THREE INDIANS BIT THE DUST!
The Matchlock Gun
By Walter D. Edmonds
With Pictures by Paul Lantz

This is a true story of a real little Dutch boy in America and how he saved his family when Indians attacked their house and burned their farm. Edward was only ten years old, but when his father loaded his musket and rode off with the militia to defend the settlement, Edward knew that he was now the "man of the house" and that the lives of his mother and his baby sister depended on him. His great-grandfather's old Spanish gun was all he had for a weapon. It was too heavy for him to lift, but propped on a table it could be aimed through the chink in the shuttered window. Then came the terrible moment when three swift Indians, tomahawks in hand, pressed close upon his mother's heels as she tried to gain the door of their house. Edward fired the matchlock gun—and three Indians lay dead in a heap across the doorway.

The pictures in this book are even more exciting than the story. Ask for it at your library.
The Flash
FASTEST MAN ALIVE!!

BY GARDNER F. FOX AND E. E. HIBBARD

This is the story of a race horse... the fastest living thing on earth next to the Flash...... it seems appropriate that fate should bring the two together... because of all the attachments ever formed between man and beast, there was never a better reason for one than the great love which grew between the Flash and "Short-shanks"...... because both live for but one thing...... Speed!

And when you take "the fastest man alive" and drop him bodily into the midst of the thrilling atmosphere of the race track, where the one word on every man's tongue is "speed"...... and everyone's very livelihood depends on that word - then you have the gripping story that Short-shanks is about to tell...... so let's get behind his eyes and follow the story as he saw it......

CHAPTER ONE
THE CASE OF THE PATSY COLT!!!!

Our story opens at the Cumberley Horse Farm - deep in the blue grass country......

ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1942 BY JOLIMAY PUBLICATIONS INC.
"There was a lot of excitement when I was born. I was the son of 'Bashful Boy,' and descended from the Turk and the Arabian strain! There was good blood in me, champion blood!"

"He'll be a great racer, Miss Trudy! His pedigree, blood and breeding stand out in every line of him!"

"Oh, I do hope so, Jim... Frankly, I need a winner!"

"Then came weeks of running in the big fields! I was free to roam and run, and I did!"

"Then one day I got my first look at the Flash, but I didn't know him then!"

"Wheeeeee! There's something faster than me! And he only has two legs!"

"My next lesson was in responding to the pull of the reins..."

"I don't care for this very much, but I suppose it has to be done!"

"Come on. You turn to the right!"

"When I was a little older, I came face to face with Blackie Barlow!"

"You'll get used to that bit and bridle! Then you get a saddle stuck on you!"

"It's about time you started earning your hay, horse! I'll start teaching you how to do it!"
Finally the great day came when I got my chance to run! That is, with a rider and saddle and everything!

How does he look to you, Blackie? The stables are counting on him.

Hell run well, Mr. King; he ought to be better than bashful boy! Look at those legs.

That time was terrible! Can't you make him stop running so wide on the turns, Blackie?

I'll make him or break him.

Oh, Mr. King... how did short-shanks do?

Frankly, he runs too wide on the turns, Trudy! Unless Blackie can break him, he'll be nothing but a hayburner!

Oh, that's terrible! I was counting on him so much. I need some winning money and I do so want to show I'm a good horsewoman!

And how do I think a woman should own a racing stable, so she left me a share providing I keep brood mares and raise good horses? If I fail at it, Walter King gets the stables! If I prove capable, he must turn his share over to me!

That's why she's so interested in short-shanks. He's the first horse born since she came into the venture!

Gramps didn't think a woman should own a racing stable, so he left me a share providing I keep brood mares and raise good horses! If I fail at it, Walter King gets the stables! If I prove capable, he must turn his share over to me!

I bear half the expenses as well as breeding horses! It's quite an expense, considering I have no income from the stables yet! If I get one bad break, I lose out entirely!
"I FELT SORRY FOR MRS. TRUDY, BUT I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO HELP HER! I JUST COULDN'T RUN PROPERLY!"

"I'LL TEACH YOU TO RUN WIDE ON THE TURNS, TAKE THAT... AND THAT!"

"THE IDIOTS! DON'T THEY REALIZE WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? IF HE WERE MINE, I'D KNOW HOW TO CURE HIM!"

"KEEP TO THE RAIL! KEEP CLOSE, BLAST YOU!"

"BLACKIE FLEW AT ME IN A TERRIBLE RAGE..."

"'O DAY, AFTER A FURIOUS RAIN, I WAS LED OUT TO THE PRACTICE OVAL..."

"MAYBE HE'LL MAKE A GOOD MUDDER. THERE'S NO HARM TRYING, ANYHOW!"

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"EASY BOY, EASY! BILL HAYWARD WOULDN'T LET YOU GET HURT! YOU'RE FIRED. GET OUT OF HERE! GET OUT!"

"YOU BULLY! HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING ON THE RECEIVING END OF A BEATING YOURSELF? OHHH!"

"WHAT WAS THE LAST I SAW OF BILL, OUR BLACKSMITH, FOR A LONG TIME.... I DON'T KNOW UNDER WHAT UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCES I WAS NEXT TO MEET HIM!"

"NO MORE BOX STALL FOR YOU, HAY-BURNER! YOU'RE GOOD FOR ONE THING... GLUE! YOU GO IN A MANGER LIKE THE DONKEY YOU ARE!"

"ONE DAY, AFTER A FURIOUS RAIN, I WAS LED OUT TO THE PRACTICE OVAL..."

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"So I became a 'Patsy', a bad-luck piece... I was put in a small manager because I wasn't even worth the five big box stalls I'd had before! I felt low-down... dispirited..."

"Gosh—I guess I'm just no good!"

"What's that? I smell smoke! The stable is on fire!"

"At that moment I realized Jay Garrick was the Flash—and that I had seen him when I was a colt!"

"There'll be a hot time around the old town tonight unless I can do something about this!"

"It's a good thing I can move faster than the flames, or I'd get burned for sure!"

"Get along, little horses, get along! Listen! That whinny! It's short-shanks! Oh! Flash—save him! Oh! Oh! I forgot all about that little aunt!"
"Amid those hot, searing flames, I caught sight of the Flash, as he burst in on me...."

Ah, there you are! Let's go, boy!

That fire will clean me out! I'll have to pay my share of its expense—but I can't use my trust fund for the stables upkeep!

Isn't there a fire bucket or something around here?

I'll have to make quite a few trips with this bucket, but maybe I can save parts of the stable!

Come on, Winky and Noddy! We can help fight that fire!

Coming Blinky! You two fill the buckets and I'll empty them on the fire!

"The Flash was so fast as he darted back and forth with his water buckets, that he seemed to be about ten people, instead of one!"

Thanks, boys! Oh, that's all right! Huh? Hey, you guys!

We agreed I was to go put water on the fire. Didn't we? Now one of you stole the bucket and ran off!
WHAT A PLACE FOR A FIRESIDE CHAT!

IF I DRINK ANYMORE WATER THEY'LL HAVE TO BUILD A DAM AROUND ME—AND I HAVEN'T THROWN A BIT AT THAT FIRE!

AH-HAH! SO YOU'RE DRINKING IT ALL, HEY?

LET'S ALL DRAW OUR OWN WATER AND THROW IT ON!

THERE! NOW I'LL TOSS IT ON THE FIRE!

WHERE YOU GOING WITH AN EMPTY FAULY?

WHADDAYA MEAN, EMPTY, GOSHAWHOLLY! IT IS EMPTY!

THANKS, BLINKY!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. HEY, WHOM I TALKIN' TO?

I GUESS THAT FIRE IS OUT!

I'LL LET YOU KNOW YOUR SHARE OF THE EXPENSES IN THE MORNING, TRUDY... IT'LL BE ABOUT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

I GUES SHE LOSES HER SHARE OF THE STABLES, ALL RIGHT?

LOOK, THE FIRE'S OUT! YOU DID IT ALL AND KEPT US FROM BEING HEROES TOO!
I noticed the flash looking mighty suspicious, and I followed him as he walked around the ruined buildings...

