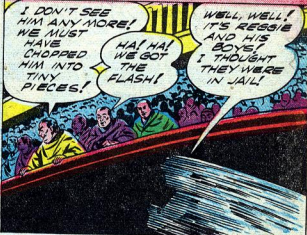
...FAST!



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

MOVING SO FAST HE BECOMES INVISIBLE, THE FLASH STARTS SEARCHING FOR HIS WOULD-BE ASSASSINS....



LAUNCHING HIMSELF INTO THE AIR WITH TERRIFIC SPEED, THE FLASH FLIES THROUGH THE AIR LIKE AN ARROW....



THE FLASH SEIZES HASTO, SPINS LIKE A HAMMER-THROWER, AND TOSSES HIM OUT OVER THE ARENA...

AND NOW FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN! I COULDN'T POSSIBLY LEAVE YOU OUT OF THIS!

AW, NOW, FLASH-COULDN'T YOU, MAYBE, PLEASE, HUH?

I COULDN'T THINK OF IT! BESIDES, I'VE ALWAYS HAD A YEN TO SEE RATS FLY!

HAALP!

YEAH! HOW'S ABOUT IT, FLASH, OL' PAL, OL' PAL?



MEANWHILE CASSIUS AND BRUTUS HEARING HASTO'S MEN AS THEY FIRE AT THE FLASH, LEAD 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!

HEELL!P!

THE PROFESSOR IS PUSHED
RUDELY ASIDE AS THE
ROMANS RUSH ON JULIUS
CAESAR....

OH! FLASH!
FLASH! WHERE
ARE YOU?
HISTORY IS
GOING ALL
ICKY!

BELOW THE SCUFFLING
ROMANS THE POPULACE
SEES THAT MERCURY'S
CHARIOT IS OUT OF THE
RACE....

I'M
RUINED!
RUINED!

I BET
EVERY
LAST
SESTERCE
I OWNED
ON THIS
RACE!

BUT THE CRIES OF WOE
CHANGE TO EXCLAMATIONS
OF AMAZEMENT AS THEY
SEE HASTO AND HIS HENCH-
MEN FALL OUT OF THE AIR
AND WEDGE THEMSELVES
INTO MERCURY'S CHARIOT-

BY JUPITER
CAPITOLINUS!
FLYING
MEN!

IT'S A PLOT TO
DEFEAT MERCURY!
HOW CAN HE
RACE WITH ALL
THOSE MEN WEIGH-
ING DOWN HIS CHARIOT?

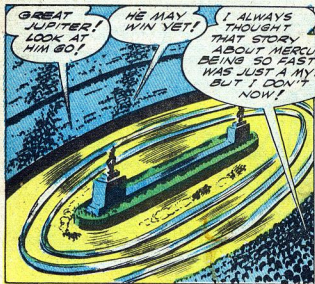
BUT A FEW MEN STUCK IN HIS CHARIOT
DOESN'T BOTHER THE MAN OF SPEED...

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 DRAGGIN'!
I-I'LL BE
KILLED!

THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE SEIZES THE
REINS OF HIS STALLIONS - AND THEN
STARTS TO RUN

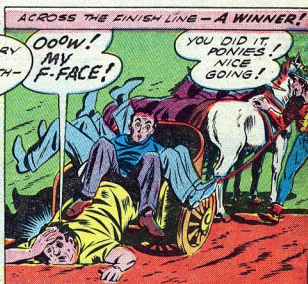
OOWW!



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!

OOWW!
MY
F-FACE!

YOU DID IT,
PONIES!
NICE
GOING!

THE PROFESSOR CALLS FROM
THE STANDS..

IN A SPLIT SECOND THE FLASH IS UP IN THE STANDS,
AND STRIKES THE ROMANS WITH THE FORCE OF AN
EXPRESS TRAIN....



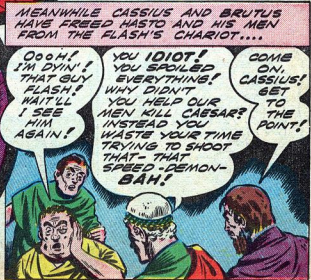
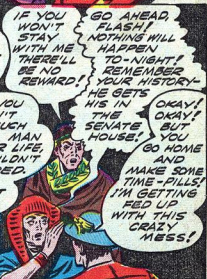
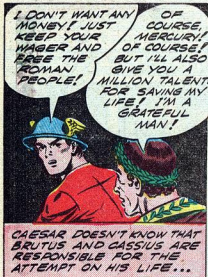
FLASH!
QUICK!
CAESAR'S
ABOUT TO
BE SLAIN!
WE CAN'T
HAVE
HISTORY
CHANGED!

GOLLY NO!
I'M
COMING,
PROF!



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
HAND-
SOMELY!



WE SHALL EXPECT YOU TO-MORROW MORNING AT THE SENATE-HOUSE! WE FINISH CAESAR THERE!

WHEN DO I GET PAID?

AFTER CAESAR DIES, IMPATIENT ONE!

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- AND LOOK AT THE MONEY HE'S GETTING! WOW!

SOUNDS LIKE REAL GOLD TOO, BOSS! LOOK AT THAT PIECE THERE!

CLINK!!

HM-M- IT IS GOLD! HUH! THE PROF WOULDN'T APPRECIATE ALL THAT DOUGH! I THINK I'LL TAKE IT FOR MYSELF!

WE'LL COME BACK LATER FOR THE MONEY, WHEN EVERYONE'S ASLEEP! THEN WE'LL BEAT IT FOR OSTIA, HOP ON MY YACHT, AND GO BACK TO AMERICA!

HAVE WE GOT ENOUGH PILLS TO GET BACK TO 1942, BOSS?

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!

ALL THAT AFTERNOON AND EVENING THE PROFESSOR BUILDS HIS TIME-CAPSULE!

AH-HA! I HID THAT TREASURE SO NOBODY COULD TAKE IT WHILE I'M BUILDING THIS TO STORE IT IN! AFTER I LOAD IT WITH THE GOLD, I'LL START WORK ON MY TIME-PILLS AGAIN...

HOURS LATER...

EUREKA! I'VE DONE IT! I'VE RE- DISCOVERED MY TIME-PILL-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!



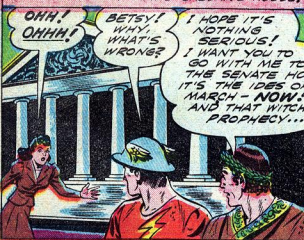
BUT "THOSE GALS" PUT UP A PRETTY GOOD BATTLE....



BETSY GETS AWAY, AND LEAPS FROM A WINDOW-



BUT ROME, EVEN IN THOSE DAYS, WAS A BIG CITY, AND IT IS NOT UNTIL MORNING THAT BETSY FINDS CAESAR'S HOUSE!

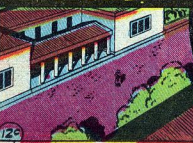


IT'S HASTO! HE AND HIS MEN CAME LATE LAST NIGHT AND HIT DADDY, AND TRIED TO CAPTURE JOAN AND ME! I GOT AWAY!

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 SWEEPS DOWN FROM CAPITOLINE HILL.... IS IT A PREMONITION OF DEATH WE FEELS, JUST BEFORE HE TURNS TO GO ALONE TO THE SENATE HOUSE, WHERE THE DAGGERS OF CASSIUS AND BRUTUS ARE TO TAKE HIS LIFE?



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



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



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...

THE FLASH DASHES UP THE
BEACH AND STARTS BURY-
ING THE TIME CAPSULE,
WHEN...

OH! HE-
DISAPPEARED!
JUST FADED
INTO THIN
AIR! I'D
BETTER
GET BACK
TO 1942!

SCRAM,
BROTHER!
YOU'RE
NOT
WANTED!

OH! THEY
AREN'T HERE!
D-DADDY!
OH! I'LL
BET HE-
HE'S DEAD!
OH!!

I'LL GO
BACK AND
SEARCH ALL
EUROPE FOR
HIM AS SOON
AS I BURY
THIS CAPSULE.
BETSY...
CHEER UP!

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...

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 COM-
PARABLE TO FIND-
ING THE PROVERB-
IAL NEEDLE IN
THE HAYSTACK -
ONLY WORSE -
BECAUSE IT
INVOLVES PERSONAL
DANGER...

BUT THERE ARE
STILL MORE PAGES
OF OUR STORY...

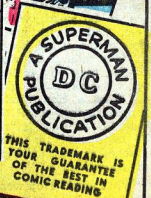
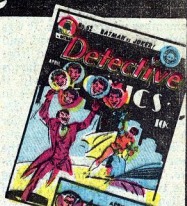
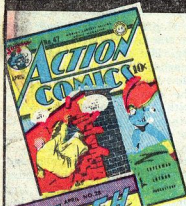
AND THEY TELL
THE THRILLING
TALE OF HOW THE
FLASH.....