Oh, hello, short-shanks... I wish you could talk... I have a funny feeling this fire was no accident!

What's the matter, boy? Do you know something I ought to know? Oh, you want me to come along... all right!

Hmm... A piece of flint wired to that tree branch so it would scratch the steel bar in that pant that creates a spark that would ignite a fire!

There was kerosene in this pan, short-shanks! That fire was no accident! There was someone behind it! I'm going into action!

My ears stood straight up, as I saw the flash disappear from right before my eyes... My gosh, but that guy is fast!

Take this to Blaine, boys... Be sure he gets it!

We're like an adding machine you can count on!

Looks as though I may have had a good hunch coming to King's house...
I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT'S IN THAT LETTER! IT MAY HAVE SOME BERRIES ON THIS FIRE!

WHY DON'T YOU GET A LESS SHAKY CART THI-THE THING IS FALLING APART...

IT'S ALL RIGHT! YOU JUST HOLD IT TOGETHER WHILE I DRIVE!

THANKS FOR THAT LETTER, BOYS....

WOW! THAT CAR CERTAINLY IS SHAKY!

I'VE TAKEN CARES APART, BUT I NEVER HAD THEM FALL APART RIGHT UNDER ME! Oooops! Here I go again!

SAY, DO YOU FEEL A DRAFT? I DON'T KNOW WHETHER IT'S A DRAFT, BUT I KNOW I'M NOT IN ANY WIND TUNNEL!

THE TIME I WON'T STEP ON THE CAR!

MAY I BORROW THAT ENVELOPE?

OH, SURE! Huh?

I WANT TO STEAM OPEN THIS ENVELOPE, SO I'VE GOTTEN TO GENERATE A LITTLE STEAM! I'LL RACE THE MOTOR!

HEY, LOOK AT THAT GUY HITCHIN' A RIDE, WILL YOU! WHAT A NERVE!

PARDON ME, BUT NO HITCH-HIKERS ARE ALLOWED. PLEASE!

I'M NOT A HITCH-HIKER... I'M JUST WAITING FOR A STREET CAR!
WE CAN'T STOP HIM FROM WAITING FOR A STREET CAR, CAN WE?
I GUESS, NOT!
BUT...

AHH, THE ENVELOPE IS OPENING...

ADDRESSED TO JONATHAN BLAINE, LAWYER... CHECK ENCLOSED TO PAY FOR THE JOB ON THE STABLES! HMM... INTERESTING!

SO? THIS GUY WANTS TO WAIT FOR A STREET CAR... I DON'T LIKE TO OVERLOAD MY FINE CAR... WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT... HUN?

IT'S MY FINE CAR... I DON'T WANT TO MAKE SUCH A FUSS ABOUT MY RIDING WITH YOU, I'LL RUN ALONG BEHIND....

OWWWW!
THE OLD JALOPPY IS FLYING!

THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF!

THAT WAS SOME FIRE LAST NIGHT, BLAINE!

GLAD YOU LIKED IT, SAY WHO AM I TALKING TO?

YOU'RE TALKING TO THE FLASH! WHO STARTED THAT FIRE?

MISS DOODY! SHE BURNED THOSE STABLES! HONEST SHE DID!

SCREAM!

BLAINE LAWYER

WHO AM I TALKING TO!
ARE YOU CRAZY? MISS TRUDY LOST ALL SHE HAD ON THAT FIRE!

HERE'S THE PROOF - A PICTURE... LOOK AT IT!

WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP HER?

WHY SHOULD SHE PAY ME TO KEEP QUIET!

BETTER HURRY UP, BOYS... HE'S WAITING FOR THAT LETTER!

OH, YEAH, THE LETTER! I WONDER WHERE I PUT IT?

HERE'S THE LETTER!

OH... THANKS A LOT!

HEY, HOW'D HE GET THIS?

TRUDY, DID YOU BURN DOWN THE STABLES?

I CERTAINLY DID NOT... DO I LOOK CRAZY?

FLASH, HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?

WELL, A MAN HAS A PHOTO OF TRUDY SHOWING HER SETTING FIRE TO THE STABLE!

IF IT EVER BECAME PUBLIC... TRUDY WOULD GO TO JAIL!

I HATE TO SToop TO THEIR TO ACCOMPLISH MY PURPOSES, BUT, IF I'M GOING TO HELP TRUDY, I CAN'T LET THAT PHOTO REMAIN WHERE IT WILL BE SEEN!
You may well ask how I know all this... do you see those horses in the background as the flash raced around? Horses gossip like humans. You know it all comes back to the stables, everything they see these humans do... and as for me, I only had eyes for Honeyeall, a lovely dapple-grey mare.

She's so wonderful... I wish she'd look at me once in awhile instead of running around with that kingpin guy! He's just a hussie!

The black stallion kingpin lorded it over the rest of us horses... he was a big money winner for the stables... but Miss Trudy didn't share in his winnings.

Such riff-raff! It's a wonder they couldn't breed better horses around here!

You big stiff you'll rue those words some day.

But I realized only too well that kingpin had spoken the truth! What was I good for... except to run up feed bills?

She's better off without me! I'd only be a burden to her!

Then one day...

I bring you some news, Hayburner! They're going to sell you at auction! Maybe to a glue factory! Ha-ha!

In fear and trembling I awaited the great day when I would be put upon the block... Finally it came... I was led out with some other horses...

Ladiez'n' gennelman! The pedigreed stock of the Cumberland Stables is now comin' up for auction! Gather close...

My head went up with a start of surprise as I saw Bill Hayward, our old blacksmith, among the bidders...

Hi ya, boy! Maybe old uncle Bill will buy you today... who knows?

Even if I can't run, they won't sell me for less than a thousand dollars! How can Bill afford that?
"The bidding began...I was nervous and trembling, as I waited my turn...after all, I have great blood and breeding in me! I'm descended from a line of champions!"

"Sold! Ten thousand to Mr. Greenwood!"

"Oh, dear...I—I'm next!"

"I present Short-Shanks! Son of Bashful Boy! How much am I bid?"

"I bid fifty dollars! That's an insult!"

"I offer a hundred dollars! They're only paying fifty dollars for horses at the blue-ways these days!"

"HA-HA! Let him have the plug, auctioneer!"

"Yeah, we won't bid on that patsy!"

"There, there, boy! Well go places together, you and me! Those idiots'll laugh out of the other side of their faces, soon!"

"Oh oh! Here comes the flash!"

"You bought Short-Shanks? I promised Trudy I'd try to get him for her!"

"I'd like to let her have him, but I'm the only one who understands him, Flash!"

"I couldn't find a trace of that crooked lawyer! He has that picture of Trudy—a fake, of course, but so well done that she'll have trouble explaining it! She's lost the horse...not that he's worth much, but she liked him!"

"Things looked mighty tough for Miss Trudy and me at that point...but strange things happen in the racing business— I have much more to tell—"
TAKE YOUR PICK!
So easy to get ANY of these WONDER PREMIUMS!

Here's how you get any of these marvelous premiums! Buy the COUP!
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“SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.”

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON

Boys and Girls of America:

Here’s a way for every one of you
to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp
you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part
of a gun, plane, or ship which your brothers
or uncles are using for the defense
of our country.

If every one of you forty million
boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent
Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending
your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars
every year. Think of all the guns, planes
and ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to “Keep ‘em
Flying” by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

THIS SPACE IS DONATED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS
MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF NATIONAL DEFENSE and VICTORY!
CHAPTER TWO

"A HORSE ON MR. KING!"

I didn't know what to expect. Bill, the blacksmith, led me away from the auction block. He kept telling me he was going to make me into a great race horse... I wondered to myself if he knew what he was talking about!

I couldn't help worrying about Miss Trudy, too... Could she have burned down those stables just for the insurance money? It didn't seem possible!"
BILL TOOK ME TO A BIG MEADOW IN BACK OF HIS HOME WHERE HE LET ME RUN LOOSE....