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,

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

Sincerely yours,

Gene
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,

Mr. M. C. Gaines
All-American Comics
225 Lafayette Street
New York City

Sincerely yours,

Jack
JACK DEMPSEY

**MAY ISSUE NO. 5
SOON ON SALE EVERYWHERE!**

DUMMY DYNAMITE

(A Hop Harrigan Story)

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 dastardly 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. Lift 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 growled. "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 a 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 iron-clad 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.

"Karll! He got Karll!" 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 varns someone!"

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 alive!" 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 itching 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 *Winnie* 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 HARRINGTON!"

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.

F

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 _____

HOP HARRIGAN, President,
ALL-AMERICAN FLYING CLUB

F.Q. NO.4

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 _____

The Flash

FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

— CHAPTER FOUR —

" TRAIPSING THROUGH TIME ! "

ACROSS THE VAST REACHES OF TIME THE FLASH FLINGS HIMSELF IN HIS UNTIRING EFFORTS TO RE-LOCATE THE LOST PROFESSOR MC-QUATNESS! 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 BUSNELS OF PILLS JUST TO BEGIN TO LOOK FOR HIM.... AND WHILE HE SEARCHES FOR THE ERRANT PROFESSOR, OUR OLD FRIEND, MONEY-CRACKED REGINALD HASTO 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-I WONDER IF DADDY AND JOAN HAVE COME HOME YET?

HH-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 ALL
THAT! WE'LL
FIND THEM!
ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS...

THE FLASH PAUSES, OVER-
AWED 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, OR- OH, IT-
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



YOU HOO!
ANYBODY
HOME?

THAT
SOUNDS
LIKE
JOAN!

IT IS!
AND
DADDY
WILL BE
WITH
HER!

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



JOAN
BEGINS
HER STORY
OF WHAT
HAPPENED
BACK IN
ROME
AFTER
BETSY
LEAPED
FROM THE
WINDOW
TO ESCAPE
HASTO'S
MEN...

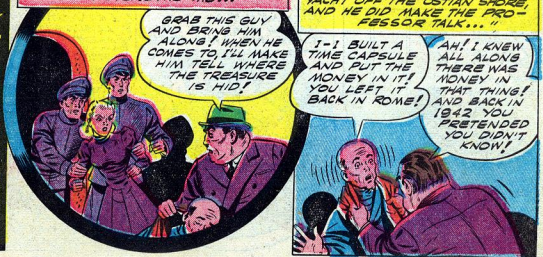
"I FOUGHT AS YOU JUMPED, BUT THEY
SOON OVERCAME ME..."

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

"HASTO HAD US TAKEN TO HIS
YACHT OFF THE OSTIAN SHORE,
AND HE DID MAKE THE PRO-
FESSOR TALK..."

I-I BUILT A
TIME CAPSULE
AND PUT THE
MONEY IN IT!
YOU LEFT IT
BACK IN ROME!

AH! I KNEW
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 FLASH WILL STOP YOU, SOMEHOW!

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

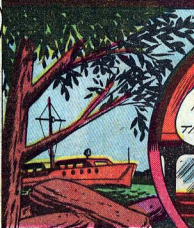
I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE! I'LL MAKE THE FLASH SO SORRY HE EVER INTERFERED WITH ME I'LL WISH HE WAS DEAD! I'LL... I'LL...



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? HUH, I'LL SHOW THAT FLASH GUY!

"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'VE GOT TO GET AWAY AND SEE IF I CAN FIND THE FLASH!



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

I'VE GOT TO GET LOOSE... I'VE JUST GOT TO...

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

I'VE ALREADY LOST ONE HEEL TONIGHT, SO I CAN STAND LOSING ANOTHER... TAKE THAT, BIG BOY!

WHAP!



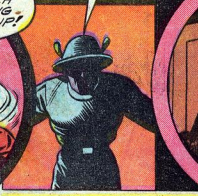
SO THEN I CAME OUT HERE... WHAT'S WRONG, FLASH?

I HID 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 FRIEND HASTO A LITTLE VISIT...

BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO US?

HASTO HAS THE MONEY! HE WON'T BOTHER YOU ANYMORE! HM-M-MAYBE!



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

BUT RESINALD HASTO, WITH ALL HIS MILLIONS BEHIND HIM, HAS ARRANGED LOOK-OUTS A-LONG ALL STREETS LEADING TO HIS CITY PENTHOUSE....

EXPLANATION!

STROBOSCOPIC GLASSES ARE LENSES FITTED WITH STROBOSCOPICS - 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!

AH!

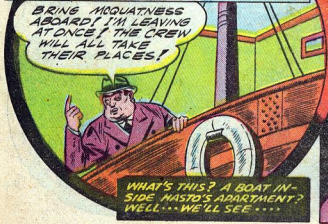
WAHLEN REPORTING, BOSS! I JUST SAW THE FLASH THROUGH THESE STROBOSCOPIC GLASSES! HE'S HEADING FOR THE CITY, EAST! I'D GET AWAY, IF I WERE YOU!



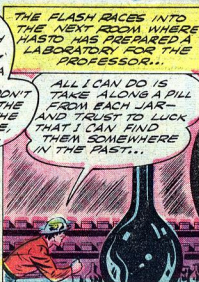
SWITCHING OFF HIS CONNECTION ON THE TWO-WAY RADIO HOOKUP THAT CONNECTS WITH HIS LOOKOUTS, HASTO CALLS FOR THE PROFESSOR...

BRING MCQUATTNESS 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 IN-SIDE HASTO'S APARTMENT? WELL...WE'LL SEE....



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...

H-M-M-
WHAT'S
THIS?



IT'S COLUMBUS, ON HIS
WAY TO DISCOVER AMERICA!



POR DIO! A MAN
SWIMMING IN THE
SEA! OR 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 - 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 UN-
ROLL BEFORE ME!



THE MAN OF SPEED LANDS
IN SPAIN...

I'LL TAKE A BANDER
THROUGH SPAIN FIRST,
THEN START NORTH
THROUGH FRANCE...



HE SEES LAVISH SPECTACLES AS HE SEARCHES THE
LAND OF CASTILE AND ARAGON FOR THE PROFESSOR!

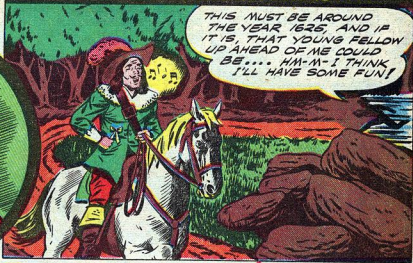
MY, MY!
INTERESTING,
BUT IT ISN'T
FINDING THE
PROFESSOR
FOR ME!



THE PROFESSOR ISN'T
IN SPAIN! I'LL HEAD
ACROSS THE PYRENEES
MOUNTAINS INTO
FRANCE, AND TAKE
A NEW PILL...



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.... H-M-M-I THINK
I'LL HAVE SOME FUN!

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



SURE,
IF I HAD
A SWORD!

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



OKAY!
DEFEND
YOUR-
SELF!

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

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



WHO DOESN'T KNOW OF
D'ARTAGNAN, THE
YOUNG GASCON? YOU
WILL BE A FAMOUS
MAN YEARS FROM
NOW! I'D LIKE
TO GO ALONG WITH
YOU AND MEET
THE REST OF THE
MUSKETEERS,
BUT I MUST BE
MOVING ON...



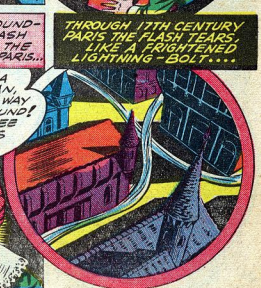
HE KNOWS
MY NAME!
MA FOI-
IT IS
MAGIC!

LEAVING THE DUMBFOUND-
ED YOUTH, THE FLASH
DASHES OFF IN THE
DIRECTION OF PARIS...



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 PILL!



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...

THAT'S IT! WHO SAID THAT? "TO BE OR NOT TO BE" WHO SAID IT?

NOT I, WILL!

NONE OF US!

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

SHAKESPEARE SAID IT, THAT'S WHO...

OH, DID I? WELL, WELL, CLEVER 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 THESE-- SAY! DID I JUST SEE THE PROFESSOR IN THE OTHER ROOM???

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

WHY, FLASH! 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 YA, 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 DAME?

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...

RETURNING TO THE PRESENT, THEY FIND THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE SILENT AND DESERTED....

I'LL BET BETSY WILL BE VERY HAPPY TO SEE YOU!

AH, YES, MY DEAR DAUGHTER! I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE HER, TOO!

THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE HERE! JOAN! BETSY! WHERE ARE YOU?

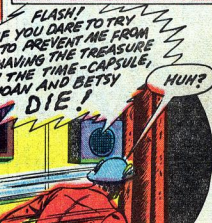
MAYBE THEY'RE HIDING!