I'M SURE HE CAN RUN... HE HAS SPEED IN EVERY LINE... I MUST FIX HIM UP SO HE WON'T PULL WIDE ON THE TURNS....

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, I WATCHED BILL WORKING IN HIS BLACKSMITH SHOP, FORGING A PECULIAR KIND OF HORSESHOE...

IT'S READY, SHORT-SHANKS! TO-MORROW YOU RUN AS YOU NEVER RAN BEFORE!

HUN! HE'S GOT MORE CONFIDENCE THAN I HAVE-

NEXT MORNING....

HMM-M-M-M... WE HAVE VISITORS!

HELLO, BILL... TRUDY WANTED TO SEE SHORT-SHANKS, AND FIND OUT HOW HE WAS DOING.

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT A BLACKSMITH THINKS HE CAN DO WITH A RACEHORSE!

I'M ONE BLACKSMITH THAT KNOWS PLENTY ABOUT HORSES!

OF ALL THE CONCEITED PEOPLE! ALL RIGHT, SMARTY, LET'S SEE YOU RACE HIM!

THEY ALL STOOD AROUND AND WATCHED BILL SHOE MY RIGHT FRONT FOOT...

OH... I SEE WHAT'S WRONG! FUNNY WE NEVER NOTICED IT BEFORE!

THAT'S WHAT I MEAN, JAY... SOME PEOPLE CAN'T SEE BEYOND THEIR NOSES!

IF YOU MEAN ME, BILL HAYWARD-

-I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW HORSE-RACING HAS BEEN MY FAMILY'S HOBBY FOR GENERATIONS! I KNOW MORE ABOUT HORSES THAN YOU EVER WILL!

YEAH? WELL SEE WHETHER YOU DO OR NOT! I JUST WATCH SHORT-SHANKS RUN NOW!!
"All the argument was about a thick shoe Bill made for me! When I put my foot down I realized what the trouble had been... My right foreleg was a fraction of an inch shorter than my other legs! That was what made me run wide, on the turns!"

"As I danced toward the practice oval Bill made for me, I felt as fast as the flash—almost!"

Look at him Prance... He knows he's going to run!

Prancing doesn't mean a thing... he's a racer, not a trick horse... I'll time him, myself!

"I leaped forward at the signal from my rider, like an arrow from a bow..."

What a start! I never saw a horse get off his mark so fast!

"As I ran I began to recover my self-respect! The wind whistling past my ears excited me! My legs drove faster and faster... I fled around the track like a shooting star!"

"Ullp! A new world's record! I—I can't believe it!"

Maybe there's one blacksmith that knows a thing or two about horses, eh?
"Jay Garrick, whom I knew as the Flash, caught on to Bills "trick..."

Later...

I still don't know how Bill worked such a miracle. Short-Shanks couldn't run like that before...

There seems to be some trouble in front of your house, Trudy... look at the policeman!

You filed an insurance claim on those burned stables, Miss Edwards? Why, yes? I... did... is anything wrong?

I'll say so! We have photographic proof you burned those stables yourself. That's a serious felony... Miss Edwards!

But that's impossible! I didn't do it! I didn't!

Ooh! I was afraid of this!

Why should I do that? I wanted to raise horses and make a success of it! What good would money do me without my stables?

Better tell that to the judge, lady!

Come along, Miss Edwards!

Well, you certainly let them take her off to jail without a struggle! What could I do? I fought on the side of the law, not against it!

You've got to do something! Don't want Trudy to be a jailbird, do you? Of course not... but what would you suggest? I'm no magician!

Magician! Hmm, maybe it was magic, and maybe it wasn't... that picture showing Trudy burning the barn when she didn't do it... Hmm-m-m..."
You can do wonders, Mr. Blaine! Where are you? Oh... he's gone again!

That lawyer ought to know what's going on! If he won't talk willingly, hell talk unwillingly!

Jay makes a quick change to the costume of the Flash... and seconds later....

I told you Mr. Blaine won't be back for some time! You'll have to wait!

We gotta see him about that Trudy Edwards case!

Just the gentlemen I want to see!

Why didn't you tell me you were waiting?

Huh-huh?

We came to see you about that photograph! You see, we've got to convict Miss Trudy...

Say, what's the idea of telling the lawyer all when he ain't here to hear you?

Say, you aint Blaine! You may not think I'm Blaine, but I am! I'm wearing this red suit because it keeps me warm... you know, I save on fuel and help the government!

Hey! You aint Blaine! You almost told me all we know!

See? He's a patriot... helping defense work! Tell him, Winky!

Okay....
Blinky's fist hit a concealed panel in the fireplace! It swung open revealing a photographer's dark room.....

Thanks for adopting the open door policy, Winky!

Oh, that's all right... hey!

Doggone, I'm always helpin' him, and sayin' it's all right. When it ain't all right, what's matter with me, anyhow? Don't answer that question!

So this is where that photo was composed! A picture of Trudy, taken as she was bending over to pick a flower was superimposed on the shot of the stable!

Tricky, but with these pictures, I can convince any judge that Trudy was framed....

Ha - if you ever get out of that darkroom alive, you mean! Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Slam!

Trapped! I can't discover any way to open this door, and unless I get the proofs of Trudy's innocence to a judge, she'll be sent to jail!
All this time, I was being raced every day. For the day of the handicap was drawing very near...

ATTABoy, SHORT-SHANKS! You're getting faster and faster!

OH, HELLO, Mr. KING!

WILLIE, BILL... WHAT'S THIS? I SEE SHORT-SHANKS RACING OUT THERE! IS IT POSSIBLE?

ATTABoy, SHORT-SHANKS! You're getting faster and faster!

AT A SIGNAL FROM BILL MY RIDER TRIED TO SLOW ME DOWN... SO MR. KING WOULDN'T NOTICE HOW FAST I WAS... BUT I WANTED KING TO REALIZE WHAT HE HAD PASSED UP... SO I RAN EVEN FASTER!

HE-HE'S TERRIFIC! I NEVER SAW A HORSE RUN SO FAST! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM?

OH-ER-NOTHING! MUST BE A STRONG WIND BEHIND HIM...

YOU'LL MAKE A LOT OF MONEY BETTING ON HIM IN THE HANDICAP... HE CAN'T HELP BUT WIN!

YOU'LL MAKE A LOT OF MONEY BETTING ON HIM IN THE HANDICAP... HE CAN'T HELP BUT WIN!

Yeah, I would if I had any money to bet!

I'LL LET YOU HAVE MONEY... I ALWAYS LIKE TO SEE A SMART MAN BE A SUCCESS! I'LL LEND YOU $500... IN RETURN FOR A CHATTAL MORTGAGE ON SHORT-SHANKS!

JUST AS A MATTER OF FORM! YOU EXPECT SHORT-SHANKS TO WIN, SO HOW CAN YOU LOSE?

That's right! Short-Shanks will win! I'll do it!

There! Now I'll have money to clean up on Short-Shanks! You can pay me back the $500!
"MEANWHILE..."

BOO-HO0! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO... EVEN MY OWN LAWYER SAYS I HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE! AND THE TRIAL OPENS TODAY...

THERE, THERE... THE FLASH WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE... I'LL BET HE WILL FIND A WAY OUT!

OH, WHERE IS THAT MAN ANYHOW? WHAT'S DELAYING HIM?

WITH THE EVIDENCE THEY HAVE, I'M SURE TO BE CONVICTED AND I'LL BE BRANDED A CRIMINAL FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE--SOB-SOB!

"IN THE MEANWHILE..."

YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE NOW! NO MORE VISITORS FOR MISS EDWARDS BEFORE THE TRIAL TOMORROW!

DON'T GIVE UP HOPE, TRUDY! THE FLASH WON'T FAIL YOU!

THE BIG RACE IS TOMORROW, BOY! YOU'VE GOT TO WIN FOR ME, UNDERSTAND?

I'LL WIN, ALL RIGHT. LEAVE IT TO ME!

"AND THE FLASH..."

I'VE NEVER BEEN CORNERED THIS EASY BEFORE--GOSH, I'M WEARY-- MUST HAVE BEEN HERE FOR DAYS! THERE ISN'T A RUNNING SPACE LARGE ENOUGH TO GET UP SPEED TO GET OUT OF HERE... I WISH I KNEW HOW TRUDY WAS DOING!

THESE NEGATIVES! HMM-M-M--IF I REMEMBER MY CHEMISTRY, THEY CONTAIN CELLULOSE, AND CELLULOSE IS AN EXPLOSIVE IF HEATED IN A SMALL SPACE!
THIS OUGHT TO DO IT...

...A LITTLE BLAST TO GET IT OFF... AND....

IT WORKED!

WHAM!

NOW TO PRESENT THIS EVIDENCE AT THE TRIAL....

"THE DAY OF THE BIG RACE FOUND ME AS ANXIOUS AS ANY COLT ABOUT TO RUN HIS FIRST BIG RACE....!!!"

YOU SURE ARE NERVOUS, BIG BOY! CALM DOWN, CALM DOWN!

I'VE GOT TO WIN THIS.... I'VE GOT TO!

GIVE HIM HIS HEAD, HANK! SHORT-SHANKS WILL GRAB THE LEAD AND HE'LL HOLD IT. YOU WON'T HAVE TO JOCKEY HIM!

"AS BILL WALKED AWAY ANOTHER MAN APPROACHED...."

RIGHT, MR. HAYWARD!

GOOD LUCK, FELLA, I'M BETTIN' ON YOU!

THANKS A LOT!

"I SAW HIM DROP SOMETHING IN MY RIDER'S GLASS OF WATER...."
“WHAT’S THE MATTER, SHORT-SHANKS? YOU CAN’T HAVE A DRINK NOW! THE RACE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!”

“HE DRANK THAT WATER. I’VE GOT A HUNCH THINGS AREN’T GOING TO BE VERY SMOOTH RUNNING FROM HERE ON!”

“THAT’S SHORT-SHANKS RIGHT THERE—NUMBER-7!”

“He’s the longshot, isn’t he?”

“Yeah. But King Pin’ll beat him! You can’t lick Walter King’s horses!”

“TENS OF THOUSANDS OF VOICES ROARED—THEY’RE OFF!”

“I WAS SOON OUT IN FRONT, RUNNING WITH EFFORTLESS EASE!”

“Look at him eat up the track!”

“He sure can leg it, can’t he?”

“Suddenly, I felt my rider wobble in the saddle—but I couldn’t slow down—I was too excited!”

“I’ll never forget that awful moment when my rider’s dead weight slipped slowly from the saddle toward the ground! The sound of the crowd shelled into a tremendous roar in my ears—”

“G-E-S-H—WHAT DO I DO NOW?”
“Meanwhile, the Flash was racing to save Trudy....”

Gentlemen of the Jury, have you reached a verdict?

We have, your honor.... the defendant.

Hold everything! I have proof that shows Trudy Edwards did not burn those stables! That photo was a fake!

These photographs reveal what has been done, your honor! They were faked! A cut-out of Miss Trudy was superimposed over a shot of the stable... and a torch painted in!

The jury has not rendered its verdict! I will hear a motion to reopen the case for the inclusion of this evidence!

And those are the circumstances under which I found the darkroom and those pictures! I understand it has been testified that Miss Trudy burned the stables around dusk according to this picture, that could not be!

Any photographer will tell you that a color shot of brass at dusk is purplish in color! The brass here is a cool green! And the stables were burned at dusk! So....

“That evidence cinched Judy’s acquittal, and the crooked lawyer was arrested!”

I’m free! I’m free!

I told you the Flash would show up—even if it was the last minute!

Short-shanks is running his big race today! Let’s go see him win!
"AT THE MOMENT, I WAS HAVING TROUBLES OF MY OWN!"

I MAY NOT HAVE A ROER, BUT I'M GOING TO SHOW THESE FOLKS HOW I CAN RUN!

"BUT HAVING LOST MY JOCKEY, I WAS NATURALLY DISQUALIFIED..."

I'M AWFULLY SORRY! REALLY I AM!

Oh, that's all right! I don't mind losing the race... what I mind losing is - Short-shanks!

I GET FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS ON HIM TO WIN... MONEY LOANED ME BY WALTER KING IN EXCHANGE FOR A MORTGAGE! I CAN'T PAY OFF THE MORTGAGE NOW - SO I LOSE THE HORSE!

"A FEW MINUTES LATER, TRUDY MET MR. KING -"

HELLO, TRUDY... HOW COME I MEAN... WHAT HAPPENED AT THE TRIAL?"

THE FLASH PROVED THAT THE LAWYER HAD FAKED THOSE PICTURES AND SO I WAS ACQUITTED - THE LAWYER WAS ARRESTED!

IF YOU SWITCH ABOUT ME, I'LL GO TO JAIL AND YOU WON'T GET ANYTHING IF YOU PLAY BALL AND TAKE THE RAP, I'LL CUT YOU IN ON A SHARE OF MY RACING WINNINGS!

HMM... THAT'LL MEAN A NICE STAKE FOR ME... WHEN I GET OUT... I'LL DO IT!

"KING IMMEDIATELY VISITED THE LAWYER IN JAIL -"

I STILL FEEL THAT WALTER KING IS HINDRIBBING THIS! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO PROFITS BY HAVING MISS TRUDY KICKED OUT OF HER SHARE IN THE STABLES!

"BUT, FLASH, HOW CAN YOU PROVE THAT?"

I CAN'T YET, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I NEVER CAN! I'M GOING TO WORK ON MY THEORY IN EARNEST!

THE FLASH IS THE ONE BEHIND ALL THIS! I'M GOING TO GET HIM AND GET HIM GOOD!

BROTHER, THAT SOUNDS GOOD TO ME - BUT IMPOSSIBLE, TOO!

"THE FLASH WAS DETERMINED TO SHOW UP WALTER KING, AND KING WANTED TO GET RID OF THE FLASH! I HAD LESS THAN A MONTH TO SPEND WITH BILL BEFORE THE MORTGAGE CAME DUE, AND THEN KING WOULD TAKE ME BACK! TRUDY HAD LOST ALL OF HER SHARE OF THE STABLES... BUT THERE'S MORE TO COME, AND AS THE OLD SAYING GOES, IT'S ALWAYS DARKEST BEFORE THE DAWN... SO READ ON..."
WE WERE ALL KIDS ONCE!

by ART HELFANT

Big fellow, isn’t he?
He looks thirsty.

Well, here we are at the zoo at last.
Look! I see th’ elephants, pop!

I’ll help you up young man.
Thanks mister.

Boy! Oh boy! Look at him drink that water!
Ha! Ha! Ha! He’s gargling it!

Hey!

Gee, pop! How did I know he was gonna do that!!

Keep your shirt on buddy, we were all kids once!

Come here you...!!
Butch Mc' Lobster

The Super-Mobster

by Ed Wheeler

Now fer de roll call, mugs! — 'Spider' Webb, 'Red' Flannel, Scar Marx, 'Lefty' Wright, 'Killer' Diller!

Here! Here! Here! Here! Here!

Youse said it!

In his secret hide-out, Butch Mc' Lobster calls his gang together to plan another of the daring crimes which have baffled the police of two continents and other places.

First we gotta do some dangerous investigation and the guy wot draws de X is stuck!

Aw right, mugs — reach in yer mitts an' pick one out!

Okay, 'Spider', looks like youse is elected right off'n de bat!!

Now here's yer orders! De dump is at 1313 Goose Pimple Avenue. I want youse to slip into de cellar an' see how many we kin figger on before we makes de snatch!

That night

Chees, I'm takin' a orful chanst!!
Oh, boy - I see 'em! Now to douse de glim!

One - two - tree - four - five!! Chee, Butch is a wonder. I don't see how he ever got help to where dey wuz!!

Spider Webb hurries back to the hide-out.

I gotta warn Butch to lay low!

I tink de people in de house heard me gittin' outa de cellar. Dey wuz phonin' fer de cops. We better wait a week, Butch, till t'ings quiet down!!