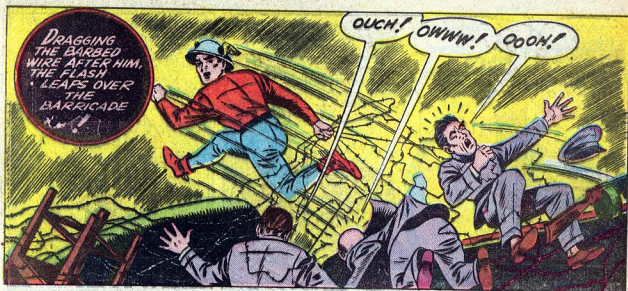




HASTO IS READY.... HE HAS JOAN AND BETSY TIED TO CATAPULTS... AND FACING A WALL LINED WITH SHARP STEEL SPEARS....

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





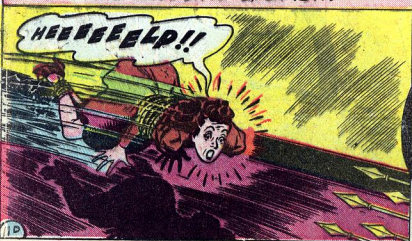
HIDDEN BEHIND A STEEL DOOR, REGINALD HASTO SEES WHAT IS HAPPENING TO HIS MEN....



A LONG SWEEP OF A POWERFUL MACHETE, AND HE SEVERS THE ROPE THAT HOLDS BACK THE TAUT POWER OF A CATAPULT...



THE MIGHTY CATAPULT, RELEASED, SPRINGS FORWARD, HURLING THE HELPLESS GIRL STRAIGHT FOR THE SHARPENED SPEARS...



THE FLASH HEARS THE TERRIFIED SCREAM...



THE ALL-STEEL DOOR IS NO BARRIER TO THE TRE-MENDOUS 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...



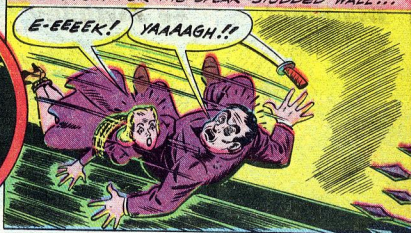
THE MONEY-MAD MILLIONAIRE SLAMS
HIS MACHETE ACROSS THE FLYING
SPEAR, DEFLECTING IT....

YAH!
YOU
MISSED...



BUT THE DEFLECTED
SPEAR STRIKES AND CUTS
THE ROPE THAT HOLDS
THE CATAPULT...

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...



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

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

WHY, IT-
IT'S
EMPTY!

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

OH HH!!
HOW
AWFUL...

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

OH, DEAR,
I-I JUST
REMEM-
BERED...



BUT, YOU
CAN ALWAYS
TAKE A
TIME-PILL
AND GO
GET IT...

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

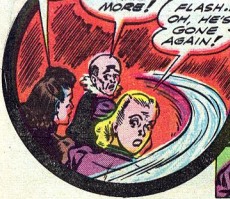
FLASH...
OH, HE'S
GONE
AGAIN!

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

OH, JAY!
THE PROFESSOR
NEEDS HELP!
HE HAS TO
HAVE MONEY
TO MAKE
SOME TIME-PILLS
SO HE CAN GO
AFTER HIS
TREASURE...

WELL, PERHAPS
FATE NEVER MEANT
HIM TO HAVE IT...
IF I WERE YOU, PROF,
I'D LET WELL ENOUGH
ALONE- YOU MIGHT
NOT BE LUCKY ENOUGH
TO GET BACK FROM
THE PAST WITH A WHOLE
SKIN A THIRD TIME...

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



THE
END

**~~THE FLASH~~ - (FASTEST MAN ALIVE) Is Thanked
for His Great Help in the President's
Diamond Jubilee Birthday
Celebration!**

From The NATIONAL CHAIRMAN:-

THE COMMITTEE FOR THE CELEBRATION
OF THE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc.
FOR
50 EAST 42nd STREET • NEW YORK CITY • MURRAY HILL 2-9020

January 8, 1942

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

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

Keith Morgan
National Chairman

Celebrate
Our President's
Diamond Jubilee
Birthday

**-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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THE FLASH
-FASTEST MAN ALIVE!

• EVERY MONTH IN •
FLASH COMICS!

also featuring

JOHNNY THUNDER-
AND HIS THUNDERBOLT!

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THE WHIP,
Ed Wheeler's **MINUTE MOVIES**

and
THE HAWKMAN!



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ARY BOMBS
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SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU
AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 810, Lancaster, Pa.

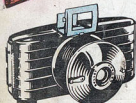


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My choice of Prize is _____

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City _____ State _____

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