How many wuz dere?

A week later

Okay, mugs - pass 'em up!

Back at the hide-out

One fer youse. 'Spider'. One fer youse. 'Red'. One fer youse. 'Scar'. One fer youse. 'Lefty'. One fer youse. 'Killer'. An' I'll keep de big one!!

The next morning

Lawdy - dey's all gone. We's been robbed!

Believe me, muggs - dat job wuz de 'cats'!!

FORVICTORY

BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS
Chapter Three — “Melodrama in a Sawmill!”

“ONE OF THE MOST HAPPY PERIODS OF MY LIFE BEGAN RIGHT AFTER THE BIG RACE! DURING THE MONTH WHEN I WAS STILL THE PROPERTY OF BILL HAYWARD, MISS TRUDY CAME TO VISIT US OFTEN! SHE FELT SORRY FOR HIM, AND I THINK SHE LIKED HIM, BUT THAT DIDN’T STOP THEM FROM QUARRELING!”

“While I browsed in the big meadows, THE FLASH was busy trying to pin something on WALTER KING, AND KING WAS EQUALLY BUSY TRYING TO CORNER THE FLASH... WITH EXCITING RESULTS FOR BOTH!”

HE’S SO WONDERFUL... IT’S A SHAME YOU HAVE TO LOSE HIM! ISN’T THERE A CHANCE OF RAISING THE MONEY?

I’M AFRAID NOT... LOOK! A HORSE—JUST LEAPING THE FENCE!
"It was Honeyball! I saw her lead a fence that bordered the eastern meadows of the King stables and approach!"

Say, it sure is good to see you!

Hello, Short-shanks! I heard all about that swell race you ran! How does it feel to be a racing horse with a future?

Sort of makes you feel romantic, watching them, doesn't it?

Uh-huh!

What's my horse doing in your pasture? You're just a common thief, Hayward!

I-what's that?

Take it easy, Bill...

You've got nerve calling me a thief! You big crook! The flash is wise to you! Before he gets you, I'd better sandwich in a sock myself!

You-you'll have the law on you for that!

Try it! Just try it! And maybe when you do, you'll find the law will deal with you!

Saying I stole Honeyball! What a nerve! When she jumped over the fence herself!

Smack!
"Meanwhile the Flash was still working on the case...."

Aren't you the jockey who rode short shanks?

That's right! What's on your mind?

You were mighty sick on the day of the race! Do you think you might have been drugged?

I've thought about that... but I never say before a race.... say....

I always take a drink of water, though! A man passed me just before I drank and wished me luck! Huh, may-be bad luck!

I've seen him around the track! Maybe if we walk around, well.... ah! There he is now!

Hm-m-see you later....

Hey! He-he's gone! I never saw a guy move so fast!

Come along, you! We have a bone to pick!

Huh??

ZIP!
THE BREEZE IS QUITE STRONG WHEN I RUN, ISN'T IT?

STRONG? IT'S TERRIFIC! I-I CAN'T BREATHE!

This deserted lumber mill is a nice quiet place to go to town on you until you tell me who paid you to drug Trudy's jockey!

I AIN'T TALKIN'-SEE!

IN THE MEANTIME WALTER KING HAD BEEN PERFECTING HIS PLANS TO GET RID OF THE FLASH...

NOW, HERE'S THE WAY I SEE IT... THE FLASH IS SO FAST THAT ONLY BY TRAPS PREPARED AHEAD OF TIME CAN WE EVER HOPE TO OVERCOME HIM!

EASY?? THE WORD ISN'T INVENTED TO DESCRIBE HIM!

NEVERTHELESS, I INTEND TO BEAT HIM... THERE'S AN OLD DESERTED LUMBER MILL NOT FAR FROM THE RACETRACK... I'LL WRITE A LETTER ASKING HIM TO MEET ME THERE! YOU BOYS WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

NOW, BOYS, DON'T GET EXCITED!

WHAT DO WE DO WITH ALL OF THIS STUFF?

SET IT UP! CAN'T YOU READ? THERE'S DIRECTIONS ON ALL OF THESE THINGS!

SO WINKY, BLINKY AND NODDY WENT TO THE OLD MILL... ARRIVING AHEAD OF THE FLASH.
Ooohh, a bear trap! Look at the teeth on it. I'd hate to get caught in that! Err! As soon as he opens that door, the string that holds that cheese-cutter breaks and—there's the end of the flash!

I guess one of those affairs ought to get him! Maybe all of them will! Listen! I heard a howling! Wonder what that is?

Yeeew! You're going to kill me! I didn't think you was like that, Flash!

The "wind" was the Flash, coming in the narrow doorway....

What goes on here anyhow?

I'm gonna die... I know it. I know it. Knives! Guns! Who lives here? The defense committee?

"Blinker and Noddy forgot to get out of the way when they pulled the strings!"

Oww! Owwww!

Bang! Bang! Wham! Boom!
I'll get the flash now! He can't get away from the chain-whipper!

"But even as he felt the first impact of the chain against his back, the flash was across the room..."

Oww!! Ouch!!

This is gettin' monotonous! Every time we get up, that chain slaps us down again!

Owwch!!

Things begin to dawn on me! My three pals are here... that means that Walter King is behind all this! But why?

Make believe you're a picture hanging on the wall until I get to the bottom of this!
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF ALL THIS HOCUS-POCUS STUFF?
NOW NOW, FLASH, OLD PAL, TAKE IT EASY!
WE AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'... HONEST WE AIN'T...

YOOOWW! YI-III-1!!

PLEASE - OUCH! GET US OUT OF - OWW! - HERE! OW!
WELL - OH! ANYTHING YOU - OUCH! - SAY!
OKAY, BOYS!

THERE! NOW YOU'RE FREE! START EXPLAINING!
WELL, YOU'RE A THORN IN WALTER KING'S SIDE... YOU'RE - ARE Doin' EVERYTHING HE DON'T WANT DONE! SO HE DECIDED TO GET YOU!

HE SENT US HERE TO SET TRAP FOR YOU... BUT HE DIDN'T TELL US HE EXPECTED YOU SO SOON!

OOWH.... HA....

KLUNK!
BRING THAT FOOTLOOSE BOLT OF LIGHTNING IN HER! I'VE GOT A WAY TO GET RID OF THE FLASH—FOREVER!

YEAH, HE WAS SUCH A NICE GUY! YOU HAD A LOT OF FUN AT OUR EXPENSE, WINKY! YOU KEPT HITTING US WITH THAT CHAIN!

THAT'S RIGHT! JUST FOR THAT WE'LL DO A LITTLE HITTING' FOR OUR SIDE!

OUCH! HEY, NIX-ON'TCH!

YOU DOPES! YOU WANT THE FLASH TO COME TO AND START SMACKING US AROUND? YOU CAN SLUG EACH OTHER LATER!

WHEN THE FLASH GOES UP THE TREADWELL TO THE BUZZSAW AT THE OTHER END OF THE BELT EVEN HIS SPEED WON'T SAVE HIM! HE'S GONNA GET SAWED IN TWO... JUST LIKE THEY DO IN THE MOVIES—

THIS AIN'T NO MOVIE! IT'S REAL! THE FLASH WILL DIE!

HERE GOES THE FLASH! HA-HA! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO FIGURE A WAY OUT OF THIS SITUATION!

BOO-HOO! HE WAS SUCH A NICE FELLER!

STOP IT! YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO SENTIMENTAL! NOW STAY HERE AND SEE THAT HE GETS KILLED PROPERLY!

THOSE DOPES! I WONDER WHY I BOther KEEPING THEM ON THE PAYROLL! BUT I CAN FORGET ABOUT THEM NOW! I'M GOING TO GET SHORT-SHANKS! THAT MORTGAGE IS DUE TODAY!
"My master saw Walter King driving like a mad man down the road that led to our stables!"

"I just had a swell idea! Maybe I won't have to let him take you after all!"

"Where's Hayward? Where's Short-shanks?"

"In the stables, you big crook! I'll bet you'd cheat your own grandmother, Chiseler!"

"Here he comes, Short-shanks! You belong to him, now! I hate to lose you boy! I've grown to be mighty fond.... say!"

"I already have! I mean — never mind! Hayward! Where are you? Where is Short-shanks?"

"He's gone! Bill's gone! And Short-shanks with him!"

"Ha-ha! What a joke on you, Mr. King! Ha-ha!"

"Joke, huh? I'll show you what a joke it is! I'll have the law on him!"

"Gulp! That's right! Short-shanks belongs to him now! He can have Bill arrested for theft!"

"Oh, this is terrible!"

"Yeeew! I don't believe it! Ha-ha-alp!"
In the meantime, Blinky, Winky and Noddy watched with horror as the belt brought the Flash nearer and nearer the buzzsaw...

I can't watch! This is horrible! Oh, oh... let's get out of here til it's over!

Just then the fastest man alive opened his eyes...

Wow! Looks as though someone is cutting in on me! I've got to do something!

Bzzz-zzz-zzz

If I move my feet as fast as I can--and that's mighty fast--their continued hammering on the end of this plank ought to lift the other end!

Explanation!

So fast is the Flash, and so rapid the movements of his arms and legs, that when he moved them with all the speed of which he is capable, they acted like triphammers! The continued pounding raised the end of the plank upward, on the principle that repeated blows at great speed act like a weight!

The buzzsaw's teeth lifted the plank up and over it—at the same time cutting the ropes that bound him....

Can you hear him yellin' yet? Don't talk about it! I got more shivers than a bowl of jelly!

It's all over boys! Nothing more to worry about!
OH, BOY! IT'S ALL OVER! CONGRATULATIONS!

YOU WERE WONDERFUL! NOT A PEEP OUT OF YOU!

WHEN WHAT A RELIEF! I-

HE- HE'S ALIVE!

HE- HE'S ALL IN ONE PIECE! THAT OWNT TO BE, FLASH!

YEAH, YOU OUGHTA BE TWO GUYS BY THIS TIME!

YOU'LL BE A DOZEN GUYS INSTEAD OF THREE UNLESS YOU TELL ME WHO SLAMMED ME ON THE HEAD AND TIED ME ON THAT PLANK!

HEH-HEH! TWELVE OF US, EH? THAT'S GOOD! IT WAS KING.

FLASH! WALTER KING?

HE HIT YOU WHEN YOU WASN'T LOOKING! THEN HE LEFT TO GET SHORT-SHANKS!

MM-MM-M. I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT RACE TRACK FELLOW I BROUGHT OUT HERE?

AND SO THE FLASH ARRIVED AT THE STABLE BEFORE KING, AND....

AH! THERE YOU ARE! COME ALONG, PAL! EITHER YOU CONFESSION IN FRONT OF KING SO THAT I CAN TOSS HIM IN JAIL WHERE HE BELONGS- OR ELSE....

I WILL! I WILL! I GOT MY LESSON!

THAT KNIFE AND THOSE GUNS OHH! I'M STILL SHUDDERING!

IT'S HIM! THE FLASH!

RIGHT, BROTHER! NOW BEND AN EAR TO WHAT THIS POLE-CAT QUISLING OF YOURS HAS TO SAY....

THAT MAN THERE PAID ME TO DRUG SHORT-SHANKS Jockey BEFORE THE BIG RACE!

HORAY! FLASH, YOU'VE SAVED THE DAY!

HOLD ON! NOT SO FAST!
YOU CAN'T SEND ME TO JAIL BECAUSE BILL HAYWARD ISN'T HERE TO PREFER CHARGES AGAINST ME! AND HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN!

WHAT?

LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT GONE WILD, THE FLASH RANSACKED THE ENTIRE STABLES AND GROUNDS...

THIS IS WHAT I CALL EMBARRASSING!

HE IS GONE! AND TECHNICALLY THE HORSE IS STOLEN, BECAUSE KING IS THE RIGHTFUL OWNER UNTIL WE PREFER CHARGES AGAINST HIM! AND NOW, WITHOUT BILL, WE CAN'T PREFER THOSE CHARGES!

HA-HA-HA! TOO BAD YOUR FRIEND TURNED OUT TO BE JUST A CROOK AFTER ALL! OH-HO-HO!

YOU'LL LAUGH A DIFFERENT TUNE YET, KING!

OH, WHATSOEVER MADE BILL DO THAT?

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS—WHERE DID HE GO?

I KNOW JUST THE PLACE FOR YOU, BOY—WHERE NOBODY'LL EVER FIND YOU.... BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO FIND A PAINTBRUSH AND SOME PAINT!

A FEW HOURS LATER BILL WORKED HARD WITH PAINT AND BRUSH ON ME...

FROM RACE-HORSE TO ZEBRA WITH A FEW DEFT STROKES, EH? SHORT-SHANKS!

SO NOW I'M A ZEBRA—WHAT EVER THAT IS! WHAT'S HE GOT ON HIS MIND?

COME ON, SHANKS! WE'RE HIDDEN BY THE STABLES, SO WE CAN MAKE A GETAWAY WITHOUT BEING SEEN!
MY GOOD FRIEND, HALL GRIFTON, IS HEAD OF THIS ZOO... HE WONT TURN ME DOWN!

I DIDNT KNOW YOU HAD A HOBBY OF COLLECTING ANIMALS, BILL!

OH-ER-YES! I'M GETTING LIKE YOU-NA-HA-LOOK, HALL-COULD YOU TAKE CARE OF HIM FOR ME FOR AWNILE? I'M A LITTLE FLAT...

"THROUGH THE BARS OF MY CAGE I WATCHED BILL WALK AWAY..."

SO LONG, BOY! TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF!

"AT THIS POINT OF MY CAREER, MY MASTER BIL WAS TECHNICALLY A THIEF, A FUGITIVE... FROM JUSTICE..."

I CAN'T LET KING FIND ME TILL AFTER THE NEXT RACE-- SHORT-SHANKS MUST WIN ENOUGH MONEY TO PAY HIM BACK!

"MISS TRUDY WAS A BROKEN HEARTED GIRL..."

BILL-A THIEF! MY STABLES GONE! WILL THIS TERRIBLE MESS NEVER END?

THERE, THERE, MARY! MAYBE EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT FOR THE BEST!

"WALTER KING STILL PLANNED TO OUTWIT THE FLASH..."

FINE HELPERS YOU ARE! BAH!

I'VE GOT TO FIND BILL AND SHORT-SHANKS, BUT I HAVEN'T ANY IDEA WHERE TO LOOK FOR THEM!

"WHAT A SPOT TO BE IN! HERE I WAS--IN A ZOO WITH A LOT OF ZEBRAS... WITH MY FRIEND BILL IN TERRIBLE TROUBLE-- AND I HAD NO IDEA HOW I COULD HELP HIM... BUT I DID FIND A WAY SOON ENOUGH, AS YOU WILL SEE..."
HERE WE ARE AGAIN, FOLKS - MUTT & JEFF
BACK AGAIN IN 64 PAGES OF FUN AND FROLIC!

YOU CAN PUT DOWN THAT LAST COPY OF OUR BOOK AND STOP READING IT OVER AND OVER AGAIN!
HERE'S ANOTHER ISSUE WITH BRAND NEW LAUGHS AND GIGGLES!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE?
"Hello, Hop. Hello fellas. I feel wunnerful!"

Tank’s huge bulk filled the doorway. A smile lighted his face. He held his head to one side and winked, then lumbered unsteadily into the room. Any other time, Hop would have laughed. But this time his eyes flashed with anger, and he sprang toward Tank with a bound. He hardly saw the little red-head who had followed Tank into the room. He hardly heard what she was saying, either:

“He was so drunk I thought I’d better come home with him.”

“Tank never gets like this.” Hop said angrily. “And this is one heck of a time to start!”

Lips drawn, Hop passed his hand under Tank’s coat and felt the lining. He sighed audibly, a sigh of relief. The prints were there—the blueprints, for a new bomber they were turning out for Uncle Sam. But he couldn’t get rid of a lurking thought. He couldn’t help wondering if Tank had been drugged! He eyed the red-head not too kindly.

“I told him not to drink so much,” she said defensively, seeing Hop’s glance. “He wouldn’t listen to me.”

“It’s not your fault if he’s a fool!” Hop said, hotly. “Just wait till he gets sober enough to know what I’m saying to him—I’ll say plenty!”

Tank grinned, blissfully.

“What’s all a noise about?” he asked, looking up at Hop. He shifted in the easy chair, glanced at the red-head. “What’s he talkin’ bout, Marie?”

One of the two mechanics from the factory that Hop had asked over for the evening, glanced at his watch and got up to go. His companion followed suit. Hop started wrestling with Tank, in an effort to get him to go to bed. The girl named Marie turned toward the door.

“Turn the radio off?” one of the young men asked Hop, as he pulled on his coat.

But just at that moment the announcement came—a news bulletin to the effect that a convict, Walter Gray, had broken loose! He had escaped from the jail a few miles away, not more than an hour before. Police were combing the state for him. He couldn’t be more than a few miles away.

“Walter Gray!” It was the girl who spoke. She was deathly pale. Her hands trembled, and her mouth was a thin, hard line. Then before they could ask any questions, she turned to go.

The telephone rang eight o’clock the next morning. Hop answered it. It was for Tank. Hop recognized the voice. Marie! After Tank spoke to Marie, Hop recognized the look in Tank’s eye. The girl had given him a hard luck story, and he was falling for it. Tank was biting his nails viciously.

“What’s it this time?” Hop asked.

“Poor kid. She’s in trouble,” Tank said. “This convict who escaped last night—Walter Gray—is her ex-boy friend. She says he’s a little batty. He threatened to kill her if she ever married anyone else. He threatened to kill the fellow, too.” Tank swallowed hard. “That’s me!”

“You—married?” Hop gasped.

“Well, not yet. We’re only engaged.” Tank smiled shyly.

“Engaged! You were only out with her twice!” Hop gaped at Tank as though he were some new species in the zoo.

Tank drew himself up, looked as dignified as he could.

“When it happens like this, you don’t need more than a few minutes to make up your mind!”

Tank then announced that he was flying Marie to Mexico. She was afraid to stay in this country with her crazed ex-boy friend on the loose. That was why she had called, to beg Tank to fly her to Mexico. Nothing Hop could say could stop him. He raced to his room, packed a few things and got into his flying suit.

“At least, hand over those blueprints for the bomber,” Hop said firmly. “You can’t go galivanting around the country with those.”

Tank handed them over. Hop breathed relief as he locked them in the safe.

“I’ll be back by this evening,” Tank promised, as he wrung Hop’s hand. Then he was gone.

It was about noon-time that Hop heard the disturbance outside the factory gates. He went outside to investigate. A wild-eyed man, well built, with brown hair and tattered clothes was struggling to get loose from the guards. When he saw Hop, he stopped struggling.

“You’re the one I want to see,” he told Hop, panting from the fighting.
He told Hop he was Walter Gray, the “escaped” convict. Hop, wide-eyed, had the guards bring him in. When he saw the man was unarmed, he dismissed the guards and listened to his story. Ten minutes later, he made for his two-seater and climbed in, Walter Gray in the cockpit behind him. They were Mexico-bound.

Tank’s plane had had a big start on them. They saw no sign of it—until they touched northern Texas. Then Hop turned up the power to its fullest, but the plane ahead still outdistanced them. Abruptly, as they watched, the plane ahead went into a series of crazy loops and turns.

“No sane pilot would handle a plane that way!” Hop yelled back to the convict. His heart was chilled with dread. What had happened to Tank?

Then he froze in horror as the plane nosed down and screamed toward the earth in a sickening crash.

He taxi ed his own plane to a stop next to the crashed plane, which had miraculously not caught fire! One body was in the plane—that of Marie Dillon. One look convinced Hop and the convict that she was dead. But Tank?

As if in answer to their question, a plane came swooping down out of the blue and settled nearby. Tank and three other men came running up. They were from the Texas police, Tank explained. Hop stared at Tank in grateful amazement.

“How—?” he wanted to know.

“I still can’t make head or tail of it,” Tank said, shaking his head. He winced, at sight of the body in the plane. “Suddenly—just like that, poof!—she draws a gun on me! I grabbed for the gun, and she got panicky. The gun went off a couple of times. Luckily, it didn’t hit me—but she opened the panel and pushed me out. Lucky I had on a chute. I guess she thought she could handle the plane alone.” He shook his head again. He looked curiously at Hop and at his silent, grim companion, for explanation.

“As I told Hop, Marie Dillon was a Nazi agent,” the man named Walter Gray said. Even as he spoke, one of the men Tank had brought from the Texas police department drew forth blueprints of the new bomber Hop’s factory was manufacturing.

“That night you thought you were drunk—she drugged you, and copied the blueprints while you were out,” Hop told Tank.

“I belonged to Marie Dillon’s gang when they were a jewelry mob. When they sold out to the Nazi agents, I planned on telling the police—but they framed me with a manslaughter charge. I heard them talk in jail. I knew this little job was going to be pulled, and I made up my mind I was going to stop it. I broke jail—and I did stop it.”

“You did all right,” Hop and Tank agreed. And Hop added:

“After this, you’ll no doubt get a new—and more favorable trial!”

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**War Calls the Justice Society INTO ACTION!**

What happens when these eight mystery men are called to service in their natural identities?

ALL-STAR NO. 11 — NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!
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ditional 10c.)
THE BIG EIGHT!
Tops in monthly comic magazines!

Now on sale everywhere!
I couldn't relax amidst the zoo noises that went on all day and night around my cage! A deep-throated tiger, mean as a miser, kept his baleful eyes on me... monkeys and huge gorillas chattered and roared... elephants trumpeted madly... how I longed for the honey smells and sounds of the racing stables, but no one knew where I was, except Bill, and he didn't dare release me from the zebra cage....

Chapter Four
"The Big Race!"

You've got to find Short-Shanks, look everywhere!

I've got an idea how we can find him. Come on, you guys—follow me...
All we got to do is find Joan Williams! Is anybody can find Shortshanks, the Flash Will, and he'll tell her!

That's a swell idea, but where'll we find her?

Why not walk around the park? She goes ridin' there sometimes!

A canter in the park will take my mind off Trudy's and Bill's troubles!

Maybe it'll give me an idea how to help them!

Jay, look! A little monkey! Where in the world did he come from?

I think there's a zoo near here! Let's catch him and take him back!

Hey! C'here, you little Dickens!

Monkeys! That's a game I heard of! Maybe that's what he's doin'!

What's he doin' with the monkey?

We found this little fellow on the bridle path, and thought we'd bring him back home!

Thank you, Miss! That's Bobo... he's always running away!

I caught sight of Joan and Jay through the bars of my cage...

Oh—my goodness—look who's here! Joan and Jay—Whinney-hee-hee.
THAT WHINNY! IT SOUNDS MIGHTY FAMILIAR! LOOK AT THAT ZEBRA!

ZEBRAS DON'T WHINNY! ONLY HORSES DO THAT! BUT THAT DID SOUND LIKE......

WHY, THIS IS SHORT-SHANKS, JOAN! PAINTED TO LOOK LIKE A ZEBRA! THAT MEANS BILL MIGHT BE NEAR HERE - I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND!

THIS IS GOING TO TAKE SPEED BETTER DO IT AS THE FLASH!

TRUDY, I'LL BE SO HAPPY! IMAGINE FINDING SHORT-SHANKS AGAIN! AND OF ALL THINGS - DISGUISED AS A ZEBRA!

HEAR THAT? SHORT-SHANKS IS A ZEBRA!

FUNNY - I THOUGHT HE WAS A HORSE!

I'M GONNA CALL MR. KING AND TELL HIM MYSELF!

YOU CAN'T TAKE ALL THE CREDIT!

YOU'VE FOUND SHORT-SHANKS? GREAT! GET HIM AND I'LL MEET YOU THERE! WHAT IS A ZEBRA? YOU DOPE, IT'S AN ANIMAL WITH STRIPES! GO GET HIM!

SO IT HAS STRIPES! LET'S GO GET IT!

HMM, ZEBRA! SEEMS I'VE HEARD OF THAT ANIMAL SOMEWHERE!

COME ALONG, DOPE! I KNOW THE ANIMAL!
SEE? THERE HE IS! STRIPES AND ALL!

ALL I CAN SAY IS, IF THAT THING IS SHORT-SHANKS, THE ARMY CAMOUFLAGE DEPARTMENT IS MISSING A GOOD BET SOMEWHERE!

COME ON, SHORT-SHANKS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

ARE YOU SURE THAT THING IS A ZEBRA?

IT'S GOT STRIPES, AIN'T IT?

YEEEOOW! HE'S GOT CLAWS?

NO HORSE OR ZEBRA EVER HAD CLAWS, DID THEY?

I AIN'T STAYIN' TO ASK!

"A SAVAGE LEAP, AND THE FIERCE TIGER STOOD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ZOO WALK..."

OH... H...

"JOAN WILLIAMS FELL AT MY FEET! I COULD NOT LET HER DIE! EVEN THOUGH I FEARED THAT TIGER DESPERATELY, I JUMPED FORWARD, HOVES FLYING..."

OH... OH... I MUST GET INSIDE SHORT-SHANKS'S CAGE...

ROOOOOGGRRR!
"There was a dart of red beside me as the flash appeared..."

"The fastest man alive leaped on the tiger's back, grabbed his head and started to move it around so fast the tiger didn't know what hit him..."

"What's wrong, tiger, old boy? Are you dizzy?"

"Walter King arrived on the scene...."

"Well, what are you doing there? Where's Shortshanks? If you lost him this time...."

"He's down the walk a little! He's gone wild, boss! Look what he did to me!"

"Nonsense! No horse could have torn your clothes like that! Neither could a zebra! Only a tiger could do that!"

"Tiger! I let a tiger loose? Ooohhh..."

"Hold everything! Flash! I claim that zebra! I own him!"

"So what? Just because you own a race-horse doesn't mean you own a zebra!"

"But that zebra is Shortshanks! I heard Joan Williams say so!"

"You see?"
Suddenly I was grabbed and shoved on a flat wagon with such speed I could hardly get my breath....

I'm going to beat Walter King if I have to be a horse thief myself!

He's gone and disappeared right in front of me, and he's taken the horse with him! I'll get him for this!

Ha-ha! I'll bet they're both giving you the old horse-laugh!

I'll have you back into a horse in no-time, Short-shanks!

Boy, what a relief!

I'll find some place to hide you.... Whoaaa!

This horse looks enough like you to be your twin! Come on out of there, fellow!

"The Flash hitched me to the milk wagon in place of the milkman's horse...."
I'll give Walter King a horse if he wants one! A milkman's horse!

When the milkman reappeared I got the surprise of my life...

Why, why, it's Bill—my old master, Bill!!

Bill was so downcast he didn't even look at me or he would have recognized me!

Hoo-hum—what a life....

"Back to the Flash...."

King wants a zebra, so he'll get one!

Where did you come from?

If you'd only observe what goes on, you'd have seen me standing here all the time!

Everything's under control! I've got short-shanks hidden!

But—but that horse....

Just a milkman's nag! King'll find that out too late! Now we've got to hurry and enter short-shanks in the big race!
the day of the race dawned clear and bright, and i was dragging a milk wagon around...

but why can't i ride in the race? what if there are a few silly rules against it—can't you change them? are you men or mice?

all right—go ahead and ride him... who can argue with a woman?

right! but first, i've got to find him...
"Down the street came the Flash with the speed of a comet..."

"The Milkman's route is around here, somewhere... Ah, there he is, now!"

"Back up on that crosspiece, short-shanks! I'm going to treat you to a little ride..."

"What's happening?"

"Don't worry, fellow! This isn't a real Milkman's horse - he's a racer - short-shanks!"

"Ulp! Is that the Flash? And did you say short-shanks?"

"With most of his weight resting on the wagon, I can carry him along without much trouble! Funny, seems I've seen that Milkman around somewhere!"

"I never knew anything could travel as fast as the Flash did on that trip to the race track..."

"Here they come! Oh, I'm so excited! But if the Flash ran short-shanks very fast, he'll be tired for the race!"

"That's why I partly carried him! To rest him, and get him in a mood to travel fast!"
BILL HAYWARD! No wonder you looked familiar to me! I'll never be the same again. After that trip... and how did Short-Shanks get on... on my! This is too much! Ohhh Bill! Trudy! Well, well, look at the jockey, will you? Isn't this a darling outfit? Here's a hundred dollars to bet on the horses! If you take my advice you'll bet on Kingpin to win! We will!

If I ever see the Flash again after that trick of switching horses on me... there he is, and Bill Hayward's with him! Here comes King, now, Bill! You stole my horse, Hayward! I'm going to have you arrested! I charge you with drugging my jockey, making me lose a race! I'm going to swear out a warrant for your arrest! That's all I want to hear!

When the law gets through with you... why didn't I keep my big mouth shut? So they finally caught up to you, eh? Well, I'm going to turn state's evidence and tell what I know about you, too! I'll just have time to get back to the track for the big race!

"THE FLASH DELIVERED KING TO THE POLICE...."
Meanwhile, Winky, Blinky and Noddy were doing a little betting...

Nick, buddy! Bet that roll on Green Gamin! He's sure to win! I know the horses Uncle!

Thank you, sir! I will!

Yeah, puppy love!

Puppy love came in first!

Stop yelling for puppy love, fellas... I bet our money on a winner but he lost!

The big race was scheduled to be next on the program... we walked to our stake! Joan Williams is up on my back...

This time we'll see that you bet on Short-Shanks!

All right, fellers, whatever you say!

Psst! Nick, Nick!

Kingpin'll win this classic! What big race has Short-Shanks ever won?

That's right!

Bet the rest of the roll on Kingpin! Hurry up, the race is ready to be in!

From ten thousand throats, the cry went up... they're off!
SHORT-SHANKS IS LEADING!

YAHOOOO!

OWWW! HEY! OWWW!

HE'S CLIMBING TO THAT RAIL! LOOK AT HIM CLING! BOY, WHAT A LEAD HE'S OPENING UP!

LADY, THAT'S MY HAT YOU'RE OPENING UP!

HE'S IN THE HOMESTRETCH, THREE LENGTHS AHEAD! HE'S WINNING... SHORT-SHANKS HAS WON! YIPPPPEEEE!

GOT TO CONGRATULATE JOAN!

WHAT A HORSE! WHAT A GIRL!

SHE'S AN EARTHQUAKE IN SKIRTS!

WE LOSE AGAIN!

HERE, BUNKY—TAKE THIS DIME AND GET US SOME PEANUTS FOR LUNCH—IT'S OUR LAST DIME!

WHERE'S THE PEANUTS? YOU WENT AFTER PEANUTS!

Yeah! I know—but—but I met that man again!

TWO MINUTES LATER...
“Thus I became a champion of the turf... I grew to thrill to the horseshoe wreath as it was hung about my neck and the flaring of flashbulbs as photo graphers took my picture...”

“...and Miss Trudy became full owner of the racing stables...”

“It’s all so wonderful...”

“...yet if... you’d marry me!”

“Jay Barrick was best man, and Joan Williams was bridesmaid...”

“What a pretty wedding! I think I’m gonna cry a little!”

“A few years passed, and one day...”

“Bill Junior, meet Short-Shanks Junior! Some day he’ll race your colors for you and be a big winner!”

“So Trudy and Bill were married! Honeyball and I watched as the car left the church...”

“...Beggin’, your pardon, sir, but this colt will never make a racer! His right foreleg is slightly shorter than his others!”

“Never be a racer? Ha! Ha! That’s what you think!”

